

ACTION

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EDITORIAL

Types of Members

Adversity is the glue of lasting friendship. Today more than seven thousand Canal Zone workers, who were in the limelight mainly through their internal dissensions, as Panamians, Barbadians, Jamaicans, or Trinidadians, are now congealed into a solid mass for their mutual protection.

With the eradication of the nationality barrier we still have three distinct groups of members in our Union. We possess the daredevil, impulsive, hell-bent type; the methodical but enthusiastic variety; and the timid, cautious, pessimistic brand.

The daredevil member was the first to heed the call for recruits. He would enroll in any organization in order to be in a fight. He was the old war-horse eager for the smell of powder. He owed his very existence to action and more action. He made pro-union speeches in front of his infriendly boss; he sold this same boss a copy of his union paper; and walked around with a chip on his shoulder ready to wade into opponents in a verbal battle; and at times he would be seen rolling up his sleeves in the defense of his Union. This type formed the spearhead of our drive. It was indispensable in securing for us a tenable beach-head before the forces of the unsympathetic could be brought to bear against us.

The methodical and enthusiastic member is the hope for the longevity of our Union. The verve and dash of the first type will maintain a tonic effect on this member who in turn by his calmness under fire and sane appraisal of delicate situations will tend to sober the first type.

The third class of member is fevered with fear, lacks the inspiring qualities of effective leadership, and may be a definite threat to the lusty growth of the organization. This member is waiting for the Union to attain maturity and glorious success before prominently declaring his affiliation. At a moment's notice he may turn traitor in order to please a boss inimical to the Union. This member has to be watched guardedly to insure the unimpeded progress of the Union.

Then among the three groups will be found the opportunists who have enrolled for their personal benefits. These opportunists shall fall into the limbo of forgotten men if the Union is well organized on sound business principles, and these very opportunists may be converted into true disciples by the industry, sincerity, and devotion of their co-workers. That all these types may be made to serve faithfully and efficiently will be the duty of each member of the Canal Zone Workers Union.

TAKE TIME

Take time to work—it is the price of success.

Take time to think—it is the source of power.

Take time to play—it is the secret of perpetual youth.

Take time to read—it is the foundation of wisdom.

Take time to be friendly—it is the road to happiness.

Take time to dream—it is hitching your wagon to a star.

Take time to love and be loved—it is the privilege of the gods.

Take time to look around—it is too short a day to be selfish.

Take time to laugh—it is the music of the soul.

—Old Irish Proverbs.

SPADES

ACE HIGH

By way of introducing this column, permit us quoting from Webster: "Spade, 1) A digging implement heavier than a shovel and adapted for being pushed into the ground etc.... to call a spade a spade. To call a thing its right name, however coarse; to tell plain facts in plain words. "To this end, come hell or high water, we have dedicated this column.

The Local PRESS

Here is a brief commentary on the way they were related to the supreme effort of their fellow Panamanian Workers on the July 4th. Inaugural Rally at the National Gymnasium. (The sectarianized expression "Panamanian Workers" is not of our make or likeness.

To "La Nation", we are indebted for a front page story more or less correctly presented to their readers. "El Panama America" gave a more prominent display but with inaccuracies permeating the entire story. The Panama Tribune lived up to expectations, and for this we are thankful. The Star & Herald "jim-crowed" our initial effort in the ill-conceived — "Colored Community News" section, this repugnance we will always remember. The Panama American apparently dehydrated the thousands that were in attendance so there were left by volume just 400, (This calculation based on the theory of 0.9 Specific Gravity for the human body plus two-thirds water contents) like her twin sister "El Panama America" we were all in the Stadium instead of the Gym. The edi-

torial of "La Estrella" on Sunday was voted "Fair" and that of "El Panama America", "Good".

We will make comparisons of the attention given, in reporting activities of other workers, by the local press in the future and our moral and financial support will be guided accordingly.

A typical case of Panamanian-Zonian press relationship is evident in the following case: In a recent 36 point three column heading we read—"ZONIANS PRESENT CASE TO RETAIN DIFFERENTIAL", in 18-point, "MASS EXODUS WOULD FOLLOW," in 14-point, "BUDGET BUREAU ANALYST HEARS VIEWS FROM EMPLOYEES GROUP". Reading thru the story we arrive at this shocking revelation.

"ANOTHER ARGUMENT WAS THAT THE REMOVAL OF THE 25% DIFFERENTIAL WOULD HAVE AN ADVERSE EFFECT ON THE ECONOMY OF THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA..."

