wild exuberant humor that he felt he could no longer hold the swelling power of ecstasy that he felt in him.

Everything in the restaurant would become impossibly good, wonderful, and happy. The beautifully clean, crisply waisted, and voluptuous-looking waitresses would be passing all around him bearing trays of food, the empress of his desire would pass by clean and neat and dainty, sedate and decent and demure, smiling that proud, smoke-like, faint, ghost-phantom smile of maddening tenderness and seduction, the three-piece orchestra would be playing briskly, softly, languorously, strains of popular music, filling his heart with the swelling pæans of another, prouder, grander, more triumphant music; while he listened, some robust, handsome, clear-eyed and lusty-figured New England girls would be sitting at a table, smartly, roughly dressed, their fine legs clothed with woollen stockings, their feet shod with wide-open galoshes, looking almost ripe for love and tenderness if something could be done to them—and all of this spurred his hunger with a kind of maddening relish, and made the food taste better than any he had ever had before.

Everything he saw would fill him with haunting sorrow, hunger, joy, the sense of triumph, glory, and delight, or with a limitless exuberance of wild humor. The motto of the restaurant, fixed on the wall in shields embossed with a flamboyant coat of arms, was written in a scroll beneath the coat of arms, as follows: "Luxuria Cum Economia." The effect these words wrought on his spirit was unbelievable: he could never say what he wished to say, or what he felt about them, and to say that they were "the funniest words he ever saw," would not begin to convey their real effect on him.

For what they did to him was so far beyond mere funniness that he had no name to give to the emotion they evoked. But instantly, when he saw them, the wild wordless surge of a powerful and idiot exuberance of humor would swell up in him and split his features with an exultant grin.

He would want to roar with laughter, to shout out and pound upon the table in his joy, but instead the wild voices of a goat-like exuberance would swell up in his throat until the people at the other tables would begin to stare at him as if he had gone mad. And later, on the streets, or in his room at night, he would suddenly remember them again, and then that idiot, wordless, and exultant glee would burst out of him in one roar of joy.



Yet, the words gave him a strange happiness and content, as well. He felt a feeling of tenderness for the people who had written them, for the owners of the restaurant who had solemnly and triumphantly thought them out, for all the doctrines of "taste," "class," and "refinement" they evoked, for something mistaken and most pitiful that had got into our lives, and that was everywhere, something grotesquely wrong, ridiculous and confused that made one somehow feel a warm, a wordless affection for its victims.

But this was the reason why these things could never be forgotten—because we are so lost, so naked and so lonely in America. Immense and cruel skies bend over us, and all of us are driven on forever and we have no home. Therefore, it is not the slow, the punctual sanded drip of the unnumbered days that we remember best, the ash of time; nor is it the huge monotone of the lost years, the unswerving schedules of the lost life and the well-known faces, that we remember best. It is a face seen once and lost forever in a crowd, an eye that looked, a face that smiled and vanished on a passing train, it is a prescience of snow upon a certain night, the laughter of a woman in a summer street long years ago, it is the memory of a single moon seen at the pine's dark edge in old October—and all of our lives is written in the twisting of a leaf upon a bough, a door that opened, and a stone.

For America has a thousand lights and weathers and we walk the streets, we walk the streets forever, we walk the streets of life alone.

It is the place of the howling winds, the hurrying of the leaves in old October, the hard clean falling to the earth of acorns. The place of the storm-tossed moaning of the wintry mountainside, where the young men cry out in their throats and feel the savage vigor, the rude strong energies; the place also where the trains cross rivers.

It is a fabulous country, the only fabulous country; it is the one place where miracles not only happen, but where they happen all the time.

It is the place of exultancy and strong joy, the place of the darkened brooding air, the smell of snow; it is the place of all the fierce, the bitten colors in October, when all of the wild, sweet woods flame up; it is also the place of the cider press and the last brown oozings of the York Imperials. It is the place of the lovely girls with good jobs and the husky voices, who will buy a round of drinks; it is the place where the women with fine legs and silken underwear lie in the pullman berth below you,

it is the place of the dark-green snore of the pullman cars, and the voices in the night-time in Virginia.

It is the place where great boats are baying at the harbor's mouth, where great ships are putting out to sea; it is the place where great boats are blowing in the gulf of night, and where the river, the dark and secret river, full of strange time, is forever flowing by us to the sea.

*The tugs keep baying in the river; at twelve o'clock the* Berengaria *moans, her lights slide gently past the piers beyond Eleventh Street; and in the night a tall tree falls in Old Catawba, there in the hills of home.*

It is the place of autumnal moons hung low and orange at the frosty edges of the pines; it is the place of frost and silence; of the clean dry shocks and the opulence of enormous pumpkins that yellow on hard clotted earth; it is the place of the stir and feathery stumble of the hens upon their roost, the frosty, broken barking of the dogs, the great barn-shapes and solid shadows in the running sweep of the moon-whited countryside, the wailing whistle of the fast express. It is the place of flares and steamings on the tracks, and the swing and bob and tottering dance of lanterns in the yards; it is the place of dings and knellings and the sudden glare of mighty engines over sleeping faces in the night; it is the place of the terrific web and spread and smouldering, the distant glare of Philadelphia and the solid rumble of the sleepers; it is also the place where the Transcontinental Limited is stroking eighty miles an hour across the continent and the small dark towns whip by like bullets, and there is only the fanlike stroke of the secret, immense and lonely earth again.

*I have foreseen this picture many times: I will buy passage on the Fast Express.*

It is the place of the wild and exultant winter's morning and the wind, with the powdery snow, that has been howling all night long; it is the place of solitude and the branches of the spruce and hemlock piled with snow; it is the place where the Fall River boats are tethered to the wharf, and the wild gray snow of furious, secret, and storm-whited morning whips across them. It is the place of the lodge by the frozen lake and the sweet breath and amorous flesh of sinful woman; it is the place of the tragic and lonely beauty of New England; it is the place of the red barn and the sound of the stabled hooves and of bright tatters of old circus posters; it is the place of the immense and pungent smell of breakfast, the country sausages and the ham and eggs, the smoking



wheat cakes and the fragrant coffee, and of lone hunters in the frosty thickets who whistle to their lop-eared hounds.

*Where is old Doctor Ballard now with all his dogs? He held that they were sacred, that the souls of all the dear lost dead went into them. His youngest sister's soul sat on the seat beside him; she had long ears and her eyes were sad. Two dozen of his other cherished dead trotted around the buggy as he went up the hill past home. And that was eleven years ago, and I was nine years old; and I stared gravely out the window of my father's house at old Doctor Ballard.*

It is the place of the straight stare, the cold white bellies and the buried lust of the lovely Boston girls; it is the place of ripe brainless blondes with tender lips and a flowery smell, and of the girls with shapely arms who stand on ladders picking oranges; it is also the place where large slow-bodied girls from Kansas City, with big legs and milky flesh, are sent East to school by their rich fathers, and there are also immense and lovely girls, with the grip of a passionate bear, who have such names as Neilson, Lundquist, Jorgenson, and Brandt.

*I will go up and down the country, and back and forth across the country on the great trains that thunder over America. I will go out West where States are square; Oh, I will go to Boise, and Helena and Albuquerque. I will go to Montana and the two Dakotas and the unknown places.*

It is the place of violence and sudden death; of the fast shots in the night, the club of the Irish cop, and the smell of brains and blood upon the pavement; it is the place of the small-town killings, and the men who shoot the lovers of their wives; it is the place where the negroes slash with razors and the hillmen kill in the mountain meadows; it is the place of the ugly drunks and the snarling voices and of foul-mouthed men who want to fight; it is the place of the loud word and the foolish boast and the violent threat; it is also the place of the deadly little men with white faces and the eyes of reptiles, who kill quickly and casually in the dark; it is the lawless land that feeds on murder.

*"Did you know the two Lipe girls?" he asked. "Yes," I said. "They lived in Biltburn by the river, and one of them was drowned in the flood. She was a cripple, and she wheeled herself along in a chair. She was strong as a bull." "That's the girl," he said.*

It is the place of the crack athletes and of the runners who limber up in March; it is the place of the ten-second men and the great jumpers

and vaulters; it is the place where Spring comes, and the young birch trees have white and tender barks, of the thaw of the earth, and the feathery smoke of the trees; it is the place of the burst of grass and bud, the wild and sudden tenderness of the wilderness, and of the crews out on the river and the coaches coming down behind them in the motor-boats, the surges rolling out behind when they are gone with heavy sudden wash. It is the place of the baseball players, and the easy lob, the soft spring smackings of the glove and mit, the crack of the bat; it is the place of the great batters, fielders, and pitchers, of the nigger boys and the white, drawling, shirt-sleeved men, the bleachers and the resinous smell of old worn wood; it is the place of Rube Waddell, the mighty untamed and ill-fated pitcher when his left arm is swinging like a lash. It is the place of the fighters, the crafty Jewish lightweights and the mauling Italians, Leonard, Tendler, Rocky Kansas, and Dundee; it is the place where the champion looks over his rival's shoulder with a bored expression.

*I shall wake at morning in a foreign land thinking I heard a horse in one of the streets of home.*

It is the place where they like to win always, and boast about their victories; it is the place of quick money and sudden loss; it is the place of the mile-long freights with their strong, solid, clanking, heavy loneliness at night, and of the silent freight of cars that curve away among raw piney desolations with their promise of new lands and unknown distances —the huge attentive gape of emptiness. It is the place where the bums come singly from the woods at sunset, the huge stillness of the water-tower, the fading light, the rails, secret and alive, and trembling with the oncoming train; it is the place of the great tramps, Oklahoma Red, Fargo Pete, and the Jersey Dutchman, who grab fast rattlers for the Western shore; it is the place of old blown bums who come up in October skirls of dust and wind and crumpled newspapers and beg, with canned heat on their breaths: "Help Old McGuire: McGuire's a good guy, kid. You're not so tough, kid: McGuire's your pal, kid: How about McGuire, McGuire——?"

