Dimensions of the Gettysburg battlefield, such as the length and altitude of Seminary Ridge.

Altitude looks about 440 ft.
Length: about 4 miles (?)

Let me know if you want more info on this.
After frustrating two Federal attempts to penetrate the strong defensive positions at Fredericksburg and march on Richmond, the Confederates again undertook the strategic offensive. Although some consideration was given to a plan for part of the Army of Northern Va. to go to the West for an offensive, the decision to invade the North was finally accepted by Richmond authorities. It was believed that a victory on Northern soil would strengthen the growing peace movement in the North, and that it might encourage England's intervention on behalf of the South. The Confederates wanted to shift the
Battle of Gettysburg A 73: 7349 C 2976
Crisis at the Cross Roads: the first day at Gettysburg
E 475: 53 H 37
Lee's movements were made with great caution. He was anxious about his communications, on which he depended for his supply of ammunition. For though, after crossing the Potomac, he might be able to find subsistence for his army in Northern territory, yet for ammunition he was dependent upon his line of communications being preserved intact. It seems probable that his object in moving Longstreet's Corps from Culpeper towards Ashby's and Snicker's Gaps was to induce Hooker to leave the strong position which he held about Centreville and Manassas in order to attack Longstreet. But Hooker refused to be drawn from his post in front of Washington.

On the 16th Stuart's cavalry left the Rappahannock, where it had been watching the fords, and moved along the eastern base of the Blue Ridge to protect Longstreet's right flank. On the next three days a succession of encounters took place between Stuart and Pleasanton. It was the former's object to secure and hold the Gaps in the Bull Run Mountains in order to screen completely the advance of the Confederate army and to leave Hooker in doubt as to its ultimate destination.

But the cavalry engagements resulted in favour of the Federals, and Stuart was forced back to Ashby's Gap, where he took shelter before Longstreet's Corps. Pleasanton's success enabled Hooker to move further west, whilst still covering the capital, and to take up a strong position at Leesburg and the Gaps of the Bull Run Mountains, and left Lee no choice, even had he desired otherwise, to cross the whole of his army over the Potomac on the west side of the Blue Ridge. As Hooker still refused to be drawn from his defensive position, Longstreet's Corps was withdrawn to the west bank of the Shenandoah, and Stuart's cavalry was left to hold the Blue Ridge Gaps.

Lee had now completely formed his mind to invade Pennsylvania before Couch could reach it.
bks for Rosellen:
The Good Earth (Chinese women giving birth in fields...Mrs. Tidyman's approval) have
Now in November, Josephine Johnson?
Anthony Adverse, Hervey Allen:
p. 252--"I will make you die with pleasure."
p. 49--"A moment of beatific oblivion enfolded them both."
see also p. 79 & p. 249
Gone With the Wind, '37 Pulitzer
"Letters, Sh'line--
Macin "Wm out @ and 7 June" '36
Good prone position - whole body shifts to left
left arm should be directly under rifle
Dear Nancy--

Here's my shooting scene. A little background for you:

The time is 1936. The three men are the Duff brothers--Neil and Bruce, who are twins but also rivals in a lot of ways, and their older brother Owen. All three are on the big Fort Peck Dam project on the Missouri River in Montana; Owen in fact is one of the high-ranking engineers, while Bruce is a diver and Neil a carpenter. They're on a rare holiday picnic with their wives, and the marital matchups are:

Neil's wife is Rosellen;
Owen is married to Charlene, Rosellen's older sister;
Bruce is married to Rhonda, and they have a year-old baby, Jackie.

As to the rifle-handling, target-shooting etc. that I need your knowledge on, I based what I have so far on my memory of the Air Force rifle range instruction I was put through, plus what I recall from growing up as a kid plinking Montana gophers with a .22 single-shot. Some of the specifics I'd like you to check over for me, when Neil starts teaching his brother's wife to shoot (on p. 562, include:

- p. 562: shift the lower half of the body out to the left, when firing from a prone position? I seem to remember the Air Force making us take a position like this: Or should it be straight?

- p. 564: toes out OK, to anchor the lower body?

- p. 564: bottom of the page; again an Air Force firing-range instruction as a way to anchor a part of the body, although now that I think about it we were using a sling, which created a taut angle between the rifle and the elbow. Does this let-the-left-arm-lean-to-the-left instruction make any sense if the shooter isn't using a sling?

Some other details that may be pertinent or not: the rifle has an open sight, rather than a peep sight. On Neil's luck in straightening the .22's barrel, my dad actually did that after we ran over our little rifle. Anyway, anything you see that looks questionable in this scene, let me know, okay? Call collect when you get a chance, anytime in the next couple of weeks, all right?

thanks loads,
October 9, 1995

Dear Ivan,

Thanks for thinking of me as a "knowledgeable" resource for your shooting scene -- what an honor! I'm also anxiously awaiting the book to come out, now that I have been "teased" with this scene!

I've enclosed a couple Polaroid's that may help in picturing the prone position (for a right-handed shooter). The first shows the overall body position in which the whole body is shifted to the left, and the rifle is pointed straight ahead. It has been my experience that the whole body should be positioned to the left to allow the rifle to be securely mounted on the shoulder. The right leg helps to anchor the body, and take pressure off the chest for easier breathing. The toes can be in or out in this position -- whichever is most comfortable for the shooter.

The second Polaroid shows the arm position in which the left arm should be directly under the rifle, as is the case with a sling. It seems that with the body shifted to the left, the left arm will naturally want to rest under the rifle.

I've heard of rifle barrels being straightened in many fashions, such as the one you described. It reminded me of one night a couple years ago that I was out in Banks trapshooting with the locals. One fellow decided he was consistently shooting to the left of the clays, so he put his shotgun barrel between a couple railing posts at the gun club and bent it to what he felt was appropriate. He seemed to shoot much better thereafter! So, I guess there's no real method -- just whatever works!

Well, at any rate, I hope this makes sense, and helps a little. It's looking like the whole family will be back at my place around Christmas this year; it seemed to work out well for everyone last year. So, if you guys feel like hanging out with the Reeburgh's, come on down!

Regards,

Mary
Dear Nancy—

Most excellent! Your gun lore and the Polaroids both help wonderfully. I should be able to put my scene into accurate shape now.

As I told Carol when your letter came, you're going to be my second generation of Reeburghs thanked in my Acknowledgments. All is well with the book, though I have to keep pounding away at revisions and fact-checking the rest of this fall. Simon & Schuster is to publish it in May, pretty tight schedule from here on. I'll likely be in Portland huckstering the book sometime late next spring or early summer.

Duly noted about all the Xmas Reeburghs at your place. I think we're likely to hunker in here at home for the holidays, and then head for New Mexico—we're going to see about wintering in Albuquerque. Only if we don't make it through Portland while everybody is around, greet them for us.

And really, big thanks for pitching in for me on this book scene. See you sometime in '96, we intend.

best from Carol, too
Dear Liz--

Great work on my reference questions. Since I struck out, so to speak, on Snos Slaughter as a wicked-hitting baseball player to mention in 1934, would you please photocopy and send me the Baseball Encyclopedia entry on Hack Wilson of the Chicago Cubs; am adding on an extra $5 and postage for that.

Otherwise, I think that's it for now. Again, big thanks--check enclosed--and I hope Disneyland was fun.

best wishes,
Hi Ivan,

Here's the info you requested.

Photo copying cost $5.20.

I'll be out of town June 4-10 (Disney land with the kids.)

Let me know if you need more detailed answers on any of these questions.

Liz

home 644-9473
office 616-1914
Washington is stunned.

Wires Roosevelt, saying that he was not wounded.

News of Cermak, express gratitude at President-elect escaped madman’s shots.

0 President seen.

Nation is voiced that of his successor be guarded by all means.

---

To the New York Times:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—The nation was deeply shocked on hearing of the attempt to assassinate President-elect Roosevelt.

President Hoover, in his address, said the nation was in," at the country cast every vote around the President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt.

New York Times Studio Photo.
Dear Liz--

Here are the file cards with the items I'd like you to check for me. Feel free just to handwrite the information, plus the book title or other source you got it from, right on each card; I don't need elegance, just the info!

If any of these prove too obscure or stubborn, such as the Mother Machree and Gettysburg ones, don't spend inordinate time on them, just let them go and I'll rethink whether I can substitute some other reference for them. How about $100, plus your photocopy costs, for this batch, and I would like them by June 1 if you possibly can. And of course, call me if you have any questions.

regards,
What baseball team did Ducky Medwick play for in 1934?

And was he an outfielder?

Was the St. Louis Cardinals player, Enos "Country" Slaughter, playing in the major leagues in 1934? For the Cardinals, or some other team?

The address of a museum or library of the history of cameras. (I want to send them a picture of a specific camera to identify.)
Did Great Britain use hanging as a capital punishment in the late 19th century? If not, when did it cease?

correct spelling of the Irish (pseudo-Irish?) sentimental song, "Mother Machree" (or "Macree"?)

Dimensions of the Gettysburg battlefield, such as the length and altitude of Seminary Ridge.
1936 election campaign: on what date did Republicans nominate Alf Landon as their presidential candidate?

What was the exact date of the presidential election in Nov. 1936?

1933(?) attempted assassination of Franklin D. Roosevelt by a man named Zangara(?), and the death of Chicago mayor Anton Cermak instead: a copy of a New York Times story or some other complete account of when and where this happened.

Please photocopy for me the series of articles in The New Yorker, by Bryan Di Salvatore on dynamite; I think it would have appeared within the past 10 years.

a printout, or any other form of citation, of memoirs or accounts of deep-sea divers; an anthology would be particularly good.

Was David Lloyd-George ever Chancellor of the Exchequer in the British governments of Prime Ministers Campbell-Bannerman or Asquith, and if so, what years?
the call numbers & library locations (i.e., Suzzallo, UGL, Engineering, for these books:

Samuel C. Florman: The Existential Pleasures of Engineering
The Civilized Engineer

Paul Pitzer: I don't have this title, but it's a recent book about Grand Coulee Dam, published by WSU Press.

if the UW has a phone book for Helsinki or any other part of Finland, please check whether there any last names that begin with "J"; I've made up the name for one of my characters of "Jaraala" and need to know if it's feasible.

--if he can't be a Finn, is there anything resembling "Jaraala" in a major-city Norwegian, Swedish or Danish phone book?

world trouble-spots of 1935: had Italy invaded Ethiopia?
Had Japan invaded China?
If neither of these, what sticks out in, say, Facts on File or the NY Times Index or...?
if the UW has a phone book for Helsinki or any other part of Finland, please check whether there are any last names that begin with "J"; I've made up the name for one of my characters of "Jaraala" and need to know if it's feasible.

Didn't find any spelled this way in any of these four countries' capital's phone books. How about these:

--if he can't be a Finn, is there anything resembling "Jaraala" in a major-city Norwegian, Swedish or Danish phone book?

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Did Great Britain use hanging as a capital punishment in the late 19th century? If not, when did it cease?

1868 executions in public abolished in GB, last public hanging

Victoria 1837-1901 reign (World Almanac)

"Capital punishment was gradually ended for most felonies and was finally eliminated for murder by the Homicide Acts of 1957-65." Britannica

Last hanging in Britain 1964.

From reading various books etc, I believe that hanging existed but no longer in public i.e. w/o a mob scene.

Let me know if you need more information.
What baseball team did Ducky Medwick play for in 1934? St. Louis
And was he an outfielder? Yes, left field in 1934

Was the St. Louis Cardinals player, Enos "Country" Slaughter, playing in the major leagues in 1934? For the Cardinals, or some other team?

No, 1938 started

The Baseball Encyclopedia: The Complete and Official Record of Major League Baseball

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**PLAYER REGISTER**
Don Slaughter

Enos Slaughter

Slaughter, Enos Bradsher (Country)

SLAUGHTER, ENOS BRADSH E R (Country)

B. Apr. 27, 1916, Roxboro, N. C.

Hofl Hall of Fame 1985.

SCOTTIE SLAYBACK

BR TR 5’9" 165 lbs.

Bruce Sloan

B. Oct. 4, 1914, McAlester, Okla.

Sloan, Bruce Adams (Patso)

BR TL 5’9” 195 lbs.

Tod Sloan

B. Dec. 24, 1939, Madisonville, Tenn.

Sloan, Yale Yeastman

BR TR 6’ 175 lbs.

Ron Slocum

B. July 2, 1945, Modesto, Calif.

Slocum, Ronald Reec e

BR TR 6’2” 185 lbs.

Craig Smajstra

SMASTRJA, CRAIG LEE (Smash)


BR TR 5’9” 165 lbs.

Charlie Small

B. Oct. 24, 1905, Auburn, Me.

Small, Charles Albert

BR TL 5’11” 186 lbs.

Hank Small

B. July 31, 1953, Atlanta, Ga.

Small, George Henry

BR TR 6’3” 205 lbs.

Jim Small

Small, James Arthur

B. Mar. 8, 1937, Portland, Ore.

BR TL 6’1½” 180 lbs.
### AMERICAN LEAGUE 1933, cont.

| St. Louis |  
| --- | --- |
| **BATTING AND BASE RUNNING LEADERS** |  
| **Name** | **Slugging Average** | **Home Runs** | **Winning Percentage** | **Earned Run Average** | **Wins** |
| J. Foxx, Phi | .356 | 95 | J. Grove, PHI | .750 | M. Pearson, CLE | 1.23 | L. Grove, PHI | 24 |
| H. Manush, WAS | .366 | 96 | B. Ruth, NY | .694 | M. Harder, CLE | 1.25 | G. Crowder, WAS | 24 |
| L. Gehrig, NY | .344 | 82 | L. Gehrig, NY | .741 | T. Bridges, DET | 1.09 | E. Whitehill, WAS | 22 |
| A. Simmons, Chi | .327 | 76 | B. Johnson, PHI | .682 | L. Gomez, NY | 1.38 | L. Gomez, NY | 16 |
| C. Gehringer, DET | .325 | 75 | J. Lazzeri, NY | .615 | L. Grove, PHI | 1.30 | Hildebrand, CLE | 16 |
| Total Bases | 203 | 203 | J. Burns, STL | 1.39 | T. Bridges, DET | 1.14 | F. Marberry, DET | 16 |
| Batting | .364 | 203 | B. Chapman, NY | 1.59 | 27 | L. Gomez, NY | 1.15 |
| H. Manush, WAS | .366 | 114 | J. Burns, STL | 1.75 | 17 | 26 | 7.38 |
| A. Simmons, Chi | .304 | 106 | J. Chapman, NY | 1.74 | 17 | 15 | 7.38 |
| C. Gehringer, DET | .304 | 106 | J. Chapman, NY | 1.74 | 17 | 15 | 7.38 |
| A. Simmons, Chi | .304 | 106 | J. Chapman, NY | 1.74 | 17 | 15 | 7.38 |
| Runs Scored | 138 | 45 | H. Manush, WAS | 1.75 | 17 | 15 | 7.38 |
| L. Gehrig, NY | .356 | 95 | B. Chapman, NY | 1.75 | 17 | 15 | 7.38 |
| J. Foxx, Phi | .366 | 96 | B. Chapman, NY | 1.75 | 17 | 15 | 7.38 |
| H. Manush, WAS | .366 | 96 | B. Chapman, NY | 1.75 | 17 | 15 | 7.38 |
| B. Chapman, NY | .356 | 95 | B. Chapman, NY | 1.75 | 17 | 15 | 7.38 |

### NATIONAL LEAGUE 1934

| St. Louis |  
| --- | --- |
| **AB** | **BA** | **HR** | **RBI** | **PO** | **A** | **E** | **DP** | **TC/G** | **FA** | **Pitcher** | **G** | **IP** | **W** | **L** | **SV** | **ERA** |
| R. Collins | 600 | .333 | 35 | 128 | 199 | 110 | 6.3 | 897 | 108 | 110 | 45 | 317 | 15 | 0.7 | 2.6 | 3.6 |
| B. Frisch | 550 | .305 | 35 | 128 | 201 | 110 | 6.3 | 897 | 108 | 110 | 45 | 317 | 15 | 0.7 | 2.6 | 3.6 |
| L. Durocher | 300 | .280 | 35 | 128 | 201 | 110 | 6.3 | 897 | 108 | 110 | 45 | 317 | 15 | 0.7 | 2.6 | 3.6 |
| P. Martin | 125 | .280 | 35 | 128 | 201 | 110 | 6.3 | 897 | 108 | 110 | 45 | 317 | 15 | 0.7 | 2.6 | 3.6 |
| J. Groves | 125 | .280 | 35 | 128 | 201 | 110 | 6.3 | 897 | 108 | 110 | 45 | 317 | 15 | 0.7 | 2.6 | 3.6 |
| C. Davis | 125 | .280 | 35 | 128 | 201 | 110 | 6.3 | 897 | 108 | 110 | 45 | 317 | 15 | 0.7 | 2.6 | 3.6 |
| B. Whitehead | 322 | .277 | 35 | 128 | 201 | 110 | 6.3 | 897 | 108 | 110 | 45 | 317 | 15 | 0.7 | 2.6 | 3.6 |
| C. DeLancey | 233 | .216 | 35 | 128 | 201 | 110 | 6.3 | 897 | 108 | 110 | 45 | 317 | 15 | 0.7 | 2.6 | 3.6 |
provide public and private organizations, groups, and individuals long-term major help in the form of workshops, presentations, and seminars. The MHS Oral History Program strives to assist those using or contemplating using oral history produce the best interviews possible within their given resources and unique requirements from inception to completion whether it be for a single interview with one person or a project involving many interviewees.

The MHS Oral History Program also duplicates cassette tapes and photocopies of interview summaries and transcripts for a nominal charge. Cassette duplication is free if blank cassettes are supplied to the MHS Oral History Program. However, applicable postage and handling fees will still be charged.

**Schedule of Charges**

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**Photocopies**

Per page .15

Charges are subject to change without notification.

Please direct all inquiries and requests to:

Montana Historical Society
Oral History Program
225 North Roberts
Helena, MT 59620-9990
or phone 406-444-4779
The Montana Historical Society (MHS) began collecting oral histories in 1970. However, not until 1981, with the award of a cultural and aesthetic grant from the Montana State Legislature was the Society able to employ a full-time professional oral historian and regular part-time administrative assistant to initiate systematic interviewing, transcription, and processing of oral history materials. Since that time, the MHS Oral History Program has continued to receive funding from the cultural and aesthetic projects fund. Unfortunately, due to a substantial reduction in funding for the 1989-1991 biennium the administrative assistant's position had to be deleted.

Due to the generosity of the Sons and Daughters of Montana Pioneers the Oral History Program is able to utilize that organization's third floor office located in the Memorial and Pioneer Building.

During its existence the MHS Oral History Program has conducted and processed interviews with approximately 1,000 Montanans. All interviews are tape-recorded. The original interview tape is preserved in the MHS Archives with a "user copy" deposited in the MHS Library where it is available for use by the general public. Each person interviewed also receives a tape copy of the interview. Further, a typewritten transcript or summary of every interview completed by the MHS Oral History Program is produced. The interview tape and summary or transcript are cataloged in the MHS Library/Archives retrieval system. Throughout the state local repositories such as libraries, historical societies and museums have been provided copies of interviews pertinent to their respective locales.

