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Astrological
Universal

Peace/Hope/Soul
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Light/Guidance/Hope



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CREATED AND PRINTED IN THE USA
fax or phone toll free 877-ROSSETTI

us 250 - cv826

Printed on post-consumer recycled paper with vegetable based inks

Feb 14, 2008

Dear Mr. Doig,

I am writing you from my home in Bloomington, IN. My name is Marielle Abell, and I'm quite a fan of your writing. About 10 years ago, my husband gave me *Dancing at the Rascal Fair* - since then I've enjoyed reading your books several times over.

I am writing with perhaps an odd request that I'm hoping you can fulfill. My husband, Rob, is turning 46 this April 17th. If you are willing, I would love to facilitate him getting a simple "Happy Birthday" card from you. Needless to say, he's a great fan as well. I know it's a strange request, as you don't know him, but he would be beyond tickled to receive something from you.

I have enclosed a copy of a waltz that I wrote for Rob's 44th birthday. It was something I hummed while rocking my then-1-year-old son, imagining the characters from your novels dancing. Thus, the name of the tune, *Rascal Fair*. It has been played several times at our local contra dance, by a band called the Not Now Sweeties. (A bit of shameless self-promotion, as Rob and I are both in that string band.) Credit for the chord progression goes to David Ernst, who plays tenor banjo with the Sweeties. Enjoy!

Warm regards,
Marielle Abell

Birthday boy/husband: Rob Fischman
823 S. Fess Ave.
Bloomington, IN 47401

Play AAB

M. Abell + D. Ernst
for Rob's 44th

Rascal Fair

Handwritten musical score for "Rascal Fair" in 3/4 time. The score is written on four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written with eighth and quarter notes. Chords are indicated by letters above the staff: F, dm, am, dm, F, C. The second staff continues the melody with chords: dm, 1st dm, 2nd C, F, dm, am, C, F. The third staff has chords: Bb, am, am, dm, C, F, Bb. The fourth staff has chords: F, C, dm. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. A handwritten note "(no repeat)" is written below the final measure.

August 28, 2008

Dear Mr. Doig,

We in Seeley Lake Montana are eagerly awaiting the arrival of the Eleventh Man. The Alpine Artisans, a local group of artist, writers, potters and sculptures who live in the Swan Valley, together with the Grizzly Claw Trading Company, a local bookstore would like to invite you to do a reading and signing of the Eleventh Man.

The residents of the Seeley Swan Valley are hungry for these literary events and the Alpine Artisans put together a lovely evening. We usually draw between 40 and 50 people. Our most recent authors have been Diedre McNamer, John Maclean, and Bill Kittredge.

If you and Mrs. Doig happen to be making a trip to Montana and would honor us with a trip to Seeley Lake we would be happy to accommodate you locally.

I hope you will forgive me for writing to you directly. Please feel free to email me at this address or to telephone me at 406 677 5251

Kind Regards,

Sara Wilcox
Grizzly Claw Trading Company
406 677 5251

July 16, 2010

Dear Ivan Doig,

I have been meaning to write to you for some time now and that moment has finally arrived.

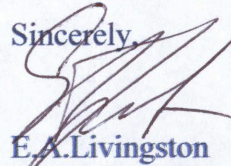
I have enjoyed your writings for many years now but especially Dancing at the Rascal's Fair and English Creek.

And I loved The Whistling Season and its follow-up Work Song. I recommend your books to those I know who love good reading.

For a city boy, I don't quite understand why I like Montana books, but until I began reading Ivan Doig my favorite writer was Thomas Savage and his Power of the Dog. You guys just get to me.

I look forward to your next work.

Sincerely,



(Mr.) E.A. Livingston
71-16 66th Street
Glendale, N.Y. 11385

Ansley Wilcox Sawyer
8 Bayberry Lane
Nantucket, MA 02554

July 16, 2010

Dear Mr. Doig:

I am reading "The Eleventh Man" and find it very interesting. I was a pilot in WW II in the Navy. I also knew Larry Bell very well. He was influential in my becoming an engineer.

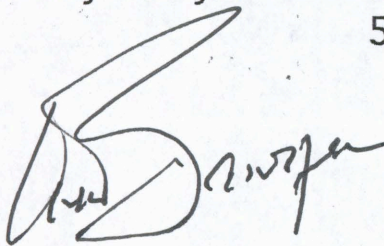
The reason I am writing you is because early in your story you said that the Airacobras that came to East Base came in from Seattle. I know that you did enormous research for the book, so I wondered why the P-39s were coming from Seattle and not straight from Niagara Falls.

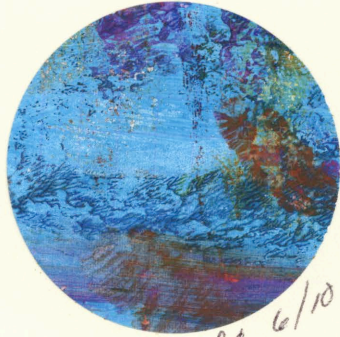
Would you care to comment?

Sincerely,

Ansley Sawyer

ansleysawyer@comcast.net
508-228-3355

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Ansley Sawyer", with a large, stylized initial "A" and "S".



[F2/15 Church, VA]

Dear Mr Daig, 7-26-10

This is just a short note
to let you know how much I
enjoy your books, I Read
World Song And then had
to go back and Read
Whistling Sassa. And
now I'm halfway through
The Eleventh Man.

Not only do I like
them, but my 94 year
old mother Reads them
and listens on tape.

I love the character
of Morrie - what a gift!
Thank You Linda Clarke

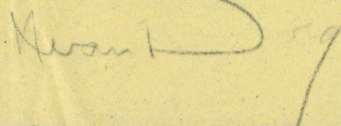
7 Sept. '96

Dear Margaret Shhreiner--

Just a quick line (I'm about to go traveling) of appreciation for your letter. There certainly has been a lot in common in Bill's family background and mine, all right; I recognized many of the Townsend-area names you mentioned, my parents sometimes worked there for a family named Plymale, and there were a number of Doigs--my dad's brother "Red" and a bunch of his cousins--living in Townsend when I was a kid. Also, though it's been a while since my wife and I stayed at LaPush, your mention of the Surf rings a bell of memory, too.

So, thanks for taking the trouble to write and share your history with me. I wish you well, and congratulate you and Bill on productive lives--I wish we had been neighbors in body as well as spirit, those years.

sincerely,

A handwritten signature, likely "Howard", is written in dark ink. It is followed by a long, sweeping horizontal line that extends to the right.

[Renton, WA]

Sept 4, 1996

Dear Mr Voig:-

I wish to thank you, with all my heart,
for the autographed copy of your book

"Bucking the sun," for Bill & me.

Your research was really stupendous!

And I really enjoyed some of your
excerpts from the book such as:-

"Words & Days and things that lie
in the mind like stone". Boy, how
true that is!

"Also, cats cradle lines of the electric
feeder system" (that cats cradle"
sure brought home memories to me.)

"taffying it out" - stretching

"Wheeler's temples of temptation"

In order to tell you why I like
your books so well, I must tell
you who we are:-

I was born in Iowa Dec 12 1907

came west to live & work for my
aunt & Uncle - the L.E. Griffiths in their
drug store ^{in Townsend} I met and married

Bill Schreiner June 9, 1934.

