

H. Y. Belk

AND HIS NEWS OF NEBO VALLEY

Brother Bob McDaniel and wife, Horace Ford and wife have been on their summer vacation. They visited New York City and friends in Bridgeport. While in New York City they visited many places of interest. Billy Rose's Night Club Diamond Shoe. That's where Horace lost his hat. Bob tipped a dollar and got his hat back. Horace got his bean all blistered up the next day. He left his hat up there with the Yorkers. The women folks seemed to enjoy the whole performance.

I met our new lawyer, Mr. Barnes. Girls, another chance to win a young man with a future. The first act will be to set a love net, and bait it with kindness. That's a good way to catch a new-comer. Anyway, it's worth a trial.

Mrs. Bill Ross and Mrs. Betty Self spent Sunday in Nebo Valley. Had a letter from the Rev. R. T. Belk at Kershaw, S. C. He's doing fine for a sandlapper.

Got a letter from North. He says a girl over there is about to get him married again. I believe its fun to get married if it will stick.

In one state its against the law for a married man to sell whiskey without the written consent of his wife. Good law. I bet she bootlegs. The great trouble with all this hell being raised over the right to sell old sugar head corn whiskey, the Government is in the business. If its right for our government to sell old pop skull whiskey, its right for any other man to sell it. If its wrong, its wrong. But its like the freshman said when he sheared the old sow—great fuss and little wool.

Now we draft our boys to face another war. Looks like men would get

tired studying war. If they would only use their head pieces. Now fooling us back into war before we get the boys home that fell all over the world. They are not fooling me. Another fight just around the corner. Can't you see it working. The die has been cast. This is you know the first time in history we have drafted our boys in peace time. There's something in the wind. They know up at Washington. They can't tell us. We would let the cat out of the wallet. Its best for us not to know.



Why start another war when the last one is not over? I can prove the war has never been declared over. As yet the war is not over and will not be over until Congress passes an Act or the President by proclamation declares the war over. Very few people know we are still in a state of war. I just now got a letter from Sgt. Wray Stewart up in the Land of the Midnight Sun. He says all they talk is war. And it snowed out August and September, come in with a white blanket, while we were burning up, they were freezing down. We get the paper Friday morning. Wray gets his paper Monday, when that sheet leaves Kings Mountain it really makes fast time.

I got my information about the war not being over from my Congressman. I guess he knows. I'm sure he does. How I find out what I wish to know? I ask. Ask and thou shalt receive.

Well, Labor Day gone, and 6 or 7 hundred gone with the wind. Why people want to die is more than a fool like me knows. I stay home on picnic days. I don't like that kind of fun.

Henry Morgenthau says he lost money last year when he dabbled in the grain market. That's why Hen Wallace lost his candy when he took all the little pigs out on a sea-voyage and turned them out to float just to make pork cheaper.

I asked a fair young lady did she believe the old saying, that love is blind. No, she said, when a woman loves she loves with all her soul. I agree with all this. Love is something we can't explain. When the spell is on it's heavenly, when it reverses, its hell. There have been in all time women who sell themselves for the highest dollar. We read in the Bible only a few of those mortals who try with all their phy-

sical beauty to trap a man for his money, rather than make life worth living. We can and do boast of having the best women in America. They should have a medal for the great loyalty they show. This animal we please to let them call man, and we don't care if they do love us. We should return it. We do.

Abraham Lincoln was the most criticized man ever in history. His testimony on this subject is well worth reading:

If I were to try to read, much less answer all the attacks made upon me this shop might as well be closed for any other business. I do the very best I know how. The very best I can and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right what is said against me wont amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing that I was right could make no difference. I wish we had a President like Old Abe. Never again.

In Maryland every housewife is forbidden by law to go through her husband's pockets after he goes to sleep. If he hides his pants, so she can't find them the law can't bother her for hunting his britches. I don't believe a woman would try to go through hubby's pants and him asleep, just for a little change. I'm not going to hide my britches and maybe forget where I left 'em. My pants don't have anything in them worth stealing.

