

3 Jan. '94--First literary moment of the year was about as early as possible, going out onto the carport in the 4:30 a.m. dark and fetching in the New York Times with Linda Bierds' poem on the Op-Ed page, along with nobodies named Ashbery and Merrill. That Emma Wedgwood Darwin poem ends: "Such concentration. Such care." Which sums up Linda's work, this hot streak of producing poems that she's been on.

Trying to fan up the first little embers of a 300-pp.-or-more year myself, I got back to Bucking the Sun this morning, and though I'd slotted this as a thinking and organizing week, managed to eke a page and a half onto the manuscript total by rewriting the scene of Siderius and Hugh at the start of ch. 2 and roughing out Meg's view of it, a technical bit I want to do ~~somehow~~ extremely well there. A good idea to get 10 pp. ahead this week if I can, so we'll see.

Weather has been rainy for several days, but we determinedly got out and walked--Green Lake, the n'hood, Shilshole--whenever a break offered itself. Ate crab New Year's Eve, salmon the next night. I concluded the year by doing some figuring on our finances, necessary to my pension plan but also kind of thrilling to us pair of middle-class workaholics because our money has mounted up astoundingly in the past few years. Then on Dec. 31 I went to the U Book Store for a necessary '94 calendar--some years I'm inundated, some years I have to go out and pick over the UBS's leavings--and sundry books, including The Remains of the Day. If the one flaw of the movie was that Stevens the butler was such a psychological dry stick--~~and~~ Chris Chase in the NY Times this Sunday called him "the stiffest upper lip in history"--he's even more so in the book, and Lord Darlington even more of a twit: hard to see how anybody--the with-it housekeeper in the butler's case, the British politicoes in the Lord's case--would give a hoot about either of them.

On the would-be literary front closer to home, last night we listened to the tape of the Kalispell public radio guys explicating This House of Sky, and greatly wished the phone-in portion had included a call they mentioned, somebody pronto phoning them up to say they obviously ain't real Montanans, they say "coyotee" instead of "coyote."

4 Jan.--\$1,000 wafted into the house today, the much-belated check from the Maxine Cushing Gray Award of last May, when C and I were in the Southwest. Luckily, Maxine's son showed up at the Fireside booksigning in Olympia and happily mentioned the honor, giving me a chance to clear my throat and say, so I'm told but I've never seen any of the actuality. On the other hand, Lee Soper, who as I savvy it stood in my stead in May, had told me it'd be \$500, and lo, double that.

Swirly weather, big classic squalls sailing in from the south today. C and I managed to walk the n'hood at the start of the afternoon, in blusters of wind but also sunshine. I'm about to try for a walk of the park, now at 3:30. Have inched out another page and a half today on the Siderius scene, and think I'm within a day's work of solving the angles of view in this tricky, get-everything-underway scene.

6 Jan.--Plugging away at Bucking, still a bit grim about getting up to the pages per day rate I want to attain for next week, and the 8 or 9 after that. (Maybe more than a bit, as I just turned down, against C's advice and my own common sense, an invitation to be the banquet speaker at the regional MIA in Spokane in Oct. '95; couldn't convince myself to let speechwriting into my life even at that fairly distant point.) At least the weather has improved, C and I managing a walk around Green Lake early this afternoon. I'm taking this last hour or so to fend with the mail etc. which has been light this week but still has felt like about all I can handle. On a marvelously inglorious family note, the latest update on all known Doigs has come from the California genealogist Kenneth Doig, and he passes along that our forebear who was Provost of Brechin was so disliked that a local ditty ran:

"Provost Doig's dead, God be thankit;

Many a better dog's dead, since he was whelpit."

10 Jan.--First day of spinning 3 pp. out of the air, most of it on scene of moving Darius & Proxy's houseboat. Tough but do-able, I guess; as always.

Couple of bright spots in what is seeming like this long rainy night of all winter: we made a repeat seeing of Strictly Ballroom (first saw in Santa Fe last spring)

10 Jan. cont.--and both liked it even better this time around. Then late Sat. afternoon, I answered the phone and it was Sydney. How are you, she said. Just fine, say I, how are you? I just bought a Jeep Cherokee! she says. Naturally we told her and Linda to bring it on over so we could see it, and hear all about the negotiating, and it made a wonderful early evening, the big deliciously red Cherokee in ~~the driveway~~ the driveway and Syd getting more animated and glowy as she gave us the wearing-down-the-car-salesman saga and the ins and outs of the UW English Dept's hiring committee, while Linda gave us her inspired fret about Alice Quinn, poetry editor of The New Yorker, coming to dinner on Monday. Those two are, C and I agree, our zingiest friends.

14 Jan.--Have finished the week's pages, 15 of them @ a stolid bootcamp 3 pp/day. It's patchy, oh god is it patchy, but may it keep piling up.

Toward that end, just now turned down a request to write an essay for LIFE, 500-worder to go w/ pics of "Wyoming in Winter." \$1500, but short deadline, there's always more work involved than it first looks like, and LIFE ain't what it used to be; for that matter, that fee proportionately is not on the scale they used to pay. Onward to the stuff in hard covers.

Tomorrow, Dungeness; we're determined to make a break from cabin fever, hike the Spit, stay overnight...

19 Jan.--Last Friday, 14th of Jan. '94, the ponies died wholesale: the publishing houses that have done my 7 books were done away with. Harcourt will keep on with paperbacks and children's books, but with the laying off of 3 of 5 trade book editors in NY and a vague proclamation of concentrating on "literary" works, which it's already been doing, it's essentially gone as anything resembling a midsize hardback publisher. And Atheneum will utterly vanish after this spring's list, Lee Goerner going with it. A moment I hate to see--the turn from books to the electronic future--even though I've done what I can to skitter ahead of disaster with the S&S contract.

And even on that front, on a day like this when the weather is thick with fog and I'm heavy with allergy,

19 Jan. cont.--the portent looks comically bleak, with my vaunted \$117,000 advance check (due, by contract, on Jan. 7) adrift somewhere in the New York arctic weather and beset UPS. As C said, we've heard the term frozen funds, but this is ridiculous. Anyway, chances are it'll arrive tomorrow, S&S having floated the funds across the Jan. 8-9 weekend by not getting the check to Liz's agency until Monday the 10th, Liz's agency having floated the funds across the 15th-16th weekend by waiting for the S&S check to clear, and then Monday's ML King holiday and the frigid East Coast storm taking over from there. No, I take it back about the check coming tomorrow; it'll be sometime late Friday, making it impossible for me to get it into Piper Jaffrey before the weekend...

Anyway, that aggravation ain't fatal as the developments in the publishing world were, nor is it the LA quake, which also provided food for thought for us in this fault zone. Anyway again, before this week got underway C and I managed a good stint out of town, over to the Peninsula on Sat. morning, a good hike of D'ness Spit (just finishing in time as a sharp wind came in the Strait), overnight at the Hill Haus in Pt. Angeles where we get a kick out of watching the ship traffic in the harbor, and a bit more D'ness hike, though not much because of the wind, before ambling home on Sunday, with Monday's holiday yet to come.

21 Jan.--The payday of a lifetime. Y'day afternoon at 4:15, after my aggravation at learning from Liz's office that the UPS packet with my check was most likely snowed in at the Louisville airport, here the packet appeared at the front door and in it the check for \$117,000. C and I are going to celebrate by taking it downtown to deposit in the Piper Jaffrey brokerage account and go on to lunch with Steve Charlston.

31 Jan.--The diary gap represents dogged days of pp., I suppose. Bucking the Sun continues to be tough company, tricky to draw together despite my fairly complete notion of the plot. Some of the problem is at the start of the big Missouri chapter, where I need a blazing few hundred words about the river and story, and it hasn't blazed yet. Otherwise, I'm trying, with

31 Jan. cont.--no conspicuous success, to whip some other chores so they won't pile up any further. Am going to N'gate in half an hour--3 p.m.--to try buy a new boxspring and mattress, for instance, on this the prettiest afternoon of the winter. We did get out on the weekend, to Dungeness again on Saturday, 2nd time in a couple of weeks, and did a leisurely wimpy 4 mi. or so instead of our usual 5 or more. And y'day, Sunday, a bright but cold morning, we roused ourselves by mid-morning, I made a dump run, and we went down to the waterfront for lunch at Ivar's--C had a terrific cioppino, I had the good serviceable red chowder and we had a Jolly Roger draft ale apiece and watched the ferries and the sunny day and thought we were royal.

Twice last week I went out for lunch with friends, on my vow that I have to do something to keep from vanishing into myself any more than I already do during a writing stint. Chris Bernion on Wed., at La Dolce Vita near his house; he seemed to be doing well with the photography, indeed trying to figure how to give up some of the Rep and other theatrical work to regain weekends for himself. Lunch with Chris is a pleasant jazz, the conversation riffing here and there--he's a rare good listener as well as good talker. Then on Friday, my solid-platinum buddy Linda Bierds, insisting on taking me to Bella Luna after I'd done a recommendation letter for her for the PEN/Voelcker Poetry Award; since we're agreed that the award probably won't be let off Manhattan Island in our lifetimes, I pointed out to her that I'm the only ~~xxxx~~ one making any gain out of this, with lunch.

And y'day afternoon, C and I went and took a look at the Frank Henderson house near Richmond Beach park and doubtless to our relief found it's too big and dated and in need of work. I'd said I wanted us to take a serious look at it because I knew Frank was an old construction contractor and the place ought to be well built; it is, but not to our tune, and particularly not with the asking price of \$640,000.

4 Feb.--Drama keeps coming down the phone line from New York. Y'day, a machine message from Sharon Dynak at still-Macmillan that Heart Earth has won a Pacific Northwest Booksellers Award, and after I'd called her back and checked award banquet details with PNBA exec director Tom Chambliss in Eugene, I hustled out to do the afternoon's chores of food-fetching--and came back to a congratulatory phone message from Lee Goerner, sounding as if he was about to cry. So, I made it a point to call him back this morning; Lee wasn't at his desk just then, but Betsy Thorpe, his assistant, was waiting with bated everything for a phone call from HarperCollins. I wished her well in that job prospect, told her I'd tie up her phone line no longer, and skedaddled back into the day's writing. This afternoon when C and I got back from walking around the n'hood (lovely sun, brisk north breeze), the phone rang and it was Lee, now sounding more in possession of himself. He called the tasks of the past few weeks since the death sentence on Athenaeum "grief work," notifying people of uncertain future of their manuscripts etc., but he's done most of that, and is having dinner with Reynolds Price tonight, lunch with Ann Beattie tomorrow, old alliances such as he has any, so he's better. Meanwhile Betsy got the job--assistant editor under Barbara Kingsolver's editor at H'Collins--even as, Lee reports, Bill Shinker was being fired from H'Collins. The body count among editors/publishers is mounting up and up.

Meanwhile again, y'day's conversation with Sharon Dynak provided the news that, far from being obliterated a la Athenaeum in the Simon and Schuster takeover, the Macmillan publicity dept. will become the exclusively Scribner's publicity dept. in the re-alignment--i.e., that department will be free of the demands-from-this-imprint-and-that which have about driven it crazy these past several years. Pat Eisemann is to stay on as head of it, Sharon says, ~~it~~ and Sharon's own prospects seem sound. I asked about the banes of my Macmillan life, Barry Lippmann (in his marketing role) and Bonnie Ammer (in her role of doing nothing discernable to market Mariah and Heart Earth) and Sharon said she's heard nothing about Barry's apparent future, but Bonnie in effect is leaving before she's pushed. As to the sales

4 Feb. cont.--reps, who all of us who give a damn about the book business cherish as the raffish angels of our output, Sharon said the S&S/Macmillan smushing-together is to revamp sales reps into three "bands"--trade, children's books, and reference--and, she added, "they'll all be armed and dangerous." She nor I, seriously, could imagine Jon Rantala repping children's books, but he's up against a veteran rep of trade books, Michael Carley, out here; so that's going to be another drama, the Rantala fate.

As to the PNBA Award, I am really damn pleased with it, a bookend to This House of Sky's similar award (I think my work's first ever) fifteen years ago. Something like a jury of western peers, the booksellers out here, and I like it that they liked Heart Earth.

Other events of this Friday: a Fed Ex box which brought H&H bagels from NY, Gary Luke's nifty thanks to us for the Xmas smoked salmon we sent him; and a fan call from a Depoe Bay woman named Julia Richardson who stayed up until 3 this morning reading Heart Earth and whose husband, a terracotta potter, makes, yes, earth hearts.

8 Feb.--Waiting for snow, forecast for after midnight. Past some days have been cold, y'day with biting north wind which filled Puget Sound with plateau-shaped whitecaps.

