

H. Y. Belk

AND HIS NEWS OF NEBO VALLEY

I'm very sorry Mr. Bill Hord is confined to his home. We hope he gets better soon. He has always been a friend to the poor. He's my good friend.

Irvin Allen is my friend too. He and I in his car went for a ride. He told me that some folks called He and I two of the ugliest men that ever got in a car. I hope no gal ever said it's so. One thing I know our faces are good at the bank because Mr. Allen gathered 1200 bushels of golden grain wheat. You say, man cannot live on bread alone. Oh, but we have some meat and meal, flour, too.

I'm right blue this morning. It rains so much, but I've got a hobby. I love everybody. Hafo.

Mrs. Betty Self spent Sunday with Pappy Belk. Mr. Bill Ware, Mrs. Margaret and little baby gal gave us a call Sunday evening if it did rain. I love the rain and the sun shine. You know though it gets hot sometime.

Well, August is gone with the rolling tumbling tide. September has just arrived, Christmas is coming by and by. What shall I buy? A nice box of chock candy, maybe two. God heals the sick, the doctors take the pay.

Sloth like rust consumes faster than labor wears.

Did you know ever time the President sets out to trim the budget he trim the taxpayers out of every cent they can find?

It takes mother's little baby nearly two years to learn to talk, and then 49 years to keep its mouth shut. More so if its a girl.

Mother's, this Truman draft law is the most cruel, needless and sinful shame that ever befel this one time free nation. Hitler did it. Joe Stalin did it to his slaves. Others nations did it too. Look where they are today—in ruin and want. It spells war for our young men and finally ruin to a once free people.

This is no love story. It's a real true story. It didn't happen yesterday—it was in the fall of 1906. The coon hunt I didn't forget.

BY H. Y. BELK

The other night at the supper table John, the colored boy, came in from milking the cows, set the pail down on the milk stand, said, H. Y., suppose we take the dogs out tonight and trail that old coon awhile. I saw today where they have been tearing down old man Burton's corn over in his back field next to the creek. O. K., I said. It suits me fine. While John did the dishes, I fed the dogs and put on my boots. I fired up my pipe and locked the two back doors. John brought up the five dogs. They came barking and yelp-

ing. Then we started for the big woods down on Wild Cat Ridge. We hadn't gone more than a mile in the thick bamboos when the dogs struck the trail. John flashed on the light, turning to me he said:

H. Y., that's an old swamp coon sure as shooting. Listen, H. Y., at them damn dogs.

By that time the five red bone hounds were making some fine music over across Briar Skin Creek next to old man Burton's field. Down in the thick bamboo swamp we stopped in an old road bed and sat down. It was now 12 o'clock by my watch and chain.

The dogs were trailing the coon on down the creek. We waited thinking the dogs would trail the coon back up the creek. Everything got so quiet. Now and then we heard the dogs barking. I lay back in the thick leaves to rest and went to sleep. The dogs treed the old coon. John called to me and started on thinking I was coming after him. He crossed the creek, went over where the dogs had treed the coon. I will never know how I got out of those woods into the creek. When I woke up I was wading down the creek more than a mile from where John left me in the roadbed. I crawled out of the creek wet and cold. I tramped the rest of the night hunting my way out of the woods, circling around coming back to the place I had started from. At 4:00 o'clock I heard the bell ring up at the farm for the darkies to get up to prepare for the day's work. I followed the sound of the bell and came out of the woods just as day light was peeping over the Eastern sky. As I went to the back door there was John in the yard skinning an old coon. That coon hunt is still fresh in my rambling mind. Did you every go snipe hunting and hold the sack while the other fellows drove the birds in the sack? If you did you got left in the woods. The End.

I'm with the President on such questions as the drive for world peace, but it is understood that Harry Truman has some tricks up his sleeve that will divide the people and set off the fireworks. If you doubt that ask the Dixiecrats. You must admit he is a man of great nerve and a better fisherman than St. Peter or Hoover could hold a light when it comes to catching big fish.

So he and the New Dealers had a plan to circumvent the faults of man. But when they tried the thing so trusted, the devilish thing turned up and busted. Hitler had a plan to rule the world with his super race but he too went haywire and his plan went hellward.

