

[1984]

2 Jan.--Sanderlings, blue heron, arctic loon, common loon, widgeons, white-winged scoter, brant, boreal chickadee, bufflehead, goldeneye, gulls, hawk, western grebe, lesser grebe, red-breasted merganser, surf scoter, scaup, mallard, old squaw and bald eagle: '83 ended and '84 began with these.

We spent the nights of Dec. 30 and New Year's Eve at Juan de Fuca cabin, managing 4 hikes on Durgeness Spit in the 3 days--and were restricted by tides at that. Fine, fine days; both of us came back hugely relaxed, feeling in fettle. The weather on the Spit was better than we could have asked for; slight breeze y'day, but the other two days were calm, almost balmy. Ate and drank at 3 Crabs, our Mecca over there. Went in for lunch at a place on n. outskirts of Sequim, Marlene's, on Sat., decided to have a drink, accidentally found ourselves in a barroom of Seahawk watchers; we figured what the hell, it's kismet, and sat down. As it turned out the bar was providing enough free snacks for lunch, and the Seahawks were dramatically throttling Miami, it was better than that.

One other memorable scene: a seal with a fresh-caught salmon, waving it around in the water while trying to figure out how to fend with a pesky gull. The salmon, what was left of him, was about as long as my forearm; the seal brandished and brandished it.

3 Jan.--C wisely suggests I record this day as it happened. This morn I put the boxes of Xmas trimmings in the crawl space under the house, made a dump run, came back and started looking over English Creek ms for niggling changes and checking purposes, at 10:30 went to post office for package from Ath'm (INSIDE THOS boards), did some banking, bought pic frame hangers for C's folks, came home, C arrived, I fixed us pea soup and toast, and just after lunch, at 12:30, doorbell rang. The first telegram of my life, reading: I'M UP ENGLISH CREEK WITHOUT A PADDLE AND DON'T EVER WANT TO COME BACK DOWN. HOORAY, HOORAY, YIPPIE KIYO, WHAT A BOOK.... TOM.

4 Jan.--Called Tom Stewart just after 8:30 this morn, told him life is ~~just~~ like it happens in books: a mysterious telegram of good news arrives. Asked him if he wore his Doig Bros Grain Merc cap while reading the ms, he assured me he had, and that he goes around now talking thru his nose to save wearr and tearrr on his teeth and paused on New Year's eve to recite, a la Mac McCaskill, "Hogmanay...gi' us a year o' white bread and nane o' your gray."

As to necessary points of editing, he'll give me a couple-page letter early next week, but so far he wants only to thin from the picnic section a time or two of Jick saying how much pleasure he takes in the gathering, and to have Jick not quite so sour at the end of ch. 1, as * Stanley has just gained the reader's respect a few pp. earlier and now Jick ends on a note of bad mood. Both good points, I think. Tom said Liz feels ~~ix~~ the book starts slowly (I have, too) and altho he doesn't mind that, as it's such a pleasurable read which ought to be savored slowly, "because Liz's taste is so magnificent" I maybe better look over the 1st 30-40 pp. for pace. Also from Liz, again a right-on point, the last line of the book needs to be buttressed by a reminder of just what a jick is--which I think I can profitably do in the Double W card game scene.

So, there may be more suggestions from Tom as he reads thru again; I suspect he'll request more "thinning," which indeed is what my lingo generally needs. But no big stuff so far, and he claims people around the office are getting sick of hearing him rave about the book.

Asked him if we can have a Paul Bacon cover, he said "I can't imagine who else." Told him I could now confess that when I phoned Paul a year or so ago to buy the Sea Runners cover, Paul asked what I was up to next, I told him, he said he'd love to do a Montana cover.

Later: when Tom said it's such a pleasure to read, I told him I was relieved, not having known if the book would need translation west of the Missouri R. He said no, part of the pleasure is learning "all that stuff," the details of the way of life being written about. As C has told me, all the way back to Sky.

5 Jan.--The week continues measured, productive, sane; too good to last, huh? This morn I prepared applicn for NEA fiction fellowship, took the ms sample for it to the Copy Mart (40 pp. from Jick and Mac's trail lunch to Jick and Stanley in cabin), came back and called Liz. She said she'd have Nancy watch for ways to speed up early part of the book, in her reading of it, then I told her of the NW Indies nibble ~~at~~ ~~one~~ Sea Runners, which comes down to roughly this:

--John Strachan, who has an ad agency here, is the money. His son Mark, whom I met y'day at 3 in the U Grill, along with his scriptwriting chum Charlie, is the one interested in filming the book. Mark, who's done some line producing for the agency's Wien Airlines tv commercial and other short promo films, ~~knows~~ thinks Sea Runners could be shot for \$2-3 million, in 7-8 wks; would do it during a March and April, when snow is graphic on coastal mtns, would shoot entirely in Alaska and Washington to avoid visa complications with Canada, might try use foreign actors as selling point for the pic overseas. NW Indies would try package the film, for distribution by a studio.

Mark and Charlie look young and green--when I asked how long they've worked together, Mark said they go back together to about 1977, "a long time"--but they seem reasonably sane about how they'd approach the project, and admit the long-shot problems of trying to make a film. And Mark does know my book, and has some experience of the SE Alaska coastline. All~~i~~ in all, I told Liz I didn't mind contemplating a 1-year option, if a minimum of \$10,000 or so was involved. She ~~thng~~ thought that was okay too, asked if I'm interested in scriptwriting; her client William Kennedy, of the Albany books, has hit a goldmine of scripting his books for Coppola. I said no, I'd just as soon have the option money in a brown paper bag. She laughed and asked, in unmarked bills? Yeah, I assured her, small denominations unmarked. Anyway, she said to have Strachan call the H'wood agent she works with, Lynn Pleshette, and we'll see what happens.

9 Jan.--A day of necessary chores but no discernible progress. 1st thing, I wrote a letter in support of Chuck Schuster, who is being tossed overboard at UW by the tenure committee. C read it, pointed out a too-flamboyant sentence--that Chuck's research into modern non-fiction writers is like, amid the clanks and clangs of a boiler factory, somebody in the corner inventing the silicon chip. So I rewrote, called Chuck, read it to him; and by then it was about 8:45. Then did the Ben English checking letter to Mary Lindsey, retyping the 4th of July speech to leave out everything but the history of her father, so that I don't get endless flak from her about who's this and who's that? This afternoon, I've reviewed some Eng Creek file cards and made a few inserts on the checking copy. An inspiring start: found that what I'd listed as the 1939 ~~price~~ price for lambs was the price for wool. Jesus H. Christ, Doig.

My mood has turned around somewhat from the high of a week ago; or rather was turned around for me, by Fri's downtown shopping and Inside THOS trip. The shopping got to me; I badly needed a suit, so went to Nordstrom's during their sale--bought the suit, right enough, but came out of it and subsequent forays into other downtown ~~sketch~~ stores feeling like a hermit who'd washed up onto Manhattan Island. Then to the Inside THOS photo show at Foster-White gallery in Frederick & Nelson's, and a highly unpromising start there: various people laying in wait for me, among them Ben English's daughter Mary Lindsey. She spied along, in her take-no-prisoners style, until I began to wonder whether she was going to take up the next 2½ hrs that way. After a bit, though, she quit firing questions or comments or whatever the hell they are, and seemed to go away satisfied. She's a formidable oldtimer of the type I actually prize, if I can concentrate purely on dealing with ~~know~~ her; but to try do it while half a dozen other people are also having at me, it's numbing.

17 Jan.--Sanguine day. Spent morn reviewing 2nd 50 pp. of ch. 1, and it reads pretty good. The 1st 50, which I went thru y'day, continue to have a pace which ~~ng~~ nags me a bit--it's slow--but after contemplating the surgery which would speed it up (taking out the Walter Kyle character and his ranch) I don't think it's worth doing. This may be as daft as it sounds, but I think that effort to make it a perfect book would make it a less good book.

Bright chilly weather, ever since last Fri. when C and I went to the Skagit bird refuge--a day of gorgeous clarity, details of Mt. Baker such as we think we've never seen before. Snow geese were in the bay, out of close viewing, but we saw various hawks, herons, and what must have been a loggerhead shrike.

Sat. night, dinner at the Angells', with a teacher friend of Noel's named Paula Horn and Jim and Virginia McDermott. No politics, just some entertaining gab, and stories from Tony, who's a masterful teller. Also a look at a few of his sketches for the blackbird book he's doing with Gordon Orians; some remarkable compositions, a surety, a rightness that I told him leaped out at me as a real advance in his work. And Jim McD and I found, in table talk, that we both know Fred Pearson--I worked with him in Decatur, Jim counts him as still maybe his closest friend (from Wheaton days); says he wd have made Fred his press sec if he'd won in '80.

Sun. afternoon, to the Nelsons for the unveiling of their new otterhound. It's Ann's 40th b'day gift, it is a winsome-looking critter, and that about exhausts what I can think of to say in favor of a dog. Met Laird's current Lakeside teacher, named I think Doug Teel--C and I agreed he's likely a good teacher, but he's a drag to listen to. Before I could quite blink he had me aside and was telling me his tales of Montana. Nor will I be surprised, though I'll be appalled, if he follows up on his parting notion that he and I maybe can get together for a beer and more Mont. tales.

Otherwise, we're trying to cope with chores--likely a new oil tank, at minimum, and possibly a new furnace or conversion to gas; I sorted books over the weekend until the office is semi-functioning again, and C at the moment is in K'land with her folks.

25 Jan.--A free morning, as I've so far managed to keep each Wed. forenoon. But I haven't been any shower of sparks, so far; am tired from a poor night of sleep, brought on by revision ~~of~~ work on Eng Crk ms.

The work honestly goes well enough. I'm simply weary of contending with the ms, or more than that, tired of fighting its schedule. I figured I could be done revising by Feb. 3, and have a tinkering week before I have to write the Laramie speech, but I'll need to push like hell to make that date. The timing of Tom's comments threw me a little. They arrived Monday of this week, the 23d, after I'd already line-edited the 1st section of the ms, and since he'd come around to the notion that 6-10 pp. need to be cut, it meant I had to march through it all again. Another Mondayism was that C pointed out to me, as I'd earlier noted to myself, that the 2½ pp. describing the English Creek sheepmen could be cut, it ~~was~~ isn't essential. True, it isn't, but it's a part I've loved and labored on, quilting it together from years of interviews, and ~~the continuous~~ getting rid of it ~~was~~ appealed about as much as pulling a row of my own teeth. Y'day I calmed down on that, and worked on other cuts as well. This revising is actually something I like to do, ~~there's~~ there's simply too big a dose of it at once now. And it is tough and draining; I've barely managed to do anything else during a revise day.

So chores pile up, and I tackle the pile this afternoon. To the U Dist, then leave the Ford to see if the damn thing can be improved, then shopping at N'gate--sundry stuff in between and around. C and I are both trying to persevere with some chores this winter, and I guess we are, but 2 more days in each week would help.

8 Feb.--Today seems to be the decompression chamber, for coming out of the English Creek ms. Yesterday afternoon was still the bends, a time of feeling harried about all the chores stacked up around here. But this morn I've simply done the ones I felt like getting rid of, and life feels moderately more orderly.

Monday I mailed the ms revisions to Tom; must have been 150 or so, 16 pp. full and a couple dozen revised pages to be substituted into the ms. It was close to a month of work, often costing some skin off the ego--seeing how pawky a phrase or line looked after all these drafts. But also ~~at~~ a time of feeling the ms grow muscle, taken on rightness, inevitability. C in reading over the revised pages declared a ~~new~~ Cronkitean benediction: "This is the way it is, Walter."

So I am done, yet not done. Y'day I put together samples of typography for the Gros Ventre Gleaner and other eccentric outbreaks in the text of the book; still will need to formulate map info, do a final trickle of checking letters, break down the research apparatus. Meanwhile the ms seems to thrive in NY; news similar to what happened with Sky, reports of people at the pub' house asking one another, Have you read it yet?

Now to see whether I can feather life into the interesting year both C and I think this can be. I am still having trouble focusing toward a summer trip to Scotland, but will simply try do basic logistics now and bring myself around to it in spring.

I am virtuously trying to give myself some time for pleasure, reading, thinking. Am starting on John Graves' Goodbye to a River again, a book I love--as, it turns out, Graves says he loves mine, the pair of us accidental brethren in our wordsmithing, maybe. And am reading The Hamlet, which I'm glad I didn't tackle again during Eng Crk; old Faulkner so daunting, so singular in giving his work its obsessions, its orbits.

27 Feb.--The hope was that the Wyo. trip would serve as the interval, the turn of the page, between Eng Crk and life to come, and it seems to have worked. C got me started ~~on~~ y'day on a schedule in Scotland, and this morn I've looked thru the file and done some mulling. Have even done some promising thinking about the book, Scotch Heaven. I'm not hugely energetic yet, needing a few days of exercise and letting the airport-motel life wear off, but feeling pretty good about it all.

The Wyo. trip turned out that Jackson, which was an add-on for me to make some extra \$\$, was my best audience. Good theatre to read in--small theatre in the high school--and sizable audience, maybe 100 or so, and I think I did well with the reading, the first Jick-Stanley scene. Snow 'dozed chest-high along sts of Jackson; I did see the Tetons on my flight in, still astounding, their abrupt thrust; and flying out, thru the clouds one dark snag of summit stuck out. Stayed at the Americana Snow King resort, ski slope about $\frac{1}{2}$ mi. out my window; I was probably the only unathletic, over-30 in the place. Local librarian, Nancy Effinger, did a good job of logistics, squiring me around.

And Laramie went okay. I met only one real creep, English Dept. prof named Lewis Dabney or some such, who held forth in a toney academic style I haven't been around in quite a while. And even ~~he~~ at one point said something good about a student, so maybe he's okay in the classroom. Eric Sandeen, Am Studies guy whose idea all this was, turned out to be tall, bearded, like a filled-out Clint Miller. He did all logistics, including fetching me out to breakfast the first morn, because there's no ~~xxxx~~ restaurant anywhere around the Wyo Motel; Laramie kind of reminded me of a moon base, scant services scattered around immense space. I think my speech went fine, and the reading okay, though the academic audience was somewhat loathe to laugh. Eric proclaimed himself satisfied with me and Julie Jeffrey, who came in from Goucher to talk about women and wilderness, though he was a bit perturbed about low turnout; when he sites sessions in town, the campus doesn't come, and on campus the town doesn't come.

27 Feb. cont.--Lynn Pleshette just called, to say the NW Indies LA lawyer finally has been in touch--they don't want to go beyond \$5000 for 1st year option on Sea Runners. Lynn asked me if I want to hold to \$10,000 minimum, I said I sure do.

She also reported a feeler from an agent who has a client, as yet unrevealed, who might be interested in Sea Runners. Lynn says she'll get back to the agent and ask, "who is this person? I hate it when they don't want to say who their clients are."

5 March--Ambitionless day, maybe a hangover from the cold I can down with on Thurs.--memento of Denver airport.

Not that life isn't going splendidly. Final \$9000 on Eng Crk came in Fri. mail, then an hr or so later an express courier brought the Paul Bacon cover painting. Very damⁿ nice--bold, simple, emphasizing Jick. Also have liked the page sample that came a day or so earlier.

So no real cause for complaint; probably am simply ready for vacation week in Calif., and a renewed schedule after that. I keep finding it tough to contain the non-writing work, though so far I think I am containing it fairly well. Everyday last week I was asked to do something, from speaking in Pt. Townsend to judging Montana Arts Council mss, and I estimate they'd add up to 3+ weeks of work if I'd agreed (and on the phone machine now is message from Susan Pelzer at Pac NW magazine, so it goes on). Said no to everything except Washington magazine, where a "maybe" could lead to a sizable magazine fee.

16 March--We're trying to close down the winter and clear the way to Calif. on Sunday morn. C is finishing grading exams, her 4th set in 3 days, and I'm vaguely tidying my desk and doing outside chores, like dump run, stopping mail, etc.

I went to Olympia y'day, to interview 83-yr-old Georgia Farrington about growing~~x~~ up on a homestead near Jordan, Mont. Good useful session, spent couple of hrs asking her questions.

Mon. I gave Bellevue Town Hall speech, at John Danz theatre--maybe 1400 there. Was pleased with how I did the speech; fairly smooth.

Tues., lunch with Tony Angell at Pigalle. Swapped gossip about our work. One hazard I don't have--piece of marble, maybe 250# worth, toppled on Tony's leg recently, bruising it ~~from~~ along entire thigh. I've asked for 1st crack at one of his ill'ns for blackbird book, and we'll get together soon to select that.

Meanwhile gave him a copy of Dick Blessing's last book, kind of a token of Dick as our missing brother in NW art.

Tues. morn, it must have been, I got done some of the final checking and rewriting on Eng Crk--the copy-edited ms will be waiting for me when we return from Calif., so the time is drawing down on that endless book. I still have a scatter of checking cards alongside me, they need another day or two of tackling.

26 March--Newly cleaned typewriter, newly vacationed mood; pretty damn good day. 12:15 now, copy-edited ms of ~~Engl~~ English Creek was not waiting for me in the mail as expected, and so I've tinkered, reading the last wk's mail, went to U Dist for the typewriter and lunch,

browsed magazines. Ran a load of wash this morn and just now found the insulating rim inside the dryer door has disintegrated and spread dark flaky gunk around, so the house definitely is in wait. But I'm going to try withstand it today.

27 March--2:05, C just came home. Both of us are coping pretty well, after the vacation. (C had better be--she walked onto campus y'day to find that textbooks hadn't come for her class of superstudents in the comm process course.) No sign or word of copy-edited Eng Crk ms, so I am dabbling in various directions. Or maybe more than dabbling, as a stint y'day and another today have produced tentative first page of Scotch Heaven.

Began this morn by finishing '83 income tax. Various money-handling to be done; checks for speeches have come, ~~int~~ certificate of deposit rates have gone up. Am trying, with decent success that likely can't last, to handle some chores daily, without letting them swamp me.

29 March--4:30, C took Frank to Dr. Jim Lane for hem'd problem this afternoon, so while I'm awaiting her I'll try get down something about Calif. trip. Today is a musing one, spent a lot of it taking notes on Georgia Farrington interview I did in Olympia before our trip; also took a helluva nap after lunch.

Our 8 days in Calif. were 6 of pure sun, $\frac{1}{2}$ a day of fog on Sat., about $\frac{1}{3}$ a day of cloud on Sunday. Some perfect weather, as Mon. the 19th when we ~~were~~ were on the Berkeley campus. C simply spent most of afternoon outside, while I looked at some Bob Marshall papers and some Montana remnsces in the Bancroft. The Bancroft doles stuff out to you one folder at a time, which gets tedious, but I found enough Bob Marshall mannerisms in his day books to ~~me~~ merit the research. Betty Hoffman picked us up at 5:30, we went to their place in N. Berkeley Hills (Heights?) and met Bob, an urbane pleasant retired lawyer, and after a couple of drinks they took us downtown to the Yenching(?) restaurant for Szechwan food. All very damn good, the food and the company.

We stayed those 1st 2 nights at Essex Hotel, on Ellis in San Fran '6. Good well-run clean place for \$36/night, but the city noise bothered us both--and C hasn't

traveled for so long she was particularly unused to it--the first night, to the extent where I decreed we'd buy earplugs. 2nd night, snuggly plugged, we both slept fine.

We were touristy in SF, walking Fisherman's Wharf area, eating at Schroeder's as usual, browsing at City Light books (got Blue Highways for C, Laidlaw for me), ambling and ambling.

29 March cont.--The 20th, after morn of walking, we rented a car and headed for Santa Cruz. Pete Steen left work early, led us home to Soquel and Gail, we fairly promptly started a schedule of drinking and eating that stretched from about 4 to 9. Both Steens seemed in good mood, looking ahead to move to Durham NC, which I most definitely wouldn't. Last time we saw them, 3 Xmas'es ago, Pete was about to look at forest history job at U. of Maine; he evidently has decided to cast his lot with the Forest History Society for foreseeable future, overseeing recent fund-raising and now this move. Apparently he's had it to overflowing with the UC Santa Cruz people, as he's much more critical of the whole place, faculty and students as well as adminⁿ, than he used to be. Anyway, we ate royally, Gail making tacos, Pete barbecuing shrimp, C and I enjoyed their house, one of those rare ones we could move into instantly and feel comfortable, and the next morn I rode in to FHS with Pete to do research.

Found some good turns of phrase, in oral history of a Willamette NF ranger, and other useful bits. After lunch C and I went to UC campus to see Koren cartoon prints. (Lunch, at Gilda's on the pier, was dandy.) Sacked out for awhile back at Steens', then abt 5:30 got to Ron and Kathy Fahl's. Ron had a heart attack a month before, stress over the FHS move he's not going to go along with, and the previous day he'd had camera-catheter exploration which showed no severe damage, no need for bypass, so he was ready for his first dinner out. We went to Omei's, on the campus of Kresge College at UC, Szechwan food again, and even better than in Berkeley. So a good evening with the Fahls, who were due for a night out.