Whom do they think they're kidding? This altruistic feeling toward the Republic of Panama seems to be in contradiction to the policies that justify the starvation wages paid native labor. This false logic is used to achieve their own (Zonians) selfish ends. Wake up brothers, unite with your neighbors, so that we too, can present true and severely felt grievances a la mode TALKING TURKEY.

ACE HIGH.

ZONE SKETCHES

A M P

Billy could really go to town. Do you remember Billy Stone, the "dressingest" man on the Canal Zone, the Beau Brummell of the Pacific Locks, the Sheik of Red Tank? Well, lad, that was some character... rare as silk stockings these days colorful as a Mickey Rooney; and unpredictable as the weather in Colon. In grand style. He had his white ensemble, his black ensemble, his brown ensemble, and so on around the color chart. On his "white" days he would sally from his bachelor quarters with resplendent majesty in a white suit, white shoes, white socks, white gloves, white shirt, and white walking cane. Only nature spoiled the dazzling effect of this study in white by giving Billy a skin of the most beautiful and untarnished ebony.

However the resourceful Billy had his day of triumph over

nature when he would strut on his six o'clock parade in his "black" ensemble. Oh, boy, there would not be a discordant note in the dusky picture unless Billy succumbed to the mesmeric charm of an armful of native feminine sweetness and flashed his white ivories in inviting approval.

Billy reached the acme of sartorial splendor in the early thirties when he attended the West Indies Panama cricket game at the Balboa Stadium. As soon as his lofty highness of swank entered the stadium, all eyes turned in amazement at the compelling spectacle that unfolded itself. He was garbed in a checkered suit, a pair of gleaming black shoes with checkered fabric tops. He sported a checkered vest under which peeped a checkered shirt. Everyone with bated breath awaited the final act in this checkered show. His sartorial

highness, after bowing to a few acquaintances, removed his hat with checkered band and wiped a perspiring forehead with a checkered handkerchief.

Our hero wore his best clothes on the way to work, but on the job he would change into greasy overalls and you bet your life there was no harder worker than Billy Stone. At the sound of the knock-off whistle he would change into his Fifth Avenue creations and strut home at peace with the world, himself, and his clothes.

On day, while in his "white" mood, Billy stopped on the way from work to watch the passenger train pull in at the Pedro Miguel Station. A burly Canal Zone cop, with a cow-puncher's swagger, approached the immaculate Billy, touched him roughly on a shoulder, and, like a major league umpire, waved him with upturned thumb from the platform. Billy, with the studied nonchalance of royalty, slowly turned his well-groomed head, looked on the cop with regal disdain, put on a glove on his right hand, and, with the natural dignity of an Indian prince, gently brushed the spot on his coat where the offending finger of the cop had touched. Then without uttering a word he brought into play the walk that made him famous and in true country-squire style sauntered down the sidewalk, monarch of all he surveyed. Was the cop red in the face!

Let us check on that famous Billy walk. It was a planned series of deftly executed movements. It was indeed a ritual, timely and majestic. Right foot lifted with measured ease and unhurried tempo. Right foot lowered with precision. Toes pointed out. Safe landing ahead? Foot on pavement with a sharp metallic and military smack. Elbows from body. Head in the stratosphere. Make way for Billy!

Billy was not a spendthrift. The ladies trailed behind him like bees after nectar. He gathered them around him and made of them a flock of worshippers but made certain that their prayers did not reach his well-guarded wallet. He bought many suits but each one had to give its mileage of wear to last at least ten years. He was seen in 1936 in "pinch-back" coats that were the latest creations in 1920.

Beau Brummell Stone was the plague of many a bus driver. He often flashed a twenty-dollar bill after a ten-cent ride much to the embarrassment of the unlucky driver. One smart chauffeur who had suffered from Billy's planned "free" rides, prepared in advance and when the well-known twenty-dollar bill was flicked in his face, quickly grabbed it, and unloaded on Billy one thousand nine hundred and ninety cop-per one-cent coins.

Yes, sir, there was a character for you. And the end of his career? Well, Billy suffered from ill health, renounced his title, or better still, abdicated his throne in favor of the zoot-suiters.

One of the greatest contributions to our civilized world is to treat well our fellowman; moreover, when we recall that all men are born equal. We should therefore shake off the slough of shallow conceit, prejudice and selfishness and render to others that which we desire for ourselves.

We hail the CANAL ZONE WORKERS UNION as a godsend, and our hope for its ultimate victory of RIGHT over WRONG.

IMPROVE CONDITIONS. Then, improve your personal appearance by a visit to the Beauty Salon of

ELVIRA DOWNES,
150 Calle Estudiante,
Panama, R. P.

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