

Being Here



A Gunnison Valley Journal



Introduction and Acknowledgments

Being Here is a collection of reflections on life in the Upper Gunnison Valley by people who live here, or who have lived here and left something of themselves here. Most of us who live here – and many who visit here regularly – are “here because here is here”: the place has become special to us.

It is important, then, to try to identify the specific qualities that make life in the valley good. A lot of the public discourse in the valley today is about “protecting our quality of life,” but there’s often a lot of vagueness about exactly what it is we need to protect; and sometimes it turns out that what is “quality” to one person is just a job to another, that one person’s “natural beauty” is crosswise with another’s “cultural freedom,” and other value conflicts of that sort. We know enough about the processes of self-governance by now to know that we cannot expect others to “know what we mean” or to automatically understand what we believe to be important; we also know that we cannot “have it all,” and must therefore make sure that we are evolving a clear consensus on what is best and most important.

This journal, then, could be considered “practice in saying what is good and important here.” Only a few of the people represented here really consider themselves to be “poets” or “writers” or “artists” in our traditional cultural sense, but that’s fine; the single criteria for inclusion was not that something be “excellent” but that it be “about here.” And it is the hope of the editors that those of you who are truly, committedly “here,” but not in these pages, will be stirred to start trying to set down your own special sense of the place for the next version of this journal.

Being Here is a three-way collaboration between the Gunnison Arts Council, the Gunnison Watershed Schools, and the Gunnison Valley Chautauqua Project. The Chautauqua Project has been sponsored by the Colorado Council on the Arts and member groups of the Western Colorado Congress – in our valley, the High Country Citizens Alliance. The purpose of the

project is to explore ways in which the arts – literary, performing, visual, and musical arts – can be used to “build community” by helping people to articulate their personal values, and to sort through the inevitable conflicts among values in reaching toward dynamic, proactive and caring community.

The encouragement, assistance and patience of the Colorado Council on the Arts, especially Director Fran Holden and Associate Director Maryo Ewell, for this kind of community-building through the arts cannot be over-praised; we should feel blessed to live in a state with a Council on the Arts that has such a visionary sense of the importance of the arts in life.

Narcissa Channell, Teacher on Special Assignment for the Gunnison Watershed Schools, collaborated with the Chautauqua Project to integrate the concept of “place-based learning” in the public schools, especially in the lower grades where the evidence all indicates that concrete learning grounded in personal experience is the most effective mode of education.

The idea has not been universally embraced in the schools, here or anywhere; it is hard to overcome some misconceptions about “place-based learning.” It is not, for example, “anti-global,” and it is not about the kind of parochial small-mindedness often associated with rural places. It simply acknowledges that we all learn best when learning begins (but does not end) with the articulation, analysis and evaluation of our own experience and reality. We have been challenged in a top-down kind of a way to “think globally and act locally”; poet-philosopher Wendell Berry pointed skeptically to the mounting negative consequences of our “global thinkers,” and suggested that it might be better if we learned first to truly *think and act locally* on what is good, sustainable and equitable where we are; that might be the best way to “act globally,” he thought.

We are, at any rate, pleased by the number of young people represented in these pages, and grateful

—continued on next page

to the teachers in the public schools who have worked to incorporate "sense of place" into classroom agendas already pretty fully packed by state requirements.

We are also grateful to the Gunnison Arts Council, and its current President Paul Edwards and Arts Center Director Ann Wood, for help with the Journal and the Chautauqua in general. Paul has worked more closely elsewhere in the Chautauqua Project, in the use of "Forum Theater" techniques in presentations throughout the Gunnison Basin; and his own playwrighting work – five plays on local history in recent years – is helping us all develop our sense of the valley and its history, as he develops his own.

A final acknowledgment is to all those who took the time to create the work that appears herein – and to Carillion Creed, Narcissa Channell, Chris Dickey, Matt Gaylen and Rex Myers who helped in editing and assembling the Journal. Special thanks to Sherrill Stenson who, in addition to her gift of poetry, adorned

some of our pages with drawings. Sherrill also designed the Chautauqua logo.

We hope you will enjoy this journal; but more than that, we hope it will help to stir you to bring up your own stories, images, impressions and other reflections on what is of value. For those who think you would like to try but don't know where or how to start, a booklet of exercises and "seed ideas" called *Being Where You Are* is available through the Chautauqua Project (402 N. Pine Street, Gunnison 81230 – 970/641-4340).

The real relationship between a place and its people is probably not a simple one, of course; and in the process of putting *Being Here* together, Carillion Creed and I had some lively discussion on that issue – discussion that probably didn't help the work get done any faster, but made it lots more interesting. The two poems below are a consequence of that discussion. And the last word has probably not been spoken there.

—George Sibley, Chautauqua Coordinator

Of Places and People – Two Views

History doth render such a marvelous parade
Of characters with colors, and characters quite staid.
And as we study history we learn of battles won,
Of enthralling speeches made and of inventions by the ton.
But one lesson stands out from the crowd
Of lessons I have found:
That is – People make a place,
And not the other way around.

—Carillion Creed

Nature doth render such a marvelous diversity
Of challenge and opportunity, nurture and adversity.
And as we study nature to see what life has done,
We also see what changing circumstance has undone.
So one lesson stands out from the lot
Of lessons nature has taught:
That is – The place shapes a people,
And not the other way around.

—George Sibley

Poetry

The Journal received more poetry entries than anything else – which probably speaks well for the health of the valley. The poems seemed to sort themselves into two basic groupings – not unsurprisingly, maybe: there are quite a few poems about “place in general,” and about “this particular place in general”; and there were quite a few poems which had a seasonal theme. So we have sorted them into those two groupings. In addition, we received poetry from Gunnison and Crested Butte seventh-grade classes, worthy of a page each, and the Creed family contributed enough for a page. So those are our basic divisions for this section. Brief sketches of the contributors are on the last page of the Journal.

Some Places in the Valley

The Place

Let's sing a song of praise
for him who knows his place,
who no longer peers with those
who scan the world for greener grass
or that one best place
that will hold their eyes.

“The next hill,” they say.
“It must be near the next hill.”

Some stay, but long to go.

Let's sing for him who knows
the far lights
the close weeds
but picks a place to plant:
to root and grow and fruit.

“Here I stand,” he says
with thrust-out chin.
“Think what you wish.
Point and smile, if you must.
But know that I have found my place:
This place is my home!”

— J. W. Campbell

Gunnison River

There is a special place in the mountains,
A place about which anglers dream,
Because in this place in the mountains
Is a world-class fishing stream.

Many trout and salmon are taken
Always testing a fisherman's skill.
Some are prize-winning trophies
That provide the catcher a thrill.

Fishing's not all that's given
By the river fed by snow.
Boating and irrigating
Are also part of the show.

Natural hay grows in the valley
And the cattle are sleek and fat.
Wildflowers cover the hillsides;
The water encourages that.

We drink, we bathe, we flourish
Thanks to this flowing river.
The Gunnison Valley's treasure
Is this generous gift-giver.

—Betty Light

More Places

How Green

Gunnison's where I was born.
The grass is green here.
So's the sage brush – at early evening – on the hills in the distance

Off to New Hampshire I flew to find out.

In Hanover, except during winter, one can't *see* the hills for the leafy trees:
their green shifts marvelously with the seasons.

The grass here too is green,
One nearby mountain range is named the "Green".
Since the modern Dartmouth has no mascot, we call ourselves the "BIG GREEN"
"But HOW Green?" I wondered.

So off I flew to China, hoping to get more perspective.

Beijing, Taichung, and Hong Kong; Yunnan and Inner Mongolia too.
People, people, everywhere; as numerous as the mountains and the seas
(not much green though)

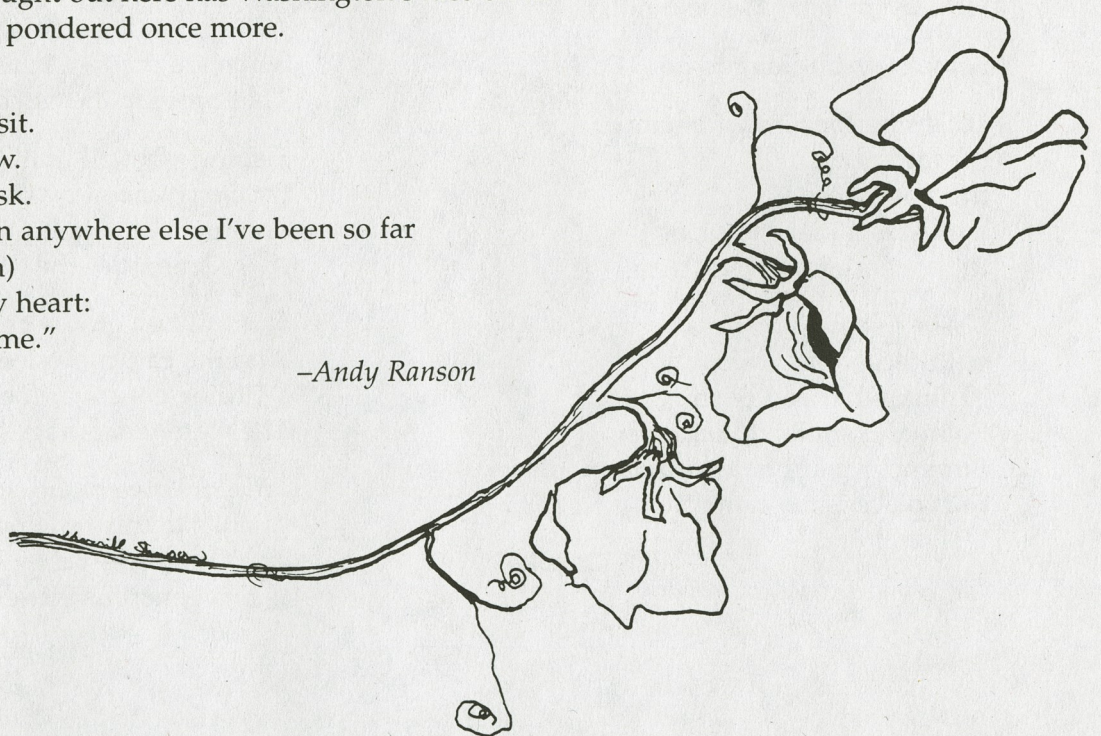
But wait!...The tea!!! The tea is green.
"Sniff...mmmmm...sluurp...mmmmm.....pphhttoey" (that was a tea leaf)
"But HOW green?" I *still* was not satisfied.

The Big Apple next (but she ain't no Granny Smith)

Central Park, Riverside Park, the Bronx Zoo, the Botanical Gardens'
For the contrast they provide, these havens of green are a welcome and soothing
respite from the towering, oppressive, yet exciting and thrilling city.
The primary green sought out here has Washington's face on it.
" But HOW green?" I pondered once more.

Now it's 1996.
I'm back here for a visit.
Sure is green here now.
" How green?" you ask.
Well... no greener than anywhere else I've been so far
(nor less green)
But I can say from my heart:
" This place is my home."

