

**Kings Mountain Herald**

Established 1860

Published Every Thursday

HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY

Martin Hansen

Editor-Publisher

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Kings Mountain, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Paidable in Advance

One year \$2.00

Six months \$1.10

Three months 50¢

A weekly newspaper devoted to the promotion of the general welfare and published for the enlightenment, entertainment and benefit of the citizens of Kings Mountain and its vicinity.

**TODAY'S BIBLE VERSE**  
and now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity. I Corinthians 13:13.

The Herald joins with the men reading of Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Ladd's Latin American campaigns, which will be served to him and also with the news of the commandos who are serving in Kings Mountain. The Rev. Martin A. Hansen, pastor of the Kings Mountain First Methodist Church, has been a night sermon, and his presence here of course, is no surprise. Mr. Shuster gave evidence that he is still here. The service continues.

Kings Mountain, the seat of the 2nd War Bonds campaign.

The Herald joins in its congratulations to Jack Stoll and Jerry Failes, winners, respectively, of the 1st E. Lester Hebameter medal and the S. P. Baker trophy.

**Mother's Day**

Mother's Day, 1945, will find many mothers more relieved than they have been in many years, but for many other mothers, the daily anxiety and worry about a son in combat, or thought to be, will continue.

Certainly nothing is more apropos than a day each year to honor mothers. Too often mothers, who first give life, then sustain life, then supply the leadership and training necessary to all, are simply taken for granted.

Only those who will wear the white rose on Sunday, know the full meaning of the loss of a mother's love and presence. Those who wear the red rose still have the bulwark of humanity — MOTHER — on whom to lean.

Mothers bear the trials and tribulations of each child more fully than does the child itself. It follows all of us to pay especial respect and honor to mother on Sunday.

Mrs. E. A. Hansen, local chairman and co-chairman of the Can Fund Drive, and E. A. Hansen, chairman of the committee for raising funds for the American Bible Society, pronounce themselves well pleased with the response to their appeal. Kings Mountain area citizens, once again, have answered the call of charity with willingness and generosity.

1,500 pounds of paper is a lot of paper, and that amount was collected here last Friday. Citizens of the city are deserving of commendation for cooperating in putting out their paper, and the Boy Scouts and their leaders deserve even more, for handling waste paper is anything but easy work. Particular praise is due "Team 1" for winning the Eisenhower citation. Having heard considerable comment that more frequent collections are needed, the Herald simply gives the comment on lack of storage as the problem, but it is our belief that a full car could be loaded at least six times per year. And paper is critically short.

The Seventh War Loan drive began Monday, and citizens over the collapse of Germany should only set aside their efforts to spur citizens of Kings Mountain and the nation to outdo them all in the matter of buying bonds and putting the nation over the top on this huge Seventh Loan campaign. Now is the time, not only to invest surplus money in bonds, but to tighten the belt and buy bonds until it bursts.

Sweet potato plant roots should be dipped in a 5% muriatic acid solution, 1 quart to 10 gallons of water, before setting them in the field.

**King Mountain Savings Bonds**

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**martin's medicine**

Illustrating bits of news, wisdom, humor, and comment. To be taken weekly. Avoid over-dosing!

By Martin Hansen

**Thirty Months Ago**  
The column isn't being taken from the files of November 1942, but from the memory book.

It was on November 6, 1942, exactly two and one half years before V-E day, that United States forces made their first landings on enemy soil held by Italy and Germany. Before that time, the only advance against the enemy was the invasion of Guadalcanal to the Pacific.

But to begin a little earlier. The Russians in late October were making their gallant stand at Stalingrad, and shortly before the landings drove the Germans back. Then about a week before, while the huge Allied convoys were at sea, British General Montgomery started his famous drive from the East, after the late General Rommel, the greatest tactician American forces have fought had backed the British almost to Alexandria.

I was aboard one of the vessels of that invasion convoy just another "stepped junior officer." An old skipper called me, "And I suspect he was right."

