The Kings Mountain Herald

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Haywood E. Lynch
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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.

THE HEROES

The flag they followed overseas
Floats silent overhead
Soft blows the poppy scented breeze
Above our hero dead
From all the cruel bitter pain
Their souls have found growing grain
They lie in perfect peace

Snow-white in many a serried line
The little crosses stand,
Each cross a grave, each grave a shrine
Amid an alien land
Their part through flaming shrieking war
Was bravely, nobly done,
For us to keep for ever more
The peace that they have won

Vincent Aerrente

HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS

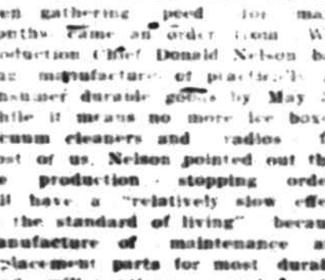
The above caption may be difficult for some people to answer but the class who believe in the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God will practice the Golden Rule. If love fills the heart of man the mind is motivated to be charitable as well as tolerant. We take the following from the North Carolina Christian Advocate, quoting Lorena Anthony as saying: "I saw recently that two million people [illegible] book on how to win friends. That information has been [illegible] thousand years. There is no mystery about it. It [illegible] simple that every dog understand it and practice it except when they [illegible] 'He that hath friends must show himself friendly.'"

CONSUMERS' DURABLES

Last week as the natural means public climax of the trend that has been gathering speed for many months came an order from War Production Chief Donald Nelson banning manufacture of practically all consumer durable goods by May 31. While it means no more ice boxes, vacuum cleaners and radios for most of us, Nelson pointed out that the production stopping orders will have a "relatively slow effect on the standard of living" because manufacture of maintenance and replacement parts for most durable goods will continue — and besides there still is a fair backlog of these goods in retailers hands. But in the long pull this order is going to "change the face of American industry, the War Production Board chief said. The order is just one more milestone in marking industry's swing over to war production, and incidentally, the swing of the business pendulum appears to be really accelerating at this writing. The pace of Uncle Sam's war production effort for March has just been reported by Nelson as being at the rate of $30 billion dollars annually —a new high.—Selected.

What You Buy With
WAR BONDS

Navy Cruisers are built in two classes, light and heavy, the latter displacing about 10,000 tons. Our navy has about an equal number of light and heavy Cruisers, the 10,000 ton Cruiser costing approximately $20,000,000. Many Cruisers are under construction and many more are needed.



To pay for these speedy and powerful ships with their heavy guns and armament we must buy War Bonds. Citizens of a large town or a given community, working in unity, could buy one of these ships for the Navy if they put at least ten percent of their income in War Bonds every pay day.

U. S. Treasury Department

SUBSCRIBE TO THE HERALD

Here and There .

Haywood E. Lynch

The signs I have been reprinting in my column lately has created quite a bit of comment. While out at the Sadie Mill the other day, a group of ladies told me of a sign they had noticed in a florist shop which read: "Although We Own The Place, We Take Orders From Everyone."

Send in the unusual signs you have noticed on your rounds, maybe other Here and There readers would enjoy them.

Calvin Plonk stopped by the office yesterday afternoon with a batch of letter and cards he received from friends during the last war. Quite a number of them had been mailed from France and most everyone ended up with: Be sure and write me, or please write to me." The boys in this war are not different from those in the last, so if you know a fellow in the armed service, please write to him, as I know he'll appreciate it as much as anything you can do for him.

Speaking about letters I certainly like to get them when they are like the one I received Tuesday afternoon, which follows:
Mr. Haywood E. Lynch:

"I have enjoyed reading the Herald from week to week, more than words can tell. I especially enjoy reading your Here And There column. I could not have stayed at Mars Hill without my home town paper. I am sorry that I am not old enough to cast a vote for you. Here is wishing you success."
Stokes Wright, R-3

After the election is over I have several funny things that happened during the campaign that I'll tell you about.

