

PAYNE COUNTY

# HISTORICAL REVIEW

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# **HISTORICAL REVIEW**

**VOLUME III**

**NUMBER 3**

**WINTER 1983**

Published by

**The PAYNE COUNTY  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

P. O. Box 194  
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# Street Names in Stillwater

*Robert H. Donaldson*

As active developers for many years in Stillwater, my partner, L. R. Manning and I named a dozen streets, so I have for a long time been interested in this subject. There were in 1981 350 streets in Stillwater; but 56 of them are numbered streets, 3rd through 37th with all the "east" and "west" involved (17 percent more or less). That leaves 294 streets with names, and those are the ones I would like to discuss.

Who names the streets? Usually they are named by the developers of the subdivisions, and names must be approved by City Hall. Various city departments have done this over the years. It is quite common for a developer to name streets after himself, his family, his business associates, and his friends. But developers often bring in many subdivisions—Joe Preston did seven; my firm, Donaldson-Manning Lumber Company did eight, etc. So other naming systems must be employed. This is where the imagination of the developer comes into play.

While naming and numbering were somewhat informal during the first half of the century, in the early 1950s the city adopted some more formal rules, of which the main ones were

- (1) once a street is named, every street that lines up with it, even though clear across town, must bear the same name.
- (2) Most east-west streets will be known as "avenues"; most north-south streets will be "streets." (This destroyed the charm of

*Robert H. Donaldson was an active developer in Stillwater for many years. He also served as Chairman of the Metropolitan Area Planning Commission. There are few civic organizations that have not felt the influence of Mr. Donaldson including the Payne County Historical Society. Both a charter and life member, Mr. Donaldson serves on the Board of Directors.*

many names: Kings Highway became Kings Street, Orchard Lane became Orchard Street, Skyline Drive became Skyline Street, etc.) The named (not numbered) mile intersection streets became "roads." Special circumstances still allowed "circle."

- (3) Numbering of blocks became uniform all through town with Main Street as the north-south dividing line and Elm Avenue as the east-west dividing line. Prior to this, each developer's first block had "100" numbers; his second block, "200" numbers, etc. Now, every number that has an 1800(+) number is 18 blocks west of Main Street. For example:
- (4) All streets with "College" in the names were changed to "University" as Oklahoma A and M College became Oklahoma State University.

Now, let's turn to actual street names. In the center part of the original Stillwater, the streets were named after the town founders: Ramsey, Hester, Knoblock, West, Duck, Duncan, and Husband, all west of Main. East of Main are Lewis and Lowry and Lowry's children, Chester and Fern. In an early subdivision in southeast Stillwater, the streets were named for insurance companies: Hartford, Springfield, Pennsylvania, and Aetna. As Stillwater moved west of the central part of town, many streets were named after presidents of the United States: Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Lincoln, Garfield, and Cleveland. Then the developers' names and pretty names took over. North of the university campus is another interesting group of names; these were all presidents of A and M College: Scott, Connell, Cantwell, McElroy, Tyler, Eskridge, Knapp, and Bennett. Wilham was added later in the northeast part of town. East of Perkins Road and south of Virginia Avenue is a subdivision which contains the names of its four principal developers: Berry, Arrington, Marshall, and Doty.

I do not find any other groups of names. The rest of

Stillwater has streets named by the developers, and all types of names are used. But they cover many interesting categories. These are scattered all over town:

Trees. All cities have many streets named after trees, and so does Stillwater: Pine, Elm, Maple, Blackoak, Peachtree, Pecan, Redbud, and Willow, to name a few.

Western names. Frontier, Cimarron, Cowboy, Pioneer, Boomer, Saddle Rock, Western, etc.

Indian tribes. Cherokee, Ute, Arapahoe, Cheyenne, Osage, Mohawk, etc.

Other cities and places. Dublin, Coventry, Devon, Canterbury, Charing Cross, etc.

Meteorological names. Sunrise, Sunset, Star.

Past developers not now living. Gray, Swim, Berry, Moore, Leigh, etc.

Foreign names. Loma Verde, MarVista, Sangre Road, La Rue Midi, La Rue Grande, La Rue Petite, etc.

Pretty names. Briarcliff, Grandview, Shalamar, Lakeview, Arrowhead, Woodcrest, Edgemoor, Sunnybrook, Blueridge, Countryside, Yellow Brick Road, etc.

Women's names. There is no need to complain, ladies, about a lack of streets named after women. These are probably mostly related to the developers: Judy, Audene, Marie, Celia, Dell, Eunice, Fern, Frances, Georgia, Germaine, Jwanda, Lou, Liberty, Linda, etc.

Places roads lead to. Perkins Road, Yost Road, Country Club Road, Farm Avenue, Airport Road, etc.

Are any people still living who have streets in Stillwater named after them? Yes, several, probably many of the women. I just do not know these people that well; but, going through the list, I find these: (Don) Boyles, (Robert H.) Donaldson, (David) Franklin, Georgia (Swim), (Max) Hanson, (Roy T.) Hoke, (G. R.) Keller, (Henry) Kerntke, (Martin "Red") Loper, (J. C.) Rogers, and (Henry) Iba.

Are street names ever changed? Yes. I have no idea how often it has happened, but a fairly recent example

was the east-west street along the north edge of the OSU campus. It was named "McGeorge" after an early day citizen and carried the name for years. Then the National Wrestling Hall of Fame was built on McGeorge Avenue, and overnight the street was changed to "Hall of Fame" and Mr. McGeorge lost his bid for immortality.

Another item of interest occurred many years ago when "Believe It or Not" was a popular educational cartoon in the newspapers all over the country. I picked up my paper one day and read, "The Swim Family lives on Duck Street in Stillwater."

Stillwater complies with some national statistics on street names, according to the U. S. Postal Service. The five most popular street names are (1) Park, (2) Washington, (3) Maple, (4) Oak, and (5) Lincoln. We have all five if we count Oakridge as Oak. Main Street, by the way is 32nd! Also, many cities across the country have no First or Second streets, but start their numbered streets with Third, as is true in Stillwater, also.

By now many more streets have been added as Stillwater continues to grow, so occasional updating of this article would be in order. I may have made some errors in this historical resume, and may have left out some things of interest. If you have either to report, drop me a line. I'm in the phone book.

# Klu Klux Klan Comes to Ripley

*Alvan Mitchell*

Almost everyday, but particularly on Saturdays, the men of the town and the farmers would sit under the canopy next door to the post office in front of the barber shop and discuss the Ku Klux Klan. It was divided about evenly as to the number of pro-Klan and the anti-Klan. Those for the Klan argued loudly for reform and the good it would do in cleaning up the town of riff-raff, non-church goers and undesirable negroes. Some of the towns whose population favored the Klan posted large bill boards on their roads into and out of town which read: "Charlatans, Unbelievers and Uppity Niggers-Don't Let The Sun Go Down On You In This City."

