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A JOURNAL OF WESTERN OKLAHOMA

# WESTVIEW

VOLUME 14

NUMBER 3

SPRING 1995

\$3.00



Western Oklahoma

WESTERN OKLAHOMA ARTISTS



A JOURNAL OF WESTERN OKLAHOMA

# WESTVIEW

VOLUME 14

NUMBER 3

SPRING 1995

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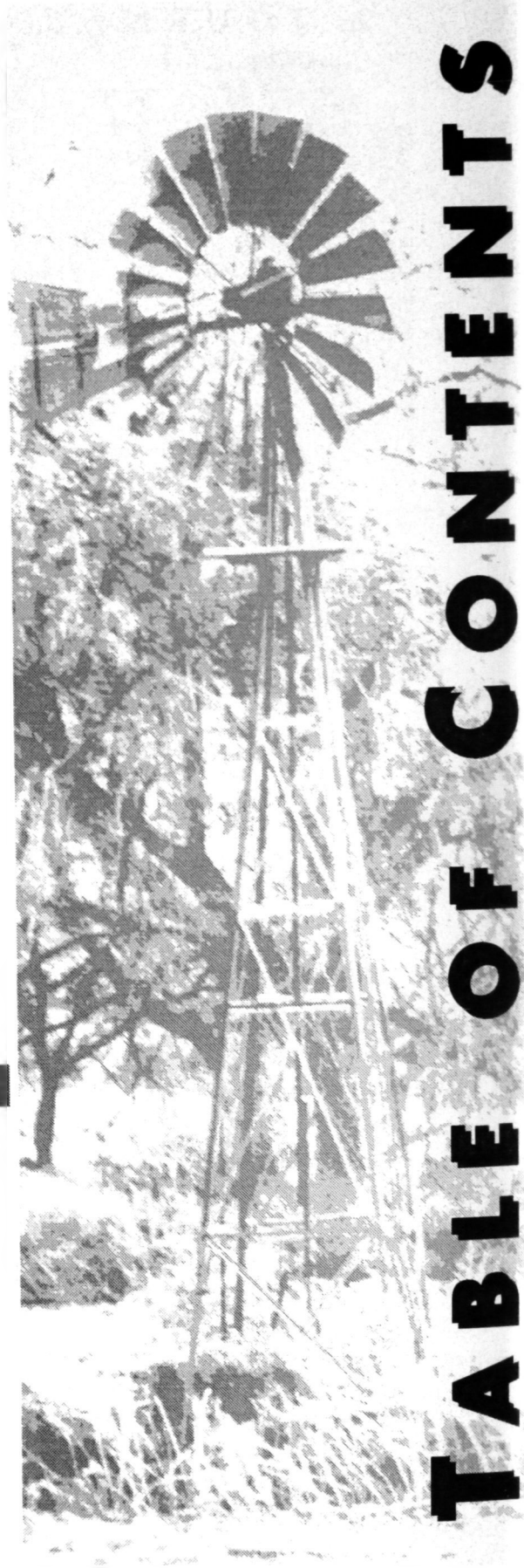
## STYLESHEET

1. Submissions should be typed on 8.5" x 11" white paper; prose should be double spaced and poetry should be single spaced. Include a SASE.
2. Submitted artwork should be suitable for black and white reproduction. Work should be no larger than 8.5" x 14". However, photographs of larger work may be submitted. Please do not send slides. Include a SASE.
3. We use themes related to Western Oklahoma, as well as non-thematic work of high quality by writers from elsewhere.
4. We accept and enjoy both free verse and formal poetry.
5. Include a brief biographical sketch for our contributor's notes.
6. We welcome submissions on a 3.5" disk formatted for IBM or Macintosh. Please include a hard copy of your submission.
7. Address all submissions and correspondence to:  
 Mr. Fred Alsberg  
 Editor, *Westview*  
 100 Campus Drive  
 Southwestern Oklahoma State University  
 Weatherford, OK 73096

## WESTVIEW FUTURE ISSUES

Western Oklahoma Journeys: .....	Summer 95
.....	Deadline: past
Western Oklahoma Pastimes: .....	Fall 95
.....	Deadline: 6-15-95
Western Oklahoma Resources: .....	Winter 95
.....	Deadline: 9-15-95
Western Oklahoma Communities/Architecture: .....	Spring 96
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# Different branches...

The work of Claris Robinson is straight forward, with direct, strong lines and elegant curves. Her work, with its simplified rhythmical elements, brings to mind the Regionalist or American Scene painters, which included Alexander Hogue and Thomas Hart Benton.



Claris Robinson

*County Fair*

linoleum cut

Claris Robinson



John Tracy II

*Untitled*

watercolor

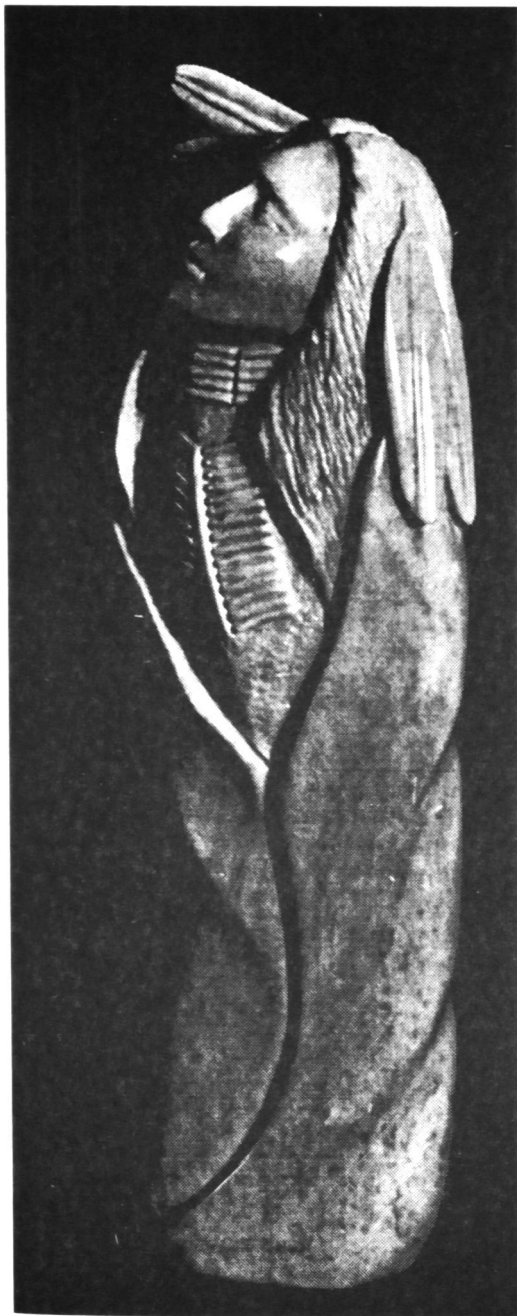
John Tracy II creates watercolors that are a glorious mixture of realism and passion. His technique is truly flawless and often inspired. At times his landscapes are near abstractions, at other times they are naturalistic realism.



# ... same tree

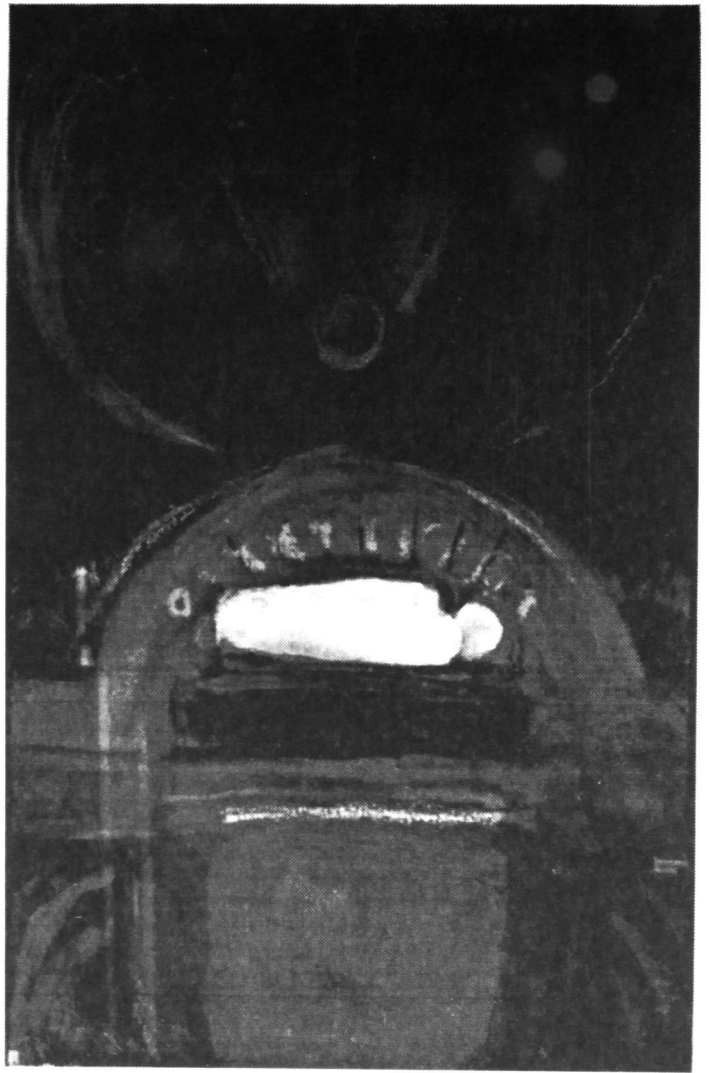
*by Jan Bradfield*

Ted Creepingbear carves in stone that he quarries himself, just south of Weatherford. His sculptures are traditional Native American images, with clear lines and strong form.



Ted Creepingbear Crow sculpture

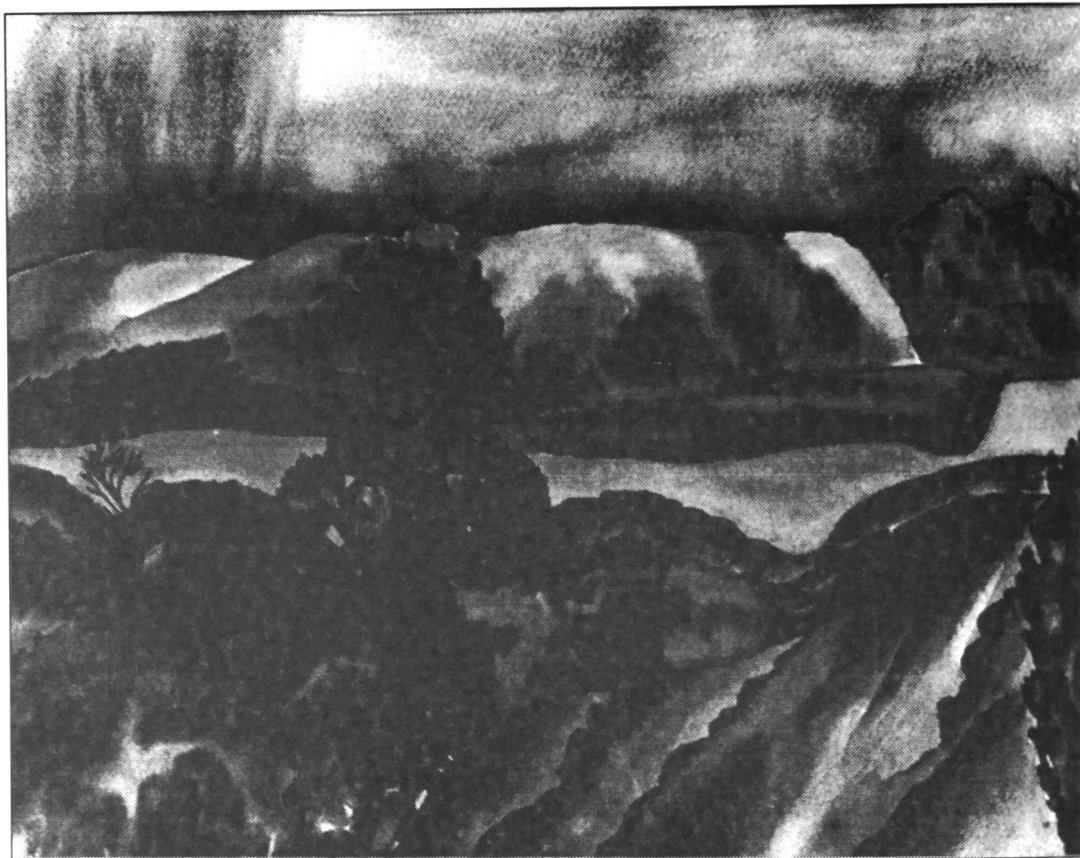
photograph by C. Michael McKinney



Marge Donley Guardian Series #3 mixed media

The work of Marge Donley is complex, mysterious and poetic. Her body of work is diverse, as is her use of media. Sometimes sculptural and other times two-dimensional, her work is colorful, intense, and thought provoking.

photograph by C. Michael McKinney



*Hitch-hiking*

watercolor

circa 1960

# CLARIS ROBINSON



*Kansas Flowers*

watercolor

date unknown

photograph by C. Michael McKinney

There is nothing pretentious about the work of Claris Robinson. It does not aspire to be anything more or less than what it is. The color is bold. The line has the graceful calligraphic quality of fine Japanese prints. The space has the powerful mood of nature's rhythms and cycles. Unpredictable patterns of forms layered against space create compositions both interesting and musical. And like good music, her work is a pleasure to experience again and again.





*Silk Stocking Row*      silkscreen print      date unknown

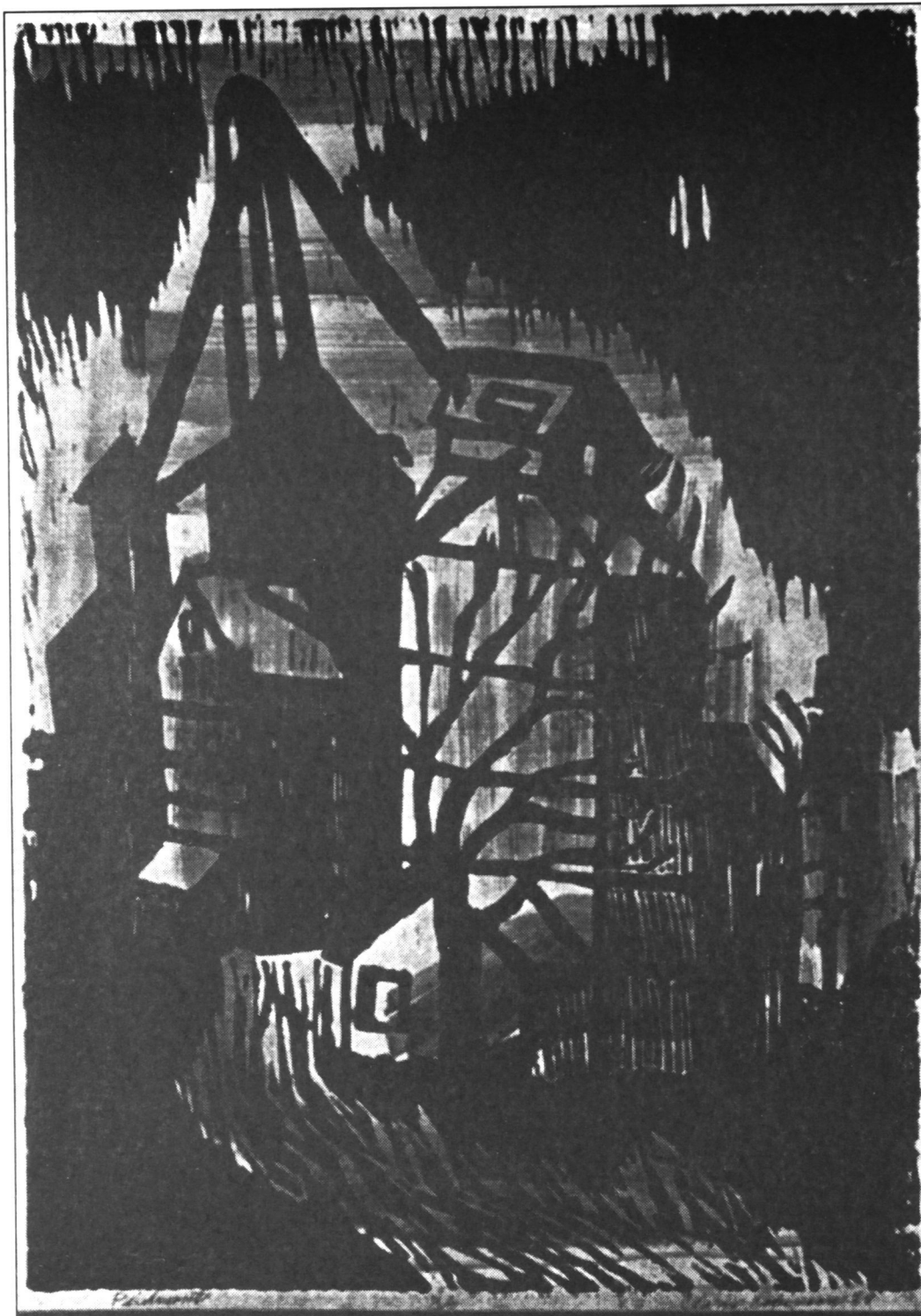
photograph by C. Michael McKinney

Both silk-screen series were done from the hill east of Weatherford, where the 3M plant now stands. The silk stocking row series of prints uses transparent inks to build layers of colors.



