

### YADKIN OFFICERS SWORN IN MONDAY

Commissioners, Sheriff Are Largest Changes; Deputies Named

The offices of sheriff and county commissioners constituted most of the changes in the official family of Yadkin county as the transfers were made this week.

Two new commissioners, A. Dinkins, a former member, and J. E. Brendle, together with S. W. Vestal, surviving member, were sworn in Monday in order that regular routine business might proceed. They were confronted immediately with the necessity of appointing a county auditor, as A. E. Hall had sent in his resignation of this position. W. L. Mackie was appointed to this position.

T. C. Prim was again sworn in as register of deeds and J. L. Crater for clerk of court. Ralph Long was also sworn in as coroner and L. A. Shore for surveyor.

A. L. Inscore assumed his new duties as sheriff of the county Monday afternoon. It was necessary to affect a settlement between C. G. Reavis, the outgoing sheriff, before the tax books was turned over to Mr. Inscore. This was done Tuesday in an adjourned meeting with the commissioners. After assuming his new duties Mr. Inscore announced that Jake Brown of Boonville, would be named jailer and resident deputy. He will move into the jail today, as Dallas Vestal, who has been jailer for four years, moves back to his farm near Smithtown. Two other deputies were also announced by Mr. Inscore, they being Ruffin Haynes of Knobs township and John Choplin of East Bend.

Read Tribune Advertisements!

### TOBACCO

Report of sales for the Winston-Salem Tobacco market, for week ending November 28th, 1934. Issued by the Winston Tobacco Board of Trade, Inc., M. R. Gass, Sales Supervisor:

Friday, Nov. 23rd, 528,104 pounds, \$128,914.90; average \$24.41.

Monday, Nov. 26th, 981,286 pounds \$234,317.97; average \$23.88.

Tuesday, Nov. 27th, 872,460 lbs., \$187,261.36; average \$21.46.

Wednesday, Nov. 28th, 533,196 lbs., \$106,924.41; average \$20.05.

Total for week, 2,915,046 pounds, \$657,418.64; average \$22.58.

Season total: Pounds, 32,152,766, \$9,205,476.99; average \$28.63.

Same period 1933: Pounds 41,957,706, \$6,915,222.46; average \$16.48.

Gain-loss from 1933: Loss in pounds 9,804,930; Gain in dollars, \$2,290,254.53; Gain in average, \$12.15. Money gain over entire season, \$878,930.85.

Market has operated 47 selling days. Sold a daily average of 684,110 pounds. Paid out a daily average of \$195,861.21.

Approximately 80 per cent of the crop has been sold.

#### PLAN CAUSES SPLIT

A plan to be placed before President Roosevelt by Harry L. Hopkins, the relief administrator, calling for the creation of an eight billion dollar federal work relief corporation, was described authoritatively Friday as having precipitated a sharp division among presidential advisors and cabinet members.

#### FAMILIAR

Film Star (newly married): "And is this your home?"

Bridegroom: "Yes, precious; this is to be our home."

Film Star: "Say, this place looks mighty familiar. Are you sure we haven't been married before?"

### DON'T CALL CENTRAL WHEN SIREN SOUNDS

Telephone Co. To Withhold Information As To Fires

In the future the local telephone company will not give out information as to the location of fires. W. E. Sparger, local manager, informed The Tribune Wednesday.

During the past, the telephone company has rendered this service to its patrons, but due to the huge number of calls which come in when the fire siren sounds, the switchboard becomes so congested that it is impossible for the operators to render efficient service.

Mr. Sparger pointed out that upon the occasion of each fire, the operators attempt to notify each member of the fire department as to the location, etc., of the fire. With hundreds of calls from the curious wamping the board, it is impossible for the operators to handle all the calls or to notify the firemen in an efficient manner.

"I hope the public will understand what we are up against," the telephone manager said, "and I hope they will not think we are not giving them the service to which they are entitled. If they could be in the telephone office at the time of an alarm and see exactly what takes place, I am sure they would understand."

#### MOTHER'S HELPER

Mamma—Have you said your prayers, Robert?

Robert—Of course.

Mamma—And did you ask to be made a better little boy?

Robert—Yes, and I put in a good word for you and father too.

### A Country Doctor's Wife



By Martha B. Thomas

CADDY lighted the fire in the fireplace. She switched on the Christmas lights for the tree. She pulled down the shades, and pushed an easy chair towards the fire. Halsy would be home any time now, cold and weary from his round of calls on sick people. This was their first Christmas eve together since they had been married.

Halsy had started out on his rounds at noon. At three he had telephoned to say he was obliged to abandon his



cur. The snow was too deep. He had borrowed a pair of snowshoes and a fur cap, and with bag in hand, was about to walk a road leading through the woods to a small shack where a sick woman lay waiting his ministrations. At Caddy's worried inquiries, he said it would take him a couple of hours. Then he had a three-mile walk further on the main turnpike, to a child suffering with a quincy sore throat. After that, he would retrace his steps, get his car, and drive home.

Caddy gazed into the flames. This country practice covered miles and miles. Halsy was conscientious. He never failed to reach his patients somehow, but he was tired and worn out. And Caddy herself was often lonely. Her plans for fun, for little parties at home, usually ended in trying to get someone to fill Halsy's place. She knew it would be like this. Halsy had warned her. She was sensible and patient. Yet tonight . . . Christmas eve, and Halsy's birthday. She sighed . . . she simply couldn't bear to have anything go wrong.

The telephone rang. "That you, Caddy? I'm stuck again. The drifts are so deep I can't walk through. I'm out of the wood road all safe, and within two miles of that sick child. But none of the farmers near here has a team of horses. I really need oxen to pull me through. It's tough going."

"Oh," breathed Caddy, trying not to sound dismal.

"Caddy, I wonder," he hesitated. She could tell he was tired by the drag in his voice. "If you could possibly get Lem Salter's team of oxen and drive here for me! I simply can't ask him to do it himself. He has his daughter home for the holidays and her family. It's Christmas."

Caddy could not speak. She knew what this meant. Hours of being out in the storm. Heaven alone knew when they would get home. She glanced about the friendly, inviting room.

"Won't you, darling . . . to help me out?"

Then she remembered something her father had said to her on her wedding day:

"You will never be allowed to forget you are the wife of a country doctor. But I think he's worth it . . . if you are!"

So now over the telephone she said, "All right. Stay where you are. Get warm and rested, and I'll be there by Shanghai Express!"

The tedious drive behind the oxen seemed endless. The snow sifted down inside her collar. It blinded her. She was not actually suffering, but she was pretty uncomfortable. On and on . . . and on. The whirling curtains swept before her. The snow drifted across the broad backs of the patient beasts. They took their own



way in their own plodding time. Caddy sat on a box wrapped round with a bear rug.

On and on . . . and on. Creak . . . creak . . . the swaying of the beasts was like some grotesque, nightmarish rhythm. She almost fell asleep.

Then out of the whiteness ahead she heard a shout. "Hey . . . bless your heart, darling!" And Halsy jumped aboard.

The child was very sick. The throat had to be lanced. Caddy forgot her injured feelings. She helped capably. The mother, worn and harassed, thanked them both with tears in her eyes. And together they drank coffee beside a humble kitchen stove, and ate huge slices of thick, buttered bread. Not what Caddy had planned for Christmas eve, yet, curiously enough, it seemed better than the other. It had . . . she tried to think it out—more strength and sinew to it.

She smiled at Halsy. "This is positively the best Christmas eve I ever spent in my life!" she whispered.

Behind a large buttered slice of bread he kissed her. "You are the perfect pattern for a country doctor's wife!" he whispered back.

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