ADJUSTMENTS - April 4, 1984

108 It i/o If
136 straighten asterisks
144 take out "tenaciously"
169 c/off line
199 fix footnotes
do Seymour-Seymour
198 For
204 c/off line
210 -do-
260 starved
267 strange
283 put in break "0"
281 cut off line
291 shift asterisks
293 see note to Clive
312 add footnote
326 FIX!!!
336 space
334 O.T.Fairclough
338 FIX!!!
351 cut off line
361)
362) fix footnotes (transpose)
367)
368) adjust footnotes !!!
369 candour
388 straighten line
391 spacing & cut off line
395 straighten line
394 clean-up asterisks at footnote
402 straighten One Pound sign
417 straighten chapter number
440 cleanup footnote
441 words left out of footnote!!!
445 cut off line

445 cut off line
449 wrong font!!
455 cut off line
471 do
475 do and drop cap
476 do
477 do
479 Space out "ignite them" properly!!!!
492 put in asterisk
504 cut off line
531 drop cap
533 Un-flush the paragraph
532 asterisk
544 asterisk & cut off line
544 cut off
549 "heard"
550 drop cap
551 drop cap & BreAK "0"
552 do
553 do
555 "go out"; fix "special", and check fonts.

GENERAL

The drop-caps are unevenly placed. Some above, others below the body type. NOTE: The top of the drop caps must be even with the top of the low-case letters.

SO THE DROP CAPS WILL ALWAYS HANG LOWER THAN THE BODY COPY.

e.g. Pages 474 & 476 show how the drop cap should be placed.

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467 = add:- "~~This of course was not~~

~~true~~ "

One paragraph.

Note Fair is O.J.-
Fairclough is OJ
Arnett too?

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To the staffs at the Institute of Jamaica's Reference Department, at the National Library, and at the Spanish Town Archives; to Hazel Milner for her devoted and skilled unpaid research in many months of newspaper files; to Davine musty and to Elsa Ettrick, both of whom Jane Walters coped imaginatively with a working typescript that often mystified its author; to photographers Garth Morgan and Errol Harvey whose courtesies equalled their art ...

T'enkie.

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An "apprehension of a great man by an excellent writer ... very moving (without) overpraising as he sees through his weaknesses. (The book) ends appropriately with a magnificent description of the funeral. My fullest commendation."

Neville Dawes M.A. (Oxon)

"A rare and precious gift of understanding ... sensitively analysed and beautifully written. The rhyme and reason of his dilemmas, contradictions, fixity of purpose, achievements, failures and enigma (are made) splendidly clear. It is a wise book."

Professor the Hon. Rex Nettleford
Lond., U.C.W.I.,
B.A. (Hons.)/ B. Phil. (Oxon).

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BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

National Hero of Jamaica, theRight Excellent Norman Washington Manley, Q.C., M.M., LL.D., B.A., B.C.L. (Oxon) Premier Of Jamaica 1959-62, Chief Minister, 1955-59; co-founder (with O.T.Fairclough) and President of the Peoples National Party, 1938-69; President of the West Indies Labour Party, 1957-61; Leader of the Opposition 1962-69; Member of the House of Representatives ~~from 1938~~ (PNP) for East St Andrew from 1949 to his retirement in 1969. Born July 4, 1893, son of Thomas and Margaret Manley nee Shearer. Schools: Porus Elementary, Wolmers Boys, Beckford & Smith, Jamaica College. Taught at elementary schools 1913-14. Rhodes Scholar 1914 (entered Oxford 1914; studies interrupted by war service 1914-1919 Royal Field Artillery); Certificate of Honour Bar Finals and Lee Prizeman (Essay) Gray'sInn 1921. Called to the Bar ~~as~~ April 20, 1921, admitted to the Jamaican Bar, August 30, 1922. Founded Jamaica Welfare 1937.

Married, 1921, Edna~~y~~ Swithenbank, daughter of Rev. Harvey & Ellie Swithenbank nee Shearer./ Two sons, Douglas (1922) and Michael (1924). Held Secondary Schools Inter-scholastic 100 yards record (10 seconds) 1911-52 (equalled by his son, Douglass in 1942). ~~Taught at elementary schools 1913-14.~~

Died September 2, 1969.

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N W Manley

"Democracy, in a real sense, must mean socialism; for it is that alone that accepts the right of the common man to equality of opportunity in all spheres of life."

P 86 Manley and the New Jamaica. PNP Conference, Aug 1945

"As a socialist, I do not find it difficult or contradictory to invite capital to Jamaica and to help and to pledge the utmost good faith in our dealings with its enterprises."

P 90 Written when he was Chief Minister(1955-58)

"Socialism (is) as much philosophy as an economic system." Said,

P88 ~~Written~~ as Chief Minister, during which time his government had formed the Bank of Jamaica, the Planning Unit and the Jamaica Development Copporation, as well as "reformed" education and established the far reaching Small Businesses Loan Board.

"The doctrinaire thinkers will have to learn by experience that Jamaica is Jamaica; and what is possible here in our political framework, is governed by matters special to ourselves."

P94

"I do not believe we can pattern(our)socialism (on) England, (or) Israel; and those who want a Castro-type revolution will have to found a party of their own."

P.94-95

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ON FREEDOM

Desperation and frustration can be exploited to produce the idea of violence and revolution aimed at overthrowing the government.

Where are we in the world?

In the Caribbean area.

You have seen America; when Russia chose to go into Czechoslovakia and put down liberalism, the American government never said a mumbling word.

The Russians put 200,000 soldiers there.

When the revolution comes to Jamaica and the Prime Minister of Jamaica says to the President of America, send up [illegible] (sic) an army to save us in this part of the world, do you think he would refuse?

I go further.

It would be the duty of the United Nations itself, when called upon, for help, to a country with a stable government where a revolution threatens to overthrow it.

Jamaica must restore to her sense of independence and nationhood, a basis of pride and hope, respect of dignity and self confidence...

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(A QUOTE FOR FRONT OF BOOK)

"N.W.Manley held his place by a combination of brains, social status, personality, and his gifts for articulating and convincingly enacting the hopes and ambitions of all levels of class and colour in the bewildering kaleidoscope that was his island. The loyalty he commanded was quite absolute; he lit a zeal in his people that never blazed into fanaticism but held steadily. One explanation may have been that the absence of Anancyism in his charisma made him exotic to a people grown accustomed to the charlatan faces of their politicians. He was a sigh of relief, an agent of hope, a reliever of their half-killed faith; really, a curiousity. They dropped by for a visit and stayed.

"He was neither saint nor Satan. He was egotist enough to place a high threshold on his integrity and so saved it from casual encroachment."

Remember Index

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ALLAN ISAACS
always
2 - "L"s.

R. Mais

Now
We
Know

PART 1

THE DAY OF THE BROOM (1)

GUANABOA
DRUMBLAIR
THE DAY OF THE BROOM
NOMDMI

strengthen

Out!!
~~[illegible]~~
490 - to end
50

Gestalt P. 49

IVOR-458

Remember Melrose Hotel
on Duke St; ~~a~~ green and cool, of
wood, stone, and bricked paths

Public Opinion P. 4 Sept 1
Herbert McDonald resigns re resentment that NW's sitting
in "Royal Box."

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1

The Day Of The Broom (1)

When the incredible day ended on the notion that the incumbents were losing the election, many Jamaicans felt that if the story was true, it could only be because the PNP proletariat had at last taken to the streets. Streets which for years had been denied the poll-shy, swing-vote bourgeoisie by the rampaging Bustamante yaggas. Win the streets and gain the edge. For in the constantly balmy Jamaican air, election campaigns are street-corner jamborees, managed from movable platforms and from loudspeakers of great whine and bellow.

In the weeks since Nomination Day and the run-up to Election Day, the urban middleclass --- teachers, lawyers, doctors, clerks and tradesmen adherents of Norman Washington Manley's Peoples National

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Party — had become the most probable deciders of the election; the rural mass vote, sugar workers and urban labourers being split INTO fair halves. But the white-collar PNP supporters, like closet Cossacks, had appeared content to rattle their swords in rum-and-coconut Sunday-morning talk-sessions behind the tightly-laced tents of their up-town villas. TOO Scared out of their Saxone shoes and Issa silks by Alexander Bustamante's Jamaica Labour Party's bull-cod squads to sally to the streets, [redacted]s. Then sud-denly, inexplicably, a few days before, they broke out. CAME Came whooping down from the steppes of Suburbia to crowd the corner hustings and show their [redacted] intent. BEFORE AN [redacted] explosion of such unexpected force, a stunned JLP gave ground.

Out into the open more and more they [redacted] came, AT LAST [redacted] AND appallingl[redacted]y unafraid of waterfront fists and [redacted] bricks. Squadrons of collar-&-necktie dragoons raking the skies with house-brooms; THOSE UNLIKELY [redacted] guidons IN A [redacted] strange[redacted]NESS WHICH [redacted] would change the balance of their island's history and vote a Socialist dream.

And they would pull MANY OF the undecided in their wake and lead an irresistible surge into the bold new Norman Manley way. They had been buffeted in the past and were wrenched with losing.

They had gone through a decade of frustration and defeats in the two general elections since full enfranchisement was granted by Great Britain in 1944. AND SO,

RUN ON

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now, at evening, the polls closed, they huddled at radios and newspaper [redacted] bulletin boards. Stalking the ever-shifting count. To acclaim a gain or sweat a loss. For having already decided that tomorrow was the Day of the Broom, history was now up to its ancient trick of [redacted] crunching some of its makers.

Sweep them out!

Break

THE slogan had slammed shockingly into the vitals of the JLP. For the first time in the island's 400 years of colonial [redacted] settlement, brooms rose to premium value. Household brooms of Lacovia rush, yard-brooms of thicker straw, the sidewalk pounding inverted "bass"

- BREAK -

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4

[redacted]

[redacted]

Audrey
[redacted] drop capital at the commencement of each chapter.

Caps INCREDIBLE How did the Day of the Broom come about? O.T.Fairclough, the plump, tough publisher of Public Opinion, the weekly newspaper that supported the People's National Party, thought it may have come out of a Party Executive meeting one night at Drumblair, the old Manley residence on Old Church Road, St Andrew. Vivian Blake, Q.C., who would become a minister in the PNP government, recalls that Party Secretary Sidney Veitch, an indefatigable joker, had suggested that upon Norman Manley's return from the United Kingdom (he was attending a Constitution conference), he should be welcomed at the airport by a broom-bearing crowd as a symbol of a promise to sweep the Jamaica Labour Party from office at the next general elections. The proposal, it is reported, was met with strained grins.

P1

But before Veitch may have taken the idea to the Executive meeting, the broom had been carried in a newspaper cartoon by a young artist named Bill Reid who was drawing for Public Opinion.*

*He was briefed by the Author, then editor of Public Opinion, and John Maxwell, then Senior Writer, who together worked out the idea.

Italics smaller type

The cartoon, showing a broom-~~wielder~~ at work swishing out the

resect

Elections held early in 1955

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"corrupt" Jamaica Labour Party government, had instant impact. Soon it became a sort of logo cult that overrode the old Bustamante magic. The broom was a compelling symbol.

Yet, there were issues enough which should have roasted the incumbents. Recurring scandals had sent two cabinet ministers to jail. Moreover, having been ruled for a decade by faces now MUCH too familiar, a volatile, often fractious electorate was ready to collide with the lawmakers who in the course of human frailty had made their errors. Bustamante had been in office since 1944 when the struggle for home rule won through to full adult suffrage; Manley's PNP had not only been battered into near oblivion by the JLP (23 to 4, with 4 independents) but the patrician Manley had been roundly trounced by a folksy campaigner named Edward Fagan. The following (1949) polling which the PNP had expected to win, had not changed the rulers, although this time Manley won his seat and the PNP's pitiful four places were increased to thirteen. As it proved, a respectable fulcrum on which to rest the feisty 1954 notion to Sweep Them Out!

And so all day this Polling Day, January 12, 1955, they were controlling the streets, marching, singing, waving their brooms, hoping for victory. And gradually the hope was turning into notion.

START OF BOOK

BREAK

When the incredible day ended on the notion that the incumbents were losing the election, many Jamaican citizens felt that if the story was true, it could only be because the PNP proletariat at last MAD taken to the streets. Streets which had been denied the for years poll-shy, swing-vote bourgeoisie by the rampaging Bustamante yaggas. Win the streets and you have the edge. For in the constantly balmy Jamaican air, election campaigns are street-corner jamborees, managed from movable platforms and loudspeakers of from LOUD WHINE AND bellow, a

In the weeks since Nomination Day and the run-up to Election Day, the urban middleclass — teachers, lawyers, doctors, clerks and tradesmen adherents of Norman Washington Manley's Peoples National

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(b)

B R E A K

THE slogan had slammed shockingly into the vitals of the JLP. For the first time in the island's 460 years of colonial settlement, brooms rose to premium value. Household brooms of Lacovia rush, yard-brooms of thicker straw, the sidewalk-pounding imported "bass"

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brooms of the sanitation gangs, long-handled chimney instruments like hatted deacons, brand new ones still aromatic of mountain streams, and the knuckled ancient ones already worked down to the nub. A great gathering of brooms to carry the notion:

Sweep Them Out!

One enterprising entrepreneur produced an elegant 'broom' for lapels, a little item which suited Party Leader Manley, with his compulsive boutonniere.

Brooms appeared in improbable places. Fishermen stepped them to the masts of their boats. Automobiles had them rampant on hoods. Even that bastion of travel respectability, the railway engine, was hustled into carrying the message: geared as they were to penetrate the heartlands hardly reached by the Party orators, the sight of crossed brooms on the cab-front of the 10.45 a.m. to Montego Bay was of more value than a dozen speeches. It became a festival of straw. Straw? A material strangely related to the Social Welfare revolution he had led before his entry into politics.

•

By nightfall [redacted] when the counting of votes commenced, old election heads among the PNP were cautiously talking of victory. But the steady losings in the 16 years since the revolts of 1938 had organised into political resolves, still gave them worry. At PNP headquarters that evening, upstairs Magnol House,

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7-B

in midtown Kingston,
12a Slipe Road, /the Party faithfuls gathered for the vigil. Some were sombre. Twice in previous years, the vigil had turned into agony. Now they were daring to hope.

Norman and Edna Manley sat among supporters on the small raised dais at the northern end of the room. He was showing little sign of the bone-tiring campaign just ended, smiling in easy repose, that air of quiet-in-commotion he had made his own. A big Phillips receiver somebody had set up, boomed the count as it was received at the radio station. The room was rumpled and overheated; boiling with loud talk of relief and HOPEFUL cheer, [redacted]

[It was a hard won elation. The campaign had been long and roughly fought. They had, to the dismay of their opponents, done well in the country. And if it had been satisfying in the rurals, it had been downright spectacular in the city. Large, responsive audiences surging on the candidates, singing the song of raillery at Bustamante

GONE TO GROUND
[redacted] in his Clarendon constituency, Where is the Leader?, the labourites cry. Busta WAS NOT ABOUT [redacted] to venture forth. For C.B.Murray, an inspired PNP choice, native born to the constituency, had run a bone-in-the-throat campaign that did what the PNP hoped: it pinned down the JLP chief.

the MOCKERY
They had sung [redacted] with a strut and swagger that sent home the big aftermeeting crowds swinging in a triumph they could already feel. In a turgid, emotional, epochal support for the man who would do the impossible: dislodge the living legend of Bustamante

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who had once seemed immovable. But now, [redacted] it was done. They could feel it. Manley had won his election. By, among the issues and artifices, a symbol; a bloomin' broom.

COLON

The 1952 purge of the Four H's (the Hill brothers, Ken and Frank, Richard Hart and Arthur Henry), had undoubtedly wiped the Red smear laid on the PNP by the Bustamante propaganda. It had made them acceptable to the fearful undecided. The Commies would not come. Farmers' cows could [redacted] and priests would lose neither flock nor frock. Having lost the support of the Trade Union Congress (TUC, the PNP labour arm which went into exile with the purged Four), the Party had quickly formed a new union, the National Workers' Union (NWU). The strategy triumphed as the NWU, in a furious burst of energy and [redacted] skill from [redacted] the experienced Noel Nethersole, Thossy Kelly and Secretary F.A.Glasspole, who had stayed with the Party, drove a wedge into the sugar workers' ranks of [redacted] BITU and (with a young trade unionist named Michael Manley at its front edge) won the bauxite workers to the fold. And so on this incredible day, the count would show that the hitherto "middle-class" Party had dug into the grassroots and claimed a 51% of the popular vote (to the JLP's 39%) and taken 18 of the 32 seats to the JLP's 14.

CAPITALISTS WOULD NOT BE HANGED FROM THE LAMP-POSTS.

COLD TUC HANDS

the BUSTAMANTE = INDUSTRIAL TRADE = UNION

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Towards the end of the campaign, the general speculation had been that both parties were close in probable wins. The PNP had its issues, but it sorely needed some magic to tilt the balance in its favour. The Party was hurting for more exposure on the streets, so often denied them by Busta's strongarm squads. They needed a little more plume to attract the fence-sitting voters before polling day. And then brooms came out in a psychological cavalry charge and the battle was turned.

Suddenly, there was plume. The

And a great strength was released into the PNP campaign. New energy flooded in, and new certainty, more bravery in the voices that spoke up for the Party in the middle of hostile territory; clearer malice in the voices singing the sly Where is the leader?, a fuller throated roaring of Manley's own There were ninety-and-nine at the corner street meetings as he appeared on the fringe of the crowd and strode forward into the platform lights, one lean brown fist upward and clenched in the Party's symbolic avowal to stay the course.

A rush was released in the final days, a battering ram of words, and brooms; and a hunger raw for the seat of power they were sure they could better occupy than Bustamante.

Who was not so good, since he had dawdled a decade, they said. And mismanaged and ruled corruptly, they said. And was old at 71, so they said.

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the rhythm mounted in the last weeks and broke into the incredible day.



When the day waned and the polls closed, there was a lull and the streets went slack as the tired troopers, weary with bringing out the votes, [redacted] hawk-eyeing the polling booths for enemy skullduggery, [redacted] yelling the battle slogans, gathered at the counting places, waiting for the scriveners [redacted] to say who had won.

The leaders gathered at, [redacted] Magnol House. [redacted]

All [redacted] were all old hands at waiting. [redacted] But this year was a good year, they felt. A day like this required a good end. And as the counting continued and the totals slotted, slowly theyknew it would be. Increasingly came the familiar names from the excited radio announcer: [redacted] Glasspole in East Kingston, Wills O. Isaacs in Central Kingston, N.N.Nethersole in [redacted] Central St.Andrew. From the foothills of St Andrew, the word came down : N.W.Manley was in.

There were 32 seats for the House. They counted heads. They [redacted] counted to ten. Eleven. Fourteen. The projections were worked out. The PNP would win not less than 18 or 19. And when those inside Magnol House listened to the streets outside, they knew that the streets had counted heads too. For all hell broke loose out there. [redacted]

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All the eyes in Magnol House turned to him. He held their gaze and a curious silence slipped into the room. He spoke to those nearest to him and rose, laughing gently as he broke the spell. For he was not a spellbinder. He was a cool and rational man who had an awesome capacity for work and thought; and an integrity strong and unshakable as the mountains surrounding Guanaboa. The vale he grew up in. It was a long road he had come from, Guanaboa Vale.

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PART 2

GUANABOA

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GUANABOA

As in other seasons, it was a good year for a few, an average one for most. They were closing out a century that had tilted the colony from an economy supported by slavery, into a society in which skill and sweat could be converted into gain; not much gain for the lower layer, i.e., the ex-slaves and descendants, but better than their ancestors had known. The year was 1893.

Politically, they were in a half-way house. They were working at a Crown Colony salted with democracy in its nine elected members whose rhetorical flow broke harmlessly against the final powers of His Excellency the Governor.

The Governor was appointed by England.

And, in any case, few islanders had the vote.

The island's 700,000 people lived under a government chosen by just six percent of their peers. Usually the white, and certainly the richest, peers.

The money economy seemed fetching, until you looked closer, and then it lost its innocence. You could buy new potatoes at two cents a pound in any city market. Butter from Hanover (homemade, creamy) cost 25 cents a pound. All this seemed easy walking, except that the

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walkers had no legs. A farm worker would have [redacted] to work a week to buy a pound of butter. A cut-rate Sunday suit off Nathan & Company's peg was a backbreaker: he must uproot 500 hardwood stumps, or weed six acres of grass.

Socially, the government he had no hand in selecting, had no anxiety to please him. For example, the primary purpose of the 25-year-old Lands Department was not, as today, to settle the landless, but to eject black peasants from the highlands, the area most "suited to the labour of white men in the open air," as one newspaper writer wrote.

But if the wealthy straddled the ridges, the boldest among the poor were coming out and filling the roads. True, the urban Anglicans, the "nob's church", were Established, of the political hierarchy; but the old rural "slave church" of the Moravians was also moving to town. Increasingly, each year, a rising class of small artisans had been knocking for notice. Cobblers were lobbying for closing the door to the flow of India-rubber footwear. Carpenters were assailing the McKinly Act which put a tariff on timber while letting in tax-free prefabs. And tailors were demonstrating for a cut-back in [redacted] off-the-peg readymades.

Even more far-reaching, taking their cue from an English enactment which made masters and servants equal before the law,

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one Jamaican newspaper was asking, in a carefully small voice, whether a way could be found to "give workers more rights."

That year 1893 was a good year for purveyors. Henderson & Company's elegant leather carriages (of "mail coach axles and steel tyres") were going well. At Louis B. Winkler's Music Store located at No. 18 King Street, Mrs. Corinaldi was successfully plugging her latest schmaltz, La Premiere Pensee to a downtown flow of uptown ladies accoutred in French sateens and shot surah silks. A steamboat named Britannia docked with a full load of determined American tourists who rode in horsedrawn hackneys through the corduroy road to Bog Walk Gorge and lunched at the Rio Cobre hotel in an historical inauguration of that lucrative sub-tribe of the tourist industry, the one-day tripper off the cruise ships. In spite of an uneasily RISING [redacted] frequency of bankruptcies and a certain graveyard humour which made the Theatre Royal on North Parade open its season with the farce "Ready Money" there was plenty of cash in circulation, made up of Mexican and Spanish doubloons, U.S. double eagles and British golden sovereigns.

NO BREAK

1893 was also an election year and the head-rolling season opened early. [redacted] The St.Catherine parochial board

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WAS

WAS being dissolved "for persistent default in their duties." The voters, all six percent of them, were being urged by the five daily newspapers in the country, to BE SURE TO show up on polling day, and to oust, as one Editor wrenchingly put it, the "meddling, muddling, tinkering, tentative legislature of the last eight years." As the times were not particularly for reticence, so were the entrepreneurs not for honesty: shopkeepers who slipped "hickory in coffee, sand in sugar and stones in currants," were being crushingly exposed in the Press.

No Break

1893 was also a year of high fettle for the lively islanders of all races. Under the "Big Tree" on South Parade, Kingston, black youths were single-sticking their Turnbull & Company's "pimentos" with bone-cracking skill. Highbooted white boys were brawling with the Mandeville Town constables in Mr.Palache's lunch room. Fighting Chinese dicemen WERE TUMBLING out of Barry Street's Chinatown PARLOURS into the police Black Maria. In the Hussein festivals of Vere, Savanna-la-mar and St.Mary, East Indian factions locked in BLOODY battles for the passage of their celebratory shrines.

Cops

Yet, lively or not, it took some luck to survive if you were born in the 1890s. These were lethal years for babies. STAYING

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[redacted] alive past childhood was a statistical coup.

Some of the [redacted] samples numb.

Almost any month, fatalities ran to just about half the births. The determined helplessness of the period, today, savages the mind. FOR EXAMPLE, ONCE [redacted], upon the approach of a cholera epidemic, one community leader could offer no stronger hope than to exhort all "like brave men and brave women, be prepared for the worst."*

*The English governor of the period, Sir Henry Blake, of stouter stuff, took hope, because, unlike the outbreak of 40 years before, the streets of Kingston were "no longer being paved with horse manure."

The time was also brutal to children. FOR [redacted] even if your infant durability proved enough to take you past the fifty-fifty fatality curve, there were other hazards; SUCH AS [redacted] the fury of the law courts which could send a nine-year-old girl to the reformatory for seven years for stealing three halfpennies; just over one cent.

In fact, 1893 was like any other year in that age of our past — funny, harsh, good, bad; heatwave and all.

reset

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Chapter

CHAPTER ONE

The heatwave had blanketed the lowlands but hung lightly in the high country around Mandeville. Tuesday, July 4, the American Independence Day, was not legally observed in Jamaica; but the gross of shipping between this island and the United States provided for Jamaica to be served by no less than eleven American consulates in the port towns of Kingston, [redacted] Black River, Falmouth, Milk River, Montego Bay, Old Harbour, Port Antonio, Port Maria, Port Morant, St Ann's Bay, Savlamar. That morning, all shipping in Jamaican ports [redacted] "dressed ship" / war vessels and fired cannon salutes.

And late that evening, on a property near Mandeville, called Roxburgh, a son was born to Samuel and Margaret Manley. They named him Norman. And naturally, to an Americanophile as Samuel, for being born on July 4, a day that uniquely belonged to one American, they added [redacted] Washington.

End of Chap. One

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CHAPTER TWO

Chapter

Roxburgh is some four miles up a slow, rocky ascent from the quaint roadside village of Royal Flat, near [redacted] Williamsfield. The road works its way up past some rolling pastureland and stone-walls which are a feature of the parish, Manchester. The air is exceptionally clear, with long

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more

views over the tableland. At Jones Depot, a narrow parish road leads off to the right, to Roxburgh gate. The house is some 500 yards in from the gate, raised above a cellar, and is mildly well-to-do. It is surrounded by pimento barbecues. It sports that symbol of the above average Manchester farmer, large water tanks for domestic and pasture use. The house was owned by N.W.Manley's father, T.A.S.Manley.

Thomas Albert Samuel Manley was born in Porus, the son of an English commercial traveller whose beat of Black River, through Porus to Kingston, resulted in sons in the three places and a daughter in St.Elizabeth. The Porus son of the amorous salesman was T.A.S. Manley who became a produce dealer and married Margaret Shearer, the village post mistress, and bought Roxburgh.

Margaret Shearer was a daughter of Alexander Shearer, the Irish potato farmer who fled a famine to Jamaica and settled in Hanover. He married the widow of a Jamaican named Clarke, who lived in Hanover. She had been left with a large family, the eldest a boy named Alexander. Shearer sired four daughters and a son. The remarkable Clarke/Shearer progeny was to include among them, three of the national leaders into the third decade of the new Jamaican nation: Alexander (Clarke) Bustamante, N.W.Manley, and Michael Manley. N.W. Manley's wife, Edna, is the daughter of Ellie, who was one of Alexander Shearer's daughters. Alexander Shearer was not rich but he was white. His daughter, Margaret, lost some status when

See Edna Manley p. 92 for black blood

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she married the dark-skinned T.A.S.Manley. "She lost nearly all her friends when she married a negro," her [redacted] son, Norman, has said.

[redacted]

By all accounts, T.A.S.M. was a successful produce dealer. He kept an office in Porus to which he commuted. He was an aggressive young businessman, unusually farsighted for his day. He became a pioneer in citrus export and was known to gamble on a one-man lease of a ship to move his fruit to America. Sometimes he lost. Hot suns and calm seas SPOILT [redacted] the unrefrigerated voyages of the schooner-rigged. He was a man of great personal charm and hospitality. The house at Roxburgh was on occasions overnight host to American importers on trade missions for fruits and spices. But he had a drawback. The father of the man who would become the most famous lawyer of the land, had a fatal love for litigation. Just before his death (NORMAN WAS SIX YEARS OLD), one of his lawsuits took its ruinous course all the way to the London Privy Council before it financially felled him. As a result, and aggravated by a blight which eliminated the pimento on Roxburgh, the fiscal affairs of the family were in [redacted] CONSIDERABLE discomfort when he died. Fortunately for them all, Margaret Shearer Manley was an indomitable woman.

(Capo) BREAK

A while before, when the blight began its rampage through Roxburgh, Thomas Manley had, with his father-in-law, Alexander Shearer, acquired a [redacted] 2,000-ACRE* property at Gunaboa Vale called Belmont. Grandpa Shearer moved from his farm at Blenheim, Hanover

[redacted]

* ONE SOURCE RECALLS IT AS 1,600 ACRES.

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to Belmont to manage the property. At Thomas' death, his widow and the children joined Alexander Shearer at Belmont, WHOM, By then [redacted] was ailing and partially blind.

Margaret Manley was a small woman of tremendous will. She set to work with axe and courage to make Belmont pay. Its logwood groves would raise her family. There were four children: Vera, Muriel, Norman and Roy, born in that order. N.W.Manley was [redacted] SEVEN years old when they moved to Guanaboa.

P.3

Guanaboa Vale is as rich in beauty as it is in history. Many of the 17th and 18th century campaigns by the English against the Maroons,* were mounted from here. An officer-led mutiny which broke out in the Occupation Army at Guanaboa was put down here and the two leaders hanged at Spanish Town. A loop-holed military strongpoint still stands in a small wood across the road from the church. Inside the Vale church, are tombs of officers who landed with Cromwell's forces. On the heights above the Vale, Juan de Bolas waged war at first against the English from the mountains which bear his name, then [redacted] against the Spaniards, to consolidate that part of the country for his black brothers. The Vale is part of a great glade in the west shed of the Rio Cobre. If not riotously fertile, it is fine for pastures on the long, easy slopes, almost always usefully grassed, and for cocoa. And even better for the

*Black slaves who fought their way to freedom in the mountains and engaged the British military in battles for a century until they were granted autonomy, the first self-ruling subjects in the growing (18th century) British Empire.

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two high-spirited Manley boys with its limitless borders for horseback riding, and a near pond for swimming.

The Manley boys were registered at the Guanaboa Vale elementary school. Norman Washington Manley was seven. And on the extra day of that leap year turning the century, February 29, 1900, in the seaside town of Bournemouth, England, was born to a Methodist anchorite clergyman named Harvey Swithenbank and his Jamaican wife, Ellie, nee Shearer, a daughter, in whom the locally famed preacher, mending from pneumonia and generally long ill-health, would see a sign of his own recovery, and, with some thanksgiving, allot to his fifth child, the Hebrew name of rejuvenation, Edna.

CHAPTER THREE

The Belmont house was a modestly large five-bedroom bungalow of deep verandahs and commanding views. N.W.Manley, in later years, was to call it a ruinate property; but certainly the old place, cultivated since Spanish times, had paying stands of logwood, pastures, some cattle, cocoa and a fair tenancy. The family (and Grandpa Shearer) managed a living far from inconsequential: a buggy, a dogcart, riding horses, church pews, servants, and later, boarding schools. And after all, they could afford Cousin Alec Clarke, [redacted], hired for a year as Junior Overseer.* Indeed, there came the time that bills for Margaret's maternal ambitions for her brood mounted too rapidly for her income. Then, like generations of Jamaicans before

*Busta achieved local fame as a breaker of wild horses and in-house respect as a fine draughts-player where no doubt he whipped his little first-cousin who was only half his age.

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and since, she took the migrants' route to America, accompanied by her sister, Elizabeth, leaving the children with her aunt, Mrs. Shrimpton, widow of a Methodist minister, who lived in the Kingston suburb of Rae Town.*

*Dr.Muriel Manley tells the story of Aunt Shrimpton going to Blenheim, Hanover, to collect her small nephew to live with her in Kingston, but returned with her niece, his sister, Maud, instead, after he refused to leave the old homestead, clutching at the gateposts and bawling until he turned blue. It seems as if nephew, Alexander Bustamante, would only move to Kingston when he could run the place.

Her plan was to send for the children to live in America. But the American dream soon faded. Her job in Washington as a postal clerk could neither support her family nor keep them out of the ghetto where their colour would settle them. She and Elizabeth sailed for home.

Meanwhile, after a short stay at Wolmer's Girls' School, Vera and Muriel, the two eldest of the Manley children, had been transferred to the boarding school at Hampton, an academy then expensively reserved for daughters of the gentry. Norman remained at Wolmer's Boys' for a year, until he was ten, and then was pulled back closer home to a "parish" high school, Beckford & Smith's, in Spanish Town. Boarded with the headmaster, he rode on horseback the twenty miles to and from school each Monday and Friday, mostly at a gallop so furious it brought many warnings from the local law enforcers. He finally entered his third secondary school, on a half scholarship, when, with his brother Roy, he was enrolled at Jamaica College in because of a drop in the family fortunes, to the free Guanaboa Vale elementary. After a year, and a lift in the farm's earnings, he was sent to the less expensive

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St Andrew. There he would make marks in scholarship and athletics unrivalled in the total by any of his countrymen before or since.

*

Belmont was a property to gladden a 12-year-old boy's heart; two large ponds proferred fishing and swimming through the long school vacation summers; birds flocked the great glades with its acres of guava trees, yielding shoots of baldpates, pigeons, ducks; miles of riding trails twisted up and away into the Juan de Bolas mountains. The two boys roamed Guanaboa Vale, inflicting their pranks upon the indulgent countryside: Roy, the younger, impulsive, outgoing, an explosion of laughter; Norman, lean, hard-riding, the high priest of jinks.

The countryside was lenient to their fun. These were the good years for the new brown aristocracy, themselves remotely controlled by the ascendant whites at a carefully encouraged level of arrogance to be the ruling divisives among the non-white masses. The two boys could have turned rogue, as did, traditionally, the descendant encounters of white master and black female fieldhand, lively, highbooted and spurred, above the populace. Conversely, given that at this season in the society, Quality was a state denied those of the Manleys tribal persuasions, they could have become genteel fallow. That neither became the case, had its reasons in the work-laws laid down by Margaret Manley, that small woman whose cadenced strength held her children <u>even</u>. Widow Manley's Belmont

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dictum declared that labour, and only labour, brought rewards. She herself handled the property, some cattle, logwood and the postal agency (kept in a room of the house); her resourcefulness had acquired for Belmont, [redacted] with equal proficiency.

Everybody worked at Belmont, the girls at whatever was going for young ladies of the times, the boys at chopping wood and cleaning pastures. "We grew up to neither gifts nor pocket-money," N.W.Manley has observed. "We made our wages."

At home from Jamaica College in the summer, and occasional weekends, he honed his skill at the axe until he could make his wages, and better. He could challenge and beat most of the Belmont professionals on the property's logwood stands. "I WAS TOUGH AS HELL." And even into his sixties, before the heart attack, he was still handling the 3-foot splitting axe with absolute ease. At Belmont, in his teens, that skill bought him the guns and saddles for the sports he favoured.*

*At Jamaica College he led his team to win the Perkins Shield for shooting. The Shield is Jamaica's oldest interscholastic trophy. He went to JC from 1906 to 1912.

Margaret Manley died when N.W. was sixteen, but the spiritual energy which had welded this volatile and highly talented family into a unit at Guanaboa Vale, still held. She had worked hard and passionately to give them a good education.** (HERE TAKE UP PT. BACK) "one great fixed determination in life," Manley has said. "She made all our clothes, made jellies when guavas were in, kept a small chicken farm, a few cattle, a little copra. Singlehandedly she managed

** She died in 1909 at 44 years old.

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all these things. When night came, she disappeared to her own room to write letters to her few remaining friends, nearly all of whom had deserted her when she married a near black man. When not writing, she was a wide and voracious reader."

It would appear, too, that Thomas Manley's nicely developed discernment for precedents, which had made him, a produce buyer, from inland Porus, into a charterer of blue water ships for his exports, was not lost in his children.

When Vera won a music scholarship to Britain, and with Norman going after the Rhodes, it seemed an appropriate time for a wholesale migration to Britain. N.W.M's plan to apply for the Rhodes Scholarship meant he would stay a while longer in the island, but, by August 1911, Muriel was at King's College, London, and Roy was attending a public school at Felstead, Kent.

TAKE IN PARAGRAPH FROM Page 24

So far, the luck had mostly broken good for Norman Manley. He had been a fine scholar and athlete at Jamaica College. His ten seconds for the 100 yards dash in the vintage year of 1911 was to remain unbroken for 41 years (although it would be equalled by a few including his son, Douglas). In track, field and team games, his prodigious performances made him the all-time unsurpassed in college athletics. But in the two years while he waited in Jamaica to be called by the Rhodes Committee, and, perhaps, be awarded the coveted blue riband of scholarship, his luck ran out.

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TAKE IN THIS PARA AT P.23

Take IN at P.23

It was to an extent typical of the later man that NW's instincts led him into teaching, and to teach all through the three levels of the island system: primary (at Titchfield), secondary (at Jamaica College) and agricultural (at Hope Farm School) The knowledge and insight gathered through his gift for detail and concept, cultivated an authority in agriculture and general education that strengthened his political career. He had grown into a thoughtful, quiet, young man with a passion for reading and music and horseracing.

Opened 26/12/05 Gleaner 20/12/55

1st Race course bought in 1808; Raced until? See Gleaner 10/6/56

His luck cracked one Saturday afternoon after the races at old Knutsford Park, now the site of New Kingston. He was at the track with his close friend, Leslie Clerk. Clerk avers that he seemed to be in good health, fluttering gamely, although his horses ran slowly. "But that was characteristic of him," says Leslie Clerk. "He did everything fullblooded, win or lose. We left Knutsford together after the last race. Next morning he was dying."

The Manley bout with typhoid was phenomenal. His well-slung athlete's frame thinned to gaunt bone and knuckles. He was too tough to die, but it was close. They took him to the Nuttall "hostel", a hospital in lower East Street, where they fought the fever for three weeks. He had made plans to travel to the United States (with Clerk) and then go on to Oxford, for, by that time, he had been awarded the Rhodes. But these plans had to be aborted while he mended at the Hope residence of his friends, the Josephs.*

*One of the Josephs, Sir Hector, was later [redacted] attorney General of Jamaica.

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He finally sailed for England in 1914. He entered Oxford.

The illness had a crucial effect upon his university career. He would have undoubtedly dealt definitively with the record books. That he never made a Blue in his years at Oxford was due to the post effects of his illness. However, in his second year, there were more important matters for his attention. The war broke out. He enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery and was committed to the Somme.

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CHAPTER ~~TWO~~ FOUR

So now, that year, 1914, the Manleys were together again, Vera and Muriel in their London flats, Roy, a public school boy, and Norman (temporarily) at Jesus College, Oxford. Not quite Guanaboa Vale, it was true, but neither essentially alien, since, in bone and breeding, there was a good deal of England in the four. Moreover, not unlike the Rae Town aunt, there was another aunt in County Cornwall, with a brood of nine energetic first cousins. Aunt Ellie Swithenbank, sister of Margaret Manley, lived in a house on large grounds with her husband, the Reverend Harvey Swithenbank, a Methodist minister. [redacted] Cornwall manse [redacted] was home for the [redacted] Manleys, and to it they turned in their holidays.

The summer was good that 1914 for the Manley brothers. True, one could not gallop across to Lloyds, or walk the hills of St. Faith-Macca Tree, climb to Point Hill or fish the ponds at Belmont. [redacted] money left over for spree-[redacted]ing, since, on £350 a year, the value of the Rhodes, it was hard enough to keep up with the cost of those monogrammed cigarettes which the young [redacted] about-[redacted] town, down from Oxford, affected. But there were long golden days in Cornwall, and good conversations and vigorous rambles, led, sometimes, by a leggy girl cousin named Edna Swithenbank.

Pranks were not so easily executed as at Guanaboa Vale.

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Englishmen, even when disguised as Cornishmen, were wretchedly uneasy at any inroads into their privacy. What was even more shaking to the pair of Anglo-Jamaican youths was that they were, in spite of blood, upbringing and outlook, alien corn. It, of course, brought them even closer. Intelligent, high-spirited and proud, they accepted certain truths that were emerging and settled into as full a life as the circumstances allowed. And this meant that for the two, living was not without incidents; occasions in which there was a flashing return to the funny, engaging whimsy that pervades an N.W.Manley caper. Such as the day, when, footloose in London, they entered an auction room, and, in an excess of good manners, each time the auctioneer nodded in their direction, politely nodded back. They naturally ended up owning the [redacted] ITEM, a great load of cheap alarm clocks.

Shaken, but functioning, they hired a barrow, waited for the end of the short London day, and, quietly as possible, trundled the barrow along the Embankment and dumped the lot in the Thames.

- BREAK -

But summer ended and with it came the guns of August.

- BREAK -

N.W.Manley had turned 21. He and his brother enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery and were soon in France. Roy was killed in action in a way marked for him by his character. He left his dug-out during a heavy shelling to rescue a fallen comrade. His loss was a tragic irony in that, by the time he was hit, the wounded soldier he bore on his back had been dead for some time. The futility of the sacrifice was to haunt [redacted] HIS BROTHER.

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FOOTNOTE

*But here, in England, those old bones were [redacted] truly [redacted] whacking.

Norman Manley would emerge from his soldiering in an English [redacted] regiment with no visible racial scars but with a [redacted] gut awareness that SKIN-colour was a factor. He had a sinewy intellect, equal to the urgencies of his will. And so, although previously he had allowed [redacted] it unheeded, at least in silence, he HAD CAUGHT THE SOUNDS OF [redacted] ethnic skeletons rattling in the family closet during his growing-up in Jamaica.* The descent of the darkskinned Manleys on Cornwall had collided, however gently, glancingly, with the life Ellie Swithenbank had made for herself; however harmless, it was [redacted] a contrivance; described by our hard pressed black American cousins as "passing".** There [redacted] is no doubt the evidence was [redacted] lodged

**A survival ploy employed by Bustamante when he lived in the U.S.A., as reported by [redacted] Cousin Norman.

in the young Manley's awareness. A few years later, before they were wed, he was to question the wisdom of "men in my position" having children. Not so Edna. Furiously she wrote him: "I don't want (my child) to be white. I want him to have your own beautiful brown skin ..." And to prove she was not waffling on the resolve, she made it public a dozen years later in an English newspaper, shattering the English Swithenbanks by parading her own part-African ancestry.

"Edna Manley" P.71 & 92

But more particularly at this time in his life, Norman Manley was facing a new reality. He had been ingested into the rough and tumble of the British Army.

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Before G.V.

(O) BREAK

The English enlisted man, specifically the Cockney, was noted neither for tact nor a tender heart. A ruthless phrase-smith of quick dexterity, to him, the "darkie" in his ranks was a Godsend. All his life Manley had been a leader of the pack, a fine academic who could also run and jump and shoot; already "even then a National Hero," as Sir John Carberry, a retired Chief Justice of Jamaica and an early professional colleague, once asserted. The sudden exposure to the raw power of the English peasant-on-horseback must have assaulted his ego.

The Tommies in his Company lost no time in deciding who would be the Company's foil: "Darkie", the black fellow from the Colonies. But soon what had seemed a perfectly good go, was stumbling on the cobbles. It happened that "Darkie" was not only much better educated than any in the ranks, but possessed a wickeder tongue, could out-shoot, out-ride, out-box and out-run the best of them; and was an incomparable axe-wielder at clearing a forest for artillery. Not only that, he was a great deal more handsome, a fact respected by the many pinched specimens from LONDON'S [redacted] East End. Their tribal worship of class, saw in him the "gent", the "guv'nor". So, "Darkie" was changed to "Bill", a solidly English handle. When incoming new replacements to the regiment began the baiting that was as natural to them as spitting, they were swiftly and obscenely put right by old hands in the platoon.

In outlook and insight, Manley's four years of war foxed the

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rules into which his schooling and raising could have locked him. He was for the first TIME committing his whole life [redacted] with [redacted] folk-people ALTHOUGH of a race that [redacted] ONLY HALF-WAY OWNED HIM, the English working-class [redacted]man. At Guanaboa Vale, he had been of the local aristocracy. [redacted] Working in the field did not breach his privilege as the son of the busha. Deference glinted, however briefly, in the downwind toss of sweat by his axemen colleagues. He returned at evening to the [redacted] WELL-BRED affairs AFFECTED [redacted] by the determined Margaret Manley. In the army, [redacted] NOBODY WENT [redacted] home at the end of the day. The shelter of Jesus College, and of the Cornwall manse, [redacted] WAS gone. His comrades were close to his back as shirts ~~—~~ hair-shirts.

"Colour had meant nothing to me in the years before the war, in Jamaica... I was by nature, a rebel, and little affected by what people thought of me." But young Gunner Manley found that what people thought of him could raise hackles where he thought there were none. But "I did not, could not allow it to be an obsession since I was totally without any idea of 'white superiority'. The only superiority I accepted was (that) of 'excellence'. I had an unquenchable belief in 'excellence'." Race HELD [redacted] an implosive which by iron control [redacted] WAS diffused into dialectic.

The value of 'excellence' was not of course lost on his brother, Roy, who did everything not only well, but with great enthusiasm. However, Roy, having [redacted] endured the public school system FOR TWO YEARS, was [redacted]

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[redacted] aware that [redacted] ever [redacted] the English wainscot. Strong and hot tempered, Roy was already expert at [redacted] by tongue-lash or fist. They had [redacted] together [redacted] a mounted battery [redacted] from [redacted] East Deptford [redacted] in East London, [redacted] raffishly tough lower class. The Manley boys would have lasted a while [redacted] in the battery, had not Norman's natural excellence [redacted] him a promotion. He was made a Bombadier which placed him among the non-commissioned officers. He believed [redacted] the Cockney's unaquaintance with horses, "and anyway, I was a University man." Although he wore only a single stripe, the lowliest on the non-com ladder, he had [redacted] straight into trouble.

"I really never knew for sure just what the men thought. I am sure they resented in a cynical way having a 'darkie' given special authority. But I was very popular and I think they just made the best of it. Not so my fellow non-commissioned officers. Without exception, from sergeant-major, through sergeants and corporals, I became intensely disliked. They disliked a situation in which a coloured man shared their special rights and privileges and they showed it in every possible way. For two months or so, I suffered a virtual persecution. I was not then a patient person, and I treated them all with every mark of contempt, imitating superiority. Something had to snap."

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What snapped was their honesty. They shook together a few falsehoods and laid charges against Bombadier Manley. At the preliminary hearing before the Company Captain, N.W. confronted his sergeant and sergeant-major. The 22-year-old future King's Counsel had never been in a courtroom. He was given permission to cross-examine — and suddenly, it was all there.

"I asked a few simple questions," he recalls this EARLY rummaging [redacted] among the tools of his profession.

Simple they may have been, but [redacted] crushing. His captain, in the army tradition of [redacted] GUILTY-IF-CHARGED-BY-A-SUPERIOR, ~~superior~~, advised he was in for a Court Martial; but did he have a "suggestion"? He looked hard at Manley. Any soldier worth his BELT-BUCKLE [redacted] knew that veracity WENT with rank. Manley WAS adroit. HE caught the HINT. YES, HE had a suggestion. He would give up his Bombadier's stripe on the understanding that he and his brother be transferred to another artillery battery and "the whole case could be disposed of in this simple way." Reflectively, he adds that THE CAPTAIN "seemed very pleased." Faces were saved all around and [redacted] smiles OF [redacted] APPEARED APPEASEMENT *

FOOTNOTE

* When he became a political leader at home in the 1940's, the possibility of linking his wartime experiences to [redacted] AN anti-white attitude, [redacted] WAS NEVER [redacted] OVERLOOKED by English journalists WHO interviewed [redacted] him. [redacted] He steadily denied THE [redacted] posture, but never disowned the experience. He has never in public life displayed any racial wounds or trauma.

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[redacted]

Once [redacted] after the initial skirmishes with his new comrades, he settled easily as a private in the new battery. Before the war was much older, he had become the Company guru, writing their letters, addressing their problems, supplying a foot-locker contact with [redacted] educated world most of his East London comrades knew only to exist. He was offered a field commission, to [redacted] full officer class this time; [redacted] he refused because he would not [redacted] "leave (his) companions." Although he has stated that "all good advocates are egotists," a proposition he unrepentantly fills, [redacted] he was often a shy man, if partial to his own ways, and has never been [redacted] dismantled [redacted] situations as was manifestly proven in his later political life.

Manley's war was fought in the 1914-18 classic theatres at Ypres and the Somme. [redacted]. It was bloody and dangerous and he fought bravely and professionally. But because of [redacted] who he was, he, in the madness of mud and butchery, made himself a delegate of the [redacted] more lasting values by singing snatches of Madame Butterfly as he liberated bottles of Veuve Clicquot, 1905, in French towns liberated from the Boche.

He spoke, in his later years, infrequently, of combat. Yet he knew the misery, bitterness and continuous peril of trench warfare in all its ugliness. For three years. He entered France at the beginning of 1916 and came out in the spring of 1919. His first

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unit was a mounted ammunition supply company. Then he became a map-reading scout, locating each battery as they moved about. [redacted] The army was on the slow mount to the explosion that was to be the long drawn frightfulness of the Somme. "Map-reading was for me an easy exercise so I was given that special task."

He liked the task. It was flat farm country, [redacted] to the [redacted] by the owners, and roaming was not much unlike Guanaboa, except for the occasional howitzer and other cannon fire that could tear your head off merely by passing close. But it was country,"fresh, and with a beauty of its own in the early morning, or late when twilight fell." [redacted] recalls his luck at being almost lost for four days searching for the batteries, "a good four days" on his own, with [redacted] horse and rifle. That sort of happiness was not, of course, for this world. There were sergeants in every army. And the Manley impishness in bare-facing a sergeant with a ridiculous story of a strong young soldier, unwounded, fainting in the saddle and waking to find horse and rifle gone, and taking another day to look for them, led to his transfer from the supply unit to a brigade of guns, a move requested by Bombadier Manley to get rid of Sergeant's heat. "In spiteful folly, he had charged me with insubordination after I showed him my rifle next day," states the [redacted] ex-non com.

He lost his corporal's rank, became again a gunner, and joined D Battery of the 39th Division. He became the [redacted] gun layer

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in the WEST, OR MAYBE THE battery, fast and accurate with the complex machinery that puts a modern cannon on target. He went up to the first fight for the River Somme, where his brother Roy was wounded. Shipped to a rear hospital, Roy recovered and in a short time talked his way back to the front. [redacted] He was an able talker. He was returned to the very battery in which his brother was the [redacted] quickest gun layer alive.*

[redacted]* Roy, says N.W., had "a prodigious gift for making friends. I have never in all my long life met anyone who found it so natural and habitual to get in touch with perfect strangers." [redacted] AND BACK in England, a 17-year-old fledgling artist impatiently pushing a pen in a poky Pensions office, would have concurred. Edna had found Roy "strange and attractive," according to Wayne Brown. He was — and more. His sister (Dr) Muriel Manley once observed: "He was a person of the most fantastic charm (but) had a ruthless streak" with women. At a canny twelve years old, Edna had liked, but sexually mistrusted the exotic brown Romeo from Guanaboa. Soon she would find an easier affinity in the older, less ebullient Bombadier.

FOOTNOTE

Both Jamaican soldiers were at the appearing of the most remarkable military hardware since Troy, the army tank. Walking close in its lumbering wake, they discovered how an army could advance further in a single day than in four months of trench and charge. But since the Allies had no plans to exploit its success that year, the Somme bloodletting was yielded another year.

Posted back to Belgium, at Ypres, they stayed six months in uneasy drill for the ~~second~~ THIRD holocaust.** [redacted] N.W.Manley's

** MORE THAN 500,000 MEN WERE KILLED AT YPRES. The COUNTRYSIDE AROUND the town is today one VAST CEMETERY.

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battery was to follow the first wave of the attack. The armour at the Somme was inconceivable; a mass of guns, wheel to wheel, six miles broad. He would be laying his targets from a position just forward of the second line of trenches, digging dugouts for nests of cannons, and a thousand [redacted] shells [redacted] each. The shells, fullsized golgothas of 45 lbs each, were two to a box. You lifted close to a hundred pounds each time you hefted a box to [redacted] shoulders. But you worked fine, lice and mud and all; for the great offensive would roll those guns, anchored at an end on Ypres, over the higher ground and down the plains of Belgium, and win the war. The reckoning was for four to five miles a day. "That was the plan. We stayed put for six weeks after the offensive began."

Many historians have discussed how [redacted] that unholy oblation of a generation of young men came about. [redacted] sombrely [redacted] of the Somme:

"We spent two months preparing gun positions in very dangerous terrain. The Germans knew perfectly well what we were doing and all cross roads were heavily shelled from early morning until the sun was well up. About 30 of us used to leave our camp at about five in the afternoon and walk ten miles (for) the shells. We worked until four in the morning, carrying boxes of shells to where the gun-pits had been prepared. (It meant) 20 miles walking, and seven carrying a heavy load half the time.

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"I will never forget four a.m., on D-day, when all the thousands of guns we had laboriously assembled opened fire at a precisely timed second. (But) the attack was doomed from the start.

"About the first half-mile of enemy held territory was lightly protected but then came a most highly fortified line with enormously strong machine gun emplacements built on the surface, since the land was totally flat and the least rain would make it into a swamp. Well, before dawn, began one of the worst rains I have ever known, for eleven days, almost ceaselessly."

It was there that he lost his brother, Roy, from a fragment of shrapnel that pierced his heart. "We buried him with others the next day, all wrapped in blankets, and placed in a field already established in anticipation of the battle." His full name was Roy Douglas Manley. Norman, sensitive to a childhood difficulty which made the name come out Woy, had calmly, in defiance of family usage, called him Douglas till it stuck.

He would name his first born, Douglas. "I cannot speak of how I felt. We were very good friends and I was to be lonely for the rest of the war, lonely and bitter."

But the war went on. They fought without shelter, in the open, and he fired his gun without break for 46 hours at the rate of a round a minute for the last 12 hours; an agony hardly understood in all its frightening reality; crouched, wet, cold to the

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bone in mud-filled shell holes in an unceasing, mind-bending noise. Half a century later, although he was not clear on whether they stayed in the inferno for six or eight weeks, he could describe the bombardment in a moving recall:

"It has to be imagined to realise how the world can dissolve into one vast sound like a great wave drowning every feeling and every emotion and nothing exists except the continuous unbroken sound broken every minute by the vast roar of (your own) [redacted] gun, and constantly punctuated by the staccato tattoo of dozens of 78-pounders, pounding a practised roll like super machine gun fire but mostly, just sound that you could feel, that enveloped you and bore you up."

The odds were that he would be killed. The slaughter was phenomenal. More than half of his companions were. He came close to it. Once when he was running for shelter from an incoming shell of a velocity only little less than sound: "I knew from the increasing horror of noise (behind me) what I was in for ... and at the last split second, dived for the ground. I felt the shake of the air but just before that, heard the shout from a runner behind me: 'Bill's gone! They've got him!'" But Bill was not gone [redacted] further than the bottom of a crater dug for him by an earlier shell. Another time, on guard duty, he detected a gas attack and crept from his lean-to to shake his

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platoon awake. When he returned the lean-to was riddled with shell fragments.

"As a battle, it was the great failure of the war," he says of the Somme. "It cost the British 750,000 men killed and wounded, the cream of the men who volunteered before conscription was introduced."

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CHAPTER ~~THREE~~ FIVE

He had fought a bitter war of dull, nagging danger, laying and firing huge guns, sleeping in and galloping through French mud of such tenacious quality that, to some, it is the most endurable memory of the war. In four years, he had written no friends, seen Edna only once, at Neasden, then, in his words, "a most exciting young girl of seventeen." She was suffering in the civil service and fighting off interferences with her own chosen destiny. She was nearing graduation at the St.Martin School of Art and being persuaded to join the teaching staff at a secondary school as an art teacher, a plan she was vehemently opposing. In a kind of laconic accolade to her courage, N.W. says of that period, "In the end, she left home, endured great hardships, but had her way about teaching and art."* Twenty-four years later in another country, she would give a poignant account of a small Jamaican boy in whom she saw a reflection:

FOOTNOTE:

> I have a little pupil twelve years old, an elementary schoolboy and he only wants to carve. He hates painting. His hammer goes like mine.
>
> I went in to see him work, about two o'clock (October 28, in 1941) and to tell him to go home. He was so intent, he didn't notice me. He went on banging away and the chips flying. I put my hand on his shoulder and I said, "Look here, Ferdinand Escoffrey, you have got to go home."
>
> His eyes went so dark, and his hands dropped quite still; the afternoon sunshine seemed to glow for a second and I felt such a feeling of kinship, it just swept over me from head to foot. I knew his urgency so well. I knew the fatality of

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stopping - so finally.

He climbed down and we walked together to the gate. "Goodbye, Ferdinand, until next Saturday."

"Yes, ma'am. Next week I finish him."

O, Ferdinand, Ferdinand, you're so little and your feet are so big and bare. And your eyes, why did they go so dark? And now the sunshine isn't the same again.

It looks shabby without you.

The war was nearing its end and he returned to the quiet of England from the fury in France, in 1918, to take a special heavy artillery course. He was coldly sick of the war. His unit had become attached to an Australian division in which the old explosive of race and colour held less heat; yet, he had brushed with the idea of seeking a Commission in his own West India Regiment, long since engaged in all the theatres.* It could have been another sign of a man weary of conflict, yet it raised a question.

*He was to withdraw the application after a court-martial as the ringleader of a protest against leave infringements.

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QUESTION: Why was he content to serve in the ranks of an English regiment, an unpretentious, unprestigious, non-Guard, non-Brigade, non-famous flotsam outfit, but had thoughts of a commission in his own West India Regiment? One of the answers COULD BE THAT HE was a product of his Colonial time. Englishmen, even if quashies, qualified for Quality. It was a homily that had been steadily hammered home for three hundred years. His fine spirit, had, of course, rebelled. He turned arrogant and treated them with "contempt". But he was tilting with adepts. The implant was deep. His intellect saw it going in and raged as it sometimes despaired. It would, and evidence proposes, soon push him over the brink into a nervous breakdown. It would take him years to face it; perhaps never to extirpate it. Not altogether, until it broke down in his progeny. But he would never become one of the anxious men casting no shadow at noon. Dreaming ramshackle dreams in the long night's journey from the Coast to the Caribbean. He would wall it firmly in, by mind and reason, and be able to relate, at 45, to an audience at the forming of his Party, the story of the indiscreet Englishman, who, on Home Leave from his magistracy in Jamaica, blurted in a speech that the Empire could only stand upon the "carefully nurtured" feeling of inadequacy among the natives. It was, conceivably, a component in the extraordinary success with which he urbanely destroyed the Empire in his part of the world. (His sister, Vera, was even worse afflicted. "You can't be friendly with [Jamaican servants] like you can the

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English ones.") Generally, the character of the Colonial mulatto of the time straddled two behaviours: timid or tumid, mewing or bellowing as a feverishly active protective covering dictated. But now he was thinking of his future. He was 24, battered by war, his brother killed (at 21), his education unfinished, and with racial experiences ugly enough to signal the impracticability of living in England. So he carefully worried out a rationale by which he could "with due self-respect say yes" to the offer for re-training in England — fully aware that the war would probably end before the course was over. He was in England at the Armistice, November 1918.

He had prudently registered for Gray's Inn the previous year, 1917. It was fortunate that he had, in that sense, destroyed his bridges, for he was being now assailed by fears of his ability to be a barrister. It was not, he thought, even a "sensible" or useful profession; chicken-breeding was better. It astounds that N.W.Manley was once severely afraid to talk in public, even in as mannered an arena as the courtroom. Thin, intense, tough as a cowskin whip, wartime training had restored the stamina that typhoid had reduced (although his fine athletic edge was irretrievably lost, at Oxford he won the long jump 20' 1", and the 120 yards hurdles) but he was wound up tight as a drum.

His sisters, Vera and Muriel, were fairly established along their careers in music and medicine. He would be stepping out of four war years, of open air life with little reading save the

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King James Version, Samuel Butler's Notebook and Browning's Ring and The Book; volumes thoughtfully packed for him by his sisters to take to war. "To think of a life to be spent in talk and study, seemed a denial of self. Besides, how did I know I could talk - or learn to talk?"

But a stern look at his finances seemed to have restored the inherited Guanaboa resolve; even if there were few openings for axe-men in England. (His brother, Roy, faced with a similar dilemma before the war, after he left public school, had done a brilliantly fast study of London streets, and, in three months became a licensed, fully qualified taxi driver.) He thought of the property at Belmont. Its sale was a possibility but he could hardly hope for more than six hundred dollars as his share of the inheritance. He had another one hundred and fifty dollars coming from his Army pay — plus a limply tailored civvy suit as a mustering-out bonus. He had eight months of study ahead for the Bar exams before returning to Oxford. Resolutely, he settled in.

War, for gunners with intellect, offers fallow years. The wheel-driver from Guanaboa, famed along the front for his fast hook-ups and his cool handling of the six horses he rode through mud and shell holes on the suicidal near-side of his pair, had been fallow for four years. Now, suddenly, it was all springing back. To his "delightful surprise", he found "a capacity for work" and what was more, "enjoyed it immensely." He could work for long hours and discovered that he had developed the prodigious memory which

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would be one of his more spectacular gifts and the most commented upon by his peers. He raced into the four papers then required for the bar exams at Gray's Inn, did three of them in six months and was first in two. He obtained first class passes in both. It was at this time also that he recognised he was in love. He was staying at Neasden with his Aunt Ellie, Edna's mother. Neasden was a London suburb to which Ellie had moved with her children, after her husband's death. His Edna of the "uniquely bright spirit" was lengthening into a sword of a girl, shining and tempestuous in her will to be an artist. The postwar uncertainties, Ellie thought, elected a safer profession, but the creative energies in the 19-year girl generated the faith and kept alive the hope which the artist's observable, often losing, struggle, mostly conceals. Edna had suffered through severe vicissitudes. Like her Jamaican cousins, Alec Clarke/Bustamante and Norman before, she was expert at riding untamed horses, and her last job had been pacifying half-wild Canadian ponies for the British army in France. At 18 years old. (It is conceivable that Bombadier Manley at Ypres may have been plucked from the jaws on a remount supplied by the long-legged escapee from the Pensions Office.) SHE WAS ALSO A FUGITIVE from pulling flax in Norfolk fields (for padding airplane wings) and from gardening for a Ditchingham moneybags who fired her for being (innocently) friendly with the only other young, decently thin, person in the Manor, the male chauffeur. Calming unrestrained horses had been her most satisfying job. The Family wanted an art school teacher; Edna was for a professional artist's career; and Norman was strongly for her.

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The girl's solution was simple. She left home, took a small ill-paid job, lived in a rooming house (above a fish shop) and wrung out her apprenticeship.

Yet, the doubts and anguish assailed them. Although they had planned to marry the following year, 1921, June, there were questions to be faced. One of the more important uncertainties lay in the choice of islands to live in, England or Jamaica. It became a contest of doubts; she fearing the empty pomposity of the planter colony, uncultivated in any art save the military-and-cocktail-parade, he to a losing interest in law and the bar as a profession. The tension rippled between them.

Edna's appeared likely a forthright objection to settling among the philistines, with no escape routes into galleries, or museums, or concerts, or even the privacy of an attic studio in an island of open doors and windows. His was hidden, and more damaging.

There is hardly any question that, at the time, he was being deeply hurt by the English rejection on account of his colour. In the fragment of a manuscript left at his death, he returns to the race-dilemma again and again, subtly, bluntly, always hurtedly; for he knew that racism was ugly and a reducer of men. He was, plainly, in England, a product of the longest continuous holocaust experienced by modern man; he was visibly an issue of the slave trade. On the other hand, he had an inheritance that would have passed unnoticed, and would certainly be manageable, in his layered Jamaican society, where being "brown" and a graduate of a "good" school would have cushioned the inevitable collisions.

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[redacted]. "Men in my position have no conventions ... no home, no social position ... a speck floating about in a liquid mass." Thus he wrote to Edna in the winter of 1919. A savage self-denunciation that surfaced out of "the obsessions that colour feelings can create." He thought he was fighting back by going to ground behind the defensives of what he regarded as his "arrogance", and even told himself that he welcomed their prejudices since he wanted to be left alone. Yet, in years after, he was to bitterly recall that in the months he read in the Common Room at Gray's Inn, nobody spoke to him.

N.W.Manley was, and remained, a deeply sensitive man who took to a covert of arrogance to conceal his partiality to [redacted] good companions. Within that covert, nevertheless, he "felt," he said, a racial hostility "moving around" in his lodgings and the public shops he visited. The outside pounding of cunning, unspoken racism, the growing crisis in the decisions concerning Edna, his own dismay at his uncertainty in his choice of career, and the inner, sleeping damage caused by a long and dangerous war, built, predictably, to a head. He was doing an essay at Gray's Inn one afternoon when he broke down. What he had thought was an interesting and exciting treatment of his subject suddenly became nonsense on the paper. He was strained and confused. He looked about him. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary. The Common Room was silent except for the scratch of pens, the brush of paper. He was shaking and resolved to be out quickly before his agitation was discovered. Public illness was un-English. And that was the last he remembered until he found himself

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in the British Museum, hours later, looking steadily at an early Egyptian sculpture, a black, broken-shaped work that perhaps held a symbol. Shocked and frightened, he rushed from the building and caught the underground to Neasden where his Aunt Ellie put him to bed after he staggered into the door and collapsed.

When he was sufficiently mended, Manley made for the woods, his constant healing-place for all his life. In his later years, it was Nomdmi, high in the Jamaica mountains. But in 1919, he headed for the New Forest, in Hampshire, some 150 ~~one hundred and fifty~~ square miles of as near solitude as it was possible to get in crowded England. It would be a walking-camping retreat and he travelled light; water-proof, road maps, compass, toothbrush and soap and towel. He met nobody during his four days in the forest. He slept under a fallen log, warmed between two fires and safe from the herds of wild ponies galloping in the night. In the daytime, he walked and cooked and thought. It was in the New Forest that he faced the truth of himself and the Law. Dry law would never be, for him, a subject of deep interest. The cut, thrust and hammer of the courtroom would always be a challenge to his love of intellectual combat. But the bench and chambers held no inducement. He has never tried the former, and a short engagement with the latter, near the end of his life, proved his conclusions right. He was the advocate, the workman who saw to the close and harmonious fit of fact and law.

His walk in the New Forest had not solved his problems but it strengthened his mind and body to struggle with them. He cooked

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and lodged in the woods when the village landladies had no room "for the likes of you." It occurred to him on his walk that if he could not ignore the matter of colour, it was not necessarily an issue to be wrestled to the ground. He told himself he was a citizen of the world; and on that lofty note, returned to London and Edna. At Neasden, he found that Edna had left home, committed her future to her art. He felt he was losing her.

Their's was a great love story thoroughly docketed by two articulate people. Fortunately,each was lonely, for different reasons; and luckily, in love too with words. Wayne Brown, in his book composed around her letters, points out that "close on a thousand letters, a million written words, passed between them" in the thirty months before the June morning (25th) they were wed at the Registry Office at Kilburn. Somewhere a mailman must have experienced an inexplicable lightening of his load. Their letters were often young and breathless and conventionally brokenhearted. It was the one time his natural gregarious ways could break through the shell the shy man had encased himself with. He felt misused in what he desperately called "a cheap flow of cynicism and an affectation of intellectual aloofness." But his integrity was powering him to break free.

He started out by acknowledging his vanity, disapproving his hunger for applause, and promising to pursue his "greed for ability" that would make him strive for excellence. It took a lifetime of striving, an equal share of victories and defeats, an understanding

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that despite his soft boasts in public the ego-armour he encased in [redacted] he had just about "enough to be profoundly dissatisfied with my own intellectual content." So the sum of him was in a Gestalt that influenced history: a generation and a future.

Manley, in his early years, was easier with pen than tongue. Edna was the private artist who found release in words rushing from her in torrents, turning over and over in her sunny moods, glinting with ideas, flashing its spinwheels of wit and frolic or flowing sanely, thoughtfully between them; a steadying stream in their struggle for calm. Edna elated him. As she had at Oxford, the day he received the Lee Prize for his essay on Samuel Butler and she travelled up to see it. "For the first time," he wrote to her back in London, "I've felt differently to Oxford. Even a twinge of regret at leaving. I'm almost ashamed to own it."

In the unkindness of the society he loved as it alienated him, superbly fitted for it in all his parts, except for [redacted] a skin glowing too warmly for its cold, northern, guilt-ridden, raw-eyed narrowness, the young Jamaican soldier fought for the Empire in cool professional detachment; and for his woman with the urgent, unaffected sensuousness of a torrid-zone lover: "I want (my) mate... I am not... sexless. I am of the lesser breed."* In time she responded as ardently: "I love you... I love you... I'm just curled up against you."

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*Quoting Kipling's contemptuous dismissal of the Empire's brown children: "Lesser breeds without the law."

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The situation at Neasden seemed to have twanged the bowstring. Although he supported her decision, he was physically unable to cope with much. He had been through a grinder. The discomfort, danger and peril of BATTLE, [redacted] the [redacted] strain to stand tall among the racist behemoths, [redacted], the joylessness of his own puzzled loyalties adrift somewhere between his unsophisticated little island and the cultivated seat of Empire, the hurt and the need not to show and the years of the same ahead before he could claim his life in terms of profession, family, identity, all these combined to fell him. He was jelly for a year.

In the summer of 1920, he began to mend. Again, as he had done before (and since) he took to the outdoors, or as near [redacted] as he could. This time at the quiet resort of Milford-on-Sea, close to the New Forest. Cousin Edna Swithenbank was also at Milford, studying and drawing. They met every day for lunch, talked and planned. It was a good summer. At the end of it he was his old normal self again, intelligent and tireless, tough enough to announce their engagement and hoping that Belmont could be sold before he took his finals at Oxford. For he would be broke; and he needed the cash to be married, and to read, unpaid, in Chambers in London for a year. Then he would return to Jamaica.

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CHAPTER ~~FOUR~~ Six

August 30, 1922, in Chambers, before Mr. Justice H.I.C. Brown, the Irish Acting Attorney General of Jamaica, Mr.H. Kaye Ryan, made an application for the admission to practice on behalf of Mr.N.W.Manley. Mr. Ryan properly pointed out that the papers, which had been filed with the court, showed that the said Mr.Manley had passed all the necessary exams in London and had been duly "called to the bar in the Mother Country."

Seated behind the plain wooden table in his steamy Chambers, Mr.Justice Brown, wig pushed back and white cuffs hauled up for cooling, gravely leafed through the pages and made his legal seal. He had read them before. The papers were in order. He looked up and nodded at the fledgling barrister. The lean young man in the artfully aged gown, wig thoroughly squared on his high forehead, rose, bowed and delivered the neat little speech of affirmation he had carefully worked over. He was not an easy talker, difficult to begin. But once set on course, he was very good. He had licked his nervousness by working very hard at auto-suggestion. At least, he thought so. He was still to argue his first case. Mr. Justice Brown duly enrolled him among the less than a dozen barristers who comprised the private bar.*

*Including C.H.Beard, E.F.H.Cox, J.L.King, Josiah Oldfield, H.M.Radcliffe, A.B.Rennie, J.A.L.Reid, Philip Stern, K.C., J.A.G.Smith, F.C.Tomlinson, ~~J.C.Moss~~. Hugh K Ryan H.K. Ryan

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He had fulfilled the first requisite of Cecil Rhodes' award which enjoined that the candidates for his Scholarship should be chosen only on the basis that they were strong, scholarly leaders. How he would meet the hope of the old Empire-building Donor that his beneficiaries possess the qualities which would be "likely in after life to guide them to esteem the performance of public duties as their highest aim," was still hidden behind the cool, almost icy composure of the 29-year-old war veteran.

The Jamaica to which he returned was not much different from the days of Guanaboa Vale. The Empire was still airily bemusing the world, working its curious alchemy upon its subject peoples; in an almost unbroken silence from them save for the brief flurries of the Sepoy mutiny and the occasional flares in Africa. Jamaica was an English outpost, a tophat and waistcoat society serving hot afternoon teas on sun-baked lawns. The impending wedding of the English princess, Mary, was daily front-page stuff for months before the nuptials.* Social consciousness went only as far as a

*An island-wide appeal was launched for the contribution of a shilling by every woman in the colony to purchase a "Royal wedding gift." Domestic servants, who were being paid 30 cents a week, were thus encouraged to fork out a third of the week's wages.

clampdown on Chinese immigration, and an invitation to explorer Mitchell Hedges to clean Kingston Harbour of its hammerhead sharks. Almshouses festered. Streets were unpaved except for two or three cobbled ones. The annual revenue was under $4-million and expenditure $4½-million.

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Manley came home to none of the protagonists with whom he would later engage. Bustamante was wandering overseas. In the United States, a ferocious squad of treasury agents was putting together a Federal frame into which they would entrap Marcus Garvey. Island politics was a part-time exercise for a handful of gents, one to a parish. But, professionally, the lists were already up. His most formidable opponent would be J.A.G.Smith, legislator and voluble law lion whose longwinded eloquence (but sound law) could reduce a judge and opposing counsel to a blob of weary lather.

Smith straddled the Bar; a lean, black aristocrat whose fearless advocacy and unfeigned air of grace-under-pressure from the white Bench, was not lost upon black and brown jurymen. He was immensely successful, appearing in most of the important causes for a dozen years prior to Manley. He was one of the fourteen elected members in the Legislative Council, representing Clarendon parish. He was an abrasive, relentless battler for citizens' rights with an almost unqualified distaste for local Colonial officials. He was the widest known Jamaican of his day in his country.

Norman and Edna Manley and their infant son, Douglas, stayed with his lifelong friend, Leslie Clerk and his wife, Beryl, at Retirement Crescent before settling in an apartment on Hope Road three rooms and a part of the verandah on the UPPER [redacted] floor of what was to become the Andrews Memorial Hospital. He spent his early weeks looking for Chambers and visiting the courts. Like the superb craftsman he was to become, he believed in looking at the work of other professionals. In England, he had watched closely all the

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great jurists and had been strongly influenced by Lord Birkenhead. He admired Carson and Patrick Hastings. (The way he stood in court and the cast of his head was said to be uncannily like Hastings.) On board ship on the homeward voyage, he had the good fortune of discovering Sir John Simon who was sailing to the island for a month's rest. For the ten days remaining of the voyage, the holidaying Sir John, in an expansive shipboard mood, practically coached the young Colonial lawyer in law, the courts and in the art of advocacy. "All good advocates are egotists," Manley said many years later, "and nearly all good advocates are happy talking about their cases. Sir John was no exception. I think I learnt more about advocacy in ten days than I had learnt in all my life, for here was a master talking about his own secrets and explaining the methods he used."

But it was the powers of observation and absorption of young Manley that fixed that fleet encounter into what soon became a familiar professional quality.

The Manley re-entry into Jamaica seemed to have been a careful blend of thrust and caution. While he stayed with the Clerks, he sent Edna and the baby into the Mandeville hills, a cooler place, containing the countryside-green of England. [redacted] And they escaped the discomfort of [redacted] crowding in on top of the Clerks in the small suburban house.

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(5) BREAK

But Mandeville was a comedy of manners, an entr'acte of high-bosomed grande dames crouched at their lace curtains, alertly searching out the slightest infraction of the white-boss, black-peasantry relationship relentlessly at work in home, church and state. Mandeville was no place for a free-spirited artist who was light years away in intellect and sheer fine-mindedness. The white Quashies depressed her; as did what she reckoned was the hostility of the black ill-used folk, perhaps imagined; a white-flight from guilt; a self-accusing colloquy to inner indictments, since country-folk of the day were notoriously amiable.

Norman's paying cases fortunately came early. Like many young barristers before and since, with no powerful corporate solicitors* to support them, Manley depended on the Crown for his

*Before the fusion of the two branches of the profession, solicitors and barristers, solicitors did not "appear" in the high courts, and barristers, to appear, had to be briefed by solicitors. Barristers with good connections among solicitors of heavy calendars consequently received more briefs and made more money. Top-class barristers would naturally grow into heavy-calendared ones. The movement to fusion was led by attorney K.C. BURKE, son of Rudolph BURKE q.v.

first case; i.e. as a Court-appointed counsel for the defense in a murder trial; by coincidence, in Spanish Town where he, as a hard-riding schoolboy, racing his mount from Belmont to high school, had his first brush with the law when he was stopped and warned by the town constable.

In notes made after his retirement, he reported his advent on the legal scene:

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"I will never forget the moment I rose in Court to ask my first question. All the cross-examination had been written out, with many branches. If (the) witness said, 'no', I asked a different question and we proceeded accordingly. I had been laid up (ill) for three weeks and the work done on that simple case was tremendous. Leslie (Clerk) came with me to Spanish Town. First witness ended his story. I rose. My mouth was dry, my tongue felt swollen. I stood silent for nearly a minute. Then the months of auto-suggestion came to rescue me. I felt an onrush of great energy and confidence. I asked the question. I was off. What a moment. What a strange thing. This long preparation, this near prostration, then the sudden burst of light."

It was a burst of light that would hold, and swell and lead the judiciary in a manner no other lawyer ever equalled. His legal career started slowly. But two very exciting cases caught public attention in a way that could not happen now and the speed of the growth of my practice was almost legendary." The two cases were the Spaulding murder trial in 1924 and the Walker murder trial in 1927. After he found the rooms in Duke Street for Chambers, and the modest apartment at Hope Road, it was by that time an easier descent from Mandeville into the heat, for Edna, than a straight rush from chilly England into Kingston.

Hope Road was a good road for living, with fine mountains at the back and the famed poinciannas flaming in the green of the Liguanea savannah. But out in the underbrush, something stirred.

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Among the prized possessions in the lightly furnished flat of the impecunious young couple were the thirty cups and trophies he had won in sports. Today, the trophies would have been national memorabilia but for a sneak thief and an open window. One wag thought at the time that the burglar was a hungry collector since the only other item stolen was a tin of Douglas' Glaxo.

In lieu of the Glaxo, they acquired a goat, a shaggy Egyptian Black, from the soldiers at Up Park Camp. One evening as they sat in the living room of their upstairs Hope Road flat, styled, presumably for esoteric reasons, in Arawak Octagonal (the eight-sided huts of these Early Jamaicans, however, were for purposes strictly utility, to baffle the lunatic hurricane winds seeking solid, full-faced obstacles to wreak their fury on), in walked Alec Clarke, the Hanover mulatto cousin who would one day propose the fiction of Arawak blood and never a nod toward Africa. Beanpole tall and lean, as any country boy home from foreign parts he had furbished to illustrate his success. He was home from Cuba "with all the airs of a Cuban grandee," recalls [redacted] ties that matched his socks that matched his display handkerchief, his anguished hair pomaded, "full of airs and graces." They talked of this and that. [redacted] as Cousin Norman spoke of his war, Alec, never to be outdone, founded his own affrays. Then may have been born the later stories of conflicts in Spain and Morocco, although never of specific battles. Of his courage there has never been doubt; no less of his inventions. Alexander Bustamante, nee Alec Clarke, was ever a raconteur.

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LATER They moved to Worthington Avenue, at that time close to the outskirts of the growing Kingston. They sold the single-buggy his Duke Street
Norman had been using to/ Chambers and invested in a two-year-old Essex and a couple of linen dusters for the chalky roads. They remained at Worthington for several months, including a move across the road to a larger house called "Newara Yahlia", two words of reputed Indian origin believed to be an invocation to Allah. Well, then, be that as it may. It is a fact that the following year Edna had her second son, Michael, and the Egyptian Black was working double time.

Naturally fond of horses as both were, they had horses, among them a racer named "House of Cards" which was to achieve a minor fame on Mr Dolphy's track at Maverley in Edna's gymkhana appearances. In 1924, MANLEY ACQUIRED [redacted] a place in the woods OUTSIDE KINGSTON [redacted] CALLED [redacted] Drumblair.

He bought the Drumblair property from a fellow named Volney Rennie on a loan of two thousand and two hundred pounds, partially secured by his life insurance. It was bought in the period he was calling his "rebirth"; but viewed with less eye-rolling, it was simply an R.A.F.-style retrieve, the back-up trenches for a battle-smart young veteran, or even the sincere, deeply felt wisdom of the honest gambler. It had to do with Edna. [redacted] In the year of his nervous collapse, when he thought he had lost her, he had taken to the [redacted] woods, arguing that alone under the sheer weight of the English forest, his anguish would be [redacted] diminished. Now, in the Jamaica days, it was to Drumblair, a milder wood, when he feared that Edna, on a homesick GONE OFF ALONE VOYAGE [redacted] to Cornwall, England, MAY HAVE [redacted] bolted.

CHAPTER ~~FIVE~~ ~~SIX~~ Seven

But when Norman Manley bought the Drumblair property, Edna was not in Jamaica. She was in England, with her son, Douglas, on a homesick voyage to Cornwall, England. He feared she may have bolted. (Michael [redacted] would not be born until the following year.) He bought Drumblair from a fellow named Volney Rennie on a loan of £2,200, partially secured by his life insurance. It was bought in the period he was calling his "re-birth"; but viewed with less eye-rolling, it was simply an N.W.-style retrieve, a battle-smart young veteran going into his back-up trenches; or, on another of his planes, the sincere, deeply felt wisdom of the honest gambler. It had to do with Edna.

The purchase of Drumblair had a similarity with his English conquest. In the year of his nervous collapse, when he thought he had lost her, before their marriage, he had taken to the woods, arguing that alone, in the solitude and under the sheer weight of the English forest, his anguish would diminish. Now, in the Jamaican days, it was to Drumblair, [redacted] the nearest thing he could find to a forest in easy Essex (ITALIC) reach of Kingston. They had seen Drumblair once before and he knew she loved it.

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Caps

EDNA, [redacted] in England, WAS FEARING [redacted] that she was a runaway wife. As a young sixteen-year-old country girl from Cornwall, she had been terrified by London, smoky, noisy, stately, barbarous, [redacted] half-way into its century of ugly growth. But there had been music and museums, parks and theatres, and a torrent of art. Jamaica was a wasteland that had exiled sanity. A land of shrewd, hard, flairless men in two-tone shoes and their semi-literate meddling wives. Frontier COUNTRY with an inhabited settlement of limestone streets, queues of open whorehouses, one theatre mostly closed, and a loud, undereducated, overdressed oligarchy guarding their stolen privileges with the murderous intent of robber barons. A modest two-storey edifice in East Street housed the only national nod towards the arts; the redbrick Institute had a kind of nose-in-the-air aloofness, ready to do a little business if you could summon the courage to cross the threshold. Some spinsters gave piano lessons, and a diocesan choir sang occasionally. Claude McKay, the only promising poet of power, had migrated to America. A handful of watercolour artists brushed their delicate talents. The land and its powerful folk fecundity, lay fallow.

But a sense of renewal was surging against those bonds of remembered bondage that were somehow immobilising the natural wisdom and song of the African people. Soon, now, the Breakers were due. Edna Manley would be one of the Breakers; although for now she could only rage at the misused strength of her new black and white, rich and poor, compatriots, each waging defeat on the

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other. They were wearing her down and she had to go, or hang fire. She had once broken from her mother's punishing love grip, and moved to London above a fish-shop. Now she broke loose and sailed for England with her baby son, Douglas, HALFWAY convinced that the marriage was over.

But she had reckoned without the tenacity of the old axeman. He wooed her anew. He wooed her by the oldest male trick since Adam lost his lodgings. A home of her own. DRUMBLAIR. The house was shabby, in need of paint, but sound at the elbows. Above all, it had twenty-five acres, [redacted] mighty pulling to a roaming country girl. Acres that meadowed and gullied and rolled joyously at the foot of the Blue Mountains, beautiful for riding and growing roses and pineapples and corn. And fine too for what he had in mind, to shield his wife from the barrens that had fled her from him: from the [redacted] acarpous pomposity of the saltfish merchant elite and their wives who haunted the front porch of the Myrtle Bank, the highly upholstered hotel on Harbour Street. The Manleys, he promised her in a letter, would "follow no social patterns" but be "free to live our own lives, to make friends as we please and to develop interests where we care to." Drumblair had land, "so that though we belonged to town we could imagine we lived in the country and keep horses and cows." He put a builder to work restoring the fine old house.

Cap It was the best time of year in the foothills, a clear Fall light and a nice crisp to the nights. And he missed her, especially over Christmas, but held in well. And that Christmas he gave her

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a unique gift. He did "something really hard" for her. He gave up smoking for a month. It was a truly grand gesture for he was at that time a full-house smoker; pipe, cigar and cigarette.

~~Apart from their own youthful troubles (she was 24, he 31), it was a parting that would have a deep effect upon her career. For Edna, who had left Jamaica as a modeller in plaster, would return a wood-carver, the medium she was to master so exquisitely that her fame would go out to the world.~~

No BREAK

So he courted her afresh (she was 24, he 31) with all the elan of his roguish Grandfather Manley, that ardent white travelling salesman who had swooned them in the mid-island beat from Porus to Mandeville, and produced a handful of love-children among the black peasant ladies of the hill country. And Edna was soon off-balance under the impact of those letters concerning the dream house at Drumblair, and the two-seater second-hand Durrant automobile he was dickering to buy, and the great white moon he wrote eloquently of, coming over the mountain.

And also the artful easing-in of his success in earning £55 in one week, and the story (this one very sneaky but effective) of Tiger, her large, black, mixed-ancestry, fiercely-loved, savagely-protective pup roaming the countryside seeking her; and that her friends stood about, missing her. And that a mutually loathed one had seemed pleased that she had weakened and run for England.

And as that masterly campaign progressed, with its subtle changes of pace and direction, it now appeared to Edna's whirling mind that the marriage was not in ruins after all.

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That it could not only work, but be positively ecstatic. It was not long before she was passionately longing to be back "in your arms ... all tingling." When she returned after five months in England, it was with bag and baggage —— furniture she brought for Drumblair and wood-carving tools* —— and the decision to have another child.

It was N.W's first effort at negotiating and was concluded with spectacular success. Michael was born in Nuttall Hospital, Kingston, on December 10, 1924.

*It was a parting that would [redacted] change her life. Edna, who had left Jamaica as a modeller in plaster, would return a wood-carver, the medium she was to master so exquisitely her fame would go out to the world.

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CHAPTER ~~FIVE~~ ~~SIX~~ SEVEN Eight

Drumblair was a new beginning. It marked the creative years, a time of gifts so prolific, they would provide an abiding influence. The property occupied much of a curving leafy lane known as the Old Church Road. The house sat well back from the public path, reached by a driveway which circled in front of the verandah. Genteel, rather than elegant, it had fine floors and panels. It was quickly made over into an image of the talented young couple who occupied it with their two sons. In what one source has described as a "curious move", Drumblair would be sold in 1928 and bought back by the Manleys in 1933, a negotiation that was hung either on a secret psychokinetic activity that guaranteed the Old Church Road would never let them go, or a deep cunning in real estate skullduggery, or sheer blind luck since they both so loved the place. It seemed to have been the latter; yet, so suspiciously out of step with Norman's careful approach at the purchase, it required further probe. And, sure enough, it was the work of Edna's antic will. Recently she told it with a chuckle: "Norman had been working too hard. I talked him into selling Drumblair and taking a holiday. We sold it to a German-American man living in Jamaica, for a good profit, and travelled. Then we bought it back again after the owner died." They lived at Bedford House, a large house and property nearby until the return to Drumblair.

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The grounds of Drumblair had a little of Guanaboa Vale about its rolling foothilly acreages, laying close to where the Liguanea commences to swell into the Port Royal mountains. Besides the house, they had a stable for their riding stock and a garden for N.W. Both loved mountains and as at Belmont, his childhood's first home, there was a clear view of the Blue Mountains from the north windows. It was a similarity that may have engaged Manley's responses when he chose the property; soon they were both running off into the mountains.

Drumblair won and held a special affection to that remarkable generation of poets, writers, politicians, lawyers, industrialists, painters, sculptors, scientists, dancers, statesmen, democratic leaders and the better royalty who frequented the place for so many years. Even at middle age, and past it, the Manleys had a faculty for attracting the young and gifted. If his sometime impatience was from the first to cause traumas among the less shining acquaintances, his approval nevertheless endured through many abrasions. For his warmth was only banked, not GONE. He had been a shy youth, not, it appears, because of uncertainty, but because of a mind whose native incisiveness dictated an unwinking fix on facts. He could listen as long as it took, but a profile sculptured in the cold classicism of a Seneca, and a preference for logic often locked out intimacy. "He had," says Leslie Clerk who came closest to being one, "no intimates."

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He had, of course, several friends. His wit, wisdom and aplomb attracted the clever and the sophisticated. The deep verandahs at Drumblair grew famous for soirees of cards, conversation, and that light flogging of political ideas which the times allowed. But the bottom submerged majority of his countrymen were still out of sight and barely on the edge of mind. What passion there had been in the country for the shoeless ones, had been interred sixty years before with Paul Bogle and George William Gordon.* The land was suffocating in its middleness. Claude McKay and Marcus Garvey were fleeing to Harlem, U.S.A. seeking concern, or bent on stirring it. In a land once noted for its risings and riots in response to the rights of man, there had been a ringing silence for two generations.

~~Hanged leaders of the Morant Bay uprising, they have~~ been made National Heroes.

BREAK

(caps) So far, the young Manley had gained success in two fields: the prodigious performances which made him a legend in the college athletic contests, and academically as the first obviously mixed-blood to obtain a Rhodes. These were the visible, highly lauded exploits. His scholarship at Oxford was less noticeable, while typhoid and the war had kept him from adult athletics. His new field of the law lay before him. How challenging was the field?

The Jamaican bar was small in size and middleweight in quality. J.A.G.Smith's advocacy was strong on the legalities but mild in techniques.** No new barristers had been admitted to the Jamaican bar in eleven years before Manley. The only King's Counsel, Philip

National Heroes.

* Two Jamaican patriots hanged for insurrection in 1865, now

** But sometimes he jiggled the Bench. As in this dialogue

SEE BACK

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Stern, was already aging. The brilliant incoming young man brought a whiff of fresh air into the musty corridors of the tired old courts. Litigants liked what was showing and flocked to his practice, to commence for him a 32-year run that ceased only when he retired to become Premier of Jamaica. Very early in his career, a former Chief Justice* was already publicly labelling him a "genius". Another Chief Justice** spoke of the "ability of his mind." The fact was, his presence in court was a promise, tacitly acceded to

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* Sir Adrian Clarke in the Alexander murder trial.

** Sir John Carberry, who, as a young barrister, was associated with Manley in Chambers, 1925-27.

---

by the Bench, of sound, clear advocacy which most often facilitated their coming to judgment.

For three decades, there was no important case at trial in which Manley did not figure. But even while he was winning an unchallenged reputation in Public Buildings East, the lower King Street civic block housing the High Court, the politics, which was to disengage the law from his life, was going into gear a scant few hundred yards north, on The Parade.

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Chapter ~~EIGHT~~ NINE

~~CHAPTER SIX~~ SEVEN

The redbrick sidewalk east of the Victoria Park, on The Parade, is the cradle of Jamaica's modern politics. The sidewalk was then a kind of platform rising about eight rungs off the street where it levelled and ran the length of the Coke Chapel along East Parade and East Queen Street. Coke Methodist Chapel is a landmark in red brick gothic to match the sidewalk. The sidewalk was, for better than three decades, the main forum of every office seeker in the city. The speakers' platform, on The Parade side, faced the Park, where, by day, ancient banyans drooped shady and cool to the green curved-back benches. The banyans sheltered in comfort a whole generation of touts, orators and candidates for small offices, reading newspapers and arguing to the caw of crows and the clatter of electric trams switching on the tracks outside. It was, towards evening, a short matter of crossing the street to a platform exactly high enough for effective haranguing, wide and flat enough for a little limited dramatics as points were driven home to the auditorium in the broad street below, free of traffic save for the occasional horse-drawn hackney. Although the voters' rolls were small, the campaign quality was vigorous and crowds flocked to The Parade. In the flicker of three-burner kerosene lamps on poles (wealthier contestants afforded carbide flares), the rhetoric rattled from such pros as Leonard P. Waison, Bain Alves, the young Vivian Durham, Joseph Kennedy, and the doyen of them all, Alfred "Doc" Mends,

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a short, thickset brown man of gallery eloquence and Napoleonic gestures whose libels enjoyed a generally accepted legality since he unfailingly prefixed his insults with [redacted] "political". Opponents for years fell into one of two categories, "political rascals", or "political nincompoops". The specialist speakers were men famed for their invective and gutsy humour, who could and did switch sides if the opponents' liberality grew into offers that made it foolish to refuse. The citizens had more lamplit fun than a yardful of kids in a full-moon Anancy night.