Those who were against the Klan said there wasn't one Negro in, or around, Ripley who was "uppity." Those for the Klan admitted this quickly saying they'd never used the word "nigger" in their lives, especially as applying to Ripley's colored folk. The anti-Klan agreed about our own colored people saying they didn't know too much about the colored in other towns. There was a terrible hullabaloo when the Klan suggested we put such a sign up at Ripley's entrances and exits. Finally, it was compromised if there would be not reference made to colored people in the sign. All of them knew of some no account, non-believers, but none of them admitted they'd ever heard of a charlatan, but reckoned they might have seen one or two unbeknownst to them not having heard the term before, but to make sure it would be all right to put that word on the sign.

Grandfather, caught in the gatherings and the discussions to his discomfort, explained the definition of "charlatan" over and over and his petitioners still seemed bewildered. Finally both sides agreed to the words if "charlatans" would be replaced with "crooks".

*Alvan Mitchell, who spent his young years in Ripley, has written a book about those years and his friendship with the then young Tom Berry. This article is a chapter from that book, Little Tom and Fats.*

But, as in all controversy, ill will grew out of the sidewalk discussions. Personal vendettas, which had nothing what-so-ever to do with the subject at hand, flared anew and soon Main Street became an armed camp. Men, walking on one side of the street, would cross over to avoid meeting a one time friend or someone of the opposite persuasion. The names Klan and Anti-Klan stuck, but almost everyone forgot what the Klan's issues were, substituting their own, re-kindling their previous dislike for another.

Fistfights broke out often and one man was shot. Because of this everyone agreed no hand guns would be carried when going downtown until things quieted down. Almost by design one side of Main Street, which had mostly Klan sympathizing men, became designated as the Klan side of the street, and the other side was known as the Anti-Klan side. Many moved across the street to be aligned properly, exchanging places of business with those of the opposite persuasion, on a sort of temporary trade. Of course, the bank, the post office and the newspaper office stayed where they were in a sort of neutral setting.

The problem worsened and it soon got out of hand. Near atrocities occurred including the tarring and feathering of people and the burning of crosses on lawns. One night at a town meeting, the city fathers decided something would have to be done about it. Billy McGinty and Grandpa were designated by the council to go to a larger city and attend a Ku Klux Klan rally, take notes, return to Ripley and put the story in the Record about what the Klan believed and what the Klan was all about. This seemed to settle the issue, and with the exception of a few die-hards wearing their firey cross on the bibs of their overalls in public, things settled down. Inside a month even those emblems were gone and the Klaners traded places back with the Anti-Klaners. There was one incident, however, which occurred at the height of the affair.

Morehead was a man of considerable wealth with an absorbing love of tradition. His place lay west of Ripley and the Berry farm. It was called "The Plantation." He was from the deep south and having the capital to do it, literally operated an old fashioned, traditional plantation. He hired colored men, provided quarters and living needs for them and



their families, as the slaves had been provided before the Civil War, and he lived the life of a southern gentleman. He was a widower, perhaps sixty years old, with grown children in the east. He was as fiercely loyal to his "hands" as they were to him. The hands stayed on the plantation the year around and everyone but the Ku Klux Klan were content with the arrangement. He was respected as a generous and a kindly man. Tales about his generosity circulated among the people who congregated at the post office, one of which illustrated his thoughtfulness.

One very cold February afternoon Morehead rode his stallion over to pay his monthly visit to an old Indian fighter who had squatted on one corner of his plantation to live out his old age in peace and content. Morehead had already sent his monthly supplies to the old recluse but had ridden over mainly to listen to the old man's memories some of which were hair raising. As Morehead neared the old log cabin he noticed no smoke came from the chimney.

The old scout had died sitting up in his rocking chair before his fire which had burned out and rigor mortis was beginning to set in. Morehead rode back to the plantation and ordered two young hands to hitch up a team and wagon and take the long road around the hills and gullies to the cabin of the old hermit. He followed on horseback. At the cabin the three placed the body on the floor of the wagon pushing it down on its back in order for rigor mortis to finally set and hold the body in a prone position so it could be placed in a coffin. It was difficult but Morehead placed a heavy stone on the chest which held the body flat. He rode cross country back to the plantation while the two hands drove the wagon on the round about route. He expected to wait a half hour or so for the wagon because of its longer route and slower pace.

It was dark when he rode into the yard but standing at the corral in the bright, brittle moonlight was the team, the wagon, and the old scout sitting bolt upright on the bed of the wagon. Nothing of the two hands was to be seen.

It didn't take long for Morehead to decide what had happened. As the wagon bumped along the uneven road the heavy rock must have slipped from the chest of the corpse and rigor mortis did the rest. The old man sat up[ The hands,

glancing back fearfully, had seen the ascension, leaped from the wagon and took off for parts unknown! Their exit, and their most certain screaming, had startled the team and it had bolted back to a nice warm barn where people didn't scream. In any event there stood the wagon and the old scout was sitting up in it and the horses were covered with lather.

The old scout got his coffin but it was a little different than most. It resembled a miniature outhouse without the holes, and he was interred at the plantation cemetery sitting up. The frightened field hands were never seen again.

The hands never talked so not many people knew what went on at the plantation. Perhaps this was the reason none of the townspeople knew Morehead was a fancier of undescented skunks. Later, when the fact became known, they considered him one of the best skunk trainers in the country. It was amazing what the little animals would do for him, being careful not to become over zealous thus creating a stink. There was a special building which had been built for them on the plantation and Morehead spent a good deal of time with them gaining their love and obedience.

At the very height of the Ku Klux Klan crises, the members of the clan decided they needed a demonstration to impress everybody. The demonstration would have to do with precepts of the organization, and since there were few non-believers in town, and no one knew what a charlatan was for sure, the demonstration had to be about Negroes. This was a problem because there were few colored people in town and they were well liked. At one of their meetings, complete with bed sheets, one member had an inspiration. Why not order Morehead to get rid of his "niggers." A nigger, of course, was a colored person nobody knew. Everybody knew Morehead wouldn't do this so he was a perfect target. The time was set in the middle of one of the weeks Morehead stayed in his big house in town, so the whole thing would work out perfectly. Plans were made. Morehead was ordered to emancipate his "slaves" in a large box ad and signed by the "Grevious Committee," endorsed by the Grand Vizier. A deadline was given. In the next issue of the Record was a larger box ad which advised the Klan they could go to hell. So, the gauntlet down, Morehead had picked it up, and everything had worked out fine.

Though it was a secret organization, enough leaked out about the upcoming event to titilate excitement as a most welcome break in the monotony. A burning cross on a man's front yard wouldn't hurt anything. In fact, it might be right pretty and exciting. But, there'd be no tarring and feathering, nor riding anybody out of town on a rail.

