

From the first day I entered this new school
I knew, as I stood in the vestibule ---
which was only an overhang of the shed
on the Church Street side --- it firmed in me head
that I couldn't learn in this madhouse environ.
And perhaps, that made me quicker to try on
the culture of surviving in din
by closing the mind and not letting in
the class teacher's bellow.

(For, (more grief at the wickets,

new teacher was male. A Mister Ricketts.)

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And so, it is easier understood
why, from being a star pupil, better than good,
within a year, this pikni had plummeted
so far down, ~~WHO'D THOUGHT~~ WHO'D THOUGHT he once summited?

^{AN} East Branch ~~genius~~ ^{genius} in Infant Reader,
~~he~~ ^{two classes} skipped ~~to~~ ^{to} Third; an Achiever
~~remarkable~~ ⁱⁿ the ~~Fleet Street~~ ^{Catholic} academy.

Sister Quinez ~~was~~ cried in despair: "God o' me!"
when she heard they were moving her prodigy
to ~~the Anglican~~ ^{the Anglican} Church School. What a tragedy!

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And now, here I was, fine Eastin boy-child
tossed in ~~among~~ ^{with} West-end ~~spots,~~ ^{and} loud, wild.
Here I was, seaside-boy, ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ strange surroundings
not able to back oars, or even take soundings
by the run of the sea over the shoals,
or rix a position ^{tion} on the way the bush folds

at Top Edge, or see a cocka-brim's fright
telling me that kingfish were out on the bite.
In short, this star-pupil ~~whom~~, indubitably ~~was~~ once
a guineagog at East Branch, grew into a dunce.

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And somewhat/about
And ~~Conversorium~~ ~~about~~ then, I made the discovery
(and kept very silent so hope of recovery
steadily faded) that me eyesight was poor
and steadily declining more and more.
But so hated glasses (ugly things in those days)
I sat ~~back~~ in me mind and made search for ways
to "see" the blackboard. Of course, this was crazy.
But then, I found BOOKS! And if all else was hazy,
all also came clear in the pages held close.
What matter ~~if~~ ^{was else} to ~~me~~ I was near comatose?
(Many years will pass before I succumb
to glasses. Then, WHAM! Boy! Was I numb!
What a wonderful world was suddenly revealed
to a lover of it, that was so long concealed!)

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Yet, maybe, ^{so} long indentured to darkness
made ^{Seeing,} to me, ~~of seeing~~, a held-over largesse.

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At Conversorium, ~~I~~ ~~was~~ placed in Fourth, due
to me strong performance at the interview;
fresh from stardom, as I'd been ^{coming,} ~~coming,~~
all me computers were well-fed and ^{humming,} ~~rumbling~~.
I managed to move with the Class up to Fifth
and there stuck for two years before reaching Sixth.

But, yet, no matter that there was disaster *Inside the class room; outside was a* ^{blasted}

For new friends were made ^{among} those in the grade
 who'd built ^{tougher} street-careers ~~tougher~~ than ~~any~~ I'd made.
 (Remember ^{me} the genius ^{jumped} ~~two~~ two class years
 so I was younger than all of the peers.)

Moreover, they came from such dreaded unknown
 as Beckford Street, Matthews Lane, Chancery, uptown
 far as ^{Cross Roads} ~~Torrington~~ --- and one who had been
 tram-riding daily all the way from Papine
 all his life. ~~000~~ Knew ways of "popping" conductors
 that made him foremost of profit-extractors.

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Two years in Fifth. ~~Such~~ a simple statement;
 but to a small kid, hell; no abatement.

A teacher with not very much imagination.

Staunchly untouched by the cultivation

in any art (~~the~~ grant geography
 and so, ~~thankfully~~, nearer human, ^{thankfully} ~~to me~~).

Eight years old --- but must learn to seek cover
 from ~~cutting~~ ^{and from} ~~caned~~ tongue of a math lover,
 who looked on such items as music and literature
 as a behaviour requiring strict stricture.

"A man sold sows ... boy, what was his profit?"

Lord-0! Floor, open! I'm bound to guff it!

Arithmetic! Ah, there was their fun!

Seven minus seven to the power of none.

At least, it sounded just like the ^{to} nonsense
 I've ~~just~~ written ^{here}. But, ~~now~~ ^{there's} recompense ~~!~~

As I had hoped, even as I hung dangling,
 some day, computers would do the untangling.
 Deus ex machina --- but rescued too late.

... had no luck from math teachers. Ill fate.

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In the summer of 'Twenty-two, I was uncaged,
 kicked up into Sixth Book, since I had aged
 sufficiently. I became a back-bencher.
 Feeling a fish out from under the flencher
 in time, before I had likely stopped breathing.
 Now I break cover. And face the need seething
 for such a long time. The need to start
 putting g-nib to paper, and head to heart,
 and WRITE. A ^{promise} promise I had carefully betrayed
 in me angst to do "sums" and escape ^{the} grade.
 But now I was out; in ^{more} civilized ^{clime} clime
 with a new teacher. Beginning a time.

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I had long watched her. For the two years
 I stayed in Fifth. Losing me fears
 each time she took ^{one} joint ^{man} classes in singing.
 For, in a beautiful way, she was bringing
 into me child's mind, the touch of a truth:
 that what was felt good of, should hold no ruth.
 Even if ^{others} ~~the~~ ~~around~~ held that their choosing
 was the one factor that ^{kept} ~~kept~~ you from losing.
 So, music-days in that troubled Fifth

sustained this pikni, waiting for Sixth.
 sustained this pikni, waiting for Sixth.

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Her name was Miss Myers, plump, smiling, pink,
 Her name was Miss Myers; plump, smiling, pink
 daughter to the Principal; me first real link
 outside of home with the reality
 of being alive to the practicality

↑ at any sign ^{I was} considering

Relinquishing "sums". Bewildering ^{drop}
since they ~~was~~ taught English composition
yet would never give recognition
to this pupil; while those in cypher
were lionised; never asked / why-for
should they decide to, without risk
ignore other subjects. Math was the whisk

into fame, smiles, ~~and~~ ^{Nods} need of satisfaction
~~with authority, i.e. a cane dragon.~~
~~my choice of subjects~~ ^{spell malediction}
my preferences ***0***

But then came this day, early Class Six
^{IR} we ~~was~~ told to write on Columbus' fix
sailing into an unknown ocean
with aught but skill and a crazy devotion.

0 ***0***

The morning Miss Myers gave out the project,
I caught her eyes smiling at me; the object?
See whether we could do a historic
story with style, content and logic
on deadline; and yet be a work of merit.
We had an hour in which to do it.

Oh, she was cool (as always she'd been)
but she and I knew that in this scene
of 'rithmetic, science --- we knew that
music and litt., that's what I'm good at.
She knew (now I know) that the gleam in meeyes
was because I now saw I could cut down to size

finger-snapping show-of ^{hands}
those ~~basic, purse-mouth~~ decimalists

SHOW-OF-HANDS

Pro-by-That-egants-That
7
~~those go by the ^{MAD} rote book~~
~~gourd-head, know the mores~~ ologists.

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God! How it hit!

I mean the emotion!
~~when~~ there, on the blackboard, the theme-&-promotion!
So, wholly oblivious of indifferent teachers,
inwardly following the creative ^{or} in teachers,
I quietly climbed to the deck of the Nina,
climbed into the shrouds to mark where the Pinta,
Santa Maria lay; down to the poop
where the poor Admiral, tied in a loop
by his anxieties, was glad to talk
to this fellow-voyager from blackboard-&-chalk.
Sharp as he was, Old Chris wouldnt bicker;
since I'm from there, he'd be that quicker
finding the Islands and make his Discovery;
Considering his crew were concocting devilry.
Hungry, hopelessly scared from their wits,
ready to mutiny (and go where? The Twits!)

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So, there, in that great barn of noise, I wrote
me very first work that brought me some note;
through me first Publisher, a stern market-reacher,
the girl (she was ^{little} ~~little~~ more) ^{who was} ~~was~~ me ~~class~~ teacher.
Behind her back, we all called her Olga.
A Russian name, rhymes only with Volga
as you'd expect, but Scandinavian

*for "saint"; travelled well to the Caribbean.
All were in love with her, the boy in Sixth Book.
And believe we still do, unless I'm mistak.*

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Last time we met her, Percy Miller and I,
touching our Sixties --- my God, we were shy!

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But let us return to that Central Branch day
when on Nina's poor deck (wormy, ^aasway)
I wrote this letter to Seville in Spain
of me trials, et cetera, journeying the Main.
They were all helpful, ^aeach Conquistador,
^lled me through passages, on a long tour
of the sad ship so I'd know what to write
to folks in Seville of their sorry plight.
Scrambled through holds with, I think he was Juan.
Swarmed up the mainmast with, I think, Caliban;
Helped to haul canvas, grew adept at sounding.
Comfortably rode with the small ship's pounding ---
and, boy, did I put out a powerful report!
Miss Myers decided that work of this sort
needed an audience. So to austere Papa
she showed me effort. He stared. "Olga,
what do you think??" And she said: "Do it!
What a good effort! Let's not subdue it!"
And you know what? ~~That day~~, They changed the rules.
All work in this largest of city schools
halted. And mounting the wall-to-wall stage
used for vaudevilles, at that time the rage
(next to the Ward, of all city halls
our schoolhouse was sought for theatricals, balls),
mounting the stage, his high collar gleaming,
famed flogging-hands curiously deeming
by gestures to make us ^{understand} ~~believe~~ he was tender,

towards us for now, "Old Fred" did render
 me compo in tones close to reverent
 and named me "author". What an event!
 And me, crouched deep on the bench in confusion
 wondering had they forgot the conclusion
 of certain teachers in some disdain,
 this was all I was good for, to me bane?
 But at last in me mind no alarming uproar
 at not liking math. I had literature!
 And music and history and geography!
 And a hope (possibly) ^{IN} a biography
 would one day explain the small secret ^{IN} ~~gro~~
 I sometimes wore as I revelled within
 among me real friends, the folk of me fiction,
^{the} ~~the~~ wondrous world of that inner election
 to tell of ~~the~~ past. Not the kind written by
 aliens who arrogantly see fit to try.

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"MISS MYERS", this excerpt I now send you
 to say much by many to you is due.
 Elsewhere, in me CHRONICLE, you do appear
 but for now, a tribute, small, but sincere.

From THE KINGSTON CHRONICLES, the book-length bio-poem to be published.

From the first day I entered this new school,
I knew, as I stood in the vestibule ---

Indent → which was only an overhang of the shed
→ on the Church Street side --- it firmed in me head
that I couldnt learn in this madhouse environ.

drop down *Prodem*

Indent → And perhaps, that made me quicker to try on
the culture of surviving in din
by closing the mind and not letting in
the class teacher's bellow.

(More grief at the wickets;

new teacher was male. A Mister Ricketts.)

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And so, it is easier understood
why, from being a star pupil, better than good,
within a year, this pikni had plummeted
so far down, who'd thought he once summited?
An East Branch genius in Infant Reader,
skipped two classes to Third; an Achiever
in the Fleet Street Catholic academy.

~~Sister Quinez~~ *Sister Delores:* "Oh,
cried in despair, "God o' me!"

when she heard they were moving her prodigy

to the Anglican School. oh! a tragedy!

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And now, here I was, fine Eastin boy-child
tossed in with West-enders, loud and wild.

Here I was, seaside-boy, strange surroundings,

~~not able~~ *UNABLE* to back oars, or even take soundings

by the run of the sea over the shoals;

or fix a position the way the bush folds

at Top Edge, or see a cocka-brim's fright
telling me that kingfish were out on the bite.
In short, this star-pupil, indubitably once
a guineagog at East Branch, grew into a dunce.

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indent → And somewhere about then, I made the discovery
(and kept very silent so hope of recovery
steadily faded) that me eyesight was poor
and steadily declining more and more.

indent → But so hated glasses (ugly things in those days),
I sat in me mind and made search for ways
to "see" the blackboard. Of course, this was crazy. *drop down*
But then, I found BOOKS! And if all else was hazy, *drop down*
all also came clear in the pages held close.

indent → What matter else I was near comatose?
(Many years will pass before I succumb
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What a wonderful world was suddenly revealed
to a lover of it, that was so long concealed!)

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At Conversorium, placed in Fourth, due
to me strong performance at the interview;
fresh from stardom, as I'd been coming,
all me computers were well-fed and humming.
I managed to move with the Class up to Fifth
and there stuck for two years before reaching Sixth.
But, yet, no matter that there was disaster
inside the classroom outside was a blast on

Brooklyn

Brooklyn

For new friends were made those in me grade
who'd built tougher street-careers than I'd made.
(Remember me genius? I'd jumped two class years
so I was younger than all of me peers.)

Moreover, they came from such dreaded unknown
as Beckford Street, Matthews Lane, Chancery, uptown
far as Cross Roads--- and one who had been
tram-riding daily all the way from Papine
all his life. Knew ways of "popping" conductors
that made him foremost of profit extractors.

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Two years in Fifth. A simple statement;
but to a small kid, hell; no abatement.
A teacher with not very much 'magination.
Staunchly untouched by me cultivation
in any art (grant geography
and so, nearer human, thankfully).
Eight years old --- but must learn to seek cover
from cane and from tongue of a math lover
who looked on such items as music and literature
as a behaviour requiring strict stricture.
"A man sold sows ... boy, what was his profit?"
Lord-0! Floor, open! I'm bound to guff it!
Arithmetic! Ah, there was their fun!
Seven minus seven to the power of none.
At least, it sounded just like this nonsense
I've written here. But there's recompense
as I had hoped, even as I hung dangling,
some day, computers would do the untangling.
Deus ex machina --- but rescued too late.
I had me lumps from math teachers. Ill fate.

Bro.

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In the summer of 'Twenty-two, I was uncaged,
 kicked up into Sixth Book, since I had aged
 sufficiently. I became a back-bencher;
 feeling a fish out from under the flencher
 in time, before I had likely stopped breathing.
 Now I break cover. And face the need seething
 for such a long time. The need to start
 putting g-nib to paper, and head to heart,
 and WRITE. A promise I had carefully betrayed
 in me angst to do "sums" and escape Fifth grade
 But now I was out; in more civilized clime
 with a new teacher. Beginning a time.

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I had long watched her. For the two years
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 each time she took our joint classes in singing.
 For, in a beautiful way, she was bringing
 into me child's mind, the touch of a truth:
 that what was felt good of, should hold no ruth.
 Even if others held that their choosing
 was the one factor that kept you from losing.
 So, music-days in that troubled Fifth
 sustained this pikni, waiting for Sixth.

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Her name was Miss Myers; plump, smiling, pink,
 daughter to the Principal; me first real link
 outside of home with the reality
 of being alive to the pract'cality

BR0

of achieving what may, at what you do best;
and not worry unduly after the rest.

In Fifth, she discovered me love for music;
how quickly I'd caught the art so fusic
of other arts. So ^{she} gave a bravo *Imp*
by sending me off into singing solo.

Sang Barcarolle with the kind of aplomb
usually from seasoned performers come.

And also made me somehow to learn
to me it was natural; like going off-stern
the Killerig tug, at High Holborn Street
I've told you about. To make it complete, *Imp*
in no time she had me youthful canto
in the Parish Church choir.

She was lead alto.

Her voice darkly glowing in that register,
Warmest of range; tonal magister.

Pure as the muted gold of Green Bay
(in winter months at the close of day
when sunset sports in a candent quiet
over the Hellshires: ~~and~~ singing skies riot.) *Imp*

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But I know, even more importantly
somehow she'd found out, supportantly,
that I'd been handed this gift-&-bidden
to WRITE; a cause I had carefully hidden
from me world of ^a sums-loving behemoth
who could conceivably ~~at the mouth~~ ^{with ~~his~~ ~~mouth~~ ~~with~~ anger} froth

Bvo.

at any sign I was considering
relinquishing "sums".

Bewildering

since they taught English composition
yet would never give recognition
to this pupil; while those in cypher
were lionised; never asked why-for
should they decide to, without risk,
ignore other subjects. Math was the whisk
into fame, smiles, ^{nodded} nod of satisfaction.
My cherished subjects spell malefaction.

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But then came this day, early Class Six,
we're told to write on Columbus' fix
sailing into an unknown ocean
with aught but skill and a crazy devotion.

0

The morning Miss Myers gave out the project,
I caught her eyes smiling at me; the object?
See whether we could do a historic
story with style, content and logic
on deadline; and yet be a work of merit.
We had an hour in which to do it.

Oh, she was cool (as always she'd been)
but she and I knew that in this scene
of 'rithmetic, science --- we knew that
music and litt., that's what I'm good at.

She knew (now I know) that the gleam in my eyes
was because I now saw I could cut down to size
those finger-snapping, show-of-hands decimalists;

Start B Rowland
head

Bro

those this-by-that-equals-that ologists.

0

God! How it hit!

I mean the emotion!

There --- on the blackboard, the theme-&-promotion!

So, wholly oblivious of indifferent teachers,

inwardly following the creative inreachers,

I quietly climbed to the deck of the Nina,

climbed into the shrouds to mark where the Pinta,

Santa Maria lay; down to the poop

where the poor Admiral, tied in a loop

by his anxieties, was glad to talk

to this fellow-voyager from blackboard-&-chalk.

Sharp as he was, Old Chris wouldnt bicker;

since I'm from there, he'd be that quicker

finding the Islands and make his Discovery;

considering his crew were concocting devilry.

Hungry, hopelessly scared from their wits,

ready to mutiny (and go where? The Twits!)

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So, there, in that great barn of noise, I wrote

me very first work that brought me some note; ...

through me first Publisher, a stern market-reacher,

the girl (she was little more) who was me teacher.

Behind her back, we all called her Olga.

A Russian name, rhymes only with Volga

as you'd expect, but Scandinavian

for "saint"; travelled well to the Caribbean.

All fell in love with her, the boys in Sixth Book

And believe we still do unless I am mistook.

BRO

Last time we met her, Percy Miller and I,
touching our Sixties --- my God, we were shy!

