

TRES RELATOS DEL CARIBE
COSTARRICENSE
(EN INGLÉS)



DOLORES JOSEPH MONTOUT

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Dolores Joseph Montout

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Joseph Montout, Dolores

Tres relatos del Caribe costarricense (en inglés)

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PREFACIO

La presente reedición del libro *Tres relatos del Caribe costarricense (en inglés)*, nombre con el cual se denominó en su momento a la publicación original del conjunto de cuentos ganadores en un certamen realizado en 1982 por el entonces Departamento de Antropología del Ministerio de Cultura, Juventud y Deportes, tiene hoy varios propósitos. En primer lugar, el de poner a disposición de las actuales generaciones de limonenses, un texto escrito en inglés estándar e inglés criollo que retrata de manera vívida la cotidianidad de la gente pobre y humilde de Puerto Limón a mediados del siglo veinte; la narración de cuentos de Anancy, de raíz africana, que forman parte de la cultura tradicional afrolimonense y el relato de un suceso trágico sucedido en dicha ciudad en la primera mitad del siglo XX.

El segundo objetivo de esta publicación busca reafirmar el valor cultural del inglés criollo limonense, denominado por sus hablantes *mekatelyu* o *mekaytelyuw*, cuyo sustrato parte del inglés caribeño y del criollo jamaiquino, como lengua propia y herencia cultural fundamental de los inmigrantes caribeños a la provincia de Limón, desde finales del siglo XIX. Aun hoy, muchos costarricenses, por desconocimiento, conservan prejuicios sobre este idioma minusvalorándolo con relación al inglés estándar o al español, sus referentes inmediatos. Es así como también queremos ratificar el valor histórico y cultural de este texto, ya que fue la primera y hasta hoy única publicación en dicho idioma realizada por el Ministerio de Cultura.

El tercer propósito de esta nueva edición es rendir un tributo a la memoria de don Dolores Joseph Montout, quien falleció el 6 de agosto de 1990 a los 86 años de edad, como auténtico precursor de las letras afrocostarricenses. Subsidiariamente, reconocer de manera póstuma también a su

hijo, el Lic. Guillermo Joseph Wignal (1935-2003), sociólogo en la Universidad Nacional de Costa Rica, quien ante nuestra solicitud, gentilmente escribió la biografía de su padre para la primera edición de este libro.

Aparte de los agradecimientos a los miembros del jurado en el certamen “Cuentos Tradicionales Afrolimonenses-Anancy Stories and Tales”, consignados al final de la publicación, es menester la mención de la señora Elena Patricia Martín Le Franc (1916-1993), oriunda de Puerto Limón, quien residió casi toda su vida en Jamaica y fue la responsable de la revisión de los textos originales escritos por don Dolores Joseph Montout.

Vale la pena mencionar que este libro, en su edición de 1984, ha sido objeto de estudios por parte de especialistas en literatura afrodescendiente de origen extranjero. Entre ellos destacan los trabajos de Dorothy E. Mosby, Doctora en Lenguas Romances de la Universidad de Missouri-Columbia: “*Dolores Joseph Montout’s ‘Limón on the Raw’: A Study of Language, Intrahistory, and Afro-Costa Rican Identity*” (PALARA 7: Publication of the Afro/Latin American Research Association, 2003) y el libro Place, Language, and Identity in Afro-Costa Rican Literature (University of Missouri Press, Columbia, 2003). En este último, la Doctora Mosby dedica una sección al análisis de los textos de don Dolores Joseph y afirma que “Tres relatos del Caribe costarricense” logra captar la historia y vida cotidiana, así como las formas propias del habla de la comunidad negra de Limón y sus preocupaciones. Además, destaca la relevancia del libro –importante colección de historias cortas– debido a que es una de las pocas obras literarias de la región publicadas en inglés después de la guerra civil de 1948. Agrega que también ocupa un destacado lugar como texto escrito, proveniente de la primera generación descendiente de inmigrantes afroantillanos en Costa Rica.

Por su parte, Donald K. Gordon, Doctor en Literatura Hispánica de América de la Universidad de Toronto, publicó *“Expressions of the Costa Rican Black Experience: The Short Stories of Dolores Joseph and the Poetry of Shirley Campbell”* (Afro-Hispanic Review, Vol. 10, N°3, september 1991), artículo en el cual afirma que el libro “Tres relatos del Caribe costarricense” logra plasmar las experiencias y cultura de los habitantes de habla inglesa de Limón, de las cuales el autor fue partícipe. Lo cataloga como un historiador de la cultura con inclinación hacia la escritura.

Actualmente, a partir de la localización de una novela y otros textos inéditos del señor Joseph Montout, la señora Karla Araya Araya, costarricense, lleva a cabo su maestría en Literatura Inglesa en la Universidad de Costa Rica, con la tesis *“Anglophone Afro-Costa Rican Literature: Texts and counter-discourses in the unpublished literary work of Dolores Joseph Montout”*. Consideramos sin duda que éste será un extraordinario aporte al conocimiento y difusión de la producción literaria de don Dolores.

Finalmente, en la presente edición hemos conservado los textos preliminares escritos por el escultor Hernán González Gutiérrez (1918-1987) entonces Ministro de Cultura, Juventud y Deportes y del antropólogo Roberto Le Franc Ureña, quien fungió como coordinador del proyecto Limón OEA/MCJD.

Fernando González Vásquez
Antropólogo
Centro de Patrimonio Cultural

PRESENTACIÓN

Los relatos que presentamos en esta pequeña obra, son producto de las experiencias y las añoranzas de un gran ciudadano limonense: DOLORES JOSEPH MONTOUT.

La forma clara y sencilla con que el señor Joseph nos relata sus vivencias en el Limón de antaño, nos deja el gran sabor de realidades y de costumbres envanescentes, que poco a poco van desapareciendo y que hoy en día sólo algunos limonenses las recuerdan con nostalgia.

La labor de don Dolores Joseph al transmitirnos esas vivencias, tiene un valor incalculable. La conciencia cultural de una sociedad comprende estos valores que le dan sentido a su vida diaria, como las obras de sus artistas, arquitectos, escritores y todas las fuentes de creatividad popular. Con su ejemplo don Dolores nos obliga a seguir preocupándonos por el rescate y la valorización de nuestras tradiciones, base de la identidad cultural de nuestro pueblo.

Hernán González Gutiérrez
MINISTRO DE CULTURA, JUVENTUD Y DEPORTES

INTRODUCCIÓN

En 1982, el Ministerio de Cultura, Juventud y Deportes convocó al concurso “Cuentos y Relatos Tradicionales Afrolimonenses” (Anancy Stories and Tales), con el fin de recopilar algunos de los muchos cuentos tradicionales de la población caribeña establecida en nuestra zona atlántica.

El concurso se llevó a cabo como una de las actividades del Proyecto “Investigación, difusión y promoción de las diferentes manifestaciones culturales de la Provincia de Limón”, que ejecuta el Departamento de Antropología del Ministerio de Cultura, Juventud y Deportes, con el apoyo financiero de la Organización de los Estados Americanos (OEA), dentro del Programa de Desarrollo Cultural.

En el concurso participaron varias personas de la Provincia de Limón, sin embargo el Jurado, por decisión unánime estuvo de acuerdo en otorgar los tres primeros lugares al Sr. Dolores Joseph Montout, en vista de que sus relatos cumplían con los requisitos solicitados y eran fiel reflejo de la vida cotidiana de los inmigrantes jamaicanos y de otras islas del Caribe llegados a nuestro país a finales del siglo XIX.

Los relatos de don Dolores Joseph se caracterizan por su sencillez y apego a la realidad limonense y por ende caribeña; el mismo nos expresa al hablarnos del relato “imo non the raw”, que...”Es Limón de nosotros, la gente pobre, la gente marginada, las mujeres que andan en los mercados y hablan y hablan y hablan... con todos los modos de hablar, modos de pensar de la gente pobre de Limón...”

“Nancy Stories” por el contrario nos lleva a un mundo mágico, un mundo de hadas en donde el abuelo cuenta a sus nietos los viejos cuentos del pícaro Anancy, de la Hermana Gallina, del Hermano Tigre, del Hermano Conejo y otros personajes de la tradición oral africana.

Finalmente el relato “Adina” nos ubica en el Limón previo a la Primera Guerra Mundial, en donde una empleada doméstica que cuidaba de un niño hijo de un doctor alemán, sufre las consecuencias de un descuido suyo el cual culmina con la muerte del pequeño.

Estos relatos en los cuales se respetó el estilo y la gramática originales, así como algunos otros más, constituyen una muestra de la riqueza estilística de don Dolores Joseph Montout y un ejemplo para los jóvenes escritores limonenses; el camino queda abierto para ellos y para otras generaciones que se preocupen por rescatar y valorar todas esas tradiciones que constituyen la identidad cultural de un pueblo.

Roberto Le Franc U.
Coordinador Proyecto Limón OEA/MCJD



(1904 – 1990)

BIOGRAFÍA DE DON DOLORES JOSEPH MONTOUT

Dolores William Joseph Montout, nació en la barriada Jamaica Town de la ciudad de Limón, el 10 de enero de 1904. Es el hijo menor de la que fue una familia practicante y muy devota de la fe católica romana. Conoció sólo a una hermana, Alfonsa, quien era tres años mayor que él, pues todos los demás hijos de la familia murieron a temprana edad.

Mi padre, Sir Joe como cariñosamente le decimos, proviene de una simbiosis cultural afrocaribeña europea. Su madre Apoline Montout, Madame José, nació en Vieux Forte, Santa Lucía, y fue maestra de escuela. Su padre Charles Joseph, un fabricante de colchones era originario de Puerto España,

Trinidad. Como “lengua materna”, don Dolores domina a la perfección los idiomas francés e inglés. Inicia sus estudios primarios a los siete años de vida en la Escuela de Varones Tomás Guardia de Limón, y cursa hasta el cuarto grado. A la edad de 12 años, sus padres lo envían a Kingston, Jamaica, para completar sus estudios primarios y cursar los secundarios en el Saint Georges College. Combina sus actividades académicas formales, con la práctica de deportes (cricket y football) y con el aprendizaje del manejo de varios instrumentos musicales, en especial el órgano.

Concluidos sus estudios, regresa a Costa Rica en 1923 y se integra tanto a las actividades empresariales de su padre, como a las labores comunales de su pueblo y de la parroquia católica. Fue jefe de los Boy Scouts y organista del Coro de la Iglesia, destacándose también como magnífico arquero del Barcelona F.C.

Sus muchas inquietudes comunales, lo impulsaron a crear y editar el periódico a polígrafo “The Gazip” (El Chisme), actividad que le causó sus primeros problemas de orden público y político, dada las cosas que se publicaban y el todavía ambiente muy conservador de Limón.

En 1934, contrae nupcias con mi madre, Elisa Paulina Wignal Anderson, con quien procrea dos hijos: Eliseo Fermín y yo, su matrimonio no duró mucho, pues fue víctima del choque cultural que se daba entre los jamaquinos y los provenientes y descendientes de las llamadas islas caribeñas menores. Mis abuelos maternos eran jamaquinos, y en especial mi abuela Amence puso de su parte para que no prosperara el matrimonio de Don Dolores.

Trabajó por siete años en el Hospital de Limón, hoy Tony Facio, y en 1938 decide emigrar a Panamá donde trabaja por siete años en la Zona del Canal, trasladándose luego, en 1945, a

Bocas del Toro donde se desempeña como Agente del Ferrocarril de la Chiriquí Land Company.

Durante su estancia en Panamá, logra las primeras publicaciones de sus poesías en el Panama Tribune, ya que desde muy joven también había incursionado en el campo de la literatura. En Bocas del Toro se une en vida matrimonial con su actual esposa doña María Haynes, con quien ha procreado cuatro hijos: Carlos María, Julieta, Jilma Judith y Javier Justino, familia con la que se traslada a Costa Rica de nuevo en 1955.

De carácter firme y libertario, mi padre don Dolores, ha sido un estudioso de la historia universal y de las teorías clásicas, pero sobre todo un profundo conocedor de la historia del desarrollo de Costa Rica y en especial de su querida provincia Limón. Sin haber sido seguidor nunca, estuvo muy de cerca de las inquietudes políticas de don Jorge Volio, de don Manuel Mora, del Dr. Calderón Guardia, de don José Figueres y de Otilio Ulate. Partidariamente, sus vinculaciones han sido con el Partido Panameñista del Dr. Arnulfo Arias en Panamá, con el Partido Liberación Nacional, en sus primeras etapas, y actualmente con el Partido Auténtico Limonense de cuyo Comité Político es miembro propietario.

Su producción literaria es enorme, pues ha sabido combinar siempre sus actividades de trabajo con el hábito de estudiar, leer, escribir, escuchar música y jugar al ajedrez. La mayor parte de sus poesías, cuentos, novelas y ensayos, están inéditos; pero el viejo sigue escribiendo y archivando, y en cada uno de sus escritos, rescata y deja para la historia la vorágine de su pueblo limonense, tanto el de hoy, como el de su generación y la anterior que, siguiendo la diáspora que experimentaron los pueblos africanos, emigraron desde los caribes hasta estas cosas.

Y es que mi padre ha sido uno de los protagonistas que conocieron la realidad del hombre negro en las sociedades

americanas. No obstante su educación y profunda erudición, tuvo que arañar la vida para poder subsistir y apoyar el desarrollo de los suyos. En su país, Costa Rica, ha sido auxiliar de enfermería, comerciante, distribuidor de lotería, agente principal de policía, coordinador y ejecutivo municipal, despachador de bodega, precarista y hasta hace tres años pensionado.

En 1975 escribió su vida para participar en el Concurso de Autobiografías Campesinas; por entonces era un pequeño productor en precario en Talamanca, Limón. No obstante haber obtenido el primer premio por su provincia, las mezquindades de los organizadores le negaron el premio que nosotros mismos habíamos gestionado con JAPDEVA, y también se le ha escamoteado la publicación de su libro.

El honor que hoy le hace el Ministerio de Cultura, Juventud y Deportes, de publicar sus tres obras premiadas en un mismo concurso, hace justicia en parte a un hombre que a pesar de sus 80 años y de haber perdido la visión de un ojo, sigue escribiendo porque sabe que sus esfuerzos, son herramientas culturales para la educación de esta generación y de la futura, que deben conocer más allá de lo que ha podido enseñar la historiografía costarricense en los textos oficiales.

Para cualquier hijo es un honor escribir las notas biográficas de su padre, máxime cuando se quiere y se admira, profundamente, al progenitor.

Lic. José Guillermo Joseph Wignal
Heredia, Costa Rica
30 de marzo de 1984



LIMON ON THE RAW

This is a study of the mode of speaking, the everyday expressions of the man and woman of everyday life, the peculiarities, etc., etc. Attempting to bring forward the different moods of the average people, the different expressions, the moods, the various accents, some typically Jamaican, some, Barbadians, others descendants from the smaller island groups, Trinidad, St. Lucia, Antigua, St. Kitts, Nevis, Guadalupe, Martinique, and even the people from Curazao, not to leave out the people hailing from Bluefields, Nicaragua and British Honduras.

Group of the people from Grand and Lesser Cayman, St. Andres and Providence and a straggling of the people from Bocas del Toro, make this story, LIMON ON THE RAW.

Very rarely one would hear an attempt of correct speaking, and even those who have tried, very often would fall into the mode of speech of their ancestors, whether jamaicanism or French patois. Those who have travelled to the United States would very often fall into a mistaken grammar.

This story is an attempt to bring out LIMON ON THE RAW.

There was quite a crowd waiting, they were shoppers eager to get to the market and return home to provide the meals for eleven o'clock. They were waiting for the bus, the one colon bus, the red bus. Negro women, white skinned native women and even a small group of white Americans. They were anxiously waiting, gathered in front of the Corales primary school, the regular bus stop. Every now and then, they would glance up the road to see whether the bus was in sight. They spied the "Chivita" hurrying to get there so as to scrape all the fares possible, fares that meant four colones each. The crowd had increased as time was passing, each little grouping was chatting one to the other, each group minding its own business. The small group of americans were conversing between themselves, and minding their own business. Though they were not hostile, they were not friendly. Even though one would like to know what they were gabbing about, those standing nearby could not understand one word, nor could they themselves understand what these negro women were griping about. It was a veritable bedlam of voices.