Lights burnt late at Drumblair too but for other reasons. Now in his thirties, Manley's capacity for work was dismaying to his adversaries. He had a knack for unlocking details. His law briefs, closely studied through exhaustive research, powerful perception and an uncanny memory, became an avalanche as eager solicitors sought his services. Like all courtroom giants, he was a consumate actor. The [redacted] chased profile under the theatrical flow of hair escaping at the back of his wig, the eloquence and striking [redacted] gestures, the ability by the lay of his head or the shrug of his robe to compel attention, gave him a style so personal, that, though widely imitated by many younger lawyers, [redacted] denied [redacted] a true copy. It was a curious side to his character that he seemed to exude the same warmth to a jury as he did in the intimacy of his home or among those he liked, but hardly elsewhere. His emotional orchestration was for the chamber, not the symphony hall. His pull on the great

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crowds that would, later in his life, hang on his words from the political hustings, was activated by HARD PRACTISE and his unquestioned integrity. They knew the odds were that he was right, and mere certainty that he was honest.

For years, the lights at Drumblair were darkened only some four hours most nights; he would make up the loss with an extravagant six hours sleep some nights. [redacted]. His success was long, and colossal. The, "Yes, Mr.Manley," from a high court Bench when the Presiding Judge called on the defence, came to be known as the commencement of a virtuoso performance which was, for force, skill, and ELOQUENCE, unmatched then as now.

The profession quickly recognized his remarkable gifts. Solicitors and the growing bar were soon filling the seats of the courts in which he appeared. Many young lawyers had unabashedly taken to lurking in the seedy law library (then serving the Supreme Court on the second floor of the East Block) in the hope of obtaining a gratuitous opinion on a knotty point. His natural generosity for a while obscured the ploy. When he did catch on, he took to visiting the library on a Sunday morning; but soon a surprising number of lawyers were breaking the fourth commandment.

Manley, the Lawyer, asks his own book, an unavoidable but reluctant conclusion, since much of the clout in his political career came from the insights into the Jamaican character he had gained

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of Appeal, they would rather fudge than adjudge. A successful civil negotia-

through his work in law. He was to defend high and low, rich and poor, shredding prosecution witnesses* and causing such edginess [redacted] among high court justices that for fear of losing in the [redacted] Courts, [redacted] was to prepare the ground for every social reform [redacted] in Jamaica since 1938, the year when the State took notice.

Yet, the truth is that the early Manley looked [redacted] likely political fellow, [redacted]. He grew up on a farm but his instincts were trained to the bourgeoisie for he was the [redacted] owner's son. He defended shanty town in the courts but sat in the Stewards' box at the track. [redacted] in the event that the electoral vote became the property of all Jamaican citizens, poor folk would outnumber his own kind ten to one. It would require a miracle to gain their trust. Nobody then foresaw that the miracle would be wrapped inside a [redacted] civil court action involving one of the [redacted] earliest and most powerful multinational corporations.

Meanwhile, the [redacted] shocking workload he was carrying and the tensions of dissatisfaction with sheer law as his reasonable life purpose, took its toll. Made a King's Counsel in 1932, he was soon awarded his first ulcer.

He had settled into no familiar pattern. Forty-five years later, looking back, short weeks before his death, he was satisfied that in the days of adapt-or-diminish, he had "lived my own life in my own way" and flourished. But his life being largely with the Law, and resolute as he was [redacted] to his decisions, his own way could lock him into plights where his ego goosed his judgment to disastrous consequences. One such was to [redacted] him all his [redacted].

*Especially "handwriting/experts" [redacted] whose richly embossed certificates emanated from clip-out coupons.

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It came about this way.

The unlikely alliance of Marcus Garvey and wealthy Jewish corporation lawyer Lewis Ashenheim* was one of the peculiarities

*Actually, such alliances in Jamaica were common a century and two before when the disenfranchised Jews made compact with the equally deprived blacks to shake the Anglo-Saxon/ Caucasian dominance.

P.10 Reset See P78-79 & 80

of politics. Ashenheim was head of a firm of solicitors often associated with Manley in High Court cases. [redacted] truthfully, Ethnically, but recklessly, in the teeth of the wind rushing out of black consciousness and pride, as Garvey's propositions and predictions proved agreeable to black ambitions, Manley risked a lasting ~~unpopularity~~ imperilment by placing himself in professional legal opposition to the Garvey-Ashenheim side of a court matter. Before that, Manley, unfortunately but in accordance with the law, had, by Opinion, supported the city council's ruling that Garvey's seat was vacated since he had been absent from three council meetings due to being in jail for contempt of court. (The day [redacted] the Opinion was given in the Council Chamber, N.W., and his future fellow National Hero, squared off and nearly came to blows. Garvey, a beefy [redacted] energetic man, chuckled at his slight but sinewy challenger's invitation to "step outside," and declined. Thus was lost an incomparable hilarious footnote to history.)

Worse was to come a few months later when again he placed his legal skills at the service of a lady litigant suing Garvey for an alleged libel published in his paper The Blackman. Garvey, the layman, lost to Manley, the lawman (Garvey had argued his own

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case), but it was a barely perceptible victory. Manley's own words on the outcome tell of the bruises he sustained: "He made a brilliant closing address to a Special Jury hearing the case. He was witty and amusing (taking) every advantage open to a litigant who defends himself. Though I won the case, which was really quite indefensible, he got that jury to award a bare half the damages we had expected... It was a fine performance."

The most famous of the three legal clashes was that in which an American UNIA official named Mark brought action against the Jamaican UNIA for unpaid wages. Mark, with N.W.Manley arguing, was successful; and Liberty Hall, the UNIA headquarters on Upper King Street, a valuable block-wide property, went under the hammer for settlement. The local UNIA, in effect, Garvey, appealed through their solicitor and won. But Liberty Hall had already been sold. Ashenheim, desperate for Garvey's support of his own political ambitions, turned up at the auction and made an uncharacteristic loudmouthed protest which cost him the then whopping fine of £300 for contempt of court. Then in one of those curious turnabouts in courtroom manners, it was Manley who appeared for the Jamaican UNIA and won what he called "substantial damages", enlarged, he believed, by the faulty decision charging Ashenheim with contempt. After all, what Ashenheim had, loudly granted, declared was that anybody who bought Liberty Hall would live to regret it, since, he, Ashenheim, expected to win his appeal. Which he did.

The stories of Manley's tilts with Garvey were amplified and

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made bodeful by his political opponents in later years. "Any suggestion that I had anything else to do with Marcus Garvey is totally untrue," he wrote vigorously in 1969 in a last strong effort to lay the ghost, which said the Labour Party had sought to embarrass him over many years. Garveyism would be a very real impediment to the success of any politician. And so it was that the explosive quality of "black" politics, which Garvey's great lifework was to subsequently entrench in Jamaican affairs, was always critical in the reckoning of both N.W. and Busta, both undeniably "brown" or "mulatto", and targets for ruthless rejection by the people if either showed a grade-by-shade leaning, a bias towards the fairer-skin rock-dwellers.*

*The island is wryly referred to as The Rock by Jamaicans abroad, the economic exiles seeking shekels while unceasingly scheduling The Return.

"Both Bustamante and I," N.W. once confessed, "in our years of (Party) growth, were careful to refrain from references to Garvey and the UNIA." And so neither ever lost the black mass support each depended on. On the two occasions that Lawyer Manley had a professional involvement with Busta, the first was a comfortable counsinly request, in the early Thirties, to read over a contract Busta was negotiating for the purchase of an apiary. To clear the document of any hidden stings, Cousin Alec consulted the bright one of the family and was assured that the contract would hold up. The second was the famous Manley intervention (along with J.A.G.Smith) during the Thirty-Eight Troubles which freed Busta from the Tower Street gaol and hurtled them both into politics.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

And yet, not even in those younger days when he lived the life of the young gent-about-the-upper-town, did he lose touch with the marketplace; for his choice of fun and games held a social luck. While he did not turn his back on the stewards' box at the track, nor sit in the cheaper seats at his beloved boxing nights,*

*In 1937, both he and Edna were Board members of the Jamaica Boxing Association, he as Chairman.

it turned out later to be sound political collateral that his public sports/folk-sports happened to be. Chess or tennis would not have served as well. Almost casually, he was being groomed; in spite of address and profession, and a style perilously close to hauteur.

But in the bosom of home, that side of the cool, aloof young lawyer, hardly ever on view away from his family, was, as usual, there: droll, frankly comic, marshalling with a dry wit a personal pack of fun-devils. His love of pranks and unconventional ways could reduce his family to apprehensive shivers or throw them into howling laughter. He was a man notoriously careless of his own safety, thinking nothing of mounting high roofs or going to the top of giant trees by an illogical system of double ladders that never failed to work. A great lover of classical music, a discerning critic, his own performance however never endeavoured beyond virtuoso blowings of the mouth-organ. (His expert stroking of the wondrously indecent folk-mentos still jellies memories.) On the long summer-days at Nomdmi, their cabin-in-the-sky in the Blue

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Mountains near Guava Ridge, he could fully give range to the imp that was never far removed from his most serious moments. (Time and again, in courtroom and parliament, the Imp would show up, in apparent innocence, yet suspiciously enabling to his case.)

As he journeyed up and down the land, practising the law that was, already in his own mind, apprentice to his politics, he came under scrutiny of concerned men whose growing "look to Manley" was assuming a kind of cult. For he had the kind of identity for which the young Jamaicans of the literary and debating clubs had begun to vaguely hunger. He was a strong dark presence, accomplished as hell, in a sea of vapid tea-slopping English faces that floated like ghosts behind the jalousies of wealthy suburban St.Andrew. He had proven that he could out-run, out-jump, out-talk them all. He was handsomer than the malarial sahibs and an authentic war hero to boot. Above all - swallow your collar studs, Britons! - he had been to Oxford. So they boasted about him, partly self-mockery, partly TRUE.

But the hunger was not widespread. A sprinkling of young intellectuals had discovered Karl Marx and were cautiously brushing their fingers over the mosaic proposed to fetch political power to the working class. Yet, Marx's philosophy had its foundation and growth in an industrial rather than agrarian economy; it owed its soul more to the tight wage-bond between mill-owner and hand, than to the at-large irrelation of scattered peasant farmers whose one-acre demesne was home all the year. (Farm labourers on the sugar estates were vastly

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seasonally employed.) Bauxite was thirty years away and manufacturing factories, further.

The wait for an industrial working class would be crunching to the hopes of the small in numbers but passionately impatient long exploiteds. There was, as yet, no large black middleclass, although the urge existed, strongly, among the sons and daughters of the rising artisans. And it was here, among these, that the Marxian irony happened. The young, hopefully bourgeoisie were clamouring for a transfer of power to the "middle-class"; for them to hold until the "working-class" was ready. But irony is often a shortcut to reality. The new politics took hold and rapidly replaced the old talk-shop on the Coke Chapel steps, throwing out the professional touts whose flamboyant oratory had no grip. The long, arduous walk to 'Thirty-Eight had begun.

N.W.Manley saw history for what it was; an infinity of mirrors; [redacted] images held in [redacted] the shaky hands of historians unaware of the state of the art. [redacted] While the "growing and expanding middleclass" had been the pioneers in working for "Jamaica as a possible national unit," the peasant farmer represented "the most stable element in the community — patient, humourous, accepting life and whatever was brought into it with great fidelity and tenacity."

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[redacted] It was Guanaboa and St.Andrew.

Tiller and [redacted] elite. And they for now, were walking well together, and he was satisfied. One day it would be his political gift to focus them in himself; and execute the political victory he was beginning to want. Meanwhile, others would commence the long walk.

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CHAPTER ~~EIGHT~~ Eleven

There was no leader so the walk did not kick into a march. Kenneth George Hill, an articulate young journalist, with his National Reform ~~League~~ Association, came close. In a lesser way did the union movement of tall, thin, hardworking A.G.S. "Father" Coombs.*

*Both would win seats in the House of Representatives years later. Coombs served as Minister of Communications in the PNP Government.

St.William Grant, an honest, earnest war veteran who had cut his eye tooth in Marcus Garvey's Universal Negro Improvement Association (UNIA), was holding his regular 'banyan lectures' under the great banyan trees in the Victoria Park, unaware of his destined meeting with Bustamante and the role of John the Baptist that would lose him his political head. There were other [redacted] indications of the new awareness. E.L.Allen, a dimunitive battler for elementary school teachers' rights had taken over the Clarendon Parish Teachers' Association and was bombarding the press on their plight; first of the new young classroom people who would cut such a swathe in Jamaican politics. Father Gladstone Wilson, the Roman Catholic intellectual and teacher-priest, who, but for the strictures of his faith would have been an activist, was lecturing on such erudite subjects as "The Origin and End of Human Society" to heavy listenership, including Bustamante. Several Citizens' Associations, begun as suburban improvement groups, were turning their eyes from

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sidewalk mending to political fencing.

The new thinking gained strength as the harsh days of [redacted] unemployment and feckless Colonial rule wore on. The new [redacted] were replacing the old barkers on the Chapel steps were bright, often travelled young men, in whose minds erudite lawyers could no more be out of politics than Das Kapital be out of print. True, [redacted] blacks had acquired sufficient votes, years before, even on the limited suffrage, to become kingmakers; but because they had no precedents, only those heads which could approximate a Westminster paradigm had any hope for a coronation. Generally, the most likely successful candidate had in him the least folk.

And [redacted] precisely, because they lacked precedents, they had diagnosed their political problems by instinct and worked at the solutions with laconic good sense; [redacted] and would finally overpower the sense of inferiority which had been so carefully [redacted] nourished in their psyche by skilled Empire builders and local caretakers. [redacted] It had weakened their inward struggles towards a belief in their own capabilities and caused them to self-efface like crazy. But even while they practised a public dislike for personal political gain, they were pushing with secretive shoulders any Son of the Soil who seemed likely to burrow to the top. They could laugh at Leonard Waison, a not uncomical political tout, but their tears and bottled anger were for Garvey and his enemies.

An effective weapon of the white/brown Empire caretakers,

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the elite maintenance men, was the virtual non-appearance of black achievement in the Press. The newspapers of the day bear a ghastly identity to the American journals' confinement of black life to the crime pages. The annual beauty contests sponsored by the Daily Gleaner featured only white, or mulatto, entrants.* Thus was reflected the real colour bar which locked most Jamaicans from hope or clarity; they went to the back pews by memory. A very thin sprinkle of browns and blacks had by hard push penetrated the edge of St Andrew society; but no blacks held important jobs in banks nor most offices; nor ranked above non-commissioned officers in the constabulary or military; nor held rectorship in fashionable Anglican, nor any Catholic, churches. Hardly any voices rose in protest; certainly not among the buba-kin offsprings of darker-skinned progenitors working on an escape route and terrified at being caught in consanguineous associations.**

**Fair-skinned Vera Manley was blithely writing in England: "There is little or no prejudice in that Island of the Sun."

By their treasured "tax" or "property" votes, blacks had sent several teachers, planters and lawyers to the legislature; but none with the charisma to lead them out of political wish into reality. N.W. Manley looked like the one who could do it. He was young, rich or capable of becoming rich, handsome, eloquent, darkskinned enough for identity, owned racing colours and held a seat on the Jockey Club,**

**In 1936, his horse (or rather, Edna's) Roysterer won the big triple --- Jamaica Guineas, Jamaica Derby and the Eclipse Stakes.

the then exclusivity of Englishmen, rich Jews and the less sallow Mulattoes. Manley could be the one to do it; but he was not "in politics", nor displayed any real

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inclination. He was a lawyer, a superb one, but the country was not seeking a super-lawyer; it was looking for a super-patriot who understood power and passion and could explosively take these most unreliable elements to just short of the critical mass (although there were some who saw the solutions coming only after a nasty boom!). And yet, notwithstanding, it was a law action which closed the grip of the people [redacted] on him as their [redacted] standard bearer. The old order was about, so to speak, to slip on a banana peel.

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CHAPTER ~~TEN~~ ELEVEN

Wearing his proconsul's panoply of plumed hat and short sword, the Governor spoke from his "throne" about the not-so-good year gone. The date was Tuesday, March 10, 1937. Sir Edward Brandis Denham, a rotund, peasant-featured Englishman was opening the year's Legislature with the old familiar fardel that cited the colony's successes, glossed its failures, and promised future felicity for its luck in being one of the "bright gems of the Empire."

While Denham made an early acknowledgment of a fall in expected revenue, creating, instead of a £10,000 surplus, a deficit of five times that amount, the Commander-in-Chief could, towards the end of his report, look into the future and declare: "I do not think there can be any doubt that the great resources of the island will be able to cope with the demands made on them during the coming year, in spite of the many problems and difficulties which we have still to meet."

The blame for the year's failure was not of course placed where it belonged: on poor, non-options planning, for this would have led back through questing minds, to Britain, and the whole question of Colonial rule. Instead, it was laid on the weather, "the storms and hurricanes which have in the past been responsible for the setbacks which the Colony has sustained."

It was true that rainstorms, near the end of 1935, had caused an effect on the 1936/37 banana crop, but there were other

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unaccountables, such as the mysterious spiriting away of the profits on rum exports. "It is difficult to account for this loss in an industry which has had a particularly good year," Denham said plaintively. He also cited the annual heavy drag on revenue by the limping railway system, and the acceleration in the movement of job-seeking countryfolk to the towns. He hoped to halt the unwanted migration by a rural works programme.

Yet, another uneasy cloud on the horizon had appeared in the north, ninety miles off the coast, where the American-controlled Cuban authorities, their appetite for low-cost energetic Jamaican [redacted] CANE-CUTTERS blunted by the fall in [redacted] sugar prices, were not too politely suggesting that they be repatriated at Jamaican expense. "The Cuban government, I am sure, are good neighbours ... and will avoid any embarrassment to this government."

Nevertheless, Governor Denham took a clear-eyed view of the future when he added that "with a rapidly increasing population and the risk of its being further augmented from outside (Cuba), it is essential that the policy of agricultural development and a programme of works should be steadily pursued." But, in making the customary bow to Empire in the Speech, by observing that his constituents were a "happy, peaceful and contented people," POOR DENHAM [redacted] lost his fine sighting. For by the time Throne Speech Day [redacted] rolled around again NEXT YEAR, his "happy, contented people" were READYING TO RIOT [redacted] in the streets.

BREAK

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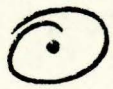

The next (1938) Throne Speech Day was on Tuesday, March 8, when the in-giving of his stewardship led Denham to intone: "It has indeed been a good year," a statement based curiously on the inflationary information that "imports were considerably higher than they have been for the past six years." And the causes? Why, the weather, dammit! He was in to it within three minutes of the commencement of the Speech: "Our balance would have been still larger had it not been for a somewhat dull December caused by the bad weather at the end of the year which induced people to be more economical in their expenditure." And he declared that the past year had been "prosperous."

But for whom?

Jobs were scarcer than they had ever been. School-leaving youths had, in the majority, no hope of regular employment for years to come; an economic fault spreading so close to disaster that the usually tightfisted government was dipping into its Earthquake Relief Fund to borrow $2,000 towards the $5,000 required for a Boys' Club "to meet the needs of unemployed youths and boys in the provision of healthy instruction and amusement."

Despite his upbeat speech, the Governor was a prudent man with a stomach for accepting harsh prophecy. Just to be on the safe side, he was also instituting a loyalty-intensive bonus of $8,000 "for good conduct" in the police force; a prudence that

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paid off a few weeks later in [redacted] May [redacted] when the bricks flew.

One of Denham's 1938 hopes was the promise of a massive Public Works programme which increased that vote by fifty percent. But the small, ill-staffed Public Works Department, which the year before had been hard-pressed to carry through a half-million dollar budget, had hardly the faintest of chances to spend half again as much.

The Colony's failure to harness its resources was not exactly due to a lack of enterprise. Coconut planters had in the same year sought permission to establish a soap factory. Others were entreating for assent to a cement factory. But since either would have provided competition to the United Kingdom import, both were flattened at birth by the [redacted] English governor.

While the island's spending money was collected off the export trade in sugar and banana, the social impact of either crop was dissimilar. Sugar was a once a year harvest, when, for three months, occurred the great gatherings of reapers on the cane estates. Most of them hill people, they came down to the canefields for quick wages. [redacted] Sugar [redacted] also had some year-round workers, living in estate quarters (or "barracks"), sometimes for generations, not altogether rootless, for they had their family enclaves, but obligated to a dependence on the owners that was not seldom unjust.

But the [redacted] banana-man was considered the weightier citizen. He usually was a landowner of a modest acreage, of a [redacted] sturdy

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independence, selling his crop on the weekly "banana day" when he paraded his home port-town praising "God and this right hand that I am a banana-man."* It was this group that produced the men and

*From the poem "The Banana Man" by the Jamaican Evan Jones.

women who created the first national organisation founded to combat the control of a multinational corporation; an organisation hammered together in the wind of naked opposition from the most powerful private enterprise ever to occupy the Caribbean, the United Fruit Company. The canefields provided the recalcitrants who would initiate 1938; the cane-belt would bring out Busta. Manley would enter public life by way of the banana field.

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CHAPTER ~~TEN~~ ~~TWELVE~~ THIRTEEN

The establishment of the banana export trade in Jamaica is credited to a Captain Dow Baker, a 19th century American sea captain shipping out of Port Antonio. In the 1920s, the island was still the world's largest single banana exporter, sharing with some African countries the European market. The United Fruit Company, with its vast banana plantations and concessions, in Central America, virtually owned the American market. They also controlled the shipping and marketing of fruit to England through a subsidiary, Elders & Fyffes Ltd. At times when rain or windstorm flattened the fields, the UFCo would quite easily take over the shortfall in the English market. In effect, through its shipping and marketing complex, the UFCo could (and did) pull-&-play the supply lines at will.

The Company was a monolith that controlled the economy of several Central American and Caribbean countries with ruthless efficiency. Savage in encounter, and backed by the gunboat scowl of the United States, its might knew no limits. It penetrated and sometimes changed the governments of Latin American states with such blatancy that in a few years, the phrase, "banana republic" was running freely through the U.S. Congressional Records. The Company also liked monopoly.

The Jamaican banana grower was on badly exposed ground. Fruit prices were fixed by the UFCo's policy of the day. Even worse, there were no guarantees that his fruit would be bought at all. Only as

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the Company's programme willed. "It was in these circumstances," N.W.Manley has said, "that a few brave and farsighted men began to believe that it was possible to plan for a co-operative big enough to own their own ships, and strong enough to force the Company to bargain with them."

The co-operative would be the Jamaica Banana Producers' Association and the men included Charl ie Johnston, Sir Arthur Farquharson, Captain List, R.F.Williams, W.Joysey and others. It was created to make "banana-day" arrive regularly and even-priced. Its creation was to fundamentally change the lifestyle of the farmer. It was also to come near spelling disaster for Manley's political future.

He was quite early among the credits. As the island's most eminent barrister, he was called in to draft a constitution for the co-operative, a task that was to take him the nearest EVER he had been to the [redacted] issues of wages and unemployment since his wood-chopping days at Guanaboa. He was among "men who knew about Jamaica's economic problems, understood them, and were worried about them," he said. "In this way, I got drawn into the real life of the country and began to learn and prepare myself for the future that began in 1938."

One of the keys to the success of the enterprise would be the relationship between individual growers and the co-operative. Many of the farmers, the potential membership, were financially dependent on the UFCo, the RAPACIOUS [redacted] paper-holder

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to whom, [redacted] sell their crops in crisis times. [redacted] the co-op. [redacted] binding [redacted] was the answer. [redacted] several all-night sessions at Drumblair with [redacted] putting together the delicate steel of [redacted] that would exert enough moral force so as not to be lightly breached, involved long discussions of social and economic history, and drew him deeply into the core-structure of contemporary Jamaica. He had known Guanaboa Vale and the surrounding country inside out. [redacted] In spite of Jamaica College, he had been essentially a country boy when he sailed for [redacted] Oxford. [redacted] He had sound knowledge of the firepower of [redacted] 4.5 howitzers, [redacted] and knew, enormously, the tricks of his courtroom trade, but did not know enough about his people. "I learnt about the social and economic conditions of Jamaica (as) I was drawn (in) deeper and deeper," inside the banana trade.

The co-operative flourished quickly and in no time was handling a quarter of the yearly harvest. But if they thought the monolith fruit company [redacted] licked, they had miscalculated. The creation of the Jamaica Banana Producers' Association, [redacted] awakened the [redacted] corporate fury. It turned savagely on the small co-operative. When the American company

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needed more fruit for its own marketing operations, it raised its buying prices; and hundreds of sworn loyal co-operators of JBPA would soon be making bootleg deliveries. On the other hand, a drop in UFCo's demand meant an immediate uncomfortable increase in the supply to the Co-op. The problem became: How to hold the Co-op growers to the terms of their contracts. No way, it proved, but through the courts; and guess who had to prosecute the farmers on behalf of JBPA?

Manley was having his first taste of the rocky road walked by public figures. He had [redacted] to applause. [redacted] He was (or could be) a social lion. But none of these meant a shoot to the small dirt-scrabbling banana farmer whose costly expedition to court, as a defendant, made him lay blame on the lawyer whose [redacted] his undoing.

Securing convictions for breaches of contract was not a good road to popularity, even for the fellow whose skill and hard work had created the one organization designed with the farmers' prosperity in mind. The small banana man, tomorrow's mass voter, didn't like him then, nor later made him forget it. Later he was to laconically recall his dilemma with, "circumstances had their way." But [redacted] Soon he was up and [redacted] Helping to organise a delegation to Governor Denham that would, he hoped,

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remove him from the horns.

Denham, himself an Oxford man, [redacted] "was almost hostile. He vigorously counter-attacked in defence of [redacted] Elders & Fyffes (the shipping subsidiary of UFCo)," Manley declares. "He argued, and nothing could shift him, that the JBPA was not really a co-operative at all except in name." It was a point of view that would later have significance when the head of UFCo took the same line, an evidence of the link and power of a company blamed, with reason, for having a hand in any number of Caribbean and South American governments.

Denham, forced to move eventually by the force of NWM's advocacy, headed for the old stopgap; he appointed a Commission. Only, that, this time, the Commission found largely in favour of the locals, reporting that their production costs were among the world's highest and that an arrangement should be worked out which would favour their survival.

The juggernaut company, used to rolling back any obstacles that got in its way in the republics south of Florida, was having its first confrontation with [redacted] locals who were not only disagreeing with, but challenging its monopoly. A heresy that brought out the UFCo's high priest himself, Sam Zemurray. He met with N.W.Manley in Jamaica. The meeting between these two dissimilar men, one an avowed rock-ribbed capitalist, the other an intellectual

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of socialist bent, was to turn out curiously for Jamaica.

Zemurray had made his acquaintance with the banana in impossibly less basic circumstances. A son of poor Russian (Bessarabian) migrants to America, he grew up around the docks of New Orleans, earning his first money selling bananas scrounged from rejected fruit. He was a tough, ruthless Company man who believed in unbridled private enterprise. His United Fruit Company was a soulless, utterly efficient machine with about the humanity of one of his own ship's keel. To him, a co-operative was repugnant. But pragmatist that he was, he saw also the quiet determination in the little band of businessmen/patriots and offered a compromise: reform the co-operative into a joint stock company and he would work with them towards a just arrangement. Manley commented wryly that it was "impossible to argue that the cooperative was a better way to handle the banana business," a view that was a forecast of the practical visionary he was to become in politics.*

*Richard Hart, writing in 1970, questioning what he regards as Manley's changed position on direct foreign investment capital, relates that in a 1967 letter to Manley, he posed the question: "It was in the discussions leading up to the 1949 (PNP) Statement of Policy that I first became aware that you and (N.N.) Nethersole were thinking along the same lines as Munoz Marin (the Puerto Rican leader) in your approach to industrialisation and foreign capital. Looking back, I am inclined to the view that this was not unconnected with the alarming proportions of unemployment in Jamaica and the feeling that unless something was done to provide jobs very quickly, the unemployed would turn against the PNP in office (as we expected to be) as they had against Bustamante. Is this fair comment?" Manley's reply, which Hart found "interesting", declared that the "comments about the 1949 programme and what preceded are both fair and correct, although as a matter of fact I had myself in conjunction with Nethersole thought out the lines of approach towards industrialisation which I discovered afterwards were identical with the policy in Puerto Rico."

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Manley's meeting with Zemurray marks his appearance upon the national stage in a significant political part. He showed instant talent by upstaging a star without inviting disaster. He sought out the only line of reasoning that would reach a stubborn man: he never argued the economics of the trade; indeed, he agreed with Zemurray.

"I thought there were other arguments that went beyond the economics of the matter, but few, if anyone thought that these considerations would affect Zemurray," he recounts. "As the future (showed), they did. For what happened was this: Zemurray asked to see me, no doubt expecting to listen to, and rebut the economic arguments at their highest level. What I did was to concede all his points from the start so as to open up other aspects of the matter. I talked about the history of our people, the difficulties they faced, the values that might be learnt from the cooperative movement."

He had gone in for an hour's meeting. He stayed for four. Zemurray was "absorbed, sympathetic and understanding."

Manley was not so ingenuous as to believe that he could change Zemurray but he gained what he had been after, an opening into the tough old Russian mind. Crusty capitalist as he was, he would have no truck with a two-horse droshky of a co-operative. But the Jamaican negotiator had crept up on his flank, the side of him that could remember how it used to be as a scofflaw on the

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New Orleans docks. "We worked out an ingenious plan that was acceptable to Zemurray," Manley states with sly satisfaction.

The plan was taken to New York by Manley, with two banana board executives attending, Charlie Johnston and Richard Williams. There, with the United Fruit Company's* lawyers, they set to work on structuring "an organization that was not to be a co-operative but a strange form of Company in which all the shareholders would be (former) members of the Co-operative."

He was very proud of his role in founding the Producers' Association because it was quite simply a triumph that inserted, into the deadening colonialist economy, the opening which would broaden into the base for his own brand of socialism. It was also the trail-blazer for the other commodity groups that eventually opened profitable markets for previously marginal farmers. But even more profoundly, Manley's involvement in the banana business would bring about the most far-reaching change in the country's social structure since 1838.

STET:- *Years later became United Brands. STET

* In 1952, after an absence of many years, they returned to Jamaica as United Brands

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CHAPTER ~~ELEVEN~~ ~~THIRTEEN~~ FOURTEEN

Zemurray was impressed with the brilliant work of the young lawyer from a small Caribbean nation. He was also probably aware of the damage to his company's corporate image caused by his bull-dozing tactics early in the negotiations. A man who thoroughly believed in cutting his cloth to suit his coat, he was about to tailor his ways in such a fashion as to take him close to radical as he would ever get. Out of his company's profits, he was about to encourage an example of that socialist thinking which the pressures of the twentieth century were forcing upon the old corsairs. In New York, he turned loose the young turks of his company's legal troops to lay down such contractual negotiations as would enable a bedrock capitalist to do business with a co-operative. Manley and his friends, equally relentless, traded ideas for eight days until the two sides settled on the formulae to ensure a good price and a fair share of the English market, then ruled by the United Fruit Company's subsidiary, Elders & Fyffes.

"It was a unique and remarkable agreement," Manley has said of it. "I do not think anything quite like it was to be found elsewhere in the world." A remark not immoderately modest of him, since he had fairly well written it singlehandedly.

The draft was adopted by the Jamaicans and Americans after two days. Manley was satisfied. He would now packed his bags and ready his farewells. Then the old freebooter Zemurray dropped a bombshell.

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"He took my breath away," says NWM.

It was, in brief, a [redacted] volunteering by a capitalist enterprise to [redacted]. Zemurray proposed that his corporation mark off one cent for every bunch of banana exported from the country. The money would create a foundation for the "good and welfare" of the people but place its emphasis on the growers, the country-folk. At the average quantity being shipped in those years, the fund would provide about a quarter million dollars; a considerable sum for the time. But the [redacted] purse was heavy with [redacted] as with cash: Manley would be virtually responsible for its distribution since he would form his own managing board. Moreover, there was more. The great man himself would use his influence in getting the smaller fruit company operating in Jamaica to contribute.

Manley returned to his New York hotel to sleep little; he knew he was confronting an unlocking into what he recognised as his final discipline. For he had the idea it would be his corridor to politics. Socialist politics. Fate, with a grin, had buffaloed the American free enterpriser into making a small left turn.

Manley was not reaching for sleep that night; really he eluded it. He had a contract to put together, familiar assignment enough; except that he must put in a couple of clauses made of peculiar stuff; rather close to a mixture of oil and water. He would have to convince the growers at home "who could not fail to see that (the growers' co-operative) which they had committed themselves to build and bring to maturity was quickly brought to an end." He spoke the

(One who had held no doubt how the House cats would jump had been J.G. Kieffer. The cigar-chomping United Fruit Company's manager in Jamaica had bluntly etc etc etc of the time.)

words, and his mind ran into the thought, equally unnerving, of persuading the Legislative Council, in which his arch-rival J.A.G. Smith was a power, to put the Manley-Zemurray concord into law. For it would have no validity unless legislated.

As it turned out, the last was cleared first. A sufficient number of the key legislators were planters whose exports were controlled by Zemurray's fruit company. J.G.Kieffer had no doubt how the House cats would jump. Kieffer, the cigar-chomping United Fruit Company's manager in Jamaica, bluntly observed this to the English governor, Denham, at a King's House meeting; and nobody DOUBTED. measure of the time. Manley, ever quick to appraise public opinion (although with less alacrity guided by it), reasoned that the Zemurray offer might take on the look of a BRIBE TO BETRAY [redacted] Jamaican pride. Even worse, the Foundation for the "good and welfare" of his countrymen had the power to elicit a suspicion "that I had betrayed the Co-op and sold them out for what would prove to be just a plaything of my own."

Cannily, on his return to Jamaica, he said nothing about the Zemurray offer but proceeded to seek approval for the proposed new organization. At a tumultous meeting of planters in the Ward Theatre, the plan scraped home after an inspired speech from Charley Johnston won a small majority in the vote.* AFTER A second visit to the United

*Manley spoke for an hour and faced a jolting barrage of questions for nearly 3 hours from a suspicious, hostile crowd.

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States to square out the intricacies of the cess, he returned and announced the creation of Jamaica Welfare. The sensible timing and a warm editorial from the Daily Gleaner settled it gently into place.

"Jamaica Welfare tapped a deep stream of middle class interest in Jamaica," Manley has said. "School teachers were anxious to (work with us) in terms that meant no financial benefit to them but answered a deep feeling that rural Jamaica needed special help. Those were the people who responded most readily to the call for self-government which I was to raise just two years later (through) the People's National Party."

And deep feeling it was.

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CHAPTER ~~TWELVE~~ FOURTEEN

An evangelical lash flicked the land, opening and exposing long neglected wounds. Manley's Welfare entered upon a journey of rediscovery, refounding and putting to use values which had been forgotten by an uprooted and dispersed people: the sense of tribal care that has stayed strongest among nations whose accumulations have remained unbroken. For Jamaica Welfare was to lay its main emphasis on co-operative ways, although it would also encourage private earners. Mainly, Jamaica Welfare turned a people to look inside for answers to their problems. In that way, it antedated by a decade the widely publicised and admirable Operation Bootstrap of Manley's friend, Puerto Rican governor Munoz Marin; and only failed to achieve as much because of its stricter exchequer: unlike Puerto Rico, it had no U.S. federal funds. And what else and above all Jamaica Welfare wrought, was to energize a dynamo of new tangibles in Norman Manley. Tangibles which had been waiting for just such a contract.

One of his special gifts was an extraordinary ability to attract recruits to his causes on a bonus of blood-&-sweat (a gift which would be manifest in even more astounding degree when later he began the building of a political party). His programme of social reform through cooperation brought together a group of young men who were to become minor legends by the quality, and quantity, of their work.*

In a neat, if unstudied use of history, Welfare established

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*Among them, Evan Donaldson, Tom Girvan, Eddie Burke, Arthur Carney, H.S. Fagan, Leopold

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Arthur Brown
Egerton Richardson

[redacted] ITSELF in a crumbling mansion at the corner of Hanover and East Queen Streets, in a building once occupied by [redacted] MODELS of the two [redacted] CHIEF limiters to the welfare of the Jamaican folk-people in earlier years: the planter and the military.*

*The 18th century townhouse of a merchant and sugar baron and, up to the 'Thirties, the hq of the Kingston Militia. [redacted]

Most of Manley's Welfare troopers were trained teachers: [redacted] field-[redacted] people, [redacted] purveyors of ideas, leaders in the countryside, where the schoolmaster was more than a pedagogue but shared also in the broader life of village and farm, as church catechist, sports leader, medical adviser, serving for the absent professionals. They were messianic young men, articulate and outgoing, proper tutors and conduits of the new Manley message. If some were inclined to come near to the bow-tied evangelists of the American South, a little irritating to their urban critics, the deeds would soon obscure the parallels. In any case, they were not going for the city. The city was a fake whose carefree swagger had drawn attention from the countryside where life grubbed along the same dirt road it had followed since 1838. Low wages on the estates, poor husbandry on the peasant holdings, and the sundering of the family-acre to inheritance for sons and daughters, laid a dire hand on rural life. Lands were as worked out as the workers, undernourished and tired. Not that the towns were much better off; WHERE jobs were scarce, and, by the oversupplied market, subject to the whims of employers, a class that took full advantage of conditions. The Society was a

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peculiarly distorted pyramid. The more normal (if bad) structure, where a broad base of workers supported a few at the top, was complicated further by a sub-manipulation: workers who themselves were unable to resist exploiting the pool of cheap labour. Union Leader A.G.S.Coombs has pointed out (although he was complaining of the hardship it caused his union members) that a barmaid received ten shillings a week and had to pay 25% of her wage to her maid; an upward groping towards a black bourgeosie that increased the disaffecteds and nourished the WIDER unrest. History's rough justice would order that the break occur at the first serious effort to effect a change in the wage-labour pattern. And Manley, now into his young middle-age, was as anxious as history to turn his own signpost. *

*Manley wrote another social contract, when, out of his Welfare came the Central Council of Voluntary Social Services (CCVSS) which for the first time effectively focussed the work of 17 private ~~charitable~~ and public agencies working among children and young adults including the YMCA, YWCA, boys and girls scouts and brigades, Save The Children Fund; and also the Salvation Army and the Jamaica Agricultural Society; and gained other notable "evangelists" including Jessie Irwin, Leila James Tomlinson, Donald Fitz Ritson, ~~R.H.-Fletcher.~~ . In 1947, CCVSS shortened its title (dropping the initial C) but broadened its activities to over 50 member-organisations with interests wide-ranging as the Royal Life Saving Society and the Land Surveyors' Wives Association; but all in the business of bringing aid and comfort to dwellers on The Rock --- the affectionate appellation Jamaicans give their sometimes hardtimes island.

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read like a Jew's Who.

CHAPTER ~~THIRTEEN~~ FIFTEEN SIXTEEN

Caps

At forty-four years old, Manley scribbled a note to himself, in which he quoted Button: "Lord, my days run through me like a water through sieve!" But not he noted, in despair; rather an urge to pay attention to time and continuity. Oddly enough, he had used the same words five years earlier in angry reaction to his "half-dead" compatriots in "the tropics", i.e., Jamaica. [redacted] His [redacted] urgency was growing. He had done all he cared to do in the Law. He was still a year away from the convulsive events which would make him over. His own far-flung, unsparing occupations were to blame for the way time seemed to fly. His law briefs, if all were accepted, would have more than doubled those of the next leading advocate. He was a newspaper critic on music, painting, books. He was occupied in sports, farming, in social work: in guidance, by comment and performance. Somehow all were being well handled. The so-called year of awakening was, WAITING in that Spring of 1937. Meanwhile, almost singlehandedly he was wrestling with the element which he asserted to be the key to progress; that is, the manner in which the land was husbanded.

Manley calculated that the current popular preference for the five acre farm as the viable ideal was a "false ideal." He thought the average farming family required no fewer than twenty acres to be truly viable. In this, he was joined by several men of his time. But Manley went further. He did not, as did many, believe that what he called "true homes", [redacted] would

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 A SPIRITUAL EXPANSION SHOULD ACCOMPANY THE WIDENING OF FIELDS. THE APPARATUS FOR PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY HAD BEEN SYSTEMATICALLY DESTROYED DURING THREE CENTURIES OF SERVITUDE AND DEPENDENCE. FIRM IN SELF-RESPECT, AS YOU OPENED OPPORTUNITIES. CATCH AT THE LIGHT

necessarily result from more lands. ~~He profoundly believed in learning to take responsibility, a belief that never flagged all his days; and that~~ in home and field. Productive lands and lively cottages. Good harvests and gaiety. "Let us build a new Jamaica!"

And therefrom came the Jamaica Welfare proclivity for ~~ka~~ lifting spirits as they taught skills; ~~for~~ BECAUSE impoverished grounds and sad Saturday nights* were eroding the ~~strength and~~ will which their ancestors had used

*A poignant folk-song, Linstead Market, reflecting the end of a poor week-end market in the ~~[illegible]~~ village of Linstead:
Carry me ackee go a Linstead market/Not a quattie wut sell/Lawd, not a bite not a light/What a Saturday night!

to break the predictions of the angry ex-Owners at the Abolition. The anti-abolitionists had predicted that the stony hill-country, to which the ex-slaves had moved, would bring them to their knees, crawling back to beg for work on the sugar estates. True, most had taken to their knees; but only to dig deeper into the hard land. WORKING ON their own holdings.

He was not yet committed to [redacted] politics as the way to [redacted] dislodge the social and economic obstructions. [redacted] Government had certain "duties" and these "they" should carry out; but he saw the social use of education, for a better quality of life, as an exercise which should be peculiarly Jamaican since the Colonial chiefs would be ruling from England on behalf of British interests. He worked at [redacted] developing a consciousness in the people that by their own effort on what was available, the family/village/district could become economically viable. He declared his faith in cottage industries for those [redacted] especially depressed areas given to furious [redacted] droughts. Agriculture was the sum of the country, supported by the State in/instruction, [redacted] cash and connections; but there were [redacted] hard-bite lands to which the technology and material in hand at that time could hardly reach. So, using the banana cess, he laid the ground for a straw goods industry, which, begun as

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internal
thin strand of the/[redacted]economy, now claims a place in national
other
exports. But the [redacted] "Zemurray money" also brought/problems.

Caps
Manley found he had to go up against the Old Guard thinking [redacted]
that would
[redacted] put [redacted] the new money into tired old "credit schemes."
Such a venture would have none of the dramatic impact he saw was

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required for any significant assault on the ingrained apathy which centuries of short hope had established. "I do not agree that 'credit schemes' ought to be privately attempted," he said at the time. It was "essentially government's job ... a duty which must soon be recognised." He was, of course, still some years short of the co-operative and credit unions surge which was to take the imagination, almost the passion, of a rising young middleclass caught in the gospel of Rochdale. At that time, he saw that since "our foundations are flimsy, (our) superstructures are wasted efforts. You can't build a palace on mud." A challengeable conclusion only in Borneo. Nevertheless it was an example of the hard, cool reasoning at work, earning him the reputation for composure and confidence. To the public, he was an unemotional man whose infrequent outbursts were generally well directed. Partly true. Once after a legal conference with a colleague who had been "rude and provocative," he commented that "I lost my rage and it had the desired effect." Privately, like other men great and small, he had his self doubts and confessed to often acting intuitively. The setting up of the banana trust fund and Jamaica Welfare was the first public weight of large proportion he was to bear; and it sat heavily on him. "This business of spending money for Jamaica," he said, "it gets messed up in my mind."

Nevertheless, he would structure a policy that was to hold the line against confusion all the long life of Jamaica Welfare,* putting the money and effort into sociological and agricultural causes; educating for cottage and field.

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*The name changed to Social Development Commission by the Labour Party when they gained office in 1962 has not changed its purpose still serving as the essential base for social action.

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Sixteen ? Fifteen Seventeen

CHAPTER ~~FOURTEEN~~ 17

Caps

The years of apprenticeship were ending. He was about ready, as he spectacularly thought of it, to "wrench myself off the banks of contemplation." He was not happy about getting off the banks, for that meant involvement with the vanity of others, a team discipline for which he was not ready. So far, his only teammate was Edna.

She, early in 1937, had flown with him to the United States (where the Welfare agreement was confirmed by Sam Zemurray) and then both went to England to prepare for the March showing of her sculptures in London's French Gallery; among them the powerful The Prophet and the now legendary Negro Aroused.* *Later immortalized as the symbol of the Jamaican worker, after it was bought by the Institute of Jamaica and brought back from the United Kingdom. He flew back alone on March 30. Four days afterwards he "decided, belatedly, to keep a diary (because) it becomes increasingly difficult to remember what I do from day to day." He would not be a faithful diarist, omitting years at a time. However, one of his early entries was a blast against the British critics for some patronising reviews of the show. "It takes a tough skin to stand these Olympian pats on the head from those who refuse to essay the inner significance of (the) work and prate about in jargon, on superficialities of technique and form." The months were made lonelier by Edna's illness in London and the likelihood of surgery. A two-week holiday in Holland lifted her spirit but inflicted more physical distress. Returning to England, she took her operation at the Queen's Gate NursingHome. her appendix to the project. Now, the losing Queen's Gate nursing home was used to quality. The King of Greece and the Duchess of Kent had received its

Footnote

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ministrations. But the Queen's Gate nursing home would have tripped over its tiara could have read the ribaldry in the cablegram sent by the elegant young Colonial lady to her Jamaican lover, celebrating some certain new freedoms ahead:

All's well ... very happy ... going to be superwoman.

"That," Norman, at home, commented drily, "defies comment."

Meanwhile, as he waited her return, he was minding the boys and working at his heavy legal load, supervising the farm at Drumblair and carefully nursing the fledgling Welfare. Douglas was fifteen years old and growing "tall and bright and secretive," a description not unsuited to Dad. Boarded at Munro, a high school in St.Elizabeth parish and the most prestigious on the island, he was home only during the holidays. Michael, 13, was at Jamaica College, the Hope Road high school that was still freshly aware of the fugleman performance his famous progenitor had given in track and field, in academics and knife-edge chancing of the headmaster's axe.* He was enjoying his two boys, but moreso at that time, Douglas, with whom he held long talks on socialism and capitalism — and books. Books of plain realism and raw life that were, to his thinking, the firmest road to effective education.**

*The famous R.M. Murray for whom N.W. always held great affection and respect. "He was the most brilliant teacher I ever met in my life."

**He once told Barbara Gloudon, a Gleaner editor, that the best way to self-education was to read a page daily of a good book on an academic subject you found dull.

Michael was too engrossed in his Lower School activities at Jamaica College to mind Marx. Moreover, Mike was having his own problems, having been caught lately in the heinous crime of puffing on a

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cigarette in his bedroom; as it was, a minor crisis for Dad, in the absence of Edna, that knitter of loose ends. NW was also angry and snapping at his Old School for its "butchery of babies." Michael was being bullied, as his father had been in his time and [redacted] fought his way out of it. He considered moving Michael; but after awhile, bottled his anger and sat down for an intoxicating evening with Orpheus in the underworld. He was later rewarded with an apologetic note from Michael about the smoking. It brought a comment on the character of a future Prime Minister of Jamaica for displaying "guts and far more sensitive feelings than I can pretend to ... Given half a chance, what possibilities!"

N.W. was also having a kind of felicity in court. Capital crime was not the humdrum line of work it was later to become among the thugs of our time, [redacted]. He had not appeared in a murder trial for over a year. But then turned up a pure Jamaican one with just a brush of obeah to [redacted] the jury's eyes. A rich smell of garlic pervaded the court, a condiment considered by the cognoscenti to be very thorough in putting down rival witchery. The lady witnesses wore sunshades in the trial room; a safe cover, too connected with the feminine mystique to be questioned by the masculine court. A bemused Manley could only comment at the end of a day, rich in story and innocence, "Women make magnificent liars in the (witness) box, and education has nothing to do with it. It is their native flair for the ready tale, spiced with humour and invention." He added, with a touch of wonder, "So Nature redresses the balance."

But another category of balances was blurring his blueprint for Jamaica Welfare. He confessed to being "shaken by [redacted] argument that you cannot build a palace on mud." Much of the available talent was soft, untried. It would be slow work laying the [redacted] foundations. As he prowled the unmarked wilderness of social obligation that was

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Jamaica, searching for people to serve on Welfare's managing board, he was frequently sharply critical of attitudes, denying, under stress, his own insight. He thought, in an instance, that Rudolph Burke, the eminent planter and later President of the Jamaica Agricultural Society, was "too burdened with consciousness of his origins, the past, and the want of opportunities." These he saw only as "apologies for a sense of personal failure or doubt." But in the society of his day, Burke, a very black and educated man, would have been singularly insensitive not to accept the evidence of the handicaps a colonial policy had laid on him. After all, he, Manley, had himself in near despair walked down similar alleys, dismal, beleaguered by the racists of England, and had not emerged utterly annealed. And yet, Burke strove and was to become a highly important achiever. Still and all, at the same time, he appreciated the gifts in his junior (by 6 years) Jamaica College colleague* and eventually was to invite Rudolph Burke to the founding directorate of his "banana fund trust".

*Like NW, once cricket, football and track captain at JC and a record holder, ¼ mile.

He had an intent to go into people; the indices he stored as lawyer, leader and intellectual gave him no alternative. The need to know was a passion all his life. The long, introspective non-look he sometimes wore in a private conversation could cause discomfiture to a companion. He was appalled at inveracities but could understand dissemblings. When U. Theo McKay** leaked to newspaperman "Nattie"

**A brother of Claude McKay

Parker the as yet unpublicised story of the Zemurray cess, he could chuckle in secret at the innocence in McKay's subsequent note enquiring of the news leak.

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One pursuit in which his capacity for levity lagged, was in law and justice. He was severe on incompetent fellow lawyers and judges, although in the case of the latter, the law of contempt being so notional, prudence kept his opinions private. But in "private", "lazy" courts exacted his severest comments, particularly judges who had not "troubled to read more than a page of a textbook."

my Note: See 70

He particularly abhorred and castigated "expert" witnesses who, under his merciless cross-examination, proved progressively inexpert. Those he was known to destroy. Yet, such was his respect for the system that he would endure "gratuitous rudeness" from a Bench, occupied by a poor lawyer, as an exercise in self discipline.* But his therapies were not, as a rule, flagellate. He could turn instantly from a political confrontation, to finishing a frame and stretching a canvas with Edna, or assist his cow, Rhoda, at her calving, or be lulled by a recording of Orpheus ("What a lyric! Intoxicating!"), or tell outrageous tales of crooks to a heartily disapproving young Douglas. He was seldom undevoted to his contradictions, nor reluctant to voice them. A published music critic himself, he could be furious at an unflattering piece on Edna's art and deliver of himself the pronouncement that "criticism is a parasitic futility." But the real reasons for this latter contrariness lay in a love story which ought to be told.

*In later years, his sound and unrivalled knowledge of the law, always at the disposal of a floundering judge, and his reputation for the cutting retort honed to fit meticulously, unreachable of the engulfing contempt laws, won him the unusualness of instant and unwavering attention from high court benchers, some of whom were notorious for arrogance and savaging of witnesses and advocates.

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CHAPTER ~~FIFTEEN~~ SIXTEEN

It is not possible in the British Isles to be closer to Jamaica than at Penzance, in Cornwall. Penzance (and the country about) has more sunny days than any place in England. In its gardens grow the blooms and vegetables that flourish in [redacted]. And close to Penzance lay such hamlets as Mousehole, and Gulval, and Lizard Head and Brown Willy beyond, homely, easily-taken-to names that could have turned up in the little green covered Jamaica Geography in use a generation of schooldays ago. Newlyn is also [redacted] a satellite of Penzance and later, [redacted] into the borough.

Newlyn has a special fame as the place on earth from which [redacted] elevations on [redacted] maps are calculated. It also [redacted] urgent [redacted] to artists, [redacted] the rugged coastline, the clear light, and profusion of foliage. [redacted] In its vicinity, [redacted] across the water, are the storied Scilly Isles. Within a Sunday walk are the most westerly (Land's End) and southerly (Lizard Point) reaches of England. These are fine romantic reasons for its popularity; but to artists on short commons, the warm sun and ready inexpensive food gardens [redacted]. In this extraordinary country of high ground and ocean, of colour and isolation, Edna Swithenbank, [redacted] born in Bournemouth, grew up in a country pastor's manse, an unconfined spirit whom Norman first saw as "a little girl of fourteen, a strange, shy and highly individualistic person, quite unlike the rest of her family and indeed unlike anybody I had ever known."

He had turned twenty-one, embarked on the Rhodes but destined

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to quit, for awhile, the green fields of academe for the bloody French barrens.

The relationship survived the four year interruption in a way not infrequent among the young; while Nature, undeflected by a war, thoughtfully kept at work and brought her to N.W.'s appreciative eye "a most exciting girl," next time he returned from France. There must have been a special strength and light in the encounter of the two sensitive and highly intelligent young people, struggling to touch and grow together in a society so captive to its racial mores as England's; so tight-lipped about its sickness, to the schizophrenia of affecting it did not exist, as it enacted statutes against it. They saw and were aware of a decision inside themselves; and this decision shed its own inner candescence, sustaining them in a land that gave coldly back to their warmth. And in like goodness, later in Jamaica, the creativity of their love was to open ways to achievements in a severely limited island of astonishing breadth and diversity. They were bolts from different parts of the cosmos, he with his intellect and logic, and Edna with the artist's ineluctable compulsion to swerve and challenge the devil-muse at every crooked crossroad. They WALKED, and stumbled, and went on again. Over and over they were to show they had the gift for the long journey. At times it could make them incautious and too certain. Edna, elegant and earthy, laced with a malicious wit that wrinkled the pompous as it enlivened the scene, was, VERY probably without intent, establishing the role of active concern for the welfare and artistic integrity of young artists that would one day bring a charge from her critics that she was endeavouring to found a "school." (Her idealizing of Adolph Hitler in the days

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before his unmasking, an indulgence that still drew comment forty years later, seems hardly to have been political; more of a fierce retort to all the arrogantly complacent people who had, in England, made her Norman uncomfortable. She had much company. At the time, many outwardly "loyal" Jamaicans, while not wishing the defeat of the Empire, were considerably cheered with the thought of a mild come-uppance to the haw-haw colonial Englishman.)

Hers was a genuine compassion mingled, it is true, with an engaging gregariousness. Drumblair, with its grounds, and trees, and rambling old house, its two gifted and lightly imperious occupants, and a frenetic frequency of proficients and tyros usually hanging about, could, and did suggest that inevitably there would be a wake; a wake in which the young artistic talents would settle, perhaps borrow shape, and provoke her critics that there was a Drumblair artistic endowment. But the fact was that Edna brought to Drumblair not only painters and sculptors, but musicians, novelists, preachers, race horse trainers, essayists, gardeners, boxers, dancers, journalists, engineers, doctors and even a few lawyers and several politicians. Neither Norman or Edna came near to being deified. Artists seldom worship; and on his side Manley had very questioning men; political actors on the stage he undisputably managed but who were as temperamentally singular. At no time in its history was the PNP without infighting, sometimes perilously close to being torn apart. [redacted] Edna turned a prodigious and passionate energy into every influence that could provide assistance for young or struggling artists, guiding the disordered into discipline and perhaps marketing the product when the rent was due. She held art classes for children at the Junior Centre on East Street. She founded the

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justly famous FOCUS magazine when it was evident that writers were dying on the vine for want of outlets.* She also shared her husband's

*And wrote back long detailed appraisals to struggling young writers as she did to my first full-length novel sent her in 1939 [redacted] from the wilds of a west country sugar central where I section-clerked. AUTHOR.

interest in athletics, particularly prizefighting and is credited with an assist in the training of a fine light fighter of the 'Thirties called St.Andrew Pup.

She had never been a [redacted] Wednesday afternoon [redacted] descending gloved and tea-hatted to the ghettos for a brisk one-hour workout at a conscience bash, scrubbing babies or distributing silver fippences; but later, when N.W. went into politics and her awareness broadened, she was soon with characteristic energy strongly into child care and women's welfare. [redacted] spousal advantage, her concern was intense and personal. [redacted] In the next years, although she more than stayed ahead with the chisel, gaining international repute as a sculptor, her generation of young painters was delicately but firmly brushing past her, to the glad applause of this unusual woman. She liked people to succeed because she liked people and believed in humanity, whoever and whatever they were. It is the core of her character. The youthful Norman had been buoyed up by it in his courting days in England; [redacted] could not, as he has said, ignore the matter of colour. [redacted] it had stirred up enough apprehension in him to notice that the announcement of their engagement brought no "immediate warmth of approval" from her family. But jolly for the benefit of the doubt: It could be that a Methodist uneasiness may have flinched [redacted] Ellie begat of the old Table of Kindred and Affinity, a document which declares among several anathemas, dire descents of

the Deity upon the head of the man-who-marries-his-mother-in-law, or the woman who gets herself espoused to a step-grand-uncle? [redacted] Ellie's late husband had been a fanatical upholder of the 18th century fervour shown by Cornishmen in the Methodist movement. Norman was her nephew; Edna his first cousin. Wasn't it close enough to trouble for a body [redacted] to be still AND NOT APPLAUD SUCH A DOUBTFUL BETROTHAL? [redacted]

Gwan! It was colour, but the Manleys didn't care. [redacted] AND THE union turned out to be nearer made-in-heaven than most amalgamations.

Much later, in a burst of quiet exuberance at his luck, N.W. [redacted] was almost compromised into publishing a brochure on the joys of monogamy. The quaintness and audacity of the subject in the aquarius age may just have floated it among the best sellers. [redacted] FOR [redacted] the fact is, they did manage to work an orderly, constitutional, organic structure that raised hell and kids with great good fun within the monagamous bounds that for so many, in the repressive 'Twenties and 'Thirties, turned into [redacted] boredom. Edna was ever to be his "wild bird on a tall tree on a bare hill," the luminous felicity he once used in describing the "elusive beauty" of a thought he never identified. But that was she, I believe, and that the identity. It was their love affair. An elusive happening of great beauty between two creatures. He was sometimes mystified by its intensity. One Spring day in 1938, he watched her at work, the chips flying from the wood after a time of drought when nothing had come from her chisel. He knew then, clearly, that, to him, her work and fulfilment held importance over his own ambitions. "After twenty years, this still matters more than anything else," rode his thoughts in quiet wonder at their love affair.

Clip BREAK But we have gone [redacted] ahead. For first, there was Frome.

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CHAPTER ~~SIXTEEN~~ ~~Eighteen~~ ~~SEVENTEEN~~ NINETEEN

19

An unusual feature about the parish of Westmoreland is its flatness. In a reverse of the island's total land fall, over 75% of the parish is below the 1,000-feet level. Well watered and [redacted] fertile, the great plain was the choice of Tate & Lyle, the large English-owned international sugar COMPANY, for locating its central sugar factory. Tate & Lyle entered the Jamaican field in 1937 when they bought lands extensively, mostly from the old bankrupt Charley estates, and settled down to becoming the potent factor in island agriculture. The "Central" begun at Frome would be the largest and [redacted] the most modern and efficient sugar factory in the British Caribbean territories. It would replace the half a dozen or so decrepit mills scattered over the Westmoreland savannah. The project would require many workers.

There had never in the past been a shortage of workers on the plain. Hundreds of resident labour occupied the estate "barracks" during the "weeding" or out-of-crop season, between April and December; and in the harvesting-grinding months, a veritable flood of wage-seekers descended on the ripened fields and the factory, coming in thousands from the larger towns, Savanna-la-Mar, Grange Hill, Little London, Petersfield and from the mountain settlements around Darliston.

So this was the pattern of the 'Thirties: the regular workforce of hoemen, spademen, planters, weeders, functioned all year; the great regiments of reapers and factory hands marched in at crop-time for the three to five months when the mills rolled. And then the whole countryside was transformed.

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Suddenly, the wappen-bappens proliferate, selling liquor, women, food, like a goldrush town. Kerosene lamps, SHED SMOKY LIGHT on the crown-&-anchor tables, three-pebble conmen and pencil-in-the-belt ginals, the sam-fie sleight-of-hand artists whose old colourful skills have disappeared under today's onslaught of betting shops and bingo HALLS. The long, squat, ugly barracks of wood, or broken "Spanish" walls, are packed thigh to thigh with itinerant cane-cutters and loaders, who, like any man-jack footloose in foreign territory, away from the discipline of home and brood, turn lustful, boasting and brawling. The huge sugar works commenced at Frome was the biggest industrial enterprise ever conceived in Westmoreland (or, at that time, in Jamaica.) It attracted such a worker inflow as had never before gathered in any rural community. What was more, most of them came from the massive divisions of unemployed in the city. Seeking a piece of the action, they bore down on the parish.

As city workers they were accustomed, when there was work, to higher wages than the sugar belt employers were prepared to pay. Added to that setback, the huge influx had created an overweight labour supply for the market. BOTH were undeniably good for trouble.

Nor were the circumstances made easier by the traditional attitudes of estate management. On most sugar estates, the unwritten law dictated that middle management posts, i.e., overseers, field book-keepers, SECTION- clerks, were filled by whites, mulattos or browns; generally, arrogant men who rode their mounts and wore their Balaclavas with the air of cavalry officers. Frome was half a century behind the city in labour relations; indeed, had

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hardly left 1838. Fines and other PUNISHMENTS [redacted] on workers. [redacted] were INFLICTED at whim. One estate even notoriously had its own private lock-up for jailing minor infractors.* The overseers

*Not only in Westmoreland were the estates almost tiny "cane republics". P.A.Bovell, attorney for Caymanas Estates in St.Catherine and a Justice of the Peace, in the 1938 Troubles, not only read the Riot Act (as a J.P.) himself, but swore in his senior staffers, armed them and allegedly gave orders to fire on a crowd at his gate, wounding six. Irate Spanish Town citizens marched on Caymanas but were stopped by the police.

and book-keepers, strong, well-fed ignorant men pursuing the ancient prurience of slave times, begetting bastards among the field women or laying a quirt across the shoulders of a hoe-man, were hardly the kind to easily take to the brash, more "democratic" city migrants who were already fired with the growing dissidence in Kingston through the enquiries of men like St William Grant, and Bustamante / whom Grant had by now brought to his public forum around Victoria Park.

The distance between deeply rural Westmoreland and the capital was more than long dusty roads. Folk grew old and died in the parish without venturing east of Rat Trap, a border hamlet. Even among the educated, there was a distinctive Westmoreland way with words, e.g., "bile" for "boil", "yawm" for "yam". Into this anachronism came the migrants from the city, attracted by the promise of jobs, impelled by the same hope which had sent their progenitors into the canefields and banana fields of Cuba and Costa Rica, to dig the canal at Panama, to work and write poems and books and take politics to the streets of Harlem, U.S.A. At Frome were such diverse men as Alfred Francis, an "honest-minded man with my box of tools and hymn-book" who would be tried as a ringleader of the riot, and sea-pilot Vicker Hayden, doubling as a roving Daily Gleaner reporter whose early despatches gave spot coverage

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of the "dollar-a-day" riot.

The only earlier occurrence that bore a resemblance to the Frome troubles happened in Kingston in 1924, the "Darling Street riots." As at Frome, it was the staging of a project offering unusually large job openings — asphalting the city streets, then surfaced in macadam — which caused two results: a sudden and heavy tilt in the job market as migrant (rural) workers rushed into the city, and the unlucky seekers inciting the succeeders to ask for more. As in Oliver Twist, the keepers were aghast. After all, just recently, in a House debate on shop conditions at the Mental Hospital, only that indefatigable champion of the people, J.A.G.Smith, the Member for Clarendon, saw cause for condemning a system which ordered a (female) nurse to work 35 consecutive nights of 12 hours each. The others could not fault it. Indeed, one member, H.E.Vernon of St Mary, suggested that when a nurse had to be fired for being caught nodding in any of the 35 nights, the Director of Medical Services ought to "hold a little enquiry for the sake of what I call giving satisfaction to the country (and) after that, the dismissal can take place." Vernon was a jokify man, but his comment evoked no chuckles from the House; so one must conclude that at least to his hearers, the Honourable Member was in dead earnest.

BREAK

On Friday, April 29, 1938, day workers on one of the West Indies Sugar Company's (Tate & Lyle) estates stunned the bushas by refusing to accept their wages at the Company's paytables. They claimed to have expected more. Yet, bad as it was, the Company was doing better by its workers. A newcomer to the ranks of the long entrenched, exploitative sugar families of Westmoreland, WISCO had been really souring the patch for the old marauders. For example: Labourers paid one

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shilling and sixpence (1/6) per day under the previous ownership had been given threepence per day increases.* The old scotch-swilling

*The day began at 6.45 a.m., ended at 5.30 p.m.

rum manufacturers sulking on their "great-house" verandahs were apoplectic at the "foreigners" munificence which they would have to match if they would keep their work-force. These old plantocrats had for generations fed their profits from an inexhaustible labour pool. And although the sugar market had fallen on poorer times in the post-World War I years, sensible (i.e. extortive) management could reap enough to keep a reasonably luxurious life style, until, say, the next war, when prices would plump up again. The BARONS GRUMBLED THAT WISCO was mucking about with a system that had served splendidly since EMANCIPATION.

There was worse inside the Company fence. A rumour had come to the workers that the Company had intended to pay four shillings a day, near enough to a 200% increase.** Some

**L.A.Grant, Frome's general manager, later offered two shillings a day but the situation already polarized, it was furiously rejected.

cynics were later to speculate that the rumour could have been spread by the local sugar barons to incite a strike on the WISCO estates. Whether or not, it did.

More than a thousand workers were involved. Speeches and more hearsay*** over the weekend fed the discontent. The attitudes of the traditionally feisty field book-keepers and administrative staff, long used to cowing the workers by threats of fines or firing, assisted at tightening the tension. With a flourish of their RIDING quirts they offered a like-it-or-lump-it stand. The ingredients for the explosion were BEING SHAKEN TOGETHER.

*** Or susu tales as the Anancy storytellers of Westmoreland say.

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① BREAK

Monday morning broke on a [redacted] noise of people closing on the compound of the old factory at Frome. [redacted] The Sabbath of rumours and speeches had not been lost on the [redacted] POLICE FROM SAV-LA-MAR and they were there in force. But the [redacted] PEACE-OFFICERS of those Empire days did not march [redacted] OUT OF barracks, [redacted] WEARING brass-BOUND [redacted] serge and chin-strapped balaclavas [redacted] ON A MISSION OF PEACEFUL PERSUASION. [redacted] They toted Mark VIIs, long-barrelled British Army issues carrying the brutal .303 shell in their chambers. The police of the West Indian colonies was a para military force, trained to aggression; fine black men programmed to shoot in protection of the white oligarchy. No riot control weapons, e.g. teargas canisters, were in the arsenals. Fixed bayonets replaced the baton.

The old ramshackle factory, a few hundred yards [redacted] from the building site for the new Central, was still in use, taking off its last crop. It stood a hundred yards in from the main Savanna la Mar/Grange Hill road, behind a lovely fieldstone wall. Across the road from the compound was the Frome market, called the "shambre".*

*Perhaps from "shambles", Old English dialect for a meat market.

Newspaper accounts later claimed that at six [redacted] a.m. about three hundred people were on the Frome compound, singing religious hymns and listening to speeches from the spontaneous leadership spawned by any instant revolution. Facing them were about a hundred policemen under a couple of Irish Inspectors, a land which had for many years sent its corporals to Jamaica to become officers and gentlemen.

The action began impersonally enough with an attack on a sugar truck hauling out for the wharves at Savanna la Mar. But soon it

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turned to stronger grievances, singling out the home of a particularly unacceptable official for attack; [redacted] survived by his absence.* But that turned the crowd's rush towards the decrepit frame factory and an office building into which Manager Grant and his staff had scurried.

*Grant, after the building was breached and entered, was saved by a field labourer named Rufus Jones who uptilted a barrel over him.

The refuge underwent a siege, [redacted] was broken [redacted] the police opened fire and made a bayonet charge that killed, near the lovely [redacted] wall, four, and wounded nine. The stone-throwers had used the [redacted] wall for a breastwork. [redacted] no match for rifle shooters. The [redacted] ran for cover in the canefields.

So the Frome riots ended, except for retaliatory canefield fires lit by the fleeing folk. The casualties included six women and seven men. One of the four killed was a woman.

But the fires lit at Frome were to spread around the island and force into leadership the two most famous men in our annals. "By the time of the end of the Frome riots, Bustamante had been made the best known person in Jamaica," Manley reflected in 1969. He charged the Jamaica Standard, a new daily rival of the century-old Gleaner, with the responsibility. The Standard, he said, made "a legend of Bustamante."

(Busta himself [redacted] anxious for the legend since his moneylending business was being battered by the new Usury Law; directed against loansharking, but, of necessity, flaying at the [redacted] legal lenders. Busta was also into his pattern of pulling away from any obligation to a [redacted]. [Now it was from St William Grant who had fetched him into the public eye [redacted] street acclamation, still held his ovation [redacted] level.)

Within days, labour commotions were breaking out on cane estates and at

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banana ports. The city stayed quiet - on the surface.* Tramcar motor-

*To the statement of a police inspector, an Englishman, that Kingston was quiet, St William Grant, by then being called by the media, Alexander Bustamante's chief lieutenant, retorted, "No sir. Kingston is not quiet! On the contrary, the city ... is seething!"

men, of some influence among the workers because of their semi-skills among a largely labouring people and the glamour that rode with them on the swaying, rocketing platforms, were about to be made obsolete with their streetcars through a takeover of public transport by motor bus. The iron lines already were being ripped out even as Ken Hill's National Reform Association fought for better severances. Shorted by the action, Ken took to the streets. A jockeying that added to the tension.

MEANWHILE, THE Colonialists were taking a few small steps towards improving life in Kingston's cactus ghettos. Roads and housing were planned for Trench Town, then a wilderness of thornbush DOTTED WITH homes in discarded auto bodies. Montego Bay's A.G.S.Coombs was planning a hunger march. Coombs, tall, tough, dedicated, was one of the pioneer labour leaders in the colony and president of the Jamaica Workers and Tradesmen Union. A new weekly paper trenchantly called Public Opinion, with an option on a nationalist-socialist purpose as it exerted a strong cultural interest, had been founded by Osmond Theodore Fairclough (later co-founder of another greater event, the PNP) and an English scholar named Hedley Powell Jacobs, who, coming to Jamaica at 22 years old in 1926 and marrying the NIECE of Jamaican poet "Tom Redcam" (MacDermot), would spend all his long years here.

Those three weeks in May were to be the end of the Old Jamaica. The New Jamaica was about to institute its birthpangs.

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CHAPTER ~~SEVENTEEN~~ EIGHTEEN

Shipside loading in Montego Bay was done from pontoons or lighters On Saturday, May 21, 1938 the stevedores in Montego Bay struck. The lighter-loaders of sugar on the Royal Mail Line's Lombardy lying in stream, demanded a doubled rate per hour. From five cents (sixpence) to ten cents (one shilling). True to tradition, the shipping powers would not consider the increase and the lightermen went out, closing the port. It was a companion action to the other, two days before, in Kingston, where the United Fruit Company's 200 stevedores had staged a walkout at the pier at the Company's refusal to raise the hourly rate from eight cents (ninepence) to ten cents. The Company promptly and confidently moved the vessel next door where a few hundred hungry banana loaders (then next to, just above, the coal carriers, the lowest in the waterfront social scale) could be expected to turn out for the old eight cents rate. Patiently, the banana loaders next door crowded the old wooden finger-pier, waiting for the vessel to be moored, only to flabbergast the Company officials, when the order was given to load, with unexpected shakings of heads. "If there had been no strikes, you wouldn't have wanted to make us into stevedores," explained a spokesman for the lowly banana loaders, into the horror-struck countenance of the Company man.

It was the first rejection of the old manipulation. The hand-size cloud before the storm. The Company took the ship to Port Antonio on the northeast coast where, for the moment, the old order stood.*

*Next day, in Kingston, it was the turn of the Jamaica Banana Producer's "Jamaica Planter" to be given the treatment by the city longshoremen who now had their coatie up.

coatie

BREAK

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Even while a Westmoreland magistrate was handing out stiff sentences to the Frome folk for the happenings on Tate & Lyle's estates, the protests were spreading into every parish. In St.Ann, led by the indomitable A.G.S. "Father" Coombs, 500 workers were demonstrating against the Public Works Department and the Parochial Board (parish council) two large employers. In St. Catherine, L.W.Rose, a local labour leader, was quietly but effectively agitating for reforms. Kingston street-sweepers downed their brooms at the old City Cart Stables, demanding thirty shillings ($3) a week and the removal of the East Indian foreman — curiously a supervisory field in which Jamaicans of Indian extraction held a virtual monopoly.

The weekend turned hectic on Sunday (May 22) when at all-day sessions on the waterfront, Bustamante and St William Grant made marathon speeches calling for unity, ending the day with their regular Sunday mass meeting on the Kingston race course. By morning came a full closure of the wharves and a setting of the scene for the next two days; powerful days that would halt commerce in the city, and wheel the country a quarter, to face the bend in the wind.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Early Monday morning, strongly rushing troops of longshoremen, wearing their cloth caps, wind-filled "DRILL" shirts billowing off their backs, baggy trousers ankling down on feet, bare and sneaker-shod, slapping the pavement, aggrieved men, determined and aggressive men, pounded through Harbour Street, they split columns to run parallel on Port Royal Street, and split some more to penetrate the tar-soaked waterfront lanes, diligent in their duty to close the city and rouse the citizens to havoc.

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To pull down the strongholds of common purpose built up by generations of bad employers, WORKING WITH AN [redacted] overflow labour pool.

Led by the stevedores, the attacks were low-keyed in accord with [redacted] THE TIMES, when violence was more noisy than destructive. They banged ON [redacted] overturned garbage cans, but fired no guns. They forced the shutters to drop, but burnt no shops. They hijacked a clip of electric trams and joy-rode lightheartedly on King Street. They broke some gaslamps, illegally skipped pebbles into the Victoria Park pool, and, bored with all that stuff, fanned their columns into the city to SHOUT [redacted] the acceptable day of release, and of [redacted] New Times, [redacted] somehow, by the grace of wrath, THEY HAD [redacted] turned a corner. THAT = [redacted] OTHERS = cleared the piers of strikebreakers the shippers had brought in. At mid-morning, police and men of the English regiment on station were put on patrol, but by that time the strikers had effectively buttoned up the city. Firemen, tramwaymen, sanitation workers joined the longshoremen in making the work stoppage official by STATING [redacted] demands for better wages (some tramway motormen were paid about five cents an hour, fire brigade rank-&-filers from about $2.80 a week.) The authorities reacted ←→ with rifle-fire.

Riflemen have no place in riot control. Especially when, as in this case, the rioters had no explosive weapons. Their arms were the ubiquitous coco-macca, used as a walking cane or for stick-fighting. With the small slaughter at Frome still in mind, one newspaper, while carefully refraining from any criticism of the rulers, observed in an obscurely placed paragraph that "... as a means of dispelling possibly riotous assemblies... it certainly is a tremendous pity that (teargas) has not yet been introduced into Jamaica." Before the day was out, rifle-fire had killed Mrs Sarah Thomas, a candy-seller,

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and her small son, Stanley, at their gate, No 103 Matthews Lane, and wounded another 9 year-old son, Henry. Mrs Jackson of 137 Princess Street looked out of an upper floor window and received a .303 bullet in her back.

And some time in the forenoon of that eventful day, history made a punctuation in the Jamaica story. Alexander Bustamante and St William Grant, passing the Central Police Station on the way to the main fire station on Sutton Street, were pounced upon by a police party and dragged into the station. Both Bustamante and Grant were arrested. It was a footling act of authority. As nothing else, the arrest of Bustamante would haul Norman Manley to the public stage and initiate the great events which would make the next quarter-turn in the wind and face directly into political independence, the first in the British Caribbean.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

That Monday morning, N.W.Manley was at the other end of the island: in Savanna-la-Mar holding a watching brief for the West Indies Sugar Company, before the Frome Riot Commission. Manley was not yet altogether the people's man. He was the most sought-after lawyer; and wealthy WISCO, like other large corporations, and family businesses, held him by retainer; in spite of his known straying towards closer encounters with the third kind, the poor-people of Jamaica Welfare's enthusiasms.

Many, on both sides of the economic halves, were aware of the Manley dilemma. All had been peering at him, obscure in the wings. Not really cloaked and muttering, as wondering whether the casting director had shegged in casting an essentially solo performer for arena theatre. But when he did emerge, he came out winging. Within a few days he would be publicly commenting that "for many years, we have been educating our people and we have been making them conscious of their powers and their rights. It is high time it was realised that we have got to make a step forward and organise and train the people so that they can properly use their power for legitimate ends. No progress will ever be made until this end is recognised and met." But on Monday morning in the fine-looking Georgian courthouse on Savanna-la-Mar's Great George Street , he was all advocate, doing the job his education and professional commitment required. As a lawyer, his client's case, rich or poor, was his cause.

There was, however, a scruple in his mind that he was obliged to explain to the Commission. If required, he said, he would assist "in bringing facts" before them. He "did not desire to interfere unduly, or to ask to be allowed to interfere unduly. Anything I do will be with the view of giving the fullest assistance for the

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fullest enquiry to be made from everybody's point of view." Not everyone among "the people" took kindly to the apologia NOR to his place at the enquiry. Dismissing his position as a legal nicety, he was, they said, a main man for Big Business. They should have asked Edna.

Copy

For Edna Manley, knowing the way her husband's mind was turning ever more strongly to the personal covenant he had made years before, instantly sensed that his place this morning of May 23 was not in the courtroom but on the streets. She sent him a telegram. With her usual lucidity, she brushed in the picture for him. All hell, she explained in the wire, has broken loose.

Nevertheless, "I came home late and am abused," Manley was to note ruefully years after. Edna seemed to have lit sharply into him. His "exciting" woman was not about to allow any little matter like the law's delays, nor rough winding roads, to frustrate the real start to his race. So they settled down to an evening of talk, conjectures, plans and projects at Drumblair; phone calls and visitors flowing in and out, tasting and testing the happenings, which, for the first time in a hundred years, since the 1831/32 rebellion, when English warships had been warped inshore so their cannons could rake the streets, had shut down the ancient city.

NEXT MORNING

Manley was up early after his usual short sleep. It was a holiday, ironically, Empire Day, and it was to see the thinnest of wedges inserted that would one day part this outpost from rule by the Crown. The May morning was sunny and hot as he breakfasted and motored into the city. He parked the car and proceeded, as he has impishly put it, to "perambulate" the deserted downtown streets, shuttered and eyeless in the sunlight. Occasionally, roving squads

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of people ran a block and disappeared, briefly exploding the silence. Police and military vehicles nosed restlessly through the lanes and alleys. The city was strangely half alive. "Something in the nature of a general strike ... something in the nature of martial law ..." mused the Jamaica Standard.

The newspaper went on to say, "For the most part, the strikers are ill-informed, lacking in leadership and in many cases, know not what they want."

But this was so, too, of the employers and the government.

Lacking in elected leadership, the central government had to look to the Mayor of Kingston, a general practitioner from Cross Roads, Dr O.E.Anderson, and his Council, to provide a liaison with the people; the elected members of the Legislative Council, the Crown dominated Parliament, were hopelessly out of touch. They "have palpably failed to look after (our) interests. This country (will not) easily forget the apathy with which the representatives of the people received the news (of the events)," observed the Public Opinion weekly. Yet, the silence of the statesmen was golden as against the utterances of the employers. The daddy of them all, the sprawling and powerful United Fruit Company, whose ukases from Boston often weighted the decisions of the English governor in King's House, spoke through its acting general manager, C.M.Hislop (Kieffer, the great Khan, was not much given to public statements): "We never had a deputation from our workers at all. If we had, we might have been able to consider their case. Even now, should we receive such a deputation, we might give the matter some consideration."

Might have been able to ... might give some consideration.

Even now, the truth had not reached: that the working people

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were declaring against the old unilaterals in labour-employer relations. Industrial relations of the day went in on the whip-crack. A negotiated settlement of a labour problem was as alien to their "baccra-massa" thinking as rubbershod polo ponies.*

*When an elite special constabulary was later formed to protect the estates from the incendiaries of incensed workers, some turned up for recruitment wearing white polo helmets and provided easy targets for bricks in the [redacted] dark.

Manley, that morning, "perambulated" to the fire brigade station where he met two of the city gentry, Audley Morais, a cinema operator, and G.M.DaCosta, a merchant. Proprietors in the wood-&-brick city were especially concerned over the fire brigade strike. Both Morais and DaCosta, being of the particularly distrusted "mulatto St Andrew" class[redacted], and neither of them possessing [redacted] the charisma to approach the firemen with any confidence, they saw the godsend in the approaching perambulator and fell on him. "They insisted that I break up the strike," Manley recalls. Morais, he said, was near tears. His film stores were particularly vulnerable. They pushed hard but Manley was reluctant. He did not, he pointed out, know the facts.

Manley must have been conscious of the company he would be keeping. He was not a St William Grant, so much obviously a man of the people, nor of the flamboyance of Bustamante, who, despite his Caucasian appearance, resided [redacted] and moved with the proletariat.** In those two fateful days, Bustamante's constant companion was Grant, [redacted] an unmistakable [redacted] black and a veteran street-corner battler for black rights; Manley was walking with Morais and DaCosta, both

**Bustamante lived "downtown" and was an habitue of Arlington House, a popular eating and watering-place on East Queen Street.

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white or ably "passing". The newspapers were leaning on H.S. "Speedy" Burns, a rising young journalist, was writing of "A Socialist Jamaica" and of "a Communist group" waiting to "make 1940 a peak year." Under the same dateline, a Montego Bay reporter was relating a belief that "Communists from Cuba were responsible for the recent Frome riots and other present strikes in the island." Cuba, where Bustamante was fresh from; A little detail which would not rest easy with the Establishment. Manley would have seemed a safer repository for whatever small degree of will they would allow through to "the people."

Nevertheless, Manley's growing willingness to be involved and identified with the unrest made him open to charges. He had to go into defence. "It has been rumoured," he was forced to state, "that I have advised some of the activities of the past few days. It is sufficient to say that nobody knowing me could possibly believe that I could think that Jamaica's interests would be served by letting loose the irresponsible pandemonium of the past two days. But I believe that the genuine labourers themselves are responsible enough to know that they can secure their rights by different methods and I believe that they will try to do so."

Flanked by his two white* companions and facing the irate firemen, Manley quietly spoke the rejoinder he was to offer so often in the years ahead. "I believe," he said, "that I am a person whom you will trust." And with that confidence in his own ability that sometimes mortified his rivals, he declared that they should "tell me your grievances (and they) will be rectified."

But that day his listeners took to it. "They know me well."

* A kind of wry caution causes Jamaicans to term their "white" or "near white" island-born compatriots, "Jamaica-white", since almost all Jamaicans are mixed-race to varying degrees.

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They spoke to Citizen Manley as if he was the elected leader, giving him the data he required on wages, pensions and a new insurance scheme they had in mind. And they were not the only claimants to Norman Manley. The Fire Chief, an U.K. white, displayed the ambivalence Drumblair wrought on the social echelons by appearing from his office and shouldering among his men [redacted] to present the case for the Establishment; a voluntary which that British officer would never have performed for the black peasant, Grant, and hardly for the not socially [redacted] acceptable Bustamante who lived in "downtown" Kingston.

Manley thus casually had assumed power about the same time as his cousin Alec. Each had gone at it in his own way. Busta leaping in to take over the war, shooting his sleeves for battle; Manley SITTING on the edge of a table, talking long, easily and persuasively to the firemen. The threat of strike receded as he talked.

Bustamante would be called a grabber. Of opportunity. So was Manley. Only men with no ear for that single knock are excused its tyranny. BOTH [redacted] strode into history because their genius allowed no other road.

[redacted]

His [redacted] questions revealed what little machinery existed for reconciling labour disputes. He cooled the tensions by inviting the men to his office, where, in the quiet, bookish Chambers [redacted] tactically a setting to make an impression on fellows [redacted] FIRE, [redacted] who made their living swarming through mud and ladders [redacted] he could learn more about firemen's work and conditions. [redacted] Then, thorough as ever, he returned to the fire station for a spot check. Only then was he ready for [redacted] ANDERSON. Mayor,

The fire brigade episode was to also cast Manley for the first time in his 1938-43 role of putting BACK the play together [redacted] whenever CO-STAR [redacted] Bustamante came near wrecking the performance BECAUSE OF his predilection for scene stealing. Between N.W.'s first and second visit to Sutton Street headquarters, Bustamante had stopped by the fire

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station and threatened fire chief Mitchell with a work stoppage. "If this (raise) is not agreed on by tomorrow, government will have only themselves to blame for what may follow." Returning after Busta's bellicose departure, and recognising the danger of a collapse and a subsequent clash with the armed forces, Manley, who had already put the wheels for their job reform into motion, calmed the men. It was a small personal triumph; but in the wake of Busta's massive passage over the past two days, followed by great cheering crowds and hurling defiance against guns and imprisonment, it was an encouragement. The stage was being set for the two main actors and the country needed both, then: the one of cool logic, and the kinetic arouser hurling thunderbolts. The conflict of line would set before the wallahs in London the appearance of a political sophistication no more false or more misleading then their own reputation for colonial genius. It is not unlikely that the events of May, 1938, streamed some new light into the musty Colonial Office rooms in London and quickened, however feebly, the decision to dismantle the creaky old Empire. However, the two men were to be even more firmly planted into history with the arrest later that day of Bustamante; and Manley would become tactical leader in the moves to restore the people's new man to the bosom of his public.*

*The Colonial police in the racist tradition of their training, clubbed the black (St William Grant) to the ground but quietly took the "white" (Busta) into custody.

Cops

An old yoke tree grew on the grounds of Drumblair. It was a conference-tree for Norman and Edna. Away from the house and kids and servants. That night the garden was fresh from the Spring rains and scented with the magnificent rose bushes. They sat under the

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old yoke tree and talked about the day and the future. Some symbols won't go away: that night under the old yoke tree, Manley, after forty five years, at last fell into the political yoke that would never be unharnessed until his final days. "(We) felt very strongly that somebody (should intervene) in the interest of the workers. I had a profound feeling that I was going to make an offer that had unforeseeable consequences." He did. He phoned the governor. The response was swift. A meeting was set for next morning.

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CHAPTER [redacted] TWENTY-ONE THREE

Governor Sir Edward Denham, that slow thinking, [redacted] maligned and patient man, was worried at the lack of leadership among his SUBJECTS. [redacted] He had been more than once berated by those whom economist/writer J.A.G.Edwards called the "Company of Permanent Jamaica Governors & Privy Councillors." These were the leaders, in local commerce and of the multinationals who, USUALLY CALLED [redacted] the shots; instructing, by "advising", or by the [redacted] use of the [redacted] power accumulated when [redacted] flag followed trade into the underdeveloped territories. For Denham had a genuine concern to provide better wages, housing and education to the poor people, about 90% of the population. He had been forced, on a few occasions, to publicly remind his "advisers" that there was but "one King's House and one Governor." Although he had not foreseen the [redacted] power of the current boiling angrier beneath the [redacted] surface than [redacted] before, he had recently appointed a Commission to examine labour conditions. [redacted] Many of his advisers spoke up for using force. They advocated turning the armed units [redacted] on the people — the Kingston Infantry Volunteers, the Sherwood Forresters, an English line regiment on station in the West Indies wearing "battle bowlers" and carrying machine guns, and regular and auxiliary policemen with Mark VII rifles. Denham was seeking to find leaders and to keep in contact with the demonstrators.*

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*At the height of the disturbances on May 24, the units on street patrol included 400 regular and 250 special constables, 100 KIVs, 80 Sherwoods.

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He had talked earlier that morning with the Mayor and Councillors at King's House but evidently had found a scarcity of creative thinking among the politicians; so the (MONARCH'S REPRESENTATIVE AND) political head of the colony, at their meeting, drafted Plain Citizen Manley to stem the civil upsurge. He was a trifle late. Bustamante and Grant had been arrested. For the first time among Jamaican workers, the name of the game was solidarity.

Although as the troubles wore on, Denham took the then normal [redacted] vice-regent's [redacted] route of arming the gentry and their approved servants with [redacted] legality, to aid the uniformed forces, he knew that in the last analysis, the country would need not conflict, but (CONFERENCE AND) compromise.* He

*Mayor Anderson's 3-day Ward Theatre economic and industrial conference, 6 months earlier, on ways to energise the island's resources, had roused a great deal of interest.

had shown during his tenure an awareness of the hardheaded ways of the employing class; spoilt by having had it all downhill for generations, and now, in an obvious gamesmanship, demanding that the workers return to their jobs before negotiations.** C.W.Varney, the British

**The workers were for the first time to have their exposure to the sport by stubbornly staying away from work until Bustamante and Grant were released.

manager of England's Royal Mail Lines and a large waterfront employer, stated that "We have all along been prepared to... hear their grievances and we still intend to." Then, apparently unable not to show his hand, added: "Our men are quite satisfied but they are prevented from working by others." An exposition disquietingly inconclusive about the future of those grievances. Local employers were not behind in whip cracking. Cried Charlie D'Costa of Lascelles de Mercado, the Jamaican wharfowners, "The strikers will only paralyse themselves." It was to [redacted] (STAY) the approaching polarity that Denham saw Manley. "He suggested that I act; he begged me to. I told him I would think

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it over."

Denham was looking for more than a city leader. Already the unrest was reaching once bucolic hamlets. Small outbreaks had flared here and there, ever since Frome, and now were at the two next largest urban areas, Spanish Town and Montego Bay. Dockers were refusing to work the port in Montego Bay. In Spanish Town, a march of 3,000 workers closed down the Old Capital; a few railroad blocks were indulged in by tumbling boulders to the track. [redacted]

But the city tumult was deafening. Bustamante, as he led the heaving curb-filling march down King Street into Harbour Street in the earlier morning, [redacted] had, [redacted] beneath the balcony of the Standard Fruit Company's offices at the George's Lane corner, appealed for quiet from "...this terrible noise which prevents me from thinking while our enemies are thinking against us!" Now the quiet had come after his arrest; but sullen and ominous. Manley, close to the city's pulse, sensed it. He moved swiftly. By evening he had called in the newspaper reporters. He publicly offered his services to the country.

"Events have proved how necessary it is today that the people of the country should have good leadership and good advice in putting forward their grievances and making their demands for their betterment. I have received the assurance of (the governor) that the government (desires) that the people should have an opportunity of making representations and that their grievances should receive fullest consideration. (The government) is prepared to appoint a Conciliation Board where both sides could be heard. One of the difficulties in the way of the government to assist is the difficulty of finding persons who are willing to assist the labouring classes and putting forward their grievances ..."

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And in his next sentence, N.W.Manley made it official that he was in the business of public office.

"If any labour group will accept my services in investigating their grievances, in acting for them, and by leading their deputations to employer interests, or to the Governor, or to the Labour Commission which has been appointed, I pledge myself to serve their interests fairly and properly, and to give every assistance to see that reasonable and fair demands are met in a proper spirit."

A leach of the years ahead, the agonies and the rivalries, the gains and the foolish losses, may have passed behind his eyes. For [redacted] cautiously, he left the door ajar. "If (workers) can find the services of any responsible person who is willing to assist them in putting forward their case, I am confident that they will be heard." The real labour leaders could yet be Busta and Grant, and even "Fighting Barrister" Erasmus Campbell — although he had been booed into silence the day before because he proposed moderation.

He knew the need for trade unions, the day-by-day monitoring of employers who had the rapacity of Barbary Coasters, a job he could hardly undertake with his weighty court briefs. "When these troubles are over, I hope that some group of responsible people will recognise the necessity for organising proper trade unions in this country."

