From: mmsw922@aol.com
Subject: **Re: cover**
Date: February 10, 2015 6:44:29 PM PST
To: cddoig@comcast.net

Hi Ivan and Carol,

I too like the cover a lot--along with your wish to render the suitcase as wicker. And it also fits stylistically with your other covers.

And please do not feel the need to send a check. I have fun and summoning some images takes little time. Besides I owe you more on the current project!!

Another day of training---this time slightly more daunting - as we got deeper into the state's library software. Plus the building was so cold my brain seemed to congeal. More clothes tomorrow!

Take care.

Love,

Marcella

-----Original Message-----
From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
To: Marcella Walter <mmsw922@aol.com>
Sent: Tue, Feb 10, 2015 4:42 pm
Subject: cover

Howdy, Marcella. Thought you'd be interested in an early peek at the book cover. Don't say I didn't warn you--not a particle of anything you or I tried to provide. eh? But I like it, and have only asked if they can photoshop some wicker onto that suitcase.

I'm sending you a check for your valiant efforts on this--the publisher would ever get around to it. Hope you'r doing well at the library job etc,

Ivan

From: mmsw922@aol.com
Subject: **Have your magnifying glass out**
Date: February 13, 2015 6:55:38 PM PST
To: cddoig@comcast.net

Ivan and Carol,

After promising - and not delivering---the KMON radio schedules will be in tomorrow's mail. I finally got to MHS today. I did a week's run in January 1951 and a week's run in July 1951. You'll see how easy it was to find and print those. The Great Falls Tribune was very organized about where they placed the listing.

It's interesting - programming got significantly "richer" in the summer.

As that quick look online yielded a while back, if you zero in on programs you want to know more about---the web seemed to be an incredibly excellent source for further information and actual program tapes.

Sixty four sunny degrees as I drove home from Clancy today. The birds are twittering happily.

A weekend to attend to not-to-be-forgotten details.

Meanwhile, I hope each day if proving a bit easier for both of you!

Love,

Marcella

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **Re: Radios - can't resist dabbling**
Date: January 19, 2015 3:20:28 PM PST
To: mmsw922@aol.com

Dear radio sleuth--Nice looking bunch, but try to get away from portables. I really want the next step up, one of those Crosleys or Zeniths or whatever that could fit on a sideboard or side table, i.e. not a floor model; about the size of a manual typewriter or even a little bigger, made of walnut-like wood with fancy curlicues down over fabric-covered portion, next to the clockface-like dial, where the sound came out. I can visualize ours in the trailerhouse when we we were herding on the rez, but can't put a name to it. Can you pull up old Monkey Ward and Sears catalogs to see if they sold such things, and at what price? Also, there may even be a radio museum out here in Bellingham to try. As to the hefty batteries, the top one--B141--is the closest to what I recall, but I think the ones we wrestled into the back of the radio were maybe twice as wide. Price on those would be really helpful, too.

We have sunshine at the moment, crockpot going, friends coming for supper bringing bread they've baked. Things ain't bad at the moment.

Ivan

On Jan 19, 2015, at 11:07 AM, mmsw922@aol.com wrote:

> Good morning, all!
>
> Of course I couldn't resist looking quickly to see what I could find.
>
> So far, the best site comes from a radio restoring guy named Larry.
>
> Here's a 1953 Zenith portable that shows a battery along with!! Maybe the most useful of anything I've found so far!
>
> And a 1952 Emerson - billed as being getting especially strong signals:
>
> A 1950 Zenith - billed as being an early radio to have AM and FM.
>
> Another 1950 Zenith - the blurb talks about how heavy it is.
>
> And finally a 1946 model identified as being either battery or plug in.
>
> And now for some other battery images, although not as specifically labeled.
>
> Enough for now!
>
> Marcella

From: mmsw922@aol.com
Subject: **Re: Novel thoughts**
Date: December 11, 2014 6:57:50 PM PST
To: cddoig@comcast.net

Hi Ivan and Carol,

I'm glad that you can face such winter disasters with good friends - and equanimity. And I've come to believe that each place on earth faces its own risks and drawbacks. I could not, for instance, cope with your gray days !!

So, yes, glad to do a little more hunting - and have done some just now.

The pow wow celebration in Browning is called the North American Indians Days - and has been going on since 1951---per this web entry:

North American Indian Days

The 64th Annual North American Indian Days celebration is on July 9-12, 2015

The celebration in Browning is always held the second week in July for four days. It is an intriguing way to see authentic Blackfeet traditions. Tipis are pitched on the powwow grounds for four days of contest dancing, games, a number of sports events and socializing. Comprising one of the largest gatherings of United States and Canadian tribes, the celebration is an unforgettable experience. Once you hear and feel the mystery of the drum, see the traditional and fancy dancing, and the many proud Native people, then you will begin to understand the Blackfeet.

As to Heart Butte's basketball record, I could find this web page:
http://www.mhsa.org/Records/BoysBasketballRecords.pdf

So while Heart Butte won the state Class C championship in 2000-2001 - - - from skimming that set of records, I think the more important question is whether Heart Butte had a high school in the 1950s. I'll do some calling tomorrow--not having found any history online.

Did I miss another question or research query---I don't think so--but wanted to be sure. So stay tuned for what more I might be able to find out about Heart Butte.

Take care! We'll see what I can send tomorrow. And yes, on the no intro. One of a couple-three topics where I kind of knew better!!

Marcella

-----Original Message-----
From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
To: Marcella Walter <mmsw922@aol.com>
Sent: Thu, Dec 11, 2014 3:30 pm
Subject: Novel thoughts

Hi, Marcella, from REALLY rainy Seattle. We're getting a Pineapple Express--record high temp in the 60s yesterday--and maybe wind along with it.The Laskins lost power late yesterday, we took them in for drinks, supper, and a helluva good time--just as they had done for us about a week before. Minor woe compared to the scale of a Montana winter, I know, but it does keep us nimble.

Your ms comments helped terrifically--I'm about done tweaking the pile of pages--and I arranged with my editor for it to hit her desk a week from today. Wanted to offer a few thoughts and beg a couple more glints of research, if I may.

--Nope, no intro to flash my credentials, sorry. I believe a novel has to have immediate life of its own the moment you crack open the pages. In the Acknowledgments at the back, however, I do intend to 'fess up to various things, such as slewing Crow Fair's time of year out of necessity for the calendar of the plot. Will set right and make nice, honest. In that direction, I changed the tough Crow arena boss's name from Scalp Hunter to Swift Pony. Continuing along that line, can you conjure for me research proof to back up a couple of things I want to buttress what I'm making up:

--Heart Butt'e basketball prowess: have they sometimes won Class C? (And yes, I know Lodge Grass has been a power, but it doesn't fit what I'm doing.)

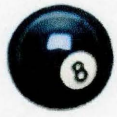
--Indian Days held in Browning (under that name) in the 1950's. Attended by the sheepherding Doigs when we lived on the Rez just as much as the Blackfeet, those summers. This may not fit the Acknmts, but I'd like to have it on hand at least for interviews--i.e., yes, I have been to Native American gatherings, damn betcha.

--Donny's knowledge of Midnight Frankie's Creole lingo and similar realizations that seem beyond an 11-year-old kid. Let's don't sweat these, as they are a composite of Donny the protagonist and older Donny the narrator--it's the only way to tell the story in adult fashion,the narrator peeking over the shoulder of the kid he was. Fiction cheats again in the name of truing a story into art. or something.

Well, enough, all your comments are saluted around here. I hope Helena's round of Christmas doings delights your soul, as your friendship has delighted ours. More later. Now to see if we can ride out the windstorm with the lights on.

Best,
Ivan

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **Re: Heart Butte**
Date: December 12, 2014 9:24:22 AM PST
To: mmsw922@aol.com



Marcella, good morning from the storm-tossed but surviving--

The big windstorm conked out our power in the middle of the night, but only for an hour. Hectic night, electric blanket to heavy quilt and back again etc., but we're up and going and I can hear Carol chopping veggies to complete tonight's crockpot soup.

Re research: Well, well, well--the Blackfeet aren't having anything to do with "Native American Days," eh? Jim Welch didn't either, he always called himself Indian. Anyway, that info is just what I wanted if I choose to use it in the Acknowledgments. And Heart Butte now has a fictitious high school back there in 1951--can't get that mhsa web page open for whatever the hell reason, can you just flash me what the current team's nickname is?

So, onward. Hope you have a good day, you sound useful and busy and dare I say semi-cheerful?

Best,
Ivan

On Dec 12, 2014, at 7:53 AM, mmsw922@aol.com wrote:

> Ivan,
>
> I haven't called anyone yet - but in searching the OPI website, I could a 1989 State Superintendent of Public Instruction decision to ALLOW a Heart Butte High School district to be created--the petition having been denied earlier by the Pondera County Supt. of Public Instruction. There was clearly an elementary school in Heart Butte prior to that time--but no high school. So----------it would seem that you face another fiction writer's dilemma :)
>
> I will still make a phone call to be doubly sure.
>
> Marcella

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **Re: First set of thoughts - first half**
Date: December 4, 2014 3:27:57 PM PST
To: mmsw922@aol.com



Marcella, hi there in your snowy chalet--

Just real quick, wanted to say thanks a million for the first half comments. Carol's reading apace, too. This baby is going to toddle off to NY yet!

Healthwise, I am more mobile, although there's still a lot of discomfort. We're toughing through. Am off to ride the exercise bike.

All best,
Ivan

On Dec 4, 2014, at 10:55 AM, mmsw922@aol.com wrote:

> Ivan and Carol,
>
> You must be thinking that I've fallen into one of our snow banks. Not really---although the one in front of the condo would swallow me up! Thank you for the wonderful photo from Thanksgiving. You are a distinguished and VIBRANT group--elegant as well. I could smell the turkey also.
>
> It's been a more social/meeting week than I pictured--though a good one. Mary Murphy, for instance, is at the Society all week researching--and called to see if I could join her for lunch. I loved a couple hours of listening to her research in what is the growing field of food history---including her Montana work. So I am a little more than half way through the manuscript - and thought that maybe you'd find it helpful to hear about the few things that have caught my eye so far. If, by the time I get to the end, these thoughts have changed, I'll note that in the next email!!
>
> As recommended, I'm not noting typos. And with a couple exceptions, I'm trying not to go back to themes or strategies I commented on the first time.
>
> First general thoughts. Yes, yes, the narrative moves along at a brisker and more riveting clip all around. Yes, I like Herman more and Kate not at all!!! This time, Donal slips more readily into that 11-12 age range, though remains an awfully bright and perceptive person--for any age! I saw and appreciated some of the new setting frameworks--urban and rural! And truly after about page six, my eye and mind skipped merrily right along with only the odd question.
>
> So--those opening pages. My strongest thoughts in reviewing so far center on your first three paragraphs. In the first paragraph, I craved shorter sentences, fewer, sharper words, and more active voice. I may, though, be missing or not crediting enough a different style that you're creating there. But I ended up feeling as if this was waiting for a kind of final ripening or - pruning or ?
>
> More specifically: I like the first sentence. In the second sentence "at that time" and "in the form of" seem expendable. In the second paragraph, I'd go with "leaned me into the mailbag." And for the third paragraph, here's what I penciled in: "So much has changed. Now young folks travel the planet with only backpacks and phones and curiosity. But on the journey that determined my life and turned the course of others, I carried my grandmother's suitcase and responsibility bigger than I was. Much bigger by miles as it turned out. But that lay ahead. Meanwhile I heard myself . . . " I didn't "get the sentence about fame sometimes . . . .
>
> One other thought: the comparison to young people now versus Donal then only sort of works for me. Donal is young by any time period's standards to be traveling alone and having to make his own way. So as always - only for what it's worth from someone who has published no books :)

From: mmsw922@aol.com
Subject: **First set of thoughts - first half**
Date: December 4, 2014 10:55:09 AM PST
To: cddoig@comcast.net

Ivan and Carol,

You must be thinking that I've fallen into one of our snow banks. Not really---although the one in front of the condo would swallow me up! Thank you for the wonderful photo from Thanksgiving. You are a distinguished and VIBRANT group--elegant as well. I could smell the turkey also.

It's been a more social/meeting week than I pictured--though a good one. Mary Murphy, for instance, is at the Society all week researching--and called to see if I could join her for lunch. I loved a couple hours of listening to her research in what is the growing field of food history---including her Montana work. So I am a little more than half way through the manuscript - and thought that maybe you'd find it helpful to hear about the few things that have caught my eye so far. If, by the time I get to the end, these thoughts have changed, I'll note that in the next email!!

