

PAYNE COUNTY

HISTORICAL REVIEW

REMEMBERING



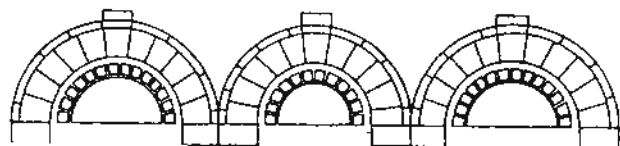
VOLUME XV

FALL, 1994

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PAYNE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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AMERICA AT WAR

By Harold Straughn

On May 26, 1918, Uncle Sam said "I WANT YOU." So, I with three Ripley friends reported to the Local Board in Stillwater. The boys who went with me were Frances Gillespie, Austin Goom and Clair Stevens. We were given our first free meal at the Youst Hotel and along with about two coach loads of other boys from Payne County, after receiving a rousing send off, were dispatched by rail to Fort Riley, Kansas. There we were given thorough physical examinations and issued army clothing.

Soon after I arrived in Fort Riley, Kansas, I was separated from all my Payne County acquaintances but I soon found new friends.

The Traband brothers from Guthrie, Oklahoma whose father operated a cigar factory, were friendly and personable, so Clifford and I began bunking together. Ray made application to transfer to Officers Training School and was accepted.

During my stay in Fort Riley, I served as mail orderly. Gathered the mail, from the central post office, for several hundred men and with the help of Perry Pound of Cushing, Oklahoma we held mail call after the evening mess. I continued as mail orderly for Evacuation Hospital No. 19, to which I had been assigned while in Fort Riley, until the 1st of August, 1918 when I was assigned to the Base Hospital to receive training to become an anesthetist.

We remained in Fort Riley until June 17, 1918, when we were transferred to Camp Dix, New Jersey.

During July and August at Camp Dix we were instructed in many things to prepare us for service in France. Each time we completed a course of instruction, our service records were so endorsed. I would that I had kept a more detailed diary of our overseas journey and stay but we had been instructed not to mention names or places in our letters or diaries. The fear was they might fall into the hands of the enemy.

On August 31, 1918, we left Camp Dix with 33 commissioned officers and 237 enlisted men, at 1:15 a.m. Arriving at Jersey City, New Jersey, about 6:00 a.m. The men and baggage were transferred to a tug and transported to Pier #64 on the New York side, and after spending the greater part of the day on the Pier, we embarked on the S. S. Derbyshire,

under English crew, and anchored in the lower harbor, beyond the Statue of Liberty, to await the arrival of our convoy. The following afternoon, September 1, 1918, we started on our voyage across the Atlantic. In company with twelve other large steamers carrying troops numbering in the thousands. It was late in the evening when we reached the open sea. The weather was clear and the sea was calm. Airplanes were overhead and a destroyer preceded us and a destroyer followed us. After we were well away from shore the planes returned to land but the destroyers continued with us for some hours.

No lights or smoking allowed at night so that all was dark. Communications between ships was by semaphore by day and at night a light in a cone shaped tube, directed at the receiving ship, flashed the Morse code. The subchasers were in constant motion. They had great speed and continued to circle the convoy watching for submarines. At the stern of each ship a French 75 MM cannon was mounted and manned at all times. Directly beneath the cannon was a room containing ammunition and two men were constantly on guard there to "pass the ammunition" to the gunner, in case of an attack. The convoys changed positions from day to day. Some days our ship was in the front rank or in the middle and the next day we would be at some other position, front or back.

The accommodations on the Derbyshire were crowded. We were said to have 4,000 men aboard. The ship was a freighter having been converted into a transport. In the hold hammocks were hung from the ceiling on hooks, just above the mess tables and benches. There were no air vents, a large canvas tube with wings forced air down through the stair well. The latrine was a row of seats at the edge of the ship, on the lower deck, and you evacuated directly into the sea. There were no fancy frills on our ship. The mess provided by the English consisted of fish, bread, vegetables, coffee and some dried fruits.

I got to take one shower and change of underwear one time during the entire trip. An improvised shower was provided with sea water pumped into a tank and showers attached. The water in the north Atlantic is as cold as ice even in summer. We wore our woolen uniforms continuously and when night came we removed only our shoes. Life preservers were at hand at all times and worn a lot of the time.

Large stores of supplies were stacked on deck and covered by tarps. Our course took us near Iceland. We had not been out many days

when we saw two or three water spouts. Flying fish were evident almost all the time and one day one landed on the deck.

Clifford Traband and I tented together at Camp Dix and when we boarded the Derbyshire we still chummed together. He was a little older than me and had been reared in the city so knew ways of getting along in the world that were new to me. I did not allow him to influence my life in any way or at least to any extent, but he seemed to respect my way of life and my judgment and seemed to rely on me more and more as time went on.

Soon after we boarded the Derbyshire he began to explore and size up the situation. We both came to the conclusion that to sleep in those hammocks below deck, with many sea sick men, and the foul air and odors would not be exactly to our liking. I was not sea sick on the trip, with the exception of a very short time early on the voyage. We decided to sleep on deck after the first night below deck, so we crawled under the tarps that covered the freight that was stored on the top deck. About 3 a.m. we heard the East Indians, who did the hard labor for the English, calling from the front of the ship "Scrubby the deck." Soon water began to trickle into our beds and we had to capitulate.

