

Wednesday evening
October 7, 1992

Dear Carol and Ivan:

We count our friendship with you as one of our lives' great good fortunes. How further amazing it is to be remembered with so many gifts. Your 25th anniversary SKY came in today's mail, with that crisp, direct card from the publisher saying that this was compliments of the author. In my arena (not necessarily Dave's), that's every bit as treasured as an unanticipated, delivered bouquet! Thank you very much--for your friendship, your summer's visit, the tapes you left with us then, the card from Canberra, and now the book. Dave and Amanda are currently off securing some new remedy for sore rabbit hocks. I finished the dishes and wasted no time reading your introduction. I know that I hadn't heard that story before. Dave might have. I am intrigued by the process by which, Ivan, you wrote three-quarters of the book in less than six months. That sounds to me like you were in a "zone"--of the sort that leads Clyde Drexler to score 45 points in a Blazers game: utter focus, utter confidence, unselfconsciousness, pleasure. What's even more amazing is that you have put yourself back into that "zone" again and again.

Then, I thought, Carol, about those six months for you and the kind of self-possession and focus and skill that you had to have long-since cultivated to live in the middle of a whirlwind.

It would surely be good to visit!

First, we'd want to hear more about New Zealand. For one of you, there must be a story there. I hope very much that it was sufficiently fascinating, carefree, and comfortable that you could come home invigorated.

I've thought often of that June Saturday when you and Linda and Sidney (spelling?) came to visit. It remains in my memory the quintessential summer day: cooking and house preparation imbued with great anticipation; hot weather that made ice tea and shade and evening feel so good; the ball game complete with Montana politics and a bases loaded home run; new friends to get to know; and more than enough on a hundred fronts to talk about. We remain delighted when you include us in any Montana itinerary, whenever!

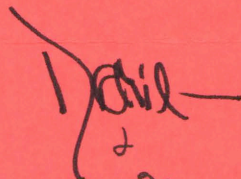
Our summer hurtled by. Emily did come for the whole month of July, working as a page in the legislature for a week before she began Grand Street Theater School. Amanda's special basketball team won its regional tournament and so

(over)

went on to the Big Sky Games in Billings--a miniature Olympic arrangement. Her team lost in the first round, but we had good weekend. The opening ceremonies contained as much pageantry as I've ever seen in Montana: marching athletes, skydivers, the University of Montana girls' basketball star bringing in the torch, Greg Louganis offering inspiration, flags, smoke, live music. Sometime in July, Dave turned in all the pieces needed for two different versions of his book on 1893 prediction essays. He'll have to tell you about the two different volumes created out of the first idea. My sister and her family visited at either end of a British Columbia vacation. Dave's brother visited. The Lewis and Clark County Fair was good--though not as good as some years. Amanda and Dave then showed rabbits in the Great Falls state fair. We hired two temporary archaeologists in our office to fill in behind our permanent archaeologists who were supervising a field project on the Gallatin County Flying D Turner Ranch. Amanda spent August in Columbia Falls. Our tiny garden produced night after night of green beans and lettuce.

Amanda is back, 14, in 8th grade, telling us how she can take a special drivers' training course even before she goes to high school! Dorothy's campaign for governor seems, to our unpracticed political eyes, less vigorous now than in the spring. But she sure looks good to us.

We have been thinking of you often. Thank you very much! Take very good care. Let us know just when you might be able to stop through. And, please say "hello" also to Linda and Sidney.


+ Maureen



Montana Historical Society

225 North Roberts · Helena, Montana 59620-9990 · (406) 444-2694

August 14, 1992

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

Dear Ivan:

As always, you have led me down untrodden paths. I now know that when someone in the Maudlow/Sixteen area said, "I'm going to the county seat on Friday," no one knew in what direction he was heading off or how long he'd be gone. What a jurisdictional mess that must have been!

We also know blessed little about Charley Rung. He does appear in the 1920 federal census listing, in the Maudlow district, but in addition all I could find was a single city/county directory listing and his plat-book claim for land in Township 4 North/Range 5 East. Digging around blind in the plat books is what led me into the various DOIG listings. There are other DOIG listings that I didn't copy. There are also a ton of section listings for Dean D. Francis; kind of the Ted Turner of his day. Don't have any idea who he was.

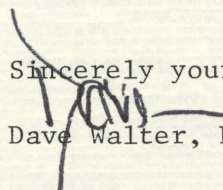
Trying to locate Charley is what got me into cutting and piecing county maps together.

The Maudlow postmark also led me into new fields. Turned out that the easiest way to get one was to purchase a postcard with one on it. Cost was minimal and absorbed by the Society. The expert in this field, should you wish to pick up some other postmark examples, is: Dr. Dennis J. Lutz, P.O. Box 2088, Minot, North Dakota (58702). Dr. Lutz is a Havre boy who made good. He did the 1987 post-office book, and currently he is working on a well-researched Montana place-names book. I have a couple of postmark contacts in Helena now (one of whom provided this example), but Dr. Lutz is probably a better source for the really obscure stuff.

Hope you and Carol enjoy the tour. If you think of things that the stay-at-homes can do while you are down under, please let me know. It has been a relatively dull summer--too few trips into Maudlow/Sixteen history!

Our best to Carol. Take care.

Sincerely yours,


Dave Walter, Reference

1 Sept. '92

Dear Dave and Marcella--

Just a quick note, while I try to get it in my head that we're about to board a plane for New Zealand. The Rung material is dandy, Dave, and the ^Maudlow postmark constitutes a real fine. I've finished the ms draft of the book, and can polish on it after we get back. Doubtless be talking to you in Oct.; thanks for the latest research stint, and I hope you're both thriving.

Saturday afternoon
May 16, 1992

Dear Carol and Ivan:

We haven't talked with you long, have we, since Dave fell in love with the computer!? I know that he wouldn't tell you that. But in the course of working on his 1892/1992 Columbian Exposition book, it happened. The best evidence I can offer is this paper. To his delight, Dave found this selection of neon colored typing paper at K Mart and a full range of choices lives here next to the computer.

This afternoon Dave is back at the Historical Society. In a vintage Montana vignette, he is finally able to expand his vertical files because the Archives accepted a collection of oil and gas development papers in their file cabinets. With the collection in proper archival boxes, Dave has wrestled the file cabinets up to the library and is shuffling files this afternoon. About an hour ago he allowed as how this wasn't too bad since he'd found a ball game on the radio.

I am experiencing one of those days in which I can't decide where to start: cleaning, digging up the foxglove finally killed by chemicals, rabbit cage work, etc. For a long time I delayed the question by reading more of Edward Hoaglund's *Seven Rivers West*.

But most important: congratulations on your fall trip to Australia. We are glad for you for that adventure and glad for us that it brings you our way even sooner. All of us, Amanda very much included, are looking forward to the 20th. Plan to just be "at home" here through the day regardless of where else you want to go. Since making these arrangements with you (honest), we learned that the Society is planning its farewell party for Larry that very same evening. If you have any sense of how very very much Dave hates those affairs, you will come to realize that all these schedules reflect divine intervention.

The pay phone number on the Polebridge Mercantile porch is: 888-9926.

And enclosed you'll find Carol Wright's wonderful approach to bugs. If it actually eliminated the need to goop up with solution, it would be wonderful. But - I do see the standard four to six weeks statement . . . I should have sent this long ago.

Come soon!

Maui

MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY LIBRARY

225 N. Roberts St.
Helena, MT 59620
Tel: (406) 449-2681

TO Mr. Ivan Doig

DATE March 19, 1992

17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.

Seattle, Washington 98177

>
My Dear Mr. Doig:

Little did you know--or maybe you did know--that the Montana Historical Society Press is about to spring a new animal ^{up} the publishing field: a historical cookbook!! Your request for photos of Sacajawea and her recipe for camasroot tarts, therefore, can be addressed from material already collected. Enclosed please find the photo we will use for her. This photo was taken when she stood on a rock in a park in Portland. I think that there probably are people who know at what she is pointing here, but I am not one of them. I don't quite know why she is atop this rock either, when she could be making an easier passage down on the path. Comely lass.

It was Sac's wish that we not use her camasroot-tart recipe in this publication, as she wanted to save it for special occasions. Through the interpreter, we understood that everyone expected her to have an ethnic dish of distinction, so she wanted to keep the tarts for herself. As a substitute she offered the attached buttered-nettles-for-6. I have tried this number myself, and I can attest to its taste-buds beauty. You will quickly become a believer.

I just can't figure out how you knew about this top-secret publication we've been working on?

Enclosed is a listing for the only fur-buyer that is listed in the 1941-1943 period in Helena: Leo Goldberg. I had tracked the Zigays a few years ago, and they were employees of Goldberg (and later successors), so I have enclosed those listings too. The Zigays' titles seem to show that Goldberg is buying fur and they are finishing it on site.

Our best to Carol.....going for the sabbatical record?

[Handwritten signature]

23 March '92

Dear Dave & Marcella--

Dave, I can't tell you how much we of the Winston Toastmasters Club appreciated the recipe for buttered nettles for six. However, as there are only two of us...

The fur buyer stuff was just fine, thanks a bunch. You're off the hook until I can think of something else weird.

It's so springlike here we're almost silly with it. Temperatures in the mid- and even high 60s, my lettuce seedlings and peas are up. I gather that you've had an open winter, i.e. d-r-y?

Called Bill Lang the other day, he sounded just dandy except for being miffed at an electrical inspector who'd given him a bad time for Bill doing his own wiring on an addition to his house. Bill: "You know, those guys really don't like for us to do our own wiring." Me, for the millionth time in my relationship with Lang: "Then what the hell are you so surprised about?"

all best,

[Handwritten signature]



THE WOMAN WHO LED THE WAY TO THE GOLDEN EMPIRE
OF WESTERN AMERICA—STATUE TO SACAJAWEA
AND BAPTISTE ERECTED BY THE WOMEN OF
OREGON AT PORTLAND — MISS
ALICE COOPER, SCULPTOR

COPY PROVIDED BY THE
MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

tain
Clark
was
This
eight
drive
ing
which
and
lodge
Bapti
at on
his ol
chief
son C
to hi
them
called
fathe
Clark
dians
and s
ing h
by th
Capt
this p
Bapt
not
jawe
given
know
that
Siou
far s
be po
come
who
aroun
Ar
pictu
ated
velop
exce
the
If w
Paxs
bcne
Coop
Port
Oreg
an i

II
and C

MILKWEED PODS VINAIGRETTE (serves 10 to 12)

- | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| 1 quart young whole milkweed pods
(under 1/2 inch long) | 2 cups small white onions, peeled |
| 1 cup milkweed buds and blossoms
(optional) | 1 quart water |
| | 1/2 cup maple syrup |

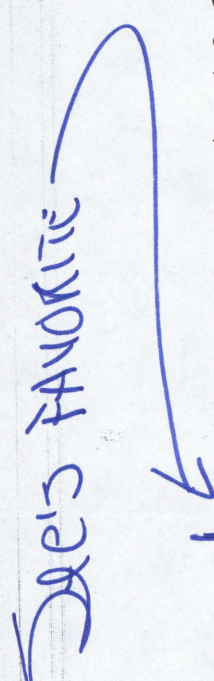
Combine all ingredients in an enamel pot and bring to a boil. Simmer, covered, for 25 minutes. Stir occasionally. Drain and rinse with cold water. Place ingredients in a crock and prepare marinade.

Marinade:

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 2 cups chopped pimentos | 1 quart cider vinegar |
| 1 cup chopped fresh dillweed | 1/2 quart corn oil |

Blend all ingredients together thoroughly and pour over mixture in the crock. Stir gently. Cover and refrigerate overnight to enhance flavors before serving. This tasty, colorful dish is a favorite in July and August, one worth putting by in extra amounts for winter enjoyment!

Dee's FAVORITE


BUTTERED NETTLES (serves 6)

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 scallion, diced (including top) | 2 quarts young nettle tops* |
| 2 tablespoons sunflower seed oil (see page 8) | 1/2 cup boiling water |
| | 1/3 cup sunflower seed butter (see page 8) |

In a medium saucepan, sauté the scallion in the sunflower seed oil over medium heat for 3 minutes. Add the nettles, boiling water, and seed butter. Stir thoroughly, and simmer, covered, for 20 minutes. Serve steaming hot with the broth. A highly nutritious vegetable and soup stock.

