

## CURIOS and ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

**POCKETS** — The most important parts of any man's apparel, speaking from a sociological, psychological or physiological point of view, are the pockets. If summer has one disadvantage for the male species it is the reduced number of pockets resulting from the discarding of coats and vests. A woman is content to assemble her belongings in one Pandora's box of a handbag, but a man must have a separate and special pocket for his watch, his keys, his billfold, his handkerchief, his pencils, his papers and other paraphernalia necessary to his business and pleasure. The state of mind of almost any man—whether he feels "I can lick the world" or "I'm down and out"—is revealed by the way he puts his hands in his pockets. You can take a man's tie, his coat, his vest, his socks, even his shoes and he can still be happy. Hatless the average man of today is perfectly nonchalant. He can even get along without a shirt, but rob him of his pockets and he is totally lost.

Now that summer is here you can call all those little itchy places chigres.

**FROG HUNTER**—Capt. Elbert H. "Eph" Reed, commander-in-chief of the local army, can't



sleep at night when he is in camp and he spends the wee, small hours hunting frogs. On a recent overnight encampment near We-woka he "mobilized" Lieut. Joe Cathey about midnight and after so long a time (it probably wasn't very good frog country) they managed to corral one frog. It is not known what the captain does with the frogs.

We are not trying to wax poetic or romantic or anything like that but anybody who can't appreciate the blue and gold of Oklahoma sunsets this time of year just hasn't any sense of the beautiful. We don't know anything about the sunrises.

**GAB**—It's the larynx that beauty doctors ought to work on. It's words more than warts, talk more than talcum, palaver more than power, blarney more than bloom that counts — the phonograph more than the photograph," declared O. Henry. . . . "Some, in their discourse, desire rather commendation of wit in being able to hold all arguments than of judgment in discerning what is true, as if it were a praise to know what might be said and not what might be thought," said Sir Francis Bacon. . . . "Talk is the cheapest luxury. . . . The greatest fun in the world is to lay your soul bare to somebody who is so busy laying his soul bare to you that he pays no attention to you," writes Clarence Budington Kelland.

Once upon a time choc or Choctaw beer was a favorite beverage among the city jail's regular customers; canned heat also has had its day; home brew is no longer the popular drink; today's choice is called "derail," a concoction that smells like a mixture of hospital ether and wagon yard hair tonic, but which contains enough alcohol to provide the desired kick.

**MYERSBURG**—It would probably be easier to locate this Pottotoc county oil boom town on the map than to find it if you were standing on the townsite. Myersburg sprang into existence about the time of Slicker City during the oil boom of 1927—and then just as quickly sprang out again. Located near Tyrola (and try to find that place!) several miles north of Ada in section 21-5N-6E, Myersburg's streets were named Dick, Escal, Dorsey and Highway and the avenues were designated Delia, June, Melba, Clara, Dadie, Lillie, Minnie and Ada. The townsite map is still on record in the county clerk's office.



**GET OFF THE AIR**—The purported romance Joe Lee and Paul Hughes, KADA artists (?), have manipulated between Joe's black widow spider and The Ada News' pet cockroach, Archibald, MIGHT be VERY funny except that Archibald was accidentally killed two weeks ago. And their reported statement that we intend to move a herd of roaches from The News office to their studio is absolutely without foundation in fact. We couldn't be so cruel as to place poor, unsuspecting cockroaches in a place where they would have to listen to all of the stuff that goes out from a broadcasting station—not to mention the studio assistants. The reason they are not subjected to cruel treatment about a newspaper office is they cannot read and don't have to know what goes in the paper.