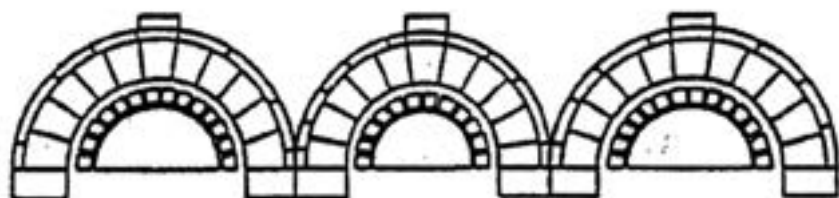


Payne County Historical Review



PAYNE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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www.cowboy.net/non-profit/pchs/

Editor's Notes

This issue of the *Payne County Historical Review* covers a wide span of time, from the days of the Oklahoma Boomer movement in the 1880s to the 21st century and the development of the Stillwater Regional Airport. And, of course, some interesting things happened in between.

Grace Donart Weilmuenster recorded her memories of the early years of the 20th century, and we thank D. Earl Newsom for sharing with us her story and the photographs accompanying it.

Our appreciation also goes to Stillwater's Sheerar Museum for allowing us to use the story written for the program of the museum's "1930's Ramble," a tour of some very interesting and distinctive homes and buildings from the 1930's. That story, about the home of Haskell and Agnes Pruett, introduces (or reintroduces) the reader to Haskell Pruett, a photographer who helped generations of Oklahoma State University students preserve their memories of their college years.

David L. Payne, of Broken Arrow, shared information about Rachel Anna Haines, and Woody Harris, of the Stillwater Airport Museum, shared with us his knowledge of Stillwater's aviation history. Thanks go to both of them.

Finally, as a reminder to our readers and others, I would like to note that the *Payne County Historical Review* is always in need of articles about Payne County history. If you have a story you would like to share, please contact Carla Chlouber at 405-624-9130 or CShlouber@aol.com.

Memories of Early Stillwater

by

Grace Donart Weilmuenster

I was born in Stillwater, Oklahoma, and have spent most of my life here. Our town has changed drastically and is almost like a city. We have nice stores in which you can buy anything you wish; the college has changed its name from A&M to Oklahoma State University; there are more than 25,000 students registered each year; the traffic is terrible at times, and most of the places have changed to "computers."

I remember the ice man who came by to fill the iceboxes everyone had (there was no refrigeration then). We would follow the wagon, which was pulled by a horse, and the ice man would chunk off pieces of ice for the children. It was a treat if he let you get on the step of the wagon with him. When the lake went low, we were rationed as to the water we could use, so we saved the drippings from the pan under the ice box and would wash our hair with that.

Papa also had a menagerie out back. We had three kinds of pheasants, a peahen, guineas, Bantams, and white rabbits. We had an Irish Setter, coal black, whose name was Coalie, and he used to herd the rabbits for us when we would let them out of their pen to eat the grass. Coalie would also jump rope with us.

Papa bought an old bus for us to have as a playhouse in the back yard. We had lots of fun in there with our dolls, dishes, etc., but one time two boys got in there and broke all the dishes—the old vandalism syndrome—and eventually one of them was apprehended for stealing a car.

We had an upstairs on our home then, and Mama used to take us kids out in the evening to

Grace Donart Weilmuenster and her husband, Fritz, were for many years involved in Stillwater history. Her grandfather, Charles Donart, homesteaded land near 12th Street and Perkins Road in 1889. A part of the tract is now Couch Park. Her father, James Harrison (Harry) Donart, taught Stillwater's first school children in the Swope building at Ninth and Main just after the town was settled and was later Payne County court clerk. The high school that opened in 1960 was named for her uncle, C. E. (Elmer) Donart. Grace was involved in many community activities as early as the 1920s. She recorded these memories in 1884 for her family. She died in 1991. Donart descendants still live in Stillwater.

— D. Earl Newsom

get cooled off. I remember watching Haley's Comet streaking across the sky.