"Ah cant stan dem. Dem tink dem betta dan wee" Miss Amanda Jackson remarked to some of the women in her group.

Amanda Jackson was quite a favorite both in the lane where she resides and amongst her club members. She was a member of the Starlight Social Club, in fact, she was the

recording secretary. Her remark brought laughter from the rest of women.

“Dem white brutes cant lib in dem country, coming out here and playing proso. Watch dem... talking up dem nose... cant anderstan one word dem ha sey...” And Amanda Jackson looked towards the white group and “Cut” her eye. The other women agreed but said nothing, but merely smiled.

“De four colon bus” exclaimed another. “Nat me atall. Me cant pay four to town and four up, eight colon fi de day ...nat me. Ef youh want fi go, youh hab money fi waste, time too hard fi go pieay eight colon fi one day, and me no have no dead fi go bury”...And the “Chivita” came rolling in and stopped, unloding some passengers whilst the american group boarded the “Chivita”.

“Dem jus, fi tek dat bus, Dem can ford it”. Amanda watched them boarded this bus. “Watch dem, regular hippie”, and then another remarked, “Dem look stink” and the crowd burst into laughter. The “Chivita” moved off, and the crowd continued staring up the road. “De dam bus wont come. Must a broke down as usual” remarked Amanda. Clarabelle Forbes, came puffing to a stop where the rest of the women were gathered. “Lard, me tink dat was de bus. Tank Gaud me reach in time”...

“Ah see youh running like a little gal. Ah sey to miself, Watch Clarabel...”

And Clarabelle gave her usual loud laugh; Mary McFarlane, another woman living in No. 3 came up, “Wats cooking girls?” and the rest answered in one voice, “Nat a ting ... Wat youh know?” And one of the women looking up shouted, “De bus coming at last” and Amanda butted in “Diam slow coach bus, come crawling” “Chutt ...Dat is nat de bus, dat is

a car ...Youh yey fool youh dis time, Magde” and they started making fun at Marg.

At this moment, the primary school gave recess, and the children came running out the classroom with their usual shouting. A small boy came out the schoolyard running as fast as he could, while another little boy came running behind him, holding two rocks in both hands. The first boy ducked between the women, while the other boy stood nearby, ready to toss his rocks. At that, one of the women in the crowd shouted “Stap! No Jan dat?” and then shouted “Jan, come here to mi. Wat happin youh ha run down dat adder bouy wid two rocks? Youh want fi get youh pore mader in trouble? Come here to mi”.

At that calling, the stone throwing lad released his stones, and humbly crawled up to Clarabelle, for it was Clarabelle who called out to him. “Youh wait till me go home, youh pore madder will hear all wat you is gwuining on wid. Sen youh to school fi learn and nat fi fite... throwing stones at one anader”. And she grabbed him and shook him severely.

“Dont know wat will beome of de generation dese days... nat like fi we days. Youh pore madder at home washing dirty close fi meke you can larn, nat knowing dat you ha try fi put har in worries. Wait till me go home. Bella will hear wat youh ha go and wid. Get rite in back in class! Sonny, goan in and doant fite. Fite es nat gud... Unu must learn fi love one anader”. And with that, both boys went back into the schoolyard.

Amanda Jackson represented the second generation antillian immigrants, whose forebears anxious to better their economic conditions, harkened to the call to travel overseas, and to toil in the banana plantations of the powerfull american companies. To travel to the Central Americana was just to

obtain a permit and eight dollars, with four lively days of the travelling, enjoying the discomforts of steerage accommodations. Amanda Jackson's forebears and thousands of other native borns' forebears, with a firm intention of making "a raise" to return home to the West Indies.

Each immigrant, whether male or female upon leaving the shores of their beloved homeland, and bidding a reluctant farewell, and a promise not to stay too long in foreign land, many to receive frustrations, many to succumb before the onslaught of the cruel malarial climate, or the castigating lash of venomous serpents or the cruel rivalries of irate natives, many to forget that last farewell, to forget those lingering looks of beloved ones, standing there on the wharves, shaking shaking handkerchieves, as token to return as soon as ever.

Amanda Jackson, second generation creole forebears were amongst those who either forgot that last moment's promise to return home as soon as possible, for Amanda Jackson forebears moved from farm to farm, from region to region, fighting a losing fight against all odds, to make two ends meet.

The Jackson before her, the first Jackson generation, struggling in some of the Company's plantations, helping here and there ma and pa to keep going, trying here and trying there, Bananito, Zent, Siquirres, Guácimo, Guápiles, wherever and whenever the Company choose to move to new areas, Talamanca, Sixaola, Margarita, Olivia, with very little schooling, or with inadequate schooling, where schoolmasters with cruel whips inflicting blows upon blows to be able to lean so and catch. Cruel teachers, with an antiquated mode of teaching, with whip in hands forcing the learning of the multiplication tables. And at times, whether rain or sun, tramps for miles to reach class in time for prayers or bible verses.

But before leaving for class, tedious tasks, the filling of drums of water, drawn from some further creek, or the hauling of that liquid from some neighboring well. But then, ma and pa had decided to plunge for themselves, and the struggles in making a three acres plantation, to see whether the Company would purchase their products, or the picking, drying and selling of the grains from their cocoa patch. And pa's backbreaking efforts at his yam and yampie's ground.

But the first and second generation, deprived of adequate educational facilities, grounded in philosophy stressed by a cruel foreign company, a company that created a spirit of separationism, a philosophy of dividing the working people so as to rule the working people.

She was part of the struggles. She was part of the disillusionments that were the lot destined for her and hers.

And so, she became the creative for the third and fourth generation, a better time and a better outlook.

Clarabelle and the other women gathered around her, most of them second generation creoles, too, enjoyed the same situation as Amanda. They had moved from pillow to post until now, the Instituto Nacional de Vivienda y Urbanismo (INVU) had been their rescue, offering them some semblance of better and independent living conditions.

The bus made its tardy appearance cutting short the tongue-lashing this erring boy was receiving from his grand-mother, and as the passengers alighted, those waiting commenced to mount the emptying vehicle. Miss Amanda Jackson, amongst the others found a cosy seat besides another of her friends. The bus made its regular belt run, letting out and

taking in passengers. Returning to the primary school, headed southward for town, via Corales No. 1.

Jenny Wilkins boarded the bus at the first stop of Corales No. 1, Jenny Wilkings, a very loquacious old soul, very positive in her remarks, loud, very loud in speaking. Her head tied with a bright red hand-kerchief, as a neighbor a virago, always ready to voice her opinion, with interjections of strong adjectives.

“Wat guine an Miss Manda”. She greeted Amanda, her friend.

“Nat a ting. Guaing to town fi see wat me can by. Nat a ting in dese dam shaps in Corales”.

“Youh no knaw. Dem people up here only open shap, and noting in the shap dem. Youh go fi buy rice, No hay, Sugar, No hay, Sweet ail. No hay, Nat eben camman salt. As fi cigaret... Dont bather ask... Dem just fi close down the blasted pleave... A person run out a anyting, hab fi jump pan de bus, fi go to town... An de bus so friggig slow... Corales is one hell ob a pleave... “, concluded Amanda.

Jenny, another of the old types commented.

“Mi hear dat Selmo close down him shap”, and the rest of the females echoed. “Him just fi close it down. After him no have one ting in it. Just fi sey him hab shap”.

Give the workers enough just to see, give the foreigners their own pastors, their own teachers, and give them a philosophy wherein they will consider themselves far above the average native. And so, the closing of these West Indians schools, schools that thought allegiance to the King of England, where black children were discouraged from attending native schools where integration would be possible, where native black kids

were discouraged to love the country of their birth, where the respect due to the national emblem was discouraged.

Amanda Jackson learned to love her country but not to love the people of her country. She loved her black fellowwomen, she loved the peace and quietude of this, her country. Like hundreds of second generation creoles, Amanda could not “Pallais Pallais” the spanish, though she understood most of what her country folks would say to her. “Me anderstan plenty af what dem ha talk, but fi mi tongue a bit heavy”.

Though Amanda Jackson, like so many Amanda Jackson’s, second generation creole could not dabble in spanish, yet she had spent a few grades with teachers such as Mr. Hilton, Pastor Pitt, Mr. Price, teacher Robertson, and even spent a few years with Miss Lela James at her short lived secondary English school in San José. And to be frank, Amanda could read her English fluently, though in her everyday mode of expressions, she would revert to her vernacularism, the everyday English of the everyday people.

Not until she made a trip to Panama, where she became acquainted with the new legal twist, two surnames, that of father and mother would she then realize that her way was never the right way. As a young woman, her lot was to get a “work” in some white woman’s kitchen, get a “job” as a maid in the hospital, or to get a hold on in the laundry, or perhaps the cocoaplant, sewing bags, the plywood company, packing plywood strips, the Coca Cola factory washing bottles, a waitress in some greasy Chinese restaurant, but for a holdon at the commy, nothing for her, in fact, that possibility was limited.

Though as a second generation creole there should be something better for “just fi show aff”.

And one of the ladies sitting nearby remarked.

The bus wended its weary way bumping in ruts and holes along Kingfish street, stopping at the regular bus stops, unloading and loading passengers.

“Look how de basura ha pile up in Corales. Soon wont hab no place fi walk”.

And Clarabelle, looking out the window commented, and the rest of the ladies agreed with her.

Mr. George Locke, who had just entered the bus, and was forced to enjoy his ride hanging on, joined the commentators. “An people hab fi peay so much ebery munth fi Municipal, and all youh can hear, No presupuesto, no money”.

Miss Amanda chimed in, “An de gal dem so fresh, when you go to the Municipal, dem hardly want fi talk to you”.

And Clarabelle added “Es que dis and es que dat, and dem doant want fi ansar in english”.

And Miss Amanda... “Ah tell youh”.

The bus made its regular stop at the boxing plant. In the boxing plant’s yard were boxes of bananas pilad one on top of the other, and some little urchins were loading themselves with two and three boxes, more than they could manage. Looking out the window, Miss Amanda exclaimed, “Watch dat dam little bastard! straining himself wit such a lode. Him pore mumah doant know dat him is down here. Sure ting him guine fi carry dem baxes ob banana fi go sell”.

And Clarabelle added, “Noh mis Maggie little bouy?”

The bus stopped at the cementery as usual.

“Hole mi han mi du-du, the ole lady can barely see now, an de pain in de fut... ayy... tanks... God bless youh, my chile”. As an old woman mounted with difficulty the bus. All who were in the bus knew her. Madame Met, an old tinner. One of the old patois people now stubbornly defying death. It is said that she had exceeded her ninety years of age, and still going fightingly strong. Dressed in her traditional head wrap, neckerchief, and martinican robe, always with a mixture of English and patois french, she represented the type antillian who migrated from the Panama French Canal debacle, and in her quest for better days, never was able to return to her beloved Martinique, and now decided that her bones must rest in this ONE MILE beside her beloved Edwin, her husband, and beside lots of her compatriots.

Though all seats were occupied, yet Madame Met was given a seat in the front “Tanks, Du Du meh. Mi not feeling too gud today. Pane in de two knee, den the eye. Cant move as I waunt. Go see docteur”. Madame Met was one of the old timers who migrated from Martinique during the construction of the French Canal in Panama. At the failure of this venture, together with her mate, she moved over the Bocas del Toro, and during the 1903 revolution, when Panama was struggling for independence, she passed over to Costarican territory, where she lived in Sureka for a number of years. Her husband had worked as an assistant bridge foreman, and was instrumental in the construction of the Senostri bridge across the Sixaola river. During the 1910 flood, discretion was the better part of wisdom, and so they moved over to the Estrella Valley. They moved over, together with their children. The Dubuliers increased in numbers, up to the fifth generation scattering all over the central and south americans territories, but Madam Met refused to leave this blessed shores, determined to rest pacifically beside her beloved husband.

At the railroad station bus stop, the bus came to a halt, a noisy group of school children boarded, two fat negro women

and three good looking white native girls fussing as they entered “Pasen más adelante, más atrás”, exhorted the driver, and some one from behind shouted “Donde? En el piso de arriba? Hale, Hale, Carajo” One of the fat black women shouted to Miss Amanda, “Wat guine an, Manda?” Manda responded, “Nat a ting. Guining town?” and she responded “As usual. Nat a frigging ting in dem dem ting de call shap. Youh want rice, no hay, You want flur, No hay, and eberything you ask, No hay”.

“Dem why dem no shut up the frigging pleace”. That was from Clarabelle.

“Siame like in Corales, No hay in all de shap dem”. Amanda responded. “Guine market fi see of the jan croes dem leave anything. Far wat wid de basura and wat wid de Jan Crow dem, we mighten fine nuttin”. And the whole bus of black people laughed hilariously.

Three young women, who had taken the bus by the burial ground, and standing in the isle, were talking among themselves, not too loudly, but nevertheless, their conversation could be heard by those standing nearby.

“Mamie would make me go, but papie, everything trouble him. Him dont want we fi go to dance...” said one of the girls.

“Papie, him is all right, nutting we does trouble him. We can go out as we please, only him sey, come home in due time. Him always sey, we is getting big now, and we must know rang fram right, good fram bad. Papie is all rite”. Commented the other. The third miss commented “Mamie and Papie, dem is al-rite. But mi bredda is a paine in de neck. Want fi do as him like, stay out late nights, even now and den would come in drunk. De wey him go an, ah, tink that him must be smoke mariguana. Stap going callage. Tell papie dat is a waste of time, far him sey dat them nat teaching nutting at the nocturno”. Said the third.

“Him working?” asked the first.

“Yes, a casual at Junta Administrativa Portuaria y Desarrollo Económico Vertiente Atlántica, JAPDEVA, and every cent him earn just fi spree, and want to eat and drink and sleep, without giving anything”, sighed the third.

The first said, “Ned is alright, sey him want to study engineering, and nat a moment miss him wid him book”, and they continued to converse in a flowing spanish, so that the listeners were unable to follow what they were saying.

Amanda reflected. She looked at these three young women, neatly dressed, refined, the children of some refined parents, and she admired them. She admired their outlook. One of them, a coal black young miss, with coerce facial features, her hanging lips, but with all that, a charming disposition. Her mind raced back to the past. Girls as these were fit subjects for some white woman’s kitchen or to be scrubbing at the wash basins behind the zone houses. Those days were trying days, she viewed back. Working twelve hours a day, and forced to hide the bringing out a morsel of grub, especially working with women such as Miss Gruber. Look how times have changes. To obtain a little work in a store, girls looking such as these were given the cold shoulder. The bus stopped at Los Gemelos and then at the crossing.

Before reaching the crossing bus stop at the Gemelos stop, a yellow skinned young woman boarded. Not finding any seat, she stood up. Amanda, in her reflexions did not recognize this new entrance. Until reaching near the crossing she exclaimed “Why Catty, is youh dat? Neber see when youh come in”, and both Amanda and Jenny greeted this new comer. “Wats guining an” they shouted unanimously. “Nat a ting, Wat youh know. Wat pon de board tidey. Wat de man coming wid?”

Yellowskinned answered and enquired all in one stream. Both Amanda and Jenny answered. "Doant like nutting, all ah paying far is mi regular suscribe. Dont see a thing last night". And they asked: "Whey youh heading far now", and yellow skinned Catty answered: "Haft to rush to the Instituto Costarricense de Electricidad, ICE, fore dem cut de light. Ebery day more and more dem ha raise the light bill... dont know wat will be-come a wee por ones. The little money dem man ha get, an ef oven dem put an a little raise, it nat enough fi pay light an water and rent".

"Ah michile. De Bible must fulfill". That was from Jenny.

Amanda and Jenny and Clarabelle came off the bus at the crossing. "Siniora, come eta?" To an acquaintance who was about to mount the bus.

"Ole neighbor af mine. Lib beside her far more dan three years. Kind spanish vecina. Gib no trouble atall". This vecina was one of those old time Cartago poors who came to Limon, and finding life very, very hard, what with the handicap where English was concerned, and her inability to obtain work with the americans on the zone, and moving from one section to the other, living in low rented rooms, and her brood, some with father and others not knowing their fathers, living sometimes at Jamaica Town, Cieneguita, Limon Center, then the war crisis of 1940 and so, this vecina like many others vecinas existed convivially with those negro people surroundings. Though some of these vecinos hardly could cotton on the morenos, yet, as the younger ones grew, there were more friendly understandings between them. And so, Amanda was able to greet this vecina as she did.