The Montana Historical Society Oral History Program strongly encourages public use of its oral history collection for educational and instructional programs, publications, exhibitions, general information, personal enjoyment, and other applications. Many have discovered the oral history interviews in the MHS collection to be excellent sources of first-hand information for subjects ranging from the flu epidemic of 1918 to New Deal programs in the 1930s. Various organizations have utilized excerpts from these interviews and include the Fort Missoula Museum (Missoula, MT), Cascade County Historical Society (Great Falls, MT), Western Heritage Center (Billings, MT) as well as the Montana Historical Society. Utilizing the contents of the MHS oral history collection as primary research information a variety of slide-tape presentations, magazine articles, theatrical plays, and radio programs have been produced.

The MHS Oral History Program provides long-term assistance to public and private groups and individuals throughout the state of Montana in the form of teaching and training workshops and presentations on all aspects and phases of oral history. Subjects include interviewing techniques, transcribing and summarizing procedures and methods, tape preservation and storage, and potential educational and instructive end-uses of oral
CURRENT PROJECTS

Medicine, Health Care and Nursing in Montana

The primary scope of this oral history project is to record the experiences of Montanans who have worked in the areas of medicine, health care and nursing. In order to provide an overall historical view of these aspects this project seeks to interview long-time physicians, nurses, midwives, emergency medical technicians, and others associated with these areas.

A major focus of this oral history project will be on the general evolution of medicine, health care and nursing in the state as witnessed and experienced by the ordinary person. Major areas to be explored include public health, medical education and training, how weather, distance, and road conditions have played a role in shaping the history of Montana's health care system; impact of new technologies and state and federal legislation; effects Montana's rurality has had in recruitment of health care professionals; and home remedies and treatments.

PREVIOUS PROJECTS


This oral history project documented the economic recovery programs initiated by President Franklin D. Roosevelt during the era of the Great Depression which took place during the 1930s and early 1940s. Interviews were conducted with persons involved in federal programs initiated throughout the state such as the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC); Works Progress Administration and others. One hundred twenty interviews were conducted during the duration of this project which included former workers of the Fort Peck Dam project; former members of the Civilian Conservation Corps Birch Creek camp as well as eastern Montana residents who worked on a variety of road and small dam construction projects under the WPA.


This project documented the experiences of people who have been active in Native American education from the beginning of the twentieth century to the present. Educators from both the reservation and urban areas were interviewed. A total of 20 interviews were produced for this project.

Montana Women as Community Builders: Montana Women Organizations (1987)

Several Montana women produced 40 interviews on the influence women's organizations had on women's lives. This project recorded the importance of professional associations, ethnic clubs, church groups, and lodges; reasons they declined or thrived at various times.

Metals Manufacturing in Four Montana Communities (1985-1987)

The dominating role the metals manufacturing industry had in
shaping the history and heritage in the towns of Anaconda, Black Eagle, Columbia Falls, and East Helena was explored by this particular oral history project. A total of 85 interviews were conducted with people who were employed by the smelters, family members of workers, merchants, and union organizers.

A travelling photographic exhibit, "The Stack Dominated Our Lives," was developed using excerpts from the interviews collected during this project. The exhibit appeared in the four towns as well as other areas in Montana before being permanently installed in the recently renovated Civic Center in Anaconda. Support for this exhibition was provided by the Montana Committee for the Humanities.

Small Town Montana
(1983-1985)

This project examined the historical evolution of a dozen Montana towns: Philipsburg, Plains, Plentywood, Roundup, Sidney, Broadus, Chinook, Cut Bank, Eureka, and Forsyth. Ranging in population from 800 to 4,500, these towns were chosen to demonstrate the diversity of Montana's small communities. Approximately 200 interviews were conducted with a variety of people on topics such as the role of local institutions, industries, and organizations in community development, and the importance of community-wide celebrations to small-town life.

Montanans at Work
(1981-1983)

This project was the first initiated by the Oral History Program. Four hundred interviews were conducted with persons who lived and worked during the period 1910-1945. Primary focus of the project was on three major occupational areas of the period: mining, forest products and agriculture. It included people who worked in support areas such as railroad workers, ranch wives, cattle buyers, sheepherders, sawyers, and miners.

VOLEUNTEER INTERVIEWERS AND TRANSCRIBERS/SUMMARIZERS PROGRAM

In the Summer of 1989, the MHS Oral History Program initiated the Volunteer Interviewers and Transcribers/Summarizers Program. This special and unique program was developed to help unaffiliated or independent interviewers document their local communities under the guidance and auspices of the MHS Oral History Program. It offers people interested in oral history opportunity and flexibility as they can choose the interviewees and subjects to document. But all volunteers must agree to do one interview a year and transcribe or summarize it and when completed deposit copies with the Montana Historical Society. For further information contact the MHS Oral History Program office by writing to:

Montana Historical Society
Oral History Program
225 North Roberts
Helena, Montana 59620-9990

SERVICES PROVIDED BY THE ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

A major purpose of the MHS Oral History Program is to
March 31, 1994

Ivan Doig
17021 10th Ave. N.W.
Seattle WA 98171

Dear Mr. Doig:

As per our phone conversation of this date, I have enclosed a copy of OH 1087. The entire interview is contained on this one tape. I am relaying that fact to you since the interview ends rather abruptly on side two. I double checked the original and the summary however, and the enclosed is all that was recorded.

Thank you for your interest in our collections. You have chosen a very interesting and sorely neglected topic for you latest project. I look forward to reading the final product! If you have concerns or questions please feel free to call me at 444-4775.

Sincerely,

Jodie Ann Foley
Archivist/Oral History contact
Ivan:

In 1987, Laurie Mercier and the Army Corps of Engineers got together to do oral-history interviews with many of the folks who returned to the dam for the reunion (July 26-August 7, about). As I recall, the Corps covered travel and some food for the four interviewers: Laurie, Mary Murphy, Mike Korn, and Rick Duncan. Out of this blitz came about 50 interviews, all of which we have here--tapes and summaries. I have copied here the cover sheets for all of these interviews. In the case of the first one, I copied also the summary, so you could see a sample. If you wish, I can copy the other summaries. No problem. (It seems to me difficult to tell what the interview is really about from the cover sheets.) Then you could order whatever tapes you want from the Oral History Office. Such a deal.
TO Mr. Ivan Doig

17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

DATE January 2, 1991

Dear Ivan:

Sent a box off today that holds the oral-history interview summaries for that batch of interviews done at the Fort Peck Reunion. The summaries (occasionally there is a transcript mixed in) should be much more helpful—lots of specifics, grist.

You can try to Inter-Library Loan the tapes themselves, but your reception will be much warmer here if you simply buy dupe copies of the cassettes in which you are most interested. I never have understood our rate structure for dupe tapes, but my last impression was that the Oral History Office would dupe cassettes at the rate of $2.25 for a 60-minute one, $3.25 for a 90-minute one, and then add postage: $1.25 for 3 cassettes or less; $.35 for each additional cassette. This looks strangely like policy made by committee.

You will get the best response by calling John Terreo (who took over the Oral History program after Laurie Mercier left) and ordering the cassettes you want over the phone, I think. His phone number is: 406-444-4779. Then just ask him to bill you when he sends the duped tapes.

This is pretty tackless, but I am enclosing a bill to cover the xeroxing on the oral-history summaries. There is a rumor in the building that you and Carol have bestowed a sizable gift on the Library, so this is a particularly awkward instance of timing. However, it will not prevent me from gouging you further!

Look forward to seeing you in February. Will write a longer, non-business letter on non-letterhead stationary from home this week.

Sincerely yours,
Dave Walter, Reference
MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM
INTER-LIBRARY LOAN POLICY
(Revised March 13, 1990)

Prior to loaning any oral history materials via inter-library loan, a recommendation shall be made to the requesting party, parties, or institution to acquire duplications through purchase. In the event this suggestion is rejected the Library "user copy" may be loaned for a period of fourteen (14) days. This period can be extended another 14 days if there are no other requests for the material outstanding.

Under no circumstances shall an original or restricted audio tape be provided for loan. These conditions are also applicable to typewritten summaries and transcripts of audio recordings and oral history interviews.

All loans of oral history materials shall be accompanied by a statement maintaining if copied while in the possession of the borrower, compliance with and liability for copyright falls totally upon the borrower and any agents of the borrower if material is being used in the context of documentary, theatrical, or any other type of academic or commercial production.

In the event portions of borrowed materials are utilized or duplicated for publications, audio/video productions or presentations, exhibitions, and all other types of educational and entertainment formats, proper credit will given to the Montana Historical Society.

No more than ten cassette tapes can be borrowed at one time. A fee of $2.00 for five (5) or fewer tapes will be charged. For requests of 6 to 10 tapes an additional .25 per tape will be charged.

In-state borrowers: no charge
January 8, 1993

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Ave NW
Seattle, WA 98117

Dear Mr. Doig:

Thank you for your tape order. Please find it enclosed with an invoice for charges. Retain the green copy for your records and return the white copy to us with a check payable to the Montana Historical Society.

We have included the pages from Ray Howard's interview transcript regarding his getting prostitutes to work as waitresses in his restaurant. I found the pages in Henry Jorgenson's interview transcript regarding when he worked on the spillway. We are not charging you for those pages.

Also enclosed is some dated information about the Society's Oral History Program (which due to bugetary circumstances will cease to exist as an entity on 30 June 1993). However, you will still be able to order tapes and other oral history materials.

Please let us know if we can be of any further assistance to you.

Best wishes,

John Terreo
Oral Historian

13 Jan. '93

---

I really appreciate your promptness in getting the Ft. Peck tapes to me, and am trying to reciprocate by paying up pronto, check for $59.55 enclosed.

Chagrined to hear that the Oral History Program is getting the budget axe; on the basis of what I've used, it'd done a lot of good work.

best wishes,
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Thank You

TOTAL

U.P.S.

27408
1933(?) attempted assassination of Franklin D. Roosevelt by a man named Zangara(?), and the death of Chicago mayor Anton Cermak instead: a copy of a New York Times story or some other complete account of when and where this happened.


Sorry about the quality of the print out. bad film quality + bad printer
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ASSASSIN FIRES INTO ROOSEVELT PARTY AT MIAMI; PRESIDENT-ELECT UNINJURED; MAYOR CERMACK AND 4 OTHERS WOUNDED

WASHINGTON IS STUNNED

Hooner Wire to Roosevelt, Rejoicing That He Was Not Wounded.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.--The nation's capital was deeply shocked tonight by hearing of the attempt on the life of President-Elect Franklin D. Roosevelt. In a short statement President Roosevelt said:

"I am deeply shocked at the news. It is a disaster." Roosevelt's message to Miami was this:

"I have just heard of the attempt on your life. I am here to help you. I have sent a telegram to Mr. Roosevelt, which reads:

"Together with every citizen I rejoice that you have not been injured. I shall be glad to say more about the situation in the morning."

MRS. ROOSEVELT

Says She was "Overjoyed" at the news.

MIAMI, Feb. 15.--Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, "Overjoyed" at the news of the attempt on her husband's life, sent a telegram to Mr. Roosevelt, which reads:

"Joe Zingara, Hackensack, N. J., says Fain Made Him 'Hate All Presidents.'"

MRS. ROOSEVELT TAKES NEWS COLDLY

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WASHINGTON IS STUNNED

Hoover Wires Roosevelt, Rejoicing That He Was Not Wounded.

ASKS NEWS OF CERMAK

Senators Express Gratitude President-Elect Escaped Madman's Shots.

RISK TO PRESIDENT SEEN

Determination is Voiced That Life of His Successor Be Safeguarded by All Means.

Special to The New York Times
WASHINGTON, Feb. 15. - The nation's capital was deeply shocked tonight on hearing of the attempt on the life of President-elect Roosevelt.

President Hoover himself struck the keynote when he said:

"I am deeply shocked at the news. It is a dastardly act."

Hoover's Message to Roosevelt.

At the same time the President sent a telegram to Mr. Roosevelt which read:

"Together with every citizen I rejoice that you have not been injured. I shall be grateful to you for news of Mayor Cermak's condition."

Official and unofficial Washington was stunned at the first reports of what appeared to be an attempt on the life of the man who within less than three weeks will become Chief Executive. Newspaper extras were on the street almost immediately, and citizens sat close to each other.

ASSASSIN SHOOTS 5 TIMES

Police and Bystanders Leap for Him and Take Him Prisoner.

ACCOMPlice TAKEN LATER

Cermak and New York Officer Rushed to Hospital—Now in Serious Condition.

ROOSEVELT DELAYS TRIP

Had Been Warmly Welcomed and Intended to Start for North at Once.

By JAMES A. HAGERTY.
Special to The New York Times.
MIAMI, Feb. 16. — An unsuccessful attempt was made to assassinate President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt just after he ended a speech in Bay Front Park here at 9:35 o'clock tonight, two hours after his return from an eleven-day fishing cruise on Vincent Astor's yacht Nourmahal.

Although the gunman missed the target at which he was aiming, he probably fatally wounded Mayor Anton Cermak of Chicago and four other persons were hit by five shots from his pistol before a woman destroyed his aim on the last shot by seizing his wrist and a Miami policeman felled him to the ground with a blow of his night stick.

The wounded are:

Mayor Anton Cermak of Chicago, shot through the chest; condition critical.

Miss Margaret Keene of the Woman...
Says He Once Tried in Italy to Kill King Victor Emmanuel.


Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt took her daughter to the place where she was shot in Italy. She was shot from a distance of about 300 feet, and the bullet struck her in the head. The bullet entered the skull through the left temple and emerged from the right eye socket.

According to witnesses, the bullet struck the King in the head and he fell to the ground. He was taken to a hospital where he died shortly afterwards.

Excited, "She Takes Train Later for Ittaca.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt re- entered her home at 49 East Six-tieth Street after 5:30 p.m. and was met by a group of reporters.

"It's a relief to be home," she said.

William Simmons, a New York police officer, living at 612 West 17th Street, shot in the head; condition critical.

Russell Caldwell, 23, of Miami, shot in the leg.

Roosevelt Was Target.

The would-be assassin, who was arrested immediately after the shooting, is in the city prison on the sixteen floor of Miami's skyscraper City Hall, is Joseph Zingara of Hackettstown, N. J.

Although early reports were that he intended to kill Roosevelt rather than the President-elect, due to his remark, "Well, I got no Cermak," it appeared later that Mr. Roosevelt was his target.

"I'd kill every President," he was reported by the police to have said after his arrest.

"I'd kill them all; I'd kill all the officers," he is also reported to have said, indicating that he may be an anarchist.

The attempted assassination of Roosevelt was premeditated and obtained by the police late tonight and Andrew Malven, who lived with Zingara, was arrested on suspicion of being an accomplice.

A search of Zingara's clothing disclosed several newspaper clippings, a brick maul and paper authorities announcing Mr. Roosevelt's intended visit to this city.

Clipping on McKinley.

one clipping, however, contained an account of the assassination of President McKinley by the anarchist William Chang, who shot the President only to a brick maul and paper authorities announcing Mr. Roosevelt's intended visit to this city.

The country needs a leader, a man, who can understand and appreciate our problems, who can guide us through the troubled waters of today.

In his telephone conversation with Mrs. Roosevelt, members of the household, said the President-elect informed her that it was his belief that the would-be assassin's name was at Mayor Cermak, and not at him.

They quoted him as saying that a clipping referring to the hospital as a result of the shooting, and that he wasn't even scratched. Instead of starting back for New York last night, he had planned, however.

Continued on Page Two.
Shooting at Miami Causes a Profound Sensation in the National Capital

Charges of murder, if one of his victims did not die.
Mr. Roosevelt, who threatened the shooting and afterwards drove to a man named J. L. Finley, was shot in New York and was taken to the hospital. He was then taken by Mr. Roosevelt to the hospital where he is now recuperating.

Mr. Roosevelt's injuries are considered to be serious, but he is expected to recover.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1933.

CERMAK SHOOTING SHOCKS CHICAGO

Relatives and Friends Start for Miami on Word of Attack

POLICE BEGIN ACTIVITY

Ask That Watch Be Set on the Many Gangsters Known to Be in Florida.

News of the shooting has spread by newspaper, radio, and telegraph, and a crowd of hundreds has gathered at the scene of the shooting. The shooting was not believed to be accidental.

The President-elect was greatly shocked and moved by the news of the shooting. He is said to have left the scene of the shooting, and to have left the city. A number of his relatives and friends arrived at the scene of the shooting and were told that the shooting was accidental.

POLICE BEGIN ACTIVITY

The police are said to have been notified of the shooting, and are said to be on their way to the scene of the shooting.

Three Presidents Slain

But Present Case Has No Parallel in History—Lincoln Was First of Martyred Executives.

The Miami incident recalls the shooting of Frank D. Roosevelt's famous kinman, Theodore Roosevelt, during a speaking tour in 1912. The shooting was not believed to be accidental.

MRS. ROOSEVELT TAKES NEWS CALMLY

Continued from Page One.

CERMAK'S CARER ONE OF HARD WORK

Starting in Coal Mines While Still in Teens, He Rose Steadily to Affluence.

PERSONALITY BIG ASSET

He Attracted National Attention in Campaign Which Ended the Reign of Mayor Thompson.

Anton Joseph Cermak, the vigor-
ous young man who was making a name for himself in the political world, was shot in Miami while he was attending a political meeting.

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LEHMAN IS THANKFUL.

Mr. Lehman hastened to the hospital at 11:41, when the bullet had just been removed from the President-elect. He inspected the wound and directed the efforts of the President-elect's party to the rescue of the President-elect.

LEHMAN GIVES NEWS TO HARRISON.

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GUNMAN LAYS ACT TO BODY TORMENT

Continued from Page One

In Miami Avenue that had a big man, Tom Zingara, and bought a gun

Tells of gun bought in Italy.

Had indicated that he bought the gun in Italy on a trip to the King Victor, or that he had tried to kill the President's secretary from a stomach operation.

He was not injured in the head and right hand area, and was under the impression that he would kill a sheriff or a policeman if he tried.

They are poor working people, but they are glad if I killed President-elect, because they have no money now.

MACHADO SENDS MISSAILIE:

"Deeply Shocked," He Says in Cable to the President-Elect.

HAYANA, Feb. 16--President-elect William M. C. H. Haight has been shot and wounded by President-elect Roosevelt.

"Deeply shocked by attempt upon his life," said the President-elect to his colleague, President-elect Roosevelt.

Jim Hackett, a Jacksonville, Fla., depot agent, was killed by a shot fired by an unidentified man in the street yesterday afternoon.

"I am 35 years old and was born in Chicago," said Hackett. "I have an 18-year-old son, born in Chicago."

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"I am 35 years old and was born in Chicago," said Hackett. "I have an 18-year-old son, born in Chicago."
December 20, 1994

Dear Fran,

I'm delighted that the material was of some real value. I do remember in my 1990s that it was the Spanish's war, they fought and died the most. That is their new right now. A new unquenchable passion for a traditional xenophobia.

You were so very good to Jeanette - I have never seen much. You undoubtedly know that Don Treadgold and Arthur Beam died the same day. We went to Don's memorial service this afternoon. Our best wishes.

In 1995 to you & Carl.

