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WESTVIEW

A Journal of Western Oklahoma

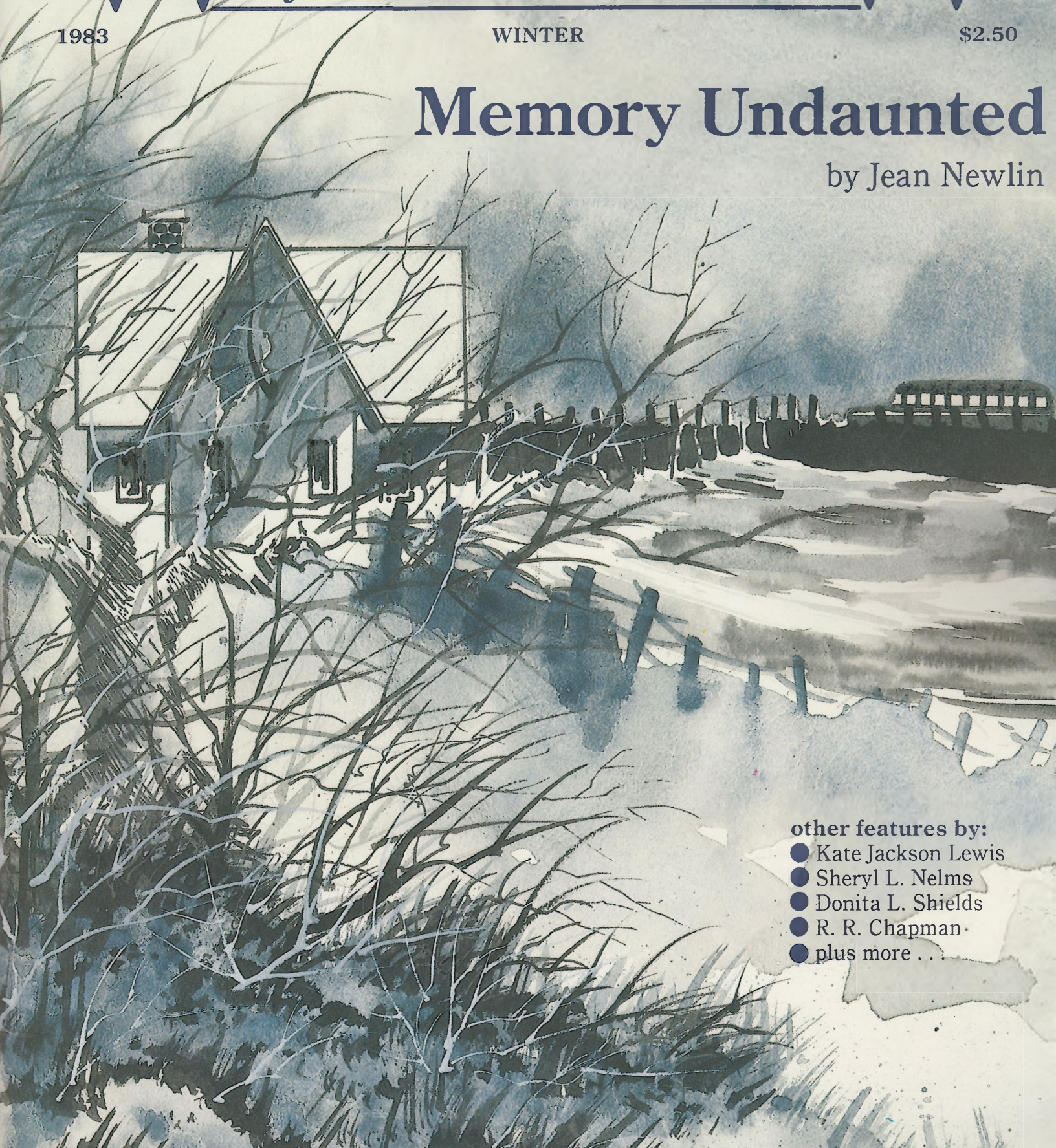
1983

WINTER

\$2.50

Memory Undaunted

by Jean Newlin



other features by:

- Kate Jackson Lewis
- Sheryl L. Nelms
- Donita L. Shields
- R. R. Chapman
- plus more . . .

FOREWORD

Readers and writers, please help us. We need additional quality manuscripts. Actually, we want fuller participation from a more representative sampling of our Western Oklahoma writers.

Our submissions don't always work out as we prefer; for instance, in this issue on Western Oklahoma Athletics, we really wanted an article on Binger's Johnny Bench. We even tried to solicit one, but our solicitee never did respond to our request.

After having to go to press without Johnny, we decided to make some of our needs for the future better known. For future issues, we're very much interested in featuring certain people; therefore, we hope that some of our reader-writers will take heed. For our Summer, 1985 issue (deadline: April 1, 1985), we need articles on Frontier Western Oklahoma subjects; for our Fall, 1985 issue (deadline: July 1, 1985), articles on Augusta Metcalf and Fred Olds. We need, in short, reader-writers who will study all of our projections and send submissions.

We hope that our contributors will observe these amenities of the writing profession:

1. Always mail a manuscript flat in a manila envelope, not forgetting the SASE for a possible rejection.
2. Use a coversheet that contains name, address, telephone number, and suggested issue and section (Landmarks, Memories, Inspiration, etc.). We want each contributor's identity to remain a secret during the assessing process.
3. Remember the importance of a clean, as-perfect-as-possible typewritten (double-spaced) manuscript. Use a good grade of 8½ x 11 white paper.
4. Be sure that your name is nowhere on the manuscript.

We thank you for your continued interest in and support of WESTVIEW.

Leroy Thomas

— Leroy Thomas
Editor

WESTVIEW

Published by Southwestern Oklahoma State University
Weatherford, Oklahoma

Winter

Volume 3

Oklahoma Athletics Issue

Number 2

CONTENTS

NOSTALGIA

| | | |
|--|-----------------------|---|
| From Broomcorn Champion to National Wrestling Champion | Kate Jackson Lewis | 4 |
| Bright Carnival | Joanna Thurston Roper | 6 |
| Cumulus Clouds | Sheryl L. Nelms | 6 |
| Blanket the Years | Hazel Bell | 6 |

PERSPECTIVES

| | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------|---|
| Kelli | Pat Kourt | 7 |
| The Long Sleep | Hazel Bell | 8 |
| Western Oklahoma Ice Storm | Sheryl L. Nelms | 8 |

SPECIAL ITEMS

| | | |
|--|-------------------|----|
| Book Review <i>Rig Nine</i> by William Rintoul | Donita L. Shields | 9 |
| Future Issues | | 10 |

FITNESS

| | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------|----|
| A Positive Approach | Donita Lucas Shields | 14 |
| Blackballed | Patsy Evans | 12 |

LANDMARKS

| | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------------|----|
| Killing the Rooster | Sheryl L. Nelms | 14 |
| The Ladies | Debbie Duerksen and Shalia Wakeman | 16 |

MEMORIES

| | | |
|---|-----------------|----|
| Gone Days | R. R. Chapman | 21 |
| Chinook | Sheryl L. Nelms | 22 |
| Tenting in the Oklahoma Panhandle | Sheryl L. Nelms | 22 |
| Memory Undaunted | Jean Newlin | 23 |
| John Stokes: All American Kid | Todd Winn | 26 |

| | | |
|---------------|--|----|
| GALLERY | | 29 |
|---------------|--|----|

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COVER

Memory Undaunted by Ben Test

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; Weatherford, Oklahoma 73096. All works appearing herein are copyrighted by the Southwestern Center for Regional Studies of Weatherford, Oklahoma.

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FROM BROOMCORN CHAMPION TO NATIONAL WRESTLING CHAMPION

ILLUSTRATION BY: Jim Bailey

Laurence Mantooth, Purcell, never saw a school-officiated wrestling match until he was in college. Neither can he remember a time when he didn't know how to wrestle. Growing up with three brothers made wrestling come as natural as cutting teeth -- and almost as soon.

When a lad, Mantooth took his place during harvest with 25 or 30 hired workers on his father's broomcorn farm near Wayne. He said, "We would work awhile, swim in the river, then wrestle in sand under cottonwood trees. After high school, I never lost a broomcorn match. There was only one weight. Weighing 127, I wrestled men up to 225 pounds. I won because I was in better condition."

