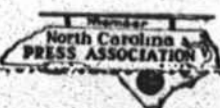


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Attitude That Machines Destroy More Jobs Than They Make Called Defeatism

New York, (IPS)—H. W. Prentis, Jr., President of the National Association of Manufacturers and President of Armstrong-Cork Co. of Lancaster, Pr., characterized as "defeatism" the attitude that machines and inventions destroy jobs. Speaking at the National Modern Pioneers Banquet held here to celebrate the 150th Anniversary of the United States Patent System and to honor the contribution of America's inventors to national progress, Mr. Prentis cited a recent statement by President Roosevelt that we in this country "face the task of finding jobs faster than invention can take them away."

"Surely it is defeatism for the President of the greatest industrial nation in the world to suggest, as he did in the same message, that 'the efficiency of our industrial processes has created a surplus of labor,'" Mr. Prentis declared. "The ultimate purpose of the whole industrial and business organization is to supply the needs and wants of the population. There is no limit to the amount of business that may be done, because there is no visible limit to human needs."

"Did the President count our encouragement of invention and business enterprise during the period of our greatest technological advance, 1870 to 1930, among the 'ways that have failed' that he mentions?" Mr. Prentis asked. "It was during that period, while the population of our country nearly trebled, that the number of gainfully employed persons nearly quadrupled and the volume of production increased about eleven-fold. Did invention take away jobs faster than other jobs could be found in those years? Obviously not."

"Moreover, employment today is more nearly normal in those industries that are most highly mechanized — in which there has been the greatest technological advance. Manufacturing employment has risen, in spite of many obstacles, to virtually the 1929 level. In the building industry where handicraft has largely persisted and per capita production has not increased employment is at least one-third below the 1929 level."

"In the modern world the development of political and religious liberty, and the amazing growth of science and invention have followed parallel lines," Mr. Prentis said. "Indeed, this has been more than a parallel process. Those factors of freedom and progress are inseparable and stand or fall together. The freeing of the human spirit from the slough of immemorial custom and the shackles of arbitrary authority has been the one line along which civilization has moved to higher planes during the past 150 years. The patent system is one factor, and a very significant factor, in this whole movement."

"In the long run, throughout the history of the American patent system, invention has created infinitely more jobs than technological improvements have destroyed. 84 percent of all machines invented are 'labor-saving' rather than 'labor-displacing' — designed to create entirely new products, render new services, or improve old products or services. One out of every four persons employed in America today holds a job in an industry unknown in 1870. Over 100,000 new articles have appeared on the American market since 1900. There has been temporary dislocation of employment, with individual hardship, it is true. The cushioning of employment against such hardship is today one of the major objectives of manufacturing industry as evidenced by the consideration given this matter in the recent 'Declaration of Principles' of this Association. The record is clear, however, that the satisfaction of more human wants at lower costs is the essential pre-requisite to a rising standard of living."

Twenty-eight children under four years of age were run over and killed in this state last year.

Here and There . . .
Haywood E. Lynch

I paid my Post Office box rent the other day, and according to head-stamp man Blakely that was the last time I will have to pay in the old Post Office. Just think about it, the next time citizens of the **The City Town in The State** have to pay box rent, it will be for space in their handsome new Federal Building. And another thing, the Postmaster told me was that the new boxes will have keys instead of the old-timey combinations. Time, marches on, and Kings Mountain keeps pace with progress. P. S. I hope I don't lose the key to my box, but anyway, what's the difference, I forget my combination half the time.

Palm Harbor, Florida, The Winter had another distinction added to its laurels recently reports Lawyer Ed Campbell who has just returned. Two North Carolina Mayors resided in the fair city at the same time. Mayor J. B. Thomason of the Best Town in the State, and Mayor William P. Saunders of Hemp, N. C. are the two notables who honored the orange city with their presence. Mayor Saunders married the former Elizabeth Plonk of Kings Mountain, the daughter of Mrs. R. S. Plonk, Sr.

Spring is in the air and "By George" must be feeling it, he has started writing poetry.

By GEORGE---

Lithesome shadow, borne on a breeze,
Wild nymph, from—who knows where?
Coming to fill my heart with song,
To carry me fighting and winging
Along
Away from man-made care.

But, does it matter what you are,
Or should it, from whence you be;

So long as you keep me singing, gay
Make me forget my cares of the day
And make me wantonly free?

I can't for the life of me, explain how the above happened. Just before going to bed Monday night it came along, and before I actually knew what had happened it was on a piece of paper. Hope you'll excuse the insertion, but there's been a dearth of Whittington poetry since my sophomore year in High School, and since there's a shortage of other stuff, I thought I'd slap it in.