4 April--The price of the Calif. trip, it turns out, has been a cold for C and maybe an incipient one for me.

She's in the trough of it about now, should start to improve in a day or so. Airplanes and/or airports strike again; I brought a cold home from Wyo., C came down with one the three or so flying trips before this--we're just going to have to account this into life, such as figuring that one or the other of us may be afflicted about the time we hit St. Andrews this summer.

4 April cont.--Just called Jim Welch, to see about him coming for dinner: main news is that Matt Hanson has gone home to Missoula to die. Ripley left with him last Fri., doctors here say he has perhaps 2-3 months but the Missoula doctor, friend of Jim and Lois, says it may be more like 2-3 weeks. Matt is up and around, on morphine; went rafting with Rudy Autio's son a day recently. But Jesus, what a thing, someone so promising snuffed out at that age.

Jim is coming down with a cold, heading to Willamette U. for this weekend, Humboldt next weekend, intends to get back to Missoula to see Matt--all in all, we concluded he best ought to call us after the 15th and we'll get together.

News like that makes petty what I've been up against this week, doing tasks I haven't wanted to--bk review for Forest History Society, Ath'm pr q'airrem (a biennial tedium which has to be done, and done well, as it takes care of about six chores connected with a book), and y'day

my household coup, I hope, replacing the leaking plumbing under the kitchen sink. Amid all this the copy-edited ms of English Creek still has not emerged from the mail; called Tom y'day and he got up a contingency plan if it doesn't show by Friday.

So now to see if I can settle down, make the rest of the week parse more imaginatively.

More on the Calif. trip: after Santa Cruz we went to Pacific Grove, found that the Bide-a-Wee Motel still exists, albeit now being managed by a loose-around-the-edges couple who've been running a Mexican resort and caught a lot of manana down there. Still a good homey place to stay, and we based there for 3 nights as we wandered the Monterey area, including a bright fine day at Pt. Lobos--many birds (including a rare chance to watch a perched hummingbird, perhaps a young tentative one, for several minutes), sea lions, seals, sea otters. A heavenly

place. Continued to eat magnificently, at least once a day at Consuelo's, and even hugely enjoyed squid at Abalonetti's on the Monterey pier. Went to a poetry reading at the pleasant new bookstore/coffeehouse in Pacific Grove, 2 area poets I hadn't heard of and whose names escape me--both not bad, but usually on California-y lightweight topics like farting in the bathtub.

4 April cont.--One of the best parts of the trip was something we merely threw in, at Pete's suggestion, on our way to the airport: a stopover at San Juan Batista.

Fine old mission, one of the last more-or-less intact ones. And we had the luck to get there during a folk mass, when a Judy Collins-like singer was doing the Lord's Prayer, "Our father, who art in heeaven"--a wonderful, joyous, beguiling, danceable rendition. We walked thru the back of the church while mass was going on, and there stood a sign: "This has been a place of worship since 1797. Please do not disturb."

5 April--One of those days. Now 10 to 4, and in the last 20 min. Zoretich has called with news of his NY trip and Marc Strachan phoned to see how stubborn I am on the \$10,000 option for Sea Runners. S said his investor, who's done this sort of investing before, is optioning "a million-seller" for \$10,000 and sees no reason to pay that much for Sea Runners. I told S I consider the sales of the book have nothing to do with this situation--

The Sound and the Fury would never have become a movie on that basis, and Sea Runners has to be considered strictly for its value of filmability. S says \$5000 is the limit his investor has set, "a matter of economics," and I replied my matter of economics is that I can't afford to let a property be tied up for $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1% of the budget figure he was quoting me, particularly with Eng Crk on its way into print. Yeah, said S, maybe that (Eng Crk's imminence) was why he was trying to sign Sea Runners from me now. More than likely it is, I agreed. He wanted to know our "buyout" figure--money that would magically appear to us on the 1st day of shooting--and I told him Lynn and I haven't even talked about that, we want a \$10,000 expression of serious intentions from them first. I said we'd be glad to talk further, when that's done.

Otherwise--and I'll need to catch up on this another day--I had breakfast with Sue Mathews and her new hubby, took the Ford in for tuning, and have been going over the copy-edited ms.

7 April--About 9:30 this morn, when I was taking a final look through the copy-edited ms and C was in the living room looking over a batch of pages of it to winnow dashes from, phone rang; I picked it up and Frank said, "I think Lucie died."

He had just then phoned emergency aid unit, after going to the bed and touching her to wake her; she hadn't responded to his first two calls, and when he put his hand on her ~~cheek~~ cheek she was stone-cold.

We got over there as promptly as we could--the fire dept. aid team, building manager and Kirkland cop all still in the room. Lucie lay covered in bed.

C and Frank are in Bellevue now (3:15) at Green's funeral home, making arrangements. Frank will stay with us a couple of days, and then we'll try help him get his life restarted. There is some sense of relief in all of us, as Lucie dreaded the prospect that she might end up in a nursing home; and the financial spectre over them was that Frank would be in the retirement home and Lucie in a nursing home, an arterial spurt of their finances.

So it will be a new order now, Frank on his own and needing help from us against the loneliness; in some ways simpler than what we've been through, in other ways bound to be more complex, I suppose.

8 April--I have trouble unjangling myself enough to realize it, especially after a couple cups of Jean's coffee when C and Frank and I went over there for brunch, but I think I am done with the copyedited ms. It's always hard to turn loose of, for a final time, and I may find myself flipping through it in the morn before I go mail it, but in all truth it's as ready to go to printer as I can get it. And by damn, it seems a handsome piece of work.

C and ~~Frank~~ Frank have gone to Kirkland, to pick up a few things Frank needs. I think he's likely to be with us until Wed. or so; evidently Barbara Harper is coming up from Anaheim, and she'll likely be with us Mon-Tues nights. Frank is coping well, though he had an up-and-down night with his bleeding hem'oid.

10 April--Quick entry, just before lunch: Lucie's funeral is at 3 this afternoon, Frank broke down and cried at breakfast table, which we figured was a good and necessary letting off of emotion. Barbara Harper is with us, C thinks she's the best possible family representative, level-headed, attuned to Frank. So we're coping. I am doing mostly chores, trying to keep the household--meals, errands and so on--going while everybody else works on Frank and themselves. He does a great amount of thinking out loud, as he's entitled to in this situation, so it requires a lot of listening over and over again, nodding, giving him an outlet without letting it drive you batty. We'll make it okay to Thursday night, and next week begins a new time.

12 April--Stay playing it by ear with Frank. Y'day lunchtime, as I was fixing soup and rolls for us, he suddenly went silent after having talked a mile a minute to me on our drive back from taking Barbara to the airport. He'd had a bad night of sleep, so I knew he was tired as well as stressed, and I simply got him thru lunch and suggested he take a nap, telling him I sure as hell was gonna take one myself. He slept for a couple of hours or more, was still asleep when I went up to walk the track. When I came back, C said they'd had a real session--he woke up, told her he hadn't been able to talk during lunch, was afraid he'd get back to Madison House and not be able to talk to anybody. In sum, he was panicked about the spectre of that empty room and a new life alone over there. C called Dr. Jim Lane, who prescribed something that enhances flow of blood to head, a stroke preventative, and we began to get Frank settled down again; I sat with him thru an evening of tv watching. He seems a lot better this morn. The trick here is to get him launched into life again--do enough for him, without overpitying him and thereby retarding what he's got to do.

It has been one helluva long week, since the phone rang last Sat. morn. But Lucie's passing could have been so much worse--would have been, almost any other time in these past few years other than when it happened--that that's the saving grace of this situation.

17 April--10:45, have been home about half an hour, from teaching C's ~~class~~ comm process class: a distinctive anniversary gift, anyway. I talked to the class y'day as well, and now to see if I can get life to settle down, to the point where I can concentrate on the Montana article for Lang.

The main news is from Bozeman--call from Mike Malone y'day saying I'm to be one of the 3 honorary degrees MSU will confer this commencement. There is a flummoxing side to this--it'll probably cost me \$450 out of pocket, and 2 days, to go receive the damn thing; more like \$1000 if C can arrange to go, too. This is unexpected, amid 2 other early-autumn Montana trips and the Scotland plans, and I'm still gulping on it; will talk it over with C when she gets home and then call Malone back.

Phone call today, Leroy Searle of UW English Dept. asking me to give the English Undergraduate Ass'n talk/reading on May 22. Told him I'm trying to keep May inviolate, he did some schedule checking and offered May 31; I said I'd look over my schedule, decide, and call him tomorrow.

So it goes. I still have a good shot at cleaning up obligations by end of April, but it's going to take some diligence, else the chores will just keep lining up and go on and on.

Fri. the 13th, C and I drove to Rippling River resort east of Portland, and I gave the Sky speech to Oregon Library Ass'n that night. The most efficient speaking date I've ever had; \$1000 check was waiting for me when we arrived, and at the dinner the OLA pres said about half a dozen sentences, Barbara McKillip got up and gave me a brief but enthusiastic intro, and I spoke--and that was that. The next day was gorgeously sunny, welcome after a winterlike week and all the emotional commotion we'd been through after Lucie's death, and so we drove east past Mt. Hood, glorious in fresh snow and the sun, to Hood River and down the Columbia. By about mid-afternoon we had a campsite at Nehalem Bay and were on the beach. Luckily, we talked ourselves into doing a real beach walk, south to the jetty, because about 3 the next morning a whooping wind arrived. We got up about 6 with tent flapping madly, squalls of rain hitting.

17 April cont.--No place open for breakfast in Manzanita or Nehalem, so we drove on to Cannon Beach. Weather was still roaring after we ate, went on to the mouth of Columbia, worse wind yet there, must have been 40 mph at least. That decided us, with no regrets, to head home, and we were here by about 2:30. A good restorative trip, particularly for C.

Frank meanwhile has been doing pretty damn well. He braced himself and got down to resuming living on Thurs. of last week, when he saw that his episode of panic the day before might keep C home from going with me to Ore.; he didn't want to deprive her of that, and so I think made the effort to get hold of himself. Also, I took him out to do chores with me that morn, and various things clicked, such as managing to get the new bumper guard his Chevy needed. C and I went to Madison House with him about 4, she and I swept Lucie's clothes and all other reminders we could think of, out of his room; dumped her pills, etc. Then we went upstairs for supper with Frank, to help him fend with condolences; actually went fairly well, only one really heavy-handed theatric amid ten or a dozen people who came by the table to say something. By the time we left, we had Frank pretty well convinced the worst was over--and so it seems to be.

23 April--I've been buried in the Montana Mag of History article, which today I finally got considerable done on. That and an allergy funk wiped out much of last week. Yet I did come out of the week with promising developments: I called back Malone, asked him about some travel \$\$ for giving the honors banquet speech at MSU comcmt, he arranged it in about 5 minutes. And it must have been Thursday the 18th, as I was fixing lunch, when phone call came from Lynn Pleshette, saying "Chuck Heston's son" Fraser is interested in optioning Sea Runners. I asked her, "Now, this is a real guy, right?"--i.e., one with money in his pocket, and she said "This is a real guy, this is not a plastic guy"--he hadn't even blinked at the \$10,000 minimum for 1st yr option. Lynn said he wanted to meet with me when he comes up here in about a month, I said fine. A couple of hrs later, Fraser Heston his very self called me, we agreed that the last week in May--after he's been to Cannes on behalf of his latest film, before I go to MSU for honorary degree--is best time for him to come through here.

23 April--cont.--Nothing may come of this Heston expression of interest; odds are high that it won't. But he at least sounds good and sane, after the looney tunes that've been played so far about my wondrous filmable properties.

The weekend recuperated both of us some, though on Sunday, Easter Sunday, we went over for brunch with Frank and C came back somewhat pooped from bolstering him. We now think we can get back into a routine of exercise and walking, with her cold and the exertions of the past few weeks behind her, and with me mostly over the allergy funk.

25 April--I ~~am~~ have got to do something about this. Even when I'm not working ~~am~~ full-tilt on a book, I'm working like hell. Am now into my 2nd week of work on the Montana piece--maybe can finish it on Friday, but probably not--~~and~~ and when it's done, I'll have written, so far this year, two speeches, a book review and an ambitious article. Total income from them is \$4000, so I'm getting \$1000 a month for the work. I think I had better seriously see if there's a screenplay sum to be had in this Heston prospect; it's bound to pay better than this, and probably won't be harder.

C is at campus--now 3:45--hearing Ron Bell tell about a budget slash in humanities next spring. Life hasn't gotten much easier for her, recently.

1 May--The Mont. Mag article is done and sacked up, as of about 10 this morn, and I have finally reached the month of May that I've fought and fought to keep clear for myself. There'll be trickles of phone calls and correspondence, but no real performance demanded of me until the last night of the month, the UW reading. C said this morning she hopes May is saner than April was, all around.

Weather continues rainy and chilly.

8 May--10 a.m., serene morning of sorting through file cards from previous books for possible Scotch Heaven use. 2nd day of this, and as C left this morn, I said "What can I tell you, it's what I do." She laughed, twirled a finger in her hair and said "I vill giff a liddle ~~lax~~ t'ink"--the description we once heard of Einstein, by somebody ~~describing~~ rueful about "watching" him at work.

Life calmed down a lot last week, both of us getting a grip on life for a change instead of it gripping us. On the other hand, Macmillan has bought Atheneum and I don't yet know what that portends for Tom Stewart and English Creek. I put a call in to Liz y'day, haven't heard back from her yet. Leroy Soper, who told me the news at their "Montana" shindig Sat. night--I felt like a ninny, the author as usual the absolute last one to know--said he thinks Macmillan will be better about getting books into stores, anyway.

So, except for that earthquake in the east, mine is a peaceable kingdom.

10 May--And a few hours after I wrote that, phone rang and it was Tom Watkins, offering me \$4-5000 to do a huge piece on American grasslands for Wilderness magazine. Had to tell him there was no give in my schedule for such a job. And hung up wondering how in hell come I spend weeks on a \$500 piece (Lang's) and have to turn down one for 10 times that. Told C I may have a profession, but it's never clear whether it's a living.

Just now talked with Liz. Her main news is that Tom is going to request 25,000 printing of English Creek, raising it from 15,000 on basis of sales meeting enthusiasm. And he's having Henry Berliner, the New Haven bookseller who sold so many copies of Sea Runners, write a letter that'll be sent to booksellers, saying he's not a westerner but he's been able to do well with my books. As to the Macmillan purchase, Liz last night was at Clifton Fadiman's 80th birthday party and talked with Chas. Scribner,

10 May cont.--and Scribner's line is that Macm will be mostly involved in "order fulfillment", that Scribner's and Atheneum will keep editorial independence. I think the latter does not ever last long--Lippincott and Harper & Row, etc.--but all I want out of this is for English Creek to get into the stores; then I can try take a reading on Tom's future, Atheneum's future, and so on.

Liz is just back from Calif., sounds harried about the catching-up on business. But settled down, gave me Tessa/Sayle's address in London. Oh yes--asked her about book club or p'back results on English Creek, she said it's too early on p'back, and she's heard no developments on the book club front.

So: I'm not sure I feel on top of things this spring, but maybe they're going decently without me.

Spent useful Mon. and Tues. sorting file cards toward ~~Engx~~ Scotch Heaven, and will try get back into that groove of thinking. Frank showed up Tues. afternoon and stayed for supper, and C is coming down with a sore throat, so the home front hasn't been entirely quiet. And I spent y'dayx on chores, such as getting mirror put on passenger side of Ford to cure its blind spot.

Two speaking requests the past few days--Wash St. Museum dinner, which C coped with by pointing out to the caller it'll be while we're in Scotland, and the history honorary, Phi Alpha Theta, next April, which I'll beg out of on basis of writing schedule. Other news is Bruce Brown's Wn Post piece on writers of this area--he got my name right and did me no harm in description of English Creek, so I'm satisfied.

11 May--By god, maybe I ought to call NY more often. This is getting to be kind of fun. Just talked to Tom Stewart, and he says things are "really good", which sounds to me as if the Macmillan deal may be lifting some of the chronic woes he's faced within the Scribners-Atheneum setup. Of the sales conference, he said Rantala showed up with 2500 orders for English Creek. Normally the print run is 3-5000 more than the total advanced on the last book--now 12,000 on English Creek--so Tom came in into the conference saying 15,000 for English Creek. "Right there Rantala raised his hand and said he was going to

11 May cont.--advance that many copies himself." So the 25,000 figure has been hit upon, though my hunch is it'll take good advances from rest of the sales force to really hit that. But maybe not. Tom is impressed that Rantala is saying we'll sell 15,000 in this "quadrant of the country" alone. I told Tom I hoped Rantala doesn't turn out to be totally mad as well as inspired; Tom said, "He's usually pretty accurate."

Tom also outlined for me a sales effort he's hit upon: Henry Berliner of New Haven is to read early galleys and if he likes Eng Crk, write a letter saying so, which wd be sent around with a couple of hundred extra bound galleys--a dozen or so to each sales R rep, Tom says, and to the dozen or so biggest accounts.

Downside of the news, though I've entirely expected it, is "we've struck out with Book of the Month." Tom said Eng Crk "got 4 readings, but then they came up stupid." Currently he's sent ~~them~~ ms to Penguin, asking if they'll take "an early position" on the book--i.e., a floor bid.

As to schedule of galleys, which I primarily was calling Tom about, the rodeo section is supposed to appear about the end of next week, the rest a week or so after--most of my reading of them likely will be Memorial Day week, it sounds like. A quick damn mind, that Tom: telling me this, he said I'd first be getting the "rohdayo" section--briefest pause, he corrected himself to "rodeeo" and went right on.

Told Tom if I could help the book any by visiting NY next fall, I would; might wear my cowboy hat into Elaine's even, if he wanted. He said the Doig Bros merc cap might go better. Said "it's tough with fiction--what's Bryan Gumble going to ask you?" but he'll talk with Susan Richman, see what she thinks. Told him I knew it's a dubious proposition--recited Jim Welch's situation of not getting on Today show even though he's school buddy of Brokaw--and if I'd do about as much good by staying home, okay.

11 May cont.--Just after lunch, Dan Levant called, asking me to write few thousand word foreword for "day in the life of Washington" book he's to do with regional press photogs. Needs it by mid-Aug., told him I'm too crowded to do it.

15 May--11 o'clock, of none too strenuous morning. C and I went to The Natural last night, got up agreeing it made for a short night of sleep and I sacked out on the couch for awhile after b'fast. Got up again, went out for coffee and was underway a little after 9, feeling pretty good; sorted more file cards, main task of this couple of weeks, for Scotch Heaven. Then decided to make bookstore calls I've been letting slide; glad now I did, as news is that Pac Pipeline likely will order a couple thousand of Eng Crk right off the bat, U Bk Store probably 500. Also called Rantala, he says if Macmillan hadn't entered the pic he figures my 1st printing wd have been 15,000 instead of 25,000.

A call y'day from Skip Berger at Washington mag, to say they feel they can't use Eng Crk excerpt in 1st issue. Doesn't surprise me. Skip does want to use, and I agreed he could, my lines from Winter Bros about difference between Wash'nians and Oregonians. Pretty good day for Skip: got some stuff from me into his issue and it didn't cost him anything.

Semi-disappointing weekend, weather and tide against intended Dungeness trip, plus C having come down with low-grade cold. I have a sorish throat too, but so far it hasn't gone beyond that. Sunday we went down to Zoretich's, to help him look over his Omni article contracts--awful goddamn things, holding the writer responsible for anything probably up to and including the office toilet overflowing--and then over to Frank's for lunch with him and a trip to cemetery to put Mother's

Day flowers on Lucie's grave and let Frank see how the maintenance is. (Thankfully, it's just fine.) Home by about 2:30; as C and I said, the real start of our day. I whaled into cleaning the bathtub. We re about keeping even with required chores around here, but find it hard to gain on anything else.

22 May--Salmon Bake day at Shoreline, and it's raining like hell. This cold rainy May, I think I have minded more than any stretch of weather since we came to Seattle. Likely I feel so because I did come down with C's cold--starting just after supper last Thurs., it raced through me in about 2 days and I've had a mopey, bedraggled spell of healing ever since--and positively pine for some warm weather to walk in.

