From: "wdwyman@frontier.com" <wdwyman@frontier.com>
Subject: **Greetings--What a year!**
Date: December 27, 2014 8:01:22 AM PST
To: Carol Doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Reply-To: "wdwyman@frontier.com" <wdwyman@frontier.com>

Dear Ivan and Carol -- Your Christmas report arrived yesterday, and what a year of awards! Congratulations to you, and I hail you on the next book.

I had meant the title of my book to be with a comma after Hoboes, but the NY publisher made Hoboes to sit all alone, so I guess a colon after Hoboes is the way it has to be. Thanks much for the too-generous mention. I think you know enough about the harvest folks so that you didn't need any more research, but I appreciate your good words. (When we came to Illinois State University in 1971, I soon learned that one of their football opponents is the Wichita State "Shockers." Dumb me--I presumed Shockers meant something about a big power dam near them. Of course, once I started doing research on the book, I realized that Shockers was the old name for those who built the wheat shocks--something I did for two summers on a rather small threshing run around River Falls. So I learned, and when we play the Shockers I will ask people, What does their name mean?)

All for now -- today is our 50th, so much to do on the usual schedule and then dining out with friends. Now I realize--in going through Christmas cards from comrades of my generation--that everyone has already had a 50th anniversary but us!

I wish the Doigs were here to join us tonight.

-- Mark

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January 5, 2014

Dear Ivan and Carol,

Thanks for the good letter and the interesting pieces that accompanied it. I value your letters, look forward to them, and know that your holiday letter will be more than just a card (one of those given free by the March of Dimes because you donated $10 to them five years ago) with "Best wishes—Ivan and Carol" scrawled on it.

As you have undoubtedly heard, we are in the midst of a massive snowstorm with falling temps predicted for tonight and tomorrow. Schools will be closed here, as everywhere. Our predicted high tomorrow will be something like -9. You will remember these times from Montana and probably also from Decatur and Evanston. They are a bit harder to take for a 75-year-old, but our house is warm, our electricity and gas line are working fine, and it is a chance to do some reading. Just as I annually read James Joyce's "The Dead" during the Christmas season, so too I pull down my Whittier volume when a giant winter storm attacks us, and I turn to "Snow-Bound" for some pleasurable reading—like meeting an old friend once again.

Thank goodness we have nowhere to go today or tomorrow, bought enough groceries yesterday, have warm clothing, and so forth. Neighbors beside us and behind us (across the alley from our garage) have new snowblowers that they delight in using, so we feel safe and secure.

Thank you for your information on the KKK. I am just about to enter the Twenties in my research, helped along by extensive interviews with elderly blacks in the community, carried out years ago by a black sociologist whom I knew, Professor Mildred Pratt of ISU's sociology department. The tapes were laboriously but carefully typed up some years ago, and I have luckily obtained a copy of the typescript. It has many gems, certainly building up information that Bloomington/Normal was a segregated community regarding restaurants and movie theaters (and probably other ways) up through the civil rights movement.

I find such gems as this:

Paul Ward -- born 1920 – this memory is from 1926:
PW: "My dad took me out about midnight one night. There was an alley right across from the house that ran right over into the viaduct. He said, 'I'm going to take you over here to show you something that you won't forget and I don't want you to forget.' So we went over there on Main and stood back by the buildings in the shadows watching a Ku Klux Klan parade right down Main street over the viaduct. Sheets, full regalia, torch light, crosses, the whole bit. He was right. It did give you the possibilities you could get yourself into very easy."
Mildred Pratt: "How often did they parade?"
PW: "This was the hotbed of KKK when I came up. Absolutely. There was a barn up here north of town unless they've torn it down within the last few years where they met. It was one of those things that were common knowledge to everybody."

MP: "Your father knew this was going to take place and he…"
PW: "He wanted me to go over there and see it, and let me know what could happen."
MP: "Did they burn crosses?"
PW: "No, not actually."
MP: "Did he talk with you afterwards? Did he ask you what you thought of it"
PW: "No, not as I recall. Not that so much as to just be aware of the type of condition existing. Always prepare yourself. Don't get too smart for your own good. Whether you are right or wrong something can happen."

But also, sprinkled throughout the interviews are comments that get at the basis of how blacks were held down for so long, such as:

Lucille McGee

Born Charleston, Missouri. Once a mob burned a boy there because of rape or sex with a white girl he knew. "His momma swore to the last minute that he didn't do it. She (THE WHITE GIRL) wasn't with him. And they wouldn't take her word. Group of whites lynched him.

"The next morning, everybody jumped out, and went to work like nothing ever happened. That was the best way to do it. Other than having a mob or something like that. So it just happened…" Nobody tried (TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT) because they did not want to get hurt, you know. They felt like they were afraid. But they stepped out and nobody ever said a word about it. If they did it was closed lips . . . Where they took this boy-- they brought him right down in the colored section to do that."

MILDRED PRATT: "So that was to teach a lesson, I suppose."

"Yes. To teach a lesson. But after that nobody ever said a word about it. But that went on. After that nothing else like that ever happened again, not a thing."

MILDRED PRATT : "Whites weren't hostile toward the other blacks?"

"No, they were not. The next morning you'd have never knowed it happened. I think that white people kind of thought that something would happen. But everybody just got out and went about their work. Went out to work for the people—even I imagine had done it. That's the saddest thing that ever happened in my home town."

I finally came across what may be the first (and only?) governmental action regarding racial segregation here. In 1908 the Miller Park Board had a separate changing building built for blacks at Miller Park Lake. This caused a big controversy—the city council voted that there was to be no discrimination at Miller Park; letters poured in to the *Pantagraph,* petitions arrived at the council. And then it all suddenly was quiet on the issue—nothing about it anymore in the city council or the two newspapers.

Why?, I wondered. Then I think I learned why: a few weeks later, in August 1908, Springfield erupted with a massive race riot. The black charged with trying to strangle a white woman (a charge later dismissed) was secretly carried up to Bloomington to be kept in the jail here for safe keeping. The *Pantagraph* kept mentioning all the rumors floating about here—very often this was stressed. But no City Council discussion for the next few years that I checked, nothing in the newspapers. The only thing that appeared on this was a letter from a black preacher urging colored people not to congregate on street corners.

Sometimes historians put 2 and 2 together and get 5; sometimes they get 4. I think that I am getting 4 or close to it in assuming that after the race riot of 1908 in Springfield, blacks here were afraid to do anything to set off a riot, while racist whites and many others went ahead to start new efforts to keep blacks down.

I have been forced by such stories to do more thinking about our country's racial past. Because of Eva's connection to the Holocaust (escaping it, but learning what had happened to her parents in 1930s Germany), I frequently read items on what was happening in Germany and in German minds and think about whether they parallel in some ways what happened here. In a review of a book on Primo Levi, which ran in *The Nation* some weeks back, I was struck by this:

"Once in the camp, Levi quickly realized that what he was witnessing was the phenomenon of men having to reduce other men to the subhuman so that they could go on killing without themselves becoming deranged . . . "

So that is where I am now, still on the pre-1920 years, but fast approaching a period when I will have more than newspapers to get material from. (The black churches have no archives.)

Of course, I don't work as hard at this as you do, but I do move slowly ahead. I would like to be wrapping it up sometime in 2015, then probably giving talks around town, possibly doing an article. And so it goes. My typewriter is hardly smoking.

As Carstensen would write: All the best -- Mark Mark

for Ivan + Carol—

HOLIDAY NEWS for 2013 FROM NORMAL

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The year 2013 was an active one for the family, and even the Normal parents ran hither and yon. The big news for us was publication of Eva's book, *Escaping Hitler: A Jewish Haven in Chile,* brought out by the University of Alabama Press. She was interviewed on the local NPR station and gave a talk before a packed house at the McLean County Historical Society, which is also selling the book. Eva continues to teach Spanish to students who come for their classes to 807 N. School; she is becoming more active in the Temple because of the new programs and enthusiasm of Rabbi Lynn Goldstein. Mark slogs along on his research into the beginnings of racial segregation in the community, working mainly now on newspapers from the post-Civil War years onward. In summer we enjoyed a New York trip to attend the Bat Mitzvah ceremony for Adrianna and Yelena in New York, and also went to Austin, Texas, where Eva presented a reading before the Latin American Jewish Studies Association. Then in September we welcomed Helga Goldschmidt from Hamburg, Germany, widow of Eva's half-brother Mario; we three were together here for a week, then all flew out to Half Moon Bay (near San Francisco) for a week spent walking the beach and listening to the surf's roar.

In Auburn, Alabama, Isaac Catalano turned 3 in November, by which time he and Miriam and Matt were busily shaping up things in and around their new house. Isaac is a busy pre-kindergarten student and goes to a Mother's Day Out program at Auburn's United Methodist Church a few mornings a week. Matt is in his second year teaching in the Department of Fisheries at Auburn University, spends time at the university's fish testing ponds and still travels to frequent meetings, although his Alaskan trips are finished for the time being. Miriam prepares for teaching a course on Ecotourism at Auburn in Spring semester, while she also readies a new course (Conflict and Collaboration in Natural Resources) that she will offer on-line (distance education) this Summer for her alma mater, the University of Florida's School of Forest Resources and Conservation.

In Urbana, Illinois, 4-year-old Ana goes to her Montessori pre-school daily and is active in gymnastics among several other weekly activities. For Ruth, the year was a very busy one with running in two half-marathons and winning her first solo criminal court case, defending a falsely-accused man facing 20-40 years in prison if convicted. The jury took only 30 minutes to decide he was not guilty! Juan's teaching load at the University of Illinois School of Engineering has increased so he is now classed as full-time. The university has again asked him to use his Christmas vacation to teach a class in Viet Nam at Ho Chi Minh City Institute of Technology, where he will go after the family enjoys a visit to Cambodia at the end of December.

The big change in Brooklyn was high school for the girls—Adrianna heading off for her freshman year at Brooklyn Tech, called the largest high school in the country, while her twin sister Yelena elected to stay for her freshman year at NEST & M (New Explorations in Science, Technology & Math) where she earlier attended junior high. Marcela and Dan managed somehow to get the girls ready for their Bat Mitzvahs, then saw them off for another summer month at a Quaker camp in Pennsylvania. All the while Marcela keeps teaching art at Urban Academy High School, and Dan locates, acquires, and sometimes sells rare Judaica volumes through DanWymanBooks.com.

Mark + Eva

Dec. 10, 2013

Dear Ivan and Carol,

It has been a hell of a y-e-a-r, to paraphrase the old New Yorker cartoon. The news on the opposite side of this sheet tells some of the trips that complicated things (a bit more than shown), and this Fall we have been involved with trying to figure out the best course for treatment of Eva's glaucoma problem. Tomorrow we go to St. Louis, where what I consider a very fine doctor has been checking her eye pressure. And this on top of other things that keep piling up—today the men are tearing up our front lawn to deal with a sewer line break. All that I need is for my non-Hodgkins Lymphoma to come back (I am in total remission now; for how long I know not).

Other than that, Mrs. Lincoln, how did you like the play? But I am exaggerating. I feel fine, and enjoy the newspaper research I have been doing. I do not find much about the *de facto* segregation (in restaurants, soda shops and movie theaters) that existed here down to the Civil Rights era, but I have run into a few markers that are useful. In 1908 the Park Board built a separate changing facility for blacks, and this kicked up a ruckus until everything suddenly went silent. Why? My guess is the Springfield Race Riot of August 1908. That seems to have shut off any more discussion here in the city council and in the two newspapers about anything racial. The Pantagraph kept referring to all the rumors circulating about the riot. My guess is that blacks decided to avoid doing anything to stir up the racist crowd, and in the meantime the pro-segregation folks got active. I have not hit the Twenties yet, and I know the KKK marched here. So all this probably fits with national trends. Maybe even in Montana: Pat McLatchey told me that his father was working in Gardiner and his boss told him he had to join the KKK to keep his job, so he joined.

As I wrote, I liked *The Bartender's Tale,* and I would guess you have been getting good returns. Are there any Anaconda folk left from that era who might be a bit angry or embarrassed? Or is that era too far gone for such reactions?

Well, I hope things are going well in Seattle, and that you both can perhaps hoof it a bit if the steep roads in your area are not iced up. Or perhaps try that Olympic Peninsula sandspit we once walked on?

Holiday cheers --

Mark

Xmas 2014

Mark, hi and all due felicitations--

I'm cutting it close, but by jingle here's the holiday letter while the holiday ain't quite dead yet as this leaves the house. Was glad as ever to get your letter and Xmas note, and you unerringly zeroed in on what counts, now and in, guess what, history. That pic and piece in the UW alum magazine has brought an amazing amount of response from neighbors etc., who must have been on campus about the same time we were. As you noted, the writer didn't go anywhere near my (short-lived) newspapering, although she interviewed me exhaustively about damn near everything. Am passing along the text of a short piece I wrote to go with *Sweet Thunder* in the publisher's catalogue--you too must have been somewhere journalistic at the time of the JFK assassination? In any case, the backstory of this 50th year since, for Carol and me, is that the JFK tragedy brought us together. I was wrung out down there in Decatur after the days coping with the flood of news out of Dallas--none of us on the editorial side helped by having to deal with a right-wing wire editor known as Sid Snake--and Carol, up there in Evanston with her magazine job, had said come on up for Thanksgiving if you want, I'm having some people in. I'd said Naw, can't, have to work the next day. But I finally decided enough of the wire service wringer, I'll drive back from Evanston half the night if I have to, and from that Thanksgiving on, we began dating and here we are, nearly 49 married years later.

The other enclosures I thought might tickle your interest as you track down segregation roots. I got to looking at the KKK in the l9-teens and twenties for the plot of *Prairie Nocturne*. The player piano rolls info etc. is from a Spokane museum, the Butte tale is just for kicks. I did come across more than one reference to Butte's Catholic postmen tossing away KKK mail.

Well, what else to pass along. The report on the other side kind of sums up the book season, I guess, and on the personal front, we're hanging in there. Great to hear you're in remission. My myeloma doesn't go into that territory, it has to be suppressed all the time, and so, seven years on, I'm still internally unharmed thanks to the fearsome pills my doc puts in me--better living through pharmaceuticals, eh? There've been quite a few medical advances against blood cancers lately, so if I can keep standing the side effects (not easy), maybe I can stay on the up side of the ground for a while yet. Carol is doing well, soldiered like an amazon (small a) on the booktour. So we're up and going, not bad considering.

Okay, favorite story from the bookstore trail this time around. I get talked into an event at a retirement home, against my better judgment, but damned if it doesn't go really well, the residents buy books and everything. A strapping grayhaired woman comes through the signing line, says she wants a book signed up for her sister.

Me, brightly: "That's what I'm here for."
She: "It's her birthday, can you inscribe it that way?"
Me: "You betcha."
She: "It's her 80th birthday..."
Me: "I can put that in."
She: "She"s my younger sister."
Me, writing away: "Oh yeah?"
She: "But we've always been very close. We do things together on our birthdays. This year we're going to jump out of a plane."
Me, pen and all else stopped cold: *"Skydiving?!* Have you ever done that before?"
She: "Oh no." Big grin: "But I can't wait to have a handsome young man strapped to my back."

And that's it from here this year--all best to you and Eva for '14.

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Aug. 28, 2013

Dear Ivan and Carol,

Sweet Thunder arrived yesterday, and I'm very much honored that you have kept me on your mailing list. I managed to get a few pages into it last night, but will be pursuing it over coming evenings. Thanks for sending another gem.

It comes as Eva has joined the ranks of U.S. published authors, with the recent arrival of *Escaping Hitler—A Jewish Haven in Chile,* which the University of Alabama Press brought out early this month. As I may have written once, her manuscript was rejected by at least ten publishers, and I had come to the conclusion that we would self-publish. Then I was scanning the Immigration History Society newsletter when I saw a book on Jews in Argentina, published by Alabama. So we tried there, and—Bingo!

But the manuscript that Alabama took was far different, far better, than the first ones that were rejected quickly by publishers of Jewish books, of books on Latin America, of books on the Holocaust, and so on. We kept revising and condensing—deciding (for example) that three pages on Jews in the Colonial era in Chile probably was too much. We condensed that, I think, to one-half of a sentence. We worked a lot on the title, also, and I think that made a big difference. (Recently Eva heard from a Jew in the D.C. area who arrived in Chile on the same boat but was six years older and they did not know each other. He titled his book *Loss and Restoration: Stories From Three Continents,* which is about as undefined a book title as I have ever heard of. It is largely a family history and includes reports of his son's wedding; but he can't figure out why he had to self-publish!)

Your name is so well known now, Ivan, that you could call your book "What's Up?" and it would sell.

I now look through new eyes, having had cataracts removed from both eyes recently. I go tomorrow to be fitted for glasses; my distant vision is very good but not so for reading. So I am aging. Next week I go for my final cancer maintenance session; then it is a six-month checkup to see how I'm doing. Obviously you two are in good shape.

The age issue has been on my mind recently with the death of a friend who came to ISU in the 1960s as first chair of the new Psychology department. He was 89, had gone into WWII as an 18-year-old and flew some 69 bombing missions mainly over the Balkans, targeting the Romanian oil

refineries that were producing what author Allen Furst calls the "blood of war." A friend who is a veteran told me that after eleven missions you were statistically dead—but somehow this guy hung on and had some harrowing, and some funny, stories to tell. All of which reminds me again that the WW II guys are fading away quickly. They were the high school teachers for our generation, rising up in local businesses and institutions. When I worked in the Forest Service they were the foremen, district rangers, and sometimes my fellow-workers. All this makes me more aware than I have been til now of the cycle of life.

I continue to slog away on my long-term project to learn about the beginnings of racial segregation in our community. Nothing in the post-Civil War decades, I finally decided, although there may have been some starts by the 1890s. But in 1908 the Park Board decided to construct a separate changing room for blacks at Miller Park Lake. This was creating a controversy—when all of a sudden discussion stopped in the City Council and in the two newspapers. What happened, I think, is the Springfield Race Riot of late-summer 1908 made blacks afraid to push and convinced whites that segregation was best. I have a lot more to look at, but it seems to me this is the likely scenario.

Enclosed is a copy of a letter I sent to the Pantagraph, which has drawn some praise—but (I am told) much scorn from the blogosphere. And so it goes.

Again, many thanks for *Sweet Thunder,* and best wishes to you two who hold down sanity on the western edges of the continent.

As Vernon used to say, All the best –

Mark Mark

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May 31, 2013

Dear Ivan,

Thanks for the book, which at first I expected to be ANOTHER DOIG BOOK—HOW DOES HE DO IT? We are just finishing up Eva's book and so we/she might have some time to dig into this. Looks interesting; perhaps it will fit the pattern of immigrant family does well, but his forays into what happened to those left behind puts it on a somewhat different course. (This morning the paper reported that another Indian kid won the national spelling bee—and I thought, "Familiar story: immigrant child pushed to do well, and does!")

Eva's book: title is *Escaping Hitler: A Jewish Haven in Chile.* We searched for more than a year looking for a publisher; some said they don't do memoirs; some said it did not have enough memoir in it. We were close to giving up and going to self-publishing, when I saw a reference in the *Immigration History Newsletter* of a book on Argentina's Jews published by the University of Alabama Press. Alabama? Really? Who woulda thunk? So we tried them—and clicked. We got the final copy now (via the Internet—even Hill & Wang sent a printed copy for me to do the Index) and so I have been doing the Index for some days and it is a very intensive activity. But it is done, and sent off, and her page of corrections will go today. We had some trouble with Alabama folks on the cover, but think the final version is acceptable.

So that's what has been happening around here. I have only two more bi-monthly cancer maintenance sessions, where I spend about 6 hours being shot full of something called Rituxin. Then presumably I am OK for awhile—some years or many years—who knows?

Like you and Carol I follow the press and its agonies. When we travel over to Urbana to see Ruth and her husband and 4-year-old daughter, I always try to spend some time with the Champaign News-Gazette. It is fat, with an obviously large news staff. Then I return home and gaze in dismay at the pitiful, tiny Bloomington Pantagraph. Similar communities, about the same size—what is the difference? Former Pantagraph staffers tell me: The Champaign paper is family-owned. The Pantagraph was once, by Adlai's cousin, and it really had a large staff and I must admit it covered the

community fairly well although I disagreed with the editorial page. Then it was sold to the SF Chronicle, then to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, and now to the Lee Chain. My former employer! Lee went bankrupt, so what does a publisher do? Cut the news staff, of course! My friends say it has about ¼ the news staff it had under the Merwin family. So of course large numbers of ISU faculty don't subscribe, and I think very few of my neighbors do.

Alas, no PacNW trip this summer. We have a trip to a Texas conference of Latin American Jewish scholars, so Eva can talk about her book; then to NY for Dan and family; and then to Mayo Clinic for Eva's annual visit when I will have the brothers Mayo look at my innards also.

My own research slogs along—trying to learn when racial segregation began here. It ended around 1960, and apparently it had all been *de facto*. No laws involved. I have been reading papers from the post-Civil War era, which I really enjoy, as you know. No clues back then—the anti-slavery people who were so strong in 1860 were dying off, and the new reformers were all wrapped up with votes for women, and crushing the alcohol beast. (Normal allowed no sales of booze until about 1978! Really!). My feeling now is that real segregation in restaurants, movie theaters, etc., began in the Twenties when the KKK was fairly strong here. The extensive interviews that an ISU sociologist conducted with elderly blacks in the 1980s and 1990s frequently report segregation from their 1920s childhoods through the 1950s. And so it goes. (Any stories picked up in Decatur?)

Looking forward to learning more about Butte! And kicking myself for not venturing up there in 1960-61 from Livingston, when it was still rollicking. Probably too wild for me then.

As ever, Mark

Mark

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Nov. 18, 2013

Dear Ivan,

It is some days since I finished *Sweet Thunder,* but our lives have gotten so clogged that I had to keep putting off writing to you. Eva has been very anxious in recent months over the possibility that her glaucoma might reduce her sight, perhaps because she has a friend here who is now blind in one eye because a quack in Ithaca, New York, did her glaucoma surgery. So we went to Mayo, and then to St. Louis, then back to St. Louis for a cataract removal, now back to St. Louis in two days for a checkup on how that has affected the glaucoma pressure. And so it goes. We are preparing already for the invasion here at Thanksgiving time. So that helps explain—but does not excuse—my tardiness.

I liked *Sweet Thunder* a lot, and kept asking myself why? I think the reason is somehow involved with newspapering, and I think it set off some of the tugs I sometimes feel for our old profession. True, you were an editorial writer and I was copy editor and then beat reporter, but the lingo is the same and the newsroom jumble is somehow akin. And it is all there in your pages. You had all of that newsroom stuff down pat—even to the discarded galley proofs.

Will you accept that it now ranks for me in the top of your list of books, along with *This House of Sky* and perhaps *English Creek,* although I can't tell you how I could put any of them below top rank. One of your loyal fans here, who keeps pulling your books from the Normal Public Library, asked me early on about *Sweet Thunder* before she grabbed it off the shelf. After thinking a moment I told her that I thought you had worked harder on your wordsmithing now, coming up with phrases and words that both enliven the text and force the reader to think a bit. Now, after finishing the book, I think I still agree with my earlier statement.

And good old Butte--the town I never got to know in its heyday, although I could have seen it in 1961-2 just before its real decline set in. Of course, Anaconda had sold its newspapers by then, which must have made some real differences in the political climate in Butte and Helena. And later when I spent some time in Butte trying to see if the local museum's records had anything for my hobo research, the place was becoming a shell, a memory of olden times when the streets were jammed at shift change. Well, you capture it beautifully. I wonder if you did any reading of the old post-WWI newspapers?

Not much to say about my own research, which I plug away at slowly. Still trying to find when racial segregation began here. Thank goodness for the interviews that a black sociologist here did with elderly blacks in the 1980s and 1990s, for she often asked about segregation. I have been going through newspapers (something I love to do) and I think the only governmental action regarding racial segregation here occurred in 1908 when the Park Board had a separate black changing house set up at the lake at the park. This set off a real jumble of debates, which suddenly quieted with the Springfield race riot of August 1908. Now I see why that event in Lincoln's home town is often listed among the major events in American history. Besides rapidly leading to the creation of the NAACP, it chopped off all discussion of racial issues here, and probably in many other communities as well. So the Park Board went ahead and no one stopped them or, it seems, even talked about it. The city council fell silent. I think blacks were afraid, and racist whites felt they had a go-ahead to stop blacks from causing trouble. Perhaps.

I try to stay in shape by lap swims every M-W-F, occasional hikes and long walks, and I often feel blocked from dong all the reading I want. An old lament. My cancer is in remission, I should add; for how long I of course do not know. But I feel in good shape.

Thank you again, my old friend, for keeping me supplied with your works. I don't know if "cherish" is the appropriate word here, but I do feel that I cherish your books and am proud to have them. And all this letter I am assuming that you will tell Carol that I know she continues helping you in ways that are crucial—greetings to her.

Mark

As always, Mark

Ivan Doig

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21 May '13

Dear Mark--

Don't know what you'll think of this opus, but thought you might be interested in a look, given your own interest and research in some of the same parts of the world. Laskin is a neighbor and a great guy and a really close friend, so I had no qualm about fashioning a blurb for him, even though I felt out of my territory. I wish he'd maybe kept to more to a central theme--the scribe angle through the generations until as he says, at the last, it reached him--and we'll see what you historianically (hah! new word!), but I watched him do gut-busting research for a couple of years on this, and as you'll see, the uplift of the Maidfenform bra may carry it all, ay? His publisher, Viking, is putting a lot behind this book. Oddly, Laskin and I have ended up as literary housemates, as I'm with Riverhead, another Penguin Group imprint. They're treating us both as if we know what we're doing, glad to say.

And hey, better read fast, because around Labor Day another chunk of writing will reach you, this one another tale of Buttle and Morrie versus the nefarious Anaconda bosses on the top floor of the Hennessy building. I've called this one Sweet Thunder, from Shakespeare--always swipe from the best. Hope you and Eva are doing okay--how's your health these days? Persevering here, no alarums.

Best wishes,

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Dec. 13, 2012

Dear Ivan and Carol—

Surprise! I finished enough of the holiday season work, and decided to quit reading the book club book,[i] so I up and finished Bartender's Tale last night. So while it is fresh in my mind I want to write to you.

And above all, to thank you for sending a copy to us, inscribed as always. Dan says those Doig books will be worth real money 'ere long! But all it means to me is lasting friendship, and I thank you.

I wasn't long into the book before I began to connect on past Doig books, and to see young Ivan as the key teller just as I had seen that in earlier works. Yes, Ivan is there, the observant kid, the one who figures out what others are thinking as well as doing. There is quite a continuity in your books that way, and it is interesting to follow.

As I started reading Bartender's Tale, I started to wonder: Did they drink *ditch* in Gros Ventre? That was what they drank in Livingston. And lo! and behold! Soon there appeared ditch-water. Also, we had a Stockman tavern in Livingston and in my travels around Montana I think there always was a Stockman. And a Mint Bar. The Stockman in Livingston was right down the street from the Enterprise, and it was the lowest-ranking saloon in town. One of our guys used to pop in there to get a candy bar or gum (he said), and once when he came back he told me to go right down to the Stockman—"There's a gal there whose face looks like a can of worms." I went, and he was right. One of the most truly ugly women I have ever seen. She was over 6 feet tall, and went by the name "The Amazon." I was told that she traveled all over the West, and would do it standing up in the alley for anyone. I avoided that place like the plague—I don't think I ever went in there to drink.

When Gros Ventre came onto a page, I tried to remember who taught me how to pronounce it. And I think it was you, Ivan, in one of our sessions. Now you have given that little town to the world.

And there is Fort Peck Dam, with memories of *Bucking the Sun* coming back repeatedly. Lots of connections for your army of readers (which includes several people in Normal, Illinois, who sometimes confront me and ask about your next book).

So it is quite a book, Ivan, and I also like again to see the photo in the end flap by Carol Doig!

So thanks to you both for it all – for sending us the book, but especially for bringing it to daylight. And I still await your mission to take on Anaconda's newspaper control!

Always -- Mark

---

[i] Because the book group does not meet until mid-January. And if I read that book now I will forget it by the time we get together.

Dec. 8, '12

Mark, hi--

So how are you? I'm hoping your treatment has held up. As for the health news from here, it's about as good as it gets, which is stable. I'm on a kind of junior version of Thalidomide now, called Revlimid, which thank heavens doesn't cause quite as much neruopathy, but has its own charms such as leg and hand cramps. I'm able to use a keyboard, though--I don't what it says that the old Royal manual typewriter is actually easier on my hands than the computer.

On to other things: ever since the election we've been in a state of Left Coast gloating out here. Not only were WA, OR, and CAL called for Obama the minute the polls closed, guaranteeing him the election even if Ohio etc. hadn't, we wiped the floor with the Republicans in other ways, too. On the whole West Coast, there is now exactly one Republican holding statewide office of any kind, the secretary of state here in Washington. The GOP candidates lost in all three open House races here, and lost the governorship for what I guess is a national record sixth straight time. It has really been kind of libertarian-liberalism hilariously on a binge here, Washington having legalized both marijuana and same-sex marriage at the same time, and, further woe unto the religious right-wingers who keep whining in the papers that they're thinking of moving to Texas, the leading candidate for mayor of Seattle is a gay state legislator. The old saying that you can see from the Space Needle every vote you need to win statewide is more true than ever, and maybe Jim Farley's crack about the Soviet of Washington is back in style, too. So it's been fun for a household that leans the way we do. Incidentally, did you follow Nate Silver's 538 blog, pre-election? We did, Carol having discovered it on-line, and his poll-crunching that showed the swing states never budging from Obama week after week made this the most relaxed presidential election for us that we can ever remember.

What's been perking on the Wyman burner? Doubtless under your influence, I've just started working on a novel where a kid and an older guy join the hoboes for a little while--specifically, they're gonna jungle up with the hay hands in the willows outside Wisdom, Montana, as they try to latch on in haying in the Big Hole. I hope you've had good feedback on that really good book. You'll note from the other side of this how astonishingly book reviewers have vanished; that AP review I mentioned ran in the Detroit and Boston newspapers, for cripe's sakes--back to the days of boilerplate, eh?

And speaking of that kind of thing, I've spent a lot of this year fantasizing about old-time newspapering, as the next book, mentioned on the other side, is about my man Morrie getting involved with the union newspaper in Butte in the fight against the nefarious Anaconda Copper Company. The Wyman experience in not-quite-copper-collar-unshackled Livingston is ever on my mind. And hey, I've even been able to give the editor of my Butte *Thunder* a green eyeshade.

That's about it from here. We're hunkering in for the holidays as ever, may or may not go to Tucson for a week of January sun. Looking forward to your report, and hoping all goes well with you and Eva in '13.

Mark Wyman
807 North School • Normal, Illinois 61761
(309) 452-2888

Sept. 12, 2012

Dear Ivan,

I had a tipoff that the next Doig opus was being revealed to the world, when I paged through the UW *Columns* rag and saw a bookstore ad announcing your imminent appearance. So right away when the postman almost knocked down our mailbox with your package I knew what it was.

And, again as before, I thank you. A great accomplishment in a career that is already full of great accomplishments. Actually (and honestly), I have been thinking that I should check in with you, but really my only news is on the health front—cancer still in remission, low iron (Can you imagine that? In me?), now a bout with Colitis in my lower colon. So old age is creeping rather voraciously into my very being.

I did appear on BBC Radio recently, so I guess that is news. It shows again that the Hill & Wang marketing folk were correct, after all, in enlarging the word "Hoboes" into something like 72 point on the cover. Someone who works for an outfit in London that prepares features for the BBC saw the book, and wanted some info on hoboes for a feature on Honeyboy Edwards, a black blues man who died at 96 last year in Chicago, and who had been a hobo in the Thirties and Forties. One of their people called me, praised and praised the book, and then when I said something about some stuff in the book and he didn't know what I was talking about, I realized that he had read at most two pages. They never grasped that the book stops in about 1925 and their character was a hobo during the following decades. Anyway, they did a telephonic interview with me, and in the 55-minute program I appear briefly four times. I realized again—as I have on occasion before in my 74 years—that I do not have a good radio voice. Too high pitched. They had some comments by a guy who made that film on teenaged hoboes, and his voice is rich and deep.

The only other thing I can report is that I have embarked on a long-term project, looking at what happened in Normal regarding race relations. ISU was launched in 1857 as the first Normal school in Illinois by some abolitionists, and its early years made it clear that they sought an interracial community. This afternoon I went through some old, decaying newspapers still kept at the county historical society, and the Democrats certainly loved jabbing at those nigger-lovers in Normal.

But later in the century things began to change. I don't know when it happened, or why, but certainly it seems things here were like almost everywhere across Illinois up to perhaps the Chicago region. It was probably a simple thing—the abolitionists died off, and their children worked for woman suffrage or they chased after fortunes in the Gilded Age. I have interviewed a couple of old black men, and read through interviews done by the historical society in the 1980s and 1990s with elderly black men and women. And the story is the same: up to the Civil Rights era of the 1960s, blacks could not eat at restaurants, could not get their hair cut in white-run barber shops, and at the theaters had to sit in special sections distant from the screen.

So that is what I am looking at now, and thinking about. I don't see this as a book—probably an article, certainly talks to some local churches and other groups.

We had a big time this summer when Dan and Marcela Glusman were married. You will recall that Dan's wife Jennie died nearly 7 years ago, and he has soldiered on raising their twin daughters, who just turned 13. We really like Marcela—a winner in every way, and it is good to have a woman in the house for these teen-aged daughters! She teaches art in a NY public high school. Dan's first wedding, and Ruth's, and Miriam's, were tiny affairs. So in July Dan invited half of New York City! It was a mammoth affair, and they rented a park building in Queens. So there is joy in our household over Dan's new turn.

All for now -- the Doig masterpieces keep rolling out. Why hasn't Hollywood grabbed one? Perhaps the Bartender's Tale? Greetings to Carol who I know is the invisible hand in your operations--I was glad to see that she shot that beautiful photo on the end flap -- good work, Carol.

Always,

Mark

603 N. Mandan St.
Bismarck, ND 58501
eriksaks@btinet.net
November 26, 2012

Ivan Doig
17277 15th Ave. NW.
Shoreline, WA 98177

Dear Ivan,

In my own defense, let me say it was my wife Amy and son Alex who pushed me into writing you. You may remember the first time we met, about a million years ago or so, I was a graduate student in the MFA program in Missoula. Amy introduced us. Alex was still in diapers. Back then, I had a novel that Emilie Jacobson at Curtis Brown, Ltd. was sending out. That one, and another that followed, never did find a home. I put the writing on hold after that, to focus on family and business and a dozen other pursuits. Or maybe I was just a bit too discouraged.

A few years ago, I dusted off one of the old manuscripts, made some revisions, and entered it in the Hackney Literary Awards. Much to my surprise, the novel won the 2009 prize. Encouraged by that, and perhaps feeling the swift passage of time, I decided to take up the madness again. Well, I completed a new novel a little over a year ago now, and Gail Hochman is representing it for me. She has been wonderful to work with. She has a brilliant eye, and she knows the business like nobody else. I really am fortunate to have her batting for me.

Anyway, I guess I'm writing to beg a favor of you. I've been working to gather a couple of endorsements or pre-blubs from notable writers to strengthen her submissions and perhaps help move it forward. I know you're awfully busy, but I was hoping you might be willing to take a look, and if you felt so inclined, perhaps offer a few words on my behalf? Bill Kittredge read it recently and gave me a very nice endorsement.