Y'day and today have been workdays which, if I had the working capital of first draft, would produce a book in six weeks or two months. Have been revising what is revisable, trying to achieve a critical mass of almost-final draft on the first 2 chapters, and right now have 52 such pp., neat indicative checkmarks in upper right corners, with the prospect of maybe 30 more this week. Then back to first-drafting.

12 Feb.--Today, and maybe for the next couple to come, strong south wind is skidding the Puget Sound whitecaps back where they came from on the 8th. C and I did manage to walk the n'hood after lunch, and now are simply hunkered in out of the weather. I spent much of the day reading Mary Blew's Balsamroot, which I

12 Feb. cont.--loved. Mary has an astounding clarity, honesty, to her writing, which I must devise some way of saying in a blurb for the book. I feel quite a relief that Mary is writing in chronological tandem with me, doing the writing that is beyond the bloodwalls of gender for me. Between us, we are covering real territory.

As to Bucking the Sun, I made it to 80 pp. of revision this past week, and if the gamble pays off, the revised material will lift the level of the fill-in pages I now have to write, for the rest of the big 2nd ch. C meanwhile did her immense week of grading papers and bib cards, both of us working until we staggered.

23 Feb., already--All tapping of the keys has gone into the Bucking ms, in the continuing attack on ch. 2. I managed to revise, i.e. make damn near final, 3 pp/day all of last week, and have done 4 pp/day y'day and today, although I'm running out of workable material to keep that pace. But push long enough and hard enough and it moves, as Dick Hugo's friend said of the barge.

We took the long weekend and went to Portland, where I interviewed Mary Smith Kreft about her growing-up in Glasgow in the Fort Peck era. Not "in the Depression," in her case: her doctor-father landed the clinic contract at the dam, hired 9 doctors to work for him, and went out and bought an airplane. Had dinner with Craig and Kathy Lesley, swapping booktalk, and drove home on Monday. A couple of restorative days, which began to leak out of me as soon as we opened the package waiting at the door and I saw the busy busy busy ~~xxxx~~ cover of English Creek, in Penguin's proposed re-formatting of all 4 paperbacks. I had Liz D. take a look, she pretty much agrees there are elements galore in it, and so I'll take it up with Carolyn Carlson, backed by Liz's assertion that Penguin wants to stay cozy with me. I really bemoan this secondguessing of cover art that seems necessary any more--this is something like the 4th time in a row, dating back to Macmillan's squashing of the Mariah cover that I, Lee G. and the

23 Feb. cont.--art director all liked; on through the infamous Penguin cover proposal for Mariah with the Winnebago going down the wrong side of the road; on through the even worse first proposal for Heart Earth; and now this, change for change's sake--but nobody has more at stake in getting the books to sell than I do. Swear to God, I'd love to have a cover sail into the house that I could say to, That'll do!

1 March--We seem to have wintered through into spring, and damn near summer. 58 degrees this morning, and the clouds have a softer, clingier gray to them. Some drawbacks along with this mellow weather--it's likely to be an assassin to the big snowpack that plumped down on the Cascades the past 3 weeks, and the pollen set loose by warmth has given C a problematic runny throat.

Evening. A sonofabitch of a day, but it worked. In trying for a ten-day shake of the manuscript which will bring the front of the book up to 150 pp., I've scheduled 2 pp. revise and 2 pp. of fresh work daily. The revise of the 1st day of clearing brush at Ft. Peck was stubborn, and the fresh work, Owen and Charlene's life in Bozeman, was glacial. But I ended up improving the 1st-day scene--especially by remaking "weather graying toward winter" into "the weather's increasing nastiness"--and though the fresh pp. were spotty, in them is the "What compels love?" line and the incident of the watchman raving Longfellow to Owen and the hidden Charlene in the hydraulic lab.

14 March--A day, first of several this week, of turning back into a pumpkin, after a Cinderella weekend of Heart Earth's award from the Pacific Northwest Booksellers. C and I flew to Spokane 2 p.m. on Saturday, were home not much after ten on Sunday morn. Everyone acquitted her/himself well, of the 5 of us winners on hand (Carlos Schwantes wasn't, sticking--wrongly, C and I think--to a research gig in Arizona, and John Haines wasn't because of the distance from Alaska). I luckily was the first one up at the awards banquet, got it over and done with perfectly fine, and Barbara Scott had a well-crafted and thoughtful set of remarks just after

14 March cont.--mine. Barbara has a smart, composed look about her, and if her title, *The Violet Shyness of Their Eyes*, is any indicator, seems to have found her metier in writing, after early dismay at Iowa. (Thom Jones also mentioned a nosedive after being in the Iowa program; what, we wonder, goes on there?) Velma Wallace, short and square-built, was ~~very~~ shyly effective as she read off her lists of thanks to all involved in *Two Old Women*, which has had almost fairy-tale success after years of her and Epic Press trying to get it achieved. But the writer really on a roll was Thom Jones, who last week got an offer to teach at Iowa, was given a Guggenheim (the verb seems apt; Thom said Joel Comnaroe of the G'heim Foundation came up to him at the Nat'l Book Awards dinner, where Thom was a nominee, and said he liked Thom's work, why didn't he apply for a G'heim?), the *New Yorker* ran a story of his it had been holding for 5 months, and on the regional front, the PNBA award for *The Pugilist at Rest*. C and I liked the Joneses, Thom and Sally if we caught her name right, and it's going to be interesting to see if Thom has a kind of Carverlike ascension coming. And the fifth writer present, Pete Fromm of Montana, who is pegging away book by book and if he finds a big enough topic may break through. Besides the writers, C and I had the good luck/planning to share a table with booksellers we know and like, Barb Theroux of Missoula, Judy and Fred Flanders of Helena, Dee^R Robinson of Bellingham, Russ Lawrence and his lady Jean from Hamilton.

The diary languished these past 2 weeks as I tried to sculpt the needed pp. of *Bucking*--getting close, not quite there yet--before we go off to San Diego. But will get down now the basics:

--a great Saturday, the 5th, at the Skagit wildfowl refuge, seeing the snow geese do their anticipatory patterns before they fly to Siberia. Tremendous criss-crosses of them overhead as we stood on the dike along the Skagit farmland. Then another peerless lunch at the *Rhododendron*.

--a drink and Mexican meal with Walt and Jean Walkinshaw last Wednesday night, Jean getting me lined up for her possible tv documentary on western writers if she can land

14 March cont.--the grant she's after.

--And I've managed some good garden work as the weather moderated. Spinach is now up a couple of inches, lettuce began showing through the ground y'day, and I've installed a 2nd plum tree and new strawberry root stock.

28 March--11:05, filling in the minutes until C gets home for lunch. First day back at the ms after our fine spring break, and the work was spotty and scattered. About as usual, in other words, for a startup.

The weather is glorious, and has been for the past 4 days. Besides the ~~hiking~~ hiking--Dungeness last Fri., and in-city walks of Green Lake and Shilshole other days--we've done much outdoors work. I have what I've been proclaiming as my prettiest vegetable garden, though how it'll yield is another matter; moved the strawbs to the middle of the plot, put in some more blueberry bushes, planted some nice lettuce seedlings we found at the Malmo nursery in Sequim, spread fir bark around the perimeters, put in a sizable patch of W.Walla onions... looking good.

C made a considerable entry about our San Diego trip, so I won't, but will concur that it gave us a lot of vacation in a hurry. Pat & Len DePew showed us much of the city, and over to Coronado and the loony old hotel that was in The Stunt Man, and after leaving them and their condo we did well enough in the aging Park Manor hotel on the edge of the Hillcrest district--continental breakfast in a goofy cabana/reception room on the roof, overlooking downtown San Diego in the distance! And Hillcrest felt quite comfortable to us, an area of coffee-houses and small bookstores with (maybe) enough movie theaters and restaurants around to keep it viable.

April 5--Almost 7 p.m., and I'm at the desk wondering why I agreed to be on a radio show over KUFM/Missoula in half an hour, to take call-ins about This House of Sky. I evidently came out of the winter sick of forever saying no, so I let myself say yes a few times, and everywhere I look this week there's something I said I'd do. Meanwhile, the writing on Bucking continues to be tough and patchy, although when I finally made time this

5 April cont.--afternoon to sit and think and plan a little, tomorrow's pages started to look less daunting.

On various fronts of this book biz, there has been some movement, although I'm not sure it's real progress. The Penguin re-doing of covers on the announced basis of we-wanna-keep-you-happy is producing better illustrations, by Kalispell artist Linda Tippetts, than the books had, but I've only been able to curb the worst of the busy, multi-elemented ~~the~~ cover design; they're going to be pretty good covers but I think without any aspect of classic--a year or two from now, they'll be looked at as trendy at the time, oh yeah, that's when everything had to have a colored stripe down one side... Doubtless I'm impatient of all of this--the cover re-design, the swollen spots in the schedule--because I can't rewrite and edit it as I do manuscripts; sort of kind of half-good is about all that's achievable on a lot of this, and I'm not much interested in that.

Sunday, we lucked through on the weather, managing a morning hike around Lake Union, 7 miles, with John and Jean Roden, under only a little spatter of showers, before rain moved in later in the day. It's still chilly and rainy.

12 April--Busy, busy, Jesus, busy. Am managing to paw out the 3pp/day on Bucking the Sun and looking ahead, maybe in another week, to some revise. Considerable stuff to catch up with, here, such as: lunch w/ John and Jeannette Davies, of Lincoln, England, courtesy of Gordon and Linda Dodd, @ Ivar's--John telling of overhearing a local visiting some kind of Lincoln (I think) museum which has D.H. Lawrence memorabilia, the local pointing out to his friend in a wall set of Lawrence family pics: "Knew 'er...went to school with 'er... didn't know 'im, he wrote moocky books..."

14 April--On the anybody-can-write-on-a-good-day the ory: will do this entry while pandemonium of furnace-and-duct cleaning is going on, this morning--giant vacuuming and applications of compressed air, the place sounds like an airport runway.

Bill Lang was in town overnight, so we met him for supper at the Big Time Alehouse (which also sounded about

14 April cont.--like an airport runway) and then the three of us went to Eric Nalder's reading on the UW campus. I did a blurb for Eric's book, Tankers Full of Trouble, and thought it was a whale of a piece of work, Eric such a demon investigator that he ended up knowing more about oil tankers than probably anyone else in the world. And as C said, it made a difference that the 3 of us went, a small but full-of-questions audience turning out.

Beforehand, I picked up at the UW Suzzallo about 190 pp. of Fort Peck Dam articles, photocopied for me from Engineering News-Record and the like by Liz Babbitt, a student recommended by Glenda Pearson. I'm hoping ~~it~~ the material will give me next weeks' worth of pages, and then maybe I can switch to a couple-of-pp/day-and-revise schedule, put the grindwork of first-drafting behind me, on through the summer. Maybe. This has been an up-and-down week, as most are, and y'day fortunately produced 3 reasonably serviceable pp. I didn't know I was going to write, Owen and Charlene's trip to Grand Coulee. If I can lodge myself in between this day's clamors and chores, there's just enough rewrite to be done on the final scene of ch. 3, moving the houseboat, to net me the needed pp.; tomorrow is going to be a scramble again.

21 April--This whole damn week has been a scramble, with today at last bringing me out on top of the first Charlene-and-Owen scene, I think. These introductory scenes of the various Duffs here at the start of the 2nd ch. are appallingly intricate, as I want them to carry character, information, and some passage of time, without seeming laden. So, I've been eke-ing out one additional page a day, in this week's rewriting, which as I told Carol will mean that the revision of this ms will take a mere three years. Anyway, maybe over a hump now, and I could use some downhill going.

Oddly, or maybe not, this tough week took over immediately after a sensational weekend in Vancouver celebrating our 29th anniversary. We love the ~~English~~ English Bay side of the city, and so when the venerable Sylvia Hotel told us it was full (fortunately), we went over a few blocks to Denman Place and the Coast Plaza

21 April cont--

Hotel that rises out of it like a 35-story concrete grain elevator. Weekend/senior rate wasn't bad (\$95, in Canadian), so we said what can you give us with a view of English Bay? 31 stories up, our ~~via~~ room offered not only the bay, with 13 freighters swinging at anchor, but Stanley Park, the Lions Gate Bridge festooned with lights at night, the ski runs in the mountains beyond all lit up, on around to the Bayshore--some 200 degrees, I figured, of stunning view. And that night, after decent dinner at the Fish House in Stanley Park, northern lights shimmered and bannered. Easily worth being married 29 years for, we agreed.