BUTTERED BEECH LEAVES (serves 4)

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| 2 cups young beech leaves† (newly collected, as they wilt rapidly) | 1 clove wild garlic, crushed |
| 3/4 cup boiling water | 1 tablespoon nut butter (see page 9) |

*Cooking destroys the nettles' stinging properties.

†Beech leaves should be picked by the leaf stalk (petiole), eat the leaf blade and discard the stalk.

14 March '92

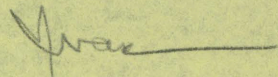
Dear sir:

Please send me all available photographs of Sacagawea and also her recipe for camasroot tarts, for a Lewis and Clark cookbook which our Winston Toastmasters Club is going to publish.

No, you don't wanna? Well, okay, then how about: the name of any hide and fur-~~buying~~ business in Helena, circa 1941-43. If your fair city was too prissy to be dealing in peltry, then any hide and fur outfit in Montana will do; but I do need the detail of who'd be buying pelts, there in the early years of WWII.

Love to Marcella.

in haste and other things

A handwritten signature, possibly "Frank", written in dark ink.

30 Jan. '92

Dear D & M--

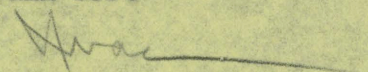
Figured I'd write a few lines along with the enclosed, which has the latest Dave soundbite, p. 15 of the paean to me. Geez, I don't remember them being this impressed with me in college when I was there. Note, though, that I come a page after Carol's shot of Dupuyer horses.

And we were among the avid NPR audience when you held forth on Jeannette Rankin too, Dave. Sounded good, sounded good. The best speaking advice I ever heard was a couple of years ago when a 40ish returned-to-college mother was in Carol's Western Lit class and worried out loud to her teenage daughter about the class presentation Carol was having her do. "Mom, don't put your hands in your mouth when you talk," the daughter advised. Dave is getting so slick, we figure he's had similar advice along the way.

Carol is grinding away at grading term papers, the furnace guy is here doing an annual inspection of our prehistoric oil furnace, somebody left a message on my phone machine for me to call Suzie Graetz at Montana Magazine with a favorite recipe for a Montana Celebrities' Cookbook (just between us, fat chance), my annual advance money on my next book took about three weeks to wobble from Robert Maxwell's bankrupt empire to my bank-- I guess things are about preternaturally normal around here. One significant absence we have noticed, Bill Lang; could pretty much count on Bill passing through once a month for research at the U. of Washington etc., and while we miss the damn guy I hope this means he's snuggled down happily with Marianne.

Loved your letter, Marcella. (Actually your Xmas card.) We could just see those bunnies and that cranberry bread baker and the pair of you catching your parental breath in front of TV trays. It sounds, at least from this considerable distance, as if you and Amanda are all good for each other. Hope to see the bunch of you, sometime in '92.

all best



p.s. I probably luckily got Bob Clark the last time I called with something weird to be looked up, Dave: how to run a trapline, doubtless a topic dear to your bunny-loving soul. Anyway, as I've just told Bob in a thanks note, my sort of annual contribution to the library is on its way; so don't let them deny you a new pencil now and then.



May this season of beauty
be a season
of happiness for you.

Carol + I von -

Dave is cutting cranberries for his famous cranberry bread and watching the Green Bay Packers beat the Vikings. He is in his element.

Amanda is with her mom + Emily for Christmas, so we are pleasantly + peacefully alone. I revert to serving some meals

right here in the basement in
front of the TV.

Christmas offers just momentary
diversions from Montana politics at
their best. The legislature comes to
town Jan. 6 to make more budget
cuts. The papers stay full of our
contentiousness on wilderness, buffalo,
Warm Springs - Galen, reapportionment. We
just retreat to the garage and all
those soft bunny faces.

We hope that 1992 brings
you as much excitement as you
want, good health, simple pleasures,
good words & vignettes to work with,
willing students - - and several
reasons to come to Helena and
stay in our basement.

Dave &

Maureen



Monday, October 14, 1991
Columbus Day

Dear Carol and Ivan:

Dave takes our pictures to be developed in batches, often a whole six month's worth plus a stray roll from the Emily or Amanda's suitcase. So, we just got this picture back from the drug store. You really did look elegant! And, we got homesick to talk with you again. My parents were here over the past two weeks, and Emily did not miss the opportunity to tell them that you had stayed in her room and were extraordinarily enjoyable adults. We all feel kind of the same way about the whole house, and certainly about our visits.

This is the rare not-at-work glorious Monday. Dave is out with a cloth mask over his face insulating the bunny garage. In fact, this entire warm, golden weekend has been devoted to the garage: painting, building up the cement outside so that hard rainstorms won't push rain in, and insulating. On the side, I've painted the storm windows for the house. Dave is trying hard to finish all the garage work before real cold comes and before one of our Harlequins has a new litter. After your visit in July, we acquired a Rex and a Netherland dwarf; Dave built yet another wall of shelves, and Dave and Amanda have gone to 3 more serious rabbit shows.

One of us must have told you on the phone that Amanda is here with us now for the school year--we hope for all of her coming school years. She is good for us. Learning all about how schools and teenagers work is bound to keep us young. She is a wonderful wit and largely her own person, with just some flashes of capitulation to fads and pressures. I took her to Missoula with me just before school started to shop at the Bon (at the end of a work meeting) and she was delighted with about 5 new items. But when school started she discovered that her classmates seem to favor more "western" clothing than she wore in Columbia Falls. She assured me then that she would never wear boot cut Wranglers or boots. Yesterday, we slipped into Corral West Ranchwear and emerged with two boot cut Wranglers and her hope that I would find her a pair of cowboy boots at the Salvation Army that she could just try.

I thought of you and your freedom, Carol, all of September. I hope that this school year has started easily for you, and that you have just the right number and kinds of projects for the time when, you, Ivan, are traveling the East Coast signing books. History Conference and a basketball tournament for Amanda coincide with Mike's inauguration in Bozeman. So, we aren't in a position to travel there, but we'd surely love to take you to a 7th grade girls' game or feed you dinner, Ivan, if you get away from Bozeman.

(over)

Mainly, I wanted just to say hello and to tell you that you both remain treasured sources of good cheer, optimism, and hope in our 8% budget cut world.

Whenever you can visit, know how much we'd enjoy seeing you. And know that we think of you lots in the meantime!

Dave & Maella

24 Aug. '91

Dear Dave--

Believe it or not, this is being written in a room with actual electric light; horrific sound effects to the contrary, the electrician yesterday did not manage to fatally sever all the vitals of this house.

Sorry it made for a hectic phone call, but at least Marcella gave me a summary of your household when I called a few days ago. Glad you're doing well in the cardiac rehab program; it sounds like something so damnably healthy we all ought to be doing it.

To business, more or less. I'm putting a separate letter, for your provenance files or whatever, with the sheaf of article manuscripts that briefly explains them and gives the archival circumstances of the finished articles now gathering dust at the U. of Washington. As you'll see, this stuff is a little like watching sausage being made, but it did keep me occupied and maybe even taught me something about writing; I think there'll be a section about this magazine freelance work of mine, and maybe a bibliography of it, in Elizabeth Simpson's book Earthlight, Wordfire when it comes out from U. of Idaho Press next spring. Maybe a bibliography isn't even needed to identify the magazine pieces, as the UW Archives or I seem to have labeled any that weren't self-identifying.

As to the half-dozen or so manuscripts, they're the sort of thing-- along with correspondence with editors, query letters etc.--that the UW ~~Archives~~ Archives has for nearly all the articles (I guess 150+ of them). I simply chucked these in as a sample of fact-checking, rewriting and so on.

Can't wait to see how you catalogue this mulligan stew.

all best,

p.s. Carolyn Z. Cunningham is supposedly running an old semi-ept Sunday supplement profile of me in the next issue of Montana Mag. She's supposed to send me a copy, but juuust in case, would you alert me when that issue appears? (Imagine, Walter and Doig in the same issue; which may confuse my relatives in Townsend, offspring as they are of my dad's cousin Walter ~~Doig~~.)

24 Aug. '91

The photocopied magazine articles (and some tearsheets) are the bulk of my output as a freelance writer, circa 1965-1978. These are duplicate copies; originals of the articles and the business correspondence pertaining to them are in the Manuscripts and University Archives Division of the University of Washington Library. In the file folder are a few extras of article manuscripts on which I did my editing and fact-checking.

Wesley D. O'Neil

6.26.91

Dear Carol and Ivan:

Sorry to have loused up the North Fork trip over the Fourth. In addition to everything else, it looked like that was far enough removed from civilization to avoid these awful militaristic "America First" orgies. Maybe the parade at Polebridge will put a more realistic twist on it all.

The enclosed map should be helpful. Only real problem is getting through Columbia Falls. If you turn ^{LEFT} off US 2 onto Nucleus Avenue (a stoplight intersection), ~~right~~ at the HUNGRY HORSE NEWS office, you will be heading north on the main street of Columbia Falls. Nucleus "Ts" into Railroad Street at the depot (old engine in front), where you go right (east) and ^{up} over the viaduct. Then just keep heading north, avoiding the temptation to turn right and view the scenic Columbia Falls Aluminum Plant.

See you the middle of the month.

DAVE

922 Choteau
Helena, MT 59601
Monday, May 13, 1991

Dear Carol and Ivan:

The random artwork has come down from one portion of our kitchen cupboards and the summer calendar has gone up. Ever since Emily and Amanda were little, we've put up June, July, and August calendars--marked with all the dates of trips, camps, plays, shows, and other special events. I am writing to tell you that you are now booked into the 1991 summer calendar! You couldn't be considering a better time. The greenery won't be brown yet. It's a festive season. All the water systems will be running. And we'll have honest vacation time to enjoy with you.

And when I told Dave that you wondered if we just might be interested in traveling with you into the more remote parts of Castle and Sixteen, even Dave said what I might well have said over the phone, "Are you kidding--when do we leave?" But, know too that you are very welcome to take the Forerunner into remote regions without us. And stay in the basement or rest in the backyard here.

We came home from Wilbur, Washington with FOUR new harlequin rabbits, three little sisters and one year-old buck. It was a marvelous trip. We picked up Amanda in Columbia Falls and traveled to Wilbur on Highway 2 all the way. We came back then by way of Sandpoint, down Highway 200 to Thompson Falls, just to travel that early trading and missionary route. I hadn't seen any of that country before. Those little Eastern Washington wheatfield towns seem prosperous compared to so many Montana farming communities.

We'll develop a Northfork map for you here soon. Keep us posted if you need to rearrange the general pattern that we talked about. Know that we're tickled. And the mink shed/bunk house doesn't smell of mink any more at all, ~~WELL, HARDLY.~~

mailed 1
3 Dave

I still
haven't
mastered
computer
margins!

922 Choteau
Helena, Montana 59601
January 9, 1991

Dear Carol and Ivan:

By now the copies of the Fort Peck oral-history summaries should have arrived, and you should be wondering why you ever asked to see them. Constructing the dam may have taken less time than one will need to slog through all those summaries.

Love your image of the neophyte book-hucksters meeting the schoolbus at Winston on the Friday before Christmas, trying to squeeze one last Christmas-spirit sale out of the kiddies. Boy, were there times when it felt like that! The beauty of a Christmas book, however, is that on Boxing Day no one wants you. In fact, they would prefer that you go away! It's wonderful. Marcella and I had my girls here for Christmas, and finally got them back to Columbia Falls on New Year's Day, despite mountains of snow in the Flathead. This is the year that a condo on Big Mountain would have paid off handsomely. Now we are trying to reconstruct some pattern to our lives--despite the reconvening of the Legislature.