—Andy Ranson



More Places

Horseback Haiku

My son Sam and I had the honor of a pack trip into the West Elks with Grant Ferrier a few years ago – a man who has lived all his life in the high country between the Gunnison and the North Fork, cowboying or logging or guiding. Seeing the country from horseback for the first time, I realized how much of my time hiking I spend watching my feet, and, looking around as one can when the horse is doing all the work, I started “capturing” images in the 17-syllable haiku form, the same way one might take “snapshots” with a camera. Why 17 syllables? Well, why “35 mm” for film?

–George Sibley

The lakebound aspens
shimmer off – don't know down like
the real ones know up.

The old deacon spruce
was grim, but its new greens laughed
as they slapped me wet.

This tall quiet place
was the library when all
the books were still trees.

UP IN THESE MEADOWS
IT'S THE ANTS, NOT THE MOUNTAINS
THAT MAKE ME FEEL SMALL
G. SIBLEY 1985



Drawing by Sam Sibley, age 14

Gunnison

Gunnison,
Land of beauty,
People of worth,
My home for twenty years,
Greeting.

You are a valley,
You are a river,
Both mighty in scope,
Nourishing life,
Salutation

Your skies have cheered us,
Your winds have cooled us,
Your sun has warmed us,
Your snows have bound us,
Felicitation.

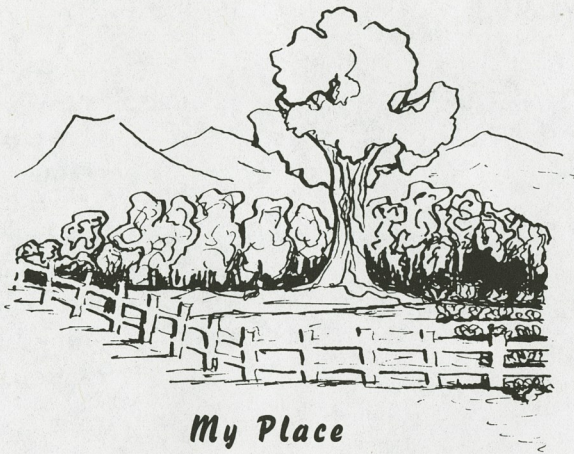
Mountain cathedrals reach,
Winds in pines sing,
Wild flowers astound,
Countless stars abound
And praise.

Friendly faces greet,
Kindly hands assist,
Young minds flourish,
Timely words encourage
And bless.

Gunnison,
You are all of these
And much, much more.
We thank you
And rejoice.

–Dr. Jeanne Hull

More Places



My Place

In my place it's sometimes lonely.
And other times it's full of friendships,
Mostly one-on-one.

In my place there's a group of different entities
Who meet weekly to explore what there is to share.
Sometimes we bump into each other and fight.

In my place it's more cold than hot.
I like the cold. I love the white of snow
I prefer the cold to heat.

In my place the sky is very blue,
The air is clean and brisk,
The water tastes pure and clear.

In my place I feel safe.

In my place are animals and people and trees
And trucks and flowers and vegetable gardens.
I revel in the ever-changing harvest.

In my place the seasons trade places with each other,
Sometimes every day.
My place is never boring.

In my place lives a girl growing fast into a young woman
Who teaches me and teaches me.
I'm grateful to have her in my life.

In my place I celebrate life's every successes
I revel in completion and in beginnings.
My place is full of change.

-Jan Badgley

At Curecanti Creek

This is something to try when you are out in a special place with a special person, and looking for a way to remember it other than the usual snapshot. Try writing a "tennis poem" in which you write about the place – but with each of you just writing a single word or phrase, then passing it to the other person, who writes a word or phrase and passes it back – etc. This is one my daughter Sarah and I wrote at the bottom of the Curecanti Creek Trail. –GS

In Curecanti Canyon
this land
on the edge
in the world
of rock and water,
movement lasts
from first spring
through forever
and forever
with all we
carry down.
This is time
in deep rock,
cut by water
and restless wind
rounded by evolution
roughened by revolution
made perfect in convolution.

-Sarah and George Sibley

More Places

The Gunnison: A Prayer for the Gift and the Giving

The blue and balded mountains abide
And from their round and whited sides
The waters arise, born and reborn in the melting.
Sun silver ribbons wind and weave,
Restoring green pastures. Our life
And the life of the land spring forth, overflowing.
All that is given calls us to give.
Lord have mercy:
Give us minds large enough to learn this meaning,
To know this blessing.

In the wedding of the waters
The rivers unite in abundance. They join us and the land
Together, for all the days of our lives.
They carve their place – and this place –
In our hearts.
We need not ask and yet we freely receive.
Lord have mercy:
Give us hearts large enough to contain this goodness,
To shepherd it for and from ourselves.

Oh so vast, so grand this land –
So varied its creatures, large and small,
So great its bounty. We are sustained.
We shall not want beside its still and running waters,
For we are comforted.
Christ have mercy:
Give us spirits large enough to prepare a place
For those who will follow and dwell in our valley.

We live and move in beauty – ours
A land, a river, a way and web of life.
Various neighbors, we are made whole in the waters
Anointing this place. And so strengthened
We are called to righteousness – to care and comfort it and all,
As it cares for and comforts us.
We give all this a name,
A name given for the sake of all our taking:
We call it “home”: the Gunnison.
Lord, let _us_ have mercy.
Make our mercy large enough to match the mountains
And their miraculous waters.
Let us learn to give, so that the gift may be given
Forever more. Amen.

–Marlene Wright Zanetell

More Places

On A Windy Ridge

One evenin' on a windy ridge,
A rider sat astride a buckskin mare
Whose hooves were straddlin'
The Continental Divide.

They'd gotten there at sunset.
Their timin' had been right.
Each basin, peak and valley was bathed
In a soothin', pinkish light.

Below them spread God's handiwork
As far as the eye could see.
A hundred miles or more, he'd bet,
Of pure tranquillity.

Elk grazed down in a meadow,
And a hawk screeched overhead.
There was no sigh of another human.
And then the rider said:

"I want to thank ya, Lord,
For givin' me the chance
To see the beauty you've created
And be a pardner in the dance.

"To be inside the circle,
And feel the revolution that is life,
Like the changin' of the seasons
Like birth, death, peace and strife.

"They're all just peaks and valleys,
And all a man can hope,
Is to spend more time on the ridges
And less time on the slope.

"Cause on the ridge the goin's smooth,
And you can always see both sides.
The ridge is life in harmony,
Kinda simplified."

The rider stroked the horse's neck,
And ran his fingers through her mane.
Then turnin' toward the sunset,
They headed home again.

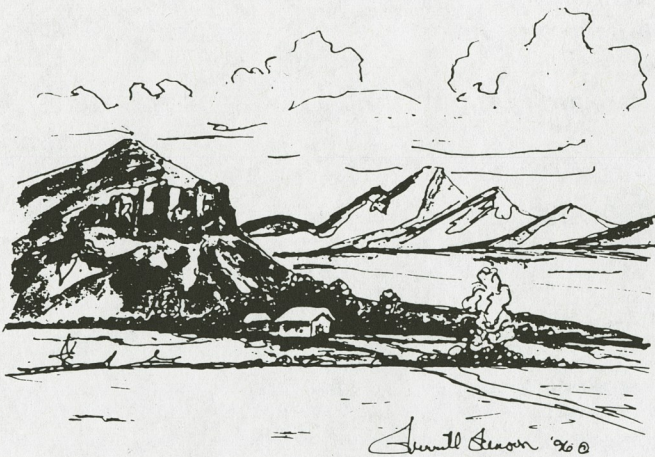
That day up on the windy ridge
Seemed o so far off now.
Something awful had happened.
He didn't know just how.

The buckskin mare'd been out on pasture
When she'd broke her leg.
The rider walked up to her,
And he felt he heard her beg.

"I've been a true friend to ya, pard.
Please take away my pain."
Then lookin' toward the windy ridge
He saw the circle close again.

He knew he owed it to her.
He could do nothin' but comply.
He did what a true friend would do.
Then walked away and cried.

-JRM



More Places

Just Another Day At the Office

I sometimes wonder why I couldn't be
a big C.E.O. for some company.
When ridin' with me, I've heard 'em say,
the chores they do can bring great pay.
But, what justifies their high salary?
Responsibility they say 's the key.
They must take their people to the top,
and be there where the buck will stop.
Protect their stock with special care
on the lookout for bulls or bear.
Endure peaks and valley, highs and low,
mindful how corporate wind will blow.
They lead the pack, watch and know
just how to decide which way to go.
But, why the big money? Heck, this'd just be
another day in the woods for guides like me!

—John Nelson

Riding the Great Divide

Riding the Great Divide,
You can see for miles far and wide.
Rivers, streams, and creeks below;
Descending from last winter's snow.
The sage brush hills with purple hue,
With fresh clean air and skies so blue.
With elk, deer, and mountain sheep;
A starry heaven under which to sleep.
The mountains high with snow capped peaks,
The smell of leather and its sound of creaks.
A horse and rider are one together,
The eagle soars on extended feather.
Mountain goat and puma wonder,
Gold and silver are deep down under.
Tin Cup sits in Cumberland's shadow,
A small ghost town in yonder meadow.
A friendly place to check your load,
High on the hill sits my abode.
Riding high on the Great Divide,
You can feel God's presence by your side.

—Max Ewert



—John Nelson Photo

More Places

Spoon Jello

Ode to a Family Barbecue Grill

Its legacy is like no other
A legacy of laughter, love and tears
A legacy of individuals and families
A legacy of brick and steel
It is the legacy of a grill
Of a dream built around a piece of steel
The inspiration of a man named Pete
His wife and two sons
It is the legacy of a family
Spending time sharing stories, wisdom and love
Growing up and growing older
A legacy of living through loss
Of laughing and crying
A legacy of family gathered together
Husbands, wives, and kids
Grandparents, grandkids and great-grand kids
It is the music of Marty Robbins, Jim Reeves and
The Great Speckled Bird
It is the legacy of spoon jello
And special memories
Memories for each who knows
It is the legacy like no other
It is the legacy of a grill

-Kim Hanneman

My Place

My place is filled with shining jewels
That glitter in the sun,
And over them an icy stream of
Cloudless water runs.

In my place are shielding guards
That stand so straight and strong.
They march along the riverside,
And sing their gusty song.

Through my place a breath of air
Flies on poetic wing.
It softly whispers in my ear,
And urges me to sing.

-Noel Natali

Gunnison

Walking through the
Darkened streets
Tiny crystals falling down
Floating past the shining
Lights
And covering the town

In the morning sitting
Down
By the little coffee store
Draining my cup's sweet contents
And then going in for more

You have a very lovely town
And I'd like to let you know
That I loved each moment I've
Been here
And I'll be sad to go.

-Hilary Wordham

Small, alone, I found my place,
Shadows, eroding clay, dangling roots,
A trickle of water,
Tears on pebbly cheeks,
A constant lullaby.

Half a century, and the place remains.
Not there.
Nothing there.