This year's first snit about being edited-by-the-New-York-Times: phone rang this afternoon, Agnes Green~~sed~~^{sed} (?) of the "Sophisticated Traveler" supplement, saying there were two tiny changes in the text of my "upfront" I did for them about our nuts-and-bolts guitar-playing figurine. What, I say. One was clunky but not mortal. The other was that Agnes's boss had changed my line "Careerwise, doesn't take much to imagine this is him when he played backup for Ian Tyson" to "this is he..." This is he when he played...? I asked incredulously. Agnes said she didn't like the change either, but it was explained to her as in line with the "it is I" proper. ~~Remember~~ Listen, I said, it clumsies up the sentence, and what's more, you can pass along that this is precisely why I won't write for the NYT Book Review any more, this kind of thing--there's no sense to my stretching my imagination on the page if the copy-editing then warps it back to a prissy rule. I'll talk to my boss, said Agnes. Five minutes later, she called to say that she had fought the good fight and I had prevailed. Owe you a drink, Agnes, I told her.

25 April--Have taken today to organize and think, and feel I may have done myself some good on Bucking, although ch. 2 still looks ungodly complex to fit together. Anyway, will try make a couple of new pp./day tomorrow, Th. and Fri.; probably should take Wed. to begin on LA Times review of Oxford History of the West.

Weather brightened this afternoon and I managed to

25 April cont.--spend about 45 min. gardening. Last night we socialized, at Mary Lou and Peter Block's place in Woodway--the Blocks, pleasant people we've met through Linda Sullivan, who worked w/ Mary Lou in Edmonds.

Nixon's death has been much in the news--R.W. Apple, apparently on some sort of generational cachet, has been writing about it incessantly in the NY Times, daily thumbsuckers--but nobody is asking the pertinent questions. Such as, has anyone actually seen the stake through his heart? and are we sure he'll be buried face-down so he won't dig back out?

4 May--Today made a difference, did it ever. The set scene of the 1st day of work at the damsite went together about 20 pp. worth this very day, as I worked 3 shifts on it myself, 5:30-10 this morning, 11:15-12:30 when C came home, then, after a nap and walk, 2-3:30. The ms page count of reasonably readable draft, apart from the much higher bunch of rough draft, is now 70-some; for an ungodly long time, it was in the 40s, which gave me what might be called the agony of the slows.

C and I treated ourselves nice at the end of last week, Sat. lunch at Ivar's on the waterfront and Friday lunch at the Provinces, our new--current, rather--heartthrob in Edmonds. On Friday we'd intended to do a quicker lunch, taco salad at Quintana Roo. In we walked, to be met by a waitress backing out of a restroom to frown at us, rubber gloves on her hands from, probably, scrubbing the toilet bowl. That should have turned us around right there, I suppose, but we went to a table, with the fiesta music blaring from overhead. I asked the waitress if it could be turned down some, got no answer as she sort of slapped menus our way; Carol asked, can it be turned down? and she snapped yes and did so. Came back, now determinedly cheerful. When we ordered taco salads she said, oh sorry, I'm out of lettuce. Quintana Roo is now permanently out of us as customers, too.

One further bit of evidence that all fools ain't dead yet. Y'day's mail brought a blurb request from Sasquatch/Books/The Weekly, on an anthology (the table of contents, really) of Northwest literature put

4 May cont.--together by the latest in their succession of dabblers who handles book reviews. No Doig, natch. I simply put it all in the waste basket in record time, but the temptation was mighty to tell them, "It's going to take a while for me to do justice to your blurb request, so please be waiting by your fax machine on June 31st."

16 May--'94's initial 6 months of bootcamp on the Bucking the Sun ms is now down to 6 weeks, and it still feels an awful lot like work. I hope to add 10 viable pp./week, getting the total of readable stuff at the start of the book up to 150 pp., but it stays pretty stubborn, although Mondays always seem particularly so.

Have intended to report the next, well-nigh inevitable bit of The Weekly incident. Not much sooner than I had tossed their anthology blurb request-taunt-whatever it was than I thought, You know, about what's going to happen next is...and it did, pronto, another even longer but considerably more throat-clearing, sorry-to-bother-you again cover letter came from The Weekly, along with the ms of Jack Nisbet's David Thompson book. I can about ~~the~~ picture that sequence, the anthology request having been sent off to me with a heh-heh-heh, then they turn to the next book on their list, Jack's, and ask him who can they get a blurb from--oh, drat. Nothing against Jack, but I've already given at the office on this ms, finding an agent for him, doing a letter of support to Houghton Mifflin when they were considering the ms, and I'm just going to let this go by. More than partly because 1300-1400 of my last week's 2000 words went to the Los Angeles Times' review of The Oxford History of the American West, a.k.a. the Ox of the West, @ damn near 900 pp., and I've felt weary as hell under this "normal" workload and just will not spend evenings and weekends reading every ms and galley that comes along.

Rodens were here Sat. night for dinner marking their anniversary, an evening which got off to a start by John, thinking about a financial deal, forgetting he was ~~running~~ running to here instead of Amy Mates's, and Jean and I hunting him down on the road after he was more than half an hour late.

21 May--9:15 Sat. morn, the Doigs waiting for the weather to clear a bit. C is attacking the piles of clippings on her desk and simultaneously the laundry, while I've been trying to ease my way out of allergy grogginess.

The Bucking the Sun weeks remain tough, although at last the fiendish ch. 2 is edging ahead enough to join into several-page set pieces that I did earlier--I closed down y'day with the ms attaining the saloon floor-laying scene, which hoisted the consecutive pp. total to, thank god and at last, 116. I really reached something like despair, early in the week, when I kept totting up the colossal arithmetic of pp. yet ahead, with only about a year and a half of writing time left to divide into them, but if I can maintain the 2-and-2 schedule I've been doing--2 fresh pp. each day, but also a minimum of 2 added to the ch. 2 consecutive total--until the last week of June, the task may look more doable.

Possibly because of the pressure of the writing, and I suppose an attendant attitude in myself that I'm at pure work and don't have any of me leftover for more minor stuff, I've been getting ticked off at petty annoyances. What I called a "fool tax" this morning, when C remarked on a \$10-plus long-distance call in response to a Bruce Brown fret, more on which anon. One day this week ~~there~~ there was, first, a call from Bill Kittredge asking me to intervene with permissions people so that his Viking anthology of western prose can have a House of Sky excerpt for \$200 instead of the asked-for fee of \$900. I put in the phone call to Harcourt and since have thought, why the hell should I have to? The money isn't the point--Bill the K doubtless assumes, correctly, that I've made a bundle out of my writing--but being left to the tag-end of the permissions gathering, as this time and even later and more hectic and importuning when they were putting together The Last Best Place, so that I can then nice-guy the antho'sts out of their budget crunch is something I believe I will now cease. It's not fair to the permissions people, who are professionals at what they do and are supposed to produce what they can in the way of fees, to invoke the writers into the process; Bill "explained" that he has only a \$10,000 permissions budget to cover 50 writers,

21 May cont.--but where the hell did that figure come from, in this day and age? So, anyway, half a step behind as usual when something like this leaps out at me, I'd better start figuring posterity can take care of itself and they can anthologize me or not on a plain old businesslike basis. That same day, came a phone message from Dave Ringer, sounding so down-in-the-mouth that C and I were both alarmed at hearing his tone, saying he wanted to come out and see us sometime this next week. From my point of view, there would go a night's sleep, the next day's writing and Christ knows what else, with Dave coming out at the end of it just as he'd been at the start, so I called back ready to go meet him on neutral ground somewhere, have lunch or meet him after work or whatever, to see what this godawful thing was that had befallen him. When I reached him the next afternoon, he was astonished I thought he'd sounded bedraggled--in essence, what he had on his mind was that he wanted to double-date, show off his writer cousin to his latest ladyfriend.

And quickly, Bruce Brown, to close this irascible little Book of Guys. A month or so ago Bruce left a phone message saying he needed to talk to me. When I reached him, he talked and talked and talked, I think--utterly understandably--unhinged by some bad news about his wife Lane Morgan's health. All sympathy to him, there. But what he needed to talk to me about was his try at getting Liz D. as an agent: the other unhinging event he'd had lately was Barbara Grossman's leaving of Scribner's in the aftermath of the purchase by S&S--a development which had taken him utterly by surprise, although his current book project is supposedly about corporations. I kept thinking, my god, what did he think, none of this applies to publishing? Anyway again, I had the feeling I fairly often get anymore, when these someday-this-tug-at-your-sleeve-will-feel-comical interruptions happen, that I wish I knew only women.

2 June--Another day, another editor fewer. Liz called this morning, about 10, with what I had already semi-picked up on the local grapevine/semi-deduced, that Gary Luke has taken the job of heading Sasquatch Pub'sns. (I'd heard it as "one of Ivan Doig's former editors," which when I thought down the lengthening list made me suspect hmmm, maybe he's not quite former yet...) I must have sounded more than unruffled, as Liz said, "Nothing fazes you." She, on the other hand, can't avoid something like constant exasperation, at all the moves and demises in publishing. Anyway, I told her I'd picked up a hint of this beforehand and had been about to send off a blithe sounding-out note to Gary asking him to meet with me when he comes out here for the Pac NW Writers' Conference next month, which at least now I don't have to do. It's not as if we have long careers invested in Gary, we agree, so what do we do next? Liz suggests that a S&S editor named Becky Salatan might be a good next for me; or I could shunt to the Scribner's imprint, which Susan Moldow is the new publisher of; or I could just not do anything until I get enough ms together that I want it looked at--or until I get the whole ms, even. Told Liz I want to think it over, will call her tomorrow or more likely the week of the 13th, when she gets back from Maine. She said she'd meantime find out what writers Becky S. has edited. And I'll need to check with Michael Jacobs somewhere in this, too, see what his inclinations are.

Been a tough little week; as I said to C this morning, it's both just getting started and about to be over. But Memorial Day was worth it, a fine sunny morning for the walk around Lake Union, done by us, Linda/Sullivan, Ann McCartney and Norm Lindquist, and Eric and Jan Nalder. Then afterward, at Linda and Jeff Sager's terrific redone Phinney Ridge house, architect Ton Johnson and his wife Barbara, and Bill and Marilyn, whose last name I've lost, but Bill is an engineer who works with Linda on the enormous West Point sewage treatment project. Good skewers of barbecue, potluck salads from the rest of us, a few beers, nifty company; a classy day.

5 June--Late Sunday afternoon, with an enormous week coming up. Simply wanted to note down Friday's writing, which was of the sort that--I hope, I hope--ultimately pays off. I had just thought up the next sizable set-scene, Owen going off into the Wheeler night to bring Hugh out of his spree, and knew I couldn't get very far with it, beginning on a Friday. So, I began trying to get the day's necessary pp. by editing the material waiting beyond this scene, but meanwhile tinkering away with set-scene ideas and details. The weather was better than forecast, good enough for trips to the garden and some sitting on the patio, so I paced my way through the whole day, some staring at the garden, some sitting in the sun, thinking all the while; and by 4 that afternoon, I had 2 fresh pp. of pretty good dialogue, then stuck with the editing to get the 2 pp. of that, as well. Anybody can write on a good day...

15 June--Considerable water under various bridges since ten days ago. Mainest news is that C read the ch. 1 & 2 ms to date, 225 pp. w/ a dozen yellow-sheet gaps of scenes to come, and thought it was fine, the story galloping along. Then some central news this morning, that Viacom fired Richard Snyder as head of Simon & Schuster. I'm no fan of Snyder, but this can hardly be good, putting the FUD factor--fear, uncertainty and disarray--into the S&S staff. There is no forecasting how things are going to stand 2 years from now, when this book is to be in the publication process, so I have to just tend to my word-knitting, see what obtains.

Publishing has a quite remarkable way of giving off some major convulsion in New York whenever I'm starting to feel I'm over a hump in the writing. The grindwork of the past $5\frac{1}{2}$ months distinctly lifted, some, this week as I roughed the ms into clean-copy readability. (Worked through the dim-weathered weekend to do so, but that's another story.) Ideas have been flowing readily for the fill-in scenes yet needed in ch. 2, and while C was ms-reading y'day and is choring on the house this morning, I've been sorting unused draft material--a chore that stacks up remorselessly, but when I can take time to face it, as now, yields some nuggets. Part of the physical easing-off I'm trying for in the ms process

15 June cont.--is to work during bum weather so we can scoot out in any better weather, and so today, middling but at least not blowing a gale as it's been the past few days, we're going out soon for some walking and lunch somewhere.