Attn: Mary

Seattle, Wa

98147

Monkeys Leaping

© Peter Adler & The Art Group Limited

The 'Asafo' book by P. Adler & N. Barnard
Published by Thames and Hudson

8726
Dear Lee--

Here's the manuscript piece, about one-third of the book-to-be, that you've so generously offered to read. This version still has holes and rough spots, but it is meant to bring the entire Duff family--five couples of them--onstage and start moving them toward their fate. So, if you would please read and make any comments you feel like, on the Post-Its or in the margins, whichever suits you, on what might be called the family dynamics; particularly:

--the relationship between the younger brothers Bruce and Neil; do they sound right, as siblings who are bound together but each want to go their own way? (great)

--any of what today might be called the inter-generational stuff: Meg cherishing Owen as her favorite son, Owen's stiff-backed attitude toward Hugh, Hugh's lapse from his patriarchal role when they all move to the dam; do you hear any wrong notes in any of this, any moments when you think somebody just wouldn't behave that way? The Duffs are meant to be complicated and occasionally surprising, but I also want them to behave somewhat along the familial laws of gravity.

Finally, I'd welcome any comments on the nuts-and-bolts of the book's structure, which as you know from life with Tony, is where we try to make our work grow up into art. Some of the parts underlined or marked "ital" will be italic flashbacks, such as the telling of Meg and Hugh's married life in a chronology unfolding farther and farther back as the main plot proceeds chronologically forward; yet the book also has frequent changes of scene, almost cinematic cutting; are there any places where this particularly bothers you as a reader, where you just want to say, C'mon, be more straightforward here? And, naturally, anything else you see that doesn't work as well as it should.

Big thanks,
Dear Ann—

My reasoning, such as it is, for this ending instead of other possibilities:

--Charlene and Neil, an obvious temptation; but I don't see a logical set of circumstances by which one of them would do in the other—and I do want to have the fatal act happen from within the truck, rather than somebody holdily sneaking up etc. Nor do I think Charlene, because she is after all a tough-minded endurer even when she doesn't like her lot in life, would knock off Darius and herself, in Rosellen's situation.

--Meg and Darius, which would fit with a plot of Owen secretly being Darius's son and so on; but that's been done a jillion times all the way back to Greek tragedy.

--As to Rosellen, what I have in mind here is as if Anna Karenina had taken Vronsky with her when she threw herself in front of the train (as I think she damn well should have taken him). You likely noticed that Rosellen needs strengthening as a character, and I've begun putting in touches that show her as a reader and a dreamer but also with a depressive tendency; she had to mentally plunge around more than in my early draft, and I'm enclosing a few highlighted examples of additions I've made so far. I've always seen this book as a tragedy rather than a formula mystery, so if Rosellen is an unsettling choice to have done the deed, seems to me that's where the plot ought to go.

Glad for any more suggestions you might have on making this add up, and thanks loads for reading it for me.

best from Carol too,
Dear Ivan --

To answer your cosmic questions:

1. The story does not drag. I was hooked from the beginning. The description of the progress of the dam is vivid and -- surprisingly, to me anyway -- quite exciting (this from an ultra-non-mechanical type).

2. The only spot where I began to glaze over a bit was during the saga of Darius' political history. I think, perhaps, it's because it comes in too big a clump. Sounded a tad text-booky, if you know what I mean. I think it needs to be fed to the reader in smaller doses. If I were Proxy, I'm afraid I might have dozed off ...

3. Characters -- I love this family. (Altho I'm still not sure who Owen's real father is. Hmmm.) The only person I don't truly believe in is Rosellen. First she's this kid sister, then suddenly she's an eloquent writer, penning prose that sounds suspiciously like Ivan Doig. I guess what I want is something in her background to convince me that this is the path she would take. Perhaps she read a lot as a child? Was a daydreamer? Was uncannily perceptive about people? And how did she know about publications like the Alabaster Quarterly? Wouldn't a very young woman be aiming her short stories at Woman's Home Companion or even (shudder) Ladies' Home Journal?

4. The mystery: Don't change a thing! I think I know the identities of the deceitful duo, but I'm not positive. No more clues. If I'm right it's because of one scene that's sexier than anything that transpires between Darius and Proxy.

Other nit-picky things I've posted on the pages of the manuscript.
A delicious read, my friend. Thanks for letting me be one of the advance people.

p.s. Of all the characters, the sheriff is one of my absolute favorites. And the description of Roosevelt surging up out of that chair is terrific.
July 24, 1995

Ivan:

I finished reading *Bucking the Sun* this morning. Before responding to your requested areas for feedback, let me give some general impressions.

I had a hard time getting into the story. The opening with the truck was ok,. I don’t know if it was the jumping around or what, but I didn’t get hooked for a while. It seems to drag for me from p 26 on. By page 38-9 it wasn’t dragging anymore.

I finish having a clear sense of pretty much each of the characters. Although Rhonda is the least clear to me. I’m not sure I "picture" each one of the Duffs in a photograph type image. And that surprises me since I do have a strong sense of each of their approaches to life and their fitting into the building of the dam.

Strong images as I reflect back:
- The life of the working people with Wheeler, the bars, the taxi-dancers.
- The diving
- Meg and Jaarala
- The fingerprinting with Jaarala leaving
- Charlene and the shooting scene
- Charlene and the tea at the corps wife’s home
- Owen trying to find Hugh when he was out on his bender
- Hugh rocking and comforting baby Jack
- Rhonda and Proxy’s conversations
- The ice jam and the flooding
- Rosellen writing

little bits and pieces keep appearing to me at different times; this is not a book I will forget.

Your writing takes the enormity of the building of the dam and make it accessible to me by the descriptions of the various activities. Interspersing those activities within the story of the Duffs helped me.

Some confusions:
- The red-haired kid from Red Lodge - how does he fit in? He keeps showing up and his interest in the Russell paintings...? Intriguing to me.
- The man from the religious community - is this the only time he shows up? It was interesting and added a complexity to the story in that there were even more.
- I didn’t understand how the eclipse could have affected Neil like that.
I think I did get a sense of the building of the dam; the people, the process, the motivations. Such a complex situation. I find myself wanted to know more, to look up magazine articles, to see pictures.

To answer your questions:

The only place it really dragged by in the second section where we met the Duffs and then Owen.

The dam made sense. Notice my yellow stickies for some confusions. The radical politics were interesting, but didn’t connect with the Duffs so much.

The behavior of the characters seems plausible. I loved the complexity of the characters. Just when I had them figured out, they would change slightly. I finally got used to the quick jumping from focusing on one Duff to focusing on another.

I like the Duffs. They are complex and raunchy and all their behavior seems appropriate. As I said, I did lose the sense of Rhonda and found the parts toward the end when different people were noticing her - Neil, Darius - to not fit exactly.

Now about who the bodies are:

At first I thought they were going to be Darius and Meg because Med seemed still confused about her attraction to Darius and really upset with Hugh. And Darius was clearly still in love with her. However, something changes with Hugh drying out and Darius being involved with Proxy that leads me to believe that both those relationships are working. Then I thought it was Neil and Rhonda - and I’m not sure why. See my yellow stickies in the text. Right at the end, I flashed on Neil and Charlene. Charlene has really been changing throughout the book. She is a very passionate person and Owen passion has turned to the dam. First she started the hair salon to deal with her own needs; then the Labor Day outing and the sense of awakening for Charlene as she shot the rifle.

I enjoyed reading this. I do so much "idiot read" (reading so fast that I can read the same book six months later and not know what happens) that it is a special pleasure to read something where I have to slow down and let the words slowly form images in my mind, where the images surface, resurface, and resurface again when I least expect them; when the characters become real, complex, interesting people that I want to know more about. I have been wondering what happens to each of the ten of them, ten years later, twenty years later. Where they are now? How is Jack affected by all this? How do each of them deal with the deaths?

Since my father’s family has roots in Montana and were working people, much in this resonates with my sense of my heritage. My Dad’s uncle Mac was an alcoholic and I remember visiting him and having a sense of his long suffering wife. My grandfather moved around from job to job - a farm, working in a flour mill, etc.
Dad grew up in houses that were held together with very little. For me, this was a window on a world I heard about some, but couldn’t really sense.

Call me if you want me to explain or elaborate on any of my comments.

Thank you for sharing this with me and letting me contribute in some way.

Dear Ann—

We've been to Lopez (nifty, but a weekend is enough) ((bonus to that trip, though: we met up with Tony & Lee and their flock)), lunched with Jim & Lois Welch from Missoula, seen other friends, and somewhere in there entertained Carol's cousin-S-hubby from San Diego; but amid all this tooth and nail socializing, I've gone over your comments on my manuscript and want to thank you a ton, one more time. They help a lot, either by reinforcing my thinking on some points or pointing up where, as a wonderful old editor at the NY Times travel section always used to put it to me, "It just needs a few fixes." As to the who's-in-the-truck matter, I'll hold off on telling you until I can mix off check with you about whether you want to read it in further manuscript, the finished book, or just be told. Hope you're thriving; Carol and I are trying to whang out our deskwork in the mornings and spend afternoons on the patio thinking/reading/whatever, in this burst of summer.

p.s. HOWDY, NORM! love and fishes,
ADDENDUM
July 25

I woke up at 4 am thinking about your book. I have some discomfort about how the connecting of the Wobbly movement with the dam works. I like it being there but somehow it is not clear why there is that pocket in the northeast of the state and why there are a few at Fort Peck. Did the few at the dam site try to hook others in or did they just go off to the meetings at Plentywood? The two places seemed so separate with only Darius and Jaarala connecting them by the drives to the meetings. So maybe something is missing somewhere.
Dear Anne--

As you read (and read and read...) this, it'd most help me to know:

--any places where the story drags; where I'm telling you too much about something;

--anything you don't understand, particularly any of the dam stuff or the radical politics;

--behavior by any of the characters that seems implausible, although bear in mind that they're people of their generation, not ours, and that I want them to be somewhat more complicated and occasionally surprising than some of my previous casts of characters; the Duffs are meant to be a bit rowdy and raunchy, and not always predictable.

--and lastly, without giving it any more thought than you would as an average reader, by the final page of this chunk (which is about 3/4ths of the whole book), do you know who the two who get involved are?

Suppose you can give me your reaction by about the first of August? Feel free to call collect, okay?

Big thanks again.

[V]
Dear Ann-

This is at least 3/4ths of the book-to-be. It still has holes and rough spots, and so as you read (and read and read...) this, it'd help me to know:

--any place where the story drags; where I'm telling you too much about something;

--anything you don't think is clear, particularly any of the dam stuff or the radical politics;

--behavior by any of the characters that seems implausible, although please bear in mind that I'm trying to make this bunch somewhat more complicated and occasionally surprising than some of my previous casts of characters; these Duffs are meant to be a bit rowdy and raunchy, and not always predictable.

Finally, your specialty, the mystery element. As you'll see from the first chapter, there's a continuing mystery within the storytelling that's meant to keep the reader hooked. I really don't even want to try, though, to have this be a genre mystery; I see the book more as a tragedy, dependent on its characters, language, pace, turns of plot, and so on. So, I'd like to hear how it strikes you as a kind of literary mystery-in-the-telling; by the end of this ms sample, do you know who the two who get involved are. Do you think more clues are needed, or can I get by on the momentum of these characters bouncing off each other?

thank you, thank you
Dear Anne:

As you read (and read and read...) this, it'd most help me to know:

-- any places where the story drags; where I'm telling you too much about something;

-- anything you don't understand, particularly any of the dam stuff or the radical politics;

-- behavior by any of the characters that seems implausible, although bear in mind that they're people of their generation, not ours, and that I want them to be somewhat more complicated and occasionally surprising than some of my previous casts of characters; the Duffs are meant to be a bit rowdy and raunchy, and not always predictable.

-- and lastly, without giving it any more thought than you would as an average reader, by the final page of this chunk (which is about 3/4ths of the whole book), do you know who the two who get involved are?

Suppose you can give me your reaction by about the first of August? Feel free to call collect, okay?

Big thanks again.
Dear Lee--

There are 2 short sets of pages here: pp. 187-192 show how this character of mine, Rhonda, meets and is courted by her Fort Peck Dam roustabout husband-to-be, Bruce. They're both young, 19 or 20, and while Bruce is kind of a daredevil, having bought a motorcycle with his dam wages, Rhonda is being deliberately portrayed as someone who is harder to read, who very much has a mind of her own but maybe not along the lines that would be expected. Elsewhere in the book there's this description of her:

"Rhonda was all one thrifty construction: you could hook her in the face and tell she was long-legged. Here was an intriguingly applicable attractiveness, just enough here, there, wherever it counted, to add up. In ancient Greece the foes of the region of Laconia demanded surrender with the message If we conquer you we will kill you and back came the single word of reply, If. Both the nature and build of Rhonda were along the Laconic line of that If."

Okay, now pp. 361-366 are the birth scene and the rest of the big Duff family coming to Rhonda's hospital room afterward to view the babe. I do want to keep this scene short and strong, but I'd like to know from you whether Rhonda's frame of mind and behavior sounds plausible, and whether there's anything, some overpowering physical or mental detail, I ought to include. By the way, the scene takes place in 1935, so it's the old-fashioned hospital delivery, nurses and doctor (and maybe some anesthesia making Rhonda woozy?) and no father-to-be on hand to watch. Beaverboard, which she is staring up at in the delivery room, is a wallboard of the time, with a kind of cheap felt-like surface.

Please don't spend a ton of time on this; quick reactions are usually the best for what I'm after, as that's the kind that readers of the book will have to have. So, when you get a chance, simply give me a call and tell me what you think, hmm?

mucho thanks
Dear Wayne—

I'm still planking together the plot of my dam novel, so am still holding off on reading *Big Red*; will do so later this summer and mail it back to you, honest, cross my heart.

Carol will show the family flag at graduation, but I'll miss out on your oratory, unless of course it rolls down the hill and across this valley like the tune of carillons. All best; happy retirement.
Dear Kathrin--

Can you help me with a few German words that the characters in my next book are going to use, or perhaps, misuse?

--A man who has been a lumber camp cook, and perhaps has some Scandinavian accent, describes his work as "cookin!" and pronounces the c-o-o as if it was the coo of a bird. Another character mistakes the word for "kuken", which I seem to remember as my grandmother's word for "cake". Am I right that a slightly singsong Scandinavian cookin' could be thus mistaken for kuken, and does kuken translate to cake?

--A pastry called a "Berlinerkranzer" is mentioned in the book. I dimly remember these being made by a Norwegian neighbor when I was a boy in Montana; do you know them as a German pastry? What are they like--any filling, any sugar on top?

--Another dim Montana memory, someone who would silence a dog by shouting "Raus!" I thought that meant "out"; have you ever heard of this being used to tell a dog to shut up, or would this have been unusual?

I appreciate your help, and please tell John that, when next spring comes, the two of you will receive a signed copy of my book because of your good efforts.

regards,
Dear Gloria--

I wonder if you could help me out on a character in my next novel—a woman, Scottish-born late in the last century, who has an unusually deep voice; one of the other characters calls it a "streambed of voice, deep and as dancing as ever" when the woman is about 45 years old. In the book I'll have her sing a snatch of song, and while she has no formal musical training, she's a minister's daughter and would have sung in the choir. Questions:

--Would I best describe her as a contralto, such as the example in the clipping attached below, or is there a lower woman's range I could use? I want her to have something like Lauren Bacall's sexy growl in her voice, I suppose.

--In her singing in the choir, would there be any male range she could have sung, as those auld Scots droned through their hymns? I'm thinking of a situation where she would have filled in, in a pinch, in some choir role a man would ordinarily do; feasible, or too fakey?

thanks a jillion,
Dear Mark--

Thanks loads for taking time to look over this scene for me. A bit of background:

It's October, 1934, at Fort Peck Dam. Fort Peck is to be the biggest earthfill dam in the world, something like four times the size of the Gatun Dam produced by the digging of the Panama Canal. My character Owen Duff is a hotshot young engineer from Montana State College in Bozeman, when MSC was one of the talent hives of the New Deal—agricultural extension science, thousands of miles of Montana highway and dozens of bridges, and this huge Fort Peck project (10,000 people on the workforce, bigger than either Grand Coulee or Boulder Dams), these young local talents were bootstrapping their way up on New Deal project after project. Owen is in charge of contriving the dredging setup to produce the 125,000,000 cubic yards of fill for the core of the dam—I've invented the term "fillmaster" for his job—and in this scene he's about to test the first of his four huge dredges. They're electric dredges, which of course is where you come in, right? I'm attaching an article which describes these dredges, plus an illustration which gives a general idea of the setup, including the boosters and so on that I mention a bit in the scene. So, please:

--correct any of my dumbnesses on terms, such as using voltage when I mean something else.

--see if my description of how the dredging setup is supposed to work makes sense. Like you, the reader will be coming to this scene without much previous context, and I just want to make it a swift shot, xx using Owen as a focus, of what this dredging involves.

Couple of other things: Back at MSC in Bozeman, I have Owen meet his wife-to-be when he buys a slide rule in the store where she clerks. There's this bit of dialogue:

"What does a slide rule do?" Charlene asked.

He looked at her in surprise. "Just about anything. Multiplication. Long division. Logarithms."

I know this is going back into technological pre-history, but are those what a slide rule indeed did?

And the other lone item, I'm stapling separately to a blue sheet, with my question of terminology and a bit of context on it.

Call me when you get a chance, okay? Again, mucho gratitude.
The situation here: Owen, his mother and father and two kid brothers—all of them working on the dam—are on their way from Fort Peck to Glasgow to buy a used truck and set up a small trucking firm. They’re on a brand new highway the state put in for the dam, and they’re in a big borrowed Packard. As the four family members besides Owen are pretty much straight off the farm, this is the first time in family history—which is to say, in all of its history, back through early Montana and Scotland before that—that these people have traveled at this speed: i.e., that their bodies have been propelled at 60 mph or so. I want Owen, the engineer, to be musing on this somehow; am I right to have him thinking about the family’s combined momentum? Or is there a better scientific engineerly term, that a general reader would still get? And what about the last part of the paragraph, where I’m pretty sure I’m off base in saying "combined impetus of 300 miles an hour"—but what would be an accurate description of those five bodies moving at 60 mph?

velocity

\[ m_1 + m_2 \text{ have combined momentum} \]
\[ m_1 \text{ at } 300 \text{ m.p.h.} \]

\[ m_2 \text{ at } 300 \text{ m.p.h.} \]
Dear Ivan,

Here is the summary of our telephone conversation:

"cookin" can be mistaken for "Kuchen" meaning "cake".

"Berlinerkranzer" could refer to "Berliner Pfannkuchen" also called "Berliner Krapfen" meaning jelly-filled donuts, deep-fried and covered with sugar. Because of the word "Berliner" and your telling me that the pastry was deep-fried, I am inclined to think the expression refers to those famous donuts. (We love to eat them especially on New Year’s Eve.)

Kranzkuchen is a coffee cake made from yeast dough filled with raisins or currants, almonds, butter and sugar and baked in form of a woven wreath (Kranz).

"Raus!" means "[go] outside" and with proper body language could be used to silence and punish a dog.

Greetings,

[Signature]

Oct.9, 95
Oct 24, 1995

7:00 p.m. - Today
4:00 p.m.,
11-11/30 Tomorrow
543-5388 Office

221 - line activated

223 - 2500 hp = 60 hp?

=> AAA

223 - booster pump

P

36 megawatts - 3070 sq. Canhola
Monday we

Dear Friends,

Knowing how you feel about Montana and feeling just the same ourselves it seems right to call you "friends."

I thought you might enjoy a picture of Vida's family. Howard and Gordon are her brothers and her daughter-in-law are sisters. Dad is 6 foot 7 inches so even though Howard is 6 foot 4, he looks quite small. Allison and Brendon are Howard and Carol's and the other 4 are Gordon and Bonnie.

