9 April '05

Dear Dave and Marcella--

After herculean effort by my paperback editor at Scribner and me to herd the cover artist in approximately the right direction, here is the paperback version of PRAIRIE NOCTURNE. I'm still not happy with the cover art--the guy simply can't do the women I write, and so that's not my mental portrait of Susan Duff on the cover, although I did howl enough at earlier renditions to get some of the jowl taken off the lady--but on the other hand, who the hell knew the Broadwater Hotel would have its moment of glory there in the background?

In the scrimping on pages that has to go on to squeeze in book club questions these days, one of the casualties is the dedication page. But note that there you are, at least more prominent than the copyright or the print run numbers.

Scribner is also bringing out new paperbacks of ENGLISH CREEK and RIDE WITH ME, MARIAH MONTANA in about a month. And my new publisher, Harcourt, will do new paperbacks of HEART EARTH and THE SEA RUNNERS a year from now, with the book I'm finishing up now. I think the manuscript is going pretty well; I figure to be done with it by early June.

Otherwise, this household is gardening tooth and nail, etc. In a week we head for the Oregon coast, for five or six days of solitude in an oceanfront house our oldest friends are loaning us, to celebrate our 40th anniversary. Who knows, maybe we're getting used to each other.

All for now, as there's a hell of a lot to do before we can pull out for Oregon. Here's hoping you're both well, and surviving the workplace.

Keep low,

Ivan

Christmas 2004

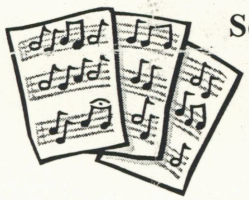
My Wishes for You

Nights too starry for fear,
Noons like a golden chime,
The confident gift of a year,
To open one day at a time,

A tree from the garden of dreams
Whose tapers are hopes come true
Whose glitter is all that it seems
These are my wishes for you.

Grace Stone Coates
December 1931
*Martinsdale, Montana**

We were fortunate beyond measure this year to spend ten gloriously quiet days in the North Fork. It wasn't smoky. It was unbearably hot only *some* days. We read and whacked weeds and ate well and tackled 20-year-old cobwebs and listened to Canadian radio and clucked our tongues over late-season floaters who should have known better. We sat bolt upright in fear one night for two hours—in the very eye of a stationary lightning and thunder storm. But most evenings, we fell asleep under skies so starry and luminous that we knew only peace.



So, for you, this season and this coming year, we second the wishes that Grace sent her friends 70 years ago.

This year was one of milestones for our family:

- In late April, at home in Eugene, Oregon, with Sergio at hand, Emily gave birth to Guillermo Poctli Balsam Romero Walter. "Memo" came into the world at almost ten pounds and has continued to grow up in good health and exuberance.
- In early May, Amanda walked graduation from the University of Great Falls, having finished all her college work the previous December.
- In mid-August, Sergio completed his doctoral program at the University of Oregon.
- And moments later, Sergio, Emily, Memo, and two dogs came to live in Missoula, Montana, for Sergio's tenure-track teaching position in the University of Montana's Sociology Department.
- In late August, Amanda began her first teaching job in Great Falls with a class of 19 poking, prodding, wiggly first-graders. By now, she has successfully weathered an open house, parent-teacher conferences, and the kind of daily dramas that come with six-year-olds whose social and personal hygiene skills are still rudimentary.
- By Thanksgiving, Memo was able to crawl, pull himself up, and "do the mash potato" at the dinner table. His parents have become world class Kindermusik entertainers.
- And in one of those marvelous rites of passage, one fall evening, when Em and Amanda came into the house, we saw unquestionably reflected in their eyes a budding perception that we might well be slightly daft, perhaps in need of their guidance, and likely at any moment, to leave the burners on.

Dave's very best moment this year may well have been Friday evening, July 16, when he placed his just-published history of Civilian Public Service Camp #55 into the hands of its remaining veterans. Twenty-five men who had maintained Glacier National Park as one of the nation's World War II alternative-service options for conscientious objectors gathered for their final reunion. With their families, they welcomed us as they had done three times before. But on this occasion, Dave had the honor of giving back to them a little of the history they had created and

helped him record. Our lives have been changed with each such meeting in the face of the commitment to service and peace that these families continue to live.

Marcella is still happily recovering from the last full week of June—the Montana Heritage Project's Summer Institute for teachers. This year, she had the opportunity to organize the Institute in White Sulphur Springs and Harlowton—tiny county seats in Grace Stone Coates' country. We were privileged to learn and take heart from ranch and Hutterite hospitality, great sweeps of land dotted with prehistoric sites, and the human pathos that can be found in 100-year-old ledgers in diminutive courthouse vaults.

Daily life here and in the North Fork remains sweet and lovely, interesting and entertaining. Dave's Montana Committee for the Humanities' speeches took him to funky meeting rooms in Sidney and Glendive and Terry and Baker and Broadus—the far reaches of eastern Montana. A work speech gave Marcella all the encouragement she needed to spend a weekend with friends in Seattle and ride Amtrak back to Montana. We neighbored with a pair of fox this summer, who had taken up residence under a North Fork cabin porch. The two watched indulgently as we mowed and weeded right at their doorstep. We enjoyed half-a-dozen rookie league baseball games. We loved seeing our corner of Montana through the eyes of two good sets of friends who had never visited before—while treasuring the luxury of time with them. We lost Marcella's Aunt Esther (her dad's last remaining sibling) and Marcella Dresher, the Kansas teacher and farm woman for whom she was named. And the world lost hope and innocence and far too many people needlessly.

You! ← Thank you!

We are, though, still thankful for the gift not just of a year, but of each day—and for your presence in those days.

Love -

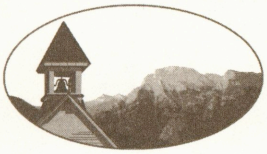
Dave &

Marcella



← Young Mema

*Grace Stone Coates was born in Kansas in the late 1880s and moved to Montana about 1910 to teach in our state's most urban center, Butte. But she met and married store owner Henderson Coates who soon took her back to his miniscule, central Montana, Milwaukee Railroad town of Martinsdale. Grace taught school, tutored, served as County Superintendent of Schools, contributed the Martinsdale column to the county newspaper, walked the hills around town, and wrote short stories and thousands of letters to friends, authors, editors, and educators. Many of those letters—and the treasures in them such as the enclosed poem—were published this year for the first time in *Grace Stone Coates, A Life in Letters,* by Lee Rostad. Lee is currently chair of the Montana Historical Society Board of Trustees. A historian, author, and rancher herself, Lee knew both Grace and the ambivalence that Grace felt about her land-locked and creativity-locked life. Lee could document that--for Grace--writing letters was "her soul's delight" and her salvation.



Montana Heritage Project

Wednesday, November 24, 2004

Ivan and Carol:

What good friends and colleagues! Never mind that you are engulfed yourselves in a more than enough to do! Thank you for hunting up this much more on Rose. It does help. As you know all too well, other "accounts" of Rose's life, for instance, carried two entirely different birth years: 1883 and 1885. So, I quickly copied this. And the truth of the matter is that I have to write diligently over this holiday weekend.

Carol, I've also not said "thank you" for your wonderful late summer letter. Thank you! It remains so good to be in touch with both of you even more after my visit with you there!

I'm assuming that you will host your gathering of friends for Thanksgiving. At our place, I've gotten the plastic doohickeys in the electric sockets at home for the now-crawling Guillermo—along with a great stash of books as needed for retreating to our bedroom. All of a sudden we are out of enough beds for this growing family of ours.

Happy Thanksgiving!

Marcella

P.O. Box 672 • 153 N. Main Street, Ste C • St. Ignatius, Montana • 59865-0672 • (406) 745-2600 • fax (406) 745-2757
P.O. Box 201201 • 225 N. Roberts • Helena, Montana • 59620-1201 • (406) 444-1759 • fax (406) 444-2696

Visit us on the Web: www.edheritage.org
umphrey@edheritage.org • marcella@edheritage.org • katherine@edheritage.org

Ivan Doig

17277 15th Avenue N.W., Seattle, Washington 98177
(206) 542-6658

20 Nov. '04

Marcella, hi--

I doubt the enclosed can add much to your Rose Gordon knowledge, but thought I'd send it along just in case there are any scraps you hadn't come across. Would like to have this back when you're done, but no rush.

Wondered if some of the names on the page of tributes might hold an *answer to your question of whether Rose had any kitchen-table friends. Also notice the details in the Isobel Choquette "farewell".

hugs and tickles,

Ivan

*Florence McAfee or some other WSS oldtimer likely could tell you if there are any offspring of those signees still around, who might remember their mother and Rose.

Copy

September 1, 2004

Dear Marcella

As I write this, a thunderstorm is rampaging north on the Sound, producing a downpour-- and now hail -- as well as innings of clatter as Ivan is on the phone with a Scribner editor, trying to negotiate cover art for the paperback of Prairie Nocturne. He and the young man who's overseeing the paperback work easily together, but the higher powers have vetoed the first idea: an interior of the Helena theater in the throes of an earthquake. Now being discussed are possible scenes from Gates of the Mountains, or from Fort Assinniboine. Apparently, the folks who run Scribner want the trilogy and PN in the same artistic style, which means that four of his paperbacks will have covers done by an artist whose work doesn't match Ivan's writing (see the current paperback cover on Dancing at the Rascal Fair. Ahh, publishing as we all know it. We won't hold our collective breath until these new editions land in bookstores; it'll be a couple of years, at least, until all are accounted for.

On the hardback front, life is perky. Ivan and his editor, Becky Saletan, communicate wonderfully, and she already has seen the first hundred pages of the new novel, which she liked just fine. Becky and her boss at Harcourt will be here in mid-September, and I've made arrangements for dinner at our favorite downtown restaurant. On these occasions "the author never pays," as was succinctly enunciated years ago by the publicity director at one of his former publishers. Both Becky and Andre, the publisher, are terrific advocates of Ivan's work and have offered him publication as soon as he can get the ms. completed, which he hopes to do in the first quarter of next year. That holds the possibility of a Fall book in 2005 or, if that's too tight, Spring of 2006.

Ivan's days are spent commuting between the office and his garden, which you can picture. We continue to eat wonderfully, and lately have enough variety of fruits and berries to serve on a bed of lettuce, with a honey-poppy seed dressing I culled from Joy. We've eaten so much fresh food that I've lost a few pounds without dieting and without trying to and am currently enjoying the extra room between waists and waistbands. Working out on the property probably doesn't hurt, either.

Many thanks for the birthday greetings, Marcella. Since Ivan escorted me on a blowout birthday to Victoria and the Sooke Harbour House last year, I had planned something a good deal more modest this time, perhaps a day trip to Mt. Baker. However, July 24 turned our to be the hottest day of our summer, in the mid-90s, and Seattleites think that's impossible weather and head for the cellar. In fact, we got out early and walked the length of the big Shilshole marina, then headed for Chinook's, where we all enjoyed lunch during your visit. I do believe they have the best scones in this part of the world. Then it was on to Central Market for the makings of nutritionally incorrect cheeseburgers. which Ivan grilled to perfection for our dinner. In short, I

enjoyed a perfectly fine day around the homestead.

It's been a good summer in Seattle, though extremely dry, and we've ~~enjoyed~~ taken to inviting friends for salad and sourdough suppers (my word for a light dinner; did you grow up with such a distinction?).

Our next out-of-state venture will be a week at the Oregon coast, starting September 20. Our spiffy friends Ann and Marshall Nelson (he's our lawyer and we've known both of them since they were teenagers and we were in our 20s, in Evanston, Ill.) have built a house just south of Cannon Beach, in the small community of Arch Cape, and are turning it over to us, trusting souls that they are. It's our very favorite part of the coast, with an enchanting six-mile beach nearby at Nehalem Bay State Park, a deli within half a mile to provide lunches, and a favorite restaurant, the Bistro, in Cannon Beach. There are seastacks and monoliths and a coastline we'd love to show you and whatzizname some time.

Back at home, we've improved the front yard by digging out a lot of dead grass and producing a lavender garden. There's still enough grass to keep me muttering, but the whole thing does look better.

I hear Ivan's printer, grinding out the day's work, and anticipate that we'll be walking the neighborhood as soon as the last vestiges of storm move away. Time for me to extract myself from the iMac. We much enjoy hearing about your adventures, and we have enjoyed **not** hearing stories of forest fires this summer and hope that respite continues.

Fond greetings to you both.

July 24, 2004

Dear Carol and Ivan:

I only have to type the word "Dear" and the help feature of the computer comes up and asks if I need assistance with my letter. It's a good question. You can be the judges. For sure I am rusty.

We hope—very much—that you are both well and having a lovely summer. I enjoy, more than you will know, being able to picture you at work in the garden or writing at your desks or watching the whole world from your living room. I see you both in light—real and metaphysical. I hope that's the case.

As I write, Dave is getting ready to give his "Jerks" talk on Sir St. George Gore down at a Mountain Man Rendezvous outside Red Lodge. Yesterday, when he left, he had NO idea why he'd agreed to go there. He pictured himself toting his porta-podium out into the middle of some blindingly hot field, speaking to a handful camp followers bored with the black powder events. I anticipate his return this evening, smelling richly of campfire smoke and buckskin.

We were in a whole different place last weekend: Glacier Bible Camp in Hungry Horse with the Glacier National Park Camp 55 conscientious objectors—in what will be their last reunion. By dint of working through almost all his spring weekends, Dave was able to give them a 72-page designed and printed booklet of the Camp's history. He wants to do much more with their story and that of the Civilian Public Service in Montana, but he felt good about being able to give them something back for all the stories that they have shared and all the hospitality that they have shown both of us. We were there from Friday evening until mid morning on Monday. The 20 some families who were there are now mostly great friends. In their company, Dave will still slip to the outer edges of the building and read, but he enjoys visiting with everyone over meals (still cooked by a Mennonite woman from the Creston church) and loved to participate in all four of their group sessions. I'm happy as a clam in the middle of the group—usually wives--80-90 year old women who are still gardening, canning, sewing all their own clothes, and keeping house in "historic" and surely traditional ways. Here's Ruth Groff, for instance, Amos's second wife—who clambered into the top bunk of Amtrak's sleeper compartment for three nights on the way out from Lancaster, Pennsylvania. "I just needed a boost from Amos," she says. Or, there's Betty Schrag, who still wears very traditional conservative Mennonite dress, but brings her box of lavishly decorated handmade greeting cards. I bought a bunch from her, but didn't select one for you, Carol. The birthday cards center on Bible verses! We were able to do one more oral interview with a man who had attended no other reunions. The "campers" told Dave over and over again how much his interest in and recording of their history meant to them.