In places wild,
Where snow melts, water runs.
Where cloven prints, pencil point trunks,
and cotton candy butterflies
tell me I am not alone.
Where the contralto lullaby can still be
heard.

-Sharron O'Dell Chambers

[More Places]

Sky

The sun is out –

This morning the western sky was lit with pinks and blues.

A New Englander, I hear the words . . .

“Red sky in the morning, sailors take warning.”

That part of me seems like another life –

but who is to say that we do not live more than one life?

I now look for other harbingers of change.

A rise in temperature in the dead of winter brings snow,
A long cold spell brings hoarfrost like glitter in air around me,
Clouds from the southwest bring “weather,”
And a quick thaw could unleash floods to the creeks and arroyos.

These mountains are every bit as treacherous as the open sea –

A blizzard is as dangerous as a Nor’easter,
As is the avalanche that can suddenly tear you away from terra firma
as swiftly as the rip tide.

The barnacles that crust the Atlantic lobsterman
have a similarity to the nettles and burrs
that toughen the hide of the cattleman –
And the ride of the saddle is not unlike
the swell of the sea –

Under this big sky the sailor navigates

by reckoning with the sun
and stars

that guide the cowboy.

The same sky that guided me

to my home.

– R. L. Garvey



Missing Gunnison

I miss the little valley
Where my home has been so long.
I miss the glistening snowfall,
And the mountain’s stately song.

I used to watch the river
As it ran along to play
I haven’t heard its lovely waves
Since the time I moved away.

But my heart’s still in the valley
And I know it will always be
Its guarding peaks surround my soul
And its thoughts still comfort me.

–Janet Fosnicke

More Places

The best place in the Gunnison Valley

I love riding horses around Elk Creek .
The wind in my hair, the stirrups on my feet;
While cueing the horse for a trot,
I think, "I love this spot."
When I change to a faster gait,
I think, "When here, what can I hate."
Then when I approach the place where I ride,
It makes me feel good inside.
As I untack my horse, and groom it down,
I see that no one else is around;
I close my eyes and hear no sound.
Then it dawns on me, it's getting late,
And I walk home saying, "I'll see my horse on a later date."
Until then, goodbye -
Don't get bitten by a horse fly.

-Shannon Stayton

Come to Gunnison

Come to Gunnison
Where the eagles swoop to their prey.
Come to Gunnison
Where the trees sway,
The fish swim in the brooks,
Where the water rumbles,
The deer munch on the grass,
And high up in the woods
Bears eat berries.

In the winter the snow comes
Falling down, the children
come outside to play in
The soft white snow.
People iceskate while the
Wintry gales go in and out
And spring comes in and
Winter goes out;
The snow all melts.
Spring flowers come up.
Once again spring is here.

-Carley Smith



A Family of Poets

When Assistant Journal Editor Carillion Creed told her mother, Joyce Creed, about the Journal, Joyce thought it was a good idea for the rest of the family too – so they all sat down and wrote their own versions of the valley. –GS

I'd never eaten elk meat
Till I moved here last September.
It tasted rather different
Than any meat that I remember.

I'd never felt my toes numb
Till I skated one cold night,
And found you must be cautious here
when outside after light.

I'd never skied a mountain
Till I tried it when I came.
I do not think my legs and arms
Will ever work the same.

I'd never seen a painting
That adorns a building side.
I'd never seen a lot of things.
Perhaps... I'd never tried.

–Carillion Creed

Skating on a bed of pearl
Oh, my heart doth cry
To see the glitter in the air...
And the cute boys going by.

–Cameron Elizabeth Creed

Jack Frost lives in Gunnison
He makes a horrible fuss
In fact this very winter,
He sabotaged my bus

He painted frost-white windows
And slash marks on the wheel
He froze up all the plastic seats,
And made the children squeal.

–Caleb Elisha Creed

They all come for the fun of it.
The snow spray on their face.
The skating rinks and hiking trails
In this vacation place.
They make us feel so fortunate.
They make us feel so blessed.
To live in a bowl against the sky
So high above the rest.

Yet though we live with mountain crags
And streams within our reach
We work our forty hours and
Vacation at the beach.

–Joyce Creed

How do you "make a place"?
How do you "carve a niche"?
Do you use a hammer? a shovel?
Or do you begin with a stitch?

What do you do when the valley is new
And nobody knows your name
You've ceased to exist as a person,
And everyone's face is the same?

Your world has begun all over again,
In a beautiful setting—but dark.
And you'll never be able to build your place
Unless you start with a spark.

Your job is to light the faces
Of those you see every day.
To again become someone who matters
By giving your friendship away.

When children run to embrace you,
And eyes light up at your face,
When people respect you, and smile at your smile,
Then you've built for yourself a "place".

–Joyce Creed

The Creed Family moved to Gunnison two years ago from a small town in Western Oklahoma. Papa pastors a church. Mama teaches, writes novels, and takes care of Carillion, who is 16; Cameron, who is 12; and Caleb, who has almost survived 9 and is launching himself toward 10. They all delight in poetry, drama, and ice skating—except Papa, who enjoys lecturing and other serious stuff, such as historical biographies.

–Carillion Creed

"My Place" . . . Some Upvalley Students

These poems were written by Carl Spetzler's seventh-grade class in the Crested Butte Community School. All of the poems were interwoven in collages of cutout pictures, drawings and other visual items; all were then mounted on the wall in a wonderfully vivid display. We're sorry it's impossible to bring you the whole wall — you'll just have to imagine it as you read. We're also sorry that some of them must come to you anonymously.

My place is a small hole in the forest,
And a whole hole full of wonders.
My place is a table full of mischief,
With echoing voices of the past.
My place is an opera
Singing songs of hope and joy.
My place is a quiet willow bunch
Swaying in the wind.
My place comes and goes,
As fast as summer meets fall.
My place is a place where birds soar high,
And the soil is moist with newly growing plants.
My place is quiet and calm,
 an eagle soaring high.
 —Jenna Velardi

My place is magical place,
My place is a cool, clean, and
cottony place,
My place is a cruising place,
My place is a living place,
My place is a white blanket,
My place is a frozen place,
My place is a rugged place,
My place is a warm place – sometimes.
My place has white rain fall from the sky
 in a different form.
Sometimes my place is a dark place.
But overall my place is a very beautiful,
 enchanting place.
 —Dawson Stellberger

At my place in a park
many energies are swirled
togethr to form a glowing
ball of flawless harmony
wired to weeping the feelings
and thoughts make everyone
feel unique in the shared way
of oneness.

My place is just right.
Not big maybe small,
Lots of mountains high above,
Always wondering why I'm here.
Waiting for something to appear.
I know my place is just right.
 —Nikki Ablin

In my place
The snow falls softly
The desert sands move slowly
The clouds move swiftly
The fox moves swiftly
The grass grows slowly
The air smells of pretty flowers
 —Scott Rogers

Our place is very large
Our place is quiet and loud
Our place is very beautiful
And some places are very ugly
Our place is different also
Like some places are deserts
And some places have water and trees.

My place is a secret place,
My secret place is a dream place,
My dream place is always changing color and size,
My dream place is a quiet place,
And that's my secret place.

“My Place” . . . Some Dowvalley Students

Mary Bollish's seventh-grade students at Ruland Junior High wrote these poems. Again, we're sorry we couldn't use more of them — sorry too that a few were unsigned.

I am the Gunnison overseer,
I feel wind and water,
I am the wall, the Warrior-watcher.
I have survived the centuries, yet been civilized,
I loom in the fog, I brighten summer days,
I know.

—Luke Hoffman

MY ROOM

My room is a monster
When I turn out the lights
All of the shadows
Come out when it's dark
But they don't scare me.

My room is a fun house
When I play inside
I like to play board games
And video games alike
It's a good place to play.
My room is a blanket
It keeps me warm and
It keeps me safe
It makes me feel good
And comfortable it is.

My room is the best
place I can be.
I like it
And it likes me.

—Jeremy P.

In the summer time when there's nothing to do
I go to a place where the leaves are new;
I see the whole block when I look around
And I hear the sound of rush hour on the ground.
I smell fresh leaves and a scent of wood;
The smells that I taste are really good.
I feel free as a bird, or a wandering mouse
Here in my very own tree house.

THE WOODWARD CRY

In the wood at dawn, the sounds are few.
The creek quietly swirls and
bubbles around the rocks.
I will never know what it means.
It seems as though it is perfect.
How did we ruin this serenity?
These places are few and diminishing
expeditiously.
We must stop it, somehow, some way.

—Luke Hoffman

BLUE MESA

This
splash, swish
blue, green, brown
cold, wet
fish, gasoline,
suntan lotion, sage
It talks when it hits the land.

—Josh T.

THE HILL

On top of a hill so high,
Beneath the clear and blue sky,
Is a place where I like to be,
A place where I can go see
Cars below go by.

The view is spectacular and great,
Sometimes I just can't wait
to go to the hill I appreciate.

It's a place where no one is near,
So you can be by yourself and hear
The sounds that a small town makes.

—Mary Hansen

Dreams and Illusions

If I had only known that you were to lie
upon the bed of forever sleep,
I would have dreamed us together, forever.
I now dream about you constantly, but
cry silently for the thought of not
dreaming earlier as you lay most
peacefully in your forever sleep.
Now as I lie on my bed of forever sleep, I
weep silently, for the thought of us together
again, is of a dream in my sleeping head.
As this dream fades in and out, my eyes fail
to the sight of an illusion; for there you
are standing in front of my sleeping body.
I begin to float, and you take my hand, and
we leave.
Forgetting about Dreams and Illusions.

—*Kelly Hays*

*Kelly Hays, a senior at Gunnison High in
1995-96, died in an automobile accident in the
winter of 1996.*

Some Seasons of the Valley

Early Chores

In the dark, standing, waiting
For the shiver of early chores
To settle bone deep

The horses, grained, are grey shadows
Against the black. I watch
A crisp, white line
etch

The ragged jaw of mountains
to the east.

Light now spilling into the valley

Squadrons of Canadian geese
Take flight, reach the warmth of sunlight above
our heads

They turn
Fly low
Just overhead

The horses pause, and together
we watch, waiting our turn
To share the morning sun.

—Mark Todd

*John Rozman feeding in the winter near
Crested Butte, circa 1969.*

—George Sibley Photo



More Seasons

Who says?

The poppy blooms in a crack in the walk
With an orange smile that tends to mock
Those wiser folks who have always said,
"You have to bloom in a flower bed
Where manure and hose and a garden hoe
Will better serve to make you grow."

The poppy blooms in a crack in the walk
Since it didn't listen to all that talk.

—Phoebe Cranor

Skating

I'm looking through a crystal lake
Criss-crossed with translucent stars.
I'm hearing wind that softly blows
And the hum of frigid cars

I look down deeper, past the surface
And see a fishy silhouette
Of some small creature trapped inside
The winter's silver net.

I feel the cold on nose and cheeks.
My ears, they start to burn.
So I hobble back up on my skates
For one more shaky turn.