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But let us return to that Central Branch day
when on Nina's poor deck (wormy, a-sway)
I wrote this letter to Seville in Spain
of me trials, et cetera, journeying the Main.
They were all helpful. A Conquistador
led me through passages, on a long tour
of the sad ship so I'd know what to write
to folks in Seville of their ^{parlous} plight.
Scrambled through holds with, I think he was Juan.
Swarmed the mainmast with, I think, Caliban: *Esteban* (ESTEBAN)
Helped to haul canvas, was strong at sounding.
Comfortably rode with the small ship's pounding ---
and, boy, did I put out a powerful report!
Miss Myers decided that work of this sort
needed an audience. So to austere Papa
she showed me effort. He stared. "Olga,
what do you think??" And she said: "Do it!
What a good effort! Let's not subdue it!"
And you know what? They changed the rules.
All work in this largest of city schools
halted. And mounting the wall-to-wall stage
used for vaudevilles, at that time the rage
(next to the Ward, of all city halls
our schoolhouse was sought for theatricals, balls),
mounting the stage, his high collar gleaming,
famed flogging-hands curiously deeming
by gestures to make us ^{understand} he was tender

towards us for now, "Old Fred" did render
me compo in tones close to reverent
and named me "author". What an event!
And me, crouched deep on the bench in confusion
wondering had they forgot the conclusion
of certain teachers in some disdain,
this was all I was good for, to me bane?
But at last, in me mind, no alarming uproar
at not liking math. I had literature!
And music and history and geography!
And a hope (possibly!) a biography
would one day explain the small secret grin
I sometimes wore as I revelled within
among me real friends, the folk of me fiction.
The wondrous world of that inner election
to tell of our past. Not the kind written by
aliens who arrogantly see fit to try.

0

"MISS MYERS", this excerpt I now send you
to say much by many to you is due.
Elsewhere, in me CHRONICLE, you do appear
but for now, a tribute, small, but sincere.

Vic Reid

An excerpt from "The Kingston Chronicle"
"The ^{historic} ~~long~~ ~~divisive~~ epic of a man
and his city

38
lines

~~one travels~~ ^{to UNKNOWN} ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~known~~ pilgrimage
to foreign ^{territory} parts from me own village, Rae Town;
from East BRANCH School on a MAY AFTERNOON
cross East Queen Street, the saw-mills, ~~and~~ soon
into Barnes Gully, deep and wholly
unbridged, climber down one side slowly (6)
walking on stepping stones over the stream
led by the Sisters, untiring they seem 8
in ~~so~~ long black gown and leather girdle;
fence-like, high starched collar encircle
head, neck and chest; and long black veils,
Crucifix, ~~and~~ Rosary like shiny black nails. (6)

And ~~the~~ Mother Evangelist at the head of the column,
beak-nosed and warted and absolute awesome.
But ^{nice} ~~me~~ own Sister Quinez is walking nearby.
Nice in her habit; one eye winked clearly 8
at ~~me~~ ~~stumble~~ ^{ON GRAVELLED} ~~in~~ the gravel on Lissant Road;
her lips form laughingly: "Poor little Toad." (6)

take in pill in
why is that line
calm like lil

And would you believe, up ahead, in that line,
~~no~~ ^{walked} ~~walked~~ a beautiful girl-child who would one day be mine?
To love and to cherish, ^{respect and} and, say it, worship
for fifty-odd years; since the time of our courtship
began, when, at eighteen, I saw her again.
She was quite younger, ^{younger than me, our} ~~our~~ lives ^{commenced} ~~began~~ then.
(What was ^{use} then called INFANT READER) would be
~~my~~ ^{the grade} ~~grade~~; she'd still ^{IN} ~~be~~ in A-B-C. (6)

Marching up front, her
eyes
holding hands, mainly
contingents and mostly
taking in, it's
sizing, ^{inequality}

She braved the gully
walking on eggs.
It's wonder, if even then
child's hand great legs?)

but saucy as ever. ~~There's~~ a photo of her ~~in~~ ^{family} an album and ~~the~~ children ⁸
there was no doubt even then of ~~the~~ intent
ever to speak her mind in the event
some idiot mistook a ^{Madonna} ~~like~~ face
~~and assumed that as such~~ ~~would be given~~ ~~space~~
~~is one by appearance~~ ~~given~~ ~~space~~ ^{was}
~~and assumed that as such~~ ~~she was given~~ ~~space~~
to turning the ~~other~~ ^{BB} cheek, would be reduced
in no time to jelly. Totally confused.

the
grade
Jim
in

Dear Friends, at Golden Anniversary
Silence aint golden; discorsory is.

And would you believe, up ahead in that line, ^{to}
~~was~~ a beautiful girl-child ~~no~~ ^{to} one day be mine?

To love and to cherish, respect and ^{to} worship
for fifty-odd years since the days of our courtship;

Marching up front, her eyes ^busily,
~~cautiously~~ ^{the land} sizing as ~~uneasily~~
we braved the gully, walking on eggs.

~~I~~ Wonder, ^{did} even then ^{have} she ~~had~~ great legs?)
What ^{called} ~~then~~ was ~~called~~ INFANT READER would be
the grade I was in; she in A-B-C
but saucy as ever.

There's a photo of her
which
in a family album; the children ever
discarded all doubts of the constant intent
~~there was no doubt even then of her intent~~
ever to speak her mind; ~~in~~ in the event
some idiot mistook a Madonna-like face
and assumed that as such she was given apace
to turning the cheek, would be reduced
in no time to jelly. Totally confused.

~~She was fifteen~~
At ~~seventeen~~ was when I saw her again;
younger than me, our love began then.

~~She frequents me here~~ ~~here~~ ~~Chronicle~~
~~travels~~ ~~each of her~~ ~~elsewhere~~ ~~in this~~ ~~Chronicle~~.

Exciting years; ~~lacking~~ ~~euphorical~~.
^{scarcely} CHANCELY HARMONICAL,
^{harmonic}.
Naturally, she ~~frequents~~ ~~me~~ ~~Chronicle~~.

Dear Friends, forgive. I did ramble on.

Bit of me, of she, to sample on.
Yet, God knows, at Golden Anniversaries
silence aint golden. ~~Discoursiveness is.~~
Discoursiveness is.

Handwritten scribble

And now a word on me travels to unknown
foreign territory from me own Rae Town;
from East Branch School on a May afternoon
cross East Queen Street, the saw-mills, soon
into Barnes Gully, deep and wholly
unbridged, clamber down one side slowly
walking on stepping stones over the stream
led by the Sisters; untiring, they seem,
in long black gown and leather girdle,
fence-like high starched collar encircle
head, neck and chest; and long black nails,
Crucifix, Rosary like shiny black nails.
And Mother Evangelist at the ^{head} ~~base~~ of the column,
beak-nosed and warted and absolute awesome.
But me own Sister Quinez is walking nearby.
Nice in her habit, one eye winked clearly
at me stumble on gravelled Lissant Road:
her lips form laughingly, "Poor little toad."
How come then, me, Anglican family,
walking with nuns? An anomaly?
It was because at the top of Fleet Street
was East Branch School. Could run there barefeet
in rompers and slate-less as I did one day;
followed me bredda Len whom I heard say
he stoned the plum-tree during doh-ray-me.
(Excused singing-class; his doh came out tee).
Took to Sister Quinez; who said she'd engage
me in pre-school till I came of age.
So, to the redbrick schoolhouse, me,
of cobbled yard and coolie-plum tree.
But back to me march to Cathedral that day
the Virgin's Festival in the month of May.

And would you believe up ahead in that line
walked a beautiful girl-child one day to be mine?
To love and to cherish, respect and to worship
for fifty-odd years since the day of our courtship.
Marching up front, her eyes busily
sizing the land, as, uneasily
she braved the gully, walking on eggs.
(I wonder. Even then, did she have great legs?)

What book was I in? Infant Reader would be
me own grade; younger, she'd be in A-B-C
but saucy as ever.

There's a photo of her
in a family album which the children aver
discarded all doubts of the constant intent
to speak her mind always in the event
some idiot mistook a Madonna-like face
and assumed that as such she was given apace
to turning the cheek; would be reduced
in no time to jelly.

Totally confused.

Seventeen she was when I saw her again
from Alpha High. Our love began then.
Always exciting; chancely harmonic'i.
Of course, she frequents me Kingston Chronicle.

Good friends, forgive. I have rambled on.

Bit of ~~mæ~~, bit of me, to sample on.

But then, at Golden Anniversaries

silence aint golden.

Discoursiveness is.

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From Vic Reid's

THE KINGSTON CHRONICLES

the book-length
bio-poem narrative
of his Life
and his City

(To be published
in two volumes.)

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Now a word on me travels to unknown
foreign territory from me own Rae Town;
from East Branch School on a May afternoon
cross East Queen Street, the saw-mills; soon
into Barnes Gully, deep and wholly
unbridged; clamber down one side slowly,
walk on stepping stones over the stream
led by the Sisters; untiring
in long black gown and leather girdle;
fence-like, high starched-collar encircle
head, neck, chest; and long black veils,
Crucifix, Rosary like shiny black nails.

Mother Evangelist at the head of the column,
beak-nosed and warted and absolute awesome.
But me own Sister Quinez, nearly,
Nice in her habit, winked clearly
at me stumble on gravelled Lissant Road:

lips form laughingly, "Poor little toad."

How Anglican family,
walking with nuns? An anomaly?

It was because at the top of Fleet Street
was East Branch School. Could run there barefeet
in rompers and slate-less as I did one day;
followed me big brodda
whom I heard say
he stoned the plum-tree during doh-ray-mee.
(excused from singing;
his doh came out tee).

Took to Sister Quinez; who said she'd engage
me in pre-school till I came of age.
So, to the redbrick schoolhouse, me,
of cobbled yard and coolie-plum tree.

But back to me march to Cathedral that day
Virgin's Fest in the month of May.

Brubase

COLDN
AT
SISTERS

BREAK

BREAK

BREAK

BREAK

~~Marching to Holy Family that day~~

~~the Virgin's Festival, that month of May.~~

~~[Redacted]~~

And would you believe up ahead in that line
 walked a beautiful girl-child one day to be mine?
 To love and to cherish, ^{spirit-supporting} ~~_____~~
 for fifty-odd years since the day of our court^{ing} ~~_____~~
 Marching up front, her eyes busily
 sizing the land, as, uneasily
 she braved the gully, walking on eggs.
 (Wonder, Even then, ^{did} she ^{have} ~~_____~~ great legs?)

Brother
~~_____~~
~~_____~~
~~_____~~
~~_____~~

B R E A K

What book was I in? Infant Reader would be
 me own grade; younger, she'd be in A-B-C
 but saucy as ever.

There's a photo of her
 in a family album which the children aver
 discarded all doubts of the constant intent
 to speak her mind always, in the event
 some idiot mistook a Madonna-like face
 and assumed that as such she was given apace
 to turning the cheek; would be reduced
 in no time to jelly.

Totally confused.

B R E A K

Seventeen she was when I saw her again
 from Alpha High. Our love began then.
 Always exciting; chancelly harmonic'l.
 Of course, she frequents me Kingston Chronicle.

3

Good friends, forgive. I have rambled on.
Bit of she, bit of me, to sample on.
But then, at Golden Anniversaries
silence aint golden.

Discoursiveness is.

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COPY
STUCK
IN BOOK
P. 35

Frequently, Sundays at Evensong,
the Sailors' Hymn is sung;

along,

from the Book of Common Prayer
~~with~~ ^{the} Psalm & Collect for the seafarer.

Usually done when Rector or Curate
aboard a steamer, well past the sea-gate
at Port Royal, is bound on Home Leave,

a status once a year they achieve.

Fourteen~~teen~~ days sail by banana boat

(lessens his Home Leave; a month afloat).

And sung too, when, the ships on our station

(The North America & West Indies Squadron)

come ~~to~~ ^{being} to port; and, mainly Anglicans,

attend in numbers; being ~~war-veterans~~ old war hands.

Older men, calm, in their very white duck.

INDENT → Unlike the Americans who run amuck

through the whorehouses, get drunk in bars,

drive the streets wildly in hired cars.

(These dont wear duck, but linen gear.)

And when that great church takes up the old air

WHOSE HAND DOTH BIND THE RESTLESS WAVE,

thunder ~~to~~ it through the vaulted nave,

through the great doors, / ~~once out,~~ ^{and make it} tower

straight up:

O, TRINITY OF LOVE AND POWER!

THE TELEGRAM-MAN

from The Walk over
the Mountains
to Uncle Johnny

Late in the afternoon, the postman came
riding his bicycle;

though not the same
tall, red coaster the regulars use.

Had no lamp, GPO Seal, clear clues ...
We saw him rounding the Water Lane corner.
The telegram-man.

The bad-news borer.

Red-corded trousers neat-clipped at the cuff.
Blue serge. Brass ~~Buttons~~ BUTTONS. Peak-cap at the luff.
He turned into Fleet.

Slow as a salt-schooner.

Stopped. ^{Bike} ~~Wheel~~ sidewalk-propped. So then, no sooner
me and Len knew this one was trouble.
He was a stranger.

He had no bubble
of fat leatyher bag on his bike.

Moreover
he rode too slowly, with care, looking over
all the street numbers.

Our regular postman
knew to a T how the family-names ran.

Bish family
The ^B ~~Tudlass~~ all lived at Number Four.

The Buntings were back of that brown door.

The Desdunes lived at high step Nineteen.

The Spaldings gate had a running hog-bean...

ON ME & LEN WALKING TO CHURCH
ON A SUNDAY MORNING
WITH MODDA.

And all the way to church we were greet
By those at the gates along Fleet Street:
Railway Wives, ~~with~~ husbands "down the line;"
Fishermen's darlings watching the shine
Of the sun on Wareika; they know The Cloud:
The bitch that dresses ~~the~~ sou'-east in a shroud.
And, one and all, they nicely beg:
"Please seh a wud fi wi, Miz Meg."

@

And the little teacher at the Catholic school;
Sarjan the Barber, Ole Soja on ~~the~~ stool
Fiddling his violin (always Humouresque)
The score on a Swift box for his desk;
Ole Soja's face full of ginalry
(~~How~~ else keep sane in the milit'ry?)
Plucks a note, gives her his wide, sly grin:
"Miz Meg doan figget a wud fi mi sin!"

@

And the cheerful small-whores at the House by the Wall
Where the auto-piano never ceases at all;
Mostly blue-eyes from the Pedro bush,
High-heels and satin, always in cush
(For the Yankee sailors like the long hair;
Reminds them of back home and Modda-dear)

Softly one calls from an upturned beer keg:
 "Please to seh a Sunday wud fi mi, Miz Meg."

@

And the bulla-bakers in flour-bag bibs;
 The tram-driver's wife, known as Er Nibs;
 Seven-Eleven dicers, caps on backward,
 Kneel in the gutter, wrists twirling clockward
 Like on the oars, being fishermen,
 Faces fiercely crying: "Gawblimi! W'en?"
 To Lady Luck; and, suddenly shy:
 "Pray fi mi, Miz Meg," though I dont know why.

@

The~~w~~ turn again to the yellow-white bones,
 Giving the finger-snap, the anxious frowns.
 And a peaka-peow gambler woken from a dream,
 Hurries down Fleet Street to stake the dream-theme;
 Sharp in Battersby, Sunday scarf, ~~out~~ to win
 From a Chinese banker whose name is ~~Fee~~^{FUK} You Chin.
 Puts on a swagger, tells her jauntily:
 "Doan figget, Miz Meg, to seh a wud fi mi."

@

Sixpence a mar~~k~~k and if you "ketch an eight,"
 Twenty-four Pounds. How resist that bait?
 Turns into the Pe~~ow~~ow shop. Chin, high-shelved within
 'Gainst police raids, lets down the Nestle's tin,
 Collects coins and ticket, ratifies~~x~~ (in Chinese)
 Once again lets down the tin (now filled with mind-ease).
 Looking through his spy-hole, Chin sees us, cries:
 "You play fi Chin to Massa God, Blight Eyes?"

One arm
fisher

@

I know, today, that she was young and pretty,
 Tall face-bones, ~~bro~~ like Queen Nefertiti
 Sunday-walking ^{two} ~~her~~ boy-piknis/~~(two)~~ ^{of hers} on the long
 Walks to Mass, or Matins, but always Evensong,
 Must have won affection in our neighbourhood
 Of loud and friendly ways, that some may call rude.
 (True,
~~Well; true,~~ could be calm as the sea a Northing morning,
 Yet, could be arming to blow without warning.)

@

Bawdy, yet gentle to the footfall of a priest
 From ^{North} ~~the-North~~ Street Catholics, ^{or} /St Michael's in the east
 (They were the Anglicans), or from handsome Wesley
 (They were the Methodists). Nevertheless test y
 Protecting our township's ^{poco-spirituality;} ~~s-poco-spr-~~
 Sharing with zest this challenging duality
 As merrily embraced by our/^{Oldsmobile} ~~mobile~~ grand-folk
 As by our facetly foot-mobile land-folk.

@

For some of the strongest pillars of our churches
 Occasionally shook to the beat of poco-searches
 Into the rhythms of a saucy booroo-mento
 Quickening an Ancient Hymn with poco-tempo.
 So, as we passed Mother Minott on an early
~~Stroll in her paco-wrap and beads glistening pearly,~~
 Stroll in her poco-wrap, the beads glistening pearly
 The great revivalist could incline her head:
 "Please be sure, Miz Meg, a good wud is said."

@

4

Oh, cheek-to-jowl in the sweet Eastside
We lived! Exploiting this fine seaside-
gift from our city to this populace
Dwelling on the water; open to the brace
Of winds pure-fed in passage through a Goshen
Of immaculate thousand miles of ocean.

(Morning, Mister Rawlins. He's a fire brigade,
in charge of horses. Smiled. "A wud in aid!")

@

We have left our family yard at Number Eleven,
And as always, left into Barry Street, and seven
Full blocks ahead, straight asa piper-string
Going for a bug-bait, is our main street, King,
Located on
~~On-which~~ which is our own Parish Church,
Named for St Thomas; like a preacher, perched
On a mound at the ~~King-and-Parade~~ ^{King-to-the-sea} intersection;
And
~~Where wheels-each-tram-like-a-rumbling-crustacean~~
Down which each tram wheels like a home-going crustacean.

@

Seven full blocks of sixteen crossings.
(The Gold-Hanover block has double traversings).
So, good-bye, Home Street! Now, west our faces set
Into Barry Street --- and immediately met
By the first big whorehouse sitting at the corner;
Set in nice grounds. One Madame Warner,
Mulatto
Mulatto or white, piled hair in a tower;
~~Three~~ gold teeth, top; one in the lower.

@

Standing at her fence, green palings in brick,
Wearing bone bangles which she waves, click click.
Modda nods politely; but behind her back

We long out our tongues; a joke we crack

With Madame who expects it and makes a monkey-face.

She's nice. At anytime, me and Len can race
Into the ~~her~~ yard's cherry trees; ~~unless, unless~~
~~unless, unless~~ only, unless

The gate's locked

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Top Copy

THE KINGSTON CHRONICLES
1. The EASTIN COLLECTION

ON ME & LEN WALKING TO CHURCH

ON A SUNDAY MORNING

WITH MODDA.

