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EDITORIAL

A Real Dangerous Element

During the past month much water has floated under the bridge in U. S. Panama political relationship. And with this running stream many an issue has passed under review. The stream has always been there, though the water has not always carried the debris. The issues, for the most part, have always existed, though not always protruding so glaringly. But this past month there has been a marked difference and one which shows no signs of returning to the old normalcy" as regards public interest. Never before have so many players taken part nor has the gallery ever been so crowded.

The politicians of both countries found themselves discussing U. S. bases in Panama; visited each other's countries on the subject; made significant statements. But this was only the base, and provided much food for thought. Several groups on both sides passed fervent or nonchalant opinions or resolutions on the rights and privileges of either. For the most part, only the outcome mattered much while the rest could be classified under labels from the wasted efforts department. However, in the eyes of many, a freedom-loving old-timer suffered from internal wounds while he fought desperately abroad for the things for which he has long been famous. The old-timer—UNCLE SAM. His aims: freedom from all manner of fear and want. His ailment: poisonous matter within his intestines which formed a formidable part of his inability to make more successful and conclusive his labors.

In this remote area no one had any trouble identifying the poisonous matter, the real dangerous element to the welfare and continued progress of the old-timer. THE NARROW-MINDED AND SELFISH "AMERICAN" CITIZENS COMPRISING THE METAL TRADES COUNCIL OF THE A. F. L. For years this element has been obstructing the old man's housekeeping, thereby undermining his efforts. But the manner of working this group has adopted and the effects produced from time to time are a more serious set-back to the U. S. nation than but few can imagine.

As representatives of Uncle Sam in this area, this group has consistently and systematically fostered a program of discrimination against all persons in this territory who are not white Americans. This course they have pursued relentlessly and have never lost an opportunity to expound their determination to dominate and remain superior. Patriotism has been a handy cloak which has provided them with an immunity that works even when their actions work against the interests of their government.

But this group has not been contented with power that fills them at the expense of others; it now feels itself strong enough to lift its head even against the very government that has carelessly allowed it to grow. It is now found necessary and possible to foster court action against the government on what they have previously

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CHRISTOPHER HAREWOOD

Brother Harewood was elected an officer of the Red Tank Chapter at its first meeting last October and later attended the first Isthmian Convention as a representative of that Unit. At the Convention he was elected to the position of Trustee.



PRUDENCIO CORDERO

Prudencio Cordero is one of the earliest organizers of Local 713. Having aligned himself with the movement in its early days, he worked tirelessly in every section of the Pacific side of the Isthmus and organized the Gamboa and Chorrera Chapters. He also assisted in the organization of the Paraiso and Red Tank Chapters.

WRONG BUT LUCKY

Mrs. Eglantine Angels, IC-36854, has won our GOOD LUCK crown this week. After having worked at the Ancon Laundry during the past 7 years, she appeared on the job one morning in an argumentative mood. Mrs. Wiggins, supervisor, made a routine assignment, found worker Angels talking about trousers and not shirts. One thing grew out of another and soon Angels was on her way home with a clearance in hand. She had pressed shirts and trousers that had come and gone; but it was apparent that she wasn't going to press them forever.

In a jiffy Shop Steward and Organizers combined rushed to the rescue; found Supervisor Wiggins interested. There were not many arguments; the CIO is interested, not only in protecting members when their rights are violated, but also in helping when it is necessary and possible to put a misguided worker back on the right track.

Worker Angels did not deny charges of negligence, disobedience, etc. All concerned were in complete agreement that the worker had erred. Would she be given another opportunity to mend her ways? The supervisor said she would. It was recalled that the employee had served well enough to hold her job for 7 years. At times she could be most trying. Almost always her work was good. Yes, she would be given another trial; but management could not tolerate a repetition of this unpleasant incident.

Days after, the Shop Steward reported that all was well again; there seemed to be no further need for anxiety over the case.

WATER FROM THE CIO

An oldtimer finished his day's work in the "gold" town of Pedro Miguel a few weeks ago. What he had just done was something most men would not care to do. He had just completed the clearing of a clogged sewer line. This was not the first time he had done such a job. During the past 30 years he had done such work throughout the Paraiso-Pedro Miguel District of the Municipal Engineering Division.