For a few hours that day and the next, Manley was the only working labour negotiator in the country — although he was working the noblesse oblige bit to death. A little of the [redacted] aristo under obligation; a mannerly bow to the court for permission to speak amicus curiae.

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Legally and politically, it was an exotic night for Jamaica. For while Manley was giving his press conference, an unusual media scene for that time, a Night Court was in session. King's House pressure, with some [redacted] heft, had [redacted] the hastily convened court to hear arguments from Barrister J.A.G.Smith and Solicitors Ross Livingston and Allan Wynter for the release of Bustamante and Grant. [redacted] disorderly conduct, by the time the case reached the court, Bustamante's [redacted] was higher: sedition and inciting unlawful assembly. Grant's was the latter, plus a smaller one for refusing to obey a police officer, which neatly took care of the [redacted] clubbing. The hearing, held in the crowded little office of the police inspector at Sutton Street, was barred to newsmen. The Magistrate remanded them in custody, refusing bail [redacted] "though Mr Bustamante and Mr Grant might be willing to stand trial, the crowd would not allow them." The Magistrate was probably a historian. The 1865 [redacted] Experience was somewhere in his ruling.*

Manley had also tried for their release that night, for he "felt a martyr was being made." Denham had demurred. But why should a martyr not be made? Was this a torn Manley, responsive to the now and future call, but held in the time frame of his education and British upbringing? Since the French connection at Orleans, the English psyche passionately excluded martyrs.

The court ordered a bed put in a cell for Bustamante. Not for Grant.

*The "Morant Bay Rebellion" in 1865 had its immediate beginnings in the rescue of their comrades by Paul Bogle's men, who, in their opinion, were unjustifiably found guilty of offences. They rescued them from the courtroom and started the chain of events which culminated in the upheaval. National Heroes Bogle and George William Gordon were executed in the bloody aftermath.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-~~TWO~~ FOUR

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Governor Denham had a problem. He telephoned it to Manley early on Wednesday morning. He had liked the Manley statement the night before. But what about the usual proviso?

He was talking about the mind-bender usually issued [redacted] return to their jobs, at all the old dissatisfactions, before negotiations [redacted] Manley's retort was blunt. He was acting for the strikers and would do so only if he had a free hand. Governor Denham took notice and acquiesced. He issued a statement from King's House declaring that "government welcomes the offer made by one of the most distinguished sons of Jamaica, Mr Manley, to represent the cause of the labourers and is perfectly willing to see that the fullest consideration is given to representations made."

Manley was elated. Years later, he wrote, "I go to work feeling like a man in a dream." And the dream quickly became a reality; for he had hardly settled into his creaky office chair when the Duke Street door opened and in came his "first followers, four women cap-makers." But that was only the beginning. For within minutes, the flood commenced. "Twenty dockers poured in." And so it went.

He was especially pleased with the incoming of William Seivright, first of the middle-class entrepreneurial people he was hoping to recruit. He was deeply touched by the response. "My love and respect for that man grew greater and greater as the years went by."*

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*Seivright was later Mayor of Kingston, and in the House, Minister of Agriculture and then of Home Affairs. ~~He died in 19~~

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Problems were also pouring in. That May 25th, while he was being hailed for his "sincere and brilliant advocacy on behalf of the cooperative idea among the peasantry in the days when the fate of the Jamaica Banana Producers' Association hung in the balance,"*

*By D.T.M.Girvan in an article on Jamaica Welfare Ltd., Daily Gleaner, May 25, 1938.

he was being denounced by word and pamphlet on the waterfront as an enemy of "the little man." [redacted] cause [redacted] to his appearance for the West Indies Sugar Company before the Frome Commission, and not unconnected with his [redacted] retainers from all the [redacted] more important corporations. Money had been raised by the Jamaica Progressive League in New York, led by

**That the League did not discredit Manley as had been hoped by a faction, was because he was able to show the records of his two retainers from WISCO: the annual binder, and a special drawn up on May 5, with specific directions to represent the Company at the subsequent enquiries. As it turned out, Manley had, in fact, promised another barrister (and later Labour Government Minister) E.R.D.Evans to appear at Frome for the workers, but had been stopped in his tracks by a gentle reminder from WISCO that legally he was theirs. He had written to Evans a week later regretting the oversight and pointing out that he was "bound by professional rule not to appear for the rioters." And so ended what could have been a nasty imbroglio with the League, which, in later years, was a powerhouse for his People's National Party and the colony's progress to independence.

novelist/historian Adolphe Roberts and journalist W.A.Domingo, both Jamaicans, to help [redacted] legal aid for the Frome accused; and his inability to represent them without a release from his prior commitments aroused a great deal of general antagonism.** Mistrust of his motives dogged his movements about the city; but he had a good moment at Malabre's Wharf where a huge crowd of striking dockers heard him. An unusually subjective Press report spoke of thousands of "obviously bona fide wharf hands" listening to him on South Street.

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He was remarkably fresh and easy-voiced, despite a rough day of conferences and negotiations. Leaning from one of the upper windows of the Adolph Levy building, he repeated his offer of the previous night, to lead if they required him. Mobile soldiers, police and special constables were parked in Orange Street ready to move in, and Manley urged that the workers go home quietly. He would meet them at the Number One Pier, next morning, and commence the negotiations with the wharf owners.

Meanwhile, Bustamante and Grant had been moved to Rae Town prison and J.A.G.Smith was in the corridors of the Supreme Court applying every known legal gambit his high skills and experience knew. Manley had not been able to engage in the matter all that day. His work had been made doubly hard by having to fight off some hawkish friends who were for wholesale military solution. What irked employers was the rash of lightning strikes, deliriously pegged to the idea that happiness was a dollar-a-day. But there were some employers who understood. "Charlie Johnson* was a tower of strength against (the use of) force," Manley has said. "He sees that all wages must go up. He sees very far." But ever scrupulous, if sardonic, he goes on: "So does R.F.Williams — who doesn't like what he sees and is for force."

The opposition was not peculiar to business leaders. Richard Hart, the young lawyer who was to become a great political writer and activist and the island's most famous resident Red, and Hugh Buchanan, the first self-avowed Marxist, also held causes rooted in Manley's failure to defend the Frome rioters.** But an endorsement

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** Buchanan, a bricklayer son of a successful May Pen farmer, was a dedicated Marxist who found his way to Hamburg, Germany for an International Communist conference in 1937. A man of strong

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intellect and moral courage, he was not very personable and never attained popular leadership. He became the first General Secretary of the BITU and was once jailed for sedition. He led the groups that stiffened the strikers' resolve to stay out until Bustamante and Grant were released. But his stay in the BITU had never been happy; not surprising, considering he had been the General Secretary of A.G.S. "Father" Coombs' union which had expelled Treasurer Bustamante the year before for trying a takeover at "Father" Coombs' expense. Although Dick Hart was to become a member of the PNP Executive, Buchanan remained strongly anti-Manley until his death in the 'Sixties, soon after returning from a Moscow visit and disillusionment with Communism. "Not for blacks," he said.

from Ken Hill's National Reform Association somewhat eased the pain.*

*"The NRA is resolved to cooperate with Mr Manley in his efforts and makes an appeal to one and all concerned to free their minds of any doubt. The NRA is so convinced of Mr Manley's sincerity and honesty ... that its (proposal) to the dock workers (to form) a registered trade union with Mr Bustamante as president, was calculated to strengthen Mr Manley's hands in the negotiations with the shipping companies. The idea of a trade union for longshoremen is not new. Mr Manley and Mr Campbell have themselves so advised."

Hill observed that Manley enjoyed "a unique position in this island. He is trusted by Capital and can be trusted by Labour as well."

The Thursday morning meeting stood at over 2,000 waterfront workers but bore a mixed success. Public address systems were newfangled in the 'Thirties, a mechanical hoodwink used by nightclub singers to conceal the cracks in their larynxes. His suspicion of, and failure to use the microphone made his reach all the more arduous.**

**A columnist next day sympathised with his dislike of this "instrument".

He spoke from a coal car at Number One Pier flanked by Edna and W.A. Williams, a worker delegate, and, curiously, the Director of Public Works, a man of the Establishment. He may simply have climbed aboard to escape the press, but he was Jonah [redacted] would

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FIGURE

[redacted] that the fix was in. The mood of the men hardened. No number of concessions would make them break the strike until Bustamante and Grant were freed. They would accept one shilling an hour (double for overtime) plus freedom for their leaders. Manley saw IT [redacted] was time [redacted] to make it clear [redacted] he was not setting up as a labour leader.

"The people," he told them, "whom you regarded as your leaders had the misfortune to be arrested and put in jail. They are still in jail. In that situation, I felt that somebody who had the cause of the people at heart should come forward ... and let you realise that there were intelligent people in the country (who) sympathise with your position and were prepared to put forward your case ... to speak on your behalf."

The indelicate but factual predication would not elicit zest for his leadership. NEVERTHELESS, [redacted] he laid it on the line:

"I am not a labour leader. I am a lawyer and my work is in the courts where I work for anyone who desires my services, to the best of my ability ... When the time comes that organisations are to be formed by labourers to protect themselves and their rights, I do not say it will be possible for me to form these organisations, but I am prepared to give my services free. Working people are entitled to elect their own representatives to lead them ... men who know their conditions ... their grievances ... men whom they can meet, men whom they can trust."

Obviously, at this time, he neither sought nor expected a mass base for whatever future his insight reflected. He established what his role was. [redacted] He would advise, not lead. [redacted] The dependence of Jamaican politics on union power was not yet a [redacted] reality. He was filling a breach, waiting for the release of Bustamante, a matter that was in

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the "hands of a very great lawyer and a very great worker for the people," J.A.G.Smith.

As it proved, the Smith rescue was to break on a stubborn Supreme Court; both men would only be freed after some fast quiet work at King's House by Manley.

At this point in the waterfront meeting, Manley stated that he had been asked by certain workers' representatives to negotiate a settlement with the shippers. He reported the result: twopence an hour more to make the rate elevenpence [redacted] (about 10 cents).

It was rejected out of hand.

For an hour he reasoned, [redacted] ON the coal car. He reminded them that any increase in labour rates would be ultimately borne by the local producers; "... your own people ..." But that homily was counter productive to the [redacted] Banana loaders on the waterfront who had no identity with banana growers on the [redacted] mountains. He shook the record at them, pointing out that no previous negotiator had been able to secure even "one farthing"; but they shook their heads. Implacable faces turned up to him, they asked [redacted] WHAT ABOUT the overtime. When they were told that not only [redacted] WAS the double time [redacted] rejected, but that "nothing" would be added to the current o.t. rates, the planks of the old finger-jetty vibrated under their hurt roar. But after they had quieted down, he faced them with the facts of negotiating.

"Bargaining is a word you will hear more and more in Jamaica from now on," he said. "You cannot strike, and stick out forever (for) one price. There is more ... to consider. When the price of dock labour goes up, food is going to become more expensive (and) there are many people working ten hours a day in factories for ten shillings a week."

It took a firm, disciplined resolve and a call on his reserves

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of adroit advocacy to keep the big crowd in the frame of mind that would leave the door open for more talk. The crowd was discontented and uneasy, but standing beside Manley was a workingman who would have a subsequent influence on the labour movement. Williams was a tall, powerfully built black man of strong personality and big impassioned voice.* At the end of a speech endorsing solidarity in their demands,

*He was interned during the war with Bustamante, Ken and Frank Hill and others.

he raised the single song which above all else could be counted upon to put a grip on any West Indian crowd in the pre-World War II years. Hats and caps instantly doffed, the men, whom Sir Leonard Lyle, the head of Tate & Lyle, owners of WISCO, had [redacted] recently savagely assaulted for "not remotely" resembling "the English labourer in life or mentality", stood at attention as they sang God Save The King, and dispersed quietly.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-~~ONE~~ ~~THREE~~ FIVE

Manley's moves took on new urgency. On Thursday at noon, he contacted Governor Denham and "demanded" that a Conciliation Board be set up. Within three hours, Denham, now chugging along with unaccustomed speed, had his selectees at King's House and the terms of reference drafted. With another dockers' meeting set for Friday night, Manley turned to the Bustamante impasse. He offered a strongly worded argument for Busta's release. He saw that only then would the country be at work again. Bustamante, in his mind, was now the charismatic leader. So in such roughly sketched ways, in that week of crisis, were the political lines being drawn.

He had been moving quickly, but carefully, since Tuesday, here and there crimping the edges so as to separate organized labour from organized politics, alien disciplines [redacted] at once tongue-lashing his friend Noel Nethersole for talking of taking the National Reform Association into labour activities, then turning hotly to defend himself against lawyer Ross Livingston, already a Bustamante man; and ever watchful of the guileful J.A.G. Smith, his most formidable courtroom rival who having lost supremacy to the brilliant younger man, could not have taken kindly to his appearance on the political field.

The Conciliation Board was a triumph for Manley. Just two days before, the Governor had been [redacted] against any show of softness to [redacted] the strikers unless they returned to work. The Board was the first significant step towards industrial arbitration. It had settled well with the thinkers of the day; and would have been effective all around if the Supreme Court

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had not squashed the plea for the release of the two folk heroes. (By now the rulers were muttering their fears that once let loose, Busta would abscond; possibly to Cuba). The popular fury [redacted] DREW AWAY, BUT [redacted] of the preceding days [redacted] the powder lay around. The situation needed defusing. But was he the one to do it?

Because of his life-style and accomplishments, [redacted] he had been chosen by the upper elements as the safe layer against Bustamante, the dangerous fellow. Gleaner establishment writers were exhorting the workers to "Listen to Mr Manley!" An editorial titled Patriotism, lauded his integrity as it sought to soothe the dockers' fears, But these DEATH KISSES may have had the adverse effect of [redacted] more suspicions.* In yet the other daily, the Jamaica Standard, a correspondent was giving a strong vote for leadership to the England-born journalist H.P.Jacobs over Manley: "Mr Manley ... is paying too little attention to the mentality of the workers; seeing that he already represents more Capitalist concerns than anyone that we know of, the thing is simply absurd."

*"Mr Manley is not the individual to shirk his responsibility because he happens to be counsel for a shipping company (or) organiser and chairman of Jamaica Welfare to which the United Fruit and Standard Fruit Companies contribute money ..." Editorial.

"Absurd" was strong but not unreasonable. Manley had been picked as mediator by the Other Side — the Governor in King's House. In contrast was columnist Esther Chapman's sniff that Bustamante was a more "local labour leader who has been given formidable importance as the result of ill-advised publicity ..."

The charade had its funny side. In a country hilariously shade proud, in those racially farcical times, anybody with a bone of humour looked on in awe at the goings-on. Bustamante, who had not hesitated

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to pass-for-white ~~in his work~~ LIVING among the bestially-bent white natives of the American [redacted] racist states, had cannily identified with the black power base in the island; while Manley, the darker-hued, a race victim in England, tenaciously fought for a footing. Education, commerce, politics, the church, and all else, had a racial bias. [redacted]. Social progress of the children of the folk was encompassed by a set of stiff rules understood by everybody, including the blacks. Each of the [redacted] 14 elected legislators, although mostly blacks, WAS [redacted] second fiddlers to the CUSTOS [redacted] (all white and appointed), [redacted] in the parishes. [redacted]

FOOTNOTE

The prominent legislator H.E.Allan, appointed by the Governor to the Frome Commission, replying to a reporters' question on its work, ruefully said: "I must be careful what I say being the only black sheep in the lot." He was later knighted by his Sovereign, the "first black knight."

Manley's press statement late Thursday afternoon made a subtle nod in this direction when he observed that the Conciliation Commission had come about as a result of representations from "those of us who are working in the labour interests and I believe supported by the employer interests." The Commission included a high court judge, the Collector General, two politicians, H.P.Jacobs and the head of the United Fruit Company, Kieffer.**

** The Kieffer appointment, a notoriously anti-labour and racist employer and much disliked by the people, met with strong objection from the longshoremen.

Manley was now in the thick of things. So thick, he was asking for more help while acknowledging the "valuable assistance" he was receiving, and sent out a call for those "sincerely on the side

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of Labour" to a meeting in his office on Friday morning. High on his list of most valued assistants was Edna and a dockside laundress and caterer named Agnes Bernard, already beloved for "carrying" many a down-at-luck docker, some of whom, for all the much publicised one-&-six (one shilling & sixpence, 15¢) an hour, often was hired for only ONE hour's work a week. "Aggie" established a soup kitchen at No 9 Princess Street and gave free hot meals to the strikers.*

*Neither ladies would have succeeded so well at boss-busting was it not for an unconformist Anglican priest named Revd. A.H.Webb, chief of the Children's Lunch Fund, who stretched his ethics severely to place his facilities in service, offering, in the words of Edna Manley, "a meal for 1,500 at four hours notice."

A double endorsement of Manley and Bustamante by over 2,000 dockers made the Friday morning meeting at Number One Pier, memorable. Appropriate to the incoming industrial/union age, as had been the quiet redbrick Coke Chapel steps to the leisurely intellectual exercises of the oldtime politicians, Manley spoke from the now familiar railway car which he had made his own forum. Opening the agenda was the BIDDING from the National Reform Association, It had been approved in prison by Bustamante and was read by his solicitor, Ross Livingston, urging the dockers to "form themselves into a trade union and place Mr Bustamante as president ... legally ready and able to negotiate with wharf owners, shipping companies and government."

the only national political people-oriented organization in place in that watershed year.

The strategy, drawn up by NRA president Noel Nethersole, and general secretary Ken Hill, was clear. It would give validity to Bustamante's leadership and secure careful treatment from the courts. A massive sentence for sedition in the savagely Colonial court would be less likely.

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Manley's bid for acceptance by the dockers received favour when he firmly if expediently denied any personal interest in office. "I am not going into politics," he said. "I have no time for politics (so) I hope there will be no jealousy or suspicion in this cause." And as the mood was good, he showed them a Buchanan-circulated pamphlet.* The slice of risky Antony turned out to be good cheese. The dockers shouted their disapproval and Manley made his first of several public statements to lay the partner-of-plutocrats spectre with which his traducers were haunting him:

*Workers! Do not trust Manley and (Erasmus) Campbell. They are the tools of capitalists. Support Bustamante and Grant.

"It is perfectly true that as a lawyer I represent a great number of companies but I do not represent more companies than I represent poor people in our law courts." He applied his lawyer's knack of turning the prosecution's case to his advantage by explaining how his close acquaintance with the employers would enable him to "go and speak on your behalf to men who will trust me to put your case fairly."

His speech that followed has been credited with being the clearest exposition up to then of a trade union. It was simple, deliberate, repetitious on some issues, persuasive and urgent. He spoke without a microphone but his passion gave him good voice and it carried over the great asphalted yard of goods sheds and rail-cars idled by the general strike.

"Many people have asked me whether they must put their signature on a piece of paper for the formation of a union.

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"My advice to you is: sign it.

"Because by doing so, you are only promising to join a union.

"If you agree to join, you (must select) men ... and give them power ...

"The strength of the union is in unity. You must train yourselves to be loyal to your union and to stand together in decisions. (You) have proved today that (you) can stand together and be loyal to each other.

"Do not allow people to split you into groups. Do not allow quarrels to divide your ranks.

"The first step, is to teach that difficulties can be adjusted by compromise.

"Remember, you cannot all lead at the same time. I ask for a little trust, a little patience.

"Be careful and wise in the choice of the people who lead you ... not only men who can talk, but men who can think.

"(This) may be the starting-point for (a better) island.

"Trust your union, serve it, and you will (gain) security and hope for yourselves."

Shrewd tactician that he was, Manley saw through what was the first strong effort of the employers to kill in the shell any serious organised move to union. In a play rigged to cut off the workers from Bustamante, the shipping men were agreeing to all Manley's demands for the longshoremen, expecting, that as had frequently happened, a whiff of money would overpower principle. Manley, the shippers hoped, would be the bagman. Manley, said the Harbour Street mafiosi, would shove it to the stevedores. "They had the idea that I was the best person to let the workers know (of the new rates) and would not only get acceptance but (was more acceptable than Bustamante)

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in their eyes." The dump-Bustamante-for-Manley plan collapsed when N.W. found it an offer he could refuse.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-~~TWO~~ ~~FOUR~~

The Week was almost over. With Bustamante ruthlessly taken out by the authorities, Manley was the figure at the centre. He was now wholly engaged in the effort to return Busta to the streets; a Bustamante armed with the legality of an elected union chief.*

*Another union leader, barrister Erasmus E.A.Campbell, chief of the white collar Clerks' Union, was of great assistance to Manley during the week. Campbell had been often attacked by Bustamante for what the flamboyant Busta regarded as his "jealousy". Colourless but unabashed, Campbell would for many years be a factor in labour activities.

The elected legislature was not part of Manley's forces. Except for Smith, most of these men, put into power by a better privileged minority electorate (adult suffrage would not be for another six years yet), saw their duty in arming "the governing body to deal with the matter," although they did recognize, as spoken by Trelawny legislator Revd Maxwell,* that "social and economic injustice" was the

*Father of Journalist John Maxwell.

true cause of the Troubles; and wondered aloud about "new legislation" to allow the establishment of trade unions. STINGINGLY THE ~~The brusque reply of the~~ TOLD THE UNSEARCHING OFFICE-HOLDERS Attorney General ~~was~~ that such legislation had already been enacted 19 years before.

The English press, despite the reactionary London Times comment on "local firebrands and visiting agitators", was in favour of getting at the economic roots of the trouble. The London Daily Express pointed out that Britain bought more sugar from Cuba than Jamaica, although selling less goods to Cuba. The British Communist M.P. William Gallagher facetiously asked in the Commons whether the Colonial Secretary was aware that "Empire Day was celebrated in Jamaica by the execution of a mother and child."

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One settled area in the rumble belonged to the city government. Bustling Mayor Dr Anderson had made his own unilateral moves by offering a 50% raise (to four shillings & sixpence or 45¢ a day) to his street cleaners, and was conferring closely with Manley on ways to ease the tensions, especially among the fire brigade. But it was agreed by everybody who knew the streets, that the only road to QUIET lay in freeing the two leaders, Bustamante and St William Grant. So when, on Friday, the Conciliation Board reported to Manley its decision to double the overtime rates on the wharves, acidly Manley told them the offer was too little too late. "I told them to release Bustamante or Kingston will burn," he has said.

Dr Anderson agreed with him and the Board loaded themselves into motorcars and sped off to see Denham in King's House. Manley stopped off first at the fire station to keep his firemen cool, then continued to King's House. He knew the dockers were key. The tough, competitive, truculent longshoremen, unlike the itinerant sugar estate workers, were a cohesive group, kingpins of their enclave of winches and high-wheeled drays from Harbour Street to the sea.

The lights were burning in Governor Denham's office where anxious men worked to relieve the beleagured downtown, now dark and deserted under the smashed street lamps, save for police prowl waggons and occasional bands of youth bent on window-breaking sport.

At King's House, Manley says laconically, "there is a mad party."

They were waiting for him. Of the seven or eight men present, only he had been in close physical touch with the strikers all day. He had witnessed the moods, felt their approbation and disapproval. He had been in battle with friend and adversary during the day and the night before. He had fought with fellow lawyer, the volatile and passionate

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young Marxist Richard Hart, and Hart's friend, Buchanan, vitriolic and devotedly anti-Manley. He had worked to reeling, on the wage increase to the longshoremen, only to have the offer rejected by the immovable shilling-an-hour stand engraved by Williams, a reasonable man turned intransigent by years of wharf owners' exploitation. He had crossed swords with Lawyer Livingston and rebuked Nethersole, [redacted] for "jumping in the union business" with his National Reform Association.* He perhaps saw Nethersole's action as liable to lose them friends. The catch-all NRA had brought together such [redacted] people as merchant J.B.Stivens and communist Buchanan, conservative U. Theo McKay and agitator St William Grant. It was also the crucible that had annealed the anti-establishment ideas and prepared the ground for support of the the young Jamaica Standard, the lively, robust and very professional daily then challenging the Gleaner.

FOOTNOTE

* Or was he even then looking into the future at a potential, powerful, purely political party? [redacted]

Only the cheerful and intelligent assistance of his wife, Edna, had lightened, considerably, the burden of the day; [redacted], supported by the powerfully practical contribution of the feeding programme she had set up with the youthful, dynamic, articulate Aggie Bernard.

"Her great work did more to help than all I did," he has said.

As it was, he was an edgy man at the heel of the day when he entered Denham's office. To their anxious queries on the state of the city, he offered no comfort. With unkindly candour, he observed that even yesterday's hope had worn out. He could no longer promise a quiet city in return for Bustamante's release. Yesterday's failure to grant Bustamante bail had stiffened the strikers' resolve, and even convinced many that only a violent overthrow of the system would do.

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This crumpled the Board. In rising panic, they threw the problem to Manley and made him a one-man Conciliation Board. They begged him to go to Rae Town prison. He should see Bustamante [redacted] and get his assurance that the system would stand. So long as he, Manley, was assured, that would quiet their fears.

The missing essential among them was a [redacted] sympathy for the wretched conditions of the poor. While the arch conservative London Times, perhaps from new information, was scoring the "long years of neglect by the Colonial Office, local governments and employers" for the "standard of life of the West Indian labourer" which was far below even "halfway tolerable", the Jamaica Gleaner was blasting away at the Coloured Social Welfare Societies in London and George Padmore*

*Padmore, a Trinidadian, was a journalist, intellectual, historian and fighter for black rights. A prolific writer, he went to live in Ghana where he was much honoured, and died there. He was one of the important architects of black consciousness.

for observing that "while Tory politicians sing of the glories of the Empire on which the sun never sets, for millions (of other) British citizens ... the sun never rises."

The de facto if temporary abdication of the Board had been expected by Manley. He had been close to the action in all areas, with the strikers, the King's House strategists, and with the Smith-Livingston axis which he was meeting with an increasingly smoky eye, and had correctly judged the future. He had seen Smith and Livingston before the King's House meeting, and put them into arranging an interview with their client in Rae Town prison. (Bustamante and Grant had been transferred from the Sutton Street jail under cover of early morning darkness and a police/military escort bristling with arms.) It appears that while Livingston liked the idea of the Manley-Bustamante meeting, Smith did not. "In fact," Manley says, "Smith spent two

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hours trying to get Bustamante not to see me."

Hurrying across to Drumblair (his lands nearly adjoined the King's House grounds), Manley had a quick meal and change and was ready when the telephone summons came from the prison. Behind the iron doors and high redbrick walls, the cousins met and spoke at length for the first time in years. He had been consulted by Bustamante around 1932, just before going on one of his voyages to Cuba, Manley has since recalled, but they had not talked since 1934 when he returned. They had passed on the streets of Kingston for years without a nod.

"Well, Norman, I'm so glad to see you," Manley relates as the first words that night at ten o'clock in Rae Town. "It is our enemies who have divided us. Let us forget the past."

"Okay," Manley said.

The release of the two men was staged with the strictest legal protocol so as not to damage the system. Manley would go to the prison, talk with Bustamante, and later assure the court in session "that in my judgment, as the person in touch with all the strikers in Kingston, it was both safe and essential to let him out of jail." He kept the ploy going by talking Smith, Bustamante's counsel, into overnighting in Kingston instead of heading out to his [redacted] Clarendon constituency for his weekly political fence-mending. Gravely, and all according to the book, the two men laid plans for the renewal of the habeas corpus application on the new evidence from Manley. Saturday's sitting in Chambers was of course a formality, since the application had already been granted by the real power sitting in King's House on Friday night although all this was not known then save by the principals in the cast. Bail went to Bustamante (~~£250~~ $500) and Grant (~~£50~~ $100) and they were released to a rocking, jubilant city.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-~~THREE~~ ~~FIVE~~ 27

A triumphant motorcade emerged from the penitentiary gates in the early afternoon and drove the mile to the Number One Pier. With Manley, Bustamante and Grant in the procession were Smith, Livingston and solicitor Allan Wynter. Edna Manley was waiting at the Pier with Seivright, Ansell Hart and Willie Foster Davis, the unofficial delegates from the middle class, declaring an intent to follow the Manley lead in forging a link with the folk. As it turned out, the middle-class support would be the binding strength of Manley's People's National Party in the years yet and it is at least arguable whether this did not alienate the mass support which adult suffrage was so soon to catapult into supreme importance.

The meeting on the pier was a short one. Manley and Bustamante left for the Conciliation Board where, Manley dryly commented, they "greeted Bustamante like a brother." So brotherly in fact that they agreed to pay double for overtime on the docks though they would not budge from the twopence an hour straight-time increase.

It was a gain anyway, and Bustamante was able to return to the pier with a fresh success to match and overtake Manley's. At that later meeting, the strike was called off. Thus was begun the Bustamante legend of negotiating, more posture than skill, (though posture encompasses a skill) and a ubiety so dramatic that at times it constituted a magic which never wore off, and was only stalled in two elections by the other genius of Manley's intellect and his organisation men. A time had ended. And begun.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX EIGHT

The workers had won their first clearcut victory. A new kind of loyalty had emerged among them when they stood together for principle. Disorganised, broke and hungry, faced by rifles and machine guns on land, a called-up British cruiser offshore, and a hostile, mostly mindless

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employer class with the economic power (and a kind of legal vigilante status, which in emergencies was invoked, for them to bear and use arms) to bring them to their knees, the small folk had dug in, holding ground with the stubbornness of St Elizabeth mules. What was even more rewarding, was, that, resolute, discerning leaders had been found among themselves, men and women capable of resisting, and yet, in spite of their betrayed and exploited generations, also capable of trust.

It was a good year for Manley and Bustamante to be ready in. And a good year for the dead ones, the executed resistance leaders across three centuries, whose in memoriam was the courage and the hammering spirit of the dockers, and the sugar workers, and the firemen, and the banana carriers, and all those others who made their stand and singlemindedly seized the time.

On the face of it, the coal car party had a jolly time, with congratulations passing among the leaders. But even then, on that railroad car (to which Manley with an athletic bound had led them), the lines were being drawn. There were already a few well defined ones, such as Manley noticing what he saw as Smith's studied avoidance of crediting him with any part in the successful bail application, and Busta's one-upping the Manley tuppenny increase with the promise of double overtime, a request the shippers had denied Manley in the earlier negotiations, but which had been agreed to on the Friday evening, and kept quiet at Manley's insistence. Odd little quirks occurred, such as Bustamante addressing the workers as Comrades — a word that was to become anathema for its place in the PNP tradition — and Manley advocating the forming of a "labour party", a form which Bustamante was to preempt for his own political force; and the country being aware for the first time

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of the cousinly bond between the two Shearer descendants as revealed by Bustamante.

The meeting ended. The crowd surged forward to the coal car, lifted Bustamante, Smith, Mayor Anderson and Livingston and bore them away on their shoulders. The main gladiator is left in the ring. They did not offer to shoulder him. Hurt, a little saddened, he walked away with Edna. He once said of this moment, "I go home sadly. The first round is over."

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CHAPTER TWENTY-~~FOUR~~ ~~SEVEN~~ NINE

On Sunday, May 29, Manley called in the Press to his Duke Street Chambers to state some "planks (in his) platform for permanent improvement." Although he was to again categorically declare that "this is not a political campaign," he added that it was a "golden opportunity for forming a labour party in Jamaica." It was "not to be a Party which will supplant any other organisation working for the people of the country." He thought that its first and most important function was to "co-ordinate by affiliation" all the existing organisations of the people. Thus there would be a single central body "keeping in close touch with the active groups working all over the country for the good of the people."

This puzzling if graceful sweep towards a one-party colony-state would draw immense strength from its affiliation to a "trade union with all their members, the citizens' association and all the leagues and associations which are working to a common end." He had the political strength. Workers' delegations from some 33 places of employment had already taken their cases to him for presentation to the Conciliation Board. The future passionate exponent of the two-party rule may have presumed that the forming of his "labour party" would bundle the employers into their own political conclave and create the antithesis the method required. Whatever his reasonings, he pursued them in his own style of urbanity and of sometimes showing the steel. "It is gratifying to know that many employers are negotiating improvements for their workmen without the need of further strikes," he could say nicely; but also sound a note of warning to those who had not noticed the new wind blowing: "There is no doubt ... that the hour has struck for improvement (and) it is just as well that employers recognise it and do their duty promptly."

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The Sunday conference was also made memorable for the uttering of the small credo (or the heresies, depending on where you stood) indicating his political road. And many of the perceptive, and the guilty, caught his drift and looked to their defences.

"The country has got to realise that there is going to be an all-round increase of wages (everywhere) and the cost of it has got to be met. This can only be done by increasing taxation on the people that can best afford to bear it.

"Luxuries and amusements have got to be taxed; and the taxes on food have got to go down because the cost of living is, in any event, going to go up.

"Income tax has got to be increased.

"Wage rates in Kingston have gone up and are going to stabilise themselves at a higher rate. This means that the tendency of people to come into Kingston to look for work is going to increase. It can only be stopped (by a) programme of land settlement and improving living conditions (in the rurals.)

"The necessity for the development of agriculture and other local industries is imperative as an immediate programme. We have been talking about it for years ... and doing nothing."

He called for unemployment relief meanwhile, an "immediate necessary measure. And that ended, Manley turned to what he termed his "planks in our platform for permanent improvement." Among several more, were required industrial insurance, old age pension, mminimum wages. And he could hardly have endeared himself to the pukka-helmeted, upperclass bully-boys whom he exhorted to offer their Special Constable wages to the organisation fund of the incoming union since "who better than they should appreciate that with a strong trade union, special constables can

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sleep in their beds."

In the odd ways of the entrenched and the privileged, the series of strikes in 1938, while roundly condemned for UNSETTLING THE STATUS, was achnowledged by them in private and public, as bound to yield some good. The Jamaica Times weekly paper had it: "But there is every likelihood that the recent trouble will lead to a beginning being made of social and economic progress ... and that therefore good will come out of evil." So, yet, a strike for "social and economic progress" was evil?

An early good out of the "evil" was that an hour was cut from the old 10-hour labouring day for Public Works Department workers, and a 25% increase on their 30 cents a day. And although the award applied in the instance only to PWD people, it was a pacesetter. Private sector employers could hardly ignore that the State HAD set AN INDEX.

Both Manley and Bustamante were conscious of the looming demand from the exploiteds that there should be swiftness in squaring the old imbalances, and so both counselled patience, to the barefoot victims. "Rome was not built in a day!" cried Manley at a Trench Town street-meeting. "Rome was not built in a day!" cried Bustamante in Mandeville, sixty miles away, that same afternoon.

June broke hot all over the country, with every town and sugar estate under armed protection of police, military regulars and volunteers. For that lovely new heft to the PWD pay envelopes was not going unnoticed. As the demand for a likewise consideration among other categories increased faster than satisfaction, violence whipped the countryside from St Thomas, westward to Trelawny. The earlier battlefields at Frome and in Hanover, now a little spent, a little slower to challenge the bullets and bayonets,

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fared quieter. But the combat style of the Kingston strikes was quickly adopted in the country; frequent invasions of parish towns by workers from outlying estates, filling once sleepy main streets, overturning garbage cans, banging on automobiles, often aiming their anger at the instant enemy, the shopkeeper/capitalist in their midst. Manley, now the "labour mediator" of the media, and Bustamante, who in turn the press had made "labour leader", were companion troubleshooters, going everywhere at short notice, to quell the protests by their presence or by promissory notes. The marchers were unpredictable, capable of excessiveness on a quick-rising anger, or equally of marching in step to "We are jolly good strikers" (sung to the tune of We are jolly good fellows), or standing like statues at parade-attention, staves and machetes shouldered, at the raising of God Save the King.

Fortunately, the Manley/Bustamante homily that "Rome was not built in a day" was an effective letterhead on which both he and Busta wrote their promises to the often obdurate fieldworkers who were pressing for three shillings (30¢) a day upwards. They explained the need for peace and patience while the data they gathered was being processed at the Conciliation Board. In the west, A.G.S.Coombs, head of the small Jamaica Workers & Tradesmen Union, strove tirelessly to hold down the issues to some order; it called for considerable skill in places like Savanna-la-Mar, where carters (sanitation) were paid sixteen shillings ($1.60) for a 64-hour week.* But neither Manley nor Bustamante, struggling to keep their feet under an avalanche of demands, could see over the heads of

*Coombs' skill was uncommon. In Montego Bay, his oratory so drew, that shore duty marines from HMS Ajax were joining in applause at his meetings.

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the crowds, THOSE few thin lines of white-collars on the fringes. These were the "clerks", an inclusive, self-styled label which alternated with "middleclass" and had been adopted by citizens in "clean" jobs. Barrister Campbell, a squat, gnomelike battler, whose formidable scholarship included a brace of M.Scs. in separate disciplines, had formed his Clerks' Union and gained a reputation for effective pugnacity. Elsewhere, their cause either received impoverished help, as from E. Barrington Williams, a tall, gangling fellow who ran a little known organisation called the Social Reconstruction League, or had their noses rubbed in the ground, as at the inaugural printers' union meeting with Bustamante flailing at "Jamaica's great middle-class for their spinelessness" which made them live "in constant fear, despising the lower classes, and in a dilemma to know where they socially belonged."* But what they "CLERKS" were in a few years to prove, was that they belonged in politics — although their CLASS/EMOTIONAL attachment to Manley's PNP was to discredit that party for many years in the eyes of the mass voters. In the meantime, several of the more thoughtful and public spirited among them had aligned themselves with the new urgencies generated in Manley's activities.

*H.E. Vernon, a legislator, was making a plea for "50 to 75 acres" each for "middleclass farmers."

Manley, with N.N.Nethersole as his deputy, had EARLIER INAUGURATED, in the offices of Dr.J.L.Varma,* a number of committees to study reconstructive ideas and offer their findings to the Conciliation Board. Five committees sat on finance, nutrition, adolescent and adult education, recreation, employment. Manley himself

*Varma, an Indian medical doctor, lived in Jamaica since 1933; was politically and socially active.

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never attended the early meetings. He was too busy fighting brush fires over the countryside; but he had previously mapped the strategy of "social and rural reconstruction" for the groups to study. The division definitions into social and rural was not maladroit; rural reconstruction reserved a right to special approach. Plant diseases had battered several great fields into abandonment. There were country districts "where the sight of money is an extreme rarity," said a Jamaica Standard editorial; there were hundreds in districts "who have not known (paid) work of any kind for years." No wonder the anger lasted so long among the once well mannered countryfolk. Something like panic gripped the gentry in the rurals. They took to making for strongpoints at the first shout in the valley.*

*A rumour of a march on Frome sent the English expatriates and some local whites racing down the road to Savanna-la-Mar where they took refuge aboard a ship lying in the stream.

But while he was logging many miles in the uneasy countryside, Manley was not neglecting his town base. Along with Nethersole, now engaged in a kind of union activity after all, he led demands of the Water Commission workers, for plumbers, masons, fitters, carpenters. As claims were won for workers, the significance of Manley's commentary, insistent and steady, on the inevitability of higher taxes, seemed to have been lost or ignored. And such taxes, he said, should be adjusted that the burden fell "more heavily on the class of the community that can bear it." He had his precedent. Trinidad, which had undergone its own labour riots the year before, had seen a hike of ten percent in its cost of living. He urged continuously that a comprehensive plan for relieving unemployment be formulated. Above all, land settlement and industrial acceleration, and to intensify

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agrarian development, these had immediacy.

Now that he and Bustamante were seen as the real leaders by a takeover, as the people's representatives, from the elected legislators, sudden and absolute, they had tacitly been given a quasi legal status by the Conciliation Board, assigned to settle disputes and to cool likely smoulder spots. Events were however occurring which would put into motion circumstances to set changes in the political course. A new Governor was closing in, as was World War II.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-~~FIVE~~ ~~EIGHT~~

Jamaica had become used to burying its dead in the weeks since Frome. Some ferocious police and military work (and of their sabre-rattling auxiliaries of "professional men and other leading men") had left several dead on sidewalks and in canefields. The ailing of Governor Denham had passed almost unnoticed in the daily reports of clashes between the ragged battalions of unemployeds, and the state forces. The series of crises aggravated an old stomach ailment and Edward Brandis Denham died on June 2, 1938. He was buried at sea off Port Royal in a magnificent phosphor-bronze casket from the Arthur Hendriks Furniture Company. (In those folksy days, there were no commercial undertakers and your dead were iced at home.) He was the first governor in nearly 150 years to die in office.

Denham had been a quietly determined man, uncolourful but liberal in his relations with the people; a quality not frequent among his peers. He had taken to Jamaica in that strong way of leaving shy tokens in unexpected places; such as his campaign for exporting Bombay mangoes, which he thought the best in the world and worthy of his coined name, Jamangoes. His death was one of the turning points in the 1938 revolution.

True, there was Islington to come; and it did, just a few hours after Denham's death when four were killed as police fired into demonstrators. The elected member for Hanover, Dr Veitch, was to make his contribution by leading his little march on Lucea — and back off at the entrance when he saw the armed forces. And a mini-havoc at Lacovia*, where, in a night, a mob broke down 14 pasture gates, uprooted pimento

*Unlike the big one in the 17th century where a black sharpshooter named Diego Pimienta at a Lacovia breastwork, scored a high kill-count among the English forces under Jackson.

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trees and blocked a river. But the troubles had peaked. C.C.Woolley, the Colonial Secretary and Denham's acting successor, had hardly moved into King's House before he was announcing a million dollar land settlement scheme. The plans had been Denham's, announced without any reference to his legislative council. Lavishly acclaimed by the press, the scheme had of course its neat little rider that nothing would go forward until the country returned to "normal.". But in any case, it had more to recommend it than the negative plan for the migration of Jamaicans to British Guiana (Guyana) and British Honduras (Belize), then being fed into discussion.

Manley welcomed the land reform as "the best piece of news I have seen for the people of Jamaica since I was born." It seemed that he knew even more about it, for at Islington he hinted at the possibility of a $4-million four-year land settlement. He suggested that any land scheme be repaid by the settlers over a 20-year period "so it would not break their backs."

What had happened was that the Denham land plan had only just beaten Manley's Rural Reconstruction Committee* out of place. For within

*Members were Manley, Dr W.E.McCulloch, a nutrition expert and social thinker, Graham Hawkins, N.N.Nethersole and Miss May Farquharson.

two days, the Committee was reporting its own proposals, similar in that it rested on land use. In quantity and quality, it was for spending four times as much and for uprooting the old rural conditions by a "complete reorganisation." His ten-year plan would commence with the immediate spending of a million dollars, the only amount which they believed could offer any real early solution of the unemployment problem "or achieve the genuine and basic reconstruction of the whole island economy."

He saw the settlers coming from four categories: the out-of-work; the small farmers already on State-owned land who needed credit facilities,

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agricultural education and marketing assistance; similar aid to small settlers on their own lands; and estate labourers who should be given plots for their own use, close enough to their places of employment.

The closely reasoned plan went into details of financing which would come from some rather modest tax increases on income, luxuries and entertainment, presumably from the purses of "the class of the community that can bear it." The report proposed compulsory acquisition of those properties given over exclusively or principally to rental; that is, rented to small farming tenants.

It was the season of reports. Curiously, an almost identical document was turned in by a committee from the arch conservative Jamaica Imperial Association. Sadly, on all sides the truth was being stated: that tumult is a prelude to change.

Woolley, a mildly popular man of good Establishment metal, performed conventionally in the post for a few weeks. He recommended to the legislature that a "tangible recognition" be made to the police, but was silent on the militia, perhaps because they had talked to Coombs in Montego Bay about their low pay. Then, at mid-June, Malcolm MacDonald, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, announced the sending of a Royal Commission to investigate the troubles; and the appointment of a new Governor. Manley was cool to the idea of a Commission. Assessing blame was not now important. Time and energy would be squandered in searching the ruins. He saw that "the future depends on ourselves ... the people of this country."* He did not comment on the new Governor, Sir Arthur Richards.

*Neither, perhaps for different reasons, did (agreed) H.A. "Corkfoot" Simpson, the sitting member for Kingston, who "personally (did not) think the Commission will do any good."

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CHAPTER TWENTY-~~SIX~~ ~~NINE~~ 31

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The new Governor was an old Colonial Pacific hand of a vaguely Oriental cast whom Manley thought to be of mixed (Eurasian) blood. His last post ~~was~~ HAD BEEN in the Fiji Islands, a point which the irrepressible Jamaica Standard considered in an editorial, warning that "head-hunting also exists in this island (since) more than one governor has lost his head ... here." On account, it added, "of a certain group." Meanwhile, Bustamante and Grant had been freed of all the charges lodged against them (defended by J.A.G.Smith); the Crown had withdrawn its case, and the triumph brought a new surge to the demand for a union. Barbers,* railwaymen, hotel employees, workers of every category were meeting in schoolrooms and lodge halls, pledging their threepence and sixpence a week dues to battle the old exploiters. It was a good wine but it should lay on solid food, Manley hammered on. From press and platform, he pushed home the idea of more ~~and~~ FOR- more: more employment and more wages would come only by more production from more resources, and allied to a political awakening [redacted].

Audrey: See back for foot-note on barbers.

MORE-FOR-MORE

It was good foundation stuff from him but carried no news of immediate victory to the labour troops. They were looking not for strategists but for combat leaders. Fortunately there were others (ALTHOUGH VASTLY FEWER) who caught his meaning and were eager to fall in behind his assumption of [redacted] continued leadership since the days of May. For it should be noted that Manley's role ~~in~~ at the front of the May revolution had not come SO MUCH on popular demand, as on a sigh of relief from the agitated rich and professionals. Although he was a folk-hero, [redacted] he also had establishment ties. [redacted]

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RUN ON

proletariat restaurants such as the old Arlington House.) His choice of people to his committees reflected nothing radical in the lot. If he had held ambitions of instant mass acceptance, these would have been brutally shaken by the Pied Piper actions of the dockers the day Bustamante was released from Rae Town when he was "rushed off" from the coal car "in (the) enthusiastic crowd" as Manley himself puts it. The truth is, he knew his popularity would never be vulgar, earthy, rooted in the "roots". Nobody would name a penny jaw-breaker sweet for him, as they did the "Bustamante backbone." Yet in those crucial times, he worked harder and more effectively than the rest, to establish the "New Jamaica" he saw more clearly than the rest. The "New Jamaica"*

*The title of a marching song later used at his Jamaica Welfare meetings and rallies.

that would follow would be his creation as it could be any single man's. But the next round would be far more gruelling. He was 45 years, thin and striking ; to most, aloof as a pine on a mountain; yet he could be jovial and even funny. He was long on wit but often hurtingly short on temper. He had a genuine liking for the company of clever people who did not feel imperilled by intelligence and hard work. It thinned his circle but strengthened his mind. He was a man of utter absorption, obedient to the demands of himself. "You (must be)" he once said of his law practice, "engaged in the real sense." He spoke for all the disciplines that attracted his genius, the law, agriculture, sports, sociology, not least of all for politics. He was shortly to RENEW acquaintance with a man as politically "engaged".

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CHAPTER ~~TWENTY-SEVEN~~ THIRTY TWO

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O.T.Fairclough, who avows that his 8-year residence in Haiti convinced him that Jamaica should be self governing, may not have been the first to see in Manley the "natural leader" of his country, but he was certainly ahead of his fellows in doing something about it. Fairclough, a hardshell, not given to sentiment, had seen in the ~~maligned~~ black republic, that "the average Haitian, man for man, of whatever class, literate or illiterate, was a better human being than a Jamaican;" He became convinced that the cause lay in Jamaicans being "colonial and the Haitians being a proudly independent people."

He had returned to Jamaica in 1932, a young man to whom his island of the 'Thirties must have been challenging to sanity. The return lit no fires of loyalty in him. He was made more obdurate by the system of paternal racism which gently but firmly settled the blacks at the foot of the table. Poking about IN the mores was to entering strange country. BLACK Self dislike was endemic. The sickness was cultured in the early years, in the schools, where black schoolteachers selected white children for the front of the class, and gave them the prime parts in school plays. In the churches, white plaster saints and Caucasian Christs ensured that the faithful knew whom to look up to. The Haitian experience, where he had been a bank executive, had wiped his earlier memories of the twilight in which the black Jamaican intellectuals existed. AND NOW, AGAIN Confronted by the old indecencies, he would have fled to Brazil but for his light pocket. The urge to run grew, when, in reply to his application (supported by top grade testimonials), he was offered a janitor's post in the white & mulatto staffed King Street bank. SEE BACK FOR FOOTNOTE → *

In 1936 he went to see Manley.

Fairclough had in mind putting together a "Labour Party" but desisted when he discovered the existence, obscure but legal, of an in-

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active faction of identical title. He saw his mistake seven years later when Bustamante "took it up with much success." Fairclough judged that Manley was the one man to whom Jamaicans of all races, and positions on the social slopes, would address allegiance. There was wide acceptance of him as the citizen "with greatest wisdom, the person to whom you would give your hand and go out into the dark."

Approbation from Fairclough, a hard, often jealous man, who had not a mawkish bone, is [redacted] value. He saw this belief in Manley not only as a brown, middleclass-gape at the towering accomplishments of one with whom kith-&-kinship could be claimed, but held that he was as popular with the peasantry, in whom Fairclough himself felt rooted. But he was soon to be rattled. For his talk with Manley discovered that the 43-year-old lawyer's reading of Jamaica's problems placed the blame on the "social and economical, rather than political (and) was not very moved by my observance that social and economic problems come from politics." However, the meeting was not entirely unproductive. "He offered to take a subscription in my Public Opinion newspaper" which Fairclough was planning along with the political party. That was it. In 1936.

But Fairclough was not finished. A determined, energetic man of immovable will, he walked up Duke Street to see his second choice, J.A.G. Smith; but the touchy little lawyer/legislator also had his own ideas. He was a formidable Anglophile; and the troubles, to him, lay not in Britain, nor in colonialism, but in the calibre of her proconsuls. Smith declared he had no quarrel with the colonial society; his criticism was directed at Britain who insisted on sending "fifth-rate" officials to her colonies. Britain should be sending the chaps she lets into the Home Service.

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Two years were to pass before Fairclough again met with Manley, but he pays tribute to his NORMAN'S CONSISTENCY; for meanwhile, Manley had founded Jamaica Welfare, the movement harnessed to the raising of social and economic levels. Then, on the day of Bustamante's release, Fairclough was at Number One pier, standing close to Manley when he sent out his call to "all people of goodwill to enrol" at his office for service. But in a turnabout, it would be Fairclough who would proffer the roster.

Fairclough is credited with founding the People's National Party but always denied that he was a Socialist; he was certainly not a Communist; although as a young man he had been attracted to both ideologies. He regarded himself as a "humanitarian", a regard which would have struck an accord with humanist Edna Manley, to whom he had been introduced at the Pier, and at whose instance he was invited to visit at Drumblair. Both Manleys were by then readers of Public Opinion and with her enthusiasm for fresh ideas and active people, O.T.Fairclough, the 34-year old political thinker, would be a lively accession. He went to Drumblair next day.* So did Bustamante. A few days later when

*Fairclough regards that visit as his first real political contact with Manley; although N.W. was absent from home that day, likely at the law library in the Supreme Court building catching up on his case work neglected for several days.

Manley began his series of roadside speeches in the countryside that included a call for a political party, Fairclough wrote his first signed newspaper article intending to "hold him to the declaration," as he puts it. It did. He was asked to visit the Manleys at Arthur's Seat, their holiday place in Clarendon, to talk about forming a political party.

Was Manley a Socialist then? (He, as were all the young progressives of the day, was an avid reader of the works published by the Left Book Club.) Did he plan for the PNP to be a Socialist party?

Fairclough, who was closest to Manley in the initial discussions, and certainly the co-founder, with him, of the PNP, said there was

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never any "large ideological" talk between them and he did not think that "Socialist" ideas were strong then. But he adds: "I have a strong feeling that since he was a man who took a brief very quickly, he was profoundly influenced by (Sir Stafford) Cripps coming here."

Contrary to a belief widely held, Cripps did not come to Jamaica for the purpose of providing the PNP with a prestigious beginning. He had travelled, in fact, incognito, on a private visit for the wedding of his daughter to his adopted son, Lucien Weaver, [redacted] Weaver was on the island doing a book with an Hungarian dietician named [redacted] Szikely. Newspaperman Fairclough found Cripps on a tip from a waterfront Customs officer and with a little difficulty from the holidaying Cripps, set up the meeting with Manley. An interesting side effect of the Manley-Cripps meeting was that Manley, then troubled by a stomach ulcer, was put on a vegetable and fruit diet by [redacted] Szikely and also soon gave up cigarette smoking, asceticisms shared with Cripps.

Four years older than Manley, Cripps had entered the British parliament in 1931 on the Labour ticket. He was also a lawyer and had been Solicitor-General in the MacDonald Cabinet.* Work on the creation

*He was later to be British ambassador to the Soviet Union for two years at the start of the war and signed the Anglo-Soviet mutual assistance pact. He served in Churchill's wartime Cabinet and was minister for aircraft production and later Chancellor of the Exchequer. He died in 1952.

of the PNP was now well in hand and Cripps sat in on the early Constitution meetings, including the momentous conference in the Silver Slipper Club at Cross Roads on the Sunday morning preceding the evening launching in the Ward Theatre. His was a "considerable assistance" confirms Fairclough, in the shaping of the PNP constitution, and he delivered one of the two main addresses at the famous Ward Theatre conclave. The other was of course by the party's Leader-designate, Norman Manley, K.C.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

The old Ward had never witnessed a larger crowd in living memory. It was a vindication [redacted] according to Fairclough, must have been Manley's change of heart; a new conviction that the people were ready for a political solution. In so doing, he had cheated the predictions of several in high places, who, with increasing stridence, had divined not only a public disinterest in politics, but, like the Gleaner, had invoked heavenly deliverance from it.*

*A recent Gleaner editorial had ejaculated: "From complete self-government for Jamaica, good Lord deliver us! ... We do not think that even one political step in advance would be justified."

The Ward meeting had Noel Nethersole as chairman. Nethersole, a lawyer, former Rhodes Scholar, bon vivant and All-Jamaica cricketer, was a close associate of Manley's and more than a fair example of the "hopeful signs" which Gladstone Wilson had seen.** Bustamante, Legislator C.A.Little, Ken Robinson, O.G.Penso, Anglin Jones, C.G.Walker and C.A.

**Father (afterwards Monsignor, deceased) Gladstone Wilson, [redacted] a young Roman Catholic priest and reputedly the "most educated Jamaican", and of immense intellectual influence at the time, in a much talked about speech three months before, had lashed out at the indifference and "typical snobbishness" of the middleclass who "unless an adjustment takes place within their ranks, of which however there are some hopeful signs, may shortly find themselves bound hand and foot."

Isaac Henry, all of the minding middleclass, browns and blacks, sat on stage. Cripps for his part spoke eloquently on "the birth of a new political party representing all that is best and most progressive in Jamaican life." He was caustic on the morality of colonialism, declaring that colonies existed for the Imperial needs. "That is why self-government is withheld ...especially where the numerical majority of the people are not white in colour."

"Many," [redacted] the Gleaner, cautious but unrepentant, "marvelled at his candour."

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[redacted] BREAK

N.W.

[redacted] Manley's speech at the Ward inaugural was a personal and political manifesto. It caught the imagination of the country with extraordinary power. The ideas were [redacted], TOUGH, and his propositions for solutions uncompromisingly blunt and direct. [redacted] acclamations roared from pit and gods of the old playhouse, echoed by the thousands who packed the concourse and VICTORIA Park at the theatre front in a phenomenal display of support.

IN HIS SPEECH he [redacted] acknowledged the herculean problems facing the sleeping country and declared [redacted] that to shake it awake, politics was essential. The true awakening should not be towards the old colonial hogwash of a happy contented people, smiling and smiling in the sun, but to "produce a people with a national spirit." For this, they should possess, and all share in, a political organisation disposed to their own destiny. It also now appeared, from his speech, that Fairclough had been off target in thinking he had left Manley unmoved by his passionate prognosis of politics as the cure. NORMAN [redacted] had indeed been moved to spending "long time and energy" thinking and coming to the political view.

Manley's strategy was to face his detractors (they were already in position) squarely in his speech, dealing first with the press, which had charged him with being a Communist, or having Red associations; and, by even more obscene footwork, CHARGED HIM with seeking to dump the leaders of the trade union movement. Asserting that he had never [redacted] wished to head a union, he pointed out that the new political Party was pledged to "raising the standard of life of the common people of this country (and) the labour movement is essentially involved" in the programme. As for the Red tag, he denied any knowledge of Communists among his company and explained his own belief:

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Halls

"I do not believe that Jamaica will discover herself by attempting to borrow the theories and social systems of other countries with totally different problems and a totally different social structure."

Again and again he was to bid that national unity would come only if the people WENT beyond a SIMPLE economic identity with the country. "All efforts will be wasted," he said, "unless the masses of the people are steadily taken along a path in which they feel more and more that this is their home and their country and (so) their responsibility to work for its future." Colonial paternity had broken down the sense of independence and responsibility, and created "desires for help and assistance and infantile habits of thought ... benevolently led (beside) still waters, with no higher ideal than contentment and ease."

The offhand dismissal of the institutions, groups, and opinions, of the ninety percent black, poor, peasant, and proletariat, by the English, including the "liberal" Fabian/Socialists, preaching equality as they provided Imperial governors and senior civil servants to the colonial cadre, drew his mordancy in one of the slow, curving cuts which had almost been invented by his comrade, NATIONAL CRICKET CAPTAIN AND BATSMAN "Crab" Nethersole.

"I was strongly struck by an observation made in a speech in the House of Lords by Lord Olivier, a good friend of Jamaica (hear, hear) who is claimed to be a socialist (and who blamed) Colonial governors (for) not consulting the two most representative bodies in Jamaica, the Chamber of Commerce and the Imperial Association. (Laughter)

"What a contempt of our democratic institutions," he MURMURED TO the guffawing audience.*

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*Olivier had for a long time held history bemused as he strode through, split seat and all. Thirty-seven years before, in 1901, then acting Colonial Secretary, as a Fabian-Socialist he had been invited

FOOTNOTE

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Foot-Note CONTINUED

to chair the Pan African Association's first public meeting called by visiting organiser, H. Sylvester-Williams and the great Dr Robert Love. Sylvester-Williams, a Trinidad barrister living in London, was the uncle of George Padmore, celebrated writer on Africa and close associate of Kwame Nkrumah, president of Ghana. Love was born in Nassau, Bahamas, in 1835. He was one of the earliest fighters for full democratic power to black Jamaicans. He became an Anglican (Episcopalian) priest, pastored in the American South, studied medicine in Buffalp, N.Y. and worked as a doctor in the Haitian Army. He came to Jamaica in 1899. He fought formidably for a black presence in the Jamaican legislature, founded the Jamaica Advocate newspaper and died in 1914. He had an influence [redacted] on Marcus Garvey who took his great cry, "Africa for the Africans!", broadened its scope by adding "At home and abroad!" and started a continent on the road to freedom AS IT assisted those abroad to identify and retrieve their pride.

"We must claim a voice in our own affairs," he said, "and face the hard road of political organisation and the difficult tasks of discipline. To develop our own capacities, our own powers, our own gifts for leadership, until out of our own people we can assume responsibility for administering our own affairs."

It was September 18, 1938, the hundredth year and 48th day after the Emancipation, and the children of the slaves were going into their own revolt, tidying up the rough-cut edges their fathers had been forced to accept.

While he was calling for the politics of participation, Manley was mindful of the formidable enemies which the new order would provoke. He lashed out at the corporations and power groups which controlled King's House (and some legislators) and warned that "the masters of the lobby and the backstair influence will not face a decline

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in their power without a murmur and a fight." They were the ones "who look back upon what they regard as the beautiful past of peace and contentment, of freedom from agitation." They were the verandah romantics "who love our thatched huts and the picturesqueness of Back O' Wall.*

*Back O' Wall was a shanty town in Kingston's west end off the Spanish Town Road.

As with Cripps, his plainspoken avowal that he too had "felt those sentiments," must have tinkled the brandy snifters in his clubs; for he was after all one of the privileged, of country holidays and racing at Knutsford who had lived with the barefoots about him long enough "to become complacent"; because, as he added, "what you see everyday, you regard after a time as belonging to the order and nature of things." But it spoke immeasurably of the man who with all his immunity, [redacted] was placing himself among the conscripts.

"We are not going to allow the old spirit of complacency to return!" he cried. "Others must live, and whether we like it or not, the old spirit which covered inequality with sentimental kindliness is gone forever!

"The new spirit must live and struggle!

"Difficulties and dangers are its hazards; more life, its aims!

"And every man who calls himself a true Jamaican must work to keep it alive and to encourage the masses of this country to reach up for better things and to work to achieve them!"

The accomplishment of this would be his life hereafter; and so he explained the Party blueprint with great care. It would operate on "the old and well tried principle of beginning with small groups that form the cells out of which the (organisation) body is built," he said, opening a word association that was to haunt the Party's future; since cell

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was the currently emotive kindling for spreading a Red scare. And when Cripps later in the evening addressed his hearers as Comrades, the old Bolshevik bogey took on new hair. ([redacted] policy coat to suit the electoral cloth.)

The PNP as he outlined it, would be a political organ, with any number of affiliated groups from whom the Party would require only the "duties of mutual aid and loyalty." It would be [redacted] adhesive enough to hold the trade unions, the citizens' associations, the schoolteachers' societies, and the aggressively searching National Reform Association and the Progressive League. Membership fees were a shilling (10¢) a year plus whatever could be volunteered "to the limit of (one's) capacity."

It was an extraordinary evening in the Ward: tiers of faces from floor to ornate ceiling, solidly packed and engaged in a silence punctuated by sudden throaty roars as he showed them the vision. Outside, the speech was received over the relay in the same intent; [redacted] except for the frequent bellows of approval, you could hear the rattle of the trams switching into King Street, and the clipclop of an occasional horse-hackney plying for hire around the Parade. He brought them a vision of a high but scaleable mountain and many who were there remember with an embarrassment of emotions.*

*St William Grant, already being shouldered aside and piqued at being denied a seat on stage, had moved into the Victoria Park where he held his own meeting. But history would take note. The Park, named for Queen Victoria a century before, would be renamed for Grant at his death in 1977.

"I may be talking as a visionary, as a foolish idealist, but if this Party is to succeed (it must be) based on foundations of a thoroughly planned and widespread educational campaign among the people ... to be taught the Constitution and what sort of Jamaica they should aim at for their children.

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"We don't want a foolish electorate at the mercy of every demagogue and unable to unravel the tricks of undisciplined politicians. Nor can we expect great things of (our) people until we have raised their sense of values to give them something to work for. Only education can bring our people to realise that this is their country and that they can and must work for its betterment and for their own."

Hitherto their politics had consisted of 14 elected men, usually in disarray, facing the welldrilled corpsmen of nominated and official [redacted] who [redacted] vote as the governor directed. National issues hardly existed, and where they did, drew little public protest. The "ten-shilling voter" went to the polls with a shrug and a grin, still chuckling at the sallies of the hired political tout, who, in election years, appeared at the street corner with his three-pronged oil lamp-on-a-pole haranguing the virtues of [redacted] client. To-night, they were hearing that in a Party, they could demand "discipline" from the men put into office by the Party. [redacted] Manley turned to another bad nub. (FAIRCLOUGH, WHO COULD BE POKER-FACED WHEN HE WISHED, MAY HAVE GRINNED AT THIS TAKING OF HIS "BRIEF.")

"It has always been the unconscious wish of the privileged to prevent the common people of the world from becoming aware of the power of disciplined organised political life as the chief interest of their own progress and uplift. Education in political appreciation (and) in the practical needs of everyday life and how they touch on political affairs is a first essential (in) an efficient and disciplined Party." For there was "a growing number of people who would love to see everything settle back into the old jogtrot. (They) prophesy failure for this movement."

It was the scene, as it stood between the haves and the have-nots, brought under frank scrutiny by a man who was himself elitist. What was crackling into life onstage had in it the seeds of the People versus

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the Rest, a tussle in which the discontenteds would slit the fat cats for a portion. And Manley and Bustamante, together on stage (the family gauntness causing a startling resemblance), by their presence were declaring an intent to form a common front. Or so it seemed. And whatever may have been the secret fear or hope of the St Andrew gallery-dallier, or downtown Marxist-~~planner~~ socialist, the reasons behind the choice of the Party label left in no doubt whom it would represent. It was to be a mass party.

"Our larger aims ... are to be found in the name of this Party. It is called the People's party because it will unswervingly aim at all those measures which will serve the masses of the country - whose interests must predominate above and beyond all other classes.

"Then it is called National (because) if this little island of ours is to be consolidated, together, and bettered, it must be by developing the idea of Jamaica as a national whole."

He would have brought some comfort to the foxtrotters in the Glass Bucket, Half Way Tree's glittering nightclub, where the rich drew behind stucco walls to escape the accusing stares of the wretched, when he asserted, "I do not say that Jamaica is today ripe for self-government but I claim that we must start a movement working which will help us to become ripe for it."

It was not that he was having misgivings, but he was, by training and temperament, a man of preparedness, and of excellence, in what he did. The paths he had pursued were taken only after thorough physical conditioning, mental labour and seeing to his spiritual bearings. He was saying that "the more effort, the more discipline, the more honesty we can throw into that work, the quicker" the country would be ripe for it.

"I agree," he said, "that it is particularly hard in the conditions which exist today to develop our own self reliance and independence to

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the point where we can claim the right to freedom in our own affairs."

He believed that the absence of self discipline was a mark of political unawareness. He laid the blame on "the remarkable and rotten Constitution" that was so much the "perfect instrument for the degradation of political life, it cannot have been devised in error."

He declared to acclamatory shouts: "It is, in its very design, a pretence and a shadow of the reality of democracy! It gives the illusion of power, without the reality of responsibility! It turns decent men into rancourous critics! It betrays enthusiasms and destroys hope!"

Condemning the bad franchise which allowed just 60,000 voters in a population of 1,200,000, he bluntly declared that the system led to futility, corruption and bribery.

"There can be only one sensible system and that is to give the vote to all the adults of the country!"

A report described the ovation as of "unparalleled enthusiasm and duration." His hearers celebrated by a spontaneous decision that made his speech the first political address ever sent to the bookbinders. Circulated islandwise, it was studied and quoted as the promissory note for the new Jamaica.

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CHAPTER ~~TWENTY-NINE~~ THIRTY-~~FOUR~~ FOUR

N.N.Nethersole, rumpled, urbane and looking like a malicious professor, one day took the financial fabric apart and showed its weakness. Baring his find of "a most remarkable discrepancy," he revealed that a third of the country's wealth was in the pockets of less than one percent of the people. And that a third of the income went into the pockets of this less than one percent. And that the others, the more than 99%, paid taxes "vastly more in proportion" than the wealthy. Puckishly, he pointed out that in fact, the rich paid one-tenth of the taxes.

Nethersole was to become the first finance minister in the first PNP government 15 years later, in 1954; and in five years to cast his stamp indelibly on the economic future with his advocacy and laying of the foundation for a Central Bank.* In that earlier analysis, he brought

*He died in office in 1954, mourned by political colleagues and opponents alike.

out that less than half of those fortunate few paid any income tax at all and then, only two percent of their income. Indirect taxation accounted for the balance of the government's revenue including over $3-million excise on rum "the poor man's drink. The reason [redacted] is that the privileged classes have representation (in the legislature) and the poorer classes have none. You will never (change) that unfair incidence until the people of the country have the vote and are entitled to (choose)their representatives."

He was a staunch advocate at the time for an adult suffrage, and considering that he, Party Leader Manley and most of the leading activists of the Party were among the favoured and franchised, [redacted] HIS TOO was a courageous admission. It also could have caused the recantation among some of their earlier UPPERCRUST comrades. For some slid back.

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Manley's launching speech had given a warning, and started a hope. He had cautioned that "so soon as ever a leader attempts achievement in this country, others press and surge to tear him down." His hope was that the Party would make Jamaica "a real place and a real country." The first would be swift; the latter not late but lagging. Within months he was having to consider suing one newspaper for a "peculiarly vile" libel. But causing even more concern was the apostasy of early colleagues. He commented that some were scared and others apathetic. However, personally, he was going strong.

He had edged his dreams into the consciousness of the sufferers, the quashie whose trust he had to gain and hold, while not foregoing the occasional King's House dinner; a feat of balance which is somewhat overlooked in these later days of the trade union cocktail circuit, when union delegates are equally at home in luxury hotel and at the factory gate.

But if a few earlier supporters were weakening, some better timber, young and already seasoned in the field, were at hand. The [redacted] (NRA) had dissolved itself into the PNP, led in by its founder, youthful, intense leftist Ken Hill, his brother Frank, younger, of harder angles and equal eloquence but less an efficient organiser, the lean boyish lawyer Richard Hart, a fiery intellectual, and others. They were the people whom Manley once described as "a united collective team of vigorous and able men." They were, he has said, some of his most valuable supporters. But the workload was appalling, whatever the aid he got. He was fully in the courts as he was being relentlessly drawn into politics. There was increasingly less time to sit under the old yoke tree at Drumblair with Edna to talk about the future. His sister, Muriel (Dr Manley) was back from Britain where

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she had been in practice for many years. A small, neat, nutbrown woman, whose genteel good looks and beautifully modulated voice disavowed her quiet strength and mischievous humour, they were close in an unaffected way. He commented with pride and gladness that the English years had not dislodged her essential Jamaican.

His own next year would be thoroughly unsettled by a full court slate, while applying his furious energy in building the political party, a task which was proving tougher than had appeared. However, within a year, there were over 150 party groups across the country.

The idea of partisan politics had been accepted by the middle and even some members of the upper income levels; but the workingman, who saw his disabilities in the facts of the economy as it affected his earnings, gave his main ear to the promise of payroll improvement by way of the union. It soon developed that the PNP was identified with the white collar worker. But there was no other political party alive, so the effect was only academic.

Except, that is, for the party in King's House, an inscrutable mandarin who was proving adept at the martial arts.

CHAPTER THIRTY-~~THREE~~ FIVE

35

in King's House,

The governor, Sir Arthur Richards, was a man who absorbed power like a sponge. Dictatorial and vindictive, he sought, before his first year was halfway through, for such massive personal control that his usually TRACTABLE legislative council at one time bucked under the saddle, for a few hours. It was to do with a new law to restrict the right of holding public meetings at the will of the governor. So solidly did the 14 electeds oppose, that, Richards, for the first time in the Council, gave way. But not really. "A pleasant little chat in private with the Attorney General ... brought them to heel," leered the Jamaica Standard.

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Nethersole, usually well-mannered as a bishop, found him "remarkable for the intensity of (his) invective and the manifestations of angry emotion." Yet Richards was a man of progressive outlook, who was publicly for adult suffrage, a larger legislature and a Jamaican civil service of fewer expatriates. But his Smith Constitution Commission did not endear him to the PNP reformers: The proposals did not provide for immediate adult suffrage.*

*A House Select Committee headed by J.A.G.Smith had been appointed to draft and submit constitutional proposals to the British Secretary of State for the Colonies which would be, in essence, no different from the pre-1865 constitution which had guaranteed representative government. The Smith proposals included provision for a two-chamber legislature: a Governor-nominated upper council and an elected House of Assembly elected by the same limited electorate until the question of franchise was settled in England. Power would still remain with the Governor who would rule through an Executive Committee of Ten, half of whom would be his civil servants or other appointees.

The proposals brought severe rebuke from Manley, directed at what he called the "chastened Council" sitting under the "presidential imitation of Homer." He laid down the dictum to Richards that the forming of a Constitution should be left to the legal experts. (In after years, he would be criticised by his Party colleagues for his dependence on "experts".) He was especially acid on fellow lawyer Smith, who, he inferred, was cluttered with cant and scraps of half forgotten Constitutional Law. He dismissed any proposals for what he considered a diarchical government and referred to a failure of the Ceylon government. How could one rule if wholly excluded from the body that sanctioned your plans? The procumbent approach to self government left him livid.

"Do we want self government ever at all? Then ask for it now! To ask for less is political childishness. Do we offer any compromises? No! Let the Colonial Office say what less they propose to do."

Audrey: NO BREAK

His anger was in mid-June, before the war in Europe, a happening that would soften the hard PNP line; but Manley was adamant in his demand,

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if not for [redacted] absolute independence, then at least for responsibility in internal affairs; although he was willing to concede FOR NOW a veto power to the governor. He trenchantly chided his critics, who cited the island's small size, WITH THE FACT THAT [redacted] self governing NEWFOUNDLAND HAD, "a population half as large and twice as poor as Jamaica."

NO BREAK

That he had the [redacted] iron to lead, and the GUILE to deal with the King's House SCHEMER, was to be established early, because of a Bustamante blunder. From Montego Bay, Busta had called a general strike for the sole purpose of ousting rival unionist, A.G.S. "Father" Coombs, whose two-year-old Jamaica Workers & Tradesmen's Union controlled the northside port. The shippers, mainly the United Fruit Company, immediately ducked behind the gangling "Father" Coombs who was not only capable of SHUTTING [redacted] down the port, but above all, whom they wilily saw as a boom to split the rising Bustamante wave. It almost worked. Governor Richards in Kingston slammed down a State of Emergency edict, and cut [redacted] off wire service communication between Bustamante and his union offices in the city and elsewhere.* The shippers were elated. The trade

*A cautious postmistress, who knew where the power lay, held back the Busta telegrams until her superiors had ruled on whether to despatch them. Her superiors went upstairs to ASK Richards.

union movement seemed ready to founder. BUT Busta, who, throughout his career was to sense danger with uncanny acuity, felt the wriggle along his antennae and sent for Cousin Norman.

It could be that Manley's knowledge of Richards made him resist Busta's prodding to make a run for London and report the plight of the union. At any rate, Manley refused to embark for London, and settled ON PLANS for a short trip to King's House.

MEANWHILE, the infant labour revolution HAD slipped close to disaster because of Busta's wildcat style and bad logistics. GOVERNOR RICHARDS BROUGHT DOWN HIS FIST. Drafting the military into

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THE JOB OF manning the essential public services, and providing police escort for the hordes of jobless chancing broken bones for an hiring, the lid was put on the union. And then the employers turned savagely on them. WORKERS WHO DISPLAYED the slightest union loyalties were ruthlessly fired. The lack of understanding, or awareness, of the social and economic vise WHICH HAD forced the barefoot rebellion against the system, was responsible for such dismal rationalities as ELECTED legislator Harold Allan turning strike-breaker by inviting city wharfowners to deploy their ships to Port Antonio. When Bustamante hustled over to organise the Port Antonio workers, he was chased out of town. The workers were divided, and falling. It was then that Manley entered the affray with a virtuoso performance. HIS INTERVENTION established with certainty the continuance of TRADE UNIONISM in Jamaica.

Manley had a good reason for calling at King's House instead of JOURNEYING to London. He went to see Richards because that brutally efficient governor had succeeded in recapturing power for King's House from such old bastions as the Daily Gleaner company and the Imperial Association. (Richards once told Manley that he would break the power of the Gleaner, "and," Manley says, "he broke them.") As the solus man in authority, his ego was enormous. Manley, the resourceful courtroom practitioner, went inside that ego with surgical skill. They talked for two or three days, several hours each day. Richards was angry at both employers and union, although it was Busta who bore the brunt. At one point he was for locking BUSTAMANTE up, but Manley KEPT AT HIM with persuasion and tact. They reached a compromise. Richards agreed to pound some instructions into the employers which would take them off the union, provided Bustamante agreed to Manley's proposed Trade Union (Advisory)

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Council to act as honest broker for the unions, and so bring some order among the conflicting groups and ensure the honouring of labour contracts. AS BUSTAMANTE CALLED, off the strike, employers would be ordered BY RICHARDS to raise the siege they had fastened around the labour movement. Under the pressure of imminent collapse, Busta yielded; but held out against another Richards' proviso: that he drop his name from the BITU. The TU(A)C accordingly came into being; it was shortlived. After months of uneasy sharing, Busta quit and founded his own set of advisers. However, the forming of the TU(A)C was to FETCH into active participation several of the younger men who had for years been studying trade union theories and were eager to go into practice: Ken & Frank Hill, Ken Sterling (who WOULD turn out to be a superb organiser and an important figure in international trade unionism), Frank Spaulding (afterwards, like Ken Hill, a Mayor of Kingston) and others. All WOULD be of importance in the political course.

So unionism was not only saved by the as yet unannounced Socialist, but also tacitly endorsed by the Colonial regent who years later, in England, would accept a British Labour Party (Socialist) life peerage*. A few months earlier, Manley had wondered of Richards: "Does he know what I really think, or I he?" They respected but did not necessarily like each other. They were both men of stout egos; Manley has owned to "a great sense of superiority to most ... though I deeply admire all men of proved worth and value."

~~Trade Union (Advisory) Council~~

F'Note: * Ever the PARTY maverick, RICHARDS would eventually refute the Socialists, although not giving up his stall in the British House of Lords.

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CHAPTER THIRTY ~~four~~ six

Richards' "worth and value" (he may not have wanted it so) was especially favourable to a rapid growth of nationalism, of a kind. The Jamaica Standard, in the summer of '39, grumbled that "Britain would never have won the last war if the press had refused to criticize the government of Mr Asquith." The paper was squirming under the strictures of the governor who was now roundly into the intransigence which would mark his regime. He was muzzling citizens and legislators by outlawing public meetings, and choking off debate he considered controversial. Underneath the facade of Oriental imperturbability, had been exposed nerve ends of violent reactions to opposition. The disclosure shocked his subjects. His bitter rebuke of those who criticised the unemployment relief works (fifteen cents a day and a hot noon lunch for swamp clearance), rattled the few friends he might have made. Serving also to alienate was his legal kidnapping of such disparate people as activists Bustamante, Ken and Frank Hill, and anti-labour newspaperman Englishman Gordon Scotter, under war-time powers of undetermined detention. He would unite as never before (nor since), the island population of blacks, browns, whites, Jews, Chinese, Indians, Arabs. The cautious and the bellicose would patch their differences and appear jointly in public for one of the most unusual civil rights protests ever made.

But it was wartime. Richards could invoke his special powers and virtually rule by edict.

Manley, himself a veteran and authentic war hero, and aware of the broad streak of sentimental Empire loyalty running through his future political constituents, issued a statement declaring the Party's opposition to any act inimical to Britain's war effort. It could have been a [redacted]

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survival, but also an honest sentiment.* He was aware that, as he put it, the "active and intelligent" PNP propaganda had "irritated" some. Yet, he added slyly, it had done good; he was not saying that the walls of Jericho were down, "but at least the men on the ramparts are listening to the noise."

*Mohandas K. Ghandi had no such qualm. His All-India National Congress executive at the Allahabad Declaration promised not to support the British war effort "unless Great Britain revises her policy and accepts the Congress' demand for democratic independence for India."

With no less speed and enthusiasm, Bustamante was also fulfilling a Gleaner backslapping prediction that he would be "actively recruiting on behalf of His Majesty's forces at no distant date."

What Manley would not allow was the death of the year-old revolution, or a falling back into the old laissez faire. And this would happen, he saw, "unless vigorous political life develops and can ally itself to a strong labour organisation." A quiet remark which makes it clear that while it was early yet, he saw the growth of popular politics in a Party & Union alliance. The theatres of activity would be, on one hand, the mass employeds in the urban and plantation bounds, and on the other, the small self-employed cultivator, the great peasant culture of which, unlike most of his confrere, he was so deeply aware. He was working at the first in a kind of Christian diplomacy, being wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove, since already labour-leader Cousin Alex ** was displaying a strong inclination to march in front, and alone, to the promised land. There was no doubt, at that moment in time, whom the majority of the urban working class would have elected to be their Moses.

But among the country people, the integrity of Manley's interest in them was unquestionable. Decently before the '38 upheavals, while he

**Legally changed from Alec (Alexander) Clarke to "Alex" Bustamante. He said a Spanish don adopted him during his youthful travels.

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was yet shy of politics, indeed had rejected it as a problem solver, he had, by his own genius, created the unique Jamaica Welfare [redacted] for the enrichment of rural life. In the subsequence of the fresh look, and the [redacted] thinking, jolted into activity by the Mark VII[redacted] of the Colonial constables, he was insisting that the day's politics, poor as it was, with no power to the people, be deployed to make land-owners of the desperately disadvantaged "quarter-to-two-acre cultivator." Unhappily for him, the loyalty this may have generated was not sufficiently strong to resist the Bustamante campaign propaganda in the '44 general elections. By the time of that fateful year, the irony was in place; the same small farmer whom Manley had so doughtily championed in the voteless years, had succumbed to the agitprop which placed the PNP among the Communist predators waiting to gobble up even the miniscule quarter acre. But that was yet to be. So here he was now rousingly supporting the famous Orde-Brown Report, a document he regarded as the closest of any official survey to his own and Party views.* He [redacted]

*Major G. St J. Orde-Brown, Labour Adviser to the Colonial Office.

that land settlement should be people settlement; should be a stroke for social reconstruction [redacted] charged that [redacted] in [redacted] functioning, the [redacted] by the handlers who sold the best land to speculators, and the next best to farmers of medium prosperity, the scrub going to "the men who really want help."

The memorandum which he and Nethersole had sent to the Conciliation Board, [redacted] the need for a government labour adviser, [redacted] the support of Richards who pressed for a first class man in the post; an insistence with which Manley concurred, especially after a letter

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from Lord Olivier in which the gregarious ex-governor let drop to his friend that most of the advisers sent to the colonies were "ignorant and helpless."* The concern for quality control was also entering the

*They got a good one, FRANK Norman, whose skill and enthusiasm established a useful and active Labour Department.

local political system by the self regulatory device inherent in growth. The lonely old thunderers, with their vituperatives fully reported in Hansard,** the fellows who in return for a good record of Ayes to a governor's proposals could successfully scout the corridors buttonholing the English senior civil servants for constituency favours, were still in the Legislature, but ending their days. A cadre of youthful, intelligent, vigorous men and a phenomenon in politics then, women were reacting to a new kind of rhetoric which spoke with candour not only of "governments so obviously out to keep in the good graces of the upper classes," but ALSO SPOKE bluffly of a programme of non-progress deliberately encouraged by a "Colonial Office still pliant to the wishes of the (British) vested interests." Wishes, that, in short order, had killed the hopes of at least four Jamaican enterprises before they could start: cement, cornmeal, condensed milk and a public transport service.

The blocking of local entrepreneurs from the important servicing and manufacturing ventures in the colony, and [redacted] barring them from shopping for merchandise in the cheaper competitive markets outside the Empire's tariff walls, may have been a reason WHY the PNP attracting led spirits that by tradition ought to have been favouring the conservative right and not the leaners to the left. Some, of course, saw, in Manley, the acknowledged trend-setter now in identity with a movement which could be used to heal their frustrations at the supercilious English settlers, soldiers and civil servants. Busta, with devastating consequences,

**Luke Hansard, 1752-1828, first ~~printed~~ PRINTER OF British Parliament debates.

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in 1944, was to seize the fact and tag the PNP for a "brown man's party". The label lost them the mass support then being assiduously sought with some success by the hardworking young Marxists in the Party. But before this, came the September 1940 internment of Bustamante by Governor Richards for fomenting strike talk on the waterfront, freedom of speech being an early war casualty.*

*Seized with Busta was W.A.Williams, the man who had stood with Manley on the coal car, by then a BITU vice president in charge of the maritime division.

For exactly 17 months, Manley was alone, out in front, free to weld his Party into a politically educated, strongly disciplined organisation, and to keep the Union strong and loyal to the political party, since the hope had not yet been lost that the Bustamante Industrial Trade Union would be the mass arm, the voting machine of the PNP at the next general election which should have come in 1940 but for the war.

The Union-Party alliance had its first modest success in elections through the TU(A)C's Nethersole. "Crab" Nethersole had been named president of the TU(A)C with Florizel Glasspole as secretary of what was regarded as a "senate" to the unions, a clearing house for ideas and actions. In the charge of the trusted Nethersole, it was to have given the PNP a high-visibility window over the affairs of the already sprawling and growing BITU and its [redacted] unpredictable leader who was running it like a "Joe Reid Court"**

**A legendary court set up by migrant Jamaicans in Panama during the canal building earlier in the century with a Judge, Joe Reid, who imposed his own fines and/or unique sentences.

and gaining a reputation for rictal comedy.***

***Busta once fired his assistant St William Grant and himself from the union, then instantly re-instated himself as leader.

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Nethersole was an unlikely man to win an election, had it not been held under the old voter roll listing only landed proprietors and "ten-shilling" voters.* He was an intellectual wit with an unusual capacity

*But under adult suffrage, he was to win and hold a St Andrew seat by virtue of a fine organisation and fiercely loyal organisers.

for making strong friendships. Throughout his tragically short political life, he was noted for frank, unafraid appraisals of men and matters. At a public meeting in Morant Bay, with Manley at his elbow, he acknowledged the Party's "existence (through) the individual effort and dominance of Mr Manley" but went on to assert that the "intolerable conditions" was the "circumstance, perhaps above all ... that made the organisation and the foundation of the Party so opportune and well timed." Manley was the convenor, not the cause. The elements, already present, had gathered at the catalyst.

Only ~~Mr Manley~~ NORMAN applauded. The other comrades seemed quietly appalled.

"Crab" won, by default, a seat on the city council after losing a bid for the legislature. ~~George Seymour~~ What happened was this: George Seymour, a tall, droll Jew who represented St Andrew in the legislature, had resigned his seat to take up the lucrative and influential post of Chairman of the new Water Commission. The Mayor of Kingston, Dr Anderson, one of the leading lights in the Federation of Citizens' Association, was put up for the vacant legislative seat by the Federation. Nethersole was the PNP candidate. Anderson, a bustling, tireless man with an old established political reputation, waged a campaign that quite outmanoeuvred the fledgling Party canvassers. In spite of a skilled professional tout, Leonard Waison, on Nethersole's platform, to identify with the smallest ("ten-shilling") voters, and the appearance for the first time in an election campaign of loud-speaker rigged cars, nothing could clear the upper-class taint from Nethersole or his well-meaning friends. One newspaper

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who identified with the poor.

editorial gave as his qualifications for representing the people, his "high social rating, an Oxonian and plays the game of cricket." The paper went on to obliquely call for class support by reminding St Andrew socialites had turned out ten years before to elect Seymour-Seymour, the wealthy landowner. But that did him in. For ideas had changed. The ten-bob voters headed for the doctor. Dr Anderson romped home by a comfortable margin : 1,559 to 974.

But the Federation did not oppose when the PNP picked "Crab" for the city council seat vacated by Anderson's elevation; and with only Independents in the field, the unlikely bellwether became a shoo-in. Now they had a voice, however small, in elected office. "I am glad that we have started at the bottom of the ladder," Manley said, "for now we will climb steadily to the top until the Party becomes the instrument for good it is bound to be." The climb would not be orderly as was hoped; but as an instrument for good, the Party was getting closer. It was certainly on hand to save the labour movement when Bustamante was locked up.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-~~ONE~~ ~~FIVE~~ 37

In East Parade's redbrick Coke Methodist Hall one August evening in 1940, Manley stated in clear language to those who had "not hitherto (so) regarded the Party," that the PNP was Socialist. He should not have expected them to. When the Party was being formed, its original programme was not socialist. Its claim was reform thinking, though it contained elements common to socialists and liberals. It was the call to public ownership which brought the sourest puckers to the sugar [redacted] and [redacted] margin-gathering importers.

Yet, mused Manley at Coke, such a policy might equally be acceptable to a purely reform movement. So he proceeded, at this second anniversary conference, to a critical appraisal of some options.

"Socialism is more than the mere reform of the existing system. Socialists and Liberals alike may agree on thinking that social services must expand as rapidly as can be, so that better education and free and more easily available medical services, better provision for old age and heightened standards of living, may obtain for all. But all these things are perfectly consistent with a Conservative policy.

"For that matter, they are not inconsistent with a Fascist policy.

"Some countries which stand high today in the range of improvement in the standards of living of the common people, and in the evolution of social services, are dictatorships in principle and practice."

His thin, highboned face wearing a light sweat in the hot, crowded hall, he spoke with emphasis on the consequences which could follow the adoption of his Socialism.

"What I wish to stress (is), I do not wish these proposals to be adopted in a lighthearted spirit (but with) full recognition of the obligation to learn what Socialism is, to learn how its principles can be

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applied in this country and how they may be explained to the people."

For now his innocence was behind him; he was already battle-scarred from encounters with a hostile press. He knew that in the long years ahead, he would be opposed by a free enterprise establishment of considerable force and implacability. He foresaw that he would need a power base, the support of an enfranchised mass that understood the issues, and would bar the racial route historically always available, but divisive, at this hour. For above all, they must be prepared to face bitter opposition [redacted] from those to whom Socialism was a more "real enemy" because it "involved a demand for (utter) change" in social and economic conditions.

"If it involves anything less," he stated flatly, "then it is something less than Socialism."

He gained GREAT [redacted] applause from the back of the house when he hinted at nationalisation as a main plank in the Party platform. To him, Socialism was [redacted] MERELY not a question of higher wages or better living conditions for the workers, although the latter was the purpose, but involved the comprehension of "all the means of production being publicly owned and publicly controlled." Over the prolonged cheering, he cried: "You and I, all of us, have been bred in a system in which all the means of production are privately owned! All the sources of wealth in our country and in the British Empire are privately owned! It is not only a matter of saying you will distribute more of the profits of the business to the (workers, but that) the business should belong to the workers!"

He saw that the way to insert mobility into a society notorious for its mindless hold to class and race, was through Socialism, since "we were born into a society in which certain classes unquestionably

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enjoy enormous privileges which under this system, will not be open to everybody."

But this scion of landed gentry, genteelly impoverished as that had been, beneficiary of an education on a plane out of reach to the [redacted] majority, sought-after solon of the day, and now the courageous defector from his class, was not asserting a wholesale caste-less society. His political philosophy, he said, ie., Socialism, was "founded on a belief that it is possible to organise a genuinely egalitarian society in which all opportunities will so far as possible be equal and open to all persons, subject to the basic necessities of preserving society."

The heat of the day dictated the degree of his prudence; and it was a reservation containing no guilt, but rather, by his audience, as judged then, a boldness; and consequently prolongedly applauded. Reality is subject to the moment.

Some did not agree with the [redacted] prudence of [redacted], and so the stage was set for the players to appear in order down the years, some to play it cool according to their reading, others to hit their lines with a passion for ideological purity; yet all safely inside the extensive perimeters enclosing the democracy of socialism.

Such were the times, with a world war escalating in Europe and visions of the apocalypse strong in men's minds, it was easy to see the old world in ruins. Indeed, Manley saw the postwar governments divided in two camps: socialism and dictatorship, the only exception being the United States and that only for "a generation" because of its natural resources and the power to expand its economy — and because that country regarded Socialism "with far greater aversion than Nazism."* With the

*He was particularly severe on the U.S. at this period. "The system that they (the U.S.) aim to preserve," he once said, "is one in which the thing they are supposed to call freedom is said to exist at its highest possible value." He was not being unreasonably

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harsh since the record of lynchings and assorted bestialities by white upon black Americans was, at the time phenomenal. It did not endear him to the Americans. Years later they wreaked a small vengeance by incarcerating him on Ellis Island, their migrants' pen, while passing through their territory.

future thus apparent, he was constantly urging Party members to study all facets of Socialism and help to educate their constituents. "It is the business (of leaders) to master our own methods, and our own minds, and our own ideals, so we may at once inspire our friends and confound our foes." [But he taught, that, whatever it was, the ideology was no rigid dogma but a principle to be applied to the particular situation. He warned eloquently against the doctrinarians. "When people accept a view that has the conviction of religion, you face the danger of allowing your thoughts to be tied into neat little packets, carefully labelled by other people and pulled out of the right pigeon hole at the right moment ..."

He also had to bear the charge of being bloody-minded and an anti-Christ, soon to be the continuously BORNE [redacted] cross of the Jamaican Socialists; not yet in full yowl, but growling. So at that definitive PNP conference (1940), [redacted] Manley sought to calm his foes, and protect himself from his friends, by denying any bias for violence or irreligion, while frankly acknowledging the presence of some "intellectual Communists" about him. [Almost lightly, he dismissed their potency. He took a brief glance at their hereness and posited they would be working for PNP aims, and not on edicts from Moscow.