I'm not getting much done this week. Y'day I was so listless I didn't do a thing except read. Today is slightly better, though I haven't plunged back into the Scotch Heaven thinking as I should. Besides this cold, which had been ruling my life, I suppose I'm waiting on Eng Crk galleys, which I much want to see. Wed. or Th. of last week, Tom sent sample of the spaced rodeo announcer's gab, asking if I really wanted to go through with that. (Harry Ford at Atheneum did not) It came just before lunch, so I took it up to the track to show

C and Jean, during their constitutional, and see what they thought. C was adamant that 2-em spacing looked just dandy, Jean thought it was fine too and she was definitely against dashes, one~~x~~ of the other choices. I don't know that I'm adamant, but I couldn't see great reasons against doing it--hell, it's kind/of interesting on the page, if nothing else; and it's the only way to replicate on the page the pace of the announcer's words in the air--so I called Tom and said yeah, I'd like to go with the 2-em spacing. (We all agreed 1-em spacing just looked like hiccupy typesetting.) Tom assented at once; it occurred to me that he likely wanted me to be firm about it, so he could tell Harry Ford he had an insistent author on his hands.

29 May--The 3-day Memorial Day weekend maybe gave C and me the breath-catching space we needed; both feel immensely better and more vigorous than in a long while. The weather turned perfect; good warm day for our hike around L. Union y'day, and today is unbeatable--blue, mild, just enough breeze to keep the air fresh.

Frank and Linda, Ann McC and Dick Nelson walked the lake with us, Jim Welch came afterward. Good low-key gathering.

29 May cont.--Life is going to heat up a lot in the next few weeks: En Crk galleys, my UW reading Thurs. night, Fraser Heston (if he indeed comes up here), the Bozeman trip--plus dinner with Jim and Lois Welch this Sat., and likely Kittredge and Annick through town sometime next week. Draw a deep breath and do it all, I guess is the prescription.

Last week was quiet--the phone was the silentest it's been in years--and I spent a lot of time getting over my cold. It was an odd abrupt one. After supper, I think on Thurs. the 17th, it hit me full-force in about the course of an hour--that is, I got up from the table with the half-sore throat I'd had for days, and promptly I had the full gamut of sneezing, nose running, achiness, etc. About 2 days of that, and I was into the aftermath, which was kind of miserable in its own way. Think I'm now on my way entirely out of it. Last Wed. I had a biennial physical checkup, and came away feeling much better after

the common-sense doctoring by Mike Stewart. Nothing major seems wrong, and the minor alarms I'd had--a few days of tic in my left eye, the popping sound under my right ear when I chew--don't diagnose as real problems. Told Mike about my achiness, sometimes feeling downright battered, when I get up in the morning; have been wondering whether I'm hypochondriacal about that, or just why the hell I feel so ancient and achy at those times, but Mike says given the history of my back ailment, I likely have the kind of connective tissue that aches as a person puts on years. He suggested I warm up the house first, maybe take a hot shower, drink something hot right away--I did some of that, those last chilly mornings of last week, and it helped. As long as I do something against an ailment, I don't feel so bad about it--and after seeing Mike, I feel considerably less bothered and decrepit

What else. Good visit from Langs weekend before last, Bill the friend who is most interested in talking about writing, how it's done. That Sun. night we went to supper at Angells', brought home photocopies of Tony's blackbird sketches to go through, so we can have dibs on a piece or two of that work. And I had a wonderfully gracious letter from James Reston, responding to question I asked him for sake of the article for Lang.

31 May--Before this day, and maybe life for the next couple of weeks, begins to busy up, I should try catch this ~~random~~ morning's mood. Today is the last of the month I set aside to think and tinker toward Scotch Heaven, and I believe it's been a valuable and heartening set of weeks. Have done almost no actual ms, only 4 or 5 mock-newspaper entries to introduce chapters, yet the book seems to have lined itself out in my head, and onto the yellow pad of outline and the file card categories. There're going to be problems--controlling the crowd of characters, and bringing Angus, Rob, Adair and Anna to life--but it feels like a better and more interesting book than I thought it could be. So this notion of having a mending, museful month is probably one I should do more often.

5 June--It's been a hectic damn couplex of days, for reasons I'm not quite clear on. Weather has been humid and my nasal drip has been running, so I suppose the atmosphere is ruling me. Have had a surprising amount of mail and other chores to catch up on, given that I thought I was doing a reasonable job of keeping up--y'day I dealt with mail for the first couple of hours, and at the end of it hadn't done a goddamn thing really worthwhile. Also have had to get ready the two sets of remarks for Bozeman, and I keep forgetting what a doleful task a speech is, even just a revised one. I do think I've done a good job, especially on the ~~the~~ 3 minutes of commencement remarks. And C and everybody else tells me the UW reading on the 31st was exceptional; my first try at half-imitating the various voices of a ms.

So, I guess things are getting done, with the exception of the one achievement I really hunger for now, wrapping up the galleys of English Creek. I think they may get here tomorrow; but the way things are going, it could be next week. One way or another, I'm going to try bang out a few more chores--go get a Bozeman haircut, which C cajoled me into over my grumbles--and take tomorrow as a less strewn day.

18 June--Whew. In the last 2 weeks we've been to Bozeman, I read the Eng Crk galleys, we hiked D'ness 2 days, Frank was here for Father's Day and we've begun to get ready for Scotland. Oh yes, and the really important news: Penguin made a floor bid of \$20,000 for Eng Crk.

--Bozeman went dandy. MSU did it all with a good sense of style, and the fieldhouse was full for commencement: vicinity of 10,000, I guess. My remarks are at the back of this diary. The Ringling comment drew a large laugh, the reference to the Stockman Bar in WSS got some whoops from the student section. Just before the processional, word came to Dick Gray and me not to make ~~xx~~ our remarks upon receiving the degrees, as the ceremony looked likely to run long. I was grieved, having spent a couple of hours crafting what I wanted to say, and when Mike Malone came by, I pointed out to him the Bozeman Chronicle the next day was going to have remarks I hadn't uttered. He thought it was a bummer not to have us say anything, asked if I really wanted to; I said yeah, I'd prefer to. He went to Bill Tietz, who said sure, go ahead. And so we did.

Only other clinker happened after the Honors banquet, when I didn't fend well with an MSU grad student named Jock Agers, a brassy Californian who insisted I read some of his writing efforts. I tried to reason with him, saying I don't do that and what he really ought to do is start showing it to editors; but I see I am going to have to get some imperturbable defense against that and not let the point be argued. He ticked me, and C, off ~~xx~~ considerably before it was all over, but I guess I really don't get very much of that kind of hassle.

--Eng Crk galleys were waiting when we got home; Joanie Lankford picked them off from the mailman for us. I began on them Sun. morn and mailed them back to NY Thurs. morn on our way to Dungeness. The book seems solid, sure-footed; it may lack some inspired craziness, but at least it's ineffably what it is.

--Dungeness restored us both greatly, despite wind both days. Friday we went to end of the spit and back, 13-14 miles in sun and wind, and both felt great. Reassured me about our stamina.

21 June--C tells me to put down in here that this morn I said, right out loud, everything about Eng Crk seems to be going good. The occasion for this was call from pr director Susan Richman, saying Denver Post-AAUW wants me for book & author shindig in Oct. I've long thought we should do something to see if I can sell any books in Denver, so here's a chance.

Otherwise, we've been crunching thru chores, getting ready for Scotland. As usual I'm having trouble focusing on the research, the entire damn reason for the trip, but this morn I did get some stuff sorted, into file folder and the file card notebook I'm taking.

I no sooner stepped into the house y'day, after morn at UW library and doing U Dist chores, than Tom Stewart was on phone, giving me list of possible blurbsters for Eng Crk: James Carroll, Wright Morris, Wm Styron, Edward Hoagland (I asked him to give H. a pass this time around, he's done so much on my other books), Bobbi Ann Mason, David Bradley, Tom Wicker, Ann Tyler, Mary Lee Settle, Wallace Stegner, and possibly Russell Baker. Now to see if my blurb luck holds.

Bound galleys came Tues. afternoon; signs of progress everywhere.

23 June--2:40 pm of a bright warm day; 5½ hrs before our plane leaves for London. It has been damn busy, but we have cleared the decks here. Long-missing bookplates finally showed up in the mail today, so I've just written the check for them. And before that, dashed off a quick "recommended summer read" for Christian Science Monitor, a request that came in y'day's mail--as did the latest from Mitch on the IRS situation, a Wash. Library Ass'n invite to speak next April, and another thing or two needing attention.

Well, onward to Pan Am.

28 June--In the Abbey House Hotel, in London's Notting Gate area. Last full day in London, before the train to Edinburgh tomorrow morn.

1 July, St. Andrews--~~I~~ Didn't get very far with the above entry, did I? A mark of how much vacation London turned into. By about the 4th day, the only serious task we were undertaking was to listen for a chance to use the grievously overworked bathroom at the Abbey House Hotel. Otherwise, we wandered as we felt like it. Did try to make use of the nights, and so we managed to go to, in this order: D-Day anniversary concert (for some reason occurring about 3 weeks after June 6) of the London Concert Orchestra and the Welsh Guards band at the Barbican Hall; Michael Frayn's comedy Noises Off at the Savoy; Stoppard's The Real Thing at the Strand; and Sgt. Musgrave's Dance, with Albert Finney starring and directing, at the Old Vic. Besides those, 2 lunches--including my birthday--at the Kings Head, where the food is still splendid but first the barmaid and then the food server tried to short-change us on 10-pound bills; and 2 suppers at a real find when we learned that the Frigate has been replaced by a high-rise--the Salisbury a few blocks away, a pub with the best hot or cold suppers we've found in London. Our last day in London we went to Churchill's underground war hq near Parliament, fascinating warren of map and operations rooms, bombproof places to bunk (Churchill did only 3 or so times, partly because of lack of bathroom facilities, according to a sign), and the ~~safe~~ safe-line phone room where Churchill could talk to FDR. Also visited the Natural History museum, probably my favorite building in London, and saw a good exhibit of Animals as Architects. Walked Hyde Park a lot, having to go only around Kensington Palace (from our hotel) to get there. And our first day in the city, we walked much of our old S. Kensington n'hood; found our former residence, Egerton Crescent, being painted, and like nearly all the rest of London, cobwebbed with scaffolding.

1 July cont.--Evidently I am truly recuperated, as I haven't thought to mention it until now: but much of our London stay I had an aggravated right knee, sore from too much kneeling on it while cleaning the bathtub the day before we left home. The knee got reluctant to go up and down steps, locking a bit, so I did plenty of hobbling during our trips on the underground. Second or so day in London we took life easy and the knee improved, so I didn't really worry about it thereafter, just went out and did what we wanted to and figured the problem would settle down later.

We decided to head for Edinburgh a day early, Fri. instead of Sat., to give ourselves more leeway in getting our rented car and making out way to St. A., and we were wise to do so. Got ourselves moved into the Georgian Hotel at Dean Terrace, walked around some, then had a marvelous Italian supper at Vito's, which is where we think the Farm vegetarian eating place used to be; must be something about the site, producing superb food. Had the next morning for chores--checking on train schedules for when we go home, getting an E'burgh map at info center, ^{trying to} buying me a sweater to withstand Scotland's summer climate (couldn't find an on-sale cardigan that'd fit me at the E'burgh Woolen Mill store there, but we did in St. A.), and then collecting our car (an Austin something-or-other) which mysteriously involved a transatlantic verification of our credit card, making us wonder to each other why Hertz doesn't do that in the US before ever granting the car reservation. Then collected our luggage from the Georgian and drove here--I think about 60 miles, under an hr and a half. This morning we managed to jink our way into breakfast before the first tour group--they're probably going to be continual here--and then went sight-seeing and note-taking to Crail and Anstruther. Lunch in the Fisheries Museum tea room at Anstruther, a drink at the Old Castle pub here, and now to the start of my scholarly career at St. A.

1 July cont.--In the Glasgow Herald of June 29, the visiting Dalai Lama "professed to like Scotland at first glance--'lots of sheep and green fields and I like a cold climate.'"

4 July--Quick summary of wk's work to date, just ~~nto~~ keep track of it. The 2nd, worked in mss at U of St A library; the 3rd, got a typing room and spent the day extracting from books; today, got up at 4:30 with intention of walking St. A during dawn light, found the sky milky with overcast, back to bed until 5:45; we walked then, near cathedral ruins and through the empty downtown; back for b'fast at 7:45; were in Anstruther by about 10:30, went through the fishing museum; lunch at The Smuggler's Inn, drove to Ceres, went thru folk museum there, arrived back at dorm abt 4; between then and now I've scanned gabby 19th c. traveler's sketch of the area, The Fringes of Fife.

11 July--We leave St. A, right after breakfast. Void in the diary tells how rigorous a research stay this has been; after a day of coping with the university library and its sundry catalogues and its awkward layout made more awkward by a summerlong project of moving everything around, I had no steam for diary entries. Also it's been surprisingly humid here, although never really hot, and that dragged at both of us. But it was a good and interesting stay here, and the research clicked into place on Monday when we went up to the town of Brechin, a good interesting model for my fictional town of Nethermuir. And now we're off to Portree on Skye.

1 Aug.--We are truly home. About 8:45 Monday, our 1st morn off the plane, Wash. Post called wanting me to review Evan Connell's novel abt Custer. Y'day during lunch, Ann Rittenberg at Ath'm called to reassure me she'd ridden herd on Eng Crk page proofs (this'll be 1st time I've foregone seeing page proofs). Today a call from Sally Hughes at Museum of History and Industry, wanting me to be in their Seattle Heritage lecture series All this and jet lag too.

This may be the day we get unlagged, though I notice I'm now--just before 11--slowing down considerably. C said at one point on Monday she could almost feel her bloodstream trying to figure out its situation. I phased in and out of jet lag that day, while she didn't get too much of it; I had some by mid-morn y'day, then C had a real trough of it in late afternoon and evening. Both had about 9 solid hours of sleep--we slept soundly the previous 2 nights, but woke up about 3 a.m. or so--and are trying to get on with life today.

I sacrificed the diary to the trip's research regimen, and on Skye and the last couple of days in E'burgh to some plain goddamn time off. Will try occasional notes from memory, as we go through the pics and I embark on reviewing the research. Main news of the moment, though, is the sunny batch of mail that was awaiting us. No real clinkers in it, except Russell Baker declining to do a blurb for Eng Crk, which was expected, and much good tidings: Dalton order of 1600 copies of Eng Crk, Walden of 2000, a dandy Wright Morris blurb, enthusiastic responses from Mont. booksellers who're reading galleys. Pleasant news from friends such as Dick Brown and Larry Schneider, and Ben Baldwin on his gala retirement. Speaking invite to Central Wash'n U., a day's work for \$750. A warm homecoming.

6 Aug.--The pace of requests has continued, somebody asking me every day to do something. Today's was from Bozeman, to talk at a Nuclear Free symposium on the writer in the nuclear age. The date is the week after the marathon week I'll be selling books in Montana, and the topic is colossal--I said no, sorry.

I more or less undertook Scotch Heaven today. Am pretty rusty, not having been in a real writing schedule for some months now, and I have a lot of mulling and sorting to do. And there's the usual long shadow of the amount of work ahead; it'll be three years from now before Scotch Heaven shows up in print.

We've done some tackling of house chores. C spent a day and a half getting the slide collection into retrievable order. I've made a start on cleaning the shop, and managed to patch about half the chimney Sat. afternoon before declaring I'd had all the sun I could stand. Y'day when I intended to finish, it rained--in fact, rare day of thunder and lightning.

All in all, last week was one of trying to get ourselves re-accustomed here, handling the mail and other chores. Wed. night we went to the opening of the Schots' restaurant in Bothell, the Nieuw Amsterdam; a couple of hundred people, easy. Sat. night we had hamburger supper for John and Jean, and Frank; gave them ~~a~~ quick version of our slides from the trip, and gifts from Scotland.

So, we're doing pretty well. I'm feeling okay these days--we're toning down our food intake, trying to walk every day, will resume exercising this afternoon--but do need to get myself focused on Scotch Heaven for the next few weeks. May be tough to do, with all else going on, English Creek impending and summer eating itself up as usual.

13 Aug.--I keep letting English Creek crowd aside Scotch Heaven, but at least today I'm tilting back and enjoying letting it happen. Probably due to the sense of relief in hearing the production dates of Eng Crk from Ann Rittenberg at Ath'm: bound books Sept. 7, shipping Sept. 10, official pub'n Oct. 24. All of which ought to give us leeway to get the goddamn books into the goddamn stores for the goddamn signings. Somehow I have puttered and diddled with the fall's schedule all of today--it's now 2:45--but I don't know the alternative to the mulling and letter-writing and phoning. Among today's stuff:

--Set Nov. 1 with Lee Soper, for U Bk Store signing.

--Did a long letter to Rantala, outlining for him the bookstore plans I've made so far.

--Talked with Barbara Theroux at UMontana, agreeing on Homecoming Sat., Oct. 27, for ~~my~~ signing there.

--Wrote several other bookstores about dates.

--Redid the phone machine message, to say I'm available, live, between 2-3:30.

And so on. Right now it's so sunny outside, I'm going to say to hell with all this, and go out and read.

17 Aug.--11 a.m., C reading in living room, I've been going thru photocopies from George Sturt's book on wheelwrighting. The sylvan scholarly life. By coincidence I've been reading John Graves' Hard Scrabble for pleasure, and so I am dwelling much on hand craftsmanship these days--and coincidentally again, trying to do some of it myself on looming chores such as our decaying mailbox, the rotting cover to the crawl space, etc. Y'day I didn't feel like tackling desk work, or a whole hell of a lot else, and so after reading a little in the morning--article on Scottish farm laborers in the Social Class in Scotland book C spotted for me in E'burgh--I decided to start on the mailbox rehab. Built a stand out of scrap ~~in~~ plywood, much sawing and standing around mulling; but at least a feeling of something done for the day.

I am going to have to struggle with a schedule, as I perpetually do, but there is a chance at getting some

17 Aug. cont.--projects done around here by the time C starts school. Last Sat. I cleaned and rejigged most of the shop, so that it is truly workable, uncluttered, for the first time in at least a year, since the Mullers moved out here and the shop began catching the overflow. Oiled and sharpened some tools, threw away much stuff that hasn't made itself useful during our time in this house, now ten years. C has been throwing out and revamping too--this morning, out went many of the files we set up for News: A Consumer's Guide.

Have been trying to stay on top of the mail, and the scheduling to be done with bookstores. Not too bad at the moment, though I haven't gone out to the tomorrow-to-be-poleaxed mailbox yet for today's batch. What I haven't managed to do is turn myself toward the writing stint needed on Scotch Heaven; though I do feel more sanguine about it for next week, than I did a week ago.

20 Aug.--By god, I maybe have done it--made the start on the day by day writing of Scotch Heaven. Started the day a bit jangled, neither of us slept well last night, and considerable chores etc. on my mind, not to mention the prospect of 4 more years of Reagan. C and I walked the n'hood after breakfast--the weather is marvelous, bright but not too hot--and she decided to start painting the lumber for the new cover to the crawl space while I dragged in here to set to work on writing after these months of absence. I did some sneezing, C urged me to put on the air cleaner; one problem with an allergy spell is that it dims me out so much I forget to take logical steps against it. Got the machine on, began tinkering again with the ms's 2nd graf, which I'd done unsatisfactory work on last week, and produced a plausible first couple~~of~~ of pp., I do believe.

And today's mail brought the 1st review of English Creek: Kirkus, saying it's "slow to kindle" but savory, memorable. Particular praise for the haying and fire sections, hallelujah.

22 Aug.--Though I haven't felt particularly sharp or in control of the material, I've managed to plunk out the scheduled ms pp so far this week: 2 on Mon., 2 on Tues., 3 today, 3 intended tomorrow. Much distraction going on, or at least my mind keeps alighting on other things. The Ferraro tax situation, which may in itself provide us 4 more years of Reagan. The hog wallow convention going on in Dallas; Jesus h. Christ, do those people live in the same country I do? House chores, a new mailbox put up last Sat. and now C has finished painting planks for new cover to crawl space. And, here's one I can't explain, the neighbors. We're being departed from on both sides, the Hirshes for some months now trying to sell their house (for \$114,000, whooey) and move to ~~the~~ Yaak, Montana (whooley again), and now the news that Bob and Carolyn Cochran are returning to Alaska--Kenai this time--and that Lee will stay in the house here. Plenty to contemplate in all that. We're bound to get more obtrusive neighbors than the Hirshes have been. On the Cochran side of things, their move ought to scotch one prospect I've been apprehensive about, Bob's intention to build onto the house on the side nearest us. So we're probably spared a helluva lot of carpentry racket. On the other hand, we're going to have young bachelor Lee, which probably but not definitely is going to be okay. Anyway, now that everybody is moving away, we find ourselves on closer terms with them than we've ever been--Eleanor H. thanking me gratefully for tackling the mailboxes, inviting me in to see the interior of the "shot tower" on the back of their house when I asked how it's to be described to any possible buyer; and Bob C. vowing to lop off a colossal limb which is over here in our vine maples, offering to give me the leftover lumber he has--some of which is 4-inch stuff, a bonanza for landscape edging, ~~what~~ giving me something yet again to mull--and for my part, on C's suggestion, I've told him if they ever contemplate selling the house, get in touch with us, we might try make a deal with them. If August is like this, what is the autumn going to be?

