

A JOURNAL OF WESTERN OKLAHOMA
WESTVIEW



Volume 11
Issue 3 *Spring*

Article 1

3-1-1992

Westview: Vol. 11, Iss. 3 (Spring 1992)

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

(1992) "Westview: Vol. 11, Iss. 3 (Spring 1992)," *Westview*: Vol. 11 : Iss. 3 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol11/iss3/1>

This Full Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.



WESTVIEW

A JOURNAL of WESTERN OKLAHOMA
VOLUME 11 NUMBER 3 SPRING 1992 \$3.00



WESTERN OKLAHOMA RELATIVES / KINFOLKS

This page intentionally left blank

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME 11 WESTERN OKLAHOMA RELATIVES/KINFOLKS NO. 3

FEATURES

3	Foreword	Editor
4	Future Issues	Editor
4	WESTVIEW Stylesheet	Editor

GRANDPARENTS

5-7	Going to See Grandma Berry	Margie Snowden North
8-10	Open Hearts...Open Home	Edna L. Hansen
11	My Grandfather's Swing	Joelenn Peterman
12	Trav	Priscilla Johnson
13	The Great Land Run	M. Luhra Tivis
14	This Last Leaf	George L. Hoffman
15-17	Grandma's Wild Escapade	Wenona L. Dunn
18-19	A Bit of Oklahoma Genealogy	Elva Howard Deeds
20-23	A Grandfather to Emulate	Inez Schneider Whitney
24	A Man of Character and Wit	Carl Stanislaus
25	At the Foot of My Bed	Pam Daugherty Smith
26	Loving Stitches	Julie Kautz
27	Granny	Leroy Thomas

INTER-RELATIONSHIPS

28	Uncle	Margie Snowden North
29-33	Uncle John	Margaret Friedrich
34	Pilgrimage	Margie Cooke Porteus
35-36	Three A's for Thelma	Leroy Thomas
37	Family	Sheila Cohlma
38-39	Some Kind of Kin	Orv Owens
40	A Doll for Lucy	Elva Howard Deeds
41	The Man...Grown Old	M. Luhra Tivis
42-49	Trip Around the World	Georgia C. Lowenberg
50	Interment	Leroy Thomas
51	Special Rewards	Ken Shroyer
52	Our House down the Road	Carl Shroyer
53	Unarmed	Leroy Thomas
54-55	He Was Singin' This Song	Carl Stanislaus
56-58	Mistaken Identity	Rhonda Shephard

59	Ode to Menno	Francie Merchant
60-62	A Few of My Favorite Things	Inez Schneider Whitney
63	Mothers	Carl Stanislaus
64	The Place to Stop	Elva Howard Deeds

PARENTS

65-66	The Marble Shark.....	Dale W. Hill
67	Top Hand	Pam Daugherty Smith
68	Old Paper	Carl Stanislaus
69	Outside Limits.....	Leroy Thomas

EDITORIAL STAFF

PUBLISHER	Dr. Dan Dill
EDITOR	Dr. Leroy Thomas
ASSISTANT EDITOR	Dr. Roger Bromert
ASSISTANT EDITOR	Dr. Jeanne Ellinger
ART DIRECTOR	Ms. Laurie Jolliffe

(Published by Southwestern Oklahoma State University—Weatherford, Oklahoma 73096). WESTVIEW is the official quarterly of the Southwestern Center for Regional Studies, and it is printed by the SOSU University Press of Weatherford. To be published in the journal are scholarly articles, book reviews, local history sketches, memoirs, biographies, autobiographies, graphic arts, and creative writing (including fiction, drama, and poetry). WESTVIEW holds only First Rights for all works published herein; therefore, a contributor may feel free to submit a work elsewhere. For purposes of exposure, we do ask the courtesy of a bibliographical imprint indicating a reference to us. Submissions along with SASE are to be sent to Dr. Leroy Thomas; Editor, WESTVIEW; Southwestern Oklahoma State University, 100 Campus Drive; Weatherford, Oklahoma 73096. To order issues: Checks for single issues (\$4.00, including mailing; \$3.00, if not mailed) and for subscriptions (one year: \$8.00 in USA, \$20, out of country) are to be made payable to Dr. Dan Dill; Publisher, WESTVIEW; 100 Campus Drive; Weatherford, Oklahoma 73096.

WESTVIEW design, illustrations and graphic arts production by
Southwestern Oklahoma State University Commercial Art Students

AD LAYOUT I

Hollie Adamson	Tracy Kent	Lin Sasser
Ranell Harder	Bridget Nesmith	Kirk Wheeler
Dawn Hebert	Tina Price	Kari Wilkerson

Layout and Design assistance: Sharon Cecil, Clinton Wood, Lisa Bradford and Tommy Campbell

AD LAYOUT II

Scott L. Otipoby	Julie O'Reilly	Jeromie Tate
------------------	----------------	--------------

FOREWORD

There's something in the WESTVIEW Editorial Office that a writer will find in very few other editorial places: a lack of prissiness in the use of the English language. Actually, we're so intimidated by so-called linguistic piosity that we probably go the opposite direction. We tend to remember the **don't** **evers** from our youths and run from them. For instance, we like to see some contractions (**don't** for **do not**, **can't** for **cannot**, **aren't** for **are not**; we do balk, however, at **I'd had**, **we've**, **you'd**, etc.) instead of the expanded forms, and we have even been known to change our writers' expanded forms into contractions. We also don't like to see British language used in a Western Oklahoma publication, and we hasten to do away with sentences such as "One must initially set one's priorities." In addition, we hold to the modern concept that rules concerning capitalization and punctuation are rather loose; in fact, in the area of punctuation, readability is a must. One of our mentors, Dr. Gladys C. Bellamy (Language Arts Chair from 1948 to 1966), used to caution her students not to sprinkle in commas just because they thought that punctuation was cute. We follow her. As for capitalization, we have a habit of capitalizing specific things (**Old Science Building**—not **Old Science building**), and we change writing that doesn't follow our stylesheet. During our ten-year history, only one of our corrected contributors has become openly angry at us as far as we know.

The result of all of our biases, we hope, is a readable journal. If not, we accept the blame. As always, we throw bouquets to all the people who make various types of contributions. Thanks. Speaking of helpers, we have a new report on our own M*A*S*N* (Margie Ann Snowden North) of Erick. She has given us two more new themes: Western Oklahoma Separations (Summer, 1996) and Western Oklahoma Now and Then (Fall, 1996).

A question that Freshman Composition students often ask is, "May we use **I** or **me** in this paper?" The answer is always "Of course." In fact, I like those words so well that right now I'll step out of the royal **we** and use them.

On November 12, 1991, the Western Oklahoma Historical Society inducted Governor and Mrs. David Walters, Ruth Blacketter (of Leedey), and me into its Hall of Fame. I was honored because of my WESTVIEW work based on my nomination by wonderful WESTVIEW friend (and **my** friend) Margaret Friedrich (of Clinton). Without fear of argument, I maintain that my honor also belongs to everyone else who has ever made a contribution of any kind to WESTVIEW. But I plan to keep the beautiful commemorative plaque on my office wall.

Please enjoy reading about your Western Oklahoma Kinfolks/Relatives in this issue. This Foreword is to each reader—thus, the reason I had no qualms about using the second-person **you**

Kinfolksey,



Leroy Thomas
Editor

FEATURES

FUTURE ISSUES

Please study our needs and submit something to us. Notice the deadline for each issue.

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).

SUMMER, 1995 (Western Oklahoma Transportation; deadline: 2-15-95).

FALL, 1995 (Western Oklahoma Heroes; deadline: 7-1-95).

WINTER, 1995 (Western Oklahoma Bible Belt; deadline: 9-15-95).

SPRING, 1996 (Western Oklahoma Lovers of the Land; deadline: 12-15-95).

SUMMER, 1996 (Western Oklahoma Separations; deadline: 2-15-96).

FALL, 1996 (Western Oklahoma Now and Then; deadline: 7-1-96).

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 (eg. "Western Oklahoma Kinfolks/Relatives"—Spring, 1992).

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 type-written 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 and not return. Please don't send valuable family pictures. Send copies.

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 a wide variety of 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.



Grandma Berry in the 1940's

Going to See Grandma Berry

by Margie Snowden North

Grandma Berry didn't live alone all her life, but that's the way I remember her throughout my childhood during the 40's and early 50's.

I especially remember the little house out there in windswept Roger Mills County. Surrounded by a few sagging outbuildings and two or three rather spindly trees, it seemed a desolate place. But the picture changed when Grandma stepped out to greet us as we drove up in our old Chevy.

"Aye, Lordie!" she would say.
"Didja get here?"

The five Snowden kids swarmed out of the car and descended upon the house to see what was new. Nothing ever changed much except for the fragrances. Sometimes there was a freshly baked cake or a big bowl of potato salad. In the winter there were often peanuts roasting in a blackened breadpan and

then placed invitingly on the table.

In the front room there were pennies and hairpins on the dresser, as well as a jar of cold cream, and a few seashells picked up during a trip "down on the coast." We never swiped the pennies or used any cold cream (though I'm sure we were tempted), but we would hold the seashells to our ears, close our eyes, and listen to the roar of the sea, wondering how the sound could have been caught so aptly inside.

Sometimes Uncle Lonnie was also there visiting, and the smell of his hand-rolled cigarettes permeated the rooms. If he was having a good day, he would be cleaned up and smelling of shaving soap. He would laugh with us and tell us of his adventures breaking horses, rodeoing, and relate how he became known as the Montana Kid in his younger days. If he was having a bad day, he would sit bleakly,

GRANDPARENTS

smoking, thinking deep thoughts, and speaking only when spoken to.

Ava Jean and Donna Mae usually preferred to stay inside with the grown-ups; but Rose Marie, Ransom, and I explored the chicken house and other out-buildings, gathering an occasional egg or finding pretty bottles or other treasures. Across the road to the south was a small roping arena. One day we were playing there when Ransom found a quarter near what appeared to be a makeshift concession stand.



Grandma Berry As A Young Woman

More searching revealed more coins, apparently dropped by careless customers or cashiers. It was a little like the dreams I often had (no doubt brought about by my constant concern over the lack of money) in which I would find one coin only to discover another just under it. I always hated for those dreams to end. Likewise, we continued to search those roping grounds for a long time until we

were finally convinced that all the money had been found.

In later years Grandma moved into a little house in Erick, and we occasionally walked from the high school to eat lunch with her. The food was plain—maybe pork and beans and fried bacon, and sometimes a bowl of “Mellorine” (the cheap version of ice cream). She would show us the latest dresser scarf she was embroidering or some flowers she had planted.

Still later, she moved farther down the street. By then, all the Snowden girls were married, Papa had died, and Mama was working as a waitress at the Hamburger King, then at Cal’s Cafe. We would help Mama keep a check on Grandma, pick up groceries for her, or go pay one of her bills.

Grandma was getting a little stiff during those days (in her eighties and nineties) and gave up the gardening, but she still had embroidery pieces to show us. Many times she would take me by the arm and lead me through her house showing me trinkets given her as gifts or pictures someone had sent or the seashells from “down on the coast” or other items she thought might interest me.

She had lost most of her hearing by then, and we communicated with a tablet and felt-tip, marker. We almost always found something to laugh about.

Grandma’s hundredth birthday came in November of 1978. There was a reception in the town hall, gifts, a large

GRANDPARENTS



Grandma Berry With Her Children

cake, good wishes from many, including the President. She enjoyed the gala, probably without fully understanding the unusual fuss over her. She had lived a quiet life, and her goals hadn't included being in the limelight.

The last time I visited Grandma, she was in the Sayre hospital. She wasn't so much ill (as I remember) as she was merely worn out. I can still see her in her neat gown, clutching my arm in order to be sure she had my full attention, while she spoke vaguely of things from the past. Her mind, filled with a hundred years of memories, was understandably a bit confused. A little later came the call from Nurse Turner—"Honey, your little grandmother just passed away."

Sometimes I think about Grandma

and wish I'd recorded her memories of coming to Oklahoma to establish a home in the newly opened territory, of living in dug-outs, working in a laundry (among other places) in order to support her children after Grandpa Berry left her when her children were still young. But all I have left of her are a few pictures and many memories—some sad, some happy.

I'd like to go visit Grandma Berry again. Come to think of it, I will. I can picture her now, stepping out of her mansion—"Aye, Lordie! Didja get here?" ■

MARGIE SNOWDEN NORTH, a chief WESTVIEW supporter, has now moved with her husband, Ben, from Sweetwater back to Erick where she continues to be his helpmate and a free-lance writer.

OPEN HEARTS...OPEN HOME

by Edna L. Hansen

"Grandpa and Grandma Zack" were the affectionate names the nine grandchildren, all the neighbors and many friends, and even many of the "roomers" called Frank and Marie Zacharias. For years their home was at 517 West Arapaho in Weatherford.

These roomers as they were called were the young men and women from Corn, Colony, and Putman who wanted to attend classes at Southwestern, so they stayed or roomed at 517 West Arapaho. At the time, it was called just the "college at Weatherford." The students who stayed with the Zacks didn't have money or cars for commuting as we do now. The Zacks had a two-story home, so at times there were as many as nine or ten young

college roomers living in their home at one time. Often as a surprise treat, Grandma Zack would bake fresh cookies* or bread as an after-school snack. Just before the end of the school term, the Zack family and all of the roomers would get together and climb into a four-wheel trailer. Then they would go to the country for an evening of food, fun, and games—long to be remembered by the students. Throughout the years, these roomers would return to visit them and would bring their children to meet Grandpa and Grandma Zack.**

During the years, there was always the aroma of good food cooking in the kitchen. At times, it would be one of baked cookies or freshly baked

bread. Many times it was a simmering roast baking with a bay leaf and an onion. Then at other times, the kitchen was filled with the smells of the canning of the winter food supply from the fruit trees and the vegetable garden lovingly cared for by Grandpa Zack.

The first grandchild's husband was stationed at Fort Bliss in El Paso during the Vietnam War. Grandma Zack mailed a package of molasses cookies to the young soldier, Larry. As he shared his cookies with a fellow soldier, the young man said, "These are so good. Where did they come from?" When Larry replied that they were from his Grandma Zack, the friend said, "That's my grandma too; she's my neighbor back in Weatherford, Oklahoma." The incident brought much joy to the grandma in Weatherford.

