

14/6/62.

My dear Abrahams,

I have tried to follow your suggestion about the story. As you see, the title has been changed. Owing to pressure of work, I have not done as thorough a job of paring it down as should be done. I'm afraid that the typewriting is not so wonderful. The young woman who works for me did her best, but she is expert neither at typing nor in her knowledge of English. However, I've done my best at proofreading and correction.

Enclosed herewith please find one pound ten shillings which ought to cover the cost of airmailing it to Britain.

Should the publishers decide to accept the story, I am asking you please not to say anything about the

matter, even to close friends. The two books by me that were published locally caused some some embarrassment. Nearly everybody felt that I was earning fabulous sums of money from them. I was not worried about requests from the usual gold diggers, but it hurt me to have to refuse making gifts to some of my distant relatives who were truly in need, and whom I would gladly have helped generously if I had had the means.

I have just finished listening to your broadcast on the suggestion to scrap the K.S.A.C.

Any government foolish enough to try that must expect savage bloodshed.

I hope that Busta is not deluded by the sycophantic worship that some of his associates offer him.

When he won his first election he could have made himself a dictator. The people idolised him.

Today things are different. The people have fully absorbed the lesson that they are entitled to the franchise and it is their inalienable right. They threw the labour party out of power when it ceased to please them and they are not going to allow anybody to whittle down their power. They understand quite well that if their power to vote for local legislatures is taken away, it won't be long before all voting will cease.

The first time that Busta got into power he announced that he was going to compel everybody in this country to join his union. But when he had got over the first excitement of testing power, he said no more about such rubbish. I suppose because he guessed that any such attempt would have quickly cost him his life.

He had better study the election results again to refresh his memory that, while his party had an overall majority in the last elections,

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it did not have an overwhelming majority.

Although he understands the masses far more than Manley ever did, I'm afraid that he is getting out of touch with reality.

The disturbances in 1938 had a sort of holiday atmosphere about them most of the time, but today the temper of our people has changed. Twenty four years of political growth cannot be stifled. Any attempt to do so will cause a violent explosion. We had better learn a lesson from what nearly happened to Japan when there was far milder provocation offered to a people with a history far less turbulent than ours.

One can only hope that Sangster and Ashenheim will have enough influence to restrain him and the irresponsible persons in his entourage.

Best of luck and many thanks for your kind offer to help me. Let's hope it will bear fruit.

Yours,  
Ogilvie

File

May 17, 1962.

My dear Abrahams,

I started operations last night. On reading over the story, I did see quite a few spots where an English person might have trouble with the dialect. So I am smoothing it out.

Here is a list of possible titles. I prefer the first one, but am afraid that most persons would shy away from a story having the word "Bastard" as part of its title.

If you have any ideas on the matter, why not let me know them?

Yours in haste,  
Oj'lore.

- (1) The Black Bastard.
- (2) Dirge for a Dark Lover
- (3) Love in Sunland.
- (4) Two Shots Sounded.
- (5) Sweet Misery.
- (6) Too Free and Too Easy.
- (7) Man and Woman Business.
- (8) A Dog with Money.
- (9) Black Man, White Woman.
- (10) Heritage from Slavery.
- (11) Impossible Love.
- (12) Sugar and Rum.

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file

119A, Duke St.,  
Manchester Place,  
Kingston,  
April 23, 1962.

My dear Abrahams,

In your broadcast telling about your holiday in the country, you made a mistake in describing the Yallahs area, and, without meaning to, also committed an injustice to the Yallahs Valley Land Authority.

The reason you did not see any water running under the fording was on account of the long drought which caused them to divert all of the water into the irrigation channels.

On Wednesday the eighteenth of April I, too, was in that part of the country. On my way back to town I drove through Heartsease and Easington. The standpipes in Heartsease had plenty of water. All the irrigation channels were full to the brim.

Here are two examples of the worth of the work that the Y.V.L.A. has done.

Just before you reach Eleven Miles, you cross two fordings. The first one crossed in coming from Kingston used to be bone dry, except just after a shower of rain. In the past year or so I have observed that it always has some water in it, even during the long drought which has recently passed.

When you go past the Yallahs primary school, you come upon a steel bridge spanning the Mundicot River. It also used to be dry most of the year. Now it usually contains water, most of which flows underground, but one can see the moisture seeping up above the soil in places.

The most brutal instance of deforestation which I have seen is on the southern slopes of the Santa Cruz Mountains. Thirty years ago those lands were covered with trees. They showed the effects of the frequent droughts, but they survived. Standing in the churchyard at Lititz, you could trace the course of an underground stream by the slanting line of darker green along the mountainside leading to Alligator Pond. Today nearly all of that coverage has been destroyed, leaving the bare skeleton of the mountain exposed. Even now the memory of that rape makes me feel angry.

In St. Thomas where wicked deforestation has occurred is on the southern slopes of the hills which rise from the roadside between Yallahs village and White Horses. The next time you pass that way, take a look, and you will see what is being done.

It is nonsense to cut up lands to give the peasantry, unless they are taught how to use what they have received.

Pay a visit to Bath Fountain and then walk up to the dam where water is impounded to supply the town of Bath. You will see the hillsides stripped of natural vegetation, to plant a few crops. That explains why floods are so frequent there. The last serious one raised the bed of the river over fifteen feet in some places. But because of the sacred votes of the small planters our authorities refuse to make tough laws to prevent that sort of thing.

Speaking of that reminds me of a little incident. At the fountain they have a footbridge leading to the outdoor bar, and to a bridle track that climbs the hill. It is made of wood, and has to be repaired often, on account of the damp climate.

Once while it was being repaired I asked the man in charge of the job, "Why don't you make it out of re-inforced <sup>concrete?</sup> ~~concrete?~~ Then you will have a lasting job."

He answered, "You expect me to put meself out of work? When I do that I won't have any more contract."

Somehow the agricultural officers seem unable to get it across to our peasantry how urgent is the need to conserve the soil.

Well, this has been long enough, and you are a busy man.

Best wishes from,

Yours truly,

*W. G. Ogilvie*

.....  
( W. G. Ogilvie.)



119A, Duke St.,  
Manchester Place,  
Kingston,

April 12, 1962.

*file*  
My dear Abrahams,

Some time ago I sent you a novel for your comments. At the time I did not realise how much you are entangled with work. How on earth you keep up that pace doing so many different things at the same time, without having a breakdown, I cannot imagine.

Would you be so kind as to bring down the story to your office and I will send round a bearer for it? I, however will first check with you by telephone to find out if you have remembered to do so.

In your broadcast dealing with the failure of the P.N.P. in the elections, you left out an important item which was stated by Ulric Simmonds, namely that a large number of persons disliked the attempt to build up a father image of Manley. They felt that it seemed to be thin edge of dictatorship. The ordinary Jamaican is very suspicious of anybody who is too brilliant, particularly if he belongs to a social level higher than they are in.

All are delighted at the fact that everyone of the P.P.P. candidates lost their deposits. Many feel that Johnson is not quite sane; and more than once I have heard the question asked where he gets all the money to be carrying on his campaigns.

Keep well, and carry on the good work.

Yours truly,

*Ogilvie*  
.....  
(W. G. Ogilvie.)