



Mountains & Minds

Patricia Denison

Executive Director for Library
Advancement and External Relations

MSU Libraries

P.O. Box 173320
Bozeman, MT 59717-3320
www.lib.montana.edu

Tel (406) 994-3340
Fax (406) 994-2851
Cell (406) 570-3536
E-mail pdenison@montana.edu



BOZEMAN SCHOOLS
FOUNDATION

Planting Seeds for Education

Dear Dr. Doig,

My name is Mary Jo "Lane" O'Donnell and I am the youngest daughter of Dr. Jim Lane from Seattle (formerly Three Forks). My husband and I and our 3 children now live in Bozeman. I am the Executive Director of the Bozeman Schools Foundation.

Every Spring we have an event called the Excellence in Education Banquet where we honor High School Seniors and an Educator of their choice from their 12 years in Bozeman. It is a very special evening. The students are selected not based solely on grades or athletic achievement but on community involvement, leadership and basically being a great kid.

We are looking for a speaker for the event. We have a teacher who will introduce the students and educators being honored. The speaker would be able to discuss anything really pertaining to Education, Montana, Life experiences.

As we are a non-profit we could cover travel costs and accomodations but probably not a speaker fee. I am enclosing last Springs program. Let me know if you are interested.

the date of the Ban-
quet is May 21st.

We would be
honored if you consid-
ered being our speaker
for this great event.

Sincerely,

Mary Jo Lane
O'Donnell

404-580-8305

Bozeman Schools Founda-
tion



MONTANA
STATE UNIVERSITY

LIBRARIES

Mountains & Minds

January 23, 2012

Dear Ivan and Carol,

On behalf of MSU and the library, thank you for your latest contribution to the MSU library! As always, your gifts and your ongoing loyalty to MSU help us create opportunities for students, faculty, and the citizens of Montana.

I'm sorry I won't have a chance to meet you when I'm in Seattle the week of February 6. Congratulations and best wishes on your upcoming 'debut' of *Prairie Nocturne* at Center House Theater at Seattle Center.

Perhaps I can catch you on a future trip to Seattle, or somewhere here in Montana.

Sincerely,
Jane Howard



B O Z E M A N
P U B L I C
L I B R A R Y

ALICE MEISTER

Director

406 . 582 . 2401

E-MAIL ameister@mtlib.org

220 East Lamme
Bozeman, MT 59715

406 . 582 . 2400

FAX 406 . 582 . 2424



TechRanch

BOZEMAN, MONTANA

910 Technology Blvd.
Suite A

Bozeman, MT 59718

406.556.0272

FAX.556.0969

jodonnell@techranch.org

www.techranch.org

John O' Donnell

Executive Director

*John Lane is
son in law*



MONTANA
STATE UNIVERSITY
FOUNDATION

Jane Howard, CFRE

Director of Development - MSU Library

1501 South 11th Ave.
P.O. Box 172750
Bozeman, MT 59717-2750

www.montana.edu/foundation

tel (406) 994-4497
tol (800) 457-1696
fax (406) 994-2266

janehoward@montana.edu



120 Strand Union
Montana State University
Bozeman, MT 59717-0410
Office: (406) 994-2828
Home: (406) 586-3263
FAX: (406) 994-5931

Dr. Allen Yarnell
Vice Provost for Student Affairs

INTERNET: ZDS7004@MSU.OSCS.MONTANA.EDU





THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY IN CAIRO

Dr. JEFFREY D. BANFIELD

Visiting Professor of Statistics

113 Kasr El Aini St.

P.O. Box 2511 Cairo 11511, Egypt

Tel: 357-6357 Fax: 355-7565

E-mail: jeffban@auc-sas.eun.eg

Residence

7610 Nez Perce Drive

Bozeman, MT

possible rental; met his parents @
booksigning in '96

A PROFESSIONAL CORPORATION

PAUL R. WYLIE

ATTORNEY AT LAW

PATENT LAWYER

LOS ANGELES OFFICE
15200 SUNSET BLVD., STE. 209
PACIFIC PALISADES, CA 90272
(310) 459-8439
FAX (310) 454-9401

MONTANA OFFICE
1805 W. DICKERSON, NO. 2 SUITE 3
BOZEMAN, MT 59715
(406) 585-7344
FAX (406) 585-7358



**STEPHANIE ALEXANDER
POTTER**

(406) 586-4843
8209 BALSAM DRIVE
BOZEMAN, MT. 59715

I went to school w/ your
mom in Ringling. Am
the "Sap & a Kid" w/ your
dad hunting Coyotes when
he was kicked by horse

285-6634 Three Forks.

Bozeman Daily
CHRONICLE



P.O. Box 1188 • 32 S. Rouse • Bozeman, Montana 59715

ROB CHANEY

Reporter / Photographer

• (406) 587-4491 • FAX (406) 587-7995 •
• MT Watts 1-800-332-9800 •



Sally Richardson, Sr./ast. mgr. - Princeton, NJ

Carolyn Powers
General Manager

75 Baxter Lane (Off I-90 North 7th Street Exit)
Bozeman, MT 59715
(406) 522-8000 • Fax (406) 522-7446

GORDON BENNETT
Chair,
Helena

**BRADLEY
HALLIGAN**
"People first...politics last."

P.O. Box 838, Helena, MT 59624
Tel: (406) 443-2219
Fax: (406) 449-0646

December 14, 1992

Ivan and Carol Doig
17021 - 10th NW.
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan and Carol,

I hoped this would be a "victory" thank you. I wanted so much to give us one. But it is the next best thing -- it is a thank you for the most beautiful campaign that ever took place in Montana. In all the pain of losing, I found great solace in this wonderful, energetic, focused, skillful, and passionate team we put together. Mike and I were the vehicle, but what you put together was truly of your own making. I feel lucky that in my lifetime I could see such a group as ours come together with so much fervor and commitment to each other and our future. It was one of those amazing creations of humanity where the sum of the whole is way and above the sum of the individual parts standing alone. My goodness, we were spectacular!

I treasure having had this year and a half of exploring Montana. I remember every inch of the land we traveled by horseback, and felt homesick every time we rode away from another small town. I loved flying in the moonlight over the "Bob" and in the sunlight down the Yellowstone. Some of the best occasions were when planes couldn't fly -- hitching with Kaia from Big Timber, and hopping Amtrak the day winter arrived. No wonder we all cherish this state so much!

But it is the Montana faces and voices that linger strongest. They are so vivid, from little Ben who introduced me in show-and-tell ("I think maybe it's the President!"); to the Culbertson rancher who called to say he is defiantly keeping his yard sign up all winter; to the stranger who hugged me with tears streaming down her face in the grocery store a whole week after the election.

All of this is why we continue to believe Montana is worth our best efforts. Mike and I thank you for the inspiration, strength, and hard work you gave to this effort. You have made the healing faster than one would have believed possible. We are all stronger and better for the experience. We'll all be ready for the next bugle call.

Sincerely,

Love, Dorothy

Dorothy Bradley

*Your encouragement & help is
appreciated more than you*

know. We're all on our feet

again & ready for the next

challenge -- whenever/whatever.

*Let me know when you're in Montana.
You are treasured friends!*

ARNOLD BOLLE
Missoula

HARRIETT MELOY
Helena

MIRIAM SAMPLE
Billings

ELSIE REDLIN
Sidney

JOAN BENNETT
Great Falls

GEORGE MATTSOON
Bozeman

taught course
on villages/parsons?
ask him for his
reading list.

Letters & Science

MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY - BOZEMAN

Chris Pinet: A Knight of Academe

Last December, Chris Pinet received a surprise package from France. Inside was a certificate of honor and a silver medal in the shape of two entwined palm fronds. Pinet had been made a Chevalier in the Order of the Palms Académique, the educational equivalent of the French Legion of Honor. The award celebrates Pinet's contributions to France as well as his achievements as a scholar in the United States.

One of Pinet's many contributions to the country of France is his work with the *French Review*, the highest circulation scholarly journal of French studies in the world. Pinet has been on the editorial staff of the *Review* for nine years, and is currently the managing editor. The *French Review* is the official journal of the American Association of Teachers of French. Pinet is also a member

of the Executive Council of the AATF.

The Palms Académique dates back to Napoleon's time when he was trying to draw power away from the French nobles and the Catholic Church. One of his tactics was to create a system of public high schools and universities to educate the growing middle class. Public education took control of learning away from the Church and privileged classes, Pinet said. To bolster his new system, Napoleon set up honors such as the Palms Académique to give status to the teachers.

One of the nicest things about receiving the award, Pinet says, is all of the letters of congratulations he has received from former students and colleagues. "One of the things about being a teacher is that you don't know the effect that you have

on students. Some you affect in a good way, some in a bad way, and the years go by. You don't always know."

Perhaps one of the things that makes Pinet such an excellent teacher is his tremendous fascination with people. "I am intrigued by people. I love learning about people, all kinds of people. That's why I love teaching," Pinet's enthusiasm is evident whenever he discusses his passion for studying those around him. Even his French friends say, "Every time I talk to Chris, it's an interview!"

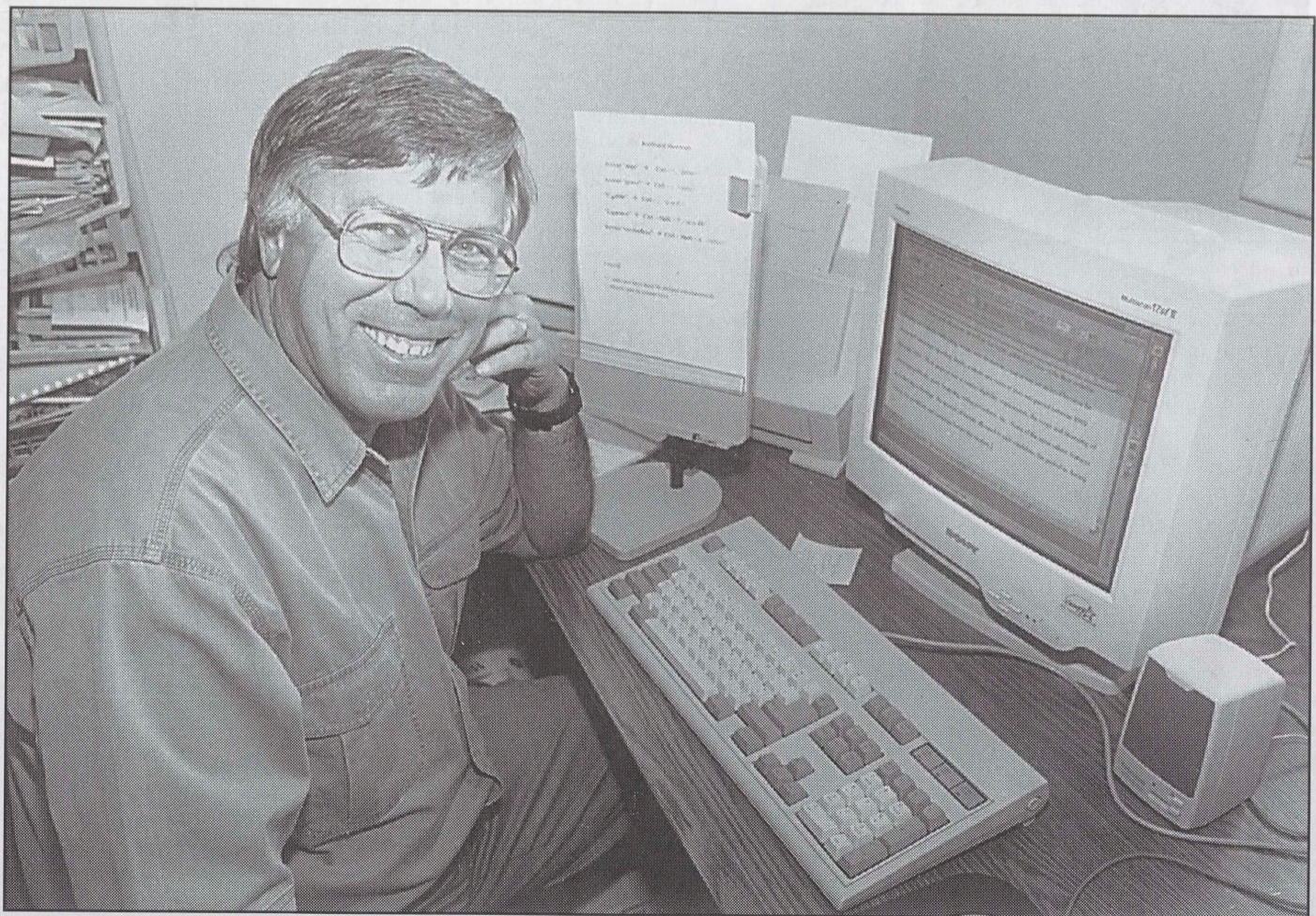
One of Pinet's ongoing research projects is a book that studies the people and culture of a working class suburb about one mile outside of Paris. Pinet has been studying the culture of Villejuif for many years.

While on sabbatical in 1988 and 1989, Pinet was living in a high rise

apartment building in Villejuif on a busy national highway. Pinet was struck by the sharp contrasts contained in the community as every morning the family awoke in a city of approximately 50,000 people to the provincial sound of the cock's crow from a nearby yard. Among the busy streets lay municipal gardens and small cottages. Pinet was pleased and surprised by the wonder of the French countryside even in a large city barely outside of Paris. "You could almost feel you were walking in the South of France."

Pinet has been teaching for 25 years, the last 15 years at Montana State University-Bozeman. He is the recipient of several teaching awards, including the Burlington Northern Award and four Alumni-Chamber of Commerce Awards.

—Rebecca Rickell-Gorton



Chris Pinet

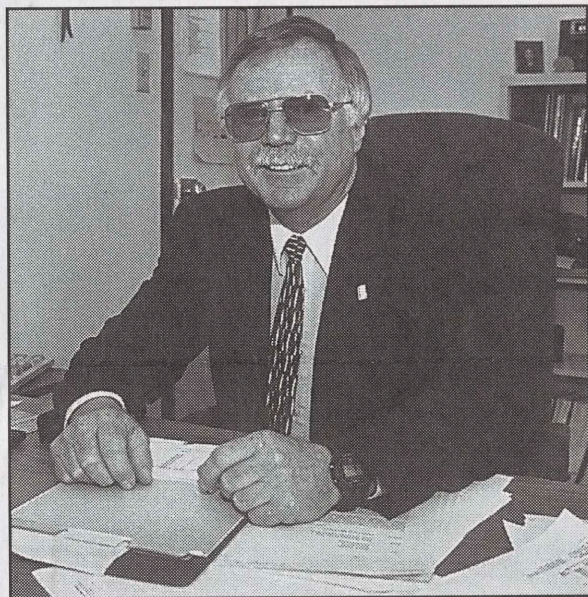
LINDA BEST

Letter from the Dean

To Alumni and Friends of the College of Letters and Science:

What a year it has been. The success stories featured in this issue of the Newsletter are just the tip of the iceberg for the College of Letters and Science. Our faculty have distinguished themselves in both their teaching and research programs. The mission of a real university is to develop as well as to disseminate new knowledge. Therefore, the teaching and research programs of a university faculty should be tightly coupled. Such certainly is the case in Letters and Science. Not only are faculty contributing to the education of our students, but they are also contributing to the growth of their professional disciplines. And, as is evidenced by the features in this Newsletter, they are earning national and even international distinctions for their efforts.

Not content to rest on their laurels, our faculty are engaged in several different efforts to effect genuine reform in the way we educate our students. Many of these efforts are truly multidisciplinary and involve faculty across the college as well as faculty from other colleges. One of the most significant changes we will see in the next few years is the use of distance learning through telecommunication to deliver our programs. An exciting example is the newly approved Master of Science in Science Education, a program shared by the colleges of Agriculture, Education, Health and Human Development, and Letters and Science. High school science teachers throughout the country who were trained in one discipline but must teach more than one discipline will be able to tailor-make a program that will give them the breadth they need while having to spend only one summer in residence in Bozeman. Faculty in the humanities and social sciences are exploring ways to incorporate new technologies in their teaching programs. And finally, we are in the early stages of developing a Center for Computational Biology. This initiative will not only involve world-class research at MSU-Bozeman, but it will also enable faculty in many disciplines across college boundaries to have real-time access to high-end computer facilities around the country. It has been very rewarding to have had the opportunity to work with the faculty who have put these exciting programs in place.



