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WESTVIEW

A JOURNAL OF WESTERN OKLAHOMA

VOLUME 10

NUMBER 3

SPRING 1991

\$3.⁰⁰



WESTERN OKLAHOMA ROMANCES



FOREWORD



e have been pleased with our contributors' responses to the theme "Western Oklahoma Romance"; in fact, manuscripts kept flushing our market up to the last minute before the deadline.

The offerings will more than likely be of interest to our general readership, and we are grateful to Margie Snowden North, formerly of Erick and Texola and now of Sweetwater, for suggesting the theme.

Western Oklahoma Romance must be of real interest to the Snowden Family. We have submissions from both Margie Snowden North ("My Early Day Experiences," "The Hunted," and "Hide Hunter") and her sister Ava Snowden Sailors ("The School Bus Driver") in this issue. Both, of course, have been published in WESTVIEW previously.

In the WESTVIEW office, we place a premium on human-interest news; therefore, the BORGER NEWS-HERALD (January 21, 1990 issue) that Ava Sailors sent us was of great interest to us. By reading the news stories and looking at the pictures, we discovered that Eph and Ava Sailors' son Rick is married to Roy Rogers and Dale Evans' daughter Dodie. The pictorial article gave coverage of a visit Eph and Ava enjoyed in Roy and Dale's home in Victorville, California during Thanksgiving 1987.

There are many things that some of us would never have known and many wonderful people with whom we would never have become acquainted if there had never been a WESTVIEW. Long may WESTVIEW live!

Merrily,

Leroy Thomas

Leroy Thomas
Editor

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FUTURE ISSUES

FALL, 1991 (Western Oklahoma Seasons; deadline: 7-1-91).
 WINTER, 1991 (Western Oklahoma Christmastime; deadline: 9-15-91).
 SPRING, 1992 (Western Oklahoma Relatives/Kinfolks; deadline: 12-15-91).
 SUMMER, 1992 (Western Oklahoma Daydreams/Illusions; deadline: 2-15-92).
 FALL, 1992 (Western Oklahoma Dustbowl Days; deadline: 7-1-92).
 WINTER, 1992 (Western Oklahoma Colorful Characters; deadline: 9-15-92).
 SPRING, 1993 (Western Oklahoma Lawmen and Outlaws; deadline: 12-15-92).
 SUMMER, 1993 (Western Oklahoma Feasts; deadline: 2-15-93).
 FALL, 1993 (Western Oklahoma Farmhouses; deadline: 7-1-93).
 WINTER, 1993 (Western Oklahoma Youth; deadline: 9-15-92).
 SPRING, 1994 (Western Oklahoma Flora and Fauna; deadline: 12-15-93).
 SUMMER, 1994 (Western Oklahoma Hard Times/Good Times; deadline: 2-15-94).
 FALL, 1994 (Western Oklahoma Terrain—Rivers, Lakes, Hills; deadline: 7-1-94).
 WINTER, 1994 (Western Oklahoma's Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow; deadline: 9-15-93).
 SPRING, 1995 (Western Oklahoma's Cowboys and Indians; deadline: 12-15-94).

We prefer 5 x 7 or 8 x 10 glossies to keep on file (not to be returned except by request— please don't send valued family pictures; instead, send copies)—also clear, original manuscripts (no unclear copies, please).

STYLESHEET

Being published in WESTVIEW is mission possible if a writer follows these guidelines:

1. Always mail a submission flat in a 9 by 12 Manila envelope, remembering to include a SASE (self-addressed stamped envelope) for a possible rejection. Mail to: Dr. Leroy Thomas; Editor, WESTVIEW; 100 Campus Drive, SOSU; Weatherford, OK 73096.
2. Use a coversheet that contains name, address, telephone number, suggested issue and date (e.g. "Western Oklahoma Friendships"—Fall, 1990).
3. Remember to leave your name and address off the submission itself. We want each contributor to be anonymous during the Board's assessing procedure.
4. Remember the importance of a clean typewritten or word-processed manuscript (double-spacing for prose and single-spacing for poetry). Use a good grade of 8 1/2 by 11 white paper. Submit pen-and-ink graphics on white paper. Submit 5 by 7 or 8 by 10 black and white photos that you will let us keep on file in our office. Please don't send valued family pictures; send copies of them.
5. Be sure to submit material that is related to Western Oklahoma. The geographical boundary is the area lying west of Interstate 35. However, we don't require that our contributors be Western Oklahoma residents.
6. We prefer free-verse poetry that contains no archaic language and negative attitudes. We will seriously consider rhymed poetry that contains no straining or manipulating of meter and rhyme and no syntax inversions. Line limit is 25.
7. We prefer that your prose submissions be no more than ten double-spaced pages, that they be well organized and clear of purpose, and that they express worthwhile, upbeat attitudes.
8. We maintain that our journal will be wholesome to the extent that it can be appreciated by all readers.
9. Feeling that your submission will be accepted, you also need to send along a short biographical blurb written in third person. Example: MORTIMER MULDOON of Weatherford is a SOSU senior majoring in English Education. Mortimer makes his debut as a published writer in the present issue of WESTVIEW.
10. Strive for a natural writing style, good grammar, good taste, correct spelling.
11. Accentuate originality and creativity.
12. After you have made your submission, sit back, relax, and expect the best.
13. After your manuscript is accepted, please provide changes in address and status as needed.

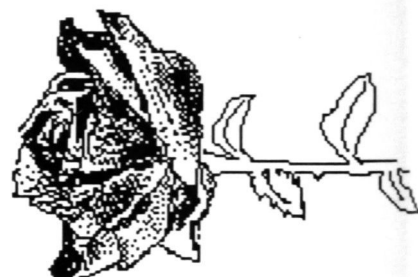
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Western Oklahoma Romance

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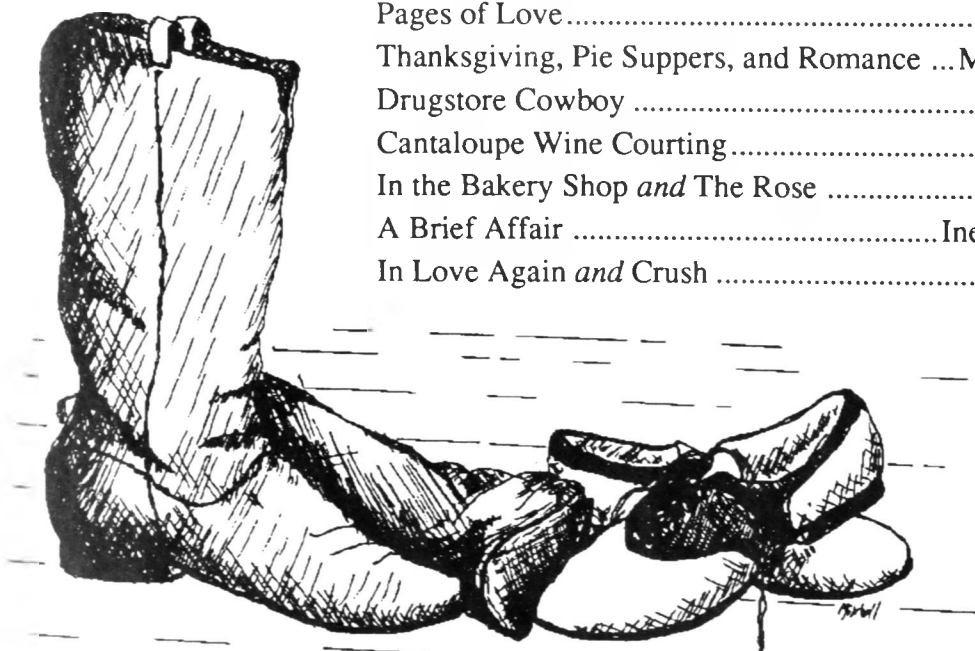
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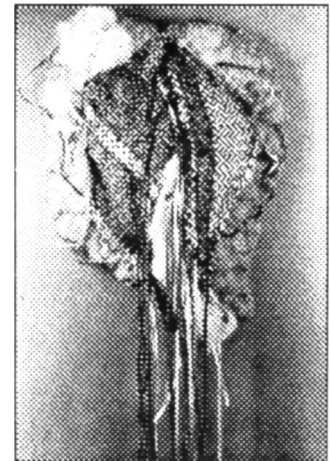
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Brud Acon

FREE MEN IN A SLAVE SOCIETY

(A Book Review by Dr. Francis Feeley)

DES HOMMES LIBRES DANS UNE SOCIETE ESCLAVAGISTE, LES OUVRIERS DES SUDDEA ETATS-UNIS, 1830-1861, by Michel Cordillot (Annales litteraires de l'Universite de Besancon, 1990), 253 pages, 130 francs (\$30).

Michel Cordillot was born in 1951 in Migennes (France). He teaches United States History at the University of Paris VIII-St. Denis. He is currently working with a group of scholars on a biographical dictionary of French exiles and political immigrants in the United States, 1848-1914, and will be a co-editor of the volume to be published in the United States in 1991 under the title LIBERTY AND A BETTER NEW WORLD: ESSAYS IN THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH-AMERICAN RADICALS AND LABOR ACTIVISTS. He is also the author of

LA NAISSANCE DU MOUVEMENT OUVRIER A BESANCON (Paris: Les Belles

Lettres, 1990) and the editor of a ten-volume documentary collection titled LES REVOLUTIONS DU 19e SIECLE. DU COUP D'ETAT A LA IIIe REPUBLIQUE, 1852-1872 (Paris: Edhis, 1988).

Michel Cordillot has written a book about a subject that is so obvious that up till now it has gone virtually ignored by historians of the antebellum South. DES HOMMES LIBRES DANS UNE SOCIETE ESCLAVAGISTE (translated FREE MEN IN A SLAVE SOCIETY) is a history of the "free" white labor force in the Southern states before the Civil War.

The thesis of Professor Cordillot's book is that the non-African American labor movement in the slave states between 1830 and 1861, though small in number and poorly organized, asserted a significant influence that weakened the dominant slave-owning class in the years before the Civil War. Racial solidarity among white citizens of all social classes was indispensable for maintaining what the author calls "the ideological hegemony" of the small slave-owning oligarchy.

Using the minutes from union meetings of printers and cigar-makers, Cordillot argues that Southern workers frequently challenged the power of the Southern oligarchy and were supported in doing so by their national union organizations. Although no Southern trade union openly supported the Abolitionist movement before the Civil War, union solidarity on the national level brought Southern industrial workers in contact with their Northern counterparts on a regular basis. Between 1852 and 1860, for example, the National Typographical Union met eight times. Three of their national conventions

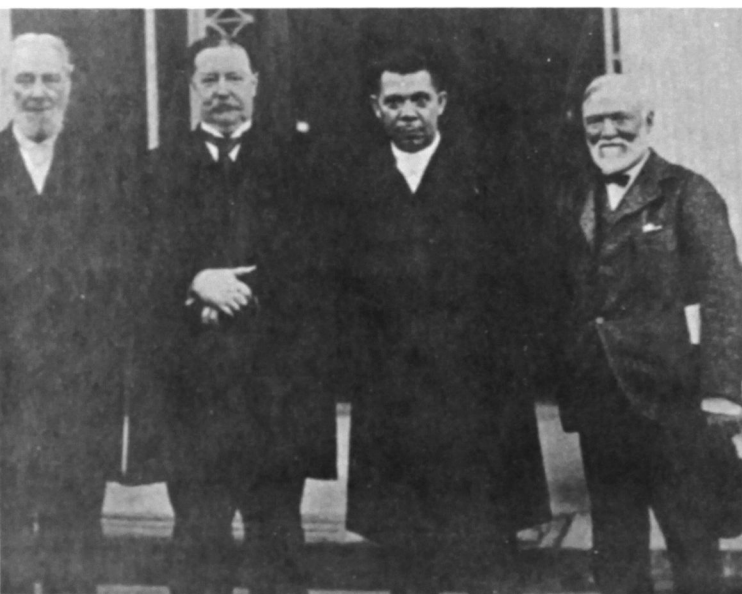


Photo reproduced by Mr. Bryan Brady

were held in cities south of the Mason-Dixon Line; the last prewar convention was held in Nashville in 1860. Regular contact at national meetings seems to have generated a culture of resistance among the printers: local unions were encouraged to struggle for higher wages, a shorter work week, and more control over hiring (a closed shop system). Unfortunately, there are no records of unofficial discussions held in the course of these national conventions, but Professor Cordillot points to signs that would indicate that Abolitionist values were communicated at these national gatherings of printers. In December, 1860, for example, the *MOBILE DAILY ADVERTISER* reported that a printer had been expelled first from Natchez and then from New Orleans for publicly espousing the Abolitionist cause. Were tenacious acts of dissent such as this one signs of a vibrant and defiant Southern labor movement? Perhaps not, but it was positive evidence that the National Typographical Union, while remaining silent on the question of slavery, did not actively stifle dissent among Southern members who opposed slavery.

Professor Cordillot turns to the second trade union, the minutes of whose meetings have been preserved from before the Civil War. The Cigar-makers Union of Baltimore was organized in 1856, and they sent a delegate to the national convention in New York, where fifty representatives from nine states (three of which were slave states) gathered to discuss strategies for a national organizing campaign. By 1861, the Baltimore local had a membership of 1071. One year before, they had allied with a dozen other trade unions in the city to reform the Baltimore Trades' Assembly. Needless to say, the existence of these labor organizations was perceived as a challenge to the local oligarchy. In March 1860, they had collected \$168.75 for striking shoemakers in Lynn, Massachusetts. In September of the same year, they participated in a meeting celebrating the Italian revolutionary Giuseppe Garibaldi. Entering the recession of the winter 1860-1861, the Baltimore cigar-makers' Union not only voted

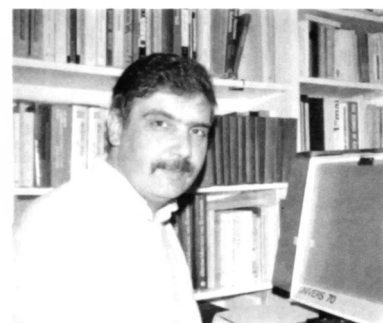
to collect financial aid for its unemployed members, but commissioned a study to determine the causes of the crisis in their industry and possible solutions.