"Youh lucky fi have a good vecina libing beside, rite now me hab two vecinas libing, and me in the middle, libing hell me tell youh. Nat eben de fouwl can go in dem yard. Moreno dis

and moreno dat, real showaff paniah... Praying to Gad dem will move. Youh lucky youh hab nice vecinas” Said Clarabelle.

The bus pulled off and as Clarabelle was about to cross the street, for she was heading for the business place across the street, when she checked up. “Cuidado” and the Pueblo Nuevo bus, bending the curve, jammed brakes and came to a violent stop, as Clarabelle shouted, “Lard Gad” and backed backwards. Amanda screamed “Ah tink youh dead lang time. Dem dam bus driver nat fi hell will dem ben de curve with cautian, running like dem mad”.

Clarabelle and Amanda, this time, cautiously crossed the street for the business place, where lots of chance vendors were gathered.

“You is the man mi really want fi si ...When youh finish youh buying, ah want fi sey somthing to youh. No, dont get frighten, nuting detrimental, an on hearsey story” and she laugh a loud laugh.

“A-rite Miss Manda, ah know dat you is nat one af dose bring come and carry go female. As soon as I is through, I will meke youh kno” and he continued with his business. There was a large gathering of chance sellers, both male and female.

In came a young women, and as Clarabelle spied her she shouted, “Nancy, wat guine an”, and Nancy answered, “Nat a ting Miss Belle, just come out fi piay mi chance” and she laughed.

“Wat in the bax tiday, Wat youh like”, and Nancy said that she liked twelve, for she dreams her nephew and his birth number is twelve, but she dont know, for the dam man playing what him fell like these days, you cannot be sure.

“Wat you know” and miss Amanda, popular with all the chance vendors greeted them and wanted to know each one’s opinion. Some liked one, another a two, and each group favored a different number, covering the whole ten numbers, from zero to nine.

“Den man guine lick you low today, and the last number is a nine”, broke in Lizzie another of the sellers.

“Maudy, youh always hab some good rake. Wat youh know fi todey?”

“Lizzie sey is a seven, but me like a one”, said Maudie.

“But Manda, youh always hab some good rake. Wat you know is good far today” asked Maudie to Miss Manda.

And Manda relatad a dream. “Well chile, nutting but Old todey, far when me dream enything running backway, de number always turn round. Last nite me dream dat me see a ram goat running down anather goat. De one dat wás running fram de adder one, turn back fi buck him, and so, de adder goat turn round and run. Dat is nuttin but de number turn roun. De man play sunday ten. Turning de number roun is nutting but aught one”. And everyone gathered there, agreed with Miss Manda. Maavis, one of the chance sellers, a veritable pessimist, butted in.

“Mee too salt, ah buy one numbar and de man play something else. Ef mi buy de whole ninety nine number and farget fi buy onle one numbar, de man lick me wid de numbar me farget fi buy” and she sighed.

“Well Chile, youh should try an changa youh luck. Why nat teke a sea barth far nine fridays, and wash youself good with saltfish tail. Dat might turn you luck”, said Ebenezer Clarke,

one of the vendors that were standing nearby, and the crowd giggled.

“Mavis, youh cry too much, youh ha win you ten and fifteen times, and youh hide nat saying a word to enyone, but you always ha cry sey you salt” and the crowd agreed with the last speaker. Miss Amanda took out a list from her bosom. “Youh hab ten. Gimme five piece. Twenty piece ob farty four. Fifteen piece ob eighty-seben. Dats de lat. Ay. Ah nearly farget, gimme ten piece ob eighti-one. And de aught one, de turn roun dream, gimme twenty piece. It might come in”, and she paid for her numbers. Turning to the shopkeeper she said.

“Marning Missa Alejandro”. For Alejandro was one of those old timers, coming from China to seek his fortuna in this clime. He came as an agricultural immigrant, and never spent much time in planting, and having opened a small shop, he collected his dimes one one, untill now he has become a powerful chance banker.

“Marning Miss Manda, feeling nice this marning”.

“Any saltfish, Alejandro”, she asked.

“No sal-fish”, he answered.

“Any pigtail?” she asked.

“No pig tail, dat no can fine dese days” He assured her.

“Gimme two kilo a rice, one kilo a flour, one kilo a sugar, two ounce baking powder, one bading soap, gimme two candle and dats de lat. How much?”, and she paid him what this purchase amounted to.

Turning to Clarabelle, who was standing nearby, said “You carry a thousand colon and youh no see what you buy wid it” and Clarabelle retorted, “Eberyday tings getting dearer and dearer, and the little money de man dem ha make, finish right here buying food fi eat. Wat guine become of we poor ones. Everything going up, up, up, you cant buy nutting with a hundred colon dese days”. And Amanda agreed with her.

Leaving the shop, she bade all her friends, ALL RITE, and beckoned to the man she had well wanted to see, who was waiting until she had finished her purchases.

She met Alick at the door, and enquired from him how was his family. “As ah tell youh, ah well wanted fi see youh. Ah hear sey dat one ob youh sons meet wi a haxident de adder dey. Hoy him is now?”

“Yes, a bax dem was unloading slip and fall pon him. Him get a fracture, but no bone broken. Dem rush im to de Caja Costarricense del Seguro Social, and dem tek extrella and all dat, and den dem put on plaster. Him es haxidentado and incapacitado far two munths. Thank Garay nuttin worse happen, far him could lose him life”. Alick explained.

“And how is the wifie, lang time ah dont see her. She never come out. Sumtimes, lang ago me used to meet har at ladge, but now she dont even come to meeting. Ah wandar ef is you dat don want har fi come out”. Continued Amanda.

“No Miss Manda, Isabel dont want fi leave har house, especially now dat she hab har tele and all she want is fi sitting looking pon novela”, and Alick laughed.

“Me like mi novela too, but some ob dem, me jut cant stand” remarked Amanda.

“Me dont see nutting in dem novela, de same thing ober and ober”, said Alick.

“Enyway, I is glad that de bouy is no way worse. Him just hab fi keep quiet, all the rest dat him can get. One ob dese fine evening I will drap in, dont know when, but youh tek me when youh see me”. And with that she bade her friend goodbye and continued her way towards the market. Reaching the Post Office, she dropped in, for she had two letters to be posted, one to the U.S.A. and the other to Panama. She presented them -to the clerk at the window, and was told. Sixteen colones, eight each.

“Putá” she shouted, “eben here dem raise the price. Eight colon far a little light letter? What guine become of us dese days?”, and she paid for her stamps.

“Gaud bless mi yey-sight. Adina, Ah mus win tiday. Lang time ah dont see yu. Dis mus sintin special why you is out, far you hardly want fi walk”. And Amanda greeted her friend Adina Gourbourne with her usual hug and a kiss on the jaw.

Adina was one of the old timers too, the second generation antillean extraction, sired from a Trinidadian father and a Haitian mother. Though she spoke patois learned from her parents, that habit is fast wearing out, and jamaicanism predominated. And Adina’s accent was less jamaican and more Trinidadian. She can remember that in the early days, both mother and father conversed in this west indian patois, and that her father insisted on a more correct pronunciation,-and as he would remark, “I just cant stand this, Me ha go and me ha come jargons of these people”.

“Glad to see you Miss Amanda, had to take a run out to get me some medecines. Having a hard time with the foot. I just cant stand the pains. Every time the weather set in, ah ...”

“Den you seeing de dactar” asked Amanda.

“You know the Seguro is, an everlasting lone fila, youí wait for a cita, and after waiting so darn long, before you reach the desk where those fresh girls are ya no más cita, and then, either the emergencia or the next day” said Adina.

“And again, should you happened to get a cita, another long line to see the doctor. The seeing the doctor, he starts to prescribe before you explain what is the troble”, said Adina.

“An when youh go to the farmacia, a lang line fi turn, in the receta, den a lang sitting down till you battam burn you fi wait till dem call you, den all de dam dacta gibe youh is a bunch a pildora, pildora, pildora. Dat is why me dont like fi goh dere”.

“And to see a doctor outside is not too dear, but the medicine. Ef you dont have money, dont you bother. Dont know what will becoming of us poor ones”. Said Adina.

“And how is mamie”. Amanda asked.

“Mother is not too nice these days, age is gathering ovar her head, and father, the rumatic are worrying him, atherwise, the oldman is well”. Answered Adina.

“Fram eber lince you is a novela fan, wat novela you looking pon now?” Amanda changed the lamentation topics to that of the novela topic.

“I am seeing Isaura, but I dont too like it”, responded Adina. “Isaura, I-sa-u-ra ... ah yes, that slave picture. Me was looking pon it, but shut if off, down like it miself”.

“What I dont like in it, this mulata girl, grow up in alla the splendour, with her straight hear well comb, nice dresses,

and all that, and the black ones, in their cotton clothes, their tie heads and for any little thing, dem white brutes would tie dem up and brutalize them, with dam wutless governor telling him wife bout the ediondo raza negra, like dem is betta dan the poor black slaves. That pari gripe me, I tel you”.

“Den the wutless Leonzo, afta killing him wife, and de ada ball head rascal, an de Francisco sleeping wid dat whore Louisa, and de foolish Ands, when him shydgie Leonzo a backsidig. Dat novela sick mi stomach”. Amanda said.

“I really dont know why they are repeating that novela, perhaps because dem white brutes rejoice in seeing how hasty thry had treated our black slave ancestors. Those cruel bulwhippings for no cause al all” commented Adina.

“Dem should be shame of themselves and nat call far a repetition. Now dem ha sho it ebery sataday an Canal eleven”. commented Aman-da. At this, Clarabelle reached the two women conversing and said, “Manda you ho reach market yet”.

“No mi chile, Me, me have fi stap. Dat is why me dont like fi come to market, but as me dont have no baby fi gi suck, when mi reach home, mi reach home. De mista come home in de evening, and the young man dem, ef dem come home before me reach home, dem can hustle something far demselves.” Answered Miss Amanda.

“Liady, hosdido” Clarabelle to Adina. “Arad who is dis lady?”

“A old friend, live in Cieneguita nearly all her life, father and mader french people, and nice people, ah can tell youh”, and Amanda recomend Adina and her family.” We was jus discussing de novela, but me farget dat you is one who like youh little novela. We wus a talk bout Isaura”, continued Amanda.

“Dat. Chut, cant bear fi look at its. It meke me sick. Fi see how dem white beast advantage de poor black slaves, beating them as brutes. An ef anyon run wey, how dem run dem down like animals, tie dem up and beat dem. Me just cant bear fi see de advantage. Me dont know how people stand looking pon dat de novela”...

“And just to imagine what our poor ancestors had to bear, living under such cruel ties. The good God must have given our people extraordinary strength to bear such cruelties, for not even the Jews whilst being captives in Egypt had undergone such treatments. There is one good purpose showing that novela, and that is for our young generation to know that they are no better than their ancestors, for we all are descendants of slaves, of suffering slaves”. Ended Adina.

Adina, though poor, had been a very bright scholar under Mr. Hilton, and she had dedicated much of her spare time delving in negro history, especially reading Kelly Miller and the Ebony and Negro World. One phase of her life, she was secretary at the Universal Negro Improvment Association, U.N.I.A., under teacher Smith’s presidency, and contributed articles in the Limon Searchlight under Sam Nation editorship.

“Lard mi Gad, time is running out pon mi, and me reach de market fi buy het. Dina Chile, must leave youh. Tell mutua plenty houwdy, and Muskey Jan. Tell dem one day me will come fi see dem”. Said Miss Amanda, and Clarabelle also bade adieu to her newly made friend, for Miss Amanda’s friends were also her friends. They both crossed the street to enter the market square. Cristobal Colon bus was just turning the corner, and both Amanda and Clarabelle had to hustle across, so as not to be hit by the careless driver. Reaching safely on the sidewalk, Clarabelle turned around an “Son-of-abitch” dont cara how dem drive, and continued her way.

“Look a dem, fram marning dem just ha hang roun de market square, just like dem jhan crow waiting fi bones in de basura pan dem”, remarked Amanda, as she saw lots of old foggies sitting on the railings and on the benches around the market square.

“Some a dem ha wait fi bum a cup a caffee, and some o dem ha wait fi see who guise in the bar fi hustle behind fi bum a drink, quita goma dem call it”. That was from Amanda.

“No, Miss Adlin husban dat? Spen all him time sitting round de market, what him looking far, only Gad nose”. Said Clarabelle, “Me? Me couldnt hab dat far a husban, wont look fi work fi bring in somethin fi eat, as dirty and greasy as dem crows youh see lurking roun de market”. And Clarabelle hustled into the market while Amanda was accosted by a old lady, a friend of hers. Amanda tried hard to avoid coming face to face with this woman, but all her efforts were in vain, for the old lady had sean her, and had no desire to allow her to escape.

This lady was Mrs. Elena Euckley, widow, ardent church member, a member of the Unitarian congregation. She was of Barbadian extraction, for her ancestors hailed from Brigetown, Barbados, and had made a family here in Limon. Having settled on a piece of hilly land, west of the city, she had inherited this hectarea of hill land, that after many years became valuable. She had married one of the Buckleys, and was the mother of four children, all living abroad. She grew up in the faith of her fathers, and not all the inducement would she swerve from that what was inbred into her from childhood days. She was a sort of missionary, encouraging recalcitrant and backsliding members to keep firm on faith.

Mrs. Elena Buckley always had her pamphlet within her black bag, for she did not know when and where she would meet with a recalcitrant member. And this morning, meeting face

to face with Amanda, she would not allow this occasion to slip from her. She stood firmly in front of Amanda and said, “Well, well, well, look who I am meeting today, Miss Amanda Jackson. What has become of you, Amanda? It is quite a while since we havent met. I am sure that you had not left the country.”

And Miss Amanda answered, “No Miss Elena, I is right here in town, but was a little sick”.

“What is wrongT’ Asked Miss Buckley.

“The gripe, and the presure is worring me dese days”, lied Amanda. “I am sorry to hear. Anyway, we have missed you in church, and so many things are taking place these days. We have a new group, Ladies Christian Endeavour, and then *we have a young bunch of youth, Christian Youth Assemble. You must have heard that we have a new pastor, a very nice gentleman. His administration is wonderful, now we have a bible study class, every tuesday, and as you know, Communion Sunday is the second sunday, not the first sunday as you knew it was. Here, some reading matters, nice reading matters, you must buy some. Only five colon. You can afford that”. And Miss Elena never allows Amanda to continue her lying excuses, for she knew that Amanda was just a backslider, never taking the worship of God very serious “Yes Miss Elena, I will teke one, ah always love fi contribute”. Answered Amanda shamefacedly. Opening her bag she took out a pamphlet and handed it to Amanda, who at the same time took out a five colones bill and handed it to the lady.

“Yes, but you must try to come out to worship. You know you must always remember that you have to give God a little of your time to give him praise and glory”. Continued Elena.

“Yes, Miss Elena, I will try an come out this sunday, look out far me.

Amanda was trying hard to escape from this woman. Fortunately for her, the Cieneguita bus turned the corner and stopped at its regular bus stop and Miss Buckley, not desirous of missing this bus, for she had a visit to make, hurriedly said “Well Amanda, I am expecting to see you out on Sunday at the eight o'clock service, and I must try and catch this bus. Bye”.

“Bye Miss Elena, sure, I will come”, and Amanda thank God that Miss Elena Buckley had a christian visit to make in Cieneguita, and that commodity had just arrived.

She hurried in the market. She needed some beef, so she stopped at Mr. Lewi's stall. “Howdie Mr. Pot. how is youh beef todey? Yes, it look fresh and nice ...gime one pound a de loma ...half pound of liba ... de mandongo look fresh, gimi a poun ...how is de tripe, half poun ... ah want one pound a soup bone ...whey bout youh light? gimi a poun a de bufe, me no like it, but the bouys love it ...an gime five colon a daug food... de poor daug dont get much fi eat dese days, so ah haf fi cook somethin palitable far de poor creature ...” Mr. Lewis supplied all her demands, gave her the amount and she left pleased. She always left Mr. Lewis's stall pleased, for Mr. Lewis was a very pleasing Patoisman. Amanda left for Miss Sue stall. Miss Sue, a coaster native whose parents came and settled on the coast during the early days, dedicating themselves to the planting of ground food. Miss Sue had just that education could be obtained on the coast, especially during that time there were no spanish schools, only scattering English schools with ill prepared English teachers. Miss Sue had dedicated to the selling of ground food in the market. She sold yams, yellow, white, haffu, negro, St. Vincent and even renta yams, yampie, white and yellowtrope, yucca, white and yellow, and she knew the likings of every client.

