

Farms in Cleveland County Total 8,532

The number of farms in Cleveland county as shown by the preliminary count of returns of the 1945 Census of Agriculture was 8,532, as compared with 4,750 in 1940, and 5,268 in 1935. This was announced by Philip H. Harnden, supervisor for the 1945 farm census in the Seventh North Carolina Census District with headquarters at Shelby.

The total land in farms in Cleveland county, according to the preliminary 1945 census count was 273,281 acres, as compared with 254,023 acres in 1940, and 264,732 acres in 1935. Average size farms shown in the preliminary 1945 census count for Cleveland county was 49.5, as compared with 53.5 acres in 1940, and 50.2 acres in 1935.

Some motorists think heavier oils provide better lubrication for a car. Actually the reverse is nearer the truth, as oil must flow to bearings, piston rings, and such parts before lubricating and heavy or thick oil will not flow readily between closely fitting moving parts.

Martin Pays Tribute To Army Medical Corps

Pvt. E. C. (Abie) Martin, now visiting his wife, Mrs. Louise Hughes Martin, while on convalescent leave from Camp Butner, pays high tribute to the Army medical corps for the quickness in rendering treatment and care to wounded men.

Pvt. Martin, who suffered a bomb concussion from a heavy artillery shell near a little town in Germany on November 23, had only been in the battle lines three days when he was rendered hors-de-combat.

Before going up front, he had spent 30 days in France. The French, he said, seemed anxious to see the American soldiers and were very good to them. However, he said he saw only a few of the French due to the press of duty.

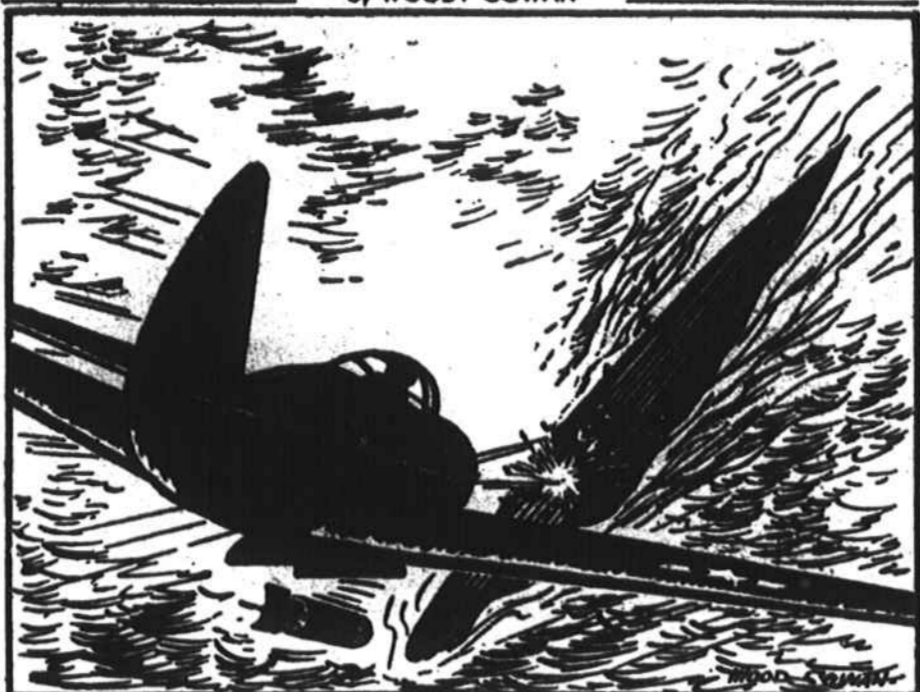
Pvt. and Mrs. Martin have a son, Bobby, 11. Before entering service, Pvt. Martin was employed at Margrace Mills.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

—JOB PRINTING — PHONE 167—

AMERICAN HEROES

by WOODY COWAN



L. LETSON S. BALLIETT, Reno, Nev., awarded a silver star medal, showed conspicuous gallantry in holding a submarine at bay in the Atlantic. As pilot of a Navy torpedo bomber that War Bonds helped to supply, Lt. Balliett, on routine patrol, sighted the German undersea craft fully surfaced and immediately went into action. He let go depth charges across its stern, bracketing and damaging the ship. In the face of anti-aircraft fire, he returned to attack the submarine and then kept it constantly under surveillance.

U. S. Treasury Department

Reynolds, On Tank, Writes From Germany

The following letter, written by Pfc. John C. Reynolds, serving in Germany, was called to the attention of the Herald by Clarence Myers, who received the letter last week. It contains an interesting story of the final wind-up in European fighting:

Germany, April 26, 1945

Hi Pal:
Have received several letters from you in the past few days. Always glad to hear from you. I want to thank you for giving me the news around K. M. I guess maybe it has not changed so much after all. I sure would like to see the place, but I know there is lots of familiar faces to me back there that I will not be seeing anymore. I know of all the boys and some of them personally that you wrote of missing and killed in action. I am so sorry to hear of their death, and they are a great loss to their people and town. Yes, I know Pete Lynn. Hope he shows up soon. I do not remember Casey you wrote of. Maybe I know him by face, where and what kind of work did he do? So, Walt Carpenter is farming. I thought he would always be in the trucking business, and Jessie is hauling freight. Tell them both hello for me. I guess Henry is still driving a truck, and sitting around telling those tall tales. I used to enjoy sitting around, listening to him tell stories of old times, and some of his experiences. Does he have his own truck, or does he drive for some one else. Tell him hello for me.

Yes, I know that lots of boys are coming home on a furlough from overseas, but I would never be that lucky. I suppose the war will have to be over completely before I get to come home. If you keep up with the news, you probably know, I am very busy and on the go these days. I am well and getting along very good. Hope you all are well and o. k.

