

1935 - 1936

One of the first jobs my Dad had as a journalist was with the Ada Evening News. He did just about everything there was to do while working with the paper to learn the business.

One of his many tasks was to write a column titled, "Curios and Antiques." It contains bits and pieces about people and things going on in Ada and the surrounding area. Some of the columns have illustrations, and chances are he drew them as well.

I hope you will enjoy this look some of the early work of Ferdie J. Deering.

Robert E. Deering
March 29, 2016

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SUBSTITUTE COLUMN

By FERDIE DEERING
ON BEING A COLUMNIST

While we do not believe the act of contracting to fill a full column each week with material that will interest the critical reading public is a sign of superior intelligence, we are firmly convinced that being a regular columnist requires a great deal more common sense and perseverance than most ordinary persons possess. Therefore, it is with the greatest respect for the wit and diligence of our good friend, Bob Blanks, that we presume to substitute for him this week. Possibly the contrast will show just how entertaining Bob really is. Anyhow, we wish him a speedy recovery and assure you that he will be filling his regular place here again soon.

ON THE TYPEWRITER KEYBOARD: Sign on a local drug store window recently—Coffee, Toasted Sandwiches, Fried Pies, Crazy Crystals. . . . What does the man with the "Look-at-the-stars-for-a-dime" telescope do on cloudy days and nights? . . . Who ever heard of a bride holding back when she was being "led to the altar"? . . . The keen competition among taxicab companies must surely be a boon to the paint business. . . . If it is true that half the world doesn't know how the other half lives, then at least half of us must be minding our own business. . . . Wonder why so few people play chess? . . . We haven't been to bed before midnight since early last fall. . . . It's surprising how many people are on the streets here at 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning now. . . . U. S. Commissioner W. C. Edwards used to operate the brayer on his father's printing press when he was a boy in Georgia. . . . Clay Jones says he and his brothers used to race around the house barefooted and in their "shirt-tails" every time it snowed—when he was a lad. . . . We only learned the other day that rapid growth makes turnips, radishes and other vegetables tenderer and sweeter. . . . Mrs. Clara Varner lived here 25 years ago and had the P. T. Drummonds for neighbors. . . . She recently moved back here and they are again her neighbors but in a different neighborhood. . . . The advertising slogan "Higher Anti-Knock" sounds crazy to us. . . . Might as well say "Greater Presence of Absence of Knocks."

We're not going to take that old saw about the early bird getting the worm very seriously until we decide definitely whether we are a bird or a worm.

"Slippery Jim" Ellis says he became generally known by that name when he made a "hit" with a bunch of Oklahoma City (female) baseball fans by knocking two home runs to win a game for the Oklahoma City club back in 1908. . . . He banged out 28 circuit blows to bat second place in the Western League that year. . . . and started late. . . . Clyde Milan beat Slippery Jim's .444 with a .446 rating. . . . Ellis used to play with the Ada Browns, in the Texas League and had a chance to go to the Little Rock club.

Suggested theme song for
the Louisiana Square Dealers:
"It Won't Be Long Now."

It's funny how you meet people on a bus or train. . . . We got into a discussion on a recent trip with a lawyer from Kansas City, a New York student bound for California, and a Chicago clothing merchant. . . . Everything from the Hauptmann case to public morals and prohibition passed in review . . . and almost invariably the discussions ended as they started—with four different opinions. . . . The New Yorker wanted to acquit Hauptmann, the Chicagoan insisted on a 20-year sentence and the Kansas City man thought he was implicated enough to deserve the death penalty, while we opined—but let's wait and see. . . . Incidentally, the lawyer offered the best prohibition argument we've heard lately . . . he said the carpenter is proud of his finished house, the manufacturer displays his finished work and the artist proudly exhibits his finished masterpiece, while the saloonkeeper puts his "finished" product out the back door.

It's no use. If we have prohibition, the wets won't stop howling and if we repeal it, the drys start yapping and it doesn't bother the bootlegger nor the consumers either way.

These rated headlines in The Ada Evening News in 1904: Waterworks bonds sold at par to raise funds to dig well 20 feet deep and 15 feet in diameter for city water supply. . . . Ravia farmer claims to have solved problem of destroying boll weevil. . . . Frisco to run fast train from Houston to St. Louis to the world's fair at FORTY MILES AN HOUR. . . . "Saturday a team belonging to G. W. Gould * * * became frightened and running a distance of four blocks upset the wagon, throwing out his two children. * * * They ran south on Broadway at a fearful speed for three and one-half blocks, turned into the alley, collided with a buggy and then with an outhouse in the rear of J. W. Bolen's residence." . . . A. N. Welsh is hustling in oil machinery * * * and when it arrives a hole will be sent down on the R. P. Ford land near the city.

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SEEN AND HEARD: The first and only time Floyd Eoff drove his car to town, his boss came in and he got a red ticket for parking overtime. . . . F. S. Baird says he is the seventh son of a seventh son and very psychic. . . . Herbert Beck, we believe, is the only man who ever lettered in yell-leading at East Central—but he did—three times. . . . Junius "Sonny" Ridling used to be a champion trombone player. . . . Mayor J. D. Willoughby carries four pocket knives . . . and he can explain a separate use for each of them. . . . Negroes do not have red lips even if most pictures show them that way. . . . Deputy Sheriff Elmer Hodges is so hard-boiled he wears a leather necktie. . . . Three local boys who prefer Chicago to Oklahoma's fastest growing city: Dan Heard, Hubbard Lowrey and Lindsay Haddock. . . . Sherrod Ehron, Frisco special agent, once arrested a man here and took a complete set of safe-cracking tools off of him . . . but the man broke jail that night by using a set of saws he carried in his wooden leg.

From a divorce petition filed here: "The plaintiff further alleges that during the year 1934 the defendant left this plaintiff and took up his abode at the state penitentiary at McAlester."

Jim Chapman was considerably embarrassed the other day when the front bumper of his car caught on the bumper of a larger car ahead. His efforts to flag the driver of the car ahead were futile, as the latter speeded up and headed for the west end of Main street. Pedestrians looked as if they thought Jim crazy when he tried to get them to wave the "engineer" of the unintentionally improvised "train" to a stop. Finally the speed was too great for Jim and he slammed on his brakes and severed the connection at the expense of several cents worth of brake lining and tire rubber. The driver of the other car then felt the jerk and stopped. A few explanations and all was quiet on Main street again.

When a book, picture or play is billed as "sensational," it probably means that the plot is "sin-sational."

One night recently an automobile crashed into a bridge over Springbrook west of Ada. An ambulance was called. A very drunk driver was found to be uninjured, but considerably worried about his companion, who was nowhere

search of the vicinity, it was discovered the companion had been thrown from the car when it struck the bridge. He had landed in the creek and the scare and the cold water inspired him to make a hurried dash for home.

Wonder how many women who have been in the forties for the past twelve or fifteen years will suddenly advance to the sixties if and when old age pensions become an actuality.

When prisoners at an Illinois penitentiary decided to publish a newspaper recently, they found that out of 2,500 inmates there were no editors and only one printer. Well, that's encouraging to say the least.

Byars Chapman says he is even with the world. He owes as many as he doesn't owe.

One young Pontotoc county gentleman has purchased three marriage licenses (for himself) from Mrs. Della Bedford in the last two years or so. . . . I. G. Kilough was selling tickets at one of his theaters Thursday when someone called to ask what was showing . . . and he had to ask before he could tell the name of the feature picture. . . . When we were a freshman in high school we enrolled in Spanish . . . and then attended City Editor Roy McKeown's Latin class two days before we discovered our mistake. . . . Cecil Deal still gets mail addressed to the "Manager of the Ada Municipal Airport." . . . Mike Mount has a dandy collection of stamps. . . . The G. F. says that after all it's the scrubbing that floors a bride.

A delegation of four farmers entered the police station late Saturday afternoon to try to secure the release of a fifth member of their party whom they had last seen, slightly intoxicated, in the company of Policeman Walter Dickerson. "He lives down in our end of the county," the spokesman explained, "and his wife is gonna be mighty s'prised if we go in without him. He lives so far back in the saplin's that his breath smells like cordwood and we'll take him right home." A search of the blotter and finally, the jail, failed to reveal an entry of the "lost" man. Then Dickerson entered and revealed that he had last seen the frightened farmer "headed for home afoot" after he had released him on a promise to leave town at once.

Supreme Court Justice Orel Busby studied journalism before he took up law . . . and says he wants his 17-year-old son, John, to work on a newspaper as a starter.

SUBSTITUTE COLUMN

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WHY NOT DO IT IN OIL?—

The next time Beau Billingsley, local oil man, goes out to get a lease or deed signed he will take a supply of ink with him. A few days ago he was contracting for some land in the neighborhood of the Pitts field and was ready for farmer to sign the necessary papers. But there was no ink in the house. Well, the farmer had two sons, one a school teacher and the other a preacher. Surely, one of them would have some ink. They went to the school teacher's house and the best that could be found was a lead pencil. The preacher's home also failed to yield any writing fluid. A neighbor, who had a daughter home from East Central for the week-end, was next but the student had left her ink in Ada. A random search throughout the neighborhood was fruitless. An offer of a bottle of bluing by one woman had to be refused because there was no writing pen available. Finally, Billingsley and the farmer gave up the hunt, drove 12 miles into Stowewall and drew up the papers.

Maytag Bob, KADA artist, received two proposals for marriage (by mail) in one day last week and Joe Lee is jealous. Each of the "proposers" asked Bob to sing a certain song if he was interested. Joe says Bob sang both of them and added: "I have been out there five months and haven't had an offer yet."

PURELY IMPERSONAL—The safe in the office of J. W. Shipp, First Baptist church secretary, bears an inscription which tells its own story: "U. S. Post Office, Ada, I. T." . . . Fred Hunt, the Johnston county sheriff who was appointed warden of the Granite reformatory, has been compelled by prison regulations to replace his cowboy hat and high-heeled boots with more business-like attire. . . . Guess every job has its unpleasant side. . . . J. Kent Smith's full name is Jason Kenton Smith. . . . In the office of Justice Sherwood W. Hill is a sign reading: "No Loafing Unless on Business." . . . The cages formerly occupied by the "zoo" at East Central State Teachers college are now on the hillside east of the college and are used to house bird dogs. . . . The war-time uprising across the Canadian, which was quelled by a posse under the leadership of the late Bob Duncan, was called the Green Corn rebellion. . . . It took its name from the fact a bunch of the rebels camped on a hilltop and feasted on green corn and other delicacies until Bob Duncan showed up.

The local chapter of the VIA (Veterans of Industry of America, if you must know) is an up-and-coming organization, giving due consideration to all matters of importance. Last Monday night the members spent some two or three hours in heated debate over whom they should endorse for appointment as Pontotoc county FERA director to fill the place left vacant by the death of B. E. Hennigan. While they were in session, Charley W. Floyd was at home resting up from his trip to Oklahoma City. He had already been appointed, sworn into office and was ready to take charge early the next morning.

How many know what a flageolet is? . . . They don't use 'em any more but Jeff Laird has one. . . . T. G. Kelly is perpetually smiling. . . . L. A. Ellison is one of the town's heartiest laughers . . . but A. S. Kilpatrick is another who can often be heard enjoying a good story somewhere along Main street. . . . G. J. Morton spends his Sundays on the farm puttering with the horses, mules and cattle . . . and gets a big kick out of it. . . . O. A. Bayless and Henry Reich may not be the world's best golfers but they probably enjoy their almost daily twosome as much as anybody anywhere. . . . Charley Thompson and Bernard Howard say they expect to double their business this year. . . . Raymond Cain's favorite pastime is attending conventions. . . . Bob Klepper says he worked with the famous Lassies White as a negro minstrel for two years . . .

Not long ago when the city jail was being moved, one of the "regular customers" found it easy to break out, due to the fact the new structure was not completed. After he had been returned twice to the steel-barred rooms after breaks, he got out again. He went to a downtown cafe and telephoned the officers: "I broke out again. I thought I'd tell you. I don't want you to get mad at me."

Rollo W. Brown, author and former Harvard university professor, who visited here recently on a lecture tour, appreciates Oklahoma's mild winters. He commented: "It is hard to believe this weather. When I left Massachusetts a few days ago there was two feet of snow on the ground and a temperature of five degrees below zero."

A week or so ago when the East Central Tigers played the Northwestern Rangers at Alva, the largest and smallest men in the Oklahoma collegiate conference were the scoring aces for their respective teams. Mickey McDaniels, slightly more than five feet tall, counted 9 points for the Tigers while "Firpo" Patterson, six-foot-nine-inch Ranger center, picked off six field goals and a few free throws to lead his team.

SUBSTITUTE COLUMN

By FERDIE DEERING

Dr. Richard O. Meents, professor of geology at the college here, drove his car to school on Friday of last week, parked it and promptly forgot all about it. The next time he wanted to use the machine he found his garage securely locked but vacant. He reported the "theft" to the police and they launched a search for it. The weekend passed and no report. Finally, on Tuesday morning, the police located the "stolen" car parked in front of the administration building where Dr. Meents had left it.

He was getting a divorce from the wife who left him four years ago. Judge Tal Crawford handed him the decree, and added: "Marriage forbidden for six months." The disillusioned young man put on his cap and replied: "You can add a whole lot more months on top of that if you want to, Judge. They're easy to get but hard to get rid of."

Eustace H. "Useless" Taylor, who hails from way down east, likes to refer to the gorgeous plains of Pontotoc county as the mud-flats of Oklahoma. . . . W. O. Smith, the gas man, probably enjoys cold weather as much as anybody in town. . . . Some city and county officials are threatening to file charges against Fire Chief Ed Haley for putting out a fire in a certain hotel here last week. . . . Thomas Painter is the name of a local painter. . . . Elwood Goddard's nickname "Peck" is a shortened form of "Peckerwood" which was accidentally pinned onto him by a playmate about 16 years ago. . . . E. H. Nelson and Dad Fentem agreed to frame up a good earthquake to make us a news story some time ago but so far haven't delivered the shock. . . . E. B. Johnson is one of Ada's most ardent horsemen.

If you want to make a hit with a woman tell her how pretty she is but if you want to get along with a man don't tell him how pretty he is.

Pontotoc county "trained" hogs have no appeal for E. B. Morrow, Paoli stockman. He says he bought 26 head from a farmer living near here the other day but when he started to load them, they escaped through holes in the barn wall that only a thorough schooling could have taught them to locate. After two trips were made to secure his purchases, Morrow finally sold eight he could not capture back to the farmer at a loss of \$1 per head.

Since federal and county court both convene here this week, it might be a good idea to brush up on your law. For instance, this one is an Oklahoma statute: "Every person concerned in any racing, running or trial of speed between any horse or animal within one-half mile of the place where court is sitting is guilty of a misdemeanor."

THE JAYCEES HAVING FUN
—Norman Criswell frowningly singing "Smiles." . . . Warren Beck Kice doing the tenor in "Sweet Adeline." . . . Leo Hennigan denying Raymond Cain's insinuation that he is a promoter. . . . President Walter Grindstaff, with a new son and heir, absent for unannounced reasons. . . . Harrel Webster blushing insistently he is not a "ladies' man." . . . John Paul McKinley, Jr., very much embarrassed by an unexpected and lengthy introduction of himself by his host as the speaker of the evening. . . . Vice-President Bill Dodson seeking a phonograph that "will change the records for you."

After big George Sauer had downed the bigger Bob Montgomery in the groan-and-grunt show last Tuesday night he was explaining the reverse chin-lock he used to us. "It's hard to understand unless you have it applied on yourself," he said. We declined his offer to demonstrate.

Only two railroads pass through the city limits of Ada: the other passes between them. When the M. K. & T. built the tracks now known as the O. C. A. & A. the city limits extended TO the right-of-way. When the area east of the tracks was included in the corporate limits, the document was worded ". . . FROM the right-of-way" thus omitting that particular strip. The Frisco and Santa Fe tracks pass through a part of the original townsite and the Dags addition.

A big foreign-appearing fellow and a friend were discussing the Townsend old age pension proposal. "Vot you gonna do ven you get dat \$200 a month pension?" the foreign-appearing fellow asked. The friend said he didn't know but apparently the other boy had been observing war debt methods in the old country. He knew how it would work out. "Vell, you got to spend it all for food in restaurants and before de first mont' is up you'll be dead as H— so dey von't have to pay you but von mont' anyway."

Well, regardless of what you say about the poor worms, they can always make both ends meet. (Which makes us reasonably sure we belong in some other classification.)

ADA, OKLAHOMA, SUNDAY, MARCH 10, 1935

ANOTHER COLUMN

By FERDIE DEERING

SPRING NOTES: White shoes and gayly colored spring outfits displayed in clothing store show windows do not necessarily indicate that the last cold snap has passed. . . . But the appearance of sassafras bark in drug store windows means that spring fever is just around the corner. . . . It is our private opinion that there are children attending school in Ada who have lived in Oklahoma all their lives and can't remember ever having seen a real snowfall. . . . And the usual scramble is on at the seed and hardware stores—with the most beautifully illustrated seed packages favored to win even though they might not be the most productive.

If you think Ada is a hick town that rolls up the sidewalks at 9 o'clock, just come down and try crossing Main street at midnight.

AMONG OUR ACQUAINTANCES: Haskell Rodgers (who is already married) says that love is a disease that some overcome quicker than others. . . . Mart Clark gets peeved if anybody telephones him after 7:30 p. m., because he is usually in bed by that time. . . . Walter Beets has a medal awarded to him as a member of the 1930 championship intramural Oklahoma university horseshoe doubles pitching team. . . . Nate Quicksilver says he has done everything in a men's furnishing store from porter to manager and back again. . . . Claude V. Thompson declares he doesn't care what anybody says about him since he is out of politics—adding that he will not admit nor deny any of it. . . . Somehow Wendell Thomas always reminds us of a men's fashion plate model. . . . Lee F. Smith will probably always have a million dollars if he counts what he has coming to him—he won that much on a basketball game recently but hasn't collected yet. . . . Druggist Joe Bryan was "spelled down" the other day on "sarsaparilla" but we'll bet you couldn't trip him up on it now.

In order to avoid possible confusion with Greek or Bolivian wars, the trenches under construction on South Broadway are labeled "MEN WORKING" and are being dug for use in future telephonic "word battles."

CHARLEY SHOCKLEY has been repaid for all the jokes he has been playing on other members of the sheriff's force. They "framed" him last week. Sheriff Clyde Kaiser agreed to furnish an automobile to a woman to transport her husband to the court-

was arranged for her to use a car belonging to a member of Shockley's family. That afternoon Deputy Elmer Hodges, whom Shockley supposed was trailing the borrowed car, came in with a woe-begone story of how she had given him the slip on a cutoff road between Washington and Blanchard. The sheriff gave him the customary "eating out" for letting her get away from him and Charley got worried about the car. That night Undersheriff Claude Sturdivant (dressed in his new cowboy boots) received an imaginary call from the woman supposedly in Kansas, saying she was still on the trail and would be back in three or four days. Charley almost got desperate before the woman returned the car from a 75 or 80-mile trip the next day.

It won't be long now until thousands of college and high school graduates will be discovering that comparatively few restaurants will accept diplomas as "payments on meal tickets."

A PONTOTOC COUNTY FARMER was making his application for a government loan. The young lady who was filling out his blanks for him asked the usual question: "How many children do you have?" The farmer wanted no little mistake to delay his loan, so he replied: "Thirteen—er, when does that go in? Guess you'd better made it fourteen."

There's really not a great deal of difference between the United States and our revolutionary-inclined neighbors to the south. We dub our gang leaders "Public Enemy No. 1" and they simply call theirs "President."

MRS. DELLA BEDFORD BELIEVES that when a man gets so drunk he can't take care of himself, somebody else ought to look out for him. She does her part by refusing to get up at midnight to sell them marriage licenses. One night recently an intoxicated gentleman offered to pay her \$50 (via telephone—she didn't see the money) if she would come to the office and issue him a permit to wed.

THE FAR-REACHING INFLUENCE of a single misdeed is sometimes surprising. A short time ago someone "lynched" a horse in the southeastern part of this county. The Ada News carried a story about it and then it got onto the Associated Press wires. Last week a woman in Wichita, Kan., wrote to Pontotoc county officials (sending a stamped, addressed envelope for reply) to learn if the "wolves in human form" had been given what she thought they deserved. She said: "I have heard any number of people talking about it. . . . My family was so upset, especially my small nephew, that in order to ease his mind I said I would write and see if these guilty parties had been ap-

ADA, OKLAHOMA, SUNDAY, MARCH 17, 1935

ANOTHER COLUMN

By FERDIE DEERING

IT HAPPENED AT TEN P. M.
—We rushed across from the First National bank corner. Others were hurrying toward the crowd from other directions. Surely it must be an accident of major importance, perhaps even a murder. We elbowed our way as far into the crowd as we could and then got down on our knees. Finally we got in close enough to see what was going on. A painter was using an air-gun to design tulips on the background of the show windows at the Smart Shop.

Persons who do only what they're paid to do are not usually overworked.

INTERVIEW WITH MEMBERS OF A GYPSY BAND camped near Ada last week:

Q.—How many of you are camped here?

A.—Dunno. Never count 'em. Maybe two hundr'd. Maybe more.

Q.—Do you have any particular place you call home?

A.—Sure (indicating row of rectangular tents, open on one side and containing stove, camp stools and two huge, featherbed mattresses) This home. We live here.

Q.—Who is the head man?

A.—Charley Mitchell—he king.

What Charley say goes.

Q.—(to woman) Are all these your children?

A.—Yeh. They all mine.

Q.—How many do you have?

A.—I got ten. (Holding up both hands with fingers spread) Gonna have ten more. Some got six, nine, some twelve, maybe fourteen. I gonna have twenty.

Paul Denny, Ada junior high school teacher, got into it up "to his neck" last Monday morning. He started to school in the downpour of rain and in his rush failed to notice that a footbridge over a drainage ditch three feet deep had been washed out. He proceeded to school after he had returned home for dry clothes.

MICKEY McBRIDE recalls that the East Central Tigers won the Oklahoma Collegiate conference baseball championship in 1930 by playing only one game. The conference committee ordered the trophy at the beginning of the season. East Central played one game with Central and won. Succeeding games with other colleges were rained out. When the committee met again just before school was out a motion was made and carried that the trophy be awarded to the Tigers. It now adorns the wall in the college gymnasium along with basketball, football, wrestling, track and tennis awards captured during the same scholastic year—the biggest athletic year in East Central's history.

ing the same scholastic year—the biggest athletic year in East Central's history.

Headline in recent issue of East Central Journal:
SCHOLASTIC WORK
NOT IGNORED IN
TRAINING SCHOOL.
Which is encouraging information in these more or less difficult times for schools.

POLICE NOTES: Officers find the most effective method of disciplining prisoners in the county jail is to shut off their tobacco supply. . . . A sharp pointed iron rod about six feet long is used to locate buried whiskey caches. . . . The customary fine for drunkenness in Ada is \$8.75, while Fittstown authorities assess a penalty of \$12.50—Moral: trade at home. . . . Deputy U. S. Marshal Allen Stanfield says a murderer or hijacker is almost always ready to go to jail when arrested but bootleggers and women usually want "to go see a fellow" or change clothes first. . . . Sherrod Ahrend, Frisco special officer, observes that very few "high class" hoboes ride freight trains any more, most of the side-door pullman passengers being thugs and "wanted" criminals.

J. C. Kelso, Roff farmer, almost sold some employees in the county agent's office an "educated" mule that would go around "fixing every gap in every fence he saw" last week—until they found out that the mule is blind.

MAYBE THEY DID IT FOR A THRILL—Saturday afternoon two men were sitting in a somewhat aged truck parked on Main street. Two passing friends were hailed and a pint bottle of "Kiamichi Dew" was produced. The door of the truck was opened and each sat in turn on the running board behind it, apparently to avoid observation as he took an active part in the sampling business. A sheepish expression on the faces of the others suggested that they thought they were "doing something smart."

THE LAST PARAGRAPH—Our local radio station is responsible for this: "We will now have our housekeeper's chat. The topic will be 'Spring Gardening and the Control of Jack Rabbits.'" . . . Johnny, the curb-service manager at the Central drug, has about decided he can't carry four full Coca-Cola glasses in one hand without a tray. . . . This from a political writeup in a municipal campaign of a neighboring city: "George S., former barber and deputy sheriff, who is making the race for chief of police." . . . Notation on chewing gum wrapper: "Save this wrapper and dispose of your gum in it after use"—we hope the guy who occupied the theatre seat just before we did the other day sees this.

CURIOS and



ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

FOLKS YOU KNOW—T. M. Yarbrow is one of Ada's most dignified appearing business men. . . . Wyly Keith apparently never stops planning new improvements in the landscaping around his funeral chapel. . . . Bill Gluckman, manager of one of Ada's exclusive women's stores, is a graduate of the University of Oklahoma school of engineering. . . . When a friend asked W. H. Ebey which he liked best, bridge or pitch, Ebey simply replied, "Poker." . . . There's many a politician who would give a lot to have a name like Shi Cash—wonder if Shi has ever had any offers from promoters? . . . Bill Laves used to ride, lead and carry burros over the mountains of South America when he was a geologist.

As we see it, the various state legislatures are having a sort of informal contest—the idea being to see which can get the least done in the longest length of time.

WE'D NEVER BELIEVED half we've heard about women drivers before last Monday when the B. P. W. took over the city government (temporarily), but it's probably all true. We observed two of them driving a police car with a siren on it. With the "gangway horn" wide open, they stalled the car at Twelfth street. We walked a block down Broadway and they were there at the Main street intersection trying to get through a traffic tangle. Puzzled motorists whizzed by on all sides as the women "police" tried to get the siren and machinery to co-operate. Finally, a lull in the traffic rush came and they escaped, speeding off to "arrest" (and subsequently fine) some hapless business man.

A local negro wasn't joking the other day when he said: "Ah'd ruther go to anybody's funeral than have them come to mine."

THE TOWNSITES of Coalgate and Lehigh are each considerably larger than the townsite of Ada but the combined population of the two towns would amount to less than one-fourth of the population of Ada (the townsite of the City of Ada covers approximately one square mile). . . . The O. K. Electric company has adapted an outmoded washing machine into a flower pot—remember how the old-fashioned wash tubs used to serve in this capacity. . . . Dr. O. H. Miller used to be a broncho

buster out at Panhandle, Tex. . . . Ada's most consistent luncheon club attendant is Miss Janice Graham, pianist—last week she attended the Kiwanis club, the Lions club, Junior Chamber of Commerce, Rotary club, Chamber of Commerce and one or two others.

Felix Clark, negro policeman, arrested a man accused of the theft of a hog about a week ago. He telephoned Chief of Police Somers Jones.

"Mr. Somers, errr-ah, Ah got yo' hog thief down heah," Felix said. "Errr-ah, can you send a car down heah aftah him?"

"I haven't got a car here now," Chief Jones said. "You just walk him on up here. Walking's too good for a hog thief, anyhow."

"Errr-ah, yassuh, Mr. Somers, but err-ah, you see, Ah'd have to walk with him."

HISTORY OF ADA AS RECORDED BY THE ADA NEWS: August 8, 1901—The city council met Tuesday morning. Present—Mayor McKnight, Councilmen Hope, Aldridge, Lowden, Hardin, City Attorney Campbell, Marshal Couch, Recorder Weaver and Tax Assessor Archer. An ordinance was passed taxing bill posters. The hog law was taken up and discussed but no definite action was taken. Grading of streets and filling up mudholes received consideration. The tax collector informed the council that the dog tax could not be collected until he was furnished with tags. The following bills were presented and ordered paid: . . . Mrs. Rich, hauling lumber to build calaboose, \$1.75. . . . A number of old maids have purchased a townsite in the new country just opened and will soon incorporate. But one man will be allowed to dwell within its limits and Ada has the proud distinction of furnishing that individual. Col. R. B. Jackson is the man, and he has received a letter offering him the position of mayor. . . . Miss Ada Reed is now filling the position of "hello." . . . Mr. and Mrs. I. M. King visited friends in Center last Friday. . . . Since the completion of depot extension Agent McNair wears a smile of satisfaction. . . . An immense number of strangers have registered at the different hotels of this place the past week. . . . A gentleman in the city favors organization of an anti-debt paying society. He had better settle his bills before becoming a charter member. . . . The marble column for the First National Bank of Ada has arrived. This marble is of finest quality and was shipped from Montpelier, Vermont.

Capt. "Eph" Reed says he hopes they'll soon let the National Guard officers lose their spurs, now that they no longer ride horses. The local unit was motorized two years ago but spurs are still worn.

ADA, OKLAHOMA, SUNDAY, MARCH 31, 1935

CURIOS and ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

County Superintendent Ray Stegall was visiting a negro school in the county the other day and noticed that the recess period seemed unduly long. It was explained that the children "felt bad" if "books took up" before they had finished an "endin," (meaning, of course, an inning of a baseball game). The boys had finished their "endin'" but it was not until the girls had completed theirs that school could go on.

Many a father finds out after about 20 years that the newspaper announcement should have read "became the father of a proud daughter."

INTERVIEW WITH A

TAXI DRIVER

Q.—I suppose you're enjoying this fine spring weather?

A.—No. I'd like to see the weather turn bad and stay that way. It makes business better.

Q.—It seems to me that the taxis keep pretty busy here all of the time anyhow.

A.—They do, but they don't make anything at a dime a call. It's getting several passengers at one time that we get by.

Q.—When is business best—day or night?

A.—Night, usually. We get more long calls, out in the country and around.

Q.—Do you get many tips?

A.—Quite a few.

Q.—Do you have very many "drunks" as passengers? I guess they tip pretty freely, don't they?

A.—Drunks don't tip at all. Travelers are the only ones that tip very much. Drunks are good business, though. They'll ride until they spend all of their money, going from one bootlegger's to another.

Q.—What do you do when a passenger tells you he hasn't got any money after you've taken him some place?

A.—We make him dig up something for security. That doesn't happen very often, though. I've got a good overcoat now I'm holding for a \$3 taxi fare. It just fits me and I don't care whether he comes back for it or not.

Some public officials who do their duty only as they see it would do well to consult an oculist.

We've never been much interested in old age pensions, partly due to the fact that we are still sometimes mistaken for a high school student, but here's a plan that seems to solve the whole problem: Pay a substantial monthly income to everybody over 60 years of age. Then let those between 50 and 60 become officeholders. The bonus payments will take care of those between 35 and 50 and then the young crowd can move in with the old folks. That just about takes care

A friend says that it is much easier to borrow trouble than it is to borrow money but adds that when you borrow money, you generally get the trouble thrown in free.

Anybody who thinks they have a chance to win from a slot machine might find it profitable to do a little investigating. We had a chance to experiment a bit with one the other night and learned a few of the tricks. For one thing, we found the percentage of "payoffs" very low. Using slugs, we pulled the lever 25 times once before a winning combination was hit and then it paid off only a couple of the slugs. Out of 11 "strikes," the same machine paid off two slugs five times, four four times and eight and 16 slugs once each. Then we looked inside to see how the machinery that controlled the wheels with bars, bells and cherries on them worked. Only every other one of the figures was placed on a "catch." For instance, three "bars" were necessary for a payoff of 20 slugs. There were four of these bars on the third wheel but only one of them was placed so that the wheel could possibly stop on it. Most of the other winning figures were placed on "skips," too, thereby cutting down the possibility of a win.

Observing the eternal hurry of youth, a local man commented: "The height of ambition of modern youth seems to be to get a half dozen girls of the standard model into his father's automobile and drive like hell."

A civic club speaker here this week gave this one: One of the survivors of the famous Johnstown flood took a great deal of pleasure in relating his experiences, carrying the habit with him when he died and went to heaven. One of the heavenly host, however, only sniffed and walked off when he related the story of the awful rush of waters. His curiosity aroused by the fact there was one man who was not amazed, he inquired who the stranger was. "Oh, him?" came the reply. "Why, don't you know him? That's Noah."

The Muskogee county farmer who shot himself because he didn't like the work of federal soil erosion workers had a different point of view than we have. Personally, we had much rather have the terracing done beneath our feet than over our head.

Lovick P. Law, evangelist who is opening a revival at the Methodist church here, used to be a seatmate of Byron Norrell, The News editorial writer, at a little school at Davilla, Milam county, Tex., 52 years ago. Mr. Norrell explains that it was his first day at school and since Mr. Law was the only boy he knew, they naturally sat together. Mr. Law conducted a meeting here about 20 years ago and the two friends met and had a long chat then.

CURIOS and ANTIQUE

By FERDIE DEERING

Gene Harris, J. C. Penney clerk, tells us this one: A big Indian buck walked up to the store's drug counter. "Uuum! Let's see 'em," he said as he picked up a large bottle of rubbing alcohol. With the air of an expert he unscrewed the top and sniffed. "Uuum! Smell good. Me drink 'em." He paid for the "beverage" and walked out, apparently enjoying the anticipation of a good hearty drunk.

* * *

For one thing, we would like to see the city softball leagues in action again this year—and mind you, we said SEE them.

* * *

This should have made a "strong" case, at least—It came up when a farmer bought 60 bundles of onion sets from a local seed store. Just to be sure he hadn't been "gypped" the farmer counted the bundles, and found they contained something less than 5,000 sets instead of the 6,000 he thought he should have had. And so, he sued the seed store for the difference, amounting to \$1.50. Witnesses were brought in from different parts of the county, some from a distance of several miles. The farmer and his witnesses asserted that he'd been told by the clerk that there were 100 sets to the bundle. The clerk denied he'd said it and testified that one bundle had been counted in the store and that it had only 88 sets in it. Each side presented an equal number of witnesses who were equally positive in their testimony and the j. p. was forced to decide for the defendant because his own experience had taught him that onion sets aren't always numbered to the bundle.

* * *

Maybe you know why it is—we don't. Here in Ada the governing board of city officials are called 'commissioners.' At Roff the similar officials are known as 'trustees,' at Allen they elect 'councilmen' and at Francis and Stonewall 'aldermen' are chosen.

* * *

A Seminole newspaper calls attention to the fact that the chairman of the board of county commissioners in Seminole county is Charley Johnston and that Charley Johnson holds a similar position in Pontotoc county. We started checking through the latest directory for the city of Ada and we wonder how people with the same or similar names manage to keep their mail, laundry, etc., straight. For instance, we found

dresses, Chas. Johnson, Chas. Johnson, Chas. L. Johnson, Chas. N. Johnson, Chas. T. Johnston, Charlie J. Johnston; Then, naturally, we turned to the "Smith section." There we found Wm. Smith, Wm. H. Smith, Wm. O. Smith, Wm. O. Smith, W. Oral Smith, Wm. V. Smith, W. M. Smith, Chas. A. Smith, Chas. B. Smith, Chas. D. Smith, Chas. J. Smith, Chas. N. Smith and John A. Smith, John L. Smith, John W. Smith, John W. Smith and John W. Smith. In addition, there were three James Smiths, three Robert Smiths, and any number of cases where two persons had exactly the same name, and all residents of Ada.

* * *

Now Hugh Norris comes out with the "flat-footed" announcement that he is "agin" Ira Dugan. Hugh claims Ira is "stealing his stuff," pointing out that until Dugan joined the Presbyterian church here recently he (Hugh) had the distinction of being the biggest man in the church and having the biggest foot among the entire membership. We hope Rev. O. B. Lee can get the boys peacable before he leaves for Europe.

* * *

Those who missed seeing the East Central baseball team hand the Oklahoma A. & M. college team a double-barrelled defeat here the other day probably won't have another chance for years to come, unless they go to Stillwater to see the return game already scheduled. The Aggies never have beaten East Central—but this is the first time the latter has succeeded in scheduling a game with them since about 1912 when W. D. Little was coach. The Tigers haven't been able to match any basketball games with them, either, since the second year of Mickey McBride's regime as coach. East Central beat the Aggies twice at Stillwater in 1928. The only time East Central and Oklahoma university met on the basketball court (in 1932) resulted in an "unexpected" Tiger victory and East Central has found the O. U. schedule "full" ever since.

* * *

Otto Strickland, erstwhile Pontotoc county legislator and now a Fittstown druggist, lost a close race to Dr. Sam A. McKeel of Ada the other night—a race to choose the "ugliest man" at a Fittstown community program. Otto had auctioned the pies and all the "ready cash" prospects had bought. A good-looking cake brought no bids and an attempt to select Fittstown's most popular girl via the penny-a-vote route likewise failed. Then somebody put a dime on Otto as ugliest man and a McKeel "constituent" threw in a quarter. The bidding became spirited. Dr. McKeel finally outgeneralled his rival by bidding off pies his supporters had bought earlier in the evening. He finished \$3.00 to \$2.89 ahead of Otto and the underprivileged children of Fittstown benefitted from the fun.

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."

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?

CURIOS and ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

The whale show and flea circus were, without a doubt, the biggest things to come to Ada during the past week. After checking up on the actual size of fish brought in so far this year, it is our observation that those local fishermen who had themselves photographed with the whale would have felt more at home in a picture with the fleas. In conversation with one of the managers we discovered that there are much larger whales in the ocean than the one displayed here, although the one shown here is the largest of the six whales being exhibited in railway cars. The car carrying this show is 72 feet long (the average railway car is about 50 feet long) and requires special handling when in transit. Not long ago the show was in the mountains of Virginia and it took two locomotive engines to get it over one of the hills there.

One local woman, whose name we do not mention for obvious reasons, accompanied her small son to the whale show. The son, of course, marvelled at the enormous size of the whale. The mother, who probably had heard some of her husband's fishing stories and was not so surprised, asked, "Why, son, how big did you think a whale would be?" The lad replied, "Oh, I thought it would be about as big as you are."

A school teacher friend bemoans his fate in a letter to us: "Haven't made up my mind what to do this summer, or next year for that matter, except that I'm not going to teach here next year. I have been offered the place back but I—d if I'm going to spend five years here. I can think of nothing worse than being a middle-aged school teacher in a burg like this—and in 25 years I'll be middle-aged."

Predicted career of the high school graduate of the future: Joins CCC camp; four years later runs for the legislature; emerges and enrolls for government relief; eventually is retired on old age pension.

Henry Kroth tells us that when Ed Gwin came to Ada from McKenzie, Tenn., 'way back yonder, he was spiffily dressed in a frock-tail coat and a derby hat, which

we should judge, made quite a dashing young man out of the genial druggist. Mr. Gwin, however, met with difficulties in "breaking into" the younger set and he went forthwith to the then young Dr. Charles A. Thomas for advice. "Throw away that frock coat and get you a cowtown hat and you'll get some place," Dr. Thomas advised. Mr. Gwin did this and Mr. Kroth asserts he attributes a large measure of his business success to this one bit of advice.

From the Literary Digest of December 16, 1933: "Among the other freakish weather phenomena that have made the year 1933 unusual from a meteorological standpoint were several large dust storms. In some western states these storms caused such a darkening of the sky that many persons were alarmed." Looks like we ought to be used to them by now.

Charley Thompson's "Spanish Chihuahua" (the spelling is our own from Charley's pronunciation and if you don't like it, you spell it) is not what is commonly known as a good hunting dog but it deserves some sort of recognition for its accomplishments along this line. The other morning the diminutive canine went out and treed nine 'possums in its own backyard before breakfast. Yep, you guessed it. The nine included mother and eight young un's. They are probably still roaming the countryside, however, since it is not open season and Charley says he doesn't have an appetite for 'possum meat any time.

Society Note: Mesdames Chigger, Mosquito and Housefly and families are expected in Ada soon for an extended visit with relatives and friends.

We maintain that, with possibly a few exceptions, anyone who is capable and willing to work can find enough to do to earn a living. An example of resourcefulness in a case of necessity came to our attention the other day when some Arkansas farmers—at least they used to be farmers—passed through Ada with a load of home made baskets. When the depression and boll weevil hit the community where they live east of Fayetteville, they went out and chopped down a few white oak trees and began making baskets. That was several years ago. Now a group of five families have set up an industry of their own. They spend four months working together manufacturing a truck load of 11 different kinds of baskets from Arkansas white oak. The baskets, which are well-made, useful contrivances, are then hauled to market and the proceeds divided among the families.

CURIOS and



ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

We had a little show staged for our own private benefit the other night but we haven't yet been able to figure out the motive behind it. Editor W. D. Little received an anonymous tip via telephone (a rather common occurrence) that a certain oil man was in town to purchase the interests of one of the major operators in the Fitts oil field. He sent us to check up on it. The secretary met us at the door and admitted us to the hotel room where the supposed buyer was "resting up" from a hard day's work and other things. Yes, we were told, a deal was on foot to buy the holdings at a price of about eleven million dollars as reported but how did the newspaper happen to get onto it so quick? The telephone rang and the secretary carried on an extended conversation concerning the setting up of a separator which supposedly had arrived on location that afternoon. The field man came in and showed the boss some blueprints, informed him that it would be necessary to drill at least 25 more wells and that his plane would arrive shortly at the local landing field to take him to Lake Charles, La., St. Louis and New York. The lawyer arrived and very convincingly related how he had been working to hammer the price down but that it would be necessary to add at least \$2,500,000 to the purchase price. The boss refused vehemently to boost his offer and started packing for his plane trip. We left and started checking elsewhere but could find no other members of the oil fraternity who knew anything at

all about it. Finally, we unexpectedly returned to the hotel room and what we found convinced us that the whole thing was faked for our benefit, and that the four men were not an operator, field man, secretary nor lawyer. But we are still in the dark as to why anyone would want to have such an erroneous story published.

Joe Lee, who is getting married Sunday afternoon, is hoping that his father, Rev. O. B. Lee, will not become more nervous than himself. We are told that when Joe was an infant in arms, his father was to baptize him in accordance with Presbyterian custom. When Joe's mother presented him at the font, Rev. Lee is reported to have become somewhat flustered and asked, "What is the name of the child?"

We have heard of a man writing his own obituary and other such major events but we can't recall one ever having written newspaper stories of either his birth or his own marriage. We have, on numerous occasions, threatened to write the story of our marriage. Now, as the time for same approaches (and at the time of writing, it is rapidly approaching) we feel a good deal like getting married and letting the writing go, having discovered that there are something like one million other things that demand our attention. Suffice it to say that having been born a bachelor and remained in that state for something like a quarter of a century, we have discovered the girl of our choice and subsequently agreed to change our status quo, as it were. And 'nce it is an old family custom, we shall, in due time, join the ranks of the happily married.

We would (but won't) give the name of one young Ada

man who bought a marriage license in this county and went to a preacher in an adjoining county and was married; the next day he discovered licenses issued in one county are not valid in any other. He rushed over, got the preacher and was married again in this county, just to be sure, he says. We are not, either, going to carry out our threat of publishing the story of the marriage of a prominent Ada man who made a secret trip to Ardmore recently until it is officially announced.

Jeff Laird was recently a witness in a justice court hearing of a case wherein the defendant was accused of robbing him. The county attorney was digging for the facts in the case. "Why did you go back to the alley with them?" he inquired.

"He had a gun against my stomach and I was afraid he might get nervous," Jeff answered.

"He had a gun against your stomach?" the C. A. reiterated.

"Yes, he had it against my stomach threatening to blow my brains out," Jeff replied, and they tell it around the courthouse that he blushed profusely as the spectators enjoyed a good laugh.

An East Central student, who is self-supporting, tells us that he expects to keep on going to school in spite of the fact he will receive his degree this month. He explains that it is easier to keep on working his way through school than it is to find a job in the business world.

Probably no newspaper is entirely free from occasional slip-ups. There's been a lot of fun in The News office the past few days

about this head which got into print:

TEACHER AND PUPILS CARRY ON UNDER TREE

Incidentally, it did not carry a story to mean what the head implies, but rather it titled a tale about the determination of teacher and pupils to continue in the interests of education. Here are a few choice classified ads gleaned from Texas and Oklahoma newspapers. We have the originals.

FOR SALE—Tuxedo suit, size 40-42; also Wallace reducing records. Phone 4594.

C. M.—Heard you on radio. You sound like Meyer. How about check? —M.

WILL SWAP lady's long fur coat, size 36, for electric washer. 703 Vine St.

NEED A CHANGE?—You turn my mortuary into a beer garden. Great location. I'll take cash or? Cri2096.

CURIOS and ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

At least, people didn't forget about their businesses to play Mah Jongg or miniature golf when those fads were sweeping the country. That makes this chain letter craze the most maniacal hysteria, probably, this nation has ever seen—and that's saying something. At the same time, it must be remembered that the principle of the chain letter is strictly in keeping with the American plan of living and especially with the American plan of government. Federal, state and local governments insist on spending more money than they can possibly see any hope of collecting; the American family buys more merchandise on credit than it can pay for and it seems as if the payments will never stop coming due; the chain letter enthusiasts insist that anywhere from 81 to 81,000,000 times as much money will be taken out of the chains as is put into them. In fact, many chains are "guaranteed" to pay off certain amounts of money.

Chain letter exchanges that make the frantic excitement of the New York Stock Exchange look like a Sunday school picnic by comparison are breaking out all over the country. Herbert Beck, night clerk at the Harris, tells us an exchange sprang up in the lobby there the other night and the furor became so great they almost demolished the office. There's no telling what a man will do when he gets that gleam in his eye, whether he has bought and collected or is waiting to collect. Others are reported here in town now.

Here is our version of a letter that would be a cinch—for the sender:

THIS IS A CHAIN OF STRICTLY
LIMITED LINKS
Are You One of the Missing
Links?