We surely would love to have you come to visit us on the farm fourteen miles northwest of Plentywood. Myrtle Waller would enjoy having you come again too. We would love to show you Montana farming at its best.
And how is your book coming including the communist sheriff? Everyone in Sheridan County is waiting as we have given you a lot of publicity. How would you like to have you come to Clantypool for a book signing day with us. Why don’t you do it this summer?

Be sure to watch the Coke Kooch air show on ESY WJ. I suppose that will be 11:30 A.M. in Washington.

Andrew and Verolaine are coming for Christmas. Oh! We had a call from Mike Wustner who is working on the idea of a movie of our Sheridan County Era. We got a grant from the Montana
Humanities for the arts. Now I am not sure if that is the correct name.

Our Sheridan County people and Daniels County people too, wrote letters for him to include in his application. We are excited and really wish it could happen. Your book will give us publicity, too.

Our weather has caught cold and the haven't even gotten to winter by the calendar.

It was great to meet you last spring. I was truly a celebrity in Sheridan County having met you. And we surely would like to meet you, too, Mrs. Doig.

Sincerely

The Stone family
Dear Relatives and Friends,

Another year has passed and time once again to wish you, dear relatives and friends a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

May the message of Luke 2:10 And the angel said to them, "Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of a great joy which will come to all the people" bring joy to your heart, also, this Christmas season.

Before writing the news of this past year, I will write the identification of our family picture: Back row: L. to R.: Gordon, Dax and Howard. Middle Row: Bonnie, Ryan, Sarah, Allison, Carol and Kelly (Dax's wife). First Row: Andrew, Verlaine, Kayla, (Gordon and Bonnie's), Vernon and I with Howard and Carol's Brendon between us and Meagan, Gordon and Bonnie's by Vernon; Mabel and Ray (Vernon's dad). The insets are our Carolyn the day before her first birthday, November 26, 1952. She lived from 11-27-51 to 8-24-55. And John, Howard and Carol's 9 year old who is at the Crotchet Mountain School for the mentally handicapped located in Greenfield, NH.

We saw in the New Year with family and friends gathering at our home for our usual happy occasion of welcoming another year. With the holiday season over it was soon time to attend the national rural telephone convention held in San Francisco. Rudy and Mabel's son, nephew Craig, who was affiliated with the Kaiser hospital and has since moved to Portland for his practice, spent an afternoon and had supper with us. A couple of days later, Paula Hass Althoff, a friend since school days in Outlook came from Piedmont to spend several hours. Time goes so quickly when one is enjoying a good visit.

We were home in time to prepare for a visit from granddaughter, Allison during her spring break in March, flying in from Boston. My Sister, She and Lloyd were missionaries for 20 years to visit Lloyd and Margaret and to attend the Passion Play given at their 1993 church. Talk about fantastic! Unless you could see it, you would not believe it. To top off my visit, cousins on Mother's side, Norman and Carolyn Bryce, drove up from Eau Claire, WI to attend, also. What a wonderful, wonderful time we had together. At noon on Saturday, Dax, Camden, who is an accountant in St. Paul and Kelly who teaches 2nd grade in one of the local schools, along with Lloyd and Margaret's Rachel, her hubby Mike and Camden, joined us for dinner. What a great time we had. All too soon it was time for Norman and Carolyn to head back east to WI while Lloyd, Margaret and I headed west. But we only went as far west as Moorhead MN where we attended the graduation of Ginny Bratton from Concordia College. Her dad is the band director of the Plentywood High School and choir director of Plentywood Lutheran. Our extended family has sort of adopted them as our own, especially when Song Yong, Ginny's mom, is so far from her own family in Korea.

It was in June that Gordon and Bonnie's Ryan, joined Song Yong, Ginny, Laura and Andy (Ryan's pal being the same age) for a trip to Korea for 3 weeks. What an experience for the young ones!

On Monday morning, May 1st, following the weekend of graduation festivities, Lloyd and Margaret headed east to St. Paul and I bummed a ride home with the Bratton's.

The baby calves had all arrived by that time and it was seeding time back in Montana. We did have a stubborn spring—damp and cold. But at last the crop was in and we were done on May 30th. A busy, busy summer was ahead. Andrew and Verlaine were heading to Kentucky where Verlaine had accepted a position in the communications department of Berea College. Because they had 2 cars to get to Kentucky she and I cooked up the idea that it would be fun if she drove one outfit home in June from Seattle and we would drive to KY and leave it in storage and fly home. It didn't take much coaxing to convince Vernon to go along, too. We enjoyed seeing the states that we had flown over but never had driven through. So enroute we saw parts of Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Indiana and Kentucky...entirely new to us.
We visited the museum home of General Daniel Bissell in St. Louis, my uncle of many generations ago, on Mother's side, who had served in the Revolutionary War. We were treated most cordially being "relatives" from Montana.

On June 24th, Howard, Carol and family flew home for a wedding in the Beckers family. Andrew drove home from Seattle to pick Verlaine up having come from our KY trip. Being the first time everyone had been home at the same time since Andrew and Verlaine's wedding in 1988, plus being the summer of Howard and Carol's 25th wedding anniversary (July 9, 1970) it seemed the right time for a family picture. So at last with all the comings and goings it was harvest time. We had had a wonderfully wet summer. So wet it was hard to get spraying, summer fallowing, haying, rock picking and even harvest done. But at last, 4 months, almost to the day, of when seeding was completed, the combines rolled into the yard and harvest was done...September 29th...with about a 25 bushel an acre average. We were well pleased.

During that time, Margaret came home for a visit from St. Paul as Lloyd and his brother had flown to CA to visit a brother who was not well. With Margaret home, we had a good excuse to have a family gathering and added to that pleasure was that Jack and Katherine Morrison of Walla Walla, WA came unexpectedly to visit in the community and got in our party, too. Katherine would be remembered as Charlie and Jessie Grant's niece and the farm that Gordon's family now lives on was named "Katherine Wheatacre" by the Grants.

Our families stay busy: Gordon with his accountant work from December 1st till April 15th and his great farming during the summer. Bonnie is busy as a beaver keeping everyone on schedule what with Kayla (5) in kindergarten, Meagan (6) and in 1st grade, Sarah (11) in the 6th grade and busy with band, chorus, piano, basketball on Saturday mornings during the fall and Sunday School and the youth group of church and doing honor roll work. Luther Ryan (14) is a Freshman involved in band, speech club, confirmation, piano, league and if a grandma is allowed to brag...the only straight A student in the Plentywood High School at the end of the first 9 weeks period.

Andrew and Verlaine are well settled in Berea and she is busy taking her speech club on meets and busy with her teaching and as always, loving her students as she had from Day 1 back in 1987 in her first teaching position. Andrew realized a dream he had had for many years of writing a book and has now begun the search for a publisher, as well as looking for work in his field of public administration.

We spent the Thanksgiving week with Howard and Carol. They are busy as can be in the salvaging and appraising business. I always say Howard has made the whole United States his neighborhood. Dax and Kelly came from St. Paul and we got in several games of very competitive Rook. Allison (12) is a 7th grader and was very pleased being awarded "High Honors" in her class. Brendon (3) is a spittin' image of his dad when Howard was that age back in 1954.

I have to mention that for the 2nd year in a row, Howard placed 1st in the air race flying his Mooney from Denver to Osh Kosh, WI. It just happens that on ESPN (the sports channel) twice this fall there has been a show entitled "Highlights of the Osh Kosh Air Show" on TV and it showed Howard landing followed by a short interview. If any one is interested, Howard told us it will be shown on December 18th at 12:30 P.M. Mountain time on ESPN again. We have never had anything but a couple of ND stations and PBS out of Regina, but Vernon has now purchased a dish that we must get up before the 18th so we can see the program.

The day after Thanksgiving, we all drove up to see John at his school. He has the very best of care. Then we drove over to spend the weekend at Howard and Carol's recently built beautiful chalet type summer home on Lake Winnipesaukee in NH. I truly marvel that this home would be only about 100 miles from Colebrook, NH, to the northwest, where my mother's Indian heritage began with Eunitia, the French-Indian maiden, eight generations ago.

But now once again it is time to say, "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" to all of you, dear friends and relatives.

With Christmas love,

[Signature]
Holiday Greetings from our house to yours.

Vernon and Isleen
...and best wishes for the new year.

All of us
Dear Ivan & Carol,

Remembering You with a Special Greeting —
May the Season be all
You wish it to be

Hope this finds you well and not floating away in the terrible Northwest weather that we've heard so much about!

We are settled in to our new home in Kentucky and I love teaching at Berea College. I am
en route to Plentywood, where Andy will join me next week, for Christmas.

Ivan, English Week was one of the texts I chose for a general ed. course I taught this semester. It went over very well, especially (and not surprisingly) with the students from rural areas.

Happy new year to both of you.

Veclain e

Andy McDonald
Andrew & Verlaine McDonald
102 Morningside Street
Berea, KY 40403

Ivan & Carol Doig
17021 10th Ave NW
Seattle WA 98177
Verlaine McDonald
102 Morningside Street
Berea, KY 40403
April 25, '96

Dear Ivan,

I received Bucking the Sun in the mail today and send you many thanks. I appreciate having a signed copy, hot off the presses. And I'm especially grateful for your kind acknowledgment. Myrtle Waller will be thrilled to see her name listed in this section, as well.

Our poor Montana has certainly had its share of press lately, hasn't it? Perhaps a little notoriety will help stem the tide of Californians fleeing to the last best place.

Thanks again, Ivan, for your kindness. I hope you'll give us a call if you're ever in the Bluegrass country. Sincerely yours-

Yvaine
Visiting hometown

Charles Taylor, state senator and editor of The Plentywood Producers-News, was the most famous resident in the history of Sheridan County.

Taylor's son Carl Taylor, along with his wife Mariette and daughter Renee, were in Plentywood during the final week of May.

Carl was born in Plentywood in 1919 and graduated from Plentywood High School in 1938.

As a youngster, he worked as a printer's devil (assistant) at The Producers-News. Here's how he described his employment: "I did hand-setting, broke down the pages after they were printed, melted the metal back into pigs and swept the floors."

Saturday was a special day for Plentywood printers. That was when they printed butter wrappers for area farmers.

One of Carl's most vivid memories is the loss of the Taylor home due to an electrical fire.

He noted, "My dad had a very fine library, unmatched by anyone else in town, and it was all destroyed by fire. With the library my dad had, I was reading more history from my dad's books than I could read in school texts."

Taylor recalls that his high school history teacher, Oscar Fossum, did not appreciate Carl's extra information added to history class. Fossum moved Carl to the back row of the classroom and asked him no more questions.

Carl Taylor is well aware of the controversial nature of his father. He says those who want to understand the overall period of the 1930s in Montana and the Dakotas should read Lowell Dyson's book "Red Harvest"—a publication of the University of Nebraska Press.

For Carl Taylor, winner of the Bronze Star in World War II, visiting Plentywood brings back a wealth of fond memories. His 1996 trip to Plentywood was his first since the Diamond Jubilee year of 1987.

And while he has lived most of his life in the Seattle area—and worked as a printer there for 38 years—Plentywood was where he spent his first 19 years...and where he developed some of his most indelible memories.
MR. and MRS. IVAN DOIG
17021 Tenth Avenue North West
Seattle, Washington  98177
Plentywood, Montana
May 22, 1996

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Doig,

When I opened my mail box and saw a return address of one, Ivan Doig, I was ecstatic and upon opening the envelope and finding Bucking The Sun was truly a thrill and even more so to find it autographed, and acknowledged by two people from this remote area of northeastern Montana, which they say is uninhabited. A humble thank you is most inadequate but in so doing I want you to know how very grateful I am to be remembered by so great a celebrity.

Upon receiving the book I immediately called our son Gaylin in Portland, whom you have met. His reply, "Mom do you realize what a treasure that is" and to think it is a hard cover copy too. He had to fly to Los Angeles that day and in the airport in LA on his return trip to Portland he had an hour before flight time so he went to the library there and found the book and read the acknowledgments, scanned thru the book as time permitted and is adding it to his collection of Ivan Doig books.

Every book you publish makes me wonder if it can possibly surpass This House The Sky. It was most interesting too, especially your vivid description of the 'hard times' in Montana during depression times which I could relate to, however, I was much older than you and as a child went through the 'dirty thirties' as they were called but everyone, neighbors and all, were all in the same boat as the saying goes. I have never been sorry for that experience as it made us appreciate what my dad and mother went through to afford for their family the comforts we now enjoy.

If your travels bring you thru this 'uninhabited area' again please stop and get the cup of coffee you both should have had when you were here. I'm sorry I did neglect that bit of hospitality. Perhaps the next trip you could enlarge on The Freemen at Brusset and Jordan, Montana. One wonders what the outcome of that will be, they seem to have set up their own type of government and write their own kind of checks.

And in closing thank you again for "this treasure".

Sincerely,

Myrtle Weller
Dear Mr. and Mrs. Doig,

We surely enjoyed having lunch with you, Mr. Doig, on the morning of March 20th. We only wished that you could have been along, Mrs. Doig.

And I certainly did mean it when I invited you to visit us on the farm. Myrtle certainly enjoyed your visit last fall.

Outlook, MT
57252

April 4, 1995

and we would plan to invite the rest of the family to meet you.

On Monday oil drilling machinery moved in on the Wild land (Myrtle's maiden name). Last night we could see the tower was lit and I expect it won't be long till they begin drilling.

We are all upset and the rig is just a couple of miles across country from us. Right now an oil company is doing
Roses grow throughout the northern hemisphere. Roses are widely cultivated, and cross planting has given us many of the varieties of roses that we enjoy today. The rose is the state flower of New York.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

This card represents a contribution to the NSDAR Constitution Hall Renovation Project.

The National Society Daughters of the American Revolution, 
1776 D Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006-5392, 
is a 501 (c) (3) nonprofit organization.

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February 29, 1995

Dear Mr. Doig,

Thanks you for sending me the signed copy of *Heart Earth*. I don’t think it was a fair trade for you - a $6.00 photocopy for a hardbound book. I’m grateful for your kindness, and also for the feedback you gave me on my dissertation. And I would be honored to read the “Plentywood section” of your next manuscript whenever it is ready.

Since I spoke with you last, I have decided to accept a job offer from a college in Kentucky. Andy and I will be moving there in August. My mother, Myrtle Waller’s cousin, has been pestering me to see if she could meet you before I leave Seattle. In fact, she will be visiting us from March 17 - 22. Would you and your spouse have time for a quick cup of coffee at some point during that week? Our treat?

I know you are under a great deal of deadline pressure and will understand if you can’t carve any time out of your schedule. I hope you will have a free hour. Should you wish to contact me, my home number is 216-0487; work is 281-2404.

Sincerely yours,

Verlaine McDonald

Seattle Pacific University
Seattle, Washington 98119/ Phone: (206) 281-2036
Bozeman: street scenes for Charlene's departure scene? (check against pics in B'man bgnd file folder)

- check: Main St?

- Bungalow soda fountain

--sense of the Bridgers, beyond?
--any MSU setting needed for Owen/Charlene hydrology lab scene?
Bozeman bldgs:

Bungalow Drug (17-stool, 3 booth soda fntn), began in 1910

--snow panorama of B'man, white rectangles of roofs all across town

Bungalow ice cream parlor: tin ceilings, marble counter

Gem Theatre

Wagner's clothing store, began 1915

Monarch Lumber Co.

Phillips Book Store, began 1917: "first organized to sell Blickensderfer typewr'rs"

Chambers-Fisher Co., 7-11 W. Main: leading dept. store for Rosellen to work at

slogan: "Always Reliable"

MSU: '28 Montanan yrbk--icicles 2' long hanging from winter pic of Engrg Bldg.
Hvic Premium Office Note, Salem 2-2-91

- #1 Peck Trunk & Dorrfilm 24MC 291/24 VS 590 inc.
   early maps of Missouri from Conner, Elliott (ed.),
   
   Hbic Yrs a Fur Traders in Upper Missouri, Personal Natives
   J. C. Langf. Euner, 1833-1872, V. I-III

- #1 Peck MRA nomination - Maps & Photos - Valley Cenric:
  - ph. copies of pics & evolution J-FP trunk & ft.
  - where an original?

- 1986 HABS Natives - J-FP Hvic Prop Yrs inc.
  - narrative oral & history J-FP, has approx. 100 endnotes;
  - other sources given @ and 1 detailed journal J-FP ledger (done by Fred Quinick)

- J-FP Trunk MRA, final final mor. memo, Valley Co:
  cultural Arts Survey endnotes inc: "J-FP: An Amer. Indian"
  Nation 141 (Sept 11, 1935, p. 300)

OVER
- Cultural Race Survey and also via: "History of Town Management of Land Leases in Dublin," unpublished report prep'd by DH Dist Corps 1 Engineer, c. 1940.

- Ted Schega, Glasgow HS 1 Rep
  North Star Apartments 59-230  228-2254
  (former)
- possible source on 44 Park
April 25, 1994

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 10th Avenue
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

My mother and I enjoyed meeting you a few weeks ago. My mother worried she had completely wasted your time.

My mother remembers the beauty of the wild flowers that grew in the rolling hills behind Glasgow, a few moments dash from the family home. She remembers masses of purple crocuses every spring and wild pink roses. The children ran up into the hills to gather white sago lilies and soap lilies. They gathered "tomato flowers," which were orangish, and white rambling sweet peas and short clumps of cactus with pink blooms.

An overwhelming memory is a community-wide concern for the wheat crop. Everything depended upon it. If the farmers got paid, the doctor got paid. When Mom was a small girl, she remembers standing lost in the wheat; it was way over her head. Later on, as the depression hit, the wheat crop was stubble. Then grasshoppers came -- so thick, fat, and jumping a child didn't want to poke her nose out the back door. The grasshoppers were everywhere.

Big, white fluffy clouds would drift over the sky -- "empties" -- no rain.

Nobody had any cash. Doc Smith got paid with chickens and cream.

On a summer night the young people would lie on their backs outside and look up at the Northern Lights. The Milky Way was so close it could smack you with its vastness.

Despite decades of nationwide research by cousins, nobody made chokecherry jelly the way my grandmother did. She alone knew the moment to harvest the bright berries growing on the chokecherry
bushes at the border of the back yard and the alley. At the right hour of ripeness the children would put a blanket under a tree and shake the bushes. (The backyard chokecherries are not to be confused with thorny bull berries up in the hills that the Indians used to gather.)

Personalities Mom recalls: Al White, a cowboy who went on wild horse roundups and Ruby Smith, a "madam" who used some of her "earnings" to purchase playground equipment for the schoolyards -- a sense of community.

I enclose the printed historical information you requested.

Very truly yours,

Janet Kreft

JK/paa
Enclosures
Dear Janet—

Hey, you maybe ought to think about a career in literary research...

The details you plucked out of your mother are terrific. Please do assure her that I think my talking with her was time well spent, and I gained some useful notions about Glasgow, Fort Peck and that era. I can also see, though, the details—courtesy-of-Janet sprigging up here and there as I write.

Thanks, too, for the photocopied material, and here at my end I've now copied what I needed of this loaned stuff. Now to sit down for the next twenty months and finish this book. Regards to you both.
Mr. Ivan Doig  
17021 10th Ave.  
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

I was pleased to attend your reading at Powell's Bookstore in Portland in early December.

