

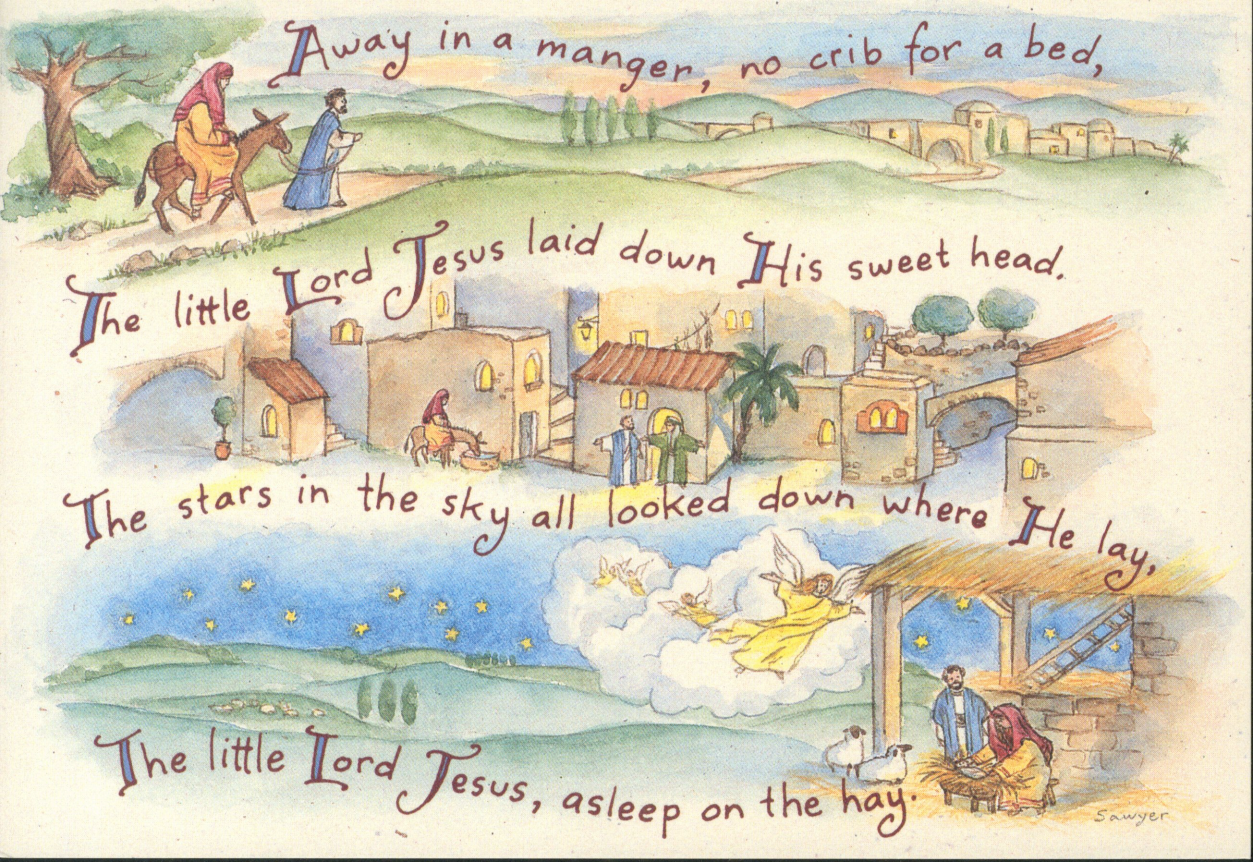
Everyone's at Dinner!
It's the golden hour at the Sylvia Beach Hotel.

