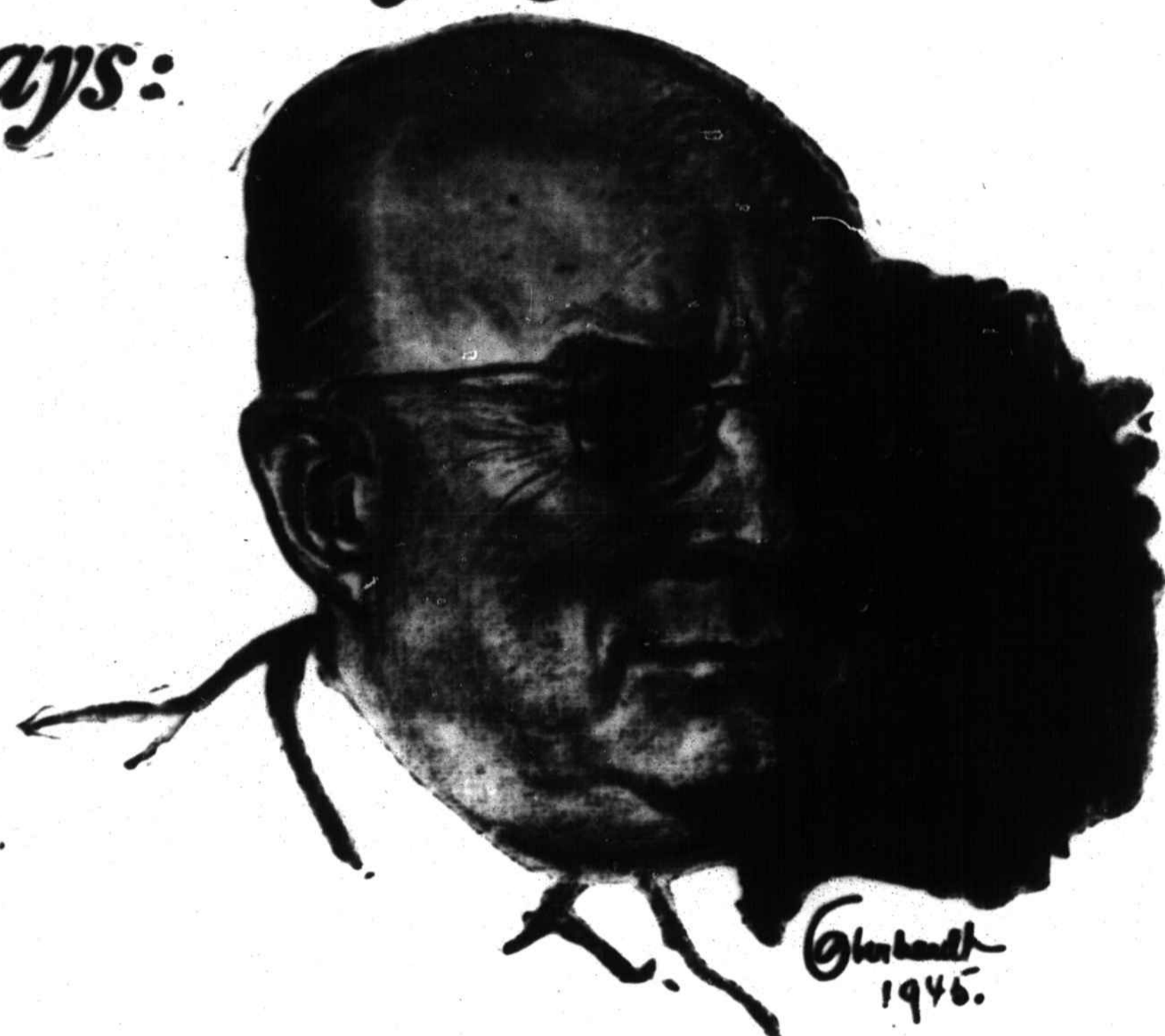


Bob News

H. V. Bell
 Claude Webb spent the Easter Sabbath at the Webb reunion in Shelby. I got Capt. Wells in the cafe drinking a cup of hot coffee. He is doling up his nice home at Fairview with the paint brush.
 I hope Hurd Herndon gets the Her old this week so he will know I got his message. Hurd wants me to get four bags of Budweiser and put it a way for him and Vernon Smith and a few other buddies. Hurd, I've done stored it away.
 Got a letter from Jackie Smith over in Germany. He said they call it Germany—he called it hell.
 Before this comes out of the press Lt. Clyde Huffstickler will be back in the city with his wife and children. A few weeks ago he was liberated from a Jap prison.
 Met Wayne Wells at Fisher's. He gave his little four-year old boy an introduction. "That's Henry Bell that writes the Bobo column." Wayne said, "Everytime the paper came the little boy had Henry Bell's column read to him the first thing. Even the children like Bobo news."
 Mrs. Margaret Horn and children moved to her nice little home at Kebe the past week. Her husband is in foreign service.
 Hoyle McDaniell visited his brother Bob, and wife, on Faltus street over the week end. Hoyle is an engineer out from Charleston.
 Every soldier boy from No. 1 township should get the paper. You can't realize how delighted they are to read about the folks back home. My column this morning is dedicated to all soldier girls and boys all over the world. I love you, I do.
 I met a little colored boy the other morning. I asked him his name. He very politely said, "George Washington Theodore Roosevelt, but I see a Brown."
 When I met Bob McDaniell on the streets Saturday with his old last year's straw hat, the wind was blowing. Bob was holding on to his straw pin. I had on my old colored straw hat that had weathered three storm crazed years. The wind was so rough one could scarcely hold on to a straw hat. About that time Bob's wife drove up and took him home in a short time Bob was back with a John Deere on his head. Women defy the wind—they don't wear a hat.
 My mother sent me to a Methodist college. She wanted me to be a Methodist preacher. I didn't want all that Rev. L. L. D. D. to my name and then I didn't like so much children. It's claimed that Methodist preachers eat more chicken than anyone.
 O, for Cleveland county, that's the land for me, and her fine daughters, none can fairer be, tho' ninety-nine other counties there be.
 I wish Lloyd George could have lived to see this war over. He was once a fine prime minister and loved by many.
 Last night I held a lovely hand. A hand so soft and neat. I thought my heart would burst with joy so wildly did it beat. No other hand unto my heart could greater solace bring than that dear hand I held last night—four acres and a king.
 If your neighbor who hath seen you don't love you, how can he love the Lord who is both not seen?
 Reading our teenage boys over in the jungles with only a few weeks' training. I just can't get that out of my system. I've tried everything. I just feel mean about it. No amount of medicine I take helps me.
 The dogwood tree a-blooming reminds me of the resurrection. Have you ever heard the legend of the dogwood tree?
