

The Ballad of
Logan's Woe

1

Make the story as The
Island story; the American
On the hill should not ever
appear!

It would not have been so bad had the ~~tractor~~ ^{Developer} not tied up his ~~boat~~
boat, the Griot, at the head of the jetty, smack dab in the face of
the ~~Co-operative~~ ^{Woe}. But there it sat, riding gently on the cove, in
full view, The author of sorrow, a source of pain, an object of
umbrage to ~~the Co-operative of~~ ^{MORGAN'S} ~~the~~ ^{Logan's} ~~Woe~~. It was not much of
a boat, the Griot, a 12-footer, decked-over up front, with a small
midship locker for bait. Yet it was salt in the wounds of ~~Marshall's~~
Woe. For the ~~Yankee~~ ^{Developer} boat not only glistened under a paint job ~~that~~
assault^{ed} the sunset on a coast noted far and wide for its fantasies
at last light; ~~on~~ ^{NO. ON} top of ~~this~~ ^{all}, the Griot had an engine. [It was a simple engine,
a single-screw outboard, a simple apparatus; but ~~feeling~~ ^{swung} ~~swung~~
swung up out of the water in the park position, it seemed to cock its
snout at the ~~Woe~~ ^{Logan's} ~~Woe~~ ^{fleet}. The scarred, battered,
gallant fishing fleet of ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~Woe~~ ^{Woe} Co-operative. The

~~the~~ ^{the} hook-&-line boats that seine-hauled the Shoal,
pulled pots off the reef, or crawled the mangroves for lobster,
depending on the season.
The ~~fleet~~ ^{MORGAN'S WOE} had no engines. ~~It~~ ^{The fleet} rode to the Shoal on the long and
heavy foxwood oars, requiring a power of shoulders to ~~pull~~ ^{PULL} the lum-
bering cottonwood flotilla when the wind fell. (But they were beau-
tiful in the Northeast Trades ^u ~~under~~ ^{SAILING FAST} jib-&-main, sailing home,
close / to the gunwales ^{Full of} ~~under~~ kingfish and bonito, snapper and snook,
hauling high, hauling low, slapping and keeling, the rowlocks idle,
and a Co-operative man laying easy as Sunday in his ^{SUGAR SACK} sea-sack.)

*** SPACE - -

And it would not have been so bad if the ~~Yankee~~ ^{Developer's} tractor had not
been sitting up there, on Logan's Rock, ~~sometimes called~~ ^{High} ~~High~~ ^{Rock}.
~~Sitting there~~ ^{SAT THERE} Sat there ready ~~at~~ ^{PUSH OF A THROTTLE} the ~~click~~ ^{click} of a stick to take the bread
from a workingman's mouth. ~~to~~ ^{to} shame a man's arm. ~~For~~ ^{For} a tractor is a
man-made mammoth, a mechanical beast, a paean to the race's ingenuity. ~~And~~
~~Carried~~ ^{man} away by his go doings, ~~it~~ ^{it} with idiot braggadocio, ~~calls~~
it an Earth-Mover. ~~However~~, as Cap'n Amos would concede, it is an
ultimate achievement for its purpose. No contraption ~~conceived~~ ^{CONCEIVED} by man ~~does~~
~~its~~ ^{NEVER HIS IDEAS} ~~job~~ ^{INTO FACT WITH MORE} ~~better~~ ^{STYLE} than this fearsome-looking mastodon, iron forehead bowed
to tree ~~and~~ ^{OR} boulder, monstrous feet clawing, metal shoulders heaving,
small eyes ~~of~~ ^{of} squinting brightly through dust and gloom, engines of
such immense power it must ~~ZZZZZZZZ~~ yammer and shriek, clanking for-
ward

tar. The hamlet has the Co-operative fish depot, a postal agency, two chapels, a ~~KENNEDY~~ one-room school, a whitewashed police post with the national flag ~~and~~ stiff in the trades, Gordy's Yard, and The Chinaman's. These are the public buildings. The houses are small, two and three-roomed wooden dwellings, jalousie windows, rusting tin roofs (a few shingled) and bleached as the boats. Nothing to look at, to cry havoc ^{OVER.} ~~about~~. So, why, among the folk who know, is Logan's Woe famous up and down the coast? Notorious, even.

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Logan's

Marshall's Woe is famous for its people.

- SPACE -

First, there is the big nosed Cap'n Amos John Vogel. He CAPTAIN the ~~WAZEN~~ Co-operative fleet, a riotous, salty tongued old hellion. Then there is ~~Joshua~~ Joshua Hookie, the police ~~zap~~ corporal, a venally upright lawman inside of whom clamours a crook. And Joe Chin, known far and wide as The Chinaman, although he has only a fourth of the blood; a man from whom God keep you. This is the troika that runs Marshall's Woe.

And then there are the others. Men famed for their mirth, and courage, and deceit. Men such as Ti Brooks, who is Cap'n Amos (crew-man. And Jeremy Cockson, a long-tongued scull-oar, only once defeated, the time his wife ~~wrote~~ ^{ROCKED} ~~on~~ on his boat. And One-Two, the Rasta-man who wears his hair long and his patience short for the Babylonians, the non-believers in the Coming Kingdom of the ~~beazizaz~~ beautiful black Jah. And Porter Vogel, the Cap'n's son;

and Tina Rhooms, Porter's girl, a closed-knees mento dancer to sweat ~~men~~ ^{a Saint.} And many ~~more~~ ^{others} of a host of characters whom it ~~will~~ ^{will} be your grief to meet. And ~~was~~ in the web of ~~Logan's~~ ^{LOGAN'S} Woe was also ~~the Developer~~ ^{the Developer} ~~the American~~ who was building a hotel on Logan's Rock, sometimes called High Rock; ~~who~~ ^{GRIOT} ~~had~~ ^{and} his tractor. ~~Woe~~ ^{LOGAN'S} Woe did not trust him; ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~Schuyler~~ ^{was a Developer}. The record of Developers on the Coast was a not a vocation open to trust. Many a fishing village had been uprooted and shoved to the ~~low~~ ^{BAD ROCKS} sections ~~because~~ ^{BEACHES OF POWDERY GOLD} attracted ~~Developers~~ ^{Developers}.

The Chinaman owns ~~the~~ ^{LOGAN'S} Woe bar-&-grocery. The roof ~~is~~ ^{of the bar-&-grocery is} ~~thatched~~ ^{thatched} and the walls ~~are~~ ^{of} ~~split~~ ^{split} bamboo. A hurricane puffed an earlier shop flat. ~~That~~ ^{That} ~~was~~ ^{was} also ~~of~~ ^{HAD BEEN} of thatch and ~~split~~ ^{split} bamboo. Joe Chin built the new one no stronger. He was not fighting the wind.

SPACE

The Woe is a relict of plantation times. The plantation had been owned by a hard drinking Scotsman named James M ~~Marshall~~ ^{LOGAN} who broke his neck in a fall from High Rock. The beach land became ~~Marshall's~~ ^{LOGAN'S} Woe. The village was never laid out. The houses rose ~~on~~ ^{black} according to the contours of the ~~land~~ ^{land} and you knew where a principal structure, ^{SUCH} as The Chinaman's, ought to be, on the upslope of a sand ridge, and Gordy's Yard, ^{ought to be} set decently aside in an ~~area~~ ^{alley} off Great ~~Street~~ ^{William} Street. ^{CRIMED FOR KING} ^{William who had been KING at the Emancipation}. The lanes between the houses had a surface of packed sand and crushed sea shells causing the girls to walk with a yielding gait that did ~~deeds~~ ^{deeds} delicious deeds. A great belt

Cap'n Amos said
AND FINE FRUITS, the abeng-blower, whose for-years had been main-ain crooks before the emancipation, sitting the English with gun and quile in that long guerrilla war.

of trees, ackees, tamarinds, mangoes, coconuts, provided a ~~green~~
green backdrop ^{and for the} ~~of~~ the ^{of the} ~~Marshall's~~ Woe, ~~and~~ Beyond ^{the green fringe} ~~the~~ ^{rose}
the mountains ~~zazzz~~ of the Dolphin's Head, ~~rose~~ ~~zazzzzzz~~ ~~the~~, rising
swiftly into the Cockpits, the limestone ~~zazzzz~~ serrature ~~and~~
five thousand feet high. Logan's ~~Rock~~ Rock, the sheer promontory
on which ^{the hotel is being built,} ~~the~~ ~~tower~~ tower ^{is} up out of the
water of ~~the~~ ~~Marshall's~~ Woe cove ^{the} ~~like~~ like a strangely liturgical
homage to the sea; shining in the morning, ^{SOMBRE} ~~in~~ in the evening
when the sea ^{is} ~~is~~ in shadow ~~at~~ at its base.

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CHAPTER TWO

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"THE MORNING SPORT," the sweating cynics call it, spitting ~~it~~ IN THEIR SORE HANDS.

~~ON~~ ~~In-the-afternoon,-Cap'n-Amos-went-to-The-Chinaman's--~~
~~in~~ the Shoal, and a payday ~~was~~ ^{SINGS} ~~in~~ a Co-operative ear. But mostly they shoved off in the early dawn, hauling north on the great-bladed oars, ~~rowlocks-creaking-and~~ ^{And} ~~the~~ the keel is quiet, for the boats ~~go~~ ^{go slowly} under the oar. And the ~~(-)~~ creak of the rowlocks go over the sea, boat to boat, the men pulling silently, saving their strength and talk, wary in their heads, ^{FOR} deep in ~~the~~ their heads ^{They} ~~dived~~ and feed ~~and~~ and think ~~with~~ with the fish, talking the fish to the hook, or the ~~hook~~ ^{INTO} bamboo trap, OR ~~to~~ to be killed by the great seine. And sometimes they ~~think~~ ^{THINK} of their ladies and the ~~children~~ ^{KIDS,} the steadier ones, but ~~thought~~ ^{FREQUENTLY OF} Gordy's and the Yankee tractor, and ^{OF} The Chinaman's. ^{Going to sea, they think of these things and go silently.}

Today the boats ~~were~~ ^{would be} going out in the evening and Cap'n ~~was~~ ^{was} Vogel went to The Chinaman's for a talk and a tot before leading ~~the~~ the fleet out.

"When are you going to talk to ~~me~~ Joe Chin asked Cap'n Amos Vogel.

Amos looked up at the bamboo rafters. "Tomorrow, maybe. Maybe tomorrow I talk to him. You know that Saturdays are my day for business. You know that, Chinaman."

Joe Chin played lightly on the table with his beautiful fingers. They had a table that was inviolate, ^{BOUGHS} ^{FRAMED} ^{UNDERSCORED BY} the low divider of coconut, ~~between~~ ^{LOGANS} between it and the rest of the saloon-grocery; and ^{also} because ~~Woe~~ ^{TRIKA, AMOS and The Chinaman} Woe knew ~~it~~ ^{that the corner} belonged to them. ~~They~~ drank a rum that looked like water until you saw the beads. The beads swam up and down, ^{innocuous} tiny air bubbles, ~~and~~ ^{was} a lethal liquor. During the war, ^{during the gasoline shortage, it} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~one~~ ^{was} ~~uncomfortably~~ ^{was} close to it, helped to run engines for the Forces, ^{in the gasoline shortage, SIXTHS} yet it wears exceedingly well on tough ~~men~~ ^{FOR THE OTHERS DIE YOUNG.}

"Is the tractor still sitting there?" Joe Chin asked.
"It is still sitting there."
And they ^{LOOKED OFF INTO THE MIDDLE DISTANCE AND} saw it easily in the ~~man's~~ ^{on its HAUNCHES} ~~man's~~ ^{Developers} eye. The great yellow beast sitting ~~in~~ ^{LOGANS} in the ~~front~~ ^{Woe} front yard. A monument to ~~technology~~ ^{technology} and a defeat of the ~~Woe~~ ^{Woe} people who would carry their useless hands like ~~baggage~~ ^{baggage} luggage while the beast snorted and dug and built roads faster than a ~~hundred~~ ^{hundred} humans.
"I've lately been reading about a piece of law. It is called the ^{law of Possession} ~~primary~~ ^{and Tenure,} and Tenure," Joe Chin said. "I read about it in one

TO THE UNLIGHTED EYE, BUT

The Chinaman liked to boast about his books. He was the scholar of Logan's War. Amos' one eye glared.

of my many books."

Cap'n Amos ^{vogel} half closed one eye and drew a wet sign on the table. ^

"Has Porter been in?" he asked The Chinaman.

Joe Chin ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ did not relent. No slap of red herring would turn him. ["Possession and Tenure. We have occupied this beach since my granddaddy was a boy. We could invoke that piece of law and stop ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ from putting his tractor on this land to build the beach road, or encroach on us with his ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ development ~~XXXXXX~~."] ^{The American Developer}

Cap'n Amos pursed his mouth and looked through the door into Great George Street, dozing in the ^{LAST PART OF THE} sun. It also dozed in the morning sun. It was good fortune that it did not stay awake around the clock. It was very explosive when it awoke.

"I must speak to Porter about Louis Rhooms. He's too close to Louis."

"Possession and Tenure," The Chinaman ~~was~~ ^{insisted} and thought of himself.

Cap'n Amos tugged at the peak of his clean shore cap. He captained a fleet of more than twenty boats. The proud, battered, embattled ^{LOGAN'S} Woe fleet. ^{The boat captains} followed him unquestioningly ^{for} inside his head was a chart of every ^{feeding} hole in ^{HIS} portion of the Caribbean, ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ and the habits and customs of every fish in those holes. He ~~XXXXXX~~ had the edge of every smart-assed fish that thought they had the trolls, ~~XXXXXX~~ nets and sea-pots licked by shaking their tails downwind of a windy ~~XXXXXX~~ night. Did he have to sit here listening to a Chinese crook?

He rubbed his hand on the head of his walking stick. The stick was of mahoe wood, ~~capable of breaking~~ a bone breaker.

"I'm taking the fleet straight down to the Shoal tonight," he said, a league ~~wa~~ away from The Chinaman.

Joe Chin let it drift. He knew that Amos had heard him out but was too proud to pull killick.

"It has been a pookr week for the men," agreed ~~Joe~~ The Chinaman. ^{"Howdy"} ~~But~~ the weather's turned better. A light chop offshore, the boy on the radio said."

Cap'n Amos' strong chin bobbed up on a small flood of thought.

"That ~~XXXXXX~~ hotel. It ^{is} two floors tall. If a pole was set on the roof, and a light on top of the pole, it could help guide the Co-operative home from the Shoal on a ^{CLOUDY} night." ^{Developer} POUNCED THE CHINAMAN.

"And what will the Co-operative offer the ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ in return?"

The skin of Cap'n Amos' face was the colour of nutwood, black nutwood the weather, ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~. There was an arrogant turn to the large fleshy nose. He spoke softly.

"But ^{on second} thoughts, nobody knows the sea like me. I ~~do~~ not need the ^{Developer} ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ at all."

ROUGHENED BY

Joe Chin twisted his lips. He looked a pitiless black Oriental. And now I take him by the land, to his calvary, The Chinaman said, ~~and~~

"But on very dark nights it is a great fatigue bringing home the fleet," he ~~s~~ said, pouring unendingly from the unmarked bottle. "A great fatigue on a Captain."

"A noble fatigue for a Captain," Amos Vogel said, a proud lift to his head.

And now I leed him to to the foot of it, The Chinaman said, amused as anything.

"So it needs a noble man~~ff~~."

Amos regarded him coldly. "A noble man like me."

"A man of wit," The Chinaman murmured, laying Amos so softly on the cross he hardly felt the wood at his back.

"Well?" ~~za~~ snapped Amos, his black eyes un~~w~~inking, waiting ~~to~~ to be told he was a man of wit.

Joe Chin marched in with the nails. "If you spoke to ~~Hookie~~ ^{Toshna,} spoke to me, took our counsel, you'd ~~be~~ be a man of wit."

Cap'n Amos hammered his gnarled rope-burned hand on the table.

"You're a disrespectful man," he snarled. "I command in matters of the fleet. I do not tell you how to run your shop, nor Hookie how to run his police post."

"But what ~~either~~ ^{Wae.} does, affects the ~~Yankee~~. You must play the Yankee as you'd play a big one. Dont break the line. ~~One~~ One of us is not much, but we three together, we three are the law, dammit, Amos. ~~Hookie's~~ ^{Developer} ~~Hookie's~~ ^{Toshna will be} back. ~~He came in from town earlier.~~ ^{Hold up and let's talk.} ~~He~~ ^{Toshna}

A tail was up in Amos but it lashed gentler now. ~~hookie~~ ^{hookie} would have the latest labrish. That dam' policeman had his ears at more keyholes than a revenue man.

ancestors came to our island
"And to think your/ ~~rock~~ wearing board-slippers and oil-cloth pantaloons, ^{HE SAID AT JOE CHIN.} "Jamaica has served you well."

AND OUT "And to think yours came in feathers and loin-cloth. Our friend, the Corporal of police, says I should tell the foolish old fisherman ^{Developer} ~~that~~ that the ~~fisherman~~ ^{fisherman} definitely wants ~~a~~ a portion of our beach. ^{that he has}

Amos rumbled softly. Joe Chin saw the explosion coming. He poured swiftly. To drown it. ["Schole," he said.

"Aye," Amos said, ^{dabbing} downing it and ~~wiping~~ ^{wiping} his eye. It had been ~~heavy~~ ^{beefy}. "Maybe we should ~~thank~~ ^{thank} him for not wanting all the beach."

Amos shook his head. "Like sending your small son for a cane with which you'll whip his behind. He takes our land, then he puts in his tractor to deprive the boys of a little extra something working on the road he's putting through our land. Chinaman, we've got to go to work."

"Yes," The Chinaman said warily. His friend Amos was often impetuous. His sixty-odd years had merely tempered his ^{enthusiasm for combat,} ~~violezzzzz~~ modified it from a physical to a spiritual ^{antagonists.} ~~violence~~ ferocity against his opponents. "We should invoke the law of Possession and Tenure."

"We should take a crew with harpoons and rip the ~~developers~~ ^{developers} from our beaches. It would be a service to the nation."

"I hear he is an American Developer." "No matter."

"Then the United States would invoke the gunboat law," said The Chinaman, the ^{diamond} eyes in the bland black face hanging still on Amos.

"You are a rumshop lawyer."

"Wherever the American dollar goes, the battleships follow. They have fought great battles for the dollar. It is a sacred symbol to them. I believe they worship it in some secret place. It goes by many names: Greenback, ~~Greenback~~ Berry, Bone, Smacker. But its true name, in America, is God."

~~you~~ "You are a liar."

"It says so on the dollar-bill. In God We Trust."

"You must sometimes shake heaven, Chinaman," Old Amos said fondly, leading the way to the door.

"I am a Celestial, haven't you heard?"

"You are a whoreson. A heathen son of a bitch."

"Perhaps we ought to talk with the Cubans. Asked them how they fixed the ^{Americans.} ~~problem~~ *"You do not know he is ~~an~~ an American Developer." "Ask them how they ~~made~~ made the Yankee go home."*

"They brought in Russian battleships."

"So, there," Joe Chin said in triumph. "All great nations do it. The Russian battleships follow the Russian dollar they gave to my friend Fidel."

"I am a Preacher, heathen Chinaman. I cannot deal with Communists."

Joe Chin shuffled at his side like a mandarin he had once seen in a film brought to ^{Logans} ~~Woe~~ Woe by the Rural Film Unit. ^{Joe Chin} had not known, before, how a Chinaman should shuffle.

"The Americans chopped up our neighbours, the Dominican Republic. They chop-chop ~~Chile~~ Chile, God rest Allende. ~~They~~ They chop-chop ~~Haiti~~ Haiti, another of our neighbours. They chop-chop ~~Cuba~~ Cuba, our nearest neighbour. ~~All~~ All four of our neighbours were good God-centred Catholic countries."

Is the Yankee any better than the Sovietsky?

"Find out how they feel about us Baptists," Amos said.

The Chinaman showed his teeth. He liked the little sauce they ^{shook out} ~~sprinkled~~ on each other. The world did not know how he and ^{Hookie} ~~Amos~~ Amos shook out the sauce. The old ^{SCUT} ~~ship~~, Amos and that piece of ^{COD} ~~meat~~, Hookie. The Chinaman felt the old companion ^{SHIP MOVING} ~~warmly~~ warmly inside.

They went to the door together and looked out over the batwings ^{William} ~~to~~ Great Street. The sun had slanted past the tops of the coconut trees. ^{IT SHONE ON THEIR FACES THEN ROLLED QUICKLY BEHIND A CLOUD.} Amos was a foot taller than ~~Joe~~ Joe Chin, angular but wider at the shoulders. The glitter off the sea came through the coconut

trees. Amos glared through the trees at the sea and ^{at} the long golden fringe of beach. And thought on his foolishness and the foolishness of Logan's Woe, ~~Woe~~.

We have used these beaches for generations and yet never salted them down for ourselves. Never knew we had a fortune in our hands. We were the world's best fishermen. The sea was full of fish. We would be rich forever. ~~We~~ ^{We} could have bought all the beaches then, from Port Antonio to Negril. ~~All~~ ^{All} of Montego Bay and Ocho Rios and San San. And after the war, when the foreigners began discovering these beaches and putting up their hotels, we would have been wealthy for we would have sold the unused portions of our beach to the Developers. Instead, we sailed like farmers. We flubbed our keels.

1-1-A-1-G

And then the fish went away. ~~We~~ had fished out the shelf and without engines for our boats, we could not follow the fish into the ocean. So we fought each other for the ~~fewxxx~~ handful of drop-holes, boat against boat, ~~villagexxxx~~ sailed wild, sailed ^{foolish,} ~~zzzzzz~~ looking over our ~~shoulders~~ shoulders, struggling in despair at the short hauls. And when we had become the scandal of the coast, ~~the~~ the government made ~~each~~ ^{the} village ^{INTO} a co-operative, so ~~we~~ we shared the costs of boats and ~~net~~ nets and pots and tackle and that sent down the cost of our overheads ^{and assisted our courage.} But we still need engines, for the fish have gone away ~~into~~ into the far ocean and we must follow them.

The Chinaman clapped his hands softly and said in a sing-song, "The Law of Possession and Tenure."

1-1-A-1-S

We need ~~engine~~ cash to buy engines. There is not enough fish in the little sea we fish to ~~provide~~ ^{provide} cash to buy our engines. Bombo! If the Developer ~~had~~ ^{had} not brought in ~~his~~ ^{his} tractor to ~~build~~ ^{build} the roads for our fishermen would have become a little richer by ~~providing~~ ^{HAD CASH} hands ^{TO BUILD} ~~his~~ his roads. But, there it is, sitting there, sitting there! Bombo!

"The yellow peril, sitting up there," The Chinaman said. He had a way of twisting the nails.

Amos Vogel grunted and hand-signalled over the flaps of the door for Ti Brooks to go ring the Baptist bell, summoning the men ^{to} sea. Ti Brooks crossed ~~the~~ Great William Street to the chapel, climbed the short ladder to the belfry and double-tongued the clapper in the signal, adding the flourish he figured it owed him ^{by} by a ~~glissando~~ ^{glissando} of the clapper around the ^{lip.} ~~lip.~~ Old Cap'n Amos, the Baptist daacon, winced and vowed ~~an~~ an oath to cut off Ti Brooks' arm at the elbow.

And soon the fishermen were passing The Chinaman's on their way to the boats for the evening's troll, saluting the Cap'n as they went by, strong, muscular men mostly in the ~~the~~ twenties and thirties, less in the forties, fewer in the fifties, and none as old as Cap'n Amos. They had

P. T. O.

the thin shanks and wide^aoarsmen shoulders and were capable of pulling on the long-handled twelve-foot oars the dozen miles to the Shoal when the wind pissed off about its business. They wore tattered briefs cut down from old trousers, and singlets; ~~the~~ ^{the} salt-eaten sweaters tied by the sleeves about their middles ~~the~~ ^{AGAINST} the night turning cold. But now the sun shone yellow and ebony on their naked backs in a clear ending of the day.

~~JNXXNIN~~ The Chinaman looked up at the small red clouds scudding down to the

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sun and said, "God willing, its a clear end to the day. It should be a good night at sea."

Amos grunted. [Body Pride and Arnie, fine hard fellows, ^{passing,} lifted their hands ^{HOLDING} ~~with the~~ ^{CALABASH} identical water ^Rgourds and said, "Cap'n." Arnie looked naked in his skin-matching brief.

"Our friend Hookie says there's talk in Montego Bay that the foreign capitalists who own the hotels are asking the police to see that the fishermen who sail past their naked ^{foreign}women on the beach ~~be~~ covered from collar to cock."

Amos, clean shaven but for the evening ^{grey} shadow of ~~white~~ bristles around his chin and mouth, ~~grinned~~ allowed a twitch of humour.

"They're ^{FRIGHTENED OF US.} They know the ladies ^{LOVE} to ^{LOOK AT} us." Logan's Rock is high enough off our beach for ^{The Developer} ~~not~~ to worry."

Amos pounded softly on the top of the door. "He should not have placed his hotel ^{ON LOGAN'S ROCK. It is} ~~there~~ our place of refuge from sudden hurricanes. There will be times when ~~we~~ the warnings ^{are} short. You know that. Times when we cannot reach the ^{cockpits.} ~~beaches~~"

"It is a tradition and a truth," ^{The Chinaman} said soberly.

^{LOGAN'S} Rock ~~stood~~ ^{straight out of} awash in the sea, ^{it} had no beach. It rose high prowed, ~~the~~ water like a monstrous ship ~~run~~ aground. Its sides fell sheer to the sea except on the west, where the rocky headlands sloped ~~down~~ into a mile of honeycombed coral, sharp as sharks' teeth, spectacular for views but inimical to bikinis. East of the Rock, ~~the~~ ^{Logan's} ~~was~~ ^{at Logan's Woe beach and all} the yellow sand that would beckon ^{all} ~~the~~ ^{Developer} ~~sun-seeking folk, the well-heeled~~ ^{TOURISTS,} ~~travellers~~ to loll and bask in its goodness. The ~~area~~ ^{Developer} needed that strip of beach with ~~all~~ ^{all} the ~~well~~ ^{shrick} and ~~his~~ ^{for-profit} fine sense of profit was heir to with a vast ^{NEED} ~~and growing~~ ~~tourist~~ ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~American~~ ~~soul~~ that fine sense of profit ~~was~~ inherent in the ~~American~~ ~~race~~.

[The Chinaman, who ~~said~~ ^{said} it approvingly ~~approved~~ of profit, ~~said~~ ^{said} "The son of a bitch must, naturally, pay." ~~He~~ ^{He} rubbed the spiky hairs on his chin and changed the subject.

"Hookie ^{is saying} the Olympic Committee in ~~town~~ ~~parade~~ today. The trials for the Quarters are due inside three weeks."

Amos teetered a little on his heels and the wheels spun in his head. ^{LOGAN'S} ~~Woe~~ ^{Woe}, ~~was~~ famous for its ^{runners} ~~quarter~~ ~~milers~~ on an island famous for its four hundred meter men; the tall, long legged, high stepping stewards of ^{Logan's} ~~Woe~~ pride had twice made the Olympic trials.

"Whom have we got this year?" Cap'n Amos ^{VOICED} ~~asked~~ ^{THE CHINAMAN} ~~well~~ aware of the answer but keeping ^{to} the essential rhythm of their ways.

"There's the boy, Wedgie Murray. He's born for the quarter."

"Agreed. ^{ALL B} But he also thinks he's born for Tata Huggins' daughter. He's swarming up on her too often to be much good on the track."

"Olga's a fine girl," The Chinaman said warmly, his match-making eye sparkling. "I hope he bangs her up."

"We want no more bastards in ^{LOGAN'S} ~~Marshall's~~ Woe. One of you is enough."

"You'll never get that boy in church, Amos."

Amos pursed his lips and looked flatly at the street. A few of the fellows shrank, thinking they were the focus of the eye.

PASSING
^

"He's fleet of foot, but I'm publishing the banns in chapel."

"How the hell can you do that without his consent?"

"Next Sunday."

A hard man. ^{DISHONEST} ~~rough~~, even. The Chinaman approved/.

"Is there any other?" Joe Chin said.

They searched their heads ^{for} ~~of~~ another candidate they could put up ^{at} ~~for~~ the national trials. Amos and The Chinaman ^{never gave up} ~~hoped~~ that one fine day, an Olympic gold medal would come to the village to be mounted in a mahogany case on the counter ^{of the bar & grocery.}

"We could have a trial on the ~~the~~ day of the Hog Hole football game," Joe Chin said.

Cap'n Amos grunted and his wicked old eyes narrowed again. * Hog Hole was due for a licking, a rummaging inside the ~~the~~ gut, a twisting of the ~~the~~ balls. ^{HOG HOLE} ~~They~~ had roasted ^{LOGAN'S} ~~Marshall's~~ Woe last year because a couple of the Woe's dirty tricks kicked back unexpectedly. The world needed brave men. Men who ~~was~~ never gave up. Men who took on the hardest tasks of greatest usefulness, like shoving a gaff up a shark's ass. All these lovely thoughts coursed freely ~~through~~ through the Cap'n's mind.

"Maybe you could try putting macca thorns in their boots once again," The Chinaman said slyly. "It might work this year."

"One day we'll drum you out of ^{Logan's} ~~Marshall's~~ Woe," ~~zaz~~ Amos ^{snarled} ~~zaz~~ affectionately as he stalked away for the beach.

* The day was dying. A sunset moon in the afternoon's purple, round and fat as a cat's eye, looked back at ~~Primm~~.

CHAPTER

Logan's

And Joshua Hookie, that valuable aide to ~~Woe~~ Woe, that grooved-down, start-proof law limb who quickened the deadgone lawbreakers of the Woe into upstanding citizens by his own unique a posteriori reading of the civil rights ordinances (concluding that a ~~Woe~~ Rasta was guilty until proven innocent), that patroller of dark alleys, fearless prowler of Gordy's Yard where a fellow could lose a mouthful of teeth to a knuckle-duster in the dark, or receive a whpray lance slipped ~~into~~ ^{into} his gullet for his nosy ways, that arbiter of the highest social rules in The Chinaman's, was uncomfortable.

Joshua was uncomfortable because he occupied a pew on the patio ^{AT} a ~~zuzzz~~ ^{TRUE} ~~zuzzz~~ ^{Sunday} ~~zuzzz~~ ^{meeting} ~~zuzzz~~ ⁱⁿ ~~zuzzz~~ ^{suburbia}; a cloning of his ~~self~~ ^{self} he thought too ~~zuzzz~~ ^{UNSPINNABLE} ~~zuzzz~~ ^{for} ~~zuzzz~~ ^{words} ~~zuzzz~~ ^{He was at} ~~zuzzz~~ ^{whom} a likkerklatsch of a State legal light he was consulting on behalf of Justice. Or, nearer the truth, Strategy. The legal lightz/whom the Force had nick-named Mister Necessity on account of he knew no law. Joshua, concerned with the ill turn in the affairs of ~~Woe~~ ^{LOGAN'S} ~~Woe~~ ^{the Developer} ~~Woe~~ ^{and his tractor} from the impact of the ~~zuzzz~~ ^{TRIPLE} ~~zuzzz~~ ^{goozoong}, i.e., ~~zuzzz~~ ^{SITUATION} ~~zuzzz~~ ^{defuse} was in town to confer with the police law officer on ways to ~~zuzzz~~ ^{defuse} the ~~zuzzz~~ ^{SITUATION} ~~zuzzz~~ ^{defuse}. The lawyer, whose true name was Freddie deLisser, heard him out and gave an Opinion.

"Let the shit fly," ~~zuzzz~~ Freddie said.

He was short and fat and energetic. Good living had put a splendid gut on him, and put ^{weary} bloodshot eyes on him, and white kid leather shoes below his crimson ~~zuzzz~~ ^{Sunday} morning slacks. A broad white belt bulged ~~zuzzz~~ ^{black} at his middle. A sleeveless ^{black} tank top made him into a circus monkey, a show pig, a comedian, ~~zuzzz~~ ^{Joshua} thought.

"No way," Hookie said. ^{At the time, they}

~~zuzzz~~ ^{leather} ~~zuzzz~~ ^{big} ~~zuzzz~~ ^{easy} ~~zuzzz~~ ^{chair}, ~~zuzzz~~ ^{LEATHER} ~~zuzzz ^{and leather bound books} ~~zuzzz~~ ^{table top}, Joshua could hear the ~~zuzzz~~ ^{KLATSCH} ~~zuzzz~~ ^{GOING ON} ~~zuzzz~~ ^{the} ~~zuzzz~~ ^{back} ~~zuzzz~~ ^{patio}, under the almond trees, ~~zuzzz~~ ^{OF ICE} ~~zuzzz~~ ^{OF GLASS} the rattle of ice, ~~zuzzz~~ ^{OF ICE} ~~zuzzz~~ ^{OF GLASS} the clink of glass. The rattle and the clink were familiar to a man who knew his waters; but Hookie had no approbation for people on whom the watersworked ^{SO POORLY; THE DRINKING HAD NO DIGNITY; THE HIGH VOLTAGE SQUEALS and CACHINNATIONS.} ~~zuzzz~~ ^{high} ~~zuzzz~~ ^{yelping}, ~~zuzzz~~ ^{Laughter} in The Chinaman's was solid stuff, ~~zuzzz~~ ^{SEATED, STRONG, VPROARIOUS.}~~

HOWLS,
at Logan's Woe

that
S

our grand rebel and ancestor, Juan de Bolas, who wrung the seeds of the English in the mountains. Cite Tacky's Easter rebellion. Cite Viet Nam."

OUR BROTHER

"What the hell has Viet Nam got to do with us?"

"It began as a disorder. You're acting to prevent disorders."

Freddie looked at the coal to lull his leaping brow. He and Hookie had worked together over the years. Hookie was an expert on the weed; he knew all the ruses for growing, reaping, concealing, shipping; a real/oldtime policeman's ^{fine} ~~fine~~ nose ^{possessed} had kept him out of the city stations and the faster promotions, ^{AND KEPT HIM} ~~AND KEPT HIM~~ mostly among the rurals where the big weed-men in their hidden acres grew and reaped and concealed and shipped from; but, Freddie was sure, kept Joshua Hookie happy, since the old pompous son of a bitch would be king of the heap ~~wherever he was~~ in whatever woodland they ~~put~~ ^{also} shoved him. ^{Logan} ~~Logan~~ Woe. Freddie had never been to ^{Logan's} ~~Marshall's~~ Woe.

Freddie looked ~~at~~ at the coal; it burnt real evenly and he thought that anybody

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To be numbered.

PAGE 6 OF NOTEBOOK DONE NOW SO AS NOT TO FORGET THE VARIOUS SUPPLEMENTS.

could see how expensive a cigar it was with an inch of thick white ash hanging there. Richly ^{held} hanging there. He held his hand carefully so the ash would hold.

"Come in and meet a few of my friends before you go," he said.

"They are no good really. ^{Sunday} ~~Monday~~ morning politicians, ~~and~~ Gossips. ^{Crypto capitalists. A generation out of the yards and already aristocratic, lucky though if you scratch them the good stuff NO-SHIT PEASANTRY & HOW?} Just listen to them. They know all the problems and the solutions yet they do nothing about it."

Joshua looked at him with new interest. Mr Necessity may ^{have} known little law but he wasn't shy on ^{pointed, barbed, the barbed truth.} opinions of his friends. Sharp too, "So why do you have them here?" ^{whom else can I have? Longman? I'm a}

They were walking through the house towards the rear patio. ^{Godson middle-class.}

Joshua's great regulation boots sank ruefully into the deep carpet, ^{dark} orange coloured ^{LIKE} a dirty sunset. The boots, size twelve with ^{wide} welts as ledges, laced to the ankles, were splendid for tackling the sand and crushed shells which surfaced the alleys of ^{Lo Jaws} Marshall's Woe. In the nap of the lawyer's underfoot, they ^{BOOTS} were abashed. Joshua was especially careful with his large blue-draped knees among the underfed furniture, raised on shiny spindly ^{aluminum} legs. He carried his special-duty cap, visored and silver badged, of the proud ^{centuries} ~~century~~-old ^{Jamaican} constabulary, under his armpit ^{as required by police constabulary regulations.}

The patio was flagged and tastefully hedged with great clay jars ^{UNGLAZED PANIAR JARS OF MINHO CLAY. THE MARBLE PEDESTALS FROM HALL'S DELIGHT} of ferns. There were four couples on the patio, mostly in shorts and sandals. They blinked at him out of a liquor sheen. The men were ~~named~~ introduced first, as Archie, Ronnie, ^{IN THE PORT ROYAL MOUNTAINS GAVE THE CLAY} Dickie and Billie by Freddie. ^{JARS A GOOD LIGHT.}

"Archie, Ronnie, Dickie, Billie," Hookie acknowledged. "Hookie."

That produced the first gust. Well, alright, blin' the tiger, it was a good joke, but did they have to shriek? If I was huntin' I would opull them in, thought Policeman Hookie. Nervous.

All the ladies had French names: Charmaine, Celeste, Suzette, Michelle.

"A fine, upstanding figure," Michelle said, looking up at the massive man-in-blue. "He'd make a good Prime Minister."

"No. Minister of Justice ^{SINCE} already he's a policeman," Charmaine said.

"Doctor, Insurance, Lecturer and another Lawyer," said Freddie, ^{hooking} pointing a finger ^{toward} each of the men.

"Policeman," said Hookie, hooking a thumb at his ^{uniformed} chest.

They shrieked again, for quite some time. [The girls were working

~~for "to be numbered"~~

successful, wifes; young, /self-taut (RIGHT: TAUT!) ~~XXXXXXXX~~ violin strings.

Andy ~~Celeste~~ Hookie thought, had hardened outside the roost. Hookie believed in sexual discipline. ~~at Legan's~~ They ~~would~~ not be allowed in The Chinaman's ^{Hookie} Celeste ran a brassiere factory and almost carried a whip. Charmaine, ^{knuckle dusters} she thought, would fit to ^{as a glove to hand.} Michelle was a gunner; she had the eye. He liked Suzette; /But all were armed.

"Corporal Hookie is a friend of mine, in charge of the ~~Woe~~ ^{Logan's} Woe police," said Freddie.

Joshua was used to people looking at a policeman with that ~~strange~~ mixture of awe, hostility and condescension for the fellow you hired to be your keeper. He had devised his own way of coping, with satisfaction to himself and comfort to civilians: he talked of police business. It was a catalyst that slowed and broke down the inherent worry of his guilt ~~conscious~~ ^{CONSCIOUS} employers.

Joshua ^{LOOKED OVER} ~~glanced at~~ the foreign labels on the bottles and ^{put in} ~~them~~ ^{THE} catalyst.

"I should lock up every one of you. Drinking imported stuff. Smuggled no doubt, since it ^{is} against the law to ^{import} ~~buy~~ foreign liquor ^{INTO} a Socialist state. But I'll drink whatever I'm offered."

They liked it. They laughed like ~~crazy~~ crazy.

"Where in hell is ^{Logan's} ~~Woe~~ Woe?" ^{cried} Celeste, bashing ^{the side of} her boisterous Afro and peering up at him like a faun in a forest. She was soft-featured and had a nice pillow-sharing smile, but for the splinter of discontent pinwheeling in her overbright brown eyes.

Pot, Hookie's ^{MIND} automatically registered. Ganja. The holy herb. Moses bush. Hookie ~~liked to think in alternatives~~ ^{LOGAN'S} But his nose told him ~~that~~ the patio was clean at the moment. He shook hands with the ladies as well as the men, in the ~~Woe~~ ^{Woe} way.

"It ^{is} a very picturesque village, darling, not far from Montego Bay," Freddie said, "Joshua, what you drinking?"

