

Official Organ Central Labor Union; endorsed by State Federation of Labor

The Charlotte Labor Journal

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YOUR ADVERTISEMENT IN THE JOURNAL IS A GOOD INVESTMENT

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"DOWN TOBACCO ROAD" TOO HOT FOR CHICAGO!—GOT TOO CLOSE TO MEAN REALITIES SAYS WRITER

(By Chester W. Wright)

Chicago's mayor didn't like Tobacco Road. Tobacco Road is a play—a rather stark sort of a play—that shows how a great many persons live.

And there's very little beauty about the way they live. But it is too hot for Chicago—Chicago that kept Al Capone until Uncle Sam went and took him away and plunked him down in Alcatraz for safe keeping; Chicago, that had its St. Valentine Day slaughter with gangland's machine guns; Chicago that has known as much dirt and corruption per square inch as any city in the land.

Tobacco Road got too close to mean realities for Chicago and the mayor of Chicago.

But Chicagoans probably smoke plenty of the products of the life about which Tobacco Road is the stage story and which gets too close to ugly truth to suit the mayor of the Windy City. There's no doubt of it.

Chicago helps to pile up the enormous profits of the Big Four, for which S. Clay Williams was the alert and omnipresent spokesman while the cigarette code was being gerrymandered and delayed and lost in the good old days of NRA.

The Big Four do their full share to make the conditions of life out of which Tobacco Road was written—too strong for the nostrils of Chicago, which gave "The Jungle" to the world, first via the nostrils, then via the pungent pen of Upton Sinclair and the printing press.

Chicago knows a better answer to the villainy that is in the life that made poscago know a better answer to the villainy that is in the life that made possible the play "Tobacco Road."

Chicago union men know that there is a label on cigarettes and on cigars—a label that fights an unending war against the kind of life that made Tobacco Road and that fights for freedom and decency and good citizenship for the workers who do the work from which cigarettes and cigars go to market.

They know the foolish, frivolous hypocrisy and hokum that is in such first-page-hunting gestures as that of the mayor. They know that when they walk up to a counter and ask for Wings, or Raleighs or Kools, with the Union label on every package, they are doing something REAL to wipe out ugliness and slavery and dirt and the things that warp life and make it mean and sordid.

It's the union men and women that are fighting the real fight. The ridiculous gestures of censoring mayors look like child's play—very poor and distorted child's play, too, in comparison.

Here are some facts for the mayor of Chicago: The Woman's Bureau of the Department of Labor found by an investigation on the spot last year that the average earnings of tobacco stemmers working 55 hours a week was \$6.55 a week.

While paying these less than starvation wages to the "mudsills" of their industry, tobacco magnates of the Big Four were paying themselves salaries and bonuses running at times to more than a million dollars each per year.

In Winston-Salem, N. C., the town owned by the Reynolds Co., there are reputed to be 50 millionaires, Big Four millionaires. Winston-Salem spends 24 cents per day for each pupil in the public schools, while the manufacturing town of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., spends 55 cents per pupil per day.

In the 10 years from 1924 to 1933, inclusive, the following bonuses were paid to the inside clique of the three biggest of the Big Four:

Liggett & Myers	\$146,473,000
American Tobacco	184,441,000
R. J. Reynolds	267,544,000

And the stemmers for R. J. Reynolds lived in two-room shacks so ramshackle that the present writer has literally looked clean through them from the front to the back by the cracks.

There ought to be letters of fire to tell the lurid story of tobacco and the Big Four to America.

The river of swollen profits runs in a flood to the pockets of the Clay Williamses. The rivulet of shrunken wages trickles into the pockets of the poor in a dribble that stops ever so often for a great many of them, leaving their throats choked on hunger, their stomachs in a convulsive grasping for food that doesn't come.

For the mighty few, palaces and power—the dictatorship of monopoly. For the few, misery, underfeeding; and every so often that queer state of suspended animation that comes with the order, "You're through."

Millions of dollars tell thousands of men and women when to come and when to go, how much to eat and how to bend the knee.

And in the heart of the Tobacco Road country stands Duke University, endowed out of the shriveled bowels of the poor of Tobacco road.

The monopoly hates the Union. But the Union and the Union Label proclaim to the world their war on the tobacco dictatorship and its human victims. The blue label on your union cigarette is a battle flag of freedom. Tell it to the mayor of Chicago, tell it to Clay Williams, tell it to the fat Big Four—and tell it to the man behind the counter where you spend your money.

