



November 2, 1995

The other day Dr. Art Brown passed along a small French language textbook, "Le Tour de la France," which he had rescued from a pile of discards. The book is covered with brown butcher paper neatly folded at each corner and signed by "Mary G. Ley, St. Joseph Academy, February 28, 1924." Mary, the late sister of Frank Ley, eventually became Mrs. Walt Kehres. She was a student at the Academy and was studying French that year. Carefully written notes in the margin indicate that she applied herself diligently to the course.

The book was interesting for several reasons, including the signs of Mary's scholarship, but it also conjures up an image of the Catholic school which once stood at the corner of Ninth and Elm, where the present St. Rose of Lima fellowship hall is now located. At various times the Academy offered different levels of education, including kindergarten and a full 12-year program plus post-graduate studies, all taught by a cadre of nuns provided by the mother house in San Antonio, Texas, and Wichita.

In addition to the parochial school, the nuns also gave private music lessons to boys and girls in piano, violin, the harp, and assorted other genteel instruments. I was one of their piano students but my time with them went for naught. It was not their fault. At different times I also took piano lessons from Mrs. Ivan Kennedy and Mrs. Florence Crowder and although I briefly mastered "Three Tin Soldiers" and noodled around with "Chop Sticks" and other elementary compositions, today I am virtually illiterate, musically speaking. I enjoy music, I just don't totally understand it.

St. Joseph's was a two-story wooden clapboard building, very plain in design but clearly functional for classroom instruction. I remember the sisters in their white wimples and flowing black robes. They could be very stern and serious, but then a smile would lighten their countenance and perhaps a word of reassurance would make the hours of practice seem worthwhile. It wasn't that my resistance surpassed their skills as teachers. I was willing enough, but it just didn't take. Most of their other charges proved much more apt and became proficient musicians. I was considered to be that well known "exception to the rule" that teachers everywhere are always citing.

St. Joseph's was established here in 1900 when Rev. Willebrord Voogden was the priest at St. Rose of Lima Catholic church. The original school was built largely by parishioners. It cost \$3,000 and measured 64 x 40 feet. The building had four classrooms, a private chapel and living quarters for the Sisters of Divine Providence of San Antonio, Texas. Ground was broken on July 5, 1900, and the new school house was ready for its first students by Sept. 8 that year when the fall term began. It was first chartered under territorial law on March 24, 1902. A new charter was granted under state law on May 1, 1914. Average enrollment the first 10 years was 175 pupils. The Sisters of St. Joseph, based in Wichita, took over the staffing and teaching of St. Joseph's in September 1950. At one time a cottage at the rear of the Academy served as a boarding house for students from Covington and other nearby towns. School buses were virtually unknown at the time.

Frank Ley was among the last students who attended high school at St. Joseph's. During his senior year, 1934, he played in the Perry high school band under Prof. Leopold Radgowsky and took manual training at PHS under Euel Leach, but about half of his classes were at St. Joseph's. His graduation certificate was issued by Perry high school. St. Joseph's discontinued the high school after the 1934-35 term when Lilly Cooper Dunford was the lone graduate.

Attendance at St. Joseph's began diminishing after the upper grades were dropped, but a strong Kindergarten-8th grade program was maintained. At times they also had some outstanding grade school basketball teams, even though they had to borrow a gym for practice. I remember Tony Macias was on perhaps their last squad, and he was a deadeye shooter.

Later of course he became a state champion wrestler and a fine football halfback at Perry high school, but he starred in basketball at St. Joseph's before that.

In 1953, during the post-World War II era, St. Rose of Lima parishioners razed the old wooden building and constructed a new one-story brick school of contemporary design to replace the Academy. They also built an attractive brick nunnery for the, teachers' residence. The mother house found it difficult to supply teaching nuns as time went on, and soon simple economics made it financially impossible to maintain the school, so finally it was closed altogether. The building was converted into a fellowship hall. Lions and Rotarians, who had met each week in the St. Rose of Lima church basement, relocated to the fellowship hall dining room when the school was discontinued. The Catholic ladies served wholesome home-cooked dinners to both groups.

Many of today's Perry citizens received their elementary education at St. Joseph's Academy and they will tell you they were well grounded in the basics when they transferred to the public school to complete high school. Graduates of St. Joseph's did very well in academics and in extra-curricular activities when they became part of the Perry high school student body.

Thanks to Art Brown for passing along the copy of Mary Ley's "Le Tour de la France," and to Frank Ley for his recollections, all of which brought back some pleasant memories of St. Joseph's Academy.



November 4, 1995

The recent column mentioning exterior renovation on the Kasper law office and Three Sands Oil Co. suite on the north side of the square brought back some memories for June Ream, one of my friends at City Hall. She remembers the Ryerson Nursing Home on the second floor of that building, back in the late 1930s and early 1940s, and wonders how many others share that recollection. Let me refresh your memory.

Ethel Ryerson was a licensed practical nurse who assisted several Perry physicians in office work and home care. Eventually she leased the rooms above Zorba's Department Store and operated a maternity clinic there for several years. Although it was called a nursing home, its mission was not what we associate that term with today. Rather than providing eldercare, she primarily served expectant mothers who delivered there and remained for the usual recuperation period of several days. Doctors admitted their patients and officiated in the delivery room and Mrs. Ryerson saw to it that the proper post-natal care was provided.

She was a friendly, gregarious, grandmotherly lady, with iron gray hair, horn-rimmed glasses, a ready laugh and a broad smile for everyone. She was a bit heavy set and not very tall, and when she moved her starched nurses uniform made a rustling sound. Mrs. Ryerson was both efficient and loving in the care she provided. Many young Perry families of that era were happy that the Ryerson Nursing Home was located here.

Her husband, Earl, was a bookkeeper for Monroe-Lang Hardware on the south side of the square, in the building that formerly housed the Inch-By-Inch Salon. I understand the old hardware store building itself is in line for major renovation in the near future.

Earl and Ethel Ryerson had two daughters and both of them followed their mother as medical caregivers. The elder, Gladys, assisted her mother in the nursing home. The younger daughter, now Florence Vorndran, was a nurse's aide at Perry Memorial Hospital for several years before retiring. The Ryerson family home was the first house west of the First Baptist church, near Seventh and Fir. The location is now part of the church parking lot.