We had a majestic Friday, the 11th, lunching at Ivar's with Annie Proulx and then to Sarah Nelson's high school graduation. Annie first: solidly built, with a French face (Yves Montand and Jean-Paul Belmondo had the quality I'm thinking of here, now-handsome, now-not) that looks a little different in every angle you see it at. And smart, and savvy about the book biz, willing to do the booktour trudge etc. that needs to be done. Also, damn well her own person; we picked her up at the Alexis Hotel just minutes after she had turned down the White House's invitation to the state dinner (Emperor of Japan) last night. Typically, too, I think, Annie herself likely wouldn't even have mentioned this to us; I heard about it from our shared agent Liz, and brought ~~up~~ it up in conveying Liz's request for Annie to phone her pre-WHouse.

C read Annie's winning-everything novel The Shipping News and greatly liked it, while I'm awaiting a calm week off to pick it up, knowing that Annie's prose has a powerful pull and not wanting any of it tugging at my own word-making. Newfoundland evidently truly won her over; she told us she's bought a big old house, that's she's seen only from the outside (it's on a gloriously stark point of land, as she described it), by phone, for \$2000 Canadian. She thinks it's 14 rooms and knows there's work needed; the Newfoundland friend who called to tell her available said--and Annie can do the accent terrifically--"the kitchen flure's a 'ump to 't." The Newfoundlander also assured her when she asked if the house had high ceilings, "they mus' be six foot 'igh!"

29 June--Home, early afternoon y'day, after 4 fine days on the Olympic Peninsula. My 55th birthday, on Monday, featured splendid weather, and a classic day when we went up to Hurricane Ridge in the morning and then hiked D'ness Spit after lunch. Some fine moments of wildlife on this trip, a bald eagle (being harried from behind by a gull) passing over us about fifty feet away during one of our

29 June cont.--hikes on the Spit; also a loon and a pigeon guillemot seen on the spit; and on Hurricane Ridge, deer, deer, deer, including a meltingly Bambi-ish fawn alongside the highway, and an engaging pair of marmots, behaving as Carol said like a cross between koala bears and monkeys, who let us come up very close on the path along the ridge east from the park lodge. Huge views on that Hurricane Ridge trip, of Victoria and the San Juans and the iceberg-like summit of Mount Baker above the local clouds on the Cascades. We spent 3 nights in our favorite back cabin at the Juan de Fuca Cottages, new skylights and north windows with a view to the Strait and the Spit since we were last there, a wonderfully cozy place improved by Sheila Ramus's knack for commonsense tinkering and perseverance in the way she runs the place; she told us she's torn down 7 buildings--a proliferation of sheds--since she bought the enterprise, and she's also removed the back fence, leaving a spectacular meadow of chest-high wild grass waving in the wind and the sunset light, back there. We got off to a semi-advertently good start on Saturday the 25th when we made the 7:10 ferry and avoided what was already becoming a backup and wait, then with the fine hiking on the Spit and the pleasant cabin, C and I relaxed pretty promptly and unusually thoroughly, my body wanting to lie around and rest whenever we weren't on the go in our hiking boots. C provided me with a pint of Old Turkey, some Turkish apricots trail food, a fine birthday card, and a Safeway celebratory frosted brownie with b'day candles on it, for my #55. May they all go so wonderfully.

Am about to break this off, and go out and buy a new bedframe in an attempt to end the damned saga of my-bed-that-squeaks-every-time-I-roll-over (a new boxspring and mattress, bought early this year, didn't solve it), but when I get back to this will report on what seems a promising new editor, Becky Salatan, divined for me by some combination of Liz Darhansoff, Gary Luke and Michael Jacobs. But now, to Aurora Avenue and Sleep-Aire.

1 July--Wintry. Wind has been whooping through, while the sky is solidly threatening but of course yielding no rain. Carol and I did remarkably well in catching the 4 days of good weather for our Olympic Peninsula trip--it's been so-so or worse ever since.

After the 29th's diary entry, and the determined assembly of my new bedframe, we were about to have lunch when Allison Koop of Penguin publicity called with the whole schmier of my fall bookstore tour for the Heart Earth paperback to be talked over. It would span 2 weeks, but begin in Sept. and thus ultimately be tidier to my writing schedule, and I ~~seem~~ seem to have talked Allison into flying me home (from Milwaukee) for the weekend between. New venues--Madison, Ann Arbor, Iowa City, Milwaukee--and, unexpectedly, the old one of Washington, DC; could be interesting, although about the time I'm in the airport terminal in Madison, Wisc., I'm bound to wonder what the hell I'm doing there.

To try catch up with the fact of a new editor: Becky Saelan came over well on the phone, sounding competent and thoughtful; asked me what bad experiences I'd had with past editors, I hastened to get in that I'd had no complaints on line editing etc. but was sometimes wanly published--told her Macmillan ~~has~~ reached the point where it couldn't market picnics to ants--and pointed out that when my editors really got behind a book, Carol Hill with This House of Sky and Tom Stewart with Dancing at the Rascal Fair, the book ~~was~~ did strongly. (Becky is said to have some clout of this sort, having handled the Virginia Kelly book and the about-to-be-published Tribe of Tiger, by Elizabeth Marshall, which could sell colossally to cat-owners; overall, B. handles about 1/3 fiction--says she likes stuff "with ambition and reach," and lots of characters--and the rest journalistic non-fiction and women's issues.) She's read This House of Sky, and ~~she~~ said she'd read my other work this summer; I told her to look at Rascal Fair, for size and scope I hope for w/ Bucking the Sun, and Sea Runners for the way I'd like it to move along on the pages. Her background is, I was told by Gary Luke, New York and Texas and Yale; started as a ms editor at Yale U. Press, then @ Random House where she

1 July cont.--she worked for Jason Epstein, and now 2½ yrs at S&S. She and her husband (I said, do I understand there's a Mr. Saletan? and she laughed and said there is a Mr. Messer) are backpackers, have been into some of the Southwest as we have (her husband's sister lives in Santa Fe), and would like to hike the Olympic Mountains sometime. So, onward. I told her I hope to provide her the first 4 ch., about 3/5 of the ms, around the end of the year, mid-Jan., and she said that'd be fine.

Another catching-up: Linda and Sydney. They came for supper the 24, night before we lit out for the Peninsula, and as they said, had some news. They may move to Bainbridge Island, if their offer on Sec'y of State Ralph Munro's old-timey house is accepted; they both are on the UW English Dept's executive committee (knowing this was surprisingly good news--"It's nepotism!" Linda said in happily dazed fashion, I asked how many are on that committee, figuring that for that General Motors-like dept. it might be two or three dozen: there are just SIX!), and Linda may be the next Director of Creative Writing, which ought to put her on a tenuous track. C and I were putting together a dinner of salad from our garden and barbecued fresh halibut shiskebabs, and after about an hour of saying, holy smokes, you two! I declared a moratorium on any more good news until we could cook on what was left of the charcoal.

29 July--Trying to get from here to there, as I jotted onto a yellow-pad schedule page this morning. Bucking the Sun's vast ch. 2 isn't quite done yet, though it's within sight--3-5 days' work, maybe less if I could summon a couple of good writing days in a row. Weather has gone mucky today, gray and humid, and I've trudged through some re-filing of Ft. Peck research material and little dabbles of editing, not yet facing the finishing push this chapter needs.

A considerable month, I suppose, although as ever I'd feel more sprightly about it if the ms was more in hand. Some stacks of file cards are on the loose, I'm not on top of the research files about the dam construction to the extent I'll ultimately have to be, notes lengthen down the yellow pad and pocket notebook--perking, perking,

29 July cont.--but not yet brewed. Anyway, away from the wordmaking, we:

--had possibly our hottest day ever in our Seattle life, Wed. the 20th, when the thermometer outside my window (which faces west and gathers afternoon heat) hit 96. Most of the rest of this summer's sunniness has been glorious, particularly in afternoons and early evenings.

--have the firewood in the woodhouse, the skylight trim stripped and niftily repainted, and thanks to C's administration, living room/dining room wall-to-wall carpet ordered.

--made the Fishtrap trip, 8th-11th, which I'll try to recount in a letter to Dick Brown.

--garnered a really pretty good cover illustration for the Penguin re-do of Mariah Montana.

Aug. 3--Resumption of work on Bucking, after taking off Monday--a thoroughly beautiful day--and y'day, seeing if I could flex my schedule to fit the weather. I guess I did, although it's left me trying to rev up on this muggy showery day. Worth it, though, for Monday's hike of Ebey's Landing, and then a trip across on the Fort Casey ferry to Port Townsend, and on to Port Angeles for a stay in the semi-goofy but wonderfully situated Hill Haus Motel, where we watched the Victoria ferries come and go. Hiked on Dungeness Spit the next morn, although only about half as far as usual because of fog and a stiffening wind to walk back into. Came home, ate crab for supper, agreed it was pretty good living. A fine trip for wildlife, too; a bald eagle flew by our Ebey's Landing lunch spot on the bluff at eye level with us, and on the ferry we watched an orca surfacing and disappearing off Fort Casey; buillemots and a kingfisher at Dungeness.

Sunday night, Linda and Sydney took us to the Provinces for our birthdays. They're amid a house-buying project which, if it comes through, will take them to Bainbridge Island and more distant from us and the current 40-blocks-apart set of routines than we'd like, but bless their inventive heads nonetheless.

C predicts that today she has spurred a stock market

Aug. 3 cont.--rally by transferring \$100,000 of her CREF pension money into the non-market TIAA (but which pays 6.75%). We are nearing \$1.6 million in financial holdings, not counting the house and artworks, and in a mood not to put up with the perversities of the stock market, which has lately been reading ~~not~~ any good news on the economy as bad--inflation gonna get our mama, the Fed-led thinking goes.

On firmer home ground; we have just finished a glorious monthlong season of our raspberries, and tonight begin on our bush beans.

9 August--The vast chapter is done. At least into readable draft. At 50,000 words, I think Bucking's ch. 2 is my longest ever; it severely has felt like it, the past six and more months of hammering it out.

Celebrated by going to Ivar's on Pier 54 for lunch, and now, nearing 3 in the afternoon, we're about to walk the loop of the n'hood.

10 Aug.--Bonbon of good weather, this day, apparently my reward for bearishly emerging with a 250-p. chapter. Ph'copying yet to be done, and sorting of research, and thinking/planning, and facing-the-fact that I'm farther into the year than I wanted to be at this point of ms production and there's a slew of travel not far ahead, but this much done on Bucking the Sun is a major relief. C says it prances right along as a read, and so the intricate but skippety view of this ensemble of characters may be working.

At 7:15 this morning we headed out to walk Green Lake, a notably nice endeavor there, perfect breeze blowing (rarely) down the usually uncomfortable west side of the lakewalk and the baby-carriage traffic and demon bikers and rollerbladers having not yet started up. Since coming back I've called Allison Koop of Penguin publicity about how I want Crown's annual belated plea for a booksigning to be handled, and noodled with the Bucking a ms a bit, and now it's nearly lunchtime. When the weather is this good, and for the most part this summer has been as agreeable as last summer was nasty, C and I marvel at the pleasantness of this house, its pathways of breeze and the play of light. A summer

10 Aug. cont.--place, truly.

Speaking of matters of quality, on y'day's lunch outing to the waterfront we veered by Elliott Bay bookstore and among other things picked up the signed copy of Doctorow's *The Waterworks* that had been put away for us. I began reading it last night and like it a lot--could never quite stay with *Ragtime* etc.--but what I want to note is the book's knockout cover, striking, evocative of ~~itself~~ the book's time and place, all the good stuff you want on there in simple elegance; and of course done (the artwork, at least) by Paul Bacon, whom Macmillan described to me as semi-retired, pretty much lost his touch. The decision, back there at Mariah Montana, to try do something different with my covers is one I now wouldn't go along with, if I had it to do over; but as my man Lucas Barclay said, there are so damn many ways to be a fool you can't avoid them all.

12 Aug.--Regal in my new desk chair. Fresh from Office Depot y'day--C had spied it there some weeks ago, and y'day I finally was at the point of ph'copying 90+ pp. to make a full draft of chs. 1-2--it has no-nonsense lumbar support and a good high back; 1st day in it has been dandy.

Have spent the day mulling *Bucking the Sun*, wishing to hell I had filecards usably sorted, and a clear line on how the research ahead ought to go, and so on.

Weather has continued fine until a foggy morning today (although the fog came in only after we did our early-morning walk of Green Lake), and is now sunny, at 20 to 3, as we're about to walk around the n'hood. Birdlife has been spectacular; Stellar's jays in the driveway these mornings, C just called me out onto the patio to watch a hawk riding a spiral right over our house, and after watching the hawk we realized a California quail was noodling atop our fence, in typical indecision, about 15 feet from us.

