

CURIOS and ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

THERE ARE CAR WRECKS— and there are car wrecks. There are the kind that contribute to the ghastly toll of human life and limb claimed each year, the very thought of which should be enough to make any human being shudder; and then there are the kind that mean only damage to the machines and an argument. When a collision occurs there are always two parties at fault—and both of them are the other fellow. "You were making at least 60. . . . I stuck my hand out. . . . I could hear your wheels screaming when you came around the corner. . . . You didn't stop at that stop sign. . . . I wasn't doing over 20"—all this may be heard at practically every wreck of the "argument" kind. In the end they amount to about as much as a "you did—I didn't" debate. A while back two trucks collided at an intersection here. The machines were slightly damaged but no one was injured. The drivers piled out and started an argument. Finally they hauled one away in an ambulance and each later paid a fine in police court for fighting, either one of which would have more than paid for repairs to both trucks. And women drivers—whew! The other night we observed—and heard—two of them after a collision. It seems one had sideswiped the other when she stalled her car on a hill and knocked off a hub cap. The argument couldn't have been any hotter if the damage had been \$1,000. Although they have no authority to settle disputes and assess damages, officers were called. Because the women wanted to explain both sides at once, the officers separated them to investigate the case. Then one of the women said: "Look at them. They're taking her off up there to coach her and tell her what to say!"

American Journalism: Editorial columns filled with pleas to motorists to drive slow; news columns filled with applause for a man who has proved that an automobile can be made to travel 304 miles an hour.

LOCAL LEGIONNAIRES are kidding Bob Klepper about spending a lot of his time at the McAlester convention on a horse but we haven't heard any reports of any delegates spending too much of the time on the wagon.

A Pontotoc county minister, in recording a marriage ceremony he performed, stated his official position as "Mineral of the Gospel." A sort of a rock in the faith, we

DURING THE MATCH between Howard Lewis of Ada and Curtis Dawson of Sulphur in the recent Oak Hills golf tourney, Howard's brother Herb was about 250 yards ahead down the fairway. Howard hit a tee shot and the ball barely missed his younger brother. Denton Floyd, a spectator, remarked to James W. Lewis, Ada postmaster and father of the boys, that "It would be too bad if one of your boys were to kill the other one with a golf ball." Of course, the postmaster wasn't serious when he replied: "Oh, that'd be all right. I've got plenty more!"

C. R. Drummond pulled this one on us: A New Mexico sheepherder was killed in a traffic accident the other day. He was driving his herd down the road and tried to make a U-turn. (Ewe turn, in case you don't know sheep.)

PATTY, a bulldog belonging to Miss Betty Jones of Cushing, took to the air without a parachute here a few days ago while Miss Betty was visiting her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Beck. The dog walked out on top of the second floor apartments over the Prince Chevrolet company and leaped. Patty lived to tell the tale even if she doesn't have much of one to wag. No bones were broken and aside from being sort of "stove up" for several days, she was unhurt.

For the benefit of Ramon Martin, Daily Ardmoreite columnist, who wonders "what ever became of all the fellows who used to make Socialist speeches on street corners at Ada every Saturday afternoon" we might suggest that he can get a directory of the membership of the legislature from Oklahoma City and one of the members of congress from Washington.

AT THE CIRCUS — Wallace Hoggatt, apparently disillusioned, fussing because "the spangles were dirty and the clowns weren't as funny as when I was a boy!" . . . Brown Morris watched Clyde Beatty trying to make a tiger do a roll-over and then asked Dr. C. C. Morris, "Daddy, does he make those stripes on them when he hits them with that whip?" . . . For a pet, one of those red, yellow and blue parrots wouldn't be bad. . . . Does anybody believe those people who say "I just went to take the kids?" . . . snow cones . . . and the inevitable "thrilling, death-defying rodeo and wild west" show after the circus.