

SUNDAY, JUNE 9, 1935

## CURIOS and ANTIQUE

By FERDIE DEERING

Picture of a night-worker trying to sleep in the daytime: Arrives home, wearily envisioning a nice, long undisturbed nap . . . gets in bed and starts to relax . . . wife wakes up and remembers milk bottle was not placed on porch . . . returns to bed after placing said milk bottle on porch . . . begins to doze . . . milkman comes to exchange full milk bottle for empty one and sleeper wonders if he drove his horse up the stairs to do so . . . brief period of silence while neighbor's dog draws deep breath in preparation for prolonged period of howling . . . sleeper determines to report dog to officials as public nuisance . . . sleeper dozes again . . . ice man arrives and sleeper decides who-ever referred to the "frozen silence" must have lived somewhere else . . . sleep again . . . phone rings . . . no, this is not Elmer's Peppy service station, guess you have the wrong number . . . loud knock at door . . . insurance agent appears to inquire for the fifteenth time if the material he left on previous visit has been properly perused . . . by this time it is well up in the morning and somebody at a neighboring filling station has decided his auto horn needs a thorough tuning up . . . and proceeds, within a period of about one hour, to give it this adjustment . . . carpenters rebuilding a house across the street arrive and all six of them take a hammer in each hand (or so it seems) and start pounding away . . . four small boys pass beneath the window and get into a loud argument about which will pull a toy wagon they have loaded with whatever boys load toy wagons with. . . Ho-hum! time to get up . . . well, anyhow, this saves wear and tear on the alarm clock.

Not everything is going up. We learn now that you can get your name in a "Who's Who In Oklahoma" for five dollars. The last one we heard of (which, incidentally, never went to press) had the price set at ten dollars.

Seen and Heard: Bob Hays wishes some of the places he frequents downtown would install air-conditioning for his benefit this summer. . . . Mart Clark says he could make a lot of money if he didn't have to pay salaries and overhead. . . . "Fer sail" sign on one of Bob Cason's used cars parked in front of The News office. . . . Wonder

It was hot air that caused the paint on the ceiling of the district court room to peel off, especially right over the lawyers' tables. . . . Young Jim Abney must be after Troy Melton's reputation as "best-dressed" young man, now that Troy has left town. . . . The new cement plant whistle somehow is not as impressive as its deep throated predecessor that served as starter-and-stopper for numerous Ada activities for so many years. . . . C. S. Cannaday will "own up" to being the hardest working man in town.

Our Own Dictionary defines the age of discretion as that time of life when a man is too young to die and too old to have any fun.

A certain Ada business man (name on request, if accompanied by prepaid cup of coffee at a reliable cafe) was somewhat embarrassed the other day when he was entertaining some friends at a local golf course. Several caddies were sitting around but none seemed anxious to work for the c. b. m. "Hey, boy," he called in his most public-spirited manner, "Don't you want to caddy for me?" The boy looked him over and replied: "Naw." But the c. b. m. persisted: "You caddied for me yesterday, didn't you? Why don't you want to caddy for me today?" The golfer's face turned rosy as the frank and candid lad replied: "You're too cranky." He must have a caddy, though, and the c. b. m. insisted: "But you lost four balls for me yesterday." The caddy ended the argument with: "I never either. I lost one but you griped about that so long I guess you thought it was four."

From an exchange newspaper of an adjoining county: "J. J. Kelly has added Mr. Milton Ivy to his farm force. Mr. Ivy's experience at gardening and with fowls will afford no mean assistance to especially Mrs. Kelly, who is elated over his ability in the operation of motor vehicles."

The other night we were conversing on Main street when a husky walked up and started pouring out his tale of woe. He hadn't eaten, he explained confidentially, since early that morning and hardhearted restaurant owners and bakersmen stood united against him. He had a job coming up in about three or four days but was very hungry. We fished up a dime and as he mumbled something about handing it "back to you in a day or so," we decided to see what he did with it. He shuffled off down the street, approached three other persons, none of whom were as softhearted as ourselves, and then headed for a beer joint. He quaffed three bottles of brew, paid for it with a dollar bill, wiped his mouth and walked out. We resolve to invest our dimes in coffee hereafter.