Mantooth, OU's first gold medal-winning athlete, and national wrestling champion for 1929 and 1930, was inducted into the Helm's Foundation Wrestling Hall of Fame in 1969. Now retired, the "Scissor King" keeps fit by the same methods he practiced as a wrestler -- except the mat work-outs. He hunts and fishes near his boyhood home on the Washita River. After catching his limit of fish, he swims in the same spot. "Swimming," according to Mantooth, "made my arms, legs and back strong. I credit it with my wrestling success."



Laurence Mantooth — National wrestling champ.

by Kate Jackson Lewis

A trick of fate kept Mantooth from wrestling at Oklahoma A&M (OSU). No recruiter knocked on his door. In his time, recruiters were a scarce breed. Too, wrestling scholarships were not offered.

Sure, Mantooth could wrestle! His skill was apparent to his Wayne high school basketball coach who urged him to go to college and wrestle. Not knowing his mat-potential, the talented athlete went out for track and basketball when he enrolled at A & M. During his freshman year, he passed by Coach Gallagher's office door every day -- never once entering. Later when Mantooth was winning His skill was apparent to his Wayne high school basketball coach who urged him to go to college and wrestle. Not knowing his

mat-potential, the talented athlete went out for track and basketball when he enrolled at A&M. During his freshman at OU, Mr. Gallagher commented, "Why did I let a man like that get away?" After one year as a spectator at all college bouts, Mantooth had an idea that he could and would -- compete the next year.

Using a new car as bait Mantooth's father suggested that his son commute from the family's new farm home near Lexington. Competing on the freshman mat team at OU he practiced two days and won a gold medal in the

125 pound class. As a sophomore, he won the starting place in his weight -- winning some and losing a few. "I lost a referee's decision in the national tournament against a man I had already defeated in conference play. That cost me a gold medal and a trip to the '28 Olympics." Mantooth lamented.

In the 1929 national tourney at Columbus, victory was sweet. "I was stretching against the ropes -- boxing ring back then -- when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I heard the great Mr. Gallagher saying, "Laurence, you can beat this man easy -- he's not in shape." One of the greatest coaches that ever lived said that to me knowing that I would face his A&M man in the finals." Mantooth won both bouts to become the first OU athlete to win a gold medal in college competition.

How did Mantooth meet living costs without a scholarship?

The greying athlete wondered how the well-supported athlete of today manages on his fare. "I worked on campus jobs for 35¢ an hour. After marrying Margaret (Beam), my high school sweetheart, we both worked at that wage. We lived in a run-down half-basement apartment with my brother, Albert, and my teammate, Marvin Leach. We four learned to live on a close budget and Margaret and I saved enough to pay her second-semester enrollment."

Mantooth said that wrestling season started for him on enrollment day. "My philosophy was that if you were in top physical condition, you had most of the battle won. Wrestling for time advantage as we did back then was a lot different from today. I believed that I could ride any man given the chance -- and could escape from any opponent within 10 seconds. I had to practice take-downs, though, and never got too good at them."

The famous athlete continued, "During my senior year all my matches went like a story book. We wrestled A&M once each year -- this year the bedlam match was held at Stillwater. The place was packed. Chairs were bunched close around a raised platform in the center of the gym. I was to wrestle Bobby Pierce, who had both high school and college wins to his credit."

The same Bobby Pierce went on to win a gold medal in the 1930 Olympics. Mr. Gallagher reported selling 600 tickets in a one-block area to Pierce's fans in Cushing. A former teammate came by my dressing room to ask me if I had been feeling well. Later I learned that he was checking on my health-condition before placing his bet. Some of the guys were offering 20 to one on Pierce. I had never heard of betting on matches. Here I was -- a country boy from the broomcorn field -- about to wrestle a veteran wrestler. Why, I had seen my first officiated match only three years ago."

Was Mantooth annihilated that night? No, according to the record, he won by a decision. After the match, his inquiring friend came by to divide his winnings with the champ.

Mantooth said, "I told him that I appreciated his offer, but could not take the money."

In the spring of '39 a common cold caused Mantooth to lose two weeks' workouts just before the national tournament. He went along to the Penn State tourney -- not to wrestle -- but to boost his team's morale. The challenge was too great -- Mantooth entered and won his second national championship. He said, "I didn't tell my competitors that I had been sick and hadn't worked out for two weeks."

When Coach Paul Keen picked the 10 "Greats" in Sooner mat-history, he told the press, "Laurence Mantooth is the greatest man I ever coached." He went on to describe the athlete's chief tactics. "Mantooth, at 126

pounds, had as his chief stock-in-trade a switch as an escape. It was impossible for an opponent to hold Mantooth down longer than 30 or 40 seconds. He had long arms that made him an effective rider. He was cautious, seldom trying for a fall or caring for one. He preferred to win by a decision rather than to take a chance."

Mantooth had this to say about Paul Keen, "He is one of the finest men that I have ever known -- a king, Christian friend. He treated you like you liked to be treated."

After college graduation, Mantooth coached wrestling, football, basketball, track, and baseball at Sulphur high school for three years. In this short time, he coached five wrestlers to national championships.

Leaving Sulphur, he operated a grocery store in Purcell until entering the Navy during World War II. From '42 to '45 Mantooth was wrestling coach in the Naval Gunnery School.

Returning to Purcell, he became active in civic affairs. His services include Board of Education, City Council for six years, Mayor of Purcell, Chamber of Commerce, and American Legion member.

During Mantooth's City Council tenure, the town installed new sewer lines, added water-well service, built a modern, fully-equipped hospital and a Multi-Purpose center.

For his outstanding service record won him the '69 "Man of the Year" award.



Former wrestling champ, Mantooth, now spends his spare time fishing and hunting

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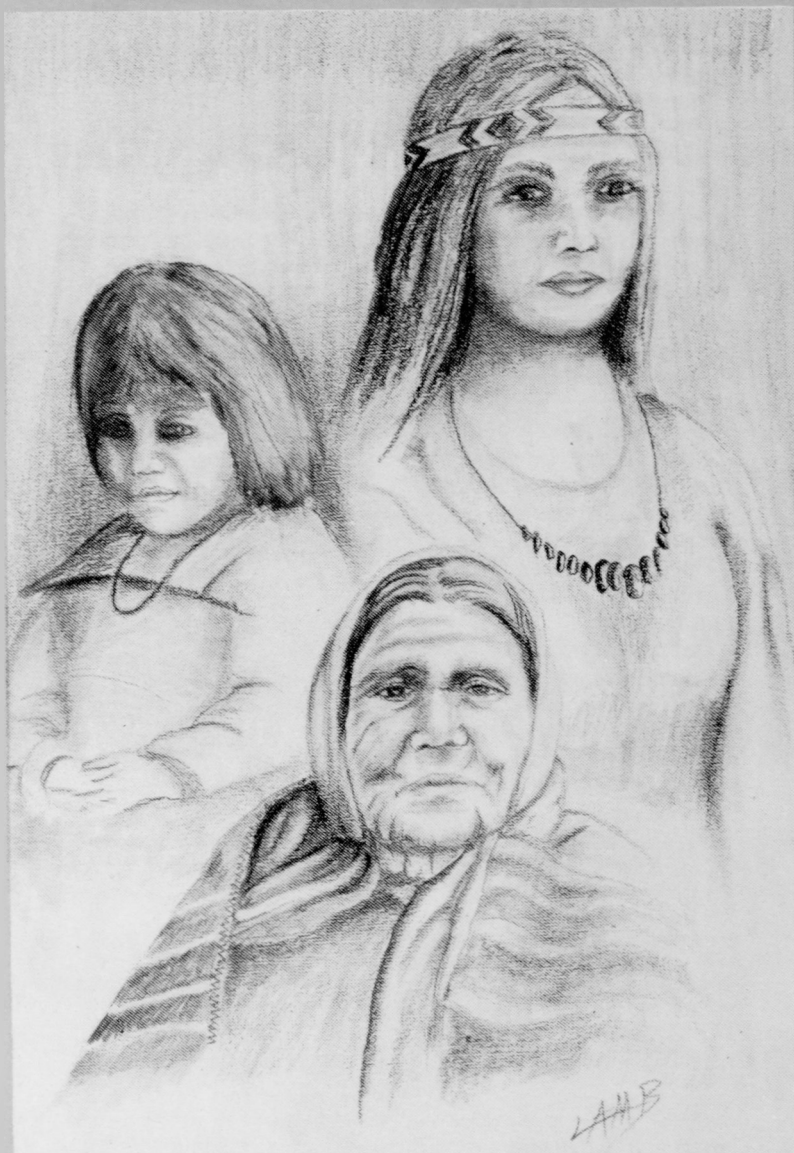


ILLUSTRATION BY: Glen Lamb

Blanket The Years

— universal thief —

by Hazel Bell

Time was —
When lithe and bronze she stood,
Jet eyes flirting
And inky hair,
Long as the corn rows,
Lay in braided trails
And touched her slender hips.

