

CURIOS & ANTIQUES

BY FERDIE DEERING

"WHERE ARE THOSE DERN SIDEWALKS?" was the simple comment of one Ada resident when the law was passed about 30 years ago to prohibit and make a fineable offense the practice of spitting on sidewalks. Quite a number of the tobacco users got around the law by proving they didn't need any practice but the city officials of the time gave women's dresses as responsible for the need, in spite of the scarcity of sidewalks then. The longer models of those days dragged the sidewalks and became soiled. Although the dresses of today probably would not be bothered, the law remains on the city's statute books, along with the famous ordinance, adopted later, requiring a grease pan be placed under all automobiles, horses, wagons and other vehicles parked on Ada's then-new paved streets.

Now Ada knows how it sounds in Madrid! The incessant bombardment of fireworks through the Christmas season brought no end of comment from Ada residents and visitors, mostly unfavorable, that makes one wonder wherein justification lies. "Why, I never heard a firecracker in my town," said one visitor. Well, eventually they'll all be gone; you can't shoot a firecracker twice, you know.

R. V. DIXON and his wife were startled by an explosion a few mornings ago while breakfasting at their home. It occurred in the kitchen cabinet. When R. V. investigated he discovered that John Davis, white-haired college professor and civic worker, was responsible. About six weeks ago the Kiwanis club held its annual election of officers. Mr. Davis, who regularly is a candidate for board of directors, has established a custom of passing bottled beverages (non-intoxicating) as vote-getters. This year the small bottles containing his harmless, home-made concoction were adorned with small pictures of the candidate mounted on a horse wearing big hat, woolly chaps, two six-shooters and everything. (Uncle John is a photographer of experience, too) Dixon thought it a nice souvenir and, instead of drinking it, placed it in the cabinet for safe-keeping. It was safe in keeping until the heat of the kitchen caused too much expansion of the gaseous elements, or something.

acquaintances, we find quite a number of unmarried girls who have made no public announcements of Leap Year successes and the year's most gone. But that may not mean they haven't tried.

IT HAPPENED some weeks ago but W. T. Melton has been keeping the story of the time he got lost at the Texas Centennial pretty well covered. He won't know until he reads this that we know it and even then he won't find out where we got it because we promised not to tell. It seems he wanted to see a show that other members of his party, mostly women, were not interested in. He went alone. When he got out, it was raining very hard, he couldn't find Mrs. Melton and the others and he couldn't remember the name of the hotel where they were staying. "Just drive me around awhile," he told a taxi driver. He discovered there are a lot of hotels in Dallas, and finally solved the problem by going to the home of a relative and staying until Mrs. Melton called up to locate him.

Age can be a very convenient factor, a man past sixty informs us. If a man of that many summers is asked to do something he dislikes, he may reply: "Why, I'm too old a man to do things like that." But if it is something he enjoys, he may declare: "I'm just as good a man as I ever was."

IT WOULD BE A RELIEF TO newspapermen if the world's wars would stay in a given location longer at a time. A few months ago we struggled with Ras Dantu Nassibu and Haile Selassie; then we switched to the league of nations and had 'em all. Next the situation flared in Spain and Tallavera, Barcelona and Francisco Franco became names of the moment. The worst, however, are the Chinese with Chang Hsueh-Liang and Chiang Kai-Shek rating as simple by comparison with others of their countrymen.

Real live elephants are being employed successfully for stage atmosphere in grand opera productions, we read. We would think some prima donnas, of whom we have seen photos, might object lest the great beasts learn to sing.

THERE APPEARS TO BE A TREND toward more vocational education and less theoretical education in our public schools. A writer in Kiwanis magazine points out that most elementary and high school subjects are designed to fit the students to meet college entrance requirements and then "only ten per cent of them ever go to college." He continues with this scathing indictment of a "diploma mill": "A college is a factory whose product is inferior and whose cost of production is high." The business world is demanding more applicants with ability to accomplish and fewer with extensive knowledge of unimportant facts.