Mrs. Ryerson's facility was directly above the original Zorba's store at 633 Delaware. Across the hall from her, located, above the J. C. Penney Co. store of that time, was the suite of Dr. J. W. Driver. He was a Harvard-trained physician and surgeon who came to Perry from Ponca City in the mid-1930s and enjoyed a successful practice here for several years. His wife, Edna, was a registered nurse and frequently assisted him.

At that time, Dr. C. H. Cooke owned and operated Perry General Hospital in a two-story stucco structure at 903 Sixth street. The building later became a nursing home operated by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nichols, and Dr. Cooke built a new one story story hospital at 1120 Seventh street. That location is now the home of Mrs. Doris Bronner. Dr. Cooke closed His hospital after the opening of Perry Memorial and moved his practice to an office just east of the fire station. In the meantime, Dr. Driver built a new ground-level suite of offices at 720 Delaware and left the upstairs location. Dr. Scott Cowell, optometrist, now maintains his practice in the building constructed by Dr. Driver.

Dr. Driver's twin brother, Dr. George Driver, followed his brother to Perry and had an office suite on the second floor of the Davis Furniture Store building, where the First Bank & Trust Co. is now located. Dr. George Driver and his family also resided in an apartment adjacent to his office. During the scorching summer heat of that time, when air-conditioning was virtually unknown, Dr. and Mrs. Driver and their young children frequently spread pallets on the metal awning over the furniture store display windows and spent the night there, enjoying any stray breeze that might come along.

The two Drs. Driver were colorful and interesting characters, and despite some personal difficulties, including occasional animosities between themselves, they were well liked, socially popular and each had a successful practice in this community. Both died relatively young.

Thanks to June Ream for helping us to bring back some of these personalities from a few decades ago.



November 6, 1995

New signs of activity are rustling in the downtown business district. On the south side of the square, Kelly and Jerry Kueck are preparing to open a new store featuring ladies' fine apparel. They have purchased the building at 634 Cedar street which formerly housed Busha's Boutique. Mrs. Wilma Busha operated that business for several years until her recent death.

The new store will be known simply as "Kelly's." Mr. and Mrs. Kueck are in the midst of renovating the place, painting the interior and exterior, installing new carpet throughout and a new floor covering in the window display area. A sign will be mounted on the mansard-style exterior awning. The Kuecks have purchased new fixtures and Kelly has just returned from the Atlanta market where she purchased a completely new line of ladies' apparel. Everything is on track for a formal opening on Thanksgiving weekend. Norma Yowell and Maxine Harmon, who were employed as clerks while Mrs. Busha operated the business, have been retained by the Kuecks and will continue to serve patrons when the new store opens.

Up the street from there, Charles Wise is engaging in a little urban renewal on his property just east of the Wise BuickPontiac-GMC auto and truck dealership. He has torn down an old frame rent house and a shed in preparation for using the area for display of vehicles. He now leases the property across the street from his dealership for that purpose, but that land is owned by the city and Charles has been advised that it may be needed for some new construction very soon.

Rev. Jim Murray, who was recently installed as interim pastor of the Presbyterian church here, got a few chuckles with this anecdote the other Sunday.

TV evangelists have taken a beating in the media in recent years. You may have heard the story of the Hindu priest, the Jewish rabbi and the TV evangelist who were caught in the same area by a terrific thunderstorm. They sought shelter at a farmhouse.

"That storm will be raging for hours," the farmer told them. "You'd better stay here for the night. The problem is, there's only room enough for two of you. One of you'll have to sleep in the barn."

"I'll be the one," said the Hindu priest. "A little hardship is nothing to me." He went out to the barn. A few minutes later, there was a knock at the door. It was the Hindu. "I'm sorry," he said, "but there is a cow in the barn. According to my religion, cows are sacred, and one must not intrude into their space."

"Don't worry," said the Rabbi. "Come on in. I'll go to sleep in the barn."

A few minutes later, there was a knock at the door. It was the Rabbi. "I hate to be a bother," he said, "but there is a pig in the barn. In my religion, pigs are considered unclean. I would feel uncomfortable sharing my sleeping quarters with a pig."

"Oh, all right," said the TV evangelist. "I'll go sleep in the barn."

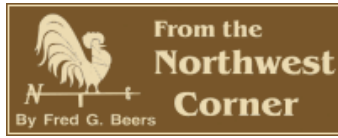
A few minutes later, there was a knock at the door. It was the cow and the pig!

This is an old joke, of course, and it could be told on anyone to whom we feel superior. It has been told on politicians and lawyers and film critics, and so on.

Pharisees probably told it on tax-collectors, says Rev. Jim.

According to the page of flag etiquette which has appeared in this newspaper several times lately, it's OK to display the U.S. flag outdoors at night if the flag is properly lighted. However, if a flag is flown in inclement weather it should be an all-weather fabric, not the conventional cotton fiber type most often used. I notice a few flags displayed on public buildings in Perry do not appear to be well lighted after dark. Some also are very tattered and should be retired in the prescribed manner, then replaced with a new one. Let's honor the flag of our country by proudly displaying it only in the correct way and retiring it with honor before it becomes totally worn out. If you're in doubt, ask any Boy Scout or a member of the National Guard.

Speaking of flags, here's something I gleaned from the weekly Rotary club newsletter edited by Jerry Swart: "Stand by your flag. Join the millions of Americans uniting to protect our United States flag from desecration. We have given hate and violence enough freedom. It's time to give values and honor equal opportunity. Make a difference by joining the Citizens Flag Alliance, 1-800-424-FLAG." Maybe you'll want to check this out.



November 7, 1995

After the utterly senseless vandalism at Operation Blessing recently, I was concerned that this valuable community service might have been disrupted to the point where it could not be continued. I'm happy to report, such is not the case.

To summarize what happened, a band of hooligans smashed some windows in the dark of night and entered the wing of old Blaine school where Operation Blessing ministers to the needy of Perry and surrounding area. Racks of clothing were overturned and garments were strewn everywhere; shelves of books and magazines were dumped on the floor; Bibles were sought out for special treatment – pages were ripped out and torn to shreds; furniture and appliances waiting for the use of people in desperate circumstances were knocked over but not totally destroyed. Every room in the wing was visited by the misguided persons who broke in that night.

The wreckage would have been enough to discourage most of us, but the dedicated crew of volunteers who make Operation Blessing function pitched in with even more vigor than usual, and now things have been fully restored to order. Some of our neighbors who daily face circumstances more grim than most of us can imagine are once again being assisted by this non-governmental agency despite the incomprehensible attempt to disrupt their service.