photograph by C. Michael McKinney

*Blue Ridge*      silkscreen print      date unknown



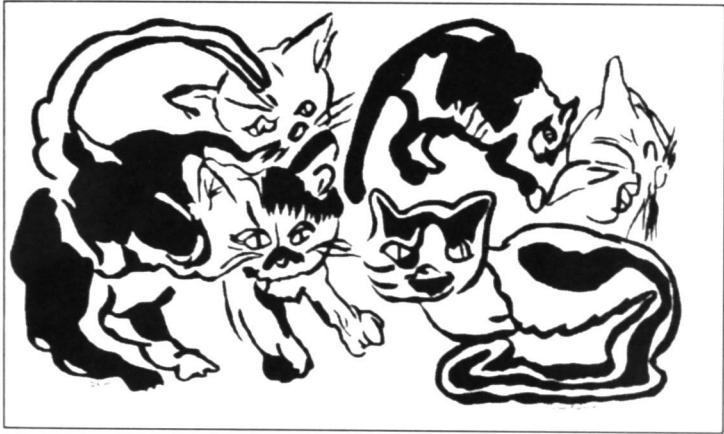
photograph by C. Michael McKinney

*Yukon Grain Elevator*

woodcut print

1988





Cats

silkscreen print

1971



Cat

linoleum cut

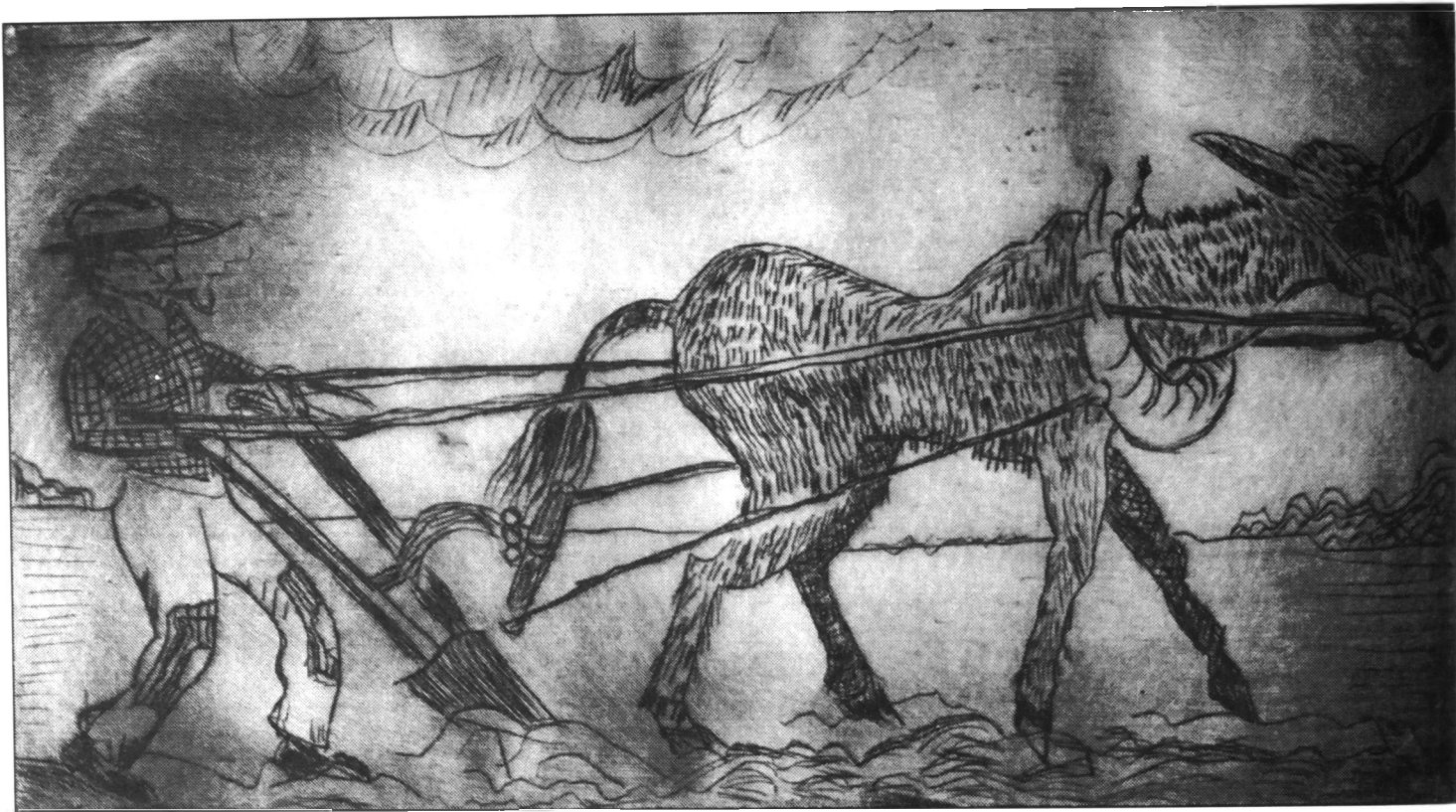
1962



My Old Cow

woodblock print

1973



Ozark Gardening

dry point etching

1974

dry points



Moss

dry point etching

1974



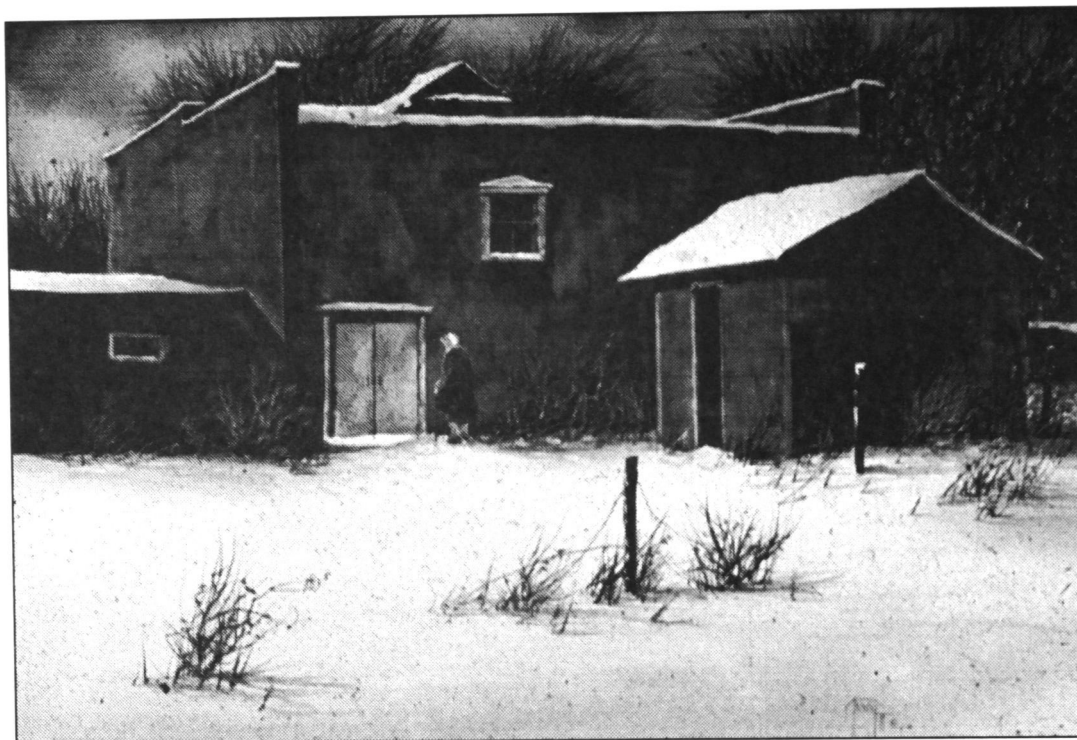
Girl with Vase      lithograph      1978

photograph by C. Michael McKinney



Church Camp      lithograph      1978





*Back of Colony Drugstore*

watercolor

1986

As an artist, John Tracy II, creates his own style of painting. Southwest scenes and subjects from Native American Indians are brought to life in his realistic work.

John's landscape and wildlife paintings depict scenes from locations surrounding his hometown, Mountain View, Oklahoma, as well as other areas of the nation.

He has been a professional and full-time artist since 1971.

# J O H N



*Tracy House*

watercolor

1989



*Rock Springs Baptist Church*

etching

1975

# TRACY II



*Homestead*

watercolor

1985

John earned his degree from Southwestern Oklahoma State University.

He has won many honors and major awards in competition and his work is exhibited in public and private shows throughout the United States and abroad.

John and his wife, Mickey, own and operate Tracy's Studio in Mountain View, Oklahoma.



*Mission*

watercolor

1986



*Untitled*

watercolor

1990

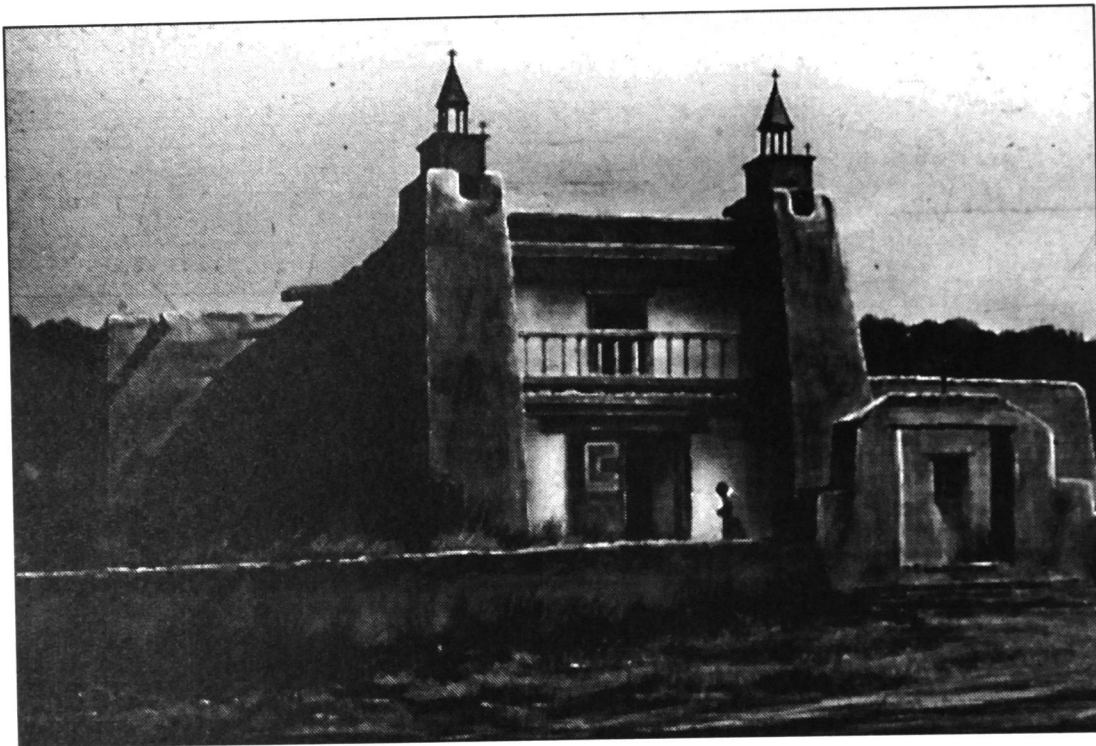




1985



1989

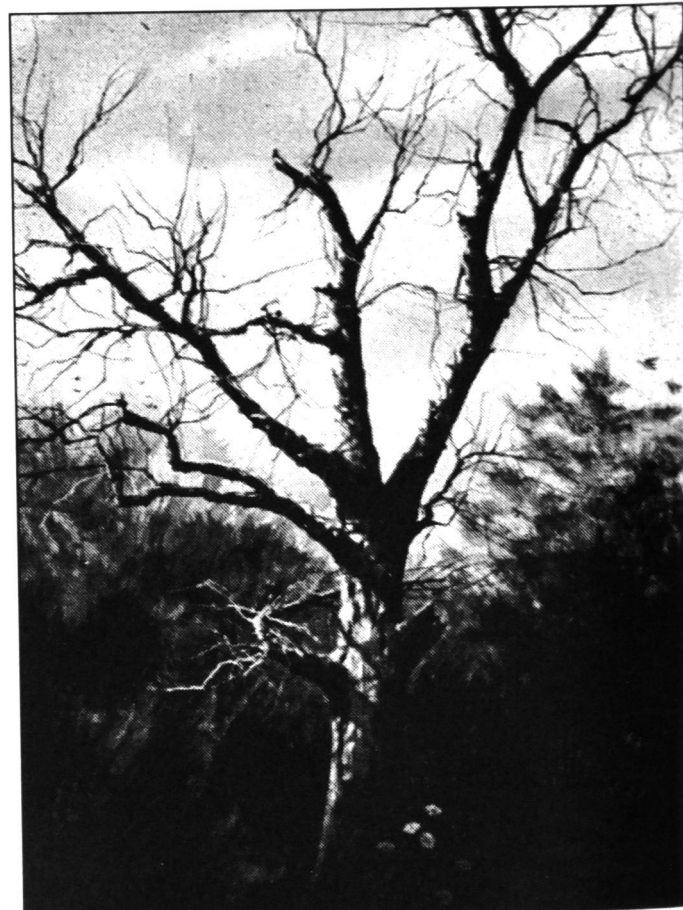


*Mission*

watercolor

1986

watercolors



*Tree*

watercolor

1985



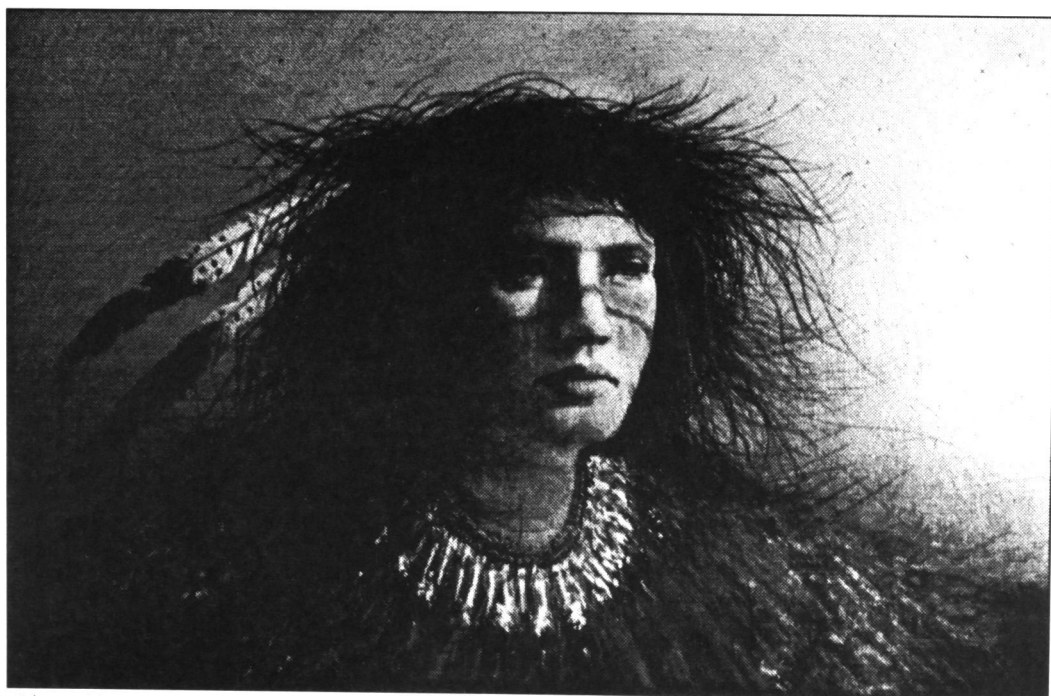
*Leaves*

watercolor

1985

In addition to dry brush watercolor, John also does mixed media, oil, etching and gouache.

