

H. Y. Belk

AND HIS NEWS OF NEBO VALLEY

I met Mr. Will Allen up street. He always has a good morning for those he meets.

Mr. Dock Mauney and wife recently visited her people in Florida mud. No one ever gets stuck in the mud in North Carolina. That's a thing of the past. Now a few job hunters and pocket robbers are trying to yoke us and our children, and their children, and what else, under a two hundred million millstone around our necks.

Well, Charles Cook came out to the Valley and caught 30 cents worth of minnows, but don't tell Sump Bridges.

H. Y. Jr. caught a fish down in York water. The thing weighted three and a half pounds, not counting the scales. One time long ago Simon Peter said we go a fishing. Now folks go a fishing and fish and fish, but very few do they hook out. Fish having learned to keep out of the way since they saw Peter walking on the water. We see very few Peters trying to walk on the water—they ride. It takes faith for a new born baby to take its first step, and mother, when that little wingless angel takes its first step, What a darling baby your mother says you are.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William Ware a daughter, Doris Gasett, in Shelby hospital. Mother and baby doing fine. Very few babies have been hatched in the Valley and not a death since I came in the Valley sand over half year ago.

We were very sorry to learn of the death of our long time friend, G. G. Page. I worked for him. He helped me along life's hard way. It's appointed unto man to die whether he falls out of a chair, or dies a natural death. The reaper finds us all.

Let's cheer up my brother, we are not ready yet to die. So little done so much to do.



The other morning while strolling around I stopped on the Western Front. The folks were few and far between. I spied a man leaning up against a post. He said, did you ever see the like? Two beer joints closed and not a man on the street. Look how the grass is covering up our streets since the beer left town? I said, you've had your say. Let me say, it will be better to grow more hay and less hell in your town. I got by and stopped in at Mr. Gault's.

When I was bumming around in Charlotte I saw so many pretty school girls hiking around. I noticed skirts were down two inches. I wondered if cotton was cheaper now. Then I thought they did wear them so short at both ends that they couldn't shorten 'em any shorter.

Sweet memories will linger. I remember when a little boy, how I strutted around in my shirttail. An old woman grew a tobacco patch to use in her old clay pipe. One night while in bed, she sat up in bed, and lit her pipe, as she did every night. That night she dropped the fire from her pipe on the straw tick. She lost control of the fire and couldn't put it out. She drug it to the yard and lost her pipe. In the morning soon she called and asked we children to help her hunt her best smoking pipe.

The whole world knows about Old Hickory Andrew Jackson, the seventh President of the U. S. A. Did old

Hickory Andrew Jackson, the seventh grand old general he was? After Jackson's death his old negro servant was asked if he thought the General had gone to heaven? I can't say for sure, white folks, he replied, but I know they ain't nobody could of stopped the General if he wanted to go. How true is the saying of that old slave. Man is a free moral agent. He can choose the affirmative, or the negative—and go to hell.

Right now we hear on every street corner folks talking about the cost of living coming down. The only thing I see coming down in the last three or four months is the rain and the hail. Yes, and the sun is beaming down very scorching.

I love summertime when I'm freezing in the winter time, when the last bucket of coal is gone. I love winter time most about the 22nd of June when I'm burning down. I know some of you are just like that. Always on the wishing side, O. K.

What's a bargain counter? If you will send me \$5 I'll send you the Herald two years and six months. That's not all. My pictures comes along with every copy. If you can't stand to look at the reporter, you might shut your eyes while you read. I must insist you read my lines.

I wish they could have elections each week. I like the nickles and the dimes.

The Lord must of loved poor people, like you and I. Why? He made so many of 'em.

When the rich man died he went to hell. That's what the Bible says. When the poor man died he went to heaven. The rich man saw him up there. That's what the Bible says.

A man that's born of a woman is but a few days, rich or poor. Just a shadow in the wind.

God made the sun, moon, and the stars. That's what my Bible says, and finished it in just 6 days, and rested. They don't now.

I liked old Bible Job. I never did like old Job's wife. You remember when all his cattle were taken away while they plowed by thieves. That night when Job's boys were having a wine party with all the devilment they could do, fire rained down from Heaven and consumed the home and all the wine drinkers in it. Job's faith didn't fail him, even when Mrs. Job got rash and told Job, I'd curse God and die. She no doubt wanted good old Job out of the way so she could take over. She weren't giving brother Job any good advice. She had something up her sleeve. I never liked her after that.

One man asked me what I meant by Communism. I told him it was a monster. A system by which one small group seeks to rule the whole world by force. Then he asked how do they try to get control of the U. S. A. Legally? No illegally. What would we do if they were to take over. They would move our capital to Moscow, and take us too, and make us grind our lives away. They would shoot old men, like you and I. I don't see any harm in that. We could of died young too. Late now.

The man who smokes while he handles gas will soon his troubles end. They tried so hard to teach me in school that the world was round. A fool no bigger than me should know its as flat as a flitter. You know, I know. Other folks do too, that if it was round as an apple we'd all slide off, and then what and where? So many folks have so little reasoning, don't try to understand when they see the world is flat. The U. S. A. and all the rest of the world is suffering from about all the ills that have been recorded in the Little Red Book. And they all the time try to find a remedy. We should quit belly aching and let Congress tell Harry The Great, that we need that something he can't give all of us. A job, Jobs are getting more and more like chicken teeth. Truman could put the folks on the WPA if he had the tools. I take him to be a wonderful man on so small a job as he faces, with so little pay.

I wish some smart scientist could find a way to store some of this June heat away 'til a blizzard hits down next winter from the North Pole. Looks like we could can up a lot of this stray heat just like canning string beans. We haven't learned nothing yet. Look what an old man did. Caught lightning and corked it up in bottle. Looks like it would of broke the bottle.

Well, I guess this is news. One family moved out of this Valley, two moved in. The loss of one was the gain of two. You ask me who they be. Its none of my business who they be so long as they keep quite and don't interfere with the mayor's business. I'll help them to help their

selves. They haven't tried to borrow anything yet.

Look what the British did for the United States. In 1812, burned our capitol. Now adays they are still burning our capitol to the tune of \$3,750,000,000 in a big hurry. Oh, it is just a loan we should be proud of. It keeps us out of war till they use it up and want more. If we can't supply them with the long green they may burn the Capitol. What you do once, its easy to do again, so we should give and give. That's the way to have friends at home and abroad. Let the hand that gives, give and give. I love to think they love us. Love is the fulfilling of the Law. A pretty girl once said, if you don't love me you get no more of my sugar.

In closing today's weekly session, may I say, Ego Amo.

You never thought I'd be a poet and write you this ode:

BLESSED REST

Four courses we have,
To our beds,
Four angels guard us,
O'er our heads;
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John;
Bless the bed.
That we lay on.
God is good,
And God is great,
And we thank him,
For this blessed rest,
For the body and the soul.

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"I've got plenty of money, but—
I want \$200,000,000 more"

Isn't it silly to borrow money when there's already plenty of money on hand?

North Carolina has in sight from normal revenue sources in the next four years \$291,580,000.00 for road construction and improvement. This is more than half the total amount spent for this purpose in the past 17 years.

A lump sum \$200,000,000.00 loan will not build roads faster. Such a sum could not be spent quickly and at the same time efficiently and wisely. A \$200,000,000.00 road debt would hang on our necks like a millstone—pulling us down, down, down. It would mean millions and millions of dollars going for interest charges alone—dollars that will never build roads. It would mean taxes, taxes for generations to come.

VOTE AGAINST THE ROAD DEBT JUNE 4!

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