

CURIOS and ANTIQUES

By FERDIE DEERING

THE MENTAL ATTITUDE that the establishment of the myriad of federal, state and local relief agencies has created among certain classes of people is, we think, a lot more important question to the American people than the problem of finding enough things to tax to pay back the billions of dollars now being spent on relief projects. Last week a man walked into the office of Hoyt Driskill, assistant county attorney, and asked: "Who can I sue? My son is not getting as much work as he ought to get on the relief jobs." Hoyt advised him that the only one he could sue would be Uncle Sam and that he would have a hard time collecting damages from Uncle Sam or anybody else because they didn't give them something they are not required to give anyhow. Another example occurred at Oalman when Bob Shannon, NRS branch office manager, was distributing identification work cards for forthcoming WPA projects. One man refused to sign the card because he thought it would "get me into the army!"

The old-timer who used to get the horse laugh because he was afraid to ride in automobiles would have almost no difficulty in finding justification for his worst fears nowadays.

MILES GRIGSBY was waiting on two women customers. One of them noticed a sign on the wall: "RUBBER STAMPS FOR SALE HERE." Obviously puzzled, she inquired: "Rubber stamps? What are they good for?" Instead of selling her one to put in her stamp collection or to use as postage on a return address envelope, Mr. Grigsby explained to her just what a rubber stamp is.

And after all, there's bigger fish talked about than ever were caught!

MAYOR WILLOUGHBY was thoroughly embarrassed when some friends called him up to warn him: "Some fellow's after you. Watch out. He says you ran him out of your office with a gun." The fact was that the mayor did have a gun in his hand when the fellow left but the circumstances were quite different than the old gentleman's impression of them. He came to Mr. Willoughby's office highly excited to register a complaint of some sort.

Because of his native dialect and his anger, the mayor couldn't understand him and asked him to return later and talk it over. The visitor took offense and assumed an attitude the mayor interpreted as aggressive. He took off his glasses and stood up. The visitor put his hands in his pockets and turned. Some days before Bob Klepper had left a disabled army rifle in a corner of the office near the door after an American Legion service. The mayor thought his guest had started after it and so he made a dash for it to keep him from getting it. Instead of grabbing for the gun the complaining gentleman went outside crying: "Ya, ya! You got a gun after me! You got a gun after me!" He went on downtown and the telephone calls resulted. A few days later a friend of the old man's came in and explained the intended complaint and now it's all cleared up.

Rev. Milo Arbuckle locates Tupelo in a radio address: "The other day I received a long distance telephone call from a nearby village not far off."

LAST THURSDAY was that "cold day in August" that we've been hearing about for years and years and just to prove that it really was cold, we might add that Commissioner Albert Chamberlain kept a fire burning in his office practically all day.

Haskell Rodgers returned from a trip to Dallas unable to state definitely whether the Wright-Titus Loan company he saw advertised really is that way.

BILL "BOTTLING WORKS" ASHABRANNER has taught his 17-month-old daughter, who can hardly talk, to read Coca-Cola signs. . . . In case you don't already know it, Twenty-fifth street is now known as "King's Road" and was so named after I. M. King several months ago. . . . E. E. Ueltschey says he favors sending only men past 60, congressmen and financiers to fight the next war. . . . Clifford Byrne informs that Trooper Shaw invariably whistles before, during and after the process of hitting a golf ball.

A MYSTERY SOLVED—Employees of the night or "graveyard" shift at The News have been bothered intermittently for some time by a particularly vicious variety of fly—a kind that a good swat doesn't even phase. Investigation and observation disclosed that a caravan of cattle trucks were hauling livestock through Ada on certain nights; the trucks were parked in front of The News office while the drivers sipped coffee. When the trucks started again, some of the flies would get lost and, for obvious reasons, wander into The News office, thus causing much discomfort.