“Mek me see youh yam ... yes, dem look dry and nice* .. gime two pound o de white yam an two poun o de yellow yam ...de yampie? ... gime two poun o de yellowtrope yampie, far dem

look dry and powdery”. Miss Sue supplied all her requirements, made the charges, and though very high, Amanda said nothing, for she knew that Miss Sue would not push her down.

“Den what is in the pat fi tiday, Miss Sue?”, she asked.

“Me like a six far tiday, far lastnite ah dream dat me see two bull fighting, and whenever mi dream bulfight and baxing, it always play me a six”, Said Sue.

Although Miss Sue was an ardent Jehova Witness member, she could never resign from buying her chance and her lottery. She hoped one day to win the prize, and in her chance ventures, she felt herself very, very lucky, for very often she would collect for chances she would take. And no need telling her not to buy her chance, for not even in the United States can they stop the people from selling and buying chance. When she went to New York for a vacation, to her surprise she saw even Panama Ticket being sold in Harlem, and talking of chance, que va, they can't stop that.

“Meck me win a piece ob the prize and see ef dem wont come and demand the tithe. No man, no one can stap me fran buying me chance. I is who work this money, and I buy my chance as I like. When dem millionieres ha gamble dem millions in Wall Street, who can stap dem. Right now dem ha talk dat dem want fi meke casino in San Lucas, taking out de prisoner dem fram de island fi sell to de merican gansters fi go meke casino. No, Miss Manda, no one can tell me nat to buy my weekly chance”. And Amanda Jackson agreed with her.

Miss Amanda remembered the stories of the Reverend Tucker. Him wife buy two piece of ticket, and sunday, while the reverend was preaching, him wife was honre listening to the radio, when she hear the four number that she buy was the prize. “The pore woman was frade fi tell the Reverent, anyway, she

get pluck, and sey to him, deary, mi have a confession fi meke to youh. De Reverent thinking that him wife was a pleay him sucio, get serius and demanded dat she tell him what her have fi tell him. So she teke out the two piece of ticket and show him. Wat you think him do? Him sey to her, Why youh never buy the whole sheet a ticket. Look we have we two boys fi educate, and me wanting money more than dry peas wanting fire, and here it is you show me just two piece?”. And so Amanda related the incident with the reverent gentleman, and as Miss Sue was forced to pay attention to her other clients, they both enjoyed the few minutes respite, and miss Amanda thanked her and went on her way.

After telling few comers to the stall her usual greeting of “ALL RIGHT”, she left and went on to Don Antonio Moreno’s stall. Don Antonio, Tony, they usually callad him, was an oldtimer, fraternizing agreeably with the “moreno”, speaking his english-spanish, and as he always claimed “mi no can read english, but me si can speak and understand”, for he had spent a little time at Mr. Josua english school at Cieneguita.

“Buenos días Don Tonio, como sta hoy”, greeted Miss Amanda, as she reached that stall. “Ah want some nice fresh peas, how much a kilo dem is going now?”, she asked, at the same time taking a handfull, biting a grain or two, then said, “Yes, dem is fresh. Nat take too much boiling. How tings gynin dese days, cant do much cooking, gas is high and current is high, and cant get no coal fi bye”.

“Dis frioles is fresh, Misses Manda, just come ayer. Also tengo Guandu, fresh and nice”. Said Don Tonio.

“Gungu peas!” Exclaimed Miss Amanda “Fresh and nice, lang fi eat a nice gungu peas soup. How much you selling it, don Tonio?”. She asked all in one breath.

Don Tonio told her the price, and although that was a bit high, she knew that don Tonio would not gipp her, so she asked for two pounds. “Dont kno when me will see gungu again, so meke me buy two pounds”. She bought a pound of red beans, and half pound of split beans, and bada don Tonio goodbye.

Leaving don Tony’s stall, Amanda kept towards the Black and White. Passing the fish stalls some of the fish venders shouted to her, “Sone nice fresh Snapper, we know youh like you nice fresh snapper”, and she answered “Nat tiday, nat tiday”, and kept on reaching the Black and White ticket emporium, she adressed Doña Olga. “Tengo lotería, Miss Olga?”. Sí, qué números desea?”. Olga asked

“Quiere tres pedacitos ciegos, Miss Olga”, she stated.

“Como pedacitos ciegos?” Olga asked.

“Para mi no puede saber”, she returned.

“Ah, pedacitos tapados”, and she tore off three pieces, three different pieces, folded the pieces one by one and handed them to Amanda.

“Gracias Miss Olga. Dont know what is the luck of a lousy cat”, she said to no one in particular and continued on her way. She passed by the vegetable stall and asked the price of tomatoes, onions, garlic, celery, potatoes and actually screamed at hearing that no article was sold at under fifteen colones per pound. She purchased some potatoes, onions, a head of garlic, a head of celery, and as she looked at her cash dwindling down, she decided that it was time for her to find her home. She headed for the Corales Bus stop to wait for the outgoing bus. As she reached the stop.

“Manda, youh foot is roo shart, youh bus just leave”, and that was from one of her acquaintance who lived at the Colinas.

“Ah, Miss Ada, us dat youh?” she saluted.

“Is me same one. And how is you. This was Elisabeth Jenkins. This bus stop was situated near the boy’s school, and lot of little urchins were waiting to catch their buses, for not only Corale’s but buses of the other barrios stopped there, so that caused a congestion. There were a few people window shopping, and especially the “tienda Atlántica”, a store that sold shoes as a specialty.

Amanda approached the little gathering and was surprised when she heard one of them shouting “Puss ha sell fi two thousand, five hundred and fifty colones, kook u ya”. And those standing nearby inquisitively drew near to see what brought about this exclamation. “Puss now selling at diamond price”. Amanda also drew near and looked through the showcase and saw some white keds or tennis shoes with an exorbitant price tag sticking on the side. She looked with wonder, and reflected then and there, years ago when she was a favorite belle, no youngman could come to her house wearing tennis. Tennis was for bush people, and waterfront boy, poor people and their likes. Now she is seeing something impossibly remarkable, tennis shoes selling for the extraordinary and extravagant price of more than two thousand colones. Either that the colon has lost all its value, or the people are getting goofy. She stood there looking in wonder, and said not a word, for the rest of the onlookers were all expressing surprising wonders. Miss Amanda had returned to where she had left her market basket with the provisions she had purchased, thinking at the same time the exorbitance of things, rubber shoes, callad puss in the old days, but now has assumed such valued proportions, that the average man could not wear a pair of tennis, keds or puss as these footwears were denominated. She had hardly reached where her belongings were, when she

spied a old acquaintance carrying two bammies wrapped in a thin plastic wrapper.

“Bammy!”, she exclaimed. “Matilda, where you get bammy to buy. Long years me nat seeing anything like dat”.

And Matilda responded “Ah went in de market, and pass by Miss Jane, and lo and behold, wat youh tink ha see? Fresh nice bammy, just come fram Siquires. Ah cuddnt mek that pass me, and ah spen out the las, far James him I like him bammy, hat bammy with butter with him breekfust”.

Miss Amanda loved her bammy. As a child, her parents always got bammy from Jamaica. In those days it was very easy to obtain provisions from the island, and sometimes when the fruir boats would come with workers, those at home would always send something for those overseas. Amanda’s mother always received Gungu peas, pears, mangoes, even plantains, not to mention her favorite bammy. Mamie hardly ever grate yucca to make her own bammy, for she always said that not all cassava can eat, and she really did not trust oversea yucca, she knew that Jamaica cassava could eat. Matilda hurried to the market to buy at least two bammies. She will get some ackee from Miss May, and as she could not get any salt fish nowadays, she will run down the ackee with beef and cocoanut milk, and split the bammy and make a sandwich. The children will like that, especially as they have never eaten Jamaica bammy.

Hastening to cross the street to get to the market, stepping on the sidewalk of the market square, she stepped on a discarded banana skin, and skidded, and had it not been for the quick actions of two of the fence sitters, who jumped quickly and grabbed miss Amanda, she would have fallen headlong finto a heap of garbage, the many heaps that are scattered around the market square.

Miss Amanda, terrified, shouted “Lard Gad” and grabbed at the railsitters who had leaped to her rescue. “Thank you mi son, if it was unu, ah wouda drap in dis shit dat de dam Municipal basura man dem mek heap up roan de market. Gard bless unu, mi son”. And she steadied herself and continued her way entering the market. Reaching the stall where this precious bammmy was being sold, she asked the price, and bought three bammies. This purchase was worth its price, twenty five colones each, the size of an eating plate, bammmy white and soft, a bit warm as if just finished baking.

Miss Jane Howden had a stall in the market. She was one of the old-timers, inheriting this stall from her mother who had it even during the days of the market with the clock on the belfry. Miss Jane’s mother was neighbor to Madam Garino on one side and Mista John, the Serian on the other side. Kapela had his lottery stall just in front and Levy used to sell tickets even while he kept his jewellery business functioning.

Miss Jane knew everyone who came to purchase. Whether black or white, for as her mother before her, she had customers even with the American who very often would come to her stall and purchase tropical food. So Miss Amanda got her bammmy and returned to where she had left her basket at the bus stop. She told her friends her mishap and the assistances she received from those railsitters, not without a touch of remorse, for she had remembered how she had criticized these same railsitters that very day.

Two pair of young women, one of the pairs dressed in white and the other pair uniformed as if they were teachers. Each seemed to be intending to take the bus. They were each pair conversing, and as they reached the crowd standing, waiting to make “fila”...

“Miss Matilda” and Matilda answered, “All-rite. How is mumah?” and one of the young women answered “She is well, thank you, mam”, and continued with her conversation.

Matilda said to Miss Amanda, “Dem two ha teachers, nice girls dem”. Amanda answered, “Me know dem adder two, dem is nurse in the Seguro, nice girls roo, de tall one madder is in we club”, at that, a pair of octogenarians, each helping one another, the man seemed to be much older than the female, but both seemed to be in good health. “Howdidoo ladies and how is the day?” that was from the old lady, and all answered “Howdy Miss Mac”, that she was Mr. and Mrs. Jerimiah McKenzie. The old man smiled and settled. “The Corales bus dont come as yet”, he asked, and was told that it would soon be in”. Mr. Mac loved to converse, especially if being surrounded by young people. He delighted in reminiscences, and looking around him, he said “I can remember the two St. Kitts camp, right where this educational institution is now erected. There were lots of St. Kitt laborers”.

And Amanda said, “Me remember whe St. Kitts used fi dance pon stick when dem hab fiesta”, and a youngman, joined in the conversation, said to Mr. Mac.

“And grandfather, What you mean by St. Kitts?”, and Mr. Mac continued.

“The Saint Kitts were laborers brought by the company, they came from an island called St. Kitts. They were brought here to work on the banana plantations, but they were not really farms workers, for the island was so small that the people had no place to cultivate. Life there was unbearable, and most of them were dedicated to fishing and sea life. As labor was cheap, the company brought them and scattered them in all her farms. At that time, I was a timekeeper for the company on one of these farms”. Related Mr. Mac.

“An ah hear dat tem wus a tras set ob people”, Matilda butted in. “No, not really cross, but they did not stand for the robish that the company did to them”, continued Mr. Mac.

The young fellow who called Mr. Mac Grand-dad asked “Is it true dat them meke the first strike in Limon?”

“You can actually say no, for they walked off in a body, and demanded to be sent hime to where they came”. Supplied Mr. Mac. And Amanda joined in, “My granny tell me dat dem was stationed at the key”.

The young fellow exclaimed “Key!”

And Mr. Mac explained, “Uvita Island. I really don’t know why they called it the key. The company took the whole los and placed them on the Uvita, closely guarded by police or soldiers. They had to stay there untill the British Government sent a boat for them”.

“But plenty of them stay back.. matilda rebutted, ‘far me know plenty St. Kitts living in Cieneguita. And me also hear dat La La, sorefoot La La, him and him guitar swin fram the Key to the dack”. “Thats is true, La La could not stand the idea of returning to the proverty of his island home, so he swam from the Key, as you call it, to settle for life in Cieneguita”. Said Mr. Mac.

“One thing me know, dem St. Kitts mek de fiesta happy, dem wid dem castume, wid dem looking glass sew an to dem robe. Dem David and Goliath, dem days nat like now, dem fiesta was fiesta. Me remember when de payaso dem come out, with de dable running down children. Me used to run and hide andar my granny bed”, and everyone laughed.

Mr. Mac looked at the two young women “Look how time has changed, never knew I would live to see so many schools, and so many of our nice girls and boys as teachers and professors, our nice young women in the hospitals, when during the company’s days, all our young nice girls bound to work in white women’s kitchen, nursing white kids, scrubbing white people’s dirty clothing. You never could see a black girl nor even a black boy as teachers, and to get a job in an Office, thirty dollars a month working like beast of burden. Where you would see a timekeeper using a Monroe, as now all the offices are strewn with electrical calculators”. And Mr. Mac paused and to reminiscense a little further.

“And dad, when you was timekeeper, you did nat use adding machine?” asked the youngman.

“I remember Alvaranga, a very smart youngman, could add columns upon columns and not an error. He was so slick that the bosses were afraid of him, for he could easily convert a six into a nine”. Continued Mr. Mac.

Though the conversation was constructive, the crowd was anxious to get home, and they kept looking up the street to see whether the Corales Bus was making any appearance.

“De blarsted bus wont come, and me hab fi get home. It do dam slow, musa broke down”. That was Miss Amanda, when one of those waiting shouted, “It ha come now”. It made its tiring way forward, cutting distances until it reached the corner before it crossed the street. Unloading soma passengers, it made an attempt to continue, when a klanking noise and a lurch forward and then stopt. One of the ladies shouted. “De blooming ole bus bruke down”, and another of the ladies said, “As usual, de ole bus no dam good, run one mile and broke down”.

The approaching of the bus quieted the old man. Mrs. Mac, all this time said nothing, for she knew that when Mr. Mac starts his reminiscences, nothing could stop him, and in fact, that gave him much pleasure, why deprive him?. But in her silence her mind was running like a clock. She remembered as a child how she attended the spanish school that was situated at the corner, how she used to play “quedó” with the rest of other girls, how she would run to meet Nina Nini and help her with her books, the pleasant “paseos”, she remembered how she used to buy her five cent “melcocha” from the Cowards situated right across the street, and she remembered the terrible fire that consumed the Chinese business at the other corner of the block. She remembered and remembered, and how she would in the afternoon attend the English school, that was the school at the corner, just in front of the ice plant, where afterwards “Cine Moderno” was installed. She can remember hearing the market clock striking hours after hours, at that time, the streets were clean and the market was clean. She can remember the mula drawn garbage cart struggling from street to street gathering the garbages, and how one day they threw Mr. Mac in the “calabozo”, that room under the stairs that was filled with bones, and how Mr. Mac screamed. And she smiled to herself, for she too had reminiscences, all the time she thought of Limón, the Limón that was and the Limón that is. The years have rolled and she had seen lots and lots of changes... An elegant Cathedral to replace an old wodden church, new Adventist, Wesleyan, new St. Marks Church, even the St. Marks school was remodelled, the replacing of the old Spanish school to dispose of the spaces that the two St. Kitt camps had occupied, and with all these changes, Limon’s sidewalk a beaten old legacy of indolent and greedy land owners, for really, if old people don’t be wide awake many a hurtful fall they would suffer walking these sidewalks. Her mind ran on that poor girl that now tests in the Morge Funebre, the woman that was knocked down by a rushing truck right in San Juan. This poor girl that had to walk in a sidewalkless street, while heartless vehicle drivers rushing up and down.

Mrs. Mac stopped her mental ramblings, for the bus was approaching, and everyone was getting busy to make the file. The bus came to a stop, unloading the rest of passengers then opened the front door to admit new passengers. The entering was orderly, because the Traffic Cop was there to demand respectful behaviour. The seats were occupied, Miss Amanda sat besides Miss Matty, the two old people got seats behind Miss Amanda and the two young women dressed in white together and the two, seemingly teachers, sat together. The inquiring youngman had to be satisfied to do the isle standing, and as the bus occupants were mixed, and as there is complete understanding with bus riders, no confusion ever occurred.