Already the publicity for the Governor's Arts Awards is beginning to hit the local media, raising emotions, anticipation, and such questions as "What is Mary Agnes Roberts really like?" Marcella and I should be in town through that whole weekend, so whatever we can do to accommodate your schedule is fine. If I can pull some things together for you at the Society for Friday, let me know. Dinner on Saturday evening sounds great (although Marcella will make a pitch for providing a low-chol feed here at the house). Just let us know what you want to do, and when--as we are striving to be flexible in our newly reconstituted lives. And your basement room is always available, should the non-stop partying by the Artsters become too much for you. For the last three weeks, during the below-zero cold spell, your room has been inhabited by the five bunnies (more or less restricted to their cages). There is talk of a return to more normal temperatures this weekend, though, so they should have moved on before February. Just let us know. If there are things we can help with, while you are in Helena, drop us a line and we can set them up.

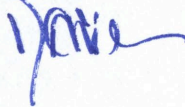
It looks like our only excitement during the legislative session will be Marcella's usual biennial defensive moves to keep the Historic Preservation Office from becoming attached by Governor Stephens to the Abandoned Mines Office--or better to some agricultural experiment station in Wibaux. A Senate bill has been filed to set aside the impeachment verdict on Judge Crum, for being unAmerican in 1918, so I expect that I

January 9, 1991

will have to gather my blatant lies at some point and present them to the Senate Judiciary Committee. Should that hearing coincide with your visit to Helena, I am sure that we can manuever an opportunity for you to appear in the Judge's behalf, saying such memorable things as, "As one intimate with Montana's past, I know that dead Montanans finally are ready to forgive the Judge, for whatever it was that he did, or said, or thought." Dealing with Montana politics at the end of a 70-year pole is about how close I would like to get to it.

During the long, slow periods at my scheduled stops at Montana bookstores last month (sometimes the whole session met this definition), I heard great Ivan Doig stories from assorted bookstore owners. Promise to tell you a few of the cleaner ones in February. Hope that January gets you some time to work. Sure do envy Carol her sabbatical this winter. Must be a test of one's self-determination. That's why state employees don't get those things!

Take care,



21 Jan. '91

Dear Dave--

We are fumbling toward Arizona, the plane flight not far ahead now, so this is a quickie in re our side(?) trip to Helena in Feb. First of all, thanks a kabillion for the Fort Peck oral history summaries; they look wondrous, just the kind of detail and timbre I'm going to need for that novel.

The lo-cal route at Chez Walter would suit us just fine, that evening of Saturday, Feb. 9. Whatever you and Marcella would like to do; we stand ready to take you out somewhere if the cook would like a night off, but if home is preferable...

I do intend to come over to MHS on Friday the 8th and give you a bad time, you bet. Don't chouse too hard after any of this, but here's what I'll be after:

--Anything on Richard Ringling, the nephew (ftthink) of John Ringling the circus brother who owned so much of the White Sulphur Springs and Ringling country. I'm particularly interested in the big dairy, overseen by Dick Ringling, the Ringlings ran in White Sulphur in the 1920's; the Meagher County centennial history says it was "owned by Ringling and Stephens, operated by George Abbott and John Kilbride."

--Anything that'll give a feel of Montana as WWII was drawing to a close, roughly March-August, 1945, specifically in the Bozeman-Belgrade-Maudlow area. Probably I'm going to have to tropp through local papers of the time and at least would like to make a start on, what, the Bozeman Daily Chronicle?

Okay, see yez in early Feb., the infallible time of chinook in Helena, right?

20 Dec. '90

Dear Dave & Marcella--

I dunno, is Christmastime in Montana anything like Dec. 20 in Seattle, eight inches of snow, the traffic pleasantly stilled, the folks in this household just sitting around doing whatever they feel like? See, I was bright enough to write a book that takes place in non-winter and so I don't have to slog off to downtown Montana City or Winston on Christmas Eve weekend to sell my literary wares to kids getting off the schoolbus...

Really have been getting a kick out of Ch'time in MT; it's a beautiful job, in research as well as appearance, and I hereby hope you sell enough that you can buy the whole Polebridge country and fence it off.

In idle moments when I'm not gazing out the window at Puget Sound snow, I'm on the phone to the Guv's Arts Awards people or thinking up people to invite (told I could ask up to 200 persons, so far I've modestly stopped at 156; so if you can come to the Awards shindig, you're bound to find all your next-door neighbors there too) and as best I can decipher the schedule, I'm probably going to be doing ceremonial stuff (for the Center for the Book) on Saturday, Feb. 9, and thus wouldn't want to use the MHS Library, but likely I will be in to use it on Friday, Feb. 8, okay? And how about the four of us, and anybody else you'd like to invite--no, your cutoff limit is not 200 people--going out to dinner that Saturday night? I still think we won't ask to mooch a room from you this time, will just let the Artsters put us up downtown, although if their plans seem too wonky we may come whimpering to your doorstep. Anyway we want to be sure to get together with you, so if you have a calendar that goes that far ahead, circle Feb. 9, how about?

Carol is now officially on sabbatical until April, and if she was any more blissed out I'd have to reel her down from the ceiling. I am pretty damn good myself. Here's hoping you two are likewise, from here on through '91.

922 Choteau
Helena, Montana 59601
December 3, 1990

Dear Carol and Ivan:

Thank you very much for the exquisite Black Oak Bookstore broadside! It is a treasure--and one of my more heavily marked passages from MARIAH, although I have more-favoriter ones. We will try to find a worthy place for it. That's a problem, since this far exceeds our usual kitchen-cupboard-door display material. Befuddled by quality! Thank you.

I will run off the oral-history summaries for that batch of Fort Peck interviews. Should have done it the first time around, but I didn't know if you were interested or not. Will probably get them done during the Christmas-New Year lull--but if you need them before then, just let me know, and I'll get started earlier.

Marcella and I are so happy that MARIAH is doing fabulously. With over 60 signings/readings, you must think that little of life exists outside bookstores. Shouldn't that tail off after Christmas, so wobbly-legged card tables and bad coffee become more intermittant? On a personal level, MARIAH takes care of much of our Christmas giving--at least for our literate friends out-of-state. So we are tremendously appreciative!

Have been holding off on MARIAH, but took her on the plane when Marcella, Emily, Amanda, and I air-pocketed off to Kansas for Thanksgiving and the 50th anniversary of Marcella's parents. At best, I am a reluctant flier (something about giving up presumed control, Marcella says)--but the tale carried me chuckling around the West. Why one flies from Salt Lake to Phoenix to Dallas to Wichita, just to get from Helena to Wichita, I do not understand. Incredible stuff--so tightly packed. The girls learned to explain to passers-by the nature of my affliction only when I burst into laughter, otherwise they became used to the chortling. Now I am reduced to less than 100 pages, so I'm dribbling segments out as evening rewards for hard work. It was the same with ENGLISH CREEK and DANCING: I want them to go on forever. Thank you for the intense enjoyment.

The woman you ran into in Bellingham, at a book signing, is Karen Feather's sister. Karen used to own the Polebridge Store and now owns and runs the Northern Light Saloon in beautiful downtown Polebridge. A wonderful woman who has been around the North Fork since the sixties and keeps company with Jerry DeSanto--perhaps the last of the real "back country rangers" in Glacier, who retired a few years ago, after a grizzly attack. Should you get to Helena in February, we'll try to lure Karen

December 3, 1990

away from her environmental work for a Missoula representative and from the Legislature long enough for dinner or something. Really a remarkable woman.

The Christmas book is something that Marcella and I worked on pretty steadily late last winter and into the spring. Our first run at something longer than article-length. Sure learned alot: for instance, inspiration for a Christmas book runs pretty thin on the first day in April that hits 70° and the crocus pop open!

I have listened very carefully to your advice on assisting the publisher in selling a book--so have volunteered for any kind of radio/TV/newspaper interview that MONTANA MAGAZINE would arrange, any kind of captive audience (e.g., the Republican women's Pachyderm Club at the Colonial Inn) that I could speak to, and any format of book signing that they could arrange. So Marcella and I get to see Bozeman, Butte, Great Falls, Missoula, and Kalispell on Saturdays/Sundays between now and Christmas. So far, the highlight has been being interviewed by "Cowboy Bob" Lundquist on KHKR-FM ("Kicker Country Radio for the Rancher") in Smith's Bar in East Helena at 6:30 am, to hit the "milker" crowd. Honest to God, this is how Stegner started??? Lack of sleep/fatigue kept me from laughing aloud until "Cowboy Bob" pulled his harmonica from his pocket, introduced the members of his "band," and played a selection. This was followed by a truly funny guy (the sponsor for the "Morning Show") who runs the C-Mart in East Helena and was hawking camo eyeglass straps and camo slappy wrist bracelets, "for the hunting season." Same guy downed two Raniers during the interview. For all of your advice, you didn't outline all of the perks!

It is all great fun, though. And we have the advantage of having it run only to Christmas--for on the day after Christmas, all of these copies will be dead items for another 11 months. Then Marcella and I sit down to see if we ever want to do this sort of thing again! Out of this all, though, I have acquired a brilliant red tie, full of Santas, for the signings. When the bottom of the tie is pressed (only by longtime friends, Marcella advises), it plays "Jingle Bells, rather jauntily. After all, this may be our only trip through the publishing/marketing world.

Ran across an article done by Walter Fleming, who teaches in the Native American Studies program at MSU and sits on the Montana Committee for the Humanities. Will drop a copy in the envelope too. Thought that it might have some possibilities for you, particularly in the juxtaposition of cultures in time--and in the situation itself. You remain the darling of the Committee--not only for your mention of MCH in MARIAH, but for your observations on contemporary Montana life. I still feel a bit out-of-place with that group--but I sure can agree with them all on that!

Take care. Hope you both have a wonderful, quiet holidays.

IVAN

Karen Feather
caretaker / owner / cook
@ Northern Lights Saloon
Polebridge MT.

555-9926

	CAT BOX FIL	3.91 T
	CAT BOX FILL	3.91 T
CL	CAT BOX FILL	3.91-T
	0.41LB @ 2.39 /LB	
WT	PNT BRITTLE	.98 F
	LEGGS ENERGY	3.59 T
	ACTV SUPPORT	4.59 T
	BAKERY DEPT	1.99 F
	1.43LB @ .27 /LB	
WT	CABBAGE GRN	.39 F
	ROMN LETTUCE	.96 F
	VANILLA EXTR	1.82 F
	CAT TOY	1.48 T
	WHISKR CATFD	1.04 T
	TORTILLA SHELL	1.09 F
	WHT TORTILLA	1.19 F
	US TOTAL DUE	70.85

**** TAX 2.21 BAL 70.85

CHECK 70.85

US CHANGE .00

COUPONS TENDERED .00

11/07/90 13:08 0448 06 0049 214

** THANK YOU - COME AGAIN **

** OPEN 24 HOURS **



MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

225 NORTH ROBERTS STREET • (406) 444-2694 • HELENA, MONTANA 59620-9990

November 9, 1990

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

Dear Carol and Ivan:

Have been meaning to write this letter for weeks/months, but instead have just continued to collect Fort Peck materials and feel guilty about not getting them into the mail. If all three of these envelopes arrive on the same day, you will think that the Society has sold its mailing list to the Christian Coalition people, and they are after your souls. The truth is that your thinly veiled reference in MARIAH has brought me widespread notoriety and instant immortality. And it has proven difficult to know what to say to one's creator. It's like having a street address for God.

Marcella and I thoroughly enjoyed your all-too-brief stay in Helena, and we are sorry that we had to abandon you over the weekend. Glad that the house proved helpful on your return. Thank you very much for the thoughtful inscriptions in MARIAH. I know that Marcella shares my sentiments, because she created one of her "bulletin board displays" (so-called by Emily and Amanda) on a kitchen-cupboard panel. In our house, this is status! Tracks your meanderings around the state and plays big with the "Have I Ever Left?" quote. One of her finer folk-art creations. There have been rumblings that I will have to repaint the 1950s-orange kitchen this winter. If so, we'll document the display photographically before dismantling it. On the other hand, it may be up for years!

The Fort Peck material is pretty random. Marcella uncovered portions of several structure studies in her files and ran copies. Seems to me that the overview sections are the most useful portions of these. Another envelope contains the cover sheets for the 50+ interviews done at the 1987 dam reunion. If it would be helpful, I can run copies of the summaries for all of these. Just let me know.