Mr. Hen Pig Killer Wallace is causing chicken fruit, eggs and tomatoes to get higher every day. Throwing so many good eggs at nothing. Why Henry wants to make a jackass out of himself I can't see. I was going to vote for Governor Mary Price 'til I saw her picture following around after Hen. I rung off. I like a nice pettycoat government, like Ma Ferguson over in Texas when she made Pa Ferguson step down and she stepped up. The folks out there thought Ma was a queen. I believe Mary would make North Carolina shine like silver dimes.

A very nice lady drove out to see me. She said I like Dewey. If he was just a Democrat I sure would vote for him. I never could vote for a Republican. I said alright, that is your business. I spoke out and said, I shall vote for Wallace in order to get a few more pigs out of the way. If we had more brains we'd all do much better. I will be glad when the election is over just to see

who gets left out of the play. You never thought I'd be a poet. Here am I standing on night guard duty.

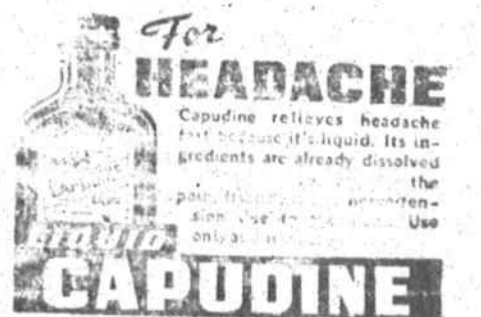
With my pistol by my side. Watching the sea and shadows. Should the foe approach tonight. Not a ripple on the ocean wide. Not even a pin-point flicker, with light to challenge me. I stand and stare in the black dark night.

Just a stray dog's lonely bark. I walk as though I were waiting. Fear the army of our foe. Out in the pitch darkness, with silent tread so slow.

While elsewhere men are fighting. While elsewhere men must die.

Be bright at night, but dim your lights.

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An Announcement

TELEPHONE BUSINESS OFFICE

will be CLOSED on Wednesday afternoons

Beginning SEPTEMBER 22nd

The closing of our business office at 12:15 P. M. on Wednesdays has been decided upon after giving full consideration to good customer service and the welfare of our employees. We will also continue to close our business office on Saturday afternoons.

Office hours will be 8:30 A. M. to 5:00 P. M. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday; 8:30 A. M. to 12:15 P. M. on Wednesday and Saturday.