James McMillan

Our faculty's efforts are even more impressive when one takes in to consideration the increased responsibilities they have had to assume over the past few years. For example, the number of undergraduate majors in Letters and Science has increased 35% in the past five years. That puts a real burden on faculty who must absorb these students in their courses and who must put in more time advising and counseling.

One factor that makes our work rewarding and enjoyable is the number of high quality students we have. Some of our top students are featured here, but again, they are only the tip of the iceberg. Students are taking a more active role in their education by getting involved in faculty research projects and by taking more independent study courses. They are motivated and accepting of challenges, and they are finding the kinds of opportunities they want after graduation.

Finally, we welcome Dr. Joe Chapman as our new Provost at MSU-Bozeman. Dr. Chapman came from Utah State University and we look forward to working with him to face the challenges of the future. We also thank Dr. Jack Drumheller, former Dean of Letters and Science, for his tireless efforts to keep the university thriving during his year as Interim Provost.

Sincerely,

James A. McMillan, Interim Dean

Your Help is Needed

Montana State University-Bozeman, like many universities, must continue to rely heavily on private funds as state and federal funding decreases. Funds contributed to the College of Letters and Science Fund for Excellence enable us to provide quality instruction and to envision a future of progress in teaching and research as we prepare our students for their futures. Our MSU-Bozeman campus is expanding and the College of Letters and Science is growing with it. The College of Letters and Science, with your support, will continue to provide a quality education and a stimulating environment for our students and faculty for centuries to come.

**Montana State University Foundation
Fund for Academic Excellence 164670
1501 South 11th Street
Bozeman, MT 59717**

Your contribution is tax deductible.

Thank you for your generosity and support of excellence in education in the College of Letters and Science at Montana State University - Bozeman.

Mary Jane DiSanti, 1/11/96, reports that Jay, Cont'l Divide chef & owner in Ennis, has opened restaurant in old Mint Bar in Belgrade, MJ's dad's old hangout; he's put up pics of Horace Morgan and other oldtimers.



5-16-80

Dear Joan and Carol,

As we are unable to be at Bigman Sunday, I wanted you to know what a really great job you did on the "This House of Sky". You really told it how it was. It gives your readers a true picture of growing up in Montana during this time.

I was born and raised on a sheep ranch and still live on part of it. We now are in the fourth generation (my dad was Charley Bridgman) and have cattle and dudes. We are on the Buckle

Creek cut-off between Byeman
and Clyde Park - If you are ever
over this way, stop in and have
coffee.

Best regards
Mary Leffingwell and family

I know many of your people of
"This Home of Sky". My sister-in-law
who was Vera Essex knew your father.



Nine Quarter Circle Ranch

5000 TAYLOR FORK ROAD
GALLATIN GATEWAY, MONTANA 59730

In the Gallatin and
Yellowstone country
of the Montana
Rockies.

Ranch Telephone (406) 995-4276
Home Telephone (406) 586-4972



Kim & Kelly Kelsey

April 8, 1993

MR. IVAN DOIG
17021 10th Ave. N.W.
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

Kathy and Mike Malone are good friends of ours and I have told her a number of times that I would love to meet you for several reasons. My husband and I own the Nine Quarter Circle Ranch up the Gallatin Canyon. It is a "dude ranch"! I want to invite you and your wife as well as the Malones up for dinner some time this summer to show that a "dude ranch" isn't all that bad. Actually, I just finished reading English Creek for the umpteenth time. I love that book. Our children are fifth generation Montanans and the way you write, captures it all so well. My great grandmother homesteaded the farm my folks still run in Creston, Montana. And as always your line "But Marce and I are agreed that we will try whatever we have to, in order to hang on to this land. I suppose even dude ranching, though I hope to Christ it never quite comes to that." Well, I want to convince you that dude ranching isn't all that bad and we are okay people. Did Kathy ever tell you that the way she came to be in Montana was that she and her family were "dudes" at our ranch for many, many years. In fact we only know her as "Butch", call her that next time you see her. I love your writing and whenever I go in the bookstore to buy another book, I ask for an "Ivan Doigish kind of book." I would love to be able to write like you do so that you can even smell the hay that has been cut.

Kim and I would love to have all of you up to the ranch when we are open in the summer or even to show you the ranch in the winter when it is so peaceful and quiet. I have mentioned it to Kathy also and she says our place is the one place that Mike seems to relax. We tried to get them to take a break up there last summer, but as always Mike is so busy. Thanks for being such a wonderful writer and capturing Montana and it's people so well. I have to mention also, that English Creek is the only book my husband has read more than once. Please consider this a very sincere invitation to come and visit us.

Sincerely,

Kelly & Kim



The Libraries

MSU•Bozeman
P.O. Box 173320
Bozeman, MT 59717-3320

Administration

Telephone 406-994-3119
Telefax 406-994-2851

January 19, 2000

Mrs. Carol and Mr. Ivan Doig
17277 15th Avenue N.W.
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Carol and Ivan:

Thank you for your memorial gift to Special Collections in President Malone's honor. I wrote a note to Kathy recently to let her know of your thoughtful tribute to Michael. The campus is truly in mourning for Michael—he was so special. We shall use the gift to enhance our Special Collections Endowment, which, as you know, is focused on Montana history—seems most appropriate to me.

All best wishes.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Bruce Morton". The signature is stylized with a large, sweeping initial "B" and a long, horizontal stroke extending to the right.

Bruce Morton
Dean of Libraries

bm



MUSEUM OF THE ROCKIES

September 17, 1999

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

Dear Ivan and Carol:

What a pleasure to have you at the Museum of the Rockies. I know you've been here before and will doubtless come again, but we thought the evening had a truly wonderful book lovers quality about it, rain showers notwithstanding.

Of course, you were at your best Ivan with a wonderful essay all prepared for the night and you made each of us feel that it had been written for us alone. Actually when I think of how many lectures we do attend where the speaker presents no more than the warmed over version of another speech, I felt quite fortunate to be among the 250 who were seated in the auditorium. Though we had another 200 plus in the classrooms with less than a stellar television signal, not one person left.

I have sent one copy of **Mountain Time** to a friend of the museum who is also a particular fan of yours and am savoring mine until I get the summer season wrapped up and can read more than weekly attendance reports.

Best wishes from Tom. You are always welcome in Bozeman and certainly at the Museum of the Rockies. I fully expect either the museum or dinosaurs or both to find their way into your next novel.

Thanks again for a wonderful evening.

Sincerely,

Marilyn F. Wessel
Dean and Director

cc: Bonnie Sachatello-Sawyer





Dynamic Kramer brings "something special" to Bobcat football

by Bill Lamberty, MSU Sports Information Director

Mike Kramer became the 30th head football coach in Montana State University history on Dec. 6 and began a task much different than that which his predecessor, Cliff Hysell, began a day short of eight years earlier. The following is a conversation with Kramer regarding the current state of Bobcat football, along with his plans for future directions.

Q: In what state do you find this football program?

Mike Kramer: It was our evaluation of the personnel prior to taking the job that this team was OK. Since I've been here, I've been nothing but astounded by what I feel to be the quality of the athletes that are here.

Q: What can and can't you tell about a team from the opposite sideline?

MK: You can always measure height, weight, size and speed, but you can never measure passion. This team last year played with very little passion by the time it was in the throes of finishing the season. Without passion, height, weight, size and speed are negated. What has been exposed to us since we've been here is that there are some talented, athletic players here. What we have to do is reignite the fire.

Q: How is that done?

MK: You just have to wrap your arm around them and push them. Most college athletes are self-starters. I'm really anxious to show what this team can achieve, without regard to recruiting.

Q: What is the most important thing you're preaching to the kids in the program?

MK: Re-establishing a commitment to being sound fundamentally and enjoying the process. I want the players to enjoy themselves more than they are. I want them to be enthusiastic about the process.

about the health of Brandon Vancleeve. I don't know what his situation will be for the 2000 season. A lot of it depends on how his rehab continues to go. But that is a major concern.

Q: Have you made some position changes yet?

MK: We've moved some of the younger players to positions we feel better fit their personality, particularly Phil Wright to receiver and Ryan Elliott to defensive back. We've moved Ben Werner and Matt Horlacher over to offensive line, and those

are two key guys in my mind, offensive linemen that will play with a defensive lineman's mentality. They will make our offensive line meaner and tougher. We've already got so many bodies to choose from in the offensive front. Let's go. I'm ready for spring ball to start. We're already two-deep

in the offensive front for spring ball. We're only going to recruit two high school linemen. We only need two. Eventually I'd like to think we'll consider moving Brandon Vancleeve to linebacker.

He'd be an exceptional every-down linebacker for us. No one's ever played tailback for us that's been an every-down player. He's just too good a talent to be on the field only 35 or 40 plays. He can play 70 or 80 plays at linebacker. But there's still a lot that can happen with that situation.

Q: What is your defensive philosophy?

Morasko needs some strength training, but he'll be an every-down player, and between Cory Robinson and Eric Axlund, we've got speed and athletic ability.

Q: What do you look for in a recruit?

MK: He has to have a dynamic that will allow us to win. What I mean by that is that some guys have a strong academic dynamic, some guys have a physical dynamic, some guys have a social dynamic, some guys have a spiritual dynamic. Some guys will come in here that are great students whose athletic prowess are a long way

ahead of them, some guys will come here who are really athletic who need some academic help. We're looking for the combination, but it's got to be some sort of dynamic that fits in with what the team needs. We don't want every kid the same. We want a whole, rounded team.

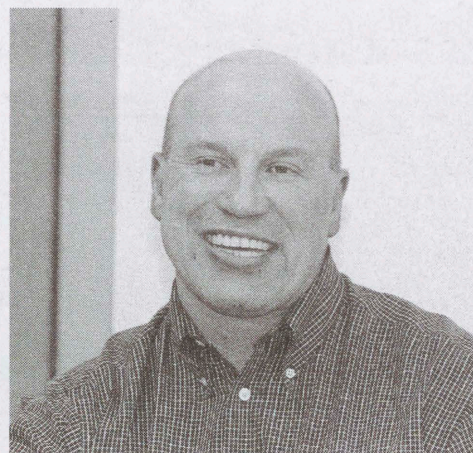
Height, weight, size, speed is not nearly as important as their spirit, their inner being. That really means a lot to me. If he has that twinkle in his eye, he's coming. If he needs to be motivated to come here and perform, we're going to bypass him. We are literally going to play at such a ferocious pitch, such a ferocious emotional pitch, that we'll need a number of guys at each position because if we play only one guy his tank will be on empty early. We need to be able to have quality depth. We need to have young guys know that even if they're not the starter they

has reinvented itself. This is not the same Montana State that it was in 1986. I believe that to be true academically as well as athletically. This University has strode forward in its development to become one of the outstanding academic institutions in the west on its own merit. Then, when the effort was made to improve the quality of the athletic facilities—which are second to none in the conference—to Sandy and I it was an awesome opportunity. I firmly believe that if we'd stayed at Eastern, we'd have won between 16 and 20 games over the next two years because of the players we have back. We didn't make this decision lightly or based on what a couple of bricks looked like stuck together with some mortar. You can feel the need for the type of football success that this athletic department, this University and Bobcats in this state want.

Mike Kramer knows the statistics, the heights and weights, knows all the physical attributes and kudos that his first recruiting class will bring to Montana State next August. But what he likes most about his first recruiting class as Montana State's head coach are the things that can't be measured.

"The number one asset I looked for in these kids was, 'Do they have the personality traits we need?' 'Do they enjoy life?' 'Are they leaders in the classroom, on the field, in the weight room?' Those are the things I want to build on. And to a man, every kid's high school coach says that they are among the best people on their team."

Kramer said while a few of the players may play next fall, his preference is to have the majority redshirt and grow in the program.



New MSU football coach Mike Kramer.



MSU in the News

Roark named interim president of Montana State

Terry Roark, former president of the University of Wyoming, was appointed by the Montana Board of Regents as the interim president of Montana State University. Roark will be the caretaker president while the university conducts a national search to replace the late Michael Malone, 59, who died Dec. 21 of a heart attack.

Roark, 61, retired from the top post at the University of Wyoming in July 1997 after a decade of service as president. He remained on the faculty at UW where, as president emeritus, he taught courses in astronomy and physics.

"We are very impressed with Dr. Roark's background and capabilities," said **Pat Davison**, '80 Acctg, chairman

of the Board of Regents. "Dr. Roark has a strong history of service at the University of Wyoming and at Kent State University and Ohio State University."

Dick Crofts, Commissioner of Higher Education who spearheaded the search for an interim president, said while it would be difficult for anyone to follow the legacy of Mike Malone, Roark is a proven leader with an impressive history in developing plans of action for improvement at the UW.

"He has a solid background in higher education, and the vision he has demonstrated through his writings and presentations make him a perfect fit for MSU at this time," Crofts said.

Roark will bring with him a history of work on a campus similar in size, geography and philosophy as MSU. Also a Land Grant institution, the University of Wyoming's fall enrollment was 10,940 students, compared to MSU-Bozeman's 11,753.

While at Wyoming, Roark is credited with initiating the School of Environment and Natural Resources and the African-American and American Indian Education Programs. He expanded the availability of UW degree programs and outreach services throughout the state.

Roark announced his retirement in 1996, saying that after 10 years it was time to step down to continue research and teaching.

Roark's research interests center on understanding the physical nature of interstellar dust, reflection nebulae and late evolutionary stages for stars similar to our sun.

Among Roark's many professional memberships are two that also will be key to his role at MSU. He served two terms on the Board of Directors for the Association of Western Universities and is a former director of the National Association of State Universities and Land-Grant Colleges, an organization in which Michael Malone also was active. Roark and his wife, Beverly, have a grown son, David.

Roark was one of two finalists for the interim position. Michael Owen, a retired

businessman who lives in Bozeman, and former dean of MSU's College of Business, was the other finalist. Owen retired from the College of Business in June.

Crofts will now concentrate on the national search for a permanent president for MSU, a process that typically takes at least one year. Crofts has said he hopes to have a replacement on the job before the 2001 Legislature begins meeting next January. Joyce Scott, deputy commissioner for academic affairs, will chair that search committee, Crofts said.

Speaking for the MSU vice presidents, David Dooley, interim provost and academic vice president, said MSU administrators very much appreciate the dedicated work of both the commissioner and the Board of Regents in appointing an interim president.

"We especially appreciate the broad consultation of the commissioner during

his visit to Bozeman and his willingness to consider all the suggestions and recommendations he received," Dooley said. Dooley said that the vice presidents believed, after interviewing the two final candidates, that either "would be an excellent fit."

"We want to personally thank Mike Owen for his willingness to come forward as a candidate for this position and for his continuing support of MSU. We look forward to beginning our work with Dr. Roark and know our campus and community will be very supportive of him as he makes his transition into his new role."

Roark, who assumed his duties at MSU Jan. 27, said he will not apply for the position on a permanent basis.

"I knew Mike Malone—he was a good friend," Roark said. "My wish is to serve this sister university as you search for the person who will take you into the future."



Terry P. Roark

Linda Best

A brief biography of Terry Roark

A native of Oklahoma, Terry P. Roark earned a B.S. degree in physics from Oklahoma City University in 1960 and received M.S. (1963) and Ph.D. (1966) degrees from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y. He began his teaching career as an assistant professor of astronomy at Ohio State University in 1966 and rose through the academic ranks to become full professor in 1976. He was named assistant provost for curricula in 1977, then became associate provost for instruction in 1979. In 1983, he was appointed professor of physics and vice president for academic and student affairs at Kent State University. The title and duties of provost were added in 1985. He was hired to lead the University of Wyoming in July 1987.

Roark's professional memberships include: The American Astronomical Society, Astronomical Society of the

Pacific, the International Astronomical Union and the American Association of University Professors. He is a member of the Society of Sigma Xi scientific honorary, Phi Kappa Phi scholastic honorary and Omicron Delta Kappa scholastic and leadership honorary.

He has served as a Western Interstate Commission for Higher Education (WICHE) commissioner from Wyoming and was chair in 1990-91. He was a member of the American Council on Education's Commission on Leadership Development, the Wyoming Geographic Alliance, and the Wyoming Mathematics Coalition. In 1991-92, he was chairperson of the Board of Directors for the Association of Western Universities. He is a former director of the National Association of State Universities and Land-Grant Colleges.