Dashing young braves
Vied for her full, red pouting lips.
Daughter of a chief
She was — and vain.

Time was —
A cradleboard
Clung to her shoulders,
And a fringe of pitch-black
Hair bobbed from a blanket therein.

Tales she told
And children listened
Spell-bound.

Now winter - old she sits,
While others' children
Dash past her bulky form.

She shivers in the chill
And gathers her flimsy
Old blanket
Around her winter soul.

Cumulus Clouds

by Sheryl Nelms

a gallon
of rich
country cream

hand whipped
into stiff
peaks

flung from the beaters

into dollops
across the
blue oilcloth

Bright Carnival

— a scene sometimes observed during a Western Oklahoma winter —

by Joanna Thurston Roper

A million icy carets shimmered the world in the golden sun.
Tree limbs shone brittle in the light,
and yucca blades hardened to a glisten.
Fence posts with silver shadows
surrounded fields of crystal tangles, and
clumps of fragile weeds stood four square,
each stem a sculpture — iced, sheathed and armorcoated.
Then the golden sun fused the kaleidoscope colors,
and the ice carnival was gone.



Kelli led the Lady Bulldogs to NAIA championships and was named most valuable player in NAIA tournaments for two years.

Kelli by Pat Kourt

Slender and tall of stature;
Strong in both body and character,
She performs her strategies and shots.
like a veteran actress on stage.

Alert and flashing with determination;
Quick to detect an important break,
Her hazel eyes reflect triumph
like mirrors of her ingenious mind.

Cool and unmoved in emotion;
Concerned with accurate maneuvers,
Her concentration seems impenetrable
like a screen of protection.

Disappointed and quietly disgusted with fouls;
Elated with a hard-fought battle,
She relaxes with the crowd's applause
As the final buzzer shouts victory.

Defeated or victorious, on or off the court;
Wearing Thomas green or Bulldog white,
She is truly an All-American!



Kelli Litsch

The Long Sleep

by Hazel Bell

And so the old man sleeps —
Dreaming of clear, blue streams
Where fish jump free
And mule-deer pause to drink,
Trembling and alert.

He wears again the breech-cloth
And a feather in his hair.
He dances the Calumet,
Asking the Great Spirit for rain.

He hears the thundering herds of buffalo.

He squats around the campfire,
Watching the shadows leap upon the teepees.

He builds the wigwam and birchbark canoe.
His step is noiseless in the forest.

The old man dreams of buffalo dances —
Wearing horns of the buffalo.

He fashions the bow
And chips the arrows for his hunt.

Winter leaves whisper in the forest.
The old man stirs in his dreams —
The Great Spirit quietly
Escorts the warrior
To his Happy Hunting Ground.



ILLUSTRATION BY: Sam Moore

Western Oklahoma Ice Storm

by Sheryl L. Nelms

fresh ice
outlines
the barbwire fence
like a transparent shadow

a northeast wind
wiggles
through the
scrub oak grove

limbs rub and bump

sound gritches
around like
a hundred hands
squeezing cellophane

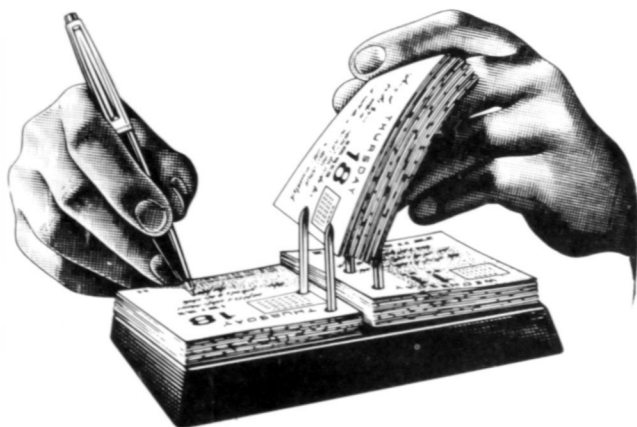


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BOOK REVIEW

Rig Nine

by William Rintoul

In RIG NINE, William Rintoul presents a collection of character sketches concerning drillers, roughnecks, and roustabouts who struggle to survive the harsh milieu in which they live and work.

As Mr. Rintoul pulls the heart strings of his readers, it matters little whether these men live in the environment of crude wooden structures or towering steel skyscrapers. Regardless of the type of derricks, this world of grime, grease, and grueling hard work basically remains unchanged. Regardless of the era of drilling for oil, these men are far away from their homes and loved ones.

They are company men, hired to do dangerous jobs to the best of their abilities. Homesickness is a common malady, and the monotony of daily work tours progresses from long days into longer months. Only in their dreams and aspirations can these toughened men find solace. Each hopes someday to have a better life for himself and his family.

Each man feels certain that he will not always follow the drilling rigs from offshore Louisiana to the perma-frost regions of Alaska. He vows he will quit the job when the present hole is finished and find work closer to home. Yet the lure of good wages compels him to go with the company to the next location. He cannot break the chain that binds him. In spite of his wishes, he will continue working in oil fields until his health is broken or he retires.

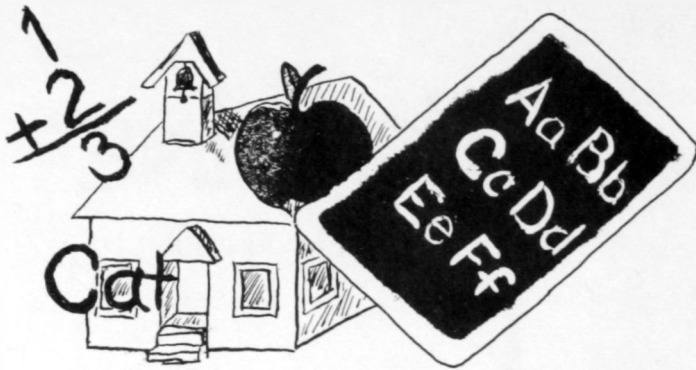
An oilfield worker finds life bearable by receiving self-satisfaction in accomplishing the seemingly impossible, the unexpected glimmerings of beauty when he least expects it, and the good will and humor of his fellow workers.

RIG NINE by William Rintoul is available from Seven Buffaloes Press, Box 249, Big Timber, Montana 59011. 1983. \$5.60 postpaid.

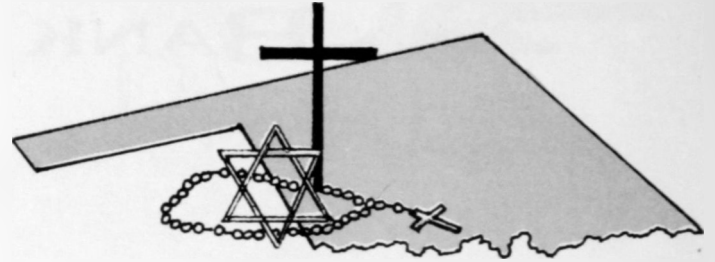
Donita L. Shields

SPECIAL ITEMS

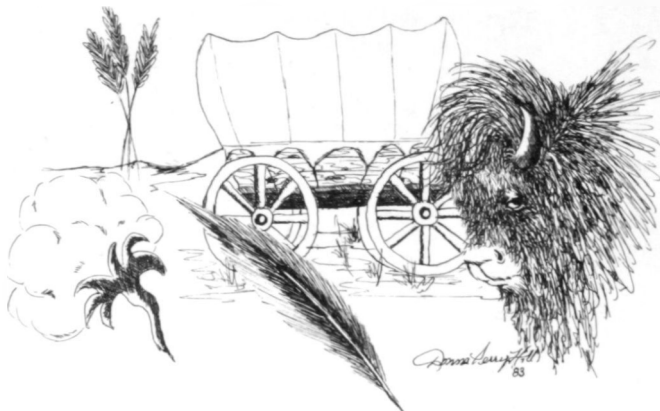
FUTURE ISSUES



SPRING, 1984. This issue — “Western Oklahoma Teachers” — will give our contributors a chance to give deserved honor to outstanding Western Oklahoma Educators. Deadline: January 1, 1984.



