

Dear Ivan & Carol

I write this thank you on the first day of a 10 day break, so my heart is light. We had a wonderful time at your birthday party (although there were telltale signs you are a rookie - first birthday party I have gone to empty handed and come home with a gift!!). We had a wonderful time rubbing elbows with all those creative people and are delighted we are on your "B" list. We are off tomorrow on Annie heading to Victoria for some family time. Will be in touch when we return.

All the best to you both,
Love Roy & Betty



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Betty Mayfield

Dear Ivan & Carol

We were giddy when we received a parcel in the mail today - I have to admit I have a copy on pre-order, but now I can grieve that to someone in the family. I read the first couple of chapters and already find myself re-reading lines that make you savor the language. I am so glad you two are still "in harmony" and wish you the best of luck with your book tours. I am heading to Calgary next week for another session of

-2-
holding my Dad's hand. Roy is staying home
to be foreman for our kitchen re-model.
August is definitely on tap for some feed time.

Thank you, thank you for giving us some
more of Morrie. Thank you even more for
Your friendship.

Happy first day of summer.

Roy & Betty

We'll be at the Denver Press Club,
1330 Glenarm Place.

Best always,
Kay Pude

Aug ~~22~~ 11, 2010

Dear Ivan + Carol,

I'm sad to report that Bill died July 16 in transit from Santa Fe to Denver. We were traveling with long-time friends Bill Shulstone (Medell Grad) and his wife Judy. He left so quietly that our friends & I didn't know he was gone. I'm hosting a gathering for friends 2-4:30 Sunday 8/22 in case you're coming through Denver.

21 Aug. '10

Dear Kay--

How very sorry Carol and I are to hear about Bill. He still cuts such a figure in memory, from those JWP and reporting labs of half a century ago, his typewriter always the fastest and steadiest in the roomful. Everyone knew he was a newspaperman to the bone; Ben Baldwin couldn't go a week without saying so, right? I'm really glad I got to connect again with the two of you the times I was in Denver. No such travel on the horizon currently, alas. We're both okay, hunkered in a bit here at home as I concentrate on writing the next couple of novels in a two-book contract, which I'm glad to have in these unpredictable publishing times. Will be sure to let you know if we head your way--in the meanwhile, all our best wishes during what we know will be a sad time.

Much affection from us both,



Dear Carol and Ivan

2010 was a good year – I managed to pack a bag and travel twice, stayed in good health, did a fair amount of bicycling, and adopted a dog.

The dog is Sparky, the one who came as a foster from Basenji Rescue and Transport in April of 2009. After 15 months it occurred to me that 1) no one was asking for a dog with a history of biting and 2) it would break his little heart to leave Whitey and me (after losing two homes before, not entirely his fault). So when his adoption coordinator called to say someone had inquired about him, I said he could not go.

The nine days in Peru were strenuous, exciting, strange, well worth the effort. And there was EFFORT going up those slopes at Machu Picchu and walking around Cuzco and visiting Inca ruins. People who had traveled before with Centenary alumni said it was the most demanding trip they had been on. (I lost six pounds.) After MP and Cuzco we flew to southern Peru and visited the floating islands – the people build the islands with reeds (about five feet thick), then build huts on the islands with dry reeds; their fuel is reeds; they build small fishing boats with reeds; and they eat – guess what – reeds.

We liked the food, mostly. One dish I skipped was guinea pig, called cuy when it's on the table. Two of our group who ordered it said it tasted like chicken. Funny thing: there is a huge 17th century painting of the Last Supper in the cathedral on Cuzco's plaza, and the main dish is roasted guinea pig (you can see his little legs sticking up); some of us giggled at the thought of Jesus tucking into roast guinea pig. In rural areas guinea pigs run around the kitchen area so that the cook can just pick one up, kill it and start frying (or roasting or stewing). We visited someone's home and saw about 30 of them. (I wanted to say, "run for your lives!")