He sells high quality reproductions and original artworks.



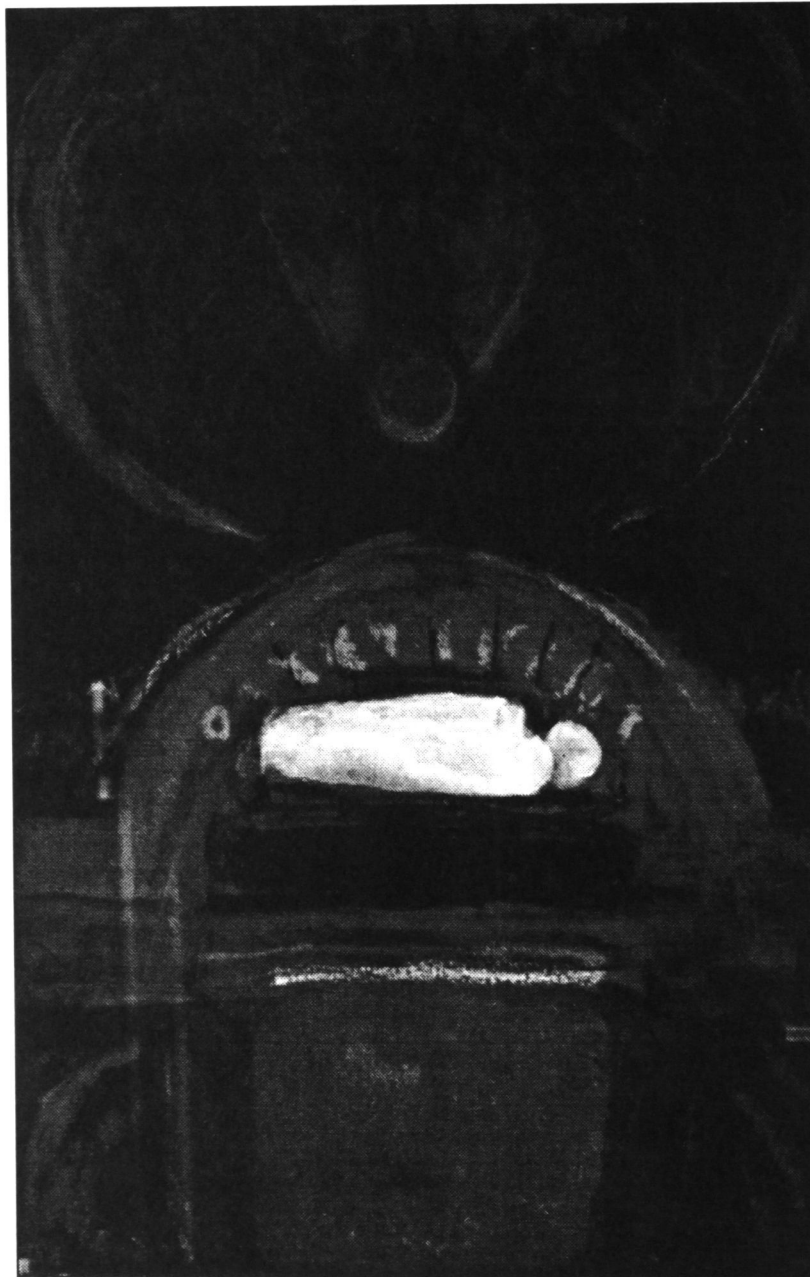
*Blue Eyes*

watercolor

1989



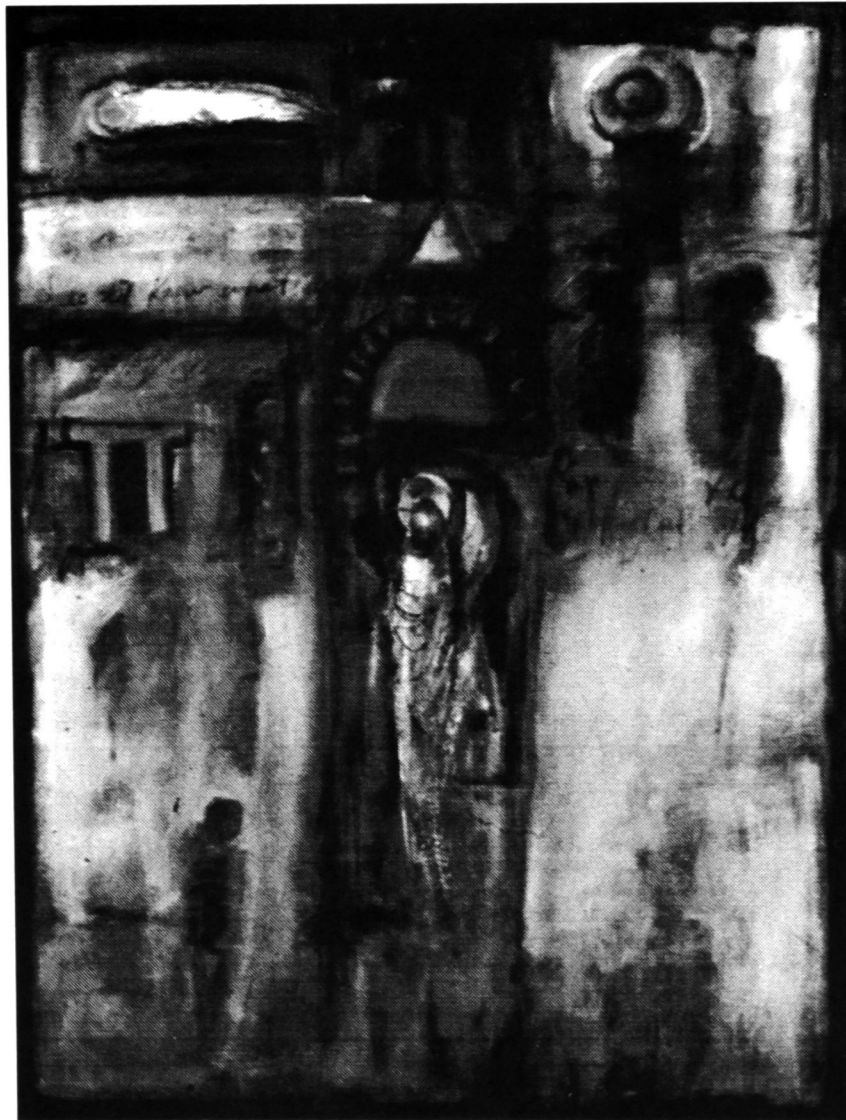
# M A R G E



*Guardian Series, #3*

mixed media

# D O N L E Y



*Comes, the Guardian*

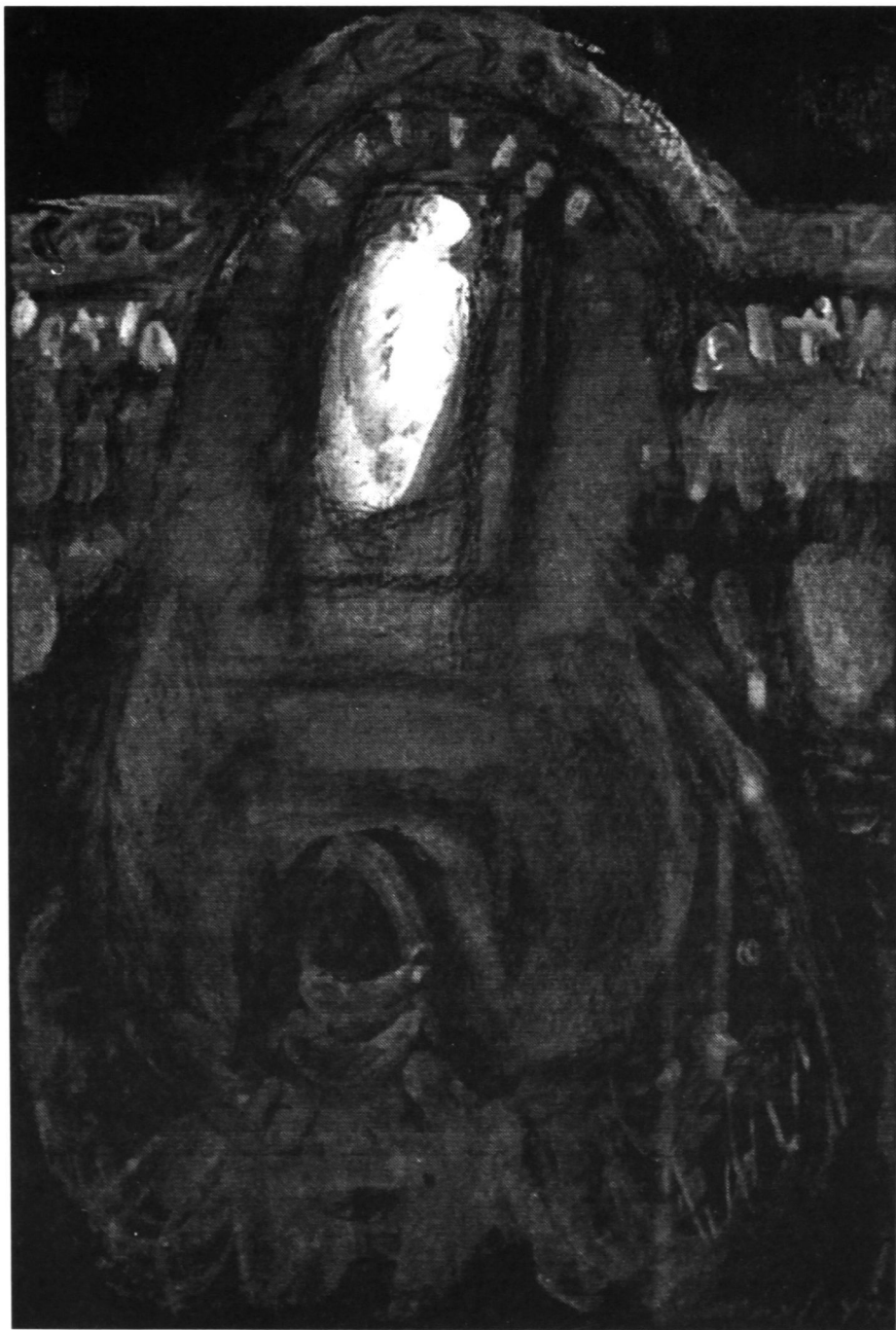
mixed media

Marge Donley teaches studio Art at Southwestern Oklahoma State University.

The reproductions here, in grayscale, do not reveal the gold leaf and wonderful colors she uses to express both thought and feeling.



