

———— **Payne County** ————  
**Historical Review**



"The Old Settlers of Perkins," beginning on page 8, describes the early days of this Payne County community on the Cimarron River.

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On the cover: A real photo postcard from the early part of the century shows a bridge over the Cimarron River, possibly the one described in the article about the old settlers of Perkins. (Photo courtesy of the Washington Irving Trail Museum)

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The *Payne County Historical Review* welcomes readers' comments, news, or requests for information. Family histories, photographs, or maps are also welcome. No payment is made for articles published in the *Review*.

## Editorial Notes

This issue of the Payne County Historical Review features three different ways of looking at history. The writers have taken distinct approaches to remembering the past — one focusing on a family, one on a community, and the other on a particular day in the life of an individual. The first article, by Eugene Hoyt, shows how one family played a role in the history of Payne County from before 1889 up to the present. The second, a reprint of a booklet published in 1938, is the story of how a Payne County community, Perkins, was settled and developed. The third article, by Neal Pock, re-creates the experiences of a young boy during a day in the early 1940's in Stillwater. All three articles provide information about the past, as well as insight into our history.

In relation to the story of the Hoyt family, the Payne County Historical Society recently took part in ceremonies dedicating Hoyt Grove Park, just north of Stillwater's Couch Park. On April 22, 1999, the park was officially named in honor of the pioneer Payne County family.

Sadly, we note the death of Fred Kolch, who served as treasurer of the Payne County Historical Society for many years. His work was invariably accurate, timely, and done with such good cheer that he made keeping financial records seem like a pleasure. He will be greatly missed.

# Stillwater Stories: The T. J. Hoyt Family

By Eugene M. Hoyt <sup>1</sup>

*Author's note: Thousands of people made the Run of '89 into the unassigned lands of Oklahoma and into the Stillwater Valley. This is the story of one family that has seen Stillwater develop from a rough-and-tumble frontier town into a prosperous modern community that is still endowed with the "Boomer Spirit." Many such stories exist but will soon be lost if they are not written. Please help preserve our community, state, and personal histories by recording your "Stillwater Stories."*

My grandfather, Thomas J. Hoyt, was a "Sooner." He first came into Oklahoma Territory in 1886, soon after William L. Couch and his followers had been ejected from "the place called Stillwater" by federal troops. He came into the territory ostensibly to hunt and trap, but more particularly to scout the lands which David L. Payne and Couch had been "booming" for settlement.

In 1889, 100 subscribers whose intent it was to establish a town site after the opening of the Oklahoma Territory on April 22, 1889, formed the Winfield Town Company. Granddad was one of a group of nine men selected by the Town Company to actually make "the Run" and establish a townsite. The site they had intended to stake was in the area of the present day Sixth and Country Club Road. When the group arrived, they found that other homesteaders who had most likely jumped the entry gun had already staked a claim.

Granddad's group shortly met up with another Township Company composed of Lowry, Duck, Husband, and others. This unchartered but well-organized group had staked claims along Stillwater Creek. The two groups merged and members of this second unnamed town company actually provided the land which would become Stillwater from their personal homesteads.

Granddad Hoyt was a signatory on the original town site application, which was presented to the Guthrie Land Office on August 17, 1889. When the city charter was adopted, it provided for a city marshal, and Granddad was three times elected. During these early days Stillwater was designated as the county seat. "Payne Center," a community about three miles

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<sup>1</sup> Eugene M. Hoyt grew up in Stillwater. He is an attorney, a former Assistant Attorney General of Oklahoma, and now a practicing physician in Stillwater.

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T. J. Hoyt and Julia Jardot were married on April 22, 1897, eight years after the Run brought T. J. Hoyt to the Stillwater Valley.

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south of Stillwater, was adamant in claiming the county seat. The community was named after David Payne, the man considered to be the greatest advocate for opening the territory. It was in the geographic center of the new county. On several occasions, armed men from Payne Center attempted to remove property records from Stillwater and take them to their community. The last major confrontation in the County Seat Battle took place near Granddad's homestead at Twelfth and Perkins Road. The County Seat Battle was ultimately resolved when the county was gerrymandered, so that Stillwater became more geographically centered in the county that was itself named in honor of David Payne. In 1913, when Granddad was county sheriff, a more civilized election again selected Stillwater as county seat.

These early-day homesteaders were multifaceted. Granddad was a carpenter, built several of the early wood structures and did much of the finish carpentry at Old Central on the OSU campus. According to family legend, Washington Street, which leads to the campus, was at one time "Hoyt Street."

Granddad Hoyt married Julia Jardot on April 22, 1897, eight years to the day after "the Run." Grandmother's family had also made "the Run." Her father, Louis J. Jardot, homesteaded in the area of Twelfth and Western. He was a brick mason and established a brick factory. He built many of the early brick buildings, including the opera house, which in remodeled form still stands on Ninth Street near Main.

Granddad and Grandmother had three children: Oscar, who died in infancy; Raymond, who died in 1948; and my father, Gene, who was born in 1909. Granddad served as Payne County sheriff from 1909 to 1915. He later served as county treasurer and on the county school board. He owned an automobile dealership and sold real estate. His recollections of early Stillwater have been published in the Stillwater NewsPress and in the Payne County Historical Review. He died in 1948.

My father, Gene Hoyt, attended Stillwater Public Schools and Oklahoma A&M College. Thereafter, he very much followed in his father's footsteps. In 1938, he was appointed to the Stillwater Police Department. In 1941, he became Chief of Police and served in that capacity until 1949.

Stillwater was a busy place during the war years. Over 40,000 young men and women received military training in the area. There were few police officers and many calls for police assistance, especially at hot spots such as The Rock Castle (now the Moose Lodge). Prior to 1942, police officers were in contact with their headquarters by telephone call boxes and light signals placed over intersections around town. Dad established radio patrols, which provided continuous communication with the patrol officers and faster response times to distress calls.

Stillwater's first black police officer, James Manuel, was added to the force during Dad's tenure. In 1945, Stillwater was designated as one of America's Safest Cities. Immediately post-war, the police department grew with the addition of motorcycle patrols.

In 1942, while Chief of Police, Dad was appointed as a Special Agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He received advanced training at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia.

