

# CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

"YOU KNOW, it seems there aren't as many butterflies as there used to be," remarked the wife as she surveyed the blue, white and yellow flowers that have grown in the flowerbed she so industriously induced us to spade up some weeks back. "When I was a child I used to see butterflies all the time." Without intending to preach a sermon or moralize, we observed that she probably spent more time looking for butterflies and the other wonders of nature when she was a child than she does now. It is our guess that there are just as many butterflies, just as many flowers, just as many birds and bees as ever. We, probably including the most of us, just don't take time to look at them. You can't get much of the smell of wild flowers and new-mown hay riding in a car travelling 60 miles an hour. The birds may sing and the bees buzz in your own yard but you'll not be apt to hear them if your radio is banging out jazz orchestra tunes or hill-billy string band noises. Butterflies aren't attracted to concrete sidewalks and paved streets. We fear, too, that many persons who live in the country are so busy worrying about the damage the grasshoppers and boll weevils may do and when the next government check is coming to give much attention to the pleasant items of nature. But just the same the butterflies are here today, if we'll take time to look for them.

One bit of nature observing we hope to do this summer is a first hand test of the watermelon crop. For one, Tom Jared, who lives on the Busby farm down east near Lakeside, has promised a nice cool melon in the shade of his front yard, which includes a broad expanse of hay meadow, and come July we expect to take him up on the invitation.

DON HERZER, Oklahoma Geological Survey engineer, was rather tired of opening and closing gates a few mornings ago as he started to town from the wilds of Atoka county where he has been supervising some work. He stopped his car and got out to close the N-th gate. "Hi, thar!" came a drawing voice. Herzer looked around and saw a typical Atoka county farmer emerge from behind a bush with a rifle draped over one arm.

Herzer, who had learned by experience that the farmers of that section don't yell "hi, thar" unless they want something, returned the greeting. The farmer drifted up to the gate, disposed of an oversupply of chewing tobacco and wiped his mouth on his sleeve. "Hi, thar," he began again. "It's a good thing you shet that gate. I wuz jest a-fixin' to shoot the tars off yore car if you hadn't of. 'Bout a week ago some fellers come through here and left all the gates down and my cows all got out and it tuck me four days to git 'em in agin. Last night somebody else come through and left 'em all down agin. I been a-sittin' here all mornin' waitin' for 'em and you're the first 'un to come out. It's a good thing you shet that gate er I shore woulda shot yore tars up." Herzer is convinced that prospecting for minerals in the wilds of Oklahoma has its thrills and dangers even today—especially in a country that offers refuge to escaped convicts and where rattlesnakes are so thick every household operates a factory to manufacture its own snakebite medicine.

Milton Keating comes out in favor of a clean-up drive to stop papers and dirt from accumulating in front of his Broadway office. Since the city has prohibited political speaking on downtown streets, it seems there's not enough wind to blow the trash off again.

ADA'S NEW POLICE FORCE ought to have a get-together party so they would be acquainted with the members of the sheriff's force. The unfamiliarity of the two enforcement groups was emphasized last week when City Officer Jack Summers arrested Undersheriff Claude Sturdevant for making a left turn at Main and Rennie. "Don't you know who I am?" asked Sturdevant as Summers wrote out the traffic summons. Summers was avowed to play no favorites and said it didn't make any difference who he was. Sturdevant had other business and didn't wait for the ticket. Finally Summers took him to jail. Sturdevant pleaded guilty to violating the traffic law and paid \$1 fine. He got the dollar back, however, when C. O. P. Roy Keller found it out.

E. H. NELSON, who has been travelling over a good part of this section of Oklahoma delivering commencement addresses for the past several years, had an opportunity to make a graduation speech at home to his own family this spring. He has four children and each of them finished a school. Gilmer was in the college degree class, Harold was graduated from Horace Mann high school, Doris from Horace Mann junior high and Leland from the sixth grade at Willard into junior high.