22 Aug.--Just back from Northgate, biennial-or-so shopping to shore up the socks-underwear-pajama situation. But worked this morning on ch. 9, going forward from last week's launch into the 3 chs. (4, 7 and 9) which focus on the sheriff. Some of the material feels pretty

22 Aug. cont.--good even here at 2nd or 3rd draft, and it'd be a considerable gain on Bucking if I can get them into shape, or nearly so, by the time we leave on the Montana/Idaho trip right after Labor Day.

Socialized a bit last week, John and Jean here on the 14th for sockeye salmon I grilled on the Weber barbecue, and Tony and Lee Angell here on the 19th for rib roast C did in the oven. (We've grilled quite a lot, mostly for ourselves, this summer, taking advantage of a glorious run of sockeye available at Bud and Dot's fish store in Edmonds and a good corn season, especially now that C has found a street-market vendor on Crown Hill.) Tony and Lee arrived a bit at odds over his habit of getting dressed to go out, then going off and doing some last-minute sculpting, to some detriment of his shoes this time, but he 'fessed up in our presence and a good time was subsequently had. We're more and more admiring of Lee, able to go with the flow of a household which has Gavia at just past 2 yrs old (busily asking Tony in public, he says, "Show me belly-button," and when he does, she advances to "Show me nipples") and the college-age twins in and out; plus which, she's 5 months along on their next little Angell.

And ah, the literary life, which last week featured Tom Lyon's whimpery how-could-you-do-this-to-me letter about my criticism of his Ox of the West literary West essay in my LA Times review, then a phone message from a checker at Seattle Magazine (I'd been asked for a quote on how to give a public reading) wanting to know how to spell my name, and to end the week, a movie-fringie guy who's a buddy of a Northern Exposure actor called about supposedly wanting to option The Sea Runners. Sighed about the first two (though I also wrote Tom Lyon back, which almost certainly will do no good) and sicced the movie guy off toward Pacific Rim, property-holder of the Sea Runners.

Today is gray, increasingly so, but we've had a lot of exquisite summer weather, particularly in afternoons. C and I have been reminded what a lovely summerhouse this is; now if we can trek more successfully through winters in it... This glorious summer has been marked by plentiful

22 Aug. cont.--birds, such as jays making a claim on our driveway, sporadic flickers (the latest message-sending one I noted, earlier this summer, was using the metal backstop of the softball diamond in the park as a resonator), usual chickadees, recent young speckled robins trying to figure out how to robin, and, also earlier this summer, hot-eyed towhees. The summit of the summer, though, came last Friday afternoon, when the weather turned so succulent that C and I each flopped flat in lounge chairs on the patio and dozed a little--until abruptly there were quail everywhere. A chick or two under Carol's chair, a worried adult male going woo woo, others of the covey up onto the roof and one or two into the trees. We'd watched with delight a couple of times as the adults shepherded the trio of chicks into our driveway and guarded them while they skittered and grazed and took little dustbaths, but this time there was none of the clucking that attended that, they simply silently blundered into us. Much gawking and fluttering and regrouping, and they all ended up safely in the rhodies ~~by now~~ at the back of the patio.

A last note on the weather; this remarkable summer, when everything grew early, has felt like it's going into an early autumn, the fall hint in the air noticeable about the 1st of August instead of the ~~now~~ usual mid-Aug. Today when we made our customary walking loop of the couple of miles of the neighborhood, that pensive autumn air held a bluish Alaskan light, the Olympic Peninsula mountains and shore and cloudbanks looking very much like the coast so much farther north.

29 Aug.--Another day of mesmerizing weather, blue and crisp and beautiful, when the forecast had called for morning clouds. Now, just past 10 a.m., the quail were in the driveway, 7 of them of 4 or so different stages of development; the biggest "chick," about half-grown, has a tiny Mohawk topknot where its crown-feather is coming in. The adults are gorgeous, their apostrophe of feather up there, and the storm-streak patterns of their breasts. More diary entry, I hope, after some more deskwork, but I wanted to dab this down while fresh.

Sept. 10—Glasgow, a.k.a. the home of the heat bomb; y'day morning, while we having breakfast in our room before going to Fort Peck for dawn, the temperature gyrated from 67 to 93 in about 15 min., then fell back to 68. Temperature inversion and a dry thunderstorm accounted for it, says the GF Trib.

We ~~xxx~~ spent from 8:30 until about 2 poring over the dam construction archives in the basement of the Ad Building, grabbing off by photocopy a considerable batch of useful material. The two staff people, JoAnn Solem and Stacy Braaten, couldn't have been sweeter about helping us, and so, coupled with the good luck at the Carter ferry across the Missouri and the helpfulness of ferryman Ron Haaland, we've done exceedingly well on this trip. The Cottonwood Inn here, where we're ensconced for 4 nights (2 down, 2 to go), has clicked for us too, a quite good room and better than decent restaurant. We fix our ~~own~~ own b'fast in the room--cereal and sliced banana, coffee from the lobby--and eat yogurt for lunch wherever we are, then tank up at supper on ribeye steals.

Sept. 14—Bozeman, holed up in the Fairfield Inn for a rainy morning.

Behind ~~us~~ us, the entire wedge of Montana northeast of here. We left Plentywood at noon on the 12th, the far point of Bucking the Sun research; got as far as Forsyth that night, and were here in Bozeman a little before 11 y'day morn. Since then, we've had a terrific lunch in Bacchus' Pub, a terrific supper at The Bistro, and paid our respects at Mary Jane's terrific Country Bookshelf, which my reading/signing tomorrow night will begin the 20th anniversary celebration of.

So, while we have piled up the miles and worked through the weekend and been ruthless against the enthusiastic socializing offered us by a couple off Glasgow's civic folks, the results for the novel I think have been good. Info about the dam project divers, which I much wanted for Bruce's role in the novel and hadn't figured out how to get, was beautiful there in the Ft. Peck basement archives, along with more material about the big slide, the construction of

Sept. 14 cont.—Owen's dredges, and other strong material. Two days in a row, ~~for~~ once at dawn and once at 1:15 p.m. (time of the slide), I looked over the ~~x~~ dam and its environs, C clicking pics, and we did the same in Glasgow for scenes of the sheriff in the nursing home and FDR's '37 visit, and then in Plentywood for scenes of Darius and the Reds, and along the way on the roads my characters travel. As ever, the ~~maxim~~ main formula is to persevere. We began collecting Missouri R. sites, in my notes and C's pics, at the Carter ferry not far out of Gt. Falls, the morning of the 8th, and it wasn't until our very last crack at the river, 4 days and several hundred miles later, at the bridge south of Culbertson that we found a piece of the river to match what Owen saw in his first view of the dam site. And last Sunday, the 11th, I set up manuscript shop in our Glasgow motel room and put dozens of stick-it tabs of crx or ideas into the scenes relevant to our researching.

It's been notable to us that the Highline towns, at least the more sizable county seats, look much better than in '89, when they struck us as stunned and decrepit. It's still thin on the ground—the Cottonwood Inn at Glasgow served us quite well for 4 days, a considerable test for a motel; only one shakey night in the restaurant kitchen, when the Sunday night cook couldn't grill ribeye steaks anywhere between slaughter-raw and charred on one side—and the little towns wane and wane. Plentywood again~~y~~ was the impressive exception to the long curve of decline; tidy, prosperous, functioning, results of a diligent Norwegian and Danish population and oilfield money. Interviewed Myrtle Waller, who had worked in the Sheridan County recorder's office in the 1930's and on, and she told a hilarious story of her family's old homestead coming up for oil lease renewal, the \$15/acre they'd long been getting being superseded by a promise of \$250/acre but not yet a firm bid, when along came another bidder who listened to their explanation of the other promise-but-not-yet-a-bid, shook his head, went off and came back saying he could go no higher than \$260/acre: which the family snapped up.

(cont.)

Sept. 14--So that has been the Bucking the Sun trip, except for a stint in the MSU Special Collections tomorrow, and now to catch up just briefly on the night of grace which began this Montana stay, as similar ones have launched so many of ours, an evening and overnight at the Welches'. As C noted, everybody was mellow, good feeling of doing what we do--4 books out or on the way from the 8 of us: Jim's wonderfully handsome Killing Custer, there among us in his first-and-only copy which had arrived that very day; Bill Bevis's Borneo Log slouching toward production at UW Press; Annick's book of essays being edited, also that very day, at Milkweed Press, and the paperback off Heart Earth accounting for our being in town. Title stories predominated:

--Jim's title, which we all think is superb (and I loudly stuck up for ~~it~~ to a Norton sales honcho, when Jim's editor Gerry Howard had expressed some doubt about it), came from Juliette Crump, who simply popped out with it one night when the Welches and Bevis-Crumps were talking about Jim's Little Bighorn book from the Indian point of view. Juliette, who is a modern dance prof, has some remarkable literary eddies in her mind; she, of all the Missoula gang, has tuned in with me on the pizazz of Australian writers such as David Malouf, for instance.

--Annick badly needed a title, her original Went to Montana having been nixed by Milkweed, and her 2ndry Rainbow at Midnight (from an old Ernest Tubb song) sniffed at by the rest of us as sounding New Age-ish. I suggested Homesteads, but that likely won't take.

--Bevis needed a subtitle for Borneo Log, having cumbered an academic description onto his title page originally; it took Kittredge about 15 seconds to come up with "The Battle for Sarawak's Forests" for him.

--Bill the K, meanwhile, for his Knopf book of essays which he kept plenty vague when we asked about them, claims he submitted the proposal with the title "All Frogs" and the contract came back filled in, "for an untitled work of nonfiction."

As has so often been the case, Kittredge also had my favorite story of the evening, occasioned by his

Sept. 14 cont.--recent experience of waking up in the night after a party and finding a homeless guy (who left behind, Bill says, his "binky", a blanket so foul Bill didn't want to touch it), "stoned as a North American can be," piling up Bill's compact discs and trying to figure how to append Bill's computer into the swag. Until this, Bill says he has never locked house nor car, and so there was the time, years back when he was living with a woman named Patty, when there was a break-in and some stuff taken. Bill called the cops, then realized, holy smoke, half the drawers in this bedroom have Patty's marijuana in them. He scooped up all the stashes, rushed across the back yard and dumped all the weed in the garbage can. The cops arrived, took a quick look around, and ~~said~~ said, naturally, Hey, that must be the guy's tracks there in the snow of the back yard, and started to hare out across to the garbage can. NO NO NO, Bill said, it's okay~~ym~~, that was, um, me, not him, honest...

Sept. 19--6 miles west of Ketchum, in Rosemary Bogner's handsome and Teutonically quaint guest cabin. I have wrestled the drip-into-carafe coffee setup, cussing, every morning; the indoor toilet is semi-public; and C has made her own diary entries of the mixed charms here. The setting, though, is priceless--a willowed fast-running little river just beyond the cabin's deck, with big sentinel cottonwoods on the other bank, and the pine-forest mtns above that; plus an exquisite grove of aspen, obviously carefully nurtured, here in the cabin compound. Last night in the bright moonlight there were shadows of aspen leaves on the aspen trunks outside our bedroom window.

Also last night, the reading at the Ketchum Community Library and the booksigning afterward, run by the Main Street BookCafe people, both clicked. I'd had a nagging headache all day--eventually it dawned on me that my reading glasses are wildly out of alignment, and my regulars and sunglasses are a bit askew too, from so many times on and off during this trip--so whether it was to take my mind off

Sept. 19 cont.--itself or what, my reading of the opening pieces of Heart Earth was about the best I've ever done with that, and it's one of the bravura ~~pieces~~ sections of all my "performance" selections. The sound system was perfect--the Ketchum library is a stunner, sumptuous with \$\$ from somebody--and there was a turn-away crowd of 120. Afterward, the Book-Cafe people sold books like bandits, by and large hardbacks of Heart Earth, a la the Country Bookshlf in Bozeman, and they'd already sold 100 books of mine before we hit town. So, this has been a venue worth doing, in spite of the small-town infighting which early on had me grinding my teeth.

The weather couldn't be better, clear and crisp, and we have today as a kind of last hurrah, before the big stint of driving to ~~the~~ Moscow, the public doings there, then getting ourselves home and unsorted; it keeps being a shock to me that ~~a~~ a week from tomorrow I'll be in Washington, D.C.

Sept. 26, TWA flt 429 to St. Louis, seat 1C in 1st class (which is good news - mediocre news is that all rest of ~~this~~ ^{the} plane load will now file past my right elbow).

Bright fine day here in Seattle, overly auspicious start to downhill side of 2mo booksigning season. The Montana & Idaho pairs of ~~the~~ signings all went splendidly, but today & next 2 will consist of evening readings & some signing-up of stock, & Milwaukee also looks like a pallid schedule.