I gave my mother Rascal Fair for Christmas, and my uncle John received Heart Earth from me.

To remind you, I am the woman who came up to you and told you that my family had connections to the building of Ft. Peck Dam in the 1930s.

I have been chatting with my mother, and I would enjoy sharing some of her memories with you with hopes of enriching your vision of that era.

My grandfather, Alfred Nelson Smith (1882 - 1956) was raised on a wheat farm in North Dakota. He was descended from Scottish immigrants who had gone by ship from Edinburgh to Canada. After one generation in Ontario, they migrated to the Dakota territories in 1880 where the Great Northern Railway was seeding new communities and pushing back the Indians. His mother was Jean Stuart, said to be of the line of Marie Stuart (Mary Queen of Scots). She had been tutored at home and could recite Robert Burns' poetry in the brogue. Anyhow, those Scots loved learning and the literary tradition, and in the long summers on that wheat farm they put on Shakespeare plays in the barn.

A.N. Smith became a physician and married the sweetest nurse in the Dakotas. They moved to Glasgow Mt. to open up a medical practice in 1910. They raised four children there. My mother, Mary Jane, was the third child, and the only daughter. She attended Glasgow High School (1931-35) during the regional excitement known as "the building of the Dam."
The Corps of Engineers might have brought out doctors to treat the workers' families, but instead they decided to hire my grandfather as chief physician for 4,000 workers' families. My grandfather hired other doctors to help him, up to nine at a time. His big fear was an epidemic, but it never came.

There was a concern with the Army offices getting VD from the Indian girls.

In 1938 my father, a young physician from Illinois, needed to earn some money and came out to work at Smith Clinic at Ft. Peck. The dam was built by then, but my father practiced his hobby of photography there.

Here are some postcards from my mother’s memories:

Glasgow, Valley County, was the headquarters until the dam was built. The population swelled from 5,000 to 10,000 in a short while.

The dam was built by the U.S. Corps of Engineers. The heads of the project were Colonel Larkin and Colonel Kittrell. Col. Kittrell and his family stayed in my grandparent’s home for two months until their housing was found. Katherine Kittrell was a maid of honor when my parents married in 1940.

I enclose a photograph taken by my father. It is of a community built for the workers. My mother doesn’t remember the name of the town: there were many.

My mother remembers a funny story about the time President Franklin Roosevelt came out for the dedication in 1933. (The dam wasn’t finished yet.) It was an enormous event to have the President arrive at the Great Northern Railway Station. The Glasgow High band played. Senator Wheeler and the President were in an open-air limousine and waved at the crowd. They went down the highway to the town and the dam and stopped at a collection of workers' shanties. The community was named "Wheeler."

Franklin Roosevelt laughed and said "Wow! Look what they named after you!" Wheeler grunted and said "wait a minute."

Down the road the limo slowed down again for an even sadder collection of shanties. Wheeler said "Look what they’ve named after you!" In the road was a sign post that said "New Deal." The President threw back his head and laughed again!
My parents dated in an ambulance. Once, the ambulance stopped outside of a worker's home, little more than a remodeled chicken coop. My father went in and delivered a baby.

The rattlesnakes had always lived on the east side of the Missouri flood plain. After the dam was built, the rattlesnakes crawled across the earth and rocks and invaded the humans living on the west side. One woman found a rattlesnake curled up in her outhouse. A dog got bit.

The workers occasionally excavated up dinosaur bones.

The Glasgow High girls were all a-twitter when the U.S. Corps of Engineers arrived. Some of them were West Pointers -- one newly arrived from Panama duty, tan skin and white pants -- almost exotic to these shy, country girls in the Valley County depression.

My mother remembers that hobos would migrate through Glasgow. They would knock on the back door and offer to work for food. My grandmother always found something, usually yardwork, for them to do and passed a plate via the stove through the back door.

"They've marked me!" she would say. It was thought that in hobo camps there was some way of recording where good cooks lived (such as addresses chalked on viaducts with a fork symbol).

The little town of Glasgow seems to have been a microcosm of the world. There was the town soothsayer, the negro family, the Jewish family, the town drunk, even a murderer. To this day, my mother looks back with a love and respect for a small town "where people cared about each other." Like you, she moved from a "house of sky" to a cloudier climate. Even last week, remarked that she "had never gotten used to" the lack of sunshine.

I never really understood why my father, who grew up in Chicago, never spoke about his past.

My mother, on the other hand, never got over hers. One day in about 1970 when she referred to "home", I demanded: "Home? Where is home to you?" Our life had been in Portland since 1947.

I was afraid of her answer.

If you are ever in Portland, please consider coming by to see my father's photo album of Ft. Peck and meet my mother, still "the princess of the prairie." There is much more she could tell you. (Mary Smith Kreft, Portland, Oregon (503) 227-1005)
You must be aware of the New Yorker article on the dam — came out in late '91 or early '92.

My uncle John worked as a surveyor on the dam. I can find his phone number in California if you need it.

Please remember to send the photo back.

Very truly yours,

Janet Kreft
13 Jan. 94

JK/paa
Enclosure: Janet Kreft

Just a very quick interim note of thanks for your Fort Peck material. I'll guard your photo with my life, and get it back to you as soon as I make a decent photocopy (it's a terrific pic, by the way). And I'm trying to figure out if and when I can make an Oregon trip to talk to your mom and some other Fort Peck folk; will let you know, and until then, huge best regards...
Dear Janet--

I can manage to come to Portland on Feb. 19, a Saturday, to talk to your mother about Fort Peck, and as she and I worked it out on the phone today, I'll call when I get to town for directions to your place. I'd like to come about 2, and spend an hour or so looking at your family's Fort Peck photos and asking your mother some questions about life in the mid-1930's.

Looking forward to meeting your mother, and thanks immensely for getting this launched. See you on the 19th.

regards,

[Signature]
Mr. Lewrag
17021 Tenth Ave N W
Seattle, Wa. 98177

Dear Lewrag:

You do not know me from Billy Joe, but I do have a great appreciation for your way of going in your accomplished writing.

In a recent Great Falls Tribune article by Denise Hart it covered your new book "Heart Earth." The story of your Mother, this will be a must for us to obtain.

The article also mentioned that you are well on your way into a new novel centered around the days of the construction of Fortasket Island. My car picked it up like a horse headed for water.

There is a great amount of data on the big project and I naturally do not know how you are approaching it as a novel. My reason for writing is to offer you access to a considerable amount of history and events which I have collected over the years.
I am considered some-what of a historian on local area movements of time, whatever that means. We may have some common associates as it was my privilege to serve twelve years on the State Historical Board of Trustees with some very special people. I have been the Curator of Valley County Pioneer Museum in a love position for over twenty years. Brochure enclosed.

Fort Peck: There have been three generations of our family worked on the project. My dad was County Surveyor when the first Corps parties arrived. The location work before the project was approved. They set up offices here in Glasgow. Their survey equipment had not arrived with them so they looked for transit, etc. to get started until their arrival. Sam Noff was head of survey.

In 1937, had resigned as County Surveyor and hired on as an engineer with the Corps. First job was laying out the Fort Peck Reservoir under Capt. Parkin. Was on the survey of lands to be inundated by the lake formed. The most responsible position was that of Chief of Material Section which figured and ordered the material that went into that huge and imposing structure.

Recently I found some historic data on the original old Fort Peck (1862) among some of his records, that I had not seen before. I have a clear sense of it written about before. Or maybe I just didn't slow down and hadn't
picked up on it!! Such as Granville Stewart's brother living at first Peck with Granville coming from Deer Lodge to take the body back to Deer Lodge for burial.

All an excellent account of Sitting Bull crossing
near first Peck with his people in the cold winter
of 1875-76 with map showing his movement
south which ended up in the big battle
with Custer and his troops. He did come back
this way after the battle on his way to Canada.

I do not know if you ever crossed Trails
with John Munn. He farmed and reached
in this area following WWI later migrated
to Helena. He authored a book of western poems
"Beyond the Wagon Trail." He did a good job of
covering that period. So as to give you a
good feel for this area I am enclosing
a copy of one he calls "The Badlands"
where in he captures the bigness and
beauty of our Montana plains country. The
badlands he refers to here are on the
upper end of Frenchman Creek (Frenchman River)
in Canada; northwest of Bitteroot. It would
also describe the Badlands of the Missouri
Breaks country. Sam Gillicky was a long
time editor of the Glasgow Courier which
also covered covered the period of the
Fort Peck Dam construction days. He later
became Director of the Montana Historical
Society Museum. John Munn sent him a
copy of his book - Enclosed in Same
envelope letter of thanks to John, with
Another area of deep feelings of people who had to leave their farms/lands/operations to make room for the lake which would cover their land which the government had purchased. There were over 14,100 acres of private land purchased in all counties plus State lands and Department of Interior lands, total land area over 50,000 acres. (I have a list of each owner.) I am enclosing another of John Muir's poems entitled “Backwater” wherein he envisioned an old “plunger” sticking it out to the very last of the lake in riding!

I do not know if any of this type of background is of interest to you at this point, so don't you have been there. In any event use of the area would like to extend an invitation to return. We will look at the big clean project from several different ridges. The Museum is also quite a revelation in history.

We would also be honored to sponsor an autograph session for your latest book, if that would be in order.

Just thought of another story to illustrate the feeling for the “Big” Country and for the people. "The Little Painted Surrender" enclosed.

Now I'll really loaded you and hope you receive it in the light it is given. Let me hear from you. 406-228-4776.

Yours sincerely,
[Signature]

[Name]
Sept. 7, 1994

Dear Carol and Ivan:

Have I written you since you wrote about your forthcoming trip to Idaho and Montana? If not, be prepared in Sun Valley to be greeted by my cousin, Dick Conley, who not only admires your work but actually went out and bought all of those Doig books available at his bookstore. Greet him warmly.

He plans to attend your book signing bash and I'll expect you to at least write legibly when you sign anything he has for you. When we saw him -- on the trip where we first visited you -- he told us you were almost a local legend. So be on the lookout for him.

Now . . . about this typewriting business. Jeanne and I have put our heads together and these are some of the verities pertaining thereto:

The average good well trained typist is likely to hit 60 words per minute with straight typing, no columns of figures or anything like that. That same typist probably can go faster than that, even up over 100 words per minute, for very short periods which would be the equivalent of 40 and 50 yard dashes at a track meet. You don't see them very often. I know that I did that in short spurts (or perhaps when I was showing off) but would not be able to sustain it. (Remember, when you may have seen me blazing away in my office, I did not give you a chance to read what I had typed. In your innocent youthful way you just took my word that I'd made no errors.)

I remember typing teachers stressing a good posture with your backside to the back of the chair. And I remember violating that rule and being down in the back afterwards. You must learn to concentrate, of course and I'm sure I had the equivalent of your "make tiger claws" instructions. And never never look at the keys or you'll never be able to get along without referring to them constantly. One thing I've learned is that under certain lighting conditions, I find that wearing a visor or a visored cap helps me. (Here typing)

Anyhow, in a manner of speaking that's how I made master sergeant in 14 months and that was by far my greatest contribution to the WWII effort. And that's how Jeanne became
the private secretary to the labor relations director of the
Owens-Illinois Glass Co, a job which took her to New York where
we met and started making such beautiful music together.

Next item on the agenda: We are going to Hawaii (Maui) at the
end of the month. Our neighbors have a time share there and
invited us along to share it with them. Just a week. I was
there for two short stints during WWII, to Oahu and Hawaii.

The only thing bothersome about it is that my brother, Carl, is
doing very poorly in a nursing home in Belleville, Ill. He'll
be 86 in a week and a half. Keeps facing crises and rallying so
he's a pretty tough old bird. We had hoped to get up there
before we go to Maui but can't quite see how we can squeeze it
in. It took what was up till then the worst airplane crash in
history to kill my sister 30 odd years ago so we seem to be
pretty tough stock. But Carl is a worry.

We were overwhelmed with grandchildren this summer. (Oh yes,
their parents came, too, but we hardly noticed them.) Mark and
Sydney and their three little girls were here, then Claudia and
Richard and their boy and two little girls were here. It really
was great. Weather was excellent and a good time seems to have
been had by all.

We have sold our villa. Hated to do it and may live to regret
it but there'a a lot of detail work in connection with it and I
just can't do it anymore. And Jeanne is so busy with so many
things, including keeping me going, that she can't assume the
care and feeding of rental property. I just won't let her.

I had eye surgery in May and it seems to have done some good
although not as much as I'd like. It was NOT, as everyone asks,
for cataracts but was to relieve glaucoma pressure. I think it
helped although some days, today, for instance, the eyes seem
cloudy when I get up in the morning and just don't bother to
clear up. A pox on those damned papers I graded for 30 years!

Considering that your latter ran to 16 lines, I feel this is an
adequate response.

I hope the safari into the west east of you is a success and
we'll look forward to hearing from you. Oh yes.....Jeanne picked
up a copy of "The Sea Runners" at the Bargain Box today so we
are not the only Doig aficionados here. (And I am now working
just a little at the Box. It's contagious.)

All good wishes -

J & B
Dear Ben and Jeanne--

A gazillion thanks (hey, don't blame me, I learned all my vocabulary from BaoBaldwin) for the inside skinny on typing. Just the sort of thing I was groping for, and now when Rosellen Duff, my Depression-era typist, begins her rise through keyboard dexterity, it'll be due to you two.

I've been on the road since the day after Labor Day, and so this is going to be a kind of scattershot scouting report:

First, Ketchum: I did cross paths with your cousin and his wife, but only after my reading at the local library. It seems, ahaem, that they were among the 50 people turned away from the filled-to-capacity auditorium. You will now adress me respectfully as SRO Digg, I trust--your cousins and the others were turned away after standing-room-only had been allotted and mutters were made about the fire marshal catching us all at this. So, anyway, a hang-up experience in Ketchum, replete with ideal mountain-autumn weather and a classy log cabin along the creek west of town, as part of the deal provided by the library speaking program. We did have to watch out for bear as we came and went to the cabin in the dark, but...

Ann Arbor: In the q-and-a session after my reading there, somebody asked me about my NU background, and I mentioned that my best friend from college (Tom Holden, a speechie) was in the audience tonight. Then as I was signing books, up came a guy with beautiful silver hair and exquisite silver mustache and started saying, "Tom Holden was not the only person from your Northwestern past here tonight, although you may not remember. "Dick!" I am yelling by then, "CROAKER!" and bearhugging him. I swear, I would recognize the inimitable Dick Croske manner in deepest Africa. He seems splendid; as you maybe know, hence he's a Senior Development Officer for the U. of Michigan medical center.

Ann Arbor II: Up comes a blonde U. of Michigan sophomore who looks a bit like the Hemingway granddaughter who became a movie star--Marie--but who of course, naturally, you bet, is instead the daughter of that chiseled profile, Jerry Ackerman. Yup, Suzanne Ackerman got all of her mother's refined facial features and evidently Jerry's equanimity; she's a comparative lit major, and seems like a perfectly dandy person.

Madison, Iowa City, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Milwaukee and Washington, D.C., were the rest of my bookstore travels for the Penguin paperback of Heart Earth—all undertaken after our 3300-mile Montana-Idaho trip, and Carol started back into her teaching year—and now it's time to get back to writing the next book.
The manuscript seems to be going well, although it has a lot of going yet to do, to reach about 400 printed pages. The rest of this year and all of next, and I should have it.

Carol's into another good quarter, i.e. no loonies/ninnies/whatever in her classes, which is the 4th quarter in a row that it's gone so well. She also managed some heroic refurbishing around here this summer, with the result that we have a new living-room carpet, new couch, refinished side-tables...as you divine, Jeanne, the lukewarm house-hunting we were doing has cooled even more. Prices in the neighborhood stay colossal, and there's fixing-up in lurking in whatever does come on the market.

Regretted hearing about Carl's bad health. Quite an era is represented in him, isn't it.

On your homefront, we will now think of both of you up to your ears in the Bargain Box. By now, if I savvy your schedule, you'll have been to Hawaii and established a beachfront prototype of the Bargain Box there.

all for now, except best wishes and thanks
2 Sept. '94

Dear Ben and Jeanne--

Just a quick hello before we head off into Montana and Idaho--research for the next book, and some bookstore appearances for the Penguin paperback of Heart Earth--and a request for a bit of help from you demon typists. I have a character in the next book, a young woman, who lands a job during the Depression because she's a speed typist. So: how many words a minute should she be able to type, back there in the Thirties, on an office manual typewriter? Also, do either of you remember any tips or rules--of posture, rhythm, concentration, anything relevant to proficiency in typing--from any typing classes you had? For example, I remember my high school typing teacher's refrain to "make tiger claws", i.e., arch our fingers down onto the keys. Anything come to mind? If not, just how many words a minute that whizkid BHB could turn out would be very helpful.

Been a good sunny summer here in Seattle, as pleasant as last summer was un-. We're both thriving. Will report more when we get back from the West coast of here.

all best,
Dear Ivan,

Your "Bucking the Sun" has been read and enjoyed very much. Thank you for this very special copy. Once I started to read the book, it was difficult to set it down to do the "living things" that had to be done. I personally regret that many of the people who worked to build the project have died and will not be able to enjoy reading your book.

Enclosed is a copy of a letter from my friend Les Cleveland has written us about how he has enjoyed reading your book. He is a mechanical engineer and a career employee of the Corps of Engineers.

We also had a letter out of the blue from Anne Cover who grew up in Fort Peck who wrote to tell us how much she enjoyed your new book. She is currently living in Palo Alto and she hopes to see you at one of your scheduled appearances in the east. Her father was an electrical engineer and a former deer hunting partner.

It was good that you honored Montana State University by having Owen Duff graduate from that institution. There were many competent MSU graduates employed at the project and they contributed their know how and skills to the project.

Currently I'm working a few morning a week as a Contract Administrative Consultant for Will Construction Co. Inc. of Everett. We are currently building a Steam Plant for the Navy's Everett Home Port.

I've been writing a memoir and it covers my 60 plus years of construction activity. I tentatively have selected the title "Northwest Construction Facilitator, Sixty Years of Civil Engineering". My wife Ruth wants me to use something more flashy like "Plumb Crazy for Sixty Years and Still at It." The memoir is to have twelve chapters and I'm working on Chapter Ten. My wife and three daughters are helping me with the proof reading and spelling!

I've just gotten home from a 36 hour stay in Providence Hospital. My upper heart valves were fibrillating and they gave me the shock treatment to get them to coordinate with the lower heart valves. We live in a wonderful age!

Sincerely,

[Signature]

Gerold B. Van Faasen
even though I did not experience it.

The Bibliography says that Ivon Doig was Montana-born and had been a 6+ year old child of loggers. My father worked in a newspaper and magazine editor. His descriptions of the Fort Peck area and events are so real that I can not comprehend that anyone could write such realistic descriptions just from research and interviews.

However, from the picture he does not look old enough to have seen or experienced Fort Peck during the 1933-1938 period covered by the book.

Since that period is about 60 years ago, to experience Fort Peck even in the 10 to 20 year age he would have to be 70 to 80 years old now. Possibly he grew up in the Glendive-Fort Peck area and heard much about it as a young man.

If you see Mr. Doig be sure and tell him how much this former Fort Peck worker enjoyed his book.

---

26 June 1996

Dear Ruth and Jerry,

I really thank you for calling my attention to the book "Bucking the Lean" by Ivon Doig. Had you not done so, I am sure I would have never known about the book.