Ferdie Deering, Ada, News,
Ada, Oklahoma.
Ferdie Deering, Ada, News,
Ada, Oklahoma.
Ferdie Deering, Ada, News,
Ada, Oklahoma.
Ferdie Deering, Ada, News,
Ada, Oklahoma.
Ferdie Deering, Ada, News,
Ada, Oklahoma.
Ferdie Deering, Ada, News,
Ada, Oklahoma.

"Trust Us to Spend All We Get"

This letter is unusual in that you have a choice in the amount you send. Simply make five copies of this letter, attach a dime, quarter, dollar, five or ten dollar bill to each, place in an envelope and deliver one to each of the addresses given above. Do not add your own name because you won't get anything anyhow and just think how much fun you'll have in not getting any chain letters. The way we figure it, if everybody in the United States plays this chain (and it seems like they are), even if contributions are limited to 10 cents per person, we should come out 10c X 125,000,000 or about a billion and a quarter dollars ahead, which would at least be successful in bringing prosperity to us.

Zeke Simmons is being treated at a local hospital for shock he received when he opened an envelope and discovered it did not contain a chain letter.

There have been a lot of wisecracks about the good old state of Arkansas being a foreign country. (Eh, Dr. Sugg?) Churchill Thomas, Gilman Mackin and others on a recent scientific expedition to Pine Valley (down in the Kiamichi mountains) are now almost certain that Arkansas really is a foreign country. They were marooned by high water caused by the unusually heavy rains of a few days ago. Finally they learned they could get out by making a detour through Arkansas. They started west again and the first place they came to after they crossed the Arkansas state line was America, Oklahoma.

The most boresome persons we can think of, just offhand, are those who insist on recounting their previous night's bridge game and reviewing the good plays they missed.

Lightnin' (Homer) Ledbetter of local Little Theater fame was announcing a program being presented by that organization at

Clarita recently. As he was telling of the masterful production about to be offered, his eyes wandered over the audience and discovered the presence of Dick Holland, former East Centralite from Coalgate. Lightnin' just stopped in the middle of a sentence and exclaimed: "Well, I see we have Dick Holland in the audience with us tonight!"

Those two ladies on East 110th street could have earned a nice profit over and above their justice court fines the other day if they had advertised their bout and charged admission. It seems they live in the same house and have a partnership clothes line. As might have been expected, they both wanted to use it at the same time. In the course of the ensuing argument one of them swatted the other with a board. They battled and the board changed hands. The loser (?) came down, filed a charge of assault and battery against the other. The defendant, accompanied by her husband, appeared in court, pleaded guilty, paid her fine and filed a similar charge against her complainant. The other woman, then, accompanied by her husband, appeared, entered a plea of guilty and also paid a fine. Whether they got the clothes line business finally settled is not known at this time.

ADA, OKLAHOMA, SUNDAY, MAY 19, 1935

CURIOS and ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

The other day The Ada News received this inquiry on a post card from a firm in Kansas City, presumably lease brokers:

"Dear Sir:

"Will you please state if there has been any recent oil activity in your county as reported, or if there is any oil or gas production in the county at this time."

The gentlemen were informed that Pontotoc county has been producing oil for more than 25 years, is now first in amount of oil activity in Oklahoma and ranks up near the top in the United States.

* * *

You can't stump these Ada postal officials, either. A day or two ago a post card, beautifully decorated with a colored picture of the Grand Canyon, arrived in the Ada post office. It bore no address other than the name of the town, no message and only the signature "A Lonely Traveler." It was mailed at Flagstaff, Ariz. Miss Louise Allen, Red Cross secretary, received the card.

* * *

Only three native Oklahomans are among the more than a dozen Pontotoc county elective officials now serving or who will take office July 1. They are John B. McKeel, county judge, who is from near Sallisaw (where Pretty Boy Floyd grew up), Clyde Kaiser, sheriff and native of Pontotoc county, and George Collins, county commissioner-elect, who was born about six miles south of Ada. Texas is best represented among the others and they are all southerners. Mrs. Hetty Dial Garner, county clerk, was born at Gordon, Palo Pinto county, west of Fort Worth and came to Oklahoma when she was five. Fred McCoy, county treasurer, came to Oklahoma from Carroll county, Ark., to teach school for ten years before taking over his present office. Mrs. Della Bedford, court clerk, first saw the light of day near Murphreesboro, Ark., in the diamond mine area. A. A. Caldwell of Allen, county commissioner-elect, started out in Mississippi but the birthplace of John Hall, also county commissioner-elect, was not learned. Ray Stegall, county superintendent, came here from Fredericksburg, Texas, when he was 12. W. V. Stanfield, county attorney, moved to

Oklahoma from the Lone Star State at the age of three months. Bill Bevers says they tell him he was born in Parker county near Mineral Wells, Texas, and came here when he was 11 months old.

* * *

Cyclone Davis, famous old time orator who wears long whiskers and a Prince Albert coat, visited the office a few days ago and the society editor has been trying ever since to blush down the name he tacked on her when he referred to her as "a little nuggett of human gold."

* * *

The Bristow Record reports that a local man figured the people should have kept the chain letters going for a while longer anyhow, even if for no reason except a patriotic one. According to the calculations submitted, he says if half of the nation's population were to receive the full quota of 15,625 chain letters each, it would mean one trillion, 28 billion, 906 million, 250 thousand letters. At the rate of three cents each, the government would take in \$38,671,875,000.00—enough to pay off the huge works relief bill, the soldiers bonus and have money left.

* * *

The best story that has come to our ears lately was told over the coffee cups a few nights ago. It seems an elephant escaped from a zoo and was wandering through the residential section of a city. Becoming a little hungry the huge beast blundered into a garden, pulling them up with its trunk. The woman, whose education in biology had been sadly neglected, discovered the marauder, became greatly excited and telephoned the zoo. "There's an animal in my backyard," she screamed, "and I want you to come and get it. It's pulling up my flowers with its tail." The unperturbed zoo attendant inquired: "Pulling up your flowers with its tail? What is it doing with them?" Whereupon the lady blushed and said, "You come and see for yourself. You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

* * *

Maybe its none of our business but we can't help wondering what basis the S. & Q. window trimmer used in figuring the relative value of hats placed upon the heads of local citizens modeled in the window.

* * *

It was reported that lightning struck a Coal county still the other day. No information as to the amount of damage sustained by the lightning has become available as yet.

CURIOS and ANTIQUE

By FERDIE DEERING

There's something that appeals to a man's ego when he is paged from a gathering for a telephone conversation but whatever importance we might have felt at a Kiwanis club meeting recently was turned to utter confusion when we realized what was happening. It was ladies' night and among those present was the recently acquired Mrs. and other Kiwanians and their wives. A feminine voice came from the telephone when we made it known we were listening and immediately struck up a conversation about "those good times we used to have together" without making "her" identity known. After some two or three minutes (or hours) of embarrassed replies, we became aware that the telephone was hooked up with a loudspeaker in the banquet room and that the entire gathering was enjoying a good laugh at our expense—and then to top it off, with great ceremony, they presented the wife with a copy of Stevenson's "Inland Voyage and Travels With a Donkey."

And we are still wondering if, at the same meeting, it was an accident that Phil Freedman tuned in on an Oklahoma Tire & Supply Co. ad when he was attempting to dial in on the San Antonio Kiwanis convention.

For the price of a soft drink, Octavius "Taters" Bonifield might be induced to reveal privately what he bribed us with a soft drink not to print. . . . Another reader of this column was found last week (making at least four) when Mrs. Jeffie C. Winn, formerly of Ada and now of Coal county, brought us a poem she had written. . . . Very few people knew Dick Braly's real name (Leonard A.) until his recent marriage. . . . Dr. Alsbach is said to be one of the few dentists who do not ask a lot of questions when the victim's mouth is full of fists and instruments. . . . Erwin Hovis rarely spends a week-end in Ada. . . . Never a day goes by that someone does not inquire about Bob Blanks, the genial ad hustler and "Pessimist" of The News staff, who, we are told, is slowly and steadily improving and hopes to be back on the job in the near future.

The fate of the giant Russian propaganda airship, Maxim Gorky, might have been expected. Most propaganda dreams explode in the end.

WE HAVE BEEN RELIABLY INFORMED: Carl Browall has gone domestic since his recent marriage and prefers his slippers, pipe and fireside to the more active social life of other days. . . . Clifford Byrne is the only black-haired child in a family of red-haired children and visits his mother daily. . . . Harold "Flunky" Criswell was referred to as "the sweetest boy in town" the other day—whatever that means. . . . Norman G. Criswell (Booger to intimates) hasn't had time to live up to his reputation recently but we can't reveal the exact nature of his rep. . . . The only way J. M. Coffman's mother can get him out of bed is to tell him someone wants him to go fishing. . . . Bill Dodson's heart is still in Muskogee, thus accounting for what is described as "arm-length" dates he has been occasionally indulging in lately. . . . Alf Hardage has three hobbies: Gasoline, girls and golf. . . . Pete Peters can't stand to hear a door bang. . . . Harry Putnam plays tennis with his wife almost every afternoon. . . . Lloyd Rose makes more business trips than anyone in town, usually accompanied by Mrs. Rose. . . . Dr. William G. Peterson is considered one of the most eligible bachelors in these parts (and that information came from one of the local unmarried females).

A very young man of our acquaintance has inaugurated a soil erosion prevention campaign of his own. He has agreed not to wash his neck and ears during the summer months.

THEY ARE QUOTED AS SAYING: James Horace Hunter, who manipulates his laundry hack as if it were a Cadillac, explains the reason he doesn't allow passengers is because there's no front seat. . . . Murrell Hennigan: "I don't have pocket change any more since I quit promoting at the Country club." . . . Junius "Sonny" Ridling: "Most of the girls in Ada are stingy" (and we wonder if that means they won't pay his way to the show). . . . Hugh Norris: "I couldn't dress the kiddies so I agreed to cook breakfast. Now the kiddies are big enough to dress themselves and I still cook breakfast."

AMONG THOSE PRESENT: Leo Hennigan has acquired a new dignity and is becoming public-spirited since he opened his haberdashery. . . . Floyd Eoff was in the group whose names got almost to the top in the recent \$5 chain letter promotion. . . . Graydon Rogers, who lived in Mexico for a good many years, recently returned there for a visit, mainly to try out his Spanish. . . . Guy Shipe makes ice cream (reported to be delicious) in his electric refrigerator and keeps a supply on hand. . . . Vester Willoughby has his own private recipe for making dog food, baking bone, meal, etc., into a succulent dish designed to arouse any canine's appetite.

CURIOS and



ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

A book entitled "Curious Paper Facts" has recently arrived in The News library. Among the really curious facts is a statement accompanying a quotation from one of Shakespeare's plays, giving the date of authorship as 1623. The curious thing about this curious fact is that the great bard of Avon passed from this vale of tears, smiles and what have you in the year of our Lord 1616 or seven years before the fact-finder had him writing "King Henry VI." Of course, the old dramatist had a lot of stuff on the ball—he could play with the English language and the emotions of we lowly human being as probably no other coiner of words and phrases—but even he would have found difficulty in sending back from beyond the grave one of his plays.

In days gone by it was considered appropriate to refer to extreme immobility as being "as slow as a snail." After waiting for central to say "number, please," one is inclined to think a telephone operator would be more descriptive than the snail.

Hugh Mathis has a blotter he has been using 12 years—it was distributed by the Hall Zorn Motor company (how many remember that institution?) as advertising matter and describes the wonders of the 1923 Chevrolet Superior five-passenger touring car. . . . W. E. Pitt's smile is a good match for the bright boutonniere he usually wears. . . . Bill Laves' first name is Ulrich but he won't tell what the "R" stands for. . . . Roy Lollar has quite a reputation as a story teller. . . . W. T. Melton set a waste paper basket afire not long ago when he tossed a glowing cigarette into it, as is reportedly his custom at the approach of Mrs. Melton. . . . Ralph Moreland likes to refer to himself as a "one-gallused merchant."

We read of a nudist colony back east that is appropriately named "See See See Camp."

One of the most unique clubs in Ada, we believe, is the Twelfth Night club, designed upon the same principal as the famous "Last Man club" which grew out of the Civil War and lasted until the lone survivor of 31 members dined alone. The Twelfth Night club held its fifth annual meeting here last week. In the center of

only 12 members), was the "treasure chest" containing the "farewell addresses" of each member. These speeches have been written out, sealed and placed in the chest where they will remain until the death of each member. At that time the paper will be read to the remaining group. So far none of the group, all young men, has been taken by death but at each of the meetings so far, one of the number has announced his marriage. The membership of the Twelfth Night club includes Marshall Grant, Herbert Beck, Marshall Walters, Rennie Moore, Charles Huddleston, Mack Braly, Johnny Montgomery, Henry Grant, Bob Fahrny, E. T. Haddock jr., Lindsay Haddock and Leo Hennigan.

It is equally insulting to a woman to tell her that she is too old or too young; too tall or too short; too fat or too slim; too heavy or too light; too quiet or too noisy; too bright or too dumb. They all want to be told they are just right—and as far as we are concerned, they are.

WE WONDER: Why Huey Long didn't think of his "share-the-wealth" idea back in the days when there was a lot more of it to share . . . why somebody doesn't get a lease for a soda pop stand at one of the big country estates which have been attracting so many visitors and sightseers lately . . . how many people are living in Ada now who attended Irving school the first year it was built.

A Proverb For Every Occasion Dept.: So long as you follow in the other fellow's footsteps you can never get ahead. A wagon wheel that's in a rut generally gets where it's going.

"Modern chickens have developed an instinct that keeps them from starting across the road and then running back in front of an approaching automobile," opines W. D. "Par" Warren and Dr. J. G. Breco concurs with the addenda: "Yes, terrapins and such small animals are smarter than their ancestors, too. They go through culverts and bridges when they want to get to the other side of the road."

We were telling an alleged funny conversation of two radio stars. Said one of the blackfaced comedians: "You know Ah sho' has been lucky lately. Seems like evahthing Ah tech turns to money." The other wittily replied: "Yeah, and evahthing Ah tech they made me put it back." Unexpectedly, a member of the coffee-drinking party piped up, "Yeah, and everybody I try to touch, they turn me down." Which, we think, is food for thought.

SUNDAY, JUNE 9, 1935

CURIOS and ANTIQUE

By FERDIE DEERING

Picture of a night-worker trying to sleep in the daytime: Arrives home, wearily envisioning a nice, long undisturbed nap . . . gets in bed and starts to relax . . . wife wakes up and remembers milk bottle was not placed on porch . . . returns to bed after placing said milk bottle on porch . . . begins to doze . . . milkman comes to exchange full milk bottle for empty one and sleeper wonders if he drove his horse up the stairs to do so . . . brief period of silence while neighbor's dog draws deep breath in preparation for prolonged period of howling . . . sleeper determines to report dog to officials as public nuisance . . . sleeper dozes again . . . ice man arrives and sleeper decides who-ever referred to the "frozen silence" must have lived somewhere else . . . sleep again . . . phone rings . . . no, this is not Elmer's Peppy service station, guess you have the wrong number . . . loud knock at door . . . insurance agent appears to inquire for the fifteenth time if the material he left on previous visit has been properly perused . . . by this time it is well up in the morning and somebody at a neighboring filling station has decided his auto horn needs a thorough tuning up . . . and proceeds, within a period of about one hour, to give it this adjustment . . . carpenters rebuilding a house across the street arrive and all six of them take a hammer in each hand (or so it seems) and start pounding away . . . four small boys pass beneath the window and get into a loud argument about which will pull a toy wagon they have loaded with whatever boys load toy wagons with. . . Ho-hum! time to get up . . . well, anyhow, this saves wear and tear on the alarm clock.

Not everything is going up. We learn now that you can get your name in a "Who's Who In Oklahoma" for five dollars. The last one we heard of (which, incidentally, never went to press) had the price set at ten dollars.

Seen and Heard: Bob Hays wishes some of the places he frequents downtown would install air-conditioning for his benefit this summer. . . . Mart Clark says he could make a lot of money if he didn't have to pay salaries and overhead. . . . "Fer sail" sign on one of Bob Cason's used cars parked in front of The News office. . . . Wonder

It was hot air that caused the paint on the ceiling of the district court room to peel off, especially right over the lawyers' tables. . . . Young Jim Abney must be after Troy Melton's reputation as "best-dressed" young man, now that Troy has left town. . . . The new cement plant whistle somehow is not as impressive as its deep throated predecessor that served as starter-and-stopper for numerous Ada activities for so many years. . . . C. S. Cannaday will "own up" to being the hardest working man in town.

Our Own Dictionary defines the age of discretion as that time of life when a man is too young to die and too old to have any fun.

A certain Ada business man (name on request, if accompanied by prepaid cup of coffee at a reliable cafe) was somewhat embarrassed the other day when he was entertaining some friends at a local golf course. Several caddies were sitting around but none seemed anxious to work for the c. b. m. "Hey, boy," he called in his most public-spirited manner, "Don't you want to caddy for me?" The boy looked him over and replied: "Naw." But the c. b. m. persisted: "You caddied for me yesterday, didn't you? Why don't you want to caddy for me today?" The golfer's face turned rosy as the frank and candid lad replied: "You're too cranky." He must have a caddy, though, and the c. b. m. insisted: "But you lost four balls for me yesterday." The caddy ended the argument with: "I never either. I lost one but you griped about that so long I guess you thought it was four."

From an exchange newspaper of an adjoining county: "J. J. Kelly has added Mr. Milton Ivy to his farm force. Mr. Ivy's experience at gardening and with fowls will afford no mean assistance to especially Mrs. Kelly, who is elated over his ability in the operation of motor vehicles."

The other night we were conversing on Main street when a husky walked up and started pouring out his tale of woe. He hadn't eaten, he explained confidentially, since early that morning and hardhearted restaurant owners and bakersmen stood united against him. He had a job coming up in about three or four days but was very hungry. We fished up a dime and as he mumbled something about handing it "back to you in a day or so," we decided to see what he did with it. He shuffled off down the street, approached three other persons, none of whom were as softhearted as ourselves, and then headed for a beer joint. He quaffed three bottles of brew, paid for it with a dollar bill, wiped his mouth and walked out. We resolve to invest our dimes in coffee hereafter.

**CURIOS and
ANTIQUES**
By FERDIE DEERING

Browall Coffman says he is off of speedway stunt promotions for good. It seems he hired out to "take care of things" for Jack Steele, trick motorcycle rider who has been almost every place on the map and a lot of places not on the map, a few days ago. When they got to the opening day's stand they found a baseball game slated for the same park at the same time. After some dickering it was decided to split the gate receipts (which amounted to about \$28) on a 60-40 percentage basis, with the show getting the big end or \$16.32. The promoter was injured in the last stunt but managed to explain to the creditors as the ambulance drove away, that "the big fellow over there will take care of you." And Browall admits he had to do some tall talking to keep the creditors, whose accounts totaled several times the amount of cash received, from "taking care of him."

* * *

If you are waiting for Old Dame Opportunity to come along and do something for you, you are probably wasting your time. The chances are she has already gone off with the fellow who was looking for her.

* * *

Gene Harris says any man who gets married automatically attaches a "ball-and-chain" but qualifies his statement by adding that some of them are better off with one than without. . . . Cecil Deal's new hobby is raising deadly black widow spiders, having already accumulated a nice assortment of them in various stages of life ranging from eggs in process of incubation to full grown adults—and he will allow his friends to take them out of the sealed jars and pet them if they desire to do so. . . . Dr. Canada's office assistants have found a way to get around the telephone service here—they just call him from the window of his fourth floor office in the American building. . . . Harry Scheinberg's vest—one of the new backless styles—might easily be mistaken for a 1935 model swimming suit.

* * *

Imagine the excitement in the home of a local married man when an endearing love letter addressed to a single man of the same name was erroneously delivered to his home and the

wife demanded an explanation. We'll bet she got one!

* * *

There may have been some but we can't think of any styles more ridiculous than the split skirts gals are wearing nowadays. . . . That gang of men seen in the 100 block on East Main each night (in case you don't know) is simply a bunch of "roughnecks" getting ready to do the morning tour in the Fitts field. . . . West L. Cunningham used to edit the old Chickasaw Enterprise over at Pauls Valley back in the early days of Oklahoma. . . . Mrs. F. R. Laird says the most trouble she ever had in raising her little boy, Jeff, was in breaking him from eating crackers in church—she started feeding them to him to keep him quiet when he was a baby but it finally got to be too much trouble to go out and get him a drink every few minutes. . . . A. O. Green, who successfully (and that is saying a lot) managed the Ada Independents for ten or eleven years still likes to talk baseball but no longer has a yen to run a team—Green developed the Waner brothers and closed the deal which sent Lefty Williams along the road to a career as a professional player. . . . Fritz Hatcher and Eph Reed used to chunk one another with cotton bolls down on the farm when they were kids. . . . We would like to have seen Allen Hensley when he began yelling for help to get a big gar he caught off his line while on a recent fishing trip.

* * *

If you think the Better Homes building and remodeling program is not doing anything in your neighborhood, just try to get a few hours' sleep in the daytime and you'll soon find out.

* * *

We were helping L. G. Denny listen to Dr. Linscheid make a railroad week address over a radio loudspeaker in front of a downtown store Friday afternoon. One of the local curbstone politicians walked up and asked who was it speaking. When told, he scratched his head and said, "Dr. Linscheid? He's perffessor at the high school er sumpin' out here, aint he?"

* * *

If the local organizations favoring world peace want to do some really effective work, they might start by limiting the shooting of fireworks this summer to the Fourth of July only, rather than two weeks before and two weeks after.

* * *

Although we sing in the bathtub daily, we haven't even received a postcard from the neighbors as fan mail. Consequently, we are about to become convinced that those big stacks of letters radio and movie stars are said to receive are just fakes.

CURIOS and ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

If we should ever decide to run for the legislature or the United States senate, it will be on a "no-ice-in-drinking-water" platform. Not that we don't care for a cooling drink of pure Byrds Mill water on a warm day—we can absorb as much of that delicious fluid as most anybody on most any occasion or on no occasion at all—but we can see no reason for cluttering it up with chunks of raw, distilled water, soft water, chemically pure or whatever kind of ice happens to be available. Stop in most any drug store and ask for a drink of water. The clerk will reply in the most encouraging manner, "Yes, sir! Coming up!" But when it comes up, it will be a glass of chipped ice delicately sprinkled with a few drops of water. Go into a cafe for a cup of coffee and a drink of water. In due time the waitress will place before you a glass containing some water and a lot of ice. We have no grudge against the ice manufacturers—their product is as essential as the water itself—but ice was made for cooling and not for drinking. The place down below may have its disadvantages but it offers at least one attraction this old world lacks—they say no ice is served in the drinking water down there.

Every cloud has its silver lining and those that presaged the sudden downpour of rain here last Monday afternoon had theirs—at least, as far as a local insurance firm is concerned. While the threatening clouds were exhibiting their most vicious snarls an Ada man glanced out his window, then rushed to the telephone and asked for a \$5,000 tornado policy on his house, effective at noon. He got it!

IN THE DAY'S NEWS—One of the lesser-known "believe-it-or-not" cartoonists comes forth with the announcement that "bananas grow upside down"—and for years we've been led to believe that they just hung them that way in the grocery stores. . . . How this world does change!—News dispatches recording the flight of the Pan-American clipper ship from California to Midway island had the distance at 4,000 miles at the start, when it had flown 2,410 miles to Honolulu it still had 1,323 miles to go and when it returned the distance was given as 3,500 miles. . . . An Indian tribe is reported to have

named Huey Long "Warrior-Rarin'-To-Go"—we wonder if he is "rarin' to go" where a lot of senators probably wished he was during a recent attempted filibuster?

Mrs. J. F. McKeel was a visitor in Tishomingo recently and while there remarked that more people were on the streets than she had noticed on previous visits. "Is Tishomingo on a boom?" she asked a native. "No'm," was the reply. "All these people you see here are just Governor Murray's appointees back home."

FOLKS YOU KNOW — D. W. Swaffar's older sister, an Arkansas resident, has a biscuit more than a hundred years old—she inherited it from her mother who inherited it from an aunt who had kept it as a souvenir of a wedding of one of her aunts early in the 19th century. . . . Mr. Swaffar also has a counterpane woven by his grandmother, who spun the thread from which it is made, during the Civil War. . . . Dr. O. S. Bradshaw, who has been gone for the past two years, found his customary chair in front of Thompson's (college annex) Book store still waiting for him. . . . John Skinner has an engraved certificate to prove he is the biggest fish liar in Payne county, Oklahoma, where he formerly lived. . . . Mrs. Roy Chrisman tells us she's afraid to say "howdy" to us lest we put it in the paper (and that's a compliment to a reporter). . . . L. J. Johnstone, the produce man, has been promising us a first shipment Texas watermelon for years and we haven't received it yet.

An upstate columnist published a poem by Conner "Hoocy" Logsdon last week and Wayne Vickers was telling about it. When asked what it was about, Wayne replied: "Oh, I didn't read it. It was just a poem."

AMONG OUR FRIENDS—Mrs. J. W. Westbrook has only one son, Max, but she has more "boys" than anybody in town. . . . R. E. Blanks took a "red tag" he got for parking too long in the same place to the mayor's office but the mayor was out—Mr. Blanks wrote on the back of the tag: "Your honor, guilty, first offense, R. E. Blanks." . . . Joe and Billy Bryan, the Corner Drug twins, are reputed first-class bird imitators. . . . Dale McKoy, local oil operator, is reported to have given up trying to live up to his reputation. . . . Charley McKaskle refuses to reveal where he got his nickname "Blossom." . . . Roy McKeown estimates rainfall by how far the drain pipe across the alley shoots water toward his typewriter. . . . A local swain who called for his date on crutches explained, between hiccoughs, that the cops wouldn't arrest him for walking crooked on crutches.

CURIOS and ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

AROUND THE TOWN: Frank Norris owns one of the finest pianos in Oklahoma—it is made of buried mahogany and is said to have graced the White House when Teddy Roosevelt was president—but by his own admission the best he can do is to pick out "America" with one finger. . . . Olin Blake says he is one of the 132 heirs to some valuable oil property involved in a big lawsuit down in Texas—and is hopeful of getting his share of the estate, whatever that may be. . . . Herbert Antle saw some confiscated marble machines in the sheriff's office and exclaimed: "I'd like to have some of those cases to mount some displays of prehistoric relics in." . . . Eustace Taylor has a dash light in his car that flashes on when the brake is applied and another trick light on the rear indicates to the driver of the car behind just how much braking pressure is being used. . . . And J. B. Hill has a compass mounted on the windshield of his car.

Prof. E. H. Nelson's psychology class was late a few mornings ago when it was raining. Two students arrived. A few minutes later a couple more came in. "Well," remarked the Prof., "They come in two by two." The next morning he was a few seconds late himself. As he entered a stray dog followed and some bright (?) student wisecracked: "Well, they come in two by two."

SEEN AND HEARD: Miss Jessie Thompson, one of the busiest persons in the county court house, says: "I don't do anything I can get out of but there are so many things around here that I can't get out of doing." . . . L. J. Gregg was representing his Wewoka employers in a justice court suit here the other day and while the jury was deliberating, he commented: "We should win but that jury saw me with white shoes on and there's no telling what may happen." . . . If Ruth Collins seems a bit garbled in her conversation at times during the next few days, just remember she listened to Senator Huey Long in one of his filibuster attempts for an hour and a half during her recent vacation trip to Washington. . . . And to L. J. Johnstone: Thanks for the watermelon. It was enjoyed and appreciated by all.

Things are really lively in Ada. If you don't think so, just try to recall a complaint of spring fever during the past three months.

Judge C. O. Barton, who insists all of the smartest children, prettiest girls and best cooks live in Ward 3, was a charter member of The Sons of Rest, an organization of Ada pioneers. It was formed on the front porch of Jeff Reed's store here many years ago. The members were forbidden to chop wood, draw water from the well or work in the garden. A member caught violating the rules of the organization in the summer time was fined one watermelon and in the winter time the penalty was a plug of tobacco.

If there's anything in a name, the city police certainly picked a winner the other day. They booked King Solomon Washington, an Ada negro, for investigation.

Otto Strickland of Pittstown tells us that city is the most peaceable in Oklahoma. He asserts there are 5,000 persons living within a radius of five miles and all law enforcement is done by the sheriff's force and the peace justice's constables. Among other things the town has a jail—built of one-inch cottonwood planks—but the prisoners are kept chained to a rack outside. The reason: The justice of the peace, the constable and the deputy constable sleep in the one room of the jailhouse and have their office there.

One of the most expensive paint jobs in the world is a red nose. It usually takes a man's reputation, all of his money and much of his time to acquire a really good job.

Charley Wilburn says he and Bunyan Hennigan used to operate a livery barn on West Main street. Along came the automobile and, in order to stay in the competition, they decided to buy one of the newfangled contraptions. "It will be just the thing," Wilburn told his partner, "to carry these circus advertising men out to surrounding towns to put up circus bills." The car was bought and along came the circus advance men. Wilburn loaded them in—paste, bills and all—and started out. The men plastered barns and signboards in Center, Vanoss and other western Pontotoc county metropolises all day long. Darkness came and it was discovered the car had no lights. This baffled the circus men but not Charley Wilburn. "Get in," he told them. "I've been over this road a thousand times on horseback. We'll make it. I know every crook and turn in it." A few minutes later he telephoned into Ada for Hennigan to bring out another car to get them out of a ditch. Hennigan brought one—with lights—and Wilburn followed him into town.

CURIOS and ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

MAYBE THE TOOTH HAD LONG ROOTS: Charles A. Zorn, it seems, was suffering considerably with a tooth that failed to pursue the normal span of life allotted to a tooth and he decided to have it removed. The dentist said a surgeon would have to do the job and arrangements were made. Mr. Zorn walked into the hospital, was given the anesthetic and knew nothing more until the operation was completed. When he "came to" one of the first things he noticed was that his feet were swathed in enormous bandages. After some inquiry he learned that a pan of boiling water had been accidentally spilled on his feet during the course of the operation and that treatment of that portion of his anatomy was also necessary. Result: He had to explain to more people about his feet than he did about the principal part of his operation.

When a small town celebrity moves to the city and announces what a great man he is, one can't help wondering whether he left his old home to try to live up to what people said he was going to do or to live down what people said he had done.

ROMANCE: It was going on several days before we knew anything about it—that romance between our pet cockroach, Archibald and Joe Lee's Black Widow Spider—and we probably wouldn't have learned it at all if Paul Hughes and Clarence Gurnes had not kicked up such a fuss on their "mike mites" program about Boswell, their Kada-did, losing his sweetie. Archibald always has been an uncommunicative sort of a cockroach anyway and failed to tell us about it. Of course, we can't blame the Black Widow Spider for preferring the peace and quiet of a newspaper office to the hill-billyish air of a radio broadcasting station. Then, too, the sleek glamour of Archibald probably had something to do with it. We can recall similar experiences in our own pre-marriage days. We only hope that the boys can work out some satisfactory solution to the eternal (or infernal) triangle before our good friend, Archibald, suffers a besmirched reputation by having his name linked with such an old-fashioned and over-publicized creature as a Black Widow Spider—and one from a radio station at that!

A party of elderly ladies were watching the bathers at Wintersmith park the afternoon of the Fourth. Apparently they had not completed their picnic lunch but they had several sandwiches still in the basket under the bench. A very badly undernourished stray kitten spotted the food. Without asking permission of the owners it proceeded to help itself. The sympathies of more than a score of persons sitting behind the scene seemed to be with the cat because no one of them saw fit warn the picnickers and the kitten seemed somewhat happier by the time the owners of the basket finally discovered what was happening.

FITSTOWN NOTES: We stayed in Fittstown two full days during the past week and saw not even a single drunk . . . the roads in that vicinity are their own speed cops . . . Overheard in a Fittstown cafe: "He's night watchman over at the other rig now," said one drill. "Well, we'll have to figure out some way to scare him," replied another, "do you think he'll scare?" . . . Most of the people running businesses in Fittstown are of a genial, law abiding nature and even the boomers are not of the rougher type, although most of them could take care of themselves in an emergency. . . The town records only one slaying and no hi-jackings in its ten months history as a boom city. . . And there are from 3,000 to 5,000 in the vicinity of that place!

From the mail-bag: Mrs. Myrtle House Hickey has an old open-end thimble which was bought for her great-great-grandmother, Patsy Waggoner, by Dan Waggoner, who rode a mule into town for it when he was twelve years old. He gave five cents for two of them and only this one is left. It is over a hundred years old.

LOOKING OVER THE EXCHANGES: Among the contestants pictured in a bathing beauty edition of *The Guthrie Daily Leader* were Miss Beautyrest, Miss Orange Squeeze, Miss Santa Fe Trail System, Miss Overton Monument Works and below the caption "Beautify Your Home Now" was pictured Miss Guthrie Wallpaper. . . The *Blackwell Tribune* had an 8-column streamer: "It Will Cost Less to Build Or Remodel Now" and below it an appropriate 2-column reading: "Most State Prisons Badly Overcrowded". . . The *Tri-State Tribune* of Picher, Okla., had an editorial a while back about the number of bath tubs in that town (reported as 23); The *Miami News-Record* commented on it; The *Ada News* commented on

that, saying that it was not the number but the frequency of us that really counted; The *Tri-State Tribune* took issue and printed comeback; The *Oklahoma City Times* picked up a summary of the whole affair . . . all of which proves at least the editor read the editorial columns.

Jack Bailey got "down in the back" before Christmas, he says, but was suddenly and unexpectedly cured the other day in an accident. He was operating a machine in his shop when the belt slipped off. He tried to put it on with the machine in motion, was caught in it, picked up and slammed down on the floor with terrific force. He said a very sharp pain ran through his body but he has not suffered with the backache since. (Medics please take note).

CURIOS and ANTIQUE

By FERDIE DEERING

RECALL THIS PICTURE? — You are peacefully slumbering those last few minutes just after daybreak when sleep is best—or would be best if it were not for those big little pests, houseflies. A fly (or maybe it is two or three of them) lights on your nose—or ear or bald spot or forehead—and begins tripping the light fantastic or whatever it is that flies trip. A drowsy wave of the hand drives the fly away but almost instantly he is back in the same place and tickles more than ever. You wave again and the fly thinks it is some sort of a game. Finally in desperation you reach for a weapon. Three strikes and you're out—the fly is gone for the moment and you are wide awake. Thoroughly disgruntled, you turn over to try to catch the few remaining winks of sleep the alarm clock has allotted you. Z-z-zap! Back again! About the only remedy is to get the fly swatter and commit murder or get up and eat breakfast.

It has been our opinion that nothing was slower than telephone service, but did you ever try to get a taxi during a downpour of rain?

WEATHER PROPHETS—They are not newcomers but Jim "Transfer" Couch and Carlos Hughey offered to bet with us Thursday night that it would rain before Sunday. We didn't bet and after seeing what happened Friday night we are glad we didn't.

It may mean **NOTHING** to you but we noticed on some advertising literature that V. V. McNITT is chairman of the McNAUGHT Syndicate of New York.

THE FRAILTY OF THE HUMAN RACE as revealed in remarks picked up here and there—"Around the courthouse it's not the heat but the stupidity." . . . "There may be honor among some thieves but the chances are that most of them are just as bad as ordinary folks." . . . "It seems to me some of the people around here need some of this erosion aid the government is putting out to get rid of gulleys. They are more gullible than the land they live on."

Mayor J. D. Willoughby, who is 60 years old and never owned a car in his life, was counting a pile of half-dollars in his office the other

day. He dropped a couple of them. He and John Edmiston, city sanitary officer, moved most of the furniture in the office before they found both coins in the cuff of the mayor's trousers.

ATHLETE—J. E. Boswell was quite a jumper, it seems, back in Tennessee when he was younger, although his only incentive was competition. "If I'd had a coach to show me how to use my skill at its best, I'd have jumped all over middle Tennessee," he says. He admits he excelled at "half-hammond" (or something like that), which allowed the contestant two steps and a jump, two hops and a jump, or a hop, step and jump. Boswell used two hops and a jump and was never defeated in his county. On court days (first Monday in each month in county seat) men spent much idle time jumping. Boswell enjoyed "setting a pattern" by doing his stuff in hop-hop-jump fashion and then letting the others try to equal his mark.

Garvin Sackett, Holdenville Tribune City Ed., puts Old Sol in his place with this headline: "Three More Die As Sun Goes On Stratospher-ing."

ALONG CITY STREETS—Pat "Uncle Elvy" Perrin usually throws a toe out of joint whenever he goes swimming and for days afterward the aforementioned toe will jump out of place on the slightest provocation. . . . Orville Emmons says he has never been in water in his life other than the bathtub and has never owned a pair of white shoes in his life. . . . Imagine Howard Trimmer and Howard Newcomb singing a duet. . . . We know a man employed in a downtown business who has not had a bath for nearly two years.

They don't allow concessions at the Federal building but an unidentified small boy about 6 years old was busily informing passing crowds the other day that for a penny he would show them a black widow spider and its egg.

DIGNIFIED—Wylie "Pap", Jeter attended the Ban Johnson baseball game in Oklahoma City the other night and was mistaken by some fans for A. O. Green, local baseball luminary. Remarked an Oklahoma City sports writer: "That fellow has the most dignified walk of any man I ever saw."

SHE TELLS IT ON HERSELF—About six or seven years ago one of Ada's young business men married a young business woman whose abilities along culinary lines were limited. She made biscuits and he ate them. Not only that, he bragged on them and, although she was doubtful of their quality, the newly appointed cook ate some, too. The next day she had to visit a chiropractor. He recovered. (Their young son cut a tooth last week.)

CURIOS and ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

POCKETS — The most important parts of any man's apparel, speaking from a sociological, psychological or physiological point of view, are the pockets. If summer has one disadvantage for the male species it is the reduced number of pockets resulting from the discarding of coats and vests. A woman is content to assemble her belongings in one Pandora's box of a handbag, but a man must have a separate and special pocket for his watch, his keys, his billfold, his handkerchief, his pencils, his papers and other paraphernalia necessary to his business and pleasure. The state of mind of almost any man—whether he feels "I can lick the world" or "I'm down and out"—is revealed by the way he puts his hands in his pockets. You can take a man's tie, his coat, his vest, his socks, even his shoes and he can still be happy. Hatless the average man of today is perfectly nonchalant. He can even get along without a shirt, but rob him of his pockets and he is totally lost.

Now that summer is here you can call all those little itchy places chigres.

FROG HUNTER—Capt. Elbert H. "Eph" Reed, commander-in-chief of the local army, can't



sleep at night when he is in camp and he spends the wee, small hours hunting frogs. On a recent overnight encampment near We-woka he "mobilized" Lieut. Joe Cathey about midnight and after so long a time (it probably wasn't very good frog country) they managed to corral one frog. It is not known what the captain does with the frogs.

We are not trying to wax poetic or romantic or anything like that but anybody who can't appreciate the blue and gold of Oklahoma sunsets this time of year just hasn't any sense of the beautiful. We don't know anything about the sunrises.

GAB—It's the larynx that beauty doctors ought to work on. It's words more than warts, talk more than talcum, palaver more than power, blarney more than bloom that counts — the phonograph more than the photograph," declared O. Henry. . . . "Some, in their discourse, desire rather commendation of wit in being able to hold all arguments than of judgment in discerning what is true, as if it were a praise to know what might be said and not what might be thought," said Sir Francis Bacon. . . . "Talk is the cheapest luxury. . . . The greatest fun in the world is to lay your soul bare to somebody who is so busy laying his soul bare to you that he pays no attention to you," writes Clarence Budington Kelland.

Once upon a time choc or Choctaw beer was a favorite beverage among the city jail's regular customers; canned heat also has had its day; home brew is no longer the popular drink; today's choice is called "derail," a concoction that smells like a mixture of hospital ether and wagon yard hair tonic, but which contains enough alcohol to provide the desired kick.

MYERSBURG—It would probably be easier to locate this Pottawatomie county oil boom town on the map than to find it if you were standing on the townsite. Myersburg sprang into existence about the time of Slicker City during the oil boom of 1927—and then just as quickly sprang out again. Located near Tyrola (and try to find that place!) several miles north of Ada in section 21-5N-6E, Myersburg's streets were named Dick, Escal, Dorsey and Highway and the avenues were designated Delia, June, Melba, Clara, Dadie, Lillie, Minnie and Ada. The townsite map is still on record in the county clerk's office.



GET OFF THE AIR—The purported romance Joe Lee and Paul Hughes, KADA artists (?), have manipulated between Joe's black widow spider and The Ada News' pet cockroach, Archibald, MIGHT be VERY funny except that Archibald was accidentally killed two weeks ago. And their reported statement that we intend to move a herd of roaches from The News office to their studio is absolutely without foundation in fact. We couldn't be so cruel as to place poor, unsuspecting cockroaches in a place where they would have to listen to all of the stuff that goes out from a broadcasting station—not to mention the studio assistants. The reason they are not subjected to cruel treatment about a newspaper office is they cannot read and don't have to know what goes in the paper.

ADA, OKLAHOMA, SUNDAY, JULY 28, 1935

CURIOS and ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

DAD FENTEM, who will begin teaching his forty-fifth year of school in September, says he is going to retire while he is still a "young man" and that when the East Central graduating class of 1937 is awarded the degrees the various members will have earned, he is "going out with them." Dad has held only six jobs since he began teaching at Quitman, Ark., in 1891; from there he went to Clinton academy; then to Russellville, Ark. While at Quitman D. W. Swaffer was in Dad's first graduating class. Thirty years ago Dad came to Stonewall, Okla. Later he came to East Central and has been here ever since except for a few years as principal of Ada high school. East Central's most popular instructor will be 64 years old in November. He estimates he has directly contacted 20,000 students in the classroom and if you're not one of them, we'll bet you had a relative that was. He enjoys coffee more than anybody we ever saw and Prof. Ed Nelson is his most frequent co-sipper. Once, up in Missouri, when Dad was 16 years old, he got a letter addressed "Dear Husband: etc." The name on the envelope was A. L. Fentem. He later learned it was intended for Albert L. Fentem, one-time partner and friend of Fred G. Bonfils, the late owner of the Denver Post and the Sells-Floto circus. Dad, whose name is Alfred L. Fentem, can trace his ancestry all the way back to the beginning of the family tree in England.

The man who sleeps on the job generally wakes up in time to hear the noon whistle.

THEY MIGHT AT THAT — Jimmie Stuart was trying to promote a match for Turner King's black widow spider-eating tarantula (transfer to you!). A half-dozen or so gathered round to look at the four-inch long creature, whose legs and body were covered with snuff-colored "fuzz." "That's a wolf spider," said Cecil "Gas-House" Deal. Then the argument started. The group couldn't even agree whether it had eight legs and two feelers or ten legs. "I'll take it out to the college science department and see what they call it," Jimmie announced. "They'll probably call a doctor," said Dr. W. F. "Pipe-Smoker" Dean.

We are strong for the railroads as they stage their comeback against automotive transportation but we still can't understand how come a truck was hauling new railroad ties through here last Tuesday afternoon!

IT MUST BE DANGEROUS — Erwin Hovis came home Friday night and told his landlady, Mrs. L. A. Braly, that he was having trouble. It seems that every time he stopped his car at a stop sign some girl would get in or something like that. Anyhow, Mrs. Braly, being of a kind and helpful nature, is trying to secure a special permit from Traffic Officer Shipley so that Erwin won't have to stop at stop signs under such dangerous circumstances.

We can't help wondering how some of these late model women's hats would sound if played on an old-fashioned phonograph!

JOHNNY RODGERS told a friend: "I'm thinking about going to work at the cement plant next week." The friend inquired: "And are they thinking about it, too?" To which Johnny replied in his most highly indignant manner: "Are they thinking about it, too? Why, certainly, they're thinking about it, too! I wouldn't even consider it if they weren't thinking about it, too."

A Husband became a wife here the other day, county records show. Miss Sybil Husband of Ada was married to Claud Richardson of Ardmore.

GLEN PENDERGRAFT'S cashier is on the job. A customer was complaining about his air-conditioner—or whatever that thing is—being turned off. She consoled him with: "We had to shut it down. All the hydrants back there are froze up and they've got to thaw them out." The customer ate without further comment.

Ralph McMillan, deputy court clerk, filed three divorce suits Friday and, after due discussion, he and Miss Fred "Lawyer" Andrews agreed that the heat caused irritability that resulted in a higher divorce rate in summer.

PERSONALITIES—Will Pegg, excise board member, who just returned from a fishing trip to Mexico, describes his catch with: "Why, I didn't catch any fish. I didn't even go fishing!" . . . Alvah W. Oliver jr., the peace justice's hustling youngster, carves clever toys out of peach seeds. . . . Dick Holland extends his hand and says: "Congratulations from you to me. Today I am 21 years old and already worried about who I am going to vote for for president."

CURIOS and ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

ADD ADA ODDITIES—It costs the city of Ada \$250 annually to dispose of dogs at the rate of 50 cents per head paid the dog catcher and you can't even miss 'em; on the other hand, the annual income from the sale of dog licenses at \$1 each is less than \$10. . . . Because only 464 citizens turned out to vote in the recent water bond reservoir election, the average cost per vote amounted to approximately 40 cents. . . . On the west end of the south side of the 200 block West Main are five grocery stores in a row, which beats the record of the west end of the south side of the 200 block East Main which has only four in a row. . . . It is impossible to get more than six blocks from a paved street within the city limits of Ada. . . . The city police force, aside from present positions, includes an ex-mayor, an ex-fire chief, two ex-police chiefs, an ex-sheriff, two or three ex-deputies sheriff, an ex-court clerk, an ex-blacksmith and an ex-baseball player.

