Ideas for Heart Earth xxxxxxx dust jacket:

Idea #1
Earth-tone rough textured paper stock.

Heart Earth in bold red at top, and perhaps stamped into the paper.

Your name in black at bottom, with line in small type underneath identifying you with THOS.

The idea, of course, is to make this book stand out because of extreme simplicity and boldness of its very few elements. Type style should be straightforward. The expense for this cover should go into best quality paper stock, without which the rest will fail.

The galley of The Jump-Off Creek is the wrong brown, and has a bit too even a texture, but it gives a hint of what might be possible with a true brown earthtone. (The galley is on the lowest shelf over my desk.)

Suggest you veto any attempt at a lacquered jacket for this book.

Idea #2.

I like Elizabeth's cover so well that I'm tempted to say that, if the above won't work, try for a cover in the spirit of the hardback jacket on Solace of Open Spaces. (over my desk, 2nd shelf from top.)

See our interior room display for interior shot, which might be cropped, or the pic through the window of the homestead, a superior pic technically where the title could be overprinted on the sky. (maybe that's fudging, but it is true to the spirit of the country.)

For ideas on bold typography and color, see Erdrich's Baptism of Desire, and (to a lesser extent) Love Medicine.

For framing the type against an illustrated background, see Tom Miller's Trading With the Enemy (closet next to shop door).

C.
12-23-92

11 Jan. 93

Lee and Wendy--

Some preliminary thoughts on the cover for HEART EARTH:

My inclination is to have it not "western" in look; we don't have the word MONTANA to live up to in the title this time, and as the readership at this end of the country will buy it or not on familiarity with my by-line, it would seem to me we'd do well to be more broadly evocative of the sense of family, the family letters, the resonances of the past. I'm enclosing a couple of slides of my mother's fountain pen, in case that'll be helpful for a bit of cover art. I'm game to have minimal cover art, or even none at all, ff we can make the book stand out elegantly and boldly just through type design and paper stock--perhaps an earth-toned rough paper, to go with the EARTH half of the title and also to ally the book with the by now familiar cover of THIS HOUSE OF SKY, and the title done in bold red at the top, maybe stamped into the paper? My name in black at the bottom, with a tagline "by the author of THIS HOUSE OF SKY"? If this appeals to you--a terrific paper stock which suggests hardiness, an embossed title that bespeaks impression in a couple senses of the word--maybe the fountain pen could be a small but eloquent element somewhere, or maybe we wouldn't even need it. Much looking forward to you ideas; the more I look back at the MARIAH MONTANA experience, the more I think the three of us were right in our first version.

26 Feb. '05

Rebecca Saletan
Editor in Chief
Harcourt
15 East 26th St.
New York NY 10010

Dear Becky--

Here are the possible photographs for the *Heart Earth* paperback, and I stress 'possible.' I am truly neutral on their inclusion or not, and simply think it advisable for you and Andre and the art department and the marketing folks, whoever, to cast judgment on whether these might enhance the book or not. Until now, I have adamantly kept photos out of my books, preferring to let the words make any pictures in the reader's mind. On the other hand, whenever I've used any of these photos for publicity--the one of my dad and his cowboy brothers was in the *Heart Earth* press packet, for instance--or as show-and-tell in a talk, people tend to say "wow, really? Got any more?"

I do still have qualms about scattering photos through the *Heart Earth* prose, which I find on re-reading is even more high-octane than I'd remembered; also, the book already has plenty of devices--the author's note and the postmark chapter pages--so I'd be afraid we're overloading things if we pitch pictures into already rich wordage and design. If, instead, a set of photos were to go between the last page of the text and the Acknowledgments, for cohesiveness's sake I could provide a brief intro graf about the family-album Brownie box-camera provenance of these pics (I have several hundred, my family's one real wealth) and more graceful captions than the indicative ones I simply keyed to these numbered prints. But whether it's worth adding something to the end of a book, and the production cost, and... Anyway, as far as I am concerned it is up to the keen editorial antennae within Harcourt to decide if these are a go or not, okay?

Onward to some thoughts about cover art, for this book and *The Sea Runners:*

--*Heart Earth* was orphaned from the start, with Macmillan on its last legs (as were poor Lee Goerner and Atheneum), and I never could get them to promote the book as what it is, a companion to *This House of Sky*. That may have been because *Sky* wasn't one of theirs, and at least we have both of them blessedly under the same roof now. Problems started with the *Heart Earth* hardback cover, which in Atheneum's first try mostly featured cactus. I threw a snit and they slapped on a pretty Wendell Minor landscape, which still had no story-telling aspect. The Penguin cover was another exercise in frustration, with all four of those paperbacks done by a so-so (but expensive) Montana artist the editor was somehow smitten with; I think anytime someone who paints the outdoors calls herself a *plein air* artist, you're in trouble. Give me an illustrator any time.

I question the entire notion that *Heart Earth* needs a "Montana" or "western" cover at all. It seems to me that my readership at this end of the country will buy it or not on familiarity with my byline, and we might appeal to a broader audience with something evocative of the sense of family, the family letters, the resonances of the past. If any of the actual artifacts behind the writing of the book would be helpful in a cover design, I can provide them: the tortoise-shell fountain pen incised with my mother's name as mentioned on the first page, for instance, and the WWII letters and envelopes themselves (photocopy attached). ~~Or pics of Wally in his sailor uniform and of his ship could be dug up to go with some of this batch I'm sending, if some sort of fanned-out display of pictures would make a good cover.~~ Whatever we come up with, I think the cover should convey the elegance of memory prompted by some found object of the past--hey, it worked for Proust.

--*The Sea Runners* always, always, always has had guys and canoe on the cover, and I can't be against that if they're wonderfully done. The three or four Penguin editions weren't particularly good--the first one showed a birchbark canoe, a vessel never seen on this coast of cedar craft--although Paul Bacon's hardback cover (b-&-w of it attached) I thought was, with its nice story element of only three of the four characters alive and well there in the canoe, and that handscript title he was so good at. One really heartening advantage I see is Harcourt's use of the entire cover space and wraparound, as on both *This House of Sky* and *Winter Brothers*; with Penguin, there were so damned many ordained elements, including the penguin itself, the actual art always looked constrained. So, I would hope a *Sea Runners* cover can convey a sense of vastness, challenge of big water and big landscape, the way Paul Bacon's did.

I'd very much like to keep the chapter-head illustrations, unless there is some utterly damning artistic reason against that. They're all old copyright-free work I dug out of the library.

Lastly, both these books had first-class reviewers' quotes; the Penguin *Heart Earth* has a nice selection, and I can provide a batch for *Sea Runners* when needed. It would seem to me we also should play up, maybe somewhere on its back cover, that *Heart Earth* is a prizewinner; the Evans Biography Award, based in Utah, maybe isn't a national byword but it sure as hell is $10,000.

Curious to know what you think about this batch of stuff. All best while you peruse.

206-542-6658

[Doig / HEART EARTH cover copy]

[front cover]

"A lyrical evocation of the Doigs' gallantly hardscrabble existence and love for the unforgiving Montana mountains."—*San Francisco Chronicle*

[back cover]

"Like Doig's *This House of Sky*, this book repeatedly proves the power of language. Ivan Doig uses words like oil paint to create canvasses of enduring value and originality."—*Los Angeles Times*

Ivan Doig grew up with only a vague memory of his mother, Berneta, who died on his sixth birthday. Then he discovered a cache of her letters—and through them, a spunky, passionate, can-do woman as at home in the saddle as behind a sewing machine, and as in love with language as her son. In this prize-winning prequel to his acclaimed memoir *This House of Sky*, Doig brings to life his childhood before his mother's death and the family's journey from the Montana mountains to the Arizona desert and back again. He eloquently captures the texture of the American West during and after World War II, the fortune of a family, and one woman's indomitable spirit.

"Doig at his best: fresh, vivid language energizing his keen insight into a woman whose warmth he felt only briefly."—*The Seattle Times*

"An affecting book, heartbreaking in its recital of the stark severance of a young family's life, but ennobling in the implacable spirit that infuses its pages . . . [It] should endure as [a] magnificent testimonial to the men and women who people it, and as [a] classic of the bittersweet history of the American West."—*The Washington Times*

Ivan Doig is the author of *The Whistling Season* and ten previous books, including the memoir *This House of Sky*, a National Book Award Finalist. A former ranch hand, newspaperman, and magazine editor, Doig holds a Ph.D. in history from the University of Washington. He lives in Seattle.

206-542-6658

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car pic – early '30s OK ?

~~3~~ – ellipse

~~10~~ – shape-zing ?

~~25~~ – smallholdings OK

~~35~~ – that

~~34~~ , of ?

39–45 missing

~~51~~ – prey-along

~~61~~ – 30–06

~~62~~ – My ... tight line

~~63~~ – plot location ?

~~64~~ – thigh-bone ?

~~108~~ – pled-glike

112 pic – dud caption OK ? changed to when B, C & D began their leading summer of 1945.