It is the place of the poolroom players and the drug-store boys; of the town whore and her paramour, the tough town driver; it is the place where they go to the woods on Sunday and get up among the laurel and dogwood bushes and the rhododendron blossoms; it is the place of the cheap hotels and the kids who wait with chattering lips while the nigger goes to get them their first woman; it is the place of the



drunken college boys who spend the old man's money and wear fur coats to the football games; it is the place of the lovely girls up North who have rich fathers, of the beautiful wives of business men.

*The train broke down somewhere beyond Manassas, and I went forward along the tracks with all the other passengers. "What's the matter?" I said to the engineer. "The eccentric strap is broken, son," he said. It was a very cold day, windy and full of sparkling sun. This was the farthest north I'd ever been, and I was twelve years old and on my way to Washington to see Woodrow Wilson inaugurated. Later I could not forget the face of the engineer and the words "eccentric strap."*

It is the place of the immense and lonely earth, the place of fat ears and abundance where they grow cotton, corn, and wheat, the wine-red apples of October, and the good tobacco.

It is the place that is savage and cruel, but it is also the innocent place; it is the wild lawless place, the vital earth that is soaked with the blood of the murdered men, with the blood of the countless murdered men, with the blood of the unavenged and unremembered murdered men; but it is also the place of the child and laughter, where the young men are torn apart with ecstasy, and cry out in their throats with joy, where they hear the howl of the wind and the rain and smell the thunder and the soft numb spitting of the snow, where they are drunk with the bite and sparkle of the air and mad with the solar energy, where they believe in love and victory and think that they can never die.

It is the place where you come up through Virginia on the great trains in the night-time, and rumble slowly across the wide Potomac and see the morning sunlight on the nation's dome at Washington, and where the fat man shaving in the pullman washroom grunts, "What's this? What's this we're coming to—Washington?"—And the thin man glancing out the window says, "Yep, this is Washington. That's what it is, all right. You gettin' off here?"— And where the fat man grunts, "Who —me? Naw—I'm goin' on to Baltimore." It is the place where you get off at Baltimore and find your brother waiting.

*Where is my father sleeping on the land? Buried? Dead these seven years? Forgotten, rotten in the ground? Held by his own great stone? No, no! Will I say, "Father" when I come to him? And will he call me, "Son"? Oh, no, he'll never see my face: we'll never speak except to say——*

It is the place of the fast approach, the hot blind smoky passage, the tragic lonely beauty of New England, and the web of Boston; the place

of the mighty station there, and engines passive as great cats, the straight dense plumes of engine smoke, the acrid and exciting smell of trains and stations, and of the man-swarm passing ever in its million-footed weft, the smell of the sea in harbors and the thought of voyages—and the place of the goat cry, the strong joy of our youth, the magic city, when we knew the most fortunate life on earth would certainly be ours, that we were twenty and could never die.

And always America is the place of the deathless and enraptured moments, the eye that looked, the mouth that smiled and vanished, and the word; the stone, the leaf, the door we never found and never have forgotten. And these are the things that we remember of America, for we have known all her thousand lights and weathers, and we walk the streets, we walk the streets forever, we walk the streets of life alone.

## XV

Now at Cambridge, in the house of the Murphys on Trowbridge Street, he found himself living with the Irish for the first time, and he discovered that the Murphys were utterly different from all the Irish he had known before, and all that he had felt and believed about them. He soon discovered that the Murphys were a typical family of the Boston Irish. It was a family of five: there were Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, two sons and a daughter. Mrs. Murphy ran the house on Trowbridge Street, which they owned, and rented the rooms to lodgers, Mr. Murphy was night watchman in a warehouse on the Boston waterfront, the girl was a typist in an Irish business house in Boston, the older boy, Jimmy, had a clerical position in the Boston City Hall, and the youngest boy, Eddy, whom the youth knew best, was a student at Boston College. In addition there were two Irish lodgers who had lived with them for years: Mr. Feeney, a young man who worked at Raymond's, a department store in Washington Street, Boston, and Mr. O'Doul, a middle-aged man, unmarried, who occupied the front room upstairs just over the boy's own room. Mr. O'Doul was a civil engineer, he drank very heavily, and he would sometimes be confined to his bed for days at a time with terrible attacks of rheumatism which would bend, gnarl, and twist him, and render him incapable of movement.

But in the Murphys the boy discovered none of the richness, wildness, extravagance, and humor of such people as Mike Fogarty, Tim Donovan, or the MacReadys—the Irish he had known at home. The Murphys were hard, sterile, arid, meagre, and cruel: they were disfigured by a warped and infuriated puritanism, and yet they were terribly corrupt. There was nothing warm, rich, or generous about them or their lives: it seemed as if the living roots of nature had grown gnarled and barren among the walls and pavements of the city, it seemed that everything that is wild, sudden, capricious, whimsical, passionate, and mysterious in the spirit of the race had been dried and hardened out of them by their divorce from the magical earth their fathers came from, as if the snarl and jangle of the city streets, the barren and earthless angularity of steel and stone and brick, had entered their souls. Even their speech had become hard, gray, and sterile: the people were almost inarticulate, it is doubtful if one of them had three hundred words in his vocabulary: the boy noticed that the men especially—Murphy, his two sons, Feeney, and O'Doul—made constant use of a few arid words and phrases, which, with the intonation of the voice, and a slight convulsive movement of the arms and hands, filled in enormous vacancies in thought and feeling, and said all that they could say, or wished to say. Chief among these words or phrases was "*You* know? . . . or "*You* know what I mean?"—words which were uttered with a slight protesting emphasis on "You," a slight and painful movement of the hands or shoulders, and an air that the listener must fill in for himself all that they wanted to imply. For epithets of rich resounding rage, for curses thick and opulent with fury, in which he had believed their tongues were apt and their spirits prodigal, he discovered that they had no more to offer than "Chee!" or "Jeez!" or "Ho-ly Jeez!" or "Christ!" or "*Ho*-ly Christ!" or occasionally "*Ho*-ly Mary!" Finally, they made a constant and stupefying use of that terrible gray abortion of a word "guy": it studded their speech with the numberless monotony of paving brick, without it they would have been completely speechless and would have had to communicate by convulsions of their arms and hands and painful croakings from their tongueless throats—the word fell upon the spirit of the listener with the gray weariness of a cold incessant drizzle, it flowed across the spirit like a river of concrete; hope, joy, the power to feel and think were drowned out under the relentless and pitiless aridity of its flood.

At first, he thought these words and phrases were part of a meagre but sufficient pattern which they had learned in order to meet the contingencies of life and business with alien and Protestant spirits, as waiters in European cafés, restaurants, and dining-cars will learn a few words of English in order to serve the needs of British and American tourists—

# Welcome Back to Your Abode!

Ivan & Carol –

Thanks again so much for the use of your house. Our biking trip was great, fine weather & scenery and some muscles. We had some beautiful camping spots on Vanc. Is. and Sunshine Coast; met some very nice people; saw some strange characters, too. Is Seattle in costume now? Egad! Where did all of these bongo types come from? People decked with chains, belts of ammo, etc. Just what Helena needs to counteract the boots & Stetson crowd.

Please use this wine some night when the fall chill comes back to Seattle – or when the new school years intrudes on you. We will be in touch. I left all of my work in Helena for once! (does that mean that I have finally figured out what vacation means?) I will send your essay by mail. All the arrangements for the October autograph run seem fine – we are set for you at Lewistown. See you then

Thanks again – it was wonderful for us.

Bill, Sue, Becky, Jed

Ivan & Carol Doig itinerary in England & Scotland, 23 June-29 July

June 24-29: LONDON, at Abbey House Private Hotel, 11 Vicarage Gate, Kensington W8 4AG
telephone: 01 727 2594

June 30-July 7: ST. ANDREWS, at David Russell Hall, University of St. Andrews, Buchanan Gardens, St. Andrews KY16 9LY, Scotland.
telephone: St. Andrews 72281, or try the bursar of Residences, 0334 76161

July 8-17: on the road in northern Scotland and Isle of Skye; will provide mailing and phone info if we can, but surest way to reach us will be at one of our next firm addresses, in Glasgow and Edinburgh.

July 18-20: GLASGOW, at Dalrymple Hall, University of Glasgow, 22 Belhaven Terrace, Glasgow G12 0UW, Scotland.
telephone: 041 339 5271, or try the university's Conference & Vacation Office, 041 339 8855, ext. 7385 or 7459

July 21-28, EDINBURGH, at University of Edinburgh, Mylne's Court Halls of Residence, Lawnmarket, Edinburgh EH1 2PF, Scotland.
telephone: 031 225 8400

July 29: home in Seattle.
Pan Am flight #123. Scheduled for arrival at 6 p.m.

Dear Langs--

Welcome to this traditional hostel for bicycling Montanans. As a little extra greeting for you, the bathroom sink chose our last few hours before London to act not-quite-but-almost clogged. I attacked it with plunger and boiling water and think I got it back to reason. But if it plagues you too much, the plunger is in the big closet in the shop--or call RotoRooter and have them ream the goddamn thing, and we'll reimburse you.

