

CURIOS and ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

A FULL CONFESSION of how he happened to have Mrs. A. R. Sugg stranded near Roff at 2 a. m. one recent morning was made by Dr. Sugg after a Kiwanis club kangaroo court had given him a fair (?) trial and subsequent conviction for the alleged breach of etiquette. They were returning from a fishing trip when the auto lights flickered out. Dr. Sugg leaned over and jiggled some wires beneath the dash but failed to get the desired results. "Now you watch out on that side and I'll look over here so we won't run into a ditch and we'll go on without any lights," he said as he drove off. A few moments later he spoke to Mrs. Sugg. No answer. He spoke again. Still no answer. He investigated and discovered she was not in the car. After several moments of deliberation, the doctor decided that he was sane, that Mrs. Sugg had accompanied him on the trip, that he was not dreaming and that he probably had lost his wife some place along the road—all in all, a "very peculiar feeling." He drove back along the road some two or three miles and found Mrs. Sugg walking (or running) toward Ada. What happened was that she got out to give more room to jiggle the wires when they stopped. When he drove off she supposed he was merely testing to see if he had fixed them. By the time she had changed her mind he was out of earshot. Dr. Sugg says her mood was a combination of anger, disappointment, attempted pleasantness, indignation and surprise. And to top it off, he admitted he had his shoes on the wrong feet that night!

Remindful of World War days, two uniformed National Guard battery members appeared at the court clerk's office about 5 o'clock Friday afternoon—a few hours before they were to leave for camp. One ordered a marriage license and Deputy Ralph McMillan fixed him up. While he was getting change the other decided he wanted one. Ralph started writing in the big book that records such events. "I don't my name in there," the prospective customer protested. "But if I issue you a license I'll have to put it in here," Ralph explained. "Then I won't take the license. I don't want it to get into the

papers," said the over-careful lover as the pair departed, apparently for the wedding of one. About four hours later Captain Reed was seeking them with A.W.O.L. papers. So far, we have been unable to learn whether they got safely to camp.

BRAD NORMAN pulled a fast one on Martin "Elmer" Clark when he attached some sort of fireworks to the spark plugs on Mart's autymobul. A whirring sound when he stepped on the starter caused Mart to investigate. As he started to raise the hood the "infernal machine" exploded, causing great clouds of smoke to pour forth. Mart finally quieted down enough to find out that it was just a joke but he's been jumpy ever since when he hears any sort of machinery backfiring or such.

We get some pleasures out of life, not the least of which is the fact that neither we nor any of our neighbors own a loud radio.

PEOPLE HAVE a lot of confidence in The Ada News. Every time there is a major prize fight or championship baseball game or such, dozens of them telephone long before it starts to find out how it came out.

Ada youngsters probably won't be overjoyed to know that Superintendent B. R. Stubbs is planning to start school here on September 3 or 10, depending on the weather, while on the contrary we judge that most of the faculty members will make no objection to beginning work and starting the incoming pay checks.

KENNETH BLACKLEDGE says if this hot weather prevails he is going to investigate further that scientist's story of freezing a live monkey in ice.

VIC VALLERY says he knows times are getting better here because tenants are "paying rent like slot machines." . . . Bufford Howard, one of the local militia, says every time he hears the band play "There's So. thing About a Soldier" he feels like rushing home and donning his National Guard uniform but by the time he gets it on the band has stopped playing and no one notices him. . . . If those broncs the firemen have at their forthcoming rodeo buck as hard as Roy Keller talks about it, some of them'll never be rode. . . . Elmer Dean got in some worthwhile practice as a barker the other day when a negro one-man band came down the street but we don't know whether he shared in the proceeds. . . . Who remembers when Harmon Ebey was the town's "cowboy" and raced, fully equipped in all sorts of necessary and unnecessary cowboy regalia, up and down Main street aboard a paint pony.

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