



## DOMINICA DAY SONG

*(The Prize-Winner in a Government-sponsored competition for a national song held as part of the special celebration of Discovery Day, 1965)*

1

Isle of beauty, isle of splendour,  
Isle to all so sweet and fair,  
All must surely gaze in wonder,  
At thy gifts so rich and rare,  
Rivers, valleys, hills and mountains,  
All these gifts we do extol.  
Healthy land, so like all fountains,  
Giving cheer that warms the soul.

2

Dominica God hath blest thee  
With a clime benign and bright,  
Pastures green and flow'rs of beauty,  
Filling all with pure delight,  
And a people strong and healthy,  
Full of Godly reverent fear,  
May we ever seek to praise thee,  
For these gifts so rich and rare.

3

Come ye forward, sons and daughters  
Of this Gem beyond compare  
Strive for honour sons and daughters,  
Do the right, be firm, be fair,  
Toil with hearts and hands and voices  
We must prosper! Sound the call,  
In which everyone rejoices  
"All for Each and Each for All".

Words: BY W.O.M. POND  
Music: BY L.M. CHRISTIAN

# DIES DOMINICA

## A PUBLICATION COMMEMORATING DOMINICA DAY

WRITTEN AND COMPIL  
BY  
EDWARD SCOBIE

"And perhaps in Dominica the two things we should concentrate upon most at the present time, are, the love of one's own country, and, the desire to serve one's fellowmen".

G. C. GUY, O.M.G., O.B.E.  
*Administrator of Dominica.*

"So it is, that in a programme to conserve and develop human growth, the heritage of the past must be preserved—the tim-tim, the nancy tale, the belaire, the creole song, the patois humour—are all part and parcel of the heritage of Dominica; all as beautiful as its flamboyant trees, its 366 rivers and its deep green valleys. That is why it is Dominica, and not Antigua or Barbados or St. Vincent. A child growing up with a combined heritage will be fortified for the struggle, the challenge and the rewards that will come. He will not grow up to be any man, or woman, but a Dominican man, or woman. And what could be more beautiful."

LEONA THOMPSON  
*Director of Social Services,  
Knicker Bocker Hospital,  
New York City.*

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

DIES DOMINICA is dedicated to Dominica and the people of Dominica, particularly the Chief Minister, Hon. E. O. LeBlanc, whose idea it was. In coming to the work I must give thanks to the Public Relations Division of the Government Information Service for placing records at my disposal; to the Librarian of the Free Public Library, Roseau, for allowing me the free use of rare books and magazine; to the Dominica Herald and the Dominica Chronicle for permitting the use of some material appearing in their columns. Personal thanks go to Judge Coleridge Harris for permission to quote material from his address, "The Constitutional Development of the Islands"; to Mr Anthony Gregory for the use of his articles on the economic situation in Dominica; to Mr. Franklin Watty, Mr Joaquin Miller, and Miss Vera for allowing me to include their poems in this publication; to Mr. Earl Andre for allowing me to include their short stories; Hon. N. A. N. Ducreay, Minister of Agriculture and Production, and the Hon. Wills S. Stevens for their articles; and to every-

one in Dominica who helped in making the publication of this booklet, DIES DOMINICA, possible.

EDWARD SCOBIE

Drury Lane  
28th October, 1965.

*Photos By:* Edward Scobie, Jerome Lloyd and the Government Information Services.

*Cover Illustration:* A map of Dominica taken from one appearing in "A Botanist's Dominica Diary" by W. H. Hodge.

## CONTENTS

	Page
1. Dominica Day Song ... ..	Inside cover
2. Foreword ... ..	5
3. Dominica ... ..	7
4. Conquest and Colonisation ... ..	8
5. Columbus (Poem) ... ..	12
6. Constitutional Development of Dominica ... ..	12
7. Ancestor on the Auction Block (Poem) ... ..	17
8. Land of Beauty (Pictorial) ... ..	18
9. Apres Bondie C'est La Ter ... ..	19
10. Patois Proverbs ... ..	21
11. My Father's Prediction (Story) ... ..	24
12. Dangers of One Crop Economy ... ..	31
13. In Memoriam — Sheriff Bowers (Poem) ... ..	34
14. Educating Our Youth ... ..	35
15. Mama's Food (Story) ... ..	41
16. The Return Home (Poem) ... ..	44
17. Dominica's National Costume ... ..	44
18. R. I. P. La Peau Cabrit ... ..	47
19. The Truants (Story) ... ..	54
20. Dominica's Domestic Market ... ..	60
21. Marchand Poisson (Poem) ... ..	62
22. Industry from Our Forests ... ..	64
23. Hurricane ... ..	66
24. Our National Future. ... ..	68

## Foreword



Chief Minister Honourable E. O. LeBlanc

The decision of government to celebrate Discovery Day the 3rd of November as Dominica's Day stems from the growing recognition that we are members of a society that needs to rediscover its moral bearings and its sense of purpose.

This booklet which introduces, and is only one aspect of our Day's celebration originates in my conviction that in a democratic community we must all participate in preparing our people especially the young people, for the responsibilities of active citizenship.

Active citizenship presupposes a love of home, Village Community, country, and as our several communities which were up to recently isolated are now being awakened to realise their own creative potential it is necessary to co-ordinate all ideas and efforts towards the advancement of Dominica as a whole.

For hundreds of years we have played the role of copyist and our indigenous social structure is constantly being eroded by external influences but at every turn we demonstrate our yearning desire to retain our own customs in preference to the imported ones which we can with the best efforts only poorly imitate.

One nationalist leader once told his metropolitan mentors "We retain our customs because they are implanted in our sub-conscious by the Creator".

By this I am not advocating a total rejection or even only a partial acceptance of those foreign customs in this age of automation, because even things done by rote

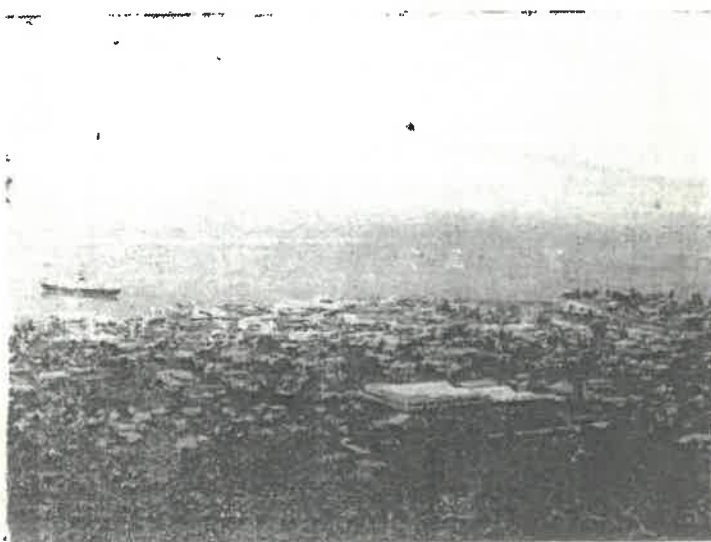


a tenacity of their own, but along with those customs WE MUST resuscitate a sense of purpose and feeling of dedication those inherent customs handed down by our forefathers. When we can no more feel ashamed of our patois which is rich and romantic, when we can listen to our steel bands, our bamboo flutes and our skin tamboos and dance to their rhythm with pride and joy, when we can appreciate the rapture experienced by persons both young and old listening to a raconteur telling his impromptu stories prefaced by "Messieurs queek" to which the eager listener replies "quack" we will agree with Tennyson that "those old days had thrice the life of these", and we will realise that although the fabric and the colour of the arts are different, they bear a similarity in design to those exotic patterns.

If we can develop a sense of appreciation of those things which are ours we will be able to appreciate and excel in other things which are introduced and accepted. We will have rediscovered ourselves.

We are now on the threshold of great events; we must begin to identify ourselves as a people eager, willing and able to develop our country in all ways, and to extol our riches, our pride in, and love of country to the world at large so that in the near future we can take our rightful places in the Commonwealth of Nations and make our voices heard in the higher councils of the world.

### Roseau the Capital



View from Morne Bruce overlooking the town. Population is 15,000 and it is situated on the South-West of the island.

### Dominica

<b>Discovered:</b>	Sunday, 3rd November, 1493, by Christopher Columbus.
<b>Length:</b>	29 miles
<b>Breadth:</b>	16 miles
<b>Total Area</b>	298 Sq. miles
<b>Situated:</b>	Between Latitude 15° North and Longitude 61° West
<b>Highest Mountain:</b>	Morne Diablotin, 4,747ft.
<b>Rivers</b>	365
<b>Average Rainfall:</b>	250 inches a year in interior. 70 inches a year on coast.
<b>Wettest Months:</b>	June to October.
<b>Climate:</b>	78° to 86°F in hot season from May to November. 72° to 84° in cooler months, December to April.
<b>Hurricane Season:</b>	Commences July ends October.
<b>Population:</b>	65,000
<b>Capital:</b>	Roseau (on South-West) Population 15,000.
<b>Second Town:</b>	Portsmouth (on North-West) Population 2,000.



Children going to school on the Carib Reserve.

## Conquest and Colonisation

From the moment that Christopher Columbus, the newly appointed Admiral of the Ocean Sea, planted the Royal Banner of Spain on the soil of Dominica on Sunday, September 3rd, 1493, and legally took possession of the island, the thought of conquest and colonisation was uppermost in the minds of European nations.

In the case of Spain this thought turned out to be short-lived because the Caribs who peopled the island at that time attacked Columbus and his men with a volley of poisoned arrows. This forced the Admiral to return to his fleet and set sail again in the direction of Guadeloupe. And for two centuries the fierce, warlike Caribs, who killed off all the male members of the peaceful Arawaks and taken their women, drove European colonists away from Dominica. In fact, in 1748 by the Treaty of the Chapelle the island was declared neutral and left to the Caribs.

It was not until well in the 17th century that the French Missionary fathers managed to make peaceful contact with the Caribs. One such priest was father André Breton who spent nearly 25 years among the Caribs, and wrote subsequently a dictionary, a Grammar, and a translation of the usual prayers, together with catechism in their tongue. In spite of this it proved very difficult for Father Breton to convert them to Christianity, only as he himself put it, "quelques sur le point de la mort".

With the decline of Spain as a great power, France and England began to contend for possession of Dominica and other islands of the Caribbean. At first the French ruled, and in spite of the fact that Dominica had been declared a neutral territory and left to the Caribs, French settlers moved in to cultivate the rich soil. In 1759 the English forcibly captured the island and England's possession was formally recognised by the Treaty of Paris, 1763.

Britain began the job of parcelling out Dominica, which had previously been ruled by the first inhabitants, the Arawaks, then WAITUKUBULI by the Caribs, the Caribs.

The French settlers were left undisturbed on payment of a quit rent. After a general survey the rest of the cultivable land was sold to English settlers—the sale amounting to £313,666.19.2½d. This amount was salted away in the Treasury of George III, the Hanoverian Monarch of England in 1760, in lieu of the dowry he had received from his German bride, Queen Charlotte.

The Caribs, on the other hand, were "given" 134 acres of their own land. Every day they have been claiming, without any documentary proof, to come under the

protection of Queen Charlotte. Further and further up the north into the impenetrable forests, the Caribs were driven until, in 1903 the energetic, liberal Administrator, Sir, Hesketh Bell, granted them a large reserve of 3,700 acres named Salybia, on the Windward coast. There are still there, 1,136 of them, of whom less than 100 can claim to be pure.

The majority of them make their living by fishing, boat building, planting bananas—like the rest of the island—or through handicrafts, mainly basketry.

The first half of the nineteenth century was the period of the Caribs final conversion to Christianity, and of the greatest decay in national language and custom. The last Caribs in Dominica to speak the native Indian idiom as their mother tongue died in the years before the first world war. Before that and at the end of the seventeenth century three languages were spoken. The first, Carib, by men only, but used by the women when addressing the men. Arawak, was spoken by the women. This was known to the men but was beneath their dignity to speak. The third was a secret "jargon" known only to the elders and proved warriors, and was used for councils of war.

However, the urge for economic contacts with the Creole—Negro population surrounding them, combined with the priests disapproval of continued isolation of a flock whose conversion was henceforth secure, ended in the adoption of the creole patois and a total absorption of the Roman Catholic faith.

Conquest and colonisation—these were the two dominant factors in the history of Dominica throughout the eighteenth century, right to the early years of the nineteenth. And the two nations who were at each others' throats for this fertile, mountainous, well-watered island were Britain and France.

On September 7th, 1778, the Marquis de Bouille, Governor of "The French Windward Islands of America," with headquarters at Martinique, made a sudden dash with an expedition against Dominica. He arrived with 3,000 regulars and 1,500 volunteers in a fleet of four large Frigates and a number of sloops, with 164 cannon and 24 brass mortars against 94 regulars and two or three hundred militia under the British Lieutenant Governor, William Stewart.

The French first of all captured Fort Kashacrou. They were then able to effect a disputed landing at Point Michel, where they lost 40 men, and marched upon Roseau. The French troops made a triumphal progress through the streets of Roseau, marching in slow time, a sort of early "goose-step", to the rolling of their drums, and with their hats decorated with flowers as a sign of victory.

Dominica remained in the possession of the French till 1783 when it was restored to the English by the Treaty of Versailles. The English did not formally enter into possession until January 1784, when the troops marched into Roseau amid the greatest rejoicings. There were then about 1,200 white settlers in the island.

In 1795 another French invasion was attempted. It failed.

But in 1805, the French burnt the capital town of Roseau, and could only be induced to quit the island on the payment to them of a ransom of £12,000. The Commander, General La Grange, in fact accepted £8,000.

Since then Dominica has remained under the rule of Britain.

Britain and France fought to retain possession of Dominica for economic reasons. The first attractions were the planting of tobacco, logwood and spices. The cultivation of coffee was introduced by the early French settlers and this crop dominated the economic scene for many years. This was a period of great prosperity and coffee planters were considered men of wealth. Other products raised in Dominica in the last decade of the eighteenth century were sugar, rum, cocoa and indigo. In 1791 there were 50 sugar plantations on the island.

And to work the rum distilleries, the plantations, the estates, cheap labour was needed. Cheap labour which was captured on the coast of Africa. Cheap labour which was whipped, manacled, put in chains. Cheap labour which was packed as tight as a yoruba drum in the holds of slave ships. Cheap labour which survived the ordeal of the 7-month voyage across the Middle Passage seas, from Africa to the Caribbean to Dominica.

African slaves sold in Dominica were viewed—as they were in the other West Indian islands—as human cargo to be auctioned off with raisins, wines and tobacco.

By the year 1798 the slaves in Dominica were 14,967 in number and valued at £578,680. Business in sugar reached a peak the following year with the island exporting 5,200 hogs-heads of sugar. To palliate the consciences of slave owners that same year the amelioration Slave Act was passed “respecting the attendance of the negroes at divine service”.

The country negroes built places of worship at their own expense. Methodists increased to 900. An acre of Crown Land was granted them by the Governor to build a chapel at Prince Rupert's.

Conquest by the French had left its cultural and religious mark on the mass of these slaves. They spoke a kind of French patois—as Dominicans still do to-day—and were converted to the Roman Catholic faith. A small minority belonged to the Church of England, and an even smaller number were Methodists.

In the year 1808 the traffic in African slaves was dealt a legal blow—abolished. However, it was not until 1834 that slaves were granted their freedom. That day church bells rang out the good news, and the sons and daughters of Africa and Dominica and their descendents danced and sang and made merry.