We got home from Idaho on Thurs, & both spent days since fighting chores, tooth & nail. C looked genuinely relieved to begin school year this morning. I left most of sorting of research material garnered on trip to be done when I resume ms work, but did manage to label 1st 3 or 4 sets of slides C took at Ft. Peck & Glasgow. Made some real progress on household (not counting our desks): re-finished coffee table & C's re-done chair spill up living room.

Waiting on runway: TWA so far is a thought-provoking airline. The pilot looks more like a private - an elderly hard-used one - & arm of a seat came off, 2 rows behind me, & was nonchalantly stored in overhead bin.

5:30 - & now onward to Washington,

Sept. 26 cont. - after a circling - in-the-soup above St. Louis for 20 min. & a similar wait on runway, just now. I did have time to call Gil Jarnett; just a hello.

So far so good, in terms of body, back, etc., although I'm going to feel as if I've had a laboring day by time I reach Barceló Hotel.

Some catch-up on Idaho trip: about 150 people in audience, @ both Ketchum & Moscow. 50 or so had to be turned away at Ketchum library. At U. of Idaho, Mary Blew intro'd me wonderfully, & while I didn't feel as exactly on as I'd been in Ketchum, I think my speech was close enough. As I grinned & said to Mary after her intro, "Not bad for a pair of skim-milk ranch kids, huh?"

Sept. 27, am 1012, Barceló Hotel, Wash. D.C. - The arrival @ Wash'n Nat'l was livelier than wanted; what I'd thought were odd flashes of plane's landing lights actually was a hell of a thunderstorm, classic jags of lightning & thunder loud enough to be heard in the plane. Our 1st try @ landing was called off, & plane circled at a distance from storm, for about 10 min. Then a downpour as I took a taxi into city, but I had an unemployable cabbie from Eritrea, who'd just come back from there on a 33-hr trip full of dismals such as being held in plane, on runway, for 6 hrs in Rome - airline claiming it

Sept. 27 cont. - was awaiting a spare part, thus avoiding a terminal fee. More thunder-showers forecast for today; this is somewhat like summer weather here.

• Barceló is an okay hotel - room at least is nicely spacious, a big sitting-room area where I'm at work on this desk, & so on, quiet. Alison Korp of Penguin publicity called pronto after I arrived, mostly with news that I'm to cat myself around to (the not very many) events here rather than have a \$300/day escort. Should be able to slip in the signing-up of stock @ Kramer's & Chapters after mid-day phone interviews today, & gain tomorrow to myself, until meeting Linda Miller et al. for dinner @ 5:30 & then Olson's reading.

Sept. 28 - Rogues' gallery of cab drivers will be a main memory of this D.C. stay. Last night, out to Politics & Prose, a laid-back with-it black guy, in a spotless natural gas cab, couldn't have been better; then on return trip, a motermouth white guy who recited to me whatever he knew about whatever topic occurred to him. & this morning, a sulking Slavic driver much perturbed because I wasn't an airport/are - shades of NY!

Last night's doings went fine, although it makes for a helluva evening of work to do

Sept. 28 cont. - a reading, then a signing, then an hour on radio. In this case, Wisc. Public Radio, & Jan Weller did a good job of announcing not only Mil'ker & Madelon readings but ones in Twin Cities. Pretty good crowd @ Politics & Prose, maybe 50 - among them, writers Jim & Mollie Dickenson, & Springbrook High teacher who uses This House of Sky in an advanced class & always brings a covey of students. & a # of displaced Montanans & other westerners, as ever.

Had the forepart of today free, & so called (Chm. sukk) to Canadian Embassy on Penn'ia Ave. to see Bill Reid's miraculous ^{brassy} ~~sculpture~~ "Spirit of Haida Gwaii"; the best piece of art I saw all day, though I did cross street & spend a couple of hours in Nat'l Gallery. I much liked George Bellows paintings, & Winslow Homers, & Geo Caleb Bingham's "Jolly Flatboatmen" - what am I, middle-class to core of my cores? Had lunch & in beneath-ground e. wing concourse, where there's a fine staisstep waterfall-window-fountain to watch. Then hooped, on increasingly tired feet, to Nat'l Museum of Amer History, for a quick fix of railroad & maritime stuff. & now I get ready to go & do this night's work, at Olason's Metro Center bookstore.

Sept. 29 - Except for a sneezing fit, as I was trying to start this morning, I've done okay here at the Barcelo in D.C.; got some days of editing & writing done on Bucking scenes I brought with me, & now (I leave for Nat'l Airport in 15 min.) rest of day will be transportation, until I end up reading at a Schwans bookstore in suburban Milwaukee tonight. Am leaving D.C. just as good weather finally arrives, bright crisp autumn after dreepy semi-humid feel of the past 3 days.

Last night at Olsson's? Well, okay by the 30-to-50 audience standards in these bookstores, if judged by comparison to big readings out west. The 3 dozen or so who came to hear me did buy a fair number of books, & Olsson's had me sign up 50 or so HE's to share with their other several stores. Dinner beforehand in frenziedly noisy & crowded Capital City Brew Pub with Linda & Fran Miller, Linda taken with the scene, she said because she hardly ever gets "downtown" from suburban Potomac, Fran liking it because she is downtown every day for her job & she'd heard Cap City is an in place to go. They've both had travels this year, Linda's Eli afflicted with a rare & irreversible disease - "he knows

Sept. 29 cont. - his life "is over," she says, & Fran's Luis-from-Paraguay not yet marrying her, wedding having been postponed a couple of times & two of them apart, because of his new Paraguayan diplomatic career etc., the past several months. Fran's living at home with Linda, & they seem to be good for each other.

Oct. 2 - About to hit road again, on NW fl #156 to Minneapolis. Good recuperative weekend @ home, which I needed after last Fri. began w/ a ~~car~~ canceled fl. in Milwaukee & subsequent long stint on line there to get on a United fl & a nearly 1/2 hr steady hike thru O'Hare in Chicago because United uses Terminal 1 instead of American Airlines' Terminal 3. Bedraggling as that was, Milwaukee produced a good audience of 50+ @ the Schwarz Bookstore in Brookfield, & I did ~~some~~ much. best reading of the trip. Also set a new personal record for bookstore-tour cab fare: \$70, the ride from airport hotel to sign up stop @ Audubon Court bookstore n. of downtown M'Pee & then on out, far west, to Schwarz's.

A fine Linda-Syd interlude for us last night, dinner with them @ Provincers. Our last before they move to Bainbridge Island. Carol & I have a sense of loss, the two of them over there instead of 40 blocks away, & while both pairs of us will try our best, distance is bound to mean less of us in each others' lives. One of times we can make is to meet them downtown for a film or play series.

Otherwise, my brief stay @ home featured a lot of paper-shuffling, winnowing mail etc., though I did achieve logged goal of finishing labeling all of C's research slides from Ft Peck-Plentywood trip.

Oct. 3 - Cold rain on Minneapolis, & so far this morning I'm only semi-functioning in this semi-functional Whitney Hotel room. Considerable taste on display here, but no chair or table, for instance. So I'll do day's 1st event, a radio interview on a Wisconsin Rapids station, from edge of bed. It's just draining on me, thru this morning's reluctance to gear up for the day's book trail, that I'm past the 3-week travel mark & thus in slough that sets in after that. I hope a finishing-kick starts happening.

Was picked up at airport by Jerry Clemens in his peep Grand Cherokee last night, & we had a beer together in hotel bar afterward - his is off @ a northwoods resort, in rain as it turns out, for a 3-day meeting having to do with her education reform job. Jerry is getting a kick out of St. Paul Pioneer-Press having named them one of Twin Cities' "power couples."

4:20 pm - 3 interviews, a noon-hour signing & 2 stock-signings later, I'm trying to get this room's lack of a table & chair solved; mid-sentence here, a somewhat wobbly card table showed up, at least better than wildly wobbly one which was presented first. I must at least have a shot @ getting some writing done tomorrow morning. This has been a gramin-filled day; phone connection broke off @ 25-min. into 1/2 hr radio interview this morning (I pondered a moment, hung up, & interviewer was able to

Oct. 3 - re-dial me), & Iowa City feature writer called a few minutes before my escort Tim Hedges delivered me back to hotel, although we were a few min. before interview time. (I called her editor, she eventually got back to me & did a pretty decent interview.) The major item of the day so far, though - Minn. Public Radio with Mike Edgerly - went very well. Now to shave & shower, go have a beer & a steak sandwich, then meet Tim @ 6:45 for 2 more stock-signings & then the Hungry Mind reading.

Oct. 4 - The Whitney, Mmpls - Making do in this ridiculous hotel room situation, on the canttable jammed in a corner against both walls, with bath towels stuffed along those edges to quell its wobbling & banging. I did discover from young escort Tim Hedges why The Whitney is ~~so~~ used by publishers (& of no book touring writers here y'day, including Doris Kearns Goodwin out a - Eleonring & Franklin-ing); escorts love place, isolated as it is from downtown traffic - they can zip in & out of here to pick up authors. I also figured out strange proportions of place - my room has an appx. mly 14' ceiling, which gives room odd feel of a tastefully done minishaft - when I noticed all old grain elevators - Congill & Pillsbury concrete silos of yore - in this n'hood; Whitney began life as a flour mill or some such.

Oct. 4 cont. - Fables of booktrail lodgings notwithstanding, I'll do some ms editing & tinkering here this morning before my 1 p.m. flight to Madison. & bookstore events went fine last night; Tim & I whipped around to 2 more signings-of-stock on our way to The Hungry Mind, & there I had a standing-room only crowd & sold a strong number of books. Many ex-Montanans, from college students to grayhairs, in crowd. & one of the stock-signing stops, @ a Borders god knows where, introd'd me to new SXS sales rep for this area, Jill Hoffman, who's been clerking there; also, Valerie Miner whom C & I met @ Fishtrap was to read there that night, & I left for her one of my business cards with note on it: "Ain't bookstore trail fun?"

Oct. 6 - In a rubberland Saab 340, en route to Iowa City. This is, I think, most ramshackle plane interior I've ever been in - left armrest missing from my seat, sharp broken edges showing at back of armrest casing on seats in front of me, stained seat fabric, general grime of hard use on overhead bins. Welcome to airline world, where my hope is that Swedish solidity will hold plane together.

This'll be last of roadshow, and likely a letdown @ Prairie Lights

Oct. 6 cont. - after standing - room
crowds - past 3 nights in St. Paul,
Madison & Ann Arbor. I hit my best
performance level @ Canterbury in
Madison, & was almost as "on" in St
Paul, then could only manage an okay
reading @ Borders in Ann Arbor last
night, put a bit off stride by awkward
played reading area where audience
sat mostly on either side of me & mike
system threatened to pop my consonants.
Maybe good enough, under y'day's cir-
cumstances - 250 mi. in car w/ escort
Shirley Carp as we drove all but a
few hours of a 13-hour day getting to
interviews & stock signings.

Quite a social agenda on top of tour
work. Supper last night, pre-Borders,
w/ Tom & Beth Holden: as Tom said,
when our meal arrived & I leaned
across & looked askance @ his spinach-
omelette w/ fresh spinach leaves poking
out & ~~he~~ told him if eggs didn't
kill him spinach might keep him
alive, "Nothing has changed, Doc!" -
shorthand banter & affection we had
in college. Then, ~~on~~ presenting himself
at signing afterward was a blushing,
diplomatic grey-mustached fellow who
began, in a manner I would recognize
in deepest Africa, "Tom Holden was

Bill & cent. - not only person here to-
night from your Northwestern days,"
I yelled "Dick! Croaker!" and
bearhugged him. Still classy, Dick
Croaker - inimitable has always been
one of my favorite humans. & he had
been talking to Jerry Ackerman's
daughter Suzanne, a U of Michigan
sophomore, who in one of great leaps
of genetic advancement with help of her
mother's height & facial bone structure
not only doesn't look like pear-shaped
Jerry but does look like a young
Marcel Hemingway.

The Madison social contingent, the
night before, was Mark Wyman, called
to Wisc. by his father's illness, &
then Peter Carstensen showed up.
But we went afterward for a perhaps
insensitive beer, on part of Peter &
me, as Mark's doctor brother Brian -
who was with him - has had an al-
cohol problem & Mark himself won't
touch stuff anymore. But as Peter &
I said, when something was said about
going s'where for coffee or tea, we don't
dare have any more caffeine, given
day each of us had been through.