Well, so they did; work gd with and for the Party, giving strong assistance through the years of bleak popularity following the break with Bustamante; building a credibility among the mass voters to which the rightwing arm of the Party would have futilely beckoned. [But the time would come when their motives became suspect and he would watch them hustled into the political wilderness.

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He would have held an awareness also, close to him as it was, of a crisis being wrestled with. The creative Edna Manley, although taking to her wifely leeks with public enthusiasm, had her private misgivings about politics. There is, she thought in a splendidly galloping hyperbole, a "complete extinction of the creative artist during wars etc." The wars etc., of Norman's entry into politics were chancing what she regarded as her "umbilical cord" which provided the specially translated ingredients; the "one contact with reality and life and that is through (the creative artist's) highly sensitive and delicately adjusted sensory approach."

And what happens to the artist in politics? Oh, rough, indeed. He (or she) starts "getting emotional experiences crammed down (one's) throat, through entirely foreign and wrong channels" and a creative damage, or death, looms. Edna, eminently tough when required, was not afraid of life. "The contact with life, however sordid, however brutal, is essential; but it must be through the creative awareness, not through any other way."

This was how she thought; and since Norman was a sharply probing man, with more than the shaggy interest in intangibles of the average fellow, who shakes off like dew the experiences and consciousness struggling towards perception, he would be aware of how she thought.

Aware also of the deep and strong family strength rooted in her when she spoke of the "kindly domestic god", by whom she had been particularly blessed; of the crunch crunch of the cows feeding near her nighttime window at Arthur's Seat, of the shouts of boyish laughter amidst the barking of the dogs in the morning, of a string of gleaming fish in a sea-child's hand. Simple but eloquent notations.

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She was forty that year. She had discovered with "a dawning surprise" that the old nonsense formula that life begins at forty, was, "in fact ... a beginning."

But he would have looked half quizzically, half amusedly at her, and waited. For she had the daylight in her hands* and she was unafraid. She would get around to politics and politics would never be the same again.

"Perfection in marriage," she said away from him, will "only lead to self satisfaction and dead contentment but marriage with all the difficulties and dangers ... can make these inevitable steps towards growth, worth doing."

FOOTNOTE

* From a poem by George Campbell who was closely associated with the Manley family since his boyhood: "I hold the splendid daylight IN my hands..."

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CHAPTER THIRTY-~~TWO~~ ~~SIX~~ 38 39

A brave little meeting of the BITU executive, a few days after Bustamante's detention, pledged ~~themselves~~ to continue the work of the union; but if there was heart to it, the muscle was weak. Those earlier defeats could not have created self confidence in their ability to battle the employers. They had been unable to score gains in the island's largest employment source, the sugar industry; and having allowed themselves to be, as Manley described it, "dragged into" a strike from which they had been barely extricated, the Union was as short of funds as of leadership. Busta's split with the PNP may also have damaged the BITU's image among the workers because of their strengthening desire for order and pattern in their affairs. The old combat tactics, superbly suited as they had been for the Days of May, had not kept the pay packets filled. Dues-paying membership had dwindled as their interest in politics increased. Manley could write to his friend, W.A. Domingo in New York: "I feel sure that the workers are now beginning to have real confidence in the Party."

"We took charge of the BITU and told Busta so," Manley has said. The Union came under PNP leadership and SOON THE COLUMNS WERE MOVING AGAIN [redacted] as the youthful, intelligent MILITANTS OF THE [redacted] Party COMMENCED PUTTING [redacted] into practice the theories they had so enthusiastically studied in the recent years. The PNP strategists saw sugar, the country's heaviest employer of labour, as the industry OF most promis[redacted] FOR UNION ACTION; [redacted] and by the EXISTENCE [redacted] of sugar estates in all the rural parishes except Manchester, to be the most effective medium for spreading a political gospel among the country folk. And wars, AFTER ALL, HAVE been [redacted] always beneficial to sugar.

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As in the earlier global conflict, sugar had taken on wartime importance as a food staple and munition materiel. THE DEMAND ROSE; BUT SO DID THE cost of living, BRINGING added hardship. HERE WAS an inducement FOR WORKERS TO EYE THE BENEFITS OF ORGANISING. But hard against THIS were three centuries of isolated communities lacking in national cohesion. It had hardly caused Harold Allan any sweat to talk the Port Antonio stevedores into working the ships the Kingston dockers had struck.

The violent opposition of employers to the idea of trade unions was a constant obstacle, active and virulent after two years. Only tight organisation and total loyalty would decide success or rout. But there was an even more disconcerting adversary to face.

Manley's probing noises about the low wages on sugar estates had brought quick reaction from Governor Richards. Surprisingly liberal in social thinking as Manley had found him, he was nevertheless the King's man in Jamaica, in the middle of a world war, and his job was to deliver sugar to Britain and other ports concerned with the Allied effort. That bespectacled vizier would chop any subject displaying the least POSSIBLE POWER OF sabotage. And unmistakably clear, he so warned the PNP/BITU heads. Manley's, he hinted, would be the first to roll. "It had the earmarks of a desperate adventure," Manley once reminisced, "but a necessary one if unionism was to survive."

It was a cliff-hanging scenario all the way while the country troubledly waited for him to join his cousin Bustamante in the army lock-up. It was a tribute to his grasp of practical consequences that he spoke and acted his role as leader with no loss in thrust, and yet stayed FREE. So it had to be cloak and dagger stuff, a melodrama played for real, when he DECIDED TO STRIKE the sugar industry.

He had seen how the BITU through lack of planning was clobbered in the longshore struggle. The disarray had lasted. He found the

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Union without funds, small membership and in confusion. He countered with three priorities: re-organisation, generating stronger loyalty, and a study of strategic locations for launching the attack on the sugar manufacturers.

The Party's long and close work in the rurals now stood them in good stead. They chose St Thomas for the first battlesite. It was in St Thomas parish that the Party had established its first constituent structure to name a legislative candidate, Rudolph Burke. A team of fanatically dedicated young militants turned their obdurate faces to the eastern parish. They entered unobstrusively and commenced a back-window dialogue that HARDLY ever rose above a whisper, and WERE scarcely ever waged in daylight. Secrecy was the strength. The threat of Richards' power, and the fear of emotional excitement among the strikers, that could, as had happened, stumble them into the paths of police bullets, CAUSED the strike-drill TO BE of tactical importance. Manley found careful men in the communities and appointed them delegates. He slipped into the villages at nights and swore them on his King James Version by lamp or candlelight. Each drill-master received written details of the time and conduct of the strike. The strategy not only gave the workers a sense of purpose and responsibility, but a grounding and a belief in organisation — the nub of the political training so strongly advocated by Manley in those early political years. The St Thomas men HAD ORDERS not to gather in public but to stay indoors. By strike TIME, Manley himself had sworn some 500 people. Since, 70 years before, men had been hanged in the same parish for considerably less activity, the exercise was not without personal peril.* It was cloak & dagger stuff but it worked.

*At the 1865 Morant Bay Rebellion in which almost 600 people were massacred by the authorities.

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The strike call was made by the force of young activists, going, the night before, from house to house, slipping notices under the doors of the estate barracks. It was a [redacted] assured there would be no crowds, no machetes, only a silence in canefield and square. And because of it, Frome was not re-visited: nobody was shot down nor canefields burnt.

The strike was successfully launched and the agenda immediately lengthened. On the list to follow would be the vast sugarfields of Vere, which, like Frome, were owned by the West Indies Sugar Company (Tate & Lyle). But the cold efficiency of the "new" trade unionists had roused another icy strongman.

The political minuet in which Richards and Manley had paired off, took another turn that autumn. Richards had been in Britain and came back at the crucial moment of Manley's decision to shut down Vere. Manley was in fact evangelizing Vere with the now familiar black Bible, swearing the delegates to secrecy, when he was summoned to King's House. The summons, conveyed by motor cycle courier, was peremptory; and being very aware of Richards' power to nail him under the wartime emergency, he lost no time. He broke off and drove hard for King's House, arriving around midnight.

Governor Richards again proved, after much talk, to be the just, but devious, manipulator, whom, if Manley never grew to like, he could respect as an intellectual opponent.* He had the horsetrading instincts compounded of English egoism and Eastern guile. They talked about the war and books and music and anything else that rose in the conversation - but made no mention of Manley's Vere crusade, for a couple of hours.

*It was during Richards' regime that Manley was invited to become Attorney General, the lower of the 3-rung ladder that would lead to Chief Justice and a knighthood. He declined.

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In the middle of a dissertation on the merits of tank warfare in Burma, Richards suddenly broke off to say all that was fine, but what about the strike?

They sat in easy chairs at the open jalousies, while, outside, the ceremonial guards tromped the concrete driveway. Manley spoke with logic and passion. He has since believed that Richards understood. In 1940, he placed Richards as one who had "adopted the goals of socialism in the language of a statesman and a thinker." His private ideology no doubt dictated his rule. He created his own system of checks and balances which was perhaps misunderstood because of the autarchy professed in his ill-chosen style. He did much to knit the society — not by weaving its parts but because of his starchiness. It came unfixed at the first partisan heat; the ranks he closed by applying his detentive powers in disregard of race or social place, broke when those powers were lost. It could be significant that none were packed off to his jailhouse for their Socialist avowals,* only Communist suspects — a white man, and a wild, unmanageable one.** What seems probable too is that in breaking an organised group (i.e., the PNP) which had produced a work stoppage without violence, Richards knew he ran the risk of letting in anarchy and the consequences of retaliation on the people by his law and order forces — an act acutely awkward for the British war image as crusaders against the Nazi racists.

So, with Manley, he reached an agreement on a formula for settling the strike. They fitted together a system that tied wages to the cost of living, provided immediate wage increases, and set the sugar estates in categories — the estates would be classified and the large sugar makers would guarantee the small estates against losses caused by the increased wage-payments. Richards would "persuade" the big fellows to

* It was always suspected that the presence of Special Friend Cripps now close to Churchill in the wartime Coalition, dithered the ambitious Richards.

** SEE BACK FOR FOOTNOTE

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fall in line and the government would bear half the cash burden.*

*Although Richards, later Lord Milverton, survived the eclipse which usually followed the last post of a Colonial governor, his repudiation of the Labour Party in the British House of Lords at his resignation from that Party, drew the acid comment in the House lobby from an outraged Peer that "the denunciation came from a man of no great personality or influence in the political life of the country."

As had been his strike plans, the moves were covert: Manley solemnly negotiating for the BITU with the sugar manufacturers whom Richards had secretly summoned and enjoined. "We argued and negotiated but it was a 'set hand'," Manley said with a twinkle. "We both knew, the SMA and the BITU, that we would agree."

It was a triumph for collective bargaining, the first in the country, and a tremendous boost to the prestige of the PNP which had provided [redacted] leadership to the BITU [redacted]. But it was a success that was never exploited by the PNP [redacted] for nobody seemed to have cast ahead to the time when the Union and the Party would be irrevocably [redacted] parted. Manley, in later years, [redacted] sometimes spoke with quiet satisfaction of those days of ascendancy, when, led by the PNP, the BITU never lost a labour dispute. The [redacted] union's fealty was his for the taking; instead they were firmly told "that their loyalty was to the BITU." He was still convinced of Busta's disinterest in party politics: that the PNP would be the political arm, and, with the union, form the Us against Them of the future political structure. He constantly exhorted his people never to forget that "the Party would lose its function if it ceased to represent the cause of labour ..."

But it was a tough kind of representing, when some of your best representations were classed as diabolical tricks.

"A deliberate lie," he fumed, "(to say) that I was personally

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responsible for Mr Bustamante not having been able to appeal from his detention order." Tough, when the truth was that on your own initiative, you had gone out to search and brought in such good sound help as the National Council for Civil Liberties of Great Britain, and the Parliamentary Committee for West Indian Affairs in the United Kingdom. They could not, of course, do a [redacted]. A war made the governor invulnerable. His position so protected that one of the ugliest repressions of human rights, in a society long inured to judicial injustice, took its place in the roster with easy assurance. It concerned a black Jamaican/American militant named Domingo.

Kingdom. They could not, of course, do much. A war made the governor virtually invulnerable. So protected his position, that, in a society long inured to social/judicial injustice, one of the ugliest repressions of [redacted] human rights took its place in the roster with ugly assurance. It concerned a black Jamaican/American named Domingo.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-~~THREE~~ SEVEN NINE

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W.A.Domingo was a Jamaican-born journalist who in 1940 had lived in Harlem, New York, for 31 [redacted] of his 53 years. Like most blacks, his exposure to the American Dream had made him familiar with nightmares; as an expatriate West Indian, it had awakened a super-patriotism for his Caribbean homeland. Being black and a bone-deep Socialist was not a combination likely to find favour in the U.S., where better-dead-than-Red was taken IN [redacted] deadly seriousness. A taut, [redacted] outspoken man, best described as a pragmatic intellectual, he had, with fellow Jamaicans in America, author Adolphe Roberts and the Reverend Ethelred Brown, founded the Jamaica Progressive League and the West Indies National Emergency Committee. Both organisations worked for the heresy of independence in the British Colonies.

The League was to be one of the key links in the chain of friends, those boldly visible and the carefully covert, who helped establish and sustain the PNP through the hard years when few would openly acknowledge a sympathy with the Party, and almost all would violently deny a card-carrying involvement.

Domingo was a strong critic of the American racial polices, which, at that time, embraced segregation, and degradation, of blacks with some enthusiasm. Exposed as he was to the tricks through which his adopted land endeavoured to project an image of freedom, he adopted quite early the habit of fixing a sharp eye on any avuncular moves made by Uncle Sam in these seas. His watchdog WINEC was therefore ready to close in when Winston Churchill in 1940 commenced talks on his famous destroyers-for-bases deal with American president Franklin Roosevelt.*

*"Epochal and far reaching," Roosevelt said of it. "Most important action (of defense) since the Louisiana Purchase."

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WINEC worked furiously in the corridors of the Organisation of American States and with justifiable pride Domingo could observe that but for his Committee, the West Indies "would have been sold (to the Americans) lock, stock and barrel," instead of merely offering them as bases. The Americans had wanted more. The eminent historian, Adolphe Roberts, agreed that "the islands would have been ticketed 'underdeveloped colonies' in the political sense and (then) arbitrarily occupied" by the Americans. Domingo was heartened by the success of WINEC* for "four

*later named the West Indian National Council.

months ago (the West Indies were) voiceless crown colonies. They still are crown colonies but their nationalism has been recognised and their voices heard in a conference of American nations (for) now they have leaders. We (have) succeeded in forcing the 21 nations to recognise our basic human and political rights."**

**The man who championed the West Indies cause at the 21-nation Havana Conference was Dr Leopoldo Melo, the Argentine delegate, who argued that English, French, and Dutch Islands should be self governing. Forty years later, Argentina put the policy into practise when they tried for their offshore Malvinas (Falklands) but were ejected by Britain.

Domingo was one of the brilliant young blacks who contributed to the now famous "Harlem Rennaissance" as a director of The Messenger, a monthly Socialist magazine. The Messenger had a circulation of around 40,000 and was considered one of the finest American publications, black or white. It was quoted by the country's national newspapers and had a long list of prominent American subscribers. Domingo was the drafter of the Socialist programme which had the uneasy distinction of being published in full in the national dailies AFTER [redacted] it was seized in a police raid.

Manley had entered into frank and frequent correspondence with Domingo, an action that was perfectly reasonable since the PNP leader

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found in the Jamaica-born journalist, a like experience in thinking. "Capitalism," declared Domingo in one of his letters, "offers (our people) no future."

Just private talks and thoughts between two people; except that, being wartime, the beady-eyed censors in Kingston and Washington were busily slitting open every envelope and perusing every word.

What followed was not solely blamed on the Americans. For, as Domingo observed in urging Manley to work against racial discrimination at home, bigotry had gained as much ground in Jamaica as in the cracker South. At Newcastle, the Jamaican military hill-station, there were signs over the washroom doors indicating which toilets were "For Europeans" and "For Natives."

Manley and his Party were suffering through what he called the "stiff, slow years" of political frustrations and obstructions, and welcomed any assistance. Moreover, with Party funds desperately low, the American chapter of friends, already trained to political ingiving AND activist tithing, to preserve their fraternities in their racially hostile land, was especially helpful.

Domingo was absolutely committed to the idea of self government for the islands — not as a federation, but as independent units. Proven in political and trade union organising, skilled and experienced in the media, he would be a powerful ally in the PNP pledge to blow up a storm among the apathetic colonists. ALS. ① BREAK

The war was going badly for the Allies. Domingo wrote Manley on a strategy for Jamaica in case of a British defeat. He wanted a "frontal demand" on Churchill; a hard asking for independence, as India had done. He was not skipping pages in his book. Lord Lothian for one had recently told a Pilgrim Society meeting that Jamaica and Burma were on the way

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to self government. But such distinguished collaboration was not familiar to the snoopers in the offices of the censors.

It was O.T.Fairclough, that sophisticated and gregarious man who had hauled Sir Stafford Cripps to Drumblair to be the most important consultant at the Party's birth, who now led Domingo to Manley. He proposed that Domingo be invited. Manley was in favour and so it turned out, was Domingo. But wrote Manley: "We fear taking the responsibility of asking you to come before we are sure as to how we could provide for you. The Party is desperately poor." Diffidently, he offered "the assurance of a salary of £4 a week and something being paid after your arrival to take care of your expenses (travel)." He added that he would personally guarantee the first year's pay. "I can see as far as that, whatever happens to me," he wrote sombrely, thinking of the enthusiastic jailer in King's House.

The reply was equally quietly resolute.

"I regard your invitation as a call to duty, one that a real patriot cannot ignore or refuse. The salary offered is a sacrifice on my part but I know it means one from you as well."

Meanwhile, a 1941 modification of the old colonial constitution proposed by Britain, containing the adult vote but retaining and even increasing the English governor's power, was being readied for local debate. Domingo, away from the scene, had written excitedly hailing the "new" constitution — on information gathered no doubt from the foreign press. He was quickly put to rights by Manley who privately despised it as a sop to his country's hunger for self rule. "Logically," he wrote Domingo, "we, as a Party standing for complete self government, should set our faces against (it) but Jamaica is perpetually falsifying

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historical precedence and this is a very good example." He foresaw also that the elected Legislature would reject the draft; not because of violated principles but out of resentment, and fear. They would, he said, be annoyed at the ejection of their own ideas; and above all, "ninety percent (were) bitterly opposed" to the one-man, one-vote caveat. They [redacted] reason to: he calculated that not more than three or four of the current legislators would be re-elected under free adult voting. He decided that the PNP would publicly back the proposed constitution since it was "infinitely better than the existing" code.

For now, he would consent to make the run on the ungainly, fake-gaited "historical precedence" of full suffrage with an English governor seated in the saddle caracoling to his art's content. It would be a move towards a [redacted] political life.

It would buy time for a disciplined momentum in the march to self rule. England was at war and would logically fold a fist over any political stirrings in the colonies. Refusal would set back self government for an "unknown number of years," he told Domingo.

Nothing daunted, Domingo was elated and even jubilant. He reckoned that any move that would draw the islands closer to nationhood would twist the bony fingers of his adopted Uncle Sam who was definitely clawing into the Caribbean. He packed his bags and booked passage on the United Fruit Company's Veragua, out of New York.

Domingo had wondered at the almost casual ease with which, he, a citizen of limited influence, had secured a civilian berth on one of the few ships still plying the Caribbean. He was unaware that the Jamaican Connection of the American State Department, i.e., the colonial government, had accepted the contract to be hit man for Washington. From the time he boarded the liner in Manhattan, he had been packaged,

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nailed down and readied for delivery to the English judges of the Jamaican courts. And as the Veragua nosed past Port Royal into Kingston harbour, ending the 5-day voyage on June 17, 1941, a police launch hauled alongside and Domingo became a victim. He was taken off in midstream and hustled ashore, tried by a kangaroo court and thrown into indefinite detention.

Neither Manley nor PNP Secretary Vernon Arnett were called as witnesses, although by the intercepted correspondence, they were the two most involved. "Every scrap of evidence refutes the charges against Domingo," Manley stated, "and the refutation is so thorough and complete that one is forced to (conclude) the true reason for Domingo's detention (is not) disclosed."*

*Domingo, who had a son named after Stalin and fighting in the American army, was charged with engaging in "defeatist and anti-war propaganda to stimulate opposition on racial grounds" against the siting of U.S. bases in Jamaica. He had argued that the United States would send Southern whites to the islands and create racial tension. He proved true. Squabbles and small riots marked the progress of the American cracker soldiers in the streets and accommodations in Jamaica.

The affair was disastrous for areas of the American war effort. Black groups, which had up to then turned their influence into prosecution of the war, fell away; boycotting such pro-British bounties as "Bundles for Britain" and the "Committee for Defending America by Aiding the Allies."

Manley was deeply saddened by the squalid and cruel way in which the British and American governments had handled the Domingo affair.

"Domingo came to Jamaica at my personal request ..." he said. "I sent for him because I was overburdened with trying to devote most of my time to helping the trade unions, to build up the organisation;

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at the same time, trying to prevent Jamaica being stampeded into rejecting the new constitutional proposals. I have no doubt at all that the government knew he was coming to work for the Party, and so, far from warning us that his presence was undesirable, I am absolutely certain that they took steps to ensure that he should be facilitated in obtaining a passage to Jamaica in order to arrest him."

Domingo stayed locked up despite Manley's considerable efforts to free him, including questions in the British Parliament and caucuses in American politics. After his release he stayed in the island for a while LIVING WITH THE MANLEYS before returning to the United States. Unabashedly Jamaican, he continued to write hard for independence but remained a resolute foe to federation of the British Caribbean; a peccaddilo, which, in his declining years, saw him estranged in some measure from the devoutly federal Manley. He died in 1968.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-~~FOUR~~ ~~EIGHT~~ Forty

Manley's PNP accepted too many saunterers to be a Party on an ideological march. It brought together a sheaf of paper factions into a looseleaf arrangement. Then, according to Arnett, tried to tap them into line through Socialism. "The Party was not organized as an election machine," the quiet but firmly dedicated Party secretary, Vernon Arnett has said of it. "We were not interested in 'good' politics. We were a movement with new ideas, particularly that of self government, and we taught Socialism to the people." Osmond Fairclough, the original Founder, had not foreseen an "Opposition", the "outs" in a partisan parliament, when he took his idea to Drumblair. The facts of the day asked only food-and-face for the people. And so wages and identity were what the union (BITU) and the party (PNP) set out to seek in the only days of unison the two were ever to know.

Negotiations on labour gains were conducted with ruthless intent. In politics, the Party pushed the propaganda line, raised a network of neighborhood groups, and pursued its goal of Home Rule.

And so 1941 into 1942 were landmark years for Manley. His already towering prestige had its foundation strengthened and secured by the trade union support which Bustamante's absence brought. Gains had been made in overseas liberal support; partymen could name-drop British Labour Party lions like Creech Jones and ~~Stafford~~ Cripps with the assurance of den-mates. And so the alarm rose among those whom Manley called "The old men of Duke Street," the entrenched financiers whose old-line families controlled most of the island's commerce through the family firms of solicitors. Old Duke Street, a naughty street; unusual too.

—BREAK—

Old Duke Street was a most unusual thoroughfare. Now just

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short of 300 years since it was founded, old Duke Street was a well-kept clearing in the downtown jungle. Big-cat financiers shared the water-hole of its modest length with a synagogue, a Catholic convent, a fundamentalist chapel, a magnificent Scots Kirk, an Anglican rectory, a GIRLS' DAY-SCHOOL, the House of Parliament, and a great wooden Treasury building, WHICH WAS about the largest wooden building in the Colony. Sprinkled here and there were some handsome early century townhouses.

Generations of white and Jewish riskless backers, in its mahogany-panelled offices, made financing available for surefire profits from home-mortgages and commission agencies importing food staples. MOSTLY NEGOTIATED, monopolies or family amalgamations, the agencies used monies borrowed from the (SAVINGS OF) tens of thousands of the black workingclass who themselves could have no loans from the white bankers because they lacked collateral.

Naughtily, with a saucy if oldfashioned swish, old Duke Street shared the advantage of easy access to the waterfront with another category of solicitors who occupied several large ornate whorehouses. These came alive at the end of the day; after the last of the buggies and automobiles left bearing the day-time solicitors. Then the player-pianos replaced the clatter of typewriters as the evening clientele of seamen issued from the Royal Mail wharf buildings at the foot of the street.

The Royal Mail building was perhaps the most exquisite shipping pier in these seas, beautifully proportioned, towered and castellated; now unhappily torn down --- as has Bolton's cobbled livery stables and carriage barn at the Barry Street corner which had a good wall and gateway.

But, mainly, old Duke Street was famed for its fancy ladies and financiers.

A BITU/PNP monolith would not sit well with the Duke Street financiers. The civil rights coalition into which Richards' efficiently repressive rule had driven high and low, rich and poor, powerful Jewish solicitors and struggling black barristers, had lost its reasons for existence because

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of two reliefs: the easing of the enigmatic, unexplained, sudden detentions of citizens, and the thinning in the ranks of enemy subs when the Americans joined the conflict. Those dangers passed, now the heads of the authorities and the profit-makers could swivel in the direction of the new threat, the PNP. The Socialist provocateurs door-knocking through the sleeping town, rousing folk to mischief in the streets, rousing them to challenge and to choose and to change. The self-assumed auditors asking for the books which had served a "happy" people for a century.

Obviously, Busta was better. Whether there was talk between Sir Arthur and the money elements is not known; little, likely, since the great man was not one to flatter, with an interchange of views, islanders for whom he held a hardly disguised disdain. But shared intent made it in the end.

Richards, a fit political animal who was later to make the perilous crossing from a Tory-appointed Colonial governor to a Labour peerage, was not one to lose his nose on the trail because of concern about the other bucks. For notwithstanding his enlightened relationship with Manley, a PNP overgrowth would take with it into power elements he considered too radical for comfort. As early as September of 1940, Manley was saying that Richards had "adopted the goals of Socialism in the language of a statesman and a thinker." He was not an emotional man. He understood power. Power should be fitted with a snaffle and he preferred the reins in his hands. He could, for one of the few times in his Jamaican career, agree with the Duke Streeters that the balance needed redressing. He turned Busta loose.

Busta tells an engaging story of his release from detention; of being taken from his confinement for a recreational motor ride through

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the city by an army officer and being set free on a side street. He stoutly denied any prior knowledge that he was to be freed. But it is held by his foes that Busta "kissed hands," his knighthood already in trust. (To which he would accede at his first political defeat; yet, then, he was 71, and properly considered politically finished. Little did they know.) Busta came out with a sword that caught fire in an I'm-against-communism crusade. But what seems more likely is that his anti-Red stance was not entirely a fiducial cause as a shrewd grasp of what would be comforting to the upper crust, yet be sufficiently evocative to the lower faithful; thus securing the widest support.

However that was, at his release, he set about the PNP. He depicted Manley as an arch plotter whose plan to take over his union was barely nipped by his return. Since Manley had earlier been constrained to complain of "the old-style scandal-mongering politicians" making out that he was responsible for the labour leader's continued detention, Busta's denunciation was acceptable to a fanatically dedicated votary. "The lie affected the Party in its relation to the trade union movement, and was designed to have that effect," Manley has flatly stated.

He was, in part, understating; for the PNP's future was profoundly affected by the charge. The setback was to last a decade, until 1954, when its own National Workers' Union (NWU) had wrung strength for itself and was able to aid the boost of the Party into election victory.

While the Party did not abandon or slacken its urban work, the hostility of Bustamante's city forces (through the powerful BITU) sent it underground, moving curiously just under the skin of things. Fear of personal reprisals from Busta's bullyboys made its adherents, in public, take to furtive nods and recognition signals; they hinted at

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their identities in cleaner collars or ambiguous talk. However, the Party could show its muscles at Edelweiss Park, the large open apron of concrete pavement where Marcus Garvey had made his headquarters years before. The ramshackle wooden galleries and stage became the forum for airing PNP opinions and ideas -- and was promptly nicknamed The Kremlin.* But outside the Kremlin walls, Busta's rumbustious forces swept the city clean. Beatings of PNP followers were common, and only

*One of several. Any Party meeting place, including Drumblair, was dubbed The Kremlin.

the unofficial bodyguards of stonyfaced youthful activists secured the leaders' safety.

If the streets were closed, there were other places into which the JLP could (or would) not penetrate. These were the homes of artisans and clerks, in the suburbs of Kencot, Jones Pen, Allman Town, Franklin Town, Rollington Pen, Four Roads and so on, where nightly group meetings kept the faith with the caution of early Christians, lest they attract the attention of the strongarm goons who had attached themselves to "Labour".** [redacted]

**Later when the PNP had acquired its own mass base, it formed its own retaliatory tough squads which became as notorious as their rivals.

[redacted] Yet, the PNP was mainly to blame for an angst that for some time threatened to divide its friends [redacted] into Neckties versus Iron Blues.*** The PNP, with its boast of "more brains"

***The coarse blue cloth used for working clothes by "blue collar" workers.

than the JLP, its debating society accents, and wads of "brown men" in its fold, suggested status, and so raised the secret desires, of all but those in the back-sweating, day-labour ranks, for an affecting, if

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assertive, lower bourgeois rating. Working-class would not refine its proud meaning until the rise of the unions affirmed its power.

Manley frequented the group meetings for face-to-face sessions, and wrote newspaper articles (for Public Opinion.) He was aware of the slippage, especially in the city. His deep affection for the farmers and the pressures he kept up for land reform (through Land Authorities and a State Bank) gained him ground among middle and peasant farmers; but the powerful voting blocs grouped around the sugar and banana estate system were locked into Bustamante's union. [Neither were the legislators [redacted] his friends. His denunciation of the Smith Constitution, which would have left the ultimate power in the hands of the English governor, had firmly placed his Party in the role of unofficial Opposition to the elected members, many of whom, with a pragmatic bound, had made Busta's bandwaggon as the general election under adult suffrage loomed.*

*In a speech at the time, Manley said: "The fear that the elected members have shown at the very idea of self government, has in itself proved that these men no longer represent the feeling of the country."

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CHAPTER THIRTY-~~FIVE~~ NINE

Norman Manley entered his first election race at 51 years old. A driving man whose energy was legendary, the six years since 1938 had been remarkable even for him. He was always the most sought after ~~attorney~~ LAWYER of his time, and his present political leadership, with the attendant publicity, cast him even more strongly in the litigants' eye. He [redacted] fought some of his famous court cases in that time.

In 1944, Douglas, his eldest son, was at Columbia University in the United States reading for a social science degree. Michael was a pilot in the Royal Canadian Air Force. Edna had commenced her free Art classes at the Institute of Jamaica two years before — a happening often used as the reference point for the flowering of Jamaican art — and was editing Focus, the literary anthology that has so well served the country's young writers. [redacted] She received the first Gold Musgrave Medal to be awarded.*

*The Musgrave was founded for excellence in the arts and first awarded in 1897 (gold, silver, bronze.)

Against that background — of wifely success and filial endeavours, idol of the intellectuals and a grudgingly accepted flagstaff by the left — the campaign for the 1944 elections had a flair, a hope, a distinction, that Bustamante's hastily thrown together Labour Party could not match. For all that, only the disengaged believer could doubt that the Labour Party, with its heavy base structure in the working class vote, would win a majority of the 700,000 voters; who, under adult suffrage, would replace the less than 20,000 on the earlier rolls. The franchise had come with the British government's proclamation of a new constitution to the island. Manley had fought remorselessly for it and thus entered the election race with fine panache; to the outrage of the palace guards, and the anguish of the merchant-brigands of the [redacted] Inventory, who would not forget he had coupled the franchise with the

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of the palace guards and the outrage of the lesser nobility, [illegible] exploiters, who would not forget he had coupled the franchise with the equally detestable self government doctrine. Sovereignty would bring the right of scrutiny, an exercise not compatible with successful stealing.

But the Twentieth of November Constitution, although giving some respectability to his colonial status, left Manley unsatisfied. Power still reposed with the English governor, ruling from the Executive Council of five Civil Servants and King's House appointees, and five elected members.* What was as disturbing, it provided an elected member with an outage; he could shirk his duties, or be comfortably inept.

*The old Legislative Council was broadened from 14 to 32 members and renamed the House of Representatives. A new nominated Legislative Council functioned as a kind of House of Lords, with simple review powers. Voting age began at 21.

After his inevitable defeat at the polls, Manley was to sum up the Constitution: "Inside the Executive Council ... what is the result? When it suits them, the Leader of the Majority Party (Bustamante) comes into the House and says, 'I am only half a government. In fact, I am not government at all. Don't blame me.'" He added dryly that creditable legislation fetched the opposite reaction from the JLP. "And you cannot pin them down. Because aside from the fact that they do not hesitate to lie, they say, and say with truth, that they are only half of the Executive Council."

Strictly, they were less than half. The Civil Servants and the appointees would vote as they were directed by the Governor; and the Chief Executive himself acing the deal.

Ever a man of the hustings, Manley campaigned tirelessly. He had the happy facility of liking his solitudes, yet frequenting the market with what appeared to be enthusiasm. He soon saw that the bully boy tactics of the Labour Party militants in the city could not be handled by his own supporters, consisting at that time largely of housewives, intellectuals,

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and [redacted] clerks whose upward struggles to escape the mass class had sadly thinned their blood. They had learnt to "behave themselves." And were thus no match for the shirtsleeved hordes who sang as a statement: "We will follow Bustamante 'till we die."

BREAK

Manley's belief in political planning and organising was not one to find favour instantly with the unreconstructed individualism of a people who had never seen any reason to take their politics seriously. Planning had brought success to the union during Busta's detention; but going for it at that time was a positive, quick payoff in higher wages and job security. It was now in the turn of events that the unions, which had been taught respect for ORGANIZATION through [redacted] Manley's [redacted], was to use this knowledge to provide a fulcrum that would catapult [redacted] Bustamante into political leadership.

For it was the organised foreshore and sugar workers who gave the staunch core to the JLP's loosely spread people ↔ the dockers especially sharing the legend of their Leader for jugular labour negotiations.

Manley always saw this grasp of organons as basic training for any troops he could ever [redacted] lead to victory at the polls. He was to tell the 1945 Party Conference: "This election proves that the group structure is (unbeatable) for political development. Go through the constituencies where we stood and you will find we were never defeated where we had a good group structure. And let Comrade (Dr Ivan) Lloyd* be a witness to the value of (this, as he) got the biggest single majority obtained in any constituency

*Lloyd, a medical doctor, of a St Ann constituency, remained the most successful PNP candidate in all the elections until [redacted] 1969 when he defected, or rather stood away, to give his son, a JLP candidate, the chance to run. His son lost.

in any election."

The PNP won four of the 32 seats, JLP 23 and five to the Independents in the 1944 elections. It was a ringing victory for Bustamante

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and it rocked the PNP's confidence, especially as Manley had failed to gain a seat, defeated by a city osteopath named Edward Fagan (who many years later was to defect to the PNP.)

The Party had contested only 19 of the 32 seats because of their Leader's obsession with truth — not a likely ally in the vote-catching business: he sought seats only in the constituencies which had been made aware of the issues through the Party's campaign of political education. He would not seek votes from people unaware of the questions this election should answer. Where the PNP had done no political tutelage, they would have had no group structure from which to choose candidates — in a democratic way. Busta had no such compunction. He lit out after those loose seats with a yell and a clatter, stabbed a finger at the candidates of his personal choice, set them before the electorate, and returned to the Duke Street legislature with his winners triumphantly chained at his waist.

[redacted]

Manley's PNP had no real wish to govern under the 1944 Constitution. He was in fact deeply dissatisfied with it. "We despised it and were contemptuous of it." But Bustamante, less moved by the moralities of liberty and independence than the pragma of using what you have, picked up the despised corpus juris and ran like hell. At his retirement from politics in 1969, Manley paid handsome tribute to the practicality of Busta. "We did not regard the 1944 Constitution as enabling anyone to form a government," he said; "but the fact is that Bustamante turned it into a government." In the far time, however, Manley was impatiently at work for the better Constitution which would make an elected Executive Council the "principal instrument of power," a phrase that would circle the globe as British colony followed colony into independence.*

*Manley first used the phrase at a conference of Legislative Council members called at Bournemouth Baths in East Kingston to discuss the 1944 Constitution then being offered by Britain.

Manley had organised his own constituency well enough but the need to engage in personal combat with the spread of Bustamante-ism in the other constituencies the PNP were challenging made him an absentee candidate in his own territory; and that took its toll. He failed to win his own seat but he was in no doubt of the value which had flowed into the Party by its campaign-probe into the nooks and crannies of the rugged home island. He saw that the Party's cell-structure would be the heart of their future at the ballot. The cells or groups would provide the leadership required for more wisdom at the polls. He said that the "Bustamante mass-hysteria" or the "god-worship" of one man could only be answered by people "who can find their own leaders and spread them wide and deep" through the communities. There was no alternative. No other road.

Some of the people closest to Manley think that the early months following the 1944 elections found him at his most unsparing, of himself and his comrades; save the period that followed the Red Purge in the Fifties. The Party had been clobbered almost insensible. But not before he had seen his opponents' style and the terrain they chose. He had studied his counters and would put them into practice.* There were

*One of the counters was to out-tough the Busta toughs. He said later: "When they tried to drive us off the streets of Kingston, I and Comrade Arnett and a couple of others organised bands in Kingston that would fight (our attackers)."

no comforting words. Ahead was the tough work of organising cells in every town and village.

It was at the post-election evaluation that he made the famous "infiltration" declaration. MORE GRIST TO his enemies for years; grinding out the charge that the PNP was Red-riddled. It is true that the circumstances were inculpatory, since Manley had himself remarked

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on the possible presence of "intellectual communists" in his ranks. What he stated in the "infiltration speech" was no worse than the best advice at a Conservative rally, [redacted], but not quite the most comforting message for the Chapel-dominated rurals. Talk ran through the countryside that Manley was inserting spies into the church social and the mothers' union. It would not be helpful in the '49 elections.

"In any movement that is good in your district, you should be the foremost leaders in that movement. The fact that you are a PNP member does not mean that you must withdraw from other public duties in your district. On the contrary, you should be prominent in it.

"If you are a churchman, you must be prominent in your church-work. In any movement that is for the good of your community, you should take an active and leading part in its development and progress.

"Go and work and be leaders in agriculture ... housing programmes ... co-operatives ... and work fearlessly.

"Dont let them fool you about infiltration. When a man goes and does work in another organisation, his job is to do it honestly for that organisation and (so) honour your conscience."

The message was flat, unsubtle and therefore capable of bearing the later ahas! his enemies laid on it. But out there, in the social and economic boondocks, were his countrymen, whom he loved in his own deeply flowing way, and so he spoke directly. He was not always an advocate on the hustings, but his meanings were rich in scan.

He angrily denounced the Bustamante personality cult, after the 1944 election loss, blamed not on the people, but on the legacy of the Colonial years which had destroyed the will and left in its place "an instinctive desire to say 'We will follow (one leader) till we die'," instead of selecting to live by acknowledging growth and change. And so [redacted] at that time was brought from him the passionate cry at the outrage to a people, done by subjugation and vassalage, and it shook his hearers:

"You destroy the institutions of a people, you destroy the

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opportunity for leadership and government among the people, and then you suddenly confront them with a free choice! And they naturally, out of the depths of their despair, and the legacy of their past shame and misery, look for a messiah, for a Moses to lead them. There are no Moses for modern man and the promised land will be won under the curse of Eden — the sweat of our brows! That is the road! "They will find it out in time but let us hasten the process by the value of our work."

The work he embarked on during those early years of full suffrage, was careful and imaginative. The Party now had legislative identity from the five "Opposition" PNP members led by Dr Lloyd whom he considered "one of the best politicians in Jamaica," and Florizel Glasspole, another entitled to that tribute for his remarkable achievement in securing the East Kingston constituency to an unshakeable Party-group foundation.*

*F.L.B. "Slave Boy" Evans, elected Independent, joined the PNP. Others, W. D. LINTON and W. W. BENJAMIN.

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CHAPTER ~~THIRTY-SIX~~ FORTY

Absorbed though he was with national politics during the first 5-year majority of the Labour Party, he also was boldly, from that time, endorsing West Indian unity. He had for certain accepted that somewhere in the future he would live in a federated West Indies but could not know how it would turn out politically appalling. He sent a Party delegate, Richard Hart, to that dayspring of the Federal probability, the Caribbean Labour Congress, held in Trinidad in September, 1945, who urged, what was no doubt also his Leader's views, the development of the Caribbean area as an economic unit. The PNP delegation saw, as ideal for federation, a development and expansion programme "under the unified control (of) a Federal Constitution with responsible government." Actuality would modify Manley's views a decade and a half later; but for now he was cordially welcoming T.R.Marryshow, the Grenadian journalist and eloquent "Father of West Indian Federation", on a Jamaica visit.*

*Federation, so long in coming and so quickly gone, had been urged since 1920 by several West Indian conservative groups including the Jamaica Imperial Association, not for the common people's benefit but at a quiet nudge from the Colonial Office who foresaw a saving in the British budget-for-the-colonies.

Although he was not a member of the Jamaican government and was making his living from his private law practice (and ploughing back much of that living into keeping the Party financially alive), he was, officially, at the first modern and serious federal effort, when he attended the now famous Montego Bay Conference on Closer Union, in 1947, called by the British Government. He was there in the curious capacity of a British delegate, being the British representative on the multi-national Caribbean Commission which had been set up by the British, American, French and Dutch "landlords" in the Caribbean (and whose

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director of research was a young Trinidadian named Dr Eric Williams.)

It was at the Caribbean Congress, meeting in Kingston, immediately preceding the Montego Bay Conference, that the Federal beastmark was inflicted on the PNP leader. He was done in by an enthusiastic Eastern Caribbean delegate.

Coming from the smaller islands which form the stronger articulated SECTION OF THE archipelago of the British West Indies, and from a people, who, unlike the Jamaicans, had for generations of inter-coastal travel, created a form of social and economic unity, and speaking now in a country which not only had no knowledge of these strangers from a thousand sea-miles away, but who were (rahtid!) (ITALICS→BRACKETS) being asked into a sibling relationship that clearly was the figment of a British imperial necessity, the Eastern Caribbean delegate enthusiastically hailed that the losing political candidate, Norman Manley, was the "one who is well able to shape the future we aspire to."* It was foo-fool to an extent.

*Not until the establishment of the University College of the West Indies in Jamaica and the inflow of other Caribbean young people did Jamaicans begin to know, or, in most cases, see their fellow West Indians.

It was a remark that would not escape the wrath of Bustamante, nor secure his support of federal proposals coming from fellows who from the public platform, repudiated the Jamaican voters' choice of elected leaders with the idiotic assertion that "we who come from the various islands are not so much interested how you (in Jamaica) feel about Norman Manley."

The "small islander"** was saying that so far as his colleagues were concerned, Manley would become the Federal head, not Busta. And so came, among the other causes, Bustamante's subsequent onslaughts against those "pauper islands." What the Congress achieved merely was a paper accord. The hook was already in, The Caribbeaners plunged away from Montego Bay, their flukes angrily flailing.

**Thus pejoratively lumped largest Jamaica other British West Indians.

LUMPED

BREAK @

Manley's Conference contribution was a fineness of debate and reasoning that made clear why such ambitious West Indians as Marryshow of Grenada, Grantley Adams of Barbados, Albert Gomes of Trinidad, F.L.Walcott of Barbados, and the rest, saw in him the one who would "shape the future we aspire to."

In the narrower but more intense field of home politics, he was providing a formidable if unofficial "Leader of the Opposition" outside the House of Representatives. One of the major preoccupations was with the effect that England, embarrassed and bewildered at its parlous postwar fiscal fix, would have on the Jamaican economy. Manley was relentless in pointing out the major defects in a Colonial system where decisions of deep effect upon a people were made in an Old World capital halfway around the GLOBE. He had no doubt that any British move to ease the economic strain would be guided by a consideration of what was best for Britain. He declared at the time: "The West Indian problems are a signal example of neglect and administrative incompetence; a modern proof of the fact that no people can become a nation save under their own leadership and by the power of their councils and their decisions."

He was, as usual, being pre-eminent in LAW. His court appearances lost no frequency in spite of the daily increasing hold of politics. Spectators packed the galleries at NEARLY all his cases, from bizarre murders to landmark litigation civil suits. One case of the time (in a career of particulars) was the trade mark case concerning the Vicks Chemical Company and its product, Vicks Vaporub, sold in Jamaica since 1919. Against Manley was his fellow West Indian, Sir Lennox O'Reilly of Trinidad, appearing for the defendants, Cecil de Cordova & Co. Ltd. O'Reilly, a tall, truculent white Trinidadian was one of the Outside* barristers whom Jamaican

*Sir Hugh Wooding, later Chancellor of the W.I. University and the younger O'Reilly were others, both of Trinidad.

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litigants, unable to secure Mr Manley's services for any reason, were being obliged to retain if they would offer reasonable replacement to the brilliant Jamaican. It was a fight in which neither lawyer gave quarter*.

*A policy displayed in the opening salvos:

Manley: (to a witness, druggist F.B.Francis of Buff Bay): Have you known Mentholatum?

Witness: No.

O'Reilly: Please don't lead, Mr Manley.

Manley: I was not leading. I asked him if he ever knew a preparation called Mentholatum. The answer is either yes or no. He said, No. Please do not interrupt me unnecessarily.

He won the case and the appeal to the Privy Council in London in 1951, at which he appeared. His submissions were described by the Lord Chancellor as "the best argument (I have) ever heard in a trade mark case."

Manley in full courtroom flight was unforgettable. ~~Like all great courtroom lawyers~~, his cases were clinical experiences of practice and experiment. In the letter of the law, he was of great strength, an omnivorous reader and possessor of a fantastic memory; but in court, his cool incisive mind and quick clear thinking enabled him to seize ideas and work them with grace and ease for his own causes. Of no dismissable activity also was a gift for histrionics, which, combined with native good looks, persuasive eloquence, and the panache of wig & silk gown, was known to disarm and capture the toughest judge and jury. Sir John Carberry, a former Chief Justice of Jamaica, has said of him: "Perhaps his greatest legal attribute was the ability to discard trivia and quickly see points which he could develop."

Carberry also discloses a Manley superstition. "He always carried

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a lucky charm in his breast pocket in court. The charm worked for him but he worked hard for the charm."

And that he did. Through long spells of little sleep and incredible applications of trial-and-error rehearsals until the courses the case could take were examined and cleared. Later, when the pressures of politics began to interfere with his case preparations and he "made slips in court" as Sir John Carberry puts it, "he could usually spot them himself. For example, there was a case in which he went off on the wrong track completely, caught himself and then said to the court: 'This is what my opponent would have said. Now I will present my own case.'"

One of his "own" cases that brought him political felicity was his successful defence in England of Donald Beard, a Jamaican R.A.F. serviceman on a murder charge. Heard in Manchester, England in November, 1946, the case gained him tremendous goodwill among the new and growing migrant Jamaican population in Britain, and a useful feedback to their voting kith-&-kin at home. But in his criminal practice, the Alexander murder case in Mandeville eclipses most. His winning defence of the Rae Town socialite charged with shooting her husband, was described by trial Justice Sir Adrian Clarke as "sheer genius." He must have lost some sleep of the normal allowance (four hours a night, 2 a.m. to 6 a.m., except when he luxuriated in six hours, midnight to 6 a.m. about every ten days in his simple system of what he called "catching-up") as he studied the elaborate ballistics by which he befuddled the opposing ~~proctors~~ BAR. Naturally, the sharp young attorneys of his day, on the ladder's early rungs, were not allowing him out of sight. They took to grabbing at his coattails, waylaying him in the Supreme Court library and at the doors of the robing room. So he started the Sunday mornings, STUDIES. BUT THAT WAS SOON ~~Sir John once reminisced, "until the solicitors~~ caught on

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BY THE TRAINED INQUIRERS. SO HE [redacted] developed the oddity of choosing his books standing by a window to read, rather than at the affable tables. When, for the better light, they sought the same window, he would politely move to another. Even those brash young men at length accepted the hint from the K.C., that he was decidedly opposed to his brain being picked.

He was essentially a solitary performer; not because he had no faith in the band but his purity of sound required the advantage of the concerto rather than the grosso of the symphony. "Many (of us) leaned on him in those early days," says Sir John Carberry of the time when they were young men in practice; "he leaned on nobody." Douglas Manley says that at Nomdmi, in the evening concerts on the mouth organ, "we would be banging (the rhythm) on a table but he would be the solo performer. It wasn't a band. I think he was a solo person. I don't think he was ever really a team man. Not really. He was an individualist."

His judgment was severe on bad courts; and in privacy, he described some judges as "jokes". He once ripped into a Court of Appeal as "a lazy court, entirely ignorant and none (of the three judges) reading more than a page of a textbook. In fact, they are scandalous." One curious facet of his court work was an intense dislike [redacted] murder cases; and yet these were the cases in which his labour and genius turned [redacted] into [redacted] triumphs. He found that homicides demanded, in his words, "an intolerable degree and intensity of concentration and nervous energy" [redacted] personally convinced of the innocence of his [redacted] As he once [redacted] wickedly put it: "When one is adversely convinced, it becomes mere prostitution and the artificial stimuli (becomes) mental Spanish Fly." [redacted] all his fields to his absolute commitment: "Yet, it must be so! You cannot move, hold, bind, unless your whole self is histrionically engaged [redacted] ...

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[redacted] Mere words are nothing."

Elbows in, gown of good material, but torn and flapping, wig set squarely forward on his forehead, face profiled to the light streaming in at the window, athlete's body poised or swaying in the intensity of his mood, N.W.Manley in full courtroom flight was an actor totally histrionically engaged. For many years, his juries and judges were moved, held and bound by this unmatched advocate.

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FORTY-ONE

CHAPTER ~~THIRTY-SEVEN~~

A good deal of the hostility towards the PNP from the old ~~Baronage~~ BARONAGE of boardroom and plantation was due to, (a) the Party's land use programme, and (b) the irreverent platform pokes on the nose of that sacred cow, the British Empire, by the impatient young irrepressibles of the Party. A typical reaction came from a wealthy social worker of the day, Miss May Farquharson, who, with firm womanly logic, laced her dissent with a look-what-you-lost taunt at the funds-conscious Party exchequer. "It happens," she wrote, "that owing to actual and anticipated expenditure this year, I should not in any case be able to give more than a couple of guineas to the PNP; but in addition to this, I find myself so much in opposition to what I understand to be some of the main tenets of the Party, that it does not seem possible that I could conscientiously subscribe."

Her charge that the PNP planned to forcibly acquire and divide the country lands into plots of five to ten acres for settlement by peasant farmers was sharply denied by Manley. The Farquharson allegations ~~further~~ included ~~the particular~~ a fantasy ~~which~~ THAT was to become an ~~eroding agent directed at~~ ERODER OF the Party's EFFORTS AT structuring of rural voters into its ranks, when she cited the instance of "our chauffeur (who) has bought about 25 acres" for farm development; and archly asked: "Would worthy enterprise of this description not be discouraged?"

Presumably, ~~Seaga would do this.~~ WITHOUT MANLEY, the "~~discouraged~~" other scores of thousands of Wageless Ones ~~would first find~~ WOULD FIND non-existent jobs at comparative pay and buy into the minor landed gentry.

King's House was also ~~in the cast of the fantasy, in~~ INTO a role calculated to upstage the PNP effort to attract school teachers into ~~party~~ politics, i.e., into the PNP. In a deadpan performance before a

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teachers' conference in Kingston's St George's Hall, Governor Richards exhorted that they bear in mind the words from Macaulay's Lays: "When none were for the party and all were for the State." It did not escape Manley what the wily strongman was up to — sent, as he was, from Whitehall to talk, or bludgeon, back the upstart blacks into line.

"The simple fact is that His Excellency deliberately used the opportunity to indicate to the teachers that it was not the wish of government that they should interest themselves in any way in the only political party in Jamaica, the People's National Party. Shrewd observers have not failed to observe that His Excellency never misses an opportunity of denigrating our efforts. Everyone in touch with feeling in the country knows that the teachers are very concerned with the question of the attitude of government towards the Party. Most of them, alive to the difficulties and troubles of this country, would support the Party for the reason that it offers a means of intelligent political action on a defined policy for the good of the people (and do not) share the upper class view that for some peculiar reason, party politics, though necessary for other countries, is bad for Jamaica."

Richards was the de facto ruler, the effective government of the colony. He was the Employer. The teachers' careers, their professional existence, depended on him — as in a sense did the future of the country, since, if indeed he had turned Bustamante loose to break the political solus of the Socialist party, he had antipodally charged the political destinies. Like Richards, Manley knew the powerful influences exerted in the communities by school teachers. They would supply the cadre of leaders in the first stage of the march up the road to political independence. So he struck hard, almost recklessly, at the all-powerful Richards in a bold bid for the confidence of the

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profession.

"Pronouncements from the Chief Executive (are of) enormous weight. A hint goes almost as far as a command. It is well known that the work the Party aims at doing in regard to political education, and in regard to building up a sense of citizenship and responsibility, will be frustrated unless it wins the support of a substantial number of the teachers, who, outside of their schools, are the leaders of thought and activity in the rural communities."

Sternly he admonished the king's proxy: "So long as (an elected) executive government does not exist in this country, it is wrong for government to appear to take sides in regard to such political life as does exist."

The Richards' hide had been proven thick, and whether the Manley dictum penetrated was a matter of conjecture. In any case, the wind had turned and however either he or Richards thought, the six years to 1944 were to irrevocably spell out the ground rules by which the Jamaican political game would be played: two sides in a contest and an oscillatory succession. True, there would be a few attempts at widening the field, but these efforts were crushed each polling day. The country would quickly settle in the fact that, FOR THE FORESEEABLE FUTURE, two-party politics was in. That EVERYBODY'S political future was being shaped by the PNP or JLP, or, in the realism of those days, by Manley or Bustamante. A few very special Independents would make it for awhile yet, ~~notably Portland's Harold Allan (but who, in the House, voted with the JLP).~~ But not for long.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

The Kingston of the 'Forties was a compact municipality of firm inner-city boundaries, familiar faces and easily distinguished partisan affiliations. Exits to the middle-income foothills and higher, had not yet been unlocked by the mortgage insurers. Busta's intimacy with the heavily occupied "downtown", his strongly stated identity with "The People", outran all the intellectual Manley could do.

Manley, K.C., was not a quickly endearing man. It was to take more experiences and disappointments than he had known up to the 'Forties to make him the mellow, even twinkling politician the nation knew in the after years. He loved his home and family with intensity and was apt to be irked at even an innocent reach into his privacy; a fierce protectiveness that moved close to obsession. "It is a strange fact that half of me is glad and half resents anyone here at all," he once commented during the absence of his wife in England. "The house and I and the absent Edna have a private life. People interfere with it." His political speeches did not send running feet into the streets; not up to then. A popular dance-hall jump-up was named the Bustamante walk; but the Manley lope, a common progenital trace shared with his cousin, managed to evade the culture. The PNP profile was cut off at the knees in the effort at avoiding street floggings. In fact, it was the prodigality of JLP followers in laying on punishment that spurred the PNP to the final successful challenge for the streets and the votes of Kingston. Percy Miller, that excellent reporter and former Gleaner Farm Editor, when (with Aimee Webster) he edited the now defunct Caribbean Post, in a 1948 article accurately set down the onset of the

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PNP "Pioneer Group" upon the Bustamante forces.

The Group had been formed out of a security need against rampaging JLP mobs which at that time controlled the suburb of Jones Town, a teeming beehive of narrow streets and small neat houses occupied mostly by artisans. As their behaviour pattern tightened under an enforced regimen of care in moving about the suburb, a kind of discipline was imposed on the PNP minority. The beefy waterfront boys were still Bustamante's, a ready shock-troop that seemed to spring out of the ground at the slightest indication from "The Chief". It was such a response that in February, 1946, sent the mob marching behind Bustamante (and his sidekick and finance minister Frank Pixley) to the Mental Hospital bent on breaking the PNP-called strike of hospital staff. On the way, the mob beat to death John Nicholas, a PNP member, caught alone and in the open. That outrage served to harden the PNP supporters, who, though discreetly continuing incognito, save at group meetings and rallies, were soon, in ironic emulation of the enemy "Chief", packing hideout guns at their gatherings.*

*The JLP-weighted Executive Council promptly banned the carrying of guns, a weapon whose neatness and easy concealment more fitted the jacket-wearing tradition of the white-collar PNP. Cornered BY THE MOB, Nicholas had fired, killing one of his attackers.

Bustamante and Pixley were indicted for manslaughter and a trial was held in Port Maria; the request by Bustamante's lawyers for this change of venue was an early indication of ~~indicated for the first time~~ Busta's nervousness that he was losing his city. Freed of the charge, they returned under escort of a madly celebrating crowd who recorded their elation by taking licks at every known PNP head in the way.

It was on this ground of authentic need that the protective Pioneer Group rose in Jones Town and was ready on that warm October

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night in 1947, to challenge the JLP for Kingston.

Manley was talking at a mass meeting on Oxford Street as it intersects North Street. The campaign for the municipal elections was in high gear. Manley fought to gain control of the Corporate (metropolitan) Area where he had in 1944 gone down to humiliating defeat. Suddenly his speech was being interrupted by a rising murmur from the crowd. The ranks before the portable platform opened to allow in two blood-spattered men. They stumbled forward, and in the short hush, the men reported that they had been beaten while passing a JLP meeting in Rose Town, a tough, seedy district near Jones Town. That report triggered the explosive fury bottled up by the chagrined PNP factions.

Manley, the ex-soldier and lawyer, had long ago recognised the importance of rapid communication, to his Party and union strategy. Bullied and harried as they were, PNP city folk had developed a regiment of couriers mounted on the swift ubiquitous bicycles of those years. Silently, a squad of messengers on the edge of the crowd cranked off on their machines to "tell Ken's meeting about it;" i.e., a nearby meeting in support of Ken Hill's candidature. Behind the cyclists, the Oxford Street meeting turned in a spontaneous descent upon the Rose Town meeting. Nobody tried to stop them. Nobody could.

The confident, swaggering Rose Town fellows, whose scouts had warned of the approaching PNP marchers, turned eagerly for the fray. But when they were struck with equal power from the west where Ken Hill's people had secretly swarmed up, the swagger took flight. The encounter left two dead and 37 injured, all of the JLP. The PNP casualty was seven hurt.

The event was tragic; but out of it came the fact that on election day, while the parties marched and countermarched glaring at each other, there were no pitched battles. There was now a strong man in each

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house; and violence, as a policy, was, for a period, in disuse. And Norman Manley would win his city at the next election.

The evening of the poll count for the 1944 election, when he tasted his first defeat, Manley, impatient to get on with his work, had turned to Edna and moaned, "My God, another five years to wait." He was not a waiting man. Impatience played a part in his achievements, a characteristic that increased with his years. He was a man who drove himself to exhaustion, even if, in his case, it took longer to reach. By now he had picked up his destiny* and was carrying it with the grace,

*One morning in 1944 after his car had somersaulted over a precipice on the Gordon Town road, as he walked away from the wreckage in the Hope River ravine, he remarked to his helpers (in an island proverb) that "Man born fe hang cyan' drown."

wit and driving intent of a man on good terms with himself. He intended to take over the political leadership of the country and was chafing to get on with the job.

Meanwhile, both Parties in the House had gained by going through marriages of convenience. The small PNP bloc had been increased with the addition of Fred "Slave Boy" Evans, a colourful character who had won as an Independent in Eastern Westmoreland and now declared his affiliation. [redacted], a tall, fine looking man of mystic bent, combined with the earthiness that was sure-fire in the rurals, he proved a vote-getting machine. He would considerably strengthen the Party's western approaches in ensuing elections, leaving his safe seat to another PNP selectee and crossing to the neighbouring constituency to whip the JLP incumbent, C.C.Campbell who later, as Sir Clifford Campbell, became the country's first black governor-general. The JLP's choice for spouse was a suave, solid politician from Portland named Harold Allan* (later Sir Harold), also

* The same one who had "broken" Busta's strike by offering Port

an Independent. Allan remarkably held on to his Independence even while serving as Busta's finance minister for both JLP terms. But Bustamante badly needed him. The JLP was woefully short of parliamentary timber. INDEED, BETTER timber would have boxed Benham where he belonged, in the attic. As it was, the unelected Manley had to do it. WHO WAS BENHAM?

BREAK

One of the public controversies which engaged Manley's attention at the time was the famous Benham Report, an economic survey undertaken by a committee of Jamaicans appointed by the governor and headed by the inevitable English expert; in this case, Dr Frederic Benham.

Benham was articulate and liked THE FACT. When his Report came out and was attacked from all sides of the political fence, Conservative capitalists and progressive Socialists, he took on all of them with what must have been a joyless glee, since he had no hope of winning both sides of the argument. In one symposium, arranged by the Jewish Literary Society in the Christian's St George's Hall, at which the other two panelists were Manley and Gerald Mair of the short-lived but arch-Conservative Jamaica Democratic Party, it was difficult even for the voluble Benham to defend his effort after hearing Manley dissect it and tell an overflow audience that "what is puzzling many of the people who have read the Report is not what is wrong with it but how such a document came into existence at all."

BREAK!!!

Manley's vigorous participation in politics outside the House was being matched by his Party's qualitative delivery inside the House, and on the Parish Councils, emphatically above their numbers. Florizel Glasspole, the young (35) alert accountant who had won the East Kingston & Port Royal seat with a phenomenal majority and was just starting his never-defeated stay in the House, was pursuing his role as minority leader with the polished directness that would mark his political career.

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B.

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The pungent Wills O. Isaacs on the City Council was lambasting the likes of the Lord Bishop of Jamaica for "soaking" the Council £1,650 ($3,300) for lands owned by the Anglicans at Bishop's Lodge. And with the imprisonment of Party-activist, poet-writer-painter Roger Mais for his denunciatory "Now We Know" article in Public Opinion, and the death of Samuel Constantine Marquis from an illness brought on by two years of internment, the Party now had its authentic martyrs.

The PNP bloc in the elected council of the Kingston & St Andrew Corporation, led mainly by Wills Isaacs, was winning valued notice for the Party by taking audacious pokes at the Establishment. Such Isaacs' heresies as his motion to throw Custodes off the Parish Councils, was hailed as a break from the Colonial system, now being rapidly discredited. In an election year (1949), and with the severely limited publicity the capitalist-owned newspaper gave to the Socialist's tiny minority in the House, the PNP's verbal dominance of the City Council by Isaacs, Mrs Iris King, Noel Nethersole, immensely benefited the Party. Signs of disarray in the JLP faction on the Council, and better yet, rows between Mayor Newland and Social Services Minister Frank Pixley, top rankers in the JLP, gave comfort to the PNP.*

*In such ill-repute was the KSAC, with accusations of graft flying about, that when the JLP-majority Council sought "a few days loan" of $26,000 to pay for a coal shipment, nervous bank officials phoned the Colonial Secretary for his okay. The furious Council voted to change bankers.

But N.W. Manley's law practice was bringing mixed blessings to the Party. His retainers often deposited him on the side least likely to grant his popularity with the proletariat. His skills were not always available to the prosecuted; he was sometimes required to join a Crown attorney in working for the locking-up of a loser, the sympathy-arousing "little man"; and at which time his most loyal political followers among the poor, his largest constituents, suffered bewilderment.

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Some political observers, at the time, insist that the two rejections of the PNP at the polls was because the masses could not identify with Corporate Lawyer Manley. His appearance for the Crown in a 1949 radio fraud case (the defrauded company was his client) must have been a reluctant duty. Needless to say, he did it well and won. But there was another side to the coin; carefully, in character, palmed away by N.W. himself. The fact was that several of the briefs in his satchel bore no fees. Down at luck, indigent litigants, fearful in the courthouse, where hostility to the barefooteds often nakedly paraded from the Bench, frequently had an absorbed public wildly guessing at the source of funds which enabled them to afford the country's most sought after King's Counsel. But there he was, fighting their hard cases, tooth and nail, sometimes all the way to the Court of Appeal, for clients, who were obviously destitute. Manley took care that nobody knew, the how. His action was not one to gain approval in a profession mostly shorn of sentimental consideration; and would have won even less approbation from his colleagues and employer-clients had it come out that their Learned Friend was also offering a similar charity to trade unions and unionists who always enjoyed free days in court.*

Another source of unhappiness was the takeover of his beloved Jamaica Welfare by a Social Welfare Commission, a dozen years after his talks with Sam Zemurray had borne fruit in a social organisation without precedent in the Colonies. By promoting self-help, it had inspired people to build houses at Bonnett and Labyrinth, etc., establish community endeavours at Porus, Guy's Hill etc., and fostered a season of hope in the depressed rurals. Run for nine years as a

*In 1946, his work as lawyer and politician drew the attention of Howard University; he was awarded an Ll.D., the first of his academic honours.

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private project on funds from the banana companies, the government had entered into its management in 1943, when Welfare accepted a mandate from the Committee of Development and Welfare (CD&W), a British funded element, to handle its programme in Jamaica. And now a new (1949) regulatory was in the works which would put the politicians, i.e., the Bustamante administration, into the saddle.

Busta made no bones about his reasons for wanting control of Jamaica Welfare. He charged, in the House, that it was used as a propaganda arm by the PNP. Little doubt exists that rural PNP candidates, sharing a common Founder with the Welfare workers, were more likely to discover an allegiance in their ranks of Welfare workers than would the Busta factions. But given the cousinly corner-shop friendships among down-the-country folk of whatever political ilk, some of Busta's own party, such as St Elizabeth's Cleve Lewis, were stoutly denying any indiscretions in the conduct of the Welfare officers. Lewis, an urbane political player, who knew a good hand when he had one, neatly inserted a double-blank that would allow an uninterrupted flow to the game, he asked instead that Manley remove himself from the Welfare Board. Such cheeky anancy-ing as Cleve's, was good old-fashioned election fun that left all heartened for harder battles.

Manley was himself working the excursion circuit; travelling by rail to the country parishes for all-day Party outings with music and feasting, wining and dancing --- and big, big political rallies. At the same time, he was, with sure political savvy, lacing together the rural

conduct of the Welfare officers. Lewis, an urbane political player who knew a good hand when he had one, neatly inserted a double-blank that would allow an uninterrupted flow to the game. He proposed that Norman should just take himself off the Board. Cleve knew that the game would then take care of itself.

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St Andrew constituency he had failed to capture in 1944. A new warmth in his public relations was replacing the old courtroom exactness, as he joined the Party excursioners on the train trips to country towns. His love of fun and mischief, carefully unrevealed away from Drumblair or Nomdmi, was breaking out with more frequency. But it was a serious year in spite of all. Already the electoral office was brushing up its final list of electors and the House was passing amendments to the electoral code. Busta was also doing his own fast-stepping footwork through the countryside and bitterly complaining about the expense of politics as he had to "pay for the travelling out of my own pocket with money I brought from abroad." Odd as it may seem, the virtual prime minister of the country was receiving no allowances from the State save his salary.

Never a place for kindness, acrimony in the House increased as elections drew near. Fantastic accusations and personal abuse took over the dialogue, to the extent that in desperation, Ulric Simmonds, the Gleaner's political writer, strongly advocated recalling the Afternoon Tea of the Crown colony years. Simmonds was an anti-colonialist and a short-drink man himself, but he urged the return to crumpets if it would "help the members to get to know each other better."

The world was also getting to know Jamaica better through its as yet sketchy tourist industry; but moreso, through its artists. Its writers, poets, painters. NEW DAY,* the novel of the Morant Bay uprising,

*By Victor Stafford Reid

had impacted on the fledgling nation to an astonishing enthusiastic acceptance. (a tale told around Gordon and Bogle who would become the first National Heroes of Jamaica in Independence). Langston Hughes, the American black and great folk poet, had brought out his anthology of

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Afro-World poetry with a strong Jamaican contribution, ~~including George~~ [redacted] ~~Campbell, the Jamaican poet whose works were of influence on Manley.~~ Edna Manley's [redacted] "school" of young artists had begun the brush-&-chisel indictment of the facelessness which brutish years of bondage had hammered into what was now the New Majority. A deep, ~~if somewhat private~~ love of all art forms, made the period a rich mine for Manley. Off the political stump, he replenished his spirit at Drumblair which held his fine library of music and literature. And there too [redacted] was his [redacted] farm, and long, lively talks with young Jamaicans working in the arts and sciences. Drumblair was a safe-house to the soul of a highly civilised man seeking rest from the tumult of politics.

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CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

The 1949 general election was fought against the background of federal talks and bauxite investments, two matters that would influence the future, but were of dubious value to the PNP in the year's election. For these were not yet "elections of issues." The Montego Bay Conference the year before had ended with Busta still crouching at the chocks, knees flexing, eyes shifting, ready to take off in any direction that promised political victory. Manley was being as wily, appealing to the parochial side of his constituents by pointing out that the Reynolds Mining Company's plan to obtain $10-million (U.S.) from Marshall Aid Funds for working the 20,000 acres they had bought, would aid only a batch of mid-island farmers. Neither would the plan of the Cement Company, engaged in raising $2-million capital in London to build a factory, fetch instant relief to the unemployed. Both true; but both were credits to Busta's political account, assuring to the future but unsettling to the election results sought by the PNP. The politician who would be durable and yet responsible must straddle a pair of ladders, the expeditious and the conceptual to cope with the uncertainties of election day. The subject is an art, not a morality; it takes a kind of timing thought to be a gift, but, occasionally, learnt. N.W.Manley, often perilously close to frosty, never ebullient, learnt. He went in for organisation: mobilisation of Party and campaign, which, in the end, gathered more votes and took them clenchingly close to elected in 1949.

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~~of record was now. The politician who would be durable and yet responsible, must straddle two ladders, to his rooftop: the expeditious and the conceptual, the vanes and the durables. Politics is an art, not a morality. To cope with fr[illegible] public approval, he must kiss hands [illegible] kind of timing, thought to be a gift, but, occasionally, learnt. N.W. Manley, often frosty, never ebullient, learnt.~~

~~He went in for organisation, Party and campaign mobilisation, that, in the end, gathered them more votes than Busta, and sent them clenchingly close to elected in 1949.~~

CHAPTER

— BREAK —

Caps

The enthusiasm of the Edelweiss Park crowds as they approached the election, was exhilarating. The fun might ERUPT ~~break out~~ into stone-throwing, with the big new "White" buses of the Jamaica Utilities Company lumbering past the Park's Slipe Road gate, as ~~the~~ prime targets. But then it must be considered that most of the bus crews had been organised by that enemy union, the BITU. The street-corner meetings were heartening too. Fine, strapping singing and some bursts of eloquence by visiting young guest speakers, such as a recently robed British Guianese lawyer, intransit home from the Inns, named Linden Forbes Burnham. *

Footnote:-

* Later President of the Republic of GUYANA.

Bustamante, also aiming for the younger votes, had chosen his first election candidate, a 26-year-old Union executive named Hugh Lawson Shearer.

Edna took to ALL OF it with elegant zest. She, even more than Norman, had years ago recognised that "Jamaica" needed "big-people people" and had no confusion that she and N.W. were. They could, had, and did ramble the ballrooms at Myrtle Bank, Doctor's Cave, Montego Bay and Shaw Park, walked of right the rare earth in the Enclosure at Knutsford, had flown as befitted the fete-set, the pre-war seaplanes of Pan Am's record-breaking

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"Jamaica Arrow" fleet (3 hrs 20 mins from Kingston to Miami!). And if big through his fine highly-paid mind, they were nonetheless people. And as proof OF THAT, they both knew how she worried that Norman should seek to "try the trains" of the Neanderthal American South, on his journeys from New York to the Miami sea-plane port, the one-time popular (cheaper) transport mode. THUS, they were symbol and engine, flag-bearer and drill-sergeant; and if she watched lest the gods should strike (a primitive fear of the fey Cornwall woman), her life-joy and vitality de-obeahed it. For history had ordered them in; at the turn of the year when kings take the field.

Of no small consolation to Manley around this time was the nip on the nose given by a British court to the London Daily Graphic, forced to run a retraction and COUGH UP damages for calling the PNP leader a Communist. It SOFTENED the stridency of the Red-baiting newssheets for a WHILE, both at home and abroad. Another consolation, in a hair-shirt way, was that his insistence on more power to the people had sent vibrations to Busta's sensitive political instincts; so the Labour Party contrived to go to the country on a platform of Constitutional advance.

The JLP amendment to the Constitution WOULD LOP, all officials, except the Governor and Colonial Secretary, from the Executive Council. Eight ministers would be NAMED from the House, CREATING an elected majority in the Executive. The code OF DOMICILE WHICH OBLIGED THAT A CANDIDATE BE RESIDENT IN the constituency of CANVASS, would be removed. The power of the upper Nominated Chamber to delay bills passed by the Elected House, would be reduced from a year to six months. And it was good political strategy to invite public comment on the proposals before the House voted.*

*Public comment however turned out to be less than good when

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controversial British MP Tom Driberg, returning home after a Jamaican visit, made a House of Commons speech excoriating what was to him questionable politics by the Bustamante government. Only Lady Molly Huggins, extrovert wife of replacement governor, Sir John, and N.W.Manley, got the Driberg approval. Driberg hoped that "those people will have the sense to elect the kind of government" which he implied could be had from "Mr Norman Manley, K.C., a potential leader of the highest intelligence and integrity, the finest and most brilliant man in the whole West Indies;" and counselled that "if they do elect (him) they will be taking a great step towards ... the fully self-governing Federal Dominion of the West Indies whose birth is not far distant." In view of the unpopularity, or, at best, indifference, of the Jamaicans to Federation, the Hon. Member for Maldon, England, was not his usual clear-headed self.

Another gratification for Manley was the growing favour of the farmers to the Party's stand on agriculture. The Party policy, he said, had been proposed by farmers and accepted by HIS planners. "My Party has taken great pains to teach itself the wishes and the needs of farmers." But he kept a strong patrol in the back pastures, where the wire-cutting plantocrats RESTLESSLY invited a bolt. Equally, unceasingly, he soothed the small farmers' fears. "My Party does not intend to nationalise lands nor disrupt established and productive efforts." Fortuitously in that season, he proved also that FARMERS' productiveNESS came in various guises.

It was this way. An Hanover small farmer was convicted for using his coco-macca walking stick on an officious busybody of a district constable and fined $40. Both were Hanover men and knew each other well. The farmer had been arguing over the sale of a cow when the constable attempted to arrest him for disorderly conduct. The farmer reckoned that an arrest was the kind of disgrace difficult to live down in his small Hanover district, so he fetched up his coco-macca and delivered a blow for respectability. It was, after all, a "civil matter," as Manley pointed out in court, and unworthy of being handcuffed for. An unimportant case on the face of it, but Manley argued for two days before the Court of Appeal that "if I believe a constable is going to

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arrest me illegally, I am entitled to resist. Nothing in the law says I am to wait until the arrest is made." The Court of Appeal (including the Chief Justice) agreed and reduced the fine by half — a necessity to secure the constabulary from excessive exposure to walking-sticks. It was a landmark decision; the judiciary had declared a citizen's right to defend his good name.

It is doubtful that legal fees had importance in the case of a humble peasant farmer. It is likelier that Manley could not resist disentangling a knot in a law long interpreted SOLELY for the benefit of ~~in the interests of~~ [redacted] fiduciaries. He was that kind of advocate. The law was only as good as it was used for good.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE FORTY-FOUR

Claire Boothe Luce, a famous American Congresswoman, told the girls of Montego Bay High School in 1949 that her "favourite saint is Saint Augustine who was a black man from Africa (and) one of the giants of the world." A winter season visitor to Jamaica, Mrs Luce, a prominent Catholic laywoman, confessed that whereas until 200 years ago, everybody knew that Augustine "was black, they don't mention it very much now." However, Mrs Luce, who had a formidable reputation for speaking out, allowed as how she always reminded them "of it, for only the masses can do things (and) the people who are down are coming up, and the people who are up are coming down. It will take great wisdom (to prevent) bloodshed." But, she added, as Colonialists "the British are not so bad."

Especially when the neighbours were watching.

The British West Indies, geographically reposed in the arms of the U.S., the wealthiest state in the world, were half naked, half educated and half starved. Selfish greed and long neglect had turned them into an embarrassment to their British owners, into whom they had fed fortunes for centuries as the "sugar & spice islands". And the neighbours were seeing it all — and talking.

Claire Luce was the wife of the founder and publisher of Time, the most influential newsmagazine of its time. What she said was, or soon would be heard around the U.S. A war had just been fought and won against the Nazi imperialists. The United States was moving into its leadership role and learning to speak loftily, archly, above the herd. Britain, quite bled by the conflict, knew that the time had come to wash her hands of the islands, after a decent interlude, a few new gifts, and proper murmurs of regret. American public conscience,

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unpredictable as a Texas tornado, was entering upon one of its curves of high-vocal morality — a quadrant that would lead from Marshall to Marshall. It would start at the General George Catlett Marshall Plan for the economic wresting of Europe from the Soviets, to the Thurgood Marshall-led assail in the courts on racial savagery in the South.*

*Marshall, a black American lawyer, argued all the important civil rights cases in the USA including the watershed Brown vs Topeka Education Board in 1954 in which the Supreme Court rejected the "separate but equal" doctrine which had held the blacks to second class citizenship for generations. He was the first black American to become Solicitor General of the U.S., and, afterwards, to sit on the Supreme Court.

Under the Marshall Plan, Twelve Billion U.S. dollars would be distributed among the wartorn nations of Western Europe, including the United Kingdom, for economic recovery. The British lion was resigned to lose its roar and be shoved into line. It heeded the American hint, that doing something about the eyesore, ramshackle settlements it had caused to grow so close to Uncle Sam's property, would not go unregarded at largesse time. Like Congresswoman Luce, the U.S. was recognising that those who were down were about due up. In this hemisphere of freedom, everybody knew that the only significant territory still held by imperialists were the islands of the British West Indies — except for the handful of French and Dutch islands. (The American-held Puerto Rico continued to be undefinable until 1952 when it moved from the vague "American Territory" to the "Commonwealth of Puerto Rico"; in the fact of U.S. suzerainty over the island, a term as precise as "over there".)

Shedding the Caribbean portion of the Empire became a British activity at the Montego Bay Conference on West Indies federation. The Conference had been firmly coaxed into session by the U.K. as a prelude to independence. Hard on its heels came investment grants from the U.K's Colonial and Development Corporation for the funding of industries

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that would create revenue. (Jamaica had a mark for $4-$6m to be used on tomato growing and canning, a cold storage plant, irrigation schemes, and saucily collected an additional for its own "colony", Turk's Island, to help fix its salt industry.)

The general aim was for an independent Caribbean dominion, a separate and equal member of the British Commonwealth; the idea of these seas of Simon Bolivar and George Washington harbouring colonials having become repugnant to the neighbours. Forgotten was the British/American harassment of W.A.Domingo and others, who, during the war, had been agitating for just such a notion. However that may be, nobody foresaw the final outcome: the foundering of federation in a sea of little nations snaggle-toothed with importance, each jealously guarding its own small sovereignty. It was a situation not unlike that of the other former British colony to the north, after its 1776 war of independence, whose several bickering states might have broken apart but for the necessity in the face of common peril to hang together, or separately.

CHAPTER

While Manley worked at and waited the outcome of his second election year, he lived as fully as he ever did. The rose gardens at Drumblair, his music and books, lost no claim on him. He sat in at the bicycle races at Town Moor (the old Kingston Race Course) for the "Manley Cup" run-off. As chairman of the Jamaica Boxing Board of Control, he welcomed world heavyweight boxing champion Joe Louis visiting for exhibition bouts at Sabina Park. He was a dance-floor athlete, long legs flailing [redacted] like an awkward [redacted] shot-putter at the "Manley Honour Party" they held for him one Saturday night at No. 5 Upper Musgrave Avenue (at which they drummed up patronage by a blunt slogan: Are you his friend? If so be there to tell him so!!!)*

*Notwithstanding [redacted] the country-squire edge to his upbringing, Norman had never [redacted] "met a girl on social terms" until he was 19; he was 29 years old when he went to his first [redacted] dance. "I grew up as a bushman."

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The number of his friends was increasing. Thanks to some gaffes by the JLP. The JLP had begun alienating the civil service by what Gleaner's Ulric Simmonds called "arrogating to themselves safeguarding and overriding powers" and exhibiting "a strange complex whenever the civil service is mentioned." And they voted funds for public endeavours with the down-the-nose severity of grand-aunties; or, to quote Simmonds, "like bounties handed out to subservient people by a benevolent" JLP. Another agent of their growing rejection by the public was a paranoid objection to criticism — a lurking disease of political parties. It was this that led Speaker Aitcheson to a violent outburst of ill-tempered and scurrility when he attacked Manley for a critical article in the Jamaica Times dealing with the House debates.

Manley, for the opening of his election campaign, chartered a British Caribbean Airways plane to fly 25 Party members to Montego Bay on one of the Party's beloved "invasions." Previously, they had invaded by bus and train and great thundering "Mack" trucks full of sound (drums) and fury (WILDLY WAVED palm fronds). And while in modern America, the candidate's railroad coach and the whistle-stop was still a Yankee norm, so progressive was the PNP, they flew the campaign trail. It was the opening to an imaginative campaign that flung their rivals into a tailspin and put holes into the Bustamante legend.

Montego Bay had never seen such crowds. While the Party leaders were aloft, long trainloads of supporters were snaking into town from Kingston and Port Antonio.

Manley's devotion, between elections, to his political future was reaping dividends. Denied the frequency of access to the newspapers enjoyed by the party in office, he had kept his Party and policies in the public eye through forums at the party headquarters

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in Edelweiss Park, and the streetcorners and village square meetings where his theme of power-to-the-people struck rousingly at frustrations and inequalities. At Barnett Street, for the triumph of the day, he stepped into the saddle wearing his own special riding outfit of city tweeds and waistcoat, and led a massive "victory" procession through the streets of the northside capital. The equestrian adventure also had its sly reasons. It showed that 65-year-old Cousin Alex was not the only macho on the family tree. (However, both Manley and Bustamante, fine horsemen in their youth, were now city-cast and awkward on the short farm beasts. Not vaquero stuff at all.)

NO BREAK

Bustamante, in the city, was panicking. Ken "The Whip" Hill, a candidate of rare eloquence and gutsy beyond safety, showed every sign of pulling his West Kingston seat from under him. With the residential qualification for candidates now removed from the statutes, Busta could place himself in any constituency. Anywhere seemed better than facing the capable and harddriving Ken Hill. The JLP leader was sending shivers through his colleagues as he swung about seeking a safe seat. The whole city was now uncomfortable for him. His Minister of Education, St.Thomas' Jehoida MacPherson, saw, in the increasing frequency of his "Chief's" visit to his constituency, and the damning with faint praise of his efforts in education, a clear indication that he was being plumped up for the sacrifice. With his close and powerful friend, Isaac Barrant, also of ST THOMAS SIDING HIM, they told off the Chief in no uncertain way and killed that little plan. The disarray in the Party was so far gone that Minister of Agriculture, E.R.D.Evans, who had walked out of the Labour Party, but who could not be fired from his ministry, since Busta had no such "cabinet" power, was being sued for slander by Chief Minister Bustamante.

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(dance-scrap) (1949)

BREAK

Cap

The Manley-led cry for "Elections before Christmas" was meanwhile gathering momentum. Petitions were fired off to the governor in Executive Council claiming that later elections would WHITTLE THE time OF THE new government to prepare a proper budget before the fiscal year began on April 1. This was the front office explanation, the parliamentary objection. What was more to the point was Manley's fears of an enormous porkbarrelling by the JLP over the Yule. Being the season of goodwill and so forth, a tradition of "Christmas work" had developed in Jamaica, putting out special work projects to unemployeds so they could earn their "Christmas money". Manley saw the possibility of a runaway season of vote-catching bribery by the Party in charge of the purse.

Pausing to pay a gracious tribute to his courtroom arch-rival, Sir Lennox O'Reilly, the eminent Trinidad barrister who had died in the sister colony, "a man of remarkable advocacy and a profound lawyer," he once again plunged into the campaign to bundle out the Labour Party plan for post-Christmas elections. The PNP was playing it rough, hitting hard at Bustamante from platform and parliament. Among the weapons was a newspaper write-in campaign complete with tear coupon.

It may have got to the JLP Leader, a man with a short fuse, for before long he was to explode in the Legislative Council during a constitution debate that he was against self government because "we have not proved we are fit and proper persons to govern ourselves." It did not occur to the Chief that as head of the elected governors, he was the most likely candidate to blame for any self-rule incapacity. Surprisingly enough, he was at the time supporting an independent candidate in the Eastern St Mary constituency, a chunky mulatto land baron named Roy Lindo, who saw self government as a breakaway from the Commonwealth. But as Florizel Glasspole asked in the House: "Am I to understand that

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because any nation asks for self government, you are breaking away from the Commonwealth? Am I to understand that Canada, New Zealand and Australia are breaking away?"

Glasspole's passionate polemic was aimed at the unthinkable: no proper, i.e., orthodox, politician gave thought to dumping the Mother Country on her racist butt. Elsewhere, the reality was different. The breakaway was already established in the minds of several Jamaicans, the black and poor, who, in a prelude to the phenomenal back-to-Africa movement of later years, were opting out of their British citizenship for settlement in Liberia.* The West African republic, first settled

*Laws that did violence to the poor were not profitable to patriotism. A new ordinance declaring it illegal for a canoe to approach to within 100 yards of a tourist liner in the harbour without being invited by the ship's master, lost a Jamaican fisherman his canoe and a narrow escape from imprisonment or a hefty fine, only, as he was informed by the Bench, because his was the first case under the new statute.

by freed slaves from the United States, had declared itself willing to accept settlers from the British Caribbean colonies.

Manley's proposals for constitutional change would abolish the Legislative Council (the nominated non-elected chamber), two additional constituencies in St Elizabeth and St Ann. Each of the 14 parishes would elect an additional member, taken on a parish-poll rather than the normal constituency divisions. He would remove all nominated and ex-officio members from the Executive Council, leaving only the Governor, and he, without either an original or casting vote. Busta on the other hand wanted the Ex Co to include the Governor, Colonial Secretary, two nominated and eight elected members. Power, in both proposals, would reside in the elected members. The differentia lay in Bustamante's circumspect call for a monitor by his former masters

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of the way he wielded the power they were handing over. The 1944 constitution had been an acknowledged experiment by the British government. Now in 1949, both PNP and JLP were agreed on one principle: they were against the continuing residence of authority in King's House.

This was the only area of accord. Partisan violence sprouted all over in that last springtime of the "experiment." All Fools' Day that year, the fiery Wills Isaacs, a KSAC PNP Councillor, joined the "jail martyrs", Bustamante and Pixley, when he was pulled in on charges of inciting to riot and assault against the JLP Rose Leon.* Defended by Manley, K.C., he was freed of the charges and escaped the "exemplary

*Years later, after a falling out with Bustamante, she was elected on a PNP ticket and was a minister in the Michael Manley government.

sentence" the presiding judge later confessed to having had in mind.

The popular support for Manley, against postponing the elections, gained momentum. Tens of thousands of write-ins for the straw-poll flooded the PNP office and almost totally against delay. It was a triumph for Manley's insight, that, against ridicule, he had sensed the common man's interest in the issues and pushed for an opinion poll itself an object for levity, since that windsock of client preference had never been hung out before, and few thought there would be a significant response.

In a sombre way, he was also tasting another kind of triumph at the takeover of Jamaica Welfare by the hostile JLP government. His farewell speech to his staff in the wooden hut at Mona (once a wartime barracks for Gibraltar refugees and at the time in use as the West Indies University's first buildings) showed a depth of patriotism that dumbfounded friend and foe as it would again, a dozen years later, at

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that other, more final, poll, the referendum, that decided the Federation.

In the Mona speech, Manley declared himself in support of the change which was "a perfectly sound and good one." He sought to disavow the minds of his friends that the "changes have been brought about with some desire of hurting the work." However, to heal wounds and strengthen hearts, he showed the success of the venture in the fact of public funds being now the whole support of the organisation; and this in spite of them being "constantly and falsely accused of using your various offices for subversive political ends. I can assure you it was not your fault. It was mine. It was mine for holding as I had held for many years, the dual position as Chairman of this organisation and leader of a political party."

Edna's fears that Welfare would backfire had come halfway true ten years late and not from the source she had feared. From somewhere in her Methodist-Christian genes she had picked up a pathological fear of Zemurray, the United Fruit Company's chief. She was a daughter of the ethnics whose finest genius had impugned the Jew; and made Shylock a name to lay unused in the lists fond parents choose from. N.W's involvement with Sam Zemurray at the birth of Welfare had thrown her into a mind-spin of doubt and direst thoughts that made her blood go "COLD!!..." she wrote in a letter; in terror that her Norman was "in danger from" the Sam. [redacted]. It had not, of course, proven so. It was the Bessarabian peasant, that child of hard times, who fell to Manley's persuasive mixture of logic and geopolitics. Yet, Edna's fears could have been simply that of a wife and artist for the reputed rapacity and ruthlessness of Jamaica's first and most powerful transnational enterprise.

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Years later she was on record as stating: "I am utterly pro-Jew and have always been ardent pro-Israel."

The fear of guilt by CONTACT [redacted] drove many Manley supporters underground early that winter of '49. The middleclass civil service, the clerical and supervisory people in private employ, teachers and other holders of access positions that controlled or influenced among the mass voters, had attached their allegiance to [redacted] Manley and his Party; or so it was reasoned by "Management" on the premise of their own kind of guilt: the wholesale exploitation of a bottomless employment pool before the rise of the trade unions. While the pay-bill hol'ya, dig-ya labourer could play the big-tree man, free-swinging in the power of his union to support him, the neck-tie brigade, trapped in its nervous rush for security and respectability, kept its Socialist thoughts and yearnings carefully from public showing. And since silence is not a virtue on political campaigns, they were of little help in getting out the vote. Manley was to be in the predicament, during the Bustamante decade, of finding ways to hold his friends while admitting they would be in better health elsewhere. Therefore, more than ever, his presence was needed in the House to "take the Comrades Home."*

*Adina Spence, a newspaper vendor and ardent PNP worker, was shot and killed on July 22, 1946 at the corner of Beeston and King Streets after a political night meeting. Her last words were a call to other PNP adherents to walk two of their fearful Party members home: "Gentlemen, let us take the comrades home."

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CHAPTER FORTY - SIX

The feeling of a win was strong in the Party. The straw-vote was pulling in undreamed response. Party Secretary Vernon Arnett pronounced that "Bustamante's mass following is now smaller than ours." Arnett was a cool, shrewd analyst of the political scene. His prescience was dependable. Manley went harder into the fray, with Edna never very far from his side. She was sculpting well, and in steady hours, but also making the rounds in her own able way, with quietly impressive speeches, as she judged beauty contests or unveiled the Hector Whistler mural at the Palisadoes Airport.

The first five years of living under the results of an adult suffrage had been exciting. Such [redacted] entries into the culture, as a cement factory and a university. And a politically curious year too, with both parties straining for recognition in the one place their identities ought to be entrenched, the House of Representatives.

[redacted] political parties did not exist in the Constitution.

Speaker Aitcheson, that stubborn son of the soil, frequently observed, in the House, on the Constitution's silence on political parties. His voice was directed towards Westminster, the arbiter of the political laws, where His Majesty's Loyal Opposition, although not "entrenched" in the British Constitution (since there was no written Constitution into which it could be entrenched) did not lack official cognisance. The strain would, of course, be over in time. The "two-party system" was on its way in, with all the ill-suited, stagey, pretentious trappings that mandated a division of the best minds into a schoolboy tug-of-war.