Page Nov. 23

And all the way to church we were greet
 by those at the gates along Fleet Street:
 Railway Wives ~~with~~ ^{sweethearts} (husbands "down the line,"
 Fishermen's ~~darlings~~ ^{sweethearts} watching the shine
 of the sun on Wareika; they know The Cloud:
 The bitch ~~that~~ ^{WHICH} dresses ~~to~~ sou'-east in a shroud.
 And, one and all, they nicely beg:
 "Please seh a ~~wid~~ ^{word} fi wi, Miz Meg."

@

And the little teacher at the Catholic school;
 Sargan ^{ie} the Barber, ~~Ole Soja~~ ^{seated seated} on ~~his~~ ^{his} stool
 fiddling his violin (always Humouresque),
~~the score~~ ^{SCALE SHEET} on a Swift box for his desk;
 Ole Soja's face full of ginalry
 (How else keep sane in the milit'ry?)
 Plucks a note, gives ~~her~~ ^{an} his wide, sly grin:
 "Miz Meg doan figget a ~~wid~~ ^{word} fi mi sin!"

@

And the ~~cheerful~~ ^{at the} small ~~whores~~ ^{at the} House by the Wall
 where the auto-piano ~~never~~ ^{NOT} ceases at all;
~~Mostly~~ ^{come} blue-eyes ~~from the~~ ^{all the way} Pedro bush, ^{all the way from}
 High-heels and satin, always in cush

(For the ^{young} Yankee sailor ^{like} the long hair;
 Reminds ~~them~~ ^{TO} back home and Modda-dear)

of G. K. G.

longing for modda-dear)

Softly one calls from an upturned beer keg:
"Please ~~to~~ seh a Sunday wo³ d fi mi, Miz Meg."

@

And the bulla-bakers in flour-bag bibs;
The tram-driver's wife, known as Er Nibs;
Seven-Eleven dicers, caps on backward,
Kneel ~~in~~ in the gutter, wrists twirling clockward
Like on the oars ~~//~~ (being fishermen),
Faces fiercely crying: "Gawblimi! W'en?"
to Lady Luck; and, suddenly shy:
"Pray fi mi, Miz Meg." (Though I dont know why.)

@

and they turn again to the yellow-white bones,
giving the finger-snap, the anxious frowns.
And a ~~peow~~ ^{A peaka} peow gambler ~~wakes~~ ^{waked} from a dream,
Hurries ~~down~~ ^{ying} down Fleet Street ~~to~~ ^{to} stake ~~the~~ ^a dream-theme;
~~scarf~~ ^{felt} scarf, ~~to~~ ^{hats} to win ~~the~~ ^{SILK} sixpence;
From a Chinese banker ~~name~~ ^{OF} name ~~FOOK SIN~~ ^{FOOK SIN};
Puts on a swagger, ~~jauntily~~ ^{says} jauntily:
"Doan figget, Miz Meg, ~~seh~~ ^{seh} a wo³ d fi mi."

@

(Sixpence a mark; ~~and~~ ^{who} if you "ketch an eight,"
Twenty-four Pounds. How resist ~~such~~ ^{SUCH} bait?)

Underline ~~runs~~ ^{into} into the Peow shop, ~~lets~~ ^{lets} high-shelved within Drop down a space
'Gainst police raids, ~~lets~~ ^{lets} down ~~the~~ ^{the} Nestles ~~with~~ ^{with} MILK TIN;
~~Collects~~ ^{COLLECTS} collects coins ~~and~~ ^{and} ticket; ratifies (in Chinese);
~~once~~ ^{once} again ~~lets~~ ^{lets} down the tin ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~its~~ ^{its} FEES, FEES. Drop a space
Looking through his spy-hole, ~~sees~~ ^{sees} us, cries:
"You play fi ~~seem~~ ^{FOOK SIN} to Massa God, Blight Eyes?"

The plan is dictated by ~~some~~ ^{some} circumstances. First, we need to have somebody living at the house or it will be ^{quickly} gutted by vandals, indeed torn down, as they are interested also in roofs and outside walls. ^{yet,} To properly ~~to~~ repair the house, we can hardly have ~~people~~ ^{family (or not)} ~~then~~ occupying ~~any~~ ^a part of the house.

Also, in any case, ~~another~~ ^{a stronger} house is ~~required~~ will benefit, whether to live in, or for income-generating rent, since the present place is part "Nog," i.e., strong Adobe, and part ^{steel} reinforced blocks. ~~However~~ a direct blow ~~from~~ by a hurricane (or ~~or~~ a ~~and~~ quake shock!) will pretty well flatten the ~~older~~ part of the house. ~~And this is of course~~ ^{with new house will be of course} the ~~Smith's~~ ^{Smith's} place!

So: My quantity surveyor tells me that ~~a~~ four walls 10ft high above ground, 2' in the ground 30ft by 15ft, will take ~~one~~ blocks. Present price \$200 ~~per~~ per 100, plus two loads trucked to site at \$200 per load. That is —

Roof, I propose to be, aluminium ~~sheet~~ (green or red) sheets. Termite proof, easily repaired after a storm, and beautiful in the green hills. Floor, ~~to~~ native hardwood. Labour =

Cost of the shell, including windows & doors and electric ^{Pipes for} wiring and plumbing = about \$~~1000~~ ^{we does not include 2 built} ~~completely~~ ^{toilets, drains}

When the "Shell" is completed, we move in and have a great time ~~planning~~ ^{planning} and doing the interior, including fixtures.

4 THIS REPRESENTS TOP COPY

into the rhythms of a saucy booroo-mento;

heating an ancient hymn to poco-tempo.

BREAK

Thus, as we passed Mother Minott on an early stroll, wearing turban, beads gleaming pearly; (long, lovely walk from her Barnes Gully "ground" through McWhinney, East Queen, High Holborn, round back to the Gully and her poco-place

of flowers, Holy Loaves, white cloths and lace)

the the great revivalist nicely bowed her head:

"Please be sure, Miz Meg, a good wo'd is said."

For all of us in this sweet Eastside, living in this funny, lively, sussy seaside by the Avenue itaelines, this populace dwelling on the water, open to the brace of pure-fed winds in passage through a Goshen of whistle-clean, thousand miles of ocean, each of us knew each;

each had a care.

(Never short on manners in bad times or fair:

"Morning, Mister Rawlins!"

he's a fire-brigade;

grooms the horses.

Smiles.

"A wo'd be prayed!"

~~Wave~~

Pages 1 - part 4 used for Brochure.

But the copy just as good.

*** Take in overleaf

(long, lovely walk from her Barnes Gully "ground"
through McWhinney, East Queen, High Holborn, round
back to the Gully and her poco-place
of flowers, Holy Loaves, white cloths and lace)

W dent

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Page Nov 23

me and Len show

~~me and Len~~ our tongues; a joke we crack

WARNER. SHE

With Madame ~~me and Len~~ makes monkey-face.

The Madame's
through
anytime

is nice. ~~me and Len~~ may race

yard ~~me and Len~~ unless (mango, plum trees)

The gate's locked gate ~~me and Len~~ taking their "squeeze," "edge,"

gins ~~me and Len~~ Aunt Caro, as Modda frowned:

For ~~me and Len~~ were standing around.

(You'll meet Aunt Caro much in me Chronicles ^{furridles}

ticking your hair-into down to the fulfills)

We ~~are~~ left, into Baby. The next big home

is at Ladd Lane corner; a constant carnival of cornet, piano, drums and traps

(excepting on Sunday; then you wait here bars

from any home. Nobody in wine

till evening's over - say, about nine)

a narrow, tall home, built straight off the street; iron-railed, red brick steps, sashes. all neat & so.

* * O * *

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THE KINGSTON CHRONICLES

PART I: The Eastin Collection

WALKING TO CHURCH ON A SUNDAY MORNING WITH MODDA



Indent → And all the way to ~~the~~ Church we were greet
by those at the gates along Fleet Street:
railway wives (~~husbands~~ ^{mates} ^{"gone"} down the line");
fishermen's sweethearts ^{GAUGING} ~~watching~~ the shine
of ~~the~~ sun on Wareika;

gauging

(they know The Cloud:

Indent → the bitch which dresses sou'-east in a shroud) 10

and one and all, they nicely beg:

Caps Indent → "Please say a wo'd fi we, Miz Meg." *caps*

TRIPLE BREAK

Indent → And the little teacher from the Catholic school;

Sargie the Barber seated ^{on} ~~on~~ his stool
fiddling his violin (always Humouresque),
score on a Swift box ^{does} for his desk.

Indent → Ole Soja's face full of ginalry
(how else keeps sane in the milit'ry?)
plucks a note, gives ^{her} his wide, sly grin:

Indent → "Miz Meg, doan figget a wo'd fi mi sin!" *caps*

BREAK

INDENT → And the nice litte ^Lwhores at the House By The Wall
where the auto-piano ceases not at all

(they come all the way from the Pedro ~~bush~~ ^{plain},
^{Silks and} now in high heels, ^{and money like RAIN?} always in cush

Indent → for ^{the young} ~~the~~ Yankee sailors like ^{their} ~~the~~ long hair;
in nostalgic longing for Modda-dear);

Softly one calls from anupturned beer keg:

We meet a Warner in her white robe,

white tie-head, howling: REMEMBER=JOB!
"REMEMBER JOB!
ANANIAS THE LIAR! JUDAS THE CHEAT!

THE LITTLE BOYS OF BETHEL — THEM THE BEARS EAT!"

And me and Len shiver for sometimes we teased her.

Would she, like 'Lisha, make me a bear-feeder?

"'Mawnin, Miz Warner!" me and Len call quickly.

The ~~2M~~ Warner glares. Me=~~and~~=Len=~~sickly~~.

Me and Len, sickly.

But Modda holds ~~her~~ hands@ somewhat tighter;

~~look~~~~at~~~~her~~~~small~~~~smile~~~~and~~~~step~~~~on~~~~brighter~~

~~w~~e see her small smile and step on brighter.

PAGE
THIS TO
BE
ADDED;
WASNT
SENT
TO
OLIVE

UWI Libraries

caps
indent →

"Please say a Sunday-wo'd fi me, Miz Meg!"

caps

BREAK

indent →

And the bulla-bakers in flour-bag bibs;
the tram-driver's wife, known as Er Nibs;
seven-eleven dicers, caps on backward,
wrists twirl~~ing~~ clockward
kneeling in the gutter, ~~@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@~~
like on the oars (being fishermen);
faces fiercely yelling:

~~██████████~~

"Gawblimi! W'en?"

caps

to Lady Luck; and, suddenly shy:

indent →

"Pray fi we, Miz Meg."

caps

(Though I dont know why.)

And turn again to the yellow-white bones,
giving the finger-snap, the anxious frowns.

BREAK

INDENT

~~██████████~~ a peaka peow gambler, waked from a dream,
hurri^{ies}~~ng~~ down Fleet Street to stake the dream-theme;
felt hat, silk scarf, sixpence to win
from a Chinese banker ^{KNOWN AS} ~~named~~ Fook Sin^N; ^{LEERS} ~~LEERS~~ ^{SINN}
puts on a swagger, ~~██████████~~ jauntily:

indent →

"Daon figgit, Miz Meg to say a wo'd fi ~~me!~~"

caps

(Looking through his spy-hole, Sin^N sees us, cries:

indent →

"You ^L pray fi Fook Sin^N to Massa God, Blight Eyes!"

play

caps

BREAK

Carpenters, bricklayers, handsawed and trowelled,
skilled men whose strong hands stone-walled and dowelled
the Wray & Nephew taverns, sturdy and neat,
throughout ~~the City~~ the City —

"Rum babies teat!"

snaps me Aunt Caro, disliking the stuff —

all wearing neckties; no day to dress rough;
working on Sundays while rumshops close:

"Mawnin' Miz Meg — any wo'ds you chose!"

A "drop-pan pony" out early

(first pan

will drop as early as the Banker can)

to interpret his dreams from a dog-eared

Dream Book

at

(bought Times Store; nobody feared

"bad" dreams —

which turned "good" when the numbers matched
happenings or people the dreams may have hatched)

shows his silver to us as we step pass:

"A wo'd fi' good luck, Miz Meg, at you' Mass!"

Indent

paired with folk belief in its predictive power

folks prayed hard for dream-filled horns folks went to sleep

prayed sleep lightly

dreaming horns

folks prayed

night prayers solely for the dream-filled horns

BREAK

it meg

I know, now, she was young and pretty,

Indent → tall face-bones like Queen Nefertiti; with ~~her~~ her two boys on the ^{HOT and} long journey to Mass ~~and to Evensong~~

won the affection of our district

Indent → of free spirits, ^{brooking} ~~who reject~~ constrict

to their PERSONAL, EASTIN ways; never dull nights nor days.

BREAK

Indent → Sunlit streets we know as "Eastin", ord'nanced "Rae Town" ^(which) counts ~~at~~ least in our yard-tongue).

Indent → Bay-calm ~~at~~ morning ^{yet, ~~known~~ ~~with~~ maybe, to storm-blow} without warning.

Indent → Bawd? We ^{are} gentle at a priest's footfall from ^{the} North Street Catholics, or St Michael's stall (they ^{are} Anglicans) or Tower Street's Wesley (they ^{are} Methodists).

for the common God who asks not how men choose to worship but that they bow

Indent → All the same, ^{feistily} ~~facetly~~ in ~~our~~ support of poco-actuality; serving with zest ^{over the} tough ~~logicality~~

Indent → ^{equally} embraced by our motor-car folk as by the footmobile, small-yard broke, ^{booking not} a quattie to his purse, ~~his~~ Eastin, but supports ^a chapter and verse.

BREAK
Indent → ^{And for} a fact, some ~~pillars~~ pillars of our churches are known to shimmy to the beat of poco-searches

NOT FOR BROCHURE

into the rhythms of a saucy booroo-mento;

heating an ancient hymn to poco-tempo

[to the common God who asks not how men choose to worship; He'll not disendow.]

BREAK

BREAK

Indent →

Thus, as we passed Mother Minott on an early stroll, wearing turban, beads gleaming pearly; (long, lovely walk from her Barnes Gully "ground" through McWhinney, East Queen, High Holborn, round back to the Gully and her poco-place of flowers, Holy Loaves, white cloths and lace)

High Holborn

Indent →

the great revivalist nicely bowed her head:

"Please be sure, Miz Meg, a good wo'd is said."

caps

BREAK

Indent →

For all of us in this sweet Eastside, living in this funny, lively, sunny seaside on the Avenue ~~tram~~ ^{car-lines;} ~~lines;~~ this populace dwelling on the water, open to the brace of pure-fed winds in passage through a Goshen of whistle-clean, thousand miles of ocean, each of us knew each;

Katrop down

each had a care.

Indent →

Never short on ^{TOUCHING} ~~manners~~ in bad times or fair:

"Morning, Mister Rawlins!"

caps

He's a fire-brigade

groom to ^{fire-} ~~the~~ horses.

Down. Smiles. ~~stares.~~

caps

"A wo'd ~~is~~ be prayed!"

caps bracket

We've left our family-home ^{at} Number Seven turned into Barry Street; ~~By~~ there's now seven blocks ahead, straight as a fingerling shoots for a pin-hook BAIT, to the street, King, where is located our city Parish Church (named for St Thomas) on a preacher's perch

Lowcase Parades' ~~seaward~~ ~~part~~
 on A SMALL HILL WHERE the ~~street's~~ convection
 turns the trams seaward; ~~Yellow crustacean~~ ~~from~~ Tuggernavt
 bucking and plunging to the street's foot,
 where, a metal plaque, by the gov~~ernment~~ put
 marks me town's place on the planet's surface;
~~the~~ ^{place in the} ~~piece~~ ^{earth that} ~~of~~ ^{hold} latitudes, ~~me~~ feet ~~hold~~ purchase.

@

"You know what, Micky?" Uncle Micky said,
 showing me the marker. "It goes to the head
 when you remember, Micky, ~~the name everyone~~"

(This is the name [he gives to all, boy or girl, the same])
~~the name everyone~~

~~Seventeen-fifty-seven~~ ~~is~~ ~~ours~~ ~~even~~ ~~it~~ ~~all's~~ ~~gone!~~"
 Scarcely a day he doesn't give a lesson.

Says too much ^{Fuss is} ~~trouble~~ caused by people guess'n.

What?
 "twixt ^{most} latitude ~~is~~ ~~seventeen,~~
 eighteen,
^{with} longitude ~~seventy-six to eight,~~
~~mean,~~
 'is the piece of earth, like
 something HOLY
 given ~~us~~
 [The Creator gives us for
 ourselves solely!"]

Oh, you'll hear much about Micky Brooks
 and High Step, ~~on~~ Tower Street, which overlooks
 much of our "Eastin", the homegrown way
 we of the City's East End used to say
 our district's name; which went from Fleet
 to Paradise.

So, gird you to greet
 the Eastin Collection of wonderful People.

Mindful of others, their faith they keep'll.
 Laughter-filled, ~~and~~ ^{inquisitive} ~~and~~ ^{but} of a wisdom,
~~and of a wisdom,~~
~~seriously inquisitive~~ ~~and~~ ~~of~~ ~~wisdom,~~
 wisely inquisitive ~~but~~ hands off ~~desiresome~~.

that has respect for your personal Kingdom.

@ BREAK

~~We've lost our family yard at Number Eleven~~
~~turned into Barry Street; there are now seven~~

Total of eight blocks, sixteen street-corners
through foreign territory; Sunday sojourners.

Good-bye, ^{Eastin} ~~Fleet~~ Street (whispered), faces west-set
into Barry Street. And at once we've met

first of the big whorehouses; at the corner,
set in nice grounds. One Madam ^{TURNER,} ~~Wagner~~,
white lady, hair piled high
@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@ to a tower;

three gold teeth, top; one in the lower.

Stands at her fence, green palings in brick,
wearing bone bangles; she waves click click.

Modda nods politely.

But, behind her back
me and Len show our tongues --- a joke we crack
with Madam ^{TURNER,} ~~Wagner~~. She makes monkey-face.

The Madam's nice.

Me and Len may race
anytime through her yard (mango, plum trees)
"Less 'Merican sailors there taking their squeeze,"
grins Aunt Caro as Modda frowned.
For her two boy-childs were standing around.
(You'll meet Aunt Caro much in me Chronicles
tickling your hair-roots down to the follicles.)

@
So, we ^{walk} ~~we left, into~~ Barry.