In late October 26 people from my church went on a cruise from Boston to two ports in Maine and two in Canada. I had been leery of signing onto a ship for a week, fearing claustrophobia and lack of exercise, but neither occurred. We got off for shore excursions in all four places, and there was plenty to do: expedition to L.L. Bean from Portland (after walking all over downtown hunting a Sunday paper), bike ride in Acadia National Park from Bar Harbor, guided walk in St. John, and a city bike ride in Halifax (winding up in a huge park). For the rides we were supplied mountain bikes (a new experience for me), helmets, water bottles and good guides. On the ship

there was entertainment every night, but I was always too whipped to go ... just wanted to settle into bed with a book by 8:30 p.m.

Another new experience occurred in November, when I was picked for a jury (parish level) in an armed robbery case. In November of last year a taxi driver on his first day of work at about 1 a.m. picked up a guy on the west side (unsavory area), took him to an ATM, then drove him around looking for a house whose address he couldn't remember. When they were in an empty area (woods, no houses), the guy said "stop" and offered to pay; while the driver found change, the guy pulled an old rusty pistol and said "give me all the money, get out, take off your pants." Then off he went in the taxi. The poor cold driver (money and cell phone now gone) walked a short distance and was picked up by a kind driver, who took him to a waffle place; he called his boss to activate the taxi's GPS and the police to report the robbery. By the time the police came to get him, the taxi had been located, empty. (A tire had burst when it hit a curb.)

A K9 unit approaching the scene stopped a man walking in the street; he tried to escape but another police car came soon. The cab driver's cell phone was found in his pocket.

The defence attorney did not let her client testify; we had to listen to a long lecture about silence NOT meaning guilt; he was simply exercising his right not to speak. Then in her summation she could say that no evidence had been presented about how the cell phone got in her client's pocket. True enough. (But we jurors sure had our suspicions.)

All this took HOURS to present. During a recess about 4 p.m., we voted to hear final summations that day and finish up if possible. Lawyers were done by 5:15, and the judge read the law to us. We adjourned at 5:30 and elected a foreman, who asked each of us our opinions. ALL of us said, "guilty as charged." (I was thinking of Pope's line: "And wretches hang that jurymen may dine.") We were done at 5:35 but could not leave -- the judge, court officials and lawyers had vanished, apparently to their offices or to dinner, and they couldn't be rounded up for 45 minutes. We were getting testy by then.

Once they returned, it didn't take long. Defense counsel asked that we be polled, and for the first time the defendant looked at us -- a mean, scary look. Then he was taken off in handcuffs, and bailiffs walked some of us two blocks to the parking lot.

A couple of things surprised me: first, the bailiff, both attorneys and judge were all women. Second, the cabbie is white and the accused (should say now the guilty) is black. Jury was nine blacks and three whites, and I wondered whether we would divide on racial lines (guess that shows how racism lurks beneath a liberal veneer). But no -- the blacks were quite convinced that the man did it.

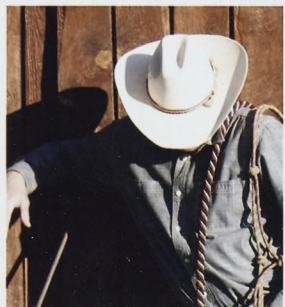
I'll stop on that unChristmassy note. Lucky you to spend some wintertime in Tucson -- I was there for six weeks one summer, not its best season. Did enjoy the town's bike trails.

My old computer perished, taking with it all my
Xmas card addresses - thanks for sending yours early
so I could start on mine.
Sara



Merry
Christmas

FROM TWO OF
THE 25.



