

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

BULLET HOLES commemorating one of the most thrilling-and-chilling gun battles in Ada's history still are visible in the east wall of the building occupied by the Ada Lumber company. They were shots fired by a posse pursuing the man who killed Gus Nesbitt, deputy sheriff, in the lobby of the Byrd hotel many years ago. Nesbitt and Byars Chapman went down to arrest a man who had stopped at the hotel and who was suspected of having some whisky in his big Locomobile roadster. Chapman was looking through the car while Nesbitt went inside to hunt the owner, never suspecting there would be any gun play. The result was that Nesbitt was shot down, fatally wounded, in the doorway of the hotel. His assailant fled south on Townsend under a hail of bullets from a quickly assembled posse. The sheriff's office was just across the street over the Sterling Motor Supply company then and guns were not as scarce as they are nowadays. The fleeing man turned down an alley, hurried on foot up Stockton avenue, shooting and being shot at. He turned west on Fourteenth street and forced Bill Roddie, who happened along in a car, to give him transportation. Sheriff Bob Duncan commandeered one of J. M. Stanfield's grocery delivery wagons and Chapman borrowed a horse from Charley Wilburn and others joined the parade afoot and by whatever means of transportation they found available. Finally, the fugitive—his name was Marshall—was cornered in Walter Simmons' barn southwest of the city. His ammunition was exhausted and he was wounded. He was convicted and sent to prison at McAlester. Some time later his wife and child visited him at the prison. He escaped by some trick in her car, taking the child with him and leaving the woman. The child was found some time later abandoned in a Kansas City hotel room. The fugitive has not been seen nor heard of since. But the bullet holes remain and Byars Chapman can tell a hair-raising tale of how the bullets Marshall fired sounded as they passed too close to his head for comfort.

Paul Denny, The News cub reporter, almost created a riot in the meeting of city commissioners last week. He found a dollar bill on the floor and made it known. Every commissioner, suppliant and what-not present

immediately began a search to determine if it was his and the city's business was temporarily suspended during the investigation. City Attorney Mack Braly finally gained the buck "because I know I just had one and it's gone."

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD that once upon a time Somer Jones, C. O. Kline and a Mr. Kilpatrick borrowed a hog down in the Kiamichi on a fishing trip when they couldn't catch any fish. The three were stranded by high water (this happened about 1906) and their food was giving out. The hog came by and the hungry men took advantage of the situation. No, they didn't have any trouble butchering the hog because all three of them were butchers, Jones explains in relating the event.

From somewhere comes the information that Dick Williams learned the barber trade at the old city of Hird when his nearest competitor was Pud Kyser, who operated at Center. After he moved his home-made chair to Ada Dick paid his rent by cutting the hair of two proprietors of the store room he occupied.

CHARLEY SMITH, another barber, is of the opinion that if a vote were to be taken on whether it should rain there would be a lot of no votes just because some people are against anything.

Stonewall was the county seat of Pontotoc county back in the days when Chickasha was just another town in the Old Chickasaw nation and Ada was unheard of. Ardmore was in Pickens county, Tishomingo was the nation's capital and the county seat of Tishomingo county, which was just northwest of Panola county, the fourth and last.

THE CHELSEA (Mass.) EVENING RECORD, with whom The News has been exchanging since the latter was awarded third place in the national contest for general excellence, carried the following ad in a recent issue: "MONSTER MEETING. Tomorrow Night, Chelsea Townsend Club, Old Age Pension Plan, Good Speakers, Everybody Welcome." We can't help wondering how many monsters attended.

From New York and Denver come messages that two wandering Ada boys are about to return. Bill Gluckman postcards that he is tired eating his food from slot machines in the east and Wallace Hoggatt airmails that after a summer at the University of Denver he has been traipsing around over the Rockies.