



**August 3, 2005**

**Here's some more** of that funny stuff, most of it coming from e-mail or internet friends who found it humorous and wanted to share it with you. Hope you agree. By the way, after the recent infusion of "Red Neck" humor, I heard from some of you who felt I had gone a bit too far, and that material was not acceptable. After reading it once again, I'm inclined to go along with that line of thinking. So, I'll be a little more careful about some of this and hope you find that is what is needed. I always like to hear from readers, so don't hesitate to speak up. Here's the latest to come our way. Enjoy!

His parents keep reading his birth certificate – looking for loopholes.

Sam Levenson – Insanity is hereditary. You get it from your children.

Robert Benchley – In America there are two classes of travels: first class and with children.

Red Skelton – My kid will run an errand for you, if you ask at bedtime.

Alice Berger – It's a mystery how the idiot who married your daughter can be the father of the world's greatest grandchildren.

A.H Berzen –

Kids add color to our lives,

With apple cheeks so fair.

They tint our lives with rainbows,

But leave gray in our hair.

Definition of baby: The most expensive employer of female labor.

If a boy is a lad and he has a stepfather, is the boy a stepladder?

You know what's wrong with the world today? Movies have signs saying: ADULTS ONLY – when it is the maternity wards of hospitals that need them.

Iry Silverstein – Of course children brighten up the home. They never turn out the lights.

Adolescence begins when children stop asking questions – because they know all the answers.

Fran Lebowitz – Ask your child what he wants for dinner only if he is buying.

Joseph Joubert (1754-1824) Children have more need of models than critics.



**August 6, 2005**

**Ed Kelley, a Perry boy**, is now editor of *The Oklahoman*, certainly a responsible position calling for good decisions and considerable talent in several fields. We are proud of Ed. He has reached a pinnacle of success through his own tenacity and aptitude. He makes all of us walk a little bit taller. As you have undoubtedly heard by now, he will be a member of the first class to be inducted into the Perry Alumni Association's Honor Roll in September. All of you should be on hand at the First Christian church Fellowship Hall when that occasion rolls around on September 15.

But I remember other members of Ed's family, and each of them could be treated as a separate story. You know who I'm talking about. For one thing, there was Ed's grandmother, Olinda Kelley, an excellent seamstress who overcame a speech handicap, for one thing, and bounced back in a remarkable way. Or, you could consider Ed's mother, the late, former Marion Bobbit, a civic worker and leader and a onetime Advertising Department employee at this newspaper. Marion was a good-humored, creative person, and she enjoyed her work. She also was a good decision-maker and a hard-nosed businesswoman.

Also, there is Ed's Dad, Calvin, an All-State level football player at Perry High School and a leader in class organizations. He later was with the U.S. Postal Service, then the Military, and eventually he retired from the Postal Department. Calvin is still with us, thank goodness, and he has a dry sense of humor that makes him interesting to discuss things with. There are more Kelleys that could be named, but you get my drift. I remember Olinda Kelley because, for one thing, she and my late Mother, Ivy Beers, were good friends with similar ideas. But more than anything, I remember Olinda because she and Mrs. Hunefelt were the two alterations ladies at the Gottlieb family businesses, The Famous Department Store and Gottlieb's Vogue. They were lovely ladies in every sense of the word and it is only fitting that Mrs. Kelley's grandson should be a leading Oklahoma newspaperman. He's a fine gentleman, to complement her very well as a fine lady. Congratulations to all of them for making this such a good town to live in.



**August 10, 2005**

**Hold on to your hats.** Here comes more fantasy foolishness provided by a friend (and a reader) for your entertainment. Looks OK to me, so listen up and let me know what you think. Here goes. Let's just call these the E-Mail Follies, at least for now.

When did we quit calling them "emergency brakes?" At some point "parking brake" became the proper term. But I miss the hint of drama that went with "emergency brake."

I'm sad, too, that almost all the old folks are gone who would call the accelerator the "foot feed."

Did you ever wait at the street for your daddy to come home, so you could ride the "running board" up to the house?

Here's a phrase I heard all the time in my youth but never anymore – "store-bought." Of course, just about everything is store-bought these days. But once it was bragging material to have a store-bought dress or a store-bought bag of candy.

"Coast to coast" is a phrase that once held all sorts of excitement and now means almost nothing. Now we take the term "world wide" for granted. This floors me.

On a smaller scale, "wall-to-wall" was once a magical term in our homes. In the '50s, everyone covered his or her hardwood floors with, wow, wall-to-wall carpeting! Today, everyone replaces their wall-to-wall carpeting with hardwood floors. Go figure.