This is as close as I've come to Seattle. Went to a Public Affairs Assoc. conference in Portland + drove up for a part. A friend owns this wonderful hotel. Each room is dedicated to a (+ decorated for) to a different author. The lobby is spectacular! The dinner entrees are splendid. Photographed by Joe Cantrell

267 NW Cliff · Newport, Or. 97365
(503) 265-5428



Mr. + Mrs. Ivan Doig
17021 - 10th Ave. N.W.
Seattle, WA 98177


Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the sky all looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus, asleep on the hay.
Sawyer

Yea! The book is done. And now a trip to New Mexico? Sounds ok to me. Enjoy the desert. I love the colors down there. Do you all have any snow? Someone does, I'm looking out at brown grass today.

"She brought forth her firstborn Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger...."

LUKE 2:7

Library update: "this" close to signing the final construction contracts with the architect. Bids in Feb. First shovels in April/May. Lots of behind board meetings.

Just finished Rick Bass's *In the Loyal Mountains*. He's getting better.

Hope your Christmas is Merry. Jess says howdy. We're looking forward to your next swing through.

May we sing our praises to Him
who came into the world so humbly
to be our Savior and Lord.

Love, Nancy



In an effort to preserve God's creation, the cards in this box are printed with a soy-based ink on recycled paper containing an average of 25% pre-consumer fiber and 25% post-consumer fiber.

Lyrics from "Away in a Manger"

DaySpring CARDS

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Fred's Market held a wake last Saturday - Shelley + Kelly played + we all danced where the pickles + chips once were.

9/26

Dear Carol + Stan,

I thought you might be interested in the enclosed article and it gave me an excuse to write + thank you again for the delicious meals, the excellent company and my lovely oval wooden box. It truly is a special treasure.

Hope all went smoothly in Montana + you had ample time to visit with everyone. I believe that you enjoyed the best weather - today it rained, that cold fall rain I love but "fall" nevertheless.

I've mowed the lawn for the last time, dug up the garden, mulched what is left of the raspberries + have a small list of remaining chores that I hope to finish this weekend. I always seem to need just one more weekend to get done.

It was wonderful to see you again. Gus would send his love too if he were awake. Best wishes,

Nancy

Sometimes I wonder - -

JACKSON HOLE NEWS, Wednesday, September 13, 1995 - 11B

Michelle Sullivan wins prestigious fellowship

Michelle Sullivan of Wilson has won a prestigious fellowship that she will use to explore how healing takes place within communities.

Sullivan, founder and director of the Snake River Institute, was one of 41 individuals selected by the W.K. Kellogg Foundation for Group XV of its Kellogg National Fellowship Program. Fellowship recipients were chosen from a field of 521 applicants.

Sullivan and other Kellogg fellows receive a three-year study grant of $35,000 to fund a self-designed plan of study. Because Sullivan works for a nonprofit institution, the foundation also will support 12.5 percent of her salary — up to $32,000 for the three-year period — so that she has time to participate in fellowship activities.

During the coming three years, Sullivan and others will attend seminars that are designed to strengthen their leadership skills. The seminars are hosted by the Kellogg Foundation at sites throughout the United States and Latin America.

In addition, fellows will launch personal learning plans outside their areas of expertise to examine political, social, and economic problems from an interdisciplinary viewpoint.

The W.K. Kellogg Foundation was established in 1930 "to help people help themselves through the practical application of knowledge and resources to improve their quality of life and that of future generations."



Michelle Sullivan

The fellowship program began in 1980 "to help the nation expand its pool of capable leaders." "KNFP teaches professionals to become flexible, creative decision makers," said William C. Richardson, president and CEO of the W.K. Kellogg Foundation.

Sullivan founded the Snake River Institute, a nonprofit educational organization that celebrates the cultures and communities of the American West, in 1988.

In that capacity, she has created more than 30 educational programs. Kellogg Foundation representatives cite the most significant of those programs as "Nature, Culture and Human Values," for which 40 visionaries came together to discuss the future of the American West.

