Willard Espy, Who Delighted In Wordplay, Is Dead at 88

By ROBERT McG. THOMAS Jr.

Willard R. Espy, who had such a winsome way with words, such an elegant ear for rhyme and such a sure sense of the absurd that he once began a poem with the words "I do not roister with an oyster," died on Saturday at New York Hospital. He was 88 and had elevated wordplay to a career, as the author of more than a dozen chucklingly informative books on words.

To suggest that Mr. Espy attached uncommon importance to words would hardly do justice to a man who attributed a brief early marriage to a woman named Ann Hathaway to a youthful yearning to become a poet worthy of Shakespeare.

While it is tempting to wonder what masterpieces he might have produced if his wife had not promptly run off with a former boyfriend, Mr. Espy did not give up his ambition altogether, merely trimmed it a bit and with such flair that his outpouring of light verse has been compared favorably to that of Lewis Carroll, W. S. Gilbert, Ogden Nash and Cole Porter.

An inveterate punster who collected cliches, dabbled in double dactyls, limned lipograms, mixed macaronics and exulted in anagrams, homonyms, oxymorphs, palindromes and spoonerisms, Mr. Espy simply could not help himself. It wasn't so much that he had a way with words as that words had their way with him, or as he once put it, "words choose their lovers arbitrarily."

Maybe so, but Mr. Espy, a native of Olympia, Wash., who grew up in Oysterville, a little coastal town founded by his grandfather in southwest Washington, was both willingly seduced and well primed.

His mother's family, he once observed, was a "scribacious lot," and his father, a onetime state senator, spoke in such long, complicated and ultimately syntactically perfect sentences that Mr. Espy was hooked early on the possibilities of language.

For all that, before he found his true calling his life took a long detour. A 1930 graduate of the University of Redlands in California, he spent a heady year abroad, among other things working as a male model in Paris and enrolling at the Sorbonne, ostensibly to study philosophy but actually, he later conceded, to conduct "an extensive research project on girls," the results of which led eventually to a thesis of sorts:

I love the girls who don't,
I love the girls who do;
But best, the girls who say, 'I
don't... But maybe just for you.'

Returning to the United States, he worked as a reporter for a small newspaper in California, then worked for a short-lived magazine in New York and a Cuban wire service before joining The Reader's Digest in 1941.

He eventually became the magazine's promotion director, a job that entailed interviewing prominent people like Winston Churchill and Albert Einstein for a cover essay in which the subjects were invariably lured to say something nice about the magazine.

Quitting the magazine in 1957, about the time his second marriage ended in divorce, he worked in advertising and promotion in New York until a fateful day in the late 1960's when he was basking on the beach in East Hampton and began dreaming up anagramic mystery ditties in which the reader was to fill in a series of blanks with different words produced from a single group of letters, for example, a, d, e, i, l, p, r and s in this one:

When I ——— to be a father,
You ——— my willingness to bother.
Now you ———; you never knew
I'd leave the ——— to you.

The words are aspired, praised,

despair and diapers.

When he submitted the verse to Punch, the British weekly humor magazine, the editors were so delighted they asked him to compose a similar rhyme for every issue. He did for about two years before his first collection, "The Game of Words," was published in 1971.


Along the way he also turned out an autobiography, "Oysterville: Roads to Grandpa's Village," and a guide to the pronunciation of obscure Washington State place names "Omak Me Yours Tonight."

Mr. Espy is survived by his wife, Louise Manheim Espy; a son from his first marriage, Ian Alden of Sarasota, Fla.; four daughters from his second marriage, Mona Schreiber of Seattle, Freddy M. Plimpton of Bridghampton, N.Y., Joanna P. Espy of Manhattan and Cassin E. Speziali of Cold Spring, N.Y.; two stepchildren, Dr. Jonathan House and Penny House, both of Manhattan; a sister, Dale Little of Oysterville, seven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Sarah Kane, 28, Blew Herself Up

By WARREN HOGE

LONDON, Feb. 24 — Sarah Kane, a provocative playwright whose bleak view of the limitations of human relationships and graphic dramatizations of violence and sex earned her a reputation as an enfant terrible of the British theater, died on Saturday at King's College Hospital here. She was 28.

She was found hanged in her room at the hospital, where she was being treated for depression, friends said. The police said they considered it a suicide.

Ms. Kane exploded on the London theater scene at 24 with her nihilistic first play, "4.40 to Broadway," and brought her two subsequent works as a promenade performance play depicting the raping and murdering of an infant and forcing another to bear a dead baby.

No plays have been given such outrageous and controversial plays in years. Court records show she had written a play with the title "I'm a Rose and That's How I Blew Myself Up," but "I'm a Rose" was the only title she published.

Some of her work was banned in the United States, where she lived for a year after her play "The Rain in Spain" was banned in Britain in 1995 because of the graphic depiction of sex and violence of the parrots, "pie-pushing" and "Butterflies in a Baghdad Polygamy."
Sprawl Spoils More Than Beauty

To the Editor:

While the statistics offered by John Tierney (Big City column, Feb. 22) do much to discount the fears of those who argue that this country's open spaces risk extinction within a few years, Mr. Tierney fails to address the true problem of urban and suburban sprawl: its disruption of our social and cultural fabric.

Sprawl has been instrumental in the destruction of any sense of community within both large and small cities across the country. New developments, built to profit developers, have done more to fractionalize communities along racial, economic and political lines than at any other time in our country's history.

Moreover, one need only spend time in a place like suburban Atlanta to realize that the environmental impact of the long, miserable automobile commute most suburbanites must make is in itself reason enough to curtail growth.

New York, Feb. 22, 1999

To the Editor:

John Tierney's Feb. 22 Big City column suffers from flawed reasoning. Of course the percentage of open space in this country remains high; vast stretches of it are undevelopable. To argue that farmland is therefore not threatened is specious.

As more and more farmland gets paved over, we are increasingly dependent on long-distance transport of food supplies from concentrated regions. Not to mention the snarled traffic, pollution and escalating property taxes to pay for ever more roads and schools.

RUTH H. KENNEDY
Stow, Mass., Feb. 23, 1999

To the Editor:

John Tierney (Big City column, Feb. 22) is partially correct: loss of open space is not the imminent environmental disaster that Vice President Al Gore and others have claimed. However, the open space that matters most is that which is nearest to population centers, precisely the space we are filling up.

New Jersey has vast tracts of open land, but in the southern part of the state. In the crowded north, towns have merged together, and the remaining unprotected open land is rapidly disappearing. Similar processes are at work all over the country.

Insuring that expanding urban and suburban areas have usable, well-located open space may not require a national policy, but it is a national problem.

KURT KLEIN
New York, Feb. 23, 1999

To the Editor:

John Tierney's statement that "all those wonderful old communities have one thing in common: they were built without the interference of urban planners in state capitals and Washington" (Big City column, Feb. 22) implies that these towns were built without any plan. But they were also built long before the advent of the car, when most people had to live close to each other and to businesses. And some of the most charming communities, like Cooperstown, N.Y., were built according to plan.

Most other developed countries do not allow the kind of endless developments that mar our countryside. For too long, our suburban and rural landscapes have been left to the mercy of developers who are out to make a profit. The rest of the community, especially the urban areas left behind, pay for these sprawling developments in increased taxes for infrastructure and other supportive services.

HOPE DONOVAN
Guilderland, N.Y., Feb. 22, 1999

Israeli High Court Oversteps Its Bounds

To the Editor:

It never ceases to amaze me how putative supporters of democracy like Thomas L. Friedman rail as so-called anti-democratic Israelis try to rein in Israel's unelected Supreme Court (column, Feb. 23).

The court operates without benefit of a written constitution to guide it or to limit its powers. Since Aharon Barak became Chief Justice, the court has taken upon itself the job of reviewing actions by government officials, including laws passed by a majority of Israel's Parliament, against a standard of "reasonable-ness" found nowhere in the law and one that Chief Justice Barak himself admits is a subjective standard that he has defined as "the fundamental values" of the "enlightened general public." Who decides what these values are and which portion of the public is "enlightened"?

Chief Justice Barak and his colleagues, of course, YAakov Har-Oz
Beit Shemesh, Israel, Feb. 23, 1999

To the Editor:

Thomas L. Friedman (column, Feb. 23) suggests that Ehud Barak, the leader of Israel's Labor Party, might be able to help instill democratic values in the ultra-Orthodox community in Israel. But the ultra-Orthodox have made it eminently clear that they believe God is on their side, that democracy is illegitimate and that full-time Torah study exempts them from any responsibility to serve their country in a tangible way.

As a Conservative Jew I would love to see a "new social contract that will redefine Israel as a Jewish democratic state." However, I don't believe that's a realistic possibility in our generation. In the meantime, I am hoping for a Barak-led coalition that excludes the ultra-Orthodox parties.

DAVID P. SCHWARTZ
Raanana, Israel, Feb. 23, 1999

To the Editor:

Contrary to Thomas L. Friedman (column, Feb. 23), it is Israel's secular community, not the ultra-Orthodox, that needs a lesson in democracy. No one in Israel questions the supremacy of the Israeli Supreme Court. What religious Israelis question is the right of the Supreme Court to adjudicate social issues — something no Israeli court has ever done — when Israel has no constitution and no legal basis for striking
Kittredge, a novelist and scholar of Western fiction, teaches in the creative writing program at the University of Montana at Missoula.

OTHER VIEWS

*Louis*L'Amour's West: Myth Was Just A Lie

Driving south across Nevada on Highway 95, through the steely afternoon distances, you get the sense that you are in a country where nobody will cut you any slack at all. You are in a version of the American West where you are on your own; the local motto is take care of your own damned self.

That's where I was, just south of Tonopah, maybe 150 miles north of Las Vegas, dialing across the radio, when I heard the news that *Louis*L'Amour was dead of lung cancer at the age of 80.

They said he had published 101 books. The first was 'Hondo,' in 1953, which was made into a movie starring John Wayne. It seemed right. The way I saw*L'Amour,*in the eye of my mind, he even looked like John Wayne. Remember that old man, perishing of cancer in 'The Shootist?'

If you had never lived in the American West, you might feel elegiac, and you might imagine the last of the old legendary Westerners were dying. I knew better. I grew up on a horseback cattle ranch and I knew a lot of those old hard-eyed bastards. They're not dying out. What was passing was another round of make-believe.

The old true Westerners I knew never had the time of day for shoot-out movies, and they mostly thought novels were just so much nonsense. They would soon tell you that much of what passes as authenticity in the Western, no matter how colorful and indigenous it might seem, was all about 10% wrong—at least a little off the money—and must have come from library research. I remember my grandfather's scorn for a pulp paper copy of 'Ranch Romances' he found in the bunkhouse when I was a kid.

"Them things are made up by book people," my grandfather said. "'Nobody ever lived like that.'"

Driving Nevada, I felt a kind of two-hearted sadness over the death of *Louis*L'Amour.* He so clearly loved the West and the dreams of the good strong people he found there, and yet he so deeply transmogrified any sense of the real life there that my grandfather might have understood and respected.

A Darker Problem

Most of us understand that the West we find in *Louis*L'Amour* novel didn't really exist. A lot of any art is trumped-up. We excuse that. Out in the Armagosa Valley of Southern Nevada, just west of where I was traveling on
Highway 95, there are great dunes of yellow sand, which have stood in for Africa and Arabia through all the history of movies. You don't hear much complaining about that kind of artifice.

There's a darker problem with the Western. It's a story inhabited by a mythology about power and the social utility of violence, an American version of an ancient dream of warrior righteousness. And because of that, it's a story many of us find threatening. We don't want to live in a society fascinated by fantasies of killer wish-fulfillment. We keep hoping the Western will just go away. But it won't. From "The Song of Roland" to "Shane" to "Star Wars," these hero stories just duck out of sight, like Clark Kent stepping into a telephone booth, and re-emerge with renewed vitality.

And the dreaming goes on. We all know how Westerns proceed. There is the society of good, simple folk who only want to live decent lives, and there are the evil, unshaven bad guys, driven by undisciplined lusts and greed. And there is the hero, who cuts through the crap. Shane straps on his six-guns and

solves the problem of Jack Palance. The obvious implications, taken seriously by a society like ours, so deeply and often frustrated, and so adept in the sciences of destruction, are literally unthinkable.

Lone Ranger to Rambo

After the Lone Ranger we get Dirty Harry and Rambo. In times many of us understand as awash in moral disorder, mostly because your problems are so complex as to defy clean quick-fix solutions, we yearn for simplicities, and it's natural enough that some of us might dream of escaping into an imagined gunfighter past, and yearn to clear the decks. Enough with ambiguities.

So, when people tell me the death of*Louis*L'Amour*means we are finally done with such stories, I have to say I don't think so. At all.*Louis*L'Amour* wrote books about a world in which moral problems were clearly defined, and strong men stepped forward to solve them. Millions of people seem to have found it a very comfortable dream to inhabit. The old hero story, in some form, is going to be with us a long time. And there's nothing so terrible about that; it's just that we have to keep from forgetting it's a fantasy and always was.

The thing I most strongly dislike about the Western is personal, and has much to do with my love of the kind of country where I have always lived. What I resent is the way the Western has deluded so many of us in the West for so long.

The Western told us we were living the right lives, and that we would be rewarded if only we would persevere. And that message was a clear simple-minded lie. Driving over Nevada, thinking about the death of*Louis*L'Amour* and the shells of burnt-out hotels in one-time mining towns like Goldfield and Rhyolite, I felt my anger ringing in me like the empty buzzing of locusts.

A Shabby Imitation

The dim shadows of leafy poplar far off against the mountains, with Death Valley beyond, were sure signs of pump agriculture. Right over there people were exhausting aquifers that had taken millennia to accumulate. And whatever there was in the little roadside clusterings of bars and cafes and brothels, which comprise towns like Lathrop Wells and Indian Springs, along the highway on the western fringe of the Nuclear Testing Site, seemed trumped-up and painted on.

That roadside West is like a shabby imitation of our cowboy dreams, a sad compromised place, used and abused, and used again. So many of the people there feel deceived, and with good reason. They believed in promises implicit in the Western, that they had a right to a good life in this place, and it has become clear to them that it was all a major lie. Take care of your own damned self. Nobody is bullet-proof.
What we need in our West is another kind of story, in which we can see ourselves for what we mostly are, decent people striving to form and continually reform a just society in which we can find some continuity, taking care in the midst of useful and significant lives. And we're finding such story-telling, slowly, in books like Marilynne Robertson's "Housekeeping" and Norman Maclean's "A River Runs Through It," in the stories and essays and novels of writers like James Welch and Ivan Doig, Louise Erdrich and Ralph Bean and Leslie Silko and so many others like Edward Abbey and Gretel Erlich and David Long. It's part of my two-hearted sadness that Louis L'Amour couldn't have lived to appreciate the flowering of a genuine literature in the West he so loved.

PHOTOGRAPH: Old West cowboys wear guns and scowls for cameraman.
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And I continue

Why Montana produces so many good writers?!
To Do:

—find pics of Helena, 1889;
—1889 city directory for Herald location and stagecoach business?
—1889 cemetery location; pappers' field; Chinese buried elsewhere? (ask Swartout?)

—Helena at dawn from fire tower; be sure fire tower was there in 1889.

Tues. — Calgary address of Langs' motel, then mail card.

Tues. — Norman Maclean's phone # at Seeley Lake

Tues. — Merrill Burlingame's phone # 586-9288, 1202 Highland Blvd

Tues. — Bill Tietz's phone # 586-3023, 2310 Springcreek Dr.

Cam 3 forks to Whitehall to Dillon

2½ 10:30

Big race - E. Main - post - cemetery.

Turn right. (at 17) beyond, up a hill
keep turning, see Hillcrest

@ 8
Still at War,  
"New Fiction"  
Still Has  
A Champion  

BY BILL WEDEMeyer  

ST. LOUIS — William H. Gass is sitting in his living room, sipping cognac, when he makes an announcement: He will never again write a negative book review. This is the same William H. Gass who said he stopped reading Tom Wolfe in 1981 because “From Bauhaus to Our House” “could have been written by Prince Charles”; the same William H. Gass who said the Pulitzer Prize for fiction “takes dead aim at mediocrity and almost never misses.”

The resolution comes after his newest book, “Cartesian Sonata and Other Novels” (Alfred A. Knopf), got a mixed reception last year. Although the influential Kirkus Review heralded the “vivace performances” in the book, too many other reviewers, in Mr. Gass’s opinion, “stupidly” ignored the writing and focused on how his literary theories affected his work.

That criticism should focus on those theories should not have come as a surprise, however. For decades, Mr. Gass, 74, has led a spirited attack on the traditional American novel, denouncing plot as less important than form and language.

“It is an ideological war that has been going on since the beginning of literature,” he said. “The whole problem of what the novel is supposed to be doing and what literature’s value is, whether it is truth or

William Gass defends his inviolated, layered style as realistic.

morality or what my friends accuse me of — esthetic bliss — this will continue to go on.”

Since his first novel, “Omensetter’s Luck,” was published in 1960, Mr. Gass has been one of most respected writers never to write a best seller. His fans love the layers of metaphors and philosophy that keep them digging like archeologists through the strata of western intellectual thought. He has won a raft of awards, including two National Book Critics Circle Awards for criticism.

Yet his complex fiction loses many readers and has caused critics to say he has sacrificed character for literary gimmicks. The late novelist and critic John Gardner once said that Mr. Gass, “the greatest genius ever given to America,” was “fiddling” with his talent. “What I think is beautiful,” Mr. Gardner went on, “he would think is not yet sufficiently ornate.” Comparing their literary approaches to airplanes, he said, “The difference is that my 747 will fly and his is too encrusted with gold to get off the ground.”

Mr. Gass replied, “What I really want is to have it all, to sell some rock, and have everybody think it is flying.”

Many of the writers who emerged with Mr. Gass in the late ’60s and ’70s, like John Hawkes and William Gaddis, have died.

