

A JOURNAL OF WESTERN OKLAHOMA
WESTVIEW



Volume 11
Issue 1 *Fall*

Article 1

9-1-1991

Westview: Vol. 11, Iss. 1 (Fall 1991)

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

(1991) "Westview: Vol. 11, Iss. 1 (Fall 1991)," *Westview*: Vol. 11 : Iss. 1 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol11/iss1/1>

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 1

FALL 1991

\$3.00



WESTERN OKLAHOMA
SEASONS



F O R E W O R D

A few years ago there was a popular song whose words intoned, "I can get by with a little help from my friends." In the WESTVIEW Editorial Office, we identify with those lyrics. Someone often gives us a little help. As an example, we can look at our "Future Issues" feature. Thanks to regular contributors Margie Snowden North of Sweetwater and Carl Stanislaus of Chickasha, we are now sporting four new themes. Carl contributed the one for Summer 1995, and Margie suggested the last three (Fall 1995, Winter 1995, and Spring 1996). Thus, we have another gesture of good will from those two, and we are grateful.

With this issue on the theme Western Oklahoma Seasons, we begin our eleventh year. We hope that our projection of themes into 1996 is a forecast of our longevity.

In our Fall 1991 issue, we are also showcasing the work of a new Art Director whom we will properly introduce in our Winter 1991 publication.

We tend to look upon our contributors as a part of our extended family; therefore, we always regret receiving death notices sent by relatives of people who have helped to nurture our journal. Since our most recent issue, we have been told of the passing of two of our best—Marguerite Edgar of Clinton and Aaron Baker of Shreveport (formerly of Burns Flat). We extend our sympathy to their families.

Familially,

Leroy Thomas

Leroy Thomas
Editor

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

AD LAYOUT I

Jill Barnhart
David Bryan
Scott Cummins
Steve Hammons
William Kennec

Julie O'Reilly
John Peters
Gina Scheller
Jeromie Tate
Beau Wade

AD LAYOUT II

Richard M. Alsobrook

Colynda Urton

Bradley A. Snow

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME 11

NO. 1

FEATURES

1	Foreword	Editor
2-3	Table of Contents	Editor
3	Stylesheet	Staff
4	Future Issues	Staff
5	Book Review	Dr. Leroy Thomas

MISCELLANY

6-7	Dawn's Early Light	Dr. Sam Lackey
8	Tribute to the Pillsbury Philosopher	Darsi L. Ward
9-10	Poetic Images	Carl Stanislaus
11	First Rattler	Dr. Nuala Archer
12	Western Oklahoma Seasons	Georgia C. Lowenberg
13-14	Four Poems	C. Allen Moore
15-17	Home Front	Carl Stanislaus
18	Cycles	Orv Owens
18	Opposites	Margie Cooke Porteus
19	Four Seasonal Views	Wenona L. Dunn
20	Words of a Hawk	Sheila Cohlma
21	A Dog for All Seasons	Darsi L. Ward

SPRING

22	The Springtime	Margie Snowden North
23-24	Strange New World	Orv Owens

SUMMER

25	Fox Grapes and Sand Plums	Priscilla Johnson
25	That Special Season	Pat Kourt
26	Summer Nights	Stan Sweeney
27	With Child—Again	Pat Kourt

FALL

28	An Eye on Autumn out West.....	Ken Shroyer
29	Fall Fashion	George L. Hoffman
30	Pheasant Hunter's Lament	Dale W. Hill
31	Remembrance at Thanksgiving	Marj McAlister

WINTER

32	Old Man Winter	Margie Snowden North
33	Weather Change	Sandra Soli
34	Winter Solstice	Margie Snowden North
35	Winter Storm	Georgia C. Lowenberg

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

COVER DESIGN by Clinton T. Wood

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 Friendships"—Fall, 1990).
3. Remember to leave your name and address off the submission itself. We want each contributor to be anonymous during the Board's assessing procedure.
4. Remember the importance of a clean typewritten or word-processed manuscript (double-spacing for prose and single-spacing for poetry). Use a good grade of 8 1/2 by 11 white paper. Submit pen-and-ink graphics on white paper. Submit 5 by 7 or 8 by 10 black and white photos that you will let us keep on file in our office 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 all readers.
9. Feeling that your submission will be accepted, you also need to send along a short biographical blurb written in third person. Example: MORTIMER MULDOON of Weatherford is a SOSU senior majoring in English Education. Mortimer makes his debut as a published writer in the present issue of WESTVIEW.
10. Strive for a natural writing style, good grammar, good taste, correct spelling.
11. Accentuate originality and creativity.

FUTURE ISSUES

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

WINTER, 1991 (Western Oklahoma
Christmastime; deadline: 9-15-91)

SPRING, 1992 (Western Oklahoma Relatives/
Kinfolks; deadline: 12-15-91).

SUMMER, 1992 (Western Oklahoma Day
dreams/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 Yester-
day, Today, Tomorrow; deadline: 9-15-93).

SPRING, 1995 (Western Oklahoma's Cow-
boys and Indians; deadline: 12-15-94).

SUMMER, 1995 (Western Oklahoma Trans-
portation; 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).

FINDING A "SENSE OF PLACE"

**(Alvena Bieri's ROMANCING OKLAHOMA:
A CELEBRATION OF TIME AND PLACE)**

by Dr. Leroy Thomas

Throughout ROMANCING OKLAHOMA, there's an overwhelming feeling of good common sense, as illustrated in the closing: "Oklahoma historian Angie Debo had it right...Writing about her little home town of Marshall, she said that everything in the world was there—hope, love, greed, lust, disappointment, even excitement. Right there in Marshall, Oklahoma. Incredible. I feel the same about Stillwater."

Bieri deals with a pervasive theme in literature—"a celebration of the ineffable value of having a **sense of place**." The style of the book sets the author apart as a knowledgeable literary stylist. She deals extensively with a journal and diary technique as well as with regular historical reportage.

The Table of Contents gives us a Western Oklahoma panorama: "Hobart Will Be Here Forever," a fictionalized account of the author's growing-up years during the 1940's; "Was the Frontier Fun?", an 1893 piece on "Still-Water" not for the serious historian but for the more casual reader; "Okies," about Oklahomans as fictionalized in Steinbeck's THE GRAPES OF WRATH; "The Third Oklahoma," on the Oklahoma Panhandle; "Quartz Mountain, One More Time," a part of a longer work written during a 1987 writer's conference; and "Gotebo," a summing up of Bieri's thoughts about a "sense of place." ■

For anyone who has special feelings about a home town—and who doesn't?—ROMANCING OKLAHOMA is a book to own. It's available for \$8.95 (\$6.95 + \$2.00 mailing costs) from Alvena Bieri (2023 W. 11th Avenue, Stillwater 74074) or from New Forums Press (Box 876, Stillwater 74076).

DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT



illustration by
Mongo Allen

by Dr. Sam Lackey

Swords aflight catch the storm;
Flames circle flames across the sand;
The desert's veins run red and black.
Fire drives out fire until the dawn.
Walls of the heart
Will test the steel.

