HOUGHTON MIFFLIN HARCOURT
Trade and Reference Publishers

October 6, 2010

Ivan Doig
17277 15th Avenue
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan, 9780156031028

I hope this finds you well. I am writing today to let you know that a stock reduction sale is scheduled for UNKEMPT, ISBN 9780156032087. You can now, if you wish, buy the book at a price considerably lower than your usual author's discount. The cost to you per copy $0.81, plus applicable tax and shipping.

This does not mean that the book will be declared out of print; after the sale, a quantity of books will still be in stock and available from Houghton Mifflin Harcourt.

If you wish to place an order, please call the toll-free Customer Service number, 1.**800.225.3362**. Specify that you are placing a "stock reduction order" so you will be routed to the appropriate customer service representative. You may pay by credit card, which will expedite the order. Other payment methods may cause a delay in order processing.

In order to guarantee availability and price, all orders should be placed no later than November 12. If you have not contacted Customer Service by then, we will make these copies available through standard bargain-book channels. When you have a moment, please drop me a line to acknowledge that you have received this.

Thanks, and all best,

Tom Bouman
Associate Editor
212-592-1176
Fax: 212-420-5899

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN HARCOURT
Trade and Reference Publishers

attention Vida: as we discussed on the phone, I'd like to buy 10 copies of THE ELEVENTH MAN on the terms cited in this letter. My mailing address is the same as shown here. My phone number is (206)542-6658, so that when you call me I can give you my credit card number. Thanks very much.

Ivan Doig

March 16, 2010

fax #
1-800-634-
7568

~~$23.50~~
$25.73
conf # 43442309

Ivan Doig
17277 15th Avenue
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan,

I hope this finds you well. I am writing today to let you know that a stock reduction sale is scheduled for the hardcover edition of THE ELEVENTH MAN, isbn 9780151012435. You can now, if you wish, buy the book at a price considerably lower than your usual author's discount. The cost to you per copy is $1.55, plus applicable tax and shipping.

This does not mean that the book will be declared out of print; after the sale, a quantity of books will still be in stock and available from Houghton Mifflin Harcourt.

If you wish to place an order, please call Jo Orsillo at the toll-free Customer Service number, 1-800-225-3362. Specify that you are placing a "stock reduction order" so you will be routed to the appropriate customer service representative. You may pay by credit card, which will expedite the order. Other payment methods may cause a delay in order processing.

In order to guarantee availability and price, all orders should be placed no later than March 31. If you have not contacted Customer Service by then, we will make these copies available through standard bargain-book channels. When you have a moment, please let me know that you have received this letter.

Thanks, and all best,

Tom

Tom Bouman
Associate Editor
212-592-1176
Fax: 212-420-5899

27 March '10

Dear Tom--

Thanks for the heads-up about the *Eleventh Man* remainder copies, and I've dealt with the Customer Service folks for the quantity I want.

A few housekeeping things:

--I've had to succumb to e-mail--i.e., Carol nobly handles it--and so I'm reachable at her address: cddoig@comcast.net. Have been e-mailing Taryn Roeder and Ken Carpenter about events that ballyhoo *The Whistling Season*; the citywide community read in Lake Oswego, Oregon, last month accounted for over 1100 copies, for instance. Taryn's really good about pitching in, and I'll make every effort to work my HMH backlist into whatever events happen by way of Riverhead. Along that line, Becky and I and the Penguin Group publicists piggyback *Whistling Season* onto *Work Song* with every second breath we take, so here's hoping for mutual benefit.

--I've just been to the Public Library Association convention, signing *Work Song* ARCs, and there was the bonus of this report: the literary escort has an academic friend teaching at the university in Brno, Czech Republic, training Czechs who are going to be teachers of English (as I understood it, Brno is the national center for doing that). She assigns them my very, very first novel, *The Sea Runners*. So if we see a blip in overseas sales...

--And I hadn't caught up with the associate editor fact: congrats!

All best

Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Trade Publishers
525 B Street, Suite 1900
San Diego, California 92101-4494

A memo from
David Hough
Managing Editor, Adult Books
Phone: 1 619 699-6454
Fax: 1 619 699-6555
E-mail: david.hough@harcourt.com

To: Ivan Doig

Date: 3/11/08

RE: THE ELEVENTH MAN

Dear Ivan,

Thank you so much for your letter of this morning. I agree, the layouts are great. Linda is really something, isn't she? I gave a copy of your letter to her – suitable for framing. Words like these keep us peddling hard here. Thank you.

I'll be in touch about the copyediting. I want to do this myself – for purely selfish reasons – but I need to take a cold hard look at my schedule for the next few weeks. Otherwise, I have a perfectly wonderful copy editor standing by.

Your schedule is fine – we can work around those dates easily enough.

Enjoy your trip to the Olympic Peninsula – sounds perfect.

Regards,

David

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN HARCOURT
Trade and Reference Publishers

To: Ivan

From: Ken Carpenter

Tel: 617 351-5913

Fax: 617 351-1202

3 pages.

Interior quotes

Praise for Ivan Doing and *THE ELEVENTH MAN*

"An exciting book with all the right stuff. *The Eleventh Man* might well be the very best thing Doig — an acclaimed and respected author — has done to date. I loved every word."—*January Magazine*

"Doig incorporates all the elements of a good novel: an intensifying love interest, the drama of war, repeated moments of life-or-death intensity, the complexity of multiple story lines, historical curiosities, seamless prose and even a winning football team."— *Rocky Mountain News*

"The strength of *The Eleventh Man* comes in its exploration of larger subjects — the nature of heroism, and of propaganda." — *New York Times Book Review*

"Doig's book is really about our strong history of storytelling, and the variety of ways we spin out words, especially during and about war times . . . it feels quite right to call Doig's writing a part of Americana."— *The Oregonian*

"*The Eleventh Man* draws from three of the hardiest genres in the American canon: the sports book, the war novel, the story set in the great West. The author of this hat trick is Ivan Doig, who is a genre all his own . . . Doig is a master of fiction."— *Bloomberg News*

"In nearly 30 years of book writing, Doig has rarely disappointed his readers. *The Eleventh Man* gives us the 12th link in that satisfying literary chain."—*The Missoulian*

"With *The Eleventh Man,* Doig demonstrates once again that his ability remains deep and wide."—*Bookpage*

"In an age of endless irony, the venerable chronicler of the West's bygone eras remains a fearlessly earnest storyteller."— *High Country News*

"Doig, as always, brings American history alive in a rousing narrative that doesn't airbrush the past . . . Another fine effort from a veteran writer who knows how to play to his strengths while continuing to challenge himself."— *Kirkus Reviews*

NYT July 17 '07

Publisher to Be Sold to Rival for $4 Billion

By MICHAEL J. de la MERCED

Houghton Mifflin, the publishing company, said yesterday that it would acquire the Harcourt unit of a rival, **Reed Elsevier**, for $4 billion in cash and stock, uniting two big names in educational publishing.

Houghton Mifflin said in a statement that it would buy the unit, which includes Harcourt Education, Harcourt Trade and Greenwood-Heinemann, for $3.7 billion in cash and $300 million in stock.

As part of the agreement, Reed Elsevier will hold about 11.8 percent in Houghton Mifflin's parent, the **Houghton Mifflin Riverdeep** Group. The combined company will be run by Anthony Lucki, the chairman and chief executive of Houghton Mifflin and the former head of Harcourt.

Houghton Mifflin, with annual revenue of more than $1 billion, is the fourth-largest United States educational publisher, after McGraw-Hill, Pearson and Harcourt.

The sale is the latest transaction in educational publishing this year, though this is seen more as a strategic merger. In May Thomson said that it sold its education unit to two private equity firms as it prepared to merge with Reuters. Houghton Mifflin itself was sold last year by its owners — Bain Capital, Thomas H. Lee Partners and the Blackstone Group — to Riverdeep, based in Ireland, which makes Mavis Beacon Teaches Typing and the Oregon Trail, for $3.4 billion including debt.

The deal is expected to close late this year or early next year, subject to regulatory review. Reed Elsevier is expected to return the education unit proceeds to shareholders by way of a special dividend.

Credit Suisse, Lehman Brothers and Citigroup, which advised Houghton Mifflin, have committed to financing the debt portion of the deal, while existing Houghton Mifflin investors, including J & E Davy, a brokerage house in Dublin, will provide $235 million in equity financing.

Reed Elsevier was advised by UBS.

G.M. Buys Stake in Maker of Diesel Engines

DETROIT, July 16 (Reuters) — **General Motors** said on Monday that it was buying 50 percent of the Italian diesel engine maker VM Motori from Penske Corporation and would introduce a new high-performance V6 diesel engine built by VM Motori.

G.M. gave no financial details on the deal but said it had reached a joint venture agreement with Penske, a closely held transportation services company based in Bloomfield Hills, Mich., to purchase equity in VM Motori.

G.M. and VM Motori will jointly develop a 2.9-liter V-6 turbo diesel engine that is scheduled to be introduced in the Cadillac CTS in Europe in 2009, G.M. said.

VM Motori plans to build the new unit at its plant in Cento, Italy, and is responsible for the engine's design, development and testing, G.M. said.

Dan Hancock, vice president of global engineering at GM Powertrain, said in a conference call that the automaker intended to introduce diesel engines in the United States in pickup trucks and Hummer H2 sports utility vehicle.

G.M. currently offers 17 diesel engine variants in 45 vehicle lines around the world and sells more than a million diesel engines annually.

Starting with 2008 model year cars, the United States will begin phasing in what will be the world's strictest regulations for harmful nitrogen oxide and particulate matter emissions.

Diesel cars have had higher exhaust levels of nitrogen oxide than gasoline cars, and G.M., like other automakers, has been lukewarm about diesel engines as a solution for increasing fuel economy, citing the high cost of developing an engine clean enough to meet the coming American standards.

In a video on the company's Web site, G.M.'s vice chairman, Robert A. Lutz, had said the company would use clean diesel engines in passenger cars, S.U.V.'s and other light-duty trucks.

Houghton Mifflin to Buy Reed Elsevier Units

By Mike Barris And Emily Steel WSJ July 17 '07

Reed Elsevier PLC sold off the last pieces of its Harcourt Education division, with Houghton Mifflin Co. agreeing to pay $4 billion in cash and stock to acquire the Anglo-Dutch publisher's Harcourt Education, Harcourt Trade and Greenwood-Heinemann divisions.

The deal places Houghton Mifflin, best known for its textbooks for students in prekindergarten through college, among the top educational publishers in the market and marks an increasing consolidation in the category. The major players now will include the combined Houghton Mifflin-Harcourt, New York's McGraw-Hill Cos. and Pearson PLC.

"Certainly, they just bought a fair amount of growth," says Mukta Ohri, director and lead analyst at Outsell Inc. a market research firm that covers the information industry.

Under the agreement, expected to close late this year or early next year, Boston-based educational publisher Houghton Mifflin will acquire the Harcourt businesses for $3.7 billion in cash and $300 million in shares of Houghton Mifflin parent **Houghton Mifflin Riverdeep Group** PLC.

Reed Elsevier, a publishing and information group, put its education arm up for sale in February, following a period of underperformance. In April, it said it had sold two units of Harcourt, specializing in educational testing and international publishing, to Pearson PLC. Pearson publishes the Financial Times, owns the book publisher Penguin and publishes educational books and materials in the U.S.

Reed Elsevier a week ago began the sale process for the remaining parts of its education unit. Houghton Mifflin moved aggressively on Harcourt just as the auction for the educational publisher was about to begin, said a person familiar with the transaction. That pre-emptive move blocked competitors from getting a toehold and sped up the auction process.

Last November, Irish educational-software firm Riverdeep Holdings Ltd. agreed to buy Houghton Mifflin Holding Co. from affiliates of Thomas H. Lee Partners LP, Bain Capital LLC and Blackstone Group in a deal valued at about $1.75 billion, plus the assumption of about $1.61 billion in net debt. Boston-based Houghton Mifflin, founded in 1832, is one of the largest publishers of textbooks and reference books in the U.S., as well as the historic home of such authors as Ralph Waldo Emerson, J.R.R. Tolkien and Henry David Thoreau.

Reed Elsevier intends to return the net proceeds from the latest sale to Reed Elsevier shareholders, following completion of the transactions, by way of a special dividend. Once the deal is completed, Reed Elsevier will hold an 11.8% interest in Houghton Mifflin.

The combined entity will be led by Tony Lucki, who is Houghton Mifflin's chief executive, as well as the former CEO of Harcourt Education and Harcourt Inc.

Jeremy Dickens, president of Houghton Mifflin Riverdeep Group PLC, expressed confidence that the deal would be approved by federal regulators and said he didn't think the merger would lead to higher textbook prices, which has been a sore point at the college level. Mr. Dickens also noted that the transaction will enable the company to broaden its mix and invest more capital in the development of new products than either company could invest on its own.

"What this does is move Houghton Mifflin into a stronger marketing position in terms of the five key elementary and high-school categories," says Albert N. Greco, a professor at the Fordham Graduate School of Business who studies the book industry. Those include English; language arts; math; science and social studies.

Credit Suisse Group, **Lehman Brothers Holdings** Inc. and **Citigroup** Inc. are serving as financial advisers to Houghton Mifflin. **UBS** AG's UBS Investment Bank has acted as financial adviser to Reed Elsevier on the sale of the Harcourt Education division.

Credit Suisse, Lehman Brothers and Citigroup will provide the debt financing for the transaction. In addition, existing investors, including **J & E Davy**, have committed to provide $235 million of new equity financing to support the transaction, the companies said.

—Jessica Hodgson and Jeffery Trachtenberg contributed to this article.

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Sen. Max Baucus (D., Mont.) and Charles Grassley (R., Iowa). The legislation would require private-equity funds that go public, such as Blackstone, to pay corporate tax rates, rather than the lower tax rates currently paid by partnerships.

Democrats in Congress and the leading Democratic candidates also back legislation that would raise taxes on private-equity executives and other mangers of investment funds, such as hedge funds and real-estate partnerships.

President Bush and many congressional Republicans have signaled their opposition to both proposals. Each of the leading Republican candidates also opposes any legislation that would increase taxes on private-equity or hedge funds, a position that may be a factor in the increase in donations to Republicans.

Several private-equity funds that aren't members of the Private Equity Council have been the source of hefty donations to the presidential candidate so far. **Fortress Investment Group** LLC is a leading financial backer of Mr. Edwards, who briefly worked at the firm after losing the 2004 presidential race. Employees of the fund have contributed $150,000 to Mr. Edwards's campaign so far this year, according to the data. Their donations tailed off in the April-June quarter, however, with a total of $3,300 to the former lawmaker.

share of his donations from both private-equity firms and hedge funds. Mr. Dodd has enjoyed two advantages in fund raising in the sector: Many of the funds are based in his home state of Connecticut and he is the chairman of the Senate Banking Committee, the panel that has the power to regulate the industry.

The leading source of campaign donations to Mr. Dodd's campaign is **SAC Capital Advisors** LLC, a Greenwich-based hedge fund run by Steven A. Cohen. Employees of SAC Capital have donated $268,000 to his campaign war chest. Mr. Dodd has also received large contributions from employees of **Taconic Capital Advisors** LP and **AQR Capital Management**.

Hedge fund **Elliot Management** is a top donor to Mr. Giuliani, giving his campaign $180,000 so far. **Highland Capital Management** has donated another $75,000 to his campaign.

Besides private-equity firms, the leading candidates have also received significant financial support from Wall Street and leading law firms. Records show major contributors include **Goldman Sachs Group** Inc., **Citigroup** Inc., **Ernst & Young**, **Merrill Lynch** & Co., **Morgan Stanley** and **Lehman Brothers Holdings** Inc. Among law firms, big givers appeared to be **DLA Piper**, **Kirkland & Ellis** LLP, **Blank Rome**

to spread among livestock there at a time when Beijing has imposed an import ban on select frozen-meat products from the U.S. Pork prices in China have increased 43% this year.

FDA Adds Bonuses To Retain Staff

The Food and Drug Administration is giving workers more than $8 million in bonuses to keep them from defecting to pharmaceutical and other regulated industries. The retention bonuses, worth $5,000 or more per employee, are triple what the FDA paid in 2002 and more than any other federal agency pays. The retention bonuses are part of a financial incentive program, including recruitment and relocation bonuses paid its employees, that has grown sharply at FDA in recent years.

—Associated Press

MORE

THE ECONOMY:
China Ends Green-GDP Accounting **A8**
Exports to East Bolster Western Europe **A10**

Back cover copy

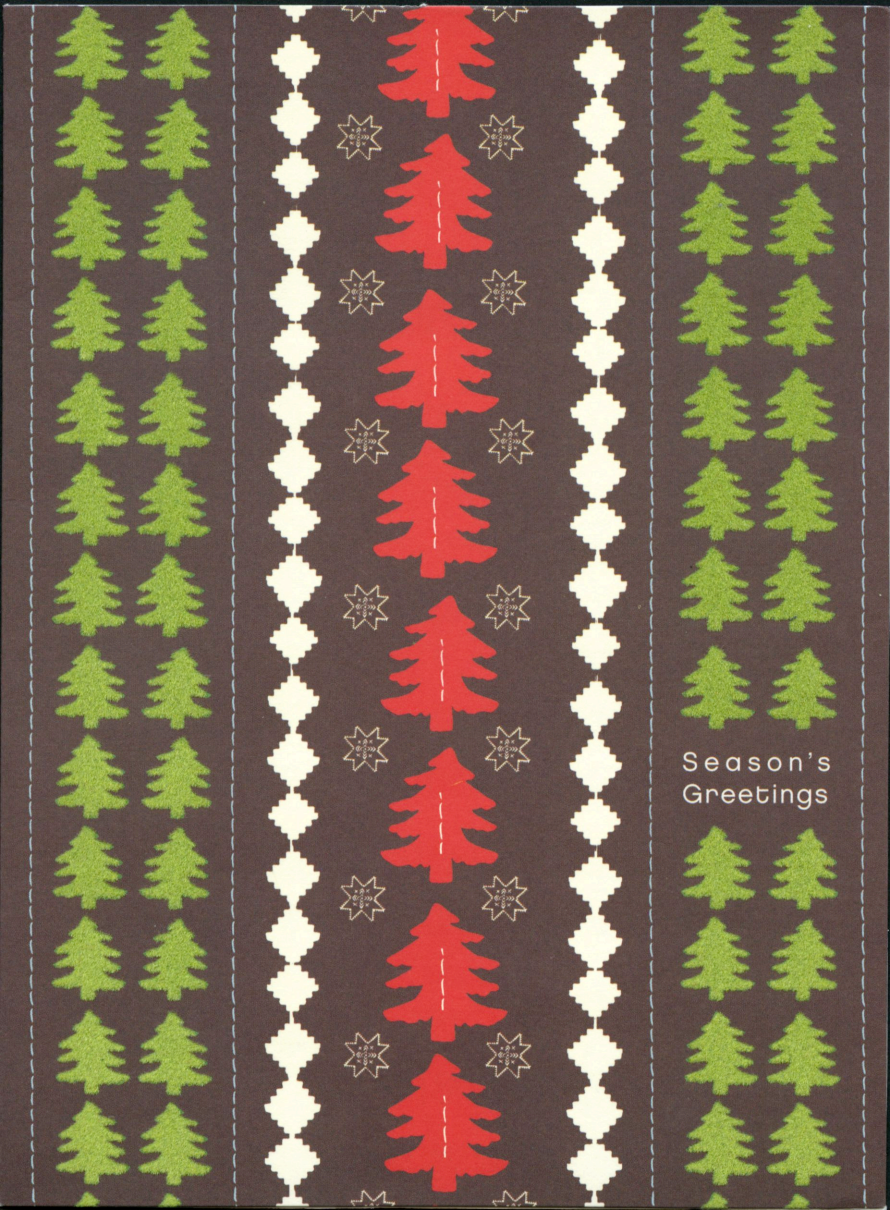
"*The Eleventh Man* is about loyalty and survival and sacrifice — and love — and remains intensely suspenseful and moving throughout." — Scott Turow

Driven by the memory of a fallen teammate, TSU's 1941 starting lineup went down as legend in Montana football history, charging through the season undefeated. Two years later, the "Supreme Team" is caught up in World War II. Ten of them are scattered around the globe in the war's lonely and dangerous theaters. The eleventh man, Ben Reinking, has been plucked from pilot training by a military propaganda machine hungry for heroes. He is to chronicle the adventures of his teammates, man by man, for publication in small-town newspapers across the country like the one his father edits. Ready for action, he chafes at the assignment, not knowing that it will bring him love from an unexpected quarter and test the law of averages, which holds that all but one of his teammates should come through the conflict unscathed.