—Emil Rosetti

College Hill

My favorite place is the college hill 'cause it's fun
to hop on a sled and zoom. The place I like best
on the college hill is the jumps. I keep saying,
"Mom, I want to go to the college hill!" I get to
go sometimes, but sometimes I don't.

Sometimes I get plastered by snow, but some-
times I don't. I fall off a few times or two. I go
into the air high a lot, and I don't like that either
because I hit my tummy and it hurts a lot!

—Nick Wireman

I purchase spring

I laughed
When I saw the daffodils had bloomed.
A warmth came over my face and
I could tell my eyes were sparkling:
Sweet spring
You've arrived
. . . somewhere.

I look toward you,
Spring, displayed at the
End of the grocery store counter
And then out the windows at
The falling snow.

Yes
Spring has happened somewhere today.
I smile at the cashier
As I purchase my spring,
And say goodbye while I try
To protect these daffodils from
The rosy-cheek weather outside.



—Poem and Drawing by Sherrill Stenson

More Seasons

Blackstock Blossoms

They hang on the fence like sweet peas
Some shorter, some taller
With colors of blue, purple, red and bright yellow
 pinks and bright spring colors
that only this crisp mountain air can grow—

They've been there all winter, as I drove by
But I had not noticed their brilliance until today
with sun shining and snow gone, their cries made me turn
And look as they hung at the fence, shrieking with joy
At the warmth, the scents and the school bell
 that will ring them in,
Away from this recess— from a long winter.

—Rosalyn Garvey

Gunnison Summers

While sitting on a rock,
I watch my barefoot brother play.
He splashes in the stream
And makes a castle out of clay.

He doesn't rush his playing,
For he doesn't seem to know.
That summer soon is over here,
And life gives way to snow.

But as he grows I fear he'll learn,
That though so hard we try,
Summer days are always short
And all too quickly fly!

—Noel Natali

Spring in Gunnison

Piles of snow,
Soiled around the edges
Move quietly back,
 Exposing
 Bits of soggy trash
Once-tidy winter sought to leave behind.

But while we hunt for
 Crocuses
 The sky fills up
 With frowning clouds
And before we know it,
 The whole incongruous picture
 Is covered with a
 Pure white sheet.

—Phoebe Cranor

My Field of Green

My field of green is south of town
And sometimes it's the color brown.
In the summer when it's hot
It's not a very peaceful spot.
Many men are working hard
Bouncing over ditches to getting jarred.
Trying to get some hay cut down
And bale it up right off the ground.
So when the snow starts rolin' in
And the grass for cows starts getting thin,
The rancher there can cut a bale
So the cattle will never fail
to find a little hay around
Above the icy, frozen ground.

—Brady Moore

More Seasons

For Keri

I'm up and a-movin before first morning light
I have livestock to feed 'fore I go.
The trees are bent and pointin' to the south.
Damn, how that north wind can blow.

There's clouds rollin' down the creek and river
valleys, a heavy white wall settin' low
Only fools and strangers predict weather here,
but I'd guess we'll be blessed with some snow.

The pickup doesn't want to start this morning,
but Hell knows, neither do I.
I scrape icy plaster from the windows all around
and turn up the defrost to high.

I'd like to let 'er warm up a little, drink
some hot tea, eat a donut or two.
But, I've got a ways to go yet this morning,
ice to break, other chores to do.

I must be in Montrose before 9:00 AM, and it's
sixty five snowpacked miles away.
The Jr. High "B" Team" basketball tourney is there,
and my little girl is going to play.

You have to be crazy drivin' in weather like this,
I'm thinkin' as I head down the road.
But no. Crazy are people who live in big cities.
I can deal with the blizzards and cold.

And, I love my girl. She plays with some heart.
I'm so proud that it's hard to mask it.
Besides, who know, today just could be her day,
to take a shot that goes in the basket.

-John Nelson



Mud Season

Tires chew into the soft
of April earth
Drop easily into ruts that
Sluice the passages of Spring
through country roads.
The fields still linger with
five months' snowwash,
Horse trails crisscrossing the
meadow white:

no longer
Content with last summer's
Aging bales, they search
paw
The crust thaw, hungering for
the shootgreen grass that
Surely lies beneath.

Across the pasture, I ease
the truck toward their
Gate, a weary struggle against
Mud channels that

later
Will lead toward home.

-Mark Todd

Prose

*Prose submissions ran a full gamut of ages and genres.
Enjoy.*

Alex's Adventure

Jodie McDermott

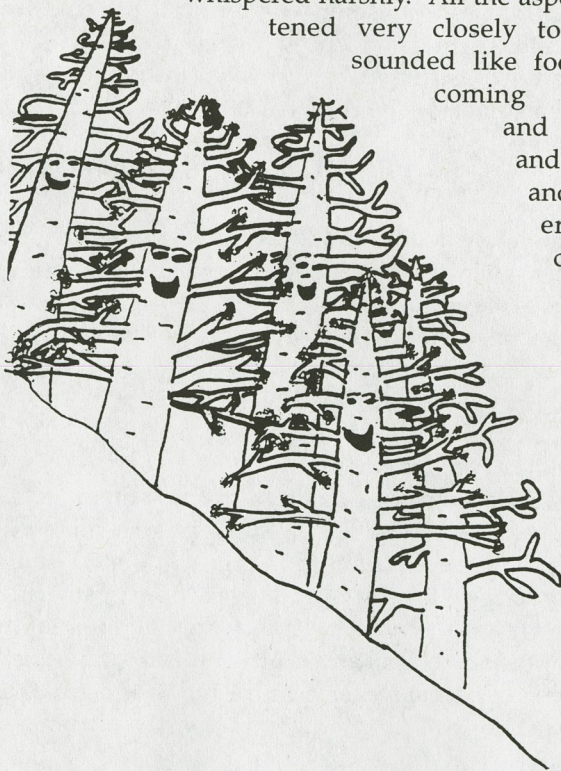
Once upon a time on the south side of a big tall mountain all of the sagebrush were sunning themselves in the nice warm sun. While on the north side of the mountain all of the aspen trees were spreading their seeds so that next spring their new little children would pop out of the soil.

"Mommy," Alex Aspen said.

"Yes, sweetheart, said Andrea Aspen as she spread her seeds around.

"What lives on the other side of the mountain?" But Andrea did not answer her two year old son for she listened closely to a distant sound. Soon all the aspens heard the sound.

"Someone's coming," Andrea Aspen whispered harshly. All the aspens listened very closely to what sounded like footsteps coming closer, and closer, and closer, and closer, and closer until the



sound was right in front of the aspen grove. Out through the bushes stepped a small, young boy carrying a large shovel.

"Ah," he said, walking around, examining all of the trees.

When he got to Alex Aspen, he stopped and said, "Perfect, just right," and started to dig.

He picked up Alex right out of the ground and carried him away. "Oh, no," thought Alex, as he let himself be carried up over the top of the hill. When Alex and the boy were halfway down the other side of the hill, the boy sat Alex down and started to dig a hole. Alex looked around and realized there were no trees at all on this side of the mountain. The only thing there was sagebrush. "How funny," Alex thought as the boy picked him up and sat Alex's roots in the hole, covered them up, and walked back over the mountain toward home. "It's hot over here," thought Alex. "I'll get a drink." But the ground was as dry as could be. "Oh, great," thought Alex as the sun's hot rays baked him.

The next morning the young boy came to visit Alex, but as soon as he saw Alex he gasped, "Oh, no," for the hot sun and the dry earth had wilted poor Alex. The boy ran back over the hill.

"Oh, no," thought Alex. "He is just leaving me here to die." Just then the boy came back over the hill, but now he was carrying a large shovel. He walked over to Alex and dug him up again. After he dug up Alex, he carried him back over the mountain and to the forest where he had lived before.

"Oh, my," all the trees gasped. After Alex was planted, the whole forest listened to his adventures and celebrated his being back. But first Alex drank up a lot of water and enjoyed the shade.

Jodie McDermott's story was fully illustrated by the author. We're sorry that we could only include one of her illustrations.

Women Who Hate Winter, and the Men Who Love Them

Sandy Fails

As I drove out of the bookstore parking lot and onto Highway 70 heading out of Denver, I pondered how to make my own mark on the literary world. Fiction, essays, children's literature? Brrr, it was cooling down. I pulled a sweater on over my lightweight shirt. Short stories, non-fiction, humor? Woops, slow down... storm moving in, icy patches on the road. Novels, documentaries, literary criticism? Man, that sweater was scratchy. And it was growing dark, chilly and snowy; where had I stashed the coat and boots? It was going to be a long, tense drive home to the wintry mountains.

Then it hit me. I could just imagine the book, displayed in hard-bound glory in the self-help section: *Women Who Hate Winter, and the Men Who Love Them*.

I have tried. For 14-plus winters, I have been a good sport. I have meditated on the beauty of snowflakes. I have employed snow-shoveling mantras. I have spent a small fortune on comforters, Sorels and space heaters.

I've worn summer clothes and gone into denial; I've worn thick longjohns as a fourth epidermal layer. I've stayed inside eating old imported fruit and growing potted plants; I've stayed outside to befriend winter and not be intimidated. I've honed my positive attitude; I've moaned and groaned. I've tried sledding, skiing, skating and dog sledding and I loved them all; but I hate *hate HATE* being cold.

I have failed. I don't love winter. At least not the cold part.

This has been a tough admission for me. It somehow implied lack of personal fortitude, a failing of my spiritual groundedness, and a limited personal philosophy. It also made me look sort of stupid to live in a place like Crested Butte.

Now don't get me wrong. I have no intention of whining, moving to Vegas or wallowing in misery. I may have failed in my personal attempts to joyfully and lovingly embrace winter, but I have no intention of letting this ruin my life. In fact, I've discovered delightful newfound freedom in admitting I don't like winter. Perhaps my destiny in the literary world is to help others find similar respite from winter-aversion guilt.

Let's see, I'd start out reassuring the winter-haters they are not aberrant and alone, cleaning up related self-esteem issues, that kind of thing. I'd inspire them to let out their feelings, to exuberantly embrace their dislike of the season. To joyously hiss and spit and celebrate their individual uniqueness when other people use words like "brisk," "crisp" and "invigorating" to describe days they consider bone-chillingly, terrifyingly, bitterly cold.

Hmmm...then I'd move on to techniques for handling life in a place that is virtually synonymous with winter. And end with how to set up support groups for

winter-aversion victims and their families.

First, of course, I need to thoroughly work through my own winter-aversion condition (since self-help authors are all flawlessly evolved with respect to their topics, as you know). I love Crested Butte, most of the time. I like snow, sometimes. I hate cold, always. What we've got here is an internal conflict. From what I gather about how humans work, for about 14 years now, I've been accumulating internal stress from not expressing my personal animosity toward the season. If I don't express it, someday it will come to a head and I will suddenly and inexplicably move to some sweaty tropical hellhole filled with malarial mosquitoes, deadly viruses and venomous snakes. (Come to think of it, have my recent efforts on behalf of El Salvador more to do with political conscience, humanitarian vigor, or winter intolerance?)