We still get out to Montana every summer. I suspect you know that Amy and her brother kept the place west of Choteau after Carol died. The latest news on the Front is that Bud's daughter Helen is putting Twin Lakes up for sale. It's tough to see it go. We only hope that it will be bought and preserved as is. It would be a shame if someone cut it up and developed the property. Alex is still in Missoula, writing for the Independent. He's been covering politics and environmental issues mostly. Our daughter Emily is in graduate school in Eugene, Oregon, working toward her masters in historic preservation.

I enjoyed The Bartender's Tale, by the way. You've done a marvelous job capturing all the period color. The loyalty to FDR, the local love/hate relationship with Great Falls Select, and the Medicine Lodge, especially, gave me quite a few smiles. I get kind of thirsty thinking about it! Well, please give this some consideration and let me know. I've always had great admiration and respect for you and your work, and it would mean the world to me.

Sincerely,

Erik Sakariassen

4 Dec. '12

Erick, hi--

Appreciated your letter and your situation, and wanted to get back to you in a hurry. First of all, congratulations on the resumed writing career, you sound like you're actually doing fine. As to blurbing the manuscript for you, alas, I can't do it no more. I'm still writing full blast, and age tells us that at some point it's a last blast, so among the things I've regretfully had to swear off of is handling manuscripts; would that this had come up some years back, I'd have gladly done what I could for you. In any event, you were around Bud as he kept going as a writer, and while my health is better than his was--knock wood--I think you grasp why I've retired from certain fields, so to speak, to give my all to my own work. Best of luck with yours--I'm sure you're in good hands with Gail, and if I have any advice to give, I'd say if endorsements have to be pursued further (I'm always in favor of letting the work speak for itself, but that's just me), maybe look outside "the West" to balance off against Bill K's blurb.

Thanks for the good words about The Bartender's Tale. It took us to Missoula for the Montana Book Festival, where we stayed with Lois Welch, caught up with some local talk, and so on. The news on Ripley's health was not at all good, as you may have heard.

Regards to Amy-- the Barn family, and times of looking out at Ear Mountain with Bud and Carol over something tall, cool and restorative, are treasures of memory for us.

All best,

4 Dec. '12

Dear Ms. Berghold--

Appreciated the book you sent, and wanted to get back to you in a hurry. First of all, congratulations on your photo work, which seems to be adding up impressively. As to writing something for you for the next book, alas, I've had to call a halt to such things. I'm still writing full blast, and age tells us that at some point it's a last blast, so among the things I've regretfully had to swear off of is almost all forewords, blurbs, etc. in order to cncentrate on my own waiting words. I did exactly one foreword this year, as a contribution to the Montana Preservation Alliance and its schoolhouse book; but that was a real exception. So, sorry your work has come along so late in my career, but that's unfortunately the way it is. I wish you the best of luck--please be confident that really good work is its own best testimonial.

Regards,

JB Joanne Berghold
Photography

November 28th, 2012

Dear Mr. Doig,

I have long admired and enjoyed your work.

My first book "Montana Hometown Rodeo" was published in 2004 by The Museum of New Mexico Press. This "Old Windows- Old Doors", is my second book which I self- published. I wanted control and a Made in Montana book, not one printed in China.
My third book , also to be self –published , will be out in early fall 2113 in time for Christmas. It will be a larger format book with more photographs and I have all the images but for a few snow scenes. It is the book I have been working on for twenty years and somehow the other two books evolved as I was travelling around Montana. The new one will have photographs of clouds, fields and roads primarily. I have not decided on a title yet. My web site: www.joanneberghold.com has some of those images.

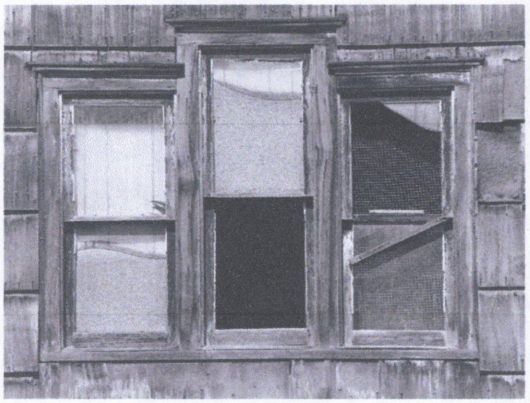
I would be honored if you would consider writing something for the book. I would also be thrilled!

Sincerely,

Joanne Berghold

917-561-4211 www.JoanneBerghold.com
PO Box 992 — Livingston MT 59047

Old Windows – Old Doors



Joanne Berghold

REVIEWS

Joanne's pictures remind us again of the struggles, hard work, sacrifices and courage these families experienced in paving the way for Montana agriculture as we know it today. Thank you, Joanne, for helping preserve the heritage of the pioneering spirit of days past.

——— Rod Clark, 3rd generation Shields Valley Rancher

With compassion, commitment, and craftsmanship, Joanne Berghold captures the nostalgia of the past and the essence of the present. We are privileged to ride with her as she travels around Montana sharing with us her remarkable blend of skill and artistry.

——— Paul Dix, photographer and author

Many photographers take good pictures. Good photographers make good photographs. Joanne Berghold makes good photographs in Montana, and has done so for some time. I've been photographing and traveling in Montana for twenty-five years now, and I often see Joanne's photographs and wish I had made them. I guess that's the best compliment I can pay to a fellow photographer and lover of Montana.

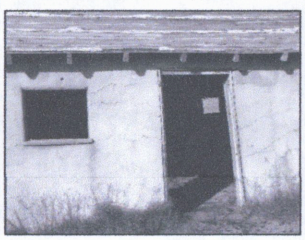
——— Tom Ferris, Archival Photographer, Montana Historical Society

This is a wonderful book of photographs showing the powerful dust and splinters of dreams lost, dreams abandoned, and dreams replaced by other dreams and other realities.

——— Tom Murphy is a wildlife and landscape photographer

Joanne Berghold's collection of windows and doors of early Montana raises haunting questions: who settled in these remote places, and what were their dreams? And why did they leave? Her powerful photographs stir our hearts, and fill us with a yearning to know more.

——— Richard Wheeler is the author of novels and western fiction



Hi Ivan and Carol,

Sorry to have missed your appearance on Bainbridge. We have been reading the glowing reviews and are anxious to get reading the real thing. Of course, it wouldn't be the same without a signature on our book. We hope we can make one of your coming events but barring that maybe we could take you to dinner to celebrate your success when the show slows down a bit.

Eric is having surgery on his knee this coming Monday -- torn meniscus. We anticipate a speedy recovery but will be content to go at whatever pace gets him back at it. I expect a full recovery by October which might be a point to check on your schedule.

In the time since we last saw you we also got ourselves a puppy, Ziggy, after Ziggy Marley. We thought we had brought home a boy, but that's a story for another time. We're taking the remedial biology course. In any case at four months old she is occupying much of our life.

Hope you are both well and enjoying our beautiful late summer.

Warmest regards,

Jan Eric

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3'99

JOHN SIMON GUGGENHEIM MEMORIAL FOUNDATION
90 PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK, NY 10016
(212) 687-4470 - abernard@gf.org

ANDRÉ BERNARD
Vice President and Secretary

Dear Ivan

I am thrilled to have a galley of the Butterbur Tale. Thank you so very much for sending it to me. It's wonderfully, and characteristically, generous. Becky tells me things are lining up in a most wonderful way for you and the book. Fingers crossed! In the meantime, thank you.

We're off to glamorous Downtown Dayton, Ohio, for a week. More on that when we return.

Yours - André
July 5

Dear Mark--Was much relieved to see the blessed word "remission" in your Christmas letter. Maybe there's some miles left in us yet. I'm coming up on five years since my stem cell procedure--eleven years since the first diagnosis of the threat of myeloma--and while it takes some coping from the side effects of Thalidomide, I seem to function reasonably well. You sound as if you're starting to go strong again.

Glad to hear you're back to researching and eventual writing--Hoboes was such a fine job. I'm now at what Carol refers to as the *next* next book, a sequel to Work Song which brings Morrie back to Butte in 1921 to tackle Anaconda on the none-too-glamorous issue of taxation. Ah, he does it, though, as wordslinger for the new union newspaper, the Butte Thunder, and the editorial invective etc., with bootleggers on the fringes of the happenings, gives me some playful room, it seems. Speaking of Montana newspapering, did you notice this past week that the Lee organization filed for bankruptcy? I was startled to see in the story that they own the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. In my Decatur mini-career, we looked to the P-D as a good liberal guiding light, complete with Mauldin editorial cartoons.

As to the next book, it's done and is called The Bartender's Tale, I hope, I hope. I had to shuck my original title, Miss You When I'm Gone, because last spring some inconsiderate SOB of a writer came out with Miss Me When I'm Gone, can you believe it? I actually like Bartender's Tale better, and am waiting with fingers crossed to see if it gets past the sales and marketing people at the publisher. I can always throw a fit in defense of my own preference, but if they say people aren't gonna buy a book with a title like that--well, God never told nobody to be stupid, right? It apparently will be late next year before publication, simply because the Penguin Group, of which my publisher Riverhead is something like a peninsula, kind of operates like the Red Army, massing its forces across the calendar, and my opus pocus goes on their autumn list.

Meanwhile, back at the footlights, a repertory theater here in Seattle, Book-It, is staging my Prairie Nocturne (in Feb.) and damned if Carol and I aren't going to be hanging around a few rehearsals and consorting with actors. This takes me back to college days when I loved going to the Northwestern theater department's rehearsals. Lots of lessons of craft. A formidable doyenne named Elvina Krauss directed one of my housemates, Richard Benjamin (later of the movie Goodbye, Columbus) in an Odets play where at one point he comes onstage, says something like "Here's the lox, Ma" and puts the paper sack in the refrigerator. Krauss made somebody go downtown for lox in that sack every time, no faking it whatsoever.

Well, that's the main stuff from here. I'd discuss politics with you, but it's too depressing. Newt Gingrich, for crying out loud. Here's hoping you and Eva have a sound and healthy new year.

All best,

Mark Wyman
807 North School • Normal, Illinois
(309) 452-2888 wdwyman@verizon.net

April 16, 2011

Dear Ivan and Carol,

Not on a typewriter, but from a new computer comes this letter. On Tuesday I go in for my second chemo session, so I thought this is the time to finally write to the Doigs. I can report right off that I feel fine, that I swim a quarter of a mile two or three times a week, and have little discomfort other than some stomach pressure occasionally if I eat a big supper. So I have learned (at my brother's suggestion) to snack at mid-afternoon and then to eat a smaller supper.

As I told you in our marathon telephone conversation, my introduction to the need for chemo has put me in the mood frequently to think back on my life, which mainly helps me see how lucky I have been. Over and over, I have been saved from stupid or costly results by luck. There is no other word for it. And when I see people who are in trouble in their sunset years, I wonder: did they not have the kind of luck I had, over and over?

The Hoboes book is now out in paperback, and it will be interesting to see how it does. I am most curious about the Kindle books, and how the electronic version will stand up to the printed version. When we were in New York to see Dan earlier this year, I had lunch with my assistant editor, and when I asked about sales, he said something about them being good but not as good as they had expected. Perhaps that is the usual story for publishers.

My real pay comes in readers' comments, as in a phone call a few nights ago from an 80-year-old in California who had stumbled on Hoboes in the public library. We had a good chat, and I told him that his words were my real pay.

My research—such as it is—these days is not for some distant book, but to gather information on recent immigrants coming into our area. This will be used to enlarge some very fine exhibits at the local historical society, which so far center on those who came 100-150 years ago: Yankees, Upland South people, Irish, Germans, Blacks. So we will add people from India, Mexicans, and then short spiels on the smaller groups like Vietnamese (who came and went) and now the Congolese I have helped occasionally.

My other activity of late is to set up a local celebration of Pete Seeger's 92nd birthday. His birthday is May 3, but we can't get the room (a former courtroom) at the local historical society until the following night. There are

some local folk groups who are going to participate. I met with one of their representatives yesterday and we picked ten songs to have people sing at the "For the Love of Pete" Hootenanny:

This Land is Your Land; We Shall Overcome; If I had a Hammer; Where Have all the Flowers Gone; Michael Row the Boat Ashore; Down in the Valley; Goodnight Irene; Rock Island Line; Solidarity Forever; We Shall Not Be Moved

The Doigs, being children of the 'Fifties and 'Sixties, will recognize all of these. I am hoping for a good turnout, but in fact I won't be crushed if few people come. Only we older folk remember Pete Seeger.

If my chemo on Tuesday (7 hours) and Wednesday (3 hours) goes as lightly as last month, I will be having an easy time of it over the next two weeks. Perhaps I will get a bit of cabin fever at times, since I am told to avoid crowds—no movies, for example. But in fact it is going OK.

My idea for a Doig book: young J-School grad gets job on a Montana daily owned by Anaconda. Fights the Company, fights his bosses, uncovers corruption, digs into community's past. What do you think?

You bet -- Mark Mark

From: WDWYMAN <wdwyman@frontier.com>
Subject: **Plagiarism issue for Wymans**
Date: March 6, 2011 7:30:47 PM PST
To: cddoig@comcast.net

Dear Ivan and Carol,

I don't know how often you check your e-mails, but Eva has been grappling with an issue and we decided to seek your advice and/or any information.

You might recall Eva's first book: Published in Chile, it was an anthology of poems by poets who suffered under the Pinochet regime. I think she told you how a Chilean poet helped her, and she located poems and wrote seeking permission from the poets, who were scattered from Chile to France and Sweden, Argentina, and the U.S. Then she did a translation of each into English, and enlisted the help of an English professor here who writes poetry and has worked on translations. They labored for months getting the translations right as to meter, rhythm, emphasis, etc. The book was published with Spanish on one page, English on the next. So the title was "Los Poetas y el General / The Poets and the General."

That came out in 2002. Last summer one of the poets--the woman who had helped her locate other poets--wrote to her that a Santiago newspaper mentioned a book published in the United States that included a poem by this woman. Could we get a copy for her?

We went online and found that a vanity press had published the book, and we bought it. It was on translating Chilean poetry, and had part III on "Poems of Protest." Every poem there was one that had appeared in Eva's book (her poet friend in Chile had never been asked if her poem could be published there, but that is another issue, perhaps). And below each translation, it said "Translated by Sandra Herron." (She is a Chilean who got her PhD at the U of Texas Dallas, in 2004. Her vanity press book came out in 2008.)

Here's the problem: Many of the translations were word for word from Eva's book. A few had one or two words changed. Herron cited Eva's book as a source of the poems, but nothing about the translations.

The University of Texas Dallas has given no satisfaction--although they pulled her dissertation from the library and now do not even list it there. The earlier online library record we had now says it is "suppressed." She currently teaches at the Collin County Community College in Texas.

So to the Doigs, we ask this: Have you had any experience with plagiarism that might help us in knowing about? Do you know any lawyers who handle plagiarism cases? Any advice on what to do, on whom to turn to?

Any advice will be welcome.

-- Mark (and Eva)

Mark Wyman
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(309) 452-2888 wdwyman@verizon.net

Jan. 3, 2011

Dear Ivan and Carol,

This morning I worked to clear my desk, sending off photocopies and a couple of books. One book went to Charles Hulin, who probably lives only a few blocks from our daughter Ruth, her husband and 20-month old child (303 Oregon St.). But rather than carry it with me when we drive over to Urbana on Thursday I will mail it this afternoon.

You may pay me back by asking the Seattle Times chief reviewer why they never gave a mention to Hoboes. (You probably got me onto the LA Times book page: Thanks for that!) Of all the papers in the West, I really expected the Seattle Times to come through, both because of Seattle's longstanding interest in hoboes, but also because of the book's extensive coverage of the Pacific Northwest. But this is an old complaint of authors, I know. When the book came out I went out to Barnes & Noble here, and to Borders, and discovered that each had one lone copy of Hoboes, buried at the back of the store in the "History" section. I told the managers that I had taught at ISU for 33 years and there were a lot of my former students around who might light up at the sight of their old professor's name, and might even buy a copy. But they had to see it first. They grunted, and did nothing. Then some friends told me excitedly that they had been in both B & N and Borders in the Chicago loop, and both had Hoboes prominently displayed at the front of the store! So now a friend here who has worked with the Dalkey Press (publishes out-of-print books that were highly regarded when they came out a dozen years ago or so), and he says that each chain store's book placements are ordered out of the central bureaucracy—local stores can't do it in most cases.

What news here? I have no writing projects going, but have done a couple of local Op-Ed pieces, one about our new Congolese immigrants, and on the local response to the hate-filled anti-Muslim letters in the paper. I am doing some research for the local historical society to expand their "Peoples of Central Illinois" exhibit to include recent significant immigrant groups—Vietnamese, Indians, Mexicans, and now Congolese. And the Ukrainians in Chicago have signed me to help with their upcoming exhibit on DP camps.

Eva had some health scares in 2010, forcing me to cancel four trips including the WHA at Lake Tahoe. But she is better now and I—we—hope to get around better this year. Perhaps even to Chile next Fall.

Always your pal -- Mark

Mark

11 Dec. '10

Dear Mark--

So we've endured another year and put our books into the world--not bad for a pair of formerly ink-stained wretches, I say. I hope you were pleased with the LA Times review, as Wendy Smith is the one reviewer (that I'm aware of) we shared--she did the very handsome Kirkus Review of Work Song. What's more, she's kind of an old buddy I've kept in touch with, ever since she did a profile piece on me for Publishers Weekly, way to hell and gone back there when Rascal Fair was coming out. And she and family visited here in Seattle just before our books came out, and we had some great dinner talk about Wobblies and such--which may not have diminished her interest when the chance to review Wyman turned up, I hope.

Speaking of Hoboes: remind me if I've already acted on this good intention, but if I haven't--could you sign up and send a copy to Chuck Hulin, in Urbana? (Charles Hulin, 501 Eliot Dr., Urbana 61801) He's another old buddy, from Northwestern U. days, and helped me a lot with labor music while I was conjuring Work Song--the enclosed e-mail from him shows one of the results of that. Chuck is a long-time U. of Illinois prof, I guess emeritus now as he's a few years older than us, but it just strikes me how close you two are in some of your scholarly interests, and there you are, only a cornfield apart. Incidentally, or maybe not, his wife Francie was US attorney for southern Illinois, the prosecutor on the Archer Midland baddies--Andreesens, were they? Anyway, if this isn't too much of an inconvenience, I'd like to get him a copy of your opus--bill me accordingly, hear?

Well, what else. We've been to Montana, to Mike Malone's old bailiwick, Montana State U., and were greeted with almost embarrassing fondness. At the MSU Libraries benefit dinner where I spoke, a blocky 80ish guy came over, had a kind of large head that looked vaguely familiar, and he said, "I'm Patrick Hemingway, Ernest's son." It turned out what he was full of praise for, and wanted to talk about, was my Fort Peck book, Bucking the Sun. He told me he has a hunting place up there, and I asked, only half kidding, didn't he get enough wind elsewhere in Montana, he had to go up there? No, he laughed, he's following the sharp-tailed grouse as civilization drives the birds farther and farther out. Much farther, I warned, and you'll be in North Dakota. Huh uh, he said, we meet those guys coming *our* direction, and someday we'll all face off on the state line to fight over the last grouse. Just a bit of talk about his father, he said he thought Ernest had not been well served by biographers, and I could agree with that.

Hey, I really appreciated your remarks after reading Work Song. To keep the trapeze act going, I've signed to write a sequel--slipping Morrie back into Butte a year or so later, probably just after the l920 election, and the notion this time is to add bootleggers to the nefarious Anaconda Company as foes/foils--after I finish this totally unrelated novel I'm on now. Maybe it's simply lack of good sense, but I've decided to behave as if I'm gonna go on and on, not knowing what else to do with myself. As the other side of this Xmas letter indicates, things chug along for us pretty much as usual here. As I write, we're awaiting a Pineapple Express rainstorm that's to dump a couple of inches on Seattle in the next 24 hours, but we always say at least it ain't white and we don't got to shovel it.

Looking forward to your holiday report. All affection from both of us.

Mark Wyman
807 North School • Normal, Illinois
(309) 452-2888 wdwyman@verizon.net

Aug. 2, 2010

Dear Ivan,

I had some hours of real pleasure in the last few days as I finished up *Work Song*. It somehow had more impact on me than your other books, simply because of the mining setting and also the Butte Anaconda connections.

You really got into the mining culture—I secretly hope that *Hard-Rock Epic* was of some help, and if so that would be because I leaned so heavily on practical miner Bob Romig in Idaho. But you have gone far beyond that book in your knowledge of life underground.

I continue to admire your ability to create quite distinct characters, and help the reader see their differences and to understand them. That is something you do well in all your books, but it struck me more forcefully here.

Well, the *New York Times* review has set you up for a great success. I thought the reviewer could have praised it a bit more, but perhaps she is not a Westerner and mainly reads novels about effete Easterners.

Well done, again, old friend. Your circle of friends keeps enlarging and the admiration of your already-existing league of loyal readers keeps rising.

Always, Mark

Mark

Mark Wyman
807 North School • Normal, Illinois
(309) 452-2888 wdwyman@verizon.net

June 30, 2010

Dear Ivan and Carol,

Here we are moving into Summer's peak, the 4th of July season, and I keep hopping around between babysitting trips to Urbana, helping out some local Congolese refugees, and checking the Internet to see if there is any news about Hoboes.

And then comes the postman with Work Song. And on top of it, several local people who have seen Hoboes have noted the Ivan Doig blurb on the back cover, and have commented, "Ivan Doig? Why, I have read every one of his books. Do you know him?" It is really impressive and lets me know how high you have risen in the literary world. This happens over and over again. I had a discussion last week with one of Eva's Spanish students (from a group of 5 retired women who meet here weekly), and we talked about your work and what I recommend if she wants to follow it through with some sense of your personal writing chronology. I suggested House of Sky as a beginning just to grasp your background. Not too many months ago I saw someone toting one of your books that she had gotten at the local library.

So I can't shake Doig even if I wanted to.

I have only had time to look at the first few pages, but I can see this wonderful sense of picking up with a character where we left off. I will probably learn a lot about mining as I progress through it.

Sporadic good news about Hoboes. An early fine review in the LA Times, then another good one in the SF Chronicle. Now comes the Santa Fe New Mexican. The Denver Post only mentioned it. Earlier Mother Jones magazine gave it a kind of silly, nondescript sort of review. When we were passing through Salt Lake City recently—after a brief stay with Miriam and Matt up in Logan—I saw that the SL Tribune had some book reviews, so I sent an e-mail to the FSG publicist to try to reach that editor. What luck she will have I am still unable to predict. It made Amazon's "Best Books of May" list, which I have to assume was good for sales, but I have no numbers yet. For someone who was happy with selling 2,000 copies in ten years, this is a new world.

Dan and his daughters come tomorrow; Miriam and Matt are now resettled at Michigan State where he has a post-doc and she is pregnant; Miriam, Juan, and baby Ana are doing OK in Urbana although there are still tensions over

his visa. And I have to admit that working in family law as she does would blast my brain apart very quickly.

What more to say—only another big Thanks for your blurb, which is one of the nicest things anyone has ever said about my work.

Let's hope the summer is a good one—for Ivan and Carol galavanting about the Northwest, and for Work Song as it hits the bookstands.

You bet -- Mark

Thank you! Mark

—for the book and the blurb!

From: Wendy Smith <smith.wendy@earthlink.net>
Subject: **congrats!**
Date: July 16, 2010 7:00:35 AM PDT
To: Doigs <cddoig@comcast.net>
Reply-To: Wendy Smith <smith.wendy@earthlink.net>
1 Attachment, 40.0 KB

Hi folks,

Just saw the terrific LA Times review of WORK SONG--mazel tov! It reminded me that I meant to drop you a line when I was writing a review (also for the LA Times) of HOBOES by Mark Wyman, which had a blurb from Ivan on the back cover. "So *that's* why he was so well-informed about the miseries of logging workers!" I thought. During our lovely evening with you in Seattle, we somehow got onto that subject, and I was struck by how much Ivan knew...but of course, he's well-informed about so many things!

Anyway, I attach a copy of my review, which might interest you. And again, thanks so much for our delightful visit back in April. I hope it won't be 20 years until the next one!

Best,
Wendy

hoboespdf.doc (40.0 KB)

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Sunday, May 23, 2010

By Wendy Smith, Special to the Los Angeles Times

Hoboes

Bindlestiffs, Fruit Tramps and the Harvesting of the West

Mark Wyman

Hill and Wang: 336 pp., $28

Given the legislation recently passed in Arizona, designed to send all those pesky undocumented workers back south of the border, it's ironic to read in Mark Wyman's valuable history of migrant labor "Hoboes" that, as early as 1912, Arizona cotton growers were actively recruiting Mexican workers. When anti-immigrant sentiment flared during the economic slump following World War I, Southwestern landowners argued that it would mean "ruin and bankruptcy" if Congress denied them the right to import foreign labor. Don't worry about them hanging around after the cotton was picked, Texas Rep. Joseph Mansfield assured a 1920 congressional hearing: "My observation is that when a Mexican gets a little money he wants to go back to Mexico to spend it."

The attitude toward Mexicans was exactly the same as it had been toward every ethnic group that joined the itinerant labor force harvesting crops across the American West after intensive agriculture requiring large numbers of seasonal workers took hold at the end of the 19th century. Whether they were white hobos shocking wheat on the Great Plains, Native Americans drying hops in the Pacific Northwest, German-Russians topping sugar beets in Nebraska, Chinese or Japanese picking fruit in California, growers wanted them to show up when they were needed, then disappear once the crops were harvested. Their long-term presence was neither needed nor desired; if they tried to buy land themselves or demand better wages and working conditions, they were no longer welcome at all.

This floating agricultural proletariat had more in common with the workforce of America's burgeoning industries than it did with the independent proprietors of small family farms. (Indeed, loggers and miners sometimes resorted to picking berries or chopping cotton during shutdowns and layoffs.) Western agriculture, Wyman reminds us, was a capital-intensive business serving a national market. When railroads with refrigerated freight cars made it possible to move fruits and grains across the continent beginning in the 1870s, vast profits beckoned Western farmers. Irrigation projects made formerly arid lands productive; now you could grow apples in Eastern Washington and citrus fruits in Southern California.

But these innovations came at a price. "Western farmers' start-up costs could be enormous," Wyman writes, forcing them "to stake everything on intensive plantings that would provide the returns they needed to survive." Individual farms and entire regions increasingly relied on large-scale cultivation of a single crop. There were not enough local hands to harvest these huge fields in the sparsely populated West, and specialization meant that the growers in a given area would all need lots of migrant workers at the same time. Since a crop left rotting in the pasture spelled financial disaster, growers unsurprisingly devoted a great deal of attention to encouraging an abundant labor supply at harvest time and very little to worrying about what to do if too many people showed up.

The book begins with such a scene: 200 men packed into the Aberdeen Commercial Club, "begging for work with no questions asked as to wages, while farmers in that area of South Dakota for miles around in all directions were supplied with all the harvest hands they could use." This was the local result of both the federal government and the region's newspapers proclaiming that some 100,000 workers were needed across the Great Plains in the summer of 1914. The new system of farming, which turned the West into the bread- and fruit-basket of the nation, had human consequences, and those are Wyman's subject. His narrative moves from the Great Plains to the Pacific Northwest, down to Kansas and Nebraska, then on to the Southwest before winding up in California, as he delves into the particulars of cultivating various crops and the ways they shaped the lives of the people who worked in them.

This is a scholarly text, and not every reader will be dying to get the step-by-step details of stoop labor in the sugar beet fields or to know that the ratio between steady annual employment and harvest-time labor in a citrus grove was 1 to 10. But Wyman, who has written several books on immigration and labor, connects his data to personal outcomes: the child screaming from back pain after working all day "in the beets"; the Minnesota farmhand who went to pick fruit and returned saying that he had "not been treated much better than a dog by his employers in California."

Vivid, accessible prose mitigates the effect of excessive repetition. Wyman colorfully describes the rough camaraderie among hobos riding the rails and sharing their scant food in outdoor "jungles," the only accommodations available to transients so distrusted by settled folks that any hobo venturing into a town was likely to be jailed as a vagrant. Later chapters stirringly cover the battles fought by the radical Industrial Workers of the World, the only group willing to represent migrant workers viewed by other labor unions as unskilled and impossible to organize. In fact, the care of many crops required expert handling, and the author persuasively argues that "a new spirit of organization was starting to appear among migrant workers of all groups" during the transitional years 1910-20.

Wyman closes with "the arrival of the gasoline tramps" in the 1920s. Automobiles made Western workers even more mobile and their existence slightly less precarious; they could drive directly from job to job, with no down time waiting to catch a train. Changing social attitudes and opportunities cemented the predominance of Mexicans in the migrant labor force, as white and African American soldiers home from the war headed for steady, high-paying factory jobs. "The West had been transformed," Wyman writes, and "the role of harvest workers was absolutely crucial." Yet these essential workers were never accepted as full members of the communities in which they labored; a problem we still grapple with today.

Smith is the author of "Real Life Drama: The Group Theatre and America, 1931-1940."

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12 Dec. '09

Dear Dan Crissman--

Some words for Mark Wyman and *Hoboes*:

"This profoundly researched book is itself a rich harvest, bringing to life the forgotten workers of field and forest in the days of riding the rails. In original and engaging fashion, Mark Wyman has mastered the epic of an America unable to do without migrant laborers but often morally unsure what to do with them, a story that goes on to this day."

--Ivan Doig, author of *The Whistling Season*

Here's wishing all good luck to Mark and the book.

Sincerely,

HILL and WANG

December 2, 2009

Ivan Doig
17277 15th Ave. NW
Seattle, Washington 98177

Mr. Doig,

I'm pleased to enclose a galley of a new book by Mark Wyman, a distinguished professor emeritus of history at Illinois State University, *Hoboes: Bindlestiffs, Fruit Tramps, and the Harvesting of the West.*

The advent of railroads in the American West during the 1870s ushered in a new era of agriculture, and with it a need for harvest workers. These were not the year-round hired hands but transients who would show up to harvest the crop and then leave when the work was finished. Variously called bindlestiffs, fruit tramps, hoboes, and bums, these men—and women and children—were vital to the creation of the West and its economy. Amazingly, it is an aspect of Western history that has never been told. In *Hoboes: Bindlestiffs, Fruit Tramps, and the Harvesting of the West*, the award-winning historian Mark Wyman beautifully captures the lives of these workers. Exhaustively researched and highly original, this narrative history is a detailed, deeply sympathetic portrait of the lives of these hoboes, as well as a fresh look at the settling and development of the American West.

We plan to publish the book in May 2010 and we would love to include an advance comment on the back of the book. If you are willing and able to send a comment to me by the end of December, we would be thrilled. Regardless, I hope you enjoy the book and would welcome hearing your reactions to it.

Sincerely,

Dan Crissman
Assistant Editor
212-206-5340
daniel.crissman@fsgbooks.com

A DIVISION OF FARRAR, STRAUS AND GIROUX
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Ivan Doig

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

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Here's wishing all good luck to Mark and the book.

Sincerely,

Ivan Doig

Ivan Doig

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

28 Dec. '09

two-page **fax** to Dan Crissman, assistant editor, Hill & Wang

Dear Mr. Crissman--

For whatever mysterious reason, the postal service just returned the clearly addressed blurb missive I mailed a couple of weeks ago, so we'll try it by fax.

Best,

Ivan Doig

Ivan Doig

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

12 Dec. '09

Dear Dan Crissman--

Some words for Mark Wyman and *Hoboes*:

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--Ivan Doig, author of *The Whistling Season*

Here's wishing all good luck to Mark and the book.

Sincerely,

Ivan Doig

Mark Wyman
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Dec. 15, 2009

Dear Ivan,

Well, your blurb arrived today, and I am grateful. I just hope that when you have read through the book at leisure you will not wish you had hedged your bets a bit, and cursed yourself for not writing, "Wyman has done it again!" (which Art Buchwald once wrote that he had sent in as his blurb for somebody's manuscript).

What can I do to repay you? Only to pledge eternal friendship, and to thank you again for being my loyal pal—dating back to Carstensen's seminar, but seemingly beyond that to my time on the Livingston *Enterprise* when I did not yet know you but later felt that I had.

I have dedicated the book to all those who have helped me know, and love, the American West. As I grappled with a dedication I thought of listing some of the groups involved—Colorado relatives, Oregon and Idaho USFS friends, Montana journalists, Seattle university folks. But that all seemed too complicated so I just put in the brief phrase. Maybe sometime someone will ask me about that and I can elaborate. But certainly you are right at the top there, not only through your palship but from your writing.

What else can I do? Why not send the Doigs the enclosed, which you have probably already seen since it is fast making it around the world through the Internet. But if you haven't--Enjoy!

Always, Mark Mark

Mark Wyman
807 North School • Normal, Illinois 61761
(309) 452-2888

807 N. School St.,
Normal, Illinois 61761-1328
Nov. 13, 2009

Dear Ivan and Carol,

See what the alert agent found:

*

This beautiful piece in NYRB by Jonathan Raban on two recent books about Dorothea Lange -- which features a photo of a bindlestiff and talk enormously sympathetically about migrant workers -- makes me think he'd be a wonderful reviewer for Mark's book

http://www.nybooks.com/articles/23373

I'd love to make sure he gets a copy of the book. I don't have an address, although the masthead says he lives in Seattle -- I bet the clever folks at FSG can find him?

D

Deirdre Mullane
Mullane Literary
deirdre@mullaneliterary.com
347-417-7640

*

She sent this to the editor and to me. Do you know Raban? Any advice on his whereabouts? I looked at the piece and it does have a photo of a bindlestiff, from the late 1930s, so perhaps that will help some folks digest the book title.

Meanwhile, I am busily finishing up a manuscript on growing up in River Falls, Wisconsin, in the 1940s and 1950s, which I have been working on sporadically for several years with an old friend who is now mayor of the town. I visited River Falls recently for a couple of days, met with two potential publishers there, and lined up a few more photos. We hope to deliver it to a publisher after Christmas, then have publication in early Spring—about the time the Hobo book will come out.

The assistant editor and I had a two-hour telephone conversation recently about the copy editor's nit-picking questions. He was sleepy, and seemed about as fed up with some of the CE's remarks as I was. The assistant editor seems young, and told me he is an English grad of William & Mary. They say they are seeking blurbers now.

All the best – Mark

Mark

MARK WYMAN

HOBOES

BINDLESTIFFS, FRUIT TRAMPS, AND THE HARVESTING OF THE WEST

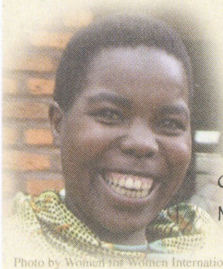

Photo by Women for Women International

WOMEN for WOMEN International

10/30/09

One woman can change anything.
Many women can change everything.

Ivan + Carol –

A cheering conversation, Ivan. Sorry to hear, however, that you continue to pile all the real work on Carol's shoulders.

Here is the proposed cover. Obviously, a bonanza Farm – probably in North Dakota circa 1895.

– Mark

Women for Women International
4455 Connecticut Avenue, NW, Suite 200, Washington, DC 20008
www.womenforwomen.org • 202.737.7705

WFWI-Q0805-NP

JEWISH TRIBUNE
The Trusted Voice of the Canadian Jewish Community

September 22, 2005 — Elul 18, 5765

STOLPERSTEINE
Gunter Demnig's homage to the Holocaust

Sculptor Gunter Demnig came up with 'stumbling blocks.'

By Barbara Kingstone
Special to the Tribune

On a cold, dull winter Sunday morning in Cologne, Germany, when everything is closed as tight as a clam, the streets devoid of people, it was with luck that a young man who could speak English, read the sign above the unanswered bell I had been ringing for an hour. Unanswered because, as the note stated in German, the entrance was a few doors away in a garage. I persevered for a reason. I had come to this Saxon city and I wasn't going to allow the elements to stop me from meeting and interviewing sculptor Gunter Demnig.