As we are advancing all alongside the road, the German children are waving white flags to us as we pass. Of course they are not hollering and cheering as in Italy and France. Most of them are very solemn looking. Once in a while one will smile but not often. We are not allowed to talk or have anything to do with them. If we do and are caught we are heavily fined or court-martialed. Maybe both. I do not want anything to do with them anyway. And I just ignore them. Not many of them try to talk to us. Once in a while one will try to be friendly. Most the time he is just ignored. They just stand and stare at us, as we pass, as much as to say, "You are not really here. This cannot happen to us. Hitler told us so." They seem to be scared of us, and think we will shoot them on sight, or mass murder them as they did the people of other countries.

Not long ago, I overheard a German boy about 14 years old, he could speak English, ask an American soldier, "What are you Americans going to do with us?" He just ignored him. It sure is something to see just how bad some of the towns are destroyed from bombs and shells, just a pile of charred rubble and wreckage, death and destruction all around. You just have to see it to believe. No one can explain how it is. Enough for anyone who has not seen it to understand how it is. Some of the towns are like ghost towns—hardly see anyone around and what you do see are hid, and yet they are there. Of course there is some small towns that have not been touched by bombs or shells. Do not see many people weeping or crying, even though they have lost everything but their life. They seem to expect it this way. I say give it to them good and for all. One day they will

bundle of clothes, or a bed, or a few belongings, some pushing small wagons by hand. Sure are a sad and whipped looking bunch of people. There is also a happy looking bunch of people going back the same way anyway they can. They are the slave laborers from other countries, that Germany has. They are smiling and cheering us on as we pass giving the V for Victory sign with their fingers and some of them saluting each tank and vehicle as it passes. There are thousands of them, trying to get back home anyway they can. They sure seem to be happy to be free again. Some have been prisoners for 5 years or more. I guess some of them will be a long time getting home. I used to watch and listen to the planes, big bombers, going over Germany by the thousands, wondering to myself, "What kind of job are they doing and how much are they doing towards ending the war, and now I have seen lots of what they have done and boy, what a job well done. Cities levelled to the ground, trains completely destroyed, vehicles and horses knocked out by the thousands. All along the road you just have to see it to believe. Its real mountainous here. Sure some pretty scenery along the way. From top of the high mountains. The valleys and hill sides are a dark green, with little white winding roads and trails, dotted with small villages here and there, with red tile houses, tops shining, and lots of fruit trees and flowers in full bloom. Its just like a picture. Wish you could see it, but not like I am from top of a tank. I am sitting in a big apple orchard in full bloom writing this, seems like spring birds are singing and is a beautiful day, real warm. But two days ago I did not think it spring as it was sleeting and snowing, but did not lay on the ground. Sure some short winters here, snow and sleet 15 minutes, rain 15 minutes, warm sunshine 15 minutes, windy and cold 15 minutes—sure changeable weather. I wrote Myles a letter yesterday to Okla. Tell Mr. and Mrs. Myers hello for me. I would like for you to pass this letter on to them and Smiley, for if I had the time and material I would be writing them about the same thing. Good-day to all. Here's hoping to have the pleasure of seeing you all in dear old K. M. soon.

Your Friend, as ever,
Pfc. John C. Reynolds
7th Army, Germany.

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Bonds Over America



DEVIL'S TOWER

The first national monument, Devil's Tower in Wyoming, stands as a stark emblem to this nation's policy of creating parks for the free enjoyment of citizens. The purchase of War Bonds keeps supplied the fighting forces engaged in protecting the land of ours and its glory. More than 20 million years old, the "lava tower" rises 866 feet above surrounding terrain. Its diameter at the base is about 1,000 feet. Legend

West, Carroll Helped Down 10 Jap Planes

ABOARD A LIGHT CRUISER AT OKINAWA.—William H. West, 24c, USNR, whose wife, Mrs. Helen West, lives at 108 Myers street, and George Nelson Carroll, 22c, USNR, son of Mrs. J. W. Carroll, of Route 1, are two Kings Mountain men who helped shoot down four Japanese planes in 10 minutes during a pre-landing bombardment of this vital enemy base.

It was just after dawn that the Japs sent out the suicide fliers. No. 1 got bursts of Tak while some distance off. No. 2 faced a heavy barrage from guns of all ships in the vicinity, and was dropped in the wake of his leader.

The third Jap, weaving and dodging, managed to begin a run toward the ship—a short run, because the withering stream of fire from the cruiser's gunner's was accurate. The Jap dived out of control and crashed.

From off the starboard bow came the fourth Jap. Forward gun batteries swung into position, threw up a solid wall of antiaircraft fire. The Jap tried to change his course, but too late. He dived into the sea in flames.

The cruiser's big guns then methodically turned to the assigned task of blasting enemy positions on the island. Spotters from the Cruiser's planes noted results: demolished gun emplacements, barracks, ammunition dumps and beaches swept clear for the landing.

There is a possibility of developing surgical sponges made of starch that can safely be sewed up in wounds because the sponge material can be absorbed by the body.

The WFA has extended the poultry set aside order (WFO 119) to include Guilford, Randolph, Moore, Lee, Chatham, Alamance, Orange, Durham, Granville, and Wake counties in North Carolina.

AWARDED PURPLE HEART
Capt. Clyde A. Huvsticker, 323 Waco Road, Kings Mountain, was among the 16 officers and men presented Purple Heart awards in ceremonies at Camp Butner last week, according to an announcement from the camp public relations office. Capt. Huvsticker had been wounded in the Philippines and is now undergoing treatment at Camp Butner.

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