One of the Operation Blessing workers told me they are certain that the raid on their building was part of a gang initiation. Perry is being targeted by outsiders as a town where young people are being organized in gangs for illicit purposes. Teens wanting to join must prove their "bravery" by some desperate act like the Operation Blessing assault. The same reason is given for the recent drive-by shooting at the Noble County Family YMCA building. All of this type of behavior seems senseless to generations raised to respect property and institutions which serve only to improve the rest of us.

This was not, however, the first time the agency has had to deal with a break-in. Actually this was the fourth instance within the past two years, but this was the most wanton attack. Operation Blessing workers see a special irony in all this. Their agency is probably responsible for PREVENTING a great deal of crime by providing needy people with things they must have to survive, rather than forcing them to resort to burglaries and holdups to get the essentials. Yet those who are extending a helping hand are being subjected to terror and destruction. Go figure.

Operation Blessing is aptly named. It is inter-faith, not sponsored by any single church. It supplies local citizens with clothing for all ages, plus other things -- from infant cribs to usable refrigerators and everything in between. Contributions of all kinds of things are received from more fortunate people and organizations, those who have had a blessing, and then distributed without charge and without question to those who need them, thereby conferring a blessing on others.

Donations are received between 9 and 11:30 a.m. each Monday and Tuesday, and distributions are made during the same hours on Tuesdays. The staff of workers consists totally of unpaid volunteers, and they render a great service. Beulah Lanham is manager of the agency; Jo Vawter is assistant manager; and other faithful workers are Art and Virginia Brown, Sybol Day, Linda Graham, Mary McPherson and Helen Chitwood. Art Brown is manager of the men's wear department; Virginia Brown manages the women's wear; Sybol Day manages the youth department; and Jo Vawter is manager of infants through size 8, plus the library and toys department.

Someday when you're looking for a lift, visit Operation Blessing on a Monday or Tuesday morning and see what serving one's fellow man can do for your spirit. Most of us know only in a vague, general way what goes on down there. Go see for

yourself and thank the folks who keep it running. You I might even decide to pitch in and join them in this worthwhile endeavor.



November 9, 1995

Rose Hill School, the little one-room schoolhouse on the grounds of our wonderful Cherokee Strip Museum, is 100 years old this fall and plans are being made to celebrate that anniversary. It is a birthday worth noting.

Records that remain from all of Noble county's dependent school districts are now in the care of the county clerk's office, and thanks to some diligent research by Roni Coldiron and her staff at the courthouse, I have a few facts to share with you about Rose Hill's beginning.

The school was established May 22, 1894, but the first term was not held until the 1895-96 school year, when this area was still part of Oklahoma Territory. Statehood was not conferred until 1907. Officially, Rose Hill was known as District 32. The legal description of the district, meaning the area it embraced, was from the center of Sec. 15-Twp. 22N-R1W 3 miles south, east 2 1/2 miles, north 3 miles, and west 2 1/2 miles. The first teacher hired for the school was Tina Fairbanks, and she received the magnificent sum of \$25 per month. It was comparable to the amount most rural teachers were paid at that time.

The old school was closed after the 1943-44 school year. The teacher at that time was Mrs. Creta Mitchell, and her salary was \$125 per month -- also pretty typical for that era, but still not really a handsome recompense. Mrs. Mitchell taught grades one through eight, as her predecessors had done.

Consolidation of districts and improved transportation systems spelled the end of Rose Hill and its counterparts throughout Oklahoma. Rose Hill was consolidated with the Perry school district and the building became the property of that district. Many surplus building like Rose Hill were retained and used for community meetings. That's what was done at Rose Hill. Among several groups that met there was the Rose Hill 4-H Club which became a prize-winning, blue ribbon organization. Like the school itself, however, Rose Hill 4-H Club has now passed out of existence.

Thanks to the care provided for the old building by residents of the Rose Hill community and the Perry district, the white frame structure survived in good shape. It was acquired by the Noble County Historical Society even before the Cherokee Strip Museum was built in 1967. The building was stored temporarily on grounds of the Perry Airport, north of the city, until July 27, 1970, when it was moved to the museum site.

The school then was thoroughly renovated from its steeplelike bell tower to its foundation, and it was completely furnished just as it had been when the last classes were held there, 26 years before the building arrived at the museum to become an integral part of the artifacts on permanent display. Student desks and the teacher's desk were in place. A roll-down canvas curtain hung over a platform at the front of the classroom and advertisements for several pioneer businesses were painted on it. A stove that burned wood or coal was still in working order, as was the upright piano.

Today, Rose Hill is a major attraction at the museum.. Schools from throughout Oklahoma send busloads of young students here each weekday to show them how children of Cherokee Strip pioneers learned the three R's, plus many laudable virtues -- things like patriotism, discipline, responsibility, self-reliance, morality and consideration of others.

Perhaps in the old days a few of the friskier boys would dunk the hair braids of some unsuspecting girls in their inkwells, but I'm not sure if that activity is covered in today's recreation of pioneer times.

Rose Hill is totally booked for the use of students from around the state every day throughout the school year and the youngsters have found it to be an exciting adventure. They are encouraged to wear clothing like that of pioneer children and their classes are structured much like those of 100 years ago. During recess, they use some of the restored antique playground equipment on the grounds there.

The full-time teacher for Rose Hill is Mrs. Linda Stevens. Peggy Haxton, president of the Noble County Historical Society, is the substitute teacher and generally serves one day each week. "A day at Rose Hill School" is eagerly anticipated by those lucky enough to experience it.

Sometime next March the local historical society will stage some kind of event to call attention to Rose Hill's 100th anniversary. Watch for news of that celebration and plan to take part in it. Maybe they'll let you ride on some of the playground equipment, or bring an apple for the teacher.

This is an addendum to Tuesday's column about Operation Blessing and its mission in our community. In addition to the workers named in that piece, we should have included Mrs. Earl Nicewander and Mrs. Merle Hasenfratz, two tireless staff members. Dixie Nicewander has been part of the project since its beginning some 20 years ago. Also, the name of the manager of the women's department is Evelyn Brown, wife of Dr. Art Brown, who manages the men's department.



November 11, 1995

Dr. Art Brown checks in with an interesting postscript to the recent column about Ethel Ryerson's nursing home, which was located over Zorba's Department Store at 633 Delaware street, on the north side of the square in the 1940s. Dr. Brown's recollections follow.

