

**WITH THE BOYS IN SERVICE**

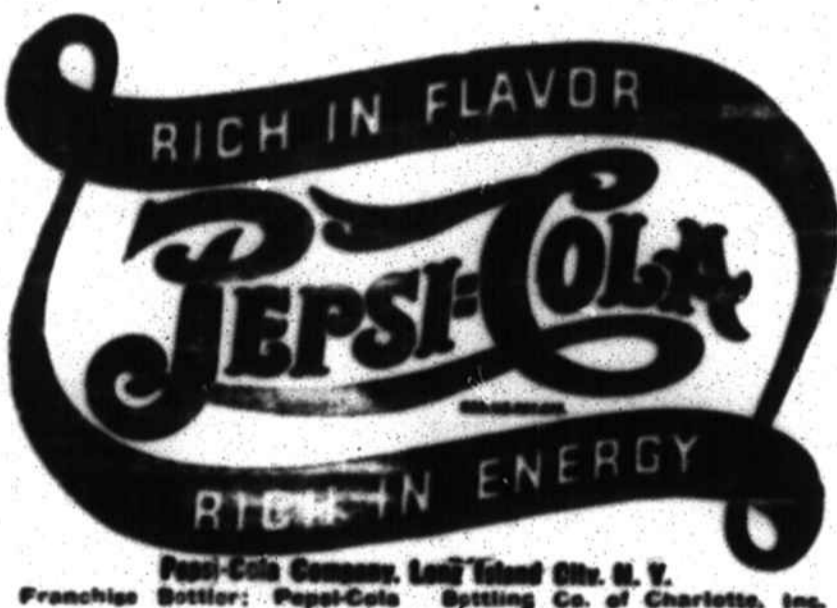
Dear Mr. Lynch:  
Some time has passed since my last letter to you, and too, months have elapsed since my last visit home to the Best Town in the State. The month-long my thoughts often drift back to fond memories of people and places there.  
Last week was a week that shall long remain in my possession of wonderful memories and to be sure definite last Wednesday, because it red-letters the day I returned from the treacherous Aleutian Islands. While in the Aleutians I was stationed on the island of Adak, Alaska, 25 air miles from Kiska, was the base our outfit (Paratroopers) left from in the Kiska area. Most of the fellows in my

unit were engaged when they arrived on Kiska and found "no Japs." While on Adak I had a pleasant surprise. I discovered that two fellows from Kings Mountain were there so I immediately set about trying to find them and succeeded. They are Howard Smith and Harry Costner. We enjoyed several visits before I left there and had a great time talking of things back home. If this letter should be published in your column "With The Boys in Service" I would like to say hello to Howard, still in the Aleutians, and let him know that I arrived back in the States alright. Also I would like to tell him that I am leaving soon and heading for the place I mentioned to him. Incidentally Mr. Lynch, when I was down to see Howard one evening I was staying because it doesn't get dark there until 10:30 or 11:00. I had the opportunity to read the HERALD (my first opportunity in months) and enjoyed it more than death.

I will close by saying that if the purchasing of more bonds in this war drive would help conditions in the Aleutians, I would certainly urge every true Mountaineer to BUY, BUY, BUY!  
Thanking a Kings Mountain Soldier,  
Corp. Boyd B. Redmond  
Co. G, 88th  
First Special Service Force,  
Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont.

Dear Mr. Lynch:  
Would appreciate it very much to have the address of my hometown paper changed to the address below. Will thank you as much to do this as soon as possible. Have not seen my home town paper in a long time now, and it sure would be nice to read some news from the Best Town in the State. Sure would like to have one to read now but I will enjoy it that much more when I do get to see one. Please tell Jack Arnette and E. E. Marlowe and all the boys hello for me, and I hope to be back there with you all in the near future, and tell them all that I would like to write to each and every one, but just do not have that much time, but anyway I am thinking of all my folks and friends back there, and hope how soon I can be back there to stay for it is the best little town in the State, and most of the people there have always treated me very good and I am looking forward to coming back to the best place I have been yet. I am well and getting along very well. Am in North Africa. Landed safe. Passed by the Rock of Gibraltar. It sure is steep and slick looking. Came thru Oran. Sure have seen lots of new customs and had lots of new experiences. It is a sight to see how the people live and do over here. Some of them live in the same home with donkeys, sheep and goats and the odor will nearly knock you