And Joshua, a bloody good water-man, one of the three best in the world, with Cap'n Amos and The Chinaman, looked at that ~~bloody~~ ^{BLOODY} mahogany wagon on wheels, and was disgusted. A mug of beer, even, with a coaming of foam and ^A fine body showing brown below, would have done; white-run-and-sky-juice man though he was. But Mister Necessity was serving Scotch, ~~or~~ ^{CLEAR} vodka and gin, and a few other bottles unbeknownst to Joshua.

Suzette, the quick-eyed, diminutive, laughing button-buster, brought up her knees coolie-style ^{BENEATH} her chin, ~~and~~ ^{BENEATH}

atvulye

an OLD TIME

"I'll bet the Corporal would prefer a whites-and-sky-juice," she said.

Old Hookie, that ~~asutz~~ astute man, who knew greatness when he met it, looked appreciatively at Suzette and said, "~~GAWD~~ ^{GAWD} blin' the tiger, ma'am, I'll bet you are right, correct, the honest truth."

So that made them laugh, the old & sham stuff but he was glad that little ~~SUZETTE~~ Suzette kicked up her pretty heels and laughed ~~and~~ A GOOD

~~and~~ ^{JUGFUL.} He nodded Yes, ma'am to her.

"Is that a ^{LOGAN} ~~man's~~ Woe swear word, Corporal?" ~~My God, you should~~ have it ^{YELLED} ~~patented~~ Archie the ^{Lecturer} ~~lecturer~~ his photo-lens spectacles glinted luridly. "My God, you SHOULD HAVE IT PATENTED! GAWD BLIN' THE TIGER!"

Hookie ~~was~~ took a bourbon because Suzette had said it nearest to was ~~was~~ rum; although he found out she was wrong, dead wrong, when he worked the commercial mash around the insides of his mouth. But he was for ~~not~~ trusting her judgment and he had no doubt it came nearer to the good stuff than the fairy piss ^{in the neighbours' cups.} ~~thezozzazzzwas in-the-*****glasses*~~

Hookie nodded. He was working on the bourbon with ~~rolling~~ ^{STRIKING IT EASY, DOWN THE LINES AND} cess, getting to like it; and sensing the end of his visit, he ferried another good cargo from ~~the~~ bottle to glass and disposed of it without flourish.

suh, ^{said.} "Wisely, ~~ZZZZZ~~ wisely, Unite, struggle, produce."

"Ah. Socialist slogan. You're a government-party man, Corporal," said Willie, his face in ~~ZZZZ~~ planes of wellbred distaste.

Hookie bent the official gaze on him. It was cold and measuring.

"Ah, suh, I'm a police officer," Hookie said.

It was ~~was~~ but it held the reproof Hookie intended to give

it. FREDDIE

"My God, ~~Freddie~~ ^{Freddie} Field, Corporal? ~~What~~ ^{What} is that

the ~~wide~~ wide lawyer, in tennis shoes that had never seen a court, and ~~that~~ that was tribute to his fine table,

shuttled in like the good host he was.

"Got an interesting security thing on at the moment. A reg-
 gae ~~swindle man~~ ^{swindle man} Ras ^{THEY STOLE HIS MUSIC.} Xamed/Dan'l Moore. ^{HE'S GONE ROGUE. SEDITION TALK.} ~~He's~~ ^{A SHOOTING, THE}
 Celeste bashed her Afro. "Who wiped him?" ^{POOR WRONGED}
 "Some New York singer/promoter, ^{AS USUAL.} Sold a million in ^{FIVE} ~~weeks~~ ^{SON OF A BITCH."}
 weeks and still ~~axtix~~ in the top ten. ^{AND NOT A NICKEL TO ~~RAE~~ RAS MOORE."}

Michelle ~~EEEE~~ shrieked delicately, like a small railroad
 engine. "Oh, I know him! ^{RAS MOORE!} He wrote ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
 Fall down, Babylon. What did the Americans wipe?" [Freddie grinned.
 "I ~~more~~ think its called, ~~XX~~
 Shove it to them, Jah. A middle class put down. Middle class like
 you. ^{The people} ~~folk~~ ^{They} in the ghetto love him. ^{He is} ~~beat~~ a policeman unconscious
 last week, got too close to Ras Moore. ^{He is} Kind of direct descendant
 of ^{SAMMY} ~~Sammy~~ Lovelace, ^{of fisherman later him}

"Who the hell is ^{SAMMY} ~~Sammy~~ Lovelace?" Suzette asked, Fisherman.
 "He was before your time. Couple of decades ago. /Got him for
 piracy and murder after he had a fight at a place called Payday
 Shoal with another fisherman, over some ^{canoe} ~~fish~~ ^{FISH TRAPS, SUPPOSEDLY STOLEN FROM HIM.} The people in Trench
 Town, his particular ghetto, hid him out for a ~~year~~ year until he
 was cornered one night without a weapon but a bagful of stones some-
 body had collected for street mending. He fought off the police
 until they shot him. ^{He's now a nocturnal folk hero.} He glanced at Joshua. "Right, corporal?"

Hookie struck a match from the box on the table and held up the
 burnt stick like a bombed-out smokestack. He held it until their eyes
 slewed to it and everyone laughed for no reason.

"Cap'n Amos sends his regards to all," Joshua said, looking around
 at the faces, now turned wonderingly on him. "As does ~~the~~ The Chinaman,
 One-Two, Jockey the Shark and all ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ ^{LOGAN'S} at ~~Woe~~ Woe."

They entered it with gusto, sensing the drollness in the stolid
 looking country ~~police~~ constable.

"And regards from us too, Mr Policeman, for AMOS AND ^{The} Chinaman and
 all at ^{LOGAN'S} ~~Woe~~ Woe," said Suzette. "We hope to visit with them one day."

So Hooke held up his glass in a toast and knocked back the bourbon
 with a single snatch of the wrist, the way the white rum drinker does it
 to smother the ~~explosion~~ explosion, and ran his ~~glass~~ glass forward to Suzette
 for another. And they secretly sniggered at his country ^{ways} ~~country~~ for it was
 known that upper class drinkers tippled slowly, ^{feeling for the bouquet,} a finger cocked away from
 the glass. And how the hell could they know that Hookie, the rum-man,
 knew the bouquet would smoke in his throat as he fired by the flick of
 his wrist? Smoking slowly, smoking long, smoking at palate and at the back

of the throat and on the long long journey to the back of the nostrils and ~~was~~ at the back of the eyes, wetting them with the smoky goodness of it.

"Could lock you all up for drinking before opening time," he said, waving the Louis Comfort in his big hands as he would ~~use~~ The Chinaman's calabash cup, "but we got only one cell in the ~~Woe~~ ^{Cogan's} Woe jail."

Gosh, he was droll. They ^{stomped the patio tiles} ~~stomped~~ and shrieked ^{Sunday} the high ~~voice~~ ^{voice} ~~notion~~ ^{fun} ~~idea~~ ^{idea} "How's crime in your parts, Corporal? Any Rasta troubles? Any guns barking? How's the gna'ja business?"

Freddie the lawyer, slim, suave, middle aged, wearing two-tone sneakers and dyed eyebrows.

"Our Rastas are spiritual," Hookie explained. "The I-and-I Rastas, Jah inside and Jah's son outside. I'm the ^{only man in the Woe who owns a gun.} ~~only man in the Woe who owns a gun.~~ A .38 police special and the same old ^{point three-oh-three} ~~same old~~ rifle ^{they} graduated ~~me~~ ^{me} from training school."

"What about the weed?" Celeste asked, nibbling at fish fingers, brown and dipped in Italian; ~~some~~ deepwater fish, Joshua thought, ~~noting~~ identifying the firm deep flesh, from an early-wakening red ^{FOR} ~~zapper~~ ^{snapper} coming up to feed at first light, the kind the fishermen fished ^{on the} ~~a~~ lawyer's likkerklatsch. Sheal, breaking their backs on the oars for ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~oars~~ ^{oars}

"Nothing to speak of, ma'am, nothing to speak of." → Sunday MORNING

"And rape? What about rape?" Marcelle asked. ^{eyes} "with the boys taking all that strong fish tea day after day I'll bet you have to put handcuffs around it!" "Or padlock the girls - they take fish-tea too!"

~~"I bet that if you walk the beach at night you can see our way through the citizens!"~~

"I hear the beach ^{grows} hump-backed as night descends!"

~~"I bet they're asking for inclusion in the Olympic Trials. New kinda hurdles!"~~

~~"The hump-and-pump hurdles - they can train along the beach!"~~

And old Hookie gurgled his own good bass laughter underneath the high giggles, not meaning any of it, but plumbing that bourbon for all ^{its} ~~its~~ worth and no longer listening but thanking his own remote God he did not have to live like these split-level people. Split in hearth and head, by gum.

~~Freddie-the-heat-interrupted-the-girls--~~

Celeste licked at the edge of her Chivas glass with a red wet tongue, showing the tongue to old Hookie, red ~~and~~ and taut as a mackerel's gill. ~~she~~ "What do you ^{do} ~~are~~ in ^{Cogan's} ~~the~~ Woe, Corporal"

She had nice legs, nearly as nice as Olga's, Wedgie Murphy's love, the one that old lawbreaker Amos was publishing in the banns next Sun-
~~dayxxxxxxx~~

21

~~excitedly looking at him. "You're a foreign son of a
bitch, and you're really a good right-hander, aren't you?
stragglers. Oh, and, tell us what you think of your
"The little girl of you, and she's a
is a top-quality village, aren't you?
"I like it, thank you."~~

Old Hookie ran his eyes over Billie, from the Gucci casuals up to the gaudy tanktop painted in a New England winter scene with aspens and a small female deer that seemed to Hookie to be pissing on the edge of the lake the way its ^{FROZEN} hindlegs ^A straddled, but it just may have been a young doe.

"That's a fine pair of shoes you wearing, Mister Billie. I'll bet only a Developer could afford it." And knew he had hurt Billie by the sudden emptying of his face and did not give a the thinnest fart that he had used his policeman's power to club him, to make him receive the insult in silence, for only a fool-hardy civilian crossed clubs with a babylon, a bull-seed, a corpie on the prod; and Hookie was clearly on the prod by the coarse eyes he turned on Billie. And Billie who knew how vulnerable his pursuits were on all sides, swallowed and grinned in a skeletal way at Hookie's sally.

"Billie ~~was~~ always buys his things in Miami," Celeste said, looking in fond ownership on Billie. "He goes up with me every month when I go to have my hair done."

And old Hookie thanked his tiger he had never wedded; for you never could tell what would turn up in the draw, the chance, the pussy-affle.

"My village is a mending village, ma'am," he rumbled, "We have not bought anything new for years. We mend shoes, sheets, socks, ma'am. We mend hats, britches and even underdrawers, ma'am. We mend people, too. We send them up into the cockpits to mend their ~~ma'am~~. My village is a mending village."

So they looked hard for the joke but it was not showing, for the heavy old policeman had spoken like a hammer. And in a sense it was as if their fun was unaccountably freezing in the sun.

"We are a production-oriented village, ma'am," he said at Charmaine, for no reason but that it was sensible to single out a target when you planned pulling a trigger. "We produce floor mechanics, and washing machines, and earth-movers, ma'am. What, ma'am? Who are they? They are the boys and girls of Morgan's Woe who go to work in your homes when the wind rises and the fish go deep and the village is likely to starve, ma'am. So they go to seek work, shining your floors and hand-washing your clothes and forking and ploughing your suburban gardens, ma'am. Floor mechanics, washing machines, earth-movers, ma'am."

And they gaped at him at first, not knowing. And still not understanding, they thought what the hell were they coming to, allowing a bumpkin policeman to mar an expensively sophisticated likkerklatch and so suddenly they keeled over into a hand-slapping, knee-pounding howling laughter.

--- SPACE ---

And Hookie said in his throat, Small Wants.

afford the foreign exchange spending. Imagine!"

"No breakfast foods at all, me dear," said Cleste, slapping a bare, shapely leg in anger. "No New Zealand butter, no Canadian codfish, no Hohn Kong noodles, no Amerka ican cars, dishwashers, you name it. Banned, all banned." *They ~~stare~~ HUNG ~~at~~ ANGER STEERCE UNTIL ARCHIE SPOKE.*

~~Small wants, said Hookie in the street.~~

Small Wants, he rumbled, getting sore.

For here he was, on ~~the~~ ^a split level patio, ~~hustling-a-foreigner~~ ^{under a bourbon load,}

~~hookie~~ and who the hell but he could recall the closehauled circumstance of a ~~car~~ ^{Logans} Woe citizen hustling the Yankee tractor for a payday on a road-gang, hustling the bones at the risk of incarceration for a seven-eleven roll into a pay ~~roll~~ ^{day,}, hustling the sea wet and hungry and open to any wind or whim of the unpredictable ocean, ~~hustling each other~~ except for One-Two who had his own light in the goddam grey of the ~~marshalls~~ ^{Logans} Woe universe, and of all the other fishing towns on the coast; and ~~turned~~ ^{Toshua} ~~hookie~~ looked them in the eye and said,

~~"You discommode me."~~

at what they should laugh

~~And while they wrangled silently at what this country policeman could mean, with his funny way of talking, he looked them in the other eye and said,~~

"You discommode me."

the mile straight-down-deep ocean, given to swallowing ~~fishermen~~ fishermen and vomitting them out outrageously dead,

They ~~laughed more;~~ ^{laughed more;} ~~And because he had misjudged the quiet power~~ ^{HE NOW} of the imported bourbon, ~~he had~~ ^{HE NOW} ~~been~~ ^{HE NOW} ~~on the~~ ^{HE NOW} ~~treacherous foreign road.~~ ^{HE NOW} He was, in his rum, a man of good manners. ~~He~~ ^{HE NOW} ~~nodded, yes,~~ ^{HE NOW} ~~at them.~~ ^{HE NOW} Buckling his brass buckled belt. Gathering his regulation boots under him. Settling his glossy-peaked duty-cap on his head, squarely set but for the slightest of sportiveness in its ~~barely perceptible~~ ^{HE NOW} ~~askew.~~ ^{HE NOW}

"Yes," said ~~old~~ ^{me} Hookie as he rose, feeling rosy, feeling flushed, feeling smooth and reckless. "Yes. You discommode me. Lawyer, I got to catch ~~me~~ ^{me} bus."

childish

And they had this look of ~~real~~ surprise ~~xxxxxx~~ as if he had caught them out behind the buttry playing mamas and papas on a moonshine night; and old Hookie even wondered at one time whether they would all jump to their feet and button up, the girls crying softly and the fellas running high-assed for the woods. ^B But they sat sullen while he ransacked them with his policeman's eyes; and only Suzette, the one he liked, her painted toes tensing, in her clogs, creased the corners of her mouth at him in a rueful smile.

"Wish you were all going back with me," Joshua said as he rose, patting his fine girth behind the broad red ~~cummerbund~~ ^{DEVELOPER} he wore on special dury. "Like to have you in the Woe for awhile. See how we live. ~~How~~ How the fellas get blown sometimes near up to the gulf of Mexico in the boats. Canoes. Freak storms. No engines. Men drown. Women too, for sometimes the wives will crew up for a husband if ~~it~~ the catch has been too low for a season to pay crewmen. Very hungry days sometimes. Not all the time. Great fun ~~xxxxxxx~~ most of the time. Poor-people fun. Mento dancing. Reggae music. Footraces. Boat races. The government film shows. We should get a TV set for the village ~~zillage~~ soon; ^{when} the electric company expects to bring in the light ~~xxxxxx~~ the ~~xxxxxx~~ hotel is finished. Fine folk in the Woe. You must come and visit. Come as tourists instead of going to ~~xxxxxx~~ Miami. Mrs Lamport has an extra room, she runs the postal agency. Come as tourists, foreigners."

They shifted their feet and three or four looked steadily enough at him and others looked out at the slope of lawn and the Caribbean pines/^{and croton hedges} shaped under the gardener's hand into globes and peaks and one fantastic hour-glass design in the center of the lawn.

"Yes," said old Joshua again, liking the word, how it punctuated the ~~xxxxxxx~~ proceedings and brought them up sharply ^{UNDER THE} ~~to~~ claim of his attention again. "Yes. Fine brave people. Once we lost a boy, ten years old, son of a son of a bitch named Jeremy, but a good fisherman. ^{Jeremy} The boy was lost at sea for five days. He had shoved off by himself in Jeremy's boat to fish for pocket money. Christmas was due anytime now and he wanted his pocket money. A Defence Force 'copter spotted him five days later, after we had held his Wake, ^{in the Woe.} Blown out to sea by a freak storm. The coastguard went to pick him up. Twelve miles out. And when the skipper of the coastguard picked him up in his arms from the canoe because the boy was too weak to move much by himself, you know, weak, salt-sore, physically fucked up, and asked him, 'How are you, Arnie?'

"Fine," said the child from his salt-caked lipes, 'but I caught no fish.' ^{Oh, hey! He looked them in the eye.}

STET

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PROUD

~~that is how it is in the Woe, Poor, PIRATICAL, but proud."~~

"Gawd blin' the tiger, Ladies. Lawyer. Miss Suzette."

And he was gone. He was very steady and Suzette was looking very serious and saying inside, Jesus Christ, I'm ashamed, the poor man; but not letting it out for one obeyed the reins even if the pasture~~s~~ on the roadsides were green. You were trained to the nosebag, oats conditioned, born outside of the Woe. Gawd blin' the tiger, Suzette said softly, ~~and she looked with the wide eyes~~

Joshua was very steady going out, for the imported stuff wore off quickly. Bought on Miami weekends. ^{bought on Miami weekends.} Everything. Hair. Wear. Pair. Of shoes. ^{Was he drunk?} Dammit. Mare. Probably Billie had bought his Celeste on a Miami weekend. Bought everything on a Miami weekend, thought old Hookie. ~~going for his~~ ~~handmade's~~ ~~Woe~~

And he remembered a sassy ~~one~~ ^{Sam} eloise, ~~Man~~ Faron's youngest daughter whom the poke-about boys ^{OF LOGAN WOE} called Small Wants, the wild ^{ONE} ~~one~~ who ~~had gone into~~ ^{CARCO BOAT} had gone into trade the time ~~the~~ the American ~~ran~~ ^{ran} aground in a blow, off Logan's Woe beach, and the sailors had been taken off the ship and lodged in the schoolhouse until the tug from ~~Rainmanix~~ ^{Savanna} la mar down the coast pulled the ship free. And he, Hookie, had ~~had~~ had his eye on every ~~goddam~~ goddam one of the foreign sailors the night they lodged in the schoolhouse and seen Small Wants, Man Faron's youngest daughter, the wild one, turned so after Sam had been widowed so sadly long ago, fooling about at the window of the schoolhouse, and had broken it up. Shunting hard in and rattling the long riot baton ^{he} had armed himself with during the blow, along the zinc wall of the school ~~with~~ with a noise to make your teeth fall out, scaring the foreigner back into his bunk and pulling Sam's erring daughter back into the ~~Logan's~~ Logan's Woe fold, pure of the foreigner; no matter if the little ~~bun-boat~~ ^{age} bun-boat, half orphaned so long, went straight back into cruising Gordy's Yard. But what he remembered now was how he had asked her why she who-did around, considering how bright and pretty she was. And the sassy little zip-popper, sadly unmothered so long ago, had grinned up at him and said, "I whoe because I have no faith." Blin' the tiger, he hoped he had not been whoring on the patio because he had no faith. He had ~~been~~ ^{felt} feeling like bought, requisitioned, until he ~~exploded~~ exploded and boffed them. It was copasetic after that.

He ~~was~~ ^{THOUGHT} ~~was~~ awhile about Dan'l Moore. Freddie the lawyer had been right. He remembered ~~Sammy~~ ^{Sammy} Lovelace. He had not known that ~~Lovelace~~ ^{Sammy} Lovelace had a connection with Logan's Woe. ~~Payday Shoal?~~ ^{IN FACT,} ~~during~~ ^{SA} during his early days on the force. He had been in the police patrol that had caught up with ~~Lovelace~~ ^{Sammy} Lovelace. Seems as if along with land developers, there were now reggae developers. Poor unlucky bastard. Who the hell was Ras Dan'l Moore?

Why the hell should a man shove ^{UNDER} ~~under~~ his neck ~~under~~ ^{UNDER} a ~~chopper~~ ^{CHOPPER} BECAUSE SOMEBODY STOLE HIS SONG? BECAUSE IT WAS PROPERTY, HOOKIE, YOU KOONOO-MAN, JUST AS THE LAND IN LOGAN'S WOE. HE CHUCKLED AT HIMSELF.

A REQUIEM FOR DAN'L MOORE

~~TOMMYXMOOREXIXAYX~~

Thomas (Tommy) Moore lay between the sheets and thought that

At a quarter to seven in the morning when day breaks upon the ~~to~~ roofs of Trench Town and the yellow sunlight leaking down the wall is hot and eager as a wish in hell, then the ~~cells and the~~ steam whistles that ring the ghetto rip you ~~to pieces~~ to pieces.

He rubbed his eyes and murmured something sleepily and thought that

At a quarter to seven in the morning when the allnight seller of banana fritters ^{at the CORNER} fattens her cheeks to puff out the oil lamp, the thlack thlack you hear under the hurrying feet is the street-sweepers longhandled broom snatching at the gutter to put into heaps

empty beer cans grumbling and lurching illtemperedly out of the way

~~wishes~~ of fruit peels crushed ^{by} ~~to~~ a thlack to a hearse for a foolish ~~cockroach~~

cigarette ends puffed ~~down~~ down to the ~~ground~~ ^{discarded} ~~pieces~~ fragment

broken bricks that in the fight [^] ~~with~~ were more powerful than an arm

TIN-CAN
THE ~~BOY~~ ~~DEAD~~ ~~DOWN~~
FOOTBALL ~~ME~~ AND
~~THE~~ ~~BOYS~~ ~~AND~~ ~~THE~~
~~WAS~~ ~~THE~~ ~~BOYS~~ ~~AND~~ ~~THE~~
~~BEEN~~ ~~KICKING~~
ABOUT FIFTH STREET
Last night before
the trouble with
Dan'l

Yesterday with the FOURTH STREET POLICE from the third grade of the Trench Town elementary
QUICK YOUTHFUL HARDMEN
R.A.S.
HE
AS HE THOUGHT
HOW

He stretched and dreamily remembered the ~~men~~ ^{GUNS} who with their ~~weapons~~ ^{HELD} had ~~confronted~~ ^{AS HE THOUGHT} the cops from Brother ^{R.A.S.} Dan'l. And, in his head, ^{HE} swore like them [^] ~~how~~ ^{HOW}

At a quarter to seven the cracked old bell in the ^{CROSS THE WATER} boatyard rattles your teeth as he tells his lazy caulkers it is time to be at the tar and oakum. And that other one, the wide-mouthed one ^{PARISH CHURCHYARD GETS READY TO LOOSEN} in the ~~ghetto~~ ~~noise~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ his tongue in a clangour ~~and~~ [^] THAT WILL empty [^] your head of sleep.

Then it is the turn of the steam whistles at the Ice Company, and at the railroad roundhouse, and at ~~McGaffey's~~ ^{AND AT THE TANNERY,} McGaffey's Foundry, and at the government free port [^] to lace you with their whips, ordering you to open your eyes and smell the stinks of the ghetto.

And with the sleep still knotting his limbs, Tommy Moore opened his eyes and thought

I will lay on ^{me} back and look up at the roof and say Good Morning, Roof. What a shame ~~was~~ that the mice ~~were~~ picked up soot from the kitchen and blackened your face with their shoes as they walk upsidedown through the hole to their own ^{STINKING} ~~own~~ ghettos.

And when he heard the noises outside in the street, Tommy Moore groped drowsily around in his head and said to one of the noises Good Morning ^{Humpy} ~~the~~ Donkey, hauling ^{THE CART OF OLD JOE, THE EMPTY-} ~~the~~ ^{BOTTLE BUYER,} ~~the~~ ^{going by in XXXXXXXXXX Fifth} ~~the~~ Street and telling me ~~the~~ Good Morning back by the flapping of your ears.

And Good Morning Carpenter Mahoney-0. (Saying it like AUNT CARO) Your hammer falls thickly now, Carpenter Mahoney-0. (Saying it like old great aunt CARO WHO HAS BEEN A MOUNTAIN WOMAN BEFORE THE GHETTO BUCKLED ~~her~~ ^{HER IN}) You have bought the rosettes of purple satin, Carpenter Mahoney, the Undertaker-0, and you are nailing them inside the coffin so the dear one will rest softly --- POLICE

And then Tommy Moore was bolt upright, last night ^{HURTLING INTO} ~~the~~ his mind ^{THE SHOCK OF SEEING THE SERGEANT LYING IN THE STREET;} and saying the Good Mornings quicker now, like this

Good Morning Room, and Good Morning Soap and Towel and Toothbrush.

And in the shower, shivering as he looked up at the shower head, saying Good Morning Shower Please to kill me Shower

And the cold water fell and killed him.

SPACE

Johnny the Poet had a message for his friend Tommy Moore and he climbed the fence at the back of No 11 and hooked his insteps to the top of the bar-fence and leaned forward until his balance broke and he hit the side of the house on his hands and chest.

Now he was looking down through the bathroom window grinning at the antics of his friend and he called through the rush of water,

"Stinky Small One?" TAKE IN

Tommy Moore turned his soapy face upward. He was used to be summoned by Johnny the Poet in odd ways. No going to the front door for Johnny the Poet.

"The Piano Mover wants to see you. You know the Mover? He was the crook who knew the police would have Sammy Lovelace before anybody found out. It is in the legend. You know the Mover? You remember Sammy Lovelace?"

And a hammer knocked in Tommy Moore's chest. Who in Trench Town

Oral calls
Pat
Carpenter's
calls
Johnny the
Poet

STINKY

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*

Johnny the Poet was becoming more famous by the week as
 the fastest gun-stasher in the West. Gradually he was build-
 ing his trade, as just before sun-up each morning,
 more and more the best of the shooters
 were ~~trusting~~ trusting their guns to ^{him,} ~~him,~~
~~for concealment~~ ^{to} for concealment against sudden police
 gordon-raids. Johnny the Poet was twelve, two years
 older than Tommy Moore. He had been named Poet by ^{late} ~~an~~ an
 educated ^{late} ~~gun-shooter~~ gun-shooter who had said that Johnny's
 choice of hiding places was poetical; ~~he used the environment ---~~
~~the fine~~ garbage cans, building sites, hollowed-out roots of
 the fine palms outside the ~~the~~ courthouse police station, the ~~top~~ roof
 of the confessional in ~~the~~ St Dorothy's Chapel, and once,
 pressed, ~~under~~ under a pile of pigskins in the tannery that later
 entailed stringent purification rites by the orthodox ~~non-~~non-
 abstaining Rasta farians among the shooters --- the way a poet
 used words to obfuscate his meanings.

* "But it wasnt Dan'l that shot the seageant!" wailed Tommy softly.

"No never-mind about that, boy," the Piano Mover said, his eyes picking at the crowd. "In police business, your brother is what they call an accessory. ~~M~~ He was there, and he had a grievance. ^{Plonk.} ~~M~~"

"They were playing his reggae on the disco, I tell you! The reggae they stole and never paid ~~him~~ ^{you no!} for, ~~don't you~~ see?"

The Piano Mover sighed. He never liked to work with amateurs.

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they had hanged Hogarth, the gang ~~x~~ chief, and buried him with his feet pointing south. And so he ^{HAD} entered the ghetto legend, the honour roll of the poor.

It had been a battle to talk about from the first spring of ~~the~~ ^{FROM} ~~men~~ ~~arrived~~ the police waggons, as Trench Town ^{watched} ~~ran~~ through the half-opened night-blinds. Walker was too fast into the sugar warehouse for the gang to find its guns, put aside for chuting the sugar into the trucks, and, ^{as if it were an understood, deadly thing,} ~~like~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ ~~as if~~ ~~they~~ ~~understand~~ both sides ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ ^{short} worked at it body to body, by baton and ~~short~~-length ~~timber~~ pallet timber. But a plank did for a policeman and they hanged Hogarth at the next Circuit and buried him with his feet pointed south, and not east as one would a Christian.

"Seven o'clock, boy. Time to go to work," the Piano Mover said, stepping ^{down} into the crowd. And ^{the} old regulation boots ^{FIRM AND} heavy on ^{HIS} ~~FEET,~~ ~~hand,~~ he thought he walked with a policeman's stride; but those who saw him saw a shuffling ~~X~~ old man swinging his arms foolishly for such a poor walk. But the Piano Move strode proudly on, thinking how fine ~~wa~~ it was to be going to work and not hiding from the police like ~~ZZZ~~ Dan'l Moore.

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in the
 The wind ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~been~~ strong ~~last~~ night and if it had held on, the ~~the~~ fishing would have been poor. But the wind, capricious as a woman, sauntered off soon after the boats reached the Shoal and left the sea ~~rolling~~ ^{rolling} helplessly in the dark. Like jelly on the spine of the earth, Amos Vogel said. ~~ZZZZZZZZZZZZ~~ So he sent his cty rolling over the water, understood in the boats scattered all over the dark water, and the long nets, the full seines, dug into the defeated sea and drew up mullet and jack and kingfish fighting the mesh. The fishermen joked in the boats, feeling very good and rich, and smoked their store smokes recklessly and settled all their debts in their heads. For when a ^{fisherman} ~~man~~ cruises the Shoal with the payload jumping and slapping in the bottom of the boat each time the seine boiled in, heavy with riches, he knew that ~~shore~~ ashore he would walk up Great William Street proud as a tarpon on a morning sport. Past Bloom the Butcher and past Chandi the Indian greengrocer and past Murray the Tailor and Loban the loudmouthed potmender, walking proud and tallheeled into The Chinaman's for his bottle of Old Estate. Hallelujah.

The sea heaved plumply around four a.m., heel-and-toeing the little crafts and was unpredictable for thirty minutes. And the captains and those with noses able to pick up an ill wind, took a test of the north-east corner where the stars were dimming ~~and~~ now, and ~~showing~~ ^{appearing} again, fretting ~~behind~~ ^{behind} the back of the drifts. For out of the corner had come strong winds, the storms and hurricanes, shoving forty-foot waves ahead of them to snatch many good fishermen. Amos Vogel searched the sea with his nose and found no reason to knock the alarm on the side of the boat. So the fishing continued and the great nets were hauled up the slope of the sea, lurching leadenly with much fish.

SPACE

And now that a man could see his left hand as it groped for the gaff when the big ones came in fighting the net, it meant that the night and the roughest work was over. And that now it was time for Amos Vogel to take the Co-operative home.

"Take some, leave some," said Amos Vogel, feeling for the killick.

In the early ~~grey~~ ^{grey} he looked landward, ~~for~~ feeling with his eyes for the mountain, to say his prayers. It was still in the boat, Porter Vogel and Ti Brooks knowing the old man's habit. Amos grunted and they went to work again. He could ^{not make out} ~~see~~ the top of the mountain. The top of the mountain was called the Dolphin's Head, a landfall for the Logan's Woe fleet. But sometimes ~~XX~~ when the little boats fished a dozen miles to the north nearer Cuba and the land mist ~~came~~ up, they steered by

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instinctZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ and ~~the~~ maybe a few loyal stars. The Head was a food mountain, f a farmer's mountain, but behind the Head was the Cock-pit Country, a badland country where the soil was locked in by sawtoothed rocks, a forbidden place only to be visited for punishment. Violators of Woe law were sent into the Cockpits for punishment Amos and The Chinaman, Hookie's unofficial town deputies.

"I hope the month will be green for those poor oxen of farmers up there," Amos said in a gracious way to break the silence/for his ^{they had given} ~~praying~~ praying. He could be a gracious man. He squinted south again, searching for the Head.

"Every man to his own," Ti Brooks, the crewman, said. "The hoe is useless on the sea, the keel has no grace on land."

"Your big mouth has no grace on land or sea. Haul in the lines," Amos said unkindly.

Porter Vogel, tall, loose-jointed, grinned in the half dark at Ti Brooks.

"My pa is the only man allowed to preach the sermons. Didnt you know?"

"Foulness of bread and abundance of idleness.' Ezekiel, sixteen forty-five. Pay out the jib. You are the error of my youthful days." Ti Brooks laid ~~they lay~~ the heavy net amidships as Porter Vogel warped it aboard.

"Ti Brooks, how are our wages?" Cap'n Amos asked.

Ti Brooks chuckled as he ran his eyes over the catch. They loved the old man, even if age had put too much salt on his tongue and he was too lazy to chuck it. Ti Brooks turned his face upward, closed his eyes and said, "If we sank now, at this very moment, I could say to my ghost, 'Ghost, I remember a Saturday morning when Ti Brooks was a very wealthy man.'"

Amos Vogel took up the rudder in his ~~his~~ rough-knuckled hands and swung it over the stern, dropping the poles into the iron eyes.

"Soon all our boats will have engines and every day we will be wealthy men," he said.

Amidship, Ti Brooks hauled up the mainsail. It was ten feet high on the bamboo mast and very manoueverable. "Porter says we will need no engines. We will open hotels, like the Developers."

Porter Vogel lashed the jib. His eyes were angry. Amos saw it and turned away. He felt the wind on the back of his head.

"It will be s small wind," he said to Ti Brooks.

"A ten o'clock wind, I hope," Ti Brooks said, measuring the block of ice in the boat, a white, cold eye in the middle of the dead fish. "We may get in before the ice melts and the fish stink."

Amos squinted down sea where the sun below the horizon gave light. It would be a brute of a sun, a great, yellow, undiplomatic son of a bitch sun that could melt the ice, spoil the fish and profane a man's payday. Well, then. He could read the wind and the shape of the waves better than any man on The Island. He would guide those boats to the beach before the fish could stink.

"Sit tight on your mouth, Ti Brooks," he said gruffly. "I will put you ashore before the fish stink."

They lashed the single ^{mainsail} ~~zazz~~ and braced their feet on the gunwale.

"Here she comes now," Amos said, "pissing gently as a dove."

The sails slatted, the boom went out and the boat heeled. Amos settled his back to the stern, hooked the inside of his arm to the rudder bar. Porter looked over his shoulder towards the land. The white shoreline was not yet visible, and neither the red scars where the Developer's bulldozer had chewed the headland commencing the road to the beach. He wrapped his fingers around the back of his neck and braced, to loosen

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the cramped muscles. He snapped his head forward with a grunt of release. The lightglanced along his angled face and down the capable ~~body~~ semi clad body in sea-clothes. Not that goddam ~~beach~~ tractor on that goddam beach, he vowed in his head.

"Perhaps the Developer will marry your Tina and produce many small Developers," said Amos at the stern, his hair shaking in the wind, the rudder shuddering securely in the crook of his arm, giving an old man's joyful laughter when he shares the youthful occupations of skill and strength and talking of love in the sun. "Then we would own his hotel, the beautiful Tina having won a victory for us by her long legs."

"Will you shut up about Tina?" (said Porter, *HARD,* ~~looking angry~~)

"Ah," Captain Amos twinkled. "In my day, such a thing would have been impossible. This ownership without occupancy. Then, we were men. *We took, when there was no occupancy. We also fought over our women like tomeats. Men should always.* Maybe the Developer is a man. Is he a white fellow? Is he an American? Many of them are Americans. Is he married, Ti Brooks? You know every-thing on the beach."

HE IS MARRIED
"Only if ~~he~~ to his fist," said Ti Brooks.

Amos Vogel *chuckled.* "You obscene fart."

"A man in Montego Bay tells me the white Yankees call the black Yankees, smokes," *"Tina is a smoke."* Porter said.

fight over women. It is strong and goodly. God gave us our women. We must value his gifts.

"I would like to light her up but she burns only for you," Ti Brooks *said sadly, amidships,*

Amos thought that Porter was too angry. Sometimes anger was fear wearing spurs. Smoke, indeed! Were white girls called fish-belly, then? Today, he promised, he would go to see this man, this Developer. The young fellows in the Woe were getting angrier. A leaf ~~and~~ does not rot the day it falls into the water. *HE MUST FISH THE FELLOWS OUT OF THE WATER BEFORE.* The tractor was no good, ~~and it was~~ not a developer. In the same way that the Developer was not a developer take the pocket-cash from the fellows. If a road was going to the beach then the young fellows in the Woe should be working on it. *The boat, likewise. Without engines,* the fishing was ~~not good~~ *poor.* *So* that bloody Griot was *also a great* provoca-

tion. *Vrrmph* ~~and~~ *vrrmph vrrmph*, tearing down the sea for the best drop-holes, going twice, three times farther farther than the best boat in my fleet, coming back full of ~~six~~ fish, full of arrogance, disgorging all the big ocean groupers and tarpon and king fish, then ~~sitting~~ taking its ease like a satisfied whore on our beach, its red engine cocked in the air like a feisty ~~maxim~~ *BEHIND* ~~max~~ at you.

but a devourer, by God. Like a shark. Sharks never stopped feed-^{had}ing. Like the shark, the Developer ~~had~~ to keep moving or down. Had to keep eating. That is why he needs to devour all around him; ^{builder of} ~~his~~ his own hotel, ^{maker of} ~~his~~ his own road, ^{bought} his own boat with an engine, to fish his own fish for his table. Devour. Devour. The tractor would

Amos muttered and pulled himself together. He squinted ~~at~~ ^{forward in} ~~the~~ ~~early~~ haze at the land, fixing ~~landfalls~~ ~~and~~ the sea-run.

~~118~~

"Its still sitting up there, like a frowsy hen," ~~To~~ Ti Brooks said. Of the tractor. He liked to ginger things. Nothing ginged as ~~axdabxaxnatex~~ goosing the anger. He grinned. "Like a yellow, frowsy hen, ^{Cap'n Amos,} ~~skipperx waitingxtoxpeak~~ sitting on all the eggs."

Porter took up the bowline and brought the dripping killick ~~axin-~~ boardx off the gunwale. I believe I will go with Louis~~M.NXXXXXX~~ I swear to God I believe I will go with Louis. One stick will be enough to blow the yellow devil to hell.

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The wind came out of the corner and mounted to the old man's shoulder and smart old Amos know all the plans of the wind by the way it moved around. It was not a powerful wind, but it had removed the great chains from the sea and so should be respected.

It does not want to tell me all its plans, but by a certain witness to it and by the way it comes, puff, puff, puff, and then a long, steady blow, it will be a wind of good manners. It will give us movement and demand nothing in return.

He could remember some winds that had contained huge demands. The wind at the beginning of the first big war had demanded two schooners and the lives of thirty men. The wind the year ~~that~~ Porter was born had demanded an English frigate not far from shore. One of the worse had been the claim on the ^{year} ~~village~~ when Porter ^{was} ~~had been~~ ten years old. In one stroke, it had wiped out twenty houses and took many lives. ~~Porter's mother, ANNA, had died in that wind. ~~Porter would have been a good man, but he would not have been a good man, but he would not have been a good man.~~~~

hurricane warning had come too late. The ~~weather~~ ~~report~~ ~~to~~ ~~stack~~ the boats in back of Logan's Rock; the great headland ~~had~~ had a hollow, landside, at the foot, which made it secure as a fortress. But the ~~fortress~~ fortress had fallen to the power of the dollar; bought ~~with~~ with the rest of the property by the Developer. There would ~~have~~ have to be another refuge found, identified, and the strategy for evacuation fixed before the hurricane season. Logan's Woe was ~~an~~ on the exposed coast, dead in the path of ^{those blows which} ~~the~~ ~~blows~~ that chose his island for target. But Amos reflected that ~~nowadays~~ affairs were now much better handled than in the old days. There was a fine new ^{warning} weather/office in the city that gave a man more time. Tracked the weather from Florida, Guantanamo, ^{San Juan,} ~~Puerto Rico,~~ Kingston, marched alongside and topside ~~the~~ the big-headed blows ~~as~~ they ~~moved~~ even before they moved inside the ~~the~~ island sea, picked them up ~~off~~ near Africa and told ~~as~~ every poor wet-assed fisherman to watch out, ~~fixing~~ ^{fastening} its eye on the eye of the bastard, up through Barbados, Martinique, Guadeloupe, the Virgins, up through the Leewards, the Windwards, the north ~~island~~ islands, ~~Yam~~ Cuba, ~~Jamaica,~~ Puerto Rico, Jamaica, straight into the Gulf, watching and charting every twitch of that great long murderous son of a bitch until it lost itself in the Mexican mountains or flew off with its tails between its legs back inside the Atlantic. He would not have lost his Anna if the watch had been as good those days. He would not now be a lonely old run-head spending his evenings in The Chinaman's. ~~Of course, with Anna~~ Of course, with Anna alive, he would still be going to The Chinaman's, but that would be on business, although he would naturally have a few with the Chinese bastard and the broken down policeman Joshua Hookie while they conducted their business. Anna would have understood. She had been a good wife. She had understood.