This envelope contains the random pieces that I have in the vertical file here. These were among the juicier selections--i.e., not produced by the Corps of Engineers. The publications indicated by the copies of the covers you ought to be able to find in Seattle. I know that Lory Morrow has quite a few Fort Peck-area, 1930s photos in her collection, if they would be useful. She could run xeroxs of some.

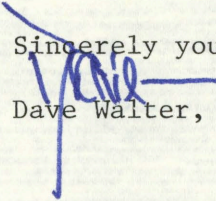
MR. IVAN DOIG: 2

November 9, 1990

I don't know enough about your project to know what else we hold that might be useful. If I have misinterpreted badly here, please set me straight.

Please let us know when you will be back in Montana, either hawking or researching. Since you now know the relative level-of-accommodations, it will take some inventive excuse-creation to avoid a stop in Helena. In season, we might also be able to get up the North Fork for a few days. Wonderful country--want to retire there, tomorrow!

Sincerely yours,


Dave Walter, Reference

14 Nov. '90

Dear Dave--

One skinny brown envelope is hardly a fair trade for the Fort Peck care packages that cascaded in here yesterday, but hey, librarians are used to getting the short end, right?

Black Oak Bookstore in Berkeley has a broadside of some kind printed up every time a writer reads for the store--Jesus, they've got a lot of energy in Berkeley--and I figured you and Marcella might find this one amenable. I'm not actually turning radical pamphleteer; the bookstore staff chose this passage of Mariah.

The Fort Peck cornucopia from you two is a terrific help. Thanks, hugely. I take your point about the difficulty of divining the oral history contents from the cover sheets; yes, I would appreciate a set of the summaries, if and when you can manage that spate of copying. Such a deal, ingoddamdeed!

Have trooped on along the bookstore trail since Carol and I fetched up at your place; 34 stores down, 16 to go, here in Puget Sound country and Portland and the Willamette Valley. By every ~~sign~~ indication, Mariah is going to be the best-selling hardback I've ever had--been on the actual bestseller lists in San Francisco, Denver, and Seattle, and even has been clinging on the ballot-list of 36 "contenders" from which the New York Times divines its 15 bestsellers; given the presence of Jean Auel and Stephen-King-in-multiple, cling is the best I can do, but still...

Polebridge, by God, Polebridge keeps surfacing among folks at these booksignings; the latest was, the sister of the Northern Lights Saloon lady passed along an invitation the other night in Bellingham. Carol and I really would like to see that part of the world with you; maybe she and I can rig up some kind of summer trip, go on up to Calgary etc. Will let you know when we can get to Montana again; we're snowbirding to the Southwest mid-Jan.-March, but after that...

Famous in your own time for being in Mariah's pages, huh? Shows how much I know; I wasn't sure anybody besides Marcella (and maybe you) would even get the resemblance.

all best, and I truly appreciate the Peck Packets

11 Aug. '90

Walter

home phone
(406) 442-0306

Dear Dave--

Forgot to say on the phone y'day, when I was hitting you up for accommodations on Sept. 13, that Carol and I will be traveling on TPM-- The Publisher's Money, the very best kind--and so we'd be glad to take you and Marcella (and the kids?) out for dinner on our expense account, if you'd like. Be guided by whatever logistics are simplest; we don't want to complicate your lives any more than necessary that night; but if dinner out is feasible, go ahead and arrange a place, okay?

See you in Sept.

MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY LIBRARY

225 N. Roberts St.
Helena, MT 59620
Tel: (406) 449-2681

TO Mr. Ivan Doig

DATE March 13, 1989

17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.

Seattle, Washington 98177

> Dear Ivan:

Don't let anyone know that you received a response out of here this quickly. What this shows is that a little bit of wit in a request catapults a letter to the top of a pile of otherwise drab, oft-asked questions, delivered in "Grim English" (that's a much-used but little-recognized level somewhere below General English).

Enclosed is Anceny's full text. This probably taught the Sutherlins something about eliciting information/opinions from him! He does make some interesting observations, though--given the time he's writing.

You are absolutely right about the Class C tournament, and the snow. The finals were held in Bozeman last weekend, and Gardner took it pretty easily. Went 26-0 for the season. Gardner had won the Western Divisional in Helena the week before, and Marcella and I went to the evening games Thursday-Saturday. I was really pulling for someone/anyone to knock them off, because of the Gardiner-Yuppie crowd that was rooting for them: naugahide and green-plaid wool shirts and designer jeans. Now that they've won it all, I've decided to join them and get the stone-washed designer-jean concession in Gardiner. Ought to be worth a fortune.

This morning started out sunny and melty, but it has snowed about 4" since 1:00, and is still going on. First you take Lang from us, and then you steal our artificial spring. I hope that the NCAA finals are plagued by massive power outages!

P.S. No charge on these copies; we gouged you unmercifully last time.

Sincerely yours,
Dave
Dave Walter, Reference

8 March '89

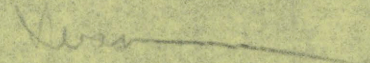
Dear Dave---

A quickie (I hope), whenever you can get to it--if that isn't too complex a contradiction in terms:

Ernest Staples Osgood in The Day of the Cattleman, p. 183, quotes Chas. Anceny letter to the Rocky Mountain Husbandman, Feb. 9, 1882: "Our good luck consists more in the natural advantages of our country than in the scale of our genius," etc.

You got the rest of that letter on microfilm in the Husbandman? Would be eternally grateful for photocopy, please.

best,



p.s. Isn't this Class C tournament week? You must be up to your bippy in snow then. The bananas are budding here.

MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY LIBRARY

225 N. Roberts St.
Helena, MT 59620
Tel: (406) 449-2681

TO Mr. Ivan Doig

DATE June 12, 1985

17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.

Seattle, Washington 98177

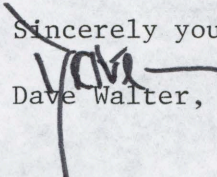
>
Dear Ivan:

The Doig Early Warning system is everything you threatened it would be. Upon seeing the list and checking the dates, I began making deals with fellow employees to shift my summer vacation so it would begin on the 21st. However, I was unsuccessful (a real test of who your friends are), and will be here during your stay.

I have a couple of ideas for two of your topics, but the other two--statehood celebrations and the flu epidemic--may require some pretty heavy digging into the newspapers of the day. I've tried to track the latter before and have not been very successful.

Anyway, come on. It will be good to see you and Carol. The Society is stumbling through some randomly numbered stage of its expansion, so the working conditions here can be pretty disturbing. Especially the guy on the jack hammer has become one of my favorites. Somehow he can sense a long-distance phone call in progress. But we are open, ready, and willing.

Sincerely yours,


Dave Walter, Reference

4 June '85

Dear Dave--

This is a Doig Early Warning, the DEW system in action. I'll be descending on that library of yours on June 21 and probably a few further days of the next week. The topics this time:

--any details, reminiscences, whatever, of how Helena celebrated Montana's attainment of statehood on Nov. 8, 1889. The boozier and the wilder, the better.

--the influenza epidemic of WWI; its impact on any specific community, how people tried to prevent it or doctor for it, how the bodies were handled.

--homesteading in the Choteau-Dupuyer country, 1890-1920.

--the drought of 1919 and hard winter of 1919-20; any details of impact on ranchers and farmers.

Don't spend inordinate time on any of this, but I did want you to know what you're up against. See you soon.

best

Montana Historical Society

225 No. Roberts Street • Helena • Montana 59620 (406) 449-2694

January 4, 1985

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

Dear Ivan:

For your contribution to the Library/Archives Program you should receive a "thank you" from someone alot higher on the ladder than I. And maybe you have. In that case, please consider this note a "supplemental thank you." If no one here has yet acknowledged your donation, please consider this note the official recognition.

Bureaucratic foul-ups aside, we really do appreciate the contribution. Maybe I am not supposed to reveal internal secrets, but earmarking the money, as you did, keeps it out of the Director's "general fund," and it really will go to supporting Library work now--probably to acquiring volumes for the collection. We most appreciate your thoughtfulness.

I have been meaning to write you, personally, after I missed you during your whirlwind swing through Montana in late October. First, I appreciate your kind words in the acknowledgements to ENGLISH CREEK. I didn't help enough to earn them, but now they are chipped in granite and no one will know that but you and I. Second, I love the book! I read it all on the first night, finishing at 4 am. and not being worth a damn at work the next day. Now I am reading it bit by bit, rewarding myself with 20 or 30 pages after I finish working in the evenings, just before bed. I find it every bit as exhilarating the second, slower time--and every bit as stimulating as HOUSE OF SKY. Thank you for the enjoyment.

Sincerely yours,

Dave
Dave Walter, Reference



MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

225 NORTH ROBERTS STREET • (406) 449-2694 • HELENA, MONTANA 59601

March 15, 1984

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

Dear Ivan:

Don't let the word get around that you received a response from us this quickly, as it will give us a lousy reputation. It is our policy to answer this quickly--it just isn't our practice. This aberration is the result of my wanting to get the answer in the mail before I leave for a three-day weekend in Fort Benton. Plus I had a good time this afternoon chasing it down.

What you suspect is true really is true, with a couple little qualifications. The "bar and flophouse" neighborhood in Helena is that portion of the Gulch south of Broadway (South Park Avenue; Wood Street; South Main), plus North Main running up about three blocks. You can get some of the flavor of it from the categorical listings in the back of the Helena City Directories for 1933, 1935, and 1937 (see enclosures). There was/is another little earthy enclave right around the Northern Pacific depot, but it is inconsequential.

I spoke with a retired Forest Service man named Eric White, who did some of their emergency fire-crew hiring in the late 1940s, and he said the FS long had hired off the streets in the Park/Wood/Main area. He referred to South Park as Clore Street--by which name the street became famous for bars, whorehouses, and sleazy living. Then, in about 1911, the city fathers decided they could cleanse the reputation of Helena by changing the name of Clore Street to South Park Avenue. An admirable attempt--but the same activities continued there, and most everyone still called it Clore Street. So much for good intentions.

That little neighborhood lasts well into the 1950s, slowly dying, and finally is killed by Urban Renewal--with some remnants in the 200, 300, and 400 blocks of North Main. Nothing really to speak of, though. A big strike against Lady Bird Johnson's "beautification programs" for that one!

The catchy name of "Last Chance Gulch"--meaning South Main and that portion of North Main up to about the 800 block--was a result of the Urban Renewal project and the Chamber of Commerce. In the '30s, the term "Last Chance Gulch" would have meant the original placer-gold drainage, but not the street. There still are some merchants along

DOIG: 2

March 15, 1984

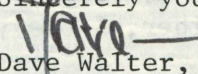
the street who adamantly refuse to list their addresses as "Last Chance Gulch," and they stick with "North Main Street." The "Last Chance Gulch renaming first appears in the Helena City Directories in 1968.

How's that for over-kill?

It still isn't hinting of spring here yet. In fact there was a fairly convincing snowstorm yesterday that left a couple inches--most of which melted off today. I have always associated spring in Montana with a temperature above 60° coming on the weekend of the AA basketball tournament. Seems to me it used to do that regularly, in my younger years. But I've been keeping track of that association pretty carefully over the last ten years, and it hasn't happened once. This weekend is the AA basketball tournament, and it's not going to do it this year either. I must be getting older and less wise.

Hope that this helps.

Sincerely yours,


Dave Walter, Reference

27 March '84

Dear Dave--

Fine stuff on Helena's flophouses etc. You have strange areas of expertise. I think I'll use Clore Street; not only is its staying power impressive, I like the mischief of perpetuating the name in spite of the good citizens' efforts. So it'll join such other illustrious neighborhoods, in my novel, as First Avenue South in Great Falls.

The good news is that this novel, ENGLISH CREEK, is about on its way to the printer; I'm just sitting around waiting for the copy-edited ms. The bad news (for you) is that it seems to be the first of a trilogy. I promise to store up my nits and try to pick them myself, next time we get to Helena. It may be just after Labor Day. I pretty definitely will be huckstering this book in Montana sometime this fall, maybe late Oct. One time or another, I owe you a drink and/or a meal. Let's count on it.

Am just back from California, where I spent a day in the Bancroft. They may be more splendid there, but your place is more fun.

thanks again, and all best.