The next night after dark we hitched our hammocks to the steel stairway, thinking the "Scrubby the deck" boys would not disturb us, but about the same early hour the next morning we heard them on the deck above us, calling "Scrubby the deck" and soon the water was trickling down the stairwell and on to our hammocks. After that Cliff put his head to work, and after being gone most of the day he came back to me (I was engrossed in reading *The Innocents Abroad* and reported that he had contacted a British Petty Officer who had a cabin that he would rent to us for \$20.00 for the rest of the trip. (He had a buddy with whom he could bunk.) The cabin was in a part of the ship that was off limits to Americans. We thought the situation over and pooled our funds and made the deal. When it became dark we gathered our packs and proceeded to occupy our new home. It had one handicap. We could come and go only after dark so that precluded our going to chow with the rest of the boys. We had a little money and after dark each evening we would troop down to the galley and the chef would sell us large, fresh, raisin-filled buns for 25 cents each. There was a place where we could buy boxes of Fig Newtons, also. We fared pretty well until our funds were depleted, and then we feasted on our reserve rations which was not exactly the

recommended procedure as one was supposed to go three days without food before making that move.

About the time our reserve rations were exhausted, one day there was abandon ship drill and every one scattered over the ship to their assigned stations. There was a port hole in the upper wall of our cabin.

We had each a bunk but it was a rather small cabin. There was a rug on the floor and steam heat and we were very comfortable.

On the drill day we could not participate without it becoming known that we were enjoying the comforts of a cabin. During the exercise we heard a noise at the port hole in our cabin and lo and behold the face of a man from our company. He was a mechanical dentist from Brooklyn, N. Y. and he was visibly envious when he saw how comfortable we were situated. He insisted that we let him in, so we complied, not knowing what he might report if we refused. He looked the place over and ask for permission to sleep on the floor. Cliff was a shrewd trader and proceeded to tell him that we had to pay a lot of money for the use of the cabin, but if he would pay us \$20.00 for the rest of the trip we would let him move in. He readily agreed but said all of his funds were invested in P.O. money orders but as soon as we arrived in France he would cash the M.O.'s and pay us. That night he moved in but we warned him that chow was hard to come by. Cliff and I had previously consumed our reserve rations so when evening arrived and desire for food began to manifest itself, Cliff suggested that we consume our reserve rations (with an eye on Osher's pack) inferring that we would have no problem getting a new supply as soon as we arrived in France for he was a good friend of the mess Sergeant. Cliff further suggested that since Ocher's pack was out in the open it would be just as well if we started on his.

Things ran smoothly until one night Cliff and I awoke and were discussing the terrific storm in progress. We could hear the waves lapping at the door of our cabin, there was a weird moaning of all the steam ship whistles, throughout the whole area. Soon Osher arose from his sleep and hearing waves and the moaning of the whistles, he ask "What happened?" Cliff was ready with an answer "We have been torpedoed but let's die like men." The suggestion did not seem to appeal to Osher. He made a long dive for the door and opened it just as a wave rolled over the deck and came through the door and soaked his bed. He slammed the door shut and surveyed the results of his folly. He soon realized that Cliff was only joking. He then suggested that we make room for him in the bunks. That

was not possible for there simply was no room for another man. So he settled down to sleep in the damp bed. From that day forward he seemed to be a little disgruntled and when he arrived in France he was in no hurry to cash his money orders and forgot to pay his buddies for the privilege of sleeping on the floor. Cliff used his most persuasive speech to collect the debt but without results.

As we approached the south coast of Ireland on the evening of September 12th, a destroyer or battleship, came out to meet us and escort us around the north of Ireland, not far from shore, and into the Firth of Clyde, Scotland. The scenery was beautiful. To the north the highlands of Scotland extended down to the waters edge. To the south were beautiful green fields. We proceeded up the Firth and anchored off Greenock to wait for the tide and docked at Glasgow about 6 a.m. on September 13th after nearly two weeks at sea. The land looked mighty good.

When we reach the North Channel between Ireland and Scotland most of our convoy proceeded on and docked at Liverpool. But our ship and one or two others docked at Glasgow.

We were obliged to delay our disembarkation until evening as troop movements were not carried out in day time. When we left the ship a Scottish bag pipe band bid us welcome, we left Glasgow at 5 p.m. on a special train bound for Southampton, England, we arrived there at 9 a.m. the next morning, having been routed through or near Carlyle and Birmingham. Marched in a pouring rain, from the RR station, to a British Rest Camp about three miles distant. At this place I remember well the YMCA tent where we were served coffee and rolls or doughnuts. However, we were forced to sleep on the ground in canvas tents. The ground was damp and the blankets, issued by the British, were damp also.

At this Rest Camp, I met Frances Gillespie. His outfit was resting here also. I did not get to visit with him very long. He had trained in a camp in Maryland and I had not seen him since we left Fort Riley, Kansas.

The rain ceased and we were all very glad to leave this "Rest Camp" the following afternoon and marched about four miles to the docks. The English people were very friendly and lined the streets to welcome us. Little children ran along beside us and wanted to hold our hands and march with us.

On reaching the docks we boarded a freighter loaded with mules. The steamer moved out of the harbor with air coverage and we passed

through the channel between the main land and the Isle of Wight. We were assigned to the lowest point in the ship, under the mules, and at the prow. Many life preservers were stored there. I immediately gathered several together and made a bed on the floor. Not having a good nights rest for several previous nights I slept soundly and awoke to find that we were anchored in the harbor of Le Harve, France. We disembarked and marched about two miles to British Rest Camp No. 2. This camp was a decided improvement over the one in Southampton. At this camp we took steam baths and were issued clean underwear. The bunks were not too comfortable, they were made of strap iron, lower and upper. Only a blanket between us and the steel. Before we bedded down we were required to carry sand bags and pile them about two feet high around the sleeping quarters to deflect shrapnel in case of an air attack.

We left Le Harve about 11 p.m. September 17 in French box cars. They were small by our standards on the outside was painted Hommes 40, Chevious 8. This indicated that they would hold 40 men or 8 horses. I was in the front 40 men in our company and the larger men were in that group. It was a tight squeeze. We proceeded to the environs of Paris, to await orders which came through on the afternoon of the 18th and we then continued on our way to Allery-et-Saone, arriving on the afternoon of the 19th. We were 36 hours on the trip from Le Harve. I shall long remember that trip. We were so crowded that when we lay on the floor to sleep our legs would be draped over some other men. Our rations were corn beef hash and bread. Coffee was served twice at stations in route.

