

PAYNE COUNTY

# HISTORICAL REVIEW

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Published by the  
PAYNE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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# **HISTORICAL REVIEW**

**VOLUME III**

**NUMBER 1**

**SUMMER 1982**

Published by

**The PAYNE COUNTY  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

P. O. Box 194  
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The *PAYNE COUNTY HISTORICAL REVIEW* welcomes reader's comments, news, or requests for information from readers. Family histories, memories, diaries, letters, histories of groups or institutions, articles, photographs, or maps are also welcome. No payment is made for articles published in the *REVIEW*.

Correspondance should be addressed to the Editor. The Society assumes no responsibility for statements made by contributors.

# **Cimmarron Family Legends 1978-1980**

*by Kay Nettleton*

The Stillwater Public Library is the recipient of two volumes of personal histories, told in the words of a relative or close friend, of the men and women who came to Oklahoma and settled in the Cimarron River valley, better known today as Payne, Lincoln and Logan Counties.

Titled *The Cimarron Family Legends, volumes I and II, 1978 and 1980*, remembrances of those who made the run into Indian Territory and those who came later, are spelled out in letters and photographs, of which publisher Bob Evans, remarks "...the contents are basically creations from kitchen or dining room tables in homes up and down the valley. Photographs were taken right off the wall, brought out from family albums...stories were written on stationery, notebook paper, typing paper, even old brown wrapping paper." The accuracy of dates, names, spelling or other details, both in the letters and photographs, was not authenticated, but every effort was made to bring to the "The Book" each family's story just as it was presented.

Families are listed in alphabetical order throughout the volumes, with photographs, each telling its own story, accompanying the family history. An attempt has been made in the present account to mention families from all three counties.

Following are "bits and pieces" of the days recalled by Cimarron Valley people, proud of their heritage and the hardiness of their forebears, who came to this part of the country seeking a better life. The items that follow, selected at random, give only a small taste of life as it was lived long years ago, but a veritable feast awaits the reader who takes an afternoon or two to go walking back into the past to savor

## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Kay Nettleton is an Assistant Editor for Alumni Publications at Oklahoma State University and a member of the Payne County Historical Society.

the individual tales and to compare life as it was then with life as it is today.

In a lively letter T. C. "Doc" Bonner recalls (he doesn't say where he resided) "there were no modern conveniences such as refrigerators, running water, or electricity. Neither were there hospitals, drug stores, telephones or newspapers. People were born, and died, in their own homes, and were buried from them the day they died because there were no funeral homes."

A few remedies from 'horse and buggy days,' as noted by Ben H. Weaver, a professor at Phillips University, Enid, were:

"Nosebleed: Place a nickel between the upper lip and gum directly under the nose, and place scissors on your neck.

"Croup, Cold or Colic: Put an onion in a cup, sugar it and heat slowly. Give tablespoon to baby every four hours.

"Cough Syrup: Mix lemon juice, honey and whiskey.

"Hiccups: Take a drink of water, try scaring the patient by saying 'boo.'

"Sore Throat: Gargle with hot apple cider mixed with a little wine or whiskey.

"Bad Infection: Burn the infected area with a hot iron to prevent gangrene and death."

Many of the stories relate the harshness of early life in Oklahoma but the teller usually minimizes the troubles encountered. Mrs. Clint Goodbary, a Lincoln County pioneer, in reporting her history to Russell Hammer, says she "can't for the life of me see how my brother John and I walked from Garden City, Kansas to Carney, Oklahoma." But that's what happened when she, with her parents, four brothers and four sisters left Kansas in September, 1896 and headed for a claim belonging to an uncle, Joe Spear, which was located eleven miles northwest of Chandler. They brought with them their entire worldly possessions consisting of three lumber wagons, a spring wagon, eight horses, five colts, two cows, and several coops filled with chickens, turkeys and pea fowls. The weather was pleasant and travel slow, so Mrs. Goodbary and her brother found that walking beside the wagons, with time out now and then for a rest, wasn't too much of an ordeal. Homemade bread, baked fresh enroute, helped make the trip a more pleasant experience, also. Mrs. Goodbary said one of the wagons carried "a big cook stove in the front and a big flour chest in the back." Her mother would set the yeast at night and next day would add

flour, knead the dough, let it rise and then bake huge pans of light bread. "With the fresh baked bread topped with luscious churned butter, fresh milk from the cows and newly laid eggs from the hens, the family of mother and father and nine children found the trip fairly enjoyable even if at times, it was wearisome."

The Cimarron River, itself, played an important part in the lives of its people, not the least was that of a baptismal font.

Ward Hays, who wrote the foreword of the *Cimarron Family Legends*, writing about early family members, said James H. Hays, who came from Kansas "to make the run into Indian Territory at 12 noon, April 22, 1889," secured a homestead for himself and his family on what now is the 3200 block of west 19th Street in Stillwater, Oklahoma. With his brother, he established the first building in Stillwater, a blacksmith shop. A carpenter and blacksmith by trade, he also farmed and was counted a well-to-do farmer and rancher. Ward Hays then says that "Hays got converted, was baptized and soon began to preach the Gospel at the local school houses and brush arbors. He got many converts and it has been said that James Hays baptized as many as fifty people on one Sunday afternoon in the Cimarron River."

The story of John and Ella Gillaspy's early days is told by their son, James, and a colorful account it is, especially his report of the oil boom in the early years in and around Drumright and Cushing. He says, "My father and mother were pioneers. My father came to Oklahoma in the run of 1889 and settled in Guthrie. My mother came with her parents in 1893 and settled at Flyn, Oklahoma Territory, later known as Sooner-ville. My Grandfather Gillaspy took a claim in 1891 two miles north of Agra. My mother died in Stroud nursing home in 1966 at the age of 86. My father died in 1968 in the Cushing Hospital at the age of 93. In 1923 I left my cotton sack hanging on a fence and went to the Three Sands Oil Field for the Shell Oil Company. I lived next door to Chief Jackson, a Choctaw Indian who shot Hooky Miller and Two Gun John in Three Sands. They were police officers and not very well liked...I spent 35 years in the oil patch. I have seen many men come and go in that time and I have seen everything happen that could happen...Many of my old friends have gone to Glory Land. The big oil booms of the past are history now and we will see them no more...[A little girl]...asked her mother if there would be oil wells in heaven,...the mother said, 'no, there won't be, because there won't be any drillers there to drill them.' But we weren't *that* bad."

One report, of an Indian massacre, submitted by H. F. Donnelly, brings alive some of the real dangers of the pioneer days. Indeed, the story might well be one of today's television scripts depicting real violence. He says, "The details surrounding the massacre of four surveyors along the Cimarron River were furnished by the late Thomas Baird, a member of the posse that set out from here [Riverview, Arkansas] in an attempt to recover the bodies of the slain men...The Cheyenne Indians were peaceful at that time, with the exception of a few roving bands deeply resenting the white man's encroachment into their hunting grounds. Among these was the cruel band of Cheyennes led by White Horse Charlie, which was considered dangerous, but as the surveyors advanced, more and more Cheyennes caused trouble..." One legend, however, concerning the deaths of the four surveyors, has it that renegade whites roaming the area had killed them because when the bodies were found only one had been scalped. Donnelly goes on to say, "When found, Deming's body had been so ravaged by wild animals that only the bones remained when the posse reached the scene...the bodies of the other three had been stripped of all their clothing and possessions."