Grandpa and Grandma Zack had six children. Grandpa Zack kept busy as a carpenter, painter, home builder, and also by doing general repair work. Many times he sang as he worked. As a

WESTVIEW, SPRING 1992

hobby, he would "chord" on the old pump organ while singing "Red Wings," "Red River Valley," and "Down in the Valley." He taught the grandchildren such songs as "You Are My Sunshine" and "Jesus Loves Me." Many other children learned songs from Grandma Zack, too, when she rocked them and sang to them as she babysat them. Grandma also did extra washing and ironing to help with the family's support.

A friend, visitor, or a grandchild never left after a visit without a fresh bouquet of flowers, a jar of jelly, or a loaf of fresh bread. A grandchild once said, "The flowers in Grandpa Zack's yard are always so beautiful and bountiful because they are always shared with friends." On Sunday mornings there was usually a bouquet to take to church. A vase with the name Zacharias remained at the church for these fresh flowers. The children took fresh bouquets to their teachers in the Weatherford Public Schools. During

GRANDPARENTS

the Christmas season the teachers had a special treat of homemade cookies, including the ones called "New Year Cookie," which were cooked, like fritters or doughnuts, in deep fat.

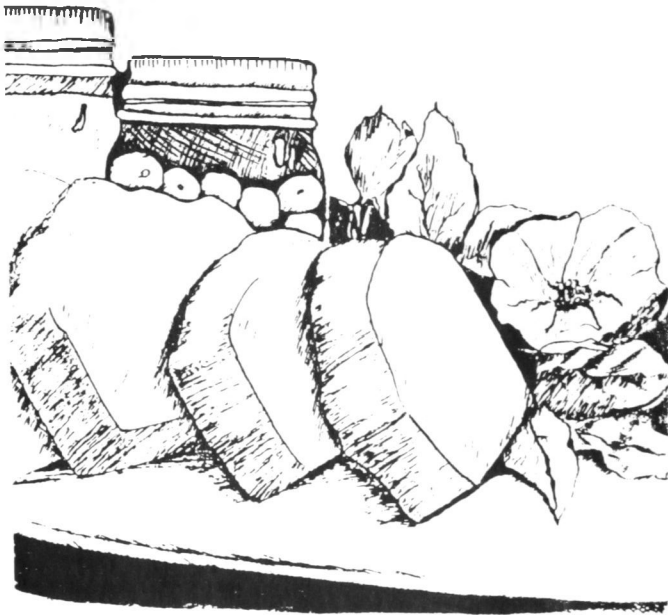


Illustration by *Olivia Ortiz*

Sunday mornings were for worship in Sunday School and church. In the afternoon they would visit the sick and elderly. Grandma Zack didn't drive a car; so Grandpa drove, making it a family affair for all of the family. Most of the time they took a package of fresh

zwieback (a two-story roll) or a loaf of sweet-smelling homemade bread as a gift.

Grandpa and Grandma opened not only their home to all, but their hearts as well. They treated each visitor with a snack or a complete meal. They loved their own children and family, church family, roomers, neighbors, and many friends. Although many people still consider 517 West Arapaho home, Grandpa and Grandma made it a special place for each one who entered there. ■

*Editor's Note to longtime WESTVIEW readers: Some of you may have seen the reference to Grandma Zack's peppernuts on p. 17 of our Winter 1981 issue of WESTVIEW.

**Editor's Second Note: I always referred to the Zachariases as Pa and Ma Zach since their two youngest children, Raye and Carol, were about my age.

EDNA L. HANSEN is the first daughter of Frank and Marie Zacharias. Edna, a homemaker in Thomas, was married to Manuel W. Hansen, who died in late 1991.

My Grandfather's Swing

by Joelenn Peterman

It wasn't grand—
no, not by a sight.
But it was powerful
standing alone in the night.

People came from all over the land
to seek approval, praise, or just a kind
hand.

Dreams were shared; tears were shed.
We all looked for strength from an old
man's heart and head.

The people, the house, the barn have
out lived their days,
but the white swing with the green
trim still moves and sways.
Driving by the long-deserted land,
I turn to see an old man's raised hand.

It's a hand beckoning me to return
to a place and a time for which I have
yearned,
a time when an old man and a little
girl like me
shared our love and dreams in a
swing of white and green.■

JOELENN PETERMAN, a 1973 SOSU B.A.E. graduate, now lives in Los Angeles. "My Grandfather's Swing" is her second published poem.

TRAV

by Priscilla Johnson

Carter Hall tobacco in a lit-
unlit pipe

Blue Chevrolet pick-ups

Trousers worn three, five,
seven days in a row

Proprietor of The Store

Black Angus cattle

Well-worn mud-stained
boots sitting by the door

A cowboy hat—

Sweat stained and well worn

Faded blue eyes that
laughed at me

My children's grandfather

An old cowboy horse hater

My friend ■

Illustration by Scott Otipoby

PRISCILLA JOHNSON will finish a B. A. in English Education degree at SOSU this semester.

Her immediate goals are to teach and write.

GRANDPARENTS

THE GREAT LAND RUN

by *M. Luhra Tivis*



Photo and Layout by *Tommy Campbell*

M. LUHRATIVIS, former SOSU student and CHAPBOOK Poetry Editor, graduated in 1983 from the University of Oklahoma and also briefly attended the O.U. College of Law. She will enter the University of Arkansas Medical School in September, 1993. Ms. Tivis has published poetry and art in NIGHT VOYAGES, WINDMILL, MIKROKOSMOS, ELEVEN, HAG RAG, and COMMON LIVES QUARTERLY. She also lists herself as a survivor of Editor Thomas' 3603 Structure of English class.

In eighteen hundred ninety-three, my great-grandfather rode on the wagon seat with his dad; they had come down from Paducah, Kentucky, pursuing a stake in the Cherokee Land Run. The chubby little boy held the reins, as his father pounded in the stake.

The family farm just south of Jet, Oklahoma, is still run by cousins. The old farmhouse burned down; no one was living there—the year it was so dry, the land parched like tinder. The old folks had moved away from the isolation and into town.

Between Jet and the Great Salt Lake, just north of town and on the west side of the road, the old country cemetery with its gravel lanes and elderly cedar trees is full of my kinfolks gone onto their reward. It's quiet there, and the tops of graves are sunken in. You can just see the distant red bluffs at the lake and gulls wheeling in circles above the muddy red water.

The horizons of my heart are prairie fields of wheat and milo and hay; the sky of a wide open space; the thrill of a rose and gold sunset; the first star of a dark night and belonging where I belong in Western Oklahoma.

GRANDPARENTS

THIS LAST LEAF

by *George L. Hoffman*

He doesn't cling to life,
this patriarch of nearly one hundred
years.
Life clings to him and won't let him go.
The bud from which he came
was too strongly bonded where it grew,
and the bough that holds him fast
won't release him to the wind.
Through all his days of sun and rain,
heat and cold, drouth and flood,
his leaf grew tough and bitter
to the tongues of those who thought
to test his will.
He took the wind and rain
and curled to the sun.
But now he shakes and flutters
to make small rasping sounds
against himself, his greenening faded,
his fluids slow, reluctant rivers
in his veins.

He knew of Holmes' last leaf,
for in his youth he read of him
and doubtless smiled to think
that one should grow so old.
But carefree youth can't see
a hundred years, nor can the tender bud
of spring ever know the last sad leaf of
fall.

I don't smile to see him here
alone upon his bough.
His shriveled leaf can never green again.
His spring, his summer, his winter,
are all gone.
But he wants no hothouse shelf to shelter
him,
no magic elixer to hold him to his limb.
I pray that he may fall some quiet evening
and float gently on the wind
to that dark place to be as one
with those whom once he knew.
Even as he waits, I listen
for the whisper of his fall.■



illustration by *Lisa Bradford*

GEORGE L. HOFFMAN, of Clackamas, Oregon, was
reared in the Custer City area.

GRANDMA'S WILD ESCAPE

by *Wenona L. Dunn*

Let me tell you about my Grandmother Latimer—or “Maw,” as most of us called her, old’uns and young’uns alike.

Sarah McLin was born in Ohio on October 5, 1855, the second child of Thomas and Nancy Jane (Taylor) McLin. She wasn’t quite six when her father went off to serve with the 31st Ohio Regiment of the U.S. Infantry during the War Between the States. Thomas was severely wounded during the Battle of Atlanta on August 8, 1864, and spent nine months in various army hospitals.

After her father returned, the family continued to live on their farm near Gore, Logan County, Ohio, until 1868, when they pulled up stakes and headed west for Kansas. The parents, four girls, and an infant son made the trip and settled on a farm north of Holton, Jackson County, where they lived five or six years before moving a few miles west to a farm south of Soldier.

In 1876, Sarah married Alfred Ebright, son of a neighboring farm

couple who had come out from Illinois. The next year their daughter, Ella, was born. Then the following year Sarah became a widow when her young husband of only two years died of the dreaded disease of “consumption,” or tuberculosis, as it is known today.

The grieving widow and her little girl, having no means of support, moved in with a family near Holton; Sarah did housework in payment of their room and board. The family, named Bateman, was kind and treated Sarah and little Ella as family.

Across the road from the Bateman farm lived the family of Francis and Rebecca Latimer, whose youngest son, James, had been Sarah’s childhood sweetheart. Over a period of time, the spark was rekindled and they were married—on September 6, 1880.

Five children, forty years, and many moves later, James and Sarah bought a farm four miles south of Foss, Washita County, Oklahoma. They lived there until they died—she in 1940 and he in 1941—and both are buried at

GRANDPARENTS

Page Cemetery, less than a mile west of their home.

Most readers at this point would agree that this is a story of an ordinary pioneer farm wife. Except for one episode, Maw would have been ordinary. But there's a tale about her that amazes me each time I think of it.

She was a devout member of the Church of the Brethren; and, as such, she was ordinarily quite circumspect in her behavior.

Sarah's father had died in 1881, and her mother had managed to hold on to the family farm in Kansas until she died in 1906. Eventually, the farm was sold and Maw inherited part of the estate which she kept as her private nest egg—somewhat a rarity in that day and time. The way she eventually used that nest egg was even rarer.

Maw learned that a group of her church people were forming a colony in New Mexico, where they hoped to become self-supporting by putting in truck gardens and selling the produce. The town, which was between Roswell and Artesia, came to be called Lake Arthur. The leaders of the community advertised lots for sale in order to raise money to begin the city government. Thinking that she was helping her



Illustration by Julie O'Reilly

fellow church members to get their project underway, Maw used part of her inheritance to buy a lot—without seeing it.

Sometime later, Maw took it into her head that she wanted to see the town in which she had invested her money. But how? She knew that Paw

would never consent to her going to New Mexico alone! So what did she do? She conceived the idea of telling him she wanted to visit their two married daughters, who lived at Lexington, south of Norman. After all, she had grandchildren down there, and what could be more natural than a grandmother's desire to see her grandchildren? So Maw got busy and packed her trunk.

But how logical was her plan? Wouldn't Paw know if she got on the westbound train at Foss? And wasn't it more than a little out of character for a God-fearing woman to tell an out-and-out lie? Maw has to be given some credit for having intelligence. She indeed did go to Lexington, but upon arriving there she bought a ticket to Roswell. After spending a few days visiting the two families in Lexington, she made the long train ride west. We must keep in mind that the time was the 1920's. What was she going to do when she got there?

Well, as luck would have it, upon arriving in Lake Arthur, she found that there was a small shack on her lot—probably built and abandoned by a former owner. There were even a few pieces of furniture there. Maw had had

the foresight to include in her trunk a few cooking utensils and some bedding (she had covered the items with her clothing just in case anyone got curious). She knew that she could survive for a short time.

As things turned out, the visit wasn't very short. When Maw arrived in Lake Arthur, the town was in the midst of a typhoid epidemic. And Maw, being the type of person she was, just pitched in and helped the sick ones. Back in Kansas, she had nursed one of her own sons through the same disease; therefore, she felt that she probably wouldn't become ill. She stayed on until the worst of the epidemic was over. Then she caught the train back to Oklahoma—to Lexington, that is, from where she returned to Foss.

My aunt, Louise Latimer, told me this story many years later; she said that she never knew whether Paw found out what Maw had done.■

WENONA DUNN—homemaker, mother of three, grandmother of ten—has had both poetry and prose published in previous issues of *WESTVIEW*. She and her husband, Walter, reside on the farm mentioned in "Grandma's Wild Escapade" and have recently welcomed into their family their first great-grandchild.

A Bit Of Oklahoma Geneology

by *Elva Howard Deeds*

Some years ago, I was in an American History class at Southwestern with Dr. James King as instructor. To enliven the subject for bored students, Dr. King often made clever remarks about historical events. He received some cool looks from some of our older teachers (I was one of these, returning for additional credit) when a reference bordered on being "naughty." I enjoyed his class and usually sat like a grinning Cheshire cat while he lectured. Consequently, I was probably considered to be rather "lighthheaded."

During a particular lecture on American heritage, Dr. King mentioned that some early Ameri-

cans were attracted to beautiful Indian maidens and wanted to move into their teepees. He used the example of reserved Englishmen. At this comment, I couldn't control my mirth, and I cackled loudly in the quiet room.

Dr. King looked at me with feigned sternness and asked, "Howard! Why did that account fill you with such glee??"

"Oh," I managed to answer, "my English grandfather came over from England and TEE-PEED!"

Our family was proud of our Indian grandmother. She was tall, slender, and very neat. As a small child, I was intrigued by a dainty little pipe she always kept hidden

GRANDPARENTS

in her apron pocket, smoking only in private moments alone.

Grandmother was half Cherokee. She had been moved with her family to Missouri during the removal west. We aren't sure of some of her history; however, a family member found her name in some archives of the Cherokee Tribe and traced her lineage to some historical characters. But my grandmother wasn't proud of her Indian heritage; therefore, she and her brother wouldn't accept any recognizance by the American government. When my grandfather met her, she had just been widowed, with two small children and no means of support. Her husband had been a lawman, murdered by an outlaw. Grandmother had watched the townspeople hang him. She lived on for a long time, dying in Enid at age 93.