When's the last time you heard the quaint phrase "in a family way?" It's hard to imagine that the word "pregnant" was once considered a little too graphic, a little too clinical for use in polite company. So we had all that talk about stork visits and "being in a family way" or simply "expecting."

Apparently "brassiere" is a word no longer in usage. I said it the other day and my daughter cracked up. I guess it's just "bra" now. "Unmentionables" probably wouldn't be understood at all.

I always loved going to the "picture show," but I considered "movie" an affection.

Most of these words go back to the '50s, but here's a word I came across the other day from the 60's - "rat fink." Ooh, what a nasty put-down!

Here's a word I miss - "percolator." That was just a fun word to say. And what was it replaced with? "Coffeemaker." How dull. Mr. Coffee, I blame you for this.



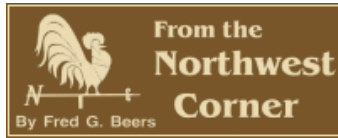
## ***August 13, 2005***

**Death has robbed us** of two more beautiful and talented ladies. You won't be surprised to know that I am writing about Myrna Niles Hamann and Mary O'Dell. They came here a few years ago when their husbands were hired to resurrect some sagging fortunes but they soon established themselves as the kind of people that get things done. By themselves, if necessary. Or as consorts in the courts of their husbands, and aides, if that's what the job required. They were leaders in their own right, as they proved in time.

Mary came here with her well known husband, Faye, with his responsibility for getting the football program in good shape once again. When that was accomplished, they moved on, but Faye's health was not good. Mary was a good nurse and he grew stronger, but still not well. As fate would have it, she left first but not until her family's reputation became well known and she successfully struggled to add luster to her husband's reputation. She is now gone from here, but all who knew the O'Dells during their time here remember her dynamic personality and vibrant way of living.

Myrna's story is somewhat different. She had a bit part in the first presentation by Stagecoach Community Theatre, then undertook the lead role in "Mame," a wonderfully successful musical that established her as a potential leading lady in any Broadway musical that might turn up here. She was perhaps the best Mame of any of the many actresses who tested for the part. And, I have a reel on VHS tape of her auditions on the West Coast for TV sitcoms, commercials and other matters. She was a fine lady. Both of them were. Our sincere condolences to the families of these two ladies, and our thanks for their sweet natures.

If you are looking for a good family movie this weekend, try "The March of the Penguins" at one of the area theaters. There's no story line, unless you count the life cycle of penguins at the South Pole. It's suitable for all ages. No dirty language or stuff like that. Trust me. It's a good movie for kids to see.



**August 17, 2005**

**Congratulations and expressions of thanks** to the ladies, gentlemen and young people of the Church of Christ who have volunteered their services to continue the restoration and makeover of the old Episcopal Church building, the "Church on a Perch" now recumbent at a choice location overlooking CCC Lake, southeast of Perry.

Something of the sort has been badly needed since the old frame building was moved from a midway location on Seventh street to the scenic old park. If all goes according to plans, the old church will become the site of weddings, showers and other types of celebrations. It will be an interesting addition to the park, and a place where folks can worship, mediate or just think things over once the restoration is complete. We've been needing this kind of help to get the job done.

The GriefShare ministry now taking form here is another good project for Perry area residents with special needs. Thanks to Richard Dugger and Kent Richie for their leadership and participation in this effort. We never know when we may be needing it ourselves. Stand by: Your help also may be needed in some phase, and you may need the program sooner than you know.

The Perry High School Alumni Association's "Honor Roll" program is fast taking form. Watch for more details in this newspaper. Twelve local persons will be saluted for their outstanding achievements at a public dinner. That event will start at 6 p.m. Thursday, September 15, in the Fellowship Hall of the First Christian church. Each recipient will be introduced by a "presenter," and their records will be summarized. Eight of them are living, and four are being presented posthumously. Watch this newspaper for more details. This is a good program. It highlights some of our outstanding people, and there are many more to come.



**August 20, 2005**

**Those columns the other day** about the taxicab service that used to exist in Perry also brought back some memories, or anecdotes, that may be familiar to you. Or, perhaps you have not heard any of these until now. If that's the case, these little sidelights may amuse you.