The story of the posse's trek into Indian territory to recover the bodies of the slain surveyors is one of adventure, danger, deprivation and hunger. The posse took two covered wagons, one for supplies and the other carrying ammunition. Many of the men walked 100 miles to reach the slaying scene. On April 2, 1873, after an arduous grind through blizzards, hostile Indians and rattlesnakes, the posse reached the Cimarron and the dead surveyors."

Today, a monument in Riverview Cemetery, Arkansas City, Kansas recalls the sacrifices made by those "who lost their lives in the line of duty establishing means and boundaries, townships and section lines" in the new territory along the Cimarron River.

Also included in *Cimarron Family Legends 1978* are histories and reports of towns that sprang up, together with reports of the beginning (and sometimes the end) of early churches and schools established and supported by the people in the hope of providing a better life for themselves and their children. These recollections are based on oral histories of inhabitants as well as records filed in town halls and in old newspaper morgues.

One such "town tale" is contained in "A History of Coyle" submitted by Leonard Parks who said that a saloon fight there one Saturday

night ended with one man dead and another with a bullet "in the body and some years later the bullet worked its way toward the surface and finally lodged just under the skin in his side...He was working with a gin crew...and it kept bothering him so he tried to get one of the men to use his pocket knife and cut it out, but as they all refused, he took his own knife, pinched the lead up tight between his thumb and finger, gave it a quick snip and the bullet popped out."

But perhaps one story, submitted by Berthamae Martz Rutter, best captures the essence of what "The Book" is all about, that indefinable something in all of us that speaks of home and family life—the kitchen—whether located in a wagon, a tent, a brick house or a dug-out, whether "old-fashioned," as it was in those days, or modern and filled with conveniences, as ours are today. She says, in part, "In the corner near the stove was a wash stand. Here the water bucket, dipper, washpan, and soap dish were kept. Above on the wall was a mirror, comb case, towel rack and tooth brush holder.

"This corner was where the family did their grooming. Bath time the large wash tub was brought here. Around the table, with its oil cloth cover, is where the family gathered to eat, all together, and at the same time each day. The kerosene lamp setting in the center, here evening study was done, lessons learned, games played, pop corn eaten, paper read. Daytime, other uses this table had, like meat cut for curing, sausage ground, pickles and relishes were canned and set to cool before storing, cookies were rolled and cut, pie pastry made, cinnamon rolls, home made bread, etc. The summer day, vegetables and fruits were prepared for canning. Other times the table was used as a cutting table for the family sewing. Quilt blocks were cut and sewed around the table and sometimes the carpet rags had their turn.

"In this big kitchen and around the table is where life had its problems, its struggles, and its hard work, but it had its compensations in the togetherness we shared and the lovely memories rich and deep in homey joys."

In closing, let it be said one cannot do justice to this compilation of heart-felt stories in a brief review; it is necessary to "sit a spell" and enjoy taking a backward look at a simpler time, a time when, as Ward Hays says so aptly, "...the country was still young, clean and beautiful, when as I walked barefoot behind the plow and smelled the sweet, fresh turned earth, when one felt he was very close to God and a part of nature, when I slept on a pallet out in the yard on the grass at night

and looked up into the heavens and counted the stars that looked so close that all one had to do was reach up and get one. I, like many farm boys, felt like an unbroken colt—the world belonged to us to roam and graze.”

The *Cimarron Family Legends* is indeed a world to roam and graze.



# Grandfather's Tales

by *Ralph Pearson*

## Boy Missing

**1903** The kidnap of Charlie Ross occurred in Pennsylvania, several decades before the years when Glen was young. The story was told and retold beside the firesides of the pioneers, who had won the battle for "freeland." And its horror was enjoyed by these primitive peoples, in much of the same way the sob-suds serials are now enjoyed.

Was that occurrence in the minds of our elders, the day Glen was missing? Three years old, with a dimpled smile, irresistible to the women folks. Would not gipsy kidnappers like to get hold of him?

Glen had not come to the house to take his afternoon nap, and our caretaker, Gran'ma Moore yelled to all her charges to stop whatever interesting things it is that keeps young children busy, and start a search for him.

Fred, the oldest of Gran'ma's cares, went down to the southwest where the ponies were pastured. That showed where his heart was. Kate took out for the neighbors, thinking he might have taken a yen for a visit. Being the youngest of the searchers, I went south where we were wont to play, where a peach tree cast its shadow several weeks earlier, at this spot. The oldest of our group had given us younger ones an object lesson, on how the Panama Canal would work, now that Uncle Sam had shouldered the job. We drew two lakes with a connect-

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ralph Pearson, a native of Stillwater and member of the Payne County Historical Society, wrote a series of stories for his daughter, her children, and the children of his brothers and sister. These stories remind the young generation that there is a great difference in most every feature of the contrasted times. The entire collection spans 23 years of life in Stillwater from 1893 to 1915-16. Earlier stories were printed in volume II, numbers 2 and 4 of the *Review*.

ing canal. Each ocean was three or four feet across. Water was brought in buckets from the well until we could float sticks, from one ocean to the other through the canal. It was August and the ground was dry, the well was shallow, and was considerable "riled" when the folks came home and we received dire warnings not to use the well water in such a wasteful manner another time.

It was toward the site of that international waterway that I was headed. The late summer weeds had made it a jungle, which hid it from the house. Penetrating the growth, I soon found Glen, curled to the lines we had dug earlier. And taking his regular nap. Before any of the searchers were out of earshot I was able to broadcast that the lost was found.

Why go to the house when the curl of that recently abandoned canal system was so inviting. Gran'ma came and carried him into the house, while Glen continued to nap, undisturbed by the kidnap fear of the older generation.

And now that the need for searchers was ended, the rest of us could get back to the various research projects, whose purposes and successes escaped recall.

## **A Trip to Wichita**

**1904** Early day Stillwater was without a railroad. The face-brick, lumber and steel for all the buildings of town and college had to be hauled in from the towns west of here. Perry, Orlando and Mulhall were each a place where teamsters started, with loads for Stillwater. Perry was favored, in that there were no bad stream beds to be crossed. Early day bridges were nonexistent.

The requirements for a railroad in those days were not how much business it would have, but how much stock could be sold to over-finance its building with the extra money going to the pockets of its promoters. Stock-selling in each railway brought "Muckrakers" charges of watered-stock, a term for inflated costs, with the profits going to the promoters.

Eventually, a promoter decided that Stillwater needed a railway in and out. There had even been questions in the state legislature whether Stillwater could continue to be the home of the A & M College, since getting in and out was such a problem.

The first trains were routed through here, either in 1899 or 1900. My memory does not go back that far; I have no recollection of the days before the railway, although I have heard stories from the older ones of the family. We lived on the other side of town, from the tracks, and away from seeing the trains in operation, or of the changes brought about by its availability here.

My first-remembrance of anything connected with the iron horse was in the spring of 1904, although I must have been exposed to it in small quantities in my previous years.

Stella Allen, a cousin who had been teaching in Payne County rural schools for several years, decided to return to her family home in Wichita, Kansas, to begin a university course and would take me along to visit with the Hubbard family. Aunt Minerva Hubbard had scheduled a trip here two weeks later. So my family consented. Stella's country school was out before the Stillwater's schools closed for the summer. I must miss the last two weeks of my first year, but thanks to Kate's endeavors in teaching me whatever she learned in class, I was well ahead of my first grade class.

Meeting the train in those days was not just for the professionals. There were two bus services to the station, giving travelers a choice. Several draymen would be there to haul such things as drummers sample cases and other special shipments but it was the amateurs that supplied the crowd. Everybody who was not tied down to his job went down to the station to see the train come in.

The weekly paper, the Gazette, had one of their staff there, armed with pencil and paper to search for items for its pages. My journey with Stella was soon in print for all of its subscribers to read and talk about.