Buckboard Estates...
Located just east of Brooks Lake Lodge, Buckboard Estates offers the beauty of the mountains in your yard, the Wind River and forest service access close by. With 6 lots to choose from, they range in size from 1.094 to 1.378 in size. Each lot is nicely wooded. Enjoy cross country skiing and snowmobiling during the winter, and beautiful hiking during the summer. $43,000 to $47,500 R-338-344

Privacy and Pure Heaven...
Located above Bryan Flats in the Hoback Canyon, you'll find 35.33 acres with plenty of privacy. Property borders National Forest has lots of trees, rolling meadows and great views. $695,000 R+402

288 Acres on the Snake River...
Martin Creek Ranch is now available. A one of a kind Jackson retreat with over 1 7/8 miles of private Snake River frontage. Bordered on three sides by National Forest. Only sixteen miles south of Jackson. R+ 403

River Ranch Fishing & Equestrian Estates...
Only 40 minutes from Jackson, bounded by the Bridger-Teton and Caribou National Forests and scenic Star Valley. With a variety of lots to choose from, you have access to the Salt River for blue ribbon trout fishing, and boarding/corral amenities for your horses. Lots begin at $38,000. R+404

Lazy B Subdiv
to Alpine and F
acres. R-320-3

Dairy Ranches
36 acres with w
lots. Just west
schools. $695,

Golf & Tennis
Build your nev
This lot is a ra

Dairy Ranch
Lot 5A is 25 b
home. Propert
close to town

Willowbrook
This 3 acre lot
and Teton Pine
ning through y

BBC Corp.: Rea



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BERKELEY, CA

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ISBN 1–56890–422–3 **1.50 F93 – 422 In Canada 2.25**


PRAHA

3/5

Nr. 50

Pražský hrad • Staroměstské náměstí • Chrám sv. Mikuláše na Malé Straně
Prague Castle • The Old Town Square • Church of St Nicholas in the Lesser Town
Prager Burg • Altstädter Ring • St. Nikolaus-Kirche auf der Kleinseite

© STUDIO MARTINA, Jankovská 21, 100 00 Praha 10

Foto Martin Novák
Tisk HELIOS, Exprint Č. Kostelec

Greetings from Prague! I decided I needed a real vacation. Have been here 2 weeks + had a marvelous time. I did everything I had hoped - saw a Hawk play in Cycle + today saw Pres. Hawk himself up at the castle. Have a nice apt. near the center so I can walk everywhere. Prague is wonderful + I've met very lots of interesting people. Regards — Nancy Effinger