But even before the British slave masters on this rugged island decided to bow to the wishes of their Government and free their Negro slaves—for economic and humanitarian reasons—slaves did not remain content and happy, dragging their creaked feet about estates in meek and mild servitude. The thought of escape was fore and foremost in their minds—Freedom at all costs. That was why the Nègre Maron like Balla was regarded as someone of heroic stature.

Bella was the Maroon Chief. The Maroons were runaway slaves—the Nègre Maron. In the dense forest of the island they could not be tracked easily. The fertility of the soil and the rapid growth of vegetation enabled them to raise plants with ease and quickness. When slaves wanted to escape from the cruel and inhuman masters they joined the maroons in the Mountain encampments. Bands of negroes gradually became stronger and more numerous. They committed acts of revenge on cruel slave owners by swooping down on their estates, killing the families and burning the estates.

At one time they felt so powerful that they posted up in Roseau a proclamation offering a reward of £100—for the head of the Governor dead or alive.

In 1785, they were joined by the Caribs. The Government decided then to take action to wipe them out. A local force of 500 attacked them in their hide out and many of the Caribs and Maroons were killed. Balla the Maroon Chief was treacherously decoyed and slain by a slave who afterwards received his freedom and £165.

Even in those years Dominica had its leaders and those who would sell their friends for Britain's sterling. But the struggle was on—the struggle for political, constitutional and economic freedom. Great strides have been made since the shackles fell but it has been a non-stop struggle.

The signs of change are hopeful ones. However we must keep moving forward if we want all the remains of outside domination of our internal affairs to vanish forever. Dominica would do well to remember the words of a Prime Minister of West Indian territory when he addressed his country on its day of Independence—this applies to her as well. He said, “We have come a long way, but we still have a long way to go”.



## Columbus

Behind him lay the gray Azores,  
Behind the gates of Hercules;  
Before him not the ghost of shores,  
Before him only shoreless seas.  
The good Mate said: "Now we must pray,  
For lo! the very stars are gone.  
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"  
"Why, say 'sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;  
My men grow ghastly wan and weak!"  
The stout Mate thought of home; a spray  
of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.  
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,  
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"  
"Why, you shall say at break of day,  
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the Mate:  
"This mad sea shows its teeth tonight.  
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,  
with lifted teeth, as if to bite!  
Brave Admiral, say but one good word;  
what shall we do when hope is gone?"  
The words leapt like a leaping sword:  
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck  
And peered through darkness. Ah! that night  
of all dark nights! And then a speck—  
A light! A light! A light! A light!  
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!  
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.  
He gained a world; he gave that world  
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

JOAQUIN MILLER

## Constitutional Development of Dominica

Dominica's constitutional history begins with the recognition by the Treaty of Madrid in 1763 of the English conquest of the island from the French in 1759, and formal recognition twenty-four years later (in 1783) by the Treaty of Versailles which recognized Britain's claim to Dominica and the other islands of Grenada, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, and Montserrat. Unlike the Leewards and Barbados, Dominica in company with the rest of the Windward Islands is a conquered colony. As such, its constitution lies in the gift of the crown. With a liberality remarkable in those days, the

Crown granted the Windwards a constitution of the old representative type as then existed in the settled colonies. This General Assembly for the four islands of the Windwards was short-lived, and separate legislatures were established in each of the territories. These separate Legislatures followed the pattern of the General Assembly and Council.

The Dominica assembly consisted of 19 members. The upper Nominated House consisted on an average of about 9 members.

The British constitution adopted in Dominica and the other colonies was the British constitution in its classical form, one of its outstanding features being the separation of powers between the three departments of government—the Executive, the Legislature and the Judiciary. While the British constitution continued its evolution and developed responsible government, the old representative constitutions of the colonies remained throughout their history frozen in the classical 17th century mould. The executive authority was vested in the Governor and the Governor remained completely independent of the assembly.

The result was that the Government consisted of a Governor with unqualified executive powers and an Assembly with unqualified powers over finance—with no machinery, no principle for solving the conflicts between them. Therein lay a fertile source of friction and frustration on both sides.

In the 1850's came an attempt to create a bridge between the Legislature and the Executive, but the Home Government recoiled from the thought of granting responsible government to the West Indian Colonies and the attempt was half-hearted. Then followed the final collapse of the Assemblies in Dominica and all the other West Indian territories save Barbados.

The old representative Assemblies had always been representative only of the white planter class. In Dominica, with a population of 23,000 only 3,300 were white. However, in the eighteenth century slave society the constitution, from a purely legal point of view could pass as representative—the slave being represented by his master. With emancipation, however, and the transformation of society into one overwhelmingly of free Negroes, the justification for these assemblies as representative bodies was entirely swept away and the assembly became an anachronism.

The situation was greatly aggravated by two principal factors: first a high incidence of absenteeism which had always plagued West Indian Society, by depriving the society of the services of people of education, ability and public spirit. Secondly, the protracted economic depression which accompanied the gradual decline of the Sugar Industry.

In England there had been for decades a growing body of opinion strongly opposed to the existence of representative institutions in the West Indian Colonies. The proverbial parochialism of these assemblies and in particular their unedifying record of resistance and obstruction to all proposed measures for the amelioration of the conditions of the slaves before emancipation and their readjustment to society, and the general improvement of their conditions after emancipation had helped considerably to spread and harden this point of view in England. It then became the policy of the Colonial office to reduce the West Indian Governments to Crown Colonies. The first stage of the process was the reduction of the Windwards and Leewards Legislatures to unicameral Legislatures which consisted of nominated and elected members. This occurred in Dominica in 1863 and 1865. The next stage was the complete surrender of the representative institutions of these islands



the Crown and the introduction of pure Crown Colony Government, that is to say, Legislatures with no elected members. That was put into effect in Dominica 1898.

And so at the beginning of this century the system of pure Crown Colony Government existed in Dominica which since 1871, had been included with the other British Islands north of her (Montserrat, Antigua, St. Kitts-Nevis and the Leeward Islands) in the Leewards group.

It was after World War I, in the 1920s, that political agitation and social movement had been directed to obtaining representative Government.

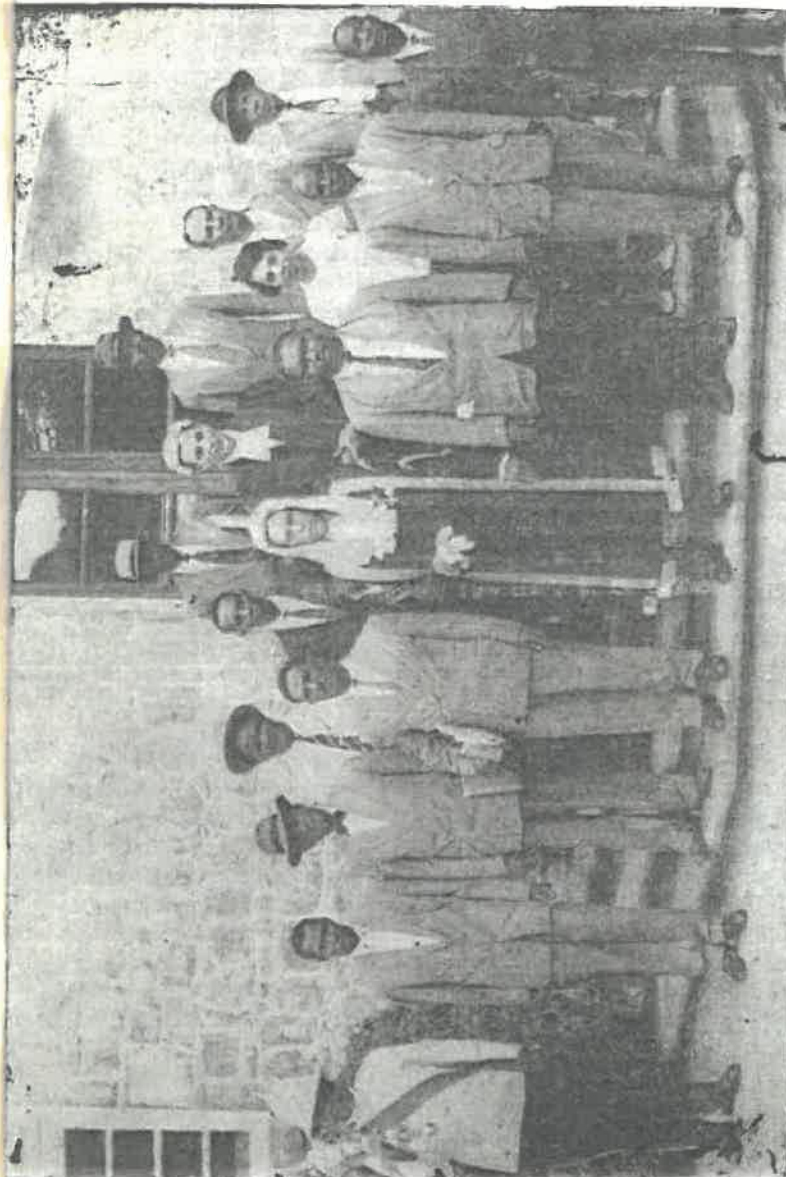
Then followed in 1922 the tour of the West Indies by the Honourable E. F. L. Wood on behalf of the Secretary of State. In his report he recommended a semi-representative constitution for Dominica. These recommendations were implemented in 1924. In the Legislative Council the ex-officio members were equal in number to the nominated and elected members combined and the Governor had a casting vote. The elected members were therefore in a small minority. Although people wanted representative Government, Wood in his report stated that there was no general demand for responsible government, whereas the truth was that a semi-representative form of government which was granted—half—although it was—was received with acclamation.

The executive control of the Government was vested absolutely in the Governor. In the exercise of his executive function the Governor was advised by an Executive Council consisting of the Chief Officials of Government—some of whom, usually the Colonial Secretary, the Principal Law Officer and the Treasurer officio—a certain number of nominated officials, and such other persons as the Governor might nominate. Under the last clause one, and sometimes two, prominent persons of the community were nominated.

In 1932 the Dominica Federation Conference put forward strong popular demands for full representative government. The placards which festooned the streets of Roseau at the time carried slogans such as: "No taxation without representation." "The West Indies must be West Indian," "Crown Colony Rule must go."

"Agitate, Educate, Federate". The emphasis was still on full representation rather than on responsible Government. In 1936 a new Constitution was granted and Dominica's Legislative Council was to consist of the Governor, three ex-officio members, four nominated members and seven elected members. In this constitution the elected members were equal in number with the ex-officio and nominated members combined, the Governor having a casting vote.

The essentials of the constitution, however, remained unchanged. It was a Crown Colony system with an independent executive responsible to the Crown. Clashes between the elected members and the Executive continued and political movements continued to press their claims for full representative government. An opportunity came to advance this view before the Moyne Commission of 1938. The Commission found an overwhelming demand for full representative Government. Its report stated: "we are satisfied that the claims so often put before us that people should have a larger voice in the management of their affairs represent a genuine sentiment and reflect the growing political consciousness." As to what actual constitutional development it considered judicious, the Commission was most conservative, recommending that "while variation in the



Members of the Legislative Council of Dominica 1965—

Front Row, from left to right: Hon. A. Active (Nominated & Deputy Speaker); Hon. L. C. Didier (Minister for Communication and Works); Hon. E. O. LeBlanc (Chief Minister & Minister of Finance); Hon. L. Cools Lartigue (Speaker); Hon. N. A. N. Ducreay (Minister for Trade & Production); Hon. W. S. Stevens (Minister for Labour & Social Services); Hon. E. B. Henry (Elected), middle row: Hon. R. P. St. Luce (Elected); Hon. D. K. McIntyre (Attorney General); Miss G. Davis (Clerk of the Council); Hon. Frobert Laville (Elected); Hon. A. Pemberton (Elected); Back row: Hon. E. C. Loblack (Nominated); Hon. E. Leslie (Elected).

embers and composition of Executive and Legislative Councils may from time to time be found desirable, any fundamental change in the parts which they play in public affairs of the colonies is to be avoided."

The conservatism of this recommendation is the more striking because the commission fully recognised the difficulties an independent executive had caused in the st. However, World War II (1939-45) followed immediately after this commission and set in train ideas of democracy and freedom in dependent territories which have reverberated around the World and entirely altered the perspectives of political reform. (Incidentally, from 1871 Dominica remained attached to the Leeward Islands until 1939. Then from January 1st 1940, Dominica became a colony of the Windward group of St. Lucia, St. Vincent and Grenada.)

The year 1951 was a political milestone in Dominica and the rest of the Windwards. The principal features of the Dominica 1951 constitution are the introduction of universal adult suffrage and the creation of an elected majority in the legislature. The 1951 constitution was amended by the Windward Islands Letters Patent, 1955. The Constitutional Instrument which introduced the Ministerial form of Government came into force by proclamation on March 12th, 1956.

Under this constitution the Government of Dominica was administered by an Administrator (as representative of the Governor of the Windward Islands) assisted by an Executive Council which consisted of, apart from the Administrator, the Attorney General and Financial Secretary as ex-officio members, four unofficial members of the Legislative Council elected by that body from among the elected members, three of whom were styled Ministers and charged with the administration of departments and subjects, and one nominated member of the Legislative Council appointed by the Governor.

These constitutional conditions remained in effect until the end of 1959. Then on January 1st 1960, a new constitution (the Dominica Constitution Order in Council, 1959) partly came into effect introducing further important constitutional changes. These included the abolition of the post of Governor of the Windward Islands and the passing of certain powers of the Governor to the Administrator of Dominica who then became the representative of Her Majesty the Queen in the territory, the appointment of a Chief Minister and Minister of Finance, an increase in the total number of Ministers from three to four, and some alteration in the composition of the Executive and Legislative Councils. With the general elections held on the 17th January 1960, the 1959 constitution was fully implemented with the creation of a Speaker and Deputy Speaker, the former taking the place of the Administrator in presiding over legislative Council meetings.

When the Federation of the West Indies came into being in 1958 Dominica was one of the ten British territories included in that union. However since the tragic earthquake in May 1962, four years later, Dominica remained in a state of constitutional

limbo. At first it was proposed that there should be an Eastern Caribbean Federation of the Leewards, Windwards and Barbados. Several meetings since 1962 have produced no results. Now with Barbados proposing to seek Independence alone, Grenada, unitary Statehood with Trinidad and Tobago, Antigua and St. Lucia wanting internal self-government, Dominica is faced with no other choice but to seek further constitutional changes by herself which might mean internal self-government.

The constitutional state of Dominica may be one of indetermination but, nevertheless challenging—challenging to our leaders. It would not be an idle boast to say that we have leaders who possess the necessary mettle to meet this challenge and pilot Dominica to a secure tomorrow. There can be no better way of describing our position as it stands today—and this is applicable to the rest of the Windwards and Leewards—than by using the learned and well-chosen words of Judge Coleridge Harris of the West Cameroons, one of the sons of whom Dominica can be proud: "History is never static, and that is particularly true of current West Indian History. It is fitting therefore that a constitutional history of any part of the region should end on this dynamic note—with the forces of political development poised for the next move."

#### Ancestor on the Auction Block

Ancestor on the auction block  
Across the years your eyes seek mine  
Compelling me to look  
I see your shackled feet  
Your primitive black face  
I see your humiliation  
And turn away  
Ashamed.