In whatever case, the evacuation of the village would be better conducted now because of the early warning. Even if the Developer denied ~~them~~ Logan's Rock, they could ^{back} ~~bak~~ up inside the mountain, into the Cock-pits, out of that murderous wind.

To be a captain of a fleet is a great trade, Captain Amen said. One must think and plan ahead of all others. Any man can say, Here are the rules; but they will be obeyed only if they are good rules. And one ceases to be a captain when obedience to the rules brings his people no reward.

Hookie read him the riot act

"Louis is no longer a fisherman since ~~the police~~ ^{about using} showed their teeth against the use of dynamite," Amos Amen said. "He can no longer blow up the little fishes and he is no good with the net."

He worked the rudder away, his body trimming to the boat as the head came into the wind. The boat danced and he felt the water arguing through the inch thick wood. He was familiar with every foot of the cotton tree that ~~had gone into making his boat.~~ ^{had gone into making his boat.}

~~The wood had been obedient under his hand,~~ The wood had been obedient under his hand, and it had gained this award: It spoke to the wind and the sea, and wind and sea bowed their backs and went to work for it. Maybe Porter and Louis should be cut down and hewn into new shapes.

"It is the ^{Co-operative,} ~~co-op,~~ Porter said ^{Porter maliciously,} ~~in malice,~~ knowing old Amen's fishermen's devotion to the ~~co-operative.~~ ^{Louis} "It kills ~~me~~ to be fishing for a ^{Developer} ~~American~~ run by old men. ^{"I"} He thinks he will go to work for the ~~American~~ when the hotel is finished," ^{to Brooks said.} ^{shit-house?"}

"What will he do there? Clean the ~~boats?~~ ^{Developer}" asked Amos.

"Maybe he will get a job as brother-in-law to the ~~American~~ since you think the ^{Developer} ~~American~~ will marry Tina," Porter ~~grinned~~ ^{grinned} ^{Developer} ^{LIKEABLY, Amos grinned} ^{Louis} ^{bad,} was Tina's brother.

"What do they pay a brother-in-law ~~in America?~~ ^{to a Developer?}" Ti Brooks enquired.

"Better ask ~~the Captain~~ ^{Pa,} Porter said. ^{digging up all the facts."} "He's a busy little sand-shark,

^{Developer,} ~~American,~~ Ti Brooks said with a sigh. "He is very rich. The workmen

say there will be a toilet to every room."

Porter grunted. He wasn't interested in that.

"But ~~was~~ a toilet to every room!" Ti Brooks exclaimed. "Just think of it!"

"Think of what?"

"Why would they want one in every room?" *They must be full of it!*

Porter ~~he~~ looked at the roar of laughter in Ti Brook's eyes. "Maybe," ~~they~~ *old Amos-* ~~are just full of what's its name,~~ he said, cautiously, eyeing ~~his~~ *the old* ~~that~~ *coot figured that only he was allowed to cuss in the boat.* ~~father.~~

"When they find oil on the island and I become very rich, I am going to have a toilet in every room," Ti Brooks said firmly. "It will be a place to keep my filthy lucre, as the Good Book calls it." *in the bowl*

"Then you could both wash your mouths/~~with~~ every morning," *allow* Captain ~~Amos~~ *Amos* said. It was good to ~~give~~ *allow* the boys their ~~heads~~ *RIBALDAY*. They had done well in the night.

"Look who ~~is~~ talking!" Ti Brooks jeered. "~~Haven't Porter and I studied under our captain?~~" *["DONT YOU KNOW THEY PLAN TO MAKE"]*

~~"It is because they are thinking of making~~ him a Justice of the Peace?" Porter said with a grin. "He will have to put away the mahoe stick, ~~when~~ *and give up cussing.*" *proudly,*

Amos ~~Amos~~ ~~fixed~~ fixed his eyes on the horizon, *and tried not to let his chest rise too,* The boy well knows the honour it will be for ~~the village~~ *the* ~~and~~ *the* when I become a Justice of the Peace. Amos could feel the dignity of it moving in easy power, right now inside him. He would wear it splendidly, from cock-crow to noon and down the other side. Amos held his face still and sailed his boat ahead of the fleet.

Porter ~~Amos~~ *Vogel* watched the skill of his father at the stern and

said half fondly, My stubborn pa, my obsolete father who would negotiate ~~amxhant~~ with the devil in hell. He and Hookie and The Chinaman, they think they are the smartest bastards. Arguments will solve any problems. Maybe, Porter said, ~~ll~~ maybe. But a stick of dynamite is just as effective. And quicker. A stick of dynamite explosive under that great yellow beast sitting up there, looking ~~solemnly~~ ^{solemnly} down on us like a some squat gnome god. A bit of ordnance under that son of a bitch would scatter him all over Logan's Rock and convince the Developer. And even if it did not, how would Mister Developer work a bulldozer without a tractor?

~~Captain~~ Amos Vogel crossed the bows of his fleet sailing down ~~at~~ the final tack and ^{settled his prow on} the opening in the reef ~~was~~. He had brought his fleet ~~in~~ ^{out of} the morning's darkness into the daybreak with their bows on the beach and not an inch of ~~distance~~ sea-mile wasted. Yessir. There clearly stood the Dolphin's Head, swept of fog and green. There clearly were the bones and ligaments of the Developer's hotel, waiting for the plaster skin. There clearly was the yellow tractor ~~squatting~~ ^{squatting} on the headland. *There clearly was Hookie's flagpole and the roof of The Chinaman's.*

Hunkered down in the stern, the sea jacket made from an old sugar bag wrapped about his shoulders, he was a shaggy seadog. The mouth strong, blackeyes glittering ^{under} the ~~smxwxinkled~~ weather-creased brow. The bobbing, fighting line of boats straightened and followed ~~him~~ ^{him} ~~and~~ through the opening in the reef.

I have brought my Co-operative home. I have navigated them through miles of ocean. The condition here is beautiful and roomy. A good sandy beach of yellow sand, plenty of room for a fleet and enough for a hotel too. But I must get what I can for my men. The road must be built by us. He can use his tractor on the grounds of his hotel, but the road is ours. It would be nice to have a pole with an electric light on top of his hotel. Blinking red and green, as in the big harbours. The Co-operative will also sell fish to his hotel. Trucking to the city is very expensive. A captain must think for his men. To finish well is all that matters. That is so. I was talking foolish at The Chinaman's.

The boat's keel hit the sand and ran for half its length onto the beach. Nobody, Amos thought, could have done it as well.

I was thinking in my liquor at The Chinaman's.

They hauled the boats completely out of the water after the ~~women~~ ^{gulls} had removed the fish. The ~~women~~ ^{gulls} took the fish to the co-op store and the fishermen scoured the boats with water dipped up in calabash balers. Then they turned over the boats for the sun to get at the small sea ~~animals~~ ^{animals} which feed on the bottom. The nets were ^{rinsed} and hung on ^{the net.} poles, ~~with~~ ^{cork} the floaters of ~~Canadian cork~~ at the bottom. The men searched the big seines for holes that a strong fish might have torn in the night. They mended the holes with flat ~~wooden~~ ^{BAMBOO OR CEDAR} needles, ~~made~~ from ~~bamboo~~ and some from cedar, their hands moving intricately. Louis ^{Trainer} caught Porter's eye and signalled with his head for Porter to meet him beyond the nets.

Louis said, "We should take a look at the road this morning. I hear that the ~~large rock ballast~~ ^{is} has ~~already been laid down.~~" [~~So?~~ ^{He does what he wants on his own land.}] "Louis moved impatiently. "Don't you want to know how close he's getting?"

Porter looked at the curling top of the waves and made his decision. "I will wash and eat and go with you."

"You are ^{frightened up, man,} very serious," Louis said. "Was the old man cutting up this morning?" ^{"You know him" Porter said.}

"He knows how to lay the whip ~~to a man's temper,~~" Porter said.

"Then stand out of his way."

"How does a man stand out of the way of his father?" ~~Porter~~ asked testily. "Move ^{out} from under his roof?"

Louis shrugged his high shoulders. He was a thin ^{young fellow,} man, worse than naked in the ragged sea clothes. At the side of the broader, taller Porter, he seemed slim and dangerous. He played with the gaffing ~~hook~~ ^{hook} and looked at Ti Brooks putting pitch on the bottom ^{of the boat.} of ~~the~~ lobster boat. "How is that one?" he asked. "Is he ~~going~~ with us?"

Porter said without turning, "You know Ti Brooks."

"No, I dont," snapped Louis.

"Hell, you know. He turns over all the words looking for the joke underneath. He's never serious."

"Then dont talk to him." He ran his thumb ~~over~~ along the edge of his gaff. "Tell him nothigg."

He is Tina's brother but I would beat the shit out of Mhim, Porter thought bleakly. He is unable to love. He has no girl. He does not love his boat. He is captain of his boat but he walks away from it leaving his crew to clean it down and stow the gear.

"You have a sharp gaff," Porter said evenly. "I see by the blood on the handle that last night you kill ^{ed} fish."

Louis looked up at him. He did not say anything.

"You leave Ti Brooks alone, hear me?" Porter said softly. "He and I have been in the same boat since we were boys. He is close as a brother."

Louis shrugged. "Just dont bring him into our business. Go talk to your eloise."

He walked away and Porter looked over at Tina's boat and saw her watching them. All the girls in the Woe were called eloise by the fishermen. Nobody knows why but it fell oddly attractive on the ear. Tine was the lone girl in the boats. The other girls worked ashore, on the cleaning and packing and in the Co-op store. Her father had owned two boats. He was struck by a barracuda in five ~~feet~~ fathoms and drowned before his men could reach him. Other men had been ripped by barracudas and lived but he had a bad heart and when the fish raced in and slit him, he sank like a stone. One of the boats went to Louis. He had wanted both boats. Amos and Hookie and The Chinaman, sitting in the town council, had ruled that one of the boats go to Tina.

Porter walked over to Tina. She was searching the seine, marking broken mesh with ~~x~~ coloured twine.

"You caught more than Louis," he said, glancing at the Co-op invoice card atop her gear in the boat.

"Not as good as you," she said. "I heard Ti Brooks sing out."

"And you know when he is rich," Porter said with a grin.

"You know," Tina said, nodding hard. "All the way to Cuba."

They jumped back for Fine Arnie, as he roared off on his motor bike kicking sand. Ti Brooks, by his boat, stood hunched forward, drooling after the rattling bone shaker. Fine Arnie had picked it up at a police auction in Ocho Rios. Ti Brooks thought that Fine Arnie was a fucking capitalist to own such a motor bike in Logan's Woe. He had now gone into business. He taught the fellows in the Woe to drive the bike --- at a dollar for half an hour. Ti Brooks had been one of the first to learn. One of these days, when the dice was rolling right at Gordy's, he would own a bike. He would go around kicking sand too.

"If I were Amos, you know what I would do? I would go to the government. I would say to the Minister of Fisheries, or whatever he is, that we cannot fight all that money which has gone into ^{the} development business, hotels, shopping centres, beach clubs, apartment houses, and that they, the government, must protect us. No ~~buli~~ tractors on our beaches. No hotels on our sands. Otherwise, I would say to the Minister, otherwise, Mister Minister, not a vote from Logan's Woe for you come the next elections."

God,
Porter Vogel shuddered. "Ah, Lord, then he would run and bawl!"
She shot him an angry look.
"You think you are so smart? You think only men have brains?"

He grinned at her. "Ah, come on, I know eloises are smart too. You are smarter than Louis. Look at all the fish you caught. Ask the fish if Tina Rhooms is ^{smart.} ~~smart~~ ~~WIKINGO OMOB SANKH HOBONAD OPHENOCU OCHILLAD~~

She turned ~~angrily~~ back to the net, the back of her neck rigid with anger.

"Hey, eloise," he said softly, ~~and she~~ "calm down." She shook her head. ~~and~~ ~~go=about~~ "You ~~shook~~ Louis." ~~ZZZZZZZZ~~

She walked to the edge of the water and dipped her forearms to the elbows. She came back flicking water from her ~~face~~ ^{HANDS.}

"Let me tell you what you are. You are a barefoot boy who wants to wear shoes. That is how you fight. For shoes. ^{The right} ~~To~~ wear shoes. But ~~XXXXXX~~ my brother Louis? That Louis is the boy with shoes who wants to burn down the store that sells them. That is how he fights. There is a venom in him. Watch for it." ~~poison=in=his=quarrels.~~ "Let me understand you," he said. ~~XXXXXXXX~~

He had ~~XXXXXXXX~~ a slow patience that infuriated her sometimes. "Should we ignore the Developer? ^{Allow} ~~ZZZZZ~~ whatever he will do to us, to luck, or ^{to to} chance? Dont you know that all along the coast, fishermen are fighting to hold on to their beaches? That the ~~ZZZZZZ~~ Developers are coming in like ^{hitting} 'cudas ~~as~~ a troll?"

"Then let Old Amos fight the battle. He is better at it than either you or Louis." [He grinned at her.

"I ^{never} ~~always~~ figured you liked older men."

"You did not figure wrong, trash fish. What I like is sensible ^{and} ^{that} ~~men/and~~ ~~but~~ it seems/only ~~the~~ older men are sensible. You and Louis are muscular. Old Amos is intelligent."

Porter ^{leered and} stretched lazily. ^{"Wlak in the long grass with me tonight?"} ~~ZZZZZZZZZZZZ~~

"Sure. We'll go through the church. That's the way into the long grass, you parish bull," said Tina as ^{with her foot} she skittered a spray of sand ^{after} ~~ZZZZ~~ his retreat.

Cap'n Amos, going into the Co-operative Store to record the night's catch, said to himself that this could be a ~~good~~^{glad} day to pay a visit on the Developer. He had put off going long enough. That was a no-good way of ignoring that the Developer had been shoved up Logan's Woe. For although the Developer was out of sight, on top of his Rock, fornicating with his tractor, he was also down in the village, a troublemaker, troublemaking inside the head of one and all, of Porter and of Louis, of more bodies in the boats to swamp a sea-mile. Good God o' Goshen, was not the Developer even now inside Amos Vogel's head, twisting and turning, chomping and farting and setting him ill at ease?

So, very well then. This could be a good day to visit the Developer. It had been a fine night for the fleet. And with all these fat fish in his stocks, ready for the books, Amos knew he was robust, in fine fettle, a winner. When you went for a face-to-face with a foe it was good to have about you the smell of success. Gave you confidence. Gave you strength to bargain and guile at your tongue. Old Amos nodded to himself and clomped into the store.

The young first-son who had come down from the government registry in the City to book-keep the Co-op Store, hitched at the crease of his sharp, striped reggae trousers and said familiarly, "The boats made a good haul, ~~01'~~^{01'} Timer; three thousand pounds weight for a night's work. Regular capitalists, hah!"

The leatherly eyelids narrowed on the youth.

"And what do you know of a night's work in the boats, eh? Eh, Puss Prick? What you think it is? You think it is like pushing a pen? Can a pen give you aches in the balls? Agony in the shoulders? Does the ink in your pen contain salt to work into your wounds? Can a shark come in under your chair and take a piece ~~xxxx~~ out of your bell-bottom trousers? ~~xxx~~ Who the hell do you think you are, eh? ~~xxxxxstxxxxx~~ First-son to a house-master? Head pimp to a Harbour Street madam?"

"No, Daddy. Name's Moore. But my bad name is Ras Gore. Moore's my bald-head name. Ras Gore in the struggle, for the job, ~~@Gore****at*home*my*African*name*~~ my African name."

"The Africans would disown you in those trousers."

The boy grinned. "A fight at The Chinaman's would do you good, Daddy. There's a new policeman, just came to the Post today, I hear. Why dont you go take it out on him? Heard people talking today. They say he Cap'n --- that's you, right? --- will have to ^{put him under} ~~ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ~~ manners. ~~ZZZZZZZZZZ~~"

Amos squinted at him. The boy had ^{heavy, combed-back} ~~heavy, combed-back~~ locks. A city Rasta. "Where are you from?" Amos demanded.

"From the city. I am a city ^{Rasta. A city-dread.} ~~XXXXXX DZZZZZZZ~~"

"Dread my ass!" snarled old Amos. "We dont take feistiness down here in the Woe, ^F From nobody! The Rastas down here stay spiritual brethren 'cause if they dont, we chase their backsides out. No Dreads down here."

The boy wrote the weight on the invoice. He had combat-hardened eyes. The tough old Logan's Woe head shover did not scare him. He shook his head over the figures. Time to lay ^{Babylonian fisherman.} ~~some Rasta rhetoric on the~~ righteous Better than being a pork-~~raiser~~ ^{He'll} I-and-I will "This is ~~ZZZZ~~ money, Pops. ~~ZZZZZZZZZZ~~ go out with you one night. About time that Jah son ~~IXWANTIXIX~~ learn to fish. ^{brothers} ~~brethren~~ Although I may have to explain to the ~~brothers~~ how come I-and-I have a baldhead for a teacher."

Amos snatched the paper from him and pinned him with a bad eye.

"You would ~~ZZZZZZ~~ learn to fish? I am sixty-five years old and I ~~MAVXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ ^{am still learning to fish, you} small, sweaty crutch." He shook the invoice at him. "You think this is much? When ^{we get our motor-boats} ~~I haxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~thaxxxxx~~ and troll clear up to Cuba, you will see fish, you crab scut. And something else. What you mean pork-~~raiser~~ head? Eh? I raise pigs, and any one of my pigs look better than you with your ^{hair} ~~zaxixhead~~ like a John-Crow nest. Any one of my pigs have better manners." He tromped to the door, paused and turned. "Another thing, city-dread. You misbe- have again and we do ^{you} what we do to bad Rastas. We take you down to the beach and soak out your locks and ~~zzzz~~ shave them clean with our gaffing knives. Because you too saucy, boy!"

He had the satisfaction of seeing the townie blanch at the gills and ~~his~~ ballpoint ~~shockz~~ falter. He chuckled a little to himself and walked away ~~thinking~~ puzzling at the strangeness of a new policeman.

Funny ~~Man~~ Joshua ^{had} never mentioned a new policeman. At his cottage, ^{of stone and hardwood, bleached grey and white like the} ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ shiny as glazed earthenware, rest of Logan's Woe, ^{two rooms and a front hall, clay floor hard and} ~~he took the basket of baby whittings from the night's~~ catch and went into the backyard where he kept a sty of pigs. Knee high to a tall man, they were, and smart as moneylenders. They spotted Amos approaching and grunted up to the crossbars. X

"Why you dont go ~~to~~ fish sometimes if you love seafood so?" Amos grumbled, a glint on him at the affection.

"But if you kept your boat as you keep your sty I would drum you out of my fleet." ^{Boy. Pinned him with a bad eye.}

He fed the hogs, talking to them by name and running his mind over what they would bring.

"I will/^{have my people}raise many of you and sell you to the Developers' hotels and become rich," he said.

He addressed a fine upstanding giant, fat in the quarters as a ~~house~~ south coast whore.

"Can I get rich from you, Napoleon? And, ^{you,"} she was a dark glossy grey with a snout ~~of~~ like a pink hibi~~mus~~ ^afresh of ~~the~~ morning's dew,

"you, Queen Elizabeth, with the help of Napoleon, will you make me a rich wealthy hogman?" ~~the~~ Developer is an American, will he be a

Jew who does not eat pork? Joshua says that ~~thax~~ ^{some} ~~axstax~~ a=few of the Rastas sneak and eat pork but they will not call it pork. Those un-

faithful Rastas call you, ~~that~~ ^{That.} You know, Napoleon? They say to the butcher, Give me a pound of ~~that~~ ^{That.} Poor dam' fools. They think that their

Jah put you into the world to be of no use? Eh, Duchess?" ^{he said into} ~~He=slapped at~~ the Duchess' red-rimmed eyes. He slapped at

a snout that nudged too hard at the basket. "Eh, Senator? For what dam' use are you except to be eaten? Eh?" He upended the basket and matched the ~~ZZZZZZZZ~~ crescendo of grunts as best he could. He chuckled. "Fishing is cleaner, yet not even a farmer can drown in a sty."

He returned to the cottage, chuckling hugely. A hogman. He chuckled a lot.

Old Amos changed into the white duck trousers and calico shirt he favoured ashore. As he drew the starched shirt over his head, he wondered what he would say to the Developer. Would it be a growl-to-growl

~~meeting,~~ looking hard into the ground, ~~as=they=spoke,~~ with only the occasional glimpse of an eye as they hid and scouted, watchful as

carps for the hook? ^{Or} ~~znor~~ would they face off ~~hard-edged,~~ all angles cuts, ^{guarding} and a few

and ~~zuzaz~~ ~~they~~ ~~zparzed~~ each ~~defending~~ his quarter; ^{by} small rushes ^{to manouevre in}

the open? Take it in the open, Old Amos said. Going to a meet for the first time, you drew pictures of your opponent in your head and then none of them proved right.

He took the ^{bottle} jug of rum from the locker and placed it beside the bowl of sugar on the table. ~~ZZZZZZ~~ ^{maybe} The Developer/is a young man.

I should not pick a fight. I am turning a little old. Nowadays I have to guard against what the muscles in the forearms say. And what that sly one at the knees say. Age has a way of arguing the muscles into ~~peace~~ seeking peace.

He went outside and macheted a coconut from the (WORD FOR DWARF COCONUT TREE). He swung with easy science at the thick, insulated padding. The kernel, round, brown, shaggy, he cracked at the head and poured the juice into a yabba. He went among the dusty lime

trees and sought a handful of yellow-skinned ones. He drank coconut milk from the yabba. If he went to The Chinaman's today and sat with Joe ~~CHIZI~~ and Joshua he would need the flooring of coconut milk. Hookie and The Chinaman were very famous. One drinks too much ~~where~~ when there is no woman in the house to say ah ah.

He returned ~~insidexixix~~ into the house and squeezed the limes for his morning punch. His drinker's head calculated the lime juice. (One of sour, there. Lime juice is good for quenching the woman-thirst.) But a Cap's who has worked his trade all night in the bucking small boats and is about to talk to a smart ~~Deviser~~ developer may be permitted to brace himself.

He ~~sponned~~ ^{ed} ~~the~~ ^{IN} sugar. (Two of sweet, said his head, and the colour comes richly with the sugar.)

Lots of people ~~doz~~ ^{not} ^e understand Morgan's Woe, Amos Vogel said. But that is not the fault of the Woe. The Woe is easily understood if you reckon it not a place to fool ~~witzz~~ about with.

He shook ~~the~~ jar of ~~rum~~ and

Mechanics and working machines and earth-movers.

"The boys and girls who go out for Morgan's Woe to work in your houses when the wind is bad and the fish go deep."

DO NOT WARR OFF EVIL BUT PURSUE GOOD.

It is acceptable ^{from} the ~~people~~ ^{people} who ^{produced} ~~adduced~~ the Rasta should extend the tolerance we now see.

guts. He belched and stood on a mountain. He blinked a little^{as} the ~~first~~^{morning} one after a night at sea worked in the best of men. He put up his chest and blew. ~~Now he thought~~ It was a foolish way, the Developer's. If I were the Developer and ~~thought-of-putting~~^{wanted to put} a road through Morgan's Woe to the beach for my hotel guests, I would have heard of Amos Vogel, captain of the fleet and soon to be a Justice of the Peace, and gone to him, and said, "Cap'n Vogel, I wish to put a road down to your fine yellow beach for my tourists to enjoy. I will be no trouble to your fine people of Morgan's Woe. In fact, I will not even use a tractor to build the road to your fine yellow beach, although that's how we do it in Yankeeland. No sir. I will ask you, Cap'n Amos Vogel, J.P., to speak to some of your fine young men to work on the road and earn some nice Yankee dollars now that the fishing is poor." That's what I would do. But the Developer is not a wise man. The Developer is a Bombo! said Cap'n Amos, the island profanity exploding over the mug as ~~it rose to another~~^{he took a second} swig.

~~He finished the punch~~^{morning} Clapping his white shore cap to his head, he took up the mahoe walking-stick. It had a loaded head and fitted into his hand like a weapon. It was. He closed the door and walked jauntily to the road. He hummed a small refrain and said how-de-do to One-Two~~.the=first=soul~~ One-Two was a Rastafarian. Fine man at sea; ashore he withdrew into his strange religion and gathered unusual sea-stones^{which he packed in small heaps all over Morgan's Woe.} One-Two ignored Cap'n Vogel's salutation. A serene man, shirtless in all weathers, his cut-down trousers hugged his legs close as skin. He was a Rasta locksman; ~~that is~~^{well}, he was a mystic who ~~ate only ital-f~~ eschewed pork and plaited his long hair in ringlets. He fished his boat alone, a ten-footer, scrubbed clean as a seashell. He fished by pots and a hand-net ~~and-often-rowed~~ but went to the Shoal with the seine-fishers. It took him longer to get there when the wind was down for he sculled alone, his wiry arms untiring. But ~~sailing-home~~^{homing} in the lee^{of the fleet,} his single slat sail grabbed at winds and slammed him ~~flat-keeled~~^{high-} home/ He was very skillful at sea. Ashore, he ~~collected~~^{spoke in epigrams and} his ~~snuggets~~^{pebbles} against the time when volcanic ~~an enlightened~~ cobbles would command good prices ~~on the~~ market.

*Take in ** Cap'n Vogel met the young policemen in front of the police post. The new officer was as young as Porter, his son. He had a thorn in his eye. Amos pursed his lips thoughtfully.

"You are the new policeman," he said. "Is Corporal Hookie not stationed here anymore, then?"

The new policeman looked him up and down, a man tall as he,

no doubt Amos was thinking what was best for Siloah. ^{was athlete}

"That is so," Amos said humbly.

"We must get the visitor's consent," Hookie said stubbornly as he glared at Amos. But although his policeman's nose was twitching, he could put his fingers on no clues.

"It can do the ^{Boycott} ~~Boscobel~~ team no harm to have a longer rest before the game," Joe Chin said quickly, smiling at Moses ^{Baker} ~~Coombs~~. "The road ^{they came was} ~~from Boscobel~~ is hot and dusty, ^{in a truck."}

"It can do no harm," the ^{Boycott} ~~Boscobel~~ agreed slowly. He had his men grouped in the open, under the trees, with their wives and sweethearts guarding the outskirts.

Hookie looked quickly from Amos to the Chinaman. He grunted and went from the shop. He couldn't find anything wrong, but whatever it was, as the game official, he was best out of it.

Amos pursed his mouth and whistled softly to himself. He said suddenly, "Do you fish, friend ^{Baker?} ~~Coombs?~~"

"I have a shoemaking emporium in ^{Boycott} ~~Boscobel~~, sir," Mose ^{Baker} ~~Coombs~~ said. "It takes up all my time."

"I wish I could make those foolish fishermen of mine see it your way. I mean about resting before the game. A sensible thing," Amos said.

The ^{Boycott} ~~Boscobel~~ man looked curiously at him. "You're the ^{James} ~~Captain~~ of ^{Marshall's Wheel} ~~Siloah~~. From what I've heard, your fishermen do what you tell them," he said.

"Not all the ^{time} ~~while~~," Joe Chin said. "They're tough men. Men who go out to ^{the} ~~Payday~~ Shoal, baring their throats to the teeth of sharks, do not take lightly to orders, brother Coombs."

"I think you must be very strict with your men," Amos said.

Hey Heli
"I'm in charge," the ~~Boscobel~~ shoemaker said with the win glint burning in his eyes.

"A drink for a strong manager," Joe Chin said, upending the bottle. ~~Moses Coombs~~ *Moker* took it as a strong man should at the Chinaman but his smile ~~was~~ *was* smeary. *"Thank you, friend Chin. I'll hold this cowhide."*
Hey, cited the gremlin now a flight inside Amos' head.

Hey Heli
~~Boscobel~~ man said. "So you search for your quarter miler today," the

"A great quarter miler who will bring *Olympic* gold medals, as did ~~McKinley~~ *McKinley*, Rhoden and Wint," came from the Chinaman as he sent forth the famous ~~names~~ *island* like a chant.

Hey Heli
"Maybe ~~Boscobel~~ will produce such a man. We'll hold trials too to find such a man," ~~Moses Coombs~~ *Moker* said.

"Ah, you see, Amos? He'll not hold his trials on the day of the football game," Joe Chin said.

"Its a stupid thing I did," Amos said glumly.

"You've not told him all," Joe Chin said.

Hey Heli
"What's this?" the ~~Boscobel~~ man said.

"He has not told you that his footballers, the dirty seekers after glory, will also run in the obstacle race today," Joe Chin said.

Moker
"The - obstacle race?" ~~Moses Coombs~~ said.

"A vastly foolish thing that can wear you down, and they'll run in this obstacle race before the game with ~~Boscobel~~ *Hey Heli*," Amos said with a groan.

Hey Heli
The ~~Boscobel~~ man spread his hands. "Before the football game? But that's impossible. You must simply forbid them."

"Men who expose their throats to the sharks on ~~the~~ ^{the} Payday Shoal cannot be forbidden to do things, Mr Shoemaker," the Chinaman chided gently.

"Nobody can run an obstacle race and then play in a football game," Moses ~~Coombs~~ ^{Maker} said firmly.

Amos looked up at the bamboo ceiling and said, "Of course, these are ~~Siloah~~ ^{Marshall's} men, full of strength. Nobody on the coast but ~~Siloah~~ ^{Marshall's} men could do it. The sting of pride should not be pulled out, for it is this sting in men that causes them to do the impossible."

The Chinaman nodded. "To beat the men of ~~Boscobel~~ ^{Bozobel} after taking part in that foolish thing called an obstacle race would make them into giants of the coast," he said. "Their names would be heard all through the Caribbean, from Cuba to Haiti to Puerto Rico and Panama."

"That is so," Amos Amen said.

"On the other hand," Joe Chin continued, ~~if~~ ^{if} ~~Siloah~~ ^{our men} ~~loses~~ the football game to ~~Boscobel~~ ^{Bozobel}, after having run that senselessly wearing thing called the obstacle race, there'll be nothing to be ashamed of. Indeed, I can hear it now being said all along the coast that ~~Siloah~~ ^{our men} only lost because they were weary."

"You must stop them," the ~~Boscobel~~ ^{Bozobel} man said angrily.

"Men who sail the deep shelf down to Payday Shoal will not be stopped," Joe Chin said gloomily.

"It'll not be ~~so~~ fair for the people on the coast to say that my team won because yours was tired!" the ~~Boscobel~~ ^{Bozobel} man ~~shouted~~ ^{was BOOMING ANGRIER.}

"I'll say no such thing. I'll breathe no such word," Amos said calmly.

"And we'll ask our villagers not to repeat any of these untruths they hear," the Chinaman said. "The name of ~~Boscobel~~^{Hoy Hill} must not be made to stink."

"You must stop your team from running in this race!" the shoemaker cried. "~~Boscobel~~^{Hoy Hill} must not stink!"

Amos rose, a torn look on his face. "I dont know. I'll try, friend ~~Coombs~~^{Baker}, but I dont know."

"What'll the other villages on the coast say!" ~~meant~~^{ined} Moses ~~Coombs~~^{Baker} as he sent a long stricken look at the Chinaman. Joe Chin turned a face to him that gave him no comfort.

Amos slapped his hands together. Wearing an air of resolution, he said stoutly, "I'll stop them from running in the obstacle race. After all, I'm the captain."

"That's right, Captain! They must obey you! He can stop them, cant he?" Moses ~~Coombs~~^{Baker} said anxiously to the Chinaman as Amos strode from the shop.

"If the Captain says he'll do a thing, he'll do it," Joe Chin said coldly.

"I do not doubt him!" the ~~Boscobel~~^{Hoy Hill} man said ~~desperately~~^{devotedly}.

"Then act that way," retorted the Chinaman.

But Moses ~~Coombs~~^{Baker}, who had heard all the legends about the ~~Siloh~~^{Hoy Hill} captain, showed his worry. He ~~hurried~~^{SCRUBBED HIS TAW. HE} back to where his

~~team~~ team were staying close to their boots, and to each other.

Quietly, he ordered them into their football ~~gear~~ gear. And later that morning, his good sense stood up and shouted in him because it was turning out as he had suspected. For when Mrs Lamport's boy blew the conch shell that sent the racers to the line, there were a dozen men wearing ~~Siloh~~^{Hoy Hill Marshall's} football jerseys among them. The treachery sent him raging up and down Mission street.

"Find me Captain Amen! He said he'd stop his team from running in the obstacle race — find him I say!"

But although the Captain's name was yelled far and wide by such practised throats as Jeremy's and Ti Brooks' and Wild Horse's, he was not to be found. Amos had vanished. Moses ^{baker} Coombs saw Joe Chin standing in front of his shop and he ran to him. Clutching the front of the Chinaman's shirt, he shouted,

"You said he's a man of high honour! You said he'd keep his word!"

With a turn of his delicate appearing wrists, Joe Chin unclutched the shoemaker's hands. "Captain Amen is a man of his word," he snapped at the startled Coombs who was massaging his hurt wrists.

"But what about those men at the starting line? I have eyes! What about those Siloah players?" he pleaded at Joe Chin. The Chinaman shrugged, his face closed.

Corporal Hookie, the blue fatigue cap drawn forward to keep the sun out of his eyes, the pistol in his hand pointed in the air, was reading the rules of the race.

"You'll run inland for two miles, up the mountain road to Joseph Broome's farm, go around the big black rock in front of Septy Collins' shop, turn left through the pasture to the entrance of the Diablo Rojo caves, crawl through the funnel to the outlet near the Great Pedro Bluff, climb to the top of the Bluff and jump into the sea. Then you'll swim around the point into ~~the cove~~ Cap'n Teach's Cove. There are boats hauled up in the Cove, and one man to a boat, you'll push off and row due south to Nelson's Stake. You must round the Stake and turn east into Siloah. You must haul your boats clear of

the water, you lose points if the boat is awash, and run up Mission street to the finishing line in front of ~~XXXXXXXX~~ the Chinaman's shop. Any questions? No? Get on the mark."

So with a despairing groan, Moses ^{Baker} ~~Coombs~~ looked at his clean limbed ^{1899 Hale} ~~Boscobel~~ players who in training he had honed to a sharp point, and sent them in to blunt their edges on Amos Amen's obstacle race. He had one consolation, and that was the ^{Marshall's War} ~~Siloah~~ players would be blunting theirs too.

The fifty runners or so, loped off at Hookie's pistol shot and there was a great cheering from the ^{Marshall's War} ~~Siloah~~ people for the brave men of ^{1899 Hale} ~~Boscobel~~. The village settled down to the long wait for the finish, and the ~~the~~ flutes and the drums came out.

The runners must have been rounding the big black rock in front of Septy Collins' ~~the~~ when Captain Amen suddenly appeared on Mission street. With a cry, the ^{1899 Coombs} ~~Boscobel~~ manager bore down on him.

"You said you'd keep your team out of the race! You're not a man of honour!" he shouted.

Captain Amen, who had been feeding his voracious pigs, gave a tug to his shore cap. His eyes narrowed on ^{Baker} ~~Coombs~~.

"You're a stranger within my gates, so I've not heard the insult you offered to Captain Amen," he said sternly.

"Insult? Insult? Have I not with my own two eyes seen your players start off in the obstacle race?"

"I gave my orders. My team did not start in the race," Captain Amen said stiffly.

A crowd had gathered around them. The ^{Ladies of 1899 Hale} ~~women~~ from ~~Boscobel~~ cried, "But we saw them! We saw them too!"

Captain Amen drew himself up. "Ti Brooks? Call to me my footballers from the schoolhouse," he said.

A growing horror ^{seemed to} descended ^{Hog Hill} on all the ~~Boseobel~~ people as they watched the grinning Ti Brooks trot off to the schoolhouse. He shouted names, and one by one, the roused teamsmen came to the open doorway. They stood about stretching lazily as the power that had been strenghtened ^h on sleep coursed along their limbs.

"Those men in the race - who are they?" ^{Coombs} asked Moses ^{Baker}.

"Those? Sprats. Small fry. Our second team. The first team has been resting on the Captain's orders for they have a game to play with the ^{Hog Hill} ~~Boseobel~~ side," Ti Brooks happily explained.

~~Moses Coombs~~ jaw fell. A lost look entered ^{Moses Baker's} ~~his~~ eyes.

"My men! My men! They're killing themselves on that mountain road for nothing!"

"Ti Brooks? Do what you can," Amos Amen said. He turned away, pained at the sight of such suffering.

Ti Brooks, his fists akimbo, said, "See? The Captain is a good man. He'll help you all he can. Now I'll take some fishermen and go around to the Cove. We'll pick up your men as they come swimming in and bring them around in our boats so they'll be rested for the start of the game."

~~But they~~ ^{They} ~~Boseobel~~ ^{watched the Hog Hill folk} ~~manager only groaned,~~ ^{grieving, groaning,} for they knew what the climb and the crawl through the funnel and the long swim would do to his men. ~~Amos did not watch the game.~~ He was ~~in the Chinaman's dealing with Kennedy.~~

The game was called an hour later and ~~Amos~~ Baker's ~~the~~ Re tragedy of ~~Amos~~ Cap'n Amos began.

(2)
"The Nokia has the Hong Kong dollars and
meaning ~~new~~ - new outfits."

"Pack of monkeys in that red stuff"

~~Amos looked out.~~

"They ^{mostly} fight with their dollars - 90 cents to
fight with your dollars than ^{with} yours"

Amos glared at him. "What were they bringing
with in Vietnam? Dollars?"

~~what else?~~ "Amos said. They ~~ought~~

you ~~are~~ in your back

"I never said ~~they~~ ^{They} always ~~are~~ but mostly.

They have done some famous ones."

Amos tilted his head. "Like?"

"I cannot now recall."

Amos ~~thought~~ sat glumly in thought and shook
his head. "I have dealt a little with Americans,
selling them crab-shells and some of the other
oddities they buy in Hong Kong. They are lazy.
Sherman does not think like an American."

"Perhaps because he's black," Joe Chin said.

"Whether," Amos said stubbornly again.

"Black or white or bastard Chinaman like you,
they cannot think fast like us."

"He is very good," Joe Chin replied as glumly.

~~to tell me that they use for address~~
~~Address before they know the for~~

into the [unclear] [unclear]

of home from [unclear]

"Don't want to [unclear] balance
of home from [unclear]

like a [unclear] man. He is not
expected to be so exact. He is

"See you know there is no
[unclear] [unclear]

"I cannot give you
[unclear] [unclear]

"The [unclear] said
[unclear] [unclear]

"They have [unclear] of some
[unclear] [unclear]

"Why not? [unclear] [unclear]
[unclear] [unclear]

"You are [unclear]
[unclear] [unclear]

"They have a very [unclear]
[unclear] [unclear]

"Was not expected to be so exact.
[unclear] [unclear]

①

~~"But suppose the Beach Authority is made up of those kind of Jamaicans who want to keep the/~~foreigners~~ Americans? Suppose ~~"Should a man sell his~~ they'll sell their birthright for a mess of pottage?" he asked eloquently as he ~~drifted~~ ^{after} ~~from the~~ ^{had drunken deeply as} ~~beaker with which he~~ and the Chinaman ~~has been~~ ^{downed} ~~trasting~~ the results of their ~~traste~~ simple deceit.~~

"Dont you want to keep the foreigner~~s~~? I want to keep the foreigner~~s~~," Joe Chin said in amiable disagreement.