"Trembles with the weariness of the modern age toward carnage — a war novel with an anti-war heart."— *The Seattle Times*

"One of his best." — *USA Today*

[insert author photo] Ivan Doig was born in Montana and grew up along the Rocky Mountain Front, the dramatic landscape that has inspired much of his writing. A finalist for the 1979 National Book Award and one of the nominees worldwide for the 2008 International IMPAC Dublin Literary Award, he is the author of eight previous novels, most recently *The Whistling Season*, and three works of nonfiction, including *This House of Sky*.


Season's
Greetings

Dear Carol & Ivan,

Thanks so much for the Christmas letter. Representing The Whistling Season has been a joy. I'm looking forward to the paperback and The Eleventh Man (working title?). It's fantastic that your bestselling hardcover is the first book I was able to work on. By the way, I'll save your letter with "the world's greatest rep" notation in case I ever need to apply for another job. I have a quote from Herb Caen (did you ever read his column in the SF Chronicle?) that I truncated to "a man who can sell anything."

Have a wonderful holiday season. Shanlyn and I are heading to a retreat in Mexico for a week. Quiet, reflective and hopefully dry. Last night's storm here was a doozy.

Happy New Year

George & Shanlyn



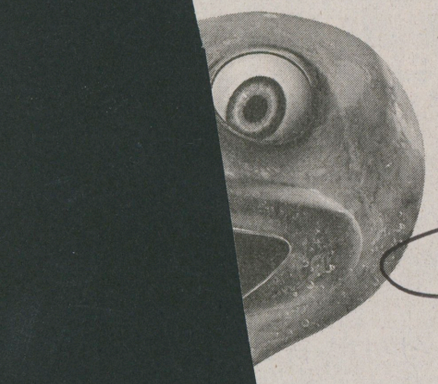
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ST COMEDY!"
Jeff Craig, 60 SECOND PREVIEW



Arts, Briefly

Compiled by Dave Itzkoff

Madonna's Adoption Bid Is Denied in Malawi



A Malawi court ruled on Friday that **Madonna**, right, cannot adopt a 3-year-old child there, Reuters reported, because she has not been a resident of the country for the last 18 months. As with Madonna's adoption of her son **David Banda**, 3, completed in 2008 in Malawi, her petition to adopt a girl named **Chifundo James** caused critics to complain that the pop star was trying to circumvent laws banning nonresidents from adopting Malawian children. In her High Court ruling, **Judge Esme Chombo** warned against celebrity adoptions, saying they could lead to child trafficking. "Anyone could come to Malawi and quickly arrange for an adoption that might have grave consequences on the very children that the law seeks to protect," she said. In addition to David Banda, Madonna, who reportedly was not in the court to hear the ruling, has a daughter, **Lourdes**, 12, from a previous relationship, and a son, **Rocco**, 8, from her marriage to **Guy Ritchie**. Her divorce from Mr. Ritchie became final in January.

Strike Seen as Likely at New York City Opera

Efforts by the New York City Opera to get back on its feet hit a road bump road Friday when a union leader cited what he called the likelihood of a strike by singers, chorus members and production staff members. The official, **Alan Gordon**, said he had sent a letter to singers' agents accusing City Opera management of trying to void the contract unilaterally to extract concessions. When announcing the company's 2009-10 season, its general manager and artistic director, **George R. Steel**, had pointed out that some contracts were up for negotiation. Mr. Gordon is executive director of the American Guild of Musical Artists, which represents principal singers, the chorus and some backstage workers. "There is no legal way" for City Opera to reopen the contract early, Mr. Gordon said in a separate news release. The singers' contract expires in 2011, and the orchestra's contract ends next month. Whatever the outcome of the dispute with the guild, its members are expected to follow the lead of the orchestra union. The company is planning to put on only five operas next year, about a third of its past offerings, making it inevitable it will have to seek serious cost cuts. Mr. Steel declined to comment on Mr. Gordon's letter, except to say: "We are confused and hurt by Mr. Gordon's comments. As in the past, New York City Opera prefers to negotiate contractual agreements in confidence."

DANIEL J. WAKIN

Houghton Mifflin Chief Announces Retirement

Anthony Lucki, chief executive of the educational and trade publisher Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, which has lately struggled financially, has announced that he will retire on April 15. Mr. Lucki, 60, had worked with Harcourt for 25 years before it was merged with Houghton Mifflin in 2007. Education Media and Publishing Group, an Irish private equity concern, bought Houghton Mifflin three years ago and Harcourt the following year. **Barry O'Callaghan**, chairman of Education Media and its largest shareholder, will assume the role of chief executive at Houghton. The company, one of the largest textbook publishers for the K-12 market in the United States, also issues trade books by authors including **Philip Roth** and **Günter Grass**. Last month Education Media said that after entertaining several bids for the trade and reference division of Houghton Mifflin, it would not be selling it. Education Media is currently shouldering $7 billion in debt. A company spokesman said it had recently restructured its debt so that it would not have any substantial interest payments coming due for another five quarters.

MOTOKO RICH

valuable Muslim relic after questions were raised about its authenticity, Reuters reported. In April 2008 Sotheby's sold at auction in London a key believed to have been made in the 12th century and used to unlock the holy Kaaba, a sacred Islamic shrine in Mecca, Saudi Arabia. At that time the item sold for nearly $13.5 million, more than 18 times its presale estimate. The Art Newspaper said that the key was brought to the British Museum about two weeks after the sale, where experts raised "serious doubts" about its age. In a statement, Sotheby's said, "In light of the divergence of academic views, Sotheby's and the consignor decided to cancel the sale in May 2008, pending further research and scientific analysis," according to Reuters. The key has been returned to its original owner.

Bollywood Braces For Movie Strike

Bollywood film producers were expected to strike on Saturday after failing to arrive at a revenue-sharing agreement with movie theater owners, BBC News reported. Indian film producers are threatening to stop making new movies if they do not receive a 50 percent share of the revenue raised by multiscreen theaters. Theater owners say that producers stand to make a dispropor-



With More Than Games, DSi Widens Playing Field

Nintendo's newest toy, the DSi, fits in your pocket and demonstrates in a simultaneously profound and giggle-inducing way that its makers may have a deeper understanding of how entertainment is evolving in the 21st century than any other company.

SETH SCHIESEL

VIDEO GAME REVIEW

Like Nintendo's fabulously popular Wii console, this new version of Nintendo's hand-held DS, which is being released on Sunday, succeeds because it reimagines what fun can mean. And it does so in an immediately accessible way.

Yes, there are the requisite cosmetic improvements. The DSi, which will sell for $169.99, is a bit thinner and has slightly larger screens than its predecessor, the DS Lite. That's nice, but hardly

DSi
Nintendo

earth-shattering. The big technical leap is that the DSi adds two cameras, a removable media card slot and the ability to play digital music. (It still plays any of the more than 800 DS games.)

Any other company would have been satisfied to add new hardware features. But Nintendo's genius lies in understanding that people increasingly crave interaction in their entertainment, not only with products but with other people. And beyond merely allowing you to decide what to shoot or what to listen to, a digital camera or an iPod does not provide an interactive experience.

With an iPod you are not actually interacting with the music; you are merely listening. Likewise, most digital cameras merely capture images. They do not even pretend to try to make playing around with the images as much fun as taking them.

These are precisely the areas that make the DSi so innovative. The DSi transforms pictures and music from static artifacts into the raw material for hours of hilarity — on a bus, on a beach, in a bar, in a park or even at home, where you might think there would be no niche for a hand-held device.

As far as pictures go, the DSi is not trying to be a camera buff's camera. Its resolution is sufficient for Facebook but hardly for serious portraiture. (One camera

Continued on Page 4

Nonprofit Theaters Say Next Seaso

By PATRICK HEALY

Fancy gift bags and elaborate centerpieces were out of the question for Signature Theater Company's spring gala on Monday night at Espace, a reception room on West 42nd Street in Manhattan.

This nonprofit theater, which has one of the most consistent track records of critically acclaimed productions in New York, had already reduced its fund-raising target by 10 percent. With salary freezes a possibility and other belt-tightening under way, Signature and its nonprofit theater brethren in New York have entered an especially difficult economic period in their history, with the 2009-10 season looming as the toughest financial challenge they have faced, executives say.

"Our gala is the simplest of affairs, but this economy is proving

With contr down, Off is slashin

to be anyth Mallin, Sign rector. "Thi ups and d

Los Cadillacs Roar Back, And Pick U Other Fan





By LARRY ROHTER

It's almost as if they hadn't been away. Ten years after the release of their last recording of new material, Los Fabulosos Cadillacs, perhaps the most innovative Spanish-language rock group of the 1990s, are back: on the road, playing in stadiums; on MTV again; and with a new CD.

In fact, the only real surprise about the return of the Cadillacs, who are scheduled to play on Sunday at the Hammerstein Ballroom, may be that they dropped out of sight in the first place. This Argentine band

Ivan Doig

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

18 Feb. '09

one-page **fax** to Nicole Angeloro, editor, HMH trade books

Nicole, hi. Some words for Rick Bass:

"Classic in form, the journal of a year in an old loved place, *The Wild Marsh* is a lovingly-wrought chronicle from a writerly soul that has found its spot in the world: the one-of-a-kind Yaak Valley of northwestern Montana. Sure-footed in his approach whether the topic is a forest fire in his front yard or the excitement of the first tiny cheerful glacier lilies in spring, Rick Bass is a stirring companion on the trail that leads west from the Walden Pond of Henry David Thoreau and the Sand County of Aldo Leopold."

--Ivan Doig, author of ***TheWhistling Season***

All good luck with the book.

Best,
Ivan

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fax 617-351-1202
www.hmhbooks.com

4 February 2009

Ivan Doig
17277 15th Avenue
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan Doig,

I hope you will forgive me for sending, unannounced, Rick Bass's new book, *The Wild Marsh: Four Season at Home in Montana*, which we will publish this July. It follows the passing of year in Rick's beloved Yaak valley, and is vintage Bass—his descriptions of life in Montana are beautiful and profoundly stirring.

We would love you to take a look at *The Wild Marsh* and consider giving us a few words of endorsement that we could use to help promote the book. I know Rick greatly admires your work and would be incredibly honored to have your name on it.

If you are able to read *The Wild Marsh*, and to offer a sentence or two, we would be deeply grateful. We would be thrilled to hear from you by March 25.

Many thanks in advance for considering.

All the best,

Nicole Angeloro

nicole.angeloro@hmhpub.com
617 351 5831

February 13, 2009

Dear Ivan:

It was good speaking with you today. As I mentioned, we plan on publishing the paperback edition of The Eleventh Man on our fall 2009 list in September. Following this note is a draft of the catalog copy for your book. It will be a two page presentation in the catalog, featuring your author photo. As I mentioned we will be using the hardcover jacket art on the paperback and I will share that with you when I receive it.

Right now the "second page" section has the bulk of the review quotes for the book. We'll probably have to pare this down a bit so feel free to let me know if there are any that don't work for you.

I look forward to working with you on the paperback.

Best,

send catalogue

Ken Carpenter
VP Director of Trade Paperbacks
Houghton Mifflin Harcourt
222 Berkeley Street
Boston, MA 02116
Ph: 617-351-5913
Fax: 617-351-1202
e-mail: ken.carpenter@hmhpub.com

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN HARCOURT

Catalog Copy

Author: Ivan Doig **Editor:** Ken Carpenter

Title: The Eleventh Man

Subtitle:

Jkt/Cvr - Reading Line/Tag Line:
A novel

Catalog First - Page Quotes / Awards:
"Vividly evokes a prior time and way of being. It takes a serious view of war and the practitioners of war, and looks hard at the meaning of heroism."--*The Washington Post*
"Doig's book is really about our strong history of storytelling, and the variety of ways we spin out words, especially during and about war times ... it feels quite right to call Doig's writing a part of Americana."--*The Oregonian*

Catalog Sales Line:

Catalog Body Copy:
Driven by the memory of a fallen teammate, TSU's 1941 starting lineup went down as legend in Montana football history, charging through the season undefeated. Two years later, the "Supreme Team" is caught up in World War II. Ten of them are scattered around the globe in the war's lonely and dangerous theaters. The eleventh man, Ben Reinking, has been plucked from pilot training by a military propaganda machine hungry for heroes. He is to chronicle the adventures of his teammates, man by man, for publication in small-town newspapers across the country like the one his father edits. Ready for action, he chafes at the assignment, not knowing that it will bring him love from an unexpected quarter and test the law of averages, which holds that all but one of his teammates should come through the conflict unscathed.

A brilliantly told tale of the effects of war on small town life by the bestselling author of *The Whistling Season*.

Catalog Second - Page Copy:
Praise for Ivan Doig and The Eleventh Man
"*The Eleventh Man* is about loyalty and survival and sacrifice---and love--and remains intensely suspenseful and moving throughout."--Scott Turow, author of *Limitations*
"Doig incorporates all the elements of a good novel: an intensifying love interest, the drama of war, repeated moments of life-or-death intensity, the complexity of multiple story lines, historical curiosities, seamless prose and even a winning football team."--*Rocky Mountain News*
"Ivan Doig is a fearless storyteller. ... *The Eleventh Man* trembles with the weariness of the modern age toward carnage — a war novel with an anti-war heart."--*The Seattle Times*
"In nearly 30 years of book writing, Doig has rarely disappointed his readers. *The Eleventh Man* gives us the 12th link in that satisfying literary chain."--*The Missoulian*
"An exciting book with all the right stuff. *The Eleventh Man* might well be the very best thing Doig -- an acclaimed and respected author -- has done to date. I loved every word."--*January Magazine*
"*The Eleventh Man* draws from three of the hardiest genres in the American canon: the sports book, the war novel, the story set in the great West. The author of this hat trick is Ivan Doig, who is a genre all his own."--*Bloomberg News*
" With *The Eleventh Man,* Doig demonstrates once again that his ability remains deep and wide."--*Bookpage*

" In an age of endless irony, the venerable chronicler of the West's bygone eras remains a fearlessly earnest storyteller."--*High Country News*

'Another fine effort from a veteran writer who knows how to play to his strengths while continuing to challenge himself."--*Kirkus Reviews*
"Powerful and poignant...[Doig's] storytelling remains rooted in the grand tradition of western literature, from A. B. Guthrie to William Kittredge: broad adventures grounded in a vivid landscape and featuring the clash between strong individualists and an environment that refuses to bend to the individual will." -*Booklist*

Catalog Author Bio:
Ivan Doig was born in Montana and grew up along the Rocky Mountain Front, the dramatic landscape that has inspired much of his writing. A finalist for the 1979 National Book Award and one of the nominees worldwide for the 2008 International IMPAC Dublin Literary Award, he is the author of eight previous novels, most recently *The Whistling Season*, and three works of nonfiction, including *This House of Sky*.

Catalog Author Residence: Seattle, WA

ISBN: 978-0-547-24763-2

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 was delighted to get your (and Carol's) annual Christmas letter. Good news all around! The reception for THE WHISTLING SEASON has been so wonderful, as have the year-end accolades—congratulations to you. I speak frequently with Becky and she is still aglow about publishing you and this book. And now, the next one…

Life here at the Foundation is good. I do miss the publishing business terribly, especially the funny, crazy, over-caffeinated, driven, wonderful people who populate it. Luckily my involvement with them does not need to stop, and I keep up with my pals. But here I have been given two great gifts: time and an immense reduction of stress. Life is slower, even statelier; no one seems to be angry; the Fellows are interesting; the office is full of good surprises; I get home at a reasonable hour; I have no work on the weekends or in the evening; and I work closely with a dear friend, Ed Hirsch. I have time to read, which is an enormous luxury, and time to cook and play board games with my daughters and have cocktails with my wife. I feel more relaxed than I have in years.

This all comes at a good time, since we've been experiencing various medical traumas. Among other calamities my wife's sister, Marvie Redmond, the Missoula resident, has moved with her husband and daughter to the Hutchinson Center in Seattle. She has leukemia, a pretty bad form of it, and over the summer she checked in for intensive, and intense, treatment. It has been difficult for everyone. The Redmonds have adapted to Seattle, where they'll be at least through January, although they have hardly seen anything beyond the inside of the Hutch's walls. They found an apartment that overlooks a lake (I don't remember the name of the neighborhood) next door to a house belonging to their cousin Lucy Homans; husband and daughter and two dogs are there while Marvie is sequestered in the hospital.

But enough bad news. I want to thank you for your letter and I wish you and Carol the very best for this Christmas season and for the new year. I hope to see you at some point in 07—it would be a privilege.

Happy days--

Dec 14 2006

Harcourt
525 B Street, Suite 1900
San Diego, California 92101-4494

A memo from
David Hough
Managing Editor, Adult Books
Phone: 1 619 699-6454
Fax: 1 619 699-6555
E-mail: david.hough@harcourt.com

To: Ivan Doig

Date: 8/25/2006

RE: Heart Earth

Dear Ivan,

Enclosed are the 15 photos that you sent us for the insert for this title.

Congratulations on all of the good reviews and sales for *The Whistling Season*. **Very good to see that.**

Hope all is well with you and yours.

Regards,

David

20 March '06

Dear John--

I feel like I won the daily double last weekend--the terrific response at the PNBA, and Rick Bass's glowing review of my book in Publishers Weekly. *The Whistling Season* and I have a lot to be grateful for, this Monday morning.

John, I really appreciate the way you've supported the book. Now it's up to me to get out there and sell that baby. Don't hesitate to give me a call if you see anything I can do to help the book and your accounts. Maybe see you in San Francisco--lunch or a drink?--if time permits when the booktour brings me to the Bay Area?

By the way, Carol sends her best and says to tell you she's intrigued by your plane expertise from building models and you'll have to trade plane talk sometime. She learned all the aircraft types from "spotting" rings and other gadgets as a girl in World War II.

All best,

13 May '06

Dear Stacia--

I know the publishing house is positively running over with copies of this book, but you deserve your own, gratefully signed. Thank you so much for all you put into this luscious new version of *Heart Earth.*

Best,

Harcourt

Harcourt Trade Publishers

André Bernard
Vice President
Publisher, Adult Trade

May 3, 2006

Dear Ivan:

Many thanks for your fax. I am pleased you are pleased--and I remain ever honored that we get to publish you, new books and old. The covers came out pretty well on the three books in question--I just love THE WHISTLING SEASON's especially. How can a bookstore browser fail to pick it up (and buy it)?

Re Montana, I've been thinking of joining you at some point on your long trek. Montana makes the most sense, and Missoula especially. We make an annual summer trip there. At this moment I'm trying to line up a post-July 4 week in Missoula, which would include your July 11th visit. It's a lovely time of year there. Plus, I really miss the burgers at the Missoula Club, my favorite bar in town. The other option is to travel there for your September 29 celebration. I'll have been in Europe for a week just beforehand, so I'll have to work on that.

I will keep you posted. It would be a great pleasure to see you out there, and I'm keeping my fingers crossed. In the meantime, thank you for everything you've done, for your hard work, for your wonderful enthusiasm, for your sentences...It means a lot.

Best regards as always--

André

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15 East 26th Street • New York, NY 10010 • TEL 212.592.1119 • FAX 212.592.1010

A Harcourt, Inc. Company

Ivan Doig

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

4 Jan. '06

one-page **fax to** Andre Bernard, Publisher, Harcourt

Dear Andre--

Well, damn--Carol and I are grabbing our annual week of sun in Tucson from Jan. 21-28. We're locked in to that schedule, because in the couple of weeks after that the gargantuan Rock and Gem Show hits town and twenty-some thousand rockhounds climb off their burros and Winnebagos to take over every room in Tucson. (There's a book audience there, if you can figure out how to attach a pick and shovel to each book.) So, we're going to miss your Seattle visit this time. Do come back; also, if Missoula is on your summer horizon, we're going to be landing there a couple of times on the booktour--Michelle and I have penciled in The Fine Print for July 11, just to tantalize you.

You'll be at Amazon: should tell you I was there a few months ago, as one of the guinea pigs they talked to about the "Amazon Connect" authors' websites scheme. I ended up telling them I'm generationally challenged on something like that--I have a hell of a time just tending to ivandoig.com, although I will be sure to update it with the *Whistling Season* booktour schedule when Michelle and I get it set for sure, along with other blandishments for the book--but if you and the rep can figure out anything I can do short-term with Amazon that will help with the book sales, I'm game to listen. I know on-line commerce is a big deal, but on-line anything seems to suck time out of my writing life drastically; so I'm simply careful around it, not the Luddite that people think I am from having a typewriter on the premises (along with our two computers). In short, I'm never going to look eager on this stuff, but I am reasonably available. Let me know if you guys come up with anything.