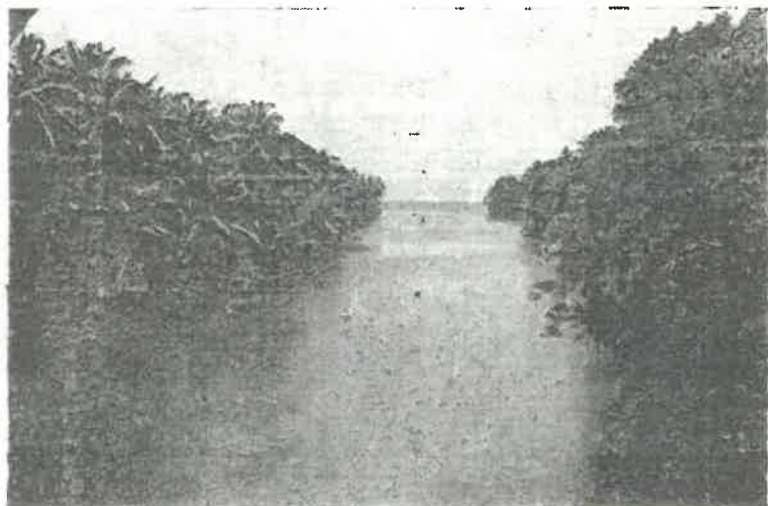
Across the years your eyes seek mine  
Compelling me to look.  
Is this mean creature that I see  
Myself?  
Ashamed to look  
Because of myself ashamed  
Shackled by my own ignorance  
I stand  
A slave.  
Humiliated  
I cry to the eternal abyss  
For understanding  
Ancestor on the auction block  
Across the years your eyes meet mine  
Electric



## LAND OF BEAUTY



The falls at Trafalgar.



The Layou River is the largest and longest of Dominica's 365 rivers.

I am transformed  
My freedom is within myself.

I look you in the eyes and see  
The spirit of God Eternal  
Of this only need I be ashamed  
Of blindness to the God within me  
The same God who dwelt within you  
The same Eternal God  
Who shall dwell  
In generations yet unborn.

Ancestor on the auction block  
Across the years  
I look  
I see you sweating, toiling, suffering  
Within your loins I see the seed  
Of multitudes.  
From your labour  
Grow roads, aqueducts, cultivation  
A new country is born  
Yours was the task to clear the ground  
Mine the task to build.

VERA BELL

## Apres Bondie C'est La Ter

(After God the Earth)



The Coat of Arms of Dominica bears the inscription "Apres Bondie C'est La Ter," which emphasises the importance of the soil in the island with its economy based on agriculture.

The design depicts a shield divided into four quarters of a cross, an allusion to the island's name, because of its discovery on a Sunday. In the first quarter on the top left, you see the black volcanic soil of Dominica supporting a coconut tree, and in the fourth quarter on bottom right, a fully developed banana stem bearing a mature bunch





Dominica's chain of mountains reach down to the sea. View from the Customs Jetty, Roseau, with Southern portion of Island, Scott's head (on right)

of fruits is shown. Our crapaud, the edible frog found only in Dominica, appears in the second quarter, while in the third quarter, a canoe under sail glides on the Caribbean Sea. A wreath of silver and blue bears the crest, a golden lion standing upon a black rocky mount with the sisserou parrot (*psittacus imperialis*) as supporters.

The Armorial Ensign and Supporters is described in the Royal Warrant:

For Arms: Quarterly or and Azure a cross fillet counterchanged in the first quarter on a Rocky Mount Sable a Coconut Tree fructed proper in the second a Dominica Crapaud also proper in the third on Water Barry wavy in base a carib canoe with sail set all likewise proper and in the fourth quarter on a Rocky Mount also sable a Lanana Tree fructed also proper and for the crest. On a Wreath Argent and Azure a Rocky Mount Sable thereon a Lion passant guardant Or and for the Supporters. On either side of Sisserou Parrot (*Psittacus imperialis*) proper beaked and membered or together with this motto APRES BONDIE C'EST LA TER.

### Patois Proverbs

Sai soulyai qui save si chausettes ni tou  
(It's shoes alone that know if stockings have holes.)

Si savanne tai ka parlai nous tai kai connette trop segrai  
(If savannahs could speak we would know too many secrets.)

Chaque moune save sa qui ka bouyi en canari yo  
(Everyone knows what is boiling in his own pot.)

Femme emmai cancan passè mouche-miel emmai siwo.  
(Women love scandal more than bees love honey.)

Sai la bailleur bas beuf ka sautai  
(It's where the fence is low, that the cow will jump over.)

Espaiwai assou canari belle-mere ou kai mangeai tard  
(Wait on your mother-in-law's pot and you will eat late.)

Voleurs par emmai vwer camarade yo portai sac  
(Thieves don't like to see their comrades carrying bags.)

Voleur volai voleur diable ka ri  
(One thief steals from another the devil laughs.)

Shat pas la watte ka bi bal  
(Cats are not around so rats are giving a ball.)

Cord yam marai yam  
(Strangling yourself with your own rope.)

Trop pressai pa ka faire jour ouvert  
(More haste less speed.)

Sai pas toute sa ki claiwai ki l'or.  
(All that glitters is not gold.)

Sai un bon biten l'enfeur par ni voisinage  
(It's a good thing that hell has no neighbours) (to mind your business.)

La cock pas yai zotolan ka faire nomme  
(Where there is no cock, the bird plays man)  
(The bird rule the roost when the cock is away.)

Sa zwaizo ka di en leur brance sai pas sa yo ka di en caloge  
(What birds say on trees they do not say in cages.)

Chaque clou chaque chivan  
(Each nail, each rafter)

Bien dotoui pas ka prospaiwai  
(Ill-gotten goods do not prosper.)

Tous chaud tous flamme  
(Blowing hot and cold at the same time.)

Mizeur ka faire maccac mangeai piment  
(Misery makes monkey eat pepper.)

Zafaire cabritt pas zafaire moutons  
(Goat's business is not sheep's business.)

Chien marai sai pour batte  
(A tied dog is to be beaten.)

Deux mals crabs pas ka restai a den un tou  
(Two male crabs cannot live in the same hole.)

Crapauds pas ka ventai soup yo  
(Crapauds do not boast about their soup.)  
(Never blow your own trumpet.)

Dents ka ri cor  
(Laughing at one's own self.)

Wan service ka bai mal doh.  
(Doing a favour can cause you trouble.)  
(A kind act is sometimes misunderstood.)

Shordiere ca di canari en bas ye noir.  
(Pot tells pot that it's bottom is black.)

Wavette pas ni waizon douvent poule  
(A Cockroach has no rights before a fowl).....(might is right).

Bef douvent bouere glo nette  
(The cow which arrives first drinks clean water.)  
(The early bird catches the fat worms.)

Chien bouere glo di ou sa ki sa ou sai sa ou  
(The dog drinks water and says what is yours is yours.)

Allez soucrai sac ou la ou van sharbon ou.  
(Shake your bag where you have sold your coals.)

La e pan e sec  
(Where it hangs it dries.)

Maitre coumandai chien, chien coumandai lachay li  
(The master commands his dog and the dog commands his tail.)  
(Passing the buck.)

Sai couteau yon qui connette sa qui en cher jourwormou  
(It is a knife alone that knows what is in a pumpkin's heart.)  
(An expression of inexpressible indignation, grief or disappointment.)

Dai mal pas ka faire un bien  
(Two wrongs do not make a right.)

Bien chevalier  
(A knight's property)  
(Inherited property as distinct from earned property.)

Pli ou mal sai pli chien halai ou  
(The poorer you are the more dog drags you) .....(Poverty is a disgrace.)

Maman mangeai raisin dents zenfant glassie  
(A mother eats seaside grapes but her children's teeth get on edge.)  
(The sins of the father fall upon the children.)

(Jackot dit) La pli bel en bas la baie  
(The parrot says the prettiest is under the tub.)  
(Who laughs last laughs best.)

Cabritte morte quittai la peau li en mizere  
(Goat dies and leaves his skin in misery.)  
(Parents who leave a legacy of troubles for their children.)

### My Father's Prediction

Some people will dismiss this as nonsense. Others will say that it is native superstition—a characteristic to be found in nearly every West Indian, even in the educated and sophisticated. Then, there will be the blunt-spoken remainder will blurt out that I am telling, what we call here in Dominica "a tim tim" or a tale".

But, no matter to which of these categories you belong, the fact is that after, one Friday night, in my presence, and in the company of five friends—Mr. ve Cochran, Ticoque, Mr. Nigel Harrison, Mr. Jean Baptiste and Capitaine Ferreira—predicted that one of us in the group would die within seven days. And you know his prediction came true? At least, those of us who were in the group, with one exception, can vouch for it.

First, let me start from the very beginning and acquaint you with the people and the leading up to the moment when my father, Mouche Dalvar, made his prediction that Friday night.

It was the custom every Friday night for my father's cronies to congregate in his sitting-room. There, they would enjoy a session of rum punches, rum, laughter, spicy gossip which we call "boeuf" in Dominica, pleasant conversation sometimes flavoured with blue jokes, that is, when I was not around.

The group in the sitting-room was usually made up of the same friends. First to saunter in was always Mr. Octave Cochran. With a wide embracing smile stretching and creasing his round, cocoa-coloured face into gullies and folds, he would walk with slow, thumping steps up the wooden stairs to my father's sitting-room. Wiping the streams of perspiration which ran between the ravines and over the mounds of his smiling face, Mr. Cochran would shout from the bottom of the stairs: "Eh, eh, Dalvar, you have the rum punch ready? Man, I thirsty like hell."

By the time Mr. Cochran reached the sitting room, dropped himself on the berberice-chair, which was my father's pride and joy, and got his breath back, he would say: "Man, Dalvar, man, got to think of my health, man. At my age I can't run up those stairs like the young chaps. We old men got to be careful, you know."

Immediately after saying that, he would guzzle his rum punch and hold out his glass to my father, remarking: "Come, man, Dalvar, fill a man glass up, non, man. Got to get my strength back. Your damn stairs always nearly killing me, man."

My father would pour another ice-packed rum punch into Mr. Cochran's empty glass, chuckling all the while at his friend's remarks.

Mr Cochran, in spite of the fact that he was carrying extra poundage around every part of his body where it should not have been, was in bursting good health; almost certain to reach the "rocking-chair years" of old age. At least, he looked as if he would.

Like Cochran, my father was only forty-five. He still played cricket and tennis at the club, and at week-ends he always went swimming. The result was that he remained athletic-looking; just like he looked in the picture in the sitting-room which showed him receiving the Tennis Trophy from the Administrator, Sir Eustace Davenport, who was then President of the Dominica Lawn Tennis Association.

Next to creak and wheeze his painful way to the sitting-room was Ticoque. He was forever complaining of ailments from bad feet, rheumatism, colic, a chronic weak chest, poor circulation, faulty eyesight to periodic lapses of money. And, believe me, Ticoque, with his wraith-like, emaciated thinness, really looked the part of a walking corpse waiting to be interred. But, in spite of his perpetual moaning about his health, there was never a day, come rain or shine, when you wouldn't see Ticoque at some rum shop drinking with someone. He used to say that rum gave him strength.

He was a well-known and well-loved character around town. Everyone liked Ticoque and came to accept his moaning as natural. They even used to pull his leg about it. "Ticoque, man," they would say. "You have one foot in the grave already



, man, the other one near the edge on a banana skin. Won't be long, now, Ticoque."

He would tell them that it wasn't kind to poke fun about a man's health especially when he was so sick. Then he would smile, cunningly, and by devious ruses manage to get them into some hole-in-the-wall, rum shop around town. In no time at all they would be buying him round after round of drinks. And by the time that they had loosened their tongues and their purse-strings they would be feeling terribly sorry for "Poor Ticoque." They would whisper to each other: "He won't be with us much longer so we must be kind to him." Then, turning, to him, they would say: "C'mon, Ticoque, have another one?"

He never refused. All the while he remained sober. There was always the constant suspicion of a smile vanishing around the corners of his mouth, as though he was saying: "You poor fools, I'll outlast the lot of you."

As Ticoque entered my father's sitting-room that Friday night, smoking the last centimetre of his cigarette stub and coughing in between pulls, Mr. Cochran shouted from the comfort of the bar-bice-chair, chuckling to himself at the same time: "Eh, Ticoque! You still in this world with us?"



View of the new residential district at Goodwill.

Mr. Cochran's remark always annoyed Ticoque because every week it was the same. His tiresome, worn-out words of welcome were meant to be funny, but not once did my father ever laugh. A frown of displeasure would crease the lines on his forehead. Tonight, he gave Mr. Cochran a quick, freezing look with his dark, angry eyes.

Cochran stopped chuckling as though an unseen hand had thrown a blanket over the vocal chords of his throat and was stifling the sound. With a voice that had the life throttled out of it he said: "Alright, alright: Ticoque, you can't take a joke so my mouth sealed, eh, man."

"Don't be silly, Octave," Ticoque said to Cochran as my father handed him his first drink—a two-inch slug of neat rum. "You always making joke about my health. Mind you doan' go before me".

Cochran sat up, suddenly, his back as straight as the flagpole at the entrance of Government House. "Look, Ticoque," he said, nervously. "Doan' put your o-beah mouth on me. You know I was only playing the fool with you, man."

Ticoque shrugged his shoulders in a laissez-faire manner, and with that the remarks about his health were buried in an uneasy silence. But not for long.

Soon, the three of them—my father, Cochran and Ticoque, the regulars at this Friday night affair,—with their glasses replenished once more were huddled in a hush-hush *tete-a-tete* about the latest "boeuf" concerning the English Postmaster, Mr. Nigel Harrison, and Bernice, his pretty Secretary.

I knew that my father would find some excuse to get me out of the room so that his cronies and himself could enjoy to the full this juicy tit-bit about the Postmaster's nocturnal affairs with the well-curved, olive-coloured Bernice. It never occurred to him that I was a grown man of twenty-three and, in any case, the story of Bernice and Mr. Harrison was common knowledge to most of my friends at the club. Little did he know that I could add some up-to-the-minute information to Cochran's dated stuff.

My father turned his head away from his two friends and said to me: "By the way, Edward, will you get me a couple more bottles of rum from Etienne's Saloon? Now, that's a good chap."

"Alright, Dad," I replied, smiling. He was smiling, too. We understood each other, my father and I. He didn't mind me drinking, occasionally, with his friends.

ever, he made sure that I was not within hearing distance whenever naughty birds were flying around.

At Etienne's Saloon, which was only a couple hundred yards away from our house, I bumped into another of my father's buddies,—Capitaine Juan Ferreira. With other men he was drinking at the bar. As soon as the sighted me he shouted: "Eduardo, come and join me and have a drink, my friend. How's your Pappa?"

I quickly collected the two bottles for my father and went over to the South American sea captain.

"Hello, Capitaine Juan," I said. (Every one addressed him that way.) "Dad's I didn't see your vessel in the harbour tonight. When did you arrive, Capitaine Juan?"

"Ah hah!" said the captain in a loud voice for everyone in the Saloon to hear. "Capitaine Juan jes' slip in the harbour from nowhere, eh Eduardo." Then, he gave me a heavy slap on the back and handed me the drink he had ordered.

I took a genteel sip, slowly.

"Drink up your drink quick, Eduardo," said Capitaine Juan, "so we can go and see your good friend, Senor Dalvar, eh..... Come on, Eduardo, drink up."

Capitaine Juan Ferreira had been my father's friend as far back as I could remember. Ever since I knew him he always sported a weather-lashed officer's peak cap of liluvian vintage. There was the wisdom of the seven seas behind his burnt cinnamon complexion. His brown eyes were forever squinting as though he was squinting you. Added to the irregular features of his hachet face, this perpetual squint made Capitaine Juan a fearsome-looking buccaneer.