Genealogy became a favorite topic when I went to a reunion in Ava, Missouri, of my mother's family this past summer. The

Spurlocks are numerous in Missouri, and I enjoyed all the lively and warm discussion as well as meeting so many close relatives. I even changed some concepts about my heritage while I was there. For instance, I assumed that my fair-skinned, auburn-haired mother was Scots-Irish, but I discovered that she was half German. My maternal grandmother was a descendant of the Durens who established Duren, Germany.

Despite a growing interest in family history, I am not dedicated enough to record and document much of what I have found. I have two cousins who are doing an admirable job of that. I'm likely to accentuate the good that I hear about one of us and keep silent about possible failures.■

ELVA HOWARD DEEDS, a retired public-school teacher, lives and writes on a farm near Sentinel.

A GRANDFATHER TO EMULATE

by Inez Schneider Whitney

I will never forget Robert Chinworth Provines, my Irish grandfather; but I didn't fully appreciate him until after he was gone. What a wonderful person he was—kind, sympathetic, intelligent, and clever.

When Grandpa was 38, he was left a widower with four children, three girls and one boy. Their ages were 14, 12, 10, and 8. My mother, Estella, was the oldest. Grandpa was from a large family, and relatives urged him to let the children be reared by various aunts and uncles.

He said, "Thank you, but I'll keep my family together," and he did. My mother was ready for high school and plans had already been made to have her stay in town during the week and come home on weekends. After his wife's death, Grandpa started completing the arrangements. Mama told him, "Pa, I won't go. I'm going to stay home and help you."

What good times they had in the years that followed. Mama used to talk about it. She said, "Pa would hitch up the carriage and take us to church, spelling bees, pie suppers, and anyplace we wanted to go. He was so much fun to be with, even more fun than someone our own age. My friends used to say that they wished they had a father like ours."

We were his whole life. He never considered marrying again although he lived to be eighty-nine. He was a farmer with only a grade-school education, but he could hold his own with anyone in a discussion about politics, literature, history, geography, and the news. We had a four-volume set of McCauley's HISTORY OF ENGLAND. One day Pa brought home a set by another author. I asked, "Pa, why did you buy this set of books? We already have one set about English history." He replied, "Well, I want to compare the two sets and see if the authors agree on their facts."

Grandpa gave very few gifts. When the children were small, he often gave them a rubber ball to bounce. Everyone received a shiny half-dollar for his birthday and for Christmas. Although all of us—his children and grandchildren—were very dear to him, he wasn't one to show affection. He never gave me a kiss or even a hug, and I can't remember ever being held on his knee.

Grandpa spent a lot of time at our home. One morning when I was about ten, Mama said, "It's summer and you're not in school. You're old enough to help a little. It will be your job every morning to wash the breakfast dishes."

Nearly every day, Grandpa would wander into the kitchen and ask, "Inez, you really like to wash dishes,

GRANDPARENTS

don't you?"

"No," I'd always reply. Then he'd say, "Oh, I think you do or you wouldn't take so long to get them done." I wouldn't say anything, but it really made me mad.

I was always glad, though, if he was visiting when school was going on because he was such a good mathematician.. I went to a one-room country farm on the corner of our farm. The problems in the seventh- and eighth-grade books were very hard. Sometimes we'd be on a problem for several days, and even the teacher couldn't get the answer. Parents worked on the problems, too. Mr. Agan, a neighbor, had taught school. He used to call Mama at night and ask, "Do you have the answer yet?"

I remember one problem well. The cost of building a brick house had to be figured. The size of the house and the price of a brick were provided. Mama, the hired hand, and Grandpa had been working on the problem for several nights. Papa never helped; he always said he was tired and went to bed. One night after they had been working a long time, Grandpa jumped up and yelled, "I've got it. Do you know what we were doing wrong? We were paying for brick twice in every corner." I was really happy to take the right answer to school and brag about my grandpa. When I finished Eighth Grade at Prairie View,

the country school, I rode the bus to the little town of Custer City where there was a high school.

One time there was a geometry problem that no one could work. Mrs. Etchison, the teacher, was very smart, but she couldn't even solve the problem. She said that she was going to write to the textbook company because she was sure the problem was wrong. Grandpa got the answer by using plain Arithmetic since he had never had Geometry. I took his solution to school, and Mrs. Etchison was able to transfer it to Geometry. She said, "Your grandpa must be a very smart man." How proud I was.

Mama had wanted to be a teacher but couldn't go on to school after her mother died. From the time I was small, she always talked about what a wonderful career teaching would be for me. When I graduated, it was possible to teach right out of high school if a person was 18 and could pass the County Examination. I was only 16.

One day, Mama said to Papa, "Mrs. Randol just called. She asked if we were going to send Inez to the college at Weatherford. They want to send their daughter Cora. The rent on a light housekeeping room is only ten dollars a month. If we sent Inez, each girl would pay only five dollars.

Then Grandpa spoke up, "The tuition is only five dollars a semester. They could do their own cooking, and Inez would come home every weekend. You could send back milk, butter, eggs, and other groceries. If she were at home, she'd have to eat, so it

GRANDPARENTS

wouldn't cost any more.." Off I went to Southwestern State Teachers College.

Papa didn't like it too well. Although the college was only twenty miles away, he liked for me to be at home. After going one year, I started teaching on my eighteenth birthday at Red Rock, a two-room country school only six miles from our home. The next year, I went to teach at Custer, which was only three miles away. Also, I went to college every summer. During the school term Papa took me to Saturday classes at the college every week. I received my degree before my twenty-third birthday.

After my college graduation, I went to Oklahoma City to teach; there I met my husband-to-be, John Whitney, a young attorney. Not long after we were married, all the relatives appeared one evening to bring gifts and help us celebrate. Grandpa was there too. Although he was 81 and almost blind, here is what he wrote in our guest book: 'Many a mickle makes a muckle' and indicated that it was an Irish saying.

"What does it mean?" I asked. "Many a little makes a much," he replied.

I remember many things that Grandpa used to say: When I have a task to do, I think of his advice: "Don't wait until the last day in the afternoon." He wasn't very musical. He used to say, "I know two tunes; one is 'Yan-kee Doodle Dandy', and one isn't.

Although he was a teetotaler, I've heard him say many times when urged to have a second helping, "No, thank you. It's just as much a sin to be a glutton and overeat

as it is to drink too much."

Jewelry used to be advertised as rolled gold. Grandpa said, "That just means it rolled away from the gold."

When he grew older and wasn't too well, one day he said, "I believe I could have improved on the Lord's creation of man. I would have made him like the wonderful one-horse shay that ran a hundred years to the day and then just fell apart."

One day, Grandpa asked me, "Do you know what Eternity is?" "No," I replied. "I'll tell you then. If a little bird flew by and brushed his wing against the earth every million years, when the earth was finally worn away, Eternity would just have begun."

I remember the last time I saw my grandfather. It was in 1943 in the midst of World War II. I was leaving to join my husband in Washington, D.C. He was in the army and stationed at the Pentagon in Military Intelligence. I went in to bid Grandpa goodbye; he was sitting in his easy chair. We had a good visit, and I'll never forget what he said as I was about to leave: "I'm thankful that I have lived during the most wonderful age in history. There could never be another one like it. What a great heritage we have. The United States had only thirty-one states when I was born. Now it has forty-eight. I have seen the birth of the electric light, the telephone, the automobile, the airplane, the

GRANDPARENTS

radio. Nothing could ever surpass that. Tell John to do his part to help our country survive."

He died four months later at the age of 89. His two daughters took him back to Indiana where he was laid to rest by the beloved wife who had died fifty-one years before.

Grandpa was an Oklahoma pioneer: This is from his obituary: "Robert C. Provines was born in Dekalb County, Indiana, January 31, 1854, and departed this life at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Estella Schneider, Custer City, Oklahoma, September 15, 1943. His wife preceded him fifty-two years before. He and his three children came to Oklahoma and settled near Weatherford in 1901. In 1902 he filed on a homestead six miles northwest of Rankin, Oklahoma, in Roger Mills County, where he farmed until 1919. After that, he lived among his children. He was a kind man and a friend to all who knew him. How patient he was in all his suffering his last few years, never complaining about his pain and trouble."

How his family missed this wonderful man. We will never forget him. ■

INEZ SCHNEIDER WHITNEY of Arlington, Virginia, is a retired teacher who has published many works in *WESTVIEW*. Her Bachelor's degree is from Southwestern and her Master's from George Washington University.



illustration by Abraham Lopez

GRANDPARENTS

A MAN OF CHARACTER AND WIT

by *Carl Stanislaus*

Sometimes I look at Grandpa
and wonder if he was ever young.
Is he that boy in the album
sticking out his tongue?

Yes, there between the lines
on his gentle, wrinkled face
is a trace of mirth and mischief
that time cannot erase.

Why do I want to be like him
in a body worse for wear?
Because his stories make me laugh,
and he was youth and vigor there.

Deeper, there's something else,
a man in younger days
who always believed in honesty
and found that hard work pays.

Oh, I guess he has his moments
when he cannot beat despair,
but you can't quell his spirit
because his faith in God is there.

No, I'll never pity Grandpa
because I also want to be
a man of character and wit when I'm
eighty-three.■

CARL STANISLAUS, now retired, lives and writes in Chickasha.

AT THE FOOT OF MY BED

by Pam Daugherty Smith

Crocheting was a pastime that gave my granny pleasure.
Why, all my kinfolks have an afghan they dearly treasure.
And a little part of my grandma lives in every thread
Of the Indian paintbrush quilt that lies at the foot of my bed.
Orange is her kitchen color, home of her good eats,
And red is her cherry pie that spewed but whose taste couldn't be beat.
Dark green are her plants that never quite grew tomatoes,
And light green is the color of her True Value garden hose.
Dark red is the farm ground from which she came.
Purple are the violets for which she got her name.
The blues are her heart when they laid my granddad down,
And yellow are the haloes they're both wearing now.
All those colors together tell one woman's life—
The good times and bad, the happiness and strife.
Fond memories of my ancestral line
Live for me in the variegated twine.
This blanket warms not so much my body as my soul,
So I curl up inside when life takes its toll.
And I can almost feel Grandma gently touch my cheek.
Then the tears well up and that lump comes that makes it hard to speak.
I try to call
As the tears fall.
Grandma's gone,
But the band plays on,
A sweet melody in my head,
About the blanket at the foot of my bed.■

PAM DAUGHERTY SMITH wrote "At the Foot of My Bed" in memory of her grandmother, Violet Marie Rymer Arnold, who was reared at Thomas and in all her 72 years never lived outside the boundaries of WESTVIEW.

LOVING STITCHES

by Julie Kautz

An explosion of colors
Brought together by at
Least a million stitches
And just two hands.
Pieced like a puzzle
And treasured like a memory.
Built with discarded patches of
fabric
And my great-grandmother's de-
sign.
An intricate art,
Now wearing thin,
Forms my most prized possession
Creating a perfectly balanced
harmony
That others can see,
But only I can feel.
So I sleep with a
feeling of security,
Covering up with the
Warmth of my
Great-Grandma's love. ■

JULIE KAUTZ of Fay, at the time she wrote "Loving Stitches," was 17 and was a student in a Creative Writing class at Thomas taught by Pat Kourt.

GRANNY

by Dr. Leroy Thomas

Martelie Albertine Mullins was her name,
State champion speller of Tennessee when she was a girl.
And could she spell!
Grandma, spell **CHALLENGE** for us.
Let's see, Hon—**C-H-A-L—CHAL, L-E-N-G-E—LENGE,**
C-H-A-L-L-E-N-G-E—CHALLENGE.
Yea, Granny!
By the time I noticed her, she was already gray,
But I knew she had been a redhead.
She had a fiery personality.
Sometime she had to be held on the bed at night
So she wouldn't hurt herself during a seizure.
During the day, she slept in her rocker or read the Bible.
When Mama went to the kitchen to cook, Granny went too.
She liked her turnips squishey.
Good Granny!■

INTER-RELATIONSHIPS

UNCLE

by Margie Snowden North

A young man's father
was with that other woman;
his mother was work-worn,
his brothers and sisters hungry,
and despair and rage that had begun
with earlier injustices
cast him down
to the cutting off of the mountain,
and the weeds wrapped tightly about his
head.*

A hammer in his hand
pounded away at the injustice,
brought blood and death
but never solace.
Newspapers said that other woman
was slaughtered as she knelt praying by her
bed
and the jury said, "Guilty as charged."
Prison bars compassed him then,
years of aloneness,
and the cutting off of the mountain
was his dwelling place and
the weeds squeezed tighter.