We used to chase butterflies with a net in the open fields. We also caught fireflies and put them in a jar to make a light.

All the neighborhood kids would rake up the leaves in the Fall and put them in the ditch in front of the house. Then Daddy would burn them so we could have a marshmallow roast. We also got together in the evening and played games, such as Hide and Go Seek, Sheep Come to My Den, Redlight, Statue, and others. Those were never-to-be-forgotten days.

I remember helping Uncle Walter Adams make cider, Aunt Alice's whipped cream cake, seeing a gusher come in, watching a big oil tank burn when lightning struck it, Chautauquas, the 101 Ranch, Tom Mix, Richard Dix, silent movies which my sister Ruth played for, and seeing the boys go off to war when they departed from the depot.

I can see Grandpa Downs sitting outside by the big iron kettle with his paddle, stirring the peach or apple butter. Nothing tasted any better!

We burned coal or wood most of the time, and mother had to get up early to get the fire started in order to make breakfast. When I was first married, I had a kerosene stove which was quite an improvement over the other.

When I was growing up, there used to be a Mexican who sold hot tamales on the corner. A man named Hastings who lived at Perkins brought his watermelons in a wagon and went up one street and down the other to sell them. We picked out many good melons from his wagon. There was also a man who came door to door and sold hominy. Mama used to make kraut in the cellar, too. She canned a lot of peaches. In fact, she canned 100 quarts of peaches the day Helen was born!

Mama used to sit in the porch swing and wait for us to come home from school. Our favorite treat was a piece of bread and butter with sugar on it. No "cokes" or "pizzas" then! Mama's hot cookies fresh from the oven were quite a treat, too. She must have had lots of patience because she would make up a batch of taffy and let all the neighborhood kids each have a piece to pull and color whatever color one wanted to.

I remember "Saturday Mag," whom one could see on the streets every Saturday. She wore short, circus-like skirts, boots, painted herself like a "lady of the evening" and was quite a gal! She also carried a black buggy whip which, I am told, she used on some man who laughed at

her.

The Lovell Brothers, Asa and Everett, had a small wagon pulled by a goat, and they went from house to house selling kerosene (coal oil) for the lamps, etc.

I remember skating on the ice at the creek, and we skated until the ice was so thin that the Cleverdon boy broke through and was drowned. That stopped it, as I really couldn't skate anyhow unless my boyfriend held me up, but it was fun.

Stillwater had dirt streets for a long time, and when Main Street was finally paved, they used brick, which is still under the concrete paving that now exists.

The first electric plant was on Boomer Creek north of Stillwater Mill. Our water supply was from a deep well at first; then a dam was built to catch the water on Perkins Road and Virginia, then from twin lakes on East Sixth north of where the Mill is now. Then the water supply was received from Cow Creek dam northwest of town. The deep wells close to Perkins were next, and from there to Boomer Lake north of Stillwater, and from there to Blackwell Lake. We are now in the process of laying pipe to Kaw Lake at Ponca City. I hope it will be a long time before we outgrow this supply.

The Power Plant was moved from its original place to a site on Fourth Street and from there to Boomer Lake. Now we buy some power from OG&E.

There were three drugstores in town: the Rexall, Tiger, and Kennicutt's. The Rexall was in the 800 block of Main, the Tiger in the 700 block, and Kennicutt's was on the corner where they sell Hallmark cards now. The drugstores took turns staying open on Sunday, and it was printed in the paper which one it would be.

We had an opera house where Remy's furniture store is now, and Daddy sold tickets, so we used to go quite often, as we got complimentary tickets. They used to have barrels of candy which they gave out, and once they promised me a whole barrel of candy if I would just let them



One of Stillwater's historic landmarks is this well house built by Charles Donart on his farm homesteaded in 1889. It is just south of the Southside Baptist Church on Perkins Road. Photo courtesy of D. Earl Newsom.

carry me across the stage, but I wouldn't do it! My sister, Ruth, later went travelling with one of the troupes which played "Sunbonnet Sue." We were real proud of her. I helped her learn her lines.

