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BETSY'S BATTLE FLAG
 From down till down the river long night
 She kept the tallow dips alight
 And fast her nimble fingers flew
 To sew the stars upon the blue
 With weary eyes and aching head
 She stitched the stripes of white and red
 And when the day came up the stair
 Complete across a raven chair
 Hung Betsy's battle flag.
 The simple stone of Betsy Ross
 Is covered now with mold and moss.
 But still her deathless banner flies,
 And keeps the color of the skies.
 A nation thrills, a nation bleeds,
 A nation follows where it leads.
 And every man is proud to yield
 His life upon a crimson field
 For Betsy's battle flag!

DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE
 Now it's an army of 3,000,000 men by the end of next year and a navy of 100,000 ships. Since Pearl Harbor \$7,000,000,000 have been appropriated for weapons and equipment that will beat the Axis. That's the victory news from Washington these days. Production schedules are so high that you begin to ask if all that work can be done and done in time, even in the wonder world of America's mass production factories.

But when the first war schedule was announced after Pearl Harbor it seemed so impossibly huge that the Axis called it propaganda and said that for all our manufacturing skill and great resources we could not do it. You remember that school talk—12,000 airplanes, 75,000 tanks, 10 million tons of shipping by the end of 1942?

Today our factories are turning out these planes and tanks and ships so fast that in many instances they are actually ahead of schedule. Proof of that is given in the stories written by the newspaper men who made a tour through several of the country's closely guarded war plants. They reported some astonishing facts.
 Liberty ships are now being built in 100 days, and less, instead of the original estimate of 200. A factory manufacturing machine guns has doubled its production since February. The United States is now far ahead of the Axis in the number of machine tools it is making for use

Here and There
 Hayward E. Lynch

My trip to Carolina Beach during the past week was very enjoyable, even though a black-out was in effect over half the people on the beach were soldiers. Most of the cottages and hotels are filled not with vacationists but with defense workers in the nearby shipyard and do those fellows make the money. One fellow I talked with made from \$50 to \$100 per week. They get time and a half for Saturday work and double time for Saturday work and double time for Saturday or Sunday off, if they need a day's rest they always take a day from Monday to Saturday when they lose only straight time. They build a ship a week. A new freighter is launched every Sunday. We stayed at Webb's inn which is operated by Mrs. Jim Webb and Mrs. Cash, sister of Messrs. Davis and Charles Cash of the Best Year in the State. I did not get sunburned. The only unpleasant event of the whole trip down or back was seeing a boy about 13 years old who was riding a bicycle on the highway near Sanford get hit by a car. It was an awful sight, he lay in the middle of the highway for over 30 minutes until the ambulance arrived. He was badly hurt, one leg was completely shattered. The best part of the whole trip was getting back home for a good night's sleep in my own bed.

In the mails a note from Calvin Plank:

Here are a few signs that may interest the readers of the Herald. Some years ago our town had signs posted on all the main highways leading into it, that read like this: "Drive Slow and See Our Town, or Drive Fast and See Our Jail." In a grocery store, "Your Face Looks Honest, But We Can't put it in the Cash Register." In a shoe shop: "You Can Walk and Stand On Our Business, But We Give You A Clean Job. A sign in an office: "If You Have No Business To Attend To, Please Hurry and Attend To It."

SAVING GARDEN SEED SAVES GROWER MONEY

Saving seed from the Victory Garden this year will save money for the gardener next year when he plants his vegetables, says H. R. Newkome, Extension Horticulturist of N. C. State College.
 "It is important when making his selections, the horticulturist should save seed only from plants which are not infested with diseases. Then, too, he should choose seed from plants most alike in varietal character and earliness. Also, he should save seed from only one variety unless the other varieties are planted some hundred yards apart. Lastly, he should avoid saving seed where cross-pollination has occurred in war plants.