If the name doesn't mean anything now, it will in time. He'll be known for his creative endeavours in establishing works of art commemorating Jewish people who were 'lost' under German fascism.

"Neighbours who lived happily alongside each other until 1933, suddenly disappeared, their homes and apartments were emptied, furniture taken away and no one knew anything?" The fact that there were never any questions of where these people had gone and why, still haunts Demnig, a Berlin-born, 58-

year-old non-Jew.

The garage door opened and there to greet me was Demnig, wearing his signature brown suede wide brimmed hat, earring stud, red scarf around his neck, a much needed vest for warmth. Garages are not often heated and I too kept my coat. The huge space isn't just Demnig's atelier but also his living quarter – his home for 20 years. The layout in America, would be called a loft with the work area on the main floor and several steps up to his open living/office space. It's here that he sleeps, works and crushes cement. Hence the story.

A self-confessed controversial political artist, he was arrested (albeit for a short but trying time), during the Vietnam war for creating a scandal by exhibiting a painting of an American flag, in lieu of the stars, he had placed skull and cross bones.

However, Stolpersteine, or Stumbling Blocks, his homage to the Holocaust, has had a much more major impact in Germany and there have been overtures from Warsaw, Vienna, Antwerp, Saloniki, Budapest, Amsterdam, Paris and Milan

It was in 1996 when Demnig had an inspiration, something that would be creative and memorialize the fate of 6 million Jews. Victimization of humanity haunts Demnig and thus it was a concept that has given him and the world a new way to remember.

"I wanted to bring back the names of the Jews who lived, loved, had children and a normal life, who lived in these houses," he said, tears suddenly streaming down his face, still so sensitive to the 'final solution'.

Stumbling Blocks, or Stolpersteine, marks the remembrance in the form of art in a public space. "Stolpersteine," he explained, "is to stumble in your brain about this message and the stones."

Stolpersteine are brass plates on which he hand stamps, 'Here Lived' followed by inscriptions of the names of victims, their birth date, and if known, the date of their death. Afterwards, he folds the corners of the brass to fit over the compressed concrete blocks which he prepares himself with a strange looking hand-manipulated machine. The finished block is set in the pavement in front of the houses where these Jewish people once lived. For each installation he receives 95 Euros, a meagre sum for these touching memorials. Now there are several sources that contribute to this imaginative and important effort. The process is arduous.

He works 7 days a week, usually for 14 hours daily. "It's my life," he said, his eyes again getting dewy. "We can't allow this part of history to pass into oblivion."

Recently, with the assistance of a few people, including his fiancée, Uta Franke

(he asks for her name to be mentioned since she has been an invaluable help), the investigation of names and dates has freed up time for him to concentrate on the sculpting of the 10cm by 10cm by 10cm blocks. Not only is the manual labour exhausting, but then there's the researching of names and addresses and the fate of the overwhelming number of victims – an awesome endeavour.

I saw my first stones while I was in Hamburg, before meeting Demnig. It caught me by surprise as the sun shone down on the dull ancient cobblestone street with the unexpected glistening of two stones – a husband and wife who had died in Auschwitz. After that, I walked by many more, never forgetting to look down.

But it wasn't an easy start. After offering 600 Stolpersteine to Cologne as a gift, he was told that the city would allow him to continue with the understanding that they would not be liable for any costs. The first installation without the proper permission, created an outcry from the residents of buildings where he had planned to place plaques on the walls. Not too many residents were happy about this. In fact, there was a serious outcry against the installations. He thinks the reason for the outcry had something to do with these homes may have been taken by the present-day owners who perhaps never paid the rightful owners.

So, with the acceptance of the city officials, Demnig's next and lasting idea was to place these plaques in the street in front of the buildings.

On one wall in his office there is a huge map of Germany with red pins stuck to each city, town and village where the Stumbling Blocks can be found. To name just a few, towns like Siegburg, Munster, Bruhl, Bunde, Lahr, Fritzlar, Lubben, Neuruppin and larger cities –Dusseldorf, Freiburg, Hamburg, Frankfurt, Cologne, Stuttgart, Berlin.

When I first entered the garage, I carefully stepped around 36 Stolpersteine, which he was preparing to install in Mulheim.

To this day, he still suffers much ambivalence about his father who had been a soldier in the Deutsche Wehrmacht, although Gunter adds, "He was in Spain during the war." Whenever young Gunter had asked about the war years from Demnig senior, there was only silence about the horror during that dark period. The first he had ever heard about the Holocaust was from his grandmother who told him of the horrendous dark era in Germany.

After speaking with Gunter at length, I know that his work isn't done to garner attention but to state his feelings "to keep the memory of the victims alive throughout Europe."

To date, throughout Germany, 4,000 have been installed in pavements. There are 1,450 in Cologne, 800 in Berlin, 960 in Hamburg and the rest in 60 other German cities... and growing daily.

But the installations have brought up yet another argument.

"How can you walk on the graves of people," he was asked and admonished by many. His answer: "This way you can never forget and besides, every time someone walks on the brass plates, it only makes them shine more.

"It's a small monument," he said, "but it will be big when you see thousands of them." Gunter Demnig smiles for the first time since we met.

For those interested in getting in touch with Gunter Demnig, email gunter.demnig@stolpersteine.com or call 49 221 25 14 89.

Mark Wyman
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(309) 452-2888

Oct. 25, 2009

Dear Ivan and Carol,

I just realized that I had never reported to you on my telephone conversation with the group of Farrar Straus Giroux publicists. The man I had exchanged e-mails with could not make it, so I spoke with three women (sounded like young women). None had read it, but one said she had read "some" of it.

It really was a wasted call, because everything I told them was already on the Author's Questionnaire sheets. Perhaps almost everything: at the end I did stress two points to keep in mind—(1) to understand today's recurring controversies over Western harvest labor you have to know how it all got started; and (2) the book rebukes the standard cowboys-and-Indians shoot-'em-up West.

They quizzed me lightly about the Internet, returned to the blogging question, then said that FSG has a website where they will put stuff about the book, blurbs, photos.

I got the "first pass," the page proofs. Apparently a proof reader had already gone over them, catching very little (actually there was little to catch in the text, but more in the endnotes where I had not spent sufficient time on them after having to cut many, many cited examples out of the text). Several times the proof reader questioned the wording in sentences, and I finally realized that he/she does not like sentences that kind of linger on. Short and snappy, that is their rule.

No Bill Lang at the WHA. I had a good talk with Carstensen's Wisconsin student Jo Tice Bloom, and a shorter talk with Dick Etulain. No one had anything good to say about the National Parks PBS series. I saw the last three episodes, and felt that Bill Cronon saved the series; without him it would have been kind of an embarrassing travelogue.

Then I flew out to Utah and spent a long weekend with Miriam up at Logan, where she is teaching this year at Utah State. Quite a place topographically. Her husband was there until Sunday noon, so we got a late-afternoon hike in on Saturday, and a Sunday morning hike when all the Mormons were in church (Miriam says they spend the entire day in their temples). I did decide that it is no terrain to take Eva to in Winter; we instead will fly out just as soon as Miriam finishes her Spring teaching.

Thanks for your advice on the phone interview -- Mark

Mark

28 July '09

Dear Mark--

Hey, Hobo sounds to me like a terrific title, and your subtitle keeps it honest with your broader history of fruit tramps and so on. Celebrate! You have a book, all it needs now is hard covers and a dust jacket. Your adventures with the copy editor are pretty typical of what I've gone through with that breed and heard about from other writers. Somewhere back there, maybe on Dancing at the Rascal Fair, I had a copy editor named Zoe whom I adored, who would actually phone me when she came across something she didn't savvy and we'd resolve it then and there. I managed to stipulate Zoe and nobody else to handle my next couple of books--I half-jokingly asked my agent if we could demand her in the contract--but of course, she was so bright she went on to something else that left copy-editing in the dust from whence it originates and since then I've had some of the academic-stenographers-pool type you were hit with. Any more, I let them do whatever the hell they want with capitalization and commas, but I don't see the point of Wyman, wordsmith that he is, having to always put the date at the start of a sentence. Really, though, no one but thee and me is ever going to notice in the finished book.

You speculated that Carol and I were romping off somewhere around the Fourth, but we've clung close to home--a book is the reason, as I'll get to in a minute--with one exception, a weekend trip to Helena in early May. There I was given an honorary degree--"Scholar of the American West, Author of Life...Doctor of Humane Letters;" how about them apples?--by Carroll College, which you may have noticed as the smallish (1600 students) school on the hill northwest of Last Chance Gulch. As I kept saying to Carol, I was around more priests that day than I'd seen in my entire life before, and everyone was pleasant as pie, no politics nor social issues came up. I was surprised, and probably shouldn't have been, at what a Butte mafia they were, priests young and old who got their start in the sinful old town, including the bishop (or as I kept thinking of him as I tried to keep track of who was who in the blizzard of Irish names that sounded alike, 'the fellow in the dress') who reigns over it all, Carroll still a diocesan school under the Helena archdiocese. We had good luck of various kinds, starting with lovely shirtsleeve weather when I was sure we'd hit a May snowstorm.

Other than that, and a trip to Ashland to see some plays (Shakespearean and mostly otherwise: Ths Music Man! Loved it.) I've been hunkered in finishing up and polishing up the Butte novel, titled Work Song. I may have told you, it brings back the one-room schoolteacher, Morrie, from The Whistling Season and drops him into Butte in 1919. I turned my imagination loose on this one and it veers from the nitty-gritty of history a lot, featuring some work stoppages on The Hill and other union ploys when as you know the town was damn near under military siege. But the story I've conjured, as told by Morrie and with a cast of what I hope are somewhat Dickensian characters, seems to be a hit with Carol and my agent and my editor, the first three inviduals of importance in the whole human race. I probably haven't kept you abreast of my migrtion through publishers, but my editor moved from what is now Houghton Mifflin Harcourt to become editorial director at Riverhead, one of the imprints in the Viking Penguin empire, and I and my two-

book contract leapt after her. I counted up after this latest scramble away from a faltering publishing house and the total now is 13 books and 7 publishers (Harcourt, as it was, twice). Anyway, this publishing house and I are both still in business, not bad in this profession and this poleaxed country. Work Song will be published next spring; see you in the green room of the Oprah show, eh?

Thanks for passing along the Elizabeth Sifton piece. Carol and I met her decades ago, I guess when she was at Viking and Penguin was publishing me in paperback. If I remember right, she's Reinhard Niehbur's daughter, and even then she was regarded as loftier than your ordinary money-grubbing editor. I can't argue with most of what she says; certainly the book business has been an endangered species the thirty years I've been in and around it. On the other hand, my stuff has sold about a million and a quarter copies and still perks along not too badly, so I feel lucky to have been in on the long goodbye.

Newspapers, now: those are a short goodbye, sadly. You probably know the Seattle Post-Intelligencer is dead, 170-some jobs gone. The Seattle Times is a thin three sections and it's hard to see how they can hang on. I guess when forced to, this household will get more on-line than we've been, but it sure ain't to my taste.

The other not so great news from here is a record heat wave, possibly 100 degrees today. Whether, as I suspect, this is one of those leading edges of global warming or as the climatologists murmur, maybe just one of weather's freak acts, it's a change. Do you see Newsweek, which also has gone through a denatured publishing revision? Be that as it may, the current issue (with "The Recession Is Over" cover) has a terrific piece by what Carol and I guess is a freelance named Lily Huang, on the effects of climate change on the Northern Rockies, the eight million acres from the Bob Marshall Wilderness on north. Of course my Two Medicine country is a hem of that and so it's a dear part of the world to us, but it's also been an ecological marvel that not even Cheney managed to get at, but the sun is.

Well, on a better note, we're all up and functioning here, and it sounds as if you're already back at work on the River Falls book. Keep 'em coming. I look forward to Hobo.

All best,

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July 3, 2009

Dear Ivan and Carol,

On this official day-off for the national celebration of the break with Britain, I take pen in hand to write to you and to send you this copy of *The Nation.* After reading the piece by Elisabeth Sifton on p. 39ff, I thought that you probably had seen it in the magazine or perhaps copied elsewhere, but I finally decided to send it to you anyway. If you care to recycle without reading, that is your right.

You are probably walking the Dunganess Spit today, or perhaps hiking in the Cascades, or sauntering along Pacific's shores, but we will be preparing the house for the invasion tomorrow of Dan and his two 10-year-old daughters, Adrianna and Yelena. The girls will be here for a week, in ISU's Circus Camp, while Dan goes first to some conference in Chicago for a few days. The girls can help pick raspberries, and we hope to unload on them some of the pile of books from our kids' pre-teen years that I recently brought up from the basement and dusted.

I am doing OK with Hill & Wang, while becoming more aware of the gulf between university presses and trade book publishers. For example, I do not recall any university press editor ever questioning any of my proposed book titles (I wish they had challenged me on *Epic*, a title I still dislike). The agent proposed "Bindlestiff: A Hobo History of the West," but I demurred, pointing out that Indians paddling down from Alaska to pick hops in Puyallup (for 30 years or more) were not hoboes; 6-year-old German-Russian kids in eastern Colorado who pulled up sugar beets and then topped them with cruel machetes, were not hoboes; and neither were black women in Texas who placed their tiny babies on the long bags and dragged them along as they moved down the cotton rows.

So the agent agreed, but then "A Hobo History of the West" showed up in the book contract that was sent to me. I crossed it out and put the title that the agent and I had (I thought) finally agreed on: "Bindlestiff—Hoboes and Fruit Tramps Harvesting the West." When I met with the Hill & Wang editor/publisher, Thomas LeBien (pronounced la-BEAN) during a visit to Dan and the girls who now live in Brooklyn, I mentioned this title issue and he agreed with me.

But some weeks ago LeBien e-mailed that the marketing people really liked "A Hobo History of the West." That is something that will sell, they said. Also, anything about "the West" will sell. I countered that we had discussed this issue, and I could not go with Marketing's title. After some more

exchanges, when he admitted he was coming around to understand Marketing's argument, I came up with this, which he accepted:

HOBO
Bindlestiffs, Fruit Tramps, and the Harvesting of the West

I wanted to have something to indicate we were talking about more than hoboes. Well, I have never faced this issue before

I received the initial copy editor's work, and probably was a bit timid most of the time in accepting her extreme "down" style on capitalization (example: "Texas governor Stephen Hogg", instead of capitalizing "Governor"); also, she insisted on the date being located at the start of a sentence, not later on, "for readability":

In November 1903, the hoboes began to descend on San Francisco

Rather than what I had written:

Hoboes began to descend on San Francisco in November 1903,

Undoubtedly Ivan Doig would have told that copy editor where to go. (They gave me her name; she has published a few weird things on anarcho-environmentalism that our daughter Miriam [just Ph.D.'d in Social Forestry] says is really out in left field.)

Well, they say it will come out next May, which LeBien says is the best time to bring out a book: it gets more careful reviews and avoids the pre-Christmas rush. Also, the photos will appear in a single group in a 16-page section because potential buyers look first at the title and then the cover and then they flip through the book to see the pictures. How these trade book folks have studied people in bookstores!

So now I finally have some time to return to a project I have been pegging away on once in awhile for many years, working occasionally with a friend in my home town: Growing up in River Falls in the 1940s and 1950s. It follows a wonderful book two guys did in 1989 about growing up there in the 1930s. We hope to finish it up this Fall and then publish it locally there, turning over any profits to the public library.

And so it goes out in the Corn Belt this summer. I hope you find the article in *The Nation* interesting, if disheartening.

All the best -- Mark

Mark

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Dec. 15, 2008

Dear Ivan and Carol,

We returned Friday night from three weeks in Chile, and the next day when I retrieved the mail Lo! and Behold! there was that very helpful letter from Ivan. I have sent it on to the agent, and believe that more than any of the others your praise will win me a spot on some trade book publisher's list. Thanks, thanks much. I just hope that when you see the finished product you will not have any misgivings over your earlier great expectations.

Chile was exhausting, as it always is, but we did have the highlight of the *lanzamiento* of Eva's book-- *Huyendo del Infierno Nazi—La inmigración judio-alemana hacia Chile en los años treinta* (Fleeing the Nazi Inferno—the German-Jewish immigration to Chile in the Thirties). The program, held in a German Jewish synagogue, featured an introduction by someone from Ril Ediciones which published it (in a very attractive paperback edition), then a rather involved historical report on the German Jews in Chile by an M.D. who some years back had published a book on the Jews of Temuco (in southern Chile) , and finally a 30-minute talk by Eva. Her talk had been through many versions, of course, and in the end I think it was good. She spoke about how she came to write it, and the different steps she went through—digging out family stories, interviewing other German Jews (still in Chile) who also arrived in the 1930s, and then (with me) doing research in the Chilean government archives. We found plenty of consul's letters from European capitals, mainly advising that the German or Czech Jews petitioning for a visa be denied—"We don't need any more of these people in Chile." I had to assume that most of those letters became death warrants.

Then they had the traditional Chilean cocktail, featuring for a change some Israeli flatbreads and hummus, as well as wine and pop. Almost all of her Chilean relatives attended, as well as some of the people she had interviewed.

So that was the reason for the trip, just as summer was hitting there with successive 90-degree days (but cool nights, thank goodness). We then went out to the coast for about a week in hotels where Eva could sit and look at and listen to the waves. That is her dream, that is what she misses the most here on the Illinois prairies. Luckily I had brought a couple of novels—not yours, but ones that I could leave behind when we packed up to leave so we would have more suitcase space for Eva's book and gifts.

Eva had piled up so much in Delta SkyMiles that we were able to upgrade our seats to Business Class. Quite a change, and really good for the 9-hour flight. But a trip is a trip, and when we finally hit 807 N. School on Friday night we had enough exhaustion to last for several days. Still.

In early November I went out to Brooklyn to help Dan with their move there. He has a shop on Manhattan that is within a building where a Jewish Auction House holds forth. So it is quite an advantage for him, and so far with being open two days a week, plus continuing to sell online at DanWymanBooks.com, he is keeping his head above water. Plus, he managed to sell their house in Springfield, Mass., without having to lower the price too much—a real boon in this economy.

I met one afternoon with Deirdre Mullane, who promptly took me to a local restaurant where the pies are exquisite and the view of the Brooklyn Bridge almost overpowering. She is quite a woman, and I am really lucky to have gotten her to handle my ms. Turns out she has attended the WHA, knows Patty Limerick, and was the agent for the just-released book on the Donner Party. She really brought me up to date: nowadays only university presses send out manuscripts to be checked by experts; trade book people are just interested in how it reads and will sell. She wrote recently (all of this is by e-mail, of course) that she has seen editors looking over parts of manuscripts on their Internet cell phones, for Pete's sake! (And all we have is what I call a "geezer" phone, which only does telephone calls, and asks: Do you want to call this number—Yes, No? Are you done calling—Yes, No?)

She gave me good advice. Somehow, on this ms., I spent too much time telling the readers how important the subject is—You MUST read this! She got me reworking the chapter ledes with anecdotes, which I should have done anyway, and has me scouting brief quotes to put at chapter headings. Then she told me to contact some Western historians and writers who could tell a publisher that my manuscript deserves to be published—and which Ivan Doig has written the best letter for.

So I live in hope. I have 51 photos, which is probably too many, but then a few of them are very poor prints and might be dropped on that reason alone. I will be engaged these days in some rewriting, and she also wants me to round up quotes from reviews of my previous publications.

Congratulations on the good reviews, and on the naming of the first floor of the King County office tower as the Doig Floor (not "Doig Bottom," I trust). For me, it would have been better, more appropriate, to name the <u>top</u> floor for Doig—from there one might even see the Sea Runners en route, or perhaps see old Swan puttering about among the Indians on the Peninsula. But what can one see from the first floor? Perhaps some old Wobblies down from Alaska, or in from the Palouse, Indians going over to the hopyards. So I guess that's OK too.

Season's best to you -- Mark

re Obama: Two years ago, during the US Senate campaign, he came to town to give a speech to (typically) a packed throng. Afterward, I managed to get 2 seconds with him and actually <u>shook his hand</u>. Since then, I favor the right hand, carefully protecting it, and eating with my left hand. I do not wash the right hand.

28 Nov. '08

Dear Mark--

Okay, buddy, a bit hurried and makeshift (Thanksgiving and a few other things got in the way), but here's your graf of testimonial; I hope it serves.

Bindlestiffs shows every promise of establishing itself as the learned brother of Woody Guthrie's working-folk America. As I read down the outline of chapters, time and and again I was stirred by memories and questions that have been in me since I was a raw kid among the hired men in ranch bunkhouses: what would it be like to latch on with a threshing crew in the fabulous Palouse wheat? to be on the fire line with drifters and semi-sobers in a Forest Service signup? to follow the fruit and vegetable crops north through the seasons and climes? Historian Mark Wyman has the goods to do a classic telling of the footloose labor force in our past. His invaluable mining book, *Hard Rock Epic: Western Miners and the Industrial Revolution*, proved he can research a scattered topic until it stands up complete and makes great good sense. For this book, I know he has delved deep into untouched local sources; *Bindlestiffs* is bound to be a richly revelatory story told from the ground up. I'll buy the first copy.

I do have to warn you times are even tougher than usual out there in the publishing world. A few days ago, my own beloved publisher, Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, stopped accepting manuscript submissions from agents, perhaps as a prelude to the company being sold off. So, you've done well to land Deirdre to do the heavy lifting for you, while you cross your fingers.

Things are okay here. I got through the bookselling season of *The Eleventh Man* without getting scalped in the New York Times, got a helluva good review in USA Today, and so on, nationally. Onward to the Butte novel. And now I'm going to chuck this in the mail to you, to move it off my desk onto yours.

All best.

Nov. 15, 2008

Dear Ivan—

The River Falls *Journal's* book columnist reviewed your book! He seems to read piles and piles of books, so you should feel proud that he chose to write about yours. And he really liked it.

Well, I finally found an agent. Dan had called me out to his new home in Brooklyn for a week of painting bedrooms and watching the girls while he attended to other things connected to his move down from Massachusetts, so I was able to meet for an hour with Deirdre Mullane, and found her pretty sharp. She was an editor at some publishing house for years, then worked for an agency for awhile, and now is on her own. The new Donner Party book is one of her client's, she proudly told me (and gave me a copy). And when I mentioned that I know you, she commented on your work and even knew which publishers you have had for at least a few of your books.

Deirdre writes the following, which I pass on to you:

"I'm very much looking forward to submitting your terrific proposal for BINDLESTIFFS: HOBOES AND FRUIT TRAMPS HARVESTING THE WEST to several editors. I appreciate the good and thoughtful work you've done on the proposal and know editors and readers will find the work fascinating, revealing, and useful. That said, we face an extremely competitive marketplace -- rather ironically, many editors now skim submissions on their handheld devices before deciding whether to download them for serious consideration!!! For that reason, I have increasingly sought to secure "pre-endorsements" for new projects even before the books have found publishers. Once upon a time, we could all do this at our leisure when we had bound galleys in hand -- but the marketing process has become so lengthy and intense that I try to show, upon the submission of the proposal, the kind of interest a book might generate.

"Several of my clients have had good luck recently garnering some early indications of interest in their work by circulating the proposal and table of contents among their colleagues and peers. What these statements say, in effect, is that the reader is aware of the intriguing work the author is doing and that the subject of the book looks original, engaging, fruitful. These comments are not for publication, but help an editor place the author's work in a kind of community of similar writers and thinkers who might eventually be approached for a formal comment, cite the work in their own research, use the book in courses, or just generally be supportive of the work."

*

A chapter outline of the book is enclosed. You know about my earlier writing so I won't summarize that for you.

In line with Deirdre's request, could you please do me a favor? -- This would just mean writing a paragraph or so about whether you think this project is worthwhile and whether, based on my previous work, you think it deserves consideration by a publisher? Deirdre says your comments should be e-mailed to me; I will then pass them on to her. My e-mail: wdwyman@verizon.net Or take out your quill and scratch out some comments on a piece of papyrus. Your notes will not be published—only shown to editors.

Thanks for any help, Ivan -- and a warm hug for Carol. -- Mark

Mark

BINDLESTIFFS :
HOBOES AND FRUIT TRAMPS HARVESTING THE WEST

By Mark Wyman

Introduction A federal investigator in Aberdeen, S.D., confronts the dilemma of the Second Frontier created by the railroad. He finds that intensive agriculture requires massive numbers of harvesters for brief periods, but there exists no system for accurate determinations of need, nor for transportation of the thousands of workers required. The result is a Garden West relying on a migratory labor force of "Bindlestiffs," hoboes, fruit tramps, and members of many ethnic groups. They become the West's harvest labor force.

Chap. 1 – Great Expectations The Great Plains welcomes the railroad and the Grain Belt is born, with a frantic search for harvesters each summer. Dreams of wealth produce new communities along the railroad lines, but the growing need for transient labor sparks debates across the West: why not continue the Middle West's "hired hand" tradition? Will the West have family farms or large spreads?

Chap. 2 – 'Wheat Farms and Hoboes Go Together' As Great Plains wheat thrives, communities struggle to find harvest workers, but then force their speedy departure when crops are in. Hoboes appear, defined as men traveling and seeking work; their problem is that they are linked in the popular mind with the "tramp." "Bonanza farms" hire year-round crews to avoid labor shortages, while smaller farms try a variety of other recruiting methods.

Chap. 3 – The Western Hobo The West creates a different harvest worker: he is a migrant carrying his belongings in a "bindle" or bundle, welcomed in towns only by saloon keepers and prostitutes, beset by problems of traveling long distances and working in extreme weather conditions. To railroad employees and police he is a vagrant, a treatment encountered in 1897 by Carl Sandburg.

Chap. 4 – The Pacific Northwest: New Outposts for Wheat and Hops The Palouse region becomes wheat's next stop on its westward trek; irrigation projects bring new crops to many districts. Hopyards become big business, their labor needs met mainly by Indians canoeing from Alaska and adapting their traditions to the harvest, and increasingly by young people for whom the annual hops picking is seen as a lark.

Chap. 5 – The Northwest Becomes an Orchard Apples and berries become major crops, as family farms form marketing cooperatives at Hood River, Wenatchee, Yakima, and elsewhere. Refrigerator cars—"reefers"—help expand the market, while debates rage over whether local families (including children) can continue meeting labor needs, or will Japanese be needed at harvest time? The bindlestiff becomes a Northwest fixture, as hoboes shift between orchards, railroad construction, logging, mining, and threshing, sometimes being "starved into berries."

Chap. 6 – Harvest Hoboes in the Forest Irregular labor requirements of Northwest industries encourage high turnover and transient labor. Spokane serves as the major recruitment center in the Inland Empire, and becomes the Forest Service's hiring hall when major fires erupt in the northern Rockies in 1910 and 1919. Hundreds of hoboes battle the blazes, aided by the new Industrial Workers of the World which seeks better pay and treatment for migrant workers.

Chap. 7 – King Cotton Moves West East Texas remains an extension of the Deep South, with cotton fields, small farms, and whites and blacks doing the picking. The "Five Civilized Tribes" brought cotton culture with them into what became Oklahoma. Cotton draws railroads, with tracks laid westward across both Texas and Oklahoma, bringing a sharp expansion of cotton acreage. Pickers' wages remain low, and blacks launch a strike in 1891 that is crushed. Picking is difficult, especially for the numerous children who join their families in "stoop labor." The use of sharecroppers emerges as a means for farmers to get their crop picked, but soon Mexicans become the preferred solution.

Chap. 8 – Expanding the 'Cotton West' Irrigation booms in Arizona when the Roosevelt Dam is completed in 1913, but as cotton becomes the major crop the shortage of labor causes concern. Indians fill the gap initially, with Indian children brought from reservation schools; white transients and Asians also work, but eventually Mexicans are Arizona's answer: lured by railroad and mining jobs, driven out by the Mexican Revolution after 1910, their migration *al norte* remakes El Paso and other border areas into recruitment centers. Government restrictions on immigration in 1917 create chaos among cotton growers, and congressmen are warned that without Mexican *pizcadores* there will be no cotton.

Chap. 9 – Sugarlands Sugar beets become a new crop in the West, encouraged by tariff changes and state and federal bounties, and tied to railroad connections. Western districts of the Great Plains, plus scattered sections of Utah and other states, become early centers and compete for harvesters. Sugar factories dictate contracts to farmers, then help them find workers—Indians, Japanese, German-Russians (whose use of children angers child-labor reformers), and finally Mexicans, the *betabeleros.*

Chap. 10 - The California Garden Wheat becomes California's major agricultural product in the Gold Rush era, and early use of Indians and Mexicans as seasonal help (sometimes as slaves) establishes a pattern that continues. Railways and irrigation bring orchards and vegetable plots, with expansion of vineyards; insects and plant diseases are combated by university scientists. Refrigerator cars and refrigeration on ships complete the transformation and California fruit reaches European markets. Bindlestiffs are the new major labor force, joined by Indians, then by Chinese whose numbers decline following anti-Chinese riots and the 1882 Exclusion Act. Japanese immigration provides a new labor force, hired in gangs under contractors and often functioning as a trade union; opposition grows and leads to a ban on their immigration in 1907. Perplexed growers ask: Are Asians undesirables, who should be banned—or necessities, however undesirable?

Chap. 11 – Mexicans, Wobblies, War California's Imperial Valley becomes a cotton and garden center under irrigation, with early use of Mexicans and Japanese as harvest hands. Japanese begin to acquire land, further drawing racial attacks and eventually laws banning their land ownership. Orange groves expand, and small family plots thrive with fruit and nuts. Competition for workers leads growers to recruit Mexican families by providing housing and year-round jobs. The I.W.W. —"Wobblies"—gains support among hoboes through Free Speech fights in Spokane and Fresno, but is crushed in San Diego; it organizes multi-racially. The Wheatland hops riot led by Wobblies in 1913 kills four, but sparks investigations of labor conditions by the new state Commission of Immigration and Housing. World War I patriots attack the I.W.W. as disloyal.

Chap. 12 – Closing the Second Western Frontier "Gasoline tramps" appear in harvest centers increasingly in the 1920s, while Mexicans become the dominant group of harvesters in many areas. Congress debates permitting easy recruitment of Mexicans, ultimately yielding to claims on the Mexicans' physical affinity for stoop labor, their certainty of return to Mexico, and the threat of inadequate U.S. food supplies without them. The I.W.W. seeks to provide white migrant workers with a unity like that of ethnic groups, but its resurgence on the Plains fails to overcome vicious employer attacks, and it cannot reach the new "automobile floaters" in the family labor camps. Summing up: the harvest worker, too, deserves a place in the West's pantheon of heroes.

■

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Oct. 19, 2008

Dear Ivan and Carol,

The Eleventh Man arrived yesterday, and I have already begun attacking it. Earlier I read the chapter in *Montana* magazine, so I had some clues as to what would be appearing in the book. Thank you for sending it—it again shows your ability to move into different time periods in the same region, tracing changes among the people there as well as enduring characteristics.

I especially like the weekly newspaper references, because as you know that is what I come out of. In high school for my English term paper I wrote on the railroad's arrival in River Falls, so each day instead of going to English I rushed downtown and sat at a desk in the rear of the print shop, reading through those papers from the 1860s and 1870s. I realize now that it was an education that would last me the rest of my days. Then in the summer of 1959 when a summer internship at the Cincinnati *Enquirer* fell through at the last minute, I worked on a weekly at Reedsburg, Wisconsin. It was pretty dull, and I spent many evenings setting up weird posters with the old wooden type, and learned all about chases and galleys and pied type and the California Job Case. In late 1960 in the few months before I went into the Army I worked for the River Falls *Journal,* covering everything.

My dad had a copy of a book entitled *Long Wednesdays,* by a man who grew up in a family running a weekly in Minnesota. So, again, the weekly paper references in the opening chapter spoke to me. I have realized time and again on my current project how much I enjoy going through microfilms of old papers. Not surprisingly, I spend a lot of my time reading things that have nothing to do with my research.

I am doing some final revisions on the manuscript, and trying to finish up the photograph collection. An early lead for an agent didn't produce anything, so I am pursuing something else. My guess would be that it will end up at a university press, which is probably where it belongs, as fact-clogged as it is. I would probably start with California.

So again, congratulations (and thanks!) to Ivan on the book, cheers to Carol for egging him on and continuing to require him to uphold his gardening obligations, and hopes that your Fall activities will include some hikes around Puget Sound. I am off to the WHA in Salt Lake in two days, going early to have my last visit with a retired friend who has been given a month to live. That will probably make me a little less critical of things like bad weather or a broken shoelace.

Always -- Mark

Mark

I will look through my Butte stuff — Mortuary + Jail records + the Butte-Silver Bow Public Archives — to see if there might be anything that would interest you on your new project-

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April 10, 2008

Dear Ivan and Carol,

Just a short note with two main points:

1. Bill Lang recently contacted me, and has made some good suggestions for sources that will help my Pacific Northwest chapters. I didn't tell him that he missed the comma mistakenly used in place of a semicolon in the 11th line on page 25.

2. While at the Bancroft, I approached the desk one afternoon to ask something of the young man standing there. I happened to glance at the shelves where they keep the cartons waiting to be placed on a table in front of the researcher, when I saw a copy of *The Whistling Season* there. I was nonplussed: would a researcher be looking into that here? I pointed to it and asked the young man about it. "Oh, that's mine," he said. "I just love it."

Further witness refuseth to state, except to note that I had a very good week in Berkeley. There were quite a few of us jammed into the Bancroft's temporary facility; I am sure the new place which opens in Fall will be a dandy. But their hours will be the same: 10-5, M-F. I told the boss that when I was there some 34 years ago I am sure I worked some in the evenings. He said that was possible, but these current hours will remain in the new facility.

On Wednesday I took the BART over to San Francisco and spent most of the afternoon going through photos in the California Historical Society, which is only open 12-5 on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. When I finally commented that the state historical societies I am familiar with in the Midwest are open seven days a week, except for Sunday morning, the woman at the desk replied, "Oh, those are state funded. We are entirely privately supported." There were three people working on research for awhile, but for the final hour and a half I was alone. The next day I told the boss at Bancroft that the Bancroft is, in effect, the state historical society of California, and he agreed.

Onward and upward!

Mark

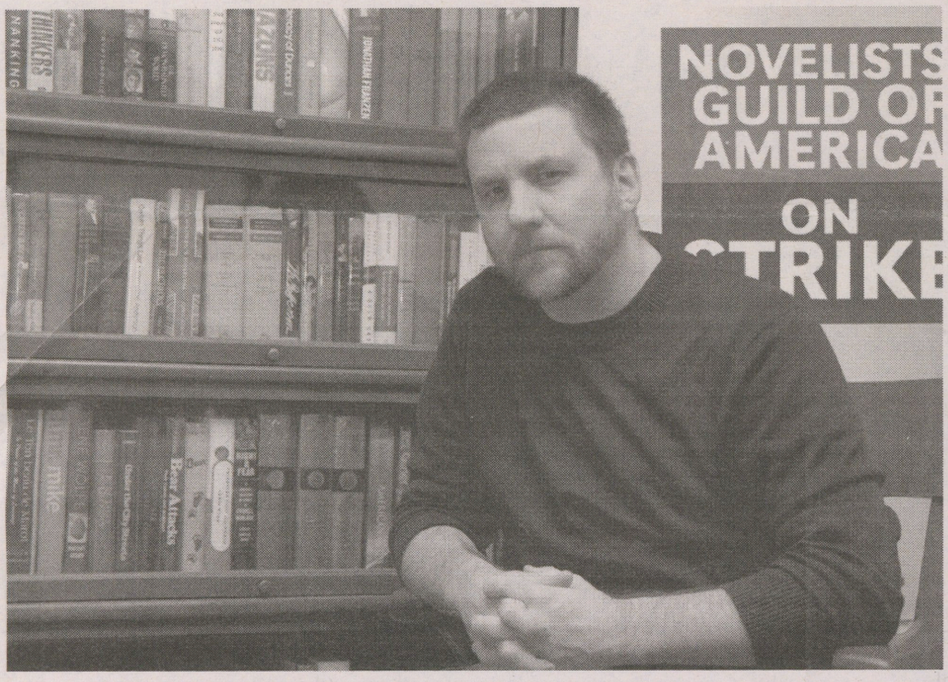
Mark

Telegraph Ave. now offers tattoos at sidewalk tables.