Meanwhile I am making daily words on *The Eleventh Man* and hope to get a first chunk to Becky before the June-July booktour frenzy. I'm sending in the *Heart Earth* page proofs this morning; the book is now a beauty, Andre, kudos to you and all your crew.

Best for '06,

Ivan

Harcourt

Harcourt Trade Publishers

André Bernard
Vice President
Publisher, Adult Trade

December 21, 2005

Dear Ivan:

Merry Christmas! Happy New Year! I'm just thrilled 2006 will officially bring your wonderful new novel. It's a joy contemplating publication.

I'm writing because I will be spending a few days in fair Seattle near the end of January--the 24th and 25th, to be specific. I'm headed there with our Amazon rep, and expect to see a few Amazon folks and putter around in the bookstores (and dumpling shops in the market). I think you may be headed to Arizona in Jan, but if you were around I'd love to see you. Maybe you and Carol would be free for lunch or dinner? If you aren't, I am sure I'll return in 06 and hope to see you at that time.

Very best to you--

André

abernard@harcourt.com
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A Harcourt, Inc. Company

Harcourt
525 B Street, Suite 1900
San Diego, California 92101-4494

A memo from
David Hough
Managing Editor, Adult Books
Phone: 1 619 699-6454
Fax: 1 619 699-6555
E-mail: dhough@harcourt.com

To: Ivan Doig

Date: 9/26/2005

RE: THE WHISTLING SEASON

Dear Ivan,

Enclosed is your copy of the first-page proof for your review and a b/w copy of the Advance Reading Copy cover.

A note on the ARC cover – We are doing Advanced Reading Copies with four-color covers so don't be fooled by the b/w mechanical. Sorry, I only have a b/w printer. The ARCs should be ready on or about 11/01. In the proof note that the first two pages of blurbs are for the ARC only. The book will not have them – nor will the final book have the ugly disclaimer on the title page.

I am having this proofread against the copyedited ms. here as well.

You have plenty of time for your review -- I was wondering if you could return this page proof with your changes on it by 10/17 or so? Please use my Fed Ex number, 0921-0770-1 and put '25' in the billing reference area.

I will touch base with you when I have your set and the proofreader's set and we can work out any remaining issues then.

Note that any changes you make on this proof will NOT be in the ARCs. We are using the uncorrected proof to make the ARCs – hence the disclaimers plastered all over.

Hope this finds you well.

David

4 Oct. '05

Dear Linda Lockowitz--

I just want to say what a terrific book designer you are.

I've just gone through the page proofs of my *Whistling Season* for David, and they are one lovely set of pages, through and through. I couldn't ask for my words to be more handsomely presented; thanks immensely.

Sincerely,

4 Oct. '05

David Hough
Managing Editor, Adult Books
Harcourt
525 B Street, Suite 1900
San Diego CA 92101-4494

Dear David--

Over to you, here are the *Whistling Season* page proofs with my go-through. They were commendably clean, and I did as little to them as conscience would let me. I tried particularly hard not to jostle the pagination with any of my word changes, and I think there were only three spots where there was any peril of that--pp. 52, 162 and 233. If I've created any line-count problems there, give me a call and we'll fix it up somehow. I've marked all my changes, about 30, with yellow stickits.

This Thursday and Friday, the 6th and 7th, I'm going to be hard to reach--in Sun Valley, Idaho, on a speaking gig--but in a real pinch, you can try me at the Best Western Kentwood Lodge (208) 726-4114, or via the cell phone of the person escorting me to events, Diane Peavey, (208)481-1484. Will be back here at the desk and phone as usual Monday the 10th, for the foreseeable future.

David, you've really done a knockout job of production on this book of mine, lovely in its pages. Thanks so much. And if you wouldn't mind, please pass the enclosed note of gratitude to Linda Lockowitz.

Looking forward to the ARC and all the rest.

Best,

Harcourt
525 B Street, Suite 1900
San Diego, California 92101-4494

A memo from
David Hough
Managing Editor, Adult Books
Phone: 1 619 699-6454
Fax: 1 619 699-6555
E-mail: dhough@harcourt.com

To: Ivan Doig

Date: 8/12/2005

RE: THE WHISTLING SEASON

Dear Mr. Doig,

Enclosed is the copyedited ms. for *The Whistling Season* for your review.

First of all, let me say how much I enjoyed reading your book. I couldn't help but read every word of your novel while I was type marking the ms. for the designer. I grew up on an isolated farm, and my mother taught in one-room country schools. I think you have captured this time and place perfectly. I found the characters true, compelling, and very human – and I can't help but admire and love everyone in the book. My congratulations on your fine effort here.

Not only is *The Whistling Season* a great read, there is very little here in the way of copyediting. Thank you for making our job so easy. We use *The Chicago Manual of Style* and Webster's eleventh edition as guides for spelling, punctuation, grammar, style, hyphenation, etc. However, we are not style Nazis here. If you have a preferred style, feel free to overrule our house style.

There are just a few line-editing suggestions – these are meant to be helpful – if they are not, then please ignore them. Mark 'stet' over any edits that you do not want made. Mark any changes that you want done on the ms. – please note that this is the ms. that will be going to the typesetter.

Once you have considered the few queries written on tags, please remove the tags. Tag, or flag, only the pages where you would like me to review something after you have returned the ms.

A couple of minor notes:

1. **I see that you tend to introduce spoken dialogue with a colon, rather than a comma. Unless you feel strongly about this, I'd suggest we change the colon to a comma. The colon is more formal, more academic – and doesn't quite suite this novel. But this is your call here.**
2. **We changed some of your italic phrases into roman phrases with quote marks – following more standard style by doing this – but again, nothing really wrong with doing it the way you did. Your call here. However, italics are not usually used to set off phrases like this – italics are more often used to indicate thoughts – among other things.**
3. **Occasionally you leave out the 'say/said.' "It's right in here," Toby charged to the doorway . . . We added the 'said' in – however, there is another option. Using this example, you could change the comma after 'here' to a period so that the dialogue stands by itself.**

Please feel free to contact me either by phone or e-mail if you have any questions about any of this.

If you could finish your review and return the ms. to me by 8/24 or thereabouts, that would be great.

Please send the ms. directly to me. Use my Fed Ex number, 0921-0770-1 and put '25' in the billing reference area.

I also owe you and Becky sample page layouts for the interior design. I should be sending those out next week.

We are so glad that you are back here at Harcourt. Everyone has fallen in love with *The Whistling Season* **and we are all excited about publishing it.**

Best regards,

David

19 Aug. '05

David Hough
Managing Editor, Adult Books
Harcourt
525 B Street, Suite 1900
San Diego CA 92101-4494

Dear David--

Hey, thanks very much for the handsome cover letter with the copy-edited ms of *The Whistling Season.* It really helps a lot to know the actual words are registering there at the production end.

I think we're all pleasantly surprised at the lack of turmoil in this stage of the process; copy-editing has sometimes been big trouble in my recent books. I came up with only one quirk of this copy-editor--a modern record--and that was a mounting enthusiasm for exclamation marks as the manuscript went along. I take this as a commendation for how things read, but I killed off most of those exclamatory inserts; in general, I want to use them occasionally in dialogue, very seldom in exposition. Otherwise, there wasn't much I couldn't swallow.

I believe there were only two spots where I made sizable changes from my original, and just to make sure the inserts are clear, here's how the new versions are to read:

p. 270

"Umm, give me a minute." On either side of me, the Drobny brothers supported me with silent attention. I thought back to my translation of *Noli excitare canes dormientes*, quite plainly "Do not disturb the canines that are asleep" to me, although Morrie truncated it to "Let sleeping dogs lie."

p. 324

Morrie straightened his tie, possibly to make sure his neck was still there. "Fear not, Paul and I know when discretion is the better part of valor," he said as if he was addressing a question of etiquettte, and I wished he didn't talk that way. "*Silentium aureum*, silence is golden, shall be our creed in exchange for your permanent departure from these premises."

Other than those, and some oddments I tagged for you, just a couple of stray things:

--On p. 315, that last line is intended to be from the body type of a sports page, down there in the boxscore-like listings of the fight crew; is "Head" the right marking?

--The little brother, Toby, has a considerable number of characteristic moments where he says something at the top of his voice or beyond. I see the first of these, on p. 23, is marked for capitals. I don't want to poke my nose into design, but would it be fitting to use small capitals with initial capitals for Toby's outbursts? It seems to me a lot of all caps--a little hysterical--there on the page, otherwise. Whatever is decided, Toby holds forth that way on these pages:

23 233 246 250 257 261 266 286 299 300

And that's all from my end, David. I look forward to seeing all this in print.

Best,

MANUSCRIPT TRANSMITTAL FORM

AUTHOR/EDITOR: Ivan Doig
TRANSLATOR:
ILLUSTRATOR:
TITLE: The Whistling Season
SUBTITLE:
IMPRINT: Harcourt ISBN#: 0-15-101237-7
CATEGORY: Fiction (713) PUB DATE:
PRICE: 25 PRINT RUN:
TRIM SIZE: 6 x 9 PAGE COUNT: 304

LEGAL CONCERNS

Vetting required?	[ ] Y	[x] N	Sent to Legal?	[ ] Y	[x] N
Contract signed?	[x] Y	[ ] N	Canadian rights?	[x] Y	[ ] N
Permissions needed? (text/photo)	[ ] Y	[x] N	Copyright requested? (intro, translation, illust.)	[ ] Y	[x] N

CIP Requested? [x] Y [ ] N Dupes distributed? [x] Y [ ] N

MANUSCRIPT HEREWITH

- [ ] dupe for design only
- [x] ms for copyediting
- [ ] cems
- [ ] case spine setting copy
- [ ] caption setting copy
- [ ] bound pages cover/blurb
- [x] disk
- [ ] book

front matter: (indicate page numbers at right)

quotes/teaser	NA	list of illus	
half title	i (ii blank)	foreword	
ad card	b (a blank)	preface	
title	iii	acknowledgments	
copyright	iv	introduction	
dedication	v (vi blank)	other:	
epigraph	NA	other:	
contents		repeat half title	vii (viii blank)

back matter: (indicate sequence at right)

appendix(es)	permissions
notes	index
glossary	colophon
bibliography	other: acknowledgements
contributors	imprint ad card

RUNNING HEADS

[ ] omit [ ] setting copy herewith [x] follow instructions below

front matter verso
[ ] section title

front matter recto
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text verso
[ ] book title [x] book author(s)
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[ ] other:

text recto
[x] book title [ ] chapter title
[ ] chapter subtitle [ ] subhead
[ ] other:

back matter verso
[ ] section title

back matter recto
[ ] section title

Editor: Saletan, Rebecca
Prepared by: Stacia Decker Date: 7/21/05

TEXT ELEMENTS

Editor: Please indicate all distinct elements with the ms page on which they first occur. Elaborate on special circumstances (e.g. B head immediately follows A head) in lines below or on seperate sheet.

Designer: Please show an example of each element indicated below in design layouts.

front matter title (FMT)		picture caption (PC)	
part number (PN)		prose extract (EXT)	
part title (PT)		verse extract (V-EXT)	
part subtitle (PST)		letter extract (L-EXT)	
chapter number (CN)	1	numbered list (NL)	
chapter title (CT)		unnumbered list (UL)	
chapter subtitle (CST)		bulleted list (BL)	
chapter author (CA)		back matter title (BMT)	
epigraph (EPI)		notes (N)	
A-level subhead (A)		glossary (G)	
B-level subhead (B)		bibliography (BIB)	
C-level subhead (C)		index (IN)	
space break (SB)	4	other:	
footnote (FN)		other:	

Special considerations: There are two different space breaks. The smaller is marked only by a space break, the larger is marked by a "drop cap" stamp. These space breaks do not have to be designed with drop caps, but they should be a larger break.

ILLUSTRATIONS

- [ ] **B/W Photos:** Total quantity: reflective: transparencies:
  [ ] print w/ text [ ] insert [ ] tip in
- [ ] **Color Photos:** Total quantity: reflective: transparencies:
  [ ] print w/ text [ ] insert [ ] tip in
- [ ] **Illustrations:** Total quantity: line: halftone: combo:
- [ ] **Maps:** Total quantity: line: halftone: combo:
  [ ] print w/ text [ ] endsheets [ ] 1-C [ ] 2-C [ ] 4-C

herewith map source materials, specs, and setting copy:
[ ] herewith [ ] due:

Special considerations:

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS & CONCERNS

Copyediting [ ] listed below [ ] see attached [ ] consult

Design [ ] listed below [ ] see attached [ ] consult

Production [ ] listed below [ ] see attached [ ] consult

there supervisory in the buffalo grass was Aunt Eunice in her rocking chair. Father and, for some reason, his fellow school board member Joe Fletcher were laboring to lift the coffin onto the unhitched dray. *"They forgot the horses,"* Damon kept fretting as we toed the brink of the boxcar, wanting to go to the aid of the men. Aunt Eunice was the only person around who could help us down, but she wasn't about to. *"Don't let those boys,"* she bossed the men struggling with the casket's brass handles. *"They'll drop it."*

"At least we know you're not off your feed, Paul," Father deduced from my empty plate, his words snapping me out of the dream visitation. Leaning my way at the table, he reached to feel my forehead with the back of his hand. I had no idea what he would find there, fever or chill, but the diagnosis never took place. Instead came a terrifying wail from Toby:

"AUNT EUNICE, I DON'T WANT YOU TO D-D-DIE!"

This commotion took some while to settle down, Toby sobbing the front of Father's shirt wet and then Rae's blouse. I suspected Aunt Eunice of being secretly pleased, but outwardly she showed only impatience as she at last directed: "Oh, for heaven's sake, let me have the child."

Still full of sniffles, Toby went to her, the lifting *oof* was given, and he perched unsteadily on those venerable knees. "Mustn't cry," she ordered, dabbing him dry with the lace hanky. "Now I want you to be a good boy all week, and tell me all your doings next Sunday."

As Toby blinked and tried to muster a shiny-eyed smile, she added as piteously as before:

"If I'm spared until then."

DROP CAP

The letter was there when Walt Stinson dropped off our sack of provisions and mail the Friday of the next week.

"Rose? My chapeau? The ransom, remember?"

Rose's hand flew to her mouth and she whirled toward the train again. There the heavy-set conductor stood waiting, railway cap highly officious, while he twirled a nice new kangaroo-brown Stetson hat on an indicative forefinger.

"A terrible misunderstanding," Rose rushed to tell us in a low but musical voice. "We were under the impression that our tickets would take us all the way to here. But when we had to climb onto this"—she waved a disparaging hand at the branch-line train--"and that man came around demanding fresh tickets, goodness gracious, we had only enough for my fare. And so he grabbed—"

"—confiscated as collateral—" Morris Morgan interpolated, as if interested in the philosophy of it.

"—my poor brother's hat. Mr. Milliron, I hate like everything to ask. But might I draw ahead a trifle more on my wage? Just enough to cover Morris's fare?"

Now it was Father and Damon and I who looked around nervously, to make sure no one was overhearing this. He had soundly counseled the pair of us not to mention to anyone the outlay for a housekeeper we had never laid eyes on, while Toby had got it into his head that sending money to her saved her the trouble of stealing it from us, satisfying Aunt Eunice's warning.

You can't leave a man hatless in the middle of Montana. But Father did say, "If this keeps on, Mrs. Llewellyn, you'll have the house and we'll be in your employ." He counted out the exact fare and handed it to Rose.

Notably, she did not hand the money onward to her brother, but marched over to the conductor and liberated the Stetson herself.

"Now that that's settled," Father was determined to take charge, "Mrs. Llewellyn will ride out with us," nodding in the general direction of Marias Coulee, then inclining civilly but definitively toward the unforeseen brother ~~Morris Morgan~~, "and you we can drop at the hotel." He paused as the newly hatted figure drew himself up straighter yet

and pulled out a pocket watch, one of those extravagant ones the size of a turnip, at the end of the gold chain.

Looking at Father instead of the time, Morris Morgan asked: "Does Westwater boast a pawn shop?"

"Not yet," Father was forced to admit.

"Oh dear," said Rose.

I was the one who came up with:

"George and Rae have that attic room."

Even I cannot fashion the kind of extreme dream Rose and Morrie, as we were calling him before long, must have felt themselves caught up in as our wagon wheeled away from a clapboard depot that slumbered back into the prairie twenty-three and a half hours of each day. Westwater then was one of the newest spots on earth, and possibly the most far-flung. A solitary substantial building, the brick hotel, towered three stories over the downtown intersection where buffalo had been the only traffic not many years before. Saloons had been shooed into one section of street north of the railroad tracks. Newcomers could follow their noses, in any of three directions, to the rival livery stables known as the White Barn, the Green Barn, and the Red Barn. But otherwise, the raw town rising out of the open plain seemed to be a mirage missing many of its vapors. Streets as long and open as boulevards arrowed off through the grassland, with only a sporadic house in evidence on each thoroughfare of dirt and weeds. The impression of civic scatter continued out to the flatland horizon, where isolated homestead shanties sat like potted plants. A few dabs of Westwater still lay here and there around us when Father smacked the horses into a mild trot, but pretty plainly our wagon had long since passed the city limits of our passengers' imaginations.

"Ah?" said Father, clearly thrown. Homesteaders came in every shape and size, but Rose's tailored brother ~~Morris Morgan~~ plainly was the exact opposite of agrarian. "What are you good at?"

"Intriguing question, Oliver," Morrie commended as if it had never occurred to him to undergo such self-examination. In a thoughtful tone he proceeded to do so for us now. "Whist. Identification of birds. A passable reciting voice, I'm told. Latin declensions. A bit rusty on Greek, but—"

"Oliver surely means your recent field of work," Rose took over. "The leather trade," she identified it as if Morrie's own job description might elude him.

Quick as a whip, though, he put in: "I handled the kid glove end of things, didn't I, Rose."

"Our family enterprise," she said sadly, "it—" She gave her head that little shake. "After my poor husband—" This time she drew a chest-heaving breath. "Everything went."

Morrie rapidly followed that with:

"Oliver? You have provided for Rose most generously." Drawing a breath of the same dramatic dimension as hers—could something like that run in the family?—he went on: "We were hoping you could be of assistance in my depleted situation, too. I am not afraid of work."

Father waited warily, to see if the ancient tagline might be coming: *"I can lie right down by it and go to sleep."* But Morrie seemed to mean what he had just vowed.

Finally, doubtless feeling the eyes of the audience in the back of the wagon on him, Father said only as much as seemed prudent: "I'll ask around." But the next thing we knew, here came his laugh by way of his nose. My brothers and I recognized one of his moments of inspiration. "On second thought," we heard him

out to fill the rinse tub. As she worked the pump handle, ~~she~~ our new upholder of upkeep said only loud enough for me to hear:

"Mind you, this is merely a suggestion. But washday could include Houdini."

"Doesn't work," I told her crossly, still out of sorts from lack of food. "You can't get him within a mile of a washtub."

"Didn't I see a pond?" The pothole pond Father called the Lake District was in the field between our place and Aunt Eunice's. "Perhaps if a stick were tossed in it by the right person, Houdini would give himself a bath." The lilting way she said it, it sounded like a rare adventure. She gave me a look with a hint of conspiracy in it. "Toby might even volunteer for the chore, do you suppose?"

"I'll get him on it after school," I conceded, although I never liked being maneuvered.

My mind was mainly on breakfast, and as soon as we had the wash water going, I tore into my bowl of oatmeal, which by then was turning gluey. As I spooned the stuff into me and Father slapped together cheese sandwiches for our lunch at school, Rose swooped through time after time, either half-buried under a mound of our bedding in her arms or hefting a heaped dirty-clothes basket on a practiced hip. Toby was upstairs in pursuit of his shoes, but Damon, I could tell, was waiting his chance for something. When Rose disappeared again in search of any more fabric to wash, he whispered urgently across the kitchen: "Aren't you going to ask her?"