Today, the “new fiction” of such postmodernists, as they were called, isn’t quite so new anymore. But the debates continue  

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en Spielberg
The New Fiction’ Still Has a Champion

Continued From Page A15

among critics and writers. “The creation of character is what matters,” said Harold Bloom, a professor, critic and author who was known and disagreed with Mr. Gass since they were both students at Cor- nell University 90 years ago. “I think the post-modern novel is increasing-
ly a disaster. I’m tired of games. It seems like we are three authors who manage to maintain themselves are Shakespeare, Jane Austen and Charles Dickens. It is because they create worlds and the worlds are full of people. But I don’t want to be the anti-Gass.”

Mr. Gass, however, believes he is a realist even if other people do not. “In the Victorian novel everything is clear,” he explains. “In the real world, motives are mixed. People are contradictory. There are contradictions. People forget. There are omis-
sions. You certainly don’t know ev-
erything.”

Because in the real world a writer is writing the story, Mr. Gass de-
nounced fiction as a creation, whether it means detailing how the narrator thought up the shape of a character’s nose or applying coffee
rings and heel marks to pages. Mr. Gass has folded his short, port-
ly body into a Breuer chair in his living room. “My objection to narrative is that it should not be privileged, as if it were the chief organization of fic-
tion,” he said. “It is one of many.”

Mr. Gass is not unaware of the demands that complex writers place on others. In preparation for his last semester of teaching at Wash-
ington University, he looked up every reference in Marianne Moore’s poet-
y. When he was finished, he had 60
pages. “The demand she is making is unrealistic,” he said “because only a few novels like me are going to do that.”

He says that he doesn’t expect everyone to go to that much trouble to read his books. Still, he admits he was discouraged that so few review-
ers of “Cartesian Sonata” picked up on the music and philosophy, which dealt with theories on mind and mat-
ter by the French philosopher René Descartes. He is comforted, how-
ever, by the fact that serious books do eventually get read. “A lot of these books that are thought to be impene-
trable get easier,” he said. “Every-
one reads Joyce now. People are
reading Proust. ‘Moby Dick’ was not an easy read. ‘Fireman’s Wake’ is taught in schools.”

William Gass grew up in Warren, Ohio, which he remembers as a place of poverty, uncultured, and spent summers in North Dakota. He has described his father, an ar-
chitect and salmon fisherman, as crippled with arthro-
tis, bitterness and bigotry. He taught drafting at a high school. His mother, a former school teacher and an alco-
oholic, supported his interest in poetry and other subjects that his father disapproved.

Mr. Gass served in the Navy in World War II, then returned to school and got a Ph. D. in philosophy. After teaching at Purdue University, he came to Washington University in 1968, when the faculty included two future poet laureates and other well-
known novelists. That same year, Mr. Gass had left his wife, the moth-
er of three of his children, after what he bitterly described as a “wonder-
dulously adulterous affair” with Mary Alice Henderson, the daughter of another Purdue faculty member and a former student 22 years his junior. The two eventually married and had twin daughters, Catherine and Elizabeth, now 26. The three children from his previous marriage remained with their mother. “It was just a sort of mutual distancing,” he said. “No acrimony.”

The Gasses live in a three-story Colonial Revival home with more than 10,000 books arranged by coun-
eries. On a tour, Mr. Gass agrees to
show his study, but refuses to turn on the light because a leak on the third floor has created a mess.

After a dinner of salmon wrapped in radicchio cooked by Mary Alice, Mr. Gass heads back to talk of writ-
ing and writers. He knows whose wife left him after a book flopped, and who stays out of the country to avoid taxes and who survived cancer to face financial devastation.

The stories sound as though they could be plots for a book, but if such good, old-fashioned tales fill his con-
eration, it is language and form that have a hold on his writing. For him, form includes the typography and design of his books. In “The Tunnel,” a novel he labored over for 29 years, the main character is a professor who has finished his mag-
num opus about Nazi Germany and is now writing the preface — a pro-
cess that results in a 652-page manu-
script.

Since the character hides the pages of his preface between the pages of the manuscript, Mr. Gass would have liked to have published an edition of “The Tunnel” in a loose-leaf format and shipped it in a box.

“I wanted to set this book in a German type of that old-fashioned sort where it’s very thorny and it looks like a field of barley wire,” he said. Instead, “The Tunnel” was pub-
lished by Knopf as a traditional bound book, mostly in common Fair-
field type, although the use of a con-
centration camp tattoo for some page numbers or words in the shape of a six-pointed star is far from con-
ventional.

Mr. Gass believes some critics suspected that he shared the anti-
Semitism expressed by the narrator, who also has a German name and identity. “If I had known the book was about the Holocaust, he said, it’s about fascism in Amer-
ica.” “If Milton were writing today, he would be criticized for giving the devil all the good speeches,” he said of those critics.

Nonetheless, he insists popularity is not his goal. For him, the best-case scenario is having his books included in academic anthologies and taught. And the worst?
Book diary for News:

June 21, '71 -- returned from 5 days hiking in Enchanted Valley and at Cape Johnson to find Scribner's letter.

June 25 (?) -- Scribner's reply to our response: letter offering contract. Like Dr. Johnson's remark about man soon to be hanged: impending event concentrated our minds wonderfully.

Carol said she fluctuated between being happy and being scared; said she XXX knew I could write a book, but her? Told her anybody could.

June 28 -- began earnest schedule. I finished Medex article for THE LION which I'd lagged on for weeks, zipped it into mail. Began getting up at 4:45-5, Carol at 6 (and working into evenings)

July 1 -- Cindy Roden clipped papers, took home batch of cordiality letters I needed typed as aftermath of CHEVRON article on odd festivals.

July 2 -- John and Jean picked us up at 10, took us on picnic to Snohomish farm. Before 10, I wrote 5-6 postcards about j'm reviews, and 6-7 checking letters for Medex article, Carol taught her classes (7:30 and 8:40). Went to ACT that night -- Hadrian VII. Plan to take off full day the 1 day/wk we'll apparently have off.

July 3 -- 5-7 a.m., edited our draft of IF IT'S GOOD chapter, woke Carol at 7; both at UW library by 9, 2 hrs research, Carol rewrote her section in afternoon. Dinner with Linda at Salmon House, Carol rewrote more to finish revise tonight; I oddjobbed stuff on desk, began this diary.
July 4 -- Carol graded English papers all day, I reviewed clippings for next chapter, Stories that Don't Get Told. Walked around Green Lake in late afternoon, holiday crowd there. Late in evening, we jotted down ideas for chapter.

July 5 -- Just after breakfast, we went over and divided up clippings and references for current chapter. I got lead idea (Frank O'Connor on storytelling) while shaving, one of several ideas which have come to me recently with lather on my face. Carol outlined her portion of chapter, I worked on lead. 2:30-3:30, visited the Schneiders and picked up freedom of info file Larry has given us. Rained out of any exercise. Not an awfully vigorous day.

July 9 -- Good god, behind in the diary and it's only the second week. Quick summary: Tues, July 6, both began reading and writing on STORIES THAT DON'T GET TOLD. My writing was mushy again, and also next day, Jul 7. Thurs., July 8, Ben Eldred of P-Hall called about 9:30 a.m., said he had contract, asked if we could meet for lunch. Day's mail brought letter from Scribner's, answering questions we asked. Met Eldred at Black Angus on Aurora at 1. Youngish former teacher, light tan suit, well barbered, bit of slick salesman. He had Bloody Mary, Carol dry vermouth, me Tom Collins, while we looked at contract. Skimming it, I saw figure $1500 and thought to myself, hmm, same advance we asked from Scribner's, we must have been pretty close to target. Reading closer, I discovered it was $1500 on signing -- $500 at ½ way -- $1000 at finished ms -- $500 bonus for meeting Nov. 1 deadline.

Over steak (me) and sizzlers (Carol and Ben), Carol caught it that royalty was based on publisher's return instead of list price. This was main point for us. Ben described P-Hall sales force, techniques.
July 9 (cont.) We talked for two hours. Ben asked name of competitor, I wouldn't say. He asked us not to sign without getting back to him. We agreed. Did not want to give us copy of contract -- probably because of special offers which had been inserted -- but we got on our promise to keep confidential.

4 p.m., I went to memorial service for Mary Carstensen. About 7, both of us at UW library, trying vainly to find out anything about publishing and contracts. Dogtired, came home, talked about how to tell Scribner's the P-Hall offer looks good. Decided against air mail letter Carol drafted that afternoon, I'd call instead. We mulled trade v. text, money, possible audience. I said the type of person we want to read the book is precisely the person least likely to buy, Carol said that might be a brilliant insight. Finally decided to tell Scribner's main details of P-Hall offer, point out attractiveness to us of publishing May 1 instead of summer, and say we'd still like to see contract if they're willing.

Morning, July 9: called Gail Griffin at Scribner's 7:45 our time. Pleasant enough talk, she said compet'g offers happen often. Said she'd have to see "Mr. Scribner", out of town until middle of next week, to see about matching P-Hall contract; would call us Wed. Jul 14 or Thurs at latest. I'm relieved the call is made; don't much like dickering, even though dilemma of which publisher to sign with certainly must be one of most delicious of problems.

Also morning: while shaving, got brainstorm to title book The Daily Blat. Will the idea look good in a month or two?
July 10: planned to hike Dow Mtn. with Rodens today, but bad weather. Carol and I up and around by 7 for hike, so went to Ballard locks to see sockeye salmon run. Began work about 8:30. Both went to library at 3; researched until it closed at 5. Dinner at Salmon House, terrific respite for us. Carol: we may be the ideal writing team because one or the other of us is always panicked. We worked this evening, Carol finishing rough draft of her part of STORIES UNTOLD, while I edited and reworked my section. We have some good writing in the chapter, but the whole thing rather floundered together. Still on schedule pretty well despite losing day to contract reading etc. on Thurs.

July 11 -- Sunday; hiked Dow Mountain with John and Jean (6 miles). Revived both of us a lot.

July 12 -- Marked papers for Cindy to clip, wrote letters; much general motion but didn't get to 4th chapter. Morning, I edited Carol's section; we went to Pike Place for lunch, bought 5 reams of paper at Soames Paper. Beautiful weather.

July 13 -- Another day of a lot of motion and effort, but no writing. Cindy clipped papers, Lisa did household chores. I cleaned off desk, sorted clips. At lunch, Carol and I started through file for 4th ch. Lunched in backyard, in glorious weather; raspberries are ripe now, great fillip for the writing season. Mid afternoon, we brainstormed chapter; Jean came by with govt transcript of Nixon press conf. I needed, a terrific asset for us to have a research librarian for a friend. We divided up chapter sections, I haven't got beyond thinking up chapter headings. Need some fast work; would like to clear ½ day to finish article for The Writer. Mowed lawn this eve, will tape CBS show on Pentagon Papers at 10. We're both working into shape, needing somewhat less sleep.
July 13 (cont.) Alma phoned at supper last night, said Grandma in Townsend hospital with pneumonia. G'ma called tonight (I phoned her last night), said she's home again. I began paperwork process for her Aust'a trip today.

Our pace so far: not bad. Likely to lose time to more contract consideration tomorrow or next day. I'd like to aim for 7-8 chapters done by end of summer school; dunno if we can make that.

July 15: helluva lot of negotiating the past 2 days, but not much progress in writing. Ben Elderd came last night at 7:30 with dope on P-H marketing. We still were unimpressed with royalty on wholesale price instead of retail, altho it looks as if P-H deal offers more $. I called Gail Griffin at Scribner's this morn, said we'd like to look over contract. She said she'd send as quickly as possible, within 2 days -- "never put one through in a rush before," and Mr. Scribner has to sign it. I went to library at UW about 10:30, spent till 5:15 there. Much research, a lot of it from TV Guide, but again, little writing on chapter. Must hit a high pace to get my section written in next 3 days. Came home, discovered Bill Oliver had called Carol. Royalty offer now up from 10% to 15% on trade books; copyright in our name, and press run is est'd. Holding tough seems to pay off. We've told P-H we'll decide definitely within a week.

10 p.m., and desk still covered with filing and note-taking tasks before I can start on chapter in the morning. Hard for me to keep from edginess when I'm not getting the writing done.
July 19: Morning, 9:40. Either my habits are getting worse or I'm busier than before. Notice I get to this diary only every 2-3 days.

Slogged away at chapter Friday thru Sunday (16-18). Friday night broke for dinner at Windjammer, came home and worked afterward. I labored over lead to chapter, Carol marched thru her section more quickly. Just finished editing her section, still must rough my own into form today and retype tonight. Hot weather over weekend -- near 90 downtown -- but still cool enough here. John and Dean invited us to crab salad supper last night -- another survival kit from the Rodens.

Impression of own work so far: more dogged than inspired. Noticed I don't do full rough drafts anymore, but craft and craft away at story from the start.

Carol graded papers yesterday, in the sun in the backyard.

July 21: 10pm. Last evening I got a twinge sporadically from my middle of left ear to forehead. This morn went to Group Health, dr. didn't know what it was, gave me some valium. Seem okay now. Also stopped at Doug Fox Travel and got info about Grandma's trip to Australia.

Yesterday a day of catching up, cleaning off desk, filing clips, annotating sources. Today both of us read clips for 1st section of Press as Proxy, decided Carol will write it.

No Scribner's contract yet. Carol told Ben Elderd today to come at 11:30 Fri, when we'll likely sign with P-Hall regardless.

1st reaction by friends: "Maybe you'll be on the Dick Cavett show!" we've heard it from Elizabeth Schneider, Cindy Roden, Ben Peters, Ben Eldered, and probably others.
July 24: As Carol said when she hung up the phone Thursday dinnertime, "If it isn't one thing, it's another."
Her mother had just called to say Frank had a heart attack that afternoon, was in intensive care unit.
Nothing to be gained by Carol going to NJ, and she says she's not worrying about things she can't do anything about. So, onward...

I got home from day at library Thurs to find Carol had call after call that day. Funniest was from Harcourt-Brace, first from local rep then from San Fran office. Den Peters mentioned our book to H-Brace man, a friend of his, and the guy was eager beaver on the phone. Also came letter from Harper & Row, wondering about seeing us in late August. Think we'll ignore them, to keep them in dark as much as possible.

Big day of research at library, much good stuff from WSJ. That evening, called Ben Baldwin for advice and to ask if we could suggest him as reader. Turns out he already is a P-Hall reader, and before I could suggest, he said we shouldn't say anything and maybe he'll get the MS. We'll ponder.

Friday, soon as Carol came home we went to U Dist. to rent a safe deposit box for MS; couldn't get one, despite what I understood lady to say on phone, so will leave MS with Linda and Clint for awhile. Then to Pike Place for lunch, and bought 2 more reams at Soames. Then to Bellevue art fair, through terrible traffic on Mercer I. floating bridge. Good fair, did some Xmas shopping, home about 3:30. At 4:30 Ben Eldred came, we said we'd sign. Ben excused self for moment, came in with bottle of Le Domaine sparkling burgundy. I moved typewriter to living room table, filled in blanks on contract, Carol and I endlessly initialed these inserts. 4 copies of contract. As Ben was going out door, mailman came with special delivery letter. The Scribner's contract. (Already decided against S because of slower publication date, smaller press run.)

Later, spent some time looking over out-of-town papers bought at Magazine City that morn. Not very heartening; Denver Post, Idaho Statesman etc. pretty poor.
July 24 cont. So now we have a contract, and Nov. 1 deadline. Are starting on ch. 5. Hope we can have 7 done—probably 6 full chapters and shorter intro chapter—by end of summer school. (another adventure of week; Shoreline 6 days late with paycheck) Then Carol may fly to NJ for a stay, perhaps I'll hole up somewhere (LaPush?) to work over 1st half of book.

Carol's birthday today. Gave her an owl brooch, McPhee's The Pine Barrens, owe her a new watch. Tonight, dinner and The Boys in the Band with Linda and Clint.

July 25: Both read and took notes for chapter on press as proxy. I haven't written any of it yet, Carol at least has started. Tough going, with a lot of material and whole matter of why-the-right-to-know to be covered. I think we're both uneasy about the task of this one.

July 28 -- worked on chapter Monday. Yesterday, hiked to top of Mt. Pilchuck with Dennis Peters and Mark Wyman. Hot day, some rock scrambling near top, sliding on snow on way down. Fine outing. Carol and I dropped Mark at home, said goodbye as Wyman leave for Illinois this weekend; then the two of us had dinner at Campos. This morning I woke up groggy, went back to bed for awhile after breakfast. Spent much of day going through back issues of The Unsatisfied Man from Denver, wrote a couple of letters on leads found there. We walked around Green Lake midafternoon, a carpet of people all around the lake. This morn a special delivery letter came, with a good story idea passed along by a fellow whom Bill Chamberlin mentioned to me. Had to say I can't get to anything but the book, regretfully. Evening now, still haven't written much of this chapter, and other chores to be done, especially revise of Kiwanis article. Efficiency, where is thy sting?

My evaluation so far is that we're collecting good material for book, and big question will be how well we shoehorn it in. Letter of praise Monday from Tom Holden, bless him.
July 31: We've finally barged most of press as proxy chapter into shape. I spent most of Friday the 30th at library, got caught short by 5 p.m. closing and didn't manage to check out books I wanted or finish xeroxing. Carol has postponed paper grading to finish her section. She remarked today on difference in our working styles. She bates out a 1st draft, then revises; I revise constantly as I go along.

Gail Griffin of Scribner's phoned yesterday noon, wondered about contract. I stalled ineptly, said I'd write her this weekend.

Dinner at Salmon House; reviewed us again.

Aug. 1, Sunday: Caught up on chores -- clipping hedge, answering mail, trying to revise Kiwanis article. Barking dog woke us at 3 a.m. and again about 6; both slept late to make up for it. Carol: every time you gain half a day, something happens to take it away. She spent day grading papers. 3:30, we went to Ester's Island by the marsh trail. Lovely afternoon, boats parading past, the Goodyear blimp floating around. Must try to edit and recopy my section of chapter tomorrow, and between the two of us write a few pages of ending. Mailed unsigned contracts to Scribner's today.