Two weeks existence with adults for companions could only lead to boredom in a six year old who was accustomed to plenty of young relations and friends. And it was difficult. But that had been foreseen, and plans made to combat it. A generous supply of candy and gum was taken from the shelves of Charlie's Restaurant, to be meted out to me as time and circumstance dictated. One of the big boys who worked there said to me, "Don't let the news-Butch know that you have all that or he'll take it away from you." The actions of adults were always a dark mystery to me. Whenever I decided to eat a piece of candy in school, the teacher helped herself to all of it. And was not always satisfied with her loot, but would question me if I had anymore.

So the warning concerning the acquisitive nature of the news-Butch seemed relevant to my knowledge. When in due course the news-Butch came around with a big box of candies and gum, I thought "My! There must have been a lot of people who were not warned." And when Stella murmured a sweet "nothing please," my admiration for my cousin knew no bounds. She knew what might happen and was prepared to lie out of it, just as I had been able to save part of my wealth from teacher's sticky fingers in times past.

Aunt Minerva's house was on the western edge of Wichita at the time. A railroad passed about two blocks to the west, going in a south-west direction. Many freight trains passed, some going, some coming. The local freights at home always had a combination baggage and passenger car for the tailend of the train, but here I saw my first caboose and marveled at the man riding up where he could see all the scenery. I noted that the funny-looking car was always at the back end of the train, just as the engine was at the front. So one morning when a train passed through the path of vision, without a caboose, and without a combination mail and passenger tail, as at home. I was interested. Variety always appealed to me. The train disappeared to the south-west, when to my surprise here came a string of freight cars without an engine with a caboose as the tail-end car. The string lost its movement, while in the center of the stage, and sat there while people got out of the caboose and walked around, looking at the front end coupling, which I suppose was defective. Before long the engine was heard whistling in the distance. It made a different sound than its regular toots. Soon it reappeared and was recoupled and again disappeared in the distance. From my present knowledge, this event would show that the automatic air-brake system used in later years had not then been in use.

Such items helped to suppress boredom and add knowledge to a six and one-half year old who was curious.

One Sunday, the family horse was harnessed to the two-seated carriage, and I was taken for an airing in the city park. Riverside Park, if my memory remains true. There was a fountain where the horse was watered. The central figures in the fountain were a boy and a girl huddled under a leaky umbrella. Each rib was a spouting stream. Water flowed from all the edges. A dry-land boy, whose adventure in international shipping led to a dry well, was properly impressed. It was while we were driving around this park that I saw my first automobile in mo-

tion. There had been one in Stillwater, hauling passengers the fall before but I had not gotten to go to the fair/carnival. Six or seven cars were owned by the residents of Wichita at this time, and this one was out driving, as we were.

I don't remember anything of our trip back home, but I must have made the trip.

There were other trips on the railroad, but they will be recorded in their proper chronological order.

It was about this time that I took my first bicycle ride. Jim had a bicycle and he invited me to ride on the handlebars. Around the block, I believe.

Dad Pearson has told in my hearing, of Jim, learning to ride. Passing Dad in his buggy, with a "You want to see me stop, Poppy?" While he was looking back at Dad, he ran into a telephone pole. That was the emergency brake. It was effective.

## **Glen Gets His Picture Took**

Mother Pearson had a miser's delight in family photographs. The album, a collection of pictures in a special book, was prominent in our bookcase in our home on Adams Street. The faces of our great-grandfathers were familiar to us through viewing those pictures. Also our cousins, several states removed. "This was Gran'ma Moore's sister, etc.," was the commentary which accompanied each exhibition of these treasures.

There were baby pictures galore, cousins Ida, Ruth, Eddie, Ethel, Ed, Stella, and Mary. There were ones of myself as the proud possessor of a baby carriage. Glen's baby picture is remarkable for the length of the dress he was wearing. A six-foot tall.

All the pictures in the gallery were posed in photographers' studios and were mounted upon stiff cardboard, which, in passing years became brittle and dog-eared. The informality of home photography was lacking, but it was an improvement from an earlier age when your likeness was done by pencil or brush.

The brownie camera changed all that, and today we have pictures taken in bedroom, kitchen, and den, Even pictures that preserve the wallpaper patterns in color. Brownies were a new thing, and Jim, having his own money, had bought one. I believe these marvelous

machines were retailed at one dollar apiece. Quite a difference to the multi-hundred-dollar cameras widely praised in magazine pages of the present. But one dollar in those days represented a one day's labor. But as I found out later, it wasn't the first cost that hurt the pocketbook but the upkeep, films, developers, etc., even as it is in the present times. One thing calls for another.

The family was subjected to being shot on sight. There is an existing picture of Glenn as a four year old that shows him smiling, with his dimples at their best but that picture does not show what led up to that smile. The young are generally kidded by their elders, and this was no exception. Glen was playing with a kitten when Jim came upon them. "I am going to shoot your cat." Glen quickly stuffed the kitten into a near by hen-coop and shut down the lid, and at the time of exposure, had his moment of triumph: "Now you can't get it."

That Brownie was the subject of another escapade. Though not of Glen's making. Dad Pearson raised purebred hogs. Duroc-jerseys. He wanted to get some pictures of them to show future buyers. A film was purchased and loaded in the camera, and placed under the buggy-seat, while a trip was made to our home on Adams street, before going to the "forty", the Forty Acres on the creek, where the hogs were kept. But while the horse and buggy was parked at home Glen and I found the Brownie. We properly marveled at the little pictures in the finder.

Of course, our frontal view was the rear of old Molly. And number 1 on that film, was a double exposure mixed pigs and horse. One of us must have triggered the shutter. Sad to say, no copies of that montage exists, because none were made. Why spend money for something like that. It is only from the sixtieth year of picture taking that such a mistake would be appreciated. I might be able to show it among my souvenirs, with a label, Exhibit A. My very first picture.

In intervening years, Jim taught me how to use that "Brownie" and in 1910, it accompanied Dad Pearson and myself on the trip to Indiana and Ohio to visit the Pearson uncles, Bob and Jim. A story of that trip will be found in chronological order. Cameras of my own, soon followed. A Vest Pocket Kodak in 1913, to a 3D miniature in 1976. With many makes and models in between. All of medium price as that fit my pocketbook.

## The Elephants are Coming

**1903-09** We lived in a time when the enjoying of the spectacular were to be enjoyed briefly, and relived in the long times between.

The county fair, with its red lemonade, and maybe a merry-go-round of drab appearance, prize animals and fruits of orchard and fields. The fourth of July celebration with giant fire crackers for tiny tads, and maybe a sky rocket to be set off after dark. But the circus parade; Ah! The circus parade. Heralded weeks in advance, on billboards and barns, with enormous words spelled out in giant letters; managerie, acrobat, boa constrictor and behemoth. You didn't need glasses to read those letters. this was a subject for conversation wherever two of our people met.

Many were kept from viewing these jaw-breakers, at the big tent by the lack of legal tender. For it took the long-green to keep the circus rolling. Armies move on their stomachs, likewise the circus. The stomachs of both elephants and acrobats must be well filled. The parades were free, so as to coax reluctant ones to spend. Many were lacking the where-with-all. It was these who reveled in the parade, because it was free. Everyone, who was not bedfast, could see, with their own eyeballs, the many-wondered spectacle, as they wheeled past in wagons, which at some time in the past had been generously splashed with red paint and gold leaf.

A few minutes before the great moment came, a stentorian voiced horseman came down the street, with a message: "Hold your horses. The elephants are coming!"

