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clumps of greasewood,  
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“Now they were almost at the river. Janey bent forward. Yes, there they were, the willows. And they looked just like those on the willow plate.”

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“The hours dragged on, the sun rode high in the heavens, and still the men’s swift fingers moved over the green plants, sweeping the cotton into the picking sacks.”

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“At last the actual building of the house began . . . Janey liked the fact that their house was being built out of the very soil of this ranch. It made it seem more than ever their own.”

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