The bus pulled out, turned the curve, passed the City Temple. Mrs. Mac looked through the window and viewed the City Temple. She knew it as the Wesleyan Church. She remembered Mr. Pitt as an elegant gentleman with an Oxford English delivery. How he could preach, and Mr. Teddy Pitt, the photographer, Teddy with his one glass eye, the Wesleyan school, Mr. Price the teacher and lots of children running in and out of class, and a few yards away Evanson Bakery. All this was no more ...and the bus kept on his jogging way passed the Wash-house block, where once was the Fire Brigada and Municipal Band house, the public wash house, this wash house where poor women would benefit from the water that the Municipal had granted. The squabbles, housewives, black women and white women, all poor women, for no wealthy woman would find herself washing at the public wash house.

Mr. Mac pointing to the sea, where the sea washed in what is now the "Balneario" and said something to her. She smiled and continued her reflections. The iron rafis still standing as a mute reminder of the ingratitude of a Municipality, the cruelty of the Municipal fathers where the negro people of Limón were concerned, how after erecting an auspicious bathing pool and dance hall, a most insulting and heartles inscription. was placed

at the gate “PROHIBIDO LA RAZA NEGRA” and Mrs. Mac smiled, for she remembered that sad Saturday for the Balneario of Limón, as the ire of Neptune sent the whole contraptions, barricada and dancehall to HADES.

The Machine shop where lots and lots of Limón’s children started from seventeen cents per day to be converted in to valuable operators for the good of this powerfull foreign company, and only to be of use after this institution was wrested from the foreign company to become national.

The bus stopped at the seawall bus stop, and Matilda shouted “Taller Mecánica” and the whole busload burst out in laughter. Half of the bus load of passengers alighted to head for the new Tony Facio Hospital, and Miss Amanda said, “All dem poor people guine get is lat and lat of pills”.

The bus turnad for the main street of Jamaica Town... Miss Amanda looking through her window saw an old acquaintance and shouted “Al-ricce, HOW IS WIGIE?”, and the old timer answered, “Youh, dat Miss Amanda. How is de children dem”, and the bus got in motion. Mr. Mac looked at the Gimnasio and remembered when he used to play cricket on this same patch of ground, that ackee tree that he used to climb, and that lime tree that used to serve to make lemonade after a hard day playing cricket and baseball.

Mrs. Mac contemplated this main street, now well paved, but she visualized the time when this main street was strewn with roughly built houses, houses that sheltered these poor Antilleans, as each, as they came knocked up shelters either for themselves or for the few poultries that they brought with them. She could see the crab hole ridden streets, as hungry crabs would come crawling from their hole to seek food from latrines, ill-built latrines filled with the refuses of the day before. She could see the street, then a street, after the government had forced a

semblance of urbanization. How on heavy iron rollers these houses were pushed out from the street location to eventually finally form streets and avenues.

As the bus rolled over the well paved main street, passing newly built homes as near as possible to perfect living conditions, indoor sanitary water accommodations supplied by the Water Instituto, electric lightening, the reminder of Jamaica Town last year still remained, for the old ramshackle homes with their shabby sanitary accommodations outdoor bathing quarters and even the smoking kerosene lame chimneys, for lots of the old times are too poor to remedy this condition. She viewed landmarks that reminded her that this town should not be called Barrio Roosevelt nor Jamaica Town, but should be rightly named Patois Town, for she can see even now, as those French creole women, tucking their trailing dresses at their waists, skipping from stone to stone or balancing on some narrow polines till they reach to safety, for they must get to Mass before the priest intone the Introit. She could see the Mushays, dressed in their Sundays "shall I", jacketed and stiffed collar and necktie, for in those days no Antilliean attended divine service unclad. And to be clad, one must be jacketed and necktied. She could see these French madams, Madama François, Madam Remon, Madam Montpût, with their small one hurrying to Church on Sundays, French madams or patois madams, with their very coloured head wraps, their neck wears, their heavy gold chains, their laced petticoats, skipping from dry spot to dry spot, for at that time, Jamaica Town was a-crab filled swamp.

The Morgans, Morgan potrero with his many lean and hungry cattle, the imposed Golf Club, because them, The United Fruit Company was lord and master of Limón, and rightful owner of all the black people who resided in this Atlantic region. The McKensies, The McKeezies, the Reids, newcomers that gave virtue to the nomenclature given to this region, that even these late comers assisted in converting this forest, into usefulness,

planting breadfruit trees, mangoes, gweneppe, coconuts, ackees, soursups, that today these plants remained as reminders of the old people who now are long gone.

As the bus kept moving, and Miss Amanda, Miss Matilda, and even Mr. Mac Kept on with gabbing, Mrs. Mac silently reconstructed the past, bringing before her mind's eyes what this portion of territory had been. The sacrifices that the first settlers had gone through, and these first settlers, French creole immigrants, with their French patois and all their French Antillean customs, even though the convivialism, that existed with the other group of English Antillean emigrants made these people a pleasant group to live among. And as the bus mounted the hill to negotiate that portion now considered "Sierra Mocho", that formerly was considered Miss Arnold Hill, where this foreign white woman had settled, even after she had resigned from her circus activities, this progress had seen the construction of the first government owned College construction. Seeing the merry push of youth, running out the classroom, chasing to get even standing space in the bus, laughing and shouting merrily, for these uniformed youth are preparing to be the men and women of tomorrow. These kids, and especially the black ones, no more hewer of stones and carriers of water, no more useful subjects of a white woman's scrubroom, or nurse maids to tend to little rude white brats. This emporium of learning, directed by none others than the children of these former immigrants black men and women teachers, proud and respectable, for now, yesterday was yesterday, only either a sad reminder or a pleasant reminder.

The bus pulled out heading for Corales, and Miss Amanda, now eager to get home and to her kitchen, for the children now must be waiting for breakfast. Though Matilda must continue with this bus to Limoncito, Mr. and Mrs. Mac must and their journey at Corales.

END



NANCY STORIES

Granpa Joe Cummins sat in his cosy folding chair, the same folding chair he brought with him, on his many trips from Jamaica to the mainland. The fruit boats only charged eight dollars per trip, and granpa made these trips, taking Isabel back and from, whenever she had to deliver. Could not allow her to deliver her kids in this barbarious climate. No sir, the doctors and nurses and midwives home were more responsible, and so his eight children saw the light of day, the first light of day in his beloved Jamaica. Only five hundred miles away, and home. So all his children were not of this unhealthy climate. And so, this folding chair went to and from with him, until now, preserving this relic; this afternoon he sat as he always did, and looked at his grands and greatgrands, as they frolicked to and fro in his spacious front yard.

Granpa Joe was a farmer, one of the old school farmers, bom and bred in Portland, a genuine agriculturist. He was brought out to the tropics by Mr. Keith to work on the banana plantation. He saw service with Mr. Lindo. Sure, Mr. Lindo was his countryman, and had treated him white. It was Mr. Lindo that gave him that twenty hectares of woodland, so he was able to bring it to what it is today.

This afternoon he sat in his cosy folding chair, while the grand and great grands were running and prancing and playing, running and playing ring games. Running and playing hide and seek, and “quedó”. Even the twins, the near whites were running and playing. The whole brood were singing and shouting in English, though the near whites were a change in the family set up, for one of his sons, chose to make his wife the daughter of Don Nicolás Badilla, and no sooner, their issue were a pair of nearer whites than black. These little ones too were enjoying the afternoon larks.

“Come meke we play ring”, Shouted Etta and they all made ring around Etta, and started, Bull in a pen, a rinding darling, whilst the enclosed bull tried to find a weak sopt in the bull pen of little hand clasped children, and making more effort found a weak fence, and escaped, to be chased after by a group of laughing and screaming children.

Grandpa Joe enjoyed seeing his grands enjoying themselves, even at times the neighboring children would come over to join the spree. Tired of this ring game, they changed over to Ring around Rosie, a garden full of posey, and then “The laudan bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down”. Call for a knife to cut off the head, So merrily. And before the night had creeped in, them with “There is a brown girl in the ring, tra la la la la. And she like sugar and we like plums. Show me you motion”.

The games were reaching to tiredness, when they ran to gran-pop exclaiming “Nancy Story, Gran-pop. Tell we some Nancy story”, all shouted as they mounted the stairs and surrounded their grand father. The old man feigned sleep, but could not fool these little children of his. He pretended annoyance, but the kids knew that their Nancy Stories were coming. “Nancy Stories, tell we some Nancy Stories”.

Night was falling and a bright moon would soon brighten up the place, so they sat around him waiting for one or two of his interesting Nancy Stories. Grand ma in the hall, knitting as usual, was glad that the oldman kept sitting outside with the children, for she was in no aptitude to be bothered by these noisy brats.

“Awright, awright, a guine tell you all bout Missa Chicken Hawk and Mr. Crow. Once upon a time” ...he commenced, “A very fine time, grandpop chew tobacco till him spit white lime”, the kids all shouted, and then the laughter.

“Awright, kef unu guine start wid dat, ah nat telling unu nothing”, rebutted Grandpa, as if annoyed. “A-right Gran-pop, we will nat meke any naise”. They assured him.” Once upon a time, bredda John Crow and bredda Chicken Hawk was flying looking far something to eat. Chicken Hawk never eat far three days, also John Crow; so dem was flying roun and roun, looking to see wat den could find. Suddenly dem spy a Woodpecker pecking away on a dry tree way down in the earth, far dem was hight up in the sky. Eben when bredda John Crow was flying son high, him could smell fram any distante, and bredda Chicken Hawk could see fram any height. Wookpecker keep on pecking, making mest fi go ley him egg”. Bredda Hawk say to John Crow, ‘Fren John Crow, dat dey bird is my dinner today, watch me”.

“And so, him teke a good aim, and dive down with speed fi get bredda Woodpeck”. Woodpecker wait till him reach near, and just shift. Chicken Hawk could not change him course and head right plum in the tree, broking him neck.

Bredda Crow teke him time and come down, stap pon a dry lim of the same tree that Woodpecker was boring, and shake him head, saying, “Risk like dat me nat tecking”, and just fly down where Chicken Hawk ley down dead, and thank Gad for providing him his today’s meal”.

“Tell we another Nancy Story, Grand-pop”, they all shouted.

“Awright”, said the old man.

“Mother Hen called her chicks to her, and advised them saying, Chilrun, whenever you all hear Chicken Hawk shout unu must all look for cover, find somewhere-fi hide, dont stay exposed, far Chicken Hawk is crabit”. Well, this morning in question, Mother Hen was outside with her dozen children scratching and calling them to eat some of the worms that she had unearthed. Mr. Chicken Hawk, creped slowly and silently on a limb, with the intention to get him morning feed. Mother Hen looking up, spy Missa Hawk hiding between the leaves, so she shouted to her children “Unu all hide”, and the chicks dem all look for cover. One little one, was too slow in finding somewhere to hide, and down came Bredda Hawk and grab the slow coach and up him went, only to hear the cries of the poor captive chick. Mother Hen, seeing her little chick in the claws of this wicked haw, shouted “Come back again, and see what Ah wont do with you, come back again if youh bad, and see what ah wont do wid youh”.

The following day, Mr. Chicken Hawk, feeling peckish, sneaked under the same hiding place, to see what he could grab

for his meals. Mother Hen, spying Bredda Hawk, started to shout "Youh coming back again, come down and see what ah wont do wid youh, come down and touch any of dem kids of mine, and see what ah wont do". Bredda Hawk, realized the situation, and decided that discretion is the better part of his hungry belly. Mrs. Duck sitting by the pond bank, was enjoying seeing her children entering and coming out from the water, without saying one word. Chicken Hawk decided that since Mother Duck did not see him, and she see him, she would make an alarm, and her little ducklings would hurry for hiding places.

Bredda Hawk reasoned with himself, for though he was a very greedy and cruel creature, he was a bit of a philosopher. Mother Hen is there warning him. He would be a fool to risk the venture. Then he would have to fight that hen, and a irate woman is a very dangerous creature.

The little dil-dils were in and out of the water, and Mr. Hawk waited until Mother Duck turned her attention to her brood, made a dive, and grabbed one of the ducklings. Though the little fellow gave a quacking shout, Mother Duck said nothing, but merely cast her eyes to where Mr. Hawk was tearing the little infant in pieces. At the same time, Mrs. Hen was shouting, shouting. But Mother Duck, together with her husband, merely kept moving their heads in and out saying nothing.

Brother Hawk was satisfied, for his belly was full with the young meat. The following day, he returned to the usual hiding place to see what he could get. He peered through the leaves, and saw Mother Hen and also saw Mother Duck with her ducklines going in and coming out of the pond. Mother Hen spied him, and started to shout "Youh come back again?" Touch one of these chicks of mine and see what I wount do with you; come down and touch one of these chicks".

Brother Hawk reasoned. He had offended both Mrs. Hen and Mrs. Duck, and he is sure that Mrs. Duck had seen him, for he saw when she looked up to where he was hidden. She was saying nothing, though that look was conspicuous. He could easily dive down and try to grab a dildil, but then he cannot be sure that Mother Duck hadn't plan against him. Should he grab a chicken, by the time that Mother Hen finished shouting and rowing, he could be safe out of her way, so he decided to try another chicken. He aimed well, and snatched another fat chick, a promising rooster chick this time. He hurriedly flew back to his perch to tear his new grab, while the Mother Hen kept with her threats, "Come back again". Chicken Hawk, blood stained on each paw, while listening to the tirades of the irate hen. Bredda Hawk, looking down on Mrs. Duck, watched her looking up at him, shaking her head as usual, without saying one word; he reasoned "One cannot tell what lies in the bosom of that Mother Duck, for she is not saying anything, but that loud mouthed hen, screaming and fussing ...and so ...Brother Hawk decided not to have anything to do with Mrs. Duck and her tribe, and will always find meals with Mrs. Hen's chicks. And that Mother Hen is pure gale. And that is why Chicken Hawk don't eat ducklings.

"Gran pop, tell we some more Nancy Stories".

Grandfather was tired, so he told his kids that it was time for them to think of getting themselves cleaned up to go to bed, but that tomorrow he will tell them some more Nancy Stories.

The following evening, the children as usual were at their ring plays, but grand- pop was a bit indisposed, therefore he was unable to give them their usual Nancy Stories, and a week passed, and friday afternoon came, and the merry kids flocked around their grand father for the promised Nancy Stories.

“Once upon a time”. “Now, dont start with that, far me dont chew tobacco and me dont spit no white lime”.

“Allright Grand-pop, just give we the Nancy Stories” They all shouted.

“Missa Jabes did have three nice looking girls, one named Rosa, one Alvira and one Telma. Alvira was the prettiest of the three, but Rosa had better disposition. Breda Nancy was friendly with the home, visiting them three girls nearly every evening. Dem had one breda; and Joshua, the breda never did catton on to Nancy, specially how him see how Nancy kissing up him sista dem.

Breda Tiger usad to pass by the girls house, and Alvira like the way Tiger walk, with him roaring voice, so she figure that Tiger could sing, and in fact, she really like a strong looking man, nat a wingie looking man like Breda Nancy. Even Joshua did like Tiger, far him figure dar if a fight should buss, Nancy cant do much to defend the girls dem. But Breda Nancy dont too like dem speaking nice bous Breda Tiger, even the girls dem father taling how him like a strong and strapping man, man with forceful attitude, and man dat can wear nice clothe. And as Tiger always look well dressed, him nice looking suit, always with him tiger skin jacket, him striped pants, and so forth, Nancy dont too like dat, so him decide fi humbug Breda Tiger, him out to shut de door entirely against poor Breda Tiger. Him plan a trick on Breda Tiger by telling the girls dem dat Breda Tiger is him father’s riding horse. Him further tell them that him can prove it. Then he tell the girls dem to meke a dance and invite Breda Tiger. That him will carry the invitation to Breda Tiger and induce him to come. And as Breda Tiger is a bashful creature, rough and short of speech, dem will see what kine of man dem admire”.

The girls decided to follow Nancy's advice and plan a dance, sending the invitation with the same Bredda Nancy.

"The day for the dance, Nancy play sick, far him did promise Bredda Tiger fi company to the dance. Bredda Tiger dress elegantly and pass by Bredda Nancy room. Him call Nancy. Nancy him head tie as if him sick, look through the window and call Bredda Tiger in the room".

