

The Cleveland Star

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LEE B. WEATHERS President and Editor
A. ERNEST HOEY Secretary and Foreman
CAMERON SHIPP News Editor
L. E. DALL Advertising Manager
MRS. RENN DRUM Social Editor

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We wish to call your attention to the fact that it is and has been our custom to charge five cents per line for resolutions of respect, cards of thanks and obituary notices, after one death notice has been published. This will be strictly adhered to.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 7, 1934

TWINKLES

In Cuba, they don't take their presidents for a ride. They just take 'em out for a little constitutional.

"Ministers of City Opposed to Poolrooms," headlines the Gastonia Gazette. Hey, Mr. Atkins, did they ever favor 'em?

Most bills in Shelby, it seems, are delivered by hand instead of being mailed, a fact which is largely responsible for our not having a reputation as a Yes Man.

The United States Weather Bureau brags that it is 90% accurate in its forecasts, but we don't think so much of that. A little matter of 10% one way or the other can mean a lot to wets or dries.

NO NEED FOR STRIKES

Machinery has been set up by the government for peaceful settlement by arbitration of all troubles between labor and capital and there is no need for strikes or threats of strike.

Strikes cause a loss of time and money both to employer and employee. They bring suffering to innocent women and children and often personal conflict and bloodshed. We are living in a different day from that terrible experience at Gastonia's Loray mill. Under the New Deal, Industrial Relations Boards have been set up in the factories, in the State and in Washington, giving three courts for hearings and settlements. Either side may appeal if not pleased with a decision until the issue or issues finally reach the Federal Industrial Relations Board.

The Shelby dispute appeared for awhile as if something might happen that would be a blot on this fair city. However, both labor and capital agreed to let the Industrial Relations Board hear the issue and then render a decision. How much more sensible is this course than a strike and its evil consequences.

ELECTING FIRST CITIZENS

The city of Greensboro, we learn from our eminent contemporary, The News, has elected a First Citizen, and he is the Rev. Murphy Williams. We do not know the Rev. Mr. Williams well, but we have heard about his works, and we applaud the selection, and we admire, too, the tact of the Greensboro voters in choosing a gentleman of the cloth, thereby eliminating many probable complaints from gentlemen more interested in politics.

The First Citizen sets us a pondering. Who in the world would get elected if the City of Shelby tried to select a first citizen? Well, we should oppose such an idea here as likely to induce riots and to break up families, for there never was a town that had so many First Citizens as Shelby. Moreover, all the First Citizens are cousins, in-laws or partners.

Any such election here would have to be for at least fifty First Citizens, and even then we'd probably leave somebody out.

Still, the idea is intriguing, even though we can doubt that it does any real good. The burden of being First Citizen must be an onerous one to bear at times. More practical good would be accomplished if every city would revert to a practise invented by the ancient Athenians, who every year elected somebody to be kicked out of the state—not that we suggest any such thing for our town, but it would keep people toeing the mark, wouldn't it?

THE SEVEN FAT KINE

Pharaoh was troubled by a dream about seven fat kine and seven lean kine, and he called Joseph before him and asked him to interpret the dream, and Joseph did. And he said that the fat kine represented seven prosperous years, to be followed by seven lean years, and that it would be wise to build great store houses, using the surplus of the prosperous years, so that the people might not starve during the bad times. And all this was done, and the people did not grow hungry when the time came.

A practising economist could hardly do better in trying to solve current problems than lean on the sound precepts set up by Relief Administrator Joseph these many centuries ago. As the Bible tells the story, Joseph not only invented crop control, but recognized the theory of the business cycle so favored by certain economists. The history of business does seem to bear that out—seven prosperous years and then a depression.

In our present instance, we have not, like the Pharaoh's farmers, got to contend with a paucity of crops, but with a plethora. Joseph, wise business man that he

was, would have put a finger on that with all ease, and instead of storing up sheaves of wheat, would have ordered the people to grow less.

Perhaps this Biblical precept will be a comfort to some of our Fundamentalist brethren now wondering whether to reduce their cotton crops according to the Agricultural Administration program. If you rely on the Bible, the answer is clearly "Yes."

THIS CHANGING GOVERNMENT

Students and economists are speaking and writing about this changing government, some alleging that the change we are undergoing is coming from authorities in power, others saying it is a result of a demand from the common people.

