Best wishes for 1999.

Melle

Hackett
Wishing You
A Merry Christmas.
Dear Don & Carol

Hope all is well with you. I've written about 300 fp+ they "iced" it + gave us to 8 1/2 hrs. Please I'm no where near finished. Do you ever come the way it all?

Please give a call. The funnest West we're going is Arizona in January.

Hope to see you one of these days. Have a good Holiday.

Cordially,

Jen & Bob
Holiday Greetings and Best Wishes for a Happy New Year

(Can't wait for "Ride with Me..." )

Nick Estell
Dear [Name] and [Other Name],

Greetings — it's snowing as well here — in fact, this is being delivered by train and dragon — our only possible mode of transportation at the moment. I again

30+ inches expected coming.

Thanks for the Xmas letter. Enclosed is a piece by a friend who owns the local weekly — pondering something in your work — like all Pooh. Forward to an answer. Meanwhile, I've got my rope down — I'm practicing.

Hope the new work is going well — I'm struggling to finish mine by calving time.

Children,

[Inscribed]

Dec. 16, 1989
Opinion

Cowboy ropes deer heads off wall

THAT STORY still haunts me that Montana author, Ivan Doig had about the cowboy who rode his horse into the Greybull bar and roped all the mounted heads off the wall. I keep asking if anyone down here ever heard about it or better yet SAW it. Or who had a father or grandfather who remembers it. So far no luck. I had hoped to make a good story even better by having an eyewitness and a name to the bar.

Doig wrote in his great book, "This House of Sky": "This story is told that when McGrath was a young cowboy, he rode his horse into a saloon in Greybull, Wyo. and roped the mounted deer heads off the wall, scattering drinkers and poker players like pullets."

If McGrath was young then it had to be about the 1910's or early '20's. There were plenty of saloons in those days and more than a plenty of mounted deer heads. The pitch of the story, of course, is the quality rope that McGrath was. He could rope anything and that night he chose the deer heads.

I have never doubted the story. The difference in the tall tale and the true story can be the authenticity of just one part. Something has to set right, to distinguish it from just another old fairy tale. The authentic ring to that roper's story was that it happened in Greybull, Wyo.

Bruce Kennedy

Getting the bull by the tail

People don't go around in Montana making up stories about a saloon in Greybull, Wyo. If you were going to tell a tall tale up there, you'd be telling it about about some town everyone would know. Not a Greybull, Wyo.

No, the story is true. But it's just a quick glance backward; not all the glorious details of the historical present. Doig remembered the sketchy outline as a youngster, but no one has come forward in present Greybull to add all the color.

Horses are still finding their way into bars. Pieces of the Old West will never die. The paper in Columbia Falls, Mont. has been trying to run down the story of the horse led into the Eagles bar a week ago with a woman aboard. No one involved is talking about it. It happened all right but it won't be saved for history. Apparently, though, the deer heads were safe.

It may someday be a matter of historical record that we were in Five Sisters at Shell the night Kelly Arnett rode his horse into the bar. That was a commotion of historical proportions, I might add. The Van Gelders were there, too. Tom and I agreed that was probably the biggest horse we've ever seen. Small rooms filled with horses tend to do that. I've been in the Irma at Cody Stampede time with horses at the next table. But that's a big airy space and while a horse in a bar will never look normal, it tends to look more normal size.

Kelly's steed did not look small. It stood quiet enough while several other people were shouting loudly and eventually Kelly rode it quietly out the door, although Kelly did manage to bump his head on the door jam when he went out and lose his hat. Otherwise it was a glorious enough exit to the road outside. I remember the room seemed a lot larger with a horse out of it. And the deer heads -- if there were any on the walls -- would have stayed in place.

So far as I know, it was only "young McGrath" who ever did his deer head roping inside a Greybull, Wyo. bar.
Fleek reelected chairman

by Sherri Emmett

Kay Fleek was re-elected chairman of the board during the School District #3 monthly board meeting Tuesday night.

Phyllis Letellier was elected to fill Jerry Ewen's position of vice-chairman and Ewen was chosen to serve as treasurer replacing Letellier. Dode Harrison was re-elected to serve as the clerk.

The board agreed on the same meeting date and time as the past year, being the second Tuesday of each month at 8 p.m. in the Superintendent's office, and special meetings will be held on the fourth Tuesday of the month.

