willow whistle: slit the damp green, like \( \frac{1}{4} \) moon at base of fingernail
Now my father began another battle, this time to regain prosperity (with Snider)
Old combine at Burt Ranch: mysterious, like a ship; knives to be avoided, endless inner workings; even heat inside on a hot day was different, a metallic cooking sensation.
spots of sunlight probed in around the gear housings etc.; chaff older than I was caught in the light as I mused past.
Dad–O’ma: fulcrum @ middle 1st
add details from FWP "Sheep" ms in Summer Research file
Hers is the third story that goes into my life. I know it better even than my own wife's, because I come out of the country that Grandma lived 60 years in . . .
my mind was too 00 (comparison with Dad)
her mouth had firmed, like the Krebs sisters'
Somehow she managed to take half a dozen piano lessons, and ever after could pick out any tune.
edgy voice
instead of apron strings, there were the thews of rank life
so deep a silence it rang in the ears
the three of us blue-eyed
describe stacked hay
during haying: "Do you need me today?"
(I was bright enough to be let off -- could entertain myself, not get in trouble. A duller mind might have been made to work all the time.)
without knowing what I disliked about it, I despised constantly being sent to toolbox
Combine: could turn fly wheels and hear clash of metal fingers inside.

A small risk dreamed into bigger.
foot-racing and playing football despite bandaged knee --
stiff-legged gait
the evidence of it burned in his belly
plainly I baffled Snider. If I was lazy, why did I...
If I was not lazy, why did I avoid the ranch chores?
Like other women of the valley, she would not break up because of the children. Like other men of the valley, Tom was caught in a vise he could not handle.
Yet if life did not entirely smoothen, it at least steadied down a bit in those few years at the Camas. The ranch was a land of imagination for me, with its gulches like small canyons and the thick-brushed creek, the cluttered old buildings, and most of all, the abandoned machinery.
my drifting mind
At the Camas Ranch, Dad was stepping back into the foremaning he had done in his younger years.
long tables at Burt ranch