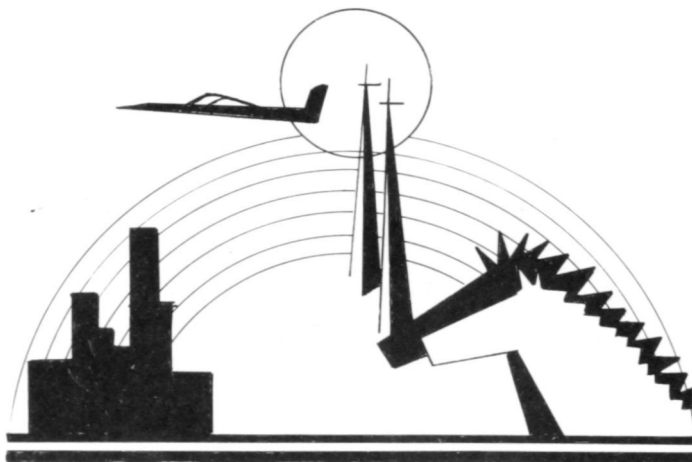
SUMMER, 1984. “Western Oklahoma Religion” is a theme that should draw many interesting submissions. Deadline: April 1, 1984.



FALL, 1984. “Western Oklahoma’s Colorful Past.” Surely there are some interesting tales that have never been told in written form. Deadline: July 1, 1984.



WINTER, 1984. WESTERN OKLAHOMA POLITICS. This theme could breed some controversial issues, but good taste will be insisted upon. Articles on political theories as well as Western Oklahoma politicians may be submitted. Deadline: October 1, 1984.



SPRING, 1985. “Western Oklahoma’s Promise.” This issue is a promising possibility for contributors. Theme interpretation allows much creative flexibility. Deadline: January 1, 1985.



Projected future themes are “Frontier Western Oklahoma” (Summer, 1985), “Western Oklahoma Artists and Writers” (Fall, 1985), “Famous Western Oklahomans” (Winter, 1985), and “Western Oklahoma Firsts” (Spring, 1986).



— by *Donita Lucas Shields*

ILLUSTRATION BY: Bobby Passmore

Deep down inside there has been a fear that the luxury of sedentary life in semi-retirement would catch up with me, and that it did. For the first time in my life, this summer I found myself confronted with excess pounds and inches in wrong places.

Being a scientific-minded person, I decided to go about my remodeling job with intelligence. Always my first step in solving a perplexing situation is to investigate the various procedures. The encyclopedia is always my first reference. Its information concerning weight control sounded simple enough.

A 150-pound person could limit his food intake to 2,000 calories daily and lose two pounds a week safely. This same individual could use up 502 of these calories by walking three and one-half miles daily.

Having developed a taste for laziness that did not include a three-mile stroll, I suggested to myself why not reduce food intake to 1,500 calories and all would take care of itself. I would lose my eight pounds of unnecessary baggage in four weeks. That would allow plenty of time for me to trim down and squeeze into my old winter woollens.

For six weeks I clung to the 1,500-calorie diet except for a few steak dinner binges. Results: zero pounds and zero inches lost. Something was drastically wrong. Perhaps my middle-age metabolism was becoming ineffective.

I renewed my vices. Evidently wheat

germ and gourmet cheeses were not appropriate substitutes for hamburgers and fries. I had really indulged myself in nothing except heaping platters of lime sherbet. Perhaps this appetizing filler would have to go the way of hamburgers. Worse yet, I might have to resort to lettuce and cottage cheese before I won the battle.

Worriedly, I reviewed the material in the encyclopedia. I could exercise away a 500-calorie malted milkshake during a 97-minute walk or a 61-minute bicycle ride or a 26-minute jog. These figures were precisely recommended for a 150-pound person. Anyone weighing 75 pounds would need to exercise twice that time. I became desperate since my poundage fell between the two examples.

Being a former rancher and farmer, the thought of walking or jogging was beneath my dignity. No self-respecting tractor driver or cowboy ever walked when he could transport himself on four wheels. Most certainly I did not intend to become one of the endangered species and ride a bicycle on the bumpy brick street in front of my home. Besides, I had no bicycle.

Evidently I would have to resort to outside assistance if I were able to enjoy my old clothes another season. Luckily an interesting-sounding exercise center advertised for new members. A friend and I consulted with each other and decided to become dedicated to the organization.

Both of us were accepted by the club

and entered our first day of class wearing beautiful purple leotards and tights that daringly accented our every bulge and sag. Our teacher looked at us as if we could be her slowest learners and least responsive to her guidance.

We would show her, we thought. At that moment we looked like little E.T. who was so drastically afflicted by Earth's gravitational forces. Nevertheless, we intended to prove to our teacher and to ourselves that our tenacity was iron-clad.

That first week we discovered that our muscles were completely atrophied with all elasticity evidently on a permanent leave of absence. The young ones, our delightful classmates, showed gracefulness and agility which we so sadly lacked during rhythmic exercises. I soon found that one-half mile on the stationary bicycle was the limit of my travels for one day.

However, my friend and I excelled in shaking and quivering when we took our turns with belts and rollers. Best of all, we were at the head of our class each day when it came time to race for the sauna. In that steamy enclosure we restored our egos as we basked our weary bodies in its soothing atmosphere.

Results of that first week proved successful. I removed one pound of baggage and nine inches of flab. We planned a delectable celebration with a ten-ounce Kansas City strip and all the trimmings.

I recently had my first encounter with the game of racket ball. The fact that I was totally unfamiliar with the game didn't deter me from accepting my friend Mary's invitation to play with her. After all, how difficult can it be to swat a little ball against a wall?

After a skimpy explanation of the rules, Mary suggested that we do some practice play. She heaved a service against the front wall which sliced a Z through the air as it ricocheted left-right-left and came to rest only after missing my nose by one-sixteenth of an inch. Standing studded and immobile before my smiling friend, I stammered an explanation about not being ready.

My first attempt to serve was followed by a hasty examination of my racket, which to my surprise was complete with strings. Ball two dribbled off the end of my racket and rolled gently to the wall before me. With my determination screwed down tightly, I prepared to return Mary's serve. As I flailed the air in search of that elusive creature which seemed to calculate my every move, I somehow lost footing and took a thunderous spill that echoed back at me from every mocking wall.

I spurned Mary's attempt to comfort my wounded ego and stood to my feet with a new strategy in mind. I would calmly watch the ball as it whizzed around the room; then I would carefully swoop my racket under it just as it bounced from the floor. My plan was a good one, but it backfired (literally) when Mary's next service rebound bulleted directly toward me. I absorbed the blow graciously, forced a grimaced smile, fixed my gaze on the black, round monster lying motionless on the floor, and backed slowly from the room.



ILLUSTRATION BY: Cyndee Habikott

BLACKBALLED

by Patsy Evans



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Killing the Rooster

by Sheryl L. Nelms

Gramps held the rooster
with his left hand
and swung the ax
with his right

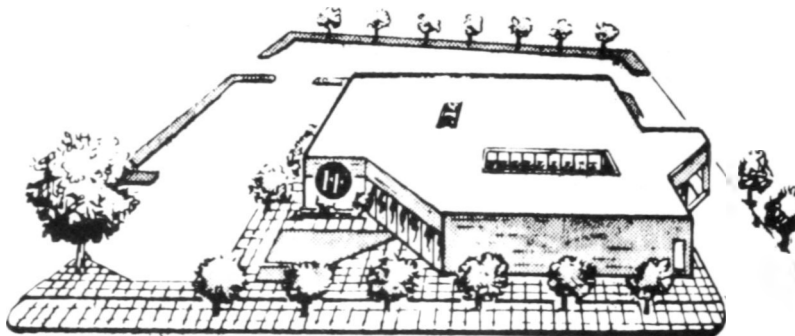
the silver
edge sliced
clean
and whumped
into the elm stump
where it stuck
handle up

the red-combed
head lay
staring off
of the stump
looking sideways across the garden

at the bronze body
flapping wings
lunatic hopping
that spurted blood
and feathers
out among the rows of green onions

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Cheyenne, Oklahoma

DECK'S IGA
Thomas, Oklahoma

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Elk City, Oklahoma

The

by Debbie Duerksen and Shalia Wakeman

Winning first in the nation would usually be enough for any team to accomplish; however, for the Lady Bulldogs of Southwestern Oklahoma State University, winning once was not enough. These women practiced and worked together for many hours to produce a national championship basketball team two years in a row. In 1981 - 1982 and 1982 - 1983, the SOSU Lady Bulldogs moved from the run-of-the-mill university basketball team to the number-one team in the nation.