As children, we saw this man who
occasionally grew violent and who
was also gentle,
whose mind was sometimes here,
sometimes there,
a man uncouth and unloveable,
or laughing and jolly and happy.
We knew (for it was whispered)
that prison bars had held him,
and then the insane asylum,
but we laughed with him sometimes
or scolded him for the picture on his wall
and ate roasted peanuts
with him from the breadpan on the table.
Later we understood that
prison bars and
asylum walls had compassed him more than
once,
but a prison of another kind
had held him first ■

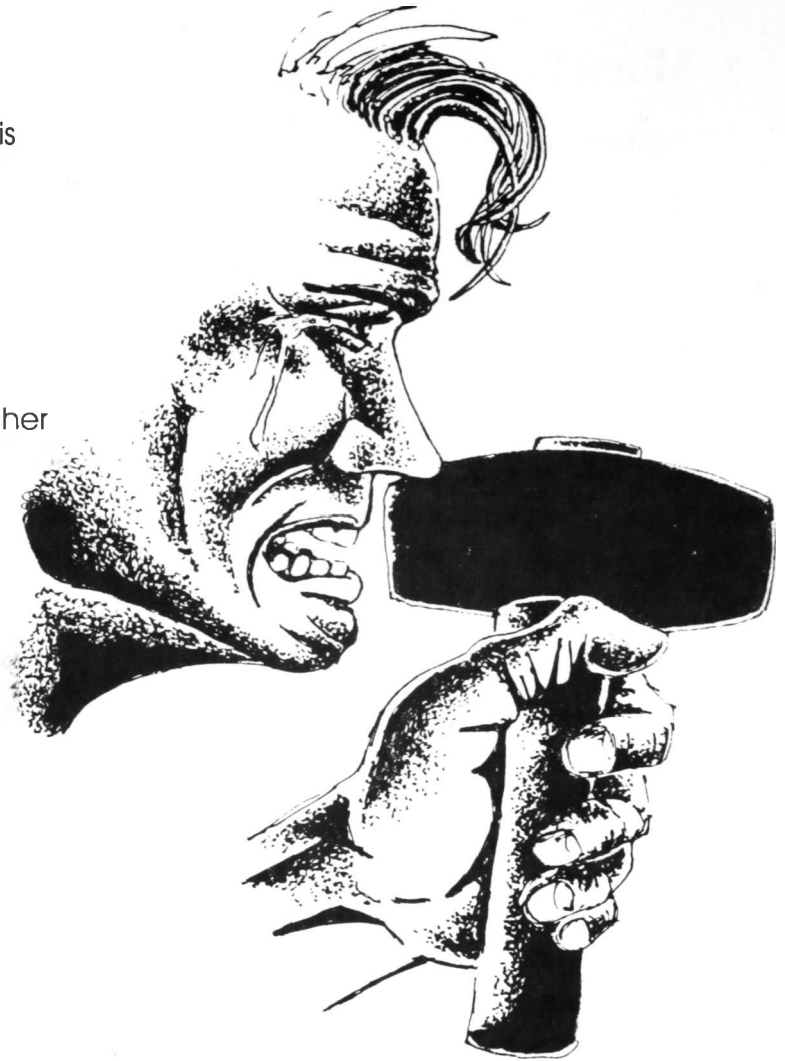


illustration by Mongo Allen

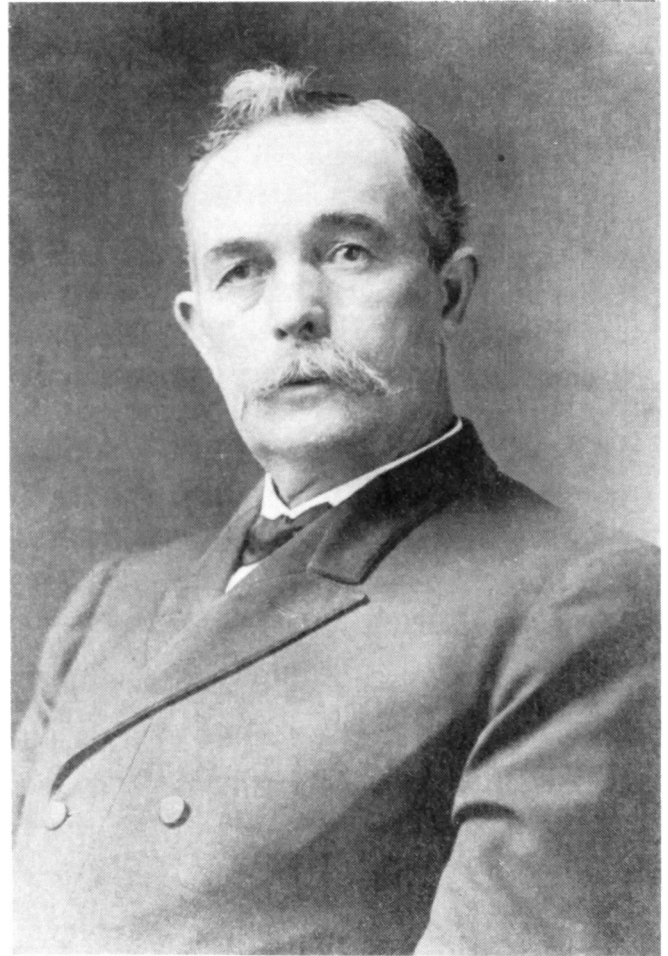
*See JONAH 2: 3-6.

UNCLE JOHN

by Margaret Friederick

Uncle John Major raced into Western Oklahoma, bucking the hot blast of a strong south headwind. The dust raised by a thousand horses, mules, and vehicles blew into his face. He had waited at Caldwell, Kansas, with others, since 6:00 o'clock that morning. They listened for the gunshot that would start the race to open the Cherokee Outlet to white settlement. The signal guns had exploded only a few minutes previously at 12:00 noon on September 16, 1893. The race was on to claim farms. It was the largest of all the RUNS. More than a hundred thousand people and over six million acres of land were involved.

John Charles Major rode a huge bay mare that carried his portly weight with ease. He was a large, round man. Just under six feet tall, he weighed nearly 250 pounds, but he was a muscular, outdoor man. His large brown eyes were alert and kind. He had a broad forehead and dark brown hair worn a bit long so that it curled slightly on his collar. His drooping, brown



J.C. Major of Major County

moustache was the fashion of the day.

He rode at an easy canter. He knew exactly where he was going. He had been hired by a rancher many months earlier to help round up stray cattle and move the herds out of the Cherokee Outlet. On the day of the

INTER-RELATIONSHIPS

Run, he went directly to the Gyp Hills (afterward called the Gloss Mountains) and entered the small valley through the eastern gap, to the left of Lone Peak. Thence he traveled about three miles west and two south to find the corner marker of the farm he wanted. He set his stake to claim the Southeast 1/4 of Section 35. Township 21 North, Range 14 W.I.M. (West of the Indian Meridian in the Cheyenne Valley Community).

The next day, as soon as he had gone to the Land Office in Alva and exchanged his Registration Certificate for his filing papers, he went to Kansas to bring his family to the claim. His family, whom he had left at Goddard, Kansas, consisted of his wife, Susie, and three young daughters—Blanche, 7, Edith, 5, and Della, 2. Another little girl was born on the claim. Babie Susie died as an infant and was one of the first persons buried in Cheyenne Valley Cemetery. Three sons were then born to the Majors—John Charles, Jr., Justin, and Morris.

At the end of five years, they had proved up the claim and received a patent to the farm. The patent issued by the President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt, was the equivalent of a warranty deed. The

Majors stayed longer than their five years. They made the claim their permanent home.

John Charles Major, a native of the state of New York, was my grandmother's younger brother. He was born on the family farm near Barre Center, Orleans County, in Western New York. His father was John Major, and his mother was Mary Jane (Anderson) Major. Both parents were born in Neury—a Scotch-Irish, Protestant settlement in Down County, Northern Ireland, near Belfast.

John attended the local Barre Center School until he finished. Then he attended Albion Academy in the County Seat for three years. His father paid \$6.00 for him every six weeks.

His youngest sister, Matilda Joyce, wrote an abbreviated history of the Major family in 1936. She told John's story in one line: "John married Susie, and they went West to grow up with the country." What a wealth of living was included in the words "to grow up with the country."

After the RUN, John Charles was known all over Western Oklahoma as J.C. Major. Although he considered himself a farmer, he had a much more intense interest in the field of

INTER-RELATIONSHIPS

public service. He was elected to the Oklahoma Territorial Legislature on January 13, 1903. Then on November 4, 1906, he was elected from District 7 to the Oklahoma Constitutional Convention.

The 112 delegates to the Constitutional Convention met in Guthrie on November 20, 1906. Elected President of the Convention was a man widely recognized as an outstanding, if not the best, Constitutional lawyer in the United States. He had made a special study of Constitutional law for two years before 1906 and had just come from the Sequoyah Convention. He was the only man accepted by both factions of the Convention—Indian Territory and Oklahoma Territory. He was William H. Murray, nicknamed “Alfalfa Bill” Murray. He had married into the Chickasaw Tribe and was the official representative of the tribe. Murray was also the man whom Uncle John most admired among all the members of the Convention. I grew up thinking that Bill Murray was not only the greatest man in Oklahoma but maybe the greatest in the United States.

The Constitution of Oklahoma included many important laws not found in other states. It was the longest state constitution of all the

forty-six. The delegates were painfully aware of the abuses and inequities that had grown up in other states. They were trying to prevent them in Oklahoma.

Written into the Constitution were exceptional restraints on public officers and private businesses. The Corporation Commission was given great power because the people feared corporations. Because of a distrust of government, the chief officers of the state couldn't succeed themselves. The initiative and referendum were established as controls over legislative action.

J. C. Major was particularly concerned with woman suffrage and worked hard for it. When the final vote was taken on that issue, the measure failed to pass by one vote.

The final draft of the Constitution included a detailed plan of the county boundaries and county seats. The committee working on that project was trying to reduce the size of the two largest counties, Greer and Woods, to correspond with the size of the other counties. They cut a portion of the south side of Woods County, making a separate county which they named Major County in honor of J. C. Major. Fairview became the county seat.

INTER-RELATIONSHIPS

September 17 was set for the election to vote on ratifying the Constitution and choosing officers for the new state-to-be. The Constitution was adopted by a vote of the people 13,361 to 112, 258. Haskell was elected first state governor, and J.C. Major was one of the members elected to the first legislature. On November 16, 1907, President Roosevelt issued the Proclamation admitting Oklahoma as the forty-sixth state in the union.

I was eight months old at the time, so it was several years before I could actively listen to Uncle John's tales of the beginning of Oklahoma. Family dinners were quite frequent in the J. C. Major home. There were usually about twenty persons in their house for those delicious dinners served at 4:00 on Sunday afternoons. I was the only little girl in the crowd. The boys played outdoors, but I didn't like their rodeo games such as Ride a Wild Steer, a real one. Besides, they didn't tolerate girls; therefore, I did what I preferred doing—I found the low stool just my size and set it in the corner of the large living room. Then I sat down to listen to the sometimes tumultuous conversation. I hoped that the grown-ups wouldn't notice me; they didn't.

I loved hearing Uncle John recount the history he had so much influenced. I didn't like the discussions of current politics which often caused the loud talking. I did learn, however, that people can disagree violently and still love one another. Although I didn't remember all that Uncle John said, the information caused me to study the history which he mentioned.

The First Legislature had almost as much responsibility as the Constitutional Convention. Its work was to implement all the provisions of the Constitution. Not all the provisions were funded for several years, notably free textbooks. State institutions, schools, and colleges were set up. The state banking system, National Guard, Department of Health, and so many other necessary systems were established.

J. C. Major was still interested in woman suffrage. He managed to push through a bill that made women eligible to vote on all school questions. Women could also serve on any school board or hold any office on a school board. Often I heard him ask, "Who but the mothers could have a greater interest in the schools their children attend?" From the very beginning of Oklahoma, there were

INTER-RELATIONSHIPS

many women school board members and County Superintendents.

One of Uncle John's prime interests was the schools. Early in Oklahoma Territory, he helped build a cedar-log schoolhouse at Granton Post Office near his claim. Through all his life, he held his concern for schools. When in 1920 there was talk of consolidation to obtain a high school in his community, he worked tirelessly for it. He and my mother, his niece, became a team. Uncle John was always proud of her. He liked to cite her as an example of the many women who improved the work of the local schools by serving on the school boards.

Three schools in the community were joined by a vote of the people. That became Cheyenne Valley Consolidated School of Major County. J. C. Major was a member of that first school board and served for many years afterward. His youngest son, Morris, was graduated from that school.

J. C. was State School Land Examiner and Appraiser during the administration of Governor Robert L. Williams. But Uncle John wasn't finished with lawmaking at the state level. He was elected to the Thirteenth Legislature. Again, he was

elected to the legislature in November of 1936 and attended the first session. That was one time he couldn't perform the duties for which he was elected. He became ill because of stomach cancer; and after suffering much pain, he died on January 30, 1937.

Former Governor Robert L. Williams wrote the necrology which appeared in *THE CHRONICLES OF OKLAHOMA*. He said, in part, "John Charles Major was a democrat and a member of the Methodist Church. His entire life was characterized by acts of good citizenship. He served in various capacities of public service—a record of long and faithful service for the people with Christian fortitude. He is entitled to rest in peace not only here but also in the sphere beyond."

MARGARET FRIEDRICH has been writing occasionally for *WESTVIEW* since its premiere issue in October, 1981. She has lived all of Oklahoma history. Born in Washita County eight months before statehood, she grew up in Major County. Her contribution, "Uncle John," in this issue is her ninth appearance in *WESTVIEW*.

INTER-RELATIONSHIPS

PILGRIMAGE

by Margie Cooke Porteus

After forty years I hadn't remembered

The wind,

The red earth,

The lush green along the creeks,

The movement and color of ripe wheat,

The straight, thin line of the horizon,

The wind breaks—trees leaning from prevailing winds.

Driving around the towns I was

Saddened by once beautiful homes, degraded,

Impressed by remodeled older homes, made beautiful,

Surprised by the number of new homes,

Excited by new buildings on campus at Southwestern.

It was rewarding to renew acquaintances

With cousins,

With friends,

With the congregation in the church

I had attended.

Browsing at a cemetery brought

Nostalgic family memories,

Vague pictures of long forgotten people and incidents,

Brought a renewed realization of my roots,

My mortality.■

MARGIE COOKE PORTEUS of Paonia, Colorado, says that there's nothing new for a blurb.

THREE **A'S** FOR THELMA

by *Dr. Leroy Thomas*

(a eulogy for Ms. Thelma Brandly delivered in the Oakwood Auditorium-2:00 p.m.-October 19, 1991)



As I began to think about the assignment that Thelma gave me for today (being a typical English teacher, she delighted in assigning and doing written work), there were three quotations from great literature that kept coming to mind-quotations that were very fitting for her. The first one is from the Bible-PROVERBS 17:17-"A friend loveth at all times." That's surely an expression of Thelma's relationship with her friends. The second is from Chaucer's CANTERBURY TALES in which the Clerk of Oxford is described thusly: "Gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly wolde he teche (Gladly would he learn,

and gladly would he teach)." Change the **he's** to **she's** and we have an excellent assessment of Thelma Brandly. Knowing Thelma, I'm sure that she was still learning up to the end; and if she had a classroom of some sort to use, she was also still teaching because teaching was her life. I decided to make this short talk (she was careful to use the word **short!**) a tribute to a friend and a teacher, so I have brought three **A's** for Thelma. She enjoyed both the giving and the making of **A's**.

The first **A** I thought of was **ADAPTABLE**. During my thirty-year association with Thelma, I found that she was a very adaptable person. I first knew her well in 1962 when she was in her first year of teaching in our Language Arts Department at Southwestern State in Weatherford. That was the school year that our department was about to take up new lodging in the renovated Old Science Building. The building wasn't ready in September, so our new teacher was given a desk in the department's outer office in the Education Building. She was

INTER-RELATIONSHIPS

to remain at that desk without an office of her own most of the school year. Some people might have whined and complained, but Thelma Brandly adapted well to a bad situation. She was glad to be with us, and we were glad she was with us.