Ewen and Steve Cannady were elected to serve another year on the Employment Benefit Committee and Vickie Larchick, Fleek and Letellier, to serve again on the Board Policy Revue Committee. Bonnie Kelly remains the BOCES (Board of Cooperative Educational Services) representative with Harrison to fill as alternate. Larchick and Fleek represented on the Greybull Rec Board.
Happy Holidays from the staff at Washington magazine
IVAN —

Just a note to say how much we enjoy having you writing in these parts. Maybe we can work together someday on behalf of Washington...

Jeff Pierce
Senior Editor
A journey home

A sunrise memorial service for Edward Abbey
A JOURNEY HOME

A sunrise memorial service for Edward Abbey

On Saturday, May 20th, 1989, at 7:00 AM, a celebration and tribute to Edward Abbey will be held near Arches National Park—with words by Ken Sleight, Doug Peacock, Barry Lopez, Ann Zwinger, Wendell Berry, Dave Foreman, Terry Tempest Williams and others. It will be followed by an open house at Pack Creek Ranch.

Just north of Arches about a half mile, look for an old crumbling washed-out road with weeds growing through it that runs parallel to Highway 191 for a few hundred yards and then turns east and climbs to the top of Moab Canyon, overlooking Arches. It is about a mile walk, or you can drive.

Pack Creek Ranch is south of Moab, in the LaSal Mountains. Take the LaSal Mountain Loop Road.

Please join us for a gathering of the tribe. Everyone Welcome.

Dear Ivan,

I thought you would like to know: [Handwritten note]

Photo is of the Windows in Arches, near Balanced Rock and Ed's old trailer site, by Steve Mulligan.

Dream Garden Press • P.O. Box 27076 • Salt Lake City, Utah 84127

U.S. POSTAGE

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Dear Ivan,

I thought you would like to know:

Photo is of the Windows in Arches, near Balanced Rock and Ed's old trailer site, by Steve Mulligan.

Dream Garden Press • P.O. Box 27076 • Salt Lake City, Utah 84127

Postage Paid
Nov. 17, '89

Dear Ms. Scribe—

Due to the workload of his writing, Ivan has asked me to let you know he can't participate in your conference.

cordially

Carol Doig
Form Postcard A

Thanks for the kind words. They're much appreciated.

Form Postcard B

Thanks very much for your (suggestion) (invitation).

I wish I could consider it, but aside from a few promises already made, I'm able to take on no extra assignments as I work toward a December deadline on my biggest book yet.

(optional) I'd be pleased if another opportunity were to occur some time in the future.
Dear Vern—

Before this gets away from me, I'd better say my regrets about not being able to come down to the WHA and Carstensen Night on Oct. 13. I'll barely be back home from the Western Literature Ass'n shindig in Idaho—they're giving me some kind of career award; does this mean I'm over the hill almost already? Anyway, I would like to have lunch with you pronto after the WHA, to hear about it all.

I wondered, too, if Mark Wyman has been in touch with you. He's coming out for the WHA and staying at our place, even though my schedule and Carol's won't provide him much hospitality; any chance you might link up with him, take him to Tacoma with you, there on the 13th? He was asking us about bus schedules and so on, but I'm not sure he remembers it's a 40-50 mile haul from our suburban nook to Tacoma. Anyway, just a thought on my part, as a mostly absentee host.

Looking forward to lunch again.

hi, Jeanette!
Aug. 15, 1989

Dear Evan,

For my recreation reading this summer I took along two books, Robert Caro's "Power Broker" (the biography of Robert Moses) and Evan Doig's "Rescue Fire" (123, unread at this late date!). Diligently I pushed myself through Caro, who despite the immensity of his task (it took him 1200 pages) writes clearly and believably. But within 10 days I realized that this was a book meant to be read at a table, not in an easy chair, perhaps with a pencil and a pad of paper at hand. Doig, happily, is not nearly as demanding of a fellow - and although I've followed Methuselah and Bob only through Chapter One, I am pleased that this recreation will be ending on a literary upbeat!

Other news from the Cape Ann (Massachusetts) Doig Followers' League - Carol, despairing of the thought of spending yet another year of teaching French and Spanish to people who don't want to learn, has quit her teaching job and gone to work in a book store managed by a former Seattleite, who is most fond of your works and strives to keep them in stock. Her name is Eleanor Hoy, and at her request we gave her your address. You thus may be hearing from her.