Meanwhile August goes by on beautiful blue wings, some of the best weather possible.

27 Aug. '84--The weather has finally turned, day of overcast and dabs of rain, after weeks of dry sun. C and I had a look y'day at the hill behind our house, found ~~the~~ the downed wood there crackling dry; thank god there isn't much fire threat here.

I hacked out 2 pp. on Scotch Heaven this morn; nothing great but it fulfills the arithmetic. Am feeling pretty good, maybe even sanguine. Maybe even too sanguine, for is there not one helluva long book to write? But I parsed out, last week, how the writing ~~m~~ can divide itself over the next couple of years, and even I felt reassured. Showed C the first 5 or ~~xxx~~ so pp., and while we re agreed that we don't know if the device of Angus directly addressing Rob-that-was will hold up, she thought it was a good fast start to the book.

Today's mail, the flap copy for English Creek--kind of overdrawn and woozy on its own enthusiasm, as flap copy usually is, but I don't see any glitches of fact in it and so will probably let it go--and inquiry from Colo. Historical Society about possible talk from me during my Denver trip. Good stuff, and the phone calls today were an invite to an authors' shindig in Eugene (no, too far) and to talk to the NW sales mgrs of Walden bookstores (you betcha). I think I've also whipped the updated version of my Contemp Authors bio, and done a blurb for David Wuammen's band of fugitive pieces, Natural Acts.

Sat. we went with Jean and Walt Walkinshaw to their point of land on San Juan I. An enjoyable day, though I came down with a terrific headache that night, too big a day of sun for me. The W'shaws both are indefatigable--they're about to go to Scotland, and we shared as much info as we could think of about Skye etc.--and bright and well-read. C said to me after that we must be about the dullest literary folks they've ever had to their point; Jean told us of Roethke and a friend of theirs both going manically ecstatic on them up there once. She also said Roethke wrote his poem The Rose there; it's one I don't know, as I know not much of R's work.

27 Aug. cont.--We had quite a social spate last week: over to Madison House, with J&J, for barbecue lunch with Frank on Thurs.; Pat and Margaret came by for awhile Fri. afternoon, and ~~on~~ that night we went up to Phil's for a drink. Found Phil is moving temporarily--displaced by Julian and family while their house is being redone--and I wonder if he'll actually come back after 3-4 months away. Will miss having him there, as he's one of our pleasantest friends. Damn this tide of middle life, which swashes friends away.

Tickled silly with the fulsome quote Wallace Stegner is providing for Eng Crk, I've been doing an underlining reading of Etulain's book of interviews with him, which I browsed when it first came. Interesting stuff. I'm trying to reinvent Stegner's wheel, in a lot of ways; and though we're a generation or more apart in age, we have a lot of the same attitudes about work and the primacy of the past.

Um, um, what else. C and I whanged into the chore of the crawl-space cover when we got home from K'land on Thurs., and finished that SOB of a task off. Kind of looks like an elephant trap outside the sliding door here, but it serves. I took Bob Cochran at his word when he offered me any of his leftover lumber; C and I lugged over enough 4" beam-stuff to do most, maybe all, of the 50+ feet of landscape edging on the patio side of the house. The clinker in the freebie is that I'll have to paint and soak it all in sealer.

28 Aug.--Let the good times roll. Bruce Brown called last night to pass along comment from his editor at Wash. Post Book World, Reed somebody, that he's enjoying Eng Crk immensely, seems moved by it. Now to see if that translates directly into a review, or at least warms the selection of a reviewer. And I just called Tom Stewart, who's back from vacation and full of beans, to go over the flap copy with him. Said he's ^{to} get it to Harry Ford today, he'd better because we're only 2 wks from having books; I said, yeah, or we're gonna have to do this all by xerox; he said, maybe we can have people ~~do~~ the books and we'll send them the covers later. Told Tom abt the Walden invite, he said that's just great;

28 Aug. cont.--I ended by saying every prospect pleases, Tom said we'll hope no man is vile, especially the critics.

31 Aug.--This week surely constitutes a modern record, at least since the honey days of Sky's first reviews. Something pleasant, promising or funny has happened every day of this week, I think. Y'day's was Marc Strachan's phone call to say he's still, irrevocably, really interested in rights to Sea Runners (put that down under "entertainment" and a call from Rick Simonson setting up my reading at Elliott Bay. Today, the revised Eng Crk flap copy from Tom; with 6 or 8 little changes, he and I made it really pretty damn deft; and letter from Wash. Library Ass'n agreeing to my \$1600 fee for a speech next April, the kind of fee I've been trying to establish as an asking price.

Nothing definitive accomplished on the literary front today, though. Wrote quick stuff for Curtis Casewit's book Freelancing Advice ~~from the~~ from the Pros, wrote Mark Wyman, did a few diddly desk chores; and it's 5 past 3, I'm going to try put sealer on some more landscape edging, peel spuds, take a shower, before Frank and J&J arrive for Frank's 81st b'day shindig--supper here, then the Orioles-Mariners game, as thought up by Jean.

4 Sept.--And suddenly it's September, although Labor Day weekend didn't show it. Lovely clear weather, which we used for outside work. Sunday I labored in the garden, starting to lime and peat-moss it. Frank came over for a couple of hours--he has trouble filling his time, and as ever has the need for somebody to listen to him--and so we had a family tableau out back, he and C in deck chairs while I alternately worked and visited. Y'day C and I tackled the rotted landscape edging along the patio side of the property, and in about 3 hrs of work replaced the worst of it. Today, I made a dump run with the rotten wood, started getting the file cards for Scotch Heaven sorted back into their boxes--there's almost no chance I can get anything but tinkering done on the ms this fall--and then began tackling the bookshelves. After 2 boxes for Sh'line and a sack of

4 Sept. cont.--~~thousands~~ throwaways, we again have est'd book populati on control.

C has been predicting that, given how often the world was heard from in August, the phone will really erupt after Labor Day. Damned if it didn't ring on the day: Carlin Romano, book ed of the Phila. Inquirer, called to ask me to review Tom McGuane's new book. Told him I had just finished Nobody's Angel, a couple of yrs late, and that I frankly don't get some of McGuane's stuff, such as sadness-for-no-reason; that he'd do better to find someone (like Kittredge) who could say something besides "Huh?" about it. In any case, having successfully begged off again, I maybe can admit to myself that prospects for Eng Crk reviews look good; the grapevine, aka Bruce Brown, reporting that the Wash. Post seems to like the book, and Romano saying how much he and Dick Nicholls liked Sea Runners and my work in general. Today's mail brought the Pub Wkly review, which makes me wince because of how much of the plot it reveals, but it's a praising review, particularly liking the rodeo and the dance; so that's 2 out of 2, in these tricky early reviews by Pub Wkly and Kirkus--they see every damn book there ever is, and to look decent to them is pretty good.

We socialized to a fare-thee-well last week. Went to Ann McC's for borshch on Wed. night, the 4 of us eating up the last of Dick Nelson's garden. (Dick had been registering voters that day, remarked that many women are signing up, evidently the Ferraro factor.) Sat. night was Frank's birthday celebration; John couldn't come, because his mother is on the loose in Texas again and he had to sit by the phone for family bulletins. But Jean and the 3 of us happily ate pork loin, sauerkraut, chocolate cake, then saw Baltimore beat the Mariners 11-7: grand slam homer by rinky-dink hitter Dave Presley of the Ms, 2 homers by Cal Ripken--we'll boast one day of seeing him hit those--and a dead-centerfield homer by John Lowenstein--plus a couple of other homers I've forgotten. And Sat. night, Lee, Joie and Ann Soper, and Tony and Noel Angell all here for supper. Entertaining is quite a task for us, so we're glad to have caught up a bit on it.

18 Sept.--Sloggy days, so far this week. No sign of bound copies of English Creek, and I'm starting to get a bit fluttry about that: not much more than a month from now, I'm supposed to be signing copies of that baby all over Montana and where are they? Will drop Tom a nudge letter tomorrow.

Spent much of today recasting the storycatching speech for Shoreline on Thurs. Not a lot of rewriting--8 or so pp. but Jesus it eats up the time. My sum of achievement today is a dump run, a letter to Dave Miller in Finland about possible Finnish interest in my books, a phone call from Jyl Hoyt at KUFM Missoula, the speech stuff, and voting in the primary, which we are just back from. The sole Republican I voted for is Brian Boyle, lands commissioner, sheerly on basis that he may be eventual new blood after all these goddamn years of Spellman. No, I voted too, as C did, for Sue Gould, the best of the Republican pack running for Congress. By and large, I'm voting these days as my dad and others in Montana did, any Democrat who isn't in jail over any Republican. A doleful damn campaign year thus far. Not only has Reagan had it all arrogantly and regally to himself so far, I'm a genuine enthusiast for Mondale, not simply for him as Reagan's alternative; all the way back to when he ran with Carter, I wished that ticket had been reversed.

A tired time of day, and it shows on this page. Y'day afternoon, though, was a helluva good time. We went by Kirkland to pick Frank up--he got confused on the time, was ready at 11:30 instead of 1, was finishing lunch when we finally tracked him down, but he got ready again in a hurry--and then went into Bellevue for the unveiling of Tony Angell's "Ascending Eagles" bronze at the Pac NW Bell building. Sheer fun. I about grinned my face off, at Tony's success, at the perfect sunny day for the event, at the good strong sculpture itself. We found Noel at once, intro'd Frank to her; Tony saw us, came over, signed our programs. Then the ceremony, x spiffily done; I looked around and here was Virginia McDermott, whom we'd met at Angells'. So I wished her good luck on behalf of Jim today, we intro'd

(Frank)

18 Sept. cont.--to her. Looked around again, here was Harriet Bullitt; talked to her, intro'd Frank etc. All in all, he had quite an afternoon; as C said, that should give him enough to talk about at supper. So, a glorious event, Tony triumphant in a new phase of his work, grand to see. And I thought again of our missing brother, Dick Blessing, as Tony and I come into our regional own.

What else. Mail has declined into junk, with the semi-frantic substitute lady on the route instead of our regular. We suspect the 1st-class gets sorted only about every other day, as she struggles to cope. Phone has gone quiet, except for Jyl this morn, asking for some interview time when I get to Missoula on the book-huckstering. It'll all get giddy soon enough, but oh god I do want a copy of English Creek in my hand first.

19 Sept.--Oh, hell. After a couple of luckless tries at calling Atheneum to find out the latest on Eng Crk's production sked, I got one of Tom's secretaries, who said she'd just mailed me a letter saying they'll get covers any day now and books in a week or so. In short, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ weeks behind sked, and trending toward booklessness during the week of signings in Mont. So, I'm just back from firing off a letter to Tom asking that he expedite shipping to Mont. stores and Pac Pipeline, so we can have some goddamn books on hand when they'll do some good. What a bloody-finger-and-bandaid business the publishing world always is. Meanwhile C, who's undergoing her period and y'day was going around here as blunked out as I've ever seen her, today is sky-high in energy and efficiency and is concernedly trying to cheer me up. Maybe life will get in phase here again sometime soon.

21 Sept. '84--Well, a better mood, an upward ending of the week. Called Liz this morn to check with her about my sending an Eng Crk excerpt to Pintarich at the Oreg'm and she said Tom tells her they have bound books, he's seen one. That raised my spirits, though on reflection it occurs he may have told her they have covers (which his sec told me on Wed.) or that books are imminent enough he's stretching his vision a bit. But it was Wed. I called back there and it was Y'y'day he told her, so maybe a miracle has been passed. I'm all for it. Liz also reported that she was at a retirement party the other night for the outgoing pres of Book of the Month Club, and got seated beside John K. Hutchens; knowing he originated in Missoula, she began asking him, what's the matter with you guys, Eng Crk is a perfect book for you. Pat Knopf was on the other side, either of Hutchens or some other BOMC biggie, and he ~~ms~~ started up similarly, so the BOMCies heard it in stereo about turning down the book.

Liz was on another line with Carol Hill when I phoned, so CHill and I passed hellos thru Liz. Liz said she'd send me galleys of Carol's book, which may have a printing of 35,000, hurrah. Liz also asked me to sign her (Liz) a copy of Eng Crk; as C noted, small good signs, Liz asking this for the 1st time, Marilyn Martin of U Bk Store ~~xxx~~ slyly pulling out her galleys at the PNBA for me to sign. Liz also said she's asked Lynn Pleshette to check back with Chuck Heston's son about his interest or not in Sea Runners; and reports that she (Liz) and Tony have bought a cabin in NW ^Maine. A good heartening call, Liz and I both in about the best moods we ever are. Ah, and after asking me about Scotland and my telling her, she of course said next: So when you gonna have some manuscript for me?

Y'day also proved to be a high day: my speech at Sh'line maybe was my best ever, and people seemed wowed. Even C and I were impressed. A dubious start to it all; I got to the gym at 8:40 to meet Cynthia Lukens and check out the mike, and nothing was turned on except a rattling air conditioning fan in one corner. Dwight Nyquist came in, ~~xxx~~ after one hint from me and about 3 from Cynthia he agreed the fan could be shut off when the time came, and he set out to find Scott Saunders to turn on the

21 Sept. cont.--mike. Scott pretty soon appeared, Cynthia and I both did voice checks, and things sounded ok. We went over to the PUB to get some tea and look around, and about 9:30 the crowd--profs from 7 campuses--was gathering in the gym. Ann McC did her announcements, ok, good; Cynthia did her intro of me, ok, good; and literally as I was flexing my knee to get up and go onto the platform a voice was saying into my ear, "Ivan, I want you to do me a favor!" It was Ron Bell, Shoreline pres, crouched so low beside me I couldn't get a clear look, mostly recognized him by his voice. C told me later Cynthia saw all this going on, smoothly cruised on for a minute or so, and I went up ~~wink~~ and said: "My god, college presidents are mysterious people." Which got a real laugh from this audience. Then: "What ^Ron Bell wants me to say is that"--I've forgotten his name, maybe Peter Martin--"Peter Martin grandfather Peter Martin, should please call home." The guy was seated down to my right, he let out a whoop, stood up with his arms high in triumph and zoomed out to a phone to an ovation from us all. Jean, who was sitting up in the bleachers and could see Ron nabbing me down there, told C she was getting good and mad about Ron's manners, until it came clear what was going on. So, an unexpected launch into the speech but a fortuitous one.

Saw or met various people up there y'day: George Tweney and pres Shirley Gordon of Highline; Pat McClatchy of Skagit, grad school buddy of Mark Wyman's here; Gil Carbone of state com. college bd, who turns out to be from Plentywood; Kaisa London's husband from Everett, with greetings from Dave Miller in Finland; and so on.

After, I came home, changed into civvies (Fred Olsen, sitting by C, said it was the 1st time he'd seen me with a tie on; I told her yeah, this seems to be the year various people are realizing I'm a grownup), went to El Toreador and stoked with a chicken enchilada; on to the 30% off sale at DeGraff's book (I bought 7) and then to the Bavarian Meat Market at Pike Place, where I was the only Anglo among the shopping German ladies--an experience that definitely brings a person back down to earth. Home by abt 2, did a couple brief letters and read until C got here; over drinks, I played her the opener of a tape I bought for my Mont. trip: Marty Robbins' wonderfully shameless horse operetta, El Paso.

24 Sept.--Quiet moderately productive day. Hitched a ride to Sh'line with C this morn, her 1st day of ~~the~~ classes, went through summer's issues of Pub Wkly to try catch up on state B&O tax situation, walked home (and two laps around the hill park on the way), sat down and began writing ch. heads for Scotch Heaven. Did 3, a couple of them pretty good, and roughed out a p. of ms as well. Just now called Archie Satterfield and Pat McGrady to see what they know about the B&O--Pat has sent his ASJA protest to his legislator and governor.

Today's mail brought a finished Eng Crk cover, very nice job, a little more gray and less umber than the proof.

28 Sept.--Friday and I'm corking the week in a good mood. Last night C and I went to the SeaTac Marriott to the regional conference of Waldenbooks mgrs--30 of them--and I don't know which was more heartening, actually seeing a bound copy of Eng Crk or the standing ovation the mgrs gave me. Either way, it was a helluva successful evening. Somebody at Atheneum passed a miracle and got those 30 freebie books there, I signed one for every bookstore manager, they were all pleased mightily that I had agreed to come and talk to them. Christamighty, they're an ideal audience; writers ought to be arm-wrestling for the chance to talk to them.

Mail just came: still no copy of Eng Crk, goddamn it all to hell; but some other good stuff, copy of Ted Hoagland's touting of me to the Guggenheimers and from Ann Rittenberg the Kirkus review of Writers of Purple Sage antho, calling my Sky excerpt the best of the non-fiction, praising Jim Welch's fiction, giving a look down the nose at Abbey, Quammen, McGuane, Ford. My my my. I wonder if this'll prove to be a trend in reviews of the antho; or is my turn for a whack, from the next guy?

Anyway. The Walden mgrs are mostly young, seem to like books--seem to be glad to know of Eng Crk as a book they can take some regional pride in selling--and they seem to be on the upbeat this year, after some woes last year. If I heard the regional director Michael Benidt right, they're "getting back to books this year", away from

28 Sept. cont.--a dispiriting policy of centralized buying they tried last year, probably away from emphasis on motivation or marketing technique or whatever the flash philosophy of last year was. He said Judene, the Southcenter mgr who invited me, is getting credit for thinking to invite a writer to a regional meeting. All in all, it was one of the most useful evenings I've ever put in on the book business.

Called Tom Stewart this morn to praise whomever got the those 30 books there last night. He said Eng Crk has 17,000 orders, which pleases him, but he adds that the East is still the problem. Says he thinks it's a problem that can only be solved at the NY Times; believes Ch. Lehman-Haupt's reviews are the only ones that sell books. (Tom asked me if I'd ever had a review in the daily NYT, I said nope, never.) Broyard he said can be great, smart, on some stuff, such as the non-style of blockbuster novels, but not often otherwise; I said yeah, on the basis of his effort to review Jim Welch he has a rep'n out here as anti-West, he just don't get it. So the main news from Tom is that it's still tough to sell me in the East-- which makes me think that unless a miracle review happens, we'll end up selling about 20,000 of Eng Crk instead of 25-30,000--and that he's nervous about the tight schedule in getting books to my Mont. signing points in the next 3 weeks but hopes it's gonna work. I suppose those should dowse me a bit, but I feel pretty good even so, knowing the book exists, it is being shipped, and about all I can do is work the hell out of the territory out here.

Tues. I did a reading at Kent Public Library; swung by and got Frank, took him to lunch at Upstart Crow and then to Kent with me. Butch and Sundance, that's us. I'm sure he had a good time; some excitement too, as we sped into a parking spot at 12:28 for the 12:30 doings. Good audience, of maybe 75. Wed. I went to UW, spent 2 hrs being interviewed by Eugene Smith for the Boise St. book he's doing about me. In between I'm trying to do chores such as the edging behind the house; and one day this week I did manage to write a couple of Scotch Heaven pp.

1 Oct.--A quick catchup, before C comes home and I either walk the n'hood with her or do some outside work. Since the last entry a copy of Eng Crk has arrived (on Sat.); Rantala has come back from a Montana swing and is as nervous as I am about the books getting there in time, though we both think they will; the copy of the Friday entertainment supplement of Valley Newspapers, covering my library reading at Kent, proved to be a rave, with maybe the best pic ever of me; Sat. C and I went to an ACLU meeting to hear Justice Utter talk, then to the nuclear freeze movement's auction that night, where in an hour and a half I sold 8-10 paperbacks of Sea Runners and 1 (ordered) copy of English Creek, pretty close to the lowest result ever. A varied life. This morn I got myself back to the Scotch Heaven ms, did some revise on 1st 3 pp., which are beginning to look pretty good to me. Also have handled some correspondence and made some phone calls (best of which may produce a mini-tour of Walden stores on Sat. after Th'sgiving). The weekend was kind of a slogger, edging work Sat. morn and the roof Sat. afternoon, edging work on Sun., but the weather stays dry and dry, and I can't not try to use it. This week and next are the calm before I hit the road for Eng. Crk, so I'm hoping to stay sane, do what ms work I can, keep desk matters tidied. C is having a helluva busy start to the school year, last week one of the busiest I ever remember for her.

8 Oct. --Epochal moments in literary history. It's 10:45 a.m., and a few minutes ago I went to take a leak, had just raised the toilet seat when the phone rang, and I thought to myself, "Now it begins." "It" being the season of Eng Crk, as the phone was mostly quiet last wk, a limbo as books are being shipped. Indeedy, the dulcet voice said is this Ivan Doig, my favorite Nobel Prize-winning author? and I said, is this Norma Ashby? Sure it was, saying she'd just got her review copy of Eng Crk, she's coming to Seattle to a convention this Wed., etc.