USA

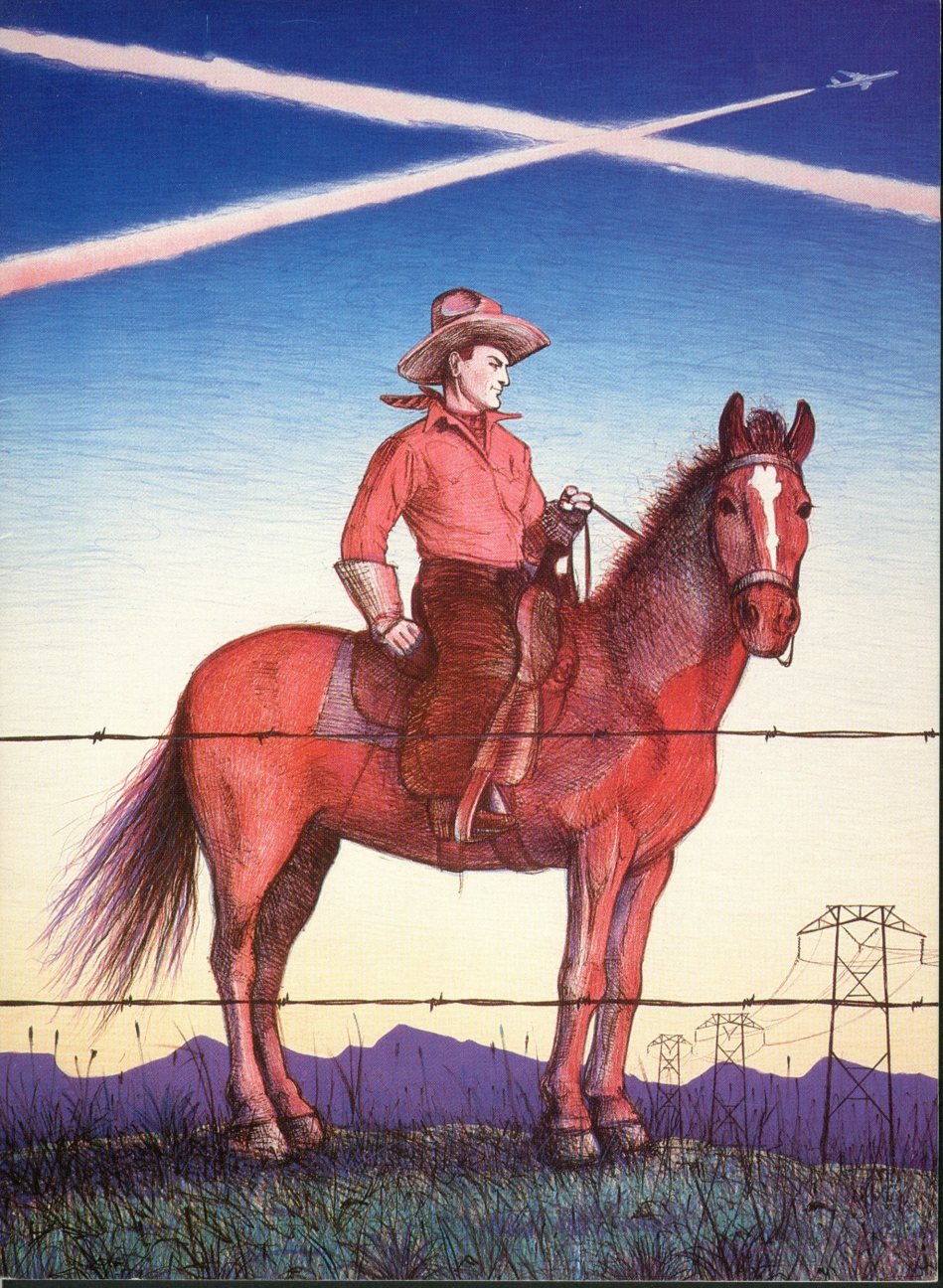
Mr. + Mrs. Ivan Doig

17021 10th Ave N.W.

Seattle, Washington 98177

USA

PAR AVION



7-24-94

Dear Carol + Ivan,

By now you have probably heard from Michelle Sullivan of the Snake River Institute here. She called + asked for your address - I believe she's putting together a program. I told a lie + said that I did NOT have your phone number - hope that was ok. I don't know exactly what she has in mind but if it means an opportunity to see you both again I welcome it. They have lots of money it appears which should mean a good honorarium. If they don't offer you a suite at Spring Creek Resort you know that the gin is always cold + the sheets are fresh here.

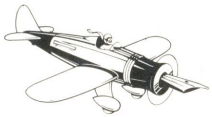
I'm trying to figure out how to work + maintain my sanity with all of the stress that comes with administration. I clearly recall wanting to become a librarian, I do NOT recall any longings toward administration. True, every job has its down side but the scale is tipping too far down these days. We're campaigning for our Aug. 16 vote on the capital facilities tax that will give the library 4.7 million dollars to build. I am doing slide shows for Rotary + Kiwanis, writing letters to the editor, playing referee between volunteers + board members, soothing bruised egos of just about everyone (doesn't anyone practice love + let live + get on with it anymore?) + wondering if 4.7 million really will solve any of my problems.

Other than that, things are great. Jus NOT + dry, the garden finally decided to sprout, Jus is aging but still bringing in the mice.

