

CURIOS & Antiques

By FERDIE DEERING

AMONG THE MOMENTS when a man feels highly conspicuous but thoroughly unnecessary is the time when he is in a public place and discovers a hole in the seat of his trousers. Such a catastrophe befell us recently. The frightened deer fleeing at sight of a hunter's gun had nothing on us as we fled the possible sight of any acquaintances we might have met. We discovered the catastrophe while in a busy downtown office building. Between that point and the nearest pants-sewer-upper were only a few persons and a short distance but that distance seemed blocks and apparently everybody we knew was along the sidewalk on the way. Finally the repairs were made and we walked forth, again a free man. And somehow we can't believe that a man really knows the meaning of freedom until he has shaken off the burden of some such tragedy and enjoys the resulting self-confidence.

This is the season of the year when most of us enjoy pulling the easy chair up before the fire and with a good book before us, drop off to sleep.

AMONG THE MANY indefinite clues to the current missing body mystery was the following undated and unsigned inscription on a penny postal card mailed to The Ada News from Sulphur last Wednesday:

"I read in the paper a few months ago, and my sister who lives in Ada was later telling me of the finding of a woman's arm which had been severed from the body near Ada. Do you suppose it could have been the arm of one of the wives of Comer?"

In reply to the writer, we might state that it is true that a human arm was found near Ada about 18 months ago but it was the arm of a man which had been amputated by a physician and buried—but not deeply enough.

What we can't figure out is how Mussolini expects to make "sanctionist" nations mad by having his people refuse to buy what the League of Nations members are refusing to sell them anyway.

AN ARDMORE VISITOR to Ada recently uncovered the fact that Vic Vallery is Ada's champion stay-at-homer. The visitor asked Vic how to get out of town

toward Rom. Vic told him that he came to Ada 24 years ago—in 1911—and hadn't been out of town since and couldn't tell him anything about the roads leading out of the city.

One Ada professional man prefers to take his facial massages in a beauty parlor rather than while seated in a barber chair.

THE MISSING MAN HUNT carried on recently is remindful of the time Mrs. Bob Palmer lost her husband one Friday night. She called in the assistance of the Ada police department, searched all the theaters and finally located him at the First Baptist church attending the Men's Brotherhood meeting.

W. E. "Jack" Moore says he has not missed a single month as an Ada News subscriber since the paper was established some thirty-odd years ago.

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Kenneth Arrington attended revival meeting services at a local church recently and for the first time noticed two-part singing. When he got home he reported to his mother: "That man got behind while he was singing the first verse of that song and when they got through he was still behind."

Hard Luck Story: Jack Finks, local game ranger and the only man around here who gets paid for going hunting, had his best hunting dog stolen from him just as the bird season opened.

WE NEVER did go in very strong for poetry but this bit of verse by an unknown author seems to be appropriate at this season of the year:

"Winter has come,
The ground has friz.
I wonder
Where the flowers is."

Floyd H. "Mickey" McBride, coach of the co-champion East Central Tiger football team, never earned a varsity letter in football. He was an all-state high school end, however, and earned his numerals in his freshman year at O. U.

DETERMINATION DE LUXE: Mrs. Joe Biles has been working on the same crossword puzzle for 10 years. She picked it up in Hot Springs in 1925 and expects to complete it some time or other. It really is a tough one and she is working hard at it. And in case you don't remember, crossword puzzles are now enjoying their 11th year of popularity, which is more than can be said for Mah Jongg, chain letters or black widow spiders.

Miss Kitty Bowen, steno, doesn't chew gum but it isn't because she doesn't like it. It's because she couldn't stand being referred to as a gum-chewing stenographer!