

# 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 1<sup>st</sup> 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.