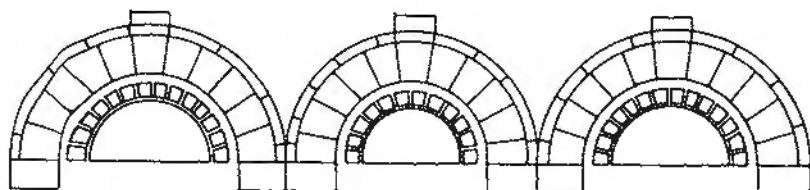


PAYNE COUNTY

HISTORICAL REVIEW

VOLUME IV	NUMBER 3	WINTER 1984
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PAYNE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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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.

Reminiscences

L. D. (Bill) Melton
Class of 1924

OKLAHOMA STATE UNIVERSITY doubtless holds many memories for returning Old Grads of their four years of college life. But for us boys who grew up in Stillwater, A. & M. College presented a vast, wonderful playground long before we attained college age.

Each building, each barn, each college pond holds special memories and meaning for us. We climbed all over, around and under the few college buildings; went swimming and fishing in the ponds, and ice skating in the winter; and roller-skated over all of the somewhat limited number of cement sidewalks during the 1910-1915 era.

Morrill Hall was a challenge, with that 12 or 15 inch ledge all around and some 12 feet above the ground. Only the older, most daring boys ventured to walk or crawl all around on that ledge, and over the arches above the doorways at each end of the building.

I well remember when John Barnes--Stillwater's first Ford dealer--demonstrated the power of the

L. D. Melton was born in Stillwater in 1903, the son of a well-known family that had come to town in 1900, Mr. Melton was educated in local schools, and attended Oklahoma A & M College completing his studies there with a M.S. in taxation and finance in 1933. Mr. Melton went on to distinguish himself by many contributions in his field. He served with the Oklahoma Tax Commission and the U.S. Treasury Department before going into private practice. He now resides in Oklahoma City with his wife, Nellie.

Model T along about 1910 or 1912 by driving it up the steps of Morrill Hall, turning it around at the top and back down again. A few years later I did some showing off myself by walking down those same steps on my hands.

Then there was the night in 1915 when Morrill caught fire and burned down, leaving only the bare brick walls standing (the floors and roof were of combustible materials). Stillwater's water supply was (as usual in those times) inadequate to the task, so everything in the building was lost except for the northeast corner where some college records were saved.

Morrill Hall's burning became a bonanza for my boyhood chum, Hudie Haston, and me. We pulled copper wire from conduit pipes and detached brass thresholds and other door plates and fittings to the extent of several hundred pounds over the course of a year or so, selling the booty downtown to certain merchants in that line of business. I recall that copper brought 8¢ per pound and brass 5¢. It kept us in spending money and jawbreakers for quite a while.

Gardner Hall (the girl's dorm) burned a little later, but it was not entirely destroyed and offered less opportunity for salvage operations to us town boys. But I understand the older college boys did enjoy helping the girls evacuate the building. I was too young at the time to appreciate that angle.

))))))

Gardner Hall, also known as the Women's Building or Dorm and now called the Bartlett Center, burned on October 16, 1915. This historic picture shows the building on fire as many spectators watch. Morrill Hall which burned the prior August stands as a hollow shell in the background.

*Picture Courtesy of Ralph Pearson
Donated to the Payne County Historical Society*





Morrill Hall was almost completely destroyed by fire in August of 1915. It was later rebuilt and still stands today on the campus of Oklahoma State University.

*Picture Courtesy of Ralph Pearson
Donated to the Payne County Historical Society*

I wonder where all the college ponds went? There was the "sheep pond," where I pulled out eating size perch now and then; the "big pond" out close to Western Avenue, where I use to help an older boy run his trot lines; the "target pond" farther out on the hill--so named because the college built the dam for target practice during World War I. This pond was deeper than most, more dangerous for swimming, but a good place to fish. The "snake pond," south of the big pond, was shallower and full of moccasins (good target practice on occasion). Where did they all go? The snakes could have crawled away, and I presume the ponds were filled in to make way for progress over the years. I suppose this illustrates the old proverb: "And this, too, shall pass away."

The old gymnasium, designed by Fritz Redlich, head of the School of Architecture, and built in

1919, also holds memories for me. I painted most of the ceiling up under the rafters in the summer of 1919, before enrolling as a freshman in September 1920. I still see on occasion those concrete balls about the size of a volley ball up above the front entrance on which I used to do handstands some 30 feet above the sidewalk below.

I once heard Fritz Redlich tell of his difficulties in designing this building. As the deadline approached for completion of plans with some 48 hours to go, he still hadn't the foggiest idea of how to design a gymnasium. So he started consuming a pint of whiskey and before long the Muse began working and, with continuous day and night work, he met the deadline on time.

This old building served the College for many years as gymnasium and ROTC headquarters and, with its maximum seating and standing capacity of about 3000 shouting fans, saw some of the finest college wrestling ever seen in the United States, as Cliff Kean, Guy Lookabaugh, Snake Briscoe, Rex Peery, Jack Van Bebber, and many others can testify.

I even made a letter there in wrestling myself, more or less accidentally in 1923. Ed Gallagher needed to move Mark Frost (regular at 138 lbs.) up one weight to counter one of O.U.'s better wrestlers, and sent me in at the last minute in Mark's place. Ed knew I was in condition, and as it turned out mine was the only fall obtained that night. But my real forte was gymnastics rather than wrestling, and for a number of years we gymnasts would put on shows between halves of basketball games and on other suitable occasions. Also some adagio dance routines during the late 1920s and early '30s as part of Flora Mae Ellis' terpsichorian club annual programs. Maybe there are a few alive who remember those programs.

Theta Pond, which in earlier times was a muddy, utilitarian horse pond, was where I learned to swim and ice skate. There were no fraternity or sorority houses that far out in those days, nor other habitations near-by, so we would begin shedding garments as we ran toward the pond to see who could arrive first and avoid being a target for mudballs. Today Theta Pond is the Campus beauty spot; and I suppose as a felicitous spot for lovers it serves an even better function than as a place for Stillwater moppets to learn to swim.

There was one annual event of great interest at the college prior to the mid-1920s, and that was the Harvest Carnival, which utilized all available talents among the student body, musical, athletic, and otherwise. I have always thought the Harvest Carnival merited perpetuation even unto the present day.

The Old Library, or Williams Hall--since torn down--held many memories. In the early 1900s townspeople would take their blankets on hot summer evenings and spread them on the grass on the east side of the building, hoping to feel a vagrant breeze or two. This was long, long before air-conditioning --even the water evaporation type--and electric fans were not too common. I still remember the millions of lightning bugs that came out on those sultry summer evenings on the campus. Where have all the fireflies gone, do you suppose?