Startled, but not so much so he didn't remember to keep to a whisper in answering, Father fired back: "Young man, I would like to handle this my own way, if you don't mind. When I think the time is right, naturally I'll put it to her about the cooking—"

"No, no, the milking!"

had since before Mother left our lives. Great gains came seldom, in our experience, but we could already count ours up since Rose's arousing knock on the door a mere hour ago. Damon was liberated from the milk pail. I no longer had to ferry our every stitch of clothing to Rae's washdays. And Toby had a name engraved on his heart, as he always needed, and it read *Rose Llewellyn*. All that, plus the fact that the disheveled house was in for the cleaning of its life. True, we were no better off on the matter of meals yet, but we had to trust that Father would find some way to win Rose over on that.

As we rode to school, the shadows of our horses lively behind us, the world as we knew it in Marias Coulee seemed to shine with fresh promise. The Pronovosts had loyally waited for us at the section line fence, late as we were, providing us the earliest possible audience about the marvels of housekeeping. Father had harnessed his team of workhorses in record time and already could be seen on the haul road to the irrigation project with the dray, waving jauntily to us across the fields. Perhaps most miraculous, the slow song of a saw from the direction of Aunt Eunice's place confirmed that Morrie was gainfully employed. He had asked Father, "What exactly is meant by a *cord* of wood?" "Four feet wide, four feet high, and eight feet long, that's a cord," Father recited in surprise. "Intriguing," said Morrie. "I wonder whether Shakespeare was working that in, there in the line '*O, the charity of a penny cord.*'" "I have a hunch he was merely threatening to hang a nobleman," Father responded. "So. Do you know how to use a splitting maul?" In short, on a morning when even those two fussy autodidacts were in tune with the tasks of this earth, every prospect pleased.

But that afternoon at recess, I slugged Eddie Turley.

Damon of all people pulled me off him. Probably more in surprise than charity toward me, the Swede boys held Eddie back as he raged to get at me. Odds were that it was the only punch I would ever land on him, but it had been a good

"We're going," I blurted, Damon and Toby tumbling into line behind me to get out the door.

The ride to school was a blur, my mind on Eddie Turley and his steel-gray horse, while Damon pelted me with last-minute advice and Toby was as wound up as a music box. When we reached there the schoolyard was a mass of anticipation, everyone hanging on outside watching for us even though Miss Trent always wanted us all in our seats by the time she was done beating on the triangle.

It was barely into arithmetic time, when the sixth-graders were at the blackboard working on division problems she was giving them, when Miss Trent wheeled around with surprising quickness for someone of her shambly build.

"Tobias Milliron."

Every head in the schoolroom snapped up at her tone. "Perhaps you would like to share with the rest of us what you are so busy confiding to Sigrid."

"N-n-no, ma'am," Toby replied in all honesty.

"Do it anyway," Miss Trent commanded.

Next to me at our desk Carnelia snickered, until she realized that if Toby was nailed for whispering and had to tell what about, it meant no race. Up at the blackboard, Damon abruptly turned as pale as the chalk in his fist. He and I traded helpless looks. I didn't dare try to draw Miss Trent's attention away from Toby; she already had been eyeing me suspiciously ever since I had turned into a center of attention at every recess.

Besides, there was the question of whether Miss Trent had it in for the Milliron family.

Oh, she was punctilious enough toward us in the classroom. Damon was not put on this earth to make life easy for any teacher, but Miss Trent was careful not to keep him after school any more often than any other classroom sinner. In my less obstreperous case, she drilled me on each subject as tonelessly as if going

tried to concentrate on the road ahead. The race track, to call it that, stretched from the starting line to a single marker, distant and shining, in the middle of the road. Here was where the genius of Damon came in. At his insistence, the course was a loop, to the far end of The Cut and back.

"Flat-out, here to there," Martin Myrdal understandably had tried to hold out for when the two sides were negotiating the ground rules. A horse the size of the steel-gray could build a lot of velocity when simply aimed straight ahead.

Damon was pitiless. "What, Eddie can't steer that cayuse of his around any kind of a corner?"

"I'll race your squirt brother around in circles, if that's what it takes," Eddie blurted, had snapped up the bait.

Most of us carried small lard pails as lunch buckets, and Damon and Martin now had stacked several of those, with a rock in each for stability, until they made a silver pillar. I understood why Damon demanded the momentum-breaking marker, but I still fretted about it. Rounding it, if the horses were close together, would be no easy stunt. On the other hand, if the steel-gray was half a dozen horse-lengths ahead of Joker by then, traffic at the marker was going to be the least of my problems, wasn't it.

Damon and Martin stepped forth to hold the bridles of our horses. Verl Fletcher had been picked to be the race caller because he was the one eighth-grader other than Eddie who wasn't a Swede or a Slav.

"Everybody back, give 'em room," he directed, and there was a collective groan of saddle leather as thirty horseback schoolchildren moved off into the badland cutbanks on either side to spectate.

"Riders up," Verl called.

Eddie was watching me from the corner of his eye and I was doing the same to him. It hit me: he wanted me to be the first to get up there backward in the

Joker's tensed ears were sharpened to a point now, and probably mine were too.

"Three, SPUR 'EM!"

Eddie was the only one dressed for that, sporting a pair of silver jinglebobs, sharp as can openers, that likely were everyday equipment in the Turley family business of encouraging saddlehorses to run down wolves. The first jab of those spurs commanded the steel-gray's attention, definitely. But not quite as Eddie had intended. The big horse hurtled into action shying right and left, fishtailing down the road as it tried to figure out the wishes of the unbalanced rider on its back. Nor was Eddie the master of handling reins behind his back yet. Joker and I managed a perfectly nice orderly start when I pressed my shoe heels against his ribcage and gave the reins the flick he recognized, but it didn't do us any immediate good. Whatever lane of the road we tried, there was a wall of gray horse in our way, one instant the veering rump of the thing, the next practically a sideways view of Eddie as he tried simultaneously to stay upright and to saw his horse's head around to the right direction with that reversed grip on the reins. Over the hoofbeats and horse snorts I could hear cheering and shouts of equestrian advice from the onlookers up in their vantage points in the badlands, but none of it registered long enough to last. When I wasn't having to keep an eye on Eddie's galloping wrestle with his horse, I was aware only of the road flying at uncommon speed beneath me. It is surprising how near the hard ground seems when there is only a horse's tail between you and it.

Time whirled away like our dust. As well as I could judge ahead over my shoulder, we were about to reach the halfway point of The Cut. By that stage of the race the steel-gray had covered at least twice as much road as Joker and I, ~~and still it led us by a full length.~~ Apparently that grizzled mass of horseflesh could hurl along like this all day long. I didn't have time to think of it then, but Morrie's point

but we were able to catch up to within a length every time it made one of its sideways veers.

INSERT

about the preponderate role of momentum in life was unfortunately holding true so far.

I collected my wits, at least those that hadn't been shaken out of me by the jolts that come from riding backwards in the saddle. It was time to make the one maneuver I was capable of. Then or never, and maybe it already was too late. Damon had worked this out with me. "Don't let him see how to use the cantle until you have to," my brother the race promoter had counseled. "Pretty good chance old Eddie won't have brains enough to figure it out for himself first."

So, until right then I had stayed more or less upright in the saddle the same jouncing way Eddie was, both of us loosy-goosy in the seat as we held on to stirrup leather or saddlestrings or whatever we could find to grab in the absence of the usual saddlehorn. Now, though, when Eddie's horse made another of its spooked tangents toward the far side of the road and Joker was able to close the gap just enough, I dropped down lower than any jockey and grabbed the curved back of the saddleframe in a bear hug with my left arm. I'd be lying if I said the cantle was the most appealing thing I ever hugged in my life. But right then it served its purpose. As one or another of us--probably the natural daredevil, Toby--had discovered in our wrong-end-to races, if you bent over far enough the width of the cantle steadied the base of your chest, and, swooping up hip-pocket-high on a person sitting the normal way in the saddle, it provided something substantial to hug onto. And this move greatly streamlined matters for the horse. With a crouched-over jockey now atop him, albeit one tucked in not the usual direction, Joker gained some more on the skittering steel-gray.

Eddie had his hands full with just his horse; the concept of affection for his saddle cantle must have been beyond him. Yet there I was, clinging secure as a cockleburr on the back of my horse, while the back of his was like a hurricane

to him by a quirk of fate--well, me--surely is proof that one's destiny can be shouldered in an unceremonious new way that makes up for the old. Wouldn't you say?"

"Just between us, I was simply going to move that chicken coop," Father said. "It's on skids."

"Oh."

"Was there anything else on your mind," Father made sure, the kitchen still beckoning, "before I make my escape?"

"It seems like there was," Rose pondered, "before I got off onto-- Yes. The kitchen reminds me. I'm providing food today, aren't I."

At last! We had waited and waited, and Rose finally had acknowledged our plight. Father and I traded amazed gazes. There was an unprecedented tingle in me from my dream of all those cakes. At the time I would have had to look up to get in line with Rose at the dictionary, *premonition*, yet something of the sort seemed to be crying out for definition. ~~but whatever it was, it had done its work~~

"Food, food, food," Rose was thinking out loud as if trying to remind herself. "It's around here somewhere, I know it is. Ah!" She vanished, but not in the direction of the kitchen. And came back with the larger sack she had brought with her.

"There now," she declared with satisfaction, "I've done my delivery duty, you're my witnesses," our spirits falling with her every word. "Rae sent it over. Lunch for tomorrow, I think she said? I gather that you're all off to the whatsit, the Big Ditch?"

"We are," Father confirmed in his flattest tone and took the lunch sack. Then said with emphasis, "Rae is a culinary treasure," before turning away toward the kitchen.

"Oliver?"

Turley in the wondrous race—we thought we could not have designed a better holiday.

Life outdid us again. As our dray lurched into the hurly-burly of the construction camp, Damon was the first to interpret the cloud of canvas looming beyond the encampment of the workers' tents and interrupted the grownups with a yelp:

"You didn't tell us there's a circus!"

"Not the kind you're thinking of," Father said over his shoulder as he headed the dray toward a waving foreman at the supply dump. "It's that traveling preacher and his minions. Brother Jubal, he bills himself as. Short for Jubilee, I'd guess." Father leaned in to Rose and Morrie to elaborate. "He finds pretty good pickings at construction camps like this. A fair amount of hangovers and other symptoms of sin after a Saturday night, don't you suppose? Wages here aren't bad"—Father all but underlined this as a hint to Morrie—"and that can't hurt his collection plate any."

"Speaking of collecting," Father turned his attention to us, poised to leap down into the attractions of the Big Ditch encampment. "I don't want to have to track the pack of you down to poke lunch into you. Behave yourselves at your friends' and be back here at noontime, hear?" We promised, cross our hearts and hope to die, not to be late.

We jumped down, leaving Rose presiding ~~on~~ over the wagon seat like a jaunty figurehead ~~above~~ over a cargo wharf, and raced off in search of the Pronovosts. Set loose at the Big Ditch! Whatever Coney Island was, how could it match this? The construction camp more than met our expectations, with swearing teamsters and laboring horses and agitated foremen everywhere, the whole place as loud and dusty as any set of boys could want, and over it all the derrick boom of the steam shovel clanking and whirring as it ate into the prairie. "This beats a circus, doesn't

person could go through life as a self-appointed inspector of snowstorms. Morrie's mind never rested, although the pair of us on the bucksaw did, more and more often, now that Aunt Eunice was off the property.

Looking back, I see that it was just as well that Morrie was dosing me with knowledge after school, because school itself had turned confusing. Each day started sour, with me still mad at Damon, which made him miserable, and that left Toby fretting about both of us. The Marias Coulee schoolyard sensed that I was in trouble at home, no doubt because of the wrong-end-to race, and so my celebrity dwindled away before it could get a good start. Besides that, at every recess Eddie Turley hung around squinting suspiciously at Damon and Toby and me even though we had given him our most solemn word, sealed with spit. It didn't help that Miss Trent strangely turned sunny in the schoolhouse, gaily leading us in song sessions instead of recitation period a couple of times that week. Did she have some kind of sixth sense toward the Millirons, I pondered, that brightened her up when any of us went under a cloud?

One way or another, I sawed away at that long week until, midway through our Friday afternoon stint on the woodpile, Morrie looked across at me as we pushed and pulled and asked:

"What do you dream of, Paul?"

Was it possible? Did I dare believe my ears? A grownup was asking about my rampaging nocturnal mind. And if ever a dream needed a broader audience, it was this recurrent one of mine. Each stroke of the saw bit with more ferocity as I divulged to Morrie the nightly trance in which I would be walking along a road when a commotion kicked up behind a mudstone formation off to one side, and when I reached there the eroded hill was being circled by a couple of people and a pack of wolves—sometimes the people chased the wolves, then the wolves would chase the people, I took care to explain—and no matter how hard I tried to find a stick to

"People do these things to transcend the ordinary, I'd say," Morrie made this pronouncement ~~pronounced~~ as if it was the most reasonable thing he had ever heard of. "Wouldn't you? To find their own boundaries, of bravery or willpower? To plow a deeper furrow of life, if I may put it that way?"

responded

"Morrie," Father drew a slow circle on the oilcloth with his cup, "I know you intend well with this. I simply don't want my children breaking their necks."

"Every neck I see in this room is intact," Morrie pointed out. "And I believe Paul's adversary agreed to the terms of the race, and came out in one piece."

"You think I should close the book on this 'contrary warrior' episode of Paul's," Father weighed the matter and he sounded dubious to me. I felt as if I didn't dare breathe so as not to tip the balance.

"I do. Warriors learn from survival. I've spent enough time with Paul under the adverse conditions of the woodpile and Eunice Shricker to rate him a very sobered young combatant."

It may have been the invoking of Aunt Eunice that gave Father pause about the extent of my punishment. In any case, something flickered in his set expression. After a long moment he said, "I'll take it under advisement. You would have made a good defense attorney, Morrie."

A wiggle of relief ran through the other three of us. Damon could restrain himself no longer. "Uhm, Morrie? Would you like to see my scrapbooks? I have Coach Stagg in them and everything."

"Damon, I would be honored. But—" He looked to Father to see if perhaps the evening should be closed down.

Father waved them off to where the scrapbooks lived, our bedroom. "The lot of you, except our fabled contrarian here. Paul, I need your help with a couple of duns."

The emergency session of the Marias Coulee school board precipitated by the elopement of Adelaide Trent was called to order in our kitchen that same night. As we expected, Damon and Toby and I were shooed off to our room, and just as inevitably we took our usual perches at the head of the stairs to overhear. Right away Joe Fletcher wondered out loud why a man of Morrie's sort was unmoored from previous career:

"He isn't a bughouse case, is he?"

"No more so than thee or me, Joe," Father attested. "Make the mistake of arguing with him sometime and you'll wish he wasn't so sane."

Walt Stinson voiced the next suspicion. "Then how about tonsil paint? Is he in the habit?"

Father warded that off stoutly. "From everything I can see, he leaves the bottle strictly alone."

I could have told them Morrie's intoxication with the brew of knowledge was the real worry. Schoolchildren are quick as sharks to scent something amiss with a teacher, and if he rambled off too far into his excursions of thought in the classroom—well, the three of us there on the stairs would be pining for the old days in the schoolyard when the only topic we heard about was Rose. More than any razzing at recess, though, what bothered me about the prospect of Morrie as our teacher was what it could do to him. If he was branded as ridiculous, it would not stop with the student body of Marias Coulee. People were not a bad lot generally, in what opinion I had been able to form at that age, but there were always some who could drive a nail through a butterfly, too.

Beside me, Damon was on edge. He rightly sensed that having Morrie in the schoolroom every day, with all the rest of us there, would be a drastic dilution from the two of them poring over sports exploits together. Toby's reaction was the exact opposite; as far as he was concerned, Morrie was the next best thing to having

Rose on hand. With our hopes going off in various directions, we listened while Father used every caliber of persuasion in his arsenal to bring around his fellow school board members to the concept of resorting to Morris Morgan.

Walt Stinson was ending up where Joe Fletcher had started out, the apparent gap between Morrie's attainments and his current situation:

"Then why's he not doing better for himself in life than chores at Eunice Schricker's place? Can't be he likes exercise that much."

"All I can tell you, he and his sister are gluttons for work." Father expended a breath that must have made the walls of our kitchen move. "Gents, we are up against it. We are short of a teacher, we have a man right here handy to the job, and the man happens to be a granary of learning. I ask you, isn't the logic looking us right in the face? Are we ready to take a vote?"

Without incident Morrie's call of the roll reached Damon's grade, the populous sixth. First up was the bashful girl in front of me who had a certain corner of all our hearts because her long and lonely ride to school. She gave a shy little curtsy and said:

"Wiwian Willard."

Morrie's forefinger paused in its journey through the Marias Coulee enrollment register. He tapped the paper tentatively as if to encourage its help on this.

"Lillian, I'm sorry but I don't seem to have you on the roll."

"Wiwian," she said again.

"Miriam?" Morrie tried again.

A guffaw erupted from the back of the room, the den of eighth-grade boys. Morrie peered back there in interested fashion. "A volunteer, full of gaiety. Just the kind of messenger the gods like to send when enlightenment is required." He

as in *"Is two against one fair, by a mile?"* and *"I don't believe a word you say, by a mile."*

Pulling back just in time, Morrie returned to the issue at hand. With a Solomonic flair that impressed even those who did not want Barbara to get away with anything, he rendered his decision: "If you can sufficiently convince your fellow young scholars, Rabrab it can be, until different notification."

Peering once more into the ranks of the sixth grade, Morrie looked relieved at the prospect of getting the roll call back on track with Damon. I knew better. Damon had given me a wicked wink during Barbara's—Rabrab's—mischief and I could about hear what was coming, some wisecrack about reversing his name to Nomad. But before he got to pull this off, he happened to turn in the direction of his deskmate as he started to stand up.

"Gaahhh! She's bleeding to death again!"

Damon's yelp would have raised the hair on the dead. For all his fascination with gruesome fates of sports heroes, he shared Father's queasiness around actual blood. And there beside him sat Marta Johannson, perfectly calm, with a red rivulet coming out of each nostril and darkening her upper lip. Marias Coulee school had probably more than its share of nosebleeds, usually brought on by fists, but this spontaneous one of Marta's was judged sensational. As Damon tried to scramble away from her, Grover Stinson leaned across to see past him, adjusting his spectacles for a better look. The Drobny sisters, Seraphina and Eva, smiled at Marta's plight like a pair of drawn stilettos. Several sets of feet drummed on the floor excitedly. "I think I'm going to throw up," Rabrab announced. "You do and I'll hit you one," Eddie Turley pledged. Milo let out another room-shaking guffaw.

"Everyone! Quiet, a moment."

It was nothing like what my dreams had been forecasting all those months. The schoolroom door did not splinter and fly off its hinges. The wolfman of the high country did not come garbed in shaggy winter mackinaw and bloodstained mittens. Far from it. He had materialized there at the front of our schoolroom in everyday trapping attire, which in my first instant of seeing him seemed even more horrible. The heart-destroying boots. The greasy slouch hat made of who knows what. The well-used haft of the skinning knife sheathed at his belt. Brose Turley seemed to be enjoying his school visit; he strutted a few steps closer to our ranks of desks, looking us over as if we were a ~~menagerie.~~ carnival sideshow

Like everyone else, I swung around to check on Eddie. The eyeglasses were off, hidden in his desk, and with remarkable presence of mind he was rubbing the telltale place on the bridge of his nose. Had he somehow heard the hoofbeats of the big gray horse when the rest of us didn't, or simply sensed his ogre of a father?

"Mr. Turley, good morning." Morrie recovered to the extent of manners, but his voice had a real edge to it. "Do you need to speak with Eddie about something that cannot possibly wait?"

"Lot more than that. I want him home." Brose Turley relished the next words in the pink of his mouth before slowly rolling them out. "From here on." Sparing Eddie nothing, he squinted down the aisle of desks to his alarmed son. "On your feet, boy."

I saw, and I am sure Damon saw, the ever so slight motion as Morrie brushed his fingertips along the side pockets of his suit coat. If brass knuckles resided there, this time they did not emerge. Morrie drew himself up and wielded authority. "This has gone far enough. School is in session. You can't just--"

"Look it up, teacher man. This is his birthday. Old enough to leave school, and that's what he's gonna do."

Morrie appeared stunned. We all were. To show Turley he would not let him run a bluff, he strode to his desk and whipped out the student register. His head down, he flipped through until we could tell he had come to the eighth grade's page. After a bit, he looked up at Brose Turley. "Eddie should have some say in this."

