



By ALAN BROWNING, Jr.

H. P. GRAHAM

It is not often the Gab Bag has the honor of presenting to its nine readers a hunter like Mr. H. P. Graham, pictured here today.

Mr. Graham, among other things, is distributor of Sinclair products for this section; is a member of the board of town commissioners, and a member of the Elkin Kiwanis club. But nevertheless, he had rather be a member of a hunting party than anything listed above.



It has been told (by whom we don't remember for convenience sake), that Mr. Graham, with a large party of friends, was deer hunting in Virginia in the not so distant past, when one afternoon late, he rushed into camp and insisted that every member of his party be counted. The guide in charge of the expedition thought this a lot of foolishness, but nevertheless did as Mr. Graham asked. He counted noses and then made a report that all members were present and accounted for. None were missing.

No sooner had Mr. Graham heard this, than, his chest swelling with pride, he grandly announced: "Well, then gentlemen, I guess I've killed a deer!"

However, some say it turned out to be a cow, but that's neither here nor there.

On bird hunting trips, H. P., as he is known among friends, usually returns with quite a large number of birds. Some say he bangs away so much he scares the birds to death, but this column can't vouch for that statement.

But getting down to the more serious side of life, Mr. Graham has proven a very useful citizen. He's public spirited and believes in doing his share in all worthwhile public projects, although as yet he ain't bought no fire truck, but that's coming later, mayhaps. He has been an active force in campaigning for better roads hereabout, and has made many trips to Raleigh to see the street kyars and plead with the highway commission. He has a very pleasing personality and very seldom loses his temper, thank goodness.

At the present time Mr. Graham is Mayor Pro-Tem, which is the next worst thing to being mayor. He is also a past president of the Elkin Kiwanis club. So if you want to buy some gasoline with a pedigree, we'd suggest you drop by and see him right away. And don't be skeered if you find his office full of prehistoric animals, either, because if you do, they won't be anything to hurt you, but just part of an advertising campaign.



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ago discussing proposed farm legislation, and while rattling on in his usual glib manner, started telling about how things were when he was a boy on his father's farm.

He said that his father's farm (all you farmers take note, please), was so fertile that the corn grew so fast it was necessary to keep two men at the base of each stalk to chop off the ears as they went by.

One day, Simpson said, one of the fellows missed the ear and it caught under his belt, carrying him up so high that they had to shoot dog biscuits up to him with a shotgun to keep him from starving.

Simpson says the cold weather we've been having isn't anything to one winter when he was a boy up in the Maine woods. That winter, he said, the snow became so deep that logging crews had to dig down to find the tops of the tallest pines and the choppers had to be lowered to the base of the trees by ropes.

Every time they would boil any water, the minute they took it off the stove it froze so fast the ice was hot. And a lake right nearby, six

miles long and three miles wide, froze to the very bottom. Simpson said it never would have thawed if he hadn't chopped the ice out and hauled it on shore for the sun to melt.

Simpson said his grandfather was kept busy picking up ears and noses that had frozen and dropped off. The only way any of them could keep from freezing to death at night was by hanging their feet out of their beds into buckets of oil and then setting their clothes afire, the heavy woolen undergarments acting as wicks.

**NOTICE**

Having qualified as Executor of the estate of D. C. Smith, dec'd all persons holding claims against said estate will hereby take notice that they are required to present the same to the undersigned within 12 months from this date or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery. Also all persons owing said estate will please make immediate settlement. This the 6th day of February, 1936.

E. E. SMITH,  
Executor.  
Rusk, N. C. 3-19

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**Lyric Theatre**  
PROGRAM

TODAY AND FRIDAY—

**BARBARA STANWYCK**  
**ROBERT YOUNG**

— in —

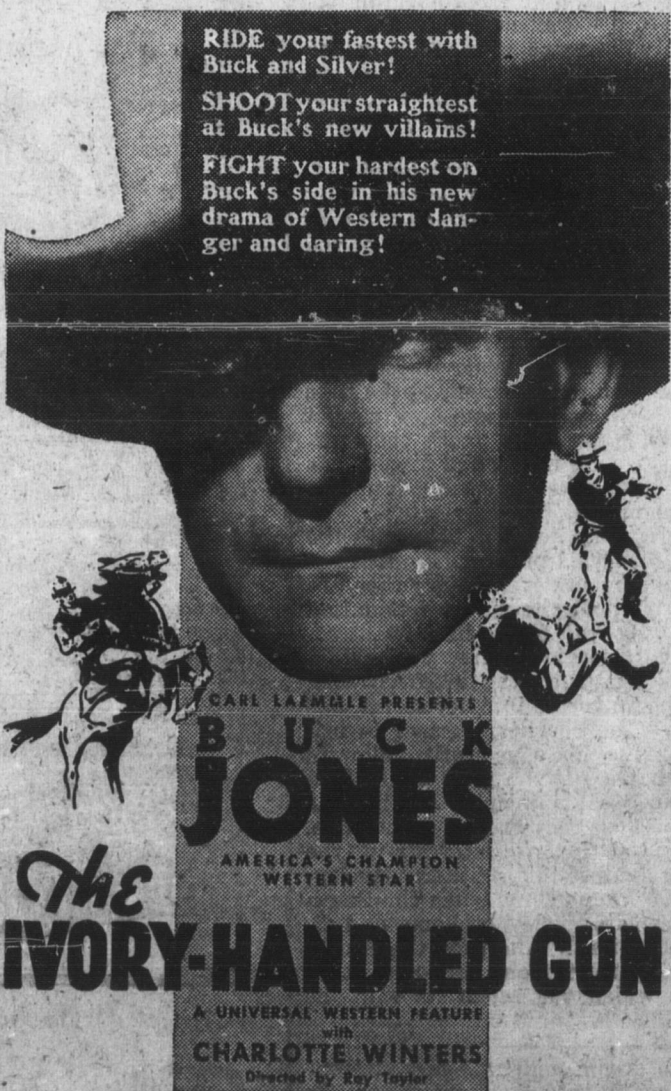
**"Red Salute"**

NEWS ADMISSION 10c-25c

**NOTICE**

"RED SALUTE" will not be shown Friday afternoon. At this time a picture devoted to "SAFETY" will be shown Free for Chatham Employees.

SATURDAY—



Cartoon — Serial — Comedy  
ADMISSION 10c-30c

**NEXT WEEK**

MONDAY-TUESDAY—

**"The Melody Lingers On"**

with

Josephine Hutchinson — George Houston  
NEWS-CARTOON ADMISSION 10c-30c

WEDNESDAY—

**FAMILY SHOW**  
**"HIDE OUT"**

ADMISSION ONLY 10c

**COMING**

March 2-3—

**"Riffraff"**

With

JEAN HARLOW — SPENCER TRACY

March 5-6—

JAMES CAGNEY

— in —

**"Frisco Kid"**

Coming Soon  
CATHERINE McDONALD - NELSON EDDY

in

**"ROSE MARIE"**

**"TALE OF TWO CITIES"**

Simpson was in a few moments