Two visions shimmer in the clouds:

Out of the cradle of the East,
Suckled on lead and the milk of the sword,
A man rises up on towers of fear
That darken the mind and sever the heart.
The conqueror comes,

Giving freedom
To nod
And to smile
And to laugh
And to rape
And to kill.
A triumph of ONE will
To join...or to die.

Freedom of holding,
Not tasting,
The sword.

The freedom to ride the great lie
To the crest.

The freedom to put
Freer souls
To the test.

The second vision, locked with the first,
Swirls and streams like rain on a stone.
Each living drop is driven by winds
That rise from the heart, where courage begins...
And where freedom is love,
Where freedom is love.

This tide sweeps away the nods and the smiles,
Is soon cutting away the clay feet of greed
And hammering back the conqueror's sword,
With ten thousand drops that cut to the heart
Where the steel of the free
Meet the test of the fire.

And the stone glazed with lies
Shatters back to the core
Where pride, guilt, and steel...would then make a stand.

But no center would hold.
No center could hold.

And fire meets the silence.
And War leaves the land.

Now, through the hiss of the sand and the sea
The craters speak
Of the silence of wounds...

Down amidst the rubble of your dreams
Beneath the swirling dust and
Fading embers of a scream
That clogged your throat
When you first heard the news,
Now silence sits.

Heavy, a great stone on your chest
Each breath slips out like water
Through your hands....
To get it back
Requires a supreme act of will
And memory.

Time itself hangs freeze-frame in the eye.

Yet into this stark crater in your life
Will tumble strange new soil.

They are fragments, falling in from other lives
(broken loose by shock)
Often igneous...shaped and shattered
By the heat.

And in the pit, where all you held
Was blasted to the rock,
Deep waters trickle in from hidden veins.
And roots once stopped by stone
Find bright fissures and pass through to
Deeper soil.

Time drops new seeds and passes on.
No need to plow around the stones.
For it is in the end
That life begins again.

The craters speak again.
Now of the silence in the child-like and the slaves
And those who echo like a stone,
Robbed of the light in their days

Robbed of children...and the door that makes a
home.

"Never, never can you fuel the fire of tyrants,
Even if the flames will then rise higher, skyward,
out of reach,
And throw their sparks, at will, across the land—
Leaving but one poisoned well to drink,
One poised tree for seed.
The tyrants soar, a law unto themselves...
Raining blood down on the land,
Dark blood so deep into the sand.

So where then is our hope
When the craters disappear,
When the dunes have washed the blood away,
And tyrants stir again?

Our hope's in those who love their freedom
And the freedom of each soul
Enough to die,
Enough to live,
To fight
To stop
And to forgive.

Our hope is in our heroes
From ours and many lands
Who rise up by the thousands
Faith...deeper
Than the sands.

Who rise by tens of thousands
Love...deeper
Than the sands.

Our heroes are a beacon,
A bright shield in the night,
For all to find a path to peace
Without the need to fight. ■

DR. SAM LACKEY, whose major area is writing, has been a professor in the SOSU Language Arts Department since 1970

TRIBUTE TO THE PILLSBURY PHILOSOPHER

whose garden has gone to seed

by *Darsi L. Ward*

It has been years since my grandmother, the "Pillsbury Philosopher," last walked her garden footpaths. Seasons have traversed her earthbound home unfettered by human hands. Brick, mortar, and plank have fallen prey to the cold, hungry winters that sleep through Eldorado, Oklahoma, year after year. The howling winds and the frozen ground have claimed the primadonna roses, the temperamental violets, and the fickle fruit vines. Yet, not all that she planted has succumbed to the wrath of winter or the passing of time. Childhood memories of the Pillsbury Philosopher are still fragrance to my heart.

During my early years, if Grandmother wasn't tending her garden, she was filling her kitchen with the smells of hospitality. Some of my favorite times were spent at her old oak cooking table. Words of wisdom shook loose from her repertoire of life as she pounded bread dough. The table trembled on its pedestal leg, and whiffs of snow-white flour rose and fell as she spoke. Often I would lean closer—attempting to sharpen my visibility and steady the table at the same time. These table sessions taught me much about how to steady myself as well. Although Grandmother remarked about the multitude of questions that I asked, she never failed to calm my troubled mind, pique my curiosity, or simply fill me with food for thought.

It was during these private discussions that I became more acquainted with the Pillsbury Philosopher's early experiences. I learned, for instance, that she was engaged to my Grandfather Eph at the young age of 13. I also learned that although he died when my mother was only a

toddler that the memory of Grandfather's love sustained Grandmother throughout the remainder of her lifetime. In the years following her husband's departure from this earth, Grandmother Carter fostered a restaurant business, nurtured her four children, and helped those friends and strangers whom she considered less fortunate than herself.

Bad times prevailed when the Great Depression of the 1930's "leached" relentlessly at the roots of the "American Dream." Although Grandmother struggled to take care of her own family in those lean years, no hungry straggler was turned away from her door. Her hospitality was heralded along the vein of hobo tracks that wound beyond Eldorado and back again. She once confessed to me that she fed more people at her kitchen door in those days than she served as customers. Such were the times. Many "down and outs" entered her garden gate looking for shelter and sustenance. No one left her portal without partaking of the warmth of human kindness and the seeds of hope.

The jubilant larkspur and the brassy trumpet vines orchestrate another spring show of wild profusion in a garden "gone to seed." I think about the important things that were cultivated in the Pillsbury Philosopher's earthly abode.....I have seen love and faith grow abundantly there. I believe that crop will persevere and spread from its own propagation. As I watch her great-grandchildren "blossom," I know that her garden has "gone to seed"—gloriously. ■

DARSI WARD is presently a SOSU graduate student in Art and English. "Tribute to the Pillsbury Philosopher" is dedicated in loving memory to her grandmother, Frances Cain Carter.

POETIC IMAGES

by Carl Stanislaus

SUNDOWN PEOPLE

Did you ever hear of a sundown town
where they roll up the sidewalks every night?
Where they let anyone work on the W.P.A.
but expel the Negro just before dark?

Oh, we heard some polite conversation,
how it didn't seem right about the colored,
but it wasn't just them—it was the Indians,
and those Chinese, and thieving hoboes.

Now the town never prospered or grew;
the storms came with lightning and thunder;
the locust flourished and crops often failed,
and there was much praying about their
plight.

Then in the spring of thirty-nine,
a tornado destroyed the town at dusk!
They were desperate for help in a hurry
and purposely hid the curfew sign!

An act of God, a change of heart!
The sundown people became as welcome as
rain—
as long as they lived across the tracks
and didn't vote in the city elections.

TO EVERYTHING THERE IS A SEASON

In a land that time forgot,
live a modest, plain, and prayerful people,
who know the harvest will always come
to those close to God—the Order of the Amish.

no electricity, automobiles, or tractors
is the way to keep the folk together.
Wearing hooks in clothes of black and blue;
we shun worldly ways as He would have us.

Times are good, some better than the others,
like a quilting fest or general meeting.
We even dance to a fiddle in the fall—
then enjoy a harvest meal with equal vigor!