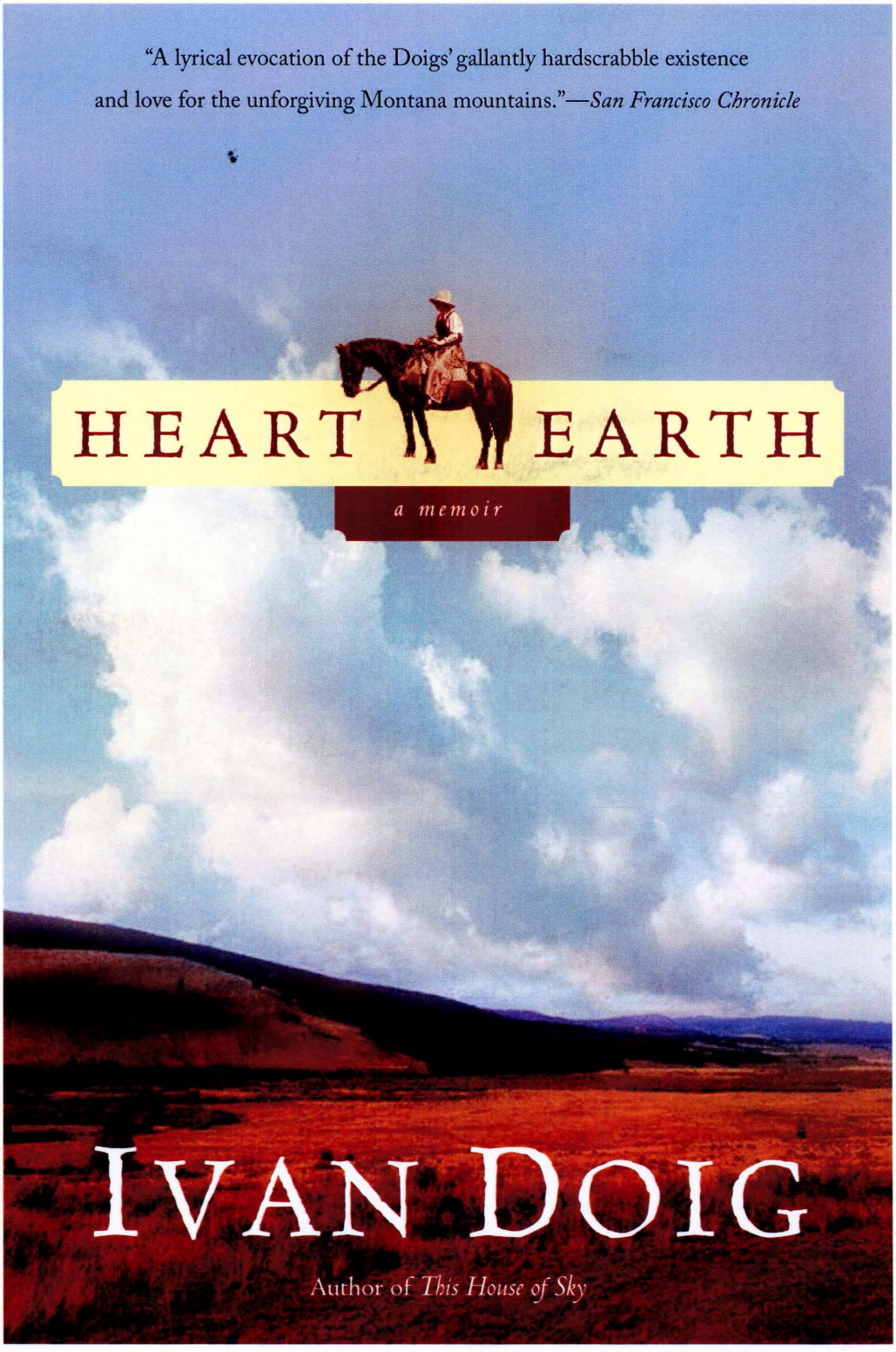
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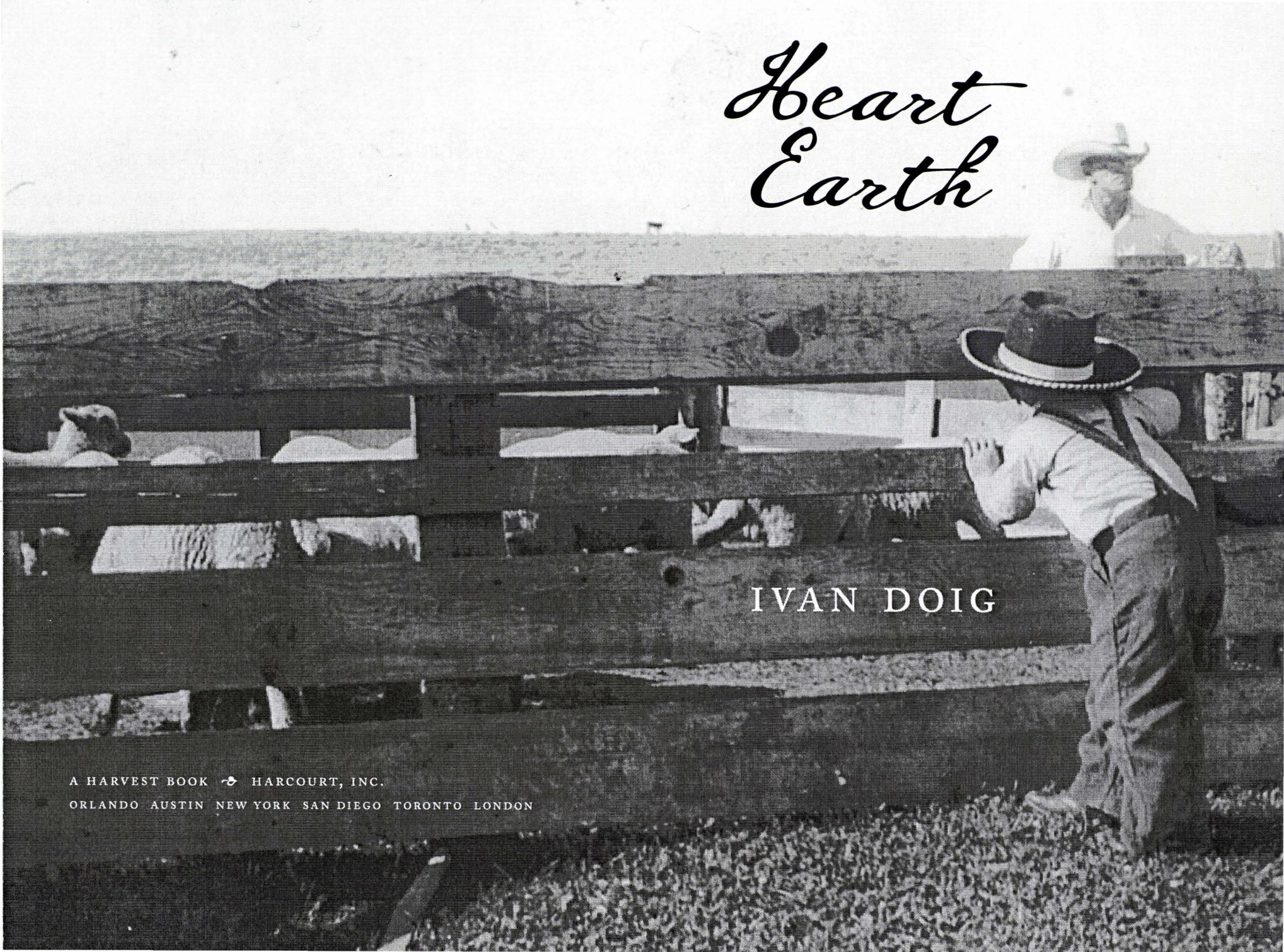
~~121~~ – houndstooth ?

~~135~~ – Bore-man

152 – mannin / manner ?


"A lyrical evocation of the Doigs' gallantly hardscrabble existence and love for the unforgiving Montana mountains."—San Francisco Chronicle
HEART EARTH
a memoir
IVAN DOIG
Author of This House of Sky

Heart Earth



IVAN DOIG

A HARVEST BOOK ❧ HARCOURT, INC.
ORLANDO AUSTIN NEW YORK SAN DIEGO TORONTO LONDON

Praise for *Heart Earth*

"A powerful and evocative look back on the strains and heartbreaks of noble people trying to survive in a nation undergoing convulsive transformation."
—*New York Newsday*

"Doig has returned to his lyrical style and improved upon it—'prose poetry' is not an overstatement . . . the book vibrates with such language. . . . Each scene leads irrevocably to a poignant conclusion in this . . . powerful volume." —*Chicago Tribune*

"A marvel of compression, moving from one poignant scene to another, insight building on insight . . . with this book, Doig has done the nearly impossible thing of matching his own early masterpiece."—*American Way*

"A profoundly original and lustrous re-creation . . . with the clarifying beauty and sure shaping hand of his first book." —*Kirkus Reviews*

"Doig at the top of his considerable powers, moving smoothly between fact and memory and meditation, and the language bearing his distinctive stamp, as if handmade." —*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*

Heart Earth

Also by Ivan Doig

FICTION

The Sea Runners

English Creek

Dancing at the Rascal Fair

Ride with Me, Mariah Montana

Bucking the Sun

Mountain Time

Prairie Nocturne

NONFICTION

This House of Sky

Winter Brothers



Berneta Ringer and Charlie Doig
during their courtship in the early 1930s

In that last winter of the war, she knew to use point-blank ink. Nothing is ever crossed out, never a p.s., the heart-quick lines still as distinct as the day of the postmark, her fountain pen instinctively refusing the fade of time. Among the little I have had of her is that pen. Incised into the demure barrel of it—my father must have birthdayed her a couple of weeks' worth of his cowhand wages in this gesture—rests her maiden name. Readily enough, then, I can make out the hand at the page, the swift skritch of her letters racing down onto paper for Wally—someone—to know. But all else of her, this woman there earmarking a warstriped airmail envelope with the return address of *Mrs. Chas. Doig,* has been only farthest childscapes, half-rememberings thinned by so many years since. I had given up ever trying to uncurtain my mother. Now her pages begin her: *I have to spill over . . .* Upward from her held pen, at last she is back again.

Aluminum and Arizona in their wartime tryst produced Alzona Park, the defense workers' housing project which had been feeling my shovel ever since my parents and I alit there. I knew, with the full mania of a five-year-old, that the project's barren back yards necessitated my toy-truck roads for strafing, bombing—World War Two had a lot of destruction to be played at yet. I was lonesome for my foxhole, though. By a turn of events you couldn't foresee in desert warfare it had been put out of service by rain, my mother making me fill the dirt back into the brimming crater lest somebody underestimate it as a puddle and go in up to the neck.