We set up in business and on the 20th; I was assigned as ward-master in ward 8 of the Medical Service. Major J. J. Rutburg was the Chief of our division. We started out with 302 patients of whom 110 were surgical and 192 medical. This hospital had a bed capacity of 1400. The buildings were prefabricated and could be erected in a short time. When we arrived the facility was still under construction and continued so for weeks. We used candles for lighting as there was no electricity for most of that Fall.

About the middle of October, there was such a large number of patients arriving from the battle field, that it was necessary to use the Red Cross Hut and some of the nurses quarters for wards and our patient population increased to 1700. From September 21, 1918 to January 19, 1919 we handled 5661 patients at this location. Our hospital was in support of the fighting forces in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne Forest drive.

During most of the Fall I had only two orderlies but one day, when we were in great need of help, we were assigned some newly arrived nurses. Two came to ward 8. For some reason I remember the name of only one. She attracted my attention at once for she was so attractive and wholesome looking and so professional in her attitude. She was there for work and work she did. Her name was Lusetta Singer. She remained in my ward for quite some time, but later was transferred to another unit. There were several hospitals in this area. However, she was on temporary assignment and later returned to Evacuation Hospital No. 19. Other nurses were assigned to my ward but none had the professional attitude of Miss Singer.

We were on duty in 12 hour shifts. Twelve on and 12 off, but if a hospital train arrived in the night loaded with patients from the Field Hospitals near the front, the bugle sounded in our sleeping quarters and everyone turned out to help receive them.

They first went through the receiving ward, the stretcher cases received first attention, and the ones able to walk were stripped of their field uniforms and, after passing through the showers, were issued pajamas and assigned to wards. The ten wards in the medical service received many gas patients and some pneumonia and influenza.

The weather in Eastern France, in Fall and Winter is something to remember. So little sunshine and much fog and rain.

One day after we had been there for weeks the sun came out so bright and the sky was clear of fog. I looked to the Southeast and to my surprise, the Alps were in plain view. I looked at Mount Blanc through field glasses and could see the snow blowing over the crest of the mountain. It is over 15,700 feet high and was a beautiful sight.

The Burgundy section of France is very interesting and has a fascinating history. It is a great grape growing country. The grapes are delicious, we have been known to trade our rations for them.

November 11, 1918 was a day to remember. The Americans and the French celebrated far into the night. I will say, if you did not want to be hugged by a French man or woman you should have remained off the street.

About the middle of December we began to evacuate our patients to Base Hospitals near to the ports of debarkation. Many expected that we would be going home but word came in early January 1919 that we would be joining the Army of occupation in Germany. Many nurses were going

also and I was hopeful that Miss Singer would be among them. I now quote from the historical account of Evacuation Hospital No. 19: "Evacuation Hospital No. 19, organized at Fort Riley, Kansas, in the Spring of 1918, and trained for overseas work at Camp Dix, New Jersey, saw active service in the fields of operation with the American Expeditionary Forces, first operating at Allerey (Saone et Loire) France, where, until the Armistice was signed November 11, 1918, the organization was in support of the fighting forces in the St. Mihiel and Meuse Argonne Forest Drive, the unit, early in 1919, was ordered to relieve Evacuation Hospital No. 3, at Trier, Germany, in the American Bridge head area, thus becoming a part of the Third United States Army - the Army of Occupation."

"Under command of Lieutenant-Colonel S. J. Taylor, M.D., the unit, consisting of 25 commissioned officers and 216 enlisted men, entrained at Allerey February 12, 1919. Trier was reached three days later, on February 15, 1919. The detachment was allowed only a brief resting period, taking over the work of Evacuation Hospital No. 3, at Midnight of February 16, 1919."

Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor was relieved of his command and Colonel Robert W. Kerr, M. D. took command. A transfer of 19 additional officers and 181 enlisted men were added to our unit. Evacuation Hospital No. 19 brought 38 Army nurses from France and at Trier 92 additional were transferred from Evacuation Hospital No. 3. This gave the Hospital a total working force of 45 commissioned officers, 130 nurses and 397 enlisted men.

Our Hospital located in the Horn Kasern are Old German Infantry headquarters in West Trier near the Roman bridge over the Moselle river. Three large brick buildings, the wings three stories and the central structures four stories high, form three sides of a quadrilateral, making an ideal parade ground. Numerous other large brick buildings completed the compound by a high brick wall. The largest number of patients we had any one time was 1800.

I continued in the medical service but had many and various tasks to perform at different times until Major J. J. Rutberg, Head of Medical Services, needed me full time in his office. Sergeant First Class Russell M. Huddleston was the Major's right hand man and I am sure had something to do with my selection for he and I were close friends. This was very agreeable to me as I was in his department in Allerey and developed a

very great respect for Major Rutberg and also for Sergeant Huddleston. We had permanent passes, which we did not abuse, and could come and go outside the compound as we please only in off hours.

Trier is a very interesting city. It is said to be the oldest city in Germany, having been established by the Romans some 1800 years ago and many evidence of their occupancy are still evident. In ancient times it was a walled city and one of the old gates (Parta Nigra) still stands. It is four stories high.