 It is said that during the time that Christ lived among men, the dogwood tree attained the size of the oak and elm and the other large forest trees. So large did it grow, and so strong and firm was it's wood that it was chosen to furnish the timber from which the cross was made. It is said further that he used in such a fashion greatly distressed the dogwood tree, and Jesus, when he was nailed upon the cross, caused the distress. Even during the agony of His crucifixion, His gentlemen and pity for all sorrows of the world caused Him to say to the dogwood tree, "Because of your sympathy for my suffering, and because of the regret you feel at the part you have had to play in it, I promise you this, so long as you flourish upon the earth, never again will you attain such size that you can be used as a cross, from this time onward your trunk and your limbs shall be slender and so twisted that man cannot use you for this purpose. And so that you will always remember me, I promise to you that your blossoms shall always be in the form of a cross, with two short petals and two long ones, and to help you remember my agony and the regret that you felt at having to share in it, at the outer edge of each of your petals, in the center of it, there shall be print of the nails, and in the center of your flowers, which shall appear stained with blood and brown with rust there shall be a cross of thorns.
 From this time forward all who look upon your beauty shall remember that it was upon a dogwood tree that I was crucified, and all men shall know that you must be cherished and protected from all harm and that you shall stand always unscathed as a reminder of my agony and of my death upon the cross."

Henry J. Kaiser

says:



"Americans have shown what they can do with their minds and hands in producing the ships, planes, guns, tanks, ammunition and all the materials needed to crush the Axis hordes. Now, in this month of April, America will show what Americans can do with their hearts in providing the clothing needed to relieve the suffering of millions of people in war-torn countries. It is good to know that every American family will do its share."

President Roosevelt chose Mr. Henry J. Kaiser as National Chairman of the United National Clothing Collection for just one reason: *He knows this famous industrialist as a man who gets things done.*

But Mr. Kaiser will need help—if the goal of 150 million pounds of serviceable used clothing is to be attained this month.

He will need, indeed, help and contributions from every American family throughout the land.

Today, in Europe alone, 125 million men, women, and children are in desperate need of the forgotten usable clothes that hang in the closets or repose in the attics of America's homes.

In some areas, deaths from exposure are as great as those from starvation.

These innocent people have given their homes, their

jobs, their happiness, their health—for the same lasting Peace we are fighting for. They need your spare clothing now. Will you give it to them?

What YOU can do!

1. Get together all the serviceable summer and winter clothing you can spare. This includes: Men's, women's, children's, and infants' wear, and shoes. Overcoats, topcoats, suits, dresses, skirts, shirts, jackets, pants, work clothes, gloves, underwear, sleeping garments, hats, sweaters, slacks, and all last goods. Also blankets, bedspreads.
2. Take your contribution to the Woman's Club Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.
3. Support your Local Committee not only with your clothing contribution, but also with your time, effort, and energy.



UNITED NATIONAL CLOTHING COLLECTION

for Overseas War Relief

APRIL 9, 10, 11

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