Cordillot suggests from his study of the minutes of these labor union meetings and sporadic accounts in local newspapers the existence of a cosmopolitan subculture among organized Southern workers in opposition to the slave-owning oligarchy which dominated official plantation culture. The picture he has put together for us so far, he suggests, is only the "tip of the iceberg." Future research, he believes, will provide scholars with a better understanding of the immanent debacle of the Southern oligarchy before the first shot was fired at Fort Sumter.

The book closes with a brief quotation by Horace Greeley which in 1853 portended ill fortune for the slave states: "Each free worker who moves to the South is a nail in the coffin of slavery." It is unfortunate that most Southern workers were as much against the slaves themselves as they were against slavery. They perceived slaves as "capital assets" used against wage labor rather than as human beings who were potential allies in a struggle for a new society. In hindsight, it may appear strange that the "enemy of their enemy" was not their friend, but Professor Cordillot draws a convincing portrait, well documented from hard-to-find sources, that non-African American labor was challenging the authority of slave-owners—not their right to own slaves but their right to continue to exist as a separate social class, insinuating its elitist values and its medieval *Weltanschauung* into all strata of Southern society.

The author concludes his book by inviting more research into this almost unexplored aspect of the antebellum South: the goals and desires of "free men" in a slave society.

*DR. FRANCIS FEELEY is a professor in the SOSU Social Sciences Department, where he oversees the French Student Exchange Program. **



Michel Cordillot

A REVIEW OF JOHN H. TIMMERMAN'S JOHN STEINBECK'S FICTION

—By Dr. Leroy Thomas

John H. Timmerman, Ph.D., Professor of English at Calvin College in Grand Rapids, Michigan, thoroughly researched Steinbeck Country in preparation for writing *JOHN STEINBECK'S FICTION: THE AESTHETICS OF THE ROAD NOT TAKEN*. According to an O.U. Press editor, Timmerman retraced the route of Steinbeck's migrants from Tipton to Bakersfield along old Route 66.

One eventful result of the research was this book published in 1988 and now offered for a price of \$22.50 by the University of Oklahoma Press (1005 Asp

Avenue—Norman, OK 73019-0445).

The titles of some of the chapters—"Steinbeck as Literary Artist," "Dreams and Dreamers," "The Wine of God's Wrath," "Angels in Midheaven," "Their Deeds Follow Them," "Harvest of the Earth," "Voice from Heaven," "That They May Rest from Their Labors"—are revelatory of the interest and scope of Steinbeck's works.

*Anyone who has even a passing interest in Steinbeck should order a copy of JOHN STEINBECK'S FICTION: THE AESTHETICS OF THE ROAD NOT TAKEN from the University of Oklahoma Press. **

STAND WATIE: AN ANALYTICAL STUDY

(A book review by Donita Lucas Shields)

Several years ago Dr. B. Narasingarajan became involved with promoting American Indian studies where he taught American History at Bangalore University in India. As a result, he developed an intense desire for more knowledge about the War Between the States in Indian Territory, Oklahoma.

Since the Republic of India lacked resource materials for this era, Dr. Narasingarajan began compiling information directly from sources in Oklahoma that would be beneficial to Asian readers. His resulting *STAND WATIE: AN ANALYTICAL STUDY* can also be recommended for American readers who might desire a brief but accurate biographical sketch of Stand Watie and his outstanding military career. It is guaranteed to whet appetites for more extensive studies of Stand Watie and the Civil War in Indian Territory.

Stand Watie arrived in Indian Territory in April, 1837, with approximately 450 other Cherokees who had voluntarily sold their homelands in Georgia. These Indians and their families established new homes in Indian Territory more than a year before the U.S. government began forced Indian Removal in the Eastern states which resulted in the brutal Trail of Tears.

Stand Watie later became Principal Chief of the Cherokees, and in 1864 Confederate President Jefferson Davis promoted him to the rank of Brigadier General for his brave efforts and many

successes at the battlefield. At the close of the war Watie was the highest ranking non-White in both Confederate and Union troops. He and his soldiers who fought so valiantly for the Southern cause were the last to lay down their arms and admit defeat.

General Stand Watie's greatest battles described in Dr. Narasingarajan's book include: Wilson Creek in Southwestern Missouri and Pea Ridge and Poison Springs in Northwestern Arkansas as well as skirmishes at Cabin Creek and Pleasant Bluff in Indian Territory. He also provides coverage of numerous interesting raids along the Arkansas River near the Union's Fort Gibson.

Dr. Narasingarajan, in addition, presents his readers with several letters written by Stand Watie and his wife during 1863-1864. These messages portray Watie's kind and honorable character. They also discuss the hardships suffered by the poorly armed, hungry, and ragged Confederate soldiers and their families when they were forced from their homes to seek safer havens and food sources.

STAND WATIE: AN ANALYTICAL STUDY was published in 1984 by Mayflower Publications, International—Bangalore, India 560040. Price of the book is \$6.00

(DONITA LUCAS SHIELDS of Wagoner is formerly a staff writer and advertising representative for WESTVIEW.) *

First Date

This is the tragic, true story of Joe Nathan. He was an average kind of guy until an event that took place in his last year of high school led him down the road of ruin. That event was Joe's first date, and now Joe is a dateaholic.

It is through Joe's tragedy that I can give this piece of advice to all the men of the world and parts of Ohio: if you haven't started dating, don't. Go home and read a book.

If you have one date, then you'll want two. Two becomes three and three becomes four. Soon you'll have ENOUGH dates to start your own calendar. That is when you need to check into the Betty Ford Clinic for Dating Dependency.

This is Joe's story.

Joe woke up one morning and knew it was a Monday. He could tell it was a Monday because Mondays were the days that the personification of Death hovered over his bed.

He dressed in his blue football jersey with the number one on the front and back, blue jeans, denim jacket, and white, almost worn-out, sneakers.

As he combed his blonde hair so that a comma of hair hung over his left eye, he asked his reflection, "Do you know why I can't wait for tomorrow?"

"Why?" he gave voice to his reflection.

"Because you get better looking every day," answered Joe.

Joe got to school ten minutes before the doors were unlocked. Although the October air was cool and crisp, Joe remained warm thanks to his denim jacket. Unfortunately, his comma of hair that hung over his brown eyes was now an exclamation point all over his head.

"Hey, Joe! Nice hair! Is that your 'confused senior' look?" yelled a familiar voice.

Joe turned to face his good friend Bill Weatherspoon. He would have been the perfect example of the phrase "six foot two, eyes of blue," except he was six feet one and had brown eyes.

"What's up?" asked Bill.

"Not much," replied Joe. "Just being the main character of this short story."

"What are you going to do this Friday? There's no school, you know," said Bill.

"How come?" wondered Joe.

"The principal was trying to drain his sinuses with his vacuum cleaner, and the hose got stuck. Friday is the day the doctors are removing the hose

from his nose."

Joe chuckled, "That reminds me of when he tried to drill his own teeth. I guess I can finish my new James Bond book."

Bill suggested, "Why don't you go on a date?"

Joe shook his head. "Dates are one of the three things I have trouble with."

"What are the other two?" asked Bill.

"Math and tightrope walking. Besides, I don't know of any girls that would want to go out with me."

"But I know a few girls that like you."

Suddenly the bell rang and all the students trudged into the building. Joe was surrounded with questions. Who were the girls that liked him? What did they look like? What grade were they in? What is the capital of North Dakota?

His first class was Psychology. The substitute teacher was frantically looking for the work that was supposed to be assigned that day. Little did she know that it was smoldering in the boy's room. The class had a free day, which gave Joe a chance to ask a few girls out.

His first choice was Tonya Shepard. She was a blue-eyed, blonde-haired beauty and also a cheerleader.

Joe greeted her, "Hi, Tonya. You did a good job at Friday's game."

"Thanks," she smiled as she checked her make-up.

Joe asked, "Are you busy Friday? If you're not, then would you like to go out with me?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Joe, but I'm already dating someone on the football team."

"Oh, yeah?" He tried not to sound dejected. "Who?"

"The defense," was Tonya's reply.

"Now that's what I call team spirit," commented Joe.

Since Tonya was a strike-out, Joe set his sights on Mary Staton, a tall, raven-haired girl with aspirations of being a nurse. As he approached, Mary was studying a diagram of the small intestine.

"What're you looking at?" queried Joe.

Mary replied, "The small intestine."

"I guess that makes you a girl with a lot of guts," said Joe.

Mary politely chuckled. Which is what you guys reading this story are probably doing. But just wait. It gets better.

"Would you like to go out with me on Friday?" asked Joe.

By John Holthe

"I would," Mary began, "except I've been invited to an autopsy on Friday."

"You would rather hang around with a dead person than me?" Joe exclaimed, "What does he have that I don't?"

The bell cut off the rest of Joe's dialogue, which was not fit to print. Joe met Bill in the hall. Bill had his arms around the girl he was going to date on Friday. Bill had more dates than a history book.

Bill asked, "How's it going, Romeo?"

Joe replied, "Not good. Five paragraphs of asking girls out and nothing to show for it."

Then the world stopped. Coming down the hall was the most beautiful girl Joe had ever seen. That's not saying much because he has been created for only four pages.

She was five feet and four inches tall. She had oaken-colored hair that hung on her shoulders. Her eyes were sky-blue, and her teeth were so bright that you had to wear sunglasses to protect your eyes whenever she smiled. Her name was Georgia Martinez. This would be a big step for Joe. A guy with a mild case of cerebral palsy was going to ask the second runner-up for Homecoming Queen for a date.

She was at her locker as Joe timidly walked over to her. He started to sweat bullets—enough bullets for the next three RAMBO movies. He tapped her on the shoulder.

Georgia turned and smiled. "Hi, Joe. How are you?"

"Fine," lied Joe. His heart was racing. It came in second, being beaten by his nose, which had more practice at running.

"Listen, I know you probably have a lot of guys asking you out, but I was wondering if you wouldn't mind giving me a chance. Before you answer, I just want to list some of the advantages of dating a handicapped person."

"First, you get better parking. Second, if you get sick, I know a lot of doctors that can take care of you. Third, you get a chance to become an honorary handicapped person."

Georgia laughed and said, "That has to be the most original ask-out line I have ever heard. Sure, I'd love to go out with you."

The date was made. On October 17, 1987, Joe Nathan escorted Georgia Martinez to a movie and dinner. Joe wanted to make a good impression. The movie started at seven, so he got ready at six in the morning. He used eight bars of soap, ten bottles of shampoo, and five bottles of mouthwash.

The date was a complete success. When Georgia dropped Joe off at his house, they walked to his front porch. With the light from the moon illuminating her face, Georgia confessed, "Joe, you taught me something that I'll never forget."

"You mean that trick with the spoon hanging off your nose?"

"No," said Georgia. "You taught me that having a disability doesn't mean you're disabled. I was surprised by how well you can think on your feet."

Joe shrugged, "Why not think on them? I can't do anything else with them."

"Well," began Georgia, "I had a nice time. I hope we can do it again sometime."

"Sure," replied Joie.

Up until now, Joe had been calm, cool, and collected. Then Georgia stood on her tippy-toes and kissed him. It wasn't one of those wimpy kisses that Bob Barker gives. It

was a full-fledged, super-duper kiss. It lasted for 5 1/2 seconds.

Georgia left Joe on his front porch. After she drove off, Joe turned and tried to get inside his house. That was hard because his eyes registered three front doors. He chose the one in the middle.

He went to his room and got ready for bed. His dad came in and said, "She kissed you, didn't she?"

"How can you tell?" Joe asked with amazement.

"Simple. You have a grin from ear to ear. You have red lipstick smeared on your face, and you forgot to take off your street clothes before you put on your pajamas."

So, there you have it—the true story of how a model citizen became hooked on dating. Remember: this could happen to you.

(JOHN HOLTHE of Altus describes himself as "a dashing student of SOSU" who wants to be a famous writer. "First Date" is his first submission to WESTVIEW.) *

"Would you like to go out with me on Friday?" asked Joe.

"I would," Mary began, "except I've been invited to an autopsy on Friday."

Scandalous Romance

—By Doris Hatchett Beverage

YOUR DAD MUST BE CRAZY!" my brother, Ralph Hatchett, scolded. "There's too much difference in your ages! This marriage will never make it."

It all started in 1936, one of the bad depression years. I had my sixteenth birthday, and I had never been out of the boundaries of Oklahoma. My mother had suffered a massive stroke in August, 1934. I was then thrust into the role of mother, milkmaid, cook, and practical nurse in charge of a family of five. By 1936, my mother was able to do a few things around the house; she could walk with the help of a cane.

Dad planned a wonderful surprise for me that summer of 1936—a trip to California with my oldest sister, her husband, and my niece.

We were to visit my youngest brother, whom I hadn't seen in three years because he had been away in a CCC Camp in Arizona. He was newly married and living in California.

Dad told me that I would have to give up my Senior ring to be purchased at the beginning of my Junior year in order to go. I said that that I would. We had a wonderful trip—visiting the Grand Canyon, Hoover Dam, Las Vegas...

I was excited to be home and had many things to talk about, but my cousin had other plans. When I went to church the next day, my girl cousin Dewey Hatchett greeted me. "Hey, Doris, there's a new high-school principal, and he's single!" She was always aware of the

hirings and firings around the school since her dad was a member of the school board.

I asked what the new principal looked like. "He has beautifully manicured hands, he's slightly balding, and he's a little pot-bellied," she teased.

I dismissed the thought. The next morning, a friend of mine, Edith Moss, walked me past the Principal's Office so I could take a peek. On his desk was his nameplate—A. V. Beverage.