As recommended, I'm not noting typos. And with a couple exceptions, I'm trying not to go back to themes or strategies I commented on the first time.

First general thoughts. Yes, yes, the narrative moves along at a brisker and more riveting clip all around. Yes, I like Herman more and Kate not at all!!! This time, Donal slips more readily into that 11-12 age range, though remains an awfully bright and perceptive person--for any age! I saw and appreciated some of the new setting frameworks--urban and rural! And truly after about page six, my eye and mind skipped merrily right along with only the odd question.

So--those opening pages. My strongest thoughts in reviewing so far center on your first three paragraphs. In the first paragraph, I craved shorter sentences, fewer, sharper words, and more active voice. I may, though, be missing or not crediting enough a different style that you're creating there. But I ended up feeling as if this was waiting for a kind of final ripening or - pruning or ?

More specifically: I like the first sentence. In the second sentence "at that time" and "in the form of" seem expendable. In the second paragraph, I'd go with "leaned me into the mailbag." And for the third paragraph, here's what I penciled in: "*So much has changed. Now young folks travel the planet with only backpacks and phones and curiosity. But on the journey that determined my life and turned the course of others, I carried my grandmother's suitcase and responsibility bigger than I was. Much bigger by miles as it turned out. But that lay ahead. Meanwhile I heard myself . . .* " I didn't "get the sentence about fame sometimes . . . .

No

One other thought: the comparison to young people now versus Donal then only sort of works for me. Donal is young by any time period's standards to be traveling alone and having to make his own way. So as always - only for what it's worth from someone who has published no books :)

Then over the next page still a little more tightening:
Page 3 - line 5, maybe "seatmate" rather than fellow passenger
Page 3 - last paragraph "allowed me to take them to the cook shack"

No
OK

used on p. 1

Come page 6 - The section that begins with "That near-stranger:" Given how critical that paragraph would seem to be for establishing the purpose of the book, maybe another look at tense and sentence structure and even the description of Donal there--although this may be another spot where I don't understand quite the literary options. As to Donal, for a 6th grader--which is roughly what I think an 11-going-on12-year old would be, he's actually very savvy and resourceful. He may never have been out of the Two Medicine, but he's had to grow up fast. In those veins of composition and character, I'd be inclined to do something like this: *"I'm as gray haired now as my talky companion on the Chevy bus that day. So I look back in wonder at that near-stranger who was me--carrying his heart in his throat. Freckled as a spotted hyena, stocky, big and smart for his age only in some ways. Fated to live an adventure--a journey--he's never forgotten. From my older vantage point, I wish that he could have had a carefree jaunt, that he didn't have to carry the weight of worry on his young shoulders. He'd never been outside of Montana, barely out of the Two Medicine country and still the nation stretched ahead--unknown and as open to the imagination as Pleasantville. But he had already learned from those condensed*

No

stories and his own personal ones that unexpected events--good about as often as bad--happened to people all the time. Sure he knew that if worse came to worst, his new blue jeans carried the round trip ticket home. But that was the catch. Home to what, from what. " Or something on that order.

From then on, in my reading so far, mostly the smallest of thoughts.

Page 8 - middle of the page "bald as babies are" - Lots aren't--such as young David Walter Cornelius who had a full head of hair.

Page 12 - the start of references to truck stop. I don't remember truck stops from my youth. Filling stations and diners---but not the trucking hubs we have now. But maybe Kansas was too compact to use them. So I did a dab of research. The term and the real thing begin a bit in the 1940s----but really become a product of the interstate system when limited access 4-lanes came into existence and truckers don't want to drive far to find diesel. So----this time period would seem to be on the cusp--the location a little unusual.

Page 15 - middle of the page, "pomegranate" - If any recipe Gram used called for a pomegranate, I'd eat my hat. It's something we can get now--but not even remotely then, I think, and unlikely to be in recipes. Maybe "worcestershire sauce."

Page 21 or so. Of things I'd commented on before, I continue to wriggle a bit at the centrality of the obsidian arrowhead and its role in creating fear and action----------in a time when projectile points were not yet really valued or protected or fawned over as we do now. So the only mechanism I can think of to make Wendell's caring and Donny's worry more real might be having some university professor stop by the Double W--see the arrowhead on the hall table--and ooh and aah over it's perfect condition, size. *"Boy, I've seen a lot of these points unearthed in western fields--but nothing as handsome and intact as this."* Or some kind of similar statement. And the professor maybe needs to be some Harvard guy come west for a dude ranch experience. Montana wouldn't have had archaeology professors then.

Pages 52 - or so as you introduce Donnal's native seatmate. So here's another previously commented on theme. I'd put money on the likelihood that you don't share my presentism worry about how Indians are portrayed. I do still worry. So maybe the arrival of Indians in the narrative is a place to do one more look-back-from current times-to-then flashback, to have the gray-haired Donal reflect on his own later-in-life discomfiture with how he saw and named and stereotyped Indians. He might get to have that same reflection a second time--when--as a grownup-- he remembers Herman's still earlier/more dated stereotypes. We are all caught in what we read, hear, and know.

Page 54 - Middle of the page. The introduction of arm rests. I spent a little while looking--without a clear result--to see whether 1950s buses had arm rests. I don't remember them. The feature that seems most distinctive is/was the little foot rest that pulled up from the seat ahead.

Page 72 - Would the newly released ex-con have a violet tie--something the prison would have provided??

Page 78 - Last paragraph. I'm wondering if you want to portray a Minnesota small town--a Minnesota Palookaville--as you would a Montana one. My memory is that they are infinitely better cared for, more prosperous looking around the edges that Montana's, and that there would have been three churches in evidence and only a bar or two---a tavern actually - in a Minnesota setting.

Page 84 - middle of the page. I don't think the Browning Mercantile would have had Readers' Digest Condensed Books-----unless they had a used book section. The condensed volumes, I believe, all came in the mail--rather than being available in retail stores.

Page 154 - Second paragraph. I hesitated a bit over the phrase "milk-complexioned." Since the negatives show the reverse of what will be in print, could an observer tell relative complexion color?

Pages 170s-180s-- as well as the 203-210 area - The naked lady cards are genius!! I did, however, in these sections, skip over virtually all of the canasta rules and playing discussion. I've never been a card player (studiously helping with refreshments and retreating to my book while my parents played lots of cards)---so any two or three sentence discussion of rules sends my mind somewhere else. I don't know that you can leave a lot more out---but fyi.

Page 191 - Second paragraph. Here Aunt Kate talks about cleaning the house for the card party----but then does not host

the party.

Page 193 - Bottom of the page. I think most veal comes from male calves???

Page 199 - Start of the card party. I was anticipating the other ladies having opinions on Aunt Kate's mumu?? No

OK Page 204 - Hmm. However pissed Donny is at having to play cards and being patronized, I did struggle to picture him having the gumption to enthusiastically launch into a discussion of Rocky Mountain oysters.

Page 212 - Top paragraph. I'm thinking that "putting down" is a new term in our vocabulary. laying blame

So---enough for now. Sent always with lots of trepidation. Look for the rest no later than Saturday!

Hope all is getting at least incrementally better.

Love,

Marcella

13 Aug. '14

Hi, Marcella--

Thanks in advance for looking over this chunk of ms, and here are some contexts you wouldn't know yet, as this piece skips beyond the Manitowoc scenes, to wit:

--Donny has run afoul of Aunt Kate and she is shipping him back to Montana, to welfare authorities (which to him means the nightmre of the orphanage, which I've now put in Butte) because Gram is still laid up in the hospital with complications and they're in essence broke. In the scene preceding what you'll start with, Donny is stewing and feeling sorry for himself on the bus to Milwaukee when someone who has been obscured behind a newspaper at the back of the bus comes up and plops into the seat beside him and lo, it is Herman.

--Herman is still smitten with the romance of the West he's picked up from Karl May German westerns and the notion of knightly Apaches and in his fractured English pistoleros (gunfighters) and hoot howls (owlhoots) and so on. He's taken half the money from Kate's and his bank account, left her a note saying he's had enough of their contentious life together and he's gone back to Germany. He's also nabbed out of the mailbox Kate's letter to Gram justifying her giving up on Donny and sending him back to Montana. Donny realizes no one knows where the two of them are, and they are free to go wherever the dog bus(es) can take them, out West. So, away they go, and a few references, probably not nearly all, that you will not have encountered before are:

--Fritz, Kate's first husband ("the other one," as she calls him) who was Herman's buddy on the ore ship that sank in the Witch of November storm and perished then.

--The Schooner and its bartender Gus, Manitowoc waterfront bar frequented by Herman on Saturdays, where Donny watches him win beer-tasting games Gus can never stump him with.

--I think Herman takes Donny aboard the big ore ship being built nearby, which I've renamed the Chequamegon, and it at least lingers in Donny's mind a bit.

--There are various bits of business about the French salute (shrug of shoulders) and so on that come out of Herman's revelation in a section you haven't yet seen, that he was a WWI German soldier.

Those are all I can think of offhand, as I'm hustling this morn to get this FedExed to you. Email or call if there are things that stump you, OK? Please read this as you so helpfully did the first batch, questioning anything that seems even a little bit off, watching for anything that lags or isn't explained enough. With that, here you go, I hope, from Crow Fair to Old Faithful (where you'll see we have bits of homework to do in the Inn and at the geyser; I'll ask you to take pics, all right?) to the Big Hole. Can't remember if I told you the title has been changed, by its fickle author, to **Last Bus to Wisdom**. I hope you'll see why.

Best,
Ivan

From: mmsw922@aol.com
Subject: **Will await FedEx!!**
Date: August 15, 2014 7:23:37 AM PDT
To: cddoig@comcast.net

Good morning Ivan and Carol!

I got back from points north and west and east dinner time last evening. My mental outbursts last night were: thank god for running water, toilets, my own bed, quiet, and this amazing world; and then, where's that cortizone for two dozen additional mosquito bites most located in spots where they should NOT be.

I was weary Monday night--from the North Fork trip--the prep, Sunday's hot-hot drive, and the tension. But I/we were warmly welcomed; an afternoon was just the right amount time for now; Amanda and Matt are doing better; the babies are cute (photos) to follow; Emily is Emily but she and the kids are doing visibly better. Still the buildings and road edges and clearings are clearly deteriorating. And how could they not. Hardest of all, of course, is that the spaces and the routines are indelibly second-nature but Dave isn't there at the end of the dining room table when I get back from a run over to the kitchen.

And the next three days---wow. On Tuesday, we (Kay Rosegren, Karen and I) headed to Waterton, had high tea at Prince of Wales, took the Waterton Lake boat tour up to Goat Haunt, and then went to Jerry DeSanta's longtime Pincher Creek/Lee Creek haven--that Karen now visits some. We left there yesterday morning for Karen's in Coram where I'd left my car. I loved the boat ride. I loved yesterday morning's drive from St. Mary's down to East Glacier. I always revel in the time machine memories of driivng to and from West Glacier--and yesterday's skies and light were stunning. And much of the rest will make great road conversation!! This is maybe the frame: from exuberant, scattered Karen when Kay and I arrived at her house on Sunday evening in Coram: "Well, I need to tell you that in this room, there has been a mouse nest but I think I found it and got it all out!!" Or when I asked about the jugs of water at Lee Creek with a slight insect skim across the time: "Oh no, I didn't bring water from Coram; we have an old spring here; don't worry."

Soooooo-- I'm looking forward with undisguised pleasure to a weekend of manuscript reading and laundry!!

I hope that your temperatures have moderated and you could return to your regular spaces and routines!!

Are you following Montana politics post Walsh's withdrawal? Frontrunner right now an aggressive, well-spoken 34-year-old teacher from Butte who has served a term in the legislature. If she had enough time and money, she'd be very credible!!

Take care.

Love,

Marcella

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **Re: The manuscript has landed**
Date: August 15, 2014 4:31:42 PM PDT
To: mmsw922@aol.com



Dear reader--Great, glad to hear the the eaglet has landed. You'll note that I cheated shamelessly in moving Crow Fair on the calendar (I do intend to 'fess up in the Acknowledgments) and have just decided to sin even more and make the rodeo etc. be on the 4th of July. Donny & Herman have to be someplace for that holiday, or look as eternally sloppily created as McMurty's trail drivers who never have to herd them there northbound longhorns across a transcontinental railroad in all of Lonesome Dove, I do believe. And I like the notion of spiffing up that parade a bit more with the Crow army vets.

