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INTRODUCTION.

THIS story begins in Grenada, a Caribbean island of about 120 square miles, situated ninety miles north-east of Trinidad, or one day's sail by local schooner. Its narrator, Norman Paul, was born in Grenada around the turn of this century, travelled extensively throughout the Southern Caribbean in early manhood, and returned to settle in Grenada in 1951. He relates the story of his life and experiences.

The circumstances in which the narrative was collected may be of interest. In 1952-3, I was engaged in a field study of Grenadian Society and culture as a member of the Institute of Social and Economic Research of the University College of the West Indies. I soon learnt about Norman Paul by repute as a healer, diviner and seer who practised a highly individual form of cult. I decided to seek his autobiography when opportunity arose. Months passed, and then as luck would have it, we happened both to visit the tiny island of Carriacou at the same time. Carriacou is a small dependency of Grenada, about 13 square miles in size, and 23 miles further north-east. Learning of his presence, I determined to call on Mr. Paul, and set out one morning for his quarters, early and unannounced. In partial excuse, I had heard that Norman often knew in advance who would visit him that day without express communication. He met me at the door, led me in, and offered me a chair. I told him I had heard a great deal about him, and hoped that he would be willing to work with me on a full account of his life, which I wished to prepare for possible publication. He seemed mildly relieved. 'This morning', he said, 'I had a vision as I woke that a stranger from the East was coming to see me today, and I must do whatsoever he wished as it would bring a blessing. I was wondering what this would mean.' I said that this may have referred to my visit, since I had come indirectly from Africa via London, and our understanding was sealed. We arranged to begin the autobiography when we returned to Grenada and then talked discursively for a while. Our paths crossed occasionally during the next weeks in Carriacou, thus giving us a chance to get to know one another; but it was another month or two before work on the autobiography began.

Our procedure was simple. I had an old, rather clumsy tape-recorder, powered by motor-car batteries and a rotary conductor. There were also eight or ten tapes available for use, each of which ran for an hour. My wife undertook to translate the recorded conversations in short-hand when the machine was free, thus allowing me to use the same tapes as often as necessary. She then turned the shorthand
into typescript and checked any obscurities with me or against the record. Excision of my questions and comments, elision, compression, chronological arrangement of episodes and other editorial tasks were left until later, when the field study had been completed. In these various operations, my wife continued to help and advise, and I should like to record our appreciation of this assistance for Norman Paul and myself at this point.

Dr. Philip Sherlock, Vice-Principal of the University College of the West Indies, also undertook editorial task on the manuscript when it was appearing in serial form in Caribbean Quarterly, a journal published by the Extra-Mural Department of the U.C.W.I., of which Dr. Sherlock was then Director. Dr. Sherlock's problem was to reduce the manuscript to manageable lengths without impairing its value or validity. In this he was highly successful, and contributed notably to its present form. Careful cutting has concentrated the narrative and enhanced its literary values without adding anything to Norman's original statement or removing anything essential therefrom. For obvious reasons, I have given fictional names to most of the people and places mentioned in the text.

For privacy and quiet, I used to call for Norman at his home, and take him in my car up to the beach at Levera. There we would find some fallen coconut tree, set up our equipment, and settle down to talk for sessions which averaged about two hours each. We followed this routine four or five times a week for about five or six weeks on end. Thanks to my wife's stenography and good luck with the machine, our conversations encountered no mechanical hitch. Nor were there any other difficulties to delay us.

From our first meeting, Norman and I had one another's confidence and a rapport which was remarkably full. This may perhaps have been due to Norman's visionary notice of my unannounced visit and request, but I also admired his many striking qualities. We seemed to understand one another quite simply, but I later learnt that neither of us understood Norman's experience as well as I had supposed. What began as the simple recital of early recollections quickly developed into a voyage of Norman's self-discovery, an exploration of his past in which the narrator retraced the course of his development and crisis, unraveling, often in a partial and halting fashion, the main conditions which produced it. At other times, Norman was clearly preoccupied with understanding his unusual role as priest of Oshun and shepherd of his people, mediator between the visible and invisible worlds. Such efforts at self-perception provide clearest proof of the sincerity and candour of the narration. Neither does Norman attempt to conceal the particulars of his past, nor to misrepresent them to his credit. Even his polemics, for example, his accounts of relations with women, are presented with the candour of rectitude. It is this certainty which enables Norman to present his faith and values with such vigour and clarity.

One afternoon, having come to it in the course of our narrative, Norman began to relate his first experience of possession by Oshun. For some months before this event, he had been under severe strain. There had been continuous disputes with his wife, anxieties about

1. Brief notes on Oshun and other 'powers' or spirits are given at the end.
the future, and an unexpected rejection by his son who took the
side of his mother. Norman recited these events impassively though
his voice revealed their distress. Without pausing to dwell on them,
he pressed on to describe the highlight of his life, the breakdown
which marked Oshun’s manifestation. As he spoke, I noticed that he
shuddered, and his eyes seemed to lose focus. There was a short, low
rattle in his throat, and when he continued speaking, the voice was
that of a woman, and the words were not recognisable as Creole
English or French. The machine continued to record all that was said
until Norman fell silent. He sat on the log, rather rigid, in some sense
transfixed. I put my hand on his shoulder and called him by name.
Evidently he did not hear, but after a pause he shuddered again, shook
his head, wiped his eyes sleepily, and came to himself, continuing to
speak in his own voice. As he was quite unaware of the incident and
unable to recall what he had been saying before, I told him what had
happened, and played back the record so that he could hear. We did
no more work that day, and when next we came on the beach, we
made a small sacrifice of parched corn and sweet oil to Oshun before
resuming work. Interpreting this in my own way, I decided to avoid
discussion of Oshun’s arrival in future, even when Norman referred
to it, as he occasionally did.

This autobiography presents certain issues and forms of cultural
cleavage which are inherent in Grenadian society. In Norman’s case
the main field of cultural conflict consists in the sphere of value and
belief, but economic and political action also reflects this pervasive
tension, as do mating and kinship. For these reasons, Norman’s story,
except for its elaborate symbolism and accidental intensity, is neither
unusual nor unrepresentative of the milieu and people from whom
he is drawn. Its principal problem of personal adjustment in a con­
text of cultural and social diversity is ubiquitous within British Carib­
bean society. One natural arena for this struggle is the realm of value
and belief, and in this also Norman’s history is rather typical than
unique. An understanding of his autobiography may thus throw light
on British Caribbean society and culture, the more clearly perhaps
because no other record of comparable character has yet revealed the
folk experience of their culture, its ways and conditions.

Grenada, Norman’s birth-place, and the scene of most of the
action, was initially colonised by the French, but passed into British
hands before the War of American Independence. By then its aboriginal
population of Carib Indians had already been replaced by a mixture
of free Europeans, African slaves, and their hybrid offspring. The
British increased the colony’s slave population and sugar exports with
remarkable speed; but the heyday of Caribbean sugar and slave society
was nearly over. In 1808, further imports of African slaves were pro­
hibited, and the formal abolition of slavery followed thirty years
later. These changes with others initiated a long and steady decline
of the Caribbean economy which had hitherto been based on slave
production of sugar. Many planters abandoned their holdings, and
many ex-slaves acquired land by squatting, purchase, lease or other
forms of tenancy, the most common arrangement in Grenada being
that by which planters allowed workers to occupy gardens and house­
plots on their estate in return for assured supplies of labour at fixed

2. For a Puerto Rican worker’s account of his life, see Sidney W. Mintz, Worker
In the Cane, Yale University Press, 1960
rates. This arrangement enabled Grenadian proprietors to switch their cultivations from sugar-cane to cocoa at little trouble and cost, the new crop being planted in sections by workers who cropped these areas on their own account until the trees came into bearing. Norman Paul describes this traditional labour pattern in some detail as it obtained on the estate where he was born, like his mother before him. He also comments on their breakdown under changing economic conditions.

From its early history of French rule, Grenada acquired a background of French language and culture, many features of which still persist, despite one and a half centuries of uninterrupted British rule. Grenadians still retain a Creole French dialect, a French cuisine, certain folk-songs and other items of folk-lore, and an attachment to Roman Catholicism. Protestantism, introduced by the British, has spread under their rule, especially among peoples who arrived in the island subsequently. Of these recent immigrants, indentured labourers brought from India in the latter half of the last century to supply the needs of local planters are now the largest group. In 1953, the island contained about 76,000 persons, of whom 700 were classified as white, approximately 4,000 as of East Indian descent, 17% as coloured hybrids, and the rest as Negro or black.

Under and after slavery the coloured and black sections of Grenada had hardly any voice in their government. Until 1877, the island was administered by English governors simultaneously responsible to local legislatures consisting of white merchants and planters, and to the British Crown. In 1877 the colonial legislature voted its own abolition, requesting the British Crown to assume all the responsibilities of government. Thereafter Grenada remained a Crown Colony until a limited elective element in the local assembly was introduced under a new constitution in 1925. With slight modifications, this regime persisted until 1951, when universal suffrage was proclaimed only a few months after an outbreak of serious disorder. Under the modified Crown Colony regime less than one-sixth of the island’s adult population was qualified to vote by the terms of the property franchise; and only a fraction of those who had votes were eligible to stand for election. In short, at this period, the electorate represented the conservative propertied elements of Grenadian society. The regime resembled a controlled oligarchy, since the Governor commanded a permanent majority in the legislature through nominated and official appointments to it. In this context Government busied itself with routine administrative functions, road maintenance, police control and the like. Its programmes tended to reflect the chief interests of planters and merchants. There were no trade unions or political parties worth the name. Lone individuals such as the late T. A. Marryshow conducted quixotic campaigns for further constitutional reform. Hardly anyone seems to have given thought to the manual workers and their conditions.