"If he weren't quite so old and bald," I quipped, "I might take him a round or two"—a smart-aleck remark from a shy, chaste girl who had just turned 16. When I began to check schedules, though, I found that he was my teacher in three subjects—Geometry (I had dropped the year before because

of the improper advances of the banker's son who sat next to me), Psychology, and Commercial Law.

When class convened, I went to his desk and told him my name and the reason I was enrolling late. Mr. Beverage just couldn't seem to get my name, Doris Pauline, straight. He called me Dorothy, Maurine, Polly—every name but my own. By the end of the first week, however, he knew my name—I made sure.

I found out that he had never before taught either Psychology or Commercial Law, so I studied very hard and often called his hand on mistakes or misstatements. About the fourth week of school, a quartet in which I sang was invited to sing for a picnic given by the community honoring all teachers and board members.

The principal was impressed by some ham sandwiches my mom had sent and began inquiring who brought them. He found me and



told me to tell my mother that he had never eaten such delicious ham.

My sisters and I took voice lessons once a week on Thursdays after school in Clinton. Mr. Beverage found out; afterwards, he parked his car down the street and waited for us to come out. Then he would treat us at the S. and D. Drug to a Coke or malt.

One day in class, he handed back my Geometry paper on which he had scribbled at the top "B+ for personality. How about coming out to see you some night about dark-30?" I was shocked.

I told two of my friends in the restroom that Mr. Beverage had asked me for a date.

"Are you going?" asked Irene Taylor.

"Are you kidding?" I answered back.

Cotton-pulling vacation soon started. Mr. Beverage went to Weatherford to do a few hours on his Master's degree. He wrote to me maybe two or three times a week.

One day when I was washing, and my mother was sitting in a chair beside me, she caught my attention. "Doris, who is the person you're getting letters from in Weatherford? Is it a teacher?"

I explained to her who Mr. Beverage was and that he had been my teacher in three of my classes. "All he is doing is just keeping up with how things are going."

One day I got a letter from my principal asking if he could come down on Saturday night and take me to a show in Clinton, Cordell, or Elk City. My parents gave their permission, and was I surprised!

While I was getting ready, my two younger sisters set a steel animal trap in front of the front-yard gate.

"Audrey," my dad yelled as he came in from chores. "Do you or Betty know anything

about the steel trap in front of the gate?"

"Yes," Audrey grinned mischievously. "We did it. It's a husband trap! We're trying to help Doris catch a man!"

"It caught one of Mom's prize Rhode Island Red roosters!" said Dad, angrily. Did Audrey and Betty get in trouble for that!

The principal and I dated a few times, but A. V. said, "When school starts, this has to stop." I agreed

I was dating a boy named Herman Hinds from Burns Flat, another boy from Canute named Ed Mahl, and I was crazy about Jake Gholston, a boy I had met at school parties since Sixth Grade.

When school started, Mr. Beverage and I played it very cool. We were even curt toward each other around others, and then Christmas came.

The faculty, some of the adults from the church choirs, and I were producing a Christmas cantata. I was First Soprano, and A. V. was Tenor; so we sang all the Soprano/Tenor duets.

After the cantata, A. V. and I left immediately. There was a grade-school



program following, and we had other things to do. At the intermission, the music director wanted some entertainment. He began to look for his choir members, but two of them were missing!

"Where's the women's quartet?" he asked.

"Doris is gone somewhere," a voice chimed out.

"Where's the men's quintet?" the director called.

"Beverage is missing!" someone vocalized.

"I'm adding one and one, and I'm getting three!" sang Elizabeth Cook, with a laugh.

My husband-to-be told the superintendent about Christmas of 1937 that we were going to be married the summer of 1938. He advised A. V. to get married before then so the gossip would die down, and A. V. would have a better chance to keep his job.

For Christmas 1937, A. V. bought me a yellow gold Elgin rather than an engagement ring. Over Valentine Day weekend, he took me to Carnegie to visit his parents, sister, brother-in-law, nephews, and nieces. We set our marriage date for February 26, two weeks later.

My dad went to Bessie and had a sweet old man make me a pine chest (Dad couldn't afford cedar). He gave me \$50 to buy my whole trousseau. A. V. took his worn-out suit and had it cleaned, stitched, and patched.

"She'll spend every dime you'll ever make," my dad said after Mr. Beverage had asked for my hand.

My wedding ring was a little carved 10-karat gold ring. A. V. went to Cordell and bought a new bedroom suite for \$40, a new dining room suite for \$49, a new divan and chair for \$40, a used library table for \$15, and a beautiful wool rug for \$39.

Mother gave us a new mattress made from new cotton, and we put it on the floor of the spare bedroom. We called it our pout room; if either of us got made at the other, then the one that was mad had to sleep in there.

My brother-in-law, who was on the school board, resigned so A. V.'s job for the next year

would not be in jeopardy. My brother was Court Clerk of Washita County, so Dad called him to find out if we could pick up our license on Wednesday night, February 23. He was waiting for us and was very angry.

"No, this marriage will never last," Ralph echoed.

I frowned.

"This kid is spoiled rotten—I know it—I helped do it," my brother continued gruffly.

No one thought it would last. Ralph told A. V. that he would lay odds on the fact that the marriage certificate would be in a wooden box with the lid nailed down in six months. Well, he was wrong. We celebrated our fifty-third anniversary on February 26, 1990.

We have educated three children of our own and helped seven nephews and nieces. Hundreds of foreign students, college, and grade-school children have eaten at our table. For a marriage predicted not to last, it has weathered many storms which have left us with many wonderful memories.

Living together for fifty-plus years takes much loving, hard work, and prayer. Maybe long marriages aren't in vogue these days; they don't seem to be. But then too, maybe we may witness a change

whereby married couples will stay together. I hope so because I wouldn't trade my half century of marriage for anything.

*(DORIS PAULINE [HATCHETT] BEVERAGE of Anadarko has been married to A. V. Beverage, retired Anadarko businessman fifty-three years. "A Scandalous Western Oklahoma Romance" is her second article published in WESTVIEW. **

My Early Day Experiences

By Margie Snowden North

Serendipitous

Cowboy boots and a cowboy hat. They were fitting for a Roy Rogers movie, but I didn't care for them in real life. Maybe that's why I was the only teen-age girl in Erick who wasn't impressed by this guy named Ben.

My friends pointed him out to me at football games, on the streets, and in Puckett's Food Store where he worked. My impression: yes to the tall, dark, and handsome aspect and no to the Cisco-Kid look.

The year was 1959. Western gear wasn't yet standard issue here in Oklahoma as it is today. Quite frankly, I considered "cowboys" a little immature and cloddish. Besides, I had my eye on someone named Skip. When Ben asked me out, I accepted only because I didn't want to hurt his feelings.

When he drove up to my house that Saturday night in a 1941 Studebaker, I wished that I had hurt his feelings. He expected me to ride in that eighteen-year-old rattletrap? The car had been manufactured the same year I was born!

Understand, I wasn't a snob by nature or by birth. Born into a family of common laborers, I was used to hard work, hand-me-down clothes, and the tarpaper shanty that had been our home until 1957. I had even ridden to town in a wagon pulled by a team of horses—while almost everyone else I knew rode in cars. I thought I had outlived all those humbling experiences. Now, I was apparently dating one who not only wanted to play at being a cowboy, but who drove a car right out of Bonnie and Clyde's era.

Before the evening was over, however, I found this cowboy to be very down-to-earth. His well-thought-out opinions lined up with mine, and I was captivated by his unusual sense of humor. I had dated guys who were as difficult to talk to as an answering machine. By contrast, it seemed that Ben and I could talk all night. Since he had left his cowboy hat at home, I could see that he was even cuter than I had thought. Even so, I couldn't see myself permanently linked with a would-be cowboy.

Ben was the type who makes up his mind what he wants and then zeroes in with deadly determination. He bought an engagement ring when we had been seeing each other for only a few weeks. Then he came to ask Papa for my hand while the rest of the family looked on and while I asked myself, "Why me?" None of my friends were having to endure such outdated gestures.

Papa liked cowboys, though, and in the ensuing confusion I found the ring on my finger. That night I prayed, "Please, Lord, I think I still care for Skip. And besides, those boots...that hat..."

I gave the ring back a couple of weeks later. As a result, I got a strange inward reaction. Moping wasn't a part of my character, but I moped anyway. I told Mama, "I don't really care for him, but I feel sorry for him." Mama smiled a bit, and it seemed there was a knowing, faraway look in her eyes.

Ben came over a few days later and we talked.

I agreed to begin seeing him again if he would keep the ring and give me time to think. My time to think came when he went away to Amarillo to attend Barber College, and we saw each other for only a few hours each weekend.

We were married on Christmas Day, 1959. Ben

was a cowboy barber by then. Later he was a cowboy mechanic, a cowboy turkey farmer, then a cowboy welder. Finally, we settled into ranching, and he became the authentic cowboy he had planned to be all along.

My boots sit beside his, ready to slip into at a moment's notice. My hat hangs next to his in the bedroom. I've helped him break horses and brand cattle. I suppose my early days watching Roy Rogers must have made a lasting impression after all. At any rate, Ben knew a latent cowgirl when he saw one. Lucky for me.

(MARGIE SNOWDEN NORTH of Sweetwater is and has been a faithful WESTVIEW supporter for a long time. She helps us with our themes selections and then supports us with manuscripts.) *

Design: Matt Heckman

He expected me to ride in that eighteen-year-old rattletrap?

Pages

—By Pat Kourt

of

“It’s love that makes the world go ‘round!” declared Sir William Gilbert in his drama *IOLANTHE*. If that is true, the world of innocent schoolday crushes and puppy love continues to inspire special words scribbled in autograph books and on pages of school annuals.

Love

Although love remains the main theme of the brief lines, careful thought seems to have been given to end rhyme. Sentiments as far back as the turn of the century were as simple as:

Roses are red,
Violets are blue.
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you.

■ However, creative variations continue to appear, such as:

Roses are red,
Lemons are sour.
You’ll always be
My gal of the hour!

■ Ninety years later, end rhyme is no less important, but lines are somewhat less formal:

Remember Bob,
Remember Pete.
The heck with them—
Remember me!

❏ Occasionally, young poets have penned original verses. Charlotte Hunter of Thomas shares lines written for her in 1938:

O, memories roll—
Few come to stay
And linger long in view.
I bless the day
I first caught sight of you.

❏ A popular love rhyme of the forties made this prediction, which usually brought a blush to the addressee's cheeks:

First comes love,
Then comes marriage.
Next comes Judy
With a baby carriage.

❏ Boys have never been too anxious to write in autograph books or in annuals; but when they do, there is often a hint of teasing to their words:

Never kiss by the garden gate—
Love is blind,
But the neighbors ain't.

OR

Alice had a little sock;
She rolled it very low,
And everywhere that Alice went
The boys were sure to go!

❏ The forties brought lines of advice for the lovelorn almost as pointed as those of syndicated columnists today:

When your husband gets too cross,
Pick up a broom
And show him who's boss!

Kiss me, honey.
Kiss me quick—
'cause here comes your daddy
With a great big stick!

Judy is sweet and full of fun.
If you kiss her,
Better catch her on the run!

❏ The fifties produced rhymes of pursuit in both a bashful sense as well as one of urgency:

Columbus discovered America in 1492.
But I found something greater
When I discovered you!

(Anonymous)

Tear down a barn.
Tear down a rafter.
I wish I was the one
You are after!

❏ The world of innocent love has shown signs of eternal promises from both girls and boys:

Yours 'til bobby pins get tired of
riding permanent waves.

As sure as the vines grow around the stump,
You're my little lump.

U R 2 sweet
2 B 4gotten.

or even a threat—
Love me—
Love my cat!

❏ Of course, slang continues to be important for addressing childhood or teen love interests:

You're a neat dude. I'll love ya forever!

To the coolest guy in school—
Hey, babe, I'll always love you!

❏ As far as literary genius goes, none of these authors qualify, but their lines have pleased their audiences in a special sense just as Shakespeare or Browning did for his peers. Those precious pages of the past refresh the memory of a less complicated time. The innocent words of youth cause a warm blush as tangible as a secretly held hand in the hall or a stolen kiss on the school bus. Yes, romance in writing can be re-lived and enjoyed forever—as sure as the world goes 'round.

❏ Special thanks go to Helen Huckins, Roshelle Ridenour, Charlotte Hunter, and Keren Miller for sharing their special pages of love.

*(PAT KOURT is Library media specialist for grades K-12 at Thomas Schools. Her favorite pastimes are researching Western Oklahoma history and hunting Native American artifacts with her sons.) **

Designed by Olivia Ortiz

Thanksgiving, Pie Suppers, and Romance

—By Mary Stover Redmond

Just recently, I noted an item in the newspaper that gave me a good case of Thanksgiving nostalgia—and, strangely enough, the item wasn't even about the holiday season. It was about an upcoming Grady County box supper.

In the 1920's growing up in the Four-Mile Strip, I attended many a box supper—except that, in those days, they were usually called pie suppers. I also know that they will be forever associated with the Thanksgiving season for me because most of our suppers were held around November. We were looking forward to Christmas, you see, and therefore raising the necessary funds that it would take to turn the old Stover School into the brightly decorated center of our farm community's yuletide celebration.

Now, throughout most of the decade, I wasn't old enough to have a beau, but it was great fun for me to observe the young adults and to realize how much wooing and courting could go on under the guise of a plain old pie supper. In fact, I picked up, during those years, most of the tricks that would quickly come in handy when I got to the age for romantic entanglement.

The girls took the initiative; they would bring pies in all sorts of decorated boxes and containers with fancy flourishes and ruffles. In the 1920's, trimmings were bound to be crepe paper, but much could be done to make that crepe paper

especially attractive, such as pulling the edges to make them fluted.

Yes, and I remember those pie containers in a myriad of designs, of all sizes and shapes: some very big; some square and others round, all of them brightly colored. I think the fanciest one I ever saw had been fixed in the shape of a covered wagon, complete with wheels. On the side of the box, the budding artist had written "Stover School or Bust!"