I went over to the Walden Book Store right away and they had 3 copies on the shelf, so I bought one at once. I have finished reading the book and was thoroughly fascinated by it.

After a while I tested it, as it seems so real, I felt like I was still at Fort Peck.

I did not transfer to Fort Peck until June 1936 and was there until August 1943, and thus there during the last two year period covered by his book. I heard so much about the period 1933-1936, and saw the results of that period that I feel like I was there, and the book makes the earlier period real,
PS: Just as I finished this letter, we noticed a one-column review of
"Beaching the Sex" in the July 1st, Page 63, issue of Time Magazine. I think it is
a good review but the reviewer is more concerned with the political and
labour reactions in the book, than the parts about the Fort Peck area and
events. I can well understand this,
for if one was not there, one would
naturally think the events and places
in a novel like this were all
made up by the author, and
did not really happen as
so well described and pictured.

Thought you might like to see the
enclosed picture, taken in a restaurant
of the two of us. We had just been seated
in the restaurant after attending
groceries services to inter the ashes of
a lifelong lady friend of Frances.
Both the lady and her family have not
lived in Hannibal for many years so
there were not many at the service.
The family invited everyone to lunch.
Start of a luncheon wake. Frances
wanted me to explain that she had
just come in from the bright
daylight, hence the sun glasses.
Things are the same with us,
except for about the last month.
Frances has been battling severe
tendinitis in the left shoulder. After
3 doctors and 3 different medicines,
and 4 therapy sessions of ultra sound and
moist heat she is much better. I think the 3rd
medicine is what has really helped. We hope
the improvement continues. Sincerely
Frances and Lee
M. R. Montgomery
139 South Great Road
Lincoln, MA 01773

Dear Mr. Montgomery:

I've read your article in "The New Yorker" and your book entitled Saying Goodbye, and have also read reviews on your book in "The New York Times" and "Civil Engineering". I have enjoyed your book very much and I'm glad you wrote it to pay tribute to your father and father-in-law.

I was employed at the Fort Peck Project from October 1936 to August 1951, except for three years during World War II (February 1943 to January 1946) when I served with the 109th Naval Construction Battalion in the Central Pacific. When the 109th Battalion was stationed at Camp Parks, California I did visit your father at his Public Works office. In February 1943 I accepted a commission as a Lieutenant (Junior Grade) in the Civil Engineering Corps of the Navy and subsequently was promoted to Lieutenant and Lieutenant Commander, and completed twenty years of satisfactory service in the Naval Reserve. I started as a topographical draftsman and later employed as Junior Engineer, Assistant Engineer and Associate Engineer before serving in the Navy.

The 109th NCB went in with the 2nd Marine Division on the assault of Roi-Namur, Kwajalein in the Marshal Islands. We also served at Oahu and Guam. In the 109th I functioned as the Building Project Manager and supervised the construction of a deluxe quonset hut BOQ for Commodore Perry on Oahu.

When I reported to Fort Peck I was assigned to the Tunnel Section--field engineering and inspection office. Subsequently when the government took over the construction to the tunnels from the contractor, Mason-Walsh Construction Company, I was assigned to that construction office and worked under George Kittredge, who was M/W Engineer of Plans. When the tunnels were completed I was reassigned to the Dam Supervision and Inspection Division. A couple months before the big slide my supervisor transferred to the Dennison Dam in Texas and I was selected to replace him in the supervision of the Survey and Drafting Section.

On the morning of the Big Slide, Chickie Best, one of my survey party chiefs, reported to me that the free-board on the core-pool at the upstream east end of the dam was down to one foot. It normally was three to six feet. I immediately reported this disturbing information to my Division Chief Cummins and sent Chickie Best out to reconfirm his "level run" across that area.

At 11:30 that morning, September 22, 1938, I drove across what later became the slide area to locate Chickie since he hadn't reported his confirmation.

I'm sure that Colonel Kittrel was en route to the trouble area to confirm the reported disturbing conditions and subsequently to take corrective action. Unfortunately, the slide occurred at 1:30 and that precluded any corrective action and did result in the shut down of the dredges and dam construction. In hindsight, a shutdown should have been authorized at an earlier time. The dam completion had been scheduled for so long and a shutdown decision would have
been precedent-setting and difficult to make. A shutdown would have precluded completing the dam in 1938 in accordance with the long-standing plan.

Although I knew that your father had worked on the spillway, our paths had not crossed until I saw him at Camp Parks. After the dam was completed and we were engaged in military construction after WWII was declared, I was briefly associated with your uncle Don and I knew his wife Olive. Before war was declared the District was engaged in a CAA airfield construction program for the Seattle Regional CAA office.

During this time I was supervising a planning design group of the Engineering Division and we put out the master plans for Army airfields for what are now Malmstrom AFB at Great Falls, Ellsworth AFB at Rapid City, and the Black Hills Ordnance Depot at Edgemont S.L. We also put out the master plan for the Japanese Relocation Center at Heart Mountain (Cody, Wyoming). The District Engineer, Lt. Col. R. Selee, tried to get me a commission in the Corps of Engineers, U.S. Army, in 1942 and many of my associates were commissioned, including your Uncle Don. I was of combat age and the Army did not grant commissions to civilians of combat age. The Army expected me to enlist and take a chance on Officers Training School and subsequent commission. I elected to obtain the direct Navy commission in their Civil Engineer Corps.

After WWII I exercised my re-employment rights and returned to Fort Peck. Eventually I again had the Design Branch of the Engineering Division and we completed various features of the dam, such as the surge tanks for the #1 power house, piercing spillway piers to permit painting of the ends of the 16 spillway gates.

In 1951 I transferred to the Seattle District. Five years later I was selected to be Resident Engineer for the Seattle District's Construction Office in the Seattle area. I also served as Resident Engineer for the Seattle District for four years at the Glasgow AFB in northeast Montana when it was converted from ADC to SAC. I also served as Resident Engineer at Fairchild AFB in Spokane and another subsequent five-year period again in charge of the Seattle Resident Office.

My last major assignments for the Corps of Engineers was a three-year stint (1970 to 1973) as MSR Resident Engineer on the Anti-Ballistic Missile Project at Conrad, Montana for the Huntsville, Alabama Division Office of the Army Corps of Engineers. While at Conrad I also served a five-month TDY period at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania as the Area Engineer for the Tropical Storm Agnes Fight there. President Nixon gave the Conrad project to the USSR on Memorial Day weekend in 1972. In June 1973 I retired at Conrad, Montana.

I met and married my wife, Ruth Shanahan of Libby, Montana, while she was employed in the Finance Division at Fort Peck from 1935 to 1942, and two of our three children were born during our tenure there. We enjoyed living and working in Montana, but retirement was something else. We moved back to Seattle, where our third daughter had been born, in May of 1974.
About six weeks after we got back to Seattle after my retirement from the Corps of Engineers, Merrill Will, who founded Will Construction Company, Inc., asked me to join their company in a consulting capacity and I have been with them on a part-time basis for over 16 years. We have had interesting jobs—and I use the part-time work as therapy—something to keep the wheels turning.

There are still some of my Fort Peck friends around here in the Seattle area but we are getting old and dropping off one by one.

I knew Charlie Hirst and Gene Tourlotte. Gene's widow reported that Colonel Pick, the Division Engineer, was in the car with Major Kittrel when Gene backed it out of the slide area at a rapid rate.

I graduated from Michigan College of Mining and Technology (now Michigan Technological University) at Houghton, Michigan in 1934 with a B.S. in Civil Engineering. I have been a registered Professional Engineer in Michigan, Montana, and Washington.

Your book intrigued me, and I've made some comments concerning some of the information in your book. This has been done in the spirit of friendship and because Fort Peck has been such an important part of my life and career. Please see the attachment for the comments.

If you have the time and inclination, it would be nice to talk on the telephone or visit if you get out this way.

Sincerely,

Jerold B. Van Faasen
Attachment

Comments on Saying Goodbye

Page 22  The Fort Peck Dam and Dike are 20500 feet in length—or almost four miles rather than three miles.

Page 24  Fort Peck was never referred to as "Fort Peck City" except in the first issue of "Life". In local circles, it was always referred to as "the Fort Peck townsite".

Page 31  The rock quarry was known locally as "Snake Butte", not "Rattlesnake Butte", and was located southwest of Harlem, Montana, not north of Harlem and near the Canadian line.

Page 32  The Fort Peck spillway is located in a saddle in the Bear Paw Shale uplift. The Missouri River never flowed through that saddle. The Missouri at one time did flow down the Milk River Valley until a glacier from the north came in and diverted the Missouri to the south, where it cut the channel that now has been converted to the Fort Peck Reservoir.

Page 34  The Fort Peck Dam was made a ASCE National Historic Civil Engineering Site in 1989.

The Spillway is east-northeast of the dam, not southeast.

Page 36  Hell Creek is southwest of the dam on the south side of the reservoir, and not northwest of the dam.

Page 40  Bear Paw Shale is a marine deposit and not of volcanic origin, although the bentonite seams probably were volcanic ash deposits in the marine shale.

Page 41  Modified coal saws were used to cut the shale at the spillway site but not to cut the shale in the tunnels. The shale was drilled and explosives were used to break up the shale in the tunneling. A Conway mucker was used to place the broken shale on its movable conveyor, which put the shale on a conveyor system to load the dump cars of a direct current track system for moving the shale out of the tunnel to a crusher and conveyor that took the shale to a disposal site. Bear Paw Shale normally has about 20% moisture content. The Bear Paw Shale when exposed to the dry Montana air readily gave up its moisture and started to disintegrate. To preclude this disintegration, the tunnel headings were humidified and the exposed shale was coated with bitumen. Steel excavation bracing was used and concreting operation followed the heading as soon as practicable. This high humidity at the tunnel heading contributed to the miners' lung troubles and pneumonia.

Page 58  When "Life" featured Fort Peck in its first issue, Lt. Col. T. B. Larkin was the District Engineer (boss-man) and Major T. C. Kittrel was his deputy. Margaret Bourke-White photographed both men and they were pictured in that issue on pages 14 and 15.
Ruby Smith, of Alaska fame, owned and operated Wheeler Inn with its taxi dancers. To my limited knowledge she was not associated with the "Happy Hollow" operation.

Wheeler townsite was on both sides of the highway to Glasgow as pictured in "Life". New Deal was located on the flood plain on the west bank of the Missouri below the dam, and much of the New Deal area disappeared as borax in dredging operations for the dam construction.

The temporary housing at Fort Peck was well-insulated with 3½ inches of rock wool between the celotex interior wall and the outside undersheeting and siding. The insulation was placed between the 2x4 wall studs and ceiling joists. The interior wall and ceiling celotex was deficient in that no provision had been made for a vapor barrier. The moisture would freeze in the insulation and drip from the ceilings when a chinook or spring thaw came.

Dam construction which employed four electric dredges started each spring and continued seven days a week, 24 hours each day (three eight-hour shifts) until freeze-up in the fall. There never was a two-shift-per-day operation.

The large rip-rap which came by rail from Snake Butte was never dumped from the rail cars. Each piece of rock had to be removed and placed in its final position by crane.

At Snake Butte, they prepared a big "coyote hole" and filled it with powder to make the final blast which was to conclude their operation at the quarry. This "final blast" was witnessed by many and killed the Quarry Superintendent's young son, who came to witness the last blast. Confer was the name of the Quarry Superintendent.

General Comments

Your father was intrigued with the definition of Portland Cement. Most civil engineers are. The definition I remember from my days at Michigan Tech varied slightly from what you used in your book. As I remember it was as follows:

"Portland Cement is the product obtained by finely pulverizing clinker produced by calcining to incipient fusion an intimate and properly proportional mixture of argillaceous and calcareous materials with no additions subsequent to calcination excepting water and calcined or uncalcined gypsum."

Your front cover piece shows a sheet from an early Missouri River survey. I have a complete half-size set of the entire initial survey.

The back cover shows a much-used map of the Fort Peck Project that was drawn by my friend James W. Alvey. His initials "JWA" are in the lower right corner of the title block. This map was updated numerous times and you will find my initials, "JBVF", in the lower left corner of the title block.

Jerold B. Van Faasen
Alberta
copyright 1995 Beth Van Faasen Betker
Watermedia and pastel

Photography Courtesy Dan Betker

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fiber-reactive dyes on silk crepe de chine

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Dear Ivan,

Your book arrived promptly. Thank you very much. I've started to read it and find it very interesting.

Thanks also for including me in the acknowledgements. I knew Mary Murphy and Harold and Eddie Aus. I also knew a Frank Henderson who was an executive Vice President of Velse Mortensen Construction outfit of Seattle. He was involved with Construction at the Glasgow AF Base.

You reminded me that the book is a novel — "fiction" and I'll have a few impressions for you after I finish reading.
Seattle, WA
April 20, 1993

Dear Ivan,

It was nice to visit with you last week. Some of those pictures can be positively identified as "Ed's Place" or "Ruby's Place" by comparing the picture backgrounds with those in the article in the Life Magazine. "Ruby's Place" was always identified as "Wheeler Inn" and addressed by that name during the project days.

Enclosed is a copy of the Fort Peck Construction Workers Directory issued by the Omaha District in 1987 for your review and file. They also issued a second volume containing additional interesting material. I'm sure they would send you a copy for the asking. The directory will give you a flavor of what life was like on the Fort Peck Project during construction. You will find many interesting tales. Please read Dalene Wimmers account which starts on page 149. We knew the Wimmer family at Fort Peck and later after her son Leith had graduated in Civil Engineering he worked for me during the early 1970's on the conversion of the Glasgow AF Base from its ADC to SAC mission. Leith now lives in Glasgow and has a realty and insurance business.

Fort Peck was a great place to get engineering experience. WE enjoyed living there. Although many of the workers were from Montana and neighboring states there also was a cosmopolitan group of engineers and other employees that came from all over the United States. When the project was complete the employees dispersed all over the world.

Sincerely.

Jerold B. Van Faasen

Dear Jerry--

Am just back from a long trip around the West, and getting into the mail. Thanks for the Ft. Peck workers directory; I've had a copy and been working my way through it, but hadn't got to the Wimmers yet. Will also make a note to myself about Vol. 2 of it.

All is well here, though damnably busy. Greatly appreciated the spring session with you when we went through the LIFE photos--helped a lot.

best wishes,
Jerry Van Faasen interview 5/29/91

told him I'd like to come back, probably in July, to see Ft. Peck video
he has and to make photocopies of some Ft. Peck pics in his scrapbook.

--he also has copies of Engineering News-Record magazine (which I should be
able to find at UW Engineering Library) abt Ft. Peck—an article dated

--after the tape recorder was off, Jerry mentioned how much dislike of Ft. Peck
and its people there was in Glasgow; said Glasgow stores held their sales on
Friday so Ft. Peck people cdn't be there (because of working).
Eng'g News-Record, May 20, '37

Aug 29, '35 - entire issue on HP streaks

Van't hoo: 2 HP videos Omaha Dist
Seattle, WA  
August 24, 1993

Dear Ivan,

Your card came and I should have known that you would have that available information about the Fort Peck Project.

Under separate cover I am having a copy of a newly published book entitled "In Search of a Dream" written by our long time friend Ken Steffensen of Billings, Montana, sent to you. I found the book to be very interesting. Ken writes about his early years growing up on a homestead south of Wolf Point. He put himself through the U. of Minnesota Dental School. Ruth and I were two of his first patients in Glasgow, Montana and we have been long time friends.

Something that is not revealed in his book is that Ken and his sister Helen and their respective spouses formed the Thomas and Steffensen Cattle Co. and purchased many of the old homesteads in the Sand Creek area including his parents' homestead and successfully operated the Ranch under the Thomas's supervision.

We last visited with Ken and Eleanore briefly in 1984 on our return from a Michigan visit to school and relatives.

Our Daughter Beth, who lives next door gave me a book entitled "None to Give Away" written by Elsie Doig Townsend and published by the University of Nebraska Press. It is a biography and I found it to be very interesting. Is the author a relative of yours? The author raised 5 children including 2 sets of twins as a single parent after her husband, a rancher and cattle raiser was killed in a ranch accident. She sold the ranch and then taught school. The background area was Three Forks and surrounding area.

Sincerely yours,

[Signature]

Jerold B. Van Faasen
Dear Mr. Montgomery

I had hoped to hear from you in response to my letter of November 6, 1990.

Enclosed is an article telling of the recent replacement of the penstock between tunnel no. 1 and powerhouse no. 1. It also tells of other critical maintenance work that is also being done in conjunction with the penstock replacement. One of our friends sent us a copy of this article. We had heard about some of the activity but it was good to get the article from the Omaha District.

Your Uncle Don was the Assistant Chief of the Engineering Division for the Fort Peck District and I worked under his supervision on military construction planning for installations in Montana, Wyoming and South Dakota. I left the Fort Peck District in February 1943 for the Naval Service. Subsequently your Uncle Don was commissioned in the Specialist Corps of the Army.

We have purchased 30 copies of your book and given to our Fort Peck friends located throughout the United States. All have expressed their thanks and reported how much they enjoyed reading your book.

We know you are a busy person but we would appreciate hearing from you. Is your Uncle Don still living? I would appreciate having his address.

Sincerely,
Penstock renewal project

Like 1,000-piece puzzle fitting nicely together

It is — quite simply — the largest civil works operation and maintenance (O&M) project in Omaha District history.

It has engaged the engineering expertise of corps offices from Montana to Mississippi; A-E firms and manufacturers from Switzerland to the state of Washington, Wisconsin to the Deep South steel center of Birmingham, Ala.

Before the project is completed, the dull echo of ten million hammer blows will resound the length of a tar-covered, 24-foot diameter, 3,200-foot long steel tunnel; a giant, robotic painting machine will have achieved what has never before been achieved.

New words will have been added to the lexicon of many other than hydraulic engineers who are well-acquainted with the terminology. Words like “trifurcation” and “penstock.”

And when the mission has been accomplished, full hydropower production will have been restored to Fort Peck Dam to light farm, ranch and city homes and businesses, and to power industry on the great northern plains.

Fulcrum of this massive engineering and construction effort is the Omaha District. For the district, the design, construction and management of the $19 million project also will be an acid test of the value of the Life Cycle Project Management (LCPM) program.

One small “benefit” of the drought, if it can be called a benefit, is that the lower pool elevations on the main stem reservoirs allowed all flows at Fort Peck to go through Power Plant No. 2.

Budgeting for this multifaceted project is a modern-day miracle of the “loaves and fishes.” Where there was none, there is plenty, but not one dime from tax funds.

When safety concerns caused the shutdown of the tunnel to Powerhouse No. 1 at Fort Peck in April 1990, there were no funds in the corps’ budget for needed repairs.

It was a grim picture, admits Ron Bockerman, a mechanical engineer in Operations Division who has

1982 tunnel inspection photo shows riveted construction.

Hydro Engineering Photo
Temeyer (foreground) and Missouri River Division's Warren Mellema made sure that penstock model met specifications. Buchholz (rear) is member of penstock O&M Life Cycle Project Management Team.
Scale model (1:25) at WES simulates tunnel and penstock. Vertical section models control shaft in embankment. At far left is forebay which acts as reservoir.

LCPM responsibility on the Fort Peck O&M project. This has made him something of a latter-day corporate financial manager.