The next big House
is at Ladd Lane ~~corner~~; a constant carouse
of cornet, piano, drums and traps
'cepting on Sundays; then you wont hear baps
~~from any House. Nobody in wine~~

from any House. (Nobody in wine
till Evensong's over --- say about Nine);
a narrow, tall ^{place} ~~house~~ built straight off the ~~8888~~ street;
iron-railed, red-brick, sashes, all neat ...

UWI Libraries

OK for Book

~~Original to Olive~~

COOPERS
WHEELWRIGHTS
CAULKERS & SHIPWRIGHT

OK for Book

And all the way to Church we were greet
by those at the gates along Fleet Street:
railway wives (husbands ~~down~~["] down the line");
fishermen's sweethearts gauging the shine
of sun on Wareika;

(they know The Cloud,

the bitch which dresses sou'-east in a shroud).

And, one and all, they nicely beg:

"PLEASE SAY A WO'D FI WE, MIZ MEG!"

And the little teacher from the ^{Gov'ment} ~~Catholic~~ school;
Sarjie, the Barber, seated on his stool
fiddling his violin

(always Humouresque),
score on a Swift box, does for his desk,
(Ole Soja's face full of ginalry;
how else keep sane in the milit'ry?)
plucks a note, give^F her his wide, sly grin:
"MIZ MEG, DOAN FIGGET A WO'D FI MI SIN!"

And the nice little whores at the House By The Wall,
where the auto-piano ceases not at all

(girls all the way from the Pedro Plain
now in satin, high heels, money like rain;
for Yankee sailors like their long hair
in nostalgic mem'ry of Modda-dear)

softly one calls from an upturned beer keg:

"PLEASE SAY A SUNDAY-WO'D FI ME, MIZ MEG!"

And the bulla-bakers in flour-bag bibs;
a tram-driver's wife, known as Er Nibs;
seven-eleven ^{DICERS,} ~~dfiers~~, caps on backward,
kneeling in the gutter, wrists twirl clockward
like on the oars (being fishermen),
faces fiercely yelling: "GAWBLIMI! W'EN?"
to Lady Luck; and, suddenly shy:

"PRAY FI WE, MIZ MEG."

(Though I dont know why.)

And turn again to the yellow-white bones,
give the finger-snaps, the anxious frowns.

A peaka peow gambler, waked from a dream,
hurries down Fleet Street to stake the theme;
felt hat, silk scarf, sixpence to win,
from a Chinese banker named Fook Sinn,
puts on a swagger, leers jauntily,

"DOAN FIGGET, MIZ MEG, SAY A WO'D FI MI!"

And ~~looking~~ through his spy-hole, Sinn sees us, cries:

"YOU PLAY FI FOOK SINN TO MASSA GOD, BLIGHT EYES!"

✓ Carpenters, masons, handsawed and trowelled,
skilled men, whose strong hands ~~stock~~walled and dowelled
the Wray & Nephew taverns, sturdy and neat
throughout the City

("Rum-bab~~y~~ teat!"

snaps me Aunt Caro, disliking the stuff);
all wearing neckties; none dresses rough
on Sunday morning; everyone's trim.

"MAWNIN, MIZ MEG, 'MEMBER ME TO HIM!"

AA "drop-pan pony", out early

(first pan

is played as early as the Banker can)

to "read" his dream from the **BANK'S DOG-EARED**

Dream Book

(bought at Timms Store; paired
with full belief in its predict powers,

folks prayed to God for dream-filled hours).

Shows Shows us his silver as we walk past:

^{BLESSIN!}
"A WO'D FI GOOD LUCK, MIZ MEG, AT YOU' MASS!"

I know, now, she was young and pretty,
tall face bones, like Queen Nefertiti;
with her two boys on the hot and long
journey to Mass and to Evensong
won the affection of our district,
free spirits, brooking no constrict
to our personal Eastin ways.

^{HUMDRUM.}
Never ~~dull, nor barren,~~ nights or days.

sunday morning 5

Sunlit streets WE know as EASTIN,
ord'nanced RAE TOWN ^{(that} ~~(which~~ counts least in
OUR yard-tongue).

~~Bay-calm~~ ^{Our calmest} mornings

are known to ~~storm~~-blow without warnings.

~~Dandy~~ ~~No!~~

Yet we ~~are~~ ^{are gentle} gentle, at a priest's footfall
from North, ^{from} Street Cath'lics or St Michael's stall
~~from-North~~ ^{OR from the maharajah's of} Anglicans) or Tower Street Wesley

~~(they're~~ ^{But for fact, we are} ~~Methodists)~~ ^{facety}

~~(they're~~ ^{NEVERTHELESS} ~~Methodists)~~ ^{But yet, ~~zeal~~}
All ~~that's~~ ^{not} feistily

in our support of poco-actuality;

^{ONLY ~~zeal~~ its strong} serving with ~~zest~~ the tough logicity

equally embraced by our motor-car folk

as by our foot-mobile, small-yard broke,

booking not a quattie to his purse,

but supporting ^s ~~us~~ EASTIN! chapter and verse.

sunday morning 6

And, for a fact, some pillars of our churches
are known to shimmy to the beat of poco-searches
into the rhythms of a saucy booroo-mento,
heatingeating an Ancient Hymn to poco-tempo.
Thus, as we passed Mother Minott on an early
stroll, wearing turban, and beads gleaming pearly
(long, lovely walk from her Barnes Gully "ground"
through McWhinney, East Queen, High Holborn, round
back to the Gully, to her poco place
of flowers, holy loaves, white cloths and lace)
the Great Revivalist nicely bowed her head:

"PLEASE BE SURE, MIZ MEG, A GOOD WO'D IS SAID.!"

sunday morning - 8

And the ^{snow-ball} ~~ice-beat~~ man at Ladd Lane and Barry
loading his cream-cart with all it can carry:
^{100-lb ice-}
~~the-100-lb-~~blocks in crocus-bag wraps,
strawberry, lemon syrup, and, in its strap^s
the wooden cream-bucket, ~~with~~ its metal container
set at the centre, ^{ICE-PACKED} ~~packed~~ ^{back} ~~in~~ ice for retainer
of the deep freeze; pebbled with coarse-salt
the ice ^{STAYS HARDENED THROUGH} ~~STAYS HARDENED THROUGH~~ at each halt
^{VAPOURS OF COLD SPILL} ~~is poured~~ ^{of} ~~people~~ ^{spill} each time the lid
is raised for spooning. ^{Your} ~~Your~~ tongue's undid.

And 'frisco jars with the long-handled pumps;
each time they go in, out 'frisco jumps,
swirling and frothing, all kinds of flavours.

Homeward, we'll stop for snow-ball shavers.

Me and Len wave at our friend with good cheer.

"SAY A KIND QO'D, MIZ MEG, YOU HEAR?"

sunday morning 9

And so all the way to church we're greet
in our walk to sit at the Goldsmith's feet
in me family pew near the Great North Door
of me parish Church with the tombs for floor.*

*BUT, NEVER MIND, AS ME CHRON'CLE GOES ALONG,
ALL WILL BE EXPLAINED IN ^{THIS} SEASIDE SONG!

UWI Libraries

①

Pages 3-4-5
went to
Wind Senior

WE FLEW OUR KITES AT BREEZY CASTLE

We flew our kites at Breezy Castle
where sou'-east winds blow to a tassel
heads of the 40-foot coconut trees;
bending them double with frightening ease.
A wonderful place for boy-childs to spend
mid-summer days.

Sun without end.
Acres of seaside, long stretches of beach
covered in seagrass; crab-holes; in reach
of Palisadoes, exactly set
narrowest of the harbour-inlet.

Me and me brudda often swam over.
First wade the soft mud, toes spread like plover,
towing our canoe (a cut-off) we need it
for quick jump-ins, should cruising sharks read it
for lunch-time calls.

The beach at Breezy
offers long runs, so the kite-lift is easy;
the best flying-ground east of the Dungle

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the best flying-ground east of the Dungle

(that west-end hill, the badmans jungle).

But beyond and better than anything else,
at Breezy Castle was the blue emptiness
of sky.

No perilous overhead wire
to catch our kites.

No devilishly dire
telegraph poles.

No clothes-line lady
irately calling down wrath, when her ready,
cotton-white washing gets dirty drag-marks
from a kite-tail's flip like a mad mud-lark's.

So whitely gleamed the cracked-stone streets,
your eyelids pucked in little pleats
in the squinty noon-time glare of
zinc roofs.

Down-town had a fear of
fire-bu'n.

So, the shingled roof
stayed uptown in safe aloof.

(that west-end hill, the badmans jungle).

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stayed uptown in safe aloof.

Pages 3-4-5
went to
Olivia

When the wind whitens the furious sea,
and the sea-grass bends, and the mountain's free
of clouds, majestic, green-on-blue,
and ~~Harbour~~^{the} Street's streaked with salt sea-dew
westward to Grace Kennedy, Co
and tramlines glisten, white-sugar-on-dough
and horse-hackneys lurch and sort their way
(knock-kneed approaching, cockroach away)
we rush to Breezy, all getting ready:

HOLD TAILS! CLEAR LINES TILL THE WIND'S STEADY!"

Box-kites, Chinese-kites, big cutter-kites,
swaying and swing in climbing flights.
Stout frames of bamboo; some smaller ones
are palm-framed with cotton-thread bonds
and flour-pasted;
(for smaller boys,
never used in kite-fights, being just toys.).
Hawk-kites, tiger-kites, big Bejeh-jumpers,
a roar to their "singers"; powerful pumpers.
Small boys quit when ~~over~~ the roofs
come these killer-kites kicking like hoofs.

All those grand days which ended so soon,
at Breezy Castle ~~XX~~ in the afternoon.

The Castle, a concourse a hundred ~~XX~~ yards square,
had room for each kiter from here to there
to pull on his twine, snap ^{left and right,} ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
paper-singers singing, as, bellied tight,
kites loop and leap, tail-shiners menacing,
pieces of glass, razor-edged, fencing
at other kites.

The other, fending,
skilfully wrists his own line, sending
a long, lethal tail 'cross contender's strings —
and ^{of} a sudden ^a killed kite, flings
into the distance.

Beaten, a loser,
destined to be an aimless cruiser.
OR, Caught on ~~o~~ wire; dejectedly strung.
Singer and flaunt tail abjectedly hung.

Or crash at Myrtle Bank. Or at Hanover.

Limp. Broken. Formless.

Finished. All over.

If ~~o~~ caught on a wire, its slowly shredded

breezy castle 5

and passers-by joke that to flight its still wedded.

But cut from the life-line that also was shelter,
ingloriously ends.

Wind-whipped helter-skelter.

UWI Libraries

Iron horse-troughs once marked our city as modern urban.

And were quite pretty: wrought ~~and~~ and filagreeed, three feet by six, and ~~and~~ three deep; on sidewalks, mounted on bricks;

~~On sidewalks, mounted-on-bricks,~~

00000000000000000000

always abrim with water and clear at morning-times; but by evening, green smear from grass-stained heads of horses and mules turned the clear water into green gruel.

Yet, a quick brush with the back of the hand ~~on mjkl~~ ~~point~~ revealed what was nice underneath.

Understand?

Now. Why does me Chronicle tell you all this of horse-troughs and such? What artifice scrabbles its tiny feet ready to spring? ~~±yothjstissanstorystor~~ What bit of colour will this ~~small~~ ^{matter} bring?

Well, its really about long-distance running and the ~~hard~~ ~~at~~ acute eye we aimed at gunning for ways preparing ourselves to cope with a world of ~~lights~~ ^{Big People,} tall, stronger.

ways of survival until we claim our own standing-~~spot~~ ^{Room.}

This was our aim mostly unvoiced — but dont doubt it exists! Just watch us kids' eyes! They turn like wrists flexing and testing your warranty: whether it squares with your ~~warranty~~ ^{GUARANTY.}

But I'd best stop; or loose, like a sod, secrets so ancient their origin's with God. It is ~~is~~ this that enables us to survive though caught so early — when we first came alive.

SOMEHOW BE

So, back to our long-distance runs and troughs which must ~~be~~ ^{somewhat} ~~be~~ ^{grouped,} ~~or~~ else the laughs on this Storyteller.

Three times a year at Clovelly Park, there is ^{by} a great tear in old friendships caused what's funnily called SPORTS!

Or mauling, ~~put out our best for~~ ~~THE SCHOOL,~~ ^{put out our best for THE SCHOOL,} That battlefield whereon we are mauled, church, Brigade Company. Gigs on a spool spinning all day in heat and in dust, jumping at pistol-shots — for do we must or die in the glory-stinks of Sloan's Liniment, pain, bruises, broken bones.

Or, a misspent, be thrown in the dustbin of Victor Who? The fellow who neither could die or do.

To beat this, we trained hard before each Meet, running and jumping in lane and in street. We ran in the sand on the beaches to toughen leg muscles; jumped trestles at the coffin

workshop (Escoffery's in Temple Lane a block down from school) but the big gain WAS THE discovery, I think, by Phil Black, a week when we trained for field and track (Throwing the Cricket Ball, the Hundred Flat, Egg & Spoon, Three-Legged, and ~~XXXX~~ things like that) and moving up slowly to deal in great guile with that Meet demon, the Killer Two-Mile — lanky Phil Black, old, wise, at twelve, slants his eyes, backs his hat, whistles.

A delve into a mind hid inside that round head, constantly working at seeking what led to wealth and power — the delve had him say: "How come the mule and horse runs all day?"

Knowing our Phillip, he's up to something. What does our Meet have to do with a Dumb Thing? His ~~his~~ eyes slightly bulged, long fingers askew (a great marble-player, those fingers knew every ~~every~~ trick in a flick, could span nine inches) "Is it the bit? ~~the~~ Crupper? The cinch is?" Nobody answered; we waited on Phil.

He lives on Beckford Street near to the hill under the Dungle, Matthews Lane corner close to L. Frankson, his friend, both prone to the best planning at ~~our~~ work in our group and better at catching hold of a croup

even ~~as~~ the horse ~~is~~ ^{is BOLTING} past. ~~like a shoemaker's last.~~ (Save for that Saturday, on our way home from ~~the~~ Asylum Pool to where we had come on orders, ~~for~~ ^(WEEKLY) the ~~Swim~~ Parade of Parish Church Company, Church Lads' Brigade.

Ready ever for use

Homing, we are passing the lovely compound fronting the Penitentiary, and looking around, and spying no one, climb the stakes, sharp-pointed paling like hooded watch-snakes guarding the houses where English warders ~~is~~ ^{strikes} ringed me earth's gifts in their yard-larders: mango trees, hundreds of yellow-green moons provoke in the crop months (this one is June's). Oh, we scale those stakes with faces dedicated to right the wrongs by foreigners predicated.

^{work}
"IN AND OUT FAST!"
~~was~~ Phil's instructions.
"The slow getting out is what put you in ructions!"

And our pockets full, all in a hurry ^(LEFT) for fear of being caught, we ~~left~~ in a flurry and in sound desire to "Get beyond hailing!" ^{poor Phil impaled a thigh on a paling.} poor Phil impaled a thigh ~~on a paling~~ but he was brave and never ~~snivelled~~ snivelled though this time something in his plan swivelled.

BACK, THOUGH, to dealing with long-distance training,

THE REGIMENT DIED IN THE AFTERNOON

The Regiment died in the afternoon.

The flags were folded; the honours strewn
through museums;

the silenced bugles
claimed by their dead for their undone fugles.

Three centuries old, their Colours unfurled
on half the continents, half round the world
in Britain's battles 'gainst Britain's foes
from desert sands to desert snows.

Under Thirteen years old, unused to mourning,
~~the~~ ~~Irishmen~~ ~~harsh~~
~~In their quiet witness the land's noblest mourning.~~
Called in to witness the land's saddest mourning.

In October, Nineteten Twenty-six,
the Regiment died.

In a fiscal fix...
the
Whitehall and the War Office ~~over~~ (of War)
~~threw~~ ~~the~~ ~~pride~~ out the proud old W.I.R.,
born in the American War; ~~and~~ since, spanned
~~the~~ ~~history~~ ~~of~~ ~~Britain's~~ ~~conflicts~~
all ~~the~~ ~~time~~ on sea and land.

Afternoon they died, I was (^{through} ~~by~~ me cousin,
Ralph, a sergeant) at the last ~~rousin~~ rousin'
show of the regiment; in a ticketed place
near the polo-stand; 'most face-to-face
with the English Governor in his plumed hat,
benefit-sword; great epaul^{ts} sat
on his round shoulders, taking the salute
of the Gladiators set up for the boot.

This is the story of a story night

Stet

~~Police 3 1/2 hrs~~
~~War Comm Banks~~
~~SIS 17 RU 111~~

regiment 2

Me Cousin Ralph (on me father's side)
the army sergeant, financed me ride
on the South Camp tram, and me 'frisco money,
wangla, pinda, do^asie with honey,
ice-cream, snowball — by the Last Post
of the Retreat, I would likely most
turn into mush full of glutenous ...

The good folk came.

Every ta^Ramcar yields
scores.

And thousands cross the fields
from Alpha, Clancarthy, through woodlands known
later, these days, as Vineyard Town ...

HOPPING'S A LIFE-STYLE OF THE EASTIN BOY-CHILD

"Hopping's" a life-style of the Eastin boy-child.

~~Like~~ ^{an} riding a beast through ~~our~~ urban wild.

Dangerous sport to the uninitiated.

~~but~~ ~~always~~ ~~full~~ Joy to us, ~~aff~~-satiated. ^{though} Whoopingly sated.

Bm

On drays, ^{trams,} ~~teams,~~ buggies, ~~an~~ occasional car,

we fall like feathers. ^{THERE'S NEVER A} I tell you, ~~no~~ jar ^{Job}

~~the~~ officials, ~~those~~ ^{WHO STAFF} ~~the~~ target

to deal out the dues those chaffing the law get.

Sub-head →

^{THE DRAY}
~~Of~~ ^{our} ~~the~~ ^{chiefest,} ~~chief-targets,~~ ^{targets,} drays, buggies, trams,
~~daays~~ are the nicest; each iron wheel, ^{slams,}

BR0

pounding a satisf^{ied} ~~whump~~ up your spine,

^{stood} ~~you~~ ~~stand~~ on the tail, ^{gate,} ~~the~~ lowest incline

of the rope-floored deck in its frame of planks,

~~holding~~ ~~to~~ the iron poles, chucks for the ranks

of saltfish barrels, salt-pork ^{and} ~~and~~ flour,

salt-beef, cornmeal, rice, crackers, ^{all} tower

^{rising towards} ~~up~~ where the drayman straddles

the ~~the~~ wooden shafts, chain-hooked to the saddles

of wooden harness on ^{ARCH-NECKED} ~~heavy~~ shouldered mules,

reared on the Pedro Plains, stirringly gules,

heraldic ~~the~~ strength, in flashing eye.