Immense amount of material piled up for this chapter. Occurred to me in writing section about fragility of press freedom how hard it is to put together genuine facts and figures; tough to hunt down, because so much writing is done in generalities.
Aug. 7, Saturday: Terrific -- I discover I haven't made a diary entry in a week. So, as best I remember...

Finished Press as Proxy on Tuesday morn, when I edited Carol's section and retyped. Immense lift to have it done. We took off for Dungeness Spit, spent a lazy afternoon walking casually and napping on driftwood. Dinner at Three Crabs, naturally. The next evening, rowed around Lake Union with Linda and Clint. Evening after that, salmon dinner at the Schneiders, who are to leave for San Fernando State on the 16th. Despite the socializing, we got a lot done. On Wednesday, I got a call from Dennis Higman at Cascades, saying they may not get a planned article for their next issue and wondered about my rewrite of Wister and Waring. Said I'd call him back the next day, did (agreeing to do the rewrite), and Friday revised the piece with little strain.

Much of the week has been a matter of pecking away. Have been struggling to clear my desk and get sources annotated for last chapter since Tuesday, must finish tonight somehow. Have written some info letters, spent a lot of time fruitlessly (so far) trying to track down Lincoln's record of suppressing newspapers. Carol said earlier writing a book must be last of the cottage industries, and so it is. Were impressed with this when the P-Hall author's guide came, all white and spiffy, with a depressingly thorough policy for obtaining permissions. Then there'll be the end-notes, and the index, and the proofs....

Carol called Bill Oliver on Thursday, to ask about getting permissions etc. He said the book would have an ad poster at the AEP convention.

Today, reading notes and clips on News Apparatus chapter. Could be a fearsome one to write, in that we want to keep it simple yet cover a lot of territory.
Aug. 10 -- Tues. morn. Carol has written major part of her section, I have a start on mine. Like the last chapter, this is a big one of facts and figures, plus a couple of illustrative examples I'm having trouble with.

Yesterday made Grandma's plane reservations for the Australia trip. Sunday Carol phoned and found her father came out of the hospital on Saturday.

The book is taking shape promisingly, I think in my more optimistic moments; this chapter, for instance, will have some good, unorthodox things in it. But what a mountain of work a project such as this is. Aside from the writing itself, there are permissions, end of chapter examples, the index.

I'd like to have this chapter and the brief intro wrapped up by Friday night, when Carol finishes course work. Probably not possible, but gotta try. We're both having the feeling of running out of time. It may be that some of the final six chapters will go easier than these, but we don't count on it -- run run run.

I went to the UW library for a couple of hours y'day afternoon, for Exaltation of Larks and other reasons. Not there; 92 downtown, and 95 forecast for today. Thank god it's cool here.

Letter from Bill Oliver, passing along a clipping and a few comments. On Friday, another P-Hall man -- Bill now on vacation -- called to say 15% hardback rate can apply only to text, library and trade copies; company has absolute rule against it on overseas and mail order copies. We agreed, probably more out of ignorance than conviction.

Aug. 11 -- Contracts came back from P-Hall, copy for each of us. Also occurred to us that Harper & Row might check in again. We agreed since the book is being advertised on a poster at AEJ, we may as well openly say we've signed with somebody else.

Chapter seems to be going well; some of my best writing so far, at least. Carol is reading English notebooks, and happily finding some good writing in them.
Aug. 11 (cont.) New arrival yesterday: a bluejay, who yammers around through the treetops. Really brash. Squirrel treated me to a sideshow this morning: climbed the rose bush, peered in to see what I was up to, nosed around a minute for blossoms.

Both working long hours this week. Went to Shilshole for sunset last night, and probably out for dinner tomorrow. But today, for instance, we've both worked from about 7:30 until now, after 9.

A fortunate research find: Barnouw's 3-volume history of broadcasting. But oddly, I think I've come out, in my section, with better material about radio than about TV. At any rate, chapter is shaping up; perhaps by plugging away another day or two, I can clear time to write the book intro. Maybe.

Aug. 13 -- Spent all yesterday editing and retyping Carol's section on corporate structure. Will have to see how this chapter stands up; right now it feels like the best we've done, pretty damn good, in fact.

Last night went to the Sanovar and then The Conformist at Harvard Exit. Carol spent yesterday and day before reading notebooks, graded her exams today. Crueling week for her. I wrote section on technology today, still have loose ends tomorrow before my half of chapter is finished. Advance checks came today -- $500 short. Sent 'em to bank, and fired off an airmail letter.

First cloudy day in weeks. And I finally took time to get a haircut, after noticing the fluff was curling above my collar like LBJ's.

Idea today for intro, too; seems like a good one. I'm behind a few days as always, but the quality of week's work has been good. Time for a day off soon; maybe Sunday or Monday.
Aug. 17 -- Just rounded the halfway mark. Carol finished her section of Apparatus chapter on Sunday, I wrote most of short precede. Took yesterday off, went to Fort Flagler and Pt. Townsend; ideal day, clear and cool. Other frivolities: dinner here for Linda and Clint Sat. night; -- Ann gave us a silver salmon -- then Showboat theater for Thurber Carnival. Sunday, said goodbye to Schneiders about 3:30, went to Foster's I., supper at Red Robin, worked again when we came home.

So, we are in reasonable shape, at least. First permissions to reprint began showing up last week: no charge from EXP, $100 from TV Guide.

Carol now plans to go to N.J. Sept. 8-15.

We start on a new chapter this morning; I'll likely go to library, books are overflowing the place here. Must tinker with car first. Battery quit Sunday night, I twisted off bolt head getting it out, have been driving with wire around battery since.

Minor triumphs: rufous-sided towhee and varied thrush on successive days outside the window.

Aug. 19 -- Writing the information v. privacy ch. now.

Not a very interesting one, unfortunately; at least free press-fair trial doesn't excite me much.

Humdrum day, both of us struggling to find some energy. Carol went to Shoreline library this morning. She's found material on right of privacy which interests her, sounds pretty good. Discovered the faculty meeting has been moved up a day, she's going to change N.J. plans ahead one day.

Picked qt. of blackberries tonight. Got car fixed yesterday, discovered leak in gas hose which had been causing smell.

Reply from Nader's people today about a study we want; it would cost $27.50.
Au. 26, morn: long time no write. Grandma's been here and gone to Australia, a chapter is finished, some research holes plugged...

Finished information v. privacy ch. late Sat. night, Aug. 21. Carol found a good theme and structure for the topic, and it turned out immensely better than I expected.

Sunday afternoon, Grandma arrived. Monday she did the ironing, Tuesday she and I clipped the tremendous pile of newspapers. She took the 5:30 p.m. flight to San Francisco.

Yesterday, I spent all day at UW library, working to find missing facts for what we have written so far. Caught up with maybe half of what's needed, a very large day's work. Items were all the way from what Cronkite said when Rather was slugged at '68 Demo convention to bombing of gunboat Panay in 1937. Carol also looked up things, at Shoreline, Greenwood public, and UW -- all that and a Group Health doctor's checkup. She met me at the UW library just before 5, ate at Campos.

About half a day of chores ahead of me before I can get into next chapter -- How do you know if it's true? Have to piece in yesterday's research, file newspaper clips, write some letters, if possible fix the bathroom door, retie the tomato plants. Also, I have the start of a cold. In spite of it all, we're on schedule.
Aug. 30: Lost last Friday or Saturday -- one of them faceless days -- to a cold or allergy or some other brand of ennui. Didn't accomplish a thing all day. In spite of that, we're on schedule; I'm finishing up chapter today.

P-Hall sent along the missing $500, so that's taken care of now. One lesson we've learned: should have dickered to have the publisher pay for at least the first $1000 in permissions fees. We shouldn't have to large an expense for permissions, but the TV Guide excerpt alone will be $186.

Carol's writing for permissions now. This morn, we looked up things at Shoreline, a wonderfully convenient library. Many things to do this afternoon, inc. xeroxing some chapters to send to Nelsons and Beechbergs.

Phone call today from Bob Kelly of KCRA-TV, Sac. in response to a letter I sent. Talked long on the phone, provided much information -- impressive.

Tomorrow, hike the Dungeness Spit with Jean.

Sept. 2 -- 6:30 a.m., and the rain has been pouring down since last night; a lot yesterday, too. Much like winter, just not as dark in the mornings.

Chadwicks arrived at U. hospital mid-afternoon yesterday. We went down about 5:30, showed Harold some places to stay, took him to the Salmon House. He came home with us for the night, and I'll drop him at the hospital when I go to UW library about 8:30.

4 chapters to go by now; we'll do What's Missing by the time Carol flies to N.J. Some letters to write today and other details before I can start on the chapter, but for some reason I don't feel overwhelmed at the moment.

Went to Dungeness on Tuesday and hiked around to the end of Graveyard Spit -- remarkable area of birds and unusual plants.
Sept. 4 -- Full day of writing; quitting now, at 8:30. Chapter is coming out fairly smoothly, but still a constant push between now and Monday night to finish it and get other chores out of the way as well.

Carol has her section roughed out. Our working habits are such that she consistently has a first draft done before I do; I'm still revising and revising as I go along, and my first full draft out of the typewriter is pretty close to the final version.

Took a break to Shilshole at 3 this afternoon. Went to Plaza Suite at ACT with Linda and Clint last night. Harold stayed with us Wed and Thurs nights. In spite of living somewhat like human beings, we've done a lot this week.

Looming chores: several checking letters, some permissions, some library checking. One break is that the UW library isn't going through with its big move late this month, and all will be as usual for our use.

Sept. 8 -- LaPush. Got here about 5:30 yesterday, am installed in room 7, upper story of Ocean Park motel, with a panorama of ocean and islands. The fishing boats nearly disappear in the wave troughs. Tonight the sun set between two high rock islands, the gap between them glowing like an enormous open hearth furnace. Beautiful site -- and as I get into the rewriting and editing, much work to be done.

Carol left at 10:35 yesterday morning for N.J., in a scramble to catch her plane. Her watch was slow, I absent-mindedly had been leaving the time up to her. Very tired yesterday and the evening before. Dawned on me when I got here that part of it is the strain of being around Gertie's hospitalization. But the peninsula was beautiful from the moment I got on the ferry -- the peaks just above the clouds, then driving west I was almost overwhelmed with the brightness of green.
Sept. 8, cont.

The room is a good one, with a big kitchen table, easy to arrange alongside my card table so that I can have working space and still see the ocean. With two file drawers, typewriter, a couple of boxes, the room looks busy.

LaPush must be the most squalid settlement in the most beautiful spot in the world. Food last night at Butts cafe -- or Butt's, as their signs proclaim -- was disheartening; ate with one hand and fought off flies with the other. But this morning, about 10:30, had good oyster stew and toast there. Dinner tonight at Fisher's, only other cafe open now; many Indian kids at the counter in continual racket.

Lord, there's a lot of work to be done on the book. For one thing, have to decide whether chs 2 and 3 can be reversed, to get the more interesting chapter first for the reader. And ch 3 is very long; can a section on alternatives be lifted out? Then there are corrections. Have worked nearly 4 hours tonight just on fine points of ch. 3, which is one of our best.

Each chapter has to be edited at least three ways, too -- for accuracy, language, and context.

9:30 now; a walk on the beach for some air, and I'll try edit some more and read before sleep. Slept more than two hours this afternoon -- glorious.

Sept. 11 -- Losing my motel room, so will head back to Seattle about 11 this morn. The lady who runs this place says they had people here even in 1 1/4 inches of snow last Jan.; some come here to write Christmas cards, some to beach walk, there's always a crowd. I had to move downstairs to room 4 yesterday to make room for a reservation. Didn't like the idea -- no balcony, and moving was a major chore -- but found that the view is good from this room, too.

Taking inventory of the walls of the Butts cafe yesterday morning, I looked over a picture of a man riding a geoduck, and did a doubletake. It was a clip from a Seattle Times piece on early postcards.

Worked out satisfactory food at what is not the world's greatest cafe: oyster stew mid-morning, grilled salmon at night.
Sept. 11 (cont.) Weather has been a bit of everything during my stay. Rained colossally for a while yesterday. There were whitecaps, and boats didn't go out. But at dinnertime, a small boat was messing around near the breakers, to the scrutiny of the cafe crowd. One morning the early sun hit the tops of clouds, lighting them brightly.

Have shaken the book down fairly well, I think. Still some editing to do as well as checking facts, but the pages now are in one bulk of splices, rubber cement, and pencil marks, which can be read through at one sitting. Except for a few stray pages I've left unwritten; do tomorrow, at home. This is great place to edit -- the material fixes your attention back after you've looked out the window -- but I'm not sure about writing.

Much of the editing has been the read second looks which tell me we haven't quite made the point; among inserts, for ex., were IDn of Lippmann as "then dean of U.S. columnists," years of Dewey's presidential races, span of FDR's fireside chats, more explaining Yalta.

Each time through, something showed up to be changed. Worked out a system (?) in which I would go through and splice until all major changes had been made in chapter, and minor points were checkmarked in margin. Major surgery: transposing chapters on apparatus and officialdom; see what Carol thinks.

What may be a first: mailed a letter to Grandma in Australia yesterday morning, at the trailer house post office here.
Sept. 21 -- Well, the ol' diary just about went down the drain the past ten days. Very busy, and even now I'm robbing time I should be spending on the next chapter. Briefly, what I can remember of this current push:

Carol arrived back Sept. 11, Tues. By then I had the MS edited into basic form. On Thursday she edited the whole thing, and we made countless more small adjustments. Friday, Sept. 17, looked up last remaining shreds of missing research. Saturday, hiked with Jean, Lisa, and two of Lisa's friends, to Wallace Falls, went to A Cry of Players at ACT that night. Sunday I began reading through MS final time, then we helped Jean pile wood late in afternoon and she fed us tamale pie.

Monday -- yesterday -- Joyce took 5 chapters to type, and I delivered two others to a Mrs. Thorson.

So: 1st half of book is at typists; we have three other chapters written, one of them in excellent shape; and are starting now on the final three. One shocker Carol brought back from talking with P-Hall people is that they want source notes at same time as MS. I typed end notes for 1st two chapters on Sunday, will have to peck away as possible.

Grandma comes in tonight at 11.

Fantastic weather. We went to Foster's Island after lunch at Shoreline yesterday, worked a bit when we got home, then both conked out into raps. Worked again last night. We're making it, but there's a pull ahead for the next 5 weeks.
Oct. 1 -- The more that gets done on the book, the less attention this diary gets. Perhaps that's the way the equation should be. Galbraith says in Ambassador's Journal a diary should be a servant, not a master; as good an excuse as any.

Sent 7 chapters to F-Hall on Thursday, Sept. 30.
We did an immense amount of editing even after they came back from the typist; mostly niggles, but very time-consuming.

Had good week of production; did source notes for three chapters, besides editing and even relaxing some. Carol is busy, again splitting herself between courses and writing. About 4 weeks to go now.

Started on hoaxes chapter tonight. My writing is flat, but there's excellent material to excerpt, and the chapter should be readable.

Plan is to write one edit for the next ten days, getting five chapters to send to typist. While Joyce has that, we'll work on final chapter and the countless loose ends.

Hope my writing comes to life. The last chapter, on language, I worked on when I had a severe cold a week ago, and my portion is far from done, or even readable. Deadline desperation should set in soon.
Oct. 7 -- The editing finger having writ ... Spending about a day on each chapter now, editing for typist. We'll have four to go to her. When Rights Collide -- which wierdly enough still seems just about our best chapter -- was mailed to Joyce this morning. I banged into shape today Stories Untold, which seems a pretty good job but is frustrating because so much has to be left out on account of length. Already it's quite a long chapter. The next two both will mean more work than this one did, and it'll be quite a pull between now and Wed. the 13th to get everything in shape. The chapter on hoaxes and PR we'll type ourselves. Then the final chapter is to be written -- starting, I hope, next Thurs., the 14th.

It is all pulling together, although sometimes it doesn't much look like it. Tonight, for instance, we backed off from a plan to call Linda and Clint for dinner because the time doesn't look available. Carol gets full batches of English papers tomorrow -- will tie her up for at least two days. She wrote for cartoon permissions today.

Jean came by, and took chs. 1 and 12 to read, at her own request. Glutton for punishment.

Carol now reading my day's editing. If she finishes in time, I'll try to do the end notes yet tonight, since they have to be sorted anyway.

Have grooved into a genuine working schedule recently. Work from about 7:30 to 11:30, when Carol comes home from lunch. Nap for an hour or more, start again about 2 and work till 5 or 5:30, then work 2-3 hours in the evening. Carol keeps a similar pace.
Oct. 17 -- More neglect, which is going to be the story of this diary until its end, I suppose. It's 9:30 pm, and I've forced myself to the page here. We're breaking out on top of the book now, and it should be duly recorded.

Two major breakthroughs yesterday. After spending most of an afternoon and evening getting ch. 2 end notes in shape, I plunged into the rest of late yesterday afternoon and was relieved to be able to shape them up except for research notes still to be picked. Second, Carol looked over plans and materials for final chapter, and suggested we didn't need all that stuff. Threw out her section on media alternatives, and she put material on women into language chapter. Left me with small book end ch. to write. All in all, immense tidying and simplifying of what's left.

Struggled with the final chapter today. This eve decided to cut three themes to one, which will make it a brief chapter indeed. Far from in shape, but it's at least trending now.

Three chapters at typist; language chapter to be shaped finally; and final chapter to be typed here.

Carol banged language chapter into shape today; another great gain, a day or two ahead of where I expected we'd be with it.

Took lunch break to watch Series finale with Jean. Orioles blew it 2-1, but the shrimp and hot dip were first rate.

Trying to complete bits and pieces along the way; dedication, thanks, etc. Saving grace on end notes was that I had done much of them over the past few weeks, leaving the job manageable towards the end.

Summary for tonight, regardless of tomorrow: huzzah for our side.
Also keep forgetting what I should know absolutely by heart now, to expect the worst in a project. We may be in for hassles with P-Hall, for ex. To see how my prophesying is, I'll say we'll hear from Bill Oliver about obscenity in Reitman piece, a minor enough problem; about 1st and last chapters, which are unconventional; about Feiffer cartoon of Nixon; about our criticism of politicians and PR; about length of source notes, and maybe their style.