Once I picked cotton just to see how much I could pick in a day. I picked 100 pounds and was paid a penny a pound. It was hard work and that was enough for me!

There was a livery stable across from the Opera House on 9th. Our boyfriends used to rent a horse and a large sled and take the girls for a ride in the winter when there was snow. I never rode in a sleigh, but the sled was fun.

I recall other stores in Stillwater: the New York Racket, where Mama used to send me to get a spool of thread. That was where the Holland House is now. The post office was on the corner of 7th where the music store is now. Later Searcy's grocery was there and the post office moved to the back of the Stillwater National Bank on 8th. From there it moved to their building on Husband Street, and now it is across from the city hall on Lewis.

There was an old pump in front of what is now Murphy's Hardware.

I recall Coverdale's grocery on the west side of Main, Pierce Millinery, Sam Miller's dress shop, and the store on South Main where the Grammas brothers sold homemade candy and salted peanuts.

The hospital is where the city hall is now. Dr. Whittenberg was the owner and surgeon. Dr. Murphy also practiced in those days and was our family doctor. He helped bring me into this world.

Dad had a share at Yost Lake, and we had much fun boating there. One time Gladys was with Dad, Uncle Elmer, and Mr. Vandemark in a boat. She had on her gym suit, which was made of serge and with real full bloomers, the standard they wore in college. They went under the bridge, and she caught hold of it, so naturally the boat went out from under her and she went down. Her clothes were so heavy that she was going down for the third time when they got her out of the water and into the boat again. She learned from that!

My first grade teacher was Lillian Yost, a beautiful redhead. She taught the Jefferson School, which was made into a larger building to house the school board. I went to Jefferson for the first four grades, then to Alcott for the next four grades. It was located between Duncan and Duck. I think they call it the middle school now. From there I went to high school, but I just

went two years and then quit and took a business course at the college. The professor said I could enroll if I could keep up with them, and I did. The Masonic Hall is the old Norwood School, and Humpty's tore down the old Eugene Field school to make way for their grocery store. Incidentally, my dad taught the first school in Stillwater, which was located in a small building located where the Ace Hardware is now.

There was no indoor plumbing then, so we had what everyone else had, an outdoor toilet. Later, we added a bathroom and indoor plumbing to our house.

There was no air conditioning as we know it now. One had to sit outside in the evening to get cooled off. In fact, it was so hot that most of the residents slept outside in their yards. Some even put beds or cots out, but we just threw a quilt down on the grass and rested on that. After it cooled off a bit, we went back into the house.

We had what was called the "dust bowl days." Some of the farmers got too greedy and plowed their fields up to plant more wheat. The winds came and simply blew all the top soil away until there was nothing left. The dust was so thick inside of buildings that one had to wear a mask in order to breathe. After a while, most of the farmers piled everything they had left, which was very meager, into an old car and headed for California. They called us "Okies" and a book called *Grapes of Wrath* was written about it. The name has stuck since then, and I, for one, am proud to be an "Okie." The government planted trees along many places to keep the wind from blowing the farms away, and they call these "shelter belts."

There was a dance hall above Katz Department Store, and we went there quite often. We danced together in those days—waltz, one-step and two-step, and others. No rock and roll then! Julia and her date and Fritz and I used to race each other after the dance was over to see who got the porch swing. The other couple had to go in the house with all the lights turned on.

Mr. Charlie Melton had the first car in Stillwater that I can remember. He used to take any number of children around the block to give us a ride. We would meet at the South Methodist Church, and he would pick up as many as the car would hold after we waited our turn.

Later, we used to go with Papa on what they called "booster" trips. We would go to all the small towns around, have speeches, toot our horns, and have a big time.

I remember hearing the marching feet when the boys drafted for the war who were stationed at the Lewis Street barracks marched to the college for training. I also remember the

S.A.T.C. (Saturday Afternoon Tea Club) which was made up of younger boys.