I had not been in Trier but a few days when, one night I was attending a musical in the Red Cross Hut and the place was dark except for the stage. I was sitting near the entrance with my hand on the edge of the seat. When people entered the Hut it was sometimes necessary for them to feel their way along the aisle. Someone placed their hand on mine in finding directions. I looked up and a lady said excuse me and it was Miss Singer. It was the first I knew that she was with us. I saw her every week or so during the time we were there and one day I ask her to go for a walk through a beautiful park not far from the hospital and she consented. Nurses were not supposed to date enlisted men so she brought her friend Elsie Morgan and we had a nice visit and I remember well, when we sat on a bench, near a little brook to rest, after climbing a hill, she produced a chocolate bar and presented me with a generous portion. This made a hit with me, for I am very fond of chocolate, and had not so much as seen chocolate since leaving the States. When she was working in the Officers Ward I went there at times to collect mess bills from officer patients as they were required to pay for their food.

Not having seen Miss Singer for several weeks, in the Spring of 1919, I ask one of the nurses if she knew where Singer was and she informed me that she had left some days previous to be returned to the States. I was sorry that I did not get to tell her goodbye. From time to time for the next year or so she was never entirely out of my mind.

I had been promoted to Sergeant. This gave me an advance in pay as well as responsibilities and prestige. I got leave to spend two days in Coblentz and took a boat trip up the Rhine. Left Coblentz at 9 a.m. and returned at 5 p.m. It was a wonderful experience to see such beautiful country and many ancient castles and places of interest. After returning to Coblentz I boarded a train for Trier and arrived at 11 p.m.

One day General Pershing visited our hospital and stood on a large trash container and spoke to the assembled staff and nurses and enlisted

men. He surely was a fine looking soldier and his remarks were appropriate and encouraging to us.

Early in July of 1919, Major Rutburg reported that he had been directed to go to Coblenz and take charge of a Hospital Train and it would have about 150 nurses and YMCA workers on board and he was to take them to Brest, France for return to the U. S. He was permitted to take two non-commissioned officers and 10 or 12 privates. He selected Huddleston and I and we had some say as to who the other men would be when the word got out every one in the company wanted to go. But Huddleston was very careful to select men who would not embarrass the Major and who had certain skills that were needed such as cooks and kitchen help and other odd jobs.

When the day arrived we boarded a train for Coblenz and found the train waiting for us. We proceeded as directed, left Coblenz on July 11 with our precious cargo and arrived back in Trier about 4 p.m. Other nurses and baggage came aboard and we were on our way before dark. We pulled into north Paris about sundown on July 12. We had been routed through Mionville, Verdun, Cholon-sur-Marne, Chateau Thierry and Meux. We left for Brest that same night and arrived in Brest about 11 p.m. the following day. We remained on the train until morning and the men had to march about three miles to Camp Pontanezen carrying our packs and barracks bags. Most of our bags were full and heavy. It was a trip to try one's endurance. This was a huge camp with thousands of troops awaiting transport ships to return them to the U. S.

The people of Brittany seem to be an entirely different race from the French we encountered in other sections of France.

One day while in Brest, Rufus Armstrong of Vinita, Oklahoma and I joined a truckload of soldiers going to the coast north of town. It must have been 25 or 30 miles or more. It was a very interesting trip. We were served a shore dinner, everything coming from the sea. I tried a live clam. I picked him up and observed his shell opening and closing with regularity. I thought I heard him say "You better leave me alone." I did not heed his warning and as it turned out he knew what he was talking about. After I had returned to camp and had gone to bed he kept insisting that he was not pleased with his sleeping quarters and my state of mind was such that I was glad to let him have his way so I stuck my head out of the barracks window and released the beast with no regrets.

The S. S. Imperator appeared and anchored out in the harbor about

a mile from dock. She was the sister ship of the Leviathan both captured from the Germans. We set sail on August 3rd or 4th. The sea was calm all the way over and we docked at Hoboken, New Jersey August 10 at 9 a.m. The Statue of Liberty never looked more beautiful than it did that morning. All the many ships in New York harbor gave us a welcome toot from their whistles. We then went to Camp Merrit which was near by. Those of us from Oklahoma and Arkansas were sent by special coach by way of Baltimore, Washington D.C., Durham N.C., Atlanta and Birmingham to Little Rock Arkansas to be discharged.

I returned home and resumed being Postmaster.

P. S. After a diligent search, I located Miss Singer, mentioned earlier, at Sheldon, Iowa. We were married September 5, 1923.

My Pleasant Valley Adventure

By Ed Glover

A person's opinion of life is made up of memories. How often do you take time to review your memories?

Come join me while I share some of my memories with you.

My life began on March 29, 1922, when Dr. Murphy brought me into this world at my Grandmother Andrews house in Stillwater, Oklahoma. My mother, Grace A. Andrews Glover, and my father, William Earl Glover, were there to greet me.

My first memories were of our home in the 300 block of Main Street where I was permitted to go outside during the early spring of 1923 and sit along the south side of the house in the sun. My curiosity and desire to find new things led me to become friendly with the night crawler worm, which interested me and marked my first desire to become an avid fisherman. In inclement weather, I was restricted to the house where I played soldier and romped through the rooms and many magazines stacked along the wall.

Soon spring and summer came, and outdoors I went. Our clover lawn was very pleasant to walk on barefoot except when you stepped on a honey bee. Mother used soda to ease the pain of these incidents, and they were soon over.

Our house faced Main Street with its island in the middle separating the traffic lanes. The island always interested me and seemed to beckon me in spite of Mother's warning and threats of a spanking if I ventured to the island. But, venture I did, and having watched the city employees turn on the water, I couldn't wait to see if I, too, could turn it on. Sticking my hand down the tiled opening, I found the faucet handle, but couldn't turn it. Suddenly, something bit my finger, and upon withdrawing my hand, I found a huge beetle hanging to and painfully pinching my finger. The beetle was quickly dispatched, and my cries of pain brought Mother running with a hot hand to give me a good spanking, which she did.