In 1955, Dad was appointed Executive Assistant Commissioner of Public Safety under Governor Raymond Gary and Commissioner Jim Lookabaugh. Major divisions within the Department of Public Safety included the Oklahoma Highway Patrol, Oklahoma Bureau of Investigation, Civil Defense, and Driver's License Division. During his tenure, he traveled to every police department and county sheriff's office in the state to strengthen relations between local and state law enforcement agencies. Closer ties were also established with civil defense and fire departments statewide. Natural and man-made disaster policies were formally established (remember "duck and cover" and the nuclear threats of the times). He also initiated updates in the Driver's License Division, both at the local testing level and state records maintenance level. During his time with the Department of Public Safety, the family lived in Stillwater and Dad commuted back and forth to Oklahoma City. To him, Stillwater was first and always home.

With the change in state administrations, he returned home full time and was first appointed and subsequently elected to successive terms as Payne County Justice of the Peace. He also sold real estate. It was said in a citation from Governor Bellmon that "he would fine you for speeding through town and then sell you a house when you decided to stay."

He had originally been licensed as a real estate broker in the early 1950's. By the early

1990's, he was recognized by the Oklahoma Real Estate Commission as the longest licensed active broker in the state. He was honored as an Honorary Colonel of the Governor's staff, designated an "OKIE," and both he and Mother were Centennial Ambassadors for the 100th anniversary of the Run of 1889.

Dad died in January of 1997. My mother, Vivienne Hoyt, will lives in Stillwater. She is the daughter of George and Emma Rouse, a pioneer Logan County family. In addition to raising three children, she served for many years as executive secretary of the Payne County Red Cross. She is still active as a real estate broker in Stillwater.

In 1977, the Hoyt family conveyed land near Boomer Creek to the city of Stillwater. This property was adjacent to Granddad Hoyt's original claim. The land was never developed because it was in the flood plain. Recently, the land, known unofficially as "North Couch Park," was named Hoyt Grove Park. On the banks of Boomer Creek, this park is a memorial not just to the Hoyts but to all of the families who made the Run and prospered in the Stillwater Valley.

Dr. B. B. Chapman, in his book *The Founding of Stillwater*, lists the names of the men and women who signed the original township document. Although Stillwater had more than just these 110 residents, these people should be remembered as the founders of Stillwater. Original township signatories, in addition to Mayor Lowry and Councilmen Shafer, Terrill, and Clark, were:

I. Blackman,	F. E. Chenoweth	H. D. Eldridge	H. N. Hill
Harry Bahntge	H. M. Chenoweth	J. G. Evans	Mable Hodges
T. V. Bailey	E. F. Clark	J. M. Gilbert	W. E. Hodges
H. T. Baker	Mrs. J. R. Clark	Hays Hamilton	T. J. Hoyt
J. H. Barnes	Mrs. Mattie Clark	F. Hamlin	James H. Huff
J. R. Bourdett	C. A. Coe	J. M. Hamlin	W. T. Hughes
J. C. Bowen	L. N. Coop	O. Hamlin	F. C. Hunt
James T. Brady	James Crupper	J. W. Harper	F. A. Hutto
L. S. Brady	E. H. Davis	Calvin Haycraft	C. M. Huyck
T. E. Buel	N. Davis	C. R. Haycraft	H. Keller
H. B. Bullen	J. B. Deed	G. P. Haycraft	Ella M. Kipp
Jas. H. Bullen	C. L. Dickerson	L. E. Haycraft	John Kipp
L. Burkhalter	Mary Dillsavor	Mary J. Haycraft	A. S. Knapp
Arthur Campbell	Sanford Duncan	Thomas Hickson	E. B. Kratz
A. B. Cann	T. F. Eaton	L. P. Higgenbotham	Harry Long

A. J. Lourd	George W. Perry	J. J. Shaffer	G. E. Tomlin
C. W. McGuire	Thomas Phippen	J. W. Shockley	J. B. Webb
T. M. McGraw	C. W. Pierce, M. D.	A. J. Snyder	Byron E. White
John Myer	Ella Pierce	W. W. Snyder	S. Whiteneck
W. Myers	H. A. Pierce	S. J. Stallworth	George Willey
S. T. Moore	A. T. Powers	D. M. Standley	C. F. Willis
John Moss	N. M. Powers	Millie M. Standley	L. C. Willis
E. E. Murphy	G. E. Rees	W. L. Standley	A. C. Wilson
J. B. Murphy	E. E. Rice	John R. Still	H. Wilson
S. N. Ney	M. M. Scott	A. T. Swiler	O. U. Wittum
Henry Osborne	E. F. Sears	J. H. Swope	D. G. Wooden
Jesse Osborne	Amberson Seaton	D. Terrill	
B. L. Perry	C. D. Shaffer	Jacob Thomas	

I have proposed that a permanent Founders Memorial be established within Hoyt Grove Park to recognize these pioneers. If you are related to, or know stories of, or are interested in memorializing these early-day Stillwater residents, please contact the Payne County Historical Society at P. O. Box 2262, Stillwater, OK 74076.



# The Old Settlers of Perkins <sup>1</sup>

## DEDICATION

Back through the yellowed pages of the Perkins Journal [are] records [of the] history of the deaths and births of present day genealogy. The older people of today will remember those early pioneers of merchandising and many of these names still predominate the surrounding communities. There were many businesses in Perkins in the early '90s, and the town in those days was really a hustle and bustle. The first fair to ever be held in Lincoln or Payne counties was held in Perkins in 1895. This was under the leadership of John Hinkel, who started one of the early day newspapers in Perkins. In those days some of the merchants in Perkins were: S. F. Combs, dry goods and groceries, the Hicks Hotel, Bean and Mills Hardware, T. C. Flowers Grocery, Wm. Knipe and Bro. Grocery and Feed, Teter and McReady Hardware, John M. Boone Grocery, the Star Grocery, Rankins Cash Store, Clousing Bros. Dry Goods, Bon Ton Millinery Shop, Palace Drug Store, Endicott Bros. Hardware, Little Hosier Restaurant, Perkins Photographic Gallery, Rice and Skinner Harness and Saddlery, A. G. Williams Furniture and Undertaking, Harrel and Freeman Lawyers, Dr. E. R. Thomas, Dr. C. E. Shelton, DeVaults Drug Store, Wilders Tonsorial Parlor, L. C. Shannon Stone Barn, W. O. Beach Nursery Store, and the Perkins Journal., Naturally there were more businesses, these being the ones who displayed their wares in the Journal.

