

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERGIE DEERING

JUDGE JIM BOLEN is noted for the stentorian quality of his speaking voice. A few days ago he was addressing a gathering of farmers at the courthouse. He became enraptured with the accomplishments and idealisms of the Democratic party and his booming voice echoed and re-echoed through the corridors of Pontotoc county's capital building so that none had difficulty in hearing every word. Miss Hazel Dearman, erstwhile AAA steno, had occasion to leave the room while the judge was speaking. Some distance down the hall she was asked: "You're not walking out on Judge Bolen's speech, are you?" With quick wit the miss replied: "Why, no. I can still hear him."

Sociology Note: Unofficial surveys in Pontotoc and adjoining counties show that no family headed or supported by a present or past 4-H club member was listed on relief rolls even during the worst days of the depression.

RALPH WASSON tells this: He and Richard Swink went out to a social function at Roff but their fellow instructor, Austin Kidwell, declined to attend, complaining of an indisposition and a desire to listen to the radio. When Swink and Wasson returned, they listened at the door to make certain Kidwell was at home. They heard the radio and entered. Neither Kidwell nor the radio was to be seen. They looked around, in the closet, under the bed, etc., but no Austin. Richard looked at Ralph, Ralph looked at Richard. They were nonplussed. The search was renewed and finally they located the absentee. He was in bed comfortably curled around the radio and both were covered with quilts and blankets. Austin was asleep and the radio was going full blast, neither paying much attention to the other.

Whoopseydasey! Deah me! Ada's younger social butterflies are referred to as "sub-debs" nowadays, which might or might not be taken as another indication Ada is becoming a real city.

BUILDING NOTE: City Clerk Albert Chamberlain recently put a new building permits record book into use, the second during 1935, Ada's near-million dollar building year. A complete book was filled during 1935 while the previous book served from March, 1931, through all of 1932, 1933 and 1934 and a portion of 1935.

A man never fully realizes the sacrifices he endured as a bachelor until he is married and the Perfect Mate spends a couple of weeks out of town.

A GRIN and a gripe for the post office: Mr. and Mrs. Bill Crawford received a Christmas card addressed simply "Mr. and Mrs. Bill Crawford" without name of town, street number, or state. . . . We mailed one to a friend in Evansville, Ind., giving complete and correct name, address and city and it was not delivered. In fact, we had to pay 5 cents return postage on it to get it back without knowing what it was. . . . A letter from Addison McKeown, Rock Hill, S. C., to Tom D. McKeown of Ada, Okla., was wrongly addressed by a new steno to Ada, Ala.—and was delivered to a Tom D. McKeown of Valley Head, Ala.

A pedestrian opines that the man next door wouldn't be so proud of the finish on his shiny new car if it reflected the amount of the mortgage due on it.

AUTO TAGS will cost motorists only half as much this year as last. The reason: They get two tags for the same money they paid for one in 1935 and previous years.

There might not be any connection, but we've noticed that the man who begins rubbing his chin when the collection plate starts around in church seldom puts anything in it.

"HIT HIM AGAIN!" screamed one excited feminine voice. "Kill him!" Another one chimed in with "I've got him now!" The hour was 11 o'clock at night and the scene was a residential section of East Ada. A gentleman neighbor was roused from his evening newspaper-siesta by the fire-side and rushed forth to the aid of some luckless friend who seemed to be getting the worst end of the deal at the hands of an irate wife. The situation was quite different, though. A woman and her daughter merely had scored a triumph over a huge rat which had been annoying them by its visits to the garbage pail.

It was cheese omelet night on Broadway; a true story. A man walked into a downtown cafe, scanned the menu and ordered a cheese omelet. While his order was being filled a second man came in and ordered the same thing. Then came a third, a fourth and finally a fifth, each separately repeating the order. A cheese omelet panic was narrowly averted when the next arrivals decided on liver with onions—or something else.