Nope, better to vent. Better to get it out of my system. Here goes:

I hate rolling ever so gently up to a stop sign in winter, gingerly feathering the brakes, and sitting helpless and sheepish as the car glides gracefully and without hesitation through the intersection in front of the PTSA president with a van full of Boy Scouts.

I hate waking up late for an interview, throwing on my best clothes, discovering the car's been buried by a storm overnight, painstakingly digging it out without soaking the outfit, then driving off, only to feel some hidden ice melting through the seat of my pants.

I hate that suspense of wondering if the cold has snuck in like a thief and frozen the bathroom pipes.

I hate just getting all cozy warm in bed and suddenly remembering the car's parked on the wrong side of the street.

I hate wearing overgrown shoes that make me walk like Goofy.

I hate the way little puddles show up in the house in winter, even though everyone swears they pulled their shoes off at the door.

I hate always being able to find eight left-hand gloves and no right-hand ones.

I hate wondering at every step if I will remain upright or go suddenly horizontally.

Ahhh...I feel better already.

Yes, a self-help book might be my next literary challenge. Then, if it takes off, there could be spin-offs. Anti-winter folk tale collections, a monthly "I Hate Winter" newsletter, talk show appearances, support gatherings in the coliseum, soundtracks, a National Geographic study of the archetypal and multi-cultural roots of winter aversion, perhaps even a radio and tape series. Yes, that's it; I'd call it "Women Who Run from the Snowflakes."

Cow Ruminations

Pat Sterling

An old Russian proverb states, "Let the woman into Paradise, she'll bring her cow along." Puzzling over this statement. I wonder if cows might make better company in Paradise than some humans I might name. I like cows. (And steers! I'm aware of the technical distinction, but tend to think of all large bovine creatures, male and female, simply as cows.)

Both in the late spring and early fall—before and after they are driven to the high mountain meadows where they spend the summer grazing—I meet them on the contour trails just east of town where I run. They don't intimidate me: although city-bred, I spent some of my happiest childhood hours helping farm cousins in southern Minnesota bring in dairy cows. A child learns quickly that cows may be huge, but they're mellow.

Now, as I dart in and out among them, they look at me with placid expressions so beatifically mild, one wonders how long they've been taking Prozac. Neither do they faze my dog Toby, who at her highest point towers thirteen inches above the ground. Toby's never chased a cow. I'm not convinced she even sees them. Toby operates on the principle that if she never lifts up her eyes, she's the highest point.

Living as we do here in Gunnison, it's easy to take cattle for granted. Not so for my Connecticut broth-

er-in-law visiting over Christmas who returned from our local True Value exclaiming, "This is the real west! They sell lariats and post hole diggers in the hardware store!" And when my husband took "B.B.," our "adopted" Japanese student this school year, to hike down into the Black Canyon, what delighted B.B. most was Don's carefully weaving our tiny pickup through the cattle drive they encountered on Highway 92 on their way home. Cows on the road! B.B. was thrilled. Not an ordinary sight in his hometown, Osaka.

Were I to list the many small blessings accruing from life in Gunnison country, I would certainly include the morning view from atop our hill in Tomichi Heights. On cold, frosty mornings, we look out into the meadow across Highway 50 and watch steam rising from cattle as they follow in single file the hay truck making its breakfast delivery. Sometimes we see mounted horsemen, modern day cowboys, valiant men, working in subzero weather. And many mornings on my way to the college, I see John Wilson, Senior sitting in his vehicle by the side of the road, keeping an eye on his herd. His quiet presence assures me not only that his cattle may safely graze, but also that for at least one more day, all is right with the world, and Paradise does include cows.

The Trout

David Bunt

I remember the time I went fishing with my dad and my brother on the Taylor River and caught a foot long brown trout.

When we first arrived at the river everything was calm and quiet. The sun was just going over the mountain. We all threw our lines in and waited in the shade of the canyon.

The water was calm for about 30 minutes after we arrived, then suddenly I had a fish on my line.

He yanked hard! I tried to reel my line in and I

couldn't. The fight was too hard. I called my dad and he came over, and I still couldn't reel my line in.

I was surprised and so was my dad. My dad said I did a great job reeling and landing the fish.

My brother caught a fish bigger than mine, but I was proud and amazed about my fish.

After Evan's fish was caught, we called it a night and then went to the car and got all our fishing stuff off and drove home. When we got home Mom took a picture of Evan and me with our famous fish.

Pulling Together

Chris Dickey

Greg knew something was up as he came around the last curve in the driveway leading to Rosemary's house that blustery, Saturday morning, just before 8:00. There she was, the ol' pistol, waiting on the porch steps.

"Oh no," he said to himself. "She found out."

The image of the shattered pickup truck window came flashing back. Replaying the moment in his mind, Greg had known when he let the bale go it was trouble, but by then it was too late. The 75-pound bovine dinner sailed from the top of the hay loft across the other bales in the pickup, and its airborne momentum took it right through the back window of Rosemary's orange, ugly, beatup, 1968 Ford pickup.

Greg wanted to tell her that afternoon, but she'd gone to town by the time he'd finished feeding her fat steers. He didn't think it was urgent enough to leave a note, and, in all honesty, he hoped she wouldn't notice. She never drove the surly beast anyway.

Greg's mind raced: offer to pay for it? Keep it a secret? The situation was pure dilemma for a 16-year-old in an after-school job he didn't really like, working for a person he kinda did like.

Now she was waiting for him with something to say. Weather most likely wasn't the topic on her mind.

"Well, how do ya do, sir?" Rose yelped as soon as the motor stopped its racket. "Nice to see ya."

"Thanks. How's it going today?"

"Not well. First-year heifer calving up in the north field. She's down and I think she needs help."

"Uh," he mumbled, both relieved and concerned.

"You hurry and feed and water the horses," she barked, like she was the army. "Then bustle on up there to meet me. Vet's coming, but he's probably still putting on his pants and choking down his coffee."

Rose seemed bossy sometimes, but he realized she knew what needed done and he didn't. Like most ranchers in the Colorado Rockies, a lifetime of early mornings with the herd and long afternoons on the fence-line had carved some rigid sensibilities and created a wonderful mix of grit and grace.

Things weren't all sunshine and grassy meadows for her these days. Rose had lost her husband, Richard, some years back. And decades of lifting, climbing, kicking, punching, scooping, digging and raking had bent Rose's back to the point where she probably should be lying in bed. She grimaced in pain every time she hoisted herself up into her truck.

Still, she carried on, running her 1,500-acre ranch like always. Having no children of her own, she relied on neighbors like Greg to lend a hand. And there he was, showing up most days of the week even though he hated hay—was allergic to it—and thought cows were

the dumbest of all of God's creatures. He could have made more money working in town, but something kept him on the ranch. Rose needed him, and he felt good at the end of the day.

"And Greg, bring up a few strings of baling twine, Okay?" Rose shouted through her open truck window. She drove a much newer, GMC short bed with no dents or anything. The orange beast, featuring a brand new busted window, was her work truck, for hired hands.

Doing as he was told, Greg quickly finished the first portion of his morning feeding ritual and took off after the unknown in the north field. This was the first spring he'd worked with Rosemary, so he'd never before experienced a calving season. He hadn't a clue what to expect, but was a little nervous at those last instructions, about baling twine.

"Certainly she can't expect me to do anything," he told himself, feeling the adrenaline shooting through his body. "I'd be better off staying here and waiting for the vet. I could at least do some good and show him where to go. What the heck am I going to do up there?"

He was afraid to answer that question.

Pulling up next to the black GMC, Greg saw the cow lying in the grass, its neck stretched out and head on the ground. Rose was kneeling in front of the creature, talking like she was in a sterile delivery room with her daughter or something. "There, there, Momma. Everything's gonna be just dandy as soon as we get this baby out. You just gotta be strong and hang in there." All she was missing was one of those pee-green gowns and a white mask.

Approaching the cow, Greg looked down and saw two tiny hoofs protruding from the cow's behind. He began to taste the grease from his bacon-and-egg breakfast. He didn't feel faint, but he wasn't exactly fine.

"Okay Greg, you ready for this?" Rose blurted, not looking up at him.

He responded nervously: "Rosemary, I don't know what to do. I think we should wait for the vet."

"We don't have time. Get the twine and tie it around both hooves. Tie it tight, because you're gonna be doing some heavy pulling. Hurry up, now!"

Lord, here goes, Greg thought. I can't do this, I don't even know how to tie a knot. But with the orange string in hand, he crouched down. Greg had never felt comfortable near cows, especially near their hind end. He remembered when his dad was having him bottle feed an orphan calf. One morning he stepped into the corral with the smelly milk bottle in hand, and the darn thing was so happy to see him it literally jumped up and gave him a flying swat with its back hoof. Greg knew the baby was playing, but his thigh couldn't tell.

But any thoughts of being threatened by this animal were ridiculous. Greg was certain all attempts were in vain and that both mom and baby were going to die. The mother cow looked awful. She just lay there, not moving at all except for an occasional weak contraction of her uterus. Her eyes were rolled back and her tongue hung out, getting covered in dirt and grass. Faint bawls emanated from deep within her gut.

Greg tied the sturdy twine around one leg at a time, like he tied his shoes. Getting it tight like Rose had said, he felt certain the poor animal's tiny feet were going to be clipped right off. Or at least the circulation to them cut off and they would fall off later - if there was even going to be a later for this thing.

"Okay, now put on my gloves and wrap the end of the twine around your hands a couple of times so you get a good grip. Then start pulling."

"Just start pulling?" Greg exclaimed, his voice raising an octave or two. "You mean, just pull, like I'm in some sort of tug-of-war?"

"You got it." Rose was in the cow's face now, petting the bridge of its nose and talking. "Stay with me, honey, just for a little while longer."

Greg stood up, leaned back for leverage, and began to tug. He couldn't believe what he was doing and at first was hesitant to put his muscles into it. Realizing he was getting nowhere, and sensing Rose was nearing the panic stage, he began to pull with force. Slowly, remarkably, two spindly legs began to emerge.

Greg stopped pulling and went up front to update Rose. "I can see pretty much all of two legs," he said, breathing heavily.

"Good, now comes the hard part."

"What's that?"

"The head. Once the head and the two front shoulders are out, the baby should pretty much slide the rest of the way," Rose explained. "This Momma's doing great. I know the poor thing is exhausted, but she's starting to push a little harder. I think we can do it, Greg."

Energized, Greg went back to work, but the next few pulls did nothing. The calf wasn't budging.

Then, he witnessed an amazing sight. The Momma cow's whole rear end shifted, like she was being pulled apart by two bulldozers going opposite directions. Greg knew that she was pushing, hard, giving him may be his last best chance to get the calf's head out.

What happened those next few minutes Greg would never forget. The calf came out, just as Rosemary said it would, once the front portion was through. The birthing process kept gathering momentum and once the calf was free from its creator up to the rear haunches, it slide out easily the rest of the way. Almost like shooting down a water slide.