"Dr. Bill Simon came to Perry in 1949 and rented what had been Mrs. Ryerson's area for his office. I came to Perry in July 1950 and went into practice with Dr. Simon. On New Year's Day, 1952, I delivered the last baby born in what had been Ryerson's Nursing Home -- but it was an accident.

"The lady called me and said she had a great pain in her belly, and I told her to meet me at the office right away. We both arrived just in time to grab towels, put on rubber gloves, and deliver a lovely infant girl. I watched them there until evening, wrapped the child in towels, and she and the mother went home.

"Surprisingly enough, although there were 21 steps leading up to the office, we never lost a heart patient on those stairs. Those old rooms had 16-foot ceilings in our office and in the coldest months we never got them really warm.

"Dr. Simon and I took turns driving to the hospital at Guthrie to check our patients each day, and we both drove to Guthrie if we had a surgery patient, but those 6 a.m. drives to Guthrie were 'heavy-lidded' to say the least. The opening of Perry's hospital on April 5, 1951, was one of the greatest days of our lives."

Thanks, Dr. Brown. Those are great memories. I suspect that Dr. Brown, like most retired physicians, could write a wonderful book if he chose to do so.

Elizabeth Willems passes along two of her pet peeves. First are the tail-gaters who drive much too close to the car in front of them, inviting an accident when the first driver has to apply the brakes unexpectedly. "I was taught to maintain three car spaces between me and the next car," Elizabeth comments. The other peeve concerns drivers who fail to signal a turn. All of today's vehicles come with turn signals, or we can still use arm signals when the weather is decent, so there is no excuse for failing to indicate a right or left turn. Common courtesy requires it.

Here's another steal from Jerry Swart's Rotary newsletter. "The biggest problem we face today in Rotary is apathy ... but few seem to care. Fortunately, volunteers are ready to attack this problem, if it doesn't require any time or money." Same could be said about a lot of organizations, I suspect.



November 14, 1995

When the C.R. & Co. store at Perry Plaza recently changed its name to Anthonys Limited, it recalled the discussion we had in this space last spring as to whether or not an Anthony Co. store had been in operation here before the present establishment opened its doors. Many people responded that yes, indeed, Mr. Anthony had a prosperous department store on the north side of the square at 633 Delaware, where the Three Sands Oil Co. and Kasper law office are now located. The store had a black and white tile entry and advertised itself as "the store with a checkered front." Several local folks remember it.

The original store here opened on March 1, 1924. Thanks to Mrs. Clara Jane Case of Route One, Marland, we have confirmation of that date in a full-page ad for Perry's C.R. Anthony Co. store which appeared in the May 30, 1924, edition of the weekly Marland/Red Rock Record. Mrs. Case recently brought in a copy of that paper with the ad, and although the original is fragile and breaking apart, a Xerox copy turned out sharp and clear.

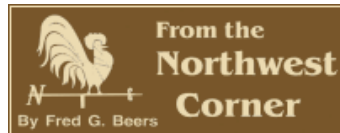
Mrs. Case and her husband, Warren, recently fell heir to the old paper and knew that I would be interested in it. The ad is headlined: "Anthony's Trade Expansion Sale!", an event which was to begin the following day. In a note "to the buying public," the ad copy had this to say: "Although we are Perry's newest store, our business since opening here March 1 has greatly exceeded our most optimistic expectations. For purpose of reaching new customers and increasing our volume of business that we may give you still greater values, we are launching this trade expansion sale. The more we sell, the cheaper we can sell. Share our profits with us." So there you have documentation of the opening date, March 1, 1924.

We all know prices and per capita income were both much lower back then, but you'll be interested in some of the specials listed by Anthony in this ad. Canvas gloves were 10 cents a pair; men's chambray work shirts were 49 cents and bibbed overalls were 98 cents ("the kind others get up to \$1.75, according to the ad). Men's work shoes were \$1.79. Ladies' silk hose went for 98 cents a pair, wash blouses were 98 cents, and black kid one-strap slippers, with rubber heels, were \$1.49. Gorgeous gingham dresses were \$2.98, your choice.

Mrs. Case also brought me a smaller C.R. Anthony ad from the July 25, 1924, edition of the Marland/Red Rock Record. It announced a clearance sale with some of these attention-getters: Chambray work shirts, all you want, 39 cents each; apron dresses, 79 cents each; boys' overalls, 59 cents; and 100 brooms free to the first 25 customers making a purchase of \$5 or more. The brooms were said to be worth \$1.

In a few years, Anthony pulled out of the Perry market and did not return until the fine new store at Perry Plaza opened last spring. They were warmly welcomed because our community had been without a department store for several years until C.R. & Co. came along. I think they made a wise marketing move by changing the name to Anthony Limited. The Anthony brand is well known but C.R. & Co. did not readily tell you that it was part of the same business.

The Marland/Red Rock Record had been defunct for many years, but judging from the copies Mrs. Case brought in, it was a prosperous weekly serving an important part of Noble county. I appreciate her thoughtfulness in sharing her copy of this old paper with me.



November 16, 1995

When a body reaches that stage of life called senior citizen, certain things begin to happen. Not all of them are wonderful and magic, but some are nice. Movie tickets are a little more reasonable, restaurant menus offer a special bill of fare, and Boy Scouts provide street crossing escort services. Less is expected from you, and as you soon find out, there's a good reason for that reduced expectation. Most of that stuff is OK, if you don't stop to ponder too long on the reason for it.

Even if you are not yet in that esteemed senior citizen category, I have something you may find amusing. It came to me recently from a friend who found it in the Weekly Merchandising Bulletin of Affiliated Food Stores, Inc. The piece is entitled "What Is a Senior Citizen?" Here it is:

A senior citizen is a person who can recall the name of his third grade school teacher, but can't remember where he put his glasses 10 minutes ago. He finds steps steeper, hills longer and he gets winded playing checkers. His back goes out more then he does. His knees buckle but his belt doesn't.

He's been around a long, long time. In fact, he was here before television, jet travel, computers, open-heart surgery and the pill ... before panty hose, Xerox, Ann Landers, robots, bots, instant coffee and vitamin pills ... before ball point pens, Snoopy, satellites, Johnny Carson, pacemakers, word processors, yogurt, Boy George, zip codes and the 40-hour week.

