

# THE GAB BAG

By ALAN BROWNING, JR.



## GHOST STORY

Contrary to our announcement of last week, in case a couple of you might have seen it, we are breaking a precedent this year and NOT running our annual letters to Santa Claus department. First, because we don't feel as silly as usual, and second, because insofar as the Chatham bonus is concerned, Santa Claus has already come for lots of people, and Merry Christmas to you!

But we do have a deluxe ghost story for this Christmas column. Of course it in no way concerns Christmas, but nevertheless it is interesting, and if Charles Dickens could dish out ghosts in his Christmas Carol, and get away with it, why shouldn't we take a shot at parading a spook or two?

As we heard it, a young man, warmly attired in raincoat and equipped with an umbrella, was making his way along the street one night in a downpour of rain when he chanced to note an attractive young woman standing in a doorway, taking refuge from the storm. Observing that the young woman was wet and apparently in distress, he politely offered to be of assistance.

According to the story the

young woman said she lived several blocks away but had been caught in the rain. Thereupon, the young man took off his rain coat and offered it to her and volunteered to walk home with her under the shelter of his umbrella.

Originally on his way to meet a friend, the young man left the young woman for a moment to step into a nearby store and phone the friend that he would be a few minutes late. When he returned to the street, the young woman, his raincoat and his umbrella were gone!

Naturally our hero was extremely peeved! But he remembered the address she had given him, and decided to go to the house and get back his belongings and, as an added attraction, tell the young lady what he thought of her.

Reaching the house, he was informed by the woman who came to the door that the girl in question at one time lived there, but had been dead for several years. Seeing the look of disbelief in his eyes, she further informed him that not only was the girl dead, but that she was buried in a cemetery several blocks away.

Still mad, the young man decided to go to the cemetery and search for the girl's grave. And sure enough, there in the graveyard, lashed by the wind and rain, was a grave stone bearing the name of the girl in question and the date of her death!

And laying across the grave was the young man's raincoat and umbrella!

If you don't believe the above is a true story, go ask M. Q. Snow. We traced the story to him.

## MERRY CHRISTMAS

We've seen a lot of faces in our time. Sad faces, glum faces, angry faces and happy faces, but never in our life have we seen as many smiling faces as we saw last Friday afternoon when the Chatham Manufacturing Company started paying their Christmas bonus to employees!

And, strangely enough, Elkin merchants were also smiling.

We talked to Mr. Thurmond Chatham Friday afternoon about

the bonus. He said his company believed in sharing with its employees. And if you ask us—and of course you will at the earliest opportunity—we'll tell you that the Chatham Manufacturing Company is a pretty swell company! And Mr. Chatham is a pretty swell guy!

And now, to center our attention on our nine readers, the Gab Bag wishes to wish them, and everyone else, a Merry Christmas that is untroubled by worries, and a New Year that will prove prosperous and happy.

See you next year.

## THE DOCTOR Tells the Story

by W.E. AUGHINBAUGH M.D.

### MEMORIES OF HARDING

Unquestionably the late President Warren G. Harding was one of the most lovable of men. He radiated friendliness and attracted men to him, many of whom took advantage of his nature and made his last days far from being contented. I knew President Harding intimately when he wore the Senatorial toga and learned to admire him then, long before the Presidential bee buzzed about him. He was generous to a fault, and as the sword of the best tempered metal is the most flexible, so was he truly pliant to those whom he liked and always courteous in behavior to those who were his inferiors.

He had requested a small favor of me and I went to see him in the White House to report what I had accomplished. As I entered the gorgeous room which he used as his office there, and in which was one desk, he arose, a perfect Adonis in looks and exceptionally well dressed, and approaching me placed one arm about my neck. We slowly walked toward this glass-topped desk, on which reposed, in a cut-glass vase, a single enormous red carnation.

Drawing up a chair he had me sit and discuss the subject which brought me there. As we finished I arose to leave and he said: "Doctor, please sit down and talk a few minutes more with me." "But," said I, "there are hundreds outside awaiting to see you and I feel that I am imposing on your good nature in thus taking your time."

"Sit down," he pleaded in a weary tone of voice. "You came here to do me a favor and every one of those people outside want favors done. It is a genuine relief to find a man these days who asks nothing of me." And I remained with him for perhaps a quarter of an hour more, discussing everything but politics.