Part of Carol's purpose in taking this particular job (she's certainly not doing it for the money!) is...
to try to learn about the business of book selling, as we boot to the day that our kids all finish school and we’d like to be doing something quite different with our lives. Newspaper writing has become “just a job” for me; it’s okay while I’m at it, and I can still get revved up in a project-by-project basis. But I don’t think I will regret leaving the business, and thus far leave no great urge even to freelance. It left the environment/danger beat about 2 years ago, although I have but have remained the in-house expert on oil spills (no trip to Valdez, but plenty of analysis on where government and industry, generically, fell as help at the switch). For about a year I concentrated on “trend” features, most of them dealing with the Yuppiesification of Boston and New England — including some Housing sharks, the vanishing dairy farms (what is Vermont without cows?), and suburban sprawl — growers-up — a piece on how the housing developments of the 1950s and 60s, so stark and barren at the time, and constantly scorned and derided for their quick-build construction, have infact not fallen down but are now a part of the permanent landscape and taken for granted. As such a long exposition on this assignment might suggest, I liked it. More recently I have been deployed on the highway/mass transit beat — which I do far haven’t quite gotten the feel for. The assignment
is, oddly, prone to trigger overload, which leaves less time for the longer, interpretive pieces. I could turn this around by abandoning all pretense of keeping folks informed about road closings, train route changes, etc. — but, as a product of Ben Baldwin Institute of Responsible Journalism, feel queasy about walking away from this "vital statistic" function of the press. All of which raises a larger question for those interested in the future of print journalism: Does there remain anywhere in the United States, a large or medium city daily that purports to still be the "paper of record?" The Boston Globe, New York Times and Washington Post certainly don't attempt to be so any more. And what are the implications of this?

Onward: A quick report on offspring, since it has been so long since I have written. Laurel, who turns 20 in December, is a junior at Syracuse, majoring in television/film production — to what end, even she is not sure. Also sure — but news does not interest her. Steven is 17, entering his senior year at a very small private school nearby. How small? The class has eight students, which if I recall correctly, is 12 (less than your high school graduating class had). He is very strong in math, a good writer, a good thinker, and a good artist. He thinks he'd like to major in psychology (the idea of manipulating people intrigued him). He is also 6'4".

(over)
Suzanne is 13, turning 14 in November, and will be a freshman at the same school, perhaps not a strong student but very interested in dramatics. Since she is moving rapidly into moody adolescence, only time will tell how all this turns out. She just spent six weeks living in France (but with a family that spoke a lot of English) - and at this moment is watching a video of Gene Kelly's "American in Paris." Musicals tend to bore teenagers of the 80's - everyone who would break into song and dance in the middle of the scene must be positively gay, in their opinion.

All this adds several more years of tuitions to be paid before we can seriously consider opening that bookstore. But that schedule could change. We'll see.

Enough. Since it's been three years since I've written to you, you should feel free to wait equally long to reply! But whenever you get around to it, I will look forward to hearing what's going on.

Also, that invitation to come visit or stay a few days always remains in force!

All (our) best to both you and Carol -

Jerry
August 4, 1989

Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue N. W.
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan,

Thanks so much for the Washington Post clipping. No, Nebraska had not sent it to me yet. Certainly I was pleased to see it briefly reviewed there.

I must tell you again how much I enjoyed your reading. As always I look forward to the book itself. You are such a master craftsman. I only wish that I had such literary skills, although in my darker moments I fear that a good many historians today are suspicious of well-written history. It is sad that this profession has lost its belief that narration is an excellent vehicle for making a statement about the human condition. Everything is supposed to be analytical and draped with the weight of social science jargon.

May our paths cross again soon.

With best wishes,

Carlos Schwantes
Dear Carlos--

Hey, congratulations on counting coup on one of the biggies in the world of book reviewing. I trust your erstwhile publisher sent you this from the Washington Post, but knowing publishers, I'm not betting on it; anyway, a mention in Book World is real classy--you can see, at five or six nonfiction books a week, they only mention a couple of hundred a year in this column and hardly ever one that even faintly resembles a textbook. Who knows, maybe virtue does get rewarded, huh?

My thanks, too, both for the book and being in it. Enjoyed seeing you in Billings, and let's try repeat if you get over to this side of the mountains.

all best,
Dear Joan,

You are the consummate storyteller! Thank you so much for This House of Sky. My thanks are related because I wanted to hear the complete tape before writing you. Within two evenings plus extra, wee-hours of the morning, insomnia time, I’d heard all your sides. However, the continuity of the storyline suffered due to my lifelong habit of needing a bedtime story before falling asleep.

This House of Sky has been played many times over. In it, I find a return to my own childhood in Montana. Your wall pictures and your voice brought so many memories back.