Anyway, happy reading, I hope. Here, we're picking blueberries like mad--about 20 quart bags in the freezer so far--and darting out to do pro forma bookstore events for the paperback and eating like royalty out of our own garden. Pretty nice.

Best,
Ivan

On Aug 15, 2014, at 2:41 PM, mmsw922@aol.com wrote:

> HI Carol and Ivan,
>
> Just a quick note to say that FedEx delivered right on time--even during a thunderstorm!! So I'm off and running--a little ways beyond catch up laundry and conversations with yet another gutter company really too busy to deal with our condo issues!!!
>
> May you be set to embark on a good weekend. I am--reading..
>
> Love,
>
> Marcella

From: mmsw922@aol.com
Subject: **Talking - Unraveling Life's Vissicitudes**
Date: September 4, 2014 1:03:18 PM PDT
To: cddoig@comcast.net

Hi Carol and Ivan,

Your invitation to talk came at a perfect time--although finding that perfect talking moment may take a bit of to and fro. My Kansas college/teaching year friends left late this morning for Yellowstone! Al is a retired agricultural prof at McPherson College; Mary Ann taught reading. Their daughter is Amanda's age, lives in Salt Lake--has become a good friend in her own right, etc.

At any rate, last evening, Al was on the phone with their Yellowstone host---and I heard mention of Park road closures. So, before Al and Mary Ann got up this morning, I peeked at the NPS website. Nothing impossible--or surprising, but maddening. You can look here: http://www.nps.gov/yell/planyourvisit/roadclosures.htm

So--yes, talking's a keen idea!! My next email will be to my weekend company--Jim and Carol, friends from the first Italy tour. They arrive sometime Saturday and leave sometime Sunday---------not staying here, but likely dining here, so I'll try to determine their intentions a bit more!!! My tomorrow is open; likely Saturday morning----and perhaps Sunday evening if Jim and Carol are heading out yet that day.

The next 10 day forecast looks very good, with temperatures up and down--but no serious chances for moisture. Our day today may be as glorious as the ones you are enjoying in the arboretum.

We all went to Butte yesterday which--at least in my estimation--proved as magical as ever. We ended with the little homegrown tour of the Mai Wah--one of the few standing and undisturbed Chinese mercantiles and noodle parlors-----led by a grizzled old Butte guy. It's always interesting to try to "read" what company anticipates. Al and Mary Ann were on a 30 day loop from Salt Lake through California to the Olympic peninsula through Glacier down here and on to Yellowstone and back to Salt Lake. They seemed startled by this burst of Montana history, rather than scenery.

Take care - and I'll email again soon.

Love,

Marcella

From: mmsw922@aol.com
Subject: **Glad for your sun**
Date: November 17, 2014 7:24:33 AM PST
To: cddoig@comcast.net

Good morning, Carol and Ivan,

However unusual, I'm glad for your sun--especially as a counterweight to pain and worry. I am so sorry that you've had to face both. As always, I know--as your emails illustrate, Carol--that you are both extraordinarily good at doing what you can to be better--and then getting on with the tasks at hand. Still------it takes a fair chunk of emotional energy to carry on. I'm thinking of you.

Here today, the temperatures promise to make our already icy streets luge runs. By tomorrow, we might see some significant melting. And maybe the grimy inversion cloud that obscures the lower 2/3 of the Belts will disappear. Still, up here on the edge of the South Hills, the radiant floor heat is working well, mostly I've had views, and Mr Noodle has adjusted his sleeping niches. I'm keeping a weather eye for Martha's review of my League of Women Voters/Con Con draft number #2.

On Saturday, the Society hoped to unveil the new and long long awaited lavish Russell catalog. They'd planned a reception for Bob and Gen Morgan, to whom the book is dedicated, two programs by Kirby and Jennifer Bottomly O'Looney, cake, etc. All that happened, but the book is stuck in a shipping container somewhere between here and China-likely just in a port here with the longshoremen's "slow down." (Society staff--a union crew--didn't quite say that.) At $80 a book, I suspect it's also a significant financial burden.

Off to soon tackle those luge runs and then be ready to have ladies from Rocky over for cocktail hour tonight.

Take lots of care.

Love,

Marcella

From: mmsw922@aol.com
Subject: **The Eagle Has Landed**
Date: November 28, 2014 7:58:34 PM PST
To: cddoig@comcast.net

Hi Carol and Ivan,

Just a quick note to let you know that the manuscript arrived safely this afternoon------thumped onto the porch by the postman while I was out doing errands (in soon-to-be-rare 52 degree temperatures). A ream and then some of paper - and a lovely trip to Wisdom ahead of me!

I'm hoping that your day yesterday was sweet with fellowship and good food---and not exhausting.

Amanda and Matt and their trio arrived about 8:30 yesterday morning and stayed until not quite noon - a vintage Walter cheese strata for brunch. Amanda and Matt report that they can now get a golden 4-5 hours of sleep every night---and truly Izzy and Ella were significantly more cheerful here. I suspect they are growing into the idea of a little brother.

With your manuscript in hand--and ingredients for at least one round of cranberry bread--I'm set to weather the next 48 hours of snow, blowing snow and subzero temperatures.

I hope all that does not blow back your way!

Take care.

Love,

Marcella

From: mmsw922@aol.com
Subject: **Awards and other lovelinesses**
Date: August 9, 2014 4:13:37 PM PDT
To: cddoig@comcast.net
▸ 2 Attachments, 340 KB

Carol and Ivan,

Thank you for your great earlier email. Congratulations, Ivan, on the new award----hadn't remembered that you were being feted again and that you both got to "enjoy" an outing!!! And I would send you all the Montana days that I could--minus our smoke. I hope it's continued to give your part of the world a miss.

I'll attach a couple recent outing photos: Livington on Thursday night, a free Rodney Crowell concert with an even more stellar back up band than usual, 7:30 to 10:30, informal, gorgeous, relaxed--------and including another reference to his favorite writer, Ivan Doig. You three should meet. I'll slip a CD into the car in case the Yellowstone road miles need some background! I went over with Ron and Claire's daughter Rosa and her soon-to-be-husband, Kyle, and they were a lot of fun to be with. Fried chicken from a trendy spot in Bozeman, green beans and tomatoes from Claire's garden, deviled eggs from here---beer and wine, of course!

Now, I could be snapping beans for this tomorrow's spur-of-the-moment trek up to West Glacier and the North Fork. Emily and her kids are there now with Amanda and Matt. I considered a picnic in West Glacier or Polebridge---and then finally gutted up and said: why not go all the way up with Karen Feather and Kay Rosegren with our my traditional lasagna dinner---and save Amanda having to corral her 2 and 1 year old in an outdoor setting. Lasagna's made. I'll go as far as Karen's tomorrow. We three will head up Monday morning, come back to West Glacier for the night and then go across to Prince of Wales on Tuesday . . . I'd love the smoke to clear. I'm nervous about being at the cabins--------but might as well find out what that feels like with good company and just for an afternoon.

This past Wednesday I spent 3 hours on the MHS Library's historic wooden chairs reading about fur trade women. I don't remember the chairs being that uncomfortable in the old days. Now I need a cushion. And a lot more context and nuance on what we REALLY know about women on the fur trading frontier.

Country Bookshelf has posted your signing on their web - and I have a note set to go to Sarah Calhoun in case she has time to drive over to Bozeman. Which---after Rodney's mention this week again--leads me to wonder if--on enough mornings, Ivan--you take a deep breath and remember that you change lives!

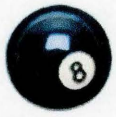
Given how you two eat, it's a tiny comparison, but I'll also be pleased to take fistfuls of baby tomatoes and basil from the porch up to the North Fork. I just need to snap and steam those Farmer's Market beans.

Take good care.

Love,

Marcella

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **Novel thoughts**
Date: December 11, 2014 2:28:55 PM PST
To: Marcella Walter <mmsw922@aol.com>



Hi, Marcella, from REALLY rainy Seattle. We're getting a Pineapple Express--record high temp in the 60s yesterday--and maybe wind along with it.The Laskins lost power late yesterday, we took them in for drinks, supper, and a helluva good time--just as they had done for us about a week before. Minor woe compared to the scale of a Montana winter, I know, but it does keep us nimble.

Your ms comments helped terrifically--I'm about done tweaking the pile of pages--and I arranged with my editor for it to hit her desk a week from today. Wanted to offer a few thoughts and beg a couple more glints of research, if I may.

--Nope, no intro to flash my credentials, sorry. I believe a novel has to have immediate life of its own the moment you crack open the pages. In the Acknowledgments at the back, however, I do intend to 'fess up to various things, such as slewing Crow Fair's time of year out of necessity for the calendar of the plot. Will set right and make nice, honest. In that direction, I changed the tough Crow arena boss's name from Scalp Hunter to Swift Pony. Continuing along that line, can you conjure for me research proof to back up a couple of things I want to buttress what I'm making up:

--Heart Butt'e basketball prowess: have they sometimes won Class C? (And yes, I know Lodge Grass has been a power, but it doesn't fit what I'm doing.)

--Indian Days held in Browning (under that name) in the 1950's. Attended by the sheepherding Doigs when we lived on the Rez just as much as the Blackfeet, those summers. This may not fit the Acknmts, but I'd like to have it on hand at least for interviews--i.e., yes, I have been to Native American gatherings, damn betcha.

--Donny's knowledge of Midnight Frankie's Creole lingo and similar realizations that seem beyond an 11-year-old kid. Let's don't sweat these, as they are a composite of Donny the protagonist and older Donny the narrator--it's the only way to tell the story in adult fashion,the narrator peeking over the shoulder of the kid he was. Fiction cheats again in the name of truing a story into art. or something.

Well, enough, all your comments are saluted around here. I hope Helena's round of Christmas doings delights your soul, as your friendship has delighted ours. More later. Now to see if we can ride out the windstorm with the lights on.

Best,
Ivan

From: mmsw922@aol.com
Subject: **The last laps of the dog bus**
Date: December 6, 2014 11:05:21 AM PST
To: cddoig@comcast.net

Good morning, Carol and Ivan,

Freezing fog in the valley this morning--as it was last night when I drove home from judging at a state speech and debate tournament out at Capital High. I've done that now maybe five years or so--not all consecutive. What an incredibly heartening way to spend four hours. Skill and poise and good humor and some pretty sophisticated thinking (one expository presentation, based in science, on time travel, for instance) well in evidence. And it's just as interesting to see who turns up to judge--never enough folks, for one!

But it's good to be inside for awhile today traveling in your imagination. General thoughts first: Well, I wasn't quite as faithful to NOT bringing up old issues as I promised last time. And I'll slip there some on this round. Make of that what you will! Mostly, though, time spent with the Johnson family in the Big Hole is pure delight. Gotta say, Ivan, that the territory of hayfields and bunkhouses and bars is so much your territory that the settings and the dialogue shimmer. So, all my other notes and thoughts pale in importance.

Page 260 - Three quarters of the way down. "Here goes nothing from nowhere." I'm pretty sure this is the second time you use that--and I'll point out the third. OK - except that maybe you want to have Donny acknowledge the repetitiveness.

Page 262 and 264 - I'm assuming that you found the smaller sets of duplicate words here.

Page 268 - the S & H jingle. If it matters, it's Kool-Aid.

Page 300 - Third paragraph. "The fathers wearing braids and the mothers maybe not" That seemed uncharacteristic and in specific for all the other observations. Leave the references to mothers out???

Page 301 - Second paragraph. I'd take out the reference to an electric drill. Not sure there would have been electricity on the fair grounds--or readily available--or that leather workers would have used anything other than a plain old leather punch--------always Dave's choice.

Page 306 - First paragraph. I haven't reread - but for the life of me, I'm now not remembering "sage old Senator Redpath." Am I forgetting or did he come out of an earlier version.

Page 312 - First paragraph. This has been niggling in my mind for awhile--so this really comes up in the narrative much earlier. The condom solution to a sharp arrowhead seems literary genius. Except that even with two, I have trouble believing that they will hold up to a really sharp piece of obsidian (honed like the sickles on a hay rake). My knowledge is pretty limited though. . . . !

Page 319 - Next to last paragraph. "Wannabe" is a pretty recent term I think.

Page 325 - Top of the page. Hmm. Squaw work and and blanket-ass and spazzes right in the first two paragraphs. I know it's Louie talking in 1951. I know you can justify it historically. I know I pitch over into too much political correctness. Still, I'd argue that these specific terms aren't so critical to a larger message that they need to be there . . . .for whatever they risk.

