



THE GAB BAG

By ALAN BROWNING, Jr.

AT RANDOM

This is the last column we expect to write this year . . . And although it is supposed to have an after Christmas ring, it is really being written five days before that most joyous holiday . . .

There's nothing special we can think of to write about . . . We could mention that one year ago come Sunday Leoda Childress was found dead in a Wilkes county farm house, but that's a closed case now . . . with a mystery still lingering on . . . It is also right and proper that we, a la Walter Winchell, send orchids to the town board of commissioners for one of their most worthwhile acts of the year—the street markers . . . The commissioners by and at large are not such a bad set of fellows although we don't agree on garbage . . . You've got to hand it to them that they kept the tax rate down as well as put up the markers, which adds another worthwhile act to their credit . . . And while on the theme of past year's record, why mar it by bringing up the pool room comedy-drama?

All in all, we guess the biggest events of the past year were the Elkin Fair, the purchase of the deluxe garbage truck, the Great Robbin's circus, installation of street markers and our appendicitis operation . . . Not to mention the day Q. Snow built the first fire of the winter at his store.

Speaking of Mr. Snow's first fire, it's reliably reported that when that first faint wisp of smoke ascended his chimney, it was right behind 6,000 swallows, three ducks, 14 bats and a flying fish . . . The fire was said to have gone out the second day because Mr. Snow misplaced his medicine dropper . . .

Wonder what 1935 will bring? . . . We went into a local store the other day, and seeing a Camel cigarette salesman putting up a Camel display, we called for two packs of Wings in our loudest voice, but the fellow didn't pay us any mind . . . You might not know it, but a house caught fire on Elk Spur street last week. And it's reported that while home talent was working to extinguish it, another member of the family stayed at the telephone to summon the fire department if it was needed. Said she didn't want the local fire truck breaking down on her street if she could help it . . . The fire finally went out in spite of those fighting it, and the neighborhood honor was saved.

We were talking to Mr. Bailey the other night about garbage and fire trucks and things, and he said that he, along with a couple of other

commissioners, were not in favor of a new fire truck until the town is financially able to go it whole hog and buy a real truck . . . A real truck, such as he mentioned, will set the town back some \$11,000. With a truck like that, Mr. Bailey said, the town would be able to get a substantial reduction in fire insurance rates . . .

We think it very commendable of the commissioners to take this attitude, but in our opinion when the town gets able to fork out \$11,000 for a "real" fire truck, Mr. Bailey and those other commissioners are not going to be on the board of commissioners—or on earth either . . . One can't live forever.

Personally, and now mind you we are not poking fun at the commissioners, we think a less expensive truck—say a Dodge minus a garbage body and equipped with a pumper—would do very well as a beginning. Eleven thousand dollars is rather steep even for such a sacred thing as a fire truck . . . Why not start small, let the insurance rates stay up if must be, yet at the same time provide some fire protection?

Can't we think up some of the cutest things?

You probably know by now that Klondike Nira has gone to the place where pastures are always green and where there's never an iceberg or snow . . . In other words, the cow that Klondike Farm loaned the Byrd expedition is dead . . . And although it can't be helped, it does seem a shame that she couldn't be brought back to her native pastures alive inasmuch as her time down there was so near up . . . Klondike Nira is survived by one son, Klondike Iceberg, and a pedigree three feet long . . .

Maybe we're too uncultured, brainless or untutored or something to appreciate grand opera. We'll grant you that some of the music is pretty while other parts sound like a nervous woman having a tooth pulled. Then there's the silly portions that get us tickled at places where we should by rights be sobbing into the end of the table cloth.

The other Sunday night we were listening to "Madam Butterfly" over the radio, sung and spoken in English. You remember that touching scene where Lieutenant Pinkerton rushes upon the scene to find his child wife, Madam Butterfly, dying after she has plunged a sword into her body? Well, that's what strikes us as ridiculous because we can't appreciate it, we guess. For instance:

Instead of the great lover yelling for a doctor and ambulance when he finds his true love dying upon the floor, what does he do? Does he attempt to administer first aid? Does he attempt to make her last moments more comfortable by at least placing her upon a bed or couch or whatever it is Japanese ladies sleep upon? No! He takes one look and then bursts into song! And no doubt it's his singing that really hastens his loved one's death. So what?