Morehead came to town as usual on Sunday before the event followed by a large wagon from the plantation and two field hands. They drove into the barn at the townhouse and no one saw the hands again until they went back to the plantation. There hadn't been as much excitement since the Whiz Bang gang robbed the Ripley State Bank two years before. Only this was better. Everybody knew about this event beforehand.

On the day of the affair, Morehead didn't come down and talk with his cronies at the post office. That evening all the tradesmen closed early and went home for supper in order to be ready for the spectacle.

Just as it was getting dark the town's populace turned out on Main Street to see the parade. It formed in front of the Church of God on the south end of Main Street and progressed to the windmill at the main corner of town. The marchers were dressed in bed sheets with pillow case hoods with holes cut out for eyes and every now and then, a marcher would have to raise the lower hem of the pillow case to spit, as one has to do when one chews tobacco. There was no sound, and the ominous quiet was broken only when a marcher's flaming and smoking torch went out causing its carrier to swear in a low voice.

As the parade passed the people left Main Street to get across from Morehead's place on Elm Street. Everyone was in a holiday mood, spotting friends in the darkness they hadn't seen for awhile. The marchers, at the end of the parade, retrieved their two ready-made crosses from the livery barn and two carried each cross. They marched up Elm Street as the Grand Vizier asked one of the hooded men,

"J'all get th' coal oil?"

"Oh Lord!" answered the hooded one. "I plumb forgot all about it!"

"You better git it in a hurry, then. That there Post Oak's green. 'Twon't burn without no oil."

"Yeah. I'll git it."

Two of the members were carrying spades. They hurried past the main body and coming to the broad front lawn of Morehead's house, got out a piece of paper from under one hoisted up robe to determine the exact location for the holes of the crosses were to be. They paced off the distance and set to work digging the holes.

The main body arrived before the holes were finished, but when they placed them, both crosses fell over to the delight of the watching crowd assembled on the opposite side of the street. There were a few swear words by the Grand Vizier and the diggers, mixed with the guffaws of the crowd.

After more digging, the boles of the crosses were placed in the holes but efforts to straighten them resulted in failure. It was finally decided to leave them aslant. One of the cross beams almost touched the ground. The other cross swayed as if it would fall any moment.

The hooded one with the kerosene arrived and several sloshed the green wood with gallons of the fluid. The Grand Vizier held his arms toward heaven having some difficulty with his store-boughten Grand Vizier's hood. He straightened it twice before he spoke.

"And so, we avenge against any enemy of White Supremacy!" The Assistant Grand Vizier put his torch to a cross and it flared into flames to be followed in an instant by the flaming of the other cross which was almost horizontal. The bright light delighted the crowd who burst into yells of excitement. This cheer was suddenly stilled by a shotgun blast which came from the stable.

Suddenly, the ground seemed covered with small furry animals with white stripes, scurrying toward the white robed figures. In a chorus the Ku Kluckers, as one called them, began to swear and to run as the animals sprayed every figure in white as they had been trained to do. One skunk, smaller and slower than the others, found himself without a target and ran across the street into the crowd of lookers-on and saturated old Grandma Coombs who was wearing her long

World War One nurses uniform. Then, as almost at signal, the raiding party scurried back to the barn.

The once nobly sheeted knights were in a shambles and disorder. Most of their swear words were drowned out by the explosions of laughter from the audience. The fire of the crosses died out, and the spectacle was over. The people began to leave following the distressed, robed figures who had already fled.

There was almost a boom in overall and shirt sales the next few days and those of the Klan who participated in the demonstration were easily identified. The skunk smell has to wear off since soap and water helps very little. There wasn't much Klan activity after the cross burning, and Morehead returned to the plantation at the end of the week.

# A Day to Remember

Ward Hays

I consider it a privilege to be able to write a second story of the inauguration of Oklahoma's first elected Governor, C. N. Haskell, seventy-five years after writing the first story. My two older brothers and I had a feeling of elation when our father told us he had bought tickets on the inaugural special train to Guthrie for the inauguration of the Governor. My father had dropped in at a local newspaper office to pick up a bundle of old newspapers to paper the one room of our house that was built out of native unfinished lumber. Mother would put two thicknesses of newspaper on the wall so the splinters would not tear the wall paper.

The Editor had asked my father if he was going to the inaugural of the Governor. My father told the editor that he was not but that his three oldest sons were going. "Is Ward going?" the editor asked. "Yes," father said. "I will give you some notebook paper to give to Ward and ask him to write me a story." My father told the editor that I would write on my slate, that I had a large double slate that would be much easier to write on than paper. My 9 by 12 slate had four sides giving me 96 square inches of writing space. I drew lines on my slate 1/2 inch apart giving me 96 lines 9 inches long.

On the morning of the inaugural a ten coach special train rolled into the Stillwater depot at 6:45. We three boys barely made the train in time as we lived four miles out in the country. The coach we boys got in was filled with Indians, old and young of many tribes. The chieftains wore a feathered head gear that reached nearly to the floor, while the women folks wore beautiful blankets and shawls. The youngsters wore buckskin pants and moccasins. The young Indians were very friendly.

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



*Ward Hays, taking a journey down memory lane, rides many of the same trails he rode seventy-five years ago.*

The train moved at a snail's pace picking up fares at Mehan, Ripley, Vinco, Goodnight, Coyle and Langston. We barely made it to the Carnegie Library in time to see the Governor sworn into office at 9:30. When the Governor appeared on the library steps to take the oath of office it was believed there were at least 25,000 people in front of the library to watch the swearing into office of the Governor. Leslie G. Niblock, Justice of the Peace and editor of the

Guthrie Leader administered the oath of office to Governor Haskell and the crowd rent the air with cheers.

Then Governor Haskell delivered a 20-minute inaugural address that held the dense crowd to close attention. J. D. Burke, chairman of the board of Logan County Commissioners, administered the oath of office to other elected officials. On the platform where the ceremonies took place were the wives of the elected officials. Governor Haskell, taking his oath said, "I solemnly swear," then walked across the stage and kissed his wife, three sons and three daughters. The ceremony was brief but impressive.

While the parade was being formed at the Carnegie Library, Governor Haskell received a wire from Washington, D. C. stating that at exactly 10:16 o'clock, President Roosevelt, using a pen formed from a quill from a feather plucked from the wing of an American Eagle, signed the proclamation admitting Oklahoma Territories and Indian Territories jointly as one state to the United States of America. A new star was born. Governor Haskell said, "When I got up this morning, the sun shown its rays over forty-five states; in the morning the sun will shine on forty-six states."