Following the development of cocoa as an export staple, planters found that Grenada was highly suitable for cultivation of nutmegs, a spice in short world supply. Nutmegs were accordingly introduced under the labour arrangement which served to establish cocoa, and often the two were intercropped. Introduction of a new crop at this time served to strengthen the symbiosis of planter and workers, and increased employment demand, economic diversification and buoyancy. But by 1910, this process was almost complete, and planters
were starting to reconsider relations with their people, many of whom retained customary rights to estate accommodation and facilities although they were redundant. Labour demands stimulated by the first World War and by the hurricane of 1921 helped to maintain this traditional labour pattern for a few more years by reviving its functional values. But the socio-economic organization was clearly unstable. Population continued to rise while labour demand continued to contract. Planters conscious of their obligations and knowing that their people lacked any alternative to estate dependence were also worried by the costs of these labour relations. Accordingly, they recouped themselves when they could in the good years and sought to reduce estate overheads for labour maintenance in the lean ones. Thus, when wages started to rise, they did so very slowly indeed, and far less evenly than prices for other commodities. The ‘perquisites’ estates provided for workers held down the wage of work. Labour relations were customary rather than commercial. They held between master and man, planter and peasant, and not between employer and employed. Often the core of an estate’s resident workers had been born there, and many had played with the proprietor in youth. Solidary relations which flourished in this context were not compatible with bargaining or unionism.

However, conditions continued to worsen, as Norman Paul’s account makes clear. Grenada suffered in consequence of the prolonged world depression during the 1930s. Other British Caribbean territories, hit by the slump, suffered more acutely, perhaps because they lacked the labour pattern which protected the Grenadian farm workers. In 1937, there were riots in Barbados, Jamaica and Trinidad. St. Kitts and British Guiana were also in turmoil. The Governor of Grenada appointed a committee to investigate conditions among the Grenadian working classes and to recommend some improvements. The committee advocated adoption of commercial wage relations in place of traditional estate patterns, the establishment of a statutory minimum wage, and some slight increase in current wage rates. The internal contradictions of this programme escaped notice, as did its implications for the local society.

The Second World War lifted Grenada out of its economic distress. Labour demands increased sharply, together with prices for local exports and for imported goods. Many people emigrated to work in Trinidad, Curacao or Aruba, especially to Trinidad, where the United States was then building bases. These conditions masked the effects of the policies recommended in 1938. They also permitted planters to reduce their obligations to workers, though estrangement was the cost. The dissatisfied at least had an available alternative in emigration. Unionism was absent, and wage increases depended on recommendations by government appointed committees. The gap between prices and wages steadily widened.

For some years after the end of this war, Grenada’s economy continued to benefit from conditions linked with the war. World prices for nutmegs and cocoa continued high, and Grenadians abroad could still find employment. Gradually these opportunities diminished, and emigrants began to return. Meanwhile living costs rose steeply in the island while wages lagged behind and the scope of ‘perquisites’ dwindled. In this context, Mr. Eric M. Gairy emerged as spokesman for the disgruntled estate workers, established a trade union with himself as head, and won increases and other benefits from the local
sugar factory after a short but sharp dispute. This was followed by a strike of all farm-labour in the island, during which Gairy was removed to Carriacou as a precautionary measure, and violence was rife. The British Governor maintained a resolute neutrality and gradually restored the rule of law. Gairy won all his demands and emerged as the unchallenged leader of the Grenadian workers and disprivileged. On the introduction of universal suffrage later that year, Gairy's nominees won commanding majorities, but their legislative power was limited by the Governor's executive role and responsibilities.

The riots and strikes of 1951 greatly surprised Grenadians, including many who had taken an active part themselves. The old familiar social order seemed to have broken down. Gairy's leadership further split the people. Many planters refused to recognise him, while many workers endowed him with the awe of charisma. Others resented his methods and distrusted his leadership, longing for 'the good old days'. For Norman Paul, who had returned to settle in Grenada shortly after Gairy's sweeping electoral victory, such disturbing conditions and leadership were no great novelty. Norman had lived through the Trinidadian upheaval of 1937-8, and knew its leader, Butler, rather well, as mentioned in the text. Butler's leadership had proved inadequate for the situation which developed out of 1937 and 1938. His influence accordingly waned after an early peak. In like manner, as Gairy's various misjudgments alienated bodies of workers, his influence tended to decline from its high point in October 1951, and in 1952-3 he sought to recover strength by various means. His main response to this situation was to threaten another general strike, this time without clearly specified reasons or objectives. In preparing for this strike, he called a series of work-stoppages on selected estates in the north-western quarter of the island during the first half of 1953.

Gairy sought to change certain unsatisfactory conditions in Grenadian society by a militant trade union programme which included the threat and calling of strikes. Norman Paul represented an earlier tradition which proposed no social programme, but relied on ritual and faith to protect or promote individual well-being. Yet in his own way, Norman Paul's practice represented an innovation quite as striking as Gairy's. To appreciate the novel elements in Norman's cult, a word of explanation may be necessary.

The social and cultural cleavages between Grenadian elite and folk have already been mentioned. The disorders of 1951-3 merely expressed certain aspects of this. Elite have a tradition of literacy, higher education, property, political participation, marriage, and affiliations with Western institutional forms. Folk have traditions of illiteracy, little formal education, familial property holding, no political participation, and little formal organisation of any kind. As a rule they marry late and usually after having children by other partners. Their attachment to Western institutional forms is by no means certain. Institutional differences between folk and elite also include ritual, belief and values, and it is with these that Norman Paul's autobiography is chiefly concerned. To complicate the picture, there are divergent traditions in both sections, linked with the differing metropolitan influences to which Grenada has been exposed. The Roman Catholic Church, besides being the first locally established, is also Grenada's
largest congregation, and has the formal allegiance of most of the folk. The Anglican denomination which ranks next in numbers for a variety of reasons does not represent the Protestant antithesis to Catholicism as starkly as smaller sects, for example, the Seventh Day Adventists, or Jehovah's Witnesses. Occupying the folk pole of extreme Protestant sectarianism are the Shouters, Shakers or Spiritual Baptists, who combine spirit-possession, divination, the use of cabalistic signs and other ritual differentiae with a liturgy and ethic of recognisably Protestant derivation. A Grenadian ordinance passed in 1926 forbids Shouters and similar groups to hold their services, but this is generally ignored although periodically applied.

The cult of Shango, sometimes called the African Dance, also flourishes in the island, although banned together with "Shakerism." In spirit and detail Shango corresponds more closely with the Catholic tradition than with the Protestant. Like Shakerism, Shango stresses spirit-possession, delivery of messages from supernatural agents, healing, divination, and other practices frowned on by recognised denominations in Grenada. However, differences between Shango and Shakerism are quite as numerous and important as their similarities. On this point, Norman's text is quite detailed. Shango gods and goddesses, who are generally referred to as 'powers', share a Yoruba origin, together with the ritual, hymns and prayers, and such traits as the use of kola-nuts in divination, of gourds (boli) in drumming, of curved drumsticks, certain types of altar, sacrifices of special beasts to particular deities, and the like. While contemporary Grenadian forms of this cult contain numerous features derived from an earlier ancestral workshop known as the Nation Dance, Big Drum, or simply saraca (sacrifice), together with Catholic elements introduced through syncretism, it has always been sharply distinguished in form, thought, and following from the Shouter cult with which it competes. Folk express this antithesis by saying 'a man cannot serve two masters'.

The uniqueness of Norman Paul's cult leadership lies in its blend of these conflicting traditions, together with other elements, most notably those drawn from Seventh Day Adventism and the traditional Nation Dance. From his account of his own development, we can perceive the inevitability of such syncretism occurring sooner or later in some form, since mandatory sanctions attach to revelation by prophesy or dreams in this folk tradition. Thus Norman's account of his personal development reveals the basis of cultural instability and the sources of syncretism, reinterpretation or innovation, together with the processes of religious change and the sanctions which promote them. The...


dynamic principle is the most basic tenet of this folk cosmology, namely, the superior validity of direct communication from the spirit-world. In Norman’s case, Puritanism, Shango, Shakerism, and belief in the magic of such books as Albertus Magnus, Titaibeh, or the Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses, are all combined within a framework of Old Testament beliefs and Pauline morality. Doubtless, the further development or disappearance of this special synthesis of elements from the folk traditions of religion and magic will depend on its pragmatic values within the Grenadian context. Clearly, it is unlikely that this synthesis will persist beyond its creator’s lifetime, since its legitimating condition, the primacy of revelation, is itself a final charter of change.

It is in this context that Norman uncovers the primary mechanisms which underlie the religious changes, syncretisms and reinterpretations of West Indian folk, and perhaps of other New World Negro populations also. He does so directly by the narrative of his own development, in which the questions of choice between cultural alternatives are presented in terms of a personal search for truth and ‘salvation.’

Apart from this feature, his narrative yields many insights into general relations between social process and individual psychology and does so in vivid terms by concrete episodes. The paternalistic estate owner of Norman’s youth replaces his father as a source of dream-guidance, and later gives place to Oshun, herself perceived as a white woman whose person unites the values of folk and elite. The nature and effects of Grenadian socio-cultural cleavages are illustrated by various incidents. The contrast between Grenadian estate-organisation and peasant institutions in 1910 and the conditions of 1953 neatly describes the measure of social change, while the history of Norman’s wanderings and occupations illuminates the conditions which underlay this. The history of his marriage and its failure provides a case-study in the relations between Negro and East Indian segments of folk.

The central theme of Norman’s life-story is the succession of unavoidable choices between conflicting claims, traditions, and goals; and accordingly his narrative uncovers the relations between cultural contexts and personal motivations with sufficient richness and depth of illustration for us to perceive how social structures regulate the personality, formation and individual life cycle of West Indian folk. The varied experience behind his development, his conversion, breakdown and extraordinary recovery, the forces which produced his crisis and the reorientations which followed in its wake, make a human story much worth telling, especially to those interested in West Indian society and culture, or in more general relations between cultural conditions and personal growth.

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Los Angeles,
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Waiting to see Norman Paul. The Temple on a week-day.

Details of Oshun's Shrine.
Norman before his Altar with Ogun's Wooden Sword and the Sheshere in his arms.