The old expression "tomorrow never comes" seems to apply with equal force to the repeated announcements of "we start work next week" by the works progress authorities.

WE DON'T KNOW who has the oldest automobile in operation in the city of Ada but John Kaiser's 1917 model Dodge wouldn't be a bad guess. . . . And Horace Brame's 1925 model Ford coupe is probably the only Model T in the state with a radio in it. . . . And the chances are that J. R. Duncan's Packard eight ice wagon is the only one of that calibre in Oklahoma.

Maybe this business of jumping at conclusions isn't such a bad thing after all. It's about the only exercise a lot of folks get.

BURTON GRINDSTAFF, Hugo school teacher, erstwhile East Central Journal-ist, returned to Ada for a vacation and so many people he knew put him through the same set of questions he typed out the following and

formed the habit of handing a copy to his friends as they grabbed his right hand:

- Q. Where are you now?
A. I'm at Hugo.
Q. What are you doing down there?
A. I'm teaching school.
Q. How are you getting along?
A. Just fine.
Q. What do you teach?
A. Commercial work and band.
Q. You're married now, aren't you?
A. Yes. Three years.
Q. Any children?
A. Not yet.
Q. Well, come over some time.

Mussolini may be holding up his grudge fight with Emperor Haile Selassie (those are the only two names we can recall hearing in connection with the projected Italo-Ethiopian conflict) until his reading public learns to say Addis Ababa without stuttering.

MISCELLANY—A file in the office of J. B. Hill, county farm agent in charge of all the AAA business, is meaningfully labeled "trouble and grief." . . . Two men jumped on a third after an argument over a traffic tangle on East Main the other evening; officers appeared, the two assailants disappeared and the victim was hurried off to jail. . . . Mayor Willoughby was the recipient of a package addressed to "Mr. H. J. Soursley, Mayor, Ada, Okla.," last week. . . . A restaurant owner tells us his 10-gallon coffee urn will accumulate two gallons of lime in the water jacket in 10 days' time. . . . Alma Cathryn Harkrider and Alma Cathryn Deering must have lots of fun calling one another's names when they are together.

If the size of the package means anything, it probably wouldn't require much postage to parcel post the man who is all wrapped up in himself to the place he belongs.

W. HARDY MUNDY answered the telephone at his place of business some time back and a feminine voice inquired, "Who is speaking?" Mundy truthfully replied, "This is Mundy." And the woman said, "Yes, I know it is Monday but who is speaking, please?" . . . Troy Melton happened into the radio station studio when Joe Lee and Paul Hughes were staging one of their informal bughouse programs Friday morning; not knowing they were on the air and supposing it to be merely a lark, Troy joined in the wisecracking with near-disastrous remarks. . . . Herman Garrett of Stonewall says, in regard to his erroneously reported death of some three or four years ago, "I only wish I had known about it so I could have attended my funeral."

CURIOS and ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

A FULL CONFESSION of how he happened to have Mrs. A. R. Sugg stranded near Roff at 2 a. m. one recent morning was made by Dr. Sugg after a Kiwanis club kangaroo court had given him a fair (?) trial and subsequent conviction for the alleged breach of etiquette. They were returning from a fishing trip when the auto lights flickered out. Dr. Sugg leaned over and jiggled some wires beneath the dash but failed to get the desired results. "Now you watch out on that side and I'll look over here so we won't run into a ditch and we'll go on without any lights," he said as he drove off. A few moments later he spoke to Mrs. Sugg. No answer. He spoke again. Still no answer. He investigated and discovered she was not in the car. After several moments of deliberation, the doctor decided that he was sane, that Mrs. Sugg had accompanied him on the trip, that he was not dreaming and that he probably had lost his wife some place along the road—all in all, a "very peculiar feeling." He drove back along the road some two or three miles and found Mrs. Sugg walking (or running) toward Ada. What happened was that she got out to give more room to jiggle the wires when they stopped. When he drove off she supposed he was merely testing to see if he had fixed them. By the time she had changed her mind he was out of earshot. Dr. Sugg says her mood was a combination of anger, disappointment, attempted pleasantness, indignation and surprise. And to top it off, he admitted he had his shoes on the wrong feet that night!

Remindful of World War days, two uniformed National Guard battery members appeared at the court clerk's office about 5 o'clock Friday afternoon—a few hours before they were to leave for camp. One ordered a marriage license and Deputy Ralph McMillan fixed him up. While he was getting change the other decided he wanted one. Ralph started writing in the big book that records such events. "I don't my name in there," the prospective customer protested. "But if I issue you a license I'll have to put it in here," Ralph explained. "Then I won't take the license. I don't want it to get into the

papers," said the over-careful lover as the pair departed, apparently for the wedding of one. About four hours later Captain Reed was seeking them with A.W.O.L. papers. So far, we have been unable to learn whether they got safely to camp.

BRAD NORMAN pulled a fast one on Martin "Elmer" Clark when he attached some sort of fireworks to the spark plugs on Mart's autymobul. A whirring sound when he stepped on the starter caused Mart to investigate. As he started to raise the hood the "infernal machine" exploded, causing great clouds of smoke to pour forth. Mart finally quieted down enough to find out that it was just a joke but he's been jumpy ever since when he hears any sort of machinery backfiring or such.

We get some pleasures out of life, not the least of which is the fact that neither we nor any of our neighbors own a loud radio.

PEOPLE HAVE a lot of confidence in The Ada News. Every time there is a major prize fight or championship baseball game or such, dozens of them telephone long before it starts to find out how it came out.

Ada youngsters probably won't be overjoyed to know that Superintendent B. R. Stubbs is planning to start school here on September 3 or 10, depending on the weather, while on the contrary we judge that most of the faculty members will make no objection to beginning work and starting the incoming pay checks.

KENNETH BLACKLEDGE says if this hot weather prevails he is going to investigate further that scientist's story of freezing a live monkey in ice.

VIC VALLERY says he knows times are getting better here because tenants are "paying rent like slot machines." . . . Bufford Howard, one of the local militia, says every time he hears the band play "There's So. thing About a Soldier" he feels like rushing home and donning his National Guard uniform but by the time he gets it on the band has stopped playing and no one notices him. . . . If those broncs the firemen have at their forthcoming rodeo buck as hard as Roy Keller talks about it, some of them'll never be rode. . . . Elmer Dean got in some worthwhile practice as a barker the other day when a negro one-man band came down the street but we don't know whether he shared in the proceeds. . . . Who remembers when Harmon Ebey was the town's "cowboy" and raced, fully equipped in all sorts of necessary and unnecessary cowboy regalia, up and down Main street aboard a paint pony.

THE ADA EVENING NEWS

CURIOS and ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

THE SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED deaths of Will Rogers and Wiley Post was an event that struck to the hearts of more people in the world than possibly any other one thing could have done. Without a doubt Rogers was the most popular man in the entire world. Post held a similar position in the world of aviation and was not far behind his friend in the eyes of the world. Almost everybody read Will Rogers' daily items, saw his screen productions or heard him lecture. And everybody who enjoyed his entertaining remarks felt that he knew him personally. Post's recent flights attested to his popularity and his failures were regarded as personal failures by millions of Americans and when he succeeded they rejoiced as if they themselves had accomplished the deed. The secret of their success was that they were of the ordinary, middle-class of people and they never lost their contact with the common people—like you and me.

Jess Cowan, linotype operator for The News, tells of the time when he was an apprentice at Maysville that Wiley Post used to make parachute jumps for chickens and eggs given by farmers as the hat was passed. Cecil Deal, local aviation enthusiast, was an acquaintance of the famous flyer and has enjoyed many hours of "shop talk" with Post here and elsewhere.

FITTSTOWN, OKLA., will be one year old on August 22. And quite a husky infant the place is, too. In spite of its rapid growth, the newest Pontotoc county metropolis has steered clear of most of the mischievousness that towns of its type generally get into. And we hope that Otto Strickland, Frank Bonds, Jane Shaw, et al., invite us to the town's birthday party—if the town has a party.

If more motorists would determine to become wreckless drivers there would be less need to worry about reckless drivers.

WHEN MARTHA JO, Mr. and Mrs. Houston Mount's daughter, was a bit younger than she is now she was sent to a neighbor's by her mother to see if the neighbor had a "Good Housekeeping" magazine. The little lady rather bashfully asked the neighbor

THE ADA EVENING NEWS,

Mrs. Floyd Eoff says that we resemble Gene Autry, cowboy radio singer, movie star and one-time roommate of her husband—but then, she's never heard us sing. Incidentally, the Floyd Eoff who operates an automobile agency in Norman is no relation of the local Floyd Eoff, we find.

G. W. GARRETT of Stonewall had a customer a while back who excited him for a bit and then gave him a real disappointment. Accompanied by several children, the customer entered and announced that he wanted to try some shoes on each of them. Rejoicing at the prospect of a good-sized sale, Mr. Garrett worked until he had fitted each of them in shoes. "Well, take 'em off," was the surprising remark of the customer, "we didn't want to buy any. My wife was going to order some from a mail order house and we just wanted to be sure to get the right size."

It is our opinion that if the young legislators had sided with Governor Marland and the old-timers disagreed with him in the recent session, the state's chief executive would likely be saying: "What this state needs is more young men and fewer mossbacks" instead of "Why send boys to the mill?"

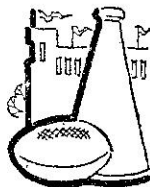
WELBORN HOPE probably didn't write a poem about the beauties of summer showers immediately after waiting on these customers. It was a dark and stormy night and raining very hard. Two women parked before the bard's drug store and honked. Braving the rain he learned that they desired one 5-cent drink each. He fetched them the drinks and had to stand in the rain while they debated on how to get the drinks inside without opening the door and admitting rain, too. Then they gave him a \$10 bill. He happened to be slightly short on change at that late hour and had to include some silver. Before he got back with the change they honked again and it started raining harder. After he convinced them that they would have to open the door of the car in order to get the change, one of them made a remark about the fact that he had given them "so much silver." Nope, we'll bet he didn't feel inspired about summer rains after that!

MARTIN LANDERS, who is now a Wetumka Baptist pastor, reports that Troy Weaver, an old friend of high school days, is doing quite well in business at Muskogee. His brother, Lawrence, who gained considerable recognition as an artist during grade school days, is prospering as a free lance artist in Kansas City.

CURIOS and ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

THE FOOTBALL SEASON is in the offing and it is beginning to look as if we will have night games. The way the advance ticket sale is starting off is a pretty sure sign that the local fans are anxious to have the East Central Tigers win their games after dark. Quite a number of the fans are ex-



pressing their loyalty to East Central by purchasing several tickets. Two or three good sized donations have been made. Besides offering business men and employees an opportunity to attend the games, night football will help put more pep into the players. It's a cinch to rip off a 40 or 50-yard run in a football suit with an 80 or 90-degree September or October sun beaming down—and it is frequently that hot in the fall here. If you haven't bought your ticket yet, see one of the committee this week and get ready for one of East Central's biggest football years.

W. O. Smith and Aubrey Kerr were appointed on the ticket committee. Dr. Linscheid called a meeting. W. O. was a few minutes late in getting away from the office and Kerr came in just as he was leaving. "I can't see you now. I've got an appointment," Smith said and dashed on. When he got to the college he learned (for the first time) that Aub was on the committee with him and wanted a ride. He drove back to town after him and the meeting was held with all members present.

THESE OKLAHOMA GIRLS don't rate so badly after all. First, second and third places were won by Oklahoma entries in the southwestern beauty contest finals at Roswell, N. M., a few days ago. Miss Shirley Austelle of Ada was the second place winner.

Hard times? Phooey! Two or three days ago we talked to a man standing at the corner of Main and Broadway trying to hire carpenters to go to work at \$1 an hour for 30 hours a week—and he couldn't find any. If unemployed we could learn to be a carpenter—or anything else—for a dollar an hour!

THE EXACT LOCATION of Ada, we learned the other day in looking over the permit for a police radio broadcasting station, in terms of latitude and longitude is 34 degrees, 48 minutes and 8 seconds north and 96 degrees, 40 minutes and 35 seconds west. Now find that on a map.

Monday, August 26, it will be exactly three months since anyone was committed to the state hospital for insane at Norman from this county; and it used to have the reputation of being one of its most frequent patrons!

W. N. MAYS was not celebrating any particular occasion the other night when he was out in his front yard shooting Roman candles; he was using them to scare sparrows out of the beautiful trees that shade his lawn. . . . Haley Rankin said he never smoked a cigarette until the day he went to work for a tobacco company but it now takes two packages a day for him—and he is in the oil business. . . . Howard Newcomb reminds that we (the two of us) predicted metal tubes for radios in the columns of The Ada News back in March, 1932, and he has the clipping to prove it; radios of the near future will offer them as the latest feature. . . . Wilson "Soup" Sadler lives at the same house with a gentleman named Crocker, which seems to be an appropriate combination.

Last April 23 we wrote (and mailed) a letter to Allen Hensley, then instructor in Ardmore high school. On August 20 he received it. The letter was delivered to the school and misplaced; he returned for some other belongings and accidentally found it last week. Incidentally Allen has been elected to a position in Central high school at Evansville, Ind., and will leave early in September.

H. P. SUGG says he couldn't do much for a young man who tried to interview him on how to get oil and gas leases by short cuts; the young man wanted to write a book about it and was willing to put it into proper language if somebody would write it out for him. Mr. Sugg says he has been in the business for 25 years and hasn't found any short cuts yet.

"The Big Parade" in the Bristow Daily Record says: "The column announces that Bristow is a stable community. More adult people were born here in Bristow than you would think, etc." Now that is an idea we have been trying to work out for a long time. Just think how much expense and worry it would save parents if their children were all born adults!

CURIOS and ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

THE MENTAL ATTITUDE that the establishment of the myriad of federal, state and local relief agencies has created among certain classes of people is, we think, a lot more important question to the American people than the problem of finding enough things to tax to pay back the billions of dollars now being spent on relief projects. Last week a man walked into the office of Hoyt Driskill, assistant county attorney, and asked: "Who can I sue? My son is not getting as much work as he ought to get on the relief jobs." Hoyt advised him that the only one he could sue would be Uncle Sam and that he would have a hard time collecting damages from Uncle Sam or anybody else because they didn't give them something they are not required to give anyhow. Another example occurred at Oalman when Bob Shannon, NRS branch office manager, was distributing identification work cards for forthcoming WPA projects. One man refused to sign the card because he thought it would "get me into the army!"

The old-timer who used to get the horse laugh because he was afraid to ride in automobiles would have almost no difficulty in finding justification for his worst fears nowadays.

MILES GRIGSBY was waiting on two women customers. One of them noticed a sign on the wall: "RUBBER STAMPS FOR SALE HERE." Obviously puzzled, she inquired: "Rubber stamps? What are they good for?" Instead of selling her one to put in her stamp collection or to use as postage on a return address envelope, Mr. Grigsby explained to her just what a rubber stamp is.

And after all, there's bigger fish talked about than ever were caught!

MAYOR WILLOUGHBY was thoroughly embarrassed when some friends called him up to warn him: "Some fellow's after you. Watch out. He says you ran him out of your office with a gun." The fact was that the mayor did have a gun in his hand when the fellow left but the circumstances were quite different than the old gentleman's impression of them. He came to Mr. Willoughby's office highly excited to register a complaint of some sort.

Because of his native dialect and his anger, the mayor couldn't understand him and asked him to return later and talk it over. The visitor took offense and assumed an attitude the mayor interpreted as aggressive. He took off his glasses and stood up. The visitor put his hands in his pockets and turned. Some days before Bob Klepper had left a disabled army rifle in a corner of the office near the door after an American Legion service. The mayor thought his guest had started after it and so he made a dash for it to keep him from getting it. Instead of grabbing for the gun the complaining gentleman went outside crying: "Ya, ya! You got a gun after me! You got a gun after me!" He went on downtown and the telephone calls resulted. A few days later a friend of the old man's came in and explained the intended complaint and now it's all cleared up.

Rev. Milo Arbuckle locates Tupelo in a radio address: "The other day I received a long distance telephone call from a nearby village not far off."

LAST THURSDAY was that "cold day in August" that we've been hearing about for years and years and just to prove that it really was cold, we might add that Commissioner Albert Chamberlain kept a fire burning in his office practically all day.

Haskell Rodgers returned from a trip to Dallas unable to state definitely whether the Wright-Titus Loan company he saw advertised really is that way.

BILL "BOTTLING WORKS" ASHABRANNER has taught his 17-month-old daughter, who can hardly talk, to read Coca-Cola signs. . . . In case you don't already know it, Twenty-fifth street is now known as "King's Road" and was so named after I. M. King several months ago. . . . E. E. Ueltschey says he favors sending only men past 60, congressmen and financiers to fight the next war. . . . Clifford Byrne informs that Trooper Shaw invariably whistles before, during and after the process of hitting a golf ball.

A MYSTERY SOLVED—Employees of the night or "graveyard" shift at The News have been bothered intermittently for some time by a particularly vicious variety of fly—a kind that a good swat doesn't even phase. Investigation and observation disclosed that a caravan of cattle trucks were hauling livestock through Ada on certain nights; the trucks were parked in front of The News office while the drivers sipped coffee. When the trucks started again, some of the flies would get lost and, for obvious reasons, wander into The News office, thus causing much discomfort.

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.

CURIOS & Antiques

By FERDIE DEERING

LITERARY NOTES — Welborn Hope, the East Main poet, is a "rip-snorting son of the west"—at least, that's what William Rose Benet calls him in the Saturday Review. Welborn wrote a "tracer" for a poem he submitted some two years ago and just to show that his intentions were good Benet published both the poem and the letter. To our unpoetic mind Welborn's letter is more entertaining and understandable than the poem (Killers of the West) but that doesn't alter Welborn's high rating in literary circles. Following Welborn's poem in the highbrow magazine is one by another Ada boy, S. C. (Sam to you) Giesey. It is called "Caliban on Moth Wings" and although it, too, sounded very literary we may as well admit we couldn't figure it out either, especially those Spanish lines.

One of the young local swains observes that if he could just get his per diem income up to the size of his per noctum expenses he would be reasonably carefree.

MRS. BESS HICKS believes in playing it safe. When she was told that there would be no women in heaven because it says in the Bible that "there was silence in heaven" for a certain period of time, Mrs. Hicks said: "I'm not going to take any chances on that. I'm going right ahead and be good anyhow."

The trouble with a lot of the motorists who drive cars with all-steel bodies is that they think the pedestrians have that kind, too.

FIRST PRIZE for the "goofiest" plan for getting an education goes to John Axton, East Central senior and football player. He says that the thing to do is to be a sleep-walker and you won't need a room. Then you should have seven friends and eat three meals or two meals or whatever you can get with each of them for one day a week. "For books," he says, "you can either borrow them, use the library or do without like a lot of these others do." When asked about clothes John said he would have to go into another trance to figure that out.

Marion O'Neal, a former Ada boy, writes in from Blackwell that although he hasn't had to walk the floor with his new son, Billy Marion, yet, that it "sure is an experience for a father and I will sure feel old when he starts calling me daddy."

FROM A CONVERSATION with a negro yard man:

Q. Are you married?

A. Yassuh but mah wife—she's in the pen'tenchree.

Q. In the penitentiary? How did that happen?

A. She killed a man. Shot him in the back of the neck about some whisky?

Q. Where did that happen?

A. In Telsy. Yassuh, Telsy's mah home. Ah used to live there. She shot that niggah man down and he fell with a bottle in each hand—jes' like this!

Q. How long will she have to serve?

A. Fifteen yeahs. Fifteen 16-o-ong yeahs. She stayed seven months in the jailhouse at Telsy fu'st, though. Ah got some children, too. They lives down theah. Ah'm wuhkin' and tryin' to take keer of 'em. Some of 'em is big, too. Some of 'em is married and some of 'em aint.

Q. It'll be quite a long time before your wife comes back.

A. Yassuh but Ah'm gonna wait fer her. Ah aint gonna git me nary 'nothern. Ah goes around with one or two sometimes maybe but Ah aint gonna git me none to keep. Ah'm jest gonna wait on her.

R. V. Dixon is reported not a little out of sorts with himself over a deal he made a few days ago. He took a nine-year-old Electrolux in on a trade and was unable to fix it up to sell as an operating refrigerator. He sold it to Cecil Deal to be used simply as an ice box—machinery and all—at a price of \$10. Deal, however, has a leaning toward that type of mechanics and after a bit repaired the broken part at a net cost of 5 cents. Dixon is proud of what can be done with an old Electrolux but sorry that he didn't do it.

ACQUAINTANCES—Col. F. M. Witherspoon looks the part of a colonel as most of us have them pictured and no questions are necessary to interview him on the subject of the Gulf-to-Pacific highway. . . . Jack H. Spandau, the auctioneer at Duncan's, says his home is in the same block as that of the late Will Rogers in California. . . . Ted B. Davis, the traveling salesman from Allen, drops by with one of his trick pencils and tells us a story we can't print. . . . Mrs. C. F. "Cy" Morgan of Ada and Mrs. Pick Malone, wife of January of the January and Molasses radio comedy team, are sisters.

Today is a good day to start attending church regularly again.

CURIOS & Antiques

By FERDIE DEERING

PERFECT HARMONY prevails among the churches of Ada and the pastors thereof, a fact Ada should be proud of in view of the bickering and discord to be found in many places. The most recent evidence of this compatibility is the organization of a sort of ministerial golfing association which takes to the greens about once each week. Included in the group, which varies from a twosome to a fivesome, are O. B. Lee, J. C. Curry, Ivan J. Young, C. C. Morris and Haley Messer (Presbyterian, Methodist, Christian, Baptist and Nazarene, respectively). We haven't been able to get a lineup on their scores yet but Rev. Lee says he gets not the least of his fun in trying to decide whether Dr. Morris is really playing golf or just likes to dig up turf with a golf stick when he gets into a trap. And then, too, it probably would be interesting to hear Rev. Curry directing a few witty remarks in the direction of his world-toured neighbor.

Leo Hennigan, Ralph Chiles and Charley Hamblen came in from the links the other day with a good story, too, but we didn't see the evidence. It seems that Charley's golf wasn't up to par and he sliced into the road just off the No. 9 fairway at Oak Hills. When he went to retrieve his ball he had to call for the assistance of Leo and Ralph. He had found not only the erring golf ball but a case full of assorted and strictly illegal beverages. They admit that only sheer will power and extreme honesty prevented them from carrying away more than their golf bags would hold—but when they returned to the scene later the remainder of the case was gone. It apparently had been temporarily deposited by some dispenser who possibly thought its presence in the car might be difficult to explain.

THE PONTOTOC COUNTY League of Young Democrats had planned a big free street parade as part of the attraction to its Fourth district convention here next Thursday and Friday but decided to call it off after accepting an invitation of Judge Orel Busby to a barbecue at his lodge on Thursday night. It seems that some of the boys think they won't feel much like parading after they get through holding caucuses around the barbecue pit and elsewhere in the vicinity the night before.

When a man becomes wealthy enough that he doesn't have to worry about the wolf at the door he has to start looking out for the foxes who would like to share his wealth with him.

W. M. GILBERT, the foundryman, says he would rather face a 16-inch cannon than drive an automobile from Ada to Joplin, Mo.—and if you know Mr. Gilbert you know what a trip to Joplin means to him! . . . Myrtle Coleman reports that her mother can't understand how it is that she can drive any make of automobile but lacks the mechanical knack required to learn how to operate a sewing machine or a washing machine. . . . Operation narrations, long noted for their verbosity, aren't in it compared to the conversation of a pair of hay fever sufferers when they get together. . . . The South American butterfly and grasshopper collection Dr. G. A. Paulson is displaying in the Bayless Drug window, even in all its colorful beauty, somehow doesn't appeal to one who has futilely tried to convince a horde of local grasshoppers that they shouldn't nibble on alfalfa.

Governor Marland's proclamation of September as Safety Month for highway travel doesn't necessarily mean that the highways are really that way.

LAST WEEK we made mention in this column of Sam Giesey's poem "Caliban on Moth Wings." Caliban, we remember, was a literary figure depicted as a savage and deformed slave and therefore symbolic of such. That is why it struck us as rather funny to note an upstate paper quoting the item and titling Giesey's poem "California on Moth Wings." Considering the symbolism, the Florida Chamber of Commerce ought to be able to make good use of that.

We aren't fully sold on this business of women holding major state offices. Think what kind of government we'd have if a woman governor started a romance with the state treasurer and left the running of the state up to a legislature of the kind we've been having lately!

AN IOWA STATE sports correspondent describes that college's 1935 football team: "Ames, Iowa—Brisk head to head scrimmage which limbered sore and stiffened muscles closed the first week of Cyclone football practice." We gather that they must be somewhat of a muscle-headed outfit.

The nearest thing to a complete waste of time we can think of off-hand is spending five or ten minutes trying to make hay-straw hair like our own stay in place.

CURIOS & Antiques

By FERDIE DEERING

AN OFFICER never forgets that he wears a shiny badge—even when he goes to a circus. But their quick-and-ready attitude caused three of the local "laws" no little embarrassment the last time a circus came to town and at least one of them thinks that this clowning business can be carried too far. Anyhow, Elmer Hodges, deputy sheriff, Carl Garrett, special officer, and Ernest Bray, one of the Ada force's finest, went to see Tom Mix perform. They got a supply of peanuts and made their way to the middle of a row in the center section. Suddenly the speaker announced "there has been a jail-break downtown and the escaped prisoner is headed this way." The "minutemen" sprang into action and by climbing over the feet and laps of the intervening spectators they forged their way to the aisle. About that time a clown, dressed in the traditional horizontally striped suit of a convict, came running around the arena closely pursued by a real clown policeman, who finally shot the "escaped prisoner's" pants off and caught him. The three real officers blushed and went back to their seats but Elmer still insists that such things ought not to be permitted because that is carrying this clown business "just a little bit too far."

We can't help wondering if the meek will muster up enough courage to dodge the inheritance tax when, as has been promised, they inherit the earth.

PAUL HUGHES, erstwhile radio announcer and now an East Central senior, reveals his difficulty in becoming accustomed to an hour of history without a 15-minute intermission of hillbilly music or sitting through a literature class without a break to tell how good whatsy-what brand of flour is for the complexion. . . . Byron Norrell took up a collection of a dime apiece from the boys at Howard Payne college down in Texas in 1898 and bought the first football that school ever owned; they didn't play real football in those days but "just kicked the ball around" although the regular sport was adopted two years later. . . . It wouldn't do for Ralph McMillan and Bill Dodson to get into a "ciphering contest" with an eighth-grader; we solved a simple percentage problem that had them both stumped last week.

Add smiles: As slow as a work-relief program.

ALLEN HENSLEY, East Central and Oklahoma A. and M. college grad, moved to Evansville, Ind., after teaching several years in this state, and writes: "I'm finding Evansville and the new job even better than my expectations. * * * The Ohio river interests me a great deal. It is particularly beautiful when the sun is setting. * * * Teaching school is much different here from what it is in Oklahoma. There is a great deal more professional stability about. You feel as though, perhaps, you're doing something worth while." Allen is speech instructor in Central high school of Evansville.

The United States may not be in immediate danger of war but those "ENLIST NOW; VACANCIES EXIST" signs the army and navy recruiting officers have parked in the lobby of the post office somehow are remindful of the signs we saw there about 1917 and 1918.

TOM STEED, secretary to Congressman Gassaway and former Ada News reporter, says that everybody calls everybody else in Washington a gentleman but plenty of distinction is implied in the way they say it. We round out about Roy Lollar's past from Tom, too. Roy used to work around local print shops with Tom and we gather that their employers were not too heartbroken when the two of them decided to enter other lines.

In China, reads an item, anyone who rescues a person from death is thereafter responsible for his care and well being. Maybe that's the way congress feels about the millions of Americans the United States army helped save when the world was made "safe for democracy."

A TIRE ADVERTISEMENT at a local theater depicts a badly wrecked car with a warning that tire blowouts are the cause of lots of smash-ups "like this"—but oddly enough, every tire on the wrecked automobile is fully inflated.

Who is the public offender of Pontotoc county? Mrs. H. D. Garner, county clerk, was the only one who "had the nerve" to open a letter addressed to "Public Offender, Courthouse building, Ada, Okla.," last week. It happened that the letter was meant for the county clerk, being a request from Los Angeles, Cal., for information about an estate. But no explanation about the "public offender" part has yet been offered.

EVERYBODY IS equally wealthy; the difference in us lies in our ability to enjoy what we have.

CURIOS & Antiques

By FERDIE DEERING

THE EAST AFRICAN WAR is one conflict that cannot be blamed upon the newspapers. Critics have shoved the responsibility for the Spanish-American War and a large part of the blame for the World War upon the newspapers of the world. This time, however, the dictators of Europe must be held to account for the war. Mussolini, Hitler and other "strong men" control not only the fighting forces of their nations but they tell the newspapers what shall be printed and what shall not be told. The power of the press is recognized the world over but there are comparatively few countries where freedom of the press is permitted. The newspapers of the United States have had a hard battle in this nation's history when it was rather difficult to keep this channel of information open to the people and today, whether they realize it or not, the right of the newspapers to print any facts that they find is one of the most valuable possessions of the American people.

Here's one for the football fans: What number between zero and one hundred is impossible as a final football game score?

FAITH is a wonderful thing, even when it has its foundations in the glamorous statements of a salesman. We were reliably informed last week that the wife of an employe of the Ada postoffice department paid a salesman \$27 for three small pans of a particular kind of aluminumware because the salesman assured her that if her husband's food were cooked in them that it would make him grow taller. So far we haven't noticed any increase in the gentleman's height but it might be added that if a device of that kind that will stop hair from falling out or eliminate the necessity of shaving we would be interested.

Did anybody ever see an automobile accident that wasn't the fault of "the other fellow" or in which the injured party was driving more than "only 25 miles an hour"?

AUSTIN KIDWELL and Richard Swink, Roff high school pedagogues, are beginning to think that it would be less expensive for them to stay in Ada and go to Roff to teach than to stay in Roff and come to Ada six to eight times each week to see the bright lights and attend to certain other business here. And they admit that not nearly as many Ada boys go to Roff to see the sights as there

The Sunrise Addition, the area east of the O. C. A. & A. railroad and north of Main street, is the only subdivision in the Ada city limits in which the blocks are designated by letters of the alphabet. All others are numbered.

MEMORIES OF OLD ADA HIGH—Churchill Thomas, science teacher, used to have L. J. Gregg and the writer trot around the race track before class periods to work off surplus energy. . . . H. F. Felix and Fred Rayburn spent the noon hour playing checkers in the auditorium. . . . Many a boy used to come out of a fight in the big fire escapes with his shirt and sometimes his trousers torn off. . . . Clifford "Sheeny" Gray working his confidence games on fellow students. . . . Wishing for another hundred pounds of weight in order to play football with the whopping big teams of those days.

A haircut includes an ear-clean at all barber shops in Singayre, an oddity gatherer reports. Remembering the days that were suggests that such a practice wouldn't prove popular among the youngsters of this country.

BUFFORD HOWARD bought us a cup of coffee to put his name in the paper — "Bufford Miller Johnny Thomas Gigolo Howard Jr."—which shows how highly we value a cup of coffee.

Almost as many women as men sport fans call into The News office at night to find out the result of a ball game or the winner of a prize fight. . . . During a recent boxing bout an unknown gentleman called in about 10 o'clock and said: "Excuse me for buttin' in but I've been out ALL NIGHT and I just wanted to know how the fight come out." . . . Ray Young, who has done a lot of boxing and some promoting, can't figure it out, all this interest in Louis, Baer, Carnera, et al., and commented: "I wonder where all these fight fans stay when we have a bout in Ada?"

AN CP REPORT of an automobile accident quotes hospital authorities as reporting the condition of an injured woman as "perfectly good," which, we think, is just about as well off as anybody could be in this world.

It wasn't funny to the principals but the bystanders got quite a chuckle watching two very stout women trying to get into their car. While they had gone shopping other cars had parked very close on each side and — well, the doors just wouldn't open wide enough.

CURIOS & Antiques

By FERDIE DEERING

WANTED: A SLOGAN!—The Italo-Ethiopian conflict has been officially recognized by the League of Nations and the rest of the world as a genuine war but so far as we have been able to find out, neither side has adopted a battle slogan yet. Now in order to have a real, successful war they ought to have a snappy, up-to-date slogan. The World war was proclaimed as a universal campaign to "Make the World Safe for Democracy" and although it did just about everything to the world but that, the slogan got results. Everybody knows that the battle-cry of the Spanish-American shooting scrape down in Cuba some years back was "Remember the Maine." The spirits of the American colonists back in the time of George Washington were kept up by catch-lines like "No Taxation Without Representation" and "Don't Forget Valley Forge." Even the late Sen. Huey Long found the slogan "Every Man a King" had its worth in spreading his fame. The old stand-by, "The War to End Wars," somehow wouldn't have a very sincere sound to the rest of the world but Il Duce could work out something like "Save Civilization From the Ethiopians" that would do for a while. And if the Italian reports concerning the ineffectiveness of Ethiopian defense forces are correct, Emperor Haile Selassie might cheer his army on with "Hasn't Scratched Yet!"

And another thing—that African war may not do the world any good economically but it certainly has done a lot toward building up Americans' knowledge of the geography of that part of the earth.

MRS. M. F. MANVILLE calls our attention to a rather subtle testimonial regarding the relative value of newspaper advertising. Some few days ago she noticed an ad in The News asking the return of some lost money—one \$10 and one \$5 bill to be exact—and listing a telephone number. Just out of curiosity she checked up and found that the telephone number was that of a well-known colored woman who has quite a reputation locally as a "seer" or something of the sort. Scores of white persons have gone to the negro woman to ask her to help them find lost articles but when her husband lost \$15 she advertised in The Ada News.

Street Commissioner Armstrong says he doesn't know exactly when the East Tenth street grade crossing will be completed but he is sure it will be a WPA job when it is done—if the Works Progress Administration won't do it, then William Percy Armstrong will have to.

SPELLING is a rather technical subject, we will admit, but nevertheless we haven't yet recovered from the shock of an Oklahoma City newspaperman who called The Ada News office over long distance telephone a few nights ago—and then asked: "Say, how do you spell the name of your town down there?" He explained that he was a stranger in this state, and these Indian country names are just too complicated for strangers, it seems.

W. Hardy Mundy says the blacksmith who used to get cussed for leaving smut on the saddle now has a son who gets the same thing for smearing grease on the steering wheel.

COUNTY JUDGE John Boyce McKeel, an Oklahoma native who served several years in Washington as secretary to an Oklahoma congressman, walked into the office of County Superintendent Ray Stegall and observed an Oklahoma state flag. "What," asked Judge John, "is that banner you have on the wall?"

It doesn't mean that this county has gone "nuts" but J. B. Hill points out that 1,200,000 pounds of pecans were shipped out of this county last year—and that doesn't include those raised in this county and marketed in nearby cities of other counties.

TOM KELLY killed a squirrel the other day but the squirrel almost got even with him and the negro maid, too, when Kelly got hold of one end of the squirrel and the maid the other in a finally successful attempt to skin it. . . . Mack M. Braly has started in the footsteps of his father, the late L. A. Braly, by moving into the same office the well known Ada booster occupied. . . . We are informed Miss Winnie McLachlan helped herself to a pair of gloves in a local store in order to save time but when she got home she found she had picked out two gloves for the same hand!

Financial Note: A customer purchased \$46 worth of merchandise from J. Kent Smith a few days ago and paid for it with 46 one dollar bills.

ONE ADVANTAGE of living upstairs is that circular distributors won't go to the trouble of filling your front porch with them; they merely dump them in your yard and, presto, they blow over to your neighbors and you are rid of them.

CURIOS & Antiques

By FERDIE DEERING

WE ALMOST helped capture Alvin Karpis, alias Public Enemy No. 1, a few nights ago—and might have, except that the man wasn't Karpis and he left town about 15 hours before we found out that he had been here. Anyhow, here's the story: Our telephone rang about 9 o'clock p. m. and an excited feminine voice asked what Karpis looked like, did we have a picture of him and if she might come over and "see about it tonight." An hour later a trio of Ada girls in their late teens arrived and stressed an urgent need for a description of Karpis. They were convinced the outlaw had stayed in Ada the night before. They had already visited Wilbur P. Lee at the post-office, called the sheriff's office and ransacked the town generally but it seems that nobody around here keeps a picture of Mr. Karpis. Anyway, we were willing to help if possible and got Sheriff Kaiser out of bed, tried to locate Deputy U. S. Marshal Stanfield and even suggested the "rogue's gallery" at the police station in attempts to solve their problem. But our efforts were without avail. We did, though, finally get at the real reason for the girls' excitement. A nice-looking young man with a misplaced eye-brow and a smooth line of talk had landed in Ada a few days previously (supposedly from New York) and made a "hit" with the young lady who was leading the chase. Picturing a long honeymoon cruise to Honolulu, etc., he secured a marriage license. Before the wedding took place, however, the intended bride became suspicious of the facts in some of his beautiful stories, decided the name he offered her was not his own and that a scar on his lip identified him as Karpis. She refused to wed and he left town. Well, Jeff Laird escorted the girls down to Bill Cantrell's place and found Karpis' photo in a detective magazine and sent them home, presumably convinced that the erstwhile boy friend was not the much-sought criminal suspect.

Then there's the negro maid at the home of one of Ada's "got-rich-quick" families (name on request), who is reliably quoted as saying: "A negro sho' has to have a hide like an alligator to put up with some of these white folks!"

C. M. KLEPPER, the Frisco man, after a burglar had visited several houses in his neighborhood, said, "I told my wife if he comes over to my house and finds anything I'll give him half of it."

War or no war, we find there are plenty of men who are not particularly interested in having "Died in Action" rather than "Died Inactive" engraved on their tombstones.

DOROTHY WOODS, in describing one of Greta Garbo's recent screen "triumphs" said: "She commits suicide but you don't mind!" And, although we didn't see that particular production, we can't say that we would "mind" in the least if Garbo did so.

Back in the days when we were being collegiate on the East Central Journal staff, one of our contemporaries remarked upon the fact that "the sorority pledges spend their spare time at the college annex trying to learn to smoke." A visit to the old, familiar scene last week convinced us that they are still trying to learn.

J. HENRY BROWN, Wolf school superintendent, and a friend drove his new car to Seminole. They left it for a wash-grease job and went to a show. Returning to the garage, they got in a new car parked out front and drove home. They started to get some packages from the trunk but they weren't there. Investigation disclosed they were in a four-door sedan instead of Brown's two-door sedan. They drove back to Seminole where a frantic search for the "stolen" car was in progress. Brown had taken a salesman's demonstrator by mistake while his own car was parked inside the garage.

There are lots of persons locked out of banks who would like to get in, but here's one who was locked in and wanted out. Mrs. O. H. Ashabrunner, bookkeeper at the First National, was a little later than usual completing her work a few evenings ago. Other employees left and she discovered she was locked in without a key. She almost got nervous before Vic Valery happened by and unlocked the door to let her out.

DOES THIS fellow get around? He left an address book on the desk containing the names of 113 girls in Ada and elsewhere, complete with addresses, phone numbers and notations such as "prompt," "non-committal," "nice," etc. He may have same by calling for it . . . Bob Wells, who admits he has to read this weekly stint while lying down, reminds us we'll never be able to live down a certain story we once printed . . . Bill Mackin saw some students dressed in orange and black robes at the college a few days ago and was surprised to learn it was a musical organization and not the Tigers Roar.

CURIOS & Antiques

By FERDIE DEERING

SOAP SALESMEN clean up in Roff: Last week a crew of soap salesmen landed in the town, called on a cafe and sold a box of soap with the promise that "our crew of 18 men will be here several days introducing our new product and we will eat with you while we are in town." They visited a shoe repair man and promised to have 18 pairs of shoes half-soled. They told a doctor 18 of them were going to have a physical examination. A seamstress was promised the job of making 45 smocks and she borrowed the money to buy some of the soap. A druggist, a filling station operator, grocer and others were likewise taken in. Investigation disclosed that there were only four men in the crew, that they had left Roff the same day with about \$50 in good money and left a lot of soap that wasn't fit to use.

It's easy to pick out the people who don't amount to anything. They are the ones who try hardest to look the most important.

BILL GLUCKMAN tells this: Two fellows met in jail. "What are you in here for?" asked one. "They got me charged with stealing a car," the other replied. The first prisoner retorted: "You're silly—why didn't you just buy one and not pay for it like respectable people do?"

It is told about some local doctors that an out-of-city physician sent a patient here to be X-rayed to determine whether he was suffering from a certain ailment. The doctors, it seems, were very busy with operations, etc., but when they brought the patient to the X-ray room and the prints were developed, symptoms of the ailment were found. They discovered also that the patients had got mixed up and the disease had been found in the wrong man.

Oct. 27, 1935

CENSORED

IT MAKES A LOT of difference which side of the fence you are on when something goes wrong. Some months ago a Pontotoc county resident was involved in a serious automobile wreck in which some ladies from another city were seriously injured, one finally succumbing to the hurts she received. A charge of driving a car while drunk was filed against a local man and, although witnesses testified to his guilt, a certain Ada attorney protested his innocence earnestly. He was a brother-in-law of the attorney's stenographer and we thought the attorney was perfectly justified in defending the accused man. But later on some friends of the attorney were injured in a wreck caused by a drunken driver. Then this same attorney came boldly forth proclaiming that "something ought to be done about these drunken drivers and right now." Another similar case: One Ada business man has made a good proportion of his living during the past several years by financing petty bootleggers and lending money to "sots" to pay fines, etc. Then one night recently his own son came home intoxicated. With all possible haste this business man made his way to the authorities and demanded: "Are you going to allow these bootleggers to go around here openly selling whiskey to youngsters? Why, my boy—" Probably neither of the men mentioned above ever directly disobeyed the particular law involved in their respective cases but by virtue of their lending assistance to known violators of the law, they were each indirectly responsible for "the chickens that came home to roost."

CARL GOLDMAN reports that Woodrow "Tubby" Huddleston, "Biff" Jones' sophomore back-field discovery at O. U., was highly indignant when he was publicized as being from Seminole; Tubby is an Ada boy and attended Horace Mann high school here. . . . We ran into Ross "Hennepin" McNeil, former East Central grid star, down at Davis last week; He is mayor of the town and has a grocery store to boot. . . . Buster Hough, who thinks there ought to be a telephone at the college stadium here so he could get the football results faster, says "I would even be willing to chip in a dollar on it and help out on the work."

Ralph Wasson calls us down because we asked him three times about the "status quo" of a leg injury he received and didn't ask at all when he hurt a finger some time ago. He says he lost no time from work because of the leg but worried for a week lest amputation of the finger become necessary.

IF YOU WONDER what started drinking at football games, you might look over this list of colleges and imagine what a tough time a sober cheer leader would have urging the school grid team on to victory. The following are taken from the weekly list of football scores received at The Ada News office each Saturday via The Associated Press: Upsala, Concordia Teachers, Dana, Stout, Fresno State, Chico State, Spearfish Normal, St. Viator, Morningside, Augustana, Yankton, Valley City Teachers, Wahpeton Science, Ricks College, Rensselaer Polytechnic, Luther, Defiance, Valparaiso University, Elon, Roanoke, Tusculum, Wheaton, Elmhurst, Juniata, Bridgewater, Middlebury, Tufts, Swarthmore, Kiskiminetas Springs School of Saltsburg, St. Olaf, Drexel, Lebanon, Catawba, Otterbein, Hiram, Emory and Henry, and Lebanon. If that's not enough, we might add that Muhlenberg recently conquered Ursinus and that Massanutten Academy defeated Mercersburg Academy. Of course, if you happen to be an alumnus of any of the above we might arrange for you to get the scores on Saturday nights.

Because a man holds a prominent position it does not necessarily follow he is an eloquent speaker.

PLEASANT SCENTS about Ada: The view of the landscape from West 25th street . . . and from the south end of Francis avenue . . . The drilling oil well at Latta as seen from a passenger train at night . . . The turnip patch on the courthouse yard . . . Youngsters gathering walnuts from the tree planted there four years ago by the Pontotoc county Boy Scouts . . . And judging from what has been completed, the new Methodist church will be a magnificent edifice when finished.