NATIONAL

Hard-Core Fans Still Silent On Issue

STRIKE from page 1



Novelist T.R. Walsh was forced to put a manuscript on hold he has been writing for more than 15 years.

"There's a novelists strike?" Ames, IA consumer Carl Hailes said. "That's terrible. When is it scheduled to begin?"

The strike kicked off last fall when the NGA announced it had hit a roadblock in negotiations with the Alliance of Printed Fiction and Literature Producers, failing to resolve certain key issues concerning online distribution, digital media rights, and readers just not getting what writers were trying to do with a number of important allegorical devices.

After a press conference at the Massachusetts home of NGA president John Updike—who called the strike an attempt by novelists "to give both the sublime and mundane alike their beautiful due"—members of the guild began picketing their studies, desks, and libraries and refusing to work on any further novels until the APFLP and the American reading public agreed to their demands.

COVER STORY

So far, sources say, no one has attempted to cross the picket lines, most of which are located in private homes. However, unconfirmed reports indicate that at least one novelist may be breaking the strike by writing under the pseudonym "Richard Bachman."

"We must, as a people, achieve a resolution to this strike soon," novelist David Foster Wallace said at a rally Monday at Pomona College in Claremont, CA, where he is a professor. "The thought of this country being deprived of its only source of book-length fiction is enough to give one the howling fantods."

"I thank you both for coming," he added.

While the strike has been joined by an estimated 250,000 novelists—225,000 of whom have reportedly stopped in the middle of their first novel—it has done no damage to any measurable sector of the economy, including bookstore chains, newspapers, magazines, all major media, overseas markets, independent film studios, major film studios, actors, editors, animators, carpenters, those in finance or banking, the day-to-day lives of average Americans, or anything else anyone can think of as of press time.

A report published last week by the University of Pennsylvania Annenberg School for Communication found that the strike has thus far had an economic impact of approximately 0.00 to 0.01 percent. In addition, consumer habits remain unaffected, with 0 percent of those polled saying their reading habits had changed "significantly," 0 percent saying they had changed "somewhat," and an additional 0 saying they had changed "slightly." A significant number of respondents reported no reading habits.

Although some initially worried that the strike could affect Hollywood by limiting material for television or film adaptation, fears were quelled when studio executives announced in January that they would continue optioning comic books and graphic novels.

The publishing industry itself, which many believed to be most vulnerable, has nonetheless managed to weather the crisis. Publishers have reissued new editions of early, pre-union novelists—such as Robert Louis Stevenson and Jane Austen, both of whom have previously established successful track records—and have seen no change in monthly sales.

Some members of the public attempted to express concern over the prospect of the strike going on much longer.

"If this situation is not brought to a halt soon, it could have serious ramifications for, you know, literary culture, I guess," said Kyle Farmer, a Phoenix-area real estate consultant and avid golfer. "It would be tragic if we had to go a whole year without a new novel from Kurt Vonnegut or Norman Mailer," he added, unaware that both authors died in 2007.

No high-profile, red-carpet, star-studded telecasts of the PEN/Faulkner Awards, the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction Awards, or the Man Booker Prize Awards were affected by the strike, since no such telecasts have ever existed.

POPLESS
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Acolyte Robes Turned Dusty Rose

SHROUD from page 1

The papal laundry room where the shroud had been washed thousands of times without incident.

consecrated cleansing vessel, the Holy Whirlpool 24934 top-load washer.

The pope then started a load of white vestments, including the shroud, only realizing what had happened when he returned to remove the sacred artifact, which is always line-dried.

"His Holiness was distracted with trying to scrub a tough Blood of Christ stain out of Cardinal Nicora's miter," Lajolo said. "Not that this was some sort of mistake on his part. The pope is still infallible. We have to keep in mind that this is all part of God's greater plan."

COVER STORY

"And who are we to question or reject the ways the Lord works through our laundry?" Lajolo continued.

Church officials said that the shroud's staining was not in any way due to negligence on the Vatican's part. An investigation into the matter showed that the detergent had been properly blessed before the laundering, and the holy water softener that was installed last summer was working perfectly.

"We must not allow ourselves to fall into despair, for, as sinners, we are flawed and must seek forgiveness in the Lord alone," said Lajolo, who later hinted that the damage to the shroud was possibly God's response to the sins of the world, and especially homosexuality. "As Christ teaches, let he who has never overly starched, shrunk, or rent his garments cast the first stone."

Though the discoloring of the Shroud of Turin has come as a shock to many Catholics, it is not the first time that a holy relic has been damaged. In 1983, several pieces of the True Cross were water-stained after being used as coasters during Pope John Paul II's birthday party, and in 1572, the knucklebone of St. Olaf was accidentally thrown out with a plate of half-eaten chicken wings.

In the wake of the incident involving Christ's death shroud, the Vatican has been exploring possible ways to restore the raiment back to its original color.

"We do not want to attempt to use caustic cleaning agents for fear of turning the blessed shroud an unholy bright orange," Lajolo said. "We continue to look to God for divine guidance as to the purity and virtue of using a color-safe bleach." ∅

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MARCH 13, 2008 · VOLUME 44 ISSUE 11

WEATHER PAGE B16

Someone's coming to fix barometer, check back next week

LOW **18** HIGH **27**

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HIGHLIGHTS

'I've Been A Fan Of Your Breasts Since

Novelists Strike Fails To Affect Nation Whatsoever

Bookstores across the country saw no measurable change in anything.

LOS ANGELES—The Novelists Guild of America strike, now entering its fourth month, has had no impact on the nation at all, sources reported Tuesday.

The strike, which scholars say could be the longest since 1951, when American novelists may or may not have voluntarily committed to a six-month work stoppage, has brought an immediate halt to all new novels, novellas, and novelettes from coast to coast, affecting no one.

Nor has America's economy seen any adverse effects whatsoever, as consumers easily adjust to the sudden cessation of any bold new sprawling works of fiction or taut psychological character studies.

see **STRIKE**, page 7

NATIONAL

the ONION
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NEWS IN BRIEF

Man In Suit Slams Fist On Desk

the White House, the recently reopened position of U.S. Cold War Czar will be filled soon.

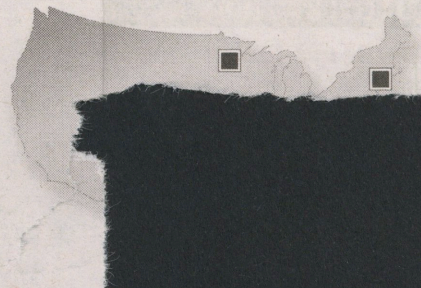
ly Of Products Leaned ficult Time

, IA—Thirty-nine-year-old hose marriage and job both ld reporters Monday that y of products—a wide ar- icious snack foods for all "invaluable" in giving him companionship he needs period in his life. "I don't e without Ruffles, Baken-Ets, l Potato Crisps to rely on er said during a press con- iving room sofa, through ls of Tostitos Restaurant Lime Tortilla Chips. "When he wall and I feel there's no ood to know that that crin- ways open." A spokesman sted that the next time he presence, Keener should steroids-brand 100 Calorie

McConaughey n Whatever

or Matthew McConaughey that he has accepted a 6, ffer to star in Whatever. Whatever. You know I'm onaughey said of upcom- ck dude. "As long as the n take my shirt off, I'm in. ever, slated for release ei- next, will be directed by whom McConaughey has d will also star Kate

NATIONAL NEWS HIGHLIGHTS



KEYSTONE, new mayor V of a bright f Harry, the lo problems.

EDINA, MN- of Tuesday, moon for wa court.

NEW H between before the agreement"

STOCKWAT

America

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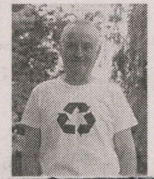

Deval Makin 90, died at St. John's Hospital on Saturday. He was surrounded

THE
MURRAY
HOTEL

Ivan + Carol —
I had to come
to Berkeley to learn
the news about
Ivan being on
strike! Have you
been walking the
picket lines? —
where? —

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All goes well here. — Bancroft is for now crowded into a small building — reading room is jammed. I rush from there up the hill to the UC library to look at newspaper microfilm. All bits + pieces so far.

Telegraph Ave. unchanged.

— Mark

Mark Wyman
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January 29, 2008

Dear Ivan and Carol,

The Republicans are tearing each other apart in Florida, the Democrats will be doing the same in California tomorrow, and here we go again. I guess I have been through enough of these to not get my hopes up. Somehow the Republic survives, although certainly not in clover these last years. (P.S. I shook Obama's hand once, here in Bloomington.)

Your Christmas letter merits a response, and the P-I article deserves something more. That is a wonderful piece. I must confess that I know both writers only a little. A colleague who was the deepest-thinking historian I know got me reading Eiseley back in the Eighties, and somewhere along there I might have read two of Wright Morris's books. It is my shame to know them both only slightly. You have done a real service by presenting them as you have.

But what about the P-I? When I lived there I would have predicted that it could not survive a further newspaper decline. But you describe it as the jumpingest paper on the Coast. There is that good news to counter the report that the Orlando paper has *mall reporters*.

With the skills and feeling that you have put into all your previous works—even *Sea Runners,* which was far from Montana—I know that the WW II book will be good, more than good, outstanding. Maybe you will get the IMPAC prize, and if not, then perhaps the National Book Award people will decide that they have erred too often in your case. Perhaps that was why Willa Cather finally got the Pulitzer Prize—certainly *One of Ours* has to be at the bottom or nearly there of all her books. But they gave her the Pulitzer, and I suspect it was recognition that she had deserved it earlier. Maybe they will catch on to your previous work, too.

I wound up sugarbeets in the Fall, spent several weeks on the River Falls project (I think I have told you of that: in 1990 two older guys brought out a book about growing up in River Falls, Wisconsin, in the 1930s and early 1940s. A friend who is now mayor there and I are writing a followup—the 1940s and 1950s, ending with the magnificent Ford Garage fire that I witnessed right after my arrival home from the Army and shortly before leaving for Montana, ending my life as a resident of the town), and now am challenging Mount Everest. What I mean is that I am taking on California, an impossibility, to begin with.

It is an impossibility because every few miles was a different crop or tree, so that in a short ride in a buggy in 1910 one could go from pecans to strawberries to oranges to hops to cotton—and on and on. The same with the harvesters: Indians to hobos to Chinese to

Japanese to Filipinos to Mexicans… chronologically as well as geographically. What a complicated mess.

But a century ago many investigators looked at the California harvest workers' situation, and in the last 30 years—especially in the last 10—historians have really been dissecting California's agriculture and the workers. So I will probably be able to take a summary view of much of it, just putting in the more interesting parts, and try to escape that way. But that state did encapsulate much of what had been happening regarding the harvest labor situation as railroads and population moved west.

I will be in Berkeley March 16-22, trying to mine the Bancroft. I am trying not to alert the few friends I have around there, because I have to cram everything into a short time, going from library to library to historical society, hitting the public libraries at night until they toss me out. When I arrive home I am decrepit and it takes me a couple of weeks just to sort through what I have found. This time it will probably take me longer.

Well, I am still hopeful of completing it all late in the summer. As usual, I know this will go to a university press eventually, but sometimes I catch myself dreaming maybe this will be the one that will catch on with one of the bigger presses that like to present some Western history. Then I wake up and get back to reality. But with the current anxiety over Mexicans picking a weak spot in our fences so they can pick our peaches, the idea hits me occasionally that maybe there might be some interest in this project. Hope springs—

Eva has had some leg-hip problems and shortness of breath, and so we have made a few Mayo Clinic trips. She is better with a Cortisone shot, but still holds back. Me—I wonder what I would do if I didn't have these writing projects. My first year of retirement saw me accepting several volunteer positions, helping at a grade school, working for Habitat one day a week, etc. But I gave all that up to get back to writing. I am president of the neighborhood association, but that only takes time occasionally.

Enough. Thank you for the P-I piece and your good letter with that wonderful news. Goose the blueberries and baby the lettuce so your table can show off the bounty, and all will go well.

As ever,

Mark

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March 3, 2007

Dear Ivan and Carol,

I put other stuff aside and in the last few evenings finished *The Whistling Season.* I can see why it is getting such rave reviews. The author really has worked with the English language to produce something very tasty! I suppose my favorites are still *Sky* and *English Creek* and *Rascal Fair,* but I'll see how this stays in my mind in future months and years. Congratulations to you!

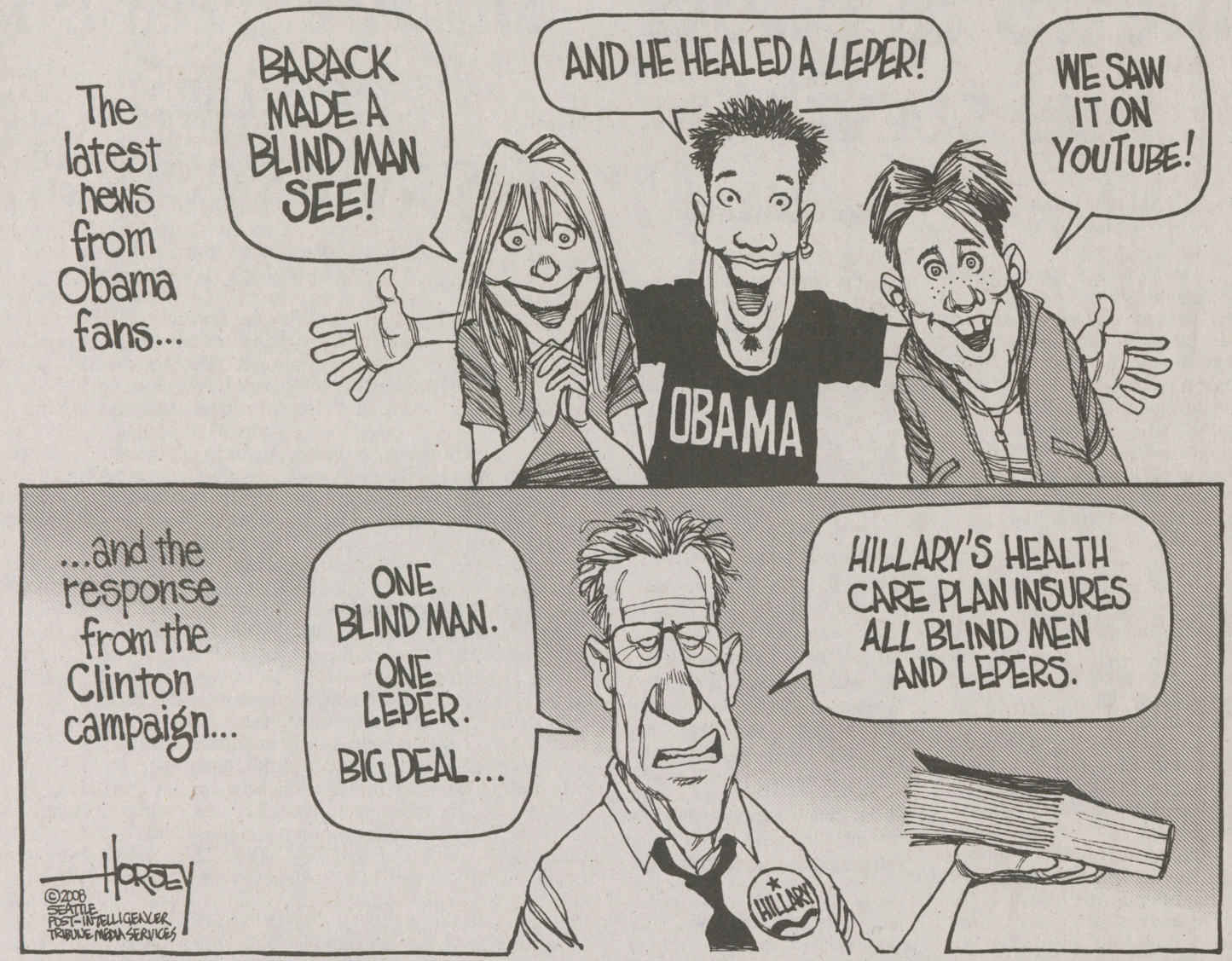
We leave Monday afternoon for Chile, returning March 24. Eva seems to be having all kinds of aches and pains, but I doubt that they are connected to her heart problems; probably just the onset of arthritis, which I occasionally have. So we hope there will not be a repeat of last year's trip, when we ended up staying almost two weeks longer while she got fixed up with a PaceMaker. Dan and the two little girls (7 years old) will meet us in Atlanta and we will all fly on to Santiago (9 hours) together. They will stay two weeks. Dan has missed out on Chile trips, ever since he went with Eva when he was about 4 years old. So he wants to see Chile, and since Eva's aunt there is declining rapidly this seems the time to go.

My own research now centers on Texas. I have had trouble borrowing microfilms of Texas newspapers from the 1870-1920 years, but finally got one with issues of some East Texas cotton-area newspapers scattered over several decades. I always enjoy seeing what they use for fillers—the *Austin County Times* of Bellville had long collections of tiny items, like: In Montana a bolt of lightning hit and Chinaman and turned him black. … and: A ranch dog in Montana is able to round up cattle by looking at their brands, never getting a cow with the wrong brand. And so on. Had you heard of these two newsworthy events?

So I plan a Texas trip in early May, right after the U of Texas unloads its students. I am learning a lot about Texas, finding that there was always much more there than just chasing longhorns. And I enjoyed some of the *Southwest Historical Quarterly*'s stuff on Webb and Dobie after they crossed over Jordan.

Again, you have written a very fine book, Ivan, a really fine book. I know Carol deserves credit for catching spelling errors and *non sequiturs*, so she must share in the honors. And good news that the reading public is buying the book in droves.

Truly-- Mark Mark


The latest news from Obama fans...
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AND HE HEALED A LEPER!
WE SAW IT ON YOUTUBE!
OBAMA
...and the response from the Clinton campaign...
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Metro to boost bus service

BY LARRY LANGE
P-I reporter

Seattle would get new bus service at 10-minute intervals on some routes by 2012 as part of a list of Metro transit service expansions to be discussed starting Thursday.

Metro said Wednesday it will seek improvements to expand service on 25 King County bus routes and create four more in a cost-sharing arrangement promised in a 2006 expansion measure.

The agency will present the changes Thursday to the King County Council for approval. If passed, the changes would go into effect in September and would cost about $14.5 million, with Metro paying about two-thirds of it.

The announcement came 10 days before a scheduled Metro fare increase, which the agency said is not tied to the service expansions.

In Seattle, the service changes include expanding 19 individual routes, several of them near South Lake Union, and a Rapid Ride route serving West Seattle with hybrid buses.

FARE INCREASE

Most of the fare increase, approved by King County Council members in November, will take effect March 1 and raise many fares by 25 cents.

- Nonpeak: from $1.25 to $1.50; one-zone, peak: $1.50 to $1.75
- Two-zone, nonpeak: from $1.25 to $1.50; Peak: $2 to $2.25
- Youth: remain at 50 cents
- Senior, disabled passenger: remain at 25 cents, but increase July 1. At that point, youth fares increase to 75 cents, and seniors and disabled riders will pay 50 cents off-peak. Peak-hour fares for seniors and disabled will stay at 50 cents after July 1. Access bus fares will remain at 75 cents, but prices for monthly and yearly passes will increase.
- For more information about the route changes, visit **goto.seattlepi.com/r1272**.

The changes are part of a 10-year bus expansion financed with a sales tax increase, must be approved by County

BRIDGE: Petition signed by 30 residents critical of Parkway Plan

FROM B1

dated April 1 deadline for forwarding plans to WSDOT for analysis.

City Councilman Richard Conlin, among the team members who has worked on the bridge-replacement issue for at least 10 years, praised a coalition of Seattle neighborhoods, including some members of the mediation team, who met Saturday to finalize the Parkway Plan.

"Thank you all for getting together . . . and coming up with something this creative. It epitomizes the spirit of mediation," Conlin told coalition members.

That plan features a 3,100-foot tunnel beneath the north end of Foster Island and under the lake, bypassing the arboretum itself. Another tunnel beneath the Montlake Cut would connect buses with Sound Transit's light rail station, planned at Husky Stadium. Lids above other sections of the freeway would ject on schedule – and on budget. "The hard work the westside communities did has kept us on schedule by moving this into the SDEIS; that's huge."

Not everyone is convinced.

A group of 30 Seattle residents from various neighborhoods, including University Park, University District, Eastlake, Montlake and others, signed and sent a petition to the governor and state lawmakers Wednesday, criticizing the Parkway Plan.

They said while "there are parts (of the Parkway Plan) we can support," they opposed any intrusion of Route 520 into McCurdy Park, any interchange near the intersection of Montlake and Pacific boulevards, and the tunnel across Montlake Cut. They also oppose ramps connecting with Lake Washington Boulevard and the increase in traffic on the boulevard.

Theresa Doherty, the University of Washington mediation

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Feb. 26, 2008

Dear Ivan and Carol,

Just a brief note: as I start to move into the final chapters of this project, I am thinking a bit more about publishers. As usual, I start turning over in my mind whether I should shoot for something other than a university press—knowing full well that it will end up at a university press.

Specifically: can you recommend any agent or agents who might handle a project like mine? – that is, someone who deals with Western U.S. subjects, has dealt with academics, knows something of the terrain.

When I began this project many, many years ago, I started out with a focus on hobos as a Western labor force, and it just grew from there. Now, as I see the broader implications of harvest labor in the 1875-1925 years, I realize that it speaks to today's illegal immigration controversy and I wonder whether that might interest another sort of publisher.

Well, any advice you can give me will be appreciated. Just pick up the phone and call sometime.

I am preparing for spending March 16-22 in Berkeley. As usual on these research weeks, I will fill every morning, afternoon, and night with work in different libraries—from the Bancroft to the UC Main Library to California Historical Society to San Francisco Public Library. Bancroft is shutting down this summer so I need to fit this in now, and in the current temporary building its hours are short: 11 – 5 daily.

I just turned in one of the most interesting things I have looked at in some time: a 1926 Congressional hearing on bringing in Mexicans as harvest labor. The 1924 Quota law slapped an $8 head tax on each one, on top of an earlier WW I era fee, and although I am sure most simply skipped across the border, the growers across the West were angry that this was denying them labor. All sorts of agonies. But the hearing was beautiful in a way, for it drew together all the neuroses, racism, fears, anger, 100 % Americanism of that fascinating but often tragic decade. A Billings sugar beet man spoke hopefully about training the Blackfeet to pull sugar beets from the ground; another said "those Indians up in Montana are Crows, mostly, and they are just about as much good to a beet farm as a crow is to a

corn farm. They live right around beet farms. They do not grow beets. They do not work beets. They know the occupation is there, but their main occupation is breeding and running race horses."

California seems less intimidating to me now, that I have plowed through piles of stuff. I have started to organize the final two chapters in my head, at least.

Best wishes as you move out of the fog and rain –

Mark Mark

Ivan + Carol —

WYMANS' HANNUKA - CHRISTMAS 2007

807 N. School St., Normal, IL 61761-1328 wdwyman@verizon.net evagoldschmidt@yahoo.com

This was quite a year, with weddings for both Ruth and Miriam, and some good family gatherings. Last March Dan and his girls joined us in Chile for a couple of weeks, the first time the whole group had met Eva's Chilean family. In September we had a good visit with them including some days at Smuggler's Notch in northern Vermont. Back home in Normal, Eva continues to teach Adult Education courses in Spanish, while Mark is still laboring to complete his book manuscript. Eva has sent her manuscript to Chilean publishers. (Eva's book is on her family's escape from the Nazis in 1939 and their life in Chile; Mark is writing a historical study on the West's search for harvest labor in the years before the auto.)

Ruth and Juan Álvarez were married on Aug. 3 at Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies, in a ceremony performed against a mountain backdrop. Their honeymoon included some glacier hiking. Ruth continues as an attorney in Champaign, Ill., and competes in marathon runs; Juan is completing a post-doctoral project at the University of Toronto and plays soccer every chance he gets. Juan is from Mexico City, and met Ruth while he was working on his master's, then his Ph.D., in Electrical Engineering at the University of Illinois.

Then some three months later, on Nov. 10 on the beach at St. Augustine, Florida, Miriam and Matt Catalano were married before a small crowd of members from both families. Yelena and Adrianna were ring bearers, while Dan, Ruth, Juan, Eva, Mark, and Uncle Bry, were proud witnesses. Matt's aunt and uncle played guitar-and-fiddle music and it was a great time on a warm, beautiful day. We closed out that momentous time with a late-night singalong in a hotel room. Both are at the University of Florida: Matt is working on his doctorate in Fisheries and Aquatic Sciences, and Miriam is wrapping up her doctorate in the School of Forest Resources and Conservation. She conducted her research assessing two conservation programs and deforestation in a small protected area in Belize. Matt is from Ohio; he and Miriam met when both were getting master's degrees at the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point.

Dan's used/rare book business—all conducted on the Internet at DanWymanBooks.com—continues to hum, and he has taken on the U.S. end of a Selk sleeping bag (has arms and legs) business (www.wymanoutdoors.com) that his Chilean cousin Micky Hirsch is involved with. Adrianna and Yelena are thriving in Third Grade, playing soccer, taking music lessons, reading and doing math questions and learning all sorts of things.

We were kept on the go — but I'm supposed to be retired! Two weddings in one year is almost too much. Dan plans to move to NYC this year, so probably I'll have some more eastern trips.

I just finished sugar beets — now I tackle California. A daunting task.

Here's hoping for a good report from you —

Mark + Eva

Dec. 10 '07

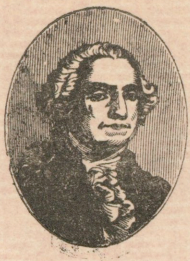
Dear Mark--

This is whatever is beyond belated, but maybe my correspondence ability has not atrophied entirely. Anyway, by being so damnably tardy in response to your fine missives, I now have the bit of show-and-tell (enclosed) to pass along. Shades of our 'Stop the presses!' days, eh? The P-I, would you believe it in these times of staggering newspapers, is dancing to its own lively tune. It maybe only barely survived, in the big lawyer fight earlier this year when the Seattle Times wanted out of the Joint Operating Agreement with it, but it's still around, the Times ended up paying it a bunch of money, and I guess both papers are gradually morphing to whatever the on-line existence will be. In the meantime, the P-I editorial page is maybe the most liberal in the country--last weekend they ran somebody's lengthy op-ed piece advocating impeachment for Bush and Cheney under a headline something like, "If Not Now, When?"--and the staff is crammed with people at the peak of their careers. The only part of my so-called writership-in-residence that was actually on the premises was a craft talk to a couple dozen of the staff one afternoon just before my piece ran in the paper, and there were four Pulitzer Prizes out there listening to me. Anyway, it was kind of fun to talk writing to an audience where everybody gets it.

We have other news. *The Whistling Season* has been nominated for the richest book prize on earth. Honest. It's the International IMPAC Dublin Literary Award, and it's 100,000 pounds, i.e. something over $200,000. The rest of the story is that I have about a snowball's chance in hell of actually winning, as 135 other novels from around the world are also in the running, and there are folks like Margaret Atwood, Martin Amis, and Cormac McCarthy among 'em. At least there's a warm feeling in knowing that three of the American libraries participating in the nominating process chose my book--Denver, San Diego, and Lincoln, Nebraska. The Dubliners narrow it to a short list in April (the judges are exceedingly international, Italian, Algerian, etc., and I can't believe they're gonna grasp homesteading and one-room schools) and the prize is given in June. I'm not practicing my Irish yet, but it's nice company to be in.

The other main news is what keeps me from loyally answering friends' letters, deep immersion in the next book, the World War II novel. It's not taking me quite as long as the war lasted, but it's a big tough job of storytelling. (You don't suppose the amount of effort needed has anything to do with my penchant for things like writing drinking songs for my pilot characters along the line of "Bought the farm, bought the farm, crashing the plane leads to harm," do you?) Anyway, I'm closing in on the finale--Antwerp under buzzbomb attack, coincident with the Battle of the Bulge!--and my publisher seems particularly keen for this one, given the ripsnorting success of *Whistling Season*. Hey, speaking of war stuff, my writing buddy here in the neighborhood who I think once called you, David Laskin, is finding some real goods in research for his book about immigrants fighting for the U.S. in WWI. He lucked onto a guy somewhere in the government's military history bowels who has collected info about Asian Americans who fought for Uncle Sam back then. My reaction: "There were any?!" Now how about you--are those migratory knights of labor you've been tracking about to hit the road into print? Here's hoping you and Eva have a great '08.

HEARTY GREETINGS FROM

Mark  Wyman

Dear Folks –

Knowing your love of both history + journalism, and presuming your interest in Bill Moyers, I am sending you this. I came across it today as I prepare to carry my harvest labor saga into Texas and the Southwest. Off to Chile on March 5, for 3 weeks.

Always –
Mark

Member, Mt. Vernon Hook and Ladder Society

CHRISTMAS/HANNUKA CHEERS

From Mark and Eva Wyman, 807 N. School St., Normal, Illinois 61761-1328

e-mail: wdwyman@verizon.net evagoldschmidt@yahoo.com

ANOTHER YEAR, ANOTHER WRINKLE--Eva continues teaching while trying to finish her writing project, Mark also researches and writes but slacked off on volunteer jobs this year. We have had two family gatherings in recent months, on Labor Day weekend and again at Thanksgiving. Those times together both refreshed us and gave us the joy of seeing grandchildren growing and learning, Dan carrying on well as a single parent, Miriam en route to a Ph.D. at Florida, Ruth established as an attorney in Champaign. Last February a trip to Chile ended up with Eva needing a PaceMaker—installed and working well, while she had the bonus of enjoying the view of the Andes from her room in Santiago's Clinica Alemana. Eva expects this year to complete the first draft of her book on her family's flight from the Nazis and their early years in the Chile; Mark wants to make it most of the way through his manuscript on the West's recruitment of hoboes and other harvest laborers in the years before the automobile. We enjoy walks on School Street and the nearby ConstitutionTrail, and in Funks Grove and other nearby forested areas.

BELIZE IT OR NOT-- Miriam spent much of last year conducting her graduate research in Belize where she is assessing the impacts of two conservation initiatives on deforestation within a small protected area. She won a $6,000 teaching award from the Center for Latin American Studies at the University of Florida, which means she will teach an undergraduate seminar next Fall on "Ecotourism in Latin America," a subject she has had much experience in after her earlier work in the Maya Forest of Yucatan as well as in Belize. She and boyfriend Matt Catalano (in the Fisheries Ph.D. program) enjoy year-round gardening and fish in the Florida coastal waters often.

ORDER IN THE COURT-- Ruth has had many court appearances as part of her work as an attorney in the Robert Kirchner law firm in Champaign. She recently gave oral arguments before the 7th Circuit Court in Chicago—all this in addition to running marathons in Madison and Indianapolis and half-marathons in Peoria and St. Louis. She campaigned for candidates in several elections, and saw most of them win. She made several visits to see her friend Juan Alvarez, who has been teaching this year at the University of Saskatchewan.

CONQUERING SECOND GRADE—7-year-old Adrianna and Yelena keep Dan busy, while his internet book business always comes up with interesting stories. The girls play violin (Y) and guitar (A), take gymnastics, and had a good soccer season. They read, read, read, and impress us with spelling and math bees during our visits. Dan went to a conference of the European Association for Jewish Studies in Moscow last summer, and goes to frequent book fairs in New York and around the country. A University of Pennsylvania book exhibit featured him; it is available online at www.library.upenn.edu/exhibits/cajs/PrinterPublisherPeddler/ . All three enjoy a wide circle of really close friends whose help and support have been important this year.

Dear Ivan + Carol —

Wow! Quite an explosion of reviews! Congratulations — well earned.

I have just finished looking at the UW alumni magazine's "Top 100 books" list — do they realize that 3 of the 100 came from Carstensen's seminar?

Dan + the girls seem doing OK — we spent Thanksgiving there; Ruth + Miriam joined us so it was a very good time.

All the best to you —

Mark + Eva

Finally writing — 5 chaps done; Pac NW finally completed.

wdwyman@verizon.net

Aug. 18, 2006

Prof. Dennis Swibold
Department of Journalism
University of Montana
Missoula, Montana 59812-0002

Dear Professor Swibold:

As a former employee of Lee Newspapers of Montana, I read with much interest your article in the summer issue of *Montana The Magazine of Western History*. I was hired by Lee in early September of 1961, sent to the Billings *Gazette* for two weeks, then to Livingston where I worked on the *Enterprise* until I left in February 1962 for the Minneapolis *Tribune.*

I hope to see your book, *Copper Chorus*, when it comes out. In the meantime, here are some thoughts that came to me as I read your article.

I was a student in the Journalism School at the University of Wisconsin in the late 1950s when my old love of the West got me interested in looking for a job in Montana after my post-graduation military stint. A fellow student, Zoe von Ende, graduated in June 1959 and was hired by the Billings *Gazette*, and she had done her homework on the Lee purchase. She mentioned an article in a journal and it must have been the *Journalism Quarterly* piece by Richard Reutten that you cite, although I am sure that she told me the underlying condition for Lee's acceptance by Anaconda was that there would be no changes in the newspapers. Perhaps this was newsroom folklore.

Sometime before I left Madison I had an interview with Don Anderson, and I suppose he was sizing me up; I am sure that I told him of my interest in working in Montana. But all I can recall of the meeting was his continual squinting, certainly a perennial tic.

In early September 1961 I arrived by train in Billings, expecting to stay there, and soon found an extremely cheap apartment; next door was a drunken sheepherder already in town for the winter. My first assignment other than rewrite was a story on the "end of summer." The city editor (Casey? Clancy?) told me that I should check with the schools, the dude ranchers' association, the train depot, etc. So my lede went something like this:

> The closing of Yellowstone National Park, the throngs of children heading back to school, and the appearance of snow on the upper elevations told Billings residents this week that summer was ending.

It ran at the bottom of page one with a byline, and I was quite proud. But when I came into the office the next morning, I was told that the editor—perhaps "Doc" Bowler—wanted to see me. "Where did you get that crap about Yellowstone Park closing?", he asked. I told him that the depot ticket agent had told me that. He said he had been on the phone for a long time with Yellowstone folks, and that the park definitely was not closing.

Well, that was that, but somehow I never felt bad about it because I knew that my copy had been carefully edited since I was so new on the staff and in Montana.

Then I was sent down to Livingston, where the *Enterprise*'s main reporter was quitting. I was not impressed with the newspaper, which was housed in a building that had once held a saloon and still had rows of cribs upstairs. The editor was Francis Powell, a nice man but of doubtful skills as an editor and certainly no skills in page layout. I soon took over layout of the sports pages, as well as covering sports and general news. One of my beats was to check with the NP ticket agent daily and then to write a short article on who was going where by train. Quite a comedown for a hot young journalism graduate!

Around Christmas time I covered the perennial eruption over Yellowstone killing off its elk herd, and chatted with a *Life* reporter and photographer who had been assigned the story. They both told me to get out of Livingston. I began to have visions of never being able to move up—that the *Enterprise* was so poor that I would be forever buried there.

