

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERGIE DEERING

THE ANNUAL FAD SEASON has arrived. Last spring it was chain letters and black widow spiders. The year before that it was—now let's see; what was it? Well, anyhow, it seems that every spring, along with fishing poles, house cleaning and sassafras tea, somebody brings forth some queer idea that spreads through the country almost as fast as a new car can get a crumpled fender. This season's fad appears to be "futurism." Of course, that's not exactly a new idea but the application is new and tangible—or is it? Gloom-casting seers have foretold future disaster and prosperity with accuracy and otherwise down through countless ages. The installment plan of buying applied futurism to salary checks. The alphabetical system of government substituted futurism for calendarism in regard to payment of relief debts. Now students are applying futurism to everything from undeclared wars to not-yet-elected congresses. The movement, we think, started as a sort of "razzberries" for wars of all kinds and the results of wars. While we don't always herd with the pacifists, it seems to us that everything that ridicules war and makes it appear useless and silly has its points. The idea one local college youth had in organizing a bonus drive on the ground he wasn't old enough to be caught in the World war draft is beside the point. The Veterans of Future Wars will go the way of all fads—and that very likely without any bonus—and those who take it too seriously will be left pretty much in the position of the persons whose names appeared last on a \$5 chain letter.

About the time income tax reports were due, the family group was discussing the matter. Of course, we had to air our opinion that all taxes except income taxes should be done away with. (Why can't we ever learn to keep our mouth shut?) Of course, we didn't have to file an income tax report this time. The wife noted this and said: "Well, if all taxes were income taxes, you wouldn't have to worry about them at all, would you?" Frankly, we wouldn't but we'd like to.

LOUIS GLUCKMAN, younger member of the local department store family, who is now employed in New York, dismayed members of his family when he wrote for a picture of the dog but didn't ask

for a photo of Pop, Mom or Brother Bill.

Surgery as it is accomplished in Ada. A hardy Indian youth from the more primitive sections of Pontotoc county underwent an appendectomy (We don't know the Indian word for appendix operation) at 4 o'clock one afternoon. At 6 o'clock he got a drink of water from the hospital cooler and three days later left for home and has not been heard from since.

JOHN WATSON holds some tickets which may or may not be receipts for a car that is to be given away; his faith in them was exemplified when he went ahead and bought a car several days ago.

The "Local News" column of the Monitor-Herald, by admission the "only newspaper published in Calhoun county, Miss.," sums up a situation: "The sick of the town all seem to be much improved this week."

THE CALLIXYLON was being inspected before its recent unveiling and dedication at the college here. An unknown man was heard to comment: "It certainly does look natural. You can even see the axe marks on it." The age of the Callixylon is variously estimated at from 50,000,000 to 250,000,000 years.

John W. Gallimore came from Arkansas and later from Holdenville but now he insists that Oklahoma is the best state in the union and that Ada is not excelled per square foot by any town anywhere.

THE LOST IS FOUND: On May 23, 1903, Byron Norrell was a student at the University of Nashville (later Peabody college for Teachers). That date is important because it was recorded on a gold medal he won for his debating ability. Ten years ago he lost the medal, presumably at Hoot Owl ranch, his suburban estate. It was returned to him a few days ago, not from Hoot Owl ranch, but from the front yard of R. A. Herndon Jr., here in Ada. About two years ago Herndon had hauled some surplus dirt from Norrell's yard to his own. The medal was in the dirt and Herndon's youngster found it.

Two events we can hardly wait to miss: The Spring Spinach Festival at Crystal City, Texas, and the Texas Onion Fiesta to be held at Rayville, Texas, on April 17.

OUR OWN DUST STORM (a la Oklahoma panhandle press correspondent): A swirling cloud of silt borne by a howling gale sifted down on Ada today endangering boll weevils, reducing visibility to less than five miles and making highway traffic hazardous at speeds greater than 60 miles an hour. Residents are hoping for rain.