"Dont antagonise me!" Captain Amen brayed. "You know I'm not against keeping the foreigner!"
~~"Sheenan must have made friends with Hoy Hele to FRAY our resolve,"~~
~~"But you want to keep Kennedy in a cage. Like a monkey."~~
 Joe chin said with equal eloquence, "It is the old Imperialist trick, divide and rule."
~~"Chinaman, I want my pole with an electric lamp at the~~

* TAKE IN SUPP top

Supplement

~~"Tell it to the Beach Authority when they come. Tell them you'll keep the/~~foreigner~~ American if he pays his way with a lighthouse."~~

~~"Not a lighthouse. A pole with a light," Amos grumbled.~~

~~"There's a thing in one of my many books that's called blackmail," Joe Chin said.~~

~~Amos hunched down on the bench, and ignored his friend.~~

~~"His hotel is almost finished. Soon ~~there~~ there'll be many foreign women sunning themselves on the beach," he said softly.~~

~~"So?" Joe Chin said, ^{also} ~~equally~~ softly as he flung his thoughts wildly around to see where Amos had slipped off to.~~

~~"They say that up the coast, the owners of the foreign hotels turn red in the face like the bottoms of my pigs when the finely built fishermen of those parts, sail by in their boats with only a few clothes on."~~

~~"There's a ~~law~~ law in one of my books ^{of law} called Exposure,"~~

(No. 11)

* * *
Shamelessly Amos wagged a finger at
Sockey, the Shark, his Sunday deacon, and
Sockey the Shark ^{waved} ~~waved~~ the choir ~~into~~
of the Baptist Church of the time — it into
the Hallelujah chorus while the Scout

Standing in their white robes
choir robes behind the Marshall's
Woe focal posts,

Troops march and countermarched with their
colours around the team and took the Salute
to Amos.

But what they can was what kicked into life, ~~the~~ placed among their legends, the matter of whether Cap'n Amos reeled. It is a fact that among men, Cap'n Amos amasses more points for guts, courage, ^{stones,} ~~stones,~~ coffee balls, bravery, boldness, intrepidity, heart of oak, than most. But when he heard the gasp of astonishment that ~~rose~~ ^{arose} ~~from the throat~~ ^{from the throat} of that vast gathering, and when he whisked his head ~~around~~ ^{about} to see what had paralyzed the band, fossilized the ^{young} ~~seants,~~ ^{with lightning} struck the choir of the Baptist Church of Deep Calling, ~~and~~ for the first ^{and last} time in his life, Amos ~~never~~ doubted his own sanity.

For bounding down the steps of the bus like a great gazelle, in brick-red shorts, lighter ^{red singlet,} ~~brick-red~~ meakes and light brick-red socks, came the yankee from High Rock. He ~~was~~ ^{was} to his ~~the~~ waist was the official sash marked ^{manager} ~~Coach~~. Between his

"Shonbury," said the Chairman.
 "S.H." Amos said.
 "Are you yut ready for half tons?"
 "Dats all he has," said Whitie, rearing a little in lights.

His was the official whistle, gleaming silver in the series of notes from it summoning his team from the bus. And then, they came.

Out of the bus tumbled the official FIRST E leader of Hoq Hoke, fit, fully rested, ~~and~~ full of fettle, ^{sleek} ~~as~~ as young porpoise, leaping behind their manager in ^{new} brand new brick red uniforms, running onto the sandy field with their ^{brick-red,} ~~practice~~ ^{in AS} practice ball ~~off~~ as good as issando as had the Marshall's Woe team.

"Great wall of China!" whispered the Chairman ^{as he clutched} ~~his~~ bat-wing arms for support. ~~for~~

But Amos uttered only a single word. He said: "No."

No! he said, ^{simply, quietly, dyingly.} ~~but it came out with almost all of himself~~

~~And~~ And then the years of command and leadership asserted themselves and he righted out of the great, shocking lurch and was Cap'n Amos again. There would always be a certain amount of wreckage laying around inside, for the thump had been savage, but what they now saw was a righted man ready to do business with ~~the~~ structure as he found it. He walked ~~to~~ onto the field where the two teams were ~~standing~~ ^{standing} in line for the ceremony of introduction. His back rigid as a harpoon,

But all this was not
But ~~to~~ Joe Chin

But none of this
was witnessed by Joe
Chin. The Chinaman was
looking down at his feet, his
hands clutching ~~the window~~;
~~stunned~~, puzzled, mystified,
~~stunned~~. He pressed his
hand over his forehead
and sighed.

"Shame the devil and
speak the truth, Mr. Sherman,"
he muttered addressing his
bet. "You've got some
Jamaican blood in you
back there."

For Joe Chin could not
conceive that ~~be~~ a foreigner
could be so brassy-smart.
He shook his head and shuffled
across the room and slumped
into his ~~wood~~ rum-barrel
chair. He waited for Mrs.

Joe Chin snapped as he caught up with Amos at last.

"I'll not be telling my men to show that off!" Amos said sternly. "They must keep their secrets."

Hookie said inside the door, "Deceits, dishonesties, double dealings. If I had my way, I'd have given the game to ~~Boseobel~~. *Hookie told. It was a draw, nil all.*"

Joe Chin hurriedly poured a placating slug into the empty cup that had been set for ~~Hookie's coming~~. He handed it to

Hookie. He asked the policeman mildly, "Did our good friends from ~~Boseobel~~ *Hookie told go home, Boseobel lose, then?* not win, then?" *Hookie, in great baggy regular shorts, roared with laughter, looking at Amos from steaming eyes.*

"Could they win after being sent to be murdered by the mountain? Could they win after being dragged from the sea, fighting off the fishermen because they were being taken out of a race in which they were ahead, and thought it was just another ~~Silash~~ *Marshall's Use* trick to keep ~~them~~ them from winning the obstacle race?"

"It was ~~friend Coombs'~~ *Baker's* own dishonesty that made him doubt the word of Amos. Confucius says, The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth."

"Proverbs twenty-eight, first verse," the deacon in Amos spoke automatically. "Your heathen god said no such thing."

"Cheerio," Hookie said. He ~~cleared his throat.~~ *drank and cleared his throat. He would ease away from* "We must plant more grass for next year's game," *Hookie said -* The dust out there was enough to strangle one."

Joe Chin ~~took the hint and~~ *took the hint and* and the three drank deeply, looking at each other with wary affection over the rims.

"The boy Wedgie Murphy won the quarter. He'll go to the island trials for us but I'm worried about him and Olga," Hookie said. "At one ~~a.m.~~ *2* a.m., while on patrol, I saw them proceeding in a *suspicious manner,* from north to south at a point west of the schoolhouse where's

Amos for the whole. He had the old weapon in a vice. It would suffice for later. Anyway.

that clump of wild ferns. I carried out certain investigations. The evidence was that considerable pressure had been applied to the clump. They ^{ferns} were depressed. Broken. Crushed."

"The night before the race - and he wins!" the Chinaman said in awe.

"Its the fish soup," Amos said. "Your back never ceases to sing. I recall a week in Montego Bay when I was younger and —"

"Very well," the policeman said sharply.

"Perhaps we should lock up Wedgie Murphy on a charge until after the trials," the Chinaman said.

"There's no bell on his bicycle," Hookie said thoughtfully.

"I could pull him in on that."

"We could exercise him in the station yard, then we'd have our eyes on him and see that he trains," Amos said. "It would be a great deed for a ^{Marshall's Wal} ~~Silvan~~ boy to be chosen to run ^{IN} ~~for~~ the ~~island~~ in the Olympics. No doubt he'd get a scholarship to the great ~~American~~ colleges, like McKinley, Rhoden, ^{WINT} and these ^{rest.} ~~others.~~"

"I'd get a Jamaican flag and pin the gold medal on it and hang it over the bar," the Chinaman said.

"The bar's not the place for it. We'd put it in the Co-op store," Amos said.

"We'd make a mahogany box for it, with glass in front, and nail it to the tree in front of the police post so that visitors to ^{Marshall's Wal} ~~Silvan~~ would see it," Hookie said.

"The name of ^{Marshall's Wal} ~~Silvan~~ would become famous in that country in Europe where they run the Olympics," Amos said, his eyes glazing a little. "I think that maybe Joe ^{Chin} and I should go with Wedgie Murphy ~~to~~ to the city on the day they're holding the trials."

Hookie looked startled and ~~he~~ choked. "Amos, they'd

"You think he's putting the question to (Kaja)?"
Hard to answer, but he swaggles."
"Swaggles?"
"She ~~also~~ too walks with additional swaggles."
"We should love him up, quickly."
You'll never get him into church, Amos."
I met in Add. you add an ~~blast~~."

* * *

"He did it & break our authority."

Amos said. "He used Holy Hole to break us."

"To break you on Authority," Hookie said, his Pumbo in his pocket flap. "He can't break ~~me~~ my authority."

But luckily we did not lose; Ted
cheered out.

"Neither did we win!" ^{he} said angrily.
~~test life~~

"He showed he was stronger than you, Amos,"
Hookie said. (Amos snarled. He saw that for awhile.)

"I must find a way to break him,"
~~they worried a little~~ "Amos," Hookie said.
The mind of the ~~man~~ ^{aman} jumped wildly.

throw you and the Chinaman in jail and melt down the key ^{if you tried any tricks} ~~You~~
~~keep away from~~ ^{IN} the city."

Amos grunted. He was quiet for awhile and then he said to Hookie, "He is very clever for a foreigner. His deceit is greater than mine." ~~I hear the American's hotel is finished. Are the foreigners there to stay yet?"~~

"The Americans are in fine shape," ^{Joe Chin} ~~Hookie~~ ^{spud.} "Their lovely CIA is equal to the lovely K.G.B. of the Russians. They ~~deserve each other.~~" ^{There have been letters sent to him which my investigations lead me to deduce are from people who desire to share}

"He receives no letters from the CIA," ^{Hookie} ~~said.~~ "our salubrious climate," Hookie said.

"You could marry Mrs Lampport and read the envelopes in bed," Amos said.

"Its a lovely cottage she ~~has~~ has," Hookie said, wrestling the bottle out of the Chinaman's hand.

"The C.I.A. does not write letters," ^{Joe Chin} ~~said.~~ "They come themselves. Our friend Amos is making up his mind whether to keep you know when they have come. By the by," ^{the Chinaman} ~~said.~~

"Just as the K.G.B.," ^{Hookie} ~~said.~~ [Amos knuckled the wooden table and rose. He seemed to have aged a little. But the Chinaman was not with the American until the Authority has done its work," Hookie ~~said.~~ ^{foiled.} The pencil would not last. By tomorrow he would be skinning cats again.

"If there're foreign women there," Amos ^{is thinking that} ~~might~~ get his ought to show it to the foreign women when they lay about on our beach," ^{fishermen} ~~to show it,~~ " Joe Chin said maliciously.

"I'd clap them all in the lockup for Exposure," Hookie ~~said, softly, seriously.~~ ^{xx}

Amos looked down his nose at ~~both~~ of them. Maybe he knew something they didnt know; and that was, he ^{would} ~~be~~ bait until the ^{Yankee} ~~American~~ took the hook. Maybe they didnt know that he was the ^{goddam} best fisherman on the north coast, and such a Captain as no village ever had. He smiled a secretive smile and the mind of the Chinaman jumped wildly, ~~about~~ ^{surprised almost}.

Chapter ~~XXXXXXXX~~ EIGHTEEN

In chapel on this Sunday morning, Amos ~~Amos~~ took the Lesson from St Mark, Chapter Six, and the surges and glissades in his voice sent the ^{ambles} ~~disquieting~~ murmurs ^{of the confessions} crashing forth like triumphs.

I shed agony like old clothes, he said over the print of the great bible. He clutched the lectern in his gaunt fists.

"And he could there do no mighty work, save that he laid his hand upon a few sick folk, and healed them."

No mighty work? Isnt it mighty enough to touch a broken bone and feel it knitting under your hand? He snapped the book shut and led them in the Twenty-third psalm, roaring out ~~his~~ ^{the ~~captain's~~ declarations,} ~~beliefs~~. The people in the chapel could not match his pace.

And old Andrew
And old James and old John.
and old
Five fish men
all-
They would have told it differently

He went to the Chinaman's after the service. His Sunday morning sea captain's cap sat firmly on his head.

"You're the only man I know who goes to church so as to quarrel with it," the Chinaman said, looking affectionately at him. "Who are you fighting today? Matthew? Mark? Luke? John? Or one of the older ones."

"All of you expect a captain to do a big miracle every day," he said, holding the black bottle to his chest. "If, on Wednesday, a monument of a miracle is done, and then on Thursday one thinks a small miracle will do, you're ready to say that the captain's knees need whalebones. I drink to such fine men as Job."

"Cheerio," the Chinaman said. "Sunday is a day to talk

religion and this came to me last night as I sat with the cup for bed in my hand. Since God created man, man had to be in His own image and likeness. For you cannot create, except out of yourself. Therefore, God is everything. He's bad, and he's good, as is everything in His world. Every man is bad, and good, because we're all part of Him, you and me."

"God forbid. I take no part in your blasphemy."

"I have a great respect for the ~~RC's~~ RC's," Joe Chin said. "A people of courage. They take a lad and train him in their colleges where he plays football and drinks rum, but they ordain him just the same. Sometimes, he grows into a Cardinal, and all the believers and his fellow priests must bow their knees to him as they bow to God. And even when he's ordained and still has the baby fat on him, old men like me, if they are believers, must call him father. White men must call black priests, father, and the other way around. For God is young and old, black and white, tall and short, bad and good."

"Golden bulls and the Great Whore," snapped Amos.

"Anti-Christ^s, bearing the mark of the beast. Idolators, ^{the Roman} Catholics."

"Have a drink," Joe Chin said.

Amos watched ~~The~~ The Chinaman's Adam's apple at work on the spirit taking it past the soft places. "Black heathen chink," he said softly.

Joe Chin's eyes beamed softly at his friend. "My god is one of the good ones. He gives me wisdom, so I may argue with him. If I cheat on a pound of ^{imported} ~~Canadian~~ flour in my ~~shop~~ shop, I make it up back to my customers on the sugar."

"But the ^{imported} ~~Canadian~~ flour is dearer than sugar so you're cheating them still."

"The government says there must be two faces on the weighing machine in my shop, one for you and one for me. You watch your side."

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said,
Amen/ ~~XXXXXXXX~~ "You need baptism."

"I am not impatient," Joe Chin said. "The impatient man is afraid. He is in a hurry to run, whether to it or from it. Then his feet wont hear what the panic in his head is saying. A brave man waits."

"What would you say Amos ~~Amos~~ is?"

"And why should I say what Amos ~~Amos~~ is? Maybe you are too foolish to know fear. Only wisdom accepts fear. You answer me this. Is Amos wearing a plume or a comb? Is he noble, or just a cockatoo?"

Amos opened the collar of his shirt. "A nice hot day to lay in the sun. On this sunny morning, all the women from the north will be lying in the sand in front of their hotels. They like us to look at them lying in the sun. Maybe I will take the bus to Montego Bay and go to lie beside one of them. Its a long time I haven't done anything."

"So long that you've forgotten how to," retorted Joe Chin.

Hookie at the door said, "God blind the tiger."

"Now what's wrong with this one?" Amos said.

Hookie said, "With malice aforethought. Of common purpose. Con-
a wrong Report
spiracy. All these I talk about now. Somebody has written/~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
and sent it to the
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ ^ Divisional Inspector. A Report of jumbled facts, sir."

The shocking news held them quiet, until Joe Chin said, "For thirty years come the anniversary of the Earthquake, no reports have gone to Central ^{Police Station} save what our friend sends in. ^{Marshall's Wall} Silcock has the best reputation on the coast. Now the ^{Central Police Station} Inspector gets a wrong Report."

Captain Amos was disturbed. All his plans would have to wait until ^{Trainer}. For this was resolved. Danger was here for Porter and Louis/~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Hookie too.

"My friend will move into his police work, then?" Amos asked quietly.

A man with one goal is liable to run blindly, Joe Chin thought. Amos is anxious to be about his business of butting the ^{Yankel, Sheenan,} American in the stomach and so he has even lost his beautiful way of flowing the talk around the

topic

~~██████████~~ until it became an island, with three of us standing on it, and nobody knowing how we got there.

"I know some good witnesses in the village," Joe Chin said. "Their names are on my books. ^{It's a} Along time since I have asked them to pay their bills so ^{Rat} their names could be removed."

"Will that cut off the filthy hand that writes the wrong Reports, then?" Hookie asked scornfully. "The filthy hand of a young Politician?"

"These are witnesses who will swear by their wives, or ^{by} their best nets, that the Report which the Corporal sent was the ~~██████████~~ right Report," Joe Chin said.

Corporal Hookie blinked his eyes and cracked his knuckles, standing orders and regulations racing through his head. Headquarters was an open book to him and for thirty years, as the sub officer in charge of the post, he had skipped delicately between the pages to keep ~~██████████~~ ^{the name of Siloah Marshall's} ~~██████████~~ ^{wife} clean. With Amos and Joe Chin as his privy councillors, he had ~~██████████~~ ruled wisely and well.

"I should have maimed that young policeman with my mahoe stick!" Captain Amen said suddenly. "I should have broken his wrist and then he would have written no wrong Reports."

Joe Chin took one look at Amen and pushed him under a rock. Hookie said to Joe Chin, "Joe, I am hard of hearing. Explain to all the fools who shout in my ear, that I am very deaf. ^{Tell Amos Amen I'm deaf!}"

Joe Chin said soberly, "About my witnesses."

Hookie said, "The Inspector ^{oprice} has a strong report, even if it is wrong. The sub officer in charge of Siloah ^{Marshall's Wal} must furnish further and better details. If he fails to do this, Siloah ^{Marshall's Wal} may get a new sub officer."

Joe Chin's lean body twitched. It would be a breakdown of a ~~██████████~~ community, the destruction of Siloah ^{Marshall's Wal}. Over two hundred happy, disorderly lives would have ^a ~~the~~ lid rammed down on them. In their places would be

ghosts, shambling under the shadow of a new ~~sub officer~~ sub officer, devoted to standing orders and regulations. And it would be the death of Corporal Joshua Hookie. An event not to be contemplated.

Coldly, Amen and Joe Chin decided that Porter and Louis would have to go to the mountain. [It had been a refuge in the past for those with reason to be out of the way of Corporal Hookie. But they would have to go for a long time. This was a felony, not a ~~forty shilling~~ ^{few dollars} fine.

"Then I will do as in the past. I will help in the investigation," Joe Chin said. [One had to be in the investigation to know when the boys should be sent to the mountain.

Corporal Hookie kneaded his jaw. He hoped it could be worked out as usual, but Central had been more than pressing. The despatch from the Inspector had been unkindly.

"Hold up your right hand," he said to Joe Chin. [And swore him.

And for the first time ever, at the preliminaries to a manhunt, he omitted ~~to swear Amos.~~ ^{Amos}

Amos ~~Amos~~ was stunned. He glared at them, the anger rising in him.

["I have hogs in my backyard," he ground out, "but none as fine as you two."

Hookie said, "Be easy, Amos."

"Be easy!" Amos ~~Amos~~ roared, his head up. ~~and~~ The battle lights lit in his eyes. ~~"I know why there is all this. It is because the big hotels have come to Siloah."~~ ["Amos is a troublemaker, ^{and} he must be kept quiet? So now I am an outcast — and the fat jellyfish here tells me, ~~to~~ Be easy! ^{Why am I not ~~sworn?~~}"

Hookie pleaded at Joe Chin, "Bore a hole in the windbag. Remove him from me lest I perforate him myself, pierce, puncture, prick him. He has forgotten that his ^{own} son is in this business?"

Captain ~~Amos~~ rose, bleeding ~~in~~ pain. "I speak with neither of you again." He jerked the cap low on his forehead. ~~He~~ He stamped out and Hookie kneaded his jaw, looking at Joe Chin.

Chapter

A small, quick man, Louis Trainer, and he walked with agile, ~~aggressive~~ kicks of his feet, his thin shoulders held back. He had his rights and his reasons. ^{Special rights and reasons, he thought.} Everyone in ~~Silvestra~~ ^{Marshall's We had,} but Louis' towered up too tall for him. It left no room for understanding. He was under holy orders this Sunday and he listened to their ~~unwavering~~ lucidity.

On ~~Mission~~ ^{Great Falls} street, he passed the young policeman with a side glance. This one wasn't up to much, it was Hookie one had to watch. But he hoped that one night, a spike from a swordfish would be slipped between the ribs of Hookie. He thought all this, but as he saw Hookie down the street, he crossed the road and carried on with his head drawn forward to make a disguise. He was afraid of Hookie.

Louis carried on in the dusk of Sunday evening, exploring, avoiding, ignoring. He found ~~Porter~~ Porter ~~Ames~~ sitting on his boat, whittling a bamboo lance. The lance was three feet long, propelled by a ^{thick} rubber band attached to a hardwood handle. It was a weapon to be employed on mullets and other fish that swam near to the surface. Louis stopped in a quick, nervous halt beside Porter and peered around the shadowy beach.

"You seen anyone?" he asked Porter.

"Tina. She's gone back to the village."

→ MARE

"What did she want down here?"

"She didn't say. She didn't talk to me."

"She still holding malice with you?" he asked with sly amusement.

"What do you want?" Porter asked testily.

Louis said in a low, angry voice, "A man has to ~~run~~^{chase} you down. A man has to get up sideways to you as if you were in a crowd. What, man? You gone cowarding on me? *You avoiding me?*"

Porter flicked the lance up under the nose of Louis. He said softly, "Never say Porter is a coward, Louis. Never even think it."

Louis motioned angrily for him to remove the lance. ^{Louis} stretched, and flexed his wrist. His wrist felt powerful. He had an energy for hate, constantly at work in him. It gave him a nice, warm sense of belonging to a ^{that was} force/always on the ball for him. But one had to be careful of it for sometimes one received hard directions from it. As when the old man died and left the boat for Tina. A man should not be rapacious to his sister. It had nearly sent the whole village springing to arms against him. Now that maybe she was hating Porter, he had a lump of affection in his throat for her. He could understand rage and animosity and hate, but not love. A man could dip his hand in hate and lave his face. But love was ~~dry~~ dry, dusty. [He said hungrily to Porter, "You are angry at me because of Tina."

"Dont be a fool."

His voice was softly regretful. "But, I thought —"

"What the hell did you come here to talk about? Tina?" Porter asked, impatient to be rid of him. He wasn't liking Louis too much these days. Old ~~Am~~ had got to him with his talk about being always a crewman to Louis.

Louis stepped briskly three or four feet away and looked intently at the shadows under the nets. He whirled back to Porter, tightly packed with decisions, tied again to the dominant force in him. [It is time to be at work again," he said harshly. "I went to the city and got some sticks. This time, we can remove a roof."

"You are crazy," Porter said flatly. "You know Corporal Hookie has been nosing around. You want to go to prison?"

"Prison! What is prison when those foreigners will ^{more in on} take our beaches? You and I agreed to stop him — to blow him ^{up with} his hotel ~~to hell!~~!"

"Nothing of the kind. We figured to blow a wall, tear up his road, not to murder the man."

"Then let us blow the wall!" Louis cried. "You said you'd do it!"

"But that was before all this," Porter protested. ^{"People's minds are changing. The football game showed that the Yankee is like one of us. He thinks Authority. started asking questions and before the politicians put up the Beach Authority. annuity-smart. He wants to be like us. He is even a damn good small-boat man."} "Before the ~~Authority.~~ You know that now the whole village is waiting for the men to come. Authority. The Captain is on our side. He's the one who will talk to the ~~Authority.~~ He has the Member working for him, jumping around for him like a nurse fish around a shark."

Louis went to his toes, fists balled and extended above his head. "What ~~Authority~~ ^{Ti Brooks says. A hook-and-line man. All he wants is the fucking road. All we want is NO TRACTOR. We must} SHIT NOT DO TO YOU ALL? IT GETS TO YOU ALL EVERY TIME. The will the ~~Authority~~ ^{SHIT They shove at you to get their own way. Then you drop your quard and laugh and drink tea and go away, and we will be where we were before, tying these milk bastards swing their foot to your ass!} do?" he cried. "What will they do? They will talk and the American's shoelaces. When they leave, Kennedy will swing his foot."

Porter said evenly, ~~meaning it~~, "At that time I ^{would} ~~would~~ blow off his foot."

"Then let us take it off now!" Louis cried viciously, liking the looks of it.

"At that time," Porter said stubbornly.

"Take a piece of the roof now," Louis said persuasively.

"Not before then."

"Blow away the new gate he has made at the end of his road."

"All of it, then. Not now."

"Explode a stick under one of the pillars."

"Nothing before that time."

"Rip away the road again."

"No."

Louis cried out. He ran off for ten yards, stopped and kicked huge

do the work ourselves. By our own hands. maybe we can work it out with him. Right?"

holes in the sand. He ran back to Porter and peered at Porter, whimpering. He ~~spoke~~ spoke through his teeth, "Alright, alright, I'll stay with you. But let us bury just one little baby stick by the patio. That wont do much damage but he'll see that we mean business." ~~And the Authority will see that we mean business too.~~

Porter laughed at the man, for now he had him opened and was looking inside. He said softly, "Okay, Louis. Its a good idea. Go ahead and do it."

Louis jumped. This Porter must ~~have~~ have moonlight in his head. He was sending Louis to do his job. "Me? But I thought —" He stopped shyly, not wanting to hurt his friend Porter's feelings. But the fellow had been actually attempting to order him around! He would give poor Porter a smile.

Porter looked at the ~~cold grin on Louis'~~ face and said evenly, "You are in serious trouble. You have dynamite sickness, like the old fishermen in Pa's days.

Even when the fish were running into their nets, they had to use dynamite. So, many of them are without arms today. You will go on until you blow yourself to pieces."

Louis breathed furiously into his face. He said soft words. He strung the words out and then spun away from Porter. He walked rapidly towards the village. Porter watched him disappear in the shadows and angrily snapped his beautiful lance in two. He should have fought Louis. Hit him with his fists. Hit him so he would lose some of his craziness, ~~the craziness that would make him believe Porter was afraid of him. But he was as tough as Louis. As ten Trainers.~~ Louis/~~was~~ Tough as Louis and his sister, Tina. That Louis needed a girl. He prowled Siloah at nights thinking up hard doings.

A drum talked swiftly in the village and a guitar twanged. Porter had the feeling that Louis' sting had been drawn. ~~Hey, that's because I was his Louis' sting.~~ *The truth was, he, Porter, had been* sting, Porter ~~said~~. He grinned ruefully at himself. The drum and guitar settled down together and a flute joined them. The flute skipped along on a higher road, ~~its~~ *That would be Mrs Lampert's blind boy. The flute.* ~~toes~~ twinkling. Tina sometimes danced like that. But almost always, she danced the mento with her knees closed and her hips swaying

and the naked face. She was scared to go up the hill with him but she could dance with the look of it on her face. As if she had done it often and knew the slow, long beautiful agony.

Porter blinked rapidly and grinned weakly. He could never understand girls. He picked up the pieces of broken lance and tapped out a rhythm for Tina, whistling softly as she danced behind his eyes.

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Chapter ~~Sermon~~ NINETEEN

The night that Joe Chin went walking, the phenomenon would have struck down the village had everyone not been in bed, except for the fishermen readying the boats for sea. For the Chinaman had not left his place in twenty years.

The battered grey boats were already awash, with the crew standing by to push off. Joe Chin took with him to the beach, a ~~two~~ gallon jug of rum and a bottle of ~~spring~~ ^{rain} water. Without a word, he went past Porter and Ti Brooks and ~~climbed~~ ^{climbed} into the boat. He worked his way aft over the gear and squatted on the bottom close to Amos' feet. Porter and Ti Brooks waited for the Captain to blast the reckless Chinaman, for nobody but the crew had ever been allowed to step into Amos' boat. [But all they heard was the Captain saying, "At last your dirty feet will get a washing."

The Chinaman settled his back to the hull. Amos gave the high pitched yell ^{to the fleet} and the keels ran out and the boats rolled as the crews climbed in. They were riding well above watermark, and the sweeps had to be smartly dug down, but not too muscularly, so as to conserve the strength of the oarsmen. They floated over the reef and the long swells caught them and the boats smacked and slithered through the foam. Spray whipped back. Joe Chin wiped his face and snorted. Captain Amen chuckled.

Joe Chin took the gallon jug and poured a drink into the baler, one stout enough to confront the weather. He trickled a splash of ~~spring~~ ^{rain} water into it and handed it to Captain Amen. Amos shook his head. Hand on the tiller, he peered through the dark. The Chinaman must know he was still angry about the swearing, ^{-111.} Joe Chin/^{drank.}

A mile out, in a light wind, they ran up the sails. Then they put the trollers over the side and arranged the nets for the first drop.

Ghostly, back of them in the sea's half light, the sails of the fleet shot forth. The fleet sailed on, bucking a little more now. The Chinaman fished up the jug again and poured. The old aroma rose under Captain Amen's chin. He passed his tongue around the insides of his mouth and tasted the sea salt. He spat over the side and shook his head at the baler Joe Chin handed up to him. The Chinaman drank and belched contentedly. He settled back again. It was twenty years since he had sailed. It was good to return.

Porter drew in one of the tröllers. He brought the hooks to the side and reached for the gaff, but the boat hit a sudden ~~seventh~~ wave and the gaff slid away under ~~the~~ the deckboard. The Chinaman found it quickly and gaffed with turns of his wrist. Amen grunted at his prowess. The Chinaman helped Porter clear the hooks and stow the catch. Then he reached again for the jug. The ancient pungency from the unlabelled bottle had no business out there. Amos Amen squirmed on his seat as the ~~leaves~~ ^{life in} it reached ^{roots} ~~to~~ in him. Joe Chin politely handed up the baler. Amen shook his head but when the Chinaman withdrew his hand, Amos reached blindly for it. The Chinaman guided it to his groping fingers and he gulped it down.

"I will not drink again," Joe Chin said, "until my friend has caught up with me. I am ahead of him."

Captain Amen twisted on the seat, the liquor sweet and smoky under his tongue. He glared forward at his crew and rasped, "That is so." [He made a quarter turn to take the boat in for the first drop. ["How many did you have?"

"Two," Joe Chin said, quartering ~~the~~ the baler again. "Two big ones." Amos threw over the killick and the boat swung on it, anchored for the ^{net} drop. [He said, ~~the~~ "Give it to me, then, you bastard Chinaman!"

Joe Chin gave a little bow and added enough to make it a smasher. Amos tasted the ropy lilt of it and the night shock. [He threw back his head and hummed a tune. ["Now we will even up," his friend said from the bottom of the boat. [They were very quiet while the nets went in; then they wheeled smoothly to the jug.

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"It is a long time since I've been to sea," Joe Chin said. "I've forgotten how it felt."

The sea rolled amiably and the boat went up and down in an armchair.

Amos said, "I'm sorry for the farmers. The sea is good."

Joe Chin looked up and sniffed at the air. He said, "You remember a poem we had in school? 'I ~~must~~ must go down to the sea again, to the da da sea, to the da da sea.'"

"Si," Captain Amen said, lapsing into Spanish in the emotional moment.

Ti Brooks doubled on the bench and Porter hit him in the ribs to restore his sobriety.

"We will toast my return," Joe Chin said.

"It is a good toast," Amos Amen said, holding out his hand.

They helped the boys to bring in the net, a wrist aching catch that covered the bottom of the boat with squirming fish. Joe Chin and Porter filled the baskets and the Chinaman dipped his hand over the side, washing it clean. He fixed a fine one and handed it to Captain Amen, saying, "My late father always said a man should toast his first net."

Amos drank and patted Joe Chin's shoulder. "Your father was a real good fisherman," he said. "My late father always said he would rather fish with him than anyone else."

"My late father was a captain. He had his own boat," Joe Chin said stiffly.

"That is so. I remember," Amen said.

"I was sorry when he died," Joe Chin said. He thought awhile and said, "My mother was too."

"It was a funeral to be remembered. Boats came from as far as Montego Bay."

Joe Chin nodded glumly. He wished he was a crying man. He took up the jug and laid it across his knee, the baler at the spout. "We will toast my late father," he said.

When they had disposed of the toast, the Chinaman said, "I wish Corporal Hookie was here. We've never been three together at sea."

"Hookie!" exclaimed Amos Amen. The way the ~~cor~~ corporal had shouldered him out of the swearing, ~~his~~ hurt still. But love was at work in him. The rum lay warm along his tongue as he said in a nicer voice, "Yes, Hookie. He would be a good man to have out here."

"Absent friends," Joe Chin said ~~promptly~~ promptly, ^{raising} ~~leaving~~ the jug.

"Absent friends," Amos Amen said, taking the baler.

Stripped to the waist, Porter and Ti Brooks drew on the sea-swollen ropes. They were wet with spume and sweat. The wide black shoulders bigged up and flattened as they took the strain. They looked like ebony gladiators. Fish jumped in the net as the great wet mass bulged and broke the surface. The net was very sluggish but the boys were skilful and brought it ~~in~~ over the side without losing ~~any~~ fish.

"Splendid," the Chinaman said. "All great fishermen are born in ~~Siloah~~ ^{Marsall's Wae}."

Amos rose proudly from the waist. "They were no higher than my knee when I first took them to sea," he said of the boys.

"You are the best teacher on the north coast," Joe Chin said cordially.

"We drink to the ^{damn} best teacher on the north coast."

"Best on all the coasts," Captain Amen said modestly ~~as~~ as Joe Chin halved the ~~baler~~ baler. [He looked it in the eye and killed it.

"I mind the time last year," Joe Chin dreamed, "when ^{Marsall's Wae} ~~Siloah~~ won the regatta. These two boys rowed at stroke and number two. It was a famous race."

Captain Amen took it cautiously. He had never been sure how much the Chinaman suspected. He said tentatively, "Famous."

"The other villages must breed poor fishermen," said the loquacious Joe Chin. "How a man of the sea could have eaten ~~barracuda~~ out-of-season barracuda the very night before the race, has never been clear in my mind. I mean to say, it has never been clear as to where it was cooked, at their own kitchen or at ours. ~~They~~ They were sick for days. "

a word equally inane.

"Hoof," said Captain Amen, or ~~was to that effect~~. May the seven plagues play at your heels, Joe Chin, you'll never reach up to me with this one, Amos Amen said silently into the baler.

"It was a pity they were guests in ^{Marshall's Woe} ~~Siloh~~ that night, ^{before the regatta.} I have heard talk that some of the other villages on the coast, which envy us our fine boatmen, suspect us of having ^{fed them} ~~replaced their good fish~~ with out-of-season barracuda," Joe Chin said. "They couldn't even finish the race."

"I have heard the tale. But a captain should not listen to tales."

"True," Joe Chin murmured. "But for a whole crew to be stricken with dysentery in the middle of a race! The judges ordered the boat to be over-^{and washed} turned before they brought it to shore."

"To protect the health of the village," Captain Amen said, ~~he said~~.

"Did you ever investigate?"

"Carefully," Amos Amen said, ending the matter.

The Chinaman tilted ~~the~~ jug to baler and listened to the lap of the fluid. Amos Amen raised the baler and said absently, "The regatta."

The Chinaman ^{also belted a brave one} ~~and they sat silent~~, feeling all the good works swarm about in them.

"We have been a great people," Amos ^{Marshall's Woe} ~~Amen~~ said. "A ~~Siloh~~ man is marked even if he goes to the end of the world."

"We will be even better known when the hotel is built and the Americans come to live among us."

"That is so," Captain Amen said, waving a wrist for no reason but that he felt good. [It was the finest voyage he had ever made. The fleet had never behaved better. Fish ^{fought} ~~to be boated~~ by ^{Capt'n Amos} ~~Captain Amen~~. The sea took them along in a timeless flow as he reclined at ease beside his friend. He made a lordly wag of his fingers and Joe Chin hoisted the jug to his knee and poured. When he had tossed it back, Amos took the jug and poured for Joe. He tipped a token of water in it and handed it with a flourish to the Chinaman. Joe Chin bowed and tipped. They were both very gracious.

"I had forgotten how dark and quiet ~~the~~ the sea is in the night," the Chinaman said.

Amos frowned. "I hope the American puts up his lights before the season of storms. One needs guidance to get in, then."

The Chinaman moved his head in a resolute negative. "Nothing. Nothing from ~~Kennedy~~ ^{The Yankee}. Let us quit ourselves like brave men."

"Brave men," Amos said. His friend used the right words. Brave men. He pushed out his chest and breathed loudly. The sails of the fleet ~~were~~ were luminous in the light of the torches. Beyond, the land was dark. The stars were a comfort; but some nights the stars were dark too. ~~There~~ ^{"A man} would not be ~~pleased~~ ^{pleased} ~~with~~ ^{if} the ~~American~~ ^{Yankee} ~~or~~ ^{put} ~~up~~ ^{up} his lights," he said gently at the Chinaman.

But Joe Chin was unusually stubborn tonight. ^{Sheena} "Let ~~Kennedy~~ keep his light and we will keep our bravery," he said. "That, for him and his light."

"That, for him," Amos said, snapping his fingers too. The Chinaman ran strong and deep tonight. ^{They} ~~They~~ ^{dueled} with the jug again. The liquor smote dully, its first keen edge blunted. Amos turned stiffly to survey the fleet. The ~~the~~ eagle eyes lifted, but the flight was small and sad. They returned, drumming wearily, to their sockets. Amos blew his nose and scrubbed his eyes, but they stayed bleary under the weight of liquor and he shook ~~his~~ his head at Joe Chin.

"Even a small lamp may be valuable when one has none," he said. "There are times when even I would do with a lamp. We could buy his light with something besides our bravery. We could pay him in so many pounds of fish every week for his light."

Joe Chin leaned forward, peering owlshly up at him. "Then they will say that the brave Captain Amos is ruled by a small lamp on top of a pole."

Amen sa id roughly, "Five and six nights a week, I work the miracle of bringing them home from the sea."

"They can find the way home by themselves," Joe Chin said, stepping

me himself."

"Then I will swear you in as my deputy," Joe Chin said. "Hold up your right hand."

Wearily doing the work of three, Porter and Ti Brooks watched the two go through their ceremony and toast the swearing in, glueing their mouths neatly to the baler without spilling a drop. ^{* TAKE SODD} The Chinaman slid further down into the boat and commenced a song in a soft falsetto. Captain Amen joined him in an offkey. Presently, they snored.

Heedless of the precariously pitching craft, Ti Brooks leaped across the two prone bodies and got the jug. He took it back into the bows, held it near to his ear and shook it. He held it away, peered stupidly at it and shook again. Then he cried in a shaking voice at Porter,

"Porter, the jug is empty!"

And Amen took the small jar and branched it at the ocean

Porter took it from him and tilted it above his head. Nothing leaked. He looked down at the two. One of them stirred and hummed gently and snored again.

Brooks "I should die now," Ti/ ~~Brooks~~ whispered. "~~I lived to see such a day!~~"

in a corner of the boat.

Porter Amen tightened his lips and threw the empty jug ~~overboard~~. He went aft to get the killick. Ti Brooks was perplexed. He said, "But I dont understand. It was ~~a~~ whole gallon of the Chinaman's mule! They should both be stone dead!"

"Not these two," Porter said, struggling with the old man to move him from the captain's seat. "These two are cured."