Slow-moving, ^{Nice} ~~hop~~, no rushing by ^{Drop}

of telegraph and electric light poles,

which, at the hop-off, may ^{play} ~~take~~ killing roles.

iiii

THE TROLLEY

The famous among us, such as George Veitch,
Hamilton (~~called~~ "Hopping Fool") of Stephen Lane beach,

become so ~~by~~ ^{BECAUSE} of an absolute skill
at stepping aboard trams racing downhill
with all nine notches of ~~the~~ ^{throttle - working} right/handles

BRO

^{wide-} opened wide, ^{FROM IRON} trolley wheels shrieking like vandals,

Tearing down Paradise Street to the sea!

On the last-car run, ^{time-tables now} all schedules are free. ~~WINDS RAKE your face~~ ^{wind yelling and RAKING in ecstasy.} ~~***~~ Take in copy b-1 e b2

Trams are the biggest challenge of all, ~~being the swiftest~~
being the swiftest; for, if you fall,
its really likely something will break.

^{Indly} More than one hopper's ~~been~~ given us a Wake.

Another hazard is the Roadmaster,
always an Englishman, face stiff as plaster
(and quite as white) boarding the trolley
at funny places; e.g., an alley,
to grab the unwary. The court-room gruel?

Indy

Strokes of the tamarind-switch. The age was cruel. ^{Indy}

But we were good. Those poor Englishmen
never could grab either me or Len.

61
*** B-1

Veitch was very gifted; ~~you~~ understand?
Big as he was, that fellow would land
bird-lightly, dancing down the whole length
of that juggernaut with skill and strength.
He was a young man (when we were boys)
at the Car Company --- ^{so} these ~~his~~ toys.
Drivers would "notch out" turning the bend
into King Street, grinning ~~at~~ ^{ing} watch ~~him~~ him send
his body back-walking with the tram's heading
and board a "back-hop", although it was fledging
faster than safety ~~said~~ ^{allowed} trams ^{to} should bore.

But being experts, both knew the score,
drivers and Veitch, ~~but~~ illuminating us
to the far limits of ~~his~~ ^{a fine} genius.

God, he was good! In his three-piece suit,
jacket unbuttoned, white spats and boot,
Battersby felt hat down on one ear,
a dancing-master without a peer,
poised, as trimly he goes to his toes,
eyes on the rocking rails, cobbles, the foes
hoppers encounter, the kick of the treads ---
and the acclaim in the turn of the heads
watching a toreador's brave afternoon.
Braced; then, to toes; then, in catlike attune,
up he goes, airborne, fingers a-claw,
coat-tail a-flying (our breaths go ahh!),
aims for the mastodon, iron hooves flashing

torrents of sparks, metallic clashing,
and, as it reaches him --- there! He's aboard! Cup
Our King Street matador!

***B-2
6-2

All of us roared!

The best car-hoppers had their own gait
we recognised: toes turned in, arms straight,
hands cupped for the grip on slender poles
at the ~~ends~~ ^{ends} of the benches, as it hurtles and bowls;
eyes flicking the length, ^{at the land's lay. LAY,} for obstacles.
Vigilance ~~sums up~~ ^{sums up} the good hopper's ~~bits~~ ^{way.}

Indat →

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THE BUGGY

Bro

A sort of shelf at the buggy's back
 formed by the bow-springs, proffered a rack
 on which you hopped ~~and rode~~ ^{to} that jouncing hack
 till ~~some~~ ^{another a cold-hearted} yells: "Hey!
 Lick-a-back!"
 Then the busman ~~rears~~ ^{his} WHIP-
 shaft, with the long leather lash lengthening its haft,
 flicks the whip backwards; it snaps and snakes
^{to the bus'} round the rear, ~~with a~~ with a loud crack, rakes
 across your bottom, or shoulders, or feet.
 A million scorpions. and You drop to the street.

INDENT

And, yet, the buggy holds warmest ^{Recall.} memory.
 Tart ~~leather~~ ^{smells of} leather, hays, ~~Hoof-beats~~ ^{membranes} of all
~~of~~ ^{the old-towns} homely things. ~~Small~~ Paraffin lamp.
 Cracked oil-skin, deep-sprung seats. The whisk-and-stamp
 of patient, compliant horse, standing slipshod,
 head bowed in light of stars. (Thinking of God?)

INDENT

Such patience needs to be not far removed
 from what most mortals claim and have not proved:
 Are we the sole descents of Providence?

INDENT

Go to the ant may hold new evidence.

With old-time church-goers, a slow, easy style
was the tempo in singing and after awhile
it quickened a bit from the old "long-metre".
Still, in my time, the lines ~~still~~ flowed sweeter
and ~~still gave a chance for the poetry~~

and still gave a chance for the poetry and song
to strengthen, give meaning, deep-flowing along.
There was none of this fast-lane, rat-a-tat singing
of your modern congregants' quick, urgent winging
to ~~make~~ the end, as if scared of beauty.

So, they rush past; having done their duty,
smack the Amen and hit the pew **quickly**,
~~no relish to be concerned a strictly~~
~~embarrassed to have been caught so aeriffly.~~

to the Seek; being today's peoples
of flat-roof churches, abhorring steeples.
So the great hymns of Elgar, Handel
hold hands and scurry before some vandal
"interpretation" by some soul-less clown.
How can you hurry a Chopin nocturne?

Chanting the psalms was the most eloquent
praiseway in the musical element
of Anglican worship. Not at Eucharist,
but at Matins and Evensong, the Soliloquist,
King David, had his mighty monologues
every Sunday and Saint Day set in catalogues
for chanting, in the Book of Common Prayer
so stressed and scored that the great Song-sayer
had all his power poured forth devotedly
down the deeps of his rich psalmody.

A LINKAGE FOR THE CHRONICLES:

He smiled obligingly. He was a small man, compact and efficient.

He closed his hand on the cabbage. He felt no earth. No sunlight.

He spat "Chemical bitch!"

(St Ann)
 I was six. Len, ~~s~~even. Dad was one of the ~~ZZZZ~~ Cascade/Mount Moriah Reids. He was bosun on a freighter that used to ply the Boston-closed Kingston-Panama ports. When the line ~~ZZZZZZ~~ the Kingston log, we went, Modda, Len and ~~ZZZ~~ ^{me} ~~this one~~, to live in Colon. For a year. Colon was frontier. Slammingly alien. Modda missed her family, church and Eastin. So we came back to our sweet seaside and ■ The Aunts and The Uncles; and to Sunday Walks to Mass, Matins and Evensong. Poor Sailor Daddy stuck to his oars on the Panama-U.S. run. How else eat?

Such of whom read the novel NEW DAY will remember Caro, saucy, rebellious, goodlooking, tough. Now meet the real-life Caro.

Breezy Castle was our Eastin public playground. The other was Crab Hole, further east. Nobody flew kites like Eastin. Crab Hole was famous for cricketers. Like a teenage boy named George Headly.

Myrtle Bank was claimed for E~~astin~~. Eastin folk went to Maiden Lane beach for the music and to watch the dancers and dream of affluence. It also opened a magic window~~y~~ on the world when the Winter Season opened bell-boy jobs and we rubbed shoulders with dons (noble and Mafia) and dolls (debutantes and tarts) and were, ourselves, for a ~~ZZZZZZ~~ season, affluent.

Gaslit streets cobbled and stoned. Coal stoves~~o~~. Buggies. Trolley cars. Great mule-drawn ice-waggon. Chinese laundries. Colour-coded citizens. Yet, I liked the Old City ...

at P.38 - add.

I liked the Old City in which we were taught
to touch hats to ladies;

and if we were caught
cheating in school, could lead to expelling.

That was the highest excelling.

I liked the Old City, the one that had heart.

Streets rolled in crushed stone,

Houses that start

in redbrick foundations, ascending in wood
pitched
to gabled or ~~tilt~~ roofs;

in sunlight, stood
shining tin-helmeted gainst the deep blue:

No make-believe North'ner; tropic'ly true.
Worn fire-clay steps, green jalousie blinds;
Ledge for the pot plants for those with the mind.
And nearly all had!

No matter how small
the gardens flourished!

Some of them tall
as the house in back; ~~gorgeous-agreeables-~~
Gorgeous agreeables
sumptuously fed from the dozens of stables
servicing buggies and other horse-droshkies

in those green days.

~~gas-stations~~
Before the garages.

I liked the Old City for its pride in churches.

All carefully tended. Palm-girded.

Tarbooshes

of crimson cannas; ginger-lily combs;
hedges of crotons in peaks and domes.

I liked the Old City for the gullies which gave
us miles of gurgling clear water to brave!
~~Yinggeng~~ small-boys, with room to race free
their cedar-horses through ~~down-town~~ to the sea
after the rains ...

IDENTITY SEEKING Our first "national anthem"

Our first small gropings to an identity displayed an instinct, or smart propensity for compromise; putting down roots so gently, the Conquerors saw no fruits possibly coming from such beginnings.

(I speak, of course, not of early innings: not slave rebellions, nor great ~~the great~~ Maroon Wars, uprisings, town riots and other jars to British Peace that livened the age, bent on ~~confuted~~ ^{OBLATING} ~~our ways confuted iron bars made a cage.~~ ~~that shameful page~~ ^{into an anthem to black})

~~But~~ ^{oh!} We bone-felt greatly the value of going softly. In ways ^{now} would appal you living as you are in times which suit brass band approaches, than the soft flute.

One of these instincts led us straight to that corner-stone, the massive ~~&~~ Great Hymn of the Empire which all races sing, the weirdly worded God Save The King.

What we did was to ~~&~~ take a poem which runs: God Shield our Island Home, and celebrates, instead of some king, our own dear land: the silver fling or rivers, like Fingers on God's Hand; mountains blue-rising to clouds; the band of jewelled sea encompassing shores of golden sand; birthright which pours upon this handful of luckily born, magnificent ~~xxxxxxx~~ bounty from cornucopie horn —

We took the words and fashioned an air

[to tighten and shape up the black diaspora]

*H
OC
C
RACY*

of haunting notes, so strangely ~~clear~~ near
of one we knew; yet, not; till we sing

in counter-range to God Save The King.

And there it was! Drums flags and buglers! ^{Scored with an eye to}

And — wai-yoh! Never ~~heard~~ such sumptuousness! :
Our sumptuousness!

~~THE~~ English chiefs liked its scrumptiousness.

samfie
the
Rulers!

For
~~For~~/it evinced our loyalty
to Motherland and Royalty.

But mark, observe, we'd got our Anthem;
and on our way to, at last, can them.

P.S. By the way, the words are superb.

A strong-tensioned tune flows under a curb
craft.
of creative ~~accomplishment~~. I wished they had
replaced "Land We Love"; so dreadfully bad.

UWI Libraries

Great grandad was ~~X~~ WILLIAM REID. Character. Built his cedar coffin and go in daily for naps.

His children: ^{ALEXANDER} ~~MARY~~, GEORGE, WILLIAM, NANCY, ~~RICHARD~~ RICHARD MASON (my grandfather) ANDREW, ADRIAN, THOMAS, JOSEPH, REBECCA

Grandad was born on Good Friday so called in youth "Friday".

Grandma's name was Susan Borobridge (surname) born at Mount Zion, Laughlands. Her dad English. Susan visited Mount Moriah and Grandpa Richard grabbed her.

Grandad had ALEX (my dad), CHAS SEPTIMUS (Uncle Sep), ALICE (Mrs Coley), LEVINA (Mrs White), MELBRO (Mrs McLean), ETHEL (Noel' mother), HARTLYN (Mrs T^apper who lived at Borobridge which I used to visit).

ALL THE MALE REIDS X NAMED A "JUNIOR"

ALL MOTHER'S GENERATIONS HAD A "FRAN"

Alex Dandy / Alex Charles / Alex children / Alex Frankfort / William / Alex Mary Mrs Hurd / George / Carphas, Wm, George, Aaron

William moved to Coffy Ridge

alex ne + len

Sept
Edgar, Clyde,
Richard, Alva
Milanda, Cordella
Elese, Molly,
Deema, Hazel
Lilieth.
Erel = Ralph, Allan,
P. Risi, Nail.

Mrs Coley
Joy (Mrs Eccleston)
Myrtle (died)
Clara
Albert (son)

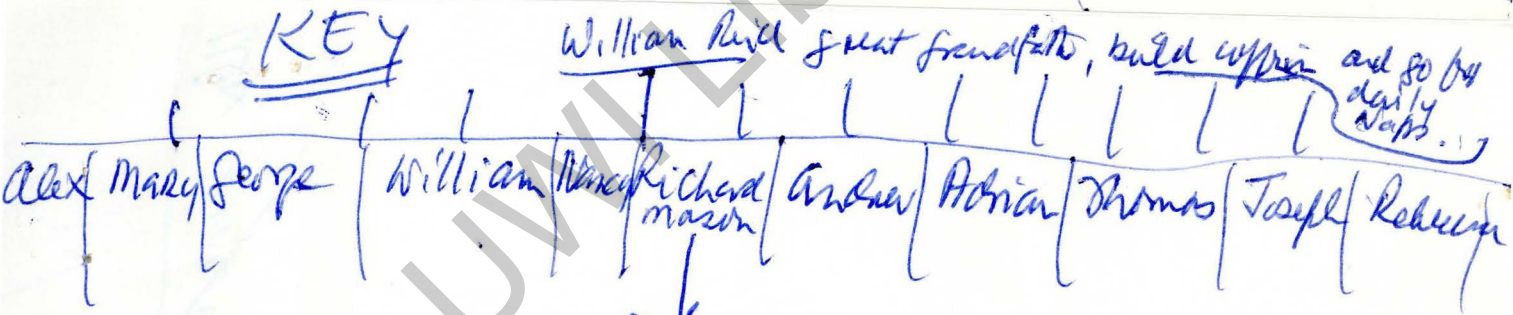
Mel bro =
Sylvia, Lucille,
Muriel, Dora, Dee
not, Georgia (Mrs Jackson)

Mrs White
Vera, Hugh
Winnie
L. Lomely
Gwelyn (Mrs Jackson)
Rupert
Collis (girl)
Kenneth (child)
Ruby

Richard
alex, Charles, Septy;
Richard, Moses; Alice
(Mrs Coley); Leona
(Mrs White); Melbro
(Mrs McLem); Etti
(Nell's mother); Hart-
lyn (Mrs Tabber);

All the male kids named a Junior

KEY



our grandfather.

Born on food Friday, called "Friday"

Suean Borebridge (surname) born Mt Zion, Langlands, father English;

Suean visited ~~Cocaine~~ Mt Mariah & Richard grabbed her.

In scouting we learnt many strange skills
as town-boys; like best ways of walking hills
(bent-knees ascending, toed-out down,
watch out for rock-falls when the earth's brown).
We did all of these for badges, our earnings, ~~us~~,
chest, shoulders filled with small emblems ^{of learnings:} of ~~earnings:~~

Rescues from ^{blazing} ~~burning~~ lofts (The Fireman's Lift
took on quaint aspects in small-boys' makeshift);

how to read maps, how to survive
imperilled passes and ^{so} ~~yet~~ turn up live.

How to light fires in galloping winds,
when ~~if~~ rain-damp wood your chances thins

How mark your trail from Park to Papine
clearly to fellow-scouts; to strangers, unseen.

How be a camp-cook (Oh, dumplin stew!

Oh, salt-fish fritters on which we grew!)

To find fine sites to pitch the ~~troop's~~ troop's tent
(clay-slopes, drained, ^{was} ~~the~~ the way we went);

to give First Aid from burns to bruises,

at swimming accidents; how to change fuses;

make simple furniture, ride horses, bicycles

taught penny-banking to make pools from trickles.

Badges for everything under the sun,

covetted badly by us, every one.

But best of all were the ^{"Knots", a} ~~secret-knots~~ great list
of ^{ARCANE} ~~exotic~~ ways in which cords ^{were} ~~could be~~ fixed
for hauling, lifting, ~~length~~ ^{on} ~~length~~ ^{by} make fast,
to anchor, or let run, to do cowboy's cast —

YOU WERE A GENIUS IF ALL TESTS WERE PASSED!

~~that insignificant method which was nearly eradicated;~~

oo0oo

Scouting, as all then, was colour-coded;
the perniciousness which nearly eroded
the single great gain of the manumit
on which our hopes, against facts, were pit:
that man, in ^{his} time, would take, as guide
the charge, ~~the~~ for fooling with
Man-kind's pride.

Running bowlines, cinches, halters

UWI Libraries

~~Some~~ ~~grace~~ ~~cleaner~~ Aug 9 1950

providence ~~has~~ led me to the good luck of celebrating with Cecil Baugh a book on his work, since that afternoon in 1950 when ~~two~~ ^{the first public showing of} Gleaner critic and a handful of art lovers saw his pottery, ~~put out for~~ ^{the first public showing} in a room at the ~~Junior & Gent~~ East Street Junior Centre. Even then, it was there; the seed and promise in the Young Artist. The creativity, beauty and power, has long since been acclaimed. This book at last places into ~~the~~ permanent record, the contribution by this dedicated man to our culture.

The Hon. Victor Stafford Reid, O.J.

~~Cecil Baugh~~
Cecil Bank & Assoc

Laura Tamm

95890-2 Home 74641

BABEL

I do believe ~~the~~ bow-wows of a mutt
is ~~fully~~ understood in ^{the} Lilliput
by pups ~~who live in that~~ land of neat tag
as do the ~~bigger~~ hounds of Brobdingnag.

The songs whales sing in Antartica
is sung by ~~those~~ north of Corsica.

Dolphins in click-talk gregarious, converse
in the said clickage where'er they traverse.

And nightgales ~~on broken~~ blithely ^{heavenward}
certain that other 'gales ~~KNOW~~ the code.

^{but under}
~~But, oh, poor man, Bound to his Babel,~~
~~must hate ~~since~~ his ear cannot unravel~~

~~Confusion reigned. He could not unravel~~
~~The hosts of more than two thousand tongues~~
~~spoken by his kind, ^{since} to each belongs~~
~~exclusively the lingo as spoken~~

~~grammatically or what's known as broken~~
~~Speak you, that's how it was with the Ancients~~

~~But afterwards with travel and patience~~
~~as the world shrank through communication~~

~~linkage of FAMILIES, TRIBES and Nations~~
~~crosses happened. And ~~was~~ soon they were borrowing~~
~~words happily and borrowing and following~~
~~LINGUISTIC fields never VISUALIZED before and Babel was soon babel no more.~~

SONGS OF THE 'THIRTIES BY HAROLD ARDEN (with Johnny Mercer's lyrics)

Say Its Only a Paper Moon / Blow, ill wind, blow away (Sinatra) / Somewhere
over the Border (Wizard of Oz, Judy Garland) / Blues in the Night (Dinah
Shore) Old Black Magic - This will be my shining hour (Ella Fitzgerald)
Make it one for my baby and one more for the road (Sinatra) Accentuate
the positive, eliminate the negative (Bing Crosby)

TO DO THE GOD-THINGS NOW AND WELL / TO TELL THE TALES I CAME TO TELL

(4)

TOOK IT OUT OF SOMETHING!