He is the one with the Montana pioneer heritage. His Mother who died at 95½, started the Townsend, Montana library, wrote a column on early day places now gone^{etc.} She was born at "hog-em" in Hassell Canyon where her father mined & where he was killed. At old Diamond are buried two of Bill's ancestors. We called Bill's Mother "Gram" & so did everyone else. Her family was the Murray - Sullivan people who came north & ranched in the Broadwater Co. valley out of Townsend & up around Shelby. If you bought a copy of the book Broadwater Bygones at the Museum in Townsend you will find pictures & write-ups about the ranchers of that time. There is so much history on Gram's side so she wrote a book & so did her sister Bertha Blacker. When they made the Missouri River dam at Helena, Gram wrote a poem about it & it was published in Helena.

(3)

In 1923 Gram's sister (Mrs Tom Castello) was in the process of adding a top story to their hotel which they built & owned - The "Rainbow". As an oil boom was on at the same time as the Dempsey-Gibbons fight, their hotel & part of the new part had people sleeping everywhere. My Bill was around 15 years of age, rode his bicycle in the arena, later delivered telegrams to Dempsey & Gibbons & also saw the fight - free. On our wall, in our Mobile Home, we have a picture of the arena, old cars etc. It draws lots of interest when people see it and also some of the Castello relatives & children.

In 1935 we made two trips to the Ft. Peck Dam. On our first trip to see our brother-in-law & Bill's sister who had got on from the beginning & had money saved, we were so impressed we went back to Townsend, loaded up all our possessions in an old truck, talked his Mother into going along too. At Ft Peck in New Deal we built

a shack from lumber from an old building and "firtex". We had a little tin stove for cooking & heating & apple boxes for seats. My remembrance is the extreme cold & mud & frost, Gram & I caught cold & Bill couldn't get on at all so we loaded up & went back to Townsend & got 2 rooms in his family home. It was large & had several small apartments. It was so cold, we moved our bed out close to the old cook stove. Frost was even 1 inch around the window inside! While at Ft Peck Gram got out & took orders for "Fashion Frocks" so she saw more of the town than I did.

Bill's first job after we were married - in 1934 was stoking the furnaces in Trident. & we had a company house rented. The fumes & cold dust gave Bill a bad case of hives so ~~she~~ quit & back to Townsend we went. This was before our trek to Ft Peck.

After Ft Peck, he drove a Euclid truck for Lahnity ^{Co.} road work. As they had a job

at the Libby Dam, I went up a little later. The local workers made Lohmity Townsend men leave so back to Townsend we went again. We lived in so many rented houses in Townsend, I just craved a home of our own so next we built a log house in 1936. We had \$5 & it went for the log cutting permit, his Mother gave us a Cow which we sold & bought concrete for the foundation & his aunt gave us a lot for some work Bill did for her. I peeled all the logs, Bill sawed them all by hand & by then W.P.A. paid \$42⁰⁰ month. The house has had only 3 owners, got a new roof this year & the 2 trees I planted 60 years ago are really pretty. Bill's brother John Schreiner lives one short block from it in a house that Murray Schreiner built at the same time. Later both Bill & Murray worked in Geo. Gahish's garage. In 1941 - just before Pearl Harbor, we sold the house - bought an old style trailer - that had been parked in the Helena

area, went to Seattle where we parked in his Aunt (Mrs Wellander's) make-shift trailer park. By then, the Costellos were in the "Cabin Court" business on 99 So, at Renton Heights.

1941 Bill worked at ship yards, Boeings & Pacific Car in Renton. While at Pac Car we leased a gas station where Bill could over haul cars. I ran the station while he worked at Pac Car. Then he came home & overhauled cars. We were there $9\frac{1}{2}$ yrs. At the same time we built a house on 10 acres, bought a big house, tore it all to pieces & made apartments in it - (Don't know how we did it all -)

We sold the gas station business. & bought "Bill's Place" a gas station, a tavern, & 12 unit Motel on Empire Way out of Renton. Then after 3 years, made a trade for the Ben Carol Motel on 99 So. It had 23 units, we gave Courtesy Car Service to the airport before the big Motels came in out there. We were there 15 years

(7)

then took in Surf Resort ^{at La Push, Wash.} when we sold it. The man at the Ben Carol took bankruptcy & we took it back, so we had 2 major businesses at once. When we closed for the winter at La Push we came back to the Ben Carol & worked. Our son & wife ran it for a short time. As they have 6 sons & 1 daughter they soon went back to their home & we sold the Ben Carol. We were 6 seasons at La Push. We had double decker Motel, trailer park, Kicker boats & Charter boat. After we sold, we commercial fished 2 years. Our last big trip in our boat, we went way up in Canadian waters & after those turbulent waters & whirlpools, I sure don't see how those "Sea Runners" in your book ever made it paddling down thru there, from Alaska, Juan De Fuca & ended up at the Columbia River area almost dead & lived off the land - enroute. The books about your Mother & Father & your Grandmother were wonderful.

I am the reader in this family, have a large collection of books. I've read all of your books listed. We are not far from the Fairwood library so I requested your books & the librarian is also from Montana. If they don't have your book they get it from Seattle each time.

I know this letter is long, but just had to write & thank you again & I'm sure looking forward to any future ones you write. Hope you make a million!

Why didn't your wife Carol put in one of her photos of the dam when it was finished in your book?

As I'll be 89 in Dec. & Bill 58 Sept 8th - I doubt if we ever get to Montana again.

If you ever come to Renton - come see us. We are on The Maple Valley Road 3 miles from Renton in the River Bend Mobile Park.

Sincerely

Margaret & Bill Schreiner

[Bethesda, MD]

June 23, 2013

Dear Mr. Doig,

I just finished re-reading
The Bartender's Tale, and wanted to
thank you for writing it and all
your other books. I have them
all, starting when my sister-in-law
in Wyoming, in the 1980's, sent me
This House of Sky. She thought that
it would resonate, and it did,
having grown up in the foothills of
the Big Horn Mountains with most time

Outdoors doing ranch work.

Among your books the one I re-read most often is This House of Sky, though each has its own power, including your two of the Pacific Northwest.

When very ill and homebound five years ago, I found that re-reading or newly reading each of your works helped restore energy along with renewing my appreciation for

your feel for the land and people and challenges of people's lives.

Again, thank you I am most grateful that your path turned to writing and that it's also given me the opportunity to introduce your works to many others. I'm eager for August to come with the publication of your next novel and its return to ^{Butte}.
Sincerely yours,
Cherry Wunderschul

3119 Gloria Terrace
Lafayette, California 94549
March 23, 2011

Ivan Doig
c/o Scribner Publicity Department
Simon & Schuster, Inc.
1230 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10020

Dear Mr. Doig,

I only recently have found your great stories and am writing to tell you how much pleasure they have given. Besides your gift for writing - the stories have often intersected my childhood memories and the tales told by my mother. Her extended family had homesteads about 6 miles west of Conrad until they moved to Aberdeen, Washington, in 1918, the site of my birth. She often spoke of the nearby communities that you mention in your stories. We had relatives in Great Falls and Butte as well (an outdoor advertising owner who married into an old Butte family of Spencers and was editor of the newspaper there, as I recall).