Our neighbors on the south were the Jake Katz family, and the George Dollinger family lived on the north. Maxine Dollinger, George's daughter, and I became playmates and had many pleasant times together

?
across from
Jefferson
School

west side
the house
at 4th and
Main
corner -

Island ran North from 4th Street¹³ - a boulevard - along lined
the edge of the street.

Cousins visiting. Maxine could read, so she read stories from her books. In pleasant weather, my favorite place to play was on the brick sidewalk in front of our house and the Katz's home. Most mornings, Mr. Dollinger stopped and passed the time of day with me as he went to his job at the bank. He usually wanted to check my Liberty Bell piggy bank as he passed. Mr. Bassler also came by on his way to the post office where he worked. Yes, as you can probably tell, I really liked being around people.

During the summer of 1925, it was hot, and my bed was near the window kept open at night for cooling. Being an active sleeper, I managed to roll out the window and fall in the bushes beside the house. That really awakened me with a jolt, and Mother had a hard time finding me.

The fall season can clearly be remembered. The Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College "freshman belt line" was established on the island in front of our house, and the Booster Wagons, usually featuring a band and pieces of candy being tossed to onlookers, came by our house as well.

At this time, I finally discovered what the island in the street was used for. OAMC had a "Belt line" for freshmen orientation, and the line was posted along the island. Freshmen took their initiatory "licks" by running through it while the upperclassmen took a swat at them with their belts.

In November, 1928, my mother and I went to stay at the farm with Grandmother and Grandfather Andrews for six months while my father was on the road as a traveling salesman. Grandmother's farm, which she staked during the Run for Oklahoma Territory, now borders Western Street from 19th to 26th Street and east. The old two-story homestead is still intact and located on its original foundation near the southeast corner of the property. This old house was the site of many pleasant memories.

It wasn't long before Thanksgiving came, and it was always celebrated at Grandmother's house. All my aunts and uncles and cousins attended this gala affair, and, of course, the tables for the noon meal groaned under the weight and variety of food. What a feast! Fourteen boy cousins and two girl cousins made the holidays very lively, noisy and enjoyable. Our uncles Horace, Leonard and Grandfather Andrews were quite the prank players and storytellers crazing the curious into games such as "salt the bird on the tail," or a "snipe hunt" in the evening. All the boy cousins (including myself), starving for adventure, joined in each event.

My grandfather, Harry Eben Andrews, came to Oklahoma from Burlingame, Kansas and participated in the Run of April 22, 1889. He and grandmother, then Lula M. Ash, were married on January 14, 1890 in Stillwater, Oklahoma. From this union, nine children were born into the family. All lived, except one child. This included two sons: Leonard Ralph and Horace Arthur; and six daughters: my mother, Grace Althea, Jessie Vi Vera, Donna Delia, Helen Esther, Olive Harriet and Edna Winifred. Grandfather Andrews was a pleasant person who loved farming and ranching. He was always ready to play the guitar and sing to the grandchildren. He loved Christmas with all the children and went to great lengths to promote its cause and Santa Claus. The Christmas of 1928, Grandfather Andrews summoned all the grandchildren around a roaring fire he had built for Christmas Eve and told a story about Santa Claus and how Santa would not come until all the children were asleep. However, he also said that if we listened carefully, we might hear Santa and his reindeer arriving on the roof. Leaving the group to check on Santa, Grandfather climbed on the roof and stomped around. Upon returning, he questioned the grandchildren about the sounds from the roof top. Then off to bed we were sent. The next day was bedlam. Christmas was here, and everyone was happy.

The winter months brought cold weather, snow and sleet, which made this season a prime time for butchering--mainly pigs. Butchering was a community affair, and all who helped returned home with a share of the fresh meat. Fred Nuss, who lived south of the homestead, was the most sought after helper since he could shave the pigs cleaner than anyone. The rendering pit and sausage mill were operated by the women, producing lard, cracklings and good sausage.

I looked forward to this event and always wrangled a pig tail or two and some crispy cracklings from Grandmother Andrews. Uncle Leonard, Uncle Fred, George Jacobs and others in the neighborhood helped.

Thereafter, delicious tenderloin, sausage and later, bacon and ham graced the breakfast table.

Grandmother Andrews was a gourmet cook, arising from her sleep at 5 a.m. to begin breakfast. Since my bed was on the first floor near the kitchen, I had the opportunity to enjoy the first delicious aromas of food cooking and kitchen noises of the day. Grandfather Andrews loved breakfast, and it was not unusual for the meal to feature a menu of hot biscuits

PATENT RECORD.

The United States

TO

Lucas M. Andrews

TERMINATION OF OKLAHOMA, } SS.
County of Payne, }

This instrument was filed for record on the 7
day of April A. D., 1907 at 2 o'clock,
P. M. and duly recorded in Book 6 of
at Page 221
By W. J. Allen Register of Deeds.
W. J. Allen Deputy.

United States of America,

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

Homestead Certificate No. 557
APPLICATION 2456

Whereas There has been deposited in the General Land Office of the United States a Certificate of the Register of the Land Office at Fort Smith, Oklahoma Territory whereby it appears that, pursuant to the Act of Congress approved 20th May, 1862, "TO SECURE HOMESTEADS TO ACTUAL SETTLERS ON THE PUBLIC DOMAIN," and the acts supplemental thereto, the claim of Lucas M. Andrews formerly Lucas M. Selu has been established and duly consummated, in conformity to law, for the North West quarter of Section Twenty seven in Township sixteen north of Range One East of Indian meridian in Oklahoma Territory containing two hundred and sixty acres.

according to the Official Plat of the survey of the said Land, returned to the General Land Office by the Surveyor General:

Now Know Ye, That there is, therefore, granted by the UNITED STATES unto the said Lucas M. Andrews

the tract of Land above described: To Have and To Hold the said tract of Land, with the appurtenances thereof, unto the said Lucas M. Andrews and to his heirs and assigns forever.