We had made our first trip to the North Fork over the Fourth of July. At that point, Dave had given all his CPS photographs and text to a designer. No disasters awaited us, but there were the usual sets of adventures. Dave found so many breaks in the gravity-feed water line running to the meadow that he has to purchase more pipe before he can get that system running completely. And the sewer lines in the house on the ridge appear to be clogged. Dave has found a RotoRooter man in Kalispell happy to come up on our next visit. But, here's the most interesting part: when we bounced into

the yard in front of the cabins in the meadow, two little sets of eyes waited for us on the porch: mom and dad fox – who appeared to have taken up residence under all the porches of all the buildings in the meadow. Dave weighed their willingness to eat gophers against all the mess that their were making and all the dirt they were moving—and ended up deciding to scatter moth balls around the buildings. We checked back at the end of the CPS reunion and they seemed to have moved on. But for that first weekend, they were cute and utterly unafraid of us. We mowed the yard. I weeded the poppy bed—and they just kept stopping by. Dave also saw a little black bear on one of his trips between the ridge and meadow. We hope to get back for a week or so—in a week or so!

The Institute in White Sulphur Springs and Harlowton was—I think—a smash hit with our teachers. We had great chicken and sandwiches from the Mint Deli in WSS. Our evening in the Mayn Cemetery was gorgeous and interesting. We were joined by Sandy and hmm – Davis—the sextons and by George and Dee Kinnick. Dee had put together the whole roster of cemetery residents. We began our week at the Castle with some rambunctious remarks by Dale McAfee and ended the week back at the Castle—a hamburger fry put on by some Meagher County Historical Society faithful. And when we had finished our hamburgers, Marga and Radar Johnson invited us over for an impromptu tour of the Ringling House. Didn't you rent one of the apartments there!? Our visits to Harlowton, to the Duncan Ranch Hutterite Colony, and to the archaeological sites at the Leary and Cooney ranches all went well. We ate these stunningly good ranch meals all along the way. (At the Hutterite colony, they fixed a whole stuffed chicken for every two people.) We read a little of Taylor Gordon's "Born to Be" and a little of Ralph Beer's "In These Hills." Our only real presentations came from Tim LeCain, MSU 20th century historian (on the 1960s), from Bill Wyckoff, the MSU cultural geographer who is about to publish a book of re-photography, based on the Montana Department of Transportation's early photographs, and from Paul Larmer at High Country News. I found Paul wonderful. He proved to be way too liberal for Mike and Katherine and some (but not all) of our teachers. He dared to mention the reintroduction of wolves while we were at the Leary Ranch. I'm really glad to know him, but I bet that Ed or Betsy would have sized us up even faster. Far more than Mike anticipated, the teachers reveled in our day at the Meagher County Courthouse—as we worked with a variety of 1910 documents: deeds, the Poor Farm Register, the census, the county commissioners minutes, etc. And—I almost forgot—two weeks before the Institute in one of my last arranging trips, I stayed the night with Jock and Jamie Doggett (who joined us on one of our bus trips)—and so got to see the Camus Creek house. Once I got over my terror, I had a whee of a time. I'm still paying bills and putting away materials.

the usual - will this work ...

Sergio has the rough draft of his dissertation finished and is rewriting. He will defend it on August 12 and be in Missoula to get ready to teach by August 15. Guillermo now weighs a beefy 18 lbs, Emily reports. Em and "Memo" visited in June. Amanda landed a first grade teaching job for next year in Great Falls. She is a little nervous about students that young, but likes her principal and has a mentor teacher.

I hope, we hope, that all your projects are going well, that your health is good, and that some strand of research will bring you our way before too long. Meanwhile, more birthday greetings, Carol, and good wishes for you both.

Love
Mauds

Wednesday, May 12, 2004

Dear Ivan and Carol:

If you've been tracking Montana weather, you'll be feeling smug. It's a grim 37 right now; the wind is sharp; the delphiniums I covered with blankets last night withstood the 22 or 25 degrees we experienced, but the ones I draped with old curtains were limp this morning. Northcentral Montana got a good helping of needed snow. But I am clearly missing the wonderful warm sun we could enjoy on your deck or lower porch, and the nice light breeze that accompanied it. I'm missing you, as well.

Thank you so much for a weekend of rest and pampering; the best tastes of homegrown and homemade food as well as delightful restaurant choices; of new ideas and good memories; and of those sweeps of light and sun and water that surround you. It all stays with me.

Thank you, too, for sending me off so carefully on Sunday afternoon, complete with a full bag of snacks. The ride home was the hoot that I'd hoped it would be. I was seated in the dining car that night by 5:30 with three other folks I didn't know. "Seatings" were timed and organized so as to fill all booths with four people—regardless of relationship. My benchmate was a retired Army nurse who lives at the retrofitted historic Soldiers Home on the northern outskirts of Washington D. C. She travels by train and boat to see the world now. She knew Amtrak's nationwide menus by heart—and what was good. That night it was the special: chicken fried steak. The couple in the booth across from us, from Illinois, thought this to be a wildly exotic dish. We had good light until Wenatachee. The porter rearranged things in my cubicle into a bunk by about ten and I proceeded to sleep through even the reconfiguration of the train in Spokane when another set of cars from Portland joined us. I did get up early to beat the line that I anticipated at the communal shower, but I had no competition for the on-train version: 30 seconds of water at a time. A third and fourth hand would have been useful. I'd forgotten how much of a train ride through mountains would be in dynamited cuts—rather than on ledges or edges. I have a new appreciation for what it takes to try to hold back rock and dirt.

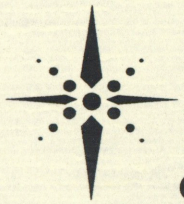
We were early into Shelby and Dave arrived about the same time. Even with a great lunch stop in Great Falls, we were home by 3:30 that afternoon. I'm beginning to get my sea legs at work, but am more fuzzy-headed than I wish—still living through all that I enjoyed and tried to absorb out in your neck of the woods.

I'll enclose a copy of Chester's web page about the Estonian house that your colleague can use to track down the rest of the site—along with University of Nevada's online guide to Walter Van Tilburg Clark's papers. I also found a short reference to his 1945-46 papers being at the University of California at Berkeley.

So tonight, I'll be thinking of you eating Pan Asian food again at your corner table—and I'll let my taste buds remember the evening. Nevermind that I'll keep grinning about my visit at odd times for a long time. Thank you for such generous and comfortable hospitality. It is more than time now, for your return visit to Montana.

Love -

Marilla



Christmas 2006

WE DIE

for Carl Sagan

We die despite appointments and feuds,
while our toddler,
who recently learned to say No,
opens and shuts drawers
a hundred times a day
and our teen braces
for the rapids of romance.

We die despite the contracts
and business trips we planned,
when our desk is untidy,
despite a long list of things to do
which we keep simmering
like a pot of rich broth.

We die despite work we cherish,
marrying whom we love,
piling up a star-spangled fortune,
basking on the Riviera of fame,
and *achieving*, that human participle
with no known object.

Life is not fair, the old saw goes.
We know, we know, but the saw glides slow,
one faint rasp, and then at length another.
When you died, I felt its jagged teeth rip.
Small heartwounds opened and bled,
closing as new ones opened ahead.
Horror welled, not from the how but the when.

You died at the top of your career,
happy, blessed by love, still young.
Playing by evolution's rules, you won:
prospered, bred, rose in your tribe,
did what the parent gods and society prized.

Yet it didn't save you, love or dough.
Even when it happens slow, it happens fast,
and then there's no tomorrow.
Time topples, the castle of cards collapses,
thoughts melt, the subscription lapses.
What a waste of life we spend in asking,
in wish and worry and want and sorrow.

A tall man, you lie low, now and forever
complete, your brilliant star eclipsed.
I remember our meeting, many gabfests ago,
at a crossroads of moment and mind.
In later years, touched by nostalgia,
I teased: "I knew you when
you were just a badly combed scientist."
With a grin, you added: "I knew you when
you were just a fledgling poet."

Lost friend, you taught me lessons
I longed to learn, and this final one I've learned
against my will: the one spoken in silence,
warning us to love hard and deep,
clutch dear ones tighter, ransom each day,
the horror lesson I saw out of the corner of my eye
but refused to believe until now: we die.

Diane Ackerman

SCHOOL PRAYER

In the name of the daybreak
and the eyelids of morning
and the wayfaring moon
and the night when it departs,

I swear I will not dishonor
my soul with hatred,
but offer myself humbly
as a guardian of nature,
as a healer of misery,
as a messenger of wonder,
as an architect of peace.

In the name of the sun and its mirrors
and the day that embraces it
and the cloud veils drawn over it
and the uttermost night
and the male and the female
and the plants bursting with seed
and the crowning seasons
of the firefly and the apple,

I will honor all life
---wherever and in whatever form
it may dwell---on Earth, my home,
and in the mansions of the stars.

Diane Ackerman

Dear Friends:

Dave died this year. At this moment, it is hard to write beyond that reality. When his heart failed him on July 19, the rich simmering broth of Dave's life was bubbling. He was set to go to Miles City that week for a Lewis and Clark meeting. He'd begun his Billings Costco shopping list and planned dinner at Montana's only Red Lobster (next to that Costco store)—a familiar "necessity!" A hundred projects and promises ranged across his desk.

Dave had experienced a stroke at the end of March—a hemorrhagic bleed rather than a clot. He had fought back from that with his distinctive blend of determination and denial. He was almost full time again at the Montana Historical Society, still working passionately on the new Montana history text. He was a month away from rejoining the Montana Committee for the Humanities' speaking circuit.

To our despair and dismay, and hauntingly now, however, to our occasional delight, our lives go on.

* Over the July 4th weekend, Dave's oldest daughter and her husband, Heather and Coby Ellison, came for a wonderful visit. Dave treasured his time talking and listening and showing Heather and Coby the "sights" that we have most enjoyed. In August, they moved from Tucson teaching jobs to new adventures in St. Louis.

* Just before Dave died, Emily and Sergio learned that Em was expecting their second child—due in late March 2007. They anticipate a little sister for Memo. In June, Em landed a job as the program coordinator for the University of Montana's women's studies program. If you ask his identity, Memo will tell you that he is "a cowboy," and he sports a battered straw hat and froggy boots to match.

* In April, Amanda and Cory purchased a bungalow in Great Falls—christened this Thanksgiving with their first-ever and successful turkey cooking. In late August, Amanda began her third year teaching first graders at Sunnyside Elementary. She reports a manageable and bright class, and on some days, the slowly growing confidence of a tested classroom veteran.

* The Montana Heritage Project's private sponsors—the Liz Claiborne and Art Ortenberg Foundation—ended their funding for the Project on June 30. On July 10, I began working for the Senior Companion Program at our regional nonprofit economic development council. Companions provide time and attention to other seniors who are trying to live independently. I now count 150 volunteers—ages 60-95—as friends and advisors. I value this opportunity to work in a field that captured my heart several years ago.

With your extraordinary help, we go on. We have been the beneficiaries of the priceless gifts of friendship, offered without questions or expectations: time, food, calls, emails, the apt observation, the loan of a book or a tent, silence, a practical idea, poems, privacy, presence, patience, chocolate, evening walks. Two hundred of your cards and notes sit beside me here at the computer. The memories of Dave and words of comfort that you've crafted to ease our hearts—do so. In physical and metaphysical ways, we have been lifted up by your caring.

We are learning, as Diane Ackerman describes, that death comes in the midst of life. We know that so many others have had to learn that lesson before we have. We are grateful for so much—including the "mansion of stars" that must—in some way beyond our understanding—now be Dave's home.

Love

Marcelle

"Brothers and sisters: Life is short. There is so little time to befriend those we walk alongside in this life. Therefore, make haste to be kind and be swift to forgive. The blessing of God Almighty—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—be upon you. Amen."

Father Stephen Brehe's benediction at both services for Dave

Helena historian honored

Walters earns doctorate

Montana Historical Society Research Historian Dave Walter has been awarded an honorary doctorate degree from the University of Montana.

In presenting the award UM President George Dennison noted that the Honorary Doctorate Degree is the highest honor that the university can bestow and is awarded rarely.

"Dave Walter has exerted a positive influence upon historical and cultural studies in Montana," Dennison said. "the citizens who have used the Historical Society's materials attest to the value of his assistance and counsel."

Walter has also authored three books and countless articles and papers on Montana and western history.

"Dave has been with the Society since 1979 and has been an untiring and enthusiastic ambassador for the promotion, preservation, and enjoyment of Montana history," Society Director Brian Cockhill said.

Nationally known author Ivan Doig spoke for the thousands of people who have benefited from Walter's knowledge and talents in the credits for "Ride With Me, Mariah Montana," the third in Doig's award winning Montana history trilogy.

"Throughout the decade of research I've spent on these books, I was rescued time and again by the extraordinary skills of Dave Walter (then) reference librarian of the Montana Historical Society. Among other things, this trilogy is a monument to Dave's patience," Doig wrote.

Walter worked closely with famous Montana historian K. Ross Toole while a graduate student at UM, serving as a teaching assistant and associate editor of the University Press.

"The Society and all of Montana are fortunate to have someone with Dave's talents at work for them," Cockhill said. "From young History Day students to renowned scholars, Dave helps them appreciate the Montana story."

virus widespread

n unlikely

s prowling subway
ying through cup-

ner kinds of rodents
e the most likely to
shown up in the
an 30 people in the

ne often fatal respi-
ne Centers for Dis-
ught they might be

re about the illness
of the virus and its
s of rodents, CDC
to see it crop up

virus all over the
ds, a CDC epidemi-
odents and looking

're just newly rec-

e said. Hantavirus,
now under investi-
e United States for

And those infected with the newly discovered forms, most commonly deer mice, are usually "either out in the woods or in the fields," Childs said. "There is no indication that Norway rats (common to urban areas) or house mice are going to be the major reservoir of this disease."

Most victims of last year's outbreak lived in the Four Corners area of New Mexico, Arizona, Utah and Colorado, where the rare respiratory disease caused by hantavirus was first recognized in May. Since then, only isolated cases have been reported across the country.

The latest victim was David Rosenberg, who died in January when he returned to school in Rhode Island after a visit home on New York's Long Island.

Last week, CDC and New York health officials wore gloves while setting hundreds of traps in areas Rosenberg visited while on winter break. Later, the investigators who examine the trapped rodents would wear masks, gowns and respirators.

The CDC has confirmed 60 cases of hantavirus in 16 states; at least 36 deaths have been caused by the virus since May.

So far, three strains of deadly hantavirus causing respiratory illness have been discovered in the United States:

- The Southwestern strain.
- One that killed a Louisiana man.
- One discovered in cotton rats in Florida.

Hantavirus facts

To avoid infection from rodent infestation:

Use traps that kill. Avoid handling the rodent. Disinfect the dead animal and trap with liquid disinfectant before touching.

If the infestation is confined, open windows to ventilate before cleaning. Use liquid cleansers that disinfect. Do not vacuum or sweep rodent droppings. Dust-mist masks, long-sleeved clothing and protective eyewear may help prevent exposure.

If in doubt, consult an exterminator or state health department.

Symptoms of hantaviral pulmonary syndrome:

Symptoms develop about two weeks after exposure.

Early symptoms are identical to the flu: fever, chills, muscle aches and general listlessness. The disease progresses rapidly to breathing difficulties as a patient's lungs fill with fluid. People who believe they may be infected should see a doctor. There is no specific treatment for the disease.



Save up to 45%!
☆ Ticket by March 11th
☆ Travel April 4 - June 15

ou're considering
TIC SURGERY


Just for You

Ivon –

Wishing you
a heart full of happiness
on Valentine's Day!