Turley shook his head, one wag each direction, like some animal ready in ambush, switching its tail. All eight grades of us stared at the spectacle occurring over our heads, so silly and savagely sad at the same time. There was fear in the room, and there was hatred. Brose Turley—or for that matter, Father—would have had to pry my cold, dead hands from my desk to withdraw me from a place of learning. Damon, Grover, Isidor, Gabe, Verl, Vivian, Carnelia, Rabrab, Miles, Lily Lee, any number of us in that classroom felt the same way, and even those among us who were not as keen on school knew that from a parent, this was not right. Yet the trespasser had the law on his side, something not even Morrie could remedy.

He was trying common sense on the situation. "For heaven's sake, be reasonable," he implored Turley. "It's only a matter of weeks until the end of school. Eddie can graduate—"

"He's doing that this damn minute." Turley made a swipe at the air; it couldn't be called a beckoning gesture, only a signal of impatience. "Come on here, you. Don't make me have to tell you again."

Like an invalid, Eddie uncertainly lifted himself up out of his desk. He bit his lip and kept his eyes down, away from all of ours. One shuffling step after another, he trailed after the blunt back of his father and walked out of the schoolroom to a life of skinning dead creatures.

Morrie crashed a fist down on his desk. All of us sat motionless, in roomwide paralysis.

I was a ~~wreck~~ cloud of gloom as school got underway that day. When Carnelia elbowed me and under her breath demanded to know if whatever was wrong with me was something she might catch, I whispered back savagely, "I hope so."

At the front of the classroom Morrie soldiered on, a bit subdued but still throwing off a good many more sparks than most teachers. But my world had fallen apart. Not merely my world, either. I could not imagine the fate of the school without him up there, bobbing and weaving through the fields of knowledge.

At recess, the Drobny brothers were just the company I was fit for. We were kicking a gym ball against the back of the schoolhouse, doing our murderous best to bust its seams, when around the corner came a delegation. Headed by Rabrab, the leading lights of the sixth grade were all there, Grover and Miles and Lily Lee and Damon and Isidor and *Damon?* He was hanging at the back of them, trying to look inconspicuous, but failing with me.

Immediately on my guard, I eyed the group up and down. "What's this, the Feed the Cannibals League?"

"Paul, don't be like that." When she wanted something, Rabrab had a look like the fox coaxing the baby bunny out to play. She had that look now. She glanced at my partners in gym ball mayhem. "We need to talk to you without big ears around."

"Nick and Sam know how to keep a secret, don't you." I whacked the nearest twin on the shoulder in solidarity.

Rabrab stared the Drobny boys into an oath of silence, they knew a fellow assassin when they saw one, then returned her full sly attention to me. "It's Mr. Morgan. He's down in the dumps about something."

"Top mark for observation."

never look upon Halley's Comet. On their ride to school the day after Brose Turley had jerked him out of the classroom, the Pronovosts had sighted the pair of them on their way to the mountains, a packstring behind them, swags of traps clanking on the pack saddles. "Eddie looked like a whipped pup," Isidor reported. Plainly Brose Turley was squeezing in another high-country season of pelts and bounties now that he had Eddie to slave for him. Up there in the Rockies, spring and the end of trapping would not come for some time yet, and meanwhile the comet was low on the southeast horizon, blocked from sight in the mountain valleys by the shoulders of the foothills and the front range of peaks. I could not get rid of the thought that a kind of blindness had been put on Eddie Turley, and where did that fit in the beautiful workings of the universe?

DROP CAP

SB1

Hours after Rose and I made our first sighting of the traveling star, Morrie laid out comet night for his attentive eight grades of listeners in the schoolroom. Naturally he leapt ahead on the calendar—three weeks seemed to us all like a terribly long time—to the night when Halley's Comet would achieve full magnitude, according to his calculations. That particular night, the tail of the comet would extend across the sky from Minneapolis to the Rockies ~~to the Pacific~~. Marias Coulee School perhaps could not take full credit for that, but at least we could host the event.

"Your parents of course will need to be reminded," Morrie reminded us, "that we will not start until full dark." It shouldn't be too hard to get parents to be nocturnal one night out of seventy-five years, we figured.

"I shall make a talk on matters of the cosmos," Morrie said offhandedly. We had thoroughly expected that. "And all of you—" he paused as if this was almost too delicious to tell us. Then he told us.

A hush fell on the schoolroom. Three weeks seemed like a terribly short time.

Hand casually out, Morrie advanced toward Taggart, looking as tailor-stitched as when he first stepped off the train. "Kindly pardon my tardiness. I presumed you might like a peek around the premises without the instructional incumbent in the way. Good morning, Oliver, you're looking meditative."

Introductions made, Taggart turned back to Father briefly to ascertain the budgeting for such a level of schoolhouse upkeep, and Morrie took up his station at his desk. I edged over to him and whispered, "We were getting worried. Where were you?"

"Throwing up," he murmured.

Taggart arrived to the desk and got down to business. "Mr. Morgan, I understand you are a replacement teacher. Oliver and his board must have been fortunate indeed to find someone sufficiently credentialed, on such short notice." By now the inspector had his fountain pen poised, over another drastic-looking piece of paper. "Where did you take your degree?"

"Yale," Morrie answered with towering dignity.

Father's eyes bugged out.

"No!" Taggart nearly dropped his pen and paper. "Why, that's first-rate! What, may I ask, was your field of study?"

"Yurisprudence."

I was afraid the school inspector was going to choke. His lips crimped in while his Adam's apple bobbed. Then came the burst, a guffaw that would have put any of Milo's to shame. "*Yurisprudence at Yale, by yingo,* eh?" he cackled out. "I never—" Finally he broke off into a helpless snort.

Father seized the opportunity. "We'll, ah, all step outside and leave you to your work in peace, Harry."

Taggart gaily waved us out, shaking his head and moving off in the direction of the orrery.

sisters were a particularly witchy gray. Grover and Adele and Louisa and Alice and Verl and Lily Lee, of the other school board families, bore the same signs of recent ruthless hygiene that my brothers and I did, as scrubbed as new potatoes. Anywhere a person looked in the schoolroom, Damon's canny stops at every homestead along the way to Morrie's yesterday had paid off in style.

In his by-the-book manner, the school inspector was informing us we were not to let his presence distract us in any way whatsoever. "This morning I am merely a fly on the wall." Mine was not the only set of eyes that moved to the swatter hanging on the wall behind Morrie's desk.

"Likewise Mr. Milliron," Taggart officiously swept onward. "He is here to lend a hand as needed." From the row behind me came an involuntary creak of acknowledgment. Father was haphazardly seated in the desk left empty by Eddie Turley.

Now Taggart took the spare chair that usually stood in the cloak room, squared his briefcase on his lap to write on, uncapped his pen, and called out, "Ready to commence when you are, Mr. Morgan."

Morrie outdid himself that morning. He drilled us through arithmetic like numerary cadets, one grade after another popping to the blackboard to smartly do its sums. Reading period was little short of Shakespearean. Morrie called on Toby as one of those to read aloud, letting off some dangerous steam there. And to stand and recite "Ozymandias," he passed right over me and picked Carnelia. That raised my hackles, until I figured out what he was up to: since she was the oldest girl in school and our desk was near enough to the back of the room, Taggart might be fooled into counting her as an eighth-grader instead of our actual woeful ones. Everything proceeded nicely to geography, which was a constant forest of hands raised to answer. Never had so many known what the capital of Paraguay is. Science of course was our trump card, and Morrie played it with full flourish.

Every time I peeked over at Taggart, he was making check marks, hardly frowning at all. I believe all would have ended well if, at the end of that last period of the morning, Milo's hand wasn't still hanging high in the air at the very back of the room.

Morrie hesitated. He'd managed beautifully to camouflage the eighth grade so far, taking answers only from Verl or Martin in the mob of big bodies back there that now included Father, and the artful try at blending Carnelia in with them. In the best of circumstances, calling on Milo was not a promising proposition. *Don't, don't, don't,* I prayed to Morrie.

Too late. Taggart had noticed the sky-high hand, and Morrie had to deal with it. "Milo, something quick, then it's noon hour."

"Yeah, I was just wondering. All this going on, when we gonna get to practice for comet night?"

"Comet night?" Taggart spoke for the first time all morning. "Did I hear right? The comet is there every night. Surely these students know Halley's Comet has arrived?"

"Absolutely they do," Morrie said in a hurry. "We have been working on a school function to commemorate the event, tomorrow evening. Inspired by the science of the matter, naturally." I darted a glance over my shoulder toward Father. He looked pained, and not just from hard sitting in a schoolboy desk.

Taggart did not take the bait on the word *science*. His narrow eyes narrowed further. "You have been able to spare time during school hours to work on hoopla for the comet? We shall see." The school inspector rose out of his chair and advanced to the front of the room, unbuckling the flaps of his briefcase as he came. He reached in and began pulling out sheafs of printed paper. These he dropped on Morrie's desk, one, two, three, until there were eight stacks.

Every one of us in every grade knew what those were.

The Standards.

The men spent noon hour in the schoolhouse readying things for the afternoon-long tests, while we ate lunch in the schoolyard. Over by the teetertotter, a crowd was clustered around the spectacle of Toby's big toe. Letting Tobe have his moment, I parked myself on the front steps of the schoolhouse along with Damon and a majority of the sixth grade.

On every mind was the boggling fact that the school could be shut down if it did not come up to standards, whatever those were.

"They sure are out to get us," Isidor observed.

"By a mile," Miles affirmed.

Grover took a bite of a sandwich that looked twice as thick and three times more tasty than mine or Damon's. He asked between chews, "What's *dormitory* from?"

"Umm, give me a minute." On either side of me, the Drobny brothers supported me with silent attention. I thought back to my translation of ~~*Permitte canis dormit jacere,*~~ quite plainly *Do not disturb the canine that is asleep* to me, although Morrie truncated it to *Let sleeping dogs lie.* "'Sleep.' A place of sleeping."

Nick Drobny sounded baffled. "They want to send us all the way to town to sleep?"

"No, the dormitory is where we'd live while we go to school, dunce," said Rabrab.

Damon wasn't saying anything. That meant he was really worried.

Lily Lee reported in a quavering voice, "We'd get to come home weekends, my father says."

"Weekends aren't much, in that kind of setup," Sam Drobny summed it up for us all.

We filed to our seats for the afternoon with rare lack of conversation. Standard tests were relatively new in the educational scheme of things then, and those of us on the receiving end were not sure what we were in for. All too soon Morrie and Father were passing out test papers and giving low-voiced instructions to the grades at the front of the room while the school inspector himself did the same at the back. I watched Carl and Milo and Martin and to a lesser extent Verl confront the long sheets of questions Taggart was inflicting on them. Blood rushed to heads. Hearts very nearly stopped. Urgent inquiries were put to Taggart as to how much time they had for their answers. Days apparently would not have been too much.

When he had untangled from the eighth grade and it became apparent to him that Carnelia and I, quiet as kittens, were a principality unto ourselves, Taggart bent over the pair of us and said in a low tone:

"This is highly unusual, one class so small in a school this size. Are there others of you, out sick?"

"We're it," Carnelia mourned, and I nodded abjectly.

Taggart frowned. "I see. Something like this can skew the standards. I will need to count you as anomalous, and parcel the testing of the two of you for a truer picture of your standing ~~as a class~~. We'll begin with you, young lady. You are to write a ~~two~~ three-hundred ~~and fifty~~ word essay to demonstrate meaning and knowledge of a scientific topic, by luck of the draw." Taggart randomly yanked out a test paper. "Astronomy." He started to hand her the sheet, then pulled it back to peer at the heading. "No, wait, my error. I apologize, young miss." He looked at Carnelia with a bit of pity. "Your topic is agronomy." Carnelia did her injured

Taggart passed out the vocabulary test, a sheaf in itself, and presided over us. Among the combined three grades, winces went off like fireflies as people encountered words they had never seen before in their lives. Through most of the allotted hour, student after student did what they could with the stiff exam and ultimately signaled surrender by handing it in to the inspector. Eventually everyone was done but me. I was aware of Damon casting worried looks in my direction. Carnelia fidgeted impatiently beside me. I didn't care. I had fallen in love with the test sheets. There it was, language in all its intrigues, its riddles and clues. The ins and outs of prefixes and suffixes. The conspirings of syllables. The tics of personality of words met for the first time. *Look to the root,* Morrie's ~~imprecation~~ dictum drummed steadily in me. Almost anywhere I gazed on the exam pages, English rinsed itself off into Latin. *'Vulpine'* brought the clever face of a fox into my mind. *'Corpulent'* necessarily meant something about a body, likely a fat one. On and on, the cave voices of vocabulary ~~coming~~ STET to me, and when I had been through every question, I went back over each a couple of times, refining any guesses. Finally Taggart told the others they could go outside to wait. At the absolute last, when he checked his watch and called "Time," he collected my test with a look at me as if I must be a total dolt to have taken that long.

It was over. Morrie turned loose the weary three dozen of us, looking considerably done in himself, and the school inspector established himself at the big desk at the front of the room to score the tests.

Father came herding Toby in our direction as Morrie and Damon and I walked somberly to the teacherage to wait for Taggart's verdict. "Give me a day of farming over keeping up with Tobe any time," he stated. "How did the tests go?"

Morrie thrust his hands to the bottoms of his pockets and hunched up as if he ~~was~~ were in a hailstorm.

I just shrugged.

put on a comet something-or-other. In impetuosity begins responsibility, whatever the Latin for that was. However, Damon was in his element, intrigue. And Toby could barely contain himself since Damon and I relented, just before leaving home, and let him in on comet night; naturally we sealed the secret in him with a spitbath handshake, but even so it was a risk. *"You have to pretend, remember, because you didn't get a chance to practice,"* we told him a dozen times, but with Toby you never knew. I crossed my fingers he wouldn't forget and blurt out what Morrie and the rest of the school were up to. I crossed my other set that students and teacher, all, wouldn't look like fools before comet night was over.

Everyone piled in to the schoolroom. Homesteaders dressed to their eyeteeth for an event no one could put a name on, the throng crackled with curiosity. Some of the men had helped Morrie set up board benches, and people large and small filled those and all our desks. It was something of a shock to look around that room and see our schoolmates magnified in their parents--a family nose here, an unmistakable set of ears there. I had never noticed before, but the stocky mother and father of the Drobny pair of twins were practically replicas themselves. Trying to take it all in, I spotted Isidor and Gabriel and Inez waving for us to come and sit by them and their parents.

I felt more than a few eyes on us as our group trooped along the aisle. Rose had not spared the satin, a shimmering Maytime green for tonight. Community amnesty only goes so far. I could tell, from who spoke to us and who didn't, that a housekeeper who had spent nights in ~~Oliver Milliron's~~ the school board president's house did not sit well with some.

There was enough else to worry about tonight. Morrie was up at his desk fending with Taggart, like a man trying to pet a terrier who might bite. For his part, the school inspector looked as if he was thinking up a test for comet night.

Father saw to it that we were settled there near the back of the room, and then bolted for his schoolboard place of honor in the front row. In two steps he was back. Squatting next to me, he leaned in and whispered across to Rose: "I've been meaning to say. The schoolhouse is spotless. You must have put in quite a Sunday night on it." Rose only smiled. She seemed to know something she wasn't telling.

"May we begin?" the ever-so-familiar voice at the teacher's desk called out. "The comet is on time, which sets the kind of example a schoolteacher likes to see."

Now the night was Morrie's. In knowing how to cut a figure, he and Rose really were a matched pair. Tonight he could have stood in for a mannequin in a ~~tailor~~ clothier's shop, his tweed suit the definition of dapper and his watch chain hanging resplendent across that vest of paisley. Elegantly he welcomed everyone, and then singled out Father and then Joe Fletcher and then Walt Stinson and then our prestigious visitor from the Department of Public Instruction in Helena, and I fretted he was going to get carried away with preliminaries.

I needn't have. With a suitable air of gravity, Morrie now placed the orrery on his desk where everyone could see it, gave the crank a spin so that all the planets orbited, just one time, and then quietly pointed to the center window that framed Halley's Comet and its trail of light.

"Whatever little else we know about the properties of existence, we map our days and nights by the fires in the heavens," he began in his best voice. "Threads of light traveling to us across tremendous time show us that the stars hang there, beyond high. Sunlight grants us sustenance of life as we know it, moonlight clothes us in our own particular fabrics of quest called dreams."

The packed house was silent, hanging on every word as Morrie swept to the corners of the universe and back. He covered everything from Copernicus to the Mark Twain crack about exaggerated reports of demise, in this case that of the

entire human race. When he knew he had gone on long enough, like an acrobat dismounting he returned to the orrery and ever so slowly spun it again, sending off the planets in their stately chase, as he concluded. "The astronomer Johannes Kepler gave us the grand concept of harmony of the spheres"—I had the impression Morrie was speaking directly to me, even though I knew better—"a planetary system of worlds orbiting in orderly agreement. Another harmonious component, discerned by a genius named Edmond Halley two hundred years ago, is manifest in the sky over us at this minute." He gestured to the window that held the cosmic light. "Just once in most of our lifetimes, this comet comes from nowhere and returns to nowhere—but its passage unfailingly strikes a chord somewhere deep in us." He paused. "Harmony can take surprising forms like that. Here beneath the guiding fires of heaven, in the life we pass through, we must imagine our way to our own episodes of stellar harmony. Your schoolchildren, I am proud to say, have done that very thing for this night."

One after another around the crowded schoolroom we got to our feet, Damon in front of me and Toby in front of him, and Izzy and Gabe and Inie beside us, and down the other aisle Grover with his spectacles glinting and Verl and Vivian managing to be next to each other, and Rabrab looking as if she had swallowed the canary and Carnelia as if rose petals were being scattered for her, and little Josef Kratka scared but reporting for duty, and Milo and Carl and Martin doing their clodhopping best to look civilized, and Nick and Sam and Eva and Seraphina, Miles and Lily Lee, Marta and Peter and Sven and Ivo—every last one of us filing to the front of the room and assembling in the natural stairsteps of grades one through eight.

Morrie took his place in front of us, facing us. In back of him I could see Father hunched down in the front row with the other school board members and our school inspector. Nervous as a goose, he scanned the ranks of us. If we were

not singers and we were not whistlers, what were we? I knew Father was hoping Morrie had turned us into, oh, maybe a handbell choir. There was not a bell in sight.

Morrie waited a minute for the fidgets to get out of us. He put his right hand up to his mouth. We all nodded our readiness.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Morrie announced grandly, still facing us, hand at the ready, "I present to you the Marias Coulee School harmonica band."

Three dozen harmonicas appeared out of pockets. Morrie blew a musical wheeze on his. Every one of us puffed into our own instrument until we more or less found the note. The drone reached an almost paralyzing level. Morrie cut us off with a chop of his nonplaying hand, gave us the beat one, two, three, and in a single combined gust thirty-six harmonicas launched into "O, Eastern Star." Actually, thirty-five, with Toby sometimes remembering to pretend he was playing his and sometimes holding it out to see if he had it right side up.

The music was ragged around the edges, and to the ears out there in the audience it must sounded something like being assaulted by an accordion as big as the schoolhouse. We didn't care. We were only trying to be harmonic, not philharmonic. Morrie had drilled us enough and we had practiced enough that we knew we could put the basics of the tune into the air, and beyond that, unanimous effort had to carry the night. Little kids and big, we blew into the homeliest instrument in the world, with the harps of our hearts behind it.

The moment of danger came when the last note vibrated in the rafters. Morrie had warned us not to take it hard if the worst happened. Tapping our harmonicas dry, we tensely waited for the reaction.

No one laughed. It only would have taken one. A horselaugh, and our harmony of harmonicas would have been relegated to a cute stunt. Instead, the

parents of Marias Coulee pounded out applause for us and called out, "More! More!"

"We were hoping for that word," Morrie said happily, bowing for us all. The next number was more of a miracle yet, at least to me. Milo was our virtuoso on it. The mouth organ was the one scale of life he probably would ever master, and right now he did a solo on "Follow the Drinking Gourd" that wafted sweetly off into the night in search of that spiritual constellation, the rest of us coming in as a hurricane of chorus.

Now came our finale. For once Morrie had known not to press luck too far. We had rehearsed only those tunes and this. Turning to the audience, he announced, "We have a confession to make. There is to be singing, after all, this evening. But we of Marias Coulee School are going to ask you to do it. Ah, you say, but you don't know the words?" Stepping over behind his desk, he put up the windowshade map he covered tests with and there were the lyrics on the blackboard in his elegant hand.

"One last thing," Morrie said as he burnished his harmonica to readiness. "A song is always in search of its thrush. Will my esteemed sister, Rose Llewellyn, please come up and lead the singing?"