In almost every instance weapons are being produced faster today than most people thought possible only a short time ago. Big as the original schedules were, they are actually being exceeded. And the new ones will be exceeded, too, for our industries have hit their victory stride. Doing the impossible is for them almost a routine job today.



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:
 Marco Polo, famed 13th Century Venetian traveler, is said to be reflected in the story of King Khan in Persia to procure valuable trade goods. After a long and perilous journey Marco and Hinguccio, his servant, reach their destination and are welcomed cordially by the Emperor and his court. The also meet Kubachi's, the Khan's lovely daughter, and falls in love with her.

Chapter Three

Marco Polo's interest in the Princess Kubachi did not escape the sharp-eyed Ahmed. It might be well, he reflected, to acquire the Venetian with the prospect of such interest. Besides, he had plans of his own for Kubachi, and he was not the sort of man who liked to see his plans thwarted. Having been instructed by Kubachi Khan to entertain the visitors, he took them first to his own apartments, crowded with the palace by a drawbridge, and showed them his chamber of horrors. Here, behind a handsome tapestry curtain, various visitors were chained to a perch. A trap door in the torture chamber revealed a sheer drop of fifty feet where Marco Polo could distinctly hear the growl of hungry tigers. The enormous darkness below, Ahmed watched Marco's face as the Venetian witnessed the death of a spy from the camp of Kaidu, the rebel chieftain. He indicated with pride his trusted executioners, two enormous, ugly-looking guards named Tootal and Bayta.

"You came here to be educated, Marco Polo," said Ahmed at length, smiling with satisfaction. "And this is the first lesson."



Marco sighed. "If I wore the King, I should be very impatient."

A week had passed since Marco Polo and Hinguccio had come to the court of Kubachi Khan. A week had passed since the coronation of Ahmed's initiation into Oriental possession, passed smoothly and pleasantly. On the seventh evening Marco was amusing himself playing with some of Chen Yeh's servants.
 "Hinguccio," he said, "with enough of them one man could shake the earth."
 "I don't doubt it," replied Hinguccio, "but you don't think you might shake the earth?"
 "I don't like the look of this fellow Ahmed."

"You must learn the Chinese thoroughly about this Hinguccio. What is a day? One slice of a year. What is a year? Only a hundredth part of a century. Do you know all the lies in the world?"
 Marco rose and stroked into the Palace gardens. Here, at the edge of the inner pool, he found Kubachi. Her robe was of silver cloth and there were flowers in her hair. She turned with a start when she saw him.
 "Strangers are not supposed to come into these gardens uninvited," she said.
 "But you need some one to protect you from the powers of darkness."

"I am a Princess. Even the powers of darkness are afraid of me."
 "Are there?" inquired Marco, "no men in this Empire who forget you are a Princess—men want to die for you in their arms and make love to you? Do princesses in this country ever marry ordinary people?"
 "Sometimes."
 "Good!" said Marco. "And will you love and marry the man you choose?"
 "I shall marry a King," replied Kubachi haughtily. "When I was in my cradle I became engaged to be married to the King of Persia. I shall start on my journey westward at the seventh moon."
 Marco looked disappointed at the moon and sighed softly. "If I were the King of Persia, I should be very impatient."
 They had been strolling, as they spoke, through the park, and presently Kubachi stopped at the shadow of a white stone in a garden. The night air was heavy with the scent of strange flowers. Strains of music floated out from the Palace.
 "This is the Shrine of the 12,000 Goddesses," Kubachi explained. "We women all worship here. They may find a lover who is faithful and gallant and strong."