CURIOS & Antiques

By FERDIE DEERING

OLD PICTURES have a way of carrying one back into the past. Somer Jones showed us a bunch of photographs taken about the time the Frisco depot was built—John Scales brought them up from Durant and gave them to him. Pull up that easy chair and let's glance through them. Here's one of the depot. It used to be one of the scenic spots of the town—and look at that note: "Ada's \$25,000 concrete Frisco depot." . . . Isn't that Andy Chapman looking the part of a dignified clerk in that shoe store? . . . and this one is a picture of the Coffman Hardware store and the old bunch. That's Bill Coffman right there. Guess he's telling H. B. Roach a big fishing yarn. That's Lewis Rock right behind him and back there by the big base burner is Bob Duncan and Tobe Wardlow. Can't seem to recognize any of those others. . . . Look at this picture of the First National Bank building. Main street wasn't paved then and the only vehicle in sight is a forlorn horse and buggy hitched to the metal-strapped telephone pole. . . . You remember this—it's the old concrete First Baptist church building; now that really was one of the show-places of Ada then. . . . That young man there with the starched collar is J. B. Emory—guess this must be a picture of the Surprise store. Yep, there's Percy Simpson there in the peg-legged breeches straightening up the necktie stock. . . . That's the Oklahoma State Bank you see behind that big mudhole on Townsend avenue. And that's the post-office there on the corner of Twelfth and Townsend; the county courthouse was up-airs—they really had some court sessions back in those days. Notice all those horses and wagons hitched along Twelfth street—not an automobile in sight. That paving there still stands, without a doubt the best ever put down in these parts. That big building up there where the Aldridge hotel now stands was W. C. Rollo's warehouse. . . . This is the old Merchants & Planters Bank that was down there where the Corner Drug is now. . . . Horrors! Is that a slot machine there on the counter of the town's leading cafe? Notice that marble counter and square-designed linoleum. . . . This was taken at a banquet R. W. Simpson gave his employees; let's see now—there's Mr. Simpson and that's Mrs. Simpson at the far end of the table, that lady there is Mrs. Clyde Allen and the next one is Mrs. L. B. Kee, then there's Mr. and Mrs. Joe Biles and Ollie Davidson and Charley Floyd. The

wide-eyed youngster in Mr. Simpson's lap must be R. W. jr. Over there is Durwood Hayes and a Mr. Baker. The nice looking young lady by Mr. Simpson is Mrs. Byrd, who teaches at the high school. . . . This is the home of Adam Beck where Somer Jones now lives. . . . And look at this one, wouldja? A picnic in the park! You remember that old fountain that used to be out in Glenwood? There's H. P. Suggs, Byron Norrell, Ben Epperson and Ed Granger—and six young ladies in immaculate white dresses—all dabbling their hands in the lily pond. W. F. Schulte was also present and C. J. Warren is the man who took the snapshot that the picture was made from. . . . Well, that's all! Isn't it lotsa fun to glance through a bunch of old pictures like this? Come over some time and we'll show you the family album.

There's more ballyhoo than fighting to that East African war. Why, a medium-sized flood in China would take more lives any day—and who can say that an Ethiopian is more important than a Chinaman?

A STRATFORD barber shop advertises: City Barber Shop, Corley Brothers, barbers; Front chair, haircuts 25c, shave 20c; Back chair, haircuts 25c, shave 15c.

Fire Chief Ed Haley isn't worried about his firemen becoming too literary but he is considering installing a slide pole in the new public library over the fire station—just in case.

THE CITY HALL was a fine building when it was put up back in 1909. Workmen uncovered a "skeleton in the closet" last week, however, when they were remodeling the second floor into a library reading room. When they tried to cut a gas pipe electric sparks flew from the saw. Investigation disclosed that the wiring was grounded onto the stove and that wires merely were strung along the beams without benefit of conduit. Thus the home of the Ada fire department was revealed as one of the town's fire hazards. That has all been fixed now, however, and Ada taxpayers can forget it.

Wonder if the Republicans have thought of using the increase in postage from two to three cents as a pry pole in their attempt to dislodge the Democrats next year.

MISS KATE KNIGHT cheers her mathematical ego by telling us she never heard of a system of arithmetical progression we worked out. Our next problem is to figure out some use for the system.

CURIOS & Antiques

By FERDIE DEERING

MUSIC may be the universal language but there are certain types of alleged music now being forced upon the American people that must have been written in the "unknown tongue"—and we don't speak it! Americans are compelled to listen to it because almost every cafe and restaurant provides so-called entertainment for its guests by turning the dial of a radio to bring in the raucous strains of a jazz orchestra or a fiddle-harmonica-and-guitar combination. If the radio is missing (or maybe it isn't) then a nickel-in-the-slot "noise machine" is offered. If you escape hearing some announcer whine "The Georgia Stompers have just finished playing their own special arrangement of Paderewski's 'Minuet'," the mellow tones of your coffee sipping and soup supping will be drowned out by the thump-thump-thump of "The St. Louis Blues" as interpreted by an unemployed boilermaker on a scratched phonograph record. On at least three different occasions we have seen persons put coins into these purported music boxes—and then leave before the playing starts. We can't blame them for leaving but it is hard on those who aren't through eating yet. Personally, we think an avoidance of cafes of this kind would improve American nerve more than an embargo on arms shipments to Ethiopia!

Simile: As easy as getting a candidate for public office next year to make a speech about himself this year.

APROPOS of Armistice Day: Mrs. Harry Deering was speaking to a group of 8 and 9-year-old Sunday school pupils and was telling them about the significance of Armistice Day. She was somewhat surprised for a minute, though, when none of them responded to her question: "How many of you remember it?" Then she recalled that the Armistice was signed several years before they were born!

Money is the most destructive thing in the world. Those who haven't any ruin their health and morals trying to acquire it; those who have plenty ruin their health and morals spending it.

HISTORY books tell us Ethiopia was the only country in Africa that remained neutral during the World War; and from the same source we learn that Britain and Italy agreed between themselves in 1925 that they would support each other to secure certain privileges in the Ethiopian territory. Ethiopia, who had not been consulted, protested to the League of Nations and the matter was dropped; then Italy and Ethiopia, in a joint statement issued at Rome, September 29, 1934, reiterated their mutual attitude of friendship and non-aggression.

Falling hair on coat collars keeps a lot of folks worried but Warren Chilcoat is seeking some means of keeping falling leaves off front porches.

LAWRENCE PEAY, Ada high student, wanted to listen to the World series but couldn't stay out of school to do it. So he solved the problem by rigging up a portable radio set with a receiver that fit inside his hand. He sat in the classroom in a studious pose and listened to the games without even the teachers getting wise—until they got a chance to ask him score.

C. F. Green is of the opinion that the traffic signal lights should be changed to operate on 10-second changes during cold weather for the benefit of pedestrians.

A DOCUMENT of historic interest came to light here last week when a quit-claim deed to some city lots was filed. The instrument was made to J. R. Bevel by F. H. Redwine and his wife, E. R. Redwine, on April 24, 1906. It was recorded on November 4, 1935. The property designated was some lots in Ada, Indian Territory, Central district. The deed was witnessed by M. A. Dilbeck and W. J. Aycock and signed before Ben F. Gillum, notary public. An affidavit stating that the parties making the transaction were not of Indian blood was not filed out, but recalled the fact that in those days no Indians were permitted to transact deeds or other business involving land in Oklahoma.

Signs of Christmas: One Ada youngster has already posted his letter to Santa Claus in care of the Ada News.

BOB BLANKS JR. was able to get downtown for a while the other day and is reported gaining strength rapidly after a nervous collapse that has kept him away from his work for—let's see—it's nine months now. He hopes to be able to return to work in a few weeks.

No small number of reputable American citizens remain so by avoiding a show-down on assets and liabilities.

TRY THIS on your friends: Ask them to define a skewer. It will surprise you how many of them can't.

By **FERDIE DEERING**

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TRYING to tune a radio with one hand usually is about as successful as attempting to manipulate a typewriter with a bandaged finger!

CURIOS & Antiques

By FERDIE DEERING

EAST CENTRAL fans who predicted that Mickey McBride would be able to develop a championship contender out of the material he had in prospect for a football team last September are now getting some satisfaction from the Tigers' record. They have come through a series of hard contests and, with one exception, have come through victorious. It is true that luck probably had something to do with making the breaks for the Tigers that frequently resulted in victories but it also is true that the Tigers were alert and persistent enough to take advantage of the breaks when they came. The East Central team is a championship team. The boys who compose the team are good sports and they got where they are by playing good, clean football. Coach McBride has been ably assisted by Howard Plack, East Central's new physical education director, and Virgil Choate, former Ada high and Stanford university player, and Bob Summerall, former Southeastern Savage player and coach of the championship Dundee high school team. The last two have donated their services and are due a hand of applause for the assistance they have given the Tigers. We don't believe the Central Bronchos can stop the Tigers here Thanksgiving Day in spite of the fact that it is common knowledge that almost anything can happen in the Oklahoma Collegiate conference. With a football championship under their belt, you can look for the Tigers to go on through to a basketball and baseball championship during the coming seasons. And even Peck Goddard admits the Tigers probably will win the football crown which practically makes it a certainty!

There's one thing about it —as long as people drive automobiles that will run 60 miles an hour or faster the newspapers are not going to run out of accident stories.

THE APPEAL of Byrds Mill water, once they get the habit, is irresistible. Joe Hunsaker, former Ada pharmacist, is planning to move back to Ada shortly. He has been down at Sulphur but just got thirsty, we guess. And Ralph Wilson has gone down to Pilot Point, Tex., but we predict he, too, will decide Ada is a pretty good town after all.

ate for public office probably hopes to get his share of the political pie but the appetite, according to those who campaigned in the last election, is not attributable to the pie suppers that are not far in the future.

SINCE THE League of Nations seems to be backed up against the wall in the matter of keeping Italy from making war with Ethiopia, it might devote its peacemaking efforts to the business of keeping score in the battles fought. The report comes one day from the Italians that 3,000 Ethiopians have been slain and the remainder of the army put to flight. In the next reports from the Ethiopian headquarters, it is the latter who are "victorious" and an "un-estimated number" of Italians have been killed. A war like that never will prove popular with the world because they can't tell who is winning!

Martin Clark volunteers the information that it doesn't do any good to toot your own horn. He is convinced that "everybody who is interested in you knows all about you anyway and those who aren't already interested don't care."

IT MAY be due to lack of initiative on the part of some civic groups in failing to erect proper markers at street intersections and then it may be on account of the rapid growth of Ada but Mayor and Mrs. J. D. Willoughby got lost one night recently when they set out to walk over to visit Son Vester and wife.

Comparatively few people, we note from inquiries, realize that most of the oil wells in the Fitts pool are approximately four-fifths of a mile deep, ranging from about 4,000 feet downward. And if you want to get some idea about how much room it takes to hold 4,000 barrels of oil (the average production from a good oil well), just try to figure out the capacity of your own residence!

BEN STEVENS, member of the East Central band, can stand cold weather better than he can brave cold stares. Last week he went to Tahlequah to help boost the Tiger cause. Anticipating chilly breezes, he blanketed his ankles with a pair of spats. When he arrived in the city of the Redmen, however, he couldn't stand the wondering looks of the local residents and when the band paraded he took off the spats in spite of the freezing weather.

It's not the baseball season but in thumbing through some Ada News files recently we noticed this headline in the edition of October 24, 1929: CARL HUBBELL VICTIM OF ADA HITTERS, Paul Waner Leads Slugging which Brings 15 Hits and 7-2 Victory.

CURIOS & Antiques

By FERDIE DEERING

AMONG THE MOMENTS when a man feels highly conspicuous but thoroughly unnecessary is the time when he is in a public place and discovers a hole in the seat of his trousers. Such a catastrophe befell us recently. The frightened deer fleeing at sight of a hunter's gun had nothing on us as we fled the possible sight of any acquaintances we might have met. We discovered the catastrophe while in a busy downtown office building. Between that point and the nearest pants-sewer-upper were only a few persons and a short distance but that distance seemed blocks and apparently everybody we knew was along the sidewalk on the way. Finally the repairs were made and we walked forth, again a free man. And somehow we can't believe that a man really knows the meaning of freedom until he has shaken off the burden of some such tragedy and enjoys the resulting self-confidence.

This is the season of the year when most of us enjoy pulling the easy chair up before the fire and with a good book before us, drop off to sleep.

AMONG THE MANY indefinite clues to the current missing body mystery was the following undated and unsigned inscription on a penny postal card mailed to The Ada News from Sulphur last Wednesday:

"I read in the paper a few months ago, and my sister who lives in Ada was later telling me of the finding of a woman's arm which had been severed from the body near Ada. Do you suppose it could have been the arm of one of the wives of Comer?"

In reply to the writer, we might state that it is true that a human arm was found near Ada about 18 months ago but it was the arm of a man which had been amputated by a physician and buried—but not deeply enough.

What we can't figure out is how Mussolini expects to make "sanctionist" nations mad by having his people refuse to buy what the League of Nations members are refusing to sell them anyway.

AN ARDMORE VISITOR to Ada recently uncovered the fact that Vic Vallery is Ada's champion stay-at-homer. The visitor asked Vic how to get out of town

toward Rom. Vic told him that he came to Ada 24 years ago—in 1911—and hadn't been out of town since and couldn't tell him anything about the roads leading out of the city.

One Ada professional man prefers to take his facial massages in a beauty parlor rather than while seated in a barber chair.

THE MISSING MAN HUNT carried on recently is remindful of the time Mrs. Bob Palmer lost her husband one Friday night. She called in the assistance of the Ada police department, searched all the theaters and finally located him at the First Baptist church attending the Men's Brotherhood meeting.

W. E. "Jack" Moore says he has not missed a single month as an Ada News subscriber since the paper was established some thirty-odd years ago.

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Kenneth Arrington attended revival meeting services at a local church recently and for the first time noticed two-part singing. When he got home he reported to his mother: "That man got behind while he was singing the first verse of that song and when they got through he was still behind."

Hard Luck Story: Jack Finks, local game ranger and the only man around here who gets paid for going hunting, had his best hunting dog stolen from him just as the bird season opened.

WE NEVER did go in very strong for poetry but this bit of verse by an unknown author seems to be appropriate at this season of the year:

"Winter has come,
The ground has friz.
I wonder
Where the flowers is."

Floyd H. "Mickey" McBride, coach of the co-champion East Central Tiger football team, never earned a varsity letter in football. He was an all-state high school end, however, and earned his numerals in his freshman year at O. U.

DETERMINATION DE LUXE: Mrs. Joe Biles has been working on the same crossword puzzle for 10 years. She picked it up in Hot Springs in 1925 and expects to complete it some time or other. It really is a tough one and she is working hard at it. And in case you don't remember, crossword puzzles are now enjoying their 11th year of popularity, which is more than can be said for Mah Jongg, chain letters or black widow spiders.

Miss Kitty Bowen, steno, doesn't chew gum but it isn't because she doesn't like it. It's because she couldn't stand being referred to as a gum-chewing stenographer!

CURIOS & Antiques

By FERDIE DEERING

WILBUR P. LEE, one of Uncle Sam's assistants in the letter-carrying business, told us (between sips of coffee) quite a number of interesting facts about Ada's postoffice the other day. For one thing, 1934 and 1935 are the two biggest years in its history. Receipts for 1934 exceeded the previous peak record of 1929 and apparently 1935 is going to outdo 1934. The Ada postoffice, because of the big new building erected here during the depression, probably was better prepared for the current oil boom than any other P. O. ever was. When the postoffice authorities are awarded a new building, they plan it to take care of normal expansion for 25 years. The Ada postoffice, according to Lee, already has taken up about 10 years of the 25 and at the same rate of growth will have the entire 25 years' expansion covered within the next five. The local office does a whale of a business in stamps and envelopes, marketing about \$60,000 worth each year, but handles a lot more cash in money orders. The average monthly money order receipts are about a quarter of a million dollars. The postal savings department also does a big business, carrying a depositors' balance of around a quarter of a million. There are 32 regular employees and about five part-time workers who handle the postal business of the Ada office. This is the biggest force in the history of the office. The chain letter epidemic of last May did not, as many thought, break all previous mailing records. The postal employees don't worry much about the Christmas rush but accept it pretty much as routine business and only a few extra workers are needed to take care of the additional pieces of mail handled. And, oh yes, for the benefit of post-office holder-uppers, they don't keep much cash on hand here, making a surplus cash draft out of the office daily.

Do you remember back when folks used to get in the family automobile and drive out in the country to look at the scenery?

RUTH COLLINS has some "cotton money." It was given her by her grandmother, a native of DeSoto county, Mississippi. The money wasn't made from cotton (or was it?) but was secured by cotton. The inscription reads: "The State of Mississippi will pay to bearer the sum of one dollar out of proceeds of cotton pledged for redemption of this note at the treasurer's office in Jackson, Miss." The date of issue was May 1, 1862.

Judging from the crowds that already are packing downtown stores in the open-season hunt for Christmas gifts, it might pay some department stores to install a set of traffic signal lights to move their customers about the aisles more conveniently.

IT DIDN'T take the Kiwanians long to figure out a nickname for W. B. Hodgins the other day. They customarily call one another by given names but when Hodgins announced his first name is Winchester, it promptly was shortened to "Windy," although he really isn't that way.

Since The Boss has found some scientific backing for his theory that a man can think better with his feet higher than his head, we are wondering if he is going to fit out the editorial staff with spurs to keep their feet from slipping off the desk tops.

S. C. BOSWELL has a reputation for being an expert at sleeping while riding. It is said that he can snatch a 30-minute nap while sitting perfectly erect in a moving motor car and never slump or wobble.

From the country correspondent column of an exchange: "Silas West took his children to Ada Wednesday where the children will undergo a tonsillectomy." Sort of a family affair, we presume.

L. A. NANCE, who owns all those big busses that run out of Ada in a half dozen different directions, is one man we've never seen driving an automobile.

It doesn't mean anything unusual but on one of the windows of the law offices of C. F. Green is his name and on the other is the word "lawyer," making the sign read "Green Lawyer." In his case it means simply Lawyer Green.

SNAPSHOTS Lloyd Parker proved his ability to blush has not lessened with the years the other day; he went into a store to pay a bill and discovered he had left all his money at home. . . . Dr. B. B. Dawson used to be mayor of Asher when that was one of the thriving cities of this section. . . . Bufford Howard's only regret at the termination of his career as backfield man on Ada High and East Central football teams is that he never did get to make a touchdown. . . . Byars Chapman and Officer Henry Jeter were called down for failing to remove their hats in the district courtroom last week. . . . Clyde Click says he has read Byron Norrell's editorials about a knocker and a booster so long he is afraid to complain even when he has a conscientious reason to do so.

CURIOS & Antiques

By FERDIE DEERING

EXPLANATIONS:

From a divorce petition (Case No. 13910) filed here last week: "For cause of action the plaintiff says that he and the defendant are husband and wife and have been a long time."

B. R. Stubbs explains his absence from the line-up in last week's Faculty-Student basketball game: "I used to get ambitious every fall and take part in such affairs. Then I wouldn't be able to get around for two or three months. Since then I have decided I know better than to try to compete with these younger athletes."

Aubrey Kerr offers a general explanation: "On cold mornings my brain is like sorghum molasses."

Dan Proctor elucidates on the triumph of character over reputation: "I traded my noiseless typewriter off for one of a standard make because it made too much racket."

A beauty parlor ad in an exchange newspaper suggests a reason why some women look that way: "Mrs. S— announces that she will contour any style your hair to fit the newest hat styles."

Robert T. Williamson justifies his complacency: "I have produced at least one application each week during the 17 years I have been in the insurance business."

Hint to wives: You ought to be glad your husband smokes. Just think how much this simplifies the problem of what to give him for Christmas.

CANDIDATES FOR "The Thinkers club": Gene Ingles, assistant manager at Montgomery Ward's, and Jim Brundidge, salesman, figured it all out. Ingles wanted to go to the movies; Brundidge and two or three others wanted to stay in the store and work that night. Ingles went out, Brundidge locked the door on the inside and threw the key over the transom to Ingles so he could get in when he returned. The boys at the store had the laugh on Ingles when he returned because it hadn't occurred to him that the door could have been locked from the outside—and they had thought of it while he was gone.

Judging from the modern custom of grabbing opportunity when and if it presents itself, we wouldn't be at all surprised to see some enterprising M. D. hang out his shingle as an "auto accident specialist" any day now.

WALLACE HOGGATT didn't know the gentleman's name and so he simply told the long distance operator he wanted to talk to "the director of personnel at Oklahoma Baptist university." Then he heard her repeat the call to the Shawnee operator: "Mr. Hoggatt calling Mr. Personnel at Oklahoma Baptist university."

If you're tiring of seeing the quintuplets' pictures in the paper, you may as well forget it. You're getting old and they're just starting life. You probably will be seeing their pictures from now on.

ANDY CHAPMAN has but one answer to the question: "Are you a Democrat?" And he leaves no doubt in his inquirer's mind as he gives his moustache a twirl and announces; "Yes, sir, I'm a Democrat and I always have been!"

A paragrapher remarks that the depression is over and inquires "Have you noticed how much longer the cigar and cigarette butts in the gutter are?" which seems to us one indication that times are not yet so good that paragraphers have stopped looking in the gutters for cigar and cigarette butts.

THE EAST CENTRAL basketball team hasn't won the state championship for the past two seasons but O. U. and Oklahoma A. & M. college still haven't doped them out as set-ups and scheduled games. Coach McBride's Tigers would like to play either team.

HE MAY have been an after-dinner speaker but the chances are he was an "after-bottle" speaker. Anyhow, he furnished entertainment for a number of Ada people for several minutes. Some unidentified but highly polished (you know, all shined up) gentleman leaned out a hotel window and was addressing his unintelligible remarks to a quickly gathered crowd on the sidewalk when the hotel porter pulled him back into the room. We presume he finished his speech by addressing it to the porter privately.

The difference in being "de-liberate" and "dead slow" depends largely on whether it is you or somebody else who is taking time to do a thing.

C. E. AMOS refuses to be beaten. He went down to see the T. C. U.-S. M. U. game a few days ago and then announced that if it were to be played over again, he'd still pick T. C. U. as the winner.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

IS THERE an older one? — A complete reproduction of the first edition of the Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser is brought to light by Frank Shipley, who asserts that it has been in the possession of his grandfather since before the turn of the century. The date of publication was Friday, August 20, 1773. The editor, W. Goddard, recounts in a front page editorial the difficulties he experienced in getting his newspaper started. Among his problems was that of establishing a private post between Baltimore and Philadelphia "for the purpose of bringing down, in due season, the latest papers." News items included "a letter from the Bishop of C. to the Earl of Belmont on his late duel with Lord Townsend"; an obituary of "Mrs. Eleanor Spicer, aged 128 years, who retained her senses and memory to the last and worked at her spinning wheel with great dexterity and never drank any kind of spirituous liquors"; a report of a man being killed by a son playing with a pistol they thought was not loaded; and—"a few weeks ago a large Rattle-Snake was killed on a Gentleman's plantation in the neighborhood of this Town, in the belly of which was found three middle sized Rabbits." An advertiser "has now for sale a pocket of good hops, a 10-inch new cable and wants to buy a negro girl, about 12 years old." Runaway slaves, clockmakers, silversmiths, "tailors from Philadelphia" and warehouses are listed in other advertisements. A notice written at Mount Vernon in Virginia on July 15, 1773, and signed by George Washington announced that 20,000 acres of land had been obtained and that he wished to lease it for development.

Christmas gift story: It is reported that a certain young fellow was in a jewelry store when a shipment of valuable but badly smashed cut glass was received. "What," asked the thrifty young man, "will you take for that?" The proprietor said, "Oh, about two-bits. What do you want with it?" The shopper laid a quarter on the counter and explained: "Why, I'm going to ship it to my girl for a Christmas gift. It's genuine cut glass and can I help it if it gets broken in transit?"

THE MORNING MAIL brings this from a friend: "I'm still making my two-six-bits a day—you know, six-bits in the morning and six-bits in the afternoon."

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Pontotoc county at least is consistent with the remainder of the state. In last Tuesday's special election 63.2 per cent of the votes cast in Pontotoc county favored the appropriation; of the state total, 63.7 per cent favored the petition.

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CHARLEY STOUT and Jack Frost, the White Swan boys, know how to get in right with editors — they bring along an armful of beans when they want some publicity. But the joke was on them when they called on us. For one thing we were out. Fortunately they left the beans anyhow. The Waples-Platter company dedicated a program to East Central S. T. C. and they wanted an announcement of it in The News. They hadn't reckoned with the enterprise of The News nor read their copies of the paper very closely, for the previous edition had carried the exact story they wanted printed.

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Ada policemen are accommodating. Marguerite (Western Union) Caudle forgot about Ada having a traffic light system and raced across. After she was safely across she noted a cop standing on the corner and coyly inquired if he had seen her violate the law. "Sorry, lady. I was looking the other way," the policeman replied.

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FISTICUFFS DE LUXE — A truck driver's wit may have saved him from a beating at the hands of an Ada oil scout last week. The oil scout was bound for Seminole but couldn't get past a big truck which insisted on occupying practically all of the road, as trucks are wont to do. Finally the exasperated A. o. s. pulled his machine over on the highway shoulder, went around the truck and stopped squarely in front of the latter, forcing the truck driver to stop. The A. o. s. got out of his car and in a very angry tone of voice ordered the t. d. to "Get out. I'm going to beat you up, you big road hog, you!" adding other adjectives from an oil scout's vocabulary to further clarify his opinion of a road hog. The t. d., unperturbed, leaned on his steering wheel, slowly took the cigarette from his mouth, blew a puff of smoke into the air and replied: "Why, I had a better offer than that down the road a piece. The last fellow who stopped me said he was going to come up into the cab and beat me up." The A. o. s. decided to postpone the bout.

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MORE THAN 600 real estate transactions have been recorded since February, 1934, involving land in section 25-2-6, the hot spot of the Fitts oil field.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

IT SEEMS that Lady Luck always has her head turned when Centrahoma is asking a smile. The failure of the recent wildcat oil test in that vicinity to become the big producer 'most everybody in this part of the country had hoped is not the first disappointment residents of that community have had. Back in the days when Oklahoma was a mere infant, Centrahoma was known as Owl. The constitutional convention designated Lehigh as the county seat of Coal county. Both Owl and Coalgate residents were anxious that their respective communities should have that honor and each put in an application. An election was held. Because Owl residents didn't consider that name good "campaign thunder" a local election was held and the town's title changed to Centrahoma, a very good choice. Coalgate won the election but that didn't stop Centrahoma.

What we can't figure out is how that New Year's baby gets to be such an old man in just twelve months' time.

COINCIDENCES: A Ponotoc county farmer needed a farmhand. He had a friend living in Arkansas whom he knew to be in need of employment. The farmer came to Ada, telegraphed the friend enough money to come to Ada and promised him a job when he got here. When the farmer returned to his home he found a letter from the Arkansas friend asking for a job and informing him that he was coming up anyway. . . . Dan Proctor, secretary of the Twin Highway junior high school athletic conference, decided a meeting of conference officials ought to be called. He took it upon himself to call a meeting at Seminole at 7:30 o'clock on a certain date and mailed letters to all members carrying that information. The next day he was surprised to receive a similar letter from the president of the conference, who lives at Shawnee, announcing a meeting at the same place at the same time on the same date. Each had called the meeting without the knowledge of the other.

Prosperity Note: Since 1931 the First Baptist church of Ada has reduced the debt on its big building from \$75,000 to \$50,000, paid all current expenses and interest on the remainder of the indebtedness, to say nothing of contributions to missions and other activities.

WILDER THOMPSON had a trick desk with a stow away typewriter compartment on display. We happened along and opened the thing up, disclosing the portable typewriter it contained. "Why, there it is," exclaimed Wilder. "I've been looking for that typewriter all day. I wanted to show it two or three times but couldn't find it."

Statistics on Insanity: Since statehood 279 persons have been committed from this county to state institutions for insanity. Of this number 170, or 61 per cent, were men and 109, or 39 per cent, were women. The average age of insanity for men was 43 years and for women 42 years. Coincidentally, for every case of insanity there has been an adoption recorded.

R. A. "TIGE" HERNDON discloses that the reason he has been wearing a cane lately is not an overburden of pride because of the recent birth of a grandson; he sprained his ankle and is qualifying early for the \$200 a month old age pension being promoted by one Dr. Townsend, et al. He says he hasn't started figuring on how—or whether—to spend it yet.

If the highway safety campaign workers want to get in a really effective lick of work during 1936, they might sponsor a "Keep Off the Highways" week to come right after the "Eat an Apple" or "Thrift" week, which, we think, are the only two weeks of the year not already designated for observance of some worthy cause.

AUSTIN R. DEATON denies that he is a "chronic office-holder," asserting that first-termers just don't come in that classification. . . . James G. Saied, East Central bandsman, would make up dandy as an Oriental snake charmer and judging from the way he handles that clarinet, he probably could do very well at it. . . . Allen Stanfield, deputy U. S. marshal, received more than 1,100 letters of congratulation from parts of the United States on his work in rounding up the desperadoes who broke jail at Muskogee recently. . . . And now somebody tells us that Mrs. J. W. Cadwalder clips and files each week's issue of "Curios and Antiques." . . . We agree with Byron Norrell who wishes that the days would get a lot longer soon, although he doesn't care for the Alaskan type. He and Mrs. Norrell vacationed in the U. S. icebox last summer and they are of the opinion that Alaska overdoes the thing by having days 24 hours long. . . . We didn't realize how good Al Withrow and Joe Cole were as vaudeville entertainers, either, until we happened to be in a train car with them Christmas Eve night.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

THE FOLLOWING is quoted from a humane society publication which recently came to hand: "We are told that a premium is being paid for dehorned calves. By this is meant calves the growth of whose horns has been stopped before the horn has really broken through the skin. This can easily be done with scarcely any pain to the calf. We know this from our own personal experience. * * * and "If the women who indulge in footwear made from snake and lizard skins knew the horrible manner in which these skins are secured * * * they would end the traffic. We dare not describe the process by which snakes and lizards are robbed of their skins. It is too pitiful and distressing to print in a paper read by so many sensitive people * * *." We have concluded animal lovers are about the most industrious persons in the country in seeking justice wherever they feel a wrong has been committed against a dumb animal. Nearly a year ago a mare was found hung by her neck to a persimmon tree with a piece of barbed wire in this county. The unusual method of killing a horse by "lynching" resulted in The Associated Press and newspapers all over the country carrying brief mention of the incident. Letters came to county officials from Oklahoma, Kansas and elsewhere urging prosecution. One Wichita woman complained her whole neighborhood was torn up and that her nephew couldn't sleep at night because of it. A conviction and one year sentence was recently returned by a jury which heard the case. Letters began coming in again. A card from Norfolk, Va., signed "An Animal Lover" expressed regret that the offender couldn't get "the same treatment as that poor horse"; humane societies wrote county officials for "full details for our records" and one in Albany, N. Y., wrote The Ada News by air mail and enclosed stamps for papers carrying reports of the case. Many a crime of worse consequence has been committed in this county but few have attracted as widespread interest.

After hearing some current orchestras playing "our own special arrangement" of some recent "hit," one can't help wondering if they didn't make the arrangement because of inability to play the music the way it was written.

THE PERSONAL wishes of a woman state official resulted in the changing of the location of a stairway and an outside entrance to the new girls' dormitory at the college here after the working drawings had been halfway completed. The changes, necessary in order to enlarge the dining hall capacity from 225 to 300 persons, were made at a cost of about \$5,000 to other parts of the building. The woman's theory was that all 300 of the students staying in the dormitories would come to eat at one time. If the theory proves workable, the professors might arrange to hold some classes there while they have the students all rounded up.

It was nearly press time. The phone rang. An excited feminine voice inquired: "Is this the personnel department?" The editor, supposing the feminine voice had the wrong number, replied: "No, this is The Ada News." Then came the answer: "That's what I want—the personnel department of The Ada News. I have a local item to report for tomorrow's paper."

MACK M. BRALY can and will make a speech at any time on any subject. Monday night he got started on the city garbage disposal system at the Kiwanis club meeting. Fritz Hatcher interrupted to take issue on some point or other. The argument waxed warm. Then interposed Hugh Norris: "I've seen two dogs fighting over garbage lots of times but that's the first time I've ever seen two grown men doing it."

Efficiency Note: A movement is now under way in certain journalistic circles to substitute "Mns." for the abbreviation "Mr. and Mrs." It is estimated that the four-character abbreviation would result in a saving of 312 characters per newspaper page over the 12-character abbreviation providing the phrase was used 39 times per page.

MRS. ELLEN HURLEY was positive that she had seen Jeff Laird some place before when he called at her beauty shop for her ad. After several weeks she remembered. Two years ago Jeff was dragging a chain on a government map-making project out near Allen. Mrs. Hurley recalled that she had passed along the highway in a car and had seen him standing beside the road holding a chain. That's what we call a remarkable combination of personality and memory.

It's no secret, this business of getting along with women. Just brag on her cooking consistently.

IT MAY BE a trifle premature but already we find ourselves with a hankering for a severe case of spring fever.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

BUST THE BUCK: Here is the plan that will save the nation, the world, the universe!—the "Bust the Buck" program. (Note: We are not running for any public office and any candidate who can get himself elected on this platform is welcome to do so.) It is a sure-fire nation-saver if it can be put into effect. It really has qualities that "Share The Wealth," "Two Hundred A Month For Everybody Over Sixty," "E Pluribus Unum," "Advance—We Shall Not Retreat" and a lot of other theories don't even claim—and that's saying a lot. The "Bust the Buck" program advocates the complete annihilation, dissipation and elimination of all monetary systems. If it becomes world-wide in scope, it will make this old sphere a rival for The Promised Land. Just think what it would mean if all money, gold standards, silver standards and stock markets were removed from the United States! There'd be no monthly bills, no taxes to pay, no rich people to hoard the cash, no poor people to demand government relief, no treasury funds for politicians to steal and none of the other evils that necessarily accompany monetary systems. Related evils, too, would disappear; gambling, graft, greed and, well, a lot more things we can't think of right now—all that would be wiped out. "Bust the Buck" is the perfect system. And what, you may ask, are you going to offer as a substitute for money. But don't be foolish; if we could figure out some substitute for money we wouldn't be sitting around thinking up some way of getting rid of the monetary system!

Highway safety officials have decided that warning signs designating curves in Oklahoma are insufficient; many a man already has made that discovery — oftentimes to his regret!

JESS LA SALLE, cafe operator, spends his spare time thinking up new schemes to use in his business but it only took one trial of a recent idea to convince him it wasn't practical. He instructed the waitress to omit the amount from the check of the next customer and substitute the note: "Pay what you think this is worth." The customer ordered a cup of coffee. As he left he deposited the check and a penny beside the cash register. LaSalle abandoned the idea immediately.

Local curbstone politicians are in danger of the necessity of doing much of their politicking standing up this election year. The reason: Curb-ing is being broken away from the sidewalks at numerous places in the business section due to automobiles hanging their bumpers on it and repairs are not YET under way.

ORVILLE SNEAD was recommending a picture show to a friend. "You ought to see that picture called 'The Black Angel,'" he advised. The picture he referred to was "The Dark Angel," which, as far as we know, might be the same thing, but it embarrassed Mr. Snead considerably when he learned his error.

We note that Oklahoma City Boy Scouts are going to take over the job of governing the state for a time on February 8. Governor Marland and his aides are taking a big risk; the people might like the way the Boy Scouts run things.

JOE LEE, manager of the "best little station in Ponto—excuse us—the nation," got quite a shock the other day when he learned that one of his old school mates has been appointed political adviser to Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia. John Hathaway Spencer, Ph.D., was a senior at Grinnell university, Grinnell, Iowa, when Joe was a freshman there back in 1926. They lived at the same house and were very good friends.

Law Enforcement Note: The two-hour parking law really doesn't bother us much since we are a confirmed pedestrian, but it was interesting to note a certain car with a flat tire was parked in a certain place in the restricted zone on East Main street for more than three days recently.

JOE BRYAN used to be head of a college. He was superintendent of Greenwood Male and Female college at Greenwood in Wise county, Texas. When he left the school in 1904 it had more than 100 boarding students but other educational institutions have since surpassed it and the school has "lost its prestige." Wise county, however, was brought into the limelight during the Urschel kidnapping; then, too, there's that old saying, "Ad-er from Decatur, the county seat of Wise."

THE NATIONAL Association of Chewing Gum Manufacturers is carrying an ad in a school teachers' magazine with a picture of a happy boy and girl beneath the heading: "Chewing Gum Makes Winners." Our impression is that the average teacher won't care enough about producing "winners" to allow the pupils to chew gum during class periods.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERGIE DEERING

JUDGE JIM BOLEN is noted for the stentorian quality of his speaking voice. A few days ago he was addressing a gathering of farmers at the courthouse. He became enraptured with the accomplishments and idealisms of the Democratic party and his booming voice echoed and re-echoed through the corridors of Pontotoc county's capital building so that none had difficulty in hearing every word. Miss Hazel Dearman, erstwhile AAA steno, had occasion to leave the room while the judge was speaking. Some distance down the hall she was asked: "You're not walking out on Judge Bolen's speech, are you?" With quick wit the miss replied: "Why, no. I can still hear him."

Sociology Note: Unofficial surveys in Pontotoc and adjoining counties show that no family headed or supported by a present or past 4-H club member was listed on relief rolls even during the worst days of the depression.

RALPH WASSON tells this: He and Richard Swink went out to a social function at Roff but their fellow instructor, Austin Kidwell, declined to attend, complaining of an indisposition and a desire to listen to the radio. When Swink and Wasson returned, they listened at the door to make certain Kidwell was at home. They heard the radio and entered. Neither Kidwell nor the radio was to be seen. They looked around, in the closet, under the bed, etc., but no Austin. Richard looked at Ralph, Ralph looked at Richard. They were nonplussed. The search was renewed and finally they located the absentee. He was in bed comfortably curled around the radio and both were covered with quilts and blankets. Austin was asleep and the radio was going full blast, neither paying much attention to the other.

Whoopseydasey! Deah me! Ada's younger social butterflies are referred to as "sub-debs" nowadays, which might or might not be taken as another indication Ada is becoming a real city.

BUILDING NOTE: City Clerk Albert Chamberlain recently put a new building permits record book into use, the second during 1935, Ada's near-million dollar building year. A complete book was filled during 1935 while the previous book served from March, 1931, through all of 1932, 1933 and 1934 and a portion of 1935.

A man never fully realizes the sacrifices he endured as a bachelor until he is married and the Perfect Mate spends a couple of weeks out of town.

A GRIN and a gripe for the post office: Mr. and Mrs. Bill Crawford received a Christmas card addressed simply "Mr. and Mrs. Bill Crawford" without name of town, street number, or state. . . . We mailed one to a friend in Evansville, Ind., giving complete and correct name, address and city and it was not delivered. In fact, we had to pay 5 cents return postage on it to get it back without knowing what it was. . . . A letter from Addison McKeown, Rock Hill, S. C., to Tom D. McKeown of Ada, Okla., was wrongly addressed by a new steno to Ada, Ala.—and was delivered to a Tom D. McKeown of Valley Head, Ala.

A pedestrian opines that the man next door wouldn't be so proud of the finish on his shiny new car if it reflected the amount of the mortgage due on it.

AUTO TAGS will cost motorists only half as much this year as last. The reason: They get two tags for the same money they paid for one in 1935 and previous years.

There might not be any connection, but we've noticed that the man who begins rubbing his chin when the collection plate starts around in church seldom puts anything in it.

"HIT HIM AGAIN!" screamed one excited feminine voice. "Kill him!" Another one chimed in with "I've got him now!" The hour was 11 o'clock at night and the scene was a residential section of East Ada. A gentleman neighbor was roused from his evening newspaper-siesta by the fire-side and rushed forth to the aid of some luckless friend who seemed to be getting the worst end of the deal at the hands of an irate wife. The situation was quite different, though. A woman and her daughter merely had scored a triumph over a huge rat which had been annoying them by its visits to the garbage pail.

It was cheese omelet night on Broadway; a true story. A man walked into a downtown cafe, scanned the menu and ordered a cheese omelet. While his order was being filled a second man came in and ordered the same thing. Then came a third, a fourth and finally a fifth, each separately repeating the order. A cheese omelet panic was narrowly averted when the next arrivals decided on liver with onions—or something else.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERGIE DEERING

DO YOU THINK you are a law-abiding citizen? Well, just try to digest a few of these things that City of Ada ordinances declare may or may not be done within the corporate limits. All of the following laws have been adopted by city officials since the first recorded ordinance was filed on city statute books in 1902:

"It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to leave, keep or permit any horse, mule or mules, vehicles, wagons, buggy, automobile, except same is provided with a grease pan, * * * for more than 8 minutes at any one place on the streets of the City of Ada where streets have been paved."—Ord. 235.

"Hereafter it shall be unlawful for the owner, keeper or possessor of any chicken, duck, turkey, goose, guinea, or other domestic bird to permit same to run at large * * * and any fowl running at large on the premises of any one, not the owner of such fowl, may have the right to slay the same and deliver it to the owner thereof if known."—Ord. 169.

"It shall be unlawful for any boy or girl under the age of 15 years to be or appear upon any of the public streets * * * after the hour of 9 p. m. and before the hour of 4 a. m. from April 1 to October 1."—Ord. 281.

Lightning rod agents and lung testers, muscle developers or striking machines are subject to an occupational tax of \$1 per day or \$25 a year according to Ordinance 282.

"It shall be unlawful for any person to resort to the stairways or halls of public buildings * * * for the purpose of drinking Tintop, Uno, White-mule or any other like drink."—Ord. 137.

"It shall be unlawful for any person not licensed as an auctioneer to beat any drum, play or cause to be played any musical instrument, blow or sound any trumpet, bugle, horn or any other thing * * * for the purpose of attracting a crowd of people * * * for the purpose of selling any goods or merchandise."—Ord. 85.

"It shall be unlawful for any person or persons who are non-residents of the City of Ada to vend, peddle or give away spectacles and eye-glasses within the limits of the city of Ada."—Ord. 361.

"It shall be unlawful for any person permitting or allowing any dancing in any private residence * * * to allow any person to attend such dance * * * who is drinking or in a state of intoxication."—Ord. 418.

"It shall be unlawful for persons of the opposite sex to be found in and upon any park or park grounds belonging to the City of Ada spooning, flirting, hugging, kissing, caressing or embracing each other."—Ord. 428, emergency clause attached.

"All bread manufactured in the City of Ada * * * and offered for sale or sold in said city shall be made into loaves weighing 16 ounces avoirdupois weight."—Ord. 410.

It is no disgrace to wear patched clothes but somehow we don't feel like going very far to help somebody whose clothing is torn but not patched.

THEY HAD HER NUMBER --- Mrs. Harry Putman was out visiting the other day when a friend called. But through some crossing up of the wires central gave the lady who was calling the wrong number. The wrong number happened to be the residence at which Mrs. Putman was visiting.

Pontotoc county is pretty well known as an agricultural area but as far as we know there never has been a contest to decide who is the best hog-caller in the neighborhood.

A YOUNG ADA WOMAN was concerned about whether the widely publicized theatrical production "Tobacco Road" was to be produced in a nearby city as scheduled. So she called The Ada News office. A bulletin was read to her, ending with, "The play will go on as scheduled and there won't be anything dirty in it." The young lady commented: "Well, if there's nothing dirty in it, why go?"

A stubborn car door is reportedly responsible for the broken toe Frank Finley is nursing. He got mad at the door and kicked it but it didn't help matters any.

MILTON KEATING had three letters returned undelivered on January 19. All three were just alike, addressed to W. P. Stubblefield of the Barnsdall Oil company. One was postmarked October 31, 1935, another November 14, 1935, and the third November 30, 1935. The addressee had forgotten to tell the P. O. where he had moved to.

We can't help wondering if the big world globe sitting on Frank C. Norris's desk is the culmination of an ambition to become a globe-trotter.

A LETTER addressed "financial editor" has been lying around The News editorial department for nearly a week unopened. We're waiting to see what, if any, member of the staff presumes to know enough about money to assume the title and open the letter.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERGIE DEERING

THIS-A AND THAT-A: Ada's churches, of which the city is justly proud, represent an investment of approximately \$33 per capita. . . . Jim Couch's office looks like a bank since he has installed the fancy cage-work to protect Jess Warren from unnecessary interruptions. . . . During the recent snows city officials dug up an old ordinance prohibiting the use of "ice skates or other like instruments" on the sidewalks of Ada—just in case. . . . W. G. Skelly, the big oil man who is now commercially connected with Earl Norman and Martin Clark of Ada, was president of the Ada Oil and Gas company which existed back in 1915. . . . Roy S. McKeown discloses that the old family Bible records his name as Leroy (accent on the last syllable) Sanders McKeown. . . . Modesty has completely deserted the theater, to-wit: A sign in front of a local picto-pictorium a few days ago read "Idol of Every Boy in the World."

There's one nice thing about air castles—you don't have to pay rent or taxes on them.

WE MAY BE a bit behind on the local slang situation but we haven't yet figured out what a local young blade meant when he remarked to a friend as they were passing: "I've been snake-bit all day."

Reports from the wigwam country indicate that the squaws are opposed to the Townsend old age pension plan 100 per cent. They complain that they wouldn't know what to do with 209 more bucks per month.

THE RETURN of New Deal prosperity seems to have overlooked the chauffeur business. An Ada man advertised in The Ada News for a chauffeur and received more than 100 applications.

It was embarrassing but quite a relief. The first man was relieved because his car wasn't stolen and the second was glad the facts were not quite what they seemed. One of the men went into a downtown store, stayed a few minutes and returned to discover that his automobile had disappeared from its parking place. He rushed to the sheriff's office and breathlessly informed officers of his loss. About that time he saw his

car parked on Thirteenth street just across from the courthouse. He was puzzled. The officers suggested that he wait until someone came for the car, which proved to be a matter of only a few minutes. When questioned, the second man learned for the first time that he was not in his own car. He simply had mistaken the machine for his, which was the same make and model. Both men drove off together in search of the second man's car. They were so excited, however, that they forgot to leave their names.