Just has been dawning on me that the source notes really are immense in publishing terms, and P-Hall is not likely to want to spend $$ that way, to the extent we have lined out now. I think I'll be willing to cut some from notes, but they had to be done as documentation for ourselves whether or not they run as they are.
Jan. 5 -- Reflections on dealing with Bill Oliver:
Meeting with him in Englewood Cliffs few days before Christmas was dispiriting. He had only skimmed part of MS, and much of our 5 hours with him was spent handling questions he wouldn't have had to ask if he'd spent 2 hours reading the MS. Immediate trouble at lunch about when he planned to publish. Had given us the impression the book could be out in June; now talking about fall publication.

Bill suggested one more review of MS, for overview and suggested cuts, etc. I muttered my resistance, saying I didn't want total stranger to us and to the project now coming in. Carol had bright idea of suggesting BHB, and we all agreed on that. I still had misgivings, fearing Ben would not be able to get to the reading soon. Proved groundless; when we visited Baldwins the Wed. after Christmas, he had done the reading and had critique for us. We worked on revising Dec. 31 and Jan. 1, and put MS back in mail to P-H the night of Jan. 1, along with stiff letter telling Bill we want to know production schedule for getting book out this fall. Said we want reply before he leaves for Fla. this Friday, Jan. 7.

Lessons learned: get letter of intent about publishing date on any book this timely.
April 21 — This week we finished the proofs and index. Except for cover art, we're nearly through (plus instructor's manual). Past two weeks went this way:

I went to Montana Sat., April 8; Grandma had heart attack on Sunday March 19, and was in WSS hospital until April 7. Spent the week doing the household chores, dishwashing, most of cooking, and keeping her quiet. In spare moments, proofread and worked on index cards. Grandma read source notes to me as I checked them, and alphabetized file cards. When I got back to Seattle on April 15, had the index pretty well in hand. Carol and I spent most of Sunday the 16th looking it over, and Jean came over in evening to try it out a bit for us. Began snowing while she was here. Next day, 17th, I typed entire index, dogged job which left me very tired. We mailed it that evening. Tuesday the 18th, we began final marking of proofs just after lunch, finished about 8 p.m. and went to Shoreline for sauna. (To top wearying, hard day for Carol, her sauna wasn't working.) Boxed and mailed proofs after we got home.

I've been pretty well shot ever since, although Wed. night I managed to bat out a rewrite of jacket copy P-H had sent. Thurs morning, retyped copy and wrote 3 letters to P-H folks to set things straight and return frontmatter proofs to Sandy. Last night, went to Salmon House, then I picked up Clint and Franny at airport. Slept in a bit this morning, but haven't been able either to sleep late enough or nap during the day enough to feel really rested. Weather has been a blight, cold and miserable. Some outdoors would help us both, but weather prospects just don't look good.

In midst of above gloom and doom graf, Tom Adams called from Olympia to say requests are pouring into State Library for Skid Road film, as result of my Kiwanis article; he wants me to do piece on sexuality seminar in July. Great ego booster shot.

Back to book business: for sake of future reminders, should note that proofs and index took about two big weeks.
Other reminders for future books:
--This time we didn't gripe about type face because we were hassling with P-H about other things and wanted to get production underway, so we ended up with a too-small sans serif. Not nearly as desirable as standard serif.

--Checking page numbers of table of contents yesterday, discovered there's no consistency of chapter beginning style. Artwork faces right-hand opening page in about half the chapters, but in others is on preceding page, across from final page of last chapter. Really shoddy, and it's almost certainly too late to do anything about it.

--Source notes ended up as compromise between our non-numbered end notes with key phrases and P-H penchant for footnotes at bottom of page. Note numbers with key phrases at back of book is okay if maximum numbers are precisely on phrase in text; P-H copyeditor screwed up many of ours, and several dozen had to be changed in page proofs.

--Gained time in going directly to page proofs (skipping galleys), but much showed up which would have been caught in galleys. Copyeditor marked much of our own material in index extracts exactly like quoted material, for ex, and we had to get to Sandy to try change it by resetting.

--Style was terribly wobbly in P-H copyediting. Pages showed up with many publications not italicized, no consistency on use of Sen., Gov., Jr., use of ellipses. Ainsley's proofreading for us produced forest of style lapses. We should have had him read -- and style -- the copyedited MS when it came back to us. Naturally, we had to read it very quickly to get the production process started; maybe thing to do is to have him style our completed MS, then proofread in pages. (Before it goes to publisher.)

Certainly leaving style up to "professionals" at P-H produced only mishmash this time.

--Tip on getting material into mail as quickly as possible: we stocked up on special delivery stamps so we didn't have to wait for postal office hours. Also had material weighed for postage during day, when we knew
we'd have to mail after post office hours. Got receipts for postage purchased, to show day of mailing.

--Jacket copy was atrocious, bearing little relation to contents of book. Our version put in specifics, and quoted some of our best language. Also, photo of us for back cover caught us unprepared, and had to have Jan scramble up a 2 yr old photo she took of us together.

Carol said the other night that the best thing you can say about P-H production dept. is that it's mediocre. Here's list **dixit** (perhaps incomplete) of what we've hassled with P-H about recently:

--wrote and called at least 3 times to get our final payment of money, some of it five months late.
--copyeditor inserted adverbial material into middle of our verb clauses -- Smith was for some reason going...
--source notes weren't done as we wanted, but neither were they put at bottom of pages as P-H wanted.
--art work at front of chapters seems irrevocably screwed up.
--frontmatter proofs showed copyright in P-H's name instead of ours, which we immediately jumped on.
--Styling in pages very inept.
--Jacket copy was blah and erroneous.
--No one considered using good quotes from Caldwell-Baldwin-Copple on back cover.
--Bill Oliver's suggestions for cover art -- CBS Punch and Judy show, Alice in Wonderland -- were bad.

On the other hand ... we do have the book we set out to write. P-H's editorial control is very flabby, and it seems even by now **xxxx** no one around there has really read the full book. We had no trouble with people touching our language. Sandy Messik did move production promptly, possibly gaining a month on publication date.

(On her supervising, however, may be another matter: the styling and typo and art mishaps weren't caught by her.) And now we'll see whether P-H can sell books, which they're supposed to be so good at. Their performance on the book so far isn't reassuring.
Our original hope was to get the book out by now, and the timing would have been excellent, a peak of attention on news media. This month (April and May issues) there are media pieces in Esquire, Atlantic, Harper's, Saturday Review, Reader's Digest, and TV Guide, at least, and New York had Tom Wolfe's pieces on New Journalism in Feb. Jack Anderson was on Time cover a few weeks ago, Clifford Irving stuff has been everywhere.

Monday, April 24 -- Sandy just called, at 8 a.m. Said copyright would be set in our name, and we'd get addendum to contract saying we're to have say on any permissions. Also said repaging book to set chapter art correct is too risky at this stage of process. It occurred to us the index would have to be re-done. Suddenly, we're letting the goof go, but plan to write Bill O. this afternoon asking to see cover art. Art dept. hasn't done anything right yet, and we'd better check on illustration, color, total jacket design.

Carol's note for future books: insist on Century schoolbook or Bodoni typeface.

Thurs., May 4 -- Index page proofs came last night during dinner. We got at them immediately, and put them in mail at 10:15 same night. Checked the page numbers against body of the text, and also checked index items against our index MS, the only way to know if an item had been dropped by compositor. Index was in pretty good shape; most errors were minor, and were our own -- not including 2d page of a 2 page reference, for ex. Will call Sandy on Monday to be sure index reached her.
May 25 -- Still no cover design, so called P-H. Bill Oliver not in. Tried Sandy Messik, P-H switchboard even worse than usual. Operators cannot fathom the word "Doig" -- Doy? Boyd? Wad izzat name again? -- and the long-distance operator and P-H switchboarder got in mild spat. Finally got Sandy, and no one had told her anything about cover. She said it's getting late, which I already knew. Then she went out to see what's what with Irene Springer and, I guess, the art director. Learned the artist is to bring in his work on Tuesday; art director said he didn't know we were supposed to see it. Sandy said she'd send us a copy airmail special on Tuesday.

Sandy asked about back cover, said she thought the permissions hadn't been gotten yet.

All in all, a pretty dismal performance by everybody but Sandy. Bah, humbug.

June 12 -- Cover sketch finally came, air mail special, at dinner time Thursday, June 8. Both took first look with trepidation, but it was okay. Not great, but okay. Asked Marsh's opinion, and he said it's not the kind of art he likes, because it's trendy; will be able to look at it ten years from now and say it was done in early '70s. I agree that it's trendy, but don't much mind that on a book as short lived as this one.

If we had it to do over again, perhaps should have had cover done ourselves, by Ramon Collins or Bob Daniel. Whoever does it needs to be held to a deadline, well ahead of other deadlines in production process. P-H messed and messed with the cover, until we thought we never would get to see it. Wrote stiff letter telling them to slap on a homemade design cover, if need be, and that finally jarred the sketch out of them. Also, people began going on vacations at P-H in early June -- both Sandy Messik and Bill Oliver at once, for instance.

So: cover is at least adequate, although not as classically good as the one on the satire book we took as our ideal of cover design.
June 19 -- Mailed instructor's manual to F-H today.
Carol wrote in five days last week, Lucy Thorson typed for us. Also showed me her prize winning silver gray Persian cat, Heathermoor Emperor Napoleon, when I picked up typing. Typing went as expected; some corrections had to be done after we looked it over, including some misnumbered pages.

Just under a year ago that we came back from Enchanted Valley to find contract offer.

July 4 -- Happiness is a freshly printed book cover. Cover art is two color -- warm orange and red -- instead of just the one we expected, and it looks much better than we expected. Quotes on back look impressive. Carol began looking at other journalism books, and found that quotes are unusual -- house ads or blank space on back of most. Another point to be watched for on future books.

Sept. 11: Recap: our first look at the book was on Aug. 30, when Grandma's copy came in mail just few hours before we left WSS. Carol's folks received their copy the preceding Friday, Aug. 25. Carol said WSS is the best place to be when your book comes out: since no one appreciates just what went into it or what it is about, and folks are very vaguely admiring of your achievement, it provides some healthy humility. Much hunky-dory congratulations from F-Hall.
Aug. 4, '73 -- Word from P-Hall this week that they need list of typo corrections because News is going into rush reprint. Sounds like great good news, though we've had to write to Bill Oliver to nail down figures on first printing and what's planned for second. Marsh N., calling to congratulate us, said we'd need some tax counseling if this keeps on; told him I sincerely hope we're faced with that problem.

Oct. 29, '73 -- Bill Oliver was here on the afternoon of the 25th. Not much to report on his visit, really; he brought P-H book salesman Dave Levy with him, who talked so much we didn't get much shot at Bill. Learned Larry S. gave up on Bill when Bill took couple of months on his ms during time when Bill's father died; Larry then signed with West Publishing to do his reporting text. Bill still shows little sign of knowing much about Jism field; he wondered if a feature writing text would go, Carol scoffed and told him a good reporting text is most needed. I egged him a bit about our reporting anthology idea, he seemed to be responding that because there's been some teacher reaction against anthos, he's not interested in any now. He still didn't have list of News adoptions; said he'd have them soon and get them to us.

2d printing copy of News came a few days ahead of Bill. If they were aimed for this fall quarter, God forbid, they missed by weeks.

March 12, '74 -- Royalty statement came y'day, badly disappointing. Still $00 short of making up the advance. Hard cover sales have stopped entirely, not surprisingly, since libraries have made their purchases by now. I still feel the book was ineptly timed and marketed by P&H. Next question: how soon do we approach for a '77 2d edition?
Oct. 22 -- The sprawl is pulling together. Yesterday I xeroxed 2d half at the UW. Joyce and Mrs. Thorson both finished typing on schedule the afternoon of Wed., 20th. I have some hopes we can finish sometime Saturday.

Linda and Clint came for dinner last night, first time we've been together with them for a couple of months. Neither was much taken with the 1st chapter, and Linda had many criticisms of PR section. Sigh.

I've reread the 2d half and taken notes, Carol started yesterday. She has had her reporting class out on assignment at Pike Place all week, today is collecting English papers. She was very tired last night; good thing the end is so close. Other day at Shoreline, I walked off and left FOI Reports Jean had just given me; various lapses of that sort in past two weeks. But I've been surprised at my energy level in this last drive; have slogged away day after day, with nary a letdown. It's sure to come when book is in the mail. I'm mulling what I can do to keep from depression; perhaps get out of house in mornings, get around the city some to edge myself back into life.

Had a couple of lessons in mind yesterday to note down, but today can't recall them, naturally. Maybe one was to watch the time closely for max. efficiency in UW chores; xerox machines have been full and available in early morn, for ex, and traffic has been heavy but okay a bit after 7:30. Probably already noted somewhere that a book contract should include a couple hundred $'s for typing, and publisher should pay at least first $1000 for permissions.

One revelation of past days: I appreciate better how diplomats and others get locked into positions during long negotiations. Has been harder and harder to make changes in our work and to have perspective on what we're doing the past few weeks. Build up an impetus, whether or not your material is very good. I'm locked into the 1st chapter at the moment, for instance, and can barely even conceive of making any changes in it, altho Linda and Clint probably are right that it is too discursive. A few weeks' -- or better, a month or two of -- distance should take care of that.
Book diary, May 11, '73

Meeting with Ed Cutler at Scribner's, 10:30-noon. Cutler seems impressed with Matter of Facts, though uncertain of my focus. Wants to know what reader I have in mind, an approach which leaves me a bit cold since I prefer to rely on the writing to gather in variety of audience. But should think in terms of readership for him.

Said he does like dual approach, both how-to and background, but it will have to be slickly done, else book will be uneven.

Concluded that I will do sample chapter this fall, and he will give me decision two weeks later. Asked for $5000 advance, and $200 for typist, and he's agreeable. Told him I'd just as soon have it in installments.

Must review Scribner's contract, but he said royalty terms are 10% on 1st 5000, 12 1/2% on 2d 5000, and then 15%, and royalties are based on retail price (said it'd probably be $7.95). Paperback rate is 7 1/2%; he said it's because all their paperbacks are well-respected Scribner's Library, which trade outlets automatically order 5 or so copies of. Claims this makes for xx volume of sales, generated this way by holding down initial expense of money to author. I dunno; still don't like it much, but seems to be inflexible policy.

C likes the book idea because he thinks that, post-Watergate etc., there will be move toward ways of finding out reality.

Said book should be promoted as any trade book now needs to be, on local talk shows, for example.

Said he's not sure there should be simultaneous p'back publication.


Book would not go through consulting editor, since C. would handle it as trade book.

C said he sees it as 40% trade discount book; must check to see if this means it's sold to bookstores at 40% off list retail price.

C's concerns are tone and approach; likes what he calls "sociological angle" of sample table of contents. Mentioned he would like corresponding table of contents which would say what reader would know how to look up after reading each chapter.
May 11, cont.

He is handling a book on research papers which has a section on how to use a library, so must avoid making him think mine is the same.

C is sucker for good anecdotes; intrigued by The King's Remembrancer, impressed with anecdotes in sample of NEWS I sent him. Said he thinks I do it better than Toffler, who you can hear cranking and wheeling illustrations into position.

Scribner's system: C says it's one of 3 family firm publishers left (others Doubleday and Viking). Hierarchy is Mr. Scribner on top, and all other editors on plateau below. Tasks portioned out fairly informally; C for ex is English editor, but also handles philosophy & reference, and reprints of British books. Says any editor can take on any book, as long as he convinces Scribner; so tho he's a college ed, he'd handle mine as trade book. I like the idea of signing with firm the size of Scribner's, which has to live by its wits rather than its massive organization, but whether it's financially best could be another matter.

Cutler: like him pretty well, tho some things bother me. Pro: reformed English prof signed to 3-yr contract to juice up English output, he's hell-bent to make good, and willing to gamble a bit to do it. Pro: has some insights, as when he said there's trend in books today in which money is voyeuristic attraction, because now sex is so open. Has a good head, and probably some clout with Mr. Scribner, at least the 1st year or so. Con: seems to think structuring questions will lure out right answers, in places where I think answers have to emerge from the craft of doing the work; has some East Coast paranoia, as in reciting to us evils of teaching at CUNY and Rutgers which maybe weren't all that evil; doesn't know his way around publishing field really well yet, at least in terms of other staff structures; writes stiff letters; will he wear well on Mr. Scribner?

Personal info on him: wife Carol is the managing editor at Scribner's; he has PhD in English, wrote book about how Dickens' sexual values shaped writing.
May 14 cont.

Summary: I'm fairly content to do sample chapter, since I don't have this book brilliantly clear enough in my head or tongue to sell it to editor on presentation alone; C seems est'd in office for awhile, willing to give advance I asked, and to give prompt decision; if he doesn't, I tell him I'm shipping samples elsewhere. Told him I thought it'd take year to do book, and he thought that okay.

Final pro--or con? C says he tries to think 5 years ahead: one to get the MS, one to get it out, 3 of sales.

Told him I'd be in touch with recap letter within month.
Oct. 2 -- Called Ed Cutler, to see if he still has enthusiasm for book. He does. Even talked as if he still intends to give me decision within couple of weeks after I send him sample.

Told him I'd try get stuff to him by mid-Nov. He asked me how long it would take to do whole thing, I said probably a year, at least 9-10 months. He said that would put it into spring of '75, bad time for a trade book, mused that few months earlier or later would be better. Perhaps I can stall him over to March or April '75.

One break: C was impressed that I've cleaned up other projects and started with him about Oct. 1, as I promised. Actually, I'd told him about Sept. 1.

Oct. 29, (73) -- Hacking away at Facts; beginning to have hopes of shaping it up in next 2 weeks. Have worked out incident lead idea -- a snare for Cutler, who seems gaga over good anecdotes and illustrations -- and mined material from shelf of books on libraries, printing, etc.

Am trying not to make this just McLuhan-and-water, so am putting off reading McLuhan until I have things in shape.

Think I found some structure for early part of chapter this morn, as I began on what info systems would bell in a depopulated world. Having trouble working out 2nd alphabet idea, may go back to 2nd literacy as chapter title.