One of the old-time cab drivers several years ago was Pat Townsend, whose headquarters were established at Bush & Joe's Smokehouse, on the northeast corner of the square. Roy and son Doug Morris now have their bookkeeping service base there, and you can hardly smell the old Smokehouse. Anyway, Pat answered the phone there to serve potential cab users. One evening Pat became aware that he was getting a call from the same customer at about the same hour every Friday evening. The order was always the same: "I want a one-way ride to Red Rock." No ifs, ands or buts. Just a ride to Red Rock. The pickup point was always the same: outside one of the Perry movie houses. Pat finally could stand it no longer. He had to ask it, "Why me? Why am I the one he's using?" So finally he asked the ultimate question, asking why the patron was only using Pat's cab. The answer was not hard to anticipate. The customer said, "How much do you charge for a cab

fare to Red Rock?" Pat truthfully replied, "Twenty-five dollars." And the customer said, "How much does a city ambulance charge?" The answer was considerably more than \$25, and that seemed to end the question and answer phase.



## ***August 24, 2005***

**There's a new movie**, "The Great Raid," which I have just seen. It is receiving generally good criticism, but very small audiences. Only three Oklahoma City theaters are showing it. I was prepared to hate the film because of the subject matter and because I had heard about the ghoulish terror and unwarranted, infamous treatment that many of our former enemies in the Pacific war inflicted on our countrymen when World War II was the conflict at hand. The first-hand story was told to me by a former Marine who was stationed with US forces in the Bataan area when the unprovoked attack was launched on the Americans in Hawaii and elsewhere.

My friend, the one who described the war-time situation, was a prisoner of the Asians during the conflict. He survived that ordeal and later joined this newspaper as an advertising staff member. He gave me some of the brutal details, but was always careful about his choice of words. If you knew him, you knew that was normal for him. He was an honest, upright man. I enjoyed our brief time together. He died on the surgeon's table at the VA hospital in Oklahoma City, where he was admitted for rather routine care. They said he was a young man when the war started, but an old man when it ended, thanks to his confinement and lack of nourishing food as a prisoner of war. His name was Boyd Norman.

Anyway, I wanted to see the film very badly. I've read the book it's based on, and I remember Boyd's stories. In my mind, there's no need and no room for tolerance. That kind of depravity defies apologies. I recommend it to you, too. Lest we forget.



## ***August 27, 2005***

**"You need to do a 'Northwest Corner'** about Kenny Coldiron and Dave Matthews." That was one of the greetings I received the other day when Sam Henderson, Bob Kasper and Carl Webb visited the local Rotary Club. I understood what Mr. Kasper was telling me. Kenny and Dave, both now deceased, have been the subjects of several columns, but not nearly enough has been written concerning their military careers. They were unique, to say the least, and both merit a closer look than they've had so far.

Both of those guys were leaders in this community, and the loss they left with us has never been adequately filled. Bob and other Army veterans have done their best, but there is still much more to say. Part of the Rotary program that day had to do with the memorial being erected on the courthouse square to honor Perry area veterans who served in the Korean war and beyond. You probably remember when Kenny was a first sergeant in the European campaign during WWII, and

Dave became the primary officer in the Oklahoma National Guard campaign which followed that other engagement. And they were just two representatives of the citizen-soldier army that answered the call to arms when that was necessary.

The point is, this area contributed some of its best men and equipment to the armed forces when the U.S. needed them, and people like Kenny Coldiron and Dave Matthews made that a reality. Now it is being suggested that we return the favor by putting our collective shoulder to the effort to make the courthouse park memorial a reality.

If Kenny Coldiron or Dave Matthews were still with us, you know how they would become leaders in this effort. In their absence, we can do no less. Call Sam, Bob or any of the other veterans and pledge what you can. We need to make this memorial a reality.



## ***August 31, 2005***

**It's happening again.** Every year about this time, sports pages all over the country take on a new shine, a snappier tone and look because football season is bearing down on us. Soon the pages will be literally filled with yarns, speculation and warm feature stories about the young men at local high schools, universities that are important to us, and the professional league towns that support warriors in various levels of the game.

Next thing you know, we're hooked. We will just have to subscribe to learn the latest thoughts thrust forward by writers for the wire services, sports magazines, athletic-minded schools, and whoever else tries to lure us with outlandish or overly dismal speculation about the new season. And we will read what they have to say, whether or not they are accompanied by color and black and white picture. The pronouncements will have the weight of gospel messages. There's nothing quite like it.

It's just that, can you believe OU will have three losses in a single season? How long can Mack Brown hang on at UT? We were joined on a tour bus lately by a group of jolly Texans, who had spent that August day basking in unbelievable heat because the AC in their tour bus had failed. They were promised "a new coach" for the next day's trip, and I of course thought they meant a new head man for the football program. Most of them cheered the news, leading me to think they were firing Coach Brown. They really meant a new bus to ride in, with AC and everything.

But I don't normally read that kind of stuff, so how am I to know? I first read the sports pages and try not to blink. Unless the headline says something about OU, OSU and PHS.