Other than that cheery news, watering the lawn, garden, bushes, anything that looks like it needs it, is about all that needs doing. The person who's been watering for us went away on July 1 and will be back about the middle of the month, so if you douse everything before and after you go biking, that ought to take care of it. Enjoy whatever berries there are; don't forget the raspberries on the corner of the hill, by the fencepost.

Gate keys to get in the back yard are on the keyring.

Enjoy. See you.

Ivan

p.s. The living room lamp is on a timer; feel free to untime it while you're here, and re-set it when you leave. In fact, it has a manual on-off switch on its side, as well as the automatic one.

Begin with a Montana story I know. A MONTANA story as well, for it involves this learned assemblage of pages you now hold.

--Dobie: shirty answer

...for I am he.
...for I'm him.

--do this opening to a length to fit Lang's opening page format; type it in width of those lines, and rest in body type width.

--have some fun with footnotes

You Can't Not Go Home Again

--evading wind and winter

--Montana has improved (ftnote: possibility I have improved)

--mtns are for me what sea was for Conrad

--check Blythe book on characters & landscape

--look up Thos. Wolfe thru Montana (E.B. White? Steinbeck

--Kittredge on risking emotion (academic fear of nostalgia) (It may be just the crowd I run in, but...)

– tin dogs

– Mont. of mind

--Dobie's reputation whacked down to size by a fellow Texan, no less.

--My notion of high culture was a Luke Easter home run in Yankee Stadium.

Hugo, 208--"A Night at the Napi in Browning"

my college term paper on MONTANA Mag of History, with letters from Dobie, Guthrie, Neuberger & Michael Kennedy, is in archival box labeled Ivan's College Notes.

2 yellow pp. of notes for Mont. article are in Yes, We Have $N_o$ Bandannas file

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James Reston checking letter in Writers' letter file.

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NYT article abt Maclean being denied a Pulitzer is in Maclean letters file.

Merrill Burlingame letter about saving WPA files is in Bozeman sources file

ftnt #4

Thos Wolfe - o/ Time y. R - p. 331, 157
NY: Scribner's, 1952
p. 867 - name rhapsody
46E - Where shall I go?
156 - out west...

ftnt #8 - C-S circm, '63; Mont. largest daily 1963 E+P Ynbk
"Rotn"
B. Gazette - 43,434 (S) daily 42,680 PN 4700 ayer agree E42
1964 → 394,086
Dec H-G - 54,354 (S) + daily 65,670 ayer agree
" 26,853 " "
23,613 " "
33,354 " "
149,490
N.W. Ayer & Son's Directory, Npprs + Periodical 1964
Courier
Stellar
ESTL
Mont. '60 census in Ayer 674,767

Z 6951 ~~H34~~ W6
071 AB C
B695a
C70.33 B439F

ayer's '63 Billings Gay daily

E
169.04 mey
H4 6 V

Blue Highways

Shelby — W of Pt

pp. 269–272

Kumin — PS 3521 U638 U6

Up Country, 1972

PS 3519 U825 A6

Justice Selected Poems, 1979

Hugo - Stage, 1980 in K's Home Reign

OK " The Lady, 1973 → Robt Lowell - The Dolphin, 74 Pultzer pub'd 73

" Selected Poems '79

" White Center, 1980

PS 3515 U3 A17

PS 3523 O89 D6

OK Stage '80 → PS 3569 C56 M6 James Schuyler — . Morning . Poem - & Pul pub'd 1980

Dupuyer play according to my diary: Feb. 22-23, 1957

Kavanaugh of Conrad paper came and took pic of cast Feb. 15

ft nt #28 '78-9

Hjortsberg - Falling Angel - HBJ, 1978

Welch

McGuane - Panama, Farar Straus '77
Nobody's Angel, 72' House '82

James Reston address - Who's Who
NYT 1000 Connecticut Ave Wm Dc 20036
Machan piece - NYT index, spring '74 or '75?

MONTANA
THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY

MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
225 NORTH ROBERTS STREET
HELENA, MONTANA 59620

(406) 444-2694

Ivan and Carol,

Great to see you, travel with you, and be part of your traveling road show. Sue and I are not quite fighting over English Creek, but I did let her start it only to hear her chuckles every couple of pages. Thought you might be interested in the enclosed. In haste, I get it off to you--more later

Bill

thank you for that wonderful inscription on the book for my parents - you have no idea how appropriate the thought expressed is - I will explain that cryptic comment sometime when there is more time

7 Nov. '84

Dear Bill--

Glad you could come along on some of the magical mystery tour of Montana. The book pace slowed down in Missoula--turned out that by cleverly coinciding on campus with the Homecoming parade and game, we lost sundry local customers who'd rather die than fight the traffic and parking--but even so we sold 87 at the U bookstore, another 30 or so at Freddy's Feed & Read.

Thanks for shooting the Trib piece along; a copy from the writer just showed up today! In trade, here're the biggest and best of English Creek reviews so far.

Four more years, huh. Jeeezus.

best,

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THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY

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Ivan & Carol,

Have you recovered yet from the great circle tour?? The MHS crew thought your kick-off for the Lewistown confab was perfect; definitely one of the highlights of the conference. I can't remember a conference that went off with so few hitches, so we must be something right.

God, that book of yours!!! It is the best, easily the best you have written. It has all of the warmth and pathos of House of Sky and the immediacy of your part of Winter Brothers. How did you do it? Sue and I chuckled and learned our way through it with great enjoyment--we read it over my birthday weekend and have talked about it nearly everyday since. That is saying a lot for a book, especially about bark-chewers in Montana. We even took some extra time to drive down from Valier to Dupuyer and down the Front through Choteau and Augusta--it was a perfect day with snow on the peaks, wind blowing out of the west and kicking up clouds of snow off the Front Range, and glorious sunshine warming the prairie.

Some of those lines are fantastic--"keeping level" and "a room full of time" and others. Your descriptions will stay with your readers for years and you have got enough "hooks" in the book to get everyone in line again when the next book is out. And did you do a job on Stanley. You really pulled me into your scheme. After reading the first section with Stanley and Jick, I said to Sue, "What the hell is Ivan doing here? I want to know more about that mysterious Stanley character!" Ha! You had me going and my curiosity level pumped up beyond the 100 mark for the rest of the book. The best section, though, has to be the Jick-Alec phone conversation. For everyone who has been an older or younger brother, that is a gem of gems--thanks for that section.

Hope to see you soon--here or there. Our best for your Thanksgiving, whatever that promises. We will be skiing (what else?) and trying to keep the calories under control--damn, I do love mincemeat pie!

Best,

Bill

14 Dec. '84

Dear Bill (Sue, you can read it too if you've got a strong enough stomach)--

We're staggering down the home stretch of '84 here. Carol has been simultaneously grading final exams and coming down with a cold--somehow the two seem to go together, right?--and I slog off to a Waldenbooks at noon today and another one in Tacoma tomorrow and am then done with the booksigning season. We may sit and pant for the next couple of weeks.

Sunday the 2nd I was down there in Langtown, old Portland ORYGUN herself, signing Creeks at the damnedest cattle-call authors' party I've ever heard of--the Oregon Historical Society's doings, naturally. I forgot to bring home my program, but there must have been damn near a hundred of us, ranging from cookbookers and self-published reminiscers to Ursula LeGuin. They put us alphabetically by name, 4 authors to a card table, all around the room, and from noon to 5, Portlanders swarm in and have at us. Anyway, what brought it to mind here is that somebody, and I don't know who it was, relayed greetings to me from Ron and Kathy Fahl, and also the news that Ron hadn't found anything in Portland yet. I didn't even have time to go to the john that day--my first experience as an airplane commuter, plus that 5-hour OHS gauntlet--let alone get to a telephone, so I have no first-hand report on Ron and Kathy. I hope they'll get in touch at Xmas, but I dunno...

Glad you guys liked English Creek. Guess I told you a lot of the rodeo was written there in your house, in the actual Bronco Bill Lang room itself? I'm almost to the 2,000 mark on books sold at the signings, and have scrawled into another 1,500 or so as general stock for bookstores. It's the #4 best-seller for Pacific Pipeline, the dstributor out here, behind Iacocca, The Nutcracker, and Tom Robbins. Far as I know, though, we haven't quite gone through the 25,000 first printing; the eastcoasters must be reading something else.

I can't adequately tell you, Bill, how much I thought of the exquisite pics from the Lewistown conference. No sir, I sure as hell can't. But I inform you right now that if I'm ever dumb enough to be on a platform with you again, Carol is going to be the only camera allowed in the room, and by Jesus, Lang, she will catch you with your finger up your nose so often you'll look like the Dutch boy at the dike.

Note here to myself: tell erstwhile editor Lang about USA TODAY's Friday column about magazines...OK, you've been told. The column is on the book review page everyweek and is a roundup of interesting stuff in periodicals of all kinds. Looks to me like there's dumber stuff than yours in there sometimes, so you might give it a look as a place to win fame and fortune. 1.3 million circulation of that rag.

Hope to see you in March, if we get to spend a week in Missoula. Stay in touch.

Ivan

MONTANA
THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY

MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
225 NORTH ROBERTS STREET
HELENA, MONTANA 59620

(406) 449-2694

19 May 1983

Ivan and Carol,

Key swap, eh? Sue and I had no idea that you two were swingers--of course we will swap! I wish we could be at your place when you are there, but it sounds as though our schedules are hopelessly in conflict. Plan on crashing on June 20 and having the run of our place, with our new addition as a no-cost extra (sort of like HBO at the local motel), while we are gone. We plan on being gone 1 July to the 11th. While you are in Choteau we might ride our bikes up there--more ass conditioning (the legs seems to be OK)--and visit you.

