

THE GAB BAG

- OR -
MUCH ABOUT NOTHING
BY
ALAN BROWNING, JR.



Nux Harris, big volt and watt man of Uncle Tom Brown's Spuco company, has here of late given a good deal of attention to grinding up kilowatts down to the creek, and not feeling inclined to sleep all the time, has planted and got above ground a fairly presentable array of Irish potato vines.

However, potatoes are not without trouble, and from the time the first wee plants stuck their heads from the soil, a sociable family of potato bugs, with no false leanings toward birth control, moved in.

As the potatoes grew, so did the bugs. Numerous family reunions among the potato bugs were in evidence day and night, and naturally, what with dinner on the ground, Nux's tator patch suffered.

For several weeks, while grinding watts, Nux attempted to clear his tator patch of the pests. He even resorted to chasing the bugs around the lot with a stick, but to no avail. Just as he would get one bug cornered, another would pop up somewhere else and make faces at him.

Then one day a short while ago he had an idea and no sooner thought of than done. Nux rushed up town, got a pail of whitewash and white-washed every potato plant. And the bugs, gazing in awe at the whiteness thereof, got the notion in their heads that it had snowed, and froze to death.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Deed of Trust executed by Raymond Southard to the undersigned trustee, recorded in Book 126, Page 250 of Deeds of Trust in the office of the Register of Surry County, North Carolina, securing a certain note and default having been made in the payment of said note and demand having been made on the undersigned trustee to sell said property by the holder of said note, the undersigned trustee will Monday, June 5, 1933, at 2 o'clock P. M. at the Court House Door at Dobson, North Carolina, offer for sale at public auction, for cash, to the last and highest bidder, the following described property:

BEGINNING on an iron stake at Miller Street and Railroad Avenue and runs Eastward with Railroad Avenue 125 feet to an iron stake at corner of lot 13 and runs North with lot 13 112 1/2 feet to lot Number 5; thence West 125 feet to Miller Street; thence South with Miller Street 112 1/2 feet to the beginning.

This represents lots Number 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 in Block 6, plat of the lands of Ernest B. Hudson on the State Highway leading from Elkin to Sparta, N. C.

This the 5th day of May, 1933.
W. M. JACKSON, Trustee.
W. M. Allen, Attorney. 6-1



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Business Man Plays
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INSURANCE

Paul Gwyn
INSURANCE
ALL LINES
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Phone 258
Elkin, N. C.

GHOSTS?

Some people don't believe in ghosts. Others do. Then there is that class which secretly believes, but for fear of ridicule, say they do not.

As for us, we do. Not only do we believe in ghosts—we've seen one. And he wasn't one of those plain old boys in a white shroud, but a real rip snorting, fire belching sunovagun that had far worse intentions than merely spooking around.

It was one night about noon of a clear cold day. We were on our way through an old cemetery down in our home town, and were not thinking of anything in particular when all of a sudden from out behind a tombstone popped this old boy we've already mentioned.

The ghost looked more like the image conceived of the devil, only it couldn't have been the devil, or it wouldn't have been popping out after us. In height it was about six feet, had a long pointed nose and bolt holes for horns. A long red robe covered its body, and from out its mouth spouted fire and smoke.

It would be proper to say that we were a wee bit embarrassed. And as we went over the next hill in exactly nothing flat, the ghost was just about two pants behind.

Luckily, just as the ghost was about to catch us, a strong wind came up and blew his inner fire out, and thus we escaped.

But that wasn't all we saw of him. Having to pass through the graveyard several times a week, we soon wore ourself out running from that fire-snorting old boy. It appeared that he had become attached to us, or something. The last time or two he chased us, he would open his mouth and singe the back of our head with fire. Then, like Nux Harris and his potato patch, we had an idea.

The next night as we passed through the graveyard we were equipped with a bucket of water. And, as we expected, out popped the old boy with his mouth open and red flames flying. But did we run? Pooh, pooh, ask us. Well, then we'll tell you anyway. No! For as it advanced we dashed the water down his throat, the water generated steam in his stomach, and the poor old ghost blew up like a locomotive boiler.

And that's what we call laying the ghost. You may have a better name for it.

HERE'S WHY

During the past week we've heard a number of people expressing wonder as to the why and whatfor of the second fire alarm the night the house burned on Surry Avenue. And since we had wondered ourself, we took pains to find out.

As we understand it, the first alarm didn't bring out but 99 automobiles. The second alarm was for the purpose of bringing the auto quota to a hundred.

It appears the local firemen are not at their best unless a large audience is on hand. As it was, due to the small crowd, they saved a portion of the burning building for sheer spite.

Next time everyone should make it a point to be on hand.