But when the massive, tandem three-foot thick power tunnel steel gates shut that Friday the 13th, the Western Area Power Administration (WAPA) collectively took a deep breath and said “Wait a minute!” And it took WAPA about that long to make a decision.

WAPA distributes an average of 10 million megawatt hours of power each year from the corps main stem projects, eight percent of it generated by Fort Peck No. 1. To make up for the powerhouse being out of service, WAPA had to go elsewhere to purchase electricity to meet its commitments. The shutdown can amount to as much as $300,000 a month net loss to WAPA.

But the power agency, with headquarters in Golden, Colo., had some personal “higher power” at its command — a special reserve fund set up just for such emergencies. “We weren’t aware that was available to us when we shut down the plant,” says Bockerman.

“WAPA said they would fund the rebuilding project and ‘OCE’ (Office of the Chief of Engineers) didn’t object,” Bockerman says wryly. One special requirement: the job would be done on an accelerated schedule and completed by the end of 1992 in time for the peak winter power demand.

This offer with its hurry-up schedule set the night oil burning in the district’s Engineering Design and Hydrologic Engineering offices, and had Contracting hustling to get the contracts in place so work could proceed without hitch or pause.

Key members of the district LCPM team on this project include Bockerman; Gary Rubingh, Don Miller, Rick Guzic, Doug Raffety, Bill Umland, Don Sachs and Bob Buchholz in Engineering; Construction’s Steve Graf at district headquarters and Mark Maillander in the Black Hills Office, and, as on-site project manager in the Fort Peck Resident Office, Dwight Pochant. Stan Gliko, Fort Peck project engineer, is the “Customer” and is both a key player and major contributor.

Depression Project

A notice to proceed was issued on the last of three major contracts on March 8 of this year. In between this date and the go-ahead to roll up the sleeves in Engineering Design, some top-quality hydro engineering and construction planning came off the drafting boards.

To understand what is happening at Fort Peck Dam and why, it is necessary to step back a moment to the 1930s, when this giant dam was constructed in the barren high plains of northeastern Montana.

Both a Depression-era make-work project, and one originally to help control the flooding tendencies of the rambunctious Missouri River as well as to aid navigation, the construction of Fort Peck Dam was so impressive that it merited the cover photo on the first Life Magazine in November 1936. With a 125 million cubic-
There is only one powerhouse at Fort Peck in this undated aerial photo. Tunnel and penstock to this powerhouse are being refurbished and rebuilt, respectively.

yard embankment, Fort Peck remains the largest hydraulic earth-filled dam in the entire world.

"In those days, the state-of-the-art for hydro tunnels and penstocks — giant tubes to transport water from an embankment power tunnel to a powerhouse — was the use of riveted steel plate," says Bockerman. "We could live with that; however, they neglected to include expansion joints.

"Over the years, the stresses caused by heating, cooling, and powerhouse settling increased. Although there were no visible signs of structural failure on the penstock, when you have visible signs, it is too late."

As time went on, its structural integrity became more and more of a concern, Bockerman says. Trouble was, there wasn't any money to replace it. Finally, funding considerations aside, the tunnel and powerhouse were shut down because of the safety considerations.

The dewatering of the tunnel has allowed other improvements to be made beyond those of replacement of the penstock. These include repainting the tunnel interior; redesign and replacement of the three huge butterfly valves controlling the water flow from the penstocks to the Powerhouse No. 1 turbines; placing 'restrictors' in the surge tanks to correct an operating deficiency; and redesign and replacement of what is known as the "trifurcation" section.

The "trifurcation" is a three-headed hydra-like mechanism that divides and directs water flow, channeling the water from the 24-foot, 8-inch diameter power tunnel into three 14-foot diameter penstocks leading to the three Powerhouse No. 1 turbines. It is located in an underground room where the power tunnel emerges from the dam embankment.

Tim Temeyer, head of Hydro's Hydraulics Section, says the redesign is to reduce head loss in the system by smoothing out the flow of water from the penstock. Less turbulence in the flow of water means greater power production per unit of water. "We wanted to 'grease' it (the trifurcation) up a bit," he says.

Tested at WES

Basic design of the new trifurcation is derived from a design by Sulzer-Escher Wyss, a Swiss firm which is a subcontractor to the general contractor on the penstock project. The trifurcation and new penstock configuration have been tested and retested in a 1:25 clear-plastic, scale model at the Corps' Waterways Experiment Station (WES) in Vicksburg, Miss.

Molding and configuring the trifurcation model to exact specifications for testing presented a challenge. Slight deviations in the model would have produced inaccurate results, says Temeyer.

"The benefits of such testing are verification that the design will work and meet specifications; evaluation of design improvements and reductions in construction costs," says Temeyer. He is satisfied that the agreed-upon trifurcation design will do just that.
Chuck Tate (l.) of WES worked with Temeyer and Omaha District in constructing penstock model. Computer with database is in house trailer at upper left.

Trifurcation model shows how mechanism channels flow of water from tunnel (r.) to each of three turbines in Powerhouse No. 1. (Hydro Engineering Photo)
Temeyer's hydraulic engineering section has also evaluated the flow benefits of replacing coal tar coating in the tunnel with vinyl paint; welded steel plate on the penstock versus riveted plate (nothing can be done about the riveted plate in the power tunnel itself); installation of flow deflectors around the emergency gate slots (it was decided not to install them), and a redesign of the butterfly valves.

Think of a pre-fuel-injection auto carburetor when thinking about the butterfly valves — only think big. The new valves will be 14-feet in diameter and each will weigh 125 tons. The stems will be horizontally mounted, as opposed to previous vertical mounting.

Maynard Steel, a foundry in Milwaukee, Wis., is casting the giant "choke" plates which will be shipped to Birmingham for assembly by Hardie Tykes Manufacturing. Kvaerner Hydro Power, Inc., San Francisco, has the $3,920,000 supply contract awarded last October.

With the tunnel sealed off, corps engineers were able to take a look at the emergency gates located in the bowels of the embankment, just upstream of the control shaft. A model test at WES of the control shaft showed there was some turbulence created by the gate slots but it was decided that deflectors would not effectively reduce this.

Repainting the 250,000 square-feet of the tunnel interior, the first of the contracts to be let, requires removing a one-eighth inch thickness of coal tar used to coat and protect the tunnel back in the 1930s.

"We've found that the best way to remove the tar is not by using power tools or abrasive blasting but to pound it manually with a ballpeen hammer," says Bockerman. "It's brittle when cool and chips off pretty well. We've got about a dozen people per shift pounding away with hammers." It's arduous work and builds muscles in a hurry. "We've had some turnover," he says.

**Giant jigsaw puzzle**

A large hole was cut into the side of the penstock and a light truck lowered through it to be used to transport the tar chip residue out of the tunnel to the access hole where it is hauled to a landfill.

Old paint also is being removed from the exterior of the three 200-foot high surge tanks in the powerhouse. In contrast to ballpeen hammers, sandblasters are being used to remove the aluminum and lead-based paint.

Vinyl paint will replace the coal tar as a coating for the tunnel and penstock interior and it will also be used on the surge tanks. In the tunnel, the painting contractors will use a giant, robotic painting machine with an oscillating sprayer.

"They're using the technique to paint a smaller, welded tunnel in California," says Bockerman. "Our tunnel is quite a bit larger and has riveted construction. We're all anxious to see how it will work. It will be a first for the corps."

But if it doesn't perform on-the-job at Fort Peck, the contractors stand ready to do the painting in conventional hand-sprayer fashion, says Bockerman.

Venture Construction, Inc., and Interstate Coatings, Inc., both of Seattle, Wash., have the $2,702,000 painting contract.

All this repainting work, as well as other rehabilitation work, is being closely monitored by the district's Safety and Occupational Health Office. Workers wear protective masks and suits, and fresh air is forced through the tunnel at 25,000 cubic feet per minute, says Bockerman.

Largest of the O&M contracts, and last for which a go-ahead was given, is the $9,413,000 contract for demolition of the old penstock and replacement of it with new, welded steel plate conduit. Chicago Bridge and Iron Services, Inc., Fremont, Calif., has the contract.

"Constructing the trifurcation and the penstocks and then welding the seams is like putting together a giant jigsaw puzzle," says Bockerman. A difference is that an hourglass timer is working on this project with the sand flowing.

Both in-house forces and those of R.W. Beck & Associates, a Seattle architectural and engineering firm with roots in Columbus, Neb., did the penstock design engineering.

In the penstock project, 3-4-inch to 1-3/4-inch steel plate will be rolled and shaped at Denver and Chicago area mills, then shipped to Fort Peck for final assembly.

Meanwhile, steelworkers will have used acetylene torches to knife through the thick steel of the old penstock and cut it up for scrap. All this has to be coordinated with the painting contract so that everything proceeds apace to meet the November 1992 deadline.

Design and construction, administrative and contingency costs push the total project cost authorized and funded by WAPA to $19,047,000.

Bockerman said the project is on schedule and he is optimistic that Powerhouse No. 1 will be back on line before the sand runs out of the hourglass. He's also happy that the power tunnel and penstock for Fort Peck No. 2 are a later design with welded steel plate construction. "It doesn't present any problem," he says.

Story and Photos by Stu Erickson
Dear Mr. Van Faasen,

I was depressed and discouraged to see from your letter of October 22, 1991, that you had written me in the past and I had not responded.

It is my practice to reply to everyone, and that was a considerable burden, not so much from sales of the book, but from the excerpt which ran in the New Yorker Magazine, and yet, somehow, your letter fell through the cracks. I apologize.

Onward. Donald Montgomery has unfortunately passed away, due to old-age onset of diabetes. You may not have known that after World War II he entirely gave up on civil engineering, and found himself managing a frozen food factory for the Birdseye people, over in Wisconsin. I believe (this is only family tradition, but probably true) that he invented, or perfected, the system for separating the small peas from the large peas, thereby bringing us the now-famous Birdseye Tender Tiny Peas. The system depends on the differential specific gravity of immature peas, which are slightly less dense than mature peas, and if one floats a field run of peas in a bath of calibrated salt water, the heavy big ones sink and the light ones float. Makes sense to me, and may account for the fact that frozen peas are loaded with sodium, as the package now tells us.

Only one of that generation of Montgomerys is with us, out of the eight, Anne Montgomery Bell, of Bozeman, Montana. She was the pretty one with red hair (and knew it), if you ever met her. Her husband Ed was a Department of Agriculture specialist on winter wheat and other cold-weather grains, and they were working and living in the Montana/North Dakota area during WWII. Subsequently, Ed taught agriculture at Bozeman and also did considerable work overseas with the UN and US Aid programs, in places like Greece and Pakistan and Iran and such cold dry climates.

Again, I apologize for delay in corresponding.

Cordially,

M. R. Montgomery
When the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers completed Fort Peck dam in 1937, it was the largest earth-filled dam in the world. Situated on the Missouri River in Northeastern Montana, the project was constructed to control flooding in the Missouri River Basin. It also created stable planting areas for farmers, a navigable riverway for the transportation of goods and a source for irrigation.

Congress authorized the addition of hydroelectric power in 1943. Between 1943 and 1952, the Corps built Power Plant No. 1 with three power generating units for an installed capacity of 105MW. Power Plant No. 2, completed in 1961, has two generating units for an installed capacity of 80MW.

In 1988, a Corps study found that the penstock system for Power Plant No. 1 was inadequate. The system consists of a large tunnel extension that splits into three penstocks. Three interconnected surge tanks rise above the penstocks and each penstock incorporates a butterfly valve just upstream of the scroll case.

Although the overall project was in good condition and had been well maintained, the riveted steel penstock system's safety factor was lower than acceptable safety standards. The study also found that under certain hydraulic conditions the surge tanks could be overtopped, endangering the power plants. To avoid potential consequences ranging from minor to disastrous, Power Plant No. 1 was being operated at reduced capacity.

The Corps study cited three causes for the penstock's deficiencies: First, it was built during World War II, which limited the availability of high quality materials for domestic work. Second, extensive welding on the rivets to stem leakage problems had weakened the structure. And lastly, the design did not adequately allow for differential settlement, thermal expansion and contraction, and contraction caused by internal pressure changes.

The Omaha District Corps of Engineers acted quickly to remedy this potentially dangerous situation by authorizing the replacement of the complete penstock system.

In the course of designing the replacement, R.W. Beck and its subconsultant Sulzer-Escher Wyss of Zurich, Switzerland, developed a number of cost-efficient design solutions. The team determined, for example, that replacing the butterfly valves would be economically prudent. Benefits include lower friction losses and less potential for problems arising from connecting the new welded-steel penstock system to the existing valves. The replacement also allows the smaller generation unit to be upgraded in the future.

Connecting the newly designed penstock to the old structure was another critical element in the design. The connections had to be as strong as the new penstock system or there would be a weakness in the system. The design team recommended a weld specification that required pre- and post-weld heat treatment to avoid cracking.

Furthermore, conflicting information on the existing penstock system geometry complicated connection of the new systems to the existing structure. Design required provisions to resolve possible conflicts with the geometry shown on the original design drawings as compared to actual field conditions.

The new design has ring girders supporting the tunnel extension and penstocks. Rocker supports and expansion joints provide unrestricted longitudinal expansion and contraction, while removable shims give adjustability for possible powerhouse settlement. The articulated joints also allow for possible differential settlement in the future.
Research files for BUCKING THE SUN, which I began winnowing and consolidating in late March '96 with the book at the printer:

Carol's research pics
Ft. Peck historical pics & maps
" construction chronology
" details & misc.
" 1933 construction articles (mostly Engineering News-Record)
" 1934
" 1935
" 1936
" 1937
" 1938
" dam & lake data
" chain of command
" geology
" project history (from Lake Mgr's archives)
" townsites & roads

Plentywood radicalism
Missouri River
alfalfa seed-crop info
Bozeman/Toston background for Charlene & Owen Valley, McCona & Sheridan Counties b.gnd
FDR visits the dam
brain info for sheriff scene
Keeley Cure
Dnieperstroy
The Red Clyde
Rosellen's typing style
Ft. Peck Dam magazine pieces
grasshopper poisoning
diver details (into "Ft P details & misc.")
omit tall or leefy. Also omit skin and bones.

omit comma.

was cutting mechanism.

omit down. cut top 32 from 33A?

Company. omit phrase?

Omit lumber.

Omit comma.

cut.

question? unneeded back burger?

quit too long?

paid (land run) touchless?

Insert of.

Omit room?

calcium or?

Charles mighty last out 2 cops and Kathy was... funny...

Grammar.
Both

Check syndication:
- 1 hour Queen comment on resettlement
- Hang Davis thru on dispersal
- We're close on capes.

193 - add: several hours later / two women slept 8

307 - dug felled cleaner?

191 - structure?

192 - delete

311 - Queen

377 - edit

41 - EL VOLT

374 - add O a War sabotage

386 - cut '26 damper

387 - cut from 'hypnotically' top 328 "Time upon time..."

Do Not - "We'll stay available."

Change Personnel - Other Review Needed
Book 3

5WB grade school
578 sp. basketball
591 elementary grade note
673 from Montana? or it please?
720 - Causes sabotage. Can be previous suggestion.
721 - Repeats previous.
Plugging the Pieses

Glasgour

Clen? False clue? Meg + Danio?

Move move?

Terribly lim: all everything tumbles...

Pine have kill. Right on!

Torsos? Fursos?

Another one. 54t. Speak off.

Input away?

Chancer Keith?

Delete

Para scene of FOR in Glasgow and at dam?
there need checking

ms review, 1st 4th, before sending to NY, Jan '95:

2. color of boat (Cat Co.)

4. stopping# dooels: also avoid navigation?

5. crane instead of derrick. (Van Faunen)

(If so, p. 7 change here - like "crane" - to gaffed?)

done cut or move "win" piece?

19. Magi sand? mud of remittance?

20. O: wheat-colored eyes/now?

-> Santa: He's young. P: He'll get over that in a hurry.

262. Darin a welder, lathe operator? Toolmaker? (cont)

262. L-G church is age got on C-B' mon.

333. Old 1917 or Nov, Rm Rabin

Major Santa deceased. He's young. P: He'll get over that gone away.

426. 2/3 state of Wi.
1.51 - Margateyed and (handle it).
570 - line 1, (least)
59 - O call it 'Dad'?
69 - actual 'body' in 'al 'sacred' (then 'sared' me, p. 223)
85 - nullid - (remember?)
96 - pedestrian (or 'run in body) & man & G'four.
97 - 130' - long drudge;
103 - he & Glenn (r. twin?)
110 - (cancel)
131 - dimensions 7 dam;
167 - Real plot again; sum caps.
264 - Bunnies, (no, what've you got in mind?)
267 - red away out
267 - pass-over:

Tunnicliffe says for Roach - 'nch - P known?

man's rambunctious for his apostrophes.

D: But O - BO, I do hate a wed! D'ya know?

- eg chicken
- Cat Britain (use every time)
- picked up to American
- U: brings (not 'speaking')
- sandy hair for Meg Y. room? (the 'hood of hair?')

fixes to be checked in final rewrite
11-12  possible cut

2/31  repeats more

but 33A  "the sheriff....."  Doesn't seem to follow.

170. No Crundy?

236-7  seemed less cut

254  ?

top 306  typo

345, 381, 388:  Trial. Other changes.

424 A.  typo

441. Previous edit suggestions
Character development.
Plot logic / maintain momentum
Stale devices

High, cool, Queen — good, hard characterization. Not in Brew not quite as focused.

30 - missing
4 - last line: eg
27 - ?
6 - No textbook? scene?
77 - Two! God. Should we know ago? > later OK
5 - 14k
149 - top. Franklin?
217 - 180 words?
222 - comma
231 - Rhonda?
fixes to be done:

57B—sentence or two about not wanting Red politics to spread to the dam?
16—bottom of p., Meg cd respond to "murder some bugs" w/ a sentence, chance to invoke her edge-of-the-bed voice.

2b3—insert foolkiller accident

2e—sentence or two on John Maynard Keynes (or on 57A?)

3I—use "the Murgatroyd factor"?

69—redo (or drop) the Zell scene; if redo, possibly use POGOP, and the Corps' view of Owen.

223—2nd line, possibly inside insert "the Murgatroyd factor" again.

211—possibly add radios and/or aerial wires to schemes.

general:—is Birdie a sometimes, sometimes not, drinking buddy of Hugh?

178—possibly insert in final line "as naturally as if was Hugh's own idea" (that)...

(or is this unnecessary?)

88+-Charlene, about spur-of-the-moment quitting her B'man job:
How many times in a life did you get to do this?

insert somewhere: mention of Hugh having begun as farm laborer on the MacLaren land, @ the edge of Inverley.
Meg had presented herself at the kitchen in the community hall at
five minutes to five that morning. Through the serving window, she saw
that the volunteers were coming along nicely at setting the tables, and
soon would be ready to be fed before everybody else descended. Tim Jaarala,
the cook, had a baggy face of red, ruined skin. With bachelor indirectness,
he spoke toward the vicinity of Meg:

"This first day you better just watch, lady. See how I need things
set up for the cookin'."