"Well done, good and faithful servant..."

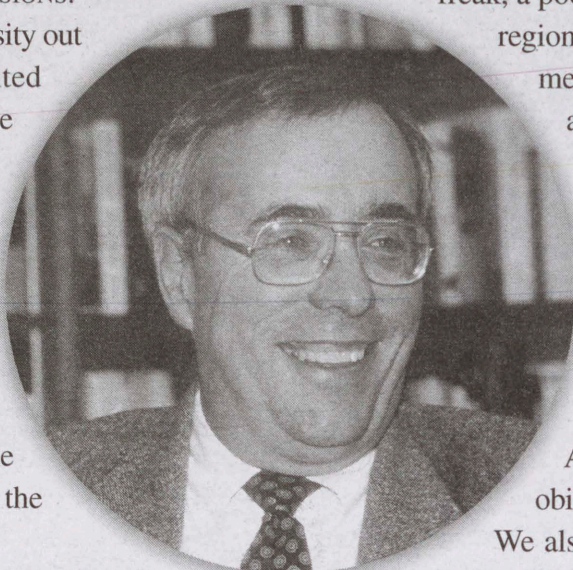
Matthew 25:21, from the eulogy by Interim Provost David Dooley

MICHAEL P. MALONE WAS A MAN OF MANY DIMENSIONS.

He was a leader who steered Montana State University out of some difficult times to an era of unprecedented success. He was a nationally-recognized intellect. He was a gifted teacher who was most at ease regaling a classroom with a little-known story of his beloved Montana. He was a quiet, kind, man with blue-collar sensibilities.

Most of all, Michael Malone was a historian who, through clear vision of our intricate past, linked us to our future. For that reason alone, perhaps it was fitting that in the waning days of the most remarkable century in Montana's history, the state lost one of the century's most remarkable historians.

As the weeks have passed since MSU's tenth president died of a heart attack on Dec. 21 at age 59, much has been said and memorialized about Michael Malone. He was a man of great wit and intelligence, a neat



freak, a poor golfer. Hundreds of mourners from throughout the region packed MSU's SUB Ballrooms on Dec. 27 for a memorial service. Another memorial service for faculty and students, many gone for winter break at Malone's death, was held Feb. 8. Letters and memorials have poured in. There is, indeed, much to say and remember about this man.

As we dedicate this issue of the MSU *Collegian* to Michael P. Malone, we present to you a tapestry of his years here and excerpts from events that have been held in his honor. (We ask the indulgence of Alumni Association members who may have read his obituary in the Winter edition of the *Collegian* magazine.)

We also include herein (on page 2) one of Mike Malone's last writings—a retrospective of Montana's 20th century written for the Associated Press. We think Mike's incisive writing about his favorite topic is a most fitting memorial.

Michael Malone: 1940–1999

DR. MICHAEL P. MALONE, Montana's pre-eminent historian and the tenth president of Montana State University, died of a heart attack at 1:15 a.m. Dec. 21. Returning from an out-of-town trip, he was stricken at Gallatin Field, Bozeman's airport, where efforts to resuscitate him failed. In August of 1995, Malone was treated for cardiomyopathy, a heart condition. Since then, he had been checked twice yearly by his physicians and was thought to be in good health.

Malone served for nine years in the presidency and was the first MSU president to preside not only over the original land-grant campus in Bozeman, but also over campuses in Billings, Great Falls and Havre. In total, his administrative responsibility spanned nearly 20,000 students and more than 3,673 faculty and staff. As he was fond of saying, the multi-campus system encompassed an area of Montana about the size of Great Britain.

Malone wrote nine books and 20 articles during his career including his definitive history of the state, *Montana: a History of Two Centuries*, written in conjunction with his close friend and colleague the late Richard Roeder. At the time of his death, he had a tenth book under contract to Yale University Press, a major work destined to reconceptualize western American history since 1930. Recently, two Montana newspapers listed him among the 100 most influential Montanans of the Century. He was the recipient of many other awards and honors for his scholarship and public service.

Malone was named MSU president in 1991, after a national search. A former dean of graduate studies and interim vice president for academic affairs at MSU, he literally changed the face of the campus during his presidency. Major building projects included Centennial Mall, the Engineering Physical Science Building which opened in 1997 and the newly opened Agricultural Biosciences Building.

Research endowments grew similarly, from barely \$13 million in the late 1980s when he was graduate dean to a total exceeding \$50 million in the last year of his life.

He was an ardent Bobcat athletics fan who seldom missed a contest. By 1998, he had accomplished the long-awaited renovation of the both the Fieldhouse and the Stadium.

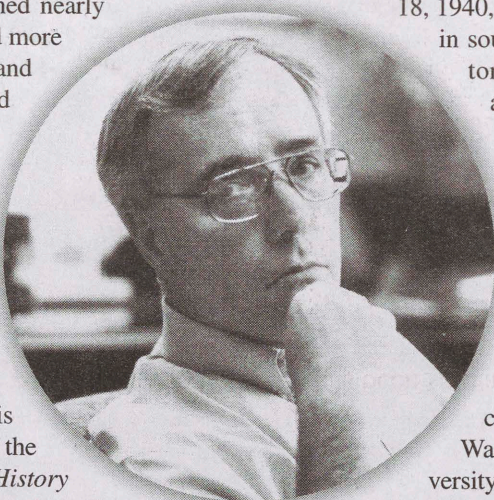
Of his accomplishments as president, Malone himself often cited his strong interest in re-structuring the undergraduate core curriculum, the development of the Burns Telecommunications Center and the introduction of active alumni and foundation development programs.

Michael P. Malone was born on April 18, 1940, in Pomeroy, a town in southeastern Washington, the son of John and Delores "Deb" Malone. Both parents preceded him in death.

After completing his BA in history at Gonzaga University, he graduated with a doctorate in American Studies from Washington State University in 1966. On April

18, 1983, he married Kathleen Campbell, who survives him. Michael is also survived by daughter Molly and her husband, Forest Ehlinger, and their children, Bryce and Zachery, who live in Auburn, Wash.; and his son, Thomas, and wife, Eriko, who live in Japan with their children Miguel and Shane.

Other survivors include Kathy's children: Clint and Kristi Campbell of Bozeman and their son Ian; Molly and Kevin Nave who live in Spokane with their children Ashley and Stephanie; and Wendy and Dennis Dougherty, who also live in Spokane with their son, Campbell; three half-brothers and a half sister; the Bowman family including Ray and Barb Bowman of Littleton, Colo.; Wynn and Becky Bowman, also of Littleton; Jenny Denny of Pomeroy and Kevin Bowman of Walnut Creek, Calif. Michael's stepfather, Ron Chard, also remains in Pomeroy.



Half-staff, December 21, 1999.

Parting words...

If Montana was his family, then he was the master of this house of sky.

Dorothy Bradley,
director of the Water Center and
candidate for lieutenant governor.

Many say Malone's most significant accomplishment may be the transformation of MSU into a formidable research institution that conducts groundbreaking work.

The Billings Gazette

He gave real meaning to the words 'gentleman' and 'scholar.'

Richard Crofts,
Montana's commissioner
of higher education.

Mike, in my mind, was one of the most decent, thoughtful, honest, accomplished and humble people I've ever known. All of us would do well to emulate the way that he went about performing his leadership responsibilities and contributing to Montana.

Gov. Marc Racicot

Apart from his obvious leadership capabilities, including being a wonderful writer, the most notable thing about Mike was that all of his friends thought they were his best friend.

Former U.S. Rep. Pat Williams, D-Mont.

While he saw greatness in others, he didn't see it in himself.

Kathy Malone

MIKE MALONE MEMORIAL ENDOWMENT

A committee of family, friends and MSU representatives, has been formed to determine the focus of a lasting memorial to Mike Malone. The university's goal is to establish a Michael P. Malone Professorship.

Board of Regents chair, **Pat Davison**, '80 Acctg, has been instrumental in spearheading the project. The goal is to have the fully endowed chair funded by the end of the year.

If you would like to contribute to the MIKE MALONE MEMORIAL ENDOWMENT, send your contributions to: MSU Foundation, Inc., 1501 South 11th Avenue, P.O. Box 172750, Bozeman, Montana 59717-2750. Or you can call (800) 457-1696.



MONTANA AT THE CLOSE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

by Michael P. Malone

Editor's note: As one millennium drew to a close, and another beckoned, The Associated Press requested that Michael Malone write a retrospective of Montana history. His concise insights, as well as his feelings about the state's future, exhibit Malone at his finest.

NEARLY A QUARTER-CENTURY AGO, when my late co-author Rich Roeder and I brought out our *Montana: A History of Two Centuries*, we obviously bent our time frame a bit in reckoning the beginning of our recorded history from about the time of the Revolution. One might better argue that our history truly began instead about two 200 years ago, from the time of Lewis and Clark.

Wherever we begin the sweep of Montana's historic record, it divides fairly evenly between the "frontier" world of the 19th century and the "modern" world of the 20th.

Our near-obsession with the frontier heritage lends us a love for and pride in our state and a familiarity with and commitment to preserving its history. But our comparative disinterest in, and ignorance of, our more recent past cause us considerable problems, for this is our more relevant inheritance. To a considerable extent, it makes us what we are.

It would be temptingly easy to conclude, as K. Ross Toole largely did over 20 years ago, that at least some of the most sweeping trends and events of the century largely bypassed this off-the-beaten-track state, even as they remade the nation and the world. Such a conclusion, which often instinctively seems right, is in fact quite wrong. Montana has, in fact, been transformed again and again by the main trends of this hectic 100 years.

As the new century dawned in 1900, the Treasure State was still very much a true "frontier." With an immense land-mass of 147,138 square miles and a 1900 population of only 243,329, Montana easily met any demographic definition of frontier, at 1.6 persons per square mile.

Montana's dominant mining industry found itself amidst the turbulence of the "War of the Copper Kings" at the dawn of the new century. During the first 15 years of the century, it erupted in a statewide struggle of Amalgamated Copper, which gave way to Anaconda Copper in 1915, to corner not only Butte but also the smelting-refining cities of Great Falls and Anaconda against its independent and progressive enemies. By the close of this epic economic-political-legal struggle, the Anaconda Copper Mining Company dominated the Montana business sector to a greater extent than any other corporation dominated any other state, with the possible exception of Dupont in Delaware. With a heavy hand over the state's economy, an ugly political dominance, even ownership of all but one of Montana's major daily newspapers, the shadow of Anaconda hegemony over the Treasure State, while often exaggerated, would remain a major fact of our life until the last quarter of the century.

The transformation of agriculture involved both the continuing retreat of the epic open range of stockgrowers, including cattlemen and a very large wool-growing sector, and the last great rush of homesteaders in the history of the nation. During the years 1909-1918 occurred the most far-reaching, revolutionary development in the state's entire history, the big homestead rush. The land rush transformed the Treasure State forever, in effect bringing an extension of the Upper Midwest and a humid-area system of intensive agriculture westward into the Rockies. In contrast to the older, established culture of the west, this new sprouting of farms and farm towns was conservative, Republican, Protestant and moralistic. By the

crest of the boom in World War I, Montana had developed a geographic "split personality."

Amidst the patriotic frenzy of World War I, a terrible bout of drought and then depression began and then deepened during 1919-22. The homestead boom became a bust that signaled the end of the frontier process and initiated a long decline in agricultural population that persists to this day. The 1920s, a generally prosperous time nationally, was a tough time in Montana, the only decade in our history when we actually lost population.

Things got much worse during the "Dirty Thirties," amidst searing drought, collapsing prices, and persisting depression. Montana was a major beneficiary of President Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal program. Major federal investments, ranging from direct "work-relief" and agricultural subsidies to the construction of Fort Peck and lesser dams, transformed the local economy.

The Second World War had far greater impact upon the Big Sky State. The war brought a remarkable surge of prosperity that truly ended the hard times of the preceding two decades.

Montana attracted new military bases at Great Falls while, paradoxically, it also lost much of its population both to the armed forces and to better paying jobs in out-of-state cities.

The postwar era of 1945-60 was a happy and prosperous time in the Treasure State. While agriculture steadily lost population, it remained the state's main livelihood, as it had been since 1908. Mining remained important, even as it, too, sagged in employment and influence; and the regressive might of Anaconda slowly diminished, particularly with the sale of its newspapers in 1959. The long-established lumber industry now evolved into a true, diversified "wood products" sector, based at Missoula, and a heretofore marginal oil and gas industry rose spectacularly in the north and east. Tourism grew up to become the state's second largest livelihood and a "service" sector gradually became an economic mainstay.

Billings, Great Falls and Missoula surpassed a declining Butte. With the sagging of the Anaconda Company on the right and of militant labor unions on the left, Montana's tradition of fiery and confrontational politics gave way to a milder, middle-road variety epitomized

by Senator Mike Mansfield.

The calm of the postwar era turned to genuine excitement during the hectic 1970s. Coinciding with a farm-ranch boom fueled by rising agricultural commodity prices, a global energy crisis brought spectacular price surges and booming production to the state's oil, gas and especially coal industries. This unprecedented prosperity was matched by a robust environmental movement sparked in part by fear of a massive development of the state's coal and water resources, and by an interlude of progressive Democratic politics.

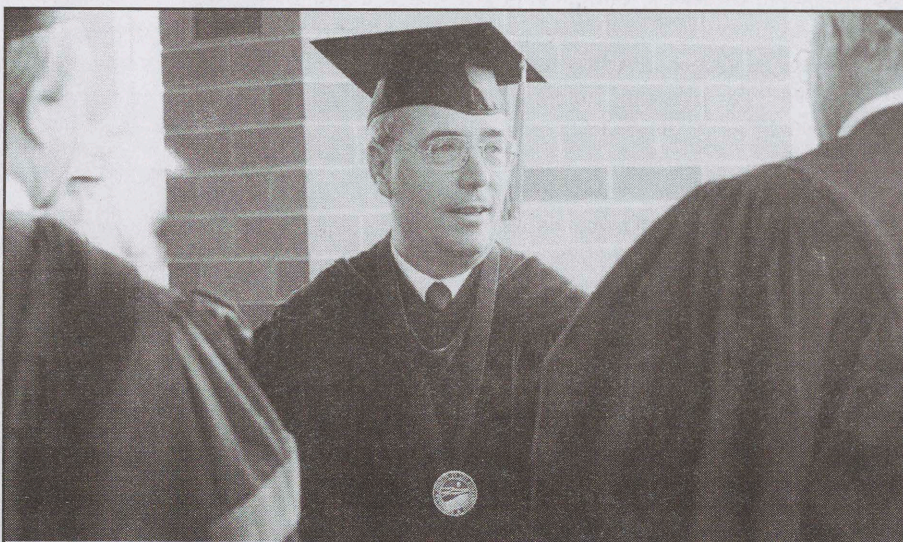
The boom of the 1970s turned into the bust of the 1980s, as commodity prices plummeted amidst droughts and as an unanticipated energy surplus likewise depressed fuel prices. Thus, Montana reached its centennial of statehood in the grip of depression, outmigration, a mounting protest against its unbalanced tax system, even the insult of a national news magazine dismissing its region as the "American Outback."

The 1990s witnessed a restoration of relative prosperity, buoyed especially by a burgeoning tourist business and some growth of the new "high-tech" and high-service industries that have added so much to national prosperity. This final decade of the century saw repeated efforts to scale back our already deficient and outmoded tax system.

The Nineties also witnessed a suddenly enhanced national, even global interest in the Big Sky State that dwarfs anything that ever preceded it. This stems in part from the state's remarkable outpouring of fine fictional writing, from Hollywood's infatuation with it and from its sudden popularity as an idyllic retreat for the wealthy and famous. Suddenly, Montana was "cool," the focus of ads for sports vans and clothing lines for the outdoor-bound. The new attention to Montana also had its dark side, resulting from extremist groups and even the "Unabomber" finding refuge here.

It has been, admittedly, a rocky ride. Montana has participated only on the margins of American affluence and world leadership.

Yet, it is equally true that Montana still represents much of what is best in America at century's end, both in its landscape and in its social and cultural profiles. Our vast and underpopulated state will remain what it always has been—a pawn of national and global forces beyond our control. It is also true, however, that we can exercise some control over our future, particularly by modernizing such key public policies as taxation and investments. If we meet that challenge, the century ahead can be a better one for our descendants.