11 Dec. '88

Dear Dave--

The enclosed check for \$250 is to be a free-ranging sum for your library realm; another annual thanks for your presence.

Saw Lang, or at least the tail of the comet that I think was Lang, pass through this household a couple of days ago.

All is well here, though I find myself so goddamn busy writing the next McCaskill novel that I can't get around to bugging you with research stumpers. Watch out in the new year.

all best

15 Nov. '83

Dear Mr. Walter--

The late great Charles M. Russell personally told my dear departed grandmother, Lewisia Clark, that he painted the picture of the tragic martyred General Custer and his doomed heroic soldiers at the Battle of the Little Big Horn that hangs in saloons and is sponsored by a beer company. Will you verify this for me, in the next five minutes, please?

Actually, Dave, you've already done heroic work. Thanks greatly for the fishing limit and Montanian answers. I didn't know if even you would be able to drag around and come up with that stuff. I'll try write some letters to Western linguists, who seem to be either damn few or only marginally scholarly, about the Montanians usage. But my guess is, you and I know as much as anybody, and your examples are excellent evidence.

So, gratitude again. Welcome back to work.

best,

MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY LIBRARY

225 N. Roberts St.
Helena, MT 59620
Tel: (406) 449-2681

TO Mr. Ivan Doig

DATE November 8, 1983

17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.

Seattle, Washington 98177

> Dear Ivan:

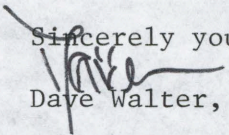
I apologize for the delay in answering your recent letter. I took two weeks of unpaid leave in September, and another two weeks in October, and for some reason I'm way behind in answering my letters. Yours moved to the top of one of the piles quickly, when I realized that all those asked questions about (1) grandmother, (2) Custer, (3) Lewis and Clark, and (4) Charlie Russell. That's what you get for asking intriguing questions.

The usage of "Montanan"/"Montanian" is a bit vague, and I still am not happy with the answer, but the explanation pulls together all of the evidence that I could find. I will keep looking for examples from newspapers to fill in the gaps.

The fishing limits also produced some problems. The answer is pretty definitive for 1939, as the limit is established by state law. By 1963, however, the Department of Fish and Game has moved the limit issue from law to department regulations, so it better can manage specific areas of the state. As I didn't know where your person would be fishing, I copied the entire map/regulations for 1963.

Hope that this helps. We can forget about the copying costs on these items, as we hit you and Carol pretty hard the last time you were here. If I can help again, let me know. It's a welcomed break from the "big 4."

Sincerely yours,


Dave Walter, Reference

28 Oct. '83

Dear Dave--

Even as I write this, you and Lang and the rest of the gang are in the midst of glorious fun at the Colonial Inn. Oh, the glamorous Montana Historical Society life.

Would you believe I have a couple of more weird questions? All right, all right, you believe it. Anyway, I wonder if you have any sources on these--

--What was legal daily limit of fish (Eastern brook trout, if that makes any difference) a guy could catch in 1939, and then in 1963? I once wrote the Fish & Game info office about this, but received only stunned silence. Your reaction may be the same. But I wonder if your place has a collection of annual fish & game regulations which might show this.

--The early day word "Montanian" versus the current usage "Montanan"; any experts on Western lingo ever have anything to say about the origin of "Montanian" or why it didn't catch on? I notice the word is used a couple of times by old-time reporters in Nolan's NORTH PACIFIC VIEWS (p. 70 and p. 72) and wasn't the original Choteau newspaper called The Montanian? If you can come up with anything at all on the usage--examples of it used in early book or magazine titles, store names, advertising, anything--I'd be interested.

I am in the last 2 months of the Depression novel, and while there's many a nit to be picked yet, I'll try to keep you as a last resort. I hope you're thriving.

best

8 June '83

Dear Dave--

Lang may already have spilled the news that the Doig entourage is about to descend on the Society again. Carol and I will show up at the library on June 20, and then be in and out a few times between July 5-15. I don't know that we have any overpoweringly mysterious research to devil you with this time, but maybe it does make your life easier if you know what we're going to be after. So, here are some of the research nits we'll be trying to pick on the 20th:

~~---~~biographical info about Evan W. Kelley, regional forester of ~~US~~ Forest Service, Region One (Missoula), 1929-44.

~~---~~a list of the missions in Montana which were prefixed with "St.", as in St. Ignatius.

Bozeman ~~---~~any WPA project, such as dam- or road-building, going on in 1939 in the vicinity of Havre or (the Walter forte!) Glacier Park.

~~---~~some "25 years ago" columns in weekly newspapers of 1939 (preferably not on microfilm). I need to see the format and language of these.

~~---~~an example, again from any weekly newspaper, of how local boys were reported going off to World War II--i.e., "Joseph John Shmoe, son of Mrs. and Mrs. Jed Shmoe of Choteau, has been inducted..." What I need here is the form and language of those announcements, which I suppose derived from a standard military p.r. release to the hometown paper.

Isn't authorship a thrill a minute? You'll be glad to hear I am getting this damn book written--this summer is its last hurrah.

Looking forward to seeing you. Don't over-exert yourself on lining up any of this stuff for us beforehand--this really is just an early-warning missive.

best



MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

225 NORTH ROBERTS STREET • (406) 449-2694 • HELENA, MONTANA 59601

November 4, 1982

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

Dear Ivan:

You must be living right! For you have stumbled into the only person who was damn fool enough to try to research and list transportation-construction projects in Glacier Park by year. In 1978-1979, I did some research/writing work on a transportation-history contract for Historical Research Associates in Missoula. As a part of that work, I did a construction chronology, because I became hopelessly confused about what was happening when. Some of the enclosed pages are a portion of that chronology for the years around 1914. The sources for this listing are varied, but include GNP monthly and annual reports, Great Northern records in the Minnesota Historical Society (St. Paul), Department of the Interior/Park Service contracts, and a batch of local newspapers.

The 1914 listings are keyed to the map. The remainder of the material includes references to 1914 projects from the report's text, and a listing of Great Northern structures in the Park in 1915.

The recent Montana History Conference in Great Falls included a session on Montana-Alberta/Saskatchewan homesteading that might be of some interest to you. We taped it and should have it available for listening within a month. Some very knowledgeable people on the panel--including Paul Voisey from the University of Alberta (Edmonton), who seems to have a better grasp on homesteading patterns on both sides of the border than anyone else.

Let me know if I can help further, although I think you've exhausted my only area of partial expertise.

Sincerely yours,

Dave
Dave Walter, Reference

8 Nov. '82

Dear Dave--

Hey, give me some credit where credit is due: the moment I laid eyes on you, I said to myself there's a guy who undoubtedly knows every damn construction project in Glacier Park in 1914...

I think this one has got to be a personal record--at least on my side, and maybe yours too?--for research inquiry lucking onto the right source. Thanks hugely. I'll probably use the St. Mary-to-Babb highway work as the project where one of my characters once worked his horses.

Glad to hear about the homesteading info. I have a yen to do a novel sometime about homesteaders, but am somewhat put off by the unavailability (increasingly) of live informants. Maybe you guys can convince me this summer that I can conjure enough out of sources.

All is well here. I don't even have an arcane question to pester you with at the moment. But probably I will have soon.

all the best

29 Oct. '82

Dear Dave--

Had hoped to see you at the WHA meeting in Phoenix, but Lang said he was the sole standard-bearer. He was a good one--never let the MHS standard waver a bit.

What's on my mind now is a small piece of Glacier Park history I need. In this novel I'm writing, there's a character who's made his living by providing teams of workhorses for construction jobs--railway fills, canals, and so on, in the late 19th and early 20th century. For plot reasons I won't bore you with, I'd like to have this guy on a job in or around Glacier Park in the summer of 1914. If out of your own Glacier Park expertise you know of anything plausible--any roadbuilding going on then, for example--I'd be glad to have it; if you don't, though, can you suggest somebody on the park staff who might have such info?

Despite weird questions of this sort, the book's going well. The trove of stuff from last summer has helped immensely.

best regards

24 May '82

Dear Dave---

Carol and I hope to hit Helena, and the Historical Society, by the afternoon of June 16, and work through the 18th. As for advance warning on topics I'm after, you may be sorry you asked:

--info about grasshopper infestations, and the consequent poisoning projects, during the Depression years, particularly 1938-9; I could particularly use material about the administration of the 'hopper-poisoning efforts, what government agencies were involved and what exactly they did to provide the poison and oversee its use.

--reminiscences of the Bitterroot fire of 1910 (roughly Aug. 20-Aug. 31), or rather of its pall of smoke, which I've read went all the way to New York, rather like the Mt. St. Helens dust: I have a character in my book who would have been a youngster then, and want to outfit him with memories of consequences of that great fire--chickens going to roost at mid-day, that sort of thing. Would newspapers of the period be my best bet?

--also on the general topic of forest fires: anything you have on how fire crews were gathered, from places such as the streets of Butte and Missoula and Spokane, and transported to a fire. I've read about this happening, but don't know the details of how it was done: who recruited/drafted the guys, what were the firefighters paid (again, 1938-9), how were they outfitted...

--Any reminiscence about haying, particularly with an overshot stacker; could be fiction, as long as it gives some details. I also could stand to see pics of haying, circa late-1930s. One question I hate even to think about tracking down and probably will give up on, but just in case you miraculously have an answer: were power buckrakes in use by then?

--Carol will be helping me with this research, and for her part, we'd appreciate pics of 1930's towns--how buildings and homes looked, what shop windows said, what street scenes were like (all cars by then?)--and of people as well: hairdos, haircuts, dresses, anything showing how people looked in a Montana small town of the time.

Please don't skew your time too much in search of these; I'll be ferreting other places as well for some of them. Looking forward to the Historical Society again.

best regards

10 November '98

Dear Marcella and Dave--

We haven't quite dropped off the face of the earth, but pretty close to the brink of Puget Sound. The new place sits up here overlooking a couple of dozen miles of water and shoreline and the profile of the Olympic Mountains--*Winter Brothers* territory always on display out the window, now. Fruit trees, a sunny backyard which cries out for a garden, the whole nine yards (actually about half an acre) at last.

Your try-and-try-again timing on your letter was actually just right, Marcella. We were sitting down to read it about the time Dave was standing up to get his MCH award from the Guv. Big congratulations, Dave! I see no problem at all with you going around town in your honorary doctorate gown and that medal around your neck, like an Oxford don.

We're now in our post-carpenter period (we hope) after 13 weeks of tooth-and-nail homeownership. This place was rebuilt only 5 years ago, but it was in the hands of a couple--he an electronic components entrepreneur of some kind, she a New Age poet--who seem to have lived here like spoiled slack-brained adolescents; in all the house, there were no towel rods, toilet paper holders, clothes hooks, knobs on bedroom closet doors nor about a jillion other details that were beneath their notice. Not a bookshelf on the premises, of course; by now we've put in miles of 'em.

There was also the little matter of the house inspector we'd hired standing at the foot of his ladder and saying, "I can tell you even before I go up on that roof, it's shot." But it's only 5 years old, cry we, clutching our armful of housebuying cash. The upshot of that was that we got the cost of a new roof taken off the price of the house and now we are not only the new possessors but the heirs of a class-action suit against Masonite for that failed roofing material. We may get zilch or we may get reimbursement (again!) for the cost of the roof--clearly there are angles to living at this elevation that we hadn't known.

Anyway, the voids between the ears of the previous owners did give us the chance to install the downstairs office we wanted. It's actually an office suite: at the north end, a cozy room with a reading chair, a view across to the ferry landing on the Olympic Peninsula shore, and lots of storage; then the main office, about the size of the one we had in the old house but with a whopping swanky trapezoidal desk Carol and I designed and share, and a 10-foot-wide panel of windows directly out to Puget Sound and the Olympic mountains; and at the south end, a full-size room that currently holds my exercise bike and not much else but will gradually accrete bookshelves. As to the upstairs, there's a vaulted-ceiling living room with a whammo effect: a bay of floor-to-ceiling windows on the water side. The whole house is oddly like living on a thrust stage--there's no "backstage," every room faces out onto the Sound. From anywhere in this place, every time we turn around there's a tugboat or a container van ship or a ferryboat or a sunset over the Olympics or a silver rainsquall. And, natch, we love it all.