I also recall when the college checks were no good, as they had run out of money and they issued warrants until they could pay off. The state had run out of money with which to pay.

Shively had the first bus in Stillwater, and it traveled from the railroad depot to the college and back through Main Street. The next one to own this transportation system was Fred Peery, then Mr. Bilyeu, then Mr. Weir, and then Wayne Walters. They called it a "jitney" service, and it cost a nickel to ride. Now, we have many more people who would ride a bus and who need one, but we have nothing! Not even a taxi!

Keeping clothes white was quite a chore in those days. We had what was called a "boiler," which was an oval shaped container of water which fit over two burners of your stove. All the white clothes were boiled for a period of time, then washed, rinsed, and hung to dry. We also had to scrub the dirtier clothes on a scrub board. They were wrung out by hand at first; then later there was a ringer that you had to turn. There were no dryers, so everything had to be hung on a line or fence, or spread on the grass to dry. It wasn't easy!

I met Fritz in Ripley at the depot. One could go to Cushing and back in the same day. You had to change trains at Ripley. I was going to Cushing to spend the day with my sister Gladys. Fritz and my cousin, Elma Kinyon, had girlfriends and were going to spend the day taking pictures, and we met at Ripley. I guess it was love at first sight, as it was the next June when we were married. It has now been 60 years of "wedded bliss."

Thatcher's Machine Shop was at the end of South Main then, and we were next to them when Fritz and I started the Exide Battery Station.

The first job I ever held was with the War Savings Bank. It was located in the middle of the street between the Stillwater National Bank and the old Yost Hotel, which is now Otasco. I was the secretary to the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. C. E. Hull. I got \$40 per month and was there mostly to sell war stamps. One could buy so many stamps and then they made up a bond. You could also have a specified amount taken out of your check each month and that went toward a bond. People also saved tin foil and so much of it would buy a stamp. The first purchase I made with my new pay was a watch. I still have it.

We have seen much history made during our generation. We saw the first radios made; have seen television come to life; have seen on television all the launchings of the big rockets



For a time in the 1920s, Grace Weilmuenster helped her husband, Fritz, operate this filling station at 10th and Main streets. Photo courtesy of D. Earl Newsom.

such as putting a man on the moon, Voyager #1 and Voyager #2 racing toward Saturn. We have seen the pictures of the men walking on the moon, pictures of the rings around Saturn, etc. We saw the first Sputnik (a Russian satellite) racing across the sky. Most of the modern conveniences have been developed in the last 50 years.

These are some of the things that happened in one lifetime. They may be of interest to you, and they may not, but I know of

no other generation that has had or seen more history made than ours. You hear much of the "good old days," but they were not so good except as one made them that way. Life is much easier now, but even with all the modern appliances something has been lost in the shuffle.

I have tried to change with the times, but after all . . .

When I was young my slippers were red and I could kick clear over my head. As I grew older my slippers were blue, and still I could dance the whole night through. But now I am old, my slippers are black. I walk down the hall and puff my way back! The reason I know my youth has been spent is because my get-up-and-go has got-up-and-went . . . but I don't mind when I think with a grin . . . of all the places my get-up has been!