TWO ADA DOCTORS resorted to the practice of accepting chickens, hogs, cattle and farm implements as payment on bills for services when the farmers got low on cash (perhaps they've always done it). Anyhow, one of them took in some livestock and sold part of it. Then a man came to him and said: "What will you take for that cow?" The doctor didn't know just which cow he referred to but supposed it was one he had taken in. The man finally agreed to pay \$5 more than his original offer and the sale was made. A few days later the other doctor telephoned the cow-seller. "Where's my check for my cow you sold the other day?" he demanded. "I didn't know I sold your cow," was the reply. "Well, you did," the cow-owner explained. "John So-and-So came in and bought my cow from you because he mistook you for me." The case was settled by the doctor who sold the cow giving the doctor who owned the cow a check for the amount for which the man bought the cow. (We'd mention the names of the doctors but it would be advertising and it's not ethical for doctors to advertise.)

Americans can't call themselves completely civilized as long as they patronize eating places where the melodious strains of sipping coffee and supping soup are drowned out by a wheezy nickel-in-the-slot phonograph playing scratchy records.

FORDE HARRISON, one-time Ada resident now supervising the inmates of McAlester penitentiary in the publication of the prison paper, interviews an Ada citizen and reports it as follows: "Gus Delaney of Ada, who counts his real millions as Andrew H. Brown counts his imaginary ones, threatens to build a penitentiary in his home town to take care of the students of that locality who are forced to leave their home city for the educational advantages of McAlester, claiming that Pontotoc county has much talent which might be kept at home."

The general theme of the Democrats' plea for re-election, as we get it, is "Why give up the good ole days?"

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

THE boom is over; for the first time in months there are three vacant store buildings on Main street. . . . A. S. Kilpatrick gets a big kick out of telling his version of how we "stuck the knife in the bucket" years ago. . . . Howard Newcomb lost a bet the other day when he tried to sell a perfectly good \$10 bill for \$1; a friend offered to make up the other \$9 if he could do it but after he had failed to convince several persons that it was a good piece of money, Howard gave up. . . . T. A. Wilkinson is reported to have once served as a professional machine gunner down in the Mexican interior when he was young and looking for adventure. . . . Don Evans used to be a bangup good basketball player when he was attending East Central. . . . With the fateful February 29 coming on, it might be apropos to mention that John and Will Edmiston still hold their position as two of the city's most eligible bachelors, having weathered, lo, these many leap years past. . . . Argo Davis adds "I'll guarantee y'u!" when he wants to emphasize a statement—and he usually does.

With the weather changing so rapidly here lately a man can't tell whether he's too hot, too cold or just plain sick.

A NEWS STORY some time ago told of how some Pontotoc county mules may be going to Africa as war mules in the service of Italy and Ethiopia. A few days later an unidentified man walked into A. L. Brandon's mule barn here and wanted to see some mules. "Are these some of those which will be shipped to Ethiopia?" he asked. Brandon explained that a lot of Pontotoc county mules go to principal mule markets and might eventually reach Ethiopia. "Well, I was just wondering how you got them over there from here," replied the gent and walked out.

Remember when people used to wonder where he got the money to buy it when a neighbor drove up in a new car?

WE DON'T KNOW who "Dot" is but she sends in a clipped item about an Illinois woman who says: "My mother's maiden name was Fish and my father's name was Herring. I was born at Fountain Creek in the Sucker state of Illi-

nois and that is why fishing is my hobby." . . . Leroy "Bony" Matthews postcards from Francis the suggestion that this column be made a daily affair; Bony apparently never tried to write a column. . . . Then Bufford Howard and Laverne "Nothing" Smith drop a line from Galveston that they are there combing the beach and being thrown out of the best hotels; the next day Bufford shows up in Ada with the report that Nothing is in Corpus Christi.

People who have them wear more clothes in winter but that probably doesn't prevent high speed dressing on these cold mornings.

A NOTICE on the East Central college bulletin board announces that "room and board for girls" is available at a certain Ada address. Beneath the notice in an obviously feminine hand is written: "Pass it up; it's a poor bet." Sounds like the Voice of Experience!

THIS IS THE STORY of an automobile. Not an expensive, impressive looking piece of machinery, but a vehicle, which like the deacon's wonderful "one-hoss shay," earned distinction by the service it gave. The automobile referred to is the green Ford sedan with the Red Cross pasted on the rear window that has been a familiar sight to residents of this section for the past seven and one-half years. It was the first Model A four-door Ford sedan received in Ada by W. E. Harvey, who was agent here when it was purchased. Orville Sneed, former mayor of Ada, and his late wife, who served as secretary of the Red Cross and United Charities organizations here for many years, bought the car for \$748.90. Since the day of its delivery, it has traveled more than 90,000 miles, 49,427 of which were in Red Cross and other relief work. The car has been in every school district, every voting precinct and on almost every public and private road in Pontotoc county. It was used over icy, muddy and snow-covered roads on all sorts of missions for distressed families. Frequently the car made trips when Mrs. Sneed sought to locate lost sons, missing daughters and other persons whom relatives and friends had lost trace of. The little green car visited practically every institution in the state of Oklahoma to transport patients and inmates and to take penniless mothers to visit sick children in hospitals and the like. Both white and colored families without transportation have used it many times as a funeral carriage. In this service the car wore out a half-dozen sets of tires and burned about 5,200 gallons of gasoline. Its record of service probably equals that of any other vehicle in Oklahoma history in the amount of suffering relieved, crippled children benefited and other humanitarian ministrations performed by the drivers.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

THE city is flooded with tax tokens and stories about tax tokens. At least all of us have a few coins to rattle nowadays even if they do make a sort of flat-toned jingle. Bill Jeffress, A. & P. grocery clerk, attempted to explain the new tax system to a customer. The latter refused to accept his tax checks in change and declared: "Yeah, that's just another new idea these chain stores are puttin' out." Another local woman is quoted: "I'll sure be glad when we get this soldiers' bonus paid off so we can quit fooling with these little old mills." Incidentally, the 175,000 already sold here by Mrs. Elizabeth Johnston amounts to more than 100 tokens for every man, woman and child in Ada. The best we can figure out is that they are a kind of epidemic, like chain letters, miniature golf and black widow spiders. Anyhow, they will offer a new opportunity for the profit-shaving merchants; we may as well expect to see price tags reading, "Special Sale, 97 cents and 8 mills; was 98 cents."

This is the season of the year when public office holders and office seekers begin vieing for the most prominent pews at church.

BYRON NORRELL, one of the typewriter pounders on The News staff, has been keeping this story of his athletic career a secret for lo, these 30 years he has been a resident of Ada. It comes direct from Italy, Tex., where the scene is laid. One day Mr. Norrell, who was a schoolmaster back in those days that were, undertook to administer a lesson to an obstreperous lad. As Mr. Norrell approached with the switch in his hand, the lad decided he wished no instruction in its use and fled. Professor Norrell started in pursuit, more or less abandoning his dignity to go its way for the moment. The lad led the way across the school grounds, then paused to look back. He observed the determined expression on the face of his pursuer and decided the best thing for him was to keep on being pursued. The streets of Italy were not quite as crowded with traffic as are the streets of Ada and the youth momentarily turned it into a speedway. He was only about three steps ahead of the irate professor as the race speeded up. Onlookers, bystanders and spectators on both sides of the street chuckled. Eventually

the fleeing youth reached home. When he got inside his own picket fence, the schoolmaster decided it was time to call a halt and dejectedly made his way back to the schoolhouse with the boy still unwhipped. An Italy resident who recently visited Ada declares that the citizens still recall that race as one of the highlights in its sporting history.

Percy Armstrong, who claims the distinction of being the only man in Pontotoc county who "fit" in both the Spanish-American and World wars, received a letter from the WPA signed: "George A. Van Noy, district director; by Harold Flood, assistant district engineer; by Max K. Sartain, requisitioning officer; MS/bo."

J. B. (LAWYER) GRIGSBY reveals the difficulties of a pastoral life on a cold morning. Early one recent getting-up-time he went out to milk his cow. Just as he started a stream of milk toward the bucket, a gust of wind blew the barn door open and the stream froze solid. Then he had to run all over the neighborhood to borrow a handsaw to cut the cow loose from the bucket.

We are as glad as anybody to see the Frisco put on day train service to Ada but the cold wave put something of a chill on our desires to travel northward. We'll wait a while and maybe catch a southbound train, which also is in prospect.

AFTER THE EULOGY of Orville Sneed's late and notable vehicle which appeared in this column last week, Bill Laves makes a suggestion. He has an auto which also is approaching the age of antiquity and thinks it would be a lot of fun if the owners of ancient automobubbles got together and talked things over. Bill even hinted that he might be willing to serve refreshments—er sumpthin'—to those who could produce valid evidence that their cars are 10 years of age or older, which would qualify almost every owner of a smooth-mouthed model T. Any applications for invitations addressed in care of this department will be (after proper perusal) promptly turned over to Mr. Laves, since it was his idea, especially about the party.

Jeff Laird, who quit newspapering to teach school, attended the state meeting at Oklahoma City and says he's almost tempted to teach next year so he can go again and raise Cain in the departmental meetings.

WE ARE NOW looking for a new stunt to accomplish since we have twice succeeded (in the presence of witnesses) in standing one domino on end and then balancing 55 more (the remainder of two ordinary sets) on top of it. It's a good trick; try it.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

MEMORIES: Watching the Ku Klux Klan from the old Ada golf links as the white-hooded members performed their mystic ceremonies under a weirdly lighted group of symbols on an adjoining hillside. . . . Being drilled by high school students to march in squad formation while a second grader during the World War. . . . Driving a sleepy gray horse hitched to a two-wheeled yellow meat cart back in the days when Main and Twelfth were the only paved streets in town. . . . Wondering what the traveling salesmen who sat with their feet propped on the porch bannisters of the old Commercial hotel (which stood where the American building now is) were talking about that was so funny. . . . The screamingly hilarious two-reel "Century" comedies—featuring negroes and lions mostly—that Foster McSwain used to show at the old Liberty theater on Saturdays.

The life of a newspaperman would be a lot easier if there were not so many people who can read but not right.

BACK IN 1908 the City of Ada was getting its water supply from the lake in what is now Winter-smith park. One day the dam broke and the city faced a water shortage. The board of commissioners met in emergency session and decided that something must be done and forthwith did something. They appropriated \$75 from public funds to purchase a site for a pumping station on Sandy creek to be prepared in such cases. As far as is known the following described property purchased on July 20, 1908, still belongs to the city—you find it: "Beginning 234 feet south and 869 feet west from the 1st stone on the east line of section 31, T 4N, R 6E, thence south 83 west 78 feet, east bank of Sandy; 92 feet south bank of Sandy, 236 feet to a stake on gravel bed of Sandy creek. Thence south 24 degrees east, 90 feet east bank of Sandy, 380 feet to a stake on brow of hill, from which a hickory tree bears north 51½ degrees east, 6 feet; thence north 83 degrees, east 236 feet to a cross on a large flat rock from which a post oak bears north 66½ degrees, east 6½ feet; thence north 24 degrees 380 feet to the place of beginning containing two acres more or less." The record of purchase is still on city books; a record of dis-

posal, if such exists, is unknown.

We know a lot of people who seem to be getting along fairly well even though they have never had a radio singer dedicate a song to them.

PERSONALITIES: C. H. Russell can assume a most determined expression while trimming the J. C. Penney windows. . . . Otie Davidson has some very definite ideas about what caused his rheumatism. . . . Bill Dodson has the drawliest drawl in town. . . . Norman Criswell is one insurance man who went into the business by choice; . . . Robert T. Williamson is another—and he has a record of having produced some business every week for 17 years. . . . Jess Cowan, linotype operator who compresses the literary gems of the East Central Journal staff into cold, hard type, inquires: "What is a 'blue-eyed Dryad,' anyhow? They use that in the Journal every week and I'm getting curious."

Farm-to-market roads are a fine thing. The only trouble is that so many farms have nothing to bring to market.

THE OKLAHOMA PANHANDLE residents probably would be in a bad way if they didn't have the weather for a topic of publicity. If it's cold, the state's minimum temperatures are reported by the panhandle; if it's hot, the panhandle turns in the highest mark; if it's a dust storm, the clouds are thickest and the visibility is least in the panhandle. Just offhand, we can't think whether there's anything else that section is noted for.

On early Oklahoma maps Grand river was called "Six Bulls." It is not known whether that title may have some connection with the current talk about a gigantic power plant project.

A FINANCIALLY MINDED friend remarks that it wouldn't be nearly so hard to follow the "pay-as-you-go" policy if we didn't go so darn fast.

We don't know what this cold weather does to knee-action on an automobile, but if our own knee-action is an example, no wonder there are so many wrecks.

M. Z. THOMPSON earned his buttons as a fire fighter last week—when he called the fire department. Those recently acquired brown spots on his face, we are informed, are not freckles but burns caused by an explosion in the home economics department kitchen at the college. A student was frying something when the grease in the skillet caught fire. Thompson rushed to his physics classroom, grabbed a chemical and dashed it on the fire. The explosion resulted. He finally extinguished the fire by calling the Ada fire department.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

THE FOLLOWING LETTER I was received here nearly a year ago. It was written in careful script and the appearance of the stationery indicated the writer is a person of some means. A copy of it has been in our files since that time and it is reproduced here simply as a matter of interest. It will be noted that the date set for the coming of Christ has just expired. To conserve space non-essentials have been deleted:

Johnstown, Pa.
March 12, 1935.

Ada City Council,
Ada, Oklahoma.

Gentlemen: In compliance with the will of Almighty God, I am bringing you this timely and very unusual message. I have had direct communications from God, and I must inform the various nations, rulers and people of the earth, that the kingdom of heaven is now at hand.

We are now confronting the greatest catastrophe in the history of the world, which will be a world-wide famine, produced by three years of drouth. * * * The climax will be reached in 1936 when millions of persons over the entire earth will be starving to death. This famine will bring great revolutions and anarchistic uprisings. * * *

When you see this prophecy come to pass, you shall know that my understanding is complete and that Jesus Christ will appear on the earth in February, 1936, at which time he will establish his kingdom in the city of Jerusalem, from where he will rule all nations of the earth.

I have been sending this message throughout the world since September, 1932, and I have notified all nations of the earth, in accordance with Revelations 10:11, Ezekiel, chapters 3 and 33, and Matthew 24:14. * * * There is another messenger on the other side of the ocean who will also notify many of the nations and proceed to Jerusalem in due time to proclaim the coming of the Lord. * * *

I have sent six messages to our president, begging for a hearing, * * * but he refuses to hear me. Therefore, I have sent messages to all our governors and I am now sending it to all our cities and towns having a population of more than ten thousand. * * * I remain,

Yours truly,

FRED HEILMAN,
(A Messenger of Christ.)

Too many persons go to the bad trying to prove they are good fellows.

CURIOS—We wonder if Paul Alderson really is as thoughtful as he looks while standing near the front window of his office. . . . Are the reports true that W. T. Melton is so proud of his Kiwanis president's button that he wears it on his pajamas at night. . . . Did a certain public official get rather red around the gills recently when he was publicly lauded by his pastor for performing certain duties that, as it had turned out, had not all been done?

In Russia a man has been sentenced to death by shooting for driving a car while intoxicated. In the United States, where the people are more civilized, he simply would have been turned loose on the highways in the hope that he might kill himself.

WENDELL THOMAS and Heinie Heard are afraid to walk down a dark street now lest they be mobbed by fellow gas office workers. The reason is that Wendell and Heinie have started a monthly publication (circulation limited to gas company employees) which tells that which shouldn't be told concerning their fellow employees.

We calculate that we have saved something more than 20 hours since January 1 by being late to meetings that didn't start on time anyhow.

GLEN "PEANUT" PENDERGRAFT mistook courtesy for fear when he remarked that we were "afraid" to mention him in connection with a recent discourse on nickel-in-the-slot music boxes.

Even Major Bowes is not quite as boresome as his imitators.

REXFORD G. TUGWELL, one of Roosevelt's thinkers up in Washington, announces that "debt adjustment" will be used as a basis of experimentation in controlling dust storms. Perhaps he figures that those clouds of dust are being kicked up by creditors pursuing debtors.

There are a lot of "cowboy" songs enjoying the spotlight just now and we like some of them. However, during our lifetime we have known quite a few cowboys—not the kind that wear woolly chaps and shoot up the town but the ones who go out to work for a living—and the only one of them who was addicted to vocal music didn't know the G-string of a guitar from the bridge and the only songs he knew were religious hymns.

ROSS "DOC" REYNOLDS of Ada, who used to be a big league pitcher himself, once beat Walter "Big Train" Johnson, who tossed a dollar across the Rappahannock river a week ago.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

ROYALTIES from producing Pontotoc county oil wells very likely contribute to the support of some of England's royalty. There is no source available which can determine just how far and wide royalties on oil and gas production in this county is distributed but information on record indicates a far-reaching ownership. No public record is kept of the addresses of royalty owners after the purchases have been divided into small lots by the royalty dealers but real estate transactions include such names as Sir Philip Dawson, Sir Digby Legard, W. Bulkeley-Evans and Eric V. E. White of London, Eng., (possibly they are members of parliament). Other addresses include Philadelphia, Pa., Hollywood, Calif., Cranford, N. J., Los Angeles, Calif., and numerous other cities in scattered sections of the United States. Incidentally, some of the mineral deeds filed here show the owners possessing such fractional interests in the property as 4-2500, 9-5000, 1-1067.5 and the like. Maybe that's why local royalty dealers assert that the home folks make more on their royalties than the ultimate purchasers.

The government uses lots of zeros in reporting its spending but after looking over the resultant tax bill, one hardly can say "they don't mean anything."

CURIOS: Rev. J. C. Curry invited Clarence Massey to fill the pulpit for him some Sunday night but the matter was postponed until warmer weather when the meeting can be held out-of-doors in case the Methodist church auditorium should prove inadequate to accommodate the crowds. . . . Virgil Stanfield says he has seen few, if any, gypsies that he didn't suspect of being guilty of some law violation but he never saw one convicted of a felony and never knew of one being in a penitentiary. . . . Ed Nelson is as "lost" as anybody can be since his pal Dad Fentem has retired to the hills of Arkansas for a needed and well-deserved rest. . . . John Crawford says "legal advice given on credit is not to be relied upon." . . . John Skinner thinks there aren't many persons in Ada his age who haven't attended a Methodist Epworth league sponsored by Mrs. J. M. Keltner at some time or other during their lives.

Too many motorists think that the use of politeness and courtesy is limited to filling station attendants.

NEWS FROM THE NORTH: Allen Hensley writes: "This is the coldest winter Evansville, (Ind.) has had in about 20 years, they say. Anyhow the river was all jammed up and the people sort of morbidly expected the ice to take off a goodly portion of Evansville at the bend of the river when the flow began. Yesterday the ice broke loose. Thousands of people were down to see. The ice floated peacefully down the river — It would have been a swell crossing for Liza!" . . . From Claud Bobbitt in New York state to Carl Stanfield: "This is the last winter I'll ever spend in this cold country." . . . And from Battle Creek, Mich., comes the information that Mr. and Mrs. W. V. O'Connell are the parents of a second son.

A man doesn't have to be very old to wish he knew as much as he did when he finished high school.

"I GUESS there's a lot of jealousy down there about the number of marriages I gets," explained D. W. Hightower, high potentate of Ada lodge of God's Obedient Replenished, negro organization, as he sought duplicates of two marriage licenses at the court clerk's office. Ralph McMillan, deputy clerk, obliged the elderly minister, who asserted that someone had broken into his house and stolen two marriage licenses which had not yet been returned to the couples married.

The cartoons being sent out by the state highway commission in the interest of motoring safety look to us about the way we imagine a road looks to a drunken driver—rather wobbly.

THE FAVORITE kite flying place for Ada youngsters this spring seems to be the Fourteenth street viaduct over the O. C. A. & A. railroad, which, to our notion, is the city's windiest spot. It isn't even necessary for the boys to run with the kites; they just toss them into the air and the draft which sweeps down the cut is sufficient to keep them there.

It is said that women are particularly susceptible to remarks such as "You look ten years older," but if you want to deflate a man's ego, just remark "Yeah, I heard that quite awhile back" after he has told you a story.

A LOCAL INDIAN youth pleaded guilty in district court to the theft of a couple or three bantam chickens. The court sentenced him to serve two years for the crime. "Whew, I wonder how long he'd give me if I'd stole a turkey," he remarked as he returned to the jail.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

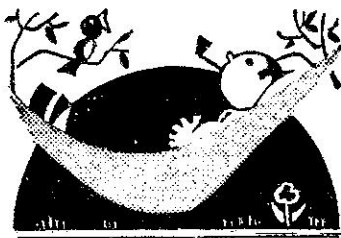
BY FERDIE DEERING

SIDELIGHTS AND OPINIONS:—

Vester Willoughby says following bird dogs on field trial courses is a good deal like horse racing—you shouldn't take it up unless you've got lots of time and plenty of money because once it gets into your blood you can never shake it off. . . . R. O. Lawrence has a pair of hanging scales, predecessors to the modern computing (or disputing scales), that he used to weigh meat on when he was a retail merchant in Luxo, Ark., more than 35 years ago. . . . Some who attended the terracing demonstration barbecue at Konawa a few days ago envy W. D. Little and J. B. Hill for their ability to get to the table first. . . . Herman Floyd was worried—he wanted to see the Ada high-Classen basketball game Friday night but was afraid to go because the three or four times he has seen the Cougars play during the past season were the only times the local quintet failed to turn in a good sized score. . . . Judge Jim Bolen won a quilt at the V. I. A. round-up by doing a little fancy cake walking and is now reported planning to wear the quilt to the next Indian stomp-dance in the neighborhood. . . . Walter Dickerson was badly disappointed when his favorite pastry-maker refused to accept a mill for a doughnut, even though Walter explained that each had a hole in it. . . . Eph Reed backed his new car into an old auto frame, marred the finish and then philosophized: "Well, we can't hope to keep them smooth and pretty forever."

—:—
If nobody was a better fisherman than we, there would be no necessity for state and federal commissions to re-stock streams.

—:—
IT IS MORE, or less of a tradition among columnists to deliver an annual dissertation on spring. The following one-inch space contains our spring poem:



—:—
GEORGE BURRIS, East Central Journal Staffer, reports the following item with utmost sin-

cerity, having interviewed separately the three principals, each of whom thoroughly convinced him that the incident happened: "Ray Thomason, Hugh Warren and Robert Jackson, composing the East Central delegation to the Southwest International Relations club conference at Denton, Texas, went into a restaurant in Gainesville. Hardly had they been seated when in strode a lanky Texan with a 10-gallon hat, cowboy boots and all the trimmings. He ordered a steak, which, when served, was not well done. He speared it with his knife and found it not at all to his taste. With characteristic language he flung it toward the ceiling, punctured it with a couple of shots from a six-gun and then remarked laconically to the waitress 'It's dead now—go cook it.'"

—:—
Rev. O. B. Lee classifies it. He borrowed W. O. Smith's 6 7-8 gallon Texas Centennial hat and boasted that he was one of few Oklahomans with the "mental courage necessary to wear it." (The truth is, we understand, that the peculiar size and shape of the hat has a lot to do with it.)

—:—
A PROPOSED ORDINANCE to end oratory on Ada's Main street created comparatively little excitement locally but residents of other cities seem to think such a law very odd. One former Ada woman wrote in from Alabama to inquire if that was a sign the "gun-totin' age" in Ada was passing out. Mayor Willoughby received a letter from an old friend at Weatherford, Texas, who hadn't heard from him in more than 40 years until he read of him in connection with the law. Oklahoma paragraphers have been having lots of fun with the ordinance "to shut off the hot air." The only remark we care to make, however, is that although it will not become effective until after the city campaign, we haven't heard any speeches.

—:—
The season is here when congressmen are more concerned about keeping their "rep." before their names than they are about the "rep" they may acquire in doing so.

—:—
FROM HOLDENVILLE—Dave Clawson, former East Centralite, relates that at 1:35 a. m. Sunday morning a week ago, a bullet from a .32 caliber gun, point of origin unknown, crashed through a window in the home of Cal Newport, Holdenville resident. The bullet then passed through a blanket protecting Newport's canary from wintry chills. Thereupon, it sheared off neatly and smoothly all the tail feathers from the said canary, leaving it otherwise unharmed. But now Newport, his family and his neighbors are worried. The bird hasn't chirped a warble or warbled a chirp since. The Holdenvillagers can't determine whether it was the fright or embarrassment that stopped the musical notes.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

CHARLES T. BATES has plenty of reason to be at outs with the cigarette habit. It cost him a finger some years ago—and he was not the one who had the habit. A man Bates described as a cigarette fiend was helping him install a pump in a well adjacent to a back porch. The man held the pump in position with a lever while Bates screwed the head of the pump into place. The craving for a cigarette gripped the man. He turned loose his "prize pole" to roll one and the pump head dropped, catching Bates' finger between it and a two-by-four. Right then and there he lost the finger and all patience with cigarette smokers. Even today he won't give a man a match with which to light one.

It's all right to ask an undertaker who died; inquire of a doctor who had an arm amputated or appendix removed; find out from a policeman which bank was robbed and how much loot the bandits made off with; but if you want to get a first class cold shoulder, just ask a fireman "What burned?"

FOR COMMERCIAL reasons we do not care to disclose the name of the firm which received the following letter; for obvious reasons we also omit the name of the author—who asserts it got desired results. It is not copyrighted but if copied right, it might do the same for other tortured radio fans:

Gentlemen:

I have a blankety-blank radio which I bought at your store two years ago this spring. From the first it has been one pain after another, no doubt from causes out of your control and beyond my simple understanding. First it started going off every time I was about to get interested in some program. The slightest tap on the floor would cause it to shut off completely. The repair man said he knew the cause and proceeded to fill it with new tubes at my expense. It performed no better so I took it back again. He put some other part in it, leaving out the usual number of screws radio repair men consider unnecessary to the well-being of a radio.

All would have been well had it sounded like a radio again. But the same old trouble with its heart kept on. Its latest malady is a hoarseness of the voice, a gurgle-like rattle in its throat that mars the voices of speakers

and makes a bass horn sound like a combination bass drum and piccolo. At the early age of two months it lost the sight of one "eye." The other dial light remained with us until a short time ago when it, too, "pooped" out. The contraption has run the gamut of radio ailments and I, the distracted owner, have suffered accordingly.

My faith in the local repair man is completely gone, and my faith in my ailing radio is waning. So I should like to send it in to your shop for a looking over. I will gladly pay the freight both ways and am tempted to pay it only one way, thereby relinquishing all claims to ownership and settling down to a life of serenity and contentment.

You will no doubt be alarmed to discover that none of the inside parts are original. Almost every radio repair man in southeastern Oklahoma has added or subtracted some part of the sum total of its inner mechanism until no semblance of its former self remains, except the cabinet, which bears the scars of many weekly trips to the repair shop.

Understand, sirs, I am not knocking your company, nor your radio. This letter is not even a complaint. It is simply a plea for some highly technical repair work which I am willing to pay for. I only want this noise-making demon tamed and taught to produce sweet sounds rather than grating noises and nerve wrecking silences. It is boxed, labelled and waiting. Please advise me what to do.

Yours truly, B. G.

WILBUR P. LEE expressed the idea; we carried it out. Says W. P. L. "If this keeps up (meaning the fine spring weather), I'm going to have to take off and go fishing. I'll not take any lines or anything but just go fishing." Well, we did just that and our right shoulder still is a bit sore from helping Dr. J. G. Breco navigate his schooner from the far (and when we say far, we mean far) side of his private lake 10 miles southeast of Ada. A strong north wind didn't make the rowing any easier, but, then, it was an exceedingly pleasant afternoon. Dr. Breco has built himself a sportsman's paradise on his 240-acre farm. Besides 22 acres of lake, he has 10 brooder ponds where he raises the bass, crappie, brim and edible goldfish with which he stocks it. When he goes fishing they catch 'em by the peck. There is a fine artesian well that flows several hundred barrels of water daily, and it is arranged so that it may be used to irrigate garden, alfalfa, etc., if needed from the lake. There are 150 pecan trees and a young walnut thicket, including English walnut trees. He even has four young pine trees. And in season, it would be lots of fun to sit in his comfortably arranged duck blinds and shoot ducks. Outside of that, a man couldn't have much fun down there!

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERGIE DEERING

THE ANNUAL FAD SEASON has arrived. Last spring it was chain letters and black widow spiders. The year before that it was—now let's see; what was it? Well, anyhow, it seems that every spring, along with fishing poles, house cleaning and sassafras tea, somebody brings forth some queer idea that spreads through the country almost as fast as a new car can get a crumpled fender. This season's fad appears to be "futurism." Of course, that's not exactly a new idea but the application is new and tangible—or is it? Gloom-casting seers have foretold future disaster and prosperity with accuracy and otherwise down through countless ages. The installment plan of buying applied futurism to salary checks. The alphabetical system of government substituted futurism for calendarism in regard to payment of relief debts. Now students are applying futurism to everything from undeclared wars to not-yet-elected congresses. The movement, we think, started as a sort of "razzberries" for wars of all kinds and the results of wars. While we don't always herd with the pacifists, it seems to us that everything that ridicules war and makes it appear useless and silly has its points. The idea one local college youth had in organizing a bonus drive on the ground he wasn't old enough to be caught in the World war draft is beside the point. The Veterans of Future Wars will go the way of all fads—and that very likely without any bonus—and those who take it too seriously will be left pretty much in the position of the persons whose names appeared last on a \$5 chain letter.

About the time income tax reports were due, the family group was discussing the matter. Of course, we had to air our opinion that all taxes except income taxes should be done away with. (Why can't we ever learn to keep our mouth shut?) Of course, we didn't have to file an income tax report this time. The wife noted this and said: "Well, if all taxes were income taxes, you wouldn't have to worry about them at all, would you?" Frankly, we wouldn't but we'd like to.

LOUIS GLUCKMAN, younger member of the local department store family, who is now employed in New York, dismayed members of his family when he wrote for a picture of the dog but didn't ask

for a photo of Pop, Mom or Brother Bill.

Surgery as it is accomplished in Ada. A hardy Indian youth from the more primitive sections of Pontotoc county underwent an appendectomy (We don't know the Indian word for appendix operation) at 4 o'clock one afternoon. At 6 o'clock he got a drink of water from the hospital cooler and three days later left for home and has not been heard from since.

JOHN WATSON holds some tickets which may or may not be receipts for a car that is to be given away; his faith in them was exemplified when he went ahead and bought a car several days ago.

The "Local News" column of the Monitor-Herald, by admission the "only newspaper published in Calhoun county, Miss.," sums up a situation: "The sick of the town all seem to be much improved this week."

THE CALLIXYLON was being inspected before its recent unveiling and dedication at the college here. An unknown man was heard to comment: "It certainly does look natural. You can even see the axe marks on it." The age of the Callixylon is variously estimated at from 50,000,000 to 250,000,000 years.

John W. Gallimore came from Arkansas and later from Holdenville but now he insists that Oklahoma is the best state in the union and that Ada is not excelled per square foot by any town anywhere.

THE LOST IS FOUND: On May 23, 1903, Byron Norrell was a student at the University of Nashville (later Peabody college for Teachers). That date is important because it was recorded on a gold medal he won for his debating ability. Ten years ago he lost the medal, presumably at Hoot Owl ranch, his suburban estate. It was returned to him a few days ago, not from Hoot Owl ranch, but from the front yard of R. A. Herndon Jr., here in Ada. About two years ago Herndon had hauled some surplus dirt from Norrell's yard to his own. The medal was in the dirt and Herndon's youngster found it.

Two events we can hardly wait to miss: The Spring Spinach Festival at Crystal City, Texas, and the Texas Onion Fiesta to be held at Raymonville, Texas, on April 17.

OUR OWN DUST STORM (a la Oklahoma panhandle press correspondent): A swirling cloud of silt borne by a howling gale sifted down on Ada today endangering boll weevils, reducing visibility to less than five miles and making highway traffic hazardous at speeds greater than 60 miles an hour. Residents are hoping for rain.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

POETRY MADE PROFITABLE:

Certain elements of the human race (which may or may not include ourselves) regard poetry as the just task of some person who had nothing else to do; in short, to look down upon it as non-profitable and therefore a waste of time. But three East Central college youths have proved that in a short while poetry may be made the road to both fame and fortune, to-wit:

Paul Hughes, Derwood Clay and R. E. Carlton formed a syndicate, corporation or some other kind of organization for the purpose of manufacturing poetry. Eventually their first product was ready for market, a selected group of literary rays of light handsomely bound in paper and in a convenient pocket size that even harried office workers might pause for refreshment. The book was placed on sale. It took hold at once and a few days ago the three stock-holders met and declared dividends of 25 cents each, over and above expenses. That's the fortune part.

The fame part was noted when Bill Little, Horace Mann sophomore, was confronted with an English examination. He had been devoting a lot more time to socialized medicine (debate subject) than he had to contemporary poets but that didn't prevent his teacher from asking him to name three. The only three he could think of were "Hughes, Carlton and Clay." He wrote their names. His paper was graded "A."

And there you have literary ability, fame and fortune all right here in our own city!

Civic club singing never has been noted for its musical superiority but as far as we know, last Tuesday was the first time it ever got some needed attention. It was at the meeting of the Ada Lions club. Major (Pratt Jewelry) Bowes led the club in some singing. After a limping, hisping verse of "America," Dr. Sam A. McKeel was called upon for the invocation. In his prayer, he said: "—And Lord pity us for this terrible singing."

CASPER DUFFER drops in with a story about a dirt-eating negro

formerly employed at a filling station in Ada. Duffer says he has seen the negro take a piece of rear spring from a car (such as used for a tire tool) and go to a certain spot, "clean off" the ground, dig down about a foot and bring up a spadeful of good "clean" dirt. The negro would sample the dirt until he found some to his liking and then eat heartily. Casper's curiosity led him to some study of negro history and he reports the practice was not unusual among the slaves of the Old South.

We haven't enlisted in the Veterans of Future Wars yet but we have a hunch the position they will assign us to would be that of Unknown Soldier.

IF IT WERE checkers or dominoes or croquet, we probably wouldn't have noticed it but it was rather interesting to note the patriarchs of Stratford playing marbles around Kelton's store. Some of the old gentlemen are rather expert at it, too. They use big white "chalkies" rather than the agate, soapies, pots and glassies that used to provide ample inspiration to wear out the knees of our youthful trousers and stockings. Well, youth must have its day no matter what time of life it comes.

It won't be long until the advocates of last year's "kill the pigs" program will be wishing they'd saved more of them for this year's pork barrel.

OSCAR CANTWELL is a very busy man but we are doubtful if he is capable of doing all The East Central Journal implied recently. In announcing a program, The Journal reported "Group Singing By Oscar Cantwell." This is not to be taken to infer that Oscar has either a multiple personality or is leading a double life.

The weather around here seems to be ideal for the city election to be held Tuesday —lots of wind and no rain.

BUD JONES of local VIA fame reports the following item: A 16-year old member of the VIA youth movement reported to the organization's headquarters for information. He asked about the old age pension. Then he wanted to know if it was the intention of the governor to have the money raised from the sale of liquor used to pay old age pensions. When told that such a plan had been given serious consideration, the youth looked worried and inquired: "Well, would one have to be a drunkard to get a pension out of the liquor fund?"

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

WE HOUGHT MILLS had just about gone out of style but a "panhandler" reminded us that they still are demanded as sales tax by some places of business. The fellow was about 50, apparently well-fed and ruddy cheeked. His clothing was just ordinary.

"Hey, friend," he called in his best panhandling tone as we breezed past the First National. He threw in a cheery smile for good measure. We paused, heaved a deep breath and prepared for the customary turn-down.

"Have you got a couple of mills in your pocket that you'd give a broke man?" he asked.

The deep breath left us. They usually ask for "a dime to get a cuppa cawfee."

"Ya see," he went on, "I'm out on the road and I've got a little buying to do and need two mills to pay the sales tax."

"We had no mills but managed to dig up a penny. He took the penny and went merrily on his way; we, too, felt a glow of satisfaction in knowing that we had helped some Ada merchant to secure a little business.

Another sign business is picking up here: O. D. Emmons reports his neighbor's garbage man called for the day's refuse in a six-wire wheel Packard sedan last week. And 'tis said Ada's garbage disposal system is in a bad way. Tsk! Tsk.

McGOFFEY'S FIRST READER for primary pupils as brought up to date for use in Oklahoma:

Q. What is dust?

A. The plague of the drouth area.

Q. What is the drouth area?

A. The dust bowl.

Q. Where is the dust bowl?

A. In the southwest.

Q. What kind of southwest?

A. The arid southwest.

Q. What does the dust do?

A. It swirls down.

Q. How?

A. Like a blizzard.

Q. What kind of blizzard?

A. A black blizzard.

Q. What happens then?

A. It reduces visibility.

Q. How much?

A. To 300 yards.

Q. What effect does that have?

A. It blinds motorists.

Q. Then what?

A. Highway traffic becomes hazardous.

Q. What do the people do?

A. Hope for rain.

Q. What kind of rain?

A. A needed rain.

Q. Does it rain?

A. No. It sprinkles.

Q. What does a sprinkle of rain do?

A. Saves part of the parched wheat crop.

Q. Does that reduce the price of bread?

A. No.

Teacher: That's all for the day. You pupils go home and read your newspaper so you can report on weather conditions in the panhandle tomorrow.

With his beard shaved off, the fleeing Emperor Haile Selassie might throw a sheet around himself and disguise as Mahatma Gandhi.

SINCE WE HAVEN'T walked this mortal sphere long enough to be eligible for the \$200 a month promised by Dr. Townsend even if it were effective, we have devised another plan which should be equally as lucrative. If we ever get through doing the things tomorrow that we should have done yesterday, we may get up an initiative petition to put it into effect. The plan would be to pension all defeated candidates at a rate 25 per cent higher than the salary they would have drawn if elected. This should be popular, considering the number of candidates who are certain to be defeated this year. The beautiful thing about the plan is that it would do away with all mud-slinging in campaigns. Since the pension would be more attractive than the salary, each candidate would laud his opponent rather than cuss him. Only the most honest and upright candidates would be elected to office that way. Of course, we wouldn't need a pension because the plan includes a \$5 royalty to be paid by each pensioned candidate to the originator of the idea. As for raising the money, that could easily be arranged by levying heavy taxes on the Profiteers and Gold-Diggers of Future Wars.

Allen Stanfield, local G-man, received a warrant for the notorious Pete Traxler, the southwest's current Public Enemy No. 1. Written on it in blue pencil was the terse order, "Go fetch!"

BEN HATCHER is threatening to start a church of his own; he doesn't want to reform and he can't get the local ministers to approve everything he does. . . . The season has arrived in which Joe Cathey usually begins substituting a dozen iceless Coca-Colas for his daily dozen cups of coffee. . . . Lease Bonifield is a member of the Ada oil fraternity who dabbles in leases and his name is not a nickname. . . . The Ada Baseball Amusement company is probably the most businesslike group ever to have charge of an Ada ball team and the thing is certain to be a success. . . . Elmer Dean thinks he could boost the gate receipts if they hired him as a pitcher and advertised him as "Dizzy" Dean.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

WE'VE BEEN CHEATED! So have thousands of other persons in these parts—that great and appreciative group who annually enjoy a case of spring fever. At least, we indulged annually until this annum, during which cases of spring fever have been as conspicuously absent as the spring itself. Without warning and probably without public demand, the weather man twirled the switch and winter became summer almost overnight. Hay fever has taken the place of “flu fever.” Winter colds have resigned in favor of summer complaint without even a sideways glance at spring fever and here we are sweating in our shirt-sleeves without the slightest hankering after a dose of sassafras tea or any of the other noted spring tonics. Within the short space of two weeks or so, the mercury boiled from a minimum of 23 degrees to a high of 99 degrees, just 11 below the hottest July weather. So far the only April shower wouldn't even qualify as a decent August thundershower and unless something is done about it pretty soon, the widely heralded and welcome May flowers will be just as scarce. It may be all right to grow fewer hogs, plant less cotton and grow fewer roastin' ears and nubbins but in this matter of cutting down the size of spring and eliminating spring fever, we are “agin” it—a-g-i-double-N it! The time for spring has come and we long to seek a comfortable spot, look at the clear sky, feel the balmy breezes and become a bit balmy ourselves as the wiggling of toes in pure, healthful ozone assumes the spotlight of the moment's attention.

No man can fully appreciate the feeling of success until he has been defeated.

HOWARD TRIMMER, erstwhile East Central student, drops in from Los Angeles to tell of a grandmothers' club there which has a hobby of collecting pictures of the Dionne quintuplets. He also notes that Oklahomans haven't advanced very far along the lines of collecting sales tax. In California the tax is three per cent and that means a penny on each 15 cent purchase instead of the measly tokens we have here. Guess we'll stay in Oklahoma.

James G. Saied is having even more trouble nowadays, since Emperor Haile Selassie has shaved off his beard. Members

of the 160th F. A. band have been insisting for some time that “Sadie” resembles the Negus. He differs in one respect, at least, though. Saied ejected 16 disturbers who invaded the sanctum sanctorium of a music contest he was conducting and that's more than Selassie has been able to do with the fascists.

A WEWOKA HIGH BANDSMAN displayed the Yo-Yo, which apparently is staging a comeback, as a band instrument Friday. The Wewoka band, spic-and-span in bright new uniforms with waving yellow tassels and gold-braided shoulders, won the class A championship and celebrated by parading down Main street. Out in front was the elegant drum major twirling his baton in march time. The band passed. There, bringing up the rear, was another brightly uniformed bandsmen swinging a new yellow yo-yo in time with the music.

Beth Norris, East Central sorority girl, was selling this-and-that to track meet visitors. “Say, how about buying an eskimo pie? They've got hot ice around them!” What she meant was dry ice.

THE BIG PARADE to streams and lakes has begun. In fact, already traffic has become so heavy that those going find difficulty in getting past those returning. (To wit: a head-on collision of cars containing Ada going and Ada coming sportsmen last week). The Evans Hardware fishing contest already is showing that the local anglers are going to have to pull in some big ones if they win the prizes. W. A. Hubbard had the honor of making the first entry and Mrs. W. K. Chaney brought in a four and one-half pound bass caught on the fly from Busby Lake last week. We don't believe it but the fellows who catch fish do, that the “Solunar theory” has a lot to do with the why and when bass, trout and other fresh-water fish may be expected to bite. The theory, supposedly based upon years of experimentation and calculation, is that fish in inland waters are affected by the same influences of the sun and moon that cause salt water fish to bite better at certain changes in tides. Twice daily, according to one authority, freshwater fish may be expected to start feeding and biting at periods that would correspond to low tide in whatever area the fisherman may be casting his lines, Oklahoma, Illinois, New York or Idaho or any other area near or far from the sea. To a lesser degree, fish are inclined to feed at high tide. The rule is not outlined as an infallible one because storms, floods and other local conditions often offset the tidal influence. Browall Coffman, one of the local nimrods, says most of these fellows don't know how to calculate a fish calendar and he advances his own private theory on the subject—and he catches fish!

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

ADA CITIZENS who think their monthly water bills are too much should figure out what they would have to pay if the city's first rate schedule were in effect today. The ordinance, providing 56 different rates for various purposes, types of buildings and the like, was adopted on January 5, 1905. It remained in force until supplanted by a more practical method of collecting rents. Ada did not own the Byrds Mill springs then. Even the dam at the city lake was still some time in the future. Instead, the water supply came from a well about 15 feet in diameter northeast of the city on Little Sandy creek. It was not suitable for drinking purposes and the supply was exhausted rapidly during dry weather and on Saturday nights. But back to the rates—here are a few of the charges made:

Residences, one family, per hydrant \$1, each additional hydrant 25 cents; for each horse or cow, 25 cents; bakery, each oven, per month \$1.50; bath tubs, private, each per month 25 cents; bath tubs, public, each per month, \$1.50; barber shops, first chair per month \$1, each additional chair 25 cents; blacksmith shops per forge; livery stables per stall; wagon yards per stall; billiard or pool rooms per table; church each drinking fountain 50 cents; baptizing per month 50 cents; restaurants per table.

Somebody once mentioned that Love is blind but, pshaw, that's good visibility compared to policemen watching taxicabs violating traffic laws.

AUSTIN KIDWELL, who frankly admits his saxophone is his first love even to the exclusion of the radio he sleeps with, tells of this prank which occurred in Roff: Ralph Wasson and Richard Swink were informed that a massage demonstrator was in the city. Supposing that it was some sort of after-shaving treatment or the like, they went. A nice looking young lady proceeded to demonstrate by treating their faces carefully. The truth was that the young woman was demonstrating women's face creams and had given the two young huskies what is known as a "facial." No important changes are noticeable in their appearances.

Then there's another Pontotoc county school teacher who had made somewhat of a repu-

tation in the field during the past two years. He and his superintendent were not given contracts for next year. The discharged teacher, enraged, visited the board and "told them how what was what," figuring he had nothing to lose anyhow. That was on Friday. Last Monday he received a contract from the board, inviting him to return next year.

AN OLD GRAD, who apparently has had some experience in the business of getting a job in this commercial turpitude, thinks that with the spring graduating season coming on gift shops should prepare cards of condolence rather than cards of congratulation.

Bill Mackin declares that the most difficult and awkward thing he could imagine would be trying to play a cello while marching in a parade—providing the cello were a marching band instrument.

BEST DEFINITION OF THE week: Small boy's explanation that "A treaty is a fight between two or more nations."

After watching the district court in action for a week it is distressingly apparent that the majority of those who plead for justice really don't want just that.

COMES MAY, the month of parents—you know, Mother's Day, Poppy Day and MA-morial Day.