In the twenties, we were still very much aware of our pioneer heritage. Perhaps that's why the Thanksgiving season was filled with so many shared, community-oriented events.

The young ladies would place their various offerings on long tables in Stover School's "manual training" room, a name which can be remembered today with affectionate irony, I suppose. The boys, anxious for some romantic manual training, would bid on the pies at auction, just as they do today.

They'd have to hope that they were bidding on a dish prepared by their preferred girlfriends since the names on the boxes were kept secret during the auction. But that didn't deter the bidding: illegal information on which girl had baked which pie was fairly easy to get, and the source was usually the girl herself!

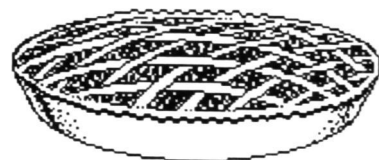
The Stover School boys sometimes had to guard against poaching, too: fellows from out of the community would invade the proceedings, equally intent on some pie-supper spooning. And that's when the price of a dessert could really escalate! One of my friends brought the bid up to \$8 one night, just to make sure he'd be dining with her. Eight dollars is a costly dessert—even now!

But the objective, of course, was the pairing off. Once the boys had bid upon and bought the pies and had discovered the names of the makers, everybody paired off for food and for some rather hesitant courtship. Most of the boys usually found that they had guessed correctly in their bidding, and those who hadn't often got the pleasant surprise of getting to know someone even nicer.

Thanksgiving was in the air; Christmas was coming; and the members of the next generation of the Four-Mile Strip were getting to know one another through the ritual of a pie supper.

Did those innocent courtships blossom into marriage? Very often they did; but on those nights, nobody was really making plans so far in advance. Instead they were celebrating the experience of being young, and at least for that evening, perhaps in love, in the unlikely setting of a country schoolhouse right in the middle of the Four-Mile Strip.

(MARY STOVER REDMOND of Duncan, a free-lance writer, was reared on the family farm located four miles south of Rush Springs in Grady County. She is author of a book titled *ADVENTURES IN THE FOUR-MILE STRIP: AN OKLAHOMA CHILDHOOD*.) *



Drugstore Cowboy

—By Carl Stanislaus

I (a Paul Newman kind of guy, I wish!)
spent half of my young life
on a fountain stool being a flirt!
Drinking Cokes and chocolate malts
and watching girls in their poodle skirts.

I kicked the rail with my Justin boots,
fingered the holes in my faded jeans,
ogled ponytails and tight knit sweaters,
and dreamed of starlets and beauty queens.

Oh, I was a drugstore Romeo all right,
with a line of bull that didn't stop!
I even sang Sinatra to giggling girls
who hung out in the soda shop.

I put a nickel in the old jukebox,
and tried to go on living in the past.
I danced with girls who wore bobbysox,
who said those good times wouldn't last.

Today I have a beautiful wife
who kids me about the fool I played;
I just remind her about our oil wells,
and all the money the herd has made!

CARL STANISLAUS [pn. Stan is slaw]
of Chickasha retired from Otasco after thirty-six
years. He now enjoys having some free time to do
free-lance writing. His first WESTVIEW
publication, "Twentieth Reunion," appeared in the
Winter, 1990 issue.) *

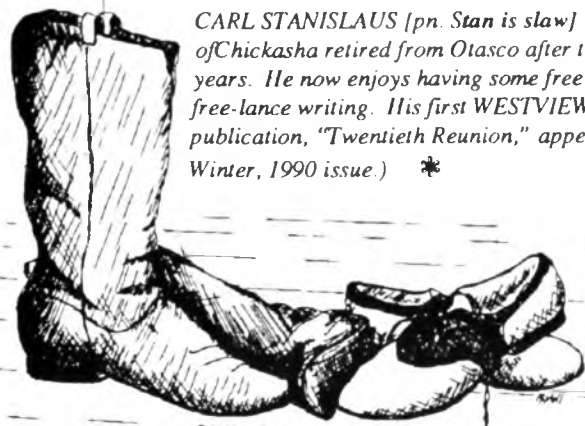


Illustration by Gina Mitchell

Cantaloupe Wine Courting

—By Priscilla Johnson

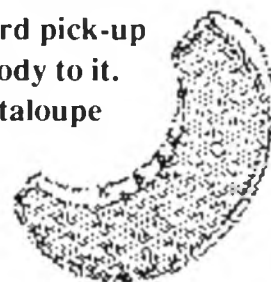
Met a girl who lived in the country.
I drove out to her house in
a Model T Ford pick-up
that had no body to it.
Her daddy made cantaloupe
wine.

It tasted terrible.

It was a cold night, but
Cantaloupe wine warms a body up.
On the way home I nearly hit a deer.
No more cantaloupe wine for me.

Did that mean no more courting?

(PRISCILLA JOHNSON of Weatherford is a SOSU
senior majoring in English Education. Priscilla makes
her debut as a published writer in the present issue;
however, several additional Johnson poems have been
accepted for future issues.) *



Page Design by Marc Williams

In the Bakery Shop

—By Francis Maud Sadler

I went into a bakery shop, to watch them roll the dough.
I didn't realize that they could put on such a show.
There were two bakers in the shop, all in white from head to toe.
They donned their caps and aprons, and how they rolled that dough.
First, they set the sponge right—they mixed the bread just so.
Then they molded it into loaves, oh, how they rolled the dough.
Then into the proof box, the pans went row by row.
And while they waited for it there, they kept on rolling dough.
Cinnamon rolls and butter rolls, pies, cakes, and doughnuts too.
They really kept me guessing as to what they were going to do.
Then into the oven it all went, these pans just row by row.
And while it baked to a golden brown, they kept on rolling dough.
Out they came when they were done, and on the rack just so.
Tender and light and browned just right, they were through rolling dough.

(Editor's Note: Rolling dough may be its own kind of romance.)

(FRANCIS MAUD SADLER, now deceased, settled with her family early in life in the Cowboy Flats area near Guthrie. Her first WESTVIEW publication ["Life"] appeared in the Summer, 1990 issue. Her works were submitted by Carl K. Sadler, her son.) *

Design: Duane Andrews

The Rose

—By Francis Maud Sadler

A midst the scoff and the scorns,
The thistles and thorns,
Have you looked for the beautiful rose?
You'll meet with both.
But if you are loathe
To see if such flowers grow,
You'll miss quite a bit.
If you haven't seen it
As it blossoms and blooms in the spring,
It is there in its bushes.
The robins and thrushes
Come to warble and sing.
It is so in this life
With its struggle and strife.
There are thorns with the roses we know.
If we look for the bright flowers,
A bright life will be ours.
Let's forget that thorns and briars ever grow. *



Illustration: Olivia Ortiz

A Brief Affair

—By Inez Schneider Whitney

Serendipitous

PREFACE. My grandfather, Rudolph Emil Helmuth Schneider, was born in Berlin, Germany. When he was eighteen, his father, Edward Schneider, decided to bring his family to America. He had several boys; and since they were required to take military training, he was sure that sooner or later they would be involved in wars.

Edward settled in Nebraska. Rudolph married a few years later. He had three children. Edward, my father, was the oldest. In 1893, Rudolph and my father took part in the Run at the opening of the Cherokee Strip in Oklahoma Territory. After several years of hardship, they sold out and the family traveled by wagon to Custer County where they purchased school land.

My father married, and I was born on a farm near Custer one year before Oklahoma became a state. I never knew my grandmother since I was only three months old when she died, but how I adored my grandfather! Although the following incident happened when I was quite young, I still remember it. Perhaps it was impressed upon my mind since the tale was told over and over through the years at family gatherings.

THE INCIDENT. Papa's mother died in 1906 when I was three months old. My German grandfather was grief-stricken. He missed her companionship and her good cooking. Her daughter, my Aunt Gussie, was fifteen. She had been spoiled and waited on by Grandma; so due to no fault of her own, she was of little help.

A few years passed. One day Grandpa saw a notice under "Personals" in CAPPER'S WEEKLY. A widow of about Grandpa's age was interested in marriage. Her name was Mrs. Foderal, and she lived in Kansas. The notice sparked Grandpa's interest. He wrote a letter, and soon there was a lively correspondence. They agreed that she would travel by train from Kansas City for a week's visit.

Although I was only four, I remember the air of excitement. We lived less than a mile away, and my Aunt Gussie and Grandpa were often at our home. Pootsie (the family's pet name for Grandpa) bought a new suit, a white shirt, and a red tie. He spent much time polishing his buggy and the horse's harness.

At last the day of Mrs. Foderol's arrival came. Pootsie stopped by our house; we complimented him on his fine appearance. "I must go now," he said. "I want to be there when the train pulls in."

With a crack of the whip he was off and soon disappeared down the road in a cloud of dust. My parents had made plans for the two of them to stop for dinner—the noontime meal—on the way back. On the

farm it was dinner and supper—not lunch and dinner.

Papa decided to stay in from the field to help welcome the guest. He and Mama were hoping that the visit might blossom into a marriage. Such an alliance would relieve them of some of the responsibility they felt for Grandpa and Aunt Gussie. Everyone, including the hired hand, eagerly awaited the return of the happy couple.

"There comes Pa's buggy," Aunt Gussie said.

Into the yard they came. Grandpa pulled the buggy up short. His facial expression was grim. "Mrs. Foderal, you can get out," he said abruptly. She looked surprised but stood up. Papa rushed over and grasped her hand to steady her as she stepped down.

"I'm Mr. Schneider's son," he said, and introduced her to the others. Then Mama took her into the house.

Papa went with Grandpa to the barn to help him unharness the horse. "Pa, where's your manners? Why didn't you help the lady out of the buggy?"

"Ach, Eddie, I will have nothing to do with her. She can stay at your house until time for her to go home."

"What do you mean? She came at your invitation. You couldn't wait for her to get here. Why have you changed your mind?"

"She looks like a scarecrow. How skinny she is. A puff of wind could blow her away."

"I wouldn't call her skinny. A very nice-looking lady, I'd say."

"Now, Eddie, you know we Germans like fat cows, fat pigs, and fat horses. And we like fat women, too. No beanpoles for us. I do not want her in my house. She might never leave."

The week passed slowly. Grandpa would have nothing to do with Mrs. Foderal. It was up to Mama and Papa to keep her entertained and to show her around the countryside.

The day she was to leave, Grandpa was not to be found anywhere. Mama bade her goodbye, and Papa took her to Custer to the train.

That afternoon, Grandpa and Aunt Gussie came down for supper. We were out in the yard. Aunt Gussie pulled me over to one side and whispered, "Go say to Pootsie, 'Do you love Mrs. Foderal?'"

Like any four-year-old, I obeyed. Trotting over to Grandpa, I asked, "Pootsie, do you love Mrs. Foderal?"

He threw up his hands. With a pained look, he said, "Ach, honey! How can you say such a thing?"

He never looked at any woman again. His experience with Mrs. Foderal definitely ended his quest for romance.

*(INEZ SCHNEIDER WHITNEY of Arlington, Virginia, is no rookie in WESTVIEW circles. She has made many meaningful contributions to our publishing ventures.) **

Design By Tommy Campbell

In Love Again

-By Pam Daugherty

So you think that I'm in love again.
Well, I'm so sorry to disappoint you, friend,
But you've obviously made a major mistake
Since my love isn't something you just take.
I'll grant you that I do truly care,
But after so much time together, that's only fair,
And you'll always be special to me,
But in love again? Honestly!
Anything is possible, I suppose,
And the future is something only God knows,
But if my life is written in the stars,
I'm sure that love is out there rather far.
As for being in love, I'm doing just fine,
So you just tow your own rope and walk your own line.
Burning again for my old flame?
Not yet anyway...can you say the same?

*(PAM DAUGHERTY, a former Watonga resident, is a senior at SOSU double majoring in English and Nursing. She has been a WESTVIEW writer in the past and will be making future contributions as Pam Smith after her marriage in June, 1991.) **

Crush

-By Pam Daugherty

"He's driving me crazy, out of my mind!"
"Maybe he does care; you know he's the quiet kind."
"But he never even sees me when I walk by!"
"Well, I noticed a sort of sparkle in his eye."
"I can't understand this hang-up he's got."
"Well, whenever he sees you, he smiles a lot."
"You've got an eagle's eyes; I must have missed those smiles."
"I just picked up the vibes between you after a while."
"There goes the bell; I've got to run to History."
"Yeah, and the coach will be mad if I'm late to P.E."

So we separate friends, and as I run to class,
Who do you think in the hall I should pass?
"Wait up!" he calls, and I suddenly freeze.
I begin to pray, "Don't fail me, knees!"
"If you've got a minute, I'd like to talk."
"Okay," I say in a voice like chalk.
"I was wondering if you could go to the movie Friday."
"What?" I say as I blush and turn away.
"Well, if you're going to be busy, it's all right."
"No. I'm not doing anything Friday night."
"Super! Then I'll pick you up about eight."
"Well, I've got guitar lessons and might be late."
But I turn back to find that he's already gone.
"Wait a minute!" I think. "What's going on?"
I'm not falling for him—that's my best friend.
Oh, she's gonna hate me until the day Earth ends!
So I go to meet her when class is done
Only to find out she's got a new number one—
"You ought to see him! Those eyes of dark gray!"
I only laugh—"Guess who asked me out today." *

Design by Matt Heckman

Jog Down Memory Lane

Serious

—By *Ida Vowell Robertson*

DOVES COOING AND FLUTTERING in the autumn sunshine outside the windows, and a fountain gurgling musically amid a forest of greenery flanking a wall of the solarium at the Methodist Retirement and Health Care Center in Clinton provide an atmosphere of peace and well being for a group of ladies visiting in wheelchairs or in colorfully upholstered patio chairs. The setting could well be a social gathering in someone's own home, but it's really the regular Friday morning meeting of the Memory Trail Joggers.

The Memory Trail Joggers group is the brain child of an auxiliary volunteer who believes in "Reminiscence Therapy." She adheres to the theory that reminiscing stimulates the mind when a person verbalizes memories. She feels that jogging down Memory Trail in a rocker or wheelchair is the mental equivalent of a walk through the park or a hike through the woods.