A new coach arrived on Southwestern's campus in 1981. This new coach named John Loftin brought with him, it seemed, a winning tradition. Loftin, a native of Tulia, TX, came to Southwestern after a successful record of 139 wins and 38 losses at Murray Oklahoma State Junior College. Loftin had led two different teams to the Oklahoma junior college championship during his stay at the junior college. Prior to his college coaching, Loftin began his coaching career in Claude, TX, where his record was 105-26. He also took his Texas teams to two Texas high-school state championships.

Along with Loftin, a new player from Thomas High School came into view, and the Lady Bulldogs were onto a winning season. Kelli Litsch from Fay remembers her first year playing for the Lady Bulldogs. "We were all apprehensive," said Litsch, "We were all new. We had a new coach and we didn't know how we'd play. But then we started winning and things just fell together."

Litsch was practically "brought up in a gym." She began playing basketball in the second grade and has since received such merits as All-American in high school and led Thomas to the State Championship finals.

After graduating from high school, Kelli was given offers to attend Oklahoma State University, Oklahoma University, and Louisiana Tech University, among others. However, she chose Southwestern over them all because, she stated, "It was close to home, I had friends here, and I always knew I'd come here."

Other freshmen also joined the Lady Bulldog squad to boost the women's team to fame. Jan Cheadle, known as "Cheese" Cheadle, came to SOSU after graduating from Carnegie High School. During her high-school years, "Cheese" received All-County, All-State, and All-Regional titles. She was also awarded the Most Valuable Player three years. Cheese decided to bring her talent to Southwestern and continue her career as a coach.

Cheese and Kelli were not the only freshmen on the 1982 championship team. Susan Pueschel also brought her talent to SOSU after completing her high-school years in Fletcher.

More experienced players rounded out the top-ranked team and led the freshmen in a winning season. Sophomores on the team included Mindy Mayfield from Yukon and Anita Foster from Dallas, TX.

Mayfield joined with the Lady Bulldogs straight from high school, and Foster came as a transfer student from Steven F. Austin College. These two were an asset to the hopeful team.

Juniors on the winning team aided the underclassmen in



83 - 84 Lady Bulldogs.

experience and skill. Mary Champion, Vickie Seal, Susan Mounts, and Pat Jacques all played for the championship in Kemper Arena in Kansas City, MO.

Mary Champion transferred to Southwestern her junior year from Conners Junior College. Mary averaged eight points a game during the regular season. Mounts was also a transfer student from Northern Junior College in Tonkawa. Seal, a junior transfer, came to Southwestern after playing at Western Oklahoma State.

In March of 1982, these girls aided by Coach John Loftin, trainer Thel Shelby, and manager Demetriss Beacham, added the perfect ending to the so-called "Cinderella" season by winning the NAIA National Championship in Kansas City and doing it with a record of 34 - 0. The most outstanding score for the season was reached as the Lady Bulldogs defeated Panhandle State University, 107 - 53.

Before the women could travel to the National Championships, they successfully won the NAIA District Nine Championship and the NAIA Area Three Championship.

After successfully attaining the NAIA National Cham-

Ladies



pionship title, honors were given to many of the Southwestern players. Kelli Litsch and Anita Foster were named All NAIA National Tournament Team. Kelli was named Outstanding Player for the tournament and selected for the first team NAIA All American. Chelly Belanger joined Kelli in this honor for the All-American team.

During the 1982 National Championship games, the Lady Bulldogs scored 241 points in the national tournament, averaging 80.3 points a game and outscoring their opponents by a 27.6 margin. The Ladies also scored the most field goals in the tournament, 99.

As the 1981 - 82 basketball season came to an end, most of the girls were ready for a break from the sport; however, soon it was time again for the daily practices and workouts for the 1982 - 1983 season.

New freshman players such as Carie Kephart and Joanna Freeman brought new youth to the team for the second year. Kephart traveled from Canton to play with the Lady Bulldogs, and Freeman came from Moore.

Deana English rejoined the team as a sophomore. Her freshman year at Southwestern, she injured her knee and therefore decided to redshirt, or sit out that year and play it again. English graduated from Elmore City. Since she had played some with the Lady Bulldogs in the 1981 - 1982 season, English had experience with the championship team.

D.D. Woodfork from Seminole joined the Lady Bulldog team as a sophomore transfer. Woodfork had played for Loftin at Murray State Junior College, and once Loftin described her as being one of the "quickest and best jumpers I have ever seen." Along with Woodfork, Mary Scarlett from Clinton joined the team as a sophomore.

Theresa Patterson, a junior from Pittsburg, joined the women's team after transferring from Eastern Junior College in Wilburton. Coach Loftin described Patterson as being "the best shooter in Oklahoma junior colleges" the previous year.

The Ladies knew it would be a tough job winning the national championship two years in a row, but confidence prevailed. Coach Loftin described the 1982 - 1983 team as being "more experienced" than the previous season's team.

Kelli Litsch mentioned that the team had to be optimistic. She said that the competition was tougher and "every time we walked out on the court, they were trying to beat us because we were the National Champions of 1982." Kelli added that the team just had to "take one



ILLUSTRATION BY: Val Humphreys

game at a time."

The girls traveled through the 1982 - 1983 season with an almost clean record of 30 - 4, again traveling to Kansas City, and they became the NAIA National Champions for the second consecutive year.

For the second consecutive year, Kelli Litsch and Anita Foster were named to the NAIA All-Tournament Team. This year, another name, Mary Champion, also was added to that list. Litsch was named the Most Valuable Player for the second year, and the team brought home the sportsmanship trophy.

Coach Loftin won Coach of the Year Awards in 1981 - 1982 and 1982 - 1983 both in NAIA District Nine and the NAIA National Tournament.

At the latter, Litsch managed to break three shooting records. By scoring 78 points in three games, she surpassed the previous record by 10 points. She broke the previous field goal record of 26 by scoring 28 goals and also broke the free throw record of 19 by scoring 22 free throws. She tied the previous record of free throws in a single game with 11.

Following the 1983 Championship, Mary Champion was asked to participate in the sixth annual East-West College All-Star Game. Litsch was named to play on the Kodak All-District Women's Basketball Team for District V of the Large College Division.

In 1984, the Lady Bulldogs are looking for yet another National Championship. Litsch said "This year's team is basically the same as last year's. We have many new players, but we know we'll be strong."

The team will be feeling the loss of Mary Champion, "Cheese" Cheadle, Deana English, and Susan Mounts in this year's quest for the title. The shoes of these players will be filled with the likes of Shorna Coffey, who is back after redshirting last season, freshmen, and transfers.

Leah Carpenter, a Butler freshman, is aiding the team with her talent, and she feels very confident about the season.



82 - 83 Lady Bulldogs.

Others who are boosting the Bulldogs toward the championships include Carri Hayes, a junior college transfer from Latta and Elissia Fountain, a Dallas, TX transfer from Odessa Junior College. Hayes feels that the biggest problem this year will be adjusting to the other players. Hayes is ready to do all she can in the way of winning the title. "I'll do whatever I have to do to help the team go back to the nationals and have another winning season."

Desree Bowers, a junior transfer student from Oklahoma City University, will also aid the team with her talents in the coming season. Kim Fennelly, a Davenport, IA senior, and Nancy Hafterson, a Sonoma, CA sophomore, will join the team in January.

Everyone concerned with the team is optimistic about the coming season and the 1984 National championship games in Kansas City, MO. Thel Shelby, Coach Loftin's assistant coach, has her eyes on the top. Shelby predicted that the Lady Bulldogs will go all the way one more time. "We have basically the same starters as the two previous years, and if everyone has a good attitude and is in the right frame of mind, we can do it all again."

Jason Maxwell will serve the Lady Bulldogs as trainer this season, and Shelly Brown and Jan "Cheese" Cheadle will take care of the statistics. Beryl Sifford will serve as manager.

Nineteen eighty four looks good for the Lady Bulldogs, and if all goes right, injuries don't get the team down, and the fans cheer the girls to victory after victory, they'll be in Kansas City to win their third consecutive NAIA National Championship.

[Editor's Note: As of December 7, 1983, the team had been reduced to eight members — Litsch, Foster, Coffey, Cheadle, Dees, Fountain, Mayfield, and Woodfork. Hayes was recovering from a knee injury, and Carpenter had left the team. But the Ladies were still 7-0 for the season.]



