WITH THE BOYS IN SERVICE

Dear Mr. Lynch:

Just a few lines thanking you for the good old hometown paper I got today. I give my copy to Buddie Hawkins once he finish them. He says his paper don't started getting to him yet. Soon you will get a letter from him, telling you to get on the ball but fast.

It has been long since I left home, that I don't know Buddie when I first saw him, but he hadn't forgot my nickname. We really had a ball session for awhile. I am almost afraid to write now. They are hearing down the censors, so naturally they go to sit on us.

That sure was a nice letter the Gen. sent the Layer. It shows that the people come off on the beam.

Well, for the time, I must close. Tell the old people, and 4-F Joe hello for me. As ever,

Pfc Vernon L. Smith
Hdq & H & Co. AVN
APO 650, c-o P. M. New York, N. Y.

England.

Dear Mr. Lynch:

How are you and the folks back in dear old K. M. getting along? I would like to see the place again. I want you to change my address again on my paper so I can get it. I have had two since I have been over here and I sure did enjoy reading them. They sure was lots of company to me. I haven't see anyone from home yet but hope to sometime. I had the surprise of my life this afternoon. I had just gotten off of K. P. and was in the shower room. I noticed a paper laying on the floor but I didn't pay much attention to it for a minute. Then it struck me all of a sudden want paper it was. It was the one and only Kings Mountain Herald. I was tickled pink. I read what I could of it for part of it was wet. I read Bobby Sutphr's letter in it. I asked several fellows if they knew anybody from there but I haven't had any luck, but I am going to keep looking as I hope it belonged to someone from home and I can run across him. It may be a small paper but it sure gets around in this world. That certainly was a strange way of getting to read the paper but it sure meant a lot to me.

Well, guess I had better sign off. If you can, I wish you would let me know if someone from home is in this APO. There must be because of the paper. As ever,

Pvt. Andy B. Falls, Jr.,
34771123 APO 526, c-o P. M.
349 Ord. Depot Co.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Haywood:

I received the 3rd of February edition of the Herald and I appreciated it lots. My hopes are that I will get it more often from here on out.

I have read it from start to finish and I notice that there has been several changes the old town back home. I think you fellows are doing a swell job so don't let it get you down.

I am especially interested in the boys that write you who are in service.

It is a funny thing to us over here especially how the boys back in the States can tell you how things are going over here and what they are going to do when they get over seas.

Very seldom do you ever hear the boys over here talking about their trips we know better.

It is true that we have the Germans and Japs whipped down, but they are not out yet. After all that is what we are after and we will get it.

If those fresh young bucks want to tangle with the real "Mc-coys" send them on over we have plenty of room for them.

More than that we would be glad to swap our tents for a nice warm barrack, and to sleep on a spring bed once more.

Sgt. Fulkerson and I have slept in a pup tent a many of night with ice and frost on the ground (and our blankets) and if you think that is fun, ask him.

From what I understand most of the boys have left K. M. for the service. Well, I hope to see them soon, here or back HOME, let's hope for the latter.

Tell the boys that are sweating out the Draft Board not to worry, the war is about over. (We hope.)

Sincerely yours,

Sgt. Jim Logan.
Italy, April 5th, 1944.

NEBO NEWS

By H. Y. Belk

Hello Folks, as the Herald went to press last week I was down where the wild deers roam. Fort Bragg, that's the largest city of soldiers I have ever seen, looks like Bragg might whip Hitler. My trip was spoiled by a soldier from Kodiak, Alaska, that is ninety miles south of the Arctic Circle. I met a bunch of genteel gentlemen in uniform. I told them my grandfather was a colonel in the Civil War, Colonel Rogers, a state scout of the sixties fought under the orders of Stonewall Jackson. Met a half dozen boys from the historical city. They asked about the Editor and the good old Herald as they called it. One boy remarked that the Herald was a Beacon Light to many a soldier far from home. I am glad the paper goes out on all these missions, I don't care if our fighting men all over the world do meet my poorly written columns if it cheers one of my grand soldier boys, (all mine.)

Tom Horn, wife and kids of Chester, S. C., spent Sunday night with his brother, Harland, of Nebo.