– and maybe some sun – and a good dose of good news on the screen play or the "11th Hour" — or — what you want –

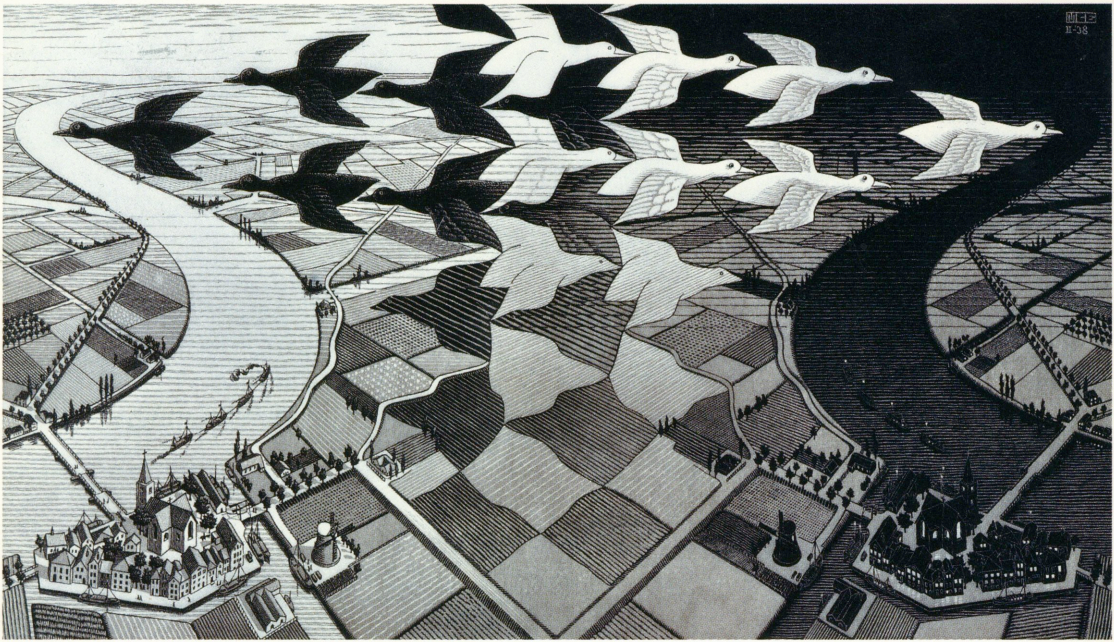
Mauilk



JVC 129 N

© HALLMARK LICENSING, INC.
HALLMARK CARDS, INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.

www.hallmark.com


M.C.
1938

Jan 2, 2008

Ivan & Carol -

After your good call I did sit back down at the table — and right on top of my stack of postcards was Escher - and the snow geese. So it seemed critical to send them your way with great thanks for the ~~great~~ reaching out from Seattle with questions and news and images — for the lifeline via phone line that you threw my way at all the right moments!

Marcella

M.C. Escher® (1898-1972) / Day and Night, 1938 / Woodcut / © 1938 M.C. Escher Foundation-Baarn-Holland / All rights reserved

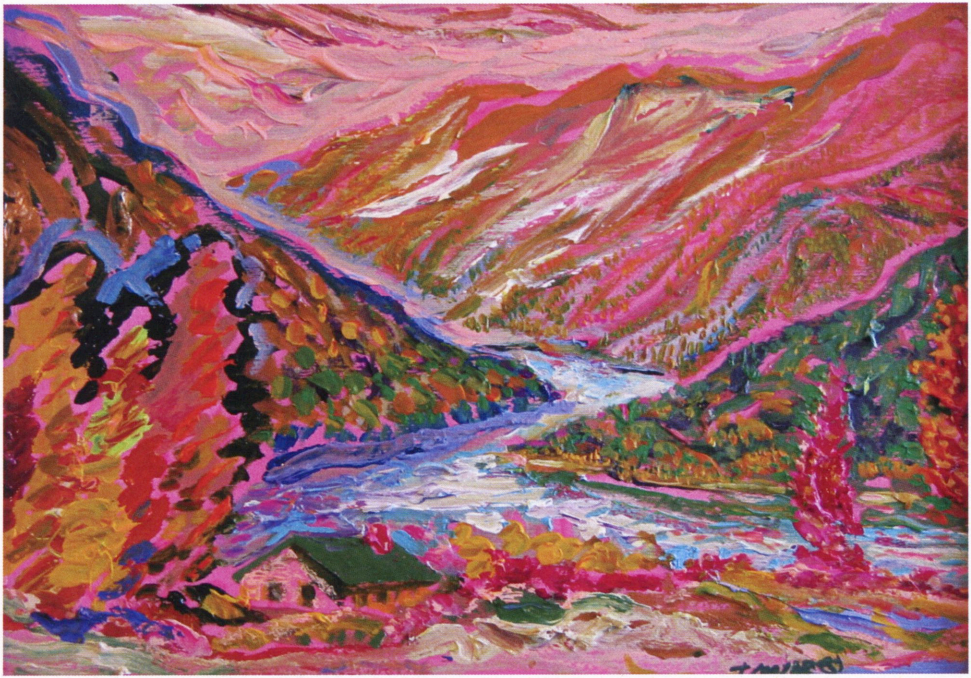
ART UNLIMITED® AMSTERDAM TEL. 020-685 11 11
POSTBUS 1760 1000 BT AMSTERDAM

HELENA, MT 59601
DEC 31 PM
JAN 2008

USA 26

Carol & Ivan Doig
17277 15th Ave N.W.
Seattle WA 98177

A 4693
Printed in Holland



Saturday evening
Sept. 1, 2007
The North Fork

Dear Carol & Ivan —

You know this scene & sequence — the oilcloth covered dining table under the 2 propane lights in the house on the ridge — cool air pouring in along with the river's roar. Writing to you lets me — as in the old days — put mail in the mailbox — with the flag up when I leave tomorrow. It lets me "talk" tonight to you too.

I'd only been here once this summer — and felt more & more worried & irresponsible & overwhelmed & stuck. So I did re-try Karen Feather — who could vouch for an all-around N.F. "systems" guy — close by. He came up with me this afternoon & walked & looked at the water systems and gates and setting — and gave me lessons in turning on the propane stove & refrigerator — and can keep an eye out for activity — He & his wife are salt of the earth. So I feel better — can see a few "next" steps — but the water system here may also be in big trouble —

Emily & Sergio - Memo & Matilda left for Boise today. I'd Memo-sat Thursday afternoon. Amanda started school Wednesday - flush with five money - but already fighting with Cory —

Hooray for haircuts & what that means. Yea - to less prednisone & what that →

means. And your best medicine will be those bushels of blueberries.

Thank you for the recent batch of bushels of good wishes - and so many more across the years.

Love -

Maurille

View fron Mountain Station
Nelson, B.C.
2005
by John Cooper
jdcooper@netidea.com
www.toadrock.com

Pitter Patterns

www.americangreetings.com

00001

6 61526 60028 2

USA 399 3670063

CANADA 519 B0UA3-5A

© AGC, Inc.

MADE IN CHINA

AMERICAN GREETINGS
CLEVELAND, OH 44144

CARLTON CARDS
TORONTO, ONTARIO M8Z 1S7



Happy Birthday

Carol -

Happy Everything!

in great respect &
love -

Marilla

Saturday morning, July 21, 2007

Carol:

Truly, happy everything! I hope, so much, that you can spend the day celebrating all your life, all the graces and talents that you bring to all of us—every day! I'm hoping that the Seattle gloom lifts Tuesday—and that you've got a cool, dazzling backdrop for a day on the deck or in your garden. Happy Birthday!

Carol and Ivan:

And to our unbearably hot glassy days, you do appear to be deep in soggy gloom. We'd trade, right now, of course. Amanda's contract fire crew just got sent down to Nevada. Emily and her crew are trying to figure out how to pack for Boise when they want to do what tempts all of us: staying in a dark cool spot. I watered the parched garden last evening—even though the deer have eaten ALL the potato tops.

I was in Missoula this week for a grant-writing workshop—a worthwhile boon from the top dog at Rocky. I could then take Thursday off—the anniversary of Dave's death—and try to write to remember and write to look ahead. The three strong Society third-floor women brought supper over and, for about four hours, we had fresh cool wind and could linger outside.

Thank you for sending strength and caring and wisdom our way for so many years and my way, especially this year. You both have the gift of helping me grieve the real Dave and trust myself.

And I keep right on celebrating your good news, Ivan, which still has to be your best birthday gift, Carol.

Love -

Maudie



'Happy Bird Day'

Sooner or later we all discover that the important moments in life are not the advertised ones, not the birthdays, the graduations, the weddings, not the great goals achieved. The real milestones are less prepossessing. They come to the door of memory unannounced, stray dogs that amble in, sniff around a bit and simply never leave.
Our lives are measured by these.
Susan B. Anthony

June 25, 2007

Joan -

Happy Birthday & Bird Day -

I hope that the glow - the pure rush of getting your life back lasts for - forever. Except - by all the ways that you - and you + Carol have lived, you also took it back, worked for it back.

I wish for you now - more than

(over)

HAPPY BIRD DAY IA27 Reproduced from a painting by Alison Friend. © Friend/T.B.M. B

ever - days full of unsurpassed +
delightful moments -

For both of you this week - if
I could send flowers - I'd send
a huge bunch of blooming Russian
Olive -

Happy Birthday !

Maurelle

LONDON NEW YORK TOKYO
TWO BAD MICE
CHEESEBOROUGH
Printed in England. Telephone 01834 861166



Birger Sandzén 1871-1954

Tomatoes and Golden Glow

c. 1919, oil on canvas, 24 x 16 inches

© Birger Sandzén Memorial Gallery
Jaderborg Photography, Lindsborg

EDITION SANDZÉN GALLERY LINDSBORG

Memorial Day
May 28. 2007

Carol & Jean -

No adequate words get used up quickly - if any existed to begin with. So I'll use this simply to -

- send paper flowers & some paper tomatoes - no match for the ones that grow in your Eden;

- or -

- tell you that I'm yours if ever I can do anything useful - a bit of research, calling, a trip there quickly & discreetly - were company in order as helpful. Otherwise - trite but true - I'll be thinking of you more than ever - sending thanks and good health thoughts your way -

Love - Marilu

Feb 8, 2007

Carol & Ivan -

Elmo and I wanted to send some Valentines greetings! This way I can travel to your ocean perch - look through your new window - or escape a dense, dank, dark cold Montana winter evening.

Love

Maudie

January 29, 2007

Carol and Ivan:

Like eating peanuts! I will be remembering that line every time I pick up a mystery series book from here on out.

Here are the pages for David Laskin from Dave's post office book. Dave was scheduled to meet Dennis Lutz later in July. Dave found Dennis's work so valuable and could never understand nonchalance elsewhere in the building about the value of this kind of painstakingly detailed research.

While I've been at the computer today, I read more about and saw a picture of David Laskin, too. Now I will be able to picture him as you talk.

I got the boxes of Dave's books moved to the basement today. I am always struck by the notations, the corrections, and the sticky notes—the flags of ongoing use and projects waiting—that I see in so much of Dave's materials.

I had lunch today with Martha—and meant to ask her about Molly's precipitous request to you, but forgot. I'll try to remember in a next conversation.

Also, I didn't ask you, Carol, about whether you've been able to ditch the prednisone altogether. I hope so. That would be such good progress.

Amanda comes tomorrow evening to be here for a Wednesday seminar by a writer on generational poverty and school children. I suspect that she will have vivid stories to tell from the 24 hours that Emily's crew visited in Great Falls. Did I tell you that I'd talked on the phone with Memo not too long before you called? His conversation—as best I could understand it—revolved around his tracking dog poop into Auntie Amanda's house.

Thank you for calling. I take comfort from your friendship and courage from your belief that I can persevere.

Take good care.

Love,

Marilla

Saturday morning
December 16, 2006

Carol and Ivan:

Assuming that you've not blown out to sea—which I hope so very much—this appeared to be a book that you should have. It seemed like it might be useful. It seemed like a skilled photographer, Carol, who has done this exact work might find it interesting. And you, Ivan, may, in fact, be illegally quoted. Maybe you know Bill Wyckoff. He spoke at our White Sulphur Institute—and met your standards of preparation and success! I first fell in love with this kind of comparative photography at Gettysburg—where young guys were just beginning to realize how powerful it was to rephotograph the Matthew Brady shots.

that you have not

I'll call tonight just to see if you are still clinging to you cliff—and in good health and spirits.

Love,

Mauli

Hmm - well - this takes a prize for convoluted sentences —



Dec. 6. 2006

Carol & Ivan:

You're early in my list as I begin this Christmas ritual - my favorite. It feels good to "talk" first with folks loving voices and witness have helped the most - like you!

And before I forget one more week on our noon phone call, I wanted you to know that I've seen just how HIGH Whistling Season has been in the Pacific Northwest Booksellers list. Yea!. Of course! What a year of triumph for you, Ivan. I hope it feels that way.

Last Saturday, I ventured →

out to the Society to hear a talk by Dennis Lineback — Copper Chains. It felt good to be getting my mind around Montana history — but then I wanted so much to talk with Dave. I see Joan Toole Rassi midwife — at the Senior Center — and her first question was — how much labor from Rass. Dave would know.

The girls come this weekend for cranberry bread making — confusion — but I hope workable fellowship.

I hope this next year brings you still better health (Carol!!) and good adventures — hearts at ease. Love.

Marilla

EXPRESSIONS FROM Hallmark

JVC 170 F
© HALLMARK LICENSING, INC.
HALLMARK CARDS, INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.
www.hallmark.com



2-9-08

Carol & Ivan -

The relentless wind which rearranged all the old snow has given way to steady new snow. I need to be shoveling... Needless to say. I've thought often of ~~me~~ you - taking in the Oregon wind & surf - and hoping they were mild.

The good care —

Carol -

Whatever your heart wishes...

my heart wishes for you!

- truly - you bring so much joy and honest concern to so many of us - may it come back ten-fold for you.

Mandi

We believe that children are society's most precious resource. We gratefully acknowledge the generosity of this card's sender, whose support benefits the Child Welfare League of America

For Priscilla

©Mudlark Papers Inc., Bolingbrook, Illinois

Printed on recycled paper. Made in the USA.



December 13, 2004

Carol • Ivan • I'm writing from a slightly redone Amanda's ex bedroom/ Marilla's office. It dawned on us finally that we'd better add some sleeping space - so the twin bed is gone - replaced by an almost double sleeper. You'll still want your "own" room when you come. I think. Amanda tells us that Em • Sergio want 5 or 6 children. So the next move may be to lines of bunks! We are both trying to defeat colds and keep our wits about us in the twists and turns of this history business. But life is

And heaven and nature sing!

truly good and rich. This really is the best part of this season: sitting and remembering you, my lovely weekend with you, and the gifts of your humor and sincerity and caring and skill that you've shared with us all. Thank you!

Love,
Dave • Marilla



Sunday, March 9, 2008

Ivan & Carol –

The stubborn rattlesnake patches of snow receded with today's 55° F temperatures and sun that had power. I even vacuumed!!