Baptism. The Novitiate is Blindfolded, and carries a Bouquet of Flowers. Norman's assistant holds the candle while he says a blessing. The Novice will then be immersed three times between the Cross and the Shepherd's Crook.
THE CHILDHOOD OF A PREACHER
AT MY MOTHER

MY MOTHER worked in the field at Hampstead estate, weeding sometimes, treading cocoa sometimes, drying cocoa sometimes. My father was a cocoa buyer, he had licence for buying cocoa. They were married and they were living together. He didn’t work on the estate in those days, it was only later he started to work on the estate. We were living at Woodleigh near Hampstead then, and I was about six or seven years old.

My father used to go around buying cocoa from all the people who have little patches, one acre, half-acre; suppose he would buy cocoa at five pence a pound, and when he turn it over the price was ten pence a pound, he would get five pence commission. He never did anything else. He kept a place as a shop.

Before my father went on the estate, my mother had her own house there, and when things got very bad she used to work, ten pence per day. She couldn’t get any boards for a house, so she asked the gentleman of the estate, Ted White, to give her a house, and fortunately this house of mine is the very house he gave her; she lived more than forty years in it. My father went with her to live in it. After old Mr. White died they sold the house to her for £8 not very long before the war. I took it off the estate just two years ago and brought it here, that she could live near me, and I repaired it with Trinidad woods, hardwood that they have there. After they get the house, my father was not buying cocoa any more because he got sick, he was suffering with a bad foot and he couldn’t do any walking about.

My father resembled that old man Papa Lazarus in Carriacou, he wasn’t so tall, every thing like him. My mother had ten children, but she used to work up till the time I came down here, she used to plant garden up till the year I came back from Trinidad, she had big gardens when she was eighty. She died at eighty-six, that is last year. That time she was still young and strong, she wasn’t in bed, she took ill and passed away just like that.

But my father, at the time he came to Hampstead, he could do nothing; then when the doctors got injections he went to Dr. Jones, he gave him three injections, he got better, and he got a job as a stock-keeper at Hampstead on the estate. He work until he stop and he died. He was about twelve years on the estate before he died, and he died around 1936.
My mother had ten children, two died, both in Trinidad, a girl and a boy. I was the sixth.

Once I was going to school and I went to pick some plums and I get it good that day—my father set his heart and beat me, he felt hurt. Some ways he was very strict, if there are children in the road playing there, we can’t go and look at them, he didn’t want us to have anything to do with other children because some of them were rude or so on, and he didn’t want us to get together with them to adopt their principles. My mother agreed, the children were rude. They would trouble people and abuse and curse at them when they pass in the road, and my parents didn’t like that. Everybody used to say that my mother have the best children for respect or so. Our home training was good and I was obedient. My mother and father never allow us to go about to play like other children does, they say when it is night we must stay at home. Sometimes they tell us of things that passed before; they told us of the cholera, and they told us of the darkness that took place—my mother said she was outside one morning sweeping the yard, and it got dark, the fowls went back to roost again and everybody went back inside, they light lamps, they lay down and prayed. She couldn’t tell how long it lasted, but afterwards it got clear again, she knew that.

My father would be there too at night, sometimes. He related us a story about the Munich Africans. 1 There was a lady by the name of Ma Fam; she used to go in the lake, and when she goes there they would have dance for three weeks, and she would tell them as long as she didn’t come back not to stop beating the drum, and she would tell them she was going to get messages, to come back. She would walk in the water and sit down, until they didn’t see her, and they would be beating that drum night and day until, the same hour she leave today, the same hour she would make a circle in the water and come out and tell them of the messages she get: when they would have bad season, when they would get plenty rain, whether it would not have crop for the year, and so on. And he said, during each time she remain there the sun was very slight, she would pray and rain would come, and when the rain was reaching them again, she would pray and the rain would pass, it would not fall near where they were.

He lived at Munich, and the Munich people are Africans; according to what my father told me, some of the African people from Africa settled around that area. There was an old man by the name of Mr. Robert, he was the head of the Africans. I met a fellow at Trinidad who were living near to him once, and he told me concerning Mr. Robert. He said he knew Mr. Robert very well, and he used to control the spirit with the coconut broom, he said that spirit, when it remain this side of the house, it grow till it reach over there. They call that spirit Egungun. 2 And he said when it have to go, Mr. Robert would whisper it, and when it coming it would whisper, and Mr. Robert

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1. A closed community of Yoruba immigrants from West Africa was established at Munich near Granville in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Within Munich, Yoruba polytheism was practised, and this has since spread throughout Grenada as the African Dance or Shango. “Africans”, as distinguished from Creoles here are people of African birth, or descent, or ritual adherence. The Darkness refers to the Solar Eclipse of 1886. “The lake” is the craterlake at Grand Etang in the middle of Grenada.

know the whisper, and when it come it take the broom and it would stand up. If it touch anybody, in three days they dead. That is the reason why the Africans were wicked in those days; everybody 'fraid Egungun, if anybody saying something evil about them, they call them in the yard, he just touch them, and in three days they dead. He told me one night when it came, the old man wasn't expecting it, and it came, it reach inside the house, every man have to hide under the bed, let it pass, because it can hurt anybody. That was the Papa Robert who was the head of Munich African Dance. I never met him.

My mother never allow us children to have quarrels with one another. Even after I was married, I never live two or three days we didn't meet together, and whenever we met we talk of different things, we made jokes, we never have any quarrels or anything like that.

There was an Indian woman who kept a shop near my mother's house, and we used to go at her sometimes to give us something, and we would eat that during the day until sometimes seven o'clock at night mother come home, sometimes she bring something, and cook for us, sometimes up till ten o'clock we don't get meal till then. If she is coming with the peas we have to shell them, sometimes seven, half­past seven we put that on the fire; sometimes ten, half­past ten we get our supper. And she wake in the morning and goes to work again, and she used to work for only twenty cents per day at that time. She worked five days a week, she had regular five days. She had a garden of her own on the estate, scarcely anything to talk of, a small piece about a quarter of an acre for planting corn and peas. No rent. But the estate used to sell the bluggoes: to them, and the breadfruit they get free. Sometimes a bunch of bluggoes the estate give them for four­pence, sometimes sixpence, according to the size. Pears they used to get free, mangoes and breadfruit were free. Nothing else, but water coconuts they used to give them, and they could have pick up a dry coconut, yes. Things like wood for building a house they would give you. Anywhere you pass in those days and you wish any wood, you could just take it, for house concern or kitchen concern, building a house or burning. You could cut down a tree, you wouldn't have to speak to anybody. But afterwards you have to ask for that or they don't allow.

From after 1914, when everything turn up and change taking place, you had to ask for everything. Everybody on the estate, when I was young, had a garden, some have more than a quarter of an acre, some had three piece of garden. My mother had a quarter of an acre on the estate, but she had no other land nor my father.

After a baby was born my mother would spend eight days inside, on the ninth day the lady would come and bathe her and put her out, and then she would go out; and when she have a month and a half, she would go back to her work.

My father never lift up his hand against our mother. Sometimes he would attempt, but he never did. Sometimes he want to go to a dance (they used to dance quadrille), and she want to go too, he don't want her to go, and they quarrel about that. Just for so, he would find she must stay home, and she would find he must stay home so they both quarrel.

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3. A variety of plantain.
When he was buying cocoa the boys used to steal the cocoa, and when I got to have some understanding, I find that they have done him an injustice by doing that, because he got indebted to Mr. Joseph through that. And they put him before the courts for the money, he had to run away from Grenada to Trinidad. He stayed at Trinidad for about three months and then came back, and when he returned back home Mr. Joseph didn’t worry about the money again. Somebody must have told him, “Well, the man is old and he has a bad foot.” He used to go away for quite a long time to buy cocoa, he had a house rented outside by the road, and sometimes people used to bring cocoa for him—it was his shop, and he used to sleep there too. One night he had many bags of cocoa, and he was sleeping on them. A robber came in, opened the door, raised his head off one of the bag, take away two half bags, and leave him and gone. It was a “trick” that they use, just as the people use prayers and they open your door and take away things inside, and you wouldn’t know. That is a “trick” they have.

My father never used to pay much attention to the home, because he would be away; that is the reason why we were more attached to the mother than to him. I never get beating from my mother but once, I remember she was beating one of my elder brothers and I started to cry, and she gave me one or two belts for crying. Once she quarrelled with my father because he was beating Darkie, he took some cocoa and sell it, and my father missed it, and he went where Darkie sold it, and they told him. He bought two yards of rope and he came and beat him with it and he got a sore on his ears, and my mother told him he had to beat the boy, but not in that way.

I had a little schooling, at Mr. Date school, then when I was living at my grandmother and my aunt started to follow the Adventists and they had a day school, I went there. They teach Bible Class and other stories. When I went to school I wasn’t even eight years old. The school was at Heathfield, a gentleman by the name of Mr. Nurse kept it. They had over sixty children at the school, boys and girls, the oldest would be about fourteen to fifteen. After fourteen they stay home, some of the boys they go out to work, some of the girls they stay home. There wasn’t much beating, and I cannot remember that the children was unruly.

My mother used to deal in a shop, and I know sometimes, when life was pretty hard with her, she owed the shop fourteen shillings, and her wages is only eight-and-fourpence a week, and when she went to the shop to get anything they would refuse giving her. It was very troublesome to maintain the nine children that was with her. Sometimes she would go to the estate to get provisions, and she would hardly get. Sometimes they said it haven’t got, sometimes the watchman is not there to get for her, and she would get a pound of sugar and make tea—chocolate—for the whole ten or eleven of us in the home, until she able to pay the shop. Sometimes even on Sundays we never used to drink tea, because on Sundays she was unable to get sugar to make tea for us. In days gone the people of Grenada, the whole week they wouldn’t get tea, but on Sunday they would prepare tea for everybody in the home. But sometimes she was even unable to prepare tea for us on Sunday.

And she only had a small bit of garden on the estate, she plant peas and cassava, sometimes corn, but it doesn’t do very well. To keep the children at school, a private school she used to send us, she undertook to work about five or six acres or so for weeding, herself alone,
on the teacher's land. That was to get our school. She was unable to pay the teacher, because the money she earned on the estate was not sufficient to support the home and pay the schooling. She tried her very best with us to get some learning, until she was not able to do anything again.

My father, he was always careless with his home, never helped her in order that the children should get a schooling. She would have to buy the clothes, too.