W. C. ADAMS, Manager

SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY INCORPORATED



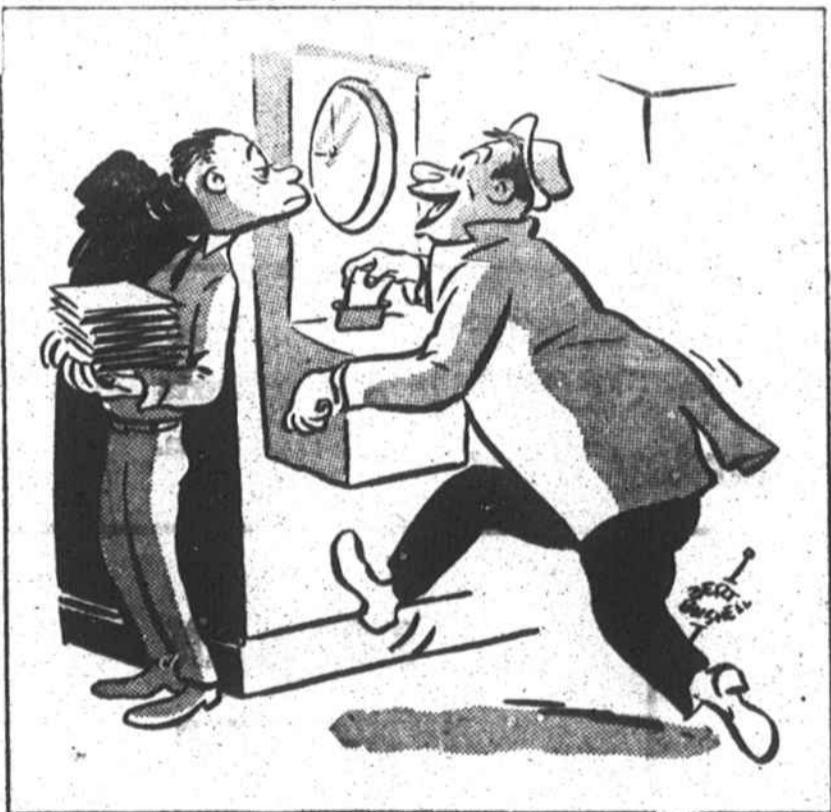
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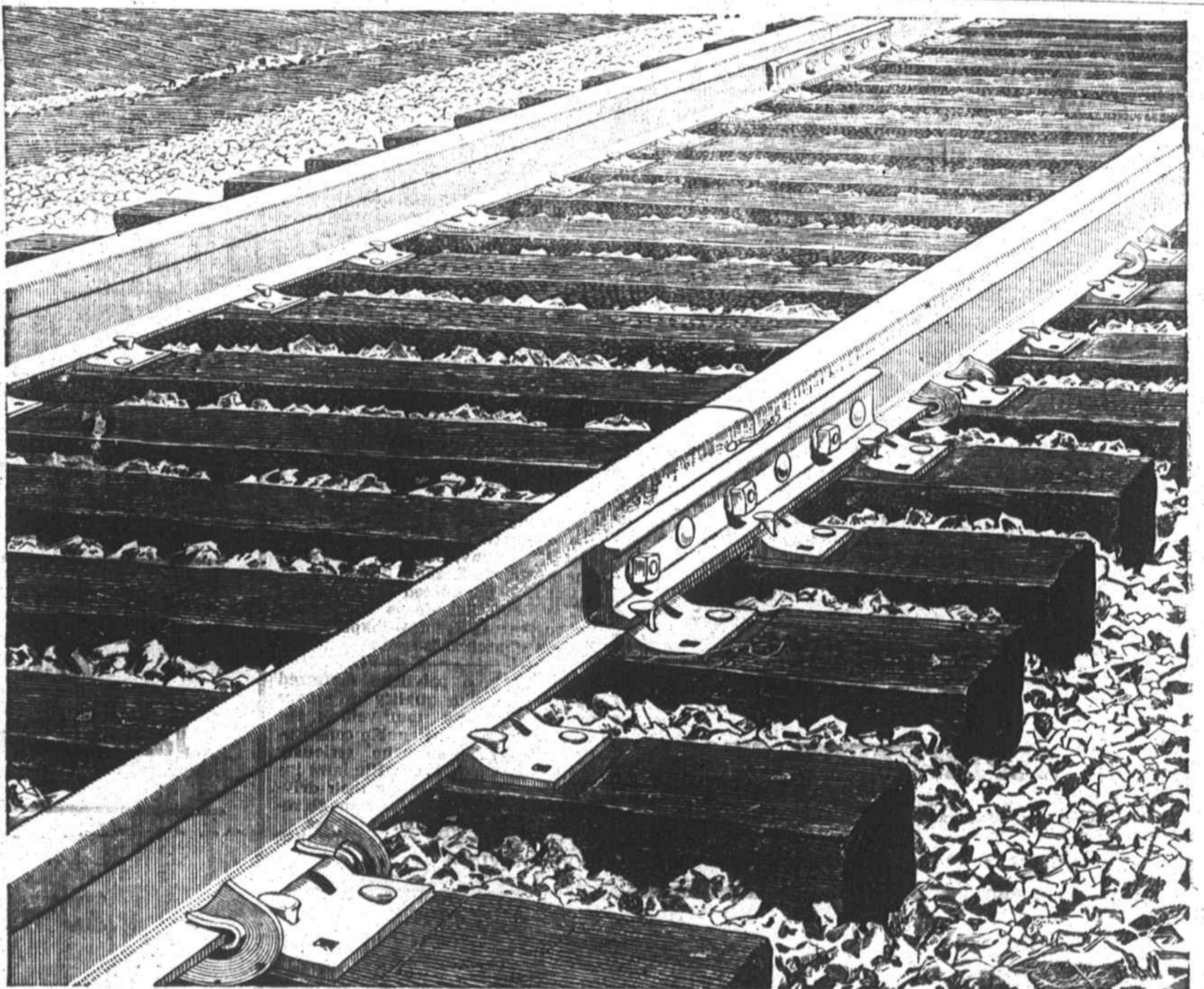
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President

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