By now he had grown accustomed to the whole affair. What would be a repugnant ordeal to the average citizen—the sight and stench of it all—was merely a monotonous routine in his life. Like dozens of scavengers on the roll of the Health Department whose duties entailed the clearing of muddy trenches or old graves or septic tanks, Oldtimer's appearance was beginning to suggest his occupation.

On this day in question his job was well done. The inhabitants of the house were relieved at being able to enjoy once again the benefits of a clear sewer line. No doubt, they were thankful for the quick service provided by the Municipal Engineering Division. That is one of the wonders of the Canal Zone; strict health regulations and quick service to all "gold" towns.

But Oldtimer was glad too. The quick and satisfactory service was just what he was supposed to contribute in order that his foremen would be known as trustworthy and efficient public servants; that any praise would fall his way was out of the question. There was no reason for gladness there. But the counterpart was ever present. He would grow into sudden, unpleasant prominence should there be delay or failure. And is not that something to be avoided? It certainly is. Why decline from a position where you get very little to one in which you get less? So Oldtimer began gathering his tools, thirsty, but glad that here was another job well done.

Now, Oldtimer had met different kinds of people while performing his work. Quite often the occupants of the houses in which he worked asked questions, kindly or rudely, and sometimes they gave him things. He could remember that old Mrs. Here would give him sandwiches whenever he worked at her house and that Mrs. There never failed to ask him about his family. And sometimes the little white children would sit nearby and watch him work for hours. He sometimes managed to get a drink of water when the thirst was more than he could bear.

But on this day the tenant of this particular house did not appear curious about his work but sometimes observed him with an air of haughty indifference. Instinctively, Oldtimer refrained from asking for a drink of water. There was no evidence of kindness about this "gold" employee. His thirst would have to wait until he arrived at his home.

Having gathered his tools, Oldtimer proceeded to leave when he was arrested by the voice of the tenant. "You didn't ask for water today. That is

good. You'd better let the CIO keep giving you water."

On his way home Oldtimer thought much about the man's remarks and of the 30 years of service he had contributed to the Panama Canal. In every respect his services had been for the welfare of the American people on the Canal Zone and in the United States of America. His every effort to keep his family alive had resulted in labor for that great and good government. But how about himself? Within a very short time, and his tired old bones kept reminding him of how short the time was, he would be retired from the service of the Panama Canal and would be granted relief — Disability Relief it's called here. And how much would that be? \$25.00 per month at the most — barely enough to pay for a roof over his head in territory outside of the Canal Zone since he would not be allowed to remain where he lives as an employee. After paying that high rent there would be nothing left for food and clothing. That is to be his reward after serving the great and good United States of America.

Oldtimer found it difficult to understand many things. He had known that the Municipal Engineer, who had just completed his 25th year of service, had paid glowing tribute to him and others like him. Of such fellows the Municipal Engineer had said: "My success in carrying out the 25 consecutive years of service with the Municipal Engineering Division has been due to the untiring and satisfactory service which so many of your fellow countrymen have rendered to the Municipal Engineering Division of the Panama Canal under my direction. I look back over the years during construction days of the Panama Canal and often relate that today the standard work among our younger generation bears no comparison to the men who, like myself, received their training and early experience by hard, untiring work, with little regard to the time devoted to the work or the climatic conditions exist ing."

Yes, Oldtimer could agree with the words of the Municipal Engineer and felt he deserved such tribute. But only the tribute to himself, but also the indifference of the younger generation on the "silver" side of the fence. These kids had heard from their parents most of the sacrifice they had made in the early construction period of the Panama Canal. Yet, how well were these old men rewarded? How well had the representatives of the great American Government kept faith with them?

Oldtimer experienced a terrific headache. This type of thinking was too confusing. It was not in him to blow hot and cold at the same time. But as he drew nearer home, his thoughts began to grow clearer and a firm decision began to take definite shape in his mind. Now he knew what course he must take. One American had just betrayed the bitterness he felt at the thought of "silver" workers joining

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