Your voices give an extra special dimension to the interpretive reading. It doesn’t overcome the material the way William F. Buckley’s voice does—he should not read his own work—and is far more interesting (i.e., not blank) than Dick Estell’s voice. I hope you will do many more tapes and I am very appreciative to you for sending This House of Sky to Chilis and me.

Sincerely,

Jenna Brennan

5.27.89
Dear Noah and Keenah—

Wondered if you might like the enclosed to while away a bit of Arlington-to-ATO commuting. If nothing else, it ought to give you voice professionals an ego boost to hear how we amateurs approach a mike. There was one huge gratification for me in this: it took only three afternoons and there, suddenly, was a finished product!!!—unlike the three years of keyboard moping and slogging that it takes me to do an actual book.

I've got to say, whatever your departure from Minnesota held for the two of you, there is a greedy pleasure for the rest of us in hearing the tones of Noah every suppertime. Carol and I hope you're both thriving. We owe you dinner sometime, although the East Coast probably doesn't loom in our intentions until the fall of '90, when I hit the bookstore trail again. Any chance of you visiting west? Of course let us know if you pass through Seattle, or for that matter Montana, where we'll be traipsing around this summer and maybe some of the autumn, in pursuit of centennial shenanigans to flavor this final Two Medicine novel of mine.

all best,
Dear Jim,

No sooner had I hung up from talking with you than my wife came in from the other room and said, "Hey, get me one of those for my office too." So, can I amend my notion of just getting one to having you do two prints for us? I'm enclosing a check for $60 for any added trouble, postage, etc.; let me know if that's not OK. I also want to sign up a book for you, which I'll send separately from this.

And truly, thank you for the care and craft that went into that piece of work. Hope to cross paths with you on the UN campus sometime when I'm digging in the archives.

best wishes,

2 Feb. '89
Dear Jim--

The prints arrived, in perfect shape, and they're wonderful. Indeed, it is an aesthetic quandary whether to frame them with or without the nifty chop, and it may be that we'll frame one each way. I'm agog that my mug is in the foreign exhibitions you mentioned--congratulations, by the way. And I'm duly noting your great offer of collaboration on illustrations some day. The book I'm on now is going to have to go the NY route of cover illustration that English Creek and Rascal Fair--the guy's actually done all my covers and also did Java!--but a book or two down the line, I may have something that could stand some chapter-head illustrations. That's at least a couple of years ahead yet; I hope we're going to cross paths on the UN campus or somewhere before then. Thanks immensely for the prints--regards to Julia.

8 February, 1989

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth NW
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan:

I received the check, but I also want to thank you for your kindness in sending me a book! I appreciate that a lot as did my wife, Julia, who is one of your fans.

I know that book companies often control the art design, but if you ever want to collaborate on a book design or illustrations, please let me know.

The prints are handprinted ("HP"). The red stamp is a signature "chop" that the Chinese gave me as a gift several years ago. It has my name in English and Chinese. If you frame the pictures, you can either leave a large border or cut it down. I personally think the large borders on these small prints look attractive, but use your own judgment.

It was enjoyable getting to know you, and I hope you enjoy the prints.

Sincerely,

Jim Todd
6917 Siesta Drive
Missoula, Montana 59802

JT/rb
Dear Ivan,

I thought you might be interested to know that your print has been exhibited in group shows in Spain this year, will travel in another to India, and has been sent along with the Montana anthology book for exhibition at a Buchti fair this spring in Leipzig, Germany.

Your image is being spread across the globe.

Jim Tudd
DEAR FOLKS —

WELL — HI HO — IT’S OFF TO WASHINGTON WE GO (ACTUALLY, ARLINGTON) — I’LL SEND ALONG THE ADDRESS — IT’S ALL A LONG STORY THAT I HOPE WE HARE TIME FOR SOME DAY. BUT I HATED TO MAKE SURE YOU KNEW I WOULD BE RETURNING TO ALL THINGS CONSIDERED — AND WOULD BE SURPRISED BY THE RAIN.

WE HOPE TO SEE YOU AGAIN SOON. WE HARE FOND MEMORIES OF OR TIME TOGETHER LAST FALL.

[Signature]
March 20, 1989

Ivan Doig  
17021-10th Ave.  
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan,

It was so good to hear from you, via Bruno.

Life here at Holt is fabulous. The size and spirit of the company is very special and makes for a real family-run feeling. Plus, there's definitely no shortage of old (Macmillan) friends.

I won't be going to ABA this year either. We moved to New Jersey last year and I'm pregnant with baby #1, due in mid-June. Life is definitely about to change in a big way.