Amid the work on the house I managed to do the final version of the book--did I tell you it's going to be titled *Mountain Time*? The people at Scribner seem pretty happy with it, and so far I'm happy with them. Publication date looks like next August. When

that date and the inevitable bookstore tour gets definitely resolved, we'll know better what our Montana travel plans are going to be. It sounds as if you two aren't lacking in entertainment meanwhile. *More* bearboards! That resident black bear sounds like the freeloader from Hell, all right.

Your remark about using a *nome de plume* in FWPdom reminds me, Marcella: in the *Mtn Time* acknowledgments I tagged you Marcella Walter. Let me know if there's any problem with that version, okay? (I of course list Dave as The Honorable Doctor Humanist Walter.)

As to what else Carol and I are doing when we're not hanging pictures or writing out checks to workmen, we had an excursion at the end of August which needs telling to you in person the next time we're together, but which I'll summarize for you as I did in my diary: "Afloat with half the money in the known world." The long (there's quite a bit of long to this episode) and short of it is, we got invited on the 72-hour Alaska cruise-ship shindig thrown by Paul Allen, variously known as the co-founder of Microsoft and The Fourth Richest Guy in America. It was like winning a lottery we didn't even know we had a ticket on--Allen's mother is a terrific reader and a fan of *Dancing at the Rascal Fair*, so I was one of two writers invited, along with such peasants as Stephen Spielberg, George Lucas, Francis Ford Coppola, Carrie Fisher, Debbie Reynolds, Robin Williams, Bill Gates and a slew of other techie bigfoots, a bunch of scientists corraled by Allen's funding of some public TV *Nova* shows...all in all, 425 of us on the ridiculously posh (marble dining room walls, on something that's supposed to *float*?) cruise ship that Allen rented for the occasion. Many too many tales to tell here--Carol and I knew that even if the trip turned out to be appalling, it'd still be great stuff for a writer; largely because of the grandeur of Alaska, always dwarfing that ship and those fortunes, it turned out to be exhilarating, funny, and endlessly memorable. I will simply tantalize you with the fact that the Allens have a personal librarian--a funny, cheeky Calgarian whom we hung around with a lot during the trip; she gets away with calling Allen's mother Faye "the Fayester" to her face--whose job it is to catalogue their books in the identical libraries at the five (so far) Allen residences in the San Juan Islands, France, and so on. One of the sources of those books: whenever Allen's pro basketball team, the Portland Trailblazers, wins, the whole Allen retinue who've flown in on an Allen private plane gets 15 minutes in Powell's bookstore to buy whatever looks good.

So who was the other writer, right? His name is Jack Vance, he's an 82-year-old virtually blind sci-fi/fantasy writer who is Paul Allen's favorite author; picture the pair of us seated next to each other at the 10-course Russian dinner, me resignedly prompting Jack and the kneeling Paul as they try to recall the titles of John Fowles books they've told each other they liked. ("Umm, you trying to think of *The Collector*?" "Yes, yes! Then there was that other one..." "*The French Lieutenant's Woman*, maybe?" "Yes, yes!")

Well, so it has gone, this hard-to-keep-up-with second part of '98 which Carol points out was not anywhere on the radar screen of our expectations. We look forward to sharing more of our weird doings and yours. Keep in mind that we have a guest room now, hear?

all best,

I was glad to hear that you were planning to head up the North Fork in mid-May, and I hope that came off okay. I wish we were spending more time in Montana this summer/this year, but the book schedule doesn't want to bend that far, and as I indicated, this is no time in the publishing biz to be missing deadlines. We do hope to show up in Helena twice in Sept., albeit briefly both times: on Sept. 7, for a day of research at the Society, and again on Sept. 16, for another stitch of research if I can fit it in but in any case to do a noon-hour booksigning for Judy Flanders on the paperback of Heart Earth. We're going to be mostly in Glasgow-Fort Peck-Wolf Point between those dates, so you guys will definitely look like an oasis. Will call you closer to the time to see whether Chez Sherfy-Walter has an available room. The Fort Peck country, as pure geography, doesn't thrill either one of us, but we do get to swank our way homeward a bit, by doing a booksigning in Sun Valley and a speaking gig at U. of Idaho. We hope to cross paths at U. of Idaho with Mary Blew, whom we've heard has the creative-writing job there now, and incidentally, her new book, Balsamroot, is a knockout. She takes no prisoners, in this memoir stuff, including herself, and it's just great piercingly clear writing. Marcella, you wondered about some suggestions out of what we've been reading: The Afterlife of George Cartwright, by John Steffler; Regeneration, by Pat Barker; if you don't mind world-class cussing, The Commitments, by Paddy Doyle, about a Dublin "soul" band--we saw the movie, it's likely available in video cassette, and it's also chockfull of world-class cussing, but funny, funny; Consider This, Senora, by Harriet Doerr; and probably you guys already know the Chilcotin stories of Paul St. Pierre, such as Smith and Other Events?--quite North Forkish, I think.

Dave, I wonder if your archival eye spotted the April obituary of my aunt, Elsie Doig Townsend, the first, and I'm sure she considered the real, writer of our clan. Elsie 25 years or so ago wrote None to Give Away, her story of ~~xxxx~~ raising 5 kids after her husband Jim, my dad's closest brother in age and maybe most other ways, was killed by a horse. I can't remember if we ever hit Helena immediately after encountering Elsie at one of my Bozeman booksignings, but during those she was, as Carol succinctly declared, a witch. I now find them hilarious, but at the time those incidents made me wonder if indeed relatives aren't nature's way of saying, Evolution still has some kinks we're trying to work out. Once I was signing at the MSU bookstore, a whole bunch of people in line, and Elsie barged up ahead of them all to deliver me some kind of family news/ultimatum, which I pointed out to her I didn't want to hear about just then; as she kept ~~me~~ at me and I kept trying to brush her off, somebody toward the back of the line yelled out, "Why doesn't she at least buy a book?" The other Elsie story I cherish, she wasn't directly involved in (maybe that's why I cherish it) but nonetheless crucial to the punchline. A young Montana-born woman out here had liked This House of Sky a lot and sent it off to her folks in eastern Montana. Back came an immediate note, saying why in the world did you send us that book, it's not set in this part of the state and we never heard of the guy who wrote it. She was really steamed, that they wouldn't look at the book for its own sake, and had just written them a letter giving them Hell along those lines, when here came another note from them, saying oh, okay, now we get it why you sent that book: Elsie Andes used to teach school here and she went off to the Gallatin Valley and married somebody named Doig, but we thought you were too young to even know about that!

Well, enough for now, with the hope that your summer is perking okay. Looking forward to seeing you later.

all best,



- Robert Laessig -

Dec. 23, 1999

Dear Carol & Ivan - your good letters came before I even got to my list! We may see you Monday, but it's still wonderful to say "hello" on paper. Dave is napping right now. with the 4th batch of acornery bread about to come from the oven. Anonda and Bob (the rock bayfisher from Boulder) are out — shopping packages while the workpot roast gets very tender. So the house is rich in acornery, orange, and good simmering beef snells.

We will be so glad to see you and tuck you away in the basement in April - so glad. We felt very badly about missing you altogether in August. That was a blow of welcomed and unwelcome comments.

I love it, Carol. We know you as a zoning czar and the preservation police! And you're right. A little of that goes a long ways!

My news - I applied and interviewed for a job back at the Historical Society - Chief of Heritage Operations - a send to the Director.

The warmest of wishes
for the happiest of holidays.

I was offered the job last week and am still dithering about. We hope - very much, that you are well, entertained, at peace -

Love -

Dave & Maurell



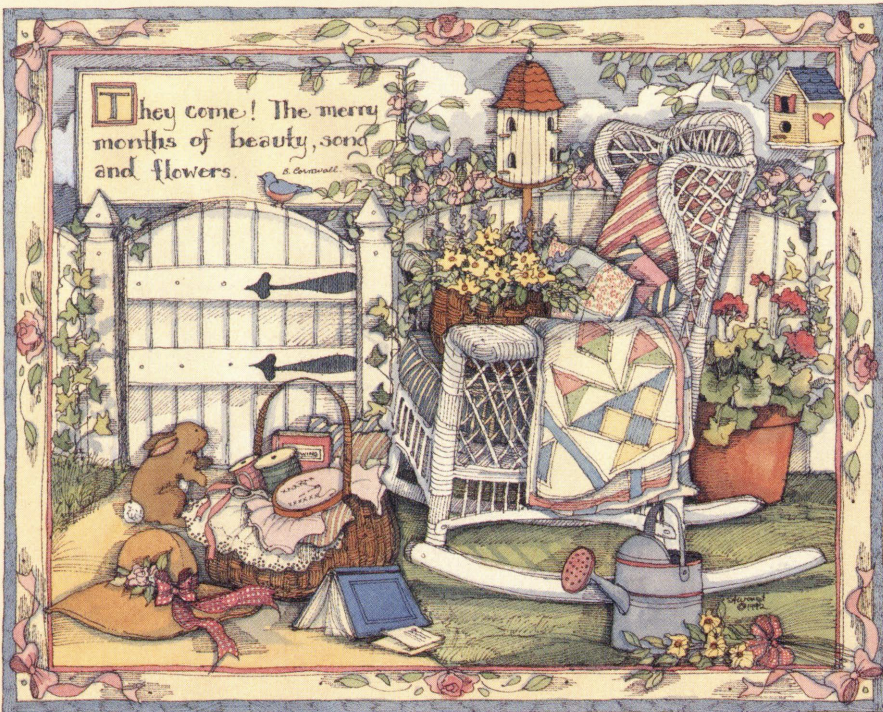
CARLTON
C A R D S
...says it best™

CX BLVS-011Y

TX BLVS-011Y

They come! The merry
months of beauty, song
and flowers.

A. Cornwall.



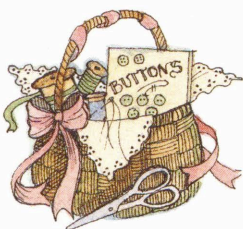
Sunday pm 8-28-94

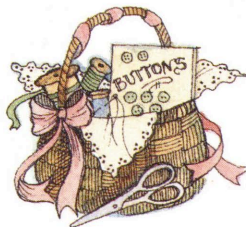
Ivan +Carol -

Boy - after my blurt of discouragement, you may be looking for a quick escape. Please don't! I spoke with some truth, but most of the time, I've summoned a bit more perspective and thankfulness -- for all that is going so well, in a most amazing world. And the two of you are some of the world's best, unearned of gifts!

So -- come ahead. I won't be snapping -- the latch string we'll be out. Drive safely. We'll be eager to share adventures -

Mauella !





MONTHS OF BEAUTY

is from an original painting by

SUSAN WINGET.

© 1993 LANG GRAPHICS. *All rights reserved.*

LANG GRAPHICS LTD., P.O. Box 99, Delafield, WI 53018

414-646-2211 Printed in the U.S.A. 508822



Recyclable

Cowgirl in a Martini Glass
Chinook, Montana

© Lynn Donaldson, 1993

Lynn Donaldson is a freelance artist who works as a still photographer and photojournalist, specializing in environmental portraiture. While her photographs appear regularly in Montana newspapers and magazines, her artwork has successfully been exhibited locally and nationally. Born in 1970 and raised on a ranch near Denton, Montana, Donaldson grew up in the house her great-grandparents built. "I've always been surrounded by beautiful, old things. I am fascinated with the past and work from memory and recognition. With my camera, I collect and preserve my perceptions so that I will remember."

Original Polaroid transfers available.
Sweet Grass Studio

128 E. Main Street #2 • Bozeman, MT 59715
406 - 585 - 3312



Sunday
Oct. 30, 1994

Ivon & Carol -

I learned a good lesson -
these last 2 weeks (likely several) -
After reading my letter to you -
Dave waited a day or two & brought
in the Halfway to Montane tape --
grinning broadly & saying - "you'll
want to listen to this now!" The
lesson, of course, is - test drive one's
presents. That tape is really among
the best of the best of the worst!!

I found those cards yesterday
and they gave me an even better
reason to write.

