

H. Y. Belk

AND HIS NEWS OF NEBO VALLEY

I met two of my old time friends on the street. Mr. Les Hord and Mr. Ed Baumgardner. Lester is noted for having married five fine women. Ed is noted for being the father of 22 children. God in His Holy Wisdom has honored these two men with a long life. God is good and God is great.

Everybody in this Nebo Valley at this writing are well and happy. If we have health, we got your millions beat. Yes, sir, two to one.

It looks like to me everybody and his brother works in this Valley but me. I just lope around. Meet the mail man and get the duns. Looks like they would learn to save all this postage on these duns. It pleases me th' to know they respect me a lot by putting that name "H. Y. Belk," on these darn things. I hate for my mail man to see all this dunning stuff. It would not be so bad if the mail man was a woman. They believe in



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, North Carolina, in a special proceeding entitled, "Mrs. Nelia A. Cranford, et al. vs. J. C. Cranford, et al.," I will sell for cash on the premises the lots and land hereinafter described at public auction for cash on Wednesday, December 21, 1949, at 10:00 o'clock A. M., or within legal hours, the following described real estate:

Lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23 and 24 as shown on a map or plat made by Charles B. Campbell, Surveyor for the Z. F. Cranford Estate on November 18, 1949, which map or plat is now on record in the Register of Deeds Office for Cleveland County in plat book 5 at page 75, said lots are carved out of and compose all of the land conveyed by Home Building and Loan Association to Z. F. Cranford by deed dated 6th of May, 1930, now on record in the Register of Deeds Office for Cleveland County in book 3-z at page 370 and the land conveyed by Wiley H. McGinnis, trustee to Z. F. Cranford, by deed dated 5th of August, 1932, now on record in the Register of Deeds Office for Cleveland County in book 4-F at page 489.

Lot no. 1 contains 6.4 acres and is known as the home tract and Lot No. 2 contains 8.4 acres and the other lots face Highway No. 74 and the Community Road running South.

The lots will be offered first separately and then as a whole.

The purchaser will be required to pay ten per-cent (10%) of his bid on date of sale and balance payable upon execution and delivery of deed, sale will be made subject to confirmation of court.

All prospective purchasers may see a copy of the plat in the office of J. R. Davis or A. H. Patterson.

This the 19th day of November, 1949.

A. H. Patterson,
Commissioner.

J. R. Davis, Atty. n-25-d-2-9-16-D

NOTICE OF SALE

As Administrator for the Estate of J. B. Thomasson, deceased, I will sell for cash at public auction at the City Hall on Monday, December 12, 1949, at 12:00 o'clock Noon the following, personal property:

- 3 shares Common Stock Number 46 of Elmer Lumber Company.
- 10 shares Common Stock Number 5 of Elmer Lumber Company.
- 8 shares Common Stock Number 42 of Elmer Lumber Company.
- 17 shares Common Stock Number 49 of Elmer Lumber Company.

This the 21st day of November, 1949.

A. H. Patterson,
Administrator for the
Estate of J. B. Thomasson.
J. R. Davis, Atty. n-25-d-9.

ordering a lot of things. She'd think it was a receipt from a mail order house. I thought it being so near Christmas, they wouldn't be worrying me with all these bills. It takes time to fold 'em, and burn 'em, but it makes a good blaze.

I was just wandering around the other day when I stepped into Mr. Gault's well-filled store. I really was surprised to find everything so spic and span. The good things they had displayed on the counter, really makes one want to buy them knowing they sell it for less and send it out to your table and all the family rejoices with a happy meal. If you want the best quality eats at lowest prices call or visit Gault's fine Christmas place to trade and your Christmas will be complete. Thank you.

Now as the silent year steals by, what a grand thought I'm thinking mostly of you and everyone. I've tried to help you find a higher way. If you do what I say, not what I do. So when I must flicker off to climes unknown to mortal man, everything will be sublime, and the gates on Golden Hinges, will be standing ajar. I picture a city all paved with gold and the lights never grow dim, lit by His Glory where nothing ever grows old. What a grand thought.

I wonder why so many fear to grow old. Its the least of my thoughts. Our bodies can and may grow old, but why not let your mind keep active and our bodies will stay young. I've yet to find a man or woman, who with the facilities God awarded them with, few they are, ever grow old.

I remember when I was two years old. We lived in house with a hall way straight through. One day ma was cooking dinner. Pa was plowing up taters. A mad dog trotted thru the hall tumbling over the back door with a hard fit. While he was fitting ma called pa. Pa came trotting to the house. Ma handed pa the 7-shot pistol. Pa stood on the back door steps, the dog shaking with a slobbering fit. Pa let him have it, seven shots, never touched the dak. Pa done shot out all his fire works. He took off to the John Brown's home John and pa came trotting back with an old musket and an army rifle. Look ma was well nigh on the way when John come up within a safe distance. Pa standing behind John. John made the old mad dog give up the sponge. He was a tough dog.

Pa didn't fancy too much work any how.