Main Street at that time had hitching posts on each side of the street, with cables between the posts for your convenience for parking your horses, and those lucky ones, the early birds would be able to see the wonders by merely reversing the spring seats. But things were not that easy on the horses. The smell of the wild affects them, and sometimes the parade was far in the distance before the man of the family has his four-footed servants quieted enough to take in the sights.

Old Molly, wise in her years, was never accustomed to that smell. Circuses are people, people eat bread. There ws a bakery in the family, and Old Molly hauled fifty to eighty loaves of bread to the circus grounds each year. And a lively time was had with her each circus day. Molly's private hitching post was in the alley. East of main street, and

elephantine odor would reach the place. Someone had to stay there and quiet her until the scare-me had vanished into the distance.

The following weeks were much easier on the horses nerves, but were glorious eras for us kids. we could have a parade every day, until pagentry palled.

A little wagon was a necessity to our daily chores, the filling of the wood boxes. Beside the current model, there would also be one which had been scraped. A wheel, perhaps would be missing or in danger of collapse. Or perhaps it would be the body that had failed, in attempting too big a load. A board, cut with a hand saw into some semblance of a circle, would substitute for a wheel and various pieces of lumber would make a substitute body.

In that benighted age, the threshold of our perfect civilization, the merchant dealer, was more interested in selling a new article, than in buying your present lemon. We did not trade in the used little wagons. That was the discovery or invention of our modern economy—we kept our junk for future use, or else we carted it to some place where it would be covered by washed soil.

So we could always start with two little wagons. Our cousins, the Moores, would contribute another, with boys for motive power. Boxes or crates were turned upside down and under it. A kitten became a bengal tiger or a lion. Of the dogs, which were the possession of the older brothers, only one, Fritz, a non-descript terrier, was small enough to place under the bushel size onion crate, even if he could not turn around in it.

For an elephant, (and what would a circus be without an elephant?) a stuffed stocking, held to the face of a small boy for the trunk, stooped shoulders helped in the personification, while the measured tread of this pseudo elephant would complete the likeness. Very few kids in our audience could tell the difference. For there were no kids in our audience. As the byline of the T.V. comic has it, "everybody had got in the act." The grown up folks would applaud and every trooper in the lot would reach such heights of artistry unknown to professional performers. The first week after the circus we would have a parade every day, some of them all the block. But eventually novelty fades and some other event would give momentum to other activities. Then the wild animals — the kitten, chickens, and Fritz would have peace.



These activities were many and as varied as the people and climate of our native state. I have, in previous pages, recounted how we duplicated the Panama Canal, that great waterway that even then our national government was expending so much of its energies.

The Indian wars that highlighted the latter one-quarter of the past century was replayed to the booming of stick guns. And with the usual arguments as to who would be the cowboys and who would be the Indians.

When a street carnival produced an extravaganza, "slide for life" from high up on the the watertower, in which the slider lost, our troupe found unused wire and a pully to slide out of the hay mow door to a point fifty or more feet away. We were tough nuts, and no one was hurt there. Perhaps the difference between our own successes and the failure of the unfortunate spectacle was that we held to a knotted rope, while the professional hung to a leather strap by her teeth. And her with a sneezing cold.

When Stillwater had oil excitement, we kids organized a home drilling rig, with a walking beam to lift the drill, which was an old buggy axle. I have been hitched to the sweep of that powered walking beam many times. but we never struck oil. A depression of three or four feet was all that marked our efforts to gain riches. Stillwater's first well was shut down at less than one thousand feet. It remained for time to prove that oil was there, though not in the bonanza quantities hoped for, by the investors of 1905.

# Payne County Historical Society Photograph Contest and Display

by *Mary Jane Warde*

In honor of Oklahoma's Diamond Jubilee, the Payne County Historical Society sponsored an old photograph contest and exhibit during the spring of 1982. The exhibit, which was officially recognized by the Diamond Jubilee Committee, opened Sunday, April 18, at the Sheerar Cultural and Heritage Center in Stillwater and ran through May 15. The contest, based on guidelines suggested by the Oklahoma Images Project, drew entries in nine competitive categories and one non-competitive category. The *Stillwater News-Press* exhibit of its recently acquired World War I era photographs added much to the exhibit.

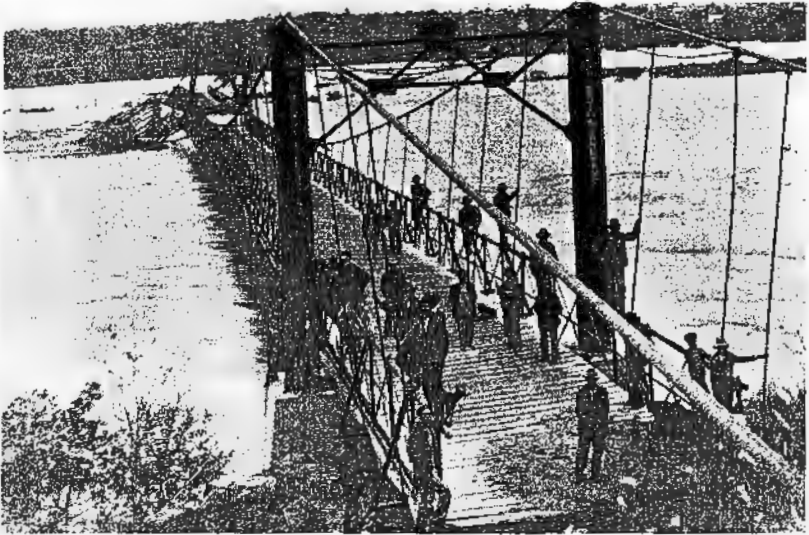
Several people contributed time and effort to the contest. Ray Burley handled publicity. Doris Dellinger wrote several attention-drawing newspaper articles about the contest. Lemuel Groom assembled the panel of judges—Mary Ann Anders, Ike Hesser, and George Berry. Doris Scott acted as hostess for the exhibit opening. Julie Moomaw helped arrange and set up the display. The society owes special appreciation to Mr. Raymond Bivert and the Sheerar Center staff.

Most of us who took part feel the contest and exhibit succeeded in drawing attention to the society and to its aims. We also believe the interest generated will be sufficient to make future contests bigger and better.

On the four pages that follow the *Review* is pleased to print some of the prize-winning entries from the contest.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mary Jane Warde, a charter member of the Payne County Historical Society, has written a number of articles for the *Review*. She was chairman of the committee that handled the Photograph Contest and Display and she and her husband, Bill, are chairmen of the program committee.