This week I took April cuts like crazy – and then mine blew up even faster. At the very end of the month I head to Tubac, AZ – to see Nick & Birdie – Park Service friends from so long ago. We'll celebrate Nick's 77th birthday – Take good care in the midst of the sewer & water woes –

Marilu

D1705 / Henri Matisse (French, 1869–1954)
Pot of Geraniums, 1912
Oil on linen, 41.3 x 33.3 cm (16¼ x 13⅛ in.)
National Gallery of Art, Washington
Chester Dale Collection 1963.10.41
Photo © National Gallery of Art

Sunday afternoon, March 13, 1994

Dear Carol and Ivan:

We've thought of you often this winter. And now as winter becomes this unnaturally early, but enjoyable spring, we are starting to think of summer--and of your plans to spend lots of it in Montana. We are eager to hear when we can put you up here and entertain you in the North Fork! Please do know how much we enjoy spending time with you and providing whatever food, space, transportation, laundry facilities, and escape might help your various projects!

The news from here:

-- I don't know that you'd know that Dave's mom died just before Christmas--a week after hearing her diagnosis of system-wide cancer. However deeply Dave and George and Peter especially grieve for her, we were all glad that she chose--and it surely looked that way--to say her goodbyes easily and quickly and then escape the pain. We have new knowledge of and respect for hospice staff and perspective.
-- I spent a week with my own parents in Kansas in late Janaury. My mom continues to lose not heart, but the bone and muscle and senses for living.
-- Amanda now has her learner's permit and is something like a month away from being able to apply for her full-blown drivers' license. Dave returned from a driving lesson with her yesterday and headed straight for the basement--still shaken from two near-misses in real traffic and Amanda's bump into our light pole!
-- And in another phase of Amanda's and our passage through these years, a young man called on the phone for her last evening!
-- Charter Day went very well. Dave spoke briefly but eloquently--last, after John Craighead's 45 minute summary of the earth's demise, Blackfeet drummers, and Ginger Renner's graciousness. We have pictures and videos. Dave enjoyed the whole event especially after the platform portion ended. Pete and Rosemarie attended as did Emily and a friend from Columbia Falls. We got George around campus in Dorothy's wheelchair. The event gave him something critical to anticipate.
-- Dave recently talked about TODAY THEN for Voice of America. He continues to visit with Bill Lang and Rex Myers about helping to redo their junior-high Montana history text. At the moment, publishers aren't interested--for which Dave is generally grateful, as he tries to work on more projects of his own.

-- Cy Jamison, an old Marlenee campaigner and ex head of BLM under Bush, just announced his plans to run against Pat Williams. A group of 700 "militia" enthusiasts just gathered in the Flathead County fairgrounds for a cheerleading session on gun rights and property rights. Eeeeee!
-- I traveled to Miles City recently to harangue the ag experiment folks about their treatment of Fort Keogh. Remind me to tell you about my Big Sky flight seatmate on the way in. Life can't get much more interesting.

We hope that you are both well, that your students, Carol, have been challenging and that your house-hunting has been fruitful, and Ivan, that your writing has gone like gangbusters. And, we hope that you are both eager for Montana!

Take good care! We'll look for a call!

Dave & Marilee

15 April '98

Dear Dave and Marcella--

Ooohh, the Forsyth Dogies. Just right. They will now get their butts whipped by my hero Mitch in that Class B playoff, thank you very much, Dave. Do you two know, or know of, Bob Wrigley at Lewis & Clark in Idaho? Bob was one of Dick's Hugo's favorite students and is an estimable poet, and I think probably a terrific teacher--anyway, at an English teachers' conference once I heard him give a talk about getting students interested in language by playing with sports page terminology. Bob suggested such headlines as "Cardinals Have Their Way with Padres" and "Packers Stuff Jets" as having some of the world in them... One of the freelance articles I fortunately never got around to writing was similarly going to use the implications of team names, culminating in the exhibition game between the Toledo Mudhens and the TCU Horned Frogs, to which no one came.

We have spring here, this week, and we're about to celebrate that, and my very nearly complete draft of the novel, and our 33rd anniversary, by scooting off to the Olympic Peninsula for 4 days of hiking on the Dungeness Spit. We know that Marcella is Fish and Gaming tooth and nail, but are you going to get to go to Indiana solo, Dave? By the way, yeah, I would like to see your piece on "Tertius" in the Bob; also, if you'd ever like to do a piece on Marshall himself, maybe keyed to his Missoula years in the late(?) Twenties, I have a fairly fat file of Marshall ephemera. There are nice scrapbook pics of him as a young forester, in the UM archives--had ears on 'im like swinging doors!

All for now; will let you know the shape of our summer plans whenever we manage to get any.

best,

Alan

922 Choteau
Helena, Montana 59601
April 6, 1998

Barry Bats!
others: Lame Deer Morning Stars
Nashua Porcupines (Class C)
Plains Horsemen
Deer Lodge Wardens
Wolf Point Wolves Augusta Elks

Dear Ivan:

Sorry for the delay. A busy winter, although I do not have the pieces finished to prove that.

The football teams about which you asked are as follows:

--Chinook: Sugarbeeters (orange/black)--Class B/northern

--Sunburst: Refiners (red/white)--Class B/north central

--Absarokee: Huskies (orange/black)--Class B/southern

--Red Lodge: Redskins (blue/gold)--Class B/southern

--Forsyth: Dogies (purple/white)--Class B/southern

--Ronan: Chiefs (orange/black/white)--Class B/northwestern

--St. Ignatius: Bulldogs (royal blue/white/red)--Class B/ northwestern

The "classes" are per the 1963 alignment, with area divisions. I will include a current roster of Montana schools, in case the nickname of some other one catches your eye.

The answer to the driving-age question is pretty straightforward. Going back into the 1950s, the base age has been 16 (*Montana Codes Annotated* does not say anything about minimum age before that). However, there are two major exceptions. A kid on a farm/ranch can drive at any age, so long as he is on private land/roads and not on public roads/highways. (We can thank the rural/agricultural lobby for that one.)

Second, a kid can get a "learner's permit" at age 15. The current (1998) rules are that he first must pass a driver's-education course and must drive only with a licensed adult. But in the 1950s/1960s, the only rule seems to have been the adult-

Saturday morning
Oct. 17, 1998

Dear Carol & Ivan:

So - we're eager to hear about your move. The address & the zip code suggest that you found something great right close by. We hope that it's perfect: good view, just-right garden spot, office space that summons creativity, - and equipped with self-cleaning technology!

We have many more questions, as well: how's the book, what's it like, Carol, to start a "school" year without school; and when are you heading to Montana!

We're at the North Fork - putting it to bed. I've run out of critical jobs to do outside, so will talk awhile. Dave is making a new set of nail-bear boards. I did part of one small section before it became critical to use both hands - and even then I bent about a dozen nails (back to lifting soup cans during the world series!). We're making nail boards (and carrying pepper spray & guns) because we've had a persistent, annoying resident black bear here these last 2 months. To make matters

much worse, it has 2 yellow ear tags - indicating that my Fish, Wildlife, & Parks colleagues in Kalispell have moved it twice already for bad behavior. It was good that I use a different name at work when Dave called to complain! At any rate, the bear ripped up a screen & dug into a water junction box on the ridge. Dave has to work on those valves & such today - but then wants to surround it with rail broads when we're done.

We're staying in the meadow - working hard to keep enough fire going to heat the cabin to 60° F degrees. And we're lucky to have dry if brisk weather.

It's been a long time since we've talked or I've written!

- Come Nov. 6, the Governor gives Dave a MT Committee for the Humanities Award -- complete with video tapes from his youth! The new suit is purchased for the occasion. Dave would give anything for it to be over.

- We're just a week past History Conference

in Great Falls + Ft. Benton. Dave moderated a great student paper session + moderated + presented in one of the best jerks sessions ever. He has a great new jerk story himself. I just "reworked" with my old colleagues!

- Amanda's well underway in her sophomore year at Rocky -- just now beginning to ~~college~~ realize that college might be about studying. She's alternating with one other girl as a starter on the basketball team. The season starts officially in November.
- ~~The~~ Emily is underway in some junior seminar at Oregon -- still at sea. She's decided that international studies may not be her calling - but feels strongly about calling else except owning + running the Northern Lights saloon at Polebridge! Two weeks ago Em fell on rocks fishing in the McKenzie - and hurt her knee + hip. That kept her on crutches for a discouraging week.
- On Wednesday, both girls - unbeknownst to each other - called Dave to talk about dropping

their toughest courses, ask for money, regale him with boyfriend stories. He felt especially blessed!

- Your guest room at 922 Chateau is once again it's true self. I've moved my little office arrangement up to a light + breezy corner of Aneda's room -- with her blessing!

5:30 pm

We've had ☀ sun, snow, still, breeze today. We've not seen the bear. But we have seen his handiwork moments after we've left. In the course of the day, Dave finished his rail boards, taken the broken water system apart (in an 8 foot hole in the ground -- with me watching for the bear), installed the rail boards, covered the marigold planters, winterized another water system, painted + hung no trespassing signs, cut another bank for firewood, retrenched + relocked a section of road where Peter got stuck this summer + took out the trash.

The mountains have been hidden all day by clouds. Dark is gathering fast tonight.

The World Series starts soon (is your TV out of hiding?) and I'm at least stuck by the loneliness of shutting up spaces for this long long, cold quickly coming winter.

Will be eager -- when its workable for you guys -- to hear how you're doing - + to put a MT visit date from you on our calendar!

Take the best of care!

Marella +
the Big Guy


Robert Laessig

Dec. 19, 1998

Carol + Ivan - We're experiencing the reason you don't choose to live in Montana - right now we're at about -15°F with wind - while you're a balmy 20 something! Dave gave the last of his Christmastime in Montana talks this afternoon in Virginia City - and is snug, I hope, in a warm motel in Sheridan at Twin Bridges. Dave invested 40-80 hours of newspaper research in each community's presentation — and sleep is the best gift Santa could bring.

Your house - thrust-stage - over the sound ~~~ sounds otherworldly. I hope that you both still come tip-toeing out each morning just to be astonished.

We wish you a joyful year and reasons to come to Montana!



The warmest of wishes
for the happiest of holidays.

Love -

Dave + Marilla

CARLTON
CARDS
...says it best ™

CX B1VS-011Y
TX B1VS-011Y

CARLTON CARDS
CLEVELAND, OH 44144

CARLTON CARDS
TORONTO, ONTARIO M8Z 1S7

© AGC, Inc.
MADE IN U.S.A.

Tuesday morning
May 3, 1994

Dear Carol and Ivan:

About mid-February, I heard my Mother say that she had run out of friends or family to whom to give her tatting on towels. Because that remains the single artwork that she can do without sight, because she is failing in so many ways, because she has such a strong spirit and wants so much to contribute, I placed several "orders" right away. I told her the names of the friends to whom we'd love to give her work. You were among them. You were, in fact, in her mind at the very top of the list. She has listened, Ivan, to every one of your books on tape. She knows how much we delight when you both come. So--of all our friends--you are the ones she could "picture" as she tatted. This arrived yesterday and I wanted to send it on--as another way to tell you of her great caring and of our heartfelt friendship. But then, feel very free to "recycle" the towel in practical ways. I am very conscious of how fine it feels to be "lean" in belongings!

We will miss you this summer! But we will take heart and inspiration from your summer disciplines and look forward to seeing you in September. Carol, do you have any other sabbaticals on the horizon? Is the September travel just before you return to school?

I enjoyed talking with you so much the other evening. We remain without dramatic news--but full of lively ordinariness:

* Here in the basement, Dave is in the midst of sorting his books by category--lots of stacks and yellow sticky notes.
* We'll go to Great Falls this afternoon to watch Amanda in a varsity meet. She's aiming to throw the "jav" over 100 feet today. She made 95 Saturday.
* Several weeks ago, we took our Carroll College basketball "daughter" to dinner with her boyfriend. He is a part--Native American third generation rancher's child from Wolf Point, with family who worked on the dam. For the last 2 years, after a brief flirtation with country-western clothes and music, Amanda has ridiculed anything in Wranglers. But we've noticed that Amanda's radio has been back on KCKR Kountry Konnection since that dinner!
* We hope to get into the North Fork in mid-May.
* We're signed up at the end of May to do an Elderhostel class on Glacier history--given on Big Mountain. Dave's horrified that our contract calls for us to ride with the participants for a full day, through Glacier.

Take very good care--both of you! Carol, as you are packing away your college materials for the summer and if you can do so easily, I'd love to have a copy of any of your reading lists. My best "reads" of the year were your recommendations!

Marnelle

Sunday evening, November 12, 2000

Dear Carol and Ivan:

You've been on my mind a good deal this fall. Not long ago, I talked with Karen Feather. She's in Bellingham for the winter at her sister's house, so that there are more folks to help with Jerry's care. I asked whether she'd read "Winter Brothers"—and she hadn't – but asked for a quick review. That gave me a wonderful reason to find it on the shelf, beginning reading it again, and fire off specific and enthusiastic recommendations to Karen—for letting the book give her own winter some perspective.

But, of course, reading it just immerses me in your voices and thoughts and world! So, I've been thinking of you! I hope that you both are well and in the thick of days that bring you joy and peace.

That doesn't altogether describe our world right now! We are surely pretty well. "Speaking Ill of the Dead: Jerks in Montana History" is out now – and Dave has begun a round of gratis local signings—along with his usual packed calendar of speeches. He's added a new "Jerks" talk to his repertoire: Montana's World War I Councils of Defense. In fact, he's so busy that he keeps telling me not to order the hockey package for our DirecTV. Time will tell!

I'm coming up on a year of Society administrative work—and am—truth be told—struggling. We are a quirky lot. I'm OK crafting budget justifications and representing the Society at meetings. I crave a day when I can write policies—heaven forbid. But, as you would long since have anticipated, I bring home and stay awake nights over the personnel stuff. It will do me good to learn to put even that in perspective—and find a cause or two for which—as in the old days of preservation—I can be rabid!

And, Amanda's basketball season at the University of Great Falls has just begun. It's the first time the University has had ~~either~~ a men's or women's Frontier Conference league team in 15 years. This summer, just after Amanda signed on there with her boyfriend, the respected women's coach was wooed away to MSU as an assistant. The gentleman that they hired has coached Catholic middle school teams! Dave's been in agony! But, the girls are off to a respectable start. And to our biased eyes, Amanda looks poised in ways that she hasn't before. We've gone down to Great Falls for three evening games—and then taken Amanda and Bob out to dinner afterward. The good news is that Dave can actually stay awake for those moonlit, midnight to 1:00 am drives home.

You are receiving the Argonauts program for reason. Check out, in the middle, the little bios for each student—particularly their favorite books!!!!!!! We are so glad that Amanda's tastes run to more than Dr. Seuss---and in a fine direction! (Amanda's boyfriend is Bob Samuelson, one of the men's team players).

I suspect that you've kept current with our Montana elections. We've struggled all week to climb over our depression, only to read a Judy Martz quote today in which she prides herself on "not being one of those college graduates." God help us.

Take the best of care. I think of you again especially enjoying Seattle's rain and birds. We hope that that's the case!