On Sunday, November 1, the captain called me into his cabin, outlined our part in the invasion plans. Our destination, he said, was Algiers. We were steaming in a generally southerly direction. The Mediterranean was pretty hot at that time, and most of us became rather tense when we learned the news, a tempestuous we were not to lose for, sometime to come.

Except for a few submarine contacts, which sent the tin cans scurrying around dropping ash cans that caused a tremor in our ship, the next week was uneventful. It was mighty pleasant to get away from the cold waters of the North Atlantic and feel a warm breeze.

We entered the Straits of Gibraltar early Friday morning, and passed a navigational light on the huge boulder known to port at 0100. It was rather sinister to see the blacked-out Rock to port, and the brilliantly lighted free city of Tangiers to starboard, the first lighted city we had seen since sailing from New York.

The next day was ideal. Never prettier weather. The Mediterranean as calm as Lake Ontario, the breezes warm, and the snow glistening from the top of the mountains along the Spanish coast.

Saturday started badly. We were at battle stations before dawn, a routine precaution. Just as dawn broke, there was an explosion, and a few seconds later we were passing the ship which had been two ahead of us in column. As we passed, she fired flares, telling us she was torpedoed.

Knowing we had been spotted, we were expecting much trouble the rest of the day. But the only alarms were the appearance of four reconnaissance bombers, one at 1200, the other about 1500 (service time for 3 p. m.) About this time we hiked up to full speed, and by 1230 the lights of Algiers appeared in the distance, by 1300 (10:30 p. m.), we were at our designated spot and unloading operations were underway. It wasn't long until the first waves were headed shoreward in the little amphibious landing boats.

Down was a long time coming. We were anchored within easy range of a French fort, which opened up with its searchlight, mirroring so perfectly, but never with its guns. Another fort did open up and it was morning before we knew for sure that had not been a trap.

By down the Jenkins 80's started paying their first visits, which they managed to repeat with monotonous regularity for the length of our stay in Algiers Bay and Harbor.

For me, there is nothing more spine-tingling than the wail of the air raid alarm, and I shall never forget it.

Of the five American ships originally in our task force, only one completed the successful voyage. In addition to the one lost in the action, the two transports were sunk, and we, too, were so seriously damaged, were required a week later off the Bay of Biscay.

All of which is the low point of my account of coping with the war. I am about, interviewing as much as I can, too, that the war with Japan is far from over.

For the never ending task of setting up houses, stores, and business, I &amp; Partners had your great store across the road.

**Random Notes**by  
Mrs. A. H. Patterson

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Our church paper gave an account of the last church service, attended by our late President and I, want to pass it on. If you've read it—well, it will bear reading again.

The service was held in the chapel at the institution for paralysis victims at Warm Springs, Ga., Easter Sunday morning. About a minute before eleven the president accompanied by his two sons and his guard drove up. The President was placed in a wheel chair and from that assumed into the third pew from the front.

The chapel, a gift of Miss Georgia Williams, of Columbus, Ga., follows familiar architectural lines. The inner arrangements however reveal the special nature of the congregation it serves. The whole front of the auditorium is free of pews, so that patients may be rolled in on stretchers or in wheel chairs. When services are held there is no rising or kneeling, since that would make a distinction between the worshippers who are and who cannot stand or move themselves.

The President's last service did not differ much in form from the Easter service which were being held all over the nation that morning. Hymn sing were "Come Ye Faithful," "Raise Up the Standard," "The Star Is Over the Baltic Dome," "From This House With Many Others." The scripture readings were from Job 14:13-15 and from three chapters in the Epistles of the Hebrews. The audience sang all the choir music of bell-like voices, were "In Joseph's Lively Garden" and "Stand O'er Me." God survived. The World.

In the pulpit stood Wm. G. Robinson, professor of history and theology at Columbia Theological Seminary, U. S., at Decatur, Ga. He preached on the theme titled, "Inferno For Suffering Men." It was a sermon designed to bring comfort and strength, with its presentation of Christ, as tasting death for every man, that he might deliver all from the fear of death.