Sometimes when my mother is at home with us, she would speak and reason with us about that, but she always said God is going to help us, and she would not tell the father anything. She would say “My child, your father not trying to help or do anything as even to help all you to get schooling, I have to do everything myself. God is going to help me, little as it is you all will get to know something from school.”

What father do with his money we never used to know, my mother never used to know, he never tell her anything. Not until when he couldn't pay the parties that had advanced him money to buy cocoa, she would hear. He would buy his own clothes, he would buy the cloth and my mother used to sew them for him, ordinary pants and shirts. There was one thing, she never had trouble to pay to sew for us until we grow big, up to twenty.

My mother, although she had ten of us she wasn't weak, she was strong and healthy, because on the estate they say the way she was brave in drogging the cocoa, they had a mule on the estate that they call Gypsy, and they gave her that very name; in the midst of the young women she used to head in her cocoa before them, so they call her “Gypsy”. She was very brave. She never got sick, she suffer mostly with toothache. But she never lie in bed to call the doctor. I remember her suffering with a toothache, oftentimes. All of us would sit around her, sometimes the whole night, the whole day, sometimes she would have it for three days, her face swollen. But we never knew what was the meaning of toothache, and my father would not be at home.

If my mother and father have a quarrel at home, they would quarrel and keep quiet to themselves, but we were not allowed to say anything. I never quarrelled with him. They were married, and he never had any other women outside, not to an extent. We knew at one time he had a woman, but not in a long time that should publish out to an extent. That is, when my mother get to know, he leave it. The woman had no child for him. I liked him, because sometimes he too, when he is home, he would sit down and give us all sorts of stories, having little jokes of when he was young and what he knew about, he would sit down and tell us something and we would laugh and so on, so we never had anything against him to create a disliking. But we were more familiar with my mother than with my father and she was kind to us.

We always had our meals together, and according to the old people's custom, if the food ready and he is not home, they would not dish out the food until he come in. And when he come in he would have his first, and then the elder one and then the next, until everybody serve. There was a custom like that with our family; I don't know whether this was from the African people, but when I recognise her, that was her custom. She would eat inside the house, but after everybody was satisfied. As she gave him his meal, everyone of us would
get our meal, and we would sit down inside and eat. His on the table, and we would sit down on the floor and eat.

**AT MY GRANDMOTHER**

Almost my first experience is one morning when I woke up, we saw the leaves with white things like ashes, they said it was a volcano eruption from St. Vincent. I was about seven, I could remember that. Afterwards my grandmother took me to live with her. She was my mother’s mother. Mistress John Noel; I called her “Tante”. Her husband was dead, but she used to work in the field as a labourer. And at night she used to practise us for singing. All in the house were her grans, she had four grans besides me in the house. She used to practise us to sing Big Drum and dance, she used to practise us Ibo, and I could pick that up quick. She used to make all of us dance till we say we dead! I remember the songs, one she taught us was:

E-e, Ibo, Le-le-lele,
Ba ya mamma ka-ki-te
Bayo
Baya-mama se fa me
Ibo.

That’s it. That’s patois, it mean she is Ibo family and she won’t live for the other nation, she will trample them—that’s “Ba-kakite Ibo”. She couldn’t speak any African, but she was an African; whenever they have this Big Big Drum she would go and open it for them, start it for them. She used to sing Kromanti, she used to sing Bula, Quelbe, but I don’t remember those. I was trying to remember the other night, one when she is calling the spirit with an old hoe, but it slip my memory.

After Dorothy came, my grandmother and my aunt took me because I used to talk with a tied tongue, and they liked to hear me talk. I knew I was going to live with my grandmother, because she came one Sunday night and asked my mother to allow me to stay with her, and my mother said if I liked to go I can go.

I was satisfied to live at my grandmother, because she had some of the other children, and we could play together, so I did not miss home. We were all grans through daughters. Wilfred and Kathleen’s mother was my mother’s sister, and the other two, their mother was another sister. She had no children of her own living in the house, the others were working out, they weren’t staying there; she used to care the grans for them.

I missed my mother, but I was glad to be with my grandmother because she promised me she would give me clothes and send me to school and so on, and my mother couldn’t afford to do that to all of us. I was the oldest of the children at my grandmother, when I went to live with her.

Sometimes on Sundays I would go down and see my mother and sleep, and return on Monday morning at my grandmother; then I was living on the estate and my mother always come to see me, she was working on the estate too, and sometimes when she come she have bread in her pocket, she bring a piece of bread and give me. After I left my grandmother I went back to live with her, she was still working as a labourer on the estate then, and she was not better off,
because the children were plenty, and according to the work they could not do anything as to better the position. I always have the thought that some day I must better myself, and help her.

After a time Popeson and my other brother Solomon was living at my grandmother, and my sister Melita too, because they used to suffer with a bad foot, and my grandmother took them over to cure it. She knew what herbs to put on the foot, she would get different fruits and boil it and bath the sore and apply that. One time a fellow brought something to my mother, telling her to look under the window, she would see a little hole, and that was the cause of the children's feet can't get better; so when she looked she saw the hole, and a fellow by the name of Prince and she dug that hole. He found seven powders of different colours, he practice there. But she never found out who put it.

My grandmother used to sit up late at night, and she was a great fighter of those things, such as loupgarou. She had a box just at the door, and she had a cutlass, and sometimes she would call me and sit down at the door, and she would scratch the slate and she would be talking to the others, and one night I hear her say, "Venez papa, mu ka bawo." So I think, "I wonder what she mean?" She said "Get up and go and sit down inside." And she said, "Etez musso cutlass-moin," that is, "Come, where is my piece of cutlass?" And she take up this piece of cutlass, she sat down in front of the door. Next minute I heard a donkey gallop and come in the yard, but I did not see it. The others saw it as it gallop in the yard, bright fire in the mouth and the eyes, and she went outside and she followed it away, cursing, and she came back, as she came back she close the door—it was back again. That was the loupgarou, the donkey. A human transform himself into the animal, and he knew she was determined, and he was determined, to see what he could do to her, and as she closed the door it came back again. She went after It again, It went farther this time, and my aunt told her not to go out the third time, it will hurt her. It remain in the yard, it pranced up, it galloped, in the morning it gone. In the morning she said, "Well the loupgarou gone home."

Another time, she said she was walking and she met a little donkey. The donkey would not walk in front of her, and she take up three stones and she lick it down and she say, "Your foot big as cattle foot, you think I 'fraid of you? I not 'fraid of you at all!" In the morning she was passing by a home, the man of the home was rubbing his foot, he say, "This foot, here, this foot, they say it big as cattle-foot, but it can do its work!" So she knew exactly it was he that transform himself into that donkey. But we never get frightened about that, because my grandmother's grandfather was an African, her father was an African but born here. So she herself, she knew a lot of different things, how to fight all these things, so we was not afraid of them. Just as the Africans would know something through the Powers to fight out any evil, just so my grandmother knew a little.

I knew a woman, when I was at my grandmother, that used to practise witchcraft, and one day she was walking the road with a basket, and she had pieces of bread, she had old dresses, she had combs, she had hair, and she was confessing what she was doing,

everybody's name, what she had done to them and how she had tied them. She didn't belong to the estate, she came from another place, walking abroad. The people on Hampstead estate never used anything like that about one another, not to my knowing. You hear they say that people have done things to them, but I really don't know the actual person. Sometimes they say they find a bottle buried in their yard, they find things, they find pieces of clothes buried about; but I don't know who really has done that.

But they had loupgarou there, I knew of two of them that they said was loupgarou. My uncle met one one night, he said he was at a big dance and he saw a fire blazing and outing, blazing and outing. When he reached the spot he met that man sitting on that spot, and the next day that man brought a complaint to my grandmother, asking her to tell him to be careful when he was walking at night. The man's name was Wellington, the uncle was my mother's brother. He was on the estate. But my uncle not afraid of anything, he would fight anything at any time at night.

The loupgarous would come in the house at night; the house closed, but they would get in the house, and sometimes you see a blue mark burning you. They interfere with you in that spot, they suck your blood. When they suck your blood and they reached outside they would cast up everything, they don't go with it. And if you could take up that blood, put it into a bottle with other things and cast it into the sea, the loupgarou would not be able to do another person that, he would dead.

At one time they used to make sugar and rum on Hampstead estate, but at that time I was not born. That was the time of my grandfather; they were Africans, and they used to work at the time of slavery. My grandmother told us of the time of slavery, and when Africans were in Grenada. She showed us a mango tree in the yard, big as the whole of this yard here, where some of them went and gone up. They went into the cloud and they never see them again, they understand they had gone back to Africa. My grandmother said they were dissatisfied, so they went up the tree and away. In the morning they couldn't find the most important part of the mill, the mill could not start working. The Africans had performed some science and taken it away, and they demand to set them free and they would bring it back, so they set them free and they said, "Well, all right, in the morning you will find it ready to work". And in the morning they found it ready to work. Well, it got repaired and then they were free to go, and they ascend up the tree and gone.

When I was young they used to have Nation Dances quite a lot, my grandmother used to have that. They don't slaughter any hog with the offering, the Powers is not in favour of using any hog, but if you want to use them, you got outside the yard and you kill it, clean it and prepare it before you come back. Then you get an old hoe and walk right round the house and beat that and sing and call in the spirit, then they would throw rice, they would throw rum and sweet water in the four corners. And then they would beat the drum first before they do any feeding of the altar. And I see them wash the animals, the fowls or whatsoever they have, they wash them first before they kill them. They give them sweet water and they feed them. And then not everybody would be able to cook that food, you
had to be very silent and particular in cooking that food; you cook without salt, they don't use garlic, no onion, no seasoning at all. And they would lay a large table and put out everything, and put everything that the dead family used to use there. You put the table inside, in the bedroom. They would have the bedroom properly cleaned and make the bed clean, and they would put that table in there. And that is just like they do in Carriacou up till today.