In Testimony Whereof, I, Grover Cleveland President of the United States of America, have caused these letters to be made Patent, and the Seal of the General Land Office to be hereunto affixed.

Done under my hand, at the City of Washington, the fourth day of March in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and ninety five and of the Independence of the United States the One Hundred and ninetieth
By the President: Grover Cleveland

By W. J. Allen Secretary.

(SEAL) W. J. Allen Recorder of the General Land Office.
Recorded Chickasha, Vol. 7, Page 259

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This is the Patent to the land Grandmother Andrews staked and filed in Guthrie, OK.



This is The Harry E. Andrews Portrait, the year was about 1891.
Left to Right, Top down. Edna, Leonard and Horace
Vera, Grandmother Andrews, Harry E. Andrews, Grandfather
Grace A, and Donna



This is a picture of the Andrews Homestead. The house still stands and now borders Western Street from 19th to 26th Street and east.

Pictured are: L to R: Ralph Andrews, Clinton Goodman, Doris L. Andrews, Janice Baker, Toni Goodman, Bud Andrews, Bill Goodman, Bob Glover, Edwin Glover and Betty Jean Andrews. Standing on the porch of the homestead is Grandfather Andrews.

gravy, ham, bacon, sausages, eggs, wild plum jelly, honey, sorghum syrup and lots of hot coffee and fresh milk.

On special occasions, Grandmother let me get up and join Grandfather for these wonderful breakfasts because Mother and the aunts (Helen, Olive and Donna) were late risers.

Going to school was mentioned and discussed with me quite often now, and Mother and my aunts were intent on my learning the ABCs well.

In early Spring of 1919, Mother and Dad brought me a pair of Red Wing boots with a red cuff. They were my delight, and I couldn't wait to try them out. Later that day, Mother told me that the Pleasant Valley School District 15 teacher had invited me to visit the school. The weather in April had been quite rainy during the week, but this did not dampen my spirits or cancel my invitation.

My raincoat and hat were securely placed on me, and then I slipped into those beautiful boots, making me feel like a knight in armor. Mother headed me out to Aunt Edna's up the road just a slight way south, and Aunt Edna encouragingly steered me up the hill toward Aunt Mary's, who was watching and waved me on through the pasture toward Pleasant Valley. This gave me a chance to test the new Red Wing boots thoroughly as they carried me safely through several buffalo wallows. On entering the wallows, I was distracted by wiggles (tadpoles) and had to catch a few for inspection. Well, this took quite a while, and the buffalo wallow water will really wet you if you give it a chance. It was lunch time when I arrived at school rather damp, but exceedingly curious. Mrs. Virginia Lee met me at the door and welcomed me to Pleasant Valley School, which would prove to be one of the happiest places in my life. Shortly after school took up, Mrs. Lee had me recite my ABCs and told me about school. I stayed until 4 p.m. and enjoyed another event by accompanying my cousins, Ralph Andrews and Toni Goodman, back home. What an adventure it was to me, and to find out that school was to be an enjoyable time to look forward to.

On my returning home, Grandmother Andrews and Mother decided it was time to assign me some "chores." My first assignment was to feed the dogs the leftover biscuits each morning, which was an easy and enjoyable task. The second task assigned was to empty the mousetraps in the pantry each day. Well, this really became an adventure. The first two mice had found the cheese and paid the penalty. As I withdrew the mice from the

the traps, I couldn't see why women were afraid of "little ole" mice. Then something clicked in my mind. I thought, "Let's see just how afraid the aunts are of mice." Up the stairway I went holding the two mice by their tails. The aunts were still sleepy and in the process of dressing. They quickly became "Screaming Wildcats" jumping up and down on the bed. That was my undoing. Grandmother Andrews spanked me and stuck me under a large wash tub which was used to keep chickens picked out to eat, and she told me to stay there until I could be nice. It didn't take me long to change my ways--temporarily.

Later in the winter, my father returned from his traveling job, and a small house was built for our family on land in the south 40. We moved before planting time and were happy to be back as a family.

We all helped with the family garden and planting some of the corn and cotton crops. This was a "snake year," and many bull, black and king snakes inhabited the fields, so we kept a sharp hoe close at hand to take care of the critters. All were harmless, but they were snakes just the same.

This is "Icer" the first dog of Edwin Glover; he fed biscuits to him after breakfast. But was probably best known as a good snake dog.



Summer was soon over, and it was time to get ready for school. Mother and Dad went to town and purchased my school clothes and tablets and pencils. I can still remember the smell and feel of the new clothes, especially of the tight shoes since I had gone barefoot most of the summer. All this made "going to school" a festive event.

Finally, the day came, and off to Pleasant Valley School I went with my lunch pail and tablets. Ralph Andrews, my cousin, was to be my constant companion going to and from school. I met him at his house on top of the hill. We moved down the hill to the school and arrived on time.

Mrs. Virginia Lee met us at the school house door and showed me the pic safe in which I was to place my lunch pail. Soon school started. The Pledge of Allegiance and Lord's Prayer were given by all, and the teacher welcomed the students and made assignments. Recitations began about 9:30 a.m. In the meantime, Mrs. Lee took me to the rear of the room, and we sat down together on the old church pew. Then, Mrs. Lee proceeded to have me recite the ABCs, and I was introduced to my Bobbs Merrill first grade reader. Our daily sessions and Mrs. Lee's patience soon taught me to read.

As the year progressed, we students began forming groups as we walked to school. These groups came in from different directions. One came from the southwest, beginning with the Nusses--Wilbur, Lester, Juanita, and later Emma--who lived on Western, south of 32nd Street. The Epperlys joined them, and then cutting across northwest, they joined me and my cousins, Ralph and Doris Andrews. Ralph, George and Carrie Jacobs joined the group along with my cousin, James Ash. Down the Zuck hill we went, happy to be going to school with our friends. The boys never failed to kick a few "cow chips," and the girls kept their distance while visiting until they reached the schoolhouse.