Lot to be done to get chapter into shape, but today felt like pretty good writing day.

Nov. 22 -- Mailed chapter to C on Nov. 14. Laced it -- and the revised annotated table of contents, and even the cover letter -- with anecdotes. May have overplayed my hand, if C sees I'm playing him as sucker for anecdotes. Sample ch is uneven; first several pages pretty slick, including smooth lead, but starts to wobble toward end, I think. Anyway, I did spend a lot of work on it; both Ann N. and Jean read the 1st half or so, and both liked it very much, offering only nit changes. Had Lucy Thorson, known in this household as the Cat Lady because of her gray Persians, type it for me in takes. OK job, but a reminder how impossible it seems to be to find truly excellent typist. Marsh suggests they're all in legal secretary work, and he may have something there. Also suggested a magnetic tape typewriter would be good for my kind of work, where there are editing changes to be made in version after version.
Jan. 21, '74 -- Called Cutler this morn to ask about
facts sample. He said he'd given it to their senior tradeeditor and the trade editor who handles "current" topics,
and they agreed it wouldn't sell as it now stands because
of lack of focus. It doesn't promise reader any one
definite thing; can't be described in 10 words or less.
He'll send along comments to see if I want to revise for
them; suggested I try Harper & Row trade dept., or Random
House.
I suppose C pretty obviously is bailing out on the idea;
an invite to revise customarily is politer form of "no".
Will look it over; if I revise to send elsewhere, perhaps
will send it back to him, too.
One thing which I see has happened: C, contrary to what he
told me, is not free to take on any book he likes. In
practice he has to clear it with the trade dept., which
does the marketing. This pretty well dooms a sample such
as I sent, tailored to one guy and instead it gets
filed by two other editors who have their own domain to
defend. I should have sensed this when I noted that C
didn't know much about publishing yet when I talked to him,
but it slipped by me.
Some disappointment about this, tho I don't know why,
because I've been telling myself I'd like to have time to
work on Half-Life. Suppose I feel some dismay that my
work still seems unfocused, that I don't talk editor talk.
This is too high-flown a comparison, but stating a book
idea to suit a trade editor in seems to me as impossible
as an artist describing the sunset he's going to paint
before he has the easel set up. Well, onward and upward.
No shortage of book ideas either at editors' desks or on
their way there.
Sept. 17, '73: Reporting in the Seventies

Just before Labor Day, Carol came in from afternoon in
backyard with this book idea. We've since contacted P-H --
wrote Bill Oliver while he was at AEJ convention at Fort
Collins -- and sent out a few more query letters.

Seems a good idea, with focus which editors may like.

Prospects seems to me to shape up this way:

P-Hall: Bill will want sizable sample to run through his
advisory readers. Will take time; if he turns out to be
interested, I'd better take a week to get the sample to him.
Likely would be 2-3 months after that to decision, so we
wouldn't get going on ms until early spring, probably.

Holt-Rinehart: off Jane Ross's response to my Tomorrow's
History query last year, they don't seem too interested in
journalism at the moment

Harcourt-Brace: Gordon Fairburn answered Carol's query
about ms reading by asking if we're interested in doing
an intro to journalism text. Seems impressed with News, and
likely with his conversation with Carol during a Seattle
visit. May be a possibility.

McGraw-Hill: Dave Edwards responded to my Tomorrow's
History query that they have similar book under contract.
May well feel this one is also too similar.

So, there may be 2 editors of this batch who'll be mildly
interested. Where does that leave odds of having to set to
work on the book this fall: 50-50?
March 28, '72 -- Lordamercy, possibly the start of another book diary. And maybe not, too. Bill Cook of Hayden Publishers called from NY last night at 6:30, to say he and his editorial consultant are interested in *HOW CAN WE LIVE*... Can see it pitched to grades 11-14, Hayden's target audience these days. Asked me to send list of copyright holders for the selections, so his office can get notion of what permissions might cost. This may be the drawback; Cook said some holders are rapacious. Said he'd get back to me in about 3 weeks. He has to put idea to his editorial committee if the permissions situation looks manageable.

I have mixed emotions: excited he might want the book, but dread how it work on it might mess up our summer and possible sabbatical year. It could be manageable if the timing is right, but the timing hardly ever is.

March 28, '72 -- Evening; took damn near all day to get together permissions source list for Hayden. Typed it up finally, wrote brief letter, and will airmail tonight.

If Hayden does want to publish, must watch the arrangement on permissions fees. Can't afford to let all fees be charged against royalties unless I get sizable advance. Better yet, would have Hayden stand the fees entirely, and make adjustments in royalty setup. Carol suggests fees must usually be charged against royalties for anthologies, else why are there so many of them? With authors bearing most of finance that way, publishers can afford to bring out reading collections helter-skelter, as they have in recent years.

Also: would ask that I not have anything to do with arranging permissions. It's clerical work which takes much time.
May 25, '72 -- Letter from Bill Cook yesterday, giving permission fees gathered to date. He estimates about $2300 total, wants to do the book. I called him today -- 1st try, at 2:10 NY time, he still was out to lunch -- and covered this ground:

---Advance: I told him I'd need about $2500, pointing out that F-H gave us $3500 and I'd just turned down a book contract because of too small an advance. He said that's probably higher than he could manage, because the edit board views advance and permissions as risk money and there are sizable permissions involved here. Said $1500 might be best he could do. I asked if sum, whatever we agree on, could be paid entirely in advance, and he said he thought so.

---Permissions: I asked whether Hayden would pay some of permissions; he said perhaps $500. I think we can dicker a bit on this.

Royalties: paid on cash rec'd by publisher, so on a $3.95 book of this sort, royalty would be paid on $3.20. Cook suggested sliding scale:

8% on 1st 10,000
12% on 2d 5,000
15% over 15,000

They would publish in units of 5,000, hope to do 2 reprints per year.

I said I found royalties a little low, esp. 8%; he said we could bargain, but Hayden tries to recoup money on 1st 10,000 or so, then up the %.

Would aim to publish in late '73. Need 10 months to put MS through process. Cook explained their pub'g season is Oct-Feb, they don't believe in selling in spring and summer when nobody is around.

Cook sees book as 320 p. anthology, for use in sr. high and community college English, in "modular courses". Issue-based lit courses, in other words.
Editing process does not use outside reviewers; Cook and full-time consultant -- guy who worked with Macrorie books -- do content editing. Cook's vacation will be August; I told him I'd hope to have book done by mid-August, at least.

Index: Cook thinks just indexes of authors and titles, and 4-line bios of authors.

Cook said he can get decision, he's pretty sure, 1st week in June; he's getting production figures on book now. Says he thinks odds are 60-40 in favor of book's acceptance, with his and consultant's backing.

I said I'd write him a letter, setting things down in more detail.

I asked if Hayden would handle permissions. He said they're about 70% accomplished by now, and yes, they could handle the rest. Would tell me fee involved in each case before final decision.

Permissions wouldn't have to be taken out of royalties all at 1st -- could be spaced.
May 26, '72 -- Rereading rough draft of my dickering letter to Hayden, I see what the process really is: two ragamuffins trying to make a deal. If you give me a red jellybean, I'll give you a bite out of my donut. If you give me a black jellybean, I'll let you fly my kite. But I don't want that ugly green jellybean; I'd rather have a bag of plums next September....

Sept. 14 -- I wonder if in the course of my writing career I'll discover why a publishing house has to be such a pain in the ass. Hayden screwed around all summer, with Cook saying he couldn't get editorial board together for final decision on my idea and then leaving for jury duty and vacation. Called him today, and he said a letter is on the way to me. Apparently we can start over again. I intend to press for decision and contract by 1st of year.
Feb. 4, '73 -- Hayden contract came on Feb. 2. How long it's taken, what with Hayden accomplishing nothing all last summer. But it will be fine to have the work -- and pay -- for this summer.

Terms: $1800 advance, paid by June 1, for Sept. 1 delivery. 10% royalty on net billing on first 15,000 copies, 15% on copies beyond.

Will have to make fairly brisk change from sabbatical to work when we get home. I'll have Ann send copy of proposed MS selections to NJ for when we get there, review them and try to see Bill Cook and Bob Boynton on our trip home. Then hire some help for a while in mid-June, to xerox, sort, fetch books, Hope to spend time and care on my lead article, which will mean much reading and reviewing. This can be a decent and interesting book, though I'm surprised at extent of sales Cook seems to be gambling on.

May 16 -- Notes on talking with Bob Boynton at Hayden:

Boynton is Steve Allen as editor: looks, talks and laughs like Allen. Very comfortable with him; impressed with apparent talent to get things done, with craft and care, without bogging down on every detail. We talked for about hour and half, before gathering Carol and going to lunch with higher exec Irving Lopatin. No big problems so far with the book idea; in fact, permissions costs are shaping up $500 or $1000 under my estimate; with 3 to go, the total is $1934, and final apparently will be about $2100.

B said the book will go into both the English line and the new social sciences line; Hayden is doing several books deliberately steering away from current faddism, to concentrate on long and lasting themes. Since this is what I had in mind with the book, we mesh nicely. Hayden has small staff of salesmen -- 8, I think -- and relies heavily on direct mailing. At lunch when asked about promotion, Lopatin and Boynton said they'd also welcome suggestions from me about journal ads.

As we talked, B. came up with idea the book should have good annotated bibliography, not only of books but feature films, videotapes, maybe records. I like the idea, would add
May 16 cont. -- that maybe Kaiser Aluminum brainstorming stuff and newspaper series should be included.

B would like book kept to under 288 pages, but says it's not absolutely vital; book is done in 16-page signatures. Agreed I'll send B copies of all articles in early June, so he can calculate length. I think as it now stands, book is longer than that, since Bill Cook talked to me about 300-350 pp.

B said Hayden can get book out in 5-6 months after MS is done; since they have small line of college books, he may be right, though I don't intend to bother myself much about when this one comes out, if I can help it. B and Cook both claim I represent a big investment, with $1,800 advance and $21,2200 permissions, which only makes me groan.

B asked if title is sacred to me, I said no, I don't mind tinkering if the tinkerers will come up with suggestions. He said that is the procedure, with each title going through an office session on it.

B would like apparatus in book, but doesn't insist on it. Doesn't want manual, feeling kids should have same material as teacher. I agreed to think about point. B sees apparatus as means to raise questions teacher may not think about.

Book's opening statement should be personal, with strong ideas, B says; it shouldn't pretend to be dis-passionate or objective, since they like people to argue with their books. With this outlook, I'll have to decide whether the opening statement he's talking about should be in 1st chapter intro, or in 1st chapter article I'll write. Probably the latter?

B sees no need for index or preface.

Add on Hayden's current series: B says it represents the notion that literature is moral-oriented, with non-fad themes; for ex, their new book the Feminine Image in Lit, which he says goes beyond current lib fads to look far back in writing. He hopes schools will use the books to teach well-aligned thematic units.
June 18 -- Called Bob Boynton today to ask about my late advance check. He was surprised, said he'd asked Cook about ten days ago and been told the check was requested May 15. Said he'd get on phone to Bill.

Told B I'd soon send him xeroxes so he can estimate length and look them over. He said he'd wrangled the Toffler article for $150, down from $200. Asked if I really want the Wade piece on urban frontier, which he's never had response about from Harvard. Told him yes, I'd like to have it, and he said he'd try again.

This afternoon Carol began reading 1st chapter for me to see if any of it looks too formidable or dull.

Work so far has had to be piecemeal, since we were staying sundry places and on disjointed schedule, but I have done considerable in looking over the selections and finding substitutes for a few weak sisters.

June 22 -- Advance check arrived today. Handwritten, which may mean either it was done that way to get it into mail to me promptly, or they don't trust checks that size to machines. So, it was 3 weeks late, which after our experience with P-Hall makes twice in row.

Carol has commented on 1st 3 chapters. Suggests scrapping Schlesinger, and I think I agree. No luck yet in coming up with substitute, tho. Work on house and garden has kept me from putting bundle in mail to B, which I must do promptly, final or not.

June 26 -- Rough batch of selections ready to mail to B, plus 2-page letter about MS details. Glad to have this chore finally out of way; have had helluva time getting things together and looked over during chaos of house-straightening. Wish I had time just to review files and put things in order -- but if I were doing that full-time, I'd be wishing I had a book lined up.
July 19 -- Think I've found theme for my article -- streets. Would bring focus down from bigger idea of cities to something more manageable, easier for reader to think about. Also lends structure for article -- why streets are straight, what they looked like at various times.

1st full day on article, and quite a few ideas are lined up. Hopelessly battling not to watch or listen to Watergate; next week will be worse, when Ehrlichman comes on. But things seem to be getting done. Hope to be in decent shape by end of July, perhaps with rough of my article done plus some incidentals.

Good letter from Bob B. the other day. I like the decisions he makes; has good grasp of what I'm trying to do in book. He's amenable on most of items I wrote him about, such as layout.

And as result of his letter, I'm elbowing aside another historian -- Wade -- and will handle some of his topics in my own piece. B. pointed out Wade is dull compared with other selections in the chapter, and he's right. Carol had said so too. So I've substituted brilliant prologue from Call It Sleep, and a letter from The Children of Pride. Wrote B today and will mail in morning; think that despite changes, which have altered the history chapter quite a bit, fees aren't amounting to more than original estimate. Hope to hell not.

Piles of urban books here now; couple of dozen, I guess.

Nice stuff from P-Hall today for the ego: 5 comments on News, all highly favorable.
Aug. 20 -- Just phoned Boynton, to make sure all is well at his end. He said things are okay, except for P-Hall wanting $50 for the 400-word Curley excerpt. I asked him about problem of writing end-of-chapter questions for both English and social sciences, he said no problem, just do questions I think will stimulate discussion and he'll juice 'em up if needed. Also, he will do the acknowledgments page.

Worst news probably will be production. B said books are piled up ahead; he won't know until October what they'll be, but I have a hunch book won't come out until late '74. He said 2nd quarter of '74 probably will be earliest, and then the question is whether it's worth bringing book out then with faculty heading off on vacations. I don't like the molasses pace, but have vowed not to worry about it.

Aug. 30 -- Catching up on diary after 3-day camping trip: finished MS on Friday the 24th, mailed it about 4:15 p.m. 271 pp., lovely as they piled up into white briquet of paper. Had Nelsons and Millers read over my own writing; Marsh thought my streets piece didn't show enough thesis, and he may be right; I strengthened with a few sentences in early grafts; Linda surprisingly liked it all very much, hardly any criticisms.

Became aware of writing strongly at some points of the work, consciously watching sentence lengths and rhythms, verb strength, information, all at the same time. Did find the streets article hard to do, however. Will be glad of it when it appears in print, but was nagged by spending so much time on what after all is only about one-thirtieth of the entire book. Suppose the article should have been written first and long ago, though the way books work out I don't see when it would have gotten done any earlier.

So, it's on Boynton's desk, and on to other things. Sounds as if Bob will edit, then send back MS with suggested changes. Hope to hell there won't be much, but had better be prepared for the worst.
Oct. 23 -- Returned from holiday weekend at L. Quinault, found ms back from Boyton. He wrote few weeks ago that he was delayed, having been in hospital with thrombophlebitis. Always trepidation at getting ms back, but doesn't seem much problem with this one. Bob mostly makes suggestions about end of chapter questions, which I certainly need; has a few editing comments on my own writing, none of which looks insoluble; wonders about descriptive grabbing end of intros (I do to, but don't see where else to put them); wants some footnoting. All in all, editing work looks like 3 days work, or so. Bob also asks about cartoons for illness, and to save $ they should be old ones, so that may be another day or so of looking. He says in his letter we may have to cut the text because of reprint costs; I intend to resist absolutely, since the costs turn out to be less than we originally thought. The book already is none too hefty. Will call him tomorrow.

Oct. 25 -- Called Bob this morn to ask about how soon he should get ms back from me. Said he'd told production ed she'd have the completed ms by end of Nov. 4, in order to get it out in fall of '74. Told him I'm against cutting anything, he said that would seem to be my decision. Told him I'd try find a chunk of Royko's Boss to beef up The Bosses section.

Nov. 22 -- Catching up, the better late than never principle. Mailed revised to B on I think Nov. 9. Did much reworking of questions, beefed up source somewhat, scrapped Curley excerpt and added hefty chunk from Royko's Boss. B since has sent me copy of their book The Celluloid Curriculum which I requested, and it may give ideas for films to be added to sources. The ms looks good to me; wish it were in print right now with the energy crisis publicity, but naturally it'll come out a year too late. My cover letter to Bob got a bit huffy in saying I don't want any delay beyond a late '74 publishing date, pointing out the project was delayed a full year by Hayden screwing around before offering contract. Dunno if that does any good, but I don't see how it can hurt.
Dec. 3, '73 -- Just phoned Boynton, catching him at Hayden office in NJ. He's there shepherding my MS. Said he's done the casting off -- figuring the printed length -- and came up with 220 pp. Just about what I had guessed; seems to me a good length, and it is far under length originally suggested by Bill Cook. B couldn't think of anything that needs doing immediately. He's to talk to managing editor this afternoon and will find out details of illustration needs. Says the only recent bid has been Dutton reprint rights on Royko's Boss. "Old biddy" who's in charge there wouldn't accept the paperback xeroxes I sent him and he sent along to her; must be their hardcover version. We've used the paperback version only because neither of us could lay hands on hardback readily, and as B says, it's only a few minutes' work for her to compare the versions. Said he'll call and wrangle with her.

So, barring delay for some economic crunch -- always possible -- the book seems underway.
Jan 8, '74 — Phoned Bob Boynton about idea for utopias antho. He seems to like the idea a lot, seeing it as an entry in their humanities line. Said a guy named Sharples, who's done a book or two for them, is general editor of that, and he and Bob once drew up list of 10-15 possibles which included a utopian book.

The line so far has: The Feminine Image in Lit, The Myth of The Fall, The Rural Dream, forthcoming on American folklore, politics of lit. Bob will mail the Fem Image promptly.