9 Oct.--10:15; By god, a better week for Mondale and me. C and I have both been jangled and deeply perturbed by the election; not just the Reaganauts, who are a dire enough prospect for another 4 years, but the public lassitude and apparently self-satisfied ignorance that has let Reagan get away with this campaign thus far. C in fact is struggling pretty hard, finding that her mass media students know zilch about looking up a candidate's past record, responding to anything but image. Between that, an audiometry test to see if she's having some hearing loss, and a Saturday of Frank which began about 10 a.m. when he showed up unannounced but determined to go to the Mason Clinic because his hem*roid was acting up, it has been a stressful time for her. I'm trying to shoulder as much of the cooking and household chores as possible, but I'd better give some thought to how to find her some relaxing time. Frank is a loose cannon. He doesn't demand a lot of time--about twice a week--but when he wants it he damn well takes it. The doorbell woke me from a nap about 1 last W.d., and here he was, asking to borrow the hose to wash his car off after the sprinkle of rain the day before. So here he was for C when she got home, staying for a couple of hours; and Sat. morn he all but parachuted through the roof hours before she was expecting him. His needs are obviously large; loneliness, not having enough to do, his need to gab. But I think we're going to have to sort out C's situation better than it is, pretty damn soon.

Anyway, what I started toward, before that, is that this is a calmer week thus far, and yet there are some signs of good stuff beginning to happen. 3 calls y'day: Norma Ashby, as noted; Edmonds newspaper, for int'view; and the Little Prof bookstore in Gt. Falls. Today I called Denver Post to check on lineup of speakers there next week, confirmed that I'm to lead off, which I prefer to do; and Clair Backes said a "beautiful" review of Eng Crk will run in the Post this Sunday. So, all this and Mondale eating the old fraud's lunch in the debate too.

11 Oct.--Busying up. I've been getting phone calls from Mont. bookstores, firming up hours ~~z~~ for my signings, relaying nervousness about absence of the books. One glimmer of reassurance. Barbara Theroux called from UMont bookstores, with "good news, bad news"--good that books have arrived in Missoula, bad that they arrived at Freddy's instead of her store, and by mail. i.e., the vaunted special shipping to Montana is somewhere out there in limbo, while Freddy's books were mailed on Oct. 2 and got there y'day. Jesus, what a business; thank god we all have a kind of gallows sense of humor. So, there are 36 books in Missoula, at least.

C and I went over for supper with Frank last night, watched a couple of innings of World Series--I've decayed so much as a baseball fan that I'm now rooting against the San Diego McMuffins on the basis that they've got avowed John Birchers on their pitching staff--then went into Seattle to meet Norma Ashby and her Portland buddy Glenda McLoughlin at the Westin Hotel. They're here for the Women in Communications convention, though they both admit they may get nothing else done besides talk to each other for the 5 days. Norma is in fettle, having honchoed the Gt. Falls centennial (she bestowed nifty memorabilia on us, a copper commemorative pin for C and me each, a belt buckle for me) and already looking forward to Montana's in '89. She likes Eng Crk, I'm glad to find; says it sounds Montanan. Story of the night was Norma telling about dealing with pres. of the Burlington Northern Foundation; she asked him for \$25,000 for airport mural for Gt. F centennial, he told her, you've got it. At the ceremony he wondered aloud what Norma had up her sleeve for him next, she caught him right afterwards and said how about a performing arts pavilion--a BN \$100,000 for 4 years, say. Well, no, how about \$25,000 a year for 4 years, he said. We'll take it, she said.

What else. John Roden went to Texas y'day to poke at the situation of his mother, Jean is coming tonight for supper and to watch Ferraro-Bush debate. I've written the talks for Lewistown and Denver, this week, and I by damn think that's all the speechwriting needed for

11 Oct. cont.--this fall, except to tune up the Blue as the Odyssey speech for Ellensburg.

NEWS FLASH! Mary Lou Woodcock called from Kallispell, her UPS batch of Eng Crks arrived. Yippeekiyay. Also, Mary Lou thinks she has tracked down the artist of the Mondale-as-Liberty-leading-the-people poster for me.

Before the above, I was about to note that though I feel distracted and not particularly sharp, I did write a p. of dialogue for Scotch Heaven, will try peck out another tomorrow, and maybe try again the 3 morns before Denver next week, just for morale's sake. Also, I've been wanting to note the one thing that's had me grinning during this pres'l season, the emergence of Dot Sattes Ridings into the news in her role as League of Women Voters pres. As I asked C, do you know the last time I saw Dot? She was asleep on my left shoulder. The circumstance was unfortunately not as incriminating as it sounds, for Dot and I ^{and} probably a couple of ~~other~~ other NHSI counselors were in the back of C's T'bird, on our way back to campus from Ben Baldwin's annual thanks party~~at~~ at the end of the summer institute, and Dot was so played-out and full of Ben's planter's punch that she said, "Mmm, Ahvan, Ah'm gonna take a nap." And that tale brackets with the one of the first time I saw Dot. Junior year at Northwestern, I think it would have been; Jake Scher was lecturing, likely a reporting class, and he had just ~~said~~ told us, reciting the annual totals of fire deaths in the Chicago slums, that Chicago burns a Negro a week (or it might even have been, a day) for its greed. I was flabbergasted, never having heard anybody bring home societal ills that way, and was devoutly taking notes when I heard from what had been the empty seat at my right: "Pssst." I turned, to a very thin face with very blue eyeshadow, blonde blonde blonde around this, and the explanation: "Hah. (Hi) Ah'm Dot Sattes, Ah just transferred from Randolph-^Macon, an' mah damn alarm didn't go off and then Ah couldn't find this damn room. What's goin' on?" I turned my notes to where she could copy, and thereby began the Dot that C and I both came to prize greatly, the summer we worked with her in the institute.

11 Oct. cont. again--More phone calls: books arrived in Missoula (UMont) and at Mary Jane's store in Bozeman (450 copies, 150 more than she ordered!). Rantala too called, much relieved, as we all are--the big bases are covered now, for if Lang doesn't get his in Helena he could borrow from Mary Jane.

16 Oct.--Snow in Denver this morning, which I'm glad came now instead of Thursday.

A call this morn from Jo Ann Jensen in Kalispell, saying her 200 books have come. Everybody on the Montana itinerary has checked in okay except Helena, and I expect to hear from there today or tomorrow.

Life is mostly chores lately. Got my change of glasses y'day, including a pair of reading glasses which I dread having to use. And bought a belt to go with the Gt. Falls centennial belt buckle Norma Ashby gave me, and a ghetto blaster--actually a smallish radio, but with tape deck in it--to gain us some capacity for taping from a radio. All of which took me 2 hrs at a steady pace, and this morn it's been a dump run so far, trips to Sh'line and the U Dist about to happen. The Denver trip at least will launch me into doing something tangible for Eng Crk (assuming I don't get blizzarded in at Stapleton Airport), and C and I both look ahead to the Montana week as an adventure, albeit one I'll spend a huge amount of in the car.

29 Oct.--The week that created the world. At least the English Creek neighborhood of it. The Montana signings sold some 1100 copies--will specify later, when I get to using the calculator--and I left almost as many signed copies for the stores from now to Xmas. Sheerly glorious.

I'll try to peck away at the Montana trip memories throughout today--it's 8 a.m., C and I have been up and feeling dandy since about 5:30, and I'll soon go get the accumulated mail--but what's most important to note down is how energizing Montana was for both of us. It has happened time and again, back to the Sky research trips and vividly during the ^{Who Owns the West} conference, but here the rush of hope, ideas, affection for friends, and pure dazzle of the country, here it flows again.

30 Oct.--Tumult on the phone this morn. Began trying y'day afternoon to call Tom Stewart to report on the Mont. trip, and got a number-change computer voice--the new number answering in baffled semi-Spanish. Same again this morning. Called Liz, she hadn't been able to get through to Ath'm either during this move. Then it occurred to C and me for me to try the old Athn'm main number, instead of Tom's and Susan Richman's as I had been. Sure enough, I got somebody clerkish, who interrupted his moving chores long enough to summon somebody from editorial; this person--"Ann, Susan's assistant" so possibly it was Ann Cavallo--scouted around ~~for~~ for Ann Rittenberg. Who turned out to be barely audible, through laryngitis--but was able to tell me Tom is on jury duty in mornings, comes in afternoons this week. Anyway, out of it all I did deliver some of the Montana news, got Ann's working phone #, and the new mailing address. I then called Liz again, getting her ass't Abby, and delivered them the phone #. When I do get hold of Tom, I'm going to ask him if this is the first bag lady-homeless man publishing house, all of them hunkered over a heated grate somewhere.

Y'day's euphoria aftermath got dimmed a bit, but not very damn much, by ~~Mike's~~ Michael Conant's P-I review of Eng Crk. Michael found the pace plodding, lost patience with the book, and injected about 3 gratuitous snideries into the review before coming around to legitimate criticism at the end. Christ only knows what accounts for this: whether he's ticked off that I didn't take Irene's advice to give the McCaskills some enmity to face (she didn't see the last half of the ms where it emerges that time and history--WWII--is the enemy; Michael either missed or disparaged that point) or that we haven't kept up social contact with them or what. Be it as it may, the grander news is the review in USA Today, circ'n 1.3 million out there in Yuppiedom, with me side by side with Tom McGuane. If they'd only gotten the pics swapped I'd maybe sell half a million with that review, huh? It was a first-rate piece of praise, and payoff on my homework of having Ath'm get a book to freelance Carol Van Strum.

30 Oct. cont.--Whew, what a day. Since this morning's entry, on previous page, I've been to Edmonds to do banking and other chores, stopping only long enough to pork out on lunch at Cafe de Paris; Tom Stewart called back, main news a full-page ad in NYTBR this Sunday; and Susan Richman just called, giving me her new phone # and saying her situation is a publicity person's nightmare--no xerox machine. And I've called the downtown Walden store, to get Judine's address, keep in touch about a close-to-Xmas signing; then began mailing copies of the USA Today review to Judine, Walden regional mgr in Denver, Rantala, etc.

So it's tough to get ~~knocked~~ down here all that I want to; already some of the Montana stuff is seeping away from me, and tomorrow is speech day in Ellensburg. Hope to have some diary time in the morning, but meantime

--Tom came on the line to C (I was trying to nap) with, "How come that sonofabitch left those 1950 books unsold in Montana?" He's on jury duty, consistently getting passed over--his father is a lawyer, his wife sued her last employer (Harper & Row, I wonder?) for sex discmn and won--and trying to get some reading done, though constantly giving in to voyeurism, he says; so between that and the Athenaeum move, he's fairly revved. He did say that I've made myself a hero around that office by thanking people for things such as getting the books to Montana, and it's appreciated that I understand how the book business works. Surprised hell out of me, as in the rush of the past 2 weeks I've forgotten just what I did or said, but that's Tom, detailist supreme.

--The weather is snow squalls, just what I'm thrilled to see with a trip over Snoqualmie to E'burg tomorrow. I'm determined to pack some storm gear, lay back and take what comes.

--Ann Rittenberg, whispering hoarsely in the after-effect of a trip to Scotland, said they were in Edinburgh, driving, when they looked up and saw on the truck ahead of them the name Doig. And a little later saw Kelso. See, I told her, we're legitimate guys, we didn't just make this up.

31 Oct.--A mild start on memories from the Montana trip, before I revise the speech for Ellensburg later today. I suppose I knew things were going to go well when I had to have crowd control in Kalispell, the first stop. Not much crowd control, but when I went out to Mary Lou Woodcock's Village bookshop to start the evening signing there was a line of 8 or so people like a tail out the door of the store, and as the line persisted Mary Lou came out and persuaded people to come into the store to queue, so that we weren't struggling with a hairpin traffic pattern. On the long drive from Wallace that morn--a strong 3 hours--I hoped to myself that Kalispell would account for at least 75 books to justify the time and effort. It turned out that Books West downtown sold 50, Village 65, dandy dandy dandy. I signed the rest of their stock at both stores, which was another couple of hundred books, and Mary Lou and I taped a segment for Jim Ludwig's KCFW tv magazine show, which will appear some Saturday soon.

Oddest part of the Kalispell day proved to be David Long, the local writer there, who hung around and hung around during most of the Books West signing, making conversation with me whenever somebody wasn't bellied up to buy a book. I got annoyed for Jo Ann Jensen's sake--her 200 copies of English Creek are a considerable investment and anybody that clogs a signing is costing her money--and when I said afterward that the one tough part had been maintaining chat and civility with David, she said yes, she couldn't understand what was on his mind. As best I can parse it out, he may have been lonely, wanting to spend some time with another writer; he's just begun a stint of writing stories and said he's finding it tough to get underway; he had a few publishing questions for me, which is perfectly legit; and he had a dental appointment he didn't want to go to. Plus, his friend Ed somebody who is a part-timer at Shoreline may have led David to believe he's buddies with C and me--I've never laid eyes on him--and so David felt some link that isn't really there. Anyway it's a situation I don't welcome, providing a conversational prop to somebody during what really is a work session just as much as sitting down to write is.

31 Oct. cont--I also met in Kalispell a striking white-mustached man named Peter Waldum, who was Lutheran pastor in Livingston and was on hand for Volga and family during Angus's coma; he in fact buried Angus. And he of course knew some Brekkes. And Larry Gunther, a grade school classmate of mine, came by Village to say hello. And when I segued away from David Long to see who the person was who'd been waiting so long at the counter, around to me turned six feet-plus of woman in red, with colossal hair and tan makeup--I blinked uncomprehendingly, then she became Annalee Sheble Elliott, of our high school class. Aha, she said, you didn't recognize me, and wouldn't honor my protest that it took me only one blink. God, she is an original, with a kind of blurring honesty you can't always tell is teasing or umbrage or just Annalee. And Sue who runs the Bigfork bookstore; her pre-paid copies of Eng Crk hadn't arrived, so here she came, some months pregnant, to Mary Lou's for me to sign a book for her. And a gully-faced rancher named Tic, originally from Harlowtown; and a sheep rancher from the Kalispell area named Darrow; and a greatly pleasant woman named Milly who was a friend of the Tidyman family; and a Dr. named Hash who wanted me to sign his book with permission to fish the Smith River, and I accordingly did it up with "I hereby accord...by my hand this day..." After this had gone on for awhile at Village, Mary Lou's transplanted NY clerk Jay said in astonishment: "You know everybody who came in!" The actual ratio, as best I can gauge it, is that about a third of the people I met at the Montana signings have some commonality with me--they've known a Doig, or somebody I went to school with, or share some geography or experience with me.

C just called, having seen the P-I headlines on her way to the classroom: I-90, my supposed route to Ellensburg 4 hours from now, was snarled and closed last night; and Indira Gandhi has been assassinated.

1 Nov.--Yesterday's Ellensburg jaunt. Warren Street, psychology prof who is director of the Douglas Honors College at Central Wash. U., picked me up at 12:30. He's very methodical; drove past at 12 to scope out our place, went up to Sh'line to look around, made a pass thru the FOSS bldg to tell C Snoqualmie Pass was OK but she was in class. We were in E'burg by 3--we made conversation on the way, and I scrawled thanks notes to Montana book sellers for last week--and went to McCullough's restaurant to refuel me. I had a cup of chowder and a roll; Warren came back to the table after making a phone call and ordered himself a bowl, so he apparently needed fueling too. We went on to campus, he asked if he could xerox my note cards for CWU's collection of these Douglas talks, I said OK as long as I hang on to the copyright, he wrote a note to that effect onto the 1st page of the xerox version, and we ran it through. Had about 100 people in the audience, all the room would hold, and they were a good audience, the liveliest--laughingest--since I was in Jackson, WYO, last spring. And some interesting questions afterward, including one which got me going on a monologue about catching fish vs. fishing, worm-drowning vs. fancy flies, and a question from Warren abt Washington's evident lack of state spirit which set me to thinking out loud about the frailness of this state's historical society. Then I signed a few books people had brought, the first ~~xxx~~ person up proving to be John Kolbe's sister. Warren took me off to talk with the honors students, who proved to be mostly elsewhere--7-8 of them and 2 profs, and it was a bit stiff for a while, but about halfway thru that hour everybody loosened up and I began to get pretty good questions from the students. Onward to supper at the Roslyn Cafe--Warren and his wife, another psych prof named Max, and a high school counselor named Ruth who originated in Bozeman; good pleasant people. Warren drove me home, getting here about 10:20, and set off on his 4th transit of Snoqlmie Pass that day. All in all, I was gratified by his grasp of logistics--he even told the audience that though E'burg stores hadn't been able to get my books in, they're expected Saturday--and by him handing me my \$750 check almost as soon as we were in the car to leave here. With the \$1500-some Sky royalty Ann Nelson brought, it was a bountiful day, for a change.

Nov. 1 cont.--Moving on in the Montana trip story, until I start on phone calls and chores about half an hour from now. From Kalispell to Helena last Tues. morn it was a 4-hr drive but a lovely one, down thru the Swan Lake and Seeley Lake country and then on the Nevada Creek cutoff, where I'd never been. When I looked at the street in front of the Kalispell motel in the before-dawn dark it looked like black ice and I thought, oh Jesus, hours of treachery ahead. But the roads were bare. I stopped at Swan Lake to get out and stretch, and the mist was rising from the water; on a little, the coming sun lit the ~~Swan~~ Mission Range with a wash of pink like C's photos of Cortina in Italy. And I listened, driving thru the handsome ranching valley of Nevada Creek, to the first tape of The African Queen.

Stopped in a gas station on w. side of Helena, filled the Ford, put on my tie and jacket in the rest room, and got to the Little Prof a little after 11. Began signing their accumulated phoned-in orders, which I'm learning are the litmus of how well a signing is going to go; Judy Flanders had a bunch, 3 dozen or more, so I worked on them until her husband Fred came from his bank and we went off to lunch at the Montana Club. Which to Judy's added nervousness proved to be thronged. But while we were on line for a table, Fred went and brought a tall craggy man, shock of gray hair atop about 6'2", who was John Baucus, owner of the Sieben ranch and stepdad of Max the Senator. Said he's read and liked Sky, I asked him how many head he's running now, he said about 7,000. Then we got a table, Judy registered it on the waiter that we were in a hurry, we all three ordered the special sandwich of the day--first thing that hit our eye on the menu, really--and we were able to settle back a bit.

The signing itself about doubled the record of books I've ever sold at one; 185, in a constant line of folks. Among them Sherri and Linda Doig, buying 4 copies apiece; Vicki Billips Beck of Dupuyer and Gertie's Home Cafe, with a stack of 7 or so, and looking the girl of the West in a snazzy gray suede fringed jacket and boots. So Judy was ecstatic with the total; she had 200 books, so she'd hit the day on the head; and away I went to begin signing the Montana Historical Society's books.

Nov. 1 cont.--I did that in the Montana office, books on a dolly at my side and Lang and Maryanne and Jane and Rosie swirling around in their usual tasks. A bonus was that Beth Ferris and her current film partner, Pam Roberts(?), came by to talk to Bill and I at last got to meet Beth and tell her face-to-face how great Heartland was.

After signing for about an hour--hundred or so English Creeks, many Sky p'backs, some Winter Bros, a few Sea Runners, a couple of Insides--everything Rosie had on hand except what she'd take to the Lewistown conference--I headed for the Lang house while Bill waited in town for Joel's soccer practice to be over. So I got to visit with Sue--she remarked the next day how wired I was when I arrived, which surprised me but I guess shouldn't, as I was thrilled to my earlobes with the portent for Eng Crk out of these 2 days of signings; I try not to admit it to myself, but I do have a considerable dose of Dad's nerves, which come out ~~xx~~ in an intense time such as that trip--then took a shower, dressed down, got a drink. Bill and Joel came, supper, some talk with Bill about his intentions of changing the magazine somewhat, ~~in~~ in line with a consultant's analysis; and we all corked off a little after ten.

Got up to next morning to falling snow, not what I wanted to see. It was a wet skift at Langs, but cont'd most of my route to Gt. Falls, and was thickly fogged wherever not snowing. Freeway did begin to cover, beyond Wolf Creek Canyon, and I went up a long hill between Craig and Cascade with the Ford slowing and slowing in the slush-filled track that was all I could see of the road. Much more of that and I would have had to chain up or sit it out, but the storm let up just over that hill, and on I went, listening to the climax of the African Queen in that snowscape. At the GF airport I was in the john putting my tie on when p.a. said C's flight was going to be half an hour late. We'd agreed she'd find her own way downtown by cab if that happened, and so away I went to Holiday Village to put my name in Kathy Whidden's English Creek's; phoned from there to see if Dean Vaupel had brought books down from Havre to the Little Prof as he'd said he would; Jo Horst said he'd told her he was on his way, so I headed to the Little Prof.