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www.HarcourtBooks.com

First published by Atheneum in 1993

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
TK
ISBN-13: 978-0156-03108-0
ISBN-10: 0-15-603108-6

Text set in Adobe Caslon Pro
Designed by Kaelin Chappell Broaddus

Printed in the United States of America
First Harvest edition 2006

A C E G I K J H F D B

For

Carol Doig

Linda Bierds

and

Sydney Kapplan

when we traveled the Montana heart and perimiter
and won at electronic poker, too

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The chain lightning of memory and family never quits in us. Fifteen years ago, I made a book out of the pair of reliably stormy antagonists—Charlie Doig, my father, and my mother's mother, Bessie Ringer—who bent their lives to give me mine:

"Here is a man and here a woman. In the coming light of one June morning, the same piece of life is axed away from each of them. Wounded hard, they go off to their private ways. Until at last the wifeless man offers across to the daughter-robbed woman. And I am the agreed barter between them."

This House of Sky set out the story of how, after the loss of my mother in 1945, those stricken two—we three—struggled ourselves into becoming a family and staying one. Told and done, I thought with satisfaction, as that book took on a life of its own with 150,000 readers. Until a day when my mother's letters from that end-of-war year found their way to me. Their record of ricochet was stunning: from American deserts and mountaintops to a ship in combat in the South Pacific to a family trunk closed away for forty-one years to a last will and testament to, at very last, a son's eyes. Line by line Berneta Ringer Doig's own report, from the turbulent half-year before the opening pages of *This House of Sky,* could go from commonplace to searing, from sassy gossip to monumental anguish.

Out of that unexpected narrative of hers comes this saga-within-a-family-saga, of an indelible young woman and the resonances of heart and earth.

Intervals of dreaming help us to
stand up under days of work.

—Pablo Neruda, *Memoirs*

Dear Wally—

. . . I shouldn't even be writing you my troubles but I have to spill over to someone. I'd just like to have you around so I could put my head on your shoulder and cry.

. . . It is going on 1 and we haven't had dinner yet. Charlie is resting and I thought the rest would do him more good than eating. Ivan is out in the backyard building roads. He had a foxhole dug you could bury a cow in.

Spies, saboteurs, the kind of subversive traffic you get in back yards seemed to me to deserve precisely such a ducking, but my mother stood firm on foxholelessness. I suppose she had in mind our standing with our Alzonan barracks neighbors, who, if she would just trust my reports, all the more justified a foxhole: hunker in there, peeking over the earthrim, and see what they turned into, housewife snipers in the 200 building to be fended off with a pretend rifle, *pchoo pchoo,* the long 300 building a sudden Japanese battleship, the foxhole now needing to be a gun battery on the destroyer USS *Ault,* blazing away at those fiends threatening our aircraft carriers, holding them at bay until down in the torpedo room Wally—

Wally. February 17, 1986. Four fingers of flame thrust toward the snowfields of Mount Baldy and extinguish into echo. Stiffly working their rifle bolts to reload, the Veterans of Foreign Wars honor guard aims and lets fire again, the combined muzzleflash flexing bright another instant. Then a last volley, and the honor guard dissolves into World War Two oldsters clutching at their campaign caps in the cemetery wind.

Ceremonially Wally Ringer's chapter of life was over, that wind-ridden afternoon. But in the family plot of time, not nearly done with. Can this be what that brother of my mother had in mind with the letters, sensing the carrying power of ink as a way to go on? By making me heir to the lost side of my past, to my mother's own communiqués of time and place doing to her what they did, he would find a kind of lastingness too?

At the moment I only knew I was the most grudging of pallbearers, gritting against the shiver, more than windborne, of having come back where I'd promised myself not to. To where all the compartments of my earliest self rode together on me, nephew, son, grandson, native of this valley, economic refugee from it, ranch kid, town nomad, only child awash in family attention, indrawn half-orphan. Chambered as a goddamn nautilus. Three times before, I watched a saga of my family echo into the earth here, and in the glide of years since convinced myself I was safely done with Montana burials. Those earliest voices of the heart held no more to tell, I'd thought. Wally's in particular I no longer gave ear to, even though for most of my life—most of his, as we were only fifteen years apart in age—he was that perfect conspirator, a favorite uncle. That extracurricular relative we need, some close-but-not-immediate livewire in whom the family blood always hums, never drones. As pushful through life as the canyon snowplow he piloted over black ice, bull-chested, supremely bald, with the inveterate overbite grin of my mother's people which brought the top teeth happily out on parade with the rest of him: as he'd have said it himself, quite the Wally. Here at his funeral were his first and third wives, both in utmost tears, and his second wife sent bereaved regrets from New Mexico.

In my own remembering he bursts home with that whopping grin on him, ever ready to fetch the boy me off to a trouty creek or up into the grass parks of the Castle Mountains to sight deer or elk, or to an away game of football or basketball, never failing to sing out his announcement of our arrival, "Here we are, enter-

tain us!" If I could but choose, the go-anywhere-but-*go* streak in this likable uncle of mine I would hold in mind, together with my go-along soberside capacity to take everything in. Avid as the Montana seasons, the team we made.

But that all went, in our weedy argument over the expenses of a funeral, no less. By the time of the death of his mother, my grandmother, in 1974, Wally and I were the only ones in what was left of the family who could take on the burial costs. Easy to misstep when trying to shoulder a debt in tandem, and we faithfully fell flat. What got into me, to ignore the first law of relatives—Thou shalt not tangle family and money—and agree that I'd temporarily stand his half of the burial bill as well as my own? What got into Wally, to succumb to the snazzier fishing pole and high-powered new hunting scope he soon was showing off to me while letting the funeral reimbursement grow tardy and tardier? In the end he never quite forgave the insult of being asked to pony up, just as I never quite forgave the insult of having to ask. (At last it occurs to me, no longer the overproud struggling young freelance writer I was then: fishpole and riflescope were Wally's own tools of eloquence, weren't they.) I left from Wallace Ringer's graveside half-ashamed of myself that I had not been able to forget our rift, the other half at him for shirking that funeral deal; the sum of it a bone anger in me that we had ended up somewhere between quibble and quarrel forever, this quicksilver uncle and I.

With the packet of letters, then, each dutifully folded back into its envelope edged with World War Two airmail emblazonments, Wally reached out past what had come between us when he was alive.

Long before, when I began to relive on paper my family's saga of trying to right ourselves after the hole that was knocked in us that year of 1945, I asked around for old letters, photos, anything, but Wally offered nothing. *This House of Sky* grew to be a book faceted with the three of us I had memory record of, my father, my grandmother, myself. Now, in the lee of my estranged uncle's funeral, his bequest. The only correspondence by my mother I'd ever seen, postmarks as direct as a line of black-on-white stepping stones toward that mid-1945 void.

I believe I know the change of heart in Wally. More than once as my writing of books went on, I would be back in Montana en route to lore or lingo along some weatherbeaten stretch of road, near Roundup or Ovando or somewhere equally far from his Deep Creek Canyon highway district, and ahead would materialize my uncle's unmistakable profile, two-thirds of him above his belt buckle, flagging me to a stop. The Montana highway department's annual desperate effort to catch up with maintenance, this was, with section men such as Wally temporarily assigned into hard hat and firebright safety vest to hold up traffic while heavy equipment labored on a piece of road. Betterments, such midsummer flurries of repairs were called. So, as wind kept trying to swat his stop sign out of his grasp, my mother's brother and I would manage to kill time with car-window conversation, Wally gingerly asking how things were in Seattle, how my writing was going, my stiff reciprocal questions about his latest fishing luck, his hunting plans for that autumn. Old bandits gone civil. When dumptrucks and graders at last paused, he would declare, "Okay, she's a go" and flag me on through to the fresh-fixed patch of

blacktop. And I can only believe this was how the dying Wally saw his mending action of willing the letters to me, a betterment.

But before any of this, before the gnarl in our family history that brought me back and back to that wintry cemetery, he was a sailor on the *Ault.*



I am feeling pretty good, much better than anytime so far since I've been down here. Charlie is the one that isn't well.

A few of the letters in the packet duffeled home from the Pacific are blurry from water stains, but this first one by my mother to her sailor brother makes all too clear that we have traded predicament in Montana for predicament in Arizona.

My parents and my father's sister Anna and her husband Joe and the five-year-old dirtmover that was me had thrown what we had into a Ford coupe and pinballed our way down through the West a thousand and fifty miles, ration books straining from gas station to gas station along U.S. 89, me most of the time intrepidly shelved crosswise in the coupe's rear window, until we rolled to a halt in Phoenix the night before Thanksgiving of 1944. The next Monday my father and Joe latched on as Aluminum Company of America factory hands and our great sunward swerve settled into Alzona Park orbit.

Unit 119B, where the five of us crammed in, consisted of a few cubicles of brown composition board, bare floors and windows howlingly curtainless until my mother could

stand it no longer and hung some dimestore chintz; along with fifty-five hundred other Alzonans, we were war-loyally putting up with packing crate living conditions. But pulling in money hand over fist: my father and Joe drawing fat hourly wages at the aluminum plant—*hourly,* for guys who counted themselves lucky to make any money by the month in Montana ranchwork. Surely this, the state of Arizona humming and buzzing with defense plants and military bases installed for the war, this must be the craved new world, the shores of Social Security and the sugar trees of overtime. True, the product of defense work wasn't as indubitable as a sheep or cow. Aluminum screeched through the cutting area where Dad and Joe worked and a half-mile of factory later was shunted out as bomber wings, but all in between was secret. For the 119B batch of us to try to figure out the alchemy, my father smuggled out down his pant leg a whatzit from the wing plant. I remember the thing as about the size of the business end of a branding iron, the approximate shape of a flying V, pale as ice and almost weightless, so light to hold it was a little spooky. "I'll bet ye can't tell me what this is," Dad challenged as he plunked down the contraband piece of metal to wow my mother and Anna and me and for that matter his brother-in-law Joe. Actually he had no more idea than any of the rest of us what the mystifying gizmo was, but it must have done something supportive in the wing of a bombing plane.

