

Lady

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)

Lady

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 metally cooking sensation.

Lady

spots of sunlight probed in around the gear housings
etc.; chaff older than I was caught in the light
as I mused past.

Lady ADD

Dad-G'ma: fulcrum @ middle of ltr

LADY--ADD

add details from FWP "Sheep" ms in Summer Research file

Lady.

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 . . .

Lady

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~~h~~life

Lady
(Moss Agate)

so deep a silence it rang in the ears

the three of us blue-eyed

d 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

Lady

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?

Lady

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.

Lady

Yet ~~if~~ 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.

Lady

my drifting mind

At the Camas Ranch, Dad was stepping back into the foremaning
he had done in his younger years.

Lady

long tables at Burt ranch