And, in fact, he was; almost in the eighteenth century Sir Henry Morgan tradition. There were the stories about his adventures up and down the Caribbean Sea. There were the fictional embellishments tacked on to them but, in the main, the stories were true.

He was one of the most notorious smugglers in these parts, carrying contraband goods between Dominica, the French islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique and Maracaibo on the coast of Venezuela. It was well-known up and down the island that Capitaine Juan was a marked man. That was why he carried a revolver on him all the time.

Whenever his vessel—"El Toro" was in port Capitaine Juan never failed to go to see my father. To me, he was a real hero; larger than life.

After I had gulped my drink down, Capitaine Juan and I left Etienne's Saloon.

By the time we returned to the sitting-room, my father's other two friends, Mr. Jean Baptiste, a pillar of the Church and the choirmaster at the Roseau Cathedral, and Mr. Nigel Harrison, the English Postmaster, had joined in the Friday night session. They were not regular visitors to these rum-drinking gatherings and when they did come they drank very little. Both were in their early fifties.

As soon as I gave my father the two bottles of rum I left the sitting-room and went on the verandah to watch the boats and vessels in the harbour.

I remained there for about twenty minutes and could hear my father and his friends laughing and chatting. Then I re-entered the sitting-room.

Capitaine Juan was talking about one of his narrow brushes with the port gendarmes in Martinique, and naturally, all of us were listening to him, attentively. I was enjoying it.

Suddenly, a piercing shriek like the sound you get from a high-pitched, nervous penny-whistle caused everyone to remain motionless. Not a sound could be heard excepting that neurotic screech. It had entered the room through the window from the blackness of the night outside.

The first person to speak was my father. His voice had about it an element of foreboding. He said: "Gentlemen, we must try to find this cricket which just flew into the room. It brings bad news."

No one spoke but everyone turned and looked up at the ceiling in the direction where the screech was coming from. My father stood on a chair and with his silver-topped walking stick he began prodding the ceiling, frantically. Still the cricket kept on screeching. No one could see it.

By now, my father and Capitaine Juan and Octave Cochran and I were searching in every crack and corner of the sitting-room. The sound seemed to be coming from everywhere.

For the second time my father said: "Gentlemen, we must catch this insect and kill it. If it flies out of this room one of us here will die within seven days".

After he had said this, the others who hadn't bothered to join in the search turned their eyes towards the ceiling where the screech was loudest.

Then, as suddenly as it began, the screech could be heard travelling swiftly towards the window out into the night where it died away, completely.

With a grave voice and at the same time pouring himself a very stiff drink of light rum, my father made the prediction: "Gentlemen," he began, and then used to take a big swig of his drink. He continued: "Gentlemen, I hate to have any of you die tonight. It may sound silly coming from me, but, gentlemen, this cricket which flew into my sitting-room tonight brought bad news. It flew out of the room and, I believe, to the death of one of us, within the next seven days it will take one of us away with it. It is the messenger of death, gentlemen."

As soon as he finished speaking my father downed the remainder of his drink and refilled his glass. Again Octave Cochran did the same. So did Ticoque. And Captain Juan.

At this stage Jean Baptiste made a comment. "Oh, God, Dalvar, man, doan't let us have any bad luck on us, man. The Almighty listening, you know," he exclaimed with the God-fearing fervour that his Catholic soul could summon, at the same time unable to hide the note of fear in his voice.

Captain Juan was unmoved: "When my time come I going to fight back like a man. I not going to go easy, Senior Dalvar," he promised, feeling the butt of his revolver which was bulging from his jacket pocket.

Ticoque shrugged his shoulders to signify that he was ready anytime.

"I keeping my mouth shut, you hear. In fact, I think I better say goodnight and go home," Cochran said. It was plain to see that the events of the last few minutes were preying on his mind.

"Look here, Cochran," my father said. "No use running away because whether you like it or not, one of us in this room will go to his Maker before a week is out."

There was no reply to this but each person in the room looked at the other seeking the one who looked most likely to go to his Maker.

Then, out of the silence which was alive with the atmosphere of superstition, Nigel Harrison, the English Postmaster, spoke: "Don't be silly, Dalvar. Surely, you don't believe all this native rubbish? I don't, old man."

"It's all well and good for you to take that attitude, Harrison," my father replied. "You are English, remember, and not used to the tropics. I'm born and bred here and I can assure you, many strange things happen in this mountainous island of ours. Logic and reason can't explain. Like what happened a while ago, for instance."

"Rubbish," Harrison exclaimed, putting the incident out of his mind once and for all.

Soon after that the gathering broke up.

All during the next seven days I lived in a cold sweat of anticipation, keeping my fingers crossed. I took no chances; didn't go swimming; didn't play tennis; or cricket. From work I went straight home. Played the radio and then went to bed.

However, my father's prediction, as I said at the beginning of this story about native superstition or "tall tale"—if you prefer to call it that—did come to pass. One of the persons in the sitting-room was buried—God rest his soul—exactly seven days after that nocturnal insect, the Cricket, flew into the room and out again.

I don't have to tell you that I wasn't that unfortunate person.

Who was it, you ask? My father? Oh no! Whom do you think? Ticoque? Wrong again! No, he's wheezing his life away to a sure three-score and ten years. Skeleton-looking men like Ticoque seem to outlast the robust, healthy types who are forever boasting: "Never been ill a day in my life, knock wood".

But, to revert to my yarn, once more. You must be dying to find out which one of the remaining four in the sitting-room that night passed away as my father predicted. So, I'll set your mind at rest right away.

Why.....it was Mr. Nigel Harrison, the English Postmaster, of course!

One last word! I don't want to cause alarm but, remember..... Mr. Harrison didn't believe in all that "native rubbish." Now, how about you? Do you believe?

## Dangers of One Crop Economy

by Anthony Gregory

It is not dangerous, per se, for a country or region to rely on a single product or narrow group of products for its economic survival. Many economies are built around a single industry and they are doing well. Similarly there is no virtue in diversification for its own sake. The nature and extent of diversification must be related to economic realities.

Before deciding to rest content on the product of one industry, however, a country, regardless of its size, must be sure of the economic soundness of that product. This means that a thorough study must be made of the demand conditions which face the particular industry, demand conditions not only in the coming months and years but for generations ahead. A country is not like an individual farmer. A farmer may grow a particular crop because he is familiar with it, or because his grandfather cultivated it before him, or because he is ignorant of alternatives. A country must be significantly more rational in its choice. A farmer can go bankrupt, a country cannot.



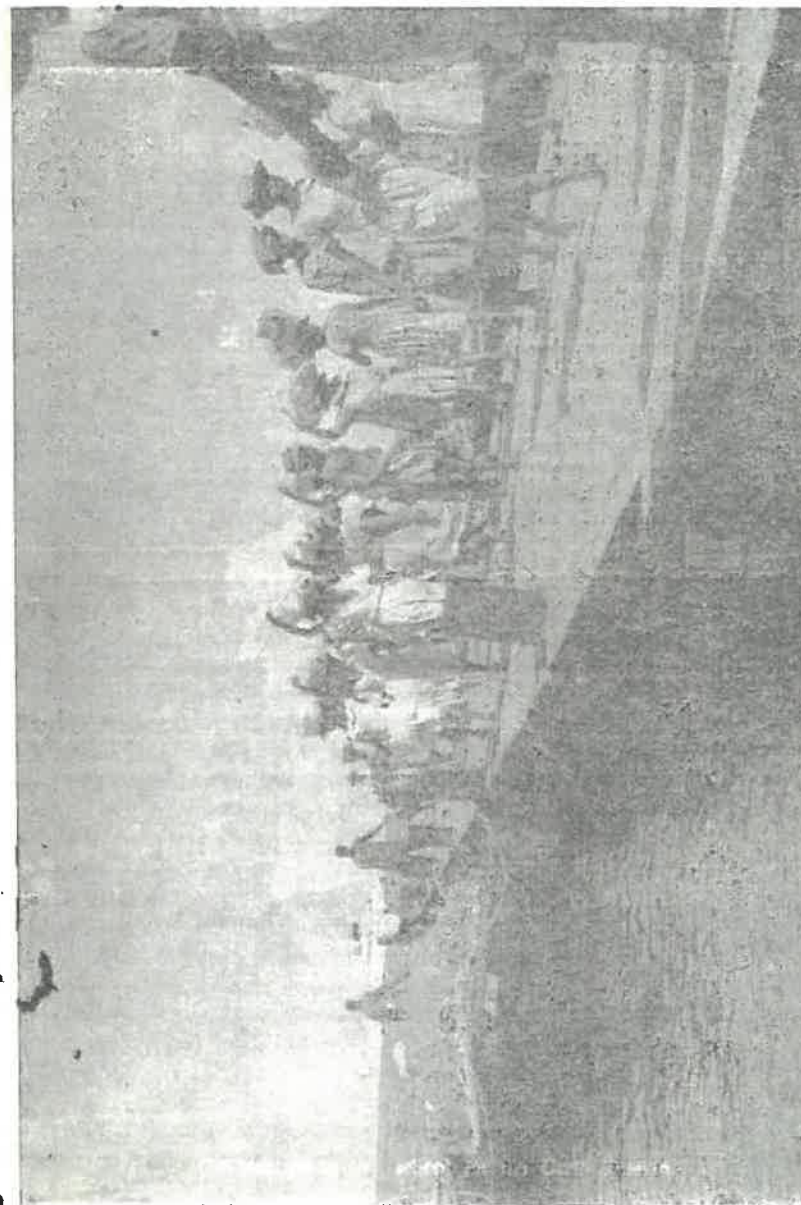
There are a group of industries called primary industries which economists are ing more and more to see as a danger to any country which is prepared to rest its omy on them. Primary industries are characterized by fluctuating prices, fluctng yields, excessive competition, seasonal production and demand and suscepti- y to being undermined by synthetic substitutes. These industries are agricultural their products are unprocessed.

Bananas, which are the bulwark of the Dominican economy are among the most tile of these. It is suicidal to place as much faith in the Banana industry as inica does. It will be remembered that the island once had a similar faith in limes. Dominica is now becoming geared to the production of bananas. A host of ll farmers and agriculturists are straining their skills and capital with a view to ing quick money at little cost through bananas. Farmers seem to have forgotten pletely that there are other crops besides bananas. While protection is main- ed and while the industry gives the appearance of boom, this is all to the advantage ie small farmer and the large estate. In the long run it will be seen for what it is: reat to the stability o the economy.

But I am not advocating that Dominica changes its emphasis from bananas to e other food crop. I am advocating that emphasis be removed from primary istry altogether. This means that processing industry should supplement and tually surplant primary industries, and positive steps should be taken to realize transformation.

I say 'processing' industry. What happens at the moment is that the more ad- ed countries of the world purchase the primary products of the more under- oped, process these, and then re-sell them at much higher prices to the latter tries. It is merely common sense to cut off one step in the process. Thus bana- could form the basis of a processing industry or a multiple of processing indus- . The Jamaica Agricultural Marketing Board is in possession of a booklet which over 120 uses to which bananas can be put. A country starts to move when it omes industry-conscious.

his must not be taken to mean that Dominica should turn completely from Agri- re to in lustry. In fact I think Dominica must strive to become self-sufficient ie production of agricultural products for local consumption. In the field of ex- s however, agriculture has to become the basis on which industry is be built. It is not a co-incidence that the more advanced countries are industrialized. It e nature of industrial products that they can be diversified to an unlimited degree. s they do not impose a strain on any one marketing channel. Because primary icultural products are abundant in their 'unprocessed' state, they fail to command prices or steady markets: Dominica must begin to see Industry and Agriculture qual and complementary partners; until then it will continue to need much larger ts from generous friends than it receives at the moment.



The Banana Industry provides the largest single export crop in Dominica accounting for about 70% of the total value of the gross domestic export. Photo shows women heading bananas to the lighters from the buying shed a few feet away from the Jetty.

## In Memorial

Sheriff Bowers

Perched high atop the ridge  
Near Mahaut's School  
Where the sun-bleached  
White-painted tombstones  
Lean obliquely  
In ordered downhill rows,  
Right to the crashing  
Caribbean waves  
That dash defiance  
Back at the face  
of sea rocks  
shaggy and luxuriant  
with green manes of moss,  
I read remembrance  
on the flowered grave  
of Sheriff's mother.

His father  
had not joined her yet;  
Once he bade me  
seek no further for his son,  
Because one Dominican noonday,  
While my head  
in blacked-out Britain  
Whirled amid the ship-stream  
of learning  
how to fly,  
to bomb,  
to kill,  
Sheriff lay dead.

Edward Scobie

## Educating Our Youth

Hon. Wills S. Stevens,

*Minister for Labour and Social Services*

Today we in Dominica are aspiring to nationhood, and it is our duty to re-examine with the utmost care the underlying reason for educating our youths. In the first place we educate the individual, then he is entitled to have all his faculties developed for his own sake. He has to be educated for the contribution which he, as an individual, must make to the community in which he lives.

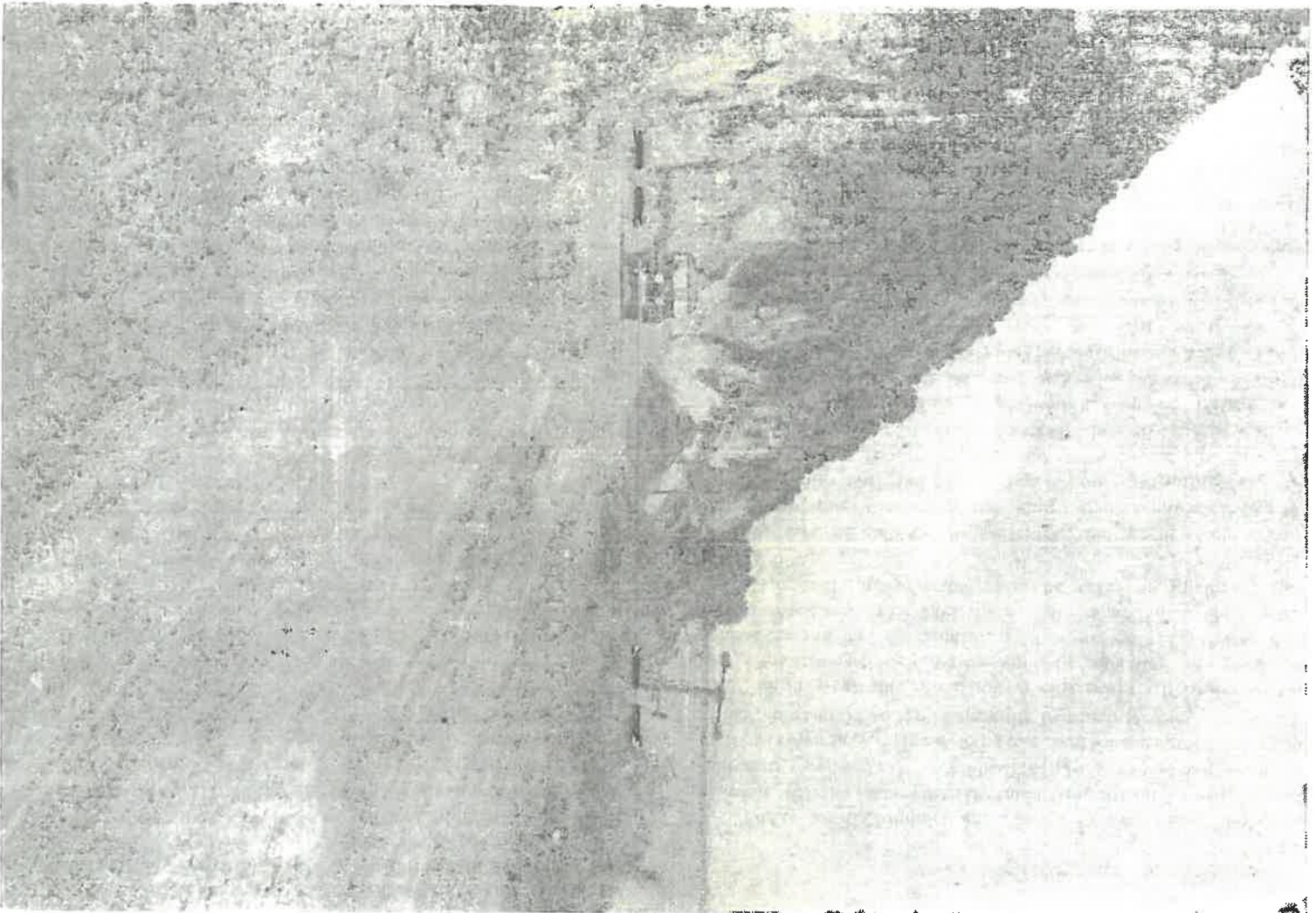
You may call this education for citizenship. If education for citizenship, then that citizenship is world citizenship. In educating our youths we have to guard against the maxim "my country, right or wrong". Complete living is an important aim in education. Our Lord Jesus spoke of abundant life which is the same thing. The individual is not educated unless he takes an intelligent interest in all things around him.