In 1895 there were three churches here, the Baptist, Methodist and Congregational. In 1896, VanGriethuysen and Lowe put in a picture gallery. Also during this year the Payne County Bank was started, with C. P. Rock as president. During these early years Chantry and Wood were running the Perkins Milling Co. In 1897 Perkins boasted the Snacks Meat Market, a cheese factory, W. S. Leigh Shoe Repair, Frank LeMaster Blacksmith and C. A. Wallace Lawyer. In 1898 there was John Rice Grocery, William Risch Blacksmith, Warren Chantry

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<sup>1</sup> This article is taken from a small booklet called "Perkins Old Settlers," which was published in 1938 and dedicated to "the old settlers of Perkins and community." While no author was listed for the contents, a poem by Glenn Eyler, a local newspaperman, was included. It is probable that he wrote the entire booklet. A copy of the publication is in the collection of the Washington Irving Trail Museum, southeast of Stillwater. The article is interesting not only because of the historical facts recorded, but also because of the way in which it illustrates the attitudes of the time when it was written. In 1938, Perkins had been in existence for 49 years. The experiences of the settlers were still vivid in the minds of many. Knowing someone who had actually made the Run, who had gone through the hardships, and who had survived made those experiences more real, even for those who arrived later. The theme of this remembrance is one of adventure and challenge, with survival made possible by the people of a community working together.

Real Estate, the Central Hotel, Ryel, the second hand man, Mears and Jones Cash Store, C. D. Tharp, Dentist, Dr. J. M. Sharpless, and Scott and Wilder Real Estate.

Down through the years came many changes in business and citizenship of the town of Perkins, some went elsewhere to seek their fortune, but a number are still living in Perkins and although many of these are old timers who have retired from business, their names still remain as pioneers of this town and surrounding communities. It is to these men and women that we dedicate this booklet.

FOREWORD: Perkins has the distinction of being probably the only town in the territory laid out by the government. A story preceding the laying out of the town as told by Captain Wm. A. Knipe shows part of the background of this town that at first was a mythical city. In 1889 shortly after the run ended, a number of the early residents wanted a town located. According to the U. S. Land law, it took 150 settlers to register a town site. This was out of the question, so some men went to Guthrie and brought back a load of shingles. Under the direction of Win. Knipe, these shingles were marked with names taken from memory and a townsite staked out on what was known as the Wert homestead. These names were listed and

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*“He is a happy man who harkens to the call of Oklahoma.”*

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approved by the government for a townsite. The town was laid out with a pole and hand compass, and the government sent a commission here to prove up the lots. Everything was found to be all right and today the town is laid out the same as it was then.

“He is a happy man who harkens to the call of Oklahoma.” With the musical tramp of memories feet, those words cross and recross the imagination. Always they bear the sound of the trumpet call, for Oklahoma is just another word for adventure and romance. The door of hope hangs ajar to any man who has given his pony the bit and galloped over the prairies. He knows the meaning of the great all-healing power of the open and its pull upon the imagination.

Buffalo grass under the pony's feet dull and make music of the thudding echo of flying hoofs. A buffalo wallow shows where once the noble kings of the plains cooled their hides. Their trail winds through the meadow and loses itself to the eye beyond a scrubby patch of

cottonwoods, then dips into the valley below.

Picture it all with a white moving mass that reveals itself on a closer approach to be a winding, rolling line of covered wagons. On yonder hill a band of Indians shade their eyes with their hands to see the strange people who have come to visit them. See them look with surprise, with incredulity, when homes are staked out and hunting privileges usurped.

By their daring, 89er's later gave account of themselves on valley and plain, in blade and ear, in orchard and home.

If organization is an American trait, it came to a head in Oklahoma. Profiting by the momentum in the wake of these vessels of the prairie, there fell in line a party which organized a Townsite Company.

Texans were the first arrivals of the young town. They paid tribute to the sunny land by naming their town Italy, but the Kansans displayed their personality by forcing upon the settlement the name of a Kansas senator, Perkins, who used his official powers in Washington to get a mail stage coach and post office for the town.

The pioneers then went to work to build up their town. By organized effort, water wells were dug; a log school house and a church were built. A newspaper was established in 1890 by Bill Little, and named "The Plain Dealer."

The country to the south of Perkins was to be opened to homesteaders. A bridge was to be built across the Cimarron which would be the gateway to the new country. In 1891 the newspaper was sold to Charles and Andy Show. It was named the "Perkins Gateway," to fit the occasion. Hundreds of copies were sent to Kansas and Missouri, advertising the bridge and the opening, September 22, of the Iowa and Sac and Fox reservations and stating that Perkins was the gateway and here was located the only bridge across the Cimarron.

No one back on the border had waited for the distillation of rumors. Hundreds were arriving overnight. Everyone wanted to be on the ground floor. Until these people had begun to arrive, nothing constructive had been done about the bridge. It was up to the town to build a bridge that had been advertised .

In May of 1891, Captain Knipe, called a mass meeting at the school house. There a vote was taken and carried, that the new bridge was to be built. But how, there were no taxes and no appropriations could be had. Everything had to be donated by the homesteaders and the town people. Committees were appointed. By organization and team work we were sure to succeed.

Warren Chantry, who had the saw mill, offered to saw the necessary 25,000 feet of lumber. Saw logs donated by the claim owners were piled high. A pattern was given Grant

Bain, the sawyer. The hum of the saw was heard from dawn to dusk, until the yard was cleared. The committee had dispatched a freighter to Arkansas City for a pile driving hammer. Captain Knipe had solicited from Joe McNeal, Bill Coyle and The New York Hardware Company of Guthrie enough spikes and bolts for building. Two hundred pilings were delivered and work was started under the direction of Tom Coverdal, and Al Williams. Mickey Cochran, Bill Dillion, Gene McNutt, and Charles French furnished the teams to haul the lumber and drive the piling. The whole little population went to work—merchants, doctors, teamsters and farmers. All worked side-by-side in organized team work. On September 1, a 740 foot bridge was completed, 22 days before the opening. And the town of Perkins was in fact the gateway to the new lands with the first bridge across the Cimarron.

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Long before day-break, September 22, 1891, tree tops were aglow from camp fires lighted by hundreds of people camped on Perkins townsite. The aroma of boiling coffee and frying bacon filled the air as these pioneers busied themselves with getting breakfast and made preparations for the big day. Men were loading wagons with provisions and personal belongings. Bedding was spread over hay in the wagons for the children to ride, axes and cooking utensils were placed in the box under the dash board, the frying pan cached in the standard ring, and the hound dog was chained to the coupling pole.