We are all bound by a burden of care,
so a barn raising to us is "a frolic!"
At swap meets and auctions is where we shine,
in finding bargains, we are truly blessed!

To everything there is a season;
for whiskers and buggies there is a reason!
Once God will call Jantz, Yoder, and Miller
to at last lay down the plow and tiller.

POETIC IMAGES

by *Carl Stanislaus*
(continued)

I STAND SO PROUD

With tear-brimmed eyes I stood so proud
As a gentle breeze unfurled the flag
And strains of the anthem ebbed and flowed.

Back through the years my mind sped
when as a tiny boy
I repeated the oath as I stood so proud
and felt in my heart the zeal of patriots.

Later I swore to protect the flag
and the country for which it stands.
I stood so proud in the uniform I wore
and fought only for freedom, family, and
friends.

Now as I view that star-spangled banner
with democracy and liberty endowed,
I know my flag is your flag, too,
and I am not alone as I stand so proud!

*CARL STANISLAUS of Chickasha is now a
free-lance writer after a long career with
OTASCO*

SUNSET SILHOUETTES

Curtain

Scene One

Sunset, a ball of orange,
sinking on the lake's horizon.
Sun rays, fingers of fire,
racing across the surface.

Enter the players with day-old bread,
mother and child, with father following.
Enter unclassified ducks one after the other,
and after feeding groom themselves smartly.

Scene Two

Enter the ballerinas, regal swans,
gliding effortlessly on the water.
Enter the town criers, a gaggle of geese,
through the dusk, heralding
the coming darkness.

Scene Three

Enter the lamplighters, fireflies,
flashing on and off, on and off.
New props, the moon and June bugs.
"Quiet, please"
Night deepens and the players exit.

Curtain

The orchestra, a chorus of crickets,
declares, "Day is done—day is done." ■

FROM A MOBILE HOME: FIRST RATTLER

by Dr. Nuala Archer

Most likely
she was spooked up
some at first
As compared to this
wide open
country
her idea of movin'
out was pretty
small potatoes.

And then I saw
her get to driftin' further
and further—
lookin'
into holes
of every shape &
size, wonderin'
what was in 'em
& pickin' up
rocks & ol' cattle
bones
like they was going
out of style.

Once she nearly
fetched up a
rattler
instead of the Indian
Blanket she was
aimin' for. And
I personally
saw tears buck
from her eyes
when that coiled
sleeper, workin'
a blue fork
tongue, shivered &
buzzed at the approachin' heat
of her hand. ■

*DR. NUALA ARCHER is an English
professor at Oklahoma State University
in Stillwater.*

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



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

WESTERN OKLAHOMA SEASONS

by *Georgia C. Lowenberg*

I'm from Western Oklahoma,
A land the seasons touch—
The weather's sharp transitions,
The moods that change so much.

Wildflowers bloom in springtime;
Robins sing their mirth.
I love the wind that wafts the kites,
Soft rains to green our earth.

In summer, life is lazy.
I watch the children play—
First bounce the ball, then hide and seek.
They giggle time away.

The autumn leaves turn red and gold;
Spent leaves about me fall—
From fields of stubble bleared by frost
A coyote's plaintive call.

In winter, days break cold and gray;
Ice storms rend the air.
Thank God for shelter, food, and warmth,
This place where people care. ■

GEORGIA C. LOWENBERG currently lives in Lincoln, Nebraska; her family lives in Oklahoma. Although she has had other poems published, she wrote the two works in this issue for her father's October 2 birthday. He is an avid reader of WESTVIEW.

illustration by *Kirk Wheeler*

FOUR POEMS

by *C. Allen Moore*

REFLECTIONS FROM A DILAPIDATED BISTRO IN TULSA

Persephone and the dragonlady sit
 At a yellow marbled slab atop wrought iron
 In their unmatched chairs.
 They look through each other:
 Past the paint and decadent glitter.
 The lady in black veiled once-finery
 Spills her phosphate with her thoughts—
 Just a little—from shaking.
 The morning's sepulcherment thus digested with the others,
 Small pain filed with the rest.
 Their no longer lustrous jewelry mirrors much and little.
 After small reflections of loss in their ancient diamonds,
 They crow and cackle about money, aches, and doctors,
 And other pettys, and sit watching the old snow beginning,
 And sit.

MY MENTOR

My mentor sat: coffee and candy at hand.
 He spoke in riddles—paused—answered.
 Slowly he led me down a rich thought-loud path.
 The walk was comfortable, casual, and wonderful.
 We walked among the oaks and the fallen leaves.
 The oaks were laden with very diverse fruits.
 We walked toward the light and studied the fruit.
 He said something about the light; be ever illusive.
 Unfortunately, my mentor could lead only so far.
 I will continue the journey for him, for me.

THE FACTORY WORKER

Humdrum—Humdrum—
Follow the beat of the
Master's drum.
Humdrum—Boredom—
Do your part—be good—
Complacency.

The struggle: a sixty-hour
redundant week—
So their children can eat.
So their children can Eat.
Be a good Bee-o-knave—
Minion, monger, madman—

They told them with Unions
came prosperity.
Yet, they live in crystal palaces filled
With gold and silver.
The minions are confined to
their aluminum boxes

Their politics are shady.
Their tactics transparent.
The minor-Masters are
Animated marionettes..
The string-Masters are
Animated marionettes.
The string-Masters shrewd
MoneyMongers.

But, who cares?
Dickens is dead!
Humdrum—Humdrum—
Follow the beat, beat, beat of
the MASTER'S DRUM.

A SLAP IN THE FACE

Yesterday, Middle America stood up
and slapped me in the face.
So I moved to another world:
 I viewed depravity and degradation,
 hopelessness and the unholy,
 middle-class gods and upper-class demons,
 a little charity and much cruelty...
Today, depressed, I returned home to Weatherberry.
Today, Middle America stood up
and kissed me so sweetly. ■

C. ALLEN MOORE is now a 3-M employee who has finished a Master's of English Education degree at Southwestern. His works have previously been published in WESTVIEW, and some of his more political poetry has been published in the NEW YORKER.

HOME FRONT

by Carl Stanislaus

"To everything there is a season and a time to every purpose under heaven. A time to laugh and a time to cry. A time for war and a time to die" (ECCLESIASTES 3: 1-8).

A Civil War cannon sat on display in front of the courthouse. There were two remaining veterans of that internal strife in our small community. Few residents could recall whether they fought for the North or for the South.

Now veterans of World War I were having difficulty accepting the title "Grandpa."

A young man stopped by the old artillery piece. He looked up at the forty-eight-star flag flying nearby and gave it a token salute, unaware that in a few days he would volunteer to protect the precious banner.

I was looking forward to my twelfth birthday on December 15, 1941. December 7 was a cold, dark Sunday. My family had planned to attend church, but chose to stay at home because of the icy streets. Mother was listening to Oral Roberts on our new Crosley AM-Shortwave radio.

Dad, my eight-year-old brother Gene Paul, and I were reading the morning paper. I was deep into TERRY AND THE PIRATES when Mother shouted, "They have bombed Pearl Harbor!"