Sometime in the early 1900s an attached auditorium was constructed on the northwest corner of Williams Hall and early-day musical programs were staged there. I remember seeing "The Mikado" given there along about 1912, with my father and mother singing with the chorus in the wings. It was the practice in those days to supplement the scarcity of voices on campus with

some from town. By 1920 this part of the building had been converted to the college library, and thus became a good place to meet your date on study nights, in violation of college rules of course.

The old library building also contained the biology department and had a fascinating collection of stuffed specimens of birds and various indigenous fauna in glass cases. But the main attraction which marboidly drew all of us kids was the skeleton contained in an upright cabinet in the biology department, under the aegis of Dean MacElroy. I'll bet that poor female's skeleton is still stashed back in some dusty corner on the campus. If time permitted I would like to lead an expedition in search of it.

Old Central in the early 1920s was used more as offices for publications and other extra-curricular activities, although I did have a class or two in it. The caper of hoisting a cow up into the bell tower was the product of an imaginative mind of an earlier era. The bell, however, still needed protection from predatory O.U. students as the annual fall football rivalry grew heated. That old huge cottonwood tree on the west side of Old Central was also the center of many sophomore-frosh physical encounters during the fall of the year. I wonder if that tree is still there?

In earlier days the basement of Old Central served as the college print shop. As a matter of fact, an uncle of mine, Frank D. Northup, (who staked a farm in the Run of 1893 on Long Branch, north of town) was the first college printer during the 1890s. As a boy I was always fascinated by the trimmings of colored paper thrown into the trash box down there in the basement. Color has always appealed to me; inherited, I suppose, from my mother, Mrs. C. A.

Melton (Mother Nettie), who was a painter of oils and china, and who also originated the Pi Eta Alpha sorority on the campus along about 1920, as an adjunct of the South Methodist Church. I recall that Brother Willmoore Kendall, the blind preacher then assigned to Stillwater, collaborated with my mother in drafting the Pi E.A. ritual. His son, Willmoore Jr. later attained national prominence as professor of political science at Yale University. I still encounter ladies now and then who were members of Pi E.A. and remember "Mother Nettie" fondly.

Well, so much for reminiscences of some of my early experiences around the campus. (I have sedulously avoided mentioning some in which deans of women figured rather prominently). During our college days (1920-1924) we all became too busy with student activities to pay much attention to our physical surroundings. The new boy-girl relationships and fraternity-sorority activities pushed other interests aside as we grew into adulthood.

I'm afraid I don't remember too much about my college curriculum, although over the course of several years I did manage to obtain two degrees from the college. At that time, however, I was too busy either working out at the gym, or teaching myself to play the piano by ear so I could play with the Varsity Five dance orchestra-which did come to pass in September 1921 after Bill Noble, their first pianist, failed to return to school. I am convinced, however, after touring the School of Business, that today's business school is far superior to the rather elementary offerings of the School of Commerce, in which I was enrolled back in the 1920s. And likewise, as to faculty.

Very probably equal progress has occurred in other schools at OSU, except maybe in the School

of Architecture, when it was under the direction of Phil Wilber; and perhaps excepting the School of Agriculture, where it would be difficult to top such stalwarts as professors W. L. Blizzard, Al Darlow, Paul Adams, "Hog" Thompson, and numerous others.

It was two in the morning on August 7, 1915, when citizens of Stillwater were awakened by a screaming fire whistle. On looking toward the college campus they could see tongues of flame rolling into the air. It was Morrill Hall! Morrill Hall and no water! Rain had not fallen for over two months. The town water supply had been exhausted for some time. There was nothing to do but to watch the building burn, and as the interior was all frame, nothing was left but the walls.

It was the time of the Harvest Carnival—October 16, 1915—when the carnival parade was beginning to assemble in front of the Woman's Building (now Gardner Hall). It was nearly noon when suddenly the cry of "The Dorms on Fire"! rang out. Smoke was curling out of the upper windows and through the roof vents. Bedlam followed. Frightened girls rushed into the building to save their belongings. Out of every window came their belongings—coats, hats, pillows, pennants, shoes, pictures, trunks. And in a few minutes, what had been the third and fourth floors became a charred fire-wrecked mass. So passed a second tragedy at A&M.

Taken from an ad celebrating 100 Years of the Home Insurance Company in the Stillwater Daily News-Press, April 12, 1953.

Payne County Newspapers

Edmon Low Library Oklahoma State University

Dr. LeRoy H. Fischer recently submitted to the *Review* a list of newspapers that are on file in the Non-Book Room of the Edmon Low Library on the campus of Oklahoma State University. These microfilms of papers printed in Payne County begin with 1889. They are invaluable to researchers of Payne County History. The entire list is reprinted here for your reference.

While gaining permission to reprint this list, Dr. Roscoe Rouse, head librarian, informed the *Review* that at the present time the library at Oklahoma State University is working with the Oklahoma Historical Society to put on microfilm copies of the college's newspaper (presently called the "O'Collegian") which date back to the early 1900. When completed this will further expand the research files of OSU.

Everyone is invited to use the files which are located in the Non-Book Room on the 1st floor.

The next time you are doing research, you might want to check the OSU Library before a trip to Oklahoma City to the State Historical Society Library. If you live in Payne County or the surrounding area, it could be a big time-saver. In addition, any Stillwater resident with proper identification is permitted to check books out of the OSU Library.

Our thanks to Dr. Fischer and Dr. Rouse for this listing.

NUMBER	NEWSPAPER	DATES
227 R1	Oklahoma Standard (First paper printed in Stillwater	August 3, 1889-April 12, 1890
227 R2 (2258)	The Cushing Herald	July 26, 1895 - Dec. 28, 1900
227 R3 (2259)	The Cushing Herald	Jan. 4, 1901 - April 5, 1906
227 R4 (2260)	Cushing Independent, Vol. I, #1	Nov. 28, 1901 - June 28, 1906
227 R5 (2261)	Cushing Independent	July 5, 1906 - Dec. 24, 1908
227 R6 (2262)	Cushing Independent	Jan. 7, 1909 - Nov. 30, 1911
227 R7 (2263)	Cushing Independent	Dec. 7, 1911 - Dec. 25, 1914
227 R8 (2264)	Cushing Independent Cushing Searchlight	Jan. 1, 1915 - Jan. 10, 1918 Jan. 12, 1910 - July 31, 1912
227 R9 (2265)	The Cushing Searchlight Cushing Daily Dinner Horn	Aug. 7, 1912 - Nov. 27, 1912 March 8, 10, 12, 1919