When you are here in June you can give us tips on what excitement we should expect in Seattle. Sue has a furniture meeting beginning on the 8th in Seattle at the furniture mart--too bad you can't be there to see the whirling-dervish-manufacturer's-rep from Montana teach the big-city guys some tricks. Anyway, this really works out very well for us because the kids and I can pedal around Seattle while Sue is haggling over sofas and loveseats.

Not much else going on here. We are struggling with the new book on Haynes (my goal is to transform this place from the "Chuck Russell fan club and George Custer debating society" to the "Haynes Hall of Fame") and other assorted projects. We are in the planning stages for the next book--a roadside history of Montana. We're hoping that one to be our cookbook to bring some coin into the press operation.

Have to get to proof-reading. See you on June 20 or hear from you before.

Bill

23 May '83

Dear Bill--

OK, plans sound good, at both ends. I think we'll just say, unless we call to tell you different we'll show up at the Society before noon on June 20 and mooch off you that night. Will try to bring Seattle biking info; if Sue is going to the furniture mart we think she is (on Alaskan Way), there is a (shortish) bike trail thru a waterfront park right there. Also the Burke-Gilman trail, thru the UW and along L. Wash'n, made to order for Montana cycling zealots.

So let's see if you got any guts: when we gonna see Haynes on the cover of the mag?

all best, see you before either of us realizes it.

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9 May 1983

Ivan & Carol,

Well, wouldn't you know it--just as soon as I say we will be in your backyard (or basement) in early June our plans change. Conflicts suddenly arose and we decided that it would be best to postpone one month. Will you be back to Seattle by early July? We will be leaving here on 1 July, probably in the early afternoon, and get in to Seattle either late Friday or Saturday--we will give you plenty of warning. I hope you will be there, because we sure would like to see your place. We will be here during June, save for the weekend of 25-26, when I will be romping around Yellowstone talking about the fur men (no fur women) and other early coots in that region. Please make plans to stay with us during your Montana tour--OK? We have a new room that we have tacked on to the downstairs. Don't ask me why we did it, but it is great to have the extra room. Anyway, We look forward to seeing you in June.

The flyer on Inside This House of Sky looks great. We will place an order for a gross, providing the author of the text can appear here, on our stage, in authentic 1950s garb--not any fake stuff, but the real clothes from that bygone era. I still have my school sweaters, do you? Sickening isn't it. We, of course, will boost your new endeavor and I expect it will sell a bunch. Our merchandise people will place an order pronto.

I am still trying to figure out how to fund the Montana essay series for the mag that I asked your opinion on so many months ago. Your advice, by the way, was very helpful and I think you are right about the amount and how it should be offered. My only problem now is to find the money. I want to do it, so the money forthcoming I will be back to pester you about it--OK?

See you in June,

Bill

P.S. About your Sciatica woe--I highly recommend an exercise book The Pilates Method. It will fix your problem

14 May '83

Dear Bill--

V-e-r-r-r-y clever, Lang. You're jiggling your Seattle schedule so that you'll get the Doig house without the Doigs. Best of both worlds.

We can't head for Montana until probably June 19th, and then will be in the state for the next 4-5 weeks. So no, we won't be on hand out here for your proposed July 1 jaunt, but that shouldn't stop you. You guys are welcome to the house--remember, it's the July 4 weekend and maybe you'll want to hole up and enjoy the city (bound to be some kind of civic celebratory shenanigans; fireworks over Elliott Bay, etc.) instead of bucking traffic on the 4th. What about a key swap? If your place is available that week, we'd be glad to have the option of crashing there, even though I hope we'll be ensconced in Choteau by then. If you've already got the house loaned out, don't worry about it--it strictly would be just an option for us.

Anyway, since you've once again invited us to mooch, how about this: we could aim to hit Helena (from Missoula) on June 20, spend the day picking nits of research at the Society library, and flop at your place that night, thereby providing you with a key to our place and instructions how to get here, etc. Sound reasonable? I think we'd push on to Choteau on the 21st, to start on our annual summer dilemma of housing ourselves up there for a month or so.

And, if we haven't visited ourselves to oblivion after that one night with you, and you don't steer your bicycles off Vancouver Island into the Pacific, we might see you on our way home from Choteau, in mid- or late July. In any event, I hope you'll consider that our Seattle house is perfectly available to you guys. We'd like to have some occupancy, in fact. The strawberry patch ought to be overflowing by then, with us out of the way everybody can even have a bedroom and bed...such a deal.

So: just let us know if the new room isn't booked for June 20, and we can sort all this out then. Okay?

see ya

18 June '84

Dear Bill--

Thanks to our phone session a couple of hours ago, I think I now have the Montana book-huckstering trip parsed out. The pertinent logistics to the Langs seem to be these:

--I could stand a place to crash the nights of Oct. 23-24; I intend to bring a sleeping bag, so a place down by the dog dish will do.

--Probably I'll be signing books at two sites in Bozeman on Oct. 25 (I am saying no to Mick Hager for his Museum banquet; that just doesn't click with being in Lewistown for breakfast; plus these other 2 book folks asked me first), so I'll likely be in business there between about 10:30 and 3. If you promise not to talk about Chuck Russell all the way, I'd be happy to have you ride along to Lewistown.

--As to the MHS conference schedule, let's say that the Friday breakfast shindig is okey-doke with me; If there's some convulsion in the conference schedule, I could make it to Lewistown for a Thursday afternoon or evening appearance, though I'd need to know that definitely by about Aug. 10. And no way can I do anything later than the intended Fri. breakfast deal. OK? Title of what I'd do, incidentally, could be "Welcome to Gros Ventre, pop. 1,001)."

Now to the real stuff: you mooching our house. I'll put the house key under a coffee can in our garbage can bin, which is inside the woodhouse door nearest the street. The woodhouse, you may remember, is to the right of our carport. Carol convinced me that when you're done with the key, just put it back under the can, so that if you come back to town or somebody else wants to stay here, there it'll be. If we can think of any house info you ought to know we'll leave you a list, but frankly, Scotland is looming on us so much I don't know that we'll be able to make one more list. Hell, you guys know how to live in a house, even if you are from Montana. Do use up any ripe strawberries or raspberries, and I guess water the place if it looks dry. Don't walk on the crawl-space hatch cover outside the sliding door of my office; it's rotting, and I intend to replace it by the year 2001. If you've any questions about the place or our household logic, you can try these friends as possible help: John & Jean Roden, EM2-6491; and Phil Dimeco, 546-1769. As to the immediate neighbors, the savviest ones are directly across the street, Dick and Joanie Lankford. And we'll leave a copy of our Scottish itinerary on my desk; if Attila the Hun has rampaged through the house, I guess give us a call.

Unless Carol makes me get down to business and leave you some p.s. of real substance, that's about it. Happy biking. We may try get to Montana around Labor Day--will let you know.

best

Jean

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225 N. Roberts Street
Helena, Montana 59620

HELENA, MT
30 APR
1984




Ivan & Carol Doig
17021 Tenth Ave. N.W.
Seattle, Washington
98177

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30 April 84

Hi ho--We will invade on the 19th, sans kids, probably in early afternoon. We will call from Bellingham on the 18th to confirm your schedule. I have a couple of possibilities for Lewistown; I will have it figured out by the time we are there. Looking forward to seeing you guys. I am hard at work on a big Chuck issue; should hold them for another decade. See you on the 19th

Bill

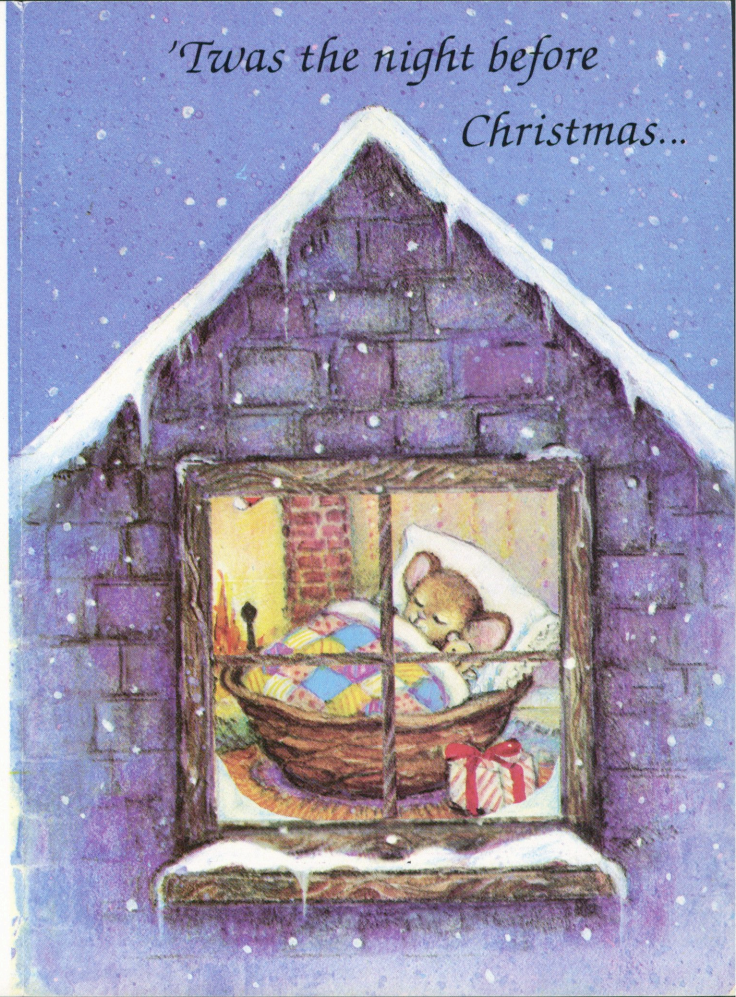
When all through
the house
not a creature
was stirring...



