



May 1, 1998

I just recently was made aware that Wayne Mix, who lives in the neat red brick house across the street from the First Christian church, where he worships, is another lover of that great Big Band music. I know there are many more out there who share the same devotion to those marvelous ballads and swing tunes but every time I run into a new soul mate, one who understands and appreciates that kind of music, my faith in mankind is rekindled. There's still some sanity left in this old world as long as we have remnants of the swing era clamoring for more of the terrific sounds made popular by Tommy Dorsey, Harry James, Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, Woody Herman and a host of others.

The unique thing about Mr. Mix is his ability to recreate some of that music on the electric organ that occupies a special space in his living room. Through the magic of electronics, he can produce the sound of almost any musical instrument with his keyboard. But to really appreciate that gift, you have to know that Mr. Mix plays by ear. He does not use sheet music. Name a tune or hum something and he'll play it back for you. He can entertain himself and others for hours with his musical improvisations. Big band tunes are his special favorites.

I have always thought that the ability to play by ear would be a terrific talent to possess, and I know a few others like Mr. Mix who were born that way. Ashley Alexander and Elroy Goe come quickly to mind. I admire them greatly because my own childhood efforts to play the piano were dismal failures, although I must admit that my daily practices were undertaken with only a modicum of enthusiasm. If I'd known then what I know now, there would have been a different attitude.

Big Band music is not Mr. Mix's only passion. He also is a dyed in the wool, true blue (or make that orange) OSU baseball fan. Although his physical condition requires the use of an electric cart for mobility, I am told that you will find him in the stand at Reynolds Field in Stillwater any time the Cowboys have a home game. He has a seat right behind home plate, and every Cowpoke on the team recognizes his deep voice when he harasses visiting pitchers with his trademark holler: "YOU BETTER WALK HIM!" Visiting teams hear that taunt whenever an OSU player strides up to the batter's box. It gives the Pokes just a little bit of an edge, and the Cowboys love him for it. Catcher Josh Holliday, one of this year's stars and the son of Coach Tom Holliday, recently gave Mr. Mix an autographed batting helmet and he wears it to every game.

I would have to say Mr. Mix is enjoying life to the fullest, indulging himself in the things that he enjoys most. It's nice to know kindred souls with the kind of excitement and zest that he demonstrates.



May 5, 1998

All the folks who gave their time and energy to arranging last Saturday's Spring Fest and those other programs in Perry deserve a lot of praise and admiration. Their hours of preparation paid off by providing enjoyment, education and yes, bargains, for the rest of us who turned out to enjoy it all. It was a noteworthy happening and it provided hundreds of people with an excellent menu of major events to choose from on a day when the weather could not have been better.

Despite an overnight shower and the rumble of thunder early in the day, the sun beamed down brightly as only it can on such a day in Oklahoma. In short, it was an altogether joyful occasion.

For the first time, several unrelated activities which normally occur here at different times during the spring were brought together on a single weekend. Spilling out over the courthouse park, around the square, at Perry Plaza and on the grounds of the Cherokee Strip Museum, this was a day that all ages could enjoy. It is a good example of what can happen in this community when cooperating groups work well together. We see this every September when the Cherokee Strip celebration rolls around. Now I hope this springtime event remains on the calendar to kick off another special time of the year.

It was great to see the Perry Memorial Hospital Health Fair agencies offering mostly free opportunities so we could check up on some vital signs; the Home & Garden Show coordinated by the Chamber of Commerce; the First Bank & Trust Co. Kids Klub parade; the Perry Main Street Antique Fair and the Classic Cars & Motorcycle Show in the courthouse park; the wonderful Rural Heritage Festival and demonstrations on the Cherokee Strip Museum grounds, coordinated by the curator, Kaye Bond, site attendant Clyde Speer, and assisted by the Noble County Historical Society; the special kids story hour at Perry Carnegie Library; plus the non-profit organization booths and the American Legion Post open house. On top of all that, participating merchants downtown and at Perry Plaza provided some special bargains and treats while their sales associates appeared wearing costumes from the 1950s era.

And in addition, the YMCA T-ball teams played doubleheaders on their twin diamonds just west of the Noble County Family YMCA building. At the museum grounds, youngsters from Morrison demonstrated an old-fashioned May pole dance and Peggy Haxton showed us how classes once were conducted in one-room rural schools like Rose Hill. A barber shop quartet sang, bands played, lunch was served and a very large crowd enjoyed it all.