11 Oct.--Full-tilt days, fuller than I want, since deplaning from the 2nd week of the Midwest booktour. Floyd right now is 40' up in one of our dead cherry trees in the backyard, fiddling with ropes and making up his mind how to fell the fork of the extremely tall gangly tree. He and his 2 helpers have been chainsawing away since 10 this morning, and there'll be another inning tomorrow as he bucks up the firewood and runs branches through a chipper. This is always wearing, between the noise and making sure Floyd and his never overly astute helpers do what it is we want done. Any mistakes they make at least are not vastly financial; the other chore I'm trying to wrestle to the ground this week is what to do about our ~~in~~ brokerage accounts at Piper Jaffray, where our deliberately chosen little old lady brokerage went off and got wildly drunk on derivatives.

Mornings, I have put my nose back into the manuscript, reworking--with Glasgow scenes fresh in my eyes and C's new pics from our trip--the short chapter of the sheriff in the rest home. Have helped the scene a lot, both with some detail more deft than what I had and with a bit of deepening of the sheriff's deliberate orneriness.

The previous diary entry was en route to Iowa City, in that rundown small plane, and so a Prairie Lights report. Waiting for me at the airport was a short round man, somehow unkempt despite industrial-strength suspenders, and I thought uh-oh. Very soon I was thinking uh-er and oh-er as he, Paul Ingram, pronto got lost in the cornfields as he tried to find ~~the~~ Kirkwood Community College where I had a public radio interview to do. It helped matters not at all when Paul blurted that he couldn't believe he was getting lost for the second day in a row at this--Julia Alvarez y'day had got really mad at him, says he--and then when ~~waxdick~~ I divined that what we were looking for was standing on the horizon as the tallest thing for a hundred miles, the radio station transmitter tower. I got Paul a bit focused by reminding him I hadn't had lunch yet and grow harder to get along with the longer I go without it; nonetheless the radio interview went especially well, and a bit buoyed by that, was responsive when Paul began talking books as he drove us to Iowa City (the airport actually 30 mi. away, at Cedar Rapids.) What a bookman!

11 Oct. cont.--The first person I think I've ever encountered who could talk Ismail Kadare-Linda Bierds-David Malouf-Mary Clearman Blew with me, just like that. Well, okay, a little directional flummoxing is forgiven, I told myself. I became even more charitable when he showed me the sharpest idea I've ever seen for the nightly woe of chairs for the audience--the white plastic patio ones ("They only cost 3 bucks apiece," Paul shrugged) that nest together in stacks 25 or 30 high--and when he told me that they throttle the noise of the espresso machine, the bane of all readers in sites next to coffee bars, by filling the doorway to the coffee shop with a styrofoam cutout.

Comes the reading, and they broadcast it live over the U. of Iowa public radio station, Paul sitting in a high chair intoning "Welcome to another evening at Prairie Lights" and the reader and the audience-with-questions having to fill the next hour. It went well, another standing-room audience, making it a clean sweep of maximum crowds in St. Paul, Madison, Ann Arbor and Iowa City; so much for my pre-tour mutters about whether anyone would turn out for me in that part of the world.

14 Oct.--The book biz gauntlet. All week, since coming home from the Midwest airplane travel with a feeling like something small and nasty had died in my sinuses, the cold finally took hold on Thursday. And so, off I slogged to the Crown store in Lynnwood that night, through the first heavy rainstorm of the season, and sold (as I had forecast) virtually no books; y'day, down to Pacific Pipeline to sign up stock, always a useful gesture, then to a noonhour signing at the Bellevue Barnes & Noble, selling a paltry number of books (as I had forecast, too); and last night, the Elliott Bay reading. To the horror of Rick Simonson and his assistant Curt, the microphone system had gone on the blink and the pursed-up troubleshooter wasn't managing to shoot the trouble. At 10 min. past the scheduled starting time I said to Rick, OK, let's just do it mikeless; Rick said this-would-happen-when-you're-fighting-a-cold-it's-never-happened-to-us-before... I had them get me a mug of hot tea to take to the

14 Oct. cont.--podium with me; jettisoned any lingering notion of reading a bit from Heart Earth (told the audience I'd already read from it there so many years in a row the bookx seemed as long to me as War and Peace), and did the Bucking ms section about the 1st day of work at Fort Peck, using sips of tea as the scene breaks. The one bright spot was that the cold had deepened the timbre of my voice, and so I was able to project pretty strongly. In the audience were Douglas Brinkley and some of his Majic Bus tour students, filming me as part of the documentary they're doing of their semester of travel and visits to writers (Doug, history prof who's the biographer of Jimmy Carter, runs this from the U. of New Orleans). Beforehand, we had a fine meal at Umberto's with Mark & Lou Damborg.

25 Oct.--Heavy weather supposedly on the way, rain tonight and 1st windstorm of the winter tomorrow.

4:15 now, on a day when I've had to fight the manuscript all day long for any progress. The cold that has dogged me for 2½ weeks is down to a dry cough, but my full energy isn't back; C showing signs of coming down with it today, damn it, after having sailed through in fine style while I was at my croakiest.

Out of the quite considerable past, today in the mail from U. of Nebraska Press came 2 copies of Greg Morris's book of interviews with western writers, titled Talking Up a Storm. 4, 5 years ago, when he interviewed me? I only remembering trying fairly determinedly to be opinionated, so now I'll see what the opinions were.

31 Oct.--First snow in the Olympics, welcome sight when we made our around-the-n'hood walk today. Welcomer yet was that the high winds which had been warned of--65 mph gusts--didn't eventuate this morning.

This is Halloween, a dorky in-between holiday in this suburb, with a few kids coming to the door some years, none others, and always the possibility that whole troops of them may come. So, C has set up a bowl of apples, coins and sweets for little fists to plunge ~~themselves~~ into, if any little fists come knocking, and as we mulled this last night, C mentioned that it was Goosey Night--

31 Oct. cont.--the prank night before actual trick-or-treating on Halloween--when she was a kid in New Jersey. No kidding, I said, and went to the Dictionary of American Regional English, whereby I told her she is part of one particular little patch of history. P. 737: "goosey night...In Passaic County and adjacent portions of Bergen, Morris, and Essex, Goosie Night is the usual name (for the night before Halloween)...'mischief night'..."

As for me, the real holiday has been relief from my 3-week cold, which began to lift ~~last~~ on, I think, Friday. The previous Saturday, I had simply slept or lolled virtually all day, and then had a big night's sleep on top of that. This Saturday, we went to the waterfront and Ivar's for fish and chips and draft ale, and also whipped a number of household chores. If my intentions hold up for the next few min., I'm at last going to be able to resume on my Nordic track exerciser, too. Along with this has gone greatly sharper work on the ms; y'day, Sunday, was overcast and uncertain, and I simply sat down and redid about 5 pp., around the arrival of Darius, which had distressed me in my first try at them during the week.

9 Nov.--So many Democrats went down in flames yesterday it was like a meteor shower. Our own Rep., Maria Cantwell, who as far as we could tell was diligent and adept as they come, lost. This is a country that doesn't really want to be governed, simply catered to, and now at least it'll be the Republicans' turn in the bullseye.

Other than the depressing swash of politics, life has been going pretty well, C with the majority of her fall quarter behind her, me with steadier progress on the ms. Tonight Linda and Syd come and we go gorge ourselves at the Provinces, and Saturday night C and I get away to a night at LaConnor. Sufficient unto.

24 Nov.--Thanksgiving, 9:05 a.m., the stuffed turkey just went in the oven, and around noon the 16 or 17 people of this year's occasion will begin gathering. C hired some housecleaning done on Monday and I hired Andy the yard guy to use a blower on the driveway needles and leaves y'day, so the getting-ready has felt somewhat easier, although I spent a numbing day y'day sorting Bucking materials and

24 Nov. cont.--fighting to clear some desk space. Much is now tucked out of sight, but at least I have surfaces to work on now.

I calculated the remaining pp. on ch. 3 y'day and found I have $104\frac{1}{2}$ done, an estimated 65 to go, with $18\frac{1}{2}$ of those in rough draft. It's a measure of this big book that I felt, hey, not bad, only 65 more pp. to be done for this chapter... This hinge section of the book seems to me thought out enough by now that I'm in a kind of buzz about getting it done; the sensation is a sort of constant hunch that if I could put in a couple of weeks of long and efficient work--get in a zone, as Marcella Walter says--I could whip this chapter. But more likely I can't muster &/or sustain that amount of energy, this far along in what already has been a year of much work, and it'll take me 4 or so weeks to pat out the pp.

This poor damn diary has been so beleaguered I ~~almost~~ don't think I've noted our new car--'95 Honda EX, which so far seems nifty.

2 Dec.--Now it is December and @ 3 this afternoon, I sat and drank green tea and watched the snow fall. Reward, finally, for the recent brutal 6 pp./per day-into-readable-ms schedule. It has brought me to 130 done pp. in ch. 3, with another half dozen in scraps to be fit in, and now I think I can go to 5 pp./day across the next 7 workdays and pretty well have the ch., except maybe for a zingy portrait of Proxy Shannon, in hand by the time we go to San Francisco on the 16th.

Dinner w/ the Walkinshaws the other night, ~~keyed~~ keyed as I knew it would be to Jean's having landed a grant to do a public TV show on western writers and now wanting, good ruthless producer that she is, to land amid my schedule and talk and shoot. It takes a good deal of fencing back and forth, which Jean seems to come to fresh every time, while I recall her periodic phone calls throughout 1981 when she would brightly ask if I was done with my novel yet (S_{ea} Runners) so we could get going on the Winter Brothers show and I would say every time I will be done by the end of this year and will be available to you in Jan. '82 as I promised. I of course like her too damn much to turn her down on this western show (and the show of course could do me a little good,

2 Dec. cont.--although it sounds like a long succession of talking heads), but I do have to watch ~~the~~ carefully that she doesn't wipe a couple of weeks out of my book schedule.

And, ah, Thanksgiving, which I haven't managed to commit to these pages. A good successful one, the turkey terrific--moist without being greasy--and the champagne flowing (an enduring image is Mark Damborg going around elegantly, towel over an arm, serving and serving from the big cooler of classy champagne bottles he brings every year) and people talking, talking, talking (Linda Sullivan w/ Colin Purrington about the Darwin-studied plant that he's now studying in his evolutionary biology post-doc at U. of Chicago; Richard White w/ Carol and me about the round-up-the-usual-historical-suspects that Ken Burns is doing on his public TV on the history of the West, despite having Richard and other New West historians aboard to call on) and then the day's major eating (star dishes seemed to be Norm Lindquist's ratatouille, our turkey, Cathy Acker's always celestial applepies, Beverly Purrington's green salad) and finally, having waited out the rain for 15 minutes, a good un-rained on walk the $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles around the Nthood. This year's lineup: Mark and Lou Damborg, Ann McCartney & Norm Lindquist, Richard White & Beverly Purrington & Colin, Jack Gordon & his partner Mike Conlon, Peter Rockas & Cathy Acker, Linda Sullivan & Jeff Sager. Missing, Tony Angell & Lee Rolfe, due to Lee's 24-hr stomach flu.

13 Dec.--Slouching toward Bethlehem's season, trying simultaneously to get something done and ease off into the San Francisco-Monterey trip we hie off to on Fri. Three days in a row of fine bright weather; today was a bit too chilly to work outside in, but Sunday C and I pruned the little plum trees out back (plus, she went on to whack at the cherry tree on the patio side of the house and I to my blueberry bushes) and y'day I went out and thinned and moved raspberry canes.

This very minute, C is grading exams on the dining room table, which she chose earlier in the afternoon for its sunniness, and tomorrow she'll had in her grades and be finis with the quarter. I'm still grading myself on Bucking the Sun, having been over-optimistic in my last

13 Dec. cont.--entry about how close to done I'd have ch. 3 by the time we go to SF. I'll have nearly 160 pp., pretty much as I'd thought, but there are still going to be more than half a dozen short scenes, and whatever longer one I do on Proxy's background, necessary to make this complicated chapter parse. So, there's possibly 2 weeks' work yet, to whip ch. 3. Then I-don't-know-what to spruce up chs. 1-2-4 for the big swad to be sent off to agent Liz and editor Becky, but I hope to Christ it doesn't take more than January.

Sunday we were visited by DeWitt Daggett, now of Paonia, CO, freshly unbearded (his was coughdrop-box Smith Bros. length, at least) and apparently happy to be back in the Rocky Mtns country and amid some funk and granola-ism. We're likely to go see him in Paonia, a part of the West we've never been exactly to, at our earliest chance, but that might be '96. As to our ex-Audio Press tapes, DeWitt is mulling what to try to do with NorthWord, which proves to be pretty much clueless in merchandising anything that doesn't have an animal embossed all over it.