Her cheeks coloring very fetchingly, Rose made her way to the front of the schoolroom. Damon and Toby and I grinned with pride, while Father tried to look nonchalant. Going up on his tiptoes, Morrie conducted us into the one-two-three beat again. The massed harmonicas struck up the old loved tune everyone knew, and Rose in a clear melodic voice sang for all to follow:

When I see that evening star,
Then I know that I've come far,
Through the day, through all plight,
To the watchfire of the night.

extension station where their father was doing some ~~ditch cleaning~~ firebreak plowing until school let out for the year.

"Gonna miss them next year," Damon said soberly.

"I know. But Gros Ventre isn't the other end of the world." Isidor and Gabriel and Inez had given us the news that over the summer, their family was moving to the town over by the mountains. "Maybe we'll catch up with them again."

"Yeah, maybe."

Father came out of the office tent wearing the look of a man with a good deal of cash in his pocket. It seemed to me we were likely to need it. If the bookkeeping of the Millirons had trouble staying ahead of itself when Father had only one homestead on his hands, what was it going to be like now that he was stretched to Rose's as well, in a dry time?

The man sitting companionably in the saddle between Damon and me as we pointed ourselves home showed no such concern, however. Whatever was on his mind today, it weighed about right to him. I rode beside Father, wishing such peace of mind could be handed around in the family. Dead ahead on our route, so to speak, was the cemetery. I avoided looking toward it. Now that I was no longer in the haunted bed at Rose's place, I didn't want to give Aunt Eunice another opening.

We weren't far down the road when Father pulled up on his reins, as if a thought had just occurred to him. "How about a bit of a race? If you'll go easy on an old man."

Damon took a big chance. "We won't do wrong-end-to, will that be easy enough?"

"Impertinent pup," he said, but was grinning again. "All right, the Milliron derby. From here to the section-line road."

Dumb me, I thought she meant things such as breaking eggs and other feats of cooking. "Well, if they turn your stomach too much—"

"I don't know anything about raising boys," her whisper coincided with mine. "Children, I mean—but especially someone else's." The knit line between her eyebrows was deeper than I had ever seen it. There was a glisten in the corners of her eyes, of the sort Father had at the cemetery.

All at once I felt as if I ~~was~~ were in the witness chair. Tongue-tied, clumsy, and without direction. When you have been without a mother, how are you supposed to graft your heart to a new one at a moment's notice? I could have prattled out to Rose any number of fancy reassurances, but there still would have been three sets of facts clopping through this house in boys' shoes. Damon tended to be a schemer, that had to be admitted. Toby on his magic carpet of innocent confusion was going to hit things and break bones, that was proven. Then there was me, something like a dream-wrestling monk mumbling in a foreign tongue half the time. Father was another matter—~~she~~ Rose would have to judge that one for herself—but as far as I could see, we three weren't much of a bargain for her to walk in on. Viewed from our side, adventures in the leather trade and perdition and westbound trains to unknown places weren't the most motherly of attributes, either. Yet we were all ending up with each other, as that oldest utterance of destiny had it, for better or worse.

In the end, the most honest thing I could offer Rose Llewellyn was the benefit of the doubt.

"Father's had enough experience at boys for you both, probably," I whispered. Then thought to tag on: "Anyway, Tobe and Damon and I have it in writing that you don't bite."

Rose let out a kind of a hiccup laugh, relieved to have the conversation go in that direction for the moment. "Morrie put that in the advertisement. Funny man."

"I'd love to have your company," Father shook his head, "but you'd better hold down things at this end. Get your clothes on, Tobe. Damon, you could stand some, too."

I had hopes myself on the matter of town, but as soon as Father and Rose and I were back downstairs he made it clear other duties beckoned me. "Barn chores," he rattled off, his mind mostly elsewhere, "you and Damon, need I say more?"

Then, strangely, he drew quite a breath and turned so he was facing Rose square on. Determination was in his expression, and inquiry in hers. Whatever this was about, I started to edge to the kitchen to leave the two of them alone, but Father crooked a finger at me. "I have another task for everybody. Florence's things"—his gaze shifted from Rose's face to include me—"Mother's things—need going through."

"Oh, Oliver. I couldn't." Rose, who had never met a chore she couldn't prevail over, appeared flustered. A closet of clothes every stitch of which would remind me of Mother did not appeal to me, either.

"It needs doing," Father said in both our directions. "I haven't been able to face it myself, and besides, I'm no expert on women's garments. I'd ask Rae to come over and help you, but Tobe and I should try to beat the weather to town." He looked more ~~firmly~~ resolved than ever. (He put his hands squarely on Rose's shoulders.) "You're to have anything you can make use of," he made clear to ~~Rose~~ her, "and Paul can set aside anything in the way of keepsakes, and the rest we give away."

Rose and I glanced at one another. That was all it took. If we had to do it, we had to.

Father was heading for his yellow slicker coat, to go and harness the horses to the surrey, when he thought to say over his shoulder to me:

The question leapt out of Damon, ~~leaving him breathless.~~ "*Cap* Llewellyn was your mister? The Capper?"

He whirled around to face Rose, and I blindly took a couple of steps toward her, too. She had gone as pale as the gown she was holding. "Really, now," she tried, "couldn't there be more than one Casper Llewellyn in the world?"

"He was! I can tell he was!" Damon's eyes went to the size of turkey eggs. My own probably were no smaller. "Rose, why didn't you ever—"

The answer hit us both at once.

"The long walk off a short pier," Damon went on relentlessly. "Rose, did they—were you—"

"Tell us."

That voice was mine, although I scarcely recognized it. Rose appeared to be as overwhelmed as I sounded. Hastily she laid the wedding gown onto the bed and backed away.

"The 'leather trade'?" I pressed.

Cornered and knowing it, Rose was oddly prim in defending her choice of words. She adjusted her sleeves at the wrists, much in the manner of Morrie, as she stipulated:

"Casper traded punches with the best of them on his way up to champion. You could call it a bit of a fib if you want, but—"

Damon still was working his mouth, but nothing was coming out now. I had to be the one to say it.

"You're on the run."

"Paul, Damon, please, it's not like that." She drew herself up, then slumped. "Well, it is and it isn't. Some people were after me, or at least the betting money they thought I had, and it just seemed best to, what shall I say, evaporate

that had no way of coming true any further in this case, did it? Whatever temptation had done to her in the days of fight-fixing perdition, no one as clever as Rose could possibly be out to swipe a dryland homestead. Something else grappled in me. If Rose hadn't had one slip of the tongue, Damon and I and Toby—Toby!—would have gone right on prizing her to take Mother's place, and Father would never have need to doubt that he had given his heart to the right woman. Were all our lives supposed to trip over that? Honesty maybe was the best policy, but was it ever costly.

"Any of that, back there," Rose plunged on, "there's no chance of anything like it happening ever again. I know that wouldn't necessarily make it sound any better to some people"—we knew who she meant: Father—"what Cap, well, Cap and I were up to. But he paid for it with his last breath. And I climbed on that train for good, all that behind me. You have to believe me, on that." Did we? "Paul," she rounded on me, recognizing that of the two stones at the table I was the ~~bigger~~ flintier, "the people in this room are the only ones who would ever let this out."

Suddenly Damon clucked his tongue sympathetically. He appealed to me with an agonized gaze. I could not have put it into words then, but some part of me grasped that a scheme of necessary silence about Rose's past, if I would go along with it, would become an organizing principle for him from then on. He would do whatever it took, leagues beyond any spitbath handshake there ever was, to keep utter secrecy for what he believed to be the right outcome. I could see in my brother's face that for him, Rose was too much to let go of.

And what did he read in mine?

I sat there with my brain nearly cracking, working so hard to think through what was right and what was simply righteous. Damon squirmed some more. How did the two of us get in this situation? The desperado Milliron brothers, One-Punch and Slick. There was the distinct possibility we were way, way in over our

Morrie's Adam's apple one more time for good measure. "For sure it's going away?"

"If the comet does not, Mr. Turley, I will slash my own throat."

Turley gave a strange acknowledging growl. Over his shoulder he ordered: "Bring him over here."

Eddie frogmarched me over.

Brose Turley jerked his head toward the blackboard, and the next thing I knew I was standing plastered against it next to Morrie. Turley backed away from us a couple of steps. He glared from one to the other of us and underlined it with a kind of snort. Evidently by long habit, he wiped the knife on the thigh of his trousers before putting it away. "Wouldn't say anything about this, if I was you two."

Morrie straightened his tie, possibly to make sure his neck was still there. "Fear not," he said as if he was addressing a question of etiquette, and I wished he didn't talk that way, "Paul and I know when discretion is the better part of valor."

Brose Turley's hand moved back to where he had sheathed the knife, hovering there. He took a step toward us and I held my breath. Seconds dragged by as he stared at Morrie, baffled. Then he spun on a booted heel and headed out the door.

Backing toward that doorway on one slow foot after the other, Eddie gave us a last long look—was it beseeching or simply squinty?—and followed his father.

The schoolhouse felt suddenly bigger. A bit of a breeze whisked in through the broken window. It was going to take more than that, though, to revive me. I was so drained I could hardly shove away from the blackboard. I lurched over to the water bucket. Gulped a dipperful, then retched it right back into the slop pail.

Morrie pounded my back with the flat of his hand to help me through the gagging and coughing. I made it to my desk with his support. When I had told

INSERT

"Silentium aureum, silence is golden, shall be our creed in exchange for your permanent departure from these premises."

"Let him." I had to finish this, all the way. "Morrie?" I made myself look at him, although I was seeing beyond to Oliver Milliron and the world he thought he was gaining in the person of Rose. "I have to tell."

"You don't at all."

"You and Rose—"

"—have done what a man and a woman do. That's so. Nights are long here." His eyes steadied on mine. "But we are not—what you might think, together. Paul, listen to me. Rose is genuine in the feelings she has for your father. She's made me know that. Hard as it is to admit, that's a match I have lost, and on the level."

That fact seemed to make him restless. The next thing I knew, he was on his feet and plucking up a piece of chalk from the blackboard. Only his nerves had anything to say with it, though, as he jiggled the stick of chalk in a one-handed juggle while he paced the front of the room.

"Let us consider one possible outcome," he mused out loud. "If you were to keep silent, matrimony would take its course and your father and Rose would gain the considerable pleasure of each other's company unto eternity. And Toby and Damon and you will would have a mother." He gave the wan smile once again. "Although the Milliron household ~~now may~~ might have to quit paying a housekeeper and hire a cook." The chalk took a higher hop in his hand, was caught and clenched. Morrie went perfectly still as he looked at me over his gripping hand. "As for me, I would finish up the school year and move on."

I said the hardest thing I ever had. "I—I think that's a good idea."

He exhaled, gave me the kind of nod he did when I got a difficult conjugation right, and deposited the chalk—in pieces now—at the blackboard. Before he could move from there I called out:

"There's one thing more."

Slowly Morrie turned around to me, the lightning-rod glint in his eyes. "I swear, you've caught something from reading Caesar's tactics."

"I want you to give Rose away. At their wedding."

His mouth came open, but before he could manage words I said:

"And you have to mean it."

SB1

DROP CAP

And so, as Rose would have said. What stays and what goes. Doctors who work in the mind may offer explanations why certain watershed events do not ever leave us—a first love, death of a parent, leaving home. Nothing explains the other molecules of time that endure. At the end of that afternoon, tuckered out yet vibrant with purpose, I rode away from the schoolhouse more than half aware that I was traveling into the next chapter of the life of us all.

Where Rose and Father very soon stood in front of a minister and spoke the vows that lasted them the rest of their lives.

Where Morrie kept his promise and gave Rose away and then in that whirlabout way of his was gone from us for good, or better just say forever; to Tasmania, if the telegram from a Pacific dock a few months later could be believed.

Where, far-fetched as it then seemed for young centaurs like us, in the fullness of time Damon and I and even Toby would end up tamed and married, napkined and patriarchal.

Those stand like continental divides in my rumpled mind, yet no more clearly than this. That day, I rode down through The Cut and out onto the section-line road across Marias Coulee still trying to gather myself, to put on the face—the one that has lasted to this day—behind which I could seal away Rose's past, and Morrie's, for the sake of the next of life for all concerned. The sky was bare blue; it would be the best possible night to say good-bye to the comet. There was just enough wind to muss Joker's mane now and then. I let Joker have his head most

gore was being swabbed off his monstrously swollen purplish foot, Toby yelled bloody murder.

Father was wild with worry and off-balance as he always was around anything medical. I am convinced it was the presence of Morrie, someone well-dressed who could phrase a pertinent question about metatarsals, that put the green young physician on his mettle. After an examination full of "mmm" and "hmm" he took Father and Morrie aside—Rose and Damon and I right at their heels—and announced that all the toes were broken and significant other bones as well, but possibly things could be made to knit straight.

"'Possibly'?" Morrie spoke the word as if wringing its neck.

The doctor frowned. "There's extreme swelling and the foot is one mass contusion. I just have to do the best I can in feeling out breaks."

He etherized Toby, then began setting bones. We waited in the kitchen. Even after Rose's scourings, to me it still had the faint vinegar presence of Aunt Eunice. I couldn't tell if Father felt it too, but he stood staring wordlessly out the window to where George, lumbago and all, had taken over the plowing. Rae was home fixing food for us. That much of life had to go on. Rose had said she needed some air—she still was pale—and Morrie ~~went~~ stepped out with her. Alone with ourselves, Damon and I sat at the table like persons incarcerated. Every so often we traded white-eyed looks; neither one of us had any doubt that our lives had changed along with Toby's. We just didn't know how much.

When the doctor ~~was~~ at last finished, we were allowed to look in on Toby. His left foot, colossally bandaged and splinted, stuck out of the bedding so starkly it was hard to be in the same room with it. Father stared at it, one hard swallow after another bobbing in his throat, then he wheeled on the doctor. "What are we looking at ahead?"

"Mmm, weeks. Maybe a month, maybe two, before he—"

Speeding down the aisle toward Marta, Morrie glanced to the seventh grade for interpretation as he passed.

"She gets these," Carnelia and I said together in veteran fashion.

Morrie slid down onto one knee in front of Marta, working fast. He tore a strip of tablet paper and rolled it into a tight little ball. "Push this up under your lip and hold it there, that's the way." With Marta staunching the flow, he professionally dabbed away the bloody residue with a ~~wettened~~ damp handkerchief. It was all over in record time.

Breathing a little hard, Morrie walked back to the front of the room and resolutely picked up the roll call list again. I began to wonder if he was going to get us to first period, arithmetic, before the end of his initial teaching day.

The remainder of the sixth grade, perhaps impressed with Morrie's capability around blood, reeled off names without event. Carnelia and I, the total seventh, accounted for ourselves in no time. This left the eighth grade, that logjam of big boys. Carl Johannson and Milo Stoyanov had both needed to repeat a grade along the way, and Eddie Turley ~~meanwhile~~ had flunked two. There was a rim of fuzz on the upper lip of each of them, as if they were starting to grow moss from all their years trapped in the schoolroom. Martin Myrdal and Verl Fletcher merely were mansize ahead of schedule, and markedly brighter than the others, but their renegade moods of growing up were such that you had to watch your step around them, too. I had the impression that even Carnelia was taking an interest in how our new teacher would fare with this bunch. Permanently mad at each other though we were, she and I shared unspoken relief that we did not have to go through life amid the galoots of grade eight.

Morrie did not appear perturbed as one after another of them unfolded out of the desks that were too small for them and muttered a name. He did pause a barest moment when the roll call reached Eddie Turley. Just sitting there, Eddie looked

the male cast of our family. Watching, I could not have foretold whether Rose was going to answer ~~him~~ Morrie with bouquet or shrapnel.

"Surely you don't think I would abandon you," came her eventual response. "I'll tend to everything, per usual."

Over his shoulder Father called out, "Damon, quit that, you're going to wear out every drawer in the place." With a quick glance apiece he rounded up Toby and me. "Get your coats on, the lot of you, it's time to break ground for home. The thrill of suppertime awaits as usual. Rose, weren't you going to ride back with us?"

She didn't seem to have heard. Then she roused herself and sent another freighted look Morrie's direction. "I'll stay."

Morrie gauged that response for a moment, then snapped to as if he had just thought of something. "Everyone stay. For supper. I insist."

The Milliron family in its entirety halted in its tracks.

Father was the first to find power of speech.

"You can cook?"

"Certainly." Morrie had shed his jacket and was rolling up his shirtsleeves. "In bachelor fashion, but an acquaintance of mine was chef for the Harrimans for a time. Rose, you remember Pierre. No? Well, no matter, he showed me a few things about putting together a meal. Now then, I believe that is a haunch of deer out in the coolbox." By now he was rummaging through the sparsely stocked cupboard. "Here we have dried noodles—actually macaroni, but close enough. And onions—a bit desiccated, but they will serve. Venison Stroganoff, how does that sound to everybody? I'll just start some water to going and Rose can set the table and—Oliver, why are you putting on your hat? Did I say something amiss?"

"I need some air."

CN 8

"See?" Only Damon's rear end was visible as he pawed among the bison bones at the boulder-strewn base of the cliff. He and Houdini were our best diggers, that next Sunday afternoon. "See, the black ones are chipped different on the sides."

Hard to imagine, something that innocent as the starting point toward one of my worst dreams. But the mind goes its own way at night.

"Beveled, Damon, that angle of edge is called," Morrie told him. "Very discerning of you, though, to notice the difference." Kneeling there, big brown hat pulled low against the wind that followed the river through the Marias bottomland, he looked nearly prayerful as he turned over and over in his ~~hand~~ cupped palm the dark arrowhead Damon had ~~just~~ handed up to him. In the next breath Toby came charging over and, proud as a kitten with its first mouse, presented him the intact bison horn he had just found. Carefully Morrie laid it and Damon's find alongside the lance point I had pried out of the nearby clay bank. "They could have used the three of you on digging up Troy," he commended. "Superb specimens, all around."

Our audience clucked a storm of disapproval down at us. I had to laugh. "She doesn't necessarily agree." We had scared up a sage hen when we clambered

I paused in the spitbath I was giving to my own arrowpoint. At times like this, I savvied Father's mixed emotions about Morrie and his ready erudition. Morrie always was stimulating to have around, but always gets to be a lot.

Still, I had weathered the woodpile sessions with him and come out a bit better for it, hadn't I. "Me neither," I contributed on the origin of the stone, and knowing school was now in session even though it was Sunday, duly looked inquisitive.

"It's obsidian, I swear," he mused. "Which is volcanic." That did make me blink. Our part of Montana had more than enough geography, but I definitely did not know of any local volcanoes. "How does this come to be here?" He bounced the arrowhead gently in his palm as if weighing it. "Care to take an educated guess?"

I gave it some thought. Those contrary warriors that I was an inadvertent honorary member of must have roamed around, to pick fights with enemies. "Some other tribe? In a scrap with the Blackfeet here?"

"Close. I'd say it was trade." Morrie's eyes had that deep light of the past in them. "The Missouri surely was a main route," he gestured off in the direction where the Marias and the countryside's other tributaries met the big river, "and tribes would have come from all points of the plains in pursuit of buffalo. They couldn't fight one another all the time. Every so often they would have had to mount up and resort to commerce." He made even that sound heroic, a foray across the prairie to swap a mysterious dark rock for, what, a buffalo hide robe? I could feel the hair on the back of my neck come up a little. *All points of the plains*: without my ever having said a word to him about it, Morrie was conjuring paths beneath the paths that had arrived to my eyes back there at the schoolhouse pump.

Cupping the black arrowhead in his hand again, he looked off appraisingly at the prairie bluffs around us. "With all the crisscrosses possible, this may have

been a Mediterranean of a kind." As if Father had invisibly put in his two cents' worth, he gave a slight smile of concession. "Dryland, of course."

"Morrie? On that. They're going to be getting home."

This was the day the latest in deep plowing was being demonstrated at the agricultural experiment station, possibly on the premise that it would give the dryland farmers something to dream about during the long winter, and Father and George had talked Rae into going with them to socialize afterwards. Rose, to Toby's temporary dismay, chose to keep Rae company rather than wallow in buffalo bones with us.

Morrie yanked out his watch, then jumped to his feet. "Toby!" he called. "Kindly put back those big bones, please. I am instructed by your father, with Rose concurring, that any part of the buffalo coming home with you has to arrive in your pocket. Damon, good job done."