There truly was something for everyone in this year's Spring Fest lineup. The trolley car brought here for the day from Guthrie was a good idea. It carried passengers back and forth from the square to the museum with an intermediate stop at Perry Plaza all day long.

As usual, the classic cars and motorcycles in the courthouse park were shined mirror-bright and there was an abundance of them to capture the fancy of hundreds of viewers. Our first antique show in the park also holds promise of growing with time, attracting still more exhibitors from other towns. Antiques have caught the fancy of this country in a major way.

So, congratulations to all who participated in staging this event. You gave the rest of us a most enjoyable Saturday in Perry.



May 8, 1998

For several days now we have been alternately amused and concerned at mealtime while watching a robin flinging itself at a window in a utility building in our backyard. The strange little bird perches on a nearby fence where it can study the window after each assault, then hurls its little body at the pane again. It seems to flap its wings and peck on the window for several seconds in hopes of breaking through the glass. Then it returns to the fence and sits for a few moments, regrouping and gazing across at the window barrier, regaining some composure before trying the same thing again.

At first there was just that one robin (we assume it's the same one), but it was there morning, noon and night. Now a second bird, perhaps the mate of the first one, has joined in the peculiar antic and the two of them now alternate in flying pell-mell against the window. Laura and I first thought they would give up after a few fruitless tries, but they're still at it despite a week or more of those ineffective charges, and we're beginning to think they are not the brightest little creatures in the neighborhood. They give new meaning to "bird brain." Perhaps they left the nest too soon. How many hard knocks and battered beaks does it take to convince them they're not going to succeed?

It occurred to us that they may have built a nest inside the building one day when the door was left open while lawn equipment was being moved in or out, but a cursory examination of the interior revealed no evidence of that. So, they are not trying to raise a family there, or something like that. Then we thought perhaps the birds were seeing their own reflection in the glass and were attacking what they imagined to be another winged invader of their territory. But we have lots of robins and they all seem to be living in harmony with each other, although they scorn association with the mocking birds, sparrows, blue jays and assorted others who feed in our yard. (We personally take care of any starlings that may alight here. They are clapped off and scolded in harsh tones in hopes of deterring them from return trips. It seems to be working.)

But, instead of growing discouraged, the two robins have now added the larger windows on our breakfast room to their incessant attacks, and we worry that one time they just might break their wings, or, still worse, their necks, in the process. Here's another possibility that I mistakenly thought might have inspired their wrath: We recently discontinued the ritual of refilling the bird feeder in our backyard. This was a popular gathering place for many species of birds this spring, but although we enjoyed having them, we were advised not to continue the practice too long for reasons I don't quite understand. So, I thought perhaps those two robins were staging a protest against the loss of freeloading privileges. But now I'm told that robins don't care for bird feed, and that they prefer worms. They are sort of carnivorous.

I don't know what's bothering the two robins that continue to hurl themselves at our windows. If they're demonstrating on behalf of the other birds that no longer have our feeder at meal time, that's too bad. They've had all of that kind of welfare assistance they're going to get from us until next fall. I just hope those two soldiers survive long enough to realize that we did this for their own good.



May 12, 1998

Everyone else seems to be weighing in with comments on the final episode of the Jerry Seinfeld show – it's part of the overblown hyperbole designed to give NBC a huge audience for the event Thursday night – so I may as well dip my oar in the water. I yield to no man in my admiration for the original Seinfeld sitcoms, when he opened and closed each episode doing standup routines in a club setting, but it's apparent that the writers and producers have run out of fresh ideas. Shows during the season just ending were sadly devoid of the biting wit that characterized the early years. It's time to put this show to rest so we can start watching the reruns. The Seinfeld ensemble gave us a lot of chuckles for a while, and that's the way we want to remember them rather than the crude and unfunny episodes offered up this year.

Some pundits are wondering why Bill Clinton has chosen not to respond harshly to Paula Jones. Why would he say anything bad about someone named Jones? Isn't that one of the most commonly found names in the U.S.? No politician would knowingly jeopardize a voting bloc of that magnitude.