81 - 82 Lady Bulldogs

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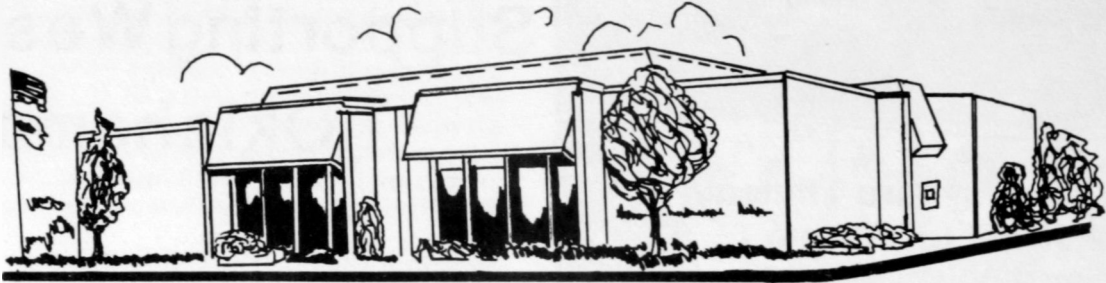
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Gone Days

by R. R. Chapman

— a disappearing act, now creaking —



ILLUSTRATION BY: Mitch Williams

School Days, where have you meandered?
Where have you gone, you turbulent,
peaceful days? How many times has
the sun shone down on the prairie
sod on the easy Western slope that
ambled on down to a wide but
shallow canyon which sprang out
in disarray — turning, twisting
towards the light of day with the
narrow, bordered Washita River only
minutes away?

Where are you, twenty feet of grayish
boards nailed together by hands that
looked only ahead and up? Where are
you, playgrounds, limited only by
the distance we could run or fight
or play thinking little of what
might or might not come some other
day?

Where are you, great teachers of a
former day that pointed each one of
us along the straight and narrow way
hoping that every scrambled one
of us would remember half the
words they had tried to say?

Where are you, all tumbled
together boys and girls by parents
striving to feed and clothe you
while Teacher tried to show you
to throw back your shoulders
and face the world and call
the shots? They knew each one
from the inside out of the
motley lot.

May the good Lord in his
wisdom and strength grant me
a term of those long gone ways
to live once more those turbulent-
happy wishful never to be again
Old School Days.

Chinook

by Sheryl L. Nelms

the chinook
blew in January

sent tin roofs
from cow sheds
sailing
into the Oklahoma sky

where they floated
twisting and turning
like kites
with broken tails

Tenting in the Oklahoma Panhandle.

by Sheryl L. Nelms

coyotes wake me

one yelp
trills
trails into
the next

a ring of howls in the black
surrounds me

the hunk of meat
in the middle
on the ground

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MEMORIES

— a vengeful reminiscence by a former
member of a high-school girls'
basketball team in Western Oklahoma —

MEMORY UNDAUNTED

by Jean Newlin

ILLUSTRATION BY: Ben Test



Many years had passed, but as I read the article about Beatrice, my stomach tightened. All the old hurt ate at me. Dr. Beatrice Russell Longstreet has received the top Distinguished Alumni Award given each year by Jefferson State University. When I knew her in high school, she was also distinguished, but it was for being a terrible person who tried to cover up because her house had dirt floors, her mother was an obscene old gossip in greasy housedress, and her dad always stank because he took care of at least a hundred hogs on his farm and collected every piece of junk he could put his hands on.

Most of the teachers at the Concord Consolidated School in Western Oklahoma thought of Beatrice as a rose, but she was more like a goathead or jimson weed or sandburr. I hadn't attended that school all my life as Beatrice had, but it didn't take me long after I transferred there in my junior year to find out how Beatrice operated in the school and how

she had become a favorite. And all the other students tolerated her because it was easier than to fight against the system.

I remember being in Geometry class one day. I never did know why, but old Mr. Taylor, the teacher, always seemed to delight in embarrassing some of us. The way to crush me faster than any other was for someone to draw attention to my dad's farming practices. There it was in the late 1940's, and Dad was still farming with horses. Almost everyone else in the community was using tractors by then, everyone else except for my dad and old Lige Russell, Beatrice's father. But the Russells didn't live next to the highway as we did, so most people hadn't paid much attention to Old Man Russell as he held on to the past. But there was always Daddy with his team right next to the highway when I got off the schoolbus each day. And Mr. Taylor was a successful farmer in his own right as well as a Math teacher.

On the day I remember, we weren't even talking about farming, but Mr. Taylor seemed to have his mind on it and managed to work around to it.

"Folks, farming is a big part of my life as well as teaching Math. I have to have farming to make a living as well as to keep pace with the community."

"But farming is a big expense nowadays," remarked Todd Myers behind his book.

"Yes, Todd, it is. I have thousands of dollars invested in my machinery alone. We're through with those simple days when all we had to do was throw a little fodder and provide drinking water for our horses."

"Not if your Jean's old man," someone in the back of the room mumbled as I felt my face burning with embarrassment.

"Why, yes, I don't suppose anyone in our community still holds to the outdated method of farming with horses." I pushed lower into my desk seat as my soul screamed within me. — Here it comes. He's sure to mention it again.

"Oh yes, your father still uses horses, doesn't he, Jean?"

I muffled a "Yessir" as anger flooded me. I wanted to scream aloud, "Why don't you ask about people who live in houses that have dirt floors or about people whose fathers collect junk and let it rust in their yards or about dirty mothers who wear the same greasy clothes all the time? Or why don't you mention that Old Man Russell still farms with horses too as that little snip hides behind her Geometry book and smirks at me? Or better yet, you nosey old lecher, why don't you ask me why Royce and I were parked on the dirt road near your driveway when you passed us last night and stared as you passed by? Why don't you just go ahead and slob away every humiliating detail of my life?"

B

eatrice was always a great one for giving "concerts" in the Gymnasium-Auditorium during the noon hour before basketball practice started. And so it was later on the day of the embarrassment during Geometry class. She sat at the piano and began to run her fingers over the keys. Not only couldn't she play the piano; she couldn't even play chords. So what came out was anything but musical, but that didn't stop her from singing to her own accompaniment. As she preened, she asked her audience, "Isn't that beautiful? Don't I have a wonderful voice?" I answered, "Not particularly."

As I walked into the girls' dressingroom one day to get ready for basketball practice, I was thinking about Beatrice. My mother, always a practical Christian, had been trying to reason with me about the



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terrible person, Beatrice, I was always talking about at home. She had suggested that Beatrice's snootiness toward her other classmates and me could be caused by her own feelings of displacement and inferiority. So I went in that day ready to try. Sure enough, there was Beatrice as usual. There were some eighth-grade girls there as I walked in, and Beatrice was putting on a show for them. I promised myself to try to be nice.

I struggled as I looked at Beatrice ogling in front of the mirror. She was stroking her naturally curly hair and rolling her eyes as she smiled into the mirror. With a kiss, she muttered, "Oh, Be, you are so beautiful! How is it possible for one girl in a small country school to have so much beauty and talent — as well as intelligence?"

The younger girls thought it was very funny to hear a high-school junior bragging on herself because they had never heard her before.

As I walked in, Beatrice turned to me and asked, "Jean, can you answer that question?"

"What question, Beatrice?"

"The question I just asked myself."

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Acts, Romans." I reeled off a few books of the New Testament, hoping to be able to control my base nature as I turned to spiritual things. "I don't know, Beatrice. I guess we're just lucky."

"Oh, I suppose so."

"By the way, I've been meaning to ask you to spend the night with me after one of our basketball games. Could you do it tonight?"

"Oh, Jean, I'm sorry. I may be needed at home tonight. Mother's bridge club is meeting at the house for lunch tomorrow, and poor Mooter is a bit sickly this week. But I'll check with her this afternoon."

If thoughts would kill! Oh, Beatrice, what a bold-faced lie that is! You can't be a nice person even if someone is nice to you.

I knew there wasn't a woman in the neighborhood who would go to that nasty woman's house for a meeting — even if anyone in that backward community could even play bridge. The only reason anyone knew about the inside of the house was that old Lige Russell had no pride. Anyone who went to the door got invited in — no matter how terrible everything looked: "Come into this house and take a load off your feet!"

The visitor came away with unbelievable tales of spilling-over slop buckets in the kitchen, dive-bombing flies, cockroaches crawling everywhere, furniture covered with layers of dust, doorways with no doors revealing unmade beds, dirty clothes strewn from one end of the house to the other. And this scene from *HOUSE BEAUTIFUL* was ruled over by a garrulous woman in a greasy house-dress. So it was the men of the community

That night when we got on the bus to go to play our third conference game, Beatrice was still playing her role. "Well, I'm not really sure that I should go, Jean."

