

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 Snead, 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. Snead 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.