All my best — Nancy

POWERLINES © 1987

from an original lithograph by Monte Dolack



MONTE DOLACK GRAPHICS
P.O. Box 8927
Missoula, MT 59807

1.50
Printed in USA

15 Aug. '94

Dear Nancy--

Your early warning on Michelle S. was much appreciated. Such a deal she offered: no fee and no travel expenses, but they would provide board and room once I hied myself to Jackson for their Alvin Josephy fete. Made me wonder: Michelle, are you sure this is what Lila Wallace had in mind when her ghost disbursed you all that money? Anyway, nope, no Doigs on Alvin Day in Jackson and, yup, you did just right in not providing her my phone number.

None of which is to say Carol and I haven't undergone our annual pining toward Jackson and Chez Effinger. We had about decided to swing down your way on the homeward leg of a trip to northeastern Montana, when speaking offers (with genuine green $$) came in from the U. of Idaho and Ketchum, coupled with bookstore appearances in K'm that Penguin wanted me to make for the paperback of Heart Earth. So that's what we're going to do this year, and the next time we're propped up having a drink with you I'll tell you about the almost-war-in-the-streets that goes on between the Ketchum public library and the biggest bookstore there, over who gets to have writers' readings. You and Steve Ashley deserve the Nobel Prize for civic common sense, I've decided (<u>whatever</u> your current mood about administration and the art of small-town living).

We're both thriving. It's of course been a drought summerm here, too, which in Seattle means SUN, no RAIN! We hope you're dandy, nibbling your garden stuff and petting Gus while sipping at a tall cool Librarian's Reward these summer eves. We'll come admire when we can. Best till then.



Dear Joan,

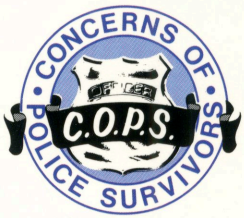
I hope you survived the rest of your tour. If it all went as well as your library gig there was no problem. A standing ovation no less! It was an excellent talk, perfect in its content and in delivery. You did well.

Thank you for an unforgettable Friday evening. I hope you've filled Carol in on everything. I may forget the convention but that evening will be around for a long time to come. At least we can say that we have dined in Aspen.

I decided to take the really long way home to look at some land my parents have down near Westcliff. The fellow at Texas Creek - one restaurant/curio shop combined - told me to turn left when the pavement turns color, go til it t's, stop right + ask at the store. The store let me call a real estate agent in Canyon City who said - I'm not making this up - "go 8 light poles past Aldriches, turn rt. 4 poles, turn rt. again + go til the road turns left. Stop + look for the ant hill with the rock in it. That's your boundary." I found it. Needless to say it does not rival Aspen in property values.

On my little 700 mile drive home I heard Pigs in Heaven which I enjoyed very much + Waiting to Exhale by Terri McMillan, much abridged but truly funny + made even better by her reading of it. I have about 12 more books I want to read RIGHT NOW. Anyway, it was great seeing you - give my best to Carol.

Nancy



Rose Garden
Kevin MacPherson/The Image Bank

Teton County Library

Box 1629 Phone 733-2164

Jackson, Wyoming 83001

Nancy Effinger, Director

Sept. 21,1993

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Ave. N.W.
Seattle,WA 98117

Dear Carol and Ivan,

I have an antelope. It happened about 7:30 PM Saturday in the desert south of Atlantic City. It was a long shot, over 300 yards and I had to use more than one shot unfortunately. I'm not too proud of that but at least the dirty deed is done. I think I'd rather hunt antelope than do almost anything I can think of.

I also have a beautiful new 270. Its too bad you all couldn't have been there for Rocky and family. I survived 7 for dinner and they survived my lasagna. Rocky's dad grew up on a ranch in southern Utah so we were well entertained with stories of his early days. He's a darn good storyteller.