*Guardian Series, #2* mixed media on handmade paper



*Guardian Series, #1*

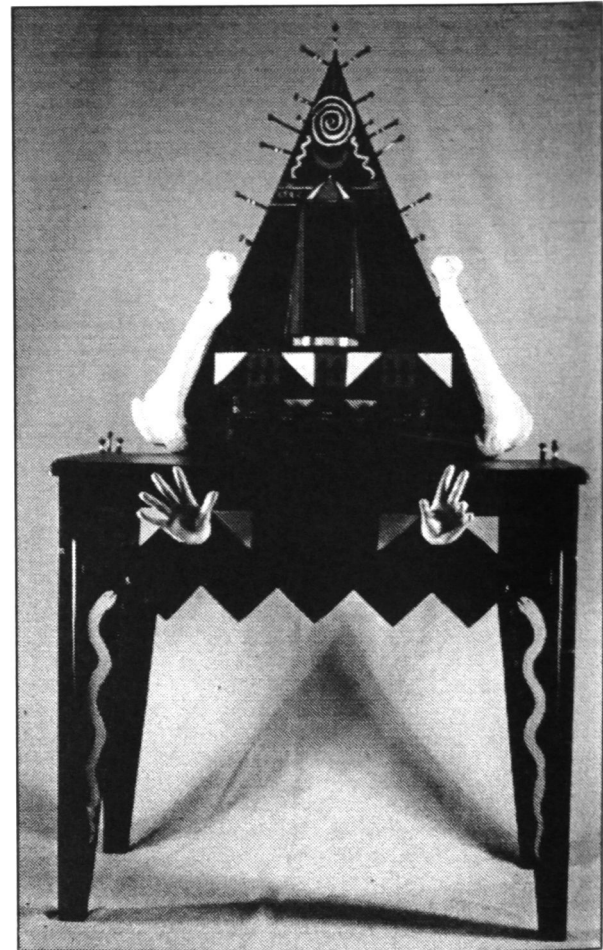
mixed media

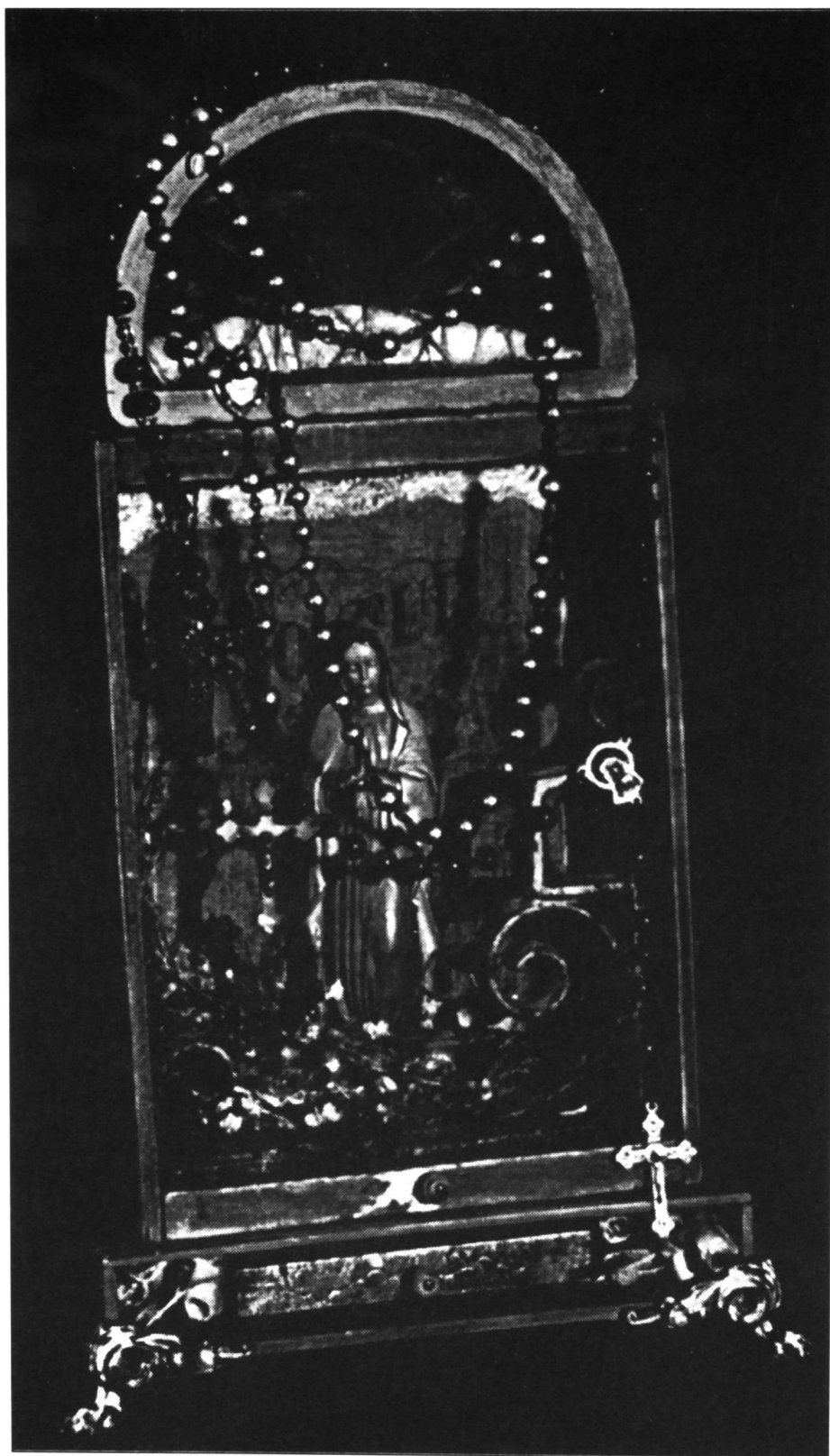




*Celebration of the Female Child* mixed media

*Vanity* wood paint plaster and bone

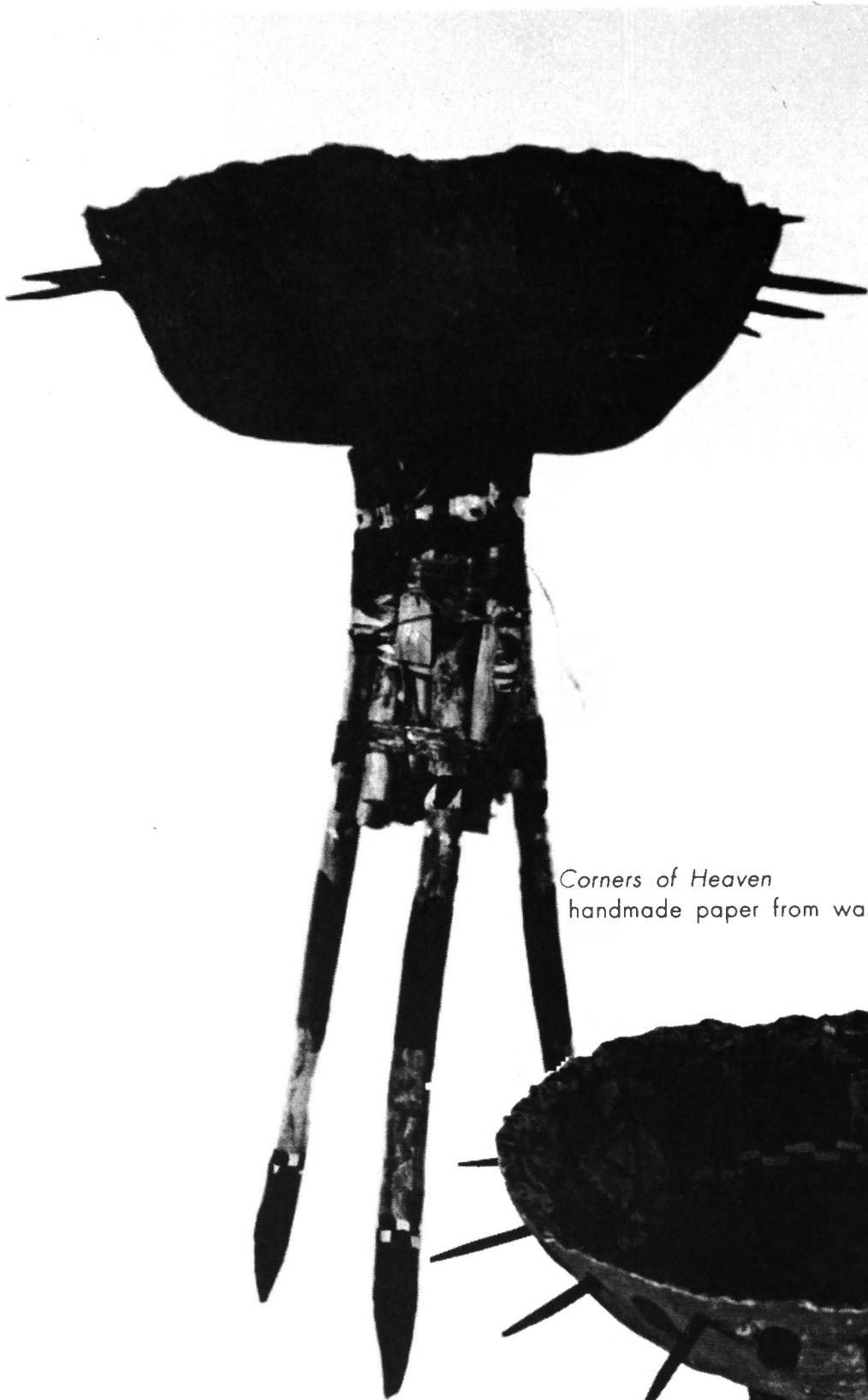




photograph by C. Michael McKinney

*Prayer Box*

mixed media assemblage



*Corners of Heaven*  
handmade paper from wasps' nest, wool, paint and sinew

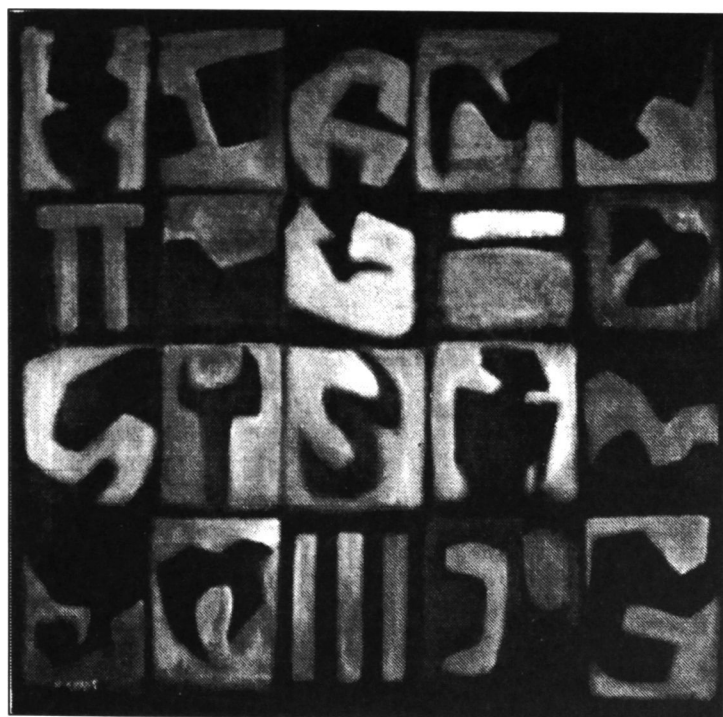


*Corners of Heaven* detail



*Evolution*

mixed media



*Meditation Symbols*

mixed media



# T E D C R E E P I N G B E A R

photographs by C. Michael McKinney



The artwork of Ted Creepingbear reproduced in this issue of *Westview* is part of the private collection of Mrs. Myrtle Dill and Dr. Dan Dill of Weatherford.

Sioux

alabaster sculpture



photograph by C. Michael McKinney

Untitled

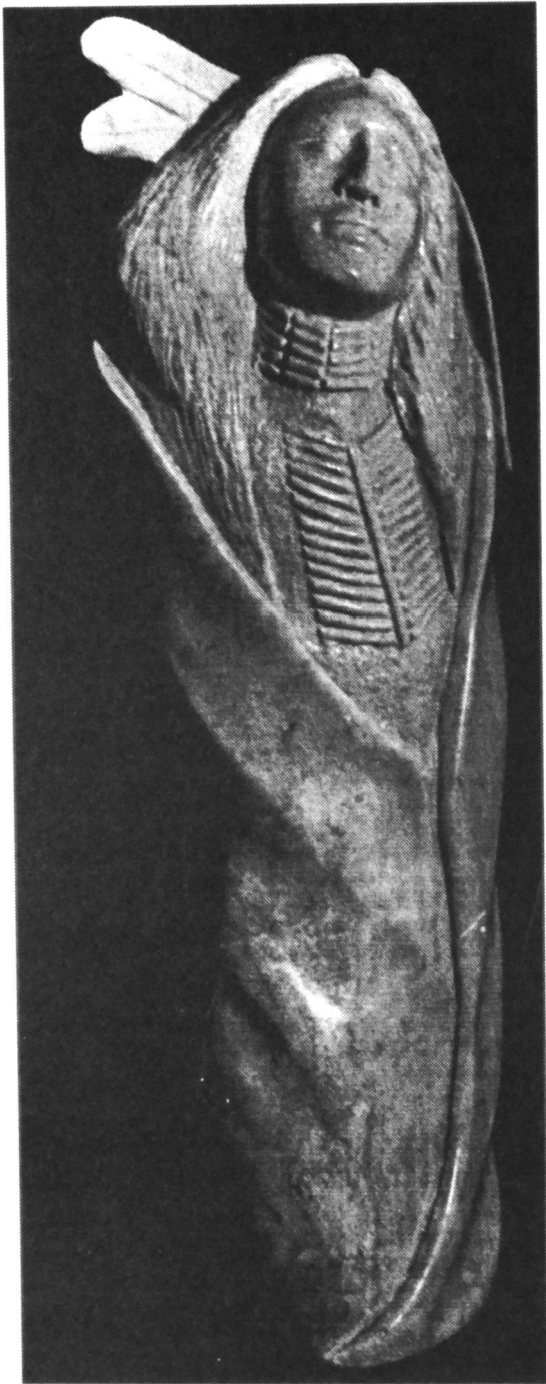
alabaster sculpture



photograph by C. Michael McKinney

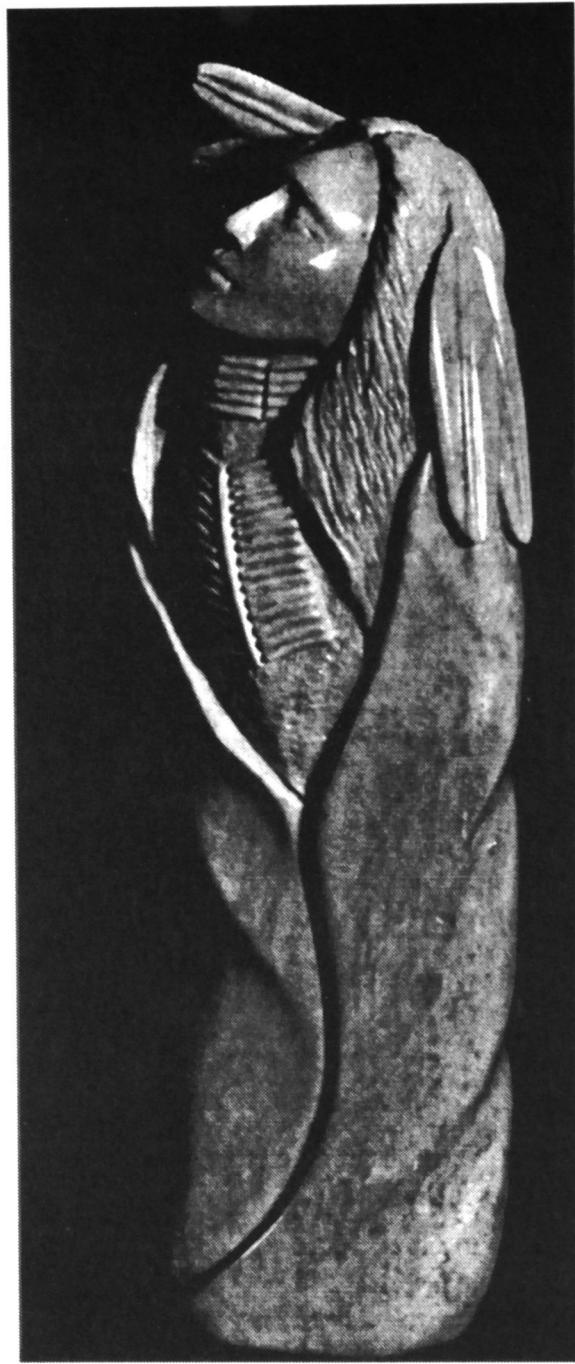
Untitled

alabaster sculpture



Crow

alabaster sculpture

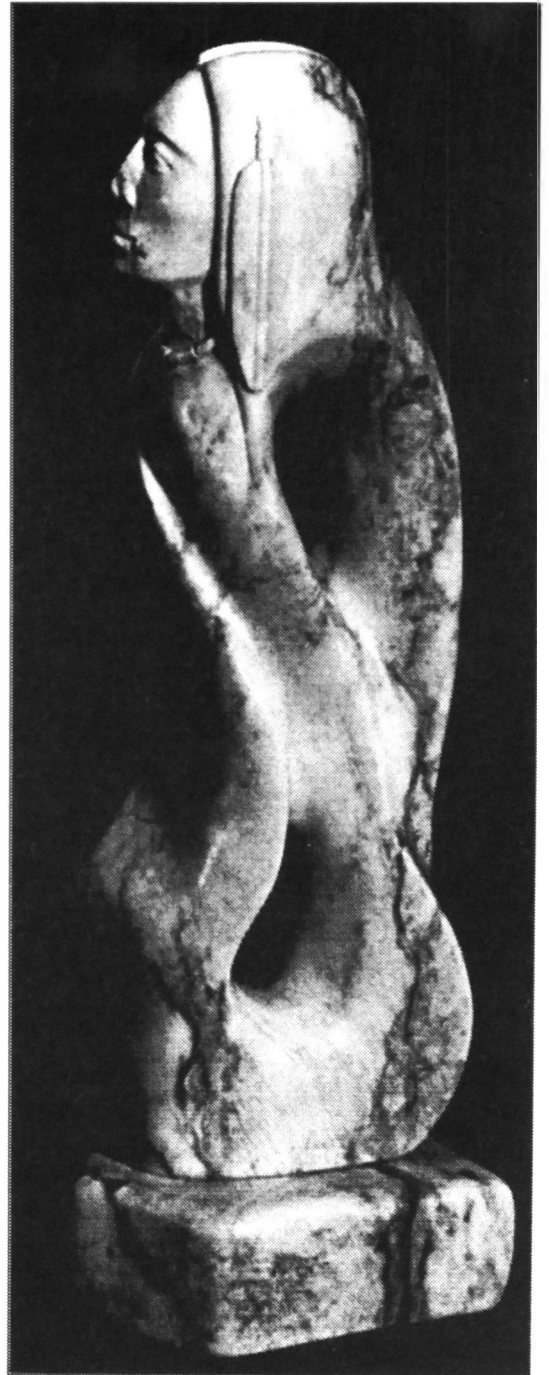


photographs by C. Michael McKinney

photographs by C. Michael McKinney



*The Day the Mormons Came to Visit*  
alabaster sculpture





# ELEGY FOR A VIOLIST

*by Linda Joy Myers*

## *Dreams:*

I always thought I'd see you again, Floyd.

Twenty years you have appeared in my dreams--since the last time I watched the hot Oklahoma wind press against you, tugging at your shirt. The flat-top of your youth is gone and long red strands blow across your eyes.

❁

There are various dream scenarios: I meet up with you, and your twin-brother Lloyd stands nearby. You and I start to talk, easy like it was in high school, when we were best pals, roots deeply entwined from all those years in symphony.

In some dreams, I discover you've been home, and have already gone. Other times I phone you again and again, but I never find you, and the sadness wells up. I wonder, do you remember me?

This scene repeats over the years: great webs of railroad tracks cross over each other and merge together in the west end of town, where you lived as a boy. The dirt is always copper, and the late afternoon light glows golden on the amber, black and red box cars. Threading through the tracks, I search for you. When I find you I stand back, taking a measure of the years gone by. I see you are an adolescent and an older man at once, though "old" means you're only twenty-eight, the age you were last time we met in real life. Wondering how the years have treated you, I can't wait to sit down and talk, really get in there like we did so long ago. I'm looking for what we shared, knowing that with us, there is the bond of the childhood--hundreds of hours immersed in Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, and Tschaikovsky, along with the rock hard determination that we would be professional

musicians. We would make it. We'd smile out at audiences when we have gray hair. We'll play together again, someday. We know we'll never forget Monday night symphony rehearsals with Dr. Wehner at Phillips University.

When we talked on the phone a few years ago, I listened to your unfamiliar mature voice, seeking traces of the Floyd I'd known when we were children, but I couldn't find him. What happened to my friend, the flat-topped, passionate, swaying violist?

❁

I remember first meeting you and Lloyd at Youth Orchestra on Saturday mornings. We were ten years old. Jim, our music teacher, placed our small fingers on those ebony fingerboards, taught us how to rosin our bows. His red hair outshined yours. Jim never saw you as a man. He was thirty-one years old, he seemed so very much a mature man, when the force of his love and music kept pushing us to go after all those dreams.

You were a sweet young boy, not like the vicious wings-off-the-fly other boys who teased girls and leered. Raised to be a gentleman and to love God, you were polite, shy, said Ma'am and knew when to shake hands. Your viola gleamed a deep burgundy, just like the tones you swept into my ears when we were seventeen, rehearsing for the yearly tri-state music contests. I remember the weaving of my ivory notes into the legato, sustained with proper bow technique, of your mellow viola tones. I can still see the way your large, tightly clipped nail vibrated under man-fingers (your boyhood had faded even from memory) and your muscled, trained arms pulled those tones which filled my chest to bursting.

I can still see us: we stand in my grandmother's living room--the wallpaper flurried with green French-Baroque leaves and small maroon flowers. A Persian rug covers the hardwood floor. A foreboding dark copy of a

Gainsborough glares from the other wall. If we look up from our playing--we see our reflection in the sculpted mirror in front of us. The portrait of a Renaissance man joins us in the glance.