Early each week the volunteer sends each jogger a reminder of the coming Friday's trip and designates a certain holiday or a certain event such as "The First Day of School" or "My Most Important Birthday" as the subject to be reminisced.

The jogging expedition back to the romance of courtship and weddings was an exceptionally fulfilling one as each returned to

"The Day I Met Him," "First Date," "My Wedding," etc. Each was eager to tell her story and to hear the others' stories. Some had vivid memories, and some remembered only certain highlights. The glow returned to faces and warmth to hearts as memories of long-ago love affairs were related.

"L", a spry, cute, gaily dressed little lady, younger than most of her "eightyish" friends, laughingly recalled, "I was working in my daddy's dry-goods store in my little home town. A new guy who had just come to town was walking by and saw me through the window. I guess he liked what he saw as he came in to get acquainted. We went together about a year. Times were hard during those Depression days, and we mostly just went to a movie. We couldn't afford a big wedding, but we got married and had three girls and two boys. We lost one of our boys. My husband was overseas a long time during World War I, but he came back and we had some good years together before he died before our youngest was grown. I went back to work until my health failed." A faraway look came into play as she ended—"But I have friends, and my girls live near enough to come see me and take me out."

Tiny, frail, little "M" chimed in—"All I can remember is that we rode horseback to get married!" Then, fairly beaming, she added,

"But I always remember that he was the best husband in the world." Her daughter, who was visiting, echoed, "Yes, Daddy was a wonderful husband."

There was an almost reverent silence as the joggers seemed to feel that "M" indeed had had a wonderful romance and that although time had dimmed the details that he was the best husband in the world and that was a real love story in itself.

Then "E", truly beautiful in a fragile way, with only sprinkles of gray in her dark hair, wearing the same make-up as in her youth, and with brown eyes sparkling mischievously as she smoothed her collar in a gesture of neatness, began her trek down "Memory Trail": "I was a senior in high school in 1928. Our girls basketball team was in Cordell scheduled to play in the Finals of the County Tournament that night. I was the only girl with long hair, and we went to a barber shop to have my hair bobbed. The young barber was tall, dark, and handsome; and I could see that he was interested in me. I think he came to see us play that night. No, we didn't win the tournament because just as the forward went to shoot in the final moments of the game, a button came off her uniform bloomers. She turned loose of the ball to rescue her bloomers from falling, and the whistle blew. We lost! That was in February. In March the barber called me several times for dates. Then I finally accepted and soon we were going steady. He didn't have a car, but his friend and his girl often took us to movies in Clinton. I had always planned to go to college and become a teacher. But we married in June, and I became a wife and mother. We soon moved to Clinton where he opened a barber shop and we have lived here all these years. We had a son and a daughter."



Robert and Marguerite Edgar, December 22, 1928. Photography by Blunck's Studio.

'Oh, I remember your kids," a friend interrupted. "Your Treva was Homecoming queen, and your son was a ball player."

'My son lives far away, but my daughter is near enough to visit me often," "E" continued. "Our health failed last year, so I moved out here and he went into the Veterans' Center. We were also separated a long time when he was

overseas during World War II. He is very ill now, and I am taken to visit him often. I joined his church after we married, and we had a wonderful life."

The circle had become very quiet. Then someone said, "What about your courtship and your marriage, 'A'? Do you remember?"

"Oh yes," said "A". "I certainly do remember lots of things. I was one of nineteen—yes, nineteen—children. I was raised on a farm in Eastern Oklahoma. Went to a country school." She stops to laugh. "I remember I had to wear a lump of stinky asafetida around my neck to ward off diseases. Well, at least it warded off the other kids! And when we had the Thanksgiving holidays, we always had to pick cotton. Oh, I always hoped it would rain. But Mother would always cook a big dinner and bring it out to us."

"But, 'A', we want to know how you met your husband and did your courting," interposed "L".

"Well," said the aged, but sharp and witty little lady who still walks all over the facility without a cane, "Oh that was really something. You see, there were two little country schools close together with a little store in between. One day when I was about twelve, my sister and I went to the store for something. There were some more kids there, and we got into a mumbley-peg game. Now the game is to get the peg into a hole and then take it out with

your teeth. If you drop the peg, you have to pay a penalty. Of course I fumbled and dropped my peg, and this big boy, about fourteen, from the other school, leaned over and kissed me. That made me mad, so I turned and slapped at him. He started running and I chased him. I grabbed him by the back of the shirt, and it tore all to pieces. I ran home. My sister told Mother, and Mother told me that I had to apologize to him. I apologized rather grudgingly. He said not to mind—that the shirt was old and rotten. We got to liking each other; and since we went to the same church, we began going to church affairs together. When I was nineteen, we got married.”

“And I guess you’ve been mending his shirts ever since,” said “M”.

“Yes, we had fifty-one happy years together. We stayed in the Church of God, and he became an ordained deacon. We worked hard and did well. We had a beautiful home on Lake Eufaula, but after he died and later when I couldn’t live alone, I sold it and moved out here to Clinton to be near my brother who lives near Clinton. We raised two boys at Eufaula. I loved Eufaula. You have heard of those Selman Boys who were **great** O.U. football players? I watched them grow up and thought lots of them. I’ve been here three years,” she said finishing her story with a smile. It is easy to see that “A” has learned to be content whatever and wherever her lot may be. The joggers have found “A” very easy to love.

“I” has sat quietly through all the reminiscing. A tall, slender, pretty woman, she sits straight and gracefully poised in her wheelchair. In her youth, she must have been a soft-voiced, willowy blonde who would never, never have paddled around the house with her hair in curlers. With a little urging from the others, she briefly told her story. “Well, I didn’t get stood up at the altar by my bridegroom, but we both got stood up by the preacher. We didn’t know what happened to him, but someone got another preacher, and he married us.”

“L” asked, “Did you ride horseback to the wedding?”

“Oh no” came the quick reply. “My husband had a very nice car—one with a rumble seat.” Thus ended “A’s” story.

“N”, a beautiful charming, bright-eyed resident, has come back to her home town after many years. She happily told her story of a simple courtship and long happy marriage. “I started working at Scotts’ Ladies Shop when I finished high school. I was paid twenty cents an hour; and if sales were slow during the week, I received a dress instead of cash. But I didn’t mind that as I lived at home. I walked a few blocks from home to work, and one morning I met a strange young man walking in the opposite direction to work. Soon we became acquainted and started dating. As he was paid only twenty-two cents an hour, he couldn’t spend much for entertainment. So most of our dates were spent in my home, playing Pitch with my parents. We didn’t marry until I was twenty-eight years old. We moved to Oklahoma City, prospered, and lived happily until he died several years ago. Later I broke my leg and could no longer live alone. So I came back to Clinton and moved into this home where my sister has lived for the past four years. We have two sisters who live here in their

own homes. Very nice! We had one son who was a doctor in the City

until he retired. Now he lives out south of town and raises rabbits. And that’s my story.”

All eyes now focus on Marguerite, a sweet lady whose lovely white hair crowns a face whose fair skin is still smooth and soft with few wrinkles. Her hands, which once sewed fine seams, performed years of hard farm work, penned beautiful poems and a fascinating autobiography, are now useless because of

“And I guess you’ve been mending his shirts ever since”

arthritis. Her manner reflects a philosophy of "Life is what you make it" and "Happiness is found in the state of mind."

Marguerite's story is sparked with both humor and pathos. She was the "only girl" with three mischievous, prank-playing brothers. Her parents were fairly well educated for their day and fairly prosperous; they gave her the advantages of piano lessons and schooling. The music lessons and schooling came to an abrupt halt when she met "Robert"

and married him before finishing high school. Marguerite's memories seem very dear to her and very

"Always when I hear that song, it takes me back to that night on the water in the moonlight."

vivid in her mind. She proceeded with confidence—"I was seventeen and had had a few high-school crushes when I met Robert, who wasn't going to school but was working on the Hatcher Ranch. I'd seen him occasionally at church and parties. He had the bluest eyes, and I thought he was just about all right. In time we started dating, quite often doubling with my brother, Arthur, and his girl friend. Arthur had a new Ford, the last model that came out before the Model A's. Robert and I grew quite fond of each other as I got to know him better. I could see he was quite ambitious to get ahead. He'd bought a second-hand Ford roadster, which gave nothing but trouble, so he sold it for \$50 and with the money bought a heifer that was to calve in the early spring.

"He would ride his horse Sunday afternoons to see me. I had a saddle horse, so sometimes we went riding.

"On July 4, 1928, Robert and I and Arthur and his girl went to a sort of resort, Dripping Springs, near Arapaho. It was a lovely park, and I'd been there only twice before. Water from the spring cascaded into a picturesque little lake. We saw the rodeo that afternoon,

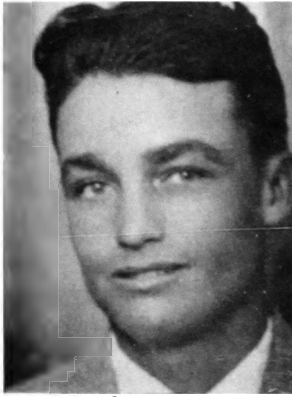
and that night there was a lovely full moon. Robert rented a boat and we went for a ride. The music of a band playing in the pavilion drifted out over the moonlit water; it was all so very beautiful and romantic. They were playing 'Shine on, Harvest Moon.' Always when I hear that song, it takes me back to that night on the water in the moonlight.

"That summer we spent many hours in the porch swing listening to the songs of the Marvin boys, and Jimmie Rodgers played on a portable phonograph. We'd play the same records over and over. Our favorite song was 'Away out on the Mountain' by Jimmie Rodgers. I still remember the pleasure we got from those songs played on that old phonograph.

"Not long afterwards, Robert told me that he'd rented the farm over by the old Elm Graveyard. He said he loved me and 'Let's get married and live over there and farm that place.' He was twenty and I was seventeen.

"There have been untold numbers like me, down through the past, I'm sure—young, romantic, in love with love, having read too many romantic books, turning their backs on school. My parents would have liked for me to go on to school, but they didn't forbid my getting married!

"We went to Taloga for our license and took pictures on the old steel bridge spanning the Canadian River, then drove to Aledo where we were married on December 22, 1928. Arthur and his girl friend, who was also my best friend, Sallie Holladay, stood up with us. After the ceremony, we came back to my folks' house for dinner and then went to Clinton to have our wedding pictures made. Robert was proudly wearing a belt that he'd had the harness maker trim with shiney brads. He wanted his belt to show in the picture. He pulled his coat open twice and Mr. Blunck, the photographer, came and readjusted his coat, pulling it together. I had a huge fever blister on my upper lip, so I didn't look too radiant, but my wedding dress was lovely—a cocoa-brown satin faced crepe, a beautiful all-silk



Robert

material. We stayed with my parents until after January 1 when our house was vacated and we moved in.

"We had spent quite a bit of our little savings to buy cigars and candy for our charivari [shivaree] crowd that we expected, but there was a flu

epidemic, and only two families were able to charivari us. They didn't pound on dishpans or disks or make a lot of noise coming in as was the custom; they simply came in to visit and share candy and cigars."

Robert and Marguerite celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary in 1988 in their modern brick home on one of their farms near Arapaho.

The Edgars reared and educated two sons and two daughters. Robert lives alone on their farm now, still managing farm land and cattle; but every day he visits Marguerite and eats a meal with her. Theirs is an example of young love followed by lifelong devotion.

Marguerite has written many poems. She was a member of the Poetry Society of Oklahoma, and one of her poems won Third Place at one of the meetings.

Her poem "Old Wagon Trails" is a reflection of her romance with pioneer history.

OLD WAGON TRAILS

*The moon shines down her silver light.
Far off, the lonely coyote wails
Whispers of bygone days I hear
Along the ruts of wagon trails.*

*The blaze of campfires now long dead
Seems to flicker and cast its glow
Where wagons were halted for the night
Beset by many a foe.*

*Forgotten graves along the way
The trail of tears and pain
Many who started never returned
To pass this way again.*

*Westward they went through obstacles great
Those courageous pioneers
Wagons have fallen to rust and decay
Leaving ghosts of former years.*

Exciting, appetizing aromas begin to drift into the solarium from the dining room causing the volunteer to glance at her watch and the joggers to lose interest in romance in favor of lunch. So off they go to the dining room to sit at attractive quartet tables and enjoy food which they have not had to plan or prepare. They relax in the realization that when they have eaten, they can just walk away with no responsibility for clearing and cleaning. They are free to go for naps or to the recreation hall to watch TV, listen to the stereo, do ceramics; or hopefully this may be the day that Homa Storm plays the organ for them. His music is always good for a delightful jog down Memory Trail.