Page 325 - As that scene unfolds. Would Donny not need an "entrant" number. So I went looking a little bit online. It looks like many pow wows have some general dances that anyone can just merge into----------separate from competitions. So maybe here it's just a question of being clear. Is this simply a junior general invitation dance - - at which point Louie doesn't need to get Donny "in" - or is in a competition where Donny needs a number.

Page 328 - Top of the page. That dilemma again on what this is. If it's a competition for the CROW - then Donny's Blackfoot credentials aren't going to get him in. If it's an open dance for all tribes' junior fancy dancers then he's fine.

Page 341 - Bottom paragraph. If our experience at Old Faithful mimics that of history, the bus didn't let people out in the parking lot--but right next to the portico--the overhang.

Page 342 - Bottom of the second paragraph. Generally good blurring of evening time--though my sense is that Billings (at supper time) to Old Faithful - with park speeds of 45 or less-- would land you there truly in the middle of the night, which can still work, but might mean leaving out any reference to a menu. It would also mean that there really wouldn't be much staff around to seek out for held about the robbery.

Page 350 - The enemy alien saga. In reading through this time, I can "buy into" Herman--with a less than perfect understanding of US law before, during and after World War II--believing himself to be an enemy alien. That all works. And it works to explain why he and Kate didn't get married, etc. And you could build wording that acknowledged the possibility that Herman might not have all his facts straight. But -

Page 356 and then of course beyond. I do still have real trouble buying into the likelihood that a call from Kate would successfully get Herman on a Ten Most Wanted Poster. What little research I did just now (http://www.fbi.gov/stats-services/publications/ten-most-wanted-fugitives-60th-anniversary-1950-2010/fbi_ten_most_wanted_fugitives_program) does not definitively answer the question of whether "enemy alien" carried much weight after World War II and at the start of the red scare. What the online sources suggest, though, is that the Top Ten list got used for "dangerous" people--people with criminal records and escaped convicts. In fact, here it is:

Criteria for Placement on the List

There are two primary criteria used to determine who should be placed on the list. First, the fugitive must be a particularly dangerous menace to society and/or have a lengthy record of committing serious crimes. Second, the FBI must believe nationwide publicity will assist in apprehending the fugitive.

And I know so many details in the remaining narrative turn on this . . . .

I'm thinking and thinking on the topic. The best I can come up with - is NOT to use the Top Ten as such as the basis of the poster, but to invent an alternative poster system done by the Immigration and Naturalization Service (in the Department of Justice by then) to track down Aliens and Reds---or some such title. Here's the wikipedia site that seems moderately useful: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Smith_Act

NO OR--to focus more on Donny - - whom Aunt Kate suspects might not have gone home--and would then be out in the world as a minor. Lost child posters or "runaway" posters might have much of the same punch or narrative utility--------although a little online research suggests that any concern about missing children nationally begins only in the 1970s and 80s.

Most of all, I'm sorry that I didn't do more research when I asked these questions the first time.

Page 359 - Middle of the page "Feeling responsible, guilty, full of blame"---- "full of blame" feels redundant.

ok Page 363 - Bottom of third paragraph. Gram's saying appears here again.

ok Page 412 - Top of the page. A couple observations from Donny - first about why the hobos pulled back when the deputy arrives and then second how Donny had a sense that Mallory was from Butte. Both seem beyond Donny's experience.

ok Page 420 - Next to last paragraph. Again, Donny's reflection about holding two contrary facts---seems like more than he would know from books or life at that point.

ok Page 439 - Start of last paragraph. Same thing. How would Donny know Creole accents.

Page 453 - "Meanwhile I dialed." More likely dialed for the operator. I don't remember that we actually dialed long distance as kids. Well - just did some online research - and AT & T introduces some direct dial in 1951. So---possibly. Did I miss this question earlier???

Page 454 - Five dialogue paragraphs down. There's only an hour difference between Wisconsin and Montana.

A couple general but larger questions. For all of Donny and Herman's interest in Indians, would there be a place to deal in the Big Hole Battlefield--the so powerful connection to Indians? Or - speaking of not politically correct Indian images - Conover's trading post from Wisdom seems too good and too apt not to use: https://www.flickr.com/photos/22866559@N00/3771424550/

Still and all, at the end of an already great journey, these final 100 pages or so really sing for me. I can smell the hay!

And one more thought that repeats itself from the first go-round. I'd continue to recommend an author's introduction - something that says: I (Ivan) lived much of this story. Maybe not all the narrative--not all the journey--but the reality of having no family for a short while, no certainty when or whether it would return, facing the possibility of a poor farm that loomed right up in front of my family. Or some such. I think that you have such cache as **you**--with all those portions of your life in "This House" and "Heart Earth" that much of the power of this narrative - is its blend of real you and famous and skilled fiction writer you. For me, that knowledge heightens the power of the Last Bus story a great deal.

Always always - for what it's worth!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

From: mmsw922@aol.com
Subject: **Guns Blazing in Suburban Seattle**
Date: July 20, 2013 10:05:37 AM PDT
To: cddoig@comcast.net

Carol and Ivan,

The above would seem a likely coming headline in local news---if that deer so much as breathes on the vegetables! I loved your email, Carol---with its awfully well-timed final paragraph!!

And have you made your town-car trip yet? I'll be interested in the details of the experience!!

This week brought me more work at work---a $50,000 gift from the Dennis & Phyllis Washington Foundation for our High School build6--a-house-from-scratch program. That meant press releases and time meeting the TV stations. I made quiche for friends on Tuesday night and then simply kept after small chores here. These next two weeks include a couple birthday gigs; a quick trip to Livingston to meet Kansas friends; the Red Ants Pants Festival (I snagged a room in the luxurious Spa Motel); on to Glacier to give the Camp 55 power point based on oral histories that I created a couple years ago; and then perhaps further east side travels with Kay and Karen Feather. In other words, for me, a blindingly hectic couple of weeks! You guys are always more social!

By now you should have gotten yet another packet. Always always let me know if you want more or something different.

I continue to be less than satisfied in my quest for ore ship terminology, staff positions, layout, etc. So, I'm still hunting.

And what follows are notes on the dog bus manuscript. I worked hard to find a couple spells of quiet time (when I wasn't waiting for the eggs to hard cook, for instance, for deviling). I continue to have some sense of the major gift of this reading. Thank you!

Take lots of care.

Love,

Marcella

Notes to Ivan on "The Dog Bus"

Most critically, I'll read anything **you** write – always and to the end. You gotta remember that when I first went to Italy, I downloaded "Sea Runners" for my brand new (have I admitted this) Kindle and had the pleasure of your voice and mind with me across the globe.

And given what you do every day and what I don't do every day, I'm obviously mightily reluctant to send comments or questions. But I trust your asking and the sturdiness of your understanding of the written word – and Carol's!!

So – for what it's worth!

Little things:

Page 3: If you wanted the basis, Readers Digest Condensed Books began in 1950 and the list of what they published is here: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Reader's_Digest_Condensed_Books

Page 5 - Donal is in a trailer and then you subsequently refer to a "cabin" window. OK as is

Page 6 – The first two paragraphs stumped me in voice and tense. You'll have the answers! I'd be inclined to do " . . . I wished for him . . . . He had never . . . ." Or at the start of the next paragraph, ". . . "whatever my station . . . ." No

Page 23 – I can't find images of 1950 buses where "Greyhound" is in red except for one toy model on ebay which was green and red. Most of the color models and old photos show silver and blue. My primary source was Google Images: http://www.google.com/search?hl=en&site=imghp&tbm=isch&source=hp&biw=1120&bih=643&q=1950+greyhound+bus&oq=1950+greyhound+bus&gs_l=img.3...208.3543.0.3810.18.7.0.11.11.0.118.788.0j7.7.0....0...1ac.1.21.img.LHZjVAp0-lE#facrc=_&imgdii=_&imgrc=iL6bKCd8wDX13M%3A%3BnRetdWga_VOkKM%3Bhttp%253A%252F%252Fwww.coachinfo.com%252FAllAboutBuses%252FGMC_Images%252F4104.jpg%3Bhttp%253A%252F%252Fwww.coachinfo.com%252FAllAboutBuses%252FGMC_Info.html%3B264%3B159 NO

Page 40 – I suspect you know this and are indulging in the license of fiction, but Montana's white cross program started in 1953. OK as is

Page 41 – You'll know this in ways I don't. Would the Rez boys have been welcome at a fancy hotel? add Browning

Page 56 – I'm still working on whether 1930s caterpillar crawlers were yellow??? You may know.

Page 72 – Again, you may know this, but the Red Hat Society doesn't start until 1998. For me, for this one, that incongruity matters. Red Hatters, I think, are the product of a much less busy retiree set—bent on trying too hard to look vivacious and cute for a long time---luxuries, I think, for women of the early 1950s when time and money were still so hard to come by. changed

Page 73 – You probably know THIS, but head bolt heaters are still very new in 1951, invented in 1940, rebuilt about 1951. OK as is

Page 94 – Very top. That sentence " force myself to acknowledge . . ." seems like pretty grown-up talk for a 12 year old. More likely "tell myself that Gram would in the hospital . . . ." NO

Page 95 – One of several places where "busses" should be "buses," I think. changed

Page 132 – If you want to use the exact newspaper title, it is the Manitowoc Herald Times. (I finally figured out that each page's masthead shows "Two Rivers Reporter" on one side and "Manitowoc (Wis.) Herald Times" on the other. changed

Favorites:

- Uncle Herman's glass eye

- Letitia
- Karl May
- Donal's utter likeability and vulnerability. I so want Gram to be OK and for the two of them to be back in the cook shack or something slightly improved.
- That I can't wait for the next pages! I am feeling like this is one of those great travel novels as metaphor . . . ?

Somewhat bigger things:

Smells: Buses (or buses within my lifetime) have such a distinct smell. You knew when a bus had come and gone in McPherson just from that specific diesel blast.

Big Town-small town: What about beefing up all of Donal's impressions of the big towns—in addition to Manitowoc? Compared to anything in Montana—including Great Falls—there's no way even for me to get my mind around the sheer number of people and businesses and homes and roads and bustle and building and bridge and river size presented by any of this country's major cities, including Minneapolis and Milwaukee. We just plain have no points of comparison here.

Autograph books: I couldn't quickly find much about the popularity of autograph books for kids in the early 1950s. You will know. I'm wondering if there's more to add in Donal's thinking that would help today's readers get a handle on how and why a 12 year old ranch kid would be fascinated by autographs and a book. It is, of course, the kind of hobby that would get a current 12 year old laughed or beaten off the playground.

My largest thoughts:

Now I'm skating onto really thin ice here.

The Doig novel family tree: Some of the fun for me in reading (and re-reading) your baker's dozen books is your continued intertwined use of the same people and the same families. What would happen if you ever included a kind of ancestral tree—replete with locations and dates and names and lines. Lots of folks don't actually have a timeline of American or Montana history living in their heads. Lots of folks may not have read the earlier novels—and might with a small boost on interconnectedness.

Boys: In a somewhat contrary thought, I stay hooked on the charm and power of your novels that feature a young boy in no small measure because I "read" you into those emotions and situations and pages. Rightly or wrongly. So I wonder whether those of us who are 30- year Doig readers wouldn't revel in a foreword or afterword where you talk about you and your younger boy characters. An essay on the flutters between autobiography and story. That seems even more compelling for the "Dog Bus" words so far---in no small measure because it's a long trip . . . !
More than enough . . . .

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **packet etc.**
Date: July 22, 2013 5:57:58 AM PDT
To: Marcella Walter <mmsw922@aol.com>



Marcella, just a quick howdy and big thanks for the latest packet and the ms comments. Meant to call you over the weekend, but it went to killing off chores--recording my voice-over for Sweet Thunder's video trailer etc.--and now it's back to work as usual. Good eye in going over the ms; I don't see anything that's not fixable or that I'm not deliberately faking (white crosses in '51;the storyline needs 'em, I think; the Red Hatters, though, better go). You're off the hook on any stuff for me the next couple of weeks, so go and enjoy yourself at the Spa and other hot spots.