1 Nov. cont.--Dean was there by the time I was, with a couple of dozen books. Went up to Jo's loft office--her store is a beauty--and signed his and a bunch of special orders she had, visiting with Dean meanwhile. He has great lingo; when Jo asked if he wanted cream in his coffee, he said nope, straight from the wellhead. Then at 11:15 I took off out of there for KRTV and Norma Ashby's show, which is a chapter unto itself.

2 Nov.--Quick note, before I head for Pac Pipeline and then the Tower signing. A ripsnorting rain these past two days; Snoqualmie was closed again last night, which means that my speaking date there was the lone keyhole of the

To hell with that. Phone rang, Mark Muro of Boston Globe, telling me he's done long review of Eng Crk for The Nation, and that he's seen Wash. Post Bk World in which reviewer says something like, one must be cautious here but this may be a Western classic.

3 Nov.--2:30, Linda Miller just called to read us the Wash Post review--we all cracked up on the "more virile than Horgan" quote, since I pointed out H's age--and there it blows, comparison with RL Stevenson. Fun.

5 Nov.--At Edmonds Book Shop 2-4 y'day, sold 60 books. C and Frank came for a while--Frank sipped champagne!--plus Ann and Marshall, the Petersons, and Babe Johnson of Dupuyer, who I think I hadn't seen for 27 years. The Edmonds crowd was astoundingly Montana-tinged, and dwelt on their roots much more than the book-buyers in Montana; points out to me how direct and laconic Montanans can be.

And the ad did run, full-page, facing table of content in NYTBR. And the book, with only the P-I pan thus far as attention in this area, climbed onto the S. Times best-seller list. All that and the Wash. Post review: a good enough day.

Sold 35-40 at U Book Store the night of the 1st, about the same at Tower the next noon hour. I counted this morning and I have about 15 signings to come yet. With luck--and this week's project ~~is~~ is to help the luck along with posters, mailed copies or reviews, etc--750-1000 could be sold at these non-Montana signings.

6 Nov.--Election day, a reckoning C and I have been papering over with our good mood about Eng Crk. It has been a dispiriting campaign, tough ~~for~~ on C as a teacher, to see the general gullible acceptance of Reagan. And if he wins, worse is probably to come.

Life on the home front: y'day C and I launched the plan for an Eng Crk poster--her student Laurie Macmillan is making a copy-ready blowup of NYTBR ad for us, and I'll get it to Edmonds print shop after that. Mail brought Eng Crk's second negative review, Leonard Robinson's in the Missoulian, again a whack at the book not having enough traditional plot; whenever a reviewer wheels up "in-the-novel-form-there-are-certain-expectations I'm probably going to be in trouble, as I chose to try to make the book like life instead of like formula. I was apprehensive about Leonard doing the review, as C met him on one of our Missoula trips and got a book of his poetry, which made me think he's rather rarefied for my work. There's been some fun even in these two pooching reviews, as I get reviews of the reviewers: a letter from Missoulian feature writer Evelyn King saying Leonard "is obviously an Easterner--and apparently misses the nuances" and a report from Joel Scannell at Tower Books that the day after the P-I review a customer came in, said he never agreed with Conant anyhow, and he wanted 3 copies of Eng Crk.

So far, so good. This is a week I'm devoting to getting the poster done, mailing out reviews, and so on. Short week, C has Friday as Vet's Day so we're heading for Dungeness Thurs. afternoon.

More about the Montana trip: C arrived at KRTV, from the airport, about 3 min. before Norma Ashby's noon show, so we swept her into our studio processional--David Atlee Phillips, ex-CIA spook, ~~XXXX~~ was Norma's other guest--and Norma and I got settled on the set. Norma thought out loud: a lot of people weren't going to be able to come to the bookstore because of the snow (6" in parts of Gt Falls that morn), could somebody get her the Little Prof phone number to read in her live commercial? Somebody could, did. She thought some more: could somebody get it on the superimposition with the store's name when she did the ad? Somebody could, did.

6 Nov. cont.--As a result, the phone rang with orders all during the signing and after; Norma's astuteness about the phone number probably sold 75 books for us.

As we were about to go on the air, Norma was telling me about the time they brought a reindeer into the studio, which inspired the deer's bowels--"We had to get shovels in here!"--and with nary a pause she had the on-air cue and was saying, "Welcome to Today in Montana. The literary event of the year will take place..." After her intro there's a cutaway for news, ag report, weather, so during that Norma sang the show's theme song, written by somebody in Conrad, for us; began chatting with Phillips, seated down by C, about good spy books to read; then we went on the air again, proceeded to do the most concise, fruitful interview I've ever had. Some Norma.

C and I went to Arnsts' for lunch, had a good reunion with Wayne and Genise after a couple years' lapse because of his Amway evangelism. I think I'm getting over my hackles about that and I think Wayne has toned it down. However it's come to be, we had a joking, warm time together, and we can try resume the friendship of old when we get out there next summer.

The signing at the Little Professor was beyond any dream; as Jo Horst said in dazed ecstasy after, "This is the happiest day of my life." She had originally ordered 100 Eng Crks, then after some night thoughts ordered 200 more; Rantala in his Rantalian way said, "Going from one extreme to the other, huh?" Turned out she was bang on target: we sold something over 260 copies. There was an almost constant line of buyers, among them: Joyce Ringer Celander, Susan Buckingham Evans, ~~the~~ my ranger sources Geoff Greene and George Engler, Joy and Bradley Hamlett; Genise and Hazel and Vicki came by and visited with C. Every so often I'd interrupt signing to take somebody over to meet C. Joanne Swanson, freelancing a piece for the GF Trib, was interviewing me whenever I had a free second, so she took all this in and did a deft story.

After the actual hours of the signing I had a batch of phone-order inscriptions to do, so C and I retreated to Jo Horst's loft office, C got us some cheeseburgers brought in, and I kept signing. Soon up came Jo, with

6 Nov. cont.--a business card from a real estate man named Gordon--down in the corner was printed something like "salesman of the year 1982-83-84"--and having flipped open Eng Crk to the dedication page, he was curious about his namesake there, Rose Gordon. I said to Jo, "Tell him she was the only black lady in White Sulphur"; with a grin, she went and did.

Snow was gone from the road when C and I took off for Helena, about 5 p.m., and the country was crystal-clear, the fresh snow on hillsides and mountains bringing out every detail. A wonderful dusk to drive through. Got to Langs' soon after 7 for supper, visited for a few hours after; and the next morn Bill and his ass't editor Maryanne Keddington rode to Bozeman with us, which is the next chapter.

8 Nov.--What is there to say. Reagan, 49 states. Actually, the results in Congress made C and I feel better. My hunch is that it may even be kind of macabrely interesting to watch Reagan, the Republicans, the economy, all unravel in the next few years.

The election debacle aside, this has been an in-between week, mostly given to chores which haven't yet yielded visible progress. I have an Eng Crk poster being made, blowup of NYTBR ad, and X y'day got updated Am Book Trade Directory addresses of bookstores, bought labels and envelopes, photocopied USA Today and Wash. Post reviews. I do hope to christ the book is out there quietly selling.

Took me about 3 days to get through, between Election Day off and the spastic new phone system, but I did reach Athenaeum this morn. Learned: good review in Chi Sun-Times, others in Chattanooga Times and Cleveland Plain Dealer; Tom boosted Ann Rittenberg to ass't editor, has a new ass't named Beth Bellis.

And that's about it for this week. Pretty quick I go over to have lunch with Frank; then C and I head for Dungeness, her Vet's Day holiday. We can both stand time to just walk the beach and sleep.

13 Nov.--Dungeness did restore us, as ever. And on Sunday we went to Pac. Pipeline open house and signed and sold somewhere over 250 books. The big good news is that Pipeline has ordered another 2000; they went thru a thousand last week alone, I think not counting Sunday's batch. Rantala reckons the warehouse stock must be down to about 3500, out of the glorious 25,000 first printing.

Anyway, it is a revelation to walk in to a Pipeline signing and find a pallet of your books beside your chair. I signed and signed--about 300 for the day, I think. Judy Flanders showed up from Helena and bought 100 I signed up for her, including 15 Xmas-inscribed ones bought by the Montana Land Reliance. Rosie of MHS got 75 more, including inscribed ones she'd read to me over the phone on Thursday. The ever popular Norie of Missoula ordered 60 signed ones, and true to everything Norie touches in the book biz, there was a hassle;

Roberta Dyer called me y'day to say ~~xxxxxx~~ that order got past them, they didn't have enough signed books to cover it, could she bring me a bunch to sign? I said sure, come ahead; about 15 min. later Roberta called again, said they'd found 50 signed ones they'd overlooked, all was well. As to the open house customers themselves, many bought 3 copies or so, careful careful shopping. But all are sales, and with the poster done by the Edmonds print shop--I knew there was no earthly way to get anything done by Athenaeum in its current office chaos--we merrily ~~handed out~~ slapped up posters on the pillar beside the English Creek mound of books (Rantala had them posted, I swear, 2 minutes after I got there, which was the same 2 minutes he had been aware of the poster's existence) and handed them out to anybody who wanted one. Probably gave away 40 or so, and C and I between us have mailed out another 60, to Montana stores etc. It was a bastard to get done last week, one of those simple-sounding projects which turns out to have many sticky little steps to completion, but I'm happy now we did it; another good idea from C.

I had good luck again this year in my table mates; last year's, John Owen and Vonda MacIntyre, were such good funny company I was apprehensive about this year.

13 Nov. cont.--But right next to me was Terry Davis, who's another of Liz's clients, and next to him Craig Lesley of Winterkill. Enjoyed them both, though I was so busy signing I didn't get to visit with Terry as much as I wanted. Craig was there as long as we were, and we got some funny stories from him, such as his realization when the jacket art was proudly shown to him that the entrancing herdlike pattern of elk actually consisted of caribou, not exactly ~~plentiful~~ plentiful in the book's eastern Oregon locale. Also, he ~~fix~~ didn't know Pintarich before this book, and upon meeting him tried to make conversation by asking what kind of name P'rich is; told Yugoslavian, Craig brightly said, you must drink a lot of slivovitz then! To which Pintarich, in his new mode, responded I used to, but I'm an alcoholic and I've quit. As Craig said, besides the mortification, there's the factor that Pintarich is so damn big.

No mail since Sat. because of federal Vets Day y'day, so today's mail should bring further reviews from Ath'm. The Chicago Sun-Times one came from Liz, and it's first-rate. Meanwhile, I'm going out for a day of stuff--lunch with Carstensen, sign up some books, try buy some firewood--and tonight we go across the lake for supper with Doug and Wayne Smith. Doug told Carol by phone last night he doesn't know what we're gonna eat but we're gonna drink, which ought to make an interesting evening for Frank.

Still Nov. 13, 9 a.m. now--This is fascinating. Just called Rantala for a Montana bookstore address, he said he'd called Larry Rumley at Seattle Times to ask where he gathers his local bestseller list from--i.e., why Eng Crk didn't show up on it this past Sunday--and Rumley told him U Book Store, Daltons and Fredericks. Rumley also said his reviewer is "lukewarm" about the book, so this Sunday or next I'll get my second local panning, against the reviews everywhere else. What obtains? Have

I hit some Seattle plateau where it's fashionable to cut me down to size? Could be. Jean Walkinshaw once talked to me about hitting that situation, her work much more praised and award-winning elsewhere than here at home. And I could be in for further sniffs from The Weekly and Pac NW mag, neither of whom are heading the direction of owly old Montana ranchers, these days. Try let these reviews bounce off like berries off a buffalo, right?

13 Nov. cont.--More on the Montana trip. Couple of last Gt. Falls things, from the notebooks. A wizened guy came up to me early in the signing, said I bet you don't know me; I said I might, if you tell me your name. He turned out to be Fred Stewart, who taught in Ringling around the time of my mother's schooling; i.e., he was long gone from there by the time I was born, so how I was supposed to know him I don't fathom. And this: amid the phoned-in orders I was signing up was one for someone who's just started work at NAL--Charles, I think was all the name I got--and ~~whose~~ whose first assignment is to read Eng Crk to see if they want to bid on the p'back rights. I wrote something like, I really do hope you like this book... Also, I signed a book to Misha Petkovich(?), the figure skater of yore, at his mother's request.

Bozeman proved to be the wildest experience of the week. Good drive down, Lang and Maryanne hitchhiking in our back seat, and good enough start at Mary Jane

Ottersberg's store--handsome new place, probably the best-looking store in Montana. Then found out Mary Jane's husband Bob has cancer. C and I stood around gulping that news down, and the further info that MSU bookstore was advertising 20% discount on Eng Crk for my signing there that afternoon--while Mary Jane had on hand 450 copies, probably the most in the nation, because of a shipping error. Told her I'd sign them all, and do I wrote almost constantly, the 2½ hours or so I was in her store. She sold about 100 copies while I was there; and I had the memorable experience of ~~El~~ Aunt Elsie, who barged in the door baying I bet Ivan doesn't remember who I am. I said back, I could hear you coming, Elsie. She bugged the hell out of me the next 45 minutes or so, calling out questions from across the room--mostly how she can sell her own book--while I was trying to talk to and sign books for Mary Jane's customers. Indeed, she at first thought she'd just set up shop alongside me, urging people Why don't you buy my book, too? Ivan knows all about it, tell them who I am, Ivan. To which I said, I never saw this woman before in my life. She eventually let up on me and instead went to the counter to give the clerk, Jean Shaw, a migraine. I went to the john to draw deep breaths and tell myself to settle down;

13 Nov. cont.--between my ignoring Elsie's blasts of questions and telling her a couple of times Mary Jane had a big investment in these books of mine and I had to tend to business, she at last didn't faze me much. C was spectating all this, ferrying books for me to sign ahead for Mary Jane, and Elsie and Wendell were so busy on me they didn't recognize her; when they asked where my wife was--Carol beside them with an armload of books--I'd say, she's around here someplace. C had the apt summary of Elsie, granting her both the force which got her through that early widowhood and the side which made me want to wring her neck: "she's a witch."

Mary Jane, Jean Shaw, Lang and Maryanne and C and I went to lunch, were joined there by Bob Ottersberg, who looked a bit gray and naturally was quiet and withdrawn. C and I took all this in with lunch--Lang and Maryanne didn't know yet about Bob--and then we headed to MSU for the signing there. I strolled in at 1:30 sharp, and there was the table, a heap of books, and a long line. The very first guy, none other, was George Kirkwood, the one person I gave the back of my hand to in House of Sky without disguising his name. I didn't recognize him, but when he said who he was, I thought, oh Jesus; turned out, though, that he wanted an Eng Crk signed, he had a class to go to and so was in a hurry, and all in all he showed no perturbation about Sky, though he had called me up about it when the book came out. Well, anyway; on to the business of signing, which stayed a steady line--250 books sold by the end of it. Got to talk a bit with Denis Bonnet midway through; saw some profs I'd met at the MSU commencement in June; two Brekkes, Maynard and the one whose name I can never remember, had come in separately at Mary Jane's and now here was a towering kid with a beard, saying he's Olaf Brekke's son; and a prof whose name I wish I ~~thought~~ I'd got told me he's taught Sky in a course with Montaigne, Horse of Pride, etc.

So it went until 3, and our road show headed for Lewistown. A fine scenic drive, dry roads relieving our minds; hit the Livingston wind at the top of the rise between there and Bozeman, enjoyed the Crazy Mtns, the Harlowtown country, Judith Gap--were in Lewistown in time for supper.

20 Nov.--Y'day I made a dump run, which C claims is a catalyzing action. Came home, whanged out some thanks notes to reviewers and a few other office chores, trying to edge my way to the car ~~and~~ and head for Pipeline, which needed more signed Eng Crks; finally was all but out the door when the phone rang--Susan Richman, saying NPR and Noah Adams want an interview, and adding that as she interprets NY Times code signals, the book's getting an okay review there.

That launched me into what turned out to be a capacity day. Got to Pac Pipeline, was signing my way thru a couple of hundred books for Roberta, when Vito popped out asked if I could stay for lunch, Judine Alba was coming over from Waldenbooks. Since one of this week's details was to talk to Judine about signings this Sat., I said sure. Did some book shopping for myself while awaiting Judine, and watched ~~Piper~~ Pipeline at work on a \$100,000 day; Vito recites arithmetic as quickly as he's said hello, and noted he'd checked against last year's Mon.-before-Thanksgiving, which was an \$85,000 day. They also did \$100,000 at the Open House where I signed for them, on Nov. 11. Lovely to see Pipeline perking along as it is, 3,000 Eng Crks handy there for this region's stores and another 2,000 coming. The Pipeline process is roughly: sections of shelves alphabetical by publisher, titles alphabetical within those, and each book number coded as well; "pickers" come along with carts and pluck off the books ~~the~~ each store is ordering, the cart goes to a boxing area near the loading ramp, stuff gets boxed right away and is ready to go. Vito said that a lot of y'day's business was from Powell's in Portland, opening a store in Beaverton; Peter Soper was on phone 3 hrs calling in that order, which was to be shipped same day. Another of Vito's numbers was that Pipeline does 30-35% of its business this month (mid-Nov.-mid-Dec.); I kidded him the rest of their year is just practice, and he laughed and said yeah, in a way it is.

Judine showed up, and with her Don McQuinn, novelist (Wake in Darkness) whom I knew from Seattle Rep benefit signings in seasons past. Vito didn't know him, misheard the name as somebody Roberta wanted to talk to about a distribution deal, so Roberta agreed to come to lunch with us, only to learn at the front-door introductions

20 Nov. cont.--that this wasn't the guy. She semi-shrugged and came anyway. We all went south somewhere along the valley, to a place called I think Jonathan's, very mod and the food firmly mediocre. Worthwhile to learn some of the book biz from standpoint of Judine and Vito, though; indeed, Don was there to ask the pair of them to talk to Seattle Freelances about distribution. From Judine, we (or at least I did, because it was news to me) learned that she and the district manager in Denver are Waldens' "million dollar d.m.s"--I'll ask her on Sat., but I figure that must mean the net profit from a district; that her 15 stores this year have 14 new competitors, mostly Crowns (plus, as Vito said, "Seattle's newest chain"--Michael Coy's second Bailey-Coy store); that she herself can do no book ordering--has no "p.o." (purchase order) book--and so has to have her store managers do it if she wants something in particular bought; that she's about to provide her superiors a list of best-sellers that got missed in the pre-season planning; that she herself clerks on the floor of the various Waldens, starting the end of this week, because it's policy that the best sales staff is to be on the floor during Xmas season; and that the impression C and I had is right, Walden store managers this year are given a lot of independence in ordering, after last year's ~~unfortunate~~ notion of all ordering ~~through~~ through home office ~~proved~~ to be a fiasco. Yes, and one thing more: Judine was pleased to see the S. Times review trashing Jitterbug Perfume and for that matter all of Tom Robbins' books, because he finked out on her for the signing that was all set to do at the Bellingham Waldens. Her ire is legitimate, but that Lisa Boles review was a nasty piece of work, saying Robbins is unreadable: maybe for her, which is an area for the reviewer to work within, but hundreds of thousands read him avidly, and what the hell about that fact?

Pipeline's gala financial day was being done in spite of computers being down; the report Roberta had was that one of the warehouse cats had walked across the computer printer. Vito is in such a sunny mood, because of the business upswing, he simply said, the cats are not

20 Nov. cont.--supposed to be in the computer ~~for~~ room, as if that ~~much~~ took care of the matter.

Judine also said business is up; and last night at Elliott Bay, I even got Walter Carr to admit this season is looking like a good one at that store.

A bit more of this and I have to deal with my desk, then go up for the Shoreline signing. But first: about an hr ago, 7:15, Sara Farrell of NY Times travel section called--she talked to C y'day, while I was still out in the world--to ask me to do "whatever I want" for them. (C properly noted, after hearing this from Sara y'day, what a change this is from my freelance days.) This is a bonus from Eng Crk, which she said she read straight through after Susan Richman gave her a copy. Told her I hadn't thought recently about article work, had only been to Scotland lately; she's going to try Scotland around her office, call me next Tues. Again, the sharpness of NYT people: when I told her I'm starting on the prequel to Eng Crk, she said oh, we're going to get to know more about Scotch Heaven, are we? Precisely.

All in all, though y'day's schedule was a distraction from it, and the mail brought a Gt Falls Trib article on McGuane with some not-quite-naming-me-but gibes at me that's had me ~~back~~ alternately chortling and flipping a finger in his direction, y'day may have been the East Coast pivot for Eng Crk, with the NPR and NYT breakthroughs.