Heart of these is 10-15 pp. opening essay by the editor, giving his point of view on topic. All in all, Bob sounds wide open to good prospectus on this. Told him it'd be a few weeks before I could get around to anything.

On How Can We: B. says it's scheduled for Oct., which he thinks will mean Nov. Wants it in time for NCTE (?) meet. Said I might get galleys in early March; told him I'd like to know a definite time, by month or six weeks before they arrive.

Feb. 5 — Bob Boynton called just after supper, to say he's interested in Realms of Utopia. He's heading for Fla. for rest of month, will stop at Hayden to have production figures readied so he can make editorial board presentation. Said he's passed the proposal on to Sharpless, who is nominal editor of humanities line, but suggested he (Bob) handle the idea. This pleases me, since I've enjoyed working with Bob. Told him so, and he said I'm a delight to work with because I get things done.

Latter is on way to me from Bob, saying much of the above and asking whether Carol and I have thought about journalism book. Bob said he'd get back to me in March with progress report.

Other Hayden news: Bill Cook is now exec editor, which Bob likes and thinks may improve the house's efficiency. Said Bill was the logical man for job which has been open several months, since he knows the full process, but it took Lopatin a while to realize it.

Bob asked if there's any reason Manchild is in 1st section instead of MY section; I said none I could think of, except to give the section some heft.
Feb. 5 cont.-- He said he'd look it over, maybe move it.

I told him to do whatever seems logical.

- Asked about galleys, he said there should be production asked on How Can We in next few weeks, as they plan to get it out in Oct-Nov. Asked him how committed they are to the date, he said there's been shakeup of clogged production lines and mine is one of 40 manuscripts they're going to push through this fall. Another 35 have simply been set aside until next year.

- Asked him what printing MacRorie's book is in, he said he doesn't know but the high school and college versions together sell 50,000 a year.

Summing up: still a fight not to get my hopes too high on Utopia, which has felt good to me since I began putting prospectus on paper. Lots can happen to shoot it down, especially the editorial board and the paper supply.

On journalism idea, I told Bob we have our doubts whether Hayden can come up with enough $ for both of us to work on a book. He admitted that's a problem.

March 9 -- Bob B. Called. Said he, Bill Cook and Irv Lopatin brainstormed title, liked the title I have on my own article and prefer to have the book called: The Streets We Have Come Down: Literature of the City. Told him offhand it seemed ok to me; indeed, I think I'll just say yes and spend no more time on it.

- Galleys won't be around until end of May or so -- B said know dates by mid-April.

On Utopias: Sharpless likes the idea as much as B. E B. says advance is the problem, because it's figured as part of production cost. Asked what figure I had in mind, told him I started at $2500 last time and still think that's fair. He's to gather production costs and present idea to Hayden board 1st week in April. Will get back to me on it sometime in April.

- Would like couple of New Yorker cartoons by end of next week, to try negotiating price. Said Bill Cook agrees that 4-5 cartoons would spruce up the book a lot.
April 20, '74 --- Letter from Bob B y'day, mostly on Utopia. He's talked with Cook, they'll boost royalties to 10% on 1st 10,000, 12½% to 15,000, and 15% above that. Said they can't go with my jab for 18% above 25,000 copies because Lopatin thinks nobody should get over 15%. And longer deadline I requested would be okay.

So, the deal is at least a bit better than originally. Must call B this week to see if presentation to edit'1 board has been made, and where we stand.

April 24 --- Called Bob B to ask about Utopias. He said he'll make presentation to edit'1 board next Tues. So I suppose prospects are about 60% in favor of a contract. Which would be nice. Am getting to point in year's work where I want the reassurance of something signed and some cash delivered.

On Streets galleys, he said managing editor has been out sick and he hasn't been able to get any further notion of when they'll be available. Reminds me that the art director at P-H got sick when we were trying to see the cover proposal. The art of the dodge, I suppose.

Asked Bob, since he thinks New Yorker cartoon prices $75 too high, if he doesn't like my original idea of using old copyright-free illustrations from Harper's et al. He said no, he hasn't ruled it out, but hasn't talked it over with Hayden art director. I said I might find good cartoons in Saturday Review, but told him to talk over the oldies idea first. Will reinforce in a letter this morn.

June 10 --- Am lagging on Utopias entries. Bill Cook sent contract 2 O'3 weeks ago, I amended the indemnity clause to make me responsible only in cases where I am shown by a court decision to have been at fault, and sent it back. According to Bob B., Hayden seems willing to accept it. Plan to wait until end of summer to start seriously on book.
JUNE 10 -- Streets galleys arrived about week ago, have
them nearly finished now. Sent copy immediately to
Ainsley, am hoping he can beat his own deadline and get
them back in day or so from now.

Was pleased to find Streets reads well, especially
1st 3 parts. (Final section on the future is heavy.)
Galleys are much cleaner than P-H's were. Questioned
many syllable breaks from line to line, but found only
about a dozen which were wrong. Double checked my piece,
jiggled some of the figures into double checked accuracy.
Reads nicely, I'm relieved to find, and the intros read
so well I was surprised, because they were written
quickly and not awfully deeply.

Ran into snag on New Yorker cartoons -- only able to
use one (25% of book's total) for the four ill'ns we
want. But y'day at UW I spent couple of hrs in old Sat
Revs, came up with 3 substitutes I like very much.

Page design of Streets is pretty good: not as handsome
as Hayden's Intwo to the Essay, but better than the other
Hayden anthos I've been.

July 30 -- Bob B called this morn. Mostly needed my
birthdate for L of C catalog card for Streets, but also
passed along info that he'd dropped cartoons idea to keep
from messing up production schedule. Bob's fumbled the
cartoons situation, rattering with Cartoonists Guild over
a few dollars until it was too late to get job done, but
nothing I can do now. We'll see if I do better on the
Utopias book.

Asked Bob to send me permissions forms, intending to
start on them when Mullers are here. Told him I'd seen
page proofs and sent them back to Vijay y'day, with the
worst error the misnumbering which gave us two p. 73s.
Bob laughed, said he was furious after production people
bypassed him with page proofs of Feminine Image; entire
section, table of contents and folios and all, has
"androgyneou" misspelled, with "a" instead of "yf. Bob
said funny thing is, he looked it up in dictionary, found
there is a word spelled "androgenous", which means
pertaining to production of male offspring -- just the
opposite of the "androgyneou" theme of the section.
July 30 cont. -- Bob said he was glad I've seen proofs in both forms, since he has doubts about Vijay's efficiency as proofreader. Told him I'm content with Vijay's production record so far, he agreed he's pretty good at that.

July 31 -- Called Vijay to make sure page proofs had arrived, and they had. Bill Cook came on line, talked with him about ten minutes. Hayden is putting out about 50 books this year, about double last year. Bill explained copyright date of mine will be March '75, although it'll be out in November for promotion and examination. This will be an advantage in few years when schools look at age of book. Also, the book is to be ready for NCTE meeting, about Thanksgiving, and will be in new catalog (first of year) and promoted in ad series in pub'ns for English teachers. All of which sounds good.
MEMORIES

(recopied from smaller notebook begun in early '72) --

Jan. 29, '72 -- Start of a sometime diary, towards the book of where I came from.

--Changes in my life. From NU, when I thought I'd be a broadcast newsmen, to UW, when I thought I'd become a professor, to now, writing for a few thousand a year. Why the changes? Maybe, why not? My perspectives do shift, and perhaps all I can do is live as close as possible to the top of ability within the perspective of the moment.

--Physical habits change, too. Time was when I shaved in one pan of water, with a little hot added midway from G'ma's teakettle. Now I turn faucet and fill sink time and again, let water run; I must use 10-12 times as much. Ditto in shower -- as against the metal tubful of the days in Ringling.

--Why I take care to have good hiking equipment and boots, am fussy even: perhaps it's because the effort should be saved to use against the trail, against myself, rather than spent on preventable misery.

--Dinner table at Sniders (Burt Ranch): effort by Mrs. S to be an aware, gracious hostess.

--Weekend or so ago, we hiked Ebeys Landing with Jean, and as usual I spotted eagles and other birds before anyone else. I see them -- and ships, and changes in weather -- so far ahead of the others I'm a bit overbearing with it, probably. But my eyes are not better, or not much. It's a way of seeing, I think, which I must have picked up in Montana and never realized it until recently.

April 3, '72 -- I am becoming less markedly a Montanan -- have become so in the years since Dad died. Today came phone call about Taylor Gordon article, and in re-reading, became aware I now think about Montana as a foreign place. Who I was when I lived there seems a strange person to me now.

Even so, I look more and more back to how I grew up. I suddenly remembered what an education that Dupuyer bus was: [redacted]'s case of the clap, for ex, was the first I -- or probably any of the rest of us -- knew about VD. Dirty jokes were the currency of those bus trips. Card games, fist fights.
April 1, '72 -- Crisp weather in Montana comes after Labor Day. Indian summer. Labor Day in WSS usually cold, rainy, even snow shift, then weather likely to clear. --I've seen snow in Montana every month of year except August.

May 7, '72 -- The gutwagon. Filling water barrels with hose at lambing time.

--In WSS XXI during G'ma's recuperation from heart attack, met man at propane station who worked for Dad on Prescott place in '48.


Dad: cigarette stains on right hand. Powerful grip; even when weakened by emphysema, could still open stuck jars.

My mother's death -- far back in Bridger Mountains, in sheep camp cabin. Just the 3 of us there; Dad must have taken us out by pack horse.

May 17, '72 -- The embarrassingly bad prose I was trying to write during summers when I was in college. Must have thought I was Thomas Wolfe. From a scrap of notebook, probably written during summer job at Higgins ranch:

"shod in weary leather"
"For 9 weeks the sun ruled alone, burning a brown crispness into the land, its grass, and its people."
"...with only the songs of birds to roil the silence."
"...the grief drying her voice to a whisper..."
"Winter came like a clumsy assassin, shattering the autumn mood and despoiling its memory."
"...winter rain smudging the snow"
"...Watching the young intellectuals splash through the slush in canvas shoes..."
"...thaws of conscience"

--The patterns in a person's body. When I began playing handball this spring, I quickly found myself brushing the back wall with a hand to see how close I was. It was same movement I made in Ringling, where I bounced ball off house and made leaping catches against tin shed. Other remembered movements are a running scoop like fielding grounder, and setting myself in outfielders stance, on balls of feet.
May 24, '72 -- Dad's swearing: "damn ye!" and "damn it all to hell anyway," pronounced as one word.

July 4, '72 -- from Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre, OR I'LL DRESS YOU IN MOURNING, p. 335: "...slowly, very slowly, the pools of Andalusian poverty from which the Belmontes, the Manoletes and Ed Cordobes came are drying up."

As ghetto fighters have been vanishing, and tough rodeo kids may vanish from western towns.

--Saw recently something which made me think of a saying about a tough foreman: had three crews -- one coming, one going, and one of the job.

List the hired men Dad had: Malcolm, Al Goode, Conrad Thiel, Rudy, Mickey Allen (who dubbed Snider "Little Jesus" and, I think, "The gutrobbber"), Finnigan.

Perry Ailey, taking grizzled hired man from Higgins' to Livingston one holiday: man directed him to brothel. Perry, amazed: "In the afternoon?"

--Perhaps what I'm writing is the view of the inside of my head, rather than the exterior scene of Montana.

July 29, '72 -- The great regret in my relationship with Dad is irrational and impossible to do anything about: I regret that we could not move through the plane of time on the same terms. Because the father is older than the son, he is fading; there are differences in outlook, opportunity, between them, besides the grooves of parent-offspring. The great turn of the wheel is the shift of responsibility from old to young -- and that turn means the father's crushing, in terms of age and health.

Aug. 7, '72 -- Milwaukee rr engines, orange and black, called "Little Joes" because, the story was, they had been made for Stalin's Russia before Cold War set in. The rr cut through our lives in Ringling; Duane once scampered beneath moving train to get to school bus.
Aug. 21, '72 -- Conrad Richter, THE WATERS OF KRONOS:

p. 161 -- It was the great deception practiced by man on himself and his fellows, the legend of hate against the father so the son need not face the real and ultimate abomination, might conceal the actual nature of the monster who haunted the shadows of childhood, whose name only the soul knew and who never revealed himself before the end when it was found that all those disturbing things seen and felt in the father, which as a boy had given him an uncomprehending sense of dread and hostility, were only intimations of his older self to come, a self marked with the inescapable dissolution and decay of his youth.

Sept. 11, '72 -- Belated notes on trip to Montana in August: scenery was spectacular, with great white clouds accenting the sweep of sky and horizon.

Aug. 30, '73 -- The Jensen ranch: sullen brute of a place. Now that I have been out in world and learned what odds are, I despair that we ever tried to make a go of that ranch. Bleak; needed shelter belt. View of the great mountains from the ridge road in, but buildings were situated below horizon, down hill slope near bottom of coulee. Perhaps location was supposed to be down out of wind, but wind whipped down hill anyway. Everything was on a slant, but not enough of a slant to drain runoff which made the yard a spring quagmire. Everything was ungainly. The road in came along a high ridge, then down a hill impossible to climb when muddy. Hayfields were at far corner of ranch, folks were forever hauling hay. Bog holes on the place like elephant traps; time and again the jeep pickup would go down in one, needing a pull to get out. The grass wasn't much good, apparently lacking some minerals. Housing was dismal. Jensens had kept the front half of the house to store their stuff, so we had the back half: big kitchen-dining room, with a pantry, and with bedrooms off both ends. No place to get away from each other, I see now. No view, no protection from wind, no amenities. Not even satisfaction of trying to make anything better, because it wasn't ours.
Oct. 1, '73 -- Half-Life entries:

Advantages of growing up in bars: gave me an early gravity, sort of miniature adulthood. Listened to the talk, including profanity, and may be through the impatience of sitting around learned some patience. Drank niagaras of pop, bought by Dad or guys he was drinking beer with. Usually not too many people in bar, except Fri-Sat night, so it was a place of visiting. Dad often would be talking with only one friend, or maybe bartender Pete McCabe at Stockman, or Lloyd Robinson. I remember high maroon cushioned barstools, on chromium legs; could twirl around on seat. Bar itself would be big and long, end less variety of bottles and trinkets behind it. I studied those varieties endlessly, especially when there'd be girlie calendar somewhere in array. Many booze bottles, though most all the drinking was bottled beer. Snacks, such as pickled pigs feet and dried meat in cellophane, which I never remember anyone eating. I can remember sitting on roulette table in old Mint, on main st. across alley from Grand Central; punchboards, which guys sometimes would buy me punches on; green felt p card tables in the back of the Pioneer. Dad's favorite seemed to be the Stockman; also would call at the Rainbow, run by the Dempseys, where Cliff and Marie Shearer usually drank; spent lot of time in the Mint (?) and Melody Lane. When hiring guys, would check the Stockman and Pioneer; old drunk sheep shepherders hung out at Grand Central, and even WSS bar regulars thought it a terrible place. Rarely, Dad would go to bar in back of old hotel; it was dark, modernistic, with cold blue neon lights, not really western bar at all.

--An impression of style: once Dad ran into Pat Ebert, black sheep drunk brother of state senator Oliver Ebert, in the Pioneer, and talked about possibility of hiring him. Pat had reputation as a horse-handler. He was oddly well spoken; instead of going to "take a leak" as everybody I knew said, he excused himself "to go empty my bladder."

--Still on style: Tidymans were the ticky 1st people I was around who had drink before dinner, white tablecloth for the meal, houseful of books and magazines, big 2-story house at least twice as big as anywhere I'd ever lived.
MEMORIES

Oct. 1, '73 cont.

--More style: Mrs. Badgett, when someone knocked, instead of saying something like "come in", said a half-friendly, half peremptory "come!" For a year or so in Ringling, we pumped our water at the Badgetts. Played canasta with them; I had a curious mix of loathing to do it, thinking I could better entertain myself (though I probably couldn't), and secret mild pleasure while playing. Looking back at how badly Grandma needed something to pass time, I should have played hours every day if she wanted.

Mrs. B a tough, interesting old gal; sold bootleg whiskey at Maudlow.

--Where we fit in time: Peter Doig was dead before WWI; my mother dead before end of WWII. So they died in other worlds, far from mine. Dad lived from horseback to jetliner, G'ma of course longer than that.

--In high school, Mrs. Tidyman taught me 4 yrs of English, and couple of Latin. When I got to NU writing classes, discovered I was writing like Julius Caesar.

--Dad in WWI worked for a family somewhere along Milwaukee rr out of Sixteen. Was almost indentured -- got only about 1 square meal a day, sent all his money home to his mother. One of his tasks was to hike some miles down the track every day so his employing family could see the AEF casualty list in the paper, to check for their son's name. Dad got to wishing the guy would get killed so he could quit making that damned walk.

--Diversions: Dad's was dancing; would ride or drive any distance to a dance. Mine was sports.

--Life changes like tree rings; each ring separate, identifiable, but merging inexorably into the larger single accretion of passing time.

Oct 2 - Dad's nickname for me; Sonny Jim
A derivative nickname he had for others: Schmecklefritzy
Others occasionally called me Ivan Skavinisky Shoran.
Oct. 2, '73

Catching up on notes of cross-country trip: Dave Felts talked of Decatur as a training ground for young talent. Big enough to be more than small town but far short of big-time, it has been where youngsters such as me and others on L-S papers learned to be good enough to go on; same process, Dave said, for preachers (think he said one of theirs went on to Grace Riverside in NY); executives (pres of Sears once store mgr in Decatur?), espclly at the local Caterpillar and GE plants.
--best source on my Decatur days: letters to Tom Holden, in our Letters files.
--other Decatur memories: good food at Blue Mill and at the Brown Jug.

Suggestion from Ken Twichell: oldtimer worth tapping is Dick Allred.

From talking with Bob Glatzer, Smith's project director at Spokane Expo, Sept. 21, '73:
--among men, yard with toughest reputation was Pocatello. If you said you'd worked the Pocatello yds, you were taken as a good man. Consequently, helluva lot of guys said they'd been in Pocatello yards.
--when Glatzer talked with woman rancher about her brand, which was some sort of fancy W design, she told him designer had made mistake by having sharp points in design instead of curves; sharp points concentrate heat of branding iron and cause burns. Got me thinking that Dad's 80 brand and Wellington D. Rankin's 00 didn't have sharp points to them. Are there brand books still around -- Mont. Histcl Society, for instance?
MEMORIES

Oct. 2 cont.