To his generation, time sharing meant togetherness, not short stays in condos. Hardware was a store that sold nuts and bolts. Fast food was what they ate during Lent. Cleavage was something butchers did. "On time" meant punctuality, not deferred payments. Bunnies were small rabbits, not Playboy girls.

In his day, kids brought teachers apples instead of driving them bananas. Window sills held flower boxes, not air conditioners. Only astronomers and bacteriologists talked in terms of billions. The air was clean and sex was dirty. People got married first, then lived together. Closets were for clothes, not coming out of. Grass was for lawns. Coke was a refreshing drink. Pot was a cooking vessel. Rock was something they did in a chair.

When the senior citizen was a teenager, dancing was done with the feet. The only dirty books in the library were dusty ones. A bureau was a piece of furniture. Rockets were just part of a fireworks celebration. Folks at the dinner table counted their blessings instead of calories. The word "fallout" was only a barbers expression. Russia was known for its caviar instead of its baloney. Suppertime was geared to Dad's homecoming instead of the kids' TV programs. The three R's were readin',

'ritin' and 'rithmetic, not rape, riots and robberies. Then, it was more important what a girl measured up to than what she measured out to.

Today, the senior citizen is trying to live on a fixed income in an environment of inflation, a roller coaster market, and skyrocketing health care costs.

He is trying to cope in a pump-it-yourself, plastic fork, allyou-can-eat-for-\$4.95 world ... where a fellow who can't read or write can make \$1 million a year if he's tall and adept at tossing a big ball through a hoop. And where a guy who can't carry a tune can attract a paying crowd of 40,000 if he wiggles to wild noise and wears one earring, chains, worn-out jeans and dirty sneakers.

Is it any wonder today's senior citizen is a pooped and puzzled procrastinator?



November 18, 1995

We were out of town the other day when Monte Jones passed away and I'm sorry we could not attend his funeral service. Monte had been battling health problems for quite some time, so, as is very often the case, his discomfort and suffering are over now. Wuzzy certainly will miss him after 58 years of married life. Monte retired several years ago and consequently he had not been the familiar figure around the square that he used to be, but many remember him fondly from those earlier days.

Monte was a sales representative for a wholesale drug company in the 1930s and his travels took him through Perry frequently. He called on local drug stores, including Brownie Drug on the west side the square. Something about Perry and Brownie's appealed to him.

World War II interrupted his career and Monte was called into military service. While he was gone, his wife, Juanita (universally known by her nickname, Wuzzy), took over his job with the drug company and learned more about Perry while making regular calls here. When peace broke out and Monte was discharged, they purchased Brownie's from the late Charles G. Watson in 1946 and became citizens of Perry.

Along about the same time, *The Perry Daily Journal* hired a young fellow from Oklahoma City, Boyd Norman, as advertising manager. Boyd had been recently discharged from the Marine Corps after four years as a Japanese prisoner of war. Captured in the Philippines at the fall of Corregidor, he was in the infamous Bataan death march. I had just returned to work at *The Journal* following Army service in the Pacific and Boyd and I became good friends, two young bachelors with no money but lots of ideas about everything. Monte and Wuzzy befriended us, and they were among those from Perry who attended Boyd's funeral just a few years later in Oklahoma City. He died young as a result of malnutrition and physical beatings suffered at the hands of his Jap captors.

Brownie's was an authentic Perry institution even before Monte and Wuzzy bought the business. It had a large soda fountain, booths and tables where Cokes and malts could be sipped, row after row of the day's popular magazines, and of course all the hundreds of items drug stores were expected to carry, plus a complete prescription department. Starling Miller's auction company now occupies that building and you can still see the checkered floor tiles there indicating where

the fountain was installed. After Mr. Watson sold the business, it became "Monte Jones Drug Store," but its character remained the same.

Monte and Wuzzy developed a special relationship with their customers and the store prospered. Monte was active in civic affairs, working in the Chamber of Commerce and various fund-raising campaigns to support semi-pro baseball and many other worthwhile local projects. Sometimes his countenance made him appear to be scowling, but in reality he was jovial and soft-spoken. I guess the fact that he came from a Tennessee town called Friendship had something to do with that. Back home in Tennessee he was known by his middle name, Laverne, but it was always Monte in Oklahoma.

Many changes have taken place in the Perry business community since 1946, and there is no longer a Monte Jones or Brownie's Drug Store. Chris Cockrum's Pharmacy still serves the public from the west side of the square, and so do Mike Shannon, Gene Breshears and Dennis Thompson from their locations, but the drug store business is different now in so many ways. Merchants in many other lines have come and gone since 1946. Monte, at the age of 87, had enjoyed a full and long life, but his passing takes away one more link with the recent past in Perry. We'll miss him.



November 21, 1995

When you hear that second helping of pie or cake calling your name, just remember this: "stressed" spelled backward is "desserts." Your tummy will appreciate it.

A friend contributes the following tongue in cheek words of wisdom for this week. Here are his eight things to be thankful for, as summarized by comedy writer Gene Perrett:

1. Automatic dishwashers. They make it possible to get out of the kitchen before the family comes in for their after-dinner snacks.
2. Husbands who attack small repair jobs around the house. They usually make them big enough to call in professionals.
3. The bathtub – the one place where the family allows Mom some time to herself.
4. Children who put away their things and clean up after themselves. They're such a joy you hate to see them go home to their own parents.
5. That we can still have a good heart-to-heart talk with our youngsters. They need a good laugh now and then.
6. Gardening. It's a relief to deal with dirt outside the house for a change.
7. Teenagers. They give parents an opportunity to learn a second language.
8. Smoke alarms. They let you know when the turkey's done.

Here's more from the same contributor, who certainly deserves a tip of the fedora for all this.

So, you want the day off? Let's take a moment to look at what you are asking for.

1. There are 365 days available for work.
2. There are 52 weeks per year, of which you already have two days off each weekend, leaving 261 days available for work.
3. Since you spend 16 hours each day away from work, that accounts for 170 days. There are 91 left available for work.
4. You spend 30 minutes each day on breaks; that accounts for 23 days a year, leaving 68 days available for work.
5. You spend one hour a day at lunch; that accounts for another 46 days per year, leaving 22 days available for work.
6. You spend two days per year on sick leave, which means 20 days are left for work.