3-41
L-317
Olympicard
Enfield, Ct. 06082
Made in U.S.A.



'Twas the night before
Christmas...



Carol & Ivan –

We picked up these class candy from a down-and-out neighbor boy who was peddling them to pay for his dream trip to Rajaneeshpuram to meet the Bagwan-Beyond. Realizing that this dream could help the wayward child, we agreed to have our names stamped on the inside in true 1950's suburban style. We have a new puppy but we could not get him to sit still in the cradle so we sent the begging, candy-selling Kid in it and shot the pic.

We travel to Portland and family for Christmas. My parents escaped to Hawaii, so it will be an unusual Christmas. Then, with the presses rolling the Dec'g issue of the mag. will hit the streets sometime in late January – only two weeks late. Hope the best Christmas ever – see you in March –

Bill, Sue, Becky, Joel, Schnauzer (cat), Kookie (sr. dog), Kamala (puppy), Clarence (bunny)

EXCEPT

THE LANG'S

BILL, SUE, BECKY, AND JOEL

*Wishing*

*You*

*A Merry Christmas*

*and a*

*Happy New Year!*

MONTANA
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HELENA, MT 596
PM
3 OCT
1984




Ivan & Carol Doig
17021 10th Ave.
Seattle, Washington
98177

© USPS 1981

Ivan & Carol:

The Lang Hilton in Clancy is ready--new carpet has been laid, old tomato plants will be cleaned away, new stereos in the kid's rooms will give you the latest heavy metal sound at your fingertips, and I have a coffee grinder to speed the brewing process. How about that? Oh, yes, and new insulation in the attic--this you will notice immediately, of course. You are booked into Yogo Inn in Lewistown for the night of Oct. 25. I requested a room for you w/o banging pipes. I will call as soon as English Creek hits our loading dock, which better be damn soon--right? The lower price is a surprise, but we will just gobble that up in mailing charges anyway. See you on the 23rd and talk to you in between.

Bill

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(406) 449-2694

Ivan and Carol,

Well, I have been running a mile a minute since I returned from Seattle, including hopping down to Salt Lake City for the annual gathering of the historians. Thanks so much for that wonderful hospitality at your place. You made my visit special and I was so pleased to have a little time to discuss the great issues of western literature with the writer himself--you have again got me charged up to do something about my so-called novel (egad, I still tremble at the thought of writing one squeaky, shitty little line!!). Really, whenever I get a chance to talk to you two I get my batteries charged and recharged--so thanks for that and much more. (The experience of negotiating Seattle in your car-from-the-days-of-the-big-boats was a thrill I will not soon forget, nor will I forget next time to park in a safe lot!)

Lots of things are happening hereabouts. We fight the battle of the deadlines with some success and the court battle continueth on into eternity--it has become something of a second rate drawing-room comedy. I am taking it with much more humor and ease of late. Sue has been travelling the last couple of weeks and has been more successful than of late; Reagan's revolting recovery? How can that idiot appoint such an incompetent to run Interior? What didwe do and what did the birds and animals do to deserve this?

The WHA had several new books out on the tables, including a new one from Utah Univ. Press--Dick Etualin's conversations with Wallace Stegner on western history and literature. It looks good and I wonder when the interview with Doig will go beyond the Elliott Bay Booknotes.

Have to run. I include the column from latest Sunday GF Tribune and Gilluly's comments about Montana writers. He has the sense to call Ross Toole a social historian, but I am sure the academics that go under that rubric would complain mightily--Ross would probably laugh.

Hope to see you the weekend before Thanksgiving. We will give you plenty of warning. Again, thanks so much for the delightful time--it meant a great deal.

Bill

22 Oct. '83

Dear Bill--

Lang's magazine and Doig praised in the same piece; what a paragon of perception that Gilluly is. Thanks for sending it along.

OK, we'll look forward to you guys the weekend before Thanksgiving. Give us an eventual estimate on arrival, and we could even try have some grub ready.

I don't think I ever got around to giving you any clear answer on your concern about the Hauser character in the novel-in-your-head. The matter came to me again as I was looking through the Stegner interview book you mentioned--Etulain or somebody sent me a copy, I like it a lot. I think the question of whether your guy is to be Hauser or proto-Hauser is not one that needs be solved beforehand, first of all. The course of the writing might itself answer it; for instance, you may find your protagonist in some kind of relationship with the Hauser/nonHauser which in itself would decide you--say your guy is disgusted by the Hauser/nonHauser's habit of picking his nose, and you know Hauser never in his life did so. He therefore has to be written as nonHauser, doesn't he? Or if the H/nonH person does something which only Hauser actually did, maybe then he better be Hauser. I'm encountering this in the current ms, where the Regional Forester of the time, Evan Kelley, is emerging as a feared bureaucrat--as he actually was. So, my guy might as well be Kelley. The only standard I've known to apply so far is that the character's words, behavior, etc. must be consistent with the real person. In Kelley's case, he's only offstage, so any words of his will be from actual Kelley letters and memos in the UM archives; in Sea Runners, the craven pastor who gambled is based on, you got it, an actual craven Sitka pastor who gambled. Now: if you don't have that actuality, that too may answer your situation: if you don't know what Hauser plausibly said or wrote in given situations, maybe the character better be nonHauser.

Confusing enough? I'd also say that all this counts more with a few pecksniffian academics than the world at large. Myself, I believe that an Afterword or author's note which gives the terms on which the book has been written--ala Sea Runners--is ample. I think that's where Stegner drew sniffs about Angle of Repose, and I see in the interview book he got crosswise with his source's family, is why he didn't more straightforward.

All--not to say too much--for now. Hang by your thumbs.

Ivan

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13 Sept.

Ivan and Carol,

Back to the basics--a typewriter. Actually, I am beginning to like my computer; does this mean that I am doomed as a writer? does it mean that I have entered the next century? or does it just mean that I will be able to converse with my kids in two or three years of steady work on the electronic marvel? Who knows?

I will arrive sometime on the night of 28 Sept. I will have a car (I think), but if not I will take you up on your offer of the car loan. I will give you a call if it looks as though I will be arriving any hour after eight. We will probably leave here early in the morning and should be in the great burg by seven o'clock or so.

Not much has been happening here except all of the formal hoopla associated with the publication of the book. Just got word this morning that 255 books are being air freighted so that we can have them for the formal presentation tonight!!! Archibald was ready to slay me in the lobby if the books did not arrive. Why do things always go down to the wire? I am worried about how the books will look, Archibald is worried about having something to give the governor. That is the pecking order at this place.

Other things are well enough. I am looking forward to seeing you. Thanks so much for letting me jam myself into your lives for a couple of days. See you on the 28th.

Bill

As you can tell by this unintelligible glop that we call computer writing, I am hard at work trying to learn how to run this new contraption. Actually I have to admit that I am more than a little excited at the prospect of joining the new century and perhaps moving into the distant future--that is how it feels to be working at this kind of machine and then returning home to slave away on my manual typewriter. With this device I can type much faster and I can edit the stuff with more speed, but somehow I do not feel as though I am actually writing words, and of course I am not. This stuff is really only + and - impulses on a disk; not really words at all. That is as much as I want to know about the process.

Duncan Kelso was here yesterday, wondering if we might want to give him a bit of a spotlight with the Inside photos; I hope we can do something for him, but he does want quite a bit of money for his photos, at least quite a bit by Helena standards. He impressed me as a serious guy and absolutely hooked on your writing and the Montana landscape--a discerning fellow.

Are you ready for this? Lang on the tube, brought into your home and homes of millions of people who care less about what editor Lang might be doing on a horse--yeah, a horse. I am considering challenging the great horseman (or is it the great horeshit slinger?) in the White House after my debut. The Yellowstone Institute course on following the path of the Nez Perce through YNP attracted the interest of ABC's 20/20. After much discussion and anxiety, we said OK, knowing that our trip would be altered to some degree. It was quite an experience. The trip was fantastic, including some rather strange happenings high up on the divide ( I will have to give you the full story when I see you at the end of Sept.), the presence of the ABC people was truly more a problem than what we might get out of the publicity. What they may do to the story of the trip is anyone's guess. One thing I learned: don't believe anything you see on TV. I guess I already knew that, but this drove it home with a vengeance.

I will be in Seattle from 28 Sept. to 2 Oct. Will I disrupt your routine and any special events by crashing at your place one or more of the days?

I will give you a call when I know exactly when I will be arriving.

The other great problem--finding a new asst. and settling the whole firing matter--is coming to a resolution, but with many strange twists; I will give you the story when I see you next month.

Sue sends her best. The kids are chomping to get back to school; I guess summer is over. Later

3 Sept. '83

Dear Bill--

As best I could tell from the myriad of eye-fuzzing dots that came from your address, you are being held prisoner somewhere in Silicon Valley. Will send you a can opener soonest.

You can flop with us the full extent of the oral history shindig if you want. The timing is pretty good--i.e., I might even manage to be civil a few minutes each day; I should be finishing up a chapter of the novel then and it's been going together pretty well. Gut time starts the first week in Oct., when I tackle the final chapter of this thing. So, ~~xxx~~ come while the coming's good. We probably can led you wheels, although be warned that the Buick is bigger than the starship Enterprise and the Ford is truly in the tradition of the tin lizzie.