We've never been able to figure out why a woman can get so worked up when a man forgets her birthday and then doesn't mind at all when he forgets her age.

BILL MURRAY'S mathematics are different than those we learned during our variegated educational career. In a recent newspaper advertisement about something or other concerning taxes in which Bill said he was for one thing and against a couple of others, Oklahoma's former governor stated:

"Federal and state taxes on gasoline now average 50 per cent. In other words a man's gas dollar is just worth sixty cents."

Perhaps Alfalfa Bill thinks the dollar is worth \$1.20 under the new deal—or maybe twice sixty cents to buy a dollar's worth. Or maybe it was a printer's error.

If those who were crying for something to do on Sunday still are interested we might suggest that Ada's half-million dollars worth of churches will be open all day Sunday.

RAILROADS AND RAILROAD PEOPLE ought to stick to steam locomotives. Last week a railroad restaurant head tried an airplane; he and his wife were killed. In another place a gasoline motor train jumped the track and killed two persons, injuring six, to damage an otherwise good safety record.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERGIE DEERING

MISS LOUISE ALLEN, the Red Cross lady, has her office so located that she hears a lot of what goes on up and down Broadway—whether she likes it or no. A few days ago some of the habitual witty curbstone sitters had parked on the sidewalk by her office window. A colleague in search of a new location came up.

"What er you all a-sittin' there fer?" he inquired of the squatters.

"Wal," replied one, pausing to wipe the tobacco juice from his chin, "ya see, we read in The Ada News that they're a-goin' ta clean up the city and we wuz jest waiting to git hauled off."

Then, a former public official told of this dire threat made by a woman who visited the local federal relief office: "If you folks don't start giving us more to eat my husband says he's goin' to have to get out and hunt him up a job."

ORIGINALITY or coincidence, this business of referring to Ada as "Oklahoma's fastest growing city" is nothing new. Even back in 1912 it had that title, to wit, this item from The Ada Evening News, Thursday, February 29, 1912: "M. E. Reynolds, the typewriter man who is in Ada today, says that Ada is undoubtedly the fastest growing town he has seen in Oklahoma."

Fittstown and Harden City may not have any Ramsey Towers or sky-scraper First National bank buildings but at least the oil derricks in those two Pontotoc county metropolises have more flowers and shrubbery than the widely advertised "rose-covered" derricks of Oklahoma City.

A HIGHWAY CONSTRUCTION project is now under way to re-surface the road from Ada to Sulphur but it won't be done too soon for one Roff resident. He complains that he drove halfway across the Lawrence quarry and blew out two tires before he discovered he was not jumping chug holes in the Roff-to-Ada highway.

A real antique: The old Sea-graves combination pump, hook-and-ladder and what-have-you which constitutes one-fourth of Ada's mobile fire-fighting apparatus is the oldest such machine in active service in the United States. It was

brought to Ada in September 1914 to frighten the horses it shared stables with. It has never had a blow-out (because it has solid rubber tires where they haven't crumbled off the wheels) but it did almost have a blow-up once. Arthur Floyd and Ollie Coleman started it up to make a run. It caught fire and they had to put it out before they could go on to the blaze, which was out before they got there in spite of the 15-mile per hour race they ran.

JOHN CRUM, construction engineer on the armory project, has an effective method of discouraging his PWA employees from "hitting the bottle" too heavily. Contrary to the old "30 days in jail," he gives them "30 days at large"—or in other words, one month off the payroll.

New York and St. Louis baseball teams in the National league aren't even as good as our own Oklahoma teams. It took 17 innings for St. Louis to beat New York 2 to 1 the same day Oklahoma university beat East Central 13 to 9 in a 9 inning game here.

FRITZ HATCHER, after a Kiwanis picnic at Witch Hole: "I think the Kiwanis slogan should be changed from 'We Build' to 'Nerts to You'." (Note: Fritz is not to be taken seriously in such matters.)

The idea of one and five mill sales tax tokens never did appeal to us. Now we are sure enough against them. The other day we had a quarter and a bunch of the pesky mills at the same time. Not being used to having a quarter, we handed the whole business to Riley Nolen, thinking the quarter was just another mill. Being an honest man Riley gave the quarter back but we aren't going to carry any more mills because we might get another quarter and really lose it. How many are in favor of turning the mills over to kiddies to make yo-yos, as some are now doing with a match and piece of thread?

THE CALL OF THE PEOPLE as defined by Judge Jim Bolen: If one person suggests that you run for a public office, you ignore it; if the second person mentions it, the matter deserves serious consideration; when a third friend asks you to run, then you hear "The Voice of the Pee-pul."

Here we've lived in Oklahoma and Texas practically all our life and never learned until Joe B. Hill told us that Pontotoc county farms are infested with gophers. We haven't seen one yet but found out that the name comes from the French word gaufre, which means waffles. The burrowing rodents were so named because of the way they honeycomb the land in search of roots and vegetables.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

RALPH McMILLAN, who likes to figure out things statistical, discloses some interesting data concerning marriage and the people who settled Pontotoc county. For one thing, the average "marrying age" of men and women nowadays is two years later than it was in 1907. Basing his calculations upon the first 200 marriage licenses issued in this county after statehood and the first 200 licenses issued during 1935, Ralph found that the average age for marrying in 1907 was 25½ years for the men and 20 years, 2 months for the women. In 1935 the average age had increased to 27½ years for the men and 22 years, 2 months for the women. He went back a little further in estimating the percentage of settlers from various states. The old form of applications had a blank to give the birthplace of applicants. Of approximately 200 applicants, he found 59 were born in Texas, 51 in Arkansas, 41 in Indian Territory, 14 in Tennessee, 6 Missouri, 2 Kansas, 5 Alabama, 1 Virginia, 4 Mississippi, 2 Iowa, 1 Russia, 4 Kentucky, 2 Georgia, 1 Minnesota, 4 Louisiana, 1 Illinois. He helped register approximately 3,000 CWA clients early in the era of the new deal and found that the trend today follows approximately the same percentage.

Many of the young college graduates who have been learning business, history and government from textbooks may be surprised shortly when they apply for a job and learn that NRA wage and hour scales are no longer in effect.

HISTORICAL NOTE from The Ada Evening News of February 29, 1912: "Tomorrow the free mail delivery service will be inaugurated and the citizens of the city will soon become accustomed to the whistle announcing the visits of the uniformed messengers of Uncle Sam, who comes laden with messages from elsewhere. It marks another epoch in the history of the town, being in a sense the official recognition of the fact that Ada is no longer only a country village, but has reached the first stages of a real city."

The Toledo, Ohio, sheriff who drank beer with Harry Campbell without knowing

who he was missed his calling. He should have been in the traffic squad where the officers aren't supposed to see law violators.

THE FOLLOWING FABLE by Ben L. Morrison may seem a bit ironic but it nevertheless has its point:

A young man went away to a great city to drill his fortune out of the marble banks of the torrential streets. His tools for drilling comprised faith, education, honesty and average physical skills. He cast the sharpest edges of his tools against the walls and the walls yielded not. An interested by-stander informed the young man that these walls are treated to imperviousness for all tools save one.

"What is that one?" the young man inquired.

"Gold," replied the observer.

"How do you get the gold for drilling through these mighty walls to recognition?" queried ambitious youth.

"That does not matter," was the reply.

Last summer we went on a Hereford tour with Joe B. Hill and barbecued beef was served. Later on there was a sheep tour and mutton was the chief item on the menu. Now he's invited us to go on a pasture tour Tuesday and we don't even like spinach!

ONE POLITICAL CANDIDATE remarks that he is going to run without a platform this year. In the past every time he put down a plank his opponent made him walk it, he means.

Charley Diemer's neighbors are expecting most anything from him now that he has bought a new hat, new tailor-made suit, new teeth and a new coupe.

FRIDAY'S RAIN was a soaker and appreciated by almost everyone. Those who have lowland farms experienced a little worry, however, lest so much water at one time might wash away their crops. Claude Logsdon, who owns a tract in the Boggy river bottom, was one of these. In the Aldridge hotel lobby he expressed his fears. Some friends arranged with Orau Hughey to give them some foundation. Hughey came in and described the flood in the Boggy area. "Did it get over my farm?" Logsdon inquired. Hughey, who really had been down that way, said "I didn't know you had a farm down there but if you have, it's probably washed away by now." He later admitted that he could kick up dust where he was at 11 o'clock Friday but Logsdon was pretty much worried about his farm for awhile.

Remarked a friend when a motorist crashed a red light, whizzed in front of him and speeded on: "He drives like he owns a taxicab!"

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERGIE DEERING

APPARENTLY THE FARTHER away from home the fisherman goes the bigger story he has to tell when he gets back. The fellows who dampen their hooks in Sandy and the South Canadian can't compare with those who angle in the waters of Blue, Boggy or the streams of the Kiamichi. But all of these are eclipsed by Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Breco who went to Florida and the Gulf of Mexico. The doctor starts off with a modest little story about how they pulled in 300 pounds of kingfish weighing 4-to-10 pounds each in about an hour. But his trump card is about some trained fish at Tallahassee. When he was telling us about them he threw up his guard with "I saw them with my own eyes but I still think its a dern lie!" and then went ahead to tell this: They got into a glass-bottomed boat and rode over a pond below some giant springs. A negro guide used a sort of "sing-song" monotone to induce the fish to perform and rewarded them with lumps of dried buttermilk. First he called up the catfish—some a couple of feet long—and then the smaller perch, bass, etc., each with a name, and personally invited them to jump over a pole. This they did. A "grand march" of the fish was the finale, wherein the big catfish led the other fish beneath the boat, did an about face and "marched" them back. If anybody goes farther and comes back with a bigger story than that, we'll be glad to print it. Nothing ordinary ever happens to a fisherman, anyway.

The fellow who lets grass grow under his feet in this fast-moving world probably would be just as well off if it were growing above his head.

ONE PROMINENT ADA MAN, who, like the most of us, has a wardrobe limited to a winter and a summer suit, almost was reduced to shorts and pajamas a few days ago while he was trying to buy a new suit. He ordered the suit, tailor-made, from a firm in another city. It came, he saw it, tried it on and sent it back. It didn't fit and even if he was in a hurry for it, he wanted it right. So, he included the coat and vest to his "best" suit for them to "go by" in making the alterations. Days passed. He heard nothing. More days and he

became impatient. He started checking, beat out a trail from the post office to express office to bus station and then called up the tailoring company. He'd paid for the suit and couldn't cancel the order. His other suit was missing and he "almost" got mad waiting for the new suit and old. He finally found them.

And now that Mussolini has civilized the Ethiopians, suppose we called him over here to help civilize some of America's reckless motorists and drunken drivers. The same methods would work.

W. A. HUBBARD, the Frisco man, tells this one about how the railroad turned the tables on the automobile. It seems that a big grocery truck and a Frisco motor car train got to a crossing at the same time near Swink, which is somewhere near Hugo. Both lost. The train was burned up but the passengers and crew escaped. The truck was burned and the driver died a few hours later of burns. According to tradition, the grocery company sued the railroad for value of truck and contents in Choctaw county district court. The railroad filed a counter suit in federal court for \$28,000. Last week it won a judgment for \$5,000. Court decisions like that, we think, will go a long way toward eliminating grade crossing accidents.

We've been around court house and city hall long enough to be used to hearing confiscated pronounced "confiscated," "arranged" used for arraigned and cached called "stashed". Even a divorce petition alleging husband "applied vile and opprobrious epitaphs" to the wife was not surprising. But we harked back to the old story of writing names on corn shucks when a public official described a law violated as operating under a "consumed name".

NEWSPAPERANIA: Before Mayor Bill Crawford will converse with a newspaperman he inquires: "Am I speaking for publication or just talking to you?" . . . Commissioner Albert Chamberlain also watches his grammar when around the Fourth Estate. . . . Orville Hood says "you can quote me as saying" that his favorite friend will be elected to office in the coming elections. . . . Ed Martin, the banker, says one reason he isn't in the newspaper business is that by the time he thinks up something to write about, it isn't news any more. We might add also that he seems to have a liking for handling money. . . . Harry "Dode" Evans, the hardware merchant, and a boy named Allen had exclusive franchise to sell The Ada News on the streets of Ada in those days when street selling was something for the big cities.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

"YOU KNOW, it seems there aren't as many butterflies as there used to be," remarked the wife as she surveyed the blue, white and yellow flowers that have grown in the flowerbed she so industriously induced us to spade up some weeks back. "When I was a child I used to see butterflies all the time." Without intending to preach a sermon or moralize, we observed that she probably spent more time looking for butterflies and the other wonders of nature when she was a child than she does now. It is our guess that there are just as many butterflies, just as many flowers, just as many birds and bees as ever. We, probably including the most of us, just don't take time to look at them. You can't get much of the smell of wild flowers and new-mown hay riding in a car travelling 60 miles an hour. The birds may sing and the bees buzz in your own yard but you'll not be apt to hear them if your radio is banging out jazz orchestra tunes or hill-billy string band noises. Butterflies aren't attracted to concrete sidewalks and paved streets. We fear, too, that many persons who live in the country are so busy worrying about the damage the grasshoppers and boll weevils may do and when the next government check is coming to give much attention to the pleasant items of nature. But just the same the butterflies are here today, if we'll take time to look for them.

One bit of nature observing we hope to do this summer is a first hand test of the watermelon crop. For one, Tom Jared, who lives on the Busby farm down east near Lakeside, has promised a nice cool melon in the shade of his front yard, which includes a broad expanse of hay meadow, and come July we expect to take him up on the invitation.

DON HERZER, Oklahoma Geological Survey engineer, was rather tired of opening and closing gates a few mornings ago as he started to town from the wilds of Atoka county where he has been supervising some work. He stopped his car and got out to close the N-th gate. "Hi, thar!" came a drawing voice. Herzer looked around and saw a typical Atoka county farmer emerge from behind a bush with a rifle draped over one arm.

Herzer, who had learned by experience that the farmers of that section don't yell "hi, thar" unless they want something, returned the greeting. The farmer drifted up to the gate, disposed of an oversupply of chewing tobacco and wiped his mouth on his sleeve. "Hi, thar," he began again. "It's a good thing you shet that gate. I wuz jest a-fixin' to shoot the tars off yore car if you hadn't of. 'Bout a week ago some fellers come through here and left all the gates down and my cows all got out and it tuck me four days to git 'em in agin. Last night somebody else come through and left 'em all down agin. I been a-sittin' here all mornin' waitin' for 'em and you're the first 'un to come out. It's a good thing you shet that gate er I shore woulda shot yore tars up." Herzer is convinced that prospecting for minerals in the wilds of Oklahoma has its thrills and dangers even today—especially in a country that offers refuge to escaped convicts and where rattlesnakes are so thick every household operates a factory to manufacture its own snakebite medicine.

Milton Keating comes out in favor of a clean-up drive to stop papers and dirt from accumulating in front of his Broadway office. Since the city has prohibited political speaking on downtown streets, it seems there's not enough wind to blow the trash off again.

ADA'S NEW POLICE FORCE ought to have a get-together party so they would be acquainted with the members of the sheriff's force. The unfamiliarity of the two enforcement groups was emphasized last week when City Officer Jack Summers arrested Undersheriff Claude Sturdevant for making a left turn at Main and Rennie. "Don't you know who I am?" asked Sturdevant as Summers wrote out the traffic summons. Summers was avowed to play no favorites and said it didn't make any difference who he was. Sturdevant had other business and didn't wait for the ticket. Finally Summers took him to jail. Sturdevant pleaded guilty to violating the traffic law and paid \$1 fine. He got the dollar back, however, when C. O. P. Roy Keller found it out.

E. H. NELSON, who has been travelling over a good part of this section of Oklahoma delivering commencement addresses for the past several years, had an opportunity to make a graduation speech at home to his own family this spring. He has four children and each of them finished a school. Gilmer was in the college degree class, Harold was graduated from Horace Mann high school, Doris from Horace Mann junior high and Leland from the sixth grade at Willard into junior high.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

POLITICAL NOTES: John Boyce McKeel, Bill Bevers and Ray Stegall are about the only county candidates really enjoying this campaign—they are unopposed The cemetery clean-up at Lightning Ridge last week was almost a complete success when the two candidates in one race threatened to clean up on one another. . . The sparks flew at Conway, too, at the speaking and pie supper, when a pair of rivals locked horns. . . . Burton Grindstaff comes out of the Hugo woods with an idea that he thinks will have the same appeal for young folks that the Townsend plan does for the disappearing generation; it's something about college educations and steady income, which ordinarily are not close running mates. . . . Personally, we have a tendency to approve the plan advanced by Jimmy Wilson of Sapulpa, wherein babies under 21 years of age would receive \$200 a month, loafers \$100 a month, forgotten men \$5,000 a year (and man embraces woman), \$100 a month would be given unborn babes and finally, a retirement fund of \$200 a month provided for those who have completed a 10-year working life. Those who were unable to get a job during the 10 years would receive only \$100 a month.

People who laugh at a drunk man scattering his money about the streets seldom become so tickled they can't pick up the coins.

BEN HATCHER, erstwhile petitioner for Sunday picture shows, is ready to bury the hatchet, smoke the pipe of peace and join hands with Ada ministers. He is on their side now and on his own hook, just for the fun of it, is planning a petition to close filling stations, beer parlors, and all other businesses dealing in merchandise not essential to the existence of human life. Judging from the expressed attitude of Ada residents in three trips to the polls, Ben will be on the winning side this time. One big item, as we see it, is the fact that overworked employes will have one day each week in which to rest.

One Oklahoma city, we note from the exchange files, is having a terrific battle about whether cows shall be

permitted inside the city limits. The fact that the particular city has long been noted, far and wide, for its loose moral situation proves there is more than one way of seeming to clean up without actually doing so.

CHICKEN RAISING IN ADA: Mrs. R. O. Wheeler recounts the recent experiences of a neighbor who overcame apparently insurmountable difficulties in helping a young hen raise her first family. The hen, it seems, had been fed mash all of her chicken and pullet-hood days. However, the owner decided she needed feed with more vitamins or something in it now that she was going to raise a family and straightway put the hen on a grain diet. The sudden change made Madame Hen very ill. The resourceful owner took the hen in hand, gave her a dose of soda and followed through with castor oil. That got results but not immediately. The owner again scratched her head and forth came another idea. She removed a family of young kittens to the hen's nest. The mother cat followed the kittens and together they kept the 17 eggs warm during the hen's convalescing period. When the hen recovered she went back to the nest and hatched out 14 healthy chicks.

We frequently feel an urge to acquire one of those new faces that we hear and read about being seen on Ada streets nowadays.

DESCRIPTION OF THE WEEK by an unmarried friend: "I imagine spending an evening with that girl would be about like eating popcorn—after it's gone you still don't feel it."

Houston Muncie, Vanoss school board member, thinks the Vanoss system is a good one. So do a lot of teachers, as evidenced by their desire to secure a place on the faculty. So over-run was Muncie with applicants seeking conferences that he couldn't get his work done and he decided to escape them one Sunday morning by going fishing. He got to the creek bank and settled himself. A few minutes later he was roused by something jerking on his fishing line. What he thought and said when he found it was just another school teacher applicant was not reported.

GROCERS HAVE THEIR troubles, too, Harry Deering submits this list he received as an order some days ago. It was written in a script no better than the spelling: "flour big sick 50; 8 ponds of lord; one dollar work of suger; baking poder 15 can; one doller worse of crops meats; mother ots wore; solt 20; butter bens 50; red care roe surp wone galen; wone pond of butter; lonry sop 25; muster won ire 10; seefiato: ais tato."

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

ON BEING A LION: There comes in the life of every person, it seems, a time when it becomes proper to assume the garb of another. During the state Lions convention here, when Lions will be as plentiful as generals in a Mexican army, all Ada residents will become ex officio Lions — whatever such an animal may be. A leopard cannot change its spots, so it is written, but we shall become Lions for a day. Now, while most of us have been under the more or less uplifting influence of the Ada Lions for many years, probably a majority of us don't know just what a Lion is supposed to do. Of course, we've seen the local representation but we won't say anything about what they're presumed to look like. We wonder, too, who will play the part of Daniel or whether there will be any modern counterpart as Ada becomes the den of these hundreds of Lions. Now while the convention arrangements committee has done very well in preparing the general instructions for conventioners, there are several questions left unanswered. For instance, when a visiting Lion stops you on the street and roars at you, what is the proper procedure? Should one growl back at him or should the greeting be simply acknowledged by a toss of the mane? Will there be a 10 cent limit or will the visitors crowd Ada Lions clear out of the entertainment? Will there be a Lion roaring contest, and if so, will it be open to all roarers? There are some other questions which should be answered in a special confidential bulletin, and we hope that the arrangements committee will issue one immediately so that none of us will turn out to be donkeys in Lions' skins.

Lions, Kiwanis and some other civic organizations have as one of their fundamental businesses the promotion of more friendly relationships between cities, states and nations. So, when R. V. Dixon, ardent Ada Kiwanian, was on a Philco radio tour to Havana recently, it didn't take him and 19 other Kiwanians on board the British ship long to organize and hold a meeting — probably the first Kiwanis meeting ever held on the high seas. More than a dozen states were represented and a man from California was elected president, an Oklahoman was chosen vice president and a Florida resident was named secretary-treasurer.

MRS. MARY WEST, Ada's chief postal official and new vice-president of the Oklahoma branch of the National Postmasters association, has us puzzled. Is she a postmaster or a postmistress? She was acting postmaster before her appointment as postmaster was confirmed by the U. S. senate, so does she become a postmistress now or was she an acting postmistress before her appointment as postmaster was confirmed making her a postmaster in fact? The dictionary says postmistress and the government postmaster.

Della Bedford, candidate for re-election for court clerk, is not going to stop campaigning just because the only opponent she has had since 1932 withdrew. She first heard the news while she was campaigning down at Lightning Ridge. She went on over to Roff that night and likened herself to the man whose wife caught him kissing the cook. "There's no use to run—I've already caught you," advised the wife. "I don't care if you have caught me, I'm going to run a little piece anyhow," retorted the husband and so Mrs. Bedford is going to keep on campaigning.

IT WAS EASY to tell that Miss Catherine Edmiston was coming home after a year of school teaching at Wichita, Kans. Brother John was busy the day before mowing the front yard grass and Brother Will was cleaning up preparatory to a paint-up campaign—a sure sign of summer in that neighborhood.

"Angry mob smears rotten tomatoes on inside and outside of the new car of William Haines, former movie star," says news item. Maybe they're just remembering the days when he was a movie actor.

THE CITY COPPERS' new uniforms are the snappiest ever seen on the streets of Ada. . . . it must be admitted they emphasize the youth of the boys who wear them but if anybody thinks they're too childish to be policemen—Chief Roy Keller says "just try 'em!" . . . Bob Sammons, former Texas ranger, finds the new cap the most difficult part after he has worn a 3-X beaver hat for 30 years. . . . Paul Corbin is the only man who wears his holster on the left side—that's so it won't fall out when he's riding his traffic bicycle. . . . The firemen, not to be outdone, bought new summer uniform shirts of blue with darker trousers. . . . The first day Arthur Floyd let a spark from his P. A. smokestack get on his new shirt and burn a hole in it. . . . Perhaps the firemen, to be really patriotic, should wear white pants to match their blue shirts and red fire trucks.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERGIE DEERING

COMMENTS AND ADMISSIONS:

Dr. C. C. Morris as he cast longing eyes toward the cooling hills of Wisconsin where he spent last year's vacation: "I hate to admit it but I guess I'm getting old and can't stand the heat as well as I used to." . . . G. C. Mayhew: "I could always throw down my old slicker and take a better nap on it than I could on a bed". . . . Willis Parry: "I haven't got anything to complain about in Ada. I just had fifty cents in my pocket when I hit this town". . . . Paul Denny after one look at a picture of Johnny Rodgers and his Carnegie high school band: "Is that the band they gave you a raise for directing?"

Five children one at a time means poverty, but five children at one time—that's prosperity.

PHIL McLACHLIN would make a good fisherman even if he never lures the little bass and trout. He tells swell stories of incredible magnitude. One was about some Brahma (pronounced brimmer locally) steers that he and some other cowhands were rounding up. The steers were so fast that they ran the horses down trying to catch them. They failed but when the steers jumped a fence into a pasture with some mares, McLachlin and his companions decided to leave them there. It wasn't long, though, until they had to move the mares. The steers got to chasing the horses and were about to run them to death!

The finder was loser in this case: At Friday night's prize fight C. O. P. Roy Keller was busily tracking down a local doctor to return to him a handbag the doctor had lost. At the same time, Dave Ellison, fight promoter, was hunting Keller to give him a pocketbook, said to have contained money, which Keller lost while hunting for the handbag.

IT WAS A FRAME-UP, pure and simple, but the framer-uppers still are at large. A few days ago during the Lions convention John P. McKinley inadvertently violated some traffic regulation, unintentionally received a police court citation and for some unquotable reason failed to report to the station at the proper time. Then somebody with police court influence caused a warrant to "bring

him in alive." They did—with his wrists firmly connected by a pair of "bracelets." Then, when he got to the police station he met Dr. C. C. Morris face to face and we managed to get a snapshot of the situation. "There's a boy I helped raise and when I get in trouble all he does is take my picture," moaned Mr. McKinley. Mrs. McKinley has exercised her influence and we very likely won't publish the picture even after it is developed.

What is this world coming to? The republicans charge the democrats have copied European ideas of dictatorship. Soviet Russia is adopting a democratic plan of government similar to the one intended by the writers of the United States constitution. The democrats have been accused of adopting what were formerly socialist party platforms. The republicans have taken up forgotten democratic principles. The whole country wants a pension and the socialists are left out in the cold.

LEP RAINS the other day came across a small book which had been awarded him 32 years ago when, as a beginner in school at Bebee, he achieved recognition for "especially good work." Those were the days when Bebee, Center and some others of the now small communities of the country were hustling commercial centers. Bebee had more than 100 children in school. W. J. Bumpers of Ada was the teacher and Lep says he was "jolly enough on the playground but was all business when school took up." Mr. Bumpers was succeeded by Frank Buttram, now an Oklahoma City millionaire oil man. Lep recalls that one summer the school was so well attended that an arbor was built beside the school house and enclosed with wagon sheets to provide more school room space.

From The Lion magazine: "The world is seeking the man on whom it can depend." —A pertinent remark for the young man who thinks the world has no jobs to offer.

LOCAL POLITICAL discussions are to be on a better level this season. Look what the First National Bank, Sinnett Motor company and other downtown property owners are doing to repair the curbstones adjacent to their places of business.

One local curbstone political observer, who has some very definite ideas about how the country should be run, declares it is now "a government from the people, to the relief clients, by the politicians."

AN ACQUAINTANCE mentioned a particularly excoriating newspaper article about one Ponotoc county office seeker to him and got the naive reply: "You know, I don't believe that editor is going to support me!"

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERGIE DEERING

NEWSPAPER EDITORS somehow acquire peculiar reputations. A few nights ago we walked into a downtown cafe. Two women were sitting at a table. "There's that newspaper man," said one. "Don't even think anything or he'll put it in the paper." The almost opposite reputation—or rather assumption—is that the editor knows all the answers. During the past few days we have been asked over the telephone by unknown parties: What round do you think Joe Louis will knock Schmeling out; I want to make a bet? What is the train fare to Kansas City? What was the temperature in Fairbanks, Alaska, yesterday? Can you tell me where Maywood street is? What was the population of Pottawatomie county in 1910? How do you spell cosmology? (We spelled it but couldn't find it in the dictionary). What was the score of negro ball game between Wewoka and McAlester? Anybody who thinks a newspaper man does all the asking and interviewing needs only to come down and answer The News phones for a while. But we like to get the calls and like to give all the information we have.

The man who hasn't an enemy in the world probably never took a very strong stand for or against anything in the world.

IT WOULD BE interesting to know how many people will be dependent on the public for support when federal old age pensions are adopted. The total would include all federal employees, army, navy, state employees, county, city and township governments and police forces, pensioners and inmates of public institutions. A thorough study might not reveal to one half half how the other half lives but it probably would make it realize where the other half gets its living.

Dr. A. R. Sugg has lost confidence in John Zimmerman as a bee expert. A short time ago a swarm of stray bees decided to build in an inaccessible place in the shed of Dr. Sugg's driveway. He called Zimmerman but before the reputed bee expert arrived (ten days later) the bees had departed for more satisfactory climes.

THRILLS—Mrs. Bill Crawford exceedingly proud of her husband's new police force. . . Horace Brame enthusiastic about the new

remote radio control system in Mike Mitchell's cafe . . . Wyly Nicholas Keith jr., (that's his name) excited over the prospect of sending his son to military school next year with his bonus bond cash. . . The crowds which stand around watching the excavating machine dig the basement for the new Aldridge hotel addition.

Pontotoc county has an area of about 728 square miles, more than half the size of the state of Rhode Island.

THERE IS AT LEAST ONE ethical automobile salesman in Ada. While many of the sellers of highway happiness were dogging the footsteps of veterans with bonus cash, he was seen Friday afternoon hiding from a fellow who wanted to buy a car from him. The prospect had the money but was drunk. The salesman insisted on waiting until the man was sober before he sold him the car and hot water heater he wanted to buy.

The weather is hot. The election is getting hotter. Just to be sure there is no cooling of enthusiasm, however, a lot of candidates are handing out books of matches to voters. Or perhaps it is a subtle suggestion from them to build a fire under their opponents.

RICHARD L. DISNEY, who has been nominated for an important federal tax board position, was one of the important figures in the recent Lions convention here. . . J. W. Shipp is an ardent baseball fan, supporting the Chicago Cubs: "I'd be for St. Louis if it wasn't for those infernal Deans," he says. . . John W. Beard turns out pretty fair poetry in his spare time. . . E. Oliver returns home from Sacramento, Calif, but wants to keep it a secret lest his creditors seek him out.

Ralph Fuller, the S. & O. man, was with a party which attended a political rally at Hart the other night and he proved his keen sense of direction. Somehow the party became lost on a side-road and was wandering around trying to get its bearings. A skunk happened to be in a nearby ravine. "I guess we must be pretty near there," sniffed Ralph. "I smell some of those politicians' opponents."

SOME DIFFICULTY IS REPORTED in some quarters keeping England's Queen Mary of the empire and Queen Mary of the sea distinguished, but that should not be so difficult. Anybody ought to know that a ship is being referred to when they read that the colors of Queen Mary are red and black, that her stern is bedecked with a flag, that her rudder weighs so many tons, and that 30 artists were engaged in decorating her interior.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

SEEN AND HEARD: An unknown man from down in the county paid tribute to the late Dr. Davis Breco by saying: "He was mighty good about coming out to the house when we were sick even if we didn't have any money" And the same thing might be said of many other members of the local medical profession. . . . That pushers of the pneumatic tire equipped wheelbarrows on the Aldridge hotel job seldom have to worry about flat tires. . . . Two negro "gals" sitting on the stairway in the county court house attracted an audience as they proficiently rolled Bull Durham into cigarettes and puffed as nonchalantly as a debutante at a bridge party. . . . Raymond Woods, formerly district court reporter here and now located at Poteau, almost unrecognizable with his cigar, white trousers, dark shirt and mustache.

* * *

While we think of it, we might inquire where is the wave of prosperity congressmen asserted would follow cash payment of the bonus? Perhaps the Vets haven't yet decided which advice to take on "How to spend your bonus." Anyway we're glad they have it.

* * *

NE PLUS ULTRA or words to that effect might be used to describe the 160th F. A. national guard band here. Major Fred Schreiber, director, says "We're going to have a better band to go to Fort Sill this year than we had last year." When we reminded him that his band last year was accorded highest recognition at the last encampment, the major explained: "Well, we'll just get first again this year. That's all."

* * *

"A dairy barn to cost about \$15,000.00 will be constructed at the state hospital for negro insane at Taft" says a News story. The cost of the project might lead one to believe one of the inmates suggested it.

* * *

THE FOLKS in the county welfare office were having a lot of fun trifling with the curiosity of their visitors. On a table in a prominent place was a large cardboard box. When a visitor (or victim) arrived, some one would casually mention "the rabbits in the box". Curiosity invariably inspired a peek—and a startled

jump backward. Only a few bothered to take a second look to see if the big rattlesnake, posed in a striking position, were real or only stuffed. (Columnist's Note: The snake was stuffed!)

* * *

In spite of what some may think, the first name of Rep. Lemke, the Union party's candidate for the presidency, is not Frazier.

* * *

E. S. WAGONER, the Republican member of Pontotoc county election board, reveals that his calm acceptance of the "things that are and must be" enable him to work in perfect harmony with Vester Meharg and J. O. Abney, his Democratic colleagues. By way of elaboration, Mr. Wagoner said: "A Democrat is like a cross between a chigger and poison ivy—no good on earth but a constant source of irritation."

* * *

Pre-World war observation by Elbert Hubbard: "The indiscriminate giving to the poor was a mistaken policy. It tended to make poverty perpetual. Now we aim to give just one thing and that is opportunity. * * * Charity and piracy are things of the past. They were always closely akin, for pirates were very charitable and ever in their train were troops of sturdy beggars. * * * Give us this day our daily work and we will earn our daily bread."

* * *

ABOUT NINE MILES north of Ada Rodney Stephens, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Stephens, is doing his best to keep up with his famous relatives—the Dionne quintuplets of Canada—even if they are older. At 14 months Rodney weighs 34 pounds and is "not fat". He weighed 17 pounds at three months. Mrs. Stephens' father is an uncle of Oliva Dionne, father of the quint.

* * *

Dr. John F. (Jafsie) Condon has written a rimed appeal to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh to return to the United States. After reading the poem, one Ada man commented that possibility of future efforts at poetry by Jafsie might have a discouraging effect on Lindbergh's requested return that would more than offset the appeal.

* * *

DR. EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS, famed lecturer, is to return to Ada for a series this summer under the auspices of East Central college, we note. Dr. Griggs dropped a remark on his last visit that stuck in our mind: "It is admitted there are more fools than wise men and more ignorant people than cultured persons. Therefore, if a democracy is the rule of the majority, it means simply that the fools rule the wise and the ignorant hold sway over the cultured."

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

COMMENTS ON THE DAY'S NEWS: The idea of having girls remove their skirts after arriving at their offices so that they might work in shorts seems about as sensible as having the men remove their trousers to expose the varicolored shorts they have been wearing for years. . . . According to (P) reports, Gov. Landon declared it "a stupendous sight" when he was greeted by 1,000 Coloradoans mounted on horses and without a donkey in sight as he arrived in Estes Park for his vacation. We suppose it would have been both a colossal and gigantic sight if the Coloradoans had been mounted on elephants. . . . The democrats are losing their punch; Sen. Joe Robinson drew the biggest crowd of the convention up to the time of his address but it was only one-fifth as many people as went to see the Louis-Schmeling fight and Robinson's defense of the new deal was supposed to have a much greater effect on the destiny of the United States.

Did you ever notice the satisfied look on a person's face when you tell him the day's official temperature was even higher than he had supposed?

BILL GLUCKMAN sends a picture post card from Washington, D. C., asserting "I was there, I was," and meaning the Kiwanis International convention. . . . Scott Baublits and family also attended. . . . Bill and his mother went on to New York to visit Brother Louis. . . . Wallace Hoggatt air-mailed the message from Denver that he had the title role in a recent NBC broadcast of "Michael Faraday" from the University of Denver campus.

The money that's hardest to pay back is that which has been borrowed and lost on a "bad deal", observes J. G. Wither-spoon.

"I SPENT THREE YEARS and seven months in the navy, 23 months in the army and everything I did I had to stand in line to do it—pay day, meal time, and everything else—but when I cashed my little bonus bonds, why, I just walked up and I was next," proudly exuberated Gene Augustus.

Relatively speaking, the league of nations' schemes to prevent wars are about as effective as the average person's resolution not to make any more debts.

POLITICAL ANALYSIS by John Clevidence in The Seminole Producer: "The biggest lie being told in this county is that 'certain interests' are offering \$20 cash per vote. The standard Seminole county price is a one-dollar bill and everybody knows that."

We are no pyrotechnical expert but judging from the dozen huge cases of fireworks stored at the fire station, the display planned for the climax of the picnic at Wintersmith park Saturday night is going to be something.

CHARLEY CHAMBERS, 29-year old Vanoss resident, has ambitions to go far with his plaque work, a form of art that he has developed without any tutoring whatever. It is not original with him but his treatment of the various subjects portrayed in his drawings—embossed figures molded of plaster and painted—shows considerable talent. He has made, among other things, plaques of East Central's Science hall and First Baptist church. The type of the work permits mass production up to 100 drawings per day, Charley says.

The Chickasha Star reveals a solution for the drought situation reported in most sections, "It Just Rains More Where Folks Pray" The Star says in a headline and then goes on to tell of a community two miles east of Tabler in Grady county where "A resident of the community says that when they need rain they pray for it and usually get it. The records of the past five years demonstrate that he is right," and adds "For several days of this week the ground has been too wet to plow in that community while in other parts of the county there has not been enough rain to lay the dust."

RECOLLECTIONS: J. Kent Smith remembering his first view of Ada was not very impressive compared to today's booming metropolis; the first sight was in 1904 when he passed through here in a wagon en route to the Kiamichi mountains on a fishing trip. . . . Jim Bolen recalls that his first venture into politics was in 1892 in Mississippi, with the campaign of '96 being his first really big one; then he came to Oklahoma and has taken part in almost every campaign since.

We haven't seen anyone around here with even a kind word for the current prohibition repeal measure but the Drys seem to be pretty well dampened with perspiration about it.

FOR YOUR SPARE MOMENTS: Try to define the difference between a democrat, republican and socialist without referring to a newspaper.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

THERE ARE TIMES, we suppose, in the life of everyone when he is not especially anxious to see a newspaper reporter. Dr. A. R. (Railroad Roscoe) Sugg experienced such an occasion early on the morning of July 4 when he was returning from a business-pleasure trip to Tulsa. Laden with handbag and golf clubs, Sugg was aboard a south-bound passenger train and headed for Ada. Over near Francis, however, he dozed off to sleep and when he awoke, some 20 or 30 Ada people had climbed aboard (including your reporter) and the Frisco was bound for Red river. Sugg protested to the porter that back in Arkansas whenever he went down to Little Rock the porter always came through and woke up the passengers for the next stop. "Yassuh, but there the trains go slow and the porters have such a long time between stops," explained the porter. Anyhow, Sugg rode on to Madill, where he was last seen swinging his putter on the station platform about 3 a. m. "I don't need a pass to get back to Ada on the other train," he said. "I'll argue with the conductor all the way to Ada and then he can't do anything but put me off." He got back home.

Incidentally, this week is Western Railroads Week and if you think the railroads haven't due cause for celebration, just get on a train and see how many people are on there that you know. Railroads are carrying more passengers right along and giving better service to them.

J. B. HILL CLAIMS the remarkable record of never having turned on a radio in his life. "Whenever I found out how to turn one off, I quit learning," the county agent declares. And he agrees with us (G. P. and M. M., please note) that cafe patrons would appreciate abolition of nickel-in-the-slot music boxes.

One of the big financial problems Oklahomans face today is how to come out even with enough one and five mill tokens to pay sales tax on \$4 or \$5 worth of purchases and have only 30 cents to spend.

OKLAHOMA CITY Chamber of Commerce is studying a civic promotion plan that has been natur-

ally in use in Ada ever since statehood days. Some member of the O. C. body has suggested that at a certain hour of the day everybody shake hands with somebody else and say "We're living in the best town in the United States." Oklahoma Cityans who have visited Ada, we presume, will be hard to convince of the truth of that statement.

Informative headline in the Lawton Constitution: "Iowa Farmers Plead for Poisoned Bran and Pray for Rain."

M. F. MANVILLE recalls an embarrassing moment during a hectic political campaign of the horse-and-buggy days. Mr. Manville and a companion were out in the county on business. A sudden rain came up and they stopped at an acquaintance farmer's home for shelter. By way of making light conversation, Mr. Manville observed that quite a number were seeking the office of county clerk. "Yes," the friend replied, "there are seven in the race." Manville named six of them. "There's another one but I can't remember who he is," he finally admitted. "Well, I guess it's me," said his host. "I'm running for county clerk."

Wasn't it Sen. Gore who said some time ago: "Vote for Lee, tee hee hee"?

MORE ELECTION REVERBERATIONS: One candidate in a speech declared, in reply to reports he had not hewed strictly to the truth: "Why, I never told a lie in my life I couldn't prove." . . . A staunch but not too profitable supporter of another candidate defended his standard-bearer: "The only reason he gave those bad checks was because he was such a good fellow and anyway anybody ought to know better than to take one of his checks." . . . The list of defeated Pontotoc county candidates included several who had their printing done in other counties. . . . Police court trial of a gang fight near Ada a few nights ago was continued until after July 28 to permit some participants to continue their political activities uninterrupted.

H. C. H. in Henryetta Freelance observes "There are many who can brag that they've seen great personages but few who can say that the great saw them."

IT NO LONGER is possible to determine what is being advertised by the stage of undress of the girl (sometimes pretty) shown in the illustrations in current magazines. Manufacturers of everything from toothbrushes to street sweepers and from automatic razors to oil well pumping machinery seem convinced that girls in bathing suits will get the desired attention. Well, at least, they get attention.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

ONCE A FIREMAN, always a fireman is the motto of the laddies who keep Ada's fire loss at a minimum. A few days ago Ollie Coleman and John Harvey Gay, firemen, and a companion, variously reported and denied as Arthur Floyd and a gentleman named Ranes, went to Oklahoma City. En route they passed one of the big modern busses that has an exhaust pipe looped through the rear chassis and baggage rack a la Rube Goldberg so that it resembles a cross between a steamboat smokestack and a calliope whistle. They observed the smoke coming from the top of the bus and concluded that some newspapers on top were burning. Each claims that he knew better all the time and was just doing it to humor the other but they turned around and chased the bus for five miles, more or less, before they got close enough to see their mistake. We maintain they were justified in their attempt to do a good turn, even if it displayed a lack of knowledge of modern motorized vehicles. The fire department needs a new truck anyway.

If all the kids in Ada who ride bicycles were placed on a street where there were no automobiles, it still would be a miracle that so many of them escape being run over.

CLIFFORD KAY, Irazel-Atlas softball enthusiast, asserts that Lester Denny's home run last Monday was the highest and longest ever hit on the H-A diamond. It travelled approximately 300 feet, which is some blow for a softball batter.

If the star players are on the home team, it's talent; if they're on the other team, they're "ringers" or "professionals."

HELEN BYRNE, The News society editor, admits that one of her pet peeves is to have people caution her "Now, please don't be offended—" when they start telling old maid jokes; probably because she still hasn't voted for a president. . . . Ted Sherman's habit of removing the "insides" of biscuits and cornbread and eating only the crust irritates his wife. . . . "They just don't wear 'em any more, by gosh," suffused Paul Hughes after an almost futile attempt to give away a certificate good at an Ada store for a new pair of men's supporters.

Those who speak loudest and longest in favor of freedom of speech and press also are the quickest to try to prevent stories about their mistakes and other misdeeds getting into print.

ASTONISHMENT: Assistant Postmaster Wilbur P. Lee, Superintendent of Mails Earl Sumner and others from the local p.o. attended a meeting Saturday at Oklahoma City where the average length of service of attending employees was 35 years, this, in the face of the fact Oklahoma has been a state only 29 years. Sumner has been in the Ada office 29 years, M. E. Qualls has been there 23 years and Lee a few months less than Qualls. Incidentally, Lee has the rubber stamp that postmarked the last letter mailed in Ada, J. T., on Nov. 15, 1907, before Oklahoma became a state. The date has never been changed.

Wonder if the horse-and-buggy owner got as many miles out of a gallon of corn as the modern motorist gets out of a quart?

GENE AUGUSTUS, Ada's genial Santa Claus who already is counting the days until Christmas, has started proceedings to bring his mother from Athens, Greece, to live in Ada. Her name is Irene Frigidakey and she is 67 years old. The last time Gene saw her was in 1927 when he went to Paris to attend the American Legion convention—and that was the first time in 14 years. Gene was born on a boat when his parents were coming to this country to live. Gene's father died and his mother married again, accounting for the different name and making it more difficult for her to secure re-admission to the United States.

The September Progress Edition of The Ada News is due to reveal many facts of Pontotoc county's natural resources and history of which even many of Ada's oldest citizens are unaware.