Mike with a Montana Humanities medal: An uncommon mix of teacher, scholar, administrator.

Montana State Collegian Vol. 77, February 2000, Number 1

Editorial board: Carol Schmidt, Jaynee Drange Groseth '73 HomeEc, '91 MS, Rick Jackson '82 SpCm, Tom Gelder, Allan Smart, Cathy Conover, '86 MEd, Kerry Hanson, '93 BusMktg., Caroline Zimmerman, '83 Biol, Design and production by University Graphics: J. Moss Hartt, Kristen Drumheller, '99 BA.

The Montana State Collegian (ISSN 1044-7717) is published by the Montana State University Alumni Association five times a year in February, April, July, October, December. Office of publication: Foundation & Alumni Center, 1501 S. 11th Ave., Bozeman, Montana 59717. Periodicals postage paid at Bozeman, MT and at additional mailing office. Postmaster: Send address changes to Montana State Collegian, 1501 S. 11th Ave., Bozeman, MT 59717. (406) 994-2401. E-mail: alumni@montana.edu.

On the Cover

Photo by Doug Loneman, Bozeman Daily Chronicle



Family was very important to Mike Malone — (l to r) Forrest Ehlinger, Molly Ehlinger, Molly Nave, Wendy Dougherty, Kathy Malone, Mike, Kristi Campbell, Clint Campbell. Not pictured, Thomas and Eriko Malone.

refining processes. Faced with output that outstripped demand of industrial consumers, he turned to research to develop new household products and to advertising to create a market for them and expand sales. Ceaseless promotion established widely recognized brand names and a pattern of advertising that continued well into the twentieth century through such varied outlets as publications, development of Death Valley as a tourist destination, promotions—including the sale of models of twenty-mule teams—and radio and television program sponsorship.³⁰

At another level, control of the colemanite deposits in Mule Canyon bought time and generated the means with which Frank Smith could consolidate his hegemony over the industry. The chain of mergers that he engineered after adding the Coleman properties to his own took full advantage of the facts that his Calico mine was the most productive in the world and that its easy access to railroads provided an inexpensive means of transporting its large and valuable yield. It also placed him at the center of structural changes that set the corporation at the center of the nation's changing economy. His repeated use of leverage to finance his growing corporate holdings positioned him in the forefront among the entrepreneurs of his time. A desire to control production and thus stabilize prices led him to form a multinational combine that dominated global borax output and marketing. When Calico's borates were exhausted, Smith's foresight and resources enabled him to shift operations to Death Valley.

Although Smith's empire was relatively small, his consolidation of the borax industry created for him a place within a rising and visionary class of businessmen who devised structures that could impose con-

trol, order, and stability on production and markets in an emerging industrial economy. His enterprises lay in an underdeveloped and dependent region, but they were in no sense subject to external control and thus colonial. It was Smith, shrewd in identifying and exploiting an opportunity, who dominated them, and it was Smith who accumulated the profits. Thus, Smith's Borate operations can rightly be compared to the financial empires of John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, or J. P. Morgan, and his career perceived in parallel to the advances of these captains of industry. *m*

DOUGLAS STEEPLES is dean of the College of Liberal Arts, Mercer University, Macon, Georgia, and author of *Democracy in Desperation: The Depression of 1893* (with David Whitten); *Treasure from the Painted Hills: A History of Calico, California, 1882–1907*; and numerous articles in western and economic history. He has edited and contributed to three volumes on higher education, and his edited and annotated facsimile reprint of John Randolph Spears, *Illustrated Sketches of Death Valley and Other Borax Deserts of the Pacific Coast* will be issued by the Johns Hopkins University Press in spring 2000.

Frank Smith, who translated his borax-empire fortune into one of California's major real estate and transportation concerns, lost both after 1913 when he and his borax associates failed to meet financial obligations. Despite the ultimate failure of his borax endeavors, Smith repeatedly introduced technological advancements, developed new products, and established a widely recognized brand name. Perhaps the most famous promotion using the twenty-mule team was sponsorship of radio and television's *Death Valley Days*, hosted first by "The Old Ranger" Stanley Adams (right, no date), and later by actor and future president Ronald Reagan.



From Richard West, *Television Westerns: Major and Minor Series, 1947–1978* (Jefferson, N.C., 1987), p. 38



PAUL R. WYLIE
A Professional Corporation
Attorney at Law
1805 W. DICKERSON, BLDG. 2, STE. 3
BOZEMAN, MT. 59715
Telephone 406-585-7344
Fax 406-585-7358
E-mail PWLAW@AOL.COM

April 27, 2006

Ivan Doig
17277 15th Ave. N. W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

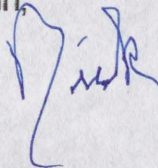
Dear Ivan,

Thanks for pointing me in the right direction a couple of years ago on my Meagher book.

It eventually led to approval and a contract from University of Oklahoma Press. My final draft is going in within a few days, and they say a little over a year for publication – maybe summer 2007. The title will be The Irish General, and from it one should get the idea that it's an Irish story, with Irish history background, Tasmania, New York and Civil War involvement – and only then do we get to Montana!

Hope our paths cross soon.

Thanks again,



identify with both, the economic and the spiritual Columbia. Opinion polls consistently reflect popular support for "saving the salmon," but they also indicate that people hesitate to change the management of the river without guaranteed results. At the end of the twentieth century, the story of the Columbia has become an inescapable conundrum.

The compelling mythic story is a miraculous blend of both views of the river. In 1959, for example, the Oregon League of Women Voters addressed the threats to the Columbia by challenging the view that the region decided between "fish or power," and claiming:

We can still have water for humans and fish, water for crops and forests, unspoiled streams for esthetic appreciation and water for fun IF, through comprehensive planning, the right choices and compromises are made in time.²⁶

The "fish or power" choice became common vernacular for management strategies on the river, and promises of sufficient water for both fish and power have been constants. Neither view has been abandoned. In 1993, then Representative Ron Wyden claimed that the Columbia could provide everything its people desired but it meant costly investments. "We can either make some targeted investments right now" Wyden warned, "or pay more in the long run."²⁷

The investments have been incredible, yet the solution that preserves the spiritual and historic river continues to elude us. The previously unimaginable strategy of removing dams has emerged from planning meetings into the full light of day. Tribal representatives want fish in the Columbia, while power and wa-

ter users hope they can retain their claims on the river. The discussion, the story, and the expensive remediations roll on like the river itself, with no one quite sure how to stop the flow and decide which river to enshrine. "Either we ought to make enough changes to give the salmon a chance of coming back," former Northwest Power Planning Council Chairman Angus Duncan concluded, "or we shouldn't be spending any of this money at all." Yet the will to have both salmon and power drives the story line. In the political arena, the two goals remain joined, the two rivers still flow together. Oregon Governor John Kitzhaber put it bluntly: "You can't solve power issues without solving the fish issues, and you can't solve the fish issues without solving the power issues."²⁸

This conundrum is part of the myth that pervades the Pacific Northwest, a part that runs rich in Robert Penn Warren's historic and poetic senses. For the Columbia, the myth is a mixed blessing at best, while for the people of the Columbia it is simply how the river is understood. There are few children of the region who do not have both rivers flowing through them; there are few who are entirely immersed in the economic or the spiritual river. This is what makes the questions about the Columbia's future so intractable. *m*

WILLIAM L. LANG is professor of history, Portland State University, and director of the Center for Columbia River History in Vancouver, Washington. He is co-editor with Robert Carriker of *Great River of the West: Essays on the Columbia River* (University of Washington Press, 1999).

Throughout the twentieth century, public sentiment seemed to identify with both the economic and spiritual Columbia. Still, power generation took precedent, and when The Dalles Dam inundated Celilo Falls (shown at right, circa 1954, before the dam was completed), it destroyed a salmon fishery that had supplied one-third of the annual caloric needs of local Indians for thousands of years.

Efforts to restore the salmon runs have proved unsuccessful thus far.

Clady Seufert, photographer, Oregon Historical Society, Portland



Selected Excerpts from the Writing of Michael P. Malone

MICHAEL P. MALONE'S WRITING WAS MUCH LIKE MIKE HIMSELF. In generally short sentences, chock-full of information and clear summary, his narratives led easily and even-handedly, even optimistically, from one thought to the next, all the while painting in small strokes memorable moments and enduring word pictures. There was no agenda here, save to tell a good story and explain cogently why things happened the way they did. Malone's classic history of Montana's Copper Kings, *The Battle for Butte: Mining and Politics on the Northern Frontier* (1981) contains many passages that might illustrate these characteristics. One is a description of "the hill."

~

"The Anaconda Hill and its environs have been consumed by the yawning, shovel-mined cavity of the Berkeley Pit, but in the old days this area was the main focus of Butte mining. . . . All in all, the great hill presented a colorful panorama, a vast American mosaic of bustling men and machinery. So large was the mining district that an unfathomable labyrinth of interconnected tunnels reached all the way from Walkerville, well over two miles to Meaderville. In contrast to many other districts, Butte's mines produced few gases; and since the tunnels were interlocked, hoisting and exit from them was relatively easy. One could literally move underground from one end of camp to the other. By 1900, most of the bigger mines had electric lighting and power, and many had three-compartment shafts reaching to depths of 2,000 or more feet. Above ground, the steel gallows frames rose over 100 feet above the shafts. With their top-mounted, clanging cable wheels eternally raising and lowering cages of men and material into the depths of the mines, the gallows frames came to symbolize the city itself." — *The Battle for Butte: Mining and Politics on the Northern Frontier* (1981), pp. 61-62.

Mike Malone



Doug Lomenum, photographer, Bozeman Chronicle

WHEN MIKE MALONE GAVE A TALK at the Bozeman Trail Heritage Conference last summer in Bozeman, he arrived about ten minutes ahead of time. The meeting room at the Holiday Inn had emptied for a break, and as Mike navigated through a sea of chairs, he walked, as Pierce Mullen says so well in an essay here, paddle-footed like a sailor newly landed. He was dressed casually in gray slacks and a short-sleeved pastel window-paned shirt. With a metal case in one hand, he extended the other with a typically upbeat Malone greeting: "Hey, Chuck. Hope I'm not late."

As I returned the greeting and assured him that he was in fact right on time, he went to work on the metal case, out of which he unfolded an overhead projector. With the projector he would show several maps and charts to illustrate his talk, including a map of Mon-

A Man to Remember

Michael P. Malone (left), giving a presentation as Montana State University president in September 1999

tana. To most people, a map is a map, but to Mike Malone it was the means to a consummate icebreaker. As he used a pointer to highlight the locations of Montana's early gold camps, he noted the state's squiggly western border. Someone, he noted, once said that border seemed a perfect profile of Richard Nixon. At once, everyone was riveted not only to the map but to what he would say next.

It was classic Mike Malone, and I remember marveling at it. Here was the president of one of the West's major land-grant institutions, indeed, president of one-half of the state's university system, including campuses in Billings, Great Falls, and Havre, all recently united under the aegis of Montana State University. Yet here, too, was this regular guy. As the Great Falls *Tribune* put it after his death last December 21, Malone was "an immensely likable and talented man who also happened to be a university president." And here he was in this late afternoon in July, taking time out from a busy president's schedule to talk about Montana's gold rush—with a few notecards, an overhead projector that he hauled in from the car himself, a store of knowledge, anecdotes, and clear-headed perceptions, and a mind capable of capturing any of it without a moment's hesitation. "Mike had this incredible mind," said MSU friend Cathy Conover. "He always had a history channel running."

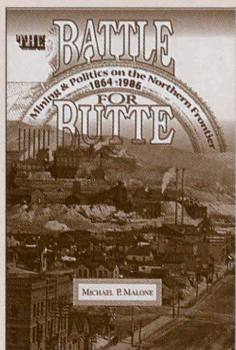
Michael P. Malone was born on April 8, 1940, in Pomeroy, a small southeastern Washington agricultural community. He grew up there, sometimes working in the nearby Jolly Green Giant pea fields as a youth. Upon high school graduation, he enrolled at Spokane's Gonzaga University, a Jesuit school. He intended to become a lawyer but switched to history as a sophomore. "I just liked the subject," Malone told an interviewer last summer. "I thought it would be fun to make a career of doing for others what [historians] were do-

ing for me." He graduated *magna cum laude* in 1962 and then earned a doctorate in American studies from Washington State University in 1966, that is, at the remarkable age of twenty-six. After teaching history for a year at Texas A&M University, he accepted an assistant professor's position at Montana State University in Bozeman, an institution he would never leave. He made associate professor in 1970, full professor in 1973, and chair of the department in 1976. The following year, he succeeded Joe Medicine Crow on the Montana Historical Society's Board of Trustees, a position he would hold, including a two-year term as board president (1985 to 1987) until Rich Roeder replaced him in 1992. He accepted appointment as MSU's dean of graduate studies in 1979, the same year he became director of MSU's Burton K. Wheeler Center. In 1988, he was named interim Vice President for Academic Affairs, a position he held until he replaced William Tietz in 1991 as Montana State's tenth president.

At a special memorial service held for Malone on December 27, the Reverend John Hutchinson told of Malone's interview for the president's job. Hutchinson is now an Episcopal priest in Missouri, but in 1991 he was a Montana commissioner of higher education. Hutchinson said Malone's interview, held at the Colonial Inn in Helena, began with the committee's asking the candidate if he had any opening remarks. Malone replied that he did, saying at one point, "Mr. Tietz may have been a Roosevelt—I'm something more of an Eisenhower." From that moment, Hutchinson recalled, Malone had them all in the palm of his hand, although Mike didn't know that and indeed never suspected it. In fact, so convinced was he that he hadn't done well, he went to his room, told his wife Kathy to pack up and meet him downstairs, and then headed for the parking lot to warm up the car to leave. It was there that Hutchinson caught up with him to tell him he had the job.

Malone became the first MSU president in a long while to insist on an inauguration. He did so to signal a change, and during his nine years as MSU's president, there was much of that. He is credited with at least presiding over, if not instigating, the largest capital construction campaign the campus has ever seen: a \$22 million engineering building; a \$12 million agriculture and bioscience building; a \$1 million facelift to the central campus mall and to restore the cupola to the top of Montana Hall; a \$7.5 million renovation for the Renne Library; a \$10 million upgrade to the football stadium; and \$13.5 million in repairs to the fieldhouse. As the *Missoulian* put it, his was "one of the most successful tenures in the history of the institution." To be sure, Malone was not without his critics for all this, but he built consensus wherever he could and such projects

Another was Malone's characterization of the Butte community: "Butte seemed not to take itself, or anything else, very seriously. When Billy Sunday reprimanded it as the hardest drinking town he had ever seen, Butte paid little attention.



When Carrie Nation went on a 1910 crusade through the red-light district, she met large crowds of laughing disbelievers and was rudely ejected from a parlor house by matronly madame May Maloy. Butte was tough, yet Butte was tender. Stark and ugly, warm and unpretentious, fatalistic yet fun-loving and convivial, the city left visitors aghast, but it struck an enduring affection and loyalty in the hearts of its people. Once known, Butte was never forgotten." — *Battle for Butte* (1981), p. 75.

As anyone familiar with Malone's *Battle for Butte* knows, the book is not a biography, though it includes much biographical description of such key figures as Marcus Daly, William A. Clark, and F. Augustus Heinze. Still, it is far more a systematic study—political, corporate, and otherwise—of the consolidation of economic and political power surrounding and emanating from Butte Hill.

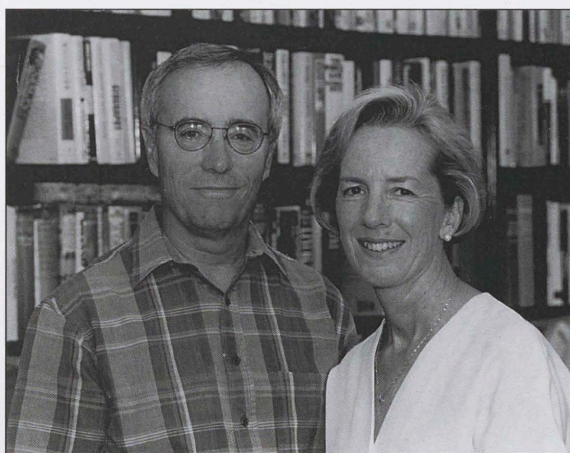
Nonetheless, Mike Malone made his mark as an effective biographer early on with his political biography of C. Ben Ross, the New Deal-era Idaho governor who became the subject of his Ph.D. dissertation and his first book. A quarter century later, he made his mark as a biographer again with what some regard as his best book, which traced the career of railroad magnate James J. Hill. With the sensitivity only a mature biographer can bring to his subject, Malone, in a chapter titled "The End of the Line," described Hill in old age.