We only visited the area a few times when I was growing up. On a trip to Glacier Park about 5 years ago my husband and I visited that area and found a distant cousin who has wheat farms in the area that was homesteaded by my ancestors.

I was also delighted to learn from your autobiography "This House of Sky" that you had gone to Northwestern University, as I and my husband met on their Chicago campus while pursuing our graduate degrees, and now we have a grandson who is presently a student at the Evanston campus and rooms with a journalism student.

Recently we ordered the trilogy you wrote and in the "Acknowledgments" you mentioned a Jack Hayne. I grew up in a neighborhood called Finch Farms in Aberdeen and we were close friends of a family named Hayne with a son (Jack) in the family. He was a few years older than I was but I've been told that after WWII he ranched in Montana, so was curious as to whether he was one and the same! If so, what a small world!

Thanks again for the wonderful books that have enriched our lives.



Frances F. Coburn
genecoburn@gmail.com

895 Towner Park Road
Sidney, British Columbia
Canada V8L 5L6
ph (250) 656-9959
fx (250) 656-9961
ravengreen2@gmail.com

August 28, 2006

Ivan Doig
17277 15th Ave NW
Shoreline
WA 98177-3846
USA

Dear Ivan Doig,

Not long ago my wife Diana and I crossed the Straits of Georgia to board a cruise ship bound for Alaska. The *Universe Explorer* was a small ship, populated by academics and blessed with what was then billed as the world's largest floating library. There we found books on Alaska. We read below and gawked outside. As we neared Sitka we happened upon *The Sea Runners* and met Melander and company. Joining their diminishing party on their harrowing escape from New Archangel to Astoria, we became hooked on Ivan Doig.

Several books later (which books included your evocative autobiography *This House of Sky*, and your novel *Mountain Time* with its larger-than-life characters, fast-paced adventure and contemporary dialogue), I stumbled across the intertwined journals of Swan and Doig in *Winter Brothers*. Here you brought vividly to life for me Swan's tortured life and ambitions in the remote coastal communities not far from where we now live. I particularly relished the historical rendering of Swan's oft-delayed trip to the Queen Charlottes, and his meeting with Charles Edenshaw.

In 2003 we visited the Charlottes. We chartered a plane from Queen Charlotte City and headed south to flop down in the calm waters of Rose Harbour, from where we went by high speed inflatable to Ninstints to walk among the sacred ghosts. On our return flight we traced the remote west coast of Moresby Island; and later on, in Old Massett, met Jim Hart, talented carver and Haida Hereditary Chief (a position once held by Charles Edenshaw). Hart showed us around his studio where, from beneath a veneer of shavings and modern carvings, peeped precious relics from Edenshaw's era in varying stages of decay.

On that same trip we drove to Tlell to meet Noel Wooten, the late James Houston's local fishing buddy. I purchased some flies from Noel, and he decided to take the next day off

fishing. He led me to his inner sanctum, a secret series of pools on a clear river running deep among the cedars and sitka spruce. I failed to rise any sea-run Dolly Varden trout, but by way of compensation Noel led me to Houston's cabin on the Tlell. We entered and I rested my hand on Houston's writing desk.

The only Doig I ever met (no doubt a distant relative) was David Doig, a Scottish friend from British military service days who now resides in rural Ontario (Canada). Yet I feel I ought to know you, your writing resonates so strongly with me. If your travels ever take you to Vancouver Island I would be honoured to meet you. We live on the water, close to the airport and ferry terminal. My phone number is above.

I hope this may come to pass.

With greatest admiration,



K. Gordon Green

DEC -7 2006

307 Yoakum Parkway #1419
Alexandria VA 22304
2 December 2006

Mr. Ivan Doig
c/o Harcourt Inc.
6277 Sea Harbor Drive
Orlando FL 32887-6777

Dear Mr. Doig -


I have read *The Whistling Season* with much pleasure, for several reasons. I was raised (I'm now 90+) in Iowa and experienced the one-room school you so skillfully evoke. I have taught, and can sympathize with Morrie, pitchforked into a situation where you must rely on background, instinct, and luck. But I was particularly moved by Paul's defense of the rural school, not simply as a place for education but also as a focal point for a community.

It still is. I experienced it then, with social gatherings (where I learned "When you come to the end of a perfect day..") or Grange meetings; and again, oddly enough, in Argentina, where I attended the dedication of a refurbished country school. It could just as well have been in Nebraska. Scrubbed children in their uncomfortable best, nervously reciting set pieces while their parents looked on; the farmers in shirtsleeves and their wives in flowered cotton dresses; the unmistakable smell of floor-sweep when I ventured inside; the unreliable PA system. The only real difference was culinary. Behind the long tables were spits angled over a fire trench, each with a lamb carcass splayed on it, and on each table, about five feet apart, were bottles of wine.

But Paul's soliloquies made me think of a parallel, for if Sputnik was the harbinger of consolidated schools, central air conditioning was the ruin of neighborhoods here in Virginia. Fifty years ago families ate supper in summer at the picnic table in the back yard, to enjoy what coolth there was. Kids played back and forth, neighbors gossiped, wives swapped recipes, plans were made for the Christmas block party. And then, gradually, it became more comfortable inside. The tables vanished and so did much of the fellowship. The neighborhood organizations, which had been a vigorous political force, lost their purpose when few people stayed outside after work. There was no villainous appropriations chairman, but central air had quietly done the same.

Thank you once again for so vividly recreating a lost world. I've adjusted pretty much to this one, but I wonder what my grandchildren are heading into. *Hodie mihi, cras tibi* - goodbye, and good luck.

Yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'C. Schäfer', written in dark ink.

Charles Schäfer

Mr. Ivan Doig

Nov. 3, 2006

Your book (The Whistling Season) triggered so many memories and emotions that for the first time in almost 86 years I am writing to an author.

Beginning with your dedication to the Nelsons. My daughter, Terry Kuhns (Clifton Duke), and Ann Jarrett (Nelson) were roommates as cherubs under the guidance of your wife, Carol. And, they continued as roommates for virtually their whole time at Northwestern.

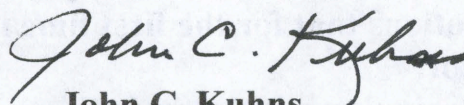
Montana. My grandfather's brother homesteaded (probably in the 1880's) in Montana and farmed just south of Whitefish. When the railroad came through it brought a lady that he subsequently married. My father visited his cousins in 1910. In addition to shooting a deer, he also shot a number of photographsmostly of lumbering and Indian gatherings. In the 1950's, my 1st wife and I visited my fathers cousin, Tom Kuhns, at his farm (ranch) and also stopped by the Kuhns one room school house. In the 1980's I stopped by the area again...gave my fathers negative to the Kalispell newspaper. And never heard a word from them. Tom was no longer living and a neighbor (Swedish) had taken over the land. They told me how helpful Tom had been when they arrived. The item that sticks in my mind was that he gave them bear grease....it makes the very best donuts.