CENTRAL LABOR UNION WILL MEET IN MOOSE HALL WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT 7:30—BE PRESENT

For the benefit of delegates not present at the meeting last night of Central Labor Union, the announcement is made that Central body has changed its meeting night to Wednesday, at 7:30 p.m. in the Moose Hall—South Tryon Street, third floor. This change is made in order to better facilitate the fast growing Labor movement in Charlotte. The Building Trades are going in a hall of their own on South College street. The old meeting place is being kept open for a week to allow the proper procedure to be gone through with the various locals.

About 5,000 people are needing support in Mooresville. These women, children and men are the ones who are involved in the Mooresville Textile strike, which is a matter of vital importance to every worker in North Carolina, as it involves the freedom of the employees. Send all contributions in cash or provisions to T. F. Moore, president Textile Local No. 1221, Mooresville, N. C. All locals of the N. C. State Federation are asked to heed this call for aid.

TO ADVERTISERS

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL LABOR PAPER. It serves the territory thoroughly of those who buy your wares and make a local labor paper possible for the workers. THEY READ IT, ENDORSE IT, AND PATRONIZE ITS ADVERTISERS.

CHATting

PERTINENT COMMENT ON TIMELY TOPICS BY HARRY BOATE

Under the caption, "False Distinction," this interesting article by Bascom Anthony is found in *Wesleyan Christian Advocate*:

There's a tribe of Negroes in Africa whose standard of excellence is an outstanding stomach. The bigger the stomach the more worthy the individual who carries it. In some provinces of China beauty is measured by fatness. How absurd. Among some of our people honors are given to the man who can knock a ball the farthest or knock another man the farthest. It is so absurd to rest honors upon the muscles of the stomach or the muscles of the back and arms when an animal or a machine can excel it all. An African is honored for what he can stuff in his stomach. An American is honored for what he can pack in his fist. I dare say that these manufactured honors rest upon the mere fact of being different. Rare things are desired because they are rare and not because they are better. They flatter our conceit because they make us stand from the multitude regardless of inherent merit.

The entire Dionne family, husband and all, are given as much space in the papers as a national hero, and all because Mrs. Dionne can produce babies by the litter the same as a cat does kittens. I suppose that we have plenty of families who do not care for the commonplace event of a single baby coming to their home who would be glad to go the Dionnes one better by having six, and thus be as conspicuous as a fly in a pan of milk. A side-show for the foolish multitude would eventually follow.

We live and the world moves on, not by the spectacular, but by the usual and commonplace. Life's real values lies there, and we would know it if our vanity and conceit did not mislead us into thinking that possession of unusual things conferred honor and distinction upon us. Why otherwise pay big money for an old chair that is less comfortable than a nail keg? Or why lend ourselves airs because we have the best house or the biggest bank account in town? They are no part of us, and we will soon prove it by leaving them behind us when we go hence.

I am so glad that the older I get the more wonderful and enjoyable do common things become. I have a few prominent friends whom I greatly love and appreciate. I thank God for them, but at last my bodily comfort and well-being is more dependent upon Cyrus' cooking and faithfulness in looking after me than upon them all. They fill a high and occasional place in my life; he fills a lowly and constant need. I'd be foolish if I let the larger cause me to forget the smaller.

We are in danger of not valuing common things and people as we ought. Yesterday I saw a sunset which, if it was as rare as an eclipse of the sun, and as a predictable, would have been viewed by thousands who traveled long distances to look upon it and rave about it. But as God paints such scenes on the sky almost daily they are common and therefore not at all wonderful in our eyes.

If diamonds and rubies were just as wonderful and beautiful as they are, but could be raked up and sold for \$3 per ton, nobody would ever wear one because it gave no distinction. We probably would use them in laying concrete foundations for our buildings. If glass cost \$500 a pennyweight, it would be worn as jewelry and affidavits taken to prove it was genuine glass and not a diamond worth \$3 a ton. Yes, those poor Negroes in Africa who measure the importance of folks by the size of the stomach are great dunces and greatly to be pitied for thinking that eminence lies in the unusual. Don't make a similar mistake, for there probably is in your home those who do nothing more unusual than to carry on the common daily duties of ordinary life who are very wonderful people for so doing.

(There is a world of truth and much on which to reflect in the above article.)

—Little Johnny, aged seven, had been taken to the Zoo to see the animals. He stood before the spotted leopard's cage for a few minutes, staring intently. Then, turning to his mother, he asked: "Say, ma, is that the dotted lion that everybody wants dad to sign on?"—*Exchange*.

