

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

POETRY MADE PROFITABLE:
Certain elements of the human race (which may or may not include ourselves) regard poetry as the just task of some person who had nothing else to do; in short, to look down upon it as non-profitable and therefore a waste of time. But three East Central college youths have proved that in a short while poetry may be made the road to both fame and fortune, to-wit:

Paul Hughes, Derwood Clay and R. E. Carlton formed a syndicate, corporation or some other kind of organization for the purpose of manufacturing poetry. Eventually their first product was ready for market, a selected group of literary rays of light handsomely bound in paper and in a convenient pocket size that even harried office workers might pause for refreshment. The book was placed on sale. It took hold at once and a few days ago the three stock-holders met and declared dividends of 25 cents each, over and above expenses. That's the fortune part.

The fame part was noted when Bill Little, Horace Mann sophomore, was confronted with an English examination. He had been devoting a lot more time to socialized medicine (debate subject) than he had to contemporary poets but that didn't prevent his teacher from asking him to name three. The only three he could think of were "Hughes, Carlton and Clay." He wrote their names. His paper was graded "A."

And there you have literary ability, fame and fortune all right here in our own city!

Civic club singing never has been noted for its musical superiority but as far as we know, last Tuesday was the first time it ever got some needed attention. It was at the meeting of the Ada Lions club. Major (Pratt Jewelry) Bowes led the club in some singing. After a limping, hisping verse of "America," Dr. Sam A. McKeel was called upon for the invocation. In his prayer, he said: "—And Lord pity us for this terrible singing."

CASPER DUFFER drops in with a story about a dirt-eating negro

formerly employed at a filling station in Ada. Duffer says he has seen the negro take a piece of rear spring from a car (such as used for a tire tool) and go to a certain spot, "clean off" the ground, dig down about a foot and bring up a spadeful of good "clean" dirt. The negro would sample the dirt until he found some to his liking and then eat heartily. Casper's curiosity led him to some study of negro history and he reports the practice was not unusual among the slaves of the Old South.

We haven't enlisted in the Veterans of Future Wars yet but we have a hunch the position they will assign us to would be that of Unknown Soldier.

IF IT WERE checkers or dominoes or croquet, we probably wouldn't have noticed it but it was rather interesting to note the patriarchs of Stratford playing marbles around Kelton's store. Some of the old gentlemen are rather expert at it, too. They use big white "chalkies" rather than the agate, soapies, pots and glassies that used to provide ample inspiration to wear out the knees of our youthful trousers and stockings. Well, youth must have its day no matter what time of life it comes.

It won't be long until the advocates of last year's "kill the pigs" program will be wishing they'd saved more of them for this year's pork barrel.

OSCAR CANTWELL is a very busy man but we are doubtful if he is capable of doing all The East Central Journal implied recently. In announcing a program, The Journal reported "Group Singing By Oscar Cantwell." This is not to be taken to infer that Oscar has either a multiple personality or is leading a double life.

The weather around here seems to be ideal for the city election to be held Tuesday —lots of wind and no rain.

BUD JONES of local VIA fame reports the following item: A 16-year old member of the VIA youth movement reported to the organization's headquarters for information. He asked about the old age pension. Then he wanted to know if it was the intention of the governor to have the money raised from the sale of liquor used to pay old age pensions. When told that such a plan had been given serious consideration, the youth looked worried and inquired: "Well, would one have to be a drunkard to get a pension out of the liquor fund?"