7. You take nine holidays per year, leaving 11 days available for work.
 8. You take ten days of vacation each year, leaving one day available for work.
- No way are you going to take THAT day off. Forget it!

Another friend, Marcia Moore of Severy, Kan., writes with word of two exciting acquisitions to her collection of souvenir china. She started this particular hobby only one year ago and has been looking all that time for something from Perry because she has a special affinity for this city. Now she has secured two Perry plates to add to her collection, but getting possession of them wasn't easy. Both are hand-painted. One shows the Noble county courthouse and the other bears an image of Perry Carnegie Library.

"The reason that I couldn't find anything anywhere is probably because the Perry pieces are already in collections of dealers," Marcia says. "They are such pretty pieces and the entire front of the plates are painted. Most of the old souvenir china plates had white borders and gold trim." The plate of the library is 4" in diameter. She bartered for it with a dealer in Chatham, Mass. The plate of the courthouse is 8" in diameter. The owner, a dealer in Spirit Lake, Idaho, would only trade it for three other plates in excellent condition from anywhere.

I checked with our city librarian, Karen Bigbee, and learned that she also has one of the 4" library plates. She inherited it from her late aunt, Miss Carrie Schwartz, but Karen has no additional information about the piece.

The Perry plates were made in Germany by the Jonroth Studios for the Barton Book Co. in Perry, but the year of origin is unknown. Marcia is curious about Barton's and wonders when it was in business here. I cannot pinpoint the year, but here is what I remember. A book store was located on the west side of the square in the early to mid-1930s. It was called "Malloch's Book Store," and my understanding is that it had been previously owned by a Barton family and was called Barton's Book Store. They handled popular literature, some magazines and newspapers, and also were the designated store for the purchase of school books. Perhaps another reader can shed more light on Barton's Book Store.

Marcia also sent me photos of the two Perry plates, and they are truly works of art. The artist added a 1920-ish car at the curb in front of the library. Trees around the courthouse also appear to be very young, not the stately sentinels we see there now. If you can supply any information about Barton's Book Store or these plates, let me know and I'll pass it along.



November 22, 1995

Another Thanksgiving is at hand, and, as usual, we are richly blessed in more ways that we can measure. There is no accounting for the profusion of good things that just seem to keep on happening. Our family has experienced this and we sincerely trust that yours has, too.

At the same time, we recognize that many others here and abroad live with suffering daily, and our prayers must include a petition on their behalf. We look for ways to share our personal bounty with them, but sometimes it seems our efforts are futile and lead only to frustration. Don't stop trying. At the very least, let us keep them in our minds and hearts as we partake of the great benevolence we have come to take for granted.

We each have our own personal and special reflections at Thanksgiving. Look around the table tomorrow and gaze at those loving, lovely faces you see there. Think also of those who could not be there. They are family, though not necessarily blood relatives, and thank God for each one. Hope in your heart that some lonely friend, one we do not even know, finds a measure of companionship on this day. Perhaps one of us can fill such a void. Keep trying.

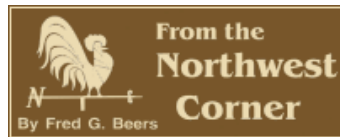
Tables groaning with food. The smiles and warm handclasps we exchange without speaking a word. Homes that are snug and safe. Neighbors who care for us. A community of good people. All these and more are ours, the elements of a life filled with contentment and joy.

We owe so much to so many. The pioneers who settled this country, including those who found their way to the Cherokee Outlet. Churches whose members and pastors have a firm grip on their mission. A school system and teachers earnestly seeking to shape our young people in the right mold. Such things have been with us in Perry for so long that we scarcely realize they are there.

My own personal larder is filled to overflowing. I give thanks for family and loved ones everywhere, including so many of you who have been kind enough to offer encouragement with this column. The revived version of the Northwest Corner is one year old this month, and I am having more fun with it than the law should allow.

Enjoy the turkey and dressing, the cranberry sauce and all the other trimmings. Savor the feast and bask in what this day has to offer. Count your blessings, name them one by one. As the old hymn continues: "It will surprise you what the Lord has done."

Happy Thanksgiving to one and all!



November 25, 1995

The genius of Buster Keaton, our illustrious former Perry resident, is receiving still more recognition in this centennial year of his birth, and more facts about his early childhood in this city also are coming to light. I have a few new items to pass along to you.

Bill Urban called the other day to say that his father, the late Carl Urban, once owned the home at 610 Grove street where Buster and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Keaton, used to live. The house is still here and it now belongs to Marvin and Shirley Beier. Marvin's mother, Mrs. Julius Beier, lives in the single story frame dwelling. It was purchased by Carl Urban sometime prior to 1917 from Buster's mother, Myra Keaton. Bill knows his father bought it before 1917 because Bill was born in the house that year, but he's not certain exactly when Mr. Urban bought it.

Mr. Urban often said that Bill was born in the same room where Buster was born, in the northwest corner of the house, but Piqua, Kansas, claims to be Keaton's birthplace. In fact, Piqua tossed a major 100th Buster Keaton birthday bash earlier this year. Most of the old-timers I've talked to around here doubt that the comedian was born in Perry.

Whether or not Buster was born in the Perry house, the northwest bedroom where Bill slept almost certainly was at one time Buster's room. Buster's grandfather, Joseph Z. Keaton, filed a soldier's declaratory statement on March 14, and obtained a quarter-section of land northwest of Perry. The claim originally had been staked by W. E. Merry in 1893 at the

opening of the Cherokee Strip, but Mr. Merry left here to fulfill a teaching contract in Missouri. The Keaton family later moved into Perry and lived in the home at 610 Grove. Joseph Z. Keaton had three sons: Joe (Buster's father), Herbert and Bert.

Joe and Myra Keaton were vaudevillians around the turn of the century and they traveled out of Perry, claiming this city as their residence when they were not performing on the circuit. Buster spent part of his childhood years here before winning acclaim as one of the major silent film comedians, on a par with Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd, or perhaps even outshining them.

Buster and his wife, Eleanor, came to Perry in 1957 for the world premiere of the Paramount Studio movie based on the comedian's life story. During his daylong visit here, Buster called on Mrs. Fannie Smith, who had been his babysitter some 50 years earlier. As a stunt for the benefit of photographers, Buster sat on Mrs. Smith's lap. A photo of that moment appeared in the next day's *Perry Daily Journal*, and Martha Moore still has some home movies of that event which she shot along with other highlights of the day.

