

H. Y. Belk

AND HIS NEWS OF NEBO VALLEY

Jean Fisher says he's having my wife changed to read "Bebo" Belk. Thank you John.

Death hovers over Kings Mountain again. Mr. O'Farrell gone, we must, to a better Land. He had been my friend many years.

Born to George Medlin and wife at City Hospital, Shelby, a girl. Mother and baby doing fine.

I met Frank Hambricht and wife at Galt's store. They were buying a lot of good things to eat.

North Belk loves the Army. They feed him, put clothes on his back, give him all the chow he wants. A little spending money. A good bunk to sleep on. I'd like to see you beat that. Bud, you just can't whip that for a bargain.

Most of us like to see our names in the paper. The first time I saw my name in print, I ran all the way home to show it to my mother. It was my report card.

Brother Clyde Hoy said in his speech, "I'm going to vote straight through the Democratic Ticket. Brother Clyde, if I was in your shoes, I would vote for every Democrat in America. You see I'm not a Congressman. I'm just a little Buck Private. Dewey will be President. I reckon we can stand him four year, if he don't pull the skids out from under us.

I have to be very careful what I say. Two brothers, all I have, are preachers. One brother-in-law a preacher. One brother-in-law a cher. I'm like the little boy the calf run over—"I can't say damn it, but I can think damn it."

Just thinking about that little old Bomb some of our boss dogs dropped on the Island that cost the tax-

payers 4 million bucks, and killed 80 thousand people. Who stands good for all those human souls? That's a hell of a lot of folks, Bud. I wish we all could of been over at Raleigh last Tuesday to hear Truman tell us how to farm. If he is no better agriculture teacher than he is President, I sure don't care to be taught. I bet he never plowed a Missouri mule in a new ground without cussing. He may be President. I don't believe it. Dewey don't either.

My teacher when I was a little boy in school tried to learn me, but she didn't know much herself, only got 13 dollars a month, and only three months-school term. She taught me that God hung the world up in space and made it—eight thousand miles in diameter and twenty-five thousand miles in circumference. Now we still find it like God made it. And we find man just about like he was when God put him on this ball—bad. By the ravages of war all over the earth we find 460,000,000 children starving in a world God made for His children to live on in peace and plenty. What hath man sought? Death, hell and destruction, and Eve was the cause of it. All women are not good.

I believe in men and women that don't give up but keep on keeping on. We are so different. No two-bodys have ever been formed with the same finger prints, not even twins. Many things I have not understood—one is how God ever made two hills without a hollow between them.

Schools run 12 months in Russia and children are allowed to attend between the age of 6 and 18. At the age of 18 every boy is compelled to take two years military training after which he may get to college at the government expense. Women also enter the army in many instances. Russia—a country five times as large as America—I fear will be hard to fight. It is evident that Russia is just now getting out from under a religious superstition saddled upon her citizens by priests of a church that used the people as prey. These people had a long way to go. They are still allowed to worship, those who wish to do so. They say they have plenty to eat and wear and that there is a shortage of nothing but toilet paper, and at the bathing places I'm told for a fact, they all go in naked as jaybirds. I believe they are a hell of a bunch.

Somebody always trying to take

the joy out of life. Now a German Doctor experimenting to find a cure for LAZINESS in people.

Now we are advised by the Secretary of Agriculture to plant more grass to hold down the soil. Nothing keeps a farm in better shape than a heavy mortgage—it soon changes hands.

Well, Winter struck rough last night, the 19th of October. A big frost, some ice too. Was it because Truman went to Raleigh to the Fair? Well, be that as it may. Two more weeks from now I'm betting Truman will be frozen out. I'm not very much stuck on any of the bunth that are running for the job—they don't appeal to me very much.

Now if Jim Byrnes had of come out on the Lord's side he would of made a good President, if not a great one. Money will put the next man in the chair and God alone knows what will come to pass in 4 years to be. The U. S. A. and the rest of the world for that matter is suffering from about all the ills in the deck log. Every time they go to make it better, it gets worse. Just leave it all to Truman and he'll fix it all right. This is what leaves a very bad taste in my mouth. It makes me bilious. If that's the type of man they went for President just get your ticket in the box. You won't know where it went. And what are you going to do about it? Oh, nothing, just let her rock, Hiram.

I invited an old Lady from the eastern part of the State in 1920 to come up and spend a few days for her health. She came. It was after night when she got off the train and came out to Archdale. The next morning it was after sunup when she came out on the back porch looking around. All at once she exclaimed "Oh, Mr. Belk, look what a big black cloud." I said, "mercy, that's Crowders Mountain." I have been in some parts of Eastern North Carolina where the people didn't know when Sunday came and did not care. Well, we know when Sunday comes but we are far from keeping it holy. That's the big day with most of us. Henry Ford played the devil when he put everybody under wheels, everywhere.

Our American Indians weren't so bad after all. They just killed women and children one at a time instead of by the thousands, like the road buggies are doing. Look out over our highways and skyways and bring in the dead and dying. Nothing has ever been known like it in America or elsewhere.

I write to a German girl in Berlin. She calls me sweet Daddy and Papa. No wonder she calls me daddy. Look, we sent her two boxes of all kinds of clothes, shoes step-ins and step-outs. She gets the Herald and says she thinks it wonderful to see her name in an American paper. She's good looking, too.

Yes, its winter time once again and we're out to meet it. I was quite sure I loved winter just a short while ago when all those beautiful ladies fair wore short shorts, and nothing more. They were so becoming to their PULCHRITUDES. Now winter time has closed in on these fair beauties and no more legs do we see. Clothed with garments fair to meet the coming winter breeze in this frosty clime, makes us long for summer time where shorts are found and pretty girls abound.

In closing today's session let me say I thank you for taking in this fool stuff but some of it is so, by hooky.

You never thought I'd be a poet: WINTER TIME
I love the winter and the snow,
In winter we hug the fire,
Play a game of poker or so;
Eat and sleep and snore our time away,
Beside a blazing fire:
I've done caught one rabbit by Joe,
The pessimist from da yto day,
Bemoan the rabbits that got away,
The optimist with happier thoughts,
Remembers the little cotton tails he carried away.

No charge can be made by Red Cross for blood since it is procured from volunteer donors. A charge for its administration is the prerogative of the individual physician or hospital. This is a service fee—not a charge for the product.

Granville County now has 30 Grade A dairy barns.

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LAST HOME FOOTBALL GAME

City Stadium

7:30 P. M.

FRIDAY

OCTOBER 29

CENTRAL HIGH MOUNTAINEERS

—Vs.—

MT. HOLLY

(A Non-Conference Game)

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"Now I know what became of those two loaves of **Holsum** VITAMIN ENRICHED BREAD at breakfast this morning!"

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