Stay well. My best to Carol. Let us know if you come to New York, and if not, see you next year in sin city.

Yours,

[Signature]

WS/el
February 23, 1989

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

Dear Ivan:

I am writing to you because some of your many fans are here at Henry Holt with me. Wendy Sherman runs our Subsidiary Rights Department and Greg Hamlin is in charge of sales and marketing. This morning your name came up as we were thinking of people we have enjoyed being associated with. Realizing that Tom Stewart has now left Atheneum and hasn't relocated, I thought that you might enjoy working with us.

You might be interested to know that Holt is the only American publisher Robert Frost had, and that today we publish Patrick McManus, Louise Erdrich, Joanne Greenberg, Edward Abbey and George Higgins among others.

I hope that you will join us at Holt. It would be an honor and a pleasure to have you on our list.

Warm personal regards,

[Signature]

BAQ/mr
Dear Bruno—

Your letter of Feb. 23 conveying regards from you and Greg and Wendy was like hearing from the Macmillan government-in-exile. I really appreciate that you care enough to woo. But Liz Darhansoff and I, after a lot of mulling, have decided to go ahead with this final book in the English Creek trilogy at Atheneum. After that, we'll assess again.

I hope our paths will cross, at least personally, at the ABA the year after this; I'll miss this one, hunkered in as I am to finish this novel this year. I feel there's at least an ambassador from Carol and me and the Northwest on her way to New York next month, when Marion Wood's splendid poet Linda Bierds comes to town to read.

best, to Wendy and Greg too

Dear Liz, FYI—

The other side of this response(?) has a copy of Bruno Quinson's love missive our way. Note my superhuman forbearance in not pointing out to him the difficulty of getting out of the Macmillan contract he did to us. Actually, I've heard you be less than enthusiastic about Bruno, but I don't yet want to write Holt or anybody else out of the picture for what we might do after Mariah Montana, okay?

Spring break is icumen in; Carol and I will be in Portland, @ Heathman Hotel, (503)221-1100, March 16-17; then out of touch as we schedulelessly roam eastern Oregon the week of March 20; back here at work on March 27. Manuscript is accumulating; I still intend to let Barry (or Lee Goerner; you and I have to talk about the Atheneum editor plethora) see the first third of Mariah this June.

best,
April 3, 1989

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

Dear Mr. Doig:

Your package with James Herndon's SORROWLESS TIMES came in today—thanks very much for sending it. Both David and I are looking forward to reading it as soon as we can. I must admit I'm not familiar with his work, and that's all the more reason to get started on it.

You might be interested to know that we'll be issuing, at some point in the near future, R.G. Vliet's ROCKSPRING. I looked after his SCORPIO RISING and SOLEDAD at Penguin after Stacey Schiff left, and was glad to do so. He was an amazing writer—especially with SOLEDAD, I think—and ROCKSPRING really deserves as new life as well. His widow Ann has shown me the voluminous correspondence relating to his attempts to get published at all, which makes for fascinating and sad reading.

How's the third Montana novel coming? Since burning through the last one I've been eagerly waiting to read about how the valley was settled in the first place. They've been some of my favorite reading.

One last thing, which I hope you won't mind. I'm an avid collector of bookplates (in a casual way) and noticed your own plate in the Herndon book. I once found Edith Wharton's in a volume of Anatole France in a used bookstore, and Jack London's in a file of miscellaneous Penguin Classic papers that were getting thrown out to make room for new files. Would you be willing to send me one of your bookplates? I'd love to have one, especially as it looks to be designed after one of your books.

Can we send you any Godine books?

Sincerely,

[Signature]

André Bernard, Executive Editor
Dear Andre--

Okay, here's a bookplate. It's probably the only way I'll ever get in the company of Wharton-London-et al.

Glad to hear you're resuscitating some of Vliet's work. I hadn't read him before Stacy Schiff talked me into the Scorpio Rising intro. You and David shouldn't feel you have to pay me off with any more books--after all, I'm the one who tossed Jim Herndon through the transom at you--but if you eventually have a spare of Rockspring around and think of it, sure, I'd be interested.

The next novel, you asked about. I'm on schedule to finish the ms around the end of this year, for Autumn '90 publication. So far so good, I think.

Would you pass the enclosed note of thanks to David for me? I look forward to meeting you at a '90 ABA booth or if I ever manage to pass through Boston.

regards

All best

The Kittelson book came, plus the bonus horse--many thanks for both.