At first I was satisfied to live at my grandmother, but then when they started to beat me I was dissatisfied. When I was seven all the way, I used to wet my bed. And there was a boy by the name of Bertie, my grandmother told them to trouble me in the road because I am wetting my bed at night, and he started to trouble me and it hold on to fight. I used to sleep with the other children. My grandmother was persecuting me to stop wetting my bed, but she didn't say whether she disliked me for that. I was about ten or eleven when I stopped, because up to the time when I went to Hampstead and worked I used to wet my bed.

Then my grandmother used to beat me and sometimes take an advantage, because my two other aunts, their children were at my grandmother too, but my aunts, were working at Mr. White's, they could afford to keep their children and also to keep her, to treat her better than my mother could. When the time for school came, she would bathe the other children, dress them and send them to school, and leave me behind to cook their lunch and bring it for them. Sometimes while they were going to school, I am getting water still. Sometimes on Sunday I have to take my grandmother's clothes to wash it in the river, while the other children would not touch the water. I was a little older than them, but they could have done work. I have to find that it is what get me to leave my grandmother. We never quarrel, but I had the understanding to know that all of us must go to school and I not going?

I never say anything to her, but I told my mother, and I told my mother one day, "I am coming home." I take what I have and come home, and she did not tell me anything; I went home from school that evening, I gave the others my lunch-pan, I said, "Take it back home." I don't want anything that belong to them, they gave me a hat, I said, "Take it back." At that time I was about ten to eleven years. At that time I said it should not be so, the others would be going to school, I would begin and cook their lunch and take it for them, and go to school whilst they are studying already. I was kept behind as a servant of them, carrying their breakfast to them. I said, "These children must carry their own breakfast for themselves. I am going at my mother."

My grandmother came to see me at my mother's house the very night. She asked me what is my reason. I told her. My grandmother asked me if I would not go back. I said "No." She asked my mother and my mother said, "Well, he says he is not going back, so I don't know what to say." And she remain, she talk and talk, she say "If you are not coming back I am through with you." I still did not worry with her.

I liked reading, all different books, I liked singing; reading and singing, that was the only thing I favoured. A set of children playing hoop or so, spinning top, I didn't worry with them. My cousin used to have marbles, he used to beg for marbles to play, but I would not
touch it, I had no likings for that. I read the ABC book, when I were reading the ABC book I could have read in the first Royal Reader, sometimes in the Second Standard book I could read something in it. If you are reading in a book, I would remain alongside of you and listen to everything, and when you put down the book I would take it and read the very place which you read. I read the Bible when I was at school in the Seventh Day Adventist, just a couple of days after Mr. Sweeney told me to buy a Bible. My brother bought a Bible for 6d. and from the time they started to read the first chapter of Genesis for me, I come home, I could have read the first chapter of Genesis— whatsoever they told me at school I could repeat the same things in the house.

My mother was not sick at all when I came back, she live strong and healthy until she pass away. She was very brave, up to the time she pass away she would go and come back so quick that you would think she get a lift by some vehicle in the road. She never take part in wakes, but in Saraca, Nation Dance. I don't remember who she made them for, because after I had left her home we was not so nearby to frequent each other. The last one I remember is a woman that was living near to us by the name of Vital, and she had this saraca, so we went there. She was not a real middle, but any of the neighbours around that is having a baby, before they go and call a nurse they come to get her first to stay in the house with the person, because she understand that work very well. My mother never made any saraca at her own home. I remember Miss Vital had a saraca, and my mother and a next woman did everything, but that is the last saraca I know she went to.

She used to dance the Nation Dance. She knows that very well, because she always with her mother, and my grandmother knew all the different singing for each and every nation. Sometimes the old people had a picnic, Christmas Day, on some hill or other; they does that First of August, too. Everybody make up a tray with chicken, sometimes stewed beef and other things, and cover it nice and dress it with flowers like the people at Carriacou, they walk up and down the road and then they go up the hill, and everyone would put down their tray and one would eat with the other, just as a saraca. Sometimes they dress up with blue bodice, white skirt, sometimes blue skirt, white bodice and blue apron. They did it as Queen Victoria do. No saraca, just everybody ate together, a rejoicing day. Sometimes they have the whole week to pleasure themselves. Sometimes Mr. White, the manager, rode his horse after them, and he come and eat with them too. He would eat at my grandmother at any time. Then they would have the Invitation Dance, in evening.

Every Saturday my mother would go to market to buy, but she never go and sell. Sometimes I go with her, she would put her tray down and go and buy anything she want and come and pop it in the tray, and I would watch it. The people today use hand-baskets with covers; they were making them then, but they preferred the tray and a cloth to cover it—every married woman, a tray she used to have, even the young girls had a tray.

During that time there was something like susu but they did not use to call it susu, they used to call it "Partner". Three of them put

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5. Susu (Yoruba esusu) — savings group, described on the following page.
five shillings each, they give it all to one this fortnight. Next fortnight they put five shillings each, they give it all to the other, and the following fortnight, five shillings each, the third one got it. Never more than three people, but in susu they sometimes have twenty, sometimes thirty, sometimes fifty. When they have fifty, they collecting such an amount of money, sometimes they divide it between three persons, they say, "Well, we share it between three persons; next week between another three." I used to run a susu on the estate, sometimes eight of us at four shillings a fortnight. My mother never took much part in that, only in Partners. They used to work Maroon in partners, sometimes for the week, eight of them, everybody go in one garden this evening, tomorrow the next person's, and the following day the next, so they all get a help in their gardens. Then she always in a Friendly Society, but she never get any good reward until she dead; always paid money in a Friendly Society, sometimes it break up and she didn't get anything. First Friendly Society I knew she was in and my father, each of them used to pay a shilling, and they paid five shillings to join. The gentleman name they used to call Mr. Bequin, and they paid that money until he spent out everything, they never get a cent. He wasn't running a shop, but buy land. He bought land with it at River Sallee, he live there and he used to ride a horse and come home.

HOW I JOINED THE ADVENTIST CHURCH

I became an Adventist because I grew up with them and that is where I experience about this world and how you must live. I was living at my grandmother when my aunt, Mrs. Isaacs, had joined the Seventh Day Adventists, and six of us, we were sent to school at the Adventist school. After she had joined the Adventist we were taken from the other school and sent to school there. Mrs. Isaacs had three children, my other aunt Jane had two, and myself, that was six of us. From the time we went there, they had say about keeping the Sabbath, and how we should live respectable and fear God. I grew up there. I was taken away from school and went to work, but I still had my Bible, and I believed that one must respect God and fear Him and obey Him.

Once when I was praying, as the heart and mind was bent solely upon God, I got a shock just like that; at that time I have grown up, I was sitting for baptism—about fourteen to fifteen years. I would get a shock, and my body would shake, I thought it was ague fever, but it would die away, it leave a kind of gladness in me. I would satisfy, I don't want water to drink, I don't want food, but always singing, sometimes repeating some verses in the Scripture, some psalms, and the hymn that appeal to me. My mother knew when I started to make visions, and myself, my sister Millicent, my brother Popeson, my aunt Jane, my cousin Mylon, we all baptise the same day. My mother never was baptised, but she never against it, oftentimes she go to service. My father didn't come, he used to spree a lot when he buying cocoa, but once he stop buying cocoa he never make it a habit, just sometimes he go to a quadrille dance.

After I took some schooling in the Seventh Day Adventist school I became interested in the Adventists by the teaching of the Bible, of the Sabbath, and the singing—the hymns appealed very much, they caused me to follow them very closely, and I find the teaching of the Bible was true, but at that time I could not have decided to be a member of the church, because I was young. I was maybe eleven or
twelve. They used to meet on Saturdays and Sundays and Wednesday nights; on Saturdays from eight to twelve and from four to six, they would sing hymns and prayer and reading the Bible and explain. Mr. Sweeney was the Minister. They carry on a sermon as the Anglican church did, but they read the Scripture, comment on it, and explain what it means. Suppose they read, “Jesus say, ‘Behold, I come quickly and my reward is waiting to give every man according to his works . . .’”, then they comment, and say that that means one day Jesus will come, and those that serve Him in spirit and in truth or obey Him, they will receive a reward from Him, and that reward is everlasting life. They mean that He really would come and every eye would see Him. Now in the Anglican church they would read a chapter, and very little comment and they pass that on. Very little comment, and they pass on, they sing one or two hymns, and they take up collection. But the Adventist people don’t do that. They take collection, but they read the scripture and they explain it to you, that every child should know and understand what the Scripture means.

From the time I get the understanding of the Scripture, I decided not to confirm in the Anglican, I decide there was one thing I would follow, the Seventh Day Adventists, and no other religion, because I knew there was no other truth. They believing in the Scriptures for a special purpose and a special purpose and a special reason—the Scripture teaches the coming of Christ, and one must be prepared to meet Him. But the other religions, they don’t believe Christ will come—they tell you He would not come. He wants you to be made to love Him, but in what way they will not explain. Some people say He will not destroy His children. He will not make His children to destroy them with fire, as they say. But Seventh Day Adventists teaches that you would be destroyed with fire; the Bible clarifies that. And if we believe the things that are written in the Bible, we have to accept it as true.

When I became an Adventist, all the times when I was indulging in those life, as smoking and drinking or so, I had to leave the Adventists, because I knew it was not right. When I did wrong I would have a spirit, a weeping spirit, and sorrow, I know I did wrong, and as if I am ashamed to go to the temple to prayers. But I would never have the real idea of what it was until now, when reading a portion of the chapter in Romans: “Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost and you ought to glorify God in your body.” And if your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, it is a house for the Holy Spirit to dwell in, it must be clean. To know how it must be clean, you read in First John, the second chapter, somewhere about the thirteenth verse: “Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. All that is in the world is the lust of the flesh and the pride of life.” So you see, you cannot indulge yourself in the things of this world while your body is the temple for the Holy Ghost. I tried to be honest, and when I done a thing wrong I don’t see why I should go and sit down and profess and praying those solemn prayers, and in my own heart to know that I am wrong—I never done that. I left several times, yes, several times, without any of them knowing why. When they tell me to come back I say can’t, until I get some dream to know that God is really depending on me for some purpose, and I must put away disobedience and go back to Him and promise Him. That is the reason why oftentimes when I leave, I go back.
Once I went to a Nation Dance. That was at Mount Navel with the old people, and it was on a Friday night, when the Sabbath starts, and when I came back I thought I couldn't go to church knowing that I didn't keep the Sabbath. I did not start with the beginning of the Sabbath, so it was untruthful to go. My conscience isn't free towards it, it shows God is not pleased. I always knew that, and up to today if I have done anything and it is not right in the sight of God, I know to myself I must go and confess my fault, so that God should answer, because when your conscience beat you, you are well beaten by the spirit.

