

CURIOS and



ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

A book entitled "Curious Paper Facts" has recently arrived in The News library. Among the really curious facts is a statement accompanying a quotation from one of Shakespeare's plays, giving the date of authorship as 1623. The curious thing about this curious fact is that the great bard of Avon passed from this vale of tears, smiles and what have you in the year of our Lord 1616 or seven years before the fact-finder had him writing "King Henry VI." Of course, the old dramatist had a lot of stuff on the ball—he could play with the English language and the emotions of we lowly human being as probably no other coiner of words and phrases—but even he would have found difficulty in sending back from beyond the grave one of his plays.

In days gone by it was considered appropriate to refer to extreme immobility as being "as slow as a snail." After waiting for central to say "number, please," one is inclined to think a telephone operator would be more descriptive than the snail.

Hugh Mathis has a blotter he has been using 12 years—it was distributed by the Hall Zorn Motor company (how many remember that institution?) as advertising matter and describes the wonders of the 1923 Chevrolet Superior five-passenger touring car. . . . W. E. Pitt's smile is a good match for the bright boutonniere he usually wears. . . . Bill Laves' first name is Ulrich but he won't tell what the "R" stands for. . . . Roy Lollar has quite a reputation as a story teller. . . . W. T. Melton set a waste paper basket afire not long ago when he tossed a glowing cigarette into it, as is reportedly his custom at the approach of Mrs. Melton. . . . Ralph Moreland likes to refer to himself as a "one-gallused merchant."

We read of a nudist colony back east that is appropriately named "See See See Camp."

One of the most unique clubs in Ada, we believe, is the Twelfth Night club, designed upon the same principal as the famous "Last Man club" which grew out of the Civil War and lasted until the lone survivor of 31 members dined alone. The Twelfth Night club held its fifth annual meeting here last week. In the center of

only 12 members), was the "treasure chest" containing the "farewell addresses" of each member. These speeches have been written out, sealed and placed in the chest where they will remain until the death of each member. At that time the paper will be read to the remaining group. So far none of the group, all young men, has been taken by death but at each of the meetings so far, one of the number has announced his marriage. The membership of the Twelfth Night club includes Marshall Grant, Herbert Beck, Marshall Walters, Rennie Moore, Charles Huddleston, Mack Braly, Johnny Montgomery, Henry Grant, Bob Fahrny, E. T. Haddock jr., Lindsay Haddock and Leo Hennigan.

It is equally insulting to a woman to tell her that she is too old or too young; too tall or too short; too fat or too slim; too heavy or too light; too quiet or too noisy; too bright or too dumb. They all want to be told they are just right—and as far as we are concerned, they are.

WE WONDER: Why Huey Long didn't think of his "share-the-wealth" idea back in the days when there was a lot more of it to share . . . why somebody doesn't get a lease for a soda pop stand at one of the big country estates which have been attracting so many visitors and sightseers lately . . . how many people are living in Ada now who attended Irving school the first year it was built.

A Proverb For Every Occasion Dept.: So long as you follow in the other fellow's footsteps you can never get ahead. A wagon wheel that's in a rut generally gets where it's going.

"Modern chickens have developed an instinct that keeps them from starting across the road and then running back in front of an approaching automobile," opines W. D. "Par" Warren and Dr. J. G. Breco concurs with the addenda: "Yes, terrapins and such small animals are smarter than their ancestors, too. They go through culverts and bridges when they want to get to the other side of the road."

We were telling an alleged funny conversation of two radio stars. Said one of the blackfaced comedians: "You know Ah sho' has been lucky lately. Seems like evahthing Ah tech turns to money." The other wittily replied: "Yeah, and evahthing Ah tech they made me put it back." Unexpectedly, a member of the coffee-drinking party piped up, "Yeah, and everybody I try to touch, they turn me down." Which, we think, is food for thought.