

H. Y. Belk

AND HIS NEWS OF NEBO VALLEY

I'll go for to treat you on the square, if you will meet me half-way.

Now, let's check up: I'm not sure I have more than three friends: the Medicine man, our Editor, Charley Carpenter, and Gene Matthews—that is, outside of my immediate family.

When the Heavens shut up and there is no rain, because they have sinned against me, yet if they pray, and confess their sins, I will water the earth. We get that contract if we want it, if we don't have any friends. It still rains.

Miss Dorothy Williams from Stony Point visited Mrs. H. Y., Jr., over the weekend. She's a tenth grader.

You know the people in the Iron Curtain nations of the earth hate our way of life. But they love our loaves and fishes. All we can hear is—give me more of Uncle Sam's stuff.

It may be but its hard to see, that we are heading back to the Hen. A. Wallace pig depression. Killing little pigs to make dear old fatback more delicious. Cotton, plowing up every third row, so as to skin the shirt off of a man's back, causing the ladies to have no shorts to dress up in.

Speaking about different characters I have had the pleasure to meet. I'm now thinking of a girl after she finished high school.

This girl had a determined will to enter college. The very little money had she. I thought her stupid, slow in her classes. Today after three years in college working her way through. She now has a particularly attractive personality. She is filled with vitality and energy, and takes a real delight in the better things of life. She has a marked power with



and, over young people as well as older people. All classes love her. She's a light and has that vibrancy about her. In speaking to a former college mate of hers, he listened, smiled, and said everything you say about Mary is true, but you should of seen her in her college days. Yes, I said, I knew her quite well before that. What happened to her, I asked, to have brought about so great a change in this young lady? He said Mr. Belk, that is very simple. The fact is she got saved, and Jesus Christ unlocked the door of the prison that encompassed her soul. Now she's going to the farm field to spread salvation and light to those dying, starving people, starving for the bread of life. It's bad indeed for a hundred million people to be ever starving for bread for the physical body, but when it comes to the soul starving, I shudder.

Remember, said the Captain's before we were married, you used to say I had a shapely beautiful form like a ship? Yes, said the sailor, you seem to forget your cargo has shifted.

Government spending: Let's take 54 billions, then divide it by the 136 million of people in this nation we call America, then if you can survive the shock of such a situation—but shucks, no sensible man can. The wasteful Trumanites New Deal treasury raiders are not scattering sunshine, far from it. They are scattering the taxpayers money. Unless somebody puts the brakes on and stops this wasteful waste, they will have us eating grasshopper soup for breakfast, using vanishing cream for our coffee and a low grade bunch of spuds for supper.

I have had more than two critics to come to me and ask me to quit writing that bloody column. I told this hot shot of a woman that I disliked everything about the scatter-brained mess, but write or bust. I said, Madame, my fair lady love, I'm going to keep on keeping on writing his column 'til my toes are turned up and the undertaker knocks at my cabin door and call for the Columnist, win, lose, or draw. I'm going to fight this battle until I just can't struggle any longer, then I'll hand the cards in and leave it with the Great Divine Architect of the Universe to say whether I have won or lost. He judges well. You can't put me out of the show. I've done paid for my ticket. They didn't like Roosevelt, they wanted to kick him around, but he won. Perhaps I'll win. A foolish story gets more applause than a sensible columnist writing something real. I get more applauses by sensible people than by fools denouncing my red, white, and blue. We have the show.

The sickest people in the world today are those who have cultivated a mental disease, better known as despondency. Its imaginary distress. No medicine has ever yet been compounded and bottled up that will ever cure this human malady. Its an imagination of the mind. Physically, they are not sick. Brewing over the possibilities of what is going to happen to us in the near future creates a physical disorder in the body by the process of our mind. The mind keeps agitating the body with fears of what will, or can, or may happen to this structure we please to call our body's. Finally we become physically ill. And many are the patients in our state institu-

tions that were not physically ill, only a malady of the mind. Take a great portion of those 2,000 patients in Morganton—they are not physically sick—they eat three square meals every day and raise hell all the time. Now we see most all sickness comes from the worry habit. Of course in the final end, we will all lose the fight.