Duncan Kelso called me to say he was going enterprising to Montana, but I wasn't clear how. I trust it's known around your place--feel free to apprise anybody if needed--that Duncan's pics are no skin off me one way or the other, and indeed INSIDE THOS is only a very little peel. Ours is a business relationship; ~~xx~~ I'm in fact a bit nonplussed by Duncan, who seems to wish he had lived my life, and as a second best wants to spend the rest of his taking pictures to fit my words. This view is considerably unfair, I guess; mutual friends who've known Duncan a long time seem to think he's just dandy. But so far he and I haven't found a middle ground between his abashment at the glory of my words and my consternation at his abashment. Cordial we are, but blood brothers not.

Well, come on out here and tell us your tales of TV horsebacking and MHS bureaucracy. All us ranch kids know there's more than one kind of horseshit.

best

Jon

p.s. Where's that phone bill for all the calls we made at your place? Honest, we'd like to pay you for that stuff--it's business expense.

21 July '83

Dear Bill--

Thanks for the loan of this book which you didn't know you had lent me (I cleared it with Sue, the obvious logistician of the household).

Yes, the house was more or less habitable after having Johnsons and Langs all over it. Do come and habitate some more, if you want, during the Oral History shindig in Sept. Dale Johnson even gave me a program, so I know what you're up to--still trying to be the DMZ between historians and folklorists, eh? Lot of flak in that country.

Our trip went decently enough after we departed your place, though as usual both of us began to tilt toward home. We got drenched out of the Big Hole venture, which decided us to head on for Seattle, and we pulled in here about mid-afternoon last Friday. Seems to be a good thing we did, as we've been wrestling chores and mail ever since; with luck, by next week I can actually get back to writing again.

We immensely liked your house, and appreciate the loan of it. Naturally I'll acknowledge that the rodeo section of this novel was written in the study of Bronco Bill Lang.

best to Sue, Becky, Joel.

Ivan

Ivan & Carol,

I trust you found your abode in reasonable shape. It will only take you six months to find one of the books I shuffled on your shelves — ha.

Sue is off in S.F. with more funn. business and I am busy at work trying to keep afloat.

Can't tell you how much we enjoyed your place. If you are home and my presence won't disturb, I may camp for a couple of days in late September. I will give you plenty of warning.

My best,

Bill

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2 March 1983

Ivan Doig
17021--10th Ave. N.W.
Seattle, Washington
98177

Dear Ivan,

Thanks for your nice note on the Schwatka-Haynes piece. I have just returned from a week dashing around YNP leading a group of people on the trek of the famous 1887 expedition--at least on part of the trek. We camped out on the slopes of Mt. Washburn, hoping to get the feel of the place where Haynes and his buddies got so hopelessly lost.

Yes, plan on plopping yourselves at our digs in the great burg of Clancy. We would love it! I can tell you of my non-progress on the novel that burns inside me--eating away at me? giving my stomach fits? forcing me to drink? all of the above. Actually, I am a bit closer to trying the whole thing, but still scared to death of it. Your encouragement gives me strength to try it. I can also tell you of my recent visit with the Washington State Historical Society Board of Curators in Seattle. It was very enlightening and very perplexing.

Now, can I put an arm on you? I am planning a series of articles in the magazine that I hope will actually find their way into print. I want to entice you and several other noted authors (Montanans) to write essays on the subject "Reflections on Montana's Past" (only a working title for the series). My hope is to get yourself, Bud Guthrie, Jim Welch, Dorothy Johnson, Norman Maclean and perhaps one or two others to write these essays. I will run them in successive issues as lead articles and then, money permitting, combine them into a small publication. I am trying to get enough money together to make it at all attractive and reasonable for you and other writers of prominence to undertake such an assignment. Am I aout of my mind? Would you agree to do it for say $400 (remember we are always broke) for the article and an additional $500 if we publish a book separately? I know you cannot answer for anyone but yourself, but I would like your reaction before I try to get others to do it. I only wish we could offer to pay a reasonable amount for a 2-3000 word essay, but we are very limited. Anwyay, what do you think?

We look forward to seeing you on March 26-27.

Best,
Bill

Hi card!

6 March '83

Dear Bill--

FLASH! DOINGS CHANGE PLANS, NIX HELENA!'SPURN CAP CITY FOR U-TOWN OF MISSOULA! 'NOTHING PERSONAL' AGAINST MONT MAG EDITOR LANG EVEN THOUGH HE PROBABLY DESERVES IT, CLAIMS AUTHOR/PROFESSOR TEAM!

Yeah,well; our intentions were good, even if my gimpy right leg isn't. We'd planned that after the week in Missoula we'd come over to Helena, Carol would fly back here on Sunday and I'd hang around the Helena/Bozeman/White Sulphur country for an extra week. But I've got a sciatica-like woe which comes and goes in my right leg, and it's recently showed up, and what it likes worst in this world is to sit in a car. So, we're gonna settle for the Missoula part of the trip, and either see you when we get to Helena this summer or when you bike out here. On the chance that your exalted job brings you to Missoula while we happen to be there--March 21 through 25--we'll be at Bill Bevis's place--phone 728-2774--and I'll be in the UM archives probably every morning.

About the magazine piece: no, I don't suppose you're any more out of your mind than usual. I'd say, though, that $500 glints considerably more brightly in a writer's eye than $400; I guess maybe we tend to think in round numbers. Probably what actually obtains is that $500 tends to show up as the minimum sum for a speech these days--mine at the WHA and the Or. His Soc, for instance--and I would guess that any of us would have to look at such an article as at least the equivalent of the work that'd go into a speech. One thought on the book project: you might consider the option of offering the writer(s) either a flat fee, of a further $500 or whatever, or a royalty. I'm not sure how I'd lean myself, on that one; would have to see the series of articles first, I think. But if any of us did prefer a royalty, it'd save you money up front.

That's general, free advice, worth exactly its price tag. Specifically, my situation is that I likely couldn't get around to an article until about Jan. '84, when I have this Montana novel whipped; but then I might be particularly amenable to having my piece in your summer '84 issue, to precede the novel's publication that fall. See how devious writers can be? Aren't you already sorry you're not just planning a Retrospective of the Best-Loved Pictures by Charles M. Russell?

Feel free to give me a call between now and Missoula departure date (March 20) if I haven't confused you sufficiently already. A dirge note to close on: I hope the Wahh His Soc honchos told you how flat-ass broke this state is.

love to Sue, Becky, Joel. oil those bikes.

Ivan

MONTANA
THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY

MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
225 NORTH ROBERTS STREET
HELENA, MONTANA 59620

(406) 449-2694

13 December 1982

Ivan & Carol,

Greetings from snow-bound, sub-zero heaven!! Joel and I went winter camping this weekend to be sure that winter is truly here--our report is affirmative.

Thanks for the nice Christmas card--ours are late as usual, but they will get out of our abode to yours soon. The news of Sea Runners is great! I have the book already in hand for two Christmas presents, so I beat the rush!.

The Bradley Trust (enclosed info.) is official and is on for the coming summer. One of the unfortunate duties associated with the Trust, for the recipient, is to live in Helena for 8 weeks in the summer, but I think you might be able to stand it. Anyway, the answer is yes and no to your questions v-a-v who is eligible. Academics are not the only ones who may apply, but the project undertaken must be headed toward a publication and must use our materials. The question of researching for fiction has not yet come up. I can't see why we would reject the idea out of hand, but the point of the Trust fellowship is to foster more scholarship. The credentials of the applicant is not as important as the purpose of the work and the integrity of the proposal. I think you could make a good case for researching historical fiction. The money is enough to feed you for a couple of months while you are here and we could all have a good time.

We are still planning to come over that way to bike this summer, but it looks like it may be in June rather than August. I just love to bike in the rain, but then we might get lucky. We will keep in touch and give you enough warning if we plan to stop by in transit.

Our best wishes,

Bill

Your address in Phoenix was very good — several flatlanders from Nebraska, South Dakota and other strange places were more than impressed, although one woman (who admitted to having an instant "crush" on you [egad! remember those old terms?]) said that going through your book-writing-marketing trials made her depressed/inspired to finish her biography — watch out for this woman — should I warn Carol?

17 Dec. '82

Dear Willyum--

Thanks for sending the skinny on the Bradley Fellowship. My God, you mean they actually expect the recipient to spend the dough in Helena rather than, say, Paris or Edinburgh? I'm already about over-researched for this next book, but maybe for the next one, if I tackle Montana homesteading, I can mull putting in for a Bradley in '84 or '85.

If you're gonna come biking in June, maybe we can talk about swapping house keys. We're likely to head for Montana by about the 15th or 20th of June. If we're not here--or I guess even if we are--you're sure welcome to this place for a Seattle debaunch before you peddle off. (oops--pedal off.) Incidentally, we're having supper tomorrow night with a friend who's biked the San Juans and part of Vancouver I.; I'll try think to ask her if there's anything which anybody dumb enough to do that should know.

Everything is going so well here I can barely stand it. The 1st p'back printing of Winter Bros--5000 at $5.95 cover price--has sold out, and Harcourt is merrily printing another 5000. Just signed the contract for the Montana Depression novel--The Raisins of Wrath, maybe we'll call it. Got your novel writ yet, or are you still dinking around?

All best to Sue and the two Langlets.

Ivan

Dear Bill--

So have you recuperated yet from all that Phoenix sun?

I have got a question, and I figure that anybody who runs a magazine must know everything. You mentioned the Historical Society is instituting a research residency fellowship or some such, for 8 or so weeks at a time? Are us writers eligible, or does a person have to be an ossified academic to qualify? I'm just asking generally, I'm not even sure if or when I could apply. But if you've got any info, or can tell me who can provide any, I'd appreciate.