"The last years were, by about any standard, very good years," he wrote. "James J. Hill lived to what

came to reflect well his determination to transform MSU from the local college in Bozeman into a progressive, internationally respected place of higher learning and research.

In addition to believing in higher education's unique ability to improve people's lives, Malone also loved power, if it could be used for good. "He was always interested in power politics—who makes the decisions," fellow MSU historian Jeff Safford said of him. Yet Malone never became so much a university president, a man with the power to make a difference, that he lost his compass as a historian. Malone himself joked that despite being president, his "honest profession" was that of history professor, someone who could make a difference in quite another way.

At the time of his death, Malone was working on his tenth book, under contract with Yale University Press and tentatively titled "The Search for Paradigm in Western American History, 1930–2000." The title reflected well his interests—the twentieth century, historiography, the play of ideas, order. Over what seems now an all-too-short career, he authored or coauthored nine books, a host of book reviews, and an impressive list of historical articles, many of which appeared in this magazine. Among his books were two edited works: *Montana Century* (1999), his most recent; and *Historians and the American West* (1983). In addition, he wrote two biographies—*James J. Hill: Empire Builder of the Northwest* (1996) and *C. Ben Ross and the New Deal in Idaho* (1976, revised 1991)—and his classic monographic history of Montana's Copper Kings, *The Battle for Butte: Mining and Politics on the Northern Frontier* (1981, reprinted 1995). He also coauthored such works as *The American West: A Twentieth-Century*



Mike Malone with his wife Kathy in his office at Montana State University

All photographs courtesy Kathy Malone unless noted otherwise

History (with Richard W. Etulain, 1989); and what stands as the standard Montana history text, *Montana: A History of Two Centuries* (with Richard B. Roeder in 1976; and in revised edition with Richard Roeder and William L. Lang in 1991). In addition, Malone served as this magazine's book review editor for twelve years, 1978–1990, and he was a contributing member of its editorial board when he died, a position he had filled valuably since 1986.

Such a man is pursued by other opportunities. The night Mike Malone died he had just returned from Pullman, Washington, where Washington State University officials had attempted to interest him in the university president's job there (for what would have been almost double his salary at MSU). Washington State officials later said Malone had turned them down. His heart was with MSU.

His heart. That was the problem. In 1995 he had been hospitalized and then diagnosed with cardiomyopathy, an enlarged and weakened heart. Under doctor's orders, he improved his diet and exercise regimen, but it was probably only a matter of time, and he knew it. Now he wore a medical alert bracelet, and, despite good check-ups, he knew his prognosis might eventually worsen. Despite his condition, or perhaps because of it, he didn't slow down. It was 1:00 A.M. when he arrived at the Bozeman airport that night last December, having come in on a late flight. Alone, he had retrieved his luggage, gone to the parking lot to get his car, drove to the toll booth, and paid the attendant, who had wished him a merry Christmas. "Same to you," he is said to have replied. With

a light snow falling, he had driven on perhaps a hundred yards before his car hit a stanchion at slow speed and came to rest. A small crowd gathered, some of whom tried to revive him, but to no avail. His heart had given out.

Mike Malone never wasted an opportunity. He almost always wore an MSU cap or sweatshirt, or had an MSU pin on his lapel, and his license plate read "MSU 1." But, as the Bozeman *Chronicle* editorialized the day after his death, "he was at home in any company, minus the superiority that might be expected in the president of a major university." Said Montana Governor Marc Racicot, who ordered flags flown at half mast after Malone's death, "I don't know anybody who ever met Mike Malone who didn't like him. And not just liked him a little bit—liked him a lot." Malone considered time itself as precious a resource as any, and he made the most of it. "He could use ten minutes better than anybody I ever saw," declared Rolf Groseth, systems coordinator at MSU. Indeed, University of Montana history professor Harry Fritz once jokingly accused Malone of "getting a whole chapter written during a deans' meeting."

Four others who knew him as well or better—Pierce Mullen, Bill Lang, Vivian Paladin, and Dick Etulain—offer their reflections in the following tributes. As what they say here shows and, as Mike Malone himself said of Robert Athearn in these pages in 1984, "he was a man to remember."

Charles E. Rankin
Editor

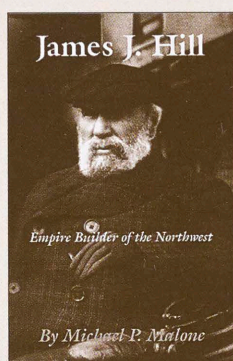
MIKE MALONE WAS FIRST AND FOREMOST A WRITER. He knew the story of the Book of Kells and Padraic Colum's poem:

First, make a letter like a monument—
An upright like the fast-held hewn stone
Immovable . . . then, on a page made golden as the crown
Of sainted man, a scripture you enscroll,
Blackly, firmly, with the quickened skill
Lessoned by famous masters of our school.

When he visited Trinity College in Dublin, Mike saw these famous pages and he must have felt very much at home with those Irish monks, who wrote, as one chronicler put it, "with pens guided by angels."

Before we search out the mainsprings of his scholarly craftsmanship, let us take a stroll with Mike. He walked with a bit of a roll—rather like a sailor newly landed or a miner no longer constrained by low ceilings. He would hum a line or spin off a phrase or two from a song which fit the moment. He loved to talk shop, whether it was about history or "that damned grizzly bear" in the Bozeman airport lobby. You soon noticed that the banter edged in one direction or another—it opened a window just a bit—you could guess that he was thinking of this or that subject. A remark or phrase might quickly lead to a new topic—Artie Shaw's third clarinet player or the color of the gown worn by the lady in San Francisco when she was with Warren G. Harding. Mike was a volcano of fresh

was then the venerable age of seventy-eight, supported by a wife who was, to the end as always, dutiful, dedicated, and supportive. All but one of his children, a daughter who died in infancy, outlived him. Although the pangs of old age visited him in full measure—rheumatism, enlarged prostate, the fits of congestion that periodically drove him to bed, painful dental problems, nagging hemorrhoids that he could not bring himself to have removed—these never combined to drive the willful old man to abandon his active, driven life-style. He did seem to become a bit more mellow, humorous, and solicitous with the passing years, though he appeared to fear death no more than he had feared life. The signature, grizzled Hill mien seemed more unkempt than ever. Photographs and, later in his life, motion pictures show him with discolored teeth, the always shaggy beard, and thinning hair turned snow-white; with a contented grin and with his thumbs looped in his lapels, he rocked back confidently in his stance. A large slice of the world was his: he had conquered it and successfully laid claim to it.” — *James J. Hill: Empire Builder of the Northwest* (1996), p. 263.



Although an accomplished biographer, Malone was first and foremost a “regional” historian, not a “frontier” historian. Because he favored place-based history over process-based history, he concentrated on the history of Montana and the Rocky Mountain West rather than on a moving frontier. “The West as a field of Americana,” he wrote, “still appeals to the broader public, not just because of the frontier mystique but also because of the public’s fascination with the West as a place, a unique place.” — “The ‘New Western History,’ An Assessment,” in *Trails: Toward a New Western History* (1991), p. 100.

Still, Malone could argue against uniqueness. “So we assume that, for good and bad, Montana is

surprises, and he never failed to surprise and delight you with something you never dreamed of.

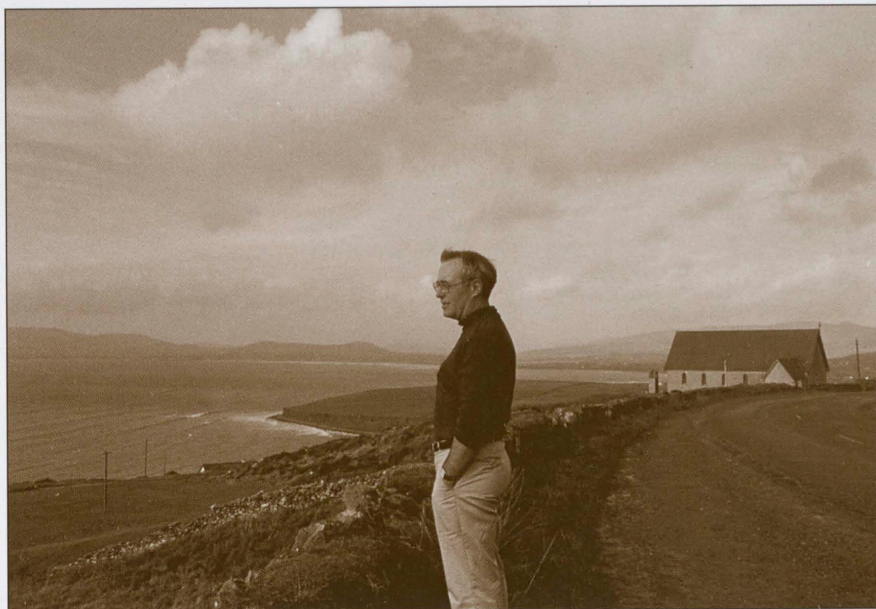
In more serious conversation it was Mike’s wonderful practice to listen attentively—sometimes he wore an almost quizzical look as if he were helping you get those gray cells all lined up so that your next sentence would make sense—ask a question or two, and then to offer no immediate program of his own. He took in your views, restrained his own, and added the data to his own mix. It was as if we were instructing him, gratified by his receipt of what he apparently thought wise counsel. Once determined upon a course of action he seldom looked back. He was never plagued by doubts; he never second-guessed his judgment. Occasionally he would query you, but mostly that was to make you certain that he knew your views, your reservations, and that, if he had not accepted them, he respected the source.

Also you and I noticed something refreshing: he possessed an open mind. Ideology was foreign to his nature. You can scan his writings in vain for ideological content—it was simply not in him. And most remarkably, he held no irony. It may be in the long run that this bloody century of ours will be reviled as the hundred years of ironic detachment and cynicism. The moral relativism that underpins irony was alien to his soul. It might be argued that this trait was as American as his hometown of Pomeroy, Washington.

Mike grew up in that agricultural community, very near where Lewis and Clark trekked on their way to the Pacific. He worked for the Jolly Green Giant in those steep and hilly pea fields and loved, as kids did, to play practical jokes on his fellows with the super-cold anhydrous ammonia used as fertilizer. A frozen tennis shoe or tool brought howls of laughter. Just up the road was Spokane, and he knew of the wise words uttered by the Indian leader of that name. Northwest tribes had more often than not welcomed theologians, and the Jesuits had long established a presence in the rail and retail center of Spokane.

Gonzaga offered Mike a full buffet of ideas and approaches to a life of the mind. The imprint of Jesuit theology became palpable when you searched it out. He was, of all things, a disciplined Irishman. Those military-like instructions of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus, formed the core of Mike Malone’s work and character. Organization, precision, efficiency, and calm shone forth as visible hallmarks of that training. He bore that imprint for the rest of his life. Everyone to whom I have talked about Mike has the identical impression: compulsive neatness. You never saw him with a desk full of clutter—you never saw him ruffled, hurried, disorganized. He could turn in an instant from one topic to another, and return as

If Butte and Montana held special fascination for Michael Peter Malone, so did the Emerald Isle of his ancestors. Malone is shown at right during a visit to Ireland's Galway Bay not long ago.



quickly to the middle of the sentence on which he was working when you interrupted him. It was uncanny and sometimes scary. Most of us simply do not operate that way. It was as if he had a mind like the parts bins in his father's auto dealership.

His father John Malone had great influence on him, and when he was inaugurated as president of Montana State University, Mike came as close to public sentiment as he ever did when he acknowledged that influence. The sense of tragedy that underlies the heart of every Irishman was never far from Mike. His father's cardiac problems were much on Mike's mind but more important was the sense of what he had lost in the early death of that man. He wanted John's approval, his unconditional love. That masculine side of Mike most likely was not apparent to many people, but it was at the core of his being. He was never a great athlete, never the star—he was a scholar, and it takes time for nature to reveal those gifts. His father just missed seeing that great harvest.

My own view is that while Mike would deny it, he was a good deal more, from the viewpoint of personality, like his fiery mother, Debbie. We all noticed the sharpness and quickness of his reactions—as a counterpuncher he had no equal. Also she endowed him with the fierce competitiveness—after all the average human being does not write all those books just for the fun of it—with the will to win, with unyielding identification with the underdog. Just roam through a stack of his writings: they are concerned primarily with power. How do we attain it? How do we use it? What are the intended and unintended outcomes? The war of the Copper Kings was most spectacularly waged by underground miners deep in the bowels of quartzite

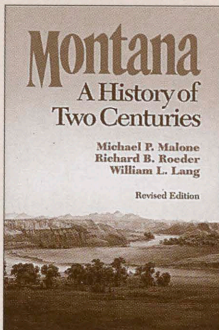
veins. But the real war, the battles to be won or lost, were with lobbyists, legislators, voters. The victors possessed the will to win, and it was the power of their ideas that provided the foundation for all victory. Scratch Mike's thought and work deeply and you have the ultimate battlefield: that of men's hearts and minds. Debbie and John together gave him that.

So these are some of the things we celebrate. It is not possible to re-create the color, the verve, that enlarged sense of being we all associate with Michael Peter Malone. It is wrong, too, simply to associate all that he was and all that he did with words and print. He loved administration—the use of power to do those things he thought important. He absorbed the land-grant ethos early and never lost it. These were his people. In practical terms he liked building things. In a subconscious manner, these structures at Montana State University may be a reflection of his views that this tough western environment shaped emotions and ideas: men and women were slow to change, but if the new environments were provided, change would come.

Some of the campus infrastructure would have been remade had Mike Malone never existed. But how it was done, and then how the final product looks all bear his mark. When the center of the campus was excavated for the new steam and utility lines, he loved to look at the huge machines and imagine himself back on those combines in the Palouse hills. You could see the little boy in him then.

He enjoyed people of all kinds. Just a couple of weeks before he died he spent a few hours with a Bozeman sixth-grade class. He would sell learning, history, and MSU to anyone who would listen. Back in the early 1970s when we were trying to get the Montana Committee

unique," he wrote for *Montana* in 1985. "This makes for lively reading and gripping indignation, but it also leads to superficial understanding of what really happened. All historians will agree that we must relate the events of our past to what preceded and followed them; that is, we must view them 'vertically.' What we often forget, especially in local history, is that by the same logic we must view them 'horizontally' in the context of what was going on in the world beyond us." — *Montana The Magazine of Western History*, 35 (Spring 1985), p. 71.



To Malone, there was too much emphasis on the frontier. "The problem with the frontier focus of western historiography is not that it is based on unreality but rather that the Frontier school tilted toward Filiopietism, exclusivity, and insularity and away from cosmopolitanism and multicausal contexts." — "Beyond the Last Frontier: Toward a New Approach to Western American History," in *Trails* (1991), p. 151.

Indeed, he wrote: "When viewed through the stereopticon of American place and global process . . . it becomes readily apparent that the closing of the frontier that [Frederick Jackson] Turner saw as cataclysmic in his census maps was overstated, oversimplified, and insular." — "Beyond the Last Frontier," in *Trails* (1991), p. 156.

Like Wallace Stegner, Walter Prescott Webb, and John Wesley Powell before him, Malone thought aridity and the nation's efforts to overcome it constituted the one great controlling theme in western history. "The struggle against aridity, the federally bankrolled strategy to develop American institutions in a vast semiarid region—that is the essence of western history." — "Beyond the Last Frontier," in *Trails* (1991), p. 159.

for the Humanities up and running, we discussed ways of getting a busy group of people out in the middle of summertime to talk about setting up a community-based set of programs. We had the good idea of getting Mike and Richie Roeder to put on a road show—a half a dozen different presentations around the state on Montana history topics. That *did* bring out people and accomplished what was necessary to secure support for the humanities in Montana. People liked to hear and talk with Mike on their own turf—he radiated an instinctive knowledge of their community and its promises and failures. Power after all is not restricted to those making decisions about the state of the nation, or the state, or even the city. Power, as we know from the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, belongs to each of us as an inalienable right. That is democracy in action, and Mike was its student at every level. It can best be studied not in the abstract but in people here and now.

