"strut our stuff" instead of "sashay" in dressmaking scene?
Winona's eyes:

--rowdy?
--rampant?
--with sass in her eye
--snappy?
Cat Creek

C. T. Tom ranch: 1423 a., 5 of 18 sections 7 pod land, for 140 cattle.
- 1 resd. section runs 6 head (31 A.U.), for 8 men 7 yrs.

- Big Ck

Dick: plane 7 face
Hoyd: wrangler j b. Dec. 1917

- prairie
- grey
- rearing iron; Bull Bill; shang's badge

- "snipe 7 hantles"

- underart, location, no crest at farm time
- When met my mother?
- teaching in Ringling?
- what was she like? (allergy attacks?)
- bad/old: sharp temper?
- what did Dad like?
- other Doris?
- Ringling & real Yang? dances?
- how met Wally?
- how did Ringers like?
- who was C'mon Lake?
Berneta w/ Hazel: sizing H. up, distilling her into opinions/answers for Wally.

---intersperse letter excerpts w/ dialogue

---cd include view of Dad, coming home from lambing at Shearers' the day the mice were caught, his wry reaction and Berneta's fondness of it, leading to letter excerpt abt age not making any difference in their marriage.

---view of me, excited about all the mouse-catching? (link to WWII?)
That was nearer to (politeness) than to truth, but...

B answering Wally abt Angel?
jiffy... just a jif  (have Winona say abt doing the sewing?)

I'll only take a jif & she won't want to get out of practice
WSS's take-it-or-leave-it appearance
the downtown millraces of whiskey (name the WSS bars)
July '85: Jack Hayne decided "not to run $55 hay through 75 & calves," sold cattle & is now in hay business.

- Still has 4 bucket calves - "1 cutter for every 400 acres"

(was for Jack?)
flirt

flirtation

flirting with danger

Which way the flirting went... (came from) would be interesting to know.

(Dad and Berneta beginning to go together in the 1920's)
MSU WPA files—folklore, misc. studies

"an itching hand means money; an itching nose means you will meet a stranger."

—use with HE ch. 3, Hazel/Wally?

[Handwritten note: miss a look]
For Pete's sake. (exclamation Winona might use.)
changes made in Jan. '92 revise:

"I think they'd go okay, Nonie, don't you? [Trimming along the bottom, like?]

"I'll do this one," says my mother, "you're going so good on the dresses."

of the damnable weather, you name it and these two smart shrimps of women calls me. Kiddo is a hundred times better than the horrifying Pinky which
demunciations of this wintry spring, you name it and the two-woman chorus

in the kitchen will do you a declension of it. This peppy visit from
I think they'd go okay, Nonie, don't you? A little trimming, here and there?"

"What the hey, we'll ruffle a bunch up and see," pronounces Winona.

"I think they'd go okay, Nonie, don't you? Give ourselves a little sashay?"

"What the hey, we'll ruffle a bunch up and see," pronounces Winona.
changed in Feb. '92 revise:

goes out every day to ten hours in a lambing shed (He really shouldn't be working but then you know Charlie, the conclusive lab report by my mother's pen), speculation on who they'll meet up with at the prom (the
I know anything about it. Since Thursday I've nearly listened myself inside out. This is work, spying on history. Who can tell what will distill next out of the actual air, after Thursday afternoon when my mother had her programs on, Ma Perkins or somebody such, I wasn't much listening until the news voice cut in: "We interrupt this program to bring you a special bulletin..."
Winona remembers me not as clinically bashful (around her): quote from tape, my mother's surprise at how I took to her.
My mother is Winona's close chum, but she is also Wally's older-sister-being-asked-for-advice. She tries to trouper for them both. Nonie has a good education, is a good cook, a fair housekeeper, and—high opinion no problem at least on these two scores— a real seamstress as well as a good sport.
hearing such words distill out of the actual air, distance no protection from knowing—the instant tocsin of broadcasting.

I came out from behind the couch on all fours, then stood up curious into another age.
The first time I can remember, to the unquestionable time of day

(FRD's time of death; Bernard Asbell book, radio tapes) and the precise room I was in (behind the couch that angled across a corner of the living-room, the corner-cave behind there my latest fortress), hearing such words distill out of the actual air, distance no protection from knowing, the instant tocsin of broadcasting.