All best,

Ivan

Page 15. Has Donny already encountered Rags Rasmussen prior to Crow Fair to get his autograph? I don't think so.
Page 18, second paragraph. Love the tough pigs and pygmy chickens!
Page 22, first paragraph, typo "getting."
Page 34, first paragraph. Maybe a reference to a homemade camper or a quasi-sheep wagon. It looks like campers exist then in the early 50s, but are quite new at that point.
Page 37. I like Rags-------and I suspect you knew or knew about Casey Tibbs, the Rainbow Rider, his historic----- counterpart??
Page 38, first paragraph. Once more, I don't know whether it matters, but I suspect our use of "buckle bunnies" for rodeo followers is pretty recent. That second sentence was also one I read twice—to determine whether buckle bunnies were barrel racers or adoring spectators.
Page 44, first paragraph, first full sentence. Another place I reread to follow.
Page 47, second paragraph. "it's" bag of tricks or "his" bag of tricks?
Page 47, second paragraph still. "At least that is the justification . . ." or "At least that justified"
Page 55, fifth paragraph. I'm pretty sure that cheerleader skirts are mostly long—knee length or below with bobby sox------- although Google images shows a few of the shorter models.
Page 57, midway down. One of several places, where my mind kind of stops when I consider "trash bins" or "elephant bins." From my childhood, I can't remember anything other than oil barrel sized bins. Can't say that I studied the size and type of bins that stores used. But I don't have an image of the enormous bins we use now.
Page 61, second paragraph. Since the announcer knows there's a Blackfeet in the bunch, would he introduce the Crow nation, junior division?
Pages on Old Faithful and the Inn: Likely you'll have a variety of impressions that will change after seeing it all in person. For instance, I don't think that the porch at the Inn faces Old Faithful, but I wouldn't swear to that.
Page 83, second paragraph middle. In some of Herman's talking there, he's using "the's" and he doesn't very often in the rest of his speech.
Page 88. So far I haven't found a definitive answer, but I'm thinking that the bear feeding brought both blacks and grizzlies.
Page 97, second paragraph, middle. Typo. Buses, I think, rather than busses.
Page 98, first paragraph. I think the bulletin board cover then would have been glass, not plastic.
Page 104, top line. Typo. Comparatively.
Page 104, last line. Maybe "ranger station" here rather than "park headquarters"---which is located in Mammoth.
Page 105, third paragraph, last couple lines. This may not matter at all, but I think Donny's used Gram's expression fairly recently in the manuscript. So maybe – "hauled it out again."
Page 107, last paragraph, second line in. Typo. "Greyhound."
Page 111, second paragraph, first line. Typo. "although"
Page 112, third paragraph. Another favorite of mine – the doorbell imagery.
Page 114 – throughout Butte bus depot. I'm puzzling a little over the imagery of the Butte crowd being worse than other bus depot crowds the two have encountered. In the early 50s, Butte may have started the switch to the pit—but it seems as if it was still really vigorous, lively and prosperous by other Montana town standards . . .
Page 115, second paragraph, second line. Typo. "Investigation"
Page 116, second paragraph, last two lines. Can't quite make the words work.
Page 119, love the old bus imagery.
Page 130, last paragraph. I'm not recalling all of Donny's bio—but neither am I remembering a previous trip out of Montana. So wouldn't this be the longest trip of his life?
Page 150, last paragraph. Worth researching a police car or truck description. I'm thinking truck for such a rural place---a 1940s model that no one's had the money to replace.
Page 161, third paragraph, third line. Typo."who was"
Page 164. I end up wondering about all Herman and Donny's new gear left behind as they climb in the truck. It seems like the rest of the hobos bring their stuff along??

The knotty question:

Crow Fair and Indians. You may end up wanting to find a new September chauffeur!! I'm in the land of ticklish territory, but have talked myself into forging ahead.

I'm thinking that it wouldn't be a bad idea to have an Indian or someone currently engaged in producing historical material about Natives read and comment. I know that this is fiction—and fiction in the mind of a boy in the 1950s—with all that generation's perceptions. But I'd not want you to face attitudes or judgments that undermine the rest of the book—the baby with the bath water phenomenon. A couple specific frameworks. Indian names (Earthboy, Scalp Hunter and Slewfoot for example.) Would it—from a current Native perspective—be wiser to use actual Crow and Blackfeet names? What about a

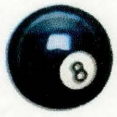
white boy posing as a fancy dancer? You establish the questions in your narrative—but again, how troubling might that be now? (and per page 62, what about saying that Donny "outcrazied" the others?—Or in Butte, talking about braves.) Someone might know more Fair specifics—germane to tribal rodeos –that would be useful too: dark glasses, microphones, jokes, clowns.

I honestly don't know the answers here—whether I'm being a really foolish nervous Nellie. I do understand that my questions are the stuff of presentism or revisionist history. But such a big chunk of the narrative turns on this. You know far more potential readers than I. Sherman Alexie?? Mardell Plain Feather?? Walter Fleming at MSU?? Or, Roger Clawson at the Gazette. You may know Clawson and his thoughts might be the best of both worlds: white guy with deep ties to the Crow, as in here: http://www.billingsnews.com/index.php/roger-clawson Or http://aliciapatterson.org/stories/death-drink-sad-battle-america%E2%80%99s-indians

So, put this final query alongside your biggest grain of salt . . . . .

Notes to Iva...ocx (26.6 KB)

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **Re: Manuscript and beyond**
Date: August 24, 2014 3:28:20 PM PDT
To: mmsw922@aol.com



Marcella. an appreciative hi(five)--

Am just catching up with your ms comments, because we spent the morning picking blueberries (44 qts in the freezer by now; should carry us through the winter and beyond) and other yard adventures. Anyway, this mellow low-70s afternoon we're indoors reading Sunday papers and listening to old jazz on the Kindle, so your batch arrives at a good time, I may make the typo fixes and digest the fuller comments for the week's work starting tomorrow. Some quick things:

--Yup, Kerouac's bullet points are Algrenisms, although I greatly suspect they were Chicagoisms before that and Algren picked 'em up off the street, so they might be fair game, I dunno. I've figured I'll come up with something else for Kerouac in the final version, but we'll see.

--I'm cheating on the Green Stamps, you betcha. They're a maguffin, in Hitchcockian terms, and so far I think worth straining credulity for the sake of those hats and the S&H song (written, obviously, by yrs truly). If my 50ish editor and other NY publishing folks find the stamps of green too far afield, all bets are off, but until then, maguffin lives.

--Herman the enemy alien: this bit is still a work in progress, but again, fiction likes to fib.

--Hoboes: Carol too thought they were funny and right, and I must say I found them good natural company to write, the nicknames and mannerisms coming easily--my own bunkhouse time, when I was a seething teenager/college student, finally paying off, maybe.

Enough for now, just mucho gratitude again for all you've contributed. I hope it's going to be a kick to scope out the Old Faithful Inn etc.--I'll of course bring that section of ms with me to be fixed up. And Carol and I are starting to put our heads together about trip supplies etc. So, see you before long, and we'll likely talk on the phone (why is is still so much better than email?) before our departure date.

All best,
Ivan

On Aug 24, 2014, at 9:31 AM, mmsw922@aol.com wrote:

> HI Carol and Ivan,
>
> After far longer than I intended, attached and below you'll find notes on the manuscript. (I do both because email sometimes goofs up all the formatting.) I read the whole segment a week ago Saturday, started on the notes, and then found myself working too sporadically to be focused. Yesterday's dark and cold and stormy weather gave me space of all the right kinds to read and think! All delightful, mind-stretching activity!
>
> Still, I arrive at this moment saying "really, Marcella, why would you know enough to comment on Ivan's writing." And the answer is, of course, that I don't. I can only trust you as experienced and sound judges of relevant, silly, and seriously misguided perceptions!!
>
> Thank you!
>
> And while you were cleaning out closets and writing fast, what else was I doing? Hmm. Responding to Martha's first thoughts on my women of the fur trade essay;catching up a bit with women from Rocky; trying to further wade through our summer's condo problems: tree trimming, gutters, signage; fixing lunch for Ron and Claire's daughter Rosa who was in

From: mmsw922@aol.com
Subject: **Manuscript and beyond**
Date: August 24, 2014 9:31:04 AM PDT
To: cddoig@comcast.net
▸ 1 Attachment, 26.6 KB

HI Carol and Ivan,

After far longer than I intended, attached and below you'll find notes on the manuscript. (I do both because email sometimes goofs up all the formatting.) I read the whole segment a week ago Saturday, started on the notes, and then found myself working too sporadically to be focused. Yesterday's dark and cold and stormy weather gave me space of all the right kinds to read and think! All delightful, mind-stretching activity!

Still, I arrive at this moment saying "really, Marcella, why would you know enough to comment on Ivan's writing." And the answer is, of course, that I don't. I can only trust you as experienced and sound judges of relevant, silly, and seriously misguided perceptions!!

Thank you!

And while you were cleaning out closets and writing fast, what else was I doing? Hmm. Responding to Martha's first thoughts on my women of the fur trade essay;catching up a bit with women from Rocky; trying to further wade through our summer's condo problems: tree trimming, gutters, signage; fixing lunch for Ron and Claire's daughter Rosa who was in town to take her GRE; cleaning a few odd corners--though there's much more to be done--before the next several week's company.

This coming week, Carol, I'll start a wee list of travel take-alongs---and let you take a look. (Camera for sure, Ivan.) Ron and Claire are still stoked to be providing a simple supper Monday evening after the Country Bookshelf. I hope fervently for the return of warmer weather over the next two weeks----------just two weeks!!!!! Be well!!

Love,

Marcella

Tuesday morning, August 19, 2014 – now Sunday, August 24, 2014

Last Bus to Wisdom notes:

Mid-sized observations that have lingered since first reading:

The title. Yes, the title you've used this time makes sweet, graceful sense. You likely know this, but just in case you are worried about familiarity "shadows," Kim Stafford's best essay in *Having Everything Right* is "A Few Miles Short of Wisdom." He focuses most on the battlefield, but for sure employs the double-meaning potential of place and acquired knowledge.

The Jack Kerouac autograph book quote. Kerouac's appearance is, of course, genius. But the "Never play cards with a man named Doc. Never eat at a place called Mom's" part of the quote comes from another quotable fellow by the name of Nelson Algren in "A Walk on the Wild Side." I looked only because Rodney Crowell and Mary Karr use the same line in a song on their album, "Kin." You'll know whether the attribution matters . . . . You, in fact, may know all this already!!! OR, maybe there are alternate attributions.

Green stamps. Did you experience the Green Stamp moment? It's obviously possible in fiction, but stretched my credulity

some. As a youngster, I knew only the world of catalogs or stores that carried catalog items. Still, Herman and Donny have to have the hats!

Sparrowhead. In the Crow Fair segment, Donny's worried about Sparrowhead's charges of theft------but wouldn't he be even more worried about Williamson's telling Gram where Donny had been? And, not knowing what all you might have done with the first book sections, I continue to recommend that the arrowhead be given value far beyond the dozens that ranchers tend to find and keep. Maybe, for instance, some archaeologist came and oohed and aahed over it for Wendell???

Yellowstone before Old Faithful. I know that Herman and Donny need to sleep between Laurel and Old Faithful to make the fake minister's heist work, but—as we'll see—there's a lot of great and notable landmarks starting in Livingston and heading down to Gardner. The route would include the Roosevelt Arch at Gardner; the Boiling River; the herds of elk there and at Mammoth; the Mammoth complex itself—with the historic fort parade grounds and officers quarters, the big but less fancy hotel, the bubbling travertine terraces; Obsidian Cliff on to the way south to Norris and Old Faithful (indubitably the source of Donny's arrowhead—as it was the prime Montana source for obsidian for 12,000 years) and then a lot of small geysers and hot pots as you approach Old Faithful. So Donny and Herman would be sleeping very very deeply to miss that great stuff. Although I know that this isn't so much a travelogue!!

Enemy aliens. I've looked a tiny bit online to counteract what is woeful ignorance on my part. I see that the term has specific legal meaning when the US is at war—so gets used more in the context of World War II itself. But what matters here initially isn't law or perfect terminology but what Herman thinks it might be. However, the question of whether "enemy alien" is a widely used and feared term **after** the war becomes more critical when Herman's image appears on FBI posters. Again based solely on very light research, in the 50s, the FBI appears more focused on SPIES and assorted other conventional criminals.

Feel of the bus. By the time I was in pages over hundred, I realized how - - instinctual, second-nature the bus sensations had become—sway, size, sense of interior spaces and their nature all feel. I found that I looked forward to boarding especially!! Safety, trueness to the real McCoy.

Hoboes. The hobo scenes seem extraordinarily right. Now—of course—this is one more field in which I have no expertise, but just in terms of rhythm, the narrative rolls along very well for me. The ranch/hobo connection is, of course, perfect.

