

During her generation Mrs. Egnor has witnessed perhaps as many changes in living as has any other. She has seen transportation advance from horse and buggy and wagon to the automobile, communications from the once-a-week mail to the telephone, radio and TV, preserving a jug of milk at the end of a rope in the bottom of the well to the latest in refrigerators, cooking in the open fireplace to the variety of built in ovens and gas ranges, and homemade entertainment to the drive-in movie fifty miles away. These and many more things have given her a deep appreciation of the goodness of life she has had. She is holding a little etched glass container which she says was an individual toothpick holder placed at each table setting in a day long ago as she reflects on times she has known.

She can remember that just at the southwest edge of Whiteoak there used to be a grist mill which was steam powered. She does not remember seeing it in operation, but her father had told that it was built a long time ago and ground corn and wheat for that big area for many years.

To her knowledge the town of White Oak has never had any form of city government. People there took care of their needs and problems as they came. They have never been bothered to any extent with the lawless element. In the days before statehood most of the men carried guns and took care of their own. She says drunks and railroad bums were their worst problem, and they were taken care of as the occasion demanded. The people has been blessed with having kept their school in this day of closing so many schools. The two churches testify to a way of life these folks cherish. The county keeps what few streets they have graded and maintained.

Mrs. Egnor recalls when she was a little girl of seeing the Shawnees come to White Oak to trade at the Jones or Brown store, or to have work done at John Bennett's blacksmith shop, or maybe looking for Sam Ridenour, the lawman. She says many of the Shawnee men would wear a blanket and a wide-brimmed black hat with a feather sticking in the band. That was a time now long past.

A custom practiced in the long ago was the 'Cheverre'. After the marriage of a couple, friends and neighbors would arrive at the newlyweds home in a surprise visit. Eating, dancing, visiting, and well-wishing toasts were all in honor of the young couple. Sometimes the well-wishing would be attended by throwing the groom into a water trough, creek, pond or whatever was handy. Honors to the couple were sometimes limited only by what the friends could think up. During the activities someone nearly always put a generous amount of cornflakes, meal, and cuttings from bristle brushes between the sheets of the newlywed's bed. A good time was had by all and was long remembered, especially by the young couple.