They were off for the new bridge across the Cimarron river, the gateway to the Sac and Fox and Iowa reservations which were to be opened to settlers at high noon. These lands together with the Pottawatomie-Shawnee reservations, opened on the same day, added over three quarters of a million acres to the new and growing Oklahoma Territory.

By ten o'clock the lane to the bridge was jammed with wagons, buggies, and carts of all descriptions, waiting for the hour. Down on the sand bars at the river's edge, horsemen were filing in, lining the water's edge as far as the eye could see. Here and there girl riders, side saddles secured with extra girth, long riding skirts whipping in the wind, vied with the men for front places in the starting line.

A score of men were contesting for the choice claims on which flowing springs were located; Canoe Springs, four miles to the south in the heart of the Dugout Creek Valley, and Elm Grove and Barrell Springs up the river to the west.

As the zero hour approached, a big sorrel with three white legs and a bald face, pulled at the reins with head held high, his thin ears rolled forward and back; alert to catch the urge of the rider to go. The rider's hand went to his hip to make certain that the Colt "Peace-

maker” was secure in its holster.

At high noon there came the “Boom” of the starting gun. Hundreds of horses plunged into the water beating it into a high white spray with flying hoofs, causing little rainbows to play on the sand bars and leaving the rivers white with foam in their wake.

As they reached the south bank of the river the big sorrel, “Baldy,” was a length in the lead. Up the bank jumping and climbing, down to his knees and up again and away, through the willows and over bunch grass, leaping drift logs and plum thickets, reaching high ground and the creek, jumping across and recrossing at the bends of the creek, dodging rock ledges and leaping washouts; always holding a straight line toward Canoe Springs. The last mile, with long easy strides, brought his rider to the spring a winner, far ahead of the nearest contestant. Dismounting and with six shooter held high the rider waved the oncoming horse-man by.

On the 22nd of September, 1938 the old settlers will celebrate the 47th anniversary of the opening of the Iowa country, where will gather the thinning line [of] silver haired pioneers, their sons and daughters to reenact the run and early day sports.

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## CAMP FRAME <sup>1</sup>

Long before the origin of Camp Frame, the earliest explorers beat a path from the Cimarron River past the spring at the cliff, overhanging the present Old Settlers grounds.

Due to a perfect shade and an abundance of cool spring water, the Sunday school at Olivet was attracted to this spot when holding a picnic.

John Durst was an active member of the Sunday school, working tirelessly for the best of the Sunday school and always ready to do anything for the good of his fellow man.

These picnics were enthusiastically sponsored by John Durst, and on one of these occasions he called on Mr. and Mrs. Frame and suggested that in connection with their Sunday school they organize an Old Settlers Picnic, to be held annually in commemoration of the early days of Oklahoma. With the Iowa Indian Ford and Barrel Springs nearby, and the farm won by the bare length of a horse's neck; the winner formerly among those who rode the range on the Indian hunting grounds, no better setting could be found in the whole country

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<sup>1</sup> An article about Camp Frame by Elnora Flaherty was published in the Spring 1998 issue of the *Payne County Historical Review*.

side. So a handful of hardy pioneers decided on this location as the site for living over and over again the many thrills that come only to the man who has experienced them. This was in the summer of 1921, and in the fall of 1921 the Old Settlers Picnic was held at Camp Frame.

John Byer furnished lumber for tables and people came for miles around bringing well-filled baskets. The Sunday School furnished songs and readings. There was a ball game, foot races, and many forms of early day entertainment. In 1922 we had a similar picnic with a few local orators added to the list.

In 1923 the Old Settlers Reunion was organized, with the Iowa Indians as members. About that time it was agreed that a log cabin be built similar to the cabin built by the earliest settlers, with the latch string on the outside to remind the members of the early day hospitality.

In 1925 the cabin was built, logs being furnished by the old settlers. The members outnumbered the necessary logs, so it was decided to name the project "The Log Cabin Builders." The day the cabin was raised, Harry Woolsey cooked a large iron kettle full of beans and made a big kettle of coffee. This combined with eats brought in by the women furnished an abundance of food for all.

Each year a needed improvement is added, new faces appear, and some familiar figure is missing. There are many old settlers worthy of mention, but they are well known to all who are interested. William Knipe, who homesteaded Twin Oaks farm near Perkins, has been our President during all these years, carrying us over many rough places and through what this generation called a depression.

In the year of 1925 the Old Settlers decided to allow as members in the organization their Sons and Daughters. The new organization carries a charter and is self-supporting. The dues and gate receipts pay for expenses and work of carrying on the association.

The constitution of the Sons and Daughters follows: Dated July 25, 1925. "We the undersigned Sons and Daughters of the Old Settlers, prior to and including the year 1900. Knowing the uncertainty of life, and as they yet live that we might record history of those who followed the trails, forded the streams, filed on and improved claims unto modern homes, we join in the auxiliary to aid in the present, that in the future we may emulate their traits in the ideals of contentment when necessity demands in remembrance of their days of adversity and sunshine, that we may not as they have those who sleep amid the wild flowers on the lone prairie, forget when in that race they win a home beyond the silent bivouac of the dead." Signed by Sons and Daughters.

The recent officers of this organization are Capt Wm. A. Knipe, President; Bert Frame, Vice-president; Mrs. Nell Younker, Secretary; W. A. Harrison, Treasurer.

Members of this organization from the start are: George Rhinewood, Geo. T. Ridpath, John W. Reece, John W. Scotthorn, Uriah Stumbo, Wilbur Stumbo, Chas. Skinner, Andy Show, Warren Speer, John Buffington, William E. Berry, Thomas N. Berry, M. G. Bain, M. E. Basil, James E. Berry, Chas. T. Babcock, Samuel W. Brass, John L. Bishop, Wyatt Cooper, Ezra Ed Clark, Edmond O. Cox, Samuel M. Clifton, Warren Chantry, John T. Cox, John Cruse, J. C. Carlile, John Chrystal, I. G. Chrystal, Geo. Dollinger, A. J. DeVault, John W. Durst, Nathaniel Lamb, William McGinty, L. L. Matheson, Francis W. Main, Sophia Main, John Sours, W. L. Scott, James N. Shannon.