A feature article in a recent edition of the *Tulsa World* tells about the \$1 million renovation of Tulsa's private downtown club, the Summit, which occupies the top two floors of the 32-story NationsBank Building. This is of interest locally because Wade Edmundson, son of Dr. Paul Edmundson and his late wife, Lois, is president of the club, and Wade's photo appears with the newspaper account. The remodeling was restricted to the 32nd floor, a 7,000-square-foot area. The club has 1,500 members, including top executives in Tulsa from businesses, law and accounting firms, banks and volunteer groups. Wade Edmundson is an executive with the Bank of Oklahoma. The club is 30 years old.

Joe Davidson originated Oklahoma Joe's smokers to help work his way through the school years at Oklahoma State University, then began serious commercial manufacturing at a small plant in Perry. The smokers caught on and he moved the operation into a much larger building here but eventually he was persuaded to move the business to Stillwater. A story in last Saturday's Stillwater News Press discloses that the Oklahoma Joe trade name has now been sold to a competitor in New Braunfels, Texas, and Mr. Davidson will be moving there to become a top executive with the company. Thus, Oklahoma Joe's smokers will now be manufactured in Texas. The Stillwater company will continue to make trailers and the larger barbecue units.

We were sorry to learn of the death of R.D. Boyd. He was a colorful part of the Ditch Witch marketing team while I was employed by that company, and I worked many trade shows in various parts of the country with him. He probably came as close to being a "born salesman" as anyone I have known. Before joining Ditch Witch, Dee was a traveling representative with Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., and he became well acquainted in Perry through his contacts with Harold Scovill's tire and appliance store. Dee's wife, Beverly, became a good friend through our participation in productions of Stagecoach Community Theatre. Our sympathy is extended to Beverly and her son, Judge Dennis Boyd, and daughter, DeeAnn.



May 15, 1998

The music we now call Country and Western may have begun its climb to national popularity right here in this part of Oklahoma due to Otto Gray and his Oklahoma Cowboys, musicians who called Stillwater home in the early 1920s. At least that's the premise of the lead article in the current issue of the Oklahoma Historical Society's excellent quarterly publication, *The Chronicles of Oklahoma*. The article, written by Carla Chlouber, is entitled: "Otto Gray and his Oklahoma Cowboys -- the Country's First Commercial Western Band."

I for one have never heard of Otto Gray's band, but he was performing in front of large and wildly enthusiastic audiences before my time. The band apparently was well known in Perry and throughout this area in the 1920s because of their home base at Stillwater, but by no means were their appearances confined to Oklahoma. They played in Springfield and St. Louis, MO, Pittsburgh, PA, and other points, according to Mrs. Chlouber's piece, but they also were booked into Perry, Enid, Guthrie and Chandler, among many other towns.

Mrs. Chlouber writes: "Most historians of country music trace its commercial beginnings to what was called hillbilly music, first recorded in the South in the early 1920s." She adds that the Western part of Country and Western had its origins in recordings of cowboy songs by Texans Vernon Dalhart and Carl T. Sprague in the mid-1920s. A few authorities mention Otto Gray and his Oklahoma Cowboys as the first band to popularize Western music in the U.S., but today few people are aware of the pioneering group and the part it played in the nation's cultural history.

There is much more to the article and all of it is interesting. If you're not a member of the Oklahoma Historical Society and therefore do not receive the Chronicles, look for this one at your favorite book store. Then send in your membership and start receiving this dandy little publication when each new volume is released. It's well worth the price. Mrs. Chlouber is managing editor of agricultural publication at Oklahoma State University her husband, Dale Chlouber, is curator of the Washington Irving Trail Museum at Ripley. He assisted with research for the article.

Oklahoma City's annual Festival of the Arts now ranks among the top events of its type in the country, and this year's was among the best ever. That's the opinion of those who attended the Festival as well as the artists who exhibited there. A lot of the credit for that success belongs to Cynthia A. Cope, a young lady who grew up in Perry. Cynthia, the daughter of Christine Trussel and the late Alfred Trussel, is area manager of external affairs for Southwestern Bell Telephone Co. and served as co-chairman of the 1998 Festival. You are seeing her name and photo in a series of ads being run by Southwestern Bell in *The Daily Oklahoman*.



May 19, 1998

With the arrival of Memorial Day next Monday, gravesites everywhere will be decorated for solemn observances in tribute to our honored dead. It is one of 10 federal legal public holidays designated by the U. S. Congress. For Mt. Carmel Cemetery, one of Noble county's community graveyards, this one will have special meaning. It is their centennial year anniversary.