Other groups came from the west, including the Hillermans, the Harringtons, the Montgomerys, the Frys, the Buffingtons, the Fergusons and the Greens. From the south came the Harrises, the Rheins and the Humans. There were very few homes to the north except for the Bradleys--Vic, John and Rebecca--who lived immediately across the road and had a flock of geese with a mean gander which would bite you if he could.

The teacher rang the bell at 8:30, and again at 9 a.m., and we usually heard the first bell as we approached. Class started at 9 a.m. sharp, with the Pledge of Allegiance, the Lord's Prayer and then class recitation, beginning with the first grade and working up in turn through the 8th grade.

Recess came at 10 a.m., when most of the students went outside to play games, such as “King of the Mountain,” “Crack the Whip,” “Annie, Annie Over,” running races, or wrestling. Recess was never long enough except when it was cold, and we had to huddle along the windows at the west side of the building. As spring approached and warm weather came, the boys played “tops,” “Cats-eye and bulls-eye marbles,” and the girls played “jacks” and “jump rope.” We were all friends and enjoyed each other.

We were back in class at 10:30, and more recitations, sometimes during civics class. We had news articles received by the teacher or a student to keep us up with the times.

Lunch time came soon, and for me this was a real gourmet adventure. The food in the lunch boxes was characteristic of the mix of ethnic groups that settled this land in the Run. German, Swedish, French, English, Dutch, Polish, Spanish, Czechoslovakian, Finnish and other nationalities, and the variety of food reflected their tastes.

I was busy each lunch time making friends and trading food. My favorite food to barter for was Jim Simons’ mother’s delicious fried chocolate pies. I would trade my whole lunch for one, if that were the price. Some of the students brought wild meat and fish. I remember clearly the Rheins children, Jake and Ott, bringing Crappie fish to their lunch. jelly and biscuit or homemade bread sandwiches with meat, jelly or cheeses for filling and sometimes cookies or fruit to round out the meal.

After we ate, group games were played and enjoyed. There was never enough time to finish playing. There was no fighting on the school grounds. We were all too busy enjoying games and friends to waste time fighting.

Each school day followed approximately the same schedule except for those times when the teacher called for a spelling bee or declared “Soup Day.” Mrs. Annie Coblentz was our teacher in the late 30s. She was the promoter of the latter event. Each student was asked to bring a jar of vegetables or milk, and the teacher provided the seasoning. As the soup simmered throughout the morning on the old pot-bellied stove, the aroma was enticing, and our appetites really soared.

Spelling bees and math matches were held on Friday afternoon. They began by the teacher appointing team captains, and the captains selected their team members. As the participants were “spelled down” or “mathed out,” the team with the most remaining members won.

The holidays started with Halloween, which was celebrated by a pie supper or box supper. This fundraising activity was a popular event since young men could bid on their favorite girlfriend's box supper or pie. If successful, the lucky person was permitted to share the pie or a picnic with the girl. The top price was \$1.00 to \$1.25, with most going for 25 to 50 cents. Entertainment was provided by the students' recitations, dialogs or singing. We really had "hams." Jerrall Harrington and my brother, Bob, were comics, and they had only to look at each other to laugh.

Thanksgiving Day was the next celebration at which the school as a whole presented a Puritan story program for the parents. All the students participated in some manner, and, of course, all parents attended.

Christmas followed with a grand program of a Pageant of the Wisemen and singing of Christmas songs. Every year, the board of education saw to it that each student received a sack of stocking full of nuts, candy and fruit. We all looked forward to this event and gift.

Easter celebrations were occasionally held. This program usually included an egg hunt on the school ground and singing.

As winter left, and the March winds subsided, spring finally came with soft rains and thunderstorms. It became difficult for the students to keep their minds on studies as they looked forward to the freedom of summer with its bare feet, swimming holes, fishing, watermelon, and all those harvest meals. Mother restricted us from going barefoot until apple blossoms burst.

Finally, school was out for the year, but we cherished our friendships and the things we learned during the year and looked forward to the next year at our Pleasant Valley School.



Pleasant Valley School District 15, L to R, Top Down

Lester Nuss, Ralph Salobs, Bernice Wheatly, Wilbur Nuss, Teacher, Annie Coblentz

2nd Row: Edwin Glover, M. Hilleman, Emma Nuss, Simmons Girl, Bernice Montgomery (my Girl Friend), Carrie Jacob

3rd Row: Simons Boy, Ken Glover, Bryan Hill'@on and Dog, James Ash, Bob Glover, Jarrel Harrington

ANNUAL MEETING
Payne County Historical Society
June 15, 1994

Place of Meeting: Old Central, Oklahoma State University

Meeting Called to Order: by Lawrence Erwin, President

Old Business: None Considered

New Business:

Election of Officers for 1994-95

Report brought by Dr. LeRoy Fischer, Nominating:

Lawrence Erwin, President
Mary Jane Warde, Vice-President
Jo Heiliger, Secretary
Fred Kolch, Treasurer
Carol Bormann, Director until 1997
Mahlon Erickson, Director until 1997

Other nominations;from the floor were called for--none were made.
The above candidates were elected by acclamation.

Other Officers serving for 1994-95:

Bill Bryans, Immediate Past President
Doris Dillinger, Director until 1996
Virginia Thomas, Director until 1995
Julie Couch, Director until 1995

RECOMMENDATION FROM BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

That the annual year as referred to in Article III, Section 4; Article IV, Section 1 of the BY LAWS OF THE PAYNE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY be changed from "July 1 of one year through June 30 of the

following year" to read January 1 of one year to December 31 of the following year, beginning as of January 1, 1995. This would make the Historical Society's annual year and the calendar year coincide and make membership dues payments less confusing. Motion was made, seconded and motion carried.

