

AND ON SUCH A COLD NIGHT, TOO!  
A goodly number of Kiwanians journeyed down to Winston-Salem Monday night over a week ago, to take in the Forsyth County fair as the guests of the Winston-Salem Kiwanis club, and to say that they were royally entertained would be putting it mildly.

After a banquet at the Robert E. Lee hotel, the visiting Kiwanians were put aboard a fleet of Greyhound busses and driven in style to the fair grounds to witness a preview of the Winter Garden Revue, staged in front of the grand stand.

The busses carried us all into the fair grounds and then the leader of the group directed the way through the rear of one of the midway tents, the crowd emerging upon the midway from the tent entrance. And you may imagine their surprise, when, upon turning to look back at the tent from which we had just come, the following words, emblazoned large across its entrance in gaudy paint met our eyes: NUDIST COLONY.

**MUTTER AND MUMBLE.**  
Could it be that some folks don't like to see their names in this column because the sub-head at the top reads: "Much About Nothing?" Perhaps "Nothing About Much" would be more appropriate. . . We understand that a couple of M. P. I. students were offering odds on M. P. I. before the football game here with the Children's Home—and afterwards were taking amnesia. . . Mr. Johnson, down to the bank, is one man who absolutely isn't going to let his budget get out of balance. . . Give Louis Mitchell credit for booking some of the best pictures available. . . We've got one of those castor oil headaches, if that's any comfort to you. . . If there is anything in this column with which you don't agree, we will gladly give you space here to air your views. . . Doc Abernethy, newly elected superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school, is of the opinion that a church is not necessarily a place to exhibit a long face in. He evidently feels that God meant for His people to enjoy life insofar that they do so without sin and he's building his Sunday school program for the year to that end with the injection of a little life and pep that should draw attendance because folks WANT to go and not because they feel that it's their duty. In our estimation the people who go to church or Sunday school simply for show and no other reason, are wasting their time. You

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE**  
Having qualified as administrator of the estate of J. W. Lawrence, 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 immediate settlement.  
This September 27, 1933.  
E. B. LAWRENCE,  
Administrator.

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Demand and Get

**GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN**  
BECAUSE of a unique process in manufacture, Genuine Bayer Aspirin Tablets are made to disintegrate—or dissolve—INSTANTLY you take them. Thus they start to work instantly. Start "aching hold" of even a severe headache, neuralgia, neuritis or rheumatic pain a few minutes after taking.  
And they provide SAFE relief—for Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN does not harm the heart. So if you want QUICK and SAFE relief see that you get the real Bayer article. Look for the Bayer cross on every tablet as shown above and for the words GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN on every bottle or package you buy.  
Member N. R. A.  
GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

can disagree if you choose. That's your privilege.  
**HELP**  
For 30 minutes we have been sitting here wondering how to fill up the rest of this column. What with a headache, dizzy spells, spots before the eyes, lumbago and gout, we are not feeling so well and what little mind we've got fails to function.

We've got no business writing a column, anyway. All we seem to accomplish is getting someone sore at us so what's the use of going on? Maybe we should have held on to our job of being vice-president of a bank and kept out of the realms of journalism.

To write a column containing copy with which everyone will agree a person has to use a liberal amount of soft soap. Let an idea of your own creep into print which may run contrary to the idea of someone else and presto! a howl is raised about it.

But that's the way it goes, has gone and will continue to go as long as one is fool enough to continue writing stuff that perhaps several people may read.

It's usually the innocent little things that gets one into hot water. In Greensboro once we mentioned how laundries have a way of tearing buttons off of shirts and before we could say Jack Robinson, the largest laundry in town cancelled their advertising contract with the paper. Another time we wrote about a vacant lot on Main street as being an eye sore, what with its litter of ancient second-hand automobiles, and immediately came a howl from the company which was using the lot as a storage place for used cars.

And so it goes. If it's not one thing, it's something else. Still, though, we reckon that into every life a little rain must fall—and us without an umbrella.

**WHAT WE HAVE FORGOTTEN**  
(This article, taken from the front page of the Christian Advocate, and written by Dr. P. P. Claxton, former member of the faculty of North Carolina College at Greensboro, goes to show that many who will be instrumental in bringing liquor back to this state will be doing so without realizing just what it will mean if iron bound restrictions are not placed around its manufacture and sale.)