The Mt. Carmel Cemetery is located seven miles north of Perry on I-35 and a half-mile west. The actual beginning dates back to a meeting on February 24, 1898, when residents of the area met to discuss the possibility of organizing an association and establishing a community cemetery. To commemorate the 100th year of existence, today's members of the association will meet at the cemetery at 10 a.m. next Monday. All interested persons are invited to attend.

Nita Roesler, the current vice president, says the association was formally organized on April 4, 1898, after two preliminary meetings. The Territory of Oklahoma issued a certificate of organization to the group on that same date. A deed for the Mt. Carmel Cemetery property was presented to the association on January 7, 1899, a gift from Frank and Barbara Blecha. Mrs. Roesler showed me ledgers with all records of the association, including minutes of each meeting, dating back to that very first one in February 1898. A copy of the original warranty deed from the Blechas also is in the files.

Minutes of the association meetings are historically important, but the early records, all in a neat handwritten form, are fading with the passage of time. Fortunately Nita and other local folks have spent several hours transcribing the burial logs onto a computer file. The old minutes are important, too, and they contain names of a few of those who were involved in the 1898 organizational process. John Crain was named temporary chairman; A. D. Cowell was temporary secretary; and G. A. Barnes was temporary treasurer. A five-member committee was named to solicit funds "to fence and fix up the cemet(e)ry." On the committee were J. J. Cowell, Mirmor Crain, G. A. Barnes, Harry Good and George Ankle. Today the officers are Tom Abbott, Tulsa, president; Nita Roesler, Perry, vice president; Pauline Sanders, Ponca City, secretary; Jacqueline M. Shouse, Blackwell, treasurer; Clifton Smith, Enid, board member; Lillian Bennett, Blackwell, and Clara Shelton, Perry, ex-officio board members.

Community cemeteries were established in many areas throughout Noble county in the early days, and their logs of burials are important records for many reasons. Some of these cemeteries probably have vanished during the past 100 years, but the Mt. Carmel Cemetery Association is an excellent example of the recognition and the importance of preserving documents for posterity. Members of the group would be pleased to have you join them next Monday morning at 10 o'clock for their special anniversary.

On now to another subject. My thanks to all of you who offered suggestions for the dispersal of those two robins who spent several weeks banging their little heads against the windows on the west side of our house. They are no longer in evidence, and we suspect they may be nesting. Zella Aigner was among those who brought possible remedies to our attention. She suggested hanging a toy rubber snake in the area where the birds assault a window pane, and she said a friend told her strips of ribbons will have the same effect.

Makes me think of a way to prevent flies from bothering you while you're enjoying a backyard cookout. This one comes from a barbecue we attended on a ranch near the Palo Duro Canyon at Amarillo, Texas. The chuck wagon gang out there on the prairie hangs Ziploc-type plastic bags of water beneath the serving tables and suspended from rafters in the eating pavilion, and the area is free of flies. No one knows exactly how this works, but others tell me they have tried it on their patios and it does indeed do the job.



May 22, 1998

I have some follow-ups to a few things that were mentioned earlier in these columns. Joan Stinnett, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Mouser, writes from Hurst, Texas, that she has enjoyed reading the articles on early-day Perry theatres and eateries. In one of those columns I described The Period, a drive-in diner that was built on the south side of town shortly after World War II by Chet Stoughton, who moved here with his family from Battle Creek, Michigan. The Period was kind of an early McDonald's sort of place and it was quite popular, especially with local teen-agers. Mr. Stoughton's daughter, Kaye, was one of Joan's best friends. "Imagine my surprise," Joan writes, "all these years later to run into Kaye in this area (Dallas). Kaye spent a lot of years as the high school librarian of our HEB school district when my sons were there. We still run in to each other once in a while at the bridge table. It really is a small world!"