When President Harding died, I happened to be fishing in the Adirondacks. In a nearby village there had just been completed a very large and very modern church, the rector of which felt it would be proper to hold a memorial service in, for the deceased Executive. I was asked to speak on "Harding As I Knew Him" and it gave me great pleasure to let the country people know some of the fine and intimate points in the character of this much maligned man.

The preacher had a son, whom, like all fathers, he was trying to feature. And to that boy, a high school student and captain of the local baseball team, was given a most inappropriate topic for a memorial service—"Harding As a Baseball Fan." I had finished speaking when the presiding preacher announced that the youth would talk. He strode down the aisle to occupy the pulpit which I had just vacated, his new shoes creaking so loud that the girls commenced to giggle. In his excitement he forgot to remove the \$16.00 price tag of his suit which was stuck to his coat collar.

With the gestures of a mechanical man he told of Harding and his love for baseball, and finally stretching forth his arms almost yelled, interminating his eulogy: "Warren G. Harding has struck out and been called home by the Great Umpire." Even the rural congregation, despite the solemnity of the affair, burst into laughter, and I am sure that Warren G. Harding, if he could have surveyed the scene, would have done so too.

### INTERNATIONALIZED

Land grant college officials have suggested that the 4-H club for farm youths be put on an international basis, and that one or more clubs be started in the Southern Americas.

### FEWER

According to reports compiled by the National Livestock Marketing Association, there will be smaller numbers of hogs on farms in the United States in 1941 than in the year just closing.

Read Tribune Advertisements!

## Season's

★  
A  
more  
fitting  
opportunity

## Greetings

to express our appreciation for your consideration could not be found than at Christmas-time.

• The Holiday Season, with its spirit of good cheer and friendliness, brings to mind the splendid associations that have been ours during the past year. • We gratefully acknowledge your consideration and favors. • The confidence shown is our incentive to even greater service during the years to come. • It leads us to keep thoughtfully in mind your needs and desires so that we may efficiently fulfill them. • The old year holds scores upon scores of cherished memories—new acquaintances made—the closer binding of old ties of friendships and many happy relationships. • That is why, as the old year draws to a close amid the good fellowship of Christmas time, we consider it an honor to extend compliments of the season to our good friends of this area. • The sincere wish of every member of this organization is that we may continue to serve you to your satisfaction in the years to come. • We wish for you the Merriest Christmas you have ever known and a year full of happiness, health and prosperity, with the fulfillment of your every ambition and plan and vision. May we again say to each of our good friends

HAPPY  
NEW  
YEAR

# Cash & Carry Stores

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## A Joyous Yuletide



May every one of your fondest wishes descend from the stage of dreams and become actual realities and may the New Year bring you an increased measure of...

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INSURANCE THAT PROTECTS and SERVICE THAT SATISFIES

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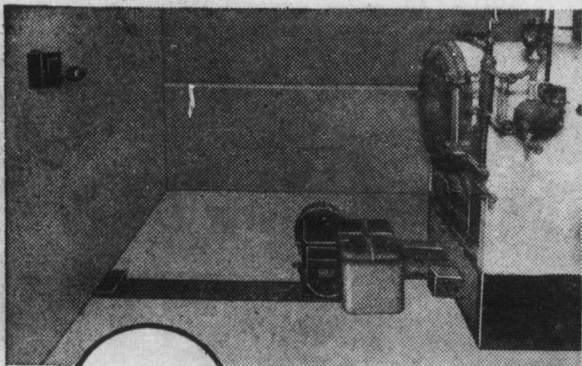
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## A Christmas Thought

We cherish the thoughts of the fine associations that have been ours... and take this means of expressing our heartfelt appreciation.

SINCERE GOOD WISHES TO EACH OF YOU

**PAUL GWYN**  
Insurance



ALL OF US WISH ALL OF YOU

# Merry Christmas

AND A

## HAPPY NEW YEAR

For your patronage and good will during the past year all of us are truly grateful. Here are our combined good wishes for the Merriest of Christmases and a New Year filled with Health and Happiness.

All Beauty Shops Listed Below Will Be Closed  
**WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY**  
DEC. 25-26

ELITE BEAUTY SHOPPE  
LUCY GRAY'S BEAUTY SHOPPE  
MARY'S BEAUTY SHOPPE  
MODERN BEAUTY SHOPPE

DAINTY LADY BEAUTY SHOPPE  
IDEAL BEAUTY SHOPPE  
ANNE'S BEAUTY SHOPPE