Like light, time is both particle and wave. Even as that far winter of our lives traced itself as a single Arizona amplitude of season along the collective dateline of memory, simultaneously it was stippling all through us in instants

distinct as the burn of sparks. The sunshiny morning when suddenly the storm of hammering breaks out and does not quit for forty days, as a hundred more units of Alzona Park are flung up. The time Anna tries to coax me into a trip to the project's store for an ice cream cone and, ice cream passion notwithstanding, I will not budge from my mother, some eddy of apprehension holding me to where I can see her, not lose her from my eyes even a moment. The night of downtown Phoenix after my father and mother have splurged on the double feature of *I Love a Soldier* and *A Night of Adventure.* Maybe we were letting our eyeball-loads of Paulette Goddard succumbing to Sonny Tufts settle a little, maybe we were merely gawking at a Phoenix of streets tightpacked with cars nose to tail like an endless elephant review and of sidewalks aswim with soldiers and fliers fifteen thousand strong from the twenty bases in the desert around; we had not seen much of cities, let alone a city in fever. Either case, here the three of us onlook, until my mother happens to send her eyes higher into the night. "Charlie, Ivan. Look how pretty, what they've put up." She points to the top of the Westward Ho Hotel. Dad and I are as dazzled as she at the sign on the peak of the tall building, stupendous jewelry of a quartermoon with a bright star caught on its horn. We peer up at the design, trying to fathom the perfectly achieved silverghost illumination, until my father ventures, "Ye know, I think those are real." We forge a few feet ahead on the crammed sidewalk to test this and sure enough, moon and star go trapezing upward from the hotel roof to hang on sky—not an advertising inspiration after all, but the planet Venus and the ripening moon in rare conjunction.

On such a night, the fresh zodiac of Arizona must have seemed just what my parents were looking for after their recent Montana struggles. We all recalled Christmas as a rough spot on the calendar, but now it was healful 1945, February in fact, next thing to high summer in this palmy climate. Lately at Alcoa the management had realized how rare were undraftable colorblind 43-year-olds who knew how to run a crew, and my father came zinging home from the plant newly made a foreman. Before my mother could assemble our promising news off to Wally on his Pacific vessel, though, the ink turned to this:

His stomach bothers him all the time. He is so thin. I'm worried to death about Charlie.

Always before, it took something the calibre of getting tromped beneath a bucking horse to lay Charlie Doig out. But this ulcer deal . . . how could a gastric squall put my whangleather father on the couch, sick as a poisoned pup?

My father being my father, he tensely urges my mother to relax, will she, about the situation: "Oh-hell-Berneta-I'll-be-okay-in-just-a-little-bit."

There that Sunday as my father tries to sleep away the volcano in his middle, my mother all of a sudden is alone. Anna and Joe are newly gone, called away by the death of Joe's father and obligations back in Montana. Busy in the rear yard and childhood, I am obliviously pushing my roads to the gates of Berlin and raining bombs onto Tokyo. Beyond 119B's windows, Alzona Park is entirely what it is built to be, war's warehouse of strangers. By instinct, not to say need, my mother goes to her companion the ink.

Dear Wally—

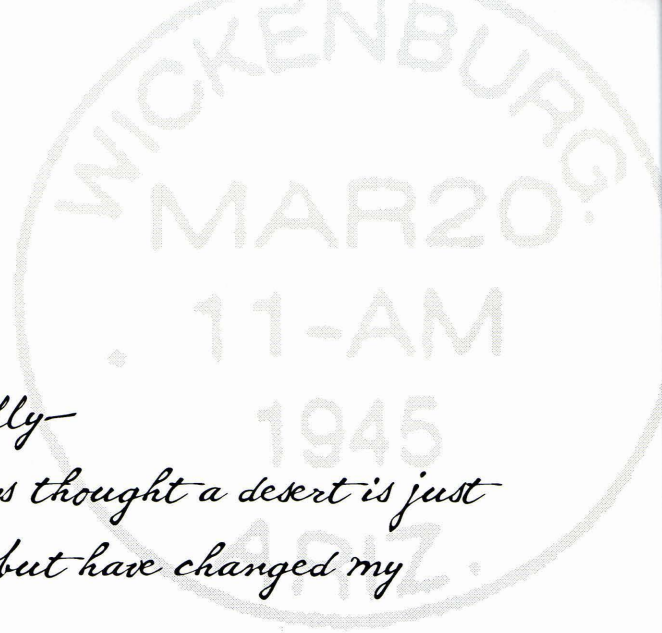
. . . Somehow you seem to be a better pal than anyone else . . .

This first letter in the chain that Wally chose to save must have come aboard the *Ault* to him like her voice thrown around the world. Certainly that is what she is trying, quick as the pen will push through such afraid words as *worried to death,* such Alzona aloneness that *I have to spill over to someone.* Creed of all writers: *I have to.*

Noon wears past; a missed mealtime, unheard of in our family. Then the half hour and she still writes, does not awaken my father. Dares not. *If Charlie doesn't improve . . .*

Well, I better calm down, the lines to Wally work themselves wry. *If a censor reads this, he probably won't even let you get it.*

Taking to paper with that Sunday of worries about an abruptly ailing husband, my mother knowingly or not put her pen at the turning point in their marriage, their fates. The very reason we had catapulted ourselves to Arizona was because, always before, he was worried to death about her.



Dear Wally—

I always thought a desert is just nothing, but have changed my mind.



The Doig boys in the 1920s; Charlie, in the striped shirt, with three of his cowboy brothers.

We two, my mother and I, navigate among the cacti. The road from the cabin threads in and out of any number of identical pale braids of wheel tracks, but we have memorized strategic saguaros, arms uplifted like green traffic policemen, at the turns we need to make. Behind the steering wheel of the Ford my mother keeps watch on the cloud-puffy March sky as much as she does our cactus landmarks. She hates bad roads (and has spent what seems like her whole life on them) but at least these of the desert are more sand than mud.

The odometer's little miles slowly go, three, seven, then ten and here is town, palm-sprigged Wickenburg. My mother believes she was not born to parallel-park, so she pulls around to a side street where the Ford can be nosed in and maybe escape notice.

On the round of town chores I tag along long-lipped at her side. First to the post office, with her letters ready to Wally (*We packed up and came to Wickenburg Mon. afternoon*), to my grandmother, to Anna and Joe and others in Montana. As ever, we don't receive quite as many as she sends.

No sooner are we onto the street again than I halt her with my news.

"Can you wait," she hypothesizes as parents always strangely do in public, "or do you have to go real bad?"

Crucially bad, I assure her.

My mother does not point out that I could have taken care of this when I had the entire Arizona desert to do it in, although she looks as if she might like to. We

[proposed HEART EARTH cover copy]

"Like Doig's *This House of Sky,* this book repeatedly proves the power of language. Ivan Doig uses words like oil paint to create canvasses of enduring value and originality."--*Los Angeles Times*

Ivan Doig grew up with only a vague memory of his mother, Berneta, who died on his sixth birthday. Then he discovered a cache of her letters--and through them, a spunky, passionate, can-do woman as at home in the saddle as behind a sewing machine, and as in love with language as ~~Doig~~ would prove to be. In this ~~moving~~ prequel to his acclaimed memoir *This House of Sky,* Doig brings to life his childhood before his mother's death and the family's journey from the Montana mountains to the Arizona desert and back again. He eloquently captures the texture of the American West during and after World War II, the fortune of a family, and one woman's indomitable spirit.

"Fresh, vivid language [energizes] Doig's keen insight into a woman whose warmth he felt only briefly."--*The Seattle Times*

"An affecting book, heartbreaking in its recital of the stark severance of a young family's life, but ennobling in the implacable spirit that infuses its pages . . . [It] should endure as [a] magnificent testimonial to the men and women who people it, and as [a] classic of the bittersweet history of the American West."--*The Washington Times*

Ivan Doig is the author of ten previous books, including the memoir *This House of Sky,* a National Book Award Finalist. A former ranch hand, newspaperman, and magazine editor, Doig holds a Ph.D. in history from the University of Washington. He lives in Seattle.

[proposed SEA RUNNERS cover copy]

"*The Sea Runners* . . . goes beyond being 'about' survival and becomes, mile by terrible mile, the experience itself."--*The New York Times Book Review*

In this timeless survival story, four indentured servants escape their Russian Alaska work camp in a stolen canoe, only to face a harrowing journey down the Pacific Northwest coast. Battling unrelenting high seas and fierce weather from New Archangel, Alaska, to Astoria, Oregon, the men struggle to avoid hostile Tlingit Indians, to fend off starvation and exhaustion, and to endure their own doubt and distrust. Based on an actual incident in 1853, *The Sea Runners* is a spare and awe-inspiring tale of the human quest for freedom.

"Ivan Doig's *The Sea Runners* has all the grace, charm, and spaciousness of his book *This House of Sky,* but combined with the drama of a great escape. The sea, wind, space, are palpable in this exquisitely worked book. And not the least of its charms is the liveliness with which it explores a forgotten corner of North American history."—Thomas Keneally, author of *Schindler's List*

Ivan Doig is the author of ten previous books, including the novels *Prairie Nocturne* and *Dancing at the Rascal Fair.* A former ranch hand, newspaperman, and magazine editor, Doig holds a Ph.D. in history from the University of Washington. He lives in Seattle.