The wall map. I love it---as true, a connection to the rest of the journey, as a way for readers to picture the what next.

Surprise. One of the geniuses of this manuscript is surprise---in detail and in plot, ever so neatly dovetailed together and nonetheless full of corners, notches that I do not anticipate at all. I am, of course, to where I want to know the ending---------very very much!!

Specifics:

Page 2, last paragraph, first sentence. I had to read it twice to take it in. Maybe leave out "born genius or plain inspired guesswork."
Page 3. Having just seen Memo (Emily's 10 year old), I'm dubious about whether even a beefy guy could heft a boy that size onto his shoulders. And, even if possible, how tall that would make them total. It seems like it would be way taller than a map that an adult could read.
Page 4. The instinctual finger reminds me of a Ouija Board. Worth making the comparison?
Page 6, third paragraph, second, third and fourth sentence "Who would not be excited . . . ."—seemed slightly awkward. Required a second read. I got lost too on my soul going to heaven.
Page 7, second paragraph, first sentence, typo—adventurer.
Page 7, last two paragraphs. Maybe worth a second look. Again, I reread to follow.
Page 8, third paragraph, "Thus at least. . . ." I backtracked there too.
Page 10, third paragraph, explanation of vision quest. I'd take out "imaginary being." I realize that we're talking 1950s and an 11-year-old boy, but----I think my cultural committee friends would still be leaping about yelling at this point. Maybe, "In a vision quest, a member of the tribe sets off alone to a mountain or desert, the territory of the unknown, to seek wisdom from spirit guides. With apologies . . ."
Page 14 – "Snuzzled" may be one of the best inventions of the whole book!!

Nov. 22, '14

Marcella, hi--

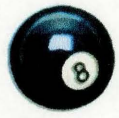
Here is the whole thing, much of it inspired by your tireless and creative rezearch. In your looking it over, I think do the same as you did in reading the first half, make note of what doesn't work or is too far off the mark of reality.

You'll find I've cut or trimmed some things we both liked for the sake of making the story move faster, and I can't guarantee I've covered all of your corrections in the first half, although I've tried. I still have various shots at fixing things as the ms proceeds into becoming a book, and first of all, Carol and I will be reading it over one more time.

So, we hope with Mr. Noodle purring in your lap, you enjoy reading this.

All best,

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **Rodney & much else**
Date: August 11, 2014 1:59:05 PM PDT
To: Marcella Walter <mmsw922@aol.com>



Marcella, hi, Ivan at the email controls for a change--

You helped make my day on Sat. with the Rodney Crowell pic and report that he's mentioning my name. I say helped because we'd just come home from a blessedly good booksigning on Queen Anne Hill--the big ridge that overlooks the Space Needle and Seattle Center--feeling good about the Sweet Thunder paperback, after the smallest crowd in years at the flagship University Book Store in the gig just previous. And then you tell me that right there in the (supposed) drinking area of McGuane, Jim Harrison, Walter Kirn and probably other darlings of the East Coast reviewers, Rodney calls my name. Excellent, and hilarious.

And a little while ago, the mail brought the Red Ants coffee, much looked forward to and hugely appreciated. We'll pay you when we see you, sez Carol, so you won't haver to mess with a check.

So you've been to the North Fork with all the usual suspects. What bravery! Must hear about that, maybe also when we see you if you're still getting over it at the moment. Meanwhile we're just trucking on through the summer, today supposed to be the hottest day of the summer but the forecast is backing off some; originally it was for 93, which we here in Seattle think is something terrific--95 is indeed the all-time record for the day--but it's turning out more like 88. In either case, we'll likely sleep downstairs in the cooler guest room, maybe have a drink and supper down here too. You mentioned smoke--it hardly seems fair, but we don't have any. What we do have is colorful sunsets, lingering reddish tones, quite Southwesty some nights. And last night--plus when I got up at 4 this morn--the colossal full moon, which ultimately does down, orange in color, over the Olympic Mtn. peaks, usually with a ship (the other morn it was a fully lit cruise ship) on the simmering water below. Knockout scenery.

To bhiz: I have 165 pp. of ms which Carol has read and I would dearly love to have you cast an eye and pencil over. It may take me until Wed. to get it out of the house, but I'll then shoot it along the fastest method I can. What is best--Fed Ex to be left at your door, or some form of mail? Whatever best penetrates Alpine and its group mailbox etc., I shall do, just please specify.

That's about it from here. We're both up and around pretty good, no dire health reports at the moment. Hope you're thriving, with the North Fork behind you and lots to do ahead, you said.

Best,
Ivan

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **good news from the doc**
Date: December 21, 2013 2:04:10 PM PST
To: Marcella Walter <mmsw922@aol.com>



Marcella, hi. You've been around my medical tea-leaf readings so much that you deserve to hear about one that's flat-out not alarming, indeed the opposite. Late yesterday, my doctor parsed through the latest blood test readings and pronounced the results "really good"--i.e., both monoclonal protein levels (where the myeloma lurks or as the medicoes put it in a case like mine, is "indolent" so far) he watches like a hawk have been brought down sharply by the booster drug he's had me on the past 6 weeks.

So, just wanted you to know: indolence reigns, and it's good news!

Early Christmas here, with that. Here's hoping you have happy Santa day, too.

Best,
Ivan

From: mmsw922@aol.com
Subject: **Lists, roads, weather**
Date: September 8, 2014 7:09:26 PM PDT
To: cddoig@comcast.net

Carol and Ivan,

Thank you, Carol, for your Sunday afternoon work on our packing list. I'm sorry you face the dentist tomorrow during talking time. But I'll be ready for further instructions from you, Ivan, and more emails through the week.

Carol, I do have an extra rain jacket, so you can leave that off your list. And I've got plastic bowls.

Jim and Carol--weekend guests--brought their NPS newspaper from Jackson, so I spent a bit of time with that today. They also had traveled the Idaho stretch between West Yellowstone and Jackson and reported no serious construction work. I double checked on the Idaho transportation page. Montana's 191 looks OK too.

Jim and Carol were lots of fun--and we enjoyed two wildly gorgeous days except for some smoke from Oregon last yesterday. They were traveling with their much-adored miniature long-haired dachshund and we did have to work out logistics there. Lucy the dog wanted so much to play with Mr. Noodle the cat--who was having none of it.

As you probably have already scoped out, we are looking dead ahead into three cold days this week with some "promise" of snow at elevations that likely include my condo. BUT all that disappears by the weekend.

So---on with planning and routines!

Talk soon.

Love,

Marcella

From: mmsw922@aol.com
Subject: **Old Faithful area mapped**
Date: September 9, 2014 7:43:59 AM PDT
To: cddoig@comcast.net

Ivan and Carol,

I meant to send this last evening - in case it was relevant to planning or talking. There are, of course, many out there on the web, but here's a link to one map of the Old Faithful area-----which has now, of course, become a small city--with off and on ramps. Sigh. http://www.ultimateyellowstonepark.com/Yellowstone/oldfaithfulareamap.html

Talk later!

Take care.

Marcella

July 10, 2013

Marcella, hi--

Here indeed is the Dog Bus manuscript to date, maybe about half of the eventual book. Couple of things to please keep in mind:

--I'll pep up Donny's arrival/first view of Manitowoc now that you've provided the photo riches. Any suggestions are welcome, but I think I told you he may spot a movie marquee of the time, and I'll sure-hell put the Schuette Bros. into the Sch store names he keeps spotting.

--I hope you have a good time with this, and it's always welcome to hear about anything that works particularly well, but don't hesitate to be critical if you see anything you think needs it. I always tell friends looking over ms for me I don't really need cheerleading, a hard scrimmage is better for the book.

And I think that's it for now. Hope the cabin was free of cabin fever or other ailments. Talk to you soon.

Best, Ivan

From: mmsw922@aol.com
Subject: **3rd on the Pacific Northwest Booksellers List**
Date: December 15, 2013 1:39:00 PM PST
To: cddoig@comcast.net

Yea! A correctly-scoped out Christmas gift!

And Jim Lehrer to arrive on Wednesday.

We've got almost full sun today--not quite--but close enough to warrant another windy walk.

Take lots of care!

Love,

Marcella

From: mmsw922@aol.com
Subject: **Ohhh!**
Date: December 10, 2013 8:22:54 PM PST
To: cddoig@comcast.net

Carol and Ivan,

Late evening greetings!

In order of your notes' arrival during the day: wow and ohhh and yes to the Migrant Loons. Though I know you will have told me before, now I want to hear more about how you met. After I spent time on the gallery's website, I watched much of the linked video about Tony. Of course, I hadn't pictured the bear of a man!

On the travel front, I am still planning to meet up with tour guide Tricia for about a week--actually Jan. 30-Feb. 7 for a trek across northern Arizona toward Santa Fe and Albuquerque. I've got more homework to do on logistics, but she's skipping Montana on her way to Edmunds--then heading south with another Rick Steves guide---and then we are to meet up in Vegas, not exactly my cup of tea--but easier logistics than say, Flagstaff. I'll put her on Amtrak's Southwest Chief for a return trip to Chicago---and am still figuring out what I do after that.

And with the mail, yowsers! The caps were exactly $36----and as to postage, you've seen our collection abandoned stamps! So-------too generous. I love the work and you guys . . . . .

And you are nicely and clearly ahead with your Christmas letter. My try is still on another screen tonight.

Sleep well. I better soon too if I am to get up tomorrow for breakfast with Liz at the now early hour of 7:30.

Love,

Marcella

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **Re: And what I forgot**
Date: December 10, 2013 6:51:36 AM PST
To: mmsw922@aol.com



Marcella, hi, just a quickie. First, here's the link to the gallery where we got our Angell piece: http://www.fosterwhite.com/

Then under Sculpture in the list of artists, click on Tony Angell to bring up pix of his show, and quite a way down the stack is what we bought, Migrant Loons. You can't really see from the pic, but it's a daring piece of construction, each loon attached to the central "reef" by the tippy-tip of a wing.

To biz, sort of: Your comments were terrific and probably all on the mark, though I haven't been through every one yet. So, thanks there. I'm going to try to call you sometime the end of this week about a fairly minor but kind of interesting bit of bus lore I've come across. Connected to that, are you still going away in Jan.?

Has warmed up above freezing here, first time in days, but still sissy stuff compared to your weather, eh?

--Ivan

On Dec 7, 2013, at 12:24 PM, mmsw922@aol.com wrote:

> So after I hit send, I remembered that I wanted to know more about Tony Angell's gallery show and what you might have purchased!!
>
> And you need to know that on New Year's Eve, for $200 apiece, I believe, you can go dining and dancing at the Chihuly gallery.
>
> I thoughts of Tony's sculpture just now---having gotten up from the computer--and found Mr. Noodle watching a flock of bird trying so hard to find sun and food---all puffed up in the cold.
>
> Take lots of care!
>
> Love,
>
> Marcella

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **Re: holiday cheer**
Date: November 28, 2013 10:18:09 AM PST
To: mmsw922@aol.com

Marcella. hi, happy Pot Roast Day, it sounds like at your festive place. Foggy here at the moment, but dry, the cold turn in weather supposed to reach us Sunday. Today we're damn near ready--meaning of course, we aren't entirely--for people to start arriving in a couple of hours. 20# of turkey in the oven.

Wanted to ask a favor, since you and Karen (greet her wholeheartedly for us) are hopping off to Butte anyway. Could you get me 2 more of those Headframe distillery caps, and if possible, 3 of their cocktail menu? I want to send the caps as a gag gift/thanks to my Sweet Thunder editor and publicist at the publishing house. It's not vital, but if you can nab them and send 'em to me, let me know what I owe you.

Doing okay here, persevering with some Dog Bus work every day except of course today, when my hands will be full of plate and fork. Hoping you are the same, I remain...