Also his innate ability to be with, work with, and stimulate anyone and everyone was not just the result of a coffee-klatsch small-town upbringing. As a historian he learned to survive in the most difficult arena of them all: state and local history. Although it is not apparent, it took very hard work, and real decision, to obtain the objectivity necessary to deal with subjects in which people and families, factions and resentments, were still alive and active. When he wrote of a major economic or political decision, he understood very well that sons and daughters, cousins and grandchildren of those responsible for those judgments were still alive and concerned with their heritage. It was critical for him to analyze the issues, decisions, and personalities fairly and from a scholarly distance. In this case academic excellence translated into a workmanlike, successful relationship with disparate legislators, lobbyists, and corporate representatives. People knew that he had higher motives and a long perspective. This quality of objectivity alone places him on a special pedestal as an educational leader.

Like most successful executives, Mike knew how to delegate work, and he habitually surrounded himself with capable, friendly, and efficient staff. Any visitor to his office as president of MSU would find a relaxed and open atmosphere. He wore his authority easily, and visitors instinctively knew that he would welcome reasonable suggestions, ideas, and approaches. He was so deeply committed to public education that it was second nature. He better than most knew of the flaws, the missed opportunities, the weaker links. His crusade was for the best possible education for the dollar that Montana State University could deliver. He favored more nontraditional approaches than might be apparent at first glance: research laboratories with no obvi-

ous instructional component, but places where interested and self-motivated students could find new pathways to learning and career. He had a special regard for the Museum of the Rockies because it was a larger classroom, and it had the advantage of getting very young learners fired up with history and science. It also had the tremendous advantage of being a brick-and-mortar monument to one historian he deeply admired—Professor Merrill G. Burlingame.

It is difficult for me to convey the quality of friendship some of us were privileged to share with Mike Malone. In a clumsy attempt to lighten a heavy heart, I wore a little pin in my lapel. Mike always had a pin of one sort or another on his lapel. Sometimes it was a little American flag, other times a Charlie Russell buffalo head reminding him of the important role the Montana Historical Society had in his life. Other times he would just joke about the little totem he wore. One time I asked him about an unusual, odd, little pin. He said he thought it commemorated the last case of peas put up by the Red Lodge cannery in 1952. That was typi-

cal of him: wear knowledge and fame lightly for it is God-given, not manmade.

It is tempting to speak of Mike through his own words, to quote at length from some of the beautiful passages in his many works. Someday someone will publish a selection of this type. In 1996 he published his study of the empire builder, James J. Hill, and he dedicated it to his friend and colleague, Richard B. Roeder, who did not live to see the work published. As a fitting bookend to the life of our friend and colleague Mike Malone, here in his words, is the last sentence of that biography:

"We shall never see his like again, and that simple fact adds yet another dimension to the fascination of his life."

We loved you Mike and will miss you now, and think of you always.

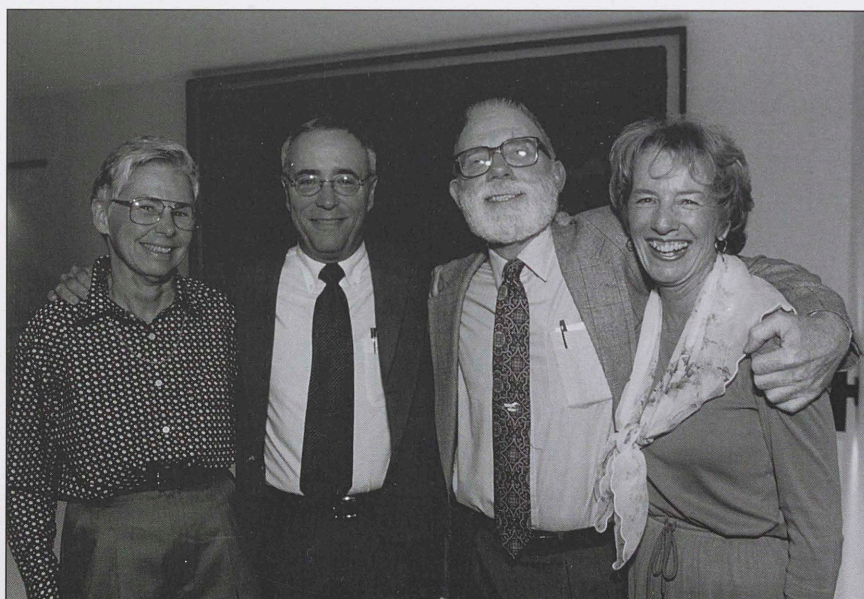
Pierce C. Mullen
Professor of History
Montana State University, Bozeman

IT IS NEVER EASY TO SAY GOODBYE TO A FRIEND.

Bidding farewell to Mike Malone is like losing an oracle, for he was simply the best. I first met him in the late summer of 1964 at Washington State University in Pullman, where we shared an office with three other graduate students in the Holland Library. Two were in their second year, including Mike, and three of us had just begun graduate study; none of us, save Mike, knew what he was doing. That is what set him apart almost from the beginning—he knew what the discipline could bring in enjoyment, excitement, and intellectual reward—and it was what set him apart throughout his life with history and education.

In that cramped office, the conversation ranged from politics to theoretical disputes to sports to popular culture. Each of us had our own bailiwick and our strong opinions, but Mike seemed to understand and absorb them all, taking issue with some, agreeing with others, yet adding to each. We were watching a master synthesizer at work, and we mostly stood in awe. There are lots of stories that could be told about those years in Pullman, but one strikes me as quintessentially Mike Malone. In one of those story-swapping parties near the end of our stay in Pullman, we began recalling the best and worst of seminar experiences with our graduate mentors. Some of the stories were hilarious, some

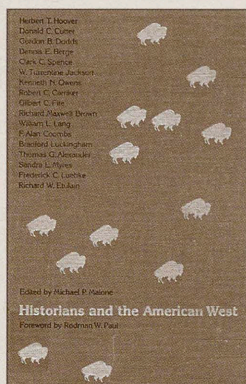
Malone's contacts were many and various, from historians and university officials to state and regional politicians, corporate executives, scientists, and writers. At right, left to right, are: Carol Doig, Mike Malone, Ivan Doig, and Kathy Malone.



Not that Malone ignored natural resource exploitation in the West. A look at W. A. Clark's career, he wrote, might help "reveal his real significance as a gilded age 'empire builder' and as an especially virulent example of the unrestrained capitalist on the frontier." — *Montana The Magazine of Western History*, 33 (Autumn 1983), p. 2.

“From the days of the fur trade and gold rush,” he added in a later essay, “to those of uranium and oil shale, the West has been America’s leading source of resources and its playing field of reckless exploitation.” — “Beyond the Last Frontier,” in *Trails* (1991), p. 155.

Of Montana specifically, he said: “The Anaconda hegemony is a key fact, perhaps *the* key fact, of Montana’s history. Naturally enough, historians of the state have been preoccupied with it, much as a maturing child might dwell on the tyranny of a cruel stepfather.”



The legacy of ACM domination in Montana, he added, was and is a resistance to industrial and economic growth, and an “anti-corporate attitude that flows naturally out of our exploitive past” and “gives added strength to environmental laws, reinforces the state’s seemingly self-defeating resistance to joining almost all other states in using the conservatively favored sales tax, and largely explains the controversial Montana coal severance tax.”

“Thus,” he continued in one of his best-remembered turns of phrase, “while the Copper Century now fades into history, the attitudes and mores that it germinated live on, like the smile of the Cheshire cat in *Alice in Wonderland*.” — *Montana The Magazine of Western History*, 35 (Spring 1985), pp. 70, 72.

wicked, some in poor taste. At one point, someone described an especially memorable seminar session that included the pillorying of an unfortunate first-year student, whose seminar paper suffered from labored thought, poor syntax, and articulation of the “wrong” side of a historical debate. We all remembered, and wondered at how the fellow survived. Mike laughed along with the stories, but then recounted in precise detail—even quoting some of us—the errors we had all made in our criticisms that day, proceeding to highlight the few cogent ideas the student had iterated. It was vintage Malone. He astounded us with his memory and then lured us to his lesson that we should pay attention even to the wrong-headed.

Mike could lure like no one else. It became one of his great strengths as an administrator, but it was more than that to those he captured with his wit and grace. It was how I came to Montana. Mike passed his Ph.D. qualifying exams as I left WSU with an M.A. and went on to further work at the University of Delaware. We stayed in touch during his first teaching stint at Texas A&M and after his move to Montana State University. He raved about Montana, especially its people and its history. “You ought to get up here,” he told me at the 1970 Western History Association annual meeting in Reno. “It is the most genuine place you will ever find, and it has a history not to be believed.” I followed his advice, landing a job at Carroll College in 1971, but knowing little more about Montana than I knew about Mississippi. I had been in the classroom at Carroll about two months when Mike asked when I was going to research some Montana history. I scoffed, reminding him that my specialties were African American and intellectual history. “I’ll give you six months,” Mike replied, “and once you start you won’t be able to quit poking around.” He was more than right. The next summer I spent my first days in the Montana Historical Society’s rich collections, snagged by Malone’s lure.

During the early 1970s, there was little in American culture and Montana that did not reflect a serious questioning of national purpose. Montanans approved a new constitution that drew national attention, the state legislature passed stringent environmental laws, and Mike Malone and Richard Roeder began revising Montana history. Mike had always rejected ideological history. He came from Pomeroy, Washington, in the great wheat-growing Palouse country and embraced historical study at Gonzaga University. His education at Gonzaga ranged from the classics to Irish doggerel and limericks, which he could quote appropriately with astonishing effect. Montana’s historiography reflected an anticolonialist and anticorporate viewpoint that Mike thought was too narrow and unmindful of significant groups and episodes in the state’s past. He had writ-

ten a biography of Idaho's New Deal governor, C. Ben Ross, and he knew that Montana's twentieth-century history had not been told. With Richard Roeder, who had studied the Progressive Era in Montana and had been a delegate to the 1972 Montana Constitutional Convention, Mike set out to revise the state's history.

I remember well the open discussions Mike had with himself about this task. In the way only Mike could, he would verbalize his questions, fire off pointed rejoinders to his own propositions, and then answer them with wit and clarity. It was something to behold. Not only did he understand the weaknesses of his own propositions, but he also knew better than his critics the strengths of their viewpoints. The result was a masterpiece of judicious scholarship and a model for state histories. The heart of Mike's method was investigating the dialogue between the factual record and the stories people told about the past. He insisted on full attention to the documents, while the narrative drove his recounting and explanation of Montana's past. When he began work on *The Battle for Butte*, I remember having long discussions with him about how he planned to approach the project. C. B. Glasscock's *War of the Copper Kings* and Thomas Lawson's *Frenzied Finance: The Crime of the Amalgamated* had been the standard tellings of the Butte copper conflicts. Mike found those accounts too limited and too narrow in

focus. "There is much more to this story," he told me one day. "Those manipulators did a lot more than liven up Butte's history." Mike drew our attention to Butte's and Montana's connection with the world. Once he began to research and write Montana's past, no subsequent history could ever be parochial again.

No one I know could equal Mike's grasp of Montana history and its detail, although he always maintained that Merrill Burlingame had forgotten more than he would discover. As usual, Mike's genuine modesty understated his ability, but then he sincerely doubted his talents, even though they were there for all to see. His doubts kept him honest in more ways than one. He had such an acute memory that I think he assumed the rest of us remembered as much as he did, and with that in mind Mike often worried about the odd misstep or the mistaken attribution he uttered in conversation. The truth is that he rarely got it wrong. He had an ear for story and detail, a singular ability to know how the iota fit into the grand narrative. Where he got that ability I don't know, but he had it almost to a fault. Anyone who spent much time around him can remember him discussing some large historic theme only to have him throw in a small scene from Butte's or Virginia City's history that added to or proved the point. Our minds tried to hold both at the same time, but generally settled for just one, while Mike continued to carry his argument forward, not missing a beat.

I watched and heard him do this so many times that it became commonplace, but it was so very uncommon. How he did it I can only guess, but I can remember when I first saw it in action. We bunked together at a history convention early in our careers. The first thing Mike did in the hotel room was switch on the T.V.—something he did at his home as well. The news and other late afternoon fare filled the room with noise, as Mike, myself, and a couple of friends gassed about politics or colleagues. Meanwhile, Mike had a book open in his lap, reading as he occasionally threw a comment into our conversation. Hours later at the convention's social hour in a group of jabbering historians, Mike would suddenly interject a question about something from the T.V. news, a tidbit no one seemed to know. It was just one of the items he caught in mid-air, tucked into his brain, and integrated into his thoughts.

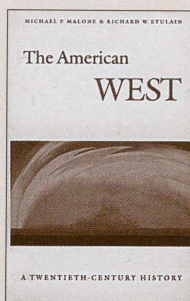
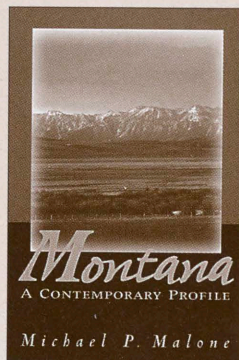
The great story or the great character fascinated him. It was the way he pulled the unsuspecting into historical



Malone's humor was always intact. At left, he clowns in front of a statue of Johann Sebastian Bach in Leipzig, Germany.

As much as Malone wrote of the Anaconda Mining Company as a historical phenomenon, that is, with the true historian's detachment, he had no illusions about its nefarious effects on the state. "The 'roaring' 1920s thus dawned" upon Montana, he said, "at once stricken by agricultural depression and saddled by the dominance of a big, backward corporation that seemed intent upon manacling it to the past." — *Montana Century* (1999), p. 8.

And, as much as Malone perceived the region's flaws and shortcomings, he gravitated willingly to the history of his own adopted state of Montana because he believed in local history's singular ability, its potency, for creating an informed, caring citizenry. "Several leading universities in the West have deemphasized the study of their own region," he wrote in 1989, "as if to say that it has no significant history, or at least that its history is less relevant than, say, that of old Byzantium or Central Asia. In demonstrating their cosmopolitanism, these universities default on their responsibility as cultural leaders of their own communities and puzzle citizens who harbor the quaint notion that their homeland has a significant history." — "Beyond the Last Frontier," in *Trails* (1991), pp. 139-40.

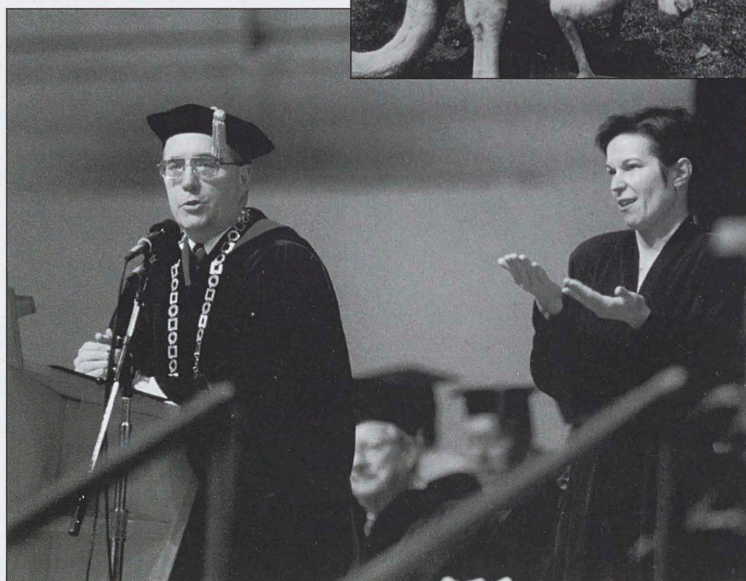


Characterizing the New Western History as a "flow-ering" of an authentic regional historiography, he concluded: "However much the new regional history accomplishes through scholarship that broadens and deepens the field, it still must come to terms with

discourse. He would start with an incident or surprising fact—the personal habits of a Montana politico in the 1920s or the like—that was completely removed from his real subject. Before long he had his audience of one or five hundred people enthralled with his explication of Montana's trajectory in the twentieth century, and it was this subject that drew most of his attention. He saw the state's twentieth-century history in the context of national and international events. He trained his strongest criticism at political and cultural myopia, which he believed held Montana back. Often critical and quick with prescriptions, Mike was not a pessimist at heart or in action. In his relationships, his work, and his history writing, he rejected the easy answer as nearly always wrong and the ideological answer as always too limiting. Among historians, he resisted the trendy brand of ironic history because he disliked the underlying cynicism that often informed that viewpoint.