Words, Latin and Paul's fascination with them. Although my father and I were engineers, my two sisters, 1st wife, and daughter all had/have Journalism degrees. And, I had more interest in words than most engineers. My 1 year of Latin in high school was a near disaster...that's why I became an engineer. But, my first wife had 12 years of Latin (two in college)...her's was the writer's pen...early in school a nun told her so. She became city editor of the Kokomo (IN) Tribune before she passed away in 1979. Even with my limited skill, I can still figure out many words by "going back to the root".

My 2nd wife of almost 25 years suffered a stroke this year that damaged her ability to read. So, your book is the first and only book that I have read out loud in its entirety in my life. We both enjoyed it.

While reading, I couldn't help but surmise that Paul Milliron was Ivan Doig transferred a generation back in time. Outstanding student from a sparsely populated area....but, the book didn't tell whether he got a scholarship to Northwestern. Do you suppose there's a correlation between dreamers and creativity?

We had read most of your earlier books which we found quite interesting, but this one struck even more of a chord with us. Thank you so much, Ivan, for a very enjoyable week.



John C. Kuhns
2631 S Park Rd
Kokomo, IN 46902

jckuhns@insightbb.com

Dear Ivan.

I finally got around to reading your book, *"This House of Sky"*. That brought back a lot of memories! It was a great read. You really did turn out to be a great word-smith! It cleared up some questions that I have been puzzling over for years. One of those was; "Why did you never ride a school buss like my brother and I did." I didn't know that you stayed in town with people like the Jordans. I also didn't know why you moved away.

After having read the book, I am sure glad that my Granddad raised cattle instead of sheep. I went with my Grandpa to Manger's place during lambing season once. What a mess! I was somewhat surprised that the only classmates that you mentioned were my cousin George Kirkwood and Susan Buckingham. Old George hasn't changed. He is still as weird as ever. He lives in W. S. S. now, just a stone's throw from my cousin Charlene. As for Susan, I understand that she went off to Stanford, and married a professor there. Not to be critical but I recall that there were more than nine bars in W.S.S. I think that I counted thirteen at one time. Well, no matter, the place is only a shell of it's former self now. It's all the way down to three or four bars, but one of them is still The Stockman. I really can't figure out how there could ever have been enough people around there to support even nine bars, let alone thirteen. I used to stay in town once in a while with George. That was when his mother and Sibley had that café, right across the alley from the Maverick bar. George had a paper route, and after we had delivered the papers, we would take the extras down to the bars to sell to the drunks. We had cap guns, and we would walk into a bar and shoot up the place with them. Then we would sell the papers to drunks. Almost invariably, they would turn around, and give the paper back to us. It was great fun! You evidently came to know that town a lot better than I did. My Grand parents kept my brother and I pretty close to the ranch most of the time.

Do you remember when you and your family lived on my Grand parents place? At that time, we lived on the west side of the highway, at the McKee place. You and yours were at the home place, on the east side of the highway. I think that it was when we were in the first or second grade. Anyhow, Grandpa took me there once after school. You were there, making up your own Weekly Reader stories. I was interested in what was said about Moss Agate in your book. My grandparents lived at Moss Agate during the winter of 1919, after having moved to Montana from Idaho. They stayed there while my grandfather built the house at the home place, which is about eight miles north of Moss Agate, just east of the South fork of the Smith River. They may well have known your Grandmother. Our ranch extended from just north of Moss Agate, almost up to the Y (the intersection of US 89 with the road that goes to Townsend through Deep Creek Canyon). On the east, it included the Mossberg place, and extended almost up to the Castles. On the west, it included the McKee place, and extended almost to the McGlaughlin place. In my opinion, it was situated in what was the best place for a ranch between Ringling and White Sulfur Springs. It had a spring up on the hill above the ranch house. My Grand father had run a pipe down the little spring creek to the house, so that we had running water in the house. The bottom land near the river was to grow hay, and the bench land near the highway was devoted to dry land wheat, barley, and oats. The cattle were pastured on the hills to the east and north of the ranch house. We had a big garden that

was irrigated by the little spring creek, and a bigger potato garden down near the river. My Grandmother raised chickens, and we had half a dozen milk cows, and some pigs that they used for meat. The ranch was fun place to grow up, but it was also a lot of hard work. My grandparents were Quakers, and they were firm believers in "if you don't work, you don't eat". One of the interesting things was that it was right in the middle of Rankin's land. We used to see the convicts, Rankin Riders we used to call them, out there sometimes. Actually, in retrospect, I think that "Riders" was a little too charitable a description for those people. Old Rankin was one hell of a ranch manager, I will give him that. His cattle used to overgraze that pasture around Black Butte to the point where it actually turned brown, and you could see the clouds of dust kicked up by the cattle as they searched for something to eat. Anyhow, we had a hell of a time with Rankin's stock breaking down our fences to get something to eat. Our cattle would get out there and mix with Rankin's, and we would have a devil of a time trying to find them. I spent many a day in the saddle, out there looking for stray cows. My Grandfather finally hit on the idea of going to Black Angus cattle, so they would stand out among the many hundreds of Rankin's. This process took several years, and during that time we had Red Angus. Red cows, but without the white faces of Herefords. My uncle Scott got even with Rankin, to some degree. He used to ride out into Rankin's pasture during calving season, rope a calf, and bring it back across the saddle in front of him, to raise on the milk from the milk cows. He built up a small herd that way, over several years. If I had been my Grandfather, we would have lived on Rankin beef, but my Grandfather, being a Quaker, would not do that. As, it was, we ate pork from the pigs that we raised. Ah, the good old days! Well, enough of that. You are very likely bored to tears by now.

You were my favorite classmate in school. I used to really enjoy playing touch football with you, and the other guys. I have a knee injury similar to the one that you described, from playing football. The thing that I admired the most about you is that you neither picked on anyone, nor were you picked on by anyone-a thing that was refreshingly different in that time and place.

I did not know that you have three degrees. I have three also, but mine are in mathematics and electrical engineering. Two are from Montana State, and the third one is from Seattle U. I suspect that your degrees were a lot more fun to work on than were mine. Anyhow, congratulations! I almost got a fourth degree (PhD EE) but I did not get the opportunity to finish my dissertation. Like you, I met a high school teacher who influenced me, but mine was a physics teacher. I have finally after all these years developed the ability to read difficult material without writing stuff down, and deriving equations, like I used to do. Now, instead of sleeping, or looking out window during airplane trips, I read mathematics texts. It really freaks out the other passengers! I wish that I could have done that earlier. Well, it's not really that I couldn't have. I just didn't think that I could.

Do you have any children? I have three fine boys. The oldest is a FBI agent, who lives near Salt Lake City. That kid is living my dream life. He participates in a shooting match of some kind every weekend. He gets to shoot up the ammo that they take away from the bad guys. My second oldest is a professional photographer, web site designer, and

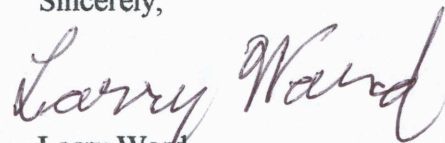
advertising material designer. Check out his website (ctwphoto.com). The third one was a late bloomer, but he is a good kid anyhow, and works as a radiologist.