"Didn't you come prepared?"

"Yes, I brought my nightie, a toothbrush, and some clothes for tomorrow."

"Why, then?"

"Well, Mooter is really concerned about the house for tomorrow. You know how important these big social events are to parents."

"No problem, Beatrice. I'll just borrow the family car after the game tonight unless we're too tired to drag; you and I can go down to your house to help your mother with her cleaning."

"What will your mother say?"

"Oh, she may go along with us. She's been wanting to meet your mother anyone who had gone away with tales about Mrs. Russell's showplace. Some of the nosier men had created excuses for going over there just to get in. In that country community, excitement of any kind was at a premium.

After school that afternoon, I told Mom what I had done. "Jean, I'm very proud of you!"

"Why, Mom?"

"Because at least you're trying."

"But what if it makes no difference?"

"It will."

"Well, it hasn't yet!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Because she's still as snippy as ever."

"What did she do, Honey?"

"Oh, she made up some big lie about her mother needing her to help with the house."

"Maybe it wasn't a lie."

"After all we've heard?"

"Maybe it was gossip."

"But Mother, do you really think Beatrice's mother has a bridge club?"

"Is that what Beatrice said?"

"That's what she said!"

"Well, Honey, that's funny, but you must understand the girl's motivation."

"What, Mom?"

"Think about her anger. She's rare."

"How?"

"She was born into a family that has no great objectives."

"Do you think Beatrice is like that too?"

"Certainly not! She's just waiting for her chance."

"Chance?"

"Yes . . . her chance to get out."

"And then what?"

"She'll finish at the top of your class — right?"

"Right."

"And then she'll leave."

"What do you think she'll do then?"

"She'll go somewhere and excel, and we won't hear anything else about her until she has made a name for herself."

I had to "Yes, Mama" her, half believing her.

way."

"Really?"

"Yes. Maybe if they get along well, Mom could even get into your mother's club. You know, we haven't been here very long, and Mom hasn't met many people."

Thinking back over those old memories and feeling all the former anxieties, I felt that the whole day was lost and that I might as well go to bed. It was after 3:30 in the afternoon when Jonce came home from school and shook me awake. He was trembling because I was usually standing at the door waiting when he came home from school and like a dutiful mother even had a treat for him. "Mom, what's wrong? Why have you been crying?"

"Oh, Honey, this has been a bad day — a sad day."

"What's wrong? What happened?"

"Well, Jonce, it was something that happened a long time ago. I try not to think about it, but today I was forced to."

"Did it happen before I was born?"

"Yes, Son, it did."

"I'm sorry you're sad, Mommy."

On that day so many years ago, I had entered the dressing room, and I felt that something was about to happen. I heard Beatrice giggle and say, "Oh well, Alberta, that's simple enough. If you really want to know, I can find out during practice today. MY way is better than any rabbit test!"

"Find out what, Beatrice?"

"Oh, nothing, Jean — just a little joke between Alberta and me."

I kept thinking about Old Man Taylor and his grapevine and the way he had caught Royce and me parking on the country road. I already knew that there were rumors all over school about Royce and me. I should have stayed off the basketball court because of the way I felt, but I didn't.

In fact, I didn't think anything more about what Beatrice had said until I began to guard her on the court and she charged at me, kicking me soundly in the stomach. It seemed deliberate.

The next thing I knew, Royce was bending over me in the superintendent's office where I had been carried after I fainted. Royce was crying in big heaving sobs and gasping, "It's OK, Jeanie. We'll get married as soon as we finish school this year. Everything's gonna be all right."

And it had been up 'til the time I had read that paper today.

The story of a Western Oklahoma athlete dying young.

John Stoakes: All-

The tubes hurt my arms; my throat was so raw and cracked I knew I couldn't even cry. The quiet whiteness of the room scared me, the sturdy footsteps in the hallway were a million miles away enclosed in some mystic case. At first I was frigid; then I began to panic.

"Yuck," I thought. "You're the all-American kid, you gotta get hold of yourself and find out what's going on."

My head rocked as I tried to think. It was like someone was playing a joke on me — a long term joke — lasting forever. No matter how hard I tried, I kept seeing his face.

Going back, it had to have started on my twelfth birthday. My friends and I were pushing one another around in a backyard football game. An Atlas van pulled up to the vacant house next door, and after much scowling, two burly men began to unload. We watched as they struggled, and with hands tucked deep in our Levi pockets, we snickered knowingly at their cussing.

The next day in the middle of a storm that twisted my 10-speed into a coiled mess, the new neighbor arrived in his slick red Corvette. After the wind went down, Mom sent Dad and me to meet him with one of her apple pies. When the usual exchange of adult amenities had taken place, he turned to me, stretched out a long, slim hand, smiled and said, "Hello,

son."

Man, were we impressed with his car; for awhile anyway, until dad told me the man, whose name was Karl Tilman, was a mortician. "Huh," I thought. "Just my luck to live next door to some fool that embalms stiff."

All my buddies thought it was a joke too, and I got teased about a week before my temper flared, and I punched Joe square in the jaw and told him to keep his mouth shut.

The first Halloween after Tilman moved in, Joe, Frank, Herb, and I decided to have a little fun. Tilman spent a lot of time out in his yard, and before long, it began to look like a BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS lawn. We waited until after eleven to make sure my parents were asleep. Joe and Frank made Tilman's yard look like a Bourbon Street celebration by stringing miles of toilet paper from one end to the other. Every shrub and cedar took on a mummy-like appearance. Herb and I applied Coalgate shaving cream to the windows and to the shiny Corvette.

And someone — I can't remember who — produced a few eggs.

We had a blast. As we were light stepping it back to my yard, we heard a strange whistling. There was Tilman standing on his back redwood deck staring right at us. He never made a sound

and he never told our parents.

The next Halloween we waited until Tilman drove off in his fancy car, and then we demolished his yard. Just as we were standing back and admiring our work, we heard this strange whistling again. There, like a specter, was that strange man on his redwood deck, his stare searing our souls.

The very next day, November the first, our parents (perhaps, knowing the real culprits), shepherded us over as volunteers to assist in the restoration of the yard. Tilman never frowned, never complained; he just stuck out that long-fingered hand of his, smiled, and said, "Thanks, son, for coming over and helping me."

While we were retrieving miles of "tee-peed" toilet paper, washing windows, and picking up a ton of bottles and cans, he just watched, whistled, and grinned. By the time we had served our retribution, I felt so slimy I went home and stood in a hot shower until Mom made me get out and turn off the water.

By the age of fifteen, I had given up playing jokes on Tilman, and my life revolved around basketball. I went to bed thinking basketball, dreamed about basketball, and woke up with it on my mind. I knew I was destined to be a star; watch out Magic Johnson; here comes John Stoakes, all-American boy.

American Kid

by Todd Winn

My sophomore year in high school, however, I did get a little sidetracked by Alice Ann. During our after-school basketball practices, the cheerleaders used to come into the gym and practice their cheers. Alice Ann was the prettiest girl I had ever seen. Her hair was straight, black, and hung down around her waist. Her body was just right, long and lean. Her Jordache jeans were molded for her body and turned to fluid when she walked. The first time I asked her out, I was a basket case, and even when she said yes, I didn't know what to do. Our first date would have been a disaster had Alice Ann not taken charge. She wasn't like the other girls I had known. Alice Ann had a calm assurance about herself, and she knew exactly what she wanted out of life. After a few dates, we began to see each other all the time. She became my best friend, my lover, and my number-one supporter. With Alice Ann under control, my attention turned once again to full-time basketball.

By my senior year in high school, my life was neatly planned. I would play college basketball for O-State, turn down an offer with the pros, take over the family business, marry Alice Ann in St. Xavier Church, and have my own family. Life was just one ball game after another. One flattering sports article after another. And Mr. Tilman never seemed to miss a

game, home or away. I would look up in the stands and find his eyes fixed on me. When he would catch my look, he always broke out in that confounded smile, flicked his long fingers in some type of greeting.

When Coach Floy called our first practice in October of my last year, I knew I had been hitting the Coors too hard over the summer. I just couldn't get in shape. I was always dogged tired, and I missed lay-up after lay-up. I shrugged it off and got a little better when I started munching a steady diet of B-12. Our team, the Rams, was ranked number one in the state, and I knew if we were going to stay on top through the state playoff, I had to stay healthy. One night after Mass I talked to Father Coady about how exhausted I felt all the time; he didn't seem too concerned and said I was letting my nerves get to me.