NUMBER	NEWSPAPER	DATES
227 R9 (2265)	Cushing Citizen	Sept. 29, 1955, (Anniversary Edition) May 1, 1906, Vol. I #1 May 21 1908
227 R10 (2266)	Cushing Democrat	June 4, 1908 - July 25, 1912
227 R11 (2267)	Cushing Democrat	Aug. 1, 1912 - April 27, 1916
227 R12 (2268)	Cushing Citizen	May 4, 1916 - June 26, 1919
227 R13 (2269)	Perkins Bee Perkins-The Peoples Press	June 16, 1893 - Aug. 3, 1894 Feb. 16, 1905 - Vol. I #1 - April 5, 1895
227 R14 (2270)	The Perkins Excelsior The Perkins Courier	Sept. 7, 1894 - Oct. 5, 1894 May 28, Oct 1, 1908
227 R15 (2275)	Yale-Payne County Farmer	Aug. 26, 1908 Vol. I #1 - Feb. 28, 1912
227 R16 (2276)	Yale-Payne County Farmer Titled changed to: Yale Democrat	March 6, 1912 - Sept. 30, 1915 Dec. 4, 1914

227 R17 (2277)	Yale Democrat	Oct. 7, 1915 - June 27, 1918
227 R18 (2278)	Yale Democrat	July 4, 1918 - Nov. 17, 1919 - Oct. 18, 1920
227 R19 (2279)	The Yale Democrat	Nov. 17, 1919 - Oct. 18, 1920
227 R20 (2280)	The Yale Democrat	Oct. 20, 1920 - Oct. 31, 1921
227 R21 (2281)	Yale Democrat	Nov. 2, 1921 - March 29, 1923
227 R22 (2282)	The Yale Democrat The Yale Record	April 5, 1923 - Oct. 23, 1924 June 2, 1904 - June 28, 1906
227 R23 (2283)	The Yale Record	July 5, 1906 - June 30, 1910
227 R24 (2284)	The Yale Record	July 7, 1910 - June 26, 1913
227 R25 (2285)	The Yale Record	July 3, 1913 - April 27, 1916
227 R28 (2286)	Yale Record	May 4, 1916 - Dec. 26, 1918
227 R27 (2287)	The Ripley Times	April 27, 1900 Vol. I #1 - April 22, 1904
227 R28 (2288)	Ripley Times	Oct. 21, 1904 - Oct. 11, 1907

NUMBER	NEWSPAPER	DATES
227 R29 (2289)	The Ripley News	Jan. 19, 1900, Vol. I #I - Oct. 5, 1900
	The Ripley Mail	April 9, 1909, Vol. I #I - Sept. 20, 1912
	The Ripley Bulletin	March 27, 1913, Vol. I #I - April 30, 1914
277 R30 (2290)	Ripley Bulletin	May 7, 1914 - Jan. 25, 1917
	Ripley Record	Feb. 13, 1919 - Sept. 30, 1920
277 R31 (2291)	The Ripley Record	Oct. 7, 1920 - April 10, 1924
227 R32 (2292)	Ripley Record	April 17, 1924 - Feb. 24, 1927
227 R33 (2293)	Ripley Record	March 3, 1927 - Nov. 29, 1928
	Ripley Review	Feb. 28, 1946 - July 29, 1948
227 R34 (2294)	Ripley Review	August 5, 1948 - Jan. 5, 1950
	Glenco Mirroe	Nov. 2, 1900 - June 30, 1905
227 R35 (2295)	Glenco Mirror	July 7, 1905 - Dec. 29, 1911
227 R36 (2296)	Glenco Mirror	Jan. 5, 1912 - Dec. 29, 1916

227 R37 (2297)	Glenco Mirror	Jan. 5, 1917 - Sept. 29, 1922
227 R38 (2300)	Glenco Mirror	Oct. 6, 1922 - Dec. 25, 1925
227 R39 (2301)	Glenco Mirror	Jan. 1, 1926 - Dec. 28, 1928
227 R40 (2302)	The Glenco Mirror	Jan. 4, 1929 - Dec. 25, 1931
227 R41 (2303)	Glenco Mirror	Jan. 1, 1932 - Dec. 28, 1934
227 R42 (2304)	Glenco Mirror	Jan. 4, 1935 - Dec. 31, 1937
227 R43 (2311)	Cushing Daily Citizen	Jan. 1 - April 30, 1961
227 R44 (2319)	The Glenco Mirror	Jan. 7, 1938 - Dec. 27, 1940
227 R45 (2320)	The Glenco Mirror Oklahoma Eagle (one issue) Stillwater Gazette	Jan. 3, 1941 - Nov. 6, 1942 Dec. 29, 1893 June 23, 1893 - Dec. 27, 1894
227 R46 (2321)	The Eagle Gazette Title changed to Stillwater Gazette Feb. 21, 1895)	Jan 3, 1895 - May 31, 1900
227 R47 (2322)	Stillwater Gazette	June 7, 1900 - June 25, 1903

NUMBER	NEWSPAPER	DATES
227 R48 (2323)	Stillwater Gazette	July 2, 1903 - June 8, 1906
227 R49 (2324)	The Stillwater Gazette	June 15, 1906 - March 25, 1910
227 R50 (2325)	Stillwater Gazette	April 1, 1910 - Jan. 31, 1913
227 R51 (2326)	Stillwater Gazette	Feb. 7, 1913 - Dec. 31, 1915
227 R52 (2327)	Stillwater Gazette	Jan. 7, 1916 - Nov. 15, 1918
227 R53 (2328)	Stillwater Gazette	Nov. 22, 1918 - Aug. 26, 1921
227 R54 (2329)	Stillwater Gazette	Sept. 2, 1921 - June 27, 1924
227 R55 (2330)	The Stillwater Gazette	Jan 3, 1930 - Feb. 24, 1933
227 R56 (2331)	Stillwater Gazette	May 6, 1927 - Dec. 27, 1929
227 R57 (2332)	The Stillwater Gazette	Jan. 3, 1930 - Feb. 24, 1933
227 R58 (2333)	Stillwater Gazette	March 3, 1933 - July 10, 1936
227 R59 (2334)	Stillwater Gazette	July 17, 1936 - June 30, 1939

227 R60 (2335)	Stillwater Gazette	July 7, 1939 - April 24, 1942
227 R61 (2336)	Stillwater Gazette	May 1, 1942 - March 30, 1945
227 R62 (2337)	Stillwater Gazette	April 6, 1945 - Feb. 27, 1948
227 R63 (2338)	Stillwater Gazette	March 5, 1948 - Dec. 29, 1950
227 R64 (2339)	Stillwater Gazette	Jan. 5, 1951 - Nov. 27, 1953
227 R65 (2340)	Stillwater Gazette	Dec. 4, 1953 - Dec. 28, 1956
227 R66 (2341)	Payne County Populist (Stillwater) Paper is the successor to the Payne County Republican (June - August, 1893 - Jan. 3, 1901 - title changes to Stillwater Advance.	Sept. 21, 1893 - May 8, 1902
227 R67 (2342)	Stillwater Advance	May 15, 1902 - March 9, 1905
227 R68 (2343)	The Stillwater Advance Stillwater Democrat (The Advance and Democrat merge Sept. 7, 1905)	Mar. 16, 1905 - Aug. 31, 1905 Nov. 1900 - Aug. 13, 1903
227 R69 (2344)	Stillwater Democrat	Aug. 20, 1903 - Oct. 8, 1903