In that same vein, I have a note from former Perryan Karen June Kay, who has been making her home in Hollywood, Florida, for about 12 years. Karen was an office employee at Ditch Witch before moving to Florida. But let her tell the story: "I work at Memorial Regional Hospital, in cardiac surgery. I am the data manager for the Society of Thoracic Surgery. It truly is a small world. Not long after I came to work at Memorial, I met a lady who is also employed here, who originally was a fourth grade teacher in Perry, Janet Lafferty. She is an RN who works at one of our other hospitals, Memorial Hospital West. She and her family are friends of Starling Miller. I share my *Perry Daily Journals* with her. Recycling at its best." Karen's youngest daughter, Lisa Hanger, is a senior at Perry high school and her oldest daughter, Jennifer, will be married on May 30 at the First United Methodist Church here. It was good to hear from Karen.

A recent column described the pride Perryans felt in 1938 when some of our citizens were near the highest levels of authority in Oklahoma state government. One of them was the late Bud Warren, who at the time was purchasing agent for the newly formed Oklahoma Highway Patrol. Bud later returned to Perry and eventually became a quarter horse breeder. His prize stud, Leo, was the talk of the industry before the animal had to be put to sleep in 1967 because of a crippling

illness. It was erroneously reported that Leo died under mysterious circumstances. Quite the opposite. A front page story in *The Perry Daily Journal* on May 15 of that year reported the death of the 27-year-old Leo.

Reba Warren, Bud's widow, says the newspaper did not state that Leo was euthanized, but that was the case. "I do not remember how long Leo was down in his lot and unable to get up," Mrs. Warren says. "We made a cage and had a canvas sling made and got him up. However, he could not walk to get in shelter from the spring storms, but he continued to try, injuring his head. Bud could not stand this condition and let the veterinarian put him to sleep." Mrs. Warren says some breeders did not approve of that, but the owners felt it was the humane thing to do. The old stud's rear quarters were paralyzed. Leo had sired about 600 registered quarter horses, twice as many as any horse in this country. A champion racer in his own right, he was the nation's leading sire of AA and AAA race horses. A life-size plastic statue of Leo is in the northeast corner of Leo East Park, which is named in his honor. The animal was buried in a gravesite some 300 yards south of the Warren ranch house.



May 26, 1998

I recently mentioned in this column that art work by the Shepherd sisters, Nellie, Nettie and Leona, is currently on display at the Oklahoma City Art Museum. Because of the interesting lives they led and their family's connection with the Perry area, many folks in this community should be scheduling trips to see the collection of their paintings and drawings. I am familiar with the Shepherd family name, of course, but only recently did I learn some of the background of their contributions to the early life of this part of Oklahoma. Let me relate a bit of that today on the chance that it will be news to you, also.

The sisters were daughters of George T. Shepherd, a Kansas cattleman who claimed land in the 1889 land run, and Martha Ellen Kerns Shepherd. Part of their father's claim later became Shepherd Mall, which I believe was Oklahoma City's first completely enclosed shopping mall. Critic John Brandenburg reviewed the Art Museum's display of their work in the *Daily Oklahoman* recently and provided more information for this piece.

Nellie Shepherd (1877-1920) was an art student in Cincinnati and later Paris, where she became a co-founder of the Oklahoma Art League, forerunner of the Oklahoma City Art Museum, during a visit by two Oklahoma City residents in 1910. Her self-portrait, an impressionistic oil, is part of the current display. Another Shepherd sister, Myrtle, is the subject of another portrait. Nellie died of tuberculosis in early 1920.

Nettie Shepherd's contributions to the display are largely charcoal drawings. Nettie died in 1911. A painting by Leona is part of the museum's collection. The show also includes a display case filled with old Shepherd family photographs, postcards and other memorabilia. Brandenburg advises that it should not be missed in its run through July 31.

George Shepherd and his wife were the parents of six daughters and two sons. One of the boys was Miram K. Shepherd, described as a handsome and virile young man who loved the outdoors. He staked a claim in the 1893 Cherokee Strip land run nine miles east and 2.5 north of Perry, just north of the Sumner community. On July 14, 1899, Miram married Elizabeth Marie Poole in Norman, Oklahoma Territory. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Poole. Mr. Poole staked a claim just east of Sumner and in 1894 he gave an acre of land for the Poole school. Elizabeth also made the run and staked her

claim on the southeast corner of the square, but she was too young to hold it. Mr. Poole came to the U.S. from England and his wife came here from Wales.

Miram and Elizabeth had three children – Miram Jackson (Jack) Shepherd, born in 1901; Juanita Lottie, born in 1903; and Leslie, born in 1909. Leslie died in infancy. Juanita graduated from Perry high school in 1923 and received a degree from the University of Oklahoma in 1925. Jack Shepherd's wife was the former Rosette Pearl Jerkins, whose father was principal of Sumner Consolidated School for the first full year of classes in the new school, 1921-22.

