

H. Y. Belk

AND HIS NEWS OF NEBO VALLEY

Even before the mountains were brought forth even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.

I suppose we all love October with its gentle breeze when the summer with its scorching heat gone and the leaves turn brown and fall and kiss the earth. God must have loved His children very dearly when He made so many changing scenes.

George Belk from High Shoals called to see Daddy Belk Sunday.

Hall Belk is resting in the City hospital, Gastonia. We hope he's doing very well, but time will tell.

Mr. and Mrs. William Starnes have gone to Atlanta to live with their children.

Looks like the weather man don't know whether the people want it to frost or not. We usually look for frost about the 20th of October. This October is very much like August. I got two tons of coal. I don't know yet what I will do with it—may burn it.

I was talking recently to a Judge of our Courts on the divorce problem. Said he, "Sex problems are responsible for 80 percent of all divorces in the U. S. A." I asked this old timer, "What's the remedy?" "Well, said he, so far its not been found."

All that glitters is not gold, we find, but there is more to it than a beautiful face and a powdered nose.

I was just meditating about our government spending foolish billions. Isn't it rather foolish building up our armed forces to protect our liberties from a foreign foe? While with the other hand behind our backs, our own government spending other billions to force us little by little into that same totalitarianism we are striving so hard to defeat?

Bill, does a man have more sense after he gets married? Yes, but its too late my dear.

A rich old widower was proposing to his best girl. And sweetheart, he finished, "I'll lay my whole fortune at your feet."

Its not a big fortune, she reminded him. I know dear, he replied, but it will look awfully big beside your pretty little feet. He got the gal, you bet.

My best girl once said to me, Henry, dear, we've been going together for four year. Don't you think we ought to get married?

I said perhaps you're right—but who'll have us?

I heard a story about a boy and a girl who were at a church social, when the lights went off for several minutes.

The girl said, Bobby, you really shouldn't have kissed me like that, with all those people so close to us even in the dark.

I didn't kiss you, said the boy, looking angrily around. I only wish I knew who it was, I'd teach him.

The girl replied, you couldn't teach him nothing.

It used to be mothers sang, "Oh where is my wandering boy to-night?" Now she sings, "Where is my wandering girl. She's been gone and now its after two."

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife.—neither should she court her sister's husband.

Eight score and one year ago our Fathers brought forth on this continent a new order of things. Up to 1917 all of us were fairly contented and happy too. There was plenty of work and anyone wishing to work always found plenty of commodities to buy at a fair price to all. Then came the 1917 crusade for Democracy. We blindly went into World War I. This cost us lot of money, lives and useless time. Then we did fairly well. Then we were forced into World War II. Now since World War II in 1941 cannot be blamed entirely upon our politicians. Nations get exactly the kind of politicians they desire. Most of what was bad in our past leadership can be blamed upon our blind foresight, an easy way out of our troubles and all the time, getting deeper in, seeking a cure for all the ills and finding none. Looking for a bigger war and not yet decided who might care to fight. We don't care who if we are sure we can win, so as to get richer by the kill. Will we never learn that war is hell and brave men must die to win, but not the ones that should die. They sit back on a palace and a throne and count the change and make the other fellow fight.

Now they bring up an accusation against our town officers who have all the time tried to keep law and order and build up a better town. When men try to do their duty, why treat them unkind, but they always come out on top of the line. Truth crushed to earth will rise again.

The New Deal Congress has come to the cross-roads and broken every promise it made to protect the people, such as increased Old Age pensions, reduce government waste, and then toss billions of our taxpayers hard earned dollars and millions of our war machines to alien ingrates who are planning to use them against the U. S. A. to build up Communism and set up its creed. Oh, but we are always on the losing-gaining side.

The widow's husband had been a good-for-nothing, but she managed to get up enough money for a nice funeral at a mortician's chapel. The old preacher who read the funeral service had known the man and began to speak eloquently of his great sterling virtues—a model husband, and father. The widow nudged her small son and said, Jimmy go over and look at the corpse—we must get into the wrong funeral.

A preacher does get in tight places very often and have to lie too.

The greatest government known to man and it works with women too, is that which teaches us to govern ourselves.

Then too, the business of all of us is to improve our minds and govern our manners, and guard well our thoughts, for they are heard in Heaven.

So many of us are all the time looking around for some kind of a system that will give us more than we deserve.

Get all you can for the money you earn.

Don't spend all the money you make. Some day you may not have any to spend.

Look to the future with faith and love your fellow man and your fortune you've made.

Our lives are like a bank—neither pays interest unless we make some deposits in life's way.

Capitalism is the world's best producer of goods and service to man. We, the people owe our best service to the world, through this medium.

But like all prodigies our future is uncertain. A few more years will tell if we are protected from the enemies our security is sure.