MODERN CONVENIENCES

We ran across the following clipping in the Eavesdropper column of The Statesville Record, and thinking it might possibly be of local interest, inasmuch as it points out new and quaint usages or familiar household equipment. We are printing introduction and all as appearing in The Eavesdropper:

"The following clipping, credited to the Hopkins (Missouri) Journal, shows one part of the United States where they struck oil, and don't know there is a depression, being a copy of a letter from that locality:

"Well, since I sold my little farm in Arkansas, I have prospered. You know we always lived in the one-room shack but I came to East Texas, and bought a farm and pretty soon I leased it to an oil company and was sure lucky. They hit a big oil field on that place and now I have a big house here in Aito. It has six rooms. There is one

room we do nothing but eat in. There is one that we just sit in; two rooms that we don't do anything but sleep in; one room that we don't do anything but cook in and there is one that is all white and has a place that you can wash all over, and over in a corner is a place that you can wash your face and hands in and, over in the other corner there is a place you can wash your feet in. When we moved in there were two lids on this, but we have taken them off. We are using one of them for a dough board and we have framed grandpa's picture with the other one. Write me a letter when you have time.

"Your friend, Jim."

THIS AND THAT

Imagine the plight of the kangaroo mother who found that her pouch had been picked.

A ride in the U. S. S. Hootnanny two Sunday mornings ago convinced us that in addition to a large navy, Elkin should also have a shoal patrol.

XQit, please.

The FAMILY DOCTOR

(By John Joseph Gaines, M. D.)

I ENDORSE IT

Here's a letter from a brother physician—with a few of the strongest words deleted. It may be of interest:

Dear Dr. Gaines:

"I wish you would devote more articles to the exposure of quackery. The every-day people of our country little realize the thievery that is going on under their very noses. The radio is reeking with the vile preachment of the medical racketeer. Millions of dollars—yes, hundreds of millions are wheeled out of American pockets that are least able to afford it. The game goes on without interference on part of authorities, therefore it would seem, within the law.

"The medical racketeer invents some trivial, imaginary disease or condition, to which any ordinary working man or woman might be subject—and for which the racketeer, of course, has the sole remedy. This (faked) condition is dinned into the ears of millions of listeners, until they grow suspicious of

themselves—they are quick to detect signs of the "affliction." They have been told that it might lead to horrible death—but, easily enough "cured" if they secure a bottle of the nostrum and use it the rest of their lives.

"Multiplied millions of people rush to buy the racketeer's gully-wash. The profits are enormous—for, the operator of the hoax does not work for ordinary wages. Huge fortunes are piled up for the racketeer and his folks.

"Rube Smithers needs somebody to set him right; he needs a protector—an advisor who tells him the truth. Fat radio contracts are never turned down—they pay too well. It is poor Rube that Pays. Now, doctor, get busy.

Fraternally.....M. D.

INTO HIGH GEAR

Pressed by the White House to adjourn by June 10, Congress is working in high gear to speed disposition of the vast public works-industrial control-taxation and other important measures on President Roosevelt's emergency program before the deadline, two weeks hence.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between J. D. Compton and T. C. Greene, carrying on the business of dry cleaning at Elkin, N. C., under the firm of C. & G. Cleaners, has been dissolved by mutual consent as and from the 1st day of May, 1933, so far as concerns J. D. Compton who retires from the firm. All debts due to and owing by the said firm will be received and paid respectively by T. C. Greene, who will continue to carry on the said business.

Dated the 1st day of May, 1933.
J. D. COMPTON
5-25 T. C. GREENE

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Mrs. Bessie Renegar, deceased, late of Surry county, notice is hereby given to all persons holding claims against the estate to present them to the undersigned within twelve months from this date or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery. All persons indebted to the estate are notified to make settlement immediately.

This May 22, 1933.
G. B. WALL,
6-15 Administrator.

Hot Weather Calls For Healthful, Delicious ICE CREAM

Make it a habit to eat ice cream. Healthy and delicious, it is summer's tastiest delicacy. Buy it here and save money. You'll find our prices lower and our cones bigger!

SPECIAL
Pint - - 15c

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Ice Cream Sandwiches - 5c

BUY WHERE YOU GET THE MOST FOR YOUR MONEY!

SURRY DAIRY ICE CREAM PARLOR

E. MAIN STREET ELKIN, N. C.

Henry Ford
Dearborn, Mich.

May 22, 1933

I suppose that I may claim to be the first Ford Dealer. I not only made cars, but sold them and frequently delivered them myself.

The "drive away" is not new; often I have driven cars from Detroit to towns in Ohio or Indiana or Michigan to make delivery.

There were no good roads in those days, and the people where I drove had never seen a motor car before.

My first really enthusiastic customers were Country Doctors. They were the first to realize the value of dependable transportation to a widely scattered practice.

Even today I occasionally hear from some of those first Ford users. We had to teach local mechanics how to care for the cars. That is how Ford Service began, which is now found everywhere in the world.

We believed from the beginning that a sale does not complete our transaction with our customer — it creates upon us an obligation to see that our customer's car gives him service. Ford Dealers know their duty to the public in this respect.

I can say of Ford Dealers generally that they have been and are men of character and standing in their communities. Most of them have been with us many years, which indicates that we agree on basic business principles. The Company provides that the methods used to sell the Ford car are consistent with the self-respect of the Dealers who handle it.

The present Ford V-8 is the peak of our 30 years experience. We have never made a better car. Its eight-cylinder engine is powerful and smooth running. The car is admittedly very good looking and has comfortable riding qualities. It is economical in operation because of advanced engine design and low car weight. It is the fastest, roomiest and most powerful car we have ever built.

Henry Ford