NUMBER	NEWSPAPER	DATES
227 R70 (2345)	Daily Democrat (Stillwater)	March 1, 1904 - May 27, 1905
227 R71 (2346)	The Daily Democrat	June 1, 1905 - July 31, 1908
227 R72 (2347)	The Advance Democrat (Stillwater)	Sept. 7, 1905 - June 25, 1908
227 R73 (2348)	The Advance Democrat (Stillwater)	July 2, 1908 - April 27, 1911
227 R74 (2349)	The Advance Democrat	May 4, 1911 - March 26, 1914
227 R75 (2350)	The Advance Democrat	April 2, 1914 - Dec. 28, 1916
227 R76 (2351)	The Advance Democrat	Jan. 4, 1917 - Oct. 30, 1919
227 R77 (2352)	Advance Democrat	Nov. 6, 1919 - Aug. 31, 1922
227 R78 (2353)	The Advance Democrat Title Change: Stillwater Democrat	Sept. 7, 1922 - Aug. 27, 1925
227 R79 (2354)	Stillwater Democrat	Sept. 3, 1925 - Dec. 8, 1927
227 R80 (2355)	Stillwater Democrat	Dec. 15, 1927 - Feb. 28, 1930

227 R81 (2356)	Payne County News	March 7, 1930 - Dec. 30, 1932
227 R82 (2357)	Payne County News (Stillwater)	Jan. 6, 1933 - Aug. 9, 1935
227 R83 (2358)	Payne County News	Aug. 16, 1935 - Dec. 31, 1937
227 R84 (2359)	Payne County News	Jan. 7, 1938 - Sept. 27, 1940
227 R85 (2360)	Payne County News (Stillwater)	Oct. 4, 1940 - Nov. 14, 1941
	The Cushing Daily Citizen (Anniversary Edition) Stillwater - The State Herald (3 issues) Everybody's Friend (Stillwater and Enid) Stillwater - The News Education	Oct. 28, 1934 - Sept. 25, 1935 and Aug. 29, 1937 Aug. 10, 17, 24, 1906 Jan. 1912 - Dec. 1915 Jan. 1, 1910 - June 1, 1911
227 R86 (2361)	The News Education Farmers Fact and Fancy OKLAHOMA STATE SENTINEL	July 1, 1911 - Dec. 15, 1914 Sept. 28, 1904 Vol. I #1 - June 28, 1905 Nov. 2, 1893 - June 24, 1897

NUMBER	NEWSPAPER	DATES
227 R87 (2362)	Oklahoma State Sentinel Stillwater - The Oklahoma State (daily) Stillwater - (The Peoples Press)	July 1, 1897 - Nov. 11, 1897 Feb. 1, 1898 - May 28, 1898 Oct. 17, 1907 - June 24, 1909
227 R88 (2363)	Stillwater - The Peoples Press	July 1, 1909 - Feb. 15, 1912
227 R89 (2364)	Stillwater - The Peoples Press Stillwater - The Common People Stillwater - Conder Stillwater - Payne County Republican Stillwater Messenger	Feb. 21, 1906 - Dec. 12, 1907 Oct. 1, 1903 - Dec. 15, 1904 Feb. 23, 1893 - Sept. 28, 1894 June 15, 1893 - Aug. 24, 1893 Oct. 26, 1894 - Mar. 29, 1895
227 R90 (2365)	Stillwater Daily Press	Dec. 12, 1914 - June 9, 1938 Available: Dec. 12, 24, 1914; March 5, 1915 Misses to Nov. 11, 1937
227 R91 (2366)	Stillwater Daily Press	June 10, 1938 - Dec. 30, 1938
227 R92 (2367)	Stillwater Daily Press	Jan. 1, 1939 - July 21, 1939
227 R93 (2368)	Stillwater Daily Press	July 23, 1939 - Jan. 31, 1940

227 R94 (2369)	Stillwater Daily Press	Feb. 1, 1940 - Aug. 12, 1940
227 R95 (2370)	Stillwater Daily Press	Aug. 13, 1940 - Feb. 19, 1941
227 R96 (2371)	Stillwater Daily Press	Feb. 20, 1941 - Aug. 31, 1941
227 R97 (2371)	Stillwater Daily Press Press and News merged Nov. 9, 1941 Stillwater Daily News	Sept. 1, 1941 - Nov. 9, 1941 Oct. 16, 1941 - Dec. 31, 1941
226 R1	The Perkins Journal	Jan. 25, 1892 Vol. I #3 - June 28, 1901
226 R2 (2271)	Perkins Journal	July 5, 1901 - Dec. 28, 1907 (1903 is filmed but in another roll filmed by Recorderk)
226 R3 (2272)	Perkins Journal	Jan. 4, 1907 - Aug. 26, 1910
226 R4 (2273)	The Perkins Journal	Sept. 2, 1910 - Aug. 28, 1913
226 R5 (2274)	The Perkins Journal	Sept. 5, 1913 - Dec. 28, 1917
226 R6	Perkins Journal	Jan. 2, 1920 - Dec. 8, 1922

NUMBER	NEWSPAPER	DATES
226 R7	Perkins Journal	April 17, 1930 - Dec. 26, 1935
226 R8	Perkins Journal	Jan. 2, 1936 - Dec. 28, 1950
226 R9	Perkins Journal	Jan. 4, 1951 - Dec. 31, 1953
226 R10	Perkins Journal	Jan. 7, 1954 - Dec. 25, 1956
226 R11	Perkins Journal	Jan. 3, 1957 - Dec. 31, 1959
226 R12	Perkins Journal	Jan. 7, 1960 - Dec. 27, 1962
226 R13	Perkins Journal	Jan. 3, 1963 - Dec. 30, 1965
226 R14	Tri-County Hopper Perkins Journal	Jan. 6 - April 22, 1965 Jan. 6, 1966 - Dec. 26, 1967
226 R15	Perkins Journal	Jan. 4, 1968 - Dec. 26, 1968
226 R16	Perkins Journal	Jan. 2, 1969 - Dec. 25, 1969
226 R17	Perkins Journal	Jan. 1, 1970 - June 24, 1971

226 R18	Perkins Journal	July 1, 1971 - Dec. 29, 1972
226 R19	Perkins Journal	Jan. 4, 1973 - June 27, 1974
226 R20	Perkins Journal	July 4, 1974 - Dec. 24, 1975
226 R21	Perkins Journal	Jan. 1, 1976 - June 30, 1977

Grandfather's Tales

Ralph Pearson

THE PHONE THAT TALKED DUTCH

1910 Years were passing. More inventions were becoming a part of our daily life. The phonograph had been "perfected," so that people would no longer gather by twos and threes to listen through eartubes. Jim had brought one about 1907 that had a magnificent tin-horn, painted to resemble an overgrown morning-glory, and with catchy tunes that comes to remembrance even now. "In a merry Oldsmobile," and "If the man in the moon was a coon," were well-known airs from the concert stage.