"Ah," Ti Brooks said with quick understanding. "Like ~~hams~~ hams."

and sang a small ditty, a heaving song ritard as a rogue's Saturday ~~then~~ night

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~~find~~ the ***

He had been briefed by ~~Capt~~ Amos

to listen for the cow-horn the ancient
~~and~~ ~~which~~ ~~the~~ FINE ARMY
wheny bugle of the ~~lead~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~
~~sound-off to say they were coming.~~

"One ~~sound-off~~ if they come by

Logan's Road, two if by ~~Apaches~~
Butky," said Capt Amos ^{TO FINE ARMY} like

the ancient Bostonians,
rocking on his heels
~~then you take off~~
and eyeing ^{to Brooks.}
"Then you ^{to Brooks, you} take off as
if a barracuda was kissing
your tail. Or as if I, Capt
Amos, had a reckoning with
you."

writing on the
hill above the junction
of the Marshall's War
Road with the
main highway,
would sound-off
at the approach of
the officials.

And ^{to Brooks} knowing ~~that~~ The ~~see~~ gut-churn
that either alternative ~~was~~ advanced, (P.T.O.)
~~cranked the cycle and went to Logan's Road~~
~~to wait for FINE ARMY's beginning.~~

(2)

mounted on the pillion behind Fine
Amie to be dropped off ~~and~~ ^{to} wait
for Amie's sound off to know where
to intercept the ~~etc~~ officials. Te,
TA RA. Amie had been very efficient
and Ti Brooks had falloped across the
fringe of rough grass and in position on
the proper road to meet the Beach
Authority.

overriding
Fine Amie had one ~~excessing~~ ambition.
It was to ride escort in front of a fine
automobile containing a big official, like
those fine policemen in the city, in their
scarlet and blue, who rode out riders
for the Governor's limousine and the
occasional caval cades of the Prime
Minister. One day, Fine Amie hoped, it
would happen. mean while, te te, ra
his teeth showing, his red wicker cap
FLOWING.

Stet

~~Beach~~ Beach

Marshall's Well, Amos

The day the Beach Authority went to ~~Siloah~~ ^{finally} the
~~downfall~~ ^{got the Yankee. T} of the American. Ti Brooks was that morning at the junction
~~where Kennedy's~~ ^{Sherrill's Schuyler} road to the hotel ~~started off~~ ^{TI Brooks was at} the junction
~~road.~~ ^{*** Sup.} Ti Brooks held up his hand when the automobile came bowling
along and halted it. He put his head in at the window and grinned
at the three ~~men.~~

STET PAGE

"You're the Beach Authority," he stated. "Peace and love."

The one in front beside the uniformed government driver
was the ~~Honourable Winterspoon~~, chairman, ^{a retired garment manufacturer named STROLLEY,}
Roberts and Shotto, members. ~~Winterspoon~~ ^{STROLLEY} was very fat and sweated.

"Who're you and what do you want?" he asked coldly.

It did not do for the ~~Commissioners~~ ^{Authority} to stop for every
riffraff on the coast, and it was bloody hot in the car.

"Well, now," began Ti Brooks, placing his elbows on the
window and crossing his ~~legs~~ feet. Maybe he could rub some fun
out of these blown up city gents. "Is it possible that you're
on the coast and never heard of Ti Brooks? Why, barring the
Captain, I'm the most famous man in these parts."

~~We~~ ^{STROLLEY} have no time to waste. State your business," ~~Winterspoon~~

~~Winterspoon~~ said irritably as he mopped his face. ^{Something this Amos fellow}
~~and made him send the Authority to look into the business of this road and tractor.~~ ^{had got to the Minister}

"If my business isn't with the Beach Authority, may the ^{well}
moon strike me dead any night," Ti Brooks said earnestly. ^{scared of}
^{their own}
^{ghosts in}
^{an}
^{election}
^{year.}

~~Winterspoon~~ ^{Strolley} snapped his fingers at the chauffeur. "Drive
on," he commanded.

Ti Brooks remembered his mission in time, and said, "I
bring a message from ~~Siloah~~ ^{Marshall's Well.}. All the boats were at sea last night and

the fishermen have just come in, so the Captain is ~~is~~ asking that you give him a little more time to fix up a welcome in the village. Captain Amen wants to meet the gents from the city with a proper welcome."

He breathed out noisily and smiled eagerly at them like a schoolboy who had just recited a poem. The chairman looked around at the bare coast road. The sun was yanking its strong way up the bright blue ~~sky~~ and the heat was in. The idea of sitting in a baking car while this fishing boat captain arranged his rustic welcome did not go down well with the chairman. But all along the coast, they had been meeting with adulation as fishermen, anxious to have their beaches secured for them and their heirs by the Authority, tied themselves into knots to please the Commissioners. Yet, to sit in this heat? It was unthinkable.

One of his colleagues in the rear seat could see the back of his neck filling with anger, so he leaned forward to whisper a reminder that the ^{Marsall's Woe} ~~Silock~~ captain was supposed to be a great bringer of votes ^{to the Minister.}

"And where does your captain expects me to wait? Baking my ass in a motor car?" he said rudely to Ti Brooks.

Ti Brooks, a meek man, took in the landscape. "There's an almond, a couple of coconuts, and a dirty dog of an ebony tree which shoots thorns at you if you sit under him. All this land is owned by a man named ^{Sheenan} ~~Kennedy~~. The best shade trees are up the mountains where his bulldozers could not reach them when he was building his hotel. His hotel is just past the hump, there, ^{up at} ~~down~~ ^{on High Rock,} by the shore," said Ti Brooks, pointing.

"How do you get there?"
"Hotel? There's a hotel down there?"

"A fine hotel," Ti Brooks said enthusiastically. "There's a patio ~~that's~~ that's built in the shape of a shell. They say all the winds from the sea seek for it so they can whistle in it because its built like a shell. There's a beautiful bar from which they fetch cool drinks into the patio. Its the best hotel on the coast and the Captain is very proud of it. When I get rich and have many boats, I shall go to live in this wonderful hotel. They say," he leaned into the car and cupped his mouth, "there's a toilet in every room."

~~Winterspoon~~ ^{Stalley} looked quickly around. "Well, gentlemen?"

His colleagues nodded. "Tell your captain we'll give him a few more minutes," Winterspoon said.

Ti Brooks walked towards ~~Siloch~~ ^{Marshall's Woe} humming a dirty ~~canzone~~ ^{reggae}.
The Ca ptain hadnt told him all his plans, but he'd swear by the few things he held holy, that someone would be shaken by contact with old Amos ^{on} this nice day. He listened to the engine of the automobile as it backed and turned into ~~the American's~~ ^{Sheeran's} road and then he dived swiftly through the bushes and by ~~the~~ sprinting, he was in ~~Kennedy's~~ ^{Sheeran's} hedge when the American met ~~Winterspoon~~ ^{Stalley under} in the portico of the hotel. Ti Brooks watched, and returned to ~~Siloch~~ ^{Marshall's Woe} to report to Captain Amen.

^{Marshall's Woe}
The people of ~~Siloch~~ were waiting in front of the police post when the ~~Commissioner's~~ ^{AA Stalley's} ~~car~~ ^{arrived} came in. Hookie, who had been notified of the arrival by his Division Inspector, was wearing his full dress uniform in their honour. He saluted with a gloved hand

touching his spiked-and-chained Balaclava helmet. Amos turned his head away from his brilliantly clad friend. It still rankled that Hookie had not sworn him in as deputy that day in Joe Chin's shop.

^{Stralley, refreshed}
Winterspoon, ~~ready~~ with the effects of his halt at ^{Shelvan's}
~~Kennedy's~~ inn, said, "Which of you is Amen?"

"I'm Captain Amen," Amos said.

^{Stralley}
Winterspoon flashed a keen look at the dignified ~~old~~ ^{old} ~~fisherman~~
~~man~~ in white duck with his shore cap straight on his head.

^{Mr Stralley,}
"I'm ~~the Honourable~~ Winterspoon, chairman of the Authority. These are ^{colleagues, Mr} ~~my~~ Commissioners, ~~the~~ Honourables Shotto and ^{Mr} Roberts. Where shall we hold our talks?"

The harsh old eyes went around the faces and returned to the chairman. "In camera, sir," he said with a flurry of scholarship.

"In secret, behind locked doors," Hookie put in, standing ramrod straight, his mouth working against the chinstrap, his eyebrows bracing the peak of his helmet at this strange request from Amos.

The chairman frowned. "Why should we talk in camera? I'm down here to hear the evidence on ~~which~~ your protest against ^{road to your heads, and specifically the use of a tractor to make the road:} the ~~further~~ sale of beach lands will be judged. There must be ^{people} others to be heard."

"There are no others," Amen said.

"I see why ~~the American,~~ ^{Mr Shelvan} Mr Kennedy said you were an arrogant man," ^{Stralley} ~~Winterspoon~~ said angrily.

Amos' eyes blazed, but he said steadily, softly, "For your own sake, Mr Commissioner."

~~Winterspoon~~ ^{Strelly used his position to} was a politician and he ~~knew that~~ this obdurate person controlled the votes in ~~Strelly~~ ^{Harshad's War}. "Where shall we talk?" he said shortly.

And bleak as January, Captain Amen led the Commissioners through the village to the Chinaman's. He led them inside the shop and then turned to eye the magnificent Hookie striding in behind them. The Chinaman caught the look while he was trotting around seating the Authority members and he went swiftly to Amos' side.

"You've nothing against Joshua now," ^{"I} swore you in, you're my deputy," he said desperately,

^{Strelly} But Amos turned pointedly away. He said to Winterspoon, "I believe we agreed that this meeting was in camera?"

^{Strelly} Winterspoon was annoyed. "Sir, this place is of your own choosing."

Amos stabbed a finger at Hookie. "Then what's he doing here?"

Hookie froze with a thumb hitched under the chinstrap by which he had been removing the helmet. He looked unbelievably at Amos. Then he collected himself and drew up, buttons gleaming and epaulets squared away.

"I represent the Force, here! I guard the honourable bodies of the Authority!"

Joe Chin loped quickly away, muttering something about getting coconut water. With Amos in his present mood, one was better off out of the ~~arena~~ arena, in the gallery, so to speak. Before you knew it, he might be ordering poor Joe Chin off his own premises. The Chinaman ~~went~~ went behind the door of the back room and peered past the hinges at them.

"This is a secret meeting," Amos said.

^{Stralley} Winterspoon looked at the uniform and said, "Well, I dont know, Mr Amen. He is a constable, the sub officer in charge of ~~Siloan~~ ^{the village}."

Captain Amen looked down at the floor as if he was pondering all this. Then he looked back at the chairman and said, "Then he ought to be sworn in."

Joe Chin gasped. Hookie seemed on the verge of tears. ^{Stralley} Winterspoon, a veteran of many ^{legal outings,} ~~_____~~ nodded. "There're are several precedences," he said.

Amos ^{men} looked up at the bamboo ceiling. "And as a justice of the peace, I'm in my rights to swear in the constable."

"Yes," ^{Stralley} Winterspoon said. "Precedence can be found. Please do, sir."

Captain Amen turned on his heels and glared at Corporal Hookie.

"Hold up your right hand!" he barked.

Joe Chin gave Amos the largest beaker of coconut water, for Amos had been a smart, slashing man, ~~_____~~ cutting Hookie into pieces. A man in whose shadow you should hide yourself until his swing was spent. For who knew where next he would mow? Joe Chin smiled amiably at Amos, indicating by a rolling thumb that the beaker had been well spiked from the black bottle. Amos swallowed robustly.

^{Volger} "We're ready to hear you, Mr Amen," the chairman said.

Amos belched roundly and clucked his tongue over the tart science that had been compounded by Joe Chin's hand. He

removed his cap and brushed back his hair.

"Gentlemen," he said, "^{Marshall's Val} ~~Sirrah~~ welcomes you."

The Commissioners bowed stiffly. It had now become custom that words of adulation should precede the petitions. All along the coast, fishermen were being humble to them as more beaches were threatened. They waited in a cold silence for Amos to smarm over them.

"And ^{Marshall's Val} ~~Sirrah~~ is also sorry for you," Amos Amen said softly.

The room rolled over and stood on end. A black, baffled gasp was torn from it. Only Hookie and Joe Chin balanced on their feet while their minds whipped around looking for Amos.

"Sir!" exclaimed Winterspoon. ^{Strelly}

"You've been handed the dirty end of the stick," Amos said calmly.

^{Strelly} Winterspoon struck the table. "~~You're impudent!~~"

"Explain yourself!"

"You went ~~to~~ ^{then} into the American ^{and} ~~can~~ accepted his hospitality,"

Amos Amen said in deadly tones.

^{Strelly} Winterspoon went into a slow burn. "How dare you, sir!"

he said unsteadily.

In a sad voice, Amos Amen spoke the falsehood. "Already, in my village, it is being said that the Authority is a tool of the foreigners. You had wine and food in ~~Kennedy's~~ ^{Marshall's The Yankee, Sherman's,} hotel, the

man against whom we're protesting. The village is saying that your judgments cannot be fair. ^{This village is saying the country should be told of your actions.}

The Commissioners stared in horror. They did not need to have it spelled out, it was there in bright letters on the

Sherrins

political wall. They'd motored into ~~Kennedy's~~ place, in broad daylight, as the fisherman had just said, but not with any wrong motives. They looked at their lost innocence and saw it being shredded through every political mill. They were ruined. They were trapped in disgrace.

~~Winterspoon~~ *Strelly*

Winterspoon turned woodenly to the Corporal. If anyone knew the temper of the village, ~~Winterspoon~~ ^{he} thought, surely the sub officer in charge, should. Hookie had ~~been~~ ^{Amos} glaring at ~~Amos~~ when he felt the weight of the chairman's imploring eyes on him. He met ~~Winterspoon's~~ ^{Strelly's} stare and filled his own eyes with blankness, ~~a~~ ^{a blankness} ~~sort~~ that said, in the clearest accents, God help you, sir, one and all.

~~Winterspoon~~ *Strelly*

Winterspoon turned blindly to the Chinaman. The village barkeep should know every cranny of the people's minds. Joe Chin hung his head. His shoulders shook and he may have been sobbing. ~~Winterspoon~~ passed his hand over his face and cringed from the sweat which came off. He felt naked, defenceless.

"I believed it was my duty to tell you this in camera, sir," Amos said. [Calmly, he reached for the beaker which his friend Joe Chin had so eloquently fixed. He hoped and believed the Chinaman had dosed Hookie's cup with equal kindness. ~~The~~ ^{That bastard,} ~~beast,~~ Hookie, had played it ~~very~~ ^{rather} well, Amos thought bleakly. He could begin to forgive that Hookie. And anyway, he had got his own back by swearing him in. By the great stroke oar, he could laugh now at Hookie's face. He looked at the stricken Commissioners. His eyes were pitiless.

Wae, "But now, you may inspect the beach, gentlemen. We of ~~Wae,~~ ^{Wae,} ~~Sloan,~~ ^{Sloan,}" he indicated Hookie and the Chinaman with a sweep of his hand, "will see that the gossip against you is immediately crushed."

"Destroyed. Uprooted. Smashed," Corporal Hookie said in feeble but distinct tones.

^{Stolley} Winterspoon looked uncertainly around the room. He wanted to resign, turn in his commission. He wished he was alone so he could weep and blow his nose. He was no man of iron. Yet, he was a well made chairman, especially potted by experience to be a public figure. He would not resign under fire. He would go on, a model to multitudes of statutory bodies yet unborn. He hoisted his girth up past the top of the table and walked on short steps to the door.

"Come, gentlemen, we'll inspect the beach," he said weakly.

Captain Amen walked to the beach beside him, the others in the rear. ^{Stolley} Winterspoon was feeling faint. He stumbled on a heap of kelp and held to ~~Amos~~ Amos' shoulder. He left his knotty, hard muscled old hand there. The ~~knotty, hard muscled old~~ shoulder was a rock for a floundering man.

Amos Amen said in a quietly conversational voice, "I want for ^{Marshall's} ~~Siloh~~ all our present foreshore. I do not ask that the ^{Yonkers} ~~American's~~ land be taken away. It has been lawfully bought. But it is in the powers of the Authority to say that the ~~Siloh~~ ^{Marshall's} fishermen may use all of the foreshore, right up to ^{the foot of} ~~Kennedy's~~ ^{high} ~~line fence.~~ ^{Rock} ~~line fence.~~"

"The American would want your men to wear proper sea clothing, fully covered," ^{Stolley} Winterspoon said weakly.

"I'll take it up with him," Amos said.

"And he wants you to paint your boats."

"What!" Amos exploded. He looked at his noble

boats, grey as rock ribs on the beach. "Never!"

"No matter, you do as you please, Captain," ~~said~~ *Shilly said*
~~Winterspoon~~ quickly.

"You'll tell him you can do nothing about that," Amos
said. "You'll tell him he'll have to see me about that."

Shilly
~~Winterspoon~~ nodded glumly. Amos Amen stepped firmly
over the indigested wrack cast up by the sea. The city man
tottered beside him. Amos walked slowly, helping him over the
worst places. He ~~set~~ *commenced to feel* kindly towards ~~Winterspoon~~. *Shilly*

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159 Leph.

"You were very good with the Hong Kong people. Such a fine man as you should not be wasted," Amos said by way of explanation.

"What the hell do you mean - wasted?"

"You are among the best, like us at Marshall's Wall. The best people ~~are~~ stay together."

Sheenan shook his head. Then he laughed, loud, his head back.

"You can't stop the road, you know? Public property. I'll beat you, Mr. Cop's Amos."

Chapter Twenty-one

~~Kennedy~~ ^{Sheeran} was in his office when he heard that Captain Amen was out front to see him, ~~and~~ ^{he} smouldered at ~~his desk~~

~~because~~ of the ~~gall.~~ ^{gall.} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~. The old guy had fixed him good

with the Commissioners, ~~Kennedy~~ ^{Sheeran} could still remember the haunted look in ~~Winterspoon's~~ ^{Stalley's} eye as ~~the~~ ^{when they} Commissioner, on his way from

~~Siloah~~, called in at the hotel, ~~Kennedy now thought angrily that~~ ^{on their way back from Poplett's Wee. Now}

~~the~~ ^{Amos} ~~Jamaican~~ had come to gloat on his victory. He stormed out of

the office and rushed to the portico, ~~prepared to blast old Amen~~ ^{back}

~~off to~~ ^{Marshall's Wee. Homeless.} ~~Siloah~~, ~~but~~ he was stopped cold by the very first words

from the white haired prophet, spoken behind a sweeping gesture of his arm.

"I'm going to plant citrus, tomatoes, lettuce, cucumber and all the other foods which I understand are beloved by the American people," Amos Amen said. His white shore suit was dazzling. His hands were rested on the loaded head of the famous walking stick as he looked across ~~Kennedy's~~ ^{Sheeran's} grounds, ~~to his village of Siloah.~~

"We'll be working for you, ~~American.~~ ^{Yankee-man.} I'm going to order the special grain to feed the chickens so that the eggs come out extra large. I'll see to it that our hotel gets the best food at the lowest price.

~~Our~~ ^{Our} hotel must show a higher profit than any on the Montego Bay coast." He looked at ~~Kennedy.~~ ^{Sheeran} "That is so, ~~American.~~"

"Go to hell," ~~Kennedy~~ ^{Sheeran} said.

The American has grown hard, Amos thought. Perhaps I'd better throw him everything at once. He needs ^a ~~the~~ Captain's assurance.

"The Co-op has voted that our hotel should have for its use, more of the foreshore than at present. The foreshore is ours, the Commissioners said, but we want our hotel to be the best on the coast, so our foreshore is at your disposal. You'll have the finest beach from here to Montego Bay," Amos said.

~~"What's the idea?"~~ "You do your best to foul me up with your politicians. Now you come offering me the beach for which you ^{would} cut my throat. What do you want from me?" ^{Supplement}

"We want you to buy our fish."

Sharon said, "I don't believe all this."
~~Kennedy~~ ~~said~~ ~~that~~ ~~was~~ ~~it~~. *Sourly.*

"It will be cheaper for you than buying in Montego Bay," Amos said. "We also want three lights on a pole on the roof of your hotel, for the black nights at sea."

"You can use them," *Sharon* ~~Kennedy~~ said, remembering the night of his shipwreck with Tina and Ti Brooks.

Amos looked up at the pink braziletto ceiling of the portico. There was no electricity in the village. The American had a private plant. Lanterns on a tree could not be seen far out at sea. There were nights when the wind came out of the hole and good ~~Silvan~~ *fishermen were* ~~men~~ would ~~be~~ lost. A Captain must work at his trade. It was important that lives be protected even at the price of a little step backward.

"The Commissioners told me about the sea clothes of my men. Maybe we could cover them up more so your ~~ladies~~ *women guests* will not be offended."

"What about the boats?" *What about them? They need a paint job.* ~~I'll give you the paint to do them.~~

"You want the ~~piece~~ *use* of ^{only} beach as much as I want to sell you my fish, or anything else that I want," Amos said. "All your money is buried in your hotel. *I know. I asked in the city.* I'm not a weak man, ~~now~~ You're talking to a strong man. I have my beach. ~~My~~ *My* boats are workers, not pretty little things like

those the foreign hotels provide for play. You want get everything."

"But suppose I want more than you offer?"

"The men of America are sensible, for only sensible people may remain prosperous. The men of America must know the fishing grounds will only flourish for a season if they make the holes of their nets too small," Amos said. *E*

~~Kennedy~~ ~~thought~~ ~~and~~ ~~said~~, "Why do you want three lights?"

"A red, a green and a white so we wont be fooled out there by the stars," Amos said.

"You know I'm getting the better of you, dont you?"

Amos shook his head. "We each get what we want. Nobody gets the better of the other. Equal ~~strength~~ strength is a good thing. Before I was strong, ~~you'd have bought the beach,~~ ^{would} but you'd not be able to stop my men sailing past your hotel with nothing on. Now we're both strong, we can be friends."

"You'll have to provide the pole for the light."

"Trees of sixty feet grow only on the mountain."

"Don't you want it? Then go ~~and~~ get it," ~~Kennedy~~ ^{sheeran} said roughly.

"You're young, and you're angry because now I'm as strong as you. I haven't heard you," ~~Amos said.~~ "I'll arrange to get a tree sixty foot long."

~~Kennedy~~ ^{sheeran} grinned. Amos was suddenly liking the face. A man of enterprise, Amos said firmly to himself. He takes the wind as it comes and sets his sail accordingly.)

~~That is so, Amos said to himself as he walked the American road back to ~~St. John.~~ ^{Marshall's War.} A smart captain does not argue with the wind.~~

~~Walking back Amos to Marshall's War, he saw He saw Tina coming from the Chinaman's grocery. ~~He~~ ^{she} was liking the American and he was pleased with the morning.~~

~~He told her about the visit.~~

"To paint our boats?" Tina asked, a faraway look in her eyes.

~~"Boscobel would laugh at us," Amos said. "So would Rio Nuevo. And Montego Bay. And all of the Lucea coast. A boat~~

~~has not been painted on the coast since the hurricane, when the government gave us new boats for trade me last."~~

*The road, sheeran said.
He road, Amos said.
I'm bringing in
a tractor.
No. No tractor.
The young men can
use the money
Ray will get working
on your
road.
"The laws on
my side, old
man. I'll get
permission already
to put in a road."
The ~~men~~ ^{men} ~~be~~ Amos
said to himself - I
will finish him
in Marshall's War.
"No tractor," he
said again.*

"In colours?" Tina asked. "Bright colours?"

Amos chuckled. ^{"Aye - You"} ~~"Do you see us sailing down to Papeay~~ ^{the}
Shoal like a pack of goldfish? Even the groupers would laugh at us. They'd be ashamed to take the hooks."

"Yes. All the boats in bright colours," Tina said absently, her head held on one side ~~and~~ as she left him on her way down Mission street.

Captain Amen went in chuckling to the Chinaman's.

Corporal Hookie scowled at nothing as he tugged and snapped the fastenings of his tunic collar. He slipped ⁱⁿ the tongue of the broad leather belt around his waist, patted into their pockets his handcuffs, whistle and short truncheon. He stood at the window while he looked inside his head at the small piece of talent he would use this morning to dazzle the young bigshot whom the Division had tied on his back. He walked heavily out of his room and into the tiny office of the ^{Marshall's Woe} ~~sub~~ police post.

96 Marshall's Woe was Ft summit

He chipped a small salute in exchange for the flourish which the young policeman gave him. Hookie looked at the neat efficient writing in which the boy had updated the blotter. His name ^{it appeared} was Nick ~~Markham~~ ^{Nick ~~Markham~~ Brown.} The full effort was ^{Brown} Nicholas ~~Markham~~ but he had chosen the shortened form because it cut a better dash. He stood very trimly.

"Beg to report, all quiet in the night, sir," he said.

Corporal Hookie looked him up and down and made a sound through his nose. In a brief sweep through his village

last night, he had turned up more than this fancy dan recruit who had been duty officer through^{out} the night.

"Joe Noone's wife had a baby last night," Hookie said. "Their sixth. A girl. Watch it for trouble. Cross-Eyed Joe swears to God that Bull Jump, the fisherman I showed you yesterday, was fooling around his wife. He says if the baby hasn't got his crosseyes, Bull Jump will be stumbling through *Mrs. Salt's Wae* ~~Silence~~ looking for his nuts which he, Cross-Eyed Joe, will have cut out."

Nick Brown
Constable ~~Murcham~~ opened his mouth but the corporal silenced him.

"Somebody lifted a box of Number Twelve trollers from Son of the Morning. Pass the word that Corporal Hookie wants the trollers put back into Son of the Morning's boat right smartly."

"Sir, who is Son of the Morning?"

Corporal Hookie bared his teeth in a silent snarl.

"His real name is Jimmy Ropp. Get to know them, constable. Everyone around here has a good Christian name but only Mrs Lampport at the postal agency, and me, seem to know those *Good Christian*

MORE

names. Green-Boy is knitting half-inch nets again. Green-Boy is a pig, but we cant have him taking the baby fish from the sea. Tell him that the Corporal says that this time he will go to the city jail, where they dont allow your friends in every day for a talk and a smoke."

"I dont understand —"

"If you manage to ^{be} ~~remain~~ here long enough, constable, you will find that I sometimes sentence them myself, especially when the grass around the Post needs weeding, ~~or~~ or the walls need whitewashing. It keeps the cost down when my prisoners do it, and the village sees them in durance vile, and it keeps the discipline high. Elevated.

"However, constable, since it is against the law for the sub-officer to sentence criminals, I allow them certain privileges. Such as having their friends in for a talk and a smoke when I am out on patrol."

"Yes, sir," the constable said, swallowing. He had the gist of a quiet little report to the Inspector. A smoke and a talk! He could see Hookie out, and he in, as sub-officer. A sub-officer at his age! He felt very tall. "Yes, sir," he said again.

"Speaking of ^{patrols,} ~~Hookie~~ Hookie said gently. It was going to be murder, infant killing. But he felt no remorse.

"Sir?"

"For the second time in two weeks, constable, last night I smelled ^{The Great Decider. Great George} the weed. On ~~Mission~~ street."

"The weed, sir?"

"Ganja. Marihuana. The Dream. Somebody in ~~Silash~~ is smoking." the Corporal said, looking out through the window. A falsehood. None of the young fishermen ^{would} ~~had~~ smoked ^{when he could smell it. Not} since he and Captain Amen had threatened to force a pound of uncut weed down the throat of the first one caught ^{JOYING the weed stuff} ~~putting~~.

Hookie could whiff it.

Mrs Lall's Woe I had a whiff

"The old shrub, constable. You went to recognition class at ~~the~~ training school? You will know it when you see it?"

"Yes, sir," ~~Constable Markham~~ said ~~notly~~.

"Its a good school," Hookie murmured, watching Gordy out of sight. Gordy was a good man. He took a hint. Wouldn't have to close him down after all. "I am glad you know it, constable. Because you are going to look for it ~~in~~ in the place where they ~~are~~ ^{are} most likely to grow it."

"Then we will have to get out search warrants," ~~the young constable~~ ~~said~~ briskly, all spit and polish.

"Not where you are going, constable," Hookie said dreamily at the window. He turned to face the ~~constable~~ ^{man}. "Up on the beautiful mountain."

~~Markham~~ said, "The mountain, sir?"

"I have been deducing, considering, examining, constable. You will go into the mountain." He paused before twisting the screw. "Into the Cockpit Country."

Constable ^{Nick Brown}

~~Markham~~ blanchd. "The — Cockpit Country!"

He knew of the bad lands behind the green face of the Dolphin's Head, where the rocks were swords that cut you to ribbons ^{as you moved} through them. Where there was nothing, only the silence and the dread.

"Get a horse," Hookie said.

"But - sir!" ~~Markham~~ ^{he} stared unbelievably into the bland, hard face of his superior. "I dont know anything of the country!"

Corporal Hookie said softly, "Constable, you studied the bye-laws at training school? Did they say anything about knowing? But wasn't there much about obeying?"

"Even ~~the~~ ^{in Hes} woods ~~die~~ die up there!"

"Get a horse."

"~~It is said~~ ^{it} it has never been explored!"

"You will be the explorer. To seek. Search. For the weed. The fat dream. Ride a horse until you have to go afoot, constable."

The young policeman gulped, the veins of his neck straining ^{ed} against his collar. Hookie watched him harden and watched a glint of anger darken

his eyes. Corporal Hookie was pleased at the glint. It meant the young fellow was commencing to understand.

"What is it you want from me?" ^{he} ~~Markham~~ asked harshly.

Kindly feelings for the recruit constable trampled through Hookie's breast. Here was good material. It showed a man should not judge too early. The boy had the makings of a right good policeman in him. A sub-officer some day.

Hookie said softly, his gaze on the wall above ^{Nick Brown's} ~~Markham's~~ head, "On second thoughts, constable, it is likely that my nose may have been mistaken. My nose is very old. The nose of an old policeman smells evil even in the cradle. Maybe the mountain is innocent and nobody is growing marihuana up there. Maybe Mission street is innocent and nobody was smoking down there."

^{He} constable ~~Markham~~ waited stonily.

"Acknowledge, constable," Corporal Hookie said gently. [He would push and push and push. Let the young rooster feel the weight.

"Acknowledged, sir," ^{Brown} ~~Constable Markham~~ said in a dull voice.

"So, perhaps this is not a time for a patrol into the mountain. It could be that you have a lot of work to do in the office."

The boy looked blankly at him.

"Acknowledge," Hookie said sharply

"Acknowledged, sir."

"You may even have some Reports to write, constable. To the Inspector. Fuller and better particulars. Re explosives. Yes, ^{re} explosives, for instance. It helps a constable's future promotions when his superiors find that he can pick up his own mistakes and frankly state them. Withdraw. Retract. Right, constable?"

The sweat appeared through ~~Markham's~~ ^{re you're} collar. Fascinated with his victim, Hookie stared. Then he recovered and said softly, "Acknowledge."

"Acknowledged, sir."

Hookie turned right about. He strode from the room. The wind was frisky on Mission street. The sea sparkled beyond the fall of the beach. The blind son of Mrs Lampport played his flute straight into the eye of the ~~sun.~~ sun. The wine-tar smells of boats and nets carried up past the co-op store. Weather whitened houses held cool shadows underneath the eaves of shaggy timbers. In these shadows, there were stalls of tangerines and oranges, bananas and sliced ~~melons.~~ melons. Corporal Hookie ate a dozen bananas on his way to Joe Chin's.

He unhooked the collar of his tunic and unlatched his belt. Now that he had cut up the young constable and parcelled him on the shelf, one could again be comfortable.

"Peace and love," he said like Ti ~~Brooks~~ Brooks ^{and One-Two} as he entered the Chinaman's.

"He has just torn the head off some citizen," Amen said to Joe Chin. "He only smiles when he has eaten meat."

Corporal Hookie hummed a ~~reggae~~ ^{reggae} ~~reggae~~ and reached for the bottle. He tilted his head and Captain Amen watched the phenomenon of the unworking throat.

"By all the kings of Israel," Amos ~~then~~ murmured. He had a warm regard for such prowess.

"His mother-in-law is dead," Joe Chin said discerningly.

"He has not yet bought the furniture," Amos said, "so he has no mother-in-law."

"Guess again," Corporal Hookie said contentedly.

"You have just set fire to Amos' Baptist chapel," Joe Chin said.

"He wont go near it. He fears the steeple may fall on him," Amos said.

"Any day now/ the Pope may ask me to close it," Hookie said.

"You have found out that your mother had been cheating," the Chinaman said tentatively.

"Everyone knows he is the biggest son of a bitch in ~~St. John,~~ ^{Marshall's War,} Amos

pointed out. "We must look for something new."

"A black Chinaman and a captain without an epaulet," Hookie said.

"False as a toad's teeth. Toads never chew."

The juice of the young coconuts flashed tartly along their tongues. The Chinaman returned with three new ones. He struck away the heads with deft, glancing blows of a ~~cutlass~~ ^{connected to} cutlass, leaving them ~~by a thin skin~~ ^{by a thin skin} the husks/like the open lids of jugs. He poured the pale golden rum into the nuts. They each took one and holding the lids firmly down, shook the young fruit until they could feel the beautiful disquiet travel through the coat of the nuts and murmur in their hands. They opened the lids to popping explosions of the fermentation.

"Not even the Royal Family may know this joy!" ~~Captain~~ ^{Corporal Hookie} gasped as he took down the empty nut, the tears in his eyes.

The flame of rum and coconut juice burned sweetly in the Chinaman's stomach. He drained the nut, rubbed the tapering finger tips together. Through misty eyes, he smiled at Corporal Hookie.

"Tell us your story now, you swine," the Chinaman said.

Corporal Hookie rolled the three empty nuts to the centre of the table and rested his hands on them. He waited for the coming of the happy belch, grinned at them and said, "That child of God, the young policeman, is beginning to see the light. He is writing a Report to the Inspector. In it, he will say that he has been a blooming fool and that the dynamite was accidentally exploded."

"The poor man," the Chinaman said.

"So you are now unsworn, ^{for the time being,} you heathen," Hookie said to Joe Chin. "There will be no need for you to go whispering to Porter and Louis ~~_____~~ sending them off to the mountain ^{That is,} until after the hurricane season."

"It would have been a bad time too," Joe Chin agreed. "Nobody knows whether the big wind will blow, this way, this year."

"Warnings were up last week, up to Miami, up to New York," Corporal

Hookie said.

"So your boat will not be shorthanded after all, Amos,"

Joe Chin said. "We wont have to take Porter away."

Then Captain Amen said five remarkable words. He said,

"But they should be punished."

Hookie and the Chinaman stared at him. The policeman chuckled and said, "This is a day and a half. Here we are, letting off his son, and he says the boy should be punished. Is the job of being a JP working at his conscience? I tell you, this is a day and a half, Joe."

"They must be sent to the mountain. I need them on the mountain," Amos said softly.

Joe Chin looked keenly at him, saying to Hookie, "Amos has a story to tell us."

"Tell your story to your good friends, Amos," Hookie said.

Amos shuffled his feet. He looked angrily at the two.

"I need timber," he said. "Sixty feet tall. Somebody must go into the mountain for it."

"You're building a new boat?"

"Its for the ^{light} ~~lamp~~ on the American hotel. We must have it before the big wind comes."

"~~And~~ ^{And} for that, you'd send the boys into the Cockpit Country with ^a ~~the~~ big wind due anytime now?" Hookie asked.

"They're due for punishment. You said so yourself. I want the pole on top of the hotel so that if the fleet is caught out there, we'll have a light to bring them in."

"You're a murderous man," Hookie said. ^{He turned to the Chinaman. "But} ~~Ass~~ the

word, Joe. You're back on your oath. Send them on the pilgrimage. Tell them to go up the mountain."

Amos marched into Mission street with his shoulders set. To hell with the big mouths. Porter would be safe enough. He's the son of the Captain; all his life he's been taught to look after himself. Its all in how a man finishes, Amos said.

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Chapter Twenty-Two

Corporal Hookie stood at the ~~gate~~^{door} of the police post and watched from the corners of his eyes all who passed. Hookie was annoyed. It appeared that there was a stream running through the lower layers of ~~Siloah~~^{Mendall's Vale}, one in which he had not yet dipped his foot. For someone in ~~Siloah~~^{Mendall's Vale} was stealing from the American.

He bent his eyes on Wedgie Murphy. The boy wa~~lked~~^{ked} ~~coming~~ along Mission street, dressed to ~~kill~~^{the wins-}. He wore a pin striped suit, a jippi jappa hat which was a kind of ~~Panama~~ and new brown shoes. A random shot might ~~well~~ ~~bring~~ ^{hit} ~~at~~ a ~~target~~^{target}

"Well, then," he said heartily at the boy, "I see we're dressed to kill. Have we given up the trade of fishing and gone into something with real money?"

~~Wedgie~~^{The boy} leaned nervously from one foot to the other. "I'm going on the bus," he said.

Corporal Hookie hooked his thumbs in his belt and rose to his toes. "Going on a spree to the city? To the fleshpots?"

Wedgie jumped at the word. It sounded indecent, and coming from the Corporal too.

"I'm going to the city to see about a marriage," he said virtuously.

Corporal Hookie flung back his head.

"To the city? To see about a marriage? And what about Tata Huggins' daughter, Olga?" he asked severely.

"Its she," Wedgie said, digging his shoe in the sand.

Hookie frowned. "And why, for a wedding of two young ^{Marshall's War young} ~~Si-loak~~ people, is our own justice of the peace not consulted? Is anything wrong with Captain Am~~er~~? Do you fear he'll get too rich on the fees?"

The boy looked uncertain.

"I thought the justice of the peace was there to sentence you to prison, not to do a wedding," he said.

"Its all the same, boy," said Bachelor Hookie kindly. "Go back and take off your nice clothes and we'll talk to the Captain about your wedding."

Wedgie turned away, still dubious, but obedient to this ruler of ^{Marshall's War.} ~~Si-loak~~. Hookie nodded curtly to Louis Trainer's shaky salute. Any day now, this one would be going up the mountain. He allowed Louis by without question. Louis wasnt a thief, he was a bolshevik. Hookie strolled to the Chinaman's for a consultation.

"Who is likely to be a thief in ^{Marshall's War?} ~~Si-loak~~?" he asked Joe Chin when they had settled down facing each other across the table.

"Be precise," Joe Chin said reprovngly. "A thief of time? Material? Or money?"

"All three," Corporal Hookie said, removing his head and handing it to the Chinaman. ~~When~~ When Joe Chin was in that mood, one should hand him one's head so he could tighten a few screws. Corporal Hookie relaxed and drove in for a slaughter of the unlabelled bottle.

"Let me think of money, now," Joe Chin said. "Its the

widest field. Everyone, except the infants, need it, but few will put their talents to stealing it because they fear the scorn of their neighbours. The one who tries would be a desperate man. Such as recent losers at Gordy's."

"The Lord bless you," Hookie said, snaking down a homicidal

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draught.

~~██████~~ "Pursue it."

need material:
"Now, material. ~~██████~~ Again, all ~~except the infants~~. And again, all fear the tongues of their neighbours. But a desperate man may sell the material for coin. Such as recent losers at Gordy's."

"If I close down Gordy's, the men will come to your place to drink since there is nowhere to gamble, you wicked bastard Chinese," Hookie said.

"Yet if one closed down Gordy's, where would we search when we would look for a rascal?" Joe Chin asked, running out on a thin limb.

Hookie groaned. "You tighten the screws until they hurt," he said, reaching for the bottle that would lave any pain.

"Then, now, of ~~the~~ time," Joe Chin said.

He was silent for such a ~~long~~ long while, Hookie looked up at him.

"Well?" asked the Corporal.

"You are the biggest stealer of time around here," Joe Chin said softly.

"Give me back my head," snarled Hookie, getting up. "I should chase you back to Hong Kong or Africa or England or wherever they'd take you."