I sometimes talked with Francis Powell and J.G. Lake, the fossilized business manager, about life under Anaconda. They told of having to hold the presses while they awaited instructions from "the 5th floor of the Hennessy building" over how to word an article. Phrases, even individual words, would be changed.

And once Jake Lake told me, "Sometimes we're just barely above the break-even line, at other times we're just below it. But we are never far from it."

I began to feel that these men had been bent, twisted, beaten down by Anaconda, that they had no independence left. They seemed to be yellowed, barely functioning. One afternoon after the paper came out I was running my eye down the news columns and suddenly I saw a small item on a car accident involving the owner of the motel across the street—and the accident had happened a year earlier. I asked what was the reason for running the article. The young advertising manager told me that the motel man needed it for his court case.

I began to yell—"We can't do this! We can't run an article because an advertiser wants it!" Jake Lake turned on me, shaking his finger, and saying in a strong voice: "WE have to live here. You don't—you'll leave here. But WE have to stay here!!"
And so I decided I had to get out of Livingston soon.

So it seems to me that the change of ownership really brought no change in Livingston. In about 1982 I went through there and the paper had become a lively tabloid, with lots of color and pictures, owned now by the Denver *Post.*

(Zoe von Ende went to the *Post,* but I lost touch with her. One weakness in your article is not having the views of former reporters.)

Generally I think you were a bit soft in bringing out the continuity of Anaconda's influence. I remember that the editor in Helena was extremely conservative and churned out editorials that were very Goldwater-like. The Butte paper was considered very conservative, as was the Billings . Somehow, Missoula was not.

I took solace in reading the Great Falls *Tribune*, which could at times do a fairly good job. And the *People's Voice,* which you certainly do too little with in the article. (I hope you have included many of its criticisms in your book.)

Going public may actually have been a key to the decline in quality in the Lee newspapers. Lee recently bought our local paper, the Bloomington *Pantagraph*, and the cost-cutting has reached such a stage that the news staff is now half its size of 30 years ago. I have been told by ex-reporters that when the Merwin-Stevenson family owned the *Pantagraph* they were happy to make just a little profit. Then it was sold to the San Francisco *Chronicle,* then to the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and now to Lee, and the stockholders' greed has really reduced the papers to a level that at times approaches what the Livingston *Enterprise* had during my months there.

And I seem to recall reading that when the Hennessy hotel in Butte was torn down, they found "bugs" for eavesdropping in various rooms. Anaconda may have pretended that they were not interested in Montana's newspapers, but their high level of control over the state, as well as their paranoia over letting anyone threaten their domain, were obviously high.

Well, thank you for writing the article, and for letting a onetime laborer in the Lee vineyards do a little reminiscing.

Sincerely,

Mark Wyman

Cc: Ivan and Carol Doig
Pat and Esther McLatchy

A note from
Mark Wyman

8/26/08

Dear Ivan Carol —

I thought this might interest you. Did you see the People's Voice in your mort- Yours, Ivan — ? —

Mark

Subject: Montana journalism
From: "Swibold, Dennis" <Dennis.Swibold@mso.umt.edu>
Date: Thu, 24 Aug 2006 14:08:56 -0600
To: <wdwyman@verizon.net>

Mr. Wyman,

Thanks so much for your wonderful letter about my article on the sale of Anaconda press. Thanks especially for sharing your experiences with Lee's Montana papers in the early years.

As far as I can tell, your impressions of the old Anaconda journalists who soldiered on with Lee are right on the mark. The Helena and Livingston papers in particular struggled for quite a while without making strides. You're right again about the conservative bent of the most of the Lee papers' editorial pages in the early Sixties, but at least they were beginning to tackle Montana issues and run readers' letters. (Former Missoulian publisher Lloyd Schermer told me recently that he got the nastiest letter from Westbrook Pegler when he cancelled Pegler's column a few years after the sale.)

The article for *Montana the Magazine of Western History* was condensed considerably from the last chapter of my forthcoming book on Anaconda's "Copper Chorus." In the book you'll find a more detailed examination of the early changes under Lee, and the previous chapter includes quite a bit from former Anaconda reporters and editors. The *People's Voice* gets a good bit of coverage in the book, as well. Harry and Gretchen Billings, who ran the Voice for much of its courageous 30-year run, rank high among my favorite Montana journalists. In fact, this semester I'm directing a grad student's research for a history of the Voice.

I also share your feelings about the current state of local newspapering under the big public newspaper groups, many of which are cannibalizing their news operations to meet a host of new media challenges and Wall Street's historically high expectations for profits. As circulation tumbles, we may well see these groups implode and devolve into smaller, privately held companies that can afford to operate on smaller profit margins. Some companies are sure to publish their share of awful papers too, but I'll take my chances with a more diversely held news media any day. That's a central theme in the book.

Thanks again for your letter and interest in Montana journalism.

Dennis Swibold
School of Journalism
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Missoula, MT, 59812

Mark Wyman
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(309) 452-2888

July 23, 2006

Dear Ivan and Carol,

The new book arrived just as I was leaving for River Falls and my 50th high school reunion. Then almost with it came a letter from an Alaskan friend containing the *Costco Connection* with a writeup on *House of Sky.* Before I left for my drive north, I checked books on tape in the library and there were several of Ivan's productions. So your productivity continues at its old pace, and your fan base grows and grows. Congratulations to you both—to Ivan for his writing, to Carol for providing the oomph to keep that household together (and probably for numerous suggestions on the writing).

I have not yet had a chance to delve into the book beyond the first page, but will soon. I have just finished chapters 2 and 3 of my hobo work, and am ready to move into the Pacific Northwest section with its hops, apples, and berries, and its Indians coming for the harvest. I seldom do Internet research, but tried looking up some stuff today and stumbled across an article on Indians picking huckleberries for profit.

So the book is starting to take shape in my mid—starting with the RRs entering the West, sparking intensive agriculture first on the Plains, which required more labor than was available locally, but labor could be hauled in by the railroad, and so on. Then PacNW, the Texas-Arizona cotton and some beets, then Colorado sugar beets with overlap to neighboring states, and then on to California. As you know, I rely a lot on newspapers and the gems from there are numerous.

The reunion was our best. I have made it to several over the years, but those who regularly attend agree with me that it was the best. Some of us discussed why this was so-- perhaps now at ages 67-68 we have seen the other side of life, death, failures, difficulties, so we no longer feel any need to brag about kids and jobs. Or perhaps it was just the simple step of the planners having some of the farm kids talk about country schools and the transition to high school, so everyone felt accepted. I saw a few people I had not seen in almost 50 years, including one of my old friends (female) whom I last saw in 1958 (she lives happily in Ashland, Oregon).

An 85-year-old friend told me that his 50th was the best – but then the Grim Reaper really began his work. By the 60th only nine showed up out of a large class (of course, many were still among the living but found travel to the reunion asking too

much). I think we had eight dead out of 88 (although ~~one~~ another guy simply disappeared about 40 years ago).

Not so much news from here, I guess. Eva had to get a PaceMaker installed while we were in Chile, but it now seems to be working just fine and she walks a lot better. We are unsure about a winter trip—back to Chile? Or join the crowds to Costa Rica? At least Chile is so far away that there are few U.S. tourists, but lots from Argentina (Boo!) and Brazil (Yea!). She really has no more research to do for her book on Chile taking in her family and other German Jews in 1938-39, but she seems kind of bogged down on the writing. I read through one chapter (it's in Spanish, so my understanding was only approximate) and told her to make it two chapters. She is drifting away from a personal story into an historical account.

My nephew, Jeb Wyman (John Edward Bryant Wyman) just got tenure at—I think—Seattle Central Community College, teaching English and advising the student paper. Undoubtedly there will be controversies surrounding his name someday. Remember you heard it here first.

It was good to chat with David Laskin. I neglected to steer him to the various ethnic archives/museums, but he seems to have enough on the ball to know about those. The only one I have worked in is the Norwegian-American Historical Society archives at St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minn. It's pretty good – please mention it to him when you see him.

Cheers for *The Whistling Season.* I expect a good read.

Mark

Pals -- Mark

807 N. School, Normal, 61761
May 27, 2006

Dear Ivan and Carol,

On this Memorial Day weekend, when the Doigs prepare to cross the Sound to wander around Dungeness Spit or head over to La Push, let me take a few minutes to reestablish contact with you. I await news of the release of the book, looking for something less ponderous than the copy of *The Popes and the Jews* which the book club I am in selected for its next discussion.

We are getting along here, both of us now writing. We went to Chile on a planned 2 ½ -week trip in February, but Eva began having severe energy problems and the day we were to leave she was clamped into a hospital and the next day got a PaceMaker. (She is doing OK with it.) We finally got home after 4 weeks—repeating the previous year's lengthy stay which we had vowed was too long. So it took me almost three weeks to get everything back in shape here. We were able to finish up her research (into microfilm of Jewish and Nazi Chilean papers) for her book on the 1930s emigration of German Jews to Chile, so she is typing and revising away, always finding something else to engraft onto her family's stories. She is writing it in Spanish.

We left Santiago just a week before Bachelet's inauguration, and have great hopes for her—especially with copper selling at an all-time high. We now hear that strikes are breaking out all over as the people at the bottom decide they, too, need to benefit a little from the high price of copper.

I finally began going over all my notes from 6-8 years of research, on the project which began as a look at hoboes as a Western labor force, but evolved into asking: Where did the lightly-populated West find harvest labor in the years before the automobile? It is a complicated story, as I guess I indicated in our last visit—Indian tribes, Chinese, Japanese, blacks, some Sikhs, a few Mexicans (became the dominant group only in the 1920s), and of course hoboes.

My first chapter gets the railroads into the West, and so I went through two Kansas papers (microfilm) for the early railroad era: the Junction City *Union* for 1869-72, and the Salina *Herald* for 1879-82. I was struck by several things that seemed different for me from other Western newspapers of the Gilded Age that I have read through during research. One thing was the weather, which seemed almost unbelievably harsh. Temperatures over 100 degrees repeatedly; then a massive storm (always called "cyclones", never tornados), heavy rains that swept out bridges and mills, over and over. This is also the first Western papers that I can recall that reported settlers giving up and moving East, over and over. I neglected to write down what the reporter said about the messages scrawled on the prairie schooners, but things like "going home" were common. The *Herald* carried an item about a farmer, his wife, and 3 kids who came into town pulling a cart, from their farm 10 miles out. The first year they had bumper crops; second year was total failure; third year total failure also. Then the horse died. So they put their belongings into the cart and came to town. The newspaperman took up a collection and bought them RR tickets; he didn't report where they were sent. And yet Emerson Hough had the gall to write that the West is a story of heroes! Well, these people were heroes, although not the kind Hough envisioned.

And, I thought you-all would enjoy this:

July 6, 1867 – Junction City (Kansas) *Union* - p. 3 -- "Some ten families of Texans passed through town on their way to Oregon. They were a migratory set, having lived in Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas and Texas."

The Kansas shown in these two papers was a real conglomeration of people. Blacks mentioned a lot, and the "exodusters" discussed. Here are a couple of examples:

Dec. 15, 1866 – Junction City (Kansas) *Union*
p. 3 - "Our streets present a peculiar conglomeration of the East and the West these days.—Here is the eastern man in his broadcloth with kid gloves and cane, and a plains man with fringed buckskin breeches, slouched hat and belt with revolver and knife; drays, omnibuses and express wagons mixed up with six

mule freight wagons and eight and ten yoke ox teams attached to prairie schooners; one buying fine cut and champaign, (SIC) another sod corn juice and plank road or navy; one driving a buggy with three minute team, another mounted on a mule, not particular about time, nor anything else. So we go, everybody lots to do, attending to their own business, not caring much about predestination, the days of grace, &c., but making money and happy as old clams in high water."

July 17, 1869 – Junction City (Kansa) *Union*

p. 1 - "The tide of Old World emigration, which once set regularly towards the West, now flows in tremendous currents, from Europe westward and from Asia eastward, both making the shores of America their aim. Thus there is being formed a huge national sandwich—English and Irish on our Atlantic coast, Asiatics on the Pacific—and the native population and troublesome sons of Ham as the middle layer. If that won't be esteemed a powerful meal to the taste of the world when we are all mustered, then the world has no taste."

The West certainly was a "huge national sandwich."

Here's another little gem, from the Salina *Herald*:

July 3, 1880

p. 2 Croquet being played -- "Those who do not know how to play say it is 'Presbyterian billiards.'"

We drive out to Massachusetts in a couple of weeks, for a two-week stay. Dan and the little girls seem to be getting along OK since Jenny's death. On Mother's Day a group of Jenny's friends came to plant flowers in her backyard flower beds and around her grave; Dan said it was an emotional time. They certainly have close and helpful friends, making it possible for Dan to travel more than he ever could before.

Miriam is back from 2 ½ months in Belize, doing research on how the locals deal with the Howler Monkey Reserve that was established some 20 years ago. Ruth soldiers on in Champaign, taking on increased numbers of cases. She does have a couple of civil rights-type cases. But most seem to be the kind of gut-wrenching cases one hears about—child custody, especially. I would burn out quickly on that. Her Mexican boyfriend got a temporary position teaching at the U of Saskatchewan, in Saskatoon, making for a lot of traveling.

Soon I will start work on Chapter 2, bringing hoboes into the Great Plains wheat harvests, Eventually I will get to Puyallup and Yakima and the Klickitats!

Sincerely,
Mark

6 July '06

Dear Mark--

I owe you a letter, do I ever. But until I get this booktour whipped, in about 3 weeks, no chance. Carol and I do 4 booksignings (Mt. Vernon and beyond) in the next couple of days, then get in the car for the Montana ten-day tour.

But anyway, a book! A bit belated, as I only now realized you dropped off an academic copp list at my publisher when you retired. So, here, with our comps. The book has been doing great--out a month, already into 4th printing, on the 1200 independent stores' national bestseller list, etc. The Boigs are happy literary campers.

My neighborhood writing buddy David Laskin sang your praises. Thanks for pitching in for him on his research--he's the real item, a good writer and sound student of history.

Until later,

Ivan

Mark Wyman
807 North School • Normal, Illinois 61761
(309) 452-2888

June 2, 2005

Dear Ivan and Carol,

Back in the saddle again, slowly getting caught up on all the filings of research materials, paying bills, answering e-mails, and now at last writing to the Doigs. You were very fine, again, in taking me in on my forced invitation. But I need to remind you that if you had begged off because of Ivan's manuscript deadline or any other activity, I would have understood. You have done so much for me over the years that I have some grasp, I think, of the multitude of demands upon your time. Let alone the Seattle traffic.

I made it to the Vancouver airport with hours to spare, and made some overdue phone calls to our kids as well as reading the Toronto *Globe and Mail,* one of my favorite newspapers. Eva's 4-hour flight was not too bad, and before long we were enroute down to Bellingham, which according to this morning's NPR report is one of the holdouts on enforcement of the Patriot Act's threat to libraries. We spent a good couple of days with our friends, then we and they drove up to the Sylvia in Vancouver.

Thanks much for steering us thither. It was ideal. Vancouver, like Seattle, had had a week of off-and-on rain (what else is new?), and the week we were in BC it was pure sun. Everyone turned out to walk on the waterside paths, and it was especially beautiful in the evenings as the sun's rays approached the horizontal and the scene at times was reminiscent of a Seurat painting. Even in the mornings, as we ate breakfast and looked out on the waterside park, there were people walking, jogging, biking, blading, sitting. Across the way the bright morning sun on the white spars of a bunch of clustered sailboats reminded me of a hairbrush lying on the water. Our Bellingham friends were familiar with the Stanley Park aquarium, so we walked there and enjoyed the exhibits and especially the beluga whale show.

Fossil Bay resort (brochure enclosed) was OK, but a bit weak on the hiking trails. We went twice to French Beach provincial park nearby—reporting the break-in of the ticket payment machine—and walked the length of that, sat and read, and slept some. There are other hiking trails farther west.

we didn't use the hot tub!

Enclosed: some notes I typed from a Joseph Conrad story some time ago. Also, I think I mentioned the e-mail that was forwarded to me by a local boy who ran for Congress in Cincinnati last year. I love this way to squash the Fundamentalists—especially when they have made it to the Senate where they try to push their craziness on the rest of us. Enjoy.

I am now done with hop-picking and berry-picking and apple-picking, and will turn my attention to California. So there are miles to go before I sleep.

always -- Mark

Thanks

Mark

From: Tneggerman@aol.com
Date: Tue, 9 Nov 2004 17:34:10 EST
Subject: Fwd: as the bible says. . . .

Dear Senator Santorum:

Thank you for doing so much to educate people regarding God's Law. I have learned a great deal from your speeches on the Senate floor in support of a Constitutional amendment against "gay" marriage.

I am now trying to share that knowledge with as many people as I can. When someone tries to defend the homosexual lifestyle, for example, I simply remind them that Leviticus 18:22 clearly states it to be an abomination .. End of debate.

I do need some advice from you, however, regarding some other elements of God's Laws and how to follow them.

1. Leviticus 25:44 states that I may possess slaves, both male and female, provided they are purchased from neighboring nations. A friend of mine claims that this applies to Mexicans, but not Canadians. Can you clarify? Why can't I own Canadians?

2. I would like to sell my daughter into slavery, as sanctioned in Exodus 21:7. In this day and age, what do you think would be a fair price for her?

3. I know that I am allowed no contact with a woman while she is in her period of menstrual uncleanliness -Lev.15: 19-24. The problem is how do I tell? I have tried asking, but most women take offense.

4. When I burn a bull on the altar as a sacrifice, I know it creates a pleasing odor for the Lord -Lev.1:9. The problem is, my neighbors. They claim the odor is not pleasing to them. Should I smite them?

5. I have a neighbor who insists on working on the Sabbath. Exodus 35:2. clearly states he should be put to death. Am I morally obligated to kill him myself, or should I ask the police to do it?

6. A friend of mine feels that even though eating shellfish is an abomination - Lev. 11:10, it is a lesser abomination than homosexuality. I don't agree. Can you settle this? Are there 'degrees' of abomination?

7. Lev. 21:20 states that I may not approach the altar of God if I have a defect in my sight. I have to admit that I wear reading glasses. Does my vision have to be 20/20, or is there some wiggle-room here?

8. Most of my male friends get their hair trimmed, including the hair around their temples, even though this is expressly forbidden by Lev. 19:27. How should they die?

9. I know from Lev.11:6-8 that touching the skin of a dead pig makes me unclean, but may I still play football if I wear gloves?

10. My uncle has a farm. He violates Lev.19:19 by planting two different crops in the same field, as does his wife by wearing garments made of two different kinds of thread (cotton/polyester blend).
He also tends to curse and blaspheme a lot. Is it really necessary that we go to all the trouble of getting the whole town together to stone them?Lev.24:10-16. Couldn't we just burn them to death at a private family affair, like we do with people who sleep with their in-laws? (Lev. 20:14)

I know you have studied these things extensively and thus enjoy considerable expertise in such matters, so I am confident you can help.

Thank you again for reminding us that God's word is eternal and unchanging

Thomas P. Killam, Esq.
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April 21, 2005

Dear Ivan and Carol,

Just a note about my travel plans. Thanks for accepting my self-invitation to bed down with you. I am willing to sleep on the floor, stay to my room while you entertain other guests or labor away at your typewriters, and in other ways stay out of the way. It will be good just to have some moments with you, accepting the fact that I will be barging in.

I will fly out of Chicago into Vancouver, B.C., on Saturday, May 14, and will see the McLatchys that night and Sunday. Then I will drive to Ellensburg, and work there on May 16 and probably May 18, going through Yakima court, police, and coroner records. I am booked for the state historical society in Tacoma on Tuesday the 17th to go over pictures of hop- and berry-pickers, mostly Indians (I hope). If I have pooped out at Ellensburg already, and if there seems ample material in Tacoma, I will probably work in Tacoma again on Wednesday and skip returning to Ellensburg. Please keep gas prices low during my stay.

So I will plan to hit your place on the evening of Wednesday, May 18, but will certainly be coming in late in the evening. I will insist on taking you folks out to dinner to Seattle's finest restaurant one night, your choice of place and night. I will leave right after breakfast on Saturday morning, May 21, to drive to Vancouver to pick up Eva. We will spend some days in Bellingham with her Chilean friend and husband, then go with them to Vancouver for a couple of days, then out to Vancouver Island to a place called Fossil Bay Resort, just beyond Sooke. We decided not to go to the place you mentioned, but will save that for some other time.

Thanks for the ideas for our trip. We are going to the Sylvia Hotel in Vancouver, which you suggested.

Let me hear from you. Don't change plans for me, please—if you have other things going, I can easily stay in a motel as I will be doing on previous nights that week. But I will hope to see you to get caught up on Doig happenings.

Always,

Mark

26 April '05

Dear Mark--

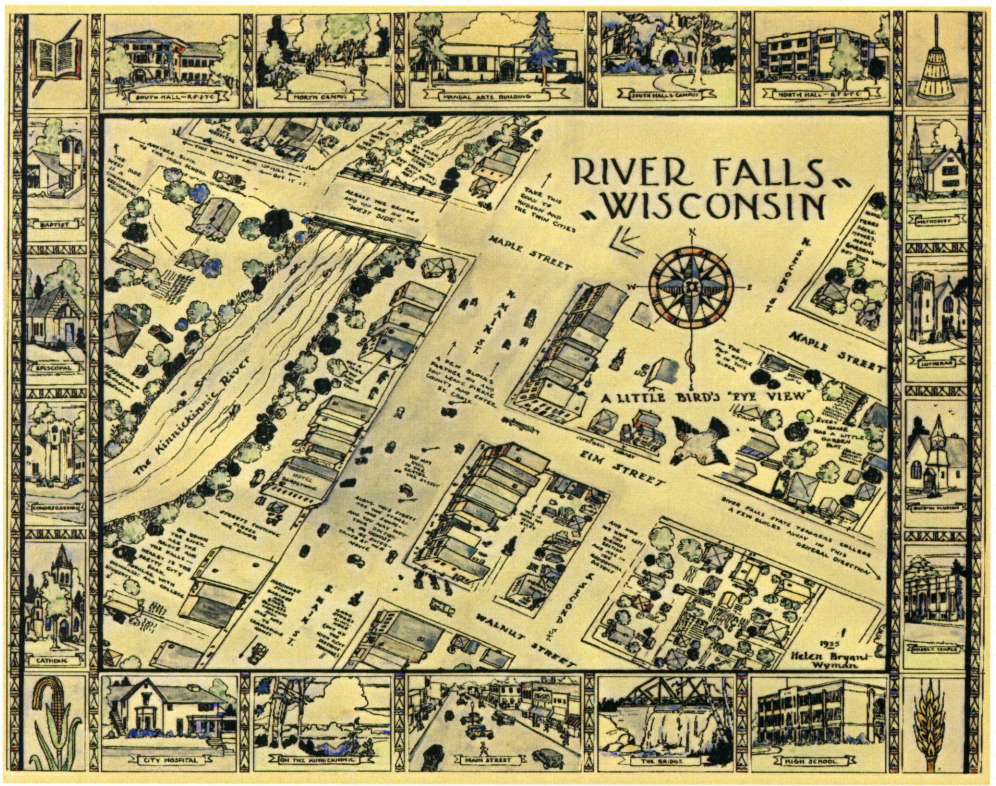
Your travel plans suit us just fine. It sounds as if you don't intend to be here in time for dinner the evening of May 18; if you change your mind on that and can make it here by, say, 7 o'clock, give us a call around noon and we can include you in the meal plan. Otherwise, show up when you can and we'll tuck you in for the night.

Okay, if you're going to be that kind of guy about it, you can take us out to dinner one night. Let's do it Friday, to celebrate the end of a glorious week of hop-picking research. We have a favorite restaurant l0 minutes from here in Edmonds; pan-Asian food; let us know if you have any problem with that kind of grub. We'll eat here at home on Thursday and you can regale us.

You may already know this, but your border crossings to and from Canada may be less fraught if you and Eva carry your U.S. passports. These ain't the old days for Customs workers there--besides the 9/11 aftermath, they're feeling heat about a lot of smuggling of British Columbia marijuana into this country, apparently prime stuff. (We wouldn't know.) That border crossing has long been known for kind of a snotty staff anyway, so be prepared, scout. Also, Carol reminds you that we told you the Sylvia is a funky place and we meant it. It can be really nice if you hit at after one of their sundry renovations, and try to talk 'em into a room with a view--the scene of ships riding at anchor out there in English Bay with mountains around is really pretty terrific, we think.

Bring your sunglasses, we're in drought.

All best,


RIVER FALLS
WISCONSIN
A LITTLE BIRD'S "EYE VIEW"
MAPLE STREET
ELM STREET
WALNUT STREET
The Kinnickinnic River
1925
Helen Bryant Wyman
SOUTH HALL—R.F.S.T.C.
NORTH CAMPUS
MANUAL ARTS BUILDING
SOUTH HALL—CAMPUS
NORTH HALL—R.F.S.T.C.
BAPTIST
EPISCOPAL
CONGREGATIONAL
CATHOLIC
METHODIST
LUTHERAN
CITY HOSPITAL
ON THE KINNICKINNIC
MAIN STREET
THE BLUFFS
HIGH SCHOOL

11/11/04

Ivan—

I think I never reported my thoughts on Prairie Nocturne. As usual, your skill in getting the reader inside different types of people stands out — and again you show such versatility in branching out into different locales and eras. What a novelist! And at the end I was really taken with your explanation of your debt to Taylor Gordon of W.S.S.

Thanks again for sending me a copy! — Mark

Ivan + Carol—

2004 Christmas and Hannuka Report

The Wymans 807 N. School St., Normal, Ill. 61761-1328
e-mail: wdwyman@verizon.net evagoldschmidt@yahoo.com

Another year gone by, and we approach our 40th wedding anniversary with several reasons for excitement -- watching Adrianna and Yelena grow and learn, under the careful tutelage of Jenny and Dan; Miriam winning an NSF fellowship and traveling to Yucatan and Belize as she pushes forward on her Ph.D. research at the U. of Florida; Ruth passing the Illinois Bar Exam.

A Thanksgiving trip to Springfield, Mass., brought all of us together for the first time in years. We were welcomed by that busy household of Jenny, Dan, Yelena, and Adrianna, and enjoyed being with them for some days. Dan's book business thrives; the conversation piece was his acquisition of a first-edition Anne Frank volume (in Dutch).

Miriam's work involves assessing ecotourism in Maya Forest communities, and whether it is actually promoting conservation around protected areas. She goes to Belize for ten days over winter break. When she's not studying, she's enjoying the bluegrass and folk music scenes, playing banjo and guitar with friends, enjoying year-round gardening, or escaping to the coast (both coasts only an hour's drive from Gainesville). Her boyfriend of 3 years, Matt, is also in Gainesville as a fisheries biologist with the Department of Fisheries and Aquatic Sciences.

Ruth was sworn in as a member of the Illinois Bar in a ceremony at the State Capitol, and is now employed by the Kirchner law firm in Champaign. She recently made her first three appearances representing clients in court. Her second term on the Urbana City Council ends next Spring. Her boyfriend Juan is now teaching at the University of Saskatchewan, requiring some lengthy plane flights every several weeks for visits back to Urbana. Leadership of Champaign County N.O.W. takes up some of Ruth's free time, as have local political campaigns and running races (she recently won the Decatur 10K Turkey Trot and Champaign-Urbana Jingle Bells 5K in her division).

Eva teaches both Adult Education (Spanish I and II), and several private classes in our home. She also works out regularly at the YWCA and is finishing research for her book on the Chile that welcomed her family after they fled Germany in 1939. Mark retired in June with a "speechless retirement party," where after a potluck dinner everyone sang songs for over an hour. Now he volunteers with Habitat, a food pantry, and a class of 4th graders. He continues researching on hobos and other itinerants in the Western labor force, 1880-1925. Our new year will open with a trip to Chile in mid-January, capped by a week-long cruise through the canals in the Chilean South.

Happy Holidays!

Thanks for the Indian hops-pickers info. I have found a bit more on that — of B.C. Indians arriving in canoes, to all head to Puyallup to pick hops!
I will probably come to Ellensburg + Wash. Hist. soc + UW next summer for a week of research. I'll hope to hook up with you for a hike—?
Mark

+ Eva

Mark Wyman
807 North School • Normal, Illinois 61761
(309) 452-2888

e-mail: wdwyman@verizon.net

Oct. 22, 2004

Dear Ivan and Carol,

All right, you have been out all morning campaigning door-to-door for the Dems. I am guardedly optimistic, mainly because the day's news slams Bush on a regular basis, just as the 1930s newspapers elected FDR on their front pages while attacking him on the editorial pages.

I have recently returned from the WHA in horrible Las Vegas—a city I will never voluntarily visit again—and three days of research in Arizona. I spent a bit of time on the Papago Indians as cotton pickers, and now I have run into some references to Indians being hired to pick hops in the Yakima Valley.,

So I decided to go right to the top: and I am asking you for advice on running down any information on Montana Indians being hired for "casual" labor in the era ending around the mid-1920s, either in Montana or to be carted over the mountains to Washington or other points. I asked Roger Nichols at the WHA about other cases of Indians being used to pick cotton, and he knew none. But I did not think to inquire about Indians as casual labor in the Northwest.

I wanted to talk with Bill Lang, but it was probably a combination of two things that blocked me: my old back problem returned, and I spent a lot of time just lying down on my bed; and I really can't remember what he looks like, so would have had to inquire about him for some time until someone could point him out. Well, I will probably write to him—at Portland State, right?

I hope to push forward on this in the next couple of months, leading up to our mid-January trip to Chile. Then I'll push on other projects for awhile.

Thanks for any suggestions – M ark

Mark

phone response
11/1/04

13 Aug. '04

Dear Mark and Eva--

I have been perpetually telling myself, well, I really must answer Mark's "free at last" retirement letter before mid-August when the Wymans may change hemispheres. Today I realize, damn, it *is* mid-August. Wherever you are, Normal or Chile, know that you carry thoughts from the vicinity of the Doigs.

As to the enclosed: there's a book of Pacific-rim short stories called *The Coast of Good Intentions,* and the piece I'm finally sending to you must qualify me as a full-fledged citizen under that heading, as I've had it and the intention of putting it in with a letter to you for all too long. I don't do many short pieces any more, having probably burned out on the couple of hundred magazine pieces I did as a freelance back there in the '70's, but this was one was kind of fun. It's also a pretty good venue--the *Post* does only a dozen of these a year.

As to the writing life in general, I am sitting here, awash in manuscript on these fine summer days, as a victim of good luck. I've changed publishers. The negotiations with Scribner for this next novel broke down over money, which is the terrain I always have to pick my battles on and fight 'em to the last penny, and so my agent and I went shopping for a new publisher, as we figure we have to do every third book or so.

Thus I have ended up back at my original publisher, blessed purveyor of *This House of Sky* and *Winter Brothers,* Harcourt. I left Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, as it was then, in 1980 because, dash of irony here, the then-management was reluctant to see me turn to writing fiction. Of course nobody from that *ancien regime* is left on the premises, and the current bunch welcomes me aboard and keeps asking how soon they can have the next novel. All this came about by a cat's-cradle of negotiating circumstances I won't entangle you with the full telling of, but it came to a point last spring where I had to choose between what looked like the best and most attentive publishing house, Harcourt (five living Nobel laureates writing for them, Virginia Woolf and T.S. Eliot and de Saint-Exupery on the backlist, and for that matter their track record of having sold a couple of hundred thousand copies of *This House of Sky* for the Doig coffers down through the years), and the best and most attentive editor, whom I'd worked with merrily on *Bucking the Sun* before she left the business to have a family and now had fetched up at the other publisher bidding for my ware, Farrar Straus & Giroux. Given my recent experience at Scribner where, to our mutual surprise, my editor and I never quite clicked as we had expected, I chose the known efficacious editor over the appealing publishing house. However, before any contract arrived for signing, lo, Harcourt did some choosing of its own and selected as its new editor-in-chief...my erstwhile editor at Farrar Straus. So I've ended up with both publisher and editor that I most wanted, and knowing this is a rare conjunction in the frequently unsettled publishing world, I'm working like hell to get this next novel done. Sent the new editor nearly half of it at the start of the summer, she

liked it fine, urges me on, and so instead of sprawling on the deck as much as I'd like to I am making words these days. Could be worse.

Soup kitchen, local historical society, hobo research--Mark, you do not sound all that retired. Good stuff, though, all of it, and it was great to hear of the family gathering that went along with your retirement shindig.

You accuse us of Alaskan travels, but the farthest coastal adventuring we're doing is just south of Cannon Beach, known to the Wymans from your last visit here. Long-time friends have built a weekend house at Arch Cape, they had us down for 39th anniversary last spring, and are loaning us the place for a week in late September. Carol in particular loves the sound of surf, the last vestige of New Jersey shore upbringing I can detect on her, and I'm always enamored of those great Oregon coastal bluffs, as well as the seven-mile-long beach of gentle sand (good for my surgically repaired knees) at Nehalem Bay. So that will be our summer vacation, about as fall begins. Otherwise, we're putting in a lot of time gardening. People take a look at the vegetable garden and accuse me of having traded literature for agriculture, with some merit.

The forthcoming election, we await with held breath. We anticipated from the moment Bush was nominated in 2000 that he was going to be disastrous to our notion of what the country ought to be, and of course he's proven worse than we could even imagine. So, besides writing checks to the Kerry campaign until our wrists play out, all we know to do is vote with crossed fingers. Just this past week we had a local example of the iron malice of this administration. The Navy JAG officer named Swift (he was written up in the *NY Times Magazine* a couple of months ago, which you might have seen?) who is to defend one of the Guantanamo prisoners got the case brought into federal court here in Seattle--Swift is a resident here from law school days, I think was the basis for filing the case here--and it was coming up before a very good judge whom we know slightly. Huh uh. Change of venue, to the District of Columbia, so the government can have recourse to the much more conservative court of appeals back there if it needs to.

Well, you know the national plight as well as we do. Let's see, what else. The Rodens seem fine, they lately had an immersion in grandkids for two weeks and a good time seemed to be had. The U. of Washington has had an athletic dept. scandal about twice a month all year so far, and just hired as its new president a guy who made his name at that football factory of the South, LSU. It's been a dry summer on Puget Sound, but that's not new any more. Catch us up on your doings when you get a chance, and meanwhile we hope Eva's Chile book and Mark's hobo chronicles are progressing a mile a minute.

Best,

Mark Wyman
807 North School • Normal, Illinois 61761
(309) 452-2888

May 10, 2004

Dear Ivan and Carol,

While the Doigs are thinking of such things as book tours, Alaskan journeys and keeping that garden watered properly, the Wymans have been in the throes of retirement. (Eva insists: "I'm not retiring!") It has been a very busy year, and as a result nothing has been done about our garden, a source of shame in our neighborhood, I am sure.

The "speechless retirement party" went well, I think. Highlight for me was our son Dan flying out with their twin 5-year-old daughters, and then Dan singing the unaccompanied slave lament, "Another Man Done Gone." I told the audience that a year or so ago when we visited them in Springfield, Mass., I went with Dan to his rehearsal of the Folk Chorus group he is in. (They perform *gratis* for labor groups, non-profits, etc.) While there, people kept telling me, "You should have heard Dan sing at our last performance," – over and over. So I asked what he had sung, and learned it was a song that he had heard since he was a kid, because it is on a UAW freedom song LP that I had acquired in the 1960s. Anyway, Dan sang it with feeling and it was the real hit of the evening.

So now I am retired. I turned in my grades Friday afternoon, and today I went in to finish writing stories for the department Newsletter. Tomorrow I start my first volunteer activity of my retirement—helping at the soup kitchen. If it works out, I will try to do that once a week. I also hope to start a one-day a week volunteer stint at the local historical society. What will develop after that, I don't know.