Cimmarron River Bridge at Ripley

*Photo Courtesy of Allie Gillespie*



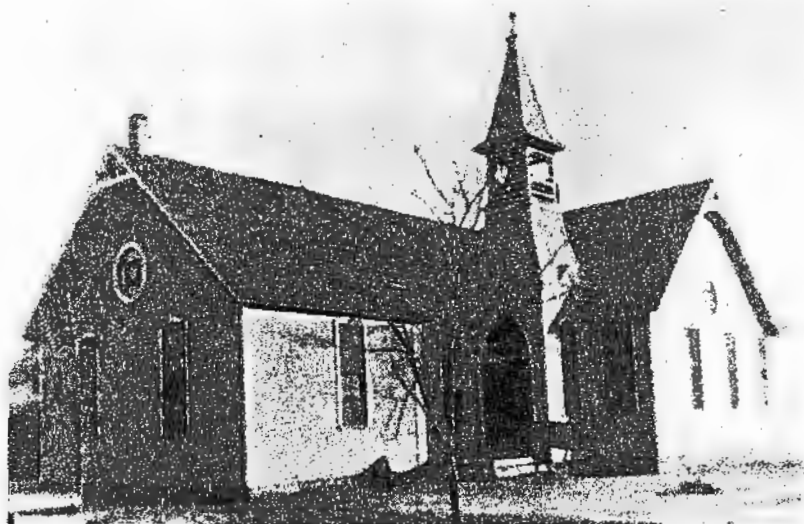
Rural Mail Carrier

*Photo Courtesy of Emma Price*



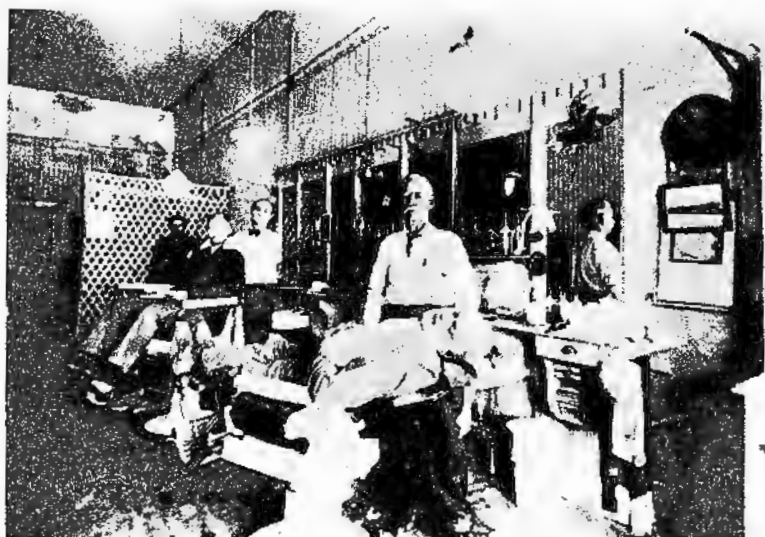
Family Photography

*Photo Courtesy of Mark Gabby*



Methodist Episcopal Church of Stillwater built 1892

*Photo Courtesy of Emma Price*



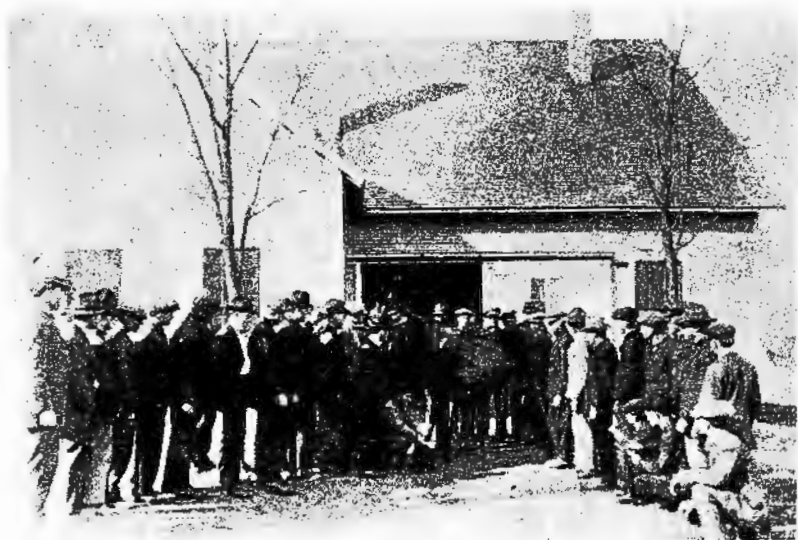
George Vaughn's Barber Shop

*Photo Courtesy of Mrs. James Daugherty*



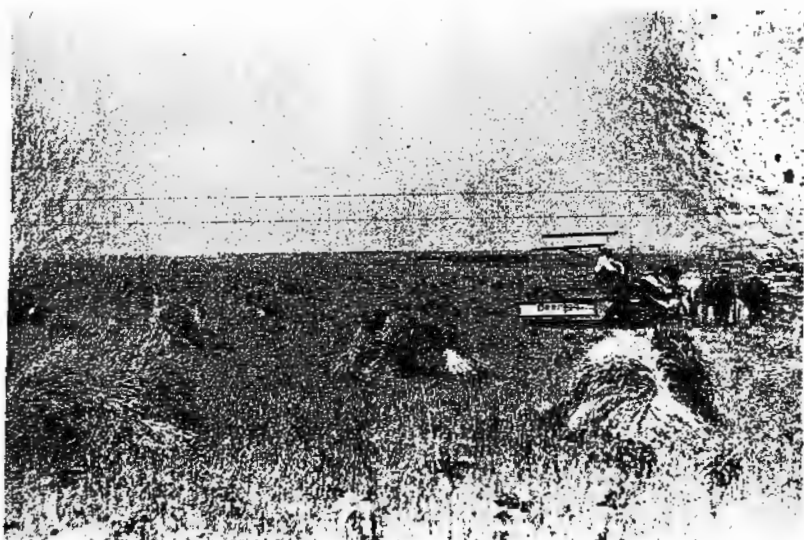
Construction of Payne County Court House

*Photo Courtesy of Mrs. C. W. Keys*



Animal Husbandary Class, Oklahoma A & M College about 1910

*Photo Courtesy of Allie Gillespie*



Al King on the Dearing Binder about 1905

*Photo Courtesy of Allie Gillespie*

# Stillwater and Payne County Early Day Post Offices

by Ward Hays

Our story today is about early day post offices. But to have a post office one needs a city and to have a city one needs people. So lets journey back to April 22th 1889, the day of the run into Indian Territory when Payne County and Stillwater was born. The starting line was about where the airport is now. It was 12 noon. The shot was fired; the race was on. The appointed moment now had come. The blue coated soldier at the head said it was exactly noon sun time. Nervous horses took their cue from nervous riders and away they flew guided by the strong hands they knew. Out of the old and into the new. When this portion of Oklahoma was opened to settlement, of which Payne County was the very northern part, the people that made the run got homesteads. Many changes had to be made to what those people had been accustomed to in their former homes. There were no roads to railroads, no stores, no post offices and only a few cattle trails. My father and mother, eight uncles, one aunt, and my grandmother were among those people. There were thousands of people in this country soon after the opening. The people who made the run in 1889 brought what few things they could with them like a few things to cook with or a hand full of garden seed and a hand planter we called a corn jobber. But besides their courage, determination and enthusiasm, they brought with them a deep faith in God. Religion was a common bond among the early settlers. That faith in God is still with most of us today. A manifestation of the religious faith of the people is the annual presentation of the Passion Play near Lawton in the heart of the Wichita Mountains where local citizens enact the story in a dignified spiritual

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ward Hays is a life time resident of Stillwater and a charter member of the Payne County Historical Society. He was an editor of the *Cimmarron Family Legends* and at 86 still writes for the *Perkins Journal* and the *Central Rural News*.

atmosphere. And where else but Oklahoma would the chimes of the hymns of all faiths be played at a state university on Sunday morning.

Well since this story was supposed to be about the early day post offices, guess I had better get with my story. The Stillwater town site was opened June 11th, 1889, but Stillwater had a post office from the very second day after the opening to the country. The post office was not a federal post office but a subscription post office in John Barns and Robert A. Lowery's tent on Lowerys homestead located about where 13th Street and Perkins Road would be today. In one corner of the tent was a number two wash tub where people dropped the mail to be mailed to their family. Twice a week a rider would ride to Oto about 30 miles north on the railroad in the Oto Indian country. A long days ride each way for which the rider would receive \$1.50 paid from the ten cents that each person paid who received mail. When the rider returned from Oto with the mail, the mail was dumped into the wash tub. Each person that received mail searched through the mail for his or her mail. While this was six years before my time, my father got his mail at the tub and told the story many times.