All is well here - We're a
week away from the end of girls'
basketball -

Lane
Manell

June 17, 1996

Dear Ivan:

I apologize for the lengthy delay in getting this material back to you. I can't thank you enough for the loan. I've had a heck of a time finding a copy of this dissertation--even after I knew that Verlaine Stoner had become a McDonald. The Plentywood library said that I could copy their copy, if I came to Plentywood to do it. Anything to increase tourism in the northeast! By the time you get here, I should know something about the subject.

Have been up the North Fork twice so far--despite the road problems and the flooding. We seem to have taken less of a hit from the river than we did last year. Moose in the meadow, a grizzly in the front yard, and deer all over the place. Emily and her "companion" have been there for a couple of weeks, earning money to move to Oregon. So far neither has been eaten by the resident wildlife. Every time I get up there, I wonder why I come back to Helena.

Will see you at the end of the month. Thanks again for your prompt answer to my call of distress. Our best to Carol.

David

GILBERT

25% COTTON

Dave & Marcella - on Xmas newsletter, Dec. 10 '95

How's it going in the Walter household? We hope to inspect personally in late June, when--if all works well--I'll do the Montana bookstores and we'll hope to have some North Fork time, if you're still game. I can't get the schedule set up until spring, but will let you know pronto then, OK?

By turning down everything and hermiting in at the keyboard, I did get the Fort Peck manuscript done when I wanted, and am now awaiting the copy-edited version. Of all things, the publisher plans to bring the book out early, i.e. next May. Have already been on the phone a time or two to Judy Flanders; it indeed is like *deja vu* all over again...

Carol finishes grading exams next Wednesday, we may travel for part of a week, then be back here for Xmas, New Year's, and cussing the copy-editor. About mid-January we leave towards New Mexico, we hope, we hope. If '96 halfway goes as intended, we'll do some catching up with Montana and you. Although, of course, we won't venture onto any of the highways now that the place is going to be like the Indianapolis 500. Horseback is starting to sound better again...

Hope you're all okay. Write when you can. All affection from us both.

1 Sept. '95

Dear Marcella & Dave--

Just tried to call to say have a glorious send-off to summer this holiday weekend, and the fact that there ain't nobody waiting by these phones gives me hope you've fled up the North Fork.

All is well here. Carol is looking forward to the teaching year with a new administration at her college that she approves of--unheard of, huh? I have the draft of my Fort Peck novel in hand and will be able to spend the autumn shaping it up as planned. We are going to be in Montana briefly in mid-Sept., but only unto Missoula, for the Gov's Humanities Award shindig. We can't stay on into Sat. for the doings for Margaret Kingsland, else we might have crossed paths with you? We will be in Missoula, at the Red Lion (and Farr's conference) Sept. 13-15, if anything brings you guys over. Talk to you this fall, and we're bearing up toward some Montana time in '96. Best,



HEY—
Carol &
Ivon

Happy
Valentine's Day!

From Joe Walter

©AGC, INC.

PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER

MADE IN U.S.A.

2.12.95

Carol & Ivan.

- The quickest of notes -
- We thought of you right away.
When the Hungry Horse captured Emily
revelation! We are inordinately proud
of her. She has now graduated from
high school next year & is taking
classes at Flathead Valley.
- We are in the throes of the legislature.
This is a very painful time. My office
is under very direct attack from mining
companies -- especially in response to Little
Rockies issues. Bills such as one to
require state employees to disclose
the organizations they belong to are
sailing through!
- My mom died on January 4. I was home.
No matter when it is hard, isn't it.
- Dave is now ready to start working on his
outlaw trail stuff.

Vicky Spinler tries on a traditional Eskimo parka which belonged to her late grandfather. Spinler creates authentic

native fur and leather handcraft items at her local business, Fur Fashions. Story and more photos are on page 21.

alleged victims, accused sex offenders back until April 10. Flathead County Judge Katherine "K" last Friday to delay Martin, 50, of Kalispell. 11 counts of sexual conduct and without consent.

C. Falls speech team best in state

By **LYNNETTE HINTZE**
Staff Writer

The Columbia Falls High School Speech and Debate team blasted away the competition at the State speech tournament last weekend in Livingston, and when the dueling was done, Columbia Falls walked away with the first-place trophy.

It was sweet revenge for the small, eight-student Columbia Falls team, which outgunned the 30-student Billings Central team by a comfortable 42-point margin. Two years ago, Columbia Falls tied for first with Billings Central at the State tournament, but had to settle for second after a tie-breaker.

"There were only eight of us, and we beat the crap out of them," an exuberant Emily Walter told fellow students at a special assembly Monday morning held at the high school in the speech and debate team's honor.

Walter earned first in impromptu speaking. Other first-place finishers were Aimee Kellenbeck and Michael Grenier in team debate, and

■ **Photos on page 11**

Eric Shepard in Lincoln-Douglas debate.

Trevor Seaman took third in Lincoln-Douglas debate, while Justin Anderson earned a fourth in humorous oral interpretation. Sixth-place finishes went to Lisa Fox in expository speaking and Ray Zabel in extemporaneous speaking.

"This was a state championship team," Head Coach Michael Christensen said. "They did what they were capable of doing. Everyone peaked at the same time. They all rose to the occasion."

It was 1988 when Columbia Falls last won a State speech meet, but it was 10 years earlier, in 1978, when Columbia Falls won State with as few students as competed this year. Former speech coach Harold Tusler recalled that winning moment 17 years ago.

"I was there. I know the kind of satisfaction they're feeling right now, and it's a great feeling," Tusler said at the assembly.

In addition to Tusler, former coach Dot Wood was also noted at the assembly for her work with the team. She had been head coach the last two years.

"I know how good this felt, because I know how bad that (Columbia Falls' loss to Billings Central two years ago) felt," Wood said. "This is an exceptional group. It's a rarity."

Assistant Coach Karyl Gopp pointed to the "corporate effort" and support shown between team members, including the timers and observers who also attended State.

"They all had good days on the same day," said Assistant Coach Cindy Patterson. "They're the very cream of the crop, the best thinkers and performers we have."

The Columbia Falls team loses 13 seniors this year, including the eight who competed at State. But Christensen said the team will continue to be competitive next year, with a strong freshmen showing this year and some "quality" sophomores and juniors.

County gets new animal shelter

By **MICHAEL FRIEND**
Staff Writer

KALISPELL — With the help of a \$95,000 bequest, the Flathead County Animal Control Shelter is well on its way to moving into a new home sometime before 1999.

Last Thursday the Flathead County Commissioners approved a resolution calling for the construction of the new 6,000-square-foot facility on two acres off Willow Glen Drive next to the county road department.

Con artists

Senior citizens warned to be leery of scams

By **LYNNETTE HINTZE**
Staff Writer

One elderly Columbia Falls woman got a half-dozen packets in the mail, asking her to be a charter member of a territory in Australia for a \$10 fee. Another local man was nearly duped by a fly-by-night house siding company that wanted double what others were charging for the job.

One by one, Columbia Falls residents came forth with their own testimonials Tuesday about run-ins with

lion annually from Americans, AARP President Leroy Smith said. Many sweepstakes promoters, especially those who use telephone pitches, target senior citizens because seniors tend to be more trusting and often spend more time at home.

"They may tell you you've won a prize," Smith said. "When you send in money, they'll send a small gift and technically they've met the requirements of the law, but you just got gypped."

Smith warned.

Home improvement and repair frauds are a common scheme, and have surfaced occasionally in the Columbia Falls area. Favorite tricks include quoting an unusually low price for an expensive job, conducting a "free" inspection that turns up several expensive repairs, or offering to do a job because the work crew is in the neighborhood or they have leftover materials they need to sell.

"No honest firm does business that

Flood



- Amanda skipped volleyball this season. She's had a couple fender-benders with the car - We have a cordless phone now -- with the ring again feature that helps us find it.
- Carol - I'm sorry for your greater frustration & stress.
- Tantalizing tidbits - I now have a paper route - & am applying for another Society job. Dave is disappointed at the first & glad for the second.

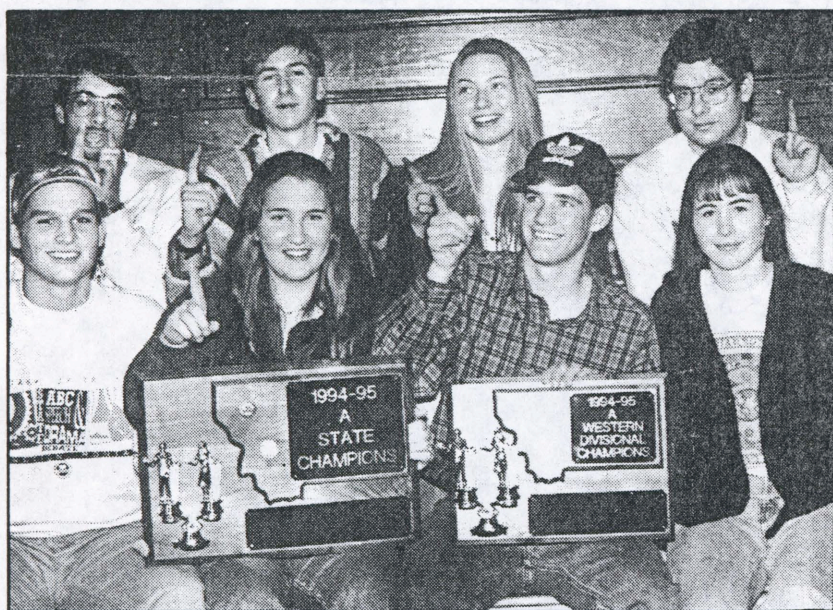
More later -

Love

Dave & Maureen



Columbia Falls High School students go wild with applause during an assembly Monday held in the speech team's



Members of the winning speech and debate team that took first at State were from left in front, Justin Anderson, Almee Kennenbeck, Michael Grenier, Lisa Fox; back, Trevor Seaman, Eric Shepard, Emily Walter and Ray Zabel.

State Champs

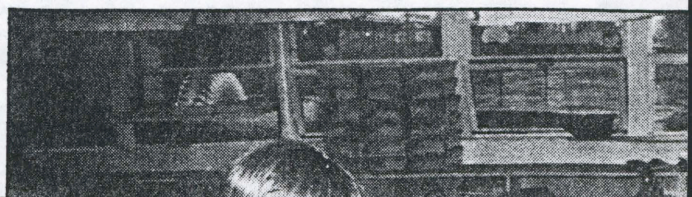
Speech team is to

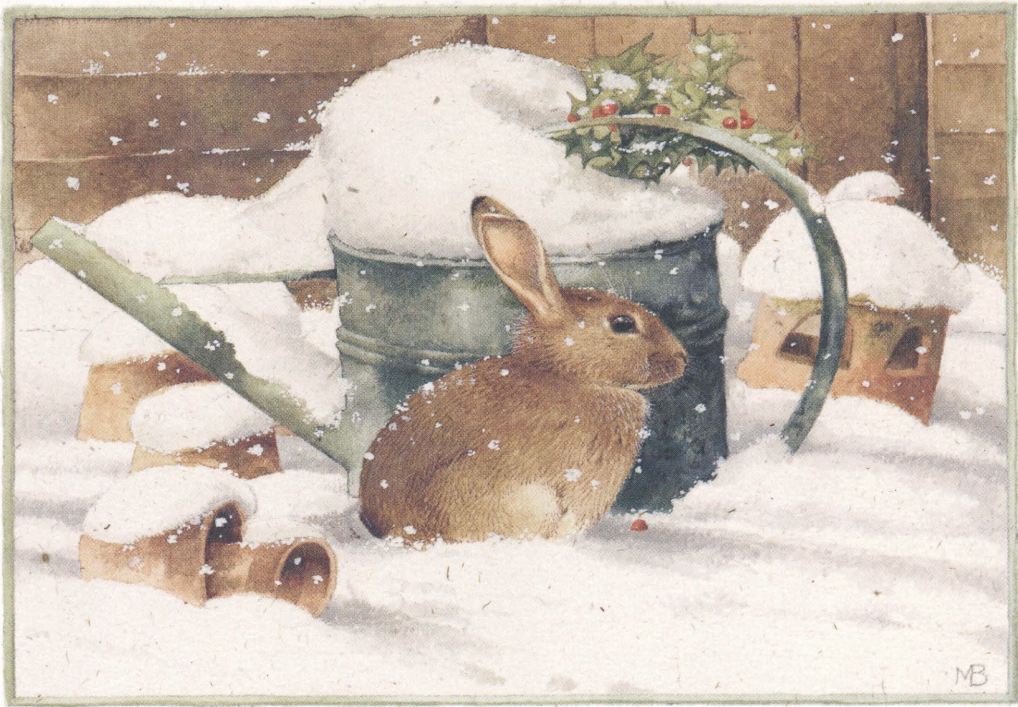
'Odyssey of the Mind' is test of creative p

By **LYNNETTE HINTZE**
Staff Writer

A group of West Annex students is embarking on an educational journey designed to make them better problem-solvers and independent

are challenged to use divergent, rather than convergent thinking. In one exercise, for example, students are asked how they would fit an egg through a hole that's slightly too small to allow the egg to pass





MB

December 18, 1995

Dear good friends -

Today -- for the finished book & the fun
of editing; for southwestern sun to
anticipate; for your summer visit to
Montana. We can't wait -- to visit,
to read -- and at least on my part, to
live vicariously as you recount days
spent in the smell of pinyon & juniper.

