

CURIOS and ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

Early day Oklahoma journalism must have had its thrills. "Uncle" Byron Norrell tells us of an up-state editor in days back yonder who was in a state of exasperation for something with which to fill the gaping wide open spaces of page front. At the last minute in came a story from the western part of the state about two outlaws who had been killed. The telegram was only two or three lines in length, telling just the essential facts of the shooting. The editor called his imagination into service, stretched the story into full column length and dug into the "morgue" for a couple of cuts to run with the story. One of the cuts was a picture of Lord Roseberry and the other was a drug salesman. They were run above the names of the two slain outlaws. A day or so later the remains of one of the outlaws were shipped back east and it was necessary to change trains at that town. Accompanying the body was a 6-foot-plus man with bold black moustaches and a couple of forty-fives buckled on. He had a copy of the newspaper in his hand. He strode to the newspaper office. "Who wrote this?" he demanded. The editor could see no way out of the difficulty and feebly replied, "I did." "Well, I just wanted to see if I could get a half-dozen more copies of the paper," the black moustached man said, "my wife and I have always wanted a picture of that boy and we never have been able to get one before."

There's probably nothing seems noisier than a neighbor's radio when you're trying to sleep.

If there's such a thing as a rock fan, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Burris would certainly come in that classification—they have one of the most unique displays of large fossils and other peculiar formations in their yard that we have ever seen. . . . Miss Fred Andrews, local attorney, who is continually getting mail addressed to Mr. Fred Andrews, almost reached the limit of her patience the other day when a collector for a drug store where she has been trading for the past several years came to her office and asked for Mr. Fred Andrews. . . . Rev. J. C. Curry, Methodist pastor, once led the singing in a revival conducted by Lovick P. Law, the evangelist, who just closed a meeting here, 25 years ago. . . . M. B. Hatchett, college

prof, bears a resemblance to Wallace Beery, the movie star.

History tells of how much grit the early-day Oklahomans had but the last few days there seems to be a whole lot of hot air mixed up with the grit.

A bit of reminiscence—How many remember the old town of Hird, about four miles north-east of Ada? It once had a gin, blacksmith shop, several stores and a schoolhouse and merchandise was hauled there from Davis and Wynnewood in wagons. . . . W. H. Ebey once upon a time owned the now prosperous Daily Oklahoman but finally got rid of it as a losing proposition in early day Oklahoma. . . . Capt. C. W. Ballard could tell us a whale of a story about his army experiences if we can ever get him to talk for publication.

No one thing will turn a man's thoughts to matters of religion as quickly nor as definitely as sickness or other disaster.

An unmarried friend was inviting a married one to attend a stag party which might last until the morning hours. The married man weakened. "Well, I don't know whether I can get the wife to okay it or not. Let's go down here to another telephone where I can hear and I'll call her." The unmarried friend, who must have had some experience with women, advised, "You'd better call her from here where you can't hear her."

We are advised that the biggest thing in the business of settling down is the business of settling up.

A Buick sedan parked in the 100 block of West Main apparently became impatient waiting for the owner to return the other day and caused quite a commotion before it was finally quieted by passersby and storekeepers. A short circuit set the unusually loud horn, which seemed even louder under the circumstances, honking and it was several minutes before the connection was severed. Guess the owner wondered why his horn wouldn't honk when he returned.

From an exchange recently: "The garage of Mr. and Mrs. W. Watkins was pried open on Friday night and their car was stolen. This car was a 1925 model Ford sedan; . . . this is the second time Mrs. Watkins' car has suffered this fate within a year." And a local item from another: "Bobbie Thomas spent Saturday and Sunday with the teacher, Ella Brown." A third country weekly reports an accident: "Opal, the small daughter of Charley (—), suffered a number of bruises but no injury when she fell from the top step of the Baptist church. However, her father reports that she seems fully recovered but suffered an attack of roseola."