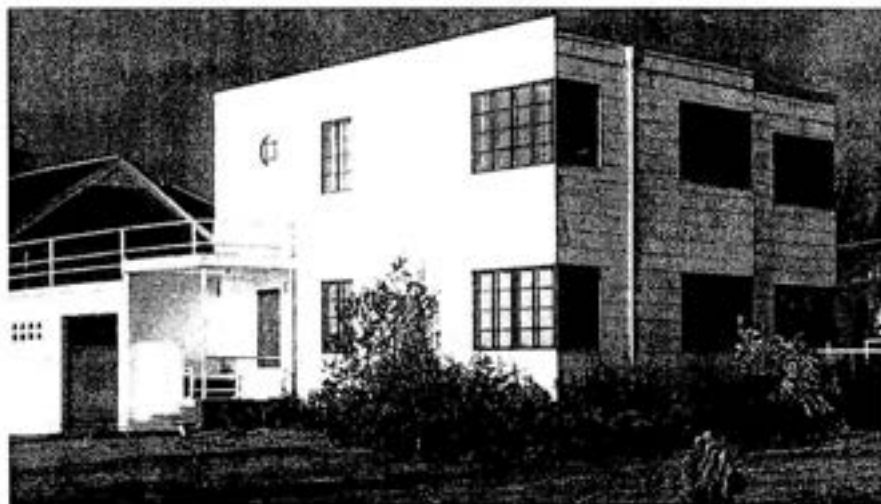


Photo courtesy of the Sheerar Center.

The Very Modern Home of Haskell and Agnes Pruett

by

Barbara Dunn and Mildred Pruett Lee*

Haskell Pruett was born June 16, 1897, in Mingus, Palo Pinto County, Texas. In 1905 his family moved to Greer County, Oklahoma, where he finished common school and high school and taught six years in the rural consolidated schools. In 1920 he was made county superintendent, one of the youngest men to fill this position in Oklahoma.

Haskell Pruett first came to Stillwater in 1913 as a sub-freshman at Oklahoma A&M. After World War I he returned to A&M to graduate in 1923 with a major in agricultural education. He later received a master's degree from OU, another master's degree in administration from Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee, and a doctorate in education administration from Peabody College in Nashville.

*Barbara Dunn, of Stillwater's Sheerar Museum, and Mildred Pruett Lee prepared this article for the museum's April 27, 2003, 1930's Ramble, which consisted of a tour of 1930s homes and buildings in Stillwater and the area. The tour included the home of Haskell and Agnes Pruett at 155 Redwood Drive. Mildred Pruett Lee is the daughter of Haskell and Agnes Pruett.

He married Agnes Murray on July 28, 1920. They attended Oklahoma Southwestern Teachers College at Weatherford and Oklahoma A&M before entering Peabody in 1925. Pruett served as president of the senior class, and Mrs. Pruett was actively involved with the Home Economics Club and Peabody Dames. Mr. and Mrs. Pruett returned to Stillwater in 1935, where he served on the faculty at Oklahoma A&M until his retirement in 1962. In 1946 he founded the audiovisual and photography department at A&M and in 1977 was named a distinguished alumnus of OSU. In his work at A&M Pruett did more than any other person to preserve in pictures the history of OSU, but it is for his hobby that he is best remembered.

Haskell Pruett was "Doc" Pruett, who in 1939 introduced the concept of "party pix's" to Stillwater and photographed the social history of A&M and Stillwater from 1939 to 1979. This was his hobby, and during those 40 years he was there at almost every social function or dance, wearing his trademark tux and top hat and photographing college memories. His photo laboratory was located in the northeast corner basement room of his home at 155 Redwood in a space that had originally been a library stack-room. The negatives from his "hobby" eventually numbered over a million and were organized and indexed according to the party, the organization, and the year of the event. Pruett kept a daily diary for 80 years, and in 1993 his collection of diaries, the longest running diary record in Oklahoma, was given to the Oklahoma Historical Society. His trademark top hat was given to the OSU museum.

Agnes and Haskell Pruett had two children, a daughter, Mildred, and a son, Dresslar Murray. Both Agnes and Haskell were inducted into the Old Greer County Hall of Fame in June of 1986. Agnes Pruett died February 21, 1984, and Haskell Pruett died March 5, 1994.

Their home in Stillwater, at 155 Redwood Drive, was built by Agnes and Haskell Pruett. Dr. Pruett designed the house, drew the plans, and hired the contractors. Construction began in October of 1938 and was completed in May of 1939. The original street address for the house was 105 Admiral Road. In 1951 the city renamed and renumbered many streets, and 105 Admiral Road became 155 Redwood Drive.