Rambling around; People are still afraid to come out and say that spring is actually here, because of the perverseness of the weather man, but we believe it has come, at long last . . . Carl Goerch's harbin . . . of spring on the cover of "STATE" the other week was a good one . . . The most reassuring one; however, is the flock of 'old-timers sitting on the window ledge at the Bank, chinning . . . Mr. D. F. Hord is, thank goodness, coming out along with the other spring blossoms . . . It's good to see the Genial Gentleman back on the other side of the tracks . . . we hope he can discard the cane soon . . . H. Tom declares that the Missus is a better business man than he is, and since we've had a little business with her lately, we think so too . . . Sudden Recurrent Thought from Somewhere: Watch your pennies, and your dollars will take care of themselves . . . Consequence: Why? How?

APOLOGY: To Floy Gates, and all the JWC's, for not getting to the party Monday night . . . just could not make it.

Eight Centenarians Die In February

RALEIGH — Death certificates for eight persons 100 years old and over were received among the February reports made to the State Board of Health's Division of Vital Statistics, of which Dr. R. T. Stimpson is the Director.

This was the largest number of such certificates received during any single month within the memory of veteran employees in the Division, they declared.

Of the eight centenarians whose deaths were reported, six were colored and two white. The oldest was Mary Parks, colored, of Wilkes county, listed as having been 112 whose death was recently reported in the press. She froze to death, her certificate said. The others, together with race, age, location and cause of death, were: Margaret Williams, colored, 108, Salisbury, lobar pneumonia, fractured hip; Chaney Spell, colored, 106, Black Creek, old age, heart trouble; Flora Blanchard, colored 103, Hertford, definite cause unknown — probably chronic glomerular nephritis ending in uremia; Squire James Odell, white, 102, Mt. Airy, influenza; Edmund Short, colored, 102; Wilmington, old age, heart trouble; William McCrary white, 101, Brevard, old age; Hen-

ry Wilson Cabarrus, colored, 100 Washington county, old age. The informant in each case was the attending physician, except in the case of the last named, Cabarrus, who had no doctor. It will be many years, however, until there will be indisputable proof of the age of a centenarian, as North Carolina began registering births in October, 1913. However, death certificates of persons born prior to that time are based on the best available information, this information in numerous cases coming from the record in the family Bible, which is taken as authentic. "Prompt registration of births is becoming increasingly important." It was pointed out by Dr. Carl V. Reynolds, State Health Officer. "While the law requires registration the individual is the real beneficiary he went on, "as proof of the date of one's birth is necessary for entrance to school, for a child's first year to work, for a driver's license, the right to vote, in insurance, the right to marry, the right to enter the military service, the right to settlement of pensions, for social security benefits to the blind, retirement for the aged and benefits for dependent children. There are numerous other reasons."

WHAT WAS THE SECRET OF MANDERLEY
SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL presents
Rebecca
Starring LAURENCE OLIVIER-JOAN FONTAINE
Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK
who made "GONE WITH THE WIND!"
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