He found Captain ~~Amos~~ on the beach. "Amos," he said, "somebody is stealing ^{Shuan} ~~Kennedy~~ blind. He wrote the Inspector. The Inspector wrote me. He writes very well, the Inspector."

"Are they taking the coat from your back?" asked the J.P.

"You are a rude, ignorant fisherman," Hookie snapped. He commenced to unbutton his tunic.

"Step behind the nets," Amen said. "One cannot undress on the beach as formerly. There is ~~an~~ ^{The tourist} ~~American lady at the hotel.~~"

From the beach, the walls and roof ^{The} ~~of Kennedy's~~ hotel were visible. The roof was in a ripe and well oiled ~~orange~~ orange, the walls were bluer than the sky. Hookie squinted at it. It was not unhandsome against the green of the Dolphin's Head. Soon the hips and thighs and aggressive breasts of the

northern women would be loosely lying around the beach, like driftwood to be picked up and carried away. As the sub-officer in ~~Silcock~~^{Murphy's}, he would be stern with one and all of the foreigners. No overt fooling around. They would be made to play decently, out of sight of the innocent people of ~~Silcock~~^{Murphy's}. Moreover, his young men were randy enough as it was already. Look at the infant, Wedge-Head Murphy, searching for a pastor already. In his present mood, suppose one of the American eloises should beckon him?

Corporal Hookie took off his socks frowning darkly. He had yeasty ideas of the sex encounters in the luxury hotels. Sin on the coast wore silk and rustled behind every fuschia pillar.

He and the Cpatain stripped to their shorts, ran ponderously across the strand and dived gigantically into the ocean. The ocean shrank as they ploughed majestically through. They swam on a heavy breaststroke, shoulders rising and falling like barges, kicking solidly ample to stove in the ribs of a whale. But they rode comfortable on the deep drag of their lower limbs so that they could talk as they swam. They pointed their prows, by common consent, to pass abaft the hotel.

"What has ~~Kennedy~~^{Shere} been losing?"

"Paint," Corporal Hookie said laconically.

"No house in the village has been painted for thirty years."

"And that is what gives me heart," Hookie said.

"Then I had better pass the word that Corporal Hookie is on the lookout for house painters."

"Tell them to return the paint to the beach," Hookie said. "I will not watch to ~~see~~ see who returns it."

"I want no stolen goods on my beach," Am~~ph~~ snapped.

A scared mackerel made a lateral leap, flicking its tail across Hookie's nose. His policeman's eyes watched it, coldly hostile.

"He is out of your jurisdiction," Am~~ph~~ said, rolling over and gliding under smooth as a porpoise. He came up, the large arrogant head shaking

off the water.

"Tell them to leave it at the end of the street,"
Hookie said, talking about the paint.

"Will you keep the young policeman away from there?"

"I'll wrap his foot about his neck if he interferes,"
Hookie said, swimming stolidly.

The water was warm and buoyant, soft on their hairy
 chests. They rounded the point of ^{High Rock.} ~~the tiny bay on which the~~
~~hotel was built.~~ Captain Amen thrashed over on his back and
 laid his cheek on the water. From that position he inspected
 the hotel with approbation. It graced his beach. When visiting
 fishermen came in for a regatta, he'd be pleased to show it to
 them.

Hookie looked at him with a wince and a fondness.
 The riotous old soak was lying on the sea easily as if he
 sat in ~~The~~ Chinaman's arguing up the place. As if he hadn't
 just recently pared the balls off the American. A formidable,
 immoral man.

They sloped along, talking of this and that. ~~Amos~~
 Amos opened ~~his~~ his mouth and gulped a drink, sea water being
 considered good for cleansing the canals. He reminded Hookie
 about it and Hookie took a large gulp too. Amos dived, staring
 into the cool, clear depths. Coral pointed stiff white fingers
 at him. A June fish hustled after food, a long, cruel shadow.
 He broke the surface and shook like a walrus. Hookie went along
 on his steady breast stroke.

^{"Sheeran's"}
 "Kennedy's giving me three lights on the pole, a red,
 a green and a white," Amos said.

~~Shaw~~
Shaw

~~Shaw~~ "Is Kennedy godfather to you?"

"He's also going to buy fish from us, and vegetables and eggs."

"And he's doing all this after you made those poor fish of Commissioners rip the foreshore out of his hands?"

"Oh, I'm giving him back a piece of the foreshore," Amos said.

Hookie gulped and nearly sank. "You're giving him a piece of it, after you nearly killed to get it?"

"I wanted it to trade with. The American respects strength," Amos said. *"Hell get the room for his road to the beach." "Hell, that you could not stop, I'll bet," Joshua said wisely.*
They swam to shore. Amos chuckled while they dressed.

"Joshua," he said, "have you ever seen a wickeder three than us? Me and you and the Chinaman?"

They laughed at it, *afing* ~~and~~ chests *bumping,* ~~jumping,~~ jabbing at each other with their elbows.

Joe Chin sent for the boys early in the day. A summons to the Chinaman's was the ceremonial way with which the journeys to the mountain began. It was the punishment that kept the name of *Marshall's Wall* ~~Siloch~~ pure in the divisional police books. Short of murder, ~~or~~ *or* serious woundings, *Marshall's Wall* ~~Siloch~~ would never have a ~~crime~~ report.

Corporal Hookie kept away from that end of the village during the holy hours of notification and preparation. His sworn deputy received Porter and Louis in the dark little back-room that was heavy with the scent of old rum casks.

"You," Joe Chin said, stabbing a finger at first one

and then the other, "and you have trouble coming. You're the dynamiters."

Louis Trainer shouldered up in his thin, vicious way. His small-boned face sweated in the lantern light. He showed his teeth in a quick grin. "So you'll tell the police?" he whispered.

Porter, tall, tough, knowing the score better because he was the Captain's son, said to Louis, "Be quiet. Just be quiet, ~~Louis.~~"

Porter knew that neither he nor Louis had in them what could frighten the Chinaman.

"Corporal Hookie knows all about you, Louis," Joe Chin said. "He even knows the last time you went to the outhouse. Corporal Hookie has been your father and mother, boy, all your hours ashore. He's been a good pa and ~~ma~~ ma to you. He's been watching closely over his little boy Louis to see that no harm comes to him."

The light eyes of Louis went over the Chinaman's face with a forked lick. He was reasonably certain he could slip in and fix the gaff between the Chinaman's ribs before he could lift a hand.

man Louis was a lonely ~~boy~~ *loneliest man*. He was the ~~only~~ *only* man *Marshall's Wal. He had hunger loneliness, to be the most hurt. He valued his anger; the pain cooked. Marshall's Wal people were* one *sealans.* ~~The people of Siloah were seacow dull, Louis said. Porter, the~~

~~strong quick-tempered one, had seemed a tiger at first, in whom he could have placed some hope. But now, Porter had~~
Louis
~~cold footed out.~~ ~~He~~ grinned glassily at the Chinaman.

"I'm a very fast man," The Chinaman said calmly at Louis. *Marshall's Wal.* "You ask the older men of ~~Siloah~~ Siloah. I would crack your backbone before you could piss off an inch from where you ~~are~~

stand ~~up~~." ~~up~~

Louis felt put upon. Here was ~~The~~ Chinaman jumping his wrath on him and not saying a word to Porter. Louis screamed *silently*, ~~like a mountain cat, his hands dangling loosely at the ends of his wrists.~~

~~"You're all ^{in it} against me! I'm the only one who would've ripped the American out of ~~Siloah~~ ^{Maschalls Well}! You all make a lot of talk but none will come with me when I want to do it to Kennedy!"~~

Porter said to Joe Chin, "Give us what you've got for us, Joe."

"Its three weeks up there," Joe Chin said. "The Inspector wrote about the dynamite. Corporal Hookie ~~knows~~ ^{found out} where the smart Louis ^{hid} ~~the~~ ~~new~~ sticks. ~~he bought in the city.~~ Corporal Hookie has them now at the post. So you must travel up to the mountain on a pilgrimage. ~~Both of you~~ ^{Go} home for provisions. The Captain knows. So does Tina, Louis."

The way Louis looked at him had no good in it. The Chinaman said kindly to Louis, "Louis, I hear the big prison in the city is one to be avoided. Avoided by the most iron of men. They can soften the iron out of you."

When the furious Louis ^{left} ~~ran~~ from the shop, Joe Chin said to Porter, "While you're up there, keep an eye on that one. Beat ^{the shit out of him} ~~him~~ if there's no other way to make him behave. Beat him in any case. He needs to have it done if he's to live in ^{Maschalls Well} ~~Siloah~~."

Porter said, "There's something funny about you, you and Pa and Hookie. You're inside each other's head. It would be a foolish man to go up against the three of you."

"Very foolish," Joe Chin agreed. "Have a tot."

The Chinaman watched Porter out of sight. He was glad that Amos would have a son to climb to the captain's bench.

Captain Amos gave Porter a pair of axes and a bag of provisions. He also brought out a couple of adzes and knocked off the heads, stowing them in the knapsack.

Porter, tying his boots in the room, asked, "What are those for?"

"To cut wood," Amos said calmly. "A sixty foot tree, maybe a mountain eucalyptus for putting my pole on top of the American hotel."

"But why me?"

"I must be able to say with truth, to anyone who asks, that my son is on the mountain cutting a sixty-foot pole for his pa. Thus your foolishness will perhaps bring me no disgrace. I'll take a gang up to you in a fortnight to carry my pole down to ~~Kennedy's~~ ^{Sheeran's} place."

"The Chinaman said three weeks."

"I'm a deputy also. I'm taking a week off the sentence for what I believe will be your good conduct."

Porter stood up and stamped in the boots. He swung the bag to his shoulder and hitched the water bottles at his side.

"A man bears a hell of a punishment for one small stick of dynamite," he grumbled.

"You should bear more for allowing Louis to give you orders. Why didn't you go to the Chinaman's while he lit the fuse?"

"I told you already. Everybody would've suspected him if he'd been away when the explosion came. Nobody would suspect the son of the Captain."

"You must make Louis do his share on the mountain.

Dont play second ^{addle} to Louis."

Porter grinned. "The Chinaman said I should beat ^{the shit} out of him up, ^{begging your pardon, Dad.} ~~I think that by the time I'm through with him, he'll be glad to sharpen my axe with his teeth.~~"

Amos went to the locker. He fetched out the bottle and two glasses. "Have a tot," he said like ^{The} Chinaman.

Porter kept a straight face. He raised the glass in salute to the old man.

"And watch ~~the~~ for the big wind up there," Amos said.

"A fine time to remember that," Porter said.

"If you were a good fisherman, you'd never ~~be~~ forgetting it," Amos retorted. ^{"Sorry you'll miss the wedding. (Nedgie Mar-phy's wedding. The banners had been published the Sunday before.)"} ^{had} ^{"Don't like hanging."} Porter found Tina among the nets. He ^{known} she would be there. ^{grinned} ^{Porter. Jimmy was due soon, you} ^{half-tailed snook."}

"Your mother must have been looking on a goat when she conceived you," Tina said angrily.

"I may die on the mountain. You'd better cry now."

"Why didn't you tell me about the dynamite?"

"How could I? You haven't been talking to me."

"I wasn't holding anything against you." ^{Tina} ^{was looking} ^{at} ^{the shabby Marshall's War Fleet.} ~~her eyes on the boats,~~ "These old boats are only fit to crawl turtles."

"You weren't holding anything against me? Was it me who spent the night on the reef with the ^{foreigner?} ~~American?~~ And him without ^{pants?}"

"^{He's no foreigner.} ~~That wasn't important,~~" Tina said. "These boats must be the ugliest on the coast."

"To hell with the boats. How do you mean ^{he's no foreigner?} ~~it~~ ^{important?}"

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Tina's ~~brilliant black~~ eyes flashed fire on him. ^{had} "I don't believe you'd have been sorry if I ^{had} drowned out there!" she cried.

"I'd have given you a good funeral," Porter said. "I'd have invited funeral boats from all over the island and put you in the same shroud as the ^{Yankee} ~~American's~~."

"That's what they look like. Funeral boats," Tina said, returning her eyes to the noble old wooden hulls.

Porter's glance narrowed on her. "What's wrong with you today?" he said.

Tina put her arms around him, knapsack and water bottles and all. She rested her cheek on an axe. "Can't you stay for another day, Porter? Just one more day. Can't you put off going? You could shout to Louis. He's waiting on the hill road. Will you stay for one more day?"

Porter said, "You crazy? Can you put off going when the Chinaman or Pa says you must go to the mountain? You want to see me in a cell?"

"I need you here if anything goes wrong!" Tina ^{said,} ~~waited.~~

"What can go wrong? What're you talking about? What's the matter with you today?"

Tina took her arms from around him and turned away her head. "Nothing. I'm only talking ~~crazy~~ ^{be} because I love you," she said.

He ~~was~~ was bent under his road load, but he took her in his arms, ~~and kissed her.~~ He ^{walked} ~~carried~~ her up the track to the hill road until they met Louis. Porter took off a portion of his load and handed it to Louis, an axe, an adze and so ^{forth,}

"What's this?" ~~Who're you giving these to?"~~ Louis ^{said,} ~~cried,~~ stepping back.

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softly.

"I've got twice your load," Porter said, "You taking these or do you want me to tie them around your neck?"

Louis watched the big fists doubling. Dismally, he blamed himself for having stowed away his gaff too deeply among his gear so he couldn't get at it. Something always came up to blunt him. He almost wept as he took the load. Porter watched him go up the hill road. He knew Louis very well now.

"Goodbye, Tina," he said, and added the soft island phrase, "soon come."

"Soon come," Tina said, her head down.

She leaned on a divi-divi tree and she didnt cry until he and Louis were out of sight. A ^{poor-white} farm boy from up the Dolphin's Head came upon the pretty eloise crying against the tree. The farm boy lit up as he moved in to comfort the lonely eloise. Tina turned on him, the narrow little words flying from her. Her fluency staggered him and he ~~was~~ fled down the hill.

Chapter Twenty-~~one~~ **THREE**

The revolt of the women was set up one Saturday afternoon by Tina Trainer. It was a day of bright blue sky and water, and the sun was yellow all over the land. In this golden world on the beach, Tina sat on the gunwale of her boat and called the women around her. They had been washing down the boats, for this being Saturday afternoon, the men were gambling at Gordy's or drinking at the Chinaman's. Tina sat on the boat and wagged a finger at Olga, Wedgie Murphy's girl to stand beside her. So with the yellow sunlight staining her high boned face like a dusky goddess, commenced the great treachery against the Captain of *Monrall's* ~~Silona~~. *Wal*.

"And where are all the men on this lovely Saturday?" Tina asked mockingly.

Jeremy's wife, with a lower lip as obstinately out as the famed pugnacity of her husband, said,

"Now, that's a question you should sell to the ~~see~~ *people* ~~whites~~ *Dolphin Head,* up ~~the~~ *mountain,* for only a foolish soul would answer it. Where would the men be on a Saturday afternoon but dicing at Gordy's or pouring it down their throats at ~~The~~ *the* Chinaman's?"

"And why must they have all the fun? Are they special? Have they been seen since morning by their hard working wives?"

"Tina, stop walking over my grave," Jeremy's wife said. "They've got two legs in their trousers and you know they use them to stand astride of us."

"Then its time we stood astride of them. Its time we strode up and down them. Its time we took over and put our own two

legs in the trousers," Tina said. "They have their footraces and their football and their fighting. What do we have?"

"The cooking and the washing. The scrubbing and the pain and the deceits!" cried Body Pride's wife.

"And then they leap upon us and leave bawling savages in us!" cried Joe Noone's wife.

"Now here we are on a Saturday afternoon, a crowd of lonely women on the beach. And where ~~are~~ the lords of ~~Sigona~~ ^{Moval's Noe?}?" asked Tina, swaying a little in the grip of her rhetoric.

"Knocking the seven-eleven at Gordy's ~~with~~ with the money that's rightfully ours," Jeremy's wife said, a glassy look in her eyes.

Tina looked mockingly around the circle of eyes.

"On this Saturday when you work to the bone fixing up your houses for Sunday, are they ever around to help? Do they care whether your neighbours whisper over fences that you keep a dirty house? What pride do they have in you? Have they touched a paintbrush to a house in Siloah since ~~our grandfathers~~ ^{ever?} went to fight in the ~~Great War?~~ ^{Great War?}"

"They paint the palms of Gordy's hands ~~with~~ ^{IN} silver," Jeremy's wife said, slapping her temples softly.

"Take these ~~boats~~ ^{now,} Tina said. "Look at them. I've heard it said they're the ugliest on the coast. ~~Strangers think so. The American over there thinks so. Boscobel and Rio Nuevo and all the villages think so. The day will come when we'll stay away from Montego Bay because of the scorn we see in the eyes of the women on a fishmarket day.~~"

Their women's eyes looked at the noble ~~boats~~ ^{fleet} hauled

for the bamboo masts, the
the crude scrawl of the
boats name painted on
the sides

high out of the water, the wide, keeled bottoms, made to float
evenly in ~~the~~ rough water, ^{The iron eyes for the masts, the hole in the mid-ship (Awaft)} where the seas had ripped out pieces
of the wood, they wore the white scars like battle honours.
They could take hundreds of pounds of fish and sail into ~~Siloh~~ ^{Marshall's Wae}
standing up. Centuries of seagoing had been worked into the
designs, but under ~~the~~ Tina's tongue, their women's eyes
saw only ugly old boats that must be the laughing stock of the
coast.

licked her lips,
Tina/snatched a quick look around the beach, took a
breath and hid a shudder. Amos could do this to people. ~~the~~ But
she tossed her head and launched into it.

"Take that Captain Amos, father of my Porter. You
know what he told me the other day? He said the ~~American~~ ^{Yankel} had asked
him to paint his boats because the foreign strangers will laugh
at their ugliness. No doubt, the ~~American~~ ^{Yankel-men} would have given him
the paint. He said so himself. There's lots left over from his
hotel. But would the Captain? Oh no. He laughed when he told me
about it. Did the Captain think that the ~~women~~ ^{ladies} of ~~Siloh~~ ^{Marshall's Wae} would
be glad to see the boats painted? To give the boats a longer
life and to make our fleet the prettiest on the coast, so that all
the villages would have ~~the~~ ^a gut ache ~~of~~ ^{of} envy? Oh no. The Captain
laughed at it!"

A longer life for the boats was the sounder reason
for painting them. A leaking boat meant days of idleness until
the men ~~the men~~ got around to caulking them. And it could turn into
mourning too, if a broke, and impatient, crew sailed them into
the hot throat of the ~~can~~ corner before they were seaworthy.
But the light that came and went in the eyes of the women was

at the thought of possessing the prettiest ^{fleet} ~~boats~~ on the coast.

"The ~~American~~ ^{best} fellow, ~~sheeran~~,
would buy our fish and save us the
cost of trucking to the city, if we met him partway ~~on the road~~
by painting our boats," Tina said, unaware that the fine man,
Amos, had already secured this boon.

"Then we'd have a pretty fleet and sell our fish at
the same time," Body Pride's wife said.

"I'm for it," said Jeremy's wife, looking ~~sternly~~ angrily
around.

"But I'll bet that Jeremy, like the Captain, would be
against it," Tina said slyly.

"If Jeremy is against it, I'm doubly for it," his wife
said, smiling happily.

"And Body Pride, Willie Duncan, Wild Horse, all the
captains would be against it," Tina said, looking at their wives.

"They'd all be against it. They like to be rough and
ugly," Joe Noone's wife said.

"If we had the paint, I'd show them," Jeremy's wife
said through her teeth.

Tina held up her hand for silence and said solemnly,

"We have the paint. Lots of it. The paint Corporal
Hookie passed the word about."

There was a gasp from the timider women, but the sturdy
ones waited to hear how this brave fisherwoman had stolen the
American's paint.

"Olga and me, we got Wedgie to help us and took it
from the American's yard at night. ~~Kennedy~~ ^{Sheeran} doesn't know why the
paint was taken, but if we agree and paint the boats, he'll be
glad that we took it."

"But that Wedgie, he's a man, he'll talk!" Jeremy's wife said fiercely.

Olga giggled and Tina said, "He wont talk. He's hot to get Olga, so he's soft clay. I'd have had my Porter too, ~~but~~ but his pa ~~sent~~ sent him up the mountain."

"The prettiest boats on the coast," Body Pride's wife said, swaying to it, her head on one side.

"I'm for it," Jeremy's wife said loudly, looking around for an argument.

But all the women's eyes were shining, all were hand in glove for the treachery.

"Tonight, when they're sleeping off the Chinaman's or shaking ~~the~~ the bones at Gordy's, that's the time we'll do it."

Ti Brooks lived alone in a room on the back of the Co-op ^{erative} store. He had gone home from Gordy's in the afternoon to change into clean blue jeans ^{and no shirt}, on the hope that ^{he} ~~he~~ would also change the run of luck. He left the room, ^{has been made above the jeans} ~~naked from the waist up~~ ^{now. But he was broke.} in this hot afternoon, ~~and~~ feeling lucky ~~and~~ He'd been cleaned out at Gordy's and now he was on the make for a new stake. He rounded the front of the store and halted, paralyzed at this swift manifestation of the power in a clean pair of jeans.

"Murder!" he said happily.

She was an old foreign eloise and she wore purple trousers, a yellow north coast shirt, and wide jippi jappa hat.

"Peace and love!" cried Ti Brooks.

"My, what a lovely greeting!" the ^{old foreigner} ~~little~~ old lady said. She had ^{a firm chin,} pale blue eyes that snapped behind her rimless ~~the~~ glasses. "Are you a savage, young man?" ~~He said.~~ ^{Why are you without a}

"A British savage, ma'am!" Ti Brooks cried proudly.

"They are the best," she said, nodding. ^{"You should wear a shirt."} "I'm from Tucson, Arizona. ^{A local school.}"

"Oh," Ti Brooks said. He had missed badly there. It would have been alright if she'd been an American because one time they'd been British and presumably they were still friendly. Nowadays, the foreigners were coming from all sorts of lands.

"Do you have many savages in Tewsonarizona, ma'am?" Ti Brooks asked, feeling his way back in.

"Our coloured folk are nice people. We treat them very well," the old lady said.

"Just like we do!" Ti Brooks said heartily. "We treat them very well here too. Peace and love."

"Is that an island greeting?"

She had very sharp eyes behind the glasses. Her toenails in the open shoes were painted green. Ti Brooks looked quickly around, his ears cocked for the first giggle from a ^{Marshall's War child.} ~~Siloch child.~~ They seemed to think the dress of the foreigners was a matter for mirth. They had nearly lost him a convoy once, which, in the end, at ^{The} Chinaman's, had turned out to be very fat Canadian geese indeed.

"Peace and love, ma'am? Those were the words with which my people greeted Columbus," he said. ~~██████████~~

"Christopher Columbus?"

"The same. He landed here. Placed his feet right

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"This is Great George Street, named for
the great George Washington."

The street, when the British ruled the island,
had been named for ~~one of the~~ King George
the Third. ~~But~~ Amos had found it first
named, as explained by The Chieftains with
English tourists, they stuck to with the original.
For Americans, it was an easy switch to the
Father of the Nation. It had been much more
difficult with the Canadians until Joe Chin
discovered George Chivero, who had once
fought Mohammed Ali for the title and
was known to all loyal Canadians. ~~It~~

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where you're standing."

"How interesting," the old lady murmured.

"We meet a lot of people from Tewsonarizona and I always show them through ~~Silpah~~,^{Marshall's Wal,} Ti Brooks said, walking her down ~~Mission~~^{Arment bridge} street. ~~It~~^{TAKE IN} would do no harm rubbing a few nice words up and down her dollar arm. The bag in her hand swung heavily as the udder of a cow. Maybe she was one of these millionaires.

~~"Silpah~~^{Nonhall's Wal} is much beloved by the people of Tewsonarizona," he said. ~~He~~^{He} wondered where in hell was Tewsonarizona. ~~Funny name for a county.~~^{county.}

"Well, well," the old lady said.

Ti Brooks saw Jeremy, ~~who was~~ a famous man of mirth, ~~and one~~ to be avoided on this occasion. But Jeremy had already seen him, so he waved a fast signal to the slackjawed Jeremy; ~~he~~^{he} rubbed ^{ed} his money fingers together to tell Jeremy he would ~~not~~^{NOT} be forgotten if he would just pass quietly along. Jeremy too had been under the squeeze at Gordy's and was now very malleable.

"That is Jeremy, he once lived in Tewsonarizona," he said.

Baboo Lal came out of an alley, quick as an eel, wise to Ti Brooks. He murmured unintelligibly and passed on. "Baboo Lal," Ti Brooks said, "last of the Arawakes."

"Well, now," the old lady said.

at the He guided her firmly past Jeremy, ~~and showed her the~~ postal agency, Mrs Lamport's face ⁱⁿ ~~was~~ at the window ^{while} ~~wearing~~ a friendly smile for the foreigner.

"Peace and love, Mother. How are you today, Mother?"

Ti Brooks called as he cut sharply right rudder from the agency window.

"That's my mother. She's in charge of the post office. My family is the most important in ~~Silpah~~,^{Marshall's Wal,} Ti Brooks said.

"How nice for you," the ~~foreign~~^{old} lady said, a little confused at the erratic course the native guide seemed to favour.

191 Sup.

The — Two ~~merged and~~ merged of ~~his~~
his ~~prayer~~ prayer-stones and sat very still
in meditation. His forked beard and locks
were earned from

"One-Two," T. Brooks said.

his knowledge in the hope for the Yankee dollar, prostituting

"Ad ~~of~~ Rasta priest: Today he's under
a vow of silence," T. Brooks shrugs

Shoped for
better things
w/ T. Brooks.

She saw the whitewashed front of the police post with the flag drooping on the bamboo mast.

"The police post," Ti Brooks said as he tacked her hurriedly across the street. "The officer in charge is my brother but we're not on speaking terms. He wants me to sell one of my boats."

"Do you have many boats?"

"A dozen," Ti Brooks said, cruising slowly down on The Chinaman's. One had to give The Chinaman time to prepare the welcome.

"I supply the presidents of Cuba, Haiti and Puerto Rico with fish. On a clear day you can see Cuba. The president of America is also enquiring about my fish," Ti Brooks^k said.

She looked startled^lly up at him.

He came to Joe Chin's shop. * * * Take a Supp.

"This is The Chinaman's. His father was a Chinese prince who married a Jamaican princess. Its a place for rest and refreshment. Thousands of foreign tourists visit it each evening. You're early, before the rush."

By now The Chinaman ought to be ready. Ti Brooks was still feeling lucky, but he was in a hurry because it could be running out. He rolled his hand on his wrist, phantom dice clicking in his palms.

Ti Brooks had gone a pace or two ahead before he realized that his guest had halted. He turned back. The pale blue eyes were fairly crackling behind the glasses. Her lips were tightly compressed.

"Do you drink, young man?"

"Never, ma'am," Ti Brooks said promptly. He smiled white toothed at her and swelled his clean-living chest. Maybe the foreign lady had lost a screw, thinking a man could live without going to The Chinaman's; but that was alright for she was opening

the udder of a bag.

"You're a liar," the old lady said calmly.

Ti Brooks, wounded in his vitals, could only gape at her. She fetched a book from the bag and Ti Brooks' eyes bugged.

"You've been lying ever since we met. This is a guide book. Columbus landed further up the coast, miles away. Moreover he wasn't met by your people, but by the Arawak Indians, all of whom are dead. The whole tribe. And you cannot see Cuba on a clear or any other day, because of the curve of the earth. And I'm not going into that evil drinking saloon from which that slant-eyed demon has been peering at us for the past five minutes. I'm a life member of the Temperance League. Goodbye, young man."

Ti Brooks wandered off brokenly and sat down on Joe Chin's step. A coin fell on his lap. He looked up into the sympathetic eyes of the Chinaman.

"A small advance," the Chinaman said, "for you to regain your confidence. It may never happen again as long as you live. Few Americans read ~~good~~ books."

Ti Brooks ~~stood~~ stood in shock. He spoke in a whisper.
 "You've got to have Jamaican blood in you back there."
 Her blue eyes snapped at him. "No fooling?"
 "You've got to. No foreign blood could be so smart."
 "You're damned tooting," said the Yankee lady.

Chapter Twenty-four

In Gordy's Yard, Ti Brooks shook the bones and claimed his last seven-eleven before they murdered him. He whispered to the small black eyes, he lovingly smoothed the old ivory with his thumb, but still the whore luck played him loose and fast. He rattled the bones inside his ~~black~~ fist until the castanets clicked in rhythm to his teeth, but yet the treys and the deuces plagued him and after a while, they finished him. He wiped his nose and surrendered the dice.

He backed away from the circle of half nude men. They were crouched around the sailcloth spread on the ground behind the coconut huskers back of the copra shed. In the old days, he ^{would} have complained ^{if} ~~that he'd been~~ cheated, and struck at the nearest jaw. In the ensuing free for all, a smart man could net a fresh stake ~~by grabbing~~ by grabbing ~~the~~ the money scattered on the sailcloth. But now, Gordy had ordered decorum in the Yard. Corporal Hookie had clamped his great hand on Gordy's sensitive neck, and Gordy had promised on his oath to castrate any player who caused Hookie to squeeze. A free for all could cause Hookie to squeeze.

Ti Brooks would not risk losing his pride-and-joy, so he backed silently out of the circle and sat down among the losers. He sat beside Jeremy. Gordy looked at them with a sneer.

"A man is naked when he's broke," Jeremy muttered. "Nobody remembers that once we were wealthy men, putting our money on the sailcloth."

Ti Brooks darted a swift calculating look at Jeremy. "You could start a ruckus and I'd grab a stake for both of us," he said.

"Why dont you start the ruckus? You can afford to be gelded. You have no wife," Jeremy said.

Ti Brooks grunted. His elbows were on his knees, the big face cupped in his hands. He stared dreamily into the lantern that lit the game. He listened to the shuffle of feet and the whisper of the men and the clicking of the dice. It was a dear familiar music to his senses, perfect but for the lack of coin to pay his way back into the concert.

"I wish I had an account in the ~~government savings~~ bank. I would just draw when I lose and return to the game."

"Then they would take it away with loaded dice," Jeremy said.

"I wish I had a big account so I wouldn't care if they took it away."

Jeremy fanned at the heat on his face. "If I had a big account, I would go and live in the new hotel. I would bathe in ice water and wash my face in Icy Kol/cologne."

Ti Brooks came out of his dream and turned with interest to Jeremy. If he could get a joke inside Jeremy and make him yelp when the barb hit, life would not end in greyness. "They wouldn't want your ugly face inside their pretty hotel," he said. "The foreigners like only to look at each ~~other~~ other."

They look all alike to me.

~~"Their faces are like the underbellies of fish,"~~ Jeremy growled.

"You cannot tell one from another."

"Except when, ~~like Kennedy,~~ they have the birdshit on their faces ~~they~~ they call freckles."

Boy, we
"Our people have skins of many colours, ~~many as the stones on the~~ like head stones. Makes me

Think,
~~bees,~~ Jeremy ~~beasted.~~ *said - are beautiful - the beautiful blacks.*

"But there are also handsome ones like me, and ugly ones like you," Ti Brooks said, looking quizzically at him. "One look, and you tell the difference."

Jeremy grinned with the pleasure of trapping Ti Brooks. "We resemble each other in one place."

"Where?" demanded Ti Brooks angrily.

"In our ~~society~~ pockets," Jeremy said in triumph.

ON BALDHEAD MOUNTAIN

~~when he got down stairs~~ P. 195

look at
P. 195

The - two, his back to the cabinet, said
out of the dark:

"I cried when I found Tak."

← "Why were you sad?" T. Brown asked
at once.

"They were tears of relief." ("Why?")

"Because it was out of my hands."

Tim Brooks hummed a little, thinking of this
and that. ~~Then~~ Then he remembered the fun he
was having with One-Two. ~~and~~

"What the hell was out of your hands?"

"You," said One-Two, ~~knitting his~~
wrinkling his forehead over a ~~smooth~~
gray ~~stone~~ mottled he had not noticed
before.

"Your wife's going to kill you for losing the money you earned at ~~Payday~~ ^{the} Shoal," Ti Brooks said viciously.

Jeremy threw up his hands and turned his long mouth up to the hot starless sky. "~~Get~~ ² you stop plunging your hand into my gut!" he ~~howled~~ ^{bawled as he remembered his wife.}

Gordy came off his haunches and swung a coconut mallet. It whistled past Jeremy's head. "Get out - ~~both of you~~," Gordy said.

Ti Brooks scrambled hastily backward and was followed into ^{Great} ~~Mission~~ ^{George} street by Jeremy. They thought that Hookie had surely put Gordy on the run, a man couldn't even howl in the Yard. Outside, the dawn was uneasy. It was a reddish dawn, capped by a band of black clouds. Like thick smoke being pushed up ~~■~~ out of a glowing throat.

^{TAKE IN SUPP.)} "I'm taking a handnet to the beach. ^{maybe} ~~Perhaps we can~~ catch enough to buy us a stake in the morning game," ~~Jeremy said.~~

^{husband's wife} ~~Silou~~ slept ^{took} its Sunday morning sleep. They ~~got~~ casting nets from the ~~bamboo~~ poles on the beach and went down to the waterline. [The peculiar smell assaulted them. [They sniffed at the puzzle. [Then after they had made a few casts, the daylight hardened and they saw the boats. Whereupon, Jeremy, already crouched to make his cast with the net, was petrified there, as he whispered over and over to himself, no no no no/no.

Ti Brooks shouted and threw down the net and ran for ^{Cap'n} Amos ~~Amos~~.

TAKE W Supp.

The chatter of the telegraph keys had waked Mrs Lamport from a heat-troubled sleep. She hurried into the agency office, nattering to herself in a rhythm curiously like that of the keys. She tapped out her signal code and settled ~~gloomily~~ on the stool. The keys began making sense. She looked worriedly at what she had written. She commented on the heat to the city operator and both declared the heat was now to be expected. She woke her blind son and gave him the flimsy for Corporal Hookie. The boy made his way skillfully out of the house and across ^{Is next here} ~~Mission~~ street to the police post. Mrs Lamport covered her mouth with her hand, thinking. Mrs Lamport was frightened.

Nick Horn

Hookie was roused by Constable ~~Markham~~ and handed the yellow paper. He blinked drowsily and read it, and instantly jerked awake. He stumbled as he got to his feet, scowled at and kicked away his boots. He went to the washstand and ducked his head in the basin. The black heathen Chinese must be putting gunpowder in his rum, Hookie thought. Explosions, detonations in ~~the~~ head.

As he dried his ^{head} ~~head~~ and face, ^{But} the orderly processes awoke and ^{Marsall's Wae} ~~Sitoh~~ streamed steadily through his mind. The last time Mrs Lamport had sent her son with such a message, several attitudes had proven wrong. There had been the attitude that each family in ^{Marsall's Wae} ~~Sitoh~~ could have caved up in its house. No house had proven to be a good cave. Then there had been the attitude that everyone could have forted up in Gordy's or ^{The} Chinaman's. The big wind had just narrowed its eyes and puffed Gordy's and ^{The} Chinaman's apart.

And the attitude that the ~~at~~ corner would have sent its winds to place of better pickings, Mia mi and Texas and up the Atlantic coast, had proven worse of all. The wind had just laughed and ^{steered} ~~laughed~~ ^{harder for Marsall's Wae} ~~laughed~~ ~~on~~ ~~Sitoh~~.

Corporal Hookie sat on his cot and rummaged in his box for heavy w^ollen socks. No light cotton ones today. He looked around for his boots and saw

CHAPTER 25

afterwards, Joshua Hooke would say it was a day and a half. In fact, all of Marshall's Wal would say it had been a day and a half. For as Ti Brooks ran fleet-footed for the soaring malice of his news, flat-gutted for the laughter that steadily emptied him, as he ran, at the back of his mind were two insistent sounds. The first had been a sort of high pitched ~~whining~~ whining, ~~screeching~~ ~~whipping~~ WHIPPING at the nerves, SAWING at the mind. And ~~remember~~ ^{IN A} ~~malicious~~ challenge to ^{his} sanity, he was sure that somewhere underneath ~~the~~ tearing cacophony, somebody was ringing a bell.

~~CRASHED!~~ "Pop scamp" ^{shouted} Ti Brooks as he ^{mindless words} ~~double~~ ~~his~~ ~~face~~, ~~not~~ ~~because~~ ~~the~~ ~~words~~ ~~that~~ ~~they~~ ~~said~~ ~~how~~ ~~he~~ ~~felt~~.
~~but~~ ~~they~~ ~~said~~ ~~how~~ ~~he~~ ~~felt~~.

that they had slithered across the room. He looked up at the young policeman ^{who stood in the doorway} "Well!" he barked.

Constable ~~Marshall~~ ^{Brown} indulged in no heroics. He hurried for the boots. He had become a man purer in his devotion to Hookie. He will be a good policeman today, Corporal Hookie reasoned. He sees the mood of the sub-officer in charge.

"Riot dress," Corporal Hookie instructed him, "With sidearms and first aid kit. You ever policed in a hurricane?"

Constable ~~Marshall~~ ^{Brown} said, no. ["Then heaven be merciful to you," Hookie said. "Go, ring the bell at the Baptist chapel."

The bell commenced clanging while ^{at the time was clutched} Ti Brooks ~~clutched~~ the door frame of ~~Captain Amos's~~ ^{the Captain's} house, ^{as he} blurted ^{ed} out his terrible story. ["Everyone of them, Captain! Painted! Jeremy's boat has a ~~big~~ ~~bad~~ word on the side — a bright blue word. They tried to paint it out but you can see it under the pink. It was the women. Their footprints are all over the sand."

Amos ~~Amos~~ shook his head confusedly. It had been a hard road through ^a The Chinaman's last night, with the police-vat named Hookie, and the cask they called Joe Chin. He was shaky on this Sunday morning. So badly, that here he had overslept when he should be taking the service in chapel. If the circuit pastor ever knew, he would be read out of church.

"Is that the bell ringing for chapel, Ti Brooks?" he asked.

"It is too early for chapel!" Ti Brooks shouted. "I am telling you about the paint —" ~~he heard the bell too. He said bewilderedly, "But it is too early for chapel."~~

Amos ~~Amos~~ slapped angrily at his temples. The Chinaman must have put ^{his} old bent nails in/ ~~the~~ rum. Someone was hammering them straight in his head.

"Run to the chapel, Ti," he said. "Tell Jockey the Shark to sing a hymn and put them to reciting the/ ^{Hundredth and nineteenth} psalm. That's ~~the~~ the longest one. ~~It~~ ^{It} will keep them for an hour if he says a few words about each verse."

"You haven't heard me," Ti Brooks said sadly. "I said, they - painted

P
198 up.

"He? who the hell's he? It's the women!"

"No. Sherman said he had lost some
paint. He got the women to work for him
as he did ~~then~~ ^{with} the big white people. He's
very rich."

"Oh," a Te. boy said. Then he
remembered he needed more fun on such
a morning. "They will laugh etc etc

your boat. They painted your boat in yellow and red and green and another colour no man on earth has a name for, since all the paint ran together."

At last it got to Amos. He staggered from the door as the whole weight of what Ti Brooks had said sprawled across his mind. His face drained colour. *He was appalled.*

"~~You said they~~ ^{"Pai -} painted my boat?"

Ti Brooks nodded, wringing his hands. Such a look on his captain's face. It stabbed him to the heart. He said gently, ["Yellow and green and the unknown colour. The whole coast will laugh at you."

"My beautiful boat? Painted?" the stricken man whispered.

Ti Brooks felt very sorry for ~~his captain~~ ^{the cap'n,} but where a man saw good cheer, you had to stop to look at it. The whole world was too painful as it was, not to stop and talk a little with it when a man met good cheer.