Other things, such as the telephone, were becoming a necessity with all but the older generation. We had a phone in our house from about 1905. But Gran'ma Moore was not having any of it. Her hearing was good, I might say just short of phenomenal after she had heard things we kids would rather keep to ourselves. So it was not hard-hearing that kept her from the phone.

One time when Dad, Mother, and us kids were all in the milk lot. Gran'ma yelled from the kitchen door that "the phone was ringing." Dad started in, but before he got to the door, he heard Gran'ma yell at the insistent phone, "he's a coming."

Gran'ma Moore died in September of 1910 and once again the phone comes to remembrance. Gran'ma, who had several strokes during her later years, had been stricken with dropsy for most of a year, and it necessitated a hasty funeral. Her death had been

Ralph Pearson continues his stories about life in Stillwater from 1893 to 1916.

expected for several weeks and plans had been made. Marena Cemetery did not have a caretaker, neighbors dug the graves. Fred Kautz, Uncle Jim's son-in-law, was to alert his folks and they would go quickly to Marena and dig the grave beside Gran'pa Moore, who had been buried there fifteen years earlier. So in proper sequence, Fred Kautz called up his father, who had been an immigrant to America in his earlier years and had never become fluent in our American tongue. Fred had difficulty in being understood and as a last resort, switched to German and was very busy talking in an unknown tongue, when Glen sided up to Dad with the query, "Can that phone talk Dutch, too?"

Gran'ma had died about 9:30 a.m., and by one o'clock, there was a quarter-mile of carriages to take up the long, long trail to Marena. I rode with Aunt Vessie Lewis as our family springwagon would be overloaded. There was a contrast between today's well-managed professional service, with that amateur affair. When the driver of the hearse with his eye on the western sun let his horses trot, Aunt Vessie was scandalized.

The dust was thicker over the rear part of the procession where we were, but not enough to drive upon. There would be a dusting of both clothes and carriages seats on the morrow, but at the time, it was sufficient to get air to breathe.

At Marena, there was a short graveside service, just as the sun was setting. Marena had a church there at the time, and it was from there that the speaker and choir came.

I moved back with the family, and it was dark by the time we got to Uncle Jim's place where we watered and fed the team. Then we headed back in total darkness over the roads that had never been graded. Maybe the team knew where they were going; I am sure no one else did.

During the following winter we moved to the east side of town. The Sweeny place had 35 acres. The

Gibson complex occupies a part of that farm. I had the third attack of acute rheumatism that winter, rheumatic heart this time, and was a semi-invalid much of the time we lived there. In 1913 we moved back to the west side of town, to the 30 acres known as the Hamilton place. We lived there for three years that was the locale of the next two stories.

OLD MOLLY'S AUTOMATIC DRIVE

In the traditions of Ancient Greece, the privileged youngsters had as their teacher that fabulous wise creature, the Centaur, half man-half horse. But she was an impressive school-marm, and she did mix with her wisdom.

The hard life of a horse has been remarked many times by various professional bleeding-hearts. The most difficult times for Old Molly was standing, hitched to both ends to a hitching-post by a halter rope and to the buggy or springwagon by harness, replete with bits and buckles, but seldom with buttons and bows.

Whenever she was released from the hitching-post, she needed no countdown, no warming up of the engine, she was away, "ratt now."

Dad Pearson had a habit of stopping at various places where interesting conversation could be had, leaving Old Molly standing outside. He never tied her unless a stop of several hours were intended. Several times, Glen or I would be drivers of a springwagon, sans load, sans buggy cushions, and maybe seats too, if the catches which held them in place were loose. Driving back along the road that Molly had just come down, we would find Dad coming home on foot, and trying to pick up and carry the various articles that had been the load just a short time before. She sure knew how to play whipcracker with the buggy.

One night, in late winter, the family had been to town. Glen and I were told to drive Molly home while

Dad, Mother, Kate, and possibly others would come home in the other springwagon, with the ponyteam.

Two or three hours had elapsed since she had been tied to the hitching-post and Molly was cold and desired action. I untied her while Glen got into the buggy. I stepped out of the way to let her clear the post and made a flying tackle as the buggy passed me. Pulling myself into the speeding vehicle, I sat in the darkness while we went up the alley to Eighth, across Main, with increasing speed, past the Husband St. crossing Duncan St., and across Duck. No traffic problems.

The streets were only lighted from within the buildings that lined the streets. Since we must turn south on West St. and Glen was not slowing down any, I chickened, "Glen, slow down for the turn!" The answer I got was "ain't you driving?" Of course, all the reply was not all audible, because we bumped heads in the darkness, as both of us was searching for the driving lines. They were still around the dashboard.

After the free run of a half-mile, Molly was easily subdued. And our escapade was not a subject or conversation between us until more than a half-century had passed. We were scared of what the folks might do or think.

The old mare often expressed her displeasure with cold weather in other ways than running off. When tied in her stall on a winter night, she warmed up by kicking. At the Hamilton place, the red corrugated iron stable was of pony-size, which didn't give her room to kick. We could tell it had been a cold night by the amount of sheet iron that had to be renailed that day.

WE INVENT THE ELECTRIC FENCE

1913 "Old Molly," our buggy horse, was a member of our family from a time before time. Twelve years before this event, she had been part of the parade of the covered wagon, and several other stories related herein. She would continue to give us youngsters the

benefit of her wisdom until the spring of 1916, when she slipped on a steep creek bank and fell into the water during a spring snow storm. Her idiosyncrasies were many and she assumed many privileges.

We had a pen of pigs learning to be hogs close by one of the out-buildings and beside the pen, a barrel. It was an inviting subject to the old mare, who had continued to learn until the very last. The barrel was covered with a galvanized washtub, which had outlived its usefulness as a laundry adjuvant. Even a most experienced horse does not have fingers. But her nose was very facile. By rubbing first one side and then the other, no tub could resist her blarney. She was wise beyond the race of horses, and never ate more than was reasonable. But the ponies of other stories ran in the same pasture. There was always danger that they would find the uncovered barrel, and not be as temperate in their eating as Molly. She, despite her wisdom, never learned to put the tub back in place.