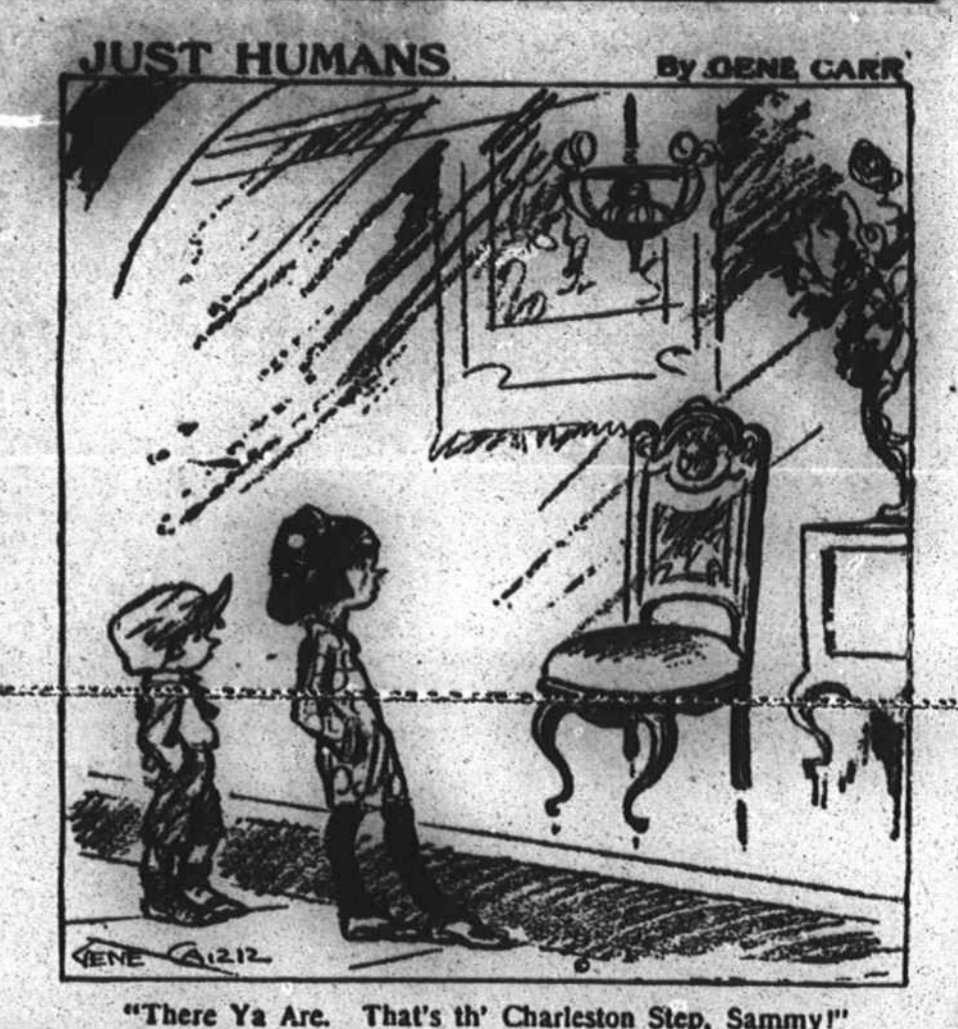
Chapter Four
The Manderley Masquerade Ball had been famous over the entire County, and in London as well, as one of the greater social events of the season. Beatrice had spoken of it to Maxim, I knew, urging him to hold it once again; he said nothing to me of it. It was as though Rebecca alone could play the hostess of Manderley. Now I resolved to take my place at Manderley. Rebecca could no longer play the role; she was not even alive. It was incredible that she should remain so strong, even in death. I decided to fight back, and spoke to Maxim when he returned from London. He seemed not too eager, but finally agreed.

I turned busily to the many preparations needed, and in particular to devising a costume for myself, which I thought I would sketch. It was to be a complete secret, and her eyes widened. "It's — it's the picture — the one in the gallery," I managed to say. "What is it? What have I done?" Maxim took a step forward. "Go and take it off!" he thundered. "It doesn't matter what else you put on . . . anything will do!" I stood rooted, unable to understand. His voice was harsher now, and louder. "What are you standing there for — didn't you hear what I said?" Then I ran, ran blindly and sobbing up the stairs and down the hall. At the door to the West wing stood Mrs. Danvers, with a smile of supreme triumph on her face. She turned, towards Rebecca's room, and I followed. My head pounded. She was standing in the center of the darkened room as I entered. "I watched you go down — just as I watched her a year ago," she was saying. "Even in the same dress you couldn't compare."

"You knew that?" I moaned. "You knew that she wore it and yet you deliberately suggested that I wear it?" She said nothing, and I went on, overflowing with the misery of it all. "Why do you hate me? What have I ever done to you that you should hate me so?" "You let him marry you. You tried to take her place. He could never be happy with you." "It's not true — it's not true. I tell you I was happy, when we were alone together — before we came back here." "That was the honeymoon. He's a man, the same as others, isn't he?" She laughed contemptuously. "But when he came back here, to this house, he had to face the truth! He's lived in hell since she died!" "I don't want to hear any more . . ."

"You thought you could be Mrs. de Winter — live in her house — even to Maxim; when I told him, he laughed gaily with me. I was sketching a medieval costume in my room one day, when Mrs. Danvers appeared with some crumpled sketches in her hand; Robert had found them in the library, she said. Did I intend throwing them away? I told her 'No, but her voice went on, uncanonically calm, deep within my whirling brain. "You're overwrought, Madam. I'll open a window for you." The room reeled. I choked for air. "It's no use, is it? You'll never take her place. She's still mistress here. She's the real Mrs. de Winter — not you." The window came closer, and the air, blowing the curtains. "Why don't you go? Why don't you leave Manderley?" I could see the fog, swirling, smelling of Manderley. "He doesn't love you — he wants to be alone again with her." I could not see the ground. "You've nothing to stay for. You've nothing to live for, really, have you? Look down there. It's easy, isn't it?" Now, the shape of Manderley's house, the stones beneath, his angry voice. "Why don't you? . . . Why don't you? Go on . . . go on. . . Don't be afraid . . ."