Thelma's second **A** is **ABSORBED**, which means to me that she was honest and straightforward. She was never one to mince words, and without intentionally hurting anyone's feelings the object of her honesty might be a student or a fellow-worker. Foremost, she wasn't a back-biter. A person never had to fear what Thelma thought; she kept no secrets about her feelings in her inter-personal relationships.

The final **A** that comes to mind is **ACCOUNTABLE**. It's a word that applied to Thelma's association with her family as well as her friends. She was very close to her family; in fact, she was as proud of her siblings' children as she might have been if she had been blessed with any children of her own. I never understood her feelings until today. Now that I have met her family, I know that she had good reasons for considering her people as special. They are special. She lavished the same kind of attention upon her friends. Although our professional

association ended almost twenty years ago when she retired from teaching, we continued our friendship. My wife and I never celebrated our birthdays or our wedding anniversary without getting cards and letters from our Oakwood friend.

Some people pass from this life without our feeling a void. Such could never be the case with Thelma Brandly, family member and friend. The third quotation mentioned earlier that I thought about is from a poem by Tennyson, Thelma's favorite poet of English literature:

**"Sunset and evening
star,/And one clear call
for me!/And may there
be no moaning of the
bar / When I put out to
sea."**

May we remember Thelma happily with no moaning. But I will miss those cards and letters as well the possibility of an occasional visit. ■

Family

by Sheila Cohlmlia

Small irritations grew to hairy monsters
Crushing and tearing—red eyes aglow.
In-laws became outlaws as we divided.
Where did the family in my family go?



Differences of opinion became demons
Growling and snarling—ripping us apart.
We evolved as a group of despised strangers
Bewildered by this season of a hardened heart.

Intolerance and suspicion united as an ogre
Devouring and drooling—a mighty foe.
The old home place groans with loneliness.
Where did the family in my family go? ■



illustration by Jeromie Tate

SHEILA COHLMIA of Weatherford is a SOSU graduate and is employed at the family business. Several of her works have previously appeared in WESTVIEW.

SOME KIND OF KIN

by Orv Owens

Some relatives don't know the meaning of respect. If they did, they'd appreciate the fact that I'm human, gonna live X number of years, and finally die off—leaving a few shirttail relatives behind who never claimed they knew me, never wanted to, and tried to make out like I didn't matter a mote when it comes to kin.

I had my start a long, long time ago—back when women kept house, husbands lasted more than six months, and took care of wives—some reasonable facsimile of that particular code of human conduct.

And that brings up my background. I'm not being facetious when I say that Granny didn't want Mama to marry that low-life from across the tracks, which made the

situation positive rather than negative. Mama didn't say no to Papa.

If Granny had bragged about how good a man Papa was, Mama wouldn't have married him in the first place, and I wouldn't have ever been born. That alone would have been pleasing to some of my relatives.

The trouble with relatives who thought that they were better than I was and called me black sheep when I was all white all the way to the bone is that they were color blind.

I'm not so bad. In fact, I've done right well, all things considered in my immediate family. Some of my uncles were carpenters, some roofers, some office workers, and some too lazy to work. They called me blacksheep, but they took advan-

tage of taxpayers and took life easy on welfare. They were executive types without an office to fit them. But everybody has known somebody whose life looks like a perpetual vacation at taxpayer expense.

They take it for granted that life owes them a living. I'm glad that Papa told me that if I got myself into a jam, I could get myself out as well. He said that a little elbow grease added to bootstraps makes the world a better place for others.

I mentioned in the beginning that Papa, because of his economic background, wasn't likely to be accepted by Mama's mother. I think, however, that Gramps finally did accept him—but not Granny. She couldn't understand why her daughter married that thing in the first place. That was my granny! She was always nitpicking instead of having faith in a person.

Despite her characteristics that bothered me, I loved her. Neverthe-

less, I got no respect from her, but she didn't get mine either. I suppose as far as relatives went, we deserved each other.

Underneath her witchy behavior, she seemed to care (at least I thought so), but she didn't know how to share her caring with others. Actually I think that such an inability is the greatest fault a person can have. My engine runs better on love than it ever did on hate, and love's octane is my cup of tea.■

ORV OWENS writes a column for the WATONGA REPUBLICAN and submits to WESTVIEW. He started in newspaper business at the DEWEY COUNTY NEWS in Seiling in 1949, taking three years off for duty with the 45th Division during the Korean Conflict. He had previously served with the U.S. Navy during World War I.

A DOLL FOR LUCY(1905)

by Elva Howards Deeds



When my mother died in 1904, Dad was left with seven children—three sons and four daughters. Two brothers were older than I, the eldest of the girls. Grandmother was caring for Lucy, the baby, only a few months old when Mother died.

Lucy was a sweet, good-natured baby, adored by all of us. The coming Christmas would be her first, so we girls plotted together for a special gift for our baby sister. We had no money; therefore, we decided to make a doll for her. I would do the stitching, while my sisters did other things to help—sorting thread, threading needles, and pinning. Mother had always saved scraps from sewing for the making of quilts. She had also salvaged worn clothing, cutting away the faded, worn parts and saving the better ones.

We sorted through the scraps and chose the prettiest ones for Lucy's doll. The hardest part for us amateurs was the making of the body. We found a piece of scrim (muslin) in a soft-white, but it was flimsy. We ripped apart an old doll and used the pieces for a pattern. After stitching the body, we stuffed it with old socks and soft rags. Then we were ready for the face and hair; we decided against button eyes and yarn hair because Lucy stuffed everything into her tiny mouth to bite on. I used a soft-leaded cedar pencil and made eyes with lashes, a round nose, and a wide, smiling mouth. Then I dampened the pencil to darken the lead and made curls all over the dolly's head. We dressed her in a bright dress.

AND THERE WAS LUCY'S DOLL!■

THE MAN WHEN HE HAS GROWN OLD: A LOVE POEM FOR MY HUSBAND

by M. Luhra Tivis

*The man with leaves in his hair
walks by;
his shirt is gray; there's
a marigold stuck in his button-
hole.
Paisley patches on his elbows
clash with
Irish tweed. There are no birds—
the wood
is quiet, but for the footsteps of
the man with leaves in his hair.
He pauses to light his weed,
breathes in
a deep breath, and holds. He
loves
the autumn and the growing
herbs.
The light in his eyes is gold; he
dreams
in the filtered light of the wood;
he
dreams of the light in her eyes.
Smoke
wreathes his face; he knocks the
ash to the moss—
the smoke breathes slowly out
and dissipates. ■*



illustration by Mongo Allen

A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

by Georgia C. Lowenberg

Sometimes truth is stranger than fiction. Sometimes the world is small. And sometimes we're left wondering not "what if" but "what if not?"

It was the middle of February, my second week on the bridge. A few winters I was lucky and worked in the shop. I drew unemployment compensation in the others. This was the first time that I had elected to move south with the change of seasons. I remember so well having watched the migrating birds in the autumn, the great squawking wedges—wings beating ceaselessly, furiously—that littered the jagged, storm-ridden skies; waves of them, breaking on one horizon, penetrating into the opposite; seas of them, wind currents interacting with formation shifts in an angular frenzy unmatched by the steel of any Calder mobile—the realization, almost overwhelming, that I would be taking a similar course—like them, a pawn of the elements.

It was the middle of February, warm even for Oklahoma. The Western Oklahoma wind blew boisterously, incessantly—as I remembered it from boyhood days. I was running MIG, my

gas-flow meter jacked high because of that wind, my head close to the weld bead, when the dizziness hit me. Like any experienced welder, I recognized the symptom. I was getting the carbon dioxide meant to shield the molten joint metal. I came up fast, standing and removing my helmet in one near panic action that yielded to calm with my first unobstructed breath of fresh air. Then, the honking. One lone, uninterrupted, ear-splitting blare that seemed to sound forever. Oklahoma license plates. The vehicle slowed, pulled over, began to stop. Shaking his head, the flagman impatiently motioned it on. I wasn't so much aware of all the people riding by me as the solitary face framed in the rear-window of that one car for as far as my eyes could see. A very old face—my grandmother's.

She was wearing a small, dark hat—monochromatic, severe—clutching it to her head with the exuberant determination of a newly crowned beauty queen clasping her tiara. "Ach, Chonny, wie der Wind weht!": her voice in memory so clear, so resonant that for a moment I heard it above the horn of the automobile. It had been so many

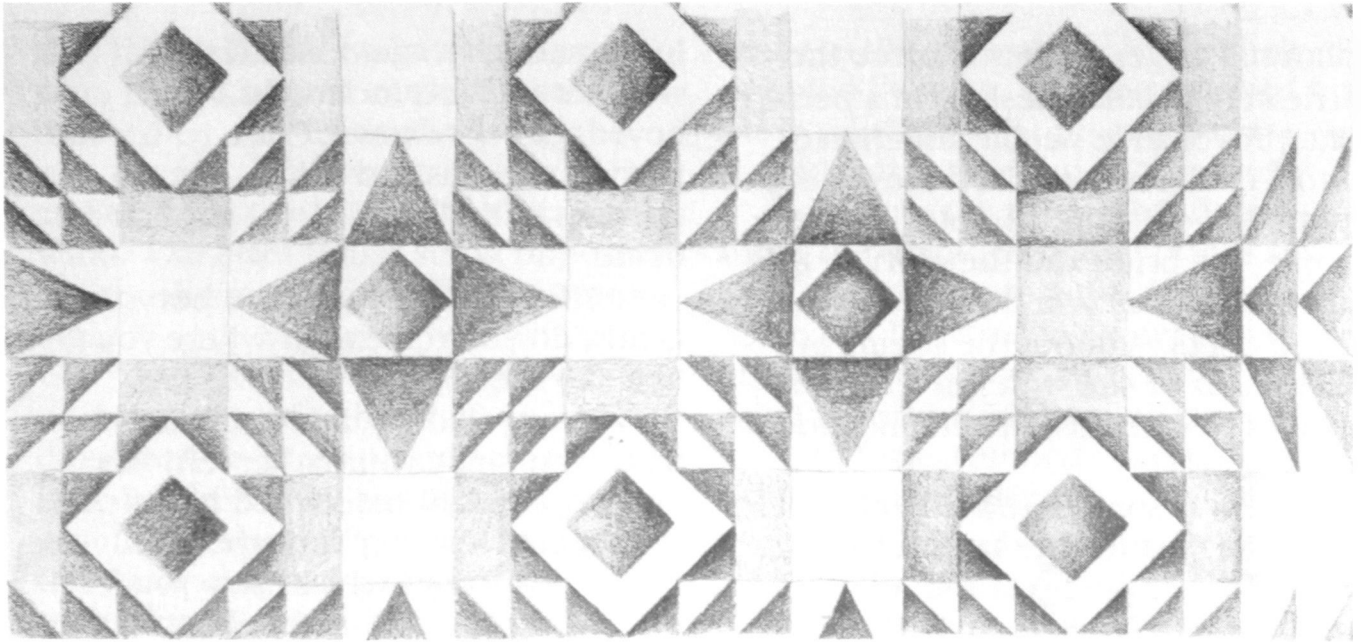


illustration by Kirk Wheeler

years since I had seen her, even heard her name. She was still alive!

I thought about her off and on all day. After supper, I hurried to the motel office to use the pay-phone. My voice unexpectedly trembled when I asked Directory Assistance for the listing. It was another hour before I drummed up the courage to go back and dial her number. She picked up the receiver on the first ring, her voice breathless, full of expectation. She must have been sitting right next to the telephone, probably waiting for my call since long before quitting time. I was glad I hadn't disappointed her because she didn't say "hello." She answered "Chonny!" Before I could acknowledge my presence at the other end of the line, she had repeated herself. "Ach, Chonny!"

I had purposely neglected to set

the alarm clock for Saturday morning. I nonetheless awoke long before it would have rung. I liked to sleep late weekends (7:00 a.m. was late for me), hereafter had remained indomitable. Her regular attendance at weekly Circle quiltings had done their part to handsomely swell the mission coffers dependent on quilt-sale proceeds. "We take a sack lunch, Chonny—chust like in the Old Days. We work all day. I do so love to quilt!"

As if I had needed to be told! The sturdy, old hardwood quilting frame that my grandfather Amos had made for her still stood where it had when I was a boy. As usual in the winter months, there was a quilt on it. There, in stark contrast to the conservative—indeed, somber—interior furnishings, the patterns and colors ran rampant. Sitting beside her, watching her

INTER-RELATIONSHIPS

calloused fingers expertly piece the intricately detailed designs in a persistent, provocative needle-and-thread tattoo, I suddenly realized the absurd contradictions: the complexity of the simple, the pride and the glory in the humble, the fancy in the life of plain. Those quilts, without the stigma of worldiness or sin, were the embodiment of her visions, the culmination of her dreams.

It was sometime in March when Grandma finished her latest creation. Devoid of the plump fabric rolls that it had once held captive in its time-tarnished clamps, the stretched splendor of its brilliantly hued, many-faceted 'show" side, the quilt frame stuck out like a sore thumb. I offered to disassemble it for attic storage (a task mastered before I had even started school), but my grandmother protested. "Nein, Chonny. It is getting so much harder for me to bend and stoop that I don't think I'll put in a garden this year. If I can figure out a way to keep the dust from blowing in and making my quilt as red as our dear Oklahoma earth, that will be my summer's project." It was an idea I wholeheartedly endorsed. But before the day was over, she had changed her mind.

If quilting was Grandma's first love, riding through the countryside would have certainly proved a formidable competitor for second place. Like so many older women of her persuasion, she had never learned to drive. She walked whenever she could, was

lucky enough to get a ride if the weather was too inclement. "But I never get out of town, Chonny! It's the farms and barns and fields—the changes in the land—that I enjoy most of all."

"Grandma," I reminded her gently, "do you remember where you first saw me?"

"Ach, Chonny, it was my first time away since your father left! My next-door neighbors invited me to ride to El Reno. But they thought sure I was seeing things when I saw you!"