As the news reached Guthrie, bells rang, whistles blew, Indians beat on their tom toms, and the sixteen Indian boys and girls from Whittaker Orphans Home played the Star Spangled Banner in front of the reviewing stand. Governor Haskell said, "Fellow Citizens, you have just been entertained by hearing one of the greatest bands in the new State of Oklahoma. All of those 16 Indian boys and girls have first right to claim American citizenship. They are by blood descendants of the great chieftians of the Cherokee Nation and other chieftians of Indian tribes from the North, South, East and West. Know these Indians, respect and honor them as full and equal citizens of our new state of Oklahoma."

The inaugural parade was over two miles long, one of the longest parades that Guthrie ever had: 1500 military men on horseback, thirty carriages carrying State officials, buggies, two-wheeled carts, some 300 Indians and cowboys on horseback, 15 bands from neighboring cities, drum and bugle corps, Civil War and Spanish American War veterans. In the parade were many mounted police, the Muskogee Light Horse



Cavalry. In the first carriage in the parade was Governor C. N. Haskell and his wife, Lt. Governor George Pellamy and his wife. In the second carriage was Judge Frank Dale, Chairman of the Inaugural Committee with Leslie G. Niblock and their wives. In the third carriage were three justices of the Supreme Court; fourth carriage, Senator Robert L. Owens from Muskogee, Dr. J. W. Burke and their families; fifth carriage, Joe Thomson and A. D. Humbarger and their wives. In a buggy was Governor Haskell's private secretary, Mr. Sandlin.

Before I go any further, I think that I should mention the pen that Roosevelt signed the proclamation with to make Oklahoma a state was placed in the historical building in Oklahoma City and as far as I know remains there today.

Perched high on the library steps where we could see everything, I and my two older brothers ate our lunch of cheese, crackers, ginger snaps and a quart of milk (total cost \$.20). While we could see everything from our perch, we did not catch all the names of the people that were doing them; many of the names in this story I read in the Guthrie Leader two days later after my story had gone to press.

One of the beautiful acts of the day was the marriage of Mr. Oklahoma to Miss Indian Territory. C. G. Jones from Oklahoma City acted as Mr. Oklahoma. In a public address he made a beautiful marriage proposal to Miss Indian Territory. W. M. Durant, a Choctaw Indian, on behalf of Miss Indian Territory in an equally beautiful manner accepted Mr. Jones offer of marriage. Mrs. D. O. Bennett, a lovely Creek Indian woman from Muskogee acted as Miss Indian Territory. Mrs. Bennett's younger sister, an Indian Princess, acting as bridesmaid and W. M. Durant acting as best man for Mr. Jones, the wedding was solemnized by the Reverend W. H. Dodson, Pastor of the First Baptist Church of Guthrie. In a loud and clear voice the Minister Dodson declared Mr. Oklahoma and Miss Indian Territory united forever. The Whittaker Orphaus' Band played the wedding march. Arm in arm the newlyweds walked to their carriage that awaited them in the parade.

There were many happenings on that 16th day of November, 1907, that I am not able to get in this story. But there will be many stories written in many papers. While all

the stories may not be the same, each person will be writing what he saw. The Guthrie Leader should have the best and truest story as it was the Guthrie Leader Editor, Leslie Niblock, that gave the Governor his oath.

I and my two older brothers made our way down the library steps and headed for the train that would bring us back to Stillwater. My slate was only half full. My fingers were cramped from using the small slate pencil printing the words on my slate. The car we got into on the train was full of young Osage Indian boys and girls. As I unfolded my slate and started writing a beautiful 12-year-old Indian girl came and sat down beside me. "Are you writing a story?" she asked. "Yes." "Could I help you? You tell me what to write and I will print it for you." "Ok," I said, "What is your name?" "Just call me Boots—that is what my brothers call me." She raised up her foot and showed me her shiny boots. Boots was a blessing to me; her printing was much neater than mine. She was a better speller than I. The latter part of my story was better written than the first, thanks to Boots.

It was dark when the train rolled into Stillwater. I thanked and bid Boots good-by. My brothers and I headed for the newspaper office. The copy boy was still in the office. I gave him my slate and told him I would pick it up later. The copy boy gave me an envelope containing a five and one dollar bill for my stories and expenses.

# What You Gotta Do You Gotta Do

**Dorothy Dupree Cathey Remembers WWII**

*Paula Waldowski*

*Stillwater has grown and changed over the years, but for Dorothy Dupree Cathey, things have stayed much the same. Mrs. Cathey was born and raised in Stillwater, the daughter of Dick and Jenny Dupree. When she graduated from high school in 1933, she began "setting hair" and opened the Aggiette Beauty Salon just a few blocks from the OAMC campus. Mrs. Cathey and her husband, Nolan, still live next door to the beauty shop, where she has spent nearly fifty years of her life.*

*Mrs. Cathey is now in her 60's, but she shows little sign of slowing down. A handsome woman, she was busy giving a customer a manicure when I came to visit. She had just put in a full day's work, but was cheerful and eager to share her memories with me. She is also the only person interviewed to retain a completely native Oklahoma accent. Mrs. Cathey is an optimistic woman, who takes things as they come and faces the future with faith.*

When the war broke out, I was in business here. I was married and we had one child, a daughter. My husband, Nolan, was coaching and teaching at Perkins High School when the war started. He had graduated in '41 from the college. He taught history and he was the principal and he was the coach of both football and basketball, both boys' and girls' basketball. In those days, you did everything.

I remember when we heard the news about Pearl Harbor. It was on a Sunday afternoon, and we were in Perkins, just had come in to visit some friends of ours there. And just as we stepped in, they announced on the radio that Pearl Harbor had been bombed. Yes, I remember that. And war was declared. That was in December. And my husband

*While a student at Oklahoma State University, Paula Waldowski completed an oral history project entitled, "Stillwater: The War Years, 1941-1945." This article, the last in a series of interviews she conducted, features Dorothy Dupree Cathey.*

had just started teaching in September. Then he went to serve in February. He was not drafted. He went into the Navy. He went in as a Chief Petty Officer in the Navy because he could get in his field, in physical education. Most of the time he was assigned here in the United States, but he did go to Hawaii, Pearl Harbor. Then they brought him back. He was commissioned an ensign in the Navy, so most of his time was spent at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, near Chicago.

He was gone for four years, but I was fortunate, because between assignments, maybe he could stop by, or something like that. But of course, it's like the old saying, what you don't know, don't hurt you. We didn't know what it was going to be like, and we lived day by day. I was busy and lived here with my mother and father. And of course, I had my little girl. My sister's husband had gone at the same time that my husband had, and she had a little boy, so we were right in it together. And everybody else was in the same boat. You know, what you gotta do, you gotta do. It's just like this: you wake up every morning and you're still here, so you do it. Of course, when I look back and think, "I don't know whether I could stand it," you know, if I was that age, I could. You can stand anything if you have to, and you're not in that boat alone.