Senior years can be Golden Years. There's plenty of time to linger along Memory Trail and plenty of time for venturing onto new trails—nostalgia for the past and anticipation for the future! That's **real living!**

(IDA VOWELL ROBERTSON of Clinton is a SOSU graduate, a retired teacher and social worker, and a volunteer in the Methodist Health and Care-Care Center project in Reminiscence Therapy—"MEMORY TRAIL JOGGERS.") *

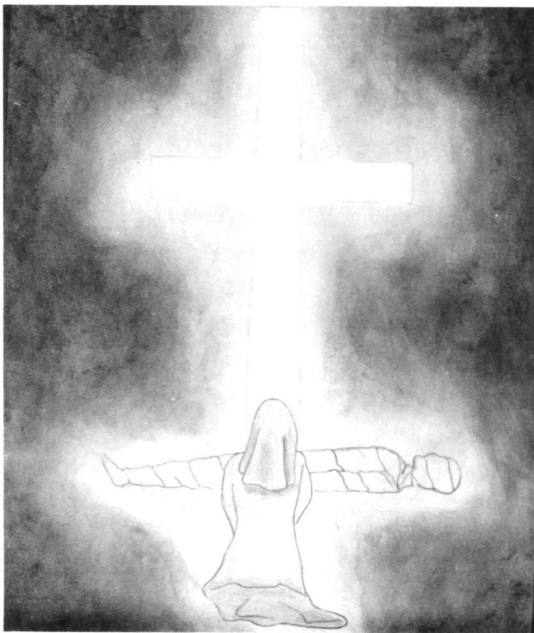


Marguerite

Design by Steven Cost

Bethany's Daughter

—By Ernestine Hudlow-Gravley



(ERNESTINE HUDLOW-GRAVLEY of Shawnee is a full-time free-lance writer. Her works appear in publications as varied as COSMOPOLITAN, THE OZARK MOUNTAINEER, and WESTVIEW. Her column REFLECTIONS appears weekly in a Shawnee newspaper, and she is sought after as a writing-workshop leader.) ❖

When the alabaster box was crushed,
And incense brushed the rancid air
Where Judas cowered dark and hushed
With covetous stare,
Pale Lazarus with lifted head
And Simon cleansed of foul disease,
With Peter, mumbling in his beard,
You had dared displease.
Braving a sister's dark disdain,
Mary, who chose a better part,
Embalming the sharp scent of pain,
By ambrosial art;
Bethany's daughter, did you know,
That though they spat upon his face,
Spittle and thorn-pierced blood would flow
Over a perfumed space?

Designed by Olivia Ortiz

Accidental Tourist

By — Inez Schneider Whitney

Serious

Arthur Miles dead? Shot by Etta Parker? Everyone in the little Western Oklahoma town, Wheeler, was horrified. Arthur's daughters and Etta had gone to school together and were still good friends.

Arthur was in his fifties, a good husband and father who never did an unkind thing to anyone. He was the night marshall and in the daytime worked as a butcher for Bud Parker, Etta's husband. The store used to be Parker's General Store; but when Jeff Parker turned it over to his boys, Bud and Ken, they put up a new sign—PARKER BROS. The big building was on Main Street. Ken took over the drygoods side, and Bud managed the other side that had the meat market and groceries.

Bud and Ken were enterprising young men and were not afraid to work. Ken married first; his wife was Marie, daughter of Mr. Washington, owner of the flour mill. She was a very attractive brunette, but there was no foolishness about her. She pitched right in and helped Ken with the store, and it would have been hard for him to do without her help.

Etta, a ravishing blue-eyed blonde and daughter of the village blacksmith, married Bud. Bud and Etta soon had two lovely children—a boy and a girl. Etta never helped Bud much at the store; she was too busy at home.

The pioneer town of Wheeler was only twenty-five years old. It sprang up overnight when the railroad extended farther west in Oklahoma. The town began to grow, and Parker Bros. Store prospered. Bud and Etta were one of the few couples in town who soon had a modern home. They began taking trips, and Etta had part-time help to do housework

and stay with the children when their parents went out in the evening.

When drummers came to town bringing their latest styles, Bud let Etta pick out anything she wanted, which was plenty. She looked very stylish for someone living in a Western Oklahoma pioneer town. Many people said that luck came her way when she married Bud.

Bud and Etta's closest friends were a circle of young married couples. They went on picnics, had dinners at their homes, and played cards. Then a new attraction came along.

Seven miles south of Wheeler, there was a beautiful spring. It gurgled along a shallow channel until it reached the edge of a hundred-foot cliff. It trickled over the edge and then gained momentum as it fell. By the time it hit the bottom, it was a beautiful white falls which still bore the name the Indians gave it—"Falling Waters."

Falling Waters was on a farm owned by a Mr. Billingsley. People came all the time asking the owner if they could fish or have picnics for free, and it was difficult for him to refuse them. There wasn't much farmland, so Mr. Billingsley decided to turn his place into a recreation park. He built a swimming pool and sold lots for cottages. His masterpiece was the dance pavilion, a structure of about a hundred feet long and fifty feet wide. It had a big entrance door and windows all the way around that could be opened in the summer. Dances, soon an important part of the social life of these young couples, were held every Saturday night.

As time passed, it was rumored that the dances were getting a little wild—too much drinking. Despite Prohibition, bootleg liquor was plentiful everywhere.

The minister at the little Southern Methodist Church preached about it almost every Sunday. He called the swimming pool the "dippin' hole" and said, "The women who wear these immodest bathing suits and the

people who cavort around at the dances down there are goin' straight to Hell."

It was about this time that Bud suddenly moved out and left Etta and the children. No one knew why, but he had always had an eye for pretty girls. Some people thought that Bud got tired of Etta having such an easy life and never once helping him in the store. He provided for her and the children even after he left, but it wasn't the same. Etta missed the good times she and Bud had had with the other couples. She was violently jealous when she heard that Bud was going out with other women.

One evening her friend Audrey phoned. "Bud has that same girl with him that he brought here last week, and they've just gone into Ken's house."

The news was more than Etta could stand, and she started drinking. After a few drinks,

In a few minutes, Arthur was lifting the latch on the gate at the end of the walk in front of Etta's home. He was sure that she would listen to him.

Just then she fired another shot.

He called out..."Etta, honey. It's Arthur. Bring me that gun."

She turned, pointed the gun in his direction, and pulled the trigger.

Arthur fell to the ground and lay motionless.

Etta ran down the walk and dropping down beside him called, "Arthur! Arthur!" When he didn't answer, she screamed, "Help! Help! Somebody come quick! Something's wrong with Arthur!"

The police came and took Etta to the county jail. Her trial began a few weeks later. The courtroom was packed every day, and a crowd was always waiting outside hoping

someone would leave so a few more could squeeze in. The trial lasted almost three weeks. Etta was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to fifty years.

A year later Etta was pardoned

"After a few drinks, she went to the master bedroom, opened a drawer, and took out a six-shooter."

she went to the master bedroom, opened a drawer, and took out a six-shooter. Bud had thought when he put it there that they needed it for protection, but he hadn't taken it with him when he moved out.

Etta went out on the front porch and started shooting in the direction of Ken's house down at the end of the block across the street.

When the shots kept coming, Ken called Arthur at his home. "Arthur, you're the town marshall. You better get up here. Etta is really on a tear. She keeps shooting toward our house; I'm afraid someone is going to get hurt."

"Don't worry, Ken. I can settle her down. I'm on my way."

by the governor. It was thought that an uncle, active in politics, probably used his influence. She moved away and was never seen in Wheeler again. What a tragedy! She wasn't a murderess at heart—only a young woman feeling deserted and unloved by her husband, striking out against what she considered to be fate. ✱

Design by Scott Voigt

Hide Hunter

—By Margie Snowden North

He
stakes his horse,
crawls toward the buffalo herd
Sagebrush is his shelter
and he takes his “stand” for the kill
flat on his belly.

A forked branch supports his gun
while he picks them off,
the leader first, then others...
Drops them in a pile
Three dollars a hide
and today he drops a hundred.
He
is a rich man now
With only the buffalo
and future generations the
Poorer. *

The Hunted

—By Margie Snowden North

Bison grow fat
on grassy, wind-swept plains
Hunters on horses dispatch arrows
Death and slaughter reigns.

Butchering then,
Bison meat stripped, pounded, dried
Food for winter,
For tipis, the hide.

While back on the plain
Bison mill, stoically reband
Await that time later
when hunters come again. *



Illustration by Bryce Brimer

Design by Marc Williams

There You Are

By Darrell Sage

Waking up to see the bright rays of the sun
And knowing that you're happy is all that
really matters
Because another day has just begun.
Sometimes you are happy and sometimes
you are sad
After listening to all the stories you have
told,
But our life will not always be this bad
Because I have been waiting for a girl like
you.
Getting up to see your pretty smile again,
Now I know there is nothing else better to
do.
I've wanted to be friends with you for so
long.
But when I turned around, you were gone.
Your smile is just like a love song.

*(DARRELL SAGE was born in the Clinton Indian Hospital and has lived in Weatherford most of his life. He has been writing poetry for about three years and has hopes of being published often.) **

Hatchet Jobs

-By Grant James

A shaped piece of wood,
A formed piece of steel.
I once belonged to Bill James.

I sharpened the survey and the batter board
stakes that
were used in laying out the foundation of the
Tishomingo
Public School buildings of the 1930's.

I shaped the sideboard stays for the cotton
trailers at
Blair and Olustee.

I separated the ribs from the backbone at hog-
killing time;
I split the feet and the backbone for cooking.
I cut the knuckle joint out of the hams prior to
curing.

I did many things before I was laid aside in
favor of power
tools and gimmicks.

I am an old hatchet.
I now belong to Bill James' son.

*(GRANT JAMES first came to Western Oklahoma as a fourteen-year-old boy in 1946. He graduated from Blair High School in 1950; he has now retired from OG&E and lives in Bethany. "Hatchet Jobs" is his first contribution to WESTVIEW.) **

By Marion L Dobson

Serious

♥
The

I saw a little girl at play,
A shy little maid of ten;
Smiling and happy in her childish way,
While rocking her dolls she sang.

♥
Little

Her hair the color of sunset's gold,
Her eyes of deepest brown,
A few dim freckles on her nose,
Added luster to her crown.

A sunbonnet shaded her childish face
From the sunlight's glaring hue.
She wore no silks or lace
But a calico dress of blue.

♥
Girl

The months and the years passed away;
This little girl into a woman grew.
I saw her again on her wedding day,
And again she was dressed in blue.

Her life has not been all sunshine;
She has not lived as rich folks do.
But like a rose in springtime
Was this little girl in blue.

♥
In

By and by as time passed on,
She raised a family, too.
Three daughters and a son
Were born to this girl in blue.

I hear a step behind my chair,
A step very soft and low;
I turn—my wife is standing there
In the twilight's mellow glow.

♥
Blue

No longer a child to fret her teachers,
No more a blushing bride, 'tis true,
But with all the smiling features
Of the little girl in blue.

(MARION L. DOBSON came to Oklahoma by covered wagon at age 5. He was born February 1, 1895, and died February 16, 1978. His wife still resides in Erick. Margie Snowden North submitted "The Little Girl in Blue.") *

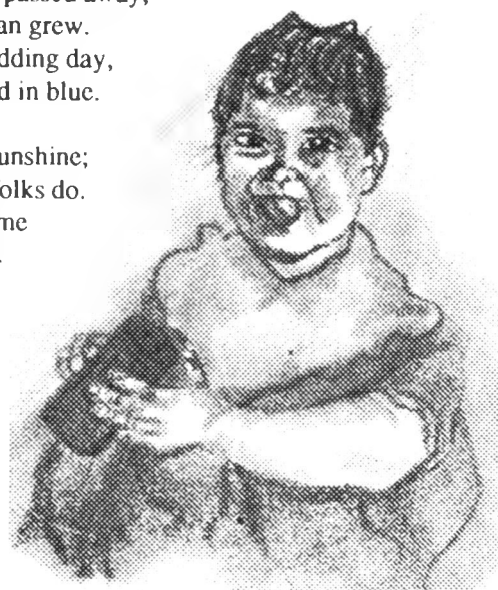


Illustration by Marc Williams

Design By Tommy Campbell

Circumference

Marj McAlister

Far from the dreams of a barefoot girl scuffing dust along a cow path— Far from the peach-blown thoughts while sitting in a tree— Far from those midnight mental wanderings after being awakened by coyotes' calls—

Few, if any, of these cotton candy wishes came true. No doubt a good thing. These impractical pictures from childhood and teens would be awkward as stories of Cinderella or Red Riding Hood. They served their purpose at the time, but best forgotten when reality veers 180 degrees from daydreams.

My true romance was played on a stage a few miles in circumference from where I spent the lazy days daydreaming. Oklahoma City is the center of this circle; I would not know how to live anywhere else, but have sometimes wondered about it. My life has been lived on a dot on the map. So scratch the romance of faraway places and Prince Charming riding from afar.

My serious suitor arrived during my mid-twenties. No matter he worked downtown and traveled a great deal. He was most intelligent and industrious and became head of his department and a vice-president of his company. I was proud of him and felt that I had a part in helping him. Three wonderful children, now grown, completed the picture. Forty years together were accompanied by problems, but we achieved a comfortable romance. His sudden fatal heart attack left me

like an empty paper bag bouncing down the street. Although the adjustment was difficult, somehow I learned to take care of things that I hadn't done before.

I learned to live alone, giving no thought to having it otherwise. Yet, into my circumference came a kind, thoughtful man who seemed to have a talent for empathy. Our spouses had died near the same time a few years before. It seemed logical to sell our houses and begin again in a new one. For seven years, we have for the most part enjoyed a happy arrangement. As with car rentals, when you are second, you must try harder.

It seems I am to spend the rest of my days within this small circle. It has been a wonderful life. I have had many blessings which might not have occurred in distant places. I leave my shortcomings, which are many, as they lie. I would change them, but cannot.

Most of all, I feel thankfulness—for blessings beyond deserving. Romance dwells in a small circumference. Certainly, love has not passed me by.

*(MARJ MCALISTER, of Oklahoma City, is a successful free-lance writer and is an active member of both the PSO—Poetry Society of Oklahoma—and the OWFI—Oklahoma Writers' Federation, Inc.) **

Design By Tommy Campbell

Grandma's Eyes

Serious



-By Carl Stanislaus

In the attic is a wedding picture,
a handsome couple of years gone by.
He stands in stern determination
Beside a girl with Grandma's eyes.

Here old school annuals of the twenties,
with photos of couples in fond embrace,
an awkward boy, who wasn't Grandpa,
kissing a girl with Grandma's face.

They used the red and rusting old Victrola,
baseball glove with broken laces,
clarinet that lost its mouthpiece,
and running shoes for high-school races.

They loved the "rocky" horse's little rider
and bed where he had slumbered.

They lived the crumbling thirties' calendar,
whose days again are numbered.

There's a crib—and well-worn high chair
used by handsome, wayward Uncle
John.

Grandma never gave up the praying;
only the Lord knows where John has gone.

