

## CURIOS and ANTIQUE

By FERDIE DEERING

**RECALL THIS PICTURE? —**  
You are peacefully slumbering those last few minutes just after daybreak when sleep is best—or would be best if it were not for those big little pests, houseflies. A fly (or maybe it is two or three of them) lights on your nose—or ear or bald spot or forehead—and begins tripping the light fantastic or whatever it is that flies trip. A drowsy wave of the hand drives the fly away but almost instantly he is back in the same place and tickles more than ever. You wave again and the fly thinks it is some sort of a game. Finally in desperation you reach for a weapon. Three strikes and you're out—the fly is gone for the moment and you are wide awake. Thoroughly disgruntled, you turn over to try to catch the few remaining winks of sleep the alarm clock has allotted you. Z-z-zap! Back again! About the only remedy is to get the fly swatter and commit murder or get up and eat breakfast.

It has been our opinion that nothing was slower than telephone service, but did you ever try to get a taxi during a downpour of rain?

**WEATHER PROPHETS**—They are not newcomers but Jim "Transfer" Couch and Carlos Hughey offered to bet with us Thursday night that it would rain before Sunday. We didn't bet and after seeing what happened Friday night we are glad we didn't.

It may mean **NOTHING** to you but we noticed on some advertising literature that V. V. McNITT is chairman of the McNAUGHT Syndicate of New York.

**THE FRAILTY OF THE HUMAN RACE** as revealed in remarks picked up here and there—"Around the courthouse it's not the heat but the stupidity." . . . "There may be honor among some thieves but the chances are that most of them are just as bad as ordinary folks." . . . "It seems to me some of the people around here need some of this erosion aid the government is putting out to get rid of gulleys. They are more gullible than the land they live on."

Mayor J. D. Willoughby, who is 60 years old and never owned a car in his life, was counting a pile of half-dollars in his office the other

day. He dropped a couple of them. He and John Edmiston, city sanitary officer, moved most of the furniture in the office before they found both coins in the cuff of the mayor's trousers.

**ATHLETE**—J. E. Boswell was quite a jumper, it seems, back in Tennessee when he was younger, although his only incentive was competition. "If I'd had a coach to show me how to use my skill at its best, I'd have jumped all over middle Tennessee," he says. He admits he excelled at "half-hammond" (or something like that), which allowed the contestant two steps and a jump, two hops and a jump, or a hop, step and jump. Boswell used two hops and a jump and was never defeated in his county. On court days (first Monday in each month in county seat) men spent much idle time jumping. Boswell enjoyed "setting a pattern" by doing his stuff in hop-hop-jump fashion and then letting the others try to equal his mark.

Garvin Sackett, Holdenville Tribune City Ed., puts Old Sol in his place with this headline: "Three More Die As Sun Goes On Stratospher-ing."

**ALONG CITY STREETS**—Pat "Uncle Elvy" Perrin usually throws a toe out of joint whenever he goes swimming and for days afterward the aforementioned toe will jump out of place on the slightest provocation. . . . Orville Emmons says he has never been in water in his life other than the bathtub and has never owned a pair of white shoes in his life. . . . Imagine Howard Trimmer and Howard Newcomb singing a duet. . . . We know a man employed in a downtown business who has not had a bath for nearly two years.

They don't allow concessions at the Federal building but an unidentified small boy about 6 years old was busily informing passing crowds the other day that for a penny he would show them a black widow spider and its egg.

**DIGNIFIED**—Wylie "Pap", Jeter attended the Ban Johnson baseball game in Oklahoma City the other night and was mistaken by some fans for A. O. Green, local baseball luminary. Remarked an Oklahoma City sports writer: "That fellow has the most dignified walk of any man I ever saw."

**SHE TELLS IT ON HERSELF**—About six or seven years ago one of Ada's young business men married a young business woman whose abilities along culinary lines were limited. She made biscuits and he ate them. Not only that, he bragged on them and, although she was doubtful of their quality, the newly appointed cook ate some, too. The next day she had to visit a chiropractor. He recovered. (Their young son cut a tooth last week.)