MISCELLANY: Earl Turley admits that his wife reads portions of this weekly babble to him. . . . Kivett, Ada's new electrician, on the other hand, told us he was a voluntary reader. . . . Ty Williams, former East Central student and now a senior law student at O U., is working hard in the Pitts field this summer so he won't have to work so hard while going to school next year so he can work harder on his lessons; figure that one out. . . . The U. S. Coast and Geodetic survey has imbedded a bench mark "E-57 1934" in a pillar at the Frisco passenger depot. . . . H. R. Antle informs that the Stonewall fault outcropping at the bridge over Clear Boggy between Ada and Pittstown takes the traveler back two million years as the formation changes from Pennsylvanian into Mississippian.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

BULLET HOLES commemorating one of the most thrilling-and-chilling gun battles in Ada's history still are visible in the east wall of the building occupied by the Ada Lumber company. They were shots fired by a posse pursuing the man who killed Gus Nesbitt, deputy sheriff, in the lobby of the Byrd hotel many years ago. Nesbitt and Byars Chapman went down to arrest a man who had stopped at the hotel and who was suspected of having some whisky in his big Locomobile roadster. Chapman was looking through the car while Nesbitt went inside to hunt the owner, never suspecting there would be any gun play. The result was that Nesbitt was shot down, fatally wounded, in the doorway of the hotel. His assailant fled south on Townsend under a hail of bullets from a quickly assembled posse. The sheriff's office was just across the street over the Sterling Motor Supply company then and guns were not as scarce as they are nowadays. The fleeing man turned down an alley, hurried on foot up Stockton avenue, shooting and being shot at. He turned west on Fourteenth street and forced Bill Roddie, who happened along in a car, to give him transportation. Sheriff Bob Duncan commandeered one of J. M. Stanfield's grocery delivery wagons and Chapman borrowed a horse from Charley Wilburn and others joined the parade afoot and by whatever means of transportation they found available. Finally, the fugitive—his name was Marshall—was cornered in Walter Simmons' barn southwest of the city. His ammunition was exhausted and he was wounded. He was convicted and sent to prison at McAlester. Some time later his wife and child visited him at the prison. He escaped by some trick in her car, taking the child with him and leaving the woman. The child was found some time later abandoned in a Kansas City hotel room. The fugitive has not been seen nor heard of since. But the bullet holes remain and Byars Chapman can tell a hair-raising tale of how the bullets Marshall fired sounded as they passed too close to his head for comfort.

Paul Denny, The News cub reporter, almost created a riot in the meeting of city commissioners last week. He found a dollar bill on the floor and made it known. Every commissioner, supplicant and what-not present

immediately began a search to determine if it was his and the city's business was temporarily suspended during the investigation. City Attorney Mack Braly finally gained the buck "because I know I just had one and it's gone."

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD that once upon a time Somer Jones, C. O. Kline and a Mr. Kilpatrick borrowed a hog down in the Kiamichi on a fishing trip when they couldn't catch any fish. The three were stranded by high water (this happened about 1906) and their food was giving out. The hog came by and the hungry men took advantage of the situation. No, they didn't have any trouble butchering the hog because all three of them were butchers, Jones explains in relating the event.

From somewhere comes the information that Dick Williams learned the barber trade at the old city of Hird when his nearest competitor was Pud Kyser, who operated at Center. After he moved his home-made chair to Ada Dick paid his rent by cutting the hair of two proprietors of the store room he occupied.

CHARLEY SMITH, another barber, is of the opinion that if a vote were to be taken on whether it should rain there would be a lot of no votes just because some people are against anything.

Stonewall was the county seat of Pontotoc county back in the days when Chickasha was just another town in the Old Chickasaw nation and Ada was unheard of. Ardmore was in Pickens county, Tishomingo was the nation's capital and the county seat of Tishomingo county, which was just northwest of Panola county, the fourth and last.

THE CHELSEA (Mass.) EVENING RECORD, with whom The News has been exchanging since the latter was awarded third place in the national contest for general excellence, carried the following ad in a recent issue: "MONSTER MEETING. Tomorrow Night, Chelsea Townsend Club, Old Age Pension Plan, Good Speakers, Everybody Welcome." We can't help wondering how many monsters attended.

From New York and Denver come messages that two wandering Ada boys are about to return. Bill Gluckman postcards that he is tired eating his food from slot machines in the east and Wallace Hoggatt airmails that after a summer at the University of Denver he has been traipsing around over the Rockies.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

HOT WEATHER NOTES: Mr. and Mrs. Haskell (Cement plant) Rodgers, who live on the last hill this side of Latta, complained about the strong wind blowing the covers off their bed in the nights of the days are mercury hit 105 and so. . . . Joe Walker, who is vacationing at Virginia Beach, Va., sends the following advice: "Tell all our friends to stay home, save their money and thank their lucky stars that there is Ada, Okla. If folks must take a trip, go out to the glass plant. Give 'em \$14, lie on a lumpy board up close to a furnace and let some guy squirt a hose at 'em, come back and tell what a wonderful vacation they swam through" . . . Marion O'Neal who brought his family down from Blackwell for a vacation, wore his coat 'most every place he went because it was so much cooler here. . . . A bunch of Ada folks are considering a celebration in Colorado this month; reports from various sources indicate that between 15 and 20 Ada residents will be fishing and resting in the Rockies within a few days. N. B. Stall, Cecil Oaks and Ben Hatcher are going to leave their wives at home but the Guy Sinnett, Roy Lollar, Foster McSwain and the Tomlin families are planning to go along to boost the total in larger groups. . . . And another thing: it is quite possible to catch summer cold in Ada by sleeping in the afternoon breeze.

A more vigorous application of the hairbrush would improve the development of a lot of heirs.

THE RUN an Ada baseball player scored Friday night on three rapid-fire Antlers errors is remindful of the story of the Texas ball player, reportedly a huge fellow with a chest and muscles that Babe Ruth might have envied. He clouted the first ball pitched to him and it went so fast and so far that nobody thought of trying to field it. Instead of circling the bases, however, the batter waited for the pitcher to deliver another ball. "Why don't you run?" someone shouted. "What for?" he retorted, "I got two more strikes yet, aint I?" Incidentally, A. O. Green reports that the Ada team loses from 8 to 10 balls (\$17 a dozen) each game via the foul ball and home run route.

"Wonderful, isn't it?" sarcastically commented Drug-gist Ed Gwin jr., as a friend asked him how he liked the Oklahoma sales tax system. Ed had just been gyped out of three (3) mills because the purchaser didn't have the right change.

W. T. MILLER believes in thoroughness and that accounts for his digust with the thief who stole his lawn mower recently. "I'm almost tempted," Mr. Miller said, "to run an ad in The News to tell the thief if he will come back I'll give him the pick-up carrier to go with the mower."

An apt simile from "Honey In The Horn" by Davis: "As windy as politicians' alley in hell."

MAX SOREF, who was born in Germany of Russian parents who were naturalized Americans, can speak, as he puts it, seven and one-half languages, asserting that he only half speaks English. He does a good job of it, though, and is studying Spanish at home in his spare time. Max was pretty much of a globe trotter until he happened to come to Ada, which he thinks is a dandy city in the best country in the world.

J. H. McElreath, who left here six or seven years ago, thought he had come to the wrong town when he returned from a sojourn in Dallas a few days hence. "I didn't know what I was getting into when I came up Lucas Hill," said J. H.

ANOTHER GOOD REASON for being glad we live in Ada is the following list of names, picked at random from local news items in a paper received at The News exchange desk. Just imagine the effort necessary to get them straight in a newspaper!—Bronislaus Czyzewski, Boleslaw Siewko, John Bizkupski, Stella Klimaszewska, Zygmunt Walczewski and Cyprian Adamski.

For the benefit of those who telephone The News to settle bets about how many electoral votes Oklahoma has, the legal qualifications for voting in Wyoming and whether Taft carried Pennsylvania in 1912, we might say that we have acquired some complete information on the subject and hope to be able to answer almost all questions this year.

SINCE THIS COLUMN was started the readers have been given no particular opportunity to contribute, although quite a number of friends have been very helpful with frequent suggestions. As a feature of The News "Progress Edition" on September 6 we propose to have a "Readers' Day" issue of this column in which contributions (if any are received) will be published as a sort of relief from the usual line of chatter

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERGIE DEERING

ONE OF THE TWO sons of Ada's first mayor was an Ada visitor last week and his visit recalled to the minds of the old timers with whom he talked many interesting facts concerning early Ada. The visitor was H. A. McKnight, of Fort Worth, son of George McKnight. He came to obtain a portrait of his father, painted nearly 30 years ago by Dr. Charles A. Thomas for the Ada Masonic lodge of which Mr. McKnight was Worshipful Master. Incidentally, Dr. Thomas used to wield an effective paint brush at intervals during his career as a photographer. He later became a veterinarian and now operates a large concrete pipe manufacturing plant. Mr. McKnight, the elder, died in Wetumka in 1911. Another son, George McKnight jr., is employed in Texas by a railroad.

From Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, Judge C. O. Barton sends us a postcard picture of a great, big, old brown bear and writes: "A kinsman of this big brute ran me off from a nice string of trout I had caught and gobbled them while I stood afar off and watched. Lots of elk, deer and moose. Not allowed to shoot. Mighty cold here." (Note that last sentence.)

EDUCATIONAL NOTES: An Associated Press dispatch coming into The News office referred to the "state board of agitation"; it later was corrected to read "the state board of education". . . Dr. A. Linscheid says: "I, too, would like to be a reformer from a distance. I could easily tell Hitler and Mussolini what they should do but to go down and clean up any undesirable situation in Ada is a horse of a different color." . . . From Allen comes news that Leroy "Bony" Matthews is to be coach there during the coming year after a successful tenure at Francis. He writes: "If anyone comes along and hollers for a football game this fall send them to me. I can't find enough teams to play. Sit under the fan and write news while I slave." (What fan?)

If television is going to be as hard on the eyes as a lot of radio programs are on the ears and nerves, we're "agin" it.

AN ACQUAINTANCE whose name we shall not mention, reports on the drought conditions in Ada. "Did you know," he volunteered, "that night before last there was only one bootlegging joint in or near Ada that was open—I mean outside of these highpriced places on Main street?" Then after an elaborate account of the symptoms that created the demand for "medicine" he added that the place he found open had only one pint of orange gin and six half-pints of lemon and lime gin mixed. That, we think, is a great compliment to our law enforcement bodies.

The News pressman informs us that two tons of paper will be required to print each of the several 16-page sections for The Ada News "Progress Edition" on September 6.

ADA IS FAMED as "The Friendly City" but its residents will have to hustle to beat those of Konawa, our neighbor. . . . That busy little city across the river makes anybody feel at home. . . . We even found, on a visit last week, one gentleman (Druggist Gordon) who admitted that he reads this column. . . . Konawa has an excellent school system, two banks and lots of other things ordinarily not found in towns of 2,000 population. . . . Konawa is an Indian word meaning "bead". . . . Jim Burgess, a Seminole Indian living near Konawa, is enrolled on government records as Jim Davis but his brother, John Burgess, is enrolled as John Burgess.

Appropriate Names Department: J. W. Bolt is a hardware man in Konawa; L. L. Leasure of Byng has plenty of leisure, being employed to work six hours each day by the Hazel-Atlas Glass company of Ada.

THE GERMANS had good reason for discouraging participation of Jews in the Olympic games. The past treatment of that abused race by the Germans would give them an unfair advantage in the races, due to the additional incentive to run.

Too many public questions which should be moot are muted.

T. G. KELLY, O. G. & E. manager, is an active member of the Oklahoma Bar association and practiced law in Arkansas for 10 or 15 years before he came to Oklahoma.

CONVERSATION overheard between two negro filling station porters talking across the street: "How are ya doin'?" "I'm not doin' so good." "Don't you like it here?" "I b'lieve it'd been better if I never had come to Ada." "I like it here." "If I ever come back to Ada again it'll be down below."

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERGIE DEERING

WE HOPE that Coal county gets an oil field. That is what the people down at Coalgate are waiting and wishing for, too. In the early days of this section Coalgate was a booming town with its coal mines. Then came the natural gas fields and the demand for coal became so small it all but stopped operations in Coal county. There probably is more coal there now than ever will be mined. Coalgate has remained loyal to the field and the town isn't even piped for gas but the coal used by 2,000 persons doesn't create a big demand for miners—especially this hot weather. Well, when coal mining slackened, the people turned to farming in one or more of its various diversifications. Then came the drouth and injured that. The result is that the people, many of them, are just waiting for an oil field. As one Coalgate man expressed it: "About three-fourths of the people here think they're going to leave if the oil field fails but they won't. They're just like I am. They're going to stay here from now on but that doesn't keep us from wanting an oil field."

An Ada man thinks that the Ada Junior Chamber of Commerce should cease trying to build an airport and try to get Tishomingo to build one. His theory is that the airports usually are built so far from the cities they serve that Tishomingo would build one closer to Ada than the Ada group would.

BURTON GRINDSTAFF of Hugo basks in reflected glory and inscribes the following epistle: "Now that Lyle Boren is entitled to append Hon. to his name and his presence will lend dignity to all occasions, I must resort to that worn phrase, 'I knew him when.' Lyle's ascendancy to the upper realms of politics reminds me of the way time has of dealing with college classmates. Not that Lyle and I were ever more than casual friends whom chance threw together in a few classes. Legend now will creep up about this boy we all knew, this chap who came into the East Central Journal office at college with his sentimental poems and provoked a knowing smile, this super-eloquent speech student who, we all thought, carried his oratory a little too far. The purpose of this discourse is to say that Lyle, the boy, will not

change appreciably as a result of new-found glory. But our ideas of him will change. We will build legend around him. We will place a new and too significant importance to his every little deed and word in the years that follow. And we who knew him when, no matter how casual the acquaintance, will swell with pride when we are able to boast that we number ourselves among his intimates. Among the manifold tasks that now confront our young congressman is the important one of keeping his head, doing his work calmly and sanely, and retaining the few close friends that are essential to happiness. This I believe Lyle will be able to do in spite of the glamor, the \$10,000 a year salary and the increased social and political prestige that are now his. If we were once his friends, let us be more so now by refusing to seek anything at his bequest except the same warm hearted friendship we have always known. The people believed in his integrity. Should not his friends do likewise?"

The trouble with a lot of cowboy singers is that they have no range.

MISS FLOYD WILSON, Grindstaff & Laves steno, used to be a West Texas newspaper and job printing operator. She used to sell the jobs, do the press work, feed paper for a single-sheet newspaper press and wash the ink from the rollers. She didn't tell us the name of the paper but we found out it was the "Hereford Brand", a weekly out near Amarillo.

Ad Similes: As goofy as a radio sketch.

AROUND THE COURTHOUSE there are two men who have a little difficulty keeping their names straight. They are Harvey J. Lambert, district court reporter, and Harve Lambert, undersheriff. They are not related. Undersheriff Lambert is an old timer of this section. Reporter Lambert has been in and around Ada for a long time, too, although he is considerably younger. He has a yen for fine dogs and is a brother of Bukey Lambert, who used to provide lots of thrills on local gridirons for the fans.

L. A. Henry of Ada, who has bought and is living in old Gov. Byrd mansion at Prisco, tells us that it took 100 gallons of white paint to cover the huge frame house.

A DIVORCE PETITION filed in district court here involved a man living in another state. When he was asked to sign he agreed to the property settlement clause by writing on the printed form: "I will sign but I sign on this condition that I will pay her nothing."

Casual inquiry around Ada indicates that paid vacations are as defunct as: (1) the dodo; (2) the NRA; (3) Main street hitching posts; (4) etc., ad infinitum.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

RAIN TALK: What's your prediction regarding rain or lack of rain? Mike Mount says he knows it's going to rain because a friend of his "who only bets on full houses, aces, straights and cinches" called him and wanted to bet that it would rain! Allen Stanfield saw some cattle playing in the field in the heat of the day and he started carrying his slicker in his car. Sherrod Ahrend added that he'll start carrying his overcoat when he sees hogs carrying sticks to make a bed, because that's a sure sign of a norther. Another Ada man says he's positive it's going to rain because "if it doesn't rain I'm going to leave here and I know darn well I'm not going to leave." Paul Denny predicted rain and then backed down on it because the air pressure maps he'd been following changed and he asserts there are nothing but low pressure areas to the north of us now. Our private theory, in which we haven't had much encouragement from scientific quarters, is that these drouths are caused by excess radio activity. In other words, the radio broadcasting stations are so active that the air is all cluttered up with ether waves, and this interferes with normal activity of the atmospheric conditions that cause rain. The basis for this theory is that we can't recall any serious drouths before the radio was invented.

Page Mr. Hoover: Ada is the busiest city in Oklahoma, bar none; but there's as green a crop of bermuda grass growing on the curb at the northeast corner of Broadway and Main as may be found in town. This picture is for the skeptical.



GRASS

SINCE OKLAHOMA CITY has been figuring on building a big

dam near Pontotoc to establish a water supply, there has been a considerable amount of favorable comment from Ada residents. While the attempt of the state capital city to buy Byrds Mill spring several years ago met with emphatic rejection, the revised plan is due to receive hearty cooperation. Fishermen especially are hoping that the project will carry through. There is no doubt that the water is available. The Arbuckle mountains offer the greatest number of large springs and represent the only real springs area in Oklahoma. We hope that Oklahoma City gets the desired water supply. Pure spring water should be welcomed by the O. C. residents, judging from what has been served us on visits there.

By now the public is also becoming familiar with the features of Mr. Landon's horse, quips the Nashville Tennessean.

JEFF R. LAIRD, vacationing in New York, jabs loose from a penny to post card: "I have seen every show in town, made concerts, baseball, grand opera, the Louis-Sharkey fight, the 'Queen Mary', etc., bought some chess men, worn out a pair of shoes and I'm still going strong. I plan to be in Ada August 30-September 4."

The San Francisco bridge is going to be something enormous, too, a package of pictures from C. V. Liggett, who went from The Ada News to The San Francisco News, indicates.

CLEM GIBSON doesn't like sheep, for reasons of his own. He explains them as saying that he once was living in the Texas cattle country when a boy. A neighbor employed him to look after 2,000 head of sheep while the owner went to serve on a grand jury. A month gave him enough—and more—of handling sheep. For one thing he says he could hardly turn around without some of the sheep getting off in some direction they shouldn't and for another thing, he had to take the gibes of the cattlemen as a sheepherder, no small matter in those days. Today, Oklahoma cattlemen realize the value of a few sheep and most of them keep a small flock as weed mowers.

Are you up-to-date on your politics? Then, without looking at your book or newspaper, rise and tell the class who Earl Browder and D. Leigh Colvin are?

MAN RUNS AMUCK IN DOWNTOWN CAFE, says a headline in Johnston County Capital Democrat. The cafe probably had a nickel-in-the-slot music box.

O. K. (Oklahoma) Hammitt, ad compositor at The News, was born in Guthrie the day that Oklahoma became a state.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

LOUIS GEORGE, the Railway Express agent, who drinks almost as much coffee as Assistant Postmaster Wilbur Lee, asserts that he knows it's going to rain because when he started to stamp his waybills one morning last week, the ink pad was damp. Since it hasn't rained we presume that the company must have sent out a fresh supply of stamp pad ink. We also picked up from L. G.'s desk an interesting bit of history concerning a literary society of some 90 years ago which wanted to debate the subject "Are Railroads Practicable?" They asked the board of education of their little town for permission to use the school house for their debate. The board considered the matter and sent this reply to the society: "If the society wanted to debate some decent moral question we would cheerfully grant the use of the school house but such a thing as a railroad is wicked and absurd. If God had intended human beings to travel at the fearful rate of 10 miles an hour, He would have clearly foretold it through His prophets but since nothing is said about it in His Holy Writ, it is clearly an invention of the devil to lead immortal souls to hell. Hence we must refuse the use of the school house." (Personal to Joe Lee, et al: The foregoing item does not state nor imply that we believe that railroads are an invention of the devil).

A paragrapher suggests that the Indians might get better results with their snake dances for rain if they used water moccasins instead of rattlesnakes.

TRAILERVILLE, the community of students living in automobile trailers and attending East Central State Teachers college, is no more, informs George Burris, our cavorting campus correspondent. Last week only the trailer homes of Burris and Gorham Beale remained and this week they'll be gone. There is no rule against the students living in trailers but there's no place for them on the campus since the new dormitories are nearing completion and they're merely being forced to seek other locations, says George. The community began several years ago as a tent colony occupied by summer school students. It gradually progressed until at one time during the past year a dozen or two trailers were occupied by young couples and

bachelors.

An Ada woman informed us a few days ago that she is going to become a "silent partner" in a business venture. It required no vast amount of knowledge of women to prompt our suggestion that she call herself merely a partner.

A POSTCARD signed Bufford Howard and postmarked Los Angeles, Calif., reached the somewhat littered desk with the following inscription: "Dear Snooper: Am working in Hollywood but my biggest surprise came when I saw Frances Bayless lunching with Lawrence Tibbett—I've seen twenty people out here from Ada."

Unusual Names Department: The Steele and Flynt grocery in Kingston, Okla.

QUESTIONS WE CAN'T ANSWER: Why does every piece of machinery in a newspaper office make a noise? Why do editors so consistently miss the office wastebasket when they practice throwing papers at it all day? "Why was that story about me put in the paper?" "Why wasn't that story about me put in the paper?" How do you work these patternless cross word puzzles in today's Ada News? Etc., ad infinitum.

We haven't yet figured out whether Harvey Faust was punning, panning or praising us when he dubbed us a pseudo-scientist, after our rain diagnosis of last week.

IT'S RATHER HARD to realize that the football season is here again, what with the Oklahoma sandlot baseball teams still in process of reorganization typical of early-season form and the World series some distance in the future, but it is. The Ada high Cougars, who open here against Shawnee and follow with their first out-of-state game in many, many years (at Denison, Texas), already are practicing and Coach Mickey McBride has begun the sizing up of his chief hopes for the Oklahoma Collegiate grid title that he was forced to share with Central Bronchos last season. There's one thing about scholastic sports that isn't found in Oklahoma baseball; that is that your favorite player won't switch over to the opposing team just before the next game. And here's some inside dope on the local sports situation: Hugh Warren, who enjoyed outstanding success as student coach at Horace Mann, has been elected to the faculty of the Ada public schools and is being considered as coach of the Big Five conference and district champion Ada high basketball team during the coming year.

The best we can figure out, a lot of these people with family trees find it very convenient to climb down out of them to talk about themselves.

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W. W. O'NEAL IS HOPING that his wife doesn't go on a vacation again until the O'Neal residence is devoid of livestock, pets and pests. A few days ago Mrs. O'Neal took the family car to drive to Blackwell with Marion O'Neal, wife and son. Mr. O'Neal complains that he was left afoot after buying two new tires and changing the oil and he had to do his own cooking to start with but that's not all. He also was charged with the proper care of and responsibility for three canary birds, two bull pups, a one day old calf and the calf's mother. Just about the time he had got the cow gentle enough to let him come in the lot where she was, a big, multi-colored peacock decided to take a look at the calf. This almost scared the cow to death and the dogs howled enough to rouse all the neighbors. O'Neal finally caught the peacock and kept it in the barn until a man called for it. There was celebrating in the O'Neal home when vacations were over this year—even if W. W. had to do all the celebrating.

The cleverest cartoon of many moons is one from an upstate paper showing a mountain yokel with a hound dog, jug o' corn and a newspaper lying on a rock reading. Two other yokels are standing by. The younger one explains: "Paw says he's reading. . . . It's somethin' he does with his eyes."

"I STOOD OUT THERE under the awning when that stuff was falling and I felt of it and it was WET!" exuberated Harmon Ebey after last Thursday's 15-minute lawn sprinkler.

To "A Friend" who kindly mailed a copy of the somewhat garbled ideas of Prof J. Cleetus Enlow regarding rain theories: We think the professor is all wet in his thinking, probably due to water on the brain, and so we are using your suggestion to pass the article on to Joe Lee for his consideration.

B. H. FRICK ANALYZES the major difficulty railroads will have to overcome in their battle to regain ultimate supremacy of transportation popularity. He says that women don't like to ride the trains because they can't tell the engineer how to drive; there is no back-seat driving. . . . that explains why the trains have

such a marvelous record of safety.)

Just another sign that Oklahoma is a peculiar state: In Oklahoma the rivers run from the plains into the mountains. Every river in the state runs in a generally southeastern course. The northwestern part of the state is plains country and the southeastern part is mountainous. Ada is ideally situated between the two.

HARRIS INGRAM, now of Houston, asserts that he can remember when Bob Blanks (The Pessimist) wore long curls and velvet suits. . . . For that matter, we can recall also the first time we ever saw Elwood "Peck" Goddard; he came to enroll in the primer all dressed up in a nifty suit that had lace all over the collar and cuffs. . . . Those were the good old days. . . . Where it came from is unknown, but Ben Hatcher struck an appealing note at Kiwanis last Monday when he referred to Ira E. as "Tarz" Dugan. . . . D. J. Nabors, professor of speech at Peru Teachers college, Peru, Neb., former East Central student, informs that high class dramatic entertainments form a large part of the student life there; he directs from seven to ten 3-act plays during the winter and summer terms, besides one-act programs.

To the desk comes a beautiful description of a lighted scoreboard system for football and baseball games. It emphasizes the need of some such apparatus for the local grid diamond, with the season due to open in a couple of weeks. If football were better understood, it would be a more popular game with the fans and, to our notion, a scoreboard of this type would be a good investment, or possibly a donation of some civic club or philanthropic individual.

IF YOU WANT something to do some evening this winter (and winter is sure to come), just sit down and count the names in the Progress Edition of The Ada News. You'll have plenty to do all evening and then some. Counting the stories alone would be quite a task, because there are more than 1,000 of them, to say nothing of some 400 or 500 illustrations in the news sections plus the illustrations in the advertisements. There are 284 individual display advertisements of local merchants. Each complete paper weighs about two and one-half pounds. It is believed that no larger single edition of a newspaper has ever been issued in Oklahoma. And rightly so, because no town or city in Oklahoma has enjoyed the progress and growth that has been Ada's for the past 20 years. Why, we can remember when all that out there was just a corn field; we've literally seen a city grow up under our

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AT LEAST one Pontotoc farmer is sincerely interested in the health of D. E. Slingerland, the Resettlement administration farm manager learned recently. He had been ill and out of his office for a couple of weeks. A client called to see him and was informed that Mr. Slingerland was ill, and pretty seriously ill at that. The farmer stroked his chin, and in complete sincerity and earnestness drawled: "D—, I shore hope he don't die on us now!" Slingerland is back at work now.

Judging from miscellaneous remarks overheard during the past week or two, school bells are joy bells to many a mother.

THE ALIMONY SITUATION arises again and District Judge Tal Crawford discloses receipt of the following note (without names), which also might be accepted as evidence of FDR's assertion that prosperity has turned the corner: "Judge Crawford, B— has not paid me a penny since the first month after we were divorced. And I know of three jobs of work he has had. I fed him while he worked for the gas company 3 days and I know of 12.50 then and once before he made a 1.00 then he pulled cotton and made some money. He took the money he made on the gas co. job and took the woman that separated us and went to — and stayed 5 days. He has lied to me so many times I know he won't pay me. So if he don't come across with some money the 21 pleased have him brought in (signed)"

There's nothing wrong with showing spring clothes this time of year, as far as we can see. It appears now that it will be that long before we can save up enough money to buy a new suit and there's no harm in picking it out now.

WE ARE INFORMED that Ed Hunter jr., had some difficulty in determining whether he was the father of a son or a daughter a few days ago when the blessed event transpired. As is customary for young fathers, Young Ed was busily engaged in wearing out the carpet in the halls of the hospital. When it was over Ed rushed to the telephone and called his mother. "We have a new son," he announced with justifiable pride. Then he hurried back and asked the nurse: "Where is he?" Puzzled, the nurse inquired "Where's who?"

Ed explained that he referred to his newly born (supposed) son and heir. "It wasn't a boy.—It was a girl," the nurse laughed. Then Ed had to hurry back to telephone his mother: "We have a new daughter", adding the explanation that it was the same baby he had referred to as a son a few minutes earlier and not twins. At the last report, mother and daughter are doing well and Father Ed is recovering from those tense early moments.

"It won't be long before some wag suggests changing the name of Kansas to Kansas," quips Hugh C. Hall of the Henryetta Daily Free Lance. From what we hear of Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Hall, a more appropriate version would be Kantsas.

"I'VE TRIED ALL HOURS of the day and night and the first thing in the morning is the best time of all," says A. Foster in regard to his custom of reading the Bible, expressing wonder that people take occasion three times daily to feed their bodies, but set aside no time to feed their spirits.

THE BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL WOMEN'S CLUB, it seems, is having some difficulty in gaining the recognition it desires as a civic organization. We can see no reason why the women should not have a service club nor why it should not be so recognized, if they wish it. The Kiwanis, Lions, Rotary, etc., bar women from membership but if the women are going to fight their own battles in the world of business they should be given an opportunity to work on community enterprises. The cooperation of all is needed to maintain the pace of progress Ada has set for itself, and the "workin' girls" can do a lot of good if given the opportunity.

"Culture First, Then Professional Training" is the title of an interesting discussion by Dr. A. Linscheid and featured in the September "Oklahoma Teacher". The article is an explanation of the new curriculum in the teachers colleges of Oklahoma.

CHARLEY SHOCKLEY, who can give quite a demonstration of how he imagines a newspaper reporter ought to work, is learning the art and science of operating a saw mill, we understand. The story goes that when Charley bought an estate of some 180 acres over near Francis he couldn't get anyone with a sawmill to move in and saw up the timber to build a barn. So Charley bought a sawmill. As a result he is getting a lot of "raspberries" around the courthouse about his sawmill and the unusual liking he has taken to J. B. Hill, possibly in the hope of obtaining a few hints on how to own and operate a Pontotoc county farm without losing too much money.

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WET WEATHER TALK: In Thursday morning's rain a prominent Ada mother was hurrying the younger generation to school in the family bus. A police whistle shrilled the damp air. "Why, I didn't even see that stop sign in the rain and there's no one in the way. You're not going to give me a ticket for that, are you?" the lady of the house protested when the inevitable policeman approached. "Let me see your driver's license, please?" he quietly requested. "Driver's license?" exclaimed the mother. "Why, I haven't any driver's license!" Results: two tickets and one very red face. . . . The rain was falling in torrents about 4:30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. The News telephone rang. "Say, can you tell me if it will be raining tonight at 7 o'clock?" a sober-sounding masculine voice inquired when we picked up the contraption. Supposing that it was some one who just wanted to kid us a little, we replied that the weather man was out and we couldn't say whether it would be raining at 7 o'clock or not. "When will the weather man be back?" the voice persisted. "Well, he's gone out for his raincoat and probably won't be back until 7:30 tonight," we replied in a feeble attempt to be funny. "Well, is there anyone I can call to find out if it'll be raining tonight?" the gentleman counter-attacked. When we replied that we didn't know of anyone he hung up without telling us why he wanted to know if it would be raining.

If anybody has been saving up for a rainy day this past summer, they should have had quite a sum laid by when the rain came.

LEE HENRY, former resident of the Center community now living in Oakland, Calif., was rather surprised when he found folks out there had never seen nor heard of 'possums. So, Lee wrote back to Mose Henry, his father, and asked him to have the boys catch a couple of 'possums for him. The boys caught them and one of the captured pets was a perfectly white specimen, something of a rarity. Then Mose found out that the animals could not be sent to California because of game laws, so it looks like Lee will have to be content with some snapshots to show his California friends.

This country doesn't need a farm for every farmer as

badly as it needs a farmer for every farm. This may not mean much, but it sounds good.

WE BELIEVE THE LONGEST question we ever heard asked a witness in a court trial was propounded by J. B. Grigsby, defense counsel in a murder trial here last week. At least four expert witnesses were asked a hypothetical question by Mr. Grigsby that was 413 words in length, all in one sentence, which the witnesses, doctors and mental specialists, were supposed to answer in half a dozen words or less. Incidentally, during one 10-minute period of the same trial, Harvey Lambert, court reporter, was taking dictation at the rate of 328 words a minute. It was while a witness, defense counsel and prosecution were all talking at the same time.

John Molloy, once asked if he would be playing tennis when he is as old as his father, Prof. M. B. Molloy, replied: "No, I'll probably be on the sidelines watching my dad play tennis."

ADA KIWANIANs had a lot of fun at the Texas-Oklahoma district convention at Muskogee a short time ago. R. V. Dixon, Dr. A. R. Sugg, Roy Lollar and some others grabbed a bunch of copies of The Progress Edition of The Ada News, which was published on the morning they left, and took them along. They sold them in the hotel lobbies, some for as much as 25 cents each, gave others to Boy Scouts to sell and asserted they could have brought the convention to Ada next year if they had tried. President Billy Melton did bring home a silver loving cup for Ada's activity in interclub relationships and special honors in club achievement contests.

"I never want my name in the paper in the personals column and its in there today and I want you to make a correction on it," came a somewhat excited feminine voice over the wire. "Well, who is this and what does it say about you?" was the natural reply. "Well, it says I'm going to spend the weekend out of town but I don't want my name in the correction," the voice insisted. We finally found out who she was and agreed to send the Society Editor up to talk to her. When the Society Editor called, the young lady was spending the weekend out of town. No correction.

ADA PEOPLE constantly talk about supporting East Central college to the fullest extent but Coach Mickey McBride can't get much of it for his football team. The greatest advertisement a college can have is a good football team; to-wit, who would have heard of Purdue, Notre Dame, etc., except via the gridiron. All the players want is a place to eat and sleep and they're willing to work for those things. Give a boy a job and bring a dozen other students to Ada.

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PIPES—Edmon Low discloses that one of his more or less suppressed desires is to smoke a pipe. "I think there's nothing that adds quite as much polish to a man's deliberations while he is alone as a pipe," the college library official philosophizes. "Then, too, when somebody pops a question to me that demands an immediate decision, a pipe would come in handy. On such occasions my mind just turns blank. Now if I had a pipe in my pocket and could deliberately and slowly take it out, fill it, light it and puff a nonchalant smoke-ring or two while I'm framing a suitable reply, then those quiet moments wouldn't seem nearly so awkward." We suggested that if he takes up pipe smoking that he begin his practice sessions after supper so that he could retire at once, if necessary, without causing undue comment. . . . Incidentally, we wonder who smokes the oldest pipe in Ada?

Setting up exercises no doubt would be more popular if they could be taken sitting down.

PROSPERITY HASN'T turned the corner for everybody yet, but even so, there are some things Ada's Chamber of Commerce can't do to bring about the desired relief. One transient with a wife and an unnamed number of children found this out last week. He applied to Ada's mayor, Bill Crawford, for assistance. His Honor said the city didn't have any funds to provide a bed and board for the family but gave him a quarter from his own pocket and authorized the man to seek funds elsewhere. About the first place the man went he ran into a loyal supporter of the C. of C. and its principles. He told the man he couldn't contribute unless the solicitor were approved by the local secretary. Undaunted, the transient applied to Sec. Milton Keating, who explained that the rule was made to protect merchants from unscrupulous ad solicitors and the like and that he had no authority to give such approval, suggesting that the mayor might send a policeman to accompany the transient to give the solicitation an official appearance. The man disappeared and we can't help wondering if he had been as persevering in efforts to locate a job that he would have found one.

Ambrose Sextette, who admits he isn't very well versed in politics, says that what with

all the newspaper pictures he can't remember off-hand whether it is Peggy Landon, John D. M. Hamilton, Alf Landon or Alf Landon's horse who is the republican nominee for president.

THE SCARCITY OF NEWS-PAPERS which take an undaunted and thoroughly democratic point of political view has Dr. W. D. (Par) Warren worried. He points to the Philadelphia Record as a noteworthy example of dyed-in-the-wool advocate of democratic principles, but is anxious that so many Oklahoma newspapers have taken either a republican or neutral stand in a democratic state. He, incidentally, was brought up a republican but thinks voters should be given an opportunity to read both sides, so that they might observe the change in the "states' rights" party platform plank from the democrats to the republicans in recent years.

The large crowd of "sweaters" at the recent district court criminal term prompted one attache to remark: "I heard there were so many relief workers who laid off to attend court that they had to shut down some government projects until the term was over."

FOR THE MATHEMATICIANS—How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2, a total of 10 only. Others figure differently, that Eve 8 and Adam ate also, total 16. Still others figure that if Eve 8 and Adam 82, certainly the total would be 90. Scientific men, however, reason something like this: Eve 81 and Adam 82, total 163. But what could be clearer than if Eve 81 and Adam 812, the total would be 893? Another calculation shows that if Eve 814 Adam, Adam 81242 oblige Eve, total 82,056. This however, may not be a sufficient quantity, since if Eve 814 Adam, Adam if he 8081242 keep Eve, company, total 8,082,056. But, of course, this is all wrong. Eve, when she 81812 many, and probably felt sorry for it, but her companion, in order to relieve her grief, 812. Therefore when Adam 81814240fy Eve's depressed spirits. Hence, both ate 81,896,864 apples. We don't know who figured all that out, but it certainly was a waste of time.

E. H. Nelson, accused of using bad psychology by catching a cold that practically shut off his vocalizations, explained: "I had the croup a lot when I was a child and I haven't outgrown it yet."

THE FOLLOWING NOTICE is quoted from an oriental paper which had an English section: "The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style, and most earliest. Do a murder commit, we hear of it and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it, and in border somber. Staff has each been colleged and write like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisements."

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EMployees over at the Federal building are hoping it doesn't take as long to get furnace repairs as it did to obtain replacement of parts in ice water coolers. Early last summer the post office water coolers broke under the strain of terrific heat and overwork and had to be sent to the factory for repairs. They were gone all summer. The other day, the first time it got cool enough to wonder where the "long handles" and stove connections were, the water coolers came back. In fact, it was the same day that the custodian reported the furnace is shut down until new gaskets can be obtained and installed. It will be a little difficult to wear overcoats and sort mail all winter, the p.o. workers agree.

A woman was hurried to the hospital by ambulance. Word spread quickly through the crowd of curious always gathered around such places that she had taken poison. (It developed the amount of strychnine she had taken was not enough to prove serious). After ascertaining the name, etc., we started to leave the hospital. A stranger inquired: "Who is she?" When told he commented dryly: "Well, I just wanted to know. Me and my wife quit today and she looked kinda like her when they was carryin' her in."

ADA HAS MANY REASONS to look forward to an era of great importance, and a population of 100,000 or more is not necessary to reach it. The population of this rapidly growing city now is variously estimated from 15,000 to 20,000 persons. Compare that population with these population figures of eleven state capitals: Cheyenne, Wyo., 17,361; Montpelier, Vt., 7,837; Pierre, S. D., 3,659; Bismark, N. D., 11,090; Helena, Mont., 11,803; Annapolis, Md., 12,531; Augusta, Me., 17,198; Frankfort, Ky., 11,626; Boise, Idaho, (which is in Ada county) 21,544; Tallahassee, Fla., 10,700; and Jefferson City, Mo., 21,596. State capitals are not always the largest cities in a state but they invariably are among the most important cities of the nation. A little more boosting and advertising and Ada can become as important to this section of Oklahoma as any of those cities are to their respective states.

It has been our observation that almost every: (1) automo-

bile accident has whiskey involved at some point or other; (2) murder has either a woman or whiskey, or both, involved; (3) young lawbreaker comes from a home broken by death, disaster or divorce.

LAST WEEK'S QUERY regarding the oldest pipe brought this two-way bid from Lee Eddleman. He has a little meerschaum named Statehood because he acquired it in October, 1907. He had admired a similar one belonging to a friend employed by the Waples-Platter company, then opening in this territory. The friend collected enough tags and wrappers to obtain the meerschaum from the American Tobacco company for Eddleman, who still smokes it and values it highly. Eddleman has another meerschaum given him by a friend. This one is 59 years old and belonged to his friend's father. The pipe is large, with the bowl firmly clasped in a lion's paw. It is now in Houston undergoing repairs to the stem. Now, who has a pipe that can beat the records of those as antiques?

It looks as if the additional comics and features appearing in The News now are going to mean longer hours for the night editor. We'll have to come to work 15 minutes earlier every day now because it takes that much longer to read the new strips before settling down to business.

DUPLICATE NAMES are common occurrences among public officials working in Ada but few of the officials are related. Deputy U. S. Marshal Allen Stanfield is not related to County Attorney Virgil Stanfield, nor is U. S. Commissioner W. C. Edwards a kinsman of District Judge H. H. Edwards, but District Judge Tal Crawford is an uncle of Mayor Bill Crawford. County Farm Agent J. B. Hill and Peace Justice Sherwood W. Hill disclaim any blood relationship, although both are "nuts" about the art of pecan growing. Caretaker Marvin Kaiser of Wintersmith park is a brother of Sheriff Clyde Kaiser but Undersheriff Harve Lambert is not related to District Court Reporter Harvey J. Lambert, even if they have the same name.

The football game between O. U. and Tulsa U. was advertised in most Oklahoma newspapers by banner headlines reading something like this: "Sooners Battle Tulsa to Scoreless Tie". Then lengthy descriptions usually were followed by terse summaries like this:

Score by periods:
Oklahoma ----- 0 0 0 0—0
Tulsa ----- 0 0 0 0—0

All of which should be enough to convince the average reader that no tallies were made by either side.

TOM PHILLIPS of Holdenville Daily News comments: "We've heard of state weddings but it must have been a municipal wedding when Miss OKEMAH Payne was wed to Mr. FAIRFAX Milton at PONCA CITY."

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OUR OWN SPORTING WORLD:

Clarence "Red" Phillips, one of the all-time "greats" of East Central's glamorous basketball history, was loafing around the college gym the other day after he had finished his season as pitcher for the Detroit Tigers. He saw a basketball lying on the floor and couldn't resist the temptation. Dressed in street clothes, Red poised his 215 pounds gracefully on foot, dragging his right toe for balance, just as he used to do. "Two points," called Coach Mickey McBride. Red flipped. The scorekeeper chalked up the points for a perfect shot. . . . Mickey says Red had a mark worn out on the college gym floor by dragging his right toe getting set for those long shots that helped keep the Oklahoma Collegiate title at East Central for five straight years. . . . A challenge: Try to keep up with Doc Wadley for two hours some afternoon while he is running up and down field coaching the Ada high Cougars. . . . The East Central faculty tennis club has two more members with the addition of Dr. Strow and Harlow McCall this year; The East Central Journal ranks the members in the following order after the veteran top-notchers, M. B. Molloy, O. L. Parker, Edmon Low, Dan Proctor, Dr. Strow, E. C. Wilson, Harlow McCall, Dr. W. D. Warren, E. E. Heimann. . . . If you hear of an Otis Rogers going places on the O. U. football team, you might note that he is a brother of Shelby Rogers, formerly regular center of the college team here.

Unusual Names Department: Vernon Witt, Wewoka high school student, should be a whiz as humor editor of "The Little Tiger", school publication. . . And we imagine there's quite a race between Mr. Legge and Mr. Foote, competitive nurserymen, at Durant.

STATISTICAL NOTES: Just in case you, too, have been wondering about the size of this country called Spain, we pass on these figures compiled during a dull moment one recent rainy night. You could take the state of Texas (265,896 square miles), carve out a state the size of Oklahoma (79,057 square miles) and still have 1,056 square miles more than enough to cover Spain (194,783 square miles). The essential dif-

ference is that Texas is populated to the extent of 21.9 persons per square mile, while in Spain there are 147.4 persons to the square mile.

Lest you missed this item when it appeared in Boy Scout news last week, we note the Boy Scouts counted 3,001 houses within Ada's city limits and 284 immediately adjacent, total 3,285 houses. An average of six persons to the house (counting duplex and apartment houses as one), Ada's population is 19,710 persons. Five more coming!

OUR CRITICAL EYE—From an Associated Press dispatch: "She leaned from a street car window and was struck by a passing trolley car" (What if a tram car had been there, too!) . . . An up-state paper carries this health advice: "Abdominal muscles in—chest up—head straight up—weight over toes—this is the proper standing position, hold it 20 seconds, repeat six times". (Then resume normal posture, we presume) . . . A two column 24 point head in New York Times literary section read: "Gov. Landon State Reasons for Roosevelt Attack."

One thing which helped Joseph Eldridge to decide to establish Ada Bus company was this sign of Ada's growth: "When I first came to Ada prospecting," he said, "I found just any number of people who couldn't give me certain information because they had been here only three, four or five years. That convinced me Ada is a growing town."

ADA PEOPLE IN PRINT: A recent issue of The Oklahoma Teacher published "Young Artists Paint Murals At Ada" by Daisy Heard, formerly of The Ada News staff, now of Austin, Texas, as a reprint from The Ada News of May 3, 1936. . . . We read H. R. Antle's "Interpretation of Seminole (Indian Relationship Terms)" in the latest Chronicles of Oklahoma but so many of the words looked like the ones we write when we get on the wrong row of the typewriter keyboard that we didn't get much out of it. He has another article prepared on some Indian caves near Canyon Springs in southeastern Pontotoc county. We visited the caves with him last summer and plan to make another journey to the historic spot when opportunity presents itself.

Present indications are for an early winter but we don't want any squawks out of those who yelped all summer about the terrific heat.

AMBROSE SEXTETTE, who takes his politics at the curbstone, says it wouldn't be anything but right for Mr. Roosevelt to pay the expenses of Mr. Herbert Hoover and Mr. Al Smith while the latter are out campaigning for Landon because they will get so many more votes for Roosevelt.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

A MAN DOES NOT NEED TO BE a clergyman to preach a good sermon. A few days ago we happened to be one of a group discussing a notorious outlaw who is avowed to make a comeback. "I believe he'll make good if they'll just give him a break," observed one. "I believe he will, too," said another, "but let me tell you it's a tough battle when you try to come back after you've been down. I know by experience." The latter speaker was, in his own words, at one time one of the "wildest and ornriest" residents of this section. "I got to where I wouldn't pay anything I owed, I drank and stayed drunk, I lied and got so that nobody would have anything to do with me and there wasn't anything I wouldn't try to do if I thought I was big enough," he went on. Eventually he shot a man and got into serious trouble. "I finally just said to myself 'I'm not gettin' anywhere with this kind of stuff. I'm going to straighten up and be somebody.' But you know when I tried to straighten up, I couldn't. People just wouldn't have anything to do with me at all." His determination stuck, though, and he ran for a minor public office, and "after I begged for votes with tears in my eyes," was elected. He made good, and after he was re-elected he obtained an appointment to a responsible position in another field. He resigned after five years. Today he is nearing old age but still paying for mistakes he made as a young man. He didn't tell this story for publication but we'd bet any young man with an eye cast toward a "wild oat crop" would look the other way if he'd listen to this fellow's advice: "It's easier to stay right than it is to get right after you've gone wrong!"