Not having to return to teaching in mid-August, we are nonchalant about planning our summer. In the past 33 years, by this time we would have had exact dates for almost all of our summer activities by now. We think we will go to Chile in mid-August, so Eva can wrap up her research on the book she is working on, about the Chile that she and her parents arrived in as German Jewish refugees in November 1939. I am going to do NY Times and London Times microfilm research to provide some broader context, this summer. Beyond that trip, we have vague intimations of perhaps heading out to see Dan, Jenny, and the girls in early summer, perhaps again in mid-September before Eva resumes her Adult Education classes.

And of course I will get back to my hobo research, which I have only been able to attack occasionally since last summer. I think I will go to Arizona in mid-October for perhaps three days, then swing over to the Western History meeting in Las Vegas. But that is far away for now. So a new phase of my life begins.

Sincerely -- Mark Wyman

The last song was my mother's favorite. Her father was a Church of the Brethren preacher – pacifist – but her brother signed up for WW I. It was a difficult time in the household, and I suspect all that made this popular 1915 song so poignant for her.

SONGS FOR A RETIREMENT PARTY

as Mark Wyman closes out 33 years at ISU

April 16, 2004 - McLean County Historical Society Courtroom

Pianist: Harold Smith Choral director: Lloyd Farlee

Warming Up:

1. In the Good Old Summertime
2. When You Wore a Tulip
3. Bye, Bye Blackbird
4. Tea for Two
5. Somebody Loves Me
6. Hi Lilli, Hi Lo

Some Old Favorites:

7. Long, Long Ago
8. Loch Lomond
9. All Through the Night (*a cappella*)

From Church:

10. Let Us Break Bread Together (*a cappella*)
11. This Is My Father's World
12. Let There Be Peace on Earth

➲ BREAK ➲

Civil Rights and Labor:

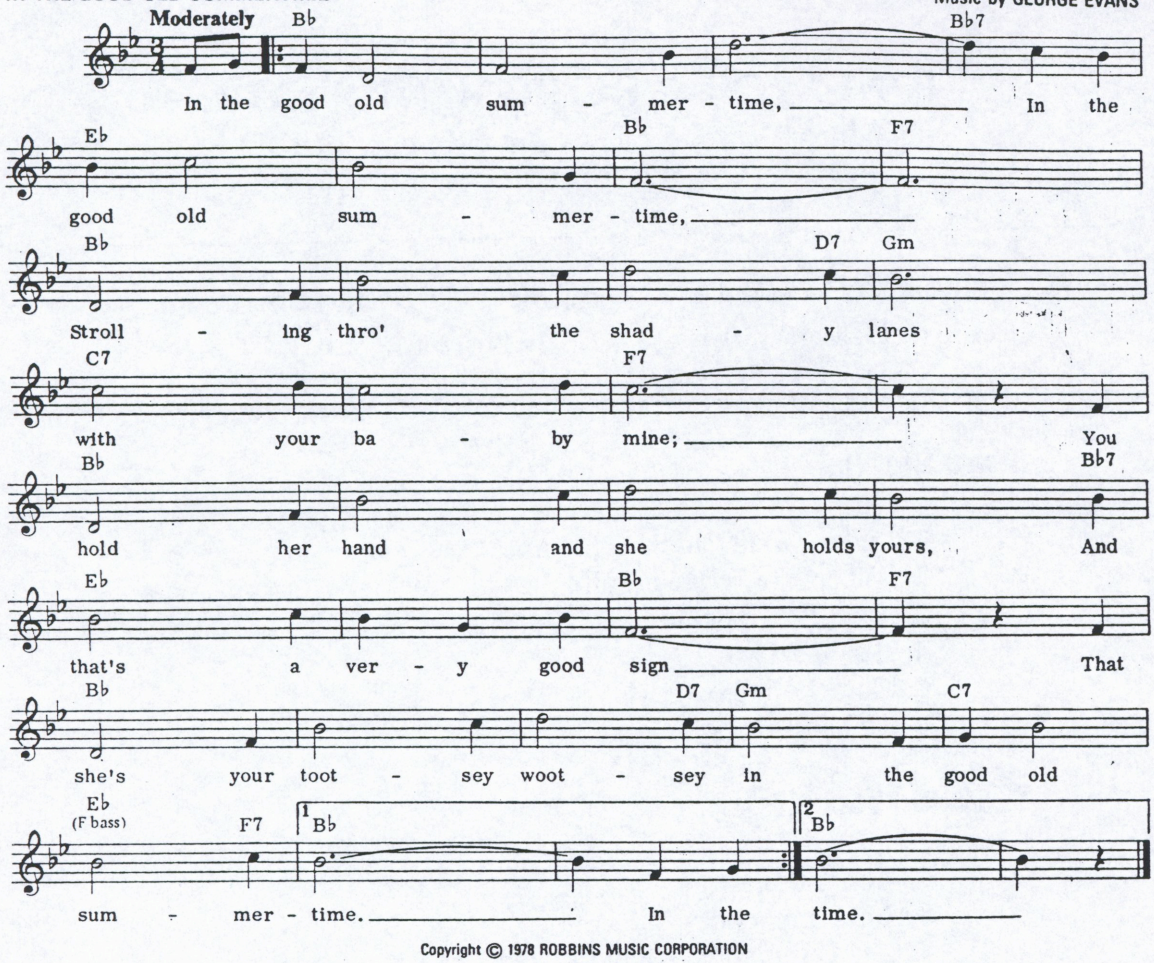
13. I'm Gonna Sit at the Welcome Table (*a cappella*)
14. We Shall Not Be Moved (*a cappella*)
15. Pie in the Sky (*a cappella*)
16. We Shall Overcome *(a cappella*)

Winding Down:

17. Getting to Know You
18. I'll Be Seeing You
19. There's a Long, Long Trail (2d verse *a cappella*)

1 IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

Words by REN SHIELDS
Music by GEORGE EVANS



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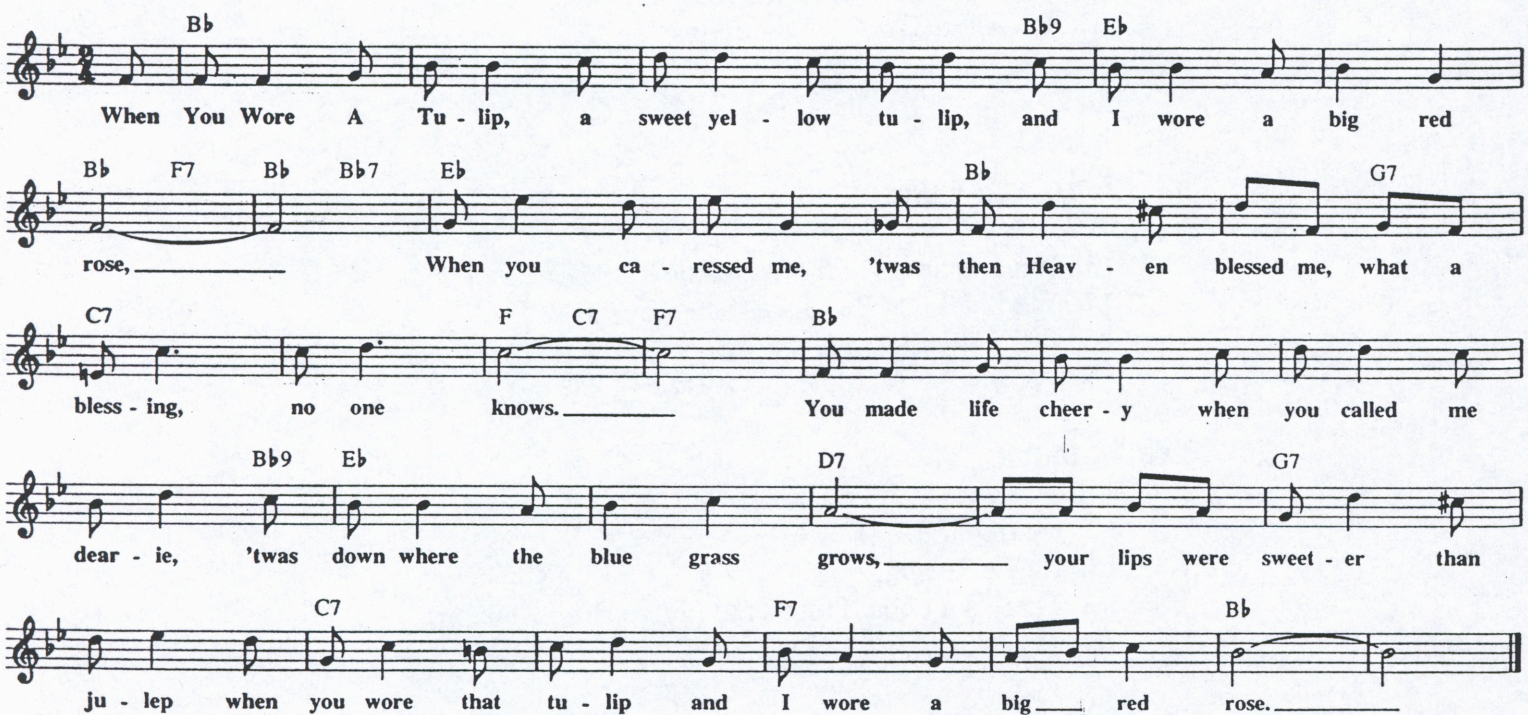
2 WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP
(And I Wore A Big Red Rose)

Copyright © 1994 by HAL LEONARD PUBLISHING CORPORATION

Words by JACK MAHONEY
Music by PERCY WENRICH



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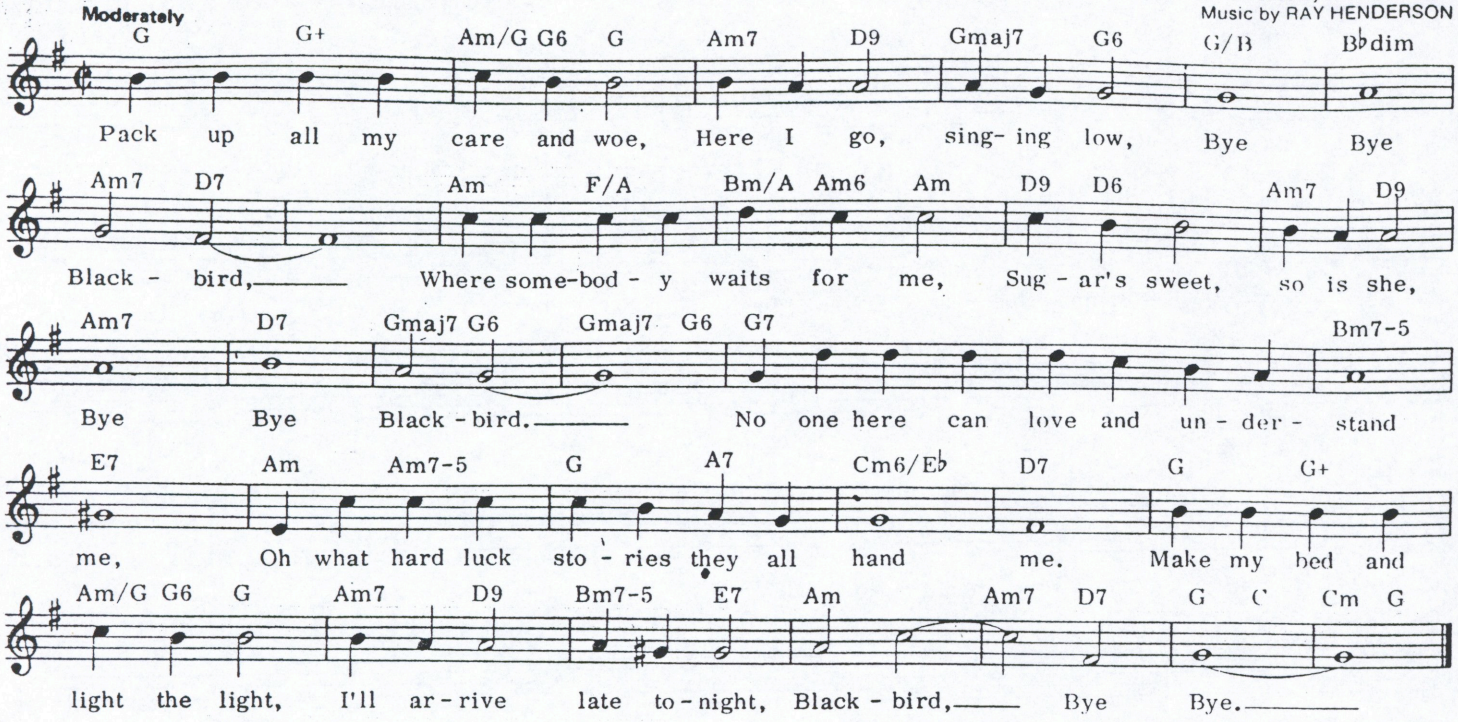
3 BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

Words by MORT DIXON
Music by RAY HENDERSON



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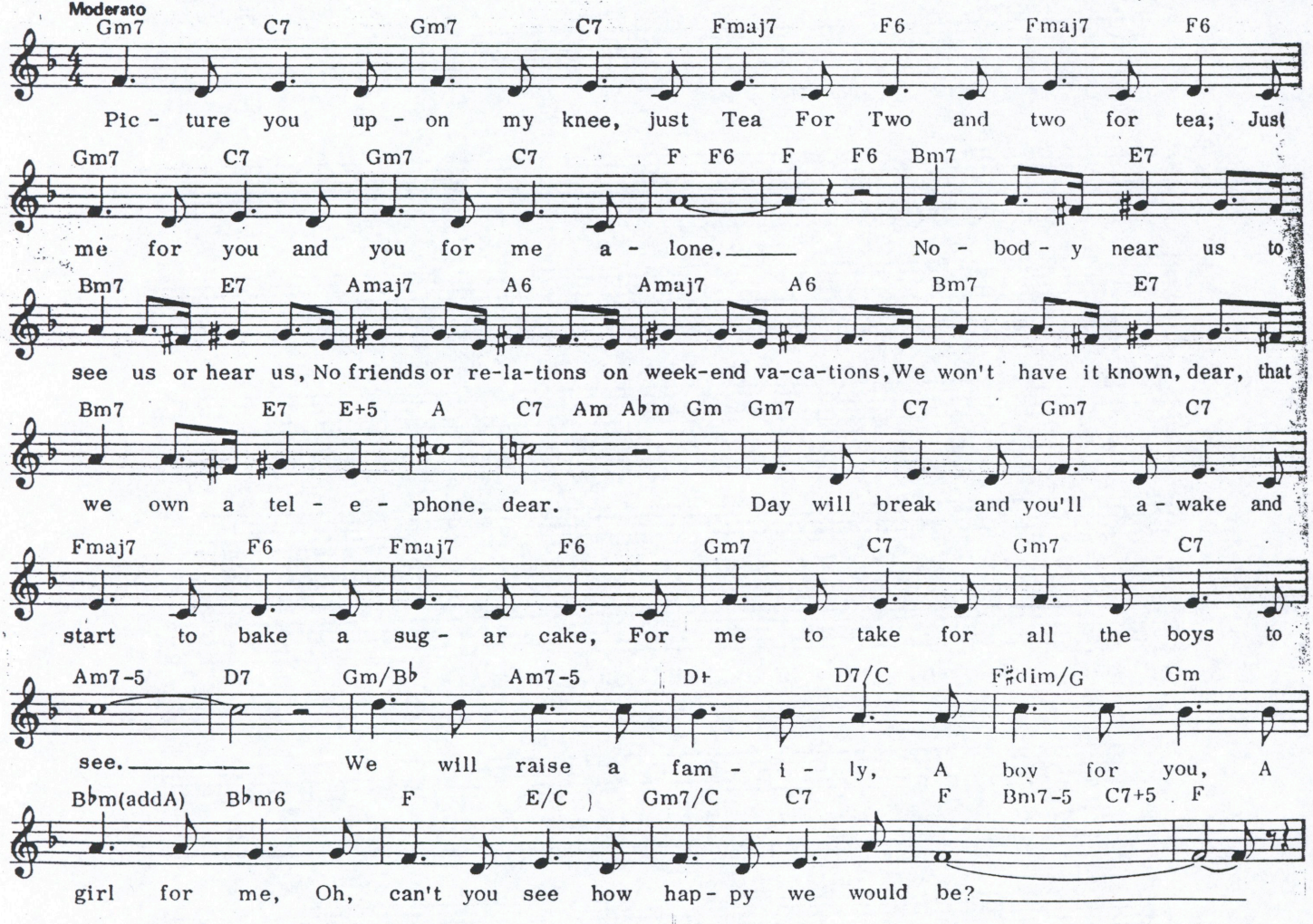
4 TEA FOR TWO

Words by IRVING CAESAR
Music by VINCENT YOUMANS



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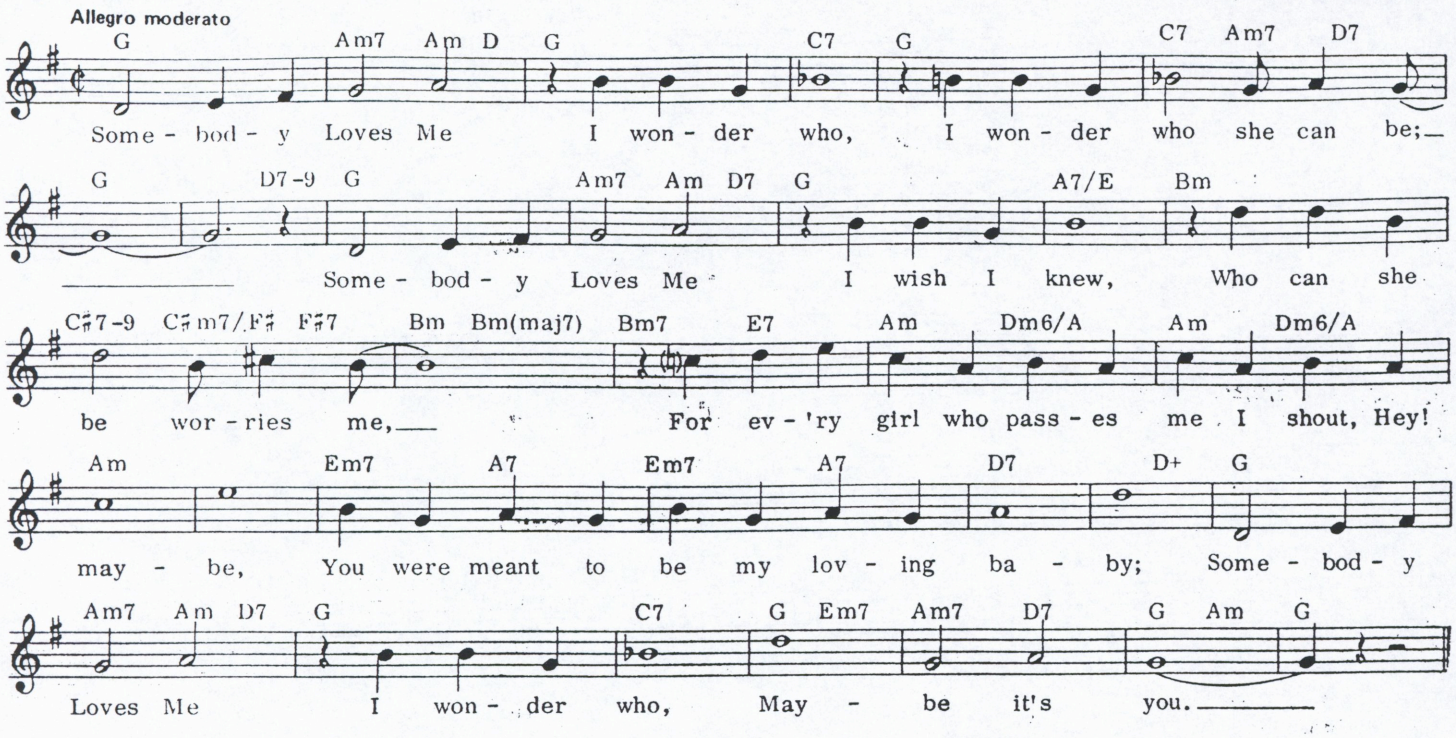
5 SOMEBODY LOVES ME

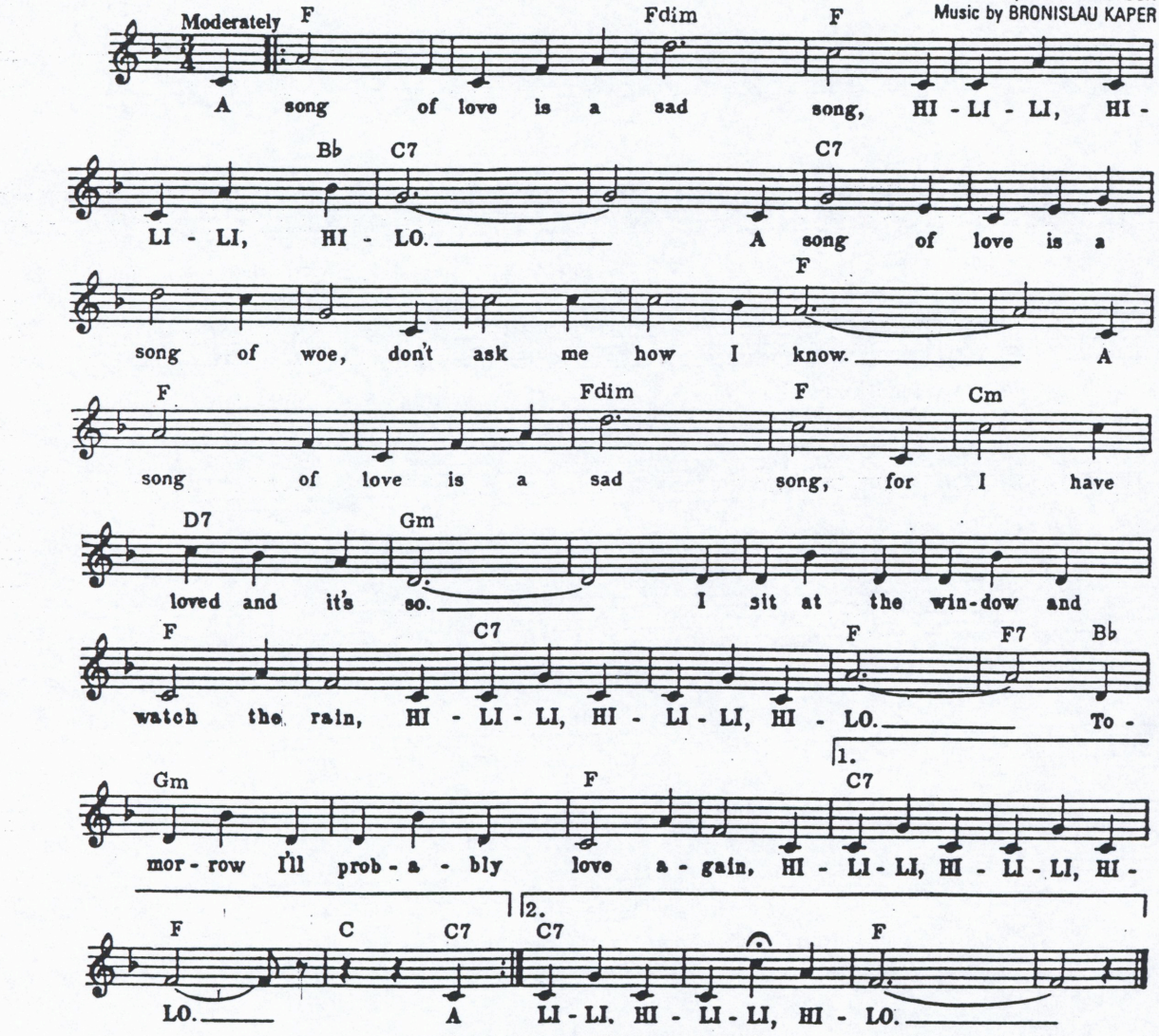
Words by BALLARD MACDONALD and B.G. DeSYLVA
Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN



6 HI-LILI, HI-LO

From the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Musical Production "LILI"

Words by HELEN DEUTSCH
Music by BRONISLAU KAPER



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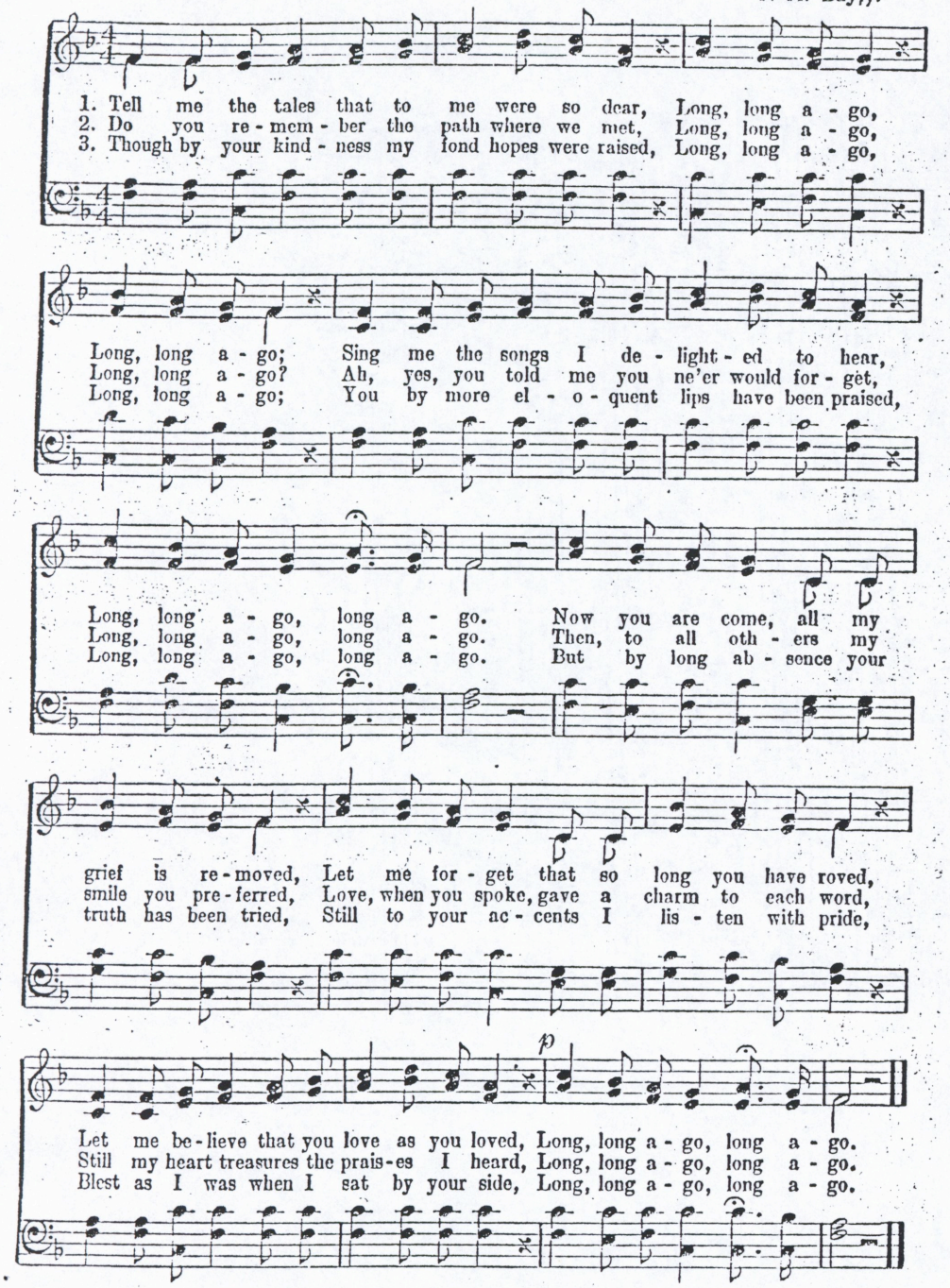
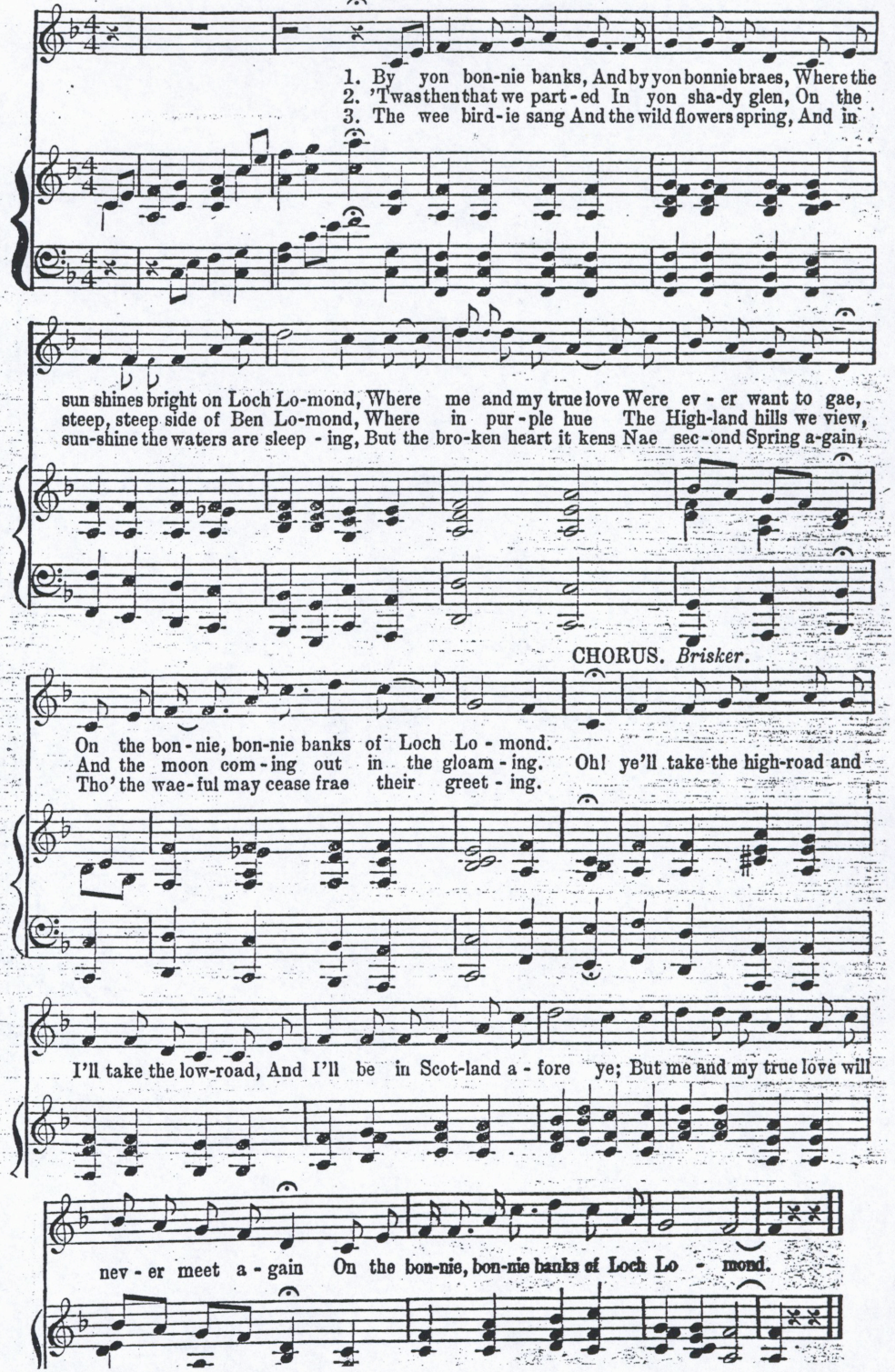
7 Long, Long Ago.

T. H. Bayly.



Loch Lomond.

(The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond.) Old Scotch Song.

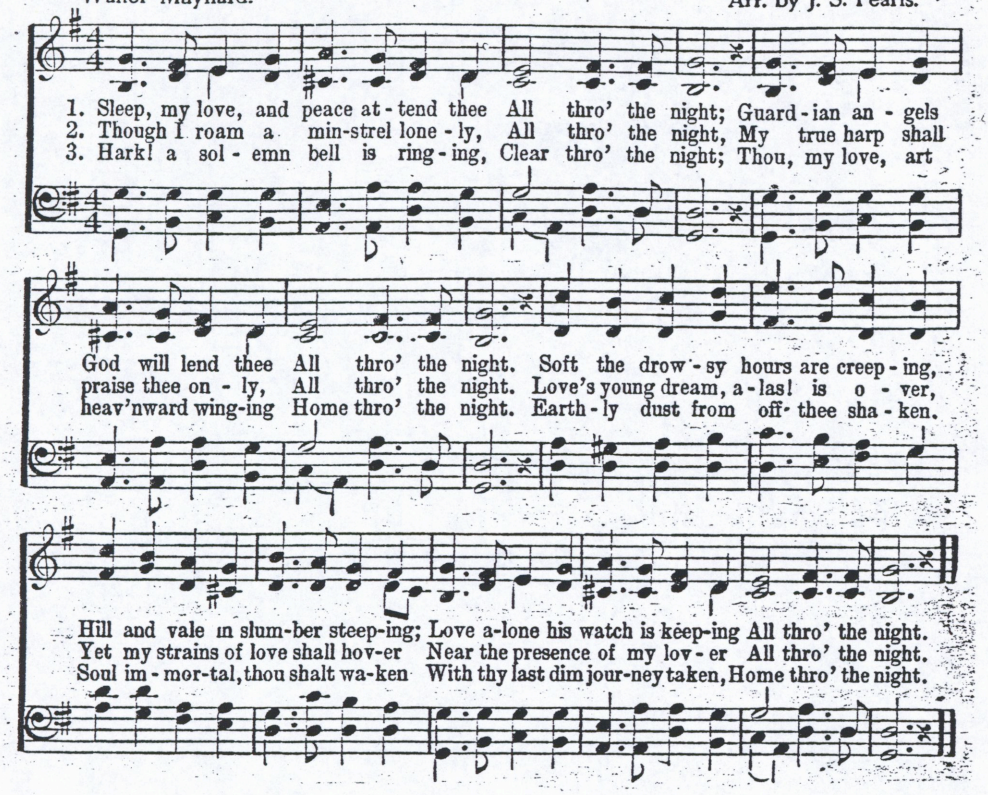


9 All Through the Night.

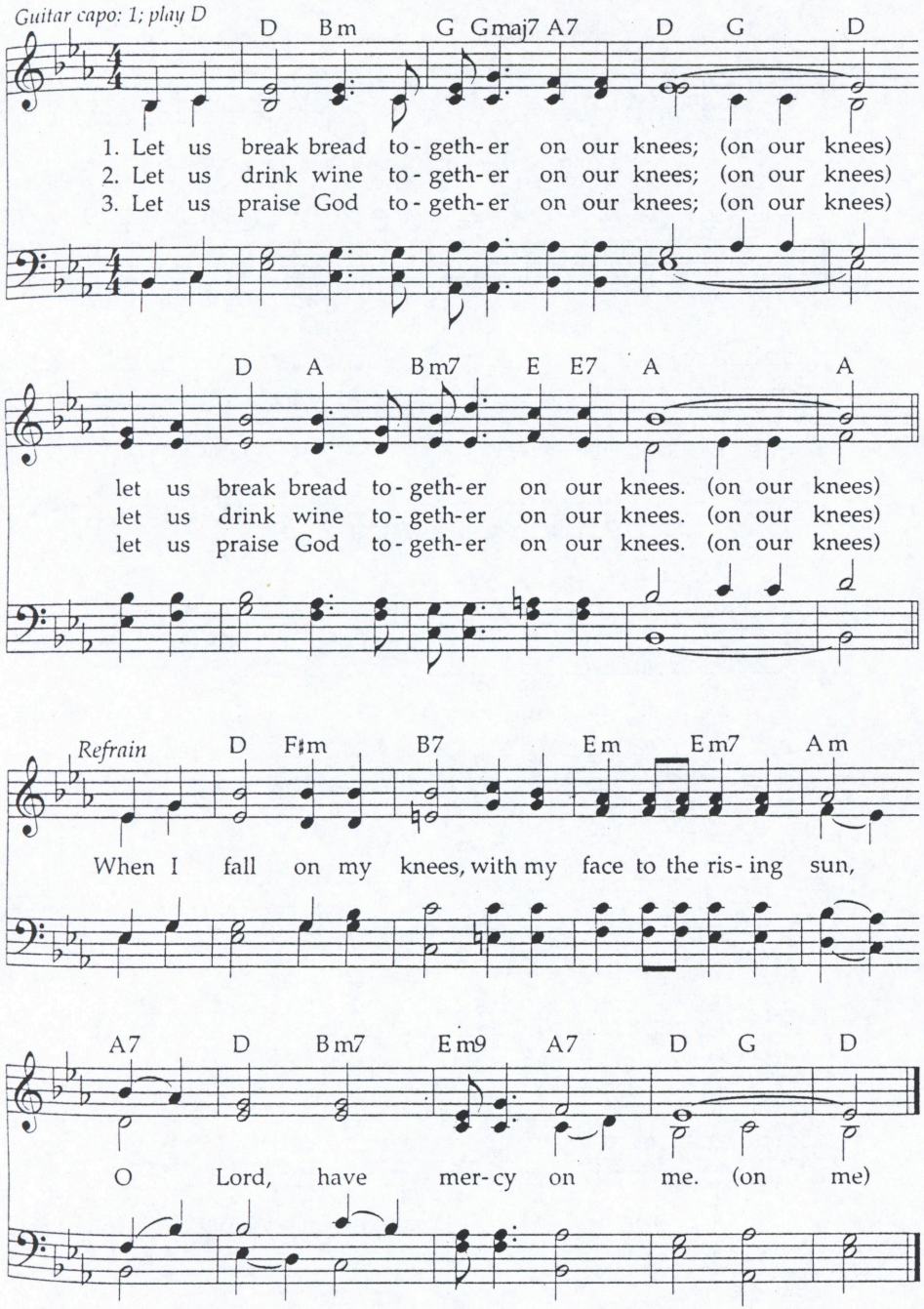
English words by Walter Maynard.