Here -- Dave is leading a very full life (He
was forced to go to a book signing last
Saturday wearing his headset radio to hear the
buzzsaw become the I-AA champions.), but his
digestive tract doesn't make that easy. Amanda
was leading soccer & rebounder for ~~her~~ her
varsity basketball team. The team itself
did not have a good record & we've joined
a group of disgruntled parents trying to pressure
the district to hire a new coach. It's a long
shot! Amanda's pottery is also so good ^{that} her
teacher wants us a special rate mid-term.
Dave's dad fails markedly in all ways but his
mind & like Dave he does not want to be
a "mess." History Conference happened without
any huge hitches & some nice coups. I spend
lots of time re-reading my mother's letters. I
can "hear" her -- a luxury I know I've lost. That you
didn't have -- and that I try to treasure. →

Just knowing that will have
Buckley the Sun to read in '96 -
makes it a good-looking year.



Merry
Marjolein Bastin

©1995, Marjolein Bastin

Christmas -

CARD PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER
including minimum of 10% post-consumer
and 40% pre-consumer fiber.

See you soon - relatively !!

Love

Maurell



NX 480-9

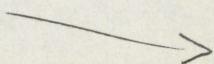
© HALLMARK CARDS, INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.

Monday evening
July 8, 1996

Carol & Ivan -

We thought you'd be interested in
the IR's reprint of Bob Gilduly's story -
only 10 days or so late!

We hope that you've had restful
travel & time since Saturday -- and as
you turn into your drive you have some
fine balance of delight to be home &
roaders to leave the open road! We did.
Saturday evening Dave & I went to the
river to figure out whether the new hole --
where the new big channel meets the old
quiet channel is any good. It's wonderful!
Dave caught a fish on his first cast.
I just soaked up the golden light &
waded in the mud! We were home
Sunday by 2:00 - aghast at the number
and manners of divers.



We so much enjoyed your visits —
I suspect we really bent your ears
and eyes too much at the North Fair —
what with such an appreciative audience
in tow!

Take care —

Love —

Marcell

Sunday evening
October 27, 1996

Carol and Ivan:

To the best of my intentions, this isn't yet a Christmas note. Time will tell. I wanted to write before I put away Winter Brothers. Sometime in mid September, I took that upstairs for bedtime reading--as a way to keep some of the magic of our West Coast trip alive--and to add a bit to my knowledge. It bowled me over. I learned a lot. My trip would have been far richer had I read it in advance. It gave me, in a way, the best bibliographical citations to folks like Bill Holm. I would have taken the ferry from Anacortes to Sidney with far better "eyes."

But in the arena of journals--of sharing the great gift of your soul, Ivan, wow!! And for that matter, what a glorious tribute to Carol and you. And I haven't taken birds for granted since then. Dave tells me that Winter Brothers wasn't all that enthusiastically reviewed--although he acknowledged that he might have gotten books and sequences confused. But if that's true, what a great mistake. I'm all for encouraging you to speak even more in your own voice--at least interspersed with historic or fictional voices. I finished it before the history conference--with all the loneliness that always goes with putting down a great book. Sea Runners soon.

The history conference is a week behind me. I'm current enough with my thank yous and bills to take most of the next week off. I hope to surge around the house and yard putting things to rights and enjoying as a I go.

It was quite a conference. We held it in Uptown Butte. The Masons, in an unprecedented move, turned their 1902 Masonic Temple over to us for the weekend. We dined in their ballroom. Held receptions in their dining room and our sessions in their grand, historic meetings rooms, 2nd and 4th floor. We did all this because a most extraordinary crew of Butte folks had rallied early to make this the "best ever" conference. They cleaned the scrubbed and deodorized the Temple; added frilly soaps and Kleenex to the johns; carted in bales of hay, fall weeds, pumpkins, corn shocks from all over southwestern Montana to decorate the ballroom; ran interference with caterers; paid for our coffee breaks; sweet-talked Montana Power into lighting little used ovens; got the city to provide parking and a conference bus We all moved furniture and vacuumed between sessions and greeted conference attendees and ran the historic elevator. We seem to have had the best attendance ever and certainly the most fun. We had good sessions, more college students in attendance than usual, some folks that are not "regulars." However, this past week, I've been able to keep on my feet about 3 hours at a time--before napping. Hence, the vacation. But part of me wants to move to Butte.

Amanda's basketball team is about 50-50. They still clearly have all the skill their need; the assistant coach has buffered the kids from the worst of the head coach's

ideas. But most games are lost by his substitutions. Dave agonizes in the stands. We still sit with the parents who aren't blindly loyal to the coach. But Dave's done wonders in couching his ideas with Amanda in a way that helps her.

Amanda is besieged by general letters from colleges--not offers. Her artistic skill and her track skills seem most to have somehow infiltrated college computer systems. She reminds us that she does not want to work hard in college; wants to come home often; and--all things being equal--would like to go to MSU. Her dad doesn't know where to begin. However, part of his current "patter" is to assure her that she needn't worry about distance--he'll be there with her--doing laundry and polishing up her papers.

Amanda's interest in MSU stems, in part, from her current boyfriend. Nick Porrini has remain steady since summer. Nick plays football well enough and is well mannered enough to have earned Dave's respect and then some. He's a year younger than Amanda and she is not altogether immodest in telling us that she has Nick well trained. I've purchased a better winter robe so as not to be caught unawares at midnight on a Saturday night when they emerge from the basement fresh from watching movies. Did you know (likely--Carol--what with constant contact with students) that "pipes" refers to gorgeous upper arm muscles and that a "six pack" refers to a well muscled rib cage?

Had you heard about Chet Blaylock's death? Chet had agreed to the hopeless but important task of running for governor for the Democrats against Racicot. He died last week, alone, campaigning, of a heart attack--outside Deer Lodge. The party is now trying to find the right symbolic replacement.

I hope that you are both well; that writing and plotting go well for you, Ivan; and that you have students who gladden your heart, Carol. I so enjoyed seeing you "in situ"--inside and out and up the hill and around the neighborhood and looking out to water.

Thank you!

All the best!

Love -
Maude

Emily is getting
settled in to Oregon
five starts - more five
Bayfield gone.



Montana Historical Society

225 No. Roberts • PO Box 201201 • Helena, MT 59620-1201 • (406) 444-2694 • FAX (406) 444-2696

October 6, 1997

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

Dear Ivan:

Seems like just yesterday you were here, but I guess that was a month ago. We didn't have a hard freeze until last night, so all of September has been kind of a dream. Hope that the remainder of your trip went well.

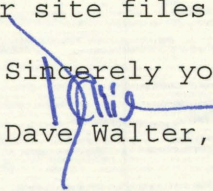
Enclosed are two pieces concerning Helena's south-central district (where we went "researching" on Sunday afternoon). The first is an overview of the district written by Chere Jiusto of the Montana State Historic Preservation Office (SHPO). The second is a batch of historic-site sign texts written by Ellen Baumler (also from SHPO) for specific properties in the district. Also available, but not included, are site files for all of the individual properties in the district. If, when looking at the photos Carol took that day, you find an especially appealing structure and want its site file, just let me know, and I can go down to SHPO to make a copy of the file.

The other enclosure came from yesterday's *Independent-Record*. Thought it was especially pertinent, since the couple abandoned Seattle to return to Montana.

Will make the last planned trip of the season to the North Fork next weekend, to drain pipes, shutter windows, barricade roads, dodge hibernating bears, etc. Hope I'm not doing it all in the snow.

Take care. Our best to Carol. Please let me know if this material triggers any requests for site files.

Sincerely yours,


Dave Walter, Research Historian

P.S. Did a signing on Friday evening at (choke; bowed head) Hastings in Missoula. As the agent noted, "At least it's not Cosco!" The claim that it was "the busiest place in town on any Friday evening" turned out to be absolutely true. I should have been renting videos, however. Will I never learn?

BEARGRASS (*Xerophyllum tenax*)

Beargrass, often reaching three feet tall, is not a grass — it is in the Lily Family. It has many, tiny flowers that grow in large clusters. From a distance they look like a single flower. Beargrass grows in the mountains of western and central Montana, blooming from June to September.



The Montana Native Plant Society is a nonprofit organization devoted to study and education about native plants in Montana. For more information, write to MNPS, P. O. Box 8683, Missoula, Montana 59807.

This card is reproduced from an original, hand-colored etching by Marge Brosius. Mrs. Brosius lives in Billings, Montana.

Montana Native Plant Society

© 1995 — MNPS

Printed on recycled paper in Great Falls, Montana



DEAR IVAN—

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR
YOUR BRAVERY IN BLURBING
ME. IT JUST DEMONSTRATES
THAT THE REALLY, REALLY
BIG GUYS KNOW NO FEAR.

Mike—



Montana Historical Society

225 No. Roberts • PO Box 201201 • Helena, MT 59620-1201 • (406) 444-2694 • FAX (406) 444-2696

May 31, 1997

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

Dear Ivan:

Amanda is graduating this weekend, and our house is full of people--many of whom I don't know. So I'm hiding out at the Society, where the air conditioning is on, there's a baseball game on the radio, and the phone never rings. I may never go home! Marcella, on the other hand, likes this kind of stuff.

Enclosed are copies of inventories for the Stan Davison stuff held in the Toole Archives at UM. The new archivist there--Julie Mace--provided the copies. She took over for Dale Johnson a couple of months ago; from the East Coast, somewhere. Although I have not met her, she seems a good successor. Dale still hangs around, so I always begin my inquiries with him.

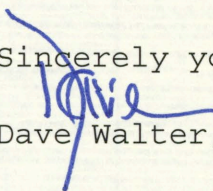
Have discovered a wonderful guy, Paul Boyton, who floats from Glendive to St. Louis (1675 miles) in the fall of 1881, in an Indian-rubber suit weighing 35 pounds. Shot at by Indians who think he's a beaver, Boyton gets out of the water periodically to play the opera houses and make traveling money. His main weapon is a bugle, tethered to his chest on a lanyard, with which he blasts wildlife, Indians, and steamboats. He picks up a correspondent from the *New York Herald* in Bismarck, and that guy follows him downriver in a canvas rowboat, filing telegraphic reports. Maybe a small book here, if I can get the pertinent newspapers on microfilm through Inter-Library Loan. I may never

get back to the conscientious objectors if I keep discovering these weird fellows doing bizarre things in the West.

We still haven't been up the North Fork this spring. The road slid shut about 10 miles below our gate, so no one has been beyond there in a couple of weeks. The snow pack is tremendous, and it still hasn't come down the river yet. For the first time I bought flood insurance this spring. Hope that we don't need it. I guess it will be the middle of June before we get up there. Maybe things will have settled down by then.

Thank you again for the jacket blurb for *Campfire Tales*. It should be out by the end of June. You may regret this kindness, but it's too late now!

Sincerely yours,

Dave
Dave Walter, Research Historian

Classic Land