

The Kings Mountain Herald Established 1889 Published Every Thursday

HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE, Haywood E. Lynch, Editor-Manager

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES One Year \$1.50 Six Months .80

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 the vicinity.



WE DARE NOT FAIL We dare not pledge that we must... Made with those who are asked... And some day they will rise and... How will we did their broken task... They fought and died that peace might live... And we who still remain must give continued effort to that cause... We must not even stop or pause... Throughout the world will never cease... Edward C. Bremer

THE BOOK

How many ages and generations have brooded and wept and agonized over this book! What an all-time joy and ecstasy what support to martyrs at the stake from it! To what myths has it been the shore of our hope of safety... The refuge from driving tempest and wreck... The light in all languages how it has united this diverse world... The word but it is thick-studded with human emotion... Wait! Why men

KNOWLEDGE

Knowledge has in our time its own power and triumphing over prejudice and over bigotry... The Christian world... fast learning the great lesson... of nations does not imply necessary hostility and that all contact need not be war... The world is becoming a common world for intellect to act in... Energy of mind genius power wherever it exists may speak out in any tongue and the world will hear it... Daniel Webster

YOUR CONTRIBUTION

Sugar and gasoline rationing are only the beginning... the American people are going to have to pull in their belts more and more... It has been estimated that half of the nation's \$40 billion armament output scheduled for 1942 must be supplied by men and machines that produced civilian goods last year... The construction of new plant facilities has just about reached the end... except where absolutely necessary Strategic metals and materials that go into building cannot be shot at or sent at the enemy in

Here and There

The election is over, and I certainly am glad, because to say the least it was a great strain, and even if I had to do it, I am glad that it is over... but before I get too far along in this column I want to sincerely thank my home folks for the way they stuck to me... that's the only consolation I got out of the hard work and considerable expenditure... and to know that your homefolks went down the line for you is worth the effort and money now for that little word IF... if just 913 of those who voted for my opponent had voted for me I would have been elected... Folks are very friendly and cordial to candidates... During my tour of the county I found only three people who told me they were going to vote for me... I did not want me to feel badly and just did not express themselves... I had lots of fun and lots of fine people... I also found out that Cleveland is a large county... It is over 50 miles from Grover to Clear... The election is now over and my mousetouch is on the way back in harness... gain and give you the best paper in The Best Town in The State

It's changing time on our mailing list: This week we took off all the young folks who have been away at college and in their places we are putting on several of the teachers who will be away for the summer, among them: Louise Morris of Charlotte, Mildred Lowrance of Mooresboro, Jane Scoggins of Greenville, S. C., Katherine Peete of Gibson, and Mrs. A. E. Smart (Carolyn Carlye) of Battle Creek, Mich.

Mrs. Mary Goforth told me of an interesting sign she had heard about: O groceryman had some customers who did not pay their bills, so he printed him a sign which read "I don't pay and neither do these"—and listed the people who owed him.

A pronounced improvement in the health of Edcombe County... The examinations held in the various clubs this year... the boom of bulbs, and bombing planes

Some machine industries employing nearly 11 million workers are rapidly converting to war production

A recent survey has shown that eleven major lines of civilian production were already under conversion or drastic curtailment orders from the Government

More and more consumers, who must forego more and more comforts and luxuries... It means no more refrigerators... no more washing machines... no more made into bomb fins and anti-aircraft machine gun mounts... Our refrigerators are becoming searchlights... Our typewriters are becoming rifles... and fire-control instruments

The men on the fighting front need weapons and more weapons... we must not let them down... To take care of their needs the shortage of consumer goods will grow, and hence the need for rationing... Cheerful acceptance of rationing is one of the things everyone can do to help win the war.

FARM WORKERS GATED AGAIN BEST WORKMEN IN SHIPBUILDING PLANT

Manitowoc, Wis.—Up here along the shore of Lake Michigan, farm lads get up at dawn, milk the cows and then go down to the Manitowoc Shipbuilding Co. plant and put in a day's work building submarines for the Navy.