His pronunciation of it as if it were the German word for cake,
her. But then the just-watch part sank in.

with this breakfast shindig and a Great Northern
fed at noon and then the facilities becoming
for the swelling Fort Peck workforce, she could
her own paycheck as cookhouse help; but she hadn't
come here to be insulted. Meg's maiden name was Margaret Milne; Milnes
had died in Prince Charlie's kilted ranks when English cannon raked the
battlefield of Culloden in 1746, and Meg held the attitude that 187 years
was about enough of superior forces walking over her and hers. She drew
On the first of October, the absolute maiden morning of the month, mind schedule, power sang down the lines from the Great Falls three hundred miles away. Owen, at the massive voltage feed came in, alternated between his torrent of electricity at his command and having the entire feeder with a breathing space of all the catches. Then on October fourth, highstepping bridges, here came gravel. Honeymoon altitude looked like a model-rail of track ran atop the steel trestle bridge over the river where the downstream toe of the dam was going to be; then the railroad track arced around and followed the east bluff of the river to the wooden trestle bridge, Neil's lofty pilings the size of toothpicks from this aerial view, on the upstream side of the damwork. Trains steamed out onto this oval and went around clockwise, dumping railcars of gravel as they crossed the steel trestle bridge and exiting empty across the wooden trestle. At river level, with each bombs-away avalanche from
cheering along with the crowd on the bluff out back of the Ad Building, Mag
tense with pride on the doorstep of the cookhouse, Rhonda on tiptoes in
the whooping bench outside the Rondaln la Cafe when the word passed that
grinning like mad on the roof of
the building built in the boatyard, Neil
watched as his climber's belt twenty feet
up a pile. Neil, his brow blank but intent at the
foot of another piling: saw
Owen come leaping ashore. Owen running, sprinting along the dredgeline,
then loping to save breath, then running as hard as he could again. He
stopped beneath the last stanchion before the carrypipe, as close to
the gushing cascade of water and muck as it was safe to go.

Harvested wheat, when it pours out of the spout of a combine,
spews down in an exalted golden rain. To Owen, the muck falling from
the carrypipe was that golden.

"Honestly. You'll be playing house out behind here between coffee
refills, next."

"Igloo, that'd need to be."

"Hnh. Rubbing noses."

"For a start. Eskimo kindling."
the "forty-hour strike" was called in 1919, machine-gun nest-ting
at Glasgow's strategic street corners.

So, were you Darius, you learne
the one after that.

As if having saved the most for last,
toward the front and center of the meeting
one, that's Mott."

Darius and Jaraala both were tallish men. Mott overtopped them
and everyone else in sight by at least six inches.

At first Darius thought Lawrence Mott was the most awkward specimen
he ever seen. Hands the size of stallion hooves, big flat feet, that
towering body as knobbly as if made up out of pipe fittings; the face,
otherwise uneventful, shocking for its eyeglasses, lensed thick as
milkbottle bottoms. Mott's world, as a boy, had amounted to an unedged
blur and he had been put into a school for the blind until it was discovered
he was hardskulled enough to get by in life, blurred or not. Ultimately
a grinder of optical lenses was reached in Germany who could accomplish
the thick goggles Mott's eyes required, and with that weakness corrected
ling to peek down at the effect of each

the rhythm of catching their next dumper car,

a carload dumped by Birdie Hinch and the red-headed

that brought the shout:

"That one's staying dry!"

Neil scooted to the railing beside Owen's perch and the two of them

stared down. In the vast wallow of gravel mush below, a low conelike

heap—as Darius would have said, "Not two hands higher than a duck"—

was a drier gray. The Missouri, by just that much, was captured now.
While the motorcycle sat out its sentence, and Bruce hitched rides to work with Neil and the truck, and Meg kept apprenticing at whatever cookhouse tasks Jaraala shyly left for her, and Charlene shopped for furnishings for the new house she and Owen at last were going to have on Kansas Street, and Hugh had to adapt to putting up trestle instead of smacking down willows, and Owen poked along the riverbank mapping out where his dredges would dredge; while July of 1934 simmered into August and August into Labor Day, Fort Peck became the biggest bunkhouse on the planet. In the official townsites there barracks were either up or about to be, and the single-dwellers, young men for the dam's various construction jobs and young women for the hospital and office work, began cascading in. Fort Peck could brag now that it had more people at work than any of the other big dam projects, Boulder or Grand Coulee or Bonneville, the employment total reached, by one sunset that summer, 6,999.

Red-haired but otherwise green as grass, a seventeen-year-old left from the town of Red Lodge in southern Montana that day on to Fort Peck, not knowing he was to be its seven-thousandth hire. He had a layover of several hours between trains in Great Falls, where he did the one thing
blouse, pulled untucked from her slacks by the wind of the ride as she hugged the back of the motorcyclist, the fabric tenting up and out from her shoulders like a cotton cape in a hurricane. Below, Rhonda’s long bare back; and the blazing white brassiere strap across it.

The sheriff stared as long as he dared at a speed like this, then he slacked off sharply on the gas pedal; jammed a hand to the siren switch and killed the wail. Coming down into the main drag of Wheeler, he let the patrol car coast to a complete stop while he watched the taillight of the motorcycle ember away into one of the streets of shacks.

The sheriff shook his head. But instead of turning around on the highway, he revved the patrol car again and sped ahead. The sheriff slammed the patrol car through Wheeler like a rock through sheeting, past the dirt street where the motorcyclist and patrol car turned in, past the bars and dance joints and brothels, speeding and jumping and jumping as he floored the gas pedal. Then, at the far end of Wheeler, he braked, turned around, and drove decorously back to Glasgow.
Hugh ran in streaks; she had known that from early on. There would be all his obstinacy, such as the Gibraltar's worth it had taken to withstand her father's campaign of discouraging him, then suddenly here would come a veer, so that you had to look twice to be sure this was the behavior of the same Hugh Duff. The differentiation made him a lively suitor, more so than Meg had ever quite imagined. Nothing in Hugh's life became him like the weaving of that romance. (Meg's breath, and much of the rest of her self-possession, literally was taken away by Hugh's ploy of enlisting Darius, lookalike from a little distance, to dawdle around within view from the Reverend's study window while Hugh and she were at the back of the house in an extensive kissing.) The more her father pounded away about Hugh's sup her father was, after all; pure preacher, in an impure congregation, the world, and she did not want to be fastened to that kind of again. If Hugh Duff came with a dent or two already in, she she didn't care; and she didn't, then.

By the time of their marriage Darius was off on his own,
from him and kissed the vicinity of his ear. "Hugh, did you ever know
you had such a lovely brother?"

"It's been generally well disguised before," Hugh said.

The only sound then was the pattycake of Owen's palms on his
resounding little desk.

"Hugh," Meg said in a voice that did not quite waver. "Wh

What, yes. The radical acceleration of these visits from
since Owen's birth? The embedded suspicion in Hugh that Meg's
of him had been a close decision in the first place, and now down from
Glasgow every fortnight or less was a fresh reason for her to rethink
that decision? The firm recitation in Hugh that he could not, did not
dare, believe she would ever actually toss him over for Darius? The
accompanying fact that he could never quite remove the chance of that
from his mind, either?

Hugh shook his head, to bring himself back to the day's blow.

"The MacLaren land. It's going to tenements."

Meg came to him without a word. What was spoken was pure Darius:

"This we can fix like that, Hugh." Fingersnap. Across the crown
Mayakovsky, Russia's cloud in trousers, jots to Lili Brik from his Crimean tour "Lilik, I go off in all the directions there are!" and from London she postcards to him "Volosik, I kiss you right in the and we believe with them, there in those everlasting instances correspondence, their fevered creed that love is the heart Writers and their written, they haunt us as we most want to see in fogs of ink.

Rosellen knew next to none of this (anyone with high school received whiffs of Shakespeare), yet she was on an updraft of Her writing hand agonized, and liked the agony. Time escaped, minded not at all.

It first came to her in the Ad Building, one of the she was turning out those reams of paychecks. The names
If a person could know... She had sat up even straight chair, posture of the thoughts suddenly pushing at her. And
money will let them do, make them do... The idea went home produced a tablet and a pencil, and she had been slaving at ever since.

This was an evening when Neil's trucking run had been only to Glasgow
the delegate from the Nethermuir flax spinners. Ultimately, the passionate but prancy Fiona.) The 1911 bolt of excitement at labor's Triple Alliance, the miners and dockers and railwaymen readying to shut down all of Britain's coal, cargo, and rail, until war fervor shut down the Alliance instead. October, 1917: the Russian masses toppling the Czar and the entire wormy old edifice of royal rule. Darius's attendance throughout those years at a hundred meetings, a dozen committees, a thousand arguments over Georges Sorel's doctrine of the general strike (to render the maintenance of socialism compatible with the minimum of brutality, Darius could reel off by heart) versus parliamentary gradualism (Having been preyed entitle one to prey back, Ramsay MacDonald kept scolding them Westminster). Clydesiders spooned politics into themselves their oatmeal, and Darius gladly enough sat up to that table.

"The duded-up one is Plimpton, the newspaper guy," Jaraala identified in a murmur to Darius as people milled into the clapboard Temple of Labor.

Darius mentally marked the plumpish editor, in a pearl-gray suit and vest, there at the end of the front row. From issues slipped to him by Jaraala in the barracks, Darius knew that The Producers News was a wordslinging fiesta,
act of delivery would be with her. Didn't matter, didn't MAT-ter, she raged, it was occurring all at once now, like pain of a lifetime's ailments concentrated between her thighs.

She hung onto the bed rails and convulsed the lower half body, feeling crazily inside-out but not enough, not yet...

She closed her eyes so hard that the corners of her eyes, so she let them shoot open, staring now at the hospital room ceiling, beaverboard, why do the idiots call it that, it's not made of

The doctorly advice that she ought to concentrate made her on top of angry: as if a person could think of anything else in this delivering, unloading... Giving birth—why did they call if she could just give, she would—it had to be grunted out, it had to be...

"I have it, nurse, I have him." Doctor's voice, cheerful as cherry pie. "Mrs. Duff, you have a son here."

Rhonda panted, swallowed, shuddered. They repeated to her that

she was a mother now.

The Duffs piled into the hospital room the next noon. Beat up
The churchly ones you could expect it of, even though Mott didn't seem to, poor damned sad baboon. But even those who aren't Bible-habited..." Darius broke off. She knew his word for the miles-away look on him now, the vacancy there; otherwhere. As if to himself, he murmured: "That—that in there shook them."

And not just them, Proxy thought. "Darius, listen, don't let it get you down. This isn't the only Bolshie outfit in the entire—"

He opened the passenger-side door of the Packard and slumped into the car seat, slamming the door shut in her face.

"Well, horse pucky, Darius, what've you got to be so frigging upset about," she lit into him, or tried to, through the closed car window.

"The man lost his little boy, how can you expect him to think straight at a time like—"

"Evidently you can't," he intoned, no longer hearing her.

Proxy bit the corner of her lip and turned her face to the side. Isn't this going to be fun and all, just to sit up like a constipated toad. But as soon as she could she was out of there and Darius.
"I said," a voice came in on him again between axe strokes.

"What're you now, mute?"

"Eh?" Hugh, startled, realized that Owen had come up behind him in the brush patch. Hugh barely glanced around at him and threw aside the willow strands he'd just cut. In what seemed to be genuine curiosity, Owen asked:

"How's it feel to be on a regular payroll?"

Hugh looked at him now.

"Putrid," he said, and turned and gave the next willow a savage hack.

"Hey, give it a quit," Owen said with command sharpness.

Confused that he had missed hearing an order from the working foreman or had strayed into undergrowth that Owen was telling him shouldn't be bothered with, Hugh held up with his axe and checked around in bewilderment.

"What?"

"This happy horseshit, of pretending each other doesn't exist."

Hugh took the chance to catch his breath. Panting a little, he said:

"Engineers talk that way, do they. Wouldn't you think all those books between their ears would make a bigger difference."
see ahead in the family, for that matter. Of these two sons of theirs here working themselves blue in the face against grasshoppers, Neil might have stayed with the place but [Bruce already was as good as gone]. Men never pay attention to how their voices carry, and so Meg had heard the news through her open kitchen window one haul day. Bruce had taken a pickup load all the way over to the seed warehouse in Glasgow—the offer price was pennies better there—and when he drove back into the yard just before supper, there came the slam of the pickup door, Neil's offhand asking of How was town? and Bruce's proud report, Got laid and everything.

In certain circumstances you would just as well keep your offspring, Meg reflected at the time, in an it sets up unwelcome comparisons. For all her surge of motherly shock at Bruce, part of her already could not help but be amused by that everything. It played in her mind, stayed with her like a teasing tune as she contemplated Hugh and herself and their long tug-of-war over what was love and what was lure and where lay the confusing ground between. Did the everything of her and Hugh have to forever include the portion

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on the table too. "Away, maybe."

Meg looked worse than startled. If Owen went, before the rest of them could find their footing here at Fort Peck...

"I just mean," Charlene brushed the sugar from the pastry off her fingers, "he can go so far, he knows such a lot, if he gets the right thing to work on."

And you get to swish yourself someplace where you don't have to look at mud and shacks. Meg tried, though, to be hearty with this next:

"They keep saying this is the biggest dam of its kind, ever."

Charlene's expression said So what? Her next words aloud weren't much better to Meg.

"Could be it'll be the only of its kind, too. Then what, for Owen? There's only so much you can build with earthfill. When he has to move to concrete, the engineers at Grand Coulee and Boulder Dam and so on will be be years up on him."

"Owen has always made a way for himself," Meg's voice stepped out to his defense. "I'm surprised his own wife would hold him back from what he most wants to do."
Charlene poured, then delivered a cup in front of Meg along with what she had worked herself up to asking: "You had to have thought about leaving him, haven't you? Meg, I don't see one thing funny about it."

To Charlene's surprise, her question had set Meg off into hard laughter. That wasn't bad enough, she shot an expression to Charlene as though Charlene was complicit in tolerating these hopeless ways of men. Charlene did not see herself so at all.

Her next tone proved it.

"I can't loan you Ownie every payday night, you know."

"No, no, now." Meg rubbed a finger along the rim of her coffee cup as if testing it for sharpness. "It's not a matter of that." She glanced up and at Charlene's hair, which Charlene all at once realized still had the runnels of fondling and other muss made by Owen's fingers.

"I know Owen and you have yourselves to do with."

"Maybe you'd be doing everyone a favor"--Charlene paused, then determinedly put everything into it--"Owen too, if you ditched him."

Instantaneously Meg shook her head."God, she's insolent. Again, how she got the gall... to treat Meg Ownie like a girlfriend.
The two young women laughed back and forth across their windowside table in the Rondola Cafe in a way which was becoming habitual. Rosellen was having the chicken and dumplings, Rhonda the ham steak, and winter was having Fort Peck for supper.

"So you're over yours? I wish to gosh I was."

"Irrigated myself enough, I ought to be," Rhonda answered Rosellen in a voice that would have been known, valid in the 30's I expect; I don't know. "I tell you Bruce right off wanted to know if I'm down with 'sisteritis or whatever it is?"

"I hope you mean she!" Rosellen answered. "Out of commission, he might as well be."

The dry granular snow of a ground blizzard stung at the window beside them. Rosellen made a face out at the weather, and Rhonda warned her not to be teasing it that way. This time of day had become their own, shared, prized--dusk's bonus of traded confidences which had to be spent then and there. Rosellen coming off work at the personnel section in the nearby Ad Building and Rhonda about to go on shift here at waitressing, supper was the perfect crisscross where the two of them could compare newlywed life (Rhonda's extra few months of experience had immeasurably helped Rosellen when her own case of cystitis cropped up) and swap
your petit point sewing with you. (In contrast, Colonel Parmenter having
graduated from St. Alban's and West Point, and been a high-ranking Kansas
City officer, Mrs. Parmenter sat there with an entire deckful of aces.)
And this was just what rubbed off from the men. There was a pecking
order of the women's backgrounds, too. Being from the South, for instance,
seemed to count for a lot.

"--Eula, did you hear that awfulness on Ma Perkins the other day?
The whole passel of them were caught out in a blizzard and the young man
from the lumberyard, whose-his-toes, Lester I think it is, said right
there on the radio, 'Ma, you git behind me and I'll break wind for you!'
For two cents I'd write in to Oxydol and give them a piece of my--"

By watching feverishly and saying precious little, Charlene sorted
out the basics of what was going on around her. Calling-cards regulated
the social cycle of these people. She had peeked when a major's wife
placed the major's card on the hall table with at-home hours for next
Friday afternoon penciled in, and it did not take much to deduce that a
captain's wife then would lay down the captain's card for the Friday
after that. She was able to figure out, too, that the other engineers
dance places, Ruby Smith's place. Supposedly Ruby had been through all
this before, in the Klondike gold rush, and wherever she had learned it,
she did know how to draw a full house. Owen was hardly inside the door
before one of Ruby's veterans, a hard blonde whom everyone called Snow
White, strutted up as if welcoming him home from farthest foreign parts.

"You look like the right kind of dance would do you some good,"
she prescribed.

A lot of things would. "I'm taken, sis. You seen anything of a
guy who looks like me, but older and ornerier?"

"Can't imagine that recipe, buster," Snow White gave him with a
huff of dismissal.

I hardly can either, Owen thought, but I damn well better. Hugh
Duff, the Houdini of the Missouri. Where would the old coyote go?

Charlene was making coffee, no small trick with one hand, the other
keeping the bedspread from cascading off her. By all rules of civility
she ought may be, but Charlene's
as on, she knew, but the bare feeling
under the
she and Ow
her this way was a reminder of what
The workers turned to direct industrial action after the Arbitration Act of 1800 proved to be unenforceable and after the Minimum Wage Bill of 1808 was defeated resoundingly in the House of Commons. In 1811 workers in the sanctuary districts of the Midlands revolted against the introduction of a wide frame that produced inferior hosiery, reduced the number of workers employed, and exerted downward pressure on wages. The frames, stationed in workers' cottages, though owned by the employers, were nearly impossible to defend. Skillfully directed by leaders who were always masked, neither identified, and supported by local public opinion, the movement succeeded partially and temporarily in intimidating employers and improving conditions.

In 1812, however, several Luddites were killed by soldiers, an employer was killed in retaliation, and Parliament passed repressive legislation. Mass trials in 1813 condemned the Prussian army in some machine breakers and the transporting of others to the colonies. The movement was crippled, although it had a brief resurgence during economic distress after the peace of 1815 ended the Napoleonic Wars. Although the movement had spread to the cotton and woolen industries of Lancashire and Yorkshire, it was never successful there because the machines stood in protected factories. Attempts against the strike in other countries never succeeded. In France, however, the workers were able to overthrow their wooden shoes ( sabotos ) into machinery gave rise to the word sabotage.

Author of "A History of the Luddite Movement"
Ludendorff realized the severity of the state of affairs, he insisted that the
armistice was to be signed right away. When he saw that the political leaders were
not prepared to do this, Ludendorff appealed to the British government, which had
sent William II in 1913. At the same time, the Emperor decided to order Hindenburg to
remain at his post. A3
energy and hope that had animated the
army were suddenly torn away from it. Ludendorff met the revolution that started on
November 1918 with complete resignation and went into exile in Sweden for several
years. While Ludendorff, according to Prussian cus
tionary, could not be trusted with serious decisions, they had to preserve
Ludendorff, however, an
impressive as his strategic gifts, the
Kernitz, Ludendorff had been a
“commander” of World War I. Ludendorff had been deprived of his
forces operating behind the
army, he was put in charge of the 2nd
army command in the summer of 1915.
Ludendorff was appointed chief of staff
and of the general staff in 1913
and, in chief, Hindenburg, whom
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