It was the personal story, though, that kept him most engaged. And he loved pursuing the story. In the late 1970s, when Jeff Safford, Dale Johnson, Claire Rhein, myself, and a few others got some oral history projects started in the state, Mike went along with me to interview one of Montana's great characters, E. E. "Boo" MacGilvra. Boo had come to Montana from Baraboo, Wisconsin, and made his name and business in honest politicking during the 1930s, and later in public relations, much of it for Montana Power Company. He was known for his "Booisms," classic epithets and characterizations that always told a story in short compass and great humor. We had not been in the interview very long when Mike asked Boo a question about a notorious enforcer in Butte who worked for the Anaconda Company during the 1930s. Boo pushed off the question, not wanting to give up anything about the man, and went on telling a story. A little later we got him talking about a madam and some of her clients. Boo asked that I turn off the tape recorder, while he told us something he thought too salacious for the record. We laughed and I put the tape back in gear and Mike asked his question about the heavy again, only this time Boo complied, and Mike went back to Bozeman with a another piece of Montana history.

My best memories of Mike come from our work together in Montana, on the revisions for *Montana: A History of Two Centuries*, and on this magazine, when he served as book review editor. I can remember vividly a long evening spent with Bob Athearn and Mike in Athearn's hotel room at a history convention. Athearn had been *Montana's* book review editor for many years, and Mike wanted to get a sense of what he had agreed to do. Athearn was one of the great storytellers in western history, and he regaled us with hilarious, person-by-person descriptions of about half of his list of book



As president of Montana State University, Malone enjoyed a variety of contrasting situations and places. At left, he leads ceremonies at an MSU commencement. Above, he offers a handout to a kangaroo in Australia.

reviewers. After we left, Mike told me he was unsure about taking the job, that filling Bob Athearn's shoes might be too difficult, that he might make a mess of things for *Montana*. I talked him out of his misgivings, but not long into his twelve-year tenure as review editor he hit his first speed bump. After *Montana* published a particularly critical review, a friend of the aggrieved author rang up Mike in Bozeman and railed at him, asking why he let the reviewer carve up his friend's book and warning Mike that he was a lawyer and he would prevent *Montana* from reviewing his pal's work in the future. When Mike called me with this news and asked what I wanted him to do, I gave him a quick study on the caller, who I knew slightly, and told him to go ahead and play it as he saw it. Mike got the lawyer back on the phone, told him we would review any book we wanted, and that the incident could have been

prevented if his friend had just gotten his facts straight! A year or so later, Mike met the lawyer at a Montana history gathering, got into a conversation with his usual infectious storytelling and smart observations, and the two made themselves fast friends in the space of three drinks. That was Mike.

I will miss him every time I hear his favorite swing music tunes, every time I read some half-baked thought about Montana's past that he surely would have shot down, every time I have an idea that needs his critique. We will not see anyone like him again.

William L. Lang
Professor of History and Director
Center for Columbia River History
Portland State University, Portland

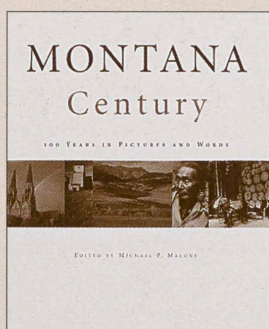
the search for regional identity. Once it does so, the old problem of dual identity between college courses on the frontier and those on the West will fade. Frontier, or *to-the-West*, courses will still be taught, but they won't be confused with *in-the-region* courses that are the natural counterparts of regional offerings on the South, New England, and the Midwest or courses that address similar global regions such as the Russian steppes or the African savannas." — "The 'New Western History,' An Assessment," in *Trails* (1991), p. 101.



To Malone, local history was significant because it could provide the clearest, most direct connection to the past *and* because it could be linked to the larger world of regional, national, and global history. It was unique, yes, but not a thing apart. Thus, he could write of Montana from the 1890s to the 1990s: "It has been an interesting journey, one that sometimes took the state to the center of the American experience but more often found it on the outer margins of the national scene." — *Montana Century* (1999), p. 1.



Still, he concluded that "For all the changes the twentieth century has wrought upon the Treasure State, the constants of its history are more compelling than are the vacillations. Montana remains a small state, a slow-growth state, a natural-products state, a 'quality of life' state, a state on the margin rather than at the center of national life; and generally speaking, that seems to be the way most of her people want it to be. The great challenge facing Montanans with the dawn of the twenty-first century is how to maintain and build the socioeconomic substance of that vaunted quality of life by supporting the good jobs and stable communities that are required to make it possible." — *Montana Century* (1999), p. 36.



TO ME, MIKE MALONE WILL BE FOREVER YOUNG, as he was when I first met him in 1967. That was the year he came to Montana as an assistant professor of history at Montana State University in Bozeman. I was beginning my ninth year on the publishing staff at the Historical Society in Helena and my second year in the editorial chair of this publication. While it was not long before it dawned on us that a treasure had arrived in our midst, the total impact this remarkable man would have on Montana higher education and western American historiography could hardly be imagined at that time.

Throughout my remaining years at the Society and into retirement, I watched with a kind of "Mother Hen" approval as my successors, Bill Lang and Chuck Rankin and their staffs, continued to publish superb articles and book reviews under Mike's by-line, and to engage with him in book publishing and other academic projects. His name has remained on the masthead of the magazine all these years, not as window dressing, but reflecting genuine contributions.

The first time I had a chance to see the work of Mike Malone up close came in 1970, when he submitted an article about the impact of Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal on Montana politics. We published it in the first (Winter) issue of 1971, complete with portraits of the main players. A notable picture at the closing of the article shows FDR, seated in an open automobile, as he paid a second visit to Fort Peck Dam in 1937. Surrounding him are his son, James, Congressman James O'Connor, Governor Roy E. Ayers, and Senator James E. Murray. Glaringly absent was Senator Burton K. Wheeler, a major player in Roosevelt's programs, of which the giant earth-filled Fort Peck Dam in northeastern Montana was considered a "crown jewel." The fiery isolationist Wheeler, who later returned to grace after Pearl Harbor thrust the nation into war, had split with the president over the Supreme Court "packing" episode, and was conveniently out of the state during the 1937 visit.

In his article, Mike Malone made some cogent observations about Montana's so-called "schizophrenic" politics before and after the depression-era New Deal, when liberal policies seemed to animate voters on both state and national levels. Since 1938, he concluded, Montana generally returned to electing conservatives at home while sending liberals to Washington. "This historian," he wrote, "can only conclude that the 'Roosevelt Revolution' shifted but barely recast the paradoxical politics of the Big Sky state."

In the first issue of 1973, we published an especially timely article by Malone, tracing early history of the wildly beautiful West Gallatin Canyon in southwestern Montana, then in its early years of development as

the Big Sky resort complex. Tracing the canyon's warm weather use as a crossroads meeting place for prehistoric hunters and later Indian tribes, Malone described how fur traders and mountain men quickly followed after the Lewis and Clark Expedition returned to St. Louis in 1806, and described the bonanza in furs offered by the Missouri and its many tributaries, including the Gallatin.

Throughout the article, Malone pointed out how often this beautiful region might well have been changed forever as the fur traders were followed by precious metal and oil seekers, lumbermen, railroad promoters, and even federally financed dam builders. For various reasons, all well delineated, these efforts over a period of many years eventually proved illusory. Instead, dude ranching and tourism ultimately turned out to be the most feasible and profitable. This was a harbinger, perhaps, of the Big Sky resort complex that today has reached proportions far surpassing what Montana native Chet Huntley had in mind in 1969 for this place of incomparable beauty that had resisted significant intrusion for so long.

Finally, late in 1974, we began a dialogue with Mike and his close friend and MSU colleague, the late Richard Roeder, to research and write a series of essays about Montana as it was in 1876, the nation's centennial year. With research funding provided by Montana State's Endowment and Research Foundation, a series of four superb overviews arrived in Helena, and there was time to design all of them in a consistent format lend-

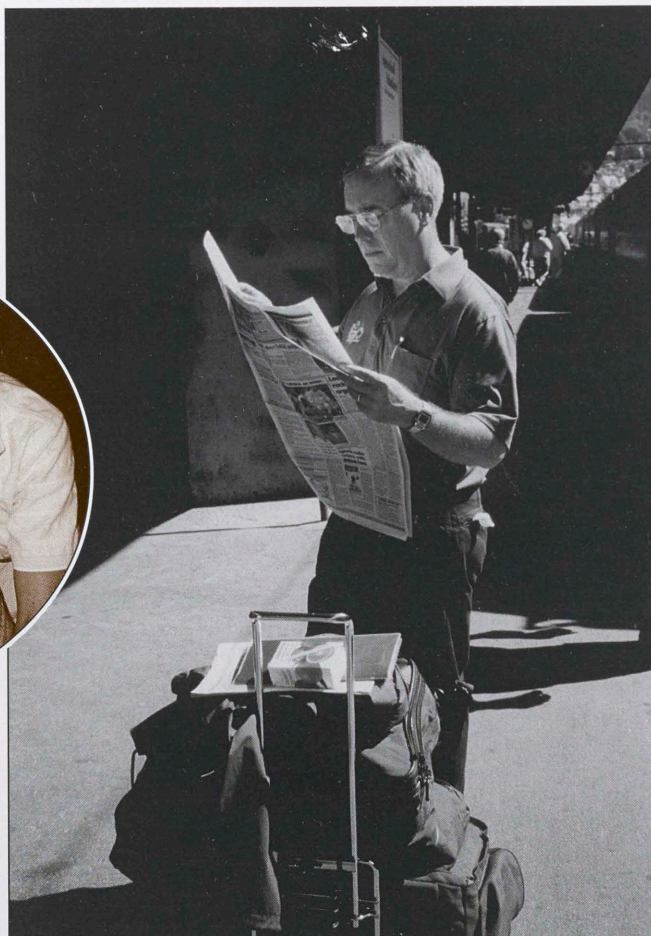
ing itself well to publication in monograph form late in 1975. I recall the excitement all of us felt when Society archivists found steel engravings to illustrate every opening layout and the contents of every chapter. All aspects of life in Montana were covered: mining, agriculture, politics, the Indian wars.

In a foreword prepared for the monograph, the authors defined their goals and in closing had this to say: "We hope we have placed in proper perspective the Custer Battle, news of which burst upon a celebrating nation a few weeks after a nationally known hero died with his command in the southern part of the Territory on June 25, 1876. It brought the name Montana to the front pages of every newspaper in the country, but when it was over, Montanans fretted over the same problems they had when America's prideful birthday party began."

I like to think these centennial essays were a kind of precursor of what was to come for these men from MSU whose *Montana: A History of Two Centuries* first appeared in 1976 and after a number of reprints emerged again in 1991 in revised form with the able participation of Bill Lang.



Whether in his study, in front of the television, or at a train station (as he was at right), Malone found time to read. Above, he pauses for a tender moment with his wife Kathy.



As Mike Malone rose to head his department at Montana State University, became dean of graduate studies, vice president for academic affairs, and finally president in 1991, all of us who knew him as a newcomer to Montana history in 1967 realized that with all of that, he was still a historian. This is perhaps the most astonishing part of his story, and may well be the most enduring.

With all his successes in administration at MSU and beyond, and the increasing demands on his time, Mike Malone was never a sometime historian, resting on past laurels with an occasional, hastily crafted publication to stroke his ego.

Instead, he remained totally committed to meticulous research and articulate writing. Perhaps most importantly, he was continually involved in seeing to it that the recent past received the same colorful, sure-fire themes of the distant past. A case in point: Mike Malone's "The Search for Paradigm in Western American History, 1930-2000" was in progress at Yale University Press, scheduled for publication in 2002.

Vivian A. Paladin
Helena, Montana

MY INITIAL CONTACT WITH MIKE MALONE came at a regional history conference. Looking over the shoulder of a distinguished frontier historian, I noticed he was reading the manuscript of Malone's study of C. Ben Ross, the maverick governor of New Deal Idaho. I had heard about Malone and his dissertation. Now, I learned that the University of Washington Press had decided to publish it as a book.

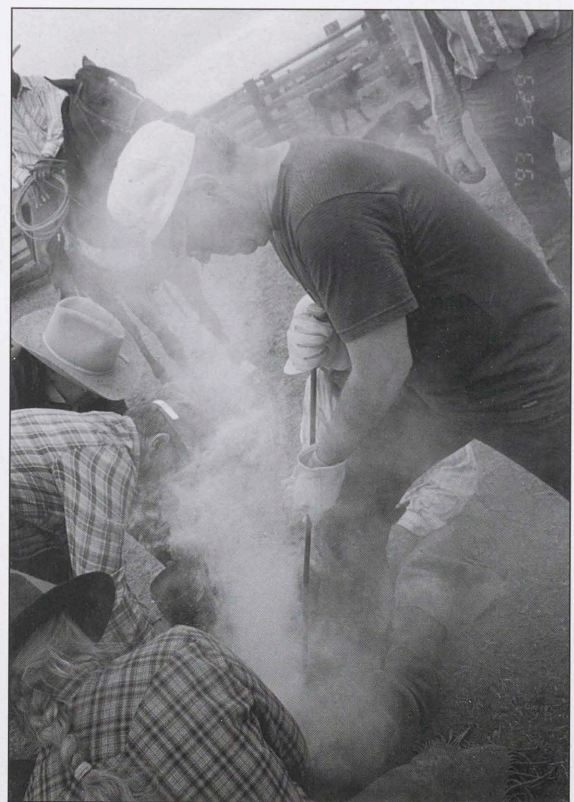
That Malone guy, rumored to be the son of a farm implement dealer in Pomeroy in eastern Washington, how had he jumped ahead of the rest of us? It was enough to make a Basque sheepherder's kid jealous. The only one I knew well was green with envy.

Malone caught my attention even more directly after I returned from the East Coast in 1970 to teach at Idaho State University in Pocatello. In addition to using Malone's monograph on C. Ben Ross in my Pacific Northwest classes, I realized that his anthology of Montana history essays was a model for the kind of book I wanted to do on Idaho. A letter to Malone secured his permission to use an essay of his in my Idaho collection, as well as his good advice on how to organize my book. Now, he was **MIKE** Malone.

Two events in the mid-1970s cemented our friendship. At a Pacific Northwest History meeting in Pullman, Mike chaired a session in which I presented a paper on Basque beginnings in the region. Our con-

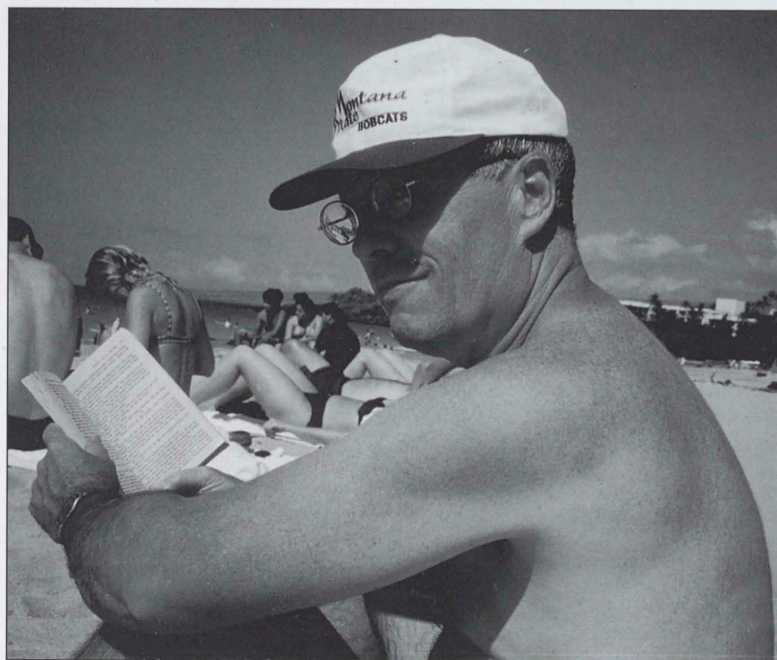
versations on the Washington State campus led Mike to invite me to be a featured speaker on literary historian H. G. Merriam at an upcoming Montana History Conference. Mike informed me that I was a replacement for Wallace Stegner, who couldn't attend. Mike's thinking that highly of my work made me realize that this Irishman from eastern Washington was becoming a valued friend indeed.