I am sending you a copy of a review of your latest book, which I got out of the Boston Globe. Congratulations on getting it promoted by Cosco in their advertising thing. I wish that I had read "*This House of Sky*" first, but the first of your books that I read was the one about the boy who spent the summer work for the Forest Service, near Choteau. I am getting ready to retire, and move back west. We think that we will probably live in Arizona, but we do not know for sure. I tried to talk my wife into Thermopolous, Wyoming, but she thinks that it would be too cold, and too isolated there. I plan to try my hand at the wordsmith game. My wife wants me to write something similar to the Clancy books, but I think that I would rather write something more substantial-something about Montana, like you did. I think that something on the order of a cross between "*This House of Sky*", and "*The Legends of the Fall*" might be interesting. (I promise not to plagiarize your stuff.) Anyhow, congratulations on getting so many books published.

Well, I had better get this in the mail. I have been trying to get it written for weeks. Please forgive me for ranting on, but I figure that you and I have more than a little in common. Also, I wanted you to know a little of my Montana experience. I suppose that you have heard that my cousin Ronny Straugh died. It's too bad about him. If his dad, (my Uncle Henry) had paid any attention to him when he was growing up, he might have turned out to be a world beater. As it was, his was kind of a wasted life. When we get settled, (probably in Arizona) please come and visit us. I will show you the sights. I lived there for 30 years, and I got to know it pretty well. Anyhow, goodbye for now, and take care.

P. S. The book review that I found in the Boston Globe has disappeared. We are trying to get ready to move here, and I am still trying to put the finishing touches on the house that we bought here so that we can get it sold. (The place was a veritable pile of rubble when we bought it, and I have managed to turn it into something pretty decent. It's a good thing too. In this market, we could never in God's world have sold it in its original condition.) Anyhow, now that I have your address, I can let you know when we get settled in AZ. Take care. Hasta La Vista, and Via Con Dios!

Sincerely,


Larry Ward

Judith R. Collens
3351 Huffman Road
Medina, Ohio 44256

Sept. 26, 2007

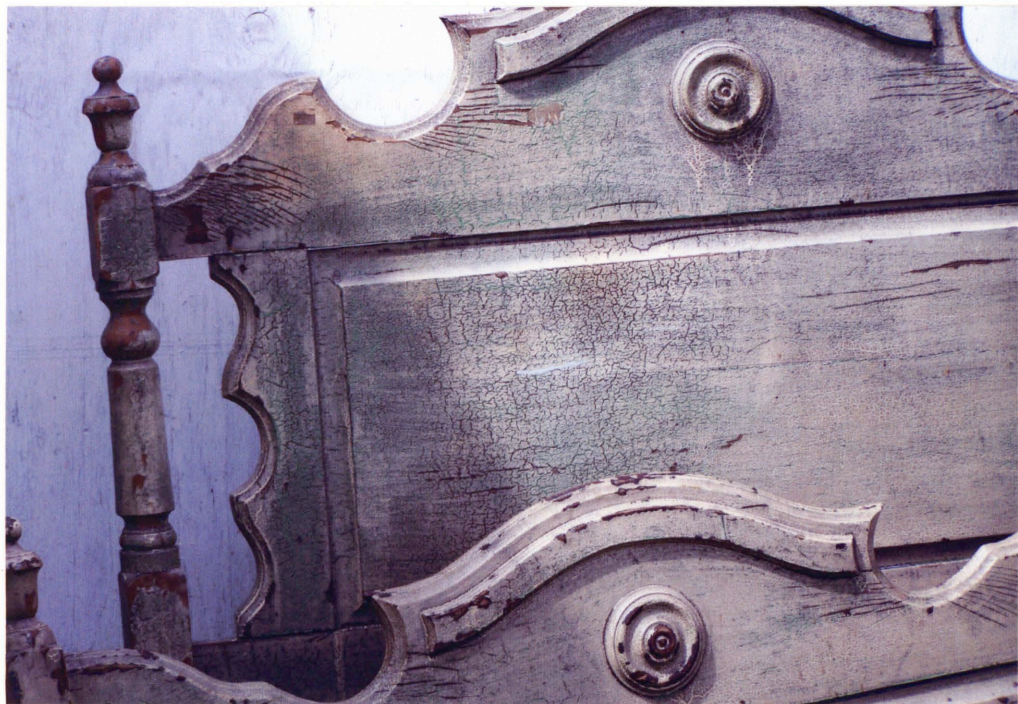
My dear Mr. Doig,

Having taught the first 4 grades in a 2 room school 60 years ago, your excellent book, The Whistling Season, was recommended to me. I took it on a trip to Ireland, and it was the perfect traveling companion. We have lost so much of quality education in today's world; my grandchildren's over-stocked classrooms depress me! But Jackson, N. H., refused consolidation, & my old school ultimately added 2 rooms & a library, now has grades K-6 with a total of 55 students. Thank you so much for Rode, Morrie, the Millirons & all of your characters.

Gratefully, Judith R. Collens

SOPHIA L. W. & WEST. N.E.T

The Smiling Dog Co.
Marcia Macy
1400 N.W. 123rd St. Vanc, WA 98685
(360) 573-5254
Marciamacy@aol.com



Horizon House

900 University Street

#1202

Seattle, WA. 98101

We move 10-25-2007 —

Anne Soper to visit & Take
Home books etc etc.

With affection & friendship
Jack & Lee

9-20-2007.

dear Ivan & Carol, Congratulations
on the Wallace Stegner Award — very
deserved & logical if anything is
the Book world is logical. I saw W.S.
across a crowded room at an A.B.A.
— very strong looking & great
personality. What great looks he
left to us. —

So next Christmas it is

March 28,2007

Dear Mr. Doig,

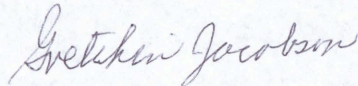
I just finished rereading *The Whistling Season* and decided that it is about time to tell one of my favorite authors how much I appreciate your books. Several years ago I discovered English Creek and have been a devoted fan ever since.

Having been raised in South Dakota and having lived in Cut Bank , Montana, I relive the west in your descriptions...My mother,who homesteaded in South Dakota and started a school near where she lived, used to tell us of country school experiences,and if she were alive I know how she would love *Whistling Seasons*.She often talked about the characters who showed up and used names other than their own.

So many of the books that we read in our book clubs are really not well written and it is good to find now and then sentences that are well constructed . This book goes on my recommend list for my two book clubs. We who live in retirement centers appreciate a challenge , so I thank you and hope to be able to read more of your writing

Incidentally I hope you don't mind that when our new library was built, we could buy bricks for the outside and have our favorite author's name inscribed on it. I had your name put on one.

Most sincerely,



Windcove #56
5300 South Main
Cedar Falls , IA 50613

14 April 2007

Dear Gretchen Jacobson--

I so appreciated your charming letter. As you doubtless caught on, "Marias Coulee" in *The Whistling Season* is fashioned after some of the country between Cut Bank and Valier, where I went to high school.

The book is really having a blessed life. Not only do I hear from people of your generation and mine who know that part of Montana, but ost recently the book won an American Library Association "Alex" award as one of the ten best of the year for young adults. And of all unexpected thins, the movie rights have been optioned by guys who actually seem to have some money and experience and conceivably could make the movie. We shall see.

