

## CURIOS and ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

If we should ever decide to run for the legislature or the United States senate, it will be on a "no-ice-in-drinking-water" platform. Not that we don't care for a cooling drink of pure Byrds Mill water on a warm day—we can absorb as much of that delicious fluid as most anybody on most any occasion or on no occasion at all—but we can see no reason for cluttering it up with chunks of raw, distilled water, soft water, chemically pure or whatever kind of ice happens to be available. Stop in most any drug store and ask for a drink of water. The clerk will reply in the most encouraging manner, "Yes, sir! Coming up!" But when it comes up, it will be a glass of chipped ice delicately sprinkled with a few drops of water. Go into a cafe for a cup of coffee and a drink of water. In due time the waitress will place before you a glass containing some water and a lot of ice. We have no grudge against the ice manufacturers—their product is as essential as the water itself—but ice was made for cooling and not for drinking. The place down below may have its disadvantages but it offers at least one attraction this old world lacks—they say no ice is served in the drinking water down there.

Every cloud has its silver lining and those that presaged the sudden downpour of rain here last Monday afternoon had theirs—at least, as far as a local insurance firm is concerned. While the threatening clouds were exhibiting their most vicious snarls an Ada man glanced out his window, then rushed to the telephone and asked for a \$5,000 tornado policy on his house, effective at noon. He got it!

IN THE DAY'S NEWS—One of the lesser-known "believe-it-or-not" cartoonists comes forth with the announcement that "bananas grow upside down"—and for years we've been led to believe that they just hung them that way in the grocery stores. . . . How this world does change!—News dispatches recording the flight of the Pan-American clipper ship from California to Midway island had the distance at 4,000 miles at the start, when it had flown 2,410 miles to Honolulu it still had 1,323 miles to go and when it returned the distance was given as 3,500 miles. . . . An Indian tribe is reported to have

named Huey Long "Warrior-Rarin'-To-Go"—we wonder if he is "rarin' to go" where a lot of senators probably wished he was during a recent attempted filibuster?

Mrs. J. F. McKeel was a visitor in Tishomingo recently and while there remarked that more people were on the streets than she had noticed on previous visits. "Is Tishomingo on a boom?" she asked a native. "No'm," was the reply. "All these people you see here are just Governor Murray's appointees back home."

FOLKS YOU KNOW — D. W. Swaffar's older sister, an Arkansas resident, has a biscuit more than a hundred years old—she inherited it from her mother who inherited it from an aunt who had kept it as a souvenir of a wedding of one of her aunts early in the 19th century. . . . Mr. Swaffar also has a counterpane woven by his grandmother, who spun the thread from which it is made, during the Civil War. . . . Dr. O. S. Bradshaw, who has been gone for the past two years, found his customary chair in front of Thompson's (college annex) Book store still waiting for him. . . . John Skinner has an engraved certificate to prove he is the biggest fish liar in Payne county, Oklahoma, where he formerly lived. . . . Mrs. Roy Chrisman tells us she's afraid to say "howdy" to us lest we put it in the paper (and that's a compliment to a reporter). . . . L. J. Johnstone, the produce man, has been promising us a first shipment Texas watermelon for years and we haven't received it yet.

An upstate columnist published a poem by Conner "Hoocy" Logsdon last week and Wayne Vickers was telling about it. When asked what it was about, Wayne replied: "Oh, I didn't read it. It was just a poem."

AMONG OUR FRIENDS—Mrs. J. W. Westbrook has only one son, Max, but she has more "boys" than anybody in town. . . . R. E. Blanks took a "red tag" he got for parking too long in the same place to the mayor's office but the mayor was out—Mr. Blanks wrote on the back of the tag: "Your honor, guilty, first offense, R. E. Blanks." . . . Joe and Billy Bryan, the Corner Drug twins, are reputed first-class bird imitators. . . . Dale McKoy, local oil operator, is reported to have given up trying to live up to his reputation. . . . Charley McKaskle refuses to reveal where he got his nickname "Blossom." . . . Roy McKeown estimates rainfall by how far the drain pipe across the alley shoots water toward his typewriter. . . . A local swain who called for his date on crutches explained, between hiccoughs, that the cops wouldn't arrest him for walking crooked on crutches.