

*Camp Staff O'Brien
Celebration*

and for all, he's been a fixture in the OPC for more than 30 years now and it seems reasonable to conclude he contemplates no immediate changes.

Silent by nature, he did confide that he'd worn out one or two editors and several make-up editors on the Farmer-Stockman. His duties include, in addition to making up the Farmer-Stockman, the National Advertising division of the dailies, the Oklahoman Retail Times, Mistletoe Pick-Ups, etc., etc., and so forth — this by his own admission.

On Christmas Day, in 1910, in true Lochinvar style, Mister Joe and the light-of-his-life skipped over to El Reno to become Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rogers, Incorporated. Being a man of few words (as you've heard once before) the wedding was kept a secret from Mister Joe's fellow workers for two weeks. The pride and joy of the family is Barbara Jean, who will be 13 in October.

The Rogers' own their home and tinkering in his workshop is very much a hobby with Mr. Rogers. Lamp shades, dressing tables, and any number of like articles, all fashioned by Joe, adorn the home.

He likes printing and especially likes to make up the forms for the Farmer-Stockman — and he's been doing so for 20 years. When you want to find a cut or mat for National Advertising, the Farmer-Stockman, or the Retailer, just ask for Joe Rogers.

He used to hob-nob around with Bill Phillips, before either of them were married, and you ought to see the "gleam in their eye" as they recall old times.

Jovial and well liked by all, Joe can take the jibes of the gang like a trouper. They say he's "Patience Personified."

And, in the words of the Mechanical Superintendent, "Joe's just one darned swell guy, and there's none like him."

He belongs to the mechanical department, all right, but just let anyone try to take him away from the Farmer-Stockman — something that can't be done.



Mister Joe, at home with Mrs. Rogers and their daughter, Barbara Jean

Thirteen

Not for Sale at Any Price

By Frieda Peterson

THE man won't speak for himself, but just try to talk the Farmer-Stockman out of his services.

When confronted with queries as to when and where and why, all the probing, bribing, etc., etc., just wouldn't get us to first base. About all he would say was "I was born at an early age, and fourteen years thereafter, I started printing and have been making up the Farmer-Stockman 'ever since when.'"

So, there you are! With 25 meager words, we start our story.

Nevertheless, with the finest of sieves, the sifting of wheat and chaff reveal gleanings from Mister Joe's fellow workers.

In Kentucky, it's the Hatfields and McCoys, but in the O-T Composing Room, it seems it's the Kremers and Rogers' who're always feudin'. So far, nothing's been slung, except some fast and furious words — unless somebody's been keeping things from us.

The "when" with reference to when he started printing, was September 5, 1889. Master calculators say, then, that Joe Rogers must have been born in 1875.

'Tis said that in '92, Mister Joe, another man, and a hand-setting type machine published the Minco Minstrel — THE publication down in the Indian territory. Anyway, the editor was prone to write poetry for his column. Occasionally, he would fall off the "wagon" and Mister Joe would have to get out all of the

paper, instead of just setting the type. No one would reveal whether or not Mister Joe wrote any poetry for the editorials of the day when he had to write them. Maybe Sherlock will find out some day and let us know.

Then, in 1893, the owner of the Minco Minstrel decided he'd rather live in El Reno, so he and Mr. Rogers packed the printing press, newspaper and all, very carefully into a farm wagon and moved. When they crossed the South Canadian River, the river bed was dry, but as they looked back, they saw it go on one of its rampages and take everything with it. El Reno wasn't to their fancy, so in about a month, they retraced their steps.

AFTER another year of printing the Minstrel, Chickasha lured Mister Joe away from Minco but not for long. Next, he decided Oklahoma City needed him, so that was the place to be.

It was in 1906, when the OPC was located at California and Robinson, that he first joined the company. He's been one of the composing room's top men since that time, with the exception of three months spent at Lake Charles, Louisiana.

That brief visit convinced Mister Joe that Oklahoma City was to be his adopted home because, as he puts it, he "heard the gentle voice calling" and answered "I'm coming" — which he did.

Cured of the wanderlust for once

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