Chet Shannon, Gertie Moore Shannon, L. O. Shannon, Kizzie N. Shannon, Francis Scott, Francis E. Schedlier, C. E. Sexton, Chas. Show, N. O. Thoroughman, Andy L. Taylor, John W. Thatcher, Ray Utter, John vanGriethuysen, Andrew J. Whipple, Chas. Widdoes, Art Harrison, John Hinkle, J. P. Henley, Rufus Harris, John P. Hickham, M. W. J. Holt, Elizabeth Harrison, F. W. Hemme, R. W. Holbrook, John B. Jenkins, Alf Johnson, Harry A., Jones, Lillian Padford Knipe, William A. Knipe, William Keys, Chas. W. Kenworthy, Jacob Katz, Merl Katz, Merl Knox, Dale Lyton, Thomas J. Willett, William Wright, Berton Wiley, Harry Woolsey, Albert Willis, J. F. Younker.

Mattie Mann Evans, Frank Eaton, P. E. Eberheart, Marshall F. Edwards, Henderson Frame, Jerome Fields, Samuel Flick, C. E. Foughty, Carlile French, Francis French, Bert Frame, Lucy Matheson Frame, Bennett Freeman, Jim Graves, Otto Gray, John W. Garner, W. K. Grady, James A. Hert, Rassie Hert, Walter F. Hert, Harry Hinkle, Martha Hert, Ray Hoffman, Hays Hamilton, Thomas Howe, Walker Holbrook, S. F. McDaniel, E. C. Mullendore, William H. Orner, Frank Orner, Nora Main Orner, Anthony O'Hara, D. L. Porter, Homer Price, J. A. Price, R. H. Poole, James Rentfrow, B. L. Rentfrow, Jacob Ringwald and W. L. Raydson. If there are others we have no record of, we do not intentionally want to leave them out. Some have passed on to their Great Reward. To those who are living and those who are gone, we honor their names in this publication.

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The town of Perkins today has seen much modern advancement. We have today a fine school building and good churches. We have electric lights, gas and the best water in Oklahoma. We have a complete sewer system and modern homes. A number of the early resi-

dents still remain active. C. W. Kenworthy, one of the first town board members is on the executive Board of the Payne County Bank. Dr. Holbrook, who came here in 1901, has not forsaken Perkins. He will shortly be located at a new office building at the nine mile corner. S. F. McDaniels, who came here in 1895, is now with his son, Ellis, in the hardware business. Rassie Hert, son of James A. Hert, is owner of the Perkins Motor Co., a Ford car agency. Nile and Streeter Knipe, sons of Captain Wm. Knipe, are owners of a garage and machine shop. Dale Holbrook, son of Walker Holbrook, is the operator of the Elk Horn Station. Wilbur Stumbo, owner of the Stumbo Grocery and Ed Stumbo of the Savoy Cafe, are both sons [of] Uriah Stumbo. James Rentfrow, of the Lyric Theatre, and clerk at the Payne County Bank, is the son of the pioneer Ben Rentfrow. Perkins also has Mr. and Mrs. Phil Ganes, Del Lewis and Joe Seals of the Central Garage. Paul Myrick and Ben Franklin of Franklin Station. J. F. Dykes of the Dykes Grocery, R. F. Lawrence, Perkins Hatchery, the Farmer's Store operated by Wm. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Noah Baker, of the Bakers Dry Goods, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Baker of the Bakers Grocery.

Mrs. Mears is the owner of the May-Belle Beauty Shop, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Henry, own and operate the Henry Dry Goods store, A. I. Suthard runs the Shoe Shop and second Hand Store. Guy McClain is the Perkins Postmaster, Dr. L. R. Wilhite, who came here in 1921, he is assisted by his wife with a clinic and doctor's practice. Jack Vassar and Jim Hillhouse operate the Vassar Hardware. Richard and Rose Grimm own and operate the Let's Eat Cafe. Guy Good and Doc Harrel operate the Sanitary Barber Shop. E. L. Sherrod operates a Furniture Store and Undertaking Establishment. Delbert Butler is the Cashier at the Payne County Bank. The Long-Bell Lumber Co. is managed by John Byer. The Deep Rock Station is operated by C. M. Reed. The Clean Towel Barber Shop is run by Ralph Dickey. The Home Bakery is owned by Clyde Binford. Sam Denny runs the Denny Shoe Store. Claude Mathias has just recently purchased the Central Drug. The City Meat Market is owned by Wallace Dickey who also operates a Cafe and Billard Parlor. Joe Ishmael operates a Blacksmith Shop. Wayne Dickey operates a Wholesale Produce Co. Mrs. F. F. McCall operates the Southwestern Associated Telephone Exchange. L. G. Huls manages the Pact Gas Co. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. McDougal operate the Perkins Cafe. Our present Mayor is Ed Stumbo, and our School Superintendent is Earnest Elliott.



This Booklet made possible by the following  
Perkins merchants.

City Meat Market, Wallace Dickey  
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Perkins Motor Co., Rassie Hert  
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Stumbo Grocery and Market  
W. N. Baker  
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Knipe Bros. Garage  
Champlin Service Station  
MayBelle Beauty Shop, Mrs. Mabel Mears  
Perkins Cafe, W. E. McDougal

# Merl and Me

By Neal Pock<sup>1</sup>

I was already half way to the Eugene Field Elementary School when I remembered that I had not asked my mother if it was okay for me to go home and play with Merl after school.

Merl lived some place in the country where they raised hogs and there were lots of fun things we could do together. That is, if it was okay with my mom and if Merl's mom said I could come home with Merl to play after school.

As I thought about this, the biggest problem I could see was that I didn't know where Merl lived or what Merl's last name was, so it was going to be hard to ask mom just the right way so she would let me go play with Merl.

I stood there in Miss Redgen's front yard kicking rocks and leaves with my mostly new shoes, trying to figure this one out. Momma told me to take care of these new shoes. I went barefooted all summer long, except sometimes on Sundays, then each fall when school started all three of us boys would get a new pair of shoes. The three of us would all go with mother to the J. C. Penney's Store on Main Street and get a new pair of shoes one size too big so we could grow into them before we wore them out. I got a pair of brown, smooth-toed shoes that still looked pretty new. I continued to kick the dirt and kept thinking.

Just about this time my brain was numb thinking about "How do I ask mom about going home with Merl." I looked down the hill and across the street at the Howels' garage. The door was standing wide open. What an opportunity, I thought to myself. I took off running down the hill.