Damon hated to be called off from digging. On the other hand, archeological triumph was his this day. When Morrie had wanted to borrow a handful of our arrowheads to use in the classroom—heaven only knew what arsenal of lore he had in mind next, after the fletching performance—Damon saw no reason why the school should not have its own collection. *"Never know when you might need them."*

Now Damon whipped out of his back pocket a flour sack and with the aplomb of a gem dealer scooped our specimens in. Swag bag in hand, he looked elated enough to reach the top of the buffalo jump in two bounds. But he remembered his manners enough to say to Morrie, "Ready?"

"Or not, as the case may be," Morrie acquiesced in a kind of sigh, stepping over the bones of a bison that had plummeted from where we were going.

I worried, but Morrie managed to stay in one piece as we scrambled back atop the cliff to where our horses were tied. Even as he stood there blowing and

jump. I knelt a few feet away, patting a coaxing rhythm on my knee. "Come on, Houdini, get away from there."

The dog whined, wagged, whimpered, and refused to budge.

"What's got into you? Houdini, now I mean it, come here or—!"

Bwhoom! The sound of a rifle and the instant echo of the shot rang in all our ears.

I shall always owe Damon. He leaped toward the pair of us at the brink and latched onto me by the tail of my coat as I swooped and grabbed Houdini around the neck. The load of a struggling dog, my blind exertion and Damon's, the thunder roll of the rifle shot yet in our ears, the gape of the cliff so near, everything mixed in some oldest instinctive wrestle to exist. Fate's heart is hard; ours were temporarily harder. In some common will beyond fear the clump of us lurched back onto safe ground. Morrie had hold of Toby. We all had our footing, and my hand somehow still was over Houdini's muzzle, keeping him quiet except for the whimpering. It took a considerable moment for the fact to soak in that each of us up there had life left in us. Together we stared down off the cliff at what Houdini alone had sensed was happening.

My throat suddenly had as many kinks in it as the winding river below. There in the broad bottomland, around the nearest bend of the river came the steel-gray horse I had run the race against, galloping as hard as ever, but this time with its rider hunched forward in the saddle as he jacked another shell into his rifle. A smaller gray creature fled ahead in a struggling lope. When it tried to veer toward one of the breaks in the bluffs, the rifle spoke again and a small geyser of dirt exploded just in front of the animal, making it turn back toward the flat ground of the bottomland, in front of the relentless gray horse.

Morrie exclaimed as though something hot had been spilled on him: "What on earth—?"

9

The house was cold when I fumbled my way out of bed and the wolf-butcher dream. Dancing unhappily on the bare floor as I struggled into my clothes, I checked on Damon in the dimness. He had rolled to the wall, as far away from me and my dream tumult as it was possible to get and still be in bed. I supposed I had to sympathize, although it was his proclivity for the sharp edges of things that had led us to the buffalo jump the day before.

I knew my way in the dark, step by measured step down the stairs and to the matchholder in the kitchen and, in the flare of the struck match, to the lamp on the table. Father always banked the stove for the night by chocking it full of coal, and there were ruby-red embers left for me to feed a crumpled newspaper and sticks of kindling. With everything lit, I took stock of myself.

It did not require much: I felt like a wreck. Sweet dreams, hooey. *Nightly awaits that sweet address/Principality of Sleep/Happy Land of Forgetfulness*—could a poet be any farther wrong than that? If ~~those were~~ that was the best the grown-up world had to offer on the subject, I would need to construct my own approach to what went on in me when I was not awake. *Don't let it get to you,* I sermoned myself, although there still was so much leftover ventriloquism in my head that the voice sounded like Eddie Turley telling me to how to best behave around woofs.

This seized me. Morrie had been addressing us all, from big-eyed first-graders to narrow-eyed eighth, yet it was one of those tingling moments when the entire might of learning seemed to have descended into the one-room school specifically for my benefit. True, I'd have been happier if it happened less obtrusively. I felt I had been taken down a peg, maybe several. I still did not know why. But my experience with Morrie thus far was that any mental extravaganza he went to the trouble of staging was worth some reflection.

"Paul?" His tone of voice relented on me. "I entirely see why you are excused from the spelling bee. Carry on with your reading in peace." I did my best at that, but a spelling contest with Morrie in charge proved to be as adventurous as anything Kipling was coming up with.

In no time, the schoolhouse was wild with claps and groans and hoots and Morrie's exhortations. "Lily Lee, put your tongue to *mucilage*, so to speak." "A worthy try, Milo, and if any of us were in charge of such matters *xylophone* indeed would have a *z*." He was a dervish of vocabulary; I wished Father were there to savor it. Beyond that, though, he elevated the spelling bee into an everybody-in tournament. For a while he paired second- and fifth-graders, and third and fourth, the younger ones valiantly reciting the letters aloud after frenzied conferences in whispers. (Toby mountaineering his way through *r-h-i-n-o-c-e-r-o-s* with the entire fifth grade breathless behind him was something to behold.) Then for one ferocious round he pitted the entire sixth grade against Carnelia and she haughtily spelled them down, one after another, until Morrie decided the time had come to take some of the shine off her. The next word he gave her was the crazy one for that celebration where people serenade newlyweds and dress them up funny and wheel them around in wheelbarrows and so forth.

"It is pronounced 'shivaree,' but be careful," Morrie ~~was~~ warned scrupulously about it, "this one has a number of things up its sleeves." Did it ever! Carnelia missed it

i of the Milliron family label and blew on it to dry the ink. "Here, Tobe, you can show Father. Hold it in both hands so you don't wrinkle it."

Looking down at the masterpiece in his hands, Toby hurried toward the doorway. "Father, look what—" he began, as far as he got before seeing the big boots.

Over Toby's head Damon and I gaped at Brose Turley as if he were a creature that had fallen down from the moon.

According to the scowl that met our gaze, he had not expected the sight of us either. Under the crinkled hatbrim his dark mean eyes shifted from us to Morrie, and then found Eddie at the rear of the room.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Turley." As casual as those words, Morrie moved to stand between ~~Turley~~ and us. He rumpled Toby's hair and while his hand was there turned him around like a top and sent him back our direction. "To what do we owe the pleasure of this visit?"

Brose Turley did not bother to answer. He strode down the aisle toward Eddie, his wolfskin coat brushing the desktops. Eddie seemed to shrink the closer his father came.

I heard Damon and Toby catch their breath, and they must have heard me do the same. But Morrie only called out in the same civil way, "Eddie has fifteen more minutes before I can let him go." Turley halted, shaking his head in disgust. He was directly beneath one of the hanging lamps and I could distinctly see the crisscrossed weatherbeaten skin of the back of his neck, as though he slept on a pillow of chickenwire. He was a big man all the way up from those tromper boots. No wonder wolves or any other living thing I could think of did not stand a chance against him. I was scared to the roots of myself, and even Damon had lost the color in his face. Toby pressed more tightly against the arm I had looped around him and whispered,

11

The Littlest things. The pock in the kitchen window in the shape of a star, halfway up; we used that as a mark in cold weather. If the window frosted over as high as that star, the temperature had gone way, way down overnight. A snowstorm generally followed. After Morrie's episode with Brose Turley, I would ~~look~~ check as soon as I lit the kitchen lamp each morning, hoping to read winter's full arrival there on the windowpane. But the weather stayed obstinately mild, with only a dry chill in the air that carried no promise of snow any time soon.

The last schoolday of that week, in physiology period, Morrie startled everyone by holding up the rattle off a rattlesnake and, as if it was the most natural teaching device to be found in the average schoolroom, illustrated the principle of stimulus and response.

Eddie still was sitting out his sentence, so I could not press the question at recess or noonhour. But when school let out I lagged enough to pass by Morrie's desk and, with no one else around, make sure.

"Wasn't that rattle fresh off the rattler?"

"Top mark for observation, Paul. This morning, actually."

Aunt Eunice out loud, but here it came: "Morrie is a hundred times better teacher than old Miss Trent."

I leapt in just as recklessly. "Morrie knows something about almost everything."

"Morrie taught me 'rhinoceros,' Aunt Eunice!" Even Toby felt the need to take issue. "R-h-i-n-o-!"

"There, you see? What manner of teacher lets the pupils call him by his first name, answer me that!" Her tiny mouth pursed full of triumph, she looked around at those trying to have a Sunday meal in peace. George was not uttering a peep behind his nest of beard. I was sure Rae had felt some allegiances toward Rose, but did it extend to Morrie? That left Father, as usual, in Aunt Eunice's direct line of fire.

"We don't call Morrie that when school is on," I protested.

"And you had better not let me catch you at it if you ever do," Father said. "Exceptional lamb roast, Rae. You boys: less talk, more fork. You were saying, Eunice?"

"The greenest graduate of The Spencerian Academy"—Aunt Eunice's alma mater, needless to say—"could do a better job of it in that school."

Father kept his head down over his plate, but his voice was on the rise. "Eunice, The Spencerian Academy is twelve hundred miles from here. How was I supposed to pluck up a teacher from there overnight?"

"This is the way of the world any more." Aunt Eunice was addressing a higher invisible audience, maybe heaven. "Try to give someone the benefit of all one's years on this earth and will they listen? No."

Sitting there hearing Aunt Eunice call down the thunder of her accumulated years, I tried to imagine Morrie and Rose right then. Rose was spending most of every Sunday at the teacherage, and chances were Morrie would be putting dinner on the table for the two of them about now. Probably sparrow hearts

"George and Rae will be content with a wee bit of downpayment," she replied eagerly, "and, oh, monthly dabs after that."

Numbers may have been conspicuously absent, but we knew they added up to another hefty draw ahead on housekeeping wages, unless there was some wild miracle waiting out there. Father did his best to summon one:

"Rose, surely you must know Eunice got by on that place on main strength and orneriness, as the saying goes. It almost always takes two people to keep up with a homestead." He swept an arm around so comprehensively I had to duck a little, as he indicated a household near at hand that had needed to call in a housekeeper. "I imagine," he managed to imagine this with great heartiness, "Morrie is going in on this proposition with you?"

"No."

"No?"

"No."

Now Father set his jaw. As calmly as a frustrated man could he pointed out to a listening Rose that her span of employment with us had not yet remotely caught up with the wages already advanced to her. Rose absorbed this and offered the thought that weren't we all lucky to have hit upon such an arrangement? If it were merely to be repeated, that would furnish her the same welcome sufficiency which to the best of her memory had amounted to four months' wages.

"Three," Father and I said together.

and in turn she would gladly extend her guarantee of peerless care for our home for yet another year. There, now. Surely that was logical?

I felt like a deaf spectator at a Brother Jubal sermon. Meanwhile Father sensed he was getting onto ground, in more ways than one, where he did not want to be. "A homestead is a farm," he said testily. "Say you do buy Eunice's place. You're going to farm it how?"

would work for us in the house and Father would work for her in the field; wages would fly in one direction and "shares" would crawl in from the other. No wonder she was whistling one tune after another as she dusted the parlor, while he clanked dishes and utensils as if his mind ~~was~~ were anywhere but in the kitchen.

As we saddled up for the ride to school, Damon asked, "What's up?"

"Gobs. Tell you on the way."

STET STET

Talk about New Year's resolutions; when Rose and Morrie came to a calendar change, they did not fool around. As everyone swarmed back into the schoolhouse that morning, trading stories about what Christmas had brought to them, a brand-new face met us. It was Morrie's, the Marias Coulee student body recognized after a first flabbergasted look. But without mustache.

The school had all it could do to take this astonishing facial vista in. Shaved, depilated, denuded, unveiled, bare-faced: no one phrase can capture the transformation in Morrie's appearance now that the magic curtain of whiskers was gone. Until that moment I had no idea of the range of disguise that comes with being human. Years came off him along with the mustache. Yet he somehow looked more clever in the ways of the human race, contradictory as that may sound; a blade in a woolly world, and the gleaming upper lip announcing so. When movies became more common, the roguish alabaster countenance of Rudolph Valentino always reminded me of Morris Morgan out from under the mustache.

One thing had not changed. He could still talk the air full. ~~Nineteen ten~~ The year 1910 was ushered in by Morrie in the looping fashion of his inaugural day as teacher, except that those of us in our rows of desks were receiving wholesale introductions rather than providing them.

offerings. Along with the roof windvane and these"—here he rummaged out of one drawer of his desk a foot-long thermometer and out of another a beautiful gilt-bound ledger—"we are meteorologically equipped to set up the Marias Coulee weather station. Need I say, we shall have a new position of responsibility that you shall all take your turn at. Inspector-general of the weather."

Alternately mesmerized by what he was saying and how he looked, all eight grades of us would have followed Morris Morgan anywhere that morning, even into arithmetic. Next, though, he stepped over to a window and gazed up at the sky.

"This is a special year," he said quietly, the way an orator will when he wants you to listen especially hard. "One that comes rarely. The heavens are going to speak." Morrie rubbed the palms of his hands together. "In a tongue of fire."

He was smiling reassuringly, though, when he turned around to us. "Halley's Comet. So named for the eagle-eyed astronomer who discovered it. A celestial wonder that moves across the sky in a long-tailed streak. It returns only every seventy-five years. That means it was last here before there were such things as homesteads or flying machines or photographs. Think of that." From the upturned faces of Josef and Toby and Inez and Sigrid low in the front rows, on past the glinting lenses of Grover and the motionless braids of Vivian and Rabrab, to the wall of stares that was the eighth grade, the school did.

Morrie held the pause one last perfect moment, then gestured to the windowful of sky. "It will be here with the coming of spring, and," he sent out a thoughtful look that moved among our young faces, "long from now, some of you may be lucky enough to see Halley's Comet again." I did the alarming arithmetic in my head: when we were about as ancient as Aunt Eunice had been.

"So, our second scientific endeavor of 1910 shall be astronomy," he elaborated. "Closer to the time of the comet I will have quite a lot more to say on

have taken more than reading glasses to gain Eddie Turley any adherents. (*"Now he can see to hit better,"* Grover muttered at recess.) When it came to his right to work around a calamity that went by the name of a parent, however, the Marias Coulee school instinct in favor of that was as fully tuned as a Stradivarius.

At Latin, the end of that day, a portion of me refused to stick to the nominative and accusative cases of *pluvia*—Morrie still was preoccupied with the rain gauge, poring over a weather service bulletin on hydrography between my written drills on nouns of the first and second declensions—and circled around the meaning of *I want you to dogpile Eddie* instead. I kept coming out at different places, the more I thought about it. Never in a hundred years would Eddie, on his own, have resorted to something as unmanly as specs; those were for the Grovers and girls of the world. Yet what a tricky gamble Morrie took, in slipping those schoolish lenses onto the son of a man whose living was killing. I knew Morrie's move could not be termed impetuous, because he had to give thought to every bit of it beforehand: the various pairs of glasses, the number of boys to subdue Eddie. Was there such a thing as *petuous*? A word that meant thoroughly thinking a matter through, then risking your neck anyway? Morrie glanced up as I migrated between the Latin and English dictionaries. "Declensions are not done with the feet."

"Just looking something up."

But it wasn't there, in either language.

The morning after that brought something I never could have prepared for: Rose in tears. Awash in them, from the look of her when she drifted disconsonately in through the kitchen doorway, bonnet drooping from one hand.

"Here, sit down," I leaped out of my chair and provided it for her. My voice was husky but I kept it down, not wanting to panic the whole household. "What happened? Did you hurt yourself?"

By the end of that long-ago January day, Rose was officially our neighbor as well as our housekeeper, Father was her sharecropper at well as her employer, and Morrie, I could tell, was determined to stay good-natured on the subject of Rose's homesteading fling, ~~almost~~ always ~~the worst~~ a hard way to go about it.

17

Winters were the tree rings of homestead life, circumferences of weather thick or thin, which over time swelled into the abiding pattern of memory. Everyone still spoke of the big winter of 1906 with its Valentine's Day blizzard that kept us out of school for a week, and eternally drifting snow that mounted ~~under~~ beneath the eaves of houses until it reached the sharp hanging curtains of icicles. By any comparison, our weather of 1910 came into the world in the same fashion it had left 1909, puny. Only the wind showed some spirit.

Day after day on our ride to school, high thin moody clouds kept the sun dim, and we and our horses scarcely had shadows. With nothing in nature in the way of his perfect attendance record, Toby bounced in his saddle those dusky mornings as happy as if he ~~was~~ were on a carnival pony ride. Even so, the three of us and the Pronovosts ~~were~~ continually watching over our shoulders at the weather, given strict orders from home to take shelter at the nearest house, anybody's, at the first smudge on the horizon that signaled a blizzard coming. Everyone in Marias Coulee was used to that kind of winter behavior. But the sky of this young year never did turn threatening, only stayed stuck on disagreeable. The few times it ever snowed Damon still could not make the dusty stuff hold together in a decent snowball, and if he couldn't, no one could.

care to warn us another occasion, in superstitious times past had been no more welcome than tramps on earth. "An orbital comet foretells only itself, not the end of the world. Halley's has come and gone two dozen times that we know of, and the world seems to still be here, doesn't it." We had to grant the truth of that, but he punctuated it anyway by nailing up a framed Delacroix print of Halley's Comet streaking benignly over the heads of terrified peasants in their fields. *The Star Dragon*, it was titled. "Quite a nice likeness of the comet," Morrie estimated.

If only I could bottle it for every teacher under my jurisdiction, the fluid passion Morrie put into those class hours of cosmic science! Naturally I would like to think it was the whetstone of daily Latin with me that sharpened his teaching mentality to ~~razor-edge~~ those times, but that's awfully near-sighted. Much more likely, given the coming of the comet he simply performed up to the role he had been handed, the way a stand-in might deliver better than his best when allowed onto a hallowed stage. Whatever accounted for it, in those winter weeks when the dragontailed satellite was racing across its millions of miles toward us, Morrie teetered on the astronomical highest wire, some days more than others, but never did he plummet.

DROP CAP

"I did away with the wallpaper in my parlor last night," Rose typically would report in our hushed dialogues these mornings. She practically crackled with energy now that she had another house to maintain, counting her atttention to Morrie's teacherage, this made three. "I took exception to purple flowers as big as cabbages."

"They reminded me of squashed bats," I whispered back. Damon and I were convinced Aunt Eunice decorated that parlor as a chamber of horrors for boys.

"Paul, do you know, I'm ever so glad I bought the homestead," Rose rushed on. "There is one thing, though. May I ask you something?"

not come around yet, but Damon said he could have spit more than the pluviometer held during his.

Morrie flipped the last page and said in the expectant tone he used when he called on one of us in class: "Oliver?"

"It's not news that this is a dry year, so far."

"I would say more like arid."

"Now, now, Morrie. Any land agent worth the silver in his tongue will tell you aridity is insurance against flood."

Morrie's expression conveyed that if Father wanted to jest his way out of this, that was up to him. He clapped the weather ledger shut. "I confess I can't read Montana seasons," he said with a grunt, "they all seem to be one long brown patch. Exactly when do you plow?"

The lunar law as recited for Rose was recited again. "Fascinating," was all Morrie said.

Father was quiet on the wagon ride home. I enjoyed the privilege of sitting up there in the dray seat beside him, and the day decided to put on a show as the sun went down, a seep of golden-orange between the strata of clouds over the white, white Rockies. It seemed singularly unfair to me that the irrigation project was hogging all the water--the snow there in the mountains that would fill its dam and canals--but I didn't think Father cared to hear that from me right then.

Home was hardly soothing when we got there, what with the maelstrom of Toby and Houdini wrestling on the parlor rug, and Damon all over the kitchen table making flour paste and butchering newspapers for his scrapbooks. Snatches of whistling traced Rose's route elsewhere in the house as she busily closed up her housekeeping day. Father slung the gunnysack of comestible and postal goods onto the cupboard counter and shook out the makings of supper. Ham hocks and beans again, I foretold with a sigh, and claimed a corner out of Damon's clutter to

"The University of Chicago, first and foremost," Father spelled out, "but anything instructional in your days in the leather trade would further enhance your record, wouldn't it?"

"There were lessons in it, never fear," Morrie said airily, not quite meeting the look from Rose.

"In other words," Father still was making sure to sound fully like a school board president, "mind your *p*'s and *q*'s with that inspector, and I intend to do the same." He sighed. "Not that it's all up to us. There's also the matter of the Standards."

"The $\frac{1}{M}$?"

Father bleakly enlightened Morrie. "The standard state tests. To see how the students measure up against all the other schools."

"Oh dear," Rose said for us all.

SH

"If old Inspector gives Morrie any trouble, we can sic Nick and Sam on him," Damon half-joked as we crawled into bed.

"Worse, Eva and Seraphina," I said.

