

**CURIOS and
ANTIQUES**
By FERDIE DEERING

Browall Coffman says he is off of speedway stunt promotions for good. It seems he hired out to "take care of things" for Jack Steele, trick motorcycle rider who has been almost every place on the map and a lot of places not on the map, a few days ago. When they got to the opening day's stand they found a baseball game slated for the same park at the same time. After some dickering it was decided to split the gate receipts (which amounted to about \$28) on a 60-40 percentage basis, with the show getting the big end or \$16.32. The promoter was injured in the last stunt but managed to explain to the creditors as the ambulance drove away, that "the big fellow over there will take care of you." And Browall admits he had to do some tall talking to keep the creditors, whose accounts totaled several times the amount of cash received, from "taking care of him."

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If you are waiting for Old Dame Opportunity to come along and do something for you, you are probably wasting your time. The chances are she has already gone off with the fellow who was looking for her.

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Gene Harris says any man who gets married automatically attaches a "ball-and-chain" but qualifies his statement by adding that some of them are better off with one than without. . . . Cecil Deal's new hobby is raising deadly black widow spiders, having already accumulated a nice assortment of them in various stages of life ranging from eggs in process of incubation to full grown adults—and he will allow his friends to take them out of the sealed jars and pet them if they desire to do so. . . . Dr. Canada's office assistants have found a way to get around the telephone service here—they just call him from the window of his fourth floor office in the American building. . . . Harry Scheinberg's vest—one of the new backless styles—might easily be mistaken for a 1935 model swimming suit.

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Imagine the excitement in the home of a local married man when an endearing love letter addressed to a single man of the same name was erroneously delivered to his home and the

wife demanded an explanation. We'll bet she got one!

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There may have been some but we can't think of any styles more ridiculous than the split skirts gals are wearing nowadays. . . . That gang of men seen in the 100 block on East Main each night (in case you don't know) is simply a bunch of "roughnecks" getting ready to do the morning tour in the Fitts field. . . . West L. Cunningham used to edit the old Chickasaw Enterprise over at Pauls Valley back in the early days of Oklahoma. . . . Mrs. F. R. Laird says the most trouble she ever had in raising her little boy, Jeff, was in breaking him from eating crackers in church—she started feeding them to him to keep him quiet when he was a baby but it finally got to be too much trouble to go out and get him a drink every few minutes. . . . A. O. Green, who successfully (and that is saying a lot) managed the Ada Independents for ten or eleven years still likes to talk baseball but no longer has a yen to run a team—Green developed the Waner brothers and closed the deal which sent Lefty Williams along the road to a career as a professional player. . . . Fritz Hatcher and Eph Reed used to chunk one another with cotton bolls down on the farm when they were kids. . . . We would like to have seen Allen Hensley when he began yelling for help to get a big gar he caught off his line while on a recent fishing trip.

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If you think the Better Homes building and remodeling program is not doing anything in your neighborhood, just try to get a few hours' sleep in the daytime and you'll soon find out.

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We were helping L. G. Denny listen to Dr. Linscheid make a railroad week address over a radio loudspeaker in front of a downtown store Friday afternoon. One of the local curbstone politicians walked up and asked who was it speaking. When told, he scratched his head and said, "Dr. Linscheid? He's perffessor at the high school er sumpin' out here, aint he?"

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If the local organizations favoring world peace want to do some really effective work, they might start by limiting the shooting of fireworks this summer to the Fourth of July only, rather than two weeks before and two weeks after.

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Although we sing in the bathtub daily, we haven't even received a postcard from the neighbors as fan mail. Consequently, we are about to become convinced that those big stacks of letters radio and movie stars are said to receive are just fakes.