Pvt. Bill Brown stationed at Fort Benning, Ga., is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Earl Brown on his way to his new post in Washington, D. C.

Met Harvey Hambright from Fairview in the City. Asked me how I was getting along catching minnows. Said he was catching a lot of suckers. Harvey got better bait than I have. He's hard to beat.

Fred Hord said wasn't no use for me to farm. Fred I can't stand that hot sun.

Saw Joe Falls Saturday and Joe looks like an old opossum that had come out of hibernation.

Bonnie Hord is carving meat down at the home store while John and Miss Dot and Martha Ann are waiting on the ravging crowd.

I don't believe what is to be will be, or it would have done happened.

Got a letter from the City Hospital in Spartanburg calling my attention to the fact that Rev. Ed Puette wife is very sick. Hope she is better. She is my baby sister.

Went to the store, called for 25c worth of sweet potatoes. He shoved them in a poke. When I got home I took them out — five little roots. What makes folks so stingy with taters?

C. J. Gault and Sons do a fine business on the Western Front. They treat everyone nice. If you haven't got the money they will let you have it on credit.

Listen, we only have a fighting chance to save the nation. What we need today is more men and women to stand up and say "Send me." In some way in the fifth chapter of Daniel we read the history of Belshazzar, one chapter tells us all we know about him. One short night of his career as we listen to upon the wall of his palace he heard a great battle, we might let a chapter in history, we go where America stands. The old time power made a little speech, let's go back to the present, a time to the moment. Have we a hand writing on the wall. The days are gone, we are on the table of stone at the wall are the writing, the handwriting with the hand. Write the commandment out there and stick them out in thousand cities. Let the chapter of Daniel that will hold up your hand.

That's all for now.

CHIT - CHAT

Everybody is looking forward to the Junior-Senior Dinner Dance that is coming off May 12th, so I will drop a few hints that may come in handy. 'Tis said, ladies are first so we'll start with them. The following for those who have dates for the big occasion: Keep his waiting less than ten minutes, talk about things you both enjoy, look impressed with him and admire his new suit. Encourage him to be polite and let him know you're having a good time. Make him laugh, and don't be afraid for him to meet the family but don't leave him stranded with them too long, and be sure to let him take you home while the evening is still in its glory.

Of course there'll be lots who won't have dates, but don't let that get you in a stubborn mood because it's no reflection on you altho you may be tempted to think so. You men have problems same as girls. Some simply haven't got the cash to take a girl out, just plain broke; some have obligations elsewhere; some superiority complexes and some naive homeweight eyes. You know the kind that can never spot a girl unless some other fellow has started bombing the same target. Don't stay home and pout, but go on to the banquet and dance and enjoy yourself just the same, after all its graduation that is important not the date.

O. K. guys, its your turn at last. First of all don't fail to date for this important occasion, you'll have heaps more fun. If somebody beats you to that favorite girl don't let that get you down, ask somebody else. Variety is the spice of life. There are as many good fish as have ever been caught, still swimming in the sea. Do as Admiral Byrd for once in your life, that is, discover something new, who knows how many Hedy Lamars may be stofed away within those spiffy new evening dresses. Practice will help your technique anyway. Remember it isn't REQUIRED that you send her flowers, most girls have an understanding heart. When you call for your date greet her with your best smile and that Sir Walter technique that was mentioned last week. And when you get to the dance, dance. Don't huddle in the stagline making cracks. You know you aren't going marry every girl you dance with — and be sure you dance with every girls— (by the way have you noticed a certain black haired boy who's good at this.) You're helping to assure everyone present more fun if you break often and on different girls.

And now you, stags — don't think I'm gonna skip you — Whether you dance good or not make a try at it, plenty others are in the same fix. Sure thing you'll never learn any younger. And don't be a sheep! Who can only follow the other fellows lead when it comes to breaking on a girl.

May be a bit of rhyme I read recently will help you with your compliments:

You may call a woman a kitten,
You may call a woman a kitten, but
you must not call her a cat
You may call her a mouse, but you
must not call her a rat
You may call her a chicken, but you
must not call her a hen
You may call her a chick, but you
must not call her a goose
You may call her a mouse, but you
must not call her a sight

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