The gun is beautiful and came with a dandy scope that self adjusts to different distances (something I need desperately), has little flip up covers. He also brought an extra magazine with a camo carryingcase, a case for the gun itself, an orange pad to sit on in the snow and enough ammunition to bring down a herd of elk. Jim says not to promise anything until he brings a Mercedes. Really, I can't figure this out. I hardly know the man and we never discuss anything but oil exploration and his dogs. Which is fine by me.

Ivan, enclosed is a small thank you for taking time to come read for us. I'm still getting good comments from people who were there. Please don't wait for your next book to come back to Jackson.

As for Aspen, it looks like I'll be free at 4PM Friday. I will probably have a board member, Jody Beckett, in tow if her workshop lets out in time. I have a vague memory of you signing at the bookstore from 5 until... Guess we'll call you at Snowmass or try to stop by the signing. I may also have Daphne Platts, the Sublette County Librarian along-see what happens when you drive- so things may be too much for you. Daphne is loads of fun, very well read and a delight to be around. Shall we play this by ear? I want to get together but I don't want to overwhelm the situation for you.

I sure enjoyed your all's visit. Really, it's not always that crazy despite what I said. In fact, today is quite mellow. See you in Aspen Ivan. Carol, good luck with the new school year.

James

Nancy Effinger
P. O. Box 2639
Jackson, Wyoming 83001

January 8

Dear Carol + Dan,

I hear you all are having a bit of bad weather. Sounds to me like a Wyoming winter. In case you get to feeling too bad I thought I'd tell you about my New Years Eve. It's a good story.

My friends Helen + Larry were coming back from Lander. They are the folks I hunt antelope with. Larry's an old rancher in his early sixties. Helen is a librarian + just a year older than me. I prepared a dinner + a bunch of nibbles since they were coming about 2:30. Just as I got the last dish wrapped up in the ice box they called + said it would be about 5pm before they arrived. Thank heaven another friend came over for dinner + to spend the early part of the evening. Finally H + L arrive, + "land" really have

they always seem to bring chaos with them. We get them all settled in the guest room + watch the ball gaze in Times Square. A few minutes later Helen + I go in to fix that antique bed which has been a bit wobbly lately. Helen says "What's that noise? It sounds like water." + points to a corner of the room. I run into the new bathroom + sure enough, a pipe has broken + it sounds like someone has opened a fire hydrant inside my wall. It's now 1 AM. We'd had -35° weather for about a week + the water had been frozen up but it had warmed up to 30° a bit + the pipes were running fine.

Anyway, we yell for Gary but Gary doesn't hear too good so while we're jumping up + down screaming + pointing at the wall, he can't hear the water + doesn't quite grasp what's going on. We had to drag him into my room where the water was actually dripping down the logs (+ into the new carpet.) Thank goodness he was here or I'd still be trying to

figure out how to turn off the water. Then turn off the pump. Makes perfect sense now. With that done we had to find where they tapped into the old line so we can shut off the pipe to the bathroom + turn the pump back on giving us water in the rest of the house. There are 2 crawl spaces. We started with the new one, under the shoes in my closet, with the eye hooks that no one can get a grip on to lift. We get that open + hand Larry the flashlight. To shut off valves there. That means emptying THE OTHER CLOSET where I store everything I can't fit anywhere else. I know I told those carpet layers to cut a patch over the (clearly marked) crawl space but did they do it? At least they didn't tack the carpet down, they just tucked it under the molding. So I dig out my screw driver + Larry pries up the carpet in one large, not very flexible piece. Down he goes again. Its now 1:15 AM. I'm trying to remember which motels might be open + have rooms on New Year's Eve. But Larry finds the shut off + we're back in business.

Its a darn good thing I have more towels than I'll ever need 'Cause

I sure needed them that night to sop up water in my bedroom + bath. I also tried a hairdryer but that kept overheating. At 2AM I gave up + went to bed.

