Even Wally, at (longitude & latitude in S. Pacific), has heard the lure of Phoenix, asks her about flour mills (trucking and feedstore business). Her letter: There is plenty of Phoenix I haven’t seen.
She is at a loss. "It's just--" She hunches her shoulders a little, the smallest kind of shrug, but on it rides Alzona Park—Arizona—the war...
cut from ch. 1, p. 30—"my grandmother and grandfather have separated and she is cooking on a ranch in another part of Montana from Moss Agate and he is in parts unknown."

It takes the merest tint of imagination to tone up the picture of us after that 1944 Christmas. My father doctor his way out of the ulcer siege, my mother's asthma stays quiet, we march on as self-draftees in
treasury of the poor, and Berneta minted more than her share even in
the busy-tongued Ringer family: fee-fee was her saying of barefoot, anything
upsetting to her gave her not the willies but the jimjams, and she it was

who coined for the family the wonderful eartrick merseys for Moss Agate's
Jersey-cows-in-need-of-mercy. She upped the ante even on basics such as

why; that question she always asked as why so?
changed in Oct. '92 revise:

bulletin

news arrives spectacularly fresh. Leave it to him, he has pried it out of a gate guard at the aluminum plant as the guards this holiday night gave everybody a thorough going-over at the change of shifts, making all the plant workers shuffle through in single-file so their security badges can be hawkishly inspected.

"A whole hell of a bunch of German prisoners got away," is the