

# CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

**WE'VE BEEN CHEATED!** So have thousands of other persons in these parts—that great and appreciative group who annually enjoy a case of spring fever. At least, we indulged annually until this annum, during which cases of spring fever have been as conspicuously absent as the spring itself. Without warning and probably without public demand, the weather man twirled the switch and winter became summer almost overnight. Hay fever has taken the place of "flu fever." Winter colds have resigned in favor of summer complaint without even a sideways glance at spring fever and here we are sweating in our shirt-sleeves without the slightest hankering after a dose of sassafras tea or any of the other noted spring tonics. Within the short space of two weeks or so, the mercury boiled from a minimum of 23 degrees to a high of 99 degrees, just 11 below the hottest July weather. So far the only April shower wouldn't even qualify as a decent August thundershower and unless something is done about it pretty soon, the widely heralded and welcome May flowers will be just as scarce. It may be all right to grow fewer hogs, plant less cotton and grow fewer roastin' ears and nubbins but in this matter of cutting down the size of spring and eliminating spring fever, we are "agin' it—a-g-i-double-N it! The time for spring has come and we long to seek a comfortable spot, look at the clear sky, feel the balmy breezes and become a bit balmy ourselves as the wiggling of toes in pure, healthful ozone assumes the spotlight of the moment's attention.

No man can fully appreciate the feeling of success until he has been defeated.

HOWARD TRIMMER, erstwhile East Central student, drops in from Los Angeles to tell of a grandmothers' club there which has a hobby of collecting pictures of the Dionne quintuplets. He also notes that Oklahomans haven't advanced very far along the lines of collecting sales tax. In California the tax is three per cent and that means a penny on each 15 cent purchase instead of the measly tokens we have here. Guess we'll stay in Oklahoma.

James G. Saied is having even more trouble nowadays, since Emperor Haile Selassie has shaved off his beard. Members

of the 160th F. A. band have been insisting for some time that "Sadie" resembles the Negus. He differs in one respect, at least, though. Saied ejected 16 disturbers who invaded the sanctum sanctorium of a music contest he was conducting and that's more than Selassie has been able to do with the fascists.

A WEWOKA HIGH BANDSMAN displayed the Yo-Yo, which apparently is staging a comeback, as a band instrument Friday. The Wewoka band, spic-and-span in bright new uniforms with waving yellow tassels and gold-braided shoulders, won the class A championship and celebrated by parading down Main street. Out in front was the elegant drum major twirling his baton in march time. The band passed. There, bringing up the rear, was another brightly uniformed bandsmen swinging a new yellow yo-yo in time with the music.

Beth Norris, East Central sorority girl, was selling this-and-that to track meet visitors. "Say, how about buying an eskimo pie? They've got hot ice around them!" What she meant was dry ice.

THE BIG PARADE to streams and lakes has begun. In fact, already traffic has become so heavy that those going find difficulty in getting past those returning. (To wit: a head-on collision of cars containing Ada going and Ada coming sportsmen last week). The Evans Hardware fishing contest already is showing that the local anglers are going to have to pull in some big ones if they win the prizes. W. A. Hubbard had the honor of making the first entry and Mrs. W. K. Chaney brought in a four and one-half pound bass caught on the fly from Busby Lake last week. We don't believe it but the fellows who catch fish do, that the "Solunar theory" has a lot to do with the why and when bass, trout and other fresh-water fish may be expected to bite. The theory, supposedly based upon years of experimentation and calculation, is that fish in inland waters are affected by the same influences of the sun and moon that cause salt water fish to bite better at certain changes in tides. Twice daily, according to one authority, freshwater fish may be expected to start feeding and biting at periods that would correspond to low tide in whatever area the fisherman may be casting his lines, Oklahoma, Illinois, New York or Idaho or any other area near or far from the sea. To a lesser degree, fish are inclined to feed at high tide. The rule is not outlined as an infallible one because storms, floods and other local conditions often offset the tidal influence. Browall Coffman, one of the local nimrods, says most of these fellows don't know how to calculate a fish calendar and he advances his own private theory on the subject—and he catches fish!