"What?" Dad asked in disbelief.

"President Roosevelt is on the radio; the Japanese have bombed the fleet in Pearl Harbor!"

"Where's Pearl Harbor?" I asked.

Dad replied, "In Hawaii. We were there twice when I was on the USS IDAHO."

WAR! Our lives would never be the same.

The invention of the gasoline engine had already altered our culture. The country had been brought together. Once a nation divided, it was now united by the age of mechanism. Yes, we were ill-prepared for war, but in that one vicious attack we were welded into one people. We may have taken our freedom for granted, but now we couldn't live without it.

America mobilized. A national emergency was declared, and every red-blooded mother's son hurried to enlist. Blackout curtains and bomb shelters became the norm. Ships were built, songs were written, and all of our energy and scrap metal went into the "war effort."

The year 1942 came; slogans, posters, and admonitions were everywhere in evidence: V for Victory!...Uncle Sam needs YOU!...Licking

No 212604 -174

0-8-13

0-539

WARNING

- 1 Punishments ranging as high as Ten Years' Imprisonment or \$10,000 Fine, or Both, may be imposed under United States Statutes for violations thereof arising out of infractions of Rationing Orders and Regulations.
- 2 This book must not be transferred. It must be held and used only by or on behalf of the person to whom it has been issued, and anyone presenting it tierily represents to the Office of Price Administration an agency of the United States Government, that it is being so held and so used. For any misuse of this book it may be taken from the holder by the Office of Price Administration.
- 3 In the event either of the departure from the United States of the person to whom this book is issued, or his or her death, the book must be surrendered in accordance with the Regulations.
- 4 Any person finding a lost book must deliver it promptly to the nearest Ration Board.

OFFICE OF PRICE ADMINISTRATION

OPA FORM NO. 31-808

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE : 1941 18-76681-1

(Father, Mother, or Guardian)

Certificate of Book Holder

I, the undersigned, do hereby certify that I have observed all the conditions and regulations governing the issuance of this War Ration Book; that the "Description of Book Holder" contained herein is correct; that an application for issuance of this book has been duly made by me or on my behalf; and that the statements contained in said application are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Churchill H. [Signature]
[Book Holder's Name]
Any person signing on behalf of Book Holder must sign his or her own name below and indicate relationship to Book Holder

The Stamps contained in this Book are valid only after the lawful holder of this Book has signed the certificate below, and are void if detached contrary to the Regulations. (A father, mother, or guardian may sign the name of a person under 18.) In case of questions, difficulties, or complaints, consult your local Ration Board.



Defense Stamps Helps Lick the Axis!... BUY BONDS!... LOOSE LIPS SINK SHIPS!... HIT HITLER IN THE AXIS!... Boot the Bum Out!... REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!

We bought defense stamps at school; and when our books were filled, we received a Series E bond. Years later, I used the remainder of my War Bonds to buy Margie's engagement and wedding rings.

In May, 1942, Moses Washington drove his team of mules into town to buy groceries. He resented not being allowed to live closer and also having to be out of town before sundown. He had mixed feelings about the possibility of his son being called to fight for white folks, who rejected his race. He mused to himself, "Well, old man, it's your country—right or wrong."

Also in the same month, Mr. Harmon at the general store received the first sugar ration books. It wasn't long before everything from gasoline to Vaseline was in short supply. White oleomargarine was introduced with yellow color buttons to mix and make it look like butter. Some parts of the country had horse meat on the butcher's shelves. Mr. Harmon had nightmares about red and blue ration books.

The old merchant grumbled, looked through his cash drawer for "V" nickels and Indian head pennies, found none, and mumbled, "Shoot, I'll be pushing up daisies before they are worth anything."

In July, the WACS was formed—then the WAVES and the SPARs. Women went to work to replace their men, who were in the service for the duration.

Newspaper photographers were looking for "The All-American Girl." Naturally since so many women were working in industry, they wanted a girl from the workplace. Norma Jean Baker, who was painting in an aircraft plant in California, had a "cheesecake" photo in YANK magazine, but her picture in work clothes landed her a modeling contract. She changed her hair and name and became the most photographed movie star in history.

The war wasn't going well in the Pacific. The only evidence we had was our returning dead and disabled. We had our casualties on the home front, both in mind and body. My schoolmate, Bobby Don Mayfield, died of complications from an



ear infection. Penicillin, if it had been discovered by that time, could have saved his life.

My dreams were haunted for years by the sight of his lifeless form lying in his casket. I couldn't even bear to walk by his house after school, but I did gather enough courage to go by and ask about his dog that had been crippled when run over by a car.

Bobby Don had worked tirelessly to rehabilitate the little wire-haired terrier. He tried everything—a sling, exercise, and even wheels—with no good results. "How is Perky, Mrs. Mayfield?"

"Oh he's OK; come here, boy!"

I was surprised and somewhat amused when Perky trotted out the front door, across the porch, and down the steps. He had mastered walking only on his front feet, balancing his useless hindquarter high in the air above him.

When the war was over, I watched our disabled come home and was reminded of Bobby Don's little black and white pet and the dog's determination. I saw in Perky that love isn't pity—a handicapped body isn't a handicapped mind; with a little help from our friends, we can overcome any disability with spirit.

"Oklahoma, here I come—right back where I started from!" Oklahoma dustbowl refugees paraphrased the song they sang in 1935. They were returning to work in defense plants built inland to be out of harm's way. The government built a fifty-million-dollar powder plant a few miles south of town. Our population seemed to double

overnight. U.S. Highway 66 carried our people home.

My family owned and operated a feed and produce store. We bought chickens, eggs, and cream. We had plenty in wartime—in fact, too much when an old hen or turkey broke its leg and we had to eat it.

One evening, Dad and I came home after a delivery. Mother announced, "Dad, they're auctioning off Betty Grable's stockings. Well, what happened to you, Carl Lee? You look like something the cat dragged in!"

I replied, "Oh, Mom, Dad and I were out to Mrs. Painter's house delivering feed, and I fell into a mud puddle full of cow manure!"

"Whew!" she exclaimed. "Get yourself into the tub. Oh yes, they got a million dollars for Jack Benny's violin!"

I didn't answer. I was stripping down, heading for the bathroom, and thinking about Betty Grable's legs, uh stockings.

"Are you going to join up?" We were halfway up the ladder on the city's gigantic water tower when Tommy Mayes asked the question. I was beginning to feel dizzy from the height. I cleared my head and replied, "Yeah, I don't want to get drafted; I'm going into the Navy like Dad." We reached the catwalk and walked the railing around the huge cylinder. "Tommy, do you think we might be arrested for coming up here?"

"I don't know; but if my dad finds out about it, he'll kick me all the way to London!"

"Mine too; let's get down quick!"

Our luck held, we didn't get caught, and we never tried that trick again.

Modern merchandising and shopping malls have changed the buying habits of all of us. Saturday night used to be the time when the whole populace went "downtown" to shop, or just generally fool around. All the stores, as well as the barbershops, drugstores, and picture shows, were busy. In Western Oklahoma, Saturday night gave real meaning to the term "Hometown, USA."