Love,

Marilla + Dave

5 June '94

Dear Marcella and Dave--

It's past time that I should've put one of these pasty-white pages into the mail to you, in feeble response to Marcella's rainbow of computer-paper shades. I'm not sure I've even told you, Dave, how tickled I was to be tucked away in the I-R article and all the other honoring of you. I confess that I was bemused on hearing they were somehow honoring Dale Johnson at the same time--what is this, Tall Librarians' Day?--but then realized they must have hdd Dale in there for contrast. Anyway, vast congrats; it truly was a deserved thing.

Out here, we're both banging onward, Carol with the end of the school year in sight after one more hugely hectic week of exams and grades, and me with pages of the Fort Peck novel starting to stack up but still a skillion more to go. I don't really have time to register it, but New York publishing is changing before my very eyes, possibly for all time. The second Friday in January, the imprints and editors of my first seven books vanished--Harcourt Brace, where I started with Sky and Winter Brothers, largely abandoned hardback publishing and canned most of its New York staff, while Atheneum, which had done all my other books, was killed off by Simon & Schuster in the sorting-out after S&S bought Macmillan and its imprints such as Atheneum and Scribners. Of course there's always been office tumult in publishing in the 15+ years I've been around it--the one useful thing I learned in history grad school was that some British Prime Minister, probably Lord Rosebery, once said, "Great Britain has no permanent alliances--Great Britain has only permanent interests"; I substitute myself for Great Britain and have gotten along surprisingly well, so far, in publishing--but now CD-ROMs and superstores seem to be much on the minds of people in the book biz, too. Anyway, in my specific case I'm firmly signed with Simon & Schuster for the Fort Peck novel and curious to see what kind of marketing etc. they can do with it, and barely even blinked at the news this week that my editor there is leaving--okay, who's the best next one, say I. And as you two certainly recognize, hunkering in to our work is maybe the best thing to be doing anyway: there're always going to be dragons at the corporate and bureaucrat edges of the world, huh?

Amanda and the javelin! Is it any easier to transport the damn thing than when I was the Valier track team's spearchucker and responsible for taping/tying the damn thing onto the outside door handles of the coach's car to get to vital meets in, say, Sunburst? I suspect if she isn't already, Amanda very soon will be outthrowing me; I was all arm and no form, never mastered the run-up steps consistently--after all, in those days, they were Finnish! (Are they yet?) I managed probably one good heave, which took me to the state meet in Missoula, where I became an all-arm recidivist and finished probably 148th. I would point out to you, since you are knowledgable about Dupuyer, to look with new respect at that horse pasture just before the county road leaves town, west up Dupuyer Creek past the dump; there, Floyd (Babe) Johnson and I practiced our javelin throwing for the greater glory of Valier track, somehow without shishkebabing each other.

over

Hi, you two--

I'm now officially off the bookstore trail, I suppose just as Dave is blitzing Montana from Libby to Plentywood with the Christmas book and sundry others. Things went well enough with *Mountain Time*, although it seems I spent a helluva lot of time at it, and as you may have noticed, my letter-writing expired entirely.

But to try to give you an early alert on the millennial Doigs: we're due at Big Sky in mid-April to tell English teachers how to behave in the next 2000 years, and our current intentions are to come to Helena, likely April 17-19, so I can do research at the Society on the next book. Could you stand us for those two or three nights? Don't sweat it if you have other plans for that period, as we can figure out other shelter, honest. But it'd be great to catch up with you at some leisure, then or whenever we can.

Carol has rounded off her year of serving on the community board, alluded to on the other side, and decided to retire while relatively unscarred. The house stuff out here is astounding: the Wall Street Journal had the figure the other day that the Seattle area has 74,000 households with more than a million dollars not *counting* the value of their houses, so there's money running in the streets looking for big houses. This neighborhood hasn't yet been hit by real mega-house fever, but likely will.

Saw Lang and Marianne in Portland a couple of times lately. She seems just dandy in the new job of running the Oregon Historical Quarterly.

All for now, so that I can get this into the mail before Christmas. We hope you're thriving, and look forward to seeing evidence of that in person, next spring.


© Morgan 81

March 27, 1994

Dear Carol and Ivan:

Given the enclosure, the bottom obviously has fallen out of the rent scale on Emily's "Cave Room" in the basement. Just when I was going to go for an out-of-state/tourist surcharge. Should you feel "used" in this situation, you have every right--so do I. The Society has wrung about every drop of blood possible out of the occasion. Sorry.

I started a note to you during Thanksgiving vacation, but the bands in the typewriter snapped. That show-stopping event was followed by my mother's death just before Christmas. With my father just down the street, that whole experience continues. And that flowed right into the ceremony in Missoula on February 17. We all are glad that that is over! Terribly humbling; terribly out-of-place; awfully uncomfortable. I have, however, hidden the certificate in my file cabinets, so even when the police come to the house to take it back, they will never be able to find it!

Am enjoying HEART EARTH for the third time. Like an artichoke, it keeps peeling off leaves to reveal new treasures. If there is a center, I don't think that I'm capable of attaining it.

Take care

MULE DEER, *Odocoileus hemionus;* 3′-4′ high at the shoulder, 125-350 pounds. The male (buck) is larger than the female (doe). The mule deer gets its name from its large ears, which are about two-thirds the length of the head. It is also sometimes called the black-tailed deer because of the black tip and black hairs it may have on the top of the tail. This deer of the West is distinguished from the white-tailed deer by its smaller, thinner tail tipped in black, antlers that branch equally versus tines branching off one main beam, and larger ears. They are found in several different types of habitats—primarily mountain forests and woodlands— and are browsers, feeding mainly on shrubs and twigs. Antlers are shed every year.

Odocoileus hemionus
MULE DEER NC-20- 150
©1981 original design by Wendy Morgan
CRANE CREEK GRAPHICS
Box 367 • Wilson, Wyoming 83014

Christmas 1998

Again this year, we send you Christmas thoughts from an author whose words offer more eloquent gifts of hope and strength and light than we could craft. The memories below were written in 1881 by a Territorial Montana ranch wife--whose life was not defined by the conveniences or communications we consider critical. Dave reads her sensible and poignant remembrance as he speaks on Montana Christmases past. With these words, we wish you a holiday as lovely as this one--117 years ago!

*****

I vowed that I would not cry this Christmas. But there was nothing to fix for Christmas at all. The freighter was nearly a month late, and all the neighbors within a 30-mile radius had told him to leave their things at our house and they'd pick them up on Christmas Eve. The weather had warmed up, and I was still hoping against hope, as I used to do as a little girl.

I had venison and dried apples and raisins, and I made ten mince pies, plus one for us to try. John said it was bang-up mince meat, which is a great compliment coming from him. We also had roasted an antelope calf and a big piece of venison and two snow geese.

Well, about 4 o'clock, along came the freighter. I could have kissed him, and maybe looked as if I were going to--for he backed out and asked for John, and really looked scared. So he and John unpacked in the store room and marked the things that went to each neighbor. And they had a paper of needles that was dropped out of something, and so I got that. John said I looked so longingly at it that he made a deep bow and said, "Happy Christmas, dear wife," and gave it do me.

But I had to give it to Daisy Bell later, when she yelled that her needles did not come. She had made Christmas cards out of that white paper that comes with white crackers, and with two colored crayons, she had printed "Merry Christmas"--and she said that the other drawing was supposed to be holly and berries. She had put one needle through each card, and men and women alike, and tucked them in and around the tree.

Mother had sent a small package, and in it were the knitting needles I ordered for each woman and a pencil for each man. There were shiny cups for the children. She sent popcorn on the cob, and we rubbed it off, and while John popped it, I used some of the red coloring she sent and made red syrup and dipped part of the corn. Later in the evening everyone had to string corn for the tree.

Old Eb is a hard old cowhand who stays with us and is teaching John about beef critters and feeding and cutting sweet grass. He swears a lot and seems pretty cross most of the time. John and I were popping corn and Eb and the freighter brought in pine boughs heavy with cones (that the freighter had lost half a day getting, for the Christmas party) and the tree that was to go in the corner. Eb brought in a cup of rum and told me to make hot toddies before any more people came, for that was all he had. I did and passed it around, steaming hot in cups, and John raised his cup and said, "Merry Christmas."

But Eb stomped his foot and said that that wasn't the way to do it--only he added a lot of swear words. Then he said, "Bow your heads, and I'll say what is fittin': "Dear Father of Jesus, here we be; just a bunch of critters out in the hills--but we got meat and drink and fixin's for Christmas, and we are going to remember tomorrow about the manger and the Babe. Amen. Now, folks, drink her down!"

I sipped mine and said that I must go and hunt the mouth harp for the Christmas carols. I hid in my room and had that cry after all--just because I had misjudged poor old Eb and because I was happy too and so grateful for the freighter's arrival. John came in and held me tight a minute and then went out to greet a big sleighload of half-frozen guests, and I had to get busy too. It was a lovely Christmas.

******

The Walter Family in 1998

Winter

* Winter is relatively mild and manageable. Also, the legislature is not in session.
* Dave gears up for his month-long trip to the Mennonite Archives at Goshen College, Goshen, Indiana, to research Montana's 3 World War II, Civilian Public Service camps --work camps for young men in peace churches seeking alternative service to war. Dave's trip is underwritten by a grant from the Montana Committee for the Humanities.
* Marcella jettisons her job as Montana Historical Society Educator Officer and accepts the position of Visitor Services Bureau Chief, Montana State Parks, Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks. She is there to champion historic preservation and good visitor programs in Montana's 41 state parks.
* Emily, a junior at the University of Oregon, becomes station manager for the campus radio station and dives right into the world of supervision, university administration rules, and other real-world scenes.
* Amanda tolerates being a red-shirt freshmen on the Rocky Mountain College Battlin' Bears women's basketball team--meaning lots practice and no travel or glory.

Spring

* Dave heads out to Goshen. He finds fascinating material (everything from work assignments to camp menus to the philosophy of pacifism) and friendly assistance on the Goshen Campus.
* Marcella flies back to join Dave for the trip home through Appleton, Wisconsin, where Dave leaves some of his dad's papers at Lawrence University and revisits the scenes of his youth.

Summer

* Marcella's dad, Paul Sherfy, visits--during a rainy June week.
* Amanda spends the summer in Billings--hostessing at the Red Lobster (to which her dad cannot make enough trips), working at the Athletic Center on campus, and helping with basketball camps.
* Two white lop-eared rabbits that had shared Amanda's dorm room for awhile come to live in Helena with a small brown lop already in residence. In honor of Dave's research, all three acquire new names: Amish, Mennonite, and Hutterite.
* Emily continues to work at the radio station and make occasional educational trips--to the Oregon coast, the San Juans . . . .
* Weekends often find Marcella in a drab gray, "Dacron polyester" uniform helping out with special events at state park ghost towns or buffalo jumps.
* Dave, Marcella, Amanda, and a friend of Amanda's savor a fine North Fork week of floating, fishing, and building maintenance.

Fall

* Emily and a friend of hers spend a week at the North Fork just before classes and radio station duties resume full tilt in Oregon. Childhood friend Amy Wright accompanies Emily to Oregon for the fall semester.
* Amanda tackles her sophomore year at Rocky Mountain College, a more rigorous class schedule, and women's basketball practices for both varsity and JV--even while the college finishes remodeling her dorm room.
* At the North Fork, Dave battles the mayhem that a small, but recalcitrant black bear (moved to our neighborhood by Fish, Wildlife, and Parks) can create.
* Our fall is so mild that perennials, tomatoes, and lettuce act like spring chickens.
* On November 6, 1998, Dave receives the 1998 Montana Governor's Award for Humanities in a fine ceremony in Billings. The Governor himself presents!
* Marcella weathers hunting season in Fish, Wildlife, and Parks--and finally begins to feel at-home in this fascinating, but very different agency.
* Dave begins his November/December speaking circuit on "Christmastime in Montana"--with talks tailored to each community based on their historic newspapers.

Winter

* We look forward to a lovely Christmas with Emily, Amanda, and Marcella's dad, Paul.


GOODIER

Dec. 16, 1994

Dear Carol & Juan:

No - I don't buy cards without rabbits on them! All 8 bunnies are fine as are we & the 2 cats. Dave snoozes downstairs. We tuned in his grades at Carroll today. I was proud of him for giving the B that one fellow deserved. We will surely miss the college camaraderie. Amanda snoozes upstairs -- this week brought little discussed boy trouble & the humiliation of only making the sophomore volleyball team. Both Dave & Amanda will wake up about the time I go to bed for a lively time in the basement.

I was home over ~~Christmas~~ Thanksgiving. Mother fails daily. I went ~~then~~ at that time to help out as much as I could; help Sonja & Daddy set up with Hospice; try to be there while Mother might recognize me. Her doctors finally diagnosed her with Pick's disease - a cousin of Alzheimers. She is on my mind a good deal.

Whoops - also a Scorpio-bender!

Season's Greetings

Wishing you all the simple joys of the holidays.

We will be here for Christmas -- quietly I hope. Emily will join us.

We wish for you a quietly joyful holiday and a New Year of manageable - fascinating work!

Love -

All the Walters



A portion of the proceeds from the sale of this card will be donated to organizations devoted to the conservation of wildlife and the environment.

Printed on recycled paper

RENAISSANCE
Greeting Cards, Inc.
Post Office Box 845
Springvale, Maine 04083
1 (800) 688-9998
Printed in U.S.A.



Snowshoe Hare
by Robert E. Goodies, A.W.S., W.H.S.
© Renaissance Greeting Cards, Inc.
Christmas-C474

125

Canada-175

Sunday evening
October 23, 1994

Dear Carol and Ivan:

Just in time for your tape (and his foray through northeastern Montana)--Dave got the tape player and speakers in the 4-Runner replaced. Thank you very much! I suspect I'll have the opportunity to listen some next long trip! You do know that you don't need to bring or send anything. You're your own gift!

We are hurtling through fall--Dave most especially. He is just back from a fast trip to the North Fork to close-up for the winter and show himself busy and present to all the hunters on opening day. He reports tonight that within the next two weeks he must: write a MONTANA MAGAZINE article; write an IR story; critique his Carroll students' papers; edit a manuscript from Janet Cornish; and develop his outlaw and other Sheridan, Valley, and Phillips County themes. I will try to keep quiet and food on the table!

My parents were here the first week of October. My mom's health is so fragile that the trip was very disorienting. I flew back to Kansas with them and then right back--to be whatever comfort and assistance I could. Because my mom cannot now really see (even to tat) or talk or hear easily, I spent much of the week with them reading loudly aloud. I picked HEART EARTH first. They've had the tape, but are now really unable to fool with the tape player. So both Mother and Daddy found it interesting and comforting. Read aloud, I found it so much richer--even--than I had reading all too quickly silently. Speaking of trolling---word-by-word aloud is the very best-isn't it!

I'll let Dave tell you himself of his eastern Montana trek. Only this--when I opened the door to our room at the Rock Creek resort in Red Lodge (where we met up), I found him mellow and happy--alive with all that he'd seen.