Mrs. Smith and her husband, Webster, were grandparents of Mrs. Betty Miller, who lives at 806 Delaware street. Mr. and Mrs. Smith had a daughter, Naomi, who married Raleigh Branham, and Mrs. Miller is the Branhams' daughter. She says the Smiths lived in a house at the southwest corner of Sixth and Grove, where the Mr. Discount gas station is now located. Mrs. Smith was frequently engaged by Joe and Myra to babysit for Buster. The Smiths had another daughter, now Mrs. Lillian Harrison, 93, who lives at Green Valley Nursing Home. She is the mother of Mrs. Kenneth (Donna) Brengle of Perry; Mrs. Dorlene Cook of Ponca City; Mrs. Merl Hafner of Lucien; and A. C. Spillman of Atoka.

Another thing that I wanted to mention is a lengthy feature story about Buster Keaton which appeared in the Oct. 23 issue of the *New Yorker* magazine. The article, entitled "The Fall Guy," is written by film critic Anthony Lane and his view of our one-time Perry neighbor is exceedingly favorable. Mr. Lane discusses Buster's many films, both the short subjects and feature-length productions. He also gives a great deal of interesting biographical material about Keaton but fails to mention the Perry connection. I conclude from that omission that we have failed to make the world aware of Buster's young years in this community. The piece does have a full-page portrait of Keaton by Richard Avedon, the famed photographer of this country's notables from every walk of life.

Here's a sampling from Mr. Lane's *New Yorker* article: "Keaton's great pictures are, in the best sense, feature films; they are meditations on a face. Those deep-lidded, dark-rimmed eyes, the carved prow of the profile -- no living person has ever looked like Buster Keaton."

If you can find a copy of the Oct. 23, 1995, *New Yorker*, read this article and you'll gain a new insight into how highly regarded and admired Buster Keaton was by the rest of the world. Thankfully, his body of work lives on through classic movies on film and video tape. And Perry is proud to claim him as one of our own.

Another sidelight on the Keaton family is furnished by Elizabeth Willems. She remembers that Buster's Uncle Bert, a brother of Joe Keaton, spent more time in Perry than Buster and his parents. Bert worked at a city clothing store and was a friend of Elizabeth's father, Ralph Treeman, among others. She has a photo of her father with Bert and some other Perry men when they were going on a fishing trip. Bert later went to Hollywood and worked there with some success in the movie industry for several years, though not as a performer in front of the camera.

More Keaton memorabilia is furnished by Dr. Charles Martin. He sends me a clipping from the *Washington (D.C.) Post*, which he received from his daughter, Kay McCarthy, who lives in Vienna, Va. It's an excellent article, entitled "Buster Keaton, the Quiet Riot," by Post staff writer Hal Hinson, with yet another perspective on Buster.

Here's how Mr. Hinson assesses Buster: "Next to Garbo, Buster Keaton possessed the most exquisite face in the history of the movies. White as alabaster, with dark, shy, feline eyes and high, finely sculpted cheekbones, it was capable of a vast range of expression, from the open inquisitiveness of a child to the worldly nonchalance of a millionaire playboy. At the same time, its beauty is as distant and inscrutable as the lunar surface; it suggests isolation, loneliness, perhaps even despair. Of all the silent comics, he was the most silent."

The writer goes on in that vein, but his biographical portion notes that "the details of young Buster's early life are famously unreliable, a mixture of show-biz hyperbole and western tall tale. Joseph Francis (Buster) Keaton was born in Piqua, Kan. on Oct. 4.1895." Again, no mention of Perry's role in young Buster's boyhood.

Somehow or other, Perry should be letting the world know that this treat entertainer did part of his growing up here, and in fact received a lot of his vaudeville/movie training at Perry's Grand Opera House. How can we accomplish that? Are we too late to do anything? Is it worth worrying about?



November 27, 1995

Florazell Coker provides us with another tidbit about Monte Jones, the west side druggist who passed away the other day. Florazell was employed at Monte's store and she knew him as a true friend, long after their working relationship was over. She remembers that one of his proudest claims was that he had the very first fully air-conditioned retail business on the square. That probably would have been in the late 1940s or early 1950s. Maybe one of you remembers exactly when that happened, and who had the second store with air-conditioning.

Two callers have provided more information about Malloch's Book Store and Barton's Book Store, two separate but related firms that operated here some 60 or 70 years ago. You'll recall that Marcia Moore of Severy, Kan., wrote that she recently acquired two painted china plates bearing images of the Noble county courthouse and Perry Carnegie library, with the name of Barton's Book Store imprinted on the back. Marcia was seeking information about the store.

Florence Foster remembers both of them from her childhood. Her recollection is that Malloch's succeeded Barton's and that both of them were on the west side of the square, although the exact location is not clear. Florence adds that she also has a miniature china pitcher and saucer with the courthouse painted on the front side and the name of Barton's store on the back.

Betty Nolte found some documentation in the form of an old Perry telephone directory at the Cherokee Strip Museum on West Fir. It shows that in 1910-11, Barton's Book Store was on the north side of the square, at 617 Delaware street. That is now the home of our Cowboy Travel Service. Malloch's Book Store was on the west side of the square, at 323 Seventh street, in the years between 1925 and 1930, according to other old phone directories Betty consulted. That address is now the home of Perry Floral & Gifts Plus.

I believe Barton's eventually moved to the west side from the north side and that Malloch's bought the business around 1925. My memory doesn't go back that far, but I do remember Malloch's on the west side in the early 1930s. Can anyone else add to this information?

If you have not yet purchased tickets for the Food Court at the courthouse this Friday night, you'd better get busy. Don't eat supper that evening because eight local food suppliers are going to offer you what amounts to a gourmet meal with several courses, and all of it is going to be delicious. That part will be on the first floor of the courthouse. Top that off with a trip to "chocolate heaven" on the second and third floors where a dozen or more varieties of tasty desserts will be available. Through it all you'll be hearing traditional Christmas music sung by our great Goldtones group, plus Jera Dunn and possibly some others.

Attendance will be limited to a total of 200, and there will be three identical 30-minute segments. The first one starts at 6:45 p.m., followed by the others in approximately half-hour intervals. Tickets sell for \$7.50. They are available at the Chamber of Commerce, Bank IV, Exchange Bank & Trust, First Bank & Trust and Foster's Corner Drug. The Food Court is sponsored by the newly formed Perry Main Street organization.