"Sold American!" "Speedy" Riggs rolled off in his auctioneer voice. It was time for YOUR HIT PARADE. "Lucky Strike had gone to war." Young girls in bobbysox traded the old crooner for the young, blue-eyed swooner Frank Sinatra. Kate Smith sang "God Bless America." The Andrews

sisters harmonized, "Don't Sit under the Apple Tree," and Jo Stafford brought tears to the eyes of every serviceman when she sang "I'll Be Seeing You."

It was a time for "Zoot" suits with their extra long jackets, baggy pants, long watch chains, broad-brimmed hats, and saddle oxfords.

It was a time to live and a time to die. It was a time to love and a time to cry and a time when Leroy Washington gave his life for his dream of freedom.

Mother received censored V-mail from her brother John, who was with our boys in Germany. Our prayers were answered when he came home safely and Grandma didn't have to change the silver star hanging in her window to a gold one. Now Johnny was safely home.

The last year of the war brought results from our efforts—The old pots and pans Mom contributed, the nylon going to make parachutes (girls, except Betty Grable, painted on their hose), the kisses Hedy Lamar sold for defense bonds, and the hard labor of "Rosie the Riveter"—helped the world see the light at the end of the tunnel.

On April 12, 1945, President Franklin D. Roosevelt died in Warm Springs, Georgia. The nation and the world took time out to mourn.

Joe Louis, the "Brown Bomber," went into the army and knocked out the Nazis. Then we dropped the A-bomb over Japan. Peace was accomplished. We thought that the threat of world destruction would end war forever.

War. The home front was half a world away from the front lines. To those who had lost loved ones, or were in the heat of battle, war was "hell." To the rest, it was a noble cause, a fight in defense of our homeland, a pursuit for freedom and justice; but in the end it was failure—our failure to understand other nations, to communicate and find the needs of their peoples, but most of all failure in the practice of brotherhood and love.

V-E and V-J days brought cause for great celebration. No other allied force had accomplished such mammoth production, while making unheard-of sacrifices. America stood proud. The chapter closed on a great moment in history that proved that spirit and hard work can overcome adversity and aggression.

The conflict ended before I could join up. I was sixteen, my thoughts centered less on loose lips sinking ships and more on Jean Ann Johnson's lips and my first kiss. ■

CYCLES

by Orv Owens

Spring marched soldier proud
Across the emerald landscape.
Like a child with inner glow,
It passed ever so burdensome slow,
As Youth, Time paraded down a solemn street,
To weep, laugh, cry, smile, and refuse defeat.

Summer skies were burdened with heat.
Space was filled with lazy skies.
Spider webs were spun to trap unsuspecting flies.
Misfortune waited in the wings,
Daring men to weep and cry
For fond desires gone awry.

Fall came blundering in; burdened with care
For every creature living there.
Cool winds tugged at limbs soon to become bare
Of leaves tinged with yellow, orange, and brown.
And in every village and town,
Aged souls were waiting, waiting
Forever creating, creating.

Winter brought the bitter cold,
And aches to bones of the old.
It also brought a cheerful fire
And restored lost dreams now burning with desire.
It brought a warning song,
Not to worry overlong
Over burdens, care, and strife
That makes this so short a life. ■

ORV OWENS, a free-lance writer from Watonga, has previously submitted manuscripts to WESTVIEW, beginning in 1990.

OPPOSITES

by Margie Cooke Porteus

Wind,
Snow,
Ice.
Cold seeps through the windows.
Heat battles to keep ahead.
Smells from the kitchen—
Warm food makes us thankful.

Wind,
Dust,
Pollen.
Trees scratch the house.
Windows rattle in protest.
Dust sifts in.
Sneeze...clear the dust...sneeze.

Stillness,
Sun,
Heat.
Sticky, prickly heat follows us.
Even the night is hot.
Home, drawn shades, air-conditioners...
Iced drinks bring respite.

Green,
Frost,
Yellow.
Warm days, nippy nights.
Color rains from the trees.
School, football, pumpkins.
Goodbye, Summer; hello, Winter. ■

MARGIE COOKE PORTEUS of Paonia, Colorado, is originally from Thomas, is an alumna of SOSU, and is a retired teacher whose works have appeared often in WESTVIEW.

FOUR SEASONAL VIEWS

by *Wenona L. Dunn*

ANOTHER SPRING

Daffodils on the hillside
Crocuses on the lawn
A bluebird in the treetop
And Heaven at dawn!

SUMMER JOY

Oh, what a joy
to eat a peach fresh off the tree
with the juice running
through my fingers!

The memory lingers
of stretching to reach
the one at the top of the tree.

IT'S AUTUMN AGAIN

Wild geese flying overhead
Brown grass waving in the wind,
Shimmering leaves glowing in the sun.
It's autumn again.

Green wheat popping through the soil,
Ripe corn drying in the bin,
Chattering squirrels frisking in the trees.
It's autumn again.

Dry logs crackling on the hearth,
White frost sparkling on the pane,
Interesting books waiting to be read.
It's autumn again.

FIRST SNOWFALL

It started early last evening
And kept it up throughout the night.
And when we awoke this morning,
The earth was mantled in white.

The cedars bend with their burden
And glisten in the rising sun;
The air is crisp in its freshness,
And we know that winter has come. ■

WENONA L. DUNN and her husband live on the farm south of Foss which has been in Wenona's family for 71 years. Her writings have appeared in CAPPER'S, THE OZARK MOUNTAINEER, and THE DIAMOND JUBILEE ANTHOLOGY of the Poetry Society of Oklahoma, as well as in previous issues of WESTVIEW.

WORDS OF A HAWK

by *Shella Cohlmia*



"Listen to me talk,"
said the red-tailed hawk
as he perched on the windmill ladder.
"You are lonelier now than yesterday.
Why do you say it doesn't matter?"

"Don't turn away"
called the bird of prey
as he circled in the cloudless sky.
"Search your heart for long lost dreams
and learn to dance well—before you die."

"Did you hear what I said?"
asked the hawk of red
as he preened at the end of day.
"You must let little joys revive your soul
to appreciate what is yours this day." ■

SHEILA COHLMIA of
Weatherford is a SOSU alumna
who has been published in several
previous issues of WESTVIEW.

illustration by *Scott Voight*

A DOG FOR ALL SEASONS

by Darst Ward

Frisky,
Feisty,
Tail-chasing,
Propagating,
"Puppy-love" spring—

Panting,
Lazy
Flea-bitten,
"Dog-day" summer—

Howling,
Prowling,
Cat-killing,
Full-moon,
"Wolf-bane" autumn—

Gnarled,

Grizzly,
Shaggy-mutt,
Frost-bitten,
"Dog-eared" winter—

Ol' Blue
Ol' Yeller,
Good dog,
Man's best friend,
"Rin Tin Tin," recycled again! ■



illustration by Brad Snow

THE SPRINGTIME

by *Margie Snowden North*

Brings a farmer out of house
and into fields
to stir the earth with plows—
this toiler of the land—
while God stirs it with warmth and rain.