Mark Sullivan cites two books that are coming from the press, one entitled "The Decline of the West" by which the author means the decline of western civilization. The other book is entitled "The Hour of Decision" dealing with the fundamental changes which this government is undergoing. All will agree that fundamental changes are under way. Whether they are permanent or not remains to be seen. The competitive system in industry is passing as well as the right to make profits and keep them, including the right of private ownership of land and other forms of property.

All of these changes are coming about as a result of our efforts to work out of the depression and the multitude of problems it brought. The subject is too big and broad to be treated in a general way, but let us point out one thing that is happening in cotton growing which is close home to millions of southern planters. By Federal control, the price of cotton has increased 100 per cent within a year. The effect of this increase has been marvelous. It has saved the South from bankruptcy. The idea of limiting the production of cotton was at first thought to be invading the property rights of man, guaranteed under the constitution. But it worked so well last year that the farmers in North Carolina are signing up 95 per cent for limited production for 1934. Some held back and wouldn't sign, expecting to "cash in" at the expense of his neighbor. Then the Bankhead bill to restrict production by compulsion and a referendum among the farmers to determine how they prefer to handle the situation. The vote shows the farmers want production restricted by compulsion. They want it for their protection and to make sure the cotton control measures are a real success. They actually favor a dictatorship over their own lands because it offers a way out. The right to own land and do as one pleases with it, was won by blood on many battlefields, but every farmer realizes that controlled production is vital to decent prices and he is willing to surrender his birthright, certainly for a season or two.

Nobody's Business

By GEE MCGEE

Style And Styles

The style of woman's attire changes every 30 minutes. Her red finger nails might be pink finger nails tomorrow. Her rosy cheeks are just as likely to be a light tan this afternoon as not. Her black hat (so-called) might exchange places with a knit tam-tam on 5 seconds notice.

Not so with man. With a few exceptions, he dresses just like he did 25 years ago, that is—most of us do. Same old coat, same old britches, same old vest, same old shoes. A slight change had been made in whiskers and mustaches. BVD's have supplanted fleeced-line designs in many instances.

Mi-lady's underthings, where required, change color like a lizard. A green handbag calls for green negligee from north to south. The method of dressing her hair follows closely in the footsteps of Greta Garbo and a few other Hollywood Bows, Clara—for instance. In other words, movies set the styles.

Nobody would associate with a wife or daughter or aunt who wore a bustle, 6 petticoats, black cotton stockings, hair balled on top like a wart on a camel, and all those other un-modern garments, but women change their manner and practice of wearing things so suddenly, the old man is kept flat on his back (financially) all the time.

Take, for instance, a pair of female winter slippers of the January 1934 type. No uppers at all, 2 tiny straps, heel 3 inches high and as sharp as a crochet hook, soles about one-sixteenth of an inch thick, no leather in any part of the equipment, except, possibly, the vamp and that's mostly made of cardboard—and the price today, and today only, is \$9.98. Come early, or prepare yourself to go barefoot.

Old dad aint always hen-pecked, even if his neighbors think so. He's just busted, that's all. Keeping up with the Joneses has caused more divorces and suicides, murders and frying-pan fights than all other agencies combined. What ever Mrs. Jones rides in or walks in or sleeps in or rides in, Mrs. Yowife must have the same thing or throw 25 fits per minute till she either lands in the insane asylum or the hospital. Poor man! He aint nothing now and never will be.

Mike Suffers An Accident

flat rock, s. C., feby 6, 1934.

deer mr. editor:— I sat myself propped up in bed to rite you about a bad accident that happened to me day befoar yestiddy. It almost left you without a first-class flat rock corry spondent and null and void.

it turned sorter warm the other day and the sun was shining and i saw a blue bird, then i decided it was time to get reddy to do some spring garding to please my wife. she is a great vegger-table woman, being country raised on same.

i ketcht out old beck, my beef waggin mule, and hitched her to a drag harrow and commenced to smoothe down the patch of land behind the 2 outhouses. everything went along ok till i tried to jump over the harrow while turning a corner.

i got my britches leg tangled up in the horrow tooths and my plowlines got wropped around my nake in some manner and befoar i could say jack robberson, or woe, mule— i was being used as a horrow and ever step old beck made, she got faster and faster.