"Ah Bredda Tiger, carry fi disappoint youh. Cant meke dis dance. Sick the whole night. One terrible headache, and mi belly. Just a run run run. Cant even walk, pain in mi two foot dem", and continuad groaning as if in pain.

Bredda Tiger dont intend to miss this occasion, for it meant being wid these nice girls, and especially now, Nancy is sick and pain up, he, Tiger will make quite a hit. If even he have to carry Nancy on him back, but Nancy will have to attend this dance. He suggested to Nancy that he will help him dress and will carry him lifted, especially as he was well, and stronger than Nancy. Nancy agreed reluctantly, saying "But no, Bredda Tiger, how can you think of such a thing, for I sick and cant do any dancing" but Bredda Tiger said "You no have to dance, only sit down and chat wid de gal dem." "Awright, you is so good to me, just to please youh, I will attend", and rising he quickly dressed, slam closed him room, and Bredda Tiger helped him to reach him back.

"Hurry Bred Tiger, hurry, far we is late, and de dance start long time", and as he reached near the home of the three girls, Nancy took a whip dat him did provide before hand, and gave Bredda Tiger a whipping right and left. The blows was so stinging dat Bredda Tiger increase his speed, running pass the home of the girls, who were outside waiting the arrivals of the invitees. Reaching the gate of the girls, Nancy neatly slipped off the back of Bredda Tiger, who realized the trick that Nancy

played on him. The girls seeing Nancy riding Bredda Tiger, laughed hilariously, whist Bredda Tiger took to the woods, where he remained up to this day.

“Tell us another one, Grand pup. Tell us more about Bredda Tiger”. The kids in one voice sang out.

“We want another, we want another, we want another” they shouted and clapping their little hands. At that, grand ma left off with her knitting, and pulled her rocking chair outside on the veranda, and sat down. She looked at her grand and great grand, and she looked at grandpa, how he was enjoying telling tales to these little angels. These, all theirs, grand and great grands.

“Grand-ma, please tell us one of your nice stories”, they voiced, and Grand-ma smiled complacently. “All-right, I will give you a story, just keep quiet”. Grand-ma said, and commenced. “There was a very nice family, a father, his wife and six children, four girls and two boys. They lived in a very big house, drawing room and living room and dining room and everything. They lived on their own farm for the father was a farmer, just as Grand-father is a farmer. A little way off, a nice young man lived, and he was a special visitor to the house, for he was in love with one of the girls, the second daughter, her name was Alice. Alice had liked the boy, and the father also had admired him, he was so courteous and all that, quiet spoken, and never abusive.

Every time he came to the home, he would always find some excuse not to stay until dinner time. But the girls’ father was bent on inviting him to dinner, to see how he would behave around the dinner table. To see whether he was bashful or not. The old father made a plan with his wife to advance the dinner hour, and caught the youngman napping, but he was very slick and made an excuse so as not to accompany the family at dinner.

The two boys thought his behaviour very strange, why would he not accept eating from them. He would only enjoy the lemonade and biscuits that they offered, but would never partake of the dinner provided by their mother. Well, the following visit, the boys insisted on him staying to dinner, but he slipped away with his usual excuse. So while he left for his home, for he lived alone, one of the boys went ahead of him to his lodging, and hid. This young lover opened his door and went in. He divested of his visiting clothings, and got ready to have his supper. He uncovered a pot that rested serenely on a kerosene stove in a side table, and discovered that a mouse had slipped in a cornmeal porridge that he had prepared before slipping out to visit his lady fair. The mouse was dead, for it seemed to have dropped while he was preparing his cornmeal porridge supper. He dragged out the mouse by the tail, and with his fingers, scraped the mess off the dead animal, saying as he sucked the porridge from his fingers, "Clean you come, clean you go, clean you come, clean you go".

Two days after, this young man made yet another visit to his lady love. The two boys insisted on dinner being served in his, the lover's presence, with his refusal to partake as usual. Then one brother looked at the other brother, and started to wipe two fingers with their other two fingers, saying "Clean Youh come, clean you go, clean you come, clean youh go".

The young man, realizing that this act was a repetition of the mouse and porridge episode, and that one or two of the boys must have been spying on him, never delayed in bidding goodbye, never to return to that home anymore."

And the grandchildren started to mimic this bashful lover saying, "Clean youh, come, clean youh go, clean youh come, clean youh go". Thanks Granny.

Granny had just finished her Nancy Story, and was very joyfull to see how the kids enjoyed it. At that, her last son came up, the father of the near white twins. He kissed his ma and his pa, kissed the twins and patted the rest of his nieces and hephews, while they all shouted “Uncle, tell us a Nancy story. Grand-pup and grand-ma been telling us of Nancy Stories, tell us one now.You know some nice ones”, and that was from the whole bunch of acclaiming children.

“Alright, alright, I will give you all just one Nancy Story. Once upon a time ...” “None of that. Grand father might chew tobacco till he spit white lime, but I only smoke cigarette. So just keep quiet and I will tell you something about Bredda Rabbit. “Yes Uncle, tell us about Bredda Rabbit “, they screamed with joy.

“We want Bredda Rabbit, we want Bredda Rabbit”.

“Once upon a time, Bredda Rabbit seeing himself so small and weak, went to Goad and said to him, Massa God, I is so little and weak, and you know that you can change me into as big and powerful as a lion or an elephant. Please God, hele me, change me. And God said to him, Yes I will change you into a big elephant and as ferocious as a lion, but for me to do that, you will have to get for me four objects. Bredda Rabbit said, Yes Massa God, I will get whatever you ask me to get, what is it I must get? And God told him to get two John Crow feathers, two teeth from a giant, a boa constrictor...”

“A what, Uncle?” interrupted the kids, for they never heard anything like boa constrictor.

“That is a great big snake, bigger than an Holder”, explained their uncle.

“Well Four things God asked for, the John Crow feathers, the giant’s teeth, the boa and some milk from a deer. Bredda

Rabbit found himself in trouble at this massive demand. How can he obtain all these things, but he was determined to become as large as an elephant, so he must get busy and work. He decided to use his brains. First thing he must get is the milk from the deer. He knew where he could find Mother Deer with her little lamb. He ambushed her, so while she was coming out of a clearing to enter a little bush to get something to eat, Bredda Rabbit started shouting “Yes I tell you, she will give it to me”. And changing his voice he answered, “No, she will not give you any”, to and from the conversation went, Bredda Rabbit alternating, yes I will get it, no you wont.

Mrs. Derr meeting face to face with Bredda Rabbit, asked what all the commotion was for, and Rabbit told her of the bet he had with that man out there, and that he wagered that he would obtain a little milk from Mrs. Deer, that she Mrs. Deer would not deprive him, Bredda Rabbit of a little deer milk. “Of course not”, said Mrs. Deer, come and get some, I can easily give you some. And obtaining a bottle, Brother Rabbit got his bottle of deer milk. Number one, Rabbit said. Now he must go after. number two. He will attack Mr. Giant. But how to get at him?

He figured upon a plan. “The world is coming to an end, there is a huge tidal wave that will cover the whole earth, and wash those not prepared. Desolation and destruction. See me here prepared. I shall tie myself on this strong tree so that when the waves should come, they will only wash over me, and not take me away. Mr. Giant, fearful that the hughe wave should take him along, asked Bredda Rabbit to tie him too a tree that stood nearby. Bredda Rabbit quickly consented to help Mr. Giant, but told him that he must tie him first, as he is so big, Mr. Giant, agreed and allowed him1sef to be bounded. Having secured the giant, Mr. Rabbit plugged out the two teeth from Mr. Giant, and left him there bounded. That is number two, he said. Now I must get two feathers from Mr. John Crow. John Crow was hovering around, flying high up in the sky. Rabbit decided to

lie down still as if dead. Mr. John Crow peering down spied this seemingly dead rabbit down below, and decided to take a trip down to sea what was cooking down on earth. Mr. Crow flew down cautiously and looked right and left, but the still body of Bredda Rabbit never showed any sign of life. Two or three other John Crows also came down and decided that it was fat that killed the poor Bredda Rabbit, so they threw discretion to the wind and made a beak stab at the seemingly dead Rabbit. But little did Mr. John Crow and his friends realize that even a feeble rabbit could play possum. Immediately Bredda Rabbit came to life and grabbed a pair of feathers from the surprised Crow, who, hurriedly scampered away, leaving these two treasured feathers in the safe keeping of the feather collecting Bredda Rabbit. That is number three, he reasoned. Now for the fourth one. He must trap Mr. Serpent. How would he? But Bredda Rabbit was very astute, and as the "Chapulín Colorado", a comic actor from a T.V. program, always, stated, Mr. Boa must not be able to measure with his astuteless. Bredda Boa can fool both Adam and Eve, but he will trick him. So getting himself, a large blue seam bag, and seeing Mr. Boa stretching while sunning himself, Bredda Rabbit sang out. "Who said that Mr. Boa could not fit into this bag. I will bet you that Mr. Boa can fit. You say no, but I say yes. Don't try to bet me, for I don't want to win your money".

Don Boa, hearing the argument, came rushing to see what the trouble was all about, saw Bredda Rabbit gesticulating all by himself.

"This man take me for a darn fool. I told this man that you can easily hold in this sack, and he is telling me that that you are too clumsy to hold into this bag. But I know that you can hold, so I bet him that you can hold".

Mr. Boa Constrictor, seduced by the tope of Bredda Rabbit and with the idea that he should accommodate himself into

the sack, Bredda Rabbit could win the bet, and he could partake of some of the winnings, as he who must do the accomodation. Bredda Rabbit opened the blue seam bag's mouth, so that Mr. Boa could crawl in and accomodate himself snugly. Bredda Rabbit had provided himself with a strong cord, and made sure to tie the mouth of the sack so snugly, that Mr. Boa could not unwrapped or uncoiled himself to try to come out. Having fastened his bag, he then drew his load behind him.

Now he had the four conditions that the Good God had demanded, the two feathers from Mr. Crow, the milk from Mr. Deer, the teeth from the Giant and now he had the serpent, Mr. Boa.

Bredda Rabbit went back to God with his fulfilled conditions being so astute and cunning as he approached the Good God, he said, "Massa God, this humble little rabbit, feeling himself the least amongst all the big beast, tried my best to fulfill all the conditions that you had put before me, and even though I have use guiles to obtain my object, the urge to escape from this inferior stature, to be able to scope with all the major creatures, here are the four articles of your request. The deer milk, so readily offered to me, by sister deer; the crow feathers, so cunningly acquired; the monster teeth, plucked out through guile, and my leaving Mr. Giant bounded up awaiting the desolation and tribulation, and this serpent, unable to burst the bonds that kept him enclosed.

The Good God looked at little Bredda Rabbit and smiled, then said "You being so small and was able to go through so herculean a task, suppose I should accceed to your request, and convert you into an elephant sixe rabbit, what you would not be able to do in this world. I think it is best to leave you the way you are". And God went his way, leaving Bredda Rabbit disappointed.

Having finished his Nancy Story, he patted all the little children on their heads. Amid their merriment. Their uncle did not decide to relate anymore Nancy Stories, so he quickly entered the drawing room, where his mother was knitting as usual, while the kids were shouting for more stories. "We want more, we want more stories, Uncle, come back". During this clamouring, Mr. Jebez, a neighbouring farmer came to pay his usual visit, as he was generally alone at his humble ranch house. This family was his friend. At hearing the clamours of the little children, and seeing the quick evasion of their uncle, he smiled, and promised them a story also. Mr. Jebez was a very able story-teller, having a large source of fine tales. At his offer, they all shouted, "yes, Missa Jabe, tell us some stories, we want more stories, we want more stories". He decided to tell them one or two stories, before bedtime, for the moon was shining brightly, and he would not have much difficulty in getting to his ranch "All-rite childrun, here we go. Once upon a time", commenced Mr. Jebez, "There was a Mother Hen and her brood of fifteen little chicks. She was always busy tilling the earth, for she knows that one had to work to be able to eat bread, and as the saying goes, "Volvamos a la tierra", she hoped to be able to wrest benefits from the earth. During her quest, she would extract a worm or two, discover some bugs unearh some beatles, capture some snakes, not those great big snakes, but some little ones, small enough for her and her children to digest. And she was also a very prudent mother, always admonishing her chicks to be wary of the snares of Mr. Hawk, for she knew that Mr. Hawk always loved to prounch down on heppeless chicks, especially those disobedient ones. Though she was a very busy mother scratching and scratching, she would also keep an eye on her chicks, calling them back, should they travel too far, chasing down one another, trying to wrest a worm that mama had given to one. She always called. She was also a very loving mother, merely scolding but not castigatin, for she did not belive in corporal punishments, where her kids were concerned.

During one of her scratching search, she found a grain of wheat. She did not call her kids, as was her wont, but called to the neighbours: "Here, I have found a grain of wheat, and I shall plant it. Who will help me cut down a portion of this virgin land?". But the neighbours, especially the men folks, lazy and indolent, all responded "Not I, not I, not I", so Mother Hen, gathering her brood, prepared the plot of land. Then she stated "I have prepared the land without your help, so who will hele me plow up this tough soil?" with the same replies, "Not I, not I, not I", and so, with difficulty Mother Hen and her chicks plowed the land. She next asked, "Who will assist me to dig the hole to plant this wheat?", and the same responses from all of those lazy creatures, both men and women, both rocks and hens, so Mother Hen with difficulty dug the hole and planted the grain of wheat. As Mother Hen did not have the means to make a "Chichada", providing this "junta" with arcordion music and lots to eat and drink, as these folks were accustomed when they were living in Amubre, Talamanca, they all were reluctant to come and give a needy hele to this hard working Mother Hen. Weeding time came, and Mother Hen was forced to use some old cutlass to do the weeding, and to keep active watch on her planting, for fear of the invasions of thieving rabbits and marauding deers, and when her plant had blossomed, also kept watch to chase away the bees that approached seeking sugar to make honey. All this work she had, and no one to assist her, for the neighbours were always telling her "Not me, not me, not me", at every request that she made. The filant boye fruits, and was ready for reaping. She saked again for help, to no result, and her toting the bag of wheat to the miller was a task indeed, for her little limbs. Mother Hen tugged and tugged and tugged until she reached the millary and returned with her sack of nice white flour. She baked some nice bread, some pan-cakes, some light cakes, some to-toes, and the fragrance of these pastries attracted the attentions of the neighborhood.

The roosters, dressed in their best colored garments, and the old hens, and even the pullets and young dudes came knocking at the gate of Mrs. Hen, eager to be invited in to partake of the nice cakes and buns and fry cakes and doughnuts that Mother Hen had provided, coming with flowing speeches, not remembering their shouts of “Not I, not I, not I”, when Mother Hen had asked them to help her, plow, plant, reap and carry. So Mother Hen enjoying the fruits of her and kid’s efforts, and so, these lazy ones, like all the lazy and indolent ones around here never even tasted a piece of the delicious providances. And Jack Mandjure* wants no more”.

But the kids were not satisfied, they shouted for more stories. They liked how Mr. Jabez related his Nancy Stories. Mr. Jabez was an old school-master, and resigened to go into a farming. At the death of his wife, he lived alone, adopting this family as his own, and dearly loved the little ones.

The children were pleased, but they were not satisfied, they wanted more stories.

“Do, Missa Jabe, give we anather Nancy Story, please”, and Mr. Jabez decided to please these little -angels, so innocent and so nice”.

Yes, I will give you all another story. This time is about Bredda Rabbit, no, I told you that one already, let me see, yes, about Bredda Nancy and Mr. Tiger not forgetting the nasty trick that Bredda Nancy had played upon him when he was taken for a riding horse, and how the nice girls had laughed at him.

* Creemos que se refiere a Jack Mantorra. Jack Mantorra es un personaje legendario del Caribe, y en cierta forma, representa al brujo o jefe de la tribu, que al atardecer, se daba a la tarea de contar las historias del Hermano Anansi a los niños y representa a la abuela o al abuelo en el contexto caribeño y de Limón". (Duncan, Quince, **Los cuentos del Hermano Araña**, Editorial Territorio. 1975. p. 5. San José, Costa Rica).