I'll stand to your back, lose or win, hell or high water—I'm running this show.

Nero fiddled while Rome burned, it is claimed.

Truman sunbathed and fished while the dock strikers tied up shipping which gave the starving nations overseas hell instead of food.

It is said airplanes crashes are getting to be so frequent that the whales are getting scared to death and rolling out on dry sandy land. You know a whale can't fly, but oh, my, he makes a splutter.

Come and tell us something Harry. All the time getting up welfare for the poor. The best welfare will be when Truman says farewell to Washington. Let's take-up a hat collection.

I've just finished reading where the Russians claim they invented the telephone, electric lights, atomic bombs and many other human devices. That may be just an illusion with them, but I'm sure they will create more hell than old Hitler created.

Now as it seems sure they are bluffing and raring to go. Come on in Joe. We can fix your Waterbury clock and tune it up to Yankee Doodle time. We don't love to fight but we do fight.

General Eisenhower will fight, but he's no Democrat, nor is he a Republican. He is an American statesman. Fighting with him comes very natural when they call the cards.

The Bible is ever telling us to be have our selves, not to son by cheating our fellowman. Not to steal, not to lie. Not to bear false accusation against other nations or our fellowman that we mix and mingle with every day. A man, a woman that steals my name-plate commits the most damnable sin of all damnable sins. A man that steals my pocketbook with a roll is a gentleman by the side of he who steals my heritage, my good name. Talk about the unpardonable sin, I believe we have it right here in a nut shell.

CHILDHOOD DAYS
Childhood days and youth,
Loves the winter with its snow,
Old folks have a different view,
Their affections difference show,
They hug the fire,
And from day to day,
Sit and bemoan
The fish that got away.
Youth with happier thoughts,
Remember one or two
They caught, I do.

This year the Piedmont Branch Experiment Station at Statesville broke all its previous records in wheat, oats, and barley yields.

New Buick Special Introduced



NEW styling throughout, many engineering improvements and a completely new grille and bumper design are incorporated in the new Buick Special. With Dynaflo offered as optional equipment, the low-priced Buick is long and sleek in appearance but three inches shorter over-all. Shown above is the four door six-passenger sedan.

Cool, damp weather in recent weeks has been very favorable for the development of boll weevils in North Carolina.

Two-thirds of farm dwellings in the United States do not have running water, while only 4.5 per cent of city dwellings are without it.

British chemists are making notable advances with penicillin in veterinary practice, particularly in the treatment of mastitis.

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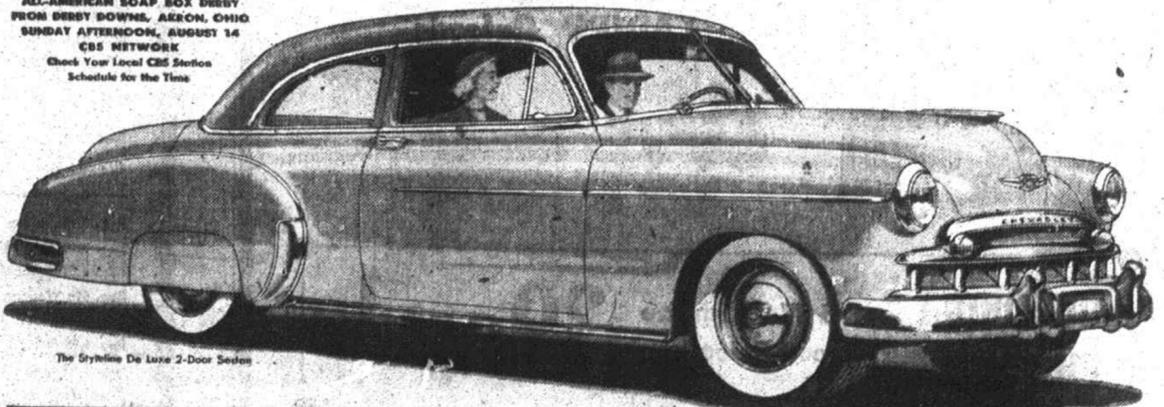
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