

# CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERGIE DEERING

**ADA ADDUCTIONS:** It is not surprising that the O. G. & E. selected a sign of plus ultra electrical brilliance for Tom Kelly's second-home on Twelfth street. . . We learn L. A. (Bus Line) Nance's first name is Lum but haven't been able to discover whether the "A" stands for Abner. . . E. E. Ueltschey is called Major around the court house after a certain well-known gentleman named Hoople whose tall stories he rivals. . . Paul Thrash is taking on some of that so-called "middle-age spread" although he still is a very young man; guess Lucille must be an awfully good cook. . . Ada high's basketball team will miss Merle Frye, senior who is ineligible because he participated in a single game the first year he was in high school; Merle is a steady, reliable player who seldom stars but whose absence from a game usually is felt.

Somebody has installed a one-cent peanut vending machine in The News office to collect stray coppers of The News carriers and others. Some of the more mechanical-minded ones have learned how to manipulate it without coins. A few nights ago we tried to buy a penny's worth of peanuts. But the penny wouldn't go in the machine! After some bit of coaxing we dislodged a small piece of wire and obtained the portion of nuts via the prescribed route.

**PAGE-LYLE BOREN:** Just as our congressman had an ambition to occupy a Washington chair since he was a little like running around in rompers, so did Clyde Bronson acquire and accomplish his ambition—and it happened almost simultaneously. "Ever since I learned the printing business from John Skinner and Manson Hawkins up at Cushing about 10 years ago I had an ambition to work on The Ada News," Bronson says. "I don't know why except that I just heard so much about what a dandy place it was—and here I am. I hope I stay." Bronson, about the same age as Representative Boren, went to work at The News as ad compositor a short time after Lyle was elected to congress.

We forgot to check up with the Collinsville editor, but we are told that residents of that Grayson county, Texas, community were so incensed when Alfalfa Bill Murray told his fellow Oklahomans: "Folks, Meet Alf!" that they went out and tore down the monument commemorating the birthplace of The Sage of Yashau creek. If true, that act rivals in sharpness of rebuke of the petition circulated by Sulphur residents to change the name of Murray county. We didn't mind the latter but the East Central college band went all the way to Texas to help in the ceremonies at Collinsville back in 1932 when Bill (and Collinsville) thought the next president of the United States might be named Murray.

**FEDERAL GRAND JURY** in Kansas City has indicted 36 for crediting Landon and Knox votes to Roosevelt and Garner in the recent presidential election but we don't think that will delay Roosevelt's inauguration this week.

It is the recognition that we give to the geniuses who are dead that inspires living artists in their work.

**ANTIQUE:** Humpy Smith hands us a page torn from a hardware company's catalogue of the days when automobiles were topless and wore oil lamps. The page illustrates detachable, sport model windshields; chamois skins, polishing cloths and prepared wax. Pictured are a "Racy Roadster One-Piece Shield" and "The Aristocrat." The latter illustration shows a rather plump and stylishly dressed (at that time, although the hat is no funnier than modern ones) woman at the wheel of an automobile resembling Ada's 1914 model Seagraves fire truck. "Aristocrat in Zig-Zag position with Ventilation set" is the caption, with prices listed at \$40 each for all brass designs, ranging up to \$44 for nickel-plated models and \$42 for black enamel with nickel trim.

And who remembers when it was the custom to jack up the rear wheel to crank the old flivver on frosty mornings?

**OLD HUNDREDTH:** In early American hymnals there was a particular hymn which almost universally occupied page 100. It became known as "Old Hundredth". This is the hundredth edition of "Curios and Antiques" but this paragraph is a "swan song" and not a hymn. Because other pastures appear a bit greener to our perhaps slightly colorblind eyes, we are leaving the pleasant business of browsing for bits of publishable material to fill the columns of The Ada News. We had been around The News office for some time when we took over the job of "columning" nearly two years ago "to fill in for a couple of weeks." Fifty times two weeks have flown and we haven't been shot, maimed or seriously threatened yet. Some day we hope to come back home to Ada, but until then, folks, shoot the anvils and celebrate as we write—