

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

WET WEATHER TALK: In Thursday morning's rain a prominent Ada mother was hurrying the younger generation to school in the family bus. A police whistle shrilled the damp air. "Why, I didn't even see that stop sign in the rain and there's no one in the way. You're not going to give me a ticket for that, are you?" the lady of the house protested when the inevitable policeman approached. "Let me see your driver's license, please?" he quietly requested. "Driver's license?" exclaimed the mother. "Why, I haven't any driver's license!" Results: two tickets and one very red face. . . . The rain was falling in torrents about 4:30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. The News telephone rang. "Say, can you tell me if it will be raining tonight at 7 o'clock?" a sober-sounding masculine voice inquired when we picked up the contraption. Supposing that it was some one who just wanted to kid us a little, we replied that the weather man was out and we couldn't say whether it would be raining at 7 o'clock or not. "When will the weather man be back?" the voice persisted. "Well, he's gone out for his raincoat and probably won't be back until 7:30 tonight," we replied in a feeble attempt to be funny. "Well, is there anyone I can call to find out if it'll be raining tonight?" the gentleman counter-attacked. When we replied that we didn't know of anyone he hung up without telling us why he wanted to know if it would be raining.

If anybody has been saving up for a rainy day this past summer, they should have had quite a sum laid by when the rain came.

LEE HENRY, former resident of the Center community now living in Oakland, Calif., was rather surprised when he found folks out there had never seen nor heard of 'possums. So, Lee wrote back to Mose Henry, his father, and asked him to have the boys catch a couple of 'possums for him. The boys caught them and one of the captured pets was a perfectly white specimen, something of a rarity. Then Mose found out that the animals could not be sent to California because of game laws, so it looks like Lee will have to be content with some snapshots to show his California friends.

This country doesn't need a farm for every farmer as

badly as it needs a farmer for every farm. This may not mean much, but it sounds good.

WE BELIEVE THE LONGEST question we ever heard asked a witness in a court trial was propounded by J. B. Grigsby, defense counsel in a murder trial here last week. At least four expert witnesses were asked a hypothetical question by Mr. Grigsby that was 413 words in length, all in one sentence, which the witnesses, doctors and mental specialists, were supposed to answer in half a dozen words or less. Incidentally, during one 10-minute period of the same trial, Harvey Lambert, court reporter, was taking dictation at the rate of 328 words a minute. It was while a witness, defense counsel and prosecution were all talking at the same time.

John Molloy, once asked if he would be playing tennis when he is as old as his father, Prof. M. B. Molloy, replied: "No, I'll probably be on the sidelines watching my dad play tennis."

ADA KIWANIANs had a lot of fun at the Texas-Oklahoma district convention at Muskogee a short time ago. R. V. Dixon, Dr. A. R. Sugg, Roy Lollar and some others grabbed a bunch of copies of The Progress Edition of The Ada News, which was published on the morning they left, and took them along. They sold them in the hotel lobbies, some for as much as 25 cents each, gave others to Boy Scouts to sell and asserted they could have brought the convention to Ada next year if they had tried. President Billy Melton did bring home a silver loving cup for Ada's activity in interclub relationships and special honors in club achievement contests.

"I never want my name in the paper in the personals column and its in there today and I want you to make a correction on it," came a somewhat excited feminine voice over the wire. "Well, who is this and what does it say about you?" was the natural reply. "Well, it says I'm going to spend the weekend out of town but I don't want my name in the correction," the voice insisted. We finally found out who she was and agreed to send the Society Editor up to talk to her. When the Society Editor called, the young lady was spending the weekend out of town. No correction.

ADA PEOPLE constantly talk about supporting East Central college to the fullest extent but Coach Mickey McBride can't get much of it for his football team. The greatest advertisement a college can have is a good football team; to-wit, who would have heard of Purdue, Notre Dame, etc., except via the gridiron. All the players want is a place to eat and sleep and they're willing to work for those things. Give a boy a job and bring a dozen other students to Ada.