

**The Charlotte Labor Journal
AND DIXIE FARM NEWS**

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The Labor Journal is true to the American ideal of **WAGE EARNERS**. Men and women spend your wages in the city where you live, always remembering that "The Dollar That Goes the Farthest is the Dollar That Stays at Home."

The Labor Journal will not be responsible for opinions of correspondents. If you do not get your paper drop a postal card to the Editor and he will see that you do.

We believe in American business and American Workers. We believe that a just share of the profits which the workers help produce, should be given the worker, for without this benefit, lasting prosperity cannot be assured.

OUR POLICY ---

To create a better understanding between Labor, Industry and the Public.

OUR AIM ---

To influence Public Opinion in favor of the Organized Labor Movement.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1942

WEEKLY BIBLE QUOTATION

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake . . ."—Psalmsist.

YOU CAN DEPEND ON THE GERMANS AT THE FINISH

They win victories—many of them—because while the nations of the world usually spin and toil and keep making changes—and try to do something about their economy—the Germans have been forever training—marching—building machines of war.

They deserve no credit—anyone could have done it. A criminal who for months sits around watching, thinking only of one thing—planning every move—in many instances has baffled an entire police department of brilliant men. Why? Because the policemen did not concentrate only on this one criminal. They had traffic to take care—they had to patrol the highways, enforce a thousand ordinances, watch the children come and go from school houses—on top of which the policemen also have their own homes and families and churches and sundry affairs of civilized men—but one man occasionally succeeds in outwitting them all—Why? Because he had **NOTHING ELSE ON HIS MIND BUT HIS CRIME**—

And so, like the Germans he wins his early victory, but they catch up with him—Always—because there is one thing you can always depend on him to do—that will give him away. The Germans have been like that—they plan—think, scheme—only along one line—WAR—and they win—yes, they have always won the early victories—in every war they embarked upon—from Frederick to Hitler—but in the end they catch up with them—and they have always used a trick—they hold a meeting—when they are finally defeated and they make a speech and they say—"World, we have just cleansed ourselves of the cancer that has been feeding on our system (and here they mention the name of the super-man who may have been leading them at the moment—it is either Bismark—Willhelm, Hitler)" and now that we have got rid of this horrible man who has again led us astray, we promise to be good—and we are ready to do business again"—and so the world has always patted them on the back and said "O. K., as long as you got rid of your boy wonder, we guess you are all right" and the whole thing starts all over again—and in about 25 years they get themselves a new super-man.

Coming back to criminals, though, no matter how thorough they have been in planning and carrying out their scheme, you can depend on them for some piece of stupidity always.

For example, take the Germans again—They found a woman in Belgium by the name of **EDITH CAVELL** who had been helping prisoners escape — so they wanted to get rid of Edith Cavell and make her an example for others—so they shot her—and what happened—Three statues exist of **EDITH CAVELL** and thousands of Belgium and French patriots who though the cause was hopeless pitched in from that day on—they have a peculiar mind—those Germans—Now, they wanted to wipe a little city off the map—a place with 500 people by the name of Lidice—so they killed every male inhabitant and carted off all the women and children and completely obliterated the little town from the map. Poor fools, they understand nothing higher than something that shoots—Don't they know that they have immortalized that town—that for a thousand years, school children up and down Europe will be able to rattle off the name of Lidice—almost quicker than they could name the capital of their country—nothing anyone has written or said about this war—has had the strength of a few words Prime Minister Churchill spoke before Congress last December—I guess it impressed so many because it was typical American talk—Said Mr. Churchill—"Who do they think we are, Don't they know that we will persevere against them until they have been called to account for what they have done."

We are certain of ultimate Victory—but it is never too soon to begin to steel yourself against that periodical plea—about having "cleansed themselves" and that they are now ready for business. The world must not listen to them again for a healthy period at least.



"ALL THE MEN WERE SHOT"

Imagine reading the following government announcement in our two great dailies.

"All men of Newell, N. C., have been shot. The women have been deported to a concentration camp and the children sent to appropriate centers of education. All buildings of the village were leveled to the ground and the name of the village was immediately abolished."

Those are the words of an official Nazi statement issued a few days ago except that the town was named Lidice—a quiet little community of Czechoslovakia near Prague.

In Lidice (pronounced Lead-let-say) men and women lived where their ancestors had lived for more than 600 years. A Lidice son brought his bride to his parents' home; his children were born in the same room where his grandfather first saw light. Above the roofs of the town rose the spire of St. Mary's Church, a symbol of community faith since the church's building in 1736.

In Lidice, a farmer with earth sticking to his boots greeted the coal-dusty miner who as a boy sat beside him in school. On a warm day the tapping of the shoe repairman sounded through an open door like a faint echo of the blacksmith's hammering. A storekeeper going to the tailor shop paused on Wilson Street—named for the American president—to gossip with a man carving wood before his front door. Children laughed and played or were drawn to kitchens by the sweet scents of the cakes their mothers baked.

Life was not so easy after the German conquerors came. The men had to do what the rulers ordered. Limits were set on worship in the church and on schooling for the children. The women didn't have such good things or so much to fix for meals. But the people lived on, they worked, they loved, they dreamed—oppression had been upon them in the past but "Wilson" Street seemed a reminder that to a people of unconquered spirit, freedom at last returns.

Then two men fatally wounded Reinhard Heydrich who, as Nazi "protector" of Czechoslovakia, earned the title of "Hangman." That happened on a highway which doesn't even go through Lidice. The Lidice people told the Nazi secret police that they didn't know anything about the two men.

But the Gestapo agents learned that Lidice folk still dreamed of freedom. They claimed they found a radio, forbidden by German conquerors, arms and munitions. Several of the Lidice young men had escaped to join United Nations forces fighting the Germans. And the Nazis follow their policy of bloody vengeance—a policy which has meant the murder, in retaliation for the death of Heydrich, of more than 700 innocent men and women.

So when you read or hear the name of Lidice imagine what it would mean if Newell, N. C., were crushed to the earth, its name scratched from all records, the bodies of all its men dumped into a common grave, their widows imprisoned, and the doubly-orphaned children in the hands of vengeful and merciless foreigners.

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We Be People

Article 1
We the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do hereby constitute this Constitution.



THESE BOYS — and thousands like them — are the Patriots of today, as Valiant in Battle, as Noble in Purpose, and as Unselfish in Loyalty as the Patriots who July 4, 1776, faced a tempestuous future with a strangely American combination of Faith and Audacity.

Gentlemen, we salute you!

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