down to pass by their place, and this is right in town. Of course, there is some clean and decent houses here too, but from what I have seen, there is very few clean and decent looking people. I had not thought or realized before that any human could be so nasty and filthy. Some look as if they never wash their clothes or themselves, and some wear turban socks, all ragged dirty and patched. I don't believe some of them ever change clothes, or wash. It looks as if they just add patches to them as they wear out. I have never seen anything to compare with, how nasty and filthy these people are. Some of the women are completely covered with a sheet or robe and a veil to cover their face, and you never see her face, and the sheet or robe drags the ground. Most of the sheets and robes were white at one time, and a few of them look as if they were washed, and are very white, but most of them are patched, and are dirty and filthy. A few of them can speak a little English and you can make some of them understand what you want, even though they speak just a few words of English. Most of them can say "cigarette, soap, and candy." And nearly every man native I have seen or met, has asked for a cigarette. They will just beg for soap and soap, for they can hardly get these, and from what I have seen of them, I think they are quite poor beggars and do not care how they live or what happens to them. Some of the men wear (for clothes) robes or sheets that were white at one time. Just as the woman do. Only the men do not cover their face, and it sure is a sight to see them walking or riding in wagons or carts. Some nearly naked and ragged, and barefooted, and some completely covered, including their face. There are Francs for money mostly, and one Franc is equal to two cents, but they have a little of other money. They will accept our money, but it has to have the Gold Seal on it, and they will try to short change you, and then pretend that they do not understand what you mean. Sure is hot here, in day time, but at night it is cold enough to cover with two blankets. There are very few trees and bushes and the mountains are mostly just slick rock and some of them are very steep, but they are not so high.  
The children in the town where we have been know what candy is, and know how to say it, for every time we pass close enough to them, they all holler together, "Candy, Joe Candy, Joe," and hold out their hands to take it, and some will ask for a cigarette.  
Please tell all the boys hello for me, and here's hoping to be back there in the best little town in the state, with you all real soon. Am looking forward to reading the Kings Mountain Herald soon.  
Thanking you as ever,  
To John C. Reynolds,  
ASN 3425235 APO 4576  
Btry. C. 88th A F A Bn.  
co Postmaster  
New York, N. Y.



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Precision-cut at the factory from Nairn Treadlite DeLuxe—the inlaid linoleum on duplex felt backing—into Squares and contrasting Color Strips for easier installation and modern style and beauty.  
Now you can have the matchless beauty, the longer wear and easy cleaning and maintenance of this thicker, smoother inlaid linoleum plus the easier, more economical installation made possible by the built-in, cushioning felt backing and the modern, factory-cut design—all at pre-war prices!  
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Squares and Color Strips are cemented direct to the floor. The built-in felt backing bonds to the cement promptly and permanently. No extra lining felt required.

Squares are easy to handle. Only a small amount of cutting is necessary. There's practically no waste. Treadlite cuts easily with heavy shears or tin snips.

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**From where I sit ...**  
By Joe Marsh

"Well," says Judge Cunningham, "I see they've got it!"  
"Get what?" I ask.  
"Look," beams the Judge. And he pulls out an article about a special kind of 'to do' device—a "shorthand" they call it.  
When a fellow gets tired too court far doing judicial, and blames it all on a "couple of hours" this shorthand machine gives whether judge's "couple of hours" is really the true answer. And of course it isn't. Because a couple of hours, mixed with

blanks, in a way people keep out of court, and get into it!  
From where I sit, I certainly agree with the Judge. The fellow with the skill about a "couple of hours" is reflecting on good citizens everywhere who enjoy a quiet glass of beer with their meals—beer with their friends or just relaxing after a day's work. Moderate folks like that are entitled to consideration.

*Joe Marsh*

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