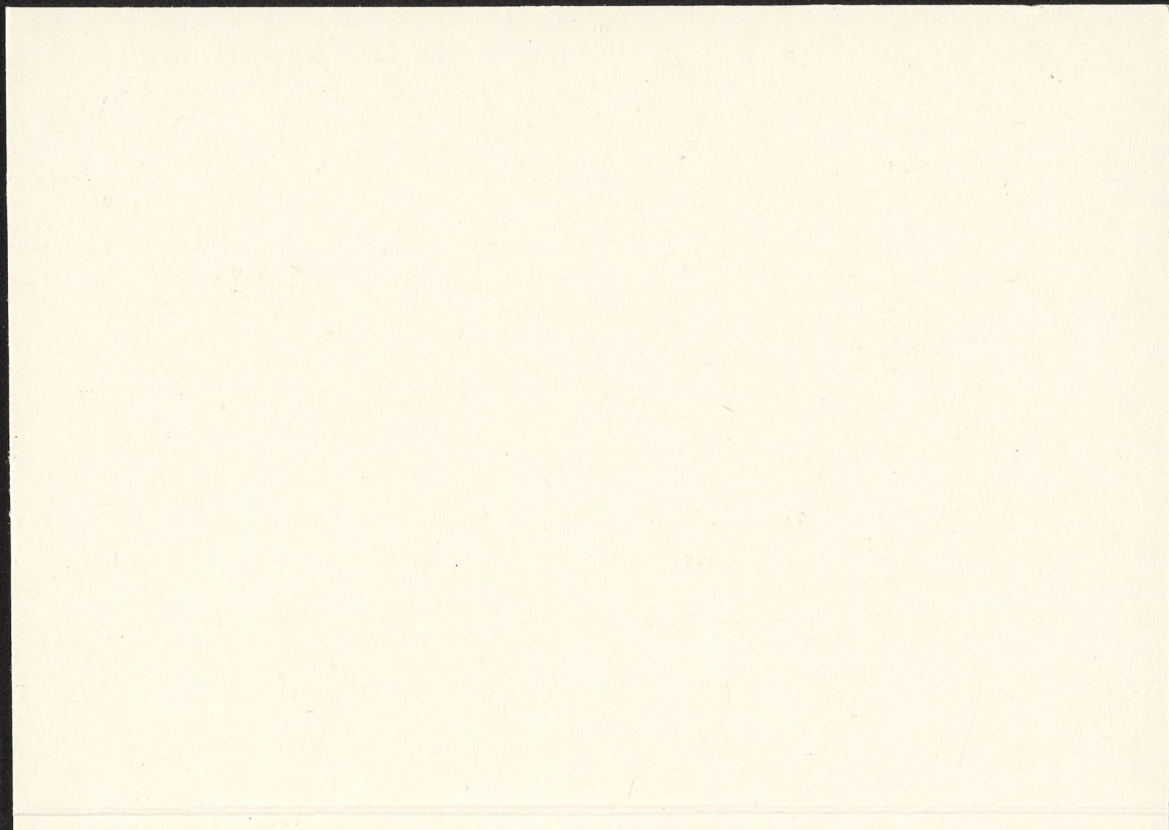
They bumped me
up to Men, so
I'll see you in
June!

—C.

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SEASONS.
greetings





Best wishes for a happy holiday season
and a happy new year!

*Marilyn, Mih-Ho, Jynne, Matthew
And all of your friends in Riverhead Publicity*



planted a variety of agaves and some Mexican finca post cactus. Soil is red & hard which makes the digging an adventure. I am also attempting to read more 'western' writers and am enjoying Larry McMurtry's 'Roads' at the moment. Have met our neighbors who are 'salt of the earth', so copies of Whistling Season are traveling the street.

I thought I would send this picture of an owl - we hear them every evening hooting their way through the dusk. The birds put on quite a show here, one of the joys of this patio. Mom arrives next week for a visit, then we are off to New Zealand for Naomi's wedding. Will keep in touch.

Butter & Roy

Feb 2/13

Hey to Ivan & Carol

It is Friday morning in Tucson and I find myself sitting in the sun on our patio. Time for visiting Seattle friends just so I can stretch this glorious morning out a little longer. Roy doesn't have it quite so luxurious - as he is already at the computer.

We are adapting to life down here a little better now. The house isn't taking up so much of our time as we have ordered most of the big pieces of furniture and now wait for delivery. That has allowed us to get back into routine and it feels good. I am not working as many hours so have had time to learn about 'hot gardens' and have visited some of the local nurseries. We have

P.S.

meant to tell you that your wonderful
rogs are gracing our walls. The
favorite old Navaho rog is in the
office - and it
reminds us of
the Dalg's
every time we
glance up.



Thank you again for thinking of us.



B.

Pomegranate

Clifford Ellis (British, 1907-1985)

Rosemary Ellis (British, 1910-1998)

Heath, Owl, 1933

Published by Underground Electric Railways Company Ltd.

Collection of the London Transport Museum

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Dear Ivan + Carol,

10.13.13

Once again, Thanks for a wonderful evening of liquor, books, and laughter.