Abashed by such a nasty trick, he took for the woods and kept up his dislike for Nancy, so he decided to get even with Nancy. He started to catch the Nancies juniors and minors, the little children of Brenda Nancy, even catching Nancy's wives, for Nancy had many wives, Bredda Tiger started to kill them one by one, and eat them. Even one of the girls that he, Tiger had loved, and had intended to marry, and through this dirty trick, Nancy was able to win her hands. Tiger had no scruple now, he was determined to wipe the whole darn family off the scene. The one before the last of Nancy's family, climbing a wall, could not finish his scramble over the wall, and as he was holding on, his hands were tired and eventually dropped into the gaping mouth of Bredda Tiger. So the last of the Nancy tribe remained, and one day, after dogging Nancy for a number of hours, cornered him in an old bodega. Nancy scrambled up one of the walls, with the intention of scrambling to the beam atop to rest there untill Bredda Tiger would get tired and depart. Nancy grabbed at one of the cross beam, but he was so fat and lousy, he could not gain the top, and looking down, he saw Mr. Tiger, calmy waiting down below, waiting for him to fall, when he would just grab him, and finish with the whole tribe of Nancies. Bredda Nancy's gray cells started to work fast. Spying a barrel of white lime away in a corner, Nancy decided to trick this malicious greedy old Tiger. He said, "Now that I will soon drop, for my hands can not for long keep grabbing this beam, and I, being so fat, will fall and smatched, and as you, Mr. Tiger would like to eat the whole of me, I too would like you not to be deprived of so fat a meal. Why dont you put that barrel of cotton so that my fall may be easy, and I would not be broken up, spilling my nice fat self all over this dirty warehouse flooring?"

And Tiger, spying in the corner, saw the barrel of white stuff, and thinking it to be nice white cotton, and thinking how he could smodder this nasty and crafty Nancy, and how he would relish the fat from this mean beast, got the barrel and pushed it under where the witty Nancy was hanging. Being

sure that this barrel of white lime was well set under him, and reaching to point of last resistance, for his fingers began to be cramped, he let go, and came down, while Tiger was watching, watching, watching, at the edge of the barrel. Nancy fell, and in the fall, splashed the soosed whitelime into the eyes of the waiting Bredda Tiger, causing him near blindness. Whitelime, as you know burns, and Bredda Tiger got both eyes burnt, and with the pain, ran out in search of water, so as to wash both his eyes and his face, for the whitelime had also splashed and burnt his Hose and ears and face. Nancy, jumped out the barrel of whitelime, and hurried out the warehouse, before Tiger could recover from his burning and his fright. Having an to a safe distance, Anancy stopped to see what had become of Bredda Tiger, and then let out a loud laugh.” And that is the end of the story.

END



ADINA

The evergreen trees that furnish refreshing breezes, breezes that bow from the seas, even as the waves lashed furiously, as if to dismantle the concrete seawall, dashing at times, as if eager to scale the height to destroy all that rested in its path, this Vargas Park, with its well kept streets and lanes, streets bordering with multicolored shrub plants, its well built water fountain, with its open mouth swan belching out water, as it becomes sprays to shower down again in the fountain, with multitude of small fishes, some golden and other silver, as they playfully swim in and out, dodging here and there, playfully chasing after one another. And the afternoon frolics of little well dressed children, as their maids stand by watching, watchful against any impending danger. These little fishes, nipping at crumbs, as the children playfully tossed little pebbles in the water. The nurses, glad to be out there these two or three hours, glad to escape the nagging of miserable mistresses, glad to be out here, at times

snatching a few hours repite, or even to snatch a few hours love chat with some adoring beau, or even to indulge in these few hours gossipings with friendly companions. These nursemaids hardly paid much attention to these little brats, as they gallivant to and fro, running after one another, and screaming with delight. These nursemaids, glad to be sitting cosily in some nook, whilst their boy-friends made love.

The rain yesterday never brought joy to these maids, for they could not take their usual walk in the park, and could not see their boy-friends, and this yesterday's rain caused them much discomfort, for they were forced to perform additional chores, whilst miserable mistresses found more unnecessary chores for them to perform.

But today, yesterday's rain had ceased, a bright sun had sucked up the water or the damp from the park streets, the wooden and cement benches were now dry, permitting them to sit without much discomfort.

At their usual hour, each nurse-maid came pushing little ones, half asleep in their go-carts or infants in their parambulators. These nursemaids, hurrying to reach the refreshing ness of the park, even though this Park was flooded yesterday.

They were eager to reach, because they knew that that was the center where they could gather for their afternoon gossip sessions, and as they would call it, Our Session Spot. In these gatherings, each nursemaid would recount scandals and near scandals, cruelties of these husbands and infidelities of these avives. Here they could recount one to the other unreasonableness of these mistresses, mean displays and treatments of these white and near white mistresses, and even the Chinese woman, adopting the style of these others, these Chinese women, and these Syrian women, imitating all the low dodges of these

European and American mistresses, supply sufficient topics for “Sessioning”.

Yesterday’s rain was an humbug, an afternoon indoors, without res-pite, and with nagging mistresses, even that Chinese woman would be mean and nagging, and to know that when she arrived from Hong Kong or wherever she came from, she could not utter one word in spanish, but as that chinaman, her husband is a “big shot” merchant, this chinese woman hurry to learn spanish, and now she is knocking shoulders with the rest of them.

This rain of yesterday, flooding the whole place, water running and flowing, forcing to reach the iron grill at the corner of the park, forcing to reach to the sea, whilst the sea, furious and in bad temper, striking with wrath, striking to see whether this concrete sea-wall would topple over, angrily forcing through any and every crivaces, forcing through every hole, even forcing through the man-hole, eager to lift the iron grills that covered the opening, and hurrying municipal workers, daring the tempest, braving the drenchings, as the rainfalls, each drop a bucketfull, and even after that they had lifted the iron grill permitting the free flow of the running waters, the irate waves, forcing its way through the cavities, come splashing salt water and rain water mixed, splashing right into the faces of these workers.

And so, today the rain abated, calm reigned on the face of the deep, the ships that were forced to seek haven under the protecting shades of Uvita, yesterday, moored there, rocking to and fro, obeying the whims of this angry Caribbean, and disappointed officers and sailors “60ddamking” this weather, for they were forced to remain on board, hundred of yards asea, today, these ships were lifting anchors intending to reach the wharves, for the bananas were awaiting to be loaded. And so, the calmness had settled over the town, the hustle and bustle, the

vendors and the purchasers, as if bounded by an invisible cord, all were happy that the rain ceased.

These nursemaids arriving one after the other, had congregated each in her usual spot. Today was payday for a majority of them, who having received their sixty and seventy five colones, wages they earned for the month, would complain one to the other, for, "what with this war, and things are getting actually out the reach of us poor people, what is senty colones, whilst dem people getting den hundred of dollars, when the month come". And so today, each complained of the treatment, three meals, but what kind of meals, bread and coffein the morning, dry bread, "for dem dont give we, the servants butter. Not even a little milk, so so black coffee, hardly sweetened. Ef you want to eat butta, yotu can daub youh bread with cooking butter, and it is so salt", and they would laugh ridicufing the meanness of these mistresses. "Me doant like living in, far youh work till dem people go to bed, an sometimes when dem mek parties, youh stey up till de party finish, den de cleaning". And another would say. "De dinner, wat dem gib we, nat fit fi de daug, far dem hab a german terrier dat doant eat any and anything. De food must be well cook, an the only thing dem dont gib dat daug is knife and fark", and the crowd would laugh. "But fi we dinnah, Lard Gad, sometimes me feel like throwing it in the face ob that white wretch". "Den de suppa, so so bread and caffee, and ef the cook leave some scraping in de ketchen, youh can hab dat, ef de dag dem dont want it". And two or three would spit, so repulsiva would be that treatment.

Adina came to the park at around four that afternoon. She was working with the Dr. Kurt Ulrich, emminent surgeon at the Company's hospital. Little Karl Ulrich was dressed in his sailor suit, and little Karl Ulrich was only two and a half years of age. Mrs. Katrinka Ulrich was a serbian, and she was a nurse in one of the German Military Hospitals, where Kurt was an

intern. There they made love, and now Katrinka is the mother of three of Kurt's offsprings, little Karl being the latest issue.

Adina had hurried to reach the Vargas Park at precisely four that afternoon for she was anxious to see Joseph William Jones, but they all called him Willie Jones. Willie too was anxious to reach the Park for he knew that Adina would be there, since the sun had taken charge of the whole situation. Willie excused himself from continuing to work, even though he could make a few more colones working till the next shift, but he wanted to see his girl-friend. Adina was so pleasing, Adina was also in love with him. He would have liked to visit her at her work place, but the German woman was so "hoggish", and Adina could not leave to come out, not even one night, except on Sundays, when she had to attend Night Service, and even then, she had to get back as soon as Service was over.

Willie came actually together with Adina. He worked at the Bodega, and that was just a stone throw from the Park.

"Howdy Dina, What a rain yesterday. All over flood. Water water everiwhere". Greeted Willie, as he reached Adina.

"Couldn't come out yesta day, too much rain. De whole place under water", she responded, and they sought their usual cosy nook, where they could make love.

The Park was replete with its usual crowd of nurse-maids and their charges. The little brats running here and there, romping and screaming, jumping and hiding, running through the bands stand, running down steps, chasing round and round, forward and backward, and they were just a happy children crowd. The nurse-maids were grouped, each group with its own domestic problems.

The little brats, free to be with one another, Germans, English, Turks, and even Chinese brats, were running here and there, some jumping upon the railings of the water fountain, others throwing pebbles into the water or even crumbs, as little gold fishes swimming in and out of rock caves, nipping at the crumbs that fall from the offering fingers of these little brats, and the laughing and creaming at the pranks of these little fishes. And even that pair of turtles, lolling there upon that rock, too lazy to even come down and get a morsel of meal.

Adina is little ward, a boy of two and a half year of age, cred and chubby, today dressed in his sailor's suit. Mrs. Kurt loved to see him in his sailor's suit, and even the doctor visualized him, a quartermaster on some Gunboat, or even a captain of one of the ocean liners.

Dr. Kurt Ulrich was one of the old school Prussians, an ardent scholar of Bismark philosophy, an ardent believer of the might of the German nation and even now as he serves humanity in this god forsaken place, he cherished the hope that Germany will govern the world. Weren't they the superior race? The Kaiser had struck at the Britons and the Franks, and Foch were having a hard time resisting the might of the German Army, whilst German submarines were reducing the merchant marines of the allied people, and Allenby, Pershing, Wilson, were having hard decisions, that whether the United, States should enter the fray or not, even now as the Russians had capitulated and been having worries at honre, with Lenin and Trotsky and Kerensky, with the white Russians versus the red Russians, fighting for survival.

And while these turbulent times in Europa, here in the Park, running and screaming were the kids of the Steinworth, the Knohrs, the Baileys, the Turners, the Tai Ten Quis, Germans, English, French, Chinese all romping together, children of enemy countries, whilst Adina and the rest of nurse-maids,

offsprings of Caribbeans were serving all these nationals, whether friends or enemies.

Mrs. Katrinka Ulrich was afraid of the Doctor. Adina was afraid of Mrs. Katrinka Ulrich and the Doctor. These three months working with them, she had known how to understand these rough people, not like her mother and father, understand one with the other, Papie not hogging at Mamie, not snapping at the children, as poor as we were, we are a very happy family, with the only difference, we have to seek domestic chores.

Little Kart was running up and down with his little friends, and Adina felt that he was safe. There was no need to stick behind him. Let the little scoundrel have his liberty, and also, she, Adina, would have these moments chat with her boy friend. Every now and then she would cast a glance to be sure that little Kart was with the others, running and screaming, even though he would have his nice sailor's suit soiled.

Willie enjoyed the privacy of his love nest, this little nook where they were accustomed to sit, making love with Adina, kissing her to his heart's content. Adina, emotioned by the nearness of this, her Willie, reflecting every now and then, as to the out come of this rendezvous, this little love nest, nest, where only a furtive kiss could be enjoyed, for fearing the sudden approach of that cop, who, delighted in peering accusingly at the lovers.

Little Karl was seemingly happy, running as fast as his little legs could carry him. Adina gave a look now and then, and was sure that her little charge was around, was playing with the other children, children his size, little children like himself.

The little caresses that Willie gave her, incensed her spirit, and she pondered the outcome of this meeting, the outcome of these kisses, for she was sure, or felt sure that Willie was a

good boy, Willie would not deceive her. She had heard the sad tales of many of the working girls, girls who had placed faith in these clandestine love making, only to result in these abandoned nurse-maids betrayals, little potential nursemaids were in the making, children of nurse-maids. Adina did not want that, she really did not want to make more carers of white women's children, and perhaps Willie too would not like to be the father of dock hands not bodega helps.

Sure little Karl was safe, they had seen him tottling along with some others, kids three and four years old, but was he safe? Adina wondered. She decided to be sure that he was around.

The heavy rain of yesterday had caused the grills to be left ajar, wide open, and the municipal workers had not returned to Glose these grills. Yesterday the waves pushed through the opening that leads to the sea, and rebelliously repulsed that running water as it eagerly raced to disappear with the substances of the salt water. The incoming waves, turbulent and angry, pushed through and end up splashing with a ringing sound, as if to curse those who reside around.

Willie remembered having seen the little boy skulking around, sauntering alone, and but no, he was running with some others. He was safe. But Adina was not too sure, she must make sure that her charge was safe. She left Willie and went where the rest of nurse-maids were idleing, she asked one or two of them if they had seen little Karl. He must be around, they assured her. But where was he? Karl, Karl, Karlos, Karlie she shouted, but no Karl was to be found. Dearie Karl, Amore, dónde está? she mused. Still no Karlie to be found. She rushed here and there, seeking, asking the others maids, but none could help her. Even as she was making love with her Willie, they too were busy making love with their boy-friends. Even some were gossiping, telling stories of the scandals witnessed within their mistresses homes, the rough treatments of the masters, the discourtesies

of some of these husbands, and even the attempts upon them, by these irrational white folks. They had not seen little Karlie, and Adina, looking in every nook and corner of the park, under the Band stand, behind the gardener's tool shed, even opening a large wooden box, perhaps they might have placed him within. But no Karl.

Willie, who was left sitting on their love nook, started to wonder. Where could he be? Adina was returning without him, and panic was registered upon her face. She seemed beaten, she could not find her charge. She had ran around the park two times, had asked all the girls around, had asked the largar kids of they had seen little Karl, and now she was returning, and seemed dejected.

“Sit down, I guine find de little devil, dont you worry”. Willie told his girl-friend. “He must be hiding somewhere, and I am going to bring him out. Dont you worry”.

Willie was sure that he had glimpsed this little brat strolling alone, and going the other side of the Park, the side where the manhole was left open. He had seen him playing with a reddish looking paper. Yes, he was sure that it was little Karl, for he was dressed as a german sailor. He directed his search towards where he saw a reddish paper lying on the side walk, near the gaping man-hole. He went towards this paper, picked it up. Yes, that was the same paper that the kid had. He looked around, then peered down the wide open man-hole.

He saw only the sea water ebbing, he saw nothing to worry over. He went over the street by the sidewalk of the sea wall, looked up and looked down, and saw nothing. He returned where he had seen tha reddish paper near the man-hole. He as if hypnotised to the spot, decided to take another look down that gaping open man-hole. The wave was returning, filling the hole once more. He looked down. What is that? He peered

down once more, not believing his eyes. He left frightened, not believing his eyes. Down there bobbing up with the tide, he saw a little body, the body of a little white child, the body of a child dressed as a little german sailor. He knelt down to be able to peer down and to be sure of what he saw. Yes. It was the missing Karl Ulrich, the little boy dressed as a german sailor, the son of the rough doctor Kurt Ulrich. He pondered whether to call Adina, whether to head out, whether to advise Adina to head out... But that would be cruel. He could not leave the poor girl holding this heavy bag. He becomed to her to come near. Then placed his finger on his lips as a sign to keep still.

“You fin him?” was her first question. “Look down there”, he said, and pointing down the gaping man-hole. She peered down, as the inert body of the child was receding towards the sea.

Adina looked down, and Willie grabbed her and stiffed the loud shreik that came in from her lungs. “Lard Gad, Jesus Crist. Hab mercy pon me. Lard Gad...” and she commenced to sob. Willie held her closely, for she was about to faint. She looked down once more and saw the incoming tide bumping the little inert body against the cementad side of the man-hole. He was too far down for Willie to grab him, and what could they do now, that the child was dead?