Such was the situation when Glen and I decided to give her an electrical shock. One of our indoor pastimes during 1913 was a "wireless" radio with its multiple senders. Hand-held receivers, had not been invented as yet, but youth is always entranced by a new spectacular, such as the "wireless telegraph." Passengers from sinking ships had been saved by this magic. Enterprising traders had hurriedly placed upon the market the necessary parts to duplicate the miracle at the command of budding youth. Just as a space-helmet is necessary to modern youth, so a sender and receiver to practice the telegraph code, was a part of every youth who could get together the necessary price. There was a set in our garden of toys. A sender whose shock was stronger than that of a spark plug. Several times, while we were playing with it, we had received its bite. So now we planned how we could connect it with Old Molly, at the critical moment of her first bite. Bite for bite.

Of course, we could not take the older folks into our confidences, but we planned it anyway. A circuit of

parallel wires were fastened across the top of the barrel and connected with the "sender," and the tub replaced lightly on top. Then we hid in a nearby building with the telegraph key at hand. We watched through the cracks in the building walls, until the old mare had removed the cover and was sticking her head between the wires and was reaching for her portion of corn.

When the proper moment arrived, the key was closed and Molly arose somewhat faster than a moon-shot leaving its pad, but with just as much fire in her pants. She raised to her hind-feet, turned and ran, that is, when her front feet finally caught up with her, to a place in the pasture farthest removed from the slop barrel.

Our success had been brilliant, but now, doubts began to arise. Could we have killed our beloved horse? We had heard of lightening killing livestock. So we quickly dismantled our invention, and carefully refrained from mentioning our experiences until a more enlightened age when electric fences were common.

Did Molly repent her evil ways? Sad to say, no! She was back at the old stand within twenty-four hours, and we were so happy to think that we had not killed her, that we carefully looked in the other way when she was addressing the tub.

GOOD TIMES

Foreword. Some years ago, Charlie and Pete Weaver got together on a project of making a genealogical table of the Pearson ancestors for the benefit of the younger generation. You have probably seen a copy of that table. The facts were set out from the records acquired and kept by my cousin, John Hubbard and were given to my brother Charlie, after John's death, by Mae Hubbard. In this story, I have attempted to make the barebone facts more presentable by setting our various stories that have been told in my hearing over long years by the older folks of the

family. Some are facts, some fantasies, and some a mixture of both. I regard it impossible to say which is which.

First Copied March 10, 1974

Psalm 22:1 Declares that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Since this Grandfather's Tale is about good names, I include this quotation.

Some people seem to think of a Bible name as a talisman. Something that will bring them good luck and ward off evil. There is an anecdote, told in my hearing, when I was a youth that illustrates this particular point. The story illuminates conditions in antebellum days in the southern states. This story concerns a Negro mammy, her offspring, and her master. She came to her master desiring him to name her baby boy. "I don't want any of the old-fashion names. I'se sick and tired of Ick, Ike, and Eck, so Bible names is out. I want something up-to-date."

So the master went hunting up-to-date names, and came up with George Alexander Napoleon, which suited the "mammy" fine. Time passed, the boy was nearing seven. The master received her complaint. "That boy takes all my time just to watch him. If I turn my back, he gits into trouble. That name was a mistake and I wants you to pick a good Bible name, maybe that would help him."

The master had viewed the boy's actions for several years. And he was acquainted with his penchant for mischief, so he inquired, "How would Beelzebub suit him?" "Is that out of the Bible?" she inquired. On being assured that it was, her acceptance was prompt. "Good! And we can call him Bub for short."

When our ancestor, the colonist, (hereafter called Col. Pearson), came to America, he was a devout Quaker. And came with other Quaker colonists to settle Penns Woods, or Pennsylvania, which bears the name of its founder, William Penn. For several generations, they followed the old custom of naming their children after

their relatives, all of whom had at least one good Bible name. While my Grandfather had some independent ideas which conflicted with the rigid acceptance of Quaker doctrine, he followed the old customs when naming his children after relatives.

Gran'pa Pearson was a wheel-wright, experienced in building water-wheels. This was a form of energy, most desired in those times. About the time Dad (Elihu Cary) Pearson was born (1858), Gran'pa Pearson went into a company to build a water-powered mill near Xenia, Ohio. The company went busted and Gramp had to seek help from his father-in-law to support the family of his middle-age.

"Nothing succeeds like success" and gramp was a failure. "The sins of the fathers are visited upon their children" Dad Pearson cut himself off from all but his immediate family, not desirous of keeping those critical kinfolks in mind. Their treatment of Gramp rankled so I know very little of them, or about them.

Gran'ma Pearson was equally devout in following the traditions of the sect and in naming her children after older relatives, her relatives. Gramp's first family followed this custom, too. I have heard Dad Pearson tell of his half-brother, Ick (for Issachor), teaching him how to shoot fish in a rifle, with a bow and captive arrow. Uncle Ick became a union scout, was captured and held in Andersonville Prison until his health was ruined. He died less than ten years after his release.

The head of the American family of Pearsons, Col. Pearson, was named Enoch. I find no record of his wife's name, but his eldest son was named after him, but Enoch, Jr. died before maturity. Jr.'s younger brothers, Samuel and Benjamin, both had Enoch's among their children. Col. Enoch had two other sons, Thomas and William, who might have had Enochs among their progeny, but we are not concerned except with the direct line- only with our ancestors.

In the third generation direct line, there was

another Enoch, my great Grandfather. Tales are told of him that concerns Revolutionary War days. Of how he, a Quaker, and non-combatant, a blacksmith at 17, was accused by the British of shoeing the horses of Marion's men and condemned. Before the sentence could be carried out, a jail-break was accomplished by the Patriots, and he fled to the swamps of the Carolinas to the protection of the "swampfox." He also served as messenger from General Marion to forces in Kentucky.

Anyway, this is the Revolutionary War soldier whom our kinfolks in the DAR claim for their war "father."

Amongst the progeny of this 'war' Enoch was my Grandfather Enoch. According to family tales, he had Abraham as a first name. With two Bible names, he should have been lucky. However, he used Enoch in documents. He was a surveyor in his younger days. Born in 1802, the youngest of the family, he was in a party of surveyors who plotted the land around Fort Dearborn for settlement.

Some of the family tales seem to indicate that he headed the surveyors party. Perhaps the abstracts of Chicago property would show traces of him, that I don't know. He makes three Enochs in four generations in my Grandfather's line.

And my Grandmother, Mary, was a Pearson, too. She not only married a Pearson, but she was born one. Mary (nee Pearson) Pearson. Enochs were in her family line, too. Not only Col. Pearson, but also a second grandson of his, bears the name. Enoch, son of Benjamin, was a cousin of Enoch, son of William. Grandmother Mary's father, Robert, was a second cousin to my Grandfather, Abraham Enoch.