3- bad break on ellipsis

39 thru 45 Missing

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119 two-story

152 manner sted mariner

Harcourt
TRADE PUBLISHERS

Stacia J. N. Decker
Assistant Editor

December 29, 2005

Ivan Doig
17277 15th Avenue
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan,

Enclosed please find the first pass pages for the Harvest edition of HEART EARTH. Sorry for the late notice, but could you have any changes to us by January 6th?

Hope you're having a happy holiday season!

All best,

sdecker@harcourt.com
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"Peddling quality Literature since 1975."

Dear Ivan,

What a wonderful piece about Morris & Elsley. Back in the mid-sixties when I was a junior publicist at Atheneum both were published there -- by Hiram Hayden. Did you know him?

Congrats again on the Steiner.

XOX
Liz

2 Jan. '06

Stacia Decker
Assistant Editor
Harcourt
l5 East 26th St.
New York NY 10010

Dear Stacia--

Wouldn't you know, the missing pages Sara Branch faxed were perfectly fine.

All in all, the pages were very clean, only one serious typo (p. 152). I've marked my not very manmy changes and inquiries with explanatory yellow stickits. As you'll see, I did alter a couple of the picture captions a bit; let me know if you see any problems with the changes and my reasoning.

Reading back over this book, I am very pleased with how it holds up, and proud that it's finally going to be paired with *This House of Sky* at Harcourt. It's a lovely new edition, Stacia, and I thank you for the ministrations you put into it.

Best,

Heart Earth

Ivan Doig

Ivan Doig grew up with only a vague memory of his mother, Berneta, who died on his sixth birthday. Then he discovered a cache of her letters--and through them, a spunky, ~~[illegible]~~ can-do woman as at home in the saddle as behind a sewing machine, and as in love with language as Doig would prove to be. In this moving prequel to his acclaimed memoir This House of Sky, Doig brings to life his childhood before his mother's death and the family's journey from the Montana mountains to the Arizona desert and back again. He eloquently captures the texture of the American West during and after World War II, the fortune of a family, and one woman's indomitable spirit.

PRAISE FOR HEART EARTH

"Like Doig's This House of Sky, this book repeatedly proves the power of language. Ivan Doig uses words like oil paint to create canvasses of enduring value and originality."--Los Angeles Times

"A lyrical evocation of the Doigs' gallantly hardscrabble existence and love for the unforgiving Montana mountains."--San Francisco Chronicle

Ivan Doig is the author of ten previous books, including the ~~highly-acclaimed~~ memoir This House of Sky, which was a finalist for the National Book Award. A former ranch hand, newspaperman, and magazine editor, Doig holds a Ph.D. in history from the University of Washington. He lives in Seattle.

Harcourt
TRADE PUBLISHERS

Stacia J. N. Decker
Assistant Editor

December 12, 2005

Ivan Doig
17277 15th Avenue
Seattle, WA 98177

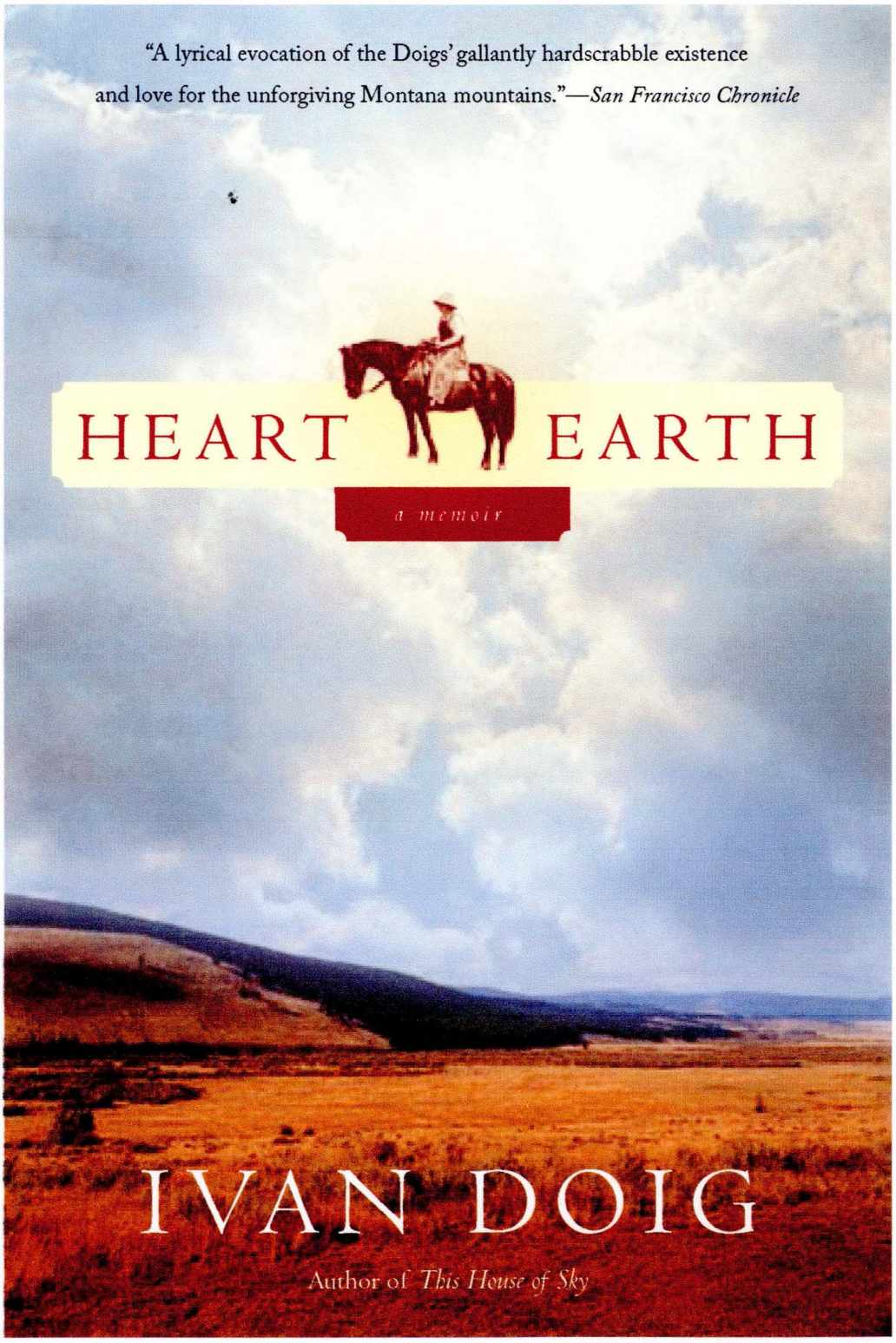
Dear Ivan,

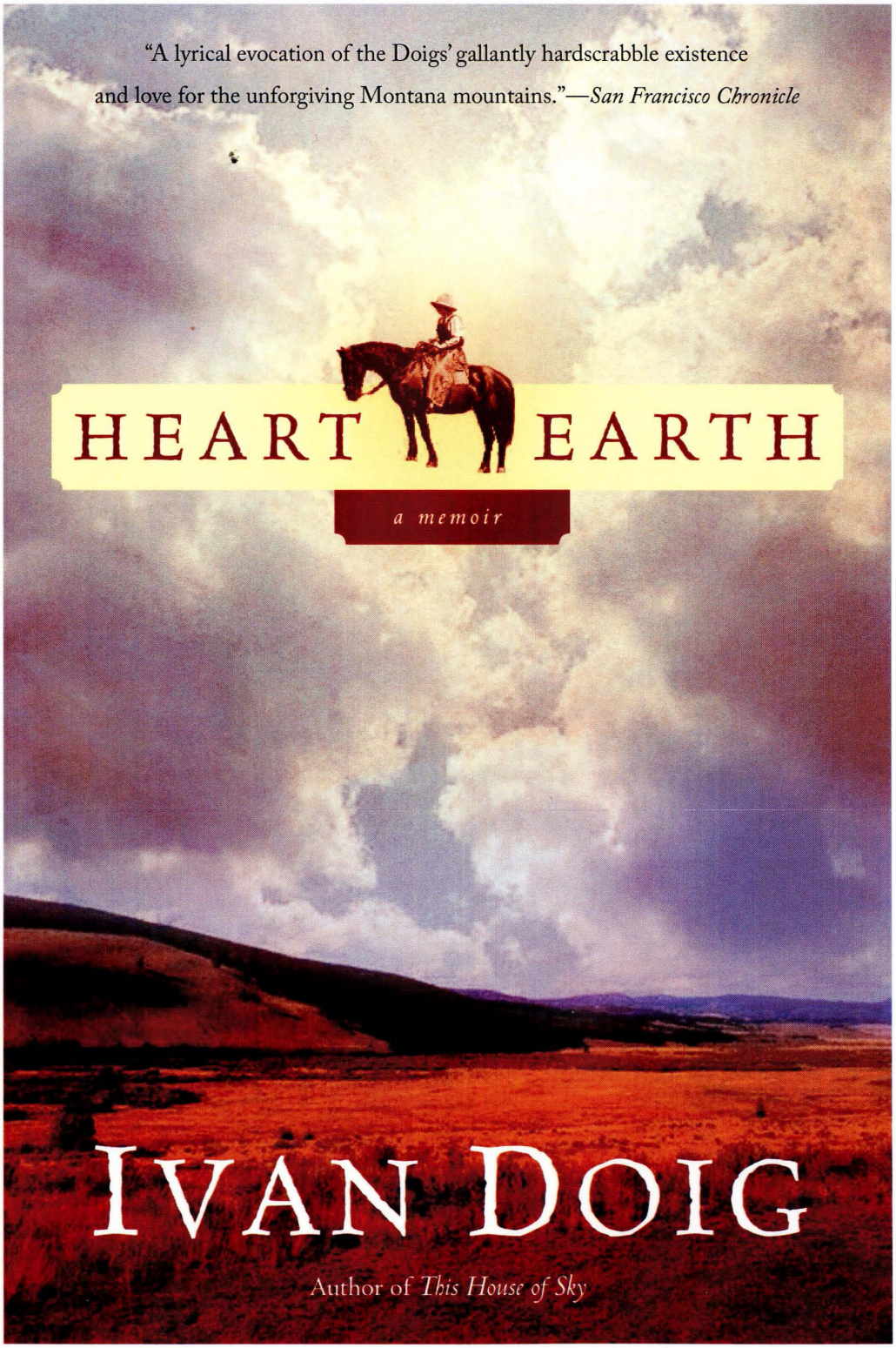
Here are the sample lay-outs for the Harvest edition of HEART EARTH. Let us know what you think!