Marco watched the moonlight play upon Kubachi's delicate face, carved as though in white stone.
 "I think," he said, "that I should not visit here now. There are warnings of danger sounding in my heart. I've heard such warnings before—though never so strongly. You see—you may be a princess, but when I look into your eyes I see a woman—a woman like you. I feel warm life. And I've never been one to regard such things lightly."
 His eyes looked deeply into Kubachi's. His hands closed on her arms. "Follow me—follow me if you would grant me one small favor."
 "You want some token—my scarf, perhaps—for remembrance?" Marco smiled. "No, I should like to be allowed to kiss you goodbye."
 The Western custom of kissing was unknown to Kubachi but she agreed to grant the favor. Marco kissed her once, gently and again, passionately. Kubachi thought it a beautiful custom. She asked if she might try it herself. She put her arms about his neck and her eyes closed.
 "Is this right? With my arms?" she whispered tremulously.
 Marco said, "Yes—I—I think you're learning."
 Kubachi looked up at the Moon Goddess, then at Marco. He kissed her again.
 Meanwhile, in Ahmed's apartments, the Emperor of State was in conference with Tootal. Within a closely guarded chamber they spoke freely.
 "The rebellion in Kaidu's province," said Ahmed, "is getting worse. We must put a stop to it before the Emperor leaves the shore the latter we've—be passed and grinded—our've borrowed from those barbarians. Disguise yourselves as Tartar tribesmen and join Kaidu's army."
 "And kill him!" supplied Tootal eagerly.
 "And you will spread discontent in his army. Make him believe that

be is the one who is stealing their tax money. Then—perform your specialty. With Kaidu dead, his army will split and the rebellion will be broken."
 Tootal's body eyes glittered. "And what of Kubachi Khan? When can I perform my specialty on him?"
 Ahmed said sharply, "I'll attend to him, Tootal. You start for the city at once. If all goes well I shall be your guest when you return—and the Princess Kubachi will be my wife. And you will be a nobleman."
 It was one of Ahmed's greatest tricks that he had learned to conceal his face. He was not in the garden, he hurried at once to the Emperor's study. Kubachi Khan announced the Venetian.
 "You have an adventurous spirit, my friend, and I think I can provide amusement for it. I want you to go to Kaidu's camp in the West, enter it as an ordinary traveler, confound him with your sword and his life. You will be well paid."
 Marco glanced at Ahmed, instantly aware that the emperor was of his devising.
 "I have no experience in murder, sire," he said with an impulsive shrug.
 "That is not necessary," said the Khan. "We merely wish to make use of your remarkable gifts for intrigue." As Marco was about to continue, "When you were twenty years of age you were in Persia, we know your arms. And to put in your hand, Western fashion, if you will do as this favor—upon your return, you will be that much nearer your trade agreements."
 The audience, Marco realized, was at an end. He went immediately to Kubachi's apartments to say goodbye. She clung to him, trembling and frightened.
 "Ahmed is trying to get rid of you," she said. "He'll never let you come back alive. He's afraid of you—because you're strong here—she touched his arm, "and here—she touched his arm—"and here," she touched his heart.
 Although he realized there was doubtless much truth in what Kubachi said, it was not in Marco to feel fear. His adventurous spirit laughed at dangers even courted them. He kissed her again passionately.
 "Farewell, Kubachi. Good word if you need me."
 "I'm afraid of me because I love you."

Marco Polo did not escape the sharp-eyed Ahmed. It might be well, he reflected, to acquire the Venetian with the prospect of such interest. Besides, he had plans of his own for Kubachi, and he was not the sort of man who liked to see his plans thwarted. Having been instructed by Kubachi Khan to entertain the visitors, he took them first to his own apartments, crowded with the palace by a drawbridge, and showed them his chamber of horrors. Here, behind a handsome tapestry curtain, various visitors were chained to a perch. A trap door in the torture chamber revealed a sheer drop of fifty feet where Marco Polo could distinctly hear the growl of hungry tigers. The enormous darkness below, Ahmed watched Marco's face as the Venetian witnessed the death of a spy from the camp of Kaidu, the rebel chieftain. He indicated with pride his trusted executioners, two enormous, ugly-looking guards named Tootal and Bayta.
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"I Didn't Know He Cared for Sports" "Oh, Yes, He Plays Billiards All the Time!"

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