I am seated at the Baldwin piano, burnt amber in the light of the brass lamp. Your silver music stand is at my left shoulder. If I turn my eyes or head slightly, I meet quickly your blue eyes. We press onward with the rises and the valleys of the music. When we catch each other's glance, a smile slips from your lips. The pleasure of this playing together is wordless, but known. We become so engrossed in our work that no joining of eyes is needed. We rush breathless with the force of the music to the final bar. Afterward, there will be passages to rehearse. It is not yet perfect. But we know that this is good, really very good.



### *Hallelujah:*

Each Christmas you and Lloyd, Keith and Bill, Jodie and I donned our formal concert dress for the annual *Messiah*. Enid was festooned with red and green and gold garlands. The churches with their tall crosses gleamed with tiny lights. The concert hall was filled with holly and red berries, and Christmas trees were decorated in a dazzling array of lights and ornaments. To us, it seemed a fairy tale Christmas, feeling traumatized almost every year with no white Christmases.

The stage lights bore into us, the entire auditorium rustled in anticipation. We smiled, knowing what was to come: the best--a reward for an entire year of hard work, sweating over technique, so many hours in the practice rooms, alone, struggling to insist that the music out of us convey what it was meant to. We wanted also for it to reflect ourselves, our dedication and love for such melodies, the excitement of these vibrations from the Great Masters.

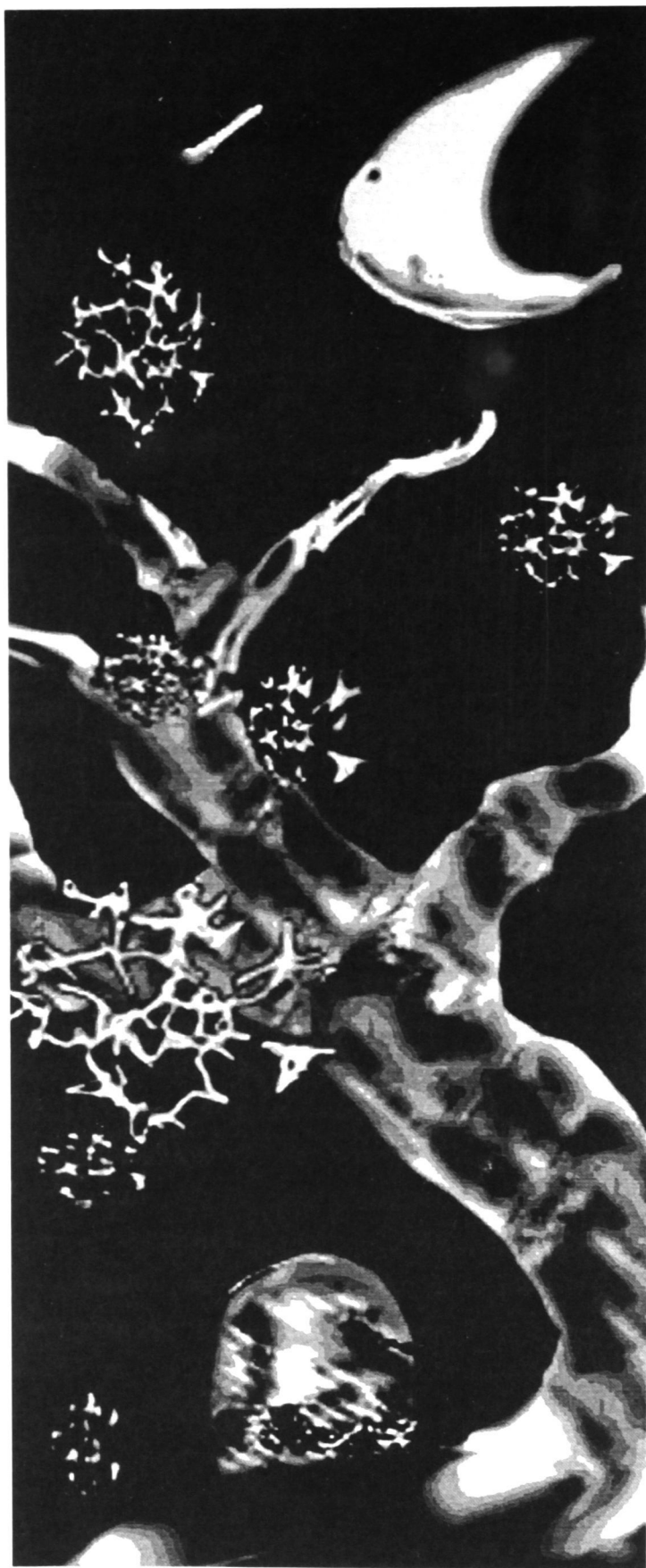


Illustration by Paul Messerly

Dr. Wehner lifted his baton and the choir began. The story of Jesus's birth unfolded through Handel's music each year. I have always wondered if we were born again as well--children of the plains wind. Each year the quiet but intense plains lay down one more track in our brains and our muscles of its ironed flat desolation, the rhythm of its seasons, haunting melodies of the wind as it stirs red dirt. There was the howl of the storms and timpani of the thunderheads strumming an awesome power.

The climax, magnificence of soloists, chorus, and symphony is the Hallelujah Chorus. The audience rises--as it did for the English kings. We all smile, knowing what is to come, playing passionately, swaying to the music rising and falling from within our instruments. Swelling sounds, magnified by the voices and the now impassioned musicians, unleashes at last a final burst of joy, communion of the music melding us together. The closest thing to this feeling now I know is love. The feeling filled the auditorium, our souls, and our memories. We would bow afterward, triumphant, fulsome with gladness and reward.

You and I did have one reunion spring break the sophomore year of college. At dinner, almost like a real date, we philosophized about life--about going for what we want, about settling for less. The fabric between us like piano felt, thick and deeply layered. You brought me a red carnation with a note: "To thy own self be true."

You returned to Wichita, where, as a starving music student majoring in viola you ate ketchup sandwiches and ketchup soup, you told me later. I put the carnation into an envelope with "To thine own self be true" on the front, and sealed it.

The last time I shuffled through old dusty boxes, it surfaced, the way a plow turns up old treasure, artifacts from a forgotten civilization. As the gray, dead flower

dissolved in my fingers, that night came alive in my mind.

I'll remember it to you in a minute, but I think now of your family, how you got to be the Floyd we knew.

They had not been rich, or even middle-class like the rest of us. They were plain, a little threadbare, but clean and pressed--good solid people, with religion, and values, and strength. They came with you to all the rehearsals, they always smiled warmly, quietly observing dozens of concerts through the years, applauding loudly at the end, coming to the stage afterward like parents were supposed to do, shaking all our hands firmly.

Your house had weathered boards. You grew tall and strong.



I remember getting your call one morning, twenty-five years ago. You had missed the student deferment two years earlier. With the force of the United States government at your back, you joined the Navy. Naive young man that you were, you were honest with them about your hands. You told me how bad it was.

You pleaded, "Please, give me the kind of work that won't ruin my hands. I'm a violist, I'll be a professional when I get out." You actually thought they would listen.

I'm sure they laughed, said something like, "Viola, who? Is it a dame?" They called you names. Probably "fag" or "girl," or worse. You told me how they spit at you when the ropes slid through your quickly bloodied fingers. All the chores they gave you cut your fingers and laid calluses on your hands. They made sure you turned into a man, by God, or they hadn't done their job.

Sometimes I think that was the end of the Floyd I had known--they had broken something in you. That morning I remember nursing my baby boy in the early dawn, burping him over my shoulder while I juggled the phone. It hurt to hear your story, seeing behind my

closed eyes how they tortured and humiliated you. In my mind I saw the ten-year-old Floyd, shy and standing apart; the seventeen-year-old Floyd, swaying to the feeling of the music, his sweet passionate viola playing from his soul.

The Navy did not belong in the same picture with my violist Floyd. We had never imagined cruelty, not from the outside world. In the childhood world I want to remember, there was only music, red dust kicked up by the incessant wind, reams of symphonic literature stretched out before us, strung together by hope--that we would be the best, that we would leave Enid for star-filled, sophisticated places. Our lives would swing out on a great upswing, and continue forever, always grander than anything we had known at home.

#### *Red Carnation:*

I remember the last night we played together, the night of the red carnation, and a few chaste kisses. We had always been more like brother and sister, but that single night deepened our friendship. It was a solo event. After dinner we played viola and piano together.

The energy surged and hesitated, danced on edges and poured over cliffs into waterfalls of notes. Your viola tones swelled into tumescent flames and receded like a prayer. A delicate harmonic tone was held a split instant longer than the beat, then your hand swept down your fingerboard for a deep one. Afterward we sat on the green brocaded couch in my grandmother's living room, hands pressed together, arms around each other, foreheads touching, while we listened to our hero Casals groan and breathe during the Brahms Sextet recorded at the Prades Festival of 1957. All the years together, every symphony rehearsal, each concert, eyes meeting across the room, nods exchanged through high school halls--all of it wove together that night, which would be the last

night of our youths.

The years went on. Children were born to both of us. You earned your Master's in Music, and played in the Oklahoma City Symphony. You were thirty-one, the same age Jim was when he sparked our musical fires. You returned to the Navy, and years later he helped you when the cancer got you. I see those four years of pain, despair, hope and endless operations, the faces of your family hovering over you, the rising and falling of your chest until it stopped. You're only forty-four.

#### *Where Have All the Flowers Gone?*

I can't believe I won't see you again.

I have a dream: all of us gather one last time, blow the dust from stored cellos, a double-bass, violins, a viola. We'll circle our chairs and the old music we made together years before springs from quivering bows. Out-of-tune fingers find old pathways. We nod and smile, bows and fingers vibrating with age and emotion. All the disappointments, paths not taken, undone deeds, everything is healed by the music. The smell of rosin and linseed oil, the memory of musty basements we once rehearsed in, Jim conducting us with his white baton--we'll remember that legacy, promises that life will surely unfold the way we imagined. Re-united, all the broken dreams that never happened, all the symphonies we never played, will spin out in a spiraling weave of notes. Like prodigal children, we return home to the land of wind and storm, seas of winter wheat swirling in spring wind, skies so wide we could see forever, source of our own souls. We remember the force that pushed us, the juice that kept us going, the reason we came to school or got up in the morning: music, music spun out together, notes weaving us into one fabric.

No reunion is possible. Jodie is an expatriate in



Rome. Keith is a successful scientist and the professor we always knew he'd be--we saw it in his bright brown eyes and unbounded energy, his deep intelligence. Bill makes good money, sends his children on to their own musical careers. As a therapist, I guide souls into health and write stories. My writing is music now, so I play this for all of us.

"Where Have All the Flowers Gone" was on the radio in our junior year. "Gone to soldiers everyone"--the song wafting from Chevys meandering down wide streets in 1962. Before Vietnam. Before the assassinations.

I see a photograph of you in my mind--circa 1962--crooked smile fanning out from the left side of your face, your straight teeth, the little noise as you chuckle after a joke of your own making. There you sit in the viola section, on my right in the tiered basement Band Room. Jodie, my best friend, dark hair flowing down her back, is on my left. We share first chair, and it is her turn. You are next to me, first chair violist. Red fuzz of mustache, freckles dancing on your arms, faded plaid shirt, starched and ironed. Long legs point knees outward--feet planted into the cork floor. From this position, you can do anything.

Lloyd, first chair second violin, long hair falling into his eyes, smiles too. His thinner lips part into a grin which lifts his face in an angle different from yours, but your twinness is always obvious. You stroll down the hall with the same rolling gait, as if your long legs are still foreign to you, shifting your weight to make room for the extra length. You glance at each other, grinning those grins but saying nothing. Perhaps you have a special ear for each other--the rest of us aren't tuned to the same station.

### *Sixteenth Notes and Whole Rests:*

One winter day in February, 1962, some of us pile into a car before dawn for a music contest in Stillwater. You push the big Caddy to one hundred. I worry silently. At one point, as the golden color against the horizon grew lighter, we hear John Glenn and NASA broadcast from space. They circle the planet for the first time, speaking to us from above. The awe-stricken silence is followed by a clarinet solo pulling down from earth, music rising and falling like the swells of the fields that flashed by us. You turn up the radio, then splay your fingers against blue serge pants, drive that Cadillac like the devil. We don't know it, but we're staring over the edge of the old, safe days. The space age has begun and it's going to be as big as we've been told, bigger than we can imagine. As we hurtle toward the future, we're high with joy and thrill, completely open to our future. We stitch down a flat seam of road between the enormous sky and a huge spread of rolling dark land stretching in all directions, in the only world we know.

I dream of you since you died, not knowing you're gone. You meet me in Enid. We shuffle through streets dusted by copper dirt. The wind ruffles through your long red hair. Around us, played by some invisible hand, string music fills the sky.

Floyd, the Hallelujah Chorus waits for us.

I know the cello part by heart.

# WILD PLUMS-- Breath of Spring

*by Wilma Wieclaw*

A glimpse of misty white seen through the black trunks of elms, the dark green of cedars, the gray of sycamores, is breathtaking, not because of the heady fragrance of the delicate blossoms, but because this--a hog plum thicket--is the first sign of spring in the woodlands and sand country of Oklahoma and Arkansas.

While the woods are still brown and dead-looking, and the only greenery is the landscape of winter wheat spread out in western Oklahoma, you'll catch sight of a faint misty gleam among the thickets that line the Canadian and along I-40 as you travel west. Native wild plums--or hog plums--are a free nostalgic delight to anyone who loves nature and appreciates the largess she sometimes bestows. As the black walnuts are to the eastern part of the state, so are wild plums to the western sections and on into Texas and Kansas.

There are many varieties of plums. Some, like hog plums, are small as a cherry; others may be as large as an egg and some are egg-shaped. When the white man came to America he found many varieties of wild plums, all growing in soil and conditions suited to their variety.

Plums are grown from seed only to supply new varieties. They're used for budding and grafting. Cultivation and pruning have resulted in orchards of native sections--the beach plum of the Atlantic coast; the Chickasaw, the wild goose, so called because the first tree grew from a seed found in the crop of a wild goose. Some cultivated varieties came from Europe and are adapted to the west coast and New England. The Pacific coast grows excellent plums which are dried into prunes. The English damson is a small oval plum and the green

gage is a flavorful green plum. Burbank developed the Bartlett plum, with the flavor of the Bartlett pear.

Some people call them hog plums, believing they're not good for anything but feeding to the hogs, but others gather them knowing the possibility of the fruit in tasty jams and jellies.

Hog plums are small, hardly as big as a ping-pong ball, and composed mostly of tough skin on the outside covering the inside with pulp surrounding a seed. It's this pulp that's used for making jelly and jam with unique sweet-sour appeal.

For making jells from tame varieties directions say to "pit and chop." This you can't do, so just cover the panful of plums with water and simmer until the skins pop open, about ten minutes. Strain through a bag or colander. You can press the pulp through the holes or do as my grandmother used to do--squeeze the pulp through the fingers, discarding the seeds and skin. If you're making jam, don't strain the juice but do discard the skins and seeds. For jelly, use 5 1/2 cups of juice to 7 1/2 cups of sugar, and a box of pectin, though the pectin is not needed if you boil the syrup a little longer than the ten minutes recommended. Stir often until thick foam forms that can't be stirred down.

Daring boys who eat hog-plums may make wry faces at the sour taste, even when ripe. They'll turn up their noses at them when picked right off the tree, but not when they get a taste of plum jam or jelly made from those plums when the fruit is ripe. On breakfast pancakes, toast or waffles, or a peanut butter sandwich, or simply spread on a single slice of bread, plum jam or jelly is a treat.

# A Sand Hills Gift

*by Del Cain*

Headed west toward Woodward on U.S. Highway 270, which is also Oklahoma 3, I had the cruise control set and the air conditioning on, and I was sliding through the spring sunshine. The locusts and post oaks were shining green as the pasture grass and an occasional tumbleweed chased the south breeze across the highway. The brown of plowed fields was broken by green spots caused by the cedars that had managed to escape the brush hog until they became institutionalized in their place in the pasture, and by occasional fields of summer crops being grown where wheat had already been harvested. That green was broken, in turn, by cows grazing: Herefords, Angus, and all the new breeds that I don't recognize.

As I cruised and enjoyed the country, something changed. Like a slow dissolve in the movies, my pickup became a buckboard. I watched my hands, now my great-grandfather's hands, extended in front of me/him, handling the reins and urging the team up the track of a road through the sand hills. As an undetected observer within him, I heard/shared his thoughts as he noticed the things around him and drove on toward town. With him, I noticed that the big thicket of sand plums on the south bank of the hill would soon be ripe. They would be ready to pick in a couple of weeks. He decided to buy extra sugar in town so that there would be plenty for making jelly. He was enjoying the thought of the pleasure the children would take in a day off from most of the chores. They would take a picnic lunch and pick plenty of plums for jelly to last all year. Sand plums are, along with God's greatest sunsets, one of the few natur-

al rewards for living in this country. They are about the size of a grape, mostly seed, and so sour you can't eat them off the bush no matter how ripe they get. They're too sour to make pie. What they are good for is to make wonderful jelly. Sand plum jelly is the taste of home for a lot of us Northwest Okies.