Three of the maids, sitting around the other side of the park, saw the consternation of Adina, and sensing something amiss, moved towards them, and looking down the gaping hole, shouted also, “Lard Gad, wat is this. Who must have pitch him down de man-hole?”, shouted one of them. The other two shouted “Him dead? Lard Gad”, and decided to find their charges and pull out, not wanting to get mixed up in this “preky” as they remarked afterwards.

Willie was as equally responsible for the death of the kid. Willie considered himself also responsible for the death of little Karl as Adina, for it is he who had been keeping her very, very busy with his love caring with his promises for a brilliant future, had Adina kept a watchful care of the little child, she would not be in this now.

Who had pitched him down that man-hole? But none of the other children had passed them, while Willie was showering kisses upon his Adina, and the other girls really did not see any of the other children running this way. And Willie had certainly seen the little tot strolling alone along this side of the Park, and the reddish paper that he had dropped was a vivid sign that the child had reached there alone. Perhaps he had looked down, and had been tossing little stones down that gaping man-hole, and had capsized.

“Jesus Crist, have pity pon me, Lard Gad, help me”, and turning to Willie, she asked “Wab mus ah do? Wat a guine tell the mistress? Lard Gad. Hab mercy pon me”, and the three girls, before getting out of the way, said to her “Dina mi chile, if I was you ah would get out as fast and as far as ah can. Dont stay here crying, far crying wount help you. Dat German man will certainly kill you, ef him catch up wid you”. They advised.

The little body of Karl, white face upturned, still as death, came moving in moving out, moving in and moving out, obeying the whims of the almost calm sea.

Adina and Willie came to life. No reason to stand there peering down on the dead child. No time to make any alarm. They must get out as long as the going was possible. Adina must get her handbag and move. Cant gather her things at Mrs. Ulrich, for then, she would have to tell something about the little boy, so he raced to the home of her sister, gathered her few belongings while relating to her sister the fate of poor little Karl.

She had an hour respite, before the Ulrich's would know the fate of the little child, and she would utilize that one hour respite in moving as far as she could.

Willie did not abandon her, for he felt equally responsible, and will be implicated in the affair, for lots of the other nursemaids knew that he was always with Adina and his foolish love making. Securing few dresses she gathered the few colones that she had saved, for she could not depend upon Willie to defray her expenses. She bade her sister goodby, and told her not to fret, for she is moving, and the German hog will have a very tough time in catching up with her. Even should Willie decide to abandon her, she will paddle for herself. She headed for Westfalia, crossed that river and turned towards La Bomba, moving as fast as quiet as she could. Willie pushing her on, even though he knew that the going was terribly rough.

A bright moon had covered the sky, peeping through foliage and dodging between swinging banana leaves, the leap from poline to poline neither discourage her, nor not even the tiredness that was creeping upon her, she knew that flight was the safest bet that she had.

They walked all night, not meeting with anyone, nor hearing any puff puff coming on the railroad track, they reached Bonifacio, where they snatched a few moments rest. To acquire that respite, they dodged behind a clump of banana plantas, and finding a felled tree, they snatched that well earned rest. It was not too far reaching Peshurt where they would find some boatmen who would give them a lift crossing the river. Willie knew Mr. Thompson, the boatman, who readily facilitated them by crossing them, not without charging them ten colones. They were very glad to pay that ten colones, they would have paid a much higher price had Mr. Thompson demanded. Across the Peshurt river, they hurried along the way, trying to get as far as they can, without attracting much suspicion. They reached

Verdum without much mishap, and aimed to get to Cahuita. The road was rough, muddy and unkept. They had to jump from hole to hole, from dry patch to dry patch, but they were making headway. They reached Cahuita, but did not enter the little town, but sneaked a few hours rest hiding in a cocoa farm along the road. It was the custom that travellers rest on these farms scattered along the road, so this behaviour of theirs was nothing strange. Those who had run into them merely consider them travellers, going over the road. Adina was tired. Willie was tired, Adina needs to rest, and as now she was a bit tranquil. She had got out as fast as she could, and it leaves only a few hours for her to get to the border and to safety.

Adina was twenty and Willie was twenty two. Adina looked at Willie, and wondered at his faithness, how he had stuck to her through this ordeal, and realizing that this trouble was not his, yet he never let her down. He intends to stay with her through this thick. What would she do, should see Dr. Ulrich appearing revolver in hand?. They started again after snatching that well needed rest, and headed for Hone Creek. Reaching Comadre, they decided to rest for the night, so they turned into an abandoned farm ranch, where they could make beds for the night. Having secured safety for Adina, Willie decided to go foragein, for Adina and himself were hungry. Willie did not have too far to go, for reaching a small shop four hundred yards away, he bought some buns and some aerated water and returned to find Adina fast asleep. Not wanting to disturb her, he allowed her to rest. He too was tired so he reclined upon the bare board of the ranch ploofing. He must have been asleep for an hour or perhaps for more, when he hear a loud scream, awaking him and found that Adina was screaming. He quickly shock her to wakefulness, and reassuring her that nothing was amiss, that she only had a dream, she then related her dream. She dreamt that while she was walking, she met the Doctor, who, without a asking her anything, took a rifle and riddled her with bullets. She fell, but she was not dead. The

German, uttering a gruff guttural curse words, flung the gun at her, trying to kill her, and at the same time asking her for his Karl, “where ist Karl, my Gott, Tell me, where ist Karl”, and so she became frantic and started screaming. They could not sleep for the rest of the night, merely sitting there guttural it began to dawn. Securing their belongings, they started for Hone Creek, crossing that river, they directed their path towards Quabre Hill.....

And what of little Karl Ulrich?. The three nurse-maids, the same one who had advised Adina to fly, hurriedly gathered their charges, and made their way for home, without uttering a word. They did not intend to get mixed up in this affair.

“Me dont want fi get mix up in dis”, they all remarked.

In their flight, they said not one word to the rest of maids that frequent the park.

The other group of maids, sensing that something was amiss, and seeing Adina and Willie hurrying out the Park, and now, seeing these three nurse-maids moving out with their charges, they, one behind the other drew towards tha sopt where they saw these suspicious movements. Their curiosity impelled them to peer down the gaping hole, for they had seen the others peeping down that hole, and they reasoned that something must be down there.

“Lard Gad, Almighty, look!” The first woman exclaimed, and the others gathered around to peer down, and each exclaiming “Lard Gad, Jehemiah, What me see down dere, a dead bady”, and they all realized that there in-the dark gapings hole a dead child wás floating, moving in and out with the wave. “Dis is trouble, nat me fi stay here, me guine home”, and each realized

that this was somebody's trouble, a murdered child, the infant child of somebody's bosses. They remembered that one of the maids was seeking little Karlie, yes, the maid who worked for the German Doctor, and they saw this maid hurrying out the Park, she and her boyfriend, but they really never saw any child hurrying out with them. Sneaking out the Park, one by one, they reasoned one with the other, and at the same time resolved not to say anything to anyone.

The policeman, who often made "ronda", keeping a distante, only to allow these nurse-maids the liberty that they really need, "pobrecitas", and even so, he would indulge in a little chat with one of these girls, especially that "mulatita" who spoke castellano so fluently, and as he stood at the next corner, he spied this commotion at the corner where that iron grill was ajar, and so he hurried to see what the trouble was. Arriving to the spot, he heard an exclamation "Lard Gad, Almighty", and then realized that something was really not good. He hurried his steps, and reached to where he saw the last maid peering down the open gap, he saw a body of a dead child, a child dressed in a sailor's uniform, a little white child. "Dios mío, un cuerpo", he breathed, he tried to grab it, but realized that his arms could not reach down, and again, he would be soiling his uniform, so he retraced this steps to the Commisary, and used the telephone, notifying the "cuartel" the finding of a dead child in "Cloaca" around the Vargas Park.

The "Comandancia" routed a rescue-gang, and hurried to the scene. The taking out the dead child was the work of a moment, and it was eventually taken to the city hospital, for examination and identification.

Dr. Kurt Ulrich was on duty, and was forced to perform an operation of a patient who came in suffering an abdominal

disorder. Dr. Ulrich was also chief surgeon at this hospital, therefore was obliged to be on duty. He had just finished this operation, and getting ready to go home. An intern rushed in to notify him that a child was found drowned in one of the “Cloaca”, that led to the sea, that the body was not identified as yet, no one seem to do know whose child it is.

Hearing mention of the Park, and a child dead, Dr. Kurt stood still, and wondered “Little Karl used to be taken to the Park every afternoon, he, Dr. Ulrich had insisted upon taking the child out. Could this child be his little Karl?. He rushed to the dressing room, and peered down at the dead child, his face battered, his sailor’s suit dirty. He looked at the child, and rage filled his heart. This was his Karl, his little Karl.

In his rage, he rushed out the Hospital and reached his home.

The minutes had rolled one after the other, and neither Adina nor little Karl had reached home. Mrs. Katrinka Ulrich looked through the window towards the Park to see whether they were coming. Five minuts, ten minutes, fifteen minutes, and ...but what can be keeping them so long today? Can something be amiss. Waiting there, she felt a premonition of impending disaster. Some danger had befallen her little Karl. Panic took hold of her.

Dr. Ulrich rushed across the seawall, unmindfull of the strayings that the waves, beating against the walls would beat over to splash upon the sidewalk. Dr. Ulrich reached home and mounted the steps at two and three leaps, and the panic ridden face of his wife emerging, causing him to shout “Vere is she?, Vere is that black bitch?” and Katrinka started to cry, real bitter tears, for now she knew that her fears had not failed her, some

harm had befallen her little Karl. Was little Karl dead?. Between sobs, she asked “Gott in himmel! ver is she!, Dr. Ulrich bellowed. He rushed into Adina’s room, the cellar room they had provided for the maids, then rushed out, when not finding Adina, then rushed into his sleeping quarters and returned with his Lager in hand. Katrinka was scared, for she knew the outcome, should hurt come accross this black girl. “Vere is she? vere is dis Adina. I vill shoot her, by Gott”. He then rushed out the house, chased to the Park, not finding her there, returned home, chased upstairs one more, snorted as a wild beast, “Vere, Oh Gott in Himmel, vere is dis black bitch?” then rushed out once more, started to run to the “cuartel”, a raving mad man. Dónde está esa negra? Oh mi Dios”, and having been consoled by the “comandante”, he returned home to sob.

The trip through Quabre Hill was not a pleasant trip. It had rained the night before, and with the trappings of the animals that were taken through this trail, Adina evidenced many slips and falls. Willie stood by her, pushing her up the sliding mountain path, guarding her from tumbling down the sides of the precipices, for at every turn of the trail, danger lurked. Though tigers and mountain lions no longer frequent this trail, yet danger still existed, for many a broken limb were registered by travellers especially at nights.

Reaching rest and be thankfull, the half distance along mis trail, Adina was advised to sit down and rest a little. Tired and breathless, tired and frightened, Adina threw herself on the wet turf, and breathed a silent prayer, giving God thanks for having rescued her so far, giving God thanks for having protected her from the bullets of that Doctor Kurt Ulrich. They having rested a little, the rest of the journey was very simple, for the going was downhill.

The caravan had long gone, leaving Adina and Willie behind, but these people, accustomed to the rough going, knew that this melancholy looking young woman was safe with her man, who had stayed behind to protect her. After resting for a while, they continued their trail descent and reached Olivia village just as it commenced to darken. The workers in this village were accustomed to seeing late travellers, and were always ready to give a helping hand to these tired travellers. Willie and Adina were given rest in the camp of one of these laborers. "We is travellers too, and ef youh can rough it up, youh is welcome", as this old worker offered them a plate each of yam and roast codfish, with a cup of black coffee, "as washdown". Having been filled, Adina, more tired than Willie, threw herself in a corner of the foul smelling laborer's camp, and in no time was sound asleep. The following morning, she checked on her appearance, and together with Willie, decided to move down to the nearest village. Five mile down the track was Margarita, the next company's fam, they could tarry there a while, untill they were sure that pursuit was not near to them. Willie planed on getting a little work with the foreman, while Adina rested. Obtaining work was just a matter of applying. Applying was merely to possess a machete and willing to risk the snake ridden woodland and swing your machete. No question was being asked, for laborers were very scarce, as nearly all the hands were moving to the Canal Zone or to Cuba. The cane industry in Cuba was paying heavily, and the company's banana farms were not paying so nicely these days, and even Adina could get a job with the Mandador, for the last washer had followed her husband or companion, and had pulled out for Havana, Cuba. But Adina did not accept that washer's job, not even that work nursing the Mandador's little girl child, though she knew that her Karlie's experience would make her to be more responsible.

The first Thursday that she found herself at Margarita, she was on her way to the commissary, a little distance from the laborer's camp. As she crossed a little bridge, she heard the loud

whistle of an engine, as if this engine was a few yards away from her, she waited to give it the pass, for the tracks were overgrown at the sides with tall grass, and as she was afraid of snakes, she would not attempt moving through these grasses. She waited and waited, and perhaps for fifteen minutes waited, while the loud whistle of this engine was sounding nearer and nearer. She waited when she saw one of the laborers mate crossing the bridge, and as if nothing mattered, kept going along the track's middle. She shouted to the woman, "Watch out lady, de train is coming", and the woman merely smiled back, and told her, "Dat engine is more than a mile away, ef youh guine cammisary, come an, far you will hab time buy and go home back". As the woman had intimated, that loud whistle kept on blowing, and eventually a small engine came blowing steam, white steam both sides of the track, bobbing and weaving, rockíng right and left, hauling three coaches behind it, and stopped with a loud shsssss at the steps of the commissary. Adina had never seen anything similar.

Few passengers alighted from these small coaches, and a policeman, seemed to be one of the Panama authority, for he was dressed different. She felt afraid, untill this policeman addressed her in English. Yes, he was a police from over the other side, so she had no reason to be scared. Though she had difficulties in understanding the peso and real and niap and quaty, she did not give any sign that she was a stranger in these parts, for if in case they would be searching for her even over this side of the mountain. Having stayed on that farm for one month, she decided to move along for safety cake. Willie agreed with her, and they both left Margarita, after having collected their earnings. Their earnings, for Willie had shared whatever he had eamed with her, for he hoped one day to make her his wife.

They crossed over to the Panama company's division, and finally drifted to Colon.

It was thirty or more years after. World One had long concluded. The Kaiser Wilhelm was now a very old old man, Foch was long dead, Wilson and the others were personages of the past, Russia was now called the USSR, and Nostradamu's prophecies were being fulfilled. France had been prostrated, the atomic bomb had not yet devastated Hiroshima and Adolph Hitler and Mussolini were wrecking Europe, for the Versailles treatate was just a scrap of paper, haile Selassie had cried even before the scrapping of this treaty, and Chamberlain and Laval and Quislyn had all bowed before the iron heels of Hitler. The Canal Zone had gone through its hard times, when workers at thirty five were considered old moen, and Arnulfo Arias had persecuted West Indians born, chasing them out of Panama to seek refuge in the Canal Zone. Franklin Delano had promoted the New Deal and all the different initials, WPA and the Third Lock promotion.

Lots and lots of us had passed over to the Canal Zone, young roen and old roen, young women and old women, for work was plentiful, Uncle Sam was preparing to join the fray. Uncle Sam knew that he had to enter this affair, to make the world safe for Democracy. Seventeen and twenty and fifty cents per hour jobs, and contractees from Belice, Central America and even Jamaica were brought over. After eight hours work, we would go visiting friends. Some young, some old-young friends, women and men, and one would visit a particular building, a building where a melancholy woman would always be seen washing her wares, for she too worked. She lived in this one room, a back room, a woman seemed always to be afraid, afraid of some impending danger, stopping now and then, and as if looking for someone, would sigh and continue with her Oware washing "Miss Adina. How are you?" for this melancholic

looking woman was no other person than Miss Adina. Adina, who ran away from the wrath of Dr. Kurt Ulrich, that negro hating German Doctor. And Adina would stop and converse with those of her friends, but Adina could never forget little Karl, as his little body kept moving in and out of that man-hole, his little face discolored by the bump he had suffered whilst falling. And what of Willie, miss Adina? Ah, Willie is a good man, and they parted after she had reached the docks of Colon.

END

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