If none of your reading groups have come across it, I'd recommend you have a look at a short novel titled *The All Of It*, by Jeannette Haien; it's really written. As for my own work, the thought of my name bricked into permanance at the Cedar Falls library tickles me pink; thanks so much for fine gesture.

Sincerely,

Saturday, October 20, 2007

Dear Mr. Doig,

I wanted you to know what a pleasure it was to meet you during the South Dakota Festival of Books "Literary Feast" (on Friday, September 28th).

I attended the event especially to meet you and get your autograph in my copy of "The Whistling Season", never dreaming I would be seated right next to you for dinner! So—there! Do you feel like a rock star with a groupie? ☺

I read a lot of everything—with the exception of science fiction—but I am ashamed to admit, I had not come across your books before. My loss! I am making up for it now, however. You've spoiled me for other authors. I love your gift for words and descriptions. I always wonder what line *I* was standing in when talents were being given out—but I suppose the world needs us "appreciators" as much as it does the artists with words and paint, right?

You may remember me telling you that my dad's name was Ivan (Fenner). I know you would have liked him and he you. He grew up cowboying on the plains of western South Dakota and would have been happy doing so forever...unfortunately life and making a living got in the way. Dad died in 1997 (of a massive stroke caused by lung cancer) at the age of 71—way too soon, for sure.

We have a family story about my dad's name. When hearing what he had been named, one of my grandma's sisters-in-law asked her, "Well, Susie, will he be 'Ivan the Great', or 'Ivan the Terrible'?" To which grandma replied, "Only time will tell..."

I have just finished reading "This House of Sky" and "Heart Earth". What a treasure to have so much recorded of your family history—and a history of those eras as well.

I am a child of the 50's (born in '53) but not so young that I cannot enjoy knowing you "when" and relating it to my own experiences here on the plains of western SD. I spent as much time as I could riding horseback on my maternal grandparent's ranch—although you would not be impressed with the horse. "Red" was huge and wide and mostly Percheron in heritage. He enjoyed being in the corral much more than having a pesky grandkid on his back, so I spent a lot of time coaxing him around those thousands of prairie acres of grandpa's.

Unlike you, I grew up surrounded by a plethora of family and extended family. I only have one brother (Ross Ivan Fenner in Boise, ID) but have many aunts, uncles, and cousins. It seems like it was never just our family at home in Rapid. Several times my mom's younger sisters or brothers would stay with us so that they could attend school in town.

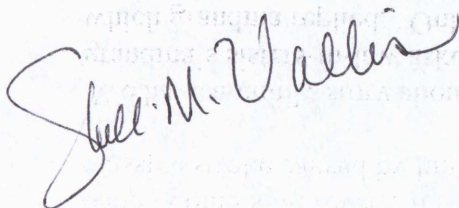
Thanks again for making the effort to come to South Dakota. If you and your wife ever want to wander around the Black Hills or prairies, please know that our home is always open—and we have plenty of extra beds now that we are empty nesters.

Shelli M. Vallis (and my non-reading engineer husband, Doug!) ☺

2527 Junction Drive

Rapid City, SD 57702

605-721-7780 shellimv@rushmore.com



Dear Mr. Doig -

Oct 13, 2008

I'm delighted I'll get to hear you speak tonight at Third Place Books. If it doesn't seem appropriate or I'm too shy to speak out, I'll write you a "fan letter" because after reading The Whistling Season (a yr ago?) I wanted to tell you how much and why it meant to me and what followed.

Your vivid writing not only got us to feel the setting and life of the family, but to get inside the heart, mind and body of young Paul with his classmates, family, teacher, confusions, worries and dreams.

I realized your story was of my father as well. It was awesome that I could imagine Dad (b 1899 in Hemingford, Nebraska) in 1910 as well. His father had recently died, his mother needing his help on their homestead farm and sod house. I've one cherished photo of him at that age and he's on his pony named "Prince" and he too attended a one-room school house riding his pony a long way.

The character building, sense of values, work ethic, love of 'latins' and books and learning that you showed us in Paul were so like my father's. There also was one girl in his class that was convinced to continue so that they could be schooled thru High School!

Scholarship, hard work, and returning to the
Nebr farm to harvest potatoes each summer,
got him through Law School, Univ. Chgo.
From his sod house to a lawyer in Sears Tower
Chgo. he was ever humble, dedicated, and
with a book in his hand! Actually when
he left Chgo. to be closer to his children
in Washington St. he took the bar exam
(at age 76) here, in case there might be
someone who needed help with a will
or something and was the oldest fellow
to do so in our state I learned. His
volunteer work in Shelton was to help
inmates learn to read who were jailed there.

He'd told me many stories when I asked
but your beautiful writing made me
feel I was living the life with Paul.
I bought three extra copies (with
a short bio of their grandpa) for my
3 daughters' families to have the same
experience and share with their children.
I sent them a copy of his "pony to school"
photo with your book to help identify.

Thus I thank you for such beautiful
writing — and opening up the
experience of our heritage too to my family.

As a child growing up in Illinois
dad read us some books in winter time,
A Chpt. an evening — I vividly recall
his The Long Winter and Robinson Crusoe.
He'd have deeply savored your
The Whistling Season. Sincerely, Barbara B. Lacy



Hester George Britton b. 1899 — (1983)
Hemingford, Nebraska on
his pony "Prince" that carried
him to This One-Room School House.

Look what
you started!

[Dave Josephy Pezvey, Hailey ID]

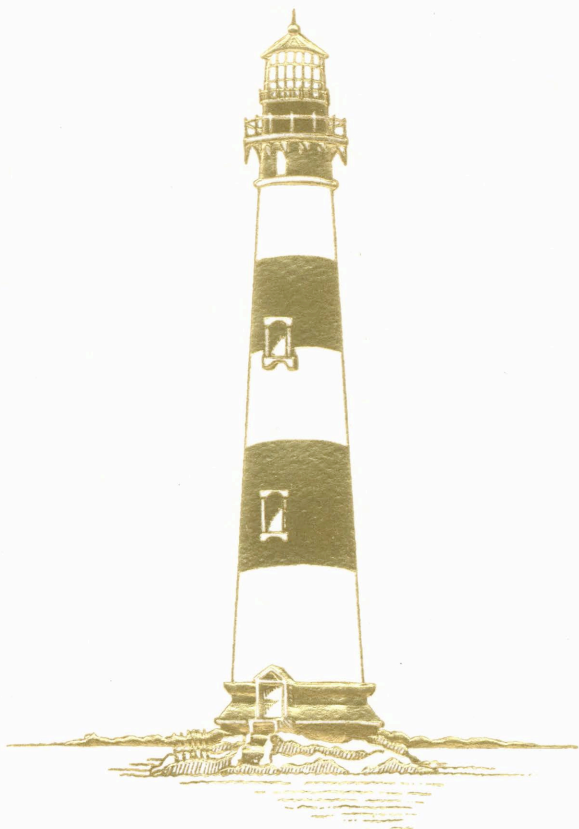
November 6, 2008

Dear Ivan,

What a wonderful friend you are!
My own copy of The Elvath Hall
with its lovely note inside. I
can't wait to begin the book now
that the Trailing of the Sheep is
over for another year and this
historic election is behind us. But
what a week this has been! I only
wish Dad had lived long enough
to hear Obama Tuesday night. He
would have had tears in his eyes
as we all did here. What a moment

in time....at last.