On that same evening, the annual Christmas parade will wind around the square starting at 6:30 p.m., our downtown Christmas light decorations will be turned on and several local merchants will be unveiling their offerings for the season. On the following Saturday, Dec. 2, youngsters will parade around the square with their pets, and then on Sunday, Dec. 3, the annual Christmas homes tour will be held, climaxed by an informal reception at the Cherokee Strip Museum. Plan to take in all of these attractions. That will be a dandy way to help kick off the Christmas season, and you really should take it all in.



November 28, 1995

Wilma Buffington is one of the volunteers who staff the thrift shop operated by the Noble County Association for retarded Citizens on Sixth street, a half block north of the courthouse park. Recently she noticed a small, tattered book of poetry that had been brought in by a donor. She recognized it as something too precious to be discarded, and she rescued it.

The book, entitled simply "Favorite Poems," is composed of verses selected by Lucy Minor Boyes, one of the early day cultural leaders of this community. She was the wife of Hiram L. Boyes, president of Perry's first bank, the Farmers & Merchants.

There is no date on the little book, but I would guess that it was printed in the 1920s. It was published by *The Perry Journal* back in the days when this newspaper also operated a job printing shop. Some of the selections are from well known poets of that day, such as Edwin Markham ("The Man With the Hoe"), Rudyard Kipling ("If), Edgar Guest, Joyce Kilmer, Henry Van Dyke, Longfellow and Whittier, but many of the others are unfamiliar, at least to me. Several versemakers are simply anonymous.

One, "My Childhood's Home I See Again," is attributed to Abraham Lincoln. Psalms from the Bible are included. Credit for selecting the 121st Psalm for inclusion is attributed to "L.A.M.B." It took me a moment to figure out that acronym for "Lucy A. Minor Boyes." Mr. Boyes himself contributed an original piece, "The Race," which describes the epic Cherokee Strip run of Sept. 16, 1893.

Mrs. Boyes obviously loved poetry and wished to share her enjoyment of it with others. There are stirring phrases, typified

by "Invictus," which many of us learned in junior high:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be,
For an unconquerable soul.
In the full clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.
Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.
It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of by fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

Wonderful thoughts, beautifully expressed. But I must tell you, there is a typo in the book. One of the lines above reads; "Beyond this place of math and tears," instead of "wrath and tears." Perhaps a schoolboy chose "math" purposely to characterize his own personal travail.

Lucy Boyes was a leader and tireless worker among a group of ladies who helped establish Perry Carnegie Library. She was a prime mover in securing a government patent for land at the southwest corner of the square as a site for the library. Mrs. Boyes also was a dedicated member of the First Methodist church. Her influence is found in the church's early history here.

Mr. Boyes and L. D. Treeman established the Farmers & Merchants Bank in Perry on the day of the land rush in 1893. His first wife died a few years after the opening, and Mr. Boyes married Lucy A. Minor in 1900. Together they helped lead this prairie community into the 20th century and endowed it with their own love of literature and the niceties of this life.

Thanks to Wilma Buffington for salvaging this little book and sharing it with me. I have turned it over to the Methodist church historian, Alice Schuermann, as an addition to their collection of memorabilia.



November 30, 1995

The recent piece about Ethel Ryerson's Nursing Home in offices above Zorba's Department Store on the north side of the square brought back some memories to Clara Shelton. She writes as follows:

"My son, Ralph, was born there on Dec. 8, 1947, on his sister, Verna Lee's, birthday. Dr. Coldiron was very glad Mrs. Ryerson operated a maternity clinic there. He was hoping there would be a hospital in Perry. He had to drive several miles out in

the country to deliver babies in their homes. The roads were rough and muddy then, not paved and graveled like they are now. We were fortunate to have Dr. Coldiron as our doctor, and, as you said, Mrs. Ryerson was a very nice lady."

Thanks to Mrs. Shelton for sharing that personal memory. Many other Perry families could tell similar interesting stories about the Ryerson Nursing Home in the era before Perry Memorial Hospital came into existence. Dr. C. H. Cooke delivered many babies at his Perry General Hospital on Sixth street, but birthing in the family homes was pretty much the way it was done in most cases until Mrs. Ryerson opened her facility.

Small world department: Laura and I were in Houston last week for a two-day workshop. Strolling through the crowded Galleria shopping mall during the weekend break, I turned around when a lanky young man tapped me on the shoulder and said with a grin, "I know you!" I assumed it to be a case of mistaken identity, because he did not look familiar. Then he said, "Perry, Oklahoma! Right?", and I knew he knew me but I didn't know him. But Laura recognized that grin. It was Anthony Harnden, son of Rev. Don Harnden who shepherded the Perry Presbyterian flock for ten years, starting in the early 1970s. Anthony and his wife live in Houston, which is now America's fourth largest city. What are the odds against bumping into an acquaintance from Perry in that megalopolis? Anthony now is about 64"; he was in grade school when the family left this community. He's married, has a child, and he and his wife are both phlebotomists. His dad pastors a church in Louisiana.

Susan Ellis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Williams of Perry, is the possessor of an interesting piece of memorabilia relating to the fabled 101 Ranch. The article is an old roadside sign which once told travelers along U.S. 77 in the Marland area that they were in the vicinity of the historic ranch.

Les Williams obtained the marker several years ago from someone who was moving and throwing things away, including this sign. Les recognized its historic significance and asked permission to salvage it. After a few years, he gave it to his daughter, Susan, and she now is the proud owner.

The signboard has a curved peak at the top bearing an Indian emblem composed of a peacepipe, green leaves on a branch and a feather. Below that is the legend: "101 Ranch Old Boundary Line Here." The rest of the board bears this information: "Named for its cattle brand, '101,' this ranch was begun by Col. George W. Miller on his claim at the opening of the Cherokee Strip, Sept. 16, 1893. Operated by sons George, Jr., Joe and Zack Miller, the ranch covered 100,000 acres. By 1926 it was world famous for its 'White House,' Wild West show, oil wells, livestock, farm crops and manufactured products." The piece is signed and dated by the Oklahoma Historical Society and the State Highway Commission 1950.

It measures 45 1/2" by 30", and its size makes it difficult to find a suitable place to display the signboard, but Susan, who lives northeast of Ponca City, is looking. Sadly, nearly all traces of that legendary ranch are now long gone, but relics and stories about the place remain with us.