21 Nov.--10 a.m.; have just mailed 3 pics to Lang for the You Can't Go piece; he called y'day, needing something for the second doubletruck pp. C and I scratched thru the family pics last night, I scanned the slide collection this morn; Bill called at 8, chose the 3 from my descriptions of them. He said, when I asked him how the piece seems to him by now, that it's just fine, length--1 1/4 pp.--has been only problem; I kidded him, hell, Bill, you gave that fucker Charlie Russell a whole issue.

So far, a calmer day. Have to do some basic house-cleaning ~~now~~ toward Thanksgiving tomorrow, but otherwise I can dab through today. Y'day, sold 33 books at Shoreline CC bookstore, got in some good visiting as well with C's faculty buddies I don't get to see often, such

21 Nov. cont.--Carolyn Blount and Belden Durtschi and Don McVay. Also fielded phone calls: Sara Ferrell of NYT travel section, Nina Ellis of Nat'l Public Radio trying to set up KUOW-satellite interview for me with Noah Adams.

This is a turn of time, this week; almost a dozen signings ahead, the real Xmas buying season for Eng Crk. And Thanksgiving, our favorite holiday, which this year has, as happens about every other year, some new warps coming with it. Frank Zoretich has opted out, saying he's not ready for a big Th'giving amid his split-up with Linda. Also he has a job interview with the SF Chronicle; more power to his arm, as he may have played out the Seattle chapter of his life. If so I'll miss him immensely, and it's^{to} start tomorrow. And, C's dad is coming tomorrow, which goes against my initial opinion but I've come around to think, why the hell not, let's give it a try. And Phil is bringing Marion, who he was with in Portland before his years with Ann--who is coming with Dick Nelson, her current and evidently future king. So it'll go; I'm going to try unwind myself from the book biz sufficiently today and tomorrow to lean back and watch.

To try resume on the Montana book trip, last(?) installment. Lewistown. Mike Malone was in the lobby when C and I and Lang and Maryanne arrived at the Yogo, so we all said let's go out for supper. I called the Mercantile for reservations--it turned out C and I had the governor's suite at the Yogo, but it also turned out while I showered that the gov's showerhead leaks--and pretty quick we met Mike and Kathy and headed to the Merc. Walked in, promptly got a table, and I swear to god it wasn't five minutes until Malone had multiplied the six of us into ten or a dozen at the table: Bob Archibald and his wife, Glenda Riley and Jeannie Eder who were both on the conference program...and Mike'd have had more if room permitted. I sat next to Jeannie, who teaches the Native American program at Eastern in Billings. A turning point in male-female relations occurred: Jeannie broke the ice by saying to me, Do you hunt? No, not any more, I said, and I never did much. Well, I do, said she, and went on to tell me she got a

21 Nov. cont.--2-point buck the other day, is going thru the process of using it all, by tanning the hide etc.; a way, she said, for her to explore her Indian background.

Interesting lady, who has made herself a reputation in studying the Metis--against the explicit advice, she told me, of John Ewers, who told her it was an awful can of worms to try do anything with.

Supper was middling, not nearly as good as when C and I were at the Merc a few yrs ago, but we simply were ready for fodder by that time of day. Went back to the Yogo, Malone said come on, let's go in the bar for a drink, I said nothing doing, I'm going up to bed; a mere 4 or 5 turndowns of Mike and I indeed was on my way, C going in with Mike and ~~Kathy~~ Kathy for a drink. When C came up she said I never would have got out of there--Roeder, Harry Fritz, Paula Petrik, countless other people I know or soon would were all there, which I ~~w~~ had a positive hunch would be the case.

Went down at 6 the next morn to get some food into me before having to check out the a-v stuff, mike etc. Got prompt service--the Yogo was a helluva lot better staffed than the ~~B~~ Brown Palace in Denver--and I was trying to go over my note cards when the guy at the next table said, How you doin' this mornin'? I made conversation a bit, and he was the nephew of Fritz who ran the little store in Dupuyer, everybody in Montana umbilicled to everybody else there.

The breakfast talk itself went just fine. Equipment worked, good crowd of 180 or so. Lang has sent a pair of hilarious pics, with mocking captions, of us at the head table; they are slanderous but at least show we were all loose and having a good time. Then the bookselling, which totaled 85. And snatches of visiting, particularly with Fred and Theresa Buckingham. Then C and I were on our way to Missoula.

~~Our~~ On our way into weather, as well. Forecasts of a big storm with arctic air behind it, coming out of British Columbia. On Lang's good advice we were going the Rogers Pass route to Missoula--he pointed out it's less steep than Macdonald, which I've never liked anyway. The cloudwall was across the entire northern sky by the time we reached Stanford, and soon after Geyser we drove under its cover, like driving into night falling at ten times its usual pace.

21 Nov. cont.--By Raynesford it was raining, and we came up the Belt hill into the real snow: thick and wet and heavy, so that it took us well over half an hour to get into Gt Falls and I was growing convinced that was as far as we'd get. We decided to stop for lunch and see what happened. Pulled in to a Kentucky Fried Chicken, 1st time since we were in Sitka, and by god it was delicious. Snow let up while we were in there. I called AAA and got them to find out that Rogers Pass was still open; the woman running the gas station had the clearer news, that her mother in Choteau reported the storm passed through there about 9 that morning, so it seemed we had pierced the leading edge. Away we headed, and the Rogers Pass road was wet but bare. New snow on all terrain, scenery to make your heart stop.

Sun and snow squalls on west side of the Divide, and we were in Missoula soon after 4. Jim and Lois promptly restored us with bourbon--I also took a long hot shower, got rid of a tension ache along right side of my neck and head--and after while Bevis and Juliette came for supper. You get heads like Lois and Jim and Bill and J'ette around one table and the talk is hilarious. Jim told of having a UW office last spring next to Hazard Adams of the Eng. Dept (as Jim said, a guy with a name like that can't fail in life) and being startled to hear Adams and a grad student crying "Fuck you!" to each other. ~~xxxxxx~~ Took considerable listening before Jim divined that they were discussing the literary criticism of Foucault. That set us all off on imaginary critics, C winning with her creation of Hugo Pissov.

Next morn I went to KUFM for Jyl Hoyt to update her Reflections in Montana show on me; I don't know what it is about her, but she gets excellent relaxed stuff out of me in her interviews. Also had me cut a new station ID for the station, and a fund-raising plea. Then the book-signing at the U bookstore, which was the least successful of the whole trip, even though we sold an eventual 87; it turned out that coinciding with Homecoming kept local folks away because of traffic and parking problems.

26 Nov.--Brown mood, maybe not justified, ever since my interview by Noah Adams (via satellite) at KUOW this morn. Probably the result on All Things Considered will sound better than I think, but there's a great letdown--and it's been true of the ATC segments on 2 of the other books; Noah did superb job with WBros--and sense of a chance lost, the sense that I know I can do a whole helluva lot better than that. What's happened the past 2 times is that Noah, trying to tie my fiction to a factual base for the news show, asks me big questions of history and I have to try hack my way out of them, bringing the book in as best I can and still sound like I know what I'm talking about. Today I think I at least sounded pretty good, prepped by notes to myself to not let "uh" recur, but he asked me a couple mighty questions about the Forest Service--was there much resistance to it by people of the West? was it one of the few jobs open to people like Mac McCaskill?--which could have amounted to grad school seminars. So, with that and y'day's myopic review of Eng Crk in the S. Times and my Saturday experience of making appearances in 3 Walden stores and selling a grand total of a dozen books, this has not been the pinnacle of this book season.

27 Nov.--Dark and stormy morning. Sarah Ferrell of NYT travel section just called--at 7:40--saying they'll be glad to have whatever I want to write about Scotland. Jesus, how life do change. I left it with Sarah that I'd try in the next few weeks to get an idea about Scotland or about Western small towns down onto paper for her. She told me not to take too much time away from Scotch Heaven, says she has mixed emotions about her job for that reason. Asked her if she's connected with Tom Ferrell of NYTBR, she said yes, 26 years connected, which surprised C and me as she sounds a lot younger on the phone.

Y'day slogged along in the mood of the above entry--I manfully tried to whip some chores but it was one of those times when nobody's there ~~in~~ at the other end of the phone and everything is logistically webbed to every other damn thing--until C and I exercised at 4:30. That spruced us up, then Fayette Krause came for a drink and delivered us a signed Tony Angell print of a gyrfalcon

27 Nov. cont.--as thanks for our Conservancy contrib'n and it was pleasant to visit with Fayette for an hour. Today shapes up as one of those times when I'd better try get done a number of little things that'll otherwise grow, and so emptying the notebook of the Montana and Denver trips is the first of those.

The U of Montana signing did have its moments. Young photog for Missoulian, Dan Root, showed up to take pics of me before he went to the football, and did a good inventive job. Turned out to be former student of Bill Robbins at OSU, had read Sky in that course. Later I was interviewed by Evelyn King of the Miss'n. And Ed Dugan, formerly of UM j school, and Charlie Hood, current J head, both came by and talked. Dugan said Sky was like a good martini, you want it never to end. Then Kittredge, Annick, Alex and Andrew came in, and Bill saw Writers of the Purple Sage for the 1st time, just as I had minutes before. When I was done signing we went downtown to a Mexican place for something to eat and a chance to talk.

Bill and I guess Annick have been involved in movie deal for A River Runs Through It. Actor Wm Hurt was going to be the guy making the deal and Bill says Norman at first thought Hurt was just dandy but now has decided he's a sonofabitch, so Bill figures that's that. Bill was on the phone to Norman just before I hit Missoula and told told N he was going to see me, I was coming in to huckster a book; Bill claims Norman said, Does he have another book out already? Also, Annick and Bill are heading the job of Montana's lit anthology for its centennial and asked me to be one of the consultants or whatever; sounded good to me, and they think they might even be able to pay us.

Next I went over to the Little Prof to put my name in whatever Eng Crks they had. They ~~had~~ had none, which scraped one more fingernail along Norie's mood about me doing a signing in some store other than hers. Honest to god, she's the most heartless competitor I've met in the book business out here. Anyway I sold her the final 2 dozen p'back Skys I was carrying in the car, and in her charming style--it was inadvertant but still telling,

27 Nov. cont.--I'm convinced--she stood in front of me with the cash for the books clutched tightly in her hand until I'd signed them all. Whoowee, the line for the Norie school of charm forms right there.

Went on to Freddy's Feed and Read for the signing there, and we did 30 or so books. Tried to ease my way --I don't know how successfully--through a gamut of talk there, Freddy's regulars giving me whatever was on their minds: a guy who'd spent some time in Sitka several years ago taking me through the full roster of people I might've met there during Sea Runners research; then a young woman who asked me why I write and live in Seattle, and I started to answer, in reference to the writing, that it's what I most want to do; she cracked, what, live in Seattle? I thought what the hell, and said Yeah, that's where I can best do the work, that's what it's all about. That got her sober attention and it turned out she's an artist and had genuine questions about work and a life centered on creative work. All of which I like to talk about, but the flurries of bullshit before any real topic shows up, I can do without.

Supper that night was at Bevis's. We went over with Jim and Lois, Annick and Bill came; a good time and a good meal of elk liver cheffed by Bevis, that man of all seasons. Had a drink or two at home with Jim and Lois; Solataroff was coming to visit the next day, Jim was expecting "gentle nagging" from him about the Blackfeet novel and C and I urged Jim to nag him back about getting Winter in the Blood back into print pronto. Likely it's going to be a hell of a while before we see Jim and Lois again, with him heading for Cornell in Jan. and Lois joining him there in spring and a possible Europe trip for them after that, and I'm going to ~~miss~~ miss them a lot.

C and I were up early, 5 or so, and again were treated to that fresh landscape with new snow on it. Stopped at Silver Dollar Bar for gas and I bought for her and smuggled home a bumper sticker reading COWGIRLS NEED LOVE TOO, which she has found a home for on our bedroom mirror. Other main event of the trip home was Lookout Pass, snow-covered and slick. We were following a Montana car, and when he came to a snarl of spun-out trucks and cars about half a mile from the summit he swung left into the snow of the median and kept going.

27 Nov. cont.--Since he didn't drop out of sight into a barrow pit I followed him, got around the traffic knot, steered into a couple of skids and thereby worked the Ford out of them, and we made it over the top without putting chains on. C was impressed but it was mostly luck, I'd have spun out or worse if I hadn't had the example of the guy in front of me. We crept down the mountain to Mullan, amid creeping ~~xxx~~ semis, and by C D'Alene were out of the real weather. And that was the Montana week.

28 Nov.-- Pipeline info C brought home from Jean's reading of their fiche: 3,000 Eng Crk on hand initially, it has gone like this:

10/27--2,915

11/3 --2,367

11/17--1,711

11/24--1,590; 2,550 on order

So orders slowed drastically during Th'giving week, I hope because stores were well stocked by then. They better pick up again or that next 2,500 will march right back to Atheneum as returns. What promised to be a strong season for bookstores seems to be wobbling; Edmonds Wind&Tide, Waldens are all so-so, Ch. 2 less than that, they tell me. Within that picture, though, there's the advent of discounting my books; John James told C today the U Dist Crown is discounting Eng Crk, as is Tower and the downtown JK Gill.

Some notes on Waldens, gleaned from my Sat. with Judine. She has 2 million-dollar-grossing stores in her district, Northgate and Southcenter, others such as Bellevue in the \$700,000-900,000 category. One of her current bosses, Dennis, came over from Daltons and had the figures on those stores, which to Judine's amazement all outdid hers. My own guess is that Waldens may be caught between--

Dalton cruising above them, Crown discounting below--and and be forced into a future as a discount chain. This year, luck for me, they're trying to run themselves as a real book enterprise; Judine said for awhile they were made to take on retail people, that didn't work, now they're back to real book people as mgrs and clerks.

28 Nov. cont.--I asked Judine how much of the yr's business is done in this holiday month, she said about 35%. The Walden "plan"--goal--this year is to go 16% above last year, which is not happening; more like 6% so far, she says, and given that she has all the new competition, Crown already with more stores than she's got, she feels any % over last year is good news. We talked a bit about the Tacoma downtown store, which I'm to go to the opening of on Dec. 15, and she said the upper brass miss a bet, they never make anything special of store opening, send flowers or whatever. Similarly, some stitches got dropped for this holiday season, the big one that the gift-wrapping paper never got shipped to the stores. On the plus side, Waldens is now keeping track of books it missed in pre-season strategy, and the western region at least is flexible to the point where individual store managers can deal with Pac Pipeline. She said Michael Benidt did a check on the stocking of Eng Crk in all his stores, opened accounts at Pipeline for those who didn't have the book--a step which should benefit Pipeline and me considerably.

All in all, though the Sat. signings at N'gate, Bellevue and S'Center were a flop, I think they'll pay off in diplomacy and in the fact that each of those stores now has a stash of signed Eng Crks and managers with me in mind. I'm going to see if some corrective measures--flyers, which I've made my ownself this afternoon; posters; a pic of me to link myself to the customers' blinkered minds--will do better for us at the monorail Waldens on Dec. 14. If nothing else, the hour there is worth it as a favor to the store manager Bev Hudson, who was the most eager to have me sign.

3 Dec.--Whew. A weekend like no other. Chance encounters ranging from Tom Robbins to Bill Tietz, MSU pres, and countless ~~xxx~~ floes of conversation with book buyers in between.

4 Dec.--Between busyness and tiredness, I got no farther in here y'day. After a bleary start today, I did launch into the Scotch Heaven proposal for Liz to bargain the contract with, and believe I can wrap up the draft of it in the morning.

4 Dec. cont.--To try for a quick inroad into all that's been going on: Sat., C and I were in Laconnor for lunch before my signing at Molly Cook's Skagit Bay Books, and Molly had made us resvtns at the Black Swan. We'd been there only a few minutes when I recognized the guy coming in the door, and when he came to our end to say something to the waiter, I said Tom, I'm Ivan Doig, I just want to say thanks for your good works on the pornography and tax stuff they've been hitting us with. He blinked shyly, said that was okay, explained he~~x~~ was blunked out from a plane flight--had been signing J'bug in Milwaukee. Intro'd him to C, she asked if he could join us, and he did. Contrary to all the wacko pics of him--The Weekly in this issue has a bunch, including a cover shot of him smoking a cigar as long as a truncheon--Robbins is (C's words) "a shy Virginian." We had a small smokescreen of persona at first, when he told us he'd signed books for so many hours in Austin, Texas, that they'd had to carry him out of the store, "and all the little girls who wanted to take me home with them, I could just (weak little wave of the fingers)." But he loosened away from that, and I ~~loosened~~ loosened from my own refuge--gabbiness meant to be politeness, probably--and C did a helluva job keeping the conversation going, getting it around to the business of books. Which, as expected, Tom is a pro at. We compared journalism careers --Frank Herbert's, too; I think there may have been a point in the late 1960's when Frank and~~x~~ Tom coincided on the B-I and I was beginning to freelance stuff to the S. Times--and Tom summed it, "I give thanks every day" for being past that part of our writing lives. The three of us are wildly different in the books we turn out, but I honor the fact that Frank and Tom both paid their dues back there in hackdom as I did, and I figure ~~they~~ they've earned every penny that ever~~y~~ comes to them. Eventually C and I got to kidding Tom about an African river trip --Tanzania, I think--after the first of the year, telling him we hoped there's either a medic or a priest in the group he's going with. Of the two he'd choose the former, he said. Told us hippos are the real danger there, big curious chompers who come up to see what the rafts and people are about. I hope to christ he knows what he's doing.

4 Dec. cont.--It turns out Tom has been in Lacomor since '70, longer than I'd thought. Spent a year on a farm he bought--must have been ~~the~~ his famous move to Burlington --but gave that up "when I found out I'm not the agrarian type I fancied myself." Main surprise to me was when he said his father is a real fan of Sky, which Tom sent him. Then after soup and mineral water--said he's gained 6 ~~pounds~~ pounds during this signing season--he went off to take his son to a birthday party in Burlington, C and I ~~had~~ had luxurious cake for dessert.

10 Dec.--Where do the time go? Anyway, some quick notes as I dispose of mail etc.

--Russell Martin of the Writers of the Purple Sage anthology says the quick review of Eng Crk he got from Gerry Howard at Penguin was "fucking marvelous."

--Ben Baldwin passed along review from Hilton Head Island n'paper ranking Eng Crk with "classics of Thomas Hardy, George Eliot, Mark Twain and other masters of the novel in the English language."

--Continuing good luck with reviews, SF Chronicle re-running the excellent Not Man Apart review.

--Strenuous pair of signings Thurs. & Fri--Olympia and Fine Print in Kirkland--but sold 60 ~~Eng Crks~~ Eng Crks in Oly, 75 at F Print.

13 Dec.--Life may be calming down a bit, or maybe I just think so because I feel better today--no achiness, none of the low-grade eye trouble. Chores still await every damn place I look, some baffling tax and IRA guesses among them, and the need to get an electrician in here, which I always dread. Meanwhile C is coming down with a cold, the first in a long while, and Frank is limping and feeling miserable; comparatively I guess I'm Adonis, at least for today.

Tues. was Frank's wedding annvsy, so I went over and took him and Hazel Reese to lunch at the Upstart Crow. As Hazel got going about the Ocean Grove lady who's trying to entice Doug to marry her and then Hazel and Frank both reminisced about what a rottenapple their old acquaintance Al Cook was, I was reminded that passion don't necessarily fade with age.

After delivering them home, I headed for Pac Pipeline to return a couple boxes of Eng Crk--every signing I did

13 Dec. cont.--had sufficient copies, a modern record-- and while I was at a pallet which had some 40 boxes of 18 Eng Crks apiece and about 10 stacks of 12-15 each unpacked, signing up a hundred or so, a meeting of the pickers and packers was convened behind me. A wiry blond woman who must be in charge of the shop--that is, responsible for shipping the books--was then one who called the meeting, and proceeded to ream the troops in a style that reminded me of my Air Force days. She had a sheaf of complaint sheets, books misshipped, wrong books sent, whatever, and informed everybody there had to be fewer cigarette breaks, and that they had to stop falling behind on the orders: this time of year, of all times, they-had-to-shape-up. Silence from the 40-50 assembled pickers and packers, until she asked if anybody else had anything to say, and a few people added gripes of their own, ~~like~~ such as a protest against leaving partly-filled boxes of books atop shelves because they fall down on the pickers' heads. (Pickers are the people who wheel carts through the Pipeline stacks of shelves and fill the bookstores' orders; packers then box and seal and I guess address the orders.) It all reminded me of the Star Wars scene of the rebels' spacefighter base, the enormous warehouse with its diverse personnel, an esprit, a culture, of their own sending out its aura. And may the by god force be with Pipeline, as it's selling tons of my books: got in an order of 1200 p'back Skys y'day, and Eng Grk is its #4 bestseller this season, behind Iacocca, Nutcracker, Jitterbug Perfume. Pretty damn good for both Tom Robbins and me, selling that much fiction.