The design of the house was based on house models that Dr. Pruett and his wife Agnes and daughter Mildred visited at the 1934 Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago. Prior to coming to Stillwater, Pruett had served from 1927 to 1936 as the state supervisor of rural school construction in Oklahoma, and this construction experience was valuable in building 155 Red-

wood, as he served as general contractor for the project.

For 155 Redwood, Rounds and Porter Lumber Company of Stillwater did much of the construction and was the primary source for materials. John Goodner was the carpenter/woodworker who created the curved finishing details throughout the house.

The house has nine rooms: a living room, dining room and kitchen/breakfast nook on the first level, three bedrooms on the second level, and a library, photo studio, and large recreation room in the basement. Rooms have corner windows facing the south and east to catch the Oklahoma breezes, a very important consideration in the days before air conditioning.

The house featured a two-car garage with a landing at the top of the in-

the deck, and a closet A metal railing sur- that of a ship, and that miral Road street ad- the nickname "The Ad- spent many pleasant ing in the evening breeze.

The house is notable the upstairs hall features sewing supplies, linens, and wardrobes featured hanging storage. House telephones, powered by batteries, were located in the master bedroom, hall, front door, kitchen, and basement.

At the foot of the stairs in the basement was the museum, a glass enclosed display area that housed mementos from the family's many travels. Under the stairs were built-in spaces to house folding chairs, card tables, a folding pool table, and toys. The recreation room featured a movie projection booth and a screen that was mounted in the ceiling at the south end of the room and was pulled down for viewing movies. A built-in bank vault was used for storing home movies in a fireproof environment.

Dr. Pruett's study was located behind the recreation room and featured a folding Murphy



a deck atop its flat roof. A terior stairs provides access to off the deck held lawn chairs. rounds the deck, resembling feature, along with the Ad- dress gave the Pruett house miral." Family members hours on the deck relax-

for many built-ins, and built-in storage for a laundry chute. Bedroom

space for clothing and drawers for additional

in-a-door bed to accommodate guests. A room air conditioner was installed in the study before the house was centrally air conditioned. The photographic laboratory was in the northeast corner room in the basement. The first use of this room was as a library stack room to house Pruett's 18,000 books. The space became the home of Doc Pruett's Shutterbugs when his hobby developed into Stillwater's first "party pix" business.

Mildred Lee, the Pruett's daughter, remembers that 155 Redwood was a glorious home in which to grow up.

The Story of Rachel Anna Haines and David L. Payne

by

Carla Chlouber*

Although Union veteran Captain David L. Payne, the leader of the Oklahoma Boomers, never married, the tall, handsome soldier and frontiersman did have a deep attachment to a childhood sweetheart that lasted until the day he died. In fact, Rachel Anna Haines, the eldest child of a Kansas farmer, was with Payne when he collapsed and died in a Wellington, Kansas, hotel on November 28, 1884.

According to Annie, as she was known, the couple planned to be married. She was at Payne's side throughout the Boomer movement, and the two lived as a married couple. Years earlier, Annie had given birth to their child, George.

However, at the time of George's birth, Payne was not a good marriage prospect, so the resourceful Annie raised George herself, spending several years in Washington and Oregon caring for her ailing father as well as her son and cooking for lumber camps. Before Payne began his Boomer movement, he wrote Annie, asking her to join him in Wichita and help him organize the effort to open Oklahoma to settlement.

Without hesitation, Annie left Oregon and returned to join Payne in Kansas. She provided some financial support for the movement, as well. Payne's sister also contributed, advancing him \$200, which he used to begin his organization. David L. Payne, a cousin of Captain Payne's who lives in Broken Arrow, says, "You could say that women financed the start of the movement to settle Oklahoma."

When Oklahoma was opened to settlement, four and one-half years after Payne's death, Annie Haines was among those claiming land in Oklahoma. However, she lost her homestead and returned with her son to Oregon, defeated in her efforts to fulfill the dream she had shared

*Sources for the information in this article include Stan Hoig's *David L. Payne: the Oklahoma Boomer* (1980. Oklahoma City: Western Heritage Books) and statements by the Boomer leader's cousin, David L. Payne, of Broken Arrow.