Of course, having my family helped. I was at home, so that made a big difference. And I still continued with my work while he was gone. That helped, too, because there's nothing like work, keep yourself occupied; that helps anything and everything.

Stillwater was a busy place in '41; it always has been. It was boom'n' and busy with students after the war broke out. I can't remember any time when it wasn't busy, because I was always busy! When they first had WAVES, they came to Stillwater. Later they went to Hunter College to take their training, but at first they came here. And in fact, we worked Sundays to take care of them. They'd just line 'em up and send 'em to the shops, to get their hair cut short.

The WAVES were just good ole girls. They were girls that were willing to serve the country, and it was a new experience for them. They came here because they could train 'em in business. And of course, we've got very good

friends all over the country that we would have never known if it hadn't of been for that. And of course, some of the WAVES even married Stillwater Boys. so they were very well accepted by the people of Stillwater. Most of them were all from the East at first. We didn't know anything about tipping in those days. We always laughed and said you could tell if the girl was from east of the Mississippi and north of the Mason-Dixon line, because she always tipped.

Styles were at that time a longer hair, but it was back away from the face. We had what was called the "pompadour" at that time. The pompadour was just a wave back away from the face, and a reverse roll on each side. Then we had a "Kitty Foyle," which was the same idea except with the waved bang, but the bang was definitely high off the forehead. It didn't hide the eyes like the bangs are doing today. The movie stars influenced hair styles, just like they do now. Ginger Rogers and Rita Hayworth and Betty Grable, I guess those were the ones.

Back at that time, we had the machine permanent wave. It was a kind of monstrosity, kids would think of that today, but it was wonderful, because it was the only way we had a curl. You rolled the hair up for a permanent wave and these clamps would come down from a machine up on top where it was all heated. And you'd be tied up under this machine! And it'd get hot in places! The pull burns was really worse than any kind; it was when they had the hair rolled too tight, and would get hot. And of course, we had to blow on 'em and cool 'em off. We had a blower, kind of like the blow dryer is today; we had that on the cool, so we could cool 'em off when they got too hot.

I really can't remember back in the forties how much the prices were, but when I started out in '33, I charged ten cents for a wet set. So things have changed a lot.

I don't really know how the war affected my life. I hope that it made me stronger, but if it hadn't of been the war, it would've been something else. And every problem that we have just makes us stronger people. I can't remember hurtin' any. And of course, shoes were rationed, but I sure can't remember goin' without! And the same way with gasoline and groceries and sugar and such. You get by. You can do whatever you have to do, you know. So it didn't hurt

anybody. I'm sure it didn't hurt me, or I can't remember of it hurtin' us. Of course, you had a garden. Everybody had what they called a "victory garden." And I can remember how we put up everything we could. Even pineapple! I can remember putting up pineapple, and it'd just eat your hands up. But you did, you canned, you put up everything you could.

I think we had gas ration tickets or something. Of course, in those days, you didn't travel like you do now, anyway. It didn't really make that much of a difference. Like I said, we stayed home. The motor transportation was one thing that's changed, your highways and everything else. If you traveled, you went on the train, and now who ever travels on the train? That's what I would do. Sometimes maybe over the weekend, I would go over to Perry and take the train and go to Chicago when my husband was stationed there. Get on the train Friday night, on the Chief, travel all night, and be with him on Saturday and Sunday and come back on Monday. For his birthday, my little daughter and I went up for the weekend. It was wonderful! That was big stuff, to get on the train. I could always read on the train. I'd get me a good book and read all the way.

I can't remember any complaining (about rationing), but I don't think human nature has changed, and I'm sure that we had the gripers then, just like we have the gripers now. But it didn't do 'em any good to gripe or complain. There was no anti-war feeling, because at that time you didn't demonstrate or it would have too bad. They were all very patriotic, or you thought they were, anyway.

Our generation knew how to make do with what we had, but your generation would learn right fast if they had to. I don't worry about the young people, if this happens, or that happens. You can adjust mighty fast, and if you don't you're going to be very miserable people, so you better learn to. I think you can do it if you have to. I've got all the faith in the world in human nature.

# The Wind Changes Everything

## A Conclusion

*Paula Waldowski*

Sometimes, it seems as though the only thing constant about Oklahoma's weather is the wind. It blows with fiery breath on hot summer days, and with numbing chill through blinding blizzards. The wind changes everything. Tall prairie grass bows before its power; young trees are bent to its whim. The soil is blown away, and the bare rock is exposed and weathered, its corners slowly dulled as tiny grains of dust and sand, carried by the wind, beat it continuously.

The wind was blowing gently in May, 1945. It carried the scent of honeysuckle and roses and a hundred other flowers, perfuming the air, and making life miserable for those with hay fever. Students were busy at the college; the spring semester was almost at an end. There were fewer students in uniform. The Japanese language school was just about gone, and so were some of the other units. The war in Europe was winding down, so many of the training units were being phased out.

It was V-E Day. May sixth, 1945. Again, the news came over the radio. "Germany has surrendered." Every church in town was opened for worship, for thanksgiving that the war was finally over, for remembrance of those who would not be coming back home. Bells rang and horns honked and people ran up and down the streets, wanting to share the good news. People kissed and cried and laughed and prayed. It was all over—almost.

There was still the war in the Pacific to finish. The Japanese had proved to be fierce fighters, and even though they were obviously licked, everyone knew the victory wouldn't be easy. So when President Truman decided to drop the atomic bombs on Japan, few in Stillwater questioned the decision. In August, the war with Japan was over, and Stillwater celebrated again.

The winds of war had been beating at Stillwater for nearly four years, and they had caused tremendous change. Stillwater was no longer a quiet little college town. Between 1940 and 1950, the population more than doubled, aided by the postwar baby boom and the thousands of veterans who returned to Oklahoma A & M to use the new G. I. Bill of Rights. For the first time in the history of Oklahoma A & M, enrollment reached 10,000; one half of those students were veterans.

The town had to grow. New subdivisions were annexed, new roads built, new sewer systems developed. Apartment complexes were planned and houses sprang up. To provide low-cost housing for the returning vets, the college purchased old barracks buildings hutments from nearby Army posts and moved them onto the campus. A single male could rent a 16-foot square hutment for \$5.50 a month, if he shared it with three other vets.

As the years passed, many other changes came to Stillwater: parking meters, traffic lights, shopping centers. Today, Stillwater is a modern city, with all the conveniences and problems of any American city. The barracks on Sixth Street are long gone. So are the tent classrooms and Crystal Plunge and Rock Castle Inn. The only uniforms seen on campus belong to the small group of ROTC cadets. Ration books and war bond posters are collectors' items now. In perhaps thirty more years, the only remembrances of the war days will be the monument on the courthouse lawn and the graves of the young men who left Stillwater to serve their country and died at Normandy, Saipan, Tinian, North Africa, Sicily—all those names that are now a part of the history books. Fortunately for us, there are still those who remember the way it was.