We educate children to use leisure, and use it wisely. Too little is done to impress upon our youths that they have to have complete living, that their lives must be divided into work and play. Play, of course, means relaxation, pleasure, rest, fun and enjoyment. In our scientific and technological age, leisure must receive more emphasis. We must be educated to know how to use this leisure, if life is not to be a burden, as well as a source of getting into trouble. Hence, the need for including in our curriculum the fine arts, and such other activities which will enable boys and girls to create for themselves a wide choice for leisure activities of some sort. Moreover, education must have vocational aims. Our youths have to earn a living, not in a past world, but now and in the future. So naturally, they have to be trained to fit in with an economy by which they must earn a living.

A few things die hard in society-education, religion, and custom. It is almost impossible to get people to revise the things or ideas to which they were brought up. You preach "eat better and more nourishing food," it is not so much ignorance and poverty why people do not improve their diet, it is mainly because of custom. If only people accommodate themselves to this changing world, as ladies readily plunge themselves into changes in fashion and dress, we certainly would have a more progressive community. And so one more important aim in education is to instill into our youths, the place and importance of change in the age in which we live.

I now come to a policy for education, not just for Dominica, but for the region and for the world in which we live. The home is the first place where the change must begin. Education, we all know, begins before birth. Mothers ought to have training in motherhood, and it is in the home that the child lives the early part of its

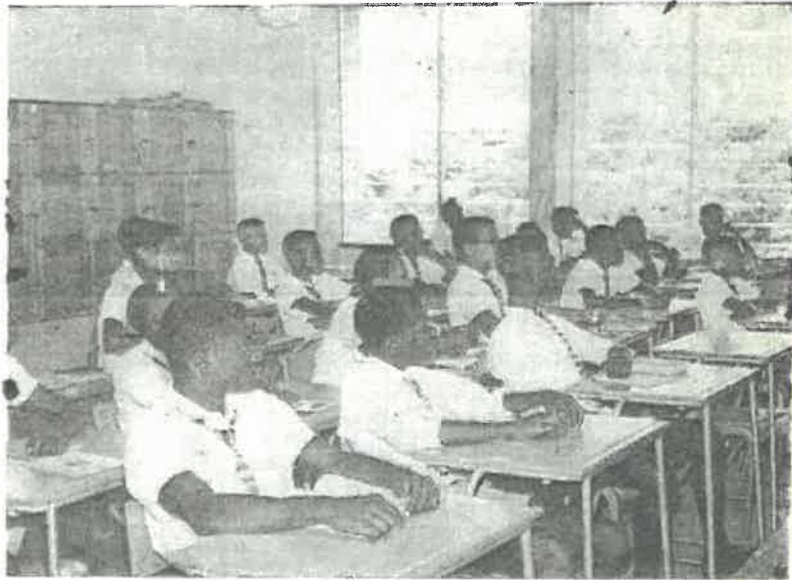
Roads,



Roads,

Point Michel, Soufriere Road built 1962—3 cuts out the sea journey from Roseau to Scott Head.





Boys at class during a lesson at the Grammar School.

Its mother, as well as Mother Nature, is its sole Teacher and Educator. Adult education then, including this type of education for the mother-to-be is a *must*.

Today a mother goes to work before the child is one year old and the best part of child's education is completely cut off. The Infant school takes up at five. The child has not had adequate and proper training before coming into school. It does not speak properly. It has not learnt to adjust itself to its environment before coming to school. The school takes over and must take this into consideration, and postpone formal education for a year so that the child can be prepared for formal learning in the three R's and other topics.

In the Junior School, formal education gets into its stride, and the child is prepared for further education, and perhaps secondary education. This secondary education at a secondary school consists of learning things by rote, more often than not, to satisfy examining bodies. This is where the temptation is great. The child is made to fit the syllabus, and not the syllabus to fit the child. The syllabus hardly allows for breadth and depth in education; too often a pupil cannot think connectedly, cannot speak correctly, or read with expression. But he graduates. He gets a

job for which he is hardly fitted.

Government is concerned about all the physical handicaps of education. At present our biggest problem is to find adequate modern accommodation for pupils of all ages. Infants also need ample space for development and we are spending all our efforts to get better schools, primary and secondary in Dominica. We are doing what we can to train teachers in all fields and aspects of education.

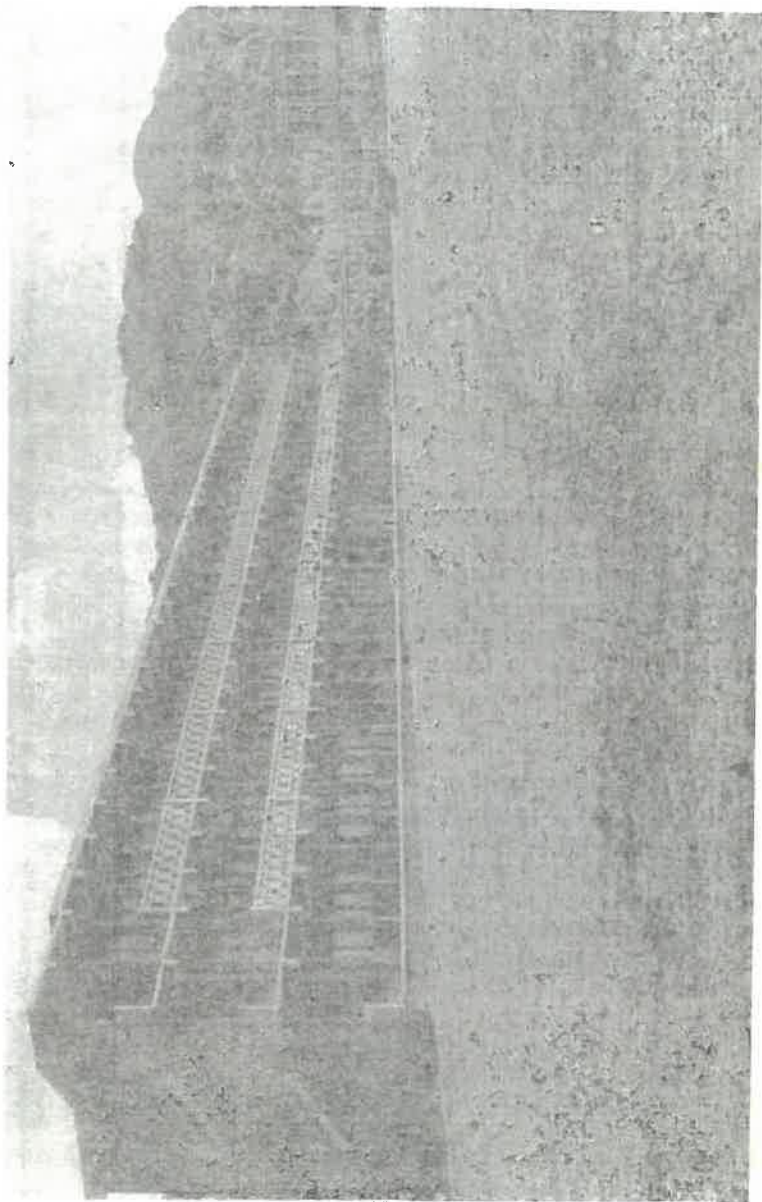
If education is to derive the best for each child, Government feels that education from the Infant school to the University should be free, and as soon as our economy increases sufficiently, this will have to be gone into. I propose to make the Goodwill school the first experiment in a practical type of secondary education, and pupils going there will have such an education free, so long as we can provide the necessary staff, for there will be ample space for at least 150 additional pupils at that school.

Secondary education for most people means the old set of subjects on the curriculum, without a single stroke of work done by the hand. I shall expect the new board to examine the syllabuses of secondary schools with a view to including work with the hand. One evil must be tided in the field of education, particularly in the secondary school, is, that work with the hand is degrading, and that when you go to a secondary school, work with the hand is a disgrace. This false pride is a handicap to the economic and social progress of Dominica. With it goes the deep-seated idea that the secondary school is a means of putting you in a higher class of society. You, as a pupil, are shut off from your friends and even your parents if you go to a secondary school. This applies also to university students and graduates.

In February 1964, a report from the Graduates and Undergraduates Guild, came before the university's council that people are uncooperative after graduating, and are inclined to be filled with their own self-importance and are stand-offish. We debated the subject for a long time and the Chancellor of the university urged the Principal and others concerned to see that this evil is redeemed. Even here in Dominica there is such a tendency and when genuine efforts are made to correct it, the press and public fail to recognise what is at stake, until the disease eats at the very vitals of social life. I do not think the community can afford to pay taxes to educate people to generate cleavages in our society.

To go back to vocational and technical education we need pay particular attention to this very important aspect of education. In all advanced countries vocational and technical education is a religion, a *must*, and the sooner we in Dominica get busy about it the better.

Uniformity in secondary education is a subject on which I want the candid opinion of the Board of Education, not at this moment but later. Holidays should be uniform for all secondary schools. It should be borne in mind that Government is responsible for the education system in a state, especially when it contributes considerable sums for education. Time for opening and closing of school should be



The new Dominica Grammar School opposite the Botanical Gardens, opened in 1963.

uniform. Dominica is too small to have different systems and practices in education. Regard must be had as to what obtains in the other islands of the Eastern Caribbean. It is not healthy for our society to have one set of our children at school and another set at large in the community. There is a wave of violence among our youths, and a good deal of unsocial behaviour. Both primary and secondary schools will have a greater part to play in this growing menace to our society, by including in its curriculum and on its time table a place for character training. It must be dealt with directly. Let boys and girls know e.g., in a direct manner what honesty implies, and the evils of dishonesty.

We have to raise our standards in all schools. We have too many offers of scholarships and courses from various parts of the Commonwealth and outside offered, and too often our students have not the proper qualifications to accept these. Let efficiency be the watchword. Large crowded classes are evils to be removed, and as I said before, we are doing all we can to provide all the necessary space and accommodation so that education can be carried out in a proper climate.

## Mama's Food

by Earl Andre

Jim was on his usual journey—carrying lunch to his mother on Mr. P's estate, some three quarters of a mile from the village in which they lived, when he met two boys of about his own age—ten. One of them was his schoolmate Tom Salls, and the other, well, although they had seen each other before, they had never exchanged words. His name was John.

"We going for mangoes, coming with us?" Jim studied the food-carrier which he was holding in his right hand then looked at Tom. "O. K. I going with awl you, but I not staying loag"

Soon afterwards Tom led the way to the left, away from the main road and into a little half-grassy half-muddy track which twisted its way into the bushes. Sometimes ducking, and sometimes pushing branches either to the right or to the left, they moved forward, scarcely saying anything until they came to a clearing.

"Look it" said Tom pointing a little to the right. "It chargè, garcon. Boy de thing loaded". Jim and John looked sharply to their right, and there it was, not a very big tree, bathing in sunshine, and covered with rosy and golden fruits.

Jim hid the carrier away in the bushes before he approached the mango tree any closer.

"Awl you, I cannot climb to-day, non, I have a glan" said Tom. "I will climb" said Jim, and up he went looking as eager as a hawk which had just spied his prey. As



ulled himself from one branch to another, Jim thought that maybe Tom wasn't  
y sick. Perhaps he wanted to remain on the ground to collect.

"Jim! Jim! look a gwap." "Where?" inquired Jim "On top your head,"  
ied John. "Fellas, I seeing so many of them, I don know which one to tackle  
".

Jim stretched out his right hand and plucked a mango from a branch which was  
i closer to him than the one about which his friends had spoken. His teeth sank  
the pulpy fruit, some of the juice went rushing down his chin and elbow then

### Nurses at Princess Margaret Hospital



Princess Margaret Hospital at Goodwill was built in 1957.

into the ground beneath where his two friends were looking up and feeling already  
the water coming into their mouths.

"Send one for me," said Tom.

"Shake di grap man", said John.

Jim did neither. "I climb, so I must full my belly first heh! heh!" he replied.

"O. K. I know what I will do," said Tom and so saying he collected two stones  
and threw them at a branch. There was a sound like miniature rockets taking  
off, as the stones sailed through the leaves, then the lull as mangoes dropped to  
the ground. "Mine my head, all you will burst my head"; but this did not bother  
his two friends. John joined Tom in stone throwing and so the flare became quite  
noisy. Leaves and mangoes falling and poor Jim crying Fan tete ca wan un ti  
gleau rouge," but they kept on. "O.K. fellas, I comin down, gimme a break".

He had scarcely left his perch when he realised how quiet it had suddenly become.  
Tom and John? They were gone, and instead, a big rough voice was saying "Come  
an get something, di two odders escape but you will pay for all".

Jim was so surprised, that for a few moments he could only stare at the big rough  
man on the ground twelve feet below him, while he held fast the branch which he was  
about to leave.

"I say come down," the man said sternly. But Jim did not move. "Sir, I didn  
pick your mango non." "I don say you pick," the man broke in, "all I say is come  
down." As he spoke he became more and more angry, and Jim realised that soon he  
would have to decide upon something.

"Look here boy, you want me to come and get you"? He drew two steps closer  
to the trunk of the tree, as he did so, keeping his eyes all the time glued on poor Jim  
up there. Jim thought that he had observed something funny about the guard—his  
step.....it did not look so steady. "He limping," he said to himself.

"Well sir, if you want me.....come an.....get me." This drove the  
man so mad that he took two more angry steps towards the tree, and that time too,  
Jim saw it. Definitely the man was in some sort of pain. He was trying to hide a  
limp. "Probably he was wounded or something," thought Jim.

The man came closer, close enough to rest his right hand on the tree trunk. As  
he did so, he looked around anxiously, as though he had been expecting something,  
some help, which had not yet turned up. Jim himself tried in vain not to think of  
what it might be.

"Another guard? a nice long whip? It could even be a big strong savage dog."

Poor Jim again began to climb, slowly but nervously, and watching the guard at  
every step, till he reached a branch which was only about nine feet from the ground.