Dr. Mildred Shepherd Rodriguez, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Shepherd, and her husband, Dr. Mario Rodriguez, now live in Stillwater after retiring from teaching careers at various universities in the U.S. Mildred Rodriguez was very helpful in providing family information for this column.

We'll continue this family history in another Northwest Corner. In the meantime, make your plans to see the Oklahoma City Art Museum's current display of the Shepherd sisters' art.



May 29, 1998



Celebrating Hobo Day in the 1920s were these Perry high school students, posed on the east steps of the courthouse park band stand. This photo, made by B. P. Enright, was the property of Orie Nida, long-time Perry resident. Today's Northwest Corner tells more about the photograph, Nida and Enright.

Orie Nida died the other day, and with him went a lot of local history. On several occasions he shared some of this with me and I was most appreciative. He was one of those whose career began at the old Pride of Perry flour mill but he left here to work for General Mills after the local business was purchased by them. Orie moved back here to the town of his roots

when he retired a few years ago and he has been a wonderful resource source person for me whenever I called for help. Recently he gave me a great photograph showing Perry high school students assembled on the courthouse park bandstand in the 1920s as they prepared to celebrate "Hobo Day," an event that is no longer on the school calendar here. Even Orie did not remember why it was observed in the first place.

There is no date on the photo, only the embossed name of "B.P. Enright, Perry, Oklahoma," in the lower right corner. For many years, Barney Enright had a studio on the balcony at the rear of Everest Nelson's Southside Pharmacy in one of the buildings now occupied by City Hall. Mr. Enright was sort of the unofficial town photographer. He captured many local people and events on film with his large, hood-shrouded camera, often using flash powder for outdoor settings in poor light conditions. He photographed so many events and people over such a long period of time that he must have been the omnipresent guest at just about every occasion of any consequence in Perry for several generations.

Mr. Enright had a rather large frame topped by a shock of white hair. He limped perceptibly because of a lifelong foot deformity, and his fingernails were permanently stained brown by the chemicals used to develop film in his darkroom. He was serious about his art, and good at it, but he also had a sly sense of humor and he would look for the irony in composing some of his shots. He would carefully arrange each individual posing for a picture and details of the background were scrutinized to make sure they belonged in the final print. He believed that photos needed to tell a story, and that they were not necessarily intended merely to capture a slice of life or a brief moment of time. I remember asking him one day to explain the meaning of a "candid camera," when that term was just coming into vogue. Mr. Enright huffed and shrugged as if to dismiss the question, but eventually told me that "candid" just had to do with the small 35 mm cameras to distinguish them from the more professional 4x5 film plates that he himself preferred. He never seemed too busy to answer frivolous questions from the swarm of kids who hung around his studio. He would not have been a member of the paparazzi in today's culture and society. But he was a dedicated craftsman who took pride in what he did and today we are indebted to him for the body of work he left behind.

Orie's photo is remarkably sharp in background detail, absolutely focused and finely composed, a typical hallmark of Mr. Enright's photos. The students were on the east steps of the bandstand, spilling out onto the adjacent broad sidewalk, and their "hobo" attire is very clear. In the right background (that would be the northwest corner of the courthouse park) stands the old brown stone post office, and just beyond it on the north side of the square is my dad's City Drug Store. On the left side (the southwest corner of the park) is the regal Perry Carnegie Library with business buildings on the square in the background. Model-T Fords and their look-alikes can be seen parked at the curb. Most of the youngsters, both boys and girls, are wearing headgear -- caps, hats, berets, a number of cloches on young female heads -- and some appear to be wearing theatrical makeup (burnt cork) to achieve an unshaved or soiled look about the face.

Although the basis for Hobo Day now seems to have been lost in antiquity, it must have been a lot like Sadie Hawkins Day, which used to be celebrated at PHS to commemorate the fictional chase popularized by maidens in the late Al Caps memorable Li'l Abner comic strip. If you're too young to remember that one, ask your parents about it.

My thanks to Orie Nida and all the others who bring me treasures like this photo of young Perryans enjoying life on an agreeable sunny day in the Noble courthouse park some 70 years ago.