What about Hen Wallace? He evolved a plan to make pork more plentiful by murdering little pigs and plowing up the cotton and took the shirt right off the poor man's back.

But old Aaron beat it all when he made that golden baby. He swiped the ladies rings, their bobby pins, wrist watches if any they had, and other golden things. I often wondered why he didn't get their bloomer pins. I reckon they didn't wear bloomers back then. If they did they called them slip-ons, or panties. Well, women do change. After all Aaron made a wobbly calf. Gosh, it made old Moses popping mad to see them gals dancing around that calf made by man.

I once had a sweetheart years and years ago. Where she is now I don't know. I'm sorry for those who never had a sweetheart, but they are few.

If we have faith, hope and love in our souls, our minds become clear, our entire being becomes alert and

activated, so we soon love the unlovable. Jealousy and hatred vanish from our minds like the morning dew, and we see some good in every one we come in contact with. It's worth while. If you once try its such a source of real happiness.

Of course we have been kinda handicapped in the past 36 years when Roosevelt took over the show. They told us what to plant and what to sow. When to reap and when to mow. How many rows to plow up. How many little pigs to drown from the mother sow to make pork chops and gravy cheaper. They told you every time you put a dollar in the saving plate you'd check out two. Finally you lost your shirt. They took your hat and give you a pick and a shovel. Fed you on mold'd rotten spuds and called it the W.P.A. And said it was what Hoover left over.

If you will let me tell this darky yarn I'll close this week's shine on time.

Back in Civil war days darkies were very afraid after night. My father owned an old negro man and his wife. They lived in a little log shack behind my father's big barn. One bright moonlight night when a deep snow was on the ground, Uncle John awoke when he heard a great rattling sound about his log shack. He shouted to his wife, Sallie. Get up, judgment day has come in the night, honey, and Gabriel is out there by the hay stack. I see him flopping his white wings.

What the old darky really saw was not Gabriel. It was my daddy's old mule with a cotton blanket on his back. It was flopping and waving in the snow with a high wind blowing under the bright light of the moon. It presented a ghostly scene. His wife got up. John, I've been praying for the Lord to come and take you to heaven. Now, nigger why are you scared? Sallie, the trouble is, I've got old man Brown's pigs out behind the hay stack in the pen and I don't know how the Lord will let me by, but if the good Lord spares my life to see the sun shine in the morning — just then he peeped out through the cracks in the log shack. O darling Sallie, it hain't nothen but Brown's old mule, but I've gwine pay for them pigs any

how next year if the crops are good. P. S.—We all get just like the old darkey when we get awared—we soon forget it tho'

The Rich Man And The Poor

The devil stood. By the rich man's gate. And watched the poor man. As he came by. In rags and want. Hungry, sick and cold. As he lay at the rich man's gate. The rich man said: I wish they could be elsewhere. The devil smiled and said, Or course you'll wind up where I dwell in hell. When at last you are dead, Then in hell with them all my days I wish I wouldn't have to board That rich gang eternally. I wish they could be elsewhere. Where they won't bother me. The poor man went to heaven. The rich man went down below. In hell he called for water. To cool his parching tongue. That's all I know about the rich man and the poor man.

Bryant Visiting Tokyo, Yokohama

Private Grover D. Bryant, son of Mrs. Gussie Bryant, Kings Mountain, N. C., has recently been granted seven days leave to visit Tokyo, Yokohama area.

Private Bryant has been in the Far East since July 1947, serving with Company A 304th Signal Operation Battalion on occupation duty in Yokohama, Japan. This unit is responsible for the operation and maintenance of communications of Eighth Army Headquarters.

Carrots actually build up their supply of the valued food element, carotene, during winter storage, says the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Carotene is a food factor much wanted in the diet because it is the basic material from which vitamin A is formed.

Persons at work on U. S. Farms at the end of July totaled 11,800,000 compared with 12,000,000 a year ago.

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They sweep their eyes over tapering fenders, with a suggestion of jet power in their after contours — and say, "That's for me!"

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