The History Conference in Red Lodge was pretty skimpily organized, but had its moments: Peter Nabokov spoke for a lunch and a panel on the way the Crow value the Pryors and on landscapes sacred to Native Americans generally. I know that Board president and mining lawyer Ward Shanahan was squirming. The banquet speaker--John Talliferro (sp?)--was a puzzle. He's writing THE Charlie Russell biography. He's young, a "retired" TIME or NEWSWEEK editor, very bright, enchanted with Montana, a quick study. But---Dave thinks maybe too quick a study. Dave Emmons wrapped things up with a lively speech on how Toole and Howard have seduced us into being a state of whiners--playing the victim endlessly and needlessly to THE COMPANY. He offered the premise that while the Anaconda company was not especially good, it was likely better than many other Western companies. He had

the audience thoroughly, cleanly divided: people who thanked him for paying tribute to the deserving COMPANY and lots of squirming Toole students whose theses didn't square with his premises.

Red Lodge is hardly, now a mining town. It is, however, a beautiful, historic-building-filled resort community. We drove back--through blowing snow--by way of Roscoe and Absarokee before facing all the trucks on the interstate.

Sad news: Much of Frontier Town--purchased two years ago from Sue Quigley by a man named Pigg--will be sold at auction early in November. The newspaper reports this man saying that he can't afford to be an unpaid roadside curator, that he must sell off artifacts and many of John Quigley's sculptures, the bar, etc., in order to "save" it.

Maybe bad and maybe good news: Conrad Burns exchanged racial slurs with a rancher within earshot of a Bozeman reporter. We don't know whether that will delight all too many Montanans or appall just enough!

Basketball season: Couldn't be worse. The varsity can't win. The JV wins a few. Amanda scores fairly well--after a long slump that began about when you were here. Players and committed parents are in open rebellion about the coaching.

Dave, Amanda, and the cats and rabbits send their greetings and thanks. I so like doing dishes after you leave--I get to rethink the perspectives and words and disciplines and observations that we've gotten to share! We hope, Ivan, that your Eastern travels are about over and that, Carol, your fall will be improved as the breakfast-maker returns!

Take very good care!

Mamille



Framboisier.

Rubus.

Langlois.

1998 - The Ides of March

Carol & Ivan -

The Tulsa story that features Winter Brothers gave me a great excuse to write. I wanted to say _____

- a big Hello - I just put away the pictures you sent from last summer at the Arctic Bay. What great memories.
- come visit again soon - wherever you can!
- I need Carol to be my personal grammar & proof reading trainer. I re-read my last computer letter to you & about died. Name your price, Carol!
- Take care - we think of you!

(60+°F now - March pretending to be spring here!)

Love -

Marilu & Dave

companion requirement. My remembrance is that that was pretty widely ignored--and ranch kids would drive all over on "learner's licenses," including back and forth to school with other under-age kids.

I just finished a short piece for *Montana Magazine* on a pack trip that W.A. Clark III ("Tertius" to his other rich-kid buddies) took into the Bob Marshall/Scapegoat mountains in 1931. The month-long expedition was so well supplied that they had to keep moving the caches of materials around the area--and they came out with so much that the outfitters lived through the winter on the surplus. Rich kids are not like you and me! If a copy of that piece might inform the last third of the book, let me know and I'll get a copy in the mail.

Marcella is now enlightening/straightening out Fish and Game. They are a different sort of fella from what we know in the historical world. Last Saturday involved the set-up for the Native Americans' blessing of the Ulm Piskun site. Evidently some of them prayed too hard, cuz it rained like hell all afternoon. Now she's off to Kalispell for a few days to the annual Montana Tourism Conference, learning who her real bosses are. I continue to keep a low profile.....and am still offering one hell of a deal on a prized moose permit for the fall of 1998, if you are interested.

Our best to Carol. Retirement sounds tiring!!

Dave

24 Jan. '98

Dear Dave and Marcella--

Most excellent, the interview with Hank Mathiason on all things brandable--again, thanks a mint, Dave. I'll still be mulling for a while about how much I'm going to bend the plot of my novel to take in branding irons, and so would like to hang onto the tapes until the end of spring or early summer; let me know if you have need of them back before then, okay? Hank certainly was a find, and I think your session with him preserves some valuable stuff. Me, I sat here grinning to be handed lingo such as "the cow's return address" and "He'll fill you so full of it your eyes will be brown." Incidentally, I long since sent Hank a signed book, and will be dropping him a line of thanks now that I've heard the tapes, too.

Took me a while to get to them because of the holidays and my knee situation, but I've now survived both. We went to Tucson for the week leading into Christmas, and while we did manage to hike every day we were there, we had to dodge a lot of El Nino's chiquito squalls to do it. The arthroscopy (or as the laid-back orderly at the "crutch clinic" asked when I showed up beforehand, "You gittin' a scope?") went wonderfully. I was on those crutches for 2½ days, am now walking normally although not much distance at a time, and the quarter-inch scars are about healed. I chose spinal anesthesia and watched the whole procedure on the TV-like screen, quite surreal--the knee interior and the torn miniscus cartilage were surprisingly deep sea-ey, coral-like, the snouts of the arthroscopic instruments cruising under the ledge of the knee cap. Glad I've had that done, as it had hampered me periodically since last June.

Just before the Tucson trip, Carol exited teaching with maximum grace and verve--a bouquet the size of a trellis from her last class of students, and a great hallway party in her faculty building. She chose the hallway gambit after inwardly groaning through colleagues' lugubrious ceremonies where there are those endless testimonials and ghostly withered administrators come back to repeat their eternal two bits' worth--No, she decided, eat, shmooze, make merry! And she's genuinely liked the retirement-but-doing-something routine of this winter, tutoring in the college's writing lab 3 days of the week and sitting in on a music appreciation course. She's coming out of that one appreciating more than music: of all her classroom logistical woes, she says, at least she never had to shove a grand piano around as that prof occasionally does!

The land of Goshen will soon be beckoning you two--I still think the Montana stateline will buckle in astonishment when Dave crosses it--and if you get a chance before then, I wonder if both of you could cast an eye over the half dozen or so pages enclosed from my current opus-pocus. From you, Dave, I'd appreciate knowing if it's too mutty to have a Class B football playoff game in my made-up town against the Laurel Locomotives (are they the Locomotives?). From you, Marcella, any criticisms or suggestions about what is first noticeable when you come into a fading little town. From either of you, any observations about the "can you go home again, and if you do, is this all there is?" sense of traveling old family territory. My editors have just seen and liked a 300-page swatch which included this material, but the book has still got a ways to go. Anyway, if you get a chance, glad to have your reactions, pre-Indiana or post-. Hope you're both dandy.

best,

Dave and Marcella, here's a bit of background to this piece of reading:

The town is Twin Sulphur Springs, situated out in the benchlands between Choteau and Augusta. In the glaciation sweepstakes, it drew the rocky leavings, unlike say the Fairfield Bench or the gumbo benches the Hutterites are porspering on east of Choteau. The town is also a loser in the state's hot springs history--Chico got the Swank, Galen and Warm Springs got institutions, White Sulphur got a county seat and a ranching constituency, etc. And the town is sited a little too far out from the Rockies to reap any advantage there either--Augusta gets the elk hunters, for instance. In short, it's a place that bet on becoming a resort, and lost.

Mitch is a fifty-year-old, with a teetery job in this Internetting era--he's the last of the environmental reporters for a Seattle paper that's also a leftover from the '60s. His route out of Twin Sulphur Springs was football: third-string fullback (but all-conference scholastically) at the U. of Washington. He's very big, 6'5", not fat but forever fighting his weight. (We who were privileged to fullback for the Valier Panthers at 155 pounds find it piquant to imagine being big enough to eat hay.) Now he's been called back to his hometown by his father, ostensibly about a deal to sell the gravelly ridge--the Rozier Bench--that his father thought was a great investment but so far has been a characteristic pipedream.

❄❄❄❄❄❄

Christmas 1997

In the darkest Montana winters, I can be comforted by two authors: P. G. Wodehouse and his Jeeves stories and E. B. White. White, especially, provides heartening perspective, wit, humor, and compassion. So, I went looking for some E. B. White Christmas words this year. This essay "Remembrance is Sufficient" was printed in the December 25, 1954, issue of THE NEW YORKER.

It is not easy to select the few words each year that shall serve as a Christmas greeting to our readers. . . . While engaged in making the selection, we study the typewriter keys with the gravity you sometimes see in the faces of greeting-card buyers in stationery stores--faces taut with special anguish (a sailor searching for a valentine message commensurate with his desire, a girl hunting for the right phrase to repair a broken friendship) as though all of life, all of love, must suddenly be captured on a small piece of decorative paper and consigned to the mails. This morning early, when we passed the angels in Rockefeller Center, we wished we could simply borrow a trumpet from one of them and blow our best wishes to the world in a single loud blast. . . . But then, a few minutes later, gazing at the Dutch candy house in the window of KLM, we were reminded that everyone constructs a Christmas of his own . . . in sugar-candy form if need be, and that the quest for beauty, piety, simplicity, and merriment takes almost as many forms as there are celebrants, certainly too many to be covered by one note on a borrowed horn.

No one ever weeps for joy. . . . We have it on the authority of a professor at the School of Medicine of the University of Rochester (EXPERT DEEMS JOY NO CAUSE OF TEARS--*The Times.*) But it is true that at Christmas (season of joy, season of joy-to-the-world), tears are not unknown, or even infrequent: many find themselves greatly moved by small events--by minor miracles of home or school or church, by a snatch of music, by a drift of paper snow across a TV screen. It is, of course, not joy but beauty that is responsible for this mild phenomenon: the unexpected gift of sadness--of some bright thing unresolved. Of some formless wish unattained and unattainable. Since most of the common satisfactions of Christmas are available at the stores, and for a price, we wish our readers the pleasures that are unpurchasable, the satisfactions unpredictable, the nourishment of tears . . . .

There is one member of our household who never has to grope for words as we are groping now. She is our Aunt Caroline and she is ninety-two. . . . She goes back to a more leisurely period, and when she speaks, she speaks with a precision and a refinement rare in this undisciplined century. There is nothing stiff-backed about the furnishing of her mind, but it is her nature to sit erect, to stand erect, and to speak an upright kind of English that is always graceful and exact. A few weeks ago, she said something so close to the theme of Christmas that we shall quote it here. We were sitting with her at lunch in the country, and we apologized for not having taken her for a motor ride that morning to see once again the bright colors in the changing woods. "Why, my dear," she said without hesitating, "remembrance is sufficient of the beauty we have seen."

The sentence startled us--as though a bird had flown into the room. Perhaps her statement, so causally spoken yet so poetical, is a useful clue to the grownups' strange Christmas, the Christmas that often seems so baffling at first, and then so rewarding. At any rate, it suggests the beauty that surrounds the day, the sufficiency of remembrance, the nostalgia that is the source of tears. We are in perfect agreement with the professor at this joyous season; men weep for beauty, for things remembered, for the partridge in the pear tree--the one that their true love brought them and that somehow got mislaid.

So we send our greetings to all who laugh or weep or dance or sing, our love to children, our cheers to their embattled parents. To any for whom by some mischance, the magical moment fails in reenactment, we give Aunt Caroline's resolute words: "Remembrance is sufficient to the beauty we have seen."



In good historical fashion, here's a quick 1997 time line for Dave, Marcella, Emily, and Amanda:

Jan., Feb., March, April, 1997

* The Montana legislature is in session. They leave the Montana Historical Society about as we were, decide to do the right thing and purchase Virginia City/ Nevada City for posterity, and fail to enact a daytime speed limit.
* Amanda's last high school track season begins.
* We acquire a new baby lop bunny, Ralph.
* Emily--spending a frustrating year in Eugene, Oregon, to acquire Oregon residency--still has an opportunity to publish an extensive interview with the Indigo Girls.

June 1997

* Amanda graduates from high school amid suitable fanfare. Emily comes home to attend.

July 1997

* Dave and Marcella reach the North Fork in our latest-ever arrival there. Despite the winter's enormous snowfall, we do not find the lane washed out or buildings collapsed. The only damage is a deck railing neatly removed by one gigantic sweep of snow off the roof.
* **Montana Campfire Tales**, Dave's collection of essays previously printed in "Montana Magazine" hits the market. Dave begins several months of book signings and programs.
* Raspberry season is as wonderful as ever, even if the judges at the Lewis and Clark County Fair give Marcella a white ribbon on the berries.
* After 3 years of driving her grandfather's 1978 Chevy Malibu station wagon, Amanda acquires a new truck.

August 1997

* Amanda begins college at Rocky Mountain College in Billings, with scholarships in basketball, art, and academics. Rocky is a 4-year, liberal-arts school of about 800 students and a great women's basketball coach.

September 1997

* After a trip to Montana and the North Fork to restore her, Emily resumes her college studies full-time at the University of Oregon, also with an array of scholarship help.
* After a summer of hard work on Dorothy and George's house in Helena, we put the property up for sale and find a young, caring buyer immediately.

October 1997

* The 24th Annual Montana History Conference, the largest task on Marcella's plate, occurs with no fatal hitches. This year it is titled "Surrounded by History." Dave again orchestrates his ever-popular session "Jerks in Montana History: Speaking Ill of the Dead" and presents a "jerk" himself.
* Dave's speaking engagements for the Montana Committee for the Humanities Speakers Bureau continue apace for big meetings (such as the annual meeting of the Montana League of Cities and Towns) and in small places (in Dillon, for instance, on the Western Montana campus).
* Dave learns that he has received a Montana Committee for the Humanities research grant to continue his study of Montana's World War II conscientious-objector camps.

November 1997

* Marcella escapes for a glorious week to visit friends and sunshine in Arizona.
* Amanda's basketball season at Rocky begins. Amanda will red-shirt this year, thus giving her the benefit of more academic time and the opportunity to learn a new position.
* Dave builds another bookcase in our basement.

December 1997

* We look forward to Christmas with the four of us all at home!



30 Jan. '95

Dear Dave & Marcella--

I'm momentarily out from under manuscript, having sent a major chunk of it to New York to prove to my agent and my editor that I actually have been doing something the past 2 years, and so am taking a few days to eye my desk warily and try to handle accumulations.

Both of us here are on the tag end of colds, but otherwise okay. Been another mild El Nino winter here, although right now we have a big rainstorm, drumming on the roof and coming down at about a 60 degree angle. We also had a little tickle from the earth the other night, a 5. quake which trembled things enough here that we got under our desks. Ah, to be wintering in quiet Montana, where Dave is already dreaming toward Class C tournament time and Marcella has maitre d'ed the girls' basketball team almost to the point where they'll turn into the girls' track team...

Carol's having a winter quarter of teaching where it's noticeable (a) her students aren't getting the lower-school grounding in English language skills that they ought to be and (b) her community college isn't yet admitting how much remedial effort the faculty is having to do. Just to keep things interesting, the college is sorting through candidates for a president. You guys maybe have been around this process, for MHS director etc., but it astounds us, the five finalists having to go through a day of 45-minute presentations to various campus constituencies and then brightly go off to dinner with the board of trustees who do the actual hiring. The first candidate, a local guy, Carol liked pretty well, but he seems to be the token white male in the process and so the out-of-towners take their turns now, from places such as Boston and Cal Poly.

As to me, I'm starting to feel like it's taking me longer to do this Fort Peck novel than it took the guys to build the dam. But I should be out of it okay, on schedule, by the end of this year.