Now, the Howels had the best and most exciting garage to explore in the neighborhood. Mr. Howel owned a jewelry store downtown and his garage had the most interesting stuff I had ever seen in my life.

One time I found a lighted electric sign that had a motor that pushed up blue plastic letters that spelled BULOVA. The letters came up out of the inside of this lighted mirrored blue box one at a time and then they all stayed up for a little while and then fell back down inside the lighted blue box. Then the cycle started up again.

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<sup>1</sup> Neal Pock is a physician living in Tyler, Texas. The son of George E. Pock and Dorothy Frances (Barnes) Pock, he grew up in Stillwater, Oklahoma. The setting of "Merl and Me" is in Stillwater during the early years of World War II. Stillwater's Sheerar Museum houses the original manuscript in its collections.

Mom came into my room after dark one night and saw the sign working in the corner of my bedroom and I had to take the sign back to Mr. Howel the next morning. He wasn't real mad or anything, he just put the sign back inside his garage. I ran down the hill, across the street, down the driveway and straight into Mr. Howel's garage. Once inside I knew I was safe.

It was about this time in my life that I discovered that I could run faster if I scared myself by pretending that I was being chased by something bad, like the Japs or Apache Indians. Today I pretended that it was the Japs who took after me about half way down the driveway.

Now that I was inside the Howels' garage, I began to seriously investigate the stuff. I already knew about a lot of it because I came by pretty often. Just as I was thinking there wasn't anything new, I discovered a heavy clear glass bottle covered with a bright silver mesh and topped with a squirt thing. I had seen something like this in the Three Stooges movies when someone gets squirted with a stream of seltzer water. I could just imagine water going everywhere when I pushed the handle.

I took the heavy bottle out of the box, pointed the nozzle in no particular direction and squeezed the handle. Nothing happened. Boy was I disappointed. I could just see me taking this bottle to school and really squirting someone good with it.

Back into the box the bottle went and I was just about to leave when I saw something in the red dust of the unpaved garage floor. It was a smooth steel cylinder about three inches long, tapered at one end and rounded like a bullet on the other. I carefully inspected this highly suspicious object. There was a concussion cup-like thing on the tapered end with a rubber seal and a pin hole in the center. I was sure that this was the end where the Japs put the explosive and the fuse inside the steel chamber to make it explode and blow the gut out of people. "Boom," I imagined it going off and getting me.

"I better get out of here before the Japs discover that I found out about their secret bomb," I thought to myself.

Down the narrow space between the Howels' garage and Mr. Newcumber's store I ran — top speed and up over the fence and into the trash bin behind Newcumber's Fruit Market.

This particular trash bin was also one of my favorite places to explore. There were wooden orange boxes, vegetable crates and old cigarette signs. Beside the trash bin was a black fifty gallon metal drum which contained used cooking grease. During the war Mom used to save all the grease she could from cooking. She would keep it in a one gallon can and sell it to Mr. Newcumber for about three cents per pound.

Mom also kept some of the grease and made soap out of it by cooking it with lye. Then she would shape the homemade soap into an irregular cut bar. Store-bought soap was rationed and cost a lot of money. This hard brown homemade soap would burn the hide right off your legs it was so strong — but it was plentiful and cheap. We used it for everything from washing clothes to bathing.

I discovered the end of a flat, thick green cord sticking out underneath a lettuce crate. It looked like it might be a fuse to dynamite. The Japs were probably going to try and blow up my favorite trash bin. I had to stop them. I started uncovering the cord.

Just as I was pulling real hard on one end of the green fuse cord, I heard someone yell, “Hey you — kid — get the hell out of that box.” It nearly scared the hell out of me and I right then could have run fast enough to set a new world record — except I was trapped inside the wooden trash bin.

I looked outside through the cracks in the side of the box. No one was there.

I started pulling on the green fuse cord again and down from heaven the voice came again. “Hey, get the hell out of that box.”

I was sure that God had me this time. I was probably going to get a 30-30 slug right in the chest. I looked up and standing on the second story porch next door was Jimmy Dale Stevenson and his dad. Mister Stevenson was a butcher and owned the meat market next door to Mr. Newcumber's Grocery Store.

Mr. Stevenson was BIG and had arms with muscles like shotputs. At that moment I was more afraid of Mr. Stevenson than I was of God. Then I saw that they were smiling and laughing and I knew I wasn't in any trouble — but I sure felt embarrassed. I got the green fuse cord unstuck, then crawled out of the box as fast as I could and ran the rest of the way to school.

When I got to school they were lining up to go inside. We weren't supposed to talk in line so I looked over at Merl and made a silly secret sign with my eyes and face to ask him if his mother had said it was okay for me to come over after school and play.

Well, he made an even sillier secret face sign back at me and I started laughing and he started laughing and we couldn't stop laughing, so the teacher took me and Merl out of line and we had to march into the school by ourselves after everyone else had marched in real proper-like. Just the two of us and a teacher marching inside, looking straight ahead, trying hard not to laugh again — or we would have to start all over again outside.

I don't remember much about that school day except penmanship class. We were learning how to write cursive writing with ink pens. There was a two inch hole cut in the top

of our school desk for an ink well. Mrs. Shannon kept all of the writing pens at the back of the room. The pens were a tapered wooden stick-like thing with a cork and a slot in one end where you could put a replaceable metal ink pen tip. By throwing these wooden writing pens just right you stick the pen point in the oiled wooden floor of the school. Merl and I made drawings of Japanese planes and ships and laid them on the floor and practiced throwing our writing pens like darts through the paper into the floor. We were just about to get into trouble for doing this when Ronnie Weir spilled his ink bottle and Mrs. Shannon had to go get Mr. Harnden, the school janitor, to come clean up the mess.

When school was let out, Merl and I took off out the back door of the school running west up the hill and out Sixth Street. The city limits ended about eight blocks west of the school and the world began. Sixth street was paved out to the edge of town and from there on it was a gravel and red dust road.

We walked and ran, talking all the time about what we were going to do once we got to Merl's farm. About a half mile out of town a big yellow school bus came thundering down the road blowing its horn and stirring up a cloud of red dust. The kids inside the school bus were making faces at us, sticking their thumbs in their ears and wagging their fingers. Merl and I took this real personal, so we started making faces right back and started picking up smooth, round rocks and chucking them in the general direction of the departing school bus. We didn't hit anything, but the school bus slowed down for a minute and I thought I was in trouble again.