"I will jump and run," he thought and almost at the same instant the man called—  
"Rover! Rover! come quick," and he looked around more anxiously than ever, and  
was beginning to move to a position under where Jim was now standing. "Mash!



sh!" cried Jim as he hopped to the ground and ran off. "Hole him Rover! e him!" he cried in vain; Rover wasn't there and Jim disappeared into the hes.

Soon Jim was on the main-road, a frightened boy gasping for breath but satisfied h his escape. As he walked on, he began to wonder about Tom and John.

"Jim, we was waiting for you," said Tom, "How you escape non?" asked John. y di man is a bad man oui. An he have one big dog." "I didn see no dog," l Jim "but I hear him call one. Garcon, when I hear that boy I ony jump down I mete for de grass."

They were about to move on when Tom said "Jim, boy, you forget something." :now, I know," Jim replied. "Boy," said John "perhaps is that dat save you, eh! log pahaps fine de carrier so it begin to chaw instead of coming when de guard it."

"Boy, tell your mother you miss a fall, and di carrier go down a precipiece." at's a good one, look at how the tree bruise you. Tell her is a stone dat do dat," l Tom. "Boy, before you go, you must clean your mouth, all your mouth is mango ag, she will suspect."

### The Return Home

With adolescent speed I fled;  
Leaving the mountain-glowing Caribbean shores  
Jigsaw-veined with three hundred and sixty-five  
Year in year out rivers  
Leap-frogging over sun-roasted hot rocks,  
Past estates fertile with banana trees,  
Down to the open sesame sea-mouth;  
And journeyed north to war.  
When Herr Adolph was brandishing his brush,  
Painting all Europe blood-red  
With the panzered master race of men.  
Now I am home,  
Like Ulysses  
I shall no more longer roam.

Edward Scobie

### Dominica's National Dress

The "ghip" was the very first form of creole dress and began to be worn around l, some fifty years before Emancipation. Female field slaves used to be issued and to wear, estate livery or 'livre' consisting of a piece of denim or chambray.

Household slaves wore the same but estate owners, or more likely their wives, began to dress their slaves in a simplified version of their own rather elaborate European costumes.

A freed female slave, freed often because she was pregnant and the estate owner father wished his mulatto offspring to be borne free, understandably disdained the slave outfit and altered it into the ghip. This was and remains an ankle length, full and brightly coloured madras or print skirt, worn over a white chemise. The chemise had elbow length sleeves and a near-decolletè round low neck. A madras handkerchief provided the headpiece and another was folded and used as a neckerchief or foulard.



Scene from an eighteenth century colour-print of a group of freed Negroes of Dominica when the Island was in the possession of France.



Mrs. G. Didier, member of the Dominica Tourist Association on the Roseau Jetty, in traditional Robe Douiette Costume, extends a hearty welcome to Tourists and other visitors

Freed slaves often turned to becoming retail vendors or marchandes for the rooms and warehouses along the landing point or Bay Front. They carried r stocks in huge Carib baskets or used young male slaves they themselves acquired. they grew in affluence they added touches to the original costume, especially orate jewelry and one or more embroidered chemises of the finest linen or batiste. d links were added to be worn on the chemise sleeves and a velvet jacket later for rch services.

Starching the petticoats to stiffness was not at first usual though the bulkiness of dress skirt soon persuaded the wearer to draw it up and loop it over her left arm allow easier movement.

Along with these gradual changes class prejudice was rearing its head and the s and even more so the once-slave-now-free mistresses of estate owners could bear to be associated with this constant reminder of their recent past. The illette type of dress began to make its appearance, though in sombre shades and rained patterns thought to be more "respectable". The headkerchief was still rn but the foulard gradually diminished to become not much more than a collar to

the dress. Inside it came to be worn a small square of white batiste, pinned at the throat with a gold brooch.

On to the scene now steps the many-splendoured "Creole Matador". Not acceptable by the "respectable" and not ready to emulate the fatalistic humility of the marchandeuse she fluted what she had. No colour was too bright, no madras too showy, no brocade too expensive. Her ordinary weekday dress was a brilliantly flowered print or madras with white starched petticoats. On highdays and holidays she drew all eyes with her rich brocade and tiers of accordin pleated stiff petticoats. Her foulard was a work of art, often having a silken fringed edge. Her mass of jewelry came from Paris via Martinique. (One outstanding piece of jewelry consisted of a pair of earrings, each shaped like a bird's nest, with three pearly white eggs in each. A little bird in gold was perched on the edge of each nest which was made of tiny twigs). But her crowning glory, in more senses than one, was her turban.

This consisted of a square of madras tied to produce two or three points, then mounted and pinned on a paper base, then painted with a mixture of saffron and gum arabic.

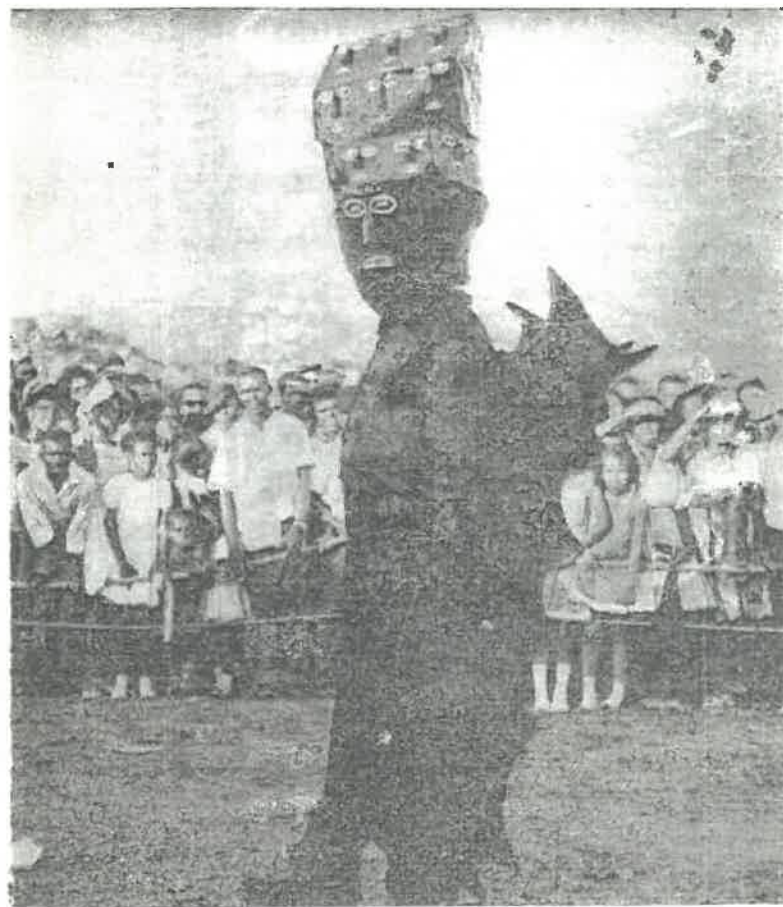
With it the matador was "ready for the Kill" and gossip of the day is loaded with mention of her many successful encounters with the bulls (two-legged) of the period.

### R.I.P. La Peau Cabrit

Requiescat in pace,  
 Yes, rest in peace  
 Tete Dorade,  
 Do not rage and fume  
 in the glades of your tomb,  
 For even the dead  
 of yesteryears' masquerades  
 must face the changing years.  
 Darkies,  
 Red ochre,  
 Old rags,  
 Black dress and corset,  
 Bands mauvais,  
 And the fetish Africa beat  
 of la peau cabrit  
 all are dead.  
 Dead Dead.

Requiescat in pace,  
Merrill Anthony,  
You, too, must lie in peace.  
Once you carried the burden  
and sins  
of a band mauvais  
that beat  
and crushed  
the iron heart  
of Leighton.

On this year's Monday and  
Tuesday you were not forgotten,  
Neil was there  
all chaque chaque  
and memories.  
Your brother Owen  
did not chip-chip,  
But sat home sad-faced.  
Harold  
from snow-caked New York  
warmed his frost-bitten blood  
with the ancient oak beverage  
in Dominica's noonday sun,  
Wilford  
brandished  
a mythical unseen  
left-hand stick.  
Ivan  
from the old Cork Street base  
uncorked his bottles,  
muttering,  
shaking his head  
with disbelief,  
not wanting to look  
out of the window.  
I was there, too,  
with a score of exile years  
behind me.  
Yes, we were ranting,  
And cursing,  
And crying in our cups  
for yesterday's  
la peau cabrit days  
that died with Tete  
and you.



Costume worn during Carnival 1965 representing a bat-suited lucifer in this age of automation.



I will tell you  
what you would have seen  
this year.  
You, Tete,  
And Merrill, too,  
had resurrection  
opened up your graves  
for you:  
No cowhorns,  
sticks,  
iron bars,  
wooden pistols,  
wire swords,  
cowhide whips,  
bat-suited clowns  
with their tinkling bells,  
cowboys,  
Or Red Indians.

And you would have  
sought sanctuary  
back in your spirit shades,  
at the crowning insult  
to your searching eyes,  
For you would have beheld  
open cognito faces,  
Unashamed  
in their jump-up,  
without masks.  
Yes,  
Unmasked.  
No wire masks  
bought from C. G's,  
No pig-mouth mask  
from the dappy daponed  
blacksmith Stanford.  
Only empty flapping hands,  
Open sweat-stained faces.  
Nothing  
to remind us  
of our masquerade past.



Carnival Queen, 1965, Miss Evadney Charles.

Even the name  
 has altered its costume.  
 Masquerade is passe.  
 As dead as you, Merrill,  
 And you, Tete.  
 It is now Carnival  
 Our younger ones  
 choosing to mimic Trinidad.  
 Like this calypsonian humming bird  
 we crowned a Calypso King.  
 Still playing the copycatting game  
 We displayed our Carnival Queens  
 armed to their smiling teeth  
 with cheese cake,  
 vital statistics,  
 Youth,  
 Beauty,  
 before a sell-out crowd  
 in our Carib cinema  
 Not content  
 We took more imitations  
 to our Windsor Park.



Band of unmasked revellers chip-chipping in one of the Roseau streets during  
 arnival, 1965.

Floats,  
 all types  
 and sizes:  
 Most Original Float,  
 Best Historical Float,  
 Best Advertising Float,  
 Best Children's Float,  
 Yes, Merrill,  
 Yes, Tete,  
 No one dare tell you  
 that we did not show  
 a truckful of floats  
 that Sunday afternoon.  
 Before the dawn  
 on Monday,  
 I waited for jouvert time.  
 Believe me,  
 It was a pappi-show  
 of a show,  
 Before judges,  
 All prim  
 and quite quite proper  
 in the front of the closed doors  
 of the Carib.  
 Not like your jour ouvert  
 Mondays, Tete,  
 When Merrill  
 and the band mauvais  
 gond-ed down  
 from New Town way.  
 'Monday morning's parade  
 of bands was excellent',  
 so crowed scribe Kookie.  
 I ask you Tete,  
 I say the same to you, Merrill.  
 Have you ever heard  
 of such a thing?  
 Your bands parading  
 all goody-goody,  
 to be judged for prizes?  
 Not on your dead lives.  
 Masquerade,  
 I am sorry,  
 No, Carnival,  
 the elders cry,  
 is kid stuff.  
 No sticks,  
 or bands clashing

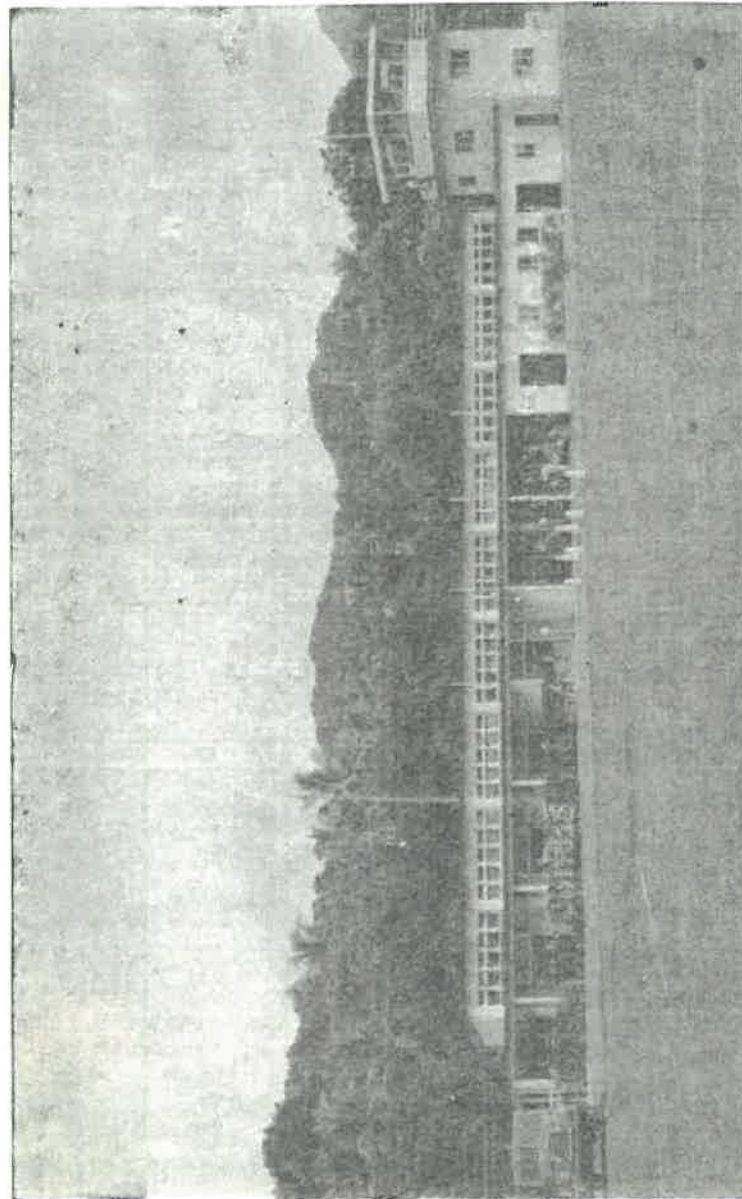
and cleaving a way  
through each other.  
But chip-chippers  
jumping up  
in one-way streets  
to steel band music  
and calypsoes,  
And 'Wayward Boys'  
that did not see their birth  
in the Dominica  
we knew.

Resquiescat in pace  
That is why I sing  
with saddened voice  
and mournful heart,  
not 'Adieu William-o'  
As the band mauvais  
once sang  
many masquerades ago,  
But 'Adieu la peau cabrit-o',  
'Adieu Merrill-o'  
'Adieu Tete Dorade-o'  
'Adieu Masquerade-o'  
Your past,  
Our buried years  
is dead.  
Dead.  
Dead.

### The Truants

by ALIOK LAZARE

non greeted the beaming sun with a chirpy whistle as he trudged along the  
y path, his spreading toes clutching the cold brown earth.  
Don' forget de salt, Si," his mother shouted from the smoky kitchen.  
Jo, Ma," he replied, and whistled his gay, irregular tune.  
s exercise book was in his bosom. A stub of pencil attached to a string, hung  
button in his shirt. Precariously perched on his head he carried a basket  
with milk bottles and a bouquets—daisies, lilies and sweet william. Swinging  
' along past the meadows where the brown cows munched the dewy grass, past  
gling sulphur springs belching hot vapour that hung suspended in the cool,



Melville Hall Airport in the north-eastern section of Dominica was opened in 1961. There are flights every day except Sundays linking Dominica with the rest of the islands in the Caribbean.



air, past the sugar mill with its gigantic water wheel and tall black chimney, and tains of bagasse suffusing the atmosphere with a sweet stale stench, he came at the path that led down into the valley where Jonas lived.