The more I thought about it, the more incredible it seemed to me. Her first outing in twenty-odd years. The first time I had ever run MIG at bridge-site. The fact that we had both seen and recognized the other. I couldn't help but sense the hand of God in the whole unlikely chain of events.

"Chonny! *Gehen wir nach Hause!*" Her voice startled me so that I literally jumped in my seat. I knew by the enthusiasm in her voice that she wanted me to drive her not back to her home, but to the old house, the family home. Distance-wise it was so close; as measured by the passage of time, so very far removed from our lives now. Clenching my hands around the steering wheel, I watched my knuckles turn a ghostly white. Ghostly was a word I seldom used. It suddenly seemed inordinately appropriate.

We stood on the roadside shoulder, across from the property that had once been ours. The house my grandfa-

ther had built rose stalwart and proud from the Oklahoma earth, a sentinel to the fertile fields that sprawled to the sun, the crops that waved us welcome and restlessly rustled in the Oklahoma wind. Our own house stood opposite it—equally statuesque, almost as imposing.

“Ach, Chonny, we gave your parents the land to build on as a wedding present. How proud Amos would have been had he lived to see the ground-breaking. Your father wanted the excavating and grading done the old way, so he hired Old Abe Risser for the job. I’ll never forget the sight of your mother in her short skirts with you two little boys, watching the work. The heavy, powerful draft horses that trod full-circle, cutting east to west the entire length of the foundation because they couldn’t go up and down the same earth ramp nor turn inside the hole. It was a splendid team that did the work. Amos knew horses; Ezra learned from him. Even your mother—an outsider to our lifestyle—allowed that your father had picked a good team.”

Grandma leaned forward, shading her eyes with a wrinkled hand. She squinted against the sun’s rays. Wondering what she was watching so intently, I shifted my focus. Then I saw them, too: the horses trodding full-circle, entering the near ramp, cutting down; the raw physical beauty, the massive strength and grace of motion, the controlled surge of magnifi-

cence as the ground yielded to their combined efforts. Old Abe touched his hat in greeting as he urged his team around. My father had chosen well.

Back in the truck we talked about the home place, the places I had lived, my work across the rivers. “Chonny! I just made up my mind. Instead of gardening this summer, I’m going to make a trip around the world!” I was stunned. Surely she would forget the idea!

But the next Saturday she greeted me with the same joyful proclamation. “There is so much to do to get ready. Always before, I’ve worked with scraps from the women at Circle or cut the good from used garments. This time I want to sew with new pieces. To think of it. At my age!. My first trip around the world! Du sollst mir helfen!”

So that afternoon, like an obedient child, I drove her from store to store, shopping wherever fabrics and sewing supplies might be sold. Her face beamed with pleasure. Her unrestrained spirit was so contagious that I soon found myself selecting materials with the same eager abandon that she demonstrated. Only I added a new twist to the fun. Choosing colorful cotton bolts, I let my imagination run wild. “Blue is my favorite color, Grandma. Blue is for the oceans and the skies.”

“You need lots of greens. Green is for life—the forests, the prairies, the Sahara, the pyramids on the Nile. Some purple, too: the mountains’ majesty,

INTER-RELATIONSHIPS

the fruits of the vineyards in Germany and France and Spain. Pink is for the flamingoes on the Florida coast."

"Ach, Chonny!" Clapping her hands with childish glee, she chose bolt after bolt of fabric, piling the bolts chin-high in my arms until I staggered under the load.

"But sunshine and shadows, Chonny. We mustn't forget the shadows!"

I seized upon a rich ebony: "For the coalfields and the miners working the mines. Brown is the color of strength—tree trunks that reach to the sky, horses to till the Amish lands. Gray is for the Rock of Gibraltar, the storm clouds rending the autumn skies, the wings of the migrant birds fleeing the cold and snow and ice."

She bought a half-yard of this, three-quarters of that, a yard each of several others, two or three yards of some. I knew nothing about sewing except that there was absolutely no apparent rhyme or reason to her purchases. I supposed it didn't really make any difference. She was a very old woman, and she was very, very happy.

The next week I took her a suitcase—soft, medium-sized, a conservative blue—that I had spied sandwiched between other odds-and-ends at a garage sale just inside the City Limit sign. I had checked it for wear and stains; negative for both. The price had been right. "This is for your trip around the world, Grandma," I explained, opening it for inspection. "There's a lot of room inside."

"Ach, Chonny!" she said with delight "Wie klug! Solch eine nette Idee! Danke! Danke!" I was, of course, pleased that she liked my present, but bewildered, too. What was so clever about anticipating a need for luggage? Why had that purchase been "such a nice idea"? Then I realized the irony of it. She knew that I knew that she wasn't going anywhere at all. The trip around the world was only a fantasy game that we played together.

The next Saturday wasn't as happy—for her or for me. It proved difficult—emotionally draining, in fact—to break the news. "The signs of spring are everywhere, Grandma. The last of our men have crossed the Rio Grande and are on their way up. Cookie's riding the rails from a 'bo camp in California. This weldor—and the gang's complete. We'll go out as soon as I get back." I paused, giving her a chance to grasp the meaning of the words I could hardly voice. "They tell me the Sandhill Cranes are already on the Platte. Great noisy flocks of them are gathering corn from the stubble, reaping the harvest the machinery missed. I'll be watching them, Grandma, thinking of you. For when the migrant birds next fill the fall skies, I won't be far behind!" There was nothing to smile about—nothing to make merry over—the rest of that day. Not even her trip around the world.

I drove in for the last time on Easter Saturday. The house was festive

with bright bursts of yellow daffodils and preseed-glass heirloom bowls brimming with Easter hay and eggs tinged the soft, mottled natural shade of red onion skins, the type that had colored my boyhood with a charm no commercial tablet dye could ever expect to rival. The fragrance of anise bread blended with the musty grape smell of brilliantly hued lavender and purple iris. "Kulich and paska, Chonny! All your Easter favorites!"

After dinner, we went back to the home place. This time, we stayed in the car. Slowing down, I could again see the horses at work. One look at my grandmother's face and I knew that she was watching them, too. I was glad for that vision because Mennonite fields would be empty and quiet on Sunday. It was the Lord's Day, the farmer's day of rest.

Just before we left for Easter Sunday services, I surprised her with a carefully chosen neck scarf. A soft, powder-blue devoid of pattern, it would complement the somber navy-blue coat and hat that had become traditional with her. There were tears in her eyes when I draped it around her neck and folded it across her throat. "Ach, Chonny, wie schon! You spoil me so. What a special start to a special day!"

It was a special day. The sun shone bright from cloudless azure skies, promising to alleviate the morning cool. There were fruit trees in bloom. The verdant green of the land-

scape was interrupted only by nosegays of flowers and the occasional glint of a robin's breast or the flutter of a butterfly. The church radiated the same serenity, a splendor of rebirth unique unto the springtime. The organ chords swelled in a lofty crescendo. Jacob Lowenberg's fine tenor voice matched them note for note, sending tremors through the walls and tiny tingles up and down our spines. So beautiful, so perfect, was the blend of music and voice that we exited the vestibule after worship to find believers of all denominations huddled on the church steps. "We only stopped to hear the singing," one man offered in explanation.

"Happy Easter!" another voice rang out. The greeting was echoed by Mennonites and non-Mennonites alike. The atmosphere was festive and friendly.

We ate dinner at an Oklahoma City restaurant acclaimed for its lavish buffets and ice-sculptured masterpieces. "Ach, Chonny!" was all Grandma could say—over and over again—until several well-dressed couples edged close to us in the dessert line. "Well, I've made two trips around the world, you know!" The woman's voice was sophisticated, her manner aloof and pretentious. "Excuse me," my grandmother blurted out. "I heard you mention your trips around the world. I'm about to make my first!" There were indulgent smiles before the group distanced itself. Grandma was too intent studying the elaborately decorated eclairs and Napoleons to even

INTER-RELATIONSHIPS

heed their departure.

It was dusk before we started back. The weather had changed dramatically, a chilly wind reminding us that it was still only early spring. The truck windows shut tight, the heater on "low," I asked Grandma if she was comfortable. But she had fallen asleep, evidently exhausted from the weekend's activities. We were crossing a bridge on Interstate 40 when she stirred. The traffic was heavy, car and truck headlights penetrating the river mist in an eerie effulgence. Lightning flashed on the horizon line. There was a sultriness in the air that warned of impending storm. "Have we crossed yet, Amos?"

"Almost, Grandma," I whispered. "It's all right!"

"Is this the Chordan, Amos?"

"No!" I shouted, rattled by her use of my grandfather's name. Then, swallowing hard, I regained by self-control. "It's only the South Canadian, Grandma." She didn't hear me. She had dozed off again.

It was downright nasty by morning; the cold, damp air penetrating and cruel, the wind making it worse. Grandma insisted on going out to the truck with me despite all of my protests to the contrary. I could see that she was still very tired. Her now-swollen legs bulged beneath the old-fashioned cotton stockings. Although she had relented and donned her coat and hat—even the new silk scarf—I was sorely concerned about her. "Schreib'

mir, bitte!" she implored above the wind.

"But you'll be making a trip around the world, Grandma!" I teased. "Will you get my letters?" Her ensuant laughter was so hearty, so spontaneous, that I was left with the vaguely uncomfortable feeling that perhaps, after all, the joke was on me. I'll never forget her reflection in my side-mirror as I pulled into the street" the frail figure standing curbside, bent by the wind, the blob of navy accented by the slightest touch of powder blue, the bony fingers holding onto the prim little hat. "Ach, Chonny, wie Wind weht!" Her lips formed the words as she waved her last goodbye.

All that summer I wrote to her—sometimes in English, sometimes in childlike German. I was sure my German efforts would bring a smile to her face: "Liebe Grossmutter. Wie geht es Dir? Es geht mir ganz gut..." On the bridges I dropped my face plate and labored in my own world, watching the weld metal; ripples and ridges coalesced into furrows or feathered-border quilting motifs. Sometimes I saw strands of my mother's braided hair. The weld beads crossed and re-crossed the rain-swollen Nebraska rivers until the migrant birds embarked on their journey south. As promised, I followed them back.

I purposely avoided alerting her to my coming. I didn't want to excite her until I was actually there. When I saw the collection of dirt on the side-

walk, I knew. I knocked on the neighbor's door instead. Frieda opened it almost immediately. "Come in, Johnny. You never used a return address, so there was no way we would let you know. Even Ezra didn't know how to find you. Come in and sit down."

I remember only bits and pieces of what she told me. Grandma died a month ago. The preacher referred to her as "a saint on earth." Jacob Lowenberg sang. The church was packed. Frieda held a suitcase out to me. I did, indeed, recognize it. "I bought that for her trip around the world," I muttered, shaking my head in a combination of grief and disbelief. "She never got to use it."

Frieda's eyes sparkled. "Oh, but she did, Johnny! First she stored her fabrics in it, then the quilt blocks. After the quilt was finished, it went inside. The suitcase kept the red dust out." She opened the luggage, lifted something out, spread it on the floor. There the great concentric squares formed a vibrant color parade sufficient to pale any rainbow. It was truly a work of art, meticulously planned and executed. My eyes feasted on the dazzling array of colors.

"Your grandmother said it was a 'choke'—she couldn't pronounce her English J sound—between the two of you. Oh, my, how she laughed when she talked about the colors! 'Blue is for the oceans and skies, green for life...' It's a very old pattern, Johnny, but one

that your grandmother had never made before. The Amish know it as 'Sunshine and Shadows,' but the Mennonites call it 'Trip Around the World.'" I almost passed out on top of it.

I sometimes see her on the bridges: hers is the face in the empty rear-window of the car that passes me by. Sometimes I see her in town: the phantom silhouette in my side-mirror. At night I read the Bible before I go to sleep. You see, I'm working on another bridge now—the same one my grandmother built before me. It's a long, high one. It has to be. It runs all the way to Heaven. ■

GEORGIA C. LOWENBERG of Lincoln, Nebraska, makes her second appearance as a short-story writer in this issue.

INTERMENT

by *Leroy Thomas*

Marilley Alice Rhiem:

This is a hurt I can't endure.
Wasn't it enough
that I watched inside the church building
as they closed your coffin for the last time?
And now they tell me to leave—
that the time for interment has come.
I don't know how to handle this—
as today's kids say.
I was only twenty when you so
confidently stole into my life sixty years ago.
I was yours from the first—
All you would've had to do was claim me.
Our life together was a series
of births and deaths
that hurt so much.
Only four of our twelve children lived.
Those four surround me now,
They'll make it all worthwhile
as I pick up the broken pieces
and face life again. ■

SPECIAL REWARDS

by Ken Shroyer

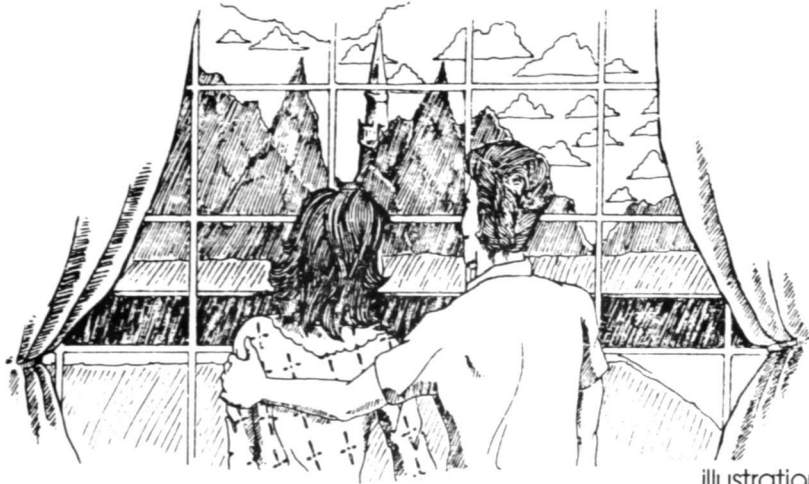


illustration by Brad Snow

Life out West is filled with many remarkable and incredible kinfolks who love and greet others with a smile and open arms. There are special joys—hearing a nephew whistle as he does his farm chores, reading a good book, hearing the chords on the old guitar with aunts, uncles, grandparents, and others gathered around in the Family Room, hugging a young son at bedtime as we tuck him in, kissing a special daughter good morning at breakfast as Mom cooks bacon and scrambles a dozen or so eggs, enjoying the aroma of hot biscuits.