Annual Awards for Outstanding Contributions to Local History:

Ray and Helen Matoy for their service as editors of the *Payne County Historical Review*.

The Sheerar Cultural Center and Museum for excellent programs and exhibitions that have enhanced our knowledge of Payne County History. The award was accepted by Bill Dunn, Director.

President Erwin gave his Annual Report.

The Meeting was adjourned to attend the Centennial Celebration of Old Central.

Lawrence Erwin
President

PRESIDENT's REPORT
June 15, 1994

The 1993-94 Officers of the Payne County Historical Society:

President: Lawrence H. Erwin
Vice President: Mary Jane Warde (also served as the PCHS
representative to the Pleasant Valley School Board)
Secretary: Heather Lloyd
Treasurer: Frances Escue
Past President: Bill Bryans
Directors: Doris Dellinger 1996
Virginia Thomas 1995
Julie Couch 1995
Carol Bormann 1994
Mahlon Erickson 1994

The Fall Quarterly Meeting was September 16, 1993 and met at the Sheerar Cultural Center. The subject of the program was "The Effect of the Opening of the Cherokee Strip on Stillwater and Payne County," with D. Earl Newsom addressing the subject. We then viewed a special exhibition "Home on the Range, Profits in the Town: The Cherokee Strip Run and Its Impact on Stillwater."

The Winter Quarterly Meeting was held at the Sheerar Center, on January 9, 1994. David L. Payne, a fourth cousin of Captain David L. Payne, addressed the subject of "Should Capt. David L. Payne Be Moved to Payne County?" After the program a lively discussion ensued. An overwhelming consensus was that Captain Payne's remains should be moved from Wellington, Kansas to Stillwater.

Subsequently, I appointed a site-selection committee composed of: Virginia Thomas, Chairperson, Glenn Shirley, David Sasser, Fred Kolch, Norbert Mahnken and Elizabeth Joe Heiliger. And legal committee composed of: Winfrey Houston, Chairperson, Bill Bernhardt, Jr., Gerald Bradshaw, David Payne and Julie Couch.

These committees have been at work and have selected a beautiful site at Boomer Lake Park for a Captain David L. Payne Memorial. The site has been approved by the Stillwater City Commission subsequent to all legal requirements being satisfied. Hopefully, this project can be completed by late 1994.

The Spring Quarterly Meeting program was brought to us by Dr. Brad Agnew of Northeastern State University, Tahalequah, Oklahoma, on April 8, 1994, at the Sheerar Center. Dr. Agnew's subject was "The Great Depression in Oklahoma." A special exhibit of the Great Depression era was displayed by the Sheerar Museum.

The Annual Meeting was held at The Old Central Museum of Higher Education on the Campus of Oklahoma State University. The program was the Centennial Celebration of Old Central and a re-enactment of the dedication ceremony of Old Central. The meeting was held June 15, 1994.

The Payne County Historical Society's annual awards for outstanding contributions to local history went to Ray and Helen Matoy and the Sheerar Cultural Center and Museum. Ray and Helen Matoy have done yeoman service in their efforts as editors of *The Payne County Historical Review*. We sincerely thank you Ray and Helen!

The Sheerar Cultural Center and Museum has continually brought programs and exhibitions of excellent quality that has enhanced our knowledge and history of Payne County. Bill Dunn and his staff have given every cooperation and support to the work and efforts of the Payne County Historical Society. We owe them a debt of gratitude.

Aaron Carlson agreed to take the restoring of the Oklahoma Historical Monument to Registration Booth No. 1 for the 1893 Cherokee Outlet as an Eagle Scout Project. The monument is located on City of Stillwater property immediately north of the National Standard Plant on North Perkins Road. Included in this project is the repainting of the two historical markers located on South Main Street, across from the No.1 Fire Station. These markers commemorate the Last Boomer Town Site of December 12, 1884 and the founding of Oklahoma A and M College. Aaron has completed the repainting of the two markers and work is in progress on the No. 1 Registration Booth monument. The Payne County Historical Society has pledged to pay for the cost of materials used in this project.

The Payne County Historical Society has extended an invitation to the Oklahoma Historical Society Board of Directors to have and hold its annual meeting in Stillwater in the Spring of 1996. If this invitation is accepted we will have a great deal of work to do and will need the help of our entire membership.

I would like to thank my board of Directors and Officers and the entire membership for your help and cooperation in accomplishing what I feel has been a successful year for the Payne County Historical Society.

Respectfully Submitted,

Lawrence H. Erwin, President

Payne County Historical Society is organized in order to bring together people interested in history and 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. Membership dues are: \$12.00 for Individual Membership; \$17.00 for Family Membership; \$20.00 for Institutional Membership; Life Membership is for those paying \$100.00 in one year. Membership applications and dues should be sent to the treasurer.

All members receive copies of the 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.)

Name _____ Telephone _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Payne County Historical Society
P. O. Box 2262
Stillwater, Oklahoma 74076

Editorial Policy

The PAYNE COUNTY HISTORICAL REVIEW is published semi-annually by the Payne County Historical Society. It is distributed without additional charge to members of the Payne County Historical Society. Single issues, when available, may be purchased at \$3.50 each.

The PAYNE COUNTY HISTORICAL REVIEW welcomes reader's comments, news, or requests for information from readers. Family histories, photographs, or maps are also welcome. No payment is made for articles published in the REVIEW.

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

Editor, Helen Matoy
Associate Editor, Ray Matoy
Distribution Manager, Iris Erwin

Arts & Humanities Council (H)
Sheerar Center
P.O. Box 2475
Stillwater, OK 74074