When the Stillwater town site opened, William Swiler, who the next day after the opening had built a frame store building on Robert Lowerys homestead, moved his building in to Stillwater to his town business lot located at 906 South Main Street. On August 28, 1889, both Stillwater and Cimarron City received federal post offices. Robert A. Lowery was Stillwaters first postmaster. While I did not know Lowery when he was postmaster, I knew him as one of Stillwaters early day lawyers. Lowery Street is named after Lowery and Chester Street is named after Lowerys son, Chester A. Lowery.

After Robert A. Lowery received his appointment as postmaster, Dr. J. B. Murphy was appointed assistant postmaster. The office remained at 906 South Main for several years then was moved to 915 South Main across the street, then to 908 South Main but only for a short while until the office was moved back to 915 South Main Street. Then about 1925 the Post Office was moved behind the new Stillwater National Bank and remained in that location until it was moved to the Federal Building on Husband Street in December 1933. Postmasters other than Robert A. Lowery were Thomas J. Munhall, R. J. Bost, Charles F. Neerman, W. N. Walker, I. O. Diggs, Thomas W. Kellyt, Hal A. McNutt, E. E. Hook Johnson, Bill Newill, Ray Heath, Bob Sucong, Dave Frankland, and Bennit. I am very grateful to have known all



these postmasters. Like I said Lowery was postmaster before my time. Clarence S. Bassler who was assistant at the post office for over forty years and who as President of the Payne County Historical Society gave us a run down on the early day post offices in Payne County. While I will give you the names of the post offices I won't have room to give the year and date of each office as Mr. Bassler did in writing for the Cimarron Valley Historical Society. I met Bassler when he and his sister came to Stillwater from Ponca City in 1909. Bassler was one of the finest men I ever met and a real historian.

Here is Basslers report of the early day post offices and the date of opening: Stillwater, August 28, 1889; Cimarron City, August 28, 1889; Wisdom, January 18, 1890; Perkins, January 30, 1890; Clarkson, January 31, 1890; Clayton, February 21, 1890; Ingalls, February 24, 1890; Yates, May 21, 1890; Payne, June 19th, 1890; Yale, May 21, 1891; Cushing, November 4 10, 1891; Marena, January 5, 1892; Plumb, March 21, 1892; Paradise, June 23, 1892; Ransom, April 9, 1893; West Point, March 13, 1894; Lovell, December 8 1893; St. Albana, March 21, 1894; Cimarron (do not mistake for Cimarron City), April 21, 1894; Floyd, March 22, 1895; Webb, April 12, 1895; Eden, April 13, 1895; Greenland, June 17, 1895; Otego, September 28, 1898; Shaffer, November 1, 1898; Glenco, June 6, 1899; Ripley, February 23, 1900; Mehan, February 8, 1901; Yost, January 29, 1901; Spurgeon, April 24, 1901; Starr, June 2, 1902; Vinco, March 5, 1903; Signet, October 4, 1921.

Many of the U.S. Post Offices were no more than a small grocery store with the post office in one corner of the room. But some like Cimarron City was at one time the largest city in Payne County until it blew away April 25, 1893. Marena had three stores, livery stable, black smith shop, cotton gin, school and church and a doctor at one time. After being turned down by the war board three times in World War I, I was ordered to the farm. The reason I was turned down was an irregular heart beat. So I came back to Stillwater and share cropped with my uncle one mile north and four miles east of Coyle, Oklahoma. I made a good 30 acre cotton crop. When the cotton was all gathered I bought out the last grocery store in Marena which was eight miles west and three miles south of Stillwater. I went to College and took a short course in cream testing. Opened up my grocery store on February 2, 1919. I left Stillwater at 8 a.m. February 2, 1919 with three, four horse loads of groceries and tobacco. Snow had covered the ground for 30

days and the snow was from four inches to four feet deep in the roads in drifts. By noon we had made six miles, a little over half way to Marena. We feed the horses and ate some cookies and made coffee for ourselves and moved on. Darkness came before we got to Marena. Then we saw the lights in the store that I was moving into. Several people knew we were coming and they were there waiting for us with a warm fire and plenty of coffee. We pulled the freight wagons loaded with groceries up to the back door. Then the men put their horses in the barn and fed them, came in the store, opened up some pork and beans, ate their lunch, threw their bed rolls in the corner and went to bed. But no bed for me that night. Some dozen young men stayed and we put up on the shelves all the groceries and tobacco. I sold \$150.00 worth of goods that night, most of it was tobacco, as the snow had been too deep and the weather too cold for anyone to get to town.

I was soon doing a good business, buying cream twice a week. The cream I bought on Tuesday I paid for on Friday, and the cream bought on Friday. I had their checks ready when they brought the cream in. The cream went to Mulhall and on the fast train to Kansas City the same day I bought it. I had taken out samples and tested the next day. I had one country girl working the the store and on Tuesdays and Fridays, the days I bought cream, I had two girls working. By June of 1919 I was buying from 80 to 100 ten gallons of cream a week. I payed 2¢ pound more for cream than they did in Stillwater or Perry. That 2¢ was my commission. The money I made was by selling groceries to the people that brought in the cream. Running the grocery store was a real joy. But next year the war was over and the Model T Fords were taking the country. I saw the hand writing on the wall and sold out while business was still good and went to Hobard, Oklahoma, to work for Griner Electric Company.

Well, folks that is the amount of U. S. Post offices that were in Payne County at one time. Oh yes, I forgot to mention Quay, at one time named Lawson. At present, Stillwater, Perkins, Ripley, Cushing, Yale, and Glencoe still are going strong.

# Oklahoma Has Been One of the Great Supporters of the Military

Dr. James Webster Remembers WWII

by Paula Waldowski

*Dr. James Webster came to Oklahoma A & M as a young chemistry professor in 1927, fresh from Ohio State University. By 1941, he was an associate professor of biochemistry, and spent his time teaching, counseling, and doing research in the area of food chemistry and nutrition. He is presently a professor emeritus of biochemistry at Oklahoma State University, and remains active in Boy Scouts and in church work.*

*Dr. Webster has observed a great many changes in the years he has spent in Stillwater. He has seen university enrollment rise from 3,000 when he first came here in the twenties to its present figure of 22,500. He has seen many new buildings go up on the campus, and watched many old ones come down. Traditions too have changed, from the beanies worn by freshmen in the twenties and thirties to the casual attitudes of the seventies and eighties. He particularly remembers the changes which occurred with the coming of the military students during the war.*

I do remember what I was doing when I heard about Pearl Harbor, believe it or not. Our new house here had just been built that fall, and I was out transplanting grass. We had just moved in the first of September. I was out working in the yard when a neighbor came along and said, "I heard that Pearl Harbor has been attacked." I realized what it meant right away. There wasn't any question about it, in my mind. I'd

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

While a student at Oklahoma State University, Paula Waldowski completed an oral history project entitled *Stillwater: The War Years, 1941-1945*. This article, the fourth in a series, features her interview with Dr. James Webster.

had three years of ROTC. I got kicked out of the Army for not being able to pass the physical in the beginning of my senior year in college. I had planned to get a commission, but they said I couldn't pass the physical! And interestingly enough, I never missed a day of class in fifty years on account of sickness! But I wasn't good enough for the armed services! And that also kept me from being considered for armed services in World War II.