These men, like most of the company's round the clock employees, never saw a submarine until they started building them, but they are one of the reasons why the company has been given the Navy's E award for an extraordinarily good job in rushing work on ten feet-

CARD OF THANKS

Mr and Mrs Jim Connor wish to thank our good neighbors and friends for the kindness and sympathy shown us during our sickness and death of our dear baby girl, Martha Lyrene. We also thank each one for the many lovely flowers. Mr and Mrs Jim Connor



Fictionized from the screenplay by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD (NOTE: Although the characters in the screen production of 'The Adventures of Marco Polo' are real, the story makes no claim to historical accuracy).

Chapter One Behind the "rilled door of a handsome house rising on the banks of the Grand Canal which bore the sign 'POLO BROTHERS'—Merchants and Importers"—five men were seated about a table engaged in serious conversation. At one end sat Maffeo Polo, gray-haired, shrewd and solemn. The others listened in respectful silence to what he was saying. "We must open up new trade, or as merchants we will perish. The channels of our Mediterranean world have run dry." One of the men chuckled. "And you have milked them dry, Maffeo Polo!" "My brother has told you," continued Maffeo without smiling. "The solution lies to the East. To Cathay—to the land of China. It is there we must send an ambassador." He turned, as if for corroboration, to Nicolo, who was barely listening to the conversation. Younger than Maffeo, Nicolo was also more brilliant and daring. He stood now at the long windows, looking down at the busy scene in the canal below. It was plain that he was bored and impatient, for his feet tapped the marble floor nervously. Below him the canal bustled with traffic, conveying richly-clad citizens of Venice to and from their palaces. Venice was at peace, and it was customary for the Venetians when they were not at war with their neighbors in Genoa or Florence, to give their time wholly to dancing, gambling and the pursuits of pleasure. Trade was brisk and



So found Marco with congenial companions.

the money coffers overflowed, and he, Nicolo Polo, could take good pride in that fact. Were not he and Maffeo members of the Great Council? Did not every business man in Europe haggle and connive to have dealings with them, in order to touch in collected glory? Were not the Polos so rich and honored as any in that year of our Lord, 1271? And did not he, Nicolo, have a son, Marco, the most daring, adventurous and handsome of any in Venice. His pleasant, youthful face was interrupted by a small hole from a gunshot. "Have you found him, Dinguccio?" Nicolo called back eagerly. "No," replied the dejected servant. "And I have called on most of Venice. And half ruined my new clothes." Nicolo cried impatiently. "Then call on the rest of Venice—and ruin the other half!" One of the business men asked, "Whom shall we send as Ambassador?" "My son," said Nicolo quickly. "Marco Polo." The other merchants regarded him incredulously. "That is a sound choice, Nicolo," one remarked sarcastically. "He knows nothing of buying or selling, but something of gambling; nothing of commercial treaties, but something of women; he knows nothing of war..." Nicolo interrupted sharply. "Did you think our transaction in Paris was a good one?" "Yes, but," laughed the man. "I know, I tried for it!" "It was Marco who got it for us. Did you like our arrangements with the Greeks?" "Yes, yes." "It was Marco who made them for us, although you believed to see Marco taking the Greek money." "But Marco is dead," protested the third man. "He travels slowly—he walks slowly, he talks slowly..." "So he talks fast. You may talk here for hours—but it is Marco who will go. Marco walked to a table upon which were placed a map and a globe. Marco picked up a quill pen and wrote on a document. "I have no more to say," he said. "You may know buying

JUST HUMANS BY GENE CAPP



"Slip Me a Soft Pencil, Pop, I Wanna Write to My Sweetie!"

My Sincere Thanks To Everyone who voted for me Saturday Words can not express my gratitude to my "Home-Folks" who so loyally stuck by their home-town candidate, and to each of you 528, strong, I say thank you. Haywood E. Lynch

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