As he reached that portion of his sermon, he began to quote a poem written by John Hay, Lincoln's private secretary, who later became one of the greatest Secretaries of State. My short and happy day is done, The long and lonely night comes on; And at my door the pale horse stands To bear me forth to unknown lands.

There came a verse added by the famous Confederate artillery commander, Gen. E. P. Alexander:

But storm and gloom and mystery shall only nerve my courage high; Who through life's scenes has borne his part.

May face it's close, with tranquil heart.

And then speaking directly to the President, the minister quoted another verse added by the Rev. James P. Smith, who in the War Between the States, rode as aide-de-camp to Stonewall Jackson:

The pale horse stands and will not hide.

The night has come and I must ride; But not alone to unknown lands, My Friend, goes with me, holding hands.

As the sermon closed Dr. Robinson told of a mother, whose son went down with the submarine S-26, off Panama. When the memorial service was held for this lad on Easter three years ago, at the old first church, Decatur, Ga., his mother wrote:

God has given me a guiding light A star called Faith, That substance of things hoped for, That evidence of things not seen. And now within me, peace and joy are born,

For some day there shall come a resurrection morn.

And I shall see again and know my son.

After the service, the minister presented the President a copy of the

**10 Years Ago**

1935 WEDNESDAY

Some of news taken from the 1935 issue of the Kings Mountain Herald

Mayor J. E. Herndon was reelected over W. A. Bidwell in the town election held here Tuesday, May 7. The Board of Town Commissioners were re-elected except for one. W. E. Manney was elected in place of Tom Pulten. Those re-elected were Joe Neesler, E. C. Gold, Jim Willis, and J. B. Manney.

A. H. Patterson was re-elected a member of the school board, and Charlie F. Thompson was elected to serve with him in place of H. H. Houston.

A total of 943 voted in the election. The count was completed about ten o'clock.

Dime letters which have been the talk of the country lately have arrived in Kings Mountain. They have been received from all parts of the United States. Postmaster J. S. Ware stated that business had picked up considerably at the local postoffice on account of these letters.

The heading on one of these letters is as follows:

**PROSPERITY CLUB**

IN GOD WE TRUST

Faith, Hope and Prosperity

**PERSONALS**

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Dugayne of Shady street are announcing the birth of a daughter, Gloria Elizabeth, on Tuesday, May 7.

Mrs. Lucy Hamrick celebrated the 50th anniversary of her marriage Saturday morning with the Rev. James P. Smith, pastor of the First Baptist Church.

The service was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hamrick, 1000 Main Street. Miss Mary L. Schuberg spent Sunday afternoon at Thomas Rock.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. McGill of Monroe spent Saturday with Mr. McGill's mother, Mrs. Louie McGill.

Miss Pauline Neesler and Miss Sam Finger will be guests at a house party given by the Beta fraternity at Davidson college this week end.



You can give them a lift in more ways than one if you will go easy on Long Distance calls between 7 and 10 each night.

That's the time many service men in the camps are calling home and they'll appreciate your help in leaving the lines for them.

**SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY****THE HOME OF****Quality Foods**

When you order from us, you can be assured you are getting the best groceries obtainable.

**Blalock's Grocery**

PHONE 58

**Announcement**

The ownership of this firm is pleased to announce the employment of Luther Morrison as manager of the firm.

Mr. Morrison, until recently Lt. Morrison, has been retired from the army, after serving in the South Pacific, during which time he was seriously wounded in action.

**Kings Mountain Laundry**

Phone 270

E. A. Merrill

Paul Manney



Watch Mother's eyes glow when she receives a gift from the D. E. HORD FURNITURE CO. We have the largest and finest selection of quality furniture you've ever seen.... and our prices are reasonable. Buy her a platform rocker.

**D. E. HORD FURNITURE CO.****King Mountain Savings Bonds**

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