

THE GAB BAG

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



MERRY CHRISTMAS!
Of course we realize that Christmas is a few days off yet, but due to the fact that the Gab Bag, or rather its writer, always "gets it first and gets it wrong," we are upholding tradition by being the first to wish you an exceedingly merry and joyous Christmas. We hope we're not wrong.

We are not saying "Merry Christmas" in the commonplace, stereotyped way like on penny postcards, but really hope each and every one of you readers, even Will Holcomb, will have a Christmas that will be exceedingly pleasant and delightful. We hope you have a big time and no hangovers or tummy aches. We hope Santa will outdo himself in bringing you all manners of gifts and that you will look back upon this Christmas as the biggest and best of them all!

It wouldn't cost us a cent more to wish even greater things for you, but shucks, if all we have already wished should come true it would probably be more than you deserve, so there.

A-HUNTING WE WILL GO
—Or rather we should say a-hunting we have been. For last Thursday morning that intrepid huntsman Coy Bates and this humble scribe scattered terror and consternation among the furred and feathered tribe of Surry and Wilkes.

Even though we hadn't been hunting in some score of years, we were positive at one time during the morning that we saw a bird. However, a closer investigation disclosed that it wasn't a bird at all, but a cow. And not such a good cow, either.

When we jumped our first rabbit we threw down our gun and grabbed a rock. Mr. Bates killed the rabbit.

The dog we had with us would have brought joy to any huntsman's heart. Among other things, he pointed a freight train, the Yadkin river, a dove and a rabbit trap.

But that's the trouble with pointers. Pointers always point at birds and leave it up to the hunter to find them. Personally, we prefer a setter. A setter, when he finds a bird, sits down upon it and holds it until the hunter can swing into action. We once had a setter who, through error, sat down upon a steel trap. This proved a lesson to him.

But back to the hunt. Whenever a quail was flushed or a rabbit jumped and scurried, the play of firearms reminded us of the Civil War. Mr. Bates, it would appear, believes in shooting when he goes hunting.

Of the two coveys flushed, numbering altogether 27 birds, all were killed except 26. But who were we to denude the fields of live game. Leave some for another day is our motto.

Come up some night for a quail dinner. You, er, bring the quail.

HOMEWARD BOUND
In just a day or more now we'll load into Calamity, Jr., and head for home and Christmas. And judging from the way things have been flying off our contraption for the past month or so it bids fair to be quite an eventful trip.

Still, though, to one who likes to tinker with things mechanical and who has a knack at fixing such things, it takes a car with whiskers to provide the real satisfaction of motoring.

Anyone can hop into one of these new cars and make a hundred or so mile trip without bother or trouble, but when one successfully navigates 120-odd miles in a car that is just as liable to squat down in the road and go to pieces as not, that's a feat to be proud of.

The only thing that causes us worry is that in some crowded city like Winston-Salem or Greensboro, a piece might fly loose and hit a traffic cop, or something. But that's a chance which must be taken.

For the benefit of those of you who drive ancient cars like Calamity, Jr., we want to advise that instead of so many tools, a large quantity of well chewed chewing gum, a roll of baling wire and a ball of twine are the best bets in making minor repairs.

Anyway, if about Friday night you hear that a car has gone over an embankment or climbed some convenient telephone post, just mark it down to Calamity, Jr. Her disposition hasn't been so darned good lately.

THIS AND THAT
If we had completed our Christmas shopping and then some old meanie had broken into the car and stole it all, that would mean that Santa Claus would have to postpone his trip until Christmas of 1934.

If they start ringing the church bells here New Year's night somebody is liable to think there's another election on.

We understand that Santa Claus is going to bring Mrs. Weir a bicycle so that she can get around quicker. We have been considering putting her in charge of our Elkin division of the Assassinated Press.

But all kidding aside, Mrs. Weir is a very capable writer. (That's our Christmas present to you, Mrs. Weir.)

Kids are forever getting into mischief. But it ceases to be funny when one breaks a half dozen eggs on the front seat of your automobile. If you are not convinced, our son can furnish excellent references as a convincer.

No matter what kind of a tale we tell on our son, our mother can always dig back into our own childhood history and match it—or worse. For instance, the time we cut a couple of chapters out of our father's pet Bible.

Well, so long.

GUN ACCIDENT FATAL
Accidental discharge of a shotgun in the hands of a 9-year-old boy took the life of Lee Miller, 38, Winston-Salem, Friday night. The tragedy occurred at the home of Carl Charles, Charles' son, Rudolph, was exonerated by Dr. W. N. Dalton, Forsyth county coroner, who held the death accidental.

Atlanta Constitution: Litvinoff, according to the Savannah Press, was born Finkelstein. Well, he's certainly made a new name for himself.

PROGRAM
Lyric Theatre
Today and Friday—
SPENCER TRACY IN
"Face In the Sky"
Universal News Admission 10c-25c

Saturday—
JOHN WAYNE in "SOMEWHERE IN SONORA"
Also Mickey Mouse, Comedy and New Serial—"Devil Horse"
Admission 10c-30c

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS DAY—

Tuesday Only—
"The Golden West"
Also Comedy
Admission 10c-30c
Wednesday—
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
— in —
"WHEN LADIES MEET"
Cartoon--Adm. 10c

"GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM"
with
Charles Farrell
Charlie Ruggles
Marguerite Churchill
News — Cartoon
Admission 10c-30c

Saturday, Dec. 30—
"FURY OF THE JUNGLE"

COMING—
January 1-2
"TAKE A CHANCE"

January 4-5—
EDDIE CANTOR
in
"WHOOPEE"

January 22-23—
MAE WEST
in
"I'M NO ANGEL"

Thursday, Friday, Dec. 28-29—

GROUCHO as Rufus T. Firefly, Dictator of Freedonia ... the only man to know both the President's and the Farmer's daughter.
THE 4 MARX

CHICO, who swears Admiral Dewey took Vanilla.
BROTHERS

HARPO as Snoopy the Spy who shadows so many suspects he becomes afraid of his own shadow.
IN "DUCK SOUP"

ZEPPO, voting for a standing army to save Freedonia money on chairs.
A Paramount Picture Directed by Leo McCarey
News Admission 10c-30c

"A SKATER NEEDS HEALTHY NERVES"



I NEVER KNEW HOW GOOD A CIGARETTE COULD TASTE UNTIL I CHANGED TO CAMELS. I NOTICE THEY NEVER GET ON MY NERVES, NO MATTER HOW MANY I SMOKE.

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

never get on your Nerves...Never tire your Taste



Here's wishing You All
A MERRY CHRISTMAS

We take this manner of expressing to our numerous friends and customers our sincere thanks for the patronage they have accorded us during the past year and to wish them one and all the very best and merriest of Christmases!

JUST A FEW MORE DAYS LEFT!
HURRY HERE FOR PRACTICAL GIFTS!

WE SUGGEST

- LADIES' SILK HOSIERY
- MEN'S SOX — CHILDREN'S HOSE
- SWEATERS FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY
- SHIRTS FOR MEN AND BOYS
- RED GOOSE SHOES
- BEDROOM SHOES

We're Headquarters for
CHRISTMAS FRUITS, CANDIES
AND ALL KINDS OF NUTS

F. A. Brendle & Son

F. A. Brendle Elkin, N. C. J. D. Brendle