I think most thinking people knew that the war was inevitable. That it occurred just the way it did was a little bit of a surprise to most people, because most people thought that there was never any chance of Pearl Harbor being attacked. There wasn't any immediate impact on the campus, though, not till spring. Of course, they started calling people up, the reservists, and everything like that. I'm sure many of the faculty began looking around for other places to go, because they knew that enrollment would drop down. So many of them did get jobs teaching with the armed services in various places. The students didn't leave right away, not until the spring semester, as I remember it. And then, from then on, we had students dropping out whenever they were called up by the draft. You were liable to lose a student right in the middle of a semester. And in the overall, the college was very sympathetic to them, so that if they had to drop out, if there was any way you could get credit, you did, and if you couldn't, you were allowed to leave without any problems.

I would guess we had about six or seven thousand students when the war started. And I talked to some people, without any of us looking it up, and they said the student body was cut in half, that is, the regular student body. Classes were much smaller, and many classes were eliminated temporarily. Then, as the war went, we came on with a whole series of armed services programs here, using the vacant dormitories, and also dormitories built over on Sixth Street and around at other places. I'm not sure of the figures, but I'm going to guess that we had as many as four thousand armed service personnel at one time. We had a lot more than that, scattered over the two or three years that they were here.

And that's one of the jobs that the faculty took on, the teaching of the specialized courses. I didn't teach in any of the girls' programs, but in the boys' programs, I taught chemistry for two years. It was an interesting arrangement they made with us. We were given permission, since the classes were smaller, to teach extra classes by the adminis-

tration. We were allowed to collect one and a quarter time pay. The Army obviously ran classes on Saturday, which meant that for two years, I worked Saturdays and Sundays and all week, because I taught elementary chemistry to the boys.

I was hired to teach them what we called freshman chemistry. It could be described as basic chemistry, because many of the people who are freshman take it. It was a crash program. These people, as I remember it, were science majors. They were getting units which they could use toward college credit later on, and these were people that would be engineers and agricultural or science trainees. So the training was not to help them in their military work. This was to give them a basic training in the sciences. I know they took math and chemistry and some economics and history. It was preparing them to go to college when the war was over. In other words, this was a reserve; they called the people up and gave them some basic military training before they were called up for armed services overseas.

These people were from all over the United States. Many of them were from back east. I remember that. I'm sure that they weren't specifically from this area. Many of them were shipped out here from back east because we had lots of Army camps in Texas, Louisiana, and Oklahoma.

In the overall, I would say the people of Stillwater were happy to have the students here. If you think about the businesses, with the students cut down, the businesses would have really been hurt if they hadn't been able to keep enrollment up. And of course, the college renting their dormitories and buildings to the government kept the college going without too many financial problems. So in the overall, there was no friction as far as I know between the college and the armed forces, or if there was, it was certainly minor. Not as much as there is today on the Strip.

The military people were all invited to go to the churches, but with Army discipline and things, I think they had very little time. We did have a USO; they had it going all during the war. I know my wife and I served down there, and have pins to how that were hosts down there. We ran that for several years here, and they were open to anybody that came down. But they weren't overly attended here, to be honest. Anybody had time off, they usually went out of town to Tulsa or Oklahoma City, the city boys, particularly.

One of the interesting memories I have is that many of them were located here on Sixth Street, in temporary barracks. And seeing them march to and from class. They always marched. And singing! And you'd see, on Monroe Street particularly, as different classes were changing, whole groups of a few hundred Army personnel were going up and down the streets, and they were usually singing as they marched. It was quite a sight in those days. And this became somewhat of an armed camp.

Interestingly enough, right across the street from where I live, there's a fairly large house, and the elderly people who lived there had moved out at that time. And it was leased to the Army language program, teaching Japanese. There was a whole series of Army officers, (and they were all officers), that lived over in that house over here. Their instructions were not to communicate with anyone or talk with anybody. As I look at it now, that seems foolish. What difference would it have made? But it was motivated, so I was told, for the safety of the people. They thought that if they found out these people could speak the language when they went overseas that it might be dangerous to them. And they moved in quite a lot of Japanese. Actually, they weren't Japanese, they were American citizens from the West Coast. They trained them. Very little was written about it. They didn't want much said about it. That was strictly a hush-hush program. They came here towards the end of the war, when it looked like we might have to have an invasion of Japan, and they were getting prepared for that. They obviously had to be very brilliant students, because to learn the Japanese language in a short time was a real problem.

I remember one incident I was told about, about the service. One group was stationed in North Murray Hall, and one hot day, they gave their officers quite a bit of trouble. So about midnight, they woke them all up and marched them out to Lake Blackwell and back as a penalty. They were most unhappy! Lake Blackwell's about ten miles each way. I don't think any of them ever came back and went back to school here! I remember I had some of the students in class that were in the group that was there, and they were unhappy that they were here. We didn't have air conditioning in those days, and this was a very hot summer. So they were very much unhappy with the place. Many of the students that we had here later came back to school in other fields, but not many of those that were here in the summer came back, because it was very, very hot.

There were different kinds of military training here: the WAVES, the ASTPs, the Japanese language school. There wasn't too much of flying. Most of it was at the Naval unit at Norman. We did, however, have a meteorological school here that started during the wartime and continued on for a while afterwards. They were training meteorologist for the armed services. It wasn't large; I think they never had over two hundred people in it, but we did have one.

The sports programs on campus were affected by the war, of course. I know the national wrestling tournament was dropped for a year or two, but during the wartime, we won the national championship in football down at New Orleans, at St. Mary's College. They didn't even broadcast it, because of the wartime restrictions! So we had somewhat of a minimum of wartime programs. Very little travel, however. I don't believe that football was ever completely dropped, though. Coach Henry Iba was here in those time, so basketball, as I remember, continued on. Many of the armed services people spent most of their life in the Army in sports! And of course, after the war was over, we got a lot of returned veterans, so we built up quite a football program for a few years after that. Most of the people who had played sports during the war were people that for some reason or another were permitted to go to college, or couldn't meet the physical to go to the armed services. There were no wrestling teams for nineteen hundred and forty-two to nineteen hundred and forty-five. I didn't realize they completely dropped it then, but they did. The last wrestling team they had was in '41-'42 then they didn't take it up again till '45-'46. And then only teams we wrestled were local teams. They didn't go back on full scale till nineteen hundred and forty-six. I happened to have that here. I've been associated with the athletic department here for many years. Let's see...we had a basketball team here all during the war. I see that it's here. But mostly it was, we played Army units around, like Will Rogers Air Field in Oklahoma City, and the Navy Zoomers down at OU. The travel was restricted by the gasoline rationing.

Do I remember how gasoline rationing worked? Within limits, yes, Every body was supposed to have so many coupons for a month, or three months, I've forgotten what it was. But then, if you could show a special need, they had a review board that you could go before. That was one of the things I was going to mention. In the agricultural college, we weren't so much affected by the wartime, because they wanted to continue to train farm boys to go back on the farm. And since

the agricultural college is essentially half-time research, our research was continued. I was doing experiments at Perkins, which is ten miles from here, and every so often, I applied for a supplementary ration of coupons so I could drive my own car. That was before we had college cars. I could drive my own car back and forth, and I never had any trouble getting extra ration coupons.

My research wasn't directly involved in military applications. I was only interested in food production. Some of the other chemists, or some of the regular chemists in the chemistry department, did go into chemical warfare and several things like that. But I was only in agricultural production and honestly, not very much of it was concerned directly with the war effort.

