

CURIOS & Antiques

By FERDIE DEERING

PERFECT HARMONY prevails among the churches of Ada and the pastors thereof, a fact Ada should be proud of in view of the bickering and discord to be found in many places. The most recent evidence of this compatibility is the organization of a sort of ministerial golfing association which takes to the greens about once each week. Included in the group, which varies from a twosome to a fivesome, are O. B. Lee, J. C. Curry, Ivan J. Young, C. C. Morris and Haley Messer (Presbyterian, Methodist, Christian, Baptist and Nazarene, respectively). We haven't been able to get a lineup on their scores yet but Rev. Lee says he gets not the least of his fun in trying to decide whether Dr. Morris is really playing golf or just likes to dig up turf with a golf stick when he gets into a trap. And then, too, it probably would be interesting to hear Rev. Curry directing a few witty remarks in the direction of his world-toured neighbor.

Leo Hennigan, Ralph Chiles and Charley Hamblen came in from the links the other day with a good story, too, but we didn't see the evidence. It seems that Charley's golf wasn't up to par and he sliced into the road just off the No. 9 fairway at Oak Hills. When he went to retrieve his ball he had to call for the assistance of Leo and Ralph. He had found not only the erring golf ball but a case full of assorted and strictly illegal beverages. They admit that only sheer will power and extreme honesty prevented them from carrying away more than their golf bags would hold—but when they returned to the scene later the remainder of the case was gone. It apparently had been temporarily deposited by some dispenser who possibly thought its presence in the car might be difficult to explain.

THE PONTOTOC COUNTY League of Young Democrats had planned a big free street parade as part of the attraction to its Fourth district convention here next Thursday and Friday but decided to call it off after accepting an invitation of Judge Orel Busby to a barbecue at his lodge on Thursday night. It seems that some of the boys think they won't feel much like parading after they get through holding caucuses around the barbecue pit and elsewhere in the vicinity the night before.

When a man becomes wealthy enough that he doesn't have to worry about the wolf at the door he has to start looking out for the foxes who would like to share his wealth with him.

W. M. GILBERT, the foundryman, says he would rather face a 16-inch cannon than drive an automobile from Ada to Joplin, Mo.—and if you know Mr. Gilbert you know what a trip to Joplin means to him! . . . Myrtle Coleman reports that her mother can't understand how it is that she can drive any make of automobile but lacks the mechanical knack required to learn how to operate a sewing machine or a washing machine. . . . Operation narrations, long noted for their verbosity, aren't in it compared to the conversation of a pair of hay fever sufferers when they get together. . . . The South American butterfly and grasshopper collection Dr. G. A. Paulson is displaying in the Bayless Drug window, even in all its colorful beauty, somehow doesn't appeal to one who has futilely tried to convince a horde of local grasshoppers that they shouldn't nibble on alfalfa.

Governor Marland's proclamation of September as Safety Month for highway travel doesn't necessarily mean that the highways are really that way.

LAST WEEK we made mention in this column of Sam Giesey's poem "Caliban on Moth Wings." Caliban, we remember, was a literary figure depicted as a savage and deformed slave and therefore symbolic of such. That is why it struck us as rather funny to note an upstate paper quoting the item and titling Giesey's poem "California on Moth Wings." Considering the symbolism, the Florida Chamber of Commerce ought to be able to make good use of that.

We aren't fully sold on this business of women holding major state offices. Think what kind of government we'd have if a woman governor started a romance with the state treasurer and left the running of the state up to a legislature of the kind we've been having lately!

AN IOWA STATE sports correspondent describes that college's 1935 football team: "Ames, Iowa—Brisk head to head scrimmage which limbered sore and stiffened muscles closed the first week of Cyclone football practice." We gather that they must be somewhat of a muscle-headed outfit.

The nearest thing to a complete waste of time we can think of off-hand is spending five or ten minutes trying to make hay-straw hair like our own stay in place.