This is hard country. The sand blows when the wind blows, which is most of the time. When it rains, which is rare, it washes things away, top soil, crops, and sometimes, your livestock. The weather that brings the rain also brings tornadoes to blow away your barn, your house, or you. It's a hard country, but those who stay with it become hard also. Dragging a living out of it, they sink roots in it so deep that it sometimes draws their descendants back to look or even to stay.

As I slide through this country in modern comfort, I think of all those winter breakfasts warmed by the sunrise glow of summer's sand plum jelly spread on warm biscuits. I wonder how my children would react to spending a morning picking plums and an afternoon making jelly. I think I'll pick up an extra bag of sugar while I'm in town. In a couple of weeks we'll take a day off and put up some pleasant memories.

# SAND PLUM JELLY

*by Del Cain*

In cabinet rows  
Like jars of sunrise  
Trapping the taste  
Of sand hill summer  
The plains' gift  
To the patient  
Sits patiently  
Awaiting the invitation  
Of breakfast biscuits.

On winter mornings  
Its glow and tang  
Sing of July,  
Of the sun,  
Of the horizon  
Of a land  
That gives but  
Few luxuries,  
And those are not free.

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# Baling Wire

*by Stephen Roberts*

Consider the intricacies of baling wire.  
The myriad of applications, the tensile strength,  
the knotted obstinacy of the smallest spirals,  
the dogged, unavoidable sound of steel wrapped  
on steel or anything requiring assistance  
to hold itself together.  
The exhaust on the car broke.

I am on my back twisted to a contortion  
only wire should be afforded.  
The sound of my knuckles scraping  
weakens my grip as the inevitable slip  
of hand and tool happens. Blood smears  
and mingles with the rust of a dying muffler.

Wire undulates its metallic flexibility  
as a tourniquet rises and coils  
in perfect sequence around my wrist.  
Memory slowly tightens  
with each dream-like revolution.

Think of it as temporary.  
An emergency situation remedied securely.  
I move on to other things.  
There is so much so near to breaking.

---

# Dusk Rising

*by John Graves Morris*

You say All I want  
Is a steady job, time off,  
& a strong relationship  
With a woman. Sitting  
At your favorite bar,  
We stare at our beer. You hate  
This college town  
You live in, the haze swirling  
Off the river as dusk rises.  
Your current woman,  
My life in this town,  
Is ten years younger,  
A former student who is  
Everything I want a woman  
To be, but she's not bookish.  
She's great in bed, cooks,  
& takes care of you, but she  
Can't keep up with your mind  
Prowling in the car  
That is starting to rust  
After the past five winters.  
You bluster at the slower traffic,  
Eyes constantly appraising.  
Waiting impatiently at a stoplight,  
You stare at two 15-year-old girls  
In skimpy shorts & torn-off t-shirts,  
Imagine red weather  
As quick thighs jog by,  
And shake your head:

Some day they'll come  
To take me away.

# Chasing Chickens

*by Keith Long*

The one place on Earth that I should never have been bored as a child was Papa and Granny Pollard's 10-acre farm northeast of Bowie, Texas.

The place was a country-filled Disneyland for a kid like me. It came equipped with a border collie named Skeeter who would play fetch as long as I could throw his little red, rubber ball. Then he would wrestle with me, chase armadillos with me, and dig for gophers with me.

Then there was the rock-sealed spring, where I could go and shoot yellow jackets off the water with my BB gun. There were crawdads to catch from the creek, pigeons to scare in the big barn, mice to shoot in the feed barn, quail to whistle up in the back pasture, the old junk yard wherein I could look for long-lost, buried Indian artifacts, peaches, apples, and pears to pick and eat from the orchard, a vine of blackberries, locust shells to collect from the oak trees in the yard, squirrels in the pecan orchard to argue with, the gun club across the highway to sneak into and round up unshot clay pigeons, cokes to drink, biscuits to eat, candy to smuggle off, and comic books in the back bedroom to browse through.

Everything a kid could hope for could be found on those ten acres. But when you start out at the crack of dawn, you can run through all that stuff and still have two hours before lunch.

So, even on the farm, I would get bored.

And once bored there was really nothing else to do but chase chickens. I really had no choice. I had done everything else, including standing out by the highway trying to imitate a runaway child from California and hitch a ride into town.

What I would've done in town, other than hitch a

ride back to the farm, is beyond me, but every trip down I would get bored and wind up on the highway, thumbs held high.

Bored even with that, I finally turned to chasing chickens.

Granny Pollard kept thirty to forty chickens on the farm, and every day about four o'clock, she and I would go to the chicken coop and rob the nests of the day's egg productivity.

That was one of the highlights of the chicken pen, but it paled in comparison to chasing chickens.

Let me point out right away that there is a big difference between chasing chickens and catching chickens. Granny's chickens were big and fat and slow and pretty much earth-bound, but that didn't make catching them any easier.

I began every chicken-chasing session in the same fashion, running pell-mell after some white target, only to wind up attached to the barbed-wire and watching the chicken saunter off a few feet and turn around to look at me as though I was some crazy city kid with no sense.

Chickens, on average, are a lot smarter than they look.

Finally, after picking myself off the fence a half-dozen times and realizing there were no stupid chickens in the yard, I decided to slow my pace.

After all, the chicken in question only traveled exactly as fast as I did, so if I went at a casual walk, I could keep within a half-arm's reaching distance of the chicken and avoid the barbed wire.

That method proved unproductive as well, however, since I lacked the momentum to make an appropriate

lunge at the bird. I would lunge, but quite frankly, it's hard to lunge at a casual walking speed. One doesn't lunge, one falls.

By now, I had taken up the challenge with every fiber of my being. I had succeeded in getting rid of my boredom. Now all I had to deal with was frustration.

Usually at this point, partially because of exhaustion but mostly because of said frustration, I sat down on one of the tree stumps in the chicken yard and ranted at various chickens for a while.

As a chicken came within a few feet of my stump, apparently intent on scratching the ground and totally oblivious to my presence, I ranted on him. Or her. Then, just to make sure, I'd make a quick hand movement, and just as I thought, I would see the chicken cast a furtive glance with one eye in my direction. The chicken might have furtively cast both eyes, but one of them was on the other side of its head, so I didn't know what was going on there.

About this time, one of the adults on the farm would stick their head out the back door of the house and yell at me. "Hey, you aren't chasing chickens, are you?"

"Nope," I'd reply. "I'm just sitting here talking to them."

"Well, make sure you don't."

"I won't." Much.

One day I finally wised up. The obvious manner of chasing chickens was to corner them up against one of the chicken-wire fences, where they couldn't get through the fence, or around me, and where I would have a chance to catch it before it found whatever wings it might possess and stumble up over the six-foot high fence.

So I began to stalk one of the chickens, a muscled-up avian with long claws and a sharp beak. I moved to the right, to the left, to the right, more to the right, to the

left, and suddenly I had it pinned up against the corner of the pen.

I lunged and. . . caught it!

In a split-second, my life's ambition went from catching a chicken to disengaging from one that was about to put me in my grave. Feathers were flying every direction, and the chicken was kicking at my face with its eagle-like talons, and pecking the hair right out of my head.

To worsen matters, the rest of the chicken yard got caught up in some kind of mass chicken hysteria, and they all gathered in the corner of the chickenyard and started flailing me.

In short, I was being flapped to death.

I don't know how I got out, but I managed to close the gate behind me and stagger away from the chickens, all of whom were ranting at me and hurling curses my way. I couldn't go into the house, where the adults would guess that I had either fallen off the barn or caught a chicken.

So I wandered out near the highway where no one could see me and sat down to tend to my wounds. First on the agenda was to get the blood out of my eyes, and second was to count up how many stitches I would need to save my life.

I was up to ninety-three stitches when a big semi-truck came roaring to a stop alongside the highway. The driver jumped out and ran back towards me.

"Good grief," he said. "Have you been hit? Are you a runaway child from California needing a hitch into town?"

"Naw," I said. "I've just been catching chickens."



# In the Public Square (after de Chirico)

*by Steven Frattali*

I sit here watching the light and shadows  
In the empty square this evening.  
The concrete wall across the way  
Is tinted to an ochre warmth.

The old brick storefronts, the courthouse,  
The library and bank,  
Are caught in dusty laterals of copper light;  
The edges of their roofs blur in the translucent orange.

Gold and peach colors like the moons of Jupiter  
Glow in a puddle  
By the municipal parking garage;  
Steel edges and glass panels flare and spark.

In the square, the shadow of the Civil War memorial  
Is long and startlingly precise.  
Black cannon balls are stacked in pyramids  
On two sides of the granite obelisk,

With tar-black siege mortars presiding  
On the other two. Beyond,  
The courthouse dome is charred  
Against the evening sky.

Its tiles look like weathered copper,  
Green as the stain  
Left by a cheap gold ring,  
Or possibly the color of old bills.

A color near to these  
Is on the boot, waistcoat, and cheek  
Of the distinguished Reconstruction era  
Senator who guards the steps.

A greenish patina has covered him;  
His brow is streaked and caked  
Much like an old corroded cent.  
Mounted on his granite pedestal,

He stands with one hand inside his jacket  
As though nursing a cracked rib.  
The illusory plane  
Of his imaginary Senate floor

Extends from this point  
To the north, south, east and west—  
Outward indefinitely,  
Perhaps eight feet above the ground.

Caught in the sun, the granite  
Of the pedestal's near side  
Twinkles  
With bright flecks of light.

The stone turns pink,  
Then orange with roseate gold  
Which cools  
To deeper gold. Suddenly

The shadow of a man is there. It lengthens,  
Reaches out across both pedestal and sidewalk,  
Broken like a stick half-way in water,  
Then it slides away.

The air itself turns faintly pink,  
The atmosphere unreal; the light  
Is compromised, auroral--full of loneliness  
In the encroaching dusk.

In the iodine light of sunset,  
Shadows tilt out far across the disembodied world;  
If you stand, your silhouette reaches  
To the far side of the square.

Momentarily the dusty space  
Is haunted as with vanished lives,  
Past time, presentiment, fatality.  
The time is charged; the atmosphere is poised.

The moment bears the weight  
Of something piled high and teetering.  
The cataclysmic change which never came  
Is echoing and echoing

In the silence, everywhere.  
Soon in the amber twilight  
The buildings will be old daguerreotypes,  
Old drawings, weightless tinted diagrams.

Generations of shadows move  
Among the pillars of the darkened courthouse,  
From pediments and from the corners  
Near the walls; ranks of shadows

Advancing, retreating—they move as with  
A sound of whispers without words and without sense,  
Their mounting silence muffled  
By the tap and scrape

Of one stray paper blown along,  
Or by the echo of my feet.  
Day after day I've sat here in the square  
For half the afternoon

And into dusk, the long-awaited moment—  
Unexpected, curious—establishes itself,  
Then lengthens, lengthens further,  
Darkens, and becomes the night.

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# Life Among The Comanches

*by Troxey Kemper*

Cynthia Ann Parker was stolen by Comanche raiders in 1836 from Parker Fort in east central Texas. The marauders took Cynthia, age nine, her younger brother, John, and three others. For a time Cynthia and John remained with the same raiding party, but the other captives were sent elsewhere.

The raiders returned to the camp of their chief, Peta Nokona. The Parker children were tired and afraid of the Indians, but young children are sturdy. They have a strength that old people may lose on life's long journey.

Peta Nokona kept Cynthia with his family. John was bartered to another tribe. Nokona's wife had a new baby, and it became Cynthia's task to care for the little one. Cynthia softened a little toward her captors when she was with the baby, whom she liked. John was traded from tribe to tribe, but six years later the Parkers were able to ransom him and take him home.

In the intervening years, Cynthia Ann stayed with the chief's family. Gradually she learned the ways and the language of the Comanches, and, to the extent that it was possible, considering she was white, she became one of them. She had much to learn. Language was a barrier but by signs she came to know that tith'ca-doh meant to eat, pues nie-hibe to drink, huth-l'su meant bird, and sie-e, feather. Tos'afit was white and tu-huft was black; u-noio was egg, and pe-eque was fish.

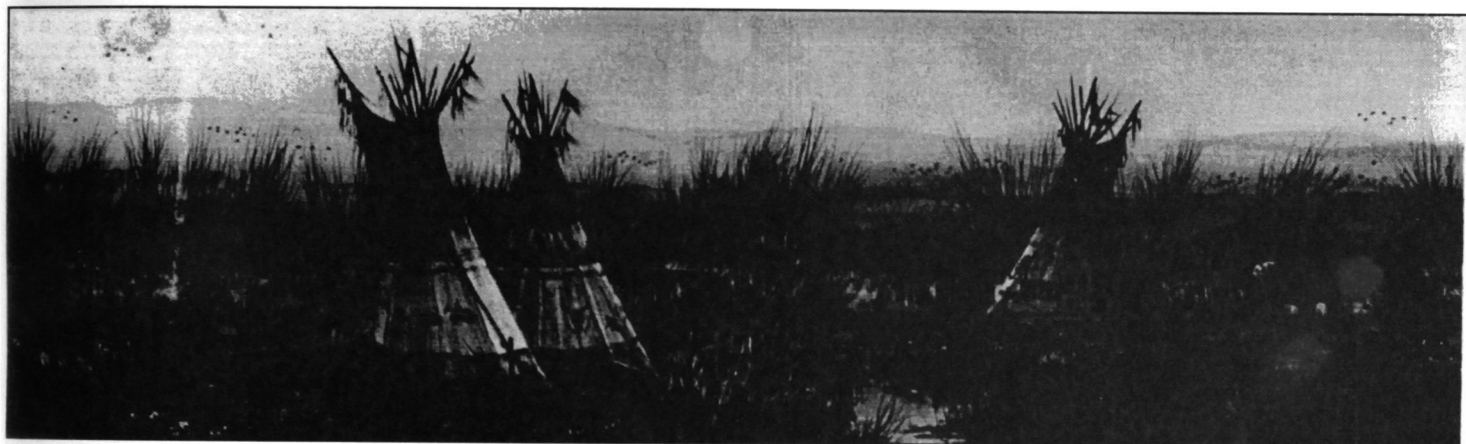
Nokona's mate, Going for Water, showed the white girl, renamed Naduah by the Comanches, how to cure the hides of buffalo and deer. Cynthia, or Naduah, did not like to do it, but she was a captive--a slave. Deerskins furnished the Indian's clothing, with long fringes and dyes, and paints and beads, for adornment. Comanches

wore deerskin moccasins, leggings, and leather pants covered almost down to the knee with a section of deerskin. Pieces of silver, beaten flat and rounded into conch circles, were used for hair decoration, sometimes with a feather or two. Buffalo hides made robes, bedding, tent and teepee coverings, warriors' shields for battle, and a travois (two long poles pulled behind a horse, with skins attached to form a sort of big basket).

Hooks hacked from notched tree limbs were used to stretch the fresh hides. Pelts were placed on the ground and stakes driven in the soil at short distances from the hide's outer edge. Rawhide thongs were soaked until soft, and one was tied to a stake, with the other end attached to a hook caught in the fleshy hide. As the sun dried the thongs, they shrank, stretching the hide. Dried, the pelt was scraped with sharp stones and gnarled horns, to remove fat and flesh. The hide was turned over and hair was rubbed off with oval stones, not unlike a "mano" stone used to grind corn into meal. Some skins were soaked in water until the hair fell out. For bedding purposes, the hair was left on.

A knife made of flint was used to cut the finished hides into patterns and the pieces were stitched together with a needle of bone, and strings of rawhide. In later years, the Comanches got knives and tools in raids on Mexican settlements and through trading with traveling white merchants.

Palo Duro Canyon in North Texas furnished makings for bows and arrows, flint, and buffalo and deer for food and hides. Osage orange, or *bois d'arc* (named by French trappers), was prized wood for making bows. Arrow shafts were decorated to show ownership. Trappings that might carry identifying designs and touches of paint were the *hu-et* (bow), *pa'can* (arrow), and *ho-wanni* (hatchet). The favorite paints of Comanches to identify tribal influence were red, yellow, and blue.