Receiving your book this fall was an inspiration and a curiosity. It made me wish (again) we lived closer. I'd so love an hour or so with you, perhaps a cup of tea and some good conversation. I sat inspired and curious as I survey all your writings and struggle so with my own. I am afraid I have over-reached this time and I am disgusted with my inability to tell the stories that haunt me. But another time for this conversation. For now, love and many thanks. Draw



Morris Island Lighthouse

Sat. April 4, 2009

Dear Alan,

Having finished reading "The Eleventh Man" this morning, I just wanted to drop you a short note and let you know that I enjoyed the book immensely. You did a fine job of transporting me to another place and time. I was not sure where to separate the fact from fiction until you finally confessed at the end. I can almost hear John extol the virtues and chagrin of flying (and parachuting.) As I read of the efforts to counter the brass bombs into Antwerp I could only think back to Christmas in Seattle when talking to you about ^{my} reading von Braun's biography. I had no idea you took so prominently featured their honor, while all the while I was reading about their creator and subsequent production. Even

(over)

with all that was later accomplished by the space program, especially the space station now in orbit, finding a justification for von Braun's ^{effort} is challenging. Since his original aim since youth was to be in space, it is only the machinations of Hitler which forced the technology for his demonic pursuits.

Well before I digress further, I just want to say thanks again for your writing, a welcome diversion from the current economic malaise that surrounds us. We are holding our own despite cutting our workforce by 35% and work hours by 10% or more. (This is at O'Neal.)

On a brighter note, hope your year goes well. Give my best to Carol.



Best regards,

David

Nov. 6, 2008

Dear Carol and Ivan,

I sure enjoyed talking with you this evening and I'm glad all seems to be going well with your book (and future book!).

Your fans (and my friends) are:


Meta Van Horn

Dottie Crouch

Becky Forney

Many thanks in advance for doing this for me. I know these ladies will be so pleased! I hope we can at least do lunch sometime over this winter.

All best wishes,
Midge

P.S. I think I must have gotten into a box of my granddaughter's stationery! 



Dear Ivan

I have just cataloged the new book so that it can stand proudly on the shelves with its neighbors. I blush at the acknowledgement - but my Mother will have some bragging rights this winter.

You and Carol are simply too kind. Roy &

I enjoyed the reading last night sitting in the back row with Tony Angell & his wife - Great to see you - we'll be in touch.

From "Just plain" Betty.

Mar. 11, 2009

Dear Mr. Daig —

I'm writing to tell you how much your book, "The Whistling Season", meant to me, and also to other members of our book discussion group.

Your wry humor and easy style made this a delightful "read".

I dearly loved the two heroes - Oliver, who did the "heavy lifting", making big decisions and taking responsibility for the outcome for his family and his community - and Maurice (Morris?) I listened to it

who gave his students the keys to the world with his swasbuckling graceful style of teaching.

The book is a charming account of a life style in a time other than our own, rich and simple(?)

My desire for happy endings left me hoping that the animal-trapper would be conveniently eliminated by an intended victim, leaving his liberated and bespectacled son to be reborn as a

3

respected and productive member
of the community. But I guess
life isn't often like that, is it?

Thank you for showing us
life in another dimension

Dorothy Epstein



Ms. Dorothy Epstein
128 Clay Cir.
Brick, NJ 08724



JUDY

Dear Mr. Doig,
I have loved
all your books especially
This House of Sky so I
Bucking the Sun

was pleased that
takes place once again in Montana
in the 1930's or early 1940's.
I liked the strong women
in the book and their strength of
character against the odds and devotion
to their men and their causes. It
was educational in that I learned

about the building of the Fort Peck
Dam over the Missouri River during
this period and the many struggles
that came with the project.
It brought to mind many
elements that I had not thought of

before - people looking for yaks, unions,
ancient buffalo skulls churning up in
the water, FDR delivering his speech
at the dam, mud slides, engineering
successes and failures, etc. In the
midst of everything is family love.

I am glad that members
of the Duff family lived on in this
new book. The relief work and
Great Depression tied in with many
things that I am teaching my students
at school. The whole book was very interesting.

Thank you for writing
another brilliant novel. I would
be honored if you would sign this
book and bookplate for me. Do
you have pictures that you give out
to fans? If so, I would love to
have one of you.
Best wishes and I look
forward to reading more of your
work.
Sincerely,
Judy Christian

1938 St. David
Drive
Bettendorf, IA
52722
January, 26, 2000

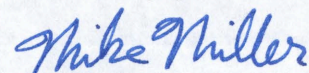
Ivan Doig
c/o Scribner
1230 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10020

Dear Mr. Doig:

I recently read your novel English Creek. I now consider it one of my favorites. I thought that the way you told the stories in the book was very well done. The blend of humor and events that seemed like they could actually happen that you used was excellent. I especially like how you described the characters and made them seem like a real person. One other thing that I thought was important in your work was the language that you used. You managed to bring to life the way that the people lived through their words and phrasing. Reading the dialogues made me feel like I was actually in Montana watching the events as they took place.

What are some of the reasons that you like to write? Did you always know that you wanted to be a writer? I hope that you continue to write. You are one of the best authors of our time. Thank you for your time and I will continue to read your work.

Sincerely yours,



Mike Miller

Gerald Deegan

337 Millard Road,
Chappaqua, New York,
10514

Mr Ivan Boig

March 28, 2000

Dear Mr. Boig:

What a good writer you are. An inventive, joyful, compelling novelist. A truthful, bemused, and loving memorialist. I look forward to reading more of your work.

By chance, I brought Rascal Fair home from the library, two or three months ago. I was enthralled, and very impressed with your verbal agility, and plotting thoroughness. Your name wasn't familiar, when I checked Rascal out; I took it because the jacket copy spoke of your knowing the Rocky Mountain West. You do indeed.

I grew up in Denver. Lived there through high school, and after a stint in the Army. The characters in your novels, and your father and grand-mother were similar to members of my family / clan, and to those friends and relatives older than my parents.

21
I started at the U of Colorado, after the Army, transferred to the U of Washington for their Far East Department, and did some graduate work at Harvard. I then worked in Japan; I settled in San Francisco upon my return from Japan. So, we've traced vaguely similar paths from the Rockies to and on the Pacific.

I've liked all of your novels, including the Sea Runners. It's an interesting epic. I was astonished to read your blurb for the game of "pitch." The only times I ever played it, or was around people who played it, was in Colorado.

Bucking the Sun would seem to open the possibility of a novel about Hanford. In the Forties, or in the Nineties. Is one in your plans?

I hope you have been reaching a reasonably-sized audience. We have a strong local (and independent) bookstore here. When I ordered Mountain Time from the owner last month, she reported she had to special order your books. Stocking them didn't move them out. She reported she had talked w/ a bookseller

3/
in Boise, who can't keep your titles in stock.
Well, you're reaching some people — I think
your comment in Contemporary Authors about
characters rooted in a region but wrestling
with life as it comes is sound.