~~being~~ wind-torn on surface; in deep, calm wear.

We filled the sand-slope down to the sea;
come from all over Eastin to be
at this fine funeral not often seen.

For often the sea kept what it could glean,
among our brave men in burlap sea ^Cboats,
sailing the big sea in their frail small-boats.
People from far east as Potter's Row
west to Hanover ~~↳~~ who would not go
to ~~see~~ ^{watch as} Young Cap steers his last scudder?
ZZZZ (Everyone knew ^{who'd} ~~be~~ be at the rudder!)

~~Me and Len carrying through the crowd,
burrowing past ~~leg trunks in wet sand; proud~~
the trunks of legs
dodging leg trunks which grew in wet sand growing in the wet sand;
scratch head of sea-grass crab-claw at the soles~~

[dodging]

of our bare feet. Splash through the shoals
to where our half-canoe, half up the land,
looks at us crossly. No caring hand
to make her sparkle as do other craft?

Quickly, I'm forward; Len takes the aft.
Galabash balers dip swiftly, and out
goes the bilge water from our fine boat.

Len found a coconut-bough for the heel. ^{the}
~~to be~~ ~~our~~ our mourning-flag. ^{SCRUB} ~~keel~~ ^{fove-} keel.
^{Then} a small hush broke ^{into} the singing,
and there was old Father Pfister bringing
the Host to sick-bedded fisher-folk
from the Cathedral. ~~↳~~ Head down, he broke
through the crowd's parting; the ciborium
held at his heart. The proscenium

of sea, sand and silence stilled us too.

We watched him go. He'd be back, we knew.

Old Father Pfister knew Young Cap well.

He'll say a Mass. Back to the bale,

~~and~~ ^{to} rub here and there to make it gleam; ^{cleaned, down} ~~the~~ found-half-boat we ~~made proud~~, length and beam.

Sombrely now the boats ^{are} ~~are~~ shoved seaward on rollers and then droved in ~~the~~ ^{-WAYS} steerage ^{and} ~~the~~ skippers leap to the stern-sheets. Rudder-ropes ~~heap~~ ^{to} heap in their hands. Westward ~~the~~ ^{the} prow to far Port Royal. As ~~the~~ ^{be} wind allows, seine-sweeps will ~~rest~~ ^{rested in the} rowlocks; mains ^{and} jibs run up, ~~soon~~ ^{soon} as the wind socks in from the south-east. Boats now are strung in a long line. From mastheads are hung black mourning-flags. And from the shore voices are raised in: The strife is o'er!

THE STRIFE IS O'ER, THE BATTLE DONE

(Young ^{has} Cap/made his last Lime Cay run.)

^{GAPING,} ~~Sombrely~~ we ^{stare at} the coffin aboard in which Young Cap soon will be moored. (While ~~silence-struck,~~ ^{silence-struck,} we watch it go by, a thing about it stuck in me eye.

But I'll return, for then it was no more than a small no! in a big GO! GO!)

In our half-boat, me and Len paddle into the stream. But our duck's waddle wont keep up with those fine stroke-men, specially when the wind lifts. So, then, off Maiden Lane we're content to drift and watch them go and bob in their rift.

The wiffin is oversized!

Showing off a little, we jib around in the light wind for the land-bound to see our smart seafaring ways;

WINS

C

~~boats~~ nods from ~~(nods from new~~ people for several days.

Then, Len, a big fisherman, side-casts; his line ^{bears a} ~~have~~ pork-rind bait ^{which} ~~that~~ lasts through many bites; too tough to be taken in any one-lick from a mistaken ~~fish;~~ ^{WHO} ~~snapper~~ but must swallow all ~~it~~ at one go and — ~~BO~~ BAM! ^{We} ~~we~~ take ~~it~~ him down below.

Meantime, ^{I'm} ~~we~~ put ~~it~~ on look-out to ~~see~~ sight the first of the funeral boats in the bight.

Me good ^{sea-eye} ~~eye~~ picked up the first keel off Gallows Point, west, making the heel — and I bawl: "LEN!" And, loud as we can, together, ^{we} ~~we~~ yell: "WAAI-OH! DE DEAD MAN!"

Other outboats take up the cry.

^{FOLK} ~~People~~ ^{the beach,} rush ~~into~~ water, knee-high

Though, for the long wharves, they cannot see the mourning-boats ^{Touch at} ~~round~~ ~~Port-Henderson's-lee~~

^{LEN and me} ~~But we~~ and Len bawl ^{out the} ~~each~~ fathoms more, as the boats beat up the Palisades shore before they port tack, north of High Bush, and aim ~~to~~ for Eastin on the last push.

And we watch ~~em~~ them sail in the sweetest ways; man-o-war birds, as they run in stays,

booms going gentle ~~on~~ on the long curve

which each tack takes in its surging swerve

giving Young Cap a good ride home

The sweetest music this ride of heaven.
Guy Lombardo

*[Using the flatboard ~~seen~~ for a sea-anchor, we sit back, cross-legged like any banker [and talk a little of this and that [and of boat-people, and why and what [rocking gently on the small seas, [FANNING HAND ROOTS [SUN-SWEAT COOL-TINGLES BY THE SMALL BREEZE]

Enter the Bay, like horses rearing [the bucking sea on the rudder's wearing.

TURN

rock-a-bye fore-~~keel~~ keel, sweetly afoam,
bear up for Eastin. ~~How~~ Bows-on to us
they sail in line; Cap liked it thus.

haply
A man ~~placed~~ placed 'twixt
~~earth and sky~~ earth and sky
and to neither a willing ally.

(From Tumble-Over, ^{he'd come, down} crossing the Bay,
~~at~~ a Jack-fish-Day
homing in triumph

If you dont feel driven
its all in vain
were there no clouds there
there'd be no rain

when the shells' tooting tells Rae Town

Eastin nets had a lucky go-down
in the ~~Tough~~ ^{hard} Game that
is sometimes beguiled
of good hands,
by ~~days~~ days when "Jack is wild!")

Paddling the coconut-boughs, Len and me
swiftly gave sea-room, running a-lee;
and, on our planks squatting, all eyes, we watch

^{a-coming} Young Cap a-coming on a high thatch
of mangrove roots built on the stern thwart
which held the coffin — and had a start!

For — there was what had stuck in me eye!
WHY WAS ^{THE} ~~COFFIN~~ COFFIN MOUNTING SO HIGH?

*the water from
salutes.*

"BUCK 'SHORE!" Len yelled. We dug in the bough,
cutting ~~for~~ for shore. For no matter how
close to the ~~beach~~ palling-boats our
yawed, we will make that beach ~~at~~ half-canoe
same time they do.

For, in the mourning and talking of him,
we ^{'d} ~~would~~ learn where had gone Young Cap the Slim!

watch the
catwater
coming down

Of course, you've gathered the bad sea-cause
which made Young Cap appear to ^{W-A-A-H's!} ~~WAAHS!~~
from all the beach at the great width
of ~~the~~ ~~beach~~

of coffin, a ^{thick wooden} ~~stone~~ ^{bronze} monolith
 whose ~~handles~~ handles, rosettes, /plate
 were ^{out of place} ~~absurd~~ on the ^{fearsome} ~~mounting~~ freight
^{FOR SURE} ~~as if~~ no human form ^{ever} could be
 encased in such ^a monstrosity.

Poor Cap. The sea that had clothed and fed him
 in past times and now had led him
 to his sad death, ^{had also} ~~macabrely~~ sea-changed @ him
 Filled his drowned body and re-arranged him.

BREAK →

"BEARERS!" ^{bawled} from the funeral-fleet captain,
 a Water Lane man named

Swollen so thickly with
 days in the ~~water~~ deep
 Coffins as big as
 the Rock Fort keep.

UWI Libraries

(a)

We cross Highholborn and the next ~~XXXX~~ sport house is at Foster Lane, a constant carouse

of ~~XXXX~~ piano, cornet, trumpet and traps

(except on Sundays when you ~~XXXX~~ hear baps!

coming from
~~out of~~ anyone, not a soul in wine

at exactly

until after Evensong, ~~XXXX~~ nine

When is re-opened the Eleven O'Clock LICENSE [CLOSED SINCE SEVEN TO CREATE THE QUIESCENCE [NEEDED FOR BREWING. "A LOT OF JOKERING" Micky says, "GAY" "FELLOWS" PROTECTING THE OFFERING!"

~~XXXX~~ Tall, narrow house built straight off the street

iron-railed brick stairs, ~~XXXX~~ neat.

PINK CANNAS, SASHES, CLEAN

~~XXXX~~ In a funny way ~~XXXX~~ I didnt know) everyone

~~XXXX~~ in Eastin ~~XXXX~~ was concerned; so

~~XXXX~~ our girls ~~XXXX~~ as the Hanover Street lot

posing on the piazzas, showing all they got

to the low-bite English on-station regiment

never ~~XXXX~~ HAD A READY

whom, Caro says, ~~XXXX~~ a cent.

Our girls were quiet-spoken, very mannerly

~~XXXX~~ though their high heels; wobbled; ~~XXXX~~ hands funnily

when they ~~XXXX~~ ventured to the street; children on outing;

sharp-eyed quick pimps behind them, some ahead scouting. *(We spoke kind to the girls)*

~~XXXX~~ girls, ~~XXXX~~ country-white, ~~XXXX~~ trusting. ~~XXXX~~ loathed; we

SEE BACK

But the pimps we ~~XXXX~~ found them disgusting.

~~XXXX~~ from our ~~XXXX~~ streets. You saw they were foreigners.

from *CARO* says *CARO*; ~~XXXX~~ "not

CARO WAS BOASIE OF EASTIN AS SHE WAS HIGH-NOSE-BRIDGED OF HER FAMILY.

"Maybe *Cross Roads*, ~~XXXX~~ ours. ~~XXXX~~ NONE OF OUR *WAY*,"

Eastin man would take such a trade!"

Lit a Needlepoint, ~~XXXX~~ drew. Watched the smoke fade.

~~XXXX~~ cruised the streets of Chinatown which

(Bottom of the scale were the girls who ~~XXXX~~ at that time used to be ~~XXXX~~ THREE blocks west ~~XXXX~~ Orange

~~XXXX~~ to Pechon [by Tower and Barry to pick up the John

Going home from mah jong; ~~XXXX~~ his

he's full of rum and ~~XXXX~~ women of their own

makes

since the law ~~XXXX~~ it near impossible

to bring ~~XXXX~~ the ~~XXXX~~ adjustable.

IN A WIFE, GREW

Germans from Pedro Plains, the girls were pure bumpkin^N
spoke funnily: a child was a lumpkin; @@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@
a horse was a steed; countryfolk were volk,
sang meeting-house hymns ~~from the time~~ ^{WHEN} they awoke,
clapping hands and knees --- but after awhile
Caro says they learnt the sport-house style
and ^{that} many got married out of the parlour
to "Jamaica-whites" who thus "heightened" their ~~color~~ colour:
a matter much sought in Olden Jamaica,
me childhood days. Caro spat. "Raca!"
She was very biblical when she wished
quoting ^{Book and} verse and ~~chapter~~ as ^{a FOE} ~~an enemy~~ was sawfished.

UWI Libraries

since
to print

(a)

We cross Highholborn and the next sport house
 is at Foster Lane, a constant caromse
 of piano, cornet, trumpet and traps
 (except on Sundays ~~when you~~ ^{never went} hear baps!
~~coming from~~ out of anyone, not a soul in wine
 at exactly
 until after Evensong, ~~say about~~ nine

When is re-opened the Elbow
 O'clock license [closed since
 seven to create the
 QUIESCENCE [needed for breach
 ing. But "LOT OF
 "TOKERING" Micky says. "Follows
 protecting the offerings!"

Tall, narrow house built straight off the street
 iron-railed brick stairs, ~~sashes,~~ ^{PINK CANNAS,} clean and neat

In a funny way ~~then,~~ I didn't know)
 everyone
 NOW in Eastin ~~EVERYONE~~ was concerned; so
~~our girls~~ ^{were NEVER} as the Hanover Street lot
 posing on the piazzas, showing all they got
 to the low-bite English on-station regiment
 whom, Caro says, ~~hardly have~~ ^{never had a ready} a red cent.

Our girls were quiet-spoken, very mannerly
~~though their high heels~~ ^{wobbling on} ~~wobbled;~~ ^{hold} hands funnily
 when ~~they~~ ^{ing} ventured to the street; children on outing;
~~quiet~~ ^{Sharp-eyed} pimps behind them, some ahead scouting.

We ~~were~~ ^{spoke kindly to the girls,} ~~country-white~~ ^{loathed; we} and trusting.
 But the pimps we ~~disliked~~ found them disgusting.
 None were from ~~our streets;~~ ^{WAY,"} clearly
~~not from these streets.~~ You saw they were foreigners.
 "Maybe/Cross Roads," Caro ~~says;~~ ^{says;} "not
 ours."

See back
 [Caro was boarise of
 Eastin as she
 [was high ^{NOSE} bridged
 of her family.
 three

No Eastin man would take such a trade!"
 Lit a Needle ~~Point,~~ ^{and} drew. Watched the smoke fade.

(Bottom of the scale were the girls who ~~used~~ ^{used} to be the
 blocks west ~~of~~ ^{of} Orange
 to Pechon [by Tower and
 going home from mah jong, ~~tables,~~ ^{WINNING} ~~or down,~~ ^{wether up} Barry,
 he's full of rum and ~~winnings~~ ^{no} his
 since the law ~~made~~ ^{makes} it near impossible
 to bring in ~~a~~ ^a wife. He ~~grew~~ ^{grew} adjustable.

Nov 19 c

Past the Penitentiary, ~~the~~tram ~~runs~~ ~~XXXX~~ in a hurry
bolting the cobbles everything in a flurry
red
poor little/tram; ~~if~~~~he~~stops now, he's sucked in-
to rucked
through the iron gates, by khaki men ~~plucked~~ in,
~~XXXXXX twisted double into XXXX stone cell~~
~~down like fist into~~
metal-twisted, bawling, in a stone-cell;
fine, clanging gong be its own death-knell.

But, times there's no time to be spent in fretting
over the tram, when the iron gates are letting
four lines of prisoners marching abreast
to outside jobs

UWI Libraries

Nov 23 - b

No Chinese ventured ~~the~~ the better bordellos
not being considered respected playfellows.

Lord, we were racists! --- without really knowing
that our prejudices ~~were~~ really showing
how man in ~~the~~ context, acts as ~~we~~ weaned
or not, from ~~ideas~~ ideas ~~of~~ man's brotherhood, demeaned.
even

East Indians/were further down the ~~stream~~ *STREAM*
of what we saw --- or did not ~~to be~~ to be
which sets ~~the~~ the theme
~~of~~ society. Poor whites, the Jew
of
came in for hard stick from all/us blacks too.

would was
Some Sundays we/ tram. There ~~is~~ no ~~rule~~ rule.
it was on
But I believe ~~there~~ a schedule
Aunts') defending
~~the~~ (The ~~state~~ the state of the purse
for four tuppenny fares plus a disburse
~~HALF THAT FOR ME AND Len --- that's near a shilling!~~
Better to buy cut-cakes, and walk, God willing!

low case

~~We all prefer to take the east-bound Avenue tram~~
east-bound's like
(save when we're late); ~~coming~~ /coming from,
or visiting country-parts; east, on Tower Street
to where the prison wall ~~rushes~~ rushes to meet

~~nice, leafy~~
Elletson Road, having gone past
warders,
the red brick cots of the English ~~cast~~, cast
like pieces broken from an English countryside
Rae Town beaches yet ~~quite~~ quite
and cast on/ ~~bonafide~~ bonafide

*[IN compromise, HAVING put on] jalou-
sies.*

And past what's left of/St Michael's chapel ~~Houses are hardly more than what~~
one sees.
except which
~~'quake-broke; the Needle/didnt topple;~~
coffee-brown on the burial plot,
still stood in ~~marbled~~
marbled
~~In Memoriam. Whoe, I've forgot.~~

Nov 23 - b

(No Chinese ventured ~~into~~ the better bordellos
not being considered respected playfellows.

Lord, we were racists! --- without really knowing
that our prejudices ~~were~~ ^{went to} really showing
~~his~~ ~~his~~ ~~he's~~
how man in ~~their~~ context, acts as ~~his~~ weaned
ideas ~~that~~ man's brotherhood ~~demeaned~~.
or not from ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~,
even
Indians/were further down the scheme
of what we saw --- or did ~~not~~ ^{NIT} --- ~~is~~ ^{TO} be the theme
which sets
~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ society. Poor whites, the Jew
came in for hard stick from ~~all~~ ^{all of us} ~~us~~ blacks, too.)

Some Sundays ^{would} we ^{was} tram. There ~~is~~ no ~~real~~ rule.
it was ~~on~~ ^{based on}
But I believe ~~xxxxxxxx~~ ~~on~~ a schedule
Aunts') defending
of (The ~~xxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxxx~~ the state of the purse;
FOR ~~xxxxxxxx~~ ~~FOUR~~ ~~TUPPENY'S~~
at ~~xxxxxxxx~~ ~~of~~ fares plus a ~~penny~~ disburse
^{half that}
for me and Len ~~each~~ --- that's ^{NEAR} almost a shilling!
Better ~~we~~ ^{to buy} walk ~~for~~ (and buy cut-cake, God willing!)
~~xxxx~~ We all ~~prefer~~ ^{prefer} to take
~~xxxx~~ take the east-bound Avenue tram
^{east-bound?} like
(save when we're late); ~~xxxx~~ ~~of~~ coming from,
^{visiting} ^{country-part}
or ~~going~~ to the country. East on Tower Street
~~east~~ to where ^{the} ~~the~~ town prison walls ^{Rushes to} meet
^{nice leafy}
~~with~~ Elletson Road, having gone past
the red-brick cots of the English ^{warders,} ~~guards~~, cast
like pieces broken from an English countryside
and cast on ~~our~~ ^{Rae Town} beach; yet, ^{is} ~~still~~ ^{quite} bonafide.
And past what's left of ^{old} St Michael's chapel
(the ~~old~~) ~~xxxx~~, 'quake-broke, ^{except} ~~xxxx~~ the Needle didnt topple;
still stood in ^{cocoa-} ~~xxxx~~ on ~~xxxx~~ ^{the burnt plot}
~~xxxx~~ ^{MARBLED}
~~xxxx~~ In Memoriam. ^{whose} ~~whose~~, I've forgot.

in compromise, as it wears
some salmonish horses
are hardly more than
what one sees.