Meanwhile the election was being fought. The battle took on the expected pattern of the PNP fighting on issues where it could, and the JLP wrapping a rousing emotional campaign around the saviour-image of

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Bustamante. The JLP chief had moved from West Kingston, where Ken Hill had proven toc good an organiser and toc equal a rabble-rouser. Ruthlessly, Busta had thrown out his old friends from the South Clarendon constituency: the former sitting member of his Party, Hugh Cork, and hopefuls including R.O.Terrier who once held the seat made vacant by the death of J.A.G.Smith. Manley was opposed by the popular Edward "Doc" Fagan. Ken Hill faced Hugh Shearer whom Busta had named his heir to the West Kingston seat. Hopes for a peaceful campaign were high. King's House had taken the incautious step of literally forcing Manley and Bustamante into peace treaties; and publishing the signed facsimiles in the press. The statements, identical and frontpaged, had the two party leaders undertaking to put constraints on their people. The historical and unique documents were hailed as a Magna Carta that would remove the rambunctious, and elicit nice elections.

It did, for all of a week.

Soon the stick-&-brick boys were rampaging again and street clashes a nightly risk.

Bloody clashes at Gordon Town, during the KSAC bye-election in which a JLP worker, Benjamin Taylor, was killed in a PNP attack on a JLP roadblock at Maryland Corner, was the ominous prelude - although the results brought comfort to Manley when the PNP's Allan Isaacs against the powerful JLP machine lost by only 77 votes.

RESET IN ORDINARY TYPE

HAD BEEN

SEE BACK

Colour and excitement accompanies a Jamaican election but this one was staged against a sober background: it was the time that saw the start of the third great migration of Jamaicans, the seekers of a living in lands less economically hostile.** The new jobs' rush was to

Take IN at FOOT of Page 270

**The first two: the migrations to Panama for work on the American dig of the Canal, and the great movement into the Cuban canefields about the first World War. Steadier migrations had been continuous into the U.S.A. until new immigration laws slowed it to a trickle-by-quota.

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TAKE IN AT FOOT OF Page 270

England, the land they had called the "Mother Country" all their generations for three centuries. In light sorties at the start, it would flood to scores of thousands a year, insert and root a black presence in England that did havoc to motherhood.

Calm

The Battle of Gordon Town is remembered as the day when the Cousins came closest to physical combat; indeed, they squared off on the steps of the polling booth but were cheated of gaining "belly" by some shortsighted historians. Out of the fracas came the probe (by a Governor's Commission) in which Wills Isaacs was to state his "philosophy" that "a broken skull or two" did not "matter much in the growth of a nation." An utterance, that, whatever its validity, was to devil him and his Party for their political life.

The one-man Commission was the island's Chief Justice, Sir Hector Hearne, a lean dyspeptic Englishman of sour vintage whose flagrantly unsupported findings were described by Manley as "intemperate and unbalanced." It was an extraordinary remark to be made by the leading King's Counsel but justified by the clear bias in Sir Hector's otherwise confused Report.

The trouble had begun at Dallas, in the St Andrew hills four days earlier, on July 3, where PNP workers had put on one of their Sunday "invasions" for a saturation canvassing of the area in aid of city council candidate Alan Isaacs. At the end of a day of fun and frolic and showing the PNP flag, the usual open-air meeting was slated for the village square. Dallas was a JLP "Doc" Fagan stronghold, with its own resident "brigade". The "brigade" was at that time a bit of political hokum in which (both) Party members were encouraged to wear paramilitary uniforms and parade behind brass bands. Uniforms, the political

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office seekers had found, were excellent for psyching lukewarm supporters into ardent, even dedicated activists.

No sooner had the PNP leaders begun working at that other artifice they used to gain early audience involvement, i.e., the religious hymn, than a distraction occurred.

Thumping and booming down the rocky village street, came the JLP brigade marching behind a brass band. The JLP brigade had been recruiting their own votes on the sister mountain village of Hall's Delight, and were going home, and were not to be deviated from their right-on military course by an invasion of city slickers. So on they came.

The PNP singers eased down a little on Lead Kindly Light, a favoured starter, and opened their ranks to allow the JLP brigade undisputed passage. But one of two consequences followed. Either that they appeared to have given in too easily, or the JLP brigade, with pardonable pride, desired to show the uniform once more, or a combination of the two.

However that was, the marching columns wheeled about and once again thumped through the square.

The PNP singers again parted their ranks but with noticeably less alacrity.

And since what goes up must come down, the JLP brigade found it necessary to execute another about-face and pass down through the PNP ranks again. There was a low rumble of objection but nothing markedly untoward. Until the JLP marchers did the marble-headed thing. They turned to march up again. That tore it.

Dallas, in the rocky limestone hills, is superbly outfitted for that oldtime Jamaican war game, stone-throwing. Nobbly, hand-sized missiles, strewn like fruit shaken down. The rocks flew.

The casualty count was seven, five for the PNP. And since the

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Dallas folk were better in the dark on their own territory, the PNP retreated, in good order, down the hill carrying their wounded and vowing revenge.

They exacted it next day at Gordon Town, the village at the foot of the mountain above Papine, stoning a JLP meeting into disorder. And again next day, on election eve, the factions almost met head-on, separated only by a police buffer zone. But tomorrow was election day.

And sure enough the troubles broke early at several places in the constituencies with such battle names as Milling's Spring and Miller's Gap, [redacted].

The Gordon Town war lasted all day, lengthening into skirmishes strung together by rival name-calling, boos and fist-shakings along the Hope River banks on which the village is built. Wills Isaacs seemed to have assumed the role of cheer-leader, a man whose political career had by then given him a far deeper insight into the instincts and moods of a Jamaican crowd, much more than could be had by a crabby high court judge; a foreigner whose contact with the Jamaican workingclass began and ended on the Bench. Wills would have played that village square all day for all its psychological worth; hopefully to sway the undecided voter, often uncommitted all the way to the polling booth.

But a pair of probables, that Wills should have foreseen, happened: the JLP leaders turned angry and the English-led police flawed his orchestration. When Wills, in his high carrying voice, promised to fire the English officers when his Party came to power, the white fellows, long accustomed to a generally unquestioned deference, were outraged and showed it. The PNP crowd took like umbrage. And as the mood in the previously lively Square darkened, who showed up but Busta. He had come, with Shearer, Rose Leon and others, and the cross-talk triggered

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violent reactions. Busta himself was struck by a stone after he had shoved Wills O.

What was evident from the Enquiry was that both Parties had been provocative and were equally culpable. The PNP was desperately endeavouring to wrest control of the streets from their rivals. They had been pushed around by the Labour battalions who had previously been able to field a greater force of "cloth-caps" than the PNP, by virtue perhaps of Busta's hold on the internality of the worker. Only after the PNP had secured their own base among the pay-table people, and established a retaliatory force (such as "The Fighting Sixty-Nine", strongarmers named for their headquarters at No. 69 Matthews Lane) were they able to turn the tide.

There had been intimidation on either side and though the Enquiry had got at this evidence, Commissioner Hearne's virulent Report affixed most of the blame to the PNP. Isaacs, to whom command of the "Sixty-Nine" appears to have peculiarly fallen, bore the brunt of Hearne's verdict, which, in a scandalous way glossed over the considerable efforts of the JLP. What was evident from Hearne's judgment was that, all things being equal, in an Establishment assessment, the Communist horn-&-tail image of the PNP would tip the scales against them.

In an aftermath, Wills Isaacs resigned as Third Vice President of the PNP. The indomitable Wills, in his resignation statement, while he recited his faults, stoutly defended his actions in giving back to the JLP some of its own medicine after "a long period of time."

BREAK

TAKE IN FROM PAGES 266 & 267

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1949 Elections

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE SEVEN

A few minutes past noon Thursday, January 12, 1950, Norman Manley was sworn in as the member for East Rural St Andrew in the House of Representatives at Headquarters House, Duke Street, and became de facto head of the unofficial His Majesty's Loyal Opposition. He had led a dozen of his PNP comrades into the mahogany panelled chamber, and picked up a sometime friendly Independent inside, Stanley Albert Scott of Eastern St James, bringing his vote count to a possible 14. The JLP had 18. But in fact, more Jamaicans had voted for the Manley party than the Bustamante. They had taken 43.5% of the popular vote to the JLP's 42.7%. They had swamped the city, taking five of the six seats, including Busta's old Western Kingston's after the lean survivor abandoned his once safe fief.

He had won an election in a style that was unmistakably his own. According to Edna Manley, it was "full of colour, and drama and," peculiarly, "poetry." And she must be taken literally; for N.W. took to the hustings what had never been there before: an agreeably muted style against which the assaults of campaign vulgarity, usually a winner's warranty, shattered. Beaten on the hills in 1944, he became his own client, studying the whys and the whynots of its stubbornly unspacious people, until he knew their ways; not as of his old countryfolk at Guanaboa, but tight as their sawtooth hills, suspicious of sophisticates and other city slickers. They had backed "Doc" Fagan solidly in 1944; for his mixture of fakery and fun, the frank Anancy turn to him, not quite a medical doctor but enough of a medicine man to appreciate the efficacy of the "home remedy" from the district balm-yard, and an exhortative platform manner that owed its accents to the storefront churches of Harlem, made him very acceptable.

So Manley carefully crafted his own new image of a man who understood and appreciated the old ways. Those were the days of the movie "theme song" and the "signature tune" of headline performers, a kind of musical heraldry that created instant identity in the minds and memories of the fans. Manley chose an old evocative ninth-night* air, There were ninety-and-nine. One of his campaign helpers was a girl with a power-

*A post obsequies "wake" held on the ninth night after death as a final memoriam.

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fully carrying contralto. She became song-leader;wherever "it could be heard (people) on the streets (would) say, 'Manley going to speak now,'" said Edna, touching the corner of her mouth in that recall way.

He spoke with quiet deep feeling in contrast to the rousing efforts which mostly preceded him. With an eye on future claimants to throne favours, he was careful to omit from his speakers' platform all the more loquacious kingmakers, so that Party discipline and his own position as Leader would not be compromised by fellows allowing as how they were responsible for "put(ting) him in." All his campaign speakers were required to be constituent people. However, these included such seasoned "professionals" as Allan Isaacs and Vivian Blake.

He adopted the slogan *Time for a change* (ITALICS) and drove his Vanguard motor car as hard as he drove himself. One notorious night, election eve, he scheduled nine meetings on the East St Andrew plain, had Edna at the wheel and a truckload of youths from Four Roads, Barbican, Papine, August Town following, and so blanketed the area, that frequently his entourage was caught in its own traffic jam.

He spoke quietly, easily, taking his hearers into their own needs and desires for a hope and a future: "All the young people eating their hearts out, scuffling around day after day looking for work. They too want to feel that their country needs them; they too want to feel all the young men that when Sunday comes, they had earned enough to (dress up) and go out and cast an eye on a pretty girl."

It brought no guffaws. Young, workless men, hating their sweaty Sunday clothes that had been sweaty since Saturday and before, felt the rage and the hope.

"And the young girls, they have their dreams too. They want to put a ribbon in their hair and put on their ballerina (skirts) and dance. They want one day to have a little place of their own, nothing very grand, just somewhere they can open a gate and lock it behind them and walk through the little flower beds with the roses they have planted themselves and lift the latch of their own door; and when they go inside and close the door after them they can talk to their man as they like." It was deep feeling and humour and created what Edna Manley once described as "the most extraordinary quality of a sort of young patriarch." And ending

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each speech with the James Lowell poem: Once to every man and nation/ Comes the moment to decide, he placed the action squarely into their hands, bidding them walk into the valley of decision of their own free will. He made of the poem a drum-roll; and those in the street below knew the words well, since the churches had worked it into a hymn generations ago; and then they would say it along with him so it developed great power.

They began calling him, then, wider and wider, the Father of the Nation. He took to it and grew into the part.

— BREAK —

He was powerful on the flat lands of his constituency, but the hills snubbed him. The people, inward and desperate from the denuded land, the brokendown, terribly misused land, were closed and resentful. It would take years to win them but win them he would, and he would work hard at getting into bloom the Yallahs Valley Authority that changed the contour of life in that once tortured slope of the Mountain.

On this first day of Parliament

The Manley men included three from the outgoing parliament.* Dr Ivan Lloyd, F.L.B.Evans, Florizel Glasspole, Norman Sinclair and E.V.Allen. The newcomers were N.N.Nethersole, Percival Broderick, Allan Coombs, Ken Hill, Wills Isaacs, Donald Nation and Rupert Wilmot. They had hardly settled on the highback mahogany benches when they gave unmistakable signals that the old Labour Party dominance was over. The preliminaries through, the offices designated and occupied during the first weeks, the House met for business a month later.

It was a formidable OPPOSITION array that faced the government benches; gifted ambitious men who had fretted at the bit for five years, while, as they saw it, the Labour men plodded too slowly along to escape the old social and economic poverties. Next to Bustamante, on the government benches, the most powerful figure was Sir Harold Allan, the Minister of Finance, who was still officially on record as an Independent, an anomaly in the Bustamante lifestyle of

* The team included E.V. Allen, Percy Broderick, A.G.S.Coombs, F.L.B.Evans, Florizel Glasspole, Ken Hill, Wills Isaacs, Dr Ivan Lloyd, E.B.Nation, N.N.Nethersole, Norman Sinclair, Rupert Wilmot.

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total ownership that was repeated in no other area. Of Allan, Manley was to say: "In this inept lot, Allan is sensible and takes a line of fair independence." He was able, urbane, yet proud and vain, with a capacity for hard work. In a kind of incredulous wonder at his survival, NW once found himself agape at the "sort of flimsy curtain" that Allan hung between himself and the JLP.

In the old House, Allan was usually unflurried; but his opponents had not been Manley, Ken Hill, Wills Isaacs, Nethersole, that lot. On the first business day of the new House, Thursday, February 16, as he went into his Motions, he was visibly unstuck. Once or twice Dr Lloyd had to correct him on procedure and for losing his place among his papers. Reporters in the Press Gallery saw the tremor in the once imperious hands. The nervous anticipation spread through the government benches as each strove for nonchalance or strict control; [redacted] anything to avoid looking at the man whose thin blade of a face watched amusedly from [redacted] left of the aisle.

In the streets, it had been different. Politics in the streets was mostly talking to oneself before a friendly responsive crowd where the only opposition was the heckler who could be swiftly ejected or knuckled into silence. And where the errors and false statements had no instant built-in corrective, or refutation, known in parliament as The Debate. And now the most formidable exponent of that [redacted] art, that giant of the courtroom whose keen intellect and tongue was known to flay [redacted] lawyers and reduce [redacted] judges to errant mankind, the man whose legislat[redacted] had kept alive their hopes of political immortality, from whom they had been protected by the [redacted] ballot box which decreed that none but their voices could be heard, was now a fully elected member of the Consistory and equal as hell.

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No wonder Allan quailed. Even the Minister of Communications (Hon. Mr Bustamante), anxious to display his Old Hand status before the New Boys, stumbled over the Rules and was gently pulled up by Speaker Oswald Malcolm, an infrequent dare on the part of the Speaker who knew Busta's imperial wrath. The House was all a-twitter, all over itself, but it was left to the lanky, inept Lawton Bloomfield to tweak the tiger and lay open his colleagues to be clawed. IT HAD TO DO WITH THE MYRTLE BANK HOTEL.

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

What had happened was that the Labour Party was seething over a neat upstaging masterminded by Manley, Ken Hill and their TUC team during the Myrtle Bank hotel strike earlier in the week, a strike they had guided to success. The exclusive old hostelry, sprawled for two blocks between Maiden and Rum Lanes on the Harbour STREET SEA- front, had never known such days.

Both the TUC and BITU had been locked in a struggle for representational rights at the hotel. Although the indications were that the TUC held the loyalties of the hotel staff, the management,* in a surprise move, unilaterally settled with the BITU. Manley was at a meeting of the city council's Roads & Works Special Committee when he read of the settlement in the afternoon Daily Express. He reached across and tapped Ken Hill who was also at the meeting. Hill could not believe his eyes. He hurried out and called for a Union meeting at ten o'clock that night after the late shift.

*Myrtle Bank was owned by the Issa interests. Abe Issa was at that time a political foe of the PNP in particular, being the leader of the Jamaica Democratic Party, a hastily put-together party to attract away some of the middleclass PNP support. The JDB, badly battered at the polls, was soon to be permanently abandoned

News of the impending strike leaked to King's House, and Governor Huggins sent for Manley. King's House was worried, for Royalty was

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coming, [redacted]. Princess Alice, Chancellor of the new University College of the West Indies, would be landing by Royal Barge at the Myrtle Bank hotel pier. Huggins indicated that he knew a decision whether to strike would be taken that evening and asked that it be postponed. Manley pointed out that the TUC was separate from the Party but promised to talk to the union leaders and advise the governor by morning (Sunday) whether the Princess should land at the Myrtle Bank on Monday.

Duly, Sunday morning at eight, N.W.Manley was at King's House, advising against a Myrtle Bank landing and proposing Victoria Pier (the official King Street dock) instead, since the hotel had become "a centre of excited attention." Later in the day, at the PNP General Council meeting (at which Richard Hart and Frank Hill were elected to the Executive, a happening that was to have important consequences), the Party backed the strike but sought to have the Royal landing unaffected.

Next morning, Manley spent a few hours with Arthur Thelwell,* secretary of the Jamaica Agricultural Society, whom he found "clearheaded as usual" and with "interesting long term prospects" for agriculture. Edna joined him after lunch and they went down to the Myrtle Bank for the landing. Huggins had not taken his advice after all, but fortunately, in Manley's words, "everything went smoothly." After the landing, he went to a Clerk's Union meeting and then to the TUC headquarters where he was told that the strike was called for the evening. The earlier shifts were already on the street, putting out pickets, so he proceeded to Harbour Street at the hotel where he spoke to the crowds for calm. Then he drove the five miles up Hope Road to King's House, where the Governor gave him dinner and expressed his hope for a quick settlement but condemned "a trespass" on the hotel.

*Thelwell, a World War I contingent captain, thickset and pleasantly pompous, was later knighted.

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This "trespass" appeared to have been unknown to Manley, for his already long day continued into the early morning when he went to his Party office to enquire about it. He was assured by Roy Woodham, a TUC leader, that the TUC pickets had entered only to eject BITU strikebreakers but that all was now quiet. If it had been, it would not be for long. Some hours later, as he sat plotting the strike strategy with Glasspole, Ken Hill and Arnett, the situation blew up in downtown Kingston. The mob violence brought police retaliatory teargas attacks and Manley duly became a Union casualty as a few canisters landed outside his Duke Street office window. The Colonial army, with the stupidity for which it was predictable over three centuries, launched straight into the act by a seaborne invasion from its Port Royal base to the Myrtle Bank hotel pier. In full battledress they attacked the strike pickets on the pier. One picket drowned and several were injured before they could get out of the way.

All this was doing nothing for the hotel business although, as Manley was to observe, the Americans "with a very robust democratic tradition and very familiar with strikes" took to it as part of their holiday "amusement." The hotel management called a truce and a conciliatory meeting began immediately. Manley, Ken Hill and O.T.Fairclough argued for the Union. They were still hammering away at a work resumption formula four hours later, with Manley about to collapse from the effects of the teargas he had inhaled. The negotiations had moved to King's House in a mounting tension. A huge crowd had blocked Harbour Street in front of the hotel and once in the night, Governor Huggins was for calling on the military to disperse them. Quietly, Manley pointed out that the soldiers were equipped not with riot arms, but rifles and machine guns. He would have a massacre on his hands. After a short, uncomfortable silence, Huggins turned to Manley in a direct

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appeal for a solution. It was clear to the people in the Governor's office that Huggins was handing over. Manley had a condition. He would want a free hand during the night. The Governor looked at Police Commissioner Calver. The U.K.-born police chief seemed eager to hand over the whole force to Mr Manley.

It was all downhill after that; except for the little matter of a typewriter breakdown which almost derailed the deal. Manley had asked the Governor for an 11 p.m. deadline for the settlement. The negotiators moved fast and skilfully, and the letter from the Issa interests setting out the terms of conciliation was due by soon after ten. Up to 10.30, the letter had not been sent, due to the busted machine. The Governor had indicated that if the negotiations failed he would be forced to disperse the crowd in front of his tourist island's most famous resort. He feared that restless crowd could cut loose and occupy the mint julep palace. Nervously, Manley called King's House and requested a 30-minute extension. He need not have worried. Huggins, who had his secret agents well dispersed, knew of the machine hitch. So everybody at TUC headquarters sat tight, while Leslie Alexander, a battle-scarred, dedicated businessman-unionist, always splendid in crisis, watched the tension-levels on Harbour Street and phoned in frequent reports.

A "trespass" by blacks inside that white domain was not inconceivably met with more horror than the odds against a massacre.

The Issa letter finally arrived by police "Black Maria" and after a telephone briefing of the Governor, Manley went down to the hotel and told the strikers of its clauses. The terms were not as good as Manley wanted, and the crowd, filling the wide street with its edges spilling into the darkened lanes, commenced a restless murmur. It took all the persuasion of lawyer Manley to argue for its acceptance. Wearily then, he told them they had all done a good job in forcing the Issas to a settlement, and that it was time for bed. He would leave Comrade

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Ken Hill to say a few words. But Ken, a man who knew his way with crowds, invited them instead to follow Leader Manley while he dealt with the withdrawal of the pickets. It was an unexpected development which the Old Soldier solved by marching along on his loping stride along Harbour Street. The crowd followed, singing. It was all heady stuff, heightened by his nervy weariness, the razor-edge success, the rush of the comrades singing in his wake. But, as he neared King Street, it struck him suddenly that he had nowhere to go. "It was an amusing situation. Then I had a brainwave and turned up King Street to the TUC office where a photographer jumped a camera on me and the crowd grew very excited."

But the march had drained their tensions. They were ready to go home. He was still having the teargas headaches so after he had dismissed the crowd, he walked through the cooling night, back to the Myrtle Bank.

BREAK

Ordinarily, he was not a fellow you expected to clown around, but he could monkey it, as sometimes he did at Nomdmi. And in this half-dark of the penny-pinching City Council's street-lamps of less candle-power than a buggy-lamp, in this Court of Absent People in the empty streets and locked buildings, eyeless windows and silent piazzas, History would allow its wearily going-home King's Counsel to engage a small play-acting. THE OPENING LINES WOULD GO BACK TO a Saturday night years ago; he was still callow in politics, and was yet to suffer his first failure at the polls. And under the old yoke tree that LONG AGO Saturday night, he had sworn to Edna, in a burst of anger at some footling Party colleague, that he would give up the business in five years, because "you cant say to a (politician): do this because it is right. They just dont understand rightness, truth, honesty, integrity ... everything twisted, distorted, dragged down. Five more years and then I am coming out!"

NOT SET !!

These lines down to the 7th line on following page.

Ah, well, miluds, he might have dialogued, impish as he was, with a small bow to the pile of silent concrete, one has the right

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to rephrase his stand if not his integrity. For five years had passed, and he was still in. To stay.

Tonight had worked out well. He was anxious to be home. Edna would be worried. A fond glint lit his eyes. He remembered how he had turned to the staring Edna, five years ago, THE NIGHT OF HIS OUTBURST, to reassure her: [redacted] outburst: "No, honey, you go on carving! That is true and honest!" So was any endeavour, including politics, if you made it so.

And that did his head good.

— BREAK —

All was settled at the hotel; Ken had mopped cleanly. He walked home thinking of the lessons he had learnt.

— BREAK —

It had been twelve years since he had played the role of mediator between Busta and employers, Busta and the judiciary, Bustamante and the government. Since then his Party had lost two elections and he himself had just entered the House. He had been driven to gather his own worker-support to match Bustamante's union support. Tonight, in the Myrtle Bank issue, he had played the role of mediator to his always exacting satisfaction. He had defused two situations: a potential employer's obduracy and a ~~conceivable~~ discontent among the workers. [redacted] "people get deadlocked and do not see how small the differences are that often prevent possible settlements," he WOULD SAY AFTERWARDS.

But he also knew that the PNP-TUC future would go a route of obstacles, tough ones, if employers continued preferring to deal with the BITU. It had been so of the Myrtle Bank strike. The growing strength and anger of the TUC would create explosive confrontations. The government's Labour Office seemed to be labouring in futility. The Governor, he had found in the night's dealing, was not clued into the workingman's issues and feelings. Unfair pressures brought on the workers would "breed mischief and the people would be blamed instead of the causes."

And so it was to bed for a short sleep before his first full

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day in the House as a member of parliament. He was planning to give the Labour Party "a flea in the ear."

CHAPTER FORTY-NINE

Opposition Leader Manley might not have known it as he took his seat for his first debate in the House, but the flea was already well in. The PNP power in labour affairs, and latent power in King's House (where he last night privately dined!) was hardly likely to quicken the purest feelings in the breasts of the Majority Party. Moreover, he had made a laughingstock of the BITU by the swift drubbing given them in the Myrtle Bank matter. So, no sooner than the Notices of Motion were reached at the top of the agenda, JLP member Lawton Bloomfield was on his feet with a notice of Censure against the Opposition Party. A few minutes later, in a try to quickly destroy any new influence the PNP may have gained in the recent prestigious negotiations, Bloomfield, seconded by Bustamante, was bouncing to his feet again, demanding a suspension of House business to instantly debate his Motion.

Manley had sat silently through the preliminaries which included appointments of several House Committees (all of JLP membership). After his short night's sleep, he was fresh as the ubiquitous rose in his buttonhole. He sat the House bench in the familiar courtroom manner, relaxed yet alert, right knuckle at his lower jaw, the fore and middle fingers lined along his cheek.

A FATE he never seemed to rail at, despite its blows, past and future, had kept him out of this Chamber* in 1944 while his opponents went in on a universal suffrage

*Headquarters House, the legislative building, was the former residence of the Officer Commanding the Troops in Jamaica, purchased by the government in the 1870s for $5,000 when the new capital of Kingston took over from the 350-year-old St Jago de la Vega (Spanish Town.)

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that was almost wholly his creation. But one of his resources was a capacity for growth — to be particularly revealed at the disaster of '62, and, before, at the [redacted] '44 humiliation, when [redacted] Edna could say of him: "He has lost nothing, only gained in wisdom and quiet and maturity." The ban-Manley campaign had crumpled. He would remain in the House until he retired from public life. But ahead of him would be harsh days.

Days shaped by a character that accepted the thorniest principles impulsively, moving steadily towards a disaster that would have been [redacted] recognized by more accomodating men. On the other hand, Norman Manley could not help but dare, for he required [redacted] to use what he had to the utmost, without counting the cost.* But in politics, the trouble with the utmost is the lack of guarantees that others who fail to keep up with the drive will not fatally flaw the race.

*Manley loved fast, powerful, beautifully tuned cars but was once forced to coast from Newcastle, a military hill station 4,000 feet up the Port Royal mountain, to Drumblair because a mechanic had failed to fill up the oil sump.

BREAK!

[redacted]

A Canadian politician once observed that when the United States sneezes, Canada catches a cold. In these impoverished Caribbean islands clinging like burrs to Uncle Sam's coattails for an import/export survival, pneumonia is the likelier sync.

[redacted]

And so, little causes greater consternation than telling the American people, tourist or investor, a U.S. wire service story that the islands are less than coconut Edens. A hardpressed politician need only cry:

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The eyes of the world are on us! for his attackers to back off.

And so when Representative Lawton Bloomfield was chosen by his Party to pound the PNP for calling a strike at the principal tourist hotel, he took the resort that the PNP was guilty of the heinous ultimate. They had spoilt Jamaica's image in the U.S. Broken our coconuts over the heads of the Americans. Under the rules, the PNP should have buckled. Cried mea culpa. Cooled it. Let's hear it for tourism and investments. Instead, they attacked.

The Debate on the Bloomfield motion began [redacted] with some harmless levity that nevertheless contained a serious meaning. Lawyer Manley's first words in a House forum [redacted] were to legally tidy a piece of rhetoric from the JLP's Hanover representative, J.Z. Malcolm, in a way that broke up his PNP colleagues and drew a reply from a Labour spokesman indicating their misgivings for the future. Furiously, the Majority partyman cried that the (JLP) government "will not be intimidated by the Minority Party." After order was restored, the House went on to the Bloomfield Motion.

The Motion charged the PNP and the TUC with inflicting "a reign of terror" during the Myrtle Bank strike. The debate that followed was curious, in that, the JLP left its case to three limp speeches from backbenchers. They were slaughtered by Manley, replying for his party. Only Bustamante among the front-benchers, who kept a discreet silence, essayed interruptions. But these had no substance and were deftly [redacted] turned into absurdities. The debate is worth retelling in part as the first speech by Norman Manley in ~~the~~ parliament.

SPACE - BREAK. NO SIGN OR SYMBOL.

[redacted]

(Excerpted from Hansard)

Mr Manley: Mr Speaker, there is an old saying: 'It is an

ALL THIS IN ITALICS & INDENT

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all Italics!

ill bird that fouls its own nest.' This Resolution is in my judgment framed in language unwarranted by any facts before this House, and only calculated to provoke the very mischief which it is supposed to avert ...

But what is one to think of the Mover of the Motion who introduced such terms as "reign of terror and vandalism," when there are no facts at all before us to warrant such observations?

An organisation, oddly enough called the Bustamante Industrial Trade Union, and its leaders, were the persons responsible, when, with sublime indifference to the good of the country and the proper development of trade union practices, they created a state of affairs which directly led to the strike. They must have known, when they did, what they were doing; that it could have no other but the consequences that ensued. Had they cared, at the right time, for the interest of the island ...

Mr Speaker: May I point out that the Resolution asks that an enquiry be made.

Mr Manley: The resolution itself, which you should rule out of order, has assumed all sorts of 'facts' such as (that) a reign of terror and vandalism became the order of the day.

This House is asked to commit itself to a statement as to what happened — and then to ask for an investigation as to whether it did happen.

Repet P548 see P284

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Could anything be more ridiculous?

It is perfectly obvious that the intention of the Resolution is not to have an enquiry, but to get the most responsible instrument of government in this colony to commit itself to a finding on 'facts' not the evidence of an investigation. Perhaps the mover did not appreciate the implications of what he is doing. Perhaps now I have called them to his attention he should be good enough not to demean the House further but withdraw the Resolution.

Italics

The Resolution was, of course, not withdrawn.

This line in Roman, set flush.

If I may resume. I have heard, further, many observations on the necessity for preserving the good name of this country. May I say, in case Members on the other side of the House are unaware of the facts, that the people of the U.S.A., a country with a very robust democratic tradition and not given to mealy-mouthed talk and mealy-mouthed observations, are very familiar with strikes. I seem to recall I saw photographs in the newspapers of tourists beaming with amusement at what was going on, quite unperturbed at witnessing in a British colony what democratic Americans are used to seeing in their own country. Therefore these suggestions of hurting the good name of this country, which we on this side of the House have cherished for so long in the face of so many things that make decent people feel ashamed of the processes of Government in this country, we yield to no one Sir in our concern for the reputation of our people; and we ask this House not to behave like that evil bird that fouls its own nest by going on record in condemnation of your own people (if you still think them your own people)

Italics

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before the facts are known and ascertained.

Where is the evidence of these acts of vandalism? Not one single incident has been verified of a tourist molested or injured. Not one single instance, and you wish to go on record for the whole world to hear that some sort of terror (occurred) ... Is that what you want to do to your country? Is that the reputation you wish your country to get abroad?

Shame on tactics of that sort. A responsible House would call for an investigation. It would not condemn its own people with false charges before the accusation was made. I daresay there were certain instances of ebullient action on the streets, it happens in every country in the world when strikes take place; and men who sit on that side of the House and pretend to be labour leaders, should know it has happened hundreds of times by their own actions and not always without provocation. It is easy to come here now and talk about law and order, but who taught the country these things in the first place?

I admire repentance, but I admire it more when it is not ... hypocritical. I congratulate all who wish to repent now; but let them repent openly and with some sense of decency and not in this form.

You may injure yourselves by bringing the contempt of good minded citizens upon you. If you are indifferent to your own reputation that is not a concern of mine (laughter) and indeed it would not be surprising to me (renewed laughter). Men can only cherish those things which are of good repute. You can hardly cherish a reputation that does not exist (laughter).

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If you think this will injure the PNP and the TUC, allow me to assure you that you will fail in your mark. The reputation of the PNP has been high everywhere in the world.

Mr.Bustamante: On a point of order. There is nothing whatever in that motion about the reputation of the PNP and the PNP has not been mentioned in it.

Mr.Manley: With the greatest respect, I am amused at the state of confusion that the other side of the House is thrown into. You say the PNP is not mentioned in the resolution. May I be allowed to read from it? "... when disorderly bands of PNP and TUC sympathisers ..."

Mr.Bustamante: Not its reputation.

Mr.Manley: Am I really hearing with my ears? (laughter). May I ask the Hon. Member for Southern Clarendon: How does one identify a person in a crowd or in a street as a Member of the PNP? Years ago when times were so very different from what they are today, it used to be imagined by my friends on the other side in the House that the Members of my Party had a peculiar mark on their foreheads (laughter).

For the first time in five years of the new politics, the PNP was strong in numbers and quality; and clearly an overmatch for the Labour benches. That was not to say the pattern of parliamentary wins and losses stuck consistently. As the Majority members overcame their awe of N.W. Manley's presence among them and shed their defensive cast, they too got in their lumps.

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CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

And even before the release of the JLP from the poor-me-boy mold into which a timidity, ~~an old-fashioned courtesy~~ fear of the erudite PNP was reducing their puissance inside the House, out on the streets the old vigorish was as potent. In one overnight stroke, they calculated to avenge the Manley tongue-lashing by punching a hole in the PNP treasury (already lower than the usual low after fighting an election), and chopping a limb from the TUC's proliferative hotel section which had recently unmanned them.

Manley had planned a railroad excursion to Montego Bay with several coachfuls of comrades. The purpose of the victory invasion was twofold: to pull in about $600 profit from ticket sales for Party funds; and, even more important, to provide a psychological boost for the Sunset Lodge Hotel strikers who had been led out by the TUC. But as it was, next day the Myrtle Bank debate; ~~[illegible]~~ and announced a ban on political demonstrations. ~~[illegible]~~.

> Manley had not thought the strike a good idea and had advised the Hill brothers and Roy Woodham of the TUC to play it with caution. The employers were powerful in the northwest and he was not for putting the union into a position to be clawed and lose the nice plume they had won in the Myrtle Bank affair. Nevertheless, he sent down Florizel Glasspole, a TUC man of more cautious bent, to assess the situation. Uneasy, he later took off himself for Montego Bay. His fears were realized when he met a "glum" Glasspole on the road, returning. It was later settled.

Manley believed that Bustamante, still smarting from the debate, had once more cosied up with the Governor and manoeuvred the embargo. However, his stay in Kingston produced a good occasion as he was to meet the man who would play a profound part in the government he would lead at the next election. The man was George Cadbury, then the

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Economic Adviser and Planner to the Saskatchewan government. After hours of talking into early Saturday morning, Manley said of him: "He was a man of fine, clear mind and (giving him the highest compliment of the day) a good socialist. I wish we had a couple of that calibre here." It was a good occasion that helped to offset the petty annoyance of the embargo.

Manley, In a way, he took over the mantle of his fellow barrister/politician, J.A.G.Smith, in the House. Like Smith, he was putting a mind, trained to watchful footing in the labyrinths of the ~~honed in the precise definitions of the~~ law, to work on those imprecise "facts" and figures slipped into debates by smart politicians who are expert in the game of the one-up. was very unsparing of ministerial motions "conceived in haste and written in confusion." Where he differed from the great Clarendon legislator was that he was a wittier man, possessed of an easier personality, and backed by able, hard driving comrades disciplined in Party loyalties. And freed of the repressing weight of a constitutionally imposed English governor sitting in the legislature, Manley's opposition was effective in a way that JAG's could never be. If Smith was a rapier in his time, Manley, the old artillery-man, was both gunlayer and blade. He not only had armament, i.e., colleagues, to marshal as he needed, but as a trained enquirer, he excelled at working over utterances and revealing fumbles. He was too healthily arrogant to be pugnacious but he could destroy with grace and several eclat. almost High Court judges of his time, despite the panoply of absolute power that surrounds the Bench, were known to say the Yes, Mr Manley (the traditional invitation from the judge for a defending counsel to rise and open his case) with a trepidation difficult to disguise. He took his understanding of histrionics into the House and often seized the dramatic and held it tenaciously until the point was in.*

FOOTNOTE OVERLEAF

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*"Gully government," one of the slogans that was credited with helping to bring down the Bustamante administration in the 1955 elections, received its first creative touch in the early days of the 1950 House when Manley spoke about "the legacy of unfinished gully works." Repeated over and over, it stuck.

One of his early legislative wins was the Unemployment Committee bill asking for island-wide schemes of productive works along with special relief through provisions of food, shelter and cash benefits. It was a horrendous motion to be put by a Socialist minority to a legislature which prided in its Conservative tag — even if the label had been contrived through a desire to appear capable of an alternative idea. And especially after Manley had opened his argument with a denunciation of capitalism. "Nowhere in the world can free enterprise** deal with the problem of unemployment," he said. And he knew that the pragmatic

**He once described that bastion of the system, the United States, as "that blessed land of prejudice and free enterprise."

fellows on the other side of the Chamber would never forget, nor ever grow unaware, of the blows he had delivered in the elections just over. They would be careful. None would dare oppose his motion, however couched, if it promised new jobs for people or money in empty pockets.

On other matters, however, Manley's Opposition received short shrift. One of these was the important House committees. The PNP was denied the right of choosing the committees on which Minority members would sit. When Manley wanted to go to the Agricultural Committee with Percival Broderick as the two PNP members, he was barred by Bustamante. The result was that the PNP functioned little in the infrastructure of the House and so moved Manley to describe the Committees as "functionless, barren and useless." So he would work at being effective on the floor of the House; as he did when he ignited the gas-house issue.

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BREAK

[redacted]

An ugly old redbrick building belching flame and smoke, night and day, across the railway tracks at the end of Barry Street, housed the city's gasworks. Blacksmiths, bakers and all sorts of minor industries depended on the coal-fueled works for industrial coke and gas. It creaked along on its 70-year-old machinery, with gaping holes in its [redacted] walls, and was itself a minor miracle in that it did not blow up the railway yard, [redacted]. Like the railway, it was costly to the government, burning out its subsidies at some $40,000 a year to service about 1,500 customers and a few hundred street lamps. The works were run by the city government, a body in no good grace with Busta, since it was dominated by the PNP. He was therefore for scrapping the whole outfit.

Manley used the old gasworks to make an early statement of his own deepest interest, agriculture: the widest employing agent on [redacted] an island with little or undiscovered mineral resources and an implausible industrial hope. Believably, he had already made up his mind that whenever his Party came to office, agriculture would receive the chief regard of his government. In his time to come, he would make strenuous efforts in oil exploration and raise the levy on bauxite (BY SINCE 1952), then in production [redacted]. But for now, the plough ran ahead. The [redacted] ex-woodcutter [redacted] from Guanaboa Vale, argued eloquently to keep the gasworks, pointing out that cordwood was getting scarce as the remaining forests succumbed to the axe. Fuel, he said, would soon become a real problem to the city housewives. He got wide support, even among his opponents, when he observed (in the 'Fifties) that electric stoves would never be on many shopping lists among the "ordinary people." His advocacy stayed Busta's hand and saved the

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PUBLICLY FIELD

[redacted] works for awhile. But even more important, since the ANCIENT [redacted] to go anyway, [redacted] enabled him to [redacted] problem agriculture, [redacted] He argued the retention of the remaining woodlands as a barrier against [redacted] erosion; woodlands which would be axed out of existence if the gasworks closed.

Agriculture was his great concern and he could talk and scheme through the night with such committed men as Arthur Thelwell and Harry Dayes (who had a pineapple project going in Manley's constituency, the East St Andrew hills); although, due to the pressure of politics, he was thinking of selling the small herd of cattle he had kept at Drumblair for twelve years. It was a carefully bred herd. He was enormously proud of it and it took a long time of talk with his friend, farmer Richard Williams, before the decision to sell.

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CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE

The task of strengthening the Party for the next general elections left him no time to properly share in the management of the mini farm at Drumblair. So the place sat tyrannously on Edna's shoulders, even though, foremost in his mind as ever, was her work and future. She was into much: sketching, painting, carving, editing the literary magazine FOCUS (which she had founded), setting up youth clubs and art classes for the children of the poor. He concluded to cut the drain of the farm on her time and energy. He elected to sell the stock.

But there were two other exactions that held her in a terrible way. Norman was a strangely lonely man; [redacted] the force of his interest and sympathy warmed his manner. Edna knew he was uncomfortable when confronted with dissembling or deviousness, and uneager for company new and unknown. Edna was the one who inserted the art into his politics; who had to flash a cape of

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enthusiasm and gaiety that confused and froze the crafty old political bulls so her Norman could walk away. "Fortunately he has learnt to make people laugh," later says the tough, elegant lady whom he had the good fortune to have loving him. There was much work to do for the man; but she was "happy and full of confidence" that they were not "fighting a losing cause," she was later explaining to the kind of audience she best understood, Douglas and Michael, they had come home from college and war; Douglas from Columbia and Liverpool Universities, Michael from the Royal Canadian Air Force (Pilot Officer, 1943-45) and London School of Economics. And then there was the second exaction, the other causa causans which only she, of the Manleys, could meet: "This morning, people poured in. Women with (hungry) children, men (seeking work), men to say thanks." These were the real drains on her energies and emotions. "Faith," she observed, looking out at the springtime blue of the Port Royal mountains she loved, "is a harmonious sense of reality." [redacted] She was about to commence on her "Christ", the now famous carving in West Street's All Saints church, Kingston. It was all of a piece. For a creativity was occurring in Norman Manley's Jamaica, between 1938 and 1962, unmatched in any period. Writers, painters, sculptors, dramatists, athletes, poets, dancers began appearing in numbers and quality unbelievable before. A flood released, [redacted] an outburst of what had been dammed by Colonial banalities which had inhibited what was true and harmonius, and was calling instead the West Indian artists to the feudal lauding of yellow hair and winter snows. They were the children of the blue-eyed schoolbooks by which the alien masters had formed them; relentlessly hammering into them that "loyalty to the Crown" was the highest reason for existence. It had enabled them to stoically sweat in the fields producing food for England. It had bled them in her wars.* The recognition of a national identity,

*Black Jamaican troops fought for England in several anti-colonial wars including the British intervention in Haiti against Toussaint L'Ouverture, the capture of Havanna in 1762, the attack on New Orleans in the War of 1812.

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caused by the new (PNP) Movement, was the cutwater for the appearance of George Campbell, ONE OF THE MORE important 'national' poets, the Ivy Baxter dancers and the early and young Nettleford, then a UCWI student at Mona, bullying his classmates into discovering "The Dance," the NOVELIST Roger Mais, painters Huie, Dunkley, Escoffery, Pottinger, Carl Abrahams Daley, the sculptor Marriot, the potter, Cecil Baugh, and so many others. And in turn these all raised the spirits and tightened the nation and guided the energies in a way perceptive men see, and historians know.

CHAPTER CHAPTER

N.W.Manley took a new high standard of debate into the House. That he was less than often drawn into VOCAL RUCKUSES with his arch-foe, Bustamante, took great restraint; for Busta was a provoking man and Manley an instinctive counterpuncher unable to let by sly digs or Anancy rigs. Busta, who was incapable of pacing Manley's intellect and knew it, sought a force in ridicule: he declared that every Manley sppech was a "lecture to the House." The truth was that the Manley brilliance, was, to comrade and adversary alike in the House, dazzling. And being as attractive as it was scholarly in delivery, as it developed and demonstrated uncommonly sound sense, both sides of the aisle hung on his words. Naturally Busta found such a condition unsettling. Free spirit that he was, he chafed under the hackamore statutes which held the old wild-eyed mane-tossings of his street days obedient to the decisions of an Executive Council. Just as well; FOR left to himself, the "Chief's" eccentricities would likely have taken the art of government into peculiar ways.

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Constitution was splendid for disclaiming responsibility. So long as the swing vote in the Executive Council, Manley's old "chief instrument of policy," lay with the English governor, the Majority Party could use it as good red herring to flounder the trail whenever the PNP seemed hot on their tracks, or about to attack. And attack they did. From A.G.S. "Father" Coombs' stricture on the facility with which the government "gave away taxpayers' money" by appointing importees to high office because of the "natural passport of whiteness over their faces," to N.N. "Crab" Nethersole's biting appreciation of the "Minister of Communication's (Bustamante) welcome policy of silent reservation in this House as the unfortunate and willing agent of the Executive Council."

Manley and his Party were in good fettle, for the voters had distinctly shown their preference for the PNP candidates. The Party was on the verge of receiving power and he would brook no obstacle. He was especially severe in protecting his fire from the JLP raiders in the House. The decision of the Majority Party to establish a Yallahs Valley Land Authority,* roused him to tongue-lash the movers for attempting "to borrow our idea and disguise the fact." He tore into them for opposing, and even ridiculing, the PNP call for planning in government.

*The Yallahs, flowing from the Grand Ridge of the Blue Mountain, waters a broad valley down to the sea at Yallahs in St Thomas, but was then quite despoilt by the erosion which had turned the potentially valuable farmlands into depressed areas. YVLA has since proven a successful rehabilitator.

"You cannot teach yourself not to believe in planning, and that the ills of this country cannot be cured, and that it is not the duty of the government to cure them by measures of this sort (the YVLA), then suppose you can take the doctrine of those who do believe in planning, and tackle the problem.

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"You cannot take our wine and pour into your wineskin!"

But they poured, lustfully for the lawmaking vintagers knew that folks would recall the label and not the vineyard. The capacity of [illegible] no matter how he frowned upon the origins.

The Authority had been proposed by the PNP fourteen years earlier to do precisely what the JLP motion was putting into legislation.

Manley's outburst was not solely politically inspired, although the YVLA, with its money-seeding, farm-vote-catching potential must have disturbed him; but he had also known an earlier experience. He had a strong, personal affection for the Port Royal Mountains, the magnificent southern slopes of the Blue Mountain range. As a member of the Agricultural Development Board, but without political power, he had watched helplessly as "a ring of merchants" drew a monopoly around the slopes' most famous crop, the high priced Blue Mountain coffee. He saw how they excluded the growing-area from any State-run land recovery and so kept secret their export negotiations, including quantities and prices. He no doubt felt or wondered whether the JLP's Authority, given what he considered the Party's tendency to favour the old establishment, could hold the line tightly against exploitation. The bells of Westminster sometimes jangled the nerves.

"The two-party system in Jamaica is a historical accident," he was to say at his retirement in 1968.

He was as obdurate against excuses from the JLP ministers for any ineffectual performance based on the shortcomings of the Constitution which gave the Governor a voting edge on the five-by-five Executive Council, he drew an ingenious but thoroughly pragmatic diagram. He took the point that nothing done in the Executive Council was law, unless so decided in the House. Therefore, the House Majority (i.e. the Labour Party) could put a spoke in the Executive wheel whenever it chose. On the other side, the Colonial Office in London could of course put a

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boot in, but he held that Whitehall would never thwart the reasonable objectives of an elected majority. And so it follows that, here, at home, the English governor would be most careful how he opposed the Majority since the course of his career was decided in London. He could be counted on for special caution in the use of the veto. "It follows that our five representatives there have a most powerful lever to secure what they want." He added, the lack of power, he said, lay not in the instruments but in the men. In the elected leaders.

They had been made a part of the policy-making, decision process of the Colonial Office, but were allowing officials of that Office to continue in the old whip-crack ways. "You don't even put up a fight. You just come here and bleat about embryos." (This was a reference to Bustamante's habit of ruefully referring to himself as an "embryo minister." To which Manley retorted: "I am not interested in embryos. They should not be visible.")

Before his election to office, Manley had been inclined to agree with the Bustamante "cabinet" that people-power had been excluded in the Twentieth of November Constitution; but now in this firsthand testing of its layers as he worked inside the House, he saw that ingenuity could wring a profit. Although he was repeatedly stung by what he saw as the unabashed banditry of the JLP in appropriating PNP ideas, he gained in the certainty of the wisdom of his party's planning. The Land Valuation bill was one of these.

Steadily opposed by the landowning gentry because of its inbuilt social consequences, the bill sought to discourage the hoarding of idle acres — a practice much indulged in by the spiritual descendants of the post-emancipation planters, who, a century before, bought and then fallowed the empty lands so as to force the luckless freedmen to accept under-

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paid employment in the same fields from which they had so eagerly, at freedom, fled. Idle land, Manley saw, was one of the griefs which caused the [redacted] of discontent that led to the 'Thirty Eight troubles. But it was to the fight for a [redacted] Constitution that much of his fire was drawn. The JLP had again declared [redacted] opposition to self government. It was a stand readily understood, since, in the event of new elections, they were likely to [redacted] defeat. The popular vote had gone against them in the recent elections: the PNP's 43.8% or 203,048 votes as against the JLP's 42.3% or 199,538 votes.

It was a situation close enough, but better than, and [redacted] to improve upon, the straits of his brother Socialist (Labour) Party in England. He had predicted that the British Socialists [redacted] would "squeeze home" and his forecast had proven correct. It was obvious that a win for the Socialists in England would brighten his day; [redacted] friends in high places. [redacted] But he was not losing sleep over it; as were some of his comrades. Manley knew that the new full suffrage and the inevitable increase in constitutional power must culminate in the final control of their national destiny. [redacted] election-winning "little people" were superbly unconcerned about world trends. (A world which N.W. was then describing as "a mess that grows greater everyday.") To this end, he redoubled his energies in constituency work. The welfare of his constituents at Papine Market, at Tavern Level, and the dwellers in his beloved hills, engaged his attention right around the clock. (Edna bemoaned the [redacted] "dark and desperate" ways brought on by social and economic harassment and angrily celebrated the "wonderful shining exceptions", mainly, it seems, the young ones "longing to be released.")

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His daylight focus was necessarily on the House and his court-room work, but his powerful energies were sustaining a virtually nightly slate of public meetings and group discussions in the Party centres and the rocky crannies of his farflung electoral district — a terrain of unspeakable difficulty even on muleback.

The range of his activities was formidable. On a day, he could sit on the verandah of the old Manor House hotel explaining patiently to an impatient but well-meaning and influential foreign visitor why there was no wand at hand to wave up regiments of new schools, low income houses and factories; then stop in at O.T.Fairclough's City Printery to discuss a job for a father of five from Hall's Delight, a mountain village; then hustle downtown to the Supreme Court law library for a late afternoon research before the evening's stumping. For politics was never far away and intruded even into the quiet of the law library, broken one afternoon by an upset Wills Isaacs who rushed in to complain about left wing activities in the Party. Trouble was coming.

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CHAPTER ~~FORTY-FOUR~~ FIFTY-TWO

The rift in the Party occurred in the spring of '50. Manley had made an agonising effort to patch the factions. He was a man who thought that "the cult of bluntness" was "a nuisance", and so he straddled the centre and strove to hold the right and left wings from tearing the Party apart through flaring suspicions and public accusations. He had never lost a strong admiration for the energy and intelligence of Ken Hill, Richard Hart and the other neophytes whose dedicated young faces were turned to the East for enlightenment. And while their FAITH MAY HAVE ~~Communism (if it ever really was) was the revealed religion of the decades before and after World War II~~, BEEN ACCORDING TO MARX, and Moscow A KIND OF their Mecca, it is debatable WHETHER ~~that~~ fierce nationalists SUCH as these would ever owe any BLIND allegiance to the Soviets. "You don't," runs a proverb of their forbears, "swap black dog for monkey."

They were not so passionately attached to Colonialism to seek ANOTHER ~~another~~ form of it. But they were devout Marxists, made so by the bruising poverty, ECONOMIC AND spiritual, ~~and in material~~, that enveloped the folk people like an umbilical sac — plus what Manley had years before railed at as "the damn indifference of this place."

The confrontation of the left with the Party's conservative elements was approaching; but Manley was outwardly unruffled, hoping perhaps that a centre of calm would create a winding down of tempers and a climate for detente. Perhaps, because, ~~He~~ also, his law briefs, as usual, were bulging, denying ~~the~~ exclusiveness ITY TO of political affairs. Nevertheless, ~~there~~ there ~~and so~~ was the growing friction, in spite of dialogue and negotiation.

On the right were Dr.Ivan Lloyd, Wills O.Isaacs, Florizel Glasspole and Alan Isaacs as the main proponents. Opposing on the left: the Hill brothers, and Richard Hart in the van. Manley took a centrist position, as did Secretary Vernon Arnett by reason of his pivotal post. When

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Manley was warned that Wills Isaacs was flirting with the Press, he stepped into the wings and waited for the evidence, the leak, ~~that~~ WHICH would increase their stridency. "And so he (Wills) did, and they filed in, The Editor, 'The Sentry' and 'The Political Reporter'" he has said in a later wry review of the circumstances and the gunfire that came from the Gleaner's corral. It was obvious that the Gleaner columnists had been briefed. The regular mid-month (April) Monday evening meeting of the Party executive was for disciplining the right wingers who had taken Party rows to the hostile right wing press.* Manley proposed a mild warning but Ken

*More than once over the years, PNP rightwingers, in a weird self-immolation, have taken Party quarrels to the country's conservative and constantly hostile press, i.e. The Daily Gleaner. [redacted]

Hill angrily voted to attack on the streets; the hustings on which Ken (The Whip) Hill was king. Denying that he was Red and charging WILLS Isaacs with Gleaner-collusion, Hill flatly stated his belief that Isaacs, who was a commercial agent in private life, had a soft spot for his mercantile colleagues, the capitalist exploiters on whom with relentless frequency fell the weight of his lash. The case for tough disciplining of "Wills-O" found favour with the Executive who saw the newspaper stories as aiding their Red-baiting slanderers; but Manley argued for an admonishing of Isaacs. Shrewdly, he pointed out that if Isaacs was bent on attacking the Party, nowithstanding their official declaration of non-alignment with Russia, he would do so; and so there would be no gain if their actions "pushed him on to course." The Executive accepted his reasoning and Ken Hill agreed to button up. But the volatile Wills-O* was feeling his oats. Within days, a legal colleague of Manley's was warning him that Isaacs intended suing the Executive for slander. It

*Wills Ogilvy Isaacs, Minister of Trade & Industry in the PNP government.

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blew out, however, after a talk at Drumblair with Isaacs. [redacted] was further placated by a hugely successful meeting on Laws Street, in the heart of [redacted] constituency, at which Party Leader Manley spoke.

Altogether, it wasn't an easy season for Manley. A few small family crises made his calendar. Neither Douglas nor Michael, [redacted] happy in England. For one thing, white racism was coming out of the closet as unemployed black Jamaican-Britishers, in increasing numbers, [redacted] turned their faces "home" to England and jobs. [redacted] automobile accident that forced the purchase of a new car, and unexpected family demands, had about cleaned him out. Given his lean sense of humour, he must have considered appearing before his own Unemployment Committee which was then at work. But a brightness occurred. Granddaughter Rachel arrived to stay.

Rachel, Michael's daughter, was to be his comrade-in-mischief for years. So soon, so young, at their first meeting, he found her "a striking youngster. Good head, a great sense of humour, full of imagination and make-believe but hot-tempered and difficult." Fifty-odd years had lengthened his fuse and inhibited his make-believe; but they were otherwise identical twins.

Vernon Arnett has given a version of "The Split" in the Party, which is by several accounts a fair and reasonable one. "Manley worked very hard to preserve unity," says Arnett. "He maintained close touch with both sides and was fair in reprimanding both sides for excesses. Wills Isaacs was the most difficult to control. He felt that Manley favoured the left. He made many accusations of 'Communists in the Party' which though not made publicly became a matter of public knowledge."

The growing rift was not narrowed by the publication in the

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Gleaner of a Richard Hart memorandum prepared originally for Party group circulation. Hart had outlined the role of the middleclass in a nationalist movement: they were to be replaced after independence was gained. The Party's right-wing charged, that, as selfstyled middleclassers, it was they who would be used and then pushed aside for a takeover by the left. Wills Isaacs saw this as a threat to himself. This might have been the "comparative long term" plan, says Arnett with a roguish glint, but Wills "had already conceived the idea of supplanting Nethersole as deputy to Manley and of finally taking over from Manley himself. Wills saw himself as fighting for survival as the Number One enemy of the left — with whom he (had) occasional flirtations in the past. He decided that the best way to save himself was to raise the Communist alarm."

Politics is the fiercest art and Wills was engaging his creative skills, as was his right. Indeed, Arnett declares that it was "true that the left wing's aim was to dispose of Wills as rapidly as they could. He was seen as the most dangerous member of the Right and they had a healthy respect for" his toughness. It appears that the thinking of the Left saw Nethersole eventually ousted anyway as heir to the Leader; but he should be kept there until Ken Hill was ready to move into his place.

It was a political catfight; yet all the clawing stayed at the base of Pompey. The gigantic stature of Manley was unchallenged and his own known choice of Nethersole as his first deputy was the ticket that would clearly be honoured by the Conference deputies as events would prove. "It is significant," says Arnett, "that in the seven years, 1952 to 1959, Wills Isaacs, though known to be working for support, prior to each Party Conference, for a challenge to Nethersole, never once faced the starting gate. It is also the fact that when the split came, the

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Hills and Hart took with them only a small fraction of their supposed following." Isaacs read it well. The other side stumbled.

The war between the factions did not erupt into a shooting-war until the face-off at Shooter's Hill; and then began as a union matter. Two T.U.C. stalwarts, Thossy Kelly and Water McPherson, endeavoured to warp the bauxite workers into a separate union, a manoeuvre imputed to the Right. Arnett, that cool observer at the centre of Party activities longer than anyone else, points out that the T.U.C. had, from its beginnings, been divided into "Glasspole" and "Ken Hill" factions, the latter at the Left. The discovery of the Kelly-McPherson device flashed alarm in the Ken Hill camp and the T.U.C. yelled for the PNP mother-lash.

Dutifully, the Executive called in a disciplinary committee to hear the case against the conservatives, who, in turn, laid counter-charges against the leftwing and briefed a rising young barrister named Vivian Blake.

Blake's brief claimed that [redacted] Communist existed [redacted] inside the Left and that this was a constitutional infringement; since it stood that, accepting [redacted], they were, in effect, renunciating the People's National Party. The agony pervaded every level of the Party. [redacted] characters [redacted]

The Hills, Hart, Henry, [redacted], Dyce, Grubb and Woodham were axed, either by expulsion or resignation. The PNP wiped its ideological nose and turned to face the electorate.

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CHAPTER [redacted] FIFTY-THREE

But though the dislocation caused anguish to the idealists, [redacted] in the absence of the messianic young elements, the Party would shift from an avowedly doctrinaire socialism [redacted] to a pragmatic game-winning [redacted] compromise. Ideologies were rubbed of their edges and accommodation of a kind ensured. For example, the Socialist positions that would weight out of the system the private ownership of natural resources, public utilities, or the uncontrolled input of foreign capital, were eased.

caps It is questionable whether the Party would not have won the 1955 elections without the wrenching experience which many PNP adherents believe took toll of the intangible celebration (of spirit) that [redacted], had promised the good revolution. Fine slogans (e.g. the Jamaica Welfare marching song: "We're out to build a new Jamaica") which once [redacted] held hope for the social greening of the country, suddenly ripened into corn. The surge was of practicality, [redacted] not passion. Many thought that The Split was a victory for the shrewd and ruthless pressures from the Establishment [redacted] to retain the race-class structure, no matter what the politics.

"The attack of (these) forces comes in various ways (being) the combined forces of the Press and of all the monied interests of this country," Norman Manley has said. "It is the most ruthless, unscrupulous and most determined. It is the combination of those who think they have something to lose and will fight to the death for (it). But we will never cease to preach the need for unity and brotherhood and fellowship among the people. What else, before God, can we preach? We, with a Socialist cause that believes in the brotherhood of men? We, with a nationalist cause that still dreams a dream of a united people, mixed in

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blood, teaching the world that man is man?"*

*In a short poignant letter to the Press, Edna Manley, during the 1955 election campaign, to combat the racist rumours, wrote: "Sir, Since the subject of my parentage has come up on so many political platforms, would you permit me to state once again that my mother was a coloured woman from Hanover and my father was an Englishman from Yorkshire."

He had prophetically concluded, when the petitions for a probe of the Party's left wing commenced pouring in, that the increasing popularity and power of the Party would weaken the inner forces which had set aside differences and "helped to hold us all together." He had worked hard to avert the internal disaster, but had found, in his words, the affair to be "shocking... with fear and secret determinations rampant." Two days before the General Council meeting to consider the disciplinary committee's findings, he had asked Arnett whether he thought another solution could be found. Arnett told him the polarity was complete.

Manley, Arnett says, had hoped to hold Ken Hill in the Party, for whose work he had a strong esteem, at the decision-taking special conference; but what benignity there was soon left the hall under the tongue-lash of "The Whip". Anyhow, it was not likely that a man of the ideological force of Ken would have agreed to be the special beneficiary at a general expulsion of his comrades.

But Manley knew that the left wing leaders were the pullers and gallopers of the Party. Long hours, rocky wages, harassments and discomforts on the road, were met with aplomb. They held, by performance, the main organising posts and effected great influence in the Party Executive. They were hardheaded and practical YOUNG men, but they had miscalculated their heft. And/or had not recognized the new settlings wrought by the 1949 elections.

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~~Colonial leaders who had done their durance~~.

The euphoria which followed the popular win in 1949 (the PNP gained the most votes although ~~less~~ fewer of the seats) may have made both left and right wings believe each could dump the other. Manley laid much of the blame on the other Hill, Frank; he regarded his gifts as an agent provocateur but had little respect for his competence as a leader.*

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*Richard Hart, he found difficult to fathom but understood his ideological integrity. Hart has said that the 1940 choice of Socialism as the PNP policy was "not the result of pressure from the left (but) a manoeuvre by the party leader to find a label (that would) identify the party with the masses and (offset) the magical 'labour' which Bustamante had already established. When the left had recovered from its surprise, it cheerfully went along with this piece of political opportunism." To the above Vernon Arnett said: "Richard is entitled to this view from the viewpoint of the scientific socialist which he was but I question how cheerful he was about it. As I remember, the declaration of socialism presented by the Party Executive was very carefully worded to make it plain that the socialism being advocated was very much on the lines of that of the British Labour Party. The Left countered with a statement of their own which was not accepted by the Conference."

The expulsion of the leftists, many think, signalled the stepback from mother lode Socialism: the sturdy opposing of unbridled foreign money being let loose in the domestic economy and to the entry of the ~~octopus~~ polyp multinationals to ~~squeeze out the~~ choke to death strangle small ~~local~~ entrepreneurs.

In the House, Manley had done his job of Opposition with zest and skill in a style that ranged from very donnish to scrappy in-fighter, dealing out blows with the enthusiasm of the born brawler.

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For he brought to the House that explosive quality, contained by good sense, which positive politics is, in practice, about. The face-to-face dealings of the two giants, Manley and Bustamante, restrained by the solemn responsibility of the House to which only the most BUNGO ~~marbled~~ twit would not respond, gave Jamaica the best elected rule that the Constitutional lameness allowed. They had little alike, save the imperious bone both had acquired from a mutual forbear;* and the antagonism kept the issues alive.

NO BREAK

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* A fact frequently referred to by Bustamante but studiedly played down by Manley. Manley indicated his posture in a House debate while knocking an unclearly written bill brought by Busta:

M: I spent a whole night trying to understand what some of the clauses meant.

B: And you don't know?

M: And you don't know either (laughter)

Mr. Speaker: Yet you are both from the same stock (laughter)

M: But not by the same axe (renewed laughter)

No break

It was, however, arguable that the country would have been better off had the two abilities been fused into a single, powerful and undeniably irresistible force. In the absence of that ideal alliance, the land stayed socially sick. A Majority party member, Rose Leon, once found it necessary to ask the House for a debate on "respectable and capable coloured persons" being refused certain jobs and turned away from hotels and clubs. The two who straddled our politics were proof of our capabilities. A quality in our ruins had bred them.

[redacted]

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But sometimes the quality is not distinguished outside our shores. A primitive in the U.S. Immigration Service was once confused.

The confusion of the American [redacted] occurred while Manley was intransit through the U.S.

The Manley stamina, already a legend among his colleagues, was being put to its severest test in his five years of Opposition. On top of his political load stood several important court cases, chief of which was acknowledged to be the Vicks landmark litigation. He won the lawsuit in the Jamaican court, and, finally, as it was moved up, in the British Commonwealth court of last resort, the Privy Council in London. On his way back from Britain in February, 1951 after appearing before the Privy Council (the first Colonial lawyer to do so) and passing through the United States, the first time in five years, N.W. Manley underwent one of the peculiarities which makes that land of the free [redacted] the home of the brave. As his friend Domingo years before, he was grabbed by immigration authorities, interrogated and hustled off to Ellis Island, the notorious American detention camp in upper New York Bay.

He had got into Idlewild Airport at 12.10 in the afternoon and noticed with some puzzle that he was put back until all the other passengers were processed. Then he was taken to the usual small back room for questioning. Beefy, primordial, the Interrogator began the questioning. [redacted]

Where was he coming from? London, where he had appeared before the Privy Council.

The Privy Council? Whass thet? Manley explained: the highest court in the British Empire. Higher even than the Supreme Court.

Higher than the Supreme Court? Some kinda President ran it? What kinda job did he (Manley) have? He was a Barrister and a King's Counsel.

A Barrister and King's Counsel? Whass thet?

"He was," Manley says, "a totally ignorant person who had never heard of the Caribbean Commission (the U.S. was a member with Britain, Holland, France) nor of a number of famous people in the world," whose names N.W. let drop in a last ditch bid to be free.

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Vainly his papers pointed out that the intransit British SUBJECT was a member of the Jamaican parliament, leader of the largest political party in the country, and was in the States for a short lecture tour before returning home. He was hustled into a car, taken to the ferry, and shipped to the fortress-prison on Ellis Island where he was booked, his luggage taken away, handed the obligatory prison soap and towel, and made to parade for his dinner like a convict. To all his questions for reasons, he was told over and over, to the effect that the U.S was "passing through difficult and troublesome times." A civil servant's guarded way of saying his country was undergoing one of the aberrations that often scars the records of nations. It was the time of the lunatic Red-baiter, Senator Joe McCarthy and his witch-hunting committee which destroyed so many innocent careers and even threatened that of President Eisenhower. Manley was held in the big hall downstairs as the hours wore on to evening. Upstairs were the sleeping areas. He was told that the lights would be put out at nine o'clock. And that worried him more than anything else: an old night owl of a worker to be locked in his lightless cell at nine.

His request at Idlewild to be allowed to send out messages was at first refused; but after awhile he was given permission "if I could find someone to do it." Always a favourite with women, the old charm worked as the stewardess on his Pan American flight agreed to send cables and phone calls of his plight, to four people. "I sent messages to (the Reverend) Ethelred Brown, Walter White (of the NAACP), the New York solicitors for the Vicks people whom I was to see on my visit there for a report on the Privy Council appeal, and also one to Mr Griffiths, the Secretary of State for the Colonies in London, with whom I had dined the night before in the House of Commons."

The pull was too heavy for Ellis Island and the walls fell before lights out. In some astonishment they sought him in the hall, apologised and told him he was free to go. "It was the fastest release on record, they told me," he laughed.

(But Edna had agonised. She recalls herself WEEPING, for he

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was "all alone, since nobody knew. I struggled not to succumb in terror but I could not fail to (imagine) it, loving him as I do and knowing his strange loneliness." But she also knew his temper and the trouble he could have landed in. Once, in his tarter salad days, on a visit to Washington, D.C. with Edna, a hotel barman who had refused to serve them drinks, had the [redacted] quality IN OUR RUINS shown him when Norman grabbed handfuls of the racist lackey's jacket and shook him until friends intervened.)

Between the American leaders, the Jamaican Progressive League and the British Government, a massive intervention had sent the Federal U.S. government, the only agency which could act in immigration matters, into unaccustomed speed. Not daunted, he completed his lecture tour of New York City, Detroit, Washington, Brooklyn and Long Island and came home to an hero[redacted]'s welcome. As at Ellis Island, he disembarked from the plane at noon to a waiting launch, but this time triumphantly, WITH EDNA WHO MET HIM, riding in the prow; a CARIBBEAN WARRIOR with his [redacted] WOMAN at his side. A storm of anger had blown through Jamaica at the indignities and so they gave him the welcome usually reserved for visiting royalty: THEY SAILED HIM across the harbour to the Victoria Pier where thousands cheered his fist-clenched salute as he stood in the bow of the incoming craft.

Who had blown the bad whistle on him? "It was not done in New York. It was done in Jamaica. It came from the Bustamante Party," he said.

But it all worked well in three years. It helped clinch his victory; for few who saw could forget the thin lone Jamaican coming home in the prow of a boat. And embarrassingly brief though it was, and, badly, BECAUSE on foreign soil, he had joined the exclusive club of COLONIAL LEADERS WHO HAD DONE THEIR DURANCE.

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CHAPTER

CHAPTER FIFTY-FOUR

Manley the Socialist saw that in the last analysis solutions could be found only in significant and urgent constitutional changes. From the outset, at the launching of the PNP under the "remarkably rotten constitution (that was) an almost perfect instrument for degradation of our political life," he had set his sights on self rule. He (and the Party) had nailed the earlier Moyne Constitution* and the

*Lord Moyne headed the Royal Commission sent from England to investigate and make recommendations for bettering conditions in the West Indies, British Honduras and British Guiana after the 1938 upheavals.

(J.A.G.) Smith Constitution of 1939 and 1941, neither of which had advocated beyond "representative" government. The 1944 Constitution, again by Moyne, made more promising signals but still allowed the English governor's hand on the helm with its "five-by-five" monstrosity; i.e., five elected and five nominated members, with the pivotal Governor. Manley's entrance into the House was to at last give him a stance from which he could knuckle heads; and he proceeded with enthusiasm. He was not, as commonly thought, satisfied with the way his great crusade for full suffrage had worked out. How could he be? He, once, and his People's National Party, twice, had been beaten at the polls by full

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suffrage. [On the other hand, he was pleased with the vigorous application of the vote and that, now, "the greater part of opinion (is) for self government." He had seen the risk to his Party's chances of ascension but would not speak of caution. To him, no country developing into a nation could avoid risks. He recognized that a hazard existed in executing his idea of ministerial accountability. He had little respect for the political timber across the floor of the House from him. He found most of them inept.* But the principle of the responsibility of

* He once confessed to having slept through an afternoon session waking only during a speech by his then, later Party colleague, opponent Mrs Rose Leon and thought she would make "a good caustic debater for them."

rulers to the governed was moral; [redacted] real-politik was not.

This relentless pursuit of the self-governing idea kept it alive and active in the House debates. And, in 1953, an "advanced Constitution", reposing responsibility for decisions upon elected ministers, was granted.

He was nearly sixty years old at this watershed in his life. He had never ceased in his daily devotion to the politics of his country since the day in 1938 when he strode into the Supreme Courtroom to argue for the release of Bustamante. He had placed his private means at the service of the Party. So it brought a massive offense to his spirit to sit in the House while speakers, in the celebratory debate on the "advanced Constitution," led by the House Majority leader Sir Harold Allan, cited Bustamante, who had been the Great Dissenter, to be [redacted] the proponent of self rule. Finally Manley spoke for the House records:

"The Honourable Leader of the House (Sir Harold Allan) (has made) such a distortion of the historic facts that I for one found it difficult to remain silent; though, by good self restraint, I did. For (he) claimed that the constitutional changes which this country had won, both in 1944,

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and again in 1953, were largely the results of the efforts of ... the Chief Minister (Bustamante). Now, Sir, one important aspect of this distortion of history is that the ignorant accept the distortion as is audibly evident at this moment in the House. (Government members were tittering.) But I think the record should be kept clear in this House.

"There is only one group of persons who pioneered the agitation for the 1944 Constitution. That is the historic fact and no statements, on whatever occasion, will alter the simple truth.

"There is no single member here present in the Majority Party who lifted a little finger to win the new Constitution of 1944.

"There is not one that ever spoke one single word in favour of self-government. Not one.

"Not one that ever stood on a platform and advocated a ministerial system.

"Not one that advocated universal adult suffrage.

"Not one that advocated an all-elected (Executive Council).

"Not a single one.

"This record is the fact. I do not chose, by preference, to say these things. But ... how will historians studying these materials of these times ... discover what the truth (is?)"

He deplored that "men are so driven ... to do adoration ... to make false statements." By the time he was midway, the titters had ceased.

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CHAPTER [redacted] FIFTY-FIVE

The PNP won the election in 1955 by an 18-14 majority. The campaign was fought on two fronts: opposing the powerful JLP machine with its arm of patronage sweeping through every constituency; and against the Split-off former comrades who started as strong challengers in the city. The Party fought on a battle cry of "Self-government now!" They ripped away at the fragments of laissez faire still clinging to high places; such as the attitude of the Governor "who," declared Manley, "assured this House with an epigram more attractive than intelligent, that self-government was not a state, but a process, not a destination, but a road."

But resolutely, Manley declared that it was neither a process nor a road; it was a way of life his Party was determined to achieve.

He had always [redacted] disallowed that there was any section of governing that his people were incapable of handling. He regarded the Governor's reserve power as an affront to people and constitution. He argued vigorously that all residual authority should lay with the elected parliament.

That was one side of the campaign coin. On the other was the scandal-ridden Labour Party's term in which two of its prominent members had been jailed for dishonesty in office, and others under suspicion. The slogan Sweep Them Out which the Party had adopted, inspired its fieldworkers by the ring of truth in its rationale. It also carried a credibility to the undecided voters.

BREAK

Not unexpectedly, it was the ousted alleged Reds who proved the bitterest and least effective foes. Lacking the following of the two powerful rivals, they launched into attacks on the personalities of their former comrades; an illjudged strategy which lost them latent

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sympathy and slipped into oblivion. They were never again to be politically important.*

*Ken Hill rejoined the PNP in 1963, served in the Senate, won a local government election and served as Deputy Mayor of Kingston

On election night, January 12, Manley sat with Edna in the PNP hall upstairs Magnol House at No 12a Slipe Road. It was as at Drumblair, only more all together, all at once; more poets and politicians and actors, more painters and sportsmen and merchants, more lawyers, journalists and musicians, the catch-all of the Manleys' interests; rich, median and dirt poor, but at ease in the knowledge of their talent and work, in the quality of self-assurance that showed at the lively Manley levees. It was not, from most, adulation, but the two were challenging to engage, witty and warm to those they loved. They were to celebrate an election victory but to discharge a debt each had owed the other for seventeen years since 1938; the realization of their next year, Jerusalem.

It was five years since the night in '49, at the last of his nine meetings on election eve, at the stroke of midnight, this proud man, ungiven to poignancy, had paused, turned away, faced the vast crowd again, and said: "Today, you will vote. Comrades, do not make me suffer in 1949 what I suffered in 1944."

They had not. And that year won his first election. But, tonight was the biggest of all victories, for the Party was in.

The Night of the Broom.

The marchers were converging on Magnol House. It was a great night for an election, January-cool and good for marching. The Celebrants of the Broom were reporting their victory. Later, he would say

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of that victory: that he had the satisfaction of a work accomplished against the odds of a Party-in-office, the group in power who were able to name the game-rules. He had defeated those and other odds.

He had come away well from a coronary, (WHICH HAD HIT HIM OVER A YEAR BEFORE,) and looked fit and well-rested at the end of the most gruelling course he had ever run. Lean and healthy, the last time he had been ill was nearly a year before when he caught a chill walking in a Toronto rain. (He hardly ever wore a hat out of the army.) He had founded a Party, nurtured it, shaped it, and protected it from some of the savagest and most resourceful foes ever motivated by financial greed and social power. He had seen it almost torn apart by internal strife. He had held it together by the force of his will.

His respect for history, of its value to the past, present and posterity, was strong. He had no pretense to modesty about his part in creating the New Jamaica. He revelled in his attendance at the door, and, near the end of his life, he had planned to be guide, through its corridors, to his countrymen. The Jamaican experience he had planned to write about, was, in his opinion, unique in several ways. As it rippled through his mind and engaged his wonderment, it ranked as a nonsuch among nations. Once he was to ask:

Which else, while holding "deep traditions of friendship and loyalty to the Imperial power" would have "launched a National movement," i.e., the People's National Party, in the middle of a war?

And, having done so, could have "secured in the middle of a war, a break-through with a new Constitution?" i.e., the 1944 full adult suffrage.

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And he would ask: Where in the world had ever appeared, at the same time, "a charismatic leader of immense personal power," i.e. Bustamante, and "myself, a highly successful barrister and of great popularity (among) all classes" to produce a two-party government finer "than any in the world?"

And to ask, with a wry laugh for our bull-ways:

"And (which else became) a member of a Federation based on a law of the Imperial (British) parliament, which did not contemplate secession, contrived a way of breaking it up and (become) a nation by the ballot box ...?"

Once before they were married, and Edna in London had this tiny flat in St John's Wood, they would sometimes sit and talk, in a small cemetery. One day he talked to her about his uncertainty that law should be his career. He wanted, he said, "to do politics." So now he had.

He had come out for self-government and given not an inch to the pressures for preserving a Colonial society, so ancient, it was sacred in the eyes of its defenders. The oldest [redacted] government in the Western hemisphere, 1955 election came in the 300th year of English rule.

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PART 3

DAY OF THE BROOM (2)

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PART 3

THE DAY OF THE BROOM (2)

It had been a long day but less disorderly than most had feared. The Russian ship which had docked in Kingston harbour made no more ripple in the day's affairs than a pebble dropped in the Volga. (Two elections later, in 1962, another Russian which steamed into port on Polling Day would be credited with blowing the PNP's show because of a JLP [redacted] howl that a Commie take-over was on.) Nobody worried in 1955 that the Reds had come to town, for the PNP had already cleaned house. The Split had purged them pure.*

*Of more interest was another incoming vessel, the Fairsea, the first all-migrant ship on the Jamaica-England run.

It had been a long day but the campaign had its moments. Busta, in the end, feeling the surge from his foes, had hurled all his weapons into battle, including aircraft to "bomb" the doubters with his Vote Labour leaflets. (But Civil Aviation in Montego Bay grounded the JLP airforce for flying without permits.) Two earth tremors were recorded on the seismograph at St George's College; and a smaller one occurred in May Pen where Busta and his body guard, roving inside his own constituency, was roughed up when he drove his car through a PNP meeting. (Young kinsman Michael Manley on the rostrum at the time, saved the day with a powerful exhortation to allow Elder Cousin Alex through.)

Norman Manley had fielded 32 candidates, one for each constituency The Labour Party sent in 31. [redacted]

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[redacted] The PNP-ousted Hill brothers' party, the National Labour Party, selected three; and the Independents, in the last serious election, EFFORT OF THAT hardy breed, turned up with twenty-four on the slate. The PNP won 18 of the 32 seats, an exact reversal of the 1949 position.

A Cayman Islander once owed Norman a fee and with a twinkle in his eye, NORMAN took his fee in kind: a rowboat he named Tom Tiddler. One rough windy day, Tom Tiddler broke its moorings and disappeared. Manley advertised the loss of his fine boat, and afterwards, a man in Little Cayman picked up a piece of newspaper fluttering past, smoothed it [redacted], and read about the loss of N.W.'s boat; and by the Great Blue Whale, wasn't it the one which had washed ashore on the Cay some time before? So Tom Tiddler came home again, aboard the steamer Cimboco, to that ardent boatman, N.W. [redacted] Manley.

It was a dramatic demonstration of the power of information. And so, by AFTER two a.m., the PNP victory was clinched, IN the dark early hours of the Day of the Broom, Manley issued a statement to the newspapers informing the nation of his tenets and intents. Now that the stormy campaign was over, he wanted the nation to know [redacted] the principles which would guide his [redacted] time.

No BREAK

"I stand now," he said, "stripped of rancour, or remembrance of hurt in the past, and offer to one and all to go forward from here for a better Jamaica.

"I promise honest government and fair play forall.

"I approach the task with a call for unity, and a prayer to God to bless our people, our country and our cause."

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(He looked rumpled and at ease as he spoke. As a young man he had loved good clothes. He still bought Irish linen and tropical suits, but he had a genius for ripping his jackets.)

He chose the very outset of power [redacted] to state in categorical terms that the Party was a "moderate socialist party." He was preparing an open field, unbound by rigid dogmas. The Party had stumbled badly on dogmas, had almost fallen flat on its face. It had found its footing and escaped disaster by ejecting elsewise valuable players from the field. The Manley game plan needed freedom to explore outside of asserted doctrines and to accept if necessary what he called "normal methods where these are best and promise most for us." Normal methods of course meant the old, BUT [redacted] abused capitalist channels, and essentially bespoke gradualism. But whether right or wrong, he could not be fairly accused of expedience, since it was a position he had taken much earlier, fourteen years before. Then he had observed in almost the same words that socialism was not a "rigid dogma embodied in any finally revealed biblical text" but a principle of social organisation, shaped in the end to suit the circumstance.

Manley was at the peak of his mental powers at 59 years old, and in good political shape after 16 years in the arena. Years in which he had gone up against Colonial dissemblers, partisan frays and intra-party foes. All his life, he had been a winner. As athlete, scholar, lawyer. His political defeat in 1944 had for the first time sent him into the ranks of the losers. It must have been an initial occurrence that irked. "He was taken aback," O.T.Fairclough once wryly remarked. The rebuff of his Party again in 1949 had placed him in danger of slipping from legendary to legend. Fate had not seemed fair or graceful.

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He had supplied most of the intellect, vitality and faith which had propelled the people up the road to self determination. His proud PNP, hailed as the hope bringer by the middlebrows, had been the apostles of planning in government; and consequently identified among the Reds by a reflexive society. And brought close to crumbling. The purge had left scour-marks that would be unhealed for years. But none of this was evident the morning of January 13, the first time since 1938 that the power of his cousin Bustamante could have been said to be broken.

The PNP still held, to the chagrin of its pragmatic adherents, the reputation of being a home for intellectuals; it projected a relevance to that militant youth with a glint of Lenin in the eye. Going to the polls for the JLP, back in 1944 and 1949, had been the army of sugar estate workers and longshoremen, whose enfranchisement, ironically, had been won for them by N.W.Manley. It had taken ten years for most of them to turn their heads to the left and see the PNP.

The turn of the mass vote had come from several causes; least of which was not the sobering intransigence of the Jamaican "small man" who enjoys swinging a machete at the heels of a high-stepping neighbour. Issues, while not unknown to Jamaican elections, were not the heavy weaponry. Even to race relations, the thinking of the day made only the slightest reference. Very little in politics did. A few in the local chapter of Marcus Garvey's UNIA (Universal Negro Improvement Association), such as St William Grant, had thrown in with one or the other of the political groupings; but fewer found anything in the game to warrant a real stake. It was the period of the black civil servant going on "home leave" to England.

Democratic elections in the Americas, in the north, but particularly in the south and the Latin Central (but less, then, in the Caribbean Middle) rouse emotional responses of varying violence. Our tribal rituals include assasinations in the North,

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[redacted]

revolutions in the south, and the hymn-singing, brick-throwing streetcorner conclaves of the Caribbean. But the single, universal issue that has never failed to influence, wherever the freedom of political choice occurs, is the cooking-pot. On polling-day, the level of unemployment dictates the choice. Not foreign policy or past concern with [redacted] other bungo talk. If the public works have been candidly labour-intensive, in the interests of the mass voters, the chances of being elected increase. A politicians's public works is what politics is about. [redacted] the Gleaner's Political Reporter, commenting on why the JLP lost the elections, wrote: "Too few members of the JLP paid any attention to their constituencies while they were in office." He pointed out too that "the PNP had to wait until the events of 1938 had been dimmed in the minds of the electorate before they could get their programme to penetrate the almost hypnotic spell which Bustamante's exploits had woven into the minds of the people."

The scandal of JLP Minister L.L. Simmonds' conviction for selling State secrets through a clandestine sheet put out by a senior Gleaner reporter Vincent Truman to selective clients,* and frauds in the

*Several big businessmen suffered ulcers during the Simmonds-Truman trial and one or two became devout churchgoers as the investigations continued but none was ever publicly touched. [redacted] He is no kin to Ulric Simmonds.

disposition of benefits by the Hurricane (1951) Housing relief agency, had also spread disenchantment among the middle-Jamaican supporters of the Labour Party. Manley had exploited the matter in the House to the discomfiture of the other side, but, Edna loyally thought, with "drama and restraint;" no doubt quite appreciative that the latter did great service to the former, exactly as N.W. would have wanted it.

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Manley's reading of the economy combined happily with his own honest instincts, and preference, for agriculture. It was, and is, the livelihood of the voting mass. Many years earlier, when he wrote for Public Opinion, he stated that land was "the only source of the material life of a people. It provides food and shelter. It furnishes work and wealth. Town should support country, and country, town. But poverty in town supports nothing. It bleeds to death."

The PNP victory was not a week old when he announced: "We start with agriculture."

The island's hard times were perennial. [redacted] domestics slaved for five shillings (50¢) a week in the city, less in the rurals. (A household help worked [redacted] to buy a pound of ham for the Christmas dinner.) A labourer's day, [redacted], from first light to dusk, brought him 40 cents. These were the fortunate ones. Figures such as there were in [redacted] British outposts where the keeping of [redacted] statistics was not encouraged indicated that one in five was out of work.

Manley saw that the solution was [redacted] opportunities [redacted]. He would start with agriculture, but [redacted] hard economic planning [redacted]. He needed people. People with a knowledge of planning and some sort of socialist dedication. He knew just such a man.

He was not worried about his thin majority (of four) in the House. "A majority of four is a working majority," he said after the election. Nevertheless, his Party had its doubts. There were nervous suggestions to offer the Speaker's chair to a quiet, respected country lawyer, a Trelawny JLP man named Allan Douglas. But in the rough

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realities of partisan politics, the thought was as fleeting as it was footling. Calming their fears, Manley set about with speed and audacity to put a team together.

First of all, he "wanted a man with a very unusual combination of qualities and experience." He knew such a man. In February, 1950, he had briefly met George Cadbury, economic adviser and planner to the Saskatchewan Provincial Government. Manley was at the time preoccupied with the strike at Sunset Lodge Hotel in which things were going badly for the PNP-supported TUC, and he was refreshed by Cadbury's "fine, clear mind" and the pleasant fact that he was "a good Socialist"; and even went as far as wishing "we had a couple of that calibre here." Cadbury was one of the five-year-old United Nations Organisation's travelling repairmen whose skills were being hired to help square the lopsided world and raise the odds against future wars. Manley had kept in touch with him. He determined now to close the contact, and, within a week, flew to the U.S.A., to seek out Cadbury.

He was also visiting with his great and good friends in that country, who, working through the Jamaica Progressive League, had so strongly supported his cause and Party. He had always had a special affinity for America; not for its glitter but its knack of hustle. He held a great admiration for black Americans; the skill and resolution with which they had begun the brutally punishing task of teaching their white fellow citizens the meaning of the Republic. In a time when the black Americans held small respect among the "English" West Indies blacks, he spoke often about enlisting their resources for the economic and political development of Jamaica, ESPECIALLY in tourism and industry. The racist disregard of the black tourist market by the government-funded Jamaica Tourist Board, ALSO drew his ire.

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BREAK

Andrew: Please Note pound-sign → £

As a lawyer he believed in thorough briefs. The first apparatus of the new government to engage his whole attention was a Central Planning unit. Nothing would enter the development streams without the approval of, or creation by, the unit. He had set his eye on the magical figure of 150,000 new jobs in five years. He intended a feed-in of £55-million ($110-m.) to generate the jobs. Statistics were scarce and he hungered for them: FIGURES ON unemployeds, skills, the job-increase rate he should gun for; and the state of the international money market where he expected slippery footing because of the Red-smear which he charged Bustamante had made, against the PNP, on his overseas visits.

His practicality, with which, because of his [redacted] creativity, he was hardly ever credited, made him step back from his well favoured social welfare subjects and face squarely the requirements for production. Welfare required wealth, and wealth came from work and production. He would concentrate his energies in the moving of more people from the flews to the thews of the society.

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CHAPTER FIFTY-SIX

The blend of caution and aggression with which Manley chose to launch his regime certified his committtment to moderate socialism. Today, the "revolution" then seems small, and calm, and not a revolution at all. But at that time, it warred against reason. Reason, that is, as the empire-loyalists saw it. They saw for instance one who should be an up-holder of the Raj, a "chap" of "Upper" St Andrew, turning from the Mother Country (England) and going to wander the wilds of America seeking aid. It embarrassed or outraged the gin-sling gents who still clubbed gamely along, unaware that in the face of the new trade realities unveiled at the Ottawa Conference, and the subsequent hammer-blows from World War II, England was for sawing off the "backward and impoverished" islands the instant she decently could. But such was the time. So Manley was forced to explain that he was "not turning (his) back on England! Not at all!" And all this merely because he sought an "expert" other than the usual Whitehall choice.

He sought to allay their fears, because he never belonged among the political mules unaccountable to past or progeny. Men efficient enough at ploughing the day's furrow, but neither knowing nor caring that how the iron angled would determine whether the growth was dwarfed or good.

He had a brave erudition that raided the past for reconnaissance, then returned to the present action, better equipped, stronger than before. Land, for example, especially in Jamaica, an agricultural people and economy, belonged "to all the generations past, present and to come"; so he was passionate about its good use. He knew of the ex-slaves' flights to real freedom which had made them seek the limestone mountains. The years of hacking at the infertile knobs and the worn-out pockets; the equally worn people and eroded hopes. And

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knew that to destroy land was to destroy mankind. And said so. And sought by a system of taxation, acquisition and education to put it into healthy service for man.* Acquisition would, of course, in Manley's

* And even devising his own clear if awkward slogan: "Every acre has a use, every acre needs a man."

democracy, be paralleled with compensation, whether cash or government bonds, at market value.

He was showing a great respect for capital and WAS giving guarantees of absolute protection. The guarantees would be carried out; he had a rock-hard honesty in transactions; but the LOUDLY TRUMPETED guarantees were also EXPECTED to set the scene for (AND DRAW A RESPONSE FROM) the United States, the world's newest, wealthiest theatre of INTERNATIONAL patronage. [redacted] The Commie taint, so irresponsibly spread OVERSEAS by the local opponents OF Socialism, including junketing Labour Party members, needed [redacted] rubbing OUT. SO HE was spreading the word that his Party would not only welcome private investors but would be a partner in enterprises, with as fine an eye for the gatherable margin. Profits which he intended to plough back into idling fields.

One field that was made considerably poorer by [redacted] Manley's entry into fulltime politics, was the law. The accession signalled his departure from the Courts and indeed every legal activity. What may seem peculiar is that he departed with alacrity. The truth is that he had grown weary of the practice of law. He had been ready since 1938 to pull back and put more of his energies into social work. Jamaica Welfare had engaged his passion. The [redacted] scope of that project could have engaged HIM FULLY but for the financial COULD

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considerations.

He was still a wage earner, of necessity, and the law paid his bills.

NO BREAK

The high, square rooms of the Supreme Courts Nos 1 & 2 in the East Public Building block on King Street, had been witness to his most famous triumphs. His occasional defeats were often wrestled back into wins in the Appeal Court room, a few yards north up the corridor where airconditioned insulation blanked out the downtown traffic noises. There, in quiet, almost casual tones, he had argued the landmark cases, on pure law, almost always with gaggles of lawyers in the gallery to catch the great sweeps and power of his mind, and the capacity for the delicate and the particular that marked his fine moments.

He now gave up the law. No longer would he stride into court, torn robe flapping, eyes giving that fast quizzical look at the Bench to see with Whom he would deal that day, notes tidily tucked in his hand, a loose armful of books — and the wave of excitement or apprehension that entered with him. There was no case he did not enliven. The Baird trial in London turned on the bloodstains on his client's shirt. Manley, preparing for the trial, procured a syrup of the approximate viscosity of blood, poured it into a skinbag, and stabbed away as he sought to establish the splash-patterns to prove his case. (Michael, in London, was his assistant, holding the sheet of paper representing the shirt.) [redacted] In the celebrated Alexander murder case, Edna provided the clay heads into which he fired bullets to observe the effect. She was frequently

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in Court in earlier days at his request, putting her intuitive technique to work for him; maybe watching Juror Number Three to see whether the fellow was cool, warm, or hostile.