Arrangement Copyright, 1911, by The Cable Company.

Welsh Air.
Arr. by J. S. Fearis.



10 Let Us Break Bread Together

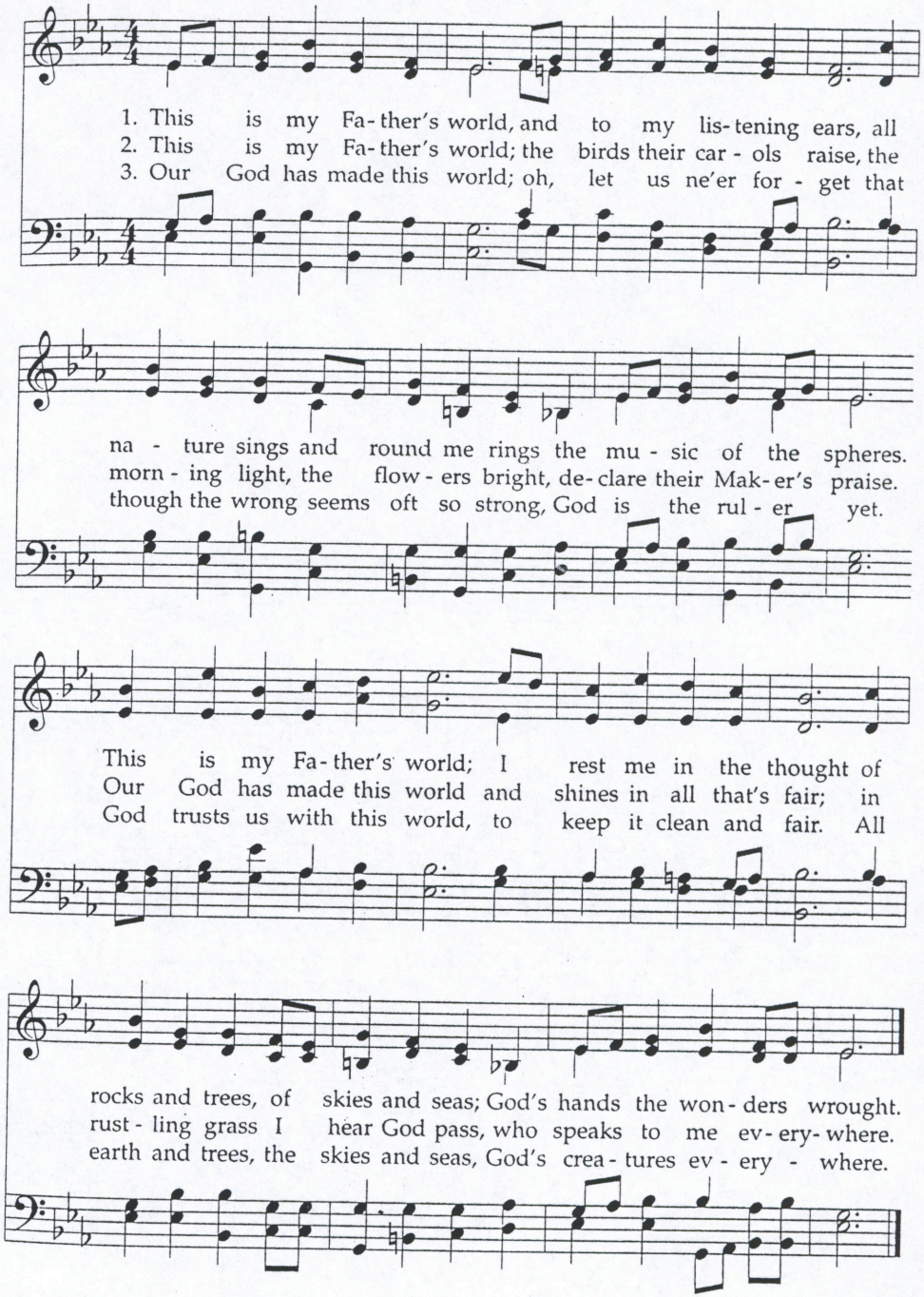


WORDS: African-American spiritual
MUSIC: African-American spiritual; arr. Carlton R. Young, 1964, alt.

LET US BREAK BREAD
Irr.

Arr. © 1965 The United Methodist Publishing House

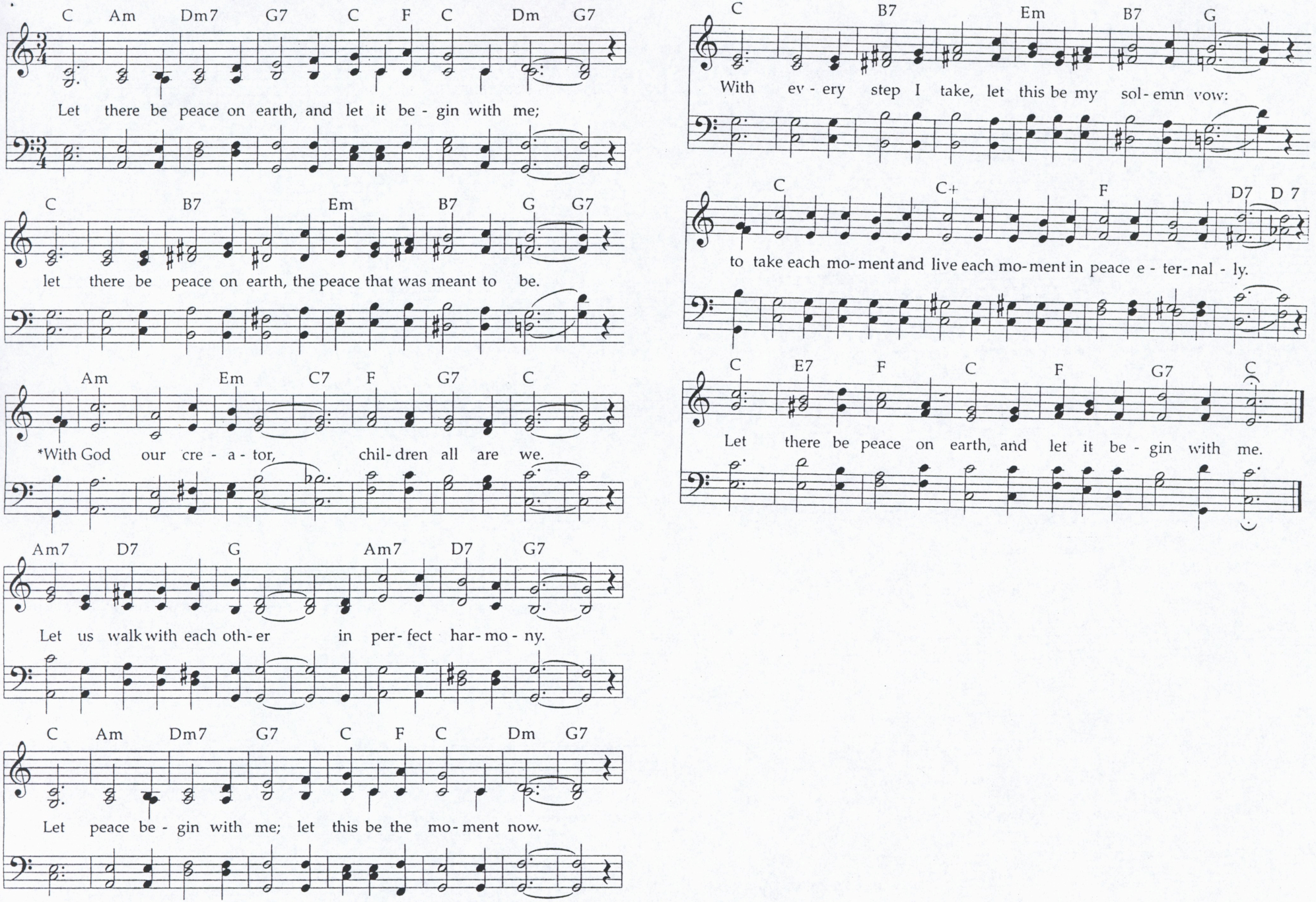
11 This Is My Father's World



WORDS: Maltbie D. Babcock, 1901, alt.
MUSIC: Traditional English melody; adapt. Franklin L. Sheppard, 1915

TERRA BEATA
SMD

12 Let There Be Peace on Earth



* *Original words: "With God as our Father, brothers all are we. Let me walk with my brother in perfect harmony."*

WORDS: Sy Miller and Jill Jackson, 1955
MUSIC: Sy Miller and Jill Jackson, 1955; harm. Charles H. Webb, 1987

WORLD PEACE
Irr.

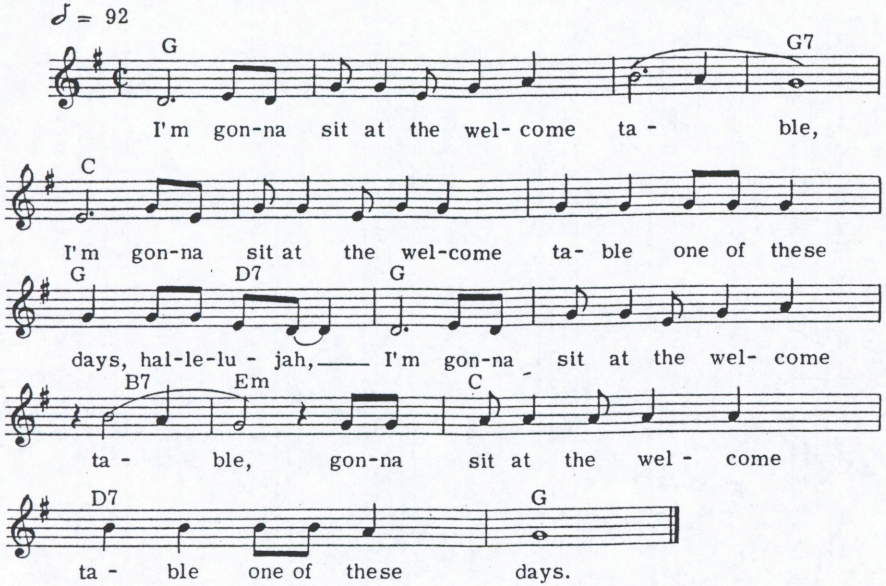
13

I'm Gonna Sit at the Welcome Table

Adaptation of traditional song by members of SNCC

"When I first came to Nashville, I learned that there was only one movie theatre in that city, the capital of Tennessee, to which Negroes could go without having to enter through a back door or an alley entrance and climbing up to the ceiling or the balcony. I noticed that the lives of the Negro students in Nashville were, for the most part, spent on campus . . . simply because there was no place to go. They didn't have the right to sit at a lunch counter or do anything else any other citizen of Nashville could do. I couldn't believe that the children of my classmates would have to be born into a society where they had to believe that they were inferior."

— Diane Nash



I'm gonna walk the streets of glory,
I'm gonna walk the streets of glory
one of these days, hallelujah,
I'm gonna walk the streets of glory,
I'm gonna walk the streets of glory
one of these days.

I'm gonna tell God how you treat me...

I'm gonna get my civil rights ...

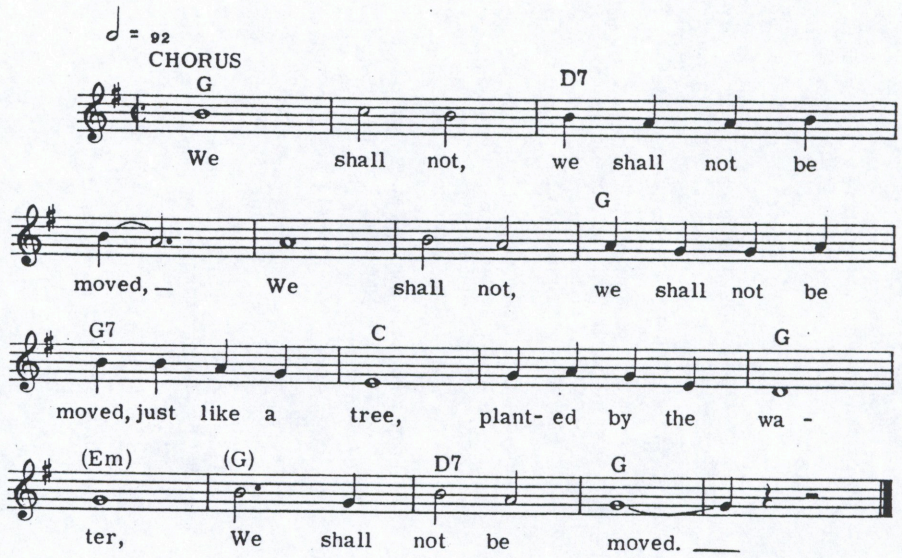
Guy and Candie Carawan, compilers
We Shall Overcome: Songs of the Southern Freedom Movement
[NY: Oak Publications, 1963]

14 We Shall Not Be Moved

Adaptation of traditional song by members of SNCC

Talladega, Alabama: Bob Zellner describes a mass march on the mayor's office of about 200 Talladega College students protesting police brutality and collusion with the mob which beat demonstrators:

"The march was stopped about a block and a half from the campus by 40 city, county, and state policemen with tear gas grenades, billy sticks and a fire truck. When ordered to return to the campus or be beaten back, the students, confronted individually by the police, chose not to move and quietly began singing 'We Shall Not Be Moved.'"



We are fighting for our freedom, we
shall not be moved,
We are fighting for our freedom, we
shall not be moved,
Just like a tree, planted by the water,
We shall not be moved.

We are black and white together, we
shall not be moved...

We will stand and fight together, we
shall not be moved...

Guy and Candie Carawan, compilers
We Shall Overcome: Songs of the Southern Freedom Movement
[NY: Oak Publications, 1963]

Sweet By-and-By.

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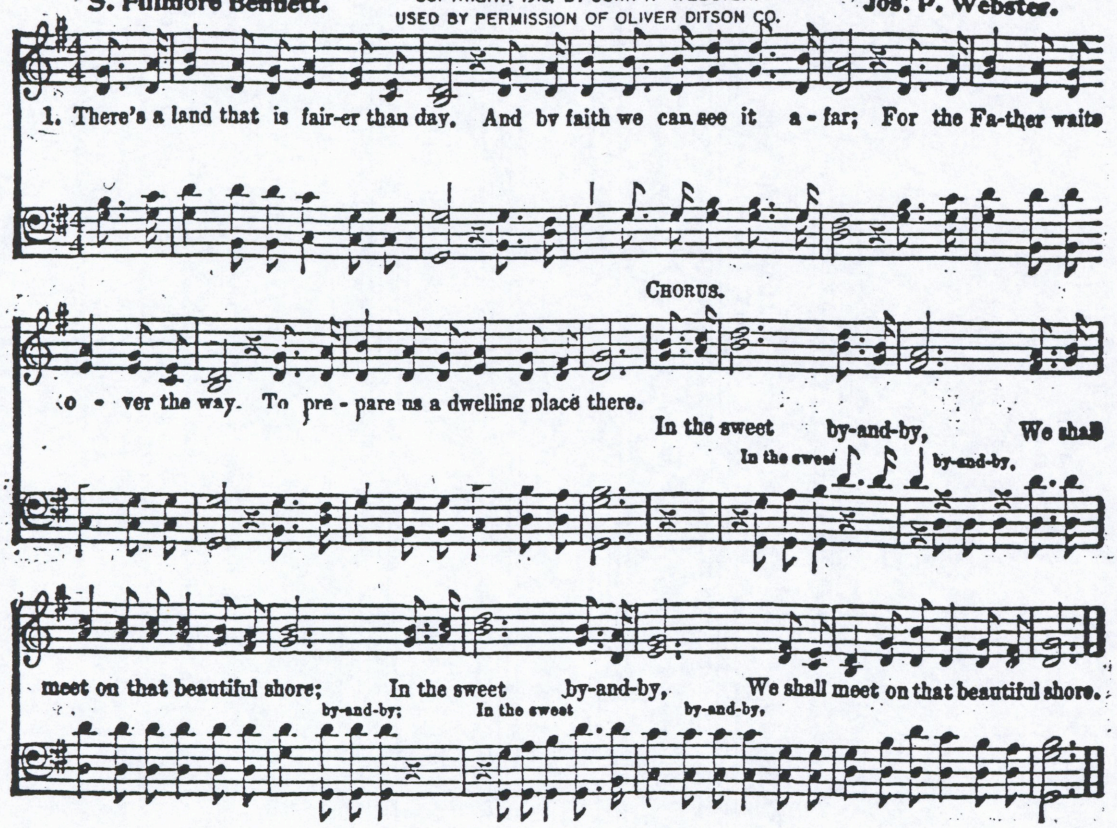
S. Fillmore Bennett. Jos. P. Webster.



THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye")

Long-haired preachers come out every night,
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;
But when asked how 'bout something to eat
They will answer with voices so sweet:

CHORUS::

You will eat, bye and bye,
In that glorious land above the sky;
Work and pray, live on hay,
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

And the starvation army they play,
And they sing and they clap and they pray.
Till they get all your coin on the drum,
Then they tell you when you are on the bum:

If you fight hard for children and wife—
Try to get something good in this life—
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Workingmen of all countries unite,
Side by side we for freedom will fight:
When the world and its wealth we have gained
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

LAST CHORUS:

You will eat, bye and bye.
When you've learned how to cook and to fry;
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.

We Shall Overcome

Words & music arranged by Zilphia Horton, Frank Hamilton, Guy Carawan and Pete Seeger. ©1960, 1963 by Ludlow Music, Inc.

This modern adaptation of the old Negro church song, I'll Overcome Someday, has become the unofficial theme song for the freedom struggle in the South. The old words were: I'll be all right . . . I'll be like Him . . . I'll wear the crown . . . I will overcome.

Negro Textile Union workers adapted the song for their use sometime in the early '40s and brought it to Highlander Folk School. It soon became the school's theme song and associated with Zilphia Horton's singing of it. She introduced it to union gatherings all across the South. On one of her trips to New York, Pete Seeger learned it from her and in the next few years he spread it across the North. Pete, Zilphia and others added verses appropriate to labor, peace and integration sentiments: We will end Jim Crow . . . We shall live in Peace . . . We shall organize . . . The whole wide world around . . . etc.

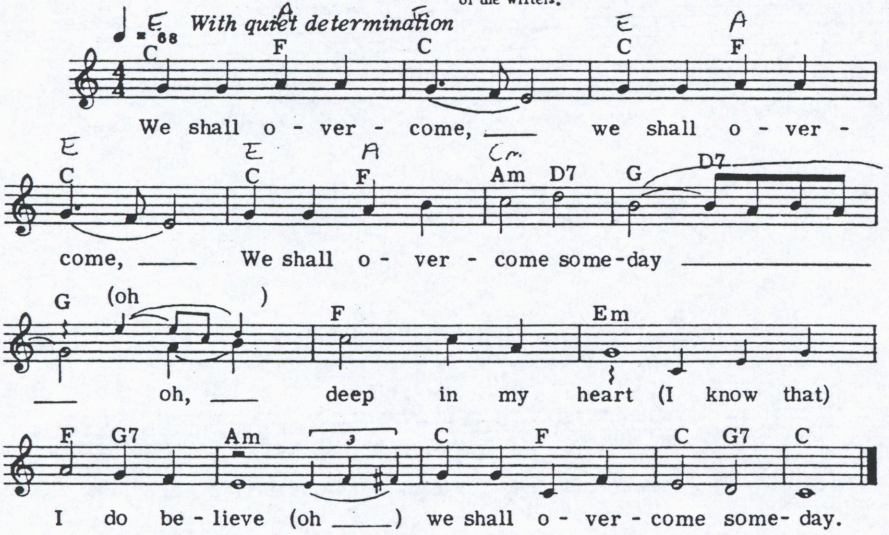
In 1959, a few years after Zilphia died, I went to live and work at Highlander, hoping to learn something about folk music and life in the South and to help carry on some of Highlander's musical work in Zilphia's spirit. I had no idea at that time that the historic student demonstrations would be starting in the next few years and that I would be in a position to pass on this song and many others to students and adults involved in this new upsurge for freedom.

-- Guy Carawan

"One cannot describe the vitality and emotion this one song evokes across the Southland. I have heard it sung in great mass meetings with a thousand voices singing as one; I've heard a half-dozen sing it softly behind the bars of the Hinds County prison in Mississippi; I've heard old women singing it on the way to work in Albany, Georgia; I've heard the students singing it as they were being dragged away to jail. It generates power that is indescribable."

Wyatt Tee Walker

Author's royalties from this composition are being contributed to the freedom movement under the trusteeship of the writers.



We are not afraid, we are not afraid,
We are not afraid today.
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe,
We shall overcome someday.

We are not alone, ... (today)

The truth will make us free . . .

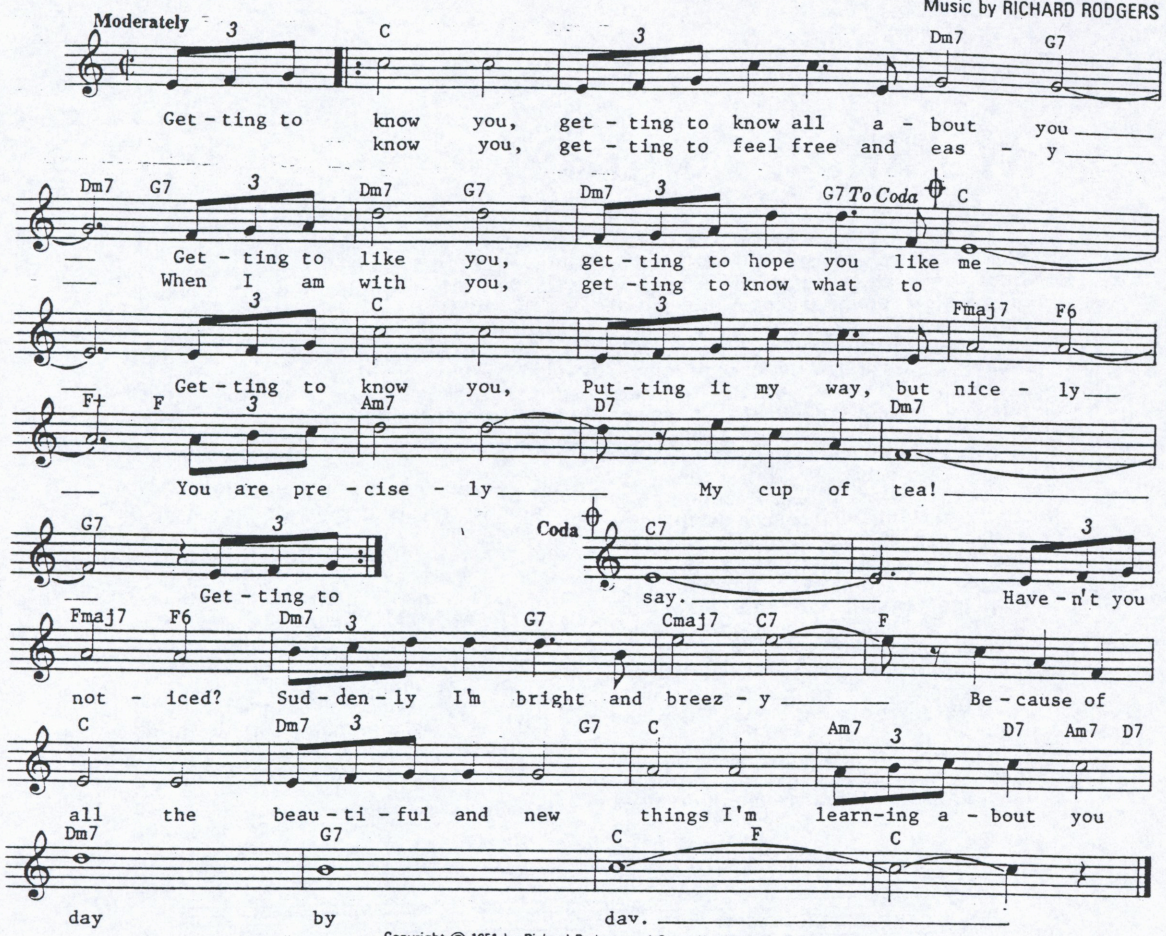
We'll walk hand in hand . . .

(the last two lines are the same in every verse)

Guy and Candie Carawan, compilers: *We Shall Overcome: Songs of the Southern Freedom Movement* [NY: Oak Publications, 1963]

17 **GETTING TO KNOW YOU** *From the Broadway Musical Production "THE KING AND I"*

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS



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18 I'LL BE SEEING YOU

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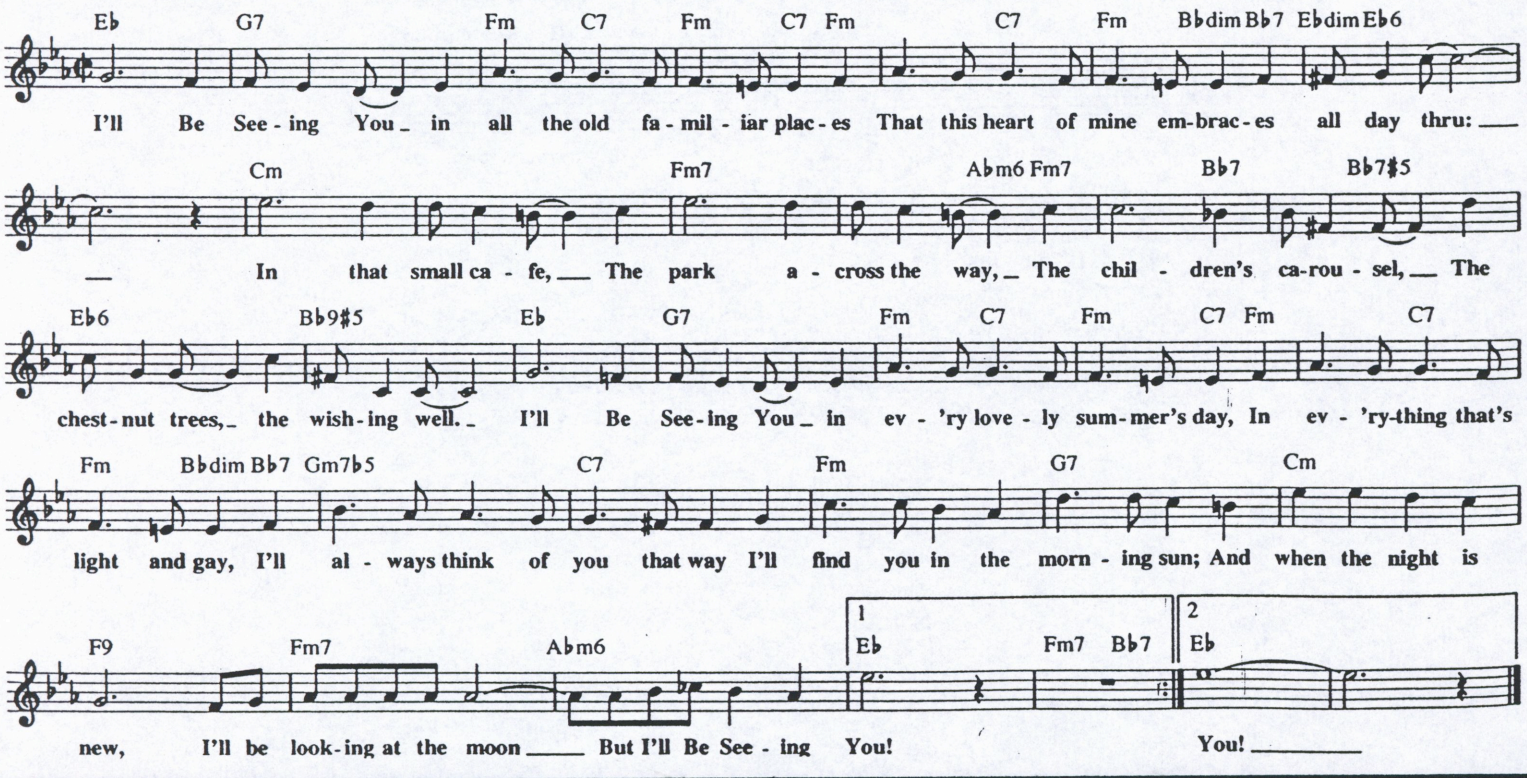
Copyright Renewed

Lyrics by IRVING KAHAL
Music by SAMMY FAIN

Moderately Slow



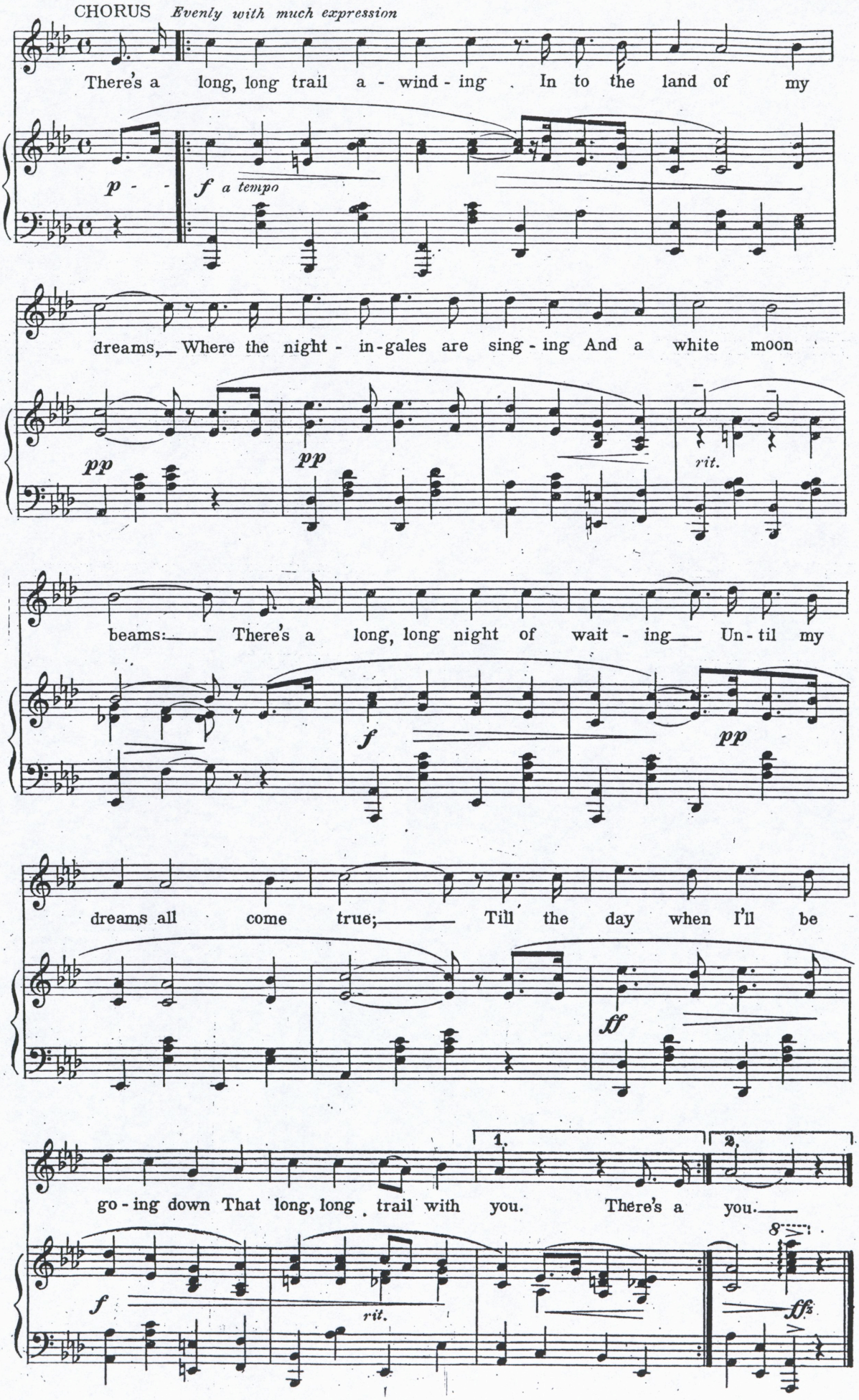
19

There's A Long, Long Trail

[1915]

Written by
STODDARD KING

Composed by
ZO ELLIOTT



The Best Lawyer in a One-Lawyer Town
--Dale Bumpers

One of the most memorable divorce cases ever tried in western Arkansas involved a husband who was seeking a divorce on grounds of adultery. Army Evans, an attorney in Booneville, a nearby community, represented the aggrieved husband, who had actually seen his wife in the act of adultery. On direct examination, Army asked the husband to describe what he had seen. He was an uneducated man, but he graphically described how he had hidden on a hillside and watched his wife and her lover cavort along the bank of a stream at the foot of the hill. Soon, he said, "they began taking off their clothes, and the next thing I knowed, they wuz on the ground fuckin'." The judge went apoplectic, sternly gaveled his bench, scolded the witness, and warned him that he did not "tolerate such foul language in my court." He admonished the witness, telling him, "If your testimony requires you to describe the sex act, then you must use the word *fornicate.* Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," the witness replied.