It was great fun to see the basement stash and to sell the complete run! David + Marjorie

The opportunity to play and explore the Doig library will remain at the top of my book-selling career. Thank You too for the opportunity to sell your books. But really - the fun, friends and conversation was the best! Amy, Marcee



January 21, 2013

Dear Friends,

As the calendar circles 'round to 2013, we send you our wishes for a year filled with joy, beauty, and peace. Last Christmas our short note promised a fuller holiday letter in 2012. But, that was a promise we were unable to fulfill. Our last two Decembers have been colored by loss. During the past year we were reminded yet again how precious one's circle of family and friends is to each of us.

Closing the Circle

By Wendell Berry

*Within the circle of our lives
We dance the circle of the years,
The circles of the seasons
Within the circles of the years,
The cycles of the moon
Within the circles of the season,
The circles of our reasons
Within the cycles of the moon.*

*Again, again we come and go,
Changed, changing. Hands
Join, unjoin in love and fear,
Grief and joy. The circles turn,
Each giving into each, into all.
Only music keeps us here,*

*Each by all the others held.
In the hold of hands and eyes
We turn in pairs, that joining
Joining each to all again.*

*And then we turn aside, alone,
Out of the sunlight gone
Into the darker circles of return.*

In December 2011, our brother-in-law Dale Erny died after a courageous battle with cancer and we gathered in Louisville to bid him farewell. He was a native Louisvillian who loved his city—its people, parks, and neighborhoods. He was a rabid U of L fan who saw plays clearer than any referee. Dale was an outdoorsman who could be found happily sitting in a duck blind at dawn on opening day of hunting season. He made intoxicatingly delectable bourbon balls from a recipe handed down by the Erny men and gave them to those of us lucky enough to be on his gift list. He adored Betsy's sister Sally and guided their children Sam and Joanna on life's way. In our mind's eye, he is leaning back, drawing slowly on a good cigar, sipping a glass of small batch Kentucky bourbon, and smiling that Daley grin.

In September, we gathered in Iowa to say goodbye to Betsy's uncle Harlan McCallister after the contented life he shared with Auntie M. Mac was a lifelong golfer who was still teeing up into his 80s. He was a snappy dresser and known for his dancing prowess and ability to carry on a conversation with anyone. He truly cared for his neighbors, and often mowed the grass and shoveled the snow for the whole street. During grade school Betsy's teacher called her parents to verify that her 6'4" uncle was actually 7' 6" as she had told her classmates. But in Betsy's eyes, Uncle Mac will always be a giant.

On December 18, 2012, Dean's mother Edna Pollack died in Seattle at the age of 96 after a full and happy life. We took her back home to Chicago where she was born in 1916, grew up on the South Side, met Augie at the Melody Mill Ballroom, and married in 1949. She and Aug built the house in Lyons, brick by brick, where they raised Dean and Brian, instilling in them the importance of family and friends, and of education and hard work. In 2004, a few years after Augie died, Edna moved to Seattle to be near us. She lived independently in her own house and became a beloved part of our everyday life. Edna was a lifelong baseball fan. Her earliest game memory was seeing Babe Ruth when the despised Bronx Bombers played her White Sox. Edna also rooted for the Cubs and took her boys on the "L" to Ladies Day games at Wrigley Field. In Seattle she became an avid Mariners fan who enjoyed her many trips to Safeco Field, and the Yankees were slightly less despised after Ichiro was traded to them. Edna loved crosswords and word puzzles; she relished Bohemian food and bakery; she knew how to make the most of coupons and stretch a dollar; and, most of all, she was quietly proud of her sons. She would have been "well-pleased" by the many people who came to her funeral and joined us for the traditional luncheon at Klas, the oldest Czech restaurant in the country and where Edna and Augie once celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary. Think of Edna the next time you sing "Take Me out to the Ballgame."

Within the circles of our lives, we dance the circle of the years. May we long remember and always celebrate those who mean so much to us as their circles come to a close. We hope that our paths will cross often in 2013 as life's circle turns, each giving into each, into all.

With fondness,

Betsy & Dean



Carol & Ivan #.
*We always
enjoy your Christ-
mas letter - what
a great year you've
had. We're hoping
to get back
to more
time with
friends like you
after the recent years
of intensive elder care.*

P.S. I'll look for Ivan at ALA!

