

H. Y. Belk

AND HIS NEWS OF NEBO VALLEY

The other evening Paul Whitley and Clarence Spratt came out to call on H. Y. Jr. They went out on the branch looking for most anything. H. Y. caught a sucker 22 inches long weighing 3 pounds. They weighed it at the mill.

I met Rob Blackburn on the Police force. He asked me why I did not put his picture in the paper along with mine. I told him my picture didn't look good if he had his picture on my column. The ladies wouldn't read my scrip for looking at his picture. Women know how to flirt in so many ways you hardly know what they mean.

Arthur Allen says he likes to read the old column. Says after he reads it he gets his wife to read it to him to see how it sounds over the air.

Lets start out right here by bring-

ing the message in plain old United States English, so any bunch of the hard-headed fools can understand the text, that have a mind above a goat. Government can't make people rich, but it can make people poor as Job's turkey — that old turkey was so poor he had to stand in the same place twice to make a shadow, and then gobble. Now, your Uncle Sam is in a heck of a mess. Let us see you will agree with me. Our Uncle Sam has a debt piled up over the U. S. A. for \$252 billion dollars. We were alarmed when it reached \$50 billion. Now, we take it with all ease.



There are men like Napoleon and Alexander the Great—born soldiers.

What's 252 billion? We don't understand the figures. Well, now the preacher says, Let's serve God and save America. Good business but it looks like its getting late over in the evening. The Devil has done got his claws on the \$252 billion scads. I was just ruminating along in chapter one, verse 4. It says one generation cometh up and passeth away and another generation comes along but the earth abideth forever. So let them pay this \$252 billion, O. K.

L. Located Hitler
The other night as I was wandering around in my dreams, I met Satan staring around. I didn't know him at first. I asked about Old Joe Stalin starting a third World War. The Devil said the chances are dear old Joe will very soon pitch a real war. Satan then spoke up: We have a contract with Joe and his buddies to bomb the last man off the earth, and make a grave yard 8 men deep all over the earth, and dry up the sea. I said I don't believe your lies. Then I asked, why did Hitler leave his job in Europe? Oh, that's very plain. He finished his job so well we took him to hell for the blood of nations split. In order to be sure of keeping the old rogue, we moulded that big ten ton pot you see over there turned down, the fire is ever kept burning over the pot as you see it now. Should he get out with all these chains on him we fear he would turn all hell over and paint the moon red. The Devil scratched his head and said, we are now moulding a much larger pot for dear old Joe when he finishes his work on earth. Its reported that Joe can outwit either of us and make Hitler look like a snowball in June. Joe has a lot of work to do before we place the pot over him, but its going to be hard on our nerves to keep Joe in.

They have the face, the learnings, the mind and the will to fight and kill. There are millions who are forced to become so, in spite of themselves. I have never believed that was is inevitable under any circumstances. Its the greatest nightmare known to human hearts.

If, after a battle instantaneous photographs could be taken of the dead and dying, and millions of the copies scattered all over the world, there would be no more wars. The people would refuse to take part in it. War is hell, still men for gain, march, fight and die on a million bloodstained battle fields all the world, when the Bible says thou shalt not kill. Hitler gone from earth and left his castle of fine silver and mounted gold for a pot beneath the roaring flames where the soul of devils never die. I have warned you, Joe Stalin, repent before your lamp goes out and under the pot you go.

The present day Modernism laughs at the doctrine of the Second Coming. I'm as sure of the Second Coming as I am of the Virgin Birth. At the Second Coming the atheist, the blasphemers, the sinful, the reprobates of the earth, the dictators, the Kings, the Presidents, everything on earth, and under the earth, and in all the Universe will bow unto the Mighty Omnipotent, majesty of His imperial scepter. He went away up through the air and he will come back at His appointed time through the star-lit heavens, and all the nations of the earth will pause and behold the brightness of his glory. I'm no preacher, only a very poor columnist. I speak from what I know. You might ask me why I believe this. My mother taught me to believe every word in Holy Writ. Then we learn that the Bible is the only absolutely Holy book ever written.

If killing by airplanes crashes

gets any worse looks like we will have to make planes that can't fly. You might as well try to house the seven stars in a nail keg as to try to stop these flying coltins when they start flapping their wings like buzzards. Aren't we living in strange times? Yes, what few live now. The more we pray for Russia the more they prey on the U. S. A.

Joe will have to have his lamp trimmed lots of times before he gets the right flame. We can fix his clock, we speak the truth, and what care we? nor take a word back, Joe. Why don't the churches outlaw the manufacture and sale of liquor in any-form or shape? Or Combination? You can do it preachers. Why don't you do that job?

