

# H. Y. Belk

## AND HIS NEWS OF NEBO VALLEY

Come on up all ye folks, take a stool or just sit up on the floor while your Mayor helps you with the news. Once not so long ago there lived on Nebo road, a man who loved potatoes so well they changed his name from Andy Newton to "Tater Newton." He grew small taters, big ones too, and worked a farm. To your house he came with sweet potatoes and we all had fun when the baking began. If no money you had, you got taters just for fun. He helped the rich, he helped the poor. Then when his taters gave out and no more spuds he had to sell, we the people, sent him to the Court House for a spell. He made good Deeds and acted well. He put it on the books, and our county grew swell, and he lasted well. He quit the job to rest and recline. No more potatoes will he grow. His books all closed for a time, when the Great Judge calls Andy to come up high. We hope he finds a better life sublime. He did his best while on this earthly clime.

Well October went out like a roaring Lion. November came in leaving Hallowe'en behind, with flood and rain. We can only wait and see what old December brings around. Its a grand thought to poor folks like you and I that Christmas don't come in the summer time, but keeps it all for winter time.

Whose to blame. Some of our business men are raising cane because European producers whose factories were rebuilt after the war by our taxpayers' money and they are shipping their goods to the U. S. A. and underselling their goods on our American markets. They can and are underselling their goods. Labor is so much cheaper in Europe. Today we have 500 trains idle over the nation all on the account of John L. Lewis, and Father Truman. Soon if not now, we poor fools and folks will be cold and freezing too for no coal can we find. John got all the holes locked down. He's truly Truman's boss? If I were Truman and couldn't run this nation I'd give up and go to some other town.

Well, the story runs like this: The man who had nerve enough to drink a quart of cheap whiskey while he was having a tooth pulled, then he proposed to a pretty girl, he wished them to change his mind, but he found he'd lost his mind and left it behind. He then vowed forevermore from now he'd henceforth use some common sense on gals of that kind.

It is said Adam named the animals. Seth named the stars.

Eve named the suckers and bruised their heads with her heel, but that don't explain who named a Jackass for a mule.

But who named the New Deal, and is it Constitutional? We presume so.

The law of gravity teaches that everything that goes up will find a way down—but taxes.

Now who created the dear little housefly, that would be hard to define. They all spread their wings alike when they stick up in the butter pan.

Who was it said, "Oh, that my head were water and my eyes a fountain of tears that I might weep day and night for the slain of my people."

Nothing yet so bad but it could be worse, remember that my dear beloved.

I find in my ancient history that many of the ancient buildings I presumed to have been destroyed by barbarians were actually destroyed by earthquakes. It may be a fable. We've so often read about Nero fiddling while Rome burned. He was a heck of a fiddler, tho', at any rate.

Sherman didn't burn ancient Rome, but he and his Yankees did burn Columbia, S. C., the capitol of that state.

Then our immortal Robert E. Lee had to lose the Cause for which he fought and received no earthly reward. But his memory will live forever, immortal Robert E. Lee.

The Bible Book Divine says who-so stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard, Good.

Then again the Good Books tells us if a man or a woman slaps you on one cheek, turn also the other side and let him smack you again. Well, I reckon that's all right, but I'm not going to stand and take all that, I'll strike back in self defense.

Whether you believe it or not the nation's foremost saboteur is Old John Barley Corn. He's hell on wheels—he rides in cars.

One thing we all can be sure of—the Nebo columnist don't crawl behind a tree to talk when he speaks.

It takes a great string of words to run this thing. However we belong to no company. We feel as independent as a littel pig on ice. We eat, sleep, get in our britches just like any other two-legged man, and stay in bed till we have to crawl out. Sometimes we find it quite painful too. Just like you, going to bed is so easy if you are close to home, but everybody knows getting up is very trying. Then too back in to the same old clothes, and wondering what you'll have for breakfast. You know at my house breakfast is quite a bluff—not all the time ham and eggs.

Most anybody can talk but lots of the talkers only talk from the shoulders down. Pity they can't speak from a little higher up in the head.

In following his tracks where Truman goes something is sure to crack.

With the Republicans it looks like they have forgotten which party they belong to.

When you find an old man sitting around grumbling about getting old unless he's past ninety and nine, chewing old brown mule tobacco, spitting all over his shirt front, mark you, he's not old and childish, he's old and hellish. A man of 75 is only starting on his second life's voy age. If he was no account at 50 he's still no good, never will be. Women are not so. They're still young 'till they feather and die. A buzzard lives to be a hundred, why not a man. When you are dead you are a long time gone. We find no fountain of youth on this clime. We make it so—keep young in your mind. Years don't count in your life if you live right and treat those you meet with a loving smile. Smiles that love your fellowman. For God's sake quit talking about your neighbors. Pray for them and forget their faults. You perhaps have more than they. I know I do. Tell the truth and all will be well. We are all made in the image of the Christ-Child. That's what the Bible Book Divine says. If your neighbor gets down help him climb, don't kick him down. Treat him as you would have him treat you, then flowers will bloom where thorns and thistles grew. Speak kind words to those around and your life will be sublime and

departing you will be glad to leave footprints on the sands of time. What is time?—its the wind that blows between the birth cradle and the unknown death-bed. Life is so sweet then why so repine?

I struck on High Tax Harry. Yes I am. I'm willing to smoke rabbit tobacco in my old briar pipe, go barefotted in the rain, sleet and snow. Sleep on a rail fence, drink muddy branch water if he says its best for me and my nation. Then when my boss says vote, I vote it boys to be patriotic, tax or no tax. If they tax the already taxed, tax the church, tax the preacher, tax the meeting house, tax the d--gs, tax the tomatos, tax the chicken, then tax the rats, they tax the Devil you say? I'll stick to my county 'til nothing more to tax. Whosoever got up this tax, sure was slick. It's no poor man's trick. A poor man is considered not worth a hell damn—well he's not.

Then, we the outcast poor man, on payday strut around with a paycheck for \$36 with \$6 took out by the boss-dog for tax. After this poor man buys a few high, very high grub things and a sack of slate mixed with egg coal, the poor devil can't buy the baby a sucker. Children love stick candy mostly because its so high. We love beefsteak too, but

get it if you can since the old cow jumped up over the moon. That's all for now—see you Saturday.

You never thought I'd be a poet: I'm a curious creature, Pray tell me why, I am loved, I am hailed, I am blamed, I am false, I am true, Take heed you pais, You like me have your day. At last you must, Grow old, crumble up, and decay, Because you didn't Come to stay.

About 2,700 acres of late fall cabbage are being grown commercially in North Carolina this year. This acreage is about the same as that of the 1948 crop.

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