The twine still wrapped around the legs, Greg pulled the baby a few feet from its mother. Its body

became covered with that same dirt and grass that blanketed the heifer's tongue. Greg wasn't sure if it had taken a breath yet.

Rose was busy coaxing the heifer to get up to her feet and go tend to her offspring. The cow didn't want to move anywhere, but reluctantly she crawled to her new ward and looked upon her first baby. Naturally, she wasn't stunned and went right to work doing what needed done, licking, cleaning and all the rest.

Greg released the string from the newborn animal's feet. It was beginning to move now, although its attempts to stand were unsuccessful.

Life was unquestionably infused into this being. The unhappy ending Greg had earlier expected had been averted. And he began to realize he was at least partly responsible for that.

Heading back to the house, Greg met the vet, just arriving. He proudly rolled down his pickup window and joked, "You want to clean up there for us, nurse? It's all taken care of, mom and baby doing fine." The vet went on up the road to take a peek for himself.

Continuing down the rutted, double-track road leading back to the house, barns and more work, Greg's mind was filled with amazement, wonder and awe. That was the first time he'd ever been so closely involved in a birth, and the experience of having a hand in creating a new life touched him.

He discovered a new respect, or at least a modest affection, for cows. He wasn't sure, but maybe the next time he was in that dark and dusty hay loft, it wouldn't be so bad. Greg hated it up there, where he had to wear a damp bandanna around his face to moderate the allergic reaction he had to alfalfa, but more and more he was beginning to realize he was part of a larger, more important process called ranching. And that wasn't so bad at all.

Back in the driveway, Greg put the pickup in park and waited for Rose to catch up. The clouds were breaking, the wind calming down and to his delight it was shaping up to be a warm, sunny day. An afternoon cleaning corrals was always better when the weather was nice.

Rose arrived and, hobbling out of her truck, approached Greg. She, too, was smiling.

"Nice work up there, fella," she exclaimed. "I waited for the vet, and he said everything was just fine."

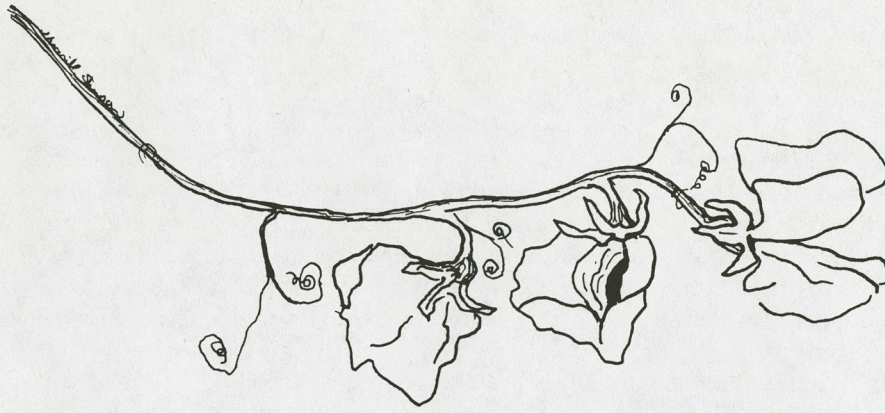
"That's great," Greg responded.

"One question for ya, though, What on Earth did ya do to my pickup truck window?"

Frozen in shock, Greg attempted to mumble a reply. Mercifully, Rose didn't let him stammer for long.

Putting her arm around his thin shoulders, Rose smiled, looked him square in the eye.

"If I can afford you long enough," she said, "I'll make a ranch hand out of you yet."



The Resort

Candi Borah

What a magical place this resort has come to be. As I sit on this front porch swing soaking in the trees, the hummingbirds, the silent roar of the river, the azure sky, my mind reflects on the treasures of friends I have found in this place.

I spent my life growing up here. Each summer was spent at the resort with the great anticipation of each old friend to arrive and the revelation of new friends to unfold. I would wrap myself with each quest. I would become so much a part of their lives that I felt I was their life.

My purpose at the resort was employment. I worked there from the time I would carry a mop. I did all jobs throughout my years of employment. However, the revelation came to me just recently that it was not employment that drove me to the resort, but the strength I received from each quest I befriended.

The people came from all parts of the earth: Texas, California, Iowa, Kansas, Oklahoma, England, Arizona, Pennsylvania – the list goes forever. We would laugh, tell stories, eat together, drink together, and sit on this front porch swing saturating all we could of each other during their length of stay. If time allowed, we all went hiking or fishing together. We worked hard at becoming who we were with each other.

Then came sadness: time for departure. Actually, I had it best: I could remain at this magical place and await the arrival of the next group of people to befriend. All the same, the new found friends of my extended family had to return to their world of chaos. Somebody once stated that the resort was the reality while the chaotic world was the fantasy. But it was still painful to watch the loading of the vehicles. Packing moved at a snail's pace. Each person stopped to reflect on the time spent in this magical kingdom.

Finally, my friends drove out of the resort after much lingering. Prior to this exit we would hug, cry, then laugh, reminiscing on the beauty of the friendship we had acquired. Fear became a part of their lives again as they returned to their fixed world. It was a deep gnawing pain, watching the vehicles finally began their departure. Those of us remaining at the resort stood by the front porch swing linking our arms for the strength to overcome the tears we wanted to shed. When all we could see was the dust left from the departing vehicles, we returned to work in a sluggish manner. Throughout the day we continued to reminisce about our new found but now lifelong chums.

Let's not forget this resort is magical. Yes, our new, lifelong friends made it safely to their destinations, calling to notify us of their safe trips and that we were missed. Once again we would reflect on our friends. But before we had time to realize how deep the pain was of missing our old friends, new friends would arrive from other places for their time of laughs and stories. We switched our geographical language from "Y'awl" to "You Guys," and embarked on new adventures with new chums.

The summers came to an end for those of us at this magical resort. We too had to leave this magical kingdom and go back to our own chaotic worlds. We dawdled in our packing too, clinging to our summer memories. Reminiscing helped ease the deep-seated pang of saying good-bye. We hugged and cried, and entered our vehicles with great distress. But just as a rainbow appears after a storm, a smile would spread across each face – for there would be next summer at this magical place with the beauty of the bonding that had connected our hearts, minds, and souls. We knew we could come back to this resort and be free. We knew we would reenter this magical place where we were safe,

Flowing Down the River of Life

Kristin Primus

I am a drop of precipitation, Part of my hydrologic cycle began on the laccolith of Mount Crested Butte, during the time of vernal equinox, when precipitation was mostly wet snow. I came to rest on an existing snow bank atop a wide chute near the summit. As temperatures climbed into the upper thirties, I adhered to other snow particles, and we went through a sequence of melting, freezing, melting for many days. Over time, howling mountain winds formed us into a snow cornice.

The avalanche was inevitable. An unsuspecting skier side-cut the cornice, sending him and my snow kin hurdling down the steep chute, lurching forward with the interminable tug of gravity, tumbling down the mountainside, annihilating everything in our preordained path.

Spring came, as it did every year, to the Gunnison Basin. The heating power of warm air changed my form to that of a drip, then a puddle, carrying a lot of suspended material, including the gift of giardia. As the puddle's water level increased, our balance was upset, and we joined a drainage headed to the base below. Nearing the East River, our energy level diminished due to a decrease in slope; We split apart, creating a deficient energy tributary. After negotiating my way through the delta, I made it to the balanced energy East River, and began my journey toward the mighty Gunnison.

My East River experience taught me a great deal. On the outer parts of a curve, the velocity of centrifugal force and inertia carried more load, and eroded the river bed so that it became quite deep. On the insides of the curves, however, more was deposited than eroded, creating point bars. The nature of the stream's movements and power created the side-winder effect.

The Gunnison was a more hurried and frightening experience, once past the Blue Mesa Reservoir, and entering the mass of water at high water mark, when officials were releasing as much water as feasible. When I had traveled with the convection currents less than a month, I was pulled into the vortex of the release valves. For a split second, I paused above my base area, the Black Canyon floor, with a high level of potential energy indicative of my high position. Then, as expected, I felt kinetic energy as I careened toward the river below. That was only the beginning of my adventures in the Black Canyon of the Gunnison; I would glide through rapids carrying rafters, become trapped in eddies, and entombed in the gills of native fish.

I had been through a lot of harrowing experiences, but nothing compared to being frozen the following winter, sublimating, following the jet stream, infiltrating into the earth after falling as rain, then seeping into the Ogalala aquifer.

After remaining in this aquifer for four months, I was pumped into an artisan well to be consumed by humans. To my luck, these humans traveled west to the Grand Canyon, releasing me near there, where I went through the customary water treatment cycle. Again, I was washed down the Entrada and Navaho sandstones, as well as other layers, during a violent desert thunderstorm. It was a quick trip to the raging Colorado, an excess energy river that was partly comprised of Gunnison waters, and that had chiseled away the Grand Canyon over millions of years. Because the channel was relatively straight, the river's deepest point was in the center of the river. This, of course, was due to the river's great velocity that was distributed evenly because of lack of curves, then great load and later erosion. This river then continued with the hopes it would reach the sea.

We did not reach this sea in the way nature intended. My family was pumped out to irrigate California grape fields, and circumvented the sea for three long years. How I longed to be saltwater! Finally, during some California flooding, I entered a stream that would lead me to the sea that I had unwillingly evaded for so long. I entered the cool Pacific five years after that fateful day on the peak of Crested Butte. I hoped to see the world by sea, but not in any particular order; I wanted to take things as they came.



Westward the Curse of Empire

George Sibley

Farlowe and Martin slipped and staggered up the narrow shovelled path to Farlowe's first house.

"My former house, I should be saying," said Farlowe, stopping so suddenly in the middle of the path that Martin, behind him, head down and thinking about warm places, plowed into him, slipped, and fell off the path into the snow.

"Geez, Farlowe. Signal for stops, please." He picked himself up. Farlowe didn't notice. He stood still in the path, looking at his house. (The purchaser would probably be disappointed to learn, come spring, that there was nothing under that nice straight, square-cornered, smooth-walled walkway but a mud path.)

Farlowe looked at the house rising out of the billows and mounds of snow. Middle-sized, steep of roof, boarded and battened, it looked as cosy as a fairy tale, the kind of house a modern troglodyte might imagine peasants living in, in some happy age of the past.

"Martin," he said, "every night for the past three months, I've hated walking up to this house. 'My white elephant,' I've thought. 'My cosy little sweet little tidy little wellbuilt millstone.' I have hated it, Martin."

"Go inside, Jon," mumbled Martin. "It's cold out."

"But now . . . God, Martin: look at it! Isn't it beautiful? It's a g--d--- beautiful house, Martin!"

Martin gave him a gentle shove. "It's a beautiful house, Jon," said Martin. "But let's get inside it."

It was warmer inside – although Martin took the fact that he could still see Farlowe's exhalations fogging the air as an indication of the relativity of all things. Farlowe stood in the tiled "boot room," looking into the living room as though he had never been there before.

Martin pushed the door closed, and stumbled out of his boots. He edged around Farlowe.

