

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

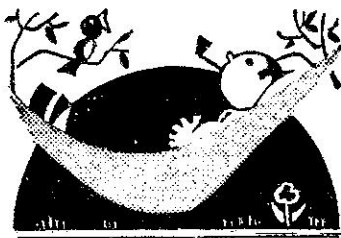
BY FERDIE DEERING

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-Classsen 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."

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

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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:



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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.'"

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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.)

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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.

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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.

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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.