Tractor crawls unceasingly across fields
turning dark swaths of soil,
preparing the earth to receive seed,
Man working against time
and the elements,
always with the belief that
this year will be different.
The springtime:
a time of hope. ■

illustration by *Scott Otipoby*

MARGIE SNOWDEN NORTH of Sweetwater has been a WESTVIEW mainstay for many of its ten years



Supporting Western
Oklahoma

Member F.D.I.C.

Elk City, Oklahoma
Phone (405) 225-3434

STRANGE NEW WORLD

by *Orv Owens*

Down, down a long tunnel, I was resisting every attempt to eject me into that other world—the one where I thought I could never be warm, fed, and secure again.

It was the biggest battle of my life, and whether I would win or lose remained for the sages to say—for the prophets of that other world to accept or reject whatever it was I was to become.

Why should I give up the known for the harsh, cruel, uncaring world on the other side of tonight? Why shouldn't I fight the good fight? Why shouldn't I demand to remain in a world I understood?

In that other world I would be ignored after the newness wore off and after I had cooed and wooed those foreign beings I so resembled.

In that world I might as well be an insignificant number written upon a suspecting heart. There I would soon be forgotten, as common souls often are.

Seasons would come...seasons would go. How could I ever hope to achieve what was not meant for me to achieve? How could I become what I was destined to become? Where was the wisdom to guide me over the years when I couldn't avoid my dilemma?

Was it there in my parents, behind the covers of books, or by experience in living—if I did in that other world? Being ejected robbed me of all that I loved and desired.

Why did I have to leave my sanctuary? Did they hate me so?

I heard their voices plotting against me—urging me to come on home. Home? I was home! And it was very near and dear to me. Here I had every need fulfilled. Here I could burp or sleep and no one cared.

Here I could kick to my heart's content and to heck with the consequences. No one told me to stop it. In fact, I think the person rather enjoyed being kicked. Little did I know at the time that it would be the

only time I could really let go and be my own demanding self. Conformity. That's what was expected of me.

Quit it! I don't want to leave my warm place, no matter what.

You're gonna be sorry.. You know that? You're gonna be sorry you made me leave my world for yours. Think of all the work you could save.

What makes you think it's better?

Aw, shudup.

I won't ever do what you say, only what you do. I like doing. I like to move and stretch and kick, and it doesn't make any difference what season it is. I can just let go and be me—myself—whatever it is you think I shouldn't be.

There you go again, forcing me to leave my warm place.

How many times I got to say it? I like where I am. I might be on Poverty Row here, but I like my kind of poverty.

If you think you're tiring, think of what it's doing to me. Feel like I've been washing and ironing all night.

I'm losing, you hear? Why're you doing this to me? Well, I can do without that kind of love.

No way, Jose! Will not! Never!

I will? Well, that remains to be seen. It's harsh and cruel and nobody loves me out there.

They do? They love me and care for me? I believe that just like I believe I'm never gonna be born. Yeah. I know. I'm fighting a losing battle. Don't do that. Don't.

Now you've done it! I'm gonna make you sorry.

Crying?

Sure, I'm bawling. Wha'd you expect? You would too if somebody slapped your tender rear like that.

What you hugging me for?

You love me? You don't know the meaning of the word. What I wish is you'd hurry and get my feedbag. I'm hungry enough to eat barbecued rat tails...being born is hard. I'm...all...tuckered...out. ■

FOX GRAPES AND SAND PLUMS

by *Priscilla Johnson*

Summertime is
A time for fruit with
Hot days making
The fruit sugar sweet.

First the fruit is an underripe green and
Sun-kissed yellow;
Then it turns
Purple dark and blood red
To let us pickers know it's ripe.

Our mouths water in anticipation
Of that first bite.
The pickers soon realize
That they have been beguiled by
The turning of the fruit.

We know this fruit
Needs the touch of
Grandma's hand
To bring out the best in
Fox Grape Jelly
And Sand Plum Jam. ■

PRISCILLA JOHNSON, a Texan transplanted to Erick and then to Weatherford, is a senior English Education major at Southwestern who presently makes her second appearance in WESTVIEW.

THAT SPECIAL SEASON

by *Pat Kourt*

Most people will agree that there is excitement and anticipation about the beginning of each school year. Whether it takes place in August or in September, Back-to-School is just like marking a season. Its advent floods radio, television, and periodical commercials like the return of Ol' Man River or spring baseball. Going back to school becomes the main topic to begin almost every conversation for people of all ages and backgrounds. Teachers are quizzed at every turn with: "Have you got the days counted?" "Are you ready for school to start?"

Believe it or not, teachers get a little queasy and have a few restless nights planning classroom strategies and praying there will be solutions to the problems they are anticipating for the coming school year. Teachers might see each student as a special child who germinates in the heat of summer, progresses through the frost of fall, withstands the bitter cold of winter, and awakens to a freshness of spring to be delivered to the next grade in school.

It is safe to say that some students cause more pain than others as they journey through the nine months! The excitement of teaching and learning is always part of life. ■

PAT KOURT, surely no stranger to WESTVIEW readers, lives in Thomas.

SUMMER NIGHTS

by Stan Sweeney

Cool summer nights are best for remembering
When our thoughts drift back to bygone times
of simpler things and forgotten laughter.
The sweet, moist air dampens the anxiety
of a busy day and higher priorities.
Whispered from the past are the carefree hours
of youth long abandoned,
endless summer days,
and star-filled skies.

Feel the grass, wet from an early dew—
The impressions of your footsteps fading
even as you rest and you remember.
The soft breeze caresses your soul
to ease the burden of your worried mind.
It stirs the restless reflections
of a hurried first kiss,
a missed interlude,
and lost moments.

The night will pass as all time does,
never pausing for those who reminisce,
never slowing though we may plead.
Another day dawns and the eternal sun
reminds us that while we linger and weigh our fate,
life goes on.
In the day we create the past,
live the present, and plan the future.
But summer nights are best
for remembering. ■



illustration by Brad Snow

STAN SWEENEY of Hydro is a nurse by vocation and a poet by avocation.

WITH CHILD AGAIN

by Pat Kourt

I am with child again.

Stretching before me, nine months of pleasure and agony seem endless.

My family suffers with me as I complain often and sigh tiredly at the end of the day.

I am with child again.

Spinning with names, my head is filled with wonder of future days.

My friends remark perhaps I'm "too old" for this.

I am with child again.

Warning me of too much stress, my doctor checks my heart, then my pulse.

He smiles, knowing my love for busy hands and small, freckled faces.

I am with child again.

Clanging loudly, the corridor bell summons me to my desk.

Yes, it is the first day of school

I am with child again!

a teacher. ■

**Treasured
memories...**

captured by

Blunck's

**photographic
professionals.**

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

Clinton	614 Frisco	323-0383
Elk City	116 W. Broadway	225-1616
Weatherford	106 E. College	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

AN EYE ON AUTUMN OUT WEST

by Ken Shroyer

Fall—my favorite time of year—a time of welcome in the
Golden West,
The taste of honey, nature's own real sweetener,
The start of school with new friends, excitement, and enthusiasm,
Frosty mornings as we go to jobs, shuck that corn and plant our
wheat crop.
It kicks off with Labor Day and that special period of football for
the local team.