Present day musical comedies, if you are hunting the ridiculous, are the same way. The hero pours forth his love for his lady love and she falls upon his neck. Then, instead of letting nature take its course the silly lover bursts into song and his sweetie joins in the chorus.

Uncultured brute that we are!

As a last paragraph before 1934 goes the way of all old years, may we wish all of you far more than you deserve during 1935.

Happy New Year!

In 1904 a Swiss manufacturer invented the first hat. Up until this time people wore hoods, scarfs and caps.

Complete First Session



The above class has completed the first session of the adult textile school, sponsored by Chatham Manufacturing company. Reading from left to right, back row: C. P. Darnell, Y. B. Johnson, Hope Brown, Vernon Holcomb, C. H. Layell, P. E. Layell, Edgar Hayes. Second row: Frank Roberson, Roby Reece, J. M. Freeman, Horace Vestal, R. G. Burchett, G. W. West, Harold Lewis (instructor), Jonah Lyons. Seated: Sam Johnson, T. H. Cockerham, Ed Walls, Chas. Young, Smith Collins, John Yarboro, Pat Osborne, H. F. McBride. Two members of the class, J. H. Myers and Cleat Simmons, are not included in the picture.

Eyes Examined
Glasses Fitted
Office:
Elkin National Bank Building
DR. P. W. GREEN
OPTOMETRIST
Office open daily for optical repairs and adjustments of all kinds. Examinations on Tuesdays and Fridays from 1 to 5 p. m.
By Appointment Phone 140

Radio Service

BY AN EXPERT
RADIO SERVICE MAN

Complete Line of Tubes and Parts

REICH-HAYES-BOREN

PHONE 70

ELKIN, N. C.

Always
the Best
in
Movies

PROGRAM LYRIC THEATRE

Don't Forget
Wednesday
Is Family
Show. A
Good Show
For Only
10c

TODAY ONLY—(Thursday)—

YOU'RE GOING TO FALL FOR HIM LIKE A TON OF BRICK
just like you did for Shirley Temple!

You may think you're hard-boiled, but he'll have you crying your eyes out the first two minutes!

Walter Winchell says:
"Watch DAVID HOLT, The Male Shirley Temple!"

ADOLPH ZUKOR presents
"YOU BELONG TO ME"
A Paramount Picture with
LEE TRACY · HELEN MACK
HELEN MORGAN ·
Lynne Overman · David Holt

News

Admission 10c-25c

MIDNIGHT SHOW

TONIGHT (THURSDAY) 12:00 O'CLOCK

ON THE STAGE

'The Star Light Review'

12 — PEOPLE — 12

featuring

DOT AND DELLA MAE
Harmony Team

—AND MANY OTHER FINE ACTS

ON THE SCREEN—

"MENACE"

With All-Star Cast

Adm. 10c-25c

FRIDAY—

'FIRE BIRD'

With All-Star Cast

Comedy

Admission 10c-25c

SATURDAY—

ZANE GREY'S

"Wagon Wheels"

with Randolph Scott

Serial—Cartoon—Comedy — Adm. 10c-30c

NEXT WEEK

NEW YEAR'S PROGRAM

MONDAY-TUESDAY—

RICH MEN MADE LOVE TO HER!

But she couldn't cook, sew, bake a cake, or take care of babies well enough to win a poor chauffeur's heart!

Janet
GAYNOR
Lew
AYRES
Servants' Entrance

A FOX Picture with
NED SPARKS
WALTER CONNOLLY
LOUISE DRESSER
G. P. HUNTLEY, JR.
ASTRID ALLWYN
SIEGFRIED RUMANN

Produced by Winfield Sheehan,
Directed by Frank Lloyd
From the novel by Sigrid Boo

News-Cartoon

Adm. 10c-30c

WEDNESDAY—FAMILY SHOW—

"I AM A THIEF"

ADMISSION 10c

THURSDAY-FRIDAY—

"NOW AND FOREVER"

Shirley Temple—Carole Lombard—Gary Cooper

SATURDAY—

KEN MAYNARD in

"KING OF THE ARENA"

checks
666 COLDS
and
FEVER
first day
HEADACHES
Liquid - Tablets
Salve-Nose Drops in 30 minutes



Paul Gwyn

Phone 258

All Lines of Insurance

Representing Strong Stock Companies only — No Mutuals.