

CURIOS and ANTIQUES

By FERGIE DEERING

The well-dressed woman edged sheepishly up to the magazine rack at a local newstand. After carefully pondering the selection of her intended reading matter, she picked up a copy of a well-known magazine of somewhat questionable character. "Won't you put a piece of paper or something around this?" she asked the clerk. "I like to read this kind of magazine but I don't want anybody to see me carrying it home."

Young folks with a tendency to build castles in the air should have no difficulty in finding plenty of ground on which to base their structures during the prevailing dust storms.

Spend thirty minutes with Herbert Antle, local archeologist, and we'd almost bet that you'll be wondering why modern civilization is considered important when so much romance and mystery is to be found by digging in creek beds, fields and gravel pits to uncover ancient Indian villages, burial mounds and what-nots. Herbert took us out to view his most recent find, a prehistoric village he believes to be of Caddoan culture, Thursday afternoon.

On the way out he pointed to a group of green mounds on a hill and said he hoped to dig there some day because he expected to find another village (he has previously uncovered five in this county). Then he showed us a large black spot in a plowed field and said it was an Indian burial ground adding that he hopes to excavate some very nice skeletons there one day soon. Incidentally, he is preparing a museum of Caddoan villages for the University of Oklahoma and it occurs to us that some local civic club is passing up a good opportunity in not arranging for the promotion of a similar permanent exhibit here.

You've got to give the militarists credit for one thing—when they start agitating for a war, they usually get one. On the other hand, our observation has been that about all the world peace advocates do is to advocate world peace.

Roland Burney, Ada negro, is searching for his intended bride of a few days ago—not to wed her but to get a refund of some \$3 invested. It seems that Roland purchased a marriage license

which costs exactly \$3, a lot of money to Roland (or anybody else, for that matter) with the intentions of wedding one of darktown's belles. When he arrived with the permit and preacher, however, the "fair one" had fled. Marriage licenses are non-returnable, the jilted groom found when he returned to the court house, and no refunds are made. "It's good for thirty days," Mrs. Della Bedford explained, "You just keep it and maybe you can find her." Roland put the license back in his pocket. "Ah hopes Ah kin find her and make her give me mah three dollahs back."

The Oklahoma legislature has before it a proposal to place a special tax on all automobiles capable of exceeding 50 miles per hour. The only ones we've ever owned would have been taxed exceedingly to have traveled 50 miles per hour.

Journalism gems from The Ada News: October 17, 1901: "While riding a bicycle one very dark night last week, Mr. Gibson, the confectioner, collided with Dr. Reeves buggy. Mr. Gibson sustained some very serious bruises but we understand that he was not seriously hurt." And here's a card of thanks from Dec. 23, 1902: "I wish to extend thanks to those who assisted in the death of my wife. Their generous aid was appreciated more than I can express. They will always be remembered and should I wed again each will get an invitation."

It's rather late to enter a "how-to-save-the-country" plan but we are convinced that if those on federal or state relief rolls were to be deprived of their votes while dependent on the tax payers, the law makers would soon "discover" the need for relief to be rapidly diminishing.

Floyd Henry, we believe, has the sportiest gun in town—a 16-gauge shotgun with his name and other decorations inlaid on the highly polished stock in, as he puts it, "genuine 23-carat gold" ... Charles Young, East Central Journalist, mentions that there is a Miss Grace George and a Mr. George Grace enrolled in the college here ... Claud Logsdon used to be a painter and still likes to indulge in a little brush-swinging, we are told ... More than 100 signs are necessary to protect the walls of the county court house from the carelessness of the "citizens," the worst offense being putting feet on the walls ... A local teamster has a practical use for his discarded razor strap—he attaches one to a stick by means of a long leather cord and uses it to urge the mules along ... And by the way, what ever became of the Pontotoc County League of Young Democrats?