"I can see you're practically spellbound by this room, Mr. Farlowe," said Martin, going to the middle of it. "And a lovely space it is. And well-constructed: quality sheet-rock mudded with a garden spade to give it the authentic plastered look. And trimmed out in beautiful knotty spruce – never mind what it did that was knotty, but be assured that the knots, when they fall out, will be too big to clog up the vacuum—"

"Can it, Martin," said Farlowe, undoing a bootlace.

"And now let's take a look at the authentic Monkey Ward fireplace – with an eye to building a fire in it. Doesn't your baseboard heating work, Jon?"

"Sure it works. But on what I make on the hill, who could afford to turn it on?" Farlowe pried at his boot. Then stopped, foot half out of it. "Hey! I don't have to take off my boots anymore. I sold this place! Today! I only have seven days to give it a lived-in look!"

He stood there a moment, his foot half-in, half-out of the boot. Then he finished taking them both off.

"Why don't you start a fire?" Martin suggested.

"Okay, okay." But Farlowe wandered off toward the kitchen instead.

Martin sighed, then wadded up a newspaper from a neat stack behind the freestanding fireplace, and put it in on the fire grate. He laid on a few sticks of wood from the kindling box, and was touching a match to it when Farlowe came back with a bottle and two glasses.

"Martin!" he shouted. "Open the damper!"

"Sorry," said Martin. "Where's your wood?"

"Out by the back door. You want some vodka?"

"With what?"

"A glass. It's all I got."

"Okay." Martin went out, fumbled for some splits of wood in the little open shed by the back door.

Back inside, he found Farlowe kneeling in front of the fireplace, staring at the little flame as it began to flare up around the kindling sticks. He looked up. "Put it down there – not on the rug. Don't drop it!"

In a few minutes the fire was taking nicely to the logs—throwing at least the illusion of heat into the room. Martin sank into one of the two thriftshop chairs pulled up to the stove, but kept his coat on.

Farlowe poured a liberal dose from the bottle into each glass, and brought one to Martin's chair.

"Thanks," said Martin, holding the glass out. "Here's to the foundation of your fortune."

Farlowe gave him a dark look. "Thanks a lot."

"Well, seriously," said Martin. "Isn't it that?"

Still looking glum, Farlowe sipped from his glass. Martin took a gulp from his. And almost choked.

"Holy s—!" he whispered. "What is this?"

"Real firewater," said Farlowe calmly.

"Let me see the bottle," Martin demanded. Farlowe passed it to him.

"Pepper vodka," Martin read. "Pepper vodka?"

"I got it on sale."

"Will you ever buy it again?"

"The company may not ever make it again," Farlowe said. "But it's not bad if you take it slow and are expecting it." In living witness, he took another sip.

"Do you have any ice?"

"Hanging off the eaves."

Martin went out back again, and crumped an icicle off the roof. He stuck the fat end in the vodka and went back in to where Farlowe sat mesmerized by the fire.

"I thought you were getting drunk tonight," Martin said. "Celebrating." He sat back down. "But you look sober as a sinner on Sunday."

"Icicles p— me off," said Farlowe, staring into the

fire—which so far as Martin could tell, was sucking whatever heat had been in the house up the chimney and out into the heat death of the universe.

"Icicles p— you off?" Martin said. "That sounds like it ought to be a song."

"No matter how much insulation you put in a roof," Farlowe said, "the day after it snows, there's icicles. Saying yahyahyahyah."

"So where you going to build next?"

"What makes you think I'm going to build again?"

"Oh, come on man." Martin sipped at the vodka. "Why're you so down?"

"I'm not down. I'm just—thinking."

"So why make thinking such a depressing occupation, then? I mean— Jesus, man, you've got—what? Eighty-some thousand in the bank now?"

"Not all mine. There's the realtor. And taxes, and the ten grand I borrowed from my dad —"

"Okay. But still—"

"I'm not complaining, Martin," Farlowe muttered. "About anything. It's just . . . I didn't think I'd feel the way I do. About this. I've been dicking around with those people for three months, waiting for them to get their financing together. I'd started to think it probably wasn't even going to happen."

"So I'd started making all kinds of counter plans. You know what I owe—owed on this place? Less than five grand. I could have had it paid off by the end of this summer. Or not paid it off—I was paying the bank less on their loan than I'd pay for a bunk in Fanny's Flops. A year or two—and I could have lived here forever, just for taxes and utilities. Worked winters on the mountain and gone goofing off summers. Or worked summers on the mountain and gone swimming in Mexico all winter. Now I've got to find a place to live."

"You know your uncle Yurich'll let you stay—"

Farlowe made an impatient gesture, and sipped at the swill in his glass. "That's not what I mean."

Martin fished the disappearing length of icicle out of his drink— wondering how anything was managing to melt in this room. He held it up to the light. "How come your icicles are yellow?"

Farlowe glanced at the sliver of ice without curiosity. "It's just something off the shingles."

"Great." Martin slipped it back into his drink. "I knew there weren't any dogs that tall in town."

"The g—d— shingles," Farlowe groaned. "I put twice the money and four times the labor into those shingles. Thinking they'd make the house a little more attractive to the buyer. And when does the buyer come along? Middle of the winter, with a foot and a half of snow covering up the shingles. They never saw the shingles. I don't know if they even asked what kind of a roof it has." He shook his head. "Can you imagine?"

Martin shrugged. "I'm kind of like that myself. I look up, see if it has a roof. Yep: okay. Check that off."

"I could have used tin," Farlowe continued. "I

could have rolled out tarpaper."

"With tin, you wouldn't have icicles," Martin reminded him. "All the snow would have slid off."

Farlowe sat shaking his head, taking in the room again. "You know—this is a damn fine house. I've hated it with a passion ever since I finished it in November. Hated it because I still had it. Now I don't have it, and I think it's the finest place I ever lived."

"Give the turkeys their money back."

"Are you kidding?" Farlowe looked incredulous.

"What do I need a house this size for? But. . ."

"But. What?"

"It's the first house I ever built, and I'll never build one better because I did everything right." He paused. "Well — almost everything. That window there —" He pointed. "— I messed up the opening pretty good. Had to rip out a few boards . . . got a little p—ed — the karma may not be too hot under that window."

He jumped up. "But there's lots of things that are really nice. I mean, really nice work. C'mere." And he went down a hallway to the bath at the end. Martin looked perplexed. Then roused himself and followed.

Farlowe was by the bathroom door. "Come on in."

Martin went in. It was a small bathroom, so he stepped into the tub to make room for both of them.

"Now watch," Farlowe said. He gave the bathroom door a gentle push. It swung closed with a gentle click. It stayed closed. He reached out, turned the knob, pulled it open, did it again. Same gentle click.

He opened it again and stood aside. "You try it."

From the bathtub, Martin gave the door a gentle push. Too gentle: it didn't quite get to the latch.

"Not hard enough," said Farlowe. "Do it again."

Martin gave it a harder push: it slammed shut.

"Christ!" shouted Farlowe, grimacing as if his finger were in the jamb. "Too hard." He opened the door again and gave it just the right push: click.

"Farlowe," Martin said. "Nobody in the world but you will ever be able to close that door right."

"It's the first door I ever hung alone," said Farlowe, opening and closing the door again. "I was dreading the day. I mean, you go through life opening and closing doors, right? But who ever looks at the doors they open and close? I never did. Until all at once, there I was: down to doors."

"Think about it, Martin." He opened and closed the door again. "A door has to close and open with enough space to keep the wood from squawking or jamming — but not so much space that the closer notices the crack. Right? Because if you've got a door with half an inch of space all around it, and a latch that barely catches, or even lets the door swing open everytime anybody walks past it outside — you might as well not have any door at all, right?"

Martin nodded from the bathtub. "It just constipates the hell out of me, to look up from the john and see a badly-hung door."

Westward the Curse—cont. from previous page

"So it was October," Farlowe said, not even listening. "And time to do the doors. I started with this one first, because I thought it was least obvious. But that was probably pretty stupid because if there's one thing people want in the way of doors, it's probably a dependable bathroom door—right?"

"Probably."

"But anyway . . . it took me almost half a day. I all but memorized the book. But . . ." He opened the door, swung it shut again. "It's a beautiful door."

"Suppose the people that bought the house . . ." Martin started. "Suppose they don't get along too well—a little November Syndrome or something. And one or the other is always rushing off to bathroom and really slamming the door—"

"Thanks, Martin." Farlowe's face showed actual pain. "Just what the g—d— hell I needed to hear."

Martin stepped out of the bathtub and went back to the living room. "Your fire needs more wood, Jon. Should I put some on, or would I just screw it up?"

Farlowe laughed finally, and came out of the bath-

room. "Man," he said, picking up another split of wood. "Man, I love this house. Yesterday, I hated this house and tonight I love it. I have never been so passionately involved with anything in my life as I am with this house."

Martin looked at his watch. "Well – I'm gonna leave her to you, then, Jon," he said. "I gotta work tomorrow. And you're no fun anyway; all you want to do is stand around and ogg your beams. It's almost embarrassing for a third party."

"I'm gonna build houses, Martin," said Farlowe. "I am going to build houses."

"A whole harem of houses," muttered Martin, putting on his boots. "See you tomorrow, Farlowe."

"Thanks, Martin."

"For what?"

But Farlowe was lost in the contemplation of something built, or unbuilt or building, that only he was seeing; and so seeing, saw nothing else. Martin let himself out, into the cold puckering night under the far blue burn of stars, and swung the door closed.

And noted the gentle click.

The Canine Perspective

Noel Natali

Dear Rover,

Woof Bark Woof, but seriously, how are things going in Denver. I was very sorry to hear about your aunt. Tell her we sympathize, and we all understand that some cats are just like that.

I've got to tell you what's going on here in Gunnyville. You remember last year when you guys came to the fire hydrant convention, and you were complaining about all the difficulties we encountered in trying to reach some good trees? Well, that's all changed now. There's this great strip of land between the two roads on Highway Ruff, and the humans installed trees all down it. They are also expanding all the sidewalks downtown. Which means...you guessed it. The cars have to run slower. We now have easy on/off access to all of the pots, hydrants, and benches in the downtown area. It's just great.

I left my master last week. We just weren't compatible any more. She's on this wag. She tried to change my name to Flower, and put me in yoga classes for dogs. (I drew the line when she started feeding me Holistic dog food. Talk about no taste. We're drawing up the papers Monday.

About Zodiac. She is the unexplainably devoted pet of one of the members of Gunnison's City Council. Very Woof, and she's got great fur, but I promise I love her for her personality and nothing else. (Bark, Arf,

Grrr.) Anyway, she is the only dog I know who has actually gotten something from the Canine Yoga Class. She's learned how to plant subliminal messages. These new sidewalks are all her doing: as her master sleeps at night, she tells him ideas for improving the town (the canine perspective, of course.) She even gives him arguments to persuade other humans. She's fantastic.