He could say he had never defended a guilty client, because he never asked [redacted] and the culpables were not addicted to admission. [redacted] "My grandfather," Rachel, his frequent confidante, avers, "once said to me that the difference between truth and legal truth is that truth is straight, legal truth is one that you can bend but not break." Rachel, with the devastating innocence of a favoured child, had asked whether, when he knew a client to be guilty, was he not also guilty by endeavouring to prove innocence. "He told me he never wanted to know whether a client was guilty. He just took the evidence and searched it."

One of the [redacted] more widely read men, he has said that expert witnesses — doctors or other forensic attestants — lost to him because they had hardly read since school. He counted on this; and so he came in well prepared. In Court, one of his strategies was to appear to be dozing on his seat (the King's Counsel bench inside the Bar) until the witness, or opposing counsel, broke or even bent the Law of Evidence. Then, almost feline, he would rise for the kill. Judges who knew him, if so disposed, anticipated and quickly admonished the offender, saving the sinner from destruction but also to show that M; Lud [redacted] too was awake and alert. People had a desire to do their best in the company of Manley.

Now he was walking away and the country would be poorer in its legal texture. Yet, the tasks ahead allowed no less. [redacted] His recovery had been excellent from the coronary [redacted] His brother-in-law, Dr Ludlow Moody

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and Edna, his round-the-clock nurse, had kept him quiet to allow the healing; but, as Edna said, looking at her ex-patient stalking life again, "He has a chronic tendency for doing too much."

The trouble of course was that there was much to do. He needed all the help he could get.

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CHAPTER ~~FORTY-EIGHT~~ FIFTY-SEVEN

In six whirlwind hours in New York, his search was over. Registering at the famous old "black" Hotel Theresa in Harlem rather than in the elaborately expensive downtown watering places that his predecessors (and successors) usually chose* he hustled ahead of his own and British Embassy aides through the icy streets of mid-Manhattan, his angular figure and loping strides always in front of the pack. He took lunch in the UN building with Arthur Goldschmidt, Acting Director General of the Technical Assistance Administration, and talked into evening on the East River. The UN people reluctantly agreed to lend George Cadbury, the six-foot-five scion of the millionaire chocolate Cadburys, a Quaker whose formidable credentials included service under Sir Stafford Cripps in the British Socialist government. But lest anyone should think that his steps were being guided by doctrine, Manley brusquely told an interviewer on New York's WRUL station: "Never mind about Socialism. That is a theoretical idea. Practical development is what we want." Cadbury would head his Central Planning Unit, the administrative brain of his government. *

*And beat Fidel Castro by a decade when the Cuban leader also defied the tradition by staying at the Theresa when he arrived in New York for a UN meeting.

*In the preparation of this book, a few people have been intrigued by the question, that, had Jamaica been independent then, would Manley have pulled up his drawbridge and tried for working out his socialist fortunes, SELF-RELIANTLY, at home? ~~near to closing his borders as possible~~. His finance minister "Crab" Nethersole, at length thoroughly disgusted with seeking loans and grants from the richer nations, broke down subsequently and declared: "I do not believe we should go begging forever ... the

FOOTNOTE

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potential resources of the island are sufficiently great that we need not lose our self respect. Otherwise, why talk of nationhood at all?" But Manley's "practical development" had to face the fact that for decades, people had been voting with their feet against the persistent poverty. Migratory waves frequently swept the island, taking off great chunks of workers to Cuba and Panama, Costa Rica and the United States. For geo-economical reasons, our promised lands of And nearly at crest, now, was the long, disquieting run to London. migration usually turn into racist wildernesses. The new black wave was hitting the Britons hard, breaking forth racist howls from the once stiff upper-lipped natives and causing much palaver in their Westminster tribal councils. He wanted to bring them back home.

NO BREAK

Manley reasoned that the need for swift solutions outpaced the ideological cause. One nation's socialism was not necessarily another's and nobody's was for export. By his GREAT fight for the vote, he had shaken the people out of their political lethargy. Now was the time to meet the problems with skill and resource. That was it.

So he took his majority of four into the House to govern with every ounce of will, energy and capability.

A minute to noon on Wednesday, February 2, they elected him Chief Minister at the official request of Governor Sir Hugh Foot.

His longtime friend and political colleague, Noel Nethersole, spoke in the Chamber of him:

"I need not, and indeed it would be an impertinence for me to begin either to assess or to describe the various qualities which so eminently fit the Honourable Member for the position to which he is

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Note re P 336-C
that 1957 changed to 1937

about to be appointed. His qualities, his record, his reputation, his unbounded energy, his zeal and his remarkable capacity for hard work, all combine to make him pre-eminently a person who in this House should occupy the position of Chief Minister."

Manley, at the Majority-end of the horseshoe benches, stood, lean and angular, to make his acceptance speech and a few tentative cheers rose from the gallery but Speaker B.B.Coke reprovingly shook his bewigged head. (In Parliament, any sign of life in The People is frowned upon.) It was on this occasion that Manley made his unforgettable amd much quoted words concerning The Case Of The People, [redacted].

"At this moment, we face a period of immense opportunity. The next five years, we are to achieve full self-government for this country. In the next five years, we are to achieve a Federation of the West Indies. In the next five years, we are to strive with all that we have, to maintain and advance the social and economic life of the country...

"All my life, I have carried responsibilities on my shoulders. I have spent my life on many cases. And now I turn my back for good and all on that life. I take into my hands the case of the people of Jamaica before the bar of history, against poverty and need. The case of my country for a better life and freedom in our land."

The gallery stormed alive. Speaker Coke was on his feet, in robes and full-bottomed wig trying to still the gallery, a majestic figure. He remained just that, a majestic figure. The people had come to parliament.*

*The take-over included the removal of the portraits of the previous English governors which had adorned the walls of the Chamber; a move agreed on by both PNP and JLP.

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CHAPTER Fifty-Eight

Manley named seven members to his Executive Council (or Cabinet): Noel Nethersole (central St Andrew, finance), Dr Ivan Lloyd (eastern St. Ann, education & social welfare), Florizel Glasspole (eastern Kingston, labour), Wills Isaacs (central Kingston, trade & industry), Dr Glen Logan (northern Manchester, local government & housing), C.L.A. Stuart (western St Mary, health) and A.G.S.Coombs (northwestern St James, communication & works).* Besides being Chief Minister, he took on the agriculture portfolio. It was an executive arm of considerable talent and was to make a good reputation for itself through some sturdy legislation.

*Other PNP members in the House were: F.L.B.Evans, Westmoreland; E.V.V.Allen, northern St Elizabeth; Dr Eric Campbell, eastern Hanover Max Carey, eastern Westmoreland; Ken Clarke, western St Thomas; B.B. Coke, Speaker, southern St Elizabeth; Melbourne (Ben) Cox, north-eastern St Catherine; Jonathan Grant, southeastern St Catherine; Winston Jones, southern Manchester; Rev Cyril Morgan, southeastern St James.

But the debates could have been more soul-searching had the Opposition been more penetrating. Relieved, however, by some hearty Jamaican ribaldry and flashes of wit,** the term left a legacy of important laws and actions which were to markedly change the country's course. In his own ministry (agriculture), Manley increased the working capital of the Agricultural Development Corporation to over $1.6 m., much of it flowing to [redacted] rice planting ventures at Vernamfield and Amity.

**On one occasion, in answer to fellow lawyer Allan Douglas' observation that the revised Law Editions would soon not be enough for the fast rising roster of solicitors, Manley replied that "apart from an insignificant creature known as the onychophora, I don't know any animal that proliferates more rapidly than the members of the soliciting profession." (I dont seem able to identify the beast although he is zoologically genuine. Author.)

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NO BREAK

From his new position of strength as [redacted] elected head, he was also engaging, quietly but strongly, in the Federal cause. A task that was not herculean since the Opposition, up to then, was equally stout in support of the Pan-English-speaking Caribbean. As the JLP's Edwin Allen said in the House during those agreeable days, it "transcended the bonds of party politics."

The unanimity was over a year old. The Federal proposal had been approved at the 1953 London Conference.

Manley was such an ardent advocate of Antillean accord that Grenada's T.W.Marryshow, the most devoted Federationist of them all, exulted in a cablegram to N.W. at the time of the PNP victory: "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow!"

A questionable invocation, since the PNP would, in less than its allotted two-term span, be swept out of office on an anti-Federal backlash. Soon Bustamante would commence to itch under the uneven harness the proposed federal code would lay on him, the outlandish amalgam of self- and sovereign-ruled island governments, all poor, but many poorer, Making [redacted] OUT together in creeping squalor in the WEALTHIEST half of the world. And then he would badger Manley into the statesman's behaviour that Bustamante, the politically cunny-man, would never HAVE BEEN be caught dead in.

The Federation would be an experiment in colonialism, since it was to include [redacted] the tiny islands in various stages of legislative swaddling, as well as [redacted] the two or three constitutionally advanced ones. But whether the federal idea faded or held, the drive for self-rule in Jamaica was not to be [redacted] neglected. Manley was making it a matter of record that Jamaica's progress to full independence be allowed to continue unimpeded. Indeed,

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on his accession to the Executive, he discovered that a curious piece of oversight had occurred. A Resolution from Jamaica, at the time the Federal proposal was approved, seeking a firm and and clear assurance from Britain of an open path to self-rule, and directed to the British Government, had not been answered a year later. At once he set to prodding for a public reply so as to seperate Jamaica's campaign for self-rule from this "strange (federal) march to Colonial status."

•

A source of deep personal gratification to Manley was that soon after his Party's win, a bye-election brought William Seivright to the House. Seivright had been the first man of the "merchant class" to join Manley during the first days of the 1938 violence. The tall, severely-tailored, wealthy master baker, a former mayor of Kingston, was given the agriculture portfolio; Manley could now devote himself to the politics of a change in the Constitution. Seivright was an unlikely Socialist, a man of Conservative cast and a startling evangelical bent. He was a successful businessman and would fetch a capitalist savvy into the Cabinet. Manley was finessing a situation.*

*The JLP also made a formidable gain with the bye-election of Donald Sangster, who would be a later Prime Minister, and die in office.

•

No job is as nakedly up for grabs as the politician's, and so, like some crazy actor, he must pause during the play and ~~talk~~ tell about his role. Manley, also, had to step downstage and talk across the footlights. His Socialist reputation had remained at a constant high in the rest of the Caribbean, even in the years when he restlessly roamed the legislative wilderness. He had invited such public accolades as Grenada's Marryshow's* extravagant statement, mentioned before, to a Jamaican audience, "We look to him as the

* Take in the New Grenada footnote, from [illegible]

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one to shape the future we aspire to." But these stirring alleluias from the founding Socialist fathers had come before the 1952 ideological sundering of his own Party. Seated now in the saddle, and faced with the practical job of winning the race, he was redefining his political road. Not in content, but in degree; the degree of public/private mix.

Andrey: See footnote below

So, borrowing a line from his friend, Sir Arthur Lewis,* the West Indies University's Vice Chancellor, that "Socialism is about equality," and declaring that "a Socialist believes that the purpose of human history is to achieve a society dominated by the concept of equality," he set about stating how he would seek that equality.

He claimed that "capital resources and investments" were the only capable tools to increase production and enlarge the national income. Money and venture. The fact and the act. New jobs would generate the new revenues his government needed to heighten the quality of life. Nobody questioned that the [redacted] quality needed heightening. It was true that prime rib roast was only 30 cents a pound, but [redacted] MANY household help made less than a dollar a week. He conceded, to any outraged apostles of the far left or right, that he was not finding it "difficult" or contradictory to invite capitalists into Jamaica. For then, in given circumstances, he fully intended to [redacted] set his government among the entrepreneurs, to develop enterprises or put them under public control. Because he was a practical visionary → one of the rare men allowed by life to possess that winning combination of mind and will → in the arrogance of the well-coordinated (the believed and the revealed, one never knew in [redacted] NORMAN which came first), he could knuckle the skulls of the "muddle-headed", who found him "confusing", and the [redacted] SKULLS OF THE "biased" who were simply dishonest. What turns out is that Socialist [redacted] Manley saw in capitalist investment the [redacted] shared and surest road to prosperity. [redacted] BUT THIS was identified as heresy by the ideologically chaste; and was a future spectre.

*Awarded the 1980 Nobel Economics Prize

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"I am content to remain where I am," he was however saying, "where these seeming conflicts are resolved by accepted principle and where practical reason may safely influence methods. I remain a Socialist because I have a conviction that the society the Socialists believe in, is just, acceptable and historically inevitable."

That society would come, he predicted soberly; then, with a chuckle: "But by then we may be calling it by some other name."

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CHAPTER FIFTY-NINE

N.W.Manley did a little minor adjustment to history by being the first minister to locate a ministry outside of Kingston. He moved his ministry (of agriculture) up to Hope Gardens in St Andrew and earmarked a bulky eight million dollar budget for it. But it was to bauxite he turned for his most dramatic modification.

Mining has been a Jamaican industry since the 16th century. The Spanish search for gold had sluiced a little out of the Rio Minho and Hope rivers, dug a little out of the Rio Cobre valley and the Liguanea hills, but altogether too little to sate the Hispanic appetite for the metal. A tithe of iron and some not inconsiderable copper had been dug up in Spanish times; but in the English era, came the discovery, that infinitely greater profits resided in slaves and sugar. So mining became just a hole in the ground and there stayed for a couple of centuries.

Although bauxite,* the principal ore of aluminium, was identified

*Named for Les Baux in France where P. Berthier discovered it in 1821.

in the extensive redlands of the central parishes since the 19th century, the deposits were unexploited until a serious survey of St Ann parish in the 1940's enabled its "rediscovery"; and drew the attention of the multinational aluminium giants.

The small agrarian island, hitherto industrially insignificant, was now known to possess the world's largest deposit of aluminium ore (some 600 million tons of reserves) and would soon be ahead of the previous largest producers, British Guiana (Guyana) and Surinam.

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The approach of the new MINING [redacted] age was less clangorous than had the coming of the new sugar age, a decade before, in 1938. There was reason for caution; a cause for the less spectacular ENTRY. [redacted]. Sugar had set off a charge at Frome that although it was to explode into the new Jamaica, [redacted] had caused [redacted] violence and casualties, as companies of unemployed [redacted] descended on [redacted] Frome [redacted] for a share in the bonanza.

And with that williwaw well within recall, the new political rulers, many of whom had assisted mightily at the 1938 blow-up of the wind of social change that swept the country on a new political course, were understandably cautious in unwrapping too much enthusiasm for what could turn out to be a new Frome: a tumult that could mark them for the new law & order monsters. Mark them to be the new "imperialists."

Be that as it may, the opening of the bauxite mines was a kind of opening of the new industrial age and entered the Bustamante government of the day upon the unfamiliar territory of royalty and tax. They did not do very well in the new territory.

Reynolds, Kaiser and Alumina Jamaica Limited were the big three corporations that had swivelled their sights to the new Jamaican source. Out of the negotiations with the government, the companies succeeded in extruding agreements about which the Jamaican head of the Bauxite Institute, Dr Carlton Davis, reviewing the affair many years later, was moved to exclaim: "While primary aluminium averaged about $400 per ton, Jamaica was obtaining, in taxes and royalties, $1.50 for the bauxite required to make one ton of aluminium!" But in the Forties there were no Jamaican experts.

BREAK

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And neither were there in 1957. Yet, by the third week in March, Manley, as Minister of Development (and Chief Minister) had concluded his search and analysis of the bauxite status, and was negotiating expertly with the American technocrats. For so soon as he had decided to go after the companies, he had taken his familiar position of the need to know the facts. All the facts. The style that had worsted his adversaries in the courts for 30 years.

In the search for that edge of knowledge he valued, he sought authorities. In his former judicial days, he would have mined the law libraries and professional sources for information and ideas. But this project was outside his field, and negotiations with powerful conglomerates, whose armour went deep in all kinds of skills unfamiliar to raw Caribbean troops, required experienced auxilliaries. So he went looking for mercenaries.

"The first step," he explained to the rapt House on that memorable March day in 1957 when he disclosed how he had done it, "was to engage the services of a consultant to advise the government." And mused aloud: "This was not as easy as might appear." He was understating his case. Twenty years before, also on a March day, when he had begun negotiations to man the most significant social revolution since Emancipation (he had taken care to "record as fact" on March 31, 1957, that he was now seeing the first possible recruits to his "Banana Fund Trust", i.e., Jamaica Welfare), he had been dealing with one of the fruits of his earth, and with an industry already 70 years old. As rooted a Jamaican discipline as the almost indigenous sugar-cane.

He had ploughed into the business by learning from men who were homegrown proficients.

Bauxite, although notoriously, indeed, outrageously Jamaican,

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the very earth on which all things stood, was mysterious country. Opening it up profitably would require men of special skills; skills that lay not here, but abroad; and, worse still, lay in the lairs of the brokers.

Cheekily, Manley entered the den for a look.

Samuel (Sam) Moment, a lean, sandy-hair American marketing economist of excellent credentials, had earned his reputation through several prestigious connections. He had been with the Bonneville Power Administration, U.S.A. In 1945, he held a responsibility in the disposal of post-World War II (U.S.) aluminium plants. He served with the U.S. Department of the Interior for the expansion of that country's aluminium industry during the Korean War. And, of peculiar import, he was a consultant for multinational corporations when he was tapped by Manley.

The singularity of his choosing lay in the unease which an American functionary for large American companies OUGHT TO have caused in Manley's mind. After all, was he not asking an American citizen to instruct him in ways to gouge more profits out of his compatriots?

The answer lay in the [redacted] men.

Like Manley, Sam Moment was a thoroughgoing professional, the breed for which Manley held a respect, and even a fondness, being himself of the blood. He met Moment; and, as more often than not, with his fine eye for picking quality, his acuity scored.

Sam Moment's special knowledge was supplied fair and square to his employers. Manley's genius for logic and argument and negotiation did the rest.

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"Broadly speaking," Manley went on to tell the House, "the bauxite and aluminium industry in America is controlled by four very large companies. There are very few people in the world today, unconnected with the companies, who have detailed knowledge of this industry." Teamed with his American fact-gatherer, Manley said, "information was collected from all sources, checked, classified, analysed and studied; and by the time negotiations (with the companies) were to commence, there was very little of interest to us that was not known about the intricacies and vast ramifications of the industry."

The investigations satisfied the interlocutors that the 1950 bauxite deal had faulted on the Labour government's lack of information, and advice, from expert sources, "to enable them to negotiate on equal terms with the companies engaged in the business."

The 1950 agreement had fixed a royalty of ten cents a ton on exported bauxite, and eight cents a ton on aluminium. The royalty was to remain fixed for five years. Income tax was at 40% of the profits. The profits being assumed at 60¢ a ton of bauxite, the taxable income yielded 24¢ on each ton. So the combine of royalty and tax totalled 34¢ on the ton of bauxite. With the presumed profit of 60¢ a ton being fixed for 25 years, the earnings to Jamaica would be growthless for much of one man's lifetime. And, indeed, with the inevitable natural world economic inflation, would rapidly dwindle to dwarf.

It was clear to Manley's team of civil service and hired experts that scrutiny was required, on both tax and royalty; but while the government possessed the right to amend the law as needed, they preferred the path of negotiations. [redacted]

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[redacted]

The investigation was afoot for a year, guided by Moment's familiarity with the terrain, while Manley prepared himself for the final assault by absorbing the details of the trade. He was ready in January and closed it by March.

Starting with the Reynolds company, the dialogue shortly called in the Kaiser company and concluded dealing jointly with both concerns.

The earlier income tax agreement was proposed to have a life of 25 years, and royalty five years. Strong arguments for the time-frames to remain were put in by the company. Manley applied a modification.

"It is usual throughout the world for royalty to be fixed on a long-term basis," he explained to the House; "however, this government does not consider that it is desirable that income tax should be fixed for so long a period of time." But "consequent on the existence of the original 25-year income tax arrangement (we protected ourselves) by providing an escalator clause whereby one-half of the total income tax and royalty is to vary with the price of aluminium itself." Further protection was provided by computing profit and tax payment in U.S. dollars; the British pound had been under blows for some time in the world money market.

Furthermore, "in the event of any further devaluation of sterling, the yield to (the Jamaican) government (would) be increased in terms of sterling."

And so there he was, soundly roofed.

The Manley plan would increase the "assumed rate of profit" from the Bustamante 60¢ a ton of bauxite, by ~~600%~~ 500% to (U.S.) $3.85

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for income tax. The old royalty of ten cents (Ja.) on alumina, and about eight cents (Ja.) on bauxite, rose to 40¢ (Ja.) a ton where production was less than a million tons a year, and 30¢ (Ja.) a ton where it exceeded two million tons. There were also added benefits to the producer if the tonnage rose still higher: "The new formula for the first time (provides) an incentive for higher production."

The terms brought gains to the country. For while the companies improved their earnings by ten cents (Ja.) a ton above the two million tons production, an additional tax of (Ja.) $1.10 a ton in income tax would accrue to Jamaica.

Alumina Jamaica Limited, the third mining company, was not an exporter of bauxite, as the ore was processed into alumina before shipment. The company had from its inception agreed to pay income tax "according to the ordinary laws that govern the subject," Manley said. So those negotiations narrowed on royalty (and land tenure.) He found that revenue from income tax was of far greater consequence to the economy and vastly exceeded the returns from royalties. And as alumina processors, the company was spending "four times as much" as the other companies, and offering twice as much employment. So, for Alumina Jamaica, the negotiators proclaimed a 25¢ (Ja.) royalty on each ton of the first million, 20¢ (Ja.) on the second million, and 15¢ (Ja.) in excess of two million tons. Income tax was another matter.

Manley's men had picked up what they regarded as an "oversight by the last government." Generously, he did not in the House berate his predecessor's lapse. Not everyone had his gifts. Coolly he promised that "in the year of assessment, 1958, this company will

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commence to pay income tax."

It would be a tax well worth gathering. AlJam would pay into government coffers "about three times as much income tax per ton of bauxite used here for making alumina," as derived from the bauxite exporters. After all, AlJam's invested capital in Jamaica was "about five times as much as the capital invested in the extraction of bauxite."

The new negotiations, instantly, in tax benefits, placed Jamaica ahead of all other bauxite exporters in the world.

But there was more.

"The major result of the new arrangements will be to shift dramatically Jamaica's dependence on agriculture, on to a new, broader foundation. The Jamaica economy will now acquire a degree of stability and diversification which few similarly placed small countries possess. We will have three major sectors in the economy: a diversified agricultural sector, a large mining sector, and a large tourist sector. This is a far cry from the one-crop economy of the pre-war years. It is on this trinity of important industries, and on our industrial development programme which is taking a most encouraging upward trend, that we must build our future prosperity."

The fixing of the income tax for a period of 25 years was of course an inheritance from the earlier negotiations of the previous administration, and was not ideal. The Dominican Republic, another bauxite producer, had been hotfooted into settling with the United States processors for a numbing 60-year income tax pact; Haiti, as Jamaica, had a 25-year contract; but the other western hemisphere sellers, British Guiana (Guyana) and Surinam, had held out for a

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no-fix arrangement. Manley's escalator clause however offered a ride over the sticky road he felt obliged to travel because of his forerunner's decisions. (The matter would be righted in later years when his son, Michael, became Prime Minister; but to the accompaniment of DAMAGING hostility from United States' interests.)

BREAK

Norman Manley's handling of the bauxite negotiations was a triumph that he savoured. He had pushed into territory unblazed by any of his earlier experiences, except for his advocate's skills, and made a good arrangement. In one stroke, he wiped out, "entirely," the country's trade deficit. "The present gap between imports and exports is of the order of £18-m. Thus the adverse balance," he told the House, "will be wiped out entirely as bauxite and alumina become the largest by far in our export returns. I hope and believe that the House and the whole country will welcome the arrangements I have made." The House did, with a standing ovation.

BREAK

On the other hand, the oilpipe dreams were on. The anxiety to find alternatives to agriculture fed the wild and frequent rumours of oilstrikes (since then and now). Manley had given prior notice of the strategy he would use in the bauxite negotiations, by holding the oil explorers to a promise of 12½% royalty, plus 40% income tax and other goodies, in the event of a gusher. An oil expert was brought down from Canada, another Saskatchewan man like Cadbury, named James T. Cawley, a bowtied, bespectacled executive in the Department of Mineral Resources, to advise on royalty assessments. One of the

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diggers, Base Metal Corporation, headed by F.D.Roosevelt Jr., had by June spent half a million dollars, was down 6,000 feet and had begun another hole because they were convinced a Jamaican FIND ~~gusher~~ was in their future.

The explorations turned up hope but no ~~find~~ OIL.

Still, they gave hope; a felicitous ingredient in a land, which, by force of its Colonial past, patted, as it was ~~and~~ exploited, was apt to feel sorry for itself and so could usefully use.*

*One Jamaican who had no aptitude for self-pity but could talk about it, was Alexander Bustamante. Once, in a House debate, the following cousinly dialogue occurred between the two grandsons of Grandmother Clarke-Shearer:

Bustamante: I am from the gutter, from poverty.
Manley: Dont insult your parents.
Bustamante: Is it an insult to come from the gutter?
Manley: They were not in the gutter.
Bustamante: They were. I came from nothing. I am not like you. Your people had money and property.

— BREAK —

Cap It could have been towards the defeat of that ancient dispiriter, racial battle-fatigue, that a visit from Princess Margaret, sister of the British queen, Elizabeth the Second, was preceded by two callers with credentials nicely judged to offset the old ENGLISH Imperial dazzle. The heads of two thoroughly black independent nations, President Tubman of Liberia and President Magloire of Haiti, were invited, straightfacedly, to grace the celebrations of "JAMAICA 300", marking the 1955 tri-centenary of what was allusively called "our association" with Great Britain, but which was, in effect, three centuries of British rule.

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The protocol was impeccable if the motive was suspect. If the ~~centenary~~ TERCENTENARY* really could not be allowed to pass without a reference, then a small euphemism, and a visit from a couple of the Brothers, of status equal to royalty, would do. (The African/Ethiopian outlook of the Rastafarians had not yet gained strength.) Socially, & apart from politics it bore significance.

*The celebrations had been proposed by the previous JLP government's Donald Sangster, an ardent Anglophile. He was posthumously knighted.

Caps

Aside from social significances, Manley was facing formidable obstacles to placing a chicken in every pot. There were few chickens and numerous pots. He must roust new roosts.

Migration had been the traditional reply to tough times on The Rock. The Manley family had not been different. The indomitable

more

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Margaret Manley had joined the rush to America when circumstances proved too rugged for a widow and her four young children. And her children had, in turn, Vera, Muriel, Norman and Roy, enlisted in the English trek in search of higher education; there were no universities in Jamaica. He knew at firsthand the peculiar harshness they would meet in the Motherland but he was buying time when he made it clear that there would be no opposition to migration from this side. "Restriction of immigration is Britain's decision, not ours," he said. But he promised to snap down on the loan sharks who were charging exorbiant interests on moneys they advanced for travel tickets.* Meanwhile, for those who were staying at home, he was struggling with the international sugar

*The gulf in the understanding of the real Jamaica by the uppercrust is related in the English Bishop of Jamaica (Anglican) Montagu Dale's observation in the press that he knew of no reason for migration since there was no poverty in the island.

interests, teaming up with Trinidad's rotund Bertie Gomes for citrus talks in the United Kingdom, arguing the case for bananas (in London), and investigating the possibility of power-canoes which would take the lagging fishing industry further out to sea than it had ever been since the Arawak Indians. He was also living up to the earlier decision that Jamaica's socialism would be tailored to its requirements. He sent off finance minister Noel Nethersole to the money capitals of the world to talk up loans for a whole range of development ideas, from harbours to race horses, roads and railways to real estate.

It was among the American fruiterers' Mafia that the new Premier was to make his political bones. It was a warm June in Jamaica, the nuptial month. And while in the churches of Kingston, more than four hundred lovers were plighting their troths under orange blossoms, the cutthroat business of marketing those oranges was about to put a squeeze on their future. The powerful U.S. exporters' lobby, capable of bending foreign governments to its will because of a gigantean economy that left no corner of the world free of U.S. influence, was

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GATT* in hand, marching the United Kingdom to the wall. From

*General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.

their highly efficient and State-subsidised groves in Florida and California, American fruit was about to be flooded into the British market and swamp the Caribbean trade. Manley decided the threat had to be stayed; even though he had a certain fondness for Americans and they in turn had taken to him.** He picked up Bertie Gomes from Trinidad and hustled off to England.

**Christian Herter, the governor of Massachusetts, who later succeeded John Foster Dulles as U.S. Secretary of State, was so impressed by Manley on a 1954 visit to the U.S., he was invited to address the State Senate. Six minutes were all Manley took to obtain a prolonged standing ovation.
On a Chicago visit they had given him the full motor-cycle escort treatment.
Even such an American curiosity as the Official Greeter, who met him at the airport with the Keys when he returned to the States, this time as elected head of the government, was amusedly understood to be a harmless excess in an energetic young nation obeying the spring in its step. In a speech there in 1954, before he became Premier, he had told them: "I will (be back) one day to ask for (help to build my country.") He had meant it. He knew it was evening in the Old Empire and brave men should go to meet new horses of the morning (the title of Edna Manley's most famous carving).

Four years before, when he was Leader of the Opposition, he had warned Bustamante of the stiffer competition ahead for Jamaica's citrus. Citrus was next only to sugar and bananas in economic importance. He had argued against the enormous expansion of acreage without adequate research to increase the acre-yield. A yield that was "not a quarter of first-class foreign production."

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In the leap-frog progression that sketchy market intelligence induces in agricultural planning, the fruit had recently, around 1954, advanced; "expanded by two million boxes and going up and up," said Manley wonderingly. The U.S., with the nice ability of great nations to put its own welfare first, was importuning Britain to admit that American citrus fell under the Mutual Security Aid Programme which had been worked out between them. Britain's economy was still wobbling in the wake of the war and could muster little resistance to an Uncle Sam who was singlefoot on satisfying the farm vote. A delegation to England from the previous Jamaican government (in 1954) had, "led," Manley said, "to the Secretary of State promising to give a measure of support to the industries that showed the need for it."

So now, at this new visit to London, the Caribbean colonials and mother looked at each other uneasily when they met war-battered Owners, beggar-child and impoverished "Large funds," Manley noted sombrely, "are paid into England in exchange for her taking American goods."

It took delicate and persuasive arguments by the citrus team of Manley and Gomes to collect the "measure of support" from Britain. It was not a ringing compact; it was what Manley called a "natural" decision. But in the face of the American stipulation and Britain's need, he gained a year: the pact would support the production from trees planted to the end of 1955; the British had wanted to restrict the planting period to 1954's end. Now the stiffer competition had come.

BREAK

While Trinidad's Bertie Gomes was with Manley in London successfully arranging the better citrus deals, a short, young, scholarly countryman of Bertie's, whose pudgy face hid a steel-trap mind, was out in Woodford Square doing what no other Trinidad politician had succeeded at: causing a volatile, jump-up Port of Spain street audience to hold still while he

reset

set Gomes.

FROM "dad" to "While he" NOT SET

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lectured donnishly on the reasons why they should change their calypso ways. The Little Doctor, Eric Williams, ~~Ph.D.~~ D.Phil., was laying down the groundwork for his People's National Movement (PNM), since, as he said, although "they are after me" to join them, he saw nothing worthy in any of the existing groups, such as Bertie Gomes'.

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CHAPTER ~~FIFTY-ONE~~ SIXTY

It was a kind of London season for the Manley family, as Douglas was also in the city, on a migrant survey mission for his university (University College of the West Indies). Those times when the citrus talks halted, while Colonial Secretary Lennox-Boyd left for long consultations with his colleagues, Manley turned to a few political odd jobs. At their invitation, he deftly engaged some 100 MPs in a question and answer session on his government's programme. And he got involved in the inauguration of Racial Brotherhood, an anti-discrimination action organisation that had, in joint communion at the top, such UNEVEN [redacted] fraters as Sunset cellar club owner, the Jamaican Gus Leslie, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Geoffrey Fisher. Leslie, very successful, and a notable social worker from his club off Regent Street, headed the group, with the Archbishop as its patron. Manley was the main speaker at the Lambeth Hall launching of Brotherhood.

The stately London scene also actuated some other Manley aspects. [redacted], Lambeth ballroom saw him working manfully at the waltz or foxtrotting skilfully with Edna — the steps she preferred to the legs-&-elbows of the jitterbug and Charleston in those lively nights at Drumblair and at Nomdmi. [redacted]

Norman Manley was a man who sought his own fun. He was not one to be whistled into the game, urged to give his all for the Group; SOLO [redacted] was more his style.* The sports he stamped with his preference were contests of the one-on-one: track, the ring, horseriding. Bridge he probably

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* When not hearkening to the profundities of Beethoven or Brahms, he could whisk out his harmonica, give it the preliminary tap on his palm, and launch into his own tub tenor rendition of Miss Mattie had a baby and laid it on the grass/ A busy bee was passing by and stung it on the ass.

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loathed,* for he played, Edna his sometime partner, thought, with

Bas Italic

~~Jewish friends, Lewis Ashenheim, Victor Nunes, Lionel, Oswald and~~ begin

*His Holy Thursday night at home all-night, three-pence-a-hundred sessions until nine o'clock Good Friday morning, were played with Jewish friends Lewis Ashenheim, Lionel, Oswald & Louis Alberga, Victor Nunes, Clinton Hart. No wives were allowed, except Edna who scrambled eggs, served liquor and coffee. The symbolists will agonize.

reckless brilliance, not really caring if he lost. Chess bored; to get his intellectual high he could take the engine of his high-powered car apart — really apart, down to nuts and bolts — dispose them into military units on a piece of ground, and work out a what-might-have-been-done-instead-at-Aix-la-Chapelle. Edna, a sister who HAS been known to keep her cool at the most trying times, breaks into helpless giggles recalling a morning in the 'Thirties, after a night of New Year's Eve revelry, when, as a cure for his hangover, he dismantled and restored the family car with St Andrew Pup (Vivian Dacres), the fine little feather-weight boxer whom he managed so successfully, squatting across the engine block FROM HIM, gazing puzzledly up at him. N.W. sometimes liked his silences. He could not have hoped to improve on the engineering, but nothing can be less given to rhetoric than an auto block. Talk, language, eloquence, were, for all his adult life, his tools. He used them with care and precision. He could cut to the heart of the matter with pungency; or stroke an idea so fluently into an audience, it settled, softly, undisturbingly, to work. END of P.366 Paste-up It was skill, but it was also convic-

[redacted]

TWO FOOT-NOTES

[redacted]

FOOTNOTE CONT. NEXT PAGE

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

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tion. He had a great respect for those tools* and was scathing on the

Footnote Baskerville 9pt

*Slowly the language, bombarded for an age by the quality of experience and circumstance would escape the fences and discover the wealth that lay in African retentions, Rasta rhetoric and the survival communication of a street-people made self-reliant by centuries of social siege. For the young blacks, of the years up into the Fifties, the outlook was bleak. Jobs were scarce and mainly menial. The white and brown brothers had first choice; what was left went to those blacks with the best pull of family and school-tie. It was especially disenchanting for black girls. Those naive enough to enter the national beauty contests with a hope of success were shattered when the judges (including the odd black) looked embarrassedly away. It took many rancourous demonstrations, including picketing by such determined fighters as city dentist A.B.Douglas (who later changed his name to Abeng Doonquah) and political activist Z. Munroe Scarlett to insert the black sisters into such citadels of racism as the English and Canadian bank branches on the island, King Street stores, white lawyers' offices and God Save The Mark as Norman would say, on the staffs of several high schools. Those were sad years and half forgotten now in a generation, and healingly so, but required to extract a likeness of how and why it was, and to plot the priorities.

official who used them for posture rather than in judgment or belief, whether he wore wig or Windsor.**

Footnote Baskerville 9pt Italic

**The "Windsor" uniform of colonial governors, of barred and rosetted tailcoat and trousers, and plumed hat, very musical comedy Admiral. WINCINGLY, NATIVE JAMAICAN GOVERNOR-GENERALS ARE STILL PARTIAL TO PRETTY MILITARY UNIFORMS.

. B R E A K .

MORE

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FOOT-NOTE CONTINUED

~~forgotten now in a generation, and healingly so, but needed to abstract a likeness of~~ Heat, ~~and why, it was, and to plot the priorities that will assist in settling the society on a keel of sound sailing.~~

BREAK

This order of work, faith, and eloquence, quenched the flaming rhetoric which at one time weakened and threatened to burn down the Federal cause that became so central in his new career. Manley's role in the Federal issues began with an observer's status. When he went to the Montego Bay conference in 1947, IT WAS history plunging about in its usual ironic romp, sending in Nationalist Manley as a delegate from the Imperial powers. He went as a member of the Caribbean Commission, that peculiarity in which the four colonial Caribbean powers, Britian, Holland, France, the United States saw to the orderly, carefully controlled, socio-political direction of the territory: primary producing, import-consuming, totally managed islands and territories.

The 1956 London Conference, which he attended as Jamaica's Chief Minister, was held in the well-heated Connaught Room of Lancaster House, into which the delegates from the sun-islands were GLAD TO scuttle out of the London cold. (The worst February on record up to then among that land's bad Februarys.) The talks SEARCHED the explosive portions of the Federal proposals: the choice of a Federal capital and the financing of the new State, e.g. through free trade, customs union and general taxation.

Manley was the sole highly practised social innovator in that hard-eyed political gathering. He had his Banana Producers' and Jamaica Welfare experiences. So, came his early call for a Caribbean "Colombo Plan".* It elicited enthusiasm among the United Kingdom delegates led

*The Plan came out of a Commonwealth Ministers meeting in Colombo, Ceylon, January 1950; a cooperative of South and South-east Asian countries promoting development, with help from Commonwealth countries and the U.S.A.

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FOOTNOTE * [redacted] is divided into main east and west basins by the submarine Jamaica Rise, the ridge of which this island is a peak. There are depths of over 23,000 feet.

by Lennox Boyd, the British Colonial Secretary, but proved elusive in conclusion. It never again came off the shelf. But his skills sprung a deadlock that could have broken the Conference. He put in some sharp footwork among the delegates from [redacted] the world's most splintered federation (COLON): of five separate colonial agencies, subdivided further among the Leeward/Windward groups, a pebbly scattering of islets over 750,000 [redacted] square miles of sea,* pretty as jewels but bauble-poor; each proud as peacocks of its panoply of English governor and mock parliament. The delegates had the edginess of relations at the reading of the Will.

In a sense, they were writing the Will. Their scofflaw existence in the plantation economy that still guarded them from prosperity (bauxite in Jamaica and petroleum in Trinidad had direct benefits for only a few), made them deeply suspicious [redacted] of each other. So, naturally, the foundering father of the federation could have been money: from whom it would be got and on whom it would be spent. The first could run aground on the proposed Customs Union, and the second on the siting of the federal capital. Manley wanted slow Customs Union and fast [redacted] Free Trade, and had no overriding preference for the Capital.

It was protectionist politics, since his instincts, despite a genuine love, close to passion, for the federal idea, ordered him to stand near the shutters. Jamaica was industrialising, sparked by his Industrial Development Corporation, and its goods needed the preferential market offered by the home (West Indies) territory. And, as he put it, Federation would cost Jamaica only £200,000 for the first five years, "about half the cost of building a bridge." His stance was easier on the location of the federal capital, although he favoured a small island, and with disarming if unsuitable candour, indicated

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Antigua, the island closest to Jamaica* in geography, speech, racial

*About 800 miles east of Jamaica

and cultural patterns.

His advocacy in the tariff affairs raised the most painful welts among fellow delegates. It would have torn the Conference, but thinking overnight on a suggestion St Kitt's Premier Bradshaw had diffidently offered and which had been offhandedly ignored, for an obligatory levy instead of unroofed consumption duties, Manley opened the block next morning by refining and fighting as strongly for Bradshaw's mandatory taxation. It was agile politics, and the unanimous acceptance of the formula saved the 1956 Conference. It allowed the Federation to be born. Five years later it would be said of him, by his East Caribbean allies, that, he killed the Federation through his Jamaican Referendum.

Saving the Federation did not mean he was setting adrift his dedication to internal self government. Even as they flew south, back into the sun, he was shedding the federal coat he had worn in chilly England and warming up his strategy for the shirtsleeved slugging with his old foe, Bustamante. By October's end, he was in Headquarters House, setting into Motions the moves towards a new Jamaican constitution. His proposal held the dianoetic chop of a freethinking BUSTLER disengaging a clinch. It carried a uniqueness, although it could own to a small likeness, in certain features, to the thirteen American colonies at the Revolutionary War. He proposed to, without delay, accede to a unit autonomy, a domestic self government for Jamaica, but also to stay with the field (the other Caribbean colonies) in the run for full federal independence. He took what he saw as his responsibility.

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He was a man partial to responsibility. He sometimes appeared astonished at his decision, during the war, to deny his usual hungry (if shy) ego of an army commission. PERHAPS the greater and well-held-in anger at the racist English attitude had stoppered his natural inclination to lead. He was impatient of timidity, and, at this time, was raking Bustamante for carping at his government's establishing a new ministry without prior House notice. Busta had sought to censure him.

The affairs of Interior and Justice would be under this ministry, two items specially required for the internal responsibility Manley desired, and so, likely to infuriate. On top of that, the irritant Cousin from Blenheim, who had a great skill for bobbing alive from political shipwreck, was now not only no longer showing humiliation at the shock of January '55, but was wearing a knight's plumes.* The irrepressible "Chief" was now going so strongly, he had, in the recent Lancaster House conference, sent in a remotely controlled delegate, Edwin Allen. The hardheaded, stubborn JLP debater was conspicuously fed Busta's battle plans through the newspaper columns. It effectively made the martial old "Chief" present at the talks, but with the distinct advantage of being bodily unavailable for his views to be examined, for logic, in its details.

*Busta was knighted by Queen Elizabeth in 1955.

Manley, who has never managed to appear at ease with Bustamante, took skin in the House with a scathing attack on the Bustamante censure motion. The fact that he was right, and Bustamante wrong, could have been obscured by the smoke of his fury had he been a talker of less grace. Even then, he was, WITH A FLINCH, OBLIGED, in the debate to apologis

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for having indulged in addressing the Member from South Clarendon as "Sir Alexander". It was a side of his character that made him a bad opponent. He fought from a full arsenal and [redacted] was known to manufacture new weapons as he fought. In the courts, in sports, he had engaged ruthlessly; why would it be different in politics where, to exploit the possible was an art? A warm host, a last ditch friend, of an absolute honesty like a self-inflicted wound, he was an arrogant fighter, beautifully prepared and impatient to go home. Yet, minded as he was to himself, and given to cut new ground for his ideas, he was as superb AT [redacted] the interact. He led well.

He was an inevitable Federalist because he accepted the One World hope, so movingly enunciated by Wendell Willkie,* the decade before.

*Willkie, an American political leader and the 1940 presidential Republican candidate.

His Socialism invited the participation of capitalist countries, although his own experience of Sam Zemurray and the United Fruit Company's intransigence at the organising of the Jamaican banana industry, spoke against this belief. True, his accommodation of the Zemurray windfall/ windfall [redacted] had started the great Jamaica Welfare; but perhaps only because he had off-balanced the old freebooter with a picture of Jamaican life not unlike Sam's banana-scrounging youth on the docks.

"It (is) a shibboleth to say if you want independence you must be capable of standing on your own two feet. Independent, proud and powerful countries (today receive) aid in one form or another," he said in the midst of slamming the door on political imperialism and demanding self-rule. The door would not be key-locked, just shut to ensure that comers KNOCKED. HE WANTED CHARGE OF AFFAIRS INSIDE the shores. DOORS. [redacted] Within six months, Governor Sir Hugh Foot, that Methodist pillar, was giving the gradual that would precede the gospel of full

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self-rule. Independence was not yet, but ~~at that time,~~ an advanced constitution from the Colonial Office was introduced by Foot.

It was a good moment for Manley, and, in a pardonable lapse on the eve of what he called "Self Government Day", he abandoned his usual precisely cut prose to exult, on radio, in high rhetoric, from the Apocrypha. It was not really self-government; that was some distance away; nor even full internal self-government which would not come for another two years, in August, 1959; but it was a gain and the Father of the Nation was justly proud of the pre-natal growth. Whether the November 11 Armistice Day date of the Proclamation had an influence, is uncertain, but for one of the few times, peace and unanimity prevailed 'twixt the factions.

It was a good moment for Manley, for he was presiding over a country that, astonishingly, could record an economy expanding more rapidly than Puerto Rico's and Canada's, two of the world's then fastest growing brokerages, and more rapidly than the settled economies of the U.K. and the U.S.A. And not ~~above~~ ONLY because the ISLAND we had been so low on the pole the only way to go was up; the truth was that Manley had roused an excitement of the spirit. The burgeoning economy, the ebullience, and the in-sight goals of full independence in a Greater West Indies, was contagious. All partisans could meet on reasonably common ground since the leaders were either enthusiastic, or, at least, amiable, on the federal issues. N. W. Manley

NO BREAK

~~[redacted]~~ sought to quicken the spirit, ~~[redacted]~~. To turn a million countrymen into patriots, he and rouse an ardour inconceivable for any reasons short of war. Manley spoke to head and heart, and, in this, was, OF A WISDOM APART FROM Bustamante who hardly visited beyond ~~[redacted]~~, ~~[redacted]~~ offering his gifts at the buttery, while his cousin worked for ~~[redacted]~~ all the house. Yet, at certain seasons, a pot is better than a proposition, and on the proper days, BOTH ARE welcome.

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[redacted] was more important [redacted].

CHAPTER SIXTY-ONE

Eagerness to fly the coop [redacted] was contagious; it reached the parochial boards (later parish councils) which set up a right squawk for more fiscal freedom. [redacted] himself an alumnus of the parish school of politics*

*As a member of the Legislature, after winning his '49 St Andrew seat, he was an ex-officio member of the Kingston & St Andrew Corporation, the city council.

[redacted] to decentralise what authority he had in a [redacted] was not disposed [redacted] country [redacted] still constitutionally trammelled. He was too sane to [redacted] immodestly that until the science of governing, with its political, administrative and financing problems, had been lived with long enough, he was the man best left with the responsibility. For that reason, he was not an enthusiastic supporter of the reforms proposed in the Hill report.** He had the strength or the cheek to be detachedly

**L.C.Hill of the Colonial Office whose Report proposing greater autonomy to parochial boards was hailed by the parish councillors.

objective in spelling out what he saw as a peril to the political structure and development he desired. "The way we are going is a way shaped by our circumstances," he said. Hill, he said, had made his proposals "governed by English circumstances and English history." It would "be foolish to change (our ways) because some other people somewhere else over the centuries have evolved a different way of doing things. We must be very, very careful not to deny or frustrate our own historical trends."

He was never for less than finding Jamaican solutions to the problems hatched by the divulsion of the British Empire come upon

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his generation. For what they were living through was no less than the decline of the Owners; AND THE TRAUMA [redacted] that must accompany the crumbling of a super-power to the status of [redacted] hanger-on. (North Sea oil for AN [redacted] upturn of A KIND OF [redacted] was yet many years away.) [redacted] What would happen among [redacted] the Colonial gets, as they watched Britannia, the once proud "Mother Country", shuffling through the corridors of nations, under the embarrassed half-looks of former suitors? Manley was a winner; he did not relish losing, nor staying with losers; nor felt it his duty to acclaim defeat.* He was more "national" now. SEE BACK [redacted] *The echo of his famous 1962 election night speech conceding to Bustamante had hardly died before he was telling the 24th PNP Conference to "organise and organise" and wrestle back power to the Party. The PNP was in disarray and a decade of wilderness lay ahead, a probability he sensed; and cried his challenge to his aging Comrades that they set aside old cherished ambitions and seek young blood for the Party. [redacted]

FOOT-NOTE

BREAK → caps [redacted] In the late 'Fifties, the early years of his ascendance, elan was strong, and the ideas were those to which this PARTY held title, original and sole ownership, as the first proponents and practitioners of organised politics.

The great land valuation legislation was one of those ideas. The Manley family of Guanaboa Vale would have been among the first of the bourgeoisie to bite the dust had there been a PNP government in the old days when their acres idled under the wild-growing logwood stands and less than a burden of cattle, [redacted] WITH room for long, irresponsible gallops on a family demesne, contrasting sharply with the severely restricted hoe-farmer NEXT-DOOR on his square of ground. Who knows if it placed in the observant young Manley's mind,

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a "sleeper" that surfaced, fullgrown and growling, in the Land Valuation law? The law overturned a 300-year decree that allowed large landowners to bear a lightened tax load based on the land's unimproved worth. The old laws had been written for, and by, the barons. To hoodwink the FOLK. [redacted]. The hundred acres around the Great House were in reality less taxed than the wattles of the poor. The peasant supported the squire. The new Manley-devised tribute would force the barons to produce, in order to lighten their tax loads. It was the gentler forerunner of the harsher, tougher course a future generation would take. At that time would be invoked the elicitory titled Idle Land Order to spur the big land owners into production, or have their property acquired by the State for the common weal. Nevertheless, for his time, the land valuation legislation was rough enough to fetch to his office the anger of an outraged gentry. But the law stood. BREAK

caps He was careful in his handling of law, out of respect for it. And a rogue's use of it drew his ire. TAKE IN AT BACK - RUN ON

would, on occasion, set him among the Brahmins, an uncomfortable POSITION [redacted] from which to put his (italics) → POPULAR beliefs into practice. And so he would determinedly, frequently desperately, remove himself from the priestcraft. Home, boarding school, [redacted], Oxford, the profession he practised before the judiciary of English Judges-in-Jamaica, had ill-prepared him for the street-corner meeting. He had to learn street-talk for his campaigning and was never ever SECURE IN [redacted] the argot, and was always awkward with it. His generation would not be walking about when much of the mores would change; WHEN MANNERS would come under heavy smoke, weeded to the gills, shagging the hemp truthfully. But his resistance to the formulae of his own time was real, and in areas, mildly wild; and IT MADE others [redacted] put up with his By-God bridge bidding, and his SOMETIMES loneliness. FOR he was the best they had, and WAS VERY, VERY GOOD.

— BREAK —

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His respect for good laws pulled him into one of the earlier crises [redacted]: a strike in that bastion of Bustamante power, the waterfront. A franchise for settling labour disputes had been reposed in the Joint Industrial Council. The Council was made up of trade unionists and wharf owners. The code of the Council decreed that the Spring of the year was reserved for poll-taking on union disputes involving the waterfront. The May of 1956, Spring fever infected the unions. The BITU and TUC refused to talk to the Council, or to the Ministry of Labour, over a wage dispute. Instead, they struck the waterfront.

Manley was furious. On top of the obvious minus value of worker discontent to a government party come to power on working-class support, there were two other dangers. Foodstocks were traditionally low in that time of year, the tourist season being over and the build-up to the hurricane season not yet begun. That was one. The other he saw as breach of a good law; arbitration through the Council. It had, as a matter of fact, proven good for the BITU, during the PNP regime. Such kicking about of a good law had to be resisted. It was time to call out the troops — and he did. Manley declared a State of Emergency and turned [redacted] to unloading the ships. It was a strong decision not likely to encourage support on Election Day. But Busta may have misread Manley's strength in rule, as he may have misheard what Cousin Norman had been saying a few weeks before: "The business of the Opposition is to oppose (but that) of the government in power is to resist the Opposition." [redacted] was forced to capitulate and the strike ended.

Manley no doubt had calculated shrewedly that calling out the army

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would be popularly approved. The ships carried cargoes of flour and saltfish, staples of the Jamaican working-persons' diet. A beef shortage a year before had caused the importation of frozen New Zealand beef. Jamaican working-folk did not like frozen New Zealand beef. They had turned away from most of the 26,500 pounds of it.

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Chapter

Chapter 1

A BAD COLONIZATION HAD left the Blessed Isle poorly housed, poorly fed, poorly educated. Racially confused men and women running to-and-fro in like farmers at an unsleeping cattle market. Selecting breeding-stocks for "improving" the herd; i.e., a mate whose coat was of dun or chestnut, monkey-tin lips had and hair lank as mane.

In short, SEEKING SPOUSES who from withers to fetlock were undeniably infused with the blood of the conqueror.

But the first (1944, JLP) elected government had worked at calling in for questioning, the "poppy-show" inflicted on generations of the paying poor that agreeable seats in the Jamaican theatre depended on the colour of the SKIN AND NOT ON THE DEGREE OF STRIVING BY THE DECENT BELIEVER, decent believer handing in the stub; there were proud black men etc etc etc

MORE — RUN ON

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shaking ~~the mixture together~~; there were proud black men in the JLP too.

Socially as well as politically, the [redacted] lot of the people had surely bettered since Bustamante led his trade-unionists into the Duke Street House of Representatives. The white-black, good-bad, master-servant syndrome was diminishing. And braced [redacted] by an intelligent and increased Opposition, the "Chief" had not [redacted] economically done badly either; particularly, charged the Opposition, since he had swiped many PNP plans, modified them a leetle and claimed them for his own. However that was, it was a fact that in the Spring of '58, after three years in office, the economy, under the Manley government, had increased; curved powerfully upward.

In a Jamaican context, the country

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was enjoying a runaway prosperity. Manley was sufficiently controlled to rate a few of his successes merely "moderate", but most were "excellent" or "good." Modesty is sometimes a cover for the introvert, cooking in an inbuilt [redacted] hated constraint. The intellectual Manley often had his [redacted] mistaken for [redacted] introver[redacted]. It does not appear that he [redacted] was ever so internally wretched. And in that celebratory year, he had no cause. The achievements of the PNP fiduciaries had been prodigious.

He had instituted an Economic Survey, a kind of Company Report prepared by the Planning Unit, that would become the economic chronicle of every future government. The Survey's overview functioned as a budgetary guide and was [redacted] in its projections. And this year it produced a stirring overview. What did Manley see?

"Whether you ask what is the total value of export trade, or the total value of imports, or the sum of imports and exports, or the level of bank deposits; whether you ask what is the level of bank loans, or the accumulation of small people's savings, or what is the size of the money in circulation; or whether you ask what is being done in development (as) reflected in power consumption, or electrical service growth, or in construction which (is now) unparalleled, the answer is: nobody could have expected (so) much!"

He had a right to exult. He had put the civil service on its toes and roused a people to enthusiasm by his will and energy; by the extraordinary mind of an unusual man; a lift of spirit had come to the nation.

He could point to a leap of over forty percent in the per capita earning.

The upcurve had showed early, during his first year, 1955, when

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the country's gross rose by £17-m ($34-m) to £136-m, a hike of over 14%. The second year, 1956, it leaped higher, and higher still in 1957. It was genuine growth, since the cost of living rose only 9% while the average level of wages rose by 25%, he was quick to declare. (He was generous in his jubilance to observe that under the Labour government, in the years 1950 to 1954, the gross domestic product increased from £70-m to £119-m, "a rise, let it be admitted, that was significant," but not AS GOOD AS his own "remarkable thing.")

He was outpacing every forecast prior to his Economic Survey, shedding every historical restraint WHICH had limited the economic movement OF HIS PEOPLE to the short journey from hand to mouth. And had saved a few million dollars for ploughing back into development; a sophistication close to phenomenon in Britain's poor-me-boy colonies.

But the year also belonged to Nethersole, his friend and colleague, the easygoing "Crab", Rhodes Scholar, playboy from the western world at OXFORD, bon vivant of the better pubs and clubs of Kingston, turned a chubbily tough and efficient Minister of Finance. Nethersole had guided the economy, and so increasing the patrimony as he changed the old order, that the heirs would never know it. Manley, with a fond look at the imperturbable "Crab", declared that he was "rapidly and effectively modernising (our) financial institutions, (proposing) a Development Finance Corporation (and) a State Bank." Nobody had believed such "an improvement could have been achieved," he said, adding ruefully, "I would not have believed it myself."

The "courage and wit" he praised in Nethersole and his other colleagues, was also his. For Manley always picked his own people, choosing by what seemed instinct. He recognized faults, but placed his judgment above his knowledge, his intelligence over his experience. And

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so he held together a Party that was especially gifted in dissidents; and when it appeared to have been ripped apart because he may have waited too long to evict the apostates, he had pulled it together stronger than before and whipped the entrenched Bustamante Party.

What made the gains of those years in office so outstanding was that the per capita income was not the misleading paper figures that march across the pages of national reports into the pockets of a top few; leaving the millions deprived as before. His own estimate of the Labour Party years was that one half of the national earnings reached the wage earners, the all but a fraction of the Jamaican society. But the Survey reported that his own years put half that again into the hands of the earners.

[redacted] Nethersole had also managed another miracle: the economy had racked those exciting results "without borrowing a farthing," [redacted] Manley said. "We have financed our way, kept off the money markets when they were dangerous." A style that was essentially Nethersole's.

Manley noted with approbation the great and steady march of the working class into the trade unions, as better jobs made them conscious and eligible. Membership had almost doubled. There were 150,000 in the unions; new membership was about equally divided between the NWU and BITU. And while he knew, to his wounds, that BITU strength meant more blows from his foes, he was patriot enough to desire the prospering. The radio or rediffusion in the living room, the mahogany bed and metal diner suite, purchased on "terms" through [redacted] a sure income, supported what he saw as the continuing struggle to urge the country into the [redacted] century. The stability of home and family, and an adequate income, had been the aim of his Jamaica Welfare; the reason

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for the evangelical buzzsaws he had turned loose on the countryside. It was a passion for his country, sometimes brooding, as it was disciplined by his understanding of the forces waiting in the back-country, in ambush for the brave men.

A Republican American Senator, Kenneth Keating of New York, once spoke nice words about Socialist Manley in that capitalist fortress, the United States Senate: "Recently I had the privilege of meeting a man who will undoubtedly play an important part in welding a new unity among nations of this hemisphere ...a showcase of peaceful cooperation which the Communist world, including Castro's Cuba, can only envy." Manley, he foresaw, was the man who would help to "square the historic interests of the United States (with) the best hopes and aspirations of all the Americas." Of a Socialist? From a Republican? Such a squaring could easily go askew. Who would decide what hopes were best? [redacted] Such a guy could turn and eat you. [redacted] To some visiting Canadian leaders, he confirmed his socialism but added that he could not adopt "all the formal concepts of the ideology. He was cutting through the forest and listening for the animals.

He frequently escaped to Nomdmi. Houses have moods, and there was a quality at Nomdmi; a small and simple mountain house in its frame of trees, until it closed on you and gave itself. It held a great deal of its owners in the liveliness of rugs and Mexican blankets; and the simplicity of pinewood lockers and the adze-cut wood of the verandah floor; in its excellent taste of fine books and music of Brahms, Mozart, Prokofiev, on the SHELVES;

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and a rusticity of chamber-pots and kerosene lamps; in its healing silence of woods, and the sudden flat explosion of the Norman Manley harmonica licking a naughty mento. Edna once said he went up to Nomdmi with problems, and came down with solutions.

One of the more pernicious problems which Nomdmi no doubt assisted to clear was the system of schooling which had divided his generations, past and present, into two Jamaicas; that had built an elitist class, and condemned a majority to a deprived class, through a terribly arbitrary matter of money. The mode of schooling in the island ruled for a primary system for the children of the poor, training them for the brigade of labourers and domestics, to hew and to draw, and reserved higher schooling for the children of the rich who could afford the fees. Secondary and university education in those days was an expensive commodity.

Manley was never an overly emotional man, but one day in 1958, he broke into a cry for sanity that would become the grito for a revolution in education. His cry was to his political Opposition, and an unconcerned upper class, to understand the damage the bad system would WREAK. "You are making a mockery of trying to create a nation if you do not to the best of your ability and resources ... provide (an) education for every child! (Jamaica is) one of the worst educated countries in the whole Caribbean area!"

He had substantially increased the budget for education and was BEING CRITICISED for it. But the building of new schools, the extensions and improvement of the public libraries, the idea, in ultimate, of free compulsory education through the two elements and even to the final constituent of higher (university) education for the professions,

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would engage his mind, energy and activity powerfully.*

*JLP's Edwin Allen, a schoolteacher and Minister of Education in the Labour government before and after the N.W. Manley years, was an equally great advocate of education-for-all. He weighted the competitive Common Entrance examination for the limited places in Secondary schools in favour of children who sat from primary schools (usually children from the lower income group) as against those from private prep schools; and was severely scored by the better-offs. It substantially changed the pattern of education in Jamaica. He is today acclaimed for his work, by both sides.

Once when he was ill and out of power, in 1953, around the time of the Queen's visit, he had been deeply moved by the intensity with which people reacted to his ailing. His fan mail had been prodigious. He was comforted; satisfied that the recent Party purge, and his work in Opposition, WAS GAINING GROUND; never a cause for commotion in the mostly unfriendly wealthily-owned Press, and so not easy to assess for public impact. [redacted]. He could listen and see, settle and wait; such a nice inrush of phone-ins and letters, a slyboots delight behind the mask of indrawn aspect and silky [redacted] brow which he wore when he was satisfied with himself.* (He could also quite angrily demand his credit when it was withheld; but that was savvy of what counted in his business.) His threshold of satisfaction [redacted] was high, often taxingly so, until it was discovered that his demands ON others were proportionate to his respect. Footlessness prompted a disconcerting kindness. His appreciation of FINANCE MINISTER Nethersole has the point. He demanded, and got, from Nethersole; the fact, of course, was [redacted] that Nethersole, a maverick whom not even Manley, that senior bull, could command, desired to give of his skill and devotion to the Party and country he loved in his undemonstrative way.

Norman was especially proud and gratified of what the man who at that time may have been his closest friend [redacted]

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had accomplished in three years more than was expected or hoped for: a sound economy and a people in the majority satisfied at the progress of the nation. They were two men of a certain likeness: [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] political salience. Crab, of the NETHERSOLE OF THE dry wit and incisive mind, of unquestioned integrity and a dedication so selfless, he was said to have no enemies. People warmed to him with the assurance of old shoes. He was a good man to travel by, for he had the wisdom of the guide, with no scarring anxiety to lead the expedition. Soon he was to be the [redacted] cause of [redacted] GRIEF to Manley. [redacted] brother, Roy, was kidnapped [redacted]. Soon Crab would be victim of one of the more insensate acts of political mob violence when he was assaulted on the street near to the parliament buildings. ONE EYE WAS GRAVELY DAMAGED. [redacted] Within a year, the hale and hearty Nethersole would be dead.

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SIXTY-

CHAPTER [redacted]-THREE

Manley's awareness of the historical forces underlaid his approaches to leadership and policies. He had grown up close to one such force. There is hardly any doubt that a sharp, enquiring, roaming, high-school boy would have known that the mountains above GUANABOA [redacted] had been the territory of Juan de Bolas ↔ the black 17th century guerrilla whose reality had come to him in the forest: to shed a losing age and gain a generation.* The Juan de Bolas time had been one of change, with

*Juan de Bolas, whose memorials are the mountains above Guanaboa Vale, in 1658 saw that the Spaniards were losing to the invading English for the conquest of Jamaica and fleeing to Cuba, ultimately leaving the blacks in the lurch, SO HE struck a treaty with the English in return for the non-interference of his people. The remaining Spanish soldiers were soon routed with his aid. Juan de Bolas was himself said to have been killed by another black brigade loyal to the Spaniards. His political sense had CAUGHT [redacted] the commencement of the English-speaking Jamaica. A novel about him, THE JAMAICANS, is published.

political similarities as his. Manley had grasped the truth, unfashionable as it was to many of his Afro-Saxon comrades and contemporaries, that race and colour were factors to be reckoned for ↔ and the more publicly, the healthier. "Goodwill is beyond doubt an excellent lubricant," he had remarked laconically in 1938, "but pride and self confidence are better driving forces." He knew the battle to bring change to the land would face its greatest opposition, not from external agencies, at that time, but from the inner inertia of a 300-year conditioning.

BREAK

- B R E A K -

WHY, walk the heat-hazy streets of the City of the 'Fifties, the city of Duke and Church streets, of King and Tower streets, the buck-crossings on the money highways where the hunters are clad, not lightly against the blazing heat, but muffled under hats and suits as for the cold and rain of London; and there it was: the ready, visible signs of the 300-year-old conditioning.

It took a daring for a businessman to be in brown; black was fine,

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[redacted] in serge or tweed; grey was acceptable, but in the darker hues. Grey, however, drew frowns at a funeral; black, or, forgiveable, very navy blue, was de rigueur. White was poor in spirit, unless in sharkskin or flannel; later the linens joined the elite, but cottons, never.

English expatriate civil servants, in their suits of white [redacted] flour-bag cotton, supplied much diversion to the fun-loving Jamaicans. As usual, the Colonial elite in their tweeds were even more English than the English. Light blues or tans, greens or anything else was lunacy. Sports coats were passable if worn over grey "bags", i.e., trousers; but not even the Sunday Morning Sport, the young modern, ventured out of doors without a jacket. Scarves were accepted in place of neckties in the matinal hours of [redacted]. Black lace-up shoes completed most of the ensembles, with a black or grey fedora topping the anguish. A drab, pathetic lot, aping from every sweating pore the styles of England. Bustamante in his heavy morning coat and topper, entering the superheated little legislative chamber to the frantic clapping of a tattered electorate, was much admired in the newspapers for his "sartorial elegance." Manley, when he came to office, decreed no morning coats (or evening "tails") for his team, although it took years before he released his own waistcoat for the more sensible two-piece suit.*

*A couple of decades later, his son, Michael, on entering upon office, was to lead the great break from the traditional necktie-&-collar collage to the more suitable "kariba" suits. TAKE IN BACK

BREAK

"Loyalties are potent realities, but the business of growth, involves a frequent and painful discard of the outworn and the outgrown!" Manley had cried desperately in his pre-war jungle world that [redacted] the hope of growth among all but a few of his people.

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FOOTNOTE- continued

denounced by his opponents as "Russian socialist suits." And sure enough, like clockwork, the JLP clobber of the PNP at the 1980 polls, instantly brought sweating to the streets hordes of businessmen, fundamentalist preachers, civil servants, legislators, clad in 3-piece "American capitalist suits". However, some other Third Worlders seem to have solved the "non-aligned" garment dilemma. In a determinant to preserve their identity, practised for 4,000 years, the Israelis, working a government nicely at balance with their homegrown socialism (which is assisted by American capitalism), attend at the Knesset wearing everything from "karibas" to open-neck sports shirts to suits-&-ties.

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Bravely and eloquently he had spoken then, and bravely and eloquently he marched into the LATE Fifties and Sixties. "The immediate past has attempted to destroy the influence of the glory that is Africa. It has attempted to make us condemn and mistrust the vitality, the vigour, the rhythmic emotionalism (obtained) from our African ancestors."

Above Belmont, above Guanaboa, in the afternoon shadow of the Juan de Bolas mountains, the spirit of the old guerrilla fighter descended the rock trails and into the soul of this other distinguished son of Guanaboa:

"Until the people have the supreme pride in their origins, and their significance, and their racial strain, you cannot build a country."

— BREAK

As an identity aid, he had his public works minister, A.G.S.Coombs, pilot a bill through the House that provided for discovering and preserving historical objects, with a special significance: one of the categories "Father" Coombs should insert into the national psyche would be identified under "Sites". The classification would OFFER new CONCEPTS OF THEIR HISTORY TO the Jamaican people; MODIFYING THOSE which HAD originated with the English historians. The "greathouses", churches, courthouses, although laboured on by their African ancestors, were in fact never occupied by them, EXCEPT as servants; or as supplicants allowed the Sunday privilege of worshipping the "white" god from the back of the pews. The "backra" mansions they built in stone, survived; their own cabins of wood and clay, seldom withstood the siege of time and weather. ON ANOTHER FRONT, their centuries of war on the oppressors HAD BEEN waged by attrition and ambush, and so had built them no forts. WHAT THEY LEFT WERE, WELL, "SITES." Their cottage industries of the yabba and the jippi jappa*

*Hats made of palm leaves or straw.

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required neither machinery nor STONE WAREHOUSES, ONLY [redacted] their own determination to escape the poverty of body and soul THAT the bondage and [redacted]-without-obligation, brought.* By the curious ambivalence which fre-

*The slaves were the wronged ones, but it was the white slave-owners who were "compensated" in cash by the English government.

quently denies to intellectuals the wreath of freedom fighters, Manley's pride and passion, quiet but intense, in the African tendrils of his roots, has gained small praise from his peers. The trouble with Manley was that he hoisted no personal pennons, marched to distant drums, and relied for his recruits on the justice of his cause. He approved of the British Commonwealth, for his time, but denounced such mind-benders as Jamaican children parading on Empire Day, singing Rule Britannia.**

**May 24, Empire Day, an old holiday later changed to Labour Day to commemorate the 1938 uprising by waterfront workers.

Equally combative and imperious as Garvey, they ruffled each other's feathers, but the martyrdom of Garvey, in the cause of "Africa for the Africans, at home and abroad," would, in due season, educe his homage that Garvey's memory deserved "perpetual recognition".

MANLEY'S [redacted] was a large canvas, a multitude of ideas and details made [redacted] harmonious in frame. A dreamer, and a schemer for his dreams. "West Indian history is a modern thing and tradition is something we have to foster and create, and its development is a deliberate act of intelligence." He knew the value of history and tradition. It had cast him, putteed and booted, in the mud of France, a [redacted] Colonial fighting an IMPERIAL [redacted] war (and perhaps effected two decades later the entry of his son into another [redacted] war.) "In the dreams of those who have not forgotten to dream," he said, was the hope for the time "when the false imperialism of power politics and exploitation, and the residual

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drosses of snobbery, and the designed nurture of ideas of inferiority (will) have passed away..."

And this was his work. To find those men and women who had not forgotten how to dream, and to clench those dreams into action, aiming for the hope.

(6)

He had met his horses of the morning, strong, rushing, youthful horses charging into the day, free running with the wind in their nostrils, hard to control but of great promise, able to run ~~the course~~ WELL if they held to the COURSE. And life in its terrible justice would not fail to lead, and punish, and favour him; and for him, break out its best gift: to be wisely remembered.

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CHAPTER SIXTY-FOUR

Some think that Norman Manley may have forgotten his dream when he opted out of going to Port of Spain, to head the Federation. But he was living his dream. He was settling deeper in Jamaica; he was displaying his preference. His first loyalty had ever been to his own land. Federation, had, in his reading of world politics, seemed to offer more heft to whatever bargaining advantages open to small, poor nations. He could, and did, invoke an example of how strong the Caribbean islands were when they federated in sports: they had trounced Great Britain (called "England" for the games) at cricket. But that was that. He had not wanted much more; the quarrels and negotiations over trade and travel, and anything else, would be in the natural way of federated states since ancient Greece. What Edna called "the knotted problem of the site" for the Federal capital, had been solved after some covert pipe-laying by the Trinidad delegates among the smaller Caribbean catechumens who for generations had migrated to work in that island's oilfields.

Some opinions say he stayed at home out of a caution for the electoral process; the possibility of defeat. Others slate an apprehension of an internecine war for the succession with the ambitious comrade, Wills O.Isaacs, coming out on top; an accident to be avoided. Back in 1950, Wills had "attacked" him "by a false statement" and had "resolved to nurse a grievance against him." Isaacs' fondness for calling in the hostile capitalist press to help him win Party battles was a flaw that left Manley uneasy. Still others saw a plain fear that his departure for regional politics might give Busta leave to grab the homeland.

The "Chief" was being particularly rumbuctious as he closed in on the readymade issue of Federation. With wild hair flying like an

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old Jewish prophet, to the accompaniment of furious jeremiahs, Busta was ranging about the country, IN A WAR-CRY [redacted] against [redacted] "a federation of paupers."

Manley, at 65, was conscious that the sap would now thin, rather than run deep. He was, in fact, feeling his years, and in one of his very scattered drifts into wanness, had wondered aloud about frailty, and political succession. He could not, at that time, have seen either of his sons in the line of descent. Both were young, in their thirties, even if Douglas, the elder, five years before, when he was 31, had caused his mother a nice chuckle of pride, "so mature and solid and a little distinguished." N.W. was too intelligent to fear futility. He knew that all work done, or attempted, had an effect on events. By the same token, the fact of mortality was to be met without flinch. Like the active, vibrant person he was, he would yield grudgingly; and also, being Manley, he would face the truth that at his age, as he told it, "the next job I take on might very well be my last job. I do not believe in a man continuing until he is almost senile." This "last job" was to be premier of Jamaica. It took priority over the more prestigious Prime Minister of the West Indies, [redacted] advocate though he was of the Caribbean affiliation. He was carrying in his body a death just eleven years away. Stress and success had come to him in equally massive doses. His frame, in his youth, had been pounded by a shocking bout of typhoid that had left its weakening. He had fought the ugliest war in modern times (for its combatants) and that too had given him a pounding. Because he went for excellence in whatever he did, his working hours were awesome. They took toll.

It is possible that Manley saw through to the enormity of making a nation with the material the British had made of the islands: the burnt-out food-lands, diminished by centuries of forced production for export,

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the dusty little towns that went for capitals, the education system that stamped out caricatures of black Englishmen from those it touched, the books and newspapers, whose content had created a self-loathing to be felt TO BE BELIEVED, [redacted] the class structure that stratified the society rigidly as INTO cell-blocks, the casual way in which grants-in-aid were applauded as funds earned (and had become the source of revenue in some of the smaller territories); a gruel of beggars, spiritually and on the streets.

He had, also, a disgust at the jockeying for power in the Federal structure. Not that he was above politicking himself, but was appalled at the gracelessness of the style. "The whole issue of Federation," Edna noted at the time, "is clouded with suspicion and doubt and dishonest politics." And, added, bodeful as it turned out: "Perhaps it will survive, who knows?"

So he knew his years and stated his knowledge simply: "It is here (in Jamaica) I believe that I can continue for the remainder of my life's service to make the largest contributions." [HE WOULD NOT GO TO PORT OF SPAIN

[To many it was unbelievable. Many friends resented his decision. [He was a dreamer of practical dimensions, a functioning intellectual who absorbed the hard meanings, searched, discarded and stayed with his decisions, alone, sometimes lonely, but secure. How lonely NOW it would be, not even he had an inkling.

⊙

Early The great crowd that spilled over Half Way Tree square the night of the announcement had waited impatiently for him to descend from Drumblair to say whether he would stay or go. They had stood through the pump-priming speeches that had offered no clue, for he had not confided his decision. AND, ARRIVED TO DEAFENING CHEERS, HE MOUNTED THE PLATFORM AND SPOKE. [A hush greeted the climactic "I am staying."

The reaction was disquieting. Although he drew cheers, for the first time since the see-saw days of 1938-44, ominously. N.W.

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Manley drew some boos, scattered and half hearted, but unmistakably of the bad stuff. It had been an agonizing decision and as lacerating to his hearers. It hurt and bewildered his supporters, to whom his previous peripatetics on Federation would now seem to have been mere antics. It baffled his hearers, for his obvious and dedicated work on the Federal idea, his wringing of the issues through many complex conferences and conclaves, seemed to have been so much bull-rope. What passed unnoticed in the emotion of the moment was his practical reading of the job in Port of Spain, where the Federal capital would be located.

[NOT MANY RECALL WHAT HE HAD SAID. THAT HE saw the Federal seat as easier to occupy than the Jamaican office. He described the home mission as a "hard, bitter, tough fight." He turned out to be right on both counts.

The Federation was never taken seriously by the Jamaican people, especially with the capital a thousand miles south, across unknown seas in what was then, [redacted] unknown territory. With Manley in Port of Spain, the odds are that interest could have minimally increased, but [redacted] urgently? UNLIKELY. And as to whom would have taken his place at home, the fates would have cried havoc, since Nethersole, perhaps, in his mind, the best candidate for succession, would drop dead in a year.

Manley stayed home, and shooed in Grantley Adams of Barbados, and the Federation was doomed. Sir Grantley was a small islander so insular he publicly deplored the necessity of living in the detested Trinidad. (His wife refused to take up residence.)

The death of the Federation [redacted] after five years barely wrinkled the thoughts of the majority of Jamaicans. The "hard, bitter, tough fight" at home remained.

Capp

No bugles led him into the battle renewed. The decision to stay had whittled some credibility, and the Referendum rattling around in the

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future, would destroy it among a majority. The bugles of 1955, like the brooms, had been placed in the closet.* [redacted]

FOOT-NOTE

*On his long, youthful runner's legs scything through France, carrying ammo for his battery or racing to his mount, he had shared in the last great war in which bugles, after nearly three centuries, would be used. [redacted] He had "a vast and barren territory to be occupied, civilised, and brought under proper amenities," a remark which rang uneasily like an Imperial soldier's raison d'etat. But this was no neo-proconsul's edict. Rather, it was a coming to grips with the gravity of building a nation in which his Socialist desires would not be allowed to outflank the practical need for capital. It made him alive to the factors of what he saw as a functional economy: the orderly arrangement in which the State matched its penny with the private sector's.

He was at the time under sniper fire from the Opposition for establishing a bridgehead in the entrepreneur sector, through his Zero refrigeration plant. Zero provided cold storage for fish and farm products and came under Manley's own Ministry of Development. He was not slow in pointing out, that, rather than a State success, Zero had been largely the output of a team of business managers employed by the government. The complex gave valuable instructions to the new industrial planners by the related placing of its ice plant, freezing chambers and fishing-boat pier, [redacted]. The arrangement streamlined the harvesting, storage and shipping of fish, the logistics of which had eluded the business for years. It would lead, Manley concluded, to the important exploitation of the deep sea fields, hardly then penetrated by the island's primitive fishing fleet of canoes, wind-&-oar propelled, and the rich shrimp and lobster markets in the United States.

=BREAK=

In an analogical chuckle, Nature had organized the genes of old

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Sam Manley in his son, to tantalize the Gestalt freaks. Old Sam had loved law and the adventure of penetrating foreign markets, [redacted]. His son inherited the genes; [redacted] them to his own intelligence. [redacted] what would be, would be; for [redacted] A favoured expression of his, always thoughtfully uttered, was: "We shall see what we shall see." Did it have a little more than appeared on the surface? Did he mean that destiny would call the shots?

Old Sam [redacted] a confronter, a man never slow for a rumble, a tireless litigant. (Old Sam lost most of his world's goods but he had saved up some treasures in heaven; he gave an organ to the Porus church.) N.W.Manley, too, liked combat. [redacted] success when they totally [redacted] their [redacted] tendencies. The Referendum, thought by many to have been N.W 's too ready response to a Bustamante challenge, led to disaster at the polls, when, by right of performance and promise, the Party should have won handsomely. But for now the reins were well in hand and Manley was nicely seated. He had been given good knees and wrists by a canny tax relief: the abolition of the bicycle tax had raised the Party's profile considerably in the sugar-growing flatlands, ideal for pedal pushers — and historically Bustamante strongholds; the Sandy Gully flood control project in the Capital, to provide less pot-holed motorways, was boon to the fast-increasing car-owning class, and bonanza to wage-hungry unemployeds who could be counted on not to forget. (In speaking for a priority of the Sandy Gully scheme one day, he enlived his disquisition with the kind of piquancy that was a part of his flair as elegance of language and the histrionics: that once, nine inches of rain fell in fifteen minutes at the Palisadoes Plumb Point lighthouse; and that at unseasonably named

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Pleasant Hill in St Andrew, eighty-five inches fell in four days.) Dray-men, a hard-swearing fraternity whose ROAMING and gregarious ways guaranteed a wide forum of hearers, were believed to have been profanely influential in emphasizing the PNP's sympathy to the welfare of the man-in-the-street — after the tax on drays was abolished. It was the practical politics of democracy; used lightly, it was good collateral on polling day.

BREAK

Manley believed in a government that engaged in expanding the economy. He was never, personally, a hoarder. He raced horses, kept a fine home, sent his children to famous (and expensive) schools, built a holiday mountain cottage, drove high-powered cars, went overseas for the civilization that was absent from his Caribbean idyll. But when it came time, he would walk away from it all. Drumblair and the good times would go on the block, for an oblation.

No break

In the five years of his first term, his government disbursed the then unheard of sum of £149,567,000 ($299,134,000); nearly twice as much as put into circulation in the Labour Party's time in office. Much of his government's financial successes had been due to his very good Minister of Finance. Nethersole's sudden death was a blow the Party never seemed to shrug.

Audrey: This is my Note to myself!!
Miss Harwood of Met Off on 26/1/83 by phone.
Ex World Meteorological Organization's Guide to hydrological practices:
On 12/5/16 = 7'8" in 15 min. at Plumb Point
And in Jamaica records, she says:-
In 4 days, 96" fell at Silver Hill, Portland, in November, 1909

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CHAPTER SIXTY-FIVE

Cap NORMAN [redacted]R stood at an upstair window of Drumblair and wept the day Nethersole died. He must have died a little himself.

"As a man, I loved him as I would love my own brother. (He was) a colleague of unshakable courage and loyalty ... an inspiration to everybody who walked beside him," he said later in the day to the House.

The shambling bear of a man had, by sheer decency of character, attracted legions to his friendship, and majorities to his counselling.

"If there was one man in (the) House who was admired, respected and loved by all classes of people in Jamaica, it was Noel Newton Nethersole."

Manley spoke with the shock of Nethersole's passing still on him. Crab had been in the cabinet room at a meeting the day before, working on and explaining the budget due the end of the month (March). He had worked massive hours on it. He had the stamina of a bull. Like Manley, he could work through the night and be buttercup-fresh next day, ready for more work, and play, a life-style he embraced with zest.

"He was a man who loved life and (was) close to people. Before 1938, he was a wellknown and much beloved figure to the field of sport. But no sooner than the crisis arose in 1938, he was among the first to come forward and dedicate his life to the forward march of this country."

Nethersole had joined the march with the same relish he showed for lighter endeavours. He had become president of Ken Hill's Reform League and had helped to form the Bustamante union, a job he did while Bustamante was in jail: the first two thousand names and £100 ($200)

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left over from the striker's feeding programme of Aggie Bernard and Edna Manley, were ready for Bustamante, THE [redacted] DAY, he was released from jail. Crab had headed the TUC, was first vice president of the PNP, and presided at the Party purge that ousted the Red-charged faction.

"Look at what (Nethersole) has done in (creating) an investment and monetary market for this country ... in the repatriation of Jamaican funds ... in developing the treasury bill issue which has had a most phenomenal success. He proved that what he thought was true; that there is a large floating sum of money in this country on which people want an opportunity of earning."

Nethersole had stamped Jamaica on the PNP Socialism, a solidly strong base for Manley's ideas of a non- "imported ideology," and for his own proud conviction that a self generating economy was essential to sovereignty. He was an extraordinary man, moving in slow sweeps that secured the details and somehow completed his assignments with astounding speed. With Manley at his elbow, he had proceeded to pull into line the banking institutions, foreign-owned every one* whose

*The Government Savings Bank, begun in 1837, the year before Emancipation, was a lowkeyed establishment, working its funds in Britain and Colonial Securities and local Loan Societies.

deposits and profits flowed remorselessly out, to the countries of their origin, Canada and the United Kingdom; further impoverishing the indigent island. Manley's observation, that the normal obligations of a bank, were, in Jamaica, discharged by accident or goodwill, was never questioned. Nethersole created the Development Finance Corporation for Jamaica's needs; was examining the need for a Jamaican Stock Exchange; and, at his death, had drafted the greatest of his monuments, a Central Bank of Jamaica.

"Noel Nethersole was quite a unique man. He had a calmness of

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character, a gift of humour, a sense of justice and decency in public life, a spirit charitable to most men and free of rancour to all men. Above all, a profound care for the needs of the ordinary men and women."

The new land taxation law had its genesis in Nethersole's thinking, a law that took its course out of "the needs of the ordinary men and women." He had removed the tax from bicycles and drays, the transport of the poor.

He was an exceptional man, a stayer in history,* whose grip on life was at the base. The first years of his Party in office achieved strongly, because he understood the issues severely. Briefly, just over four years Minister of Finance, he tenanted the office to the degree that his works still attract enrichment, rather than the restructuring invited by many factional installations at a change in rulers.

*A tribute so far given only to National Heroes, went to N.N. Nethersole when his statue was placed outside the imposing new Central Bank of Jamaica, on Nethersole Place, in downtown Kingston.

Manley was not a tearful man. He may not have wept in years. Edna tried to brush them away. She looked the question, and the answer.

"Life," he said softly, shaking his head, "life."

From Edna: "And that great funeral, from East Street (St George's Church) to Half Way Tree (cemetery), a solid mass of people. And when they broke through the police into the cemetery, thousands of them,

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and stood so silently for the Masonic rites. Nothing like it had ever been seen before. And Norman reading the lesson:'And God shall wipe away all tears ...'"

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CHAPTER SIXTY-SIX

One day in 1937, before Mr Justice Cannon in Chambers, in a Corporation case, Manley did the unusual by allowing the pressures to bear down too hard. His concentration slipped; he moved "from the logic of fact." Naturally, he afterwards berated himself. He recognised that he had gone into ground too open; his position had become "unsound", because, as he said, he had not relied on his true case. It was bad work and he told himself so. He believed in true cases, and he sought his truth by a great impulsion of body and mind. For seven days a week, of up to twenty hours a day. He sought his truth in the courtroom by pursuing it down the twists and swollens and givens of his fellow mortals. The courtroom is the only corner in the civilisations of our time where a shift from veracity in the spoken word exacts a punishment from our fellows. He was famous for his cross-examinations, which were hardly ever without excitement, and as modelled as a war game, full of stratagems, ambushes and camouflages; and most of the time, when the way came clear, the drive to the winning finish.

The strategies of his government bore a similarity to his courtroom craft. He held that in the last analysis, the amount of money spent by the government was a major instrument of policy in a newly developing country. So in the final of his first five years, in 1959, he recounted with satisfaction the doubling of his expenditure budget above the five Bustamante years, 1950 to 1955. He had put his policy to the test and the strategies had succeeded. The funds inserted into the economy, were as the courtroom questions. But his interrogation of the experiences, the deducible facts and the extrapolations from the

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evidence, were ordering up new avenues for that drive to the finish. [redacted] office, the heat and burden of [redacted] had modified his direction. The needle of his ideological compass had moved further to the right of the Eden left. The fellow, who, in his youthful mid-Forties, had declared in the Ward Theatre: "No amount of economic good will make (for) our people a real unity" unless there was a "political organisation" of the people, was, in his maturer mid-Sixties, declaring that "national independence is not a question of political constitutions ... There are no institutions more vitally important than those (concerned with) the economy and the monetary system of a country."

He named that last budget of the first term, the "Full Speed Ahead Budget"; for the evidence was in, the facts were clear, the findings were mandatory. The drive was to spend to the maximum on development. Not recklessly, or on counter-productive adventures, but "wiser and better with every passing year." It was a [redacted] declaration of faith, optimism, and, in the light of the man's accomplishments, a promise of success.

Odd as a dove's teeth has been the widely held belief that Manley, while acknowledgedly a law hawk, glided in dreamy isolation above the hubbub of day-by-day politics; a [redacted] don whose intellectuality disqualified him for a place in the squabble, unable to share in that [redacted] but proud usefulness felt by "practical" people. Those who knew him, knew better. His hard realism had capably quieted the tough Upper School goshawks of Jamaica College, [redacted] earned him the respect of the army plug-uglies from London's East End, and fidelity from an apperceptive [redacted] Jamaica Welfare staff. He acquired a reputation of being a tough, tireless boss in his Ministry; certainly a ruthless opponent by his law colleagues; and was consequently flattered by a generation of imitators, especially in his eloquence. But the clinquants lacked his karat. [redacted] His humour was of the people, broad as

a Guanaboa/barbecue joker guffawing [redacted] under a full moon. Behind that distinguished brow, courteously inclined to a confrere, lurked such Rabelaisian ways as whether (one night at an important conference) the fellow facing him, "fat as a pig with a rotundity as spherical and defined" was not undergoing some "miraculous conception."

Yet, in that bright year, a shadow was moving around. The decision he took to stay home from Trinidad rocked the PNP. Many lost their loyalty for a season: the election for the Federal Parliament was rebuffed by half the electorate ON THE ROLLS, MOST OF THEM [redacted] from the old PNP support, in a negative mood caused by Manley's abnegation. Labour had the surge of the Chief's new gallop; chomping now to be in a fight, they turned out in droves FOR THE FEDERAL POLL.

Jamaica had been assigned 17 of the 45 Federal Parliament seats distributed among the islands. The Socialist federal party (the West Indies Federal Labour Party — here at last the PNP had secured that elusive "labour" label! — included Dr Eric Williams' People's National Movement of Trinidad (f. 1955), Sir Grantley Adams' Barbados Labour Party (f. 1939) and [redacted] the majority parties in all the islands except [redacted] St Vincent. (Manley had been elected President of the WIFLP.) [redacted] In the elections, [redacted] held on March 25, 1958, the 53% of the Jamaican electors which turned out, buried the PNP-supported WIFLP candidates. Bustamante's people, campaigning as the Democratic Labour Party of the Federation, snatched 12 of the 17 Jamaican seats. What came clear was that the PNP supporters, rather than voting against Manley, simply stayed out of the booths. The WIFLP won 22 of the 45 W.I. seats. Some frantic footwork brought in the three Independents from Grenada (2) and Barbados (1) and gave the WIFLP a shaky majority. Busta, who had also decided to stay in Jamaica, now saw a new chance

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to regain the ground he had lost in the general elections. The Federal elections had shown him where Manley was assailable. Busta was gathering for the leap. The BREAK-OUT. But the PNP term would not expire until January, 1960; and Manley, the old bush-master, read the signs. He would ambush Busta.

caps MEANWHILE, THE PNP'S BREAK fortunes were rising. FOR the economy had been well managed. People had more jobs; more pride as the Party instituted visible signs of departure from the irritating Imperial trappings. The Party machinery had smoothed its run after the Federal shock and was functioning effectively, even in JLP country. All seemed well. So Manley sprung his trap on Busta and called the elections for July, 1959. It was, as Edna Manley described it, a "brilliantly impudent declaration of an early election." *

In spite of having lost the Federal elections, he drubbed the Bustamante forces, taking 29 of the 45 seats (the House had been enlarged from its 32 seats). What was even more significant was the PNP's performance in the popular vote. More decisive than ever, they go

an island-covering campaign logistically triumphal his campaign trails were always enlivened by the presence of Party lead singer, Clarence Davidson and his folk-wise driver, Howard Graham. Davidson had a carrying tenor and a platform presence.

Flat 410. But my page 382 Footnote

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CHAPTER ~~FIFTY~~-SEVEN

Manley was a sensitive man and vulnerable in his hurt. He could be painfully depressed and given to questioning what he called his "intuition". But his inner unity enabled him to escape unharmed, to the extent that he hoed his row.

For the fact was, that, vastly finer mind as he had, he was no match in wiliness with his Hanover cousin. Of his connective years, twenty-four, with elective politics, he led the country for only seven; Busta held that office for twice as long; yet the powerful mystique that unifies the two in the psychic apparatus of their clients, obstructs quick telling apart; both bowl along, together, over the years, indivisible yet irreconcilable.

The political "game" was not a contest of skill or luck to Manley; it was a profoundly serious undertaking to structure a people, and nation, out of, as he saw it, the lethargy and inertia resulting from a history of slavery and Imperial rapine. The notion of Empire was a crude ideal that should be discarded. "The crudities of that idealism, we of the People's National Party (will not) accept," he had declared in his first year as Party leader. He would take that kind of passion all through his political life. The histrionics he employed in law, were never brought to politics. Law was his skill; but the profundities of the suffrage held his soul. To structure a people and a nation by the vote, a word of similar root as vow, and as solemn an act by which "democracy ceases to be an ideal, and becomes a necessity, for the realisation of the creative in all man, and of the evolutionary potential in every society, however chaotic and vague its elements may seem." It was a kind of dedication that left scant room for political wind-

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stealing once he had the ship.