When the wife's attorney cross-examined the husband, he took the witness through the scenario again. When the witness got to the disrobing and the sex act, he said, "First thing I knowed they wuz on the ground . . ." He paused, then turned to the judge and asked, "Judge, what was that nickname you told me to use for *fuckin'*?"

. . .

I want Carol—

A WYMAN YEAR IN REVIEW - 2003

Christmas and Hannuka 2003 e-mail: wdwyman@ilstu.edu 807 N. School St., Normal, Ill. 61761-1328

A busy year. With Miriam starting a doctoral program, with Ruth beginning her final year of Law School, and with 4-year-old Yelena and Adrianna forging ahead into many new activities, it has been hard at times as parents and grandparents to keep our balance. But we think we succeeded moderately well as we round out 39 years together.

Miriam is a recipient of a National Science Foundation - Integrated Graduate Education and Research Traineeship Program fellowship for doctoral study with the Working Forests in the Tropics Program at the University of Florida. She will be working in the Maya Forest region, most likely Chiapas. She wants to focus on assessing if ecotourism in communities is actually promoting conservation in the region and will be examining the impacts of community-based ecotourism on household land-use decisions and livelihood systems. She will spend time this summer doing exploratory research in Chiapas and studying Mayan at a language institute there. When she's not studying, she's enjoying the bluegrass and folk music scenes, playing banjo and guitar with friends, or dancing salsa. The hour drive to the coast in either direction is also a welcome break.

Back in Illinois, Ruth worked for an attorney in Champaign-Urbana this past summer, getting a taste of what a lawyer actually does, and then launched into her third and final year of the University of Illinois Law School. She is president of the Champaign County chapter of the National Organization for Women (N.O.W.) and is in her seventh year as an elected member of the Urbana City Council. Ruth was awarded 'best overall' in the Law School's Frederick Douglass Moot Court competition this Fall. She was one of two law students competing in a Trial Advocacy competition to be chosen to argue a case before the federal courts. Since we are only an hour away, we get to see Ruth and friend Juan Alvarez fairly often.

Last June we drove out to Springfield, Mass., for a week with Dan and Jenny and the girls. Each time we visit we find the girls having grown much, the house with more improvements, and Dan and Jenny directing it all somehow. We got to see Adrianna and Yelena in a children's ballet presentation, watched them ride their bicycles, and enjoyed reading with them and joining them in their multifarious activities. We hope to see them all in a couple of months.

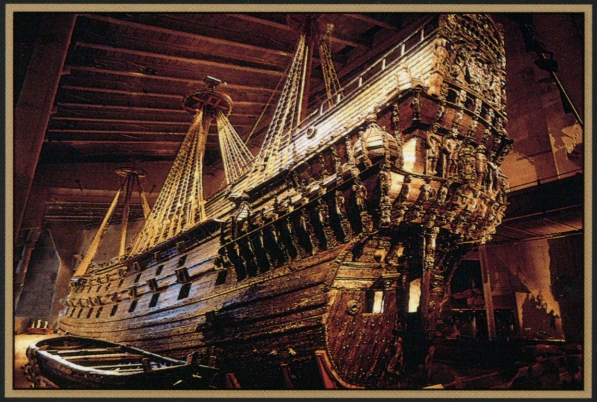
Eva's Spanish classes continued—usually 3 nights a week, plus Saturday mornings, plus some teaching of Bloomington city employees. Borders Bookstore featured her doing readings from her book, before an appreciative crowd that quickly bought up the few copies available there of *The Poets and the General.* Mark's new research on hobos led to a paper at the October conference of the Western History Association: "Tramp Loggers and Skid Road Firefighters in Western Forests to 1925." In late September he flew to Sweden to be outside reader for a doctoral dissertation exam on return migration of Swedish engineers. In mid-May he will retire after 33 years at Illinois State University. Eva and Mark enjoyed two weeks in the Pacific Northwest last summer, visiting friends and spending a week at Cannon Beach, Oregon.

What a treat to be with you. — And now I have finally gotten some time to get started on your book. It is a smooth read — and interesting. I will take it with me to Florida in a week. Can you use this clipping — sometime, somehow?

best wishes for 2004 —

Mark

+ Barb



10/8/03

Dear Ivan + Carol -

Prairie Nocturne arrived Monday, and I thank you for it. I will expect to spend some very enjoyable Autumn evenings with it.

My 9 days in Sweden were really good. I liked the people loads - they were very much the folks I grew up with in Wisconsin - dressed, acted the same. And all speak English.

The diss. defense was different from what Doug + Wyman went through at UWash. Some 100 people in the auditorium - I + the candidate (Per-Olof Grönberg) up in front. I talked; then we discussed for an hour. - Then I summed up for 15 min. My final Q.: "So what?" But he handled it well.

Autumn had hit, but no reds. Golden birch + plenty of evergreen, of course.

This ship capsized in 1628 and stayed in the mud until 1960s. Almost complete - a wonder!

Off to WHA on Fri.

All the best — Mark

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Gold 1 holds steady; Army troops tackle Fish Creek Complex

By ROB CHANEY
of the Missoulian

Parts of the Cooney Ridge fire between Florence and Clinton continued to bedevil ground crews Wednesday, while Stevensville residents worried that the Gold 1 fire might damage their watershed.

Otherwise, fire activity went mostly in the firefighters' favor, as teams took advantage of evening rains and cool temperatures.

"The fire around Elk Mountain is getting into logging slash," Cooney Ridge public information officer Diane Minutilli said Wednesday evening. "We don't expect it to be a huge problem Thursday, but it will look like the fire is spreading, with some torching."

The Swartz Creek and Gilbert Creek areas were also expected to burn hot Thursday with the Cooney Ridge Complex now standing at 24,000 acres blackened. About 1,100 people are fighting the complex, which has cost $8.2 million so far. It is about 55 percent contained.

Meanwhile, the Gold 1 fire held fairly steady at 8,296 acres Wednesday. Its most active area is on its eastern edge, where it threatens an outfitter's camp in the Lolo Creek drainage. But the bigger concern is how much groundcover it may have burned off around the water supply that services Stevensville residents.

If the loss is too extensive, sedimentation or mudslides could contaminate the water and force people to fall back on wells for drinking supplies. The fire has 358 people fighting it and was about 70 percent contained Wednesday evening. It has cost $6.1 million.

About 500 U.S. Army troops went into action on the Fish Creek Complex south of Alberton on Wednesday. The Fort Hood-based 82nd Field Artillery soldiers are performing mop-up chores while about 880 regular firefighters continued work on lines around the 30,866-acre fire territory. It is about 22 percent contained, and has cost $7.2 million.

One firefighter on the Fish Creek Complex had to be evacuated to Missoula on Wednesday after suffering a severe allergic reaction to beestings. He was reportedly recovering well Wednesday evening.

Tuesday night rains slowed down the Mineral-Primm Complex of fires in the Rattlesnake Wilderness between Missoula and Seeley Lake. It is now at 22,468 acres (including the nearby Boles Meadow fire).

"It's pretty rough country up there, so it's hard to put people on the edge (of the fire)," Mineral-Primm public information officer Mitch Cohen said Wednesday evening. "But there's no running flame front. Most of the fire activity is in the interior."

Mineral-Primm is about 60 percent contained, while the Boles Meadow blaze is nearly 80 percent contained. There are 1,123 people working the fire, which has cost $12.7 million to date.

The Beaver Lakes Complex of fires west of Lolo Hot Springs made a few crown runs inside its boundary but remained fairly stable Wednesday. It has grown to 23,100 acres, including the North Howard fire that was threatening the hot springs and surrounding residences. Rain and cool temperatures are allowing some of the crews to demobilize, bringing the force down to about 1,000 people. The fire complex is about 51 percent contained, and has cost $12 million.

The Mollman fire six miles southeast of Ronan showed practically no growth Wednesday, due mainly to the previous night's rain. However, steep terrain and dangerous snags still prevent fire crews from taking direct action on the blaze.

The Crazy Horse fire endured red flag warning weather all Wednesday, but still made little progress as it burns in the Mission Mountain Wilderness near Condon. It now stands at 2,169 acres and is 35 percent contained. There are 555 people fighting it, at a cost of $7.9 million.

Reporter Rob Chaney can be reached at 523-5382 or at rchaney@missoulian.com.

Crews working Black Mountain blaze battle back to 75 percent containment

By SHERRY DEVLIN
of the Missoulian

The winds were squirrelly on the Black Mountain fire Wednesday, blowing this way and that, but firefighters still managed to regain the ground they lost to wind the day before.

"Everyone felt they had a real good day," said fire information officer Christie Achenbach. "And the weather is supposed to start cooperating a little more. We're not going to see such gusty winds, and it will get cooler."

In fact, she said, the fire camp's resident meteorologist is warning everyone that Saturday will be "a three-sleeping-bag night."

"Our outlook is much better today than yesterday," Achenbach said.

As they have for more than a week, firefighters focused on the southwest corner of the fire, trying to build a line around the headwaters of O'Brien Creek. They got a line in Wednesday, Achenbach said, but aren't ready to call it a containment line yet.

"The winds are still testing it," she said. "We want to make sure it holds through this evening's winds."

If you're interested

The American Red Cross evacuation shelter at Hellgate Middle School has moved to Crosspoint Community Church, 7500 Mullan Road. Shelter hours are 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., during which time family assistance, health services and mental health professionals are available. There are no evacuation notices in place for the Black Mountain fire.

Gusty winds Tuesday night threw several spot fires into the East Fork of O'Brien Creek, where firefighters had tried to burn out the vegetation. The spot fires did not grow noticeably on Wednesday and crews were able to put lines around those areas as well.

Elsewhere on the fire, firefighters are mopping up and rehabilitating fire lines, preparing to eventually turn the area over to fire patrols.

The Black Mountain fire is now considered 75 percent contained – back where it was two days ago. Since it was sparked by lightning Aug. 8, the fire has burned 7,050 acres, three houses and two outbuildings.

To date, firefighting costs total $7.8 million.

Reporter Sherry Devlin can be reached at 523-5268 or at sdevlin@missoulian.com.

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NATION

NASA chief vows to act on critical space shuttle Columbia report

By KATHY SAWYER and ERIC PIANIN
Washington Post

WASHINGTON – NASA administrator Sean O'Keefe vowed Wednesday that he will bring about the fundamental changes demanded by a blistering investigative report that pointed to pervasive management, communication and "culture" failures as the root cause of the loss of the space shuttle Columbia.

The space agency will address the "human failures," not just the hardware problems, hat brought about the disaster, will accept that "our culture to change to mitigate ing to those failings et it, clearly got the ASA chief told more than 24 g the 248- lumbia Board. ted his is

ERIC SCHULTZ/Associated Press

Dave King, Marshall Space Flight Center director, answers questions during a news conference about the space shuttle Columbia on Wednesday in Huntsville, Ala.

demanding schedule for construction of the international space station. The investigators cited that pressure as a factor in NASA managers' failure to fully address concerns about foam debris striking the orbiter.

In a later interview, O'Keefe said he would meet Thursday with vice president Dick Cheney. His agency faces major funding and organizational issues in order to meet the board's call for extensive short- and long-term steps, before and after shuttle flights resume – including creation of a large independent engineering department and development of a much needed successor to the aging shuttle fleet.

But O'Keefe added that he has consulted regularly with the White House ever since the accident. "There's no air gap there," he said.

To make the point that safety and other considerations had routinely trumped scheduling, O'Keefe noted, in an ironic sort of boast, that not a single shuttle flight in his almost year and a half year tenure has been launched on its original target date. But he acknowledged that headquarters must have sent an unhealthy "mixed message," in which the workforce felt stressed over the deadline while top managers regarded it as more of a coordinating tool.

NASA will also need the backing of Congress, which the board said had squeezed its funding. Sen. John McCain, R-Ariz., chairman of the Commerce, Science and Transportation Committee, appearing on the CBS Early Show Wednesday, said, "We wasted tens of millions of dollars on pork-barrel spending that should have gone to the shuttle, should have gone to safety and should have gone to other projects. I hope we can stop that practice."

McCain also said a debate on space policy was in order. "First, get rid of the unnecessary and wasteful spending, and then clearly define the mission of NASA and what we want it to do."

NASA is already engaged in multiple activities aimed at returning the shuttles to flight as soon as possible, conceivably within six to nine months, while meeting the recommendations of the board. Because the board had kept NASA well informed of its thinking throughout the process, NASA had begun addressing some of the board's 29 recommendations well before the report came out. But O'Keefe said the agency is still working out how to achieve some of the more complex and fundamental changes in the agency "culture."

Amidst the mountain of criticism, the board noted approvingly that, well before the Columbia accident, O'Keefe had already begun a program that emulated the Navy's approach to safety, which in turn was inspired in part by the 1963 loss of the nuclear submarine USS Thresher with 129 people aboard.

"I kicked it off the day I got here," said O'Keefe, whose father was an engineer on a nuclear sub. "The fact is, it just hadn't matured enough on Feb. 1."

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Aug. 16, 2003

Dear Ivan and Carol,

I have just finished final revision on my hobo paper for the WHA, and was thinking how indebted I am to you. Ivan recalled for me that they hired hobos to fight forest fires, and that helped me envision a paper that talked about hobos doing something other than harvest wheat. And then the suggestion about Father Prouty was a dilly. I had really forgotten all about him, I'll admit. His thesis has been really helpful.

And of course there is the matter of putting us up as we invaded the Northwest in late July. You not only provided a bed, you fed us Carol's great cooking, took us around to old haunts and new locales, you gave us a great bunch of gifts to keep us in tune while on the Oregon beaches, and included us in your annual bash for the Rodens. It was going pretty far outside the parameters of what is expected, and we thank you very much. The Wyman debt is really large toward the Doigs. Wish we could pay it off in some way—perhaps by promising to stay away?

We start classes on Monday, so this noon I went to a program for incoming grad students and delivered some comments as part of a panel discussion. I had not done this before. I recalled for them that years ago I was in some group when a very elderly woman asked me what my degree was. When I told her it was a Ph.D, she commented, "Oh! A Ph.D. You must be very intelligent." That caught me up short, and I thought for a moment and then said, "No, the Ph.D doesn't measure intelligence." I guess it measures determination and persistence. So I told the group that today, adding that I have known many extremely intelligent people who have no Ph.D, and many Ph.Ds who are dumb. (They liked that!) What say the Doigs?

As I perhaps told you, I was appointed graduate advisor in History a year ago, so am on my final year of that as well as of teaching. I do enjoy the extra contact with students, but am always worrying that I have goofed up somehow and hurt someone's program or tuition bill. It is quite a pile of regulations—something I have always avoided—and so I am beginning to look forward to retirement. I will admit that.

It will be, of course, an extremely busy Fall, with the WHA paper Oct. 11 in Ft. Worth, and the Swedish doctoral defense a week earlier at the University of Omea, in far northern Sweden. I recently arranged my plane trip and hotels for Sweden. I have two friends in Stockholm so will spend a couple of days there looking the place over before flying north 55 minutes to Umea for some days there. I hope my jet lag will be conquered before I have to fly to Ft. Worth, which I'll do on Friday the 10th, so missing just about all the activities and papers there.

I forgot to discuss with you the message I got from Jo Tice Bloom shortly before we left for Seattle, about the death of Bill Sampson, Carstensen's "oldest living graduate student" (as Mary C. used to say). I hope I won't miss the gathering she promised to arrange at the WHA of old Carstensen hands to talk about Bill in a sort of memorial gathering.

I produced a 55-minute draft of the hobo paper before going to Seattle, as I guess I told you. So I had to cut that to 22 minutes, which I finally completed about 4 days ago. Such drastic cuts meant I had to remove a lot of the stuff on the West's changes that made the hobo necessary, but perhaps Bill Robbins will include that in his introduction. I had a few good lines on the ethnic diversity from different spots—such as a "tramp Indian"—that had to be jettisoned. But mostly it was examples, and since I pile them on this was a worthy exercise. I will xerox this and mail copies to chair Bill Robbins at Oregon State, and to LeRoy Ashby of Washington State, the official commentator. LeRoy and I overlapped a year here, before he headed to Pullman to replace Elmo Richardson. Robbins will chair the session but asked that he also make comments. I will probably wait to send a copy to you until after the conference in case I have a sudden spasm of inspiration some night and re-do major parts of the paper.

Which reminds me of Miles City, which Ivan asked about. I pulled out my notes from my Miles City research of June 2002. I had gone through jail registers there and found little about hobos or tramps, but many vagrancy arrests. Many were Indians, and I put down a lot of their names just because I found them interesting: Howling Wolf, Standing Dipper, Wolf Teeth, Thick Hair, Pine, Punk, Axe Handle, Crawling Out of the Lodge. In 1884, Prairie Chicken was arrested for grand larceny, but then: "Killed by Butting to Hard a gainst Six Shooters in the Hands of Conley and Johnson." Some occupations listed: cowpuncher, bronco buster, sheepherder, Italian laborer. Several escapes from jail reported. Some descriptions, including: Nose – pug. Two men got 60 days for vagrancy "with privilege of leaving town." 1916 – Pro-German; "seditious remarks." "Pro-German" in 1918. IWW. "run out of town."

From the county coroner's book, I noted this: "Many, many gunshot deaths.—most by suicide." I noted: "Many [deaths] are weather related: drowned in Yellowstone, caught in blizzard, struck by lightning." My notes are almost all on hobos being killed along the rail line, including one by the "Dinky Passenger Train." Here is one:

Aug. 30, 1915 – unknown man. "Body discovered Aug. 25th, 1915, in the bushes north of the C.M. & St. P. tracks, and across the old hed {sic.} of Tongue river, finding was by W.D. Eldertus & Martin Dusting, who came from Butte. They notified the Chief of Police & he notified Sheriff office . . . Body was found laying on back both hands at sides – shoes on – laced boots – suit of Khaki clothes – black Hat laying near the head – Body was in extremely advanced state of decomposition. Covered with an old quilt. Hair was sprinkled with gray and sandy. Also moustache, one front tooth missing. The pillow such as Russian trampers are known to carry, would indicate he was a Russian. After investigation Coroner decided to bury in pauper field . . . His height was about 5-8 weight 140."

We had a great but short visit with Pat and Esther McLatchy. They hope to hear Ivan give a reading on the next book. Esther seems to have made a good recovery from her breast cancer of a year ago. Their home is quite Montana decorated, reminding me of some of the stuff you have or had when I visited your former abode. You would both probably enjoy visiting them and looking at the Montana items. Esther's art is quite good, I think; she just got accepted for an exhibit by the Pacific Northwest Water Color Painters' group.

Hearing the McLatchys talk about Montana, after hearing the talk about Montana in the Doig house, set me to thinking about Willa Cather's opening for *My Ántonia,* and how similar that is to you people who have grown up in Montana. You'll recall she tells of running into Jim Burden from her home town as they headed west on a train from Chicago, and they sat up all night talking as the train went through the little prairie towns: "We agreed that no one who had not grown up in a little prairie town could know anything about it. It was a kind of freemasonry, we said." I thought of this last Spring at a retirement party when one of our old-timers returned for a visit, and he and I discussed our childhoods in small Wisconsin towns, so heavily sprinkled with Norwegians as playmates and with the Norwegian Lutheran church as a dominant voice in the community. Someone else walked up to join us, and I sensed how different we were from him because he did not have that background of growing up surrounded by Scandinavian culture, something I of course never realized until I had left home and lived elsewhere.

We liked Cannon Beach, and walked miles. I had a good visit to Ft. Clatsop. When the hot weather hit inland—causing you some sweat, I will assume—the coastal strip remained wonderfully cool. When we left we headed inland, meeting first an endless string of Portland people driving to the coast for the weekend (on Saturday, Aug. 2). We got to the Mt. St. Helens area too late to do more than visit the most westerly visitor center; I fully intend to hit the one near the mountain that you recommended.

Then coming home we had one of those Trips From Hell. It began Sunday morning, when the Holiday Inn restaurant was short-staffed and we were ignored, then forgotten, until we finally walked out after 40 minutes. OK. We went to the airport and ate there, then boarded our plane just before noon. We taxied out, and were No. 3 for takeoff when the captain announced that O'Hare had just closed because of severe thunderstorms. So we sat. And sat. After 2 ½ hours they took a vote, but a heavy majority wanted to continue to Chicago. (Probably most in the absolutely packed plane had just ended an Alaskan ship cruise and had to be at work the next morning.) O'Hare opened, then closed again. Planes No. 1 and No. 2 had returned to their spots at the terminal. If we had also done so we would be No. 20 for takeoff when it opened. So when it opened after we had been sitting almost 5 hours, our plane took off! – and arrived at 10:15 p.m. Chicago time instead of 6 p.m. Now I can believe what O'Hare is like during a blizzard. Long, long lines of people trying to find what happened to their luggage. Piles of people sitting, lying down on the floor. (And the airport had only been closed for some 3 hours, I think.) I rushed to the rental car places, so we could drive home – all were either closed or renting no cars for a one-way trip. I began calling hotels—the first two were filled, and then with some strange inspiration I tried Days Inn: Bingo! So we stayed there, and caught the first plane down to Bloomington the next morning. Home by 11 a.m. Monday, Aug. 4.

How quickly I have forgotten that return trip. Instead, I think of our great times with our friends out at the edge of the continent.

All for now – thanks again for it all. – Mark and Eva

Mark
+
Eva

ADLAI E. STEVENSON II

Excerpts from his Speeches and Writings

selected by Mark Wyman

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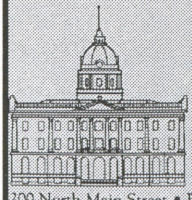

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ADLAI E. STEVENSON

Excerpts from his Speeches and Writings

" . . . he deserves to be honoured for the faith in American idealism that he preserved in the outside world at a difficult time; for the intellectual calibre of that magnificently unsuccessful campaign in 1952; and for the depth of thought and honesty that he always brought to public affairs."

The Times of London, July 15, 1965

Initial Speech to Illinois Democratic State Central Committee, January 7, 1948:

I believe with all my heart and mind that as citizens of the Republic, not as Democrats, but as citizens of the richest, strongest, healthiest Republic on earth, we must restore popular esteem and confidence in the democratic system at all levels-municipal, state and national.

How else can we insure the survival of our free institutions when the winds begin to blow? If the people are cynical, suspicious and abused, if their confidence in their heritage is undermined by corruption, greed, excessive partisanship, we can not be sure that they will withstand or even identify the demagogues and false prophets of a better way who always march in the forefront of reaction, be it of the right or left, be it fascist or communist, that will surely threaten us when the winds blow, and blow they surely will if we stumble headlong much further down this path of inflation, rising prices and corrosive, insensitive materialism. . . .

I believe the people are wise and just; they are very tolerant, very forgiving. But once aroused by prolonged abuse they are merciless to their betrayers. It will not be enough to arouse them, it will not be enough to win the election. You have to deserve, you have to earn the people's confidence, not once, but constantly.

Letter to Mrs. Edison Dick written, March 14, 1948 during the gubernatorial campaign in Illinois:

I've come to wonder how anyone can presume to talk about 'America' until he has done some political campaigning.

Article in *The New York Times Magazine*, November 6, 1949:

As a resident of a great Midwestern state once known for its supposed isolationist tendencies, I think old-fashioned isolationism is moribund. America has come of age, I believe, in these eight short years of toil and heartache. The misconceptions of adolescence, the carefree self-concerns of our youth vanished with the whirlwind that swept us to the center of the world's stage. . . .

[I]n less than four years the United States had junked long-cherished concepts of neutral rights and the Senate had ratified the United Nations Charter! The reasons are as plain in the Middle West as elsewhere. Can a pilot who flew the ocean as casually as a mailman makes his route ever again believe that we can isolate ourselves? Do the millions of Americans who traveled to the ends of the earth and back during the war think of Paris or even Moscow as far distant? . . . How many people who saved sugar coupons for a birthday cake believe we are a self-sufficient world apart? Ask the Middle Western farmer what he has found out about his markets.

No, the impact of global war on our economy, on the millions of civilian soldiers and sailors who have lived and fought, sweated and shivered, laughed and groused in places they never heard of before, not only destroyed Fascism abroad but a lot of isolationist notions here at home. . . .

But the death of one discredited dogma does not preclude the rise of others. . . . We have not found common ground nor taken the pledge of abstinence from our past vices of wishful thinking and cut-rate security. . . .

There is a conspicuous and growing tendency to be internationally minded in principle but not in practice, to favor international cooperation in the abstract while opposing concrete steps to make it effective. . . .

There is no resurgence of blind, classical isolation in the Middle West, but there is a rapidly growing tax consciousness, and sooner or later we will have to face some stern issues. Can we, will we, pay the price of peace. . . . ?

The demagogues who say we can have our cake and eat it too are many and masterful. The hard way is never the popular way, but it is often the best way.

Commencement address, University of Illinois, Champaign, June 15, 1950:

We are behaving . . . like nutty neurotics. We . . . are nervously looking for subversive enemies under the bed and behind the curtains. We exchange frenzied, irresponsible accusations of disloyalty. 'Guilt by association' has been added to our language. The slanderer is honored. The shadow of a nameless fear slopes across the land. There is talk of thought control among Jefferson's people.

Address at dedication of Elijah Lovejoy Historical Marker, Alton, Ill., Nov. 9, 1952:

Elijah Lovejoy . . . served a greater cause than that of the abolition of Negro slavery. . . . This greater cause was the right-and the duty-of the individual to speak out for the truth.. . .

Lovejoy saw the problem in terms of what he felt obliged to say, not merely of what he might be entitled to say. The distinction is an important one; and only those who observe the one as well as claim the other serve fully the cause of truth. . . .

It is said that religious creeds are written to mark the graves where heresies lie buried. There is a common heresy and its graves are to be found all over the earth. It is the heresy that says you can kill an idea by killing a man, defeat a principle by defeating a person, bury truth by burying its vehicle. Man may burn his brother at the stake, but he cannot reduce truth to ashes; he may murder his fellow man with a shot in the back, but he does not murder justice; he may even slay armies of men, but as it is written, "truth beareth off the victory". . . .

It is the genius of American freedom that we admit our mistakes, even as we confess our sins. So we confess our sins even as we reaffirm our faith, that "Truth crushed to earth, will rise again," that a people, under God, can have a new birth of freedom, that every age needs men who will redeem the time by living with a vision of things that are to be.

Welcoming address, Democratic National Convention, Chicago, July 21, 1952;

... Here, on the prairies of Illinois and the Middle West, we can see a long way in all directions. We look to east, to west, to north and south. Our commerce, our ideas, come and go in all directions. Here there are no barriers, no defenses, to ideas and aspirations. We want none; we want no shackles on the mind or the spirit, no rigid patterns of thought, no iron conformity. We want only the faith and conviction that triumph in free and fair contest. . . .

Where we have erred, let there be no denial; where we have wronged the public trust, let there be no excuses. Self-criticism is the secret weapon of democracy, and candor and confession are good for the political soul. . . .

What counts now is not just what we are against, but what we are for. Who leads us is less important than what leads us-what convictions, what courage, what faith-win or lose. A man doesn't save a century, or a civilization, but a militant party wedded to a principle can. . . .

Letter to Archibald MacLeish August 11, during 1952 campaign:

. . . I get so sick of the everlasting appeals to the cupidity and prejudice of every group which characterize our political campaigns. There is something finer in people; they know that they owe something too. I should like to try, at least, to appeal to their sense of obligation as well as their avarice. . . .

Speech to American Legion annual convention, New York City, Aug. 27, 1952:

. . . We talk a great deal about patriotism. What do we mean by patriotism in the context of our times? I venture to suggest that what we mean is a sense of national responsibility which will enable America to remain master of her power — to walk with it in serenity and wisdom, with self-respect and the respect of all mankind; a patriotism that puts country ahead of self; a patriotism which is not short, frenzied outbursts of emotion, but the tranquil and steady dedication of a lifetime. The dedication of a lifetime — these are words that are easy to utter, but this is a mighty assignment. For it is often easier to fight for principles than to live up to them. . . .

The anatomy of patriotism is complex. But surely intolerance and public irresponsibility cannot be cloaked in the shining armor of rectitude and righteousness. Nor can the denial of the right to hold ideas that are different — the freedom of man to think as he pleases. To strike freedom of the mind with the fist of patriotism is an old and ugly subtlety. . . .

When an American says that he loves his country, he means not only that he loves the New England hills, the prairies glistening in the sun, the wide and rising plains, the great mountains, and the sea. He means that he loves an inner air, an inner light in which freedom lives and in which a man can draw the breath of self-respect. . . .

Men who have offered their lives for their country know that patriotism is not the fear of something; it is the love of something. Patriotism with us is not the hatred of Russia; it is the love of this Republic and of the ideal of liberty of man and mind in which it was born, and to which this Republic is dedicated. . . .

Campaign speech in Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 23, 1952:

. . . We are opposing communism abroad, where its relentless pressure seeks further to narrow the area of freedom. We are opposing it at home where its agents and converts seek to undermine our society and corrupt our government. . . .

But I know and you know that we do not strengthen freedom by diminishing it. We do not weaken communism abroad or at home by false or misleading charges carefully timed by unscrupulous men for election purposes. For I believe with all my heart that those who would beguile the voters by lies or half-truths, or corrupt them by fear and falsehood, are committing spiritual treason against our institutions. They are doing the work of our enemies.

In the end such tactics serve directly the interests of the communists and of all other foes of freedom.

Even worse, they undermine our basic spiritual values.

For in the final accounting, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Reflecting in 1953 on the 1952 campaign:

Sometimes in the deafening clamor of political salesmanship, I've thought that the people might be better served if a party purchased a half hour of radio and TV silence during which the audience would be asked to think quietly for themselves. . . .

Politicians all applaud and support public education as democracy's great monument and cornerstone, but does the politician, the agent and spokesman of democracy, have no responsibility for public education? Government by the consent of the governed is the most difficult system of all because it depends for its success and viability on the good judgements and wise decisions of so many of us.

From 1956 campaign addresses:

I'm not an old experienced hand at politics. But I am now seasoned enough to have learned that the hardest thing about any political campaign is how to win without proving that you are unworthy of winning.

Nobody cries 'reckless spending' when perfectly good office buildings on Park Avenue with years of life ahead of them are pulled down to make room for new ones carrying higher rents and higher profits. The charge if spending is hurled instead against attempts at the other end of the same avenue to pull down ghastly tenements and rehouse families with the elements of human decency.

Is it too much to ask business to help us graduate from the nineteenth century, to throw off the semantic shackles of the dear, dead past, and get into position to meet the full scale of the real and rising attack on our way of life? . . .

The difficulty with the business community is that its concept of the public interest is so often limited to individual companies or at most to business as a whole. Consequently, the intellectuals and the politicians, not the businessmen, have taken the lead in shaping national thinking on public affairs. You have, in a sense, abandoned the field. Instead of putting the labor of thought into the job of articulating your views on the shape of American society, your time is spent with your lawyers and your lobbyists and your public relations officers on how to argue 'your side' of the case. And you complained because 'someone else' was creating a bad public image of American business.

From October 1955 *Fortune* article, "My Faith in Democratic Capitalism"

A broader aspect of the common purpose of business and government in America emerges from recognition of the new and tremendous sense of commonality that has come over this nation in the past twenty-five years. The individual no longer stands alone. His smallest community is larger, and more diverse in its services. His light and power come no longer from his own windmill or from some small local utility company, but usually from a vast network. His bank is strongly interconnected with its fellows, and his deposits are insured. The same news reaches him and his neighbors, and faster than it ever did before. An incredible linkage of wires and roads and co-operative enterprises, public and private, has taken isolation (and now isolationism) from all but the remotest homes in America. . . .

Surely it is part of the challenge of this next quarter-century that industry and government and the society they both support must find new and better ways of restoring scope to that strange eccentric, the individual.

Nostalgia won't help. We shall never dis-invent the airplane, which sets down the evil of Communism in our back yard instead of leaving it to fester outside our notice five thousand miles away. We shall never recover the quiet privacy the individual had before the telephone, the hand camera, and the microphone. We shall not relock the atom. . .

But we shall have to learn the art of coexistence with many strange things in the future, some of them perhaps even stranger than Communism. Technology, while adding daily to our physical ease, throws daily another loop of fine wire around our souls. It contributes hugely to our mobility, which we must not confuse with freedom. The extensions of our senses, which we find so fascinating, are not adding to the discrimination of our minds, since we need increasingly to take the reading of a needle on a dial to discover whether we think something is good or bad, or right or wrong. . . .

Materially we can — and will — do better still. But spiritually, morally, and politically, I don't think we are doing so well. . . .

I hope this quarter-century will see a frank recognition that every new frontier in American progress has been, and will always be, opened up by the joint enterprise of business and government. Great respect for the concept of the "rugged individualist" (usually incorporated) is no warrant for the illusion that modern America was created by businessmen — any more than it was by Senators or the Founding Fathers. . . .

Speech on "Science and Technology in the Political Arena," February 10, 1965:

. . . [U]nless public and private needs are satisfied together, the private sector will begin to suffer the consequences. Our public decisions will shape our private decisions. Don't let us make unreal distinctions. For the citizen is an amphibian — private in his loves and purposes, public in his needs and responsibilities. The glory of modern science is that it allows him to act freely in both spheres. . . .

Electricity had been harnessed fifty years in the United States before it was put to work on the farm. It was political will that put it there.

It was political initiative which built TVA, the Grand Coulee Dam, the super highways, years after we knew how.

It was a political trigger which started the huge programs of research in science in universities and private industry.

And it is also political will which has inspired the members of the United Nations to establish programs of technical assistance. For we know that peace can never be secure when half the world envies the other half!

This exhibit was made possible by support from: Mrs. Florence Bloomer, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy R. Ives, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Lenz, Mr. Adlai E. Stevenson, III, and Mr. and Mrs. John R. Stoffer.

Illinois Humanities Council, League of Women's Voters, and The Stevenson Society.

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Dear Ivan and Carol, July 4, 2003

Just a quick note on this 4th of July. You are probably scaling Mt. Rainier today, preparatory to your usual large bash of writers, agents, publishers, and hangers-on. We have the honor of the hottest day of the year, but our dinner guests tonight will join us indoors with the air conditioning cranked up.

Enclosed for youse guys is a tidbit from my Spokane journey in May. I don't think I sent it earlier. I expect to use parts of the Zackery Finn inquest in my paper for the WHA next Fall, using it in an effort to explain the isolated environment of the hobo—welcomed only by saloons and prostitutes.
Here is our schedule:

Arrive Saturday, July 19, at SeaTac on United # 331 from Chicago at 12:26 p.m.

We will pick up a car at Hertz, and drive merrily to the Doig cabin.

So sometime I guess we will need some directions, although I think you said your new home is not far from your former residence. What exit off the freeway?

Then, I think we are staying in your manse through Monday morning—is that right? If I have that wrong, correct me. We will probably see if we can locate our former Seattle neighbors (now divorced) and see if we could visit them—separately—on Monday afternoon before we shoot up to the McLatchys in Mt. Vernon. Then Tuesday we will will make it up to Bellingham and stay with our friends there until Saturday morning, when we will head down to Cannon Beach and search for Doig graffiti all over the rocks and motel bathrooms.

I'm slaving away, trying to get a first draft done on my paper for the WHA, "Tramp Loggers and Skid Road Firefighters in Western Forests to 1925." I am coming into the final section, trying to tell something of the importance of the IWW in the 1919 fires without having to give an entire history of the organization. At present the ms. is about twice the allowed length, so I'll probably bring the draft with me and attempt to cut it down at Cannon Beach.

Please give a ring or letter with some final directions.

See you soon – Mark and Eva

Mark