The yellow school bus turned left and Merl and I ran up to the intersection to look after it. Down the road about a quarter of a mile south, the bus stopped to let some kids out in front of their home. Merl told me that was where Belle and her sisters lived.

I knew Belle, she was about one year older than I was and the oldest child in her family. We decided not to go straight to Merl's house and instead took a detour down the road to see Belle.

Belle had not gone to school that day because her mother had gotten some day work in town and had kept Belle home to look after the three younger children who were too young to go to school.

Belle's other two sisters got off the school bus and were playing in the yard when Merl and I came running up.

The house slumped on a little brown dirt rise, its sides weathered and unpainted for years. The screen door stood partially open, half broken and half unclosed.

The front yard had become the playground for all the kids. It was hard packed brown

soil without a blade of grass. There was a single elm tree with a rope and tire swing out front. Further into the yard there was an old tree stump — rough cut and half removed. Beside it lay a rusted dull, double bladed ax.

Belle and her sisters greeted us warmly. The little kids crawled all over the ground, being chased by the older kids now that they were home from school. There was a lot of commotion and happy screaming.

Belle took us over to the fenced pasture beside the yard and showed us which one of the five cows was hers. It was kind of a red and brown heifer. Belle planned to have it bred when it grew old enough, then sell the cow and its calf.

Next, Belle took us inside the house to show us around. It was a wood frame house left over from the early Indian Territorial days. Originally it didn't have indoor plumbing, running water, gas or electricity. Many of the first homes in Oklahoma were pre-cut houses that were ordered from a Sears-Roebuck catalog out of Chicago. The houses came as a pile of pre-cut lumber, several kegs of nails, and a book of instructions.

This home had electricity and running water thanks to Franklin D. Roosevelt and his Rural Electrification Administration (REA) program started in the late 1930's. But it didn't have much else and you could look around the house and tell that times were hard for Belle and her parents. The bathroom was an out-house in back.

Dangling in the center of the kitchen was a single pull chain light socket, its fabric coated two strand electrical cord precariously suspended from a crumbling lath and plaster ceiling. Belle turned the light bulb on and proudly announced that she was soon going to start cooking supper all by herself so it would be ready to eat when her folks got home from work.

Merl and I headed out the front door together. On our way across the yard we stopped to take a couple of glancing swings with the rusted double bladed ax at the old tree stump. Seeing that we couldn't even put a dent in the weather-hardened old wood, we moved on.

Oklahoma when I grew up was a funny place in time. Nobody that I ever knew was really rich and a lot of people I knew were what we called "farm poor." Being "farm poor" was more an Oklahoma state of mind than anything else. It meant that even if you didn't have any cash money — if you lived on a farm and worked with the land growing stuff, you were rich. It was a common Oklahoma paradox: you didn't have cash money and sometimes even you didn't have enough food to eat, but you considered yourself rich in your soul where things really counted: you worked the land.

Merl and I jumped the bar ditch at the side of the road, climbed under the barbed wire

fence and ran to the top of the hill across the road. We stopped to look back hoping that Belle and her sisters had seen how fast and strong we could run up hill.

They had not, and we were not particularly disappointed. We yelled and waved goodbye again, then took off down the back side of the pasture toward the creek. The image of Belle, her home and all of her sisters playing in the front yard has stayed with me all of my life. It was the beginning of the end of my own mythic ideal of the Oklahoma Family Farm — but I didn't know it then.

We ran up to the edge of the creek and started to jump across together. It was just a little bit too wide and we both chickened out about two steps before we had to jump. Laughing and breathing hard, we took off our shoes and stuffed our socks inside them and rolled up our pant legs. Merl got all the way across without getting his pants wet. He stood laughing on the bank when I stepped into a hole and got one pant leg wet up to the knee.

We put our shoes and socks back on, then ran up the hill to the back side of Merl's barn. I didn't know it at the time and it wouldn't have made any difference at the time to me, even if I had known, but "Merl's Barn" was the Swine Research Barn of the Oklahoma A&M College. Merl's dad was the caretaker and his family lived in a small brick house near the barn.

This Swine Research Barn was a beautiful four story red brick building with pig pens on the ground level and a three story storage that had big wooden bins filled with bulk feed for the hogs. There were metal chutes to carry the grain down from the bins to the ground floor and by lifting a simple flood gate valve you could let the grain out from below. Running past the pig pens and up the concrete steps, we headed into the loft.

By climbing up the ladders on the side of the barn and onto the truss of the rafters, we could position ourselves over the big bins of wheat, yellow corn and kafir and then jump feet first down into the dusty grain below. Merl kept telling me that his big brother could climb clear up to the top of the rafters and jump into the bin, but neither Merl or I were going to try it. We weren't that brave.

About the tenth jump Merl's older brother came up the stairs and shouted to Merl that he had better do his chores because it was soon going to be supper time. Before we came down out of the rafters, we talked Merl's big brother into showing us how he could jump from the tippy-top of the rafters into the wheat. Thinking back on it, I bet that it was almost a thirty foot drop. Merl's brother climbed up to the top-most rafter, then came flying past us and sank waist deep into the wheat. We yelled and screamed our approval and jumped in beside him.

Down the narrow concrete stairs the three of us came, all covered with dust and grain husks. Merl's dad kind of barked at us that it was getting close to supper time and that Merl hadn't fed his hogs yet.

Merl had four half-grown hogs that were his 4-H project and feeding them was not as easy as you might think. We had to fill a couple of shiny two gallon buckets full with grain, weigh the grain and then write down how much grain we took in a log book so Merl would know how much money he owed the farm when he sold his hogs next spring.

Next, we had to carry the buckets full of grain outside the barn to the pen where Merl kept his hogs. The hogs heard us coming and started moving around and making a lot of squealing hog noise. I climbed up on the low white wooden fence so I could pour the feed into the hogs' feeding trough. Merl handed me the over-filled bucket and he began to spill some of the grain before I ever got the bucket over the top board. This got the hogs all excited and they started bumping into the wooden fence trying to get at the spilled grain. Just as I got the bucket balanced on the top board, two hogs hit the fence hard and I half fell and half jumped into the muddy floor of the pig pen. On the way down I spilled half the grain in the bucket. As soon as I hit the mud another hog charged the inside of the bucket knocking it from my hand. The bucket hit the ground, its metal handle making a metallic click against the side. This was the signal all four of them had been waiting for. In mass the four hogs headed for the bucket. Then the mass of hogs and bucket rounded the corner and headed toward me. If there had been an Olympic event that included an eight foot sprint through mud and a five foot vertical climb, I would have been a world class athlete.