The nice things that God has given our families to enjoy are wonderful on this wide sweep of Western prairie. We look forward to tomorrow when Grandpa and Grandma will come out to tell us more stories and events that took place before they moved to the city.

But some of our joys are blighted by sad things in our universe—getting a letter from cousin Jerry about how tough life is

back East, dropping a line to Aunt Ruby to cheer her up when we know she has been under the weather lately, sending a special note to grandson Tony to encourage him to stay in school and take only a part-time job, encouraging granddaughter Lisa to keep up her church work and attendance and hang in there because things are sure to improve soon.

For sure, our life has its own special rewards as the family gathers at our house on holidays. We have been glancing out the window to see which relative is coming next and note the church steeple reaching for the sky. It seems as if God is telling us, "These are the things money can't buy...these are really special rewards of living here and staying close to our eternal Savior."

Ken Shroyer of Weatherford is an active member of Lions International and the PraiSeniors of the First Baptist Church.

OUR HOUSE DOWN THE ROAD

by *Carl Stanislaus*

After school and down the road
is the place I love the best,
through the woods and across the
creek
is our house—and all the rest:

The furry little animals
and timid birds that sing;
the bright red and yellow flowers
that cheered almost everything.

Our family was Mom and brother
Bob
and my baby sister Sue,
my dog Ned and Kitty Cat,
and Dad's old hound dog Blue.

There was turkey at Thanksgiving;
there was ham at Christmas dinner
when all the family gathered
and forgot about looking thinner.

Babies crawled on the floor;
there was much picture taking;
Granny and Granddad told their
tales—
oh the memories they were making.

Back through the years I often think
of the house I still call home.
Dear God, those were the happiest
days
this farm boy has ever known. ■



illustration by *Brad Snow*

UNARMED

by Leroy Thomas

Cocky and exuberant,
Loquacious and self-assured,
Ready for any obstacle.
Paper vise grip
Clenches bear holds on sheep
In classroom pastures, making
Blue crinkling on white with
Flourishes and curlicues—
Breaking excitement,
Creating confusion, discontent,
And dismay. ■

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF THOMAS

Customer
Satisfaction
SINCE 1904

- Two Teller Lanes
- Excellent, Friendly Staff
- Night Depository
- Member FDIC
- Computerized, In-house Processing for faster, more efficient service

Phone 661-3515

301 W. Broadway

Thomas, Oklahoma

HE WAS SINGIN' THIS SONG

by Carl Stanislaus

I've seen bad herds, been bucked off bad bulls—
been around doin' most everything,
but the only thing I can't stomach
is a worn-out cowhand tryin' to sing.

Some pick old boxes they call get-tars;
“Whoopee-ti-yi-yo” an' make a fuss;
even them cowboy poets and troubadours
don't sing no better'n the rest of us!

What they call singin' is about their
horse, some old plug or paint or bay;
how a cowpoke leads a dumb, dreary life
roundin' up strays all day.

Shoot—they can't sing worth a flip!
I mean wranglers—not them fancy Dans,
but what can you expect from kids
tryin' their best to make some hands.

Not even a few think they're goin' to heaven,
but they hafta sing about the by and by
an' boy, that old “Red River Valley”
is enough to make a grown man cry.

They strum about "Little Joe," empty bunks,
empty saddles, an' the girl they left behind.
The Chisholm, Stenson, an' Goodman-Loving:
trail herdin'—work of the worstest kind!

They warble where they want'a be buried;
what they're gonna do come fall;
about Jesse James, Sam Bass, the Youngers
an' old Red Eye, the best drink of all!

You know they gotta sing about Oklahoma
an' the gunfights they never saw;
about the famous old Colt Walkers
an' their own near run-ins with the law.

The Cheyenne and Kiowa are
long since on the reservation,
but they still sing about Red Skin
an' all the confound aggravation.

Well, punchin' never was no fun—
chasin' dogies an' slappin' rawhide,
but somewhere there's always a greenhorn
screechin' about a bronco he couldn't ride!

The saloons, n' sportin' gals, n' card games—
the fightin', 'n drinkin, 'n nearly dyin',
the lyin'
, 'n cheatin' an' dead man's hands;
not to mention the widders' cryin'!

Well, I put up my fiddle an' what da ya know,
I quit cussin' an' drinkin' Old Crow
an' started bustin' my back on strawberry roans
on a circuit out West with the ro-day-o..■

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

by Rhonda Shephard

"JZBD 9178," Clara Burrows heard the strange call letters coming over the commercial radio in her kitchen. "Marva, do you copy?"

"JZBD 9178. Marva, do you hear me?" This second request was more demanding.

"That blasted breakthrough," Clara grumbled, rinsing the last dinner dish. Lord knew she told Truman a thousand times her opinion of those commercial radios. Did he listen to her? In a word, no. Of course he never listened to her. She had to stand aside while he spent hundreds of perfectly good dollars on the clatter-racket noisemakers. Now she had his expensive play toy that he had insisted on keeping her company all day. It cluttered up her sideboard and disturbed her peace with its awful crackle and squawking. He wanted to be in touch with her at all times. He could talk to her in the tractor, the pick-up, or the car. Fool man. Didn't he realize that was the very reason she didn't want them. If she wanted to talk to him, she wouldn't have needed her television. Now it looked like she might have to leave her own home to get away from that incessant source of frustration. Things had been fine for thirty years on their farm in Western Oklahoma. Why change them now. If she wanted the fast life, she could move to Oklahoma City.

"You never know what you might need or hear," Truman had waved aside her concerns and complaints.

"Yes, Roy," a woman responded.

"Must be that Marva woman." Clara muttered, arranging her dishcloth over the faucet to dry. She hated it when another operator broke through on their frequency. It was like eavesdropping. It was bad enough being on Altel's party lines with all her nosey neighbors able to hear her business, but she sure didn't want a complete stranger listening in. She crossed the room to turn the thing down. The last thing she wanted to hear was another poor woman being summoned like the hired help and her peace being disturbed. That Roy fellow probably wanted this Marva woman to fetch or tote something. Since Truman brought that thing home, she had become his personal errand runner and secretary. She made more trips to John Deere in the last few months than she had in the previous ten years.

"Marva, I'm gonna kill Uncle John." Roy's voice crackled, filling Clara Burrows' kitchen.

Clara stopped short; her fingers froze as she reached for the radio volume control. "Oh Roy, must we? Can't we find another way?" Marva responded immediately.

Clara stood transfixed at what she had overheard. "Now Marva, we've discussed this at length. We both decided to do away with the old boy. He's outlived his usefulness. He'll take a lot of care. I don't want to be bothered with him."

She felt her throat constrict. What were they saying? They were talking about killing a man—a poor man.

"I know, but he's almost family; surely we don't have to do away with him just yet." Marva sounded reluctant to Clara's shocked ears.

"But he's going downhill anyway. We'll just put him out of his misery. One quick shot, right behind the ear. He'll never know what hit him." Roy graphically explained.

"Merciful days," Clara groaned. "They're gonna kill that poor, sick man—just blow his head off."

"Roy, maybe we could just give him something in his food, and he'll die in his sleep." Marva's suggestion popped over the airways.

"Nope—too many chances it might not work. Just shoot him and it'll be done. A twenty-two bullet shouldn't make too much of a mess." Roy dismissed Marva's suggestion.

Clara clutched for the nearby telephone. She had to call for help. She had to save Uncle John. She had to let the authorities know about this murder afoot. That fiend was worried about how much of a mess shooting Uncle John would create. "Truman Burrows, this is all your fault. I never knew

about such viciousness before you got that electric devil," Clara whined.

"All right, all right—I agree—just wish we didn't have to do it. Uncle John has proven very useful to us. I guess once that you're old it just makes sense to do the merciful thing and get rid of him. Do you need any help?" Marva was now persuaded and had agreed to help in the murder of Uncle John.

Clara dialed the emergency 911 number. "Emergency, operator."

"Oh, God, please. They're gonna murder him!" Clara screamed into the receiver. "They're gonna shoot him in the head!" Clara's ears were ringing because of her rising blood pressure.

"Ma'am, please settle down," came the calming words of the 911 dispatcher. "Now tell me what's wrong." What's your name, please?"

Clara's heavy breathing made her feel lightheaded. "They're gonna kill some poor old man named Uncle John. My-My name is Clara Burrows. You've got to do something; you've got to stop 'em!"

"Who's planning this killing?"

"I-I don't know; they're on the radio. They've been talkin' about it, plannin' it. All the details."

"Mrs. Burrows, are you listening to a soap opera on the radio? Might I remind you this telephone number is for emergency use. I could give you the number for New Horizons; it's a mental health facility in our area. I understand how easy it is to become involved in soap operas. I can hardly wait to get home

INTER-RELATIONSHIPS

to DAYS myself."

Clara panted, "Of course not! There are two people on my commercial radio frequency, and they are talking about killing Uncle John."

"Mrs. Burrows, eavesdropping on a private radio frequency may be a federal offense. Might I advise you to check your monitor switch? It should be in the out position."

"Oh, you moron! Some scoundrel named Roy, and his hussy Marva are planning the murder of that old man. I think Roy's forced Marva to do it. They called him Uncle John. I don't know whose uncle he is. They don't know I'm listening. They don't know that I'm hearing them."

"Mrs. Burrows, have you taken any drugs lately? Sometimes certain prescription medications will cause hallucinations. Could this be your imagination? Since they don't know you're there, perhaps Roy and Marva aren't there!" the emergency dispatcher responded patiently.

"Nooooooooo!" Clara felt as if she would faint. "I'm not crazy—I'm not doing dope. How dare you suggest such a thing. My lips have never touched liquor. I'm trying to save poor Uncle John."

"Marva, are you still there?" Roy's voice came over the radio again.

Clara's bulging eyes swiveled to the radio. "Now listen to this; they're planning to kill him." Her screaming into the radio left a ringing vibration in her kitchen.

"If it will make you feel better. Please don't shout. I can hear clearly."

"I'm here, Roy," Marva finally answered.

"Just listen." Clara held the telephone receiver out so the disbelieving dispatcher could hear for himself. She decided when Uncle John was safe and she was famous for saving him, that 911 operator would be separating potatoes in some back room. Better yet she'd have Truman hire him next summer to chop cotton. Why, that would be the only decent job he could find.

"Marva, I'm ready," Roy informed her.

"Roy, I know it's tough, but it's got to be done."

"Yeah, but I sure hate to, you know. He's pretty ancient, but the Doc said he's diseased and it's a matter of days. You know, he was the best bull ever in our herd" ■

RHONDA SHEPHARD of Butler, Oklahoma, is a 1977 graduate of the SOSU School of Pharmacy. Ms. Shephard has published some nonfiction articles, but she makes her debut in *WESTVIEW* as a fiction writer.

Ode to Menno

by Francie Merchant

One acre, one chicken, one cow, and one wife—
What a way to start married life.

"But this is enough...This is all I can do
Until I get my sons tall, handsome, and true."

In '34 Katie said, "Your crew is on its way."
Son Number One was named Julie Rae.

'Oh well," said Menno; "we'll get her a brother."
But when Francie arrived, she looked like the other.

"Now, Katie," said Menno, "this just will not do."
"Where are all those sons tall... handsome... and true?"

"To care for my acre, my chicken, my cow?
"I need some help, and I need it **now**."

"Have patience," said Katie; it'll be very soon."
Son Number Three was named Sandra June.

September of '47 and Gloria came to be.—
A cute little girl, but she was not a he.

"Okay," said Menno; "they'll wear pink and not blue."
But Katie, my dear, I tell you I'm through."

Four fine fat fair daughters—what more can one ask!
As for the work on the farm, 'twas clearly Menno's task.

Fifty acres, no chicken, no cow, and one wife.
What a way to begin his retired life.

There was only way that it could have been beat—
If Jimmy Carter would have given him \$5 for wheat.

After his 70th birthday, so I have been told,
He plans to sit around just counting his gold. ■

FRANCIE MERCHANT, second daughter born to Menno and Katie Bergman, is a lifelong resident of Weatherford.

A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS

by Inez Schneider Whitney

One of Mama's treasures that has passed on to me is an autograph album that she compiled when she was young. The pages, yellow with age, are filled with verses written by schoolmates, friends, and family. The earliest date is March 8, 1888, when Mama was nine years old. I have chosen some of the ones that I liked best in various categories.

Here, for instance, are three good ones on friendship:

May happiness be ever thine
May peace thy steps attend
Accept this tribute of respect
From one who is a friend.

When far away and friends are few
Remember me and I will you.

These few lines to you are tendered
By a friend sincere and true
Hoping but to be remembered
When I'm far away from you.

Next are some humorous ones:

the Women's Christian Temperance Union was conducting a nationwide crusade against drinking:

Remember me when you look here.
Remember me when you drink beer.

And of course there were bound to be some verses about love:

Some love one and some love two.
I love but one and that is you!

I dare not tell you how my heart
At every thought of you will start.

This last love verse is like a puzzle. Read down the first column, up the second, down the third, etc.

I	thee	read	see	that	me
love	is	up	shall	I	love
but	that	and	you	love	you
one	and	down	and	you	if

I was also pleased to find a number of religious selections:

Our life is like a river
Which sorrowful or free
Will end at last in
The ocean of Eternity.

A place for my name in your album
A place for my love in your heart
A place for us both in Heaven
Where true friends never part.

Remember me when this you see
When I am far away
That you and I may meet again
On that great Judgment Day.

Our lives are written through
With good or ill, with false or true.
And as the blessed angels turn
The pages of our years
God grant they read the good with smiles
And blot the bad with tears.

I especially liked an entry by Mama's uncle:

Do your duty and leave the rest to God.

I'll close these examples with an autograph in the form of a letter written by one of Mama's teachers:

District No. 3
St. Joseph's Township
Williams Co., Ohio

PARENTS

To my pupil, Estella Provines

When months have gone and years have flown
And you and I are aged and grown
Remember oft in thoughts most dear
The teacher of your younger years.

C. E. Bercaw

teacher, farmer

Mama said that most of the teachers in her one-room-school days were also farmers. The farmer-teacher drove a buggy from home and had only a short teaching day. Mama said that her schoolmates grew up to be law-abiding citizens as far as she knew. Although she came to Oklahoma when she was 23, she made several trips back to reunions where she saw many of her former classmates.

