

H. Y. Belk

AND HIS NEWS
OF NEBO VALLEY

Mr. Bill Ross and wife spent the night with Grandpa Belk last week. I met Miss Mary Lue Tate up at Myers' Store the day I bought my new straw hat. She lives in Robinsville. I used to sport her mother, Miss Grace Brown.

Harrison Belk from High Shoals was down looking for a place to put up a radio shop last week.

I've been looking for a place to go where its not so hot. This weather gets my Billie Goat.

How many creatures were endowed with the gift of speech long ago when things first started to be other things? History tells of only three. The serpent, in the Garden of Eden, a man, and Baalam's Ass.

We are told Adam had the most beautiful wife in the world, but she canned Adam. It won't do to let a beautiful woman fool you up and then lose your job. Adam lost most everything he had and had to have some fig leaf britches made before he left the Garden.

Today either way we look it seems that disaster stares us in the face. Now, at the end, we might say of an attempt to keep Germany out of Russian slaughter hands.

At least that is the way Russia wants the USA to see it. We are facing the supreme test. We can have no illusions. We have just yesterday been through a hell of war. We have known the barbarism of the last conflict in its most horrible form. Now if the Russians are not drove out of Berlin it means death to thousands of the German people and slave labor for many that are not killed. They went through plenty of hell under Hitler. I see no way to prevent a state of war right now between USA and Russia.

One writer suggests we rig up planes and get together tons of pamphlets, spread those all over Russia telling them we want no war with a friendly nation. Then get a ton of bar candy, get them all sweetened up, then send lots of soap to clean their old hides, next millions of cigarettes to make them bubble over with happiness, but last ship 'em 40

barrels of good whiskey—they will study war no more.

I remember once in my early boy hood days being forced to enter a cave. Have you ever been in a mountain cave? Not far from where I once lived there is a cave in mountainside of the cliff. Before the Battle of Kings Mountain it said deserters hid out in this cave for months before the battle. Its as round as a barrel and some 400 yards long. You can walk through the cave if you like darkness in daylight but you must come out the way you went in, there being no door way at the other end. Many travelers stop to view this natural wonder, as it is now on a much-traveled highway. If you are lucky, or probably a better word to use 'unlucky' when a storm comes over to be in this cave. You are perfectly safe on ly from fear. When its storming you can hear a mournful sound like the wind blowing in the mouth of a large jug. The thunder has a dead-end sound and its dark as Egyptian midnight. So dark in fact that one can feel the blackness.



One evening after school, I with three school girls and two small boys got our hooks after digging some bait, we took off to Johnson's mill pond, only a mile from the college. No one knew about our adventure. We had not been at the pond long with our hooks set catching fliers just like we owned the big pond. When it began to thunder in just a little while a great black cloud came right up over the pond. Soon it began to rain in great flood style. We made haste for the cave thinking we would stay there 'til the storm passed by, but it rained 'til after midnight and we had to cross a deep branch to get home and no light, only the few stars peeping out through the black clouds. How were we to get home and what would we get when we got home? We seemed doomed to spend the night in the dark, damp tunnel. I did not know that a night could be so long with three good looking girls at my side as that one was. We sat there in utter darkness all those weary-hours listening to the water as it ran madly over the rocks. Now and then an owl perched in a nearby tree would hoot and the only answer it got was the barking of a grey fox prowling on the mountainside in search of food.

When the morning came the water had run down so we could cross the branch. We started home as the sun peeped up over the eastern sky, tired, hungry and the loss of one night's sleep. Our people were glad to see us. They thought we had drowned or blown away. When we went back to school the next day, they called us hitch-hikers and cave dwellers. I admit I had too many girls on my hands that night. So different would it of been if two other boys had been along to cheer those brave girls in the dark storm of that night.

I like Truman but I don't like the bosses's social equality stuff. I wonder in my heart if that is some of Mrs. Roosevelt's handedown stuff? You know while the war was on she got the whites and blacks together and had all kinds of shimie shaking breaking get-together parties—just to keep the soldiers from getting blue while in training. Oh good Lord!

Ladies if it was possible to be perfectly beautiful you wouldn't need all this makeup stuff you dab on, come in, and wash off.

Truman can't win the battle front in November. He's done proved to be Truman in the South.

I got a letter from one N. A. Belk in Berlin. He said when he comes home there would be one more German girl in the U. S. A. I got a letter from this young girl. She's not only good looking but intelligent, too.

It's a fact, the U. S. Supreme Court said 8 to 1 that tax money of all the people shall not be used in religious training. What next please.

One reason women use so much paint when they go out and so little when they stay in, they do it to avoid wrinkles. I like women. Some of my best friends are women. This world would be a heck of a world if

Gunnell's Outfit Wins Army Award

Linz, Austria, 9 July 1948—The 790-3 Detachment of the 160th Airways and Air Communication Service of which Sgt. Jack H. Gunnells is a member and which is located at The Horsching Army Base near Linz was awarded the 5th AACCS Communication Award for the first quarter of 1948. The mission of the detachment is to operate and maintain navigational aid for aircraft flying the corridor from Munich to Tullin Air Base which serves Vienna.

The Bronze Award is presented we didn't have a few of these delled up gals to make men long for to be in their company.

Brother Jones says a girl and a car are very much alike. A good paint job can conceal the years, but the wrinkles will tell the rest of the story.

Since the dawn of creation on this earth never has their been a civilization in which each individual has made an equal contribution to the needs and welfare of society and never will be. Roosevelt came nearer making this dream come true than any other ruler since time started.

Abraham Lincoln remarked, No man has a good enough memory to be a successful liar.

Both friends and credit is very good when not used.

In recessing today's scattering column let's not get flabbergasted at this hot weather. There's a hotter place waiting for all crooks.

These two last lines without doubt, were meant to fill this column out.

You never thought I'd be a poet: Your wandering reporter Was arovin' around On the broad Main street In Charlotte town. When what should he spy but a GI. A happy-go-lucky guy, I grabbed him by the arm, Joe what's wrong with you. Belk, I'm just in from Ft. Bragg Gotta million in my pocket, got two pairs of shoes, Gotta girl back home with the blues Gotta stomach fulla foam. I listened on as he rhymed it out, And a safe-deposit box, With some bonds inside When I want to read the news, I read your lines.

quarterly to the Detachment or Squadron of the 5th Wing with the highest efficiency and for outstanding service in the operation and maintain of navigational aid to the safety of flying aircraft.

Sgt. Jack H. Gunnells who has been in the Army 2 1/2 years is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Gunnells of Kings Mountain, N. C.

The rat population of the United States has been estimated at 130,000,000.

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