After the Nation Dance I must have stayed about three months. I didn't smoke then, just the Nation Dance I went to. I didn't do anything else wrong then. The next morning after the Nation Dance, when I come home I lie down, I drop asleep, it was Saturday morning, and I saw three gentlemen walk into the house with their Bibles under their arm; they call me, they said, “Come here, where is your Bible?” I said “I left it at my grandmother.” They said, “When you get it, you must read First Timothy the sixth chapter beginning from the eleventh verse: “And thou, man of God, flee away these things, follow after righteousness, peace, godliness, temperance.” I could not remember presently what was the other words. That was the first time I ever heard First Timothy. At the time I was about sixteen to seventeen years. I got up, I memorised it well, I said, “I want to see if it is the truth.” and when I went I get my Bible, I turn over—it was the real thing that they quote to me, in the dream. I decided that I must go back, because it is like somebody speak to me, man to man. They had public confessions, and I went and I told them the dream in the church, I told them what caused me to come back to the church, and I confess what I did, and how the spirit speak to me, I have to obey.

Then I stayed with the church, about three years, until I had to go back to work at Hampstead estate again. That was one of the things caused me to leave, when I go back to Hampstead I would not get the Sabbath off. I felt bad about it, and then being a young man, I had to get clothes, shoes and so on, and not in a position to get them, and when I get offer of that work, I sorry, but I went.
TAKING UP MANSHIP

HAMPSTEAD ESTATE

MY TWO aunts used to work for Mr. Edward White at Hampstead Estate, and my mother worked on the estate too; he saw me, and sometimes when I was about nine years, he asked my aunt to allow me to come and work for him. She said she couldn't do that, she would have to go and see my mother. My mother said she couldn't allow me, I am going to school, he would have to compel her to send me to work. He told her if she don't send me to work with him, he would not give her any more work on the estate, and she had to yield to him to send me. That must have been about 1909 I started to work with him; I worked sixteen years with him, but during that time off and on, I would leave and go back, according to the different visions I been having. That was about 1912 I start to see visions, not knowing the meaning of those.

The first one I can remember is one night I saw a cloud on that side, I heard a music was playing in the cloud, and when I looked in the cloud I saw an entrance, and something coming down. As much as I could, I watched carefully, I saw a picture of the Sacred Heart was coming down, and plenty of people that was around started to run, but I didn't run, I called my sister and I told her, "That is a spirit", and we started to pray. And I awoke after that vision. That is the first one, when I was living at Hampstead. I left Mr. White because during the time I was working, around 1912, I used to run away at night to the Adventists' services. At that time the minister was one called Rashford, a Jamaican, a dark man, very young. He had been at Innswood about seven or eight years, and I decided to baptize in 1912, I baptized in 1914, 4th August, but I decided in 1912. I got baptized on the day of the outbreak of the world war.

When I first work for Mr. White, I worked outside, I used to clean up the galleries (verandahs), water the plants and feed the ducks and work messenger boy. Afterwards I had to clean the bedrooms. When I started he used to pay me 5d. a day; he increased it after he take me from outside and I was placed inside, to do butler and to clean up the house, he used to pay me £1. 10s. 0d. a month. I started to work inside the house about 1911 to 1912, so I did two years of work inside. When he pay me I would bring the money to my mother, she never allow us to take our own money. She would ask me if I wanted a shilling. I told her sometimes yes, sometimes I didn't want because sometimes when they had guests I would get more money than my
wages. Sometimes I would keep that, sometimes I would give her a portion of it and keep a portion. She was always better off with me than with the others, because I was always luckier than the others, the white people liked me very much. Sometimes they would call me home and they would put me at their table to have meals with them, I was always lucky with these coloured people.

Once when I was between eleven and twelve they tried to put witchcraft on me, but I was protected then, I did not know who tried it, but all that I did, Mr. White was not pleased, and he would call my mother and tell her that I wasn't doing my work, I was very careless and stupid; and a woman told my mother there was somebody living by Mount Craven, to go there and see her, maybe they did not want me to work in the place, and they trying to tie me. When my mother went, that woman, by the name of Mistress Joseph, told her don't worry her mind about anything about me, because I am well protected by God, even though they try they would not be able to do me anything, I am well protected. She did not do anything for me, and afterwards myself and Mr. White, we got on well.

Hampstead is over a hundred acres, over a hundred and fifty labourers he had, men and women, all living on the estate—houses scattered all over the estate. They were free to hold their gardens and houses and everything on the estate. The estate built the house and used to repair it for them, and when he repaired any buildings on the estate, he leave the boards so that the people could build a kitchen or lavatory or anything they needed, with them. If they need boards he would give them from the store-room, too. Well, he was one of the best gentlemen in this parish. I would not say in the parish, but in Grenada; there wasn't another like him. But this came from his parents, his father was a Scotchman and his mother was a Grenadian, an African. Then the father died and the mother also, and then he was in charge.

And when the father died, there was a fellow at Grenville by the name of Sidney Brown who was in charge of old Mr. White's business and the estate, and I didn't know him at the time, but my aunt was cooking for White, and she related me the story, that when old Mr. White died, Mr. Brown was in the house sitting down saying to bring the debts, because he was for trying to manage the estate. He collected the debts, the man he sent to collect them took the books to him, and when he reach above the road, the labourers say he is not sufficient to rule the estate, and no other man should rule the estate but Mr. Ted, and the labourers drive that man away, they wanted to beat him—they got tough in the boucan with the man whom Sidney Brown sent to take charge of the estate. Mr. Ted White told them he would support them. From that time the estate was left to him to manage, and he was very successful. I don't know how old he was when his father died, he was quite young.

Every month they used to give a Sunday to every one of the servants as a day off. So when I have a day off, I used to visit my friends. I have some friends by the name of Pope. Then there was my brother, I can remember him one night, he was writing a letter, I was looking at him and got something into my mind that remain up till today. While he was writing this letter I never knew anything about it and never knew what he said, but he kept on bawling out at me, and he tell me to go and sit down. I am only looking at him writ-
ing a letter, and he bawling at me. Afterwards I came to know there was something called love, that is why he bawl at me. Apart from that he was very careful, and he was generous towards my grandmother and ourselves.

We used to play cricket match, and dancing (but the music was clarinet, not Big Drum). And kites and tops, and on Christmas Day they have this play, they would dress and go about singing Christmas carols. And First of August* they have picnics, my mother and all the old people, they walk about with the drum and flag, they had the African flag, and those African people would hang these things round their neck, they call them *goulad*. They have a bouquet of flowers and they come to Mr. White. Sometimes he allow them to dance the whole day in the pasture, sometimes he allow them to dance in the boucan. They would beat that drum, and everybody bring a tray to give the offering they had at the hill up there. They beat the cymbal and they dance quadrille and all sorts of dances. At night they would go back and dance the Nation Dance, he would give them the boucan and they would dance there.

He would kill a cattle and many hogs, and he would give every home a barrel of flour and a bag of rice—every August and every Christmas, each home gets a barrel of flour and a bag of rice. It was a big barrel, 196 pounds. And he gave them rum too. Sometimes he give them the music, sometimes he would come himself. The old people there dance first, and afterwards he take the Government band from St. George’s and give the young people theirs too. This is the Cropover, they all-times celebrate the Cropover First of August, because at that time the crop is over, and October or November, the crop will start again. Sometimes he hold it for two days, three days. He let them cook in the coppers. Sometimes he come and he enjoy with them, sometimes he dance with them—he was a real African. Whenever they have this Big Drum, he want them to wait until he reach first, and he would give them anything. At that time he wasn’t married.

* * *

I never interested in any games as played, but I like to watch cricket. Some way, somehow, as if I had some purpose in spiritual affairs, I loved singing very much and that was all I did, it was only hymns I used to sing.

When I joined the Seventh Day Adventists they liked me quite a lot, because I had a powerful bass voice. Anywhere people go and I heard it have a programme, concert, I like to go. Presently I don’t think I could do very much singing, because I speak quite a lot, and I think my voice is failing. I used to practise with children and have concerts, it is something as a teaparty—a concert. I would practise some children to sing songs, dialogues and speeches, and I would challenge you that we should meet, and each of us have a chairman, and the one that did best would get a prize. We would put up a prize of twenty dollars each, and if your side is better than my side you get the whole thing, and if my side is better we get the whole thing. Some other person might put up a prize, sometimes.

* First of August—Emancipation Day.
We speak of Shakespeare, we speak of John Wesley, Bunyan and so on, what great men they were, they would speak of Booker T. Washington and how he became a man of high standard. We appeal to the crowd—"Ladies and gentlemen, we are here to tell you so much of John Wesley, and if at all we could culture ourselves, though small we are, we would feel like one of these", and so on—something elevating. We would begin with speeches and go on to songs, after a speech a song, after a song a dialogue, after a dialogue a recitation. A dialogue is two parties, one from each side. It is something like a joke. "The pig with a straight leg". We take that and we pick out different parts: you will say something concerning the pig and I will say something I think it better and so on, and the people would laugh and enjoy this. Then the one who had the better brain would win.

I made one myself one time, a singing dialogue:

All the men still wear one coat,
And I myself have two,
During the week I wear one coat
And on Sunday I wear my blue,
(Don't look at my long-tailed blue!)
I will sing you a song,
But not for long,
It's about my long-tailed blue.

When it got here, a little boy came from behind.
"Good evening, sir."
"Good evening, boy."
"My father sent me for the coat". (I haven't got two coats, I am showing off).
"What do you mean? Go off!"
Then the boy come back, he say, "My father sent me for the coat."
"What do you mean? I haven't got no coat."
"Ha, ha, ha! Boy's father needing a coat!"
And they would laugh and think it very nice.

