

THE GAB BAG

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



IT COSTS MONEY!
It's even more expensive to keep up a linotype machine than it is a 1928 model Chevrolet.

For instance, the first of last week something went "BAM!" on The Tribune linotype. Investigation disclosed that the mold wheel, which is about as big around as an automobile steering wheel and has some cogs on it, had broken. And that was \$55.00 gone flooie just like that.

And speaking of replacement parts, there are some more little dinkies which fit in this self same mold wheel which are about seven inches long, a half inch thick and about three inches wide. Just pieces of steel with holes bored in them and they cost a mere \$110.00 each. Buy yourself a half dozen sometime.

You see it takes a considerable investment to even set in type a card of thanks. The linotype itself cost a mere \$6,000. If you want to go in for grey hairs, or better yet, for

bald domeness, get into the newspaper business. There will always be a padded cell waiting.

NARROW SQUEAKS
There's a kind providence which takes care of folks with ancient automobiles.

We drove our wreck 120 miles Friday night before Christmas at breakneck speed, sometimes going as fast as 15 miles an hour—and we reached home safely. The next morning as we were preparing to back out of the driveway we gave the steering wheel a gentle turn and the steering shaft snapped in two!

An examination of the shaft when it was removed disclosed that it had been cracked almost all the way through for sometime. What if it had snapped while we were enroute? Maybe you would have been spared this column—not to mention what might have happened to the wife and kids.

A LITTLE WINE FOR THE STOMACH'S SAKE

We are fairly well acquainted with a lady down in our hometown who has brought up four children without a drunkard in the lot. Although we don't know, it is probable that she voted against the repeal of the 18th amendment. Yet she can make the most delicious wine we ever tasted.

Of course this wine is used only for medical purposes. Whenever she is sick or feels a little bad she'll take a little bit. In fact, whenever some other member of the family is ailing she'll also have a little snort.

But she's against anyone else indulging. They're telling on her that during the holidays she was not feeling very well and that Christmas day she instructed her son to fetch her a small glass full of the wine. The son, following instructions as to where to find it and so on, complied with her request and then, as he handed it to her, remarked that he would like a little nip for the stomach's sake.

"My boy," she said in solemn tone, all the while eyeing the dark red beverage with anticipation, "I didn't raise my sons to fill a drunkard's grave! Well, here's mud in your eye," and the rich red wine was gone!

It may well be said that the only taste her son got of the wine was the small glass that he snatched when she wasn't looking.

MUTTER AND MUMBLE

It's open season now for folks to write the date as January so and so, 1933. It usually takes about a

month to get used to the new year date . . . After Christmas comes the breaking of the toys and the exchanging of the gifts . . . With Congress in session anything may happen but leave it to Mr. Roosevelt to keep 'em in their places . . . This column may be set in a new type face when you read it. That is, if the new mats get here in time. And that's another \$100 you can mark up to the linotype . . . Within a few years' time an airport is going to be an absolute necessity. Where we travel now in automobiles, our children will more than likely travel by airplane—and think no more about it than we do of motoring . . . We'd like to have been born about 20 years later than we were just so we could see what's going to happen. Already we've seen the birth of the automobile industry, the radio and talking pictures. No telling what other wonderful things are coming . . . R. Don Laws, editor of the Yellow Jacket was in the office the other day. However, he didn't sting anyone . . . We are becoming alarmed about the Elkin fire department. At the blaze the other night Carl Young threw six rocks at a window from a distance of 10 feet and missed every time. He could have used the axe, only Ted Brown was preparing to chop down a nearby house with it . . . Very few ladies turned out for the fire. You can't show off new pajamas to the best advantage in a cold downpour of rain . . . Just you wait until next summer.

THIS AND THAT

So far it's been a very mild winter—or did you know? And wouldn't our face be red if snow should be on the ground when this gets into print.

According to local merchants, prosperity was somewhere in the vicinity the days before Christmas. And as reports have it, business was good everywhere.

Maybe one of these days we'll wake up and find there ain't no depression. And then'll probably come another Republican administration.

Whattayouthink?

DON'T DO IT, BRETHREN!

At the meeting last Friday night in which plans for obtaining an airport here with CWA funds were mentioned amid salutations and wise cracks, it was suggested that if and when an airport was obtained that it also be used as a golf course.

As one who has had some small experience with sand traps and lost golf balls, we hasten to cry out against it. Not that we wish to become a wet blanket and spoil the prospective fun and pleasure of Elkin's weary business men, but because, after looking over those assembled who expressed the desire to again swing a driver, we fear the landing field would not be suitable for airplanes after an onslaught of golfers.

As we understand it, a landing field must be practically level and very smooth. And we hasten to ask, how smooth would it be after an army of golfers had descended upon it and started digging up the turf?

Dr. Harry Johnson stated that the site under consideration is a paradise for birds, but if turned into a golf course we fear birdies would be few and far between, if any.

No, let's not make it a combined airport and golf course. For think of the embarrassment it might occasion some flyer should he decide to alight there, and after a perfect three-point landing, suddenly have his plane drop from under him at a spot where some Elkin golfer had been attempting to make a mashie shot!

Surry Man Kills Hog Weighing 929 Pounds

A mammoth Red Duroc hog, owned by Will Davis, Surry county man, and which had been fed three gallons of shelled corn daily since last spring, was killed last week by Mr. Davis, and when dressed was found to weigh 929 pounds.

The hog was three years and five months old and measured 24 inches across the shoulders. In killing him he was shot six times in the forehead with a .38 Smith and Wesson rifle and then it required the hefty swing of a big axe to complete the slaughter.

Cycle News

Christmas passed very quietly in our community.

The death of Clinton Messick in Statesville on Christmas was a shock to friends in this community. Mr. Messick had lived here all his life until a few months ago when he moved to Statesville to make his home.

Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Brown, of Meridian, Mississippi, and Mr. and Mrs. Weldon Brown, of Chapel Hill, spent the holidays the guests of their father, Rev. W. V. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. James Campbell and Miss Hobson, of Campbell's Mill, visited Mrs. Campbell's sister, Mrs. Carl Pinnix, Wednesday.

PROGRAM LYRIC THEATRE

SPECIAL TODAY AND FRIDAY—



Some of the Girls You'll See in "Take A Chance"
"TAKE A CHANCE"
1933 MUSICAL COMEDY HIT
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Universal News Admission 10c-30c

Saturday—
John Wayne
— in —
"The Man FROM Monterey"

Serial — Comedy
Mickey Mouse
Admission 10c-30c

COMING
Jan. 15-16—

EDDIE CANTOR
in
"Whoopee"

Jan. 22-23—

MAE WEST
in
"I'm No Angel"

NEXT WEEK—Monday-Tuesday—

"I COVER THE WATERFRONT"



News—Cartoon—Comedy Admission 10c-30c

Wednesday—
FAMILY SHOW ADM. 10c

Thursday-Friday—

PART SQUIRRELY AND 100% NUTS!



"THREE-CORNERED MOON"
A Paramount Picture
O. B. P. SCHULBERG PRODUCTION
Admission 10c-25c

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