— BREAK —

Cap By 1959, October's end, he was complaining bitterly at the bewildering speed with which Busta could switch ends when it suited him. The "Chief" on his break-out for power was cracking blows right and left, laying about him in a desperate, early afternoon Federal Gotterdammerung out of which he hoped for the prize of the Jamaican legislature. Bustamante's ANTI-FEDERALISM HAD a covert moral support in the high PNP echelon; and of this Manley knew, but chose to treat quietly, convinced that he had their personal loyalties "whatever their private feelings about aspects of the future." He may also have been misled by the profile of public response: although obviously disapproving of his decision to stay in Jamaica, by a virtual rejection, at the 1958 federal polling, of any responsibility to his Federal Labour Party, they had turned out splendidly in the 1959 Jamaican elections and given the PNP a great victory. To hold a Referendum, then, on whether to keep Jamaica in the Federation, may have seemed good odds to him.

Norman Manley also desired a federated Caribbean for selfish Jamaican reasons. We, as he saw it, needed them. In an extraordinary confession of Jamaica's inadequacies, he was to tell his federal colleagues of the "deeper level of sheer naked poverty" and the "higher rate of unemployment than any other territory in the Caribbean." He was not for fooling about with such a situation, for in it were the seeds of "riot and revolution;" and he asked that the battalion of Federal troops on the Jamaican station be doubled, a predisposition to overreact, unexpected as explicable.* In hot pursuit of egalite,

— BREAK —

TAKE IN FROM P.385; RUN-ON.

*A small "rising" by supposedly Rastafarian elements and visiting American blacks had been contained and quickly put down; Manley, in a radio broadcast about "bearded men" had hastened many wearers of beards to the barbers, caused some innocent hirsutes to be roughed up.

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the right to the better life for his constituents, and confident in his ability to see and lead better than most (all?), and truly knowing the strong, resourceful [redacted] reasons of those who would nail down the master-servant status, disguised as stability, Manley, who knew time (ITALIC) with some intimacy, by having come close to its closure with some frequency through [redacted] (SICKNESS), war and accidents, would brook no [redacted] hindrance. He sometimes assumed a posture of defiance although he held a comfortable lead. A terribly intelligent [redacted] (REBEL) as a schoolboy at Jamaica College, when he changed (over) to the side of law and order, [redacted] his rectitude was devastating.

TAKE IN AT P.384

There were real and great advantages in a federal union, he told his Party colleagues. Foremost in his mind was trade; but he no doubt would think of the old Jamaican solution, the cyclical migration, that, since the century, had contracted thousands of men and women to several foreign lands — Cuba, Panama, the United States, the United Kingdom, Costa Rica. The rich, empty vastnesses of British Guiana (Guyana), hopefully due for inclusion in the Federation, was a goodlooking hope for a few thousand Jamaican pioneers. Trade, however, gathered his intent. He was excited about a Caribbean Common Market and Customs Union. But it is an uneasy judgment to see any less of the insular in N.W., than in his fellow satraps of the Ten Territories.* He eyed the British role of midwife with a similar care

*Antigua, Barbados, Dominica, Grenada, Jamaica, Montserrat, St Kitts St Lucia, St Vincent, Trinidad & Tobago.

as the others and watched with prejudiced interest that the allocation of power to the Federal apparatus did not breach Jamaica's economy. He liked to keep his options. One Monday evening in April, 1937, he sat at Drumblair and carefully argued with himself whether to invite

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the Banana Producers into his Jamaica Welfare scheme (then called the Banana Trust Fund) and decided against it. He felt they would be nosey, would criticize and interfere; that their shareholders would listen to malice and contrive to wreck his Welfare. And that, anyway, they were not big enough an organisation to handle it. Twenty years later, in the larger case, he was still eyeing askance. He cautioned against interrupting the plan-flow "our party" (the Federal party) had put into operation for securing the Federal foundations; an apparatus, he bluntly stated, that would function no less, no more, than the state of the financial health of the two largest units, Jamaica and Trinidad & Tobago. There was never any doubt in his mind about which came first, Jamaica or the West Indies. Nor how he would opt, if the track indicated better going for a lone Jamaica.

He was not selling Regional unity short. He defended the idea. He used a very rational bumper once to do it, bowled to his surrogate Federal premier.* "Men come and men go," said a sententious Manley to his Party conference in 1959. "To argue that Federation is wrong because the leadership is misguided, is to put the cart before the horse. Don't throw away the cart because the horse isn't pulling."

*Grantly Adams' bumbling performance as the first federal Prime Minister was not aided by the tart criticisms, often deserved, from his two more brilliant colleagues, Manley and Williams, either of whom could have got the WIFLP leadership but studiedly declined.

Whether the horse was pulling would soon be only of academic interest. But nobody knew that yet, and certainly thought less about it as the Jamaican general elections were on. The near debacle of the Federal polling, which had rocked the Party's support, had to be neutralised and re-created into positive backing. [redacted]

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MANLEY had added 13 seats, enlarging the House to 45 members. The fright of '58 had shaken not only the PNP politicians, but also the stay-at-home and closet Socialists who had neither wanted, nor expected, the technical defeat of their "federal PNP". So they turned out in better numbers this time, and on a 65% polling, gave the PNP its fine victory. *

* One active Party-fundraiser was Alfred Seaga who in 1960 hosted a birthday party for Norman given by the Fund Raising Committee. He was an uncle of Edward Seaga of the Labour Party.

Please take IN on P.390 !!!

BREAK

Because full disclosure is an abnormality unavailable to man, our private ways puzzle ourselves, offer false leads and incomprehensibly mix our virtues and faults. In Manley, the private ways riot.

Beyond genes and chance, there is the factor at the core, the uncries known X, guessed at by the hurting self as it for tranquillity, or, foolishly, FOR understanding. In the end, to the lucky, comes acceptance, and then a sensible disregard. Others fuse into saints or lunatics.

It was a vibrant comeback for the PNP, from the mangling of the Federal elections, and N.W. hailed it without modesty. His Party had given Jamaica, he said, "what is undoubtedly the best government Jamaica ever had." It was a victory that generated the sort of vibrance quick to answer challenges. It was the kind of win that could make a man boasie and summon up sinews best held IN RESERVE for better programmed combats. A rush to truth is decidedly not politics, it is an ignorance of the streets. A steady, cautious approach, with the back of the neck well covered, ensures survival for continued truth-seeking.

Busta, revitalised by a long overdue overseas holiday, was not yet ready to give up. A man who had found the energy at 60 to enter

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parliament for the first time, asks to be understood, if, at 75, he declines to accede to custom and change his shoes for slippers. He was searching for issues, and Federation was turning into a very rich vein.

A tall, thin, youngblood in the JLP named D.C.Tavares, one November 1959 day in the House, revealed the lode when he proposed a Referendum. It was instantly rejected by Norman. He had just waged and won an election in which the Party's Federal stand had been a major declaration. It would be irresponsible to slow up the processes by asking again. "Maybe one day it will come to that," he said prophetically, "but not now."

The Tavares motion fizzled but the idea had been lodged; and then came the last days of May.

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SIXTY

CHAPTER FIFTY-EIGHT

In the last days of May, as in other days, odd things happened in the world. In Paris, France, MAY, 1960, the Americans were paying an instalment on their 200-year-old debt to France, for Lafayette, by agreeing to share their A-Bomb secrets, while cautiously shielding the H-Bomb plans from their unpredictable Gallic friends. In London, the family in Buckingham Palace was acquiescing with the Establishment's proposal that stockbroking had the elements of that dignity required in a new job for the photographer who had married the Queen's sister. (And Jackie Chang, his half-Chinese erstwhile sweetheart, was predicting that her Tony would return). In the United States, Frank R.Beckwith, an Indiana black, was seeking the U.S. presidential nomination from the Republican Party.

The last days of May were tranquil in Jamaica. N.W.Manley was ruling well, with style and success. The squalling Federal baby he had helped to bring into the world, was quieting down, and even gurgling. Customs Union of the units, that controversial factor rated most likely to succeed in destroying the Federation, had been settled. He and Dr Williams of Trinidad were once again on speaking terms; they were working out ways to seal off the twin threat to the new State over whether industrial development plans and income tax collections, in the units, should be Federal business. All good positive stuff. But the Bustamante hardening against a federated West Indies was irking more than he cared to admit.

At home, his Federal line was losing definity. More frequently he had been talking about Jamaica's ability to stand alone, and had even, a trifle adroitly, gained Ian Macleod's public .iat declaring

Macleod's

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the sun-filled backyards of the slums ghetto

Jamaica's choice to defect if the question arose. It turned out to be a waffle of significant scale; a fault-line that broke away unbridgeably wider when he called the Referendum. In the last days of May lay the seeds of the defeat that would lose this good man to his people.

TAKE IN FROM P.387 !!!

If he seemed uncertain in the Federal seas, he was going very WELL [redacted] in home waters; steering true for the ultimate destination of Jamaican independence, NO MATTER THAT [redacted] in the course of the voyage, he [redacted] put into such ports of CONVENIENCE [redacted] as a West Indies alliance. [redacted] In a flashingly angry mood one day, in 1951, he had ripped into the ruling Bustamante Party for "choking yourselves with shibboleths (while) Jamaica is sinking because of you and your free enterprise and your capitalism (which) we have had here for centuries, flourishing and flagrant since Emancipation." For years he had urged that National industrial and agricultural corporations be established, "the two necessary instruments for development." So indignant was he, he had done the unusual (for him) and created a memorable metaphor, split hilariously amphibious: "You have not got to sail out into uncharted seas - other small countries have blazed the trail for us!" (Well, he was an islander and equally at home ON LAND [redacted] and sea.)

HE had established a first class radio station (the Jamaica Broadcasting Corporation) with the primary objective of encouraging creativity in music and drama, commenced the process of moving costly, elitist secondary schooling to the poor [redacted] by a massive free-place programme, established [redacted] a Central Bank for managing the economy and an annual Economic Survey for detailed public scrutiny of the government's performance. HE HAD founded a National Trust for the recovery and use of the national patrimony.

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sought out and brought into the credit area, by his Small Businesses Loan Board, those Jamaicans whom the powerful lending banks had ignored, discouraged and watched destroyed; and not to be one-sided, established too, its corollary in heavy financing, the Development Finance Corporation, and forthwith, upon the first PNP win (in 1955), set about establishing a Planning Department that would prove invaluable to the whole. (Money management was never to be his metier, he had left this end of his leadership to Nethersole and had known a while of frustration and worry when Nethersole's sudden death revealed the paucity of financial savvy in his Cabinet. The "terrible state of delay and obstruction" in the Ministry of Finance discovered after the 1962 defeat "dumfounded" him.)

[redacted] The gains accrued from his negotiations with the bauxite mine owners (then Reynolds, Kaiser, Alcan) had raised the royalty and income tax by over 400%, from two shillings and eightpence to fourteen shillings a ton (27¢ to $1.40). He had even essayed a mini "foreign affairs" sortie --- matters outside his island were still the responsibility of the British crown; he crossed the Atlantic to London's Notting Hill, when the race riots flared, in '58, and by his presence, cooled it. His stocks were up in [redacted] but southward, the seas were stormy.

Wills O.Isaacs, the bald, bustling, bantam ex-businessman turned Socialist politician, was the main Bustamante baiter in the PNP. His cheerfully pugnacious style had for years buffaloed the "Chief". Where most of his comrades avoided confrontation with Busta, notorious for the weight of his folk-wit that could riddle an opponent with ridicule, Wills' ability to meet him head-on, to give as much as he got, had earned him the grudging respect, and even liking, of Busta. They had something in common. Wills did not like the Federation. He was, how-

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ever, the PNP's Minister of Trade and Industry, and the logical man to send to Trinidad for a talk with Dr Williams, that colony's premier who was showing rising anger at Jamaica's purposing to build an oil refinery. Williams saw a refinery, protected by a tax device, not only as a breach of Federal plans for internal free trade, but specifically as a blockage to the flow of Trinidad oil into Jamaica. Both Isaacs and Williams were men of short [redacted] FUSES. Wills later averred that the Doctor had insulted him in Port of Spain; denied by Dr Williams but damaging to the already strained relations between him and Manley. Wills angrily left Trinidad with the problem intact; not enough an incident to sink the Federal boat, but, added to events before, and after, made the list ominous.

(O) BREAK

(Caps) The weaknesses in the unification machinery had [redacted] SHOWN UP SHORTLY; with the first sitting of the federal parliament, April, 1958. Strong in quality and quantity, the Opposition, with such formidable debaters as Ken Hill (NOW [redacted] WITH BUSTA'S FEDERALS) and Bob Lightbourne of Jamaica, Albert Gomes and Ashford Sinanan for Trinidad, clearly would outpower the government spokesmen, who were not remarkable front bench material, considering that neither Manley nor Williams nor other of their famous men was there. Busta's Feds had a large and competent slate of professionals, who, idling in an out-of-power season, had placed themselves at his disposal and won to Port of Spain. They were knowledgable of House strategies and laid their legislative traps almost with amusement. Unsettled, the Majority members fell back defensively. One early snare was the Ken Hill motion calling for a Constitutional "leap-forward." Considering that Ken had not only cut his political teeth in the Socialist PNP, but had also been expelled from the Party, on a Red charge, the choice of a Mao Tse Tung phrasing had an edge. It was clearly dirty pool, as Ken knew

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that the Conference of '56 laid down, and since then, regularly ratified in debate, that the first five Federal years would be free from any fooling with the Constitution except that what John Mordecai calls a "casually altered" last minute modification had let in the phrase "not later than," in place of "during the fifth year.* Pounced

*Sir John Mordecai, former Jamaican Deputy Governor-General of the W.I.Federation in his book: The West Indies: The Federal negotiations.

upon by the sharp-eyed Ken, it was only defeated by the government majority after a torrid debate. It also commenced the polarity which would spread from the House to the Territories.

Manley had no illusions about the role of the Opposition in the Federal parliament. He saw them, the Jamaican element, as coming from the JLP which had "a great irresponsibility which masquerades as policy," and even as "liars and betrayers." The intemperance of his language describing his political adversaries was the measure of the anger he contained. For the Federal exercise was tearing him apart, an inside job guessed at by only the more perceptive around him. Edna was worried and wondered "how to keep Norman well and on his feet, to keep near the Almighty and to keep humble and yet unafraid."

He knew that he was on an anvil in his advocacy of, his obsession with, West Indian unification. He was to confess in a letter to Richard Hart years later that he had been the first to embrace the idea and the last to let go. And as the debate grew shriller, it was noticeable that the eloquence of exposition, the sweep of rhetoric he brought to bear on subjects across the canvas, from a schoolteacher's portion in the natural progression, to the shearing of prosecutory powers in an attorney general's portfolio, lost much of its power in the translation to federal affairs. The dream of many minds since Marryshow was turning into a nightmare.

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— BREAK —

If he bemoaned his fate at the hands of inconsiderate enemies, he also had a hard-headed awareness of the ambivalence among his friends. He knew that some of his Ministers had what he delicately called "private feelings" on federation but also that they revered his leadership enough to be meticulous in toeing the official line. The trouble lay in the fact that he had forked his trail. At least in one reading. He had set out as a nationalist, building an ever mounting emotional response; exhorting them, for the first time in their 450-year history as Jamaicans, to love the land, from the slopes and blue water at Lucea to the high-shouldered Manchioneal; and to see beauty in the hammer of the boilermaker knocking clinkers from a railway engine; in the shining swing of a machete-man cutting his quota of cane; in the smell of river-rush among the weavers as they worked an old skill in a cottage-task for a payday; in the words and dances of their creative children. The youth of 'Thirty-eight, now bracing for their forties, had grown up and matured in the extraordinary years; the years when suddenly it had become good to be called a "good Jamaican." Many would turn stubborn at the fork in the trail.

On the last day of May, 1960, the Federal seat that Robert Lightbourne had vacated almost a year before to run for and win a St Thomas seat for the Jamaica Labour Party, was placed in nomination. Both Federal parties were expected to put up candidates. Only the PNP/WIFLP did. The JLP instead put in a bomb, not yet armed, but ready for detonation. Bustamante announced that not only would his Party ignore the Federal by-election but was rejecting Federation altogether. They, as Manley was to say a few days later, had come out into the open.

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CHAPTER SIXTY-NINE

Manley awoke early at Drumblair, a lifelong countryboy/soldier habit he would never lose. His matutinal course required a retrieving of the morning paper from the front yard, and an amble in the rose garden to pluck the bloom for the day — he was an inveterate wearer of the boutonniere. But this day there was a stumble in the amble as a headline in the day's news struck. Bustamante was out of Federation.

There was a while that he agonized alone over his decisions; but in an astonishingly short time he had chosen, and was summoning a hurried Cabinet meeting. At 9.30 a.m., he strode into the Cabinet room and announced for a Referendum. None of his Ministers demurred. A few may have quietly exulted, for there had never been a total enthusiasm in the PNP hierarchy to a union with the other islands. The bomb was now armed.

— BREAK —

The JLP decision to abandon the Federal parliament, taken the night before, had likewise been the decision of one man, Bustamante; reportedly over determining whether the Party would throw in the $3,000-fund estimated to run the campaign to elect Edwin Allen. Busta, in his role as a Federal foe, and doubtless by now genuinely convinced of its inexpediency, balked at throwing good money and a very useful politician after bad.

— BREAK —

The Manley decision for a Referendum may well be the consequence of the fault and strength in the man: he was a combative, competitive individual who accepted challenges with an incautious alacrity that racked up victories because of his prodigious gifts of talent, concentration and capacity for back-breaking work; and because he had the burden of an integrity from which he could not escape.

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In the hour of decision he had granted himself that last morning in May, he may have looked critically at the figures of the last two elections and seen that the gamble was worthwhile. Although the PNP had been clobbered in the 1958 Federal elections, the PNP win in the Jamaican elections in 1959 had been on an increased majority, [redacted] 1959. But he may also have reckoned without the unconcealed apathy affecting some of his Party's [redacted] campaigners; [redacted] that could affect the voters. His promise, during the campaign, that if Jamaica stayed in, he would seek office in the Federal parliament, was too little or late to cure the apathy. Only [redacted] of the electorate would turn out for the Referendum.

And it was a gruelling trail that taxed all his energies. The sophisticated city voters fairly followed the Party line; but the crucial rural backing, retreated. Federal politics had [redacted] the suburban verandahs [redacted] but back of the mountains, folk found it soulless.

To show the joys of living together in unity, Manley could, and did invoke such parallels as England's effort to enter the European Common Market, [redacted] which a former hauteur was now denying her, or "the little republics of Central America" who were working toward a Customs Union. (He was premier of an island far smaller than the "little republics", but his natural Anglo-Jamaican boastfulness, a posture shared [redacted] by the vast majority of his countrymen, relegated them to a diminished importance.) [redacted]

He was pushing hard for a success at the plebiscite, the first national mandate on a single issue ever sought, in the history of the

country. He was entering the third decade since he had moved close to the politics of the people, twenty-one years since he had formed the PNP; he was now experienced with the moods. He [redacted] understood passion in politics. At the very beginnings of the Party, and always, he had hammered at the need for political education of the people. Both these factors, PASSION AND INFORMATION, had pulled the electorate, finally, to the PNP, and changed its image from the middlebrow repute of 'Forty-four to the populist victors of 'Fifty-five. But the Referendum campaign was disquieting. He knew his onions, and this crop was poor. The country-folk had not been educated into a West Indian mood. "The history of nations is a history of amalgamations," he had told the delegates at the 1947 Caribbean Labour Congress (that included T.A.Marryshow, the "Father of Federation") to rousing applause. But among the many notable absentees at that important Congress was a delegation from Hog Hole Bottom, or Top Fustic Crawl, or any similar BAREFOOT citizens.

The politicians and public people and the educated skim, knew of the other West Indies. Hog Hole Bottom did not. They would easily accept Busta's jibe at the Trinidad premier as "that hideous Dr Williams" and recoil in horror at Busta's forecast that one day the "little Doctor" would be ruling them. It was straight Big Yard cussin', a form Busta was adept at. BUT [redacted] it had much more conceptual clout than any number of speeches outlining the advantages of the Concurrent Legislative Lists, or the Veto Powers.

Above all, the old team spirit of the PNP, the hard-driving organisational skill, which had powered them past the formidable JLP mass strength, was absent. One researcher found that Manley, at his hundredth rural campaign meeting, had still no platform support from his skilled and seasoned city comrades. He had, in effect, disoriented

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them. He had celebrated, as "the basic policy of the Party," to build the special Jamaica, "a real home for its citizens." That was in 1939 at the very first annual PNP conference. Even more COMMITTAL was his declaration the year earlier that "We must ...recognize that this country has a destiny of its own, separate and distinct from the destiny of any other country." It was the theme and variations BY which the Party activists had MARCHED TO the barricades, nationalism in their eyes. And yet a closer reading of the intellectual Manley, at that time in the 'Thirties, would have picked up the bale-fire in the 45-year-old mover and shaker, on the threshold of his last and greatest career, to push a country anciently submissive, into an aggressive twentieth century Commonwealth but with no hostility to Britain. Indeed, he saw, he said, "pride in the thought of an association between (countries) based on ... equality." He was voicing a willingness to share a "morally independent" consortium with the British Empire, an idea that could [redacted] claim [redacted] relationship with the FEDERAL events brought to a head nearly a quarter century later. Federation, was, it seems, to him, not a denial of Jamaican nationhood but an association of "morally independent peoples." Entering Federation was not "abandoning" Jamaica; staying in Jamaica secured it. AND Jamaica would have [redacted] the best leadership in the ten territories. It is a reasoning.

He lost the Referendum by 8.2% of the 60.87% of the voters who polled - 453,580 from a voters' list of 777,965. The Corporate Area (the city of Kingston/St Andrew), as expected, went with him; he was roundly beaten in the rurals. It presaged the further happenings now only a year away.

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It was the kind of Manley tumble that was known to come when the horses were running best on his brightest mornings:

INDENT

Fresh from his triumph before the House of Lords judiciary in London, the first appearance by a Colonial lawyer, he had been put through the Ellis Island humiliation by some ugly Americans.

From being the golden boy of the Jockey Club, the pride of the Jamaican brown-skins and the token-black of the whites, the Club had [redacted] CALLED-IN [redacted] his paddock-card because of his choice of political tracks.

Although he had been far and away the choice of the landed gentry and the rich kulaks in the salt-fish trade, when he turned Socialist politician, it was only his unrivalled skill that enabled him to make a living off their litigations.

The horses had a way of running him down on his brightest mornings.

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CHAPTER ~~FIFTY-NINE~~ SEVENTY

Putting the people to such a test asked too much of [redacted] THEM.

It was a misread of their devotion to a man [redacted] WHOSE cause, [redacted] HAD BECOME alien. He was asking that they enter a federation of strangers in which he himself had no faith --- for he had backed away from office. So why should they put their avowal on a matter of no consequence, [redacted] concerning islands never heard of in past years, [redacted] by a majority of them? The delegation from Hog Hole Bottom was as absent in spirit as in body. The result? A debacle. And if the word [redacted] lays harshly, [redacted] it was N.W's own [redacted] phrase for his adventure in [redacted] putting the specific [redacted] to the ballot.

"Why really did I decide on the Referendum?" he would agonize later. "Why did I so totally commit myself and the Party to its results? Why did I not leave the smallest loophole for escape back to the old road, if the Referendum failed?

"The fact is that I cannot give any logical answers ... And we have paid the price for the decision and the responsibility is mine alone (for) the Referendum debacle."

No [redacted] conjectures [redacted] CAN negate the man's [redacted] judgment, based on his own soul search. He had made an earlier critique of his decision in the weeks after the Referendum, an analysis that [redacted] WAS a ratiocination [redacted] of the American and Canadian federative experience [redacted] but took no notice of the thousand [redacted] divisive sea-miles in which his associate amphiscians saw two shadows lurking, Us and Them. Nor that suspicion and even hostility was a natural element in the wake of [redacted] STATES, WHICH, a political unifying of separate states. [redacted] if allowed to vote a view, would likely opt for a return to the old familiar fences. After the 1776 American Revolution which created the United States, some of

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those "one and undivisive" states were ready for each other's throats and threatening to bolt the coop; indeed, a hundred years later, they proceeded to slaughter each other in the most savage internecine war of modern history, [redacted] because some wanted to secede.

But Manley had an enormous capacity for inquiry; he could face what other politicians saw as his faults, and which his integrity recognised as his virtues. Whether what he saw could take its place among the "logical answers", he knew himself to be "a totally committed person in whom every element of will and emotion and intent had fused into an unshakeable determination to stand or fall on what I thought was best for our future, as well as for the future of the West Indies."

This was his judgment in the cold of the day, eight months after what the JLP's Tavares had prophesied would be "a rude awakening." He had, he said, given the people what was rightly theirs, the power to decide. "Standing on this side of the event, and looking back, if I then had the knowledge I have now, I would still have decided to hold the Referendum because it was the right thing to do, whatever the outcome. One act of democracy in practice on a crucial occasion is worth a thousand protestations (of democracy)." The Federation had been rejected. Now he would put into motion the plans for independence. He had "no doubt whatever about the future of our country, about our ability to sustain independence, alone."

But first, there would be an election.

In the way of the day, Manley had an ever quivering antennae for what "people abroad" thought of Jamaica. It was generally because of a desire to appear respectable and "civilised"; but in him, it was rooted less in a regard for the conventions than the knowledge that

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the path to U.S. and United Kingdom bankers was paved with under-developed nations WHICH had dared not to behave as ordered. In GIVING his reasons for the Referendum, he had spoken, within a week of his decision, while the heat was still in him, of Jamaica's "shame" in the "eyes of the world" if the question was not resolved. In the distress of the defeat and future uncertainty, he was thinking that to delay GOING for immediate independence would create "abroad" an impression of indecision. He valued highly the reputation that his "government enjoys abroad." He did not appear to have given much concern to the possibility that the JLP's winning momentum on the Referendum would be carried through to a general election if called too soon. He had historic reasons. After the Federal debacle, the PNP had bounced back vigorously to win. But the question of his timing requires a closer look.

The 1959 elections had come fully sixteen months after the Federal voting, which, in any case, had been a West Indies affair, with votes being solicited for a West Indies party. The 1962 general elections came only six months after the Referendum and rejection, when the smell of defeat still hung around the PNP.

He misread, quite badly, the rural indifference, easily turned into hostility, to those whom Tavares had described as "unknown people ... a thousand miles away." He had spoken with uncomfortable emotion on the gains and values of a West Indian nation. And this was likely to imply to his patriotic countrymen, made so mostly by his hand, that Jamaican nationhood was of a lesser import. It looked like trouble. It was.

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It was a tribute to the enormous personal prestige of Norman Manley that the vote came close as it did: a 72% turnout with just 1.7% casting the difference in favour of the JLP who won 26 of the 45 seats. With two years of rule still on the books, Manley was thrown into Opposition.

CHAPTER CHAPTER

He won his personal East Rural St Andrew seat comfortably and led a respectable minority of nineteen into the House, but the premature and rather brutal loss of power was traumatic. For weeks he withdrew into himself, reading little, contemplating much, virtually incapable of raising the vitality which had astounded his contemporaries for fifty years. As it was, the wisdom, the quiet but open faith of Edna in him, the great calm of Nomdmi and its peaks, commenced to work. He began, it appears, unsteadily at first, but proceeded gradually to examine the road that led to now; the judgment, right or wrong, that had riven the Party, broke in half its term of office, and hastened the sinking of the admittedly leaky Federal ship; an act for which a year later, he was feeling such responsibility, he would not go to Trinidad for their Independence revels.* He suspected that his welcome would not be

*Trinidad also left the Federation and became Independent soon after Jamaica.

calypso happy; in fact, he believed he would be made uncomfortable and wondered why they had invited him. He was, after all, the fellow about whose neck they had hung the broken chain of islands, which, ironically, he had fought so long and hard to weld.

— BREAK —

His music was a comfort in the bad months. Music had his only non-performer's patronage — for if he liked horse racing, he was himself a superb rider; if he followed athletics, he had been a record breaker;

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and the avid ringsider was himself a fine boxer. Bartok, Brahms, [redacted] Shostakovich, Beethoven, [redacted] were among his sought-after composers. Nomdmi's soaring peaks and the beloved pine forests and walking trails, the occasional visits of friends, and the intelligence of his family holding easy to normalcy and continuing the flow of affairs (including a few [redacted] therapeutic quarrels), worked the healing.

He accepted that he had now "come to the end of a road that (had led his) Party to power for seven great years." And looking back at its achievements, he was satisfied that they had served the country well. "It is, " he ONCE QUIPPED, [redacted] "impossible to reconstruct history and be entirely idle." But he wondered what would have happened had he not placed the Party in public hock to the plebiscite, by a pair of pronouncements: stop I-and-my-Party-stand-four-square-before-this-challenge-of-our-times, stop and then his ITALICS Make-no-mistake- (it is) -a-Party-issue, in an exhortation to his reluctant colleagues. After a while he would quit the introspections, and look to the work ahead. A month after the 1962 elections, he was telling himself that the Referendum defeat had been "an anti-government swing and not basically a vote on the real issue," of Federation. He was PROBABLY [redacted] right; for the real issue had not begun to be understood by most of the electorate. "And now we are out of it. Where do we go from here?"

Caps He was a tired man; bone and mind weary BREAK from the strains of the past campaigns, fought so much alone, and battered by the worst of the few defeats he had received in his affairs. Those who saw him in those agonised weeks commented on his listlessness, the unaccustomed apathy, the torment that obviously racked him. He was physically ill with bouts of vertigo. Where once he strode the hills on his long, bent-knee

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mountainman gait, he was down to moving carefully, unable to place the balls of his feet on the rough paths without great hurt. But one May day, the 12th, the worst was over. At daybreak he rose and looked out at the pine forests, and, he noted, "felt the sap stir".

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Carl: (Rathkey)

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CHAPTER ~~SIXTY~~ SEVENTY-ONE

The seven legislative years of the Manley Administration (1955-1961) achieved into law over 450 bills. Along with settling old and current issues, they also settled into place new concepts, creating guidelines and [redacted] corridors OF PROGRESS for every administration that followed. In a retrospective survey of the legislatorial work wrought in their two terms of office, former Finance Minister Vernon Arnett was to observe that "almost all of the laws passed, proved to be connected with a further restructuring of the society; the move from subjection to authority."

The range was staggering. It went from the landmark Mining (Amendment) Law, the several local government legislations that delivered more autonomy into the hands of the communities, the creation of the State-owned radio and television corporation, the Beach Control law surging swiftly in during his first year to remove the offensive spectacle of Jamaicans denied access to white sand beaches sequestered for foreign tourists, all the way through to such homely Acts as regulating bush-burning on the hillsides and encouraging the manufacture of buttons. For lawyer Manley, the administration of justice held court in a majority of the laws that came out of [redacted] HIS House; the adjustment of inequities in the [redacted] race-class-colonial code [redacted] was essential to [redacted] national reconstruction. And as was to be expected, agriculture [redacted] also was deeply rooted among the Bills of the Manley incumbency and took with it into priority, the matter of land-hold among the poor. [redacted]

His Bills were lively as wise. For INSTANCE, 1957 was the Year of the Nuptials, when Hindu and Muslim vows were voted into legitimacy, and those of the Christians amended into better shape; and when religiouses of all faiths got good shrift

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from the Administration through some 15 laws incorporating such exclusive sects as the Mount Zion Sanctuary Assemblies, the Siloah Apostolics and the Hindu Samaj of Jamaica, [redacted] in those years came too the fine Youth Corps Law (1956) which set up a learning camp at Cobbla.

At Cobbla, near Spaldings, primary school-leaving boys with no hope of entering the secondary system, [redacted] insufficient and beyond their means, were placed into the most comprehensive agrarian curricula yet devised; in which they raised buildings and crops and livestock, drove tractors and learnt how they worked, sewed, cleaned, cooked, and caught up with the academic work they may have flunked in the days of straight schooling. A burly schoolmaster named Vin Lawrence, who had earned his reputation at Boys' Town, was picked by Manley to head the project; Lawrence, with an assistant named Owen Batchelor, and a first class staff, established a programme of community development learning, of even more robust, if narrower, impact than [redacted] Jamaica Welfare.

It was significant that the Youth Corps law followed closely on the Facilities for Titles Law of the year before. It was an edict that would transform land tenure in a country still wearing the centuries-old scars of the lavish Cromwell/jan land-grants to his 17th-CENTURY soldier-settlers; and a COUNTRY still grievously wounded by the bite of the [redacted] sugar planters' tracts WHICH often engulfed half a parish. Some of the scrub area in the sugar estates backlands, had, at the Emancipation, been sold to the liberated folk because the planters still hoped to have a [redacted] labour pool close enough to dip into; and even more of the stony interior had been homesteaded by the new freeds, bent on fleeing [redacted] the recent unpleasantness. But in each case, the transactions were

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settled without sanction of title. And the cases complicated themselves upon the sons of the new black settlers coming of age and receiving a "PEG" of the homestead. Again, not by title but a handshake. In the simple days of farming for pot-&-tot, the wish for more lands and the need for HARD husbandry was light; with the profits, after "salt" (i.e., store-bought salted fish and beef) paying for the marketday rumshop tot, and for the Sunday-meeting clothes bought off itinerant LEBANESE and Jewish hucksters who hawked the country on foot and MULEBACK. But turning into this century, there were seeds and stocks to be bought, fences to be run, fertilizers for the steadily impoverished and fragmented po-land, and, of course, new acreage for the SONS of SONS.

The large landowners, who faced similar conditions of capital requirement, had access to banks and state financial agencies, with their titles as collateral. The small landowners had no titles, no security to offer the bankers. So, the Facilities for Titles Law, 1955 WAS BORN TO BRING relief to hardpressed small farmers.

The new law declared that applicants for loans from a government agency required only a certificate signed by two persons, who, by "personal knowledge", could attest that the petitioner had been in "undisturbed and continuous" possession, and paying taxes, for at least seven years. Thus SIMPLY title WAS GOT.

In fetching an egalitarian aspect to the previously clubbed-up access to capital, Minister of Agriculture Manley also PROCEEDED to knock down a barrier of privilege that had sheltered the land barons: in 1956, the Land Valuation Law was put on the books. Up to then, owners of wide and idle lands often paid less taxes than a house owner, since the imposition of rates was based on "improvement" done to the property. Acquisition of acreage merely for panache, or profits in the future

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through subdivisions, extension of town limits and other causes, increased the baronage. Coupled with the Land Bonds Law passed earlier, by which the State could pay in bonds for lands required for a "public purpose", several land nobles hastened to improve their ways. And so opened more employment to farm workers. Another farming law, the Cocoa Industry Board law in 1957, foreran a series that placed every crop in special protected positions for better growth and marketing, and for promoting the welfare of the farmers engaged in the field.

Important as were food and shelter, Manley's laws did not neglect the mind. In 1958 he sent through the legislature the Jamaica National Trust Law to "make provision for the preservation of monuments, sites and objects of historic interest or national importance." Long before Manley's time, the great Marcus Garvey had RECALLED a memorable phrase: "The nation that forgets its history must repeat it." Manley, too, knew the Jamaican society, knotted in the guilt and agony that had spawned it, [redacted]. He, as all Jamaicans, had been brought up on the [redacted] works of [redacted] English writers who wrote their history from the conquerors' point of view. It was necessary to relate the country's and people's past to the present day actualities and values. While the rich had lived in their fortified greathouses and castles, the blacks had thought and plotted in the "quarters", and fought for their freedom among the rocks and trees of the highlands; the "sites" of the new law to be marked and preserved. The law also sought to preserve the fine old architecture, much of it "vernacular" or domestic, and historic[redacted] buildings, all of them built at the hands of the ancient common ancestry of the Jamaican people, of Africa and Europe. But by far the most spectacular result of the Trust was [redacted] searching into

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the history of the people and finding the black heroes neglected for [redacted] FIVE CENTURIES. For the interests of the Trust Law would inevitably lead to the boldly conceived National Heroes ~~pantheon~~ ROLL and the increasing clamour for new [redacted] LOOKS AT HISTORY to replace the discredited "conqueror's literature."* The Trust would be an instrument "to UNIFY

* In the mid-Seventies as Chairman of the Trust, WR [redacted] conceived the historical marker programme, roadside signs telling of folk heroes and battle sites, THE victories or the valiant failures of people fighting exploitation, matters which were either ignored or distorted in the "history" books; e.g., Jack (Three-Finger Jack) Mansong, Juan de Bolas, Tacky of Port Maria. V.S.R.

[redacted] the people and the spirit of this country," Manley said of the bill (which was introduced by his Communications Minister Coombs). "All these things (in the Trust Law) are peculiarly great and good because they all contribute to that creation of a unifying force that makes the people one; without which, no people can ever hope to be great in history."

BREAK [redacted] BREAK

Cap. And it was in [redacted] the cut of his style that in his consideration, the width of the territory and the [redacted]count of its citizens had nothing to do with being great. One of his steadfast platform phrases, delivered with [redacted] cool certainty, [redacted] was his frequent reference to "this great little island ... and its great people." So, strapped for "natural resources" as we were, and of a [redacted] mind bent by history to seeking technical guidance always beyond our shores, Manley, by the spring of 1960, was justifying his "great little island" by creating a research facility, the Scientific Research Council Law, "to draw upon the best scientific brains of the country." For "it will be quite a mistake to think that because we are small and

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comparatively poor this country should not have its own scientific services working for its own purposes."

He was, in fact, engaging on all sides, WHEN HE FORESAW ~~foreseeing~~ that "the time may soon come when we cease to have the right to (use the British) services." It was part of the passion with which he had attacked "the root problems of education" in 1957: first, the "policy of primary education for every child in this country," and then "the enlargement of opportunity for higher education," and then the "provision of sufficient education of the highest class that this country can maintain all its services out of its own human resources ..."

The Education (Amendment) Law, 1956, had rooted and widened the government's power to establish, and maintain, schools and teacher training facilities whether founded by the State or not.

Reform and restructure was at the hub of all the important laws. In changing the direction of history with his [redacted] the same year (1956) that he was [redacted] resolution in the House demanding "a new Constitution for Jamaica providing for complete self-government in all our internal affairs," he was installing his Loan to Small Businesses Law, 1956 as one of the early legislations after the Facilities for Title Law and the Land Bonds Law, both good wrestling holds for future manipulation.

As the [redacted] Facilities for Title and Land Bonds laws came to the aid of the beleagured small farmer, so the Small Businesses Law was [redacted] to raise [redacted] off his knees before the indifferent, distant banker, the struggling but trapped small entrepreneur. A Loan Board was set up to finance the establishing or expansion of small sales, service

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and manufacturing industries. "Where nature itself is the enemy," the eminent American historian/journalist Theodore H. White once wrote, "only government can save from nature." * Human nature too.

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* Author of [redacted] The Making of the President series recounting the behind-the-scenes leading to the election of U.S. presidents since J.F. Kennedy's election in 1960.

The racist-colonial prejudices of the white-native and foreign financiers had settled into CUSTOM after three centuries. The new law opened opportunities to the shutouts; and led to the broadening of the industrial field and the appearance of new executive skills that would powerfully change the aspect of the managerial class in the next two decades.

Indeed the ESSENTIALITY OF REFORMING [redacted] the entire banking system, ENTERED into prominence early and assumed law by 1960 in The Banking Law and the Bank of Jamaica law "to regulate the system of commercial law," says Arnett. Solidly, at the base, had been placed the year before, the Financial Administration and Audit Law that established the Consolidated Fund. Into this Fund was to be paid all the State's revenues; [redacted] withdrawals would be permitted only by warrants first approved by Parliament.

The Bank of Jamaica was given the sole right to issue currency, to become [redacted] banker to the government, and to keep and administer [redacted] external reserves. And, significantly, the bank was required to foster the development of money-aid and credit-aid in "the expansion of production, trade and employment." In the same year, says Arnett, the Mortgage Insurance Law "for approved undertakings in support of public policy" was promulgated to "relieve the government

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of the need to guarantee a loan, by replacement of insurance for which a premium is charged." Put another way, owning a home had suddenly been brought within reach of a generation once believed doomed to renting. (Arnett, a former Finance Minister, was speaking for himself and his predecessor, the respected N.N. Nethersole, author of the best in the banking plans.)

— BREAK —

Bills brought to the House in the seven Manley years numbered 468. The peak year was 1960; among the 80 that year were the great banking laws, the Mortgage Insurance law, and the Poor Prisoner's Defence law. The least of the years was 1961, the year of the Federal preoccupation and the fateful referendum, when only 44 bills were tabled; although the important petroleum refining law was achieved. By a terribly neat coincidence, Manley was voted out of office in April (1962), the official opening month of the legislative year.

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Seventy-Two

CHAPTER ~~SIXTY~~

Edna Manley, with the instinct of a she for her family, built a house after the loss of Drumblair. It was smaller than Drumblair, and, in its style, as lovely. Rachel Manley, in the language of the young and defiant, named it Regardless. They were the two women in Norman Manley's life and these were their acts of protection and love. The building of the house had begun before the elections, at the time that the Drumblair land was sold to pay debts and subdivided. The lot was at Number Four Washington Drive (named for Norman Washington.)

TAKE IN [redacted] AT BACK

When the house was being planned by Edna, the idea was opposed on all sides. "Everyone thought it was madness but I had that funny mad intuition that something would come up one day and it would be needed." Now, it was needed. Many years ago, when her own loneliness and pain had driven her back to England and Cornwall, Norman bought Drumblair, brought her back home, and surrounded her with it; and it had restored. Now in the wisdom of experience she knew where to seek a renewal.

"Two days after losing the election, I said to Norman, 'Let's move.' And he said, 'No, I haven't the energy.'"

So while he was gone downtown to clean out his office, she said to herself, "Regardless is finished. It's ready. And I can't sleep in Drumblair for the last time knowing it's the last time."

He had engaged in preparing a prime minister's residence while in office, choosing the old Colonial Secretary's residence, a tall house of delicate tracery and tropical profile, handsome in fine grounds, called Vale Royal. The house, beautifully modified by the time Busta-mante was returned to office, was rejected by the "Chief" as a

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residence and instead, turned over to the Ministers of Finance who have lived there happily ever after.*

*Jamaica House, a large [redacted] pretentious place built by Busta on a portion of King's House land as the Prime Minister's residence, had, on the other hand, a curiously unhappy effect on its occupiers. Busta lived there only a short time before returning to his private Tucker Avenue home; and Michael Manley could not wait to move to more modest quarters on a quiet suburban road. Jamaica House is now used as the Prime Minister's office.

So Edna summoned a family council at 9.30 in the morning "and everyone said, move." So she summoned help, and a couple of trucks, "and we worked fluently, efficiently and almost silently. At three in the afternoon, I phoned Norman and said, "Stop in at Regardless on the way home as I want to plant a tree.'

"When he arrived, the beds were made up and dinner was on the stove. He looked a little stunned, and he went back out to a Party meeting, and when he returned at midnight, the lights were on and the pictures up, and he stood in the doorway with his nice smile, and said, 'I think I rather like this house. It's a friendly house and nothing bad has ever happened here.' And we went to bed and slept like logs."

The house was built by an old friend (and the country's best known art patron) A.D. Scott on the spot chosen by Edna on the higher ground on Drumblair lands, modest, neat and managing to offer an elusive sense of space and charm; although Edna, coming from the greathouse aspect of Drumblair, mistakenly thought "the world will think it a hard and poky little house." But the thought had a meritorious end, WHEN, [redacted] to "soften it and hide its small hard straight lines," she turned the grounds into a magnificent garden and filled the house with her "dear old lovely old furniture." She brought over whole shrubs and young trees tied to the roof of the family Jaguar, including a lignum vitae trunk covered in [redacted] orchids. Nooks of shrubbery and silvery

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white grass, and a studio at the end of a flagged walk, made Regardless in no time into A DELIGHTFUL dwelling. "Sometimes in the moonlight I would sit and dream how it would all look some day and (now) the dreams have come true, and even better, everything smaller, but lovely and gracious."

She would never of course forget Drumblair "where it was all giant trees and lawns and paddocks, where one's whole life has grown and lived and passed. Drumblair with the moon coming up behind the giant guango tree. Drumblair with a horse saddled in the dawn and the cows strolling in for milking. Drumblair on a gala night with the trees floodlit, and the vast crowds, and the smoke from the barbecues. Drumblair in triumph and disaster."

The memory was lyrical but there was no sense of loss. "In spite of everything, we have found something new in Regardless. We are very near to each other, Regardless ..."

And there was of course Nomdmi to retreat to, to think and write and carve and work at being whole. It had always been very special to Norman. The house had been designed by him and Edna, in the high wood of cedar and pine and raking eucalypti; and intense beauty of light and landscape and the air at four thousand feet, cool in summer, fire-and-sweater in winter. As his health and vigour under the influence of this good place reached towards one of the several HALENESSES in the frustratingly inconstant health he would henceforth know, his interest in politics returned; in a strangely prescient way. He began thinking of a succession. Not from a morbid drift, but in a hardheaded lawyer's look at a certainty: that at 69 he was nearing the inevitable. He saw it as his duty; a part of his mandate. "My job, in a way, is to protect the evolution of a new leadership."

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BREAK

Looking around him at his old comrades, several greying, he shook his head and commented that only a handful would "survive the next ten years." Actually, the Old Guard as he called them, were all younger than he : Wills Isaacs, Dr Ivan Lloyd, Vernon Arnett, Glasspole, Faircloough and so on. But he was shopping for a new generation. In the light of the later post-election charge from the young leftists of an ideological betrayal, it is interesting that he was, in the serenity of Nomdmi, deciding to move the Party into a "real Democratic left" long before the accusation. He was of a mind to open the PNP hierarchy to new young people with new ideas, with "new concerns about Socialism as equality, and how it can be fitted into the essentials of the local scene."

Already in his mind was the probability of Michael for leadership. He was unaffectedly the proud papa at his son's political savvy. Michael, now turned 38, was working among the angry young men of Mona (the University of the West Indies) and he thought this an excellent idea. It could be that Michael was building a political base not unrelated to his father's own idea of creating, for the youth, "entry points all over the (oldsters) iron curtain." He had further satisfaction in Michael's increasing stature in international trade union circles. When he was appointed chairman of a sugar enquiry in Barbados, his father was elated.

Both his sons had long preparations; a tutelage remarkable for the early start and quality. At 15, Douglas had begun sharing long talks with N.W., on socialism, capitalism, on the ethic of emotional freedom, and was handed Kristin instead of Long John Silver since the "best way to educate (was by) good books, with a plain realism and raw life." Michael, at 13, with his measure of "guts and more sensitive feeling than I can pretend to," assured his tutor that there was great

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promise ("Given half a chance, what possibilities!")

He was indignant at the new Young Left who charged the Party with betraying Socialism during their years of office. "Real Socialism," they contended, would have wiped out poverty and established an egalitarian society with reasonable prosperity. Manley argued that it was criticism wholly inconsiderate of the context in which the Party had governed. He had known, shared in and led the struggle out of the dark colonialism of his generation, into independence. He held that the eleven years between 1938 and 1949 had been the years of revolution and the PNP had been the catalyst. It was the devotion and sacrifice of comrades, aging and dead, which had created the new land.

He also held that there had been "absolute unanimity" among Party members on the issues in each election they fought. But this was a challengeable conclusion with so many mavericks in his paddock.

For while they were agreed on "Socialism", some were more Socialist than others. In fact he had found it necessary at the time to be unapologetic at his decision to accept overseas capital for his development plans. "There was no emphasis at all on public ownership and I will tell you why. It was because we all agreed, rightly or wrongly, that (this was) what Jamaica needed. Nationalisation would divert money, time and energy which at that time should be spent in other fields."

So much for the new Young Left.

But he also in his own mind knew that another stage of development in the Party had been reached.

[redacted].

Stoutly defending as he was, he had no hostility towards the Young Left. The Party had admittedly lost spiritual dynamic. New ideas, new blood was desirable, but for building, not to destroy. His love

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for politics and the Party was a consuming passion that he never, even remotely, gave to law. A case in point: if Edna had nursed a hope for a change in their activities after 1962, she was quickly put to rights by Michael. She was being raddled by "future uncertainties" and when they returned from a short American holiday (they had been in a Philadelphia theatre the night President Kennedy was killed, at an Ormandy conducted Mendelssohn concert; N.W. who knew and admired [redacted] Kennedy was badly shaken), Michael removed her uncertainties with a brusque but sanitizing utterance: "You realise, don't you, that Dad is totally committed to politics? Don't you?"

[redacted] NORMAN was wheeling left himself with his plan to nationalise the Jamaica Public Service Company's light and power monopoly whenever the DNP was returned. Caps WHAT he wanted, and so declared, was an ingathering of young people into the Party to go for a "new future." The sap had so risen in him that now he was calling for "a great debate to rage ... so that men's minds might be fired again!" He did not expect to live to see his dream come true. His dream, he said, was "to start a study of the future along completely new lines." He was calling for "democratic socialism."

BREAK BREAK

NO BREAK

"I hear voices on the left and voices on the right asking the question: 'What is Democratic Socialism?' I am surprised. I would like to remind you all, and Jamaica, that we have for long years been affiliated to the Socialist International (WHICH) [redacted] defined the basic principles of Democratic Socialism in clear broad terms. The Frankfurt Declaration of 1901 (has these) principles: To build a new society in freedom and by democratic means. To accept that socialism can only be realised in a democracy. (And) that democracy means government of the people by the people for the people."

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NO BREAK

The great debate on Democratic Socialism would indeed rage, but not in his time. The real ruckus was more than a decade away and would be engaged about Michael for whom he had with foresight witnessed "potential leadership." Nevertheless, the labelling of his Party's old and stated ideology with the democratic socialism tag, even at this time, raised a furore, parallel in unreason, if not in stridency, with the Michael commotion. Tartly he reminded them that for long years, the Party had shared the ideology with the Socialist International, a body that was the very definition of Democratic Socialism. He pushed deeper than many of his OLD GUARD colleagues would have liked when he voiced a certainty that Democratic Socialism would one day "determine the future of the free world."

The wan days seemed over. The pale ways that had followed the JLP victory were changing. The aggressive juices were not yet really in flood, but flowing again, and he now turned a hard eye on his old foe, Busta. Once again he was watching the old bruiser's footwork (Busta was then 78), waiting for his opening. He reasoned that the JLP leader was a natural dictator and bound to overreach. He was obdurate in his resolve to fight tooth and nail against all attempts to impose the Bustamante will upon the country outside the Constitutional limits. He reckoned that because the JLP had no philosophy, or true persuasion, as he could see, somewhere, as they floundered, they would tanglefoot in their own ad hoc casuistry and grab about. He was certain that the grab would be at the PNP; the JLP would blame their shortcomings on the government they had succeeded; to wit, himself . No way,

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he vowed, would that be endured. He was marshalling for battle. He was in Opposition and the old combative fires were settling in his belly. And when the shock that Manley's defeat had given him is remembered diminishing his health, coming when his personal finances were on the downslide, the bounce back to hard ground was phenomenal. [redacted] BREAK BREAK BREAK Briskly, he whipped through the JLP's options and discovered a fork of three roads, each of which, he computed, would serve his opponents' subterfuge. He calculated that the free-thinking Labour Party would endeavour to play right, left and centre at once, running with big business, while hopping on and off the fence, and keeping one foot in Left country. He promised himself to frustrate the acrobatics.

He was up at Nomdmi, loosening up for the battle on the plains. Edna may have had her reservations at the rattling of the spears, the returning alertness with which he enquired after the doings of the Bustamante retinue in their early weeks of governing. They both had a kind of undersong that held them strongly to decisions taken; but she had seen the ravages, the inroads in health and fortune the political years caused him. With her woman's instinct for tact and tactics, the gently powerful skills that can defeat, or, at the least, turn the free run of history, she was urging a book out of him.* Had he been held

FOOT-NOTE *Herself too. After the election loss, she had felt "older, and calmer, and oddly freer. Norman has been fantastically sane and steady. We are very near to each other ... I feel like writing."

to that task, solely, it would have made less physical

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demands than the brutally wearing duties of the politics to which he was returning and would have been an event with incalculable dimensions for his land's history. His comment, doubting that one could "write to order", was malarkey from a man who had made a great legal career by arguing to order.

What he really meant may have been contained in a caution he gave of the little knives twinkling in his confined homeland. With everyone cheek-and-jowl in the enclosure, a snuffle in Negril could cause a sneeze in Bowden. Looking over his shoulder as he wrote, he said, would be "a perpetual posture" for the writer. Michael was right. Politics it would be. But not because of caution. For he began shaping his book.

Meanwhile he was taking his first tentative steps on the treadmill by talking to visiting foreign newspeople, an exercise that required a sacrifice of his mountain privacy, grudgingly made, but a part of the preparation. The first interview, by a Canadian woman writer, went well; a taped one which intrigued and pleased him since the technique of letting him talk as long as he liked, with little interruption or "catch" questions, put him at his best. He had always been especially brilliant in his jury summation or to the Appeal Bench; and he talked with great ease, working out his eloquent arguments over two hours of tape.

BREAK

Caps One incident that gave him deep concern and may have assisted at the break-out from the dejection that yet often descended, had to do with Edna. An artist of highly developed sensitivity, nervous energy, and with her share of tensions in her work, she had pushed her own pain aside to give him her devotion over the rough time. Her rigid control had been twice broached and mended. But one evening at Nomdmi, the needle went in.

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When calm returned, they discussed it for what it was: the emotional spin-off of the defeat. They acknowledged that they had let in the negative, and, in their folly, forgotten the achievements which had irreversibly set the country on the road to nationhood. They had been logged down with deadwood and should unload and re-locate. Drumblair was an instance. Drumblair had been pulled down and sold for old lumber. That was life. And they had "built Regardless on a toe-hold of land," as Edna said it. A toe-hold was enough.

It was not a time for remorse but of acclamation at what had been accomplished. And of restoring faith in the future. A future he had so well articulated in the struggle.

He had once confessed to an inclination for raising the ghosts of disaster, rather than the realities of the future. He had made the scene very heavy for awhile, living a mea culpa that had a touch of the old Jewish Lamentations; with his "seven great years" of power for his Party, now "all out in the Wilderness."

Edna's domestic storm cleared the air. It had been "at the end of a lovely peaceful day," he remembered, "of great harmony between persons and the earth and the sky."

Great composers sometimes go through dissonance seeking their harmonies. And dissonances can inspire the kinetics that the impulses of life demand. Conflict, unhappily, creates. N.W.Manley seems to have been jolted into himself.

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CHAPTER ~~SIXTY-ONE~~ SEVENTY-THREE ~~TWO~~

Jolted at least into most of himself, he said cautiously, "in body at least, and I hope, in mind." The good and bad days still came and went; but for now, he was thinking positively, looking out at the world and thinking kindly on his friends. History, he was now sure, would requite him.

He was working in the study he had built near to the Nomdmi house, a plain square room of blocks and dark wood and a very good window through which the mountains came. He was catching up with correspondence, planning to do a formidable fifteen letters a day for a month that would wipe out the more important backlog. He also sat for long talks with Douglas, who was visiting at Nomdmi, discussing the possibility of a world tour to include Africa, Israel, Europe and Puerto Rico, the long admired island of his friend Munoz Marin. It would be a change of pace, and more, without any of the official duties that, in office, had made his foreign visits a mere transfer of work from here to there. For some reason, he also wanted both Douglas and himself to become "known" over there. Whether he was proposing to see a political future for Douglas also, as he undoubtedly envisaged for Michael, is not clear, but intriguing, since he regarded the trip, he said, as politically useful. He was nudging, very definitely at the time, back into the Jamaican political picture, enjoying the several pilgrimages made up the tortuous road to Nomdmi by such old allies as Vernon Arnett and Fairclough. His sister, Vera, also VISITED and together they enjoyed Bartok and Brahms.* The idea of writing his book

*Vera, who had gained her music degrees on a scholarship to London's Royal Academy of Music, had taught music in English schools for some years without protest from her brother; unlike the dead-set-stand he had taken when Cousin Edna's family had wanted her to become an art teacher.

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had not left him — at least, [redacted] a book on his law career. That subject would not bring out the twinkling knives. He did a few sample pages on one item, the Spaldings case, but never quite settled on it. [redacted] The histrionics of the bar fascinated him and he had played it to the hilt when he was so engaged. A book on that side of what he called "his professional life" was gaining appeal. (He did not regard politics as his "profession".) But an active outdoorsman, the green hills of Nomdmi grew more compelling as he regained strength. Another trouble was the discovery he made that writing required "patience"*, a virtue that carefully [redacted] eluded him.

*In 1945/46 when I was writing the novel NEW DAY about the period between the Morant Bay Rebellion and the 1944 full suffrage, we developed an understanding that at least once a week we talked about the book in the dingy but quiet barristers' robing room at the Supreme Court. He was considerably taken by my idea of using a poetic dialect to groom an international audience for what we both recognised as the remarkably beautiful Jamaica-talk. He read rough mss., offered suggestions, praised and envied my "patience", and ended up on the dedicatory page of the first (Knopf) edition, as did Robert (Bob) Lightbourne. VSR.

He was accustomed to dictation and his longhand was slow, so years later, the tape recorder offered a compromise.

Brahms and Bartok assisted his soothing; but the walks at Nomdmi, the [redacted] cold wind blowing off the peaks, the springy turf [redacted] underfoot, [redacted] beyond Bellevue and Dublin Castle and Grasson, and round the spring to home, had the practical purpose of providing [redacted] muscle tone for that popular political pastime of the Forties/Sixties, The March. [redacted] As protest or propaganda, both Parties, and the PNP particularly, had faith in The March. It was inexpensive, and had a wider dramatic appeal than a hundred newspaper stories; it was an urban medium, its mobility giving it excellent exposure as it wound through the streets. Whether led by a drum corps banging a storm, or the silent

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poignancy of the candle-lit procession mutely baring its stigmata of martyrdom, the PNP had made The March into a fine art.

A march had been planned for Labour Day, May 23, the commemoration of the 1938 uprising, the perfectly adjusted symbol that had replaced the old Empire Day holiday when Britons Never Never Never Shall Be Slaves would be belted out from every hamlet by the descendants of Britain's slaves. Norman used to be a fine Marcher, his lean figure and handsome head captured the genre better than his showman cousin, Bustamante, who was a trifle too fractious for the narrow discipline. Norman had a good soldierly swing and a right royal handwave, casual but just kingly enough to be highly valued by the kerb crowd. Wills O.Isaacs, his cocky legs strutting, Glasspole, a bustling, energetic strider, sometimes Edna, cool and elegant, "Crab" Nethersole of the roundhouse gait that gave him the tag, were all familiar figures at the ritual. The March also had another purpose, its most important. Only The March, with its powerful psychological and physical aspect, could penetrate West Kingston, the sole JLP city stronghold. At one time, The March had been a Bustamante ploy (although never taken to the fine distinction the PNP made it); and still was, in the cane-belt; but the urban takeover by the Manley Marchers was now absolute. It is therefore understandable that N. W. considered a March a worthy effort for which to descend the mountain. His health had improved and he came down to Regardless and was happy with it too. The orderly flowerbeds and the stands of shrubbery were beautiful and "pouring wonderfully good news" to him about Edna's work. (She was commencing a commission at the Sheraton hotel in New Kingston, a rather large work

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to be done on a high scaffold; "precarious", she described the logistics, but the piece was "a dear and a wonderful experience.") He was rested and fairly recovered, and, at peace. So was Edna. He thought that out of the shambles, so swift and devastating, she had salvaged what he believed to be a clear future for herself. Nothing seemed ever to come close to Him in importance than Edna's happiness, and, now that she was at work, and doing it well, he was greatly eased. Both were now finding a freedom from the gritty political road, which, for all its "seven great years," had cut into mind and body. There were still family concerns, worrying ~~the base of his mind~~, especially the growing awareness that Michael's marriage (to Thelma Verity) was heading for a break-up. He had a special concern as to what the broken marriage could do to his grand-daughter and comrade, Rachel. Anyway he now felt better able to cope. Fairly fit, in fact.

And a good thing it proved, too, that he had argued his ambulant thews into working out on the mountain, for, as it turned out, the plan the PNP had made for their ailing Leader to lead the March seated in an automobile, had to be abandoned, under urgency.

Cap. On the day of The March, the PNP columns had tromped triumphantly through the downtown streets behind the Leader's car. Norman and Edna sat side by side on the rear seat, acknowledging the cheering from the sidewalks. This was his town, and although he had lost the elections, this first revisit was warmly applauded by his supporters. The cheers were, in fact, deafening. In the van of the PNP stalwarts was Michael, a tall, resolute young man whom his Dad was praising more frequently these days for his Union work.

It had been a good display, with music and songs and great

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camaraderie among the comrades; for although just out of defeat, the march gave a nice illusion of victory. One felt the bad things were now past. The trouble was that the JLP thought they had more cause for celebration. They were the winners, and if, as it happened, their city forces were less in numbers, the countryside more than evened.

And so, earlier, they had succumbed to the attractive idea of bringing in some rural power for their Labour Day city march.

Lorry loads of rural JLP supporters had rolled into town during the day. The clash occurred in the western reaches, the Labour Party strongholds; in Jones Town, where seems to have been bivouacked the largest Labour forces, in reserve for their own parade. And it was in the narrow, teeming lanes and alleys of small, packed houses and treeless yards, familiar to the lightly running fellows, showing an arm for the quick heave of a brick and a heel as they Galloped into new firing posts, that the fine leg-work of the PNP marchers faltered. They reeled under the impact of the newly inspired JLP irregulars. And then it was that the old soldier, lean and honed in the Nomdmi woods, leaped from his auto with a ringing call to arms. The PNP rallied and moved into the attack until police reinforcements separated the factions and the march continued.

"After much fighting, I led the march myself," he afterwards modestly reported.

And Edna?

"I was proud to see Edna follow me into danger like a tigress."

And Michael?

"With Michael, shall I say, like a lion beside her."

And what of the comrades?

"The comrades, except for a few, showed great cowardice."

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Ah, well, as he had occasioned before, the fellows were growing too old for street-fighting.

Blowing on his knuckles, the 69-year-old brawler commented that: "This is going to be a long, hard fight."

"War," he once said, "is a practical matter." So practical that one early Springtime in France, when the war seemed to have retreated from his sector, and the poppies were out and the wind was soft, he turned into a Crown-&-Anchor man. He liberated a length of canvas, some camouflage paint, and brushed on the hieroglyphics of the trade, dug up 300 francs of his unused pay, and set himself up as a C&A banker. (But he was never much of a money-man. He made only eleven francs.)

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Seventy-Four

CHAPTER ~~SIXTY-TWO~~ THREE

Caps 3 line spaces

Settling in for the fight meant some changed ways. No longer was he obliged to go the punishing route he had chosen as Premier, the long fatiguing hours of desk work, conferences, political journeys into distant parishes, speeches, speeches — he was shredded by speeches. Each speech was a physical tearing, a wind plucking at thinly stretched nerves. "I have never really got over my nervousness about speaking but I have lifted it on to the plane of tensions and just can't speak if I do not feel tense." ¶ So, after a lifetime in which public speaking was his bread and bravura, in law and as leader. ¶ At Oxford, though he was president of the Jesus College Literary Society, he never once spoke. "If I planned to take part in a debate in our College Common room, by midday I (would have) a temperature and when night came, I simply could not force myself to get up."

He was also at full pace at the constant fence-mending to turn next polling-day from losing-day. His job as Leader of the Opposition (a position entrenched in the Jamaican Constitution) meant a lowered remuneration and higher expenses, [redacted] little facilities for research and evaluation which could make "all the work of recent years ... easily forgotten." But in one of his occasional chauvinistic whimsies, he also noted that Jamaicans were a people especially marked for "the number and quality of those who do not forget and still find a strange inspiration in the past." So he had no regrets at having been in public life ("seven great years" BRACKETS) and "public life, like most good things, must be its own reward." [redacted] The days of the broom were over, [redacted] FOR NOW, but NOT the PRIDE. ONE DAY, "The new brooms," he said outlandishly, "will make more dust than pudding."

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And then grinned at himself. "I am cheerful this morning."

CHAPTER Seventy-Five

A vengeful Busta was not altogether unexpected to the out-of-power Party and its leader; the Hanover Cousin was half again as arrogant, towering above [redacted] disapproval. Manley was watching warily the first hundred days of the new administration; some others were watching fearfully, not least those civil servants who may have gained a reputation, often justified, for PNP sympathies. The competents in the Service appreciated the professionalism with which Manley saw and matched the quality of their work. And in consequence, lights had burnt late in many ministries, ejecting the old gibe of "soap & towel brigade", tossed by acidulous citizens at the fine art the clerical bureaucrats brought to the four o'clock exodus. But now the regime had been changed by a roll of the electoral wheels and a general genuflection to the new hierarchy began. Tales of kneebending in packs were brought to the ousted leader by friends who bucked the trail up the mountain. His old friend, Harry Dayes, who had headed the Industrial Development Corporation (IDC) was fired while on a visit in London. Edward Seaga, made Social Service Minister by the new JLP government, had "quite deliberately pulled down the old structure" of his beloved Welfare "and re-structured it from top to bottom." For better? "I think he aimed to prove that he knew more about it than I did, and I am sure he aimed to eliminate my name and work. I doubt if he succeeded. I doubt if he did more than cause most of our best people to clear out (since) they did not believe in what he was trying to do."

The rack creaked another cog. The hoped-for money sources to fund the weekly Public Opinion into a daily, had dried up. (Unaccountably, the Party had failed to do this during their years in office and

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influence.) "We are in for a hard rough time," he thought.

The famous gorge was rising but the lawyer in him called for caution. He decided, he said, "to play it cool and let the evidence mount." Somewhere there would be a malfeasance. He waited impatiently for the first big JLP test, Budget Day. He continued to seek his strength with visits to Rock Pool (near St Ann's Bay) for swimming and sailing. The hypertension loosened under the benignancy of mountain and sea; his blood pressure was almost at normal. He read, walked, rowed boats, wrote replies to the unending letters. Yet he was not quite clear of the uncertainty the illness had inflicted on his discernment. He was reacting too easily to influences, a feature alien to his character. At Rock Pool, he was dispirited after reading Citizen Hearst, "a man without rudder, just an appetite for power and a bag of complexes;" but [redacted] deeply affected by The Devil's Advocate, "brilliant, it moved me to tears."

Rock Pool did some good, for a week. And then he had enough of it. Rock Pool could not compete with Nomdmi. He liked cool weather. (A small but curious fact is that he was always at his finest working in the Appeal Court Room, for many years the only air conditioned court room in the Supreme Courts building.) He was returning to law [redacted] (in air-conditioned quarters) [redacted] as a legal consultant. [redacted] Public life had depleted his income. He could have been, be, a wealthy lawyer, but now Drumblair had gone under the hammer, subdivided in 1961. There were debts to be

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discharged and contingencies to be arranged; He reckoned there would be little left when the Drumblair sale was settled. He had, literally, given everything in the service of his country; One of the few to renew that battered cliche. Once he had a hope of writing editorials for a daily Public Opinion ("earning £1,200 a year"); at that time he would "turn to writing once and for all." But Public Opinion was not becoming a daily then (it would, for awhile, later). Good chances, he thought, resided in law consultancy, and he determined on it.

But there was more to the malaise than money. And malaise it was, and he recognised it with the unsparing criticism he often turned on himself. Some of the fire had gone out. And what of Busta's capacity for the driving leadership the new independent nation would require? Cousin ALEX'S ~~Busta's~~ failing energies could not "give it. I am out. No voice speaks to the people." (A piece of bodacious consanguinity that his proud PNP colleagues fortunately knew nothing about. They would have shaken the family tree.)

A man of Norman Manley's lifelong athletic bent would be conscious of the drag on the strength he was used to. He would know that the old energy had fled. But worse, so had the faith. "I am relaxed and detached," he reasoned sombrely. Too much so, when, in his words, the people needed him, "as an image for now." But what people? The Jamaican or Caribbean people? Ah, yes, there it was.

He was finding it impossible to lose his dream of a united West Indies. (Time WOULD tell whether such a dream was heretical to the leader of a [redacted] people, who , for a season's reasons, voted half heartedly to stand alone. Was Manley, like Garvey, too early? The [redacted] western world was soon to applaud the concept of a United Europe —— a short while after they had guffawed at, and killed, Kwame Nkrumah, for his dream of a United Africa.) Far into [redacted] 1962, months after acceding to the Constitutional

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[redacted]

~~For into 1962 months after acceding to the Constitutional call~~ directive sending him into Opposition, he was, he found, "not fully in tune" with Jamaica going it alone.* But he was a professional, an advocate who worked his instructions, agreeable or not, with detached skill. He had put aside the emotional urge to quit after the Referendum, or after the general elections because (his own conclusion) he was no longer capable of giving the Party the best leadership.

* Audrey: Please take in footnote at back.

"No use arguing why," he told himself. "This is basic, and, I fear, unchangeable."

Why did he not, then, leave the scene?

Manley, whose apperception of [redacted] historical and traditional forces was primary to his politics, knew the power of the symbol in the kind of secular religiosity [redacted] surrounded the suffrage [redacted] by a religious people. The prophet-image of Bustamante, with his evangelical stumping through the land, had roused the people in 1938, and on, as nothing had done since the Great (1860) Revival. He had countered with his own cabala, the spectacularly successful use of the old missionary hymn, Ninety-and-Nine, into a crowd bracer of irrestible power. No Party in Jamaica would make it without an "image"; and the image would be he. And he would give the Party, to which he had sacrificed himself, the cohesion and the continuity until a new leader showed. He would finish the course.

NO BREAK

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NO BREAK

[redacted]

MOVED to P. 448

And so, his will built.

Not with the old power of the mystic he was, [redacted], but with a new pragmatism that made his efforts fruitful in the hard [redacted] fields of Opposition. [redacted]

The practicalities of being in Parliament, to tilt at the governing party's windmill, winkled out much of the doubts which had bewildered him; although the periods of depression recurred. The flame was there, in spurts, and when it came, there was much of the old force and strength. The practicalities fanned his resolution and he rode the ups and downs of his minority political role and new legal enterprise; not with the old certainty but never a danger of losing his seat. The breakdown during his student postwar days in London had been accompanied by a similar unsureness. Youth and resilience had surmounted the obstacles and restored him to a phenomenally productive life. Now he was no longer young or resilient. The afternoon was darkening.

BREAK

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--B R E A K --

DID he perceive that the day had been shortened by his own impatience? [redacted] Nobody said so at the time. He stood in that jeopardous draught which is the risk of all political leaders: those closest to the head of the line would march in silence, carefully uncritical. [redacted] One explanation, of the debacle, he considered, was that the Federal events had confused the politics of his island. Whatever the cause, the rising middleclass, those turners of tides at elections, [redacted] had turned on the Party they once supported.

A "Nomdmi" to them for now.

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Seventy-Six

CHAPTER ~~SIXTY-FOUR~~ FIVE

Copy

A place of tall light and groves and yard-works

A word about Nomdmi.* It sits on one of the great ridges anchored on the Blue Mountain massif. The ridges are like the prows of stupendous ships ploughing four thousand feet above the Liguanea. (Further away, the ridges look like a harp of hills, plucked by the wind into singing.) Nomdmi is on the edge of a eucalyptus forest [redacted] on the slope of Mount Rosanna. To the north east are the twin peaks of the range, both above seven thousand feet. The property is a modest fourteen acres, and, but for the central bench, it tilts quickly; an ill-agrarian wind that blows much scenic good. The fall of the land is only infrequently sheer and so the pine forests planted by the Forestry Department and [redacted] settlers, have grown thickly and healthily straight.

FOOTNOTE
* PRONOUNCED Nom-di-mi.

Michael says 1937. See his note on other MS.

The Manleys bought the property IN ~~1942~~, 1937, [redacted] a grassy wind-swept plateau with magnificent views of the abounding peaks in the massif's final towers. The holding came to be "Nomdmi" because of a misguided paintbrush, misdirected by the eminent attorney who had once been considered for the Supreme Court bench. Absorbedly in love, and with a passion for the privacy of their young family, the Manleys meant to keep their mountain idyll away from the blundering boots of mountain tourists and trippers wandering through their paradise. So, ever the man-of-all-tools-about-the-house, NORMAN [redacted] elected to paint the gate-sign: No admittance. Half-way through, young Michael, well known for looking over his father's shoulder, pointed out that the artist had achieved a breakthrough in telescopic word inventions, with "admittance" [redacted] somehow crashing into "No" to produce "Nomdmi". Edna, a fine exponent of expository art, firmly put her foot down on any idea of making matchwood of the sign. [redacted] So, "Nomdmi" the place remained.

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The climate and high open woods may have reminded Norman and Edna of the New Forest, the English ~~camping~~ woods where they spent their honeymoon in a tent.

underlined capitals. NOT ITALICS

THE HOUSE

The main house at Nomdmi is an unpretentious design in what could become a Jamaican mountain vernacular; four groundfloor rooms in bean-pod connective (2 bedrooms, living and dining rooms), and an attic sleeping room for the children. Kitchen and bathroom are on the groundfloor. The house is of wood, the interior walls decorated in white and natural. The dining room is half-cased in the old country style. Books, paintings, gramophone records, sculpture, dominate the rooms. The furniture is simple and include a window seat made by Edna, two matt-glow Jamaican mahogany beds, a pair of wooden plantation (slab) chairs made by Norman. He was carpenter, plumber, electrician and general maintenance man at Nomdmi.

underlined capitals. NOT ITALICS.

THE OFFICE

Across the yard, on slightly higher ground, he built a square block-&-steel building, some twenty feet from the house, for his study and in here he was the cold clear-thinking lawyer shaping his brief into the sharp or blunt instrument with which to champion his client. One wall, at the door, is of glass, letting in light and a swatch of mountain. His desk, a plain wooden one, and an old fashioned easy chair, stands dead centre. Around the walls are his books, classics and non-fiction, and good modern NOVELS. In one corner is a portable electric heater: the temperature at Nomdmi has been known to drop to forty in winter. He worked at the desk turned so the light fell on his left shoulder. Most of his speeches were

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written (when they were written) in this room, and much of his research.

He was never an ogre at work, always accessible to the family. "We could walk into his office at any time," Michael Manley recalls. "We could play his records, read his books; indeed, he insisted that we read his books. One of the great family men of this country. If any one of us became ill, he would go out himself to a pharmacy or a supermarket, [redacted] even when he was Premier." He added slowly, softly, as if he could not end it there: "He was unbelievably kind as a father, kind as a man to everybody. He was one of the kindest men I ever knew."

underlined cap stds. Not italics. → THE MINI

On the other side of the house, near the footpath, is "The Mini." Edna's studio. Edna's domain. A shingle-walled shed of humble face that ~~said~~ SAYS nothing ~~of~~ ABOUT the fine works inside. "At last," she said, after [redacted] the 1962 election loss, "I am free of the burden of responsibility that started in 1938." Even if Norman was staying in politics, the old wear and tear was over. The tattered nobles would [redacted] man the walls but only to hold for the coming young squires. Public works had brought frustration to two lives once full of light. To Edna, a night hag had crept into the house and now was the time to lay it. "I will go into a great quiet, find a new free road and a new free philosophy (in my work). I (will) find the way through alone." In The Mini she was alone.

•

Cap Both Norman and Edna had work-rooms at Regardless, but Nomdmi was special. The country about has a creative whack

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that hustles off your holiday indolence and sends you to desk and easel. N.W.Manley, plumber, carpenter, harmonica player and model farmer, found Nomdmi eager to take all his talents.

He also practised his politics on family affairs; the rows were healing. But above all, [redacted] Nomdmi was ideal for reflection. And so they had The Bench.

Underlined Caps Not Italics

THE BENCH

The path to The Bench takes off from the back of the house, through a pine forest, past the modest but handsomely laid out Nyumbani, the house of next door neighbour, Michael Manley.* The road is level on the side of the slope, [redacted]

*Startling close to his father in politics, Michael's 1970's Democratic Socialism, which brought yowls from his opposers, had been taken by N.W. as his own political road many years before.
As did Norman, Michael gave up drinking and smoking and saw to his physical exercises.
As at Nomdmi, Michael also [redacted] lived next door at Regardless.

floored for an inch in pine needles and ends on a small knoll facing the twin peaks of the Blue Mountains. The Bench is a simple wooden slab, backed up and fastened to two small pines, but around it, a forest cathedral, hushed and soft-lit through the

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pines. The dark-coated trees shake a pine incense down through the moss-hung braches which glow in the light like lamps; and all brought down to earth by a thin line of carnivorous ants nibbling at a negligent foot. Norman, by a combination of baffles and chemical warfare, effected their retreat whenever he desired his solitude.

The Bench holds a mystique among the Manleys as a place of peculiar powers for cracking problems. It is no doubt to do with its total isolation, on the edge of the world, facing the tall pines and eucalyptus, and the summits shouldering out of the mists; and the silence. (I have seen garrulous groups on the hoof, drop to whispers when The Bench appeared.) The pines, sixty feet tall and higher, offered his favoured walks; and the citrus groves, his approved works. (In January, 1977, when a forest fire roared through the pines and got within six feet of the study, the roof of the main house was slightly scorched but the orange grove was untouched; the flames skirted it. A mountain man with a glint in his eye, asked: "Who kept the fire away?")

Norman, with a problem on his mind, would set off on the slightly splayed-foot, toed-out horseman's walk, hands clasped behind him or swinging with an almost boyish freedom as he strode the three hundred paces through the pines to The Bench. Invariably, asserts Edna, he returned with the perfect solution. Her belief in the magic of the sedilia takes proof in her magnificent (and now legendary) Horse of the Morning, unquestionably the best known Jamaican sculpture. "I saw that glorious horse one morning as I sat on The Bench, springing out of the mountains and mists. It was all there, alive," she says quietly.

Standing on the hummock of land, at the right time, the sun burning through the woolpack and the irridescent rays being crazy between the trees, it is beauty of a catch-in-the-throat quality, and irrefra-

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gably, magic.

Manley also accepted the mystique Nomdmi held. In 1942, with the problems of the fledgling Party wearying his mind, he took off for Nomdmi, for two cold weeks in January "and there came, after much struggle, sudden, at the end, the full flood, the gates wide open." He used to roam the pinnacles far and wide and was once, with Edna and a grandchild, the subject of a search party. Nothing had happened except that for hours, from afternoon until nine o'clock of a moonlit night, he had volunteered his two companions over "trails" that were mostly straight up.

Cap. His health was unstable all through the post-election years. Like a flame in the wind, it flickered, now bright, then lessening, with the coals showing darkly at the edges. "I feel like a king," he could say one day, close to chest-thumping, "in body, mind and spirit, benign and sparkling."

It was the day he worked WITH THE PLUMBERS on the water-pump at Nomdmi. [redacted] A golden day on the mountain, UNDER a yellow lick of sun, and he joked away the morning with the workmen. He was always in a fine time with the countryfolk, laughing the soft yelp of laughter as he popped sport. He worked on the pump and they soon had it going again, shooting up the water for the gravity feed into the house; and he had a sense of accomplishment and a feeling that the worse was over and now it would be all mend again. And next day, the malaise stirred, and shifted about again, and he complained of feeling "lousy", and with determination he tried hard physical labour to break out, and succeeded a little, for afterwards he went indoors and bent to WORK [redacted]

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on "Spaldings" again, the beginnings of, he hoped, a book on his court cases. But the new worrying weakness went with him indoors, the doubts that were assailing limb and mind, the misgivings concerning his gifts; and this man who had brought scores of thousands to their feet to cheer as he spoke, whose writings on music, art, sports, politics, law and philosophy had gained national notice, found his own talents nugatory, and wished he "could make words sing and crackle and have tension, the thing they call style;" and the fact that he had just made contact with "style" escaped him. He really felt humbled by the craft. Yet it ought not to have been so. He had been plagued by self doubt at his entry into law and contained his anxieties by sheer will, for forty years, so he became the most eloquent of men. But now, the will seemed to have receded. The tromp of circumstances had taken toll.

CHAPTER Seventy-Seven

CHAPTER

He re-entered the Party workshop with his accustomed good manners; attending first a Constituency meeting at his political office, 82 Slipe Road, where he cleared the floor of some incompetent hands (and one or two venally competent) and generally house-cleaned. The burly, hard-working Eddie Evans was elected Constituency chairman and other new officers installed, including Karl Bryan as Secretary. N.W. was a conscientious Constituency man and kept close watch on his area all during the seven busy years as head of the government. The hill section of the St Andrew constituency, with its close to inaccessible folds and pockets of people, was good terrain for political ambush. "Doc" Fagan, who had whipped him in 1944, once pointed this out to him after they became friends. The lesson never lost its point. Meanwhile, a good deal of the old footwork was back when he returned to the House. He

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was satisfied he was putting in some "good fighting" performances. He had developed what he called a new technique in debate, first goading and then silencing the other side. He was, for awhile, in good spirits.

AUDREY:- TAKE IN PARAGRAPH AT BACK

And so he moved a step further in his plan for a second legal career, as a consultant, by securing a couple of rooms in the lower Duke Street offices of Myers, Fletcher and Gordon, attorneys, and determined to start in July. At the same time, he found himself with a new crisis on hand; to persuade the PNP members, smarting under their defeat by what they saw as election malpractices, not to boycott the Independence celebrations. A fortunate unanimity in choosing the national symbols, the flag and anthem, fanned a small patriotic flame but that was soon extinguished.

To many outside the House, the design of the flag was not particularly aesthetic; but the colours of green, gold, and in particular, black, elicited enthusiasm. The Anthem was another matter: of sonorous cliches and [redacted] poetic fires. Manley fought for the rousing Land of My Birth, a driving rhythm and strong, upbeat strain that would have given everyone a full-throated run, and words of heightened patriotism. Land might have made it, had it not been a PNP battle-song for a couple of decades. The JLP sent its regrets.

The flag, N.W. declares, was Glasspole's idea; the Seal was Edna's design. He accepts responsibility for the Motto: Out of Many, One People; a perfect run-through of a scenario which commenced with his birthdate, July Fourth, being named for George Washington by that smart trader with the Yankees, Old Sam Manley, and now his own choice of a National Motto almost word for word with the United States' E Pluribus Unum.

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There were internal Party factions also and these he had to settle, starting with the small cauldron that had Mrs Iris King at the centre. Iris was not seeing eye-to-eye with Alan Isaacs, Glasspole and Wills Isaacs and while he reconciled her with the first two, her fission with the latter stayed unhealed. Iris, a charming firebrand, was getting NW's support for a vice presidency at the upcoming Party elections (others Glasspole, Alan Isaacs and Dr Lloyd) although he reserved the wish to know "what Arnett may have in mind." Vernon Arnett, the PNP secretary and strategist over many years, was a sensible, quietly firm bureaucrat whose opinion N.W. always respected.* That aside, he turned to face

*The death of the stalwart Johnathan Grant around this time, the former St Catherine M.P., was a sad interlude. Grant had been a hardworking urbane colleague.

the other fractious issues now rearing close.

The Labour Party won the 1962 elections by 26 seats to 19, but were, in the number of votes cast, a minority power, as the total of PNP (279,771) and Independent (12,616) votes was ahead of the JLP's 288,130. A way of saying that, in fact, more voters went against than with the JLP. Not many, but enough to reinforce the battle glint in the eyes of the comrades. And the more Busta seemed bent on grabbing the laurels of Independence, which the PNP felt were due to them as the developers of political self sufficiency, down went the visors and the swords snapped into hands. Several COMMENCED an active campaign against the Independence celebrations set for August 6. Manley was alarmed. He called a Coronation Market** meeting and went strongly against the

*A sprawling public market on Spanish Town Road fronted by a wide esplanade to which hundreds of farmers truck in daily to become sure carriers of the message on the outward journeys.

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proposed boycott. "It is our day and our country," he reminded them. There was no sign of physical weakness in him as he spoke [redacted] outside the market gates to a multitude that kept building. The old gestures and the rhetoric returned as he summoned them back to the [redacted] ways he had taught; that of putting Jamaica first. "Let us seize Independence and make it ours," was the burden, and it rode well and bore out what he had told himself: The truth (ITALICS) is that people don't really try to find out what are the common trends of thought. They do a little thinking of their own and gaily proceed to generalise and transfer their conclusions. By the time the great political meeting (CLOSING HYMNS OF THE) [redacted]s were being sung, and the hand-clap girls had got their shoulders into it, that portion of his troubles was fairly settled.*

*The hand-clapping girls used to be a feature at street-meetings from the great tradition of the oldtime singers at Wakes, or on the Pentecostal benches, in a style their own: the slap of palm and the subtle, half lingering pullback at the delicate kick of the elbow, the tilt of head listening to the rhythm, the double and triple percussions paraded at the peaking of the chorus, the gentle swirl of frocks, were part of the Jamaican folkways.

Norman Manley did not believe in fooling with democracy. After all, it is, at best, a delicately poised acceptance of a political defeat in open election, but by secret ballot, a [redacted] mix of truth and some doubt. And so must be worked, whoever wins, or nobody will. He did not believe in the boycott; he had an abhorrence for it. It was, he thought, a betrayal of the democratic process; a mere "revolutionary gesture born of frustration, and despair of success by any conventional means." He was to write the Commonwealth Secretariat in London in 1967: "After all, it is the heart and soul and essence of politics to succeed in being noticed." (AND NOT BY NEGATIVE ABSENCE.) A boycott leaves the adversary "serenely in power."

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BREAK

His passionate call for a closing of ranks had saved the Celebrations; it could not dampen another PNP enthusiasm: [redacted] for a total resistance to the RUMOURED Bustamante ambition to occupy King's House. But that proved to be premature. Busta was not going to King's House. Power did not reside in that monstrously ugly concrete mass occupied by the Crown's regent. Busta instead chose Sir Kenneth Blackburn, the reigning English governor, to stay in occupance. This also was unpopular with the PNP (and a great number of Jamaicans) and Manley privately confessed that he had "slipped" when he publicly approved the Blackburn appointment. Bustamante was to recover handsomely, later, when he picked Clifford Clarence Campbell, a rotund, urbane black legislator (JLP) to be the first homegrown Governor-General.

BREAK

The war being raged in Manley during the run-up days to Independence was a conflict between politician and patriot; a contest of such intensity, he found himself questioning the efficacy of the two-party system. For he foresaw that the skill, energy and reason for nation-building was unlikely to flourish under his replacements. The emotional lift of 1939 to 1943, he said, which had swept the generation to a new plane of social and political awareness, came at the instance of the PNP, then the only existing political party. "There was no Jamaica Labour Party in existence," he said. "Maybe this had a significance." he was acidly saying,

For the new Jamaica would likely not have been born. The political instincts around him in the Party were for blasting such Bustamante fumbles (preferably in the old ripsnort forum of the Half Way Tree Square) as managing to raise, on a recent London visit, a mere "exchequer loan of $2½-m," for gaining [redacted] a bad British press, receiving a snub from the British Prime Minister, and another from the Secretary of State, who turned the Jamaican mission over to a Parliamentary Under Secretary while he took off for Kenya.

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The Bustamante effort to mine the goldfields of the United States had been equally disastrous, according to Manley, since the mission had return emptyhanded; and what was worse, had left behind, in America, "loose talk of military bases and not having diplomatic relations with Cuba." Bombs primed for explosion; and his colleagues were urging him to light them. It was not his way to destroy what he had built. He perused the profit-and-loss probabilities to the country for his answers. He argued that the blow to national unity, in a time when they needed to make the celebrations "worthwhile and inspiring," was not worth the partisan mile. The pilgrimage out of the dead land, the shedding of the shackles that four centuries of colonial dominance had locked on mind and manner, was more important to him than either Manley or Bustamante. Indeed, if Busta had brought back gains in, say, sugar, "we would have (had) to praise them." The country should come first. So he wrote Blackburn asking his help in persuading Busta to join him in a declaration of peace. "It will be tragic," he said, "if our spirits do not get a lift out of it. ... New responsibilities are ours today (and we) must make our own way forward by hard work. And great discipline."

Manley had a statue that towered over his time. He was a warm man whose reserve was really shyness, and [redacted] the country [redacted] squireling the embattled Margaret Manley, under siege at Belmont for marrying a black, [redacted] in her family. Penetrated, he flowed with warmth; but what appeared on the surface was sufficient to earn him the austere repute. Away from the firm hand of Margaret, boarded at [redacted], he reverted to normalcy, became a typical high-spirited schoolboy and made his mark in a riotously

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successful career. In between achieving high athletic and academic marks, he became, in sensible sequence, a [redacted] rebel, a worse anti-terrorist, an imaginative law-breaker including an ever famous Ciceronian declamation from the top of the Jamaica College tower, a handsome 20-year-old [redacted] whose mordant tongue lashed girls to tears in the maths class he taught at Titchfield school. And showed stout mettle, when, on his way to war, (shipboard from Jamaica, [redacted] in one 24-hour-high, he was guilty of mutiny and hair-line treason in the laudable cause of putting an insolent ship's captain down.

And then he left his boyhood behind.

He came to manhood in war; and in the subsequent struggles to enter a profession for which he had no deep feeling but succeeded with phenomenal brilliance. And then, in the fullness of time and circumstance, he was fetched into the vocation to which he would make his best contribution. It was in politics that he, more than any other man, made the greatest sacrifice for Jamaica, of passion and skill, of fortune and life. His rococo Cousin, also of a genius, led the exploited workers to a new sense of strength, by an insistence, sternly pursued, on a personal fealty. Manley, in a flow of intellect and integrity, the like that had seemed improbable to the comfortable dead in the [redacted] backwash of an uncaring Colonial power, established and built in men's minds the ideas of social decency, economic self-reliance and political independence. He was first and foremost, a patriot. For 24 years he led the country in its ~~seek~~ search for an identity; a mission he accomplished. More than anyone else, he charted the road, marshalled the folk, and poured every particle of his being into creating a nation.

"There are no Moseses for modern man and the Promised Land will be won under the curse of Eden."

Now, on the eve of entry to the [redacted] independence he had sought so long, the

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democracy which he held to be the "bulwark against disorder and chaos," ~~this~~ this system he instituted and fostered, had now ordered that another lead the way into his due Canaan. But no matter.

"We have opened a new book which will last for generations to come. We have built up a good society where law and order are respected, where justice prevails, where (people) respect and love each other (regardless of) colour or race. We have laid the foundations of a decent political life and we are trying hard to build up a world of opportunity for all our people. Be proud of what our forefathers accomplished ... and go forward in courage and strength."

He spoke on the eve of Independence, the night of August 6, 1962.

"God bless Jamaica, our new nation. God bless our people. God bless you here tonight. Goodnight."

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PART 4

PASSAGE

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~~Part Four~~

~~THE DRUMS~~ CHAPTER

The trouble with Westminster politics is its insistence that the BUSINESS is a game. The same process that elects a government instantly contracts for its destruction, for the Opposition is also voted in. It was a game at which N.W.Manley sat in with zest. The Westminster model was the one he had chosen for the Jamaican constitution. Jamaicans were, in a phrase of U.W.I. professor Rex Nettleford, "brown carriers of white culture."*

*Nettleford has edited a collection of N.W. Manley's speeches and writings: Manley & The New Jamaica.

In the name of the game, Manley stated his ploy: "In Opposition, one has two (instruments) and two methods, the axe and the torch. The axe to cut down the government and the torch to inspire and light up the far horizons." He had done his evaluations and found that he had left the lines and gone too far forward. Communications had been stretched so thinly by the Referendum "debacle" that the dynamism had been lost. He needed new dynamics to fuel the retreat from Federal ideas, and return to the national trenches. He thought of the "great years" spent in building the Party. He recognized the decade after 1938 as the season of flow. It was his view that the PNP had gained its strength through an unceasing celebration of the future, the future as a nation, by rousing the hope for a more prosperous Jamaica and selling the conviction that theirs was the Party to achieve it. Now the flames had flickered. Now in the quiet of himself, he was asking, "Tomorrow, what fires the torch?"