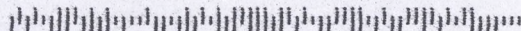
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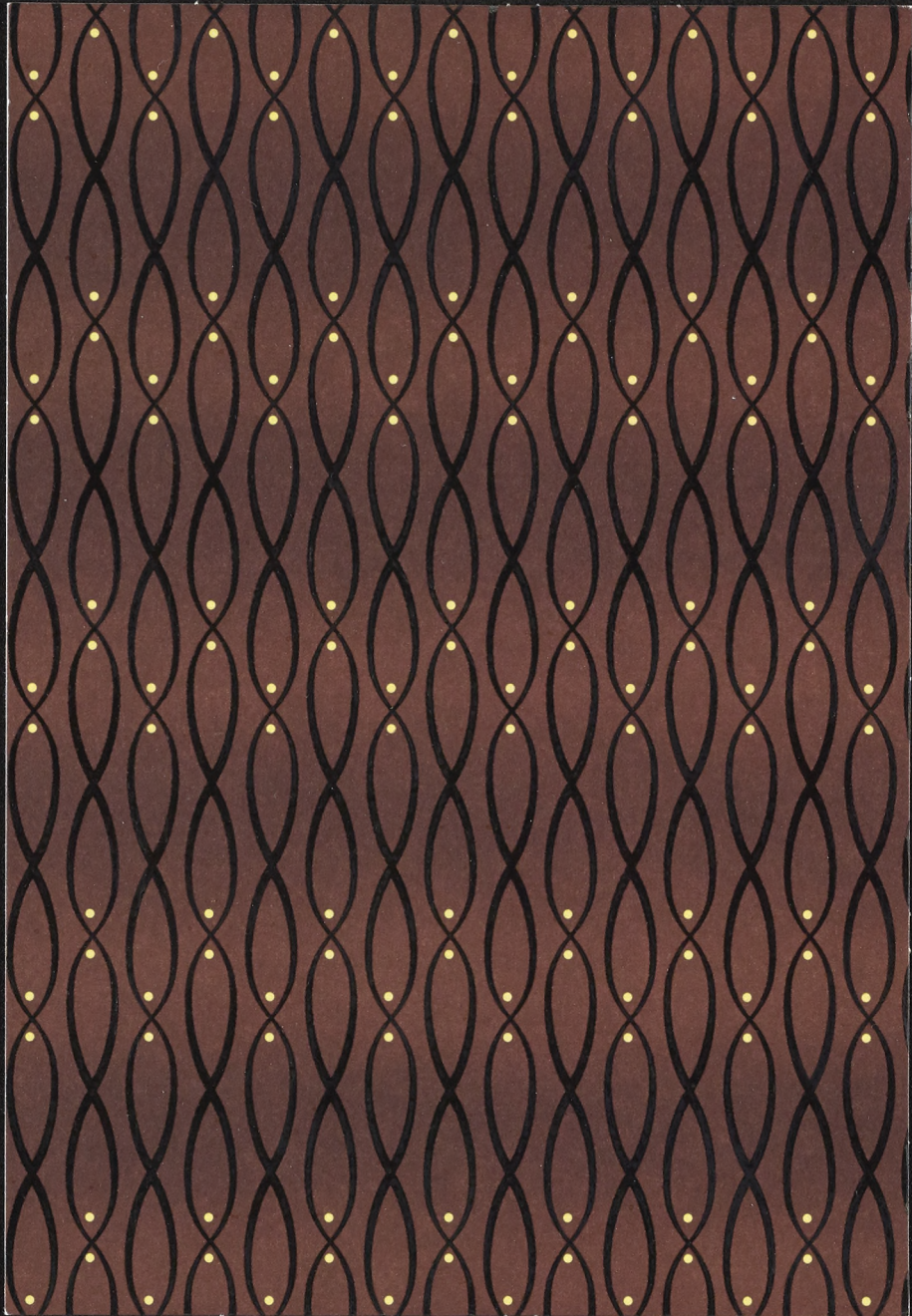
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Ivan Doig
17227 15th Ave NW
Seattle, WA 98177







Ivan,

Greetings from the biggish sky. It has been a long time since you visited the Boulder Book Store, and we have missed those visits. As I recall was when you received an award from C.U., was your last visit.