John Tracy II

*Indian Camp*

watercolor

1986

The thickest buffalo hides were used for lodge coverings. The neck portions, toughest of all, were made into war shields. They coated the hides, sometimes water-soaked, with a mixture of pine pitch and sand granules, to toughen them even beyond their natural thickness. Cynthia, or Naduah, learned to make a par-fleche, a rawhide bag intended at first to hold arrows, but its usage included carrying of pemmican, dried meat, dried berries, and tallow. Sometimes squash-like food and tender roots were available. Dried meat, or jerky, was sliced into strips and hung in the sun to dry. Dried it would keep better.

Pemmican was made of dried, lean strips of buffalo meat. It was easiest to prepare the strips in late fall, when a freeze had killed off the flies and insects. After drying, the meat was pounded into a sort of powder. Fat from wild game might be added, and sometimes, wild berries.

Cooking required skill and patience. Before the Comanches got pots from white traders and from Mexican settlements, they cooked food by placing it in buffalo hides and tossing heated rocks in with the food. Open-fire cooking was done by hanging meat and wild game on green limbs over flames. The outer layer, burnt, was peeled off to get at the underlying layers of tasty meat.

Naduah in time grew away from her life as a child and came to like the life she had been forced to endure as a

captive. When she reached her mid-teens, Nokona took her as one of his wives. She bore him three children, Quanah, Peycas, and Topasannah. In 1860, when Cynthia was about 24 and Topasannah was a toddler, on a day when the Comanche camp in North Texas was unprotected with the men away hunting, Texas Rangers raided the camp and returned Cynthia and her daughter to Parker Fort. Topasannah sickened and died, and within a few years, Cynthia was dead--it was said, of a broken heart because she wanted to return to the Indians. Quanah, half-white, half-Indian, took his mother's last name and became Quanah Parker, the last great chief of the Comanches. He surrendered to the U.S. Army in 1875 and lived on a reservation in Southwest Oklahoma until 1911.

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# Iron Sculptor

*by Fred Alsberg*

When that wind  
comes whistling,  
he doesn't look up.

What gusts through the open window  
and tugs at his sleeves  
can wait.

He seems deaf  
to the slamming  
of a shutter,

the rustling  
as crowds of leaves  
rise in unison.

And he stays at his task  
when the storm holds back,  
and the horizon darkens.

It's during this lull,  
with the sound of the acetylene  
surging like wild applause,

he can make metal  
any imaginable face.

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# Living on Mountain Time

*by David Clewell*

My watch says high noon as I pull onto the interstate, but who can tell on this noon-looks-like-dawn-looks-like-dusk kind of day. I wear the clouds like one wears an overcoat, wrapped tight against a bitter wind.

A sign promising "Amarillo" and "Albuquerque" makes the first decision for me.

"Go West old man," I hear myself say sarcastically.

"Forty-one's not that old. This could be an adventure, an opportunity, a new beginning," comes the well-worn, optimistic answer.

"It's not a beginning I'm looking for."

I glance in the rear view, half-expecting to see someone there.

"Really? What, then?"

"An end. To this ache in my gut. To these voices echoing in my head. To this one man dialogue."

No response, only the steady, rhythmic, almost audible swoosh, swoosh, swoosh of white, lane-divider lines.

A gentle sedative.

"TUCUMCARI TONITE" a billboard commands, and jars a painful memory.

One year ago the family van jumped with excitement as we passed this sign.

"Can we really sleep in New Mexico tonight?"

"How long 'til we get there?"

"Will our cabin be on top of the mountain?" the questions were shouted simultaneously. If the back seat energy could have been harnessed, that van would have made it to the state line without another drop of gas.

I don't need the sign to remind me that silence and emptiness accompany me on this trip.

The questions came more slowly six months ago, punctuated with silent tears.

"Where will you live?"

"Why can't you and Mommy stay married?"

"Will you still be our Dad?"

I set the wipers on adagio, but even that is too fast for the mist that's hovering along this barren stretch of highway.

She got custody of the family and the van one month ago today. I was awarded this tin can on wheels.

"It'll get me where I need to go."

Wind whistles through the passenger window. The window crank lies rocking on the floor. A beat up highway map wedged in the window keeps it from falling down. The map flaps in the wind, keeping time with the sluggish wipers which now struggle to fight off what has become a steady drizzle.

It doesn't matter. No passengers will be arguing about whether or not to roll down the window on this excursion.

Two days ago came the final freedom.

"You know business has been shot to hell lately, and ever since the divorce you... well ...."

"It's okay. I've been thinking about taking a little trip. May leave tomorrow."

"Good. You could use a... uh... 'temporary leave.' Check with me when you get back into town."

Yesterday I visited the friendly neighborhood pharmacy. To stock up on pain killers.

"Yeah, an easy open cap will be just fine."

My right hand embraces the plastic bottle inside my coat pocket, thumb and forefinger clicking the cap on



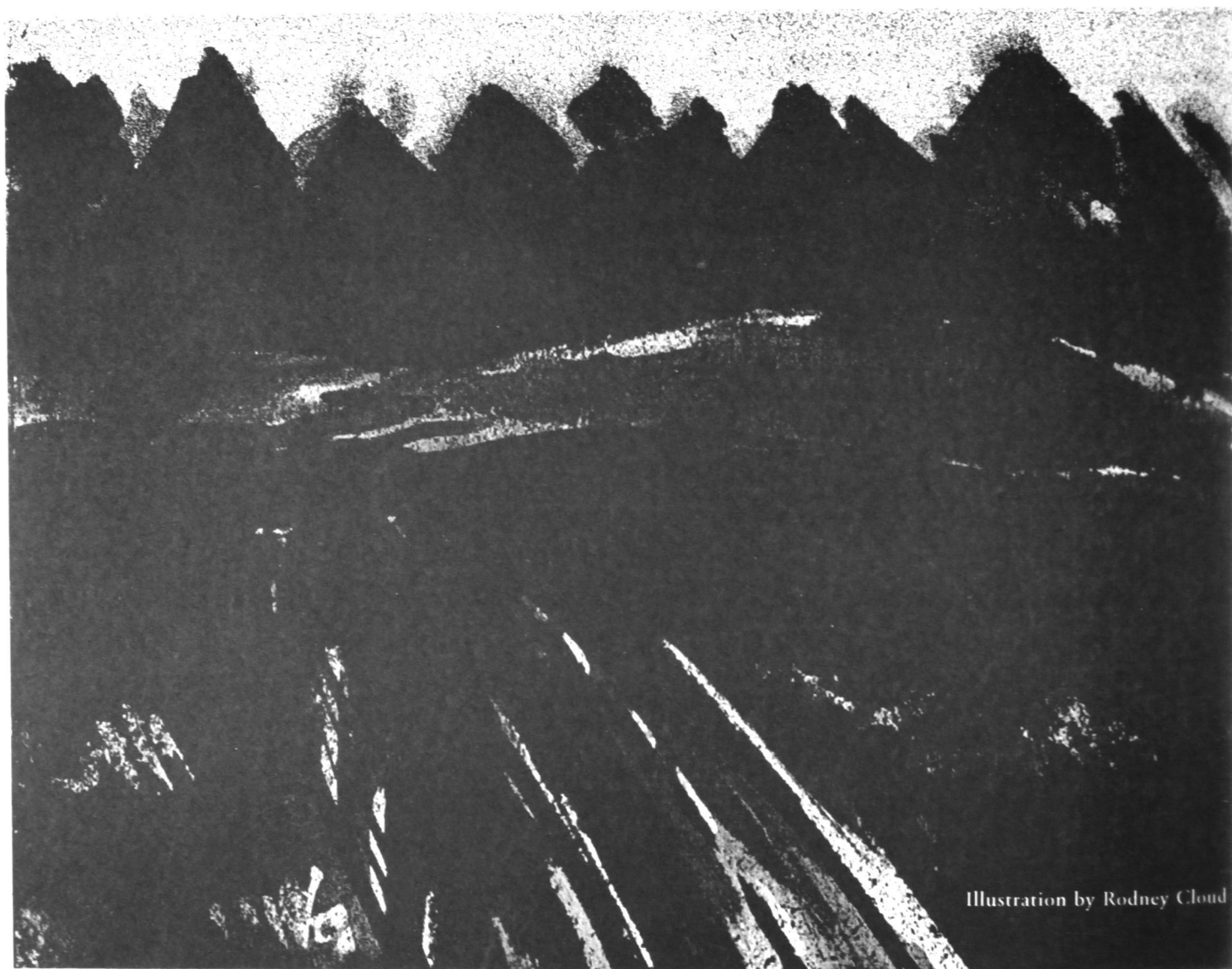


Illustration by Rodney Cloud

and off to the beat of the highway dashes.

"Why not take one now? It might ease the pain."

"No. Better save them all for later."

A pecking sound against the windshield hints that sleet may soon take its turn as my companion, but soon retreats to be replaced by scattered, silent flakes.

I flick on the headlights just to make sure, and watch them swirl in the crazily divergent beams.

Pitiless, they dance, mocking my misery.

No questions.

No giggles.

No noses pressed against fogged up windows to count the first ten hundred flakes.

Just the cold, noiseless assault of snow descending, pulling down the curtain of darkness.

One cockeyed headlight reflects on something yellow. I slow to read, "NEW MEXICO. LAND OF ENCHANTMENT."

"ENTERING MOUNTAIN TIME ZONE."

The voice from the void reminds, "You always wanted to live in the mountains."

"Don't think I'll be living there. Maybe just curl up on a pile of brittle leaves. Under an enchanted aspen. See how many pills it takes to kill this misery."

Hunched over the wheel, I squint into the deepening blizzard. The white stripes beneath my left shoulder fade, then finally disappear.

I continue, sucked along by the taillights of a lone semi.

Minutes?

Hours?

Time loses meaning in this intimidating silence.

So unlike the hushed, trembling stillness of another snowstorm journey.

"We don't have to worry, do we? Daddy's a good driver."

A dusting of snow reupholsters the threadbare passenger seat. This fine powder shares my ride, but makes no comment on my driving skill.

"REST AREA"

I'm drawn more by the blue of the sign than a desire to stop. I steer right and park.

Glancing in the rear view mirror, "You look like you could use some rest."

But my fatigued eyes are already closed.

My dreams taste bitter, seasoned with tears.

Toward morning a delicate wisp of piñon smoke, having drifted from distant foothill, down arroyo, over sagebrush, slips through the window crack to caress one last acrid dream, until it is surrendered to merge with other rising dreams.

Awaking, I lift my head and inhale slowly, straining to savor the pungent remnant of that distant fire.

I open the door, get out to stretch cramped, aching muscles. Turning, I notice that today will have a horizon.

I make my way around the adobe building that offers travelers "rest" until I find the right sign.

"MEN"

As I stand facing the cold, tile wall, I feel a tugging at my pant leg.

"Mister, could you lift me? It's too tall."

I pause, then reach beneath those tiny armpits and lift. I'd forgotten how light, how fragile ....

He barely negotiates the zipper before cutting loose.

"Where you going, Mister?"

"Nowhere, son," absolutely nowhere.

I put him down and help squeeze the stubborn snap on his jeans.

"You wanna know where I'm going?" he asks as my thumb rests against his tender belly.

"I'm going to see my Daddy! He lives in the mountains!"

I'm left with the sparkle of eager blue eyes as he runs out the door.

I emerge from the building and into the distinctive crispness of mountain air. A sliver of brilliant gold breaks the plane of newly fallen snow just as I round the stucco corner.

I stop, momentarily paralyzed by the radiance, and instantly feel its warmth wash over my cheek.

Minutes?

Hours?

Time loses all meaning as I am bathed in this sunrise peace.

Back in the driver's seat I grip the wheel, but hesitate before turning the ignition.

"I always wanted to live in the mountains."

# Jessie Ghere, Artist, Sculptor, Musician

*by Nina Q. Barnes*

Under the hands of artist Jessie Ghere a white bear emerges on the polar ice cap. A Native American hunter examines the piece. He says, "You can't hunt a white bear on the ice cap; you can't see him. You must hunt his *shadow*. You have made a *good shadow*."

Carved feather earrings and much of her jewelry are delicately formed on ivory recycled from old piano and organ keys, and fossil ivory, so that no living animals are slain for their ivory. Her subjects are often people, flowers and animals native to Oklahoma.

In fact, the kaleidoscope of Jessie's work equals a travelogue of Oklahoma's small towns, cities, campgrounds and wildlife refuges. She has lived in south-central Oklahoma below the South Canadian River at Byars, Pickett, Alex, Tuttle and Coalgate. She has camped at Turner Falls. She lived near the National Wildlife Refuge on Lake Texoma at Tishomingo, in the Central Flyway for migrating waterfowl, a wonderful area for spotting and photographing, and painting these birds.

"My mother and father, and his father, were preachers of the gospel on the Methodist Circuit. My sister, Dana, and I stood and sang 'The Old Rugged Cross,' when we were three and four years old. I graduated from high school at Keyes, in the high plains on US 56 just below the 'Three Corners' of Colorado, Kansas and Oklahoma."

The land of the high plains and the creatures which soar above, and those which dwell below, are represented in her oil paintings, carvings, and scrimshaw: majestic eagles, mountain lions, bear, the scissortail flycatcher, perhaps an Eagle Dancer with his dance captured mid-

whirl, his shadow casting the form of an eagle on the prairie below, other eagles watching, hidden in the clouds. Her commissioned works of soaring American bald eagles carved from moose antlers convey the space of the Oklahoma Panhandle, the awesome vistas where the horizon is twenty miles and more of broken headlands jutting into the wide blue sky, where the Cimarron Cutoff of the Santa Fe Trail cuts through from New Mexico to Kansas. Here panthers, coyotes and deer can be seen at the watering holes; and overhead, the eagles and hawks catch the updrafts and soar for hours on almost motionless wings, their pinions furled.

Jessie paints the hawk with the rabbit he has captured. Hidden in the rabbit are the buffalo and the Indian hunter, signifying that as the hawk kills only to eat, so, too, the Indian took only the animals needed to sustain life and provide shelter.

Jessie's Choctaw grandfather, Houston K. Poke Foster, often told Jessie of the Choctaw's forced migration from Mississippi.

"My Choctaw ancestors walked a 'Trail of Tears' years before the Cherokee's march," says Jessie.

The rhythm of her music, the harmony, and the agony, to the spirit, the land, and the creatures meld into her works of art. Jessie captures the life's story in the lined face of an ancient Indian man, the beauty and delicacy of a young Indian girl, the vibrancy of the young Eagle Dancer, the courage and quiet determination of famed Indian women. There is a mountain man leading a pack horse, astride a sure-footed mount descending snow-covered trails to a line shack in the forest.

Jessie Ghere's collected works hung for six months in the State Capitol. For the past twelve years she has been exhibited at the Oklahoma Wildlife Arts Festival, held in the spring and sponsored the last three years by the Oklahoma Nature Conservancy. At the Southwest

Festival of the Arts at Weatherford, she won Best of Show with her carving of a grizzly bear catching a fish; she won a First Place at the Ponca City Arts Festival, a juried show on South May Avenue held Friday night through Monday, every Labor Day Weekend.

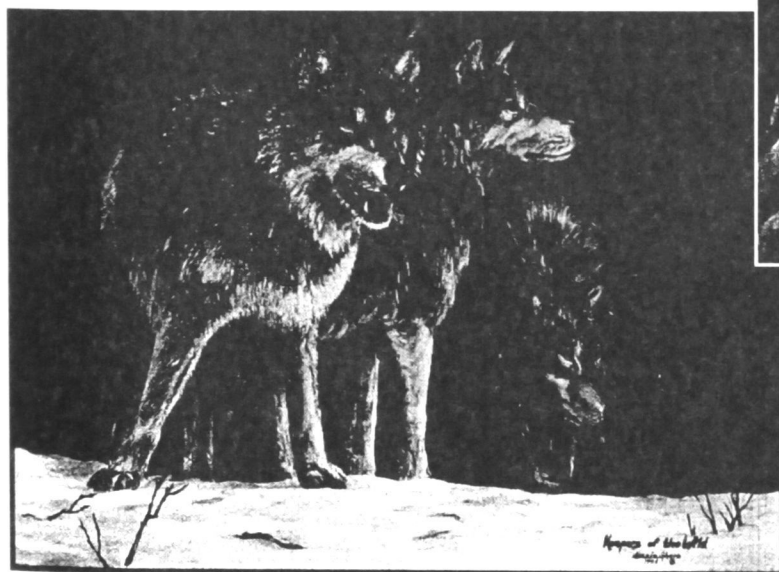
Note: Jessie Ghere's artwork can be seen at: Arrowood Trading Post at Woodland Hills Mall, Tulsa; Arrowood Trading Post on Historic Old Route 66 at Catoosa; at Butterflies Jewelry, Owasso; at C & J Quier Custom Knives, Enid; the Indian Art Gallery, Tulsa; and at Jessie Ghere Studios, Sapulpa.