At 6AM Gus wanted out. At 6:20AM I hear a thud + then the front door opening + what sounds like someone rustling around in the woodpile. At 9:00 AM a friend calls + wakes me up again. I stagger out to the living room + run into Gary. It turns the thud I heard was the sound of the bed collapsing. The right side rail totally gave way + dumped H+2 on the floor. Gary told Helen to ignore it but, as she was on the high side, she really couldn't. They dragged the mattress away as the rest of the bed frame sort of imploded. One of my first thoughts was one of thanks that it wasn't you two. Fortunately they went home that afternoon. Who wouldn't.

When the plumber came 2 days later along with the insulation man we discovered that when they installed the pipes between the bed + new room,

No one bothered to add insulation. You could reach behind the chinking & grab bare pipes. I now have a reasonable amount of insulation & an 8 inch hole in my bathroom wall.

As I drove away to work (I was late & in a hurry) I looked in my rear view mirror & saw that I had neglected to unplug the car & was dragging 100' of orange extension cord behind me down the road. I slammed on the brakes & went straight into the ditch in front of Albert Jenz's house. My 4-wheel drive got me out of the ditch but then I had to stand there in the middle of the road & roll in 100' of electrical cord.

Saturday I went to Idaho Falls & bought a beautiful queen size bed & frame to be delivered today. Now all I need is a queen size mattress pad, spread & sheets & a place to store the antique bed. I had also bought a new rug for the guest bathroom but that necessitated new towels, toilet cover & shower curtain except I found a lovely shower curtain that didn't match the new rug. But it did match the new towels & existing toilet cover. It has lace, you'll love it.

So next time you come you'll have a nice comfy, sturdy bed + new fluffy towels. At least I hope so. Today they called from Lynn's Furniture World. They've lost my bed + it may take 2 weeks to order another.

Happy New Year.

Love,
Nancy

Dear Carol + Ivan,



The problem with being such a poor correspondent is that by the time one does get around to writing, the letter to which one is responding is so outdated its author can't even remember it let alone the contents.

So let me catch up: I'm glad Mariah was doing so well in Sept. and hope it continues through Christmas + beyond. I keep reading nice things about it here + there so I'm confident it's still going strong. I also hope Ivan's car + neck are back together again after the rear-ending. I live in terror every winter that some poor innocent will slide into me + dent up my life. Seeing as far as I do from town, my car is vital to me.

A lot has happened in the last 3 months. Had a fine birthday, went antelope hunting but with no success, went home for my high school reunion + met a nice guy who promptly called up + invited himself for Thanksgiving. I came back for a few weeks then flew home again for vacation + mother-sitting while Daddy took a few days R&R. Had a great time. Mother is a treat even if you sometimes want to pull your hair out after 2 hrs. of the same conversation. Came back to Wyo + went antelope hunting up by Buffalo.

Second time was charm. Shot a nice tender one on a friend's alfalfa field. Very yummy! Then elk season started & I was having no luck at all until Rocky (the friend from high school) arrived. We went out on the refuge Wed, Thurs. & Friday & Thanksgiving. Friday AM a little band of confused elk marched right up to me (I was in a ditch) & stood broadside at about 100 yds. Rocky yelled "Shoot!" & so I stood up & SHOT off-hand & actually hit one. It was quite exciting — there were lots of hunters & a bit of dodging bullets — the refuge is kamakazi hunting — but I survived & we got the beast home. It was a calf but large enough & VERY GOOD EATING. I wish you were here to share it.



Work has been heating up as we are about to buy land. I'm always talking with structural engineers & architects & politicians — a nice change from the pasture. But buying land means writing a building program which means work.

Had a wonderful program in Yreka Eskimos of Barrow Inuit from Utah State & 3 films by Leonard Kamerling & Sarah Elder. Gem now dreaming up one on the Crow tribe & the Navajo. Never a dull moment.

Hope you are have a wonderful

Christmas. Don't take as long as I do to write. Its my perennial new year's resolution. Maybe this year it will take.

Miss you.

Jana