This Robert Pearson, who would be one of my great-grandfathers, was in the company of Oliver Perry, the victor of the Battle of Lake Erie. (One of my uncles was named Oliver Enoch, but he died young). Dad Pearson's memories of his grandfather were that of a four-year old, assisted by the memories of his older

brothers. His grandfather was a trumpeter on one of Perry's ships. That is, a speaking trumpet, now called a megaphone. It was made of leather and was used to relay the orders of the ship's officers to all parts of the ship.

It was Dad Pearson's memories of his grandfather, sitting apart, and talking to himself through the ship's trumpet. He would have been about 80 at the time. I wonder if I could hear myself think if I had one of those things. Another item, remembered by Dad, and collaborated by Uncle Bob was that Great Grandpa had foot trouble. They called it cancer, but I think it more reasonable to consider it senile gangrene; the foot must be removed. Surgery was not as up-to-date then as now, with various sleeping gases to choose from. He was given enough whiskey to put him out while the shin bone was sawed off, and bandaged.

Strange to say, he survived the ordeal for some time. This was standard treatment in Civil War injuries. Your grandmother Agnes', Grandfather Tinker, had one arm removed with this anesthetic. I suppose that this Robert gave his name to his grandson, my uncle Bob.

Such a spate of Enochs must have caused a Revolution. For later records show only one more. An older brother of Dad Pearson, who was four years older, and who died in infancy. Dad Pearson's good Bible name was Elihy. Elihy Cary Pearson. He was named for his Uncle Elihu, the brother of Gran'ma Mary Pearson.

Elihu Cary Pearson followed family tradition only in part when naming his family. Charles, the eldest, had an uncle Charlie, also two cousins of that name. Jim had two uncle Jim's as well as receiving Cary as a second name. Kate Catherine was a favorite name on both sides of the family. The fifth of that name on both her father's and her mother's family but Fred, Glen, and I were not named for relatives. Fred was named for a friend of Dad and Mother Pearson, while they lived in California, Frederick Smiley. Glen was named for a

California town, Glendale, but lost the last part in the shuffle.

When I arrived, there was no name on the basket. So I was called by the diminutive of an elephant that was much in the news. One old family friend persisted in asking "Is this Jum?" Even when I was forty. Just think! If Disney's elephant had been current then, I might have been called in-fact, Dum. "Is this Dum?"

When I was a year old, Kate took on herself the task of making my name a reality. Whenever I was called by my many nicknames, she would object, "His name is Ralph." In time, her persistence won the battle. The family called me Ralph in my first remembrances. And I was always overpossessive of the name. The family might be socialistic when it came to names. I thought I was the sole-possessor of the name. The Ralph.

Imagine my surprise and consternation one day when Jim casually introduced one of his cronies, an Overman, with "this is Ralph Overman. You were named for him." I was shocked. My name was not mine. Perhaps Mr. Overman had come with the purpose of divesting me of my wrongly acquired name. No one would want another to use his name. I would be nameless, and be called by those hated nicknames.

But Mr. Overman did not seem to be distressed by such a misuse of his possessions. I could still be called Ralph. Perhaps not the Ralph, but at least the Ralph Pearson. But the public prints of 1940 named a Ralph Pearson who lived near Ponca City. And he too, was a farmer. I could not be the Ralph Pearson-farmer.

Two years ago, I learned of another Ralph Pearson, who lived in Ohio, in the 1920s, and addressed my Uncle Jim as Uncle (in a document). I have no first cousins of that name, of this I am certain. This Ralph-come-lately must be a second cousin, or most distant. There was also an artist in the 1920s, who signed his picture, Ralph Pearson. My total knowledge concerning his activities

is a picture, Ralph Pearson. My total knowledge concerning his activities is a picture of a New Mexico church. It was considered worthy of reproduction in a Booster magazine of that state and published during the year 1978. I also have a cousin's boy of the name, Ralph Waldo Hubbard, and a Ralph Waldo, Jr.

When I attained school age, there were Ralphps. Ralph Focht, Ralph Burnett, and myself, were one teacher's collection. I once told Ralph King of an incident of the day before. I had received a check from Ralph Jackson for some work I had done and spent it at a store run by Ralph Jacobs, the good name of my childhood had gone to the dogs. A stage puppet is called "Good Ole Ralph," who answers with a Ralph, Ralph, Ralph, ad infinitum. Ad Nauseatum.

Completed Jan. 22, 1974

Copied and Edited April 5, 1979



**ANNUAL MEETING
PAYNE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

Tuesday, June 12, 1984

7:30 p.m.

Roxie Weber Plaza, Stillwater

News and Notes

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

I really enjoyed reading the Historical Review, volume IV, number 1, Summer 1983. What made this issue more interesting was that I knew all the writers and the people and places they were writing about. I think the writers should be complimented for writing things the way they saw it as no two of us sees things alike. Most of these writers wrote their stories as I would have written them.

I knew the Shermans real well as they traded with me at my grocery store at Marena in 1919. I met one of the Sherman daughters at Friends Chapel Church last summer. We bought a wagon and buggy from Dale Lytton in 1910. We also bought farming tools. We sold corn and hay to W. A. Frick's feed store and bought wheat brand for cow feed.

Robert A. Lowery with his son Chester have dined with my family many times. John Barnes was one of our neighbors. As was John Jacobs. I knew all of Jacobs children. Swope at one time ran a hardware store in Stillwater. I met the Rev. Virtis William when I was barely in my teens. He preached at the Pleasant Valley School House.

I wish to correct a statement that one of the writers made. The writer said he came here in 1900 and met Bill Doolin and that Lee Doolin was connected with his cousin Bill. In the first place Bill Doolin was killed in 1896, four years before the writer came to Stillwater. At that time Lee Doolin was but 15 years old and at no time did Lee Doolin ever take part in his cousins robberies. Bill Doolin was a credit to the men that ambushed him. Bill Doolin helped my father gather his corn crop in 1893. Both my mother and father said Bill Doolin was a perfect gentlemen.

Lee Doolin married a girl here in Stillwater and they had four children, two boys and two girls. The widowed girls live up the block from me now and I just had to clear their fathers name.

The fire the lady spoke of started six miles southwest of Stillwater. The fire burned up my father and mother's house plus 200 bushels of corn they had in one room of the house. The fire started when a lady was doing her wash. She said the wind blew sparks from her fire into the tall grass. She could not stop it.

I have written too much already. Just keep the good work going as you have been and we will keep on reading.