All is well here. Sea Runners is into a 4th printing, total of 17,000 in print. The flip side of that is that bookstores here are running out of books just as Xmas shopping gets under way. You sure you want to descend deeper into the book business?

If you're missing any paperwork in your office, it's because I slipped Gene Gressley a key to your door and told him to help himself. He said yes yes yes, he definitely would.

best

Ivan

9 June '82

Dear Bill--

Some buddy you are. I mean, if you're gonna run a Winter Bros review, why didn't you get somebody who really liked the book? A mere "classic," indeed.

Anyway, I was bowled over by Dick Brown's enthusiasm, and actually the timing of the review is also good, with the trade paperback of Winter Bros coming out about Sept. So thankee, thankee.

About our Helena stint. How about if we leave it flexible as to whether we might descend on you the second night of our stay, the 17th? That is, we'll hang onto our motel reservation, in the event you guys have something else happening, and we'll just see how things look when we arrive at the Society on the 16th. Okay?

see you in a week.

Dan

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(406) 449-2694

25 May 1982

Dear Ivan and CArol,

We are most definitely visitable. Please consider our place open to you for lodging if it fits into your plans. At the very least we will put on the feedbag. Who knows, maybe our struggling garden will have something to graze on by then. In any event, we will be most pleased to see you and trade stories of happenings over the last year.

No protests here about our covers, although in sending you a flyer to encourage Montanans to subscribe (inserted in Montana income tax refund envelopes--clever, eh?) we got one codger who scribbled that he did not appreciate use trying to shake change out of his pocket with state mailings and wondered if that was what his tax monies went to, ending his complaint with "Dam You!!!" Should I take this personally?

See you when you get here. We'll try to arrange decent weather.

Our best,

Bill, Sue & tribe

19 May '82

Dear Bill--

If you haven't lost your job yet for running that Russian stuff on the cover instead of good sound Chuck Russell work, I thought I'd see if the Langs are visitable sometime amid June 16, 17, 18. I ought to nose around the Historical Society those days--we'll be heading up to Choteau and Dupuyer for a few weeks after that--and may put Carol to nosing for me some of that time, too. We'll have a tent and sleeping bag, but I think will put up in a motel the two or three nights in Helena so that I'll have a place to work. Whatever way we work it out, we'd much like to see you guys if you'll be around.

For the sake of the novel, I've been tracking down guys who poisoned grasshoppers along the High Line in 1938-9. I tell you, you haven't done real history until you've heard these gaffers tell how to mix the arsenic with the sawdust then put in some banana oil or sugar beet molasses... My favorite so far is the guy who responded: Dear Sir, why are you, a Washingtonian, writing about Montana?

luv to Sue, Becky, Joel.

Ivan

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28 October 1981

Dear Carol and Ivan,

It is great to hear from you and with such nice praise for our last cover--it is appreciated. This copy is gratis--you will note that the book reviews are missing; we use it for a cut copy to send tear sheets to publishers.

Also, thanks so much for sending along those pictures you took of us in June. They are great, although my balding condition was fuel for more remarks from my youngest--he thinks it is cute to mention my age and deterioration from time to time. You know having you visit was so pleasant that I hope you can go out of your way the next time you are within shouting distance to bunk in with us again. My daughter still mentions your visit when she is talking about her desire to become a writer. She had a "what I did last summer" essay published by the Helena paper; she might as well have won the National Book Award. God, what notoriety will do!!! Anyway, it was great to have you visit.

I finally got back my circulating copy of This House of Sky, so I take this opportunity to send it along for an autograph--how about it?

Hope to see you in the near future. Things here go along as usual, although the Haynes book project really fouled up our publication schedule--we are one month late on the current issue. The Haynes book has been out for about one month, but it is far too early to tell if we have a winner or a loser. I see so many flaws in it that I half expect it to bomb (including three typos in the preface!!! Shit!!), but many people have said how much they like the book, so who knows? I hope we get some distribution out in your country.

The best of the coming season to you. Sue says hi.

Yours,

Bill

4 Nov. '81

Dear Bill--

I'm proxy here for Carol, who says to thank you hugely for passing along the extra copy of the Fechin cover. It'll be put to use, hung up on a wall just like it was a Chuck Russell.

Busy here, what with the state finances collapsing around the ears of state employees such as Carol, and me in an autumn-long footrace to finish this Alaskan novel. Guess I'll have it done by Xmas, but goddamn I'm gonna be tired. Tell Becky authoring is a great life, but no easy one.

Last Wed. night we went down and heard Mike Malone give his UW Press-sponsored lecture on Butte, got to see him briefly amid the adoring throng (surprising number of Butte escapees on hand) and visited more with Gail.

Not much else new. We plan to spend some of summer in Montana, maybe even some of spring. Will be around to give you a bad time if we do.

all best

Ivan

p.s. Nice issue of the magazine, this last one. You're right, Granville <u>was</u> a loser.

13 Aug. '81

Lang

Dear Bill--

An incredibly belated note of thanks, in part due to me and partly to the photo processor's inability to print up the Langs in the full glory they deserve. Carol's slides of you look nice and bright, but for whatever reason the photo shop darkens the prints like hell; I refused to accept their first try and this second one isn't great, but anyway, here they at last are.

Am also enclosing a check for subscription to your erstwhile magazine with all the nice Chuck Russell art on the cover. The librarian at Carol's college has regularly routed the college's copy to me, but I'd better have my own copy of your upcoming stuff, such as Granville Stuart's psyche.

Carol shot a bunch of slides for me in the Choteau-Dupuyer country and I mauled my way through the GF Trib for the summer of '39, so we added considerably to my research for the Montana novel after we left you. Incidentally, the loan of your house for the day was a great help; I got much organized, and some written.

Busy here. The local public tv station is getting underway on a half-hour version of Winter Brothers, and I'm involved in the scripting. Also need to get back to to the last half of the Alaska novel I'm on, so it looks like a humming autumn. Hope all is well with you. Best to Sue, Becky, Joel.

Ivan

p.s. Liked your Scratchgravel Hills piece. Why don't you do the Taylor Gordon article sometime? I've still got some research references...

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13 May 1981

Ivan,

The welcome is still there and eagerly extended. The timing is fine. I have to be down in Bozeman on the 26th of June, but that presents no problem to our household routine.

Sue and I would love to have you and Carol. We live out away from town--in one of those suburban settings that looks and feels like the woods, but still lets us have natural gas (strange how we all live in this motorized society, right?).

Anyway, there is plenty of room and I know we can spend hours talking about what you are up to--a Montana novel sounds very intriguing. I will have to tell you about the insane book I have always wanted to write about my six years at Carroll College, an experience that can only be described as part time-warp and part deja vu. But as an historian with meager writing skills (you know the type) I have always fantasized about writing such a piece. I will have to bore you with some of it.

Give us a couple of days knotice to be sure your schedule is the same--we will have the 24th and 25th open for sure. I will have to send you a map before you come, depending upon what time of day or night you plan to arrive.

The news about Winter Brothers is great. It deserves the highest praise.

I look forward to hearing from you as mid-June comes upon us.

My best,

Bill

10 May '81

Dear Bill--

Rash invitations come home to roost.

Which is to say, Carol and I are intending a Montana trip, and likely will be in Helena by June 24 or 25, for 2-3 days. Is there indeed space at the Lang household, handily? We can fend elsewhere if there isn't, so don't hesitate to be honest and say no.

I'll be doing a day or two of scrounging at the Historical Society, starting to build file cards toward a Montana novel. Then we'll head on to Gt. Falls and on up to Dupuyer, which I think is where I'll set the book--along the Rocky Mountain Front there. I don't have all this clearly lined out yet, since I'm still about midway of the coastal novel I'm writing, but flummoxing around once produced House of Sky for me, so I'm game to flummox some more.

Things seem to be going pretty well. The coastal novel so far I think is not bad--different from either Sky or Winter Brothers, but asserting itself on its own terms. Winter Bros has sold about 13,500, made the rough cut for an American Book Award (i.e., just short of nomination), has had good reviews on a ration of about 8-1; all in all, I'm damned happy with it.

Hope all is well with you. Will look forward to hearing about the NP pic book. All best to Sue.

Ivan

9 March 1981

Ivan,

I have been meaning to get this off to you for weeks--our weak winter has left my mind mushy--and now just now get around to it. People still talk about your talk in Billings, not people in the street, but still those who were there. By all reports here, I expect Winter Brothers is doing well.

We are busy preparing a photo book for publication this summer. The photos of F. Jay Haynes who shot pics all along the Northern Pacific mainline, branch lines, and in Yellowstone; 1870s to 1900. It is exciting and we have idea what we are doing. We hope to make money (what a silly objective) so we can publish other things.

I hope things are going well for you and today is inspired.

Yours,

Bill

Bill Lang

Going to Victoria in Early April for Pac. NW Hist. Conf. - so will get some Real Salmon - None in Helena

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3 December 1980

Ivan,

Sorry about missing you in Helena. Please do plan to stop in to see Sue and I when you are in town--you can bunk in with us anytime.

I thought you might like to see these unusual shots of you at the history conference--candid shots always are risky. Anyway, they are not the ones I used in Montana Post (our newsletter); you can take these and draw baloons for all sorts of strange captions--right?

Just finished Winter Brothers---zowie! A great piece that really strikes home with me because my great-great-great-grandfather was one Oregon's pioneers (the leader of the Barlow Trail expedition to construct the toll road around Mt. Hood and later speaker of the House in Oregon, etc., etc.) and I have often taken his diary entries and thought about his descriptions of places near Hood when I was traversing the same general area. In my head and emotions, I have talked to myself about Joel Palmer's experiences on the overland trail and his trailblazing around Mt. Hood, but until reading your book I had no conception of just how enlightening that direction my be. I will not be able to read Palmer's diary and letters again with the same eyes. Thanks.