Hiking Fish

Fish that climb trees are not so rare as fish that go on hiking expeditions. In the latter class, Anabas Testudineus, a 4-inch member of the perch genus, stands, or rather walks, supreme. Equipped by nature with a pair of stiff-like pectoral fins, he is able to propel himself over the ground at a fair speed. But for some curious reason he only "hikes" when the earth is soft and moist. In India, the country of his origin, his expeditions from pond to pond take place either after a rain or at dawn while the dew remains. Though far from a beauty prize winner, the anabas, handicapped by a blunt nose and brassy body, is eagerly sought by pet dealers and collectors throughout the country.—*Tit-Bits Magazine*.

Condor Multiplies Slowly

Due to its great size, the condor multiplies very slowly even under the best of conditions. Only one egg is laid at a time, and when the chick is hatched, it stays in the nest for a year or more, being fed by the parents. Only then are its wings large enough to support its first faltering flight. Observers declare that the condor lays its single egg, matures the chick, and seldom lays again until two years have passed. Mating is for life and the destruction of either parent means no more chicks, or if both are killed while a chick is in the nest it will starve.

Army Medical Corps insignia

The insignia of the Medical Corps of the army is the Caduceus, a winged staff of Mercury (Greek, Hermes) with which he controlled the living and the dead so that he could go unmolested where he willed; he carried it especially when he escorted the dead to the world below. In its earliest form it is composed of three branches—one forming the handle and the other two intertwined. Later the intertwined branches were replaced by snakes, and still later wings were added to the staff. Among moderns the Caduceus is used also as an emblem of commerce over which Mercury was the presiding divinity.

Don't boycott the merchant who does not sell Union-made goods. Just stop trading with him!

Mason and Dixon's Line

Mason and Dixon's line was a boundary between Pennsylvania and Maryland, surveyed by Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, English surveyors, from 1763 to 1767. Their purpose was to settle an old dispute between the Penn and Baltimore families, owners of large tracts in Pennsylvania and Maryland. When the Civil war came, the line was used roughly to mark the boundary between the free and slave states, but the slavery line, after leaving Maryland, Pennsylvania and what is now West Virginia, followed the Ohio river to the Mississippi and then—excepting the slave state of Missouri—the parallel of 36 degrees and 30 minutes, established by the Missouri compromise. After the war the expression, Mason and Dixon's line, came into general use to separate the north from the south.—*Indianapolis News*.

Weather-Wisdom

After being skeptical for many years, science today frankly acknowledges the truth and accuracy of several weather saws, treasured for centuries by sailors and country weather prophets. Among the portents which it admits may often be as accurate as the meteorological forecast are such signs as wool-pack clouds disappearing before sunset, a "low" sunset, red sky at night, yellow sky at dawn, while even the familiar saying "rain before seven, fine before eleven," is very often reliable. The portents of bad weather, for which there is usually scientific confirmation, include the appearance of "thread-like" clouds in the northwest, a red sky at dawn, a "high" or yellow sunset, and unusually bright stars at night. Meteorologists, however, refuse to believe that the moon affords any guidance to the coming day. They say that if a bad day does follow a lunar halo it is simply a coincidence.—*Tit-Bits Magazine*.

Self-preservation is the first law of man. Buying Union-made goods and Union services is the first law of a Union man.

PATRONIZE JOURNAL ADVERTISERS

MEETING OF BUILDING TRADES FOR ENTIRE STATE CALLED FOR SUNDAY, NOV. 24 AT SALISBURY

SALISBURY, Nov. 19.—Each Building Trade local union in the State has been requested to send two representatives here Sunday, Nov. 24 to meet with the Executive Board of the State Federation of Labor. The meeting is for the purpose of considering wages and hours on WPA projects and also to take up complaints relative to wages on PWA projects. The call was issued today by R. R. Lawrence, of Winston-Salem, president of the State Federation of Labor. The meeting will be held in the Central Labor Union hall here and will begin at 1 o'clock. The call has gone out for the State Federation's Executive Board to meet at that hour. President Lawrence, Googe and others to be named, will meet with George W. Coan, State conference. Mr. Googe has assisted in adjusting PWA and WPA wage and hour disputes in several southern states. A committee consisting of Lawrence, Googe and others to be named, will meet with Georg W. Coan, State WPA Administrator on Monday following the Salisbury meeting. It is understood an engagement has already been made for this meeting. It is also expected that a committee will call on the State WPA Administrator. There has been considerable complaint concerning wages and hours, and while no strikes have developed in North Carolina as in other States, there is much dissatisfaction and it is hoped the Salisbury meeting and the conferences to follow on Monday may bring about a State-wide agreement that will be acceptable to all parties concerned. It was explained that each building trades local had been notified and had been asked to send two representatives. Lawrence explained these locals were directly concerned and he hoped they would avail themselves of the opportunity to be heard and give a complete report of WPA and PWA conditions in their localities. Those arriving on Saturday night will meet at the Ford Hotel which will be headquarters.