Jesus, a miracle of faith-healing. I just tested the wall sockets C told me were dead, around her desk, before calling the elec'n; and they all work.

Not too much else on my mind at the moment, except to ease into--or at least toward--some actual work, of writing or research. Made a start on cleaning out my pocket notebook this morn, and I have various reading which can be done. Time to decompress.

20 Dec.-- Hectic. Frank's been in Providence Hospital the past few days, C is there with him now. This morn's news was that the fluid has been catheterized out of him, the trouble isn't a cyst and so no surgery this afternoon.

Will catch up on that later; for now, I'm struggling to clear my desk for '85, and need to put down these figures for the state of my paperbacks:

---Sky:3945 on hand at HBJ as of about a month ago.

---WBros: new edition of of 4996 done " " ".

---Sea Runners: 1862 in stock at Penguin; as of 7 Dec., net sale was 13,890: retail and wholesalers about equal in that total.

28 Dec.--"So the shortest day came--and the year died. And everywhere down the centuries of the snow-white world came people singing, dancing, to drive the dark away. They lighted candles in the winter trees. They hung their homes with evergreens. They burned beseeching fires all the night long to keep the fresh year alive. And when the new-day sunshine blazed awake, they shouted, reveling. All across the ages you can hear them, echoing behind us: listen. All the long echoes sing the same delight, this shortest day, as promise awakens in the sleeping land. People carol, feast, give thanks, and dearly love their friends--and hope for peace. And so do we, here,now--this night, as we celebrate the marriage of Dick Nelson and Ann McCartney--this year, and every year. Welcome Yule."

May ye be blest and kept, Ann and Dick. At their request I read this solstice proclamation to the multitude at the Nordic Heritage Center in Ballard, at their wedding reception, Dec. 21.

Their wedding was the most hopeful, the most truly celebratory event of our holiday season. We socialized until I glazed over--the Nelsons' open house, the Lankfords' open house, Xmas eve and then Xmas dinner at Doug Smith's, successively, after the wedding--and I came out of that round with the probably unfair feeling that I'd been inhaling smugness after smugness. Unfair because we are seeing these people, ~~the~~ lawyers, doctors, corporate types, at the point of their lives when they are

28 Dec. cont.--making it, and so why shouldn't they exude a sense of that. But Jesus, every so often it made me want to go outside and hug a tree.

The two of us and Frank had a triage Xmas: anybody who was up and able celebrated, and the casualties were left behind. C came down with flu on noon of Xmas Eve; I got home from the U Dist perkier than I'd been for days, and found her in bed. Around evening she threw up the tomato juice she'd been drinking, improved after that, and is pretty well snapped back by now. Frank, in his turn, came out of the hospital on the 23d and home with us, still with a catheter in him and a urine bag, modern version of motorman's friend, strapped to his leg. He became more and more chipper, until on Xmas Eve he was singing snatches of carols along with the radio and painstakingly hanging icicles on the Xmas tree. He and I packed up the roast beef and potatoes and headed for Smiths' at Xmas noon, leaving C to recuperate in peace. Doug and Hazel and he and I had a pleasant time of it, Frank mentioning just once and then not really morosely that this was his 1st Xmas without Lucie in about 60 years. Hazel gave us nifty gifts she'd picked up in China, Doug had mentioned he'd like a Russian name for his white samoyed pup and so I brought along my Russian-English dictionary and we winnowed toward the possibility of Sneshinka, snowflake, (told C about it and she at once saw the better prospect, simply Shinka). On way home Frank and I stopped at Madison House for his car, so he could drive himself home the next day. Which he did, about mid-morning on the 26th, and I've had C take it easy ever since, tried to enforce some quiet and time of our own into this life. I continue to have to deal with requests for my time, virtually all of which I say no to; just since Xmas, invitations to speak in Astoria, lunch with Bob Hartley of the B'vue J-A, and to teach for a week at Landfall writers conference in Bend, Or., next Aug. I've kept Jan. clear, and Feb. so far--in fact, have bunched requests into 2 weeks in April, and then a 2-day trip to Billings if funds eventuate in May--and so life maybe will proceed into a writing schedule if I keep the reins taut on all these requests.

MSU commencement June 9, 84 1

It's about time they gave somebody from Ringling one of these.

I truly do feel that this degree today comes not just to me, but to the small towns of Montana. Ringling, White Sulphur Springs, Valier, Browning, and the magnificently durable little place named Dupuyer--they are the towns of my growing up as a Montanan. As I stand here now, this fieldhouse is not simply an arena big enough to hold a rodeo or a commencement in. It is many rooms. It is the mercantile store in Browning where I bought my school clothes with my summer wages. It is Mrs. Tidyman's English classroom in the Valier high school. It is the Milwaukee depot in Ringling, where I stepped aboard an orange-and-black train to ^{away} go to college. It is the Stockman Bar in White Sulphur. It is the Home Cafe of Dupuyer. It is all the rooms of a book called This House of Sky, which I would not have managed to write, had I not lived my first 18 years in those Montana towns.

And now, to come today to the Gallatin Valley for this occasion, I am warmed by the ring of history that is being forged. From the time when my grandparents came from Scotland to homestead in the Sixteen country, the Gallatin has been close to the lives of the Doigs. Literally, my family has its blood in the Gallatin Valley--my father's brother Jim was killed in a horseback accident, on his ranch out from Belgrade, 44 years ago. And we have our sweat in Gallatin soil. My father and his buddy from the Sixteen country, Clifford Shearer, used to come down here to work during the harvest quite probably along the north outskirts of ^{this} town, where motel rooms are now the crop. That book of my own life opens in a sheepcamp cabin up here in the Bridgers, near Maudlow. My next book draws much of its research about everyday life in Montana during the 1930's from this university's library, which had the good sense to preserve the files of the WPA ^{Montana} ~~Federal~~ Writers Project done in those Depression years.

In my conviction that ranchers and forest rangers and sheepherders and folks who run cafes ^{and bars} deserve to have their stories told too in this nation, it is heartening to have a university agree with me.

So yes, the Gallatin and the Doigs have ^{long} been neighbors, and something more. Down through the history of Montana State, nine Doigs have won degrees from this university. It pleases me more than I can say, to now become number ten.

(3 min)

MSU

(written onstage during MSU graduation ceremony)

- Echo 7/10/85 mike
 - 1st line full except for few seats in canon
 - bet'n Jim Edie & Carl Hoffman?
 - platform shakes, c. people walking across; two of U photos back & forth stage behind us -
 - prob. of resistance
 - the danger of us on platform like cross o a fence
 - barrels o left, dangling like wind chimes
 - man's black shoes, relieved by Bea McC's white open toe pumps, like sudden grey geyser amid. drab
 - 1 in. only heard
 - any boys t'ly in crowd of boots
 - whoop from somebody in student section when I mentioned - Stockman
 - life saver passed along
 - sub with 7. camera trio taking pic of every grad.
 - several clix when photo's & gif had met's T. eby

over

- 12:07, mid way thru eng'g grade, - biggest bunch, people felt out.
Stands now o' 1/2 full.

- Gdamn, you know: it is a long way from Pingling

Sample's Close, Myles Court
Edinburgh
Monday, July 23, 1984

Dear Dad

We are ensconced in our apartment, in a wonderful warren of a building, just a few steps from the entrance to the castle. Huge stands are bulking in the courtyard, waiting for the military Tattoos which are a part of the Edinburgh Festival, during August. Probably they were assembled for the Duke of Edinburgh's appearance here about three weeks ago; we watched from near St. Andrews while the RAF team did flyovers, which started up there, then proceeded over the Firth of Forth.

At any rate, to get to our apartment we have to come in off the Royal Mile through a narrow stone tunnel, then through a locked door and up winding stone stairs. When we get into the apartment it's another 10 stairs up, though these are normal ones. We are actually second floor, over a candy and tea shop, and I can assure you that every tourist and tour bus passes our living room windows! The kitchen also faces out that side, and across the narrow street looms a big, spired church, black with soot and no longer used as a church, but about to be converted into an historical monument, I believe.

The university has modernized these apartments, right up to a mini-dishwasher in the kitchen, which I've not yet used for our few dishes. We don't have a shower, but there's a big tub; also, because this is a married student apartment during the regular year, we have more closet space than we could possibly use.

Though we won't make a habit of eating in all the time, yesterday we did that for all three meals, partly out of the novelty of it. I even found some fresh raspberries for the breakfast flakes. Would you believe I found them at Safeway? The young man in charge of seeing us to our apartment directed us to it — apparently the one modern shopping center extant, because it's several miles away and he thought we should go there. It's on a narrow street, but we found out they have roof parking, and the place was jammed. They had 20 checkout counters working! For dinner last night we had haggis in a little Safeway plastic pack, which we simmered 30 minutes to warm up, as per directions. You and Ivan have eaten it, but I never had, and I liked it. Maybe because it's quite a lot like dressing, though it does have a distinctive flavor. Ivan said this batch was tastier than what he'd eaten in Juneau, Alaska on Bobby Burns birthday.

Edinburgh continues to be a knockout of a city, with the castle and palace on the heights, and the broad vistas from the park down below. Last evening we bought ice cream cones in the park, then sat on the grass (which is brown because of lack of rain) and listened to a band concert by the Queen's Irish brigade. New to my experience was a women's pipe and dancing group from Aberdeen, mostly high school age, but some younger. Then we walked to the corner of the park to make sure the flower clock still was in good fettle, and I can report it's right on the mark, and looking dandy.

This morning Ivan has settled down to work here in the apartment, where there's a modern desk and table, in addition to the small desk and built-in bookshelves, which I'm using in the bedroom. He's spending the day reviewing what he's already collected, so that he'll have a definite list of details he still wants to find here in Edinburgh's several libraries. He's done such a good job at St. Andrews, and at the Mitchell in Glasgow that this is something of a mop-up operation now.

As for me, it's now 8:15 a.m., and in an hour or so I'll go on a round of chores. First I have to pay off the leased car. Ivan looked at the tripset as we turned it in on Saturday, and saw that we'd driven 1,001.1 miles since leaving St. Andrews. We already had 300+ by then, so the total for the three weeks is something like 1400 miles. Then I'll cash some travelers checks and do some miscellaneous shopping. This is an interesting town to walk, and there are lots of museums. Yesterday we visited the National Gallery, which is right down the street, to see a special exhibit of Dutch painters.

July 5, 1984
St. Andrews

Dear Dad

We celebrated the 4th of July by going to a music school concert in the main college chapel, a lovely place which I suppose is neo-Gothic in design, with much stone and high ceilings and long, stained-glass windows. The program opened up with the Bach melody which has become "God Save the Queen" but also "My Country 'Tis of Thee." A twinklly choice for the date.

We were very glad to get your letter yesterday, though sorry to hear the license situation is unresolved. We will resolve it, but I hope it's sooner rather than later.

Scotland is a lot like Seattle this time of year — swirling weather and lots of greenery. We're considerably farther north, though, so the official sunrise yesterday was 4:28 a.m. and light starts before that. And whatever time we go to bed, it's never completely dark. Not that it makes as much difference to Ivan, who is at work in the innards of the university library, the only modern building in the old part of campus, much of which was built in the 15th and 16th Centuries, then fell into disuse and restored in the 18th and 19th. John Knox and his opponents held forth here, and there were many burned at the stake for unorthodoxy by whichever side could catch up with them. Also a bunch of "witches." We are thankfully into a quieter era.

Between the manuscripts collection and books, and looking around at local villages, many of which are still quite intact, Ivan is culling details about life in the 1890s. We visited two folk museums in nearby towns yesterday, one in a fishing community, the other agricultural. There was quite a herring industry here, and women and children got to bait lines that often ran a mile and a half long. Wives also are reported to have carried the fishermen on their backs to the boats, through the surf, so that the men could start their work dry! Though Ivan probably will set his story in an agricultural community, the details are still interesting, and we saw a restored fisherman's cottage from the right era, which gave details of home furnishings, including a budgie merrily singing in a cage.

Our accommodations here are good enough that I'm about to see if we can extend for a couple of nights, leaving then the morning of July 11 in the general direction of the Isle of Skye, where we'll spend two or three days. Then we'll be at Glasgow and Edinburgh exactly when our itinerary specifies.

We're in a modern dormitory complex now, at the edge of town, and there are tour groups and an American high school group in other units; we see them at breakfast. We are in the unit reserved for "casual visitors," a misnomer if ever there was one in our case, since Ivan is doing more real work than anyone we've met. Most are just out-and-out vacating. The university doesn't run a summer school, but hosts many special groups.

We have part of a four-room complex, with additional rooms for a shower and a bath. We have facing doors, with beds in one room, and desks and chairs, bookshelf and chest of drawers in the others. It works out well with a study room and a sleeping room. An older couple has the other two rooms, and apparently they've brought their own tv, which we dimly hear playing for a while in the evenings. Mostley they're out during the day, whereas our schedule varies considerably.

We've found decent, inexpensive places to eat lunch and dinner, especially a high-ceilinged place called the Victorian Cafe, which serves snacks and meals all day long. The Scots eat in fairly recognizable form, so all in all we're getting along very well, helped also by the favorable exchange rate, now reported at about \$1.34. We don't get that at the banks; the last cash a few days back converted at \$1.39, and I'm busily using our Visa card, which is supposed to carry a closer market rate. Ivan has bought himself two hats and a sweater so far, and I've bought two sweaters — basically stuff to keep warm in here (St. Andrews sits right on the North Sea), but also good to bring home to Seattle.

July 2, 1931
St. Andrews

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We were very glad to get your letter yesterday, though sorry to hear the license situation is unresolved. We will resolve it, but I hope it's sooner rather than later.

You'll be getting more postcards as we move along, and another letter when I can manage it. Please pass along details of this letter and a "hello" to Jean and John, or at least to John if Jean is off on her trip by the time this arrives. I think she planned to be gone from Seattle July 10-24.

Take care.

Much love

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July 1 1984

Dear Jean—

Your letter neatly intercepted up here at St. A, so we'll see if we can hit the target of Minneapolis. Or rather, I will, for Carol is off cavorting at the Highland Games at Cupar this afternoon. There's an American Institute of Foreign Studies group in these dorms with us, and they invited her to go along while I've been spending the day pondering my research results. It remains to be seen what Highland Games consist of, this far into the Lowlands, and what Carol is going to think of being amid a busload of AIFSers, mostly Calif. and Texas high school kids, but she'll be back before long to report. The AIFS bunch ticked us off considerably the morn of the 4th when some of them (not the high school ones) decided to sing "America the Beautiful" at breakfast in the dorm dining room. The other breakfasters, a bus tour of old age pensioners, looked mightily mystified, but clapped politely. Other than that, the AIFS group has been good neighbors, and the vagaries of dorm breakfasts here are enough to make allies out of anyone. The cooking is done(?) on weekdays by a perpetually panicked woman who seems startled every morning that here are these 75 or so Americans, at the scheduled time, expecting to eat. Midweek was the low point, the infamous mornings, back-to-back, of the leathery liver and the mysterious black pudding; literally, we couldn't even tell what the basic substance of the black pudding patties was, sausage or some kind of grain or what. But one nice thing about the confused state of the breakfast kitchen (the only meal we eat here at the dorm) is that they provide plenty of food, of sundry kinds, so we're able to put together a semi-respectable meal out of it all.

Yes, we did have a good time in London. Saw 3 plays, including Tom Stoppard's The Real Thing—Jesus, he can write—and an Old Vic production in which Albert Finney starred and directed, Sergeant Musgrave's Dance, which I think the Doigs and Rodens saw together at the Rep. And we went to a D-Day anniversary concert, bafflingly done on June 26 instead of June 6, at the Barbican: the band of the Welsh Guards in full red and their high bearskin hats marched through the audience, helluva good show. Probably the highlight of London, though, was Churchill's underground war rooms; we were fascinated with that warren of rooms, not far from Parliament, where the war les staff holed up during air raids. A little room under there where Winston went to talk on the phone with FDR. And there was a bedroom for Churchill there in the bunker too, but he only used it a few times—disliked the lack of loo facilities, which amounted to a chamberpot (now blandly on display, labeled "Winston Churchill's chamberpot").

As to the research progress here at St. Andrews, I've about got it whipped, and am thankful that I have. Been trying to think how to sum up the U. of St. A library to you, because I don't think I've ever had to wrestle a library to the extent I did this one. Some of the woes are simply inadvertent: they're using the summer to move things around in the library, and my hunch is that the workmen doing the moving are simply technologically generation-gapped: I kept seeing aging men in dustcoats staring down at innards of wiring in the floor panels, with disconnected computers and telephones and random desks and shelves all around them, and no discernible movement from day to day. More mysterious yet is the catalogue, which consists of one microfiche with vertical entries, another 'fiche with horizontal entries, a computer terminal, and a set of ledgers in the basement which contains all the reference holdings. Add into this that any book published before 1901, no matter which of these systems it's catalogued in, is not in the main stacks but in the basement (which is called Level 1)—well, I met myself coming and going a lot during the week. The computer query system is slick enough, except that they only have the past several years' acquisition (and no reference stuff, remember) on it. Computer incident of the week: I'd had a helluva time trying to find material about the life of working people here in the 1880s, and at last stumbled across a ~~manuscript~~ beneficial book titled Useful Toil. And I thought, and punched in the keyword "Toil?" the question mark telling the computer to provide any ~~word~~ title with "toil" as a root word. Sure enough, up came "Toilers of the so-and-so, Toils of the thus-and-such... and The Lady at Her Toilet."

Nonetheless I have managed to make some good finds, especially the letter in the manuscripts collection (where I worked, honest to God, in sweater, jacket and under a lap robe, because the air-conditioning—"the air," as the mss curator blithely calls it—is so frigid) from an 1889 emigrant from Scotland describing his voyage: just the sort of thing I dreamed of.

July 8, 1984

Dear Jean—

Jean Roden

c/o Lisa Roden

2300 Irving Ave. S.

Minneapolis, Minnesota 55405 USA

July 8, 1984

Your letter nearly intercepted up here at St. A, so we'll see if we can hit the target of Minneapolis. Or rather, I will, for Carol is off covering at the Highland Games at Cupar this afternoon. There's an American Institute of Foreign Studies group in these dorms with us, and they invited her to go along while I've been spending the day pondering my research. It remains to be seen what Highland Games consist of, this far into the lowlands, and what Carol is going to think of being made a mascot of AIFS. The AIFS bunch kicked us off considerably the morn of the 4th before long to report. The AIFS bunch kicked us off considerably the morn of the 4th before long to report. The AIFS bunch kicked us off considerably the morn of the 4th before long to report.

As to Wimbledon, we have not seen a paper all week which didn't have a front-page pic of a tennis player. This gets confusing, as people lunging for tennis balls tend to look pretty similar, so it's never apparent whether it's today's paper, yesterday's, the day before's... We did watch Martina and Chris in the final; thought it was wonderful, and an elderly gent with us in the dorm's tv room allowed that he thought it was the best tennis I've ever seen women play.

Tomorrow we go north on a day-trip to the land of the Doigs—though not particularly because of the Doigs. There's a coastal town called Arbroath, near where my grandpa came from, which had a quarry that supplied stone for lighthouses, buildings, etc; so we want to see the stonework, etc. It can be different just within a few miles, over here.

St. A is a gray stone town, which sometimes looks as grim as its religious history—considerable burning-at-the-stake went on here, which Carol can fill you in on; she took the tour—but there's also lighter stone, and even some red. For the sake of my novel I've decided to make up a town where my two emigrating young men will come from, and as there's a plethora of places called something-muir or Nether-something, I think I'll call mine Nethermuir. Or as Carol says, quoth the raven, Nethermuir.

We appreciated, if that's the word, your casualty report on Shoreline folk. Yes, you did right to trade info with our neighbor, Bob Cochrane. We have mixed emotions about missing the great bee migration: it must have been wondrous to see, but maybe we're just as glad you're the one who did the seeing.

I'll kill off the space here with a brief report on British newspapers, which seem to us to have gone downhill decidedly. The Times has been considerably Murdoched—a lot more crime and fluff. Neither The Observer nor Sunday Times shows the investigative edge they had. We find ourselves reading the Glasgow Herald daily, which at least provides a decent notion of the news without all the goddamn languidly clever comment leaved in. The tennis coverage, except for the Glasgow Herald, is full of highfaluting nonsense on the order of "the gallant little miss struggled gamely."

Somebody passing through the courtyard just now called out the winner of the men's singles, which reminds me of this incident from yesterday. On our way to the fishing village of Anstruther we stopped for gas, and the man filling the car asked where we're going; we told him, he said, "Aye, they're aw' nice people over there." Then he joked, "Especially the petrol attendants!" Then he said, "I'm full of shit, ~~aren't~~ aren't I? Just like McPhroe!"

I love to Lisa.