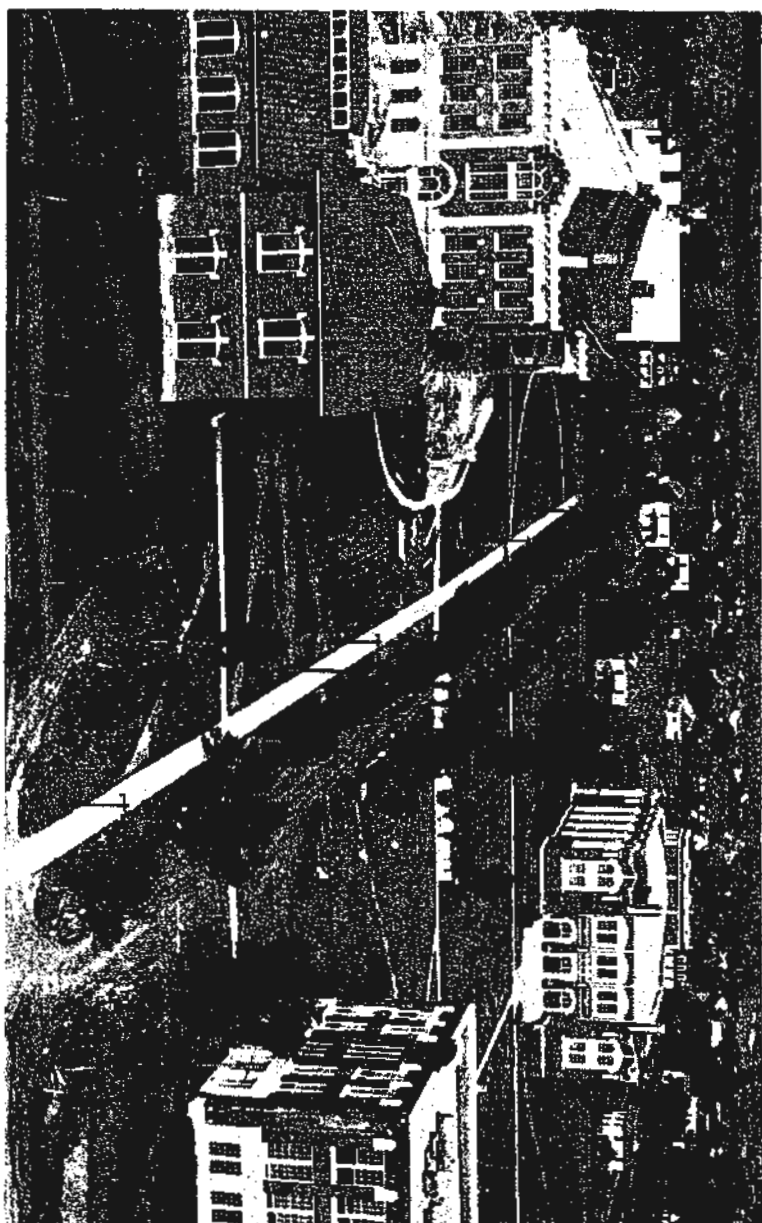
Ward Hays
Stillwater, Oklahoma

SPECIAL THANKS

Each issue of the Payne County Historical Review requires a lot of work not only from the authors but also from those who work behind the scenes. Special thanks are in order to Cathy Lawrence who does most of the word processing and Iris Erwin who does all the mailings. Without them the Review would not occur. Although we are lax in giving gratitude, we are very, very grateful for their major contributions.

In this issue we are also grateful to Jimm Showalter who graciously reproduced the pictures. Jimm not only reshot the photos and made us 5 x 7 inch prints but he encased the originals in acid free cases to further protect them. Many thanks.

A Glimpse of the Past



The Rebuilding of Morrill Hall

The burning of Morrill Hall in August, 1915, and then Gardner Hall in October, 1915, was little short of a catastrophe for Oklahoma A & M College. There existed a desire among supporters of Oklahoma University to combine both schools with one location at Norman. With the burning of the two finest buildings at A & M, the political pressure increased.

Both Morrill and Gardner Hall were insured by the Home Insurance Company through local agent C. A. Melton. State law required that all monies collected on insurance losses for state insitutions be turned into the state treasury and be re-appropriated by the state legislature before it could be used for repairs.

Dean Clarence McElroy later told John Melton as he researched the rebuilding of Morrill Hall for an ad in the *Stillwater Daily News-Press* on April 12, 1953, that three or four members of the Mechanical Engineering faculty had been hired by Oklahoma University, in full expectation that the School of Engineering would be transferred to Norman.

C. A. Melton, the insurance agent, knew of a optional clause in the policies that provided for the insurance company to 'repair, rebuild, or replace the property destroyed.' Mr. Melton persuaded Home Insurance Company to rebuild. Instead of rebuilding Morrill Hall with a frame interior as it was originally, concrete and other fireproof materials were used. As a result the college gained a fire-proof building and A & M continued to grow.

Minutes

December 13, 1983

President Carol Bormann called the meeting to order in the old Citizens Bank and announced the City of Stillwater will paint the society's logo on the west window of the building and order shelves for the remainder of the tax books now stored at the Sheerar Museum. She also asked for volunteers to mail 50 copies of Little Tom and Fats to area libraries and public schools.

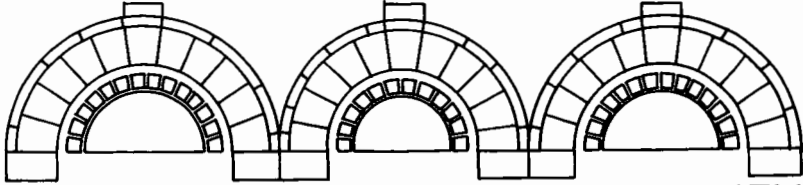
Dr. David Baird, membership chairman, reported approximately 135 members have renewed. A membership brochure is being prepared by Mary Jane Warde, Ann Carlson and Dr. Baird.

Members were asked to help plan an observance of the 100th anniversary of the original townsite of Stillwater, Dec. 21, 1984, and as well as beginning plans for the centennial of the Unassigned Lands in 1989. A motion was made by Lemuel Groom and seconded by Dr. Baird to reserve the late Bob Donaldson's bequest to the society for a history of Payne County, to be published in 1989 and dedicated to him. The motion passed.

Oklahoma City's plans for the "centerpiece" of the 1989 celebration in the form of an approved World's Fair, light transit system, riverside park areas and completion of Myriad Gardens were explained by Robert Thompson, Director of Development for the centennial for the Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce.

Fifteen attended.

Respectfully submitted
Doris Dellinger,
Secretary



PAYNE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Doris Scott, *Vice-President*
Doris Dellinger, *Secretary*
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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 Tuesday in March, June, September, and December, 7:30 p.m. 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 Tuesday of each month that a regular meeting is not scheduled. These luncheons are held at 11:45 a.m. in Stillwater. All members are encouraged to attend.

Payne County Historical Society

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