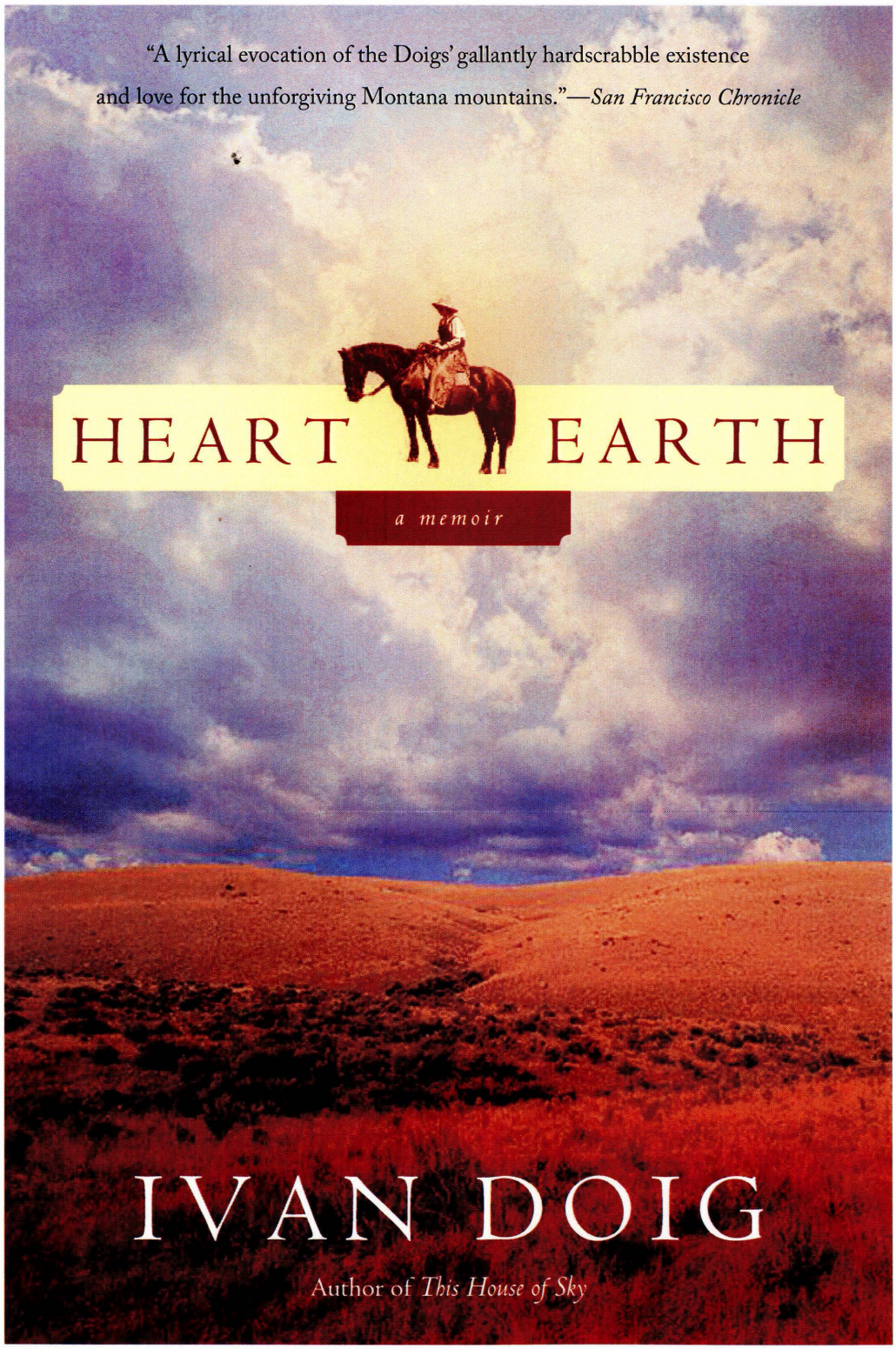
All best,

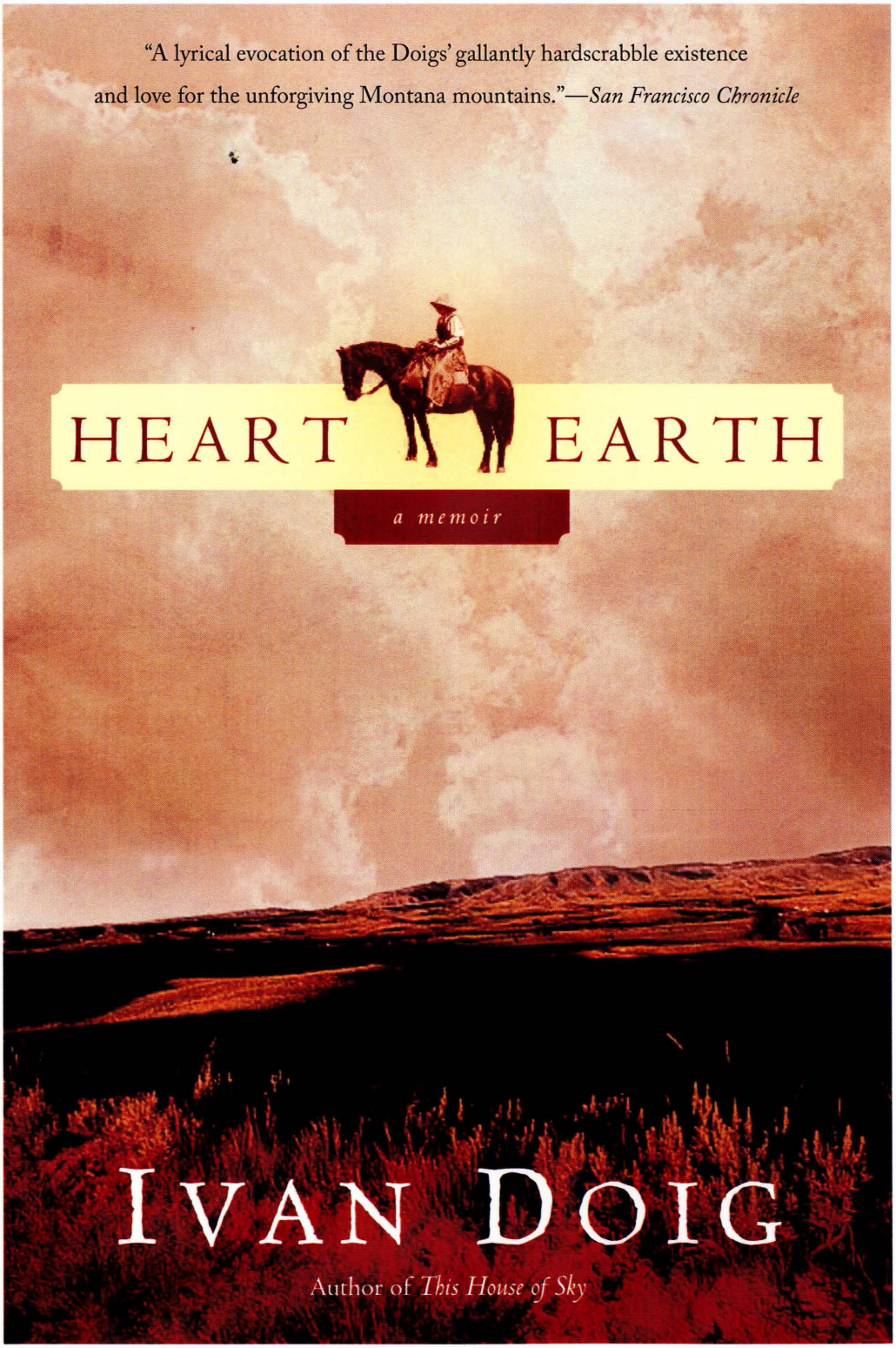
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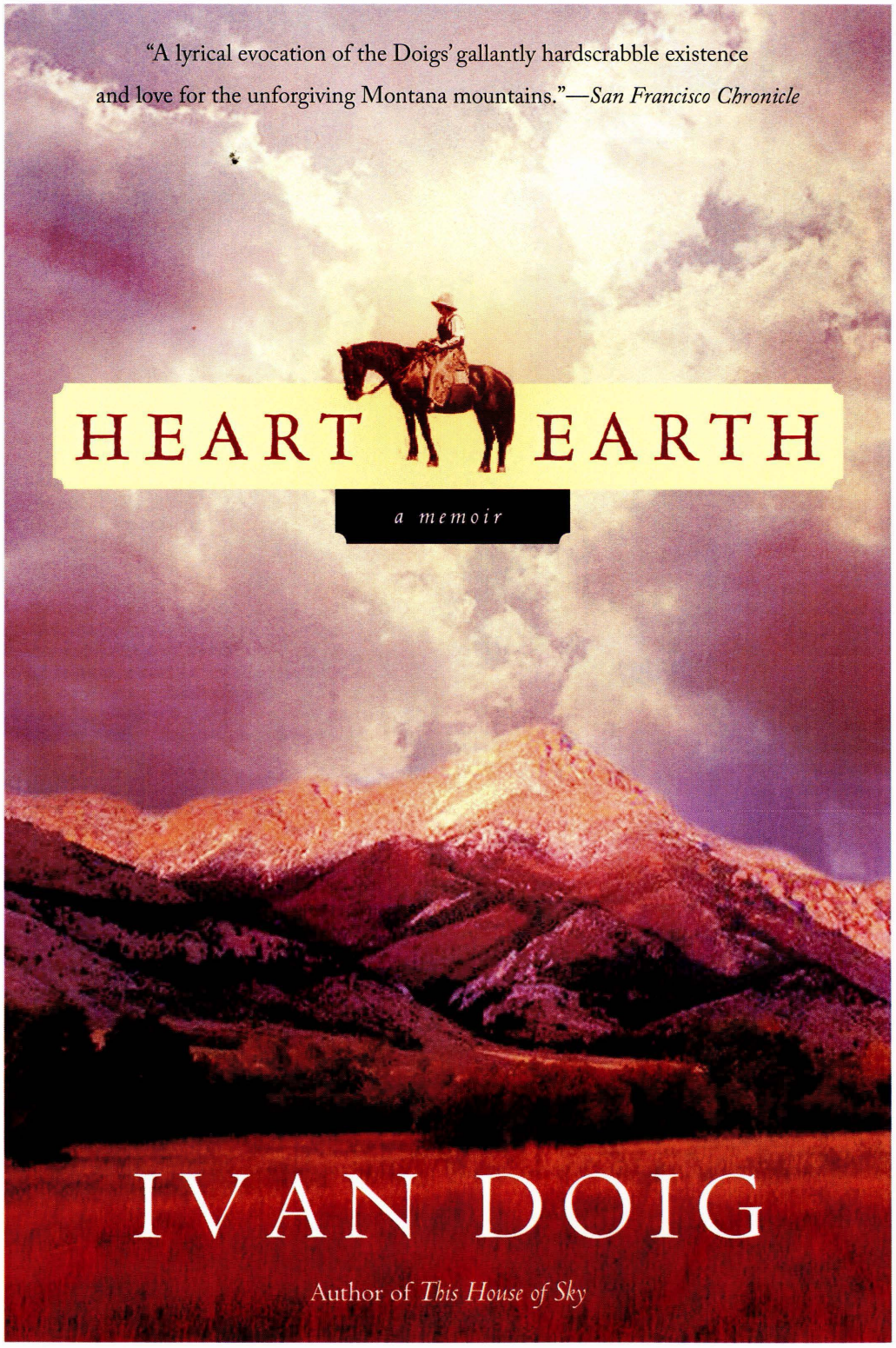
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"A lyrical evocation of the Doigs' gallantly