## A Glimpse of the Past



### *Ripley's First High School Class*

*Ripley's first high school class is shown here in 1920. Back row, left to right: Miss Margaret "Maggie" Darlow, teacher, Hazel Bennett, Conner Fitzgerald, Mildred Jones and Earl Messecar. Front row, left to right: Don Tomlinson, Livonia Fitzgerald, Ernest Williamson, Nellie Berry and Noll Wilson. The students met upstairs over the drug store in front of which the picture was taken. Prior to this time, Ripley students desiring high school work attended Prep School (preparatory) at Oklahoma A and M in Stillwater. The following year the entire school moved to the new building on the south edge of Ripley.*

*Photo and information courtesy of Nellie Berry Myers*

# Grandfather's Tales

Ralph Pearson

## CELEBRATING EASTER

**1905-06** During my growing years, Easter was always celebrated. The home on Adams street had a chicken house among the out buildings, and our own product for table use. Easter meant eggs to eat. Eggs for breakfast, eggs for dinner and eggs for supper. And left-over eggs for Monday's meals.

Mother Pearson retained one of the favored recipes of her Pennsylvania Dutch forebearers. Pickled beets. Beets were one vegetable that could be preserved for the beetless season. In that time, very few vegetables could be preserved, since home pressure cookers did not come into common use until the early thirties.

Mother always had several jars of pickled beets, thinned with eggs, on Easter Day. If prepared on Saturday, the pickeling vinegar had turned the shellless hard-boiled eggs a bright red, and gave flavor to an otherwise tasteless food.

Glen was growing, and wanted to take part in the activities of his older brothers. One of their traditions were: in a week or two before Easter, each of us hid out a nest of eggs, to bring to the house on Easter morning. The hoard of one of us was fair game to the others. One Easter morn I carried my bucket to location, only to find my wealth gone. It had not been hid securely enough to be safe from the others. But there were plenty of eggs to go around. Only my pride was hurt. And I still think it was a dirty trick for an

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

older brother to play.

One spring, several weeks before Easter, Mother Pearson had a broody hen. A hatching of pure bred Plymouth Rocks, now called Barred Rocks, was obtained from Aunt Vessie Lewis, and placed under the old hen, in a safe location. I was warned and the older ones were counseled to stay away from that nest, when hoarding easter eggs.

Glen had not been big enough to take part in the big hideout of the years before, and was not cautioned as to the proscribed nest. A few days before Easter, Mother Pearson, at evening chores threw the setting hen from the nest, so she might get feed and water, but the prized eggs were not there. Ma quickly realized that she had another Easter egg hider that year, and called Glen to talk about it. The eggs were recovered without damaging their hatching ability. And in due time, a dun colored hen was parading across the landscape, with a brood of barred rocks. The family was also saved from having some queer-tasting easter eggs.

The family tradition, in later years, was not observed, as in former years. The fun and spontaneity had disappeared, by the time that the nephews, Leo and Russell, roamed the chicken patch. Mother Pearson, whose labors were the source of our fun, disapproved.

And pickled beets do not taste as good to a seventy-five year old digestion, as to a nine year old eggsactaly.

## **DRUNK DRIVERS**

**1906** The traffic problems of that era were somewhat different from what they are now, or were they? The hill on Adams street sloped all the way from our front gate to its end on Twelfth street ending with a very sharp corner.

In our last years at that home, we were treated to the sight of some of the town's half dozen cars going south and west. But never north. That slight slope was too much for the cars of that era. Several times, when it was approached in the opposite direction, we would see them stopped, with blocks behind the wheels, resting, before trying for a few more feet.

A few years earlier, on a Saturday afternoon we saw what is now more common, a drunk driver. His horsepower was singular, but he was doing the best with what he had. One of the young blades from the rural territory, southwest of Stillwater, had come to town for the Saturday trading day, get-together, or whatever you may call it. But he also had absorbed a generous portion of demon rum. His homeward speed was too slow to suit his fancy, since the drink had given it wings and he was very busy trying to improve the situation by whipping his horse, and cursing it out at every jump. When he went by our place, we kids were out in the yard as he went by, and Gramma hurriedly guided us indoors, but not before we heard a crash, from the south. At the sharp turn, where the road turned west, the buggy turned turtle, and the driver turned head over heels. But not for the better. Before long the city marshal came to help the young man back to town, where a "disturbing the peace" charge was made against him. Drunk driving as a charge had not been invented then.

The neighborhood had a new subject to gossip about in the weeks to come "that wild.....boy".

My Moore cousin, Harry, who lived at the corner of 10th and Adams, has told of the same driver, though at a different time, overturning his buggy at their corner. And of Harry, and his brother Ed, finding small change from the pockets of the casualty, in the dust of the road, after the accident. Those small coins helped a small boy in his remembrances of the occurrence, and that he would be glad on any similar catastrophe, merely for the mining privileges.

Another character from west of town, Maggie Montgomery, decorated the streets of Stillwater, with her presence, in those days. She carried a buggy whip with her, while shopping, with a promise to use it, on any dispenser of illegal booze, that gave her brother any samples of his wares. These sidewalk merchants stepped soft when Maggie came to town. I know not, if she ever caught up with one of them.

The debauchery of our young people, by demon rum, was ended in 1909, when our new state constitution was approved. "The manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages are prohibited." Stillwater's three saloons and its distillery were closed, morality was raised. And diseases

were abolished, and the blessings of God's millennial kingdom were scattered bountously on a righteous Oklahoma.

But alas, while Eden had a snake, Oklahoma had its lawyers and politicians, and things are not what was hoped in 1907.

## **MAD DOG SCARE**

**1906-07** The property on Adams street was extensive as town property goes. Originally, it contained 18 acres. It had been farm land for only a few years, and a few years before that, open prairie. We continued to raise such crops as we could, although part was turned to a generous home orchard. It was bounded by what is now known as Washington on the East, Stanley Street (unopened) on the West, with 11th and 12th as north and south boundaries. Adams street divided the property. Pracht's bought the east 12 acres about the time Glen was a baby. So, us kids were not confined. The "forty" on the creek, was bought about 1904. It was less than one-half mile between the corners of the two places. The overflow land of the creek were thick with pecan saplings, and men were hired one winter to thin the thicket, and reduce it to firewood. We needed a large supply of it, and I don't think any was ever sold. At the place where the peach orchard faced Adams street was the logical place for a wood yard. The pile ran north and south, about three lengths wide, and, by childish memories, 100 ft. long. Grown up reason would settle for less.