Another meaning of Half-Life: ½ life time in Mont., ½ outside

Family info:
--from WSS tombstones: Peter S. Doig, 1874-1910
   Annie C. Doig, 1871-1943
   Berneta Doig, 1913-1945

--Grandma's parents, from her baptism certificate:
   Augusta Kopplin, b. LaPorte, Ind., Aug. 9, 1870
   m. Jack Glun, June 30, 1887, in Philips, Wisc.
   G'ma born " "

Carol's family names: on Frank's side, van der Werde, from Goedereede on i. of Overflaak, Holland; supposedly came across in boat, 90 days trip, about 1640. Couldn't find anyone to let us into church records the day we visited the town.
   -- on Lucie's side, Bell from Frome, near Salisbury; fnd church records at Methodist church there, Lucie took dn info. Her father, whose name was Dean, came from Midlands, she thinks; around Manchester or Macclesfield?

The iridescent set of dishes G'ma gave us belonged to her mother; the thin gold ring she once gave me I think belonged to her grandmother.

Small towns are more crowded, in a way, than cities: you rub against your neighbors and relatives more.

WSS shoemaker Joe Loman, when I had him fix my boots during summer '73 visit, began telling me of his past year or so of troubles: old lady driver ran into him and case was in court, his wife died not long ago. Telling me about her last days, at home and in hospital, his eyes filled with tears and his interspersed wracking exclamations of "oh, golly" -- proof that pain needn't be eloquent to be dramatic.
MEMORIES

Oct. 5, '73

Remembered sound of windshield wipers, punching methodly back and forth at rain and snow -- and sometimes the tan splatters of mud on the windshield. Occasional digging out mud from wheels when it would roll up on tires -- because it was clay?

I suppose there were lessons in ethics as I grew up in bars, but if so they were unclear. Remember that for a week or so I won dimes off somebody by betting on baseball games; whoever I was betting with was going by scores in GF Trib, while I was getting much earlier scores off radio and betting on results I already knew. Dad made me quit when I found out, but drew no morals that I can recall.

Other lessons likewise were uncertain. I look back in horror now at slaughter of wild things I eagerly participated in. At Burt Ranch, I remember sick terror when I finally killed a magpie with a rock after all I'd thrown stones at -- but even years later during a college vacation, Dad and I moonlighted rabbits, shooting them for sale and eventual dog food. He taught me to shoot .22 on Quigley ranch, which must have been summer of '50, when I was 11; the place was a gopher heaven, and the 2 of us shot lots of them. Different thinking then; gophers, magpies and rabbits, even hawks, were thought nuisances, best killed. Before that, it was coyotes; pic of Dad and Bud (and me as a tyke) with winter's string of coyote pelts at Stewart ranch.

Oct. 11, '73 -- framework for chapter of rememberings, similar to Aldo Leopold's "Rest, cried the sawyer" device: Snider or Dad counting sheep through a gate, yelling "hunnerd" to me to notch on willow stick, I'd yell back "HUNNERD!" There were about 1000-1200 sheep to count then. Skill of counting sheep through wide gate. Counter would use his hand, pumping as if shaking hands as he counted in whisper or low tone to himself.

-- panel fences, made of boards, took two men to handle; we used hundreds of them, in fencing haystacks and during lambing and any other corralling, such as shearing.

--my job of filling water barrels during lambing.
MEMORIES

Oct. 29, '73 -- From the way I grew up, there were modern
touches I was unused to even as an adult. Not until we
moved to Seattle had I ever been around a forced air
furnace -- always wood/oil stoves or radiators. Not until
we moved here to Linden N. did I know what the flag on a
mailbox was for; I'd thought perhaps the mailmen put it
down to signal the mail had arrived. Always before, I was
used to mail coming to post office box or to mail slot in
doors or to apt. house box.

Dec. 10-- Randoms:

-- Haystacks alter landscape; ranch fields don't look right
without them. The summer's feeling of achievement as stacks
on the "bar" at Burt Ranch counted up. They become dimension
markers, what you draw sight on.

-- Patterns of working the earth: back and forth plowing,
round the field mowing, free lance swoops of buckrake,
lifting hay in air, brick-like piling of bales.

-- We are all, at whatever age, orphans after death of last
parent.

-- Names: Candy Dan (Dan Cardea); Diamond Tony; Shorty the
barber; Raw Bacon Slim; Vern, aka The Swede; Finnigan.

-- Ranch hands: Burt Ranch -- Mickey Allen, Rudy Helwig;
The Swede; Finnigan; Bob Kay; Al Goode.

Jensen Ranch: Al Goode was Dad's partner the 1st year.
Dave Salois; Chas. Trafelet? Joe Smith?
Prescott ranch: Ray

Others: Conrad Thiel; Doris (?) Schuyler in WWII?

-- Autumn of '50, watching the Milwaukee tracks in Ringling
from threshing in Brewer's (?) field to see if train would
stop and Dad would come home from Mayo Clinic.

-- Dad's visiting buddies in bars: Lloyd Robertson in the
Stockman, Pete McCabe who ran the Stockman, Cliff and Marie
Shearer and the Dempseys in the Rainbow.

-- Dad's livestock dealings: mostly with Ed Reynolds,
Cliff Sheather's bro-in-law. Ed was affiliated somehow with
W. C. Mecklenberg and McHattie, too. Henry Wainsink (?) was another
buyer. I can remember shipping stock from stockyards at
Ringling -- cattle, I think, going up ramps to rr cars.
Also remember shipping from stockyard east of Browning --
N. of reservation land we were renting -- when we ran sheep
at Two Medicine. Spot and Tip worked sheep there; Spot would
leap into a jammed chute and walk on sheep's backs.
MEMORIES

--Ranches remembered: towards Sixteen, Skeet Mayn, Jonas Schendel, Jim Stewart Ranch (including Luther Keith place?), Alan Prescott, Robinson's. Geography includes Battle Creek, Battle Mt., Wall Mt., Grassy Mt., Sixteen Creek.

Towards Burt Ranch: Ft. Logan, Bob Lyng, the Burt Ranch, Ed Teague -- the last 3 strung along Camas Creek? Summer range for Burt ranch was towards the Lingshire ranch -- the Dry Range. Another ranch beyond Lyng's was also part of the Burt.

Along WSS-Ringling road: Cliff Shearer's on both sides of road, the Catlin (Rankin?), the Cook (Marger?), the Crosby (Cliff Shearer's dad), Chas. Straugh, abandoned (?) Mc-Cloughlin (sp?), Moss Agate, Vinton. Far side of Ringling, Angus Doig, Bob Campbell (Dad's double cousin?); on to Morgan ranch?

-- More names: Mulligan John, Ham and Eggs Barfus, Chum ("shum") Sage, Blacky Walters.

-- From WSS school days: the old Auditorium standing derelict; Springs hotel ditto. Metal fire chute on old grade school, which we walked up stocking footed to slide back down. Steam rising on cold days from hot water of slough. Softball diamond between old high school and the grade school; I once hit one to the church from there. Also, old hotel sticking out into Main St., where you could sit and watch traffic come straight at you and then veer. Whenever Dad had business phone call, would go to pay booth in hotel lobby.

-- Spitoons in all the bars.

--At Straugh place, or maybe later, Dad and I would take baths at hot artesian well. Remember Jack Nott the barber commenting on how stiff it made our hair.

--Scratching match on steering wheel.

-- silver dollars; people didn't like paper dollars.

--ranchhands chewing snoon, esp. Rudy Helvig.

--ranchhands went by first name; always was surprise at paying-off time to learn what the last name was.

--Dad's expression of disgust: "Wouldn't that frost ye?"
Dec. 13, '73 -- More rambles:
--- The way shepherders minds unraveled in solitude; makes me suspicious of Eastern meditative religions.
--- Shepherders sometimes would act cantankerous in hope of being fired so they could get to town.
--- Jensen ranch: the spare look of the house.
--- Memory: kindling against the dusk of age.
--- Things I grew up without and so was not used to even as adult: furnace, mail box with flag on it.
--- Jeff: the hobnail clomp of his mind moving around topic.
--- The way we live now: comparatively well off compared with the past, but with no hired help to do time-consuming jobs.
--- Dad's emphysema: the slow years with death rasping at his lungs.
--- Question of where was best place for him to live was decided at last by indecision.

Dec. 29 -- Montana Xmas trip, Dec. 22-26
--- G'ma, while sorting pics as I marked names on them, said there's good reason for so many of me outdoors as small kid; I couldn't be kept indoors, I liked being outside so much. Thinking about it, I can't recall any indoor pic of me -- except school snapshots -- until I was late in high school. Different technology: no flash bulbs, so everything was shot outside with a Brownie box camera.
--- G'ma also said she at first couldn't tell the Doig bros. apart.
--- Chuck Lucas on Hutterites: said there's about 130 to a colony; decisions are by bd of directors made up of all the adult men of a colony.
--- Wally confirms that my folks were working on the Frank Morgan ranch when my mother died.
--- Story from G'ma: once while she and my mother were alone in the Wilsall country, she wanted to kill a rooster. Never able to do it herself, she put Berneta and the rooster in a baby carriage and went down the road to neighbors to have it done.
--- G'ma remembers Rose Gordon coming to WSS sewing room in the 30s. On coffee breaks, Rose would never come with other women, but go off by herself -- doubtless feeling unwelcome because black. One day while sewing G'ma looked at Rose and saw large wart on her cheek; later it was gone. Puzzled, G'ma finally figured out the recurring wart was chewing gum, which Rose stuck on her cheek to keep track of.
Dec. 29 cont. -- Montana language:
-- From Wally: "sidling" to mean steep, causing vehicle to slide or slip sideways -- the hill was pretty sidling there.
-- from G'ma: calls woman she dislikes "the old rip"
  Her expression meaning a task is done, all wrapped up: "The baby's born and his name is Dennis"

-- Stories from Wally: Beth Johnson had a bread recipe which included among ingredients "a big yellow bowl".
-- A family near the head of Deep Creek has increased and increased over the 20 years he's been plowing the canyon, until the place nearly overflows with kids. Wally says maybe he's responsible; his passes with the snowplough at 3 a.m. maybe wake folks up. It's too late to go back to sleep and too early to get up, so...

Half-Life idea: haystacker symbol to me as minehead towers against sky are to Welsh. (winding wheel)

Jan. 28 -- Randsoms:
-- John Roden's memories of his dad; like mine, his would stretch any story with a bit of conflict to give himself more stature. In any story about an argument, John's dad would eventually get to: "I just reached back for a zxl..."
-- John also remembers his dad playing child's card game with Cindy and Lisa. He'd laboriously read: "A red card you must draw, in this game it is the law," and say "Well, I guess I have to draw it..."
-- On the reservation, we lived out of cans and containers -- maybe even more than nomadic Arabs, because we could never camp near a waterhole. We carried water in milk cans, gas for jeep in barrel, fuel oil in 5 gal. can.
-- Language: "sotter" for solder. Also, babbitt was used in ranch shops.
-- The tone poems of river names. Here I love the litany of the Nooksack, the Skagit, Stillaguamish, Nisqually, Hoh, Quillayute. In Mont., my favorites are in the north, where Lewis and Clark came on their way back, after they had named everything on the way out for themselves and political patrons. So the rivers are the Two Medicine, the Milk, the Marias...
MEMORIES

Bars in WSS as I grew up:
--Stockman, Dad's standby, or at least usual starting place. Sloping ramp up from door. Usually fairly quiet. Pete McCabe behind bar, Lloyd Roberson might be there. Christy liked to drink there.
--Two bars on same block with Stockman. One was Melody Lane; can't remember name of other one across alley from Grand Central. Melody Lane was more modern than Stockman. The other one had gambling, I think. Can remember sitting on roulette wheel there, watching white ball spin. Dad used to go there a lot; especially when Carl the barber had his shop next door.
--The Grand Central, lowest of all; shepherders and derelicts. Dad would rarely go there unless trying to hire somebody. Also known jocularly as Bucket of Blood, I think.
--The Mint, once run by Bozonitz? Blue neon and juke box place, modern. Remember hearing Good Night Irene endlessly there.
--The other side of the street: 1st the hotel, with genteel bar in back. Very dark, cocktailish place.
--The Pioneer, a hiring bar; cut above the Grand Central across the st. Green felt card tables in back.
--Ham and Eggs' place; odd, cliquish; Dad hardly ever went there.
--The Rainbow, professional drinkers' bar. Dance hall in back. Dad drank there with old friends such as Shearers and Dempseys.

bar in Builging
Jan. 28 cont. --

--Nobody had the literary or Englishy pretension of using three names, like Edward Arlington Robinson. If a person had 3 names, he probably was a Missourian -- Jim Bill Keith or had particularly vivid nickname, such as Ham n Eggs or Raw Bacon Slim. Even many of the nicknames were only two words -- Diamond Tony, Mulligan John -- because the last name was never used.

--language from Dad: "I'm awfully old but I'm awfully tough! And in his storytelling, he might say "That slowed up Mr. so-and-so..."

--From G'ma: "So that's the how of it."

--nicknames: Skeet Mayn, Moxie Sarter
HALF-LIFE

Man at his life's halfway
Also half-life in scientific meaning: time
it takes substance to lose half strength
Letters to and from myself -- responding
half brief memos and comments signed with my
initials, ID.
Letters explore my life as it looks to me--
middle-aging impulse to examine childhood;
the Montana experience; what I try to do with
my life. Try writing as letter to myself, then
criticize or react as if to someone else's
work.

ideas

Myself when callow, trying to write for
magazines and wading in morass of rejection
slips. Present my overwritten ideas about
articles as mock pageant, with stage directions

What I have already written in some notebook--
eternal regret between generations that a
person cannot know his father on equal plane
of age and outlook -- that the years between
them warp the friendship.

Dad, who was short, thrilled that I was taller;
took me long to realize I'm average size. Not
until college, I think, did I realize that
I'm about 5'9" instead of near 6' he saw me as.

Dog poisoner; narrowing circles as Pup raced
out his last agony. Is it real memory, or
what's been told me?

Dad's habit of making himself look better in
any retelling; belligerence of small man?

Dad: pea crop; running cafe and ranch.

G and I waiting in car for Dad to come from
bar; tension in me.
Scratching my name on stone near fencepost, near Dry Range; Snake set to lasso naked shepherder with DTs; me throwing a rock at sheep camp one day so hard it whistled, and Dad told Al Goode I would be a major league some day.

Sheep wagons themselves — describe as tiny different world, capsule of another culture, different scale, different configurations of furniture, even; Snake sensing when sulking herder hid stovepipe from his wagon during spring drive, cutting across field to find it.

Finnigan; Raw Bacon Slim; Bohunk who didn't go to town for 6 years; the Swede chopping wood to fight back thirst for booze; maggots under sheep wagon floor boards.

School: concrete pit behind school like trench used for mock battles; tube fire escape, walked up shoeless for traction; Ray Hurst's father beating bedding at jail; sulphur water.

Cox's creamery; Bailey's elevator; Wally taking Grandma and along in truck to Bozeman; Dad at Mayo Clinic, as I watched for train to stop from threshing field.

Asleep on bench at dances, or in pickup.

Lloyd Robertson kidding me about being Scotty, me kidding him back about being Missourian.

nettles; alfalfa; brome grass; foxtail; flying ants

spend life gathering memories to burnish
dogs; potlickers; ki-yi-ing SOBs

List places where I've lived. Maybe they have to do with my independence.

In his own tellings, dad was a king ...

My mother, dead in the last days of WWII; the charges she has missed in the years since...
MEMORIES

Jan. 14, '74 -- The Half-Life journal begins. Don't know why I haven't before now. The other books, inc. the Matter of Facts to date, have their diaries. It took the arrival of Steinbeck's Journal of a Novel to get me going on this one. He brooded and reassured and thought onto paper there, and maybe it would help to put down some thinking about what I'm trying to do.

One thing: I want a timeless book, as much as possible. Lead segment so far is that way, by design: I intend to mention the date only in the final sentence. All the rest, I hope will read as if it could take place almost anywhere within span of 50 or 100 yrs past. More, sheep, 3 people living out a summer -- ancient and clockless scene.

Then, the birthday reports. They'll have to be well-done or they won't work. But well-done, they may give the book the surprising and rhythmic element to carry the reader along.

Intend to do set of 3 segments, with the corresponding birthday flashes, as sample for editors: lead, baseball, Air Force. Good surprise to find I've kept so much AF stuff—rather than I wrote it down in the 1st place.

Jan. 15 -- Harsh day, hard to get started. Finally about 1:30 I got down to it and wrote couple of pages. The AF segment stymies me; so much to be told, I haven't yet found handle for doing 4-5-6 pages as a sample.

Failure to get down to writing is agonizing. I read more Steinbeck, skimmed 3d vol of Writers at Work, tried to nap and get up fresh, all lucklessly. When I did begin, I wrote as rapidly as I could put together sentence with any coherence at all, and skipped from topic to topic if need be. It's not very good stuff, but can serve as seedbed for later. Now I feel fairly steady again, and will spend a little time tonight trying to solve the final sentence of the deathday segment.

Odd experience last night, which cost a lot of sleep and didn't help today any. About 11:30, dog began barking and howling in corner of our front yard next to Headrick's. It was in angle from the house so that I couldn't throw anything from the front porch to drive it off, and yelling to scare it didn't help. Raining like hell. Decided I'd have to go out. Raingear was in trunk of car, from abortive plans for ocean trip the past weekend. Finally I am dressed, raingear over pajamas, and slog out. The dog...
MEMORIES

Jan. 15 cont. -- was on a long chain which had caught in our hedge. I freed him, and finally shoed him down the street. Took an hour or so to get back to sleep.