David L. Payne, leader of the Oklahoma Boomer movement, is second from the left in this photograph taken at the Rock Falls Boomer camp in 1884. The woman sitting in the background is Rachel Rachel Anna Haines. Photo courtesy of David L. Payne of Broken Arrow, Oklahoma.

with David L. Payne, the man to whom she had devoted much of her life.

Payne's cousin says the two "truly did love each other and planned to marry and grow old together."

In 1995 the Payne County Historical Society worked with David L. Payne of Broken Arrow to move the remains of Captain Payne from the cemetery in Wellington, Kansas, where he was buried to a site overlooking Boomer Lake, north of Stillwater in the county that bears his name. Rachel Anna Haines lies in an unmarked grave in a cemetery in Portland, Oregon.

Woody Harris, director of the Stillwater Airport Museum, stands next to a mannequin wearing a World War II flight suit. The suit is one of the museum's many artifacts related to aviation history.



The Stillwater Airport Museum

Members of the Payne County Historical Society visited the Stillwater Airport Museum on July 13, 2003. Woody Harris, director of the museum, presented a program on the history of aviation in the Stillwater area and led a tour of the museum.

The Stillwater Airport Museum focuses on the history of the airport from its beginnings in 1929 to the present. Photographs, memorabilia, and artifacts tell the story of the airport's distinctive history.

The airport played a role in World War II that has been featured in a recent aviation magazine and a book. The airport, then called Searcy Field, was used to store, and later salvage and scrap, airplanes from the war. As many as 475 war planes were stored at the airport at one time.

Over the years the airport has had a number of famous visitors, from Wiley Post to Bill Cosby, and the museum includes photographs of many of these visitors.

The museum, which is located in the terminal building of the Stillwater Regional Airport, opened in 1995 and is operated by the Stillwater Airport Museum, a not-for-profit corporation. It is open to the public from 1:00 to 5:00 p.m. on Sundays and by appointment.

A Condensed History of Stillwater's Airports

As early as 1918 Jenny aircraft were landing in pastures around Stillwater, selling rides and attracting the interest of the townspeople.

It was 1929 when Mayor George Thompson received approval to acquire 239 acres north of town, and this became the site for the airport. It was in the same area as the present airport.

In the early 30s George Searcy became airport manager. He was killed on a return flight to Stillwater with a new plane. The airport was later dedicated to Searcy.

In 1936 Al Guthrie, a barnstormer, became manager, and during the early part of his administration the W.P.A. built the rock hanger that is located at the north end of the airport complex.

A civilian pilot's training unit was established in 1941 to provide secondary flight training. A second airport was constructed on Mehan Road 1.5 miles east of highway 177. The civilian pilot training was moved to the South Airport in 1943 to allow the construction of runways in the configuration of the present airport. At this time the emergency auxiliary landing field was leased by the city to the Navy for the duration plus six months.

In August of 1944 the first organizational meeting of the Flying Farmers was held.

At the close of the war, 475 bombers and fighters were sent to Searcy Field for disposal. In December 1946 the city requested the return of the airport. Oklahoma A&M College leased the airport for \$1.00 for 25 years.

In 1952 Hoyt Walkup became airport manager. Airline service to Stillwater began in 1953.

The South Airport was sold in 1965 and funds were used to improve the Stillwater Municipal Airport.

In July of 1980 the city resumed management of the airport, with Hoyt Walkup remaining as manager.

Gary Johnson became airport manager in March of 1986.

The Okie Twist-Off began its aerobatic competitions at the airport in 1984 and held its 10th anniversary in 1994.

— Courtesy of the Stillwater Airport Museum.

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.

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

- \$12.00 for Individual Membership
- \$17.00 for Family Membership
- \$20.00 for Institutional Membership
- \$100.00 for Life Membership

(Membership includes subscription to the *Payne County Historical Review*.)

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