Ah yes, autumn out west has a special meaning; it stirs our taste buds,
To the memories of popcorn around the old player piano,
The hotdogs as we watch our favorite team kick off,
A special time to honor our heritage as we celebrate Columbus Day,
The memories of costumes as we get ready for the Halloween
"Trick or Treat" callers,
The tribute to our folks in the service as we honor the living and dead
On Veterans' Day.

Truly, it's a very special day of Thanksgiving here in the West,
As we feast on Grandmother's favorite cooking,
Dedicated from her kitchen to all the offspring,
It's a time of hunting and sport as we challenge our neighbors out on
Old Route 66.
It's a time of entertainment and fellowship in only a manner the
Western folks know,
The thought of new programs on the big TV screen.

Autumn is the season I really love.
It brings back memories of Pearl Harbor and the time spent during
World War II.
It's an enrichment of life as we exchange stories and pass along
Treasured thoughts.
Just give me a good Fall, and I'll make it through the other three
Seasons in fine condition. ■

KEN SHROYER, whose poetry appears often in the WEATHERFORD DAILY NEWS and in WESTVIEW, and his wife, Reta, make their home in Weatherford.

FALL FASHIONS

by *George L. Hoffman*

Greet fair September in green and amber,
The gentled flame from August's ember!
Her flaxen hair cascades down
To enhance a variegated gown
Of rusty green that fades to brown
As her flame grows dimmer.

Behold October, sedate and sober!
Fashion designers vie to robe her
In brocaded silks with colors bold—
Pink and scarlet, rust and gold
That will give scant warmth against the cold
When she is older!

Now comes November, gray-faced and
somber,
Of three sisters, the homely member;
She wears a dress of tattered leaves,
And with bony arms in holey sleeves
She seeks out shelter on wintry eves
In the naked timber.

Sisters three and I must confess
Each seems to wear an appropriate dress! ■

GEORGE L. HOFFMAN, formerly of Custer City, is now a free-lance writer living in Clackamas, Oregon.

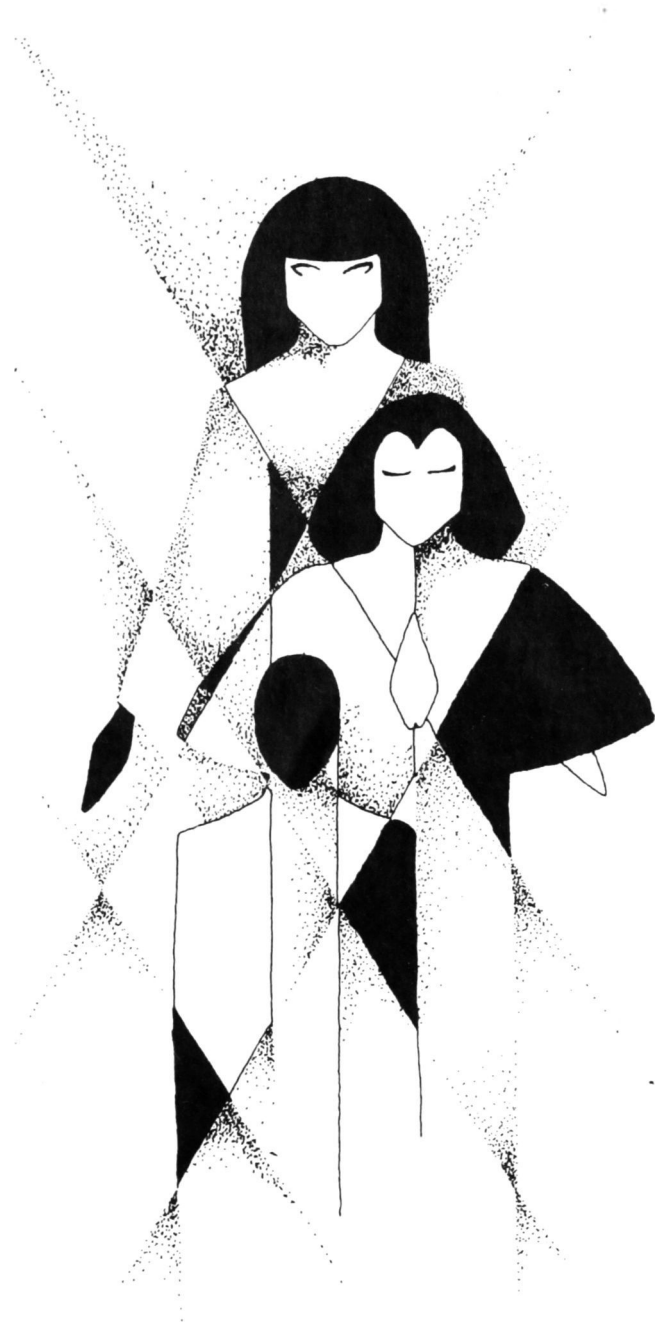


illustration by *Clinton T. Wood*

PHEASANT HUNTER'S LAMENT

by *Dale W. Hill*

Gather 'round, friends, and listen to my talk
About the ringneck bird, the "Cock of the Walk."
Beautiful and smart without a doubt—
He'll outsmart you if you don't watch out.

Now ol' John, Red, and I went out last fall,
But we came back with only four in all.
So we practiced on the blue-rock 'til we got good;
This year would be better—we knew it would.

The season opened early and bright;
And when we parked our trucks, the place was right—
and the dogs were on point in no time flat,
So we headed for the brush where the birds sat.

Then suddenly before with a blink of the eye,
Those birds flew up and headed for the sky.
"They're hens," shouted Red as we watched them fly
And there I stood just gawking at the sky.

And then behind us to our surprise,
The ol' cocks flew up and roared to the skies.
All of us shot once as we watched them go.
And ol' Red got mad and said, "Those dirty so and sos;
"They took us by surprise," shouted ol' Big Red.
And my thoughts went back to what some hunter had
said:

"Those cocks are smart and you better beware,
Or they'll leave you standin' just a gawkin' at the air."

Well, we went on and hunted about a week or so,
And we saw a lot of pheasants wherever we would go.
We used a lot of shells shootin' our guns.
We did a lot of walkin' and had a lot of fun.

But now the season's over, and we're all back home.
And our thoughts go back to those fields we roamed.
And when we tell our friends about the birds we shot,
Well, ol' John, Red, and I, we have to lie a lot. ■

DALE W. HILL, who lives in Washita, is a counselor in Anadarko Public Schools.

REMEMBRANCE AT THANKSGIVING

by *Marj McAlister*

History says Thanksgiving feasts
date from antiquity
to Pilgrims greeting Indians
in Plymouth Colony.


George Washington requested thanks
for the new Constitution
continuing Governor Bradford's
Colonial resolution.


Then Sarah Hale's tireless campaign
brought Lincoln's new decree
setting a national holiday
in 1863.


