

## 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.