I started very young, because when I was working I used to run away all the time in the evening to practise, I was sleeping at Mr. White's, in the outer room. He would not let me go out, but sometimes I slip away, sometimes I would tell him I want to see my mother.

Mr. White, sometimes he used to rough me, but he spoke very well concerning me to other gentlemen, and the labourers heard, he wouldn't want me to know but they told me. I remember once one of the grooms told a lie and he sent me away, but it happened in this way. He told Mr. White that I would go and tell the people his business in the home, and Mr. White call me and he drive me out off the place. But I told Mr. White to ask him who it is I tell; he said "It is a fellow called John, and Popeson his brother". Well, luckily Mr White knew my brother and John, and he told me to wait outside in the yard, and he called them. When they came they said "No, he never told us anything, that man tell a lie". Mr. White had done a lot of things with me, he don't allow the grooms to drive the horse; it was a pet of his. They don't like that, so they made a plot to make him get rid of me, and when he found out, he call me back and he allow me to live in his house. At that time I was about seventeen to eighteen years. He gave me a bedroom inside the house, and he took me to the stores
and give me everything, and still pay me a salary. I was getting at that time £2. 15s. 0d. per month. I used to work in the house, an aunt by my father called Ann—my father's sister, she was married—was the maid; the cook was a woman by the name of Mistress Coster; the groom was Fred; a man David; and there was another fellow by the name of Dark. A woman by the name of Mary Transfer was the washer, she took the clothes home and go and do washing home. They had another fellow by the name of Lucky Hanson, under-groom, and I was the butler. Mr. White kept a lot of horses—one was Nosegay, a brown and another by the name of Electra, I remember. One night he went out, the groom went into the house to take a bottle of whisky; the other groom reported that to me, I told Mr. White, and I had to reach High Court. It went to Sessions, that is the High Court, on 15th February, 1913, when I was about seventeen years old. Friday was the groom in charge then, and John was a groom under him; it was John who went in the house to steal that whisky, and I was in charge. John had been there a long time.

Mr. White used to go out a lot, and he used to have a lot of people to dine with him, even the Governor. After supper, when they dance until two o'clock, they stop and he allow the servants to dance until four, and he give them the same supper and the same table, the whisky, the cocktails and everything for the servants. Everyone have to dress. I used to dance—I am the butler dressed in pure white; the groom is in black suit, his white shirt and his tie; the cook in her blue dress and her apron, the servant her blue dress and her white apron, her cap on her head—everyone in their uniform. Some of the field workers would come, they call them and put all on the table and give them just the same thing. Then whenever he had a dance he would call the people to come round the galley and watch the dance while it was going on—the labourers and everybody, all dressed up. Some of the white people didn't like that, but he said he did not agree, they are his people and they work to put money in his pocket, and they must come just the same.

If there was a wedding on the estate, sometimes he would take them to the church, or he would send them the carriage to go to the church. From the church they would come to him, they would take wine and cake, then they would go to their house, and he would give them all sorts of drinks. And if there is a concert or so, he would give them the boucan and he would get one or two of his friends and he would come and enjoy the concert just the same. At Christmas, well, from midnight he would be up, and the band would come with singing carols and the rum from Simone—they used to make rum there and he would get a cask of rum and form it into another liquor called shrub; you sweeten up plenty of rum with molasses, and put spice, clove and lime juice, and that becomes a liquor, shrub, and he would give the people that to drink.

The next thing, he love cricket match very much, he would give his labourers bats, gloves, half-a-dozen balls, he would give them that as present, and have the pasture every time well clean. He could not play much, he would captain the team but he would not do much—he wasn't good at it but he loved it, and as he was the master, well. He played Barbados here at his estate, he played Trinidad, he played St. Lucia. Over and over. He play all the islands. He was out for sport, and many times he would make a sport for the labourers.
And when there was a death, he would come to a wake. Whenever he have a death he bury them first-class, he give them all the equipment to bury and he would come, and sometimes he would follow the funeral.

The people who owned estates round about didn’t like all this, they feared he mingled himself too much with the labourers—that is what they said. But they used to go and see him, they liked him very much, they didn’t ignore him; but they did not like the way he moved with the workers.

Every morning at seven o’clock he would meet the labourers by the boucan, the labourers would be there half-past six, and seven o’clock he would come down and despatch everything with the drivers. He would tell the drivers what work he wanted done, and each part of the estate have a particular name, such as Mount Zion, Adam (because one Adam worked that part), next place called Ashley, a fellow Ashley worked that place; Maho, St. Pierre, any other part—he would say “go to Maho and do weeding”, and they would know exactly where to start. The driver would give out the work, and each driver had his particular gang, a regular set of people with him all the time.

The overseer go and he make up all the books for the estate, and he see that the work was done. A shilling a day for men and ten pence for women; if you didn’t come to work you can stay two or three weeks, and he would find out if you were sick; if you were sick he would support your home, he would send the doctor, and anything you want he would send for you. If you weren’t sick and you ask for one or two days leave he would grant that, and he wouldn’t worry until you had come out again.

The watchman’s job is to look over the estate to watch that there is no thief, and if he bring in a thief, if he steal a coconut or pick some peas or bluggo, Mr. White would charge them ten shillings or five shillings, sometimes he would send them to lock-up—and before they reach he telephone the police at Sauteurs and say “Let him go”, sometimes before they reach, he take a carriage and go down. He would not punish them a lot. He would give you a bit of land to work, if you didn’t work it properly he would quarrel with you all the time and say you were lazy, but he would not take it away. Oftentimes he give you a cattle to mind, or sometimes a hog, he had a very good breed of hogs.

Weeding was women’s work. And when picking cocoa, the men pick the cocoa, and when they crack the cocoa they give it to the women. During that time they had a gang of ten picking up nutmeg. Sometimes they go in the morning, they pick up a basket of nutmeg, they go back in the afternoon and pick up two more. Sometimes they had 158 labourers working. I know that because sometimes, when I was working with Cockburn the overseer, he make up the pay-list in my presence at night; he would sit down and check up the pay-list, and sometimes I would do it together with him. And when I was working with Mr. White, when he goes to Bank and draws money to pay the labourers, sometimes at night I meet him at Sauteurs, he give me the bag, when he come back at night he lie down reading his newspaper, he would tell me how many hundred pounds he draw, I would check it up and put it on the dresser, and he would come and check over.
They used to pick more than a thousand bags of cocoa—1,500 bags from that one estate, nutmeg about 600 to 800 bags, mace 300 to 400 bags. Besides that he had bought land in St. George's Parish, he had animals there, especially cattle and horses and mules. They work sometimes picking cocoa up to four o'clock, but when the cocoa was really ripe and he want to get through, sometimes they work up to six, seven, eight o'clock at night. He had many masantos (flares), he had some looking after the masantos, the rest of them would take off all the cocoa, and he would get rum and corn beef. They didn't mind that, when they finish up at night it was a joke for them, he paid them extra, too. They would do anything for him and they never minded. There used to be plenty of cocoa to stamp out, and he would get men and women, and while they stamping he would give them rum. He would get women and put them to boil rice and make porridge and make bread for them. You stamp the cocoa when it is dry.

For planting cocoa he gave them a garden for their own use and he hold them to plant cocoa and they would get paid for it. They plant their bluggoes and so on among the cocoa, and they never minded if he didn't pay them. For instance, where my mother was living on the estate at Top Hill, my father cultivated more than an acre in cocoa. They never worry about that, they did it as a gratitude. But when Ronald White took possession he never showed gratitude for that, he put my mother to pay a rent even although she wasn't working, she was ill when he took charge. She was paying up to the time I took her away two years ago, she used to pay 5/- a year, 10/- a year for the use of the house-spot; she had to pay for the garden too, but I can't remember how much. Afterwards, when she wasn't paying for the garden, he told them to plant nutmeg and he would compensate them for that, but he never did that, even although presently he took the garden from them, he don't pay; at Hampstead they planted coconuts, cocoa, and he promise that when they come to bear he would check them up and pay for them. Well, some of the nutmegs start to bear from three years, four years, and he was taking them up, but he would not pay for them. If you are planting nutmegs alone, you can plant more than a hundred for an acre, but generally you mix other things too; nutmeg, cocoa, bluggo, breadfruit; everything grows together and everything bear. When you plant the nutmeg and cocoa you plant them under the bluggo; if the bluggo trees are full the nutmeg will grow fast, because there is water in the bluggo root that keep it fresh, and it grows faster. You mix the cocoa with the bluggo, too. That is your garden, and you work it up and plant peas and so on, and those and the bluggoes would all belong to you. When the cocoa and nutmeg come to bear they belong to the estate, they agree to pay you so much for them when they take them over.

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There wasn't so much stealing on the estate, the people did not use to do much of it, and even if they did, Mr. White never meet them. It was not strangers who steal things, only the estate people; for instance, there was a watchman who opened the boucan and stole five bags of cocoa, and this is a watchman he had great confidence in. He was a black stout man, young, he was married and he had many children with his wife. He lived on the estate. He did that the first time and he get off; he was going to do it the second time, because Mr. White never found him the first time, nobody told him. The second
time the watchman contact a friend, and the two of them was to­gether, but the friend went and told Mr. White, Mr. White went and got two policemen and the night they went in the boucan, when he opened the door and went in, they held him. And that time they put him in gaol, because it was too much. But Mr. White didn't like policemen on the estate, the watchman acted as the policeman. One of them always at work, night or day. The people never quarrel much with one another, and as for stealing one another's provisions, they didn't do that. They used to take the estate things sometimes. One time Mr. White remain home and he saw a fellow climbing a coconut tree, by the name of James. He take two people to go and hold that fellow, but when he was reaching, the fellow saw him coming and he say "I see you coming, I bring this water-nut for you". He laughed and let him off. A policeman once was walking, and he saw a woman was cutting a bluggo by the road, he tell the police. Mr. White rang them up and ask the magistrate to dismiss the case and give the police a caution, they must never do this because that is not their business, the woman belong to the estate and she work with his mother as caretaker of them—she was his nurse. He never met anybody and then bring them up in Court or make them pay.