*"He did it to break my authority," Amos said. *** (UPP)*

"They will laugh you to scorn," he said, watching closely the agony on the Captain's face. "They will come from Cuba, Haiti, Puerto Rico, to see the captain who allowed them to paint his boat in yellow and red and green, and the colour without a name. You'll be a disgrace in your old age.

Your friends will say they never knew you. ^{Tanica fitchimanga and a foreman,} A captain, beaten by ~~the~~ women.

Captain Amos's eyes had been filling with anger. One hand crept behind him, reaching for the mahoe ~~stick~~ inside the door. ~~Then~~ it whistled out with lightning speed.

But Ti Brooks had all his life been as close to Amos as a son. Ti Brooks knew that look, and when the stick whipped out, he was yards away.

~~See the stick whistled to 196~~
Amos cursed Ti Brooks until that anger ran out and the bigger one returned, the one for what they had done to his boat. He grabbed shirt, trousers and boots, hopped and skipped down the beach while he drew them on.

~~ONZ~~ They found Jeremy alone on the beach. Jeremy stood beside his boat, silently weeping. The big blue word stood starkly out of the thin

Charles Ernest Fudge

believed them to follow, ~~so~~ he ran for ~~Mission~~ street. *Manball's Wae.*

Charles Ernest Fudge

He met Corporal Hookie on ~~Mission~~ street. The policeman was shouting the names of villagers he wanted for special work.

"A fine Captain you are!" he roared at Amos ~~Amos~~. "Fondling yourself in bed when all of us will soon be sucked into the maw of the hurricane. The storm."

Amos ~~Amos~~ halted and his energetic head swung back and forth. "Trouble," he said shortly to Hookie. "Tell you later. What is this one called?"

"Fay," Corporal Hookie said. "Its the ~~seventh~~ *sixth* one of the season. A - b - c - d - e - f ~~for~~ *Fay.* ~~for~~ *Fay.* Gloria. First one to come our way but its the biggest. She's fat. A wanton."

"A whore," Amos ~~Amos~~ said, his eyes digging and probing ~~at~~ *about* the ~~village~~. "A painted whore as our boats are."

Hookie saw the dark in Amos' ~~face~~ face and he swallowed what he would have said. The storm was not the only trouble in Amos. Trouble travel in pairs, Hookie thought ~~glumly~~ glumly. Then he put it out of his mind while he wrestled with the present one. Amos' truculent shouts were already blasting through ~~Mission~~ *Great George* street. ~~THE FIRST ONE ARRIVED AT BROOKS AND HIS TAKEN~~

"Ti Brooks, you are a man who likes to carry news. You will be runner ~~from Mrs Lampport when further news about the storm comes from the city.~~ *Bring us news of the hurricane as it comes on the wire.* Amos saw Gordy. "Gordy, bring out all your drums of oil."

Gordy was furious. His scarred face twisted. "And ~~what about my business?~~ *Who'll pay for my oil? what about my business?*"

Corporal Hookie said savagely, "Do what the Captain tells you, or you wont have any business in the cow-prison ~~I will shove you~~ *into which, personally*!"

"Joshua," Amos said, jerking his head. Hookie needed no words. He shouted for ~~Markham~~ *Nick Brown* to take charge in the street and he followed Amos to the Chinaman's.

looking at its oversized pathetic shocklessness as its
thousand toes rests ^{HARDNESS} on the earth. ~~to~~ "Immobile."

T. Brooks whirled on One-Two.

"Get out! Get out! I warn - you crazy son of
a bitch!"

"Oh dear," mumbled One-Two backing away.

Now they could see clearly the riotous webbing of pipes and pistons as ^{the} traches
hurled ~~down~~ ^{down} ~~on~~ ^{on} toward them, the marvellously intricate machinery that gave ^{to} ~~the~~ this mass,
the ~~mighty~~ power, this ~~incredible~~ ~~strength~~, this mass too huge ~~to~~ ~~stop~~ ~~and~~ ~~control~~ to stop. And
up there on top of this mass, seated in his ~~own~~ ^{tiny} ~~own~~ ~~character~~ ~~home~~ ~~room~~ ~~controlling~~
the great host, was the Yankee, Sherman. His dark ~~face~~ ^{features} ~~for~~ ~~image~~ ~~upon~~ ~~the~~ ~~obsessive~~
dark shade ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~was~~ ~~his~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~glowed~~ ~~big~~ ~~and~~ ~~strong~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~wheel~~, a small-headed
god ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~technology~~. ~~Some~~ ~~Voigt~~ ~~felt~~ ~~his~~ ~~body~~ ~~shrink~~ ~~and~~ ~~cringe~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~wave~~
of ~~force~~ ~~descending~~ ~~on~~ ~~them~~, ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~monster~~. His mind cringed and he wanted

Praise God "Leia

Praise God, said that eminently sensible

T. Brooks

Oh dear, said the doctor still sitting there?
Oh dear, said the doctor still sitting there?
Oh dear, said the doctor still sitting there?

Oh dear, said the doctor still sitting there?

1909-A-5

the behemoth.

"Move - you crazy old man! Out of the way!"

And the weather-lined face only tilted a little higher, ^{Knees in a boxer's} eyes ^{FLEX,} ~~the~~ caterpillar ^{SOUL AND VERDUR PISTONS,} ^{the dozen} blizzing at the pounding mass, until it smashed into a ~~crashing~~ ^{crashing} halting, a foot ~~away~~ from his chest. The uproar of its engines died to a peculiarly soft tumult. ~~as the great~~

"Bombo-clit," Ti Brooks swore, ~~the~~ the sweat pouring down his face. ~~The silence crackled at his ear.~~ "Cap'n!" he said in awe, ~~and~~

And Pen in the creaking wheezing ^{idling} ~~of~~ of the ~~idling~~ engine, Ti Brooks ^{went} ~~was~~ suddenly ~~reached~~ into limatic.

~~in a boxer's flex,~~
~~Knees flexing like a boxer's, man~~
~~was machine, and~~

"I broke you, man," Cap'n Amos ^{softly} said to the ~~oppressed~~ still figure above him in the cab of the tractor. "I broke you good." ~~You had your~~

And Sheehan in his seat slammed his hand on the matthe so the engine belched once, and was still.

"You and your machine, Cap'n Amos broke you."

GREAT GEORGE ST

Big Rock, which stood around had no head. Its
 sides fell sheer to the sea. ^{On the west the rocky headland sloped a mile down} Basal's Wall, ^{white}
 at the ~~foot~~ ^{base} of the rock and adjacent at the east, ^{was}
~~beside~~ ^{the} ~~well~~ ^{yellow sandy beach that would}
 to loll and ^{beck} and ^{ing}. ^{gently}
^{sees, spec-}
^{tainer but}
^{in mind to}
^{the bikini}
^{world.}

Smith
 Brown
 Jones
 Reid
 Anthony
 Johnson
 Clarke
 Thompson
 Chapman
 Roberts
 Perkins
 De Costa

~~White~~
 Maxwell
 Johnson
 Green
~~Green~~
 Baker
 Harris
 Smith
 Davis
 Anderson
 Roberts
 Wilson
 Bell
~~Stewart~~
 DeLaffrie
~~Wentz~~
 Parsons
 Green
 Davis
 Stevens

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pink paint which ^{could not} ~~wouldn't~~ cover the force off it. Amos ran his eye along the line of boats. Everyone of them had ^{turned} ~~become~~ alien. He remembered the proud, weathered boast they used to be, the cotton bark peeling at the bows, the broad sterns sitting on the sea waiting for the captains to climb in. He remembered the repute of battles carried by some; maybe the jagged tooth-marks from the armour of a swordfish that had gouged a gunwale. He swung his glance up the beach. Neither had the oars, leaned in orderly rows along the wire, escaped. The great, bladed sweeps, cunningly indented by the sweating hands of the pullers so that each finger knew its place in the blind dark, had received the attention of the ^{brushes. The} cruel brushes. A battalion of rain-^{bows} ~~^~~ they had become.

Jeremy tugged at his sleeve. The man had turned humble as a child. "It was the women who did it," Jeremy said. "My wife came down to laugh at me. It was Tina Trainer who led them."

Amos recalled the look he'd seen in Tina's eyes when he had told her about the American and the paint. Jeremy said through his tears, pointing to the side of his boat,

"This word, Captain, a word I once used to her under great provoca-^{a word?} tion. Why should she paint such a word on my boat? How can I sail with such [^]

^{M' Bala} ~~Maone~~ was written in large blue capitals on the boat's side. ^{TAKE IN SUPP. *} "You're a ruined man, Jeremy," Ti Brooks said with satisfaction.

"No boat ever bore such a name. All the captains are ruined men. Only those like me who never owned a boat will be able to stay on the sea."

Captain Amen gave him a baleful look. ["And what will you sail the sea in? Your flapping mouth? Go call the fishermen here, ^{But not Tina.}"] ~~But Ti Brooks did not move. He had been having his joke, but now~~ ^{TAKE IN SUPP. See that it had been a () **}

~~something new had come into the world.~~ They'd been too busy with the ^{tasks} ~~boats~~ to pay attention to the bell. Suddenly Ti Brooks knew why ~~it had been~~ ringing.

"Captain, ^{the} bell!" he ^{barked in} ~~spoke in~~ a crazy voice.

And now Amos ~~men~~ knew too. His eyes opened wide on Ti Brooks. ^{The} ~~the~~ ^{forlorn} ~~hacker~~ was ~~not~~ ^{was} of no mind. Bellowing the fishermen

from Sick
into
monogram
of
hand to

PALE

199 Supp-A) *

Ti Brooks looked.

"M'pala? what word is that?"

"From our mother tongue," One-Two
said behind him. "An African word used
in women's talk. Means male whore."

~~One-Two~~

One-Two knew such things.

buttercup.

They stared at ^{he} The Chinaman, ~~who~~ was as fresh as a ~~barely sun~~ His clean shaven face shone pallidly, his eyes glittered with life. He greeted them warmly in his soft voice.

"But I know he drank the poison last night, too," Corporal Hookie protested to Amen. "How can he be so/^{young}goatish this morning?"

"I took a tot," Joe Chin said, "this morning. A largish tot."

They had an idea what ^{The} Chinaman would have described as largish.

"My God," Hookie whispered.

"Take a tot," Joe Chin said. "It will put hooves on you."

Amos ~~then~~ said, "Joe, what do you think?"

Three young coconuts were already magically in Joe Chin's hands. He said, "We were all wrong last time. Last ~~time~~ time we lost eight dead to Hurricane Hazel."

"Seven," Hookie said, sure of his records. "One was from natural causes. Fright. Shock."

"Nothing in the village can stand up to the real big ones," Amos said.

"What size bitch is this one?" Joe Chin asked, fixing the coconuts.

"The telegram said the centre winds were a hundred and forty miles per hour," Hookie told them. "She sweeps her skirts wide too. ^{North to Hispaniola, Cuba, Puerto Rico} About two hundred miles. They figure we will get it by afternoon."

"I say to the mountains," Amos ~~said~~ said.

"It looks like it," Hookie agreed. Joe Chin said nothing.

Hookie said, "The men may carry the children and help the aged. All who can will bear provisions, food, oil for lamps, what medicines we have."

A ^{shock} ~~stare~~ ~~of pain~~ crossed Amen's face. "You will give me an hour to haul up the boats," he said to Hookie.

Joe Chin caught the pain. He said to Amen, "Another piece of trouble?"

Captain Amen told them about the ~~peppered~~ boats. They knew how keenly the brave man must have endured this ~~stinging~~ ^{stinging} blow to his pride. Joe Chin bowed his head and Hookie showed some ^{care} ~~care~~ too. Hookie said gently, "Take

a double tot and take, your hour, Amos." } "He did it to break my authority," Amos said.

Joe Chin said, "Before you go, Amos, I've been studying my head. Do any of us know the mountain well? We know where to find the caves large enough to hide the whole village?"

"We'll just have to find the bloody cave, that's all!" Hookie exclaimed.

The Chinaman said unmoved, "And meanwhile, while we search, we will be losing more than the eight we lost last time."

Amos had been looking steadily at Joe Chin. He said, "What, then, Joe?"

"Take your hour, Amos," the Chinaman said softly. "My head will be busy until you return."

Hookie grunted sourly. It looked like poppycock, for truth to tell, there was only the mountain. "No more busy than mine was this morning while I coped with the rum you served last night."

Then as Joe Chin grinned cordially at him, he fixed him with his policeman's eye and said coldly, "Grin at this one, John Chinaman. I am requisitioning the whole of your stock."

But he had to jerk his face away from the lightning thrust of the paper which Joe Chin rustled under his nose. "I know," Joe said softly. "Here is a full list of my stock. The government must pay me after the hurricane."

They ~~set~~ checked looked at each other for a fraction, the laughter a flicker in each aging eye. Sometimes then allowed this

"Okay, Amos," Hookie said. "Talk."

"You heard the tractor?" Amos asked.

"I figured you had gone there," Hookie said quietly. "I took his authority. We stopped his tractor."

"How the hell ~~could~~ you stop a tractor? Tank trap?" Joe

"We ^{now} know how to stop it, we've won."

Chin asked, interested in the logistic.

Hookie stared at him. He slipped the hand cuff pouch at his belt.

"Okay. Talk about ~~that~~ it later. Meanwhile, we've got a blow.

A cyclone. A foddam typhoon."

Amos nodded and took command. He was very good at showing around tractors and hurricanes.

- BREAK -

(208-A)

Sholto

The fishermen dug a trench in the sand, and ~~the~~ ^{laid} the ~~boats~~ ^{in it}. The trench was dug behind a screen of mangrove, and they turned the boats ~~hollow~~ ^{inside the trench} sides downwards so the wind would run over the ~~bottoms~~ ^{least} with ropes resistance. They lashed the boats ~~in~~ ^{with} and took the rope-ends to several large coconut ~~palms~~ ^{trees} and ~~knotted~~ ^{lashed} them ~~securely~~ to the lower trunks of the trees. Their ~~wise~~ ^{old} storm lore informed them that palms were seldom uprooted; they would snap four or five feet up from the roots, leaving the lower trunk firm in the earth. Captain Amer ~~made~~ ^{turned away his} ~~them~~ ^{eyes from} the boats ~~as~~ ^{when} they moved them. The painted things were poisonous to Amer, ~~he~~ ^{they looked back accusingly at him and} wanted them roughed, their throats squeezed, the eyes gouged out. He turned his face away when they ~~hauled~~ ^{hailed} the boats by. It was heavy work hauling the boats up the beach ~~a~~ a hundred yards to the mangrove screen, but they had the new voice of the sea to drive them.

The sea had acquired a tiny scream in its voice, but only the fishermen who had ranged it in its moods would have recognised it; the notice of ambush, the sickness for slaughter. The fishermen looking seaward towards the ~~dark~~ corner where the black clouds had already begun to pack, saw, in their minds' eyes, the long shudder of the water in the ~~dark~~ troughs. The waves would not be bending yet. The palm of a giant hand would be pressuring the water, almost gently, into moving along, and the waves would be running out from under the edge of the palm, looking back over their shoulders ~~terrified~~ ^{style, at} the feared thing that was disturbing them.

When the last rope had been made fast and he was satisfied the boats were safe, Captain Amer ~~roared~~ ^{direct, fierce} the fishermen back to the ~~village~~ ^{village}. Hookie was stumping ~~Mission~~ ^{Mission} street, bellowing loud enough to scare the daylights out of a hoarder, "Bring out your food! The one who hides his food will not see ~~the~~ ^{his} ~~saloon~~ ^{home} for a year. He'll be in the city prison working on the kilns!"

Constable ~~Markham~~ ^{Brown} who would command the children on the march, sweated to hold them into line, but the nearest he could get ~~them~~ ^{were} into straight, was in some twisted

figure eights. The excitement in the village had wakened their children's instincts for clamour. Amos saw the fluster in the constable and had a moment of admiration for his friend. Joshua had truly cut the young constable's comb.

Amos called to Hookie and they went to see if Joe Chin had completed the study of his head. The Chinaman was at the door of his shop, book and pencil in hand as he gave out supplies to the women. The profit he would clear from the government in the sellout of his stock would help put back his greenbark and bamboo shop and bar, after the storm had ~~destroyed~~ ^{wrecked} it. Corporal Hookie went to look ~~into~~ ^{at} the Chinaman's ~~book~~ ^{total}, a suspicious glint in his eye. The Chinaman smiled blandly at him.

Amos looked at the ~~undisciplined~~ ^{milling} wives and thought bleakly of the ragged command he would be taking up to the mountain. I ~~had~~ ^{would} have been badly afraid to be caught at sea in the boats, he said, but I ~~had~~ ^{would} have known how to use all I had, to the final plank. But to take this crew of women ^{and children} to the mountain? I dont know.

He felt the eyes on his head and faced around to Tina. Ah, Tina.

"Ah, Tina," he said. [Here was a wonder of a woman who had made herself into a good fisherman. "Even in your absence, your crew looked to your boat. You're a good fisherman. I put your boat in a special place. By morning, the wind and the rain will have scoured it clean. ^{of all the paint."}

"Boats! Boats! That's all you think of? What of Porter and Louis?"

Amos caught his breath, and then he laughed gently, warmly, for himself and the good captain's timber from which he had been cut. He could hardly believe this fine showing, even in himself. For, hard at work ~~leaving~~ ^{securing} his village, ^{leading his people of Marshall's War,} he had even forgotten his own bone and blood, his own son wandering around the Cockpit Country.

My son is on the mountain and I've forgotten him, Amos thought. Few men could show such leadership. He smiled at Tina. ^{Not to worry.} He would find the boys when they got to the mountain.

"We will pick them up when we reach there," he said. "Be easy."

He pulled her from under his foot by putting her in charge of the women, and, with Hookie, went into the shop. Joe Chin figured the score while Hookie watched him closely.

"Even if you had the eyes of an eagle, ~~The~~ Chinaman would yet rob the government hollow," Amos said. "Just pray that he will not be merciless."

Joe Chin closed his book and handed it to Hookie behind a little bow.

"Well?" demanded Amos. "Is there anything fresh in your head?"

Joe Chin smiled at them. He was too genial, so they chested up for a blow.

"We will go to the American hotel," Joe Chin said straight into their faces.

Maslall's Wae

The last man out of ~~Siloh~~ was the Chinaman. He bore a couple of valises. Behind him, the village was dead. All the houses had been boarded. ~~Miss~~ *front porch*

street was deserted. The flagpole in front of the police post stood empty.

There is no washing on the line, said the women ~~and~~ *softly*.

To bury a boat like a corpse, cried the impotent, angry men.

The children jumped and sang in shrill voices, upsetting ~~Constable~~ *the young* Constable. ~~Mark-~~

ham.

Joe Chin never looked back at his bamboo bar. It would not be there when they returned. He would have to build again. Softly, he hummed a dirty calypso and gently hefted the valises.

Amos ~~step~~ wore his best white cap and suit and carried his mahoe stick. He was at the head of the procession, having by a small gesture, waved Hookie to a pace behind him. The Corporal understood, and, in turn waved ~~Constable~~ *the* Constable ~~Memham~~ to a couple of paces behind him. The young policeman held the grubby little hand of the foremost/ ~~terrorist~~, leaving ~~it~~ to the others to more or less follow. ~~Constable~~ *fallow* ~~Amos~~ *terrorist* Amos had a stonily set face. It had been necessary to lash the rudder of that fine eloise, Tina, for she would

With a hurricane pawing at your tail, you used what help you had, ~~Kennedy~~ ^{Shenan} said, ~~to himself when his staff proved to be painfully inadequate with tools. He had been notified by the island warning service and he had sent off his handful of late summer guests to one of the mountain resorts. Now with his cook, chambermaid and the youngster who doubled as waiter and gardener, he was endeavouring to batten his hotel, in time. But it was plain that ~~none~~ ^{nothing} of them was expert enough to beat the wind already stalking the coconut ~~palms~~ ^{trees.} And he had heard of the savage force of these ~~open~~ ^{open} tropical winds. His parents ~~outside. had told him, these open windows and doors, the wind would sweep the wind and tear the roof off. Fast. It would all go.~~ ^{It would all go.} Captain Amos watched ~~silently~~ ^{silently} from the doorway the poor swings of the hammers. In his eyes was a holy glee. He thought of his army of caulkers, ~~and~~ ^{the} sons of sons of caulkers, waiting out there in the patio. Any of them could swing a hammer from his teeth. In return for the shelter of the American hotel, he would be taking ~~not only lanterns to Kennedy, to replace the light poles which the winds would soon uproot, but he would take too some fine sons of Sileah who had been battering against hurricanes before the young American, Kennedy, had ceased wetting his sheets.~~ ^{SINCE they gave up bed, wetting. ~~the~~ ~~beds.~~}~~

"Ho, American, I've come to help," Amos said above the poundings of the hammers.

~~Kennedy~~ ^{Shenan} turned quickly, and was glad to see the old fisherman ~~but his caution stayed with him. One, after a while of Amos, learnt to watch both Amos' hands.~~ ^{A solid phalanx of faces blocked the}

"What's it going to cost me?"

to the make even the at would fail.
 first they would have seen screeching him off
 he trembled

metal and pounding power.
 He recalled with a wrench of his gut how for one bad moment he had wondered

experience. Sitting up there and watching a man stand up to a big cat. Putting his ~~the~~ body against that weight of

Hotel front. He looked curiously at Amos. This was the old bastard who had run him into the ground. He was still shaken from the

I like him. He is smart and cool. I'll break him gently.
 "Nothing," old Amos said, casting his eyes around the

building. "This is a dirty one, the biggest blow we've had in years. *Manall's We* ~~Siloah~~ wants this hotel to stand so we can sell you our fish and have our light on the pole. We've brought you food and tools, and lanterns to take the place of your electric light when the wind knocks them down."

"We?"

Co-operative. The people of Manall's Wee.
 "The ~~men of Siloah~~. They're famous up and down the coast for their work with the hammers."

"We ~~certainly~~ could use more hammers," ~~Kennedy~~ *Sheena* said slowly, "so your ~~men will be welcome.~~"

"We've also brought the women and children. We couldn't leave them unprotected in the village while the men went to protect the hotel," Amos said.

"So that's it," ~~Kennedy~~ *Sheena* said, dropping down from the stepladder on which he had been standing. "You figure your people can ride it out here. Your shacks are no good in a blow."

"That is so."

"You, the Chinaman, Hookie have always been wondering whether I was building to last so you think you'll prove it."

Amos struck the floor with the point of his walking stick. "You ever been in a hurricane? Do they have these things in America? One puff can behead your expensive hotel and bam goes your green paper money. *We could have done what we always did, go into*

~~Kennedy~~ *Sheena* listened to a small wind swashing through the trees and he could hear the flutter of his paper money.

"Okay, *he said calmly.* bring them in but I won't have them messing up the place."

"I haven't heard you," Amos said coldly.

*the mountain.
 We'll come
 to help you
 and
 so
 help yourselves.
 yes or no?*

In the patio, Amos said briskly to Tina, "Tina, take charge of the women. They'll obey you as they obeyed you with the boats. Put them in the rooms and keep them there."

He liked the ^{angry} jump of the ~~fat~~ chin of this fine eloise who would some day soon be his daughter. She would put ~~solidness~~ ^{sheer} in the stones of that Porter. He looked up at ~~Kennedy's~~ pastel palace and a glint of humour danced briefly in his eyes.

"Send me a man to drive in the nails that might work loose. Send me Wedgie Murphy," Tina said.

Amos nodded. "He'll be my first wedding. I'm glad I'll be the one to punish him. Tomorrow's the day for fixing him to Tata Huggin's daughter."

"Tata went to the city for the ring and he hasn't been back. You can wed them after the hurricane," Tina said.

^{The banns were} "A published the ~~banns~~ last Sunday in chapel. ^{You know that.}

"They can't go to chapel in the wind."

"Where I am is the chapel," Amos said sharply. He stalked away to Hookie. He said to Hookie, "All the men must go in now to the ^{Yankee} ~~American~~. He needs fast hands to batten the hotel. We must also keep the children from spoiling the clean walls of the American hotel."

Hookie looked sternly at ^{the} Constable. ~~Markham~~.

The work force paraded past them and Amos put out a hand and stayed Wedgie Murphy. "Wedge," he said, "you'll go with Tina and the women. Keep an eye on the windows when the wind starts to play the devil."

Wedgie Murphy looked down at his boots and said, "Tina tells me you know about the paint. I said to Olga it was a wrong

thing to do."

Amos looked compassionately at him. Tomorrow was his wedding day. It was the hard road under the feet of all men and one should be gentle with the boy. He was young but he'd learn. ~~"Women'll always talk. Jeremy's wife laughed at him with the story. You should have come to the Captain, [redacted] as~~
one of the Captains, as
 Ti Brooks or any of the other lads would," he said.

"There was Olga," Wedgie said lamely.

"After tomorrow, you'll be in command."

Wedgie Murphy ~~swallowed~~ swallowed and bobbed his head. Then he looked hopeful and said, "But seeing as how the big wind ---"

"The banns have been published. A wind is not everything. Brace up and put yourself in command," Amos said sternly.

Co-operative
 The ~~men of Saloon~~ went furiously to work while the wind went up to gale force. It was better to be here, with the women and children upstairs in the rooms, than to be among the rocks, ~~on the mountain, and they were out to show it.~~ They slabbed the windows and drove five-inch nails through planks across the doors. They shackled the roof with iron knees, held down by nuts and bolts. They would make ~~Kennedy's~~ *the Yankee* hotel firm as Great Pedro Bluff, a ~~safe~~ *good* territory for ~~their women and children.~~ *dry border*

Joe Chin found the ~~hotel bar.~~ *unfinished* The Chinaman bowed ceremonially to the ~~shelves which Kennedy had bared of his~~ *empty* ~~bottles of liquor.~~ Before the mockingly astonished eyes of Amos and Hookie, he opened the valises and placed his unlabelled bottles on the shelf. The liquor looked back with still eyes at the light. The Chinaman faced the mirror behind the bar and dusted it with a flick of his sleeve. He saw Amos and Hookie in the mirror. He eyed them gravely. Their faces looked different in a mirror, kind and open, good men. He would put up a mirror

in the new place he would build after the hurricane, and make of his friends, kind and open men. He waved gently at them in the mirror. ■■■ They looked coldly back at him.

Corporal Hookie drew up a chrome chair, unhooked his belt and sat with his great uniform boots crossed on a table before him.

"God bless the poor and needy," he said, his eyes on the calabash cups the Chinaman was placing on ^{Shenans} ~~Kennedy's~~ mahogany bar.

Amos paced the cedar floor, his head charged with ideas. The meaty strokes of the hammering rumpused through the rooms. Joe Chin rested his elbows on the bar and stared through the door at the thrashing trees.

"I wonder where the fishes go when the big wind rises," the Chinaman said.

"They dive," Corporal Hookie said, rubbing his toes in their socks. The boots were on the floor.

A child howled upstairs. Hookie hoped that the young policeman would not go to hitting the children. Their mothers would scratch out his promising policeman's eyes.

"Where would you say they went, Amos?" Joe Chin asked. "You think they're as lucky as us? You think they have hotels under the sea?"

Amos halted his pacing, his back to the Chinaman.

"You've been very smart, Joe, but I never said we wouldnt need the ^{Yankee-fellows,} ~~American,~~" Amos said.

"Yet, if he's been a refuge for us, we've been of great use to him also. We're saving his hotel for him," Joe Chin said, softening the blow.

"We've all been very smart, ~~we should~~ stop tweaking each others nose," Hookie said gruffly. "I've been very smart too. I saw paint on the fingernails of the women but have I arrested them for daubing your boats?"

"Tell Amos why you haven't arrested the women," Joe Chin said.

"It does no injury to the boats having them painted. After the hurricane I'll tell the men they must bring me money to send to the American for the paint if they dont want their women sent up to the mountain," Joshua said.

"I'll pay Tina's share since she has no man yet," Joe Chin said.

Amos looked sideways at him, then stepped to another of the chrome chairs and tilted it against the mahoe panelling. He sat down and placed his white shore cap on a table. Glaring at the Chinaman, he said sharply, "Well?"

Joe Chin grinned and took three calabash cups from the shelf. They talked marvellously easy after that, the three rulers of ~~Silek~~ ^{Masall's Wae,} while they listened to the wind with ears that circled warily about each new tone in it. They knew how fast the heavy stuff could move in, yanking trees without a whimper. They would get their ^{men} ~~people~~ quickly indoors, then.

"We'll talk now about a marriage," Amos said to Hookie and the Chinaman.

Chapter Twenty-seven

The building seemed to bend inward. The daylight died. A beast had sprung to the hotel and straddled it, pawing the walls and roaring.

Hurricane.

It is an area of ~~insanity~~^{madness} in which the wind is an insensate ~~beast~~^{thing}. The hooves of the ~~beast~~^{thing} lash hundred of miles apart, while the animal turns itself inside out, biting at its own vitals. It looks at the sun from the maniac calm in its eye, a place where a feather could float. It travels slow, looking for sport. It lays hold of houses and trees and humans, maiming ~~or~~^h killing with equal ease. It shrieks from a hot mouth, this crazy work of wind.

The sky opened over the hotel and the rain drove down. On the roar from Amos ~~Amen~~^{lobby}, the men had made the ~~lobby~~^{lobby} in time and pushed home the big doors. Ti Brooks put his shoulder to it, holding the bolts while they nailed planks across it. The electric light poles were an early casualty, plucked out like hairs, and they milled about in the dark until Tina came downstairs with a nest of lighted lanterns. ~~Kennedy~~^{Shenna} took a lantern and went through the hotel, searching for stresses. He returned downstairs, a trifle dazed at what he had encountered up there. He went into the bar.

Joe Chin leaned on the bar, nursing his calabash cup. Amos and Hookie took their ease at tables. Outside, the wind howled, but in here it was cosy and warm, spicy with the scent of rum.

~~Kennedy~~^{Shenna} pointed a shaking finger at Amen. "Do you know that while you're down here guzzling, the women have been bathing their babies in the bathtubs?"

"Your water mains may burst before the wind is over," Amos explained. "But ~~the~~^{our} ladies will fill all your tubs for you

before this happens. You'll not be out of water while your ~~main~~ mains are being repaired."

"And do you know that the one you call Ti Brooks has been going from room to room, flushing the toilets?"

"He's interested in mechanical things," Joe Chin said.

Said we Americans must be full of the stuff.
 "He was washing ~~his~~ his hands in them, laughing when the ~~water~~ *needed me in each room* ran over his fingers."

"No harm done, but I'll stop him," Amos said.

~~"I did," Kennedy said.~~

as
 "Your hotel will be/strong and clean when we go. The people have their instructions," Hookie said.

"Shenanigans"
 "~~Mr~~ Kennedy," Joe Chin said politely, handing him a carved calabash cup. "Look at the beautiful brown of ~~it~~ *the calabash*. They will look nice against the shiny metal of your tables."

"The tourists will be pleased at such cups. Strange. Unusual. Jamaican," Hookie said.

"I can supply them cheaply," Joe Chin said. The calabash trees behind the shop would have been blown down by now. A good sale of cups to the American would pay the price of a mirror behind the bar. He would begin carving the calabash tomorrow from the felled trees.

The hotel shuddered under the wind. There was a great banging at the front and ~~Kennedy~~ *Shenanigans* sprang up. Amos called his name, halting him. "Rest easy. My men will do it better than you could. They were reared on hurricanes," he said, waving his cup.

"They ate two in a year," Joe Chin said.

Shenanigans
 Kennedy could see they were warmly ripening under the rum. He sat down again and took the cup from the Chinaman. "I've

not seen your son. Where's he?" he asked Amen.

"He's on the mountain, cutting the timber for my electric pole," Amos said.

"Isn't that a little dangerous?"

"He's strong, but if he's unwise/^{enough} to be killed, then perhaps it's better," Amos said. ~~But I~~ "But I think he's too sensible for the wind."

"He's with Tina's brother. They'll have found good caves on the mountain," Hookie said.

"After the wind, we'll go up there to find him."

The wind was going crazy to get inside the walls. Once it got in, it would rip off the roof and swiftly demolish the rest. Now it was working at the problem to get inside the walls, with all the mad cunning of the big wind. Amos felt the hairs rising along his neck as the ~~beast~~^{thing} outside pushed its shoulders against the hotel. Amos knew it ^{the wind} well, for he rode it on the days when it was more reasonable, and even downright gentle. He remembered how he had filled his sails with it, or spilled it from the canvas at will, and it accommodated him with grace, and even love.

But now its coat had hardened and it had sprouted horns. It put ^{down} its head and flung its weight against doors and windows.

~~Amos~~ Amos threw up his head as he made out what the wind was howling.

"Ti Brooks! Jeremy!" he roared, striding quickly out of the bar. The fishermen met him with a rush.

"It's turning. Open the windows in the lee. Gordy, take a dozen men and sound all the doors and windows on this side. Take hammer and nails. Duncan, Boy Grief, Wild Horse, upstairs to the women. Tell them lies. Say the wind is easier this time than it was in 'Fifty-one. Raise a song. Tell ~~them~~ them to make coffee."

"I could go up and lead them into prayer," Jockey the deacon suggested.

Amos listened to the noise of the women upstairs. "No prayers. They'll think they're going to die. Ti Brooks, go up and sing them obscene songs. Bring down Wedge Murphy and Olga when the wind quiets down."

He raced them about, taking the pressure off the hotel by letting in air through the doors and windows in the lee. Then he had a special crew stand by in case the eye of the hurricane should pass over ~~Siloah~~ ^{the waves}. He knew the deceit that lay in the quiet, demented eye. The sudden lash as the winds drove in from another quarter. So he took the hotel out of ~~Kennedy's~~ ^{Sheeran's} hand and cared for it as if it was his ~~own~~ boat.

And because he knew storms, he sensed the approach of the eye before the coming of the silence that seemed to wrap ~~Siloah~~ ^{them} in a shroud.

~~Kennedy~~ ^{Sheeran} felt a crawling at his hair roots as the tinkle of the bottle against the calabash cups sounded clearly in the room. In the deathly hush, the Chinaman looked quickly at Hookie. ^{pushed his feet} The policeman/~~stepped~~ into his boots as he hopped into the corridor, bellowing for Amos. He ran into Amos in the lobby.

"And why do you come moaning to me like a bull porpoise in heat? What do you think I've been doing out here? Something unnameably dirty?" snarled old Amos.

Hookie grinned sheepishly as he looked around at the special crew that had already been readied for the emergency.

"Go back to the Chinaman. Tell him to make his place proper for the ceremony. The girl's father isn't here so you'll give her away," Amos said.

who gave the woman in marriage. And there was grace in the movement of the Chinaman's empty hand when he simulated a passing of the ring to Amos. The ring would have been there had not ~~slow~~ slow old Tata Huggins, Olga's father, been pinned in the city by the storm.

Ladies of Marshall's Wal

There were sighs among the ~~women of Siloah~~ *women of Marshall's Wal* standing in tiers up the front stairway of the hotel. Never had the ancient text been spoken with such fragrance.

"It's just like the wedding feast of Isaac and Rebecca," said the wife of Wild Horse.

"A match made up there," sighed Jeremy's wife, ^{*giving*} turning ~~to~~ her eyes ^{*skyward turn.*}

Amos swept his glance over the assembly.

"There would have been dancing and merrymaking if the marriage had been held in ~~the~~ the village," he said. "But although we are not in the village, ~~that~~ ^{*Marshall's Wal,*} worthy son of ~~Rebecca~~ ^{*Brother Joe Chin,*} our shopkeeper, has provided us with what to wish the bride and bridegroom well. ^{*It*} There'll be a drink for each, but there'll be no misbehaving. ~~My~~ ^{*My*} friend, the corporal of police, has said he'll be unkind ~~to~~ to the one breaking the line."

They queued under the eyes of Corporal Hookie. Amos went over to Jeremy's wife. Her eyes were moist. He guessed he ~~had~~ moved her.

"It was my first," he said simply, "*as a J.P.*"

She snivelled loudly in her apron.

The rain smashed straight down and heavy now. Amos knew the big wind had passed. ^{*He*} He said to Jeremy's wife, "Once we had such a rain as this and it washed all the paint from the police post. So my friend Corporal Hookie paints the post no more. Whitewash is cheaper. By tomorrow, my boats will be clean."

Then it was that as the line went past
 The Chinkman and The food ~~and~~ beverage
 of the windy took hold, a fine matter happened.
 It was ~~the~~ Bull ~~took~~, the young Killick-maker
~~sea stones, who just happened to have his bag~~
~~with him. I dreamily, as the~~
 son of a boat-captain named ~~Emmanuel~~
 Bull, who felt the liquor ~~and~~ ROVE him to
 the place where the reggae commenced dancing
 in his head. Almost dreamily, he moved across
 the great room ^{to}, where an empty ~~oil~~ ^{oil} drum had
 been stood ~~for access~~ by the battens for
 access to the upper walls. His fine muscular
 shoulders swaying to the beat ~~occurring~~ occurring in
 him, his feet coming down from heel to toe in
 a small, essential rhythm, he stalked the
 tiger across the parquet floor, mottling it easy,
~~FLAKING~~ the ~~leather~~ ^{leather} LAYING the line,
 so that by the time he reached the oil drum
 it was roped and flexed at his wrist. The
 edge of his ~~hands~~ hands rippled over the
 top of the drum and kind of called to
 Body Drill.

* winding
 the stem,
 feeding
 the
 creature,
 winding
 easy

grinding cop
 berry grind
 born mento
 pulping the
 like a well
 man

And then there was Body Pride, taking it tall,
 standing up to the iron, middling it with his
 two great rope-scarred thumbs. And Arnie, the
 no more than ~~and~~ a half metre and a
 a half tall, bony as a Salt water shad, ~~in~~ slapping
 the edges, flat-palmed and resonant as a bell.
 And before you knew it, the ladies were talking,
 talking from their ~~hips~~ fine broad hips and
 straight, strong sea-bred legs, *rocking a fel-
 low into ~~sure~~ dreams.* And suddenly there was
 the skirl of the pipe and the bamboo flute
 of Mrs Lampert's blind boy was singing them
 into heaven.* And then, there, by God, there
 also was the Yankee Scheyan, straddle-legged, ~~or~~
 splay-footed, as a born mentoman, grinding
 softly, grinding ~~good~~ good, which he shouldn't,
 being ~~zozz~~ was a North American man.

* fishing
 night
 with
 Tina
 and
 Ti

And One-Two, the Rasta-man, felt ~~his~~ when
 his brow flew up and contorted around this
 problem. This problem of Sheenan. For, how ~~is~~
 come? How come? And One-Two, thought of the
 football game and all the splendid ~~piece~~ of
 reckoning the Yankee-man had shown all along, ~~and~~
 and said to his Jah, How come?

And then, religious man that he was, One-Two
 dismissed it. Jah, in His great wisdom,
 would solve it.

his brow flying up and down, CON-
 TORTING AROUND THE PROBLEM,

** saying of matters that a fellow looked
 at and felt the heat sweating at his
 collar and the ache flowing sweetly
 at his loins.

*** before you knew it, were stroking
 And so, ~~zesh~~ fellows ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~
 forward, meeting the pelvic thrust of
 the splendid young ~~Adrian~~ of Marshall's
 Woe, and the Yankee hotel was as it never
 had been before.

~~Winding the stem,~~ a swimmer
~~winding easy,~~
 a language that spoke sweet shock

"We shouldn't have done it, ~~'you're a good man,'~~ said Jeremy's wife, ^{She} looking ^{ed} swimmingly up at him. "You are a good man."

"That is so," said Captain Amos.

He looked at his people. The line to the Chinaman moved tidily by. That Hookie had a way about him. Even Body Pride stepped carefully as if he walked among crab holes. Amos caught Joe Chin's eye, showed his fist for the size he wanted. He could do with a wallop that high from the unlabelled bottle. Hookie stood beside him and cleared his throat at the Chinaman. Joe Chin nodded to show that he understood.