This is the last column you'll receive from me before the big day Saturday, which is Election Day. To every Here and There reader and their friends, I will deeply appreciate your vote. Haywood E. Lynch.

AMERICA'S NOCTURNE

(Editor's Note. The following poem was received from James Ratterree. The poem was written by a class mate of Aviation Cadet Ratterree and The Herald is glad to publish it at his request.)

My reaper song is not a song.
Sung by a mocking bird,
[illegible] but will
right a wrong.
[illegible] the earth be heard
[illegible] not the stars that shine
[illegible] earth each night
[illegible] as [illegible] chime
And warbirds start their flight

My comets are not white and gold
And are not seen by all.
They have a beauty yet untold.
[illegible] as they fall

My mooh is not the moon that glows
On the ocean's foamy crests.
My moon with all its brilliance shows
The warbirds to their nests.

The wind that blows across my face
Is not a peaceful breeze.
It's a pounding throb as motors race
To fight across the seas.

—Cadet C. Ritchie Bell

WOODWARD ELECTED S. S. VICE PRESIDENT

Joe Lee Woodward was elected vice-president of the Boiling Springs College alumni association at the annual banquet held Saturday. Mr. James T. Irvin of Shelby was selected as president. Mrs Lila Head is a member of the Board of Directors of the Association

Dr. R. G. Granberry, president of Limestone College, was guest speaker at the banquet held in the college dining hall. Around 150 attended the annual affair.

BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

GRADUATES OF PLONK SCHOOL TO GIVE PROGRAM IN KINGS MOUNTAIN

Graduates of the Plonk School of Creative Arts, of Asheville, N. C., will be presented in recital at Central Methodist Church next Wednesday evening, June 3rd at 8:00 p. m.

The program will consist of Scripture reading, anthems, etc., and whi be rendered by a group of ten.

Miss Sara Orr who was a guest soloist at Central Methodist church previously, will be with the group and will be heard again with pleasure.

The public is invited to attend the recital.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT WALLACE GROVE

There Will be an all day Memorial service at Wallace Grove Baptist Church the first Sunday in June, and dinner on the ground.

The speakers will be Rev. John Moss and Rev. Dills Walker.

Everybody invited to attend.

10% OF INCOME
IS OUR QUOTA
IN WAR BONDS

No girl ever tried harder NOT to Fall in Love!

EDWARD SMALL presents

THE DUKE OF WEST POINT

with LOUIS HAYWARD, TOM BROWN, RICHARD CARLSON, JOAN FONTAINE, ALAN CURTIS

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: *Steve Early is a "Plebe" at West Point and a crack all-around athlete. He incurs the hostility of Yearling Corporal Strong by flirting with the latter's girl, Ann Porter. Strong foils his revenge when Steve, to save his roommate Jack West from the necessity of having to leave the Academy, cracks away from the grounds at night to save the needed money to Jack's mother. Strong reports Steve, who as punishment for his misdeed is removed from the football team and "silenced". Besides his roommates, West and Bob Drew, only one person shows him friendship — Ann Porter.*

Chapter Six

Graduation Day came — a day in Academy life which for the Plebes is quite as thrilling as for the Fourth Classmen. For this is the day when Recognition takes place, and tradition decrees that, after the awarding of the diplomas, the Upper Classmen turn toward the lowly Plebes and "recognize" them by cordially shaking their hands, whereupon they cease to be Plebes and themselves become Upper Classmen. But when the moment came, and the Upper Classmen mingled with the Plebes, grinning, shaking hands, and uttering words of cordial friendship, Steve stood alone, ignored.

He stood staring straight ahead for a few moments; then, squaring his shoulders, he wheeled about and marched away in solitude, making for Flirtation Walk — a smashing fall in a practice melee and was carried to the infirmary with a broken collarbone. After practice, Steve, sick at heart, announced to Jack West that he had finally made his decision; he was tired of his whole Academy life and had resolved to leave it. First he would stay and play game against the Canadians; he would try to win it — for the sake of West Point, but not for the sake of poor little Drew.