After reading through the autograph album, I decided that in those days young people had happy, well-adjusted lives. They seemed to be free of many of the temptations faced by young people today. ■

ED BERRONG

INSURANCE AGENCY

"THE AGENCY SERVICE BUILT"

Insurance
Real Estate
Bonds

520 East Main Street
Weatherford, OK 73096
405/ 772-3329

MOTHERS

by CARL STANISLAUS

A WOMAN FOR ALL SEASONS AND SEASONING.
SOME SALTY, SOME PEPPERY, SOME EVEN FEISTY.
SUGAR AND SPICE, SOME NOT SO NICE.
DEPENDABLE—ALWAYS THERE IN STORMY WEATHER.

GENERATION JUMPERS, ALWAYS INTO OUR BUSINESS.
IF FATHER KNOWS BEST, MOTHERS KNOW BETTER:
SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHILD—
"ALL IT NEEDS IS A GOOD SPANKING!"

THE OGRE OF SOME SON-IN-LAWS,
THE SPECTER OF SOME INDEPENDENT DAUGHTERS.
BUT WHAT WOULD WE DO WITHOUT MOTHERS?
WE WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN BORN ALAS!

THE ADVICE WE COULD DO WITHOUT, BUT WE LISTEN.
THEIR SHOULDER WE ALWAYS NEED TO CRY ON;
THANK GOD FOR MOTHERS! WE NEED THEM NOW;
WHEN THEY'RE GONE, WE NEED THEM EVEN MORE. ■

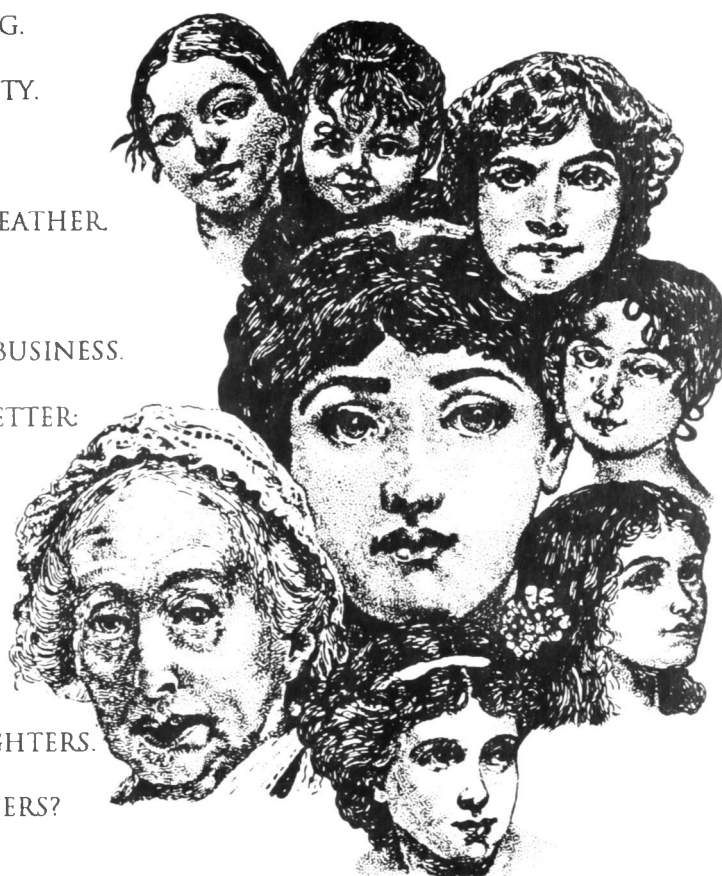


illustration by Dawn Hebert

THE PLACE TO STOP

by Elva Howard Deeds

Shortly after this century was barely begun,
Our mommy and daddy were united as one.
Then every two years as sure as the clock,
They added another to their growing flock.

Neighbors teased that the stork was worn down to his knees,
But Dad let them joke as much as they pleased—
Til Christmas came 'round with thoughts of more food,
New comforts, and presents for his growing brood.

Then Mommy said strongly to him, "Eight is enough!
The dishes and washing have worn my hands rough."
And to that dire warning, our daddy paid heed;
That year was the last of our outstanding breed:

Nellie and Hobart, Elva and Ed,
Mamie and Bert, Helen and Louis.

As Christmas drew near, Mom stitched day and night,
New dresses for the girls, little shirts made just right
For the boys; store-bought ones were priced far too high!
Our soft ~~double~~ ~~page~~ ~~looked~~ ~~the~~ pay with a sigh for

Nellie and Hobart, Elva and Ed,
Mamie and Bert, Helen and Louis.

Christmas morning! A tree stood waiting: A big surprise
Happily greeted with eight pairs of bright eyes.
Long stockings were filled with fruit and small toys
Bought at the dime store for us girls and boys:

Nellie and Hobart, Elva and Ed,
Mamie and Bert, Helen and Louis. ■

Photo from the Genealogy of Elva H. Deeds

THE MARBLE SHARK

by Dale W. Hill

"What's the matter, Son?" my dad asked me one evening after school. We lived at Marland where Dad was the principal. The school at the time was a big, two-storied construction with parallel sidewalks that ran north and south out front. "Aw, nothin', Dad. It wouldn't be any use to talk about it. I'm just not good at much of anything." Oh, I was a good student, but for adolescents and pre-teens, schooling doesn't seem to fill up the emotional well as those important, unimportant things do.

"Well, it won't hurt to talk about it," my dad urged. Dad wasn't one to play with his kids. There were four of us, three boys and one girl, and we were all subject, at times, to the painful experience of having a principal for a parent, and worse than that, living right across from the school.

"Well," I managed, "I just can't play marbles. Mike LeClair stayed after school again; him and Ray took all of my marbles. I didn't stand a chance." Mike was three years older than I was, and, as a Ponca Indian, would wait around after school to take all of my marbles and any other suckered victim. Pockets bulging, Mike would run the eight miles to his house this side of the Salt Fork River across from White Eagle.

Ray was the athlete in the family. It seems he was good at everything: baseball, basketball, track, and even marbles. A year

older, Ray was the oldest in the family but struggled in school badly. What Mike didn't win, Ray would.

"Get some marbles," Dad ordered. "Let's go outside and let me see what you're doing."

I was stunned. Surely Dad knew nothing about marbles. He was raised around Granite in Southwest Oklahoma and attended school at Ozark. The school has been replaced by a salvage yard now; but Dad never talked much about his Alma Mater, though he had said that he lived the last school year, after his parents moved to Caddo County, with the high-school coach so his team would have the advantage of Dad's "running two-handed corner shot."

I rounded up some marbles and soon we were out by the side of that teacherage drawing a cats-eye pot.

"Go ahead and shoot," said Dad, after placing a half dozen marbles or so inside the pot's boundaries.

I got up close to the pot, took any old marble and put it between my thumb and forefinger and watched as my marble moved a couple of marbles and then stayed in the cat's eye. I began crying out of frustration; emotional, I could never contain my tears.

"That's what always happens. If I'm not stuck in the pot, Ray or Mike will kill me."

"Watch this," my dad said. He stood

PARENTS

about ten feet away from the marbles, put his marble in between his thumb and finger and then rolled the marble to the tip of his finger and thumb knuckle. He shot—how he shot. His marble was directed at the pot like a bullet, knocking four or five marbles out, then spun safely a few feet away ready to shoot again.

Tears had been replaced with amazement. My dad was a marble player!

"Son, that's all we did when I was in school, that and tops! Let me show you how I did that." It wasn't all Dad did at Ozark either, as I was to find out my first year at the University of Oklahoma.

"Let's go to the union, and I'll show you how to play snooker," I told him one time when he was up visiting. We were never allowed to linger around beer joints and pool parlors, and my first taste of that pastime was during my Freshman Year. It took only a couple of crafty shots to realize that I had again been "snookered." There must have been a pool hall near Ozark.

After high school, marriage, and the CCC camp, my dad and mother moved to California to work in the shipyard as welders during World War II. Soon the Army beckoned, and Mother moved back to Broxton where I was born.

As Dad and his buddies stormed Okinawa, and only three days into action, he was wounded with shots to the stomach and arm. An almost full recovery brought him back to Oklahoma where he enrolled at Southwestern in Weatherford. His first, full-time teaching job was at Marland, where he became the shop teacher and principal.

My mother went back to school after

her youngest enrolled in kindergarten and after graduation took a job at Newkirk. Soon Dad and the rest of the family followed, where he retired as an elementary counselor. Even after retirement, Dad donated his time counseling students each week, always refusing to attend the annual, area reunion at Granite.

"My dad wouldn't be caught dead at a reunion like that," I told Roy Snow, the superintendent at Anadarko, shortly after he had taken over the helm. Roy was heading up the Reunion Committee, I think, when I told him where Dad graduated.

That evening, I called Dad and laughed about what I had told Mr. Snow.

"Well, that just goes to show that you don't know everything," Dad, now in his seventieth year and only three months before his death, said sternly. "Your mother and I have a motel room reserved for that weekend in Granite. We're both going this year."

Could I play marbles? You bet? After Dad's tutelage, I no longer went home empty-pocketed; after all, when a player's skills match up, then, like football, luck and mistakes have more to do with the outcome than strategy and skill.

My oldest brother works in Tucson now, where he owns his own tool business after retiring from the Air Force. My youngest brother is stationed as a commissioned officer at the Pentagon and will soon be moving to Bangkok, Thailand with his Chinese wife—while my sister and I struggle to live on school teachers' salaries. There's more to life than marbles and snooker; and looking back, I guess more than marbles rubbed off the "ol' marble shark" from Ozark. ■

DALE W. HILL is a guitar-picking free-lance writer and school counselor in Anadarko.

TOP HAND

by Pam Daughtery Smith

Up at dawn and gone all day—
Cutting, baling, or hauling hay.
Trouble knocking down the feed?
Just crawl on in if that's what it needs.
Heifers a kicking and thrashing in the strain.
Grab that calf and help ease the pain.
Breaking ice, and though you get no thanks,
Your cattle are grateful for a drink from the tank.
Branding and doctoring and worming and such...
Has working cattle always taken so much?
And the boss, Lord knows he has his days.
When nothing you do ever goes his way.
you set the bale in the wrong place or just plain set it wrong.
The gate's off the hinge, the horses are in the wrong pen, and your hair's too long.
But you put up with his guff
'cause you know he ain't so tough.
A time or two you've witnessed this little fact
When you saw his missus straightening up his act.
So you're on permanent hire—
No way you can be fired.
Truth is you wouldn't trade this joy for the world.
After all, you're not only top hand—
You're also Daddy's little girl.■

OLD PAPER

by Carl Stanislaus

Sometimes I feel all the songs have
been written,
All the poems may have been said,
All the art is already on canvas,
And chivalry really is dead.

Then I see color and beauty
In some verse of long ago
When I find a poem on old paper
With letters in writing I know.

She phrased in the promise of rain-
bows
And songbirds and blue skies
above.
Here is a painting set down before
me
On old paper with their letters of
love.

Their letters are of thoughtful
meaning,
Of all the good times that they had.
I know these things will live on
forever
In a poem on old paper from
Mother to Dad.■

previously published in June
1989 MATURE LIVING



illustration by Tina Price

OUTSIDE LIMITS

by Leroy Thomas

Batterbatterbatterbatterbatterbatterbatter,
HecklethatbatterSondontlethimgetahit
StompthatkidforMamaSondontlethimgetarun.
Hitithitithitithitithitithitithitithitithitithit!
Good sportsmanship could be taught
on Little League teams,
But where are the parents
Who would let it be. ■



Supporting Western
Oklahoma

Member F.D.I.C.

Elk City, Oklahoma
Phone (405) 225-3434

**Treasured
memories...**

**captured by
Blunck's
photographic
professionals.**

**...the Southwest's
outstanding photographers.**

Clinton
Elk City
Weatherford

614 Frisco
116 W. Broadway
106 E. College

323-0383
225-1616
772-2559

**The First
National Bank**

**of
Custer City**

MEMBER F.D.I.C.



Custer City, Okla. 73639

Phone 593-2291

P.O. Box 100



**GREAT PLAINS FEDERAL
SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION**

SERVING YOU AT

CLINTON

AND

WEATHERFORD

1002 W. Frisco 323-0730

109 E. Franklin 772-7441

Best Western Mark Motor Hotel

Independently owned & operated

525 E. Main
Weatherford, Oklahoma 73096

772-3325

- ✓ 9 Blocks from Southwestern University
- ✓ 24 Hour Restaurant
- ✓ 26 Non-Smoking Rooms
- ✓ Refrigerator in all King & Queen Rooms
- ✓ Free Local Calls
- ✓ Complimentary Coffee & Newspapers
- ✓ Special Senior and AAA Rates
- ✓ HBO
- ✓ For your convenience, office open 24 Hours
- ✓ Special rates for Weddings & Reunions that exceed 6 rooms.



- ✓ Children under 12 Free
- ✓ 5 Blks. from 15,000 Ft. Antique Mall
- ✓ 5 Blks. from Downtown Shopping

I-40 East Bound Exit 80A - I-40 West Bound Exit 82



Security State Bank

Cheyenne, Oklahoma

Full Service Bank



Since 1912



497-3354

"Growing by Helping Others Grow"

See our Trust Department to
provide professional management
for your assets and security
for your families



**FIRST NATIONAL BANK
AND TRUST COMPANY
IN CLINTON**

Fifth and Frisco Clinton, Ok Member FDIC

*Serving Weatherford and
surrounding area
since 1944*



Main & Washington
Weatherford, OK 73096
Phone 772-3378

Fresh and silk flowers for all occasions
Plants Hallmark Cards
Unique Gifts Balloons



“Your Community Owned Bank”



FIRST

**NATIONAL BANK AND TRUST COMPANY
OF WEATHERFORD**

772-5575

1100 EAST MAIN



Cover Illustration and Design by Mike Sigurdson

This page intentionally left blank

NON-PROFIT ORG.
**U.S. POSTAGE
PAID**
WEATHERFORD, OK.
PERMIT NO 57



WESTVIEW

Published Quarterly by
SouthWestern Center for Regional Studies
SouthWestern Oklahoma State University
Weatherford, OK. 73096