Just recessed to tell Carol about Nelson Algren on CBS news this morning, pooh-poohing writers conferences with funny stories. Last time Marsh was here, he commented that I'm the only person he knows of who works at writing full-time. I might do well to mull what writing means to me, since in one form or another it is what I have wanted to do ever since I was about 17 -- coincident with Half-Life, half my lifetime ago. Talked with Carol a bit after supper about frustrations of not writing enough, and she pointed out I have four book proposals in the air right now. That likely is the best way for me to work, though it's awfully grasshopperish. Anyway, I do work at writing, for better or worse.

Tomorrow: try for early start, then quit at 10:30 to do chores, such as haircut, buying file folders and other supplies.

Jan. 17 -- Entry for y'day: worked on 1st b'day interlude until 10:15, then edited on lead segment a bit last night. Lead segment has been reread and polished countless times, and is beginning to please me. I've worked on it almost as a poem, tinkering long and hard with individual words. In 2d graf, lx, last night I changed "lofty spill of meadows etc" to "primitive spill", and "down the slants" to "along the slants", both touches of precision I like. It would be magnificent to do the entire book with this slow care, writing it all as highly charged as poetry, each line with some gem for the reader, but will I ever take the time? Under contract, maybe.
Jan. 18 — Entry for y'day; worked out the birthday interludes for 1st 2 sample segments. Had Carol read what I've done so far, and she seemed to think it good. Not sure she's convinced about the interludes, and perhaps I'm not either. The idea is that the interludes will be a rhythm, a continuing theme for the book, done well enough in their own right to be inducement for reader. I don't know how successful the attempt to do them in the language of different ages can be; y'day's 7-yr-old and 15-yr-old sound pretty good to me, and in working on them I found myself searching out old speech patterns which I know are accurate. But it's an accuracy which only I can be sure of, and whether it means much or anything to a reader is yet to be seen. Now to work on the 3rd segment, the AF, which has been puzzling me with the problem of cramming a huge event, with considerable detail, into this sample.

Later: roughed out about 500 words on AF, inc. prospect of a good lead. Not a great writing day, but ok. Perhaps I'll want this missile crisis material to be episodic shards, giving details of life in basic then back to the carrying theme of missile threat, details again, and so on. Want to write the absurdity of military and war here, and countering threat of holocaust with latrines may do it.

Put aside day's life work about 3 to think about The Realms of Utopia for Hayden (just came up with that title). Occurs that since we returned from Britain, I've handled 3 major separate topics: urban life for How Can We, fundamentals of research for Matter of Facts sample, and my own past for life. Apparently my mind grasshoppers as much as always. If only I could write well rapidly, to keep better pace with what interests me.
MEMORIES

Jan. 28 -- No time on life last week; worked on Realms of Utopia proposal and other jobs. Today, began again on AF segment. Couldn’t see how to connect missile crisis and latrines theme, since one takes place at Lackland and the other mostly at Sheppard. Began on new lead, which I like: "Suppose an Air Force sergeant, and dub him Sgt. Garble." Didn't get much written today, but it seems clearer in mind. Made some entries in notebook.

Jan. 29 -- Strong day on life. Wrote the AF segment and interlude after it. Interlude is stiff and maybe a bit dull, but it's accurate mood of me in 1963; much of it is taken from letters to Holden. Carol read the AF stuff tonight, thought it was hilarious.

Finished the writing about noon, worked on notebook entries and cleaning desk until 3. Linda comes for lunch tomorrow, and I think I'll wish off a reading copy onto her, maybe Jean and Marsh in the next few days.

Plan to draw list of editors for querying in next few days, then keep on writing -- picking up after interlude 1 -- for couple of weeks. Would like to see if I can hit pace of about 750 words/day, as I did today.

Jan. 30 -- So-so, tho I did end up with 3 pp. Millers came for lunch; not a good idea for my work, but we're not seeing some friends as much as we should. Tomorrow, lunch with Marsh, and maybe I'll try get up earlier to get in more time beforehand.

Today's work was scattered, tho related one way or another to describing Mont. Will try write a segment tomorrow -- maybe on Dad and bars? Hope I feel like more work after dinner tonight, but it's St of the Union night and late news, so likely won't get back to typewriter.
Jan. 31 -- 3 pp today on WSS saloons. Rough, but of some use. Gave Millers reading copy of 1st 3 segments y'day, gave Jean one today. I look them over, sometimes think they're good, sometimes pretty average. One question is, how far do I go in keeping the words plain and simple?

Spent some time in Shoreline library this afternoon, meaning to get addresses of editors. Decided to take more time on it, study Publishers' Weekly a bit. Came across 2-part series on agents there; made me wonder whether to try get one. Offhand, I still think not, figuring I'll handle myself with more concern than anyone else would.

Where is 3/4 life heading? I need to do long section following up segment 1, but seem to have to write later material, such as the bars. Tomorrow: unsure yet.

Feb. 3 -- Friday's entry. Wrote on lambing, which needs explanation of terms such as jug and gutwagon. Edited some of week's work in afternoon. Have been collecting words to stipple into the work -- pointillism. Have been talking to John and Jean some about the storyline -- not so much as to bore them, I hope, but who knows?

Spent some time looking through my writing notebooks and a few books I've analyzed the writing in.

Feb. 4 -- The hunnerts sequence today. Not bad, but dogged a bit by semi cold. Always wonder how much is cold and how much is tendency to shirk. Anyway, some of the lore in today's is okay: details of counting the sheep, docking the lambs, the bitterness of Mickey Allen. Technically, have worked this pretty well, making plain in the lead that counting is involved, and weaving through each sequence so it begins and ends in present voice. Fret a bit about having scheduled two lunch hours out this week; publishers' show tomorrow, Pacific Search on Thursday. But if the pages keep piling up, perhaps the pace is good enough. I'm going to need long spate of editing and rewriting soon, and that's when I'll truly fret about lack of day-by-day pile of progress.
Feb. 5 -- Some work (3 pp., rough stuff) on herders and the vagaries of sheep. Went to Shoreline briefly in morn to copy 1929 Atlantic article written by literate sheepherder, found it surprisingly helpful in detail.

Reactions from John and Jean were good, on 3 sample segments. John said they aren't too nostalgic. Suggested I sound a bit too much like a writer in spots, as early in #1 where I said the weather tinctured every sensation. My first reaction was to agree, but looking it over I'm not sure. Maybe there should be signal to the reader that I am a writer. Also, the sentence is fairly precise as it stands. They liked the birthday reports, though read them as a diary I'd been keeping.

Before supper I spent about an hour jotting phrases on legal pad, weather descriptions, sentence rhythms and the like. If they stand up, they'll be a fine help somewhere in the book.

Today's coup, at least from this near distance: "We all are murdered by mortality in due time..."

Tomorrow: haying. And that likely will be all for this week. Thurs. a library day and lunch with Pac. Search editor, Friday probably to look over Matter of Facts.

Next week on #2 life, too? May as well. Must try draw a schedule before I quit this week, maybe tomorrow afternoon.

Feb. 11 -- Will make this entry for last Wed. the 6th, before starting on today's writing. Wrote 2 pp. about haying. About one page short on week's work, but should make it up this week with five writing days. Have been getting up mornings feeling as if Carol's cold is getting me, but feel better by 8:30 or so.

4 days away from Half-Life, because of magazine work and the weekend's income tax; must spend some time this morn looking over jotted ideas.

Ended work on Wed. by jotting lines on yellow pad; they look good and helpful.
MEMORIES

Feb. 11 -- Later. Wrote about the reservation today. Not especially good day, but wrote about 3 pp. Tomorrow, may try do some birthday interludes.
Still fighting low-grade virus; throat has turned sore in past half hour or so. Tired, and will quit now.

Feb. 12 -- Wrote 2 pp. on summer jobs and made start on two birthday interludes. Not a good day, though I'd been banking on one. Still the virus sapping energy, I guess.
This afternoon, read Hughie Call's Golden Fleece, about sheep ranching in the Madison Valley. Useful, brought some detail back to mind.

Feb. 20 -- Back at life, after week on magazine pieces and last week on chores. Now wish I hadn't spent the good health on other work. Woke up y'day morn with tremendous nasal drip; feel better today, but lack stamina. Sleeping a lot, and maybe that'll shake it off.
Began today on picking up after 1st b'day interlude, and think I have the right theme in Dad's bafflement after my mother's death. Day's work is only a graf or so, tho.
Am I flagging on the book, or sloughing off generally? I think it's a short phase, just as I had phase of terrific work on magazine piece a week ago.

Feb. 27 -- Feeling better today, but Frank and his son have been pruning a tree next door all day, constant rasp of chain saw. Some work done, a bit more than a page. Have been uneasy with stabs at starting this 2nd section, today decided to go with line about writer's dread that only the fingers are talking. Hope it won't look too fancy later on. For now, it seems to make the point that there are big facts of the past -- basics of a situation -- and then the detail of memory filling in.
Have felt bogged recently. This afternoon began telling myself I'm a writer with considerable credits behind me, working on a topic I know better than anyone else, so why don't I just get at it? Tomorrow is eye exam and other chores; Friday I'll hope to get this 2nd section truly rolling, and go on with it next week.
March 1 -- This week's entries will be distressing to look back on, but they do show the bind I've been in. Looked at my lead from the 27th this morn, and could see it just isn't right. Too frilly. Told myself to tell the story simply, and trimmed back to "My father suddenly had a son to raise... why only this first and trickiest of botherments seemed not to baffle him." Carol read it over lunch at Pier 70, liked it.

Next began fleshing the description of Smith River Valley, trying to make it accurate and picturesque while putting across my unease about the country, trying to find what Dad may have thought of it. The writing is starting to take on some rhythm, have some body, and I sense that this section of landscape, background on Dad, and the bars can be good. I intend to lead out of it, at the end, with the sometime step-mother.

Still bedraggled with cold; every so often I erupt in sneezing and runny nose. Glad the week is ending with a few decent sentences, at least.

March 6: this entry is for the 4th and 5th; chores today, no half work. On the 4th, smoothed some of material about Smith River Valley. Y'day, began editing the original 3 sections planned as a sample. Did much editing, a lot of it in direction of simplifying, and the opening segment at least seemed to take on richness. And ever more precision. Plan to get back to it in morn, more editing.

April 11 -- Appallingly long time since I last worked on half. Buying the 10th NW house has intervened, as did the trip to Vancouver, the Pacific Search piece on Stanley Park, sending out Matter of Facts queries again, and couple of days of blabs because of spring allergies early this week. Today made a start -- shaky, but a start -- on Dad and I after my mother's death. Need to write about 20 good pages, taking us up to when he married . Struggling to keep words and sentences crisp, and to keep moving on storyline. Hope to hell I shape up the work tomorrow and next week.
April 15 -- Work began to shape up last Fri (12th) when I began telling stories from taped interview with Dad in '68. Harshness of 1918-19 winter, for instance. Today, worked mostly on the "hunners" sequence, which still needs much effort to make it work well. Still hope to spend 3 more days on 1/2 life this week, similar schedule next week.

Listening to tape of Dad on Fri morn made ideas and work flow; I hope the May taping trip to Montana will have same effect.

April 16 -- Fair day on 1/2 life. Worked to tell story of Dad in Chicago, and to make plain how winter of '18-19 shattered the family ranch. Still far from smooth.

Folder is getting thick now, though the usable material I want is only a few pages. Hope to get into major editing next week, and put material together.

April 20 -- Not too bad a week. Y'day re-edited some of opening of 2nd sequence, and it began to take better shape. Also worked on Hunners sequence, which is improving.

Showed Carol the first bit of it, she thought it good.


April 22 -- Some editing on last week's work, bit more work on hunners sequence. Looked back over lead sequence after reading some of Donald Hall's book Writing Well, eyeing rhythms and specific words. Made some changes, but rhythms there seem pretty good. One advantage of my fusspot style of working is that by the time I'm through with a graf, it's at least shapely.

Must continue trying for style I have in mind: short sentences, sometimes stumpy, sparse adjectives, hard-working verbs, and small not quite common words every sentence or so.
WSS, May 14, '74

from roadside sign near Crosby ranch: "The gulches draining the west slope of the Big Belt were famous in the 60s and 70s for their gold placer diggings. Montana Bar in Confederate Gulch was called the 'richest acre of ground in the world.'"

Abandoned homesteads or "places" pointed out by Grandma: John McKee, Ed McReynolds, McGloughlin

Burt Ranch: green velvet -- suede? -- hay meadows along Camas Creek.
--- jackstay fences
--- red shale road, going to yellow.
--- rocks in the pastureland
--- timbered ridges all around
--- buttes like fins on the earth, with rock spines
--- trees thick on the buttes, almost black; the farther mountains, blue black
--- ranch sheds rundown and junky -- auto carcasses
--- tangents of county road to get there, making almost trapezoidal path from town.
--- sharp treacherous turn across Smith River near Candy Dan's, similar to turn near Jim Keith's.

Sixteen country: hillsides splotched with red shale. Long midgelines of mountains. Endless gray balls of sagebrush making up a plain.
--- Country is less populated than ever. Ranches are Scotty Prescott's, Jim Keith's, Jack Lucas's, and the Climbing Arrow land which includes the old Doig ranch. One person (or 1 family?) lives at Sixteen.
G'ma, after we poked through a scantly "antique" store on main street (May 14, '74): "I've never had anything but junk, so I don't need any more."

Also from her: her kids used to chant "Hot lemonade stirred by an old maid with a spade."

Also from her, as she stirred reluctantly to do dishes: "Well, this isn't buying the baby a shirt nor paying for the one he's got on."

From Pete McCabe: we were talking about the wet May snowfall. I said it was so heavy and wet it was hard to push off the car. He said yes, "just like bread dough."

Also from Pete: talking about living on Social Security and his income from weed control job, he said a person can get by "if you hang onto your skinny tail a bit."

G'ma told me about John McKee, rancher or homesteader who had a huge deformed jaw. He left his skull to medical research. "Headless man into heaven," she laughed.

G'ma: Charlie Straugh was so crooked he couldn't lay straight in bed.

Jim Clay, when I told him of my house-fixing at G'ma's, said he envied me because he was the type who couldn't open a do-it-yourself book without tearing the pages.
Half-Life chronology

b. WSS, in "hospital" up 1 block from Stockman bar
Dad on Jap Stewart ranch 1939-43
Arizona winter '44-45:
House in WSS at FDR's death, April '45
Mother died in Bridger Mtns, June '45
We lived with Shearers when I started school, fall '45
Measles at Shearers; before school?
Must have moved to Charlie Straugh ranch fall of '45;
I rode Ringling school bus most of that year, one of 2 kids
in all school to have perfect attendance.
Wally perhaps had been working at Crosby ranch; came to work
for Dad.
Wm. Wink and Juanita Taylor worked for him on Straugh?
Fern hired as cook '46-47? Dad married '47?
At least part of 2d grade ('46-7) we were on Straugh ranch;
I kept losing report cards that year
Alf Edwards ranch '46-7? (Al Doig and Johnny)
WSS cafe and sheep near Hutterite colony, winter '47-8?
lived in house near school that year?
Prescott ranch winter '48-9? I lived with Jordans
Dad to Burt Ranch '49, contracting hay?
I lived with Marie and Christy '49-50?
summer of '50 in trailer on Quigley, running cattle?
Began seeing G'ma at Welings '49?
Dad's Mayo operation, Oct. '50
Dad and Grandma on Burt Ranch, '51-?
I lived with Wally and Joyce on Paul Ringling ranch (50-17);
in tiny house where Dan was born; and for awhile at McAfees
Lived in Ringling with G'ma, before or after above?
Lived with Bud and Alma on Roger Hanson ranch, 52-3?
Moved to Dupuyer, WY fall '54; lived with Chadwicks
Jensen ranch, '55-5, '55-6
folks lived in trailer at Bynum, fall '56?
Dave Salois ' house, winter '56-7? babysitting, G'ma at
Burdettes, Dad at Parocis?
Summer '57, G'ma and I tended sheep 2-3 wks alone
  '55, I worked for Gene Dabney
  '56, I worked for Hoyt-Knox
  '57, I worked for Tony Moser
  '58, I worked for Jim Sheble
  '59-60, I worked for Higgins
'57-59? Dad and G'ma at McTaggarts?
'59, they moved to Ringling?
'59-63? they worked at Higgins?
'62, I worked at Higgins during grain harvest, before AF
fall '62, I entered AF; 5 wks San Anton, 16 Wichita Falls
April '63, began work in Decatur
July '64, began at Rotarian
July '66, left Rotarian; August, we arrived Seattle

Also: lambing at Pulis ranch near Wilsall
   " at Martimondale ranch (the 7i ranch?)
  haying at Jap Steward ranch
   " at Shearers
  Dad growing peas and mustard
  partnership with Al Goode
  living in house next to Mrs. Don Dyer's shed
  lambing (?) at Bob Campbell's; Louis-Mercado fight?
  stayed at Angus after mother's death
  haying at Leppold - '44?
# CHRONOLOGY

## School years and summer jobs

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Grade</th>
<th>Teacher(s)</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>'45-6</td>
<td>1st</td>
<td>Mrs. Holmes</td>
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<tr>
<td>'46-7</td>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>Mrs. Knight</td>
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<td>'47-8</td>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>Miss Parisi M: Mrs. Swan</td>
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<td>'48-9</td>
<td>4th</td>
<td>Miss Carlson?</td>
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<td>'49-50</td>
<td>5th</td>
<td>Miss Terry?</td>
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<td>'50-1</td>
<td>6th</td>
<td>Mr. Swan?</td>
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<td>'51-2</td>
<td>7th</td>
<td>Mr. Fenske?</td>
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<td>'52-3</td>
<td>8th</td>
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<td>'53-4</td>
<td>frshmn</td>
<td>Moved to Dpyr Nov '53; summer '54, rsvn</td>
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<tr>
<td>'54-5</td>
<td>soph</td>
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<td>'55-6</td>
<td>jr</td>
<td>Hoyt and Knox</td>
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<td>'56-7</td>
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<td>Tony Moser</td>
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<td>Summer '58: Jim Sheble</td>
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<td>Summer '62: Nwh, Higgins</td>
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