On the day of the game the squad was in the locker room getting dressed. Jack West received a special delivery letter. He read it hastily, gave a long whistle of amazement, and read it over again:

"Dear Son: The enclosed check, to Steven for a thousand dollars, will come as a surprise to you. Over a year ago Steven sent me the enclosed telegram which is self-explanatory. His generosity may have been a simple gesture to him, but to you and me it means that you could remain at the Academy. I am glad conditions permit me to repay the money, but we shall never be able to repay his kindness."

West showed the letter to Strong. "Now you see why he went over the hill that night you caught him? Yes — and that's why he's still here — I've got to do something about it, right away!"

"Please," said Strong, in a low voice. "I'd consider it an enormous favor if you'd let me handle this."

* * *

Steve Early, wearing his injured friend Drew's sweater, played like a demon throughout the game. Not only the Army coaches and officials, but those of the Canadian institution as well stood in admiration of his lightning

He wore his injured friend's sweater throughout the game.

the wooded path to which an overly fluted Yearling, he could not hear his dated about. When he arrived at the pleasant wooded path, a girl stepped from among the trees and stood in his path. It was Ann.

"How did you get here?" he demanded happily. "Didn't I see you in the Area during Recognition?"

"I followed you," said a short cut. How does it feel to be a Yearling?"

His face grew glum. "I wouldn't know. You saw what happened to me at Recognition?...It hurt."

Ann looked away, then glanced up at the great bilateral oak behind them. "There's an old, old tradition connected with this rock," she said, her throat a bit husky. "They say if a Cadet is refused a kiss here the flash will fall, and after it, the whole assembly."

Steve looked down at her, and took both her hands gently. "Sometimes," he said, "little girls get all mixed up about very important emotions...Ann, the one thing I don't need is — pity!"

When winter came again, and with it another hockey season, Steve made the Varsity team easily, and with him on it were his dearest friends and roommates, Drew and West. Strong too, Steve's nemesis was on the squad, and made the first team with ease. Even the pessimistic south admitted that it was the best team he had had in many a long year. But he would not share the applause duly accorded by the discerning young Drew, and stared in icy hatred. Dee — exactly that half was the team which would at last beat the Canadians. For eleven years the teams of Canada's Royal Military Academy had come down each year and had been beaten, decisively. And the goal of every hockey game was to defeat a team which could outskate, outplay, outshoot, and outscore the Canadians, but proved to be unbeatable in body contact. It was the game which was the highlight of the season, and the game which was the climax of the season. Steve Early, a defenseman par excellence, was the key man of the team. He was the one who could break up the plays of the opposing team, kill every attack, his rushes during the first of the game. It was a close, bitterly fought game, but when it was over the West Pointers had done it. The final score was: Army—5; Canada—1!

After the boys had changed in their Cadet uniforms, Strong officiously, finally and unnecessarily like to delay him to the Area. Time, by his assessment, Steve found the Corps lined up in parade formation. The First Captain stepped forward and spoke to him.

"Mister Early, a difficult position on the part of the Corps arrived at Recognition last year. A man was president. The Corps has discovered that he was guilty of the offense of stealing the derring life of his classmate, such an offense, Mister Early, is in the finest, highest tradition of the Corps." He stepped forward, his face beaming, and extended his hand. "Mister Early, I'm very glad to know you."

"Thank you, sir," murmured Steve, fighting back the welling emotion within him.

A few minutes later he was presenting the Captain of the Canadian team to Drew, who lay in his hospital bed, enjoying the triumph of his young life. Steve had brought along the silver-ed trophy, and he thrust it into Drew's hands.

"Here, Sonny — give 'em back the cup."

Drew nearly overcome with the glory of it all, did as they wished to make a speech, to this, and to that, but the dear fellow just shook his head and managed to smile his joy.

* * *

The manifold that lulled the whole Old Line also shone on the young lovers. Steve and Ann walked at the Area, and to the Chapel, and to the Cadet Chapel, and to the Cadet Chapel, and to the Cadet