Today it would take 96 billion loaves of bread at 10c per loaf to feed the millions of starving people all over the world. Still we have dumped millions of bushels of wheat, the staple of life into the ocean. Then, how can we call this a Christian nation? Well, the preachers do. The good book teachers you can be angry but sin not. Maybe the preachers can do just that, but we, the people, can't keep our temper.

So many people are the time trying to turn their vocation into a vacation.

But wait, we have 52 million cars we've got to shake, rattle and roll. Then when a man gets so drunk he

can't drive he's not dangerous, he's just drunk. No harm in a drunk man—its while he's getting soaked up he may hurt you.

The eyes of all wait upon Thee, And Thou givest them their meat in due season.

Thou openest Thine hand, And satisfy the desire of every living thing.

God's love is written upon every opening bud. Upon every sprig of springing green. The lovely birds make the air vocal with their happy songs.

Dorothy B. Hughes, the popular author wanted a maid for a small flat she had taken in New York. She went to an employment agency and made known her wants. Next day an applicant was at her door. She was a girl newly arrived in this country from Finland. But to each question—can you cook?, can you scrub floors?, can you wait at table?, can you sew?—there was an emphatic shake of the head—No. Then what can you do? A broad grin crossed the Finnish girl's face and in a tone of pride, she said—I can milk reindeer.

If we could turn the clock back, I mean we the older people, would we do better, worse, or not so well? Better I hope, but really, I don't know what would be the best.

Your never thought I'd be a poet: Do you wonder why, Linger awhile old North Carolina moon,

Its October, a lovely moon, Why did you come so soon? Let your beams kiss the cliff and the sea;

You're bringing back memories, That faded so soon, Sweetest memories of those dear to me,

Night has come and here am I, Do you wonder why I sigh, Do you wonder old North Carolina moon?

There's a home not far away, Where I'm longing to be, Do you wonder why? Old North Carolina moon! Where's a maiden so fair Is still waiting out there, Do you wonder why Old Kings Mountain moon?

Hovis, Hamrick In State Tourney

GREENSBORO. — Representing the Kings Mountain Country Club as the golf finalists in the club championship play of the past season, Pat Hovis and Joe Hamrick have received invitations to compete in the North Carolina Champion of Champions links tournament at Sedgefield Country Club in Greensboro on October 28-30.

This is to be a real state championship, matching the winners and runners-up of all membership club golf tournaments in the state for the first time.

Play will be conducted over the weekend to allow contestants to take in Saturday's football as well. It will be 36 holes of medal play, the first 18 to be played either of the first two days, Friday or Saturday. Then the final 18 will be played in regular schedules Sunday.

Sedgefield Country Club President Allen H. Watkins is the tournament chairman. He announced yesterday from Greensboro that an interesting tournament is being planned for the local club representatives. It will become an annual affair, he stated. Invitations have been extended to more than 75 clubs in the state.

The fight for the heavyweight boxing championship between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain, in 1889, was fought with bare knuckles and lasted 75 rounds.

Do you wonder why I sigh, Do you wonder old North Carolina moon?

There's a home not far away, Where I'm longing to be, Do you wonder why? Old North Carolina moon! Where's a maiden so fair Is still waiting out there, Do you wonder why Old Kings Mountain moon?

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Noted Throat Specialists report on 30-Day Test of Camel Smokers...

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to Smoking **CAMELS!**

I MADE THE 30-DAY TEST AND MY DOCTORS REPORT WAS NO SURPRISE TO ME! CAMELS ARE A GREAT SMOKE—AND I KNOW THEY'RE HEALTHY MY THROAT TOLD ME SO!

Joe Bayard
SALES REPRESENTATIVE




Head your Buick for our fountain of youth

Now's the time when Autumn calls you out for a ramble in your Buick.

Slide under the wheel and answer that call! Take a Fireball cruise through the countryside, with your heart growing lighter and the years slipping off your shoulders at each mile!

Just one reminder, though. Make sure your Buick is in top shape to keep step with you. First bring it in to us—and

let us clean summer's dust out of your air filter, flush out tired summer crankcase oil with its grit and goo, check your carburetor adjustment to see that you're getting the most powerful, most economical mixture with October's cooler, heavier atmosphere.

We can do this quickly, economically, with a sure touch. Our thorough Buick training and long Buick experience in doing each job the factory-designated way have earned us a reputation—we're the "Fountain of Youth" for Buicks.

To make it easy, we've printed a Fall Check List below. Just tear this out, drive in this week and hand it to us—and when you head out for the open road there'll be a happy smile on your face!

Tear out this check list—bring it in with your Buick

- Fall Checkup — Lights, brakes, fire wear, front-end alignment, oil filter unit, battery, car heater.
- Adjust — Carburetor, distributor.
- Clean — Air cleaner.
- Flush — Crankcase, cooling system.
- Estimate — Antifreeze requirements.
- ALSO — Lubricare (bumper-to-bumper lubrication and inspection).

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