Please take my invitation to visit us seriously. Have a happy holiday. Our first snow is down; my skis seem to be flexing themselves.

My best,

Bill Lang

- Xmas '60 trip to Santa Cruz, Ron Fahl said Bill was his classmate at Willamette U.

Dear Bill--

Now I have seen some terrible photos in my time, but that one of me and the Steeles in Billings...I hope you've not holding the negative of that one as a tool of blackmail.

I'll look forward to the Montana Post. If you can, send me a couple of copies, so I can pass one to the publisher.

Appreciated the kind words about Winter Brothers. I've heard similar startled responses from others who've mulled how to deal with diaries--Bill Farr, Jeff Safford. The one problem with going a little bit crazy with technique that way is that nobody (yet) quite knows how to review the book. Reviews in this area--no national ones yet--have been polite and baffled. As it turns out, the book already has outsold my expectations by about 50%--into a 3d printing, 15,000 copies now in print--so the reviews haven't really mattered. Exactly the reverse of the history of House of Sky.

Carol and I are likely to take you up on that rash invitation. I'm hoping we can come to Montana at the start of summer, so I can start work toward some more Montana writing. If so, we'll be in touch. Winter well in the meantime.

Best.

4 Nov. '80

Dear Bill-- Lang

Just a line of regret, that I didn't get a chance to say hello when I was through Helena last week. I was zooming through town, and spent my time on the needful, signing all those Xmas books of Bob Silberling's.

Anyway, if Carol and I can make it to Montana next summer, we'll hope to see you and Sue. I enjoyed what little time I had to talk with each of you at Billings.

all the best

Bill & Marianne, hi and welcome--

Your first household assignment: enjoy yourselves all to heck.

This place gets a lot of solar, so when you go out for the day, better put down at least the blinds on the 3 big living room windows; use the white canvas blinds, with the beaded white-chain pulls--the Verisols on strings don't work. If the weather is more than mid-70s, probably also better put down the big outside blind on the center window, and use any of the other outdoor ones at your discretion. They all have bungee hooks at the bottom so they don't whip in the breeze. We also throw open all the windows, especially the side-sliding ones along the bottom of the big living-room windows, to help cool the place down. Probably don't open the window in your bedroom until dark if it's a hot end-of-the-day; warm air comes in, downstairs.

The mail: please collect, but keep separate, the mail from **both** mailboxes across the road; our neighbors on the south side, the Ness family, are in Norway for the summer, so we're gathering their mail while they're gone.

Friday morning garbage detail: before 6:30, please set out by the street lamppost:
--the round green garbage can on the north patio (i.e., outside the kitchen)
--the recycle bin of bottles " " " "
--and from alongside the garage, the big blue (not the green) wheeled bin
Bring 'em back in when you get home for the day, thanks very much.

The vegetable garden: help yourself to anything there's enough of to eat. If you're making a salad, pinch off whatever leaf lettuce you want--that is, let the main plant keep growing. There's Brunia leaf lettuce in the north and southeast beds, as well as the triplet rows of Red Sails. The little yellow tomatoes, OSU Gold Nuggets, are ripe when they're a deep yellow and a little soft. By all means, use any berries you want.
We have the watering system programmed, but if there's no rain while you're here, please hand-water the row of peas--netted under the green steel posts--on Saturday morning. There's a watering can on the downstairs porch, and divvy about a can of water along the row, okay?

Using the deck: Bill, here is your category of "Whatever you do, for Christ's sake don't..." The house key does NOT fit the deck door locks, and so, before you go out on the deck be sure to unlock BOTH the deck door off the dining room and the one off our bathroom at the south end of the house. They unlock and stay unlocked with a quarter-turn counter-clockwise, but besides that, just leave them cracked open while you're out there sopping up rays and the view. Absent-mindedness--pulling those babies shut behind you if they happen to be on lock--can leave you locked out there with only that long drop down.

Household general stuff:
--thermostat is in hallway, set to come on early each morning at 72; we usually punch HOLD and then the COOLER button to 67, to stop it from running as soon as the house is warm enough, these toasty days.
--kitchen skylights can be opened to help cool the place down; the hooked pole to wind 'em open with is behind the door in the hall bathroom.
--don't be alarmed, so to speak, by the alarm system; it's not in operation, despite the fact that little things blink at your from some room corners.
--if you use the stove, the end switch on the upright panel turns on the fan.

If anything goes wrong or you need advice on "what would Carol and Ivan do?" call Jean and John Roden at 362-6491. In case of a screaming emergency and you have to reach us,

the ship's phone & fax info is in the "St. Pete" file folder in the sideboard top drawer directly under the upstairs phone. Our fax machine is in back of the computer printer in the bigger office. In an absolute pinch, we could do E-mail with you on the computer in the smaller office, but let's pray that's not necessary.

When you leave:
--put down the living room white canvas shades and all the blinds downstairs
--put thermostat on HOLD for 67.
--water all houseplants if they seem to need it at all, plus the 2 big pots on the deck and the pair at the front door. A bucket and watering can are in the kitchen pantry.
--Make sure the toilets have stopped running; they're a bit wonky.
--lock all windows and check all doors.
--leave the key under the watering can on the downstairs porch.

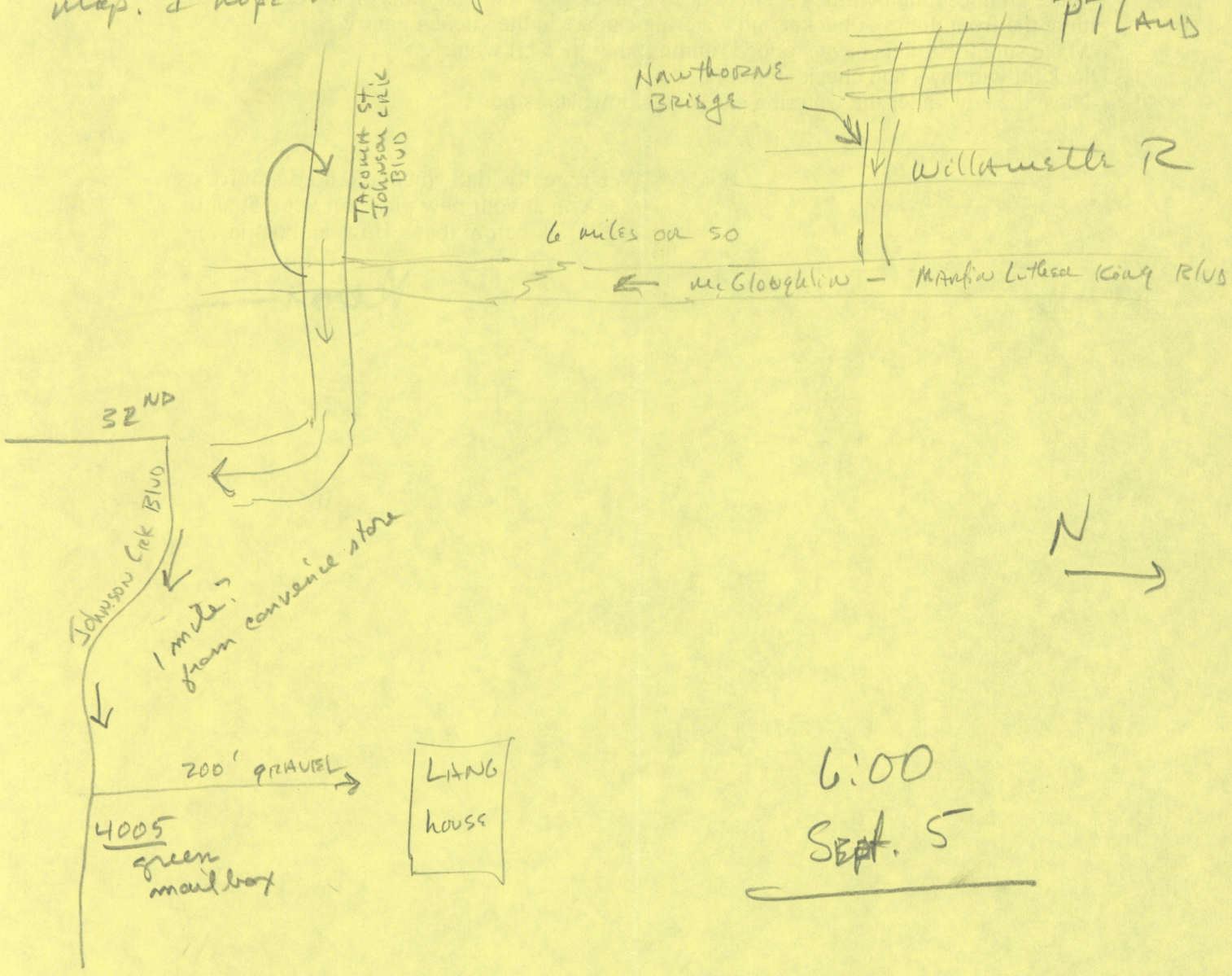
We're really glad you could house-sit for us. See you at your new place on Sept. 5, and we'll talk before then. Hugs and tickles,



Judy & Carol —

Thanks for the use of your great abode. Crows stayed out of sight, so we held off on ballistics. The clouds came in and kept everything cool.

Hope St. Petersburg was great. Did you have tea w/ Sir Paul? Did Putin drop by? It must have been fun and eye-opening. After jet-lag has taken its course, take a look at this map. I hope it is legible —




6:00
Sept. 5