Nov 19 c

Past the Penitentiary, ~~the~~tram ~~runs~~ in a hurry
boating the cobbles everything in a flurry
red
poor little/tram; ~~if~~~~he~~stops now, he's sucked in-
to rucked
through the iron gates, by khaki men ~~plucked~~ in,
~~metal-twisted, bawling, in a stone-cell;~~
metal-twisted, bawling, in a stone-cell;
fine, clanging gong be its own death-knell.

But, times there's no time to be spent in fretting
over the tram, when the iron gates are letting
four lines of prisoners marching abreast
to outside jobs

UWI Libraries

But back to Diggy, our organist
and how he goes into checking his list.

The
Harlot

UWI Libraries

Famous fighters!

We heard their names
spoke with that near awe which fame's
humped postillions put in each;
due respect tous to teach:
hard-boys from the uptown districts
north of North Street;
Or the Big Sticks
from the yaggas of the West End,
so tough they had entered legend;
even though not yet thirteened,
long since had been touch-hat" weaned.
("Touch-hats" you ~~oooo~~ will now have read of
in me Chronicles, ^{which} as I said of
lady teachers who have taught us
to touch hats to girls;

or aught must
take the consequential staining:
"Such-and-such has no home training!"
Awful words in those dear days
of our stricter home-care ways.)

Districts had their well known bruisers
who had fought their ways past losers,
or, with style quite charismatic
were pushed upward, mobocratic.

What was common, was their true
fearlessness in fist-fights; few,
none I knew of, ever took to
weapons, any kind, to cook you.

In the West, ~~there was~~ ^{THEY SING OF} Den-Den
(~~the~~ names we knew were not the given
on the Registers of their schools,
but what school-yard wisdom pools),
there ~~was~~ ~~oooo~~ was Den-Den, square-built, short
from All Saints, of ~~oooo~~ wide report
as a ~~oooo~~ fighter with a left
which, of wits, could you bereft.

North of North Street, Allman Town
to all Eastiners held renown
for the Race Course Gang; the brothers
Barton, better known than others,
Manny, Bibby; we would meet
when the family to Fleet Street
moved, became friends, and then later
Bibby, me, at the newspaper
Daily Gleaner, fine researcher,
heading Reference.

But the nurturer
of our Eastin pride and joy
was me best friend; choirboy
and schoolmate since East Branch days,
and, like me and Len, took ways
into Conversorium

Bobby Rhodes

UNFINISHED

Rectors were white in our church.

To tell us

that like the Angels, this was the status?

Sure. For the Sunday School cards they gave us

had shots of Heavenly Ones who would save us.

And all had skins white as fish belly-up.

Innocent faces as on Miss Nellie up

"riding the bricks"; time the lamps lit on

she and the Sunday School head; Briton,

named Mr Cork.

She taught at St Michael's

and wore long dresses, also bifocals.

And everyone wondered (I heard Caro tell)

how with the School head she got on well —

until the night on McWhinney Street,

in the dark part, a wall twenty feet

high, which makes it a sort of mall,

flanked by the General Penitentiary wall,

an auto light smartly swung the bend,

and, there they were, clear-caught! Unfend!

did

And Rae Town wondered, Why had they not

go into the gully for what they got.

gone into the gully when they were hot.

"Instead," Caro said, "to be caught fornicating."

But Mudda frowned. Said: "Caro, say mating."

'Cause the boy-piknies, me and me brudda

stood by, nudging at one anudda.

AMERICA, AMERICA

Blacks beleagured in the world ssince
ascendant days of the Pharaohs
and so forth better in the US. What
ever had been the first cause, Amer
ica embraced Emancipation AS ITS
REASON FOR CIVIL CONFLICT. No other
nation assumed such a stand for any
minority. LUCKY IN LINCOLN?

Empires are of love and hate.

Loved at first? Sure ultimate
rule
is dislike; for ~~growth~~ ensures
what belonged to me
~~it; since what was mine is yours.~~

The U.S. by decimation
of its Indian population,
by the naked grab of half
neighbouring Mex (who stood the gaff
splendidly, but nonetheless
despite their forgivingness
is ignored by the historian
writing for the Yank protean)
built a nation powerful.
\$God being dowerful.
God and dollar dowerful.

17
Signum 3

around the casket the paper=flowers
in pewter vases, those funeral-bowers
telling the life-length, being colour-gauged:
white for young; purple; black for the aged.

He'd hum a line (arms roofward and out)
of a beloved hymn: "That is your ^Note ..."
he sings, and off we go; he stumps along
beating the tempo as he sings the song.
Eyes closed, he concentrates, listening as we
sing the whole length of it gloriously:

for this is purest voice, un'panied,
timbre and cadence ours; found as we did
each to each closer drawn on that good road,
in that good moment, when, hearts and gifts showed
what's meant by harmony; for, as we built,
such strength and freedom came. Such warmth and lilt.

UWI Libraries

11/20/03

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UWI Libraries

We were the glamour-boys of the old inn.
We were the bright ones, hustling to win
some ~~kind of~~ place in this uncaring land
which always dealt ~~the~~ the better hand
in jobs, in privilege, in status quo,
in heavenly hope, ~~are~~ ⁱⁿ here-below,

white plaster saints and likewise Jesus
subtly affirmed that of all, least us
had any chance of gaining top rank
among the Winged, who, Jehovah, flank

to those ~~of~~ fair skins; and even then,
sub-sorts by "family" whom to impen:
thus, ⁱⁿ ~~our~~ our bell-ranks ~~are~~ many a white boy
whose ~~whose~~ family purse held little ~~tray~~ ^{LACKED} tray.

Until the night in McWhinney Street,
 that darkest part, a wall twenty feet
 high, which makes it a kind of mall
 flanked by the General Penitentiary wall,
 an auto lights suddenly swung round the bend
 and there they were. Clear-caught. Saint, attend!
 And Rae Town wondered: why had they not
 gone into the gully, ^{were} if they ~~were~~ so hot?

"Instead," Caro said, "to be caught fornicating."

But Mudda frowned and said: "Caro, say 'mating'."

Cause her two boys, me~~w~~ and Len, stood,
 rabbit-eared, toad-eyed,
~~toad-eyed, bug-eyed,~~ listening good.

UWI Libraries

Central to each city child's longings
 Picnic Days;
 were ~~the "Picnic"~~ the joyful throngings
 to "special" tramcars emptily standing
 foot of King Street; or to the landing,
 Victoria Pier; or to the coaches
 at the train station. ^{The tingling} ~~Exciting~~ vouches
 that now at last the day had come
 for the big outing. And hand-held mum
 walks you to the magical places
 midst the hordes of other faces,
 bodies, knees and elbows brushing,
 scrambling feet for best place rushing,
 teachers shouting: "Mind the ~~slide-bars!~~"
 "Watch ^{FOR} ~~the~~ boat-hooks!" "Take ^{care!} ~~care!~~"
 "Watch ^{for} ~~the~~ ^{Shunting} cars!"

Put in that
 David got it
 name from
 well known
 bicycle
 tyres.

Tramcars and harbour crafts; railway trains.

I Trolleys a-sparking. Whalbe-boatman strains
 N on a plank-rudder. Coal engines grunt,
 D locking the coaches in shunt after shunt. —
 E ^{FOR} any of these on ~~A~~ Picnic Day
 NT. may take us to the yearly hooray.

And the Conductor in black serge suit,
 white shirt, black tie, shiny black boot,
 lays on his belly silver watch-&-chain,
 a silver whistle blown again and again,
 brass buttons gleaming, braid on his sleeves,
 black-visored cap down: "KEEP YOUR SEATS, PLEASE!"

~~on~~ Picnic mornings came three times a year.
 first,
 Roughly they went: ~~one~~ Sunday School affair
 around Easter time; the day-school one
 came at mid-summer, ^{quite nice.} ~~a big one.~~ But none
 beat the Choirboys; ^{we} ~~they~~ went further afield

than any other. Yet, though, we must yield for lavishness, style, to old Scots Kirk, where, dint of strive, we found a quirk in their rules regarding Picnic Day that made us eligible, though we'd stray soon after, back full-time to our own church on King, till time came down, then share again their Sunday School a month or two. Theirs as a rule

were held at mornings. Ours afternoon. ^{a fortnight} Attended ~~for two weeks~~ and had our names "doon" (as the Scots say); became ~~oooooooooooooooooooo~~ Kirk-grown boys, all their grand titled to ~~their famous~~ picnic joys offered through the very large financing from the Campbell's (Rapid Vulcanizing).

Wondrous giftings which enabled us hampers of goodies. Oh, generous! Scots Kirk was our neighbour, ^{one} a block to Duke. ~~Forrestly~~ Prayerfully ^{mild} ~~we~~ asked He be ~~regain~~ in ~~his~~ rebuke.

their
[Named for ~~his~~ start putting hot patches on inner tubes of bicycles. It latches on stronger than old-fashioned cold unionizing; process we knew then as Tube Vulcanizing. ^{ed} And ~~the~~ ~~his~~ work so quickly, that, *soon*, ere long the ~~the~~ small wooden shop was going strong.]

Trams were by far the most widely used by city churches, and these were choosed 'cause they were cheaper and calming to parents worried at losing a day's sight of their vagrants.

Picnics by trams were usually at Constant Spring's Old Works, agreeably sat close to the hamlet on the Road's bend edging the great fields at the line's end: stone ruins, great trees on rolling ground, an ankle-deep stream for splashing around.

Trees were a constant at picnic places

they held the rope-swings which served as bases for family groups, each jealously guarded from strangers, unless by some member carded. Men pushed the ladies, their long dresses tucked; otherwise Rectors' wives would have cluck-clucked; and, even then when the men took to "pumping", i.e., girls sitting, and the men jumping to stand on the edge of the seating-board, pumped, to provide the propelling mode, wives of the priests were known to have frowned and turned their heads to seem not around.

Sunday School picnics were really extended family affairs and were so attended. The ~~The~~ mid-day feasting was a picnic rite a communal feeding built around the site of a large wooden tub some three feet deep full of "new- sugar'n-water" plus a steep of baskets of ~~dozens of~~ oranges and limes, cracked ice

~~we had no picnic here~~

~~could be of great use in the city~~

("cay" rhymes with "key" in the British style

search the language if you'd find Albion's guile!)

stir
in which wooden ladles splash and entice.
Around this centre-piece was stood
mounds of small totos, tough as wood,
covered with washed-out white flour-bags
neatly sprawled over like laid-out flags
surrendered to hordes of children about
to fall on the fallen in hungry rout.

Of course, our ~~main~~ ^{REAL REAL MEAL} ~~meal~~ was spread at the haunches

self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honoured, self-secured.
MATTHEW ARNOLD on SHAKESPEARE.

of trees where ~~the~~ fam'ly-swings swung from the branches:

fried snappers, corn dumplings, circlets of yam
^{are} golden-brown in which ~~the~~ coal-heat ~~swam~~,
brown wads of
wrapped as it was in ~~the~~ paper,
proved ^a heat-holding, picnic-proof draper.

Yet, how ^{miss} ~~miss~~ the fun? ^{To} ~~of~~ march forward,
and each
out-held enamel mug, ~~the~~ ^{and} endeavoured
to beat the challenge by doubling back
and breach again the watched toto-stack?

Of marching forward

UWI Libraries

TAKE IN BOAT-PICNIC

5

Wealthier picnickers travelled by sea
coastwise fo Green Bay or crossed to Lime Cay
("cay" rhymes with "key" in the British style,
search Mother Tongue if you' d find Albion's guile!).

Wherries or large whale-boats were a part of
the harbour's normal fleet since the chart of
the streams allowed no deep-draught vessels.
Shoals from hill-run-off rains offer ~~tense~~ wrestles
to pilots who must watch their changing ways;
today's deep-water is next days, ah, cays.

Few children ever went on ~~these~~ sea-picnics.
Parents ~~would not~~ ^{don't see} regard their angst as pick-picks;
owning to worries ^{that loved} ~~near of~~ small piknies
could be to ~~the=sea~~ ^{ocean} lost; logged ~~in~~ litanies.
of explanation ^{ing} ~~why~~ ^{Son-Son} ~~could-not~~ go
to your nice outing, dear Rev So-and-so.

So, only sea-childs, like me and me brudda
missed no ~~never~~ ^{Man you'} A Wherry Day. "Leggo lines! / rudda!"

And, happy morning, wearing "sailor suits",
blue or white "jumpers", collars with flutes
like British seamen from ~~the~~ manowars,
styles ^{liked} ~~favoured=style~~ of Mamas; we're small Jack Tars,
faces turned westward, off to the pier
at King Street's foot. The wherry waits there.
Deep, ^{broad} ~~broad~~ and solid. Benches so high
your feet will dangle a good foot shy
the bottom boards. Sweeps in their locks
longer than two men. Anchors, not mocks
but made for purpose as on big ships.
Captain on sternpost, his hands on hips

~~boats~~ - picnic

watches our step aboard, how we are seated;
sea-boats are good to you, sensibly treated.

Unlike the small keel-boats used in our fishing,
~~larger~~ sea-going flats are sweet as wishing,
But
and hardly ever tip. A picnic captains
know, though, on Wherry Day, the paying heartens
some lubber to
come aboard, think, some tailor,
that backside on the thwarts makes him a sailor.

Most exciting was the railway outing;
mainly due to the somewhat doubting,
nervous contact with an element
of
outside our ken. Actually meant
just to see this foreign, strange thing
we must go deep west; a happening.
Me nor Len had up to then never
gone past King Street. Indeed, ever
life existed beyond the G.P.O.
which (we just saw beyond Nathan's portico)
was a matter we debated
for some time, until abated
when (as usual, Micky was sponsor)
we first saw the thundering monster —
peering through the iron paling
at Pechon Street as it came wailing
into the station-house; such whistling,
bells a-ringing, mustache bristling
in the stream of steam that rush
from its mouth in gush on gush.

In pop red-brick-&-wood of the post-earthquake (nineteen-o-seven) when most of the unreinforced masonry walls crashed, ~~what~~^{left} stood were precarious stone-falls. ~~One,~~^A narrow two-floor on Harbour Street, facing the Power House became the meet of the Dog-House Club, the very exclusive, invitation-only, unobstrusive, sought-after, noon-bunch rendezvous for some companions, as chosen as few. Now, near fifty years after the Big Shake, those old stones rocked in a fun kind of quake. Known simply as Genie's, it held quiet fame. To it, by some good luck, a certain lot came.

Old-fashioned batwings fronted the bar, a couple of tables, chairs at the far end of the room, then a short corridor led to The Room. Indicative, forbore, there was no door, yet, nobody intruded that hallowed Room, save the ~~inducted.~~^{included.} Upstairs, the apartment of our friend and host, Genie, and his family, properly closed to the lower floor by its outside stair which climbed from the yard. A very good pair of square window-sashes and green blinds in the wooden upper floor. The old style binds

Genie's
GENIE'S BAR

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the whole in a unit, spare, tall, ~~and~~ stylish;
 so unexpected ~~there,~~ ^{to} it, known to astonish.
 Genie's managed a curious air
 of elegance (yet, that's unfair
 to its ~~roguishness,~~ citing askance
 its patch-eye camp as elegance) [presenting its piratical face [with
 despite there ^{are} bricks ready to pop, a battered, tired grace,
 several sills sag , zinc, shingles flop,
 bar has bent lumber; shelves scarcely showed
 other but rums (but these glow like gold),
 scrubbed drinking glasses ^{glistened,} ~~like~~ crystal.
 No little signs ~~said~~ something fiscal.
 (Like: No cheques accepted! Pay as you're served!
~~so jinnal drinkers back out unnerved.~~)
 The concrete floor was spotlessly clean;
 chairs, tables hard-rubbed — who watched the lean
 shelves? Or the absence of imported Scotch?
 (ah, well)
 Or silver-top Amstel from the ~~gifted~~ Dutch?
 A quiet skittle table stood close to our noses
 and a mumured commentary that never closes.
 But no blast from juke-box! No radio squawking!
 Just clink of ice and companions talking
 on everything concerning saints and crooks
 and ~~the~~ in-betweens; ^{God,} ~~religio~~, politics, books,
 women, "the old days" (a good deal of that
 since we were aging) plans for the flat
 held at Port Royal for week-end drinking,
 swimming, boating, talking or thinking

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FRID Overcup Genie - 2

XX ~~Genie managed a curious air~~
~~of elegance (even though 'tis unfair~~
~~to a wondrous ROUGHNESS TO CITE ASKANCE~~
~~Its patch-eyed, catlike~~
~~as elegance~~
~~to self contained serenity as elegance~~
~~to its wondrous ROUGHNESS TO CITE ASKANCE~~
Genie managed a curious air
of elegance (even though 'tis unfair
To a wondrous ROUGHNESS TO CITE ASKANCE

Presenting a piteous face
with a tired battered grace.
Presenting a piteous face
with a tired battered grace.
Presenting a piteous face
with a tired battered grace.

MANUFACTURERS
INSURANCE LIFE COMPANY
BRANCH OFFICE - 34 BURE STREET
KINGSTON

A wordpoo battered,
plunging and
pumping / gt ramming
head

ASPERGILLUM = brush for
sprinkling holy water

Despite ~~the~~ ~~fact~~ ~~that~~ ~~there~~ ~~were~~ ~~many~~ ~~of~~ ~~them~~ ~~ready~~ ~~to~~ ~~pop~~
Several silks sagged, ~~but~~ ~~on~~ ~~shingles~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~bar~~
The bar had bent timbers shelves seldom showed

XX
No cheque accepted! Pay as ~~you~~ ~~go~~ ~~if~~ ~~you're~~ ~~lucky~~!
No cheque accepted! Pay as you go if you're lucky!
No cheque accepted! Pay as you go if you're lucky!

Other than brands of Rum, glowing like gold, ~~drank~~ glasses scrubbed to glisten & crystal (No little printed
signs ~~and~~ ~~something~~ ~~FISCAL~~ XX

The concrete floor was spotlessly clean,
chairs, tables, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~bar~~ polished; who watched the lean
shelves? marked the absence of ~~compartments~~
Gordon's, or Amstel for the Scotch?