"Is there a doctor in the crowd?" asked a voice over the loud speaker system at the Ada-Pauls Valley football game. "A man over by the big gate wants a doctor." Harry E. Morris, with a bunch of Ada funsters, leaned over the stands and asked a Pauls Valley native down below: "Hey, where's the big gate?" The native, who hadn't heard the announcement, replied: "It's over at McAlester. Why?" Mr. Morris, completely "taken", ceased conversations with his informant immediately.

POLITICAL NOTES: We've heard ever since last June about Landon sunflowers but it was not until a week ago that we saw one; W. F. Schulte was wearing it, and although we've seen several since, we haven't seen a bigger one. . . . An "antique" post card of World war days pictures Sen. Pat Harrison (Miss.) as he was making his first campaign for that office; the message: "My Dear Friend, help us elect Pat Harrison' senator. It would not please Germany, but Americans everywhere. His record has been from the beginning and throughout thoroughly American. Let's win the war, not the Kaiser's approval". . . . "Over Your Coffee" column in Blackwell Tribune reports the following version of the pledge of allegiance given by a junior high school girl there: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the republicans to which it belongs"

An Ada high student makes this complaint to us: "I've looked all the way through that Ada News and I can't find a single current event in ancient history." (We can't help wondering if that's the way Prof. Finis Morrison made the assignment).

WE'VE NEVER MET a certain gentleman named "Slim" Harris but our guess is that he's somebody too look up to; a pair of his boots left at Palmer-Dean barber shop for shining reached several inches above the point where we could wear that type stiff leg boots and still bend our knee. . . . Florian Smith's fingers are almost as large as our thumbs but he is as nimble in handling small watch parts as we are with a fork and a slice of chocolate pie. . . . To Harry W. Miller goes the honor of being among the first to appear on Ada streets this fall wearing an overcoat. . . . When Wyatt C. Freeman presents one of his excellent musical programs, he precludes possibility of misspelled names by typing the names of numbers, composers and performers beforehand for the press, which cooperation is appreciated by harassed reporters.

MORE SPORTS NOTES: An Ada high peppercupper has her football down pat; During a recent game an Ada halfback broke away for a substantial gain. "Oh, oh, oh," she jubilated, "he'd have made a touchdown then if they hadn't tackled him." . . . Then there's the gentleman who called The News to ask: "How'd the football game out?" With scores of about 150 or 200 games before him, the newsman asked which game? "Navy and Virginia," was the reply. . . . And the woman who, when told that Texas had defeated Oklahoma 6-0, asked: "What inning was the score made in?" . . . We note that the hop-skip-and-jump has been added to the list of spring sports authorized by the O.H.S.A.A.; Well, that's what the boys will need lots of practice at when they get into the business world.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

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BILL CRAWFORD AND OTHER ADA ATTORNEYS are trying to solace themselves with Rev. O. B. Lee's assurance that there really is no fence there, but Bill, who is mayor of Ada and a steward in the Methodist church, was much put out when Rev. A. N. Averyt, Durant, presiding elder and former Ada pastor, told this pointed fable after a recent church conference: "Somewhere between Up There and Down Yonder is a fence. Old Satan kept tearing the fence down and letting the sheep out, or something. 'If you don't quit tearing that fence down, I'm going to get me a lawyer and sue you', warned St. Peter. Satan just grinned and derisively inquired: 'Oh, yeah? Well, where are you going to get a lawyer?'"

Ambrose Sextette says one of his acquaintances who used to be the terror of the town when it came to tying a goat in the church belfry on Hallowe'en now has a son who wouldn't know a goat from a church belfry.

W. O. (Gas Office) SMITH, who will admit a lot of things, dodges the issue when asked if the capital "O" in his name stands for Ozell. "I had an awful lot of nicknames when I was a kid," he fence-straddles, "and that might be one of them that stuck."

Wonder why somebody hasn't thought up a version of "Frankie and Johnny" for Frankie Roosevelt and Johnny Garner to use as a campaign song? (Or perhaps they have!)

IT'S GOT SO THAT people don't go to football games to see the sport. They just go to see if the team they picked to win in the guessing contest really has got the stuff.

And another thing, we haven't heard of any "original Marland men" lately.

JOHN H. BARRETT, old timer who travelled the west when everybody carried six-shooters, tells this interesting anecdote, which he says occurred between Amarillo and New Mexico. A rancher mounted on a big black horse, "fat as mud", rode onto the middle of the newly-built railroad track and stopped. He pulled a big red bandanna handkerchief

from his pocket and waved down an approaching passenger train. The conductor came down. "What's wrong?" he inquired. "Why, I just thought I'd ask you if you'd seen a bunch of horses down the road the last eight or ten miles," explained the naive horseman. "I didn't feel like riding down there." Since the train already was running behind schedule, the conductor minced no words in telling him that he had seen no horses. The train whistled and moved on. The rancher thanked the conductor, waved and rode away. Just another example of early-day cooperation and helpfulness.

Oklahoma won't become an old state until its residents quit bragging about being from Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi or Kentucky. Incidentally, we never heard one boasting that he was from New England, New York or North Dakota.

"I RAISED THE BEST crop of careless weeds this year you ever saw," commented Sam Dew, speculating upon their potential value if the drouth-resistant quality could be bred into corn, cotton and other profitable crops.

When a person in a city of Ada's size becomes so important that you have to make an appointment to ask him a question, the chances are that his answer isn't very important.

HOWARD (Radio) NEWCOMB, who in his early days attended school in Chicago, tells of a mischievous boyish prank he says he and a couple of schoolmates played on a negro youth employed as a paper picker-upper in a park they passed through on their way to school. It was a warm day. The negro was lying on a bench asleep and with his mouth open. The boys obtained some quinine and poured it into his mouth and hid. Howard says the hapless victim awoke in great terror and rushed to a nearby policeman, screaming: "Oh, Mr. Charlie, call a doctor quick! I think mah gall's busted."

The democrats may have hit upon a scheme to popularize taxes at last, since they're putting them on a "Keep up with the Joneses" basis. President Roosevelt says his principle is to tax only those who can afford to be taxed.

JACK EMANUEL is thinking of putting in furniture as a sideline. Several times daily he has opportunity to give away one of the comfortable modernistic chairs in E & M's shoe department, one fellow wishing for one to put on the rig floor at a Fitts field well.

Men whose parents used to tell them the "bogey man" would get them if they weren't good now obtain the same result by telling their sons that they might grow up to be president some day if they're not careful.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

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POLITICAL CHATTER: Election returns will be reported over a long period of time after Tuesday's voting and it may be from 24 to 48 hours after the last ballot boxes are closed before the outcome is known definitely. This is partly attributable to the difference in time of closing precinct polls, ranging from Georgia rural boxes which close at 2 o'clock Oklahoma time to Washington boxes, closing at 10 o'clock Oklahoma time; add to this the fact that some precincts may not be reported for from one to 24 hours and it is easy to see why a complete report will not be available immediately. . . . Two states have to use an almanac to know when to stop voting; they are North Carolina and Florida, which close precinct polls at "sunset". . . . There are no indications that Col. Knox will get a majority vote in Knox precinct of Pontotoc county. . . . After hearing a couple of local men engaged in a political argument, one is inclined to believe that the effects of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, eaten by Adam and Eve, are wearing off in these succeeding generations. . . . Unusual Names Department: Lewis S. Redwine is Prohibition party candidate for congressman-at-large in Oklahoma. . . . Paul Denny reports he heard 16 political speeches in one evening on his radio; and still radio stations boast of their "high class programs". . . . From San Francisco News: "Landon will make a great finish", says the GOP national propagandist. Lacquer, or mere weak stain?

Mrs. Wally Simpson resents "all the nasty things" American newspapers have said about her in connection with her affair with the king. From our point of view, the worst thing the press has done to her is to print her pictures.

ADA'S BANKS ARE GETTING double protection from the storm doors they put up each winter. Designed to protect the banks from wintry blasts as customers come and go, the windowed entries serve as police-observation posts at night. Advantageously located as are the First National and Oklahoma State banks, the officers can stand behind the windbreaks and have a good view of goings-on for blocks approaching Main and Broadway and Main and Townsend. Of course, if the entries were equipped with a telephone, short wave radio set and a stove, they would be much nicer.

ADA'S POPULATION NOW is something more than 16,000 people, according to the names in a recently completed directory by the Interstate Directory company. As usual, the Johnsons, Jones, and Smiths occupy more space than any other listings of names. There are 269 Smiths, 15 Smyths and one Smithwick listed as compared with 135 Johnsons and Johnstons and a total of 122 Joneses. There is no John Jones and only one William Jones. The Smith "family" has a more decided tendency to duplicate given names, with six Charles Smiths, two Claudes, two Franks, four Freds, two George E. Smiths, three Jesses, five Johns, (three of whom are listed John W. Smith), three Mary Smiths, four Roberts, two Samuels, and at least 10 William Smiths, with William T., William L. and William O. duplicated and a W. Oscar Smith added for a trio of W. O. Smiths.

Joe (S&Q) Swan shouldn't have any difficulty in calling his dog to feed. The pet, whose breed is undefined, has four ears.

MRS. GEORGE BOWMAN, nee Thelma Roberts, who now resides in Honduras, Central America, explodes another banana fantasy Oklahomans seem to have. It is now pretty generally known that bananas are hung upside down in grocery stores but Mrs. Bowman still finds people who believe Central Americans pick the fruit off the trees and eat it. Instead, they harvest the stalks, and keep them for ripening beneath the house. . . . Her visit here reminds us that The News recently received a subscription for a man in Carpio, Venezuela, South America, which makes at least two customers we have down there. . . .

John Axton, for four years East Central kicking ace, now is coaching at Comanche, where he tutors J. A. Thompson (younger brother of Terrible Terry, the former Central star), who gets off punts of from 60 to 80 yards right along. Comanche won its last two games by scores of 49-0 and 77-0.

J. HENRY COLLINS, the lumberman, reveals that Ada's rapid building program almost brought on a shingle famine recently. A shipment arrived just after builders had used the local stock down so closely there was not enough to shingle a good sized house. . . . Willis Parry last week put up a new neon sign in front of Hensler's drug, taking down the first electric sign in Ada . . . then, too, brick sidewalks remain only in front of Gib Palmer's-Southwest Finance and Jeter's grocery since Contractor Jim Lewis ripped up the one where Jerry Clowers and Jack Duncan are going to put in a drug store.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

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PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS AND SCHOOL TEACHER CONVENTIONS are fine things, and necessary, but we hope they don't come in the same week again while we're working on a newspaper, especially when there are football games to be covered and Madrid is ready to crumble before the fascist assault. . . . During the first seven days of November, ending Saturday, The Ada News published 14 editions, including two "Election Extras" Tuesday night, with a total of 144 pages. . . . The scarcity of visible republicans at the present writing almost equals the dearth of rain-fall last summer. . . . And democrats have devised many explanations of what became of the Landon sunflowers: The democratic rooster ate them (this in response to the question "who in the h—l can eat sunflowers"); that the frost nipped them, etc. . . . Somebody told of the flower show here last week, where a sunflower was trampled unmercifully and unnoticed on the floor—and that was before the election was over! . . . Miles Grigsby, a firm democrat, chopped down some beautiful sunflowers he had planted before Landon's nomination because a stranger remarked while passing: "This fellow must be a republican". . . . Fritz Hatcher avers that Landon-democrats can be recognized on the highways at night because they have only one light on their cars, whereby they still can see but don't want anyone to see them; Landon-republicans, he says, can be determined by those who have no lights at all because they don't want to see or be seen. . . . John Norris still was having fun with some pictorial propaganda concerning the election Saturday. . . . John D. Willoughby had a lot of democrats shedding their coats early in the week to see if they were wearing sunflowers on their backs, as he told them; usually they were because the former mayor had pinned them there as a prank. . . . Troy Melton declared: "That'll make any good democrat shed his coat."

We don't know of any sales being made but there were a lot of stories going round about the teachers who bought Main street and the college gates.

THE TEACHERS MEETING was nearly as exciting as the election, even though it was a bit irk-

some at times to be recognized by a former classmate and be unable to recall his (or her) name. . . . Mack Braly thought he had been ignored because he had been asked only once: "Where are you teaching this year?" (For the benefit of the uninformed, Mack is not a teacher.) . . . That question, however, is the tragic keynote of the need of tenure regulations for teachers. . . . That high-sounding tenor in "Sweet Adeline" at the Thursday night banquet was Grady Musgraves, resident engineer at the college dorms and Ada Lion. . . . And the guy who went to the kitchen after bread was the dignified Milt Keating, C. of C. secretary. . . . The teachers convention program this year was one of the best ever, as evidenced by record-smashing crowds of teachers and local residents present at the meetings. . . . Governor LaFollette, who motored from McAlester with Prof. A. M. Wallace, asked the latter his first name, explaining: "Up in my state everybody calls me Phil or a son-of-a-x x x". . . . Prosperity note: An Ada business man reports his business reached an all-time hourly average high-point during the teachers meeting.

W. T. Melton and W. O. Smith were sincere in their compliments to one another on suits they were wearing; they were made of identical material.

WE ARE ANXIOUS to meet a gentleman who lives in these parts named Mr. Raimar. We are informed by those who have seen it done that the 85-year old citizen can kick to the top of a seven-foot door, scratch his head with foot and other such gymnastics few young athletes can accomplish. He is reported to have boxed with Sullivan at one time. His grandfather must have been a good man, too, because it is said "the good die young" and the grandfather lived to be only 116 years of age.

JURY IS HUNG SECOND TIME

Others Plead Guilty
and Are Found
Guilty

So reads a headline from a weekly newspaper in a neighboring county, and we wonder what happened to the defendants.

ADA BUILDING FIRMS have similar tastes in telephone numbers. Finley and Lollar has 90; Ada Lumber company has 100. The Adams Lumber and Supply number at Pittstown is 100 and the Ada yard is number 123. Dascomb-Daniels number is 76 and the P. B. Wilson number is 67.

We coined this word and are now trying to find a use for it: Bullelal. Its meaning is evident by dividing it into syllables, thusly—bull-et-al.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERGIE DEERING

MOST OF THE RESIDENTS OF PONTOTOC COUNTY are reasonably patriotic, putting out their flags on Memorial day, Fourth of July and when a convention is going in, taking off their hats when the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner" if reminded to do so and memorizing most of the words of the first verse of "America." But on Armistice day, while the bands were playing, the floats were floating and speakers were orating, we observed no flag fluttered in the breeze atop the county court house. The American Legion proudly mounted its color bearers on huge horses and paraded; Boy Scouts displayed the gigantic 10x20 feet national emblem; even the flag that graced the United States capitol on that memorable day in April, 1917, was brought out for the edification of the populace. But no flag at the court house. The next day we accosted Bud Blackburn, custodian, assuming he merely had forgotten to mount the colors. He told us he never had seen the flag and as far as he knew the county didn't even own one. We checked the county clerk's record; no flag there. The county commissioners said they didn't know of any flag and that no appropriation has yet been made to buy one, although J. E. Hall promised to give the matter attention when projected remodeling of the jail is completed. It seems that the county didn't have a court house when war was going on and when the court house was built, the county was enjoying peace and prosperity and nobody felt the need of a flag. As it is, the flagpole atop the court house stands as lonely and naked as the weatherbeaten spire of a deserted country church.

Unusual Names Department:
Paris, France, an eighth grader in Stonewall public schools.

ELECTION REVERBERATIONS:
A Pickett farmer says he had to vote for Roosevelt to show his appreciation to the government for taking care of his wife's relatives Postcard mailed to The News from Norfolk, Va., on November 2: "Roosevelt's Re-Election assured, 1367 by vision of the Holy Ghost, July 14 my wife stood N. Y. paper in center of my room, with full front page cartoon Republican Elephant, Roosevelt stood at his rear left side, resting the barrel of a very long revolver against his side pointing forward. It seemed cer-

tain the Republicans would win, my wife favored this, when suddenly Roosevelt fired this big gun and that Elephant was filled with fear, began to quiver and shake all over until he completely shook himself away, and was not seen any more at all. x x x Bro. Stark-ey, The House of The Lord." . . . Walt Smith, who publishes the Stonewall Sentinel every Friday, rejoices thusly: "President Roosevelt has carried the United States, part of Canada, and is now running in Old Mexico. On with the New Deal and let joy be unconfined." . . . But Father Coughlin moans there is neither union nor justice in his National Union for Social Justice, recalling that less than 10 per cent of those who signed pledges to support the ticket voted that way.

Antique: Mrs. J. B. Hill entertained guests with a demonstration of a vacuum cleaner she has had for 30 years. The hand-operated machine has been replaced by a modern electric one in the Hill home for every-day use.

IF SITTING BULL were to come to Ada, he'd have to sit in the rain or bring his tepee with him; he couldn't buy an umbrella after he got here. Surprising as that sounds, it is the truth. The stores just don't stock 'em any more. An Ada man, who acquired the habit of wearing an umbrella on rainy days when he was a young feller and did his courtin' in a buggy, made a diligent search for one last week, seriously intent upon making a purchase. The only things the stores had to offer were dainty affairs for women that probably would disintegrate if subjected to a very hard rain. Yep, umbrellas have become as obsolete as buggies and just about as hard to get.

Well, it's just 39 days until Christmas, in case you haven't looked at your calendar lately.

DEER MEAT—Presbyterian Pastor O. B. Lee refuses to believe reports Methodist Pastor J. C. Curry actually killed a deer last week and asserts he will continue to doubt until Bro. Curry brings him over a mess of venison . . . Joe Hill tells of shooting his deer but it was at such long range that by the time he reached his quarry the wolves had eaten it.

The J. C. Penney store almost lost a large mirror Thursday night. An Ada policeman was searching the inside of the store after a would-be burglar had been caught. Somebody stopped the cop just as he was ready to crack down on his reflection in a full length mirror.

CAPT. CHARLES W. BALLARD thinks the humane society ought to be told of the humane persons who, lacking the "cruelty" to kill unwanted kittens and pups, dump them at roadsides to starve or be run over by passing vehicles.

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CALICO, GINGHAM AND CAMBRIC ARE MUCH CHEAPER, whisky and barlow knives are higher but the prices of barrels, nails and coffee are about the same today as in 1832, if Ada, Oklahoma, and Hopkinsville, Kentucky, may be taken as typical towns for comparison. Personally, we can't recall the prices that prevailed in Hopkinsville, Ky., in 1832, because that was 104 years ago, but Ralph (Lumberman) Chiles has uncovered a ledger sheet that T. H. Miller, farmer of near Allen, discovered in the attic of an old stone house in Hopkinsville. The sheet, pages 261 and 262, obviously was inscribed by the owner of a large general store but his identity remains unknown. The bookkeeper, writing in a strong, careful Spencerian script with a quill pen and probably homemade ink, overlooked the entering of the storekeeper's name, styling each page simply "Hopkinsville, March 1832". The ink is not faded and the list of accounts, items purchased and prices charged are easily read. The entries, except for unnecessary duplications, are listed below. Compare the items and prices with your own shopping lists.

JAMES BROWN, DR.	
To 1 qt. whisky by self	.13
" 1-2 lb. powder	.19
" 1 lb. tobacco	.25
" 1-4 lb. tea	.56
JAMES COLEMAN, DR.	
To 1 yd. Tow linen by son	.17
" 1 qt. whisky by son	.12
" 9 lbs. sugar by son	1.00
" 1 gal. turpentine by son	1.38
" 5 yds. flax linen	1.87
" 2 lbs. 10-d nails	.25
" 1-2 gal. whisky by Nathan	.25
" 4 lbs. coffee	1.00
" 1 pr. blue kid gloves by son	.37
Cr. by 10 1-2 bushels meal	3.94
By amt. assumed by John Overshiner	1.50
MRS. COLEMAN, DR.	
To 7 yds. calico	2.63
" 7 yds. gingham	3.50
" 3 yds. cambric	1.32
JOHN COOPER, DR.	
To 5 empty barrels	5.00
" 1 Small spelling book	.06
" 1 Barlow knife	.19
" 1 nob lock	2.25
" 1 pr. hinges	.31
" 1 1-2 doz. screws	.19
" cash lent by self	3.45
JOHN P. CAMPBELL, DR.	
To 2 bed cords by self	.50
" 4 baking dishes	1.50
" 1 3-4 hair rope	.44
BENJAMIN COON, DR.	
To 1-2 gal. whisky by self	.25
" 5 yds. calico	1.67
" 1 tucking comb	.44
" 1 pint spirits turpentine	.18
" 1-2 lb. rosin	.06
" 4 1-2 lbs. sugar	.50
" 1 tuck comb	.25
" 1 lb. lead	.13
" 1 yd. domestic	.19

Mrs. Coleman seems to have been a dressmaker; John Cooper was a good account but has no whisky charged to him as do

How debts of Mr. Brown bought powder and Mr. Coon bought lead; other accounts included Thomas Cobb, George Marmack, James Clements and Raip Compton.

A man is apt to be more tolerant of the views of someone who differs widely with him than he is of a man's opinion which almost agrees with his own.

CONGRESSMAN-ELECT LYLE BOREN was in town a few days ago and related to us some of the difficulties he faces. One is the mistaken idea many people get that a man becomes wealthy as soon as he is elected to public office, whereas most of them do not receive any income from their positions for several months and even then they usually have a number of campaign debts to clean up. Lyle is just as easy to reach now as ever, despite the fact increasing demands will be made on his time and is as cordial with friends as when he was an East Central sophomore. He has many homes; his legal residence is at Seminole; he is unmarried and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Boren, live at Roff; Ada is home to Lyle; and he has a cabin near Wolf over in Seminole country where he likes to retire for rest and relaxation. He is an avid pipe smoker and has a collection of two or three dozen, including a huge German affair, at his cabin. He smokes cigars while driving because a pipe is inconvenient; during the strain of the campaign he smoked as many as 20 cigars in a day.

Ada Presbyterians have been sparring off kidders since the headline: "Presbyterians Begin Debt Drive" appeared. Too many people (jokingly) wanted to give them debts when what they want is money to pay their debts—and it is our guess they will be all even by January 1.

LIKE THE POSTMAN who went hiking on his day off, Hugh Norris and Denton Floyd, East Central college manual training instructors, top their list of avocations with the hobby of making furniture for their own homes and friends. Norris now is working on a huge grandfathers clock, corner style, that should be a beauty when (and if) he gets the pendulum adjusted. Floyd intends to do some of his Christmas shopping in his work shop, too.

"Older" was the simple reply Willard Anderson offered inquirers after his health Friday as he returned to work following a siege of the flu, during which his son suffered an attack of diphtheria and names of twin granddaughters were added to the family Bible.

KANSAS must be a state set apart now. We note an Oklahoma City newspaper, in its grid contest predictions, recently classified a game between Oklahoma Baptist university and Emporia (Kans.) college as "intersectional."

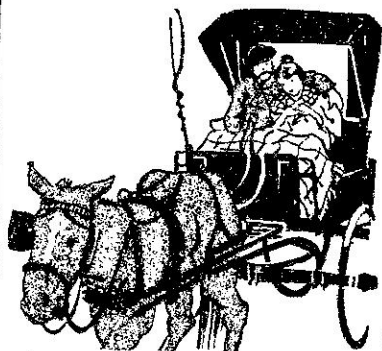
CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERGIE DEERING

WE GOT THIS FROM JOHN DEXTER'S COLUMN in Guthrie Daily Leader, John says he got it from Henryetta Free-Lance, who got it from—well, anyway, it's an interesting story. There were, Dexter relates, two opposition newspapers in the same town—The Daily Bugle and The Daily Clarion. Above the masthead of The Daily Clarion was the boastful phrase: "If It Happened It's in The Clarion." As time passed the editor of The Clarion became seriously entangled in the meshes of a triangular domestic situation. It was one of those things about which much was said but little was printed. The Daily Bugle summed up the entire story in one sentence, which was emblazoned across page one. It read: "Well, It Happened—But It Wasn't in The Clarion."

We used to think there were a lot of stories about Mac West until Mrs. Simpson came along.

ANTIQUÉ: A newspaper ad (name of paper unknown) is handed to us by Cy Morgan: It reads: "LAST CHANCE TO GET our bargain sheet. Only two weeks left—Our Wonderful COLUMBUS bargain, \$34.50 for a leather quarter broadcloth trimmed TOP BUGGY."



Price good only until January 1, 1908—Save the advance for 1908 and 40 to 60 per cent besides. You get 1908 Style and Improvements at 1907 cut prices. If you cannot buy now but intend to buy later, you will want our big 1908 Free Catalogue of all styles of pleasure vehicles. The COLUMBUS CARRIAGE & HARNESS CO., Columbus, Ohio."

We have yet to see a woman who can wear a fur coat as gracefully as the animal which supplied the material.

FOOTBALL POST MORTEM: "I never saw nothing like it,"

commented Virgil Choate, so upset by the season's gridiron upsets that he wouldn't bet 50 cents there are 14 points difference in East Central and Notre Dame. . . . Newspaper photographers, in our own opinion, miss the point in football by taking pictures too close to the tangled masses of players with grimaces caught in moments in distortion that give an impression of horror and agony; football essentially is a game played by teams and the best pictures of plays are those which show both teams in action. . . . This is the season when good teams go to pieces because "we lose all our good men by graduation" and unsuccessful ones find new hope for next year because "our bunch just couldn't get going."

The height of something-or-other: Spending taxpayers' money to install mechanical loudspeakers in the Oklahoma house of representatives.

PERSONAL NOMINATIONS for the staunchest rooters for local football teams: Dr. M. S. Bartlett for the East Central Tigers and Almarine (Sub) Gibson for the Ada high Cougars.

Howard J. Flack, East Central athletic director, isn't a stickler for ancestral tradition. He wears buttons on his clothes instead of hooks-and-eyes as was the strict custom of his Pennsylvania Quaker forefathers.

IF THEY HAD BEEN good little Girl Scouts or something, Pauline Naylor and Pauline Webb could have done a good turn at Broadway and Main while crossing the street during a rush period a few days ago. They might have materially aided the stoutish gentleman, who, when a button popped off his overcoat, turned to them and asked: "Pardon me, ladies, but did you see where that button went?"

LITERARY NOTES: We can't tell whether it's inflation or literature of a higher level than the old time "dime novels" but the wife recently received a leading woman's magazine with a front cover inscription: "\$2 novel in this issue." . . . A statistician reports "Americans spend \$27 for chewing gum to each \$1 spent for books"; if true, it takes less thought for a given amount of "jawing" than we had supposed.

MR. MOORE of Montgomery Ward's got a free meal by harkening back to his childhood days. He walked into Pendergraft's during a rush period and the only available seat was a high-chair, ordinarily used only by very young patrons. Moore sat in it as a sort of joke. Voluble Glen, the manager, offered to give him his dinner if he'd eat it that way. Moore accepted the challenge.

One is compelled to admit that the grocery ads in The Ada News certainly appeal to good taste.

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERGIE DEERING

AMONG THE EDITORS: The Sulphur Times-Democrat pulled a neat trick to further sale of tuberculosis fund Christmas seals; in a page one box urging the campaign was pasted a real sample. N. L. Keith, preacher and former East Central student is editor (Incidentally, it would be SOME job to paste seals on each of The Ada News' daily circulation of more than 5,000 copies) P. B. Watrus, Stratford Star's guiding hand, is an example of patience; he recalls he came to Stratford 14 years ago "expecting Stratford to be in the center of an oil field in a short time and from all indications it will come true in 1937", adding that during The Star's lifetime the only business firm in that city that has not changed management, Goodwin & Son, has advertised in all but three of the 728 issues This sprightly headline appeared in a recent special edition of The San Francisco News:

Postoffice Posters Precipitate
Pertinacious Peace Protests
. . . Ramon Martin of The Ardmoreite wonders what ever became of the old-fashioned fellow who used receive a shaving mug with his name on it in gold letters for a Christmas present.

—:—
Ambrose Sextette says he had a hard time convincing his girl friend that the government's social security program does not provide invitations to bridge parties and guarantee "dates" for those who want 'em.

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ANTIQUÉ WITHIN ANTIQUÉ: Digging into the library at The News office a few nights ago we uncovered a dust-laden copy of Mitchell's School Atlas published in 1849. It was wrapped in the sports pages of The Dallas News of May 25, 1913. In case you don't recall how much this country has changed since that book was published, these facts should remind you: There were 30 states, including the recently admitted Texas. The census figures given were the latest—compiled in 1840. Iowa, Wisconsin, Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio were listed as western states. The Texas panhandle extended to the Arkansas river in what is now Colorado and Kansas. Indian Territory included all of Oklahoma except the panhandle, parts of Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska and Wyoming. The Dakotas were divided between the state of Minnesota and Missouri territory

from the state of Missouri). New Mexico was a narrow strip running north and south west of Texas. The remainder of the west was Oregon territory and Upper California. The maps of Texas and Indian Territory designated a few towns but consisted mainly in notations of names of rivers, Indian tribes and "Extensive Prairies" or "Herds of Buffaloes and Wild Horses." The maps of Europe and Asia were vastly different than those of today. Africa mostly was "Unexplored Region", Great Desert and Ethiopia. The Ethiopia of which Selassie is or was emperor was known only as Abyssinia.

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It probably never will become more profitable to be unemployed than working but the continued avalanche of social security, old age pension, tax exemption and unemployment insurance legislation is causing some to wonder.

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HAROLD CONSTANT still likes turnips, we are told, even though he got enough of them to last a considerable period of time while he was with the A. E. F. in France. The Allies had captured a sector formerly occupied by Germans. The thrifty hunns had sowed the ground generously with turnip seed, apparently expecting to stay there for awhile. The Americans' rations were delayed and the turnips became a principal dish on the "bean table" in the U. S. camp for some days.

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The Christmas decorations in downtown Ada are something worth driving miles to see. The hundreds of varicolored lights strung across the principal streets, the additional decorations on store fronts, the myriad of neon signs and—well, those New Yorkers who think they have bright lights on Broadway just ought to come down and take a look.

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AND ANOTHER THING, while we're on the subject of New Yorkers, most of those jokes that Bob Burns is putting over so effectively and bringing the laughs from the elite back east are the ones we laughed at down here years ago. We ask you, now, who is the most backwoods?

—:—
Pshaw, what's the hurry? There still are 16 shopping days left before Christmas.

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THE WORLD NEVER takes a man seriously: When he is 10 he is just a kid; when he is 20 he is just a college boy; when he is 30 he just is getting started; when he is 40 he just is getting set in his ways; when he is 50 he just is beginning to break; when he is 60 he just is getting old; when he is 70 he just ought to retire; when he is 80 it's just any day now; and when he is 90 he is convinced there ain't no justice.

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THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER:

Fred (Lawyer) Andrews discovered a vast difference in Oklahoma and Arkansas on a business trip she took to Nashville, (Ark.) She checked in at the town's largest hotel, was shown her room and settled down. After a bit she decided to go out and discovered she had no key to the room. She applied to the desk clerk for a key.

"A key?" he asked in surprise. "Why, we don't have any key to the room. There's a night latch on there; you can use that."

"But I want to go out and I don't have a key to get back in if I use it," she protested.

"Well, I'm sorry, we just don't have any keys here," the clerk said. "We never lock a room here and we've never had anything stolen in 30 years in business."

Exasperated, the bewildered traveler chose to risk it. When she returned to her room, everything was exactly as she had left it.

Score one for Arkansas for honesty; that couldn't happen in Oklahoma!

Part of the edge was taken off Christmas for Gene Augustus last week when he received a letter from Prof. A. L. (Dad) Fentem expressing regret that he will be unable to attend the American Legion's Christmas party this year. Each year in the past Dad has helped Gene put over the program but he writes from Berryville, Ark., to say "if it were possible for me to leave the ranch at that time, nothing between here and Ada could stop me. I have a bunch of stock—mostly chickens—to look after and I am going to have to forego the great pleasure" of attending the party. Mr. Fentem describes it as "the greatest single enterprise in Pontotoc county for it breathes the spirit of peace and goodwill which oil fields, factories, etc., cannot inspire and that is the main thing, believe you me."

CONSIDERING THE NUMBER of Christmas and other bills that will beset the family breadwinner, it wouldn't be amiss to label the first of next month "Janu-worry."

Don't discourage your son if he wants to be a fireman when he grows up. The annual banquet last week convinced us they are well-fed at least once a year and the Ada department is going to get a new truck in about two weeks, besides.

HOLIDAY SAFETY NOTE: Since some motorists will insist on drinking and driving during the coming three weeks, reserve certain highways for drunken drivers and put them all on it together.

Ambrose Sextet opines there's nothing original about this Simpson affair, adding that women always have been a threat to peace in his life.

SPANISH PRESS BULLETINS report the "big attack" on Madrid has been delayed because of the weather. Our notion is that the rebels have been waiting for Edward to finish his abdication so they could get back on the front page.

Times are getting better. A New York writer reports it costs \$60 to have someone beaten up instead of \$40, as formerly, and even then there is no guarantee there will be any broken legs!

I. G. KILLOUGH'S 5-point antlers from the buck killed during the Texas deer season are rated as the best spread seen around here in some time . . . H. R. Antle, archaeologist, taxidermist, etc., insists Oklahoma deer are the "tickiest" he knows of and that he has been assaulted by ticks from deer in Texas, Arkansas, New Mexico, Wyoming and other states to give basis to his statement.

Charity: A woman entered a drug store here last week. She presented an order from a charity fund for \$4 or \$5 worth of medicine. The druggist filled the prescription. As the woman started out, she paused at the news stand and purchased 60 cents worth of romantic love story magazines. She paid for them from her purse.

A. A. CALDWELL, George Collins and J. E. Hall, Pontotoc county commissioners, deny any tinge of regimentation in their purchase of similar brown corduroy work suits; the new uniforms are neat and appropriate . . . Incidentally, we note Adolf Hitler is going to uniform newspapermen of Germany; American editors for years have worn suits that are emblematic of the "freedom of the press," but which are too nondescript to be identified as uniforms.

Late Christmas shoppers will have an easier time of it; they won't have such a wide variety of attractive gifts to choose from if they wait until Christmas Eve.

A HOST OF CONSTITUTIONAL amendments will be introduced in the new congress, says a NEWS item. That's nothing to worry about, though; history shows that a total of 131 amendments, a bill of rights and a declaration of rights were proposed by the 13 colonies as they ratified the original draft, the ratification being completed on May 29, 1790.

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"WHERE ARE THOSE DERN SIDEWALKS?" was the simple comment of one Ada resident when the law was passed about 30 years ago to prohibit and make a fineable offense the practice of spitting on sidewalks. Quite a number of the tobacco users got around the law by proving they didn't need any practice but the city officials of the time gave women's dresses as responsible for the need, in spite of the scarcity of sidewalks then. The longer models of those days dragged the sidewalks and became soiled. Although the dresses of today probably would not be bothered, the law remains on the city's statute books, along with the famous ordinance, adopted later, requiring a grease pan be placed under all automobiles, horses, wagons and other vehicles parked on Ada's then-new paved streets.

Now Ada knows how it sounds in Madrid! The incessant bombardment of fireworks through the Christmas season brought no end of comment from Ada residents and visitors, mostly unfavorable, that makes one wonder wherein justification lies. "Why, I never heard a firecracker in my town," said one visitor. Well, eventually they'll all be gone; you can't shoot a firecracker twice, you know.

R. V. DIXON and his wife were startled by an explosion a few mornings ago while breakfasting at their home. It occurred in the kitchen cabinet. When R. V. investigated he discovered that John Davis, white-haired college professor and civic worker, was responsible. About six weeks ago the Kiwanis club held its annual election of officers. Mr. Davis, who regularly is a candidate for board of directors, has established a custom of passing bottled beverages (non-intoxicating) as vote-getters. This year the small bottles containing his harmless, home-made concoction were adorned with small pictures of the candidate mounted on a horse wearing big hat, woolly chaps, two six-shooters and everything. (Uncle John is a photographer of experience, too) Dixon thought it a nice souvenir and, instead of drinking it, placed it in the cabinet for safe-keeping. It was safe in keeping until the heat of the kitchen caused too much expansion of the gaseous elements, or something.

acquaintances, we find quite a number of unmarried girls who have made no public announcements of Leap Year successes and the year's most gone. But that may not mean they haven't tried.

IT HAPPENED some weeks ago but W. T. Melton has been keeping the story of the time he got lost at the Texas Centennial pretty well covered. He won't know until he reads this that we know it and even then he won't find out where we got it because we promised not to tell. It seems he wanted to see a show that other members of his party, mostly women, were not interested in. He went alone. When he got out, it was raining very hard, he couldn't find Mrs. Melton and the others and he couldn't remember the name of the hotel where they were staying. "Just drive me around awhile," he told a taxi driver. He discovered there are a lot of hotels in Dallas, and finally solved the problem by going to the home of a relative and staying until Mrs. Melton called up to locate him.

Age can be a very convenient factor, a man past sixty informs us. If a man of that many summers is asked to do something he dislikes, he may reply: "Why, I'm too old a man to do things like that." But if it is something he enjoys, he may declare: "I'm just as good a man as I ever was."

IT WOULD BE A RELIEF TO newspapermen if the world's wars would stay in a given location longer at a time. A few months ago we struggled with Ras Dantu Nassibu and Haile Selassie; then we switched to the league of nations and had 'em all. Next the situation flared in Spain and Tallavera, Barcelona and Francisco Franco became names of the moment. The worst, however, are the Chinese with Chang Hsueh-Liang and Chiang Kai-Shek rating as simple by comparison with others of their countrymen.

Real live elephants are being employed successfully for stage atmosphere in grand opera productions, we read. We would think some prima donnas, of whom we have seen photos, might object lest the great beasts learn to sing.

THERE APPEARS TO BE A TREND toward more vocational education and less theoretical education in our public schools. A writer in Kiwanis magazine points out that most elementary and high school subjects are designed to fit the students to meet college entrance requirements and then "only ten per cent of them ever go to college." He continues with this scathing indictment of a "diploma mill": "A college is a factory whose product is inferior and whose cost of production is high." The business world is demanding more applicants with ability to accomplish and fewer with extensive knowledge of unimportant facts.

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NEW YEARS RESOLUTIONS
seem to be a part of the past. We haven't heard of a single person—not even one—this year who professes to have turned over a new leaf. The nearest thing to such action seems to be that a couple of dozen Ada people turned over new motor cars; at least that many were piled in front of local repair shops after the celebrations were over. For the third



consecutive time the arrival of the New Year found us poking vigorously at the keys of a typewriter in The News office. This, we presume, may be taken as signifying that we will continue busy throughout the year. We hope to be able to avoid so much night work, however.

Should a modern Shakespeare write a play about the accomplishments of Oklahoma's special legislature session, it is our opinion that he would not call it "Much Ado About Nothing."

UPON REQUEST we will supply names of: (1) The Sunday school teacher who, when buying Christmas wrapping paper, selected some bright pictures and didn't notice until later that the decorations also included recipes for various kinds of cocktails, highballs, etc.; (2) The young married woman who has lived in Ada for about 25 years and about 10 days ago entered Ada's three year old post office building for the first time; and (3), the young lady office worker who threatened to shoot us if we printed that she is cutting her wisdom teeth.

Simpsonmania: Checker players now acclaim Mrs. Simpson the world's champion because she jumped two men to make the king.

HUMANITARIANS and newspaper editorialists recently have been paying tribute to a dog which was

fatally injured by an automobile after waiting 12 years outside a hospital for his master, who died the day after he entered the hospital. The dog's apparent faithfulness is the subject of the eulogies. Without denying the fidelity, we see the dog only as the unintelligent, dumb creature he was. He obviously was without ability to understand new situations or adjust himself to changing conditions. But even so, he was not unlike many human beings. We have only to glance about us to observe a number of acquaintances who spend what might be useful lives in wasteful longing for that which is gone or in blank abstraction from all but the immediate present. Benjamin Franklin called it holding the penny so close to one's eye as to blot out the sun. Simply it is lack of vision.

Ambrose Sextette anticipates hectic times for telephone operators when people who have difficulty remembering their own telephone numbers get them mixed with their social security numbers.

CONNER LOGSDON, insurance man who once earned a name for himself with his "Hooey and Who's Whoey" column in East Central Journal, observes that people have peculiar mannerisms when handed a business card. Many of them, Logsdon says, glance at it and then start cleaning their fingernails with a corner of the card handed them, as if they hadn't had a manicure in some time. Others flip their noses with the cards. Some chew on them. And occasionally, one—about one out of ten—does as is intended, reads the card and puts it away for future reference.

Too many students nowadays have their eye on graduation instead of education.

MANY MONTHS AGO we observed in this space that we had once, when we had a lot of time to waste, stacked 55 dominoes on one domino standing on end. More recently The News printed a story and pictures of a man who balanced thousands of matches on a bottle neck. Since we have been asked by a dozen persons if we have tried to duplicate the feat, which proves we not only have a reader but that some things we write are remembered.

Miles Grigsby, of Grigsby, Orr and Alletag, noted that of a complete stock of Bibles, world globes and ash trays his firm put in before Christmas, they have practically sold out of ash trays.

HOMER PEAY is a man who measures his accomplishments in multiples of 13; a couple of months ago he wore a lapel button with "13" on it, more recently he wore one with the numeral "26" and we expect any day now to see him adorned with a "39" emblem, the meaning of which he would explain if asked.

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WINTERSMITH PARK LAKE has been equipped with ten new metal boats for the pleasure of next summer's visitors. Without intention of appearing presumptuous, we would like to submit our suggestions of names for the craft. Although the city commissioners have informed us definitely they have no intentions of entering the city's flotilla in the Spanish-German-British fracas around the Bay of Biscay, we think it wouldn't be amiss to give them high sounding names as a sort of bluff to scare off Hitler and the other powers. Most of the war talk is bluff anyway. Because the entire park is appropriately named for Mrs. Frances Wintersmith, park board member who has contributed much time and money to Ada's park program, we wouldn't suggest naming a boat for her but we think other city and park officials should be honored by christening boats about as follows:

CITY OF ADA FLAGSHIP BILL CRAWFORD.
CITY OF ADA BARGE HERBERT PRYOR.
CITY OF ADA SCHOONER ALBERT CHAMBERLAIN.
CITY OF ADA BARKENTINE WAYNE WHEELLOCK.
CITY OF ADA FRIGATE DEE UNSELL.
CITY OF ADA SCOW MACK BRALA.
CITY OF ADA LUGGER ROY KELLER.
CITY OF ADA YAWL ED HALEY.
CITY OF ADA GALLEON MARVIN KAISER.
CITY OF ADA SLOOP OSCAR CANTWELL.

A fleet with such ominous names should be enough to cause any dictator to quake in his boots and, in case of emergency, they could be manned with the city police force and the Ada firemen could go along to show them how to row. Somebody suggested that one of the boats ought to be named Dan Cupid but since there are only 10 of them, the best we could do would be to name three park benches after the lovers' pal (?), who no doubt is very active in city park work.

America's greatest problem today is that of bringing up little angels in homes where somebody is continually raising the devil.

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR STORY No. 75,697: M. B. Molloy, who never forgets how to parse sentences or where to return the serve for greatest disadvantage to his tennis opponent, had this story told on him last week. He parked his car in the 200 block East Main while he transacted business downtown. Later he moved the

car to another parking place in the business district and returned to other matters. His mind being concentrated upon tasks more immediately at hand, he forgot he had removed his car and returned to the original parking place. He was on the verge of turning in a stolen car report when he happened to remember where he had moved his faithful chariot.

Ira Dugan says that if the the Fitts field and the state of Kansas oil fields were given similar tests—either through tubing or open flow—for potential production, the Pontotoc county area would excel the neighboring oil state.

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS some day is going to get us bumped into something-or-other. A few days ago we were walking along Main street day-dreaming. After we had nearly reached the opposite side of the street, we noticed we had crossed in violation of a red traffic signal light. Fortunately, no cars were approaching and we continued across. Looking back, we saw that, singly and in pairs, a dozen or so others standing on the opposite curb had started across behind us. Which suggests that the old story of sheep follow sheep isn't entirely passe.

Jeff Laird, Hugo speech instructor, is bringing to Ada listeners on Monday something of an oral novelty, known as "choral reading." Allen Hensley, Evansville, Ind., speech instructor, first wrote us of choral reading and later we heard much of it from other speech teachers. Laird will bring a dozen or so pupils from his classes for the performance, which consists of reading in unison a program of 10 poems, including two by Welborn Hope of Ada.

WELBORN HOPE, incidentally, admits he is somewhat in arrears in his labors on an epic he is writing, to be called "The Old Santa Fe Trail." He explains: "The bird hunting season and Christmas business" interfered. "Christmas business" being an all-inclusive term. Hope's epic is the story of development of the Golden West done in imagery, with nothing of a commentary nature. He insists the writing of poetry is not to be hurried, although we predict a more than ordinary future for his product when it is completed.

Ambrose Sextette admits he is not as much interested in obtaining a 5-day week as he is in being granted a 5-day weekend.

NATURE'S ARTWORK: Ralph McMillan pointed out to us, from the window of Judge John Boyce McKeel's office, a place on the Court street pavement where something had been moved after the first sleet fell. The bare pavement formed a perfect life-sized silhouette of an old man walking with a cane. It was gone with the next night's flurry of sleet.