hardscrabble existence and love for the unforgiving Montana mountains."—*San Francisco Chronicle*
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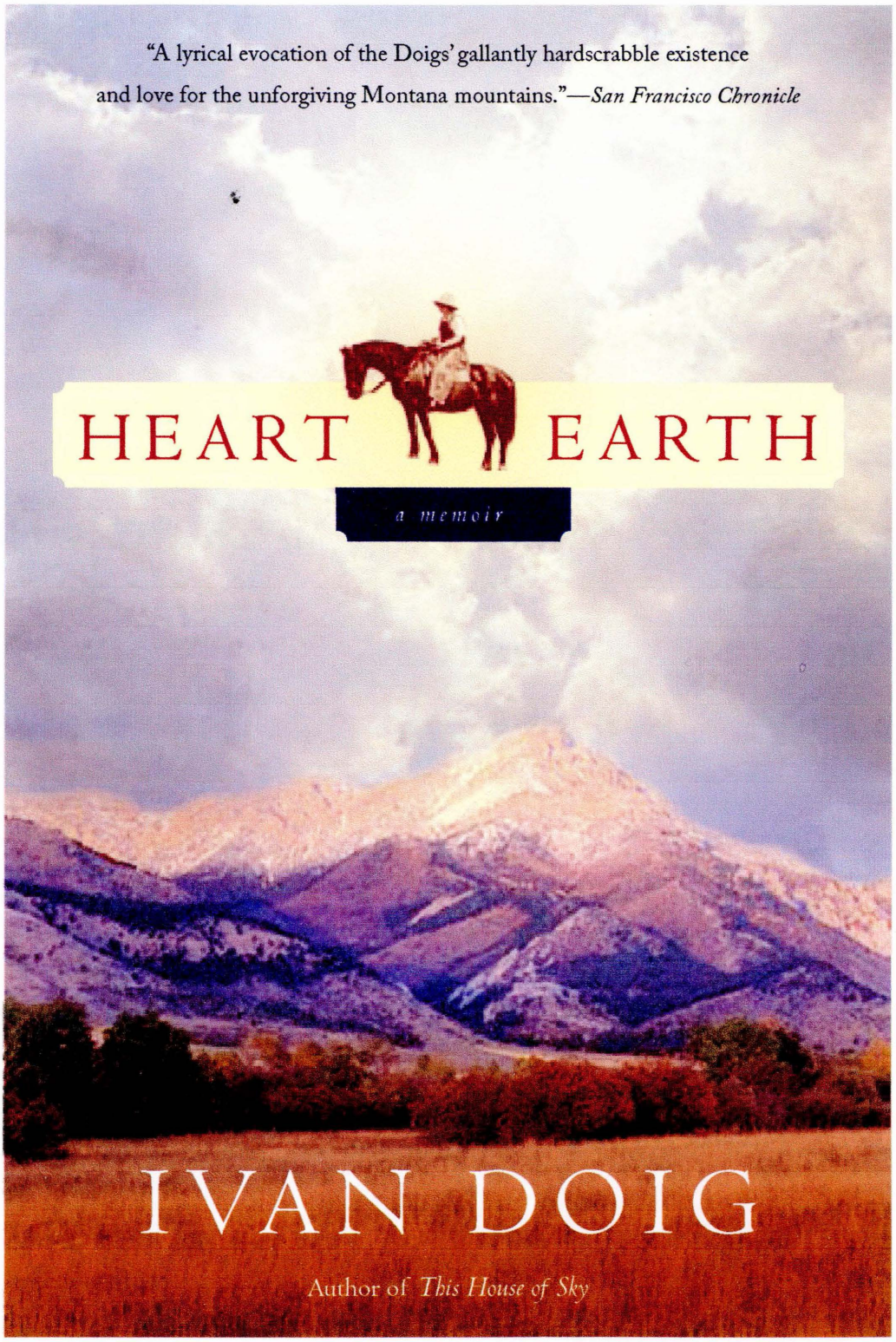

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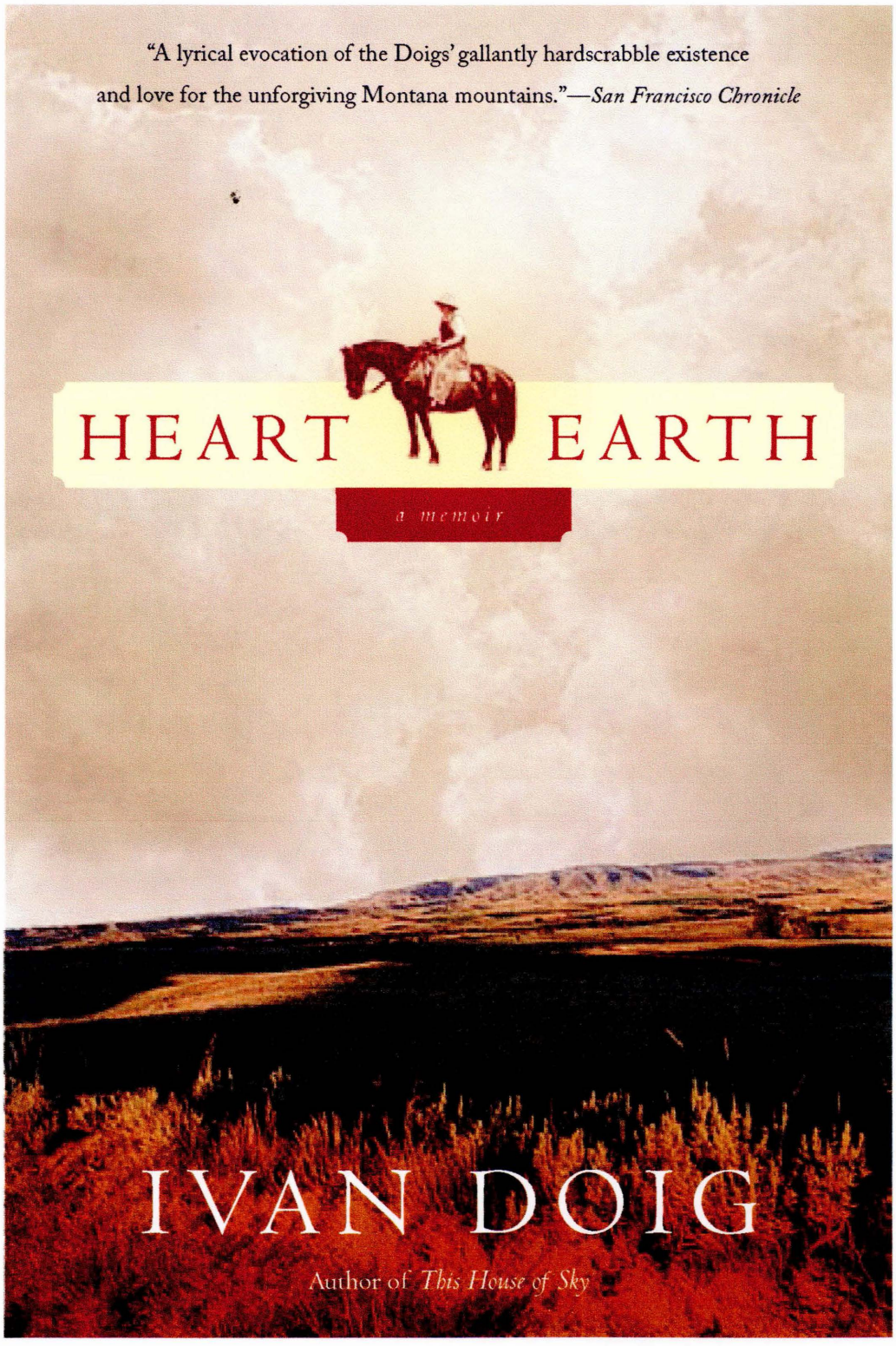