Telephone: (918) 299-6825



*Majic Arrow*

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*Keepers of the Wild*

300 s/n edition



*Chief Lone Bear*

275 s/n edition



*His Majesty*

550 s/n edition

# C & J Cutlery, Enid Artisans, Cecil Quier and Son, John Quier

*by Nina Q. Barnes*

Artistry takes many forms. Some of the most useful works of art are knives created by Cecil and John Quier. Daughter, Tina, designs some of the hunters.

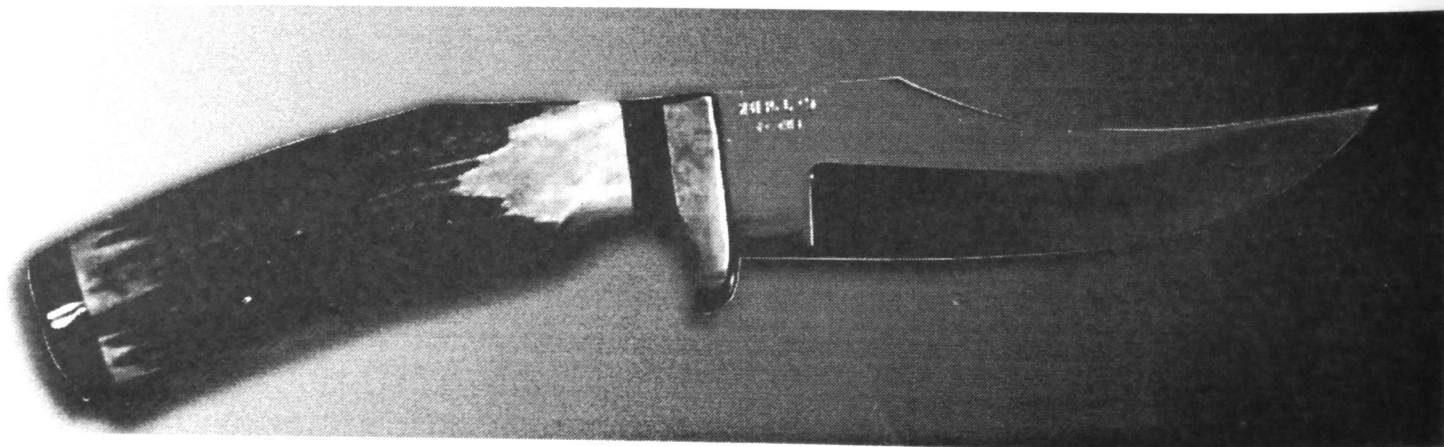
Appearing himself, like the mountain-men of other times, Cecil starts with a bar of steel, a choice of woods and gemstones and metals; leather and brass brads for sheaths; black powder and casings for ammunition. His finished products are knives for every sort of work, perfectly balanced, handmade leather sheaths with perfect fit to each knife, each a work of artistry and beauty as well as perfectly fitted to the function required, and bullets loaded specifically to needs.

Knives are made to the buyer's specifications, are registered and guaranteed. Cecil was awarded a commission for 250 numbered knives for the Cherokee Strip Centennial Celebration. The No. 1 knife was purchased and presented to President George Bush. A stiletto and an officer's knife were presented to General Norman Schwarzkopf upon his return from "Desert Storm."

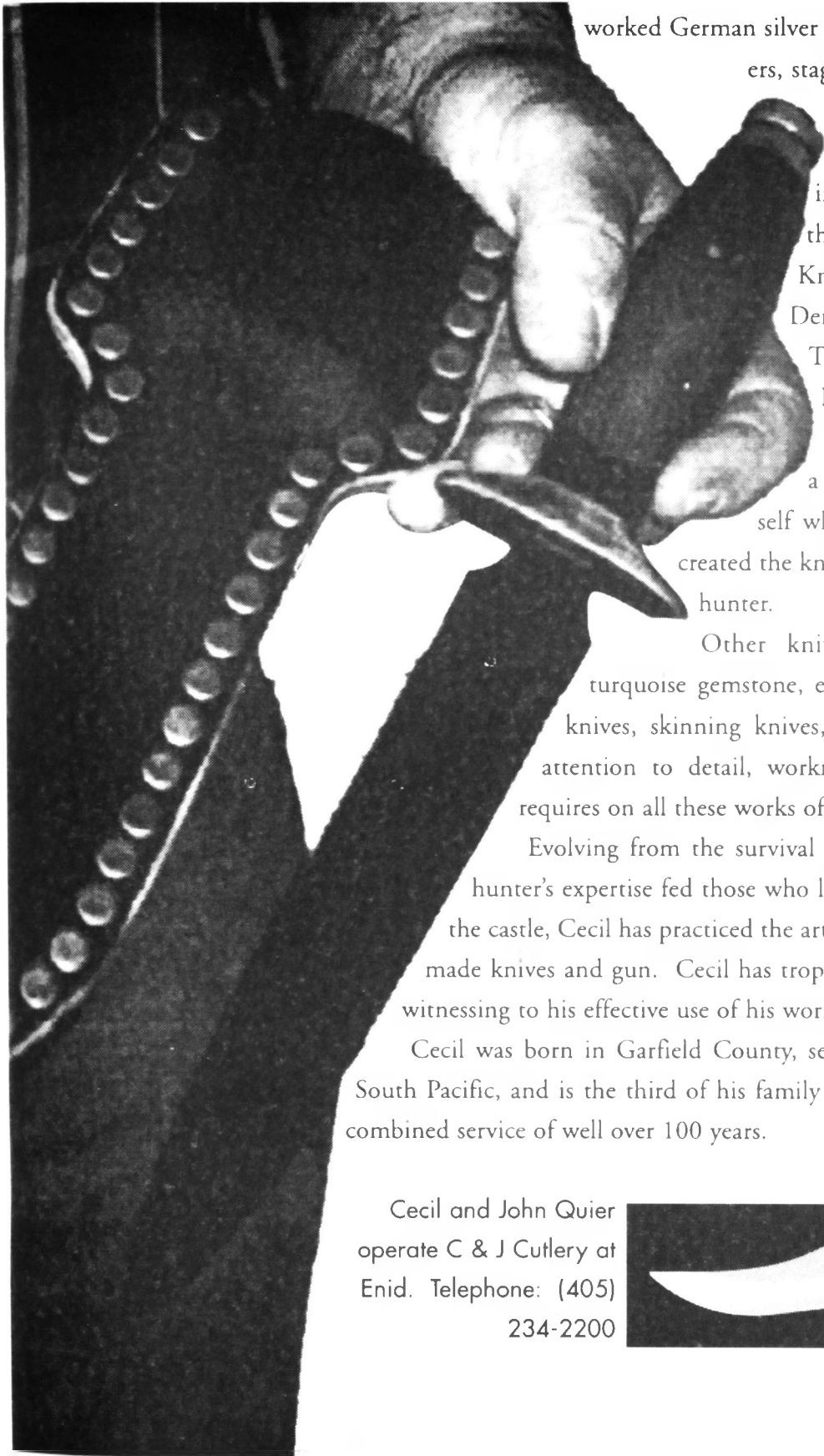
Cecil Quier is carrying on family tradition dating back hundreds of years, in knife and gun making, iron work, forge and foundry, 'smithing, muzzle-loading with black powder, and the use of carved, ornamented stag.

One ancestor was injured from a blast of black powder during strife between Scotland and England in the Middle Ages, another was a Swiss Soldier in the French Army in 1690; in 1698 he was on the American frontier, setting off on a solitary exploration of the wilderness for two years, he then returned to Switzerland to persuade others to migrate to Pennsylvania. When he returned, several years later to the Pennsylvania frontier, he brought a wife and two sons and was a licensed doctor and surgeon, welcomed back by the delighted frontiers people. The Scotch family Rose, granted sanctuary in the Netherlands Palatine on the Rhine, were among the first iron workers in the New World, their descendants carrying on the tradition as wheelwright, blacksmith, and gunsmith, to Maryland, Virginia, Connecticut, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Oklahoma, Oregon, Arizona, and California.

Cecil instructs John in carrying on this tradition. Bowie knives are authentically reproduced, as well as the Civil War Soldier's D-guard Side Knife. A Wilderness Knife features a 12" blade, 2" spine to cutting edge sharpened on the clip, ground out of ATS-34, file







worked German silver guard, buffalo horn and amber spacers, stag handle with full view of the stag in scrimshaw.

Jessie Ghere's scrimshaw was introduced on the wilderness knife at the First Annual Professional Knifemaker Association Show at Denver, Colorado, August 28-29, 1993.

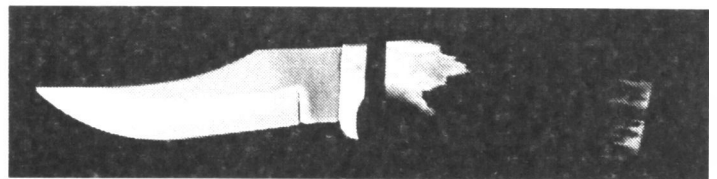
This knife was commissioned by a Kansan who had confronted bear in the Canadian wilderness and wanted a weapon adequate for defending himself while bringing down the bear. Cecil created the knife to specifications requested by this hunter.

Other knives are ornamented with silver, turquoise gemstone, exotic woods and Super Steel. Filet knives, skinning knives, pocket knives; all receive the full attention to detail, workmanship and perfection that Cecil requires on all these works of art.

Evolving from the survival tools of the ancient past, when the hunter's expertise fed those who lived within the walls of the lodge or the castle, Cecil has practiced the art of living in the wilds with his hand-made knives and gun. Cecil has trophies of stag, bear, and smaller game, witnessing to his effective use of his works of art.

Cecil was born in Garfield County, served in the Korean Conflict in the South Pacific, and is the third of his family to retire from Sinclair/ARCO, with combined service of well over 100 years.

Cecil and John Quier  
operate C & J Cutlery at  
Enid. Telephone: (405)  
234-2200



# A Suburban Serengetti

*by Kelley Logan*

I had, had it. I was going to show her I was King of the Jungle. Grabbing for her, my nails parted through hair harmlessly as she burst from the house, a wild thing, her new patent leather Dexters clattering across the garage floor like tiny hooves, kicking up dust when she hit the side yard.

Black, shiny, the flashing shoes sent stars through the afternoon light and motes of earth flying as she feinted to the right, then cut back to the left, running to shelter in the green jungle gym, the black and white stripes of her sweatshirt crosshatching as she pumped her arms, a thin keening whinny escaping between her breaths.

I tried to grab her now and again, tried to break the rhythm of her zebra smooth legs. Finally she made the fatal mistake of abandoning her flight to the safety of the metal framework; whirling, she ran back to the house. I felt the quiet grace of a sure thing bloom in my heart—there were no bobbing bodies, no bar code others to hide her outline, to distract, confuse, only her pattern and I was on her. Swiping her legs out from under her, I wrapped my hands in her long hair and pulled her up to me as her frightened bleating became a wail, “I am sorrysorrysorry” and lionsweet I answered, “No, baby, no. You aren’t sorry, not yet,” and dragged her toward the house.



Illustration by Jan Bradfield and Velvet Rogers

## CONTRIBUTOR'S NOTES

**Fred Alsberg** teaches at Southwestern Oklahoma State University and edits *Westview*. His work has appeared in *Blue Unicorn*, *Kansas Quarterly*, *The Greensboro Review*, and *Oregon East*.

**Nina Q. Barnes** has lived and traveled over much of Oklahoma, the United States, and overseas. She has compiled several genealogies chronologically back to 1500 and 1100 A.D., which take us backward through American history to our beginnings in the North and South American continents, then into Europe and the United Kingdom. She has been published previously in *Westview*.

**Del Cain** has always had an affinity with northwest Oklahoma. He feels the wonderment of western Oklahoma lies in the fact that few people know of its charm.

**David Clewell** was born and grew up in Watonga, Oklahoma. He graduated from Oklahoma City University with a BA in Music, and received a Master of Divinity degree from St. Paul School of Theology,

Kansas City, Missouri. He is a United Methodist pastor, having served churches in Ponca City, Altus, and Arnett, Oklahoma. He is currently appointed as pastor of the First United Methodist Church in Sayre, Oklahoma. "Living on Mountain Time," his first published short story, was written for a creative writing class at SWOSU, Sayre.

**Steven Frattali**, a writer and translator, lives in Weatherford, Oklahoma. His poetry and translations have appeared in *Graham House Review*, *Webster Review*, *Pacific Coast Journal*, *Blueline* and others. Two of his plays have been presented in readings by the Contemporary Theatre of Syracuse. He recently completed a novel entitled *Unions*.

**Troxey Kemper**, a native Oklahoman who now resides in Los Angeles, is a freelance writer, poet, and novelist who also edits the *Tucumcari Literary Review*. His work has appeared in *American Film Magazine*, *Look Magazine*, *Los Angeles Times*, *Midwest Poetry*

*Review*, *Piedmont Literary Review*, *Byline Magazine* and many others.

**Kelley Logan**, aka Kelley Richardson, teaches at Southwestern Oklahoma State University. She currently is finishing her dissertation and searching for a car that runs. She has been published in the *North of Wakulla* anthology, *Paintbrush*, and *Xtreme*.

**Keith Long** has written more than 700 columns for his home-town newspaper, the *Marlow Review*, over the past fourteen years. His writing has placed five times in the past six years in the Oklahoma Press Association's Better Newspaper Contest in the personal column category, and he has won first place three times during that span. He is a regular contributor to *Westview*, and during the past year his columns have also appeared in the *Antique Almanac*, *Update*, and the *Oak Ridge News*, as well as other newspapers. Long's writing has appeared in such national publications as *Cimarron Review*, *Midland Review*, *Weber Studies*,

## CONTRIBUTOR'S NOTES

*Pegasus*, and *Living With Teenagers*. He also writes a weekly article for his church newsletter.

**John Graves Morris** is an associate professor of English at Cameron University in Lawton. He has had poems published in *None of the Above*, *Upriver*, and *The Wisconsin Review*.

**Linda Joy Myers** grew up in Enid during the fifties. At present she is a therapist and writer in Berkeley, California where she is working on a

novel and plays. She has written a chapbook of poetry entitled *Child of the Plains* inspired by Oklahoma and other mid-west experiences.

**Stephen R. Roberts** has recently had poems accepted and/or published in *Rain City Review*, *Kansas Quarterly*, *Chattahoochee Review*, *South Coast Poetry Review*, *Farmer's Market*, *Sulphur River Review* and others. He is a father of four and lives in the middle of the Hoosier state.

**Wilma Wieclaw** has written a column for the *Stilwell Democrat Journal* since 1978 entitled "In My Backyard." She worked in New York for ten years as editor-reporter for *Electricity on the Farm* and *Quick Frozen Foods*. She is currently working on a novel entitled *Black Winter*, a story about the Great Depression in Texas.

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS

### SUMMER '95 PANORAMA SERIES:

JUNE 20

The local comedy team of Giggle and Grin will bring their act to Southwestern Oklahoma State University to kick off the 1995 summer Panorama series.

JUNE 26

Comprised of 25 conically shaped brass instruments, plus percussion, The Territorial Brass Band of Oklahoma specializes in performing marches, folk songs, show tunes, as well as some more modern pieces, especially written for this particular instrumentation.

JULY 12

Blues singer, guitarist and songwriter Lemuel Sheppard will conclude the three-event 1995 summer Panorama series at Southwestern.

All Summer '95 events are free to the public and no tickets are required.

Starting time for all events is 7:30 p.m.

The Pam Gernaehlich/Donna Ginn and Lemuel Sheppard events will be held outside on the east patio of the Student Center at SWOSU, while the Territorial Brass Band of Oklahoma concert will be held in the Fine Arts Center. Rain location for the outside events is the Student Center Snack Bar.

### ARTS ACADEMY '95:

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JULY 24, 26, 28

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### S.W.O.S.U. MUSIC CAMPS:

JUNE 11-16

23rd Annual Double Reed Camp  
1995 Piano Camp

JUNE 25-28

7th Annual Middle School Band Camp

JULY 5-7

3rd Annual Colorguard Camp

JULY 9-14

40th Annual Band Camp

JULY 16-21

1995 Show Choir Camp  
1995 Choral Camp



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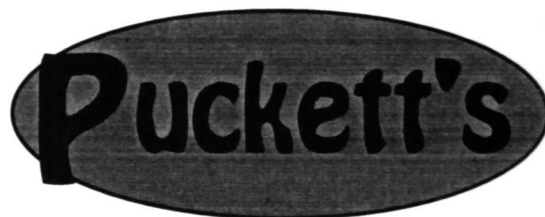
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