Upon everything was the cool brilliance of the morning sun before the dew rates into the shimmering light. Beyond the flats of the valley where and fell on two sides into a dark gorge, thin clouds of steam rose; and there was cessant rumbling of a falling stream, the hot stream that flowed from the sulphur s and fell and mingled at last in the mellowing ravine. And there were the s that filled the darkness of the gorge and the sighing bamboo clumps rising in ng greenery to the edge of the road.

Simon cupped his hands and shouted clear across the valley

"Jo-n-a-a-s-s"

The sound seemed to flow in rolling waves far into the distance long after Jonas d with a feeble halloo from the interior of his father's little hut down in the "at the gorge. Jonas emerged from his rustic home hastily thrusting his exercise into his bosom. He picked up a few bouquets of lillies and a can of fresh straw s from the path that led out of the kitchen and flower garden and clambered up ep track to the road where Simon stood waiting. They walked together, two boys breathing the wholesome rustic morning on their way to school.

"Angus pas a'ready?" Simon asked.

"I didn' see him." Jonas replied, and they walked along in silence.

Jonas stopped, and laid his strawberries and flowers in the middle of the road. kked up a stone and threw it savagely into a bamboo clump. The stone rattled g the hollow stems.

"A calalee", he explained to Simon.

"Whey it?" Simon picked up a stone. "It fly."

"Why you didn' show me? I more marksman dan you".

"You have your catapult?" Jonas asked.

"No! Teacher take it yesterday."

"At the distance where the road stood clear against the brow of the hill two s appeared.

"Look. Angus in front," Simon said.

"Who dat wif him? Matilda?"

"Yes. Le's mark dem."

The boys quickened their steps.

"They chuck down Angus to A.B.C." Jonas said.

"Angus too dunce. Is only food and girls he studying." Simon said in dis- "He was in first standard. They chuck him down to G-o-go, an' now they

chuck him down to A-B-C."

"All he studying is to pull Matilda down in grass."

"An' buy popsicle wif his mother money."

On either side of the avenue of coconut trees grapefruit hung, large and yellow on the overburdened trees. A tiny stream of clear cool water flowed from the field on the left into the drain that ran alongside the road. The boys waded into the stream, plucked the broad leaf of a dasheen plant, folded this into a cup, stooped and drank in delicious draughts the crystal water. Simon stood up.

"The grapefruits ripe" he observed.

"You think de guard dere?" Jonas looked around apprehensively.

"Even if he dere? You think Dondo could ketch anybody? De only thing I know Dondo ever ketch is a col' and wasn' even a runnin' col'."

"De other day he ketch Mobee."

"Man Mobee is a dondu. Even his shadow could ketch him.....This part of the field sweeter; you see how the birds an' dem full de tree?"

And they went and sampled the grapefruits unheeding. Then they continued on their way, carefree and happy.

An old man and his donkey were blocking the way of a jeep. The driver honked impatiently. The old man pulled at the rope around the donkey's neck. He whipped the animal. He cursed it. The donkey stood unmoving, spitefully obstinate.

"Mister", the driver shouted with annoyance. "Move your brudder from the de public road, non."

"Yes, Sah", the old man replied.

"Gee!" the old man urged the donkey.

"Gee. Gee!" the boys joined in the fun, flailing the ass with sticks. The donkey kicked and bolted into the field. The old man swore, and chased the ass. The dogs chased after them both and the boys chased them all.

"Le's hurry up an' meet Angus' an' dem," Jonas said when they had regained the high-road. They quickened their pace.

Guinea-grass like green, breaking billows hung over the edge of the road. Just where the road began its tortuous descent to the broad river the trees grew thick and dark. They never passed that spot without looking.

Jonas stopped suddenly. He parted the tall grass and revealed a basket covered with green banana leaves.

"They in dere," he whispered.

Simon grinned.

"Le's go after dem," Simon said.

Stealthily they crept into the dark woods. Simon put his finger to his lips.

"You hear them?" he whispered.

Jonas nodded.

The two boys crept away again, hardly containing their laughter. Under the ridge that spanned the river the water ran dark and deep.

"Le's go an' bathe", Simon said, and they ran onto the concrete ledge below the ridge. Naked, they splashed into the cool water, forgetful of all else but their own enjoyment. Then they pulled their glistening bodies out of the water and proceeded to dress themselves.

"I have to bring de milk", Simon remarked, "An' I'll be late."

"We'll reach to school late too," Jonas observed.

"An' teacher will beat us", Simon added.

After a while he spoke with decision, "I not going to school."

"You not goin'?" Jonas enquired timidly.

"No, Le's make toobac."

Jonas didn't answer, but he knew he would follow Simon.

Along the grey asphalt road that followed the course of the river into town, the boys trudged gaily kicking the yellow limes that fell on the roadside. The walk into town was brief. On arrival they each went their separate ways to deliver their messages and to meet again.

Jonas was waiting for Simon at the appointed place. Together they went towards the garden where the fruits were plentiful and the guard was especially ferocious. They expected a lot of excitement goading the guard all over the garden.

It was a hot day and after a few unsuccessful attempts to lure the guard into the garden game of hares and hounds, the boys betook themselves to the sea-shore for a more interesting recreation.

Seaweed like green slimy locks of hair rose and fell over the rocks with the ebb and flow of the water. The smell of the sea was strong, potent, saline. The grey rocks lay in the sun like crabs upon the bigger rocks that littered the shore. As the boys approached they disappeared into crevices or splashed into the tiny pools that were scattered in the hollows.

"Le's go for a swim.", Simon suggested.

"The water too dark." Jonas hugged his knees as he sat on a rock well away from the water. The weather had grown cloudy and dull, and the water looked grey and luggish and uninviting.

"You afraid", Simon challenged.

"No. I not afraid. It too dark."

"You afraid."

"No. I not afraid."

Simon grinned.

"If you is a hero, come with me. I is Tarzan."

He proceeded to divest himself of his two bits of garment. He waded out into the shallow water and with a wild cry, dived in and struck out. Jonas looked at him

uncertainly. Then he, too, undressed and dived in. For some time they splashed around joyfully. Then Simon became suddenly quiet and contemplated the horizon. After a while he said quietly.

"Le's go out."

He struck out determinedly. Jonas hesitated for a moment, then followed. With no sound but the splashing of water as their arms dipped in and out again, they swam out into the deep, out where the water was cold and dark and bottomless. Silently, they swam, further and further away.

Then suddenly with a shriek of laughter Simon turned towards shore.

"Shark!" he shouted, "Shark! Shark!"

Desperately, Jonas trailed behind, panting and fearful.

Simon kept on laughing and screeching merrily. He listened for a response from Jonas. But there was none. Jonas seemed to have stopped swimming. Simon turned about. There was no Jonas. Then a head popped out of the water and arms flailing the surface desperately only to disappear again. Then the head reappeared again and Simon saw the horrible look on the face — the wide bulging eyes, the gasping mouth, and the fear, the agony, the desperation. He panicked.

"Jonas!" he screamed. "Jonas! O Jonas!"

He swam out towards his friend and as Jonas came up once more, he tried to hold him above the surface. He felt the clutch of Jonas' hands and the arms closing about his neck. He heard the terrible roar of the water as it closed about his ears. He thrashed about violently. He came to the surface gasping for air; but the suffocating pressure about his throat, the dragging weight around his neck pulled him down so that his gasp for air ended in a great gulp of sea water. He tried to throw Jonas away from him, but the boy's grip seemed only to tighten the more. A brief glimpse of daylight only to be smothered in the cold bosom of the ocean once more. His whole life seemed to pass before his eyes like a brief episode, a flash of lightning. And as he rose above the surface for the last time he heard again his mother's voice:

"Don't forget de salt, Si."

"Don't forget de salt....."

"Don't forget de....."

"Don't forget....."

"Don't....."

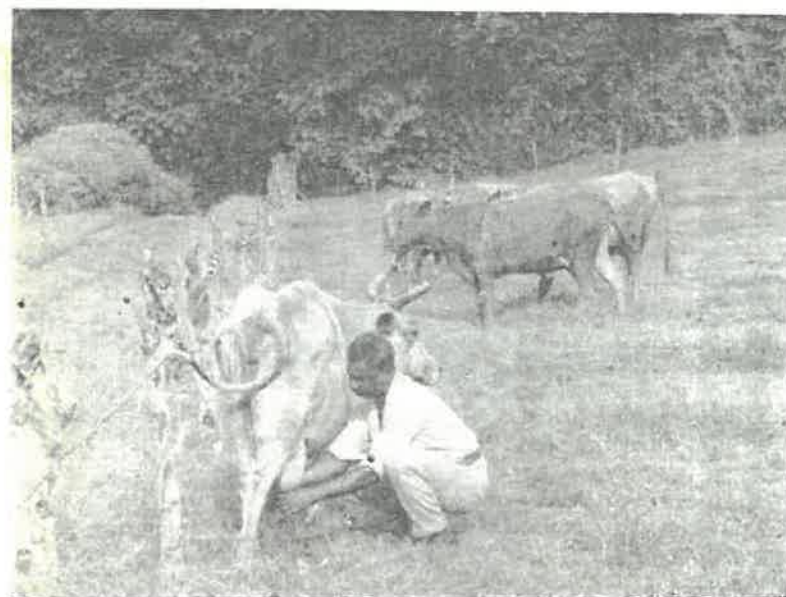
## Dominica's Domestic Market

We turn now to the domestic market for local produce. It strikes one immediately that the domestic market is all but completely unexploited by local investors. Dominica imports far too many commodities which can be profitably produced locally.

At the outset I want to give a list of some of these commodities with import values which are approximations to those given in the annual Trade Report for 1962 and 1963.

Commodity	1962 (\$WT)	1963(\$WT)
Poultry	147,000	132,000
Salted Pork	112,000	113,000
Swine	8,000	5,500
Evaporated Milk & Cream	29,000	35,000
Condensed Milk & Cream	78,000	108,000
Eggs	15,000	7,000
Biscuits (sweet)	36,000	30,000
Biscuits (unsweet)	43,000	45,000
Jams, Jellies etc.	3,500	3,000
Grapefruit Juice	1,000	500
Orange Juice	800	400
Fruit Juices	4,000	4,000
Potatoes	31,000	23,000
Beans, peas etc.	46,000	64,000
Garlic	17,000	17,000
Onions	33,000	34,000
Vegetables	5,500	5,500
Soups and Juices (veg.)	5,000	4,000
Preserved vegetables	10,000	13,000
Coffee Beans	16,600	15,500
Coffee extracts	29,000	19,500
Cement	223,800	149,600

The above is not a complete inventory of the products which can be produced locally for which there is a certain domestic market. Nor am I suggesting that all the commodities mentioned are necessarily fitted to local conditions. Before it is produced each commodity will have to be assessed on its merits. But even though, as quite unlikely, half of these commodities are deemed unsuitable, there still remains a wide group of products, mainly agricultural, which can be cut off the import list.



The Central Livestock Farm supplies milk for the whole of Roseau. (in photo). Farm worker milking one of the cows.

The local production of these commodities will not only mean lower prices and higher national saving but will provide a great deal of employment and self respect for Dominica's underemployed labour force. Why has this gone unnoticed for so long in a country considered poor?

One item needs special reference, eggs. The fall in the value of imports of eggs in 1963 to less than half the value in 1962 is very revealing. The population did not consume less eggs. It simply means that more locally produced eggs were consumed, and there is no doubt that those who were enterprising enough to grab the golden goose must have garnered large profits. Egg production is not a special case. What happened in the case of eggs could happen in any other case.

The domestic market will have to be protected if the local producer is to be encouraged. Protection would not be so essential if the spirit of enterprise hitherto alluded to was strong. The fear of competition from imported products must be removed. Imports can be restricted by the imposition of high tariffs or curtailed altogether by a ban.



There is one loophole. Because most of the goods listed are regarded as necessities it would be unwise to impose restrictions on imports until local production was established. But there is no reason to believe that if prospective investors are sure of a selling outlet they will not produce. I think the difficulty at present is a general lack of opportunity. The marketing agency proposed by guaranteeing the sale of certain products listed on a published index and by maintaining fixed prices to the producer go a long way in inspiring local investors with confidence. The aims should now be clear. Self sufficiency at home in as many products as possible and an increase in the volume of foreign exchange held abroad for the purpose of maintaining capital and other essential needs, should be the twin goals of our economic policy. These goals, as has been shown, imply a lessening of imports and an expansion of exports.

### Marchand Poisson

"Gros coulihou frais! Gros coulihou frais!  
Mi moi ici, qu'on criez moi?"  
She bustles with pride,  
Along the roadside,  
Past middle-class porticoes,  
Her voice echoes inside.

"Comment coulihou, Vio?"  
"Trois pour cinq gros,  
C'est a c'elle ment yo sortie bord la mer."  
"Oh! I'm so sorry my dear,  
They're too expensive I fear,  
I think I'll have codfish and avocado pear."

"Ah! mais zor maichanstais;  
Zor pas vlemoi manger;  
Et garcon moi,  
l'cole il oblilelge'aller".  
"That's hardly my concern,  
And why should your boy learn  
To outstrip my son Godfrey,  
And his position to spurn?"

"Dius tout ca 'ous vle,  
Ces temps la cay changer,  
S'il ni Bon Dieu en ciel  
ca garder nous."  
"I adjure you invocation,  
I'm not subject to trepidation,  
Remain reconciled with your own humble station."



Shortage of fresh fish has always been one of the problems the Government of Dominica has had to cope with. That is why it established an island-wide Fisheries Co-operative with outboard motors available to members on hire purchase. In picture is a group of fishermen with Fisheries Officer (right).

“Tend ca moi ca dis. Bon  
Voi meilleur jeter les poisson,  
Zor mulatre! eh bien! mi monde qui cheap”..  
So she replaces her load,  
Her cry awakens the road,  
Her faith in the future by none understood.

“Gros coulihou frais! Gros coulihou frais!  
Si personne vle veni hacher,  
Venir vite avan moi aller.”

W.R.F. WATTY.

### Industry From Our Forests

One of Dominica's chief natural resources is its forests. More than seventy-five per cent of the total land area of the island is still under virgin forest. While some regard this as economically unprogressive and to some extent it may be, yet probably this is one of Dominica's good fortunes in more ways than one. It is good now that Government is sparing no pains to get a firm to come to Dominica to utilize the forest resources.