Ivan

On Nov 27, 2013, at 8:00 PM, mmsw922@aol.com wrote:

> Carol and Ivan
>
> I'll be thinking of you tomorrow---very grateful for you in my life--very glad that Dave said "stay with us" those years ago.
>
> Karen Feather will come down tomorrow late afternoon, after she has turkey dinner with Jerry at the Vets Home in Columbia Falls. So I'll put one of my old reliable roasts in the crockpot in the morning--and we'll nibble and then have leftovers on Friday (after we return home from a day in Butte!!).
>
> We're looking at the same deep freeze that you are next week. For you the teens are truly lethal!
>
> Take lots of care tomorrow.
>
> Love,
>
> Marcella
>
> -----Original Message-----
> From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
> To: Marcella Walter <mmsw922@aol.com>
> Sent: Wed, Nov 27, 2013 3:58 pm
> Subject: holiday cheer
>
> Happy Thanksgiving, Marcella. We hope you have just the kind of day that suits you: no icy roads and just enough holiday goodies to make you feel content.
>
> I've just unboxed our champagne glasses, and our wine glasses: 13 of each. We've held this year's gathering to that, just a bit smaller than previous years, and I think it will be a better fit for the house. The turkey awaits in the refrig, along with the cranberry relish. Everything else will arrive with the delegation. All the windows got cleaned Monday, inside and out, and the

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **Re: Louise Galt**
Date: November 26, 2013 3:59:51 PM PST
To: mmsw922@aol.com



Latest packet arrived yesterday, dandy stuff. How about those ten-gallon women marching in cowboy-booted step! Yee-haw! It'll all help the rodeo set scene, which I've begun tinkering with. And the story of the Bradley sinking is terrific, the ship details probably enough for what I'm up to.

Busy as blazes here, although I am determinedly pecking away at the Dog Bus some every day. Something out of the blue last Sunday, when we and Laskin had lunch with Seattle's newest citizen, Annie Proulx. Carol and I knew she was coming, as she was in touch ahead of time asking for some info but wanted her move kept quiet. We'll save the lunch story for a phone conversation.

Thanks for the obit links. Anything Galt/Rankin still gives me the creeps, and I don't think I was ever around Darrell Kipp but he sounds like a good one.

Carol has had the house cleaned and all windows & mirrors washed and a 20# turkey is in the garage, so I think we must be brinking on Thanksgiving. Hope you have a good day of it somewhere?

All for now,
Ivan

On Nov 26, 2013, at 7:37 AM, mmsw922@aol.com wrote:

> Good morning, Carol and Ivan,
>
> Just a quick note to send you this link to Louise Galt's obituary: http://helenair.com/news/local/obituaries/louise-r-galt/article_c388efd8-5664-11e3-8633-0019bb2963f4.html The best line: "Jack brought management skills and seven children to the marriage." Whoa, that must have been fun.
>
> It's one of the those moments that I'd give anything to share that with Dave--who would know a fistful of additional details, explain about half, and then cut out the obit for the Vertical Files.
>
> And, from the weekend, I should have sent you this link to Darrell Kipp's obituary: http://helenair.com/news/state-and-regional/leader-in-preserving-blackfoot-culture-dies/article_59d3a471-4dad-5266-985f-d7790b605927.html In the context of Dave: Darrell and Dave always wore the same blue broadcloth shirts---were remarkably close in age, built a lot a like, and respected each other enormously . . .
>
> Well, on to the day . . . .
>
> Actually, I should be getting to the mail box--where the Dog Bus might be waiting!!
>
> Take care,
>
> Love,
>
> Marcella

IMac:

how to send pix
" " scan & send
itals, BF, underlining
transposing: commands X, V, or...?
can we ask Bing anything? (how to phrase)
any Mark tricks?
write a letter?
on-line file

digital public library
enlarge font size in printing out email (Marcella example)

IMac questions for Mark:

how to italicize, underline, and boldface in Email

how to scan and send

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **bus potpouri and a pat up and down my bac k**
Date: November 20, 2013 3:05:02 PM PST
To: Marcella Walter <mmsw922@aol.com>

First of all, terrific stuff, Marcella, and scads of it! The depot exteriors arrived in the nick of time, as I was working over the ms for a final printout and was able to stick in this sentence as Donny arrives in Minneapolis:

The slick-looking blue building, when we'd pulled up to it, took up most of the block, with a rounded entrance on the corner where three fleet greyhounds the same as on the bus seemed to be in an everlasting chase after one another around the top of the building.

So, thanks for the bonanza of depots, which may play a further part in a later revision. This version may not reach you before Thanksgiving, and in any case, don't let it mess up any social plans. I need to send it to my editor in NY in early January, the trusting soul not having seen a word of it, so there's some time. Although, given the post office and Xmas, send it back to me priority mail and I'll reimburse you.

The other thing is the blog (link embedded in the tweety message) David Laskin ginned up for the PNBA about what a hell of a fellow I am. I fain to blush, but he's damned astute about most things between him and me, and Carol and I thought it was, as Donny would say, a king hell bastard piece of writing. Anyway, thought you'd get a kick out of it.

We're out to dinner tonight, with our monty friends the Nelsons, in the Edmonds restaurant we took you to for lunch with our Poulsbo friends Peter and Margaret. It's been stunning here today, sunny and crystal-clear and fresh snow halfwy down the treeline of the Olympics. Relieved to hear you negotiated the Bozeman run safely, ice patch notwithstanding. How'd the tire situation turn out?

All for now,
Ivan

Begin forwarded message:

From: laskin.david@gmail.com
Date: November 18, 2013 10:08:41 AM PST
To: "Carol Doig" <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **Fw: Tegan Tigani (@ttigani) mentioned you on Twitter!**
Reply-To: laskin.david@gmail.com

I think if you follow the link embedded in this tweet you will find my blog post on someone you know and love. I am in Boston - mid 60s and balmy. DL
Sent via BlackBerry by AT&T

From: "Tegan Tigani (Twitter)" <notify@twitter.com>
Date: Mon, 18 Nov 2013 17:41:42 +0000
To: David Laskin<laskin.david@gmail.com>
Subject: Tegan Tigani (@ttigani) mentioned you on Twitter!

David Laskin,
You were mentioned in a Tweet!



From: mmsw922@aol.com
Subject: **More press from the hinterland**
Date: August 30, 2013 10:56:00 AM PDT
To: cddoig@comcast.net

Carol and Ivan,

After a fine but disorganized week, I'm home this morning trying to put a variety of spaces and projects to rights.

I started to bundle up another package for you (another one should arrive Saturday) and then wondered what ever happened to the Tribune article. So I went online. Lo and behold, it's there today:
http://www.greatfallstribune.com/article/20130829/LIFESTYLE/308290035

So I'll also get out to fetch in a real Trib to accompany my paper copy of the IR from a week ago.

Then--I plan to dedicate a good and uninterrupted portion of the weekend to "Sweet Thunder"--returning in my mind to the great settings and conversations of last weekend. Last evening, I went to a Brewers game with friends Jim and Laura (Laura being the person who will soon leave for London, Carol) and Jim was well launched into "Thunder"---and just broke into a huge grin when he talked about HOW much he enjoyed it. I've refused to tackle it in bits and pieces this week!

I'm hoping that you've found some post-launch ease; that the blue berries are gathered and more plentiful than you anticipated; that all is well.

Take care.

Love,

Marcella

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **Re: Reading and packing here in Montana**
Date: August 20, 2013 9:21:47 AM PDT
To: mmsw922@aol.com



Marcella, hi, Ivan here, briefly--Carol is at the dentist (routine) and off on other chores, so I'll fire this off on the chance it'll reach you before you leave. Good idea to give us a call on Friday before your friends bring you over. I do have a book for them. The weather is supposed to be pretty warm, for here. No need for heels and hose, for crying out loud--pants! See you soon.

Ivan

On Aug 20, 2013, at 8:15 AM, mmsw922@aol.com wrote:

> Good morning Carol and Ivan!
>
> Thank you for your note yesterday and all its news and welcome. I bet no one in Helena was sleeping well last night---too much fresh smoke in the air. So I used the midnight hours to get up and read the Seattle Times and Denver Post reviews. Yes, yes, excellent! I assume that the IR and Trib interviews will run Friday (arts and culture as much as they do now) or Sunday. (Hmm, I'm finding tufts of cat hair about . So sometime during the night when I was sleeping, Mr. Noodle must have gotten excited and read the reviews too--and over groomed.)
>
> Informal it is--as always. I think you, Carol, are far more ready to don hose and heels these days than I am. But I am thinking long pants not crops as I look at your temperatures relative to ours.
>
> Know that you can call on my cell as any point--whether I'm here or there - and I should be close to the phone. And would you like me to call on Friday as Bonnie and Frisco set out to bring me over?
>
> It occurred to me--also in the middle of the night when I retrieved "Work Song" as good background to the next read--that I might not have regaled you with my great recent touring day in Butte. I'll try to remember. This past weekend, in part because I'd never been there and in part because I think Ivan mentioned Donny perhaps going there---I trekked to Big Hole Battlefield. I'll have pictures in tow.
>
> If Ivan's doing bookplates for "Thunder," I might secure some--and then order accordingly from Montana Book Company. My Arizona friends hinted and it's joyful to find what folks want!!
>
> I'm excited. Thank you!
>
> Love,
>
> Marcella

XFINITY Connect **cddoig@comcast.net**

± Font Size -

Updates - small pieces

From : mmsw922@aol.com Tue, Aug 13, 2013 09:50 AM
Subject : Updates - small pieces
To : cddoig@comcast.net

Good morning, Carol and Ivan,

The smoke arrived in Helena. Although I'm sure that meteorologists know global air current patterns, the IR and other assorted news sources seem unable to tell us where--exactly--this smoke comes from. Our area itself remains green. But--still a damper on our so-sweet summer.

I think I left you last as I headed toward Missoula to see Emily, Memo and Mathilda--on Thursday and Friday. Which I did . . . and then spent the weekend trying to regain equilibrium in gut and heart. A little work remains my best health ally. I'll be open to your insights.

On that topic - and on wills and such. I meet Thursday with an attorney that I really like--to take my scattered wishes and put them into still more legal form. But, gracious, there are a lot of questions--many of them, of course, outside the realm of legalities and more in the arena of indecision. Still, Carol, you have this covered now!!

My ticket, Carol, was $305---but there's no hurry (or imperative at all) for payment--in whatever form!

And I wanted to ask about buying a book a signed book for Bonnie and Frisco before they drop me off. That may NOT work at all--and that's just fine. But if you had your own purchasable supply---that would be fun to give them then. (Cost deducted from airline???) I was thinking this morning, about the fact that part of my friendship with Bonnie and Frisco--struck in the tiny tiny Italy village of Montone--came from the magic of the Doig connection.

I think that the hematologist's call sounds good. But, Carol, your four eye appointments sounded less so---understated as you are wont to make such items!! I hope all is . . . . well. Both my folks had macular degeneration. I have the foundation for it already . . .

So-----take lots of care as we swoop closer to the sound of Sweet Thunder.

Love,

Marcella

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **choices**
Date: August 5, 2013 4:21:00 PM PDT
To: Marcella Walter <mmsw922@aol.com>



I'm starting to plan, Marcella, and it's fun. For dinners at home I'm thinking crab, salmon, cheeseburgers, and fruit salad, among possibilities. We may be eating in most of the time, with the exceptions of Saturday lunch in Edmonds, en route to the bookstore and street market, and Sunday lunch/brunch out, in Seattle. Please let us know any of the above foods that you'd rather not have, and which would be most welcome.

For Sunday morning and lunch, we might do Museum of History and Industry i9n its new Lake Union spiffed-up home or the Chihuly museum of glass. Or something else of your choice. We're highly flexible and would like to do something you'd most enjoy.

More ideas, please.

Now over to Ivan, who says he has one research item for you.

Love, Carol

Hi there. I want to give Donny a chance at the Sunday funnies while he's in Manitowoc. Can you look up and copy for me (in miniature, now actual newspaper size) whatever comics section the Herald Times ran, one of the first Sundays in June of 1951?

Mountains of gratitude, again. By the way, we'll have a copy of Sweet Thunder for you when you get here, don't be haunting the MT Book Co. for one, OK?-- Ivan

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **Re: Messages from gloriously sunny Montana**
Date: August 8, 2013 9:23:23 AM PDT
To: mmsw922@aol.com



Howdy, Marcella, thanks for the morning missive. Huh, who knew there weren't Sunday funnies (let alone Sunday papers) in '51. The Manitowoc & Milwaukee papers are the only ones it makes sense for Donny to see, so don't look further for any with Sunday funnies--the Saturday strips will do, and I'll either refer to "weekend funnies" or fabricate a Sunday comics section. What I primarily want is for Donny to see Ripley's Believe It Or not, and that actually could be done in a weekday (or Saturday) paper. I'll see.

Duly noted about your grub preferences when you're out here, although frankly would you like a chance at home-grilled salmon or stick to land critters? Ribs. burgers, and chicken breasts are also possible from the grill chef, yrs truly. Youse Montanans run both ways when you get out here--some we know go nuts on fish, others want beef, beef, beef.