Take in Sub

Amos nodded to himself after he had drained the colobok cup. He had showed the American that ~~kind of~~ ^{Marshall's} ~~last~~ ^{Woe} he needed. ~~There~~ ^{The Yankee} ~~more~~ ^{than} ~~he~~ ^{needed} him. ~~Amos~~ ^{after this} ~~had~~ ^{had} least respect in the hurricane. He would be a good man to have around. They had saved the hotel and held their marriage feast with ^{in the American.} grace. He stood proudly and showed Joe Chin his measuring fist again.

But when he was about to leave there was a small commotion at the bar and presently the Chinaman hailed him. The Chinaman looked anxious, but when Amos threw a kill-ick into the black almond eyes he saw a gleam down there that shot up his distrust.

Beside the Chinaman stood the Yankee, Schuyler, glowering at Amos. "What the hell do you want?" Amos said warily at ^{Tue Chin.} ~~the Chinaman~~.

The Chinaman stopped twisting his fingers and looked a thumb toward Schuyler.

"It's the Yankee. He's getting sticky."

Amos turned on Schuyler. "Well?"

Schuyler, equally unyielding, ~~scuffed~~ ^{was} ~~scuffed~~ all elbows. "What the hell kind of deal is this? The Chinaman says you're going looking for the boys. ~~and you're~~ what am I, some kind of punk you can't talk to?"

"It's ~~my~~ ^{our} business, mister Schuyler. This is for the Co-operative." "The hell it is. ~~If that's a goddam~~ folk are up there in trouble in the cyclone, it's all of us business. I'd get a big D-P cat sitting out there. It can take us up the mountain in no time."

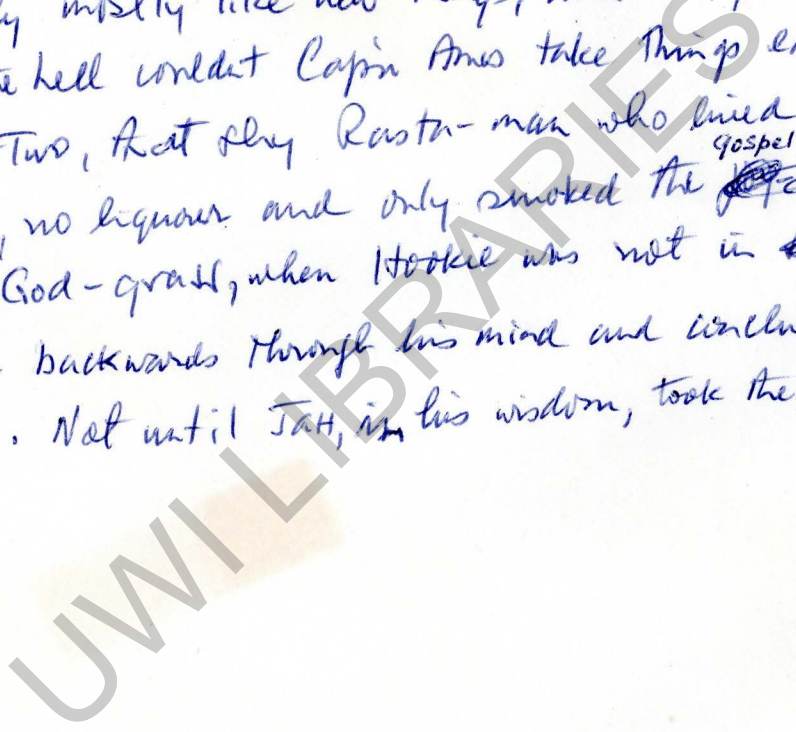
Amos blew air through his pursed lips. Maybe the Yankee was right. But last night into morning had made them even. He was not about going into Schuyler's debt. He preferred the Yankee to be owing him. However, the damn' noisy yellow engine would be no good on the mountain. Not in that cockpit.

"Your what-you-call-it, cat, could not take that mountain." "What makes that mountain special? I done one of these babies in a place called Vietnam, Vogel. That makes your mountain kids' sand-hills, ~~not~~ Captain."

Amos looked patient.

"You have been a good man, Schuyler. leave it. Bide water. This is our affair."

He led his Marshall's Voe machines out of the door, his back stiff with dignity, a good tilt at the head. T. Brooks looked back at the Yankee and grinned. He had never rode up a mountain on a tractor before. He would bet it would be easy. ~~But the tractor~~ And maybe this ran through the minds of Jeremy and Wild Horse for everybody mostly like new things, and easy ways of doing things, and why the hell couldn't Capin Amos take things easy for awhile. But the Two, that sly Rasta-man who lived clean on fish food and fucus, no liquor and only smoked the ^{gospel joint,} ~~the~~ the wisdom-weed, the God-grass, when Hookie was not in ~~the~~ NOSE-SHOT, RAN the problem backwards through his mind and concluded that there was no solution. Not until JAH, in his wisdom, took the problem.



And then ~~with~~ a crash of sound that made them jump, the caterpillar ~~was~~ exploded, obscenely in the silence after the storm. They looked out at it, wreathed in blue smoke, riding in the violence of its own throttle, and would make out the dim goggled figure of Columbus in the cab, seeing the cold and clump from the engines.

TAKE IN

"Stand off, men!" And roared at them ~~with~~ the voices and they turned away, into the walk.

And then a smaller mass occurred and there was the Amie's motorcycle, belching black smoke, hurtling forward in front of the tracks, the motor's great hissing the throat's ~~the~~ piston clattering in joy, Amie's feet coming, his red wicker cup ~~of~~ screaming "To the sea, for at last Five Amie led, acknowledged his ambition and was riding at a trot for the Yankee's great yellow drachm.

"Joan, Mary and Jack," he called "Buster, his eyes blazing with fury and admiration for some awhile and the clattering cratters

Chapter Twenty-eight

Amos picked the crew to go with him up the mountain. From the patio of the hotel, he looked at the land beyond, a welter of fallen trees. Last night, the earth in a torture had grabbed trees to its chest and snapped them like matchsticks. A dun coloured sea splashed weakly on the beach, a sea ashamed of ~~last night's violence,~~ ~~splashing like tears on a stone foot.~~ Amos said to himself he was too old to be going up the mountain, but a leader's work was never done until the last keel was in. So he led his crew from the patio.

Amos had picked five men, Ti Brooks, Jeremy, Body Pride, Wild Horse and the shy One-Two, and then he dropped ~~Body Pride~~ ^{who was a fine walker and JOGGED ALOVE FOR MILES; ~~the Two, the Bestman,~~}

Body Pride

because he wanted obedience on the trail. Amos took men he could bend. Take (N Supp-A & B)

They crossed the ^{yard} road and entered the ^{road} ~~road~~ almost obliterated by ^{the hurricane.} They ~~would~~ ^{would} branch from ~~these~~ ^{these} to the path that would lead them into mountain country, over the Dolphin's Head, and then debouch into the untracked Cockpit territory. Ti Brooks, marching at the rear of the column, carried the ^{bag of} ~~bag~~ oranges that would be their only food in the waterless Cockpit. He took a look at their back trail, ^{at the} grunted and hurried up the line to his captain. He said to Amos,

"Give the word and I'll turn back the man ^{about to make trouble} coming behind ~~me.~~" ^{the Captain}

yellow cat,

Amos marched steadily without asking Ti Brooks who the man might be. He knew right off it would be Kennedy. The American had looked squarely into his face ^{at the} ~~while he~~ ^{had been} recruiting ~~his own,~~ but Amos had looked away. This was a task for ~~Siloah,~~ ^{at the} ~~Siloah,~~ ^{the Cooperated}

← TAKE IN SUP. "C"

The trail was lost somewhere under the fallen trees and/a after

and so began that strange odyssey
 still talked about in Marshall's Woe, ~~years~~
 For behind them came Schuyler's tractor,
 bounding and bellowing and hustling at
 the rocks, clawing in the wake of the
 fishermen ^{until Ray scrambled aside for it to go ahead of} ~~but unable to~~ ~~by~~ them. ~~But~~
 But ^{***} as it pushed forward, the great rocks kept
 piling up ahead and it took a ~~bit~~
 SAGA of SWORTING AND RAMMING, Bull head
 down, 'dozer cranking from side to side, to
 HAMMER ~~away~~ and tunnel through, and
^{FREE} while the ~~splendid~~ limbs of the
 fishermen ~~we~~ were sliding in and out of the
 rocks, using the ~~lashed~~ trees for hand-holds,
 the smaller stones for prop, the boulders for
 brace. They learnt quickly to ~~use~~ ^{plant} their feet
 on the outer edge of the sole, to shift the
~~weight~~ fulcrum of their weight ~~into~~ ^{into} the sideways
 into the slope of the land, to use all the land had.
 And the whining, hammering yellow beast forced
 and crashed a way up, but was visibly slowing.
 and that was when One-Two made his calcu-
 lations and ~~proceed to~~ ~~wooded~~ his
~~horizontal~~ of Tah. ~~P. Two~~ (SEE BACK)

PAKE ~~UN~~

Importably A

Ti Brooks led the others inside the wake
wake of the cat, finding the going
easier and imboding their strength.
Cap'n Ann at first refused to take advan-
tage of the ~~cleared~~ road the tractor
was making but he was too sensible a
fisherman to ^{hold} turn his bow into the wind.
Beside his wondrously cleaved head, a looking
of sense lifted and ~~old~~ quietly asked him
not to be a damn fool. So Ann turned abruptly
from the texture of the climb ~~to which~~ he had been
submitting on himself and ~~rolled~~ entered the
wake of the cat. O, it ~~was~~ was a
holter and a rooking in the crazy bunch tumbled
fords slope. The tractor with Schuyler perched in the
cab working his levers like a man demasted; June
Arnie who had long ago abandoned his motor
cycle for the bigger machine, sat beside him
in the cockpit cutting the air with hands and
head, ^{and leaping knees, riding} ~~and leaping knees, riding~~ the ~~big~~ ^{great}
~~machine~~ swaying, roaring mass of metal like
in the saddle of his ^{old} three-speed HONDA. But
mentally. The time came when the tractor stopped.

~~TAKE IN ON P1~~

few casts to read landmarks, Amos gave it up and began a direct climb for the top. They clambered and skidded on the slope. Their seamen's legs were uneasy, unclever, ^{ON LAND,} ~~but strong.~~ TAKE IN "A" SUPP. →
~~Off the track, Schuyler~~
 Kennedy moved up to them ~~within the mile,~~ an easy walking man whose boots pawed the ground surely. He went to the front and walked beside old Amen. On his back he bore ^{his hold-all,} ~~pack,~~ with ropes and axes.

"Old man, I climb a good deal. I can help you," he said.

Amen looked at the wiry ^{man} ~~American~~ and noticed the way he walked. Capable. A walker like no fisherman. Amos looked up at the lift of the mountain and thought of all the sudden, cruel jumps it would make while it sought to lick the six strangers. Perhaps the American would know a trick or two to throw against the mountain and subdue it. But Amos had closed the books on an even balance and was reluctant to reopen it. The American hotel had given him shelter, and he had saved the American hotel.

"Let go of me, ^{man,} ~~Kennedy,~~" he said softly. ^{Schuyler,} ~~to Amen,~~

Mud had slicked the matted leaves underfoot and the fishermen shuffled cautiously. Ti Brooks gave a yell as his feet shot out and Jeremy cackled. But there was little banter because in a wink it could be your turn to bury your face in the mud.

^{Sherrin} Kennedy looked back at the slipping, unsure fishermen and said to Amen, "I've got ropes and axes if we come to need them. I have a skill you haven't. What have you got?"

"We've got luck," Ti Brooks said behind them. "Luck is better than ropes and axes." ^{American clown}

Amen threw up his head and thought of luck, and it was not enough. Luck held no iron; luck depended on a belief in accidents.

"Tell ^{him} ~~your own~~ how often you've used luck to bring in your fishermen," ^{Schuyler} ~~Kennedy~~ said.

We've got each other's backs
~~"Have you never used luck~~
to defeat any of the mountains you climbed?"
~~"Sure," Kennedy said, "But I'd have made it without luck."~~
to defeat any of the mountains you climbed?"
~~"Sure," Kennedy said, "But I'd have made it without luck."~~
to defeat any of the mountains you climbed?"
~~"Sure," Kennedy said, "But I'd have made it without luck."~~
to defeat any of the mountains you climbed?"

His face held straight in front, Amen said, ~~"Have you never used luck~~
to defeat any of the mountains you climbed?" [Have you never used luck to defeat
a mountain?"]

"Sure," ~~Kennedy said,~~ "But I'd have made it without luck."

Amen said, a glint in his eyes, "You and I are alike in many little ways."

"That's downright flattering," ~~Kennedy said.~~

"I'll move my people from your hotel tomorrow."

"You didn't ask to let them stay ~~tonight.~~"

"They saved your hotel last night."

"They saved their necks too."

"In many little ways," Amen said again. "Just like me."

Amen felt it at his knees when the ground began going up sharper. He slowed and ~~Kennedy~~ *Shannon Schmyler* went a couple of strides ahead before he looked back at the fisherman. He thumbed the straps of the rucksack at his shoulders, easing the weight, and grinned at the old seaman before he stepped out ahead of him.

~~Ti Brooks~~ moved up beside his captain and looked in his face. Amen nodded and Ti Brooks broke out a wide grin and plunged forward. He went up to ~~Kennedy~~ *Shannon Schmyler*, floundering but moving strongly. He stayed alongside the American for a little while before he jammed more power into his legs and went ahead ~~of Kennedy.~~ *Shannon Schmyler.*

They passed the big guinep trees. The trees ~~were~~ *stood intact,* still ~~standing~~ on their massive ~~roots~~ *wiped* but all vegetation had been ~~wiped~~ from them. The ~~stinky~~ *grew* musk pungency of uprooted growth ~~opened~~ in the swelling heat. ~~Boulders had been pushed from their beds by the wind and straddled what was left of the trail.~~

~~Kennedy~~ *Shannon Schmyler* cut down Ti Brooks by ~~staying~~ staying close at his heels so he couldn't let up. ~~Kennedy, the walker,~~ *The black American was the* knew how to save his strength; what to do with hostile terrain, while Ti Brooks, the seaman, made his mistakes and paid for them at his ankles and in the high flung muscles

Moreover he had been ^{sitting} ~~sitting~~ in his cab when the fisherman were first ^{tackling} ~~tackling~~ the slope.
 at the front of his thighs. Ti Brooks spent the last of his power holding the American at bay, ^{Schuyler} ~~Kennedy~~ But it had to be over when ~~Kennedy~~ moved alongside and passed him. Amos, plodding along in the rear, called Jeremy's name and when the fisherman turned around, he pointed him forward to take over from Ti Brooks. Jeremy smiled at his smart captain and went up on a slippery trot to whip ^{The American} ~~Kennedy~~.

Jeremy smashed upward on ^{Admiral} ~~Kennedy~~, his elbows hooked out, boots pushing and scrabbling. He showed his teeth to ^{Admiral} ~~Kennedy~~ ^{Schuyler} as he passed the ~~American~~. Jeremy charged the hill, his knees pistoning strongly. ^{Schuyler} ~~Kennedy~~ scowled and had to increase his pace; but he ^{thought} ~~long~~ he had Jeremy on a leash. The fisherman was going too hard.

^{Schuyler} ~~Amos~~ saw that ~~Kennedy~~ was a good man on mountains, and he said, I'm a fool for burning up my men on the American who is clearly a good man on mountains. A man should be good at something, making shoes or being a captain. But being a captain was hardest for you couldn't afford to lose. If ^{Schuyler} ~~Kennedy~~ had slowed when he saw me slow, we would be friends. Instead, he laughed at me and passed me. Well, then, everything lies in how a man finishes.

Amos looked sharply up the hill at the grunt from Wild Horse. The American had begun to roll back Jeremy. Amos said to himself that Jeremy had done well; as good a man in the boats as the American on his mountain. It must have cost ^{Schuyler} ~~Kennedy~~ something to beat him, Amos said savagely as he jabbed a finger at Wild Horse.

Wild Horse tackled ^{Schuyler} ~~Kennedy~~ on a bad slope where the mahoes grew. The angle steepened, and the seamen, now happily using their hands, clutched at roots and rocks, ^{Schuyler} ~~getting closer to Kennedy~~. The American took it ~~easy~~ through the mahoes and then they entered a

~~land~~ land that ran right up to the rock line, and the fishermen reeled slipperly about again. Somewhere beyond the rocks, where the tall, slender trees grew, the boys would be found.

Wild Horse was broken a mile inside the ^{bald}/~~land~~ but he floundered along wide-legged ^{by} ~~until~~ ^{Shayler matching Schuyler, both would win} Kennedy took him. ~~But~~ The American had stones mixed in his breathing and so when the weary Wild Horse turned his head appealingly back to his captain, he could afford a small grin at Amos to say that the American was crying at the knees too.

Captain Amos looked at One-Two, the hardy little ^{Raste} fisherman who laboured at problems with a genius that belonged to the mole. He was the only fresh man to put up against Kennedy, so with a stiff nod, he sent him in. ^{One-Two was his HOLE-CARD, A Jockey who ate greens and ~~saved~~ saved his hair. A good Communist} One-Two bolted eagerly forward, the problem of stopping the American jumping lively inside his head. He drew up beside Kennedy and looked shyly at him. ^{The American} Kennedy rolled his eyeballs at him.

Schuyler

Amos and his men were puzzled when they saw that One-Two was matching pace with ^{Shayler} Kennedy. The little fisherman should have spurred and so dragged the American into putting out more effort. Ti Brooks growled angrily but Amos stayed him with a command.

One-Two, ^{holding} ~~himself~~ himself well in, told Kennedy a polite ^{Shayler} ~~Tah~~ ^{Tah} ~~good~~ morning as if he had just reported for work. In his reserved way, ^{The Rastaman} One-Two was pleased at the signs of wear he observed in the American, but, delicately, he would not voice it. ^{Shayler} Kennedy glared at him and drove on. The others had at least the decency to keep their mouths shut, Kennedy said to himself. This one was from the bottom of the barrel. The butt end. ^{Arrogant Rastaman. Crypto Communist, anyone - He would show him.} The last of old Amos's battery. He would work this one over and then wait for the big chief, Amos, himself.

But the trouble is, I'm not the good guy I was when I started, ^{Shayler} Kennedy thought. He was thumbing the straps on his shoulders more often now and he had a tendency to drag the stride. The little

fisherman whom Amer had sent in, had an annoying spring to his heels.

They were laboriously pacing up this killer of a smooth slope when One-Two said in his shy, mild way, "You'll find that the pack becomes heavier when we start to climb. You'll wish then that you were dead."

Sharon Schuyler

It took a while for Kennedy to wrap his mind around the sentence and then he said, "When we start to what?"

"To climb the rocks up there. The climbing we've been doing so far is nothing."

"But I can see the trees where the old fraud says the boys are," Kennedy said.

"We go through those and then through another line of rocks to the trees we're seeking. You cant see them from here," One-Two explained. "You will be wishing you could drop dead."

"Wherever we're going, I'll get there before any of you," Kennedy said through his teeth.

Sharon Schuyler

FOUND HE HAD DEVELOPED AN ANNOYING WHISTLING IN HIS BREATHING.

"I like your pride. I've never had much of it," One-Two said sadly. "I have a plan to save your pride. Yours and the Captain's."

(Jah has it all, "One-Two CAPTAIN")

["Who the hell is 9-and-9?" One-Two seemed surprised. "Jah and 9. The 9-and-9"]

"When I roll you back you can tell your captain I'll be up front waiting to walk him into the ground too."

One-Two was plainly surprised. "But you wont, you know. The Captain will not be ready to come up for some time. He has Ti Brooks rested now, and he'll send in Ti after you've done me."

Schuyler

Kennedy felt the sickness of being one against the mob.

"Is that how your captain fights?" he said.

"It's not the Cap'n. It's the Co-operative."

"The Captain wants to win. So he'll wait until you're dead among the rocks before he comes up. There wont be much left of you if you dont follow my plan."

225 Sep.

**
"You are dealing with the Co-operative,
you know."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"The Co-operative has many legs. You
cannot outwalk the Co-operative."

"I'm used to going alone."

"I know." One-Two was very conversa-
tional. "In your rich country, you can go alone.
Up here, in this hard country, it's the Co-operative
that wins."

"Bullshit," Sheena forked.

One-Two saw the problem ~~was~~ clear.
He worked on it. He was feeling very fresh.

Sherman looked outwards at
the pointed beard, the locks of hair
showing underneath the KNIT-CAP.

"You are the Rastafarian man?"

~~One - Two looked modestly away.~~
^{decently}

"The Rastafarian, 'fod's son."

"I know about you people. The
black God." { One - Two looked decently
away. "I believe ^{you} looks like you."

"Okay, what's your plan?"

One - Two spoke calmly, explaining
the devil-worshipper how John had laid
out to him. Schuyler growled at
the freshness in his voice and
springy gait.

Schuyler said,

"The hell there went," ~~Kennedy~~ ~~shouted~~, putting on steam and walking away from One-Two. But the little fisherman spurted too and ~~Kennedy~~ could see how fresh he was. One-Two kept on talking earnestly.

There's a whistling in your breathing," One-Two said. Schuyler tried to breathe without the whistling.

"Then, after Ti, there'll be the others who'll have been rested too. Jeremy, Horse, and maybe me again, if the Captain really wants to wring you."

"And then Amen'll come and I'll be here," ~~Kennedy~~ ~~said flatly.~~

"I tell you he'll not come until you're dead," One-Two said primly. "And that's no way to win, from a dead man."

~~Kennedy~~ curse One-Two, but he could see the procession of rested men coming up to hound him to death. Amen was playing for keeps. *Sheer* *Two asked: "Would you rather choke on a fishbone or be drowned?" "One-Two asked: "Either way it would be the sea that gets you." ** Sept* "What's your plan?" ~~Kennedy~~ said.

"It was a problem to me, wondering who would win, you or the Captain. But I like problems and so I worked it out," One-Two said looking modestly at the ground.

"What did you get?" ~~Kennedy~~ ~~said flatly.~~

"I found a way by which both may win. Its better when you have two winners. Two will remain friends if neither loses."

"You're ^{Co-operative is} going to lose," ~~Kennedy~~ ~~promised.~~

"But if ^{all} ~~A~~ lose, ~~you~~ and the Captain will ^{also make you} lose," One-Two said worriedly. "I'm the only man with sense to make everyone win."

~~Kennedy~~ wished he had another pair of legs so he could unhook these used up ones and put on ^{his} spares. He was breathing through his mouth, aching in all his joints.

"What's your name?" he asked curiously.

* * 227 Sept

One-Two looked shyly sideways at Sheenan. He spoke softly, ~~clearly~~ clearly.
* "You've got Samurians in you."

It was a statement of fact. Schuyler looked into the untroubled eyes and gave in.

"My grand father, ~~he~~ he came from these parts. He told me a lot about your country. How the hell did you know?"

"The football game. The way Ti Brooks told me you fished. The way you walked the mountain. The way you ^{defied} the night. Especially that. The way you look. ^{Look} There are 30 million in the United States who look like me."

"The way you look at Tina"

~~the way you~~

And running as he was, ^{Cyrus} ~~Tina~~ laughed. He laughed until he spluttered, ~~and~~ ~~stopped~~ his legs wobbled and he staggered. One-Two looked nicely at him. Jack always solved the problems. The ~~example~~ was ~~well~~ ~~clearly~~ nicely.

227 Sept

"I'll go ahead of you but not too far. A Rostaman does not shame his brother."

Sheenan would have yelled but there was no breath left.

"You fucking swindler!" he fished.

"Follow close, brother," One-Two said. (And the nimble little fisherman jumped ahead, walking for himself, a god-son, walking for the Co-op store. And Sheenan knew he could not really be furious at One-Two for the Rostaman was leaving half his load.)

Walking pretty, the small heels clean in the lifted, the insteps arched for the straw. Walking away from the Baby briam but walking for the Co-op too, for he was a two-world man, for JAIT and, for awhile, for This SIN-RUSTED planet too a JAIT-SON SOJOURNER

ON THE MOUNTAIN

* "What's your slave name, Yankee man?"
"Schuyler. Cyrus B Schuyler."

~~He~~ One-Two swiftly ran down his list of island names
"Schuyler?"

"From the American side Old Dutch."

"Welcome, Old Dutch," One-Two said softly. "We are Old English ourselves." And he added:

LIBRARIES

"I'm One-Two, the chief caulker. I caulk boats and none of those I caulk, sink."

"How do you think you'll caulk this one?"

"Give me a part of the load, the part I can bear as I'm a smaller man than you. Then we'll both stay out in front. They cannot catch two nimble ones like us among the rocks."

"You damn Judas."

One-Two seemed quietly pleased. *All my life, I've lived with the big, rough fishermen. I've had to be smart.* *Christians ought to make statues to him. Without him, there'd be no resurrection. No Christianity."*

"So you'd sell out your captain."

"If I win, he wins. He's my captain," One-Two said simply. *A good man, that Judas. Be*

Caliban scrambled
Kennedy *plunged* up the slippery slope and grieved over this summer in *Siroah* that had thrown him among these crooks. He gave the axes to One-Two and felt the sweet ease at the straps. Savagely he attacked the slope, walking freer now, he and One-Two together, brothers in purpose. *We're in the Co-operative,*

Jeremy

and Wild Horse shouted and Ti Brooks jumped forward. But Amos speared the angry fishermen with a rude word. He removed his cap, wiped his forehead with it and stuffed it inside his shirt. One-Two had evidently made himself a brother to the American. There'd be time enough *after*, for One-Two. Right now, he was feeling his mountain.

"One-Two is a captain, one of the *good ones* ~~best~~ in the fleet. If *Cap'n* Amos *Amos* chooses to remain in his wake, you can too," he said. *4 X Sep*

Cap'n So Kennedy and One-Two led *Schuyler* ~~them~~ through the rocks and it was a feat to see as the pair scrambled up and over, using the ropes and the axes to finish it speedily. The two were through the rocks *well* ~~long~~ before Amos and his men made it. They found ~~them~~ seated, ~~on flat stones~~, legs out before them, rested and cosy

as kittens. Amos saw without comment that One-Two was eating cheese sandwiches from the American's pack. Amos⁰³ ordered out oranges ~~for~~ for his own men, a sardonic glint in his eyes.

"You're a good man on the mountain. You've also made a good man of my friend, One-Two," Amos said to ~~Kennedy~~^{Selwyn}.

One-Two looked away, the shy man he was. But he had to find a hole through which he could look, for everywhere he turned, he encountered a pair of hot eyes on him, from Ti Brooks, Jeremy or Wild Horse. He tried to hide the sandwich in his hand as he ate, but the hot eyes dug past the flesh of his mouth and exposed the foreign cheese on his teeth.

"Cheddar," One-Two finally explained to the probing eyes of Ti Brooks, "a foreign cheese. I got it from my American brother."

~~Kennedy~~^{Shawyer Schuyler} chewed and grinned. "We had a problem, but your man is sound on problems," he said.

"He's very famous," Amos agreed, looking fondly at One-Two. Ti Brooks shuddered and turned away, glad that it was not he ^{on whom the Capt'n had looked fondly.} ~~who had got the fond look from Amos.~~ The Captain would not forget how One-Two had acted on the mountain. ^{Talking up the foreigner like a brother.}

"All the tall trees are down. We'll search around here for a cave where the boys might've hidden from the wind," Amos said.

Amos saw shadows racing over the ground and when he looked up, the thick grey cloud was being ripped by a high wind up there. The sky appeared through the holes in the cloud, blue and remote and then all the clouds were rolled back and the sun smote out, yellow and newly hot.

One-Two felt it digging at the back of his neck as they searched, and when a ~~hand~~ hand/~~clutched~~ cruelly clutched the insides of

**

229
~~229~~

~~He wanted~~

"You bring soft on them
two, Cap'n?" To Brooks asked:

"The Yankee's earned it,"

Amos said, looking straight at
~~Shuler~~ ^{Shuler}. "He has learnt to live
with ^{us} ~~the~~ ~~Coastal~~. Give them
the ~~apple~~ ^{FRUIT}, you whoremonger."

his throat, he clearheadedly knew the reason. One-Two turned and looked into the cold eyes of his captain. Amos turned away.

Get the cheese, "One Two said in QUIET HORROR. These is
"The cheese," ~~he~~ ^{said} "we shouldn't have eaten cheese. No water."
~~up here,~~ "One Two / ~~in~~ in horror.

They searched in a line among the rocks, probing the caves and shouting the names of Porter and Louis. ~~Kennedy~~ ^{Shyles} shook his water bottle and found that he and One-Two had used it all. The sun raked down and the cheddar yelled for water.

"Water," One-Two croaked at Jeremy who was next to him in the line.

And Jeremy looked back at him and sneered, ~~"Get your~~ ^{"Get your milk friend to buy you some."} ~~foreign cheese."~~

"Water," One-Two croaked out to Ti Brooks.

But Amos looked at the sweating ~~Kennedy~~ ^{Shyles} and said if the foreigner had known the land, he ^{would} have been prepared. He looked at the little fisherman and at last said to himself that One-Two had done well in preventing the American mountain climber from killing off the poor seamen, as he would have done them among the rocks. So he called over Ti Brooks who had the bag of oranges. ~~and without a word, divided the thirst-quenchers among them all.~~ ^{XX Sept}
They found the boys in the afternoon.

They took Porter from under the tree which had pinned him and ~~Kennedy~~ ^{Shyles} set the broken foot. Louis had a bandage ~~covering~~ covering one eye. Amos looked at Louis and said sternly,

"You didn't leave him. You couldn't have moved the tree off his foot by yourself, yet you didnt leave him. Why didnt you come down off the mountain for help?"

Louis spat over his shoulder and glared at ~~Kennedy~~ ^{Shyles} through his free eye.

* my friend. The Chinaman says an
enlightened Capitalist is a ^{Rich Gaudy} ~~gaudy~~ Socialist."

"Oh hell," Schnitzer said. He saw Amos
looking at the flattened forest.

"It is because you knew I'd come up for you since I'm the captain," Amos said, sober with the truth. "You knew I'd come to take you home. Is it so? Answer me."

Louis blew air through his lips and nodded.

"Very well," Amos said. *["What's he doing here? " / was sent, nodding*

"We've rented a room for you at the American hotel," *explained* Ti Brooks ~~said gravely~~ to Louis. "There're things in the rooms I must show you how to use."

"Ti Brooks, cut rope to make a sling for Porter," Amos said ~~sharply~~ sharply.

When Ti Brooks had scrambled off, Amos said again to Louis, "Why do we find you in the open? Why didn't you run for a cave when the wind struck?"

Louis shrugged and said, "We were fighting."

"Why?" demanded Amos.

Louis slapped his palm on the ground. "Because he was pushing me, that's why. Because he kept pushing and pushing, all the time we were up here. Louis, do this. Louis, do that. That's why."

Amos said to himself, But you obeyed him until he pushed too hard. I must teach Porter just a little more about the trade of ~~a captain~~ *a captain*. He must not push too hard.

They made Porter ready for the move down, laying him on a stretcher of ropes. Ti Brooks and Wild Horse took the first spell on the stretcher and they turned into the out-trail. Amos stood there looking on the tall, slender trees lying on the ground. ~~Kennedy~~ *Shelton Schuyler* stopped by him. *"One-two has told me of you." "It figures?" "You are still a*

"It figures," ~~Kennedy~~ *So they* said. "We shouldn't leave it." *long tall,*

~~Kennedy~~ *Shelton Schuyler* paced out a thin eucalyptus, while Amos recalled

Jeremy and One-two to help get his ~~lightpole~~ lightpole off the mountain. *tree was two, The light The Yankee man's. Both beholden, Capin Amos thought in his decent old fashioned way.*

Chapter Twenty-nine

Happily losing altitude as the little green island slips entrancingly into view, the fat passenger planes prance daily into Montego Bay from ~~the~~ New York, Miami, Toronto and London. The tourists disembark to the ^{thunk} splash of planter's and the ~~the~~ punches. The beaches, sugar white and warm, quiver to get at their subjugated bodies. The languorous ocean entices with a lascivious eye and provocative flank. The enthusiastic sun climbs and climbs, grinning back like an imbecile. It is all very delirious.

Down the coast at the village named Siloah, the fishing fleet was coming in. Kennedy and his bride of a year, lay by the swimming pool, drowsing in the sun. It had been a good winter season and ~~the~~ the hotel was being closed for ~~the~~ a few weeks in the summer.

Kennedy yawned. He rolled lazily over to toast the other side. He nibbled at an ear of his girl and made small canine sounds. He nuzzled into one brown shoulder. She was very brown and smelled tantalisingly of suntan oil. She squinted out to sea. She was now an expert at squinting out to sea and could even tell what was doing in the dim corner.

"The fleet's coming in," she said. "Over an hour late. I'll bet they had trouble picking up bait in that sea that was running last evening."

"You're nice bait," ^{Shelma} Kennedy said drowsily. *[So Porter told Tina who she climbed aboard his boat yesterday. How did you come to be climbing aboard his boat?]*

"Joe Noone's wife has had another baby. She's naming ^{best?} it after me, Ann Noone. Isn't that sweet?"

Jesus, "Shelma said - "What has that got to do with it?" [I thought she was pregnant.]

Kennedy grunted. Ann propped up on an elbow and shaded her eyes.

"You know something? Porter's fishing Tina's boat as if he means to clean out the sea. He's sailing heavier than the old man."

Kennedy yawned. "Good for him. He'll need it. When's the baby due?"

"In a month. You're to be godfather."

"Who decided that?" Kennedy demanded.

"Tina and me. We think you ought to be in the family."

Kennedy lay back and opened his toes and allowed the sun to soak in. "May as well. We do all our business with Siloah anyway, food, drinks, help, even calabash cups."

"I wonder when it was we adopted them?"

"Ha, you mean they adopted us," Kennedy said.

"I wish I was here the night of t

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"The bastard was even then making his plans to naturalise the b
But he didn't."

"Only because I played ball. I buy his fish and his hyng
no complaints about his guys ^{long} ~~removing~~ ^{noted} just my head.

"You know they don't."

"Well, showing enough to ^{make} ~~some of~~ ^{our female friends} ~~the~~ ~~fact~~ ~~that~~
well
"American women are sex-oriented, you know."

"You are a liar."

"I am," she said, nibbling his ear. "Anyway, I hope so
old Amos will do a wedding in ~~the~~ his hotel. It's a justice for
make the American and Tolalma ~~the~~ in too. They must have been
is

DING in ~~the~~ the American."
... distinguished Americans married in

an unpainted church."

"Oh, come on, Kennedy. You paid for it out of the mystery money, the one that came to you through the mail with the slip attached on which someone had printed, paint money. It couldn't have been ^{used} [redacted] for a better purpose."

"I have my ideas as to where that came from," Kennedy said darkly.

"Conscience money. Somebody stole the paint, somebody paid you. Cool off."

Ann tipped him into the pool with her foot, grabbed her robe and ran along the beach towards Siloah. She dropped back into a walk, watching Amos Amen guide his boats like a dancing master into the beach at Siloah.

It was an easy walk. There were no fences. Kennedy's [redacted] gardens sloped imperceptibly into the Siloah beach. The nets and gear [redacted] hung above the sand had the sun stain of a Canaletto scene. The boats, rough used and noble, were being coasted out of the water on their rollers. At last reports received from her spies by Ann Kennedy, the other hotels around Montego Bay were frenziedly trying to kidnap some fishermen, offering them bribes to haul up their boats on the hotel beaches. It had been discovered that the tourists liked to look up from the lap of luxury at these pastoral scenes. Kennedy's Inn had been filled last season and was booked solidly for the summer.

Ann ran down on the beach. Tons of slashing rain and avalanches of sand had scrubbed the boats clean save for vestiges of paint. When they had put to sea after the hurricane, the fleet had been as gallantly battered as ever.

Ann waved to Amos Amen. "How was Payday Shoal?" she called.

Ti Brooks sat on the gunwale, slowly clapping his hand. The eloise was looking even better now, so Ti Brooks also applauded the American, Kennedy. It hadn't seemed to him that the American could have made an eloise so happy-looking, but you couldn't tell with some of those bony fellows. Some of them were very strong and reputedly good.

"Hullo, Ugly," Ann said, brushing him aside, being acquainted with what went on in Ti Brooks whenever she ran into him. "Was the wage good, Cap'n Amos?" she said to Amos.

Amos Amen glanced inside his boat and looked back at the American girl. There was a pleased glint in his eye. So brown had the foreign eloise become, she was almost a natural daughter of Siloah. She could talk Jamaica way too.

"I've a special something for your table. I'll bring it to the hotel later," he said.

"Bring the Chinaman and Corporal Hookie along. We closed yesterday for a few weeks. We'll have a little party together," Ann said.

Amos looked doubtful. "It's alright," Ann said. "None of the tourist stuff. We persuaded Joe Chin to part with a few bottles of the unlabelled stuff. Soon come?"

It would be nice to sit on the shiny chairs in the hotel bar and crack a few with Kennedy. The American often visited with them at the Chinaman's nowadays. He was learning how to bend the words around, and Joe Chin had put out a calabash cup for him. A real Siloah man. That is so, Captain Amen said.

He nodded to Ann. "Soon come," Amos said.

END

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She used the island obscurity in a small hard voice. She had the glint in her eyes, the quick anger he had seen at sea, sudden as ^a southwest swell, ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~light~~ ^{once} upon an ~~morning~~ ^{afternoon} they had been bottoming for lobsters on the Biscobel Reef and a ~~short boat~~ ~~of~~ ~~half~~ ~~drunk~~ ~~of~~ charter boat of sport fishers, ~~located~~ ^{liquored} to the gills, had sailed too close to the small rock outcrop on which they had rested the lobster pots. The ~~and~~ ~~left~~ wash from the 25-footer ~~had~~ tumbled the pots into ~~the~~ deep water on the other side of the reef.

The sea bashing the rocks
Then racing back to escape
The glistening (SHINING) teeth

She ^{had} ~~was a~~ girl with a hard, clean grace, ^{lively} dark eyes/ ~~sparkled~~ ^{lively} in her bony face. Porter touched her mouth with his finger and traced the curve of it. "You are beautiful as the water beyond the reef. You have had a night in the boat but you look scrubbed and could immediately wear a ribbon in your hair. We are sour with the salt and lack of sleep."

"Well, I have no beard. I am smooth as silk."

"But I could eat your nose. And I could eat your mouth. And I could sleep with your brow." *"You're so black and beautiful"*

"When we are married you may sleep with everything."

"mean white"
"I am going to walk with your brother." *"Business"*

Her eyes jumped about his face. "Why?" she demanded. "Is the Chinaman closed? I thought all the men went to the Chinaman's on Saturday morning."

At sea, she wore only a short jacket over ^{her} ~~the~~ brief ^{fishing shorts.} ~~short~~ pants. Porter saw by the trim swell of her breasts that there was nothing under the jacket. "I want a job in your boat," he said. "I will work for nothing in your boat."

now with "Sheehan?" "Is Louis meaning to ~~bother the American?~~ she used **

"ASK Louis." *"He's a fool and bad and greedy."* *"I'm fatty too. For you."* *"No. Hungry, maybe. Not greedy."*

"I will come to you in the evening. We will walk up the Dolphin's Head together. The grass is tall and smells of the sun."

Tina touched the butt of her needle to his chest. "You need the parson. I will stay away from the tall grass. What is Louis up to?"

"I love you," Porter Amen said.

foreigner "Leave the ~~American~~ ^{your Pa.} to the Captain. He knows what he is doing.

Louis will push you into trouble. I know."

"If you walk around the beach in these clothes after the hotel