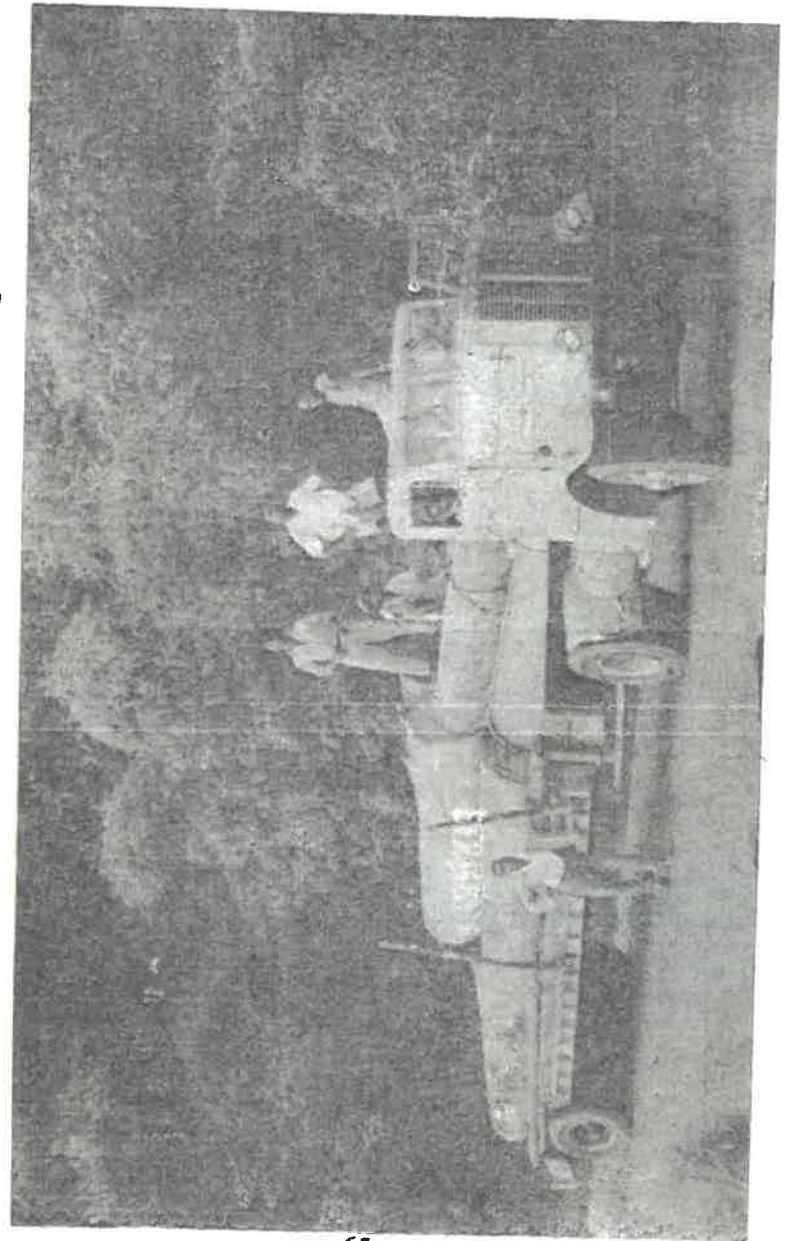
We can well remember the excellent samples of veneer and plywood manufactured in Canada from the island's Gommier which were displayed at the Roseau Post some two years ago. These samples raised our hopes as regards the future potential value of our extensive gommier resources. Since then the Government, impressed by the quality of the sample products has not relented in its efforts to get foreign interest from outside to set up plant and machinery here for utilizing our vast timber supplies.

We all hope that the Government's efforts in this direction will bear fruit and the island will benefit financially and otherwise from a well-organized and thriving lumber industry. It is very certain that if Dominica could produce useful, attractive, well-dressed lumber for the building and other trades at competitive prices, the chances are that this product should find a good market in some of the neighbouring West Indian Islands.

While we should wish very much to see such an industry established on the island it is not, however, too soon to sound a note of caution. No matter what is done to extract useful merchantable timber from our forests, every precaution will need to be taken to see that in the process, the valuable forests of Dominica are not indiscriminately depleted to our lasting future regret.

One of the chief uses of forest is the conservation of water supply. There are countries in the world to-day where the forests have been totally denuded, the water

Gommier logs being transported from the forests for sawing.





y has vanished and millions of dollars are now being spent to restore the forests he water supply.

is absolutely important that supplies should be conserved at the source, that is, hills and mountains, in the lakes and forested areas. In hilly countries like nica, costly, if not irreparable damage could be done if in clearing the forests due not exercised. We are still very fortunate in Dominica to have plenty of water, we are careless the picture could change over-night and where large rivers now here could be only the trickle of a stream.

he second important point to guard against is the danger of soil erosion. ts prevent soil erosion, and thus help to maintain soil fertility. As forests are hilly slopes, the water runs off quickly and takes with it the soil to the sea, and process the means of sustenance of the people. Let us therefore, in developing st industry pay due regard to these lurking dangers, and avoid mistakes which remain our lasting regret.

## Hurricane

by P. K. AGAR

eptember the first, 1930. Half-past eight on a dull, grey morning. Still, so nd sultry. Suddenly I was startled by the sound of a gun. The first warning of an approaching hurricane. Dressing hurriedly, I tried to snatch some break-out before I had finished, the second gun went. The second gun so soon after st meant that the storm was fast approaching and would be upon us at any mt. I had been spending the week-end with a friend and had to get home if le before the wind began in force.

ushing out of the house, I tried to find a motor-car. It had begun to rain by me, but there was little wind, occasional short, sharp gusts increasing, however, quency and strength. At last I found a car and persuaded the driver to take me on my way home as he could.

t was really raining now. The roads were inches deep in water and we tore as fast as safety allowed. Besides the heavy rain beating on the windscreen was a strange grey mist which made driving difficult.

aving reached as far as the car could go, I got out and started to climb 450 feet e steep road to my house. The rain was indescribable. The drops were so and fell with such force that they hurt like hail. In a second my clothes were a n mass. The drains could not possible carry off that torrent. I splashed gh a raging flood, the water swirling around my calves. The mist was denser nd trees fifty yards away looked grey and restless in the wind.

lowly I fought my way up the steep path, slipping and staggering, almost beaten ground by the weight of rain; then suddenly I was blown flat by one tremendous

I finished the last few yards on my hands and knees, crawling and clutching at of grass and bushes to help me along.

Arriving at the house, I made my way to the sheltered side, where I found the servants and two or three men who had come to work that morning and were there to see if they could help. They had already locked up the house, closing and barring the heavy hurricane shutters.

It was still possible to remain outside on the side of the house away from the wind; and I stayed watching the leaves which were being blown from the trees and were passing overhead like a vast endless swarm of bees. The gust had ceased and the wind was blowing steadily now. Though of hurricane force, it was still not strong enough to do much damage. A small branch would now and then be snapped from a tree, but none had been actually blown over. I thought, "If it gets no worse, we'll be all right."

It was not long, however, before I realised that it was going to get worse. Soon I judged it prudent to get into the house, and we all passed in through the one door which had been left open. The main part of the house is old. Built in the days of slavery, the walls are stone two and a half feet thick. I knew that would stand, even if the newer wooden parts added later might go. We huddled on chairs or leaned up against the stone walls, waiting.

There was nothing more we could do for the moment. Except for an occasional tour of inspection of the window and door fastenings to see that they were holding, there was nothing to do but wait.

The ghastly waiting! Visualising one's cultivation blown to pieces. Trees blown flat, uprooted; branches twisted and broken. The results of years of labour and patience all destroyed in an hour!

The sound of the wind outside was changing from a dull incessant roar to a higher-pitched screaming note. I could tell it was rapidly getting stronger and stronger. The female servants prayed, mumbling inaudibly with their lips. I suggested a drink to the men. They shook their heads. "If we are to die, boss, we don't want to be drunk when we meet 'le Bon Dieu.'" I poured myself out a stiff plug. Far better to die drunk than sober.

Then things began to happen. The verandah was the first to go. I could hear it being ripped away. The house shuddered as each separate piece was torn loose. The uprights went with a wrench. The verandah was on the upper story, facing the full force of the wind. I went upstairs to see that the doors of the rooms leading on to it were still secure. They held. But I was called downstairs again by the men. They had discovered that one of the doors below was going. Two and a half inches of solid Balata wood was being torn from its hinges. We got rope and nails and a board and fastened it again as best we could.

The noise now was terrific. A howling shriek of wind, with an occasional louder crash as some huge tree went over. There was the same sort of pressure on one's ear-drums as one gets when diving deep. Little chips of leaves were being forced through the minute chinks of the hurricane shutters, and the rain water which seeped through was green and discoloured.

Then a tremendous smash and a tearing and breaking of wood, and the house shook to its foundations. I rushed upstairs. "Oh, God, boss, come back, come back! You'll be killed." But I had to go and see what had happened. One side of the roof had been completely smashed in, and the branches of a large mango tree which had stood in front of the house was sticking through the debris of broken rafters,



tree, anything from a hundred to a hundred and fifty years old, with a trunk so that the outstretched arms of three men could hardly have spanned it, I found wards, had been split in half.

The rain poured in through the broken roof and the room was soon flooded. water ran under the door and flowed down the stairs.

It did not last long and the worst was soon over. By noon it was safe to go out of s again, and the wind had died to a gentle breeze. Outside it seemed that there nothing left. The trees left standing were stripped of leaves and presented bare, en branches to the grey sky. The lawn was waist-deep in the torn-off branches eaves. Coconut palms had been uprooted or snapped in half as one might snap stch-stick between one's fingers. Most of the cultivation looked as if a huge 1-roller had passed over it, but some of the lime trees stood on their heads with roots in the air.

That night, sitting at the dining-room table, under an open umbrella to save my-rom getting wet by the drops of water which dripped through the floor-boards of ooded room above, I consoled myself by imbibing the contents of a bottle of rum got quietly and decently drunk.

## Our National Future

HON. N. A. N. DUCREAY,  
*Minister for Trade and Production.*

consider it my duty as a responsible Minister of Government to talk to the Indies on this very important subject entitled "Our National Future."

We are now facing the greatest challenge of our times and we shall have to over- this challenge as successfully as we possible can if we are to survive. A united : alone can produce material and lasting benefits.

The situation in the British West Indies today is one which undoubtedly pers the entire world, and all right thinking West Indians in the United Kingdom, da, and the United States are sadly disappointed over the failure of the West s politicians to come together in a federation.

I say the politicians because if it were left to the people of all the islands of the sh West Indies, Federation would be already a reality.

The former Federation, which included Jamaica and Trinidad as well as the lward and Leeward Islands and Barbados, collapsed because of the withdrawal maica from the Federation and which was followed by Trinidad. The reasons us collapse were insularity, distrust, lack of fraternal sympathy and a false con- of nationalistic pride, that is, every territory wants independence alone without concern for the other brothers, however weak they may be.

A second effort to bring about a Federation of the Eight remaining islands was dly followed by the non-participation of Grenada and her expressed desire to join

with Trinidad, which has not materialised up to this date. Then the seven remaining islands after months of holding conferences recieved another shock of their lives when Antigua gave notice of withdrawal from the proposed Federation.

The last Regional Conference of Ministers ended in a deadlock. Barbados promised to issue a White Paper in July, when July was the month originally set for the London Conference. While the promised White Paper to be issued by Barba- dos was still to come, Barbados entered into a Trade Agreement with British Guiana without prior consultation with the territories of the proposed Federation. What does all this mean? Are we all politicians of honour? These are matters for every citizen of these islands to consider very seriously.

If there is to be no Federation, what is our future going to be like? Britain is now concentrating on her own domestic problems. She has imposed very string- ent immigration controls on immigrants from the Commonwealth and that was done with no definite assurance of large scale economic aid to these islands. America and Canada will only interfere with Britain's colonial affairs if Britain invites them to do so. Britain on the other hand will be reluctant to extend any such invitation lest she might injure her prestige on the international scene.

A banana Price Support Scheme for the Windward Islands was so badly brutalized by the British Government that it is even now felt that Britain wants to get rid of us at any price. This is the time when all the Islands of the British West Indies should unite firmly together, for our battle is a common one, and that is a battle against poverty and low standards of living. My personal opinion is that Britain should not sit idly by but should immediately come to the assistance of these islands which are now faced with a serious predicament, that is our national future is in jeopardy.

What I mean is this; individually, the islands of the Windwards and Leewards are too small to negotiate loans on the International Front. They will only obtain large scale economic aid from Canada and United States, if there is an effective central Authority. Britain on the other hand has not put her cards on the table very plainly but has remained very non-committal.

There is up to this moment no Customs Union and no Free movement of persons between islands of the Windwards, Leewards and Barbados, and even if there was a Customs Union the market would still be small; therefore with no Federation, no Customs Union, no Free Movement of persons we are properly sandwiched and our industrial future is bleak.

We are for the most part agricultural, but, although we must strive to be more efficient in our agriculture we cannot achieve efficiency overnight and without the necessary tools. Industries will only be attracted to our area on any large scale if there is a large internal market.

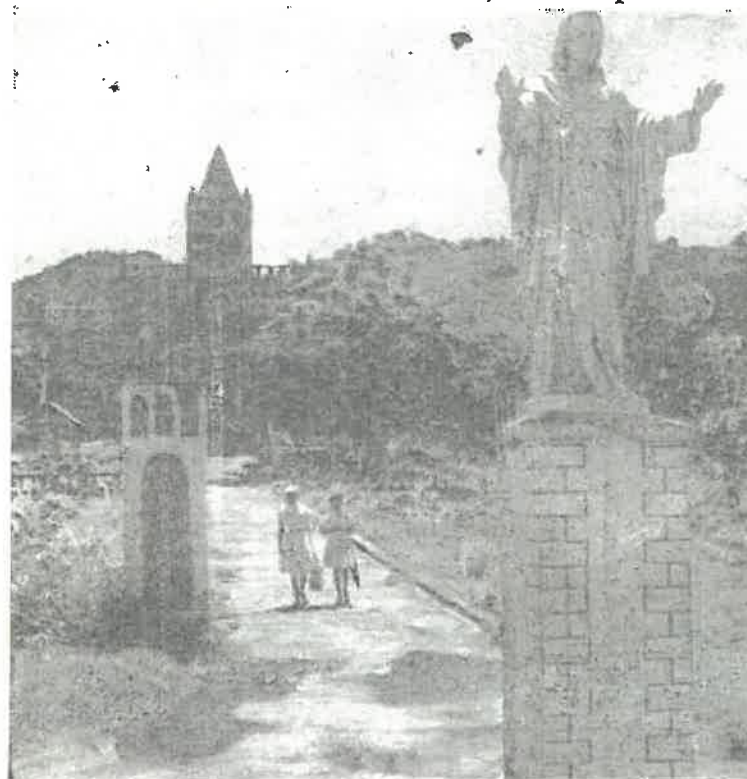
Every territory believes that it can set up the same industry, but the law of economics will soon reveal that it is not possible to do so. We have to provide employment for our sons and daughters whom we are striving hard to educate, but while we must inure to preach to them that they should go to the land we must have the credit, machinery and the best agricultural teaching to put at their disposal. We must nevertheless try to provide our people with a choice of jobs—that is why we must industrialize. If we are to industrialize in a big way, where will our markets be? If the United States has done for Puerto Rico, Britain should now come forward to do the same for us.

The United States has given a Commonwealth Status to Puerto Rico. Puerto Rico has internal self-rule. All Puerto-Ricans are United States citizens and not United States subjects as we are to Great Britain. Puerto Rico has a Commissioner of the Congress who sits there but who does not vote. There is free trade and free movement of persons between Puerto Rico and the United States, therefore United States investors have set up business and industries in Puerto Rico, taking advantage of Puerto Rico's tax concessions, its relatively lower labour rates and goods produced in Puerto Rico are exported to United States of America for consumption there. The United States has given Puerto Rico the opportunity to achieve what economists would regard to be the highest rate of industrial growth in the world.

I appeal to all politicians of the British West Indies to get together and let us put the case to Britain. If we fail to get together now, posterity will not fail to see the shortcomings in this connection. And when we shall be in the grave beyond, those who come after us will lament our serious failures to come together for a better West Indies.

Insularity, pettiness and lack of fraternal sympathy we must now set aside in our march to Progress.

### Roman Catholic Church, St. Joseph



Of Dominica's population of 65,000 about ninety percent belong to the Roman Catholic faith. The first missionary to settle on the island and live and work among the Caribs was a Roman Catholic Priest, Father Raymond Breton,