

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERGIE DEERING

THIS-A AND THAT-A: Ada's churches, of which the city is justly proud, represent an investment of approximately \$33 per capita. . . . Jim Couch's office looks like a bank since he has installed the fancy cage-work to protect Jess Warren from unnecessary interruptions. . . . During the recent snows city officials dug up an old ordinance prohibiting the use of "ice skates or other like instruments" on the sidewalks of Ada—just in case. . . . W. G. Skelly, the big oil man who is now commercially connected with Earl Norman and Martin Clark of Ada, was president of the Ada Oil and Gas company which existed back in 1915. . . . Roy S. McKeown discloses that the old family Bible records his name as Leroy (accent on the last syllable) Sanders McKeown. . . . Modesty has completely deserted the theater, to-wit: A sign in front of a local picto-pictorium a few days ago read "Idol of Every Boy in the World."

There's one nice thing about air castles—you don't have to pay rent or taxes on them.

WE MAY BE a bit behind on the local slang situation but we haven't yet figured out what a local young blade meant when he remarked to a friend as they were passing: "I've been snake-bit all day."

Reports from the wigwam country indicate that the squaws are opposed to the Townsend old age pension plan 100 per cent. They complain that they wouldn't know what to do with 209 more bucks per month.

THE RETURN of New Deal prosperity seems to have overlooked the chauffeur business. An Ada man advertised in The Ada News for a chauffeur and received more than 100 applications.

It was embarrassing but quite a relief. The first man was relieved because his car wasn't stolen and the second was glad the facts were not quite what they seemed. One of the men went into a downtown store, stayed a few minutes and returned to discover that his automobile had disappeared from its parking place. He rushed to the sheriff's office and breathlessly informed officers of his loss. About that time he saw his

car parked on Thirteenth street just across from the courthouse. He was puzzled. The officers suggested that he wait until someone came for the car, which proved to be a matter of only a few minutes. When questioned, the second man learned for the first time that he was not in his own car. He simply had mistaken the machine for his, which was the same make and model. Both men drove off together in search of the second man's car. They were so excited, however, that they forgot to leave their names.

TWO ADA DOCTORS resorted to the practice of accepting chickens, hogs, cattle and farm implements as payment on bills for services when the farmers got low on cash (perhaps they've always done it). Anyhow, one of them took in some livestock and sold part of it. Then a man came to him and said: "What will you take for that cow?" The doctor didn't know just which cow he referred to but supposed it was one he had taken in. The man finally agreed to pay \$5 more than his original offer and the sale was made. A few days later the other doctor telephoned the cow-seller. "Where's my check for my cow you sold the other day?" he demanded. "I didn't know I sold your cow," was the reply. "Well, you did," the cow-owner explained. "John So-and-So came in and bought my cow from you because he mistook you for me." The case was settled by the doctor who sold the cow giving the doctor who owned the cow a check for the amount for which the man bought the cow. (We'd mention the names of the doctors but it would be advertising and it's not ethical for doctors to advertise.)

Americans can't call themselves completely civilized as long as they patronize eating places where the melodious strains of sipping coffee and supping soup are drowned out by a wheezy nickel-in-the-slot phonograph playing scratchy records.

FORDE HARRISON, one-time Ada resident now supervising the inmates of McAlester penitentiary in the publication of the prison paper, interviews an Ada citizen and reports it as follows: "Gus Delaney of Ada, who counts his real millions as Andrew H. Brown counts his imaginary ones, threatens to build a penitentiary in his home town to take care of the students of that locality who are forced to leave their home city for the educational advantages of McAlester, claiming that Pontotoc county has much talent which might be kept at home."

The general theme of the Democrats' plea for re-election, as we get it, is "Why give up the good ole days?"