Gradually, Mike made his way up the administrative ladder at Montana State. Even while dealing with



Not unlike James J. Hill, the subject of his 1996 biography, Malone liked to put his brand on things, whether it was Montana State University or an unwilling steer (right) at Jim and Bea Taylor's ranch in Roy, Montana.

With a Bobcats cap snugly in place,
Mike Malone takes time at the
beach to, what else?



bureaucratic red tape at Bozeman, he stayed active in western history. In fact, I know of no other administrator who remained as involved in western history as Mike did.

Then, in the early 1980s, Mike asked me to prepare an overview essay on the cultural history of the American West for a collection of historiographical essays he was editing. I struggled with the demanding task, but Mike kept urging me on. During those years, we were both absorbing much from historian Rodman Paul, just as we learned so much from Earl Pomeroy in writing interpretive history of the American West, especially that which focused on the post-1900 period.

As we finished work on what became Mike's benchmark edited volume, *Historians and the American West* (1983), he began to harass me about another project. No one had recently done a full-scale history of the American West, from the earliest Indian interactions with the environment to the late twentieth century. Why didn't we do one, Mike asked? Admittedly, I was reluctant about the book because I had not yet been involved in a single- or dual-author monograph or synthesis.

Mike was not to be dissuaded. He had written or edited several books, including his coauthored overview of Montana history, *Montana: A History of Two Centuries*, which I still consider THE model for western state history texts. Plus, Mike thought I was the person to do the chapters on the nineteenth- and twentieth-century social and cultural history of the West. But I was not so sure of that.

I recall exactly how I was cornered. We were at a Western History Association conference, on a coffee break at a nearby restaurant. "All right, Etulain," Mike led off, "how much time would you need to write your chapters?" I had never thought that far ahead since most

of my projects had been essays, edited books, or compiled bibliographies. Next, Mike assaulted my ego. "Come on, Dick, anyone can do bibliographies. Now, you need to turn out something more substantial."

As usual, Mike Malone was right. I did want to move beyond scattered essays and research guides. Okay, I told him; give me two or three years to research and write the seven or so essays I am being assigned. Once I agreed to do the work, the chapters began to appear as steadily as Mike's encouraging letters and his own drafted chapters. By the mid-1980s I had completed six chapters on the sociocultural history of the post-1840 West. Meanwhile, Mike finished his section on political and economic topics. When the other chapters of the projected long book did not materialize, Mike and I decided to publish the section on the twentieth century since we had written all the chapters in that part of the book. The steps through publication progressed without a hitch.

I recall the euphoric phone call from our editor Pat Knapp at the University of Nebraska Press soon after the volume appeared. "Your book with Mike Malone has just been chosen as a Main Selection of the History Book Club," she gushed. I turned charismatic on the spot and began shouting around my office and up and down the hall at the University of New Mexico. I immediately phoned Mike. For some reason he had not yet heard the good news. We were happy historians, like two boys from eastern Washington stealing some spotlight from scions of the East. At that fall's roundup of the Western History Association in Tacoma, the folks from Nebraska plastered posters of our *American West: A Twentieth-Century History* (1989) all over the exhibit hall. Mike and I strutted around like fathers of a new offspring.

For a while after the splash and high tide of our recent historiographical achievement, Mike and I seemed unable to reconnect. He was increasingly busy as a top administrator at Montana State, and I was trying to wear several hats as part of the University of New Mexico's superb program in western history. We talked of other projects since the coauthored book had been such a pleasant success, but none materialized.

There were other memorable meetings, however. At one conference, Mike and I presented papers on western historiography, with Martin Ridge and Patty Limerick serving as chair and commentator. Thinking back, I realize that Mike and I were bookended just right in that session; we were neither Turnerians nor advocates of the New Western History. We thought of ourselves as middle-of-the-road western historians, with more in common with Walter Prescott Webb, Henry Nash Smith, Earl Pomeroy, Howard Lamar, Rodman Paul, and Gerald Nash, for example, than with the disciples of Frederick Jackson Turner or with the newer, younger revisionists.

Among the recent contacts with Mike, one overshadows all others. Mike and I were invited to make a series of presentations up and down the Yellowstone Valley in eastern Montana. Rendezvousing in Billings, we traveled together in Mike's presidential car. Along the way, he took dozens of calls on his car phone, often warning callers at the beginning of his conversations that I was in the car. I marveled at his taking time to make these presentations to general audiences even as he carried out the duties of being president of Montana State University.

For nearly a week, as we drove along the Yellowstone, we rekindled memories, talked over projects we hoped to complete, and swapped stretchers. I told audiences in Sidney, Miles City, and Billings that

Malone belonged among those Irishmen who had given them the big hole in Butte and inflicted labor problems on them; he countered by disparaging Basque sheepherders and my bomb-throwing relatives in northern Spain.

Then, I heard that a heart condition flare-up had sent Mike to Salt Lake City for special treatment. At our annual WHA meetings, I always asked Mike how he was doing, as I did this last October in Portland. He told me about his swearing off junk food and most alcohol and about his new friendship with a trusty treadmill. I repeatedly ventured that I was ready to announce his candidacy for Montana's governorship, but he said too many of his friends were already lined up for the position. I did think the idea interested him some.

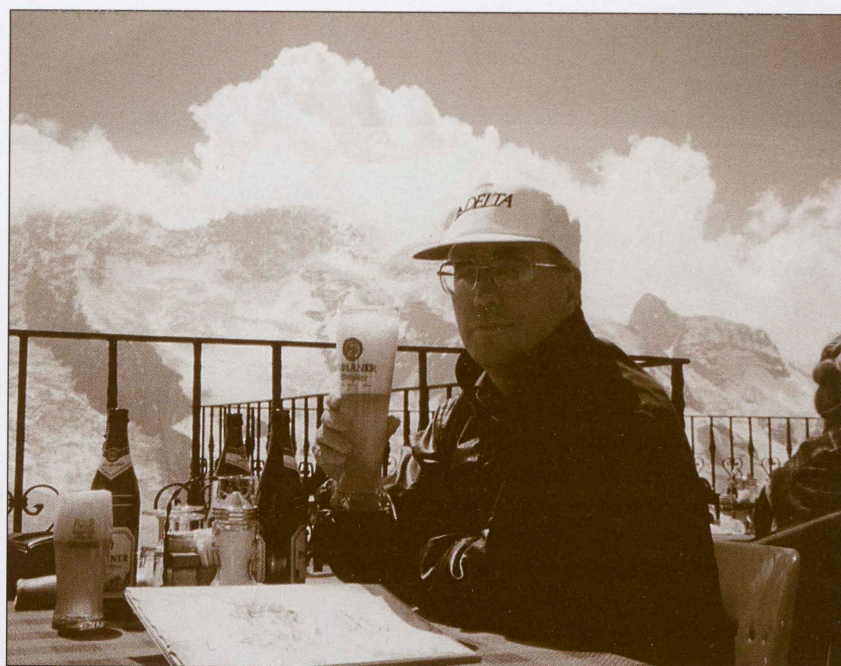
In all these exchanges, I hoped never to get the bad news that came in late December 1999. None of us could prepare for that tragedy.

Now, my memory book contains several sharp snapshots of Mike Malone. His enthusiasm: his lively, gee-whiz, boyish delight in western and Montana history. His optimism: his willingness, even in the face of disappointments and problems, to think positively and hopefully about the future. His ambitiousness: his desire to find more probing and interesting ways to tell western stories. His verbal talents: his yarn-spinning proclivities, his ability to find an appropriate quip or anecdote for all occasions.

Mike Malone, superb western historian, warmly remembered pal.

Richard W. Etulain
Professor of History
University of New Mexico, Albuquerque

Mike Malone lived life to the fullest, whether in Bozeman, Montana, or beneath the Matterhorn at Zermatt, Switzerland, where, at right in July 1993, he toasts the fact.





June 17, 2011

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Doig
17277 15th Ave. NW
Shoreline, WA 98177-3846

Dear Ivan and Carol,

It is with mixed emotion that I write to personally let you know that after eleven wonderful years, I will be leaving MSU Library to accept a position as Interim Assistant Vice President for Development for the MSU Foundation.

It has truly been both a privilege and a pleasure to work with you and I know our Library Dean, Tamara Miller, joins me in expressing our gratitude for your continued support. My phone and email contact information will remain the same (406-994-3340 or pgleason@montana.edu), and I encourage you to reach out with any questions, comments or concerns you may have.

I began transitioning into my new role on June 1st. A search for a new Director of Library Development will begin immediately. In the meantime, I will be maintaining an office in both locations for the next few weeks as we work toward a seamless changeover.

Even though my title and location will be changing, my commitment to the ongoing success of education at Montana State University continues.

My new office will be in the Foundation/Alumni building directly west of the Fieldhouse. If you find yourself in the area and have a moment, please stop by anytime ... the coffee is always on.

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads 'Patricia Gleason'.

Patricia (Denison) Gleason
Executive Director for Library Advancement
and External Relations

P.O. Box 173320
Bozeman, MT 59717-3320
www.lib.montana.edu

Tel 406-994-3119
Fax 406-994-2851

25 Jan. '08

Dear Mary Jo--

Appreciated your letter and information about the Bozeman Schools Foundation, and I had better let you know sooner than later than I unfortunately can't take on the speaking invitation you've kindly extended. I know it's an excellent occasion and if there were more than one of me, I'd be glad to come do it. But the spring schedule is already as much as I can handle, with a major speaking gig in Michigan around the time of yours, my next novel in preparation at my publisher, a movie script of *The Whistling Season* being worked on (the Hollywood types claim to want to go all the way with it and shoot it all in Montana; we'll see if any of that gets done)--anyway, you get the idea. Sorry not to be able to provide you anything more than regrets. On another topic, I'm glad the Lane DNA continues in the Gallatin country.

Very best,



Communications Services

416 Culbertson Hall
MSU • Bozeman
Bozeman, MT 59717-0222

Telephone (406) 994-2721
Fax (406) 994-4102

August 21, 2001

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

Dear Ivan:

Enclosed, at long last, is a copy of the five-minute version of the tape that includes portions of your interview on "Are We Loving the West to Death?" My colleague, Annette Trinity-Stevens, found grant money to finish it as well as another about small Montana communities developing dinosaur museums with the help of famed paleontologist Jack Horner. We are now distributing both to Montana PBS, but hope to have a wider distribution if they are received well. We also enjoyed the process so much, we'd like to do more.

Hope that this letter finds you well and your writing also proceeding well. The inauguration for our new president, Geoffrey Gamble, is in October. He has been very well received. The campus seems to be on an even keel again. You and Carol will have to come check it out.

Thanks again for the gracious gift of your time and thought. I think the piece turned out very well. We were blessed to be able to capture some great minds on a great topic. If you are able to come to MSU again, I hope that we can visit again on the state of our beautiful state.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Carol Schmidt".

Carol Schmidt, news editor
Montana State University

Cc: Cathy Conover, Moss Hartt, Annette Trinity-Stevens

enc.

GORDON BENNETT
Treasurer,
Helena

BRADLEY
HALLIGAN
"People first...politics last."

P.O. Box 838
Helena, MT 59624
(406) 443-2219

July 13, 1992

Ivan and Carol Doig
17021 - 10th NW.
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan and Carol:

Thank you so much for your recent contribution and for sharing your enthusiasm for our campaign. I want you to know how much that has meant to me. We have an incredible campaign team and I think we are ready for this tremendous challenge.

Interest in our grass-roots campaign shows no signs of slowing. Headquarters has been absolutely deluged with requests for speaking engagements. Mike and I will continue traveling our great state, reaching out to as many Montanans as we can.

With yet another special Legislative session being called to deal with Montana's budget crisis, tax reform has become an urgent priority. It makes our call for long term stability that much more apparent to every Montanan.

Please know how much I need your continued support. I will continue working to the bone to warrant the trust you have placed in me. I truly believe we will pull it off -- together!

Sincerely,



Dorothy Bradley

I'm so proud to be your candidate!

*I look forward to seeing you
again — another baseball game??*

ARNOLD BOLLE
Missoula

HARRIETT MELOY
Helena

MIRIAM SAMPLE
Billings

ELSIE REDLIN
Sidney

JOAN BENNETT
Great Falls

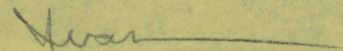
GEORGE MATTSON
Bozeman

4 July '92

Dear Dorothy--

Carol and I enjoyed the campaign pieces Dick Hargesheimer sent us.
Enclosed is a check to cover the postage.

Glad we crossed paths with you; good luck on the way to Nov.

A handwritten signature, possibly "H. H. H.", followed by a long horizontal line.



Personal Post Card

Ivan Doig

17021 10th Ave. NW

Seattle, Wa.

98177

DOROTHY BRADLEY 919 Lamme Street Bozeman, Montana 59715

Dear Ivan,

What a special treasure! I immediately started re-reading "Sky" on its arrival -- I have time for this kind of luxury for the time being.

We'll all be ready, smarter, braver, and stronger when the next challenge comes down the pike.

Love to you & Carol, Dorothy

Our lives are better left to chance. I could've
missed the pain, but I'da had to miss the dance.

Garth Brooks



Dorothy
BRADLEY

919 W Lamme
Bozeman, MT 59715

June 28, 1996

Ivan,

Unfortunately I will miss your book-signing, as I will be trailing cows into the Tenderfoot in your House of Sky country at 4 p.m., Saturday. Please sign a book for "Dan + Dorothy."

"Dan" is your classmate, Dan Hurwitz, whom I have been seeing for the past 2 years. You + Carol have a standing invitation to visit his ranch. I am there on weekends. Please take us up on it!!

Love, Dorothy



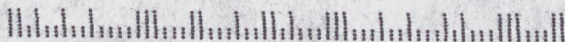
April!
reminded me it is
time for Seasons
Greetings!
When will you visit
us this summer in
WSS? The Malones
will join us!
Love,
Dorothy

Dorothy Bradley
Boxer 4-A
105 W. Main
Bozeman, MT 59715



Ivan & Carol Doig
17021- 10th Ave. NW
Seattle, WA

98177/3708



Bob & Sandy 4/12/03 phone call abt biology

Applebee's #1 Benton ←

↑ Pioneer Lodge Motel

(406) 585-9864 in Bozeman

- 2 golden retrievers & 12-yr-old

19 March 2012

Dear Mary--

I'm just now digging out from finishing touches on my next book, so I'm belated in thanking you in letting me know about your mother's passing and sending the funeral program. She and your dad were quite the figures in my time of living with the Chadwicks, good, graceful, and intelligent to be around. Possibly an old picture of a play cast with your mom, Gertie Chadwick, Carol Wall, several others and me as a high school junior or senior may show up on ivandoig.com in connection with my next book, when my publisher puts together a short promotional video that will be on my website. We'll see--I don't know which photos they'll pick out of a batch I sent them. Also, I should tell you that Choteau has been on my mind a lot in the writing of this book, as one of the characters, almost, is a giant cottonwood--the book is set in my fictional town of Gros Ventre, on Dupuyer's site but with a lot of Choteau touches including the trees. (The title of this one is *The Bartender's Tale*, and it'll be published about Labor Day.) I hope all is well with the old town and you and yours--please give my best to your dad, who still is one of my favorite Dupuyer memories showing up in his blue pickup for coffee at the Home Cafe.

Best wishes,

9 April '11

Dear Kari Patterson--

Sorry I haven't responded before now, but I'm deep in work on my next book and not getting to any correspondence. I hadn't realized from your letter that you were proceeding to hunt grant money to have me come back to the Front to do some speaking; sorry to say, I just can't and get my writing done, too. I shouldn't hold out hope to you in future years either; frankly, at my age and with so much writing I'm going to try to do yet, I have to turn down nearly all speaking invitations, even pleasant ones such as yours. It's a matter of regret, but I feel the best thing I can do for the cause of literature is keep writing; I'm sure you'll understand.

And, as one of my characters might say, you know what? You're already making the most of me and my output with your terrific class assignments for your students. Please tell them I was really impressed with their work, and need I say, your dedication as a teacher shines behind their words. My very best wishes to you all.

Sincerely,

Ivan Doig