I draw your attention to the novel
Peaceable Kingdom by Ardis Kenneally,
published in 1954. It's a gem.

Cordially yours,

Ronald Reagan

6/12/00

Dear Mr. Doig,

I am ninety one...goin' on ninety two. I live in Timbercrest a Retirement Home in North Manchester, Indiana where I am happy and very well taken care of. I have a good , caring family who insist they care for me a great deal, but I'm sure they are very grateful for Timbercrest. I don't want to live with them either!!

I don't know why I am telling you all of this unless I want to give you the opinion that I am still capable of some judging and making opinions for myself.

That leads me to the purpose of this letter which is to tell you how thoroughly I am enjoying your books. I just came on to them by chance so the first one I read was The Sea Runners. I loved it. Then I was told that This House of Sky was your first and considered the best one. I was eager to prove to myself that it could possibly be better than The Sea Runners. I'm still not sure. I'm now waiting for our local library to get Ride with me Mariah Montana from the State Library. That will be my seventh.

I'm recommending all of them to family and friends and trying hard to wean my Book Club members from the disgraceful Book-a Minute trash that is flooding the market.

Surprise, surprise! I'm asking neither for donations or favors. I am just a believer that appreciation should be given where it is due.

Yours truly,

Ruby Beauchamp

P.S When I recommend your books to someone when paper and pencil are not handy, I suggest to them that you are the one I'd Dog...Doig

Box 501

N. Manchester, IN

46462

8-6-00

Dear Mrs. Darg,

I just finished reading This House of Sky - probably the 5th time over - read English Creek again - since forest fires have been big, here in Montana!

I'm a farmer-ranch wife - never worked a "paying" job until I was ~~62~~ 63 years old. Have worked two years at Borders Medical Center Extended care. Oxygen wheel chairs are big time.

Our son farms our land. Like your father, we have worked hard - ended up with not-so-much but treasure every year we were allowed to work, raise kids and enjoy our family & friends.

Just to agree with my drift of your books - life is amazing in never changing - yet changes. Lake Francis is short on water - My husband attended a water meeting at Valin - what to do for next year - Our grand daughter just survived a diabetic episode this Labor Day week-end - because she picked in Glavin Park - 16 years old.

My parents are 85 and 89 - They have tended this hard Marias (one of your favorite words & mine!) - Ledger and lands - all their lives - I see them wearing out.

Just had to drop a note of Thanks for writing it down - we have given your books as gifts & recommended them to friends.

May God bless you & yours continually - as you share words with us.
(Specially put together)

Sincerely,

Louella Drubb -
Mrs. Erling Drubb

Rte 3, Box 348
Conrad MT 59425

Mayo Clinic

200 First Street Southwest Rochester, Minnesota 55905 Telephone 507 255-2504

David R. Holmes, Jr., M.D.
*Cardiovascular Diseases
and Internal Medicine*

January 10, 1997

Mr. Ivan Doig
c/o Simon & Schuster
Rockefeller Center
1230 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10020

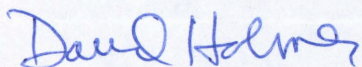
Dear Mr. Doig,

We come from different backgrounds and institutions but are held together by the bond of the printed page and the wonder and magic it holds. We have relished the reading of *Sea Runners* – to which applies the aphorism that good literature does not kiss on the first date.

We found that book to be uncommon – replete with common words and phrases used uncommonly, so that each sentence could be (and was) savored. We also enjoyed *Bucking the Sun* and found that it had some glimpses of this uncommonness but was not nearly as rich. We have enjoyed your other works but also not as much; they sometimes seemed to be more genre – not to denigrate genre – but they lacked the brilliant clarity of *Sea Runners*.

We hope you will write another book as uncommonly good and rich as *Sea Runners* and we eagerly await it.

Sincerely yours,



David R. Holmes, Jr., M.D.
Director, Adult Cardiac Catheterization Lab
Mayo Clinic



Patricia K. Hodgson
Director of Communications
Duke Clinical Research Institute

3261 San Amadeo
Laguna Hills CA 92653
January 29, 1997

Dear Mr. Doig,

This is just a note to say thank you for the hours of pleasure your books have brought me. I believe I have read them all -- at least all those in our two local libraries.

My first introduction to your novels was by chance through a "books-on-tape", Dancing At The Rascal Fair. Following that was English Creek and the McCaskills became my friends. Incidentally that book has become a favorite gift to teen-age grandsons.

You may wonder why I happened on your address; it was due to research I made preparing for a report to our shared literature group next month (a branch of our College Club). We choose a favorite author or book to present, and I am looking forward to telling them about Ivan Doig and his outstanding tales set in Montana.

Thank you for enriching my life and introducing this former easterner to the western landscapes and colorful lives of its settlers.

Sincerely,

Norma Sharp



February 26, 1997

Dear Mr. Daig,

In June, my book group is discussing your book, Bucking the Sew. This book, to me, is quite different from your more recent books and style.

From Sea Runners to Heart Earth, I've read them all with pleasure. This book, however, was an acquired taste and as a result I am feeling a bit uneasy leading the discussion for a group of ladies who have not read your previous books. Bucking the Sew is rough in subject and style - not the prose of Winter Brothers.

Some background into the why of this book or even a study guide if it's available would be helpful. I know your schedule is full and I am asking for precious time in response.

Thank you for your time.

Jenna Fry
4040 9th Ave SE.
Mercer Co, WA 98040

(over)

P.S. Your anniversary introduction to
This House of Sky, was special.



"Why not be
oneself. That is the whole secret
of a successful appearance. If one is a
greyhound, why try to look like a Pekinese?"

—Edith Sitwell

CROQUIGNOLE Permanent WAVE Machine. /

February 1st, 1997

Dear Mr. Doig,

THANK you for writing Bucking the Sun! It was
My introduction to you AND to MONTANA. I Lived
Through the depression - but you brought it into
Sharper focus Through The Lives of The Duffs.
I could not put it down - truly - will tell my
79+ 80 year old friends to read it, too. It is
A great book... no trite expressions and
no boringly detailed gratuitous sex scenes.
I felt the coldness of the shanty dwellings, I
Mucked the maddening mud - and almost hated -
Hugh & his drunkenness. Owen was special -
His mathematic's genius did not stand in the
way of his love for his family.

A Great, great Book - have your Agent
Sell it for a movie - today's young
people should see what a struggle people
lived & survived through.

I Told my husband The Fort Peck Dam is
A must see. I read with an atlas at my side
& now to The Library to check on your List of
Acknowledgments & Inter Library exchange.

Very Sincerely,

Esther S. Kay

4562 Johnson St.

GARY, Indiana 46408-3845

PS. We had a "nest"
of IWOOW's in the
Hungarian
Community here in Gary. (over)

I wow.

And it was so interesting to me that
Whenever one of Them* Died.....

They (The Family) insisted on a church
Burial complete with devout Prayers -
A Solemn Funeral and memorial dinner. Some times
They* never had Set foot into the Church!

*Slims
Notes*

from the
Virginia Slims Collection