Do you remember cousin Butch from Texas? He just moved up here with his masters. They bought some land outside of town, and he thinks they might buy him some Beefs too. He took care of Beefs in Texas, and really enjoyed it. Only problem he's got is that his masters gave away so much of their paper stuff trying to buy the land and living shed, that he has to sleep out by the trees (which he says isn't so bad when you consider he doesn't have far to run if he feels the need in the middle of the night). They can't afford to feed him either so he's discovered where to get a delicious supply of Hopper meat.

I tell you, you've got to bring the pups down to see their old uncle. Gunnison is ours to control. Tell the wife I miss seeing her, (Bow Wow) and make sure you take care. Give my regards to the rest of the family.

Sincerely,
Earth Dog/ Fido

Ranch Life

Phoebe Cranor

For several years, Phoebe Cranor – a longtime ranch-wife, writer, speaker and wise old woman in the valley – has been writing reminiscences of life with her husband John on the Cranor Ranch, for the Gunnison Country Times. Their son Walt is now on the ranch with his family. This is one of her columns. We should hope they will come out in a book.

Along with marrying my rancher, it seems I also married a ranch, cattle, horses, fences, meadows, ditches and number of other odds and ends. Some of them I didn't know anything about. For instance. . . .

As he was showing me the cooking utensils he had used as a bachelor, we came to a funny looking pot.

"What's that?" I asked. He stared at me, puzzled.

"It's a pressure cooker."

"What's it for?"

I guess his music teacher wife from a low altitude gave HIM some surprises too. Where I lived we cooked potatoes half an hour, carrots ten minutes and things like squash were done as soon as the water boiled. So I had never even heard of a pressure cooker.

"That pot is so you won't have to start dinner before the breakfast dishes are done," he finally said, laughing. How right he was. It didn't take me long to find out – or to be totally sold on pressure cookers for just about everything.

On one of our first picnics the spring after our fall wedding, we went up Washington Gulch. As we drove out across a lovely flat area, we came to a small, dampish looking spot.

My husband cleared his throat.

"Shall we try it?" he asked.

Try WHAT? I wondered. He took my hesitation for assent, revved up the motor and tried it. Next thing I knew we were mired in a mud hole clear up to the running board.

My husband was undaunted. He scrambled over the hood of the old army truck we were driving and unhooked something off the front. He flung it to the far edge of the mire, then slid himself to the back bumper and jumped out on dry land. I did not follow!

He dug along what I later found out was a "winch" and hooked it around a big tree. Then he told me which lever to pull, and all at once we were being tugged safely out of the mud!

I had never met a winch before, but it was love at first sight for me. We used it many times. Pressure cooker and winch were two of my new acquaintances which were new-bride friendly!

And then there was the canning kettle. When our first summer rolled around, my husband showed me a huge kettle. It was NOT so friendly!

After a bit it dawned on me I was supposed to can fruit and vegetables and make pickles, cooking them in the big kettle over two burners of my new gas stove.

With a few telephone calls to my old-maid aunt, I managed to figure out the system and, when winter came, feel smug and virtuous serving home-canned produce from the basement shelves.

And I guess I must have married the manure spreader too. At least, when spring came, I found out about it. It wasn't user-friendly either. In fact it had a certain amount of animosity toward whoever came near it.

One regular spring activity included shovelling dried barnyard manure into the spreader for distribution on the meadows. Yes, of course it was wonderful fertilizer.

But it was smelly and the gears of the spreader flung it every which way, especially if somebody had just come out to the field to deliver a telephone message – or even bring cookies.

Being pelted with dry cow manure did not improve my disposition. I avoided the thing regularly. But at least I never had to learn to drive it or shovel it full of its product.

After retirement, we went out and got some boxes of dried manure for our flowers here in town. The spreader stayed quietly in its shed. That was fine with me. So did the canning kettle and the winch. But I still use the pressure cooker almost every day – the same one, too, probably nearly 60 years old!



Contributors to "Being Here"

A few of the contributors are described in a little more detail on the pages where their work appears. There were a few we regret that we were unable to contact.

Jan Badgely has lived in Gunnison 26 years; she writes for the *Gunnison Country Times*, and likes theater work.

Candi Borah is a teacher and longtime resident in the valley.

Davod Bunt is a second-grader at O'Leary Elementary.

J. W. Campbell has lived in the valley for 40 years; he has taught at Western, and is now Sports Information Director there; he also works in wood and has been known to follow a team of huskies all over the place.

Sharron O'Dell Chambers moved here from Florida a year ago, and is enjoying life in Crested Butte South.

Phoebe Cranor and husband John have lived and ranched in the Gunnison Valley since time immemorial; she has written several books and spoken widely throughout the West.

Carillion Creed is a student and poet of the Gunnison valley, and assistant editor of this journal. The rest of Carillion's "family of poets" is described on page 14.

Chris Dickey grew up on a Front Range ranch; a Western graduate, he now writes for the *Country Times*.

Paula Edwards is a photographer who has recently moved to the valley.

Max Ewert has been in Gunnison since 1979, and is a cowboy poet.

Sandy Fails has been writing and editing for the *Crested Butte Chronicle* and other valley publications for 15 years.

Janet Fosnicke moved from Gunnison to the East Coast five years ago and is suffering a bit from homesickness.

Rosalyn Garvey is a Connecticut Yankee who fell in love with the west and moved here four years ago.

Kim Hanneman is a Gunnison native whose love of poetry began in her school years.

Jeanne Hull has lived here for 20 years, and recently retired from a distinguished career in education at Western.

Betty Light, wife of Dr. Mason Light, enjoys giving back to the community she has lived in and loved since 1942.

Jodie McDermott is a fourth grader at Blackstock Elementary.

"JRM" is **Jim Mendonca**, a local cowboy and poet who has lived in the valley for 25 years.

Brady Moore is a seventh grader in the Gunnison schools.

Noel Natali is the pen name of a virtual unknown who enjoys the romanticism of a Nom de Plume.

John Nelson is a fulltime outfitter and guide who came here to attend Western State in 1966, left for a time, and then returned for good in 1978.

Kristin Primus is a student of Ruland Middle School.

Andy Ranson was born in Gunnison, graduated from Gunnison High, and is now an opera singer in New York.

Emil Rosetti is a Gunnison Native who still has "difficulties" on the ice rinks.

George Sibley has been somewhere in the Gunnison Basin all but five of the last thirty years, and sees no reason to leave now. A lifelong freelancer and oddjobber, he currently teaches journalism and regional studies at Western.

Sherrill Stenson is an artist and recent Western graduate who has lived in the valley for three years.

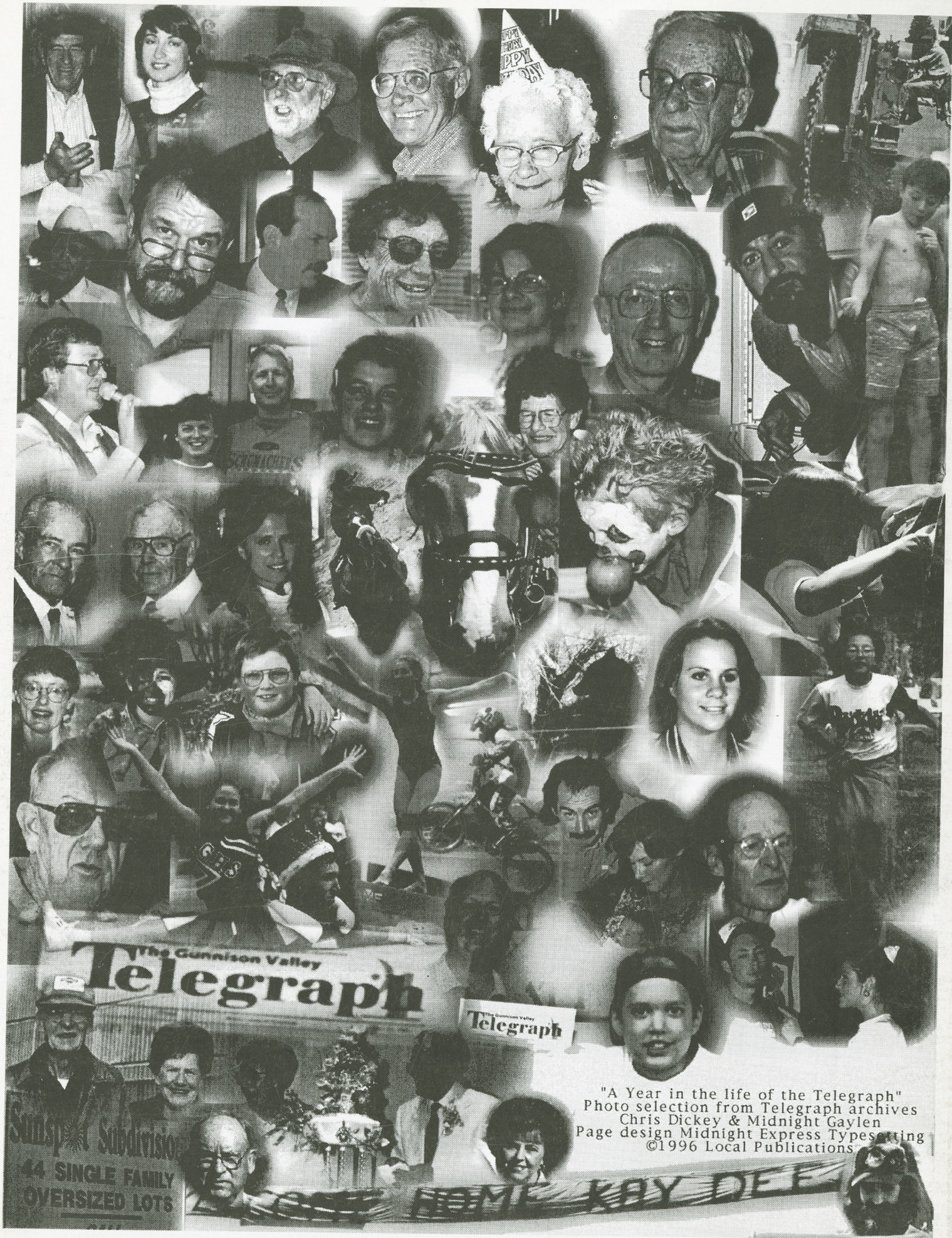
Pat Sterling is a writer and educator who teaches English at Western, and has been in the valley for 22 years.

Mark Todd has lived in the Gunnison Valley for eight years, and teaches English and Journalism at Western.

Nick Wireman is a seventh grader in the Gunnison schools.

Hilary Wordham is a visitor to Gunnison.

Marlene Zanetell has lived in the valley for 30 years; she has been a mother, wife, businesswoman, high-school teacher, POWER advocate, and is now a County Commissioner.



The Gunnison Valley
Telegraph

The Gunnison Valley
Telegraph

Sims Subdivision
44 SINGLE FAMILY
OVERSIZED LOTS

KBY DEE

"A Year in the life of the Telegraph"
Photo selection from Telegraph archives
Chris Dickey & Midnight Gaylen
Page design Midnight Express Typesetting
©1996 Local Publications