It was part of our daily chores to transfer portions of that wood pile to the "wood box" that was beside the kitchen range, as it was needed, summer and winter, and to the dining room heater, during the winter months. Of course, we had our little wagon to help us. And it was a source of amusement, at other times, when it was not being used in the chores.

Our cousins, Eddie and Harry Moore lived a block north of us, at this time, and they often partook in the games that brightened our days and made their lot more pleasant.

One day, while the four of us were playing close to the

woodpile, a stray dog turned into the lane. It was fair game to us young savages, and each of us grabbed a stick from the wood pile and proceeded to hold a war dance around the dog, which didn't run from us, as good dogs are supposed to do. Instead it would turn toward us, with a savage fury. But attacks from its three unprotected quarters, would deter it from its purpose. Eventually, some of the elders noticed what we were doing. "Get away from the mad dog." We had noticed that the dog was not very well pleased with the reception that we were giving it, but when that cry went up, in those times, valor gave way to timidity, and we went that-a-way, fast.

The shotgun was hastily brought forth and loaded, with one of the adults of the family sent forth to destroy the very great menace of the time.

At another time, while we lived on Adams street, a family acquaintance from south of town came hurriedly to our door, asking for the host gun, as he had seen a mad dog on twelfth street, several blocks to the west as he was coming to town.

The firing report was plainly heard by us kids, as we huddled close to the kitchen door, fearing it might come there.

The invention of a reliable treatment for hydrophobia, was a very great boon to humanity, and had been perfected about a quarter century earlier. Before that, there was a quack treatment with a "mad stone" where a growth substance from the stomach of a deer was used to massage the bite. It is no longer regarded as a valid treatment. The treatment of these bites with inoculation is not feared now as it was in the past.

## **THE DAY WE BUILT A MOUNTAIN**

Some of these stories were written to contrast the changing times and conditions between the scenes of my youth, and that of today.

This story is of my delightful childhood and present conditions that would be impossible to duplicate at our

present stage of civilization. Not that children have changed so much. Children are still satisfied with the more primitive toys that delighted the hearts of past generations. They still enjoy the do-it-yourself type of things. It is the fascination of today's adults in complex creations that causes children of now to have such a blase approach to modern toys. It is the complex traffic patterns that is so different from the past. Traffic in the streets and highways traffic overhead, of planes, wires and such, which in those ancient days, only the birds had mastered. Children of today are closely watched, less they interfere with our conservation patterns by fouling up the telephone or with the electric wires, and leave the home and T.V. dark. They might even get into the streets, and threaten the liberties of grown people, wanting to get somewhere else in a hurry.

Things were not that way the day we built a mountain. The public road was our playground. Our presence there was not a threat to the traffic pattern of a team or two or plodding work horses, which had a legitimate right to use the road.

The road which ran in front of the house on Adam's street was, very natural Adam's Street. The family to the south of us was named Adams, but there was little to connect them with the thoroughfare. I always thought of the street as having a possessive ending, rather than the plural. It belonged to Adam, not to the Adams family because lots of other people used or misused it in all the ways a street is used or misused. It would take a command from old man Adam himself to cause us to think of the road as anything else than a playground, between the sparse passage of horses and wagons. We never thought of blocking it. We left plenty of room, and passing drivers always acknowledged our presence by a wave of the hand or a salute of the whip. Or even with an amused word or two, concerning whatever project that engaged our fancies.

The roadbed was as nature, and the traffic of years had shaped it. The ground was sand, prairie soil, broken from the sod of centuries, only fifteen years previous. The banks on either side still sprouted wild grasses that were head high to a small boy. The center carried enough traffic to kill both grasses and weeds. Steel tires of the passing vehicles had

churned the soft soil into ribbons of dust which washed down the slopes in rain storms. The hill was never severe, but now the incline is only a portion of its former slant.

My memory does not recall just what projects had preceded this day, nor what constructing jobs came after, but this day stands out, in memory's pages. I had heard of mountains. Dad Pearson's reminiscence of his earlier days had many references to mountains. He had dwelt in Colorado several years, and the mother of mountains were his playground. But I had never seen one. All the promotories of my acquaintance were called hills. Even when we went to my Uncle Jim Moore's, they were still called "hills". A mountain, according to my information, was more than a hill.

So this day, when the older member of our quartet, said, "Let us build a mountain," I was all for it. The magnitude of our labors was not considered. I would see, at last, one of those wonderful redundancies of nature which up to this time had escaped my scrutiny.

Every construction job needs tools. We had our little wagon for a dirt mover. I was pulled by a willing team, Glen and I would do the hauling, Fred would shovel, and as memory recalls, Kate carried the broom. Where traffic ran, dust resulted. So we began our labors. Glen and I were not only the team, we were also the driver. We would not get skittish and overturn a load of laboriously collected dust. As a team, we were staid, and as a driver, very wise. We would drive alongside of the dust pockets, sometimes in the track, sometimes out of it. When a load was gathered, we would carefully pull it to the site of our mountain, where Fred would scoop it out, then Kate would sweep it out, and if necessary, we would turn it on its side where the last teaspoonful of dust could be added to our mountain. The broom was also handy in collecting the sparse dust. We hauled dust for more than a block each way, to a site east of the woodyard of the other stories. It was close to the beaten track, but far enough away, so it would not impede traffic. All of our labors had yielded enough loose dirt to cover about two square yards of space. It did not stay in place, as it was piled, but kept spreading. As a consequence, I could look over the top of our mountain, the summit was only a bit higher than my belt line.



We had exhausted our energies in this grand-eloquent scheme so nothing was done the next day to enlarge it. "The wind and the rain had a modifying effect upon mountains." I learned of this fact at a later date, when my geography lesson taught of the Appalachian chain. "That those mountains, so exposed to the elements, soon lost their towering heights." But I had already learned this bit of wisdom in nature school. Before the snow fell that year, this extravaganza had lost much of its majesty. When spring rains had come and gone, the mountain was no more. Just the bared earth with the wagon tracks beside it, marked our most grandest scheme. Now I knew what a mountain was like. I had seen one. Building a "hill" would have taken more time.

## ENTERTAINMENT

1903-33. Children of today, who are surfeited with a continual diet of T.V., movie, recorded dissonances, sometimes question how people got along without those mechanical aids to entertainment.