I don't know if you were aware that my brother Tom died last fall. He and Barbara had been living in Tucson. After a morning workout and a swim, Tom became ill. He was diagnosed with pancreatitis and died a few days later.

I have a request. I know that the book signings you likely grow weary of signing books to Tidyman. It has been a great pleasure that your writings have given us. I so enjoy sharing our Valier connections especially with my mother.

Since your book tours no longer
include Colorado, we have un-signed
first additions.

I was hoping if I could
send one copy of each unsigned
book (4), return postage included,
for you to sign. If this
isn't possible, or is an inappropriate
request, I understand.

I hope you and Carol are both
in good health, and enjoying
life.

Best wishes.

Bill

Email: bnc@tidymans@comcast.net



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January 26, 2019

Dear Carol,

The sun is shining finally on the new year and I'm looking at your Christmas letter, filled with guilt, determined to send a sheet as colorful as yours to greet you and wish you a fine year--or at least the 11 months remaining.

I have learned to use Dragon, the voice-activated computer program, and can use it now to write several pages in a row without losing my temper when it writes "Dick Tate" instead of "dictate." Since Wilbur still cannot zip zippers or type, I'm stuck with Dragon. But it's a good bit faster than the dancing starfish method.

The Ivan Doig center at MSU is such good news! I finally snagged a couple of copies of the Doig issue of Montana mag of History. Did we already talk about this? I thought it was terrific, despite Nancy Cook's hassles with the editor - which didn't show up in the final version. I still feel Nostalgic about our conversation about Ivan and Jim. Well, I still feel nostalgic about them too.

I'm in the process of changing agents because the chap who ran Elaine Markson's agency didn't do anything for Jim except funnel the royalties to me. It's just a matter now of getting documents together, just tedious. Sally Wofford-Girard is her name and she remembered us from Elaine's agency. I'm not tap dancing about her yet--she's not likely to be like Ivan's dear agent

Last year was a good year, all in all. (Not counting a bleeding ulcer just a year ago that nearly carried me off.) A rather uneventful year. I prefer uneventful. I did throw a garden party on June 22 to celebrate what would have been our 50th anniversary. The Christmas holidays provided a week's festivities. (I then celebrated Jan 1 with a cold.)

My trip to Ireland at the of October was very pleasant. My friend Virginia drove us from Dublin to Connemara where she had some friends who live by the sea in a restored cottage (1740 or so.) We saw great production of Richard III at the Abbey Theatre. And then I spent a

couple of days with my nephew and his daughter at Tullyquilly cottage farm, his little organic farm Southwest of Belfast. He teaches history at Queen's University Belfast. He picked me up in Dublin, drove me back to his farm, then later back to the airport, so I was well taken care of and never got too tired.

I'm meeting Virginia in Los Angeles in mid- February on my way to giving a paper at the Eudora Welty conference in Charleston South Carolina. She will be coming back from a Mexico trip so I thought I would intersect her. (I am completely aware that Los Angeles is not on the way to South Carolina.) The paper on Welty's comedy is in process. It is fun to be doing this, especially because there's no reason at all to do it, except for the fun.

Is your walking coach still coaching you? It was a brilliant idea I think to enlist someone to help you walk because you enjoy it so much. Tell me about your progress.

I renounced walking on my street six weeks ago: too icy. Even with yak tracks and walking sticks, I worried about falling. So I just go to the gym twice a week with the dozen Hardy ancient friends who take the class with me. And I do chair yoga twice a week since I cannot face getting down on the ground. My OT is still optimistic about getting Wilbur stronger and more useful. That keeps me optimistic.

Do you have someone who comes in and helps with your house regularly? I am so grateful for my latest caretaker who keeps everything shipshape. She's not the cook that Beth was last year but she can cook, & helps me cook. And so I too enjoy living in my own home. Archives, art, mementos, the changing light every day - 43 years and I'm not tired of it yet.

How I would love to be sitting right now in your living room and watching the sun set over the Olympics, the Sound darkening in the shadows as evening falls. Maybe soon. After the thaw or the lilacs.

xo Lois