my mouth got so full of cloids of dirt, i couldnt holler for my wife to come and stop old beck from kill murdering me. as old beck is stone deaf, she could not of heard me if i could of told her to woe. there i was being killed and unable to do nothing but pray a little.

old beck carried me around the field wropped up in the gears and then went on home with me of her own free will and a-cord where my wife untangled me and hope me in the house, and hope old beck into her cow stall.

i am bruised and sore from dan to beer sheba. my spinal collum seems twisted. my left leg and hip is badly sprung, there ain't no skin on my right knee and lower back, my nose is bent, my pants is missing, i ake all over, and i am only thankful that i am living to tell the tale. the dr. thinks i will be able to get about in a month. it was a close call for me; if she gets any garding work done in 1934, she will do same.

vores truelie,
mike Clark, rtd.
corry spondent.

She'll Become an Empress



Photo of the charming Oriental lady, Mrs. Henry Pu-Yi, wife of the former "Boy Emperor" of China (inset) and current chief executive of the Nippon-controlled State of Manchukuo. In March Mrs. Pu-Yi will share with her husband imperial honors, when he becomes Emperor of Manchukuo.

Cartoonist Segar Tells How He Created The Funny Characters Who Appear In The Star's Comic Strip

Trying to interview E. C. Segar, creator of "Thimble Theatre, Starring Popeye," which begins today in The Star is about as difficult as trying information out of Greta Garbo. The famous comic artist is elusive, aloof, reticent about himself and his work and infinitely prefers to answer questions in writing, rather than orally.

Mr. Segar and his family—there are two little Segars—live in Santa Monica, and the artist's chief recreation is swimming, sailing and fishing in the Pacific.

Born in Chester, Illinois, Mr. Segar is 37 years old. As a youth he ground the projecting machine in a motion picture theatre in his home town for about five years. After that his urge for "art" began to manifest itself and he became a house painter. By easy stages he progressed to sign painting and paper hanging.

Played Drums

He played trap drums in orchestras for dancing parties and was a photographer in his spare time. Later he took up window dressing for the leading shops of Chester.

About that time he heard of fabulous salaries being paid to cartoonists. He drew one and sent it to a St. Louis newspaper. The editor promptly returned it. So Segar invested \$20 for a correspondence course in cartooning. He worked at it for 18 months before he received his sheepskin, a handsome engraved diploma certifying that he was really a cartoonist.

Whereupon he went to Chicago.

One Wife, No Job

R. F. Outcault, then in his heyday as creator of "Buster Brown" and "Tige," got Segar a job on the Chicago Herald. Segar's assignment was to draw "Charlie Chaplin's Comic Capers" daily and Sunday. He did it for two years. Then The Herald suspended publication.

Recently married, Segar was out of a job and out of funds. He finally landed a berth with the Chicago Evening American in 1917. He did "Looping the Loop," a local strip, and was part time dramatic critic on the side.

In 1919 he went to New York, and three weeks later was signed by King Features Syndicate and

started "Thimble Theatre." "Popeye" was not in the cast in those days. He was introduced by accident a couple of years ago and immediately stole the picture.

The Characters Are Born
It started as "Olive Oyl" and "Ham Gravy" was born a couple of minutes later.

"I was eating a banana at the time and Ham was subconsciously marked with a nose not unlike that fruit," says Segar, reminiscing. "When ideas were scarce I could usually get a gag on his beezee, such as, 'Is that your nose, or are you eating a cucumber?'"

"Castor Oyl" happened along a month or so later. He was Olive's goofy brother, not exactly half-witted but exceedingly dumb. Just this dumb: when Olive's pet duck fell into a deep hole and no one could extricate it, Castor came by with a hose and floated the duck to the top.

Cast or has his stuff. He invented that would last forever. "Fireproof," he explained grimly, "safety dynamite" that wouldn't explode.

"Dole Oyl," daddy of Castor and Olive came next; then Ma, who for years never had a first name until finally Segar thought of "Nana Oyl."