The movie industry had just began its expansion when I became old enough to remember. There had been transient shows, with some movie films, shown in Stillwater in the 1890s, according to the talk I heard from those older than myself. My first experience with the pictures that moved was in a tent at a street carnival on Main street, the 900 block. It was black canvas to keep out daylight from the screen. The title of that show was very up to date. "A Trip to the Moon." This journey had no rocket pad. There were no helmets nor inflated suits. The scientists were shot from the earth in a hollow shell with the luna naughts inside. They did not find the moon such a lonely spot, as it was in 1970s. That was the attractive part. For me, color film had not been invented in 1904. But if it had, we would know if the little green men were green. For these found the moon-men objecting and objectionable. When they got obnoxious, the scientists would hit them with clubs, the moon-men would explode, much like our Fourth of July torpedos. Finally, the scientists were crowded back into the projectile. And the moon-men pushed it over the edge of the full-moon, where gravity took hold and fell back to earth. Else we would not know anything about it, as radio, had not been invented then.

There were times that Dad Pearson showed the shadowgraph, of an earlier time. A sheet was stretched across the doorway, into another room, with a horse-blanket shading the lower part. A light was set where the performer's shadow would be cast on the sheet, with darkness in the room that held the audience. That was a necessity. Movements of fingers and hands created movies, while cutouts and other material made tableaux.

The guesses of the audience as to what the various shadowshapes were intended to resemble brought much hilarity. Their guesses were as varied as what amateur astronomers see when viewing a distant object.

Some of the neighbors would drop in, as news of the entertainment spread, and sometimes these friendly neighbors, or neighborly friends, would add their bit to the program. But those evenings were rare. Two or three remembered from my childhood.

As I added years to my life, so progress was made toward a permanent theatre. One was established in the 900 block of Main street, called the fire-boys. The volunteer department of Stillwater, sponsored the business, and the profits were used to support the organization. Imagine having all that fun, squirting hoses at each other, at the crowd, and even at the flames. And getting into the movies free, on top of it. Kate was cashier there for some time.

There were other movie houses in opposition, too. Across the street from the fire-boys, there was an open-air theatre, with planks for seats in the manner of the circus. I remember being there at one time when the full-moon shone on the screen, and made the show rather dim.

In a late story, I will tell of the infancy of radio. And, of course, T.V. is just illustrated radio.

I had a post-card projector, with acetline gas light, when I was fifteen. Since my childhood was sickly, I could not take part in the give and take of boyish competition. So I had lots of time to learn the why of many things, as well as the who, when, and what.

The ventilated, or air-cooled theatre, became common about the same time as several other improvements, talking pictures, technicolor films and free chinaware were the

inventions of the 1920s and 30s.

During 1913, there were attempts to turn the auditorium of the opera-house to a movie-house. It had the seating arrangements for some 500 on the parquet and for 200 more in the balcony, but the viewing public refused to cooperate with its presence. Climbing stairs in the light-dark extremes of movie-houses did not have popular appeal to create a paying business. So the front of the building remained dark much of the time.

In the fall of 1914, our bible class decided to sponsor a showing of Pastor Russell's photo-drama of creation. In Stillwater, we rented the opera-house for four days since it was a four-part exhibition. That allowed for an afternoon and evening showing of each part. While the synchronization of sound and scene had not been perfected at that time, there was an attempt to match the pastor's introduction gestures with a recorded voice, and through the skill of the operators, was very successful in causing some of those present to declare that the reel had become real.

Since the exhibitions were free, many of the country people saw these as their first moving pictures.

There was one short, hand-painted subject in that collection that was a harbinger of technicolor and other systems of color films.

It was nearly 40 years later when T.V. became a common thing uniting the inventions and skill of the past eras of mankind to the enrichment of the advertisements on the big billboard.

## News and Notes

### Growing Up in Ripley in the 1920s

It has been almost a year since Mrs. Veneta Berry Arrington approached Dr. David Baird, President of the Payne County Historical Society, about publication of *Little Tom and Fats*. This book written by Alvan Mitchell about growing up in Ripley, Oklahoma, in the 1920s also features Little Tom, Tom Berry.

Those interested in Payne County will recognize many familiar persons and places and even those who know nothing of early day Oklahoma will find the book enjoyable as they follow the adventures of the two boys as they roam Ripley and the surrounding area. "Klu Klux Klan Comes to Ripley" featured in this issue of the *Review* is a chapter of the book.

Brochures will be sent to all members of the Payne County Historical Society. Others interested may request a brochure from the Society or obtain the book by sending \$14.95 plus \$2.00 for postage and handling to the publisher, Forum Press, P. O. Box 876, Stillwater, OK 74076.

The Society will receive fifty copies of the book which it will donate to libraries around the state.

### Letter to the Editor

I think it might be helpful to mention the reason that I was asked to cover the Governor's Inauguration in 1907 instead of my older brothers. In April of that year I had written a story that was published by the *Stillwater Gazette*. This story was about a meeting of the Anti-Horsethief Association which was held in Horsethief Canyon. I called the story "My First Trip to Horsethief Canyon." I was nearly drowned getting to the canyon with my uncle in a boat as the Cimarron River was bank full.

On that same day at the canyon an Easter pageant was held and some five hundred people were there with well filled baskets. Later it was learned that this was the first pageant held in the state of Oklahoma or Territory at that time.

Writing the Governor's story in 1907 gave me three firsts. It was my first year in school at age 11. It was the first Easter Pageant. And, Oklahoma elected its first governor.

Sincerely,  
Ward Hays

### **Inquiry to Payne County Historical Society**

I am searching for information about William (Billy) Spurlock who probably was born in Ohio or Illinois and moved to Missouri and maybe Kansas before locating in Oklahoma.

He married Eva or Evelyn Darling and they were the parents of two children: Harry and Blanche.

Billy Spurlock was a brother of my grandfather. There were five brothers and three sisters and he is the only one I don't have information about — only who he married and children's names.

Any information or help will be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,  
Joann Smith  
P. O. Box 92  
Gallatin, MO 64640

# Minutes

December 2, 1982

The winter meeting was held on above date at the National Wrestling Hall of Fame with 15 persons in attendance.

Treasurer Ray Burley reported \$1,915.36 in the checking account, which includes a check for \$1,000 for publication of the book, \$342.61 in savings account and \$595.02 in certificate of deposit.

President David Baird has been asked if the society will participate in the next Run for the Arts in April, 1983.

Members expressed interest in building a tour of homes around the Berry House, south of town. If it is not available, the tour may be suspended this year.

Storage at the Citizens Bank is completely filled with Payne Co. tax records and Bill Warde has reported the need for additional space before completing the move of the records from the Sheerar Museum. Mrs. Bob Donaldson suggested tax records be kept by 10-year spacing so people could look up previous taxes and compare with current taxes.

Dr. Baird referred to the process of changing the amendment of bylaws to coincide with the subscription year of the Review to July 1 through July 30.

Bob Dellinger, director of the Hall of Fame, discussed historic aspects of the sport of wrestling and specific displays within the museum.

Respectfully submitted

Doris Dellinger, Secretary

**PAYNE COUNTY**

# **HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

## **OFFICERS**

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

## **BOARD OF DIRECTORS**

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

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

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

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

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

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