Let's close the attic and lock it,
with its love and joy and family ties—
and go to the old gal and tell her:
we'll always love the girl with Grandma's
eyes. *

Design by Matt Heckman

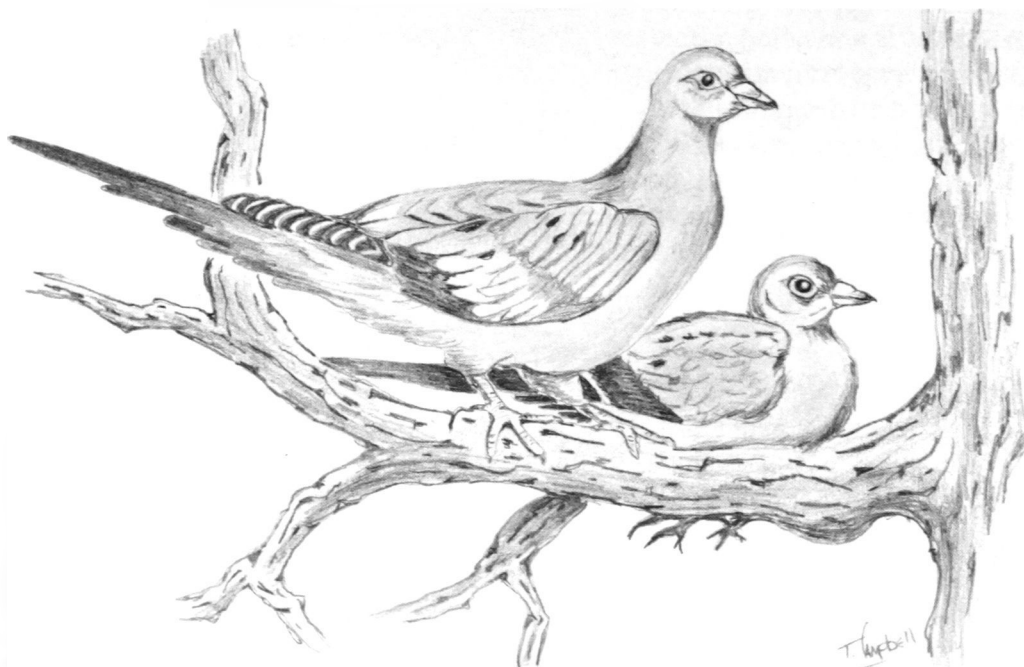
NESTS

By Sandra Soli

But I, made young again,
could not attest this marriage that is our poem
nor sense some other voyager
flying through us
nudging our spaces,
singing our secondary air.

Instead, like thrashers,
I gather bits of rabbit brush,
braiding them in spiny circles
to decorate
these nesting places
we dare to roost in.

*(SANDRA SOLI, of Oklahoma City, prefers to be known by WESTVIEW readers as "that little English girl." "Nests" is another of several of her poems that have appeared in our SOSU journal.) **



Design and Illustration by Tommy Campbell

INCANT

Succinct



—By *Cindy Koehn*

Illustration by Cindy Koehn



hen near the fountain in the park at full
moon
'neath the dancing shadows of trees,
if you feel a desolate place in your
heart,

then touch the wet mirror to ripple the pool.

Close your eyes and sigh;

float my name on a gentle breeze.

I'll come.

In a gown light as mist, through the terrace I'll
glide

with a tread like a whisper you cannot hear.

Turn round to me and behold an apparition,
an earthly embodiment of the glowing moon.

Stretch forth your hand to receive my fingertips.

Then am I real, but hold to me tightly

lest the dream slip away.

Breathe the clean air of entrancing night.

Smell the soft scent of blonde mane.

Caress my skin with a feather touch,

and I'll lift my face to you.

Gaze into dark orbs, which are eyes

midnight blue—

melt into their depths and find a sweet serene
truth.

Then the universe shall reveal its glory,
giving us the crystalline beads of the
fountain

splashing into a froth of white lace
and night-blooming jasmine to perfume the
breeze.

The world will shimmer in the full
moonlight.

We shall learn the song of the spheres.

And I will be yours.

*(CINDY KOEHN of Fort Cobb is currently a senior
Commercial Art student at SWOSU. She has previously been
involved with the production of WESTVIEW, having several
illustrations and two cover designs published. "Incant" is
her first published writing, a selection from many she has
written in a personal journal) **

Designed by Olivia Ortiz

Close to You

—By Stan D. Sweeney

*The worst part of being with you
is being without you.
An emptiness wells up inside me
at the thought that someday
you may not answer my beckoning call—
and that I am powerless
to change that course of events.*

*I am so afraid of losing you
that I fight an irresistible urge
to hold you anytime we chance to meet.
I languish in your gaze and become
deaf to all around me.
No troubles or responsibilities occur to me
when I am near you and I bask in your glow.*

*So do not be afraid to care for me.
Let me hold your attention for a little time.
Your emotions shall be as precious stones,
collected with time,
one by one,
treasured,
secret.*



Weaving by Sandra Snell

(STAN D. SWEENEY is a registered nurse and administrator of Health Watch, Inc., a home-health agency in Weatherford, Clinton, and Elk City. Writing poetry is one of his hobbies. He is also an Assistant Chief of the Hydro Fire Department, an avid skydiver, and a student pilot.) *

Design by Scott Voigt

Mail Order Brides

By Carl Stanislaus

Succinct

Three little grls in grown-up clothes,
guaranteed virgins by the farmers' news!
trusting in letters on brown paper wrap;
far from home and friends and family.

Marsha Jo, clutching close a carpet bag
containing a dim photo of her intended.
Men have many masked and fickle faces,
but she, herself, is not at all as advertised!

Mary Lou, beside boxes bound by twine,
teeth clenched, determined to make her way
come hell or high water, but then
she had experienced all that before.

Sweet Amy—innocent, faint, and fair—
carrying a cage and a canary bird.
Once a servant, but not free—
tired, homesick, hungry, and crying.

The train pulled away leaving them all alone
on the barren and browning prairie flats.
Will their betrothed ever appear? Oh,
why did they leave their friends and family? *

Blithe Spirit

By Carl Stanislaus

Who is it that lightly dances,
radiant, winsome on her way?
Like a child, and yet a woman,
Whom does she give her heart this day?

Does she know of her fair, young beauty,
a joy forever for all to see?
As she goes, could she ever
give a smile, a glance to me?

What providence has sent her,
what chance to guide her on this way?
Does she seek a true love,
or will she quickly fly away?

She touches my hand, and I am smitten—
I'll remain her slave forever.
My life, my soul, and my ambition
shall never be the same! *

Designed by Marc Williams

The School Bus Driver

By **Ava J. Sailors**

We can rest assured that romance was flourishing in Western Oklahoma in 1928! In fact, early one morning of that year, a young girl climbed aboard the school bus near Midway, Oklahoma, in Northwestern Roger Mills County. With a quickened heartbeat, Margie Bell Berry, age thirteen, saw the new bus driver.

He was only sixteen there in the driver's seat—his wavy blond hair carefully combed back, his eyes, as blue as the Oklahoma skies, taking in the auburn hair and radiant smile of his last passenger.

When he gave Margie Bell a sudden grin, she dropped her eyes and shyly hurried to the back to take a seat. But Alvin Leroy Snowden was already realizing there was something special about the blushing girl.

It wasn't long until Alvin asked her to sit in front on the seat with him. She hesitated a moment, then ignoring the loud whistles and laughter, settled herself on the driver's seat near him. Waiting demurely as Alvin quieted his crew and put the bus in gear, she then looked up at him, giving him her dazzling smile, and took her place in his heart forever.

Even good friends can suffer from jealousy, and a certain friend of Margie Bell's, who was also totally captivated by the young bus driver, couldn't help but silently rejoice when Margie Bell confided several months later that she was moving away with her family to a location near Oklahoma City.

On Margie Bell's last day of school, the friend was determined to begin sitting beside Alvin as Margie had done. According to plan, a cluster of classmates held Margie Bell back while the friend slipped into the front seat, pulling a visiting girlfriend onto her lap.

Seeing what was happening, a male friend of Margie Bell's sat down quickly in the driver's seat to hold that place for her. As Margie Bell came hurrying up the steps, the boy stood up to let her

sit down, but the friend slipped triumphantly into the spot and refused to budge.

Blinking back tears, Margie Bell prepared to sit somewhere else when Alvin's strong hand shot out and caught her arm. "Where are you going?" he asked shortly. "There's no room for me," she replied in an unsteady voice.

Taking her hand, he led her around to his side of the seat and told her to sit in his place. He squeezed in beside her, and they rode, four people packed stubbornly into the seat, until the two extra girls had to get off at their stop. The former friends may not have told each other goodbye, but Margie Bell knew the thrill of victory that day.

At age sixteen, after living three years near Oklahoma City, she and her family moved back to Midway. She began going out with Alvin—though both of them dated others—and playing basketball. In the red and white uniform, she was a striking figure. Many years later, Alvin, teasing her, would say, "Your legs were the first thing I noticed about you!"

Margie Bell was not only attractive and robust, but friendly and cheerful, though she lived in near poverty with her fatherless family. She was a favorite with both teachers and classmates and was told by one teacher that if everyone laughed as much as she did, the world would be a much better place. He then added how he wished, if she and Alvin got married, that he could be around to see the children they would have.

Margie Bell's parents had been divorced since she was

very small, but one day her father came back and persuaded her mother to remarry him. They then moved away to his small farm near Minco. Four months later, he died suddenly, leaving Margie Bell and her mother with no money and no way to manage the farm. They were forced to live with Margie's older sister in Oklahoma City.

About a year later, someone knocked on the door, and when Margie Bell opened it, there stood her handsome bus driver, his blue eyes regarding her very seriously. He cleared his throat and in a halting voice said, "If you're willing, I'd like to have you around all the time."

Margie Bell was willing, and they were married on October 12, 1934, at Sayre. On October 21, 1937, the first of their five children was born. Alvin and Margie Bell lived together nearly thirty-two years until July 16, 1966, when Alvin, who had battled cancer for two years, gave up his fight. Margie Bell's handsome young bus driver was gone but would never be forgotten.

As the oldest of their children, I feel so privileged to have them as parents; and Donna Mae, Alvinita [Margie Snowden North], Rose Marie, and Ransom fervently echo that feeling.

Today, Margie Bell is happily married to Alvin's fine cousin, Roy Fowler. They live in Elk City—not too many miles from where, long ago, the old school bus lumbered along the dirt road, ground to a stop, and the driver opened the door to his future.

(AVA J. SAILORS, who has previously published in *WESTVIEW*, now lives in Stinnett, Texas, where her husband is a Church of Christ minister.) *

The Short Happy Swap of Sister McCalley's

Sister McCalley's mind was still sharp.

She sent this item to the Swap Column of the VICI WEEKLY TRIBUNE:

"Will swap custom, hand-sewn queen-size patchwork quilt for 39 pieces of Cherry Blossom Depression Glass. SM 526-8834."

She knew that Zeb Pike had the glass, for she was with his wife, Stella, when Stella bought it in Amarillo three years before she died—and Sister McCalley knew that Zeb slept on a queen-size bed and loved to flirt with women, the "girls," he called them.

Sister figured she had a market for the glass in Enid through her antique shop in Vici, and though she loved the quilt, there was a chance she could one day get it back. For she was not only a lonely widow, but she had a certain fondness for old Zeb, despite his bachelor ways of a rooster among the widows—by imagining he could keep 'em all happy.

Sure enough, Zeb called Sister about her offer of the swap and came over later with glass in his one-and-a-half ton new pick-up truck.

Sister McCalley had another idea. If Zeb would take his truck and drive up to Steamboat Springs, Colorado and pick up an antique bedroom set for her, she would give him the quilt, and he could keep the precious glass, and so the deal was made. She ended up by inviting herself along to make the trip with him.

By the time they started back to Oklahoma a week later, she had married Zeb at a place in the Panhandle of Texas called Dumas.

At home, they slept in the queen-size bed under the fancy patchwork quilt. Zeb died in his sleep three months later. Sister McCalley-Pike was beside herself for the longest time.

Then one day last summer, this advertisement appeared in the Swap Column of the TRIBUNE: "To swap—a Victory Garden cookbook for a new Jane Fonda Workout Book or a Shirley Temple Pitcher. SM 526-8834."

Sister McCalley was in business again. But she had turned feminist, so to speak, though she still bought her pants from L.L. Bean, and slept on the queen-size bed, wearing headphones, though there was no one else around. Her

"new girls' club" used her antique shop for their meetings, and the entire set of the 39 pieces of the Cherry Blossom Depression glass sat on the shelves under a "Not for Swap" sign.

—By Aaron Baker

(AARON A. BAKER, a regular WESTVIEW contributor when he lived in Burns Flat, now resides in Shreveport.) *

Love



Illustration by Brad Snow

Bloomed

By Ken Shroyer

Out

"A humble heart with a cheerful smile,"
That's the way folks really described her.

"If you marry this nice girl out West,
You'll surely have a happy and rewarding life."
And I truly felt from the day we met, this lady must be special
Because her eyes light up each time she speaks,
And she has that winsome personality.

She was born in Doxie, Oklahoma, a Western town,
To a family with deep roots and hope in their hearts
And a dream in their eyes.

On a farm during the Depression days
They forged a heritage as they sweated and toiled,
Which tested their souls.

As pioneers, with a prayer on their lips,
You could see the signs of labor clearly written upon each face.

West

Later on she married a neighbor boy;
They had happy times together, rearing three fine children—
The very best—and taught them the Bible well, daily.

And the Lord took the husband home to rest
Much earlier than his time, and she was lonely.

Then in somewhat later years, I, a country boy who had moved to the city,
Found that this world is not always so kind in everyday living.



Mr . Ken Shroyer

I lost my mate and was left alone to face the world.
It was a rough period in my life.
But time was generous, and God was there.
He brought the two of us together.
He told us to share our future with love and faith,
And He would do the rest.

We married then with grateful prayers and
thanksgiving—
Our families each had agreed on our decision.
“Yes, go out West,” my dear children said—
“You’re bound to receive His blessings.”