I had a good daddy. Pa didn't much like to work in the field. The sun got so hot in June and July. Dad lay around in the shade when he wasn't rabbit huntin. Ma learned me to plow the old mule. We only had one plow. They called it a devil-digger. Pa had a very good ox. Some times the critter would lay right down in the plow. He was slow, though, when he took one step he didn't know if he'd take another step or not. When Pa saw old Buck sprawled out on the ground, he came down with a chunk of fire and build a blaze right under old Buck's tail. Old Buck would rise, look all around like someone was pestering him and take off. Along about the time the horn tooted at the house old Buck would strike a bee line to the barn. I kept up with him the best I could holding on the handles of the plow stock. After dinner we had a time getting old Buck back to the field. Pa had to go along and the way he beat that old bull was a shame to cow creation. If it was hot about 2 p. m. old Buck took off to the woods and down he went. I had to go after Pa to come and get Buck up. I remember one time Pa didn't have any fire. He came down where Buck was all stretched out. I wondered how Pa was going to get old Buck up. Pa always had a good idea saved up. He out with his knife and split Buck's tail. That old cow got up and took off.

I remember another time. Me and Pa had some real old country fun.

Pa had the wild turkeys baited over in the big wild woods. One morning while a light snow was still on the ground Pa came in from the barn all excited like something was going to happen. Looking over at me, as he reached up in the rack and pulled down his old musket shooter, said get your firearms and follow me. I hear them old turkeys gobbling over where I strowed the corn. I reached up and brought down my little pole stock shotgun and tracked right after Pa. Soon we reached the place where Pa had spilt the bait. We dropped down behind the big log. Pa took out his turkey caller and began to yelp. The gobbler coming right on up gobbling, stopped and went to picking up the grain. Pa looked at me. I looked right back at Pa. When I moved my foot the old turkey spread out his wings and flew off. I took off after the turkey. Pa stood straight up in the snow, and said the devil you can't run that turkey down and him a-flying. We had on a pot of water ready to take the feathers off the turkey. Ma said to Pa, where's the turkey? Did you miss him? Pa didn't say a word, just put his old musket back in the rack and set down by the fire and took a fresh chew of that old homespun tobacco. Ma sure did scold Pa. I was so excited. Ma said looking straight at Pa, as he spit in the log fire, you know not a bite of meat on the place. I don't remember what we had for dinner. Ma kept on scolding Pa. That night it snowed all night. That was in the winter of 1886, when it snowed just to be doing something.

When I meet you on the street and you don't speak I just take it for granted you got the limber neck or just can't get no learning. Don't be tongue-tied. You was borned just like any other brat.

When the curtains of night are penned back by the stars and beautiful moon leaps the sky, it is then my thoughts wander back to you if I'm not asleep. Then I have frightful dreams of you, but alas when I awake I soon forget I dreamed of you. It's strange we dream. Perhaps it is because we eat fish for supper.

I never walk in my sleep, don't have time. I don't talk in my sleep, everyone would know all my secrets. You got to be very careful along that line. I heard tell of folks snoring in their sleep. I never bothered anybody with that old ugly sound. If you will remember to keep your mouth closed up tight, you won't bother other folks with that horrible music. We spend over half of our time in bed. I try to get to bed after supper and get up before breakfast if I wake-in time. It would be so much better if all could be served breakfast in bed. Well then it would be hard on the cook, but she'd soon get used to it. I mean a good cook would. Then she could do the dishes later. Always a better way to do things if we would learn some of these new-fads. Washing dishes is as old as Adam. If we would use paper plates, look what it would save the housewife, but she don't have much to do if she don't smoke.

I was speaking about Pa a while ago. Pa was a good man. He loved his church. Always on Sunday morning Ma got us all ready for church. Pa took off for the little church. We children filled in behind Pa all keeping step right along behind Pa. Ma, she'd do the dishes and be right on hand when the singing started.

That night we went back to finish the program. Lots of time they got up a lot of shouting. I'd be sleeping so good, first get to nodding. One time I nodded once too many. I fell off of the bench. They kept shouting right on like nothing had happened. When church was over I found myself sprawled out on the floor. Pa made me wonder why I went to sleep while everyone was shouting. It had a soothing effect on me. What a grand thought. I'm thinking of Pa and Ma down at Fort Mills are sleeping the long last sleep that God only can awaken. God is busy making crowns for His precious children. One day the Heavens will break forth and we shall see His glorified people. We shall not sleep forever. There will be glorious dawn at His Coming.

That's all for now.

Dear reader, you never thought I'd be a poet:

NOW ITS WINTER

The leaves are falling.
The grass is turning brown,
The snow is falling slowly,
Around the little town.
The men start their plowing,
For the winter grain.
To feed the horses and cattle,
For the hardships in the rain.

The roads will soon be muddy,
And the drivers have to slaver,
But they keep on struggling,
To reach the endless day,
Old man winter's breath,
Can do us no harm,
When the earth
From ice and snow is free,
Its hard on Santa Claus,
Why not have Christmas in the summer time?

Children just love bread-n-milk.



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