Swimming, boating, ~~GENIE - 3~~
though often it was just for talking and thinking;
lovingly on women whether ~~coasting~~ ~~or~~ ~~fraying~~
of our vain ~~in~~ ~~trouble~~
Despite ~~the~~ ~~fact~~ ~~that~~ ~~we~~ ~~were~~ ~~seldom~~ ~~from~~ ~~but~~
For I must say we were all ~~at~~ ~~home~~ ~~home~~ ~~broken~~ ~~wife~~ ~~broken~~ ~~wife~~ ~~broken~~ ~~wife~~ ~~broken~~
We ~~know~~ ~~how~~ ~~to~~ ~~soothe~~ ~~ere~~
Some ~~older~~ ~~ye~~ ~~but~~ ~~all~~ ~~before~~ ~~a~~ ~~word~~ ~~was~~ ~~spoken~~.
This band of brothers
Experts in the old give-and-take malarky, ~~play~~
And in origin ~~is~~ ~~wifely~~ ~~antarchy~~
Plotted; but by discov- ~~ering~~ ~~the~~ ~~SWB~~
Designed by a tired Archbishop ~~sking~~ ~~the~~ ~~SWB~~
Entered and ~~for~~ ~~by~~ ~~the~~ ~~SWB~~
to split the difference ~~more~~ ~~over~~ ~~way~~ ~~into~~ ~~two~~ ~~was~~
Man has ~~endeavour~~ ~~to~~ ~~feature~~ ~~the~~ ~~Swab~~ ~~but~~ ~~in~~ ~~a~~

When there was a skittles table close to our nose
with a nose a nice
a ~~woman~~ ~~running~~ ~~commentary~~ ~~that~~ ~~never~~ ~~closes~~
No ~~blast~~ ~~of~~ ~~form~~ ~~sake~~ ~~box~~, no radio squawking
But ~~any~~ ~~clink~~ ~~of~~ ~~ice~~ ~~and~~ ~~gentlemen~~ ~~companion~~ ~~talking~~
Of ~~our~~ ~~subject~~ ~~concerning~~ ~~saints~~ ~~and~~ ~~crooks~~
and ~~the~~ ~~in~~ ~~between~~ ~~religion~~ ~~books~~ ~~sport~~ ~~politics~~ ~~and~~ ~~other~~
women, the old days (good deal of ~~that~~;
subtly, we were aging) sport plans for the flat
Plans for Port Royal [We had at Port Royal for week-end drinking, ~~to~~

"It's better to have an occasional black ~~occur~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~scene~~ ~~than~~ ~~find~~ ~~a~~ ~~stack~~ ~~of~~ ~~brothers~~
and sisters actively in ~~for~~ ~~then~~ ~~one~~ ~~bad~~ ~~apple~~ ~~becomes~~ ~~a~~ ~~bin~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~whites~~
on ~~their~~ ~~best~~ ~~behaviour~~

GENIE

club place So Genie's was our place of ease A small square room into which would squeeze a dozen ALL TOLD WRAGGERS on days

But usually say seven on early weekdays. [An unspoken camaraderie that bonded us [More than our differences that could estrange us.] We had no order of precedence

Same what came out in an accedence The government was senior ordered by age. He was FIRST OF COEQUALS COEVALS of by age. first among equals, but as fellows and things was the sum of our DOUGH COEVALS SPEAKS WIELDS COEVALS WIELDS And that was the sum. Both made us COEVALS.

But, funny, by unspoken rule in reference He'd be called "uncle"; a nice reference.

our first club chairman was Lyn

fun-loving, tall, burly, affable, though he tough

He faded away. Reputed to be Uncle Lyn was quite for the room.

Who could be quiet; wise eyes, searching for source

And having found it, rumbled his front beneath in gravelly accents, he laugh underneath.

Next door to Genie's; exquisite headstones He died almost accidentally our first casualty

More than our differences that would separate us. For truth was when we summed all our years

Came to half-a-thousand. We are changed years.

Half a thousand years

JOHNYY took over at Uncle Lyn's passing He nodded towards him. Never an asking.

A.B. Johnston, then a merchant-executive, the very last man to seek an elective

Post anywhere. But he had no choice. Dog-Housers nailed him with single voice.

Unlike Uncle Lyn, he was lean. Very witty. Also smart as a whip. He was then sixty

or thereabouts. He assumed "Uncle" status and after a slow start, a learning hiatus

LED beautifully more to decide

innovations that gently stayed

A... Limiting

of... if we

So we took to the victs

A tendency to limit our luck of friendship; stagnation if we stude

our camaraderie to the seat of a chair at Genie's, let's get fresh air!

Thought to the victs it was that the dog house club

Post Royal... some that... take box... lime lay... boating.

EACH CHAPTER-HEAD STANZA HAS HEADING CONSISTING OF FIRST LINE

DONE IN BOLD-FACE U&L. (FLUSH TO THE RIGHT OF THE PAGE.)

Hey nonny nonny! A like wen ole Will
Hey nonny nonny! A like wen ole Will
Shoot aff in song. Is good tiatah. Still,
Try it tiday in a serious wohk like dis
De critics'd fine various ways fi mek yu piss.

Dub Poet.

Beethov'n! Beethov'n! Doan yu know is verbot'n

Beethov'n! Beethov'n! Doan yu know is verbot'n
Fi ang in so lang wid dat tundering sang
At de en o' de Fif? Like seh yu cyan shif
Outa drive. Wy yu fire it so ard fi tek five?

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Wat a fine day fi a lynchin

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Sunlit Sout --- an Jim Bob winchin
Up de roap on de magnolia tree
Savin a niggah. Settin im free.

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Saw yu in a cornah of me life

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Saw yu blue-eye grinnin wen yu knot de ropes.

Dub Poet.

d

Jesas Chris was a well-dress gent

Jesas Chris was a well-dress gent.
At Calvary Is robe wasn rent
As was usual at such swats.
Wantin it ole, dem cas 00 lats.

Dub Poet.

De rich live langa as a rule

De rich live langa as a rule
Dem ave de cash fi seh, "Gway, yu fool!"
At It fi awile. But wat a bawlin
Wen, as It mus, It comes a-callin.

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 But Easta is always late, becausin
 Poor-people too weak fi run to de Risin.

Dub Poet.

"Mek a buck? Mek a buck? Wy should yu care?"

"Mek a buck? Mek a buck? Wy should yu care?
 If ~~A@@@~~ wen I mek a buck it strip yu bare?
 Come to me kitchin doar! Ol out yu an!
 Yu know yu Unkul Sam will understan."

Dub Poet.

"Concretize!" Concretize? Jesus, wa nex?

Fiwee is de tongue de Rockers use

Fiwee, ~~is~~ de tongue de Rockers use
 Strangers and enemies fi confuse;
 De outa evidence of a inna @@@@ roongoos
 Weh cyan mek a bakkraman tinkseh mza @@@@ doondoos.
 Dub Poet

Fragments ~~fram~~ de wile win blown

Fragments fram de wile win blown
 Trough Ole Africa, knackin down
 Aeons of we artifacts ---
 Dem Portagee an Sassenachs!
 Dub Poet

Children of de Great Dispersal

Victims Children of de Great Dispersal!
~~Offspring of de~~ Snatch Universal!
 Loose-walk folk of de ard-look towns!
 Ail, survivors, blacks an browns!
 Dub Poet

Flung shards of a continent's crumblin

steal Flung shards of a continent's crumblin,
 Now new-honed from a race's slumberin,
 Wedda jivin de boss' @@@@@@ daughta
 Or wid @ im brain-scan, wat a @@@@@@ laughta!
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Abandan ship! Abandan ship!

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 Jump quick, bwoy! It look like de Yankee dallah!
an lets mek it
 Dub Poet

Engineered povahy is a ~~xxx~~ necessity

Engineered povahy is a ~~X~~ necessity
 Fi carry awn dis Firs Worl complexity
 Of layans of people laid one on anadda ---
 An widdout we at ~~X~~ de battam, oo'd ol up de adda?
 Dub Poet

Big Mas'r, wa mek yu mek us like dat?

Cam Big Mas'r, wa mek yu mek us like dat?
 Yu figget seh we no know seh dat tings like de cat
 Look ~~to~~ pan King, because ya is wa ya is fa?
 Mek fi all yu ~~X~~ mekkin an no ongle fi Empara?
 Dub Poet

@@ Merican people foo-fool/like all ~~we~~ o' we
 jus
 @@ Merican people foo-fool/like all ~~we~~ o' we
 jus
 An de English, @@ de French, an dem@@@@@ fram Malawi,
 An Germany, China, Japan, India too,
 An Russia, Ghana, Chad an Katmandu,
 An everybady else. For if we no all shit-feeders
 Ow come we tek clowns fi we political leaders?
 Dub Poet

All o' we become de tings we eat@

All o' we become de tings we eat;
 Like pig an sheep an bull an alligeta tit.
 An vegetarians end up lookin like leek@.
 An wat about de blubba de Eskimo seek@?
 All o' we become de tings we --- eek! @@@@@@@@
 Dub Poet

Concretize! Concretize! Jexas! Wa nex?

Concretize! Concretize! Jexas! Wa nex?
 Prioritize! Prioritize! Soun like funny sex.
 Computerize! Computerize? Wa de ell dat?
 Internalize! Internalize! Soun like someting we gat!
 Dub Poet

De Sunday-mawnin Sinless Wandans

De Sunday-mawnin Sinless Wandans
 In dem@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@ big cars, fond as
 Parrots of dem plumage. Known as
 God's Lamb, ~~today~~ He would ride on Hondas.
 Dub Poet

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 Dub Poet

OPEN POEM TO A SUNDAY BROKER
DIALOGUE WITH A SUNDAY BROKER
SUNDAY MORNING PORTFOLIO

FOR
Naked
Buck

Sunday Broker of the Big Board

Broker:

"Jesus shall come in a three-piece suit,
Gucci tie and zipped-up boot;
Clean-shaved face and ~~many-toothed~~ smile
And not a long-haired ~~sinners~~ within a mile.

~~Customs~~ ~~toothpaste~~ ~~liberal~~ ~~subversives~~ FILE

Pot Two
Stanzas at
top of
each

"Jesus shall speak," the ~~Sunday-mouths~~ boom,
Front-and-centre our TV zoom
On a Lord's Day in our Yankee-styled church.
So, ~~come~~ with your tithe, or be left in the lurch.

at

Sabbath-BROKERS

cannot top caught

"He will agree," ~~pass~~ the ~~smug-sure~~ mouth preachers,
"That only we have the right to be teachers;
Especially endowed with knowledge to untangle
At one stroke, the 2000-year old Christian ~~old~~ wrangle!"

Shout big ~~mouth~~

Chapters
in
Naked
Buck

"Catholics, and the ~~the~~ Established off-shoots
Closet ~~we~~ with Anti-Christ, being clearly cahoots
With demonic forces (We have seen tail and horn!)
WALKING THE EARTH. (Mister, science we scorn!)

We
[which

"Jesus will come with scale and chopper
Shaping and weighing your sins small and whopper
Eggs in category small will ~~place~~ Nazis;
For 'longside ~~the~~ Reds they are no more than patsies.

weighing and

"Six million Jews killed? The bible (our translation)
Tells us that Jews, in their falls to temptation,
Were often awarded a holocaust.
Jehovah chastising His Chosen Faust.

"And so it is clear that your Commie's the culprit,
And so we expose them from pulpit to pulpit.
And all who declare so-called 'facts' otherwise,
We refute without hearing. Unchurch. Ostracise.

And

Alabama's

"He'll forgive the ~~lynchers~~ and bombers of Birmingham
For bombing those children in church. And of Vietnam,
He will say, 'Sit tight, baby, under my steeple.
After all, they ~~were~~ only foreign, heathen yellow people!"

"JESUS COMES ONLY TO CAPITALIST STATES!"
Say the Sabbath ~~brokers~~ whose ~~PEARLY~~ GATES
PORTFOLIOS ARE ~~SEAS~~ TO SOCIALIST
AND EVEN ~~OLD~~ PREFERREDS ON THE
NO SHEA LINE.

"For Socialists are ~~everyone~~ Satan's oligarchs!
To whom Godless Russia gave St Marx!
To be patron saint! You say there's a difference?
Like hell! You Socialists have never made sense!"

EE
BACK

"Hey, Preacher, they aint Marxists! ~~To~~ properly do what they did
They would need to ~~move~~ ~~surpluses~~ of which to be rid
To ~~get~~ ~~cash~~ ~~to~~ ~~feed~~ the poor brothers; ~~To~~ get funds for food for the poor hungry brothers
Or else all would starve, and not just the others.

15264

Entry
P. 11/12/1884

if you peek

seeks
peaks
speaks
seeks
teaks
weaks weaks

Publican

mean to say you don't know

"Hey, Preacher, I thought you knew

that Karl wasn't Russian, ^{but} of German. ^{Also} ~~that~~ ^{address}

~~that Karl was the most of in Russia situated in the Capitalist state~~
He received in capital ^{with} ~~but~~ ^{FACTS} ~~was known to~~ ^{did} ~~with~~ ^{logic} ~~evidence~~
~~that~~ ^{he} ~~agreed~~ ^{with} ~~meant~~ ^{only} ~~concerned~~ ^{to} ~~contribute~~ ^{facts} ~~contribute~~ ^{distributed}

his ~~other~~ ^{belief} that ~~the~~ ^{system} ~~capitalism~~ ^{simply} ~~to~~ ^{distributed}.
And agreed, ~~his~~ ^{point} ~~was~~ ^{failed} ~~the~~ ^{distributed}.

"Hey, Preacher, mean to say you don't know

When Marx and Engels took to their feet
"Ideas and politics ^{met} ~~met~~ on the street
all over Europe

neither Russia nor NAM was
"So, Preacher, ^{PREACHING} ~~purse-pinch~~ Russia was never Marxist, ^{WINS P}
Vide the above rule on which Karl was a ^{WINS P} ~~specifist~~.
AS Reminds that in the Bible ^{WINS P} the Apostolic communes
Sold off their surpluses to obtain doubloons. ^{shekels} ^{decals}"

~~Brother~~ BROKER: "Hold on! ^{COMMUNISM'S} You say ~~Socialism~~ comes from the Book?
At 4:35 Acts? Let's take a look!
We - e - ll, in a way, yes. But I know if one ^{SOUGHT} searched
ONE'D ~~you will~~ find that ~~us~~ Capitalists have also been ~~xx~~ churched.
And anyway, don't forget
"Okay - But of course, those were different days. [Socialists are no longer
None of the Party ^{you} are now pure in their ways. ^{dialectic}
By ~~gobbledegook~~ and didactic reasons
YOU TURN Night ~~turns~~ to day; ~~we're not sure~~ of the seasons."
and mixed-up

A sudden silence in the Amen corner.
A sudden loss to the voice of the Warner.
But not for long. With long-suffering bearing
In again ^{DRAGS} ~~is~~ dragged a good ol' red herring,
Which lumps
Lumping the Socialists with "God-less Commie,"
A linkage accepted as fish-and-bammie
By the ~~wantonly~~ ARROGANT, SELF-CLAIMED vicars of God.
(Please inscribe on their tin shields: "IchABOD! Ichabod!")

^{DRAGS} ~~the~~ Sunday broker, ^{CROWS THE} "So," says he, "the ~~scriptures~~ on you, mixed-up sinner.
It's ~~per se~~ scripturally clear that to be a winner
In the Marxist stakes you must own a contribution;
Since a surplus ^{economy} ~~contribution~~ precedes the distribution.

"I know you ~~have~~ ^{have} said ^{this} that was first on the sheepskin
Put out by the ~~Heinie~~, long ere the Kremlin;
And long ere ~~you~~ ^{your} arch-priest of you all, Comrade Lenin,
OR And his mutinous quondam ^{pal in PEKIN} ~~pal in PEKIN~~."

Publican: "But listen, there's a ^{our pal} surplus on ~~the~~ land! Don't you know
that we have ^{more} ~~people~~ and ~~usage~~ ~~than~~ from the word go
Then it takes to do what ^{we're} ~~we're~~ ^{we are} ~~now~~ doing!
What we need, ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~are~~ ^{is} a ^{Sunday Broker,} ~~honest~~ viewing!"

"Honest viewing? What is honest? What is truth?
Jews know I would meet you, so he ~~fall~~ ^{me} ~~me~~ ^{me} RUTH
TO IGNORE ~~what~~ ^{what} you ask since it's clear you are ignorant ^{THAT US SAINTS ARE THE ONES IN THE SECRET, CONFIDANT.}
THAT US SAINTS ARE THE ONES IN THE SECRET, CONFIDANT.
Lucky lucky ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~book~~ ^{book} ~~Chitel's~~ ^{Chitel's} ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~transfected~~ ^{transfected}
into ~~seeing~~ ^{seeing} ~~fair~~ ^{fair} ~~light~~ ^{light} ~~blended~~ ^{blended}
(people were lucky)

most
important
confidant

TAKE IN
STANZA AT
BACK

Mrs. ~~Sumpter~~
JUTA
called her on
Wednesday Feb
15th

JUNIOR
18" X 18"
Sat 3rd Mar
2:30
America
Airline
flight 645
JUTA

Buffalo soldier

But no saints are the only
in the ~~secret~~ ^{secret} ~~confidant~~ ^{confidant}
only one ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~secret~~ ^{secret}
confidant.

Aug 15

Introit: Oh Sons and Daughters

Note: Ask re introit, office hymns, gradual. c

When sung

~~For introit~~ that Easter hymn of homely ring
"Oh Sons and Daughters let us sing!"

making
padding

was sung for the introit while we settled
in ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~settling~~ ^{marking} ~~stones~~ ^{stones} that shut and
some ~~hitting~~ ^{hitting} a few - SEN-SEN and mints

IN
IN
loosening stones
and shovels
hitled up
classworks for scaling

For Introit, ~~the~~ ^{gayer hymn} ~~of~~ ^{of} homely ring,
"Oh Sons and Daughters let us sing;"

Aug 15

was sung ^{as} we settled inside the stall
loosening stones, ~~stones~~ ^{hitching} ~~at the rail~~

of the hot classworks to our knees for cooling
One eye on Poor Solomon ^{as we broke his ruling}

Swapping SEN-SEN and mint-sticks
for Throat - ~~clearing~~ ^{clearing}

Marking hymn-places ^{responses, scripture, bearing}

In mind that Mass ^{the} requires ^{the condition} ~~precision~~
of being ready. Must give it all ^{attention} ~~attention~~.

Do a few lines on
"moving the window"
stems back its time to
fall for ~~attention~~ ^{attention} text