For several years "Thimble Theatre" played vaudeville, trick and surprise ideas with short continuities, and then "Blizzard" strutted in. He was the sportiest game cock ever encountered. Blizzard lasted a year and a half and then they had to fricaneese him, and a number of readers complained because the little bizzard was dropped. "Bernice," the whiffle-hen, led Segar along the trail to "Popeye." Bernice was hatched from an egg found in Africa by Castor's uncle, and the bird had good luck qualities known only to the steamboat gambler, "Cadewell." Castor finally discovered that rubbing the three hairs on the whiffle hen's head brought good luck.

So he led an expedition to Dice Island where Fadedwell operated a gambling resort. Castor bought a swell ship with not a hole in it except in the bottom where they did not show, and was about to sail when he decided that he needed a



"4c change Sir"

A few pennies today—a dime or two tomorrow—in a week's time a dollar or more—if you save your loose change! Put it in a special place each night. At the end of the week you'll have enough to open a savings account at this bank.

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SHELBY, N. C.

deck hand.
Popeye Comes In Picture
He saw a man on the dock and yelled, "Hey, are you a sailor?" "Ja think I was a cowboy," came the reply, and those were Popeye's first words in "Thimble Theatre." Popeye kicked at first at doing all the work until Castor pointed out that he himself was captain and Popeye was first, second and third mate, boatswain and crew.
Swollen with pride Popeye signed on. He speedily took charge and soon dominated the captain and all the other members of the expedition. He has become the most fascinating laugh producer in any comic strip.

Segar has a big house at Santa Monica with a billiard room containing two billiard tables. He has a boat and an elaborate assortment of fishing lines and rods. His best photographs are taken with shaggy, finny monsters of the deep, purchased at the leading fishmongers in all Southern California.

Agriculturally, Segar is a radish expert. He claims he can get more radish seed into a given area and extract fewer radishes therefrom than any living man in those parts.

He shoots a mean billiard, and says that if "Popeye" goes back on him, he'll turn the Segar mansion into a pool parlor.
Segar is a demon worker, and for

Mrs. Martin Dies At Blacksburg Home

Funeral Services Conducted Saturday For Well-Known Blacksburg Woman.

Blacksburg, Feb. 6.—Mrs. Mary Ellen Martin, 83, died Friday at the home at Blacksburg after an illness of two years.

Mrs. Martin had been married twice, the first time to James Austin Martin in 1870, and later after his death to William Andrew Martin. She was a member of the First Baptist church of Blacksburg.

Mrs. Martin, who was a daughter of the late Andrew and Malissa Stuart Hogue, is survived by three sons and two daughters, Thomas G. John A., and W. Jeff Martin, Mrs. Anna M. Whisonant and Mrs. Maggie M. Spratt of Blacksburg; a brother, John J. Hogue, of Frankston, Texas; and a sister, Mrs. Ed Greene, of Chesnee. She is also survived by 33 grandchildren and 23 great grandchildren.

photographic purposes he once painted a series of ten pictures, each six by ten feet in colors in four days time.

87c
out of \$1
leaves 13c change

13c change on your day's groceries. 2c change from the newsboy. Odd nickels and dimes from the druggist, the butcher, the baker. SAVE these small coins! Put them aside till you have a dollar and then open a savings account here—an account you can add to.

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LONFOSCO SOFT PHOSPHATE is a natural product, and will not under any circumstances injure the most delicate vegetation, nor increase the soil acidity. It contains both lime and iron in a form available to plant life. Use it on COTTON, CORN, BEANS, PEAS, FRUIT TREES, TOBACCO and PEANUTS, and YOU WILL CONTINUE TO USE IT ON ALL YOUR CROPS.

An Analysis Showing the Composition of Loncala Soft Phosphate Made by the Bureau of Chemistry and Soils at Washington, D. C., is as Follows:

	Per Cent
Silican Dioxide (Clay)	16.80
Alumina	16.67
Ferric Acid	4.25
Calcium (Lime)	25.20
Magnesia	0.21
Phosphoric Acid	23.63
Sodium Oxide	0.40
Potassium Oxide (Potash)	0.36
Carbon Dioxide	1.15
Iodine	0.36
Sulphur	0.00
Chlorine	0.01
Fluorine	1.45
Manganese	0.013
Chromium Oxide	0.038
Vanadium	0.01

North Carolina State Chemistry Dept. Test Showed 20.70 Per Cent Phosphoric Acid in Their Analysis. Practically 83% Plant Food.

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