Merl was bent over laughing so hard he had to hold onto the fence to stand up. When he quit laughing we watched the hogs push the empty bucket around the pen looking for more food. Merl poured the other bucket of feed over the top of the fence into the feed trough. The hogs' pandemonium settled down to an occasional bump and squeal as the four hogs began to hurriedly ingest large mouthfuls of the grain.

About this time I noticed that I was missing one of my "mostly new shoes." The other one on my right foot was covered with hog tracks and mud. While Merl kept the hogs' attention by banging the bucket on the fence and calling "Sooooeee," I climbed back over the low fence and hippity-hopped more or less on one leg over to where my other shoe remained stuck in the mud.

When I got back outside the pen, Merl's mother was calling everyone in to clean up for supper. Merl and I washed off most of the mud from my shoes using the green garden hose outside his house. Then Merl went in to clean up for supper.



I stood around outside in the yard looking in the windows, hoping that they would ask me to eat supper with them. But they didn't and just before they all sat down Merl's mother stuck her head outside the screen door and told me I better go home before my mother got worried about me. So I headed out the drive toward the road.

Across the road from the Swine Research Barn was the A&M Agronomy and Pasture Grass Research Building. This was a big, two story brick building that stood about a hundred yards off the road. It was getting dark and several of the windows were lighted.

Three strands of copper wire ran along the top side of the telephone poles on the north side of the dusty road. There was kind of a continuous electrical hum in the wires. I began to pretend that the Japanese soldiers had captured the Agronomy Building and were inside torturing people and that they were sending secret coded war messages over the humming telephone lines.

Well, this really scared me and I tried to run but I was too tired. My shoes and socks were wet and soggy, my pants somehow had gotten muddy and I knew I was late for supper. I mostly began to feel sorry for myself because I thought I was going to miss supper. I began to cry, thinking about how I was going to come home looking like one of those GI's from a jungle prison camp and how I would have to eat lizards and rats to survive. I could picture myself stumbling up on the front porch of my house, all weak and skinny after being lost for a long time in a jungle.

In this weakened condition I was able to make it to the top of the hill and the intersection that later would become West Sixth Street and Western Avenue and I could look down the hill and see Mrs. Ross's white house on the north side of the road. Mrs. Ross had been my first grade teacher and I knew that she would be friendly. I headed down the hill past Bobby Ketch's house with renewed spirits.

When I passed Mrs. Ross's house and got to the edge of town, there was a new sidewalk along the south side of the road. This made the going much easier and I began walking faster, thinking I might still make it home for supper. I had quit crying shortly after I got out of the imagined jungle.

Mom was the first person to hear my footsteps on the wooden front porch. She stopped what she was doing in the kitchen and met me at the front screen door. She had hazel colored eyes that could look right through you and there was a set in her jaw that made the muscles stand out on the side of her face. She just stood there looking at me, her left hand was on her hip bone and her right hand covered in flour and held flexed at her side. At first I thought that she was going to be mad at me. Then as she looked me over her features softened and she

told me to wash my hands and face and come to the table. I looked inside through the screen door to see what my father was doing. He and my two brothers were just standing around half looking at me like they were all ready to come over and jump on me — and half looking at the food on the supper table like they were all ready to jump on it. Mom told everyone else that I was home and for them to sit down and we would eat supper as soon as Neal Adams came out of the bathroom.

When I came out of the bathroom everyone was seated at the table in their regular places. Father at one end, Mom fixin' to set down at the other end and Willard Gordon on one side with Charles Frances on the other. It was so quiet that you could hear the steam rising off the gravy. We all held hands, closed our eyes, bowed our heads and it was Charles Frances' turn to say the blessing. He did.

After the blessing nobody said anything, they just started passing the food and eating. During the meal Willard Gordon kept looking at me real funny and making a face like he was smelling something real stinky. Charles Frances kind of moved away from me to the other side of his chair. Dad never missed a bite of food, it was already dark and past his supper time.

When supper was over Mom told Charles Frances and George to clean the table and do the dishes. She took me not unkindly or roughly, but firmly past the wood burning Franklin stove down the short hallway into the bathroom.

She helped me get off my soggy shoes and socks. In the morning when I started off to school my socks had colored squares of white and brown and red. Now they were mostly one color: creek mud brown and had about the same consistency.

Son-Where-Have-You-Been she asked as she pulled me out of my pants.

Merl's.

Where does Merl live?

I don't know.

She began to empty my pockets. There was the steel CO2 Seltzer bomb thing from Mr. Howel's garage, about three foot of the green make-believe dynamite cord, part of a yellow broken pen staff, a really good gray, smooth, round throwing rock. My pants cuff had some yellow field corn and some wheat still stuck in the mud on the pants cuff.

While I sat in the bathtub Momma filled the tub with clean warm water. She brought out a new bar of her homemade brown soap, then went back into the kitchen to get her vegetable scrub brush: the one with the four inch wooden handle and white hemp fiber bristles. She soaped and scrubbed me until I was clean and the tub was a creek mud brown color.

She helped me get into my favorite pair of homemade pajamas. She had made them out of a soft cotton cloth saved from a flour sack. Stitched on the left shirt pocket was a small red satin heart. I had found the red satin material in Mrs. Martin's trash a few weeks before and had brought it home to Mom, telling her that Mrs. Martin had given it to me. Mom had made the satin heart out of this material and sewed it on my pajamas.

Mom tucked me in between the rough, clean, sun dried sheets of my bed, then gently kissed me on the left cheek.

Son, how did you get so dirty?

I don't know, Momma.

# **PAYNE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

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Editor, Carla Chlouber

Board Meetings: Fourth Thursday at 5:30 p.m.

Custom Financial Group offices

8 Main Place, Suite 2

## Payne County Historical Society

The Payne County Historical Society is organized in order to bring together people interested in history, especially the history of Payne County, Oklahoma. The Society's major function is to discover and collect any materials that 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 *Payne County Historical Review* free. In addition, the Society sponsors informative meetings and historical outings several times a year.

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Yes, I want to be a member of the Payne County Historical Society. Enclosed is my check for:

- \$12.00 for Individual Membership
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