

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.