STRIKE BREAKING RELEASE BY "MARCH OF TIME" IS TOLD DRAMATICALLY IN THIS ARTICLE

The business of strike-breaking, how it functions and thrives, is dramatically told in the new eighth issue of the *March of Time*, released nationally on November 24.

The *March of Time* bases its episode on the story of Pearl Louis Bergoff, strikebreaker of New York City, who made hundreds of thousands between 1907 and 1931 out of differences between Capital and Labor. It shows his scrapbooks filled with many testimonials to the efficiency of his methods.

The film shows Bergoff in 1934, retained to protect the Bibb Manufacturing Company of Porterdale, Georgia. There are sequences as he picks his men and starts them off into seething Porterdale, to be sworn in as deputies sheriff.

The principal part of the episode is based on the events which occurred in Porterdale when Georgia's Governor Falmadge, ordered the imported strikebreakers out of the town and the state. The Georgia Governor himself acted many of the scenes as well as officers of the state militia and other officials.

Other sequences trace the story of Bergoff as he found this new attitude spreading. They show New York's Secretary of State and its industrial commissioner showing themselves in his affairs, cancelling his state detective bureau license but finding the state powerless to touch his strike-breaking activities.

When the state is powerless, the changing attitude toward industrial relations may be potent. *March of Time* points out that this year strikes are shorter, involve fewer people, are often settled by compromise, mostly without violence. The Industrial Relations Board of the Department of Labor is shown as a powerful instrument of adjustment which has already warded off many a threatened strike.

The Bergoff episode is one of several which make up the new issue of the *March of Time*.

Animals of the Marshes Have Need for Big Ears

Large ears mostly belong to animals that live in open places, marshes or swamps, and feed by daylight. There beasts of prey stalk them through long grass or lie in ambush thickets, so that the first necessity of safety is to hear unseen foes. The greatest danger of such attacks is from behind, and protection against it accounts for the rabbits long ears—especially those of Jack rabbits, in one kind of which the ear equals a quarter the length of the whole body. A rabbit's life is spent on the ground, usually where there is little chance to hide, and it can escape death only by a quick jump and great speed. For warning of the stealthy approach of an enemy it must depend almost wholly on its ears. Between alarms these "sounding-boards" lie flat on Bunny's back, and he becomes almost invisible in his earth-colored coat. At the slightest suspicious noise up they rise.—*Montreal Herald*.

Much Mud Moved From Thames

Forty-four million tons of mud have been dredged from the bottom of the Thames during the past twenty years, carried away in barges, and dumped in the sea. Figures like these mean absolutely nothing to the ordinary man, but when it is explained that this mud, turned into bricks, would build a wall five feet high and two feet thick round the world at the Equator, a better idea can be formed of the work done by the dredgers. Man is always moving things, especially earth and stones, and the gross amount moved is simply colossal. The largest building in the world is the Great Pyramid, which is 451 feet high and covers twelve and a half acres of ground. Six million tons of stone were used in its construction.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

Masks and Costumes Mark Strange Michoacan Dance

The dance of Los Viejos (old men), is performed in the towns of the Michoacan province. It is one of the eccentric old Indian dances and one of the native entertainments.

The dance is executed by six jolly "old fellows" who limp on the stage seemingly suffering with the most crippling forms of rheumatism. The leader, who plays a small guitar called a jarana, begins with a fairly simple step which the rest, haltingly and painfully follow. Then one of the others takes the lead with a more intricate routine. The music changes with each routine and both steps and music take on a speed which only the cleverest and limberest of youths can follow—with humorous interludes in which they resume their old age.

Costumes are as whimsical as the dance itself—genial looking masks molded from Michoacan clay; flowing locks twisted from the white fiber of the maguey; a huango embroidered in red, worn over the shoulders; wide-sleeved shirt and extremely baggy trousers anchored with a red sash; to top it all, a broad-brimmed hat trimmed with flowers or ribbons; and, of course, a cane usually made with a grotesquely carved top. Costumes, steps, and music were originated by the Indians.

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