If men would use their heads more and keep their traps closed how glad the old tongue would be. Even the old woodpecker owes his success to the fact that he uses his head.

Women are only concerned about two lines when they go out—the waistline and the neckline. What pretty girl don't like a good slimline? Oh, my.

Just the other day I received a letter from an Israelite in Jerusalem asking for some of the brands of American whiskey made. The letter contained 8 stamps covered with Hebrew words that old Solomon couldn't translate. I knowed it was whiskey the poor devils wanted. Men in hell want water. That's what the Bible says.

One policeman told me he hadn't arrested but one drunk since beer went helloward, and the drunk was drunk on bay-hoss rum. When a man has to pump up on rum God pity the smell worse than a pole cat on ice.

Our loan a year ago to Britain of \$3 billion \$750 million dollars, now you want me to explain our loan to Great Britain. I don't consider it a loan. Its just a hand off for the

NOTICE OF SALE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in an order made by E. A. Houser, Clerk of the Superior Court for Cleveland County in the Special Proceedings entitled "Mrs. Mattie Howard, Executrix for the Last Will and Testament for Miss Gertrude Ware, deceased, vs. Mrs. Mattie Howard, et al", I will sell for cash on the premises of the land hereinafter described at public auction on Saturday, April 16, 1949, at 10:00 a. m., or within legal hours, the following described real estate:

Beginning at a poplar on the branch, J. D. Neal's corner and runs N. 61 deg. 45 min. E. 296.34 feet to a stone, J. D. Neal's corner; thence S. 63 E. 100 feet to Gene Ware's corner, a new corner in Neal's line; thence N. 1 W. 274.5 feet to another new corner in the field; thence N. 88 E. 363 feet to a stake in the West bank of El Bethel Road; thence with said road N. 9 1/2 W. 60 feet to a stake in the road; thence with the road N. 48 1/2 E. 424.58 feet to a stake in the road; thence N. 87 W. 1287 feet to a stake, Boyd Harrison's corner; thence S. 7 1/2 W. 541 feet to a stake; thence S. 54 E. 403 feet to the Beginning, containing 16.62 acres, more or less. Being a part of the land conveyed by Mrs. G. S. Ware to Gertrude Ware by deed as will appear on record in the Register of Deeds Office for Cleveland County in book 5-G at page 306.

This the 16th day of March, 1949.
B. D. R...ree, Commissioner.
J. R. Davis, Atty. m-18-a-8

Net Farm Income Down Two Percent

Although the nation's gross farm income last year was 3 percent greater than in 1947, production costs were 8 per cent higher and net profits were therefore lower than in the previous year, says Moyle S. Williams, farm management specialist for the State College Extension Service.

Latest estimates by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics place the 1948 net farm income at 17.4 billion dollars, about 2 percent less than in 1947. The decline is the first in 18 years.

At the present time, says Williams, indications are that farm prices will decline further but production costs will remain high. The result is that the average farmer can look forward to a favorable year in 1949, but less favorable than in 1948. Net farm income, the specialist adds, will be small this year unless increased efficiency and better management are employed to hold down costs.

Average prices received by farmers in January of this year were about 13 per cent below the record set in January, 1948. The index of whole sale commodity prices has continued down and in early January was 6 percent below mid-August. Nearly all of the decline in wholesale prices has been on farm products and food; non-farm commodities have exchanged little.

British who love us so dearly—for our lucre only.

Now you tell one. I can't do aft the talking.

You never thought I'd be a poet. Who wouldn't be charmed By nature inspired, While the flowers bloom, And the birds sing?

He who never wrote a song, Put music in the throat, Of a mocking bird, He made the morning stars, To shine in beauty grand, He who opens the door Of the morning, On golden hinges, While millions of eyes Never look toward the east, When the morning sun Kisses the golden sky.

John Jacob Astor, of New York, who lived from 1768 to 1848 was probably the richest man in the United States in his day.

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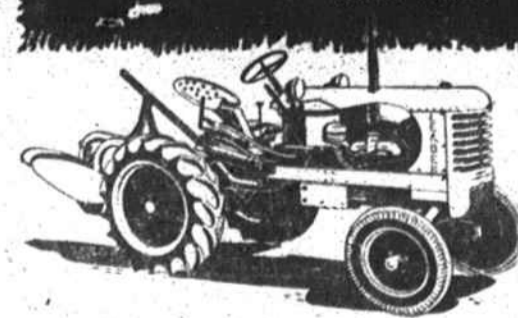
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