Of course, food production was important, because we had to feed the world, as we do now. Wheat was real scarce for a while. That's when they plowed up all these fields out here in Oklahoma and Kansas, when wheat production really expanded, was during the wartime. Because we had to have it. We had to have so much of it to send overseas, because we had to feed Great Britain, France, occupied territory, because all their people were at war, and we had the capacity. So our meat, butter, and things like that were rationed. As I remember, very little butter was sold in this country. And of course, we had to feed an army of quite a few million, and they were taken out of production of all kinds, so there was quite a demand on food production, particularly wheat, meat, dairy products.

I can remember one fellow coming back from the armed services, (he was in the Pacific), and saying he didn't mind having substitute butter, but when they sent the artificial butter (which was not supposed to melt at warm temperatures), it was just like eating grease! And the powdered eggs, of course, were famous. Everybody that was overseas, I understand, remarks about the quality of the powdered eggs.

I remember, during that time, there used to be a lot of strawberries produced up here in eastern Oklahoma. And they were shipping them to England in barrels, and they were treating them with sulphur dioxide, which bleached them white, and then they'd send them over and they'd aerate them and they'd turn back red again. And they were in giant barrels. They sent them over there so they could have fruit for the people and for the armed services overseas, which is the only time I think it's been done. And we did have a large canning plant up here at Stilwell.



The food rationing cut down a lot on what people at home had. I know we still have around the house some rationing coupons. There were four in my family, but we seldom every used up our ration books for anything except gas, but for food rationing, we had no problem. Of course we were in an area where food was produced, so there was plenty of local butchering of meat and things. So it wasn't the problem here that it was in the big cities, I know. But the meat rations were cut down, so they could send it overseas. I had a victory garden, but then, I always had had a garden, so I probably just expanded it a little bit more. I garden now; I just raise a little one in my own back yard. In this place, the problems were not nearly as bad with rationing as they were with the Depression days, when you didn't have any money to buy things, which was more effective than rationing! There was practically no complaints, though. Of course, there was lots of efforts, I'm sure, to bypass it, but in the overall, there were no objections to it. They felt it was necessary. And most families had somebody over in the war, and so there was very little complaint.

Oklahoma, of course, has been famous for the fact that it has been one of the great supporters of the armed services and the military. So there was probably as little discontent with the armed services in Oklahoma as anywhere in the United States. I'm quite sure that's true. Outside of a few Amish families in western Oklahoma, I'm sure they got a hundred percent support. As I say, Oklahoma has been noted for its military leanings. The school here, they say, was next to Texas A & M, probably the most prolific producer of Army officers in the United States, outside of the academies. And they've always had a very strong National Guard here. And the percentage of people volunteering was very high from Oklahoma. So we probably were as supportive of the war effort in Oklahoma as anywhere in the country.

# News and Notes

## Looking Glass House Tour

The Payne County Historical Society again sponsored the Looking Glass House Tour during the April 24th Run for the Arts Festival. Unfortunately the weather was cold and very windy—not a good day for either attending the festival which was held on the Payne County Courthouse lawn or sitting in a booth there. Amazingly, a large number of people did come to the festival and many also enjoyed taking the tour of the houses.

The three houses featured this year included the Hoke house (now Frontier Federal Savings and Loan Association) at 324 South Duck, the Murphy house (owned by Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Donnelley) at 419 South Monroe, and the old Methodist parsonage (owned by Dr. Kathryn Greenwood) at 1523 West 4th. We very much appreciate the willingness of Mr. and Mrs. Donnelley, Dr. Greenwood, and the officers of Frontier Federal for allowing their homes and place of business to be shown on the tour.

A note of appreciation is also due to the following members for their assistance. Debra Vandevort, John Bieri, Alvena Bieri, and Julie Couch worked in the PCHS booth at the festival. Phyllis and Monroe Kriegel, Janie Downs, Kathleen Bird, Carol Borman, Mary Margaret Sylvester, Debra Vandevort, Mrs. John Stevens, Katie Stadler, and Kristina Stadler helped with the tour of the houses.

## Letter to the Editor

I noted with some interest the article by Alvan L. Mitchell entitled "When Radio Came To Ripley" in the last issue of the *Review*. As a previous long time resident of Bristow, I would like to set the record straight. KFRU was not called "The Voice of Oklahoma" as was mentioned in the article but was known as "Kind Friends Remember Us." "The Voice of Oklahoma" was another radio station.

Sincerely,  
Lem Groom

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### ***Nominating***

LeRoy Fischer, Chairperson

### ***Historic Sites***

Lawrence Erwin, Chairperson  
George Berry  
Herbert Donnelley  
Ione Donnelley  
Ken McWherter  
Ken Ricker  
Bernice Shedrick  
Hobart Stocking

### ***Publicity***

J. C. Fitzgerald, Chairperson  
Claude Bradshaw  
Lawrence Gibbs  
Shelley Hartman  
Harold Mace  
Alice McCullers  
Winston Trench

### ***Program***

Bill Warde, Chairperson  
Mary Jane Warde, Chairperson  
Carol Bormann  
George Carney  
Jan Fitch  
Jimm Showalter  
Bill Thomas

# Minutes

June 3, 1982

The PCHS met in the Citizen's Bank Building at 7:30 p.m. President David Baird thanked H. F. Donnelley for conducting the Pistol Pete tour in May. Seventy people made the tour of historical areas near Perkins.

Minutes were read by Alvena Bieri, secretary, and approved. According to a statement given Dr. Baird by Treasurer Ray Burley, more than \$600 is in the group's checking account and an equal amount in savings. Seventy-eight members have paid for 1982; 118 have not yet renewed their memberships.

Bob Donaldson was presented a special framed certificate as a Life Member.

As PCHS completes its second year, Dr. Baird said the most remarkable accomplishment has been the publication of the *Review*. He also noted the tour of historical houses held in both 1980 and 1981 was well run by Julie Couch.

Officers and board members were elected by acclamation. Officers elected include president, W. David Baird, term expiring 1983; vice president, Doris J. Scott, term expiring 1983; secretary, Doris Dellinger, term expiring 1983; board member, Julie Couch, term expiring 1985; Hobart E. Stocking, term expiring 1985. Dr. LeRoy Fischer served as chairman of the nominating committee.

The evening's program featured unusual old family keepsakes and collectors' items described by the members who brought them. Displays ranged from coins to a spire from Williams Hall, Oklahoma State University, to a railroad lantern, a lace wedding dress and a Civil War shaving mug.

The meeting was adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,  
Doris Dellinger,  
Secretary

PAYNE COUNTY

# HISTORICAL SOCIETY

## OFFICERS

W. David Baird, *President*  
Doris Scott, *Vice-President*  
Doris Dellinger, *Secretary*  
Ray H. Burley, *Treasurer*

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Jana Howell, *term expiring 1983*  
Bob Simon, *term expiring 1983*  
Robert H. Donaldson, *term expiring 1984*  
Hobart Stocking, *term expiring 1985*  
Julie Couch, *term expiring 1985*

Payne County Historical Society is organized in order to bring together people interested in history, and especially in the history of Payne County, Oklahoma. The Society's major function is to discover and collect any materials which may help to establish or illustrate the history of the area.

Membership in the Payne County Historical Society is open to anyone interested in the collection and preservation of Payne County history.

All members receive copies of the *Review* free. In addition, the Society sponsors informative meetings four times a year, the first Thursday in March, June, September, and December. Two outings; one in the fall and the other in the spring, are taken to historical sites in the area.

Board meetings are held the second Monday of each month that a regular meeting is not scheduled. These luncheons are held at 12:30 pm in the meeting room at the Holland House Restaurant, 9th and Main, Stillwater. All members are encouraged to attend.

Payne County Historical Society  
P. O. Box 194  
Stillwater, Oklahoma 74076