All for now unless Carol has something to add. Best--Ivan

On Aug 8, 2013, at 7:40 AM, mmsw922@aol.com wrote:

> Good morning, Carol and Ivan,
>
> Our string of beautiful days and cool nights continues. We are beyond fortunate for this temperate, easy-sleeping, inspiring summer weather.
>
> Today, I'll take advantage of the loveliness to go to Missoula--meet up with Emily and the kids--rather than having her drive the extra miles through Helena.
>
> Choices first: All that you proposed for food sounded great, except---I know that my palate for seafood does not do justice your crab. Always, keep it simple--and as you eat--and know I'll want to buy us all a lunch or dinner! For outings, once more, any components of your urban and water world will dazzle me--as does your deck! Of the two you mention, why not match our Lake Washington visit with Lake Union!
>
> Ivan--and funnies. Well, interesting research and interesting choices for you. The "Herald Times" did not have a Sunday paper. I have not exhausted my looking among the papers that are digitized online-------but so far I haven't found a Milwaukee or other big Midwestern paper that published on Sunday either. Neither did the Great Falls Tribune or the Helena IR or the Billings Gazette. Again--my measure so far is just what's digitized (The Chicago Tribune and the NY Times, for instance, are not.) So, I've started printing off some Saturday funnies from the Herald Times. I can actually get full runs of Peanuts (which begins in 1951--but does NOT include a Sunday strip). That Sunday silence makes a little sense in our blue-law Midwestern church world----but - -- I'll try to make sure I'm missing anything.
>
> May your days be as glorious.
>
> Love,
>
> Marcella

Hi again, with something I didn't quite get to in the message of millisecnds ago. Can you come up with Pat Williams' mailing address, so I can have the publisher send him a comp copy of Sweet T? We don't even have the name of that Missoula thinky bunch he works for (if he still does), and he's gabby enough in print I figure sending him a Butte book can't hurt, could help. Any other significant(?) Montanans you can think of I ought to put on a comp list? Don't know the current gov, so I likely wouldn't, there. Anyhoo, suggestions are welcome but not mandatory. Now go back to petting Mr. Noodle while I leave you alone.... Best, Ivan

---

From: mmsw922@aol.com
To: cddoig@comcast.net
Sent: Thursday, August 8, 2013 7:40:44 AM
Subject: Messages from gloriously sunny Montana

Good morning, Carol and Ivan,

Our string of beautiful days and cool nights continues. We are beyond fortunate for this temperate, easy-sleeping, inspiring summer weather.

Today, I'll take advantage of the loveliness to go to Missoula--meet up with Emily and the kids--rather than having her drive the extra miles through Helena.

Choices first: All that you proposed for food sounded great, except---I know that my palate for seafood does not do justice your crab. Always, keep it simple--and as you eat--and know I'll want to buy us all a lunch or dinner! For outings, once more, any components of your urban and water world will dazzle me--as does your deck! Of the two you mention, why not match our Lake Washington visit with Lake Union!

Ivan--and funnies. Well, interesting research and interesting choices for you. The "Herald Times" did not have a Sunday paper. I have not exhausted my looking among the papers that are digitized online-------but so far I haven't found a Milwaukee or other big Midwestern paper that published on Sunday either. Neither did the Great Falls Tribune or the Helena IR or the Billings Gazette. Again--my measure so far is just what's digitized (The Chicago Tribune and the NY Times, for instance, are not.) So, I've started printing off some Saturday funnies from the Herald Times. I can actually get full runs of Peanuts (which begins in 1951--but does NOT include a Sunday strip). That Sunday silence makes a little sense in our blue-law Midwestern church world----but - -- I'll try to make sure I'm missing anything.

May your days be as glorious.

Love,

Marcella

mmsw922 walter

Sent By: mmsw922@aol.com On: Aug 08/04/13 4:05 PM

To: cddoig@comcast.net

Carol and Ivan,

And here we are--well into school notebook sales and that inevitable slide of light out from the living room toward the porch each evening. For about three months, the sun finds me through all windows, but . . .

I am three days home now from my nonstop local travels: Livingston overnight to visit Kansas tour-guiding friends; Red Ants Pants last weekend; and then 3 days in Glacier organized around the Glacier History/Science Day program. The weather throughout could not have been more lovely.

It was even temperate in White Sulphur, except for late night howling winds that stirred up the dust that ten thousand (yes) festival feet have created each year over the past three. Thank goodness for my modest Spa Motel shower---and the sulphur springs pools that I enjoyed two different mornings! (All these years later, I'd never never gone in. And I have to say that I understand how appealing they would be to a 19th century miner---and maybe to me in the dead of winter.) Ron and Claire were there for Friday evening; I teamed up with Helena friends Jeff and Sue throughout. They camped in the huge Festival campground---and enjoyed my Spa Motel showers too!! I loved several performers--but none as much as Emmy Lou last year or Rodney Crowell the first two years.

And Glacier. I continue to just fall into glory there. I stayed with Karen Feather at her VERY funky place in Coram (I kept my flip flops on for nighttime bathroom trips rather than risk crunching a cat-killed mouse); visited Jerry with her at the Vets Home. Kay Rosengren (the Walter family Minnesota friend who camps in Glacier each summer) joined us throughout. Amanda and Matt and baby girls came for supper after the History/Science Day programs. I got good questions at the presentation (what about Canada . . . hmm). On Wednesday, Kay and Karen and I did a grand loop that included Marias Pass, East Glacier Lodge, Two Medicine, Browning, the Duck Lake road into Many Glacier, and back over Going to the Sun. A grizzly entertained us at the tree line near Many Glacier; I'd never been on the Duck Lake Road and will do that again; a goat was on posing duty at Logan Pass. So I understood all over again, Ivan, why your heart lies on the Front more than near the Castles.

Except, of course, that all the drives are gorgeous.

I got home on Thursday late in time to batten the hatches against a very fierce thunderstorm---and have just been lolling about since. And am now starting to think about Seattle . . . !!!

More assignments before then??

I hope that you are well---that further dynamite reviews are pouring in! I'll be in Butte on Tuesday--and looking to see if they are ready . . .

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From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **Re: Question - and a link**
Date: July 14, 2013 3:25:47 PM PDT
To: mmsw922@aol.com



Hi there, Ivan here finally--Been in the garden all day until now, sorry to delay progress. Yup, it's 1951. I'm cheating on the Munson, which through the magic of fiction is becoming the Chequamagon, in '51. While you're checking movie dates, maybe go through that June (not for every night--just when things change every week or so, and it doesn't have to be exact; the names of the movies are the important thing here, not the dates)--my kid may be longing for something every time he sees a marquee.

Holy smoke, you and the griz. You've got some strange idea of having a good time, kiddo! You may remember that the time Carol and I were at the North Fork, we never stirred off the deck, until the great tree-cutting episode when Dave dropped the timber on the porch roof--still one of my favorite moments ever in Montana adventures, when there was the immediate click of the camera andDave said over his shoulder to Carol, from the chopping block where he'd dropped in disgust, "How much do you want for that one?" I know you had memories beyond measure during your cabin stay--glad you say it was a hoot, all in all.

all for now, I.

On Jul 14, 2013, at 3:01 PM, mmsw922@aol.com wrote:

> Ivan - and Carol,
>
> I'm currently here working on the current questions.
>
> And a critical one: I wrote down that the date for which we wanted movies was Jun 5, 1951. Now that I'm looking at that - did I write that down incorrectly???? Should it have been 1952 - the date the John G. Munson was launched???
>
> Footage of current (added to) John G. Munson - starts at about 2:25. http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9GwArUGTe2k&list=PL8FCA2759A693B093&index=15
>
> Thanks!
>
> Marcella

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **Re: Messages received**
Date: July 5, 2013 1:36:32 PM PDT
To: mmsw922@aol.com



Marcella, hi and relax--Both research packets came in today's mail. Have just opened 'em, looks like great stuff. Will gorge on the material this weekend, be back in touch after. Thanks a kajillion. Now we have Sandy the peerless painter here, little projects going in about 4 rooms at once. Weahter's great, sunny and low 70s.

hugs and tickles,

Ivan

On Jul 3, 2013, at 1:21 PM, mmsw922@aol.com wrote:

> Ivan and Carol,
>
> I was here - but with the Optimum Cable guy when you called - "troubleshooting."
>
> Both your messages arrived: one at 1:37 and one at 1:57. So, I think no glitches on your end at all.
>
> But, your email tells me that you still have not gotten the first package. Bah humbug.
>
> So, I'll hope for all good outcomes in Friday's mail.
>
> Meanwhile, on the health front, I'm sorry that you're back, Ivan, with medicine that tinkers with what you want to do.
>
> Love,
>
> Marcella

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **Re: Good morning**
Date: July 3, 2013 12:56:18 PM PDT
To: mmsw922@aol.com

Hi again, Marcella--as my phone call indicated, I'm in somewhat too constant communication here, but anyway this is the real message I intended:

Grand news all around, first of all the unstoning (fingers, toes, and leg crossed in hopes on that, eh?) and then the shipping lingo piece that I'm hungry to see. When your Seattle friends drop you off at our place,have then come in so we can meet them. All for now, busier than hell around here, even with the rot repairers finally gone (successfully!)--weather has toned down to warmish with a nice north breeze, but the house needs windows thrown open, thrown shut, blinds up, blinds down--kind of like a clipper ship sailing Puget Sound, I sometimes think. Talk to you Fri. (or Sat.) after the mail probably.

Keep low,

Ivan

On Jul 3, 2013, at 8:55 AM, mmsw922@aol.com wrote:

> Hi Carol and Ivan,
>
> One more quick note to let you know that another untidy envelope is winging its way west---a grand article, published in 1955, about shipping on the Great Lakes, full of language too good not to share.
>
> And, Carol, Bonnie and Frisco have offered to "deliver me" to you all as well on that Friday!
>
> Yes, heat here! All our green has become tawny in just three days. There's smoke in the air. So, here comes summer! And I think - and hope - that the kidney stone has actually left my system! At least, I've enjoyed three symptom free days! Yabba dabba do!
>
> Take care.
>
> Love,
>
> Marcella
> -----Original Message-----
> From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
> To: mmsw922 <mmsw922@aol.com>
> Sent: Tue, Jul 2, 2013 10:09 am
> Subject: Re: Good morning
>
> Good morning, Marcella. Bonnie and Frisco's address is handy -- just a run across 125th, then a bit north. An easy trip in this traffic-cogged city. Hoorah!
>
> We'll let you know when the envelope arrives. We look forward to its riches.
>
> The weather here is still in the 80s but is gradually moderating, and so far we haven't had to resort to the guest room, because the evenings have moderated sufficiently. Dinners have been grilled salmon, then cold salmon, with Ivan'

From: mmsw922@aol.com
Subject: **Re: Good morning**
Date: July 3, 2013 8:55:36 AM PDT
To: cddoig@comcast.net

Hi Carol and Ivan,

One more quick note to let you know that another untidy envelope is winging its way west---a grand article, published in 1955, about shipping on the Great Lakes, full of language too good not to share.

And, Carol, Bonnie and Frisco have offered to "deliver me" to you all as well on that Friday!

Yes, heat here! All our green has become tawny in just three days. There's smoke in the air. So, here comes summer! And I think - and hope - that the kidney stone has actually left my system! At least, I've enjoyed three symptom free days! Yabba dabba do!

Take care.

Love,

Marcella
-----Original Message-----
From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
To: mmsw922 <mmsw922@aol.com>
Sent: Tue, Jul 2, 2013 10:09 am
Subject: Re: Good morning

Good morning, Marcella. Bonnie and Frisco's address is handy -- just a run across 125th, then a bit north. An easy trip in this traffic-cogged city. Hoorah!

We'll let you know when the envelope arrives. We look forward to its riches.

The weather here is still in the 80s but is gradually moderating, and so far we haven't had to resort to the guest room, because the evenings have moderated sufficiently. Dinners have been grilled salmon, then cold salmon, with Ivan' sugar peas and salad. Not hard duty! But we see your weather is supposed to top out in the high 90s today. We're glad you have A/C.

Love,
Carol

On Jul 2, 2013, at 7:07 AM, mmsw922@aol.com wrote:

> Good morning, Carol and Ivan,
>
> It's weather here that would send you to the guest bedroom (from which you must oust me if it's hot when I arrive--I treasure heat). While you appear to be emerging from "patchy fog," it's 70 and zooming up toward 97 today here. I'm considering a Brewer's ball game--but will take that dratted kidney stone and the heat into account at the end of the day.