



MUCH ABOUT NOTHING

Jones Holcomb, it would appear, has taken to the wilds in a trailer. No doubt you have noticed his new outfit rushing up and down the street laden with electric refrigerators and radios.

According to our way of thinking (and this must not get back to Jones), he could improve his service by equipping the trailer with plumbing supplies so that his men wouldn't always have to be going back to the shop for forgotten tools. But they'd no doubt forget the trailer.

Speaking of refrigerators, there's right much of a fight on between the manufacturers of electric refrigerators and dealers in ice and ice refrigerators. The ice men will speak of electric refrigerators in terms of "dinkuses, gadgets," etc., while the electric folks speak of the ice refrigerator as out-moded and old-fashioned. However, a modern new ice refrigerator is now just as

for both kinds. But speaking from the viewpoint of the housewife, we're inclined to think the appearance of the ice man might be a decided factor in choosing between the two.

A news story datelined from Asheville told of the wife who was engaged in a flirtation with another man who frequently gave her small presents. One day he turned up with an expensive fur coat which he asked her to accept. Of course she told him she couldn't as she couldn't satisfactorily explain it to her husband.

Followed a little thinking — then an idea. The man told her he would pawn the coat for \$10.00 and give her the ticket. Then she could tell her husband she found it, and have him stop by the pawn shop and see what was there, and if he thought it worthwhile, redeem it.

The husband took the pawn ticket as he went to work next morning. That night he came home with an ornamental vase worth seven or eight dollars, and told his wife that was what the ticket called for.

The following morning the wife had occasion to visit her husband's office. There was his secretary, wearing the fur coat. Tsk, tsk, tsk!

We've heard tell from someone well in position to know, that there is no more thankless task than assessing property for taxation.

That ancient, 1903 model Cadillac that was here during Elkin Bargain Days, climbed the schoolhouse hill without a stutter, its one-cylinder motor chugging along in fine style. However, it broke down after cresting the hill. Ignition trouble. An Elkin mechanic who inspected the motor, said it was far more complicated than the modern, high-powered motors of today for all their numerous cylinders.

J. F. Darnell, from up Wilkes way, was in a few minutes ago, and while here we fell to discussing in the cost of eating and other trivial matters. During the course of the conversation, Mr. Darnell interrupted us long enough to say that he doesn't mind the cost of groceries so much as the expense of feeding stock. It was then we got a bright idea that should prove of valuable aid to all farmers who have similar problems.

Why not devote more acres to food for stock? We'd suggest putting four or five acres (depending on the size of the farm), in cottonseed meal. Then an acre or two should be sown in sweetfeed. All farm animals are particularly fond of sweetfeed, and once when as a boy we owned a pony we used to eat a little of it ourselves.

To make harvesting of the crop easy, farmers should mix six yards of diced burlap with the cottonseed meal and sweetfeed seed to the acre. In that way the crop would come up already sacked in hundred pound bags.

Farmers adopting this idea might even go further and sow several acres of fertilizer seed, adding the diced burlap, and thus raise their own fertilizer. It's a wonder to us that some person hasn't already thought up the idea.

But can't everyone think up ideas like this, we reckon, and besides that's what the Gab Bag is for — to be helpful to our readers. No doubt we'll go down in history someday as the man who did more to help the farmers of North Carolina than all the literature that ever came out of State College.

A series of photographs to appear in the next issue of the Chatham Blanketeer leads us to the thought that one should never believe all one sees in pictures. The photos in question show Gavin Dorch, Dick Chatham, Mr. Neaves and several other Chatham officials and department heads, in poses denoting manual labor. Several of those mentioned above show a loaded wheelbarrow, although we do believe that Dick Chatham was in a pose of sitting, but nevertheless dressed as if he had been working. The pictures were made with the new addition to the mill as a background.

Now we are not insinuating that any of those pictured really hadn't actually been working, but the photos in question recall an incident which occurred while we were working in Greensboro, and after you read it you can form your own opinion.

'Twas early one spring just prior to the opening of the baseball season that we, accompanied by Jake Wade, then sports editor of the Greensboro Record, journeyed out to the home of

Wes Ferrell, pitcher of big league fame. We had a camera and Jake had a pencil, and the next day the sport pages of The Record disclosed in pictures how Wes Ferrell, famous pitcher, kept in condition during the off season. The pictures showed: (1) Mr. Ferrell in the act of chopping cord wood; (2) Mr. Ferrell between the handles of a plow in a freshly plowed field; (3) Mr. Ferrell feeding his father's cows.

One look at the photos and one would naturally think Mr. Ferrell was quite a help around home. But—

When we reached the home, Mr. Ferrell was languidly strumming the strings of a banjo in the shade of the front porch. He walked to the barn, at our request, picked up a pitchfork, walked over to a cow, and posed. Then he walked to the woodpile,

picked up the axe, and posed. Then he walked to a nearby field in which a colored boy was plowing, chased him away and stepped between the handles, and posed. When we left Mr. Ferrell he was back on the front porch in a reclining condition softly strumming his guitar. Some way of keeping in condition, if you ask us!

We sold those pictures to the Associated Press and they were printed in papers all over the country. Poor old hard working Wes!

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Lyric

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