

# CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

CHARLES T. BATES has plenty of reason to be at outs with the cigarette habit. It cost him a finger some years ago—and he was not the one who had the habit. A man Bates described as a cigarette fiend was helping him install a pump in a well adjacent to a back porch. The man held the pump in position with a lever while Bates screwed the head of the pump into place. The craving for a cigarette gripped the man. He turned loose his "prize pole" to roll one and the pump head dropped, catching Bates' finger between it and a two-by-four. Right then and there he lost the finger and all patience with cigarette smokers. Even today he won't give a man a match with which to light one.

It's all right to ask an undertaker who died; inquire of a doctor who had an arm amputated or appendix removed; find out from a policeman which bank was robbed and how much loot the bandits made off with; but if you want to get a first class cold shoulder, just ask a fireman "What burned?"

FOR COMMERCIAL reasons we do not care to disclose the name of the firm which received the following letter; for obvious reasons we also omit the name of the author—who asserts it got desired results. It is not copyrighted but if copied right, it might do the same for other tortured radio fans:

Gentlemen:

I have a blankety-blank radio which I bought at your store two years ago this spring. From the first it has been one pain after another, no doubt from causes out of your control and beyond my simple understanding. First it started going off every time I was about to get interested in some program. The slightest tap on the floor would cause it to shut off completely. The repair man said he knew the cause and proceeded to fill it with new tubes at my expense. It performed no better so I took it back again. He put some other part in it, leaving out the usual number of screws radio repair men consider unnecessary to the well-being of a radio.

All would have been well had it sounded like a radio again. But the same old trouble with its heart kept on. Its latest malady is a hoarseness of the voice, a gurgle-like rattle in its throat that mars the voices of speakers

and makes a bass horn sound like a combination bass drum and piccolo. At the early age of two months it lost the sight of one "eye." The other dial light remained with us until a short time ago when it, too, "pooped" out. The contraption has run the gamut of radio ailments and I, the distracted owner, have suffered accordingly.

My faith in the local repair man is completely gone, and my faith in my ailing radio is waning. So I should like to send it in to your shop for a looking over. I will gladly pay the freight both ways and am tempted to pay it only one way, thereby relinquishing all claims to ownership and settling down to a life of serenity and contentment.

You will no doubt be alarmed to discover that none of the inside parts are original. Almost every radio repair man in southeastern Oklahoma has added or subtracted some part of the sum total of its inner mechanism until no semblance of its former self remains, except the cabinet, which bears the scars of many weekly trips to the repair shop.

Understand, sirs, I am not knocking your company, nor your radio. This letter is not even a complaint. It is simply a plea for some highly technical repair work which I am willing to pay for. I only want this noise-making demon tamed and taught to produce sweet sounds rather than grating noises and nerve wrecking silences. It is boxed, labelled and waiting. Please advise me what to do.

Yours truly, B. G.

WILBUR P. LEE expressed the idea; we carried it out. Says W. P. L. "If this keeps up (meaning the fine spring weather), I'm going to have to take off and go fishing. I'll not take any lines or anything but just go fishing." Well, we did just that and our right shoulder still is a bit sore from helping Dr. J. G. Breco navigate his schooner from the far (and when we say far, we mean far) side of his private lake 10 miles southeast of Ada. A strong north wind didn't make the rowing any easier, but, then, it was an exceedingly pleasant afternoon. Dr. Breco has built himself a sportsman's paradise on his 240-acre farm. Besides 22 acres of lake, he has 10 brooder ponds where he raises the bass, crappie, brim and edible goldfish with which he stocks it. When he goes fishing they catch 'em by the peck. There is a fine artesian well that flows several hundred barrels of water daily, and it is arranged so that it may be used to irrigate garden, alfalfa, etc., if needed from the lake. There are 150 pecan trees and a young walnut thicket, including English walnut trees. He even has four young pine trees. And in season, it would be lots of fun to sit in his comfortably arranged duck blinds and shoot ducks. Outside of that, a man couldn't have much fun down there!