We were senior citizens on our own—it’s true.
We have never had regrets about that decision.
Our friends and neighbors that we gained
Were the best we could ever have hoped to find.

Our church remains as number one in our lives—
It’s a place to worship and share our blessings
Along with any problems



Our Lions Club is an outlet too, for ways
We serve our fellowman and country.

Then the Eastern Star fills our hearts
With friendship and a daily guide for living.

So now we thank you, Lord—this Western
world you’ve made
Has all come to us, your humble servants.

*(KEN SHROYER is a retired senior citizen; he and his wife, Reta, live in Weatherford, where they are active in many areas. The poem “Love Bloomed Out West” is Ken’s third appearance in WESTVIEW.) **

Design by Matt Heckman

VICTORIAN



Photo by O.H. Brown

T

he house was old, majestic, beautiful. It was perfect as part of the setting of *OKLAHOMA PASSAGE*, the Centennial movie, which depicted a Cherokee family of one hundred years ago. The movie appeared first in April, 1989 and again March 4-9, 1990 on OETA, CHANNEL 13, OKLAHOMA CITY.

The movie portrayed the life and times of five generations of Cherokees, the fictitious Hannah Benton family, and starred Jeanette Noland as the matriarch. But... The house was far from the Cherokee Nation, and its builder a different character from any Benton.

Set in a pasture about four miles southwest of Marietta, Oklahoma, the house is in the old Chickasaw Nation. It was built in 1888 by a white rancher married to a Chickasaw woman. He was Billy Washington, who claimed kinship with the country's first President, George Washington.

Tagged "mean as hell" by a lawman in his book titled the same, Washington was a native Texan who drove herds of cattle, numbering up to seven thousand, through Indian Territory to Kansas. His family moved into the Territory, and he married a Chickasaw girl who is listed by two different names—Molly Smith and May Ellen McLish. Her family was said to be wealthy and influential before they were driven west on the Trail of Tears, but they managed to bring a few slaves.

In those days, a man in the Territory could use all the land he could handle as long as he didn't encroach upon another man's claim. Being an intermarried Indian, Washington took advantage of that privilege. He took advantage, people said, of things not privileges, such as rounding up wild and unbranded cattle and horses. Soon he prospered and began to dream.

About 1886, Washington began building what he hoped would be the finest mansion in Indian Territory. It would have two stories and a basement. Carpenters and artisans came to work, and in 1888, the Washingtons moved in.

There were nine rooms and four closets large

—By Opal Hartsell Brown

RESTORATION

Successful

enough for rooms. There was a bath with an iron tub, and the kitchen had a dumbwaiter to the dining room. There were gun slits in the basement and six to nine inches of gravel in the lower walls. The gravel was for insulation or perhaps for protection against enemies' bullets.

The floors and banisters of the stairway were of gleaming, inlaid hardwood, put together with wooden pegs, and the ceilings on the first floor were twelve feet high. An archway at the entrance hall, the fireplaces, and bay windows were decorated with gingerbread; and the walls were covered with imported Italian paper. The Washingtons bought their furniture in St. Louis. The mansion cost \$50,00, an equivalent of millions in our era.

A wide porch completely surrounded the house, as did a brick walk. At each entrance to the porch, the bricks were laid in a large, circular pattern. A circular drive was on the outskirts of the yard.

The Washingtons' ranch was described as reaching from Red River to the Arbuckle mountains and from Marietta to Ryan. From it, four trainloads of cattle were shipped to market four times a year. In addition, the domain raised cotton, grain, food, and had its own gin as well as its own commissary and facilities for printing its own money—paper, aluminum, pewter. A coin, unearthed in recent years, carried the inscription "W. E. Washington, Marietta, I.T. Good for \$1 in trade."

The master's one hundred to two hundred cowboys and other employees could use the money

in the ranch commissary. Washington was a millionaire by age 28; then trouble with the Indians stalked him.

The tribe passed a law to charge \$1 per head for grazing rights. Washington wouldn't pay, so the Chickasaw militia impounded his cattle. He paid and then retaliated. Legends disagree on details, but one

In those days, a man in the Territory could use all the land he could handle as long as he didn't encroach upon another man's claim. Being an intermarried Indian, Washington took advantage of that privilege. He took advantage, people said, of things not privileges

.....

account is that his cowboys killed the Chickasaws' horses.

Washington was tried in Chickasaw court, but acquitted. The Cattlemen's Association, of which he was an official, and May Ellen's family were believed to have saved the rancher. Other charges arose.

In 1909, Washington and another wealthy rancher were accused of hiring Jim Miller to kill deputy Gus Bobbitt. The lengthy story belongs to Ada, where Miller and three other outlaws were hanged by a group of outraged citizens. Washington

and others were supposed to have tried to rescue them but were run out of town.

Barbed wire, the allotments to Indians, and statehood were said to have helped bring an end to the Washington empire, but Washington's "greed" and high-minded attitude brought the wrath of the Indians upon him. He was driven from the Chickasaws.

He, May Ellen, and son John moved to Carlsbad, New Mexico, where he tried to amass another fortune; but his tactics failed. In 1920, Tom Brannon bought the ranch near Marietta. When Brannon died, G. C. McMakin bought it. He also died, and C. M. Fleming, manager of the Rockland Oil Company, purchased it.

During the interim, the house was restored and, although presently unoccupied, remains an elegant mansion of Victorian architecture worthy of any movie setting.

Sources of information: Marietta Public Library, Ardmore Public Library, visit to the ranch, and miscellaneous contacts)

(OPAL HARTSELL BROWN, a retired teacher living near Davis, is a full-time free-lance writer who has been published many times in WESTVIEW) *

Moonlight on the Colorado



*-By Ida Vowell
Robertson*

Martha closes her Bible and lays it on the table by the lamp—a very special lamp—a long-ago Christmas gift from HIM. She takes off her glasses and places them on top of the Bible, and, from the habit of years, methodically pushes her thinning, white hair back from her forehead. She sits

completely inert and purposeless, totally indifferent to the clock striking nine.

Princess stretches and yawns at her feet, nibbling ingratiatingly against Martha's legs, stirring her back into the NOW.

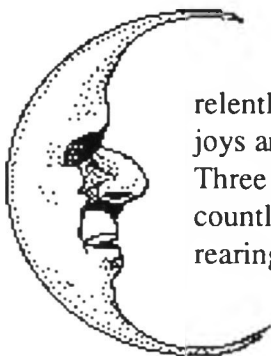
Martha pats the soft, furry head and gets to her feet. Time to check the locks and let her Royal Highness out for a few capers in the night air. Princess, as though acting on cue, marches ahead in

typical feline dignity, her tail held high, eager for adventure. Automatically, Martha opens the door and follows Princess out onto the porch. For a space she watches her as she pursues, without success, a sharp old cricket that outhops every strike of her greedy claws. Glancing up, she thinks she must be seeing things. Is that really a silver moon soloing in the clear starless sky? No delusion! That moon is silver! Large, and full and gloriously silver!

As she stands, almost transfixed as if beholding a miracle, more than half -a-century past becomes the present. A young Martha is standing on a bridge over the Colorado River. It is the eve of her wedding, and she and the handsomest, greatest guy in the world are leaning on the banister, looking up, awed and entranced by a moon of pure silver. They have never even dreamed of seeing a silver moon. Silver moons are just for poets—or just a fantasy! How beautifully the radiance of that moon reflects trails of shiney-silver streams down upon the quietly flowing river. Surely, they are receiving a special blessing: an omen of a future full of joy and happiness.

Princess' insistence for attention returns the past to a present reality. Martha, again the mature, realistic Martha, marvels that the memory of a thing as simple as a moon stands out so vividly in her memory, when she scarcely recalls even scant details of her wedding day itself.

The years have rushed by in time's relentless succession with an even ratio of joys and sorrows and successes and failures. Three major wars; the evolvement of countless scientific wonders; the bearing, rearing, and educating of children long since gone far and wide in their own pursuits—all have been a part of life's greatest pattern, marriage. strangely, despite so many changes, one thing never changed for them—the magic of the moon, its magnetic attraction.

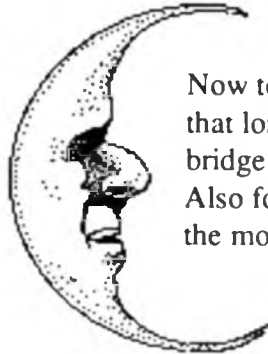


So many, yes, countless times, had her practical, phlegmatic, yet surprisingly sentimental, husband paused in his nightly ritual of "checking the locks," to summon "Rosie, Rosie, come out and look at this gorgeous moon." Always it was a gorgeous moon! (Rosie was a teasing name, a name that only he used. It was his connotation of "Honey," "Dear," "Love," etc.—a rare expression of love.) At times, she had been thrilled at his cherishing this strange magnetism of the moon and had responded to his remembering. But many times when she was rocking a colicky baby, helping a child with homework, figuring how to meet the car insurance and a new license tag at the same time, pondering the wisdom of spending money right now for a vacation, or deeply involved in soothing a child rushing into romance too soon—or perhaps, just relaxing for a few minutes at the end of a tiring day, she had grudgingly felt, "Oh no—not just now." But always the old compulsion would rule out all else, and she'd quickly respond to "Come, Rosie, and just see this gorgeous moon." So they shared moons and more moons, yet never another silver moon, or never another moon over the Colorado River. She often pondered how this simple act of sharing a full moon had always made trivial a misunderstanding of the day or resolved an impending crisis; always it had.

Princess' persistent weaving and purring woos her into action. She looks up again at the moon, still mystified that it really is a silver moon. Surely sentiment is not affecting her vision! Just then a thin, filmy gauze of cloud casts a giant shadow across the moon, dimming its sheen. Princess now

purrs and caresses more urgently, and singing, Martha moves inside and locks the door.

Tonight for the first time in fifty-six years, no voice has bade, "Rosie, Rose, come see this gorgeous moon."



Now tonight for the first time since that long-ago night on the river bridge, she has seen a silver moon. Also for the first time she has felt the moon's magic spell alone—all alone. Princess blocks the way, waiting a stroking hand. Martha picks her up and goes into the

house alone; she is conscious that now and forever she will be keeping a tryst with the moon alone; again she sighs and holds back a shudder. Alone.

Sharp twitches of pain in her arthritic fingers interrupt her reverie. She settles into her chair just across the lamp table from the big forever empty recliner. She reaches for the aspercreme and begins to massage her arthritic left fingers. Perhaps it is the

stimulation of the pungent balm that stirs a change in mood. Almost smiling, she reflects, "Well, Martha, old girl, you've made it thus far. Surely with aspercreme to ease your aching joints and moon magic

memories to warm your lonely heart, you CAN go on alone, and don't you ever be "Poor Pitiful Pearl." You are definitely alone but still too blessed to be lonely." *

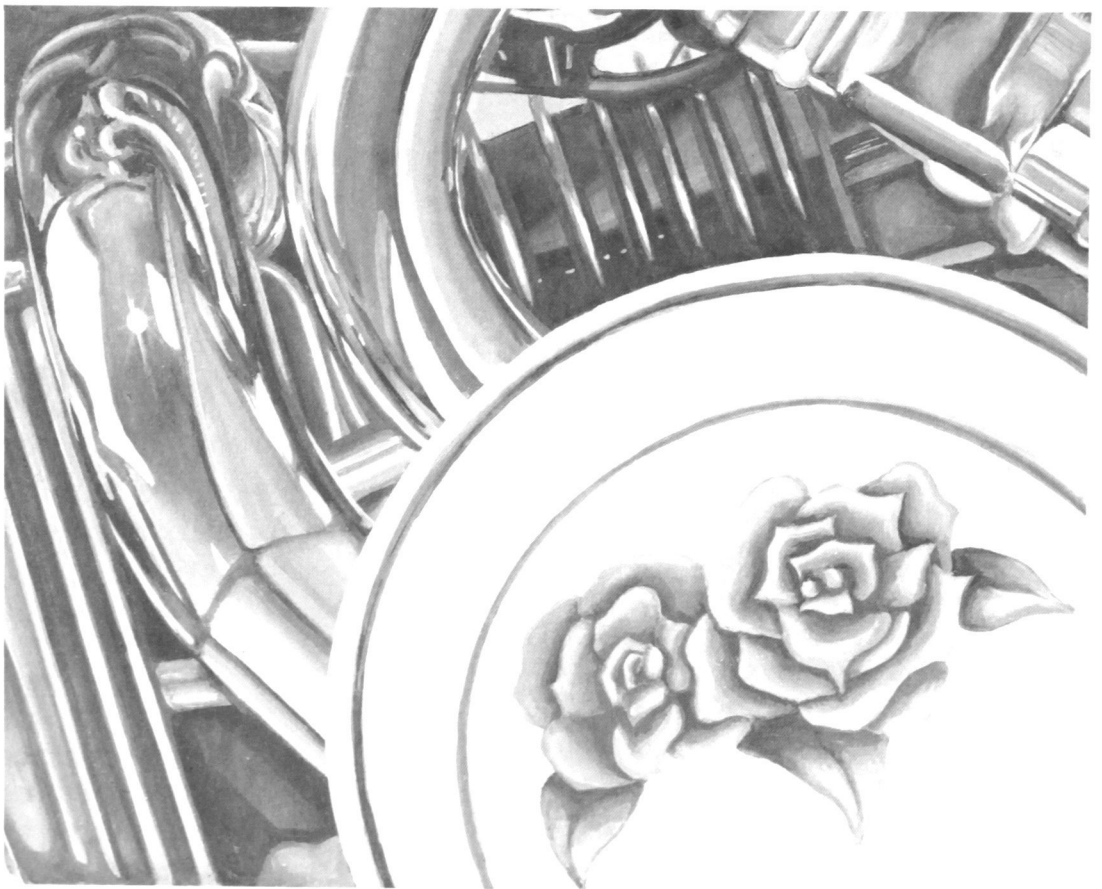
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Illustration by Lisa Bradford



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