SB Department of Public Instruction

A week tiptoed by, however, and another, and still the bogeyman did not descend on us. Imminent peril has difficulty staying imminent if it doesn't at least show a glimpse of itself. Gradually, Father began to have other things on his mind. All of them had the same meaning: springtime.

The school came down with it, too. At recess one clear blue day, Grover and I broke out the spongy baseball. (Sam and Nick hung around our first game of catch for a minute or two, then tagged off after Damon to the horseshoe pit and the satisfaction of iron striking iron.) Rabrab was the earliest of the girls to show up in

2065426658

Ivan- This deal is done. Hooray! LD

Liz Darhansoff

From: "Rumble, Brant" <Brant.Rumble@Scribner.Simonandschuster.com>
To: "Liz Darhansoff (E-mail)" <liz@dvagency.com>
Sent: Monday, January 10, 2005 5:33 PM
Subject: FW: Ivan Doig, reprint offers

Ivan, fyi.
xox Liz D. '05
+ a very happy to you + Carol.

fyi (finally) --

-----Original Message-----
From: Dussel, Tom
Sent: Monday, January 10, 2005 5:33 PM
To: Moldow, Susan; Graham, Nan; Rumble, Brant
Cc: O'Halloran, Paul
Subject: Ivan Doig, reprint offers

Susan, Nan, Brant,
As you may recall, I submitted HEART EARTH and THE SEA RUNNERS to Harcourt, since they bought Doig's new book.

They've now offered (per title) $7,500 against a 7.5% royalty. They're asking for a 10 year term of license, ~~although I said we'd probably want to push for 7 years.~~

They'd plan to bring out both books simultaneously with their new hardcover in spring 2006.

Penguin's sell-off period ends in April 2005 for HEART and in May 2005 for SEA.

In 2003 Penguin sold 240 copies of HEART and 1,449 copies of SEA.

What do you think?
-Tom

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Simon & Schuster, Inc., 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020

Surprise me in '05 with either a separate fax # & email!
xox Liz

1/11/2005

WSJ Oct. 12 '04

Found in Translation: An Editor's Life

By Jeffrey A. Trachtenberg

When Harcourt editor Drenka Willen published Nobel prize-winner José Saramago's novel "The Double" earlier this month, it added another chapter to a literary relationship that spans nearly 20 years—one that has thrived despite the fact that they've met only six times.

While Ms. Willen is not nearly as well known as the four Nobel authors she edits—in addition to Mr. Saramago the ranks include Germany's Günter Grass; Mexico's Octavio Paz and Poland's Wislawa Szymborska—she is one of this country's most valued cultural gatekeepers. At a time when publishers are fixated on writers who can sell 500,000 copies or more, Ms. Willen publishes books in translation, where a title that sells 10,000 copies is a home run.

Although foreign media conglomerates own much of the U.S. book publishing industry, the number of literary books translated into English remains tiny. Approximately 175,000 titles were published in the U.S. in 2003, but R.R. Bowker, a unit of Cambridge Information Group Co., estimates that only 4,525 were books translated from foreign languages into English. Of those, 1,005 were literary in nature. Esther Allen, chairwoman of the PEN Translation Committee, said via e-mail that there has been an increase in books translated from foreign languages in the last two years and that "we are in the midst of a sort of translation 'boom.'"

U.S. readers occasionally embrace foreign gems such as Dai Sijie's "Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress," translated from the French; Cornelia Funke's "The Thief Lord," translated from the German; and Carlos Ruiz Zafón's "The Shadow of the Wind," translated from the Spanish. But major hits are scarce. "It's hard to sell serious foreign literature—that's why most publishers avoid it," says New York literary agent Tom Wallace.

Even writers who frequent the best-seller lists at home find it tough going here. The New Press has published eight mystery novels by Sweden's Henning Mankell, an author with a wide following throughout Europe. In the U.S., though, his cumulative U.S. hardcover sales are a tad over 50,000. "Maybe it's a latent belief that translations are for the elite, which isn't true," says Sarah Fan, who edits Mr. Mankell here.

Such concerns haven't stopped Ms. Willen. Although she doesn't read Portuguese, Ms. Willen in the mid-1980s bought Mr. Saramago's novel "Baltasar and Blimunda" on the basis of a detailed report of a literary agent. She then paid to have the book translated. It was no more risky than buying a book based on a proposal, she believes. She subsequently edited the manuscript in English.

Ms. Willen continued to publish Mr. Saramago even though his first four books translated into English sold no more than 4,000 copies each. Then, in September 1998, Harcourt issued "Blindness," a novel about a city whose residents suddenly lose their sight. The first run of 10,000 copies sold out, and the publisher ordered a second round. The following month, Mr. Saramago was awarded the Nobel Prize—and the run was on. Altogether the book has sold 85,000 copies in hardcover in the U.S. and 235,000 copies in paperback.

Ms. Willen, whose neatly trimmed white hair is styled in the same pageboy style she has worn all of her adult life, has elegant, European manners and speaks with a Serbo-Croatian accent. Born in a small town in Yugoslavia, she fled to Belgrade in 1941 at age 11 after her father and brother were killed. Eventually she made her way to England in 1949, before moving to the U.S. in 1956. She reads Serbian and Russian fluently, and has a working knowledge of German.



Terry Shoffner

Drenka Willen

Ms. Willen became a free-lance editor and translator at Harcourt in 1962. Nineteen years later, she took control of Helen and Kurt Wolff Books, an imprint owned by Harcourt that specialized in foreign literature. The Wolffs were literary publishers whose authors included Umberto Eco, Georges Simenon and Günter Grass. Later, when Ms. Wolff's writers were in New York, Ms. Willen would host dinners and invite Ms. Wolff to attend. "It was a very amicable professional and personal relationship," says Ms. Willen.

Her ability to pick hot writers while keeping those she inherited has enabled Ms. Willen to create a valuable backlist of titles that sell year after year—the publishing equivalent of an annuity.

She arrives at work before 9 a.m., much as she has for the past 23 years. Her workspace is distinguished by a large round table at which she edits with a No. 1 pencil on literary manuscripts in various stages of completion. It is a sign of her importance that hers is the largest New York office at Harcourt Trade Publishing, a unit of Reed Elsevier PLC.

Authors who work with Ms. Willen say she is a perfectionist whose books are rarely vexed by typos. Her penmanship, they add, is so neat that it appears to be typeset. "She's tough in the sense that anyone with high standards is tough," says Scottish novelist Andrew O'Hagan. "She understands how to rearrange the pieces and present it to you in a way that never feels like an attack."

Now that the book business is beginning to hum again, Harcourt is counting on her skills to boost sales. Ms. Willen has more titles on the fall list than any other editor at the house. In addition to "The Double," a novel about a man's search for identity, these include a memoir from Israeli writer Amos Oz titled "A Tale of Love and Darkness." Mr. Oz writes in Hebrew; Ms. Willen edits from the translation.

Those in the literary community say Ms. Willen has significant influence outside of the U.S. "European publishers hang on her every word," says New York literary agent Bill Clegg. "But she's discreet. You won't see her at Michael's for lunch."

Ms. Willen is also willing to take chances on American writers. Three years ago, for example, she issued "The Hunters," a pair of novellas written by Claire Messud. Most publishers were steering clear of that short literary form. What was the editing experience like? "She's an absolute perfectionist with exacting standards," says Ms. Messud. "She writes very concise questions in the margin, and it is done so firmly that even if you erased them, they would still be there."

Mr. Trachtenberg covers the book publishing industry for the Journal.

Notable & Quotable

From Tristam Hunt's "Kerry Must Learn From Reagan in Last Debate," in Sunday's edition of The Observer (London):

"In his fading years, the American architect Frank Lloyd Wright embarked a final grand project. Invited i King Faisal of Iraq to desig house, Wright expand plan for Baghda ums, parks, zaar. Di he peppered the schem spires and ziggurats. "The 1958 revo of it was built Wright sig



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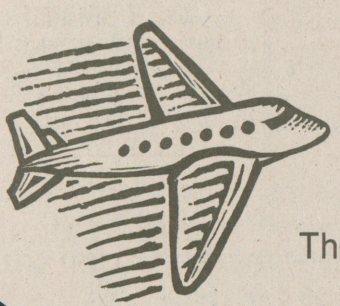
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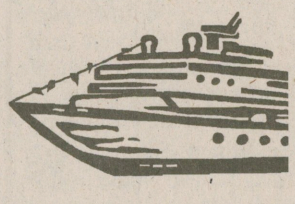


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STREET JOURNAL.

Harcourt

Harcourt Trade Publishers

André Bernard
Vice President
Publisher, Adult Trade

September 24, 2004

Dear Ivan:

Thank youx for your letter, and for the wonderful piece on book dedications. e.e. cummings dedicated one of his books to every publisher he'd gotten rejected by, and he listed them all. My next book is a kind of take-off of SCH OTT'S MISCELLANY, but all about writers, publishers, and books. I think an entry on dedications would be valuable. I'll even credit you.

I can't tell you how wonderful it was to meet you and Carol and to spend some time together. For lo these twenty years I have been a devoted reader of yours, and to now be able to hear your voice as I read your sentences is a gift. Also a gift is the prospect of publishing you. I am just thrilled.

And--I fell in love with Seattle.* When can I come back?

Yours--

*those gleaming salmon! the crabs! the views! Elliott Bay! the coffee! the Doigs!

abernard@harcourt.com
15 East 26th Street • New York, NY 10010 • TEL 212.592.1119 • FAX 212.592.1010

A Harcourt, Inc. Company

Ivan Doig

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

22 Feb. '05

one-page **fax** to Becky Saletan, editor-in-chief, Harcourt

Becky, good morning--

Just in case this weird story seeps from the Internet or some other source when you come in to work this morning, the report of my death is much exaggerated.

It's a longish and tangled tale, but suffice to say that a local light in Billings, Montana, named Ivan White died last week, was being eulogized on the radio, someone caught only the first name, called the newspaper, which called the news services--I spent time on Friday phoning the Associated Press and the Washington Post and so on to interrupt reporters working on the obit, and hope I have the story laid to rest (so to speak) in the media. Out among friends in the world of e-mail, it may be a different case, which is why I figured I'd better give you this heads-up.

Anyway, I have been the recipient of "He Lives!" stories in Montana newspapers, quite interesting. Other than this odd Twainian flurry, all is well here, am making words at the usual rate. Let us know if there's any lore we can furnish for your Alaska trip--we're not great veterans but have made three or four trips up there, and Carol is a maestro of travel-planning. Much looking forward to seeing you all.

All best,

Ivan

17 Sept. '04

Andre Bernard
Publisher
Harcourt
l5 East 26th St.
New York NY 10010

Dear Andre--

What a fine evening that was for Carol and me, getting acquainted with you and reuniting with Becky. Immense thanks for making it happen. I'm all admiration for the two of you, Becky in stepping up to learn the ins and outs of editing-in-chief and you for the steadiness of nerve and acumen in giving her the chance. For what it's worth, you looked like a pair of world-beaters together the other night.

I've dropped Becky a line giving her a little firmer estimate of when I'll have a full ms for us to play with--June 1 or so, and I hope considerably before--and will dive back into the writing after this coming week of summer(?) vacation on the Oregon coast. And just to make sure you're not going to slow down in your own authorial career, here's a speck of enticement toward the much-needed book on dedications. I guess this printed piece is at least twenty years old, given the rust on the best-sellers I checked the dedications of, but I still get a durable laugh out of for-bravely-putting-up-with-my-owls and so on. Feel free to swipe any of it, if it ever fits a project of yours.

And, hey, it feels right to be freshly a Harcourt author again.

Best,

Harcourt

Harcourt Trade Publishers

André Bernard
Vice President
Publisher, Adult Trade

Dear Ivan –

I am SO THRILLED !

I can't wait until we have a formal jury. Such great news – and most importantly, I am delighted that you are happy with this turn of events.

More anon. For now,

YIPPEE !

André
3/24

abernard@harcourt.com
15 East 26th Street • New York, NY 10010 • TEL 212.592.1119 • FAX 212.592.1010

A Harcourt, Inc. Company

16 March '04

Dear Andre--

I could not be more delighted with your twirl of the magician's wand that brought Becky Saletan to Harcourt. I now have the editor I most wanted at the publishing house I most wanted. Needless to say but I'll say it anyway, thanks be.

Meanwhile I've been making words on *The Whistling Season*, and I've told Becky I'll have a first section of ms to show her not terribly long after she settles in at Harcourt.

All this feels so right it's a bit eerie. This kind of eerie, though, I'll take any time. Here's looking forward to our books together.

Very best,

1/29/04 11:30 or 1-2

Andrea w/pic coffee table bks/
2003 / cuisine / Mrs. Dalloway
advantages?
- editor? sound very interesting
- if it's my choice:
  Drenka Willen / Novel (5) Eco Grass
  Ann Pattie: Life of Pi (1 mk p'backs)
  Andrea Schulz
  Tim Bent from Picador
50 h / 50 p's

FSG Knopf HMH Norton compete

- can't make a wrong move
- 8 yrs
- co. had nearly gone under
- windo-dressing for Random Elsevier

marketing: no snow job: bkselling changed radically
570 5590 w/ B&N
- wd. pkg as regional / Alice Walker
- Internet possibilities: d'net mktg dept.
- new sales dir: from FSG & Knopf (Glory Brown)
- receiv attention because of standards
- mktg Patty Berg (Workman)
- 5 yng pub. people (Jennifer Gilmore dir)
- NW: John Huber (SF) Leo Carroll (Chron)
p'backs? (Ride W/ Me / Sea R / HF / Eng Pat)
- lists mass & continuity

Harcourt

Harcourt Trade Publishers

André Bernard
Vice President
Publisher, Adult Trade

February 9, 2004

Dear Ivan:

Becky Saletan is one of the best editors in the business. Even if you had never worked with her before, you couldn't go wrong choosing to be published by her. I have the highest opinion of her, one which is shared throughout this industry. Had you gone with some shmuck at, say, Crown, I would have had to tender my resignation; that you went with Becky only showcases your very good taste and judgment.

I very much look forward to reading whichever book comes out first, the novel or the journal. Best to you, and thanks ever for writing. We'll keep those two backlists titles evergreen.

Give a call if I can ever be of assistance.

Yours,

abernard@harcourt.com
15 East 26th Street • New York, NY 10010 • TEL 212.592.1119 • FAX 212.592.1010

A Harcourt, Inc. Company

4 Feb. '04

Dear Andre--

Well, it was a damnably close decision, but with all else being equal, there was the automatic comfort level of working with an editor I clicked with in the past, Becky Saletan now of FSG. She literally is the one editor whose availability could sway me from the intriguing prospect of returning to my books' original home, your more than estimable house. So, thanks immensely for the time and effort you put in with Liz on this; I'll continue to put my shoulder to the wheels of the bookstore trail on behalf of our backlist pair of my books.

I see you just now have a book out, too. Congratulations, and may it be treated as well as you treat other people's books.

Very best,

Oct. 28, 2000

Royalty Department
Harcourt
6277 Sea Harbor Drive
Orlando, FL 32887

Dear friends--

I'm writing to request that you check your royalty records on the net quantity of sales of my book *This House of Sky* in paperback. My own tally indicates that sales have now surpassed 175,000 which is the contractual step up from 6% royalty on "list price of all copies sold" to "8% thereafter."

I appreciate your attention to this matter.

Cordially,

Ivan Doig

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

29 August 2000

six-page fax to Dave Nelson, Director of Sales, Harcourt

Dave, hi--

A bit belated with this, but here is a copy of my Midwest (a.k.a. the David C. Nelson Heartland; sorry, I just couldn't make it to Kansas to retrace your footsteps there) tour for the paperback of *Mountain Time*, on the chance you can piggyback further copies of our Harvest stuff into the stores. Hope you're thriving.

All best,



HARCOURT BRACE

Harcourt Brace Trade Division
15 East 26th Street
New York, NY 10010
Tel 212-592-1156
Fax 212-592-1160
email: dnelson@harcourtbrace.com

David C. Nelson
Vice President
Director of Sales

June 25, 1999

Ivan Doig
17277 15th Avenue NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan,

Just a short note to say hello and congratulate you on being #4 on the San Francisco Chronicle's Western 100 Best Nonfiction Books of the Century. That's great!

I've been at Harcourt now for a little over two years and am really enjoying this house. The backlist (which, of course, includes you) is so distinguished and the association with such a terrific list of authors, frontlist and back, is an honor and a pleasure.

Ivan, I still remember the dinner in San Francisco in 1985 with Michael Jacobs and others. A fun evening and a much saner time in the business.

I will be in Seattle on business on July 7th and 8th. I am wondering if you would like to meet me for a drink on the evening of the 7th, say around 5:00-ish? I would love to see you. If that works, give me a ring at 212-592-1156 in New York City.

Again, congratulations on *This House of Sky* and, be well.

Sincerely,

David Nelson

DN:jlp

I'm also sending a couple of terrific Fall Catalog copies. Enjoy!

Cortes
Amazon.com review

Ivan Doig

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

18 July 2000

one-page **FAX** to Meredith Arthur, associate editor, Harvest Books

Meredith, hi--

I'm just back from a speaking gig at Stanford, where a goodly number of copies of *Winter Brothers* and *This House of Sky* were snapped up at the booksigning, glad to say. A less happy report is that for all your ministrations, no author's comp copies of *This House of Sky* have reached me. (The box of *Winter Brothers* did, no problem.) Suppose you can try again to nudge some out of the warehouse? Would greatly appreciate it.

I hope you're summering well. All best,

Ivan Doig

Ivan Doig

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

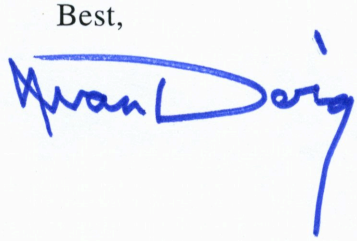
1 Sept. '99

one-page **fax** to David Nelson, Director of Sales, Harcourt Brace

Dear Dave:

Am just back from Montana, where I sold a goodly number of *This House of Sky* paperbacks and, lo, even some *Winter Brothers,* at the signings for my new hardback. All those paperbacks passing in front of my nose reminded me that I need some myself--a dozen of each. Could you please put me in touch with your special sales department? Thanks, and I hope you have a thriving autumn.

Best,



5 Aug. 1999

Andre Bernard
Executive Editor, Harvest Books
Harcourt Brace
15 E. 26th St.
New York NY 10010

Dear Andre--

Just a quick line before I disappear onto the bookstore trail. If history is any guide, yes, Scribner will hang onto the **Mountain Time** paperback, but Liz Darhansoff would have a better seismic reading of their persuadabilities than I do. In terms of a timely repackaging of **This House of Sky** and **Winter Brothers**, we'd pretty surely be safe for my next pass through the bookstores by having it available a year from now, although I'll likely be making a speaking tour next spring with booksignings attached if you want to introduce the fresh-faced books out there without appreciable competition.

On your topic of the quality of the Harcourt list, one entry there I'm reading all summer, because I dip into it a little at a time--**How to Read a Poem**. (Went out and bought it with my own money, too!) Nice stuff, and as to ever getting together on a book idea, I'll be having a fortune-telling session with Liz once we see how **Mountain Time** and Scribner have each done. It's funny how much of publishing, the ultimate print medium, seems to consist of staying tuned, huh? I hope the rest of the summer goes well for you, with the thermometer letting up on the East Coast.

Best,

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André Bernard
Editor in Chief
Harvest Books

July 15, 1999

Mr. Ivan Doig
17277 15th Avenue NW
Seattle WA 98177

Dear Ivan:

Thanks for your note plus your tour schedule. I've passed it along to publicity here and you can be sure we'll have books in all the stores. I'm glad you're going to Missoula, a great town. My brother-in-law in a naturalist there. At the moment he's working on a huge project mapping the flora and fauna of Montana. Fact & Fiction is a fine store.

Well, you're coming around to the idea of repackaging, and I guess I am too, slowly. I have always liked Paul Bacon's artwork for your books, but Dave has been making a good point about bringing a significant quantity of new readers to them. So we'll start working on that to be ready when the paperback of your new book comes out. Will that be in Scribner paperback as well?

Harcourt is doing well. The books are selling and the stores seem to like us, as do the reviewers. We get a lot of comments about the list--that they are pleased we continue to publish quality writing in this age of instant nonbook junk. And I very much like working with so many former Penguins--a number of our sales reps are Penguin refugees. There's a good feeling here in general.

I wish I could think up a book idea to pitch to you. I can't underline enough how much affection there is in this house for you and your work.

Yours,