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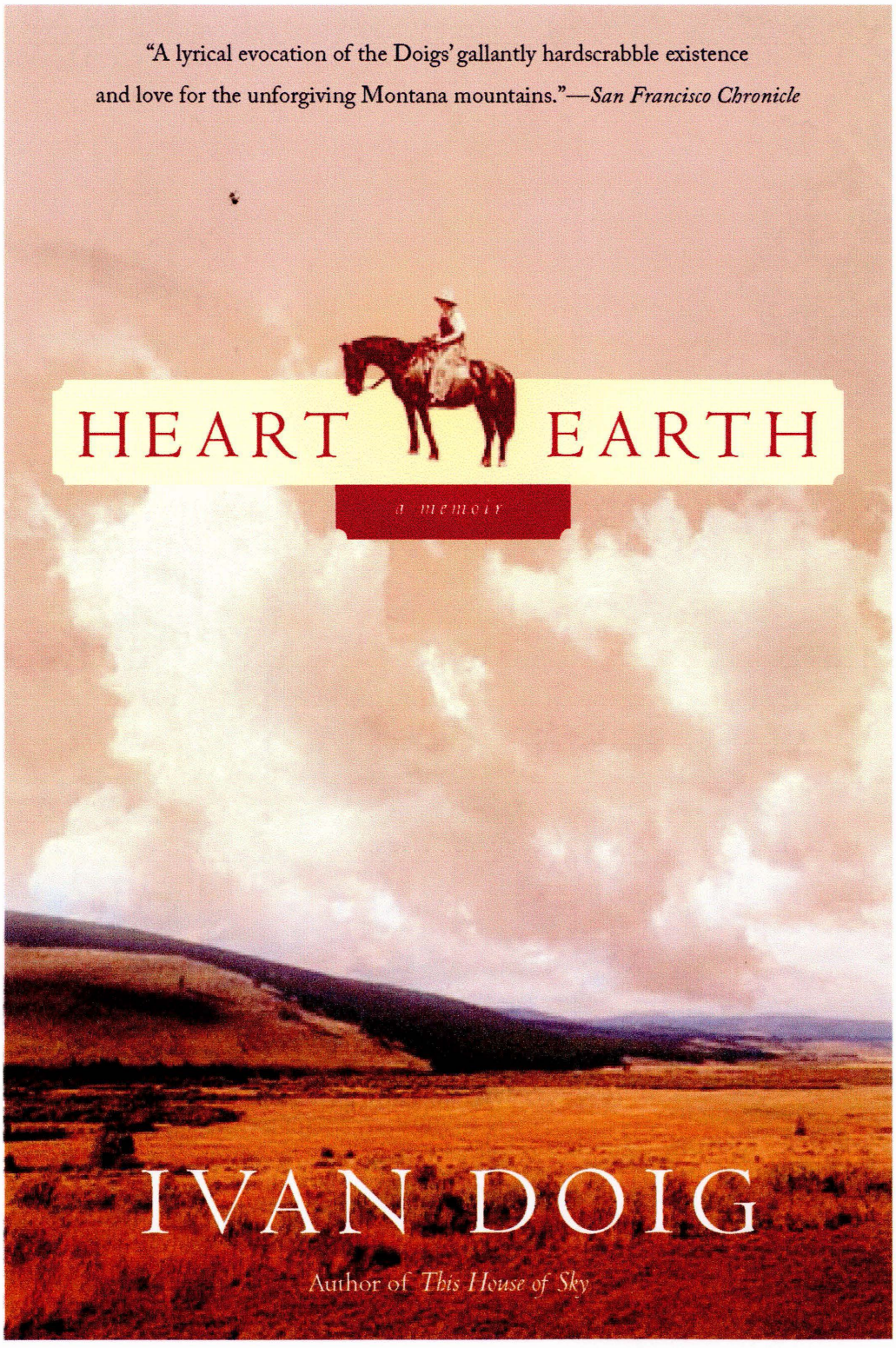

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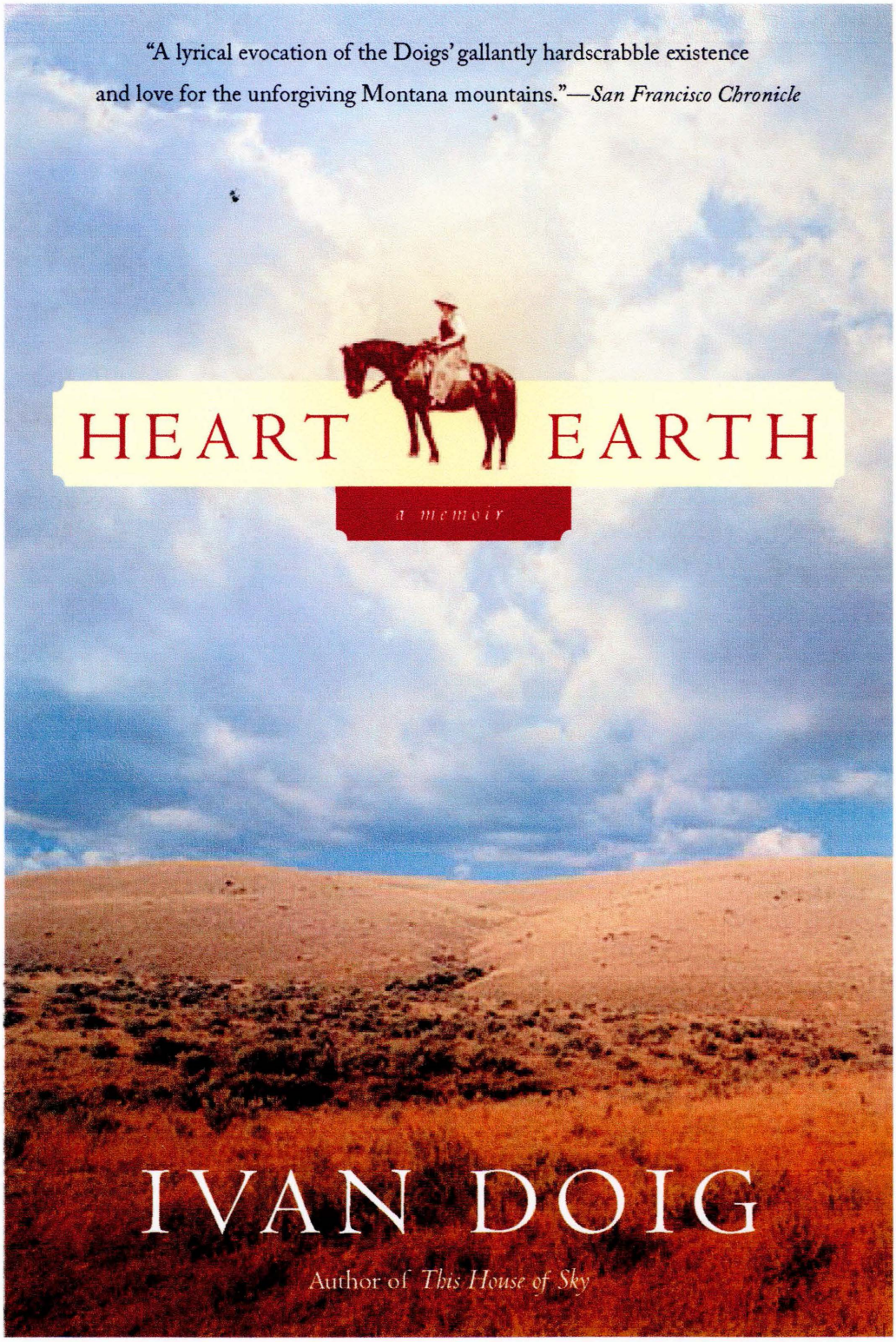

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Ivan - This is our favorite. What do you think? - Becky




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Ault pic for Heart Earth

D773
M6

History of US Naval Op'ns in WWII, Samuel Eliot Morison
Victory in Pac, 1945 (V. 14

p. 262 - Task force 58 @ Okinawa; May 11, Bunker Hill, crashed into by a Zeke & then a Judy.

p. 209 - ap 7, Hancock hit, ~~dive~~ dancing op'n Bnot sank battlship Yamato

p. 94+ - Franklin, ph' copy

Ault in index: XIII, 317
XIV, 384
pic, XIV, 158-9

DD698
Vol XIV, Ault listed in DD destroyer, Allen M Sumner class:
2200 tons; length 376'-376'6"; beam 40-41'; draft 15'6"; spd 34 knots;
arm't 6-5"/38 5-10 21" torpedo tubes; complement 345.

SEPARATION NOTICE

The following items have been removed from Box 33, Folder 3, Collection 2602, for oversize storage elsewhere.

Items Removed:

35 mm Slides: #352-356 were removed from Series 2- Books & other writings, Subseries 6- Heart Earth (1993). Transparencies were relocated to Series 8- photographs, subseries 1- 35 mm slides.

X Material has been placed in Box 154, Folder NA, Collection 2602

_____ Location information is available from the Special Collections Staff.

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The following items have been removed from Box 33, Folder 3, Collection 2602, for oversize storage elsewhere.

Items Removed:

Photographs: #3965-3971 were removed from Series 2 - Books + other writings, subseries 6- Heart Earth (1993). Images were relocated to series 8- photographs, subseries 3- photographic prints.

X Material has been placed in Box 162, Folder 6, Collection 2602

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