The night of the Ball finally came, and I could hear the first gray sounds of the arriving guests as Clarice helped me with my costume. I knew I looked quite beautiful in it, and could not bear to wait until I should be able to go downstairs, and to Maxim. Beatrice knocked on my door, asking to brush her hair, eager to see what I looked like; but I laughingly refused to let her in. I could almost see her disappointed face, through the door! At last, I was ready, and ran down the hall to the top of the grand staircase. As we had prearranged, I caught the eye of the orchestra leader, who signalled for a roll of the drums as I descended. I could hear Maxim's laughter above the rest. How pleased he would be with me! I came to the last step, and called to him: "How do you do, Mr. de Winter?" He turned, his smile turning to one of anticipation. Then it ended, suddenly, inexplicably. He eyed me slowly, from top to toe, and his face took on a look of the deepest anger. "What the devil do you think you're doing?" he said, fiercely. Frank and Giles stood staring. Beatrice's hand flew to her mouth,



Washington Snapshots

(Cont'd from front page)

Senator O'Mahoney is generally credited with being a fairly headed, sound citizen. Now Washington wonders, it can't figure out why he should be supporting such a measure.

The explanation couldn't be the facts that: 1. The Senator is up for re-election this Fall; 2. the machine tax bill is endorsed by unions of the strongest railroad workers' union in Cheyenne, Wyoming, the Senator's home town. It is explained that the Senator simply introduced his bill to open the subject up for discussion. He certainly has done so. For example, inquiries are being made at his office now whether the typewriters have been thrown out so all his correspondence may be answered in long-hand and more people employed.

He is being asked whether housewives are supposed to throw away their washing and other machines so they may return to the days of back-breaking labor. It is wondered whether he wants farmers to discard their tractors and reapers and mowers and go back to the days when they had to walk behind a one-horse plow and cut their crops with a scythe.

It is being wondered, too, whether he wants to let factory workers stop pushing the buttons on machines and return to the days of forging metal, and doing a thousand and one other laborious things by hand instead of using machines to help them.

The Senator for some reason is being very quiet about all this. The reaction hasn't been to his liking.

Senator O'Mahoney made much, for instance, of the fact that factory production has risen above its December, 1929, level, while factory employment is not keeping step. What he fails to remember, however, is that unemployment in factories is proportionately much smaller than in other fields.

For example, the latest figures show manufacturing in January, 1940, the same as in January, 1929. But the comparable figures for other groups suffer by comparison: construction is 1,255,000 lower, transportation 416,000 lower, mining 302,000 lower, public utilities 185,000, trade and distribution 474,000.

Perhaps too, the Senator forgets that in these fields with greater unemployment than manufacturing the government through new laws is doing a lot of regulating that it didn't do in 1929. Farmers' crops are being controlled; public utilities

are under strict federal and state regulation; railroads still don't know what will be done to them; the government has tried all sorts of artificial means to stimulate construction and the effect has been the reverse. And now the mining industry is being confronted with new CIO-sponsored legislation which would put Federal inspectors in the mines. No wonder unemployment is off in these industries. The interesting thing is that factories are only 51,000 below 1929 despite such things as the Wage-Hour law, the Walsh-Healey Act, and so on and on. It would seem that the manufacturing industry is entitled to credit rather than condemnation.

An interesting sidelight on the subject of machines is that Congress — both Senate and House — has voted unanimously to hold a special celebration of patents on April 10, which the President will designate as "Inventors and Patents Day." Patented devices, most of them go far toward decreasing the sweat of the brow of the man or woman who works. And Congress as a whole seems to think they are pretty good things, or it wouldn't be celebrating the 150th anniversary of the first patents law signed by George Washington.

A lot of Washingtonians wonder if the current agitation might not be political. The political future will be a lot brighter for many candidates this Fall if they can shift the blame for the millions unemployed upon machines instead of having it logically placed on regulatory steps.

Drinking drivers killed 117 people in North Carolina last year.

SAVE AND HAVE
Your deposits need not be large. Regularity is the important thing. William Shakespeare wrote: "Many strokes, though with a little axe, hew down and fell the hardest timbered oak." In the same sense it is true that many deposits, though small, will grow into a substantial sum that most people could acquire in no other way. Besides being the most convenient way to accumulate money, a bank account has the added advantage of constant availability. Why not come in and start an account here now? It may turn out to be the most important step you have ever taken. We Pay 2 Percent Interest. Compounded semi-annually.

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