

H. Y. Belk

AND HIS NEWS OF NEBO VALLEY

Just now reached in the mail box and pulled out a nice letter from R. A. Dover near Medina, Tenn. Mr. Dover went over from near Kings Mountain to Tennessee to farm. He tells me that the grass has got his cotton. So much rain. The river or the water from the river backs up over the grass and cotton too every other day. He has an acre of cucumbers ready to sell for 10 cents a bushel if the damn crows don't get them first. I will tell more about Dover and the baby next week.

Once when I was young I moved around looking for the pretty bird I didn't find.

I never could tell why so many pretty girls jump the broom in June. In October we find so many of 'em in the courtroom getting shut of what they got in June.

Cpl. Lloyd Self and Betty, his wife, stopped over in the Valley Sunday to cheer up the news reported.

Charles Cooke and three other small birds ran down here the morning school was out. Well, I don't care, I don't go to school now.

Now, the Fourth of July coming soon. Let's all fly straight. Let's not celebrate and wind up with a broke neck, or maybe dead.

Soon we will start out on our July summer frolic. It will be well to remember six or seven hundred who go out to have fun and recreation will not come back like they went away, but will be brought home in a box. It always happens. Let's be more careful if we go. It's much better for you and me to stay at home and live than to go a way and come back dead in a box but many will go, but not all will live and get back. I hope all will be more careful. Last year's July death toll was about 700. That's too many new-made graves. The people who work in mills and shops should have a rest in mid-summer but they should stop, think, and look. Life at best is very short. Who wants to be killed off on the roads.

Old Pharaoh must of been a tough nut. He had a plan to hold the Children of Israel in bondage but when he got plagued with flies, lice, frogs in his bed and dead cattle every way he looked, then hail stones fell thunder storms, and locusts ate up what was left. He changed his plan

and let the Children go. We have the flies with us to stay.

You know Russia is chiefly bluff but they know that our New Deal gang will make them swallow lots of our stuff.

Boys, Benjamin Franklin was for all the people. When he came out of the hall where they were holding the Constitutional convention the people crowded around him and asked, "Franklin, what do we have?" His answer was "You have a Republic, if you can keep it." The burning question in the minds of we Americans will greed let us keep what our fore-fathers won the hard way? Then cometh what they call the "New Deal." Where will it land our boat? The paddles are badly worn with all this spenwing. What will be the final end?

You remember in 1883 Grover Cleveland lost the Presidency despite the fact he received more popular votes than did Harrison. That's been a long time ago. But the point I wish to draw out is that men are still using lies to fool other men. It is an easy way to get by for a while only.

Doing nothing but sleeping is the most tiresome job in the world said a man to me, because you can't quit and take a rest and go fishing.

Now the post-war boom is fading so fast it has scarcely no color left in it. Now some of our governors are beginning to crop for federal help. Unemployment is on the boom 40 percent in some states they claim. The economic law, like all other laws of life are catching up with our postwar wastefulness. We have had the good things too long for our own good. We as a nation reap what we sow. Not only as a nation but you and I too. I look to see 50 percent of the working people out of work by 1950. Those that still keep a job will be only getting half what they are receiving now. And all the Rocking Chair money gone. You hope I'm wrong. I do too, but how could I be bad wrong, Hiram?

Now, promising more than one can deliver is the history of the human race. It's a trick in the gamble game.

Not all the good jobs have been taken up. Sometimes it looks like they are all gone. So many lawyers, doctors, watchmakers, and dry cleaners. It would be hard to tell which a way to shoot to miss all of 'em. It must be a money-making job—don't have to get out in the weather or be rained on, but not always easy to collect the bills they say.

Well, bud, we've been sprayed with so much of this junk they call New Deal stuff. Hen Wallace may be nearly right. He says he's going to fly straight. Says he's for peace and prosperity. I wonder if he got a chance if he would shove off another bunch of little pigs into the creek, or have our cotton mowed down to make shirts more plentiful, shorts, too.

Let's read about a gal called Roosevelt. Don't she teach social equality for whites and blacks? She got Truman in on that and liked to have won a fight with the Southern Democrats. Now she says she can't understand why any one would want to get in politics. Oh, my, for shouting out loud. Don't this political stuff run in the Roosevelt blood? Yes, mam, Mrs. Roosevelt sure id help Truman skin the cat and go to the bat. Left Dewey at the dairy milking a cow. But the Roosevelts have run their race and made a good chase.

It takes power. Old King Saul became drunk for power.

Most men love their power when drunk.

Hitler was the drunkest man for power that ever lived and he went

hayward.
Long ago out West,
I started forth to roam
And journeyed east,
In search of love and beauty;
I strolled all around,
And at last happily found,
Darling sweetie Cutie Cute,
A shy half breed Indian squaw,
Dark skin and slim as a reed,
But graceful as a swan,
Her eyes were dark and keen,
From each a love spark,
Of wanton mischief darted,

Short was her hair,
And very kinky too.
One day when I could say no more,
I said farewell,
My darling Susie Bell.

Output of cigarettes from July, 1948 through June 1949 is expected to total between 380 and 385 billion compared with 379 1-2 million in 1947-48. A decrease in exports has been more than offset by heavier domestic consumption.



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