"The memories of people are short. Most of us seem to have forgotten conditions before the days of prohibition. We have forgotten how the streets of cities and country highways were not safe for women on Saturday afternoons. We have forgotten the drunken men reeling in and out saloon doors and down the streets, running their horses on the country roads or lying drunk on the sidewalks or by the roadside. We have forgotten the long lists of drunks in police and magistrates' courts on Monday and other days.

"We have forgotten the drunken brawls at all kinds of public gatherings, including political meetings, election days, picnics and dances, and the frequent interruptions of church services by drunken men. We have forgotten the drunken men on trains and at railway stations and their frequent nauseating vomiting. We have forgotten inebriate public banquets where prominent men were left under the table or hauled home. We have forgotten the red light districts and brothels where women sold whisky as well as their bodies and souls. We have forgotten the dance halls with bar rooms attached.

"We have forgotten the bar rooms near to legislative halls and the very elegant one at the door of the house of representatives in the capitol at Washington. We have forgotten the quite common approach of salesmen to their customers by setting up to the drinks. We have forgotten the drunken men in the lobbies of hotels. We have forgotten the large number of young men in all ranks of society and especially in the higher ranks who became drunken sots and went to the dogs.

"Older people forget. Younger people do not—cannot—remember conditions and things that happened before they were born.

"We have lost out of our common

speech such phases as 'red nose drunkard,' 'blear-eyed drunken sot,' 'drunkard's wife and children,' 'filled a drunkard's grave,' 'rot gut whisky,' 'fire water,' 'poison juice,' composed largely of bad tobacco, pepper and strychnine.

"We have forgotten the domination of the saloon in local and to a large extent in city and state politics. We have forgotten how the saloons constantly avoided and defeated all laws made for their control. We have forgotten the large number of bootleggers and illicit distillers, little if at all less common before prohibition than they are now. We have forgotten the agents of saloons who took whisky to minors, and helped to train them to habits of drink."

The Gab Bag was for the return of beer, but when it comes to hard liquor, that's another question. Prohibition has been a failure, they say, but no one can truthfully say that conditions are as bad under prohibition as they are pictured in

the pre-prohibition days painted above.

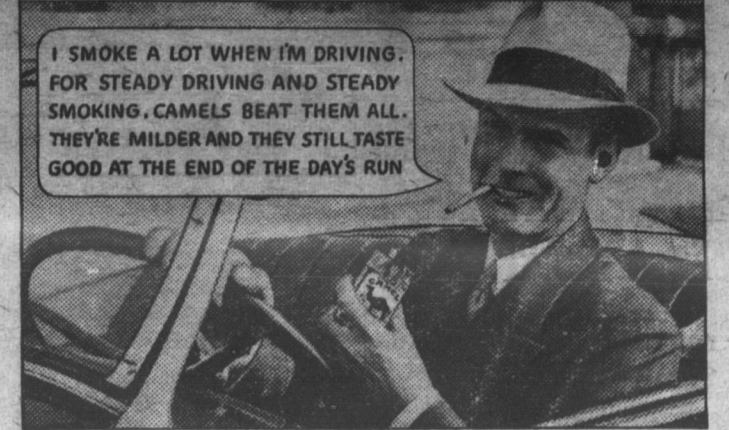
If, when whisky comes back, our legislators are able to work out a plan of control that will really control and improve the whisky situation, we are for repeal. But if their deliberations are guided by thoughts of revenue alone and they tax liquor so heavy that the average man must continue to patronize his favorite bootlegger, then we can't see what will be gained. It will mean that more liquor will be available, and that's about all.

For that reason we can't understand why a plan of control is not put before the people before the question is submitted to vote instead of after the horse is out of the stable. You never hear of big game hunters first finding their quarry and then running back to camp after their gun.

But there's a lot of things we can't understand.

What became of the idea to reform the national bankruptcy laws?

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**BEBE DANIELS**  
**RANDOLPH SCOTT** in

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ON THE SCREEN IN A PICTURE  
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**SPECIAL!**  
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