Our forefathers both far and near
brought us this celebration
for these ancestors we hold dear
thanks from a grateful nation. ■

(first published in PATCHWORK POETRY)

MARJ MCALISTER, poet from Oklahoma City, is a regular WESTVIEW contributor of both poetry and prose.




 EQUAL HOUSING
LENDER


 MEMBER
FSLIC
Federal Savings & Loan Insurance Corp.
A U.S. Government Agency

GREAT PLAINS FEDERAL
SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

SERVING YOU AT

CLINTON

AND

WEATHERFORD

1002 W. Frisco 323-0730

109 E Franklin 772-7441

OLD MAN WINTER

by *Margie Snowden North*

The leaves are shades of purple
and orange and brown and red—
the cornstalks out in the fields
are withered and mostly dead;
the turkeys are hollering and strutting in the pen—
Looks like Old Man Winter's creeping in.

The wind howls 'round the corners
and you want to snuggle deep,
but the cows must be milked
and the roosters disturb your sleep.
Little mice look cozy in the old corn bin—
Looks like Old Man Winter's creeping in.

The kids are eating popcorn
inside where it's warm and friendly,
outside the bare trees whip,
gray and tall and spindly.
The clouds look dark and the sun is mighty thin—
Looks like Old Man Winter's creeping in.

Ice is
beginning to form
on the pond just up the road,
a farmer's wagon creaks,
coming in with the last big load.
Back north the clouds are forming,
thick and dark as sin.
Looks like it might start storming—
Yes, Old Man Winter just blew in. ■



illustration by *Mike Sigurdson*

WEATHER CHANGE

by *Sandra Soli*

A cold front
scatters afternoon light.
Southwest skies
thread needles with fire.
Past the weather line
you could burn fingers
in so much blue.

No place for illusions,
this porch. The cutting done,
tubs boil on portable stoves
away from women.

One nine-point buck
comes easily to bone:
muscle melting, flesh
a quick memory. Skull
worthy of a fair mount,
decent wood.

Sizzling, the rest of the harvest
percolates through coals. Only meat
now, like any other.

The buck's eye
watches me,
asks *How's the weather
up there?*
Seasons change
and the shape of frost
but never the kill. ■

*SANDRA SOLI of Oklahoma City insists
that she is pleased to be a frequent
WESTVIEW contributor; she will be con-
ducting residencies around the state
during the next two years as part of the
Oklahoma Artist-in-Residence program
sponsored by the State Arts Council.*

Security State Bank

Cheyenne, Oklahoma

Full Service Bank



Since 1912



497-3354

"Growing by Helping Others Grow"

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



WINTER SOLSTICE

by Margie Snowden North

Under lead skies the
miniature wildwood of
dwarfish shinnery,
winter-dead,
sits in a sea of nut-brown acorns and
cast-off leaves
that scatter outward through wisps of
buffalo grass and color-drained wildflowers.
Quail scurry into that earthtone sanctuary,
the only stirring of life.
They blend motionlessly.

All earth is
quiescent, an unending monotone of
dull browns and grays,
awaiting in silence that re-awakening
which comes with spring. ■

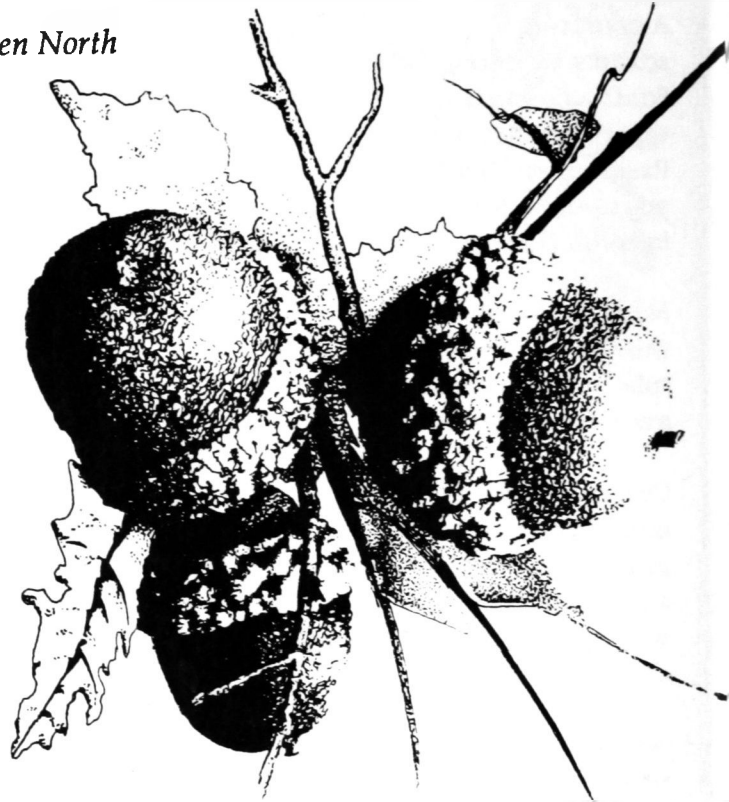


illustration by Kirk Wheeler

ED BERRONG
INSURANCE AGENCY

"THE AGENCY SERVICE BUILT"

Insurance
Real Estate
Bonds

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

WINTER STORM

by *Georgia C. Lowenberg*

The unrelenting winter storm,
The tinkling ice on window pane,
A Western Oklahoma wind
Drives ravaged leaves and freezing
rain.

The brutal cold that seized this land,
The timid dawn as gray as stone,
The weary, bleary, daytime hours,
This tortured night I spend alone.

The splended glow of ember beds,
Where brightly flickered firelight,
Intoxicating pine smoke wisps
To waft, to wane, on wings of night.

This house endures the weather's
wrath,
The scourge of seasons, age, and
strife.
It shelters me—comforts me—
Abiding refuge, strength for life.

I sense—not hear—the migrant geese,
Their frenzied flight to saner climes,
The coyotes' haunted lullaby
To pierce my dreams of visioned
times:

A spring replete with songbird trill,
The heady, rose-sweet summer air,
The harvest's glory, fields of gold,
Alas! Again, dread winter's snare. ■

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

“Your Community Owned Bank”



**NATIONAL BANK AND TRUST COMPANY
OF WEATHERFORD**

772-5575

1100 EAST MAIN



(Published by Southwestern Oklahoma State University—Weatherford, Oklahoma 73096)

WESTVIEW is the official quarterly of the Southwestern Center for Regional Studies. To be published in the journal are scholarly articles, local history sketches, memoirs, biographies, autobiographies, graphic arts, book reviews, and creative writing. Submissions along with SASE are to be sent to: Dr. Leroy Thomas; Editor, WESTVIEW; Southwestern Oklahoma State University, 100 Campus Drive; Weatherford, Oklahoma 73096. Checks for single issues (\$4.00) and for subscriptions (one year: \$8.00 in USA; \$20., out of country) are to be sent to the Publisher(Dr. Dan Dill) at the same address.

WESTVIEW

Southwestern Oklahoma State University

Weatherford, Oklahoma 73096

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

Published Quarterly by
Southwestern Center for Regional Studies
Southwestern Oklahoma State University
Weatherford, Oklahoma