Huge thanks, not so incidentally, for the Xmas gift of Meagher County history. But I am shocked, shocked, Dave, that you made no comment on the Meagher County branch of the Walter line, reknowned peacock raisers that they were. Just in case you missed the portrait in which the Walter family features can be plainly traced (Marcella will be glad to help, I bet), am attaching the same: Blackie and Cora Walter as I knew 'em. Theresa Buckingham's thumbnail description of them is actually very apt, they were ~~not~~ gentle people who went their own way while the world went by them. One of the White Sulphur families I boarded with in grade school were related to the Blackie Walter family and so, bundled in with everybody else, I went a-visiting to Blackie's ranch a few times. It was ramshackle, in almost a Dogpatch kind of way, and the Walters had what we always called a Missourian tone of voice (although I see from the book they were actually from Kansas), but there amid it all, damned ~~if~~ there wouldn't be

be a peacock beautifully fanning out a cosmic rainbow of tail atop, well, maybe the outhouse. Not until I read some of Flannery O'Connor's stories a lot of years later did I ever hear of anything like it. And just sometime last year, I had a phone call from a woman who would be the grown grand-daughter of Blackie and Cora, and lives out here in one of the ritziest Seattle suburbs. She wanted to talk about my books--something I think in This House of Sky had triggered her--and it turned out hers is another White Sulphur story probably at least as unlikely as mine. Out of what really was that poor-white family background, she'd been recognized as a bright kid by the long-time WSS High school English teacher Rose Spraggins, who if I remember right lost a daughter of her own in an accident; Rose in essence paid this girl's way through college. It of course vaulted her out of White Sulphur--and also away from her parents and grandparents, almost as if she lives on another planet from theirs. She told me her dad, whom I remember and know is a pretty good guy, gets so jangled by Seattle and the lifestyle of her suburb he can hardly stand to visit.

Well, there was a lot of that kind of thing that went through my head, looking at that Meagher history. Truly, thanks for passing it along.

As to '95 and such, we're probably not going to lay any definite Montana travel plans this year. Depending on how my finishing up of the book goes, we may take it into our heads on short notice to head east to the real West, but I dunno. Will be in touch, and we look forward to hearing how you've wintered.

all best,



Dec. 22. 1997

Dear Carol & Ivan -

So I said to myself - I'll save Carol & Ivan's card til Christmas week. But tonight - it dawned on me that you will be back by Christmas. So - belated greetings! I hope that you found some sun & peace in Arizona - among what looks like rain showers for all too much of the last week!

Carol - congratulations!! I hope you keep finding ways to cut loose - surprise yourself - be irresponsible -- whatever feels the most freeing! And between the two of you - you won the "cleverest Christmas card" category hands down.

Emily arrived on Amtrak yesterday morning in Whitefish. Dave picked her up & brought her over Marias Pass to escape the west side ice. Amanda drifted in today from Billings. The house is awash in shoes & blankets & snack plates & ever new ~~sp~~ sophisticated forms of sibling love & sibling rivalry. As I write, Dave is making cranberry bread while watching Monday night football. Things now are going swimmingly -- after a rocky start when Emily broke the nut chopper & I broke a glass cleaning up!

We wish you both a year joyful in following what fascinates you. We continue to count ourselves rich with your friendship!

all our love - Dave, Maudie, Emily, & Amanda

Artist, Nancy Lenches-Alegret

Proceeds from the sale of this card support St. Luke's Home, Inc.; a non-profit, non-denominational residence for elderly women of limited financial means.

St. Luke's Home, Inc. • 615 E. Adams, Tucson, AZ 85705 • (602) 628-1512

10 Feb. '97

Dear Dave--

Okay, bashful, here's the blurb. If need be, feel free to trim it down; I'd rather have any trimming done by you rather than the people at Falcon with crayons in their editing fists. Anyway, I hope you sell a zillion.

I don't think I've been in touch since our neighborhood attained the nationally famous sinkhole. It made the NY Times and Time magazine--kind of the Berkeley Pit of washouts. It's about 4 blocks from us, and it is a biggie--about a hundred yards across, and probably 60-80' deep; in essence, the sizable fill and intersection that was there washed down into Boeing Creek, across the street from us, on New Year's Eve. We were in no danger of flood; as Marcella will remember, our place sits up high from the creek floor and a couple of hundred feet back. But 14 million gallons of raw sewage also flowed into the creek through the next three weeks, as the city officials made the interesting decision to give priority to reconstruction plans for the intersection rather than tackling the spewing sewer main. Anyway, we had a couple of weeks of interesting weather and civic calamities here, but we really didn't get scathed.

I see we are both in an Aldo Leopold mode. In the novel I'm writing now my male protagonist, a burning-out enviromental writer, scrolls up "thinking like a mountain" and the wolf passage as he flies over Mt. St. Helens, which damn near got him when it went off.

Well, to get this into the mail. Hugs and tickles to Marcella. All is well, although a bit piled to the sky, here.

best,

Jim

922 Choteau
Helena, Montana 59601
February 4, 1997

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan:

Thank you very much for agreeing to blurb for me the volume of essays that Falcon is going to print this spring. I could not bring myself to ask you, so cajoled Marcella into carrying my message over food. Do not, however, think that I did not pay for my weakness!

Enclosed is a copy of the manuscript. My understanding is that the folks at Falcon would like something back as soon as possible--within a couple of weeks or so. I put them behind schedule by rewriting the pieces before resubmitting them this winter. Most of the chapters ran as articles in *Montana Magazine* during the 1980s, but I found that I write better now (that is, I now have more strongly held opinions about how I write!)

Should you take a look at the manuscript and find that you cannot go through with this, I will understand. Marcella has already mounted on the living room wall Carol's candid photo of the larch casually perched on my back-door roof--and we will not take it down, no matter what.

Take care. Thank you again very much for your kindness.

Sincerely yours,

Thom


Tucker Smith '92

OUR BEST TO THE LADY OF THE HOUSE—

DEAR IVAN—

THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR THE EFFUSIVE BLURB. THE MANUSCRIPT DOES NOT LIVE UP TO YOUR WORDS—; YOU HAVE OPENED YOURSELF UP TO CLASS-ACTION SUITS BASED ON FRAUD. HOWEVER, I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO DECIDE ON A MEANINGFUL REWARD:

I PROMISE NOT TO MENTION STRAPPING YOU INTO A LIFE JACKET AND PROPELLING YOU DOWN THE NORTH FORK IN A RUBBER RAFT FOR ONE FULL YEAR!

THANKS—

DAVE

***"Madison Crossing"**, 1993, by Tucker Smith. This image was reproduced from the original, a 16" X 40" oil on canvas; 1000 s/n lithographic prints have been issued. Tucker is a founding member of the Northwest Rendezvous Group, a member of the National Academy of Western Art and recipient of the 1990 Prix de West Award.*

© *1993*

Arrowhead Publications 21 S. Last Chance Gulch, Helena, MT 59601
406-443-2464

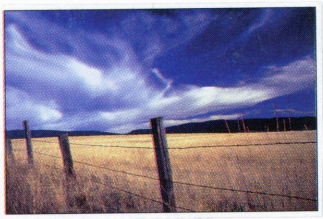


Mother's Day
afternoon

May 11, 1997

Carol & Ivan -

We couldn't ~~not~~ send you the enclosed. Boy - it opens up possibilities. Plaques for the front of our house; Oktoberfest bids at auction for our use of a guest bed; - why - even charity stays for donation of a night or two at the North Fork in your names!



We are quite fine - quite our usual selves. Dave is proofing the page proofs of (wrong fold Whoops!) the book for which your Ivan, made such an extravagant quote. Amanda - back from a long day with her boyfriend's family for his Catholic confirmation, is at last addressing her graduation cards. We have wonderful sun & buds & trees & full light. I've cleaned & shopped today - saving a bit of time for my desk!

Your call was a sound for sore ears -- especially picturing you there! My litany about summer will be familiar: we love to see you - wherever wherever we can - in a way that

(over)

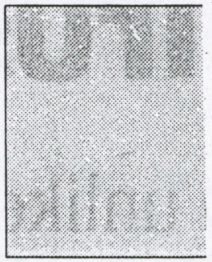
offers you both some peace! All you need to do is to keep us posted!

Meanwhile - I'm going to make the last weekend trash collection & take the new lop bunny "Wally" out to run around outdoors.

Take the best of care of yourselves! Find sun!

Love

Marelle & our whole tribe!



Helena historian honored

Walters earns doctorate

Montana Historical Society Research Historian Dave Walter has been awarded an honorary doctorate degree from the University of Montana.

In presenting the award UM President George Dennison noted that the Honorary Doctorate Degree is the highest honor that the university can bestow and is awarded rarely.

"Dave Walter has exerted a positive influence upon historical and cultural studies in Montana," Dennison said. "the citizens who have used the Historical Society's materials attest to the value of his assistance and counsel."

Walter has also authored three books and countless articles and papers on Montana and western history.

"Dave has been with the Society since 1979 and has been an untiring and enthusiastic ambassador for the promotion, preservation, and enjoyment of Montana history," Society Director Brian Cockhill said.

Nationally known author Ivan Doig spoke for the thousands of people who have benefited from Walter's knowledge and talents in the credits for "Ride With Me, Mariah Montana," the third in Doig's award winning Montana history trilogy.

"Throughout the decade of research I've spent on these books, I was rescued time and again by the extraordinary skills of Dave Walter (then) reference librarian of the Montana Historical Society. Among other things, this trilogy is a monument to Dave's patience," Doig wrote.

Walter worked closely with famous Montana historian K. Ross Toole while a graduate student at UM, serving as a teaching assistant and associate editor of the University Press.

"The Society and all of Montana are fortunate to have someone with Dave's talents at work for them," Cockhill said. "From young History Day students to renowned scholars, Dave helps them appreciate the Montana story."

Courtesy of the Society PR man's creativity

Tuesday afternoon
November 2, 1993

Dear Carol and Ivan:

I've written you about five letters in my head--none of which communicates to you how much we enjoyed your visit. In the words of the GOOD MORNING, AMERICA TV show, you both dish up a lot of food for the mind--and the heart and soul!

For instance, Carol, I have now found and read BLESS ME, ULTIMA and THE JUMP-OFF CREEK. If I write much I'm in grave danger of lapsing into mooshie feelings about both books. And I believe I'd be hardpressed to analyze them as do your students. But I surely enjoyed both immensely. To the extent of your patience, I'll take advantage of your literary "pre-selecting" skills!

Dave enjoyed the Stegner symposium a lot. It was one of those trips from which he came home beaming and full of inquiries for himself. He found your presentation, Ivan, deep, thought-provoking, original. Dave especially scurried around to find the material that you used for reference and comparison. At the end of the weekend, we searched our unorganized and separately-purchased libraries and were delighted to find that we have a lode of Stegner material. The following weekend we also listened to the Stegner tape--one of your gifts. What a great miracle to be able to hear from Stegner and you and Lopez . . . your own words, your own way. (I trust you recognize that I wasn't chained to 922 Choteau that weekend. I would have enjoyed being there, seeing you, being with Dave. But the older I get the more I have a sense of life's tides.)

We are just one full weekend past the Montana History Conference--a good spot to be in as long as it lasts. Dave moderated the session "Jerks in Montana" session and gave a paper during the K. Ross Toole presentation--focused on Toole's years at the Society. That one mattered a lot to him and he did extremely well--to my ears. Harry Fritz did the other paper--on Toole's years at the University. Fritz was, in Fritz-style, sardonic, cute, damning with faint praise. Joan Toole and some of their children were there, and obviously found it hard to sit through that portion of the program. In quiet corridor talk with Joan later, I could offer her your statement, Ivan, from EARTHLIGHT, WORDFIRE: "I do not use irony in my writing because I write about people. People do not live in irony; they live in earnest." That statement haunts me for its extraordinary grace and respect--and the extent which it is ignored by so many of us, in all we do.

(over)

I promised you a "recipe" for the curried rice salad. You may well have long since developed it from experimentation--which is all that I did. But, if you haven't: I boiled up about 4 cups of instant rice; chopped up a wide assortment of additions: black olives, green onions, zucchini, celery; added the key ingredients: diced cooked chicken or turkey, mandarin oranges, slivered almonds (and if you like raisins--those too). Then, for a dressing, I used a combination of no-fat mayonnaise, real mayonnaise, and low fat sour cream, mixed with some salt and a lot of curry powder. Then I chilled it--briefly.

Amanda is a week away from the end of her freshman basketball season. Her team is now 11-1. The one, unfortunately, was a cross-town game for which Amanda's baskets would not fall! Such times are hard for Dave. Dave buttoned up the North Fork last weekend--a gorgeous frosty day and night during which he saw a wolf. Our office moved out to this funky four-plex near the Society on October 1st and are now settled it. The space is actually very functional, but the move consumed endless time and emotion.

Our very best news: On its Charter Day, in February, the University of Montana will award Dave ~~with~~ an honorary doctorate. He first thought the letter was an elaborate and clever joke and then has been bobbing and weaving about it ever since. I am so glad. As I try to convince him, he knows why people like him should be honored!

We hope, Ivan, that book sales on HEARTEARTH have been as runaway as they were in September and that the signings have been interesting. Carol, we wish for you lively students and some more interesting houses to consider.

Whenever your Caddy (or other luxurious rental) drives away, we wonder how it is we're lucky enough to spend such good time with you. The basement cave-bedroom is always available! And we'll wait eagerly to hear about when you might visit here and at the North Fork.

Take care!

Marilla

Tuesday afternoon
July 20, 1993

Dear Carol and Ivan:

I'm kid-sitting this afternoon: home, discreetly busy with an odd assortment of Society and personal business, to keep someone here as Amanda entertains a friend in one of those 24-hour marathon sleepovers. Too many friends now have older brothers and sisters with cars, able to pop in . . . .

Amanda's spring basketball team just took second in the Montana State Games competition in Billings. Dave went with her and was pleased with her attitude and focus. Once the team won their first game, they embarked on a schedule that required them to play 3 more all in one day. So, other than a delightful ride along Highway 12 and back, I don't think either of them saw the weekend as a holiday.

I stayed here because Emily had arrived on Thursday evening to begin her two week assistantship at Grand Street Theater School--graduating to "faculty" status. Emily's new-found willingness to help out in the spirit that the world works better than way and her devotion to peace symbols, sensible clothes, environmental causes contrast, sharply, with Amanda's current rebellion and rudeness. Dave finds immense reassurance in Em's growing maturity. I reveled in time to garden (our slug crop has to match yours, this year), an opportunity to watch LEAVING NORMAL and PRINCE OF TIDES late at night with Em, and a whole hour in the library just to browse.

Otherwise, it is Last Chance Rodeo and Fair week, raspberry season, and the beginning of the Governor's budget office committee hearings to trim 100 million from the budget. Dave has finished his first big project in this new position: editing and correcting the index for all the MONTANA THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY. Our health seems stable. The rabbits chatter happily about the cool weather. The Helena Brewers are at the top of the Pioneer league. We watched them whomp the Lethbridge Mounties 20-3 last night!

good stable!