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Was it what, or who? He thought about it. Of what lay ahead. Of the primordials lurking in the system which he had sought to civilize. In a display of boorishness, Sangster and Seaga at the Commonwealth Games following Independence ceremonies in the spanking new National Stadium (which had been built by the PNP government) had essayed to have him removed from a seat in the Royal Box. area set apart for high officials. Lumpishness apart, the legality of the act was questionable, since his office of Leader of the Opposition was entrenched in the Constitution and covered by protocol.* Footnote: see back.

The enthusiasm of the celebrations and the magnificent spirit of the people had much pleased him. Indeed, he regarded the flag-raising in the Stadium, and in the hundreds of communities, free of incident, as his achievement. "I feel," he said, "a deep sense of accomplishment for a job well done."

Politics did not snatch away his health and fortune. It took them in a steady, unnatural obduracy, or perhaps in obedience to the old law that obligates the murder of the prophets. It began by removing him from the safe familiar labyrinths of the Bar, the corridors he had controlled for more than thirty years, to the unpredictable man-traps of elective office-holding, then proceeded to strictly code his earnings down from the high-level corporation lawyer to the median bracket of a legislator.*

*The ultra conservative Farquharson Institute, formerly the Imperial Association, was to say of him: He "was a man of the greatest possible financial integrity ... Had he decided to attend to his own affairs instead of sacrificing them to the interests of his country ... he could have made a great fortune and retired ... to a life of ease and comfort which would have prolonged his stay with us." Regarding the integrity of the Referendum decision: "No other politician of our time in Jamaica would have done this."

These were to be the final years; and, in some respects, the finest. For he led well in Opposition. It is true that his Party would lose again in 1967, following what was close to a tradition, that has

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given each Party two terms. But they were among his finest; for one, because he was not clinging to power. He had assumed it on assent and would have liked to shed it. "He was," observed Michael Manley, "a man held to duty when he wanted to go."

A politically educated populace had been the purpose that had fired the drive during the early days. They had set up study groups in urban blocks and country hamlets, spreading and discussing Socialist principles that were fortuitously, if not with a suspicious fidelity, close to the notions issuing out of his year-old Jamaica Welfare. He could not walk away, not abruptly. He was a man who paid his debts, but he was uncertain of the bottom line. "All my closest friends have said, 'Step back for a bit and let others work.'" But on the other hand, the Party fund raisers were complaining that he was not staying in the news enough to stir the givers into action. He considered whether the public had lost interest in him; he took notice that his decision to return to legal work drew little comment. The loss of a Portland by-election had its disquiet. "No real effort was made. I suppose this was expected." He speculated whether, if he appeared to withdraw, would there be a call for his return? "A moot point in my mind." He sensed the imputation for putting his Party "out in the wilderness before our time." He had a debt to pay.

And there were personal problems. To test for honest shekels in a politician's purse, the state of personal wealth at the termination of office is an index.

Whether the good luck, after the annointing, has [redacted] excessively exceeded the ante-bellum boodle.

Manley's record was conclusive. He left office considerably

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poorer than at his entry. And the return to law was not the success he had hoped. A niggling single retainer in the first two days, and then a ringing silence from the gaggle of lawyers who used to camp at his heels, left him feeling shaken, strange and stranded. He was appalled that he might have lost his touch in the seven years absence from the craft.

He was too good a professional for the mood to last. A little steady thinking on the discipline he had mastered more than any man of his time, brought him back to the facts. He was good. He found that for the first time in his career, he was recognizing the vast knowledge of law he had acquired. And it was all there, orderly arranged for whatever need. He had the arsenal to slay his self-doubts and he so proceeded. It is a comfort, however, to lesser geniuses, to record that his first Opinion, closely researched and reasoned, lost him his client's case. Law is a fine art often mangled by simple judges.

Not daunted, he was working on three other matters before the first week was out and had earned a hundred and twenty guineas ($252). The word was out and being received. Another couple of retainers worth $400 was almost in the bag. It lifted his spirits. The [redacted] book idea began to form: the work on his LEGAL CAREER. He was getting on to what he described as "the razor edge methods of legal thinking," and visibly thickening with the old professional pride. He planned to practise for four days a week and do politics on the other days. At the end of the first month he had earned over a thousand dollars.

The level did not keep up. His illness, age and the competition took toll. By the autumn, he knew that although his legal mind had regained much of the razor, his memory was a little faulty. One particularly good piece of work brought considerable satisfaction. He

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wrote an Opinion that proved [redacted] previous Authorities in error. But he was in depression from a number of caseless weeks and fighting to retain his patience and hope; and wondered whether his bottom fee of twenty guineas ($42) for an Opinion was too high. His 1963 projected earnings fell[redacted] to about $2,000 after tax. [redacted] The family expenses were "murderous."

Between his political work and the legal consultancy, Manley, in his ailing, was exacting a pace [redacted] the awe of younger men. The other occupant at No. 4 Washington Drive was as fully engaged. She had turned to work on an assignment at the Sheraton-Kingston hotel, a commission that carried a special disagreeableness [redacted] the hostility of the BITU-unionised workers. Norman was angry at what he called "BITU savagery at its worst" but thought she showed "courage and experience" in dealing with it. As always, he championed her with great pride. "I am confident that her capacity to work and display craftsmanship and to ignore folly" would triumph. It did; her "courage and experience" won the respect of the workers. She had faced down the bad time with grace and now working up to six hours a day, she was steadily into the carving. He had another prediction concerning Edna, one that she had also come to herself, of a "remarkable creative period" now that the workload of a Premier's wife had been removed. He turned out right. The firm hold she took [redacted] in the second half of her career, the depth of treatment and insight in her figures, the new warmth in her perceptions and interpretations, raised her [redacted] to such heights as came close to satisfying her genius. [redacted] Sensitive as he was to her work, he saw what

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ment [redacted] that appreciated [redacted] an idea [redacted] accepted [redacted] into art through the agency of the extraordinary woman [redacted] he had [redacted] wed.

went on in the studios: The Mini at Nomdmi and the large one at Regardless. His was not a lay interest, but a reasoned critique. He had always been the first to "pat the wood" at the commencement of a new work. The first in-progress critic. First viewer of the completed work. She went to him, for discussions of cause and cure, naturally as into herself; and he spoke unafflictively but with discern-

From the authority of fifty years of mutual love and truth.

They were a close-knit family, and the images, perception and judgment were discussed and shared by their sons. "They had a great capacity for dialogue with their children," Michael says, recalling that once when he rebelled against wearing Douglas' outgrown threads, a family reasoning ensued until he understood that although his was a well-to-do family, economics was sensible and also a social obligation.

Sharing a consanguine understanding, they had the astute parental eye that could spot calamity stealing in a distance away. Norman had his private grief at what he accurately read as the approaching break-up of Michael's marriage. He worried at what the dislocation would do to the young man who had inherited his pace in long, hardworking hours. [redacted] He wished he would slow down; although he was gratified that Michael was not only proving a superb union leader but also [redacted] proposing daring innovations.* He was "strong and steady," com-

*At a meeting in Vere in the southern cane belt, with more than 15,000 people massed in the shopping centre at Lionel Town, it was Michael who got most of the roaring assents when he spoke about a merger of the adversary unions, his own NWU and the Bustamante union, in a common front against the attrition tactics of employers. It was early in the day of his political career; the ideal had no hope of accomodation from the PNP and JLP who drew upon the unions for mass-base, but already his oratorical skills and clear sincerity were catching on.

mented his proud papa of him at Savanna-la-mar where Michael had, in an industrial dispute, mobilised members of both unions to block

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he became prime minister, with Seaga in Opposition, the JLP leader would effectively adopt the rungus and "lock up" the country by blocking thoroughfares as protest.

every entrance to a swamp clearing project until the issues were settled.* It brought [redacted] to his feet exulting, a

*Michael the trade unionist made the body-in-the-breach tactics into an art, using bodies, tractors, trucks, autos to halt all movement in field or street, forcing employers, state and private, to near apoplexy. When raking a sword for hero-father his warrior-son. Obviously an aspect that had been lurking in him all these years, waiting for Savanna-la-mar. (The National Workers Union strikers had sent a call to Kingston for Michael. As the police were being summoned at the same time to break the strikers' resistance, there had been a chance of Michael being brought home on his shield. Tight-lipped, Norman saw him off. "I hope he does not get hurt but he must go." Then he sat back and thought some more and nodded. "I think he will come into his own one day in Jamaican politics. He is plainly the best young man in sight.")

•

He was looking hard but quietly for a successor. He was attending the meetings of the Young Socialists League. But time after time he was returning to what was becoming a conviction that the candidate he sought was the neighbour "next door", as he privately spoke of [redacted] at Number Two Washington Drive. Soon he was flatly stating to himself that Michael was ready.

"He is growing in public recognition and should begin to work up a political image. Now." **

**Father and son were scrupulous about the succession. When N.W.'s decision to leave active politics was finally taken, Michael would ask him to go well before the Party Conference so as not to seem to influence the election of Party Leader.

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Douglas was in easier seas and apparently gave him less unease. Academe seemed to have claimed him ↪ the Mona campus of the University of the West Indies; and with his quietly distinguished air, decidedly donnish. Yet, like his father, Douglas had a [redacted] private acquaintance with Puck and was a bon vivant companion who loved jazz and roots-conversation.

Neither of his sons had followed him into law, nor were they encouraged by him; although each in his way showed the cleft of the stick ↪ Douglas, who as a Munro schoolboy, equalled the old N.W.Manley's (Jamaica College) ten seconds for the 100-yards "dash", and like him taught in the classroom; and Michael who went to war and developed a passion for politics.

Meanwhile the Drumblair era was over. One morning he walked across the small gully from Regardless and found that the old house had been completely pulled down, the old trees uprooted by the bulldozers, and the flower beds flattened out of existence. He was a lone figure wandering about the once beautiful grounds, poking into the remains of the electric kiln ↪ the workmen had done badly by it; the wiring, like unruly hair, escaping from the connections. Drumblair was, he thought helplessly, in "a hell of a shape." He worried about getting the kiln fixed. Edna may have need for it. He wondered whethe the local shops could handle its complications.

He was less worried but as concerned about a coming event, the annual Party conference. He never wrote his political speeches. His style was to think on the principles, apposing his points and sketching the arcs that made of his oratory, works of eloquence; powerful, but lean, and of great grace, a stirring of his hearers without entangling

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their minds or wrapping a spell around their faculties. The grand convocations at Edelweiss Park, up to the 'Fifties (his PNP had followed Marcus Garvey's UNIA into Edelweiss), are remembered as much for their scholarly discourses as for the swinging enthusiastic rallies they provoked. The rallies restrengthened the beleaguered comrades denied the streets by the more (up-to-then) bullpuss JLP. Manley knew the importance this conference would BEAR for the dispirited comrades. Between putting down a small rebellion by the ever ebullient Wills O, and hacking at the legal work as he sought the old skills, he turned his mind to the political needs of the Party now so perilously near to disarray.

He knew that the strength of the Party lay in the moral triumph of what had been their policy for the years since 1938. His PNP had been the first national political creation in the country's history, and it had been born for the purpose of overturning colonialism and obtaining self-rule. By all measurements it had done that. The Party was mature and sophisticated. There had been casualties, lives had been lost, a few fortunes foundered. A hard and bitter struggle, he thought. Fought against a Colonial past that had gained in ugliness by penetrating men's minds, and turning them into mutants. Making them into that unlikely human, the happy jailbird. Prisoner by preference. Now with freedom come, never mind that his Party was not in ascendance; the monument was up and they had been the architects.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER

AND SO HE SPOKE at the first Conference after the 1962 defeat. "It is true that we have been denied the privilege of achieving power at this moment, but no one can deny us the accomplishment of our work in this country. And I am proud of my people.

"For when I called on them, after we had lost the election, to

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come out and make (OF) this great time and these great days, our times and our days, how the people responded!

"And how they made the world see!

"All the nations of the earth who sent their representatives here saw with their eyes and heard with their ears how the people felt.

"And many marvelled how was it that we who were not in the seats of power were acknowledged as the authors of the greatness in our land at this time."

He had the speech inside his head and he was so stirred that it came out with a conviction steadfast as in the old days and he knew he would rouse them as he had roused his "small handful of comrades" at the beginning, to withstand the sacrifice, suffering, mockery, that then went with membership in his little band.

"I remember the sacrifices they made. I remember the mockery they endured, I remember the suffering they withstood. I remember how some of them, nameless today and unsung, gave their lives that Jamaica might throw off 300 years of colonial bondage, might lift up their hearts to aspire to all that independence means and freedom for a people."

ITALICS

And yet, so much lay ahead in the building of a nation, the creative dynamic that would move the wheels forward.

"And now I am going to speak to you about the challenge of this time as we close one book of history and open another. We could foresee the end of the first. The second ending we cannot foresee. Comrades, it is one thing to become free; it is another to build a real nation. It is (our tragedy) today that where history has placed power and leadership in the land, it has not placed tongues to rouse the people to the greatness of the times. It has not raised up a voice among them who could rise to the occasions of these days; who

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could lift up the new dynamic which would be alive from one end of the land to the other."

What he had seen in the celebratory weeks had been a [redacted] members of the new government, so riven with petulance, suspicion and jealousy that not only were they ready to bounce him from the Royal Box at the flag-raising ceremony, Seaga had also cut his appearance from the film on the opening of Parliament, on the grounds of budgetary economy; and if that was not enough, well, then, the film was too long anyhow.* Busta was already feeling his

*Manley was furious to find out that Seaga had a precedent. Without his (Manley's) knowledge, two over-zealous functionaries, including his own P.R. man, humourist A.E.T.Henry, had cut Busta's words from the film of the Gordon House opening because the Chief had been talking "nonsense." Commented N.W. in his diary, "I was shocked. I remember it was nonsense, but who will believe that no Minister of our government had a hand in it or knew about it at all."

78 years and could hardly "rise to the occasion of these days," much less "lift up the new dynamic." And so.

"And so we suffer under voices (that are) uncertain and feeble, or arrogant and stupid."

The more he had thought about his speech to be given at the Conference, increasingly he had marked the thrust his seven years of government had given the country. So that by the time he went to the podium at the Ward that September morning for his Presidential Address, he could cite his accomplishments in office to issue a challenge to history; offering, "the principles which inspired us (in) our work" as the pattern of conduct for future governments. "Every government that this country will have for the next one hundred years will have a pattern of conduct against which its (own) conduct can be judged by our people...

"For whatever we may have failed in, we never failed in the

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maintenance of those principles which must one day prevail over the earth if men are to live as free men in God's world."

The principles bore a close resemblance to his own attitudes. He had, he has said, "used power with restraint and respect for human decencies." He had a dislike for bullying; obviously not unrelated to his schoolboy experiences where an Upper Form tormentor had buffetted him almost into absconding until one day they came to blows; and the 13-year-old Guanaboa boy, toughened by log-axe and country food, belaboured the bucko out of his opponent. After a brief spell of bullying [redacted] the bully, [redacted] he reformed into a protector of the weak.

It was a poignant speech, exquisitely [redacted] so, and possibly had a good deal to do with steadying the uncertainties which had crept into the Party. He had sensed the edginess in his comrades. His towering statue held off their inclination to blame him for the [redacted] referendum, but the signs were more than faintly clear. Vernon Arnett, the capable, likeable longtime Secretary, had grown taciturn and unreadable, Manley thought; Wills Isaacs, who was always steadily unpredictable, had resigned as First Vice President and was swearing never again to sit on the Executive. He understood the Arnett dilemma: all the years of sacrifice had finally got to him. He had been the high-performing General Secretary of the Party since 1939. "Simply exhaustion and a distaste for continuance," Manley summed up to himself; but he knew he was sauntering in the shade, for Arnett had not hidden his disgust with the way the Party had been damaged by the Referendum. N.W. respected and was fond of Arnett and was perhaps, in his way, clearing this fine man with history. Wills he took coolly, sometimes with a twinkle for his more light than heat. Once, in 1963, when

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*TAKE IN FOOTNOTE AT BACK.

the Party was favourably considering an application from Ken Hill * to rejoin the Party (from which he had been ousted in the "Red purge" years before), Wills, who had been one of the Moderates, ferociously against the Left[redacted], threatened resignation if Ken was allowed back

ITALICS

ITALICS FOOTNOTE

[redacted] never Manley [redacted] had any difficulty with the Rasta-farian faith; but he was decidedly not transported with the Back-to-Africa aspect of its politics. (In a late night conversation at Drumblair in 1961, [redacted] where with Edna we had been talking books and history, we had a sharp disagreement over [redacted] this element in the Movement when I held out for the Rasta's right to choose [redacted] a Return if they could swing it; after all, the great other/Scattereds had never given up on Jerusalem. Next day [redacted] Premier a note from [redacted] Manley was enquiring whether I would (with Dr L.C.Leslie, a late Chairman of the St Catherine Parish Council and 2nd Vice President of the PNP), accompany a government-sponsored delegation of Rastafarians and others interested in African migration, to [redacted] some African nations including Sudan, Ethiopia, [redacted] Nigeria, Ghana, Liberia, Sierra Leone. As a [redacted] Rasta sympathizer and [redacted] a non-PARTY-MAN, ~~card-bearer~~, [redacted] he would ask me to write the Report. (None the less a politician, meeting him in London on my way [redacted] home, he was wondering what political dividends from the Mission would accrue [redacted], come Polling Day.)

all

tianity. Rastafarians are marked by their asceticism and willingness to suffer for the Faith. Much of their behaviour has been compared to the fervour of the Early Christians.

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*It was Ken Hill's demand for disciplinary action against Thossy Kelly and Walter McPherson , who had broken away from the TUC to form a seperate union of the Shooters Hill bauxite workers, which triggered The Split. Dominant in the TUC, the left-wingers, the Hill brothers, Richard Hart et al, were opposed by right-wingers Florizel Glasspole, Wills O Isaacs, Kelly, McPherson, Alan Isaacs et al. On Ken's demand, a committee from the Executive (NWM, chairman; Nethersole, Arnett, Rev E.B.Baker) heard charges from both sides; and came out swinging right and left. But backlashed hardest on Ken. Kelly and McPherson would be censured for endeavouring to lame the trade union arm. Found guilty of Marxist activities inside the Party, the left-wingers were given liberal Hobson: go ,by push or jump.

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police and enthusiastically sentenced by judges, had by their conviction, integrity and courage, their message inside the nation. The believers were growing, not only it had among the frustrated poor, but upward into the middleclass families, whose young had taken the outward signs of inner faith by growing "locks", talking"dread", and smoking "weed".

The second was a part of the first, as he cautioned the need to order the economy to "create a society which offers the reality of equal opportunity to all people." And thirdly, to devise a foreign policy which would enable the country "to mean something to the world."

The Caribbean world had from his hopes of a 2,000 mile Federal arc, to where he had : on his 146x51 miles homeland. His Party had from to playing a minor role. But he was working with what he had left, impatient sometimes, but never railing at fate. He had a faith-reason. Although he, himself, was a walking-wounded, weakened by illness, he had an immoveable belief in what he invariably thought of as the "two-party system". One Sunday morning, late in 1964, he had told a Party Conference: "It is vital to the peace and security and freedom of our people that we should have two Parties in this country (although) other places may get along very well with one." Since, in the same speech, he was paying tribute to Marcus Garvey, advocate of the Back-to-Africa movement, where the One-Party state had been ancient and successful, it was that his listeners had come uncavilingly.

— B R E A K —

There was another reason of faith, one that shot forth on memorable occasions to light up the serenity of the man. "History," he said "decreed that we should lead the people to the brink of the river, but not across.

"Let no man quarrel with history."

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Seventy-Eight

CHAPTER [redacted]

Curiously, in this agrarian land, Norman Manley has been the only national leader, who, by training and choice, GAVE [redacted] fealty to the field. At Belmont/Guanaboa in his youth, at Drumblair in his adult years, he was allied to the land in a [redacted] working way. In the House, he began with the farming portfolio and made it his major interest in his twenty years in Parliament; just over a third of that time as leader of the government. A lifetime spent in the urban matters of court and politics never lost him his love, and interest, in the land. (Nor his countryman's reserve and reticence on occasions.) While he had the protean actor's gift of being whatever he chose*, he was also unable to be less than UTTERLY committed (when he had made his choice); and so his successes were magnificent, of record: (And his failures resounding; but there were few er of these.)

*He was frank in acknowledging the [redacted] histrionics of the courtroom but refrained from public declaration of its benefits in politics; the law seemingly suffers more candour than politics.

First note

The [redacted] reputation for working long hours was true but his labour was neither compulsive, nor stolid. Work, without what he called a spiritual understanding of forces and cause, and an end of some worth, was like those days on the mountain which woke in a great bluster, driving forward on a hustle of wind and sun and racing clouds, then dying in a wan afternoon. Life, his mode said, should be lived with flair and wisdom.

And so his absorption with such a prosaic subject as agriculture never settled into a dull if necessary battle between production and costs — although he gave acute and continuous attention to that too;

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for example, his serious plotting of strategy for a pineapple project, with solicitor Harry Dayes, in his East St Andrew hill constituency during the early Opposition years. Both being fine lawyers and plotting enthusiasts, and relentless when they got their teeth into things, the Manley-Dayes project seemed doomed to success. He liked being in the field, tail-boning a satanic-gaited jackass up a breakneck track to canvass the vote of a [redacted] mountain cuz who was indifferent to townie "demockery." And to abash pompous Parish magistrates on an agricultural tour thick with protocol; such as the day in Portland when he made hash of the intended hotel lunch-bash by agreeing with his Party P.R. man, Ivorall Davis, that eating "breakfus'" from a brown paper bag as they sat on a mossbank could do nothing but political good with the passing blue-shu't & tie-head voters, who daily lunched from a spread banana-leaf as they rested the hoes at noon.

For all his reserve, he had a riotous private self that thumbed its nose at sanctimony. Back in the 'Thirties, when he was searching among the bright young men to staff his Jamaica Welfare, he made a personal vow never to employ anybody who was "pure YMCA." Needless to say, he had nothing against that fine agency; several of his best people, including the Welfare leadership, were connected to the "Y". It was exaggerated gravity, and piety, that he abhorred.

He seemed deliberately to be an anti-Colonial "Socialist" of the category known as "mild." These were the ones who wore the sensible shoes in the house of the fiery sister-ideologues. The truth was, he had a worry going for years about a polarization in world politics that would create two camps, in either of which small nations would end up: Capitalist or Communist. In 1950, he agonised over the

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English election results and wondered whether the "recession from Socialism" would spread. He held a moderate line that was illuminated, and sometimes severely charged, by an anger he fought to constrain; he was irritated by the bumblings on both sides. The cult of bluntness is a nuisance, he stated flatly of a Party official who published a "stupid" article on trade unions: and he thought that the Gleaner's managing editor was "a moralistic hypocrite." (He cried in his private anguish: "The Lord help and deliver us from such folk!")

His humility was often puzzling to others, in a man so well prepared for power. In a typical day in his constituency office, he would meet some thirty or forty people seeking assistance, and he was then a patient, often heartsick man, taking each slowly through a catalogue of suffering, and feeling his own distress; and in the evening (this was the year of the Purge) watching the real possibility of his Party falling apart. But as the antagonists moved into the fatal confrontation, he made the fast, firm change from compassionate Father-Leader to the Autocrat of Edelweiss Park, where the talk was known to become violent and abusive. Tough to his equals, gentle with the poor, he had his particularities as any other citizen. He seemed to like Ken Hill, respected Richard Hart, was wary of Wills O. and Dudley Thompson, had small faith in Frank Hill, was ambivalent on Allan Isaacs, worrying about his welfare while deploring his Party style, liked Arnett and Glasspole and Ken Sterling, to name a few of the old hands. His choice may have turned on the activities of the quidnuncs among the factions; but he took an interest in the gossipy material because the PNP has always been a mercurial collection requiring its own household Machiavelli. There was always the risk of falsity from the favour-seekers,

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a fact he strangely did not seem to appreciate. He disliked bluntness, but he believed in the truth and assumed that people spoke it. And so some were wronged; and the wrong ones gained. As scrupulously as he could, he held the scales evenly despite his private apprehensions. Bracing a comrade, because of a story from some self-seeking clawback, led to hurt scenes. But the old interrogator never faltered. He just pressed on. Next witness.

One early day soon after his halfway return to law, he held a sort of symbolic immolation: it could be a notorious clue in a search for the man. He was idling through some old Opinions and Briefs. Reading over his writings on several of his cases, he professed to being surprised at the quality, both in the "clarity of thought" and the "exhaustive research" brought to bear on the simplest cases. "Lord," he commented, "how I worked."

Then he promptly took a great number of them, weighing about a hundred pounds, and burnt them.

Why did he do it? Only a few days before, he had been examining idea, encouraged by Edna, for the book on his law experiences, and this was all valuable stuff. It was not that he lacked a sense of history; nor was he unaware of his genius, immodest diarist as he was in conversations with his ego. It had to be a personality curve that would ~~instinctually~~ impulsively deprive the future. Or unfetter it? / The fear of breaking confidentiality could have been edited out. Nor was his hubris so well lubricated as to slip up on him unaware; only a lunatic may be wholly arrogant.

An Opinion by N.W.Manley, Q.C., would command reference in law libraries and archives as long as legality held in human affairs. So

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why the burning of work that had made him almost reel in admiration, exult at its quality? The answers swarm with opportunities for wrong-headed judgments. The simplest seem to lay in the disjointing, even worse, the dislocation of his life after the untimely defeat; a [redacted] SHOCKING SIXTY percent of his term had crumbled, obliterated by a cataclysm. The hardwon power had been snatched by a miscalculation [redacted]. He thought he had failed in POLITICS, the profession he saw as his life-work. ("The choice of law was an accident. My family talked me into it because of my love of talk and argument.") At the height of his brilliant career in the courts, he had counted it a bit of good luck that he "was engaged in activities ... which went far beyond the normal work of a lawyer." For lawyer's work was "a largely formal affair with wide areas of dry insignificance ... a line that became more and more familiar." The unexpected put-down (HYPHEN) of his performance explains the alacrity with which, after a mere fifteen years of practice, he had plunged into politics. He had not loved law but he had been excellent at it because he believed in excellence: an "unquenchable belief" as he once said. In the post-election stumble, he had returned to it from necessity, to make a living; a desire that played no part in his politics. He was not whoring his gifts, but a sense of revulsion was inescapable in a COMMITTED man diverted by circumstance. So up in smoke went a portion of the offending memorabilia.

-BREAK- BREAK!

Cap Otherwise put it down to the uncontrollable id. italic

[redacted]

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~~461~~ 462

CHAPTER

Caps

But FROM [redacted] the probate ash rose renewed the phoenix spirit of the aging Warrior whose shield was hung [redacted] at a place called Regardless. At 71, and ailing, he was challenging the Labour bully-boys, once more on the rampage, that, as in time past, when he "and Comrade Arnett and others" had organised protective cohorts for their street rallies, "if we have to protect ourselves again, I will lead it!"

It was taken seriously for at that time he hardly looked a septuagenarian. Slim as a blade, his face unsagged, his gestures controlled and illuminating, voice well articulated and reassuring even if by now lightly wrinkled in the fountain of accumulated wisdom elder statemen reputedly possess.

- B R E A K --

Caps

Few enterprises in the last years of his life exceeded in wisdom, skill and vigour his tackling of land reform. It was familiar ground and he swung with a will at the ancient tenures which held a majority rootless so a handful of barons could hold more. For its 1964 Conference, the Party produced a land plan; and, naturally as breathing, they were split down the middle into "progressives" and "moderates" --- and causing the usual furore among large landowners which a PNP land-plan has never failed to stir. And, as usual, Manley took his catalyst stance at centre of the factions. A keynote was required and he provided it in a superbly crafted speech that certified [redacted] the need of a land policy in the newly sovereign nation; but a sensible one that would win support and not be brought to a dustbowl by opposition from the sources of means.

— B R E A K —

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Two years before the 1964 Conference, one evening in 1962, he had sat and thought on Busta's ability to lead the new nation.* Busta, he reasoned, would be "voiceless" in the sophisticated

*Although he had just an hour before attending the Calabar/High School Old Boys Dinner, he sat for the activity that usually closed his daytime work: an [redacted] enquiry into the events of the day.

[redacted] affecting affairs/an independent State. [redacted] He did not see the aging, silvery Chief inspiring the people into the will and effort to create a country. He had that evening rated Seaga's statement on the economic growth during the PNP regime as "Seaga's nonsense." And now, after thirty months of the Busta-Seaga [redacted] he told his PNP conference of [redacted] conviction that the Labour Party's [redacted] programme could not provide the will, effort nor result to "make Jamaica a country (its people) could be proud of." [redacted]

The land reform speech at the 1964 Conference laid down policy guidelines that would not be fully put to endeavour until a decade later during the office of Michael Manley. [redacted] No private farm, N.W. declared, [redacted] should exceed five hundred acres; adding trenchantly that five hundred acres was an error of generosity. All acreage above one hundred should be developed under national planning. So would the "one hundred and twenty thousand people on the rockstone lands (averaging) one and three-quarters acres per family " plough towards fair and decent pay-days. And in a memorable phrase, what he called "the crowning irony and mishap" was [redacted] that only one-fifth of all the land held by the "big-men" had been brought under cultivation. He did not agree nor believe that Bustamante was sincere in thinking that large farmers would voluntarily lease lands to small-holders.

So he strove for [redacted] a political solution.

But under law. On that he was [redacted] immoveable. No State seizures or private capture. Nevertheless, he was committed to ejecting the "Massa, please, Massa" syndrome.

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BREAK

Was he really convinced of Bustamante's inability to govern in independence? Or was he engaging in the partisan exercise of side-versus-side which he saw as his kind of politics. Politics was never to him, a "game" for the sake of playing (although there were rules to be obeyed such as never "foul the nest" with droppings of untruths to the foreign press). His summation of the Opposition role, made near the end of his parliamentary time, was that the "alternative government" should be "visible," be "lively," be "seen and heard," be "felt."

But not only to win elections. For he also wrote that an Opposition must "present the reality of appearance (and) offer constructive leadership." He signalled an understanding of the "democratic one-party state" but he believed in the alternative method. Its high value was the power to change those in power.

As well as his intellect, his emotions sometimes took over his politics; but always his integrity advised it. He was therefore truest in his work for the State and People. The He would work with the required tools of "political subtlety" but never abandon his integrity: he had been knocked from the game by a poll that lesser men would have avoided without dishonour.

So he fought beautifully in his "alternative". For in or out of power, he had the inner grace that he was serving his calling and his convictions. And so neither winning or losing was victory nor defeat at that good place.

BREAK

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THE bad joke on Third World countries recently out of colonialism is their efforts at making good marks with the ex-masters by displaying an anxiety to join the club.* In December, 1962,

*Into the second and third decade after independence, there would be the squalid spectacle of Jamaicans, high and low, scrambling for English honours which they regarded above their own national honours. A low-grade knighthood was more to be desired than a Jamaican Order of the Nation.

Busta's choice of Clifford Clarence (C.C.) Campbell, a plodding member of parliament from Westmoreland, in colour creatively black and a future inspiration to the children of the poor, was greeted with a cautious "No comment" from Manley because "unfortunately (the Party has) never discussed (its) stand." But privately, afterwards, he admitted to misgivings at his attitude; although he could not help analysing the appointment as "shrewedly aimed at the masses and sensibly conceived." (Sometimes the case to a pile-driver.) He his "political subtlety" would have lost thought it would provoke "much middle-class upset." Many of them would prefer a wealthy white or mulatto who would look not unlike past English governors.

He was probably not too dismayed if Busta had made a blunder. (Norman) He was busily wooing that same middle-class; meeting with young executives in the swank Billy-Dun suburb. "It is part of the process of the two-party system," he said solemnly to a PNP conclave, "that one Party constantly accepts or borrows or steals (from) the other." Intellectual espionage is the rattle of gifted men;

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an anonymous applause for an equal. N.W. Manley *really* desired a strong, intelligent opponent. A strange sort of satisfaction used to appear on his face in court as he rose for his opening address when a *cause celebre* brought out as his antagonist, some overseas famous legal light.

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SEVENTY-NINE

CHAPTER ~~SIXTY-SIX~~ SEVEN

cap

The last years were not tranquil. There was skullduggery to be winkled out, quarrels to be settled, money needs to be met, interlopers to identify, ambushes to be avoided, ambitions to be understood, an affirmation of his reasons to be given, the young to be summoned, and a mission to finish. As he had in the decade before, when he stood astride the ideological factions to save the political process he believed in, he would tromp the grapes of wrath, and, although not to the same extent, taste the sour wines of distrust and defeat.

He would be bewildered at the virulence of some of the younger opponents in the rival Party and would have to do with such curiously twilit intrigues as the scandalous "spy letter", an ambush that could have discredited his Party for years.

The letter purportedly written by a PNP spy-master to a high rank civil servant in charge of recruiting, and unexplainedly purloined by his opponents, thanked the secret agent for past "reliable information ... in keeping with previous confidential discussion." PNP prospects for a happier future, the letter pointed out, depended "on how well you can control the removal and placing of individuals ... in keeping (with) our best interests."

Manley was for nailing the JLP with what he was convinced

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was a put-up job. With his love for the occasional cloak & dagger caper, NW had PNP Secretary Veitch spirit away all the office typewriters (for his own typographic check) and laid a phone-tap trap for an ex-patriate cop. In his own mind he had the case sewed up and was quite disappointed at his team of investigating lawyers searching into [redacted] the evidence. ("They did not mention the tape recording!" he noted incredulously.) [redacted] He was at the time also suing Shearer for libel and seemed to be enjoying his role of litigant, urging tougher attitudes on his lawyers.*

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* A man, not connected with the Party, was charged and found not guilty in the spy letter case. Shearer paid damages.

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BREAK

Whatever may have been his aloofness in the cutthroat business of local political infighting, he was no neophyte in the wider wickednesses practised by agencies of the great nations, to protect and foster their trade and power. His well developed eye for false witnesses, sharpened in the criminal courts, saw an interloper's hand at work in an incident to do with the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (ICFTU), an American organisation identified many years later with the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA).*

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*Phillip Agee's INSIDE THE COMPANY (p.611).

The story was being spread among American unions that he and his son Michael were supporting the BITU application for membership in the ICFTU, to which the NWU was already affiliated. The ICFTU was a labour centre established and controlled by the CIA. In the well laundered way of that [redacted] Agency, the headquarters of the ICFTU was far away from Washington, in Brussels; Nobody then, in those innocent years, would have suspected perfidy in such decent surroundings. Publicly, the NWU would have been proud of its solus position as the only Jamaican affiliate of that clean-cut American organisation; so, for the Leader and his son to be sponsoring an incoming of what their friends in the American mine-workers unions would consider to be a [redacted] Fascist BITU, was nothing short of treason. Thus, Norman, and Michael who was virtually field-leader of the NWU, would be seen, in espionage jargon, as double-agents and be kicked from affiliation by the American brothers; and so lose the considerable [redacted] clout they had in negotiations with the bauxite companies whose headquarters in the U.S. made them vulnerable to trade union reprisal. (An industrial watch is an important strategy of Great Power spy agencies whose duties include protecting THEIR nation's trade.) "I fully believe there is more in this than meets the eye."

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A time later, the skullduggery would grow uglier with his conviction that what should have been a friendly union to his Party, the old TUC, was a "menace which is now very real. They get money from an anti-Communist group and have joined with the BITU to harass the NWU." The result, he noted, was a continuous "straining (of the) NWU in time and resources." The proposal to fetch back Ken Hill was strongly linked to the opinion that Ken would be fine in the inter-union battles --- a proposal that met with the expected opposition of "moderates" Glasspole and Wills Isaacs.

BREAK

In the last years, his stature reached true giant. Front runners gallop alone. His genius induced a trust in the virtues of his cause that outpaced what seemed, to others, the facts. The lurch that had followed the "debacle", was now righting. He was on good trim, going in again, fine, calm, accurate. This was how he was. Typhus and the trenches, both well known killers, had been met and defeated, though with some loss of blood. A hard war, a battered young soldier's misgivings whether he could take up life and a career again, and racial contumely inflicted on a proud man, had, in England after the war, sent his mind scurrying for cover. But he had fought out, and become the man who founded a nation out of many races, and become one of the world's more proficients in the law. Politics had denied him the seat of power for seventeen years, gave in for seven, and unseated him untimely. Notwithstanding that, his phenomenal gifts had made his influence felt in the government of either Party. But his genius ignored the facts of the year.

And so, unused to being wrong, unable to fully understand, running out front as he did, that some of his colleagues had lost heart, or were losing heart, he was laconic with Seivright's demur to Party work ("No, not now. Spiritually unable."), and "surprised" also

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by an Arnett article in Public Opinion which the author had titled "PNP Failure". He thought that Arnett had distorted the realities of the PNP tenure.

So it was that he seemed to have a specially warm place in his heart for those who stood with him in the last years. He made a simple enjoinder to Ken Hill's return to the Party from which he, as Leader, had ejected him a decade ago: "All I said of the past was, 'I am glad you are back.' And he replied, 'I am glad too.' And that was that."

The quarrels to be settled were the internecine assassinations that accompany political parties, but appear to be more frequent inside the PNP, loaded as it was with talent and ambition. (Years later, when the Union workhorses of the JLP had given way to the younger, brighter professionals, the jealousies and scrambles for power would produce a similar plight to the PNP's, and rush the JLP out of office.) Dudley Thompson, Allan Isaacs, Wills, all had their day under the [redacted] edge of his tongue. There was never a real defiance to his chastening. His was an unshakeable place in the Party. There were men who were wealthier, older, stronger in their electoral base, but he held his ascendance. Busta was a giant too, but the bets seem to be that had he been the PNP leader, he would have long since been under the arm of the elegant lapidators of the "middleclass party".

N.W.Manley held his place by a combination of brains, social status, personality, and his [redacted] gifts for articulating and convincingly enacting the hopes and ambitions of all levels [redacted] of class and colour in the BEWILDERING kaleidoscope that was his island. The loyalty he commanded was quite absolute; he lit a zeal in his people that never blazed into fanaticism but held steadily. [redacted] One explanation may have been that the absence of Anancyism in his charisma made him exotic to a people grown accustomed to the charlatan faces

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of their politicians. He was a sigh of relief, an agent of hope, a reliever of their half-killed faith; really, a curiosity. They dropped by for a visit and stayed.

NO BREAK

He was neither saint nor Satan. He was egotist enough to place a high threshold on his integrity, and so saved it from casual encroachment.

CHAPTER CHAPTER

Cap

And now that time was running out and the evidence of his words suggests he was aware of it he was summoning the youth with all his strength. He still had faith in the old men; [redacted] but they, like him, would yield to time. Journalist John Maxwell tells the story how in the early 'Sixties, while an editor at the JBC, he blocked a broadcast planned by Wills Isaacs at the time of the Claudius Henry affair* when the excitable Wills O. was for inviting the public to an open bash on all bearded men. Manley had at first supported Wills' insistence, since it was also his view, but later, after sober thought, agreed with young Maxwell's stand. He was never uneasy at the ascent of youth into decision. Since 1962, he had been calling for their inclusion. "I am desperately anxious to see the young people of Jamaica (devoted) to the cause of the country and to the service of the Party," he told a PNP conference in 1965. Characteristically, he placed the country first; but probably, since for him his Socialist Party described what was best for the land, the country and the Party were one and indivisible.

His belief in young people was warmly noticed in his association with children. As his bosom pal had been his granddaughter Rachel,

FOOTNOTE:

* Henry, a visionary and religious zealot was imprisoned for sedition. His son was hanged for a shooting ~~an English soldier~~ in a connected incident.

FOOTNOTE → * Henry, a visionary and religious zealot, was imprisoned for sedition. His son was hanged for shooting an English soldier in a connected incident.

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equal to his escapades and sharing his urchin deviltry, so was the quick and active response of all children to him. Cousin Alex's well reported gallantry to ladies was matched by Cousin Norman's pull with the youth. And though they had no [redacted] votes then, young people come of age. And so a likelihood exists that the common surge of "first voters" [redacted] to the Rising Sun* grew out of their Early Manley mores.

*The PNP flag and emblem. Curiously, there was no JLP flag, or emblem, save for the rally song: "We will follow Bustamante till we die."

"Young (people) ask me, 'What can we do?' Let me tell them. We are building structures which will willingly accept, which are eager for the services of young people. If you want to start at the grass-roots, don't be ashamed to go and join a group in the Party and work...

"What is the good of talking about 'Out of many, one people,' (if) the bright young people are not prepared to go down there and sit with the barefooted working class boy and girl and talk to them and help them to build the nation.

"Comrade Wills Isaacs does it. Comrade Glasspole does it. All of us old time horses, we go right down and sit down with the people. When I sit in my Party Group, I am just a comrade, like them. No bigger, no smaller, the same as them."

He spoke at the '65 Party Conference and Party delegates [redacted] recall the speech as one of the deep-felt moments, [redacted] second only to his "Mission Accomplished", the final (1969) justification.

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"Lord, if our young (people) would just go (among the poor). How the people would welcome them! How (we all) would welcome them! Whenever I have (managed to get) young University lads to come and talk to my people, how proud they have been of them! And how they welcomed them with open arms!"

No break



A man who could disapprove of his own actions with [redacted] pungency, [redacted] he knew how much depended on his, or anybody's, quality of leadership. He was growing older and felt more grievously the [redacted] disharmony in his fold. (He had by this time the exhortative style of a shepherd with his flock; guiding and guarding against losing identity with the fold. [redacted]. Hard nationalism had replaced the [redacted] looser Caribbean destiny which [redacted] had broken his hold.)

It was becoming clearer in his mind that in Michael lay more strength than many imagined; his handling of the Ken Hill re-entry into a PNP-NWU orbit after the former comrade had wandered off course to Trinidad as a member of Busta's federal party, was particularly pleasing, since Ken, a trade unionist of the widest experience, would be a powerful factor in fighting off the TUC threat to the NWU. Michael was "in great shape," he thought, proud of a bright, strong son who seemed steadily on a people-course, in harmony with his day: a Socialism grown from the native grassroots even if the symbols were imported.*

*Both PNP and JLP had imported political symbols: the PNP's clenched-fist and the JLP's two-fingered V-sign.

But his unease about the Party would not go away. Ineptitude, and a lack of frankness, of truth, was active. He refrained from open condemnation but gave vent to a deep private anger.

The impatience he [redacted] strove to contain must have cost dearly, considering the many assaults on his forbearance from the ambitious men

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around him. He did not doubt his ability to hold the Party together, or explain, when asked, his motives.
or guide its drives; / One night in 1937, at Drumblair, he had been "amused" at what must have been a diatribe from a banana man named Hyde McCauley, blaming him for having "sold out" Jamaica to Zemurray and the United Fruit Company, and being "amused" also when he considered the ease with which he could have persuaded the cusser to the contrary. [redacted] The strong, repeated invitation to the youth may have come from the urgency for fresh minds unchained to the past, and the old style politics of "spite and tracing." His own ideas were still young and vigorous. Believing, as he did, in destiny, of a religion, as he was, in which God held the reins, ramble though one may, he was unlikely to lack enterprise.* He had articulated his

*Some favoured lines ran: Lest while thine eyes by light of day/ Explore some aspect of the way/ The uncomplaining beast that carries thee/ God's angel in the path shall see.

adventurous spirit by his advocacy of self-rule in the days of galloping autocracy. He recognised the importance of a mix in the political apparatus: the young were brave and concerned with faith in an existentialist sense, "blowing," as he once said of the young when he had just entered his own forties, "life like the wind." The old were experienced and valued cunning. But both were essential. Since his epitaph, after the "Mission Accomplished", would likely be Now, then ... he should leave a gantry on the site capable of engaging to the fullest the talents and skills for success.

In the 1967 general elections his Party faced an adversary that was, by his own account, one that with reason "boasts about the increase in the gross national product (and) the increase in new industries and so on." The PNP lost by 33 to 20.

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AND Bustamante, ailing and absent from activity since before the election, finally retired in 1967, leaving the JLP leadership to Donald Sangster, long his deputy Prime Minister. Sangster, colourless but well meaning, was not a resounding success in the job and died in Canada where he had been taken for treatment. Hugh Shearer, after a stormy JLP executive session in which the jockeying incited some violent scenes, emerged as Prime Minister.

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CHAPTER ~~SIXTY-SEVEN~~ EIGHTY

Edna believes that the strain of daily commuting from Nomdmi may have aggravated the serious illness that struck him in 1968. Nomdmi was then reached up switchback roads, mostly of crushed marl and stone, climbing and wheeling and shooting happily up and God help the fainthearted; humped for rapid draining of flash-floods, [redacted], with rock-heads and rock-slides, and awards of fine views, and fresh pine smells if you lasted. Norman knew it well and drove powerful, well-sprung cars; but barrelling up and down the switchbacks, [redacted], day and night, and ailing on and off, was wearing.

[redacted] He had always loved Nomdmi; it represented retreat and rest; a lair for the tired lion. The legal consultancy had never really shaken together; and beset with financial problems, and perhaps internally torn by the sense of having CAST [redacted] his comrades [redacted] "out into the wilderness," and, further, sapped by the debilitating malaise, he was taken by a sudden resolve to move to Nomdmi. Permanently. To end his days on the mountain-top.

BREAK

"No argument, no persuasion could change him," Edna recalls, "so we moved up."

BREAK BREAK

~~[redacted] IS NO stillness as that of the high mountains. The calgent sea will whisper and chuckle, murmur and sink. Not so in the high pines. There is living, have common dra[illegible] an utter silence. At first. But then the silence itself commences to silence. A silence that creak and spang, and crackle [illegible] and is fine for CITY folk recuperating from the rackety [redacted] plains. But the balsam [redacted] must be carefully measured. A few days, or weeks, may bring [redacted] well-being. Too long a stay in the [redacted] idyllic silence can cause even an anchorite to lose his [redacted] screws. The silence COMMENCES [redacted] to creak, [redacted]~~

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---BREAK ----

Cobb

THERE is no silence as being alone in the high Blue Mountains. The calmest sea whispers and chuckles, murmurs and winks. Not so the high pines. There is a stillness.

At first.

But then the silence commences to creak and spang and crackle.

Fine for city-folk recuperating from the rackety plains.

But the balsam must be carefully measured.

Being alone too long in the idyllic silence can cause even an anchorite to lose his screws.

The creak, spang, crackle turns to pound, shriek, bang in the ear and the pilgrim commences to crack.

A sudden pine (huh!) for the [redacted] abomination and caterwaul of the streets below.

wistful, pining

The high pines provide splendid holiday places for urban dwellers. But they are decidedly not recommended to loners for any length of time. (It is different if you are a "born" mountain person. Then you know a hearty T'enk-'e-O! for peaks, pines and silence.)

— BREAK —

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[redacted] then to press, pound, bang, shriek, [redacted] and the pilgrim is likely to [redacted] crack [redacted]. Fine holiday places for urban dwellers but not recommended for permanence. (It is different if you are "born" mountain [redacted] people. Then it is heavenly.)

Edna was alone much of the time at Nomdmi, since Norman continued his life as it had been: leaving at 8.30 a.m. for politics and the consultancy in Kingston, and returning at [redacted] evening. A late sitting of the House would release him after midnight. Edna's spirits flagged. She tried for occupation, bought a horse, took up gardening; [redacted] in the deafening silence going quietly to pieces.

The situation was relieved, but only slightly, when they took a small flat at Mountain View Avenue (Regardless had been rented) for [redacted] occasional nights in town. It was a bad time for Edna, alone on the mountain, some nights when rain and landslides [redacted] locked the corduroy road; and Norman could not get through. But at last they returned to Regardless, in June 1968.

BREAK

He was seriously ill for a week and went close to slipping over. And what was more, seemed ready to go. The man in whom most of his countrymen reposed a passionate faith, and love, was, in his loneliness, [redacted] believing he had failed. "He has always been so lonely," Edna had worried at the time of the Ellis Island ugliness.

Although he knew his ways had been true to the democracy he believed in, the political fulfilment of his Party and comrades had been shortened by the act, and this caused him sorrow. So the evening of his days was anguished. And borne alone, by reason of his character. He was also beset by money woes; this man for whom the Bar could have provided a rich [redacted] man's comfort. But he had cast all this away in "taking the case of the people."

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Horse to fill the seat St Andrew seat from which Norman had resigned; the by-election was September 2, 1969, the day NW died.

He had been tiring easily [redacted] and his blood pressure was up. The evening before this illness he dined with the Ken McNeills and returned to Regardless. That night he had the first attack of cardiac asthma. Later in the morning the pressure [redacted] steadied. There was a party planned for Nomdmi and he sought and got leave from his physician to go. He sought leave because both Edna and Rachel (who was a stern watchdog over her "Pardi") had opposed his journey up the mountain. He gave them the small-boy look of triumph when his physician agreed. By afternoon he was ill again. That night, down at Regardless, the cardiac trouble struck once more. He had two bad weeks and then felt well enough for a holiday at Negril and a week afterwards was back at Nomdmi for a fortnight. [redacted] To some members of the family, Nomdmi was the seat of the problem. It was high, chilly and the air was thin and not good for his condition. But he loved the place.

He survived the attacks and regained a degree of health that year, and learnt to love Regardless, a little piece of country on its small plateau, FOR BEING ALTHOUGH WITHIN hearing of the restless Constant Spring traffic and the reggae rhythms of the Four Roads bistros.

Later that year, at a banquet in honour of his 75th birthday, on July 4, 1968 he announced his intention of retiring. He gave his farewell speech in the National Arena. The great hall was packed to capacity and another great crowd stood outside listening to the relays, as again he sent his call to the youth:

"And these things are related in a very positive way to ... the role of the young generation in our society today. Youth power in the modern world is not a joke. It is a tremendous reality which has made new leaders and brought down old governments. And youth power is the repository of so much faith and hope and new energy and

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unexpected dedication that any wise observer will falter at the thought that any generation coming into being should not be making search for its own mission, and informed with a desire to achieve it.

"My generation had a distinct mission to perform. It was to create a national spirit with which we could identify ourselves as a people for the purpose of achieving independence on the political plane. I am convinced, deeply convinced, that the role of this generation is to proceed to the social and economic reform of Jamaica.

"It is to conceive a society based on principles of equality, and to remove the duality that splits us so profoundly, and to multiply the points of identification between man and nation, so that, slowly, and I suppose it will take another thirty years at least, we can begin to think and feel and live as one people, making one national group."

BREAK

On FEBRUARY 9, 1969, at the annual Party Conference, Michael Manley was elected President of the PNP. "Given half a chance," his father had said of him when he was thirteen, "what possibilities!"

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CHAPTER

MORNINGS IN THE HIGH country, the "long wind" comes all in order, flowing evenly. You see the evenness in the bend of the trees as the high wind settles for a moment along the highest ridges; singing the song it sings in the morning as it plucks at the harp of RIDGES extending from Silver Hill to Arntully.

Turning with the turn of the land, the wind flows through the stands of cedar and eucalyptus and through the pinewoods and down the dips of the valleys, bending the trees in turn; and then bending them all at once as in a ceremony. Heads and shoulders bending in a ceremony.

The wind carries the pine smells of the high main ridge down to mingle with the wood-smoke of the foresters, and with the cooking-smoke of the homesteaders lower down. Smoke like ~~sailors' furls~~ forevail being, thick at the base and feathering in the treetops. The world up there is very solemn in its silence and majesty, which is more than of mere power; almost declaring that up here in Shangri-la is outlawed the law of sojourn: A the time to go.

---BREAK -----

On his last day at Nomdmi, the law of sojourn was on his mountain and Norman Manley knew it was time to go. Edna was with him. In his own good way, he was ready. And though ill and weak, in likelihood he was acclaiming that Edna understood.

He once wrote a short tribute to her in some notes thirty years before; that "there is (in her) a quality, always was, so stark and valiant when the last big things appear." At the time, she had undergone surgery, alone in the wilds of England, cabling him the news when it was all over. "I was deeply moved at the spirit which took her into that without a word to me till it was all over."

Edna had proven in her crisis and he was at the time agonizing as he moved towards his own crucial challenge, the launching of Jamaica Welfare; writing in his notes: But can I? Can I?

He could, and did. The questions had come only out of an intelligence that weighed EVERY factor. And the answers were so true that all his life they were seen as genius by his companions.

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CHAPTER ⑩ CHAPTER

On Norman Manley's last morning on the mountain, he awoke early. At four thousand feet where they built Nomdmi, mornings are bracing, even in high summer. He and Edna would return to Regardless that day. He was quite weak from the cardiac illness, which so relentlessly came back, for all his fighting it off. The continuing series of strange depressions had not warned falsely. "It is hell for the intelligent victim," he once said about rival medical diagnoses; he had no doubt now that he was very ill.

He dressed and shuffled slowly from the bedroom, crossed the railed verandah to the dining room. He stood at the door. The study, STANDING free of the house, a short distance away, was, in his physical weakness, a far place. Edna stood behind him.

"I must go to the study," he said quietly.

"But, Norman ---"

"I must. Just once. I must go."

She knew that stubborn insistence. And did not argue. She moved beside him and he rested a hand on her shoulder. They went slowly up the rise, a gentle one, to the large square room of cedars and blocks and glass. He entered the study and went to the desk at the centre. He sat at the desk. It had been some weeks since he had worked at the desk. He pulled out the drawers, turned up some papers. Edna busied herself in a corner. She rearranged odds and ends. She would not think then of tears. "Tragedy," she had written in a letter in 1937, "is the individual's refusal to accept reality." A movement made her turn.

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Norman [redacted] up and [redacted] going very slowly to the tall book-shelves which walled two sides of the room. He went along the book-shelves, running his hand over the bindings. Over his books. The blessed books. History. Philosophy. Music. Fiction. His passage took him to the door. He stood in the doorway looking out at the taller peaks. Those he had walked or [redacted] or watched for years. He knew them well; the famous ones, and the smaller ones scurrying to join the main ridge. The smoky-blue ones, and the very green ones shining in the special [redacted] light. Edna stood quietly. "One day," she had written in 1942, "the great hand of God will move across the sky and all our little lights will cease."

He gave the mountains a long, slow [redacted] regard, the attention of a traveller fixing in his mind details of the road. [redacted]

He turned and looked gravely at Edna. They went back together to the cottage. Later, they descended to Regardless. He never returned.

Edna said: "The last few days we were very close and once I broke down and cried. And he looked at me so strangely, as from another world, and I wished I hadn't cried."

The week before he died he wanted to hear, over and over, the Shostakovitch Fourth Symphony and a Quartet.

"Till one evening it caused me to cry and he saw it and his eyes went dark and full of pain. And we played something else."

He had predicted, three days before, that he would die on Tuesday. Tuesday was the day of the by-election to fill the St. Andrew seat he had resigned. The Sunday before the Tuesday, Michael came in and N.W. asked [redacted] how was the voting going. He was quite

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weak; in bed. Michael told him the election would be Tuesday. They argued gently. Michael left and Edna went in.

"So it's Tuesday, - the election is Tuesday. That's funny. I thought it was today. Well."

He was quiet for awhile. Then he lifted his hands, at the wrists, off the bed.

"That day, the book will be closed," he said.

It was.

AUDREY:- INDENT and Italics to the end of this Chapter. Where I have underlined words, please use Roman (?); that is, ordinary type. W.

HEADLINE = LARGE TYPE, UPPER AND LOWER

Well, then ...

Cop

He was, in his upbringing, of a [redacted] family on the edge of gentry; he rode, not walked, to high school. Colour, in his early time, had an ambivalence absent from the modern Jamaica. While the whites formed the "busha" class, every country village had its poor-white family; at its head, the fellow called (affectionately) "White-man," a mulatto or Caucasian; families whose equally hard-scrabble existence integrated them into the "roots" pattern of the culture. In many cases, the only legacy they would ever receive was the pale skin from the nocturnal ancestor who had prowled the barracoons. The Manley family contact with the landed ruling class was said by him to be minimal. On the other hand, their relations with the black peasantry would have been cordial, and even fond, but nonetheless of a certain-correctness that excluded invitations to sit in the "drawing room." His family owned large lands and education which took them out of the (SEE BACK) The young Manleys of Belmont/Guanaboa were children of an "illegitimate son of a woman of the people," as N.W. with delicate preciosity put it, and his strongwilled, educated "almost pure white" wife, again in N.W. Manley's words but now in bolder strokes.

That was one part of him. Inherited. The rest he had put in. Himself. It came to sum in a good way. The country was the better for it. He was index Jamaican.

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[redacted] 483

NO BREAK

The home had a shelter [redacted]y that was essentially unransacked by the early loss of his father and the failure of the family fortune. They survived because the width of the Guanaboa property, ruinate though it was, enabled them. He was educated twice for the task, in field and in fieldstone house; in one-room rural schoolhouse and Jesus College, Oxford. And they survived on the toughness of Margaret Manley who pointed them, fiercely, away from the deadening brownskin country baronage which produced the estate Bushas of the day. And he survived because out of all this he was able to straddle the two Jamaicas. Because of his BIRTH AND style, he attracted the bourgeoisie, and because of his commitment, brought in the folk. So it came to sum in a good way.

[redacted]

His competence and integrity accomplished for the country what he had set out to do that day in May, 1938. He roused the new people to heights of thinking, and understanding, as nobody had done before. And he fathered a nation.

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~~PLACE CARDS~~

~~RECESSIONAL~~ ~~PROCESSION~~ Special type, caps, old English

~~THE FUNERAL~~

PROCESSION

Caps

THE ESPLANADE IN FRONT of the Parish Church is splendid for ceremonials. The church ON THE PARADE is named for St Thomas the Apostle; and, like its ancient sponsor, has, in its time, risked its portion of salvation.

When the city was laid out after the 1692 [redacted] earthquake that sank the town of Port Royal on the other side of the harbour, the military barracks and parade grounds were placed at the centre of the uncompromising checkerboard which had been designed by an unimaginative army engineer named Colonel Lillie. Later the [redacted] barracks were removed to Up Park Camp, outside the city limit; and the Parade became the Victoria (sometimes, Parade) Gardens. The church was ruined by the 1907 earthquake and was rebuilt in 1911.

The esplanade, or South Parade, is four blocks long. There ~~is~~ WAS a Colonial flavour about it. On one side were the intricate ornamental iron fences and drinking fountains, with chained cast-iron cups, [redacted] a bandstand, [redacted] the banyan and flame-of-the-forest trees, high-backed green benches and shady walks. Faced across is the stately pile of the Parish Church and the handsome piazzas of shops bearing the names of Hebrew and Arab shopkeepers.

NO BREAK

~~NO Break~~

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Curiously enough, Kingston is not a cathedral city; although its parish church is more often put into service for State solemnities than the older church, the Cathedral of St James, in the old capital of Spanish Town, the only Anglican cathedral in the nation.

The Church of St Thomas the Apostle has been as much in the shadow of doubt as the saintly sceptic for whom it was named. A century ago, at the time of the Morant Bay (1865) uprising, its walls had rung to the te deums which a grateful Establishment rendered for the illegal State hangings of Bogle and Gordon, both now National Heroes. A couple of centuries ago, one of its Rectors was taken out and hanged in the Parade for owning a private Mint in the vestry, where, in a direct defiance of Matt. 22:21, he manufactured his own Caesar's Head. In its grander moments, it has praised, dirged or buried inside its walls such early Empire luminaries as Admirals Benbow and Lord Nelson; it has sung its Matins in our time for the visiting Queen Elizabeth. It is very High Church, has a fine High Altar and a handsome Lady Chapel. Its war memorials contain outstanding works and there is some good stained glass. The organ dates back to the old church*

*The original church was built in 1695. Some of the organ-pipes date back to the 17th century instrument; it was rebuilt by Willis of London in the 19th century. It has travelled well, first moved to the Old Wolmer's Yard when the church was being enlarged; and moved again to the Conversorium on Church Street after the 1907 earthquake destroyed the building.

FOOT NOTE

and the bell was cast in 1715... Both have aged well and remain splendidly toned. (1715)

-BREAK-

Caps The body of N.W.Manley would be laid in state before the High Altar.

But there were other places to which he should go before the National homage.

BREAK

Cap They would take him on some last journeys inside his territory so the farm folk he loved could pay their respects: to Mandeville and Porus, the towns nearest to where he grew up, and laid in state at each for local obsequies. And this was a moving tribute agreed to by his political rivals in a grace that redressed to a degree the wretched small-wounds some of them had sought to inflict in their victory. (For he had died with his rivals in office, and they were in charge

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of the arrangements. At his death, they spared no pains.) He would go, too, to be in state in the hall of his Party on the Thursday. On Saturday would commence the great national homage of two days in the Kingston Parish Church. Sunday would be the Funeral.

"Let us praise famous men," Pastor Hugh Sherlock would invite in the afternoon, taking the text for his oration from the Apocrypha.

That he was famous, was undeniable. In his own home island, the solid surge of grief, the pilgrimages to stand outside Regardless, or on the pavement before the Sam Isaacs funeral parlour, was expected. But the outpourings of cablegrams, the telephone calls from all over the world, the comprehensive obituaries in the great foreign newspapers, were too tremendous to have been foreseen, considering he was a politician out of office for many months, and retired from public life. It was as if he was still head of state. Queen Elizabeth sent her personal condolence. So did the leaders of [redacted] nations [redacted] from both sides of the Atlantic. His old friend and admirer, Hugh Foot, by then made Lord Caradon and sent to be the U.K. man at the United Nations, immediately boarded a flight to be in Jamaica.* Many heads of Caribbean governments came in, although among the omissions was Trinidad's Eric Williams who sent a [redacted] Senator. It seemed as if N.W's part in the foundered Federation would not be quite absolved by his death.

*Please take in footnote at back of this page.

Well, he was "a Servant and a Leader," as Prime Minister Hugh Shearer had said the day he died. He had played that extraordinarily difficult role as he saw it. Whatever the results of the play, his integrity was intact. Indeed, deepened. For as no man before him, or since, his style had explained democracy for the first time in Jamaica, and to those who watched for decent governing in much of the world. He had, with deliberation, showed, that no man

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was more important than the will of the people. And that was democracy as the Greeks had striven to delineate it.*

FOOT-NOTE

* Foot summed it up in his book, A START IN FREEDOM: "It is natural to look for faults in such an outstanding man. But whatever failings he has are far outweighed by his positive qualities ..."

[redacted], whatever the verdict, he had shed light on participant governance, the quit-rent of free peoples.

And his people were grateful. So they said they would bury him in the place marked for National Heroes. He was not yet a National Hero. That would come later. Yet it was a clear declaration from the Party in office which included some implacable foes. Shearer [redacted] remembered well. "His personal sacrifices (for) Jamaica ... these are his monuments." A State Funeral, they said, would be his.

N.W.Manley's death on Tuesday, September 2, 1969 was a shock to the nation; for in one of those curious [redacted] STILLNESSES which occasionally RUIN [redacted] our reputation as a people of RAMPAGING [redacted] rumours, it had not been commonly known that he had suffered two or three heart attacks since 1953. He had survived to fight five elections, and a referendum, and his resilience brought him back from each with only a barely discernible shadowing at the eyes and a rise in the depth of his voice. His faculties were not impaired, although he did confide to Harry Dayes that his memory, an astounding one, was, in the latter days, faltering. The terminal illness came in on an ordinary 'flu, strengthened probably by his weakness from the repeated cardiac bouts. He had a history of hypertension.

Down from Nomdmi, at Regardless, although very ill, he took to

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bed only at the last hours. As his condition worsened rapidly, he was attended by a medical team including his brother-in-law, Ludlow Moody. He went into a coma at seven on the Tuesday morning and died six hours later, just before one o'clock. A sudden surge in the pressure fatally taxed his heart. He was 76 years and two months.

The time of mourning was decreed from Tuesday to Sunday. And [redacted] was declared a National Day of Mourning. It would be a week as the country had never witnessed. All the flags fell to half mast.

"And those of us who have lived to see this day should praise God because it is not always given to man to labour and see his labour rewarded by what he strove to achieve."

He had spoken about the final freedom, from subjection [redacted] Party Conference on September 16, 1962. His life, for a quarter of a century had been lived to this end and he had lived to see the day. He had caused a multitude to praise.

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CHAPTER

ON THURSDAY HE WAS laid in the PNP headquarters at 23-25 South Camp Road, an ornate Victorian house, the first owned home of the Party. It had commodious grounds for a city residence; one of the upper middle income houses built around the turn of the century when the South Camp Road was the eastern outskirt of the city. The rooms were large and high-ceilinged, the paintwork flaking. Like the Party, it too had known victory and defeat, and showed it.*

*While both trade unions, NWU and BITU had erected their own modestly handsome headquarters, the PNP and JLP founders occupied converted dwellings, with the Socialists' distinctly the more architecturally important.

They laid him in the Main Hall at 11 o'clock in the morning and the first of the phenomena of deep, intense, personal mourning by hundreds of thousands of his constituents commenced. For six hours, the double line of people moved past the bier, in solid rows, quietly, except for the sobs and occasional compulsive whispers as they saw the legend close up, within touch, unfenced by pomp of office or natural circumstance that once had walked with him.

The coffin was draped with the national flag; a pennant already being called "Old Hardship" because some gaunt-minded official had "explained" that the black in the colours represented "hardships overcome." But on one wall was the emblem more associated with him than the seven-year-old [redacted] black-green-gold [redacted] national tricolour: the Rising Sun banner of his Party.

The shuffle of feet trapped in the ritual march, the slow flow of their passing as they worked by the mahogany casket, the side-bent

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Sept. '84 (This portion to end is UNREVISED but substituted 490 for the revised portion LOST By THE Typesetter at LINDO's Printery North St!

of heads, the puzzled verification in the eyes, in the peculiarly hurrying walkaway, knowing, but not believing, for awhile, that the giant had fallen, that the titan had died; so the Party made its farewell. They remembered him as he had been. He had a lean look and walked anchored, a sure, unhurried stride that gave the hint of a lope. He was too hard-angled to be elegant but he had a masculinity that spoke his style. He had a certainty, an absolutely capable man who tackled his problems with zest, with the will to resolve. He was undemonstrative, particularly in public, but those whom he liked spoke of a rare warmth. He had a deep, quiet love for children who responded by swarming him. While he avoided pretentious people, he could be afflictively humble where a creative accomplishment reached the excellence he valued. He made great friends in the arts and saw the reality in the endeavours of painters and pugilists, writers and weavers. He was gentler than most of his comrades (except for Vernon Arnett whose lined, anxious face and quiet smile marked a dedicated man, one of the band of extraordinary people who gave up safe careers to serve the poorling Party from its founding). Yet he could be roused to fury when he warned that if "we create a stronger and richer middle class and a section of privileged working-class aristocrats, the masses at the bottom will generate a heat that will blow us all up one day."

He roused the country's thinkers because he spoke of great dreams, but was pragmatist enough to declare that his concept of democracy was "what is possible and acceptable." When he launched the campaign for Self Government Now!, "had I been asked, in secret, I would have said (it will take) ten years at least." He was lawyer enough to deal a roongus.*

*Jamaican for artifice.

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He knew it would be uphill all the way, but countryboy that he was, he reckoned that like the hillwomen of the rugged highlands, above Guanaboa, whose bodies would fall with quick ease into the bearing stance as they hoisted the bancra to the head cotta, we would lean into the line of our burden and climb with certainty. And he never was to lose his faith, and pride in the people he had led so well. "He," the New York Times said in a twin-column obituary, "led his country to Independence."

He had been out of power on Independence Day, but he had led to the gate and opened it; and so the world acknowledged. And so, today at Party headquarters, they thanked him for leading to the gate.

Early on Friday morning, a short cortege left through the East Street gate of the Sam Isaacs' establishment and proceeded westward to the Spanish Town Road. Motor cycle escorts and official cars preceded the hearse along the nearly empty roads but a few early workers identified the procession for what it was, and saluted its passage. Some raised their fists in the 30-year old salute, first made popular by the young men of the Party left, and needfully adopted by the Moderates, who would engage with awkward eye as they poked slowly aloft You could fairly tell how far from centre a comrade stood by the angle of his elbow and the boldness of the clench. Full stretch meant a total commitment to the Left, and diminished as the angle of elbow

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increased; so the Rightists ended cupping an ear. A mischief sometimes appeared to be in the corner of his eye when N.W. performed the bravado; but his own elbow was usually at the axis, so creating the exciting dynamic the Party would never lose, in victory or defeat. It was an exciting Party in victory or defeat.)



Mandeville, the mountain capital of Manchester, his birth-parish, is high and green, and once the retirement town for old English colonials. The town is a replica of any English hamlet, the village green at the centre, and around it are the appurtenances that tend their several affairs: the parish church, the courthouse, market, civic offices and shops. It is seven miles from Roxborough, his birthplace. They laid him in state in the parish church, a stately stone building in fine grounds. For four hours, again there was the elegiac gait of mourning folk who had come up to the mountain town. More than 10,000 would view the body before they closed the doors to prepare for the service celebrated by the Bishop, Swaby.

And afterwards they took him to Porus.



The boy Norman who had lived at Roxborough until he was seven, would have regarded Porus as his town. Old Sam Manley had his business there and it was close to Roxborough by the Royal Flat road. It was to the new-built (1885) Methodist Church at Porus that Margaret Manley had taken her son to be received. So in the warm, solicitous understanding that Shearer had taken directly at the passing of his Party's chief rival, the cortege, at the PNP's request, paused on its way down the mountain at the nice village of Porus, in the afternoon.

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Porus, ordinarily reposeful, was packed to the sidewalks of the long, straight main that is the village. It is red clay country, strikingly attractive in the contrast of green scape and red earth. It was named for the Porras brothers, the rebel siblings who had caused Columbus much grief on the coast, the time he was shipwrecked at Seville, St Ann, for a year in 1503. Porus had been chosen by N.W. years before (not unrelated to a nascent sentiment) for the first large community centre in his Jamaica Welfare programme. In these last days of his journeyings, he had never been nearer home, and his townsmen turned out to honour him. They were still passing the bier when the short twilight ended and the Reverend Ashley Smith began the service preceding the eulogy.

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CHAPTER SEVENTY-ONE

At 0900 hours, Saturday, September 6, the Army, in the precise syntax of the military, "accepted custody of the coffin." From then, until the body was interred, the Army was in charge of the obsequies. For that day and the next, as the body lay in state in the Kingston Parish Church, a Vigil would be kept by three Officers Watch, each of five officers, resting on swords reversed around the catafalque. The Watch would be changed at intervals of thirty minutes, slow-marching from the church hall across the ancient burial place through the South Door.

The military preparations had begun the day he died. The hour after the announcement, a signal was sent from Army hq, the white blue-trimmed two-floored building north of the Polo grounds: all leaves were cancelled, men recalled, the Colours hung in mourning drapes, drums and trumpets, black arm-bands issued. The cantonment was strangely still. The daily practice of the regimental bands ceased (except in preparation for the funeral.) Old Soldier Manley had called for his due, owed to him since the Somme and Ypres and a score of other encounters.

The Command Post went to work on such logistics as transport for the several hundred men who would parade for the State Funeral, the order of procession, the funeral route and elapsed time (at the Slow March, the Jamaican Armed Forces march at 68-70 paces per minute), the posting of men for the Guard of Honour (of uniform height), a "ready" check of the saluting cannons (a battery of four 3-pounders firing 76 times at 50 second intervals, a gun for each of his years), choosing of the bearers (they would wear special non-slip DMS boots,

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(i.e., Directly Moulded Soles), every last detail down to early coffee - in army talk, "gun-fire" coffee - for the men who on Saturday would face the special reveille at 2.30 a.m., to march the route in rehearsal



The burial site had been chosen. He would be interred along the Avenue of Heroes, in the shadow of the great Cenotaph cross, erected for a memorial to his war.

He was already an authentic war hero. And soon the nation would accord him the highest honour ever bestowed. He would be named a National Hero.*

*On September 15, with Paul Bogle, Gordon, Garvey & Bustamante.



Sunday, September 7 had been declared a day of national mourning. (His Party decreed thirty days mourning for the Founder.) It dawned a [redacted] clear day, good for travelling. Hundreds of thousands were glad it was a good day for travelling. Those in the western towns, Savanna-la-mar, Lucea, Montego Bay, started their journeys in the dark of the morning. By bus and lorry, train and automobile, from the great PNP strongholds and the heart country of the west, from the rain slopes of the east, and from the southern savannahs, all the land turned to the old stone church in the afternoon. The great swelling crowds filled the [redacted] square encompassed by the four Parades, and flowed up the walls and roofs of the buildings about it. And there were those who could not cross the mountains, so they stayed at radio and television sets; and so it was all a participant land.

It was careful pomp. A salute of Guards of Honour, and slow-wheeling Colour parties, and stiff-faced young soldiers and policemen,

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in full dress and chained helmets, caught up in the decision of their heritage that they should be witnesses of a notable departure. To mark the departure of an ancestor so tremendous, only a national grieving would do.

The church filled as rapidly as the Square. The accommodation was limited to ticket holders and distribution largely on PNP decisions.*

*Years later it was the turn of the PNP government at Bustamante's death to play a similar role with equal grace.

And it was an ingathering of political opponents so wide it was likened only to the independence night; so, in his death, he had forged again.



The casket was borne by soldiers of the Jamaica Defence Force in scarlet full dress tunics and re-entered the Kingston Parish church on Sunday at 1.45 p.m. by the great South door. The casket had been taken from the church earlier that day at the end of the final lying-in-state and was now returned for the funeral service, the lid closed, and the last of him seen. They draped it in the national colours, of black, green and gold; a cautious cloth, without flash or flaunt, sombre but bravely bearing the makers' promise to push beyond adversity; a banner in the creation of which he had shared: "gold, crossed on green and black triangles." He had liked it. "Very good," he had said of it that June of 1962.



Edna entered the church a few minutes before three, with Douglas and Michael. Norman's sister, Muriel, the only one of Margaret's four children now left, and with Douglas' son Norman, Jr., Michael's son Joseph, and the beloved Rachel, Michael's daughter; followed quickly

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by Governor Sir Clifford Campbell and his wife.

The service was according to Anglican rites but was an ecumenical gathering of clerics, including pastors of other flocks, Catholic prelates, Protestant electeds, and a Rabbi. It began with the priests in procession to the altar intoning the Sentences, those solemn pronouncements of portent and comfort from the Book of Common Prayer. When the Sentences and Procession of clergy ended at the altar, the hymn I Vow To Thee My Country was sung and the Twenty-third Psalm chanted. At the high altar, glowing under its famed stained glass and tapers, the Bishop of Jamaica, John Swaby, C.B.E., the 64-year-old former Suffragan, had the service. In the chancel, among several others, sat the forthright Revd. Ashley Smith, the year's chairman of the Jamaica Christian Council, the group successfully striving for an ecumenical vision among the assorted denominations, Revd. Hugh Sherlock who would give the Remembrance, G.E. Allsop, the church's Rector, and Archbishop McEleney, the American Jesuit, once head of the Catholic church in Jamaica for whom N.W. had a special affection and who had come down from America for the funeral.

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Ashley Smith read the lesson from Revelation 21, verses one to seven. As at Mandeville, when it was read by his longtime Party colleague, Winston Jones, it was about the "new Jerusalem." And there were hundreds in the church who remembered how he used to talk of the new Jerusalem they would build in the new Jamaica, and had sung his brave songs about it as Jamaica Welfare brought the new way to Guy's Hill, and Lucky Hill, and to the flatlands of South St Elizabeth, and the other places into which he had sent his shirtsleeved evangelist to work in straw and clay, the indigenous options of a land without metal, alumina being still under the grass; and how to can good harvests taught

against the lean years,and to disinherit the illiteracy the centuries of subjugation had willed nilly-nilly to a race.

The family had chosen Methodist minister Hugh Sherlock, their closest ecclesiarch associate, to give the Remembrance; the hulking, calm, sincere man who had founded Boy's Town in Kingston (and whose daughter, Ann, had been N.W's research assistant on the book he had barely begun to write.) It was a warm, unpretentious testimonial to a man whose towering stature he could only compare to the "famous men" of the Apocrypha: "Let us now praise famous men and our fathers who begat us ... men renowned for their power,giving counsel by their understanding ... wise and eloquent in their instructions." Simple and undramatic though his delivery was, the Reverend Sherlock let drop a piece of information which students of the Cousins' quarrelsome era received with a fluster. Bustamante, Sherlock said, had expressed gratitude to N.W. "for keeping the Union together during his 'wartime incarceration' and for helping to secure his release." It was a last benison, after three decades; and while it would not mean a healing, it drew a response, a relief that the stridency and ill-will did not go all the way in; and curiously heartened even the rabidly partisan ones, now that, chancedly, an appreciation had once passed between the two; and, however lightly stipulated, was pintle of a kind.

R.O.C.King, an Anglican priest and a twinkling man on the cheerful days, full of saws and stories, read the prayers for the dead and said the blessing, and the final hymn was sung. It was sung with particular power; for this was Ninety-and-nine. It had become his rallying song, not for parading a religious bent, but for discomfiting his political foes with the notion that he was waiting inside

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"the gates of gold," to welcome Labour Party apostates to the PNP fold. He had not been an irreverent man, merely holding an imp that broke out at odd times. It had become his signature, the tune that hailed his appearance; and by the personal relationship which folk bear to heavenly matters, made possible the alliance of their own affairs with whatever Providence was planning.

And so now, the rolling old air emerged from the building, and was immediately taken by the multitude outside, and grew instantly into a song of power, and a mighty salute to the giant of their season. He had not been faultless; publicly shy, symbol more than person, until he stepped into perspective six days ago and shattered what had kept them from seeing him. They made of it what they could, a national grieving. The extraordinary outpouring of a whole people, before the flower-banked altar, in the candlelight, priests, poets, farmers, merchants, politicians, plain and professional persons. They sang the National Anthem and took him out to the gun carriage.

The State Funeral is for grandeur; but what gave Norman Manley's poignancy was the phenomenon of a personal farewell from people who hardly knew him. It is the prerogative of some specially gifted men. He had not grown old enough to be a monument, nor greyed in his mind by illness nor age to become unconsidered of his people in their daily duties. The casket that the eight military bearers now raised off the catalfaque contained a vote of reluctance from every Jamaican; for, whether partisan, they held for him that faculty which every politician strives to elicit of his constituents, frequently vainly: plain old-fashioned respect. And it was a curious and yet not unexpected happening, that outside the church, the casket was received by an explosion of applause as it emerged from the North door,

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The applause was brief, swiftly over, but it had been there; and even in the face of the portentous sonorities of the Dead March from Saul, it was not a contradiction. They had come for miles to applaud him, and they did. He had been scattered among the towns, Mandeville, Porus, May Pen, Spanish Town, and the others in between; but there were other places that had not had the luck to hail him in the last journeying, and now they did. At Temple Lane, by the Old Wolmers' Yard outside the church walls, a small group sang softly Land of My Birth, the evocative PNP anthem which many non-partisans held should have been given up by the Party and made into the National Anthem.*

*Except that it would give little comfort to naturalised citizens. The words were by William Seivright and the music by the Jamaican tenor, Granville Campbell.

As the young soldiers of the bearer party marched the slow, precise cadence, the coffin on their shoulders, the Guard of Honour was brought to the Present Arms by Lieutenant Colonel (~~now~~ Later Major General) Rudolph Green and the Regimental Colours were dipped in salute. The bearer party, wheeling slowly, lined up the casket with the gun carriage and slid it to the deck. At that moment came the report of the first of the 76 guns.

"When the venture (the Jamaica Banana Producers' Association) fumbled," one chronicler wrote, [redacted] "he lent his legal talents to a salvage act that (turned) it into a limited liability company engrafted on (a) cooperative ..." *

By an act of salvage, he had awakened his compatriots and with

*Percy Miller, the Gleaner's Farm Editor and an early PNP card bearer.

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success engrafted the alternative-party system on a people who for 400 years had known no power but that of an imposed oligarchy. He had challenged their doubts; and suddenly, with gusto, the nation had tumbled into a voting democracy. In a society prone to the emotional pull, he had done it without demagoguery.

The Old Soldier was at home on gun carriages. These were artillery pieces and he had galloped them all over France, the great wheeled thunderers lumbering behind him, laying the long snouts, searching blindly for the Bosche. Or, caught in a sudden enemy assault, dead-running for his life with the umbilical cannon pounding and rattling behind him. And now it would be his calm equipage of honour, rolling gently, not behind his team of enormous artillery horses, but behind the military vehicle driven by the efficient Lance Corporal DIXON.*

*Then he held N.W's old rank but eight years later, as Corporal, he would perform with the same quiet efficiency for another dead Hero, Sir Alexander Bustamante.

The Guard of Honour returned to the Shoulder Arms and the Colour Party at a low-voiced command, fell out of the ranks. The escort companies took up positions front and rear of the cortege.

The funeral procession would go east and north on the Parade, east into East Queen Street, north on Duke Street, through leafy old Manchester Square to the South Gate of the National Heroes Park for the internment. The Marshals began arraying the procession. Edna, very composed, held Rachel's hand as they entered the car that would take them, and Muriel, to the burial place. She carried a small

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wreath of his favourite red roses. The male members of the family would go on foot. The procession began shortly after four.

In front of the gun carriage were the massed bands and the First Escort of 360 men from the First Jamaica Regiment and the clergy. Flanking the carriage were the twelve official pall bearers.* And

*Partymen Florizel Glasspole, David Coore, Wills O.Isaacs, Vernon Arnett, portworker Lucius Watson, NWU president Thossy Kelly, attorney Leacroft Robinson, House Speaker E.C.L.Parkinson, commerce's Aaron Matalon, athlete Mal Spence, artist Albert Huie, PNP founder O. T. Fairclough.

immediately behind the carriage, N.W's military medals were borne by army lieutenant G.E.H.Williams. Then came his sons, Douglas and Michael, and grandsons Norman Jr. and Joseph; units of the Coast Guard and military marshals; the official mourning party of the Governor-General, Prime Minister Shearer and his Cabinet, High Court justices, senators, diplomats, privy councillors, members of parliaments and mayors; the Second Escort of 120 soldiers, PNP and NWU members, and the band of the Jamaica Constabulary leading the final escort of police. All the units marched with arms reversed.

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It was not of design, but of history, that this last day's journey lay through much of his own, and the country's political history. It was in South Parade that he had announced, in 1954, the self-governing constitution that marked the next important step away from Colonial tutelage. And in Duke Street had been centred both his careers, the law and politics. Duke Street had outgrown its old ribald ways and become by now a handsome thoroughfare of new and Colonial-old buildings. The first office block signalling Kingston's high-rise step into the modern warrens was erected at the Barry Street corner, in the early 'Sixties; but several pillared

turn-of-the-century lawyers' chambers still adorn its half-mile length from the sea to where it turns into Manchester Square and merges with the ring road about Heroes Park. The 18th century Headquarters House, once the townhouse of a rich merchant named Hibbert, built by slave labour on a wager between he and two others, like himself overburdened with wealth from the blood trade, is the oldest on the street. Later it had become the legislative chamber when the capital was moved to Kingston, and held so until the new chamber, named Gordon House for the National Hero, was built across from it. A few examples of the more modern Jamaica vernaculars, of jalousied fronts and arched hallways, linger on. Norman Manley had spent most of his life on Duke Street; he had practised from chambers on the downtown end for many years until he went further up the street "to take the case of the people."

"How wise a country (it) is that (allows) a good parliament, resting on a sensible public opinion, to exercise power!"

The street is further felicitous in its physical setting. As the cortege in the stately military march turned north into it, the mountains wheeled into view, sun-streaked in the afternoon its several peaks climbing into the clouds. Up there, behind a shoulder, sat his beloved Nomdmi. Up there, also, on a neighbouring mountain, another giant lay ailing.* Nine years older than his cousin, Norman, they had been

*Busta lived at Irish Town, high in the same mountain range.

the unmatched ones in our annals. Both, in their separate ways, had been triumphs of the human spirit over adversities. One, the adversity of a rudimentary education, to pull himself out of obscurity and

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by sheer will, defeat the odds and become ruler of his country. The other, to turn his back on wealth and privilege, to jettison every material possession, to put all his brilliance, passion and awesome skills, his whole self, at the disposal of his people.



The saluting cannons made flat punctuations above the music. The columns rose and fell in the rhythm of the march, long blue and scarlet columns working their drill in the excellence he would have approved. Gun metal glinted in the sun. A banner raised by two women in the ten-deep crowd on the sidewalk, said, Good-bye, Great Man. And, insistently, underneath the cannons and drums, you heard the feet.



The feet told their stories. The bold strike of the heels of the Escort Party, trained, crisp, disciplined, sixty-eight/seventy paces to the minute, rain or shine, and give away not an inch; knowing in the implanted clockwork in their minds when the head of the column would pass the high brick walls of the old convent, when the staffs of the drum-majors of the massed bands would go up for the turn into the aspects of the gracefully decaying Manchester Square, and enter the Avenue of Heroes, the very straight last few hundred yards to the burial place.

"Loyalties are potent realities and the business of youth involves a frequent and painful discard of the outward and the outgrown. When the dead hand of Colonialism was lifted, a freedom of spirit was released and the desert flowered."



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And other feet that told another story in the cautious weary shuffles of the greying politicians and trade unionists, on the firing line since 1938 when the voices were first heard at the workplace. The men and women who had braved the brutalities of the master/servant system of joblessness that condemned you to hunger, and ultimately destroyed you as effectively as from the barrel of a gun. The old resolutions now softened on the faces because their part of the mission had been accomplished.

"But ladies and gentlemen, (remember those) early years when (as) young volunteers (you) were out six nights a week! Not seeking or even thinking about achieving power, but totally dedicated to changing the political structure of Jamaica! I had the privilege of leading (you) over the years. And I pay tribute to all the pioneers ... to the fidelity and sincerity of their works!"

And feet that told another story in the quiet procession of the Party women, whose hope for the nation of their children had been made to stand tall by this matrix of a New Jamaica, now borne on the carriage ahead. Celebrant at his own Mass. Token of his own completion.

"I say that the mission of my generation was to win self-government for Jamaica. To win political power which is the final power for the black masses of my country. From which I spring. I

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am proud to stand here today and say to you who fought that fight with me ... Mission Accomplished!"



And the feet told another story in the march of the younger ones, walking the old-new road that was end and commencement. They were a trifle too far back in the great procession that was taking the Old Warrior home, so their response to the cadence of drum and trumpet was quite personal, adjusting to the road and the measure of their company, and less pre-occupied with the beat of the drum. But it was certain that they would get there. The Old Warrior had believed in them.

"And what is the mission of this generation that succeeds me? It is to be founded upon the work of those who went before. By the use of your political power (to tackle) the job of reconstructing the social and economic society and life of Jamaica."



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The gun carriage carried past the Jewish synagogue and the BITU building and compound on the right, the powerful rival union to his own NWU, founded out of Nineteen Thirty-eight. The political power of the Cousins had been founded on worker power. For good or ill, the principles of politics and organised labour, of guide and force, had been worked as one, by both men, in their country; and it had kept the principle of alternatives in governing, alive and active; as each of the antagonists had desired. Norman Manley had been a great trade unionist for he had understood the values and had saved the BITU from ruin when Bustamante was locked up. The alternative had been secured and preserved.

The gun carriage rolled past the BITU headquarters in a quiet, decent respect from some who had been his bitterest political foes.

One day in the Spring of 1938, very recently having himself accepted the job of reconstruction, the mission he was to accomplish in 1962, he had been questioning the wisdom of an expatriate colleague in breaking off a job that he, N.W., thought the man was greatly capable of. The office had demanded giving up a prior benefit, a shrinkage his friend found unacceptable. A little angry at the loss [redacted] by his colleague's action, the job being crucial to the task of social rebuilding, Manley's insight seized upon a principle: that there were people born with a gift for sacrifice. "He has no gift for sacrifice," Manley had confided sadly of his friend.

But such a gift was painfully present in himself. He had known

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that "the case of the country" would have borne no fees save the relentless hostility of those whom, in 1938, he had called "the real aliens in the land," those who would not "accept that the mass of the population are the real people" with the prerogative to call the tune.

Forty-six guns had gone. Now they neared the head of Duke Street. Thirty guns were left. Thirty years. He had given thirty years of his life to politics.

"But what a wonderful thirty years it has been!" he exclaimed on his 75th birthday the year before.

He had regretted none of them.

"And I have long since known that when you have done your honest best, it is senseless to repine, because you think history or God let you down."

Now the Park was in sight.

Manchester Square becomes very wide where it debouches into the ring road that soon would be known as National Heroes Circle. The long, upslope walk from the church was now on the final cant, would be over in a little while. Now the scarps of the Blue Mountains were clearer. Standing at the burial site, Edna, with Muriel and Rachel, watched the cortege approach; a quickly clenched hand, the tight jerk of her head, the gestures he had known and loved. Sixty years ago, in England, on a December day, she had promised to be with him on those Jamaican mountains. "And I will ride with you over the Blue Mountains knowing that we fought the good fight." One Spring day when they were young, in 1939, she had thought of a day like this and had

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written a note to herself:

> The shadow moved away through the gloom of the woods, soundless and without direction. Where there had been a nucleus of consciousness, there was now only eternity. What had been and what might always be. A single note of a bird and a leaf falling reluctantly down. Perhaps there is warmth somewhere and an end to roaming ...
>
> Perhaps death will not follow life in an endless succession of shadows ...



He was being borne by a great concourse and the setting he would have understood. The subdued but massive weight of the crowd was an assurance that public leaders took kindly to. They, he once said, "as Antaeus of old, draw strength from the earth, from the courage of the people, the feel of their hands and the sound of their feet, the roar in their throats and the love of their hearts."

They were welcoming him now and the drums were losing authority to the unseen force of the crowd; aliens in the land in the presence of the people.

The wheels ground into the gravel at the burial site and the last of the cannons acknowledged the end of his years.

The bearer party, young, solemn, bareheaded soldiers, took the flag covered casket to their shoulders.

"I did not cry when he died," said Edna Manley, "but when the young soldiers lifted the coffin, I think I broke inside."



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He was of the brave men, the special men, who go out to meet the horses of the morning. Tall, dew-soaked chargers of clashing hooves and eye-flash, and a high cry for freedom. These men walk all squared front, and strong-legged, towards the horses, ascendant in mien and manner, in voice, and in understanding of the long night whose terrors the horses have faced alone. These special men walk afraid but unfearful into the morning to meet them, amidst the hooves and the wild torn cries of horses who know their assailability and are ashamed for it. These men turn and lead; and, for awhile, the tribe pays regard to reason.

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CHAPTER SEVENTY-TWO

Christian and Jewish burials require that the ground be consecrated. Heroes Park had never been consecrated; and so the priests and the Rabbi said their prayers over the open grave. The casket was rested on the webbing of the lowering device. Slowly it sank out of sight as the flag was lifted from it. The military buglers blew the Last Post and the Reveille, the evening and morning calls. With quiet dignity, Edna went forward and laid the first wreath, of the red roses he had so loved.

"And looking back over the years, I declare they have been great years. I have known all things in politics, the hard way. I am glad. I would not have chosen my way in life in any other way. I affirm of Jamaica that we are a great people. Out of the past of fire, and suffering, and neglect, the human spirit has survived; patient and strong, quick to anger, quick to forgive, lusty and vigorous but with deep reserves of loyalty and love; and deep capacity for steadiness under stress; and for joy in all the things that make life good and blessed. Bless this dear land, and bless our people, now and forever more."

END

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Vic Reid
Rock Hall
Jamaica

MAILING
P.O. Box 129
KINGSTON, 10
JAMAICA

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The Hon. Victor Stafford Reid, O.J., is the author of several novels including NEW DAY, THE LEOPARD, THE JAMAICANS, NANNY-TOWN, SIXTY_FIVE, THE YOUNG WARRIORS, PETER OF MOUNT EPHRAIM and @@@@@y many short stories. He has also written for radio and television and been a broadcaster, notably his series"Vic Reid In Axxxa Africa". In 1980 he was awarded the national Order of Jamaica; and the following year gained the prestigious Norman Manley Award For Excellence in Literature. He also holds the Gold and Silver Musgrave Medals. Internatioanl awards include a Guggenheim Fellowship, xxxthe Canada Council xxxx Award (twice) and a Mexican Escritoire award.

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