22 Dec.--Back from our miraculously sunny trip to San Francisco and Monterey/Pacific Grove. The weather was so extraordinarily good (while the weather map showed Seattle pounded by rain daily) that we walked and walked and walked: in SF, from Nob Hill through Chinatown and North Beach all the way to Fisherman's Wharf; at Monterey Bay, 2 morning hikes at Point Lobos; and sundry walks along the Pacific Grove beach trail and in Monterey and SF as well. Doubtless 6-8 mi. a day, and C has remarked on how much better she feels with that amount of exercise. (This morning we kept it up, going to Green Lake @ sunrise, and being rewarded with some spectacular coloration in the feathery high clouds; now, 9:40, the day has grayed over.) So, a well-nigh invincible trip, to match last year's Palm Springs set of days pre-Xmas.

Our San Francisco lodgings were high style, the Fairmont, with as extravagant a lobby as we probably ever want to see--marble-pillared and decked to the teeth for Xmas, including a rotating 35' tree decorated to an Alice in Wonderland theme. Come nightfall, the Fairmont lurched and clamored with parties, with people

22 Dec. cont.--in formal wear; the lobby would be positively teeming when we would come in, 11-ish or so, from our little version of being on the town. Our 1st night we simply walked down the hill to the Hansberry Theater to see the James Baldwin musical play, The Amen Corner; pretty well performed, though the script needed about a half hour of cutting. The next night was ballistic logistics, getting ourselves out to the St. Ignatius church (cathedral, it looked to us like) near Golden Gate Park. After chewing the matter over, we decided to rent a car a day early and drive ourselves out, and thank heavens we did, as there wasn't a shred of an eating place, or anything else germane, near S_t. I. We in fact flummoxed around a bit even with the car, at first giving up on trying to park in Haight-Ashbury to eat at Cafe Paradiso and then, having parked conveniently back at the church, finding ourselves staring across a black yawning valley of many blocks back to the Haight; so, into the car again, and this time we found street parking within 3 or so blocks of the Paradiso. After a beer and supper, back up the hill toward the church, this time grabbing the first parking space we saw within at-all reasonable walking distance, which turned out to be only a couple of blocks. As we came around the corner, we saw a line of people along one entire side of the church, which was to say nearly a block. Luckily the queue was moving, and C grabbed a place in it while I went in for our will-call tickets; we later figured that the church must hold around 3,000! It was vastly worth all the logistics, though, to hear Chanticleer, the 12-man a cappella group who seem able to sing anything, and make their small number of voices ample for even such a big (and beautiful; gray and gold) church. Their presentation is own-the-stage mastery, too; they opened in utter darkness, the dozen of them then coming out singing and each carrying a lit candle; the 2nd half of their performance, they walked through the cathedral singing, grouping here and there in fours or more. Truly a great experience, seeing and hearing Chanticleer.

26 Dec.--A day which began for me here at the desk at 5 a.m. but which, coupled with yesterday's stint (yes, on Christmas; the rainy day had to be passed somehow until we went to the Rodens' for holiday dinner at 4:30) has edited the first 70 pp. of Bucking into New York presentability. This is the kind of leg up I'm going to need to get the 1st 4 ch. off to Liz and Becky in January; even when I burnish the rest of the opening ch. there's probably a solid week of work on a couple of inserts and revamps it needs, and likely there'll be another 2 weeks to entirely spruce up ch. 3. How damn good it feels, although in a wired, coffeed-up way (even though I'm not), to bring a major percentage of this book into hand.

A good time was had y'day at the Rodens'. Jerry & Lisa came from Mnpls again this year, so we all caught up on our job perils and lambasted the world.

Up until today C and I managed dawn walks around Green Lake for 3 morns in a row, sunrise color in the sky ranging from marvelous to good. And she has pegged away at cleaning her desk, while I did necessary yr-end arithmetic for my Def Ben pension plan.

To revert to our Calif. trip: after the Chanticleer night we headed to Monterey (after a morning walk around Nob Hill), the weather continuing beautiful. We sorted motels in Pacific Grove with the due diligence we always put into the situation there, and as last time ended up in the venerable, just this side of seedy, Sunset rm 18 again. The room is actually one of the few in Pacific Grove with a view out through and over tree tops to the ocean surf (we chuckled this time because the snooty wood-shingle chic Lighthouse Lodge that's been built next door obviously had to strew its pricey units around to preserve the view corridor from ol' rm 18), but it had my eye cocked the first night because (a) it was chilly and (b) the only heat is a big old electric wall panel which clangs with expansion as it warms up. But luckily (and with a little help from masking tape that I slathered around the worst of the old aluminum window frames) it didn't freeze us out at night and the wall heater didn't bang after it got heated up. So, a funky port for three nights, and the days we spent

26 Dec. cont.--walking and walking (2 glorious stints at Point Lobos) and eating well (2 fine meals at Gernot's sumptuous Victorian House, which unhappily is up for sale) and , in finale, visiting the Monterey Aquarium again. A traffic nightmare--2-hour delay and detour down a mountain back road in a million-car convoey of other hung-up drivers--awaited us in the Santa Cruz range between Santa Cruz and Los Gatos, and then 2 severe accident delays on reliably charming I-5 south of dntn Seattle on our way home for the airport; but the trip itself to Calif. sunshine paid off wonderfully again this year.

This Pacific Northwest Booksellers Award is particularly beguiling to me because it's for a book which takes place considerably in Arizona--but then, I've always thought the rest of the world would be improved if it were annexed by the PNBA.

One way or another, my books have always been about community. The loving and warring community of the family, in *This House of Sky*. The community of time, in *Winter Brothers*. The community of desperation, perhaps, in *The Sea Runners*. The community of a state--Montana, from then to now, across a century, in the *Two Medicine* trilogy. ~~And~~ In *Heart Earth*, the horseback and sheep camp generation of my parents, the community of the lariat proletariat.

(remarks @ Pacific Northwest BookSellers Awards banquet, Spokane, 3/12/94)

And more than ever, in the forty-some bookstores where I read from and signed Heart Earth last fall, I saw the ways in which community is made, too, by books and their stores. It says something heart-clutching about our times that, on this swing around the bookstore circuit, a good many of the inscriptions that I was asked to put into Heart Earth were to a mother with cancer, or a son with AIDS, or in memory of a husband died young. A world of emotion stands on line inside your bookstore doors.

There are times, too, when it scampers in a way to take your breath away, as when the current student body of a one-room school that my mother went to showed up in line in Bozeman--all seven cute-as-kitten grade schoolers who are the future of Ringling, Montana. And times, also, I wouldn't dare make up in fiction--such as the evening I spent at the Rocky Mountain Book Fair in Denver, ostensibly signing books between Steve Sandalis and Clarissa Pinkola Estes--better known to all of you, of course, as The Topaz Man, who models for romance covers, and the author of Women Who Run With Wolves. Pretty slow evening at my table, parked between those bestselling two, and so I found myself thinking things like, do Topaz Women Run with Wolves? Do women run with topaz wolves? Do running women wolf down topazes?

Well, we'll just have to watch the bestseller lists and see... In the meantime, though, what I heard over and over from the more than three thousand people in your bookstore lines for Heart Earth--what all of us whom you are honoring here tonight hear over and over, is: keep writing, so we can keep reading.

Bill Stafford told us how, in his poem, "Lake Chelan":

"They call it regional, this relevance--

the deepest place we have: in this pool forms

the model of our land, a lonely one--

responsive to the wind. Everything we own

has brought us here: from here we speak."

Here, to those of us who are Pacific Northwest writers, I think means not only specific geographies, but galaxies of imaginative expression--for it is my utter belief that writers of caliber can ground their work in specific land and lingo and yet also be writing of that larger ^{country,} ~~community~~ life.

Doig, Jones among winners of Northwest book awards

BY DONN FRY

Seattle Times book editor

Seven writers, including two Seattle-area authors, have been named winners of the 1994 book awards given by the Pacific Northwest Booksellers Association.

The awards also include a new



Ivan Doig

prize, the William Stafford Memorial Poetry Award, named for the late Oregon poet. It went to Alaska poet John Haines for his recent collection, "The Owl in the Mask of the Dreamer," published by Graywolf Press.

Seattle writer Ivan Doig was recognized for his memoir "Heart Earth" (Atheneum), and Thom Jones, a fiction writer who lives in Lacey, was named for his first short-story collection, "The Pugilist at Rest" (Little, Brown). Jones' book was a nominee last year for the National Book Award.

The other winners are Portland writer Barbara J. Scot for "The Violet Shyness of Their Eyes: Notes from Nepal" (Calyx Books); Alaska writer

Velma Wallis for "Two Old Women," a retelling of a native legend published by Epicenter Press of Seattle and Fairbanks; "Indian Creek Chronicles" (Lyons & Burford), by Montana writer Pete Fromm; and "Railroad Signatures Across the Pacific Northwest," a study by University of Idaho historian Carlos A. Schwantes, published by the University of Washington Press.

The Pacific Northwest Booksellers Association, a trade group representing 670 book stores, publishers and sales representatives in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Alaska,

Thom Jones



gives the awards to writers, illustrators or publishers from the five-state region. For this year's 29th annual awards, a selection committee of booksellers evaluated more than 150 books published during 1993.

Thom Chambliss, PNBA executive director, said yesterday that the winning writers would be recognized March 12, during the association's spring convention in Spokane.

Ivan and Carol Doig
Montana / Idaho
September 1994

Tuesday, September 6.

Missoula.

Jim and Lois Welch. (406) 549-6713.

Wednesday, September 7.

Helena.

Dave and Marcella Walter. (406) 442-0306.

Thursday through Sunday, September 8-11.

Glasgow.

Cottonwood Inn. (406) 228-8213.

Monday, September 12.

Wolf Point area

Tuesday, September 13.

Sidney or Glendive.

Start Heart Earth promotional tour.

Wednesday / Thursday, September 14-15.

Bozeman.

Fairfield Inn by Marriott. (406) 587-2222.

Friday, September 16.

Helena.

Dave and Marcella Walter. (406) 442-0306.

Saturday, September 17.

Salmon, Idaho.

Stagecoach Inn. (208) 756-4251.

Sunday / Monday, September 18-19.

Sun Valley, Idaho.

Private home. (208) 726-9226.

Tuesday, September 20.

en route

Wednesday, September 21.

Moscow, Idaho.

University Inn. (208) 882-0550.

Thursday, September 22.

return home.



Pacific Northwest Booksellers Association

February 6, 1994

Ivan Doig
c/o Atheneum
866 Third Avenue, 20th Floor
New York, NY 10022

Dear Mr. Doig:

It is my pleasure to inform you that your book Heart Earth has been awarded a 1994 Book Award from the Pacific Northwest Booksellers Association. Our Awards honor writers and publishers whose work stands out for their excellence and importance to our region. The Awards Committee selected yours as one of seven outstanding publications worthy of our honors from over 100 suggestions made by publishers, authors, booksellers and other book fans throughout our five-state region (Washington, Oregon, Alaska, Idaho, and Montana). We hope you are as pleased as we are with your selection. A complete list of this year's winners and their books is attached.

5? PNBA will honor the winners of this award with a reception and banquet held at our annual Spring show on Saturday, March 12, at the Westcoast Ridpath Hotel in Spokane, Washington. We sincerely hope that you will be able to join us for a book signing at 4:30pm, immediately following the closing of the publishers exhibits, a cocktail reception in your honor hosted by Ingram Book Company at 6:30pm, and the banquet and awards ceremony, at which you will be asked to "say a few words" about your book, your craft, and the meaning of life. You'll have about ten minutes.

On Friday evening, March 11, we are also having a no-host cocktail party at the hotel to start the Show and provide an opportunity for the booksellers to meet all the authors in attendance (not just the Award winners). We would be most pleased if you were also able to attend this party, which will be a nice, relaxed opportunity to talk books, meet some of the Award Committee members, and rub shoulders with other authors. A preliminary schedule of the Show's events is also included with this letter for your information.

PNBA will provide you and your publisher each with a complimentary banquet ticket. Because our Show is a break-even event, we are not able to offer to pay for the other expenses associated with your appearance. It is our hope that your publisher will be able to make the necessary arrangements and absorb the costs in their promotional budgets. If I can be of assistance in providing further information or arranging travel plans, please give me a call at the number below.

Congratulations on your award, and let me express the PNBA's appreciation for your work. We look forward to seeing you in Spokane.

Sincerely,

Thom Chambliss

Thom Chambliss
Executive Director

1510 Mill Street, Eugene, OR 97401-4258, Phone: (503) 683-4363