I really do think of you often as I'm in the garden peering among the lettuce leaves for slugs. (Maybe I should explain. If I understood your day's schedule, Ivan, there is a specific time allotted to slug-fighting.) I hope that all of your spring odessy was as good as your postcard described, that your sense of utter vacation continues, Carol, and, Ivan, that you're where you want to be on Fort Peck before your publicity tour begins. We are very eager to see HEARTEARTH.

(over)

We went up to the North Fork two weekends ago and found it peaceful and gorgeous. All the wildflowers are blooming at once--early ones and late ones together, with our endless rain. And we thought of you especially there (not in a slug context) and wanted to turn our goodbye discussion into plans! We'd love to put you up here in September/October and take you up to the North Fork or meet you there on some other leg of your travels. We'll enjoy visiting whenever and whereever the opportunity exists. And you're among the chosen for whom Dave would delight in sharing the North Fork! So, as you begin thinking about fall, please let us know what we can do!

Meanwhile, take good care.

Love

Marilee + Dave

Friday evening
March 12, 1993

Dear Carol and Ivan:

You're coming--you're coming!! We went through a short, but intense period of panic when Dave thought that his spring Montana Committee for the Humanities meeting overlapped with April 23-25. But that was a false alarm. The Committee meets the following weekend in Billings, coinciding with Alan Ginsburg reading at the Fox. The coast is clear and a month seems too long to wait!

This is late, for me, on a Friday evening. Amanda is closeted in your room with the "old" television that now lives there. Dave is snoozing in the family room on Grandma Kitty's sofa as the sports channel rolls by. He is tired from a day's travel to and from Missoula. He's teaching writing to some archaeologists and historians who work for Alan Newell's consulting firm. It's your business, Carol. Each week, the "kids" send him samples from their actual work (water rights briefs, archaeological survey reports, mine histories) and Dave edits those and then writes everybody a personal letter. It's surely its own fulltime job. He was tickled today when the group presented him with their 2-week accumulation of examples in which inanimate objects had been transformed into actors.

In addition to the rigors of teaching and driving, Dave invested lots of energy in tonight's dinner conversation with Amanda. This week, when faced with a task she'd rather not do, she has said, "Why---we are all going to die anyway. What difference does it make if I: (a) take out the trash, (b) eat vegetables, (c) read, (d) learn French, (e) clean my room ..... Why are you laughing? You know I'm right. You just don't want to admit that your whole life is work and it doesn't mean anything!!!" Dave did extremely well tonight--ignoring most of the barbs and taunts and righteous certainty. But as Amanda left the table, he encouraged her to look up "nihilism." She is such a bundle of weather and change. Despite the verbiage this week, for the first time in the two years she has been here, she's started to do her homework before dinner and deliberately go to bed early.

Dave's had a lull in activities related to TODAY THEN. He next interviews with a Dublin radio station and wants to spend time figuring out what elements of the book might appeal to the Irish. Meanwhile, Dorothea, the "backup" at the library, drives him just to distraction by answering reference questions with stories from her childhood as the phone rings and customers stack up around the desk.

(over)

Does anyone ever write about this edge of winter--the month of daytime melt and nighttime ice? Sure-footed folks may not mind it the way I do. At the same time, I am--we are--cheered immensely by the light before breakfast and past supper.

The Society has gained no financial ground during the session, but has not lost any either. That's likely a coup for Brian Cockhill, the new director. Both parties and the Governor have agreed on the need to meet our deficit with a hundred million dollar reduction in state spending, as prerequisite to raising taxes. You may be hearing from Mike Malone just how deep the cuts into the university system are going. During the first half of the session, the mood around the Capitol was dignified, thoughtful. We now seem to have swung into right-wing silliness. This week it was a bill to cut people earning more than $24,000 from Fish, Wildlife, and Parks.

I had a chance to hug Dorothy Bradley one day in February. She is a teacher's assistant for this year in a two room school outside Colstrip. She was in town with busload of students to see democracy in action. She looked wonderful, but said that she dreaded having to sit in the House gallery and look on.

Sidney and Linda are in England now? Do I have it right yet? We have a rabbit story for all of you. One weekend in January, Bunny Boy, the little white stray-turned-street rabbit, didn't show up outside the garage door. On Monday evening, as I was chopping ice on the driveway, I looked to our neighbors to the west and saw a HUGE hawk standing on the ground--its tail feathers bent clear up. Before I even thought of Bunny Boy, I couldn't absorb what I was seeing. But when the hawk stood his ground as I moved up our front walk and got Dave's camera, I began to realize and then see that he was standing on a long-dead, much hassled Bunny Boy carcass. Both his life and his death were so improbable--his life so "sweet" an addition to ours.

We wish for you NO more snow, the steady onslaught of spring, enough but not too much to do until your sabbatical and trip start. Take good care. We can't wait!

Marnelle &

the Walter

crew!

The envelope collage - if it survives mailing - is my small foray into crafts!

Saturday afternoon--dark coming on so early
December 12, 1992

Dear Carol and Ivan:

Surely if you're buried in snow this weekend, you too have put up your Christmas lights and hung your stockings! After a long fall rebellion about whether winter needed to come at all, I have finally accepted its arrival gracefully (maybe even appreciatively) and am feeling fairly cheerful about Christmas. Emily will be here, along with my parents from Kansas and Dave's brother and his family from Calgary.

Ivan, we haven't yet seen A RIVER RUNS THROUGH IT again and you probably have long finished your review. But, for buildings (and maybe you already talked to Pat or Chere at work--they would be much better than I am), I liked the two homes best of all (Maclean's and Jessie's) and the church. I have never figured out what they were using for Lolo Hot Springs--I've never been to Lolo to see if it's part of an original. The train depot seemed like a funny anomaly--seemingly too small-town, modest, too remote from other townscapes for Missoula (but maybe they researched it). And for the main streets, what struck me more than the buildings was the gravel in the streets. Given all the publicity about why Missoula couldn't be used, I was surprised to see so few good streetscapes. Livingston otherwise is one of our best "whole-cloth" historic business districts and the choice of it in lieu of Missoula always seemed a reasonable one if they needed lots of turn-of-the-century stuff. Did you know that something called Clarke City Press in Livingston has now published the entire screenplay with pictures in a volume entitled A RIVER RUNS THROUGH IT--BRINGING A CLASSIC TO THE SCREEN? That would let you compare material presumably word-for-word. Dave brought it home from the Society bookstore just yesterday.

Among all his conversations with you has Dave mentioned our recent medical adventures? About three weeks ago, Dave ended up in the hospital for 2 days with what turned out to be a heart rhythm irregularity. He felt lousy enough to go to the hospital on his own, but all the equipment clearly showed just the abnormal rhythm--not a heart attack. All has been well since. The cardiologist put him through a battery of tests and seems to think that his healthy heart muscle may have grown too large to compensate for the muscle previously hurt. That makes valves fit less well and sometimes triggers odd heartbeats. That dilemma can be medicated, but since Dave's had no recurrences, the doctors haven't changed his medication.--- Then, 10 days ago, I had a full hysterectomy--the result of diagnostic tests that showed that I had armies of uterine fibroids and a mass on my left ovary. Given my history, the doctors wanted answers quickly. The answers were good--no malignancy--and I again found surgery and now recovery remarkably easy. The doctor's primary restriction was that I couldn't lift

anything heavy for 6 weeks, but he defined heavy as 35-45 pounds. To Dave's chagrin, that enables me to carry groceries, collect trash, and clean bunny trays. We feel lucky, blessed all around.

Until today, I've gone two weeks without poking my head in at work. In fact, I feel like one of the cats. After getting up late each morning, I do a few small tasks and retire inbetween to the sofa in the sunshine in the living room. And I've read voraciously: Linda Hogan's MEAN SPIRIT (Osage Indians in Oklahoma in the 20s); finally, BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES; Doris Lessing's THE DIARIES OF JANE SOMERS; someone's back issues of the NEW YORKER and the NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW. What a wonderful treat. I feel as if my head is just teeming--that I have something to say in company--that I am surrounded more richly by people and ideas than otherwise.

On Thursday this week, after two years of torture, Amanda got her braces off. That may have been an even better day for her than Christmas will be. She looks very good. Her "competitive parents" 8th grade basketball team went undefeated this fall. She clearly played better even that through the summer, although Dave (whose great knowledge of sports makes him especially "involved" in her games) wishes for her even more of that special sports focus and concentration. She is funny and wearying otherwise. She demands more INDEPENDENCE ~~even more~~ this year, but is scared to death when some is offered. She works hard to make sure we are meanies, roadblocks--something to pin her rebellions to. Dave is very good as enjoying all her wit and seeming not to let the dramas of adolescence get to him. Our respect for teachers (for any age, Carol) only grows. We listen especially carefully to Amanda when she describes the teachers she likes. They are clearly the ones in love with living, their subject matter, and enough with themselves--to be open, to invite real interchange. Emily starred in their school's Christmas play and competes well in state speech and debate tournaments--which Amanda, of course, ridicules as "wimp sports!"

Dave signed books this afternoon at Walden's and now has a wonderful Saturday evening to watch sports and nap. I always wish for him more such days without at least big time pressures.

For Linda and Sidney, our current rabbit population is now doing well. I suspect I told you that we lost (very painfully) Black Streak, Bubba, and Magic in one short spell in the fall. We currently have an adolescent rabbit who snaps at Amanda and Dave when they change her water. With me weighing in righteously on one side, we have an ongoing debate about whether rabbits can be "mean." Of course not!!

The best information in your Christmas card would be your possible travel dates to Helena! Among so much we can treasure during Christmas reflections, your friendship is among the most special. Take very good care!

Maxell

15 Dec. '92

Dear Dave and Marcella--

Just some quickie lines, to ~~xxxxxxx~~ catch you up on us a bit. Carol is about to grade her last batch of exams for the quarter, after possibly the most harrowing exam day she's ever had. The culprit was the snowstorm we had last Thursday, pretty piffling by Montana standards (but then isn't everything?), which ~~xx~~ hung around and froze and thawed and froze some more, but more to the point, somehow flooded a major power source at Carol's college. Wiped out ~~her~~ classroom, so her exam was switched to the college's automotive center. The substituted room there held only 20; she has 40 in the course. So, she stashed students all over campus, all the while thanking her lucky stars (actually her veteranly wisdom) that she'd made this an open-book show-what-you-know exam.

Meanwhile, as I think I told Dave on the phone, I sissied out of a booksigning in downtown Seattle the day of the snow, foreseeing about six hours of chaotic bus travel on behalf of selling about three books; and otherwise I'm actually getting a chance to clean my desk and catch my breath. My next book is safely (?) in New York, on its way to the copy editor. I did manage to hack out the essay-review of the movie version of A River Runs through It that Chuck Rankin asked me to do. Saw the movie a second time, this time with a stopwatch, and found that Redford and his screenwriter had brought Norman's story indoors even more than I'd thought; only about 36 min. of outdoors doings in the 2-hour movie, versus about 64 pp. of such stuff in Norman's total of 104 pp. I also thought the movie's version of Montana was a little Wordsworthy (i.e., grand in a pretty way) whereas Norman was actually more of a Browning (Robert, not the town of) guy; sense of power and some peril in the beauty he saw. We'll see whether Bevis et al let me get away with such poaching.

Saw Lang and Marianne briefly at a booksigning in Portland (amid an ice-storm; jeez, you Montana writers have it easy) and Bill then got snowed out of an intended overnight with us. He's jaunting around giving talks for the Washington His'l Society, and when Marianne called to relay his message that he couldn't make it to Seattle because he was skidding around somewhere beyond Wenatchee, I asked her to convey my suggestion that he get himself a nice office job. She meanwhile is teaching tooth and nail in the Columbia River lumber town of Stevenson, a tough-sounding place. At least Becky's there on the newspaper, so when Marianne gets cited for witchcraft-in-the-classroom for bringing in un-Stevenson ideas, we'll get a good reporting job.

That's about it from here, trending into Xmas. We hope you're back in fettle, Marcella, although we can't believe you're ~~xxx~~ ever not in it, and all best to all of you for '93.

Ivan

MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY LIBRARY
225 N. Roberts St.
Helena, MT 59620
Tel: (406) 444-2681

TO Mr. Ivan Doig **DATE** November 17, 1992

17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.

Seattle, Washington 98177

>

Dear Ivan:

Glad that you are home safely to the crime-glutted streets of Seattle. Sorry that I missed your phone call the other day. It always surprises me when a call is for me. We did a purely scientific study of incoming phone calls during October and found that: Amanda received 92% of the calls; Marcella received 6% of the calls (72% of that figure, job-related); wrong numbers were 2% of the calls; the remainder were for Dave.

Will get a copy of TODAY THEN into the mail to you this week. Forgot what a pleasure it is to sign at drive-ins in Montana. Did the bookstore in Dillon the other night, across from a basketball tournament! Not many literates in town. Was paired by the bookstore owner with Sally Garrett Dingley, local author of Harlequin Superromances. She did very well! A couple of people brought in plastic shopping bags full of her Harlequins for her to sign. I was tempted, but thought that if I purchased a copy of STRING OF MIRACLES I would never get home, wanting to pull over constantly to see what happened next to Désirée.

Enclosed are copies of my collection of WWI and WWII enlistment and casualty figures. No one agrees on these--either the totals or the components. I've taken to using MRL (Maloneroederlang) because their figures are the most widespread now (how's that for upholding objective standards?). This batch includes, however, not only total WWII figures for Meagher County, but also the names of the casualties.

Loved the headline from the Sidney paper. COLUMBIA JOURNALISM REVIEW stuff. Our best to Carol. Take care.

Sincerely yours,
Dave Walter, Reference

13 Nov. '92

Dear Dave--

Probably your eagle eye already spotted this arresting headline and its even more breath-taking subhead--written, I guess, in the New Grammar--but just in case, I didn't want you to miss it.

Marcella tells me you're about to endure the joys of booksigning again. I do hope you have good weather this year at the schoolbus stop in Winston.

Okay, okay, I do have something serious to justify this letter. I'm back at the World War II toll on Montana, which we've talked about before. As I'll tell you when we next get together, New Zealand (and to a bit lesser extent, Australia) has had a similar pivot of history, in their case WWI and specifically Gallipoli; they still talk about it there the way this country does about Vietnam. Anyway, it greatly reinforces your insight about WWII's huge effect on Montana, and I thought I'd try put some arithmetic on it, maybe in this book I'm finishing, maybe in a speech I'm doing in Missoula next April. Can you lay your hands on:

--total of how many Montana servicemen/women didd in World War Two? Out of how many who were in uniform?
--the same for World War One, plus any background on that Selective Service over-drafting of Montanans mentioned by Maloneroederlang on p. 270 of Montana, A History of Two Centuries? (I see they give the WWI death toll as 939; they right?)

--the overall total of Montana's military deaths in American wars? I have the memory that it's 16,000, but can't lay my hands on the source.

--This one is really stretching, but on the chance that somebody's done a county-by-county accounting of WWII: the ~~kkk~~ military-service total and death toll for Meagher County? Don't strain on this one; I maybe can call somebody in White Sulphur and see if (as I think there maybe is) the American Legion has a plaque up somewhere that lists the names and fatalities. But you'll be flattered to know I trust you more than them.

My grammar here caught something from the Sidney headline writer)

love to Marcella and Amanda

Alvo