



THE GAB BAG
- OR -
MUCH ABOUT NOTHING
BY
ALAN BROWNING, JR.

HAPPY NEW YEAR
Christmas has come and went and in just a few more days 1933, clad in a triangular piece of cloth, a safety pin and a tall silk hat will arrive on the scene to stage his little act of kicking out 1932 and officially taking charge.

It appears to us it's gonna be a pretty tough job for such a tiny baby—but as each day passes he'll be a day older. That's something.

Simpson dropped in a few minutes ago as he was passing through on his way to Frog Hollow to spend Christmas, and after peeling and eating a prize apple we had on our desk and littering up the floor, he commented a few minutes on the economic situation as faced by the new year.

Nineteen hundred and thirty-three will be a big year, Simpson thinks, and will have approximately 365 days. However, he is of the opinion that it will not be as popular with the Democrats as was 1932, as that

was the year they got aboard the gravy train.

Simpson expects business to sorta toddle along until after March 4th and the inauguration of Mr. Roosevelt, and then he either expects it to get better, worse, or remain as it is. He officially predicts one or the other and says we can go ahead and quote him.

He also predicted an unusually good business for the dispensers of headache powders if things don't improve.

Which all reminded us of an announcement we heard over the radio a few minutes ago. The announcer was signing off some blah-hoey commercial program and he said: "So until next week at this same hour we wish you health and happiness!"

After next week at that hour we guess we'll have to get along the best way we can, or something.

TESTIMONIAL
For night on to 30 years I have suffered with a sore on my right leg. Nothing the doctors did seemed to do any good. I couldn't sleep at night or in the daytime either. It is needless to say I suffered agony. And then I heard over the radio about Dr. Oink's Purple Ointment! I bought a box and applied it to my leg. And after using 64537465 boxes I am proud to say I am troubled no more. The sore is gone! But so is my leg, for that matter. It was amputated yesterday.

TSK, TSK, TSK!
The Frazier case was continued on schedule a short while after court convened at Dobson the other week. And when we asked what excuse was offered this time, someone remarked that a doctor was sick in Baltimore.

No one knows, but there might have been a doctor sick in New York, too.

It's none of our business, but then we make a nuisance of ourselves by making things that are none of our business our business. Anyway, why don't they either go ahead and try that case or else throw it off the docket. If it was some poor soul indicted for bootlegging or some other petty crime it would have been tried so long ago no one would remember it.

It's things like that that make folks wonder if there really is any justice? When a man has influence and a little money he's just about as safe from the law, it appears, as if he were on the planet Mars. It's the poor folks who provide grist for the court mills!

And now that's settled!
WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE
Everytime we get wide enough awake to start on this column we always entertain the hope that before we finish it we'll give birth to an idea.

Yet although we have written over 60-odd columns since we started this weekly orgy here, we think we may safely say that we haven't said anything worthwhile as yet.

Looking back over the past year, with its trials and tribulations, we do find that we've made numerous people slightly peeved at some little something or other we wrote; that we've made ourself a general nuisance week in and week out, and that we've wasted a lot of good time and paper. But regardless of what YOU think, we've enjoyed it. You must come over sometime.

ALONG MAIN STREET
At least the snow accomplished one thing. It resulted in cars running close to the street curbs that had never done it before. . . . But it spoiled the pleasure of those who had to park in the middle of the street. It's not a bit of fun when it's quite all right and the proper thing to do. And besides, they couldn't hold up traffic that way. . . . The missing Statesville bank receiver was found in a stupor. Wonder if it was the same stupor Col. Robins had with him at Asheville? . . . But what has all this drivel got to do with Main street? Ask us. . . .

THIS AND THAT
Who was it we heard remark the other day that there are three kinds of minds—Idiotic, moron and Mack.

Oswald H. Gumbertnitz, the great man about town, upon seeing how

the city was dumping all the snow they were hauling off of Main street down upon Mr. Airdridge's pee-wee golf course, suggested that in the future when it snows that the town officials have all the snow which ordinarily falls in the street de-toured into the vacant lot. He said it would save expense of having the streets cleaned.

It's about time for folks to take an hour or so to make new year's resolutions so they can spend all the rest of the year breaking them.

A certain local gentleman, after having new piston rings put in his car and getting the bill, came to us and asked us if it was really possible for mechanics to install 18 carat gold rings in automobiles. And after we looked at the bill, we were ready to believe that the mechanic had installed platinum rings and used a gold monkey wrench.

The way things are, we wonder if instead of midnight revellers tolling the old year out, wouldn't it be more appropriate to reverse proceedings and toll the new year in.

Oh, well, we had to cultivate a

taste for coffee, so maybe we can do the same for beer.

In former years it used to make us mad to get socks, neckties, underwear and so forth as Christmas gifts. But ah goodness how a depression can change one's viewpoint!

ODDS AND ENDS
We just stick in these headings now and then to relieve the monotony.

That's where you have it on us. All you have to do is lay the paper aside for the next morning's fire.

Someone said the other day that there are three columns they don't like and that the Gab Bag is all three of them.

But that's all right. All us great columnists, including McIntyre and Brisbane, sometimes go a little over the heads of the common masses.

So for those who can't appreciate the Gab Bag we suggest a copy of Cap'n Billy's Whiz Bang.

Last week we wished you all a Merry Christmas. This week it is

fitting that we wish one and all a very happy New Year, with good health and the necessities of life all the year through.

(Seems like there used to be another word used in new year's greetings, but for the moment it has escaped us. Er-er-ah! We have it! The word is "prosperity." Oh well).

EHRINGHAUS ILL
J. C. B. Ehringhaus, governor-elect of North Carolina, is in a Norfolk hospital undergoing treatment for a minor ailment, it was learned Monday.

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HAPPY NEW YEAR
May 1933 bring to you a full measure of health, happiness and prosperity that will continue with you throughout the year.

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PROGRAM LYRIC THEATRE PROGRAM

Last Times Today—
"NIGHT AFTER NIGHT"
Admission 10c

Friday and Saturday—
Stan Laurel-Oliver Hardy
'Pack Up Your Troubles'
Serial and Cartoon — Adm. 10c-30c

Next Week—Wed-Thurs.—
"FAITHLESS"
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News-Cartoon Admission 10c

SPECIAL FOR MONDAY AND TUESDAY

EVERY STAR OF RADIO LAND IN A HEART-STIRRING ROMANCE!

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THE BIG BROADCAST

Matinee 10c — 30c
Nights 10c — 40c

A Paramount Picture

January 6-7
'CONGORILLA'
The one and only Talking Picture Entirely Made In Africa

January 9-10
"SMILING THROUGH"
with NORMA SHEARER

January 16-17
'PROSPERITY'
Is Coming! with Marie Dressler Polly Moran

January 23-24
"GRAND HOTEL"
4-Star Picture 1932's BEST