

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERGIE DEERING

AT LEAST one Pontotoc farmer is sincerely interested in the health of D. E. Slingerland, the Resettlement administration farm manager learned recently. He had been ill and out of his office for a couple of weeks. A client called to see him and was informed that Mr. Slingerland was ill, and pretty seriously ill at that. The farmer stroked his chin, and in complete sincerity and earnestness drawled: "D—, I shore hope he don't die on us now!" Slingerland is back at work now.

Judging from miscellaneous remarks overheard during the past week or two, school bells are joy bells to many a mother.

THE ALIMONY SITUATION arises again and District Judge Tal Crawford discloses receipt of the following note (without names), which also might be accepted as evidence of FDR's assertion that prosperity has turned the corner: "Judge Crawford, B— has not paid me a penny since the first month after we were divorced. And I know of three jobs of work he has had. I fed him while he worked for the gas company 3 days and I know of 12.50 then and once before he made a 1.00 then he pulled cotton and made some money. He took the money he made on the gas co. job and took the woman that separated us and went to — and stayed 5 days. He has lied to me so many times I know he won't pay me. So if he don't come across with some money the 21 pleased have him brought in (signed)"

There's nothing wrong with showing spring clothes this time of year, as far as we can see. It appears now that it will be that long before we can save up enough money to buy a new suit and there's no harm in picking it out now.

WE ARE INFORMED that Ed Hunter jr., had some difficulty in determining whether he was the father of a son or a daughter a few days ago when the blessed event transpired. As is customary for young fathers, Young Ed was busily engaged in wearing out the carpet in the halls of the hospital. When it was over Ed rushed to the telephone and called his mother. "We have a new son," he announced with justifiable pride. Then he hurried back and asked the nurse: "Where is he?" Puzzled, the nurse inquired "Where's who?"

Ed explained that he referred to his newly born (supposed) son and heir. "It wasn't a boy.—It was a girl," the nurse laughed. Then Ed had to hurry back to telephone his mother: "We have a new daughter", adding the explanation that it was the same baby he had referred to as a son a few minutes earlier and not twins. At the last report, mother and daughter are doing well and Father Ed is recovering from those tense early moments.

"It won't be long before some wag suggests changing the name of Kansas to Kansas," quips Hugh C. Hall of the Henryetta Daily Free Lance. From what we hear of Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Hall, a more appropriate version would be Kantsas.

"I'VE TRIED ALL HOURS of the day and night and the first thing in the morning is the best time of all," says A. Foster in regard to his custom of reading the Bible, expressing wonder that people take occasion three times daily to feed their bodies, but set aside no time to feed their spirits.

THE BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL WOMEN'S CLUB, it seems, is having some difficulty in gaining the recognition it desires as a civic organization. We can see no reason why the women should not have a service club nor why it should not be so recognized, if they wish it. The Kiwanis, Lions, Rotary, etc., bar women from membership but if the women are going to fight their own battles in the world of business they should be given an opportunity to work on community enterprises. The cooperation of all is needed to maintain the pace of progress Ada has set for itself, and the "workin' girls" can do a lot of good if given the opportunity.

"Culture First, Then Professional Training" is the title of an interesting discussion by Dr. A. Linscheid and featured in the September "Oklahoma Teacher". The article is an explanation of the new curriculum in the teachers colleges of Oklahoma.

CHARLEY SHOCKLEY, who can give quite a demonstration of how he imagines a newspaper reporter ought to work, is learning the art and science of operating a saw mill, we understand. The story goes that when Charley bought an estate of some 180 acres over near Francis he couldn't get anyone with a sawmill to move in and saw up the timber to build a barn. So Charley bought a sawmill. As a result he is getting a lot of "raspberries" around the courthouse about his sawmill and the unusual liking he has taken to J. B. Hill, possibly in the hope of obtaining a few hints on how to own and operate a Pontotoc county farm without losing too much money.