Every game became a nightmare, struggling to breathe, blinding headaches; the pressure began to mount. We were in the home stretch now. We were going into the final game of the regular season against arch rival Morrow Lucky Cardinals. At our first meeting in December, the game had ended 78 - 79, our favor. We had to win this game to be the undisputed conference champions and to go to District with a perfect win-loss record.

It was a see-saw game. Midway through

the fourth quarter, we were behind two buckets. I went up for the rebound; my lungs became bricks; I couldn't swallow; I was choking on my own saliva; my head drummed; my last glimpse was of Tilman grinning at me from the stands.

The methodical dripping of fluid and a monotonous clicking of the machine woke me. The nurse spoke, "Hello, John, can you hear me? Squeeze my hand if you do."

"Of course, I can hear you. Who do you think you are asking me such stupid questions? Where am I?"

Mom stood beside the bed. Dad reached out, took my hand, and asked me how I felt.

"Will somebody please tell me what's going on?"

"John, I know you can't talk now. Dr. Mace will talk to you later when you feel better. He will explain. Try to go back to sleep now and get some rest."

"Man, I don't understand what this mess is all about."

In time, the white man with his dangling black stethoscope appeared. "John, I am Ron Mace. Three days ago you and I spent about five hours together in the operating room. John, you suffered multiple aneurysms. Do you know what that is?"

I managed a dim recollection of our biology teacher's reference to aneurysms and brain damage.



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"We were able to stop the seeping, but we also discovered a tumor in the frontal lobe. We think the tumor probably created enough pressure to cause the aneurysms. John, your parents requested that I tell it to you just like it is; your dad said you were a man and could take it. The tumor we found is in such a place that we can't get to it; in other words, it's inoperable. We recommend chemotherapy treatment which could result in possible remission of the growth and prevent spreading. We can't promise anything, but you are young and strong." He droned on, his words lost in a maze.

"I'll fight everyone of you; I won't die. I'll show you. I won't take those stupid treatments. There's no way I'm going to turn yellow and lose my hair. I'm the all-American kid; my life is planned."

With an inaudible screech I yelled, "Get out of this room, everyone of you."

They act like they can't even hear me, like I'm not really here.

Father Coady touched my arm. Here was my priest, my baptiser, my confessor, a Child of God. He would not lie to me; he would not join those who would betray me. He would offer me life and hope.

"Father," I pleaded. "Tell them I am just tired."

"John," he began, "God gives us trials to make us strong; remember the story of Job. We must accept His plan for us. We

cannot question His will."

I was bewildered at his resignation and his willingness to accept this sentence of death.

"Father, how can you be on their side? Do all of you want me to die? I won't die! This is a joke — it's a dream. Man, I don't have cancer. I just got a little run down; I was meant to play basketball, to live. . ."

"John, remember Christ loves you and suffers for you. Let us pray together. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the time of our death."

"Father, I don't believe you. You can pray all you want. Just tell me this — where is Christ now? Is this evidence of His love for me?"

I knew Alice Ann would come and straighten out this mess. She always had a way of getting straight to the truth, and she had a knack for putting people in their places. She would handle this for me. She loved me and understood me. She didn't want me to die; our lives were planned.

It was years before they let my friends visit me. When they came, Alice Ann led the pack. As soon as she bent over to kiss me, I knew something was wrong; she had changed. She believed the lies; she was part of the conspiracy to make me believe I was going to die.

Joe, Frank, and Herb wouldn't even look at me. They stood across the room and weaved from one foot to the other. They were together in this: my parents,

my friends, my Church, the doctors, the nurses, the hospital; they were all plotting against me. But why? I had never done anything any other kid hadn't done. I went to Mass. I even went to Confession when I didn't forget. Every once in awhile, I got a little out of hand, but never anything really bad.

And then I had the answer. Why didn't I think of this before? This was a stupid dream. I had been in tight spots before — even dreamed of dying before — and then woke up and went about my life. Any minute now, Mom would walk through that door and say, "John, if you are going to make it to basketball practice on time, you'd better roll out. And, John, you forgot to carry out the trash last night."

I began to feel better; man what a relief. Just a stupid dream. I even felt like whistling "Dixie" as my grandpaw used to say when he felt good. All I had to do was just lie back and wait until good old Mom came in to sound her good morning. It's sure strange how a dream can scare the wits out of a person. The tubes and the needles didn't even seem to hurt anymore. I began to doze.

The door opened slowly, quietly; I turned; standing there was Karl Tilman, the smiling mortician.

"Hello, son," he said with that con-founded smirk on his face. He walked over to the bed and reached his long, slim fingers out to me.

WESTVIEW GALLERY

FEATURING WORK FROM SOUTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY ART STUDENTS.



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Susan Huckleberry



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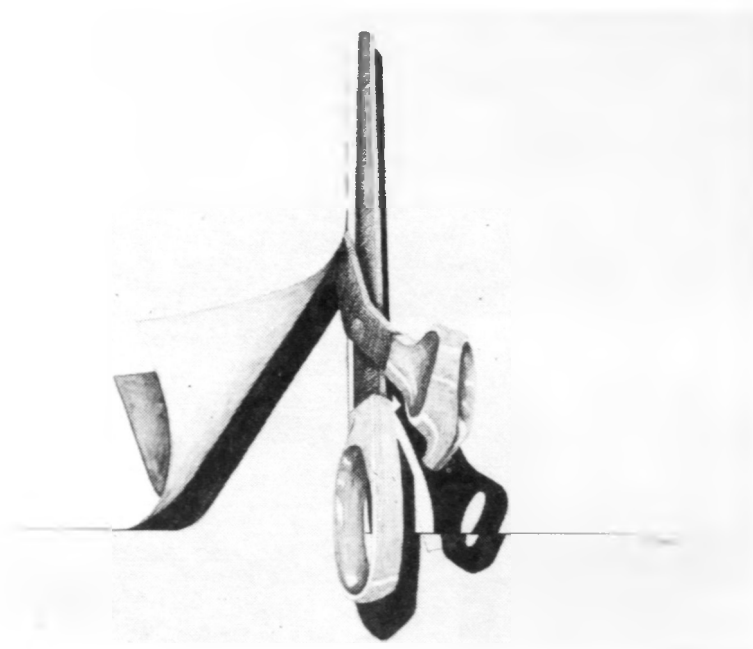
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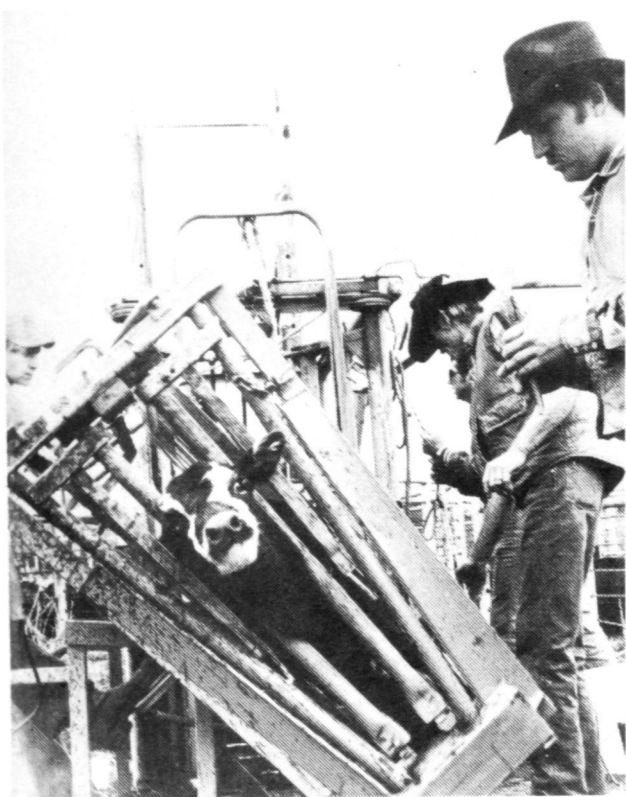


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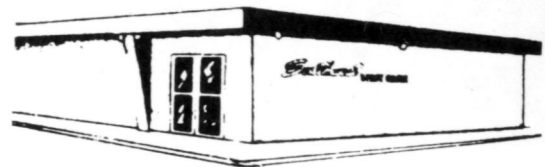
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