GIRL-FRIENDS AND OLD-TIME MARRIAGE

When I was about sixteen or seventeen, I was working as a boy at Mr. White, there was a girl called Gracie, she was the sister of my friends up at Sauteurs, and oftentimes we met in the evening-time, I meet her from Sauteurs, coming back home from school. We were about the same age, she was a little younger than I. Her father was a butcher named Pope. That was the first girl I loved; I was not certain I wanted to marry her, but I loved her and wanted to form an engagement, that is, later on I would want to marry her. I spoke to her, and she have consent.

When I wrote to engage her, my mother and father went and speak to her mother and father, they were quite friendly, and before my mother knew that I was going to engage her, her mother told my mother how much she loved me, and she wanted me to married to her daughter. We met first at a gentleman called George Phillips, he was the driver on the estate; his daughter had an At Home one August holiday, and we met there. Another time at her aunt's, the 24th May. She could have danced very well. I could have danced, and that pleased me. I never tried to make love to her, that was not in my mind at all. I moved with the old people, and hearing them talk about engage­ment, what an engagement is, I meant to be loyal to that. To have a happy home. Because the old people used to speak sometimes (I would sit down and listen to them well) what an engagement is and what is a happy home. They say that when you are married to a girl and she is innocent when you are going to your home, how much the people would adore you and how they would visit you, in what a respectable way, and the respect they would have for you and your wife. That is when you marry a girl who is a virgin, and that is what I wanted to do. So when I engage to Gracie I used to go and see her on Saturday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and she used to be at the butcher's stall with the father when I go to get meat for Mr. White, and we used to talk. When I engaged to her I was already friends with her brothers, we used to meet going to dance. Sometimes they would
Old-time marriage—to get married in Grenada, you have to go to the minister to give your name to publish the banns; and I undertook to do that for my brothers Popsen and Ralphie; and I help them in putting away the home furnishings and so on, whatsoever they need to put away in the home, to prepare the house as the wife needs. Table, bed, chairs, wares, linen, pots for cooking—the house itself, but sometimes the estate gives them a house. If the man was working it rested on the man to get up the house. He had to provide the house. Sometimes if the estate did not give them, they have to buy one from outside; anyone selling a house, they buy it and break it and bring it on the estate. My brother bought one outside and put it on the estate and live.

In Grenada, the man must put the first set of furnishings in the house, and when the wife come in, whatsoever is still needed, she get it after. She only come in with her clothes, that is all she bring; even if she brings some bed-linen, the husband supposed to put one
set. His family such as the mother and father, or other family, give presents to the husband to help him do this. When a man is to be married they pass round and tell all the family that they are going to get married at such a time; the mother pass around, and she go to all the family, mother and father family; it is the mother's duty to do that, and the girl's family will be told too. The wife's family give wares and so on to the girl—glassware, sometimes plates, sliver and so. Sometimes they give money, sometimes they give linen, sometimes a spare table, and waiters (trays) they give. The mother and father help the man with the bed, they are supposed to, any of their children going to get married, they supposed to help. Sometimes the family don't agree, then the man and girl go and marry between themselves.

Suppose I wanted to get married, I would tell my mother and father, both of them together; I want to get married to that girl. And they agree, yes, they agree that I should marry to that girl, so they ask you what time you would like to be married, and they start making things to help you to put away your place. Then you will tell them well, you are going to write to the girl's family, and you want them to go with you at the family to fix up the matter with them, and agree between them for the marriage.

If they agree they say you can write, so you write to the girl's father and ask them. And the father, after he get the letter, he will tell the mother, "Well, look, this young man have written to me concerning our daughter in the home. What do you say?" And she say, "Well, it leave to you, if you agree I agree just the same". And they both decide, and they would send the answer to you, that they want to see your parents to know whether they agree that you should marry to the daughter. In your proposing letter, you would ask them for an engagement for the daughter, for two years, or one and six months, that you should marry her, and you would like to get a favourable answer from them. If they agree they would answer a letter and send and tell you they agree, but they want to see your parents to know whether your parents agree. And if the girl's parents did not agree, my mother and father would tell me, so I won't know what the answer is until they have spoken to my mother and father.

When you write for an engagement, you enclose an envelope with an address. But you don't put a stamp on the letter, because if you enclose with a stamp and they disagree after a time, or you disagree to marry to the girl, you are liable for an action because when you put a stamp on it it shows that it is a legal matter. There was a case like that in St. Patrick's about 1915, 1917, a young man had engaged a girl in Gouyave to be married, and he married to another girl instead, and he had to pay a sum of money for breach of contract.

When your parents and the girl's parents agreed, you could visit the girl any day, but you couldn't see her alone, and you couldn't stay the night with her. They are doing it today, but in days gone, you cannot stay at night with her, and there are certain times you could remain in the home to speak to her. After nine and ten o'clock you cannot, in days gone, but today the people don't regard that so much. In Carriacou, even now, you can only go there when they call visiting days, it is Monday, Wednesday and Friday between four and six o'clock; and in days gone in Grenada, you were not allowed to talk in private way between yourself and the girl, because the mother
sitting there, the father sitting there, the girl sitting there, you talk-
ing in public to her, and you must go home after nine o'clock. And
you not to see her outside. And in days gone, if you had not written
for the girl you can't visit her; only the person who had written for
the girl could come into the home, and supposing you saw a young
man coming to your home in days gone by, you would ask what he is
coming for; and if he could not tell you, you ask him not to come
again; or if he coming for something, he must make it known.

Sunday is the favourite day for getting married, sometimes they
marry in the week too, but Sunday is the favourite day. In the old
days they used to have a saraca first at the woman's house—the Big
Drum, a Nation Dance. They give a sacrifice for that, on the Thursday
night if the wedding is on Saturday, Friday night if it is on Sunday.
The girl's father would be in charge; my grandmother used to cook
for a sacrifice like that. The girl's father would be in charge, he issues
orders to the people, and anything that is concerning the purpose is
under his care to settle; himself, the mother, and the mother and the
father of the young man that is to be married, they would arrange
the saraca (sacrifice).

They sprinkle rum in their yard and they go about with an old
hoe and a spoon, they would beat that old hoe with the spoon right
round the ring, calling the spirits with them. They leave the ring open,
leave a road from the East leading to the West and one from
the North to the South. The purpose of the road is to say the spirits
would come in and dance first, the dead spirits, the old people; they
would call spirits both in the father's and mother's family, and they
beat three rounds before anybody could come in and dance. The girl's
father does not kill anything, but they would kill fowls, sometimes a
sheep, sometimes a goat. If they kill a pig they must not do that in
the yard, they kill that outside the yard.

All this time the girl would be inside, not locked up, but not being
permitted to be outside. Sometimes from the time of the saraca she
would be inside in a room by herself, sometimes with her girl friends.
And sometimes some people that is married already is instructing her
what she must do, and what she have to do and how she have to
behave to take care of herself; and she couldn't come out till the
saraca was finished.

The nation they beat first on the drum for that Nation Dance, if
her father is Kromanti they would beat Kromanti first, because the
father is strongest of all; they look to the father more than the
mother, because they hold the mother bear the child, but the child
is from the father. He give the mother the child. The mother bear
the baby for nine months, she brings forth the baby, but the baby is
from the father. The drum is from the father to the mother, they
beat the mother's nation next, because the father is the strongest.

Sometimes they have a dance at the man's home, a quadrille with
bass and tambourine, sometimes if the wedding is Sunday, they have
that Wednesday and the saraca Friday. The man's family would come
to the saraca, because they both agreed to the marriage. When they
had the saraca on the Friday, the man would go and see the bride,
but only to say "How do you do?" in the presence of one or two friends,
say one or two words. This is in days gone, not today. Today they are
free to talk, to live as they like, but in days gone you couldn't do that. If you see your wife on Friday you would not see her again, not before she reaches church on Sunday. While they are enjoying eating and drinking, you enjoying eating and drinking too, but you don't see the girl you have to marry from Friday up till Sunday. And she can't go out all that time, she have to stay inside her mother's house. All the family would come and greet her, but the man can be abroad though the girl can't. It is certain restrictions according to the rigidness that the people used to carry in days gone by, I really don't know their reasons for that, but that is what they did if there is going to be a marriage.

They have a saraca for the marriage of a woman in her womanship just the same, but the difference between the marriage of a virgin and a woman in her womanship, a woman would not be private, she could go anywhere during the saraca, she can even dance if she likes; this was when a woman has already had a child. She is not a virgin again, she spoil her virginity. A young girl cannot take part in the dance, her parents will keep her like that if they are sure that she is a virgin, she is in a respectable way. And even though she don't have a child, the old people used to know if she was a virgin, according to how they keep their children home they used to know. My grandmother used to know, I don't know what sign they had. The day of the wedding you would know when a virgin is being married, because they used to ride a horse, the girl and everyone used to ride horse. The husband would go on his own horse, whether the girl was a virgin or not, but you would know whether the girl was a virgin because they would get a horseshoe and pin to the back of her dress, she would take that into the church and back home, and whenever you see that horseshoe you know that it is a virgin.

And when the wedding was coming back home, the old people, the family on either side, they met her way out with this bass drum and cymbals and so on, and they beat and they dance and taking her home. The husband's family and her family, they both would go together, but the husband's family would pay tribute to the wife's family for delivering a fair daughter to the husband. They meet them under an arch in the yard coming in at her mother's place, and they receive her with a sum of money, it might be ten, fifteen dollars, a dress and a ring and bracelets, earrings. The father and the mother of the man, they would meet them just as they coming underneath the arch, they take the gift on a waiter and present them with that and throw rice and flowers and so. That would belong to the girl. The girl's mother would give the girl a present, different things. But the fifteen dollars, the husband family would give to the girl. They never gave her family anything, they would just give her about fifteen dollars; and it was the husband's mother and father would get it, not the husband, they would make up that gift and give to the girl in behalf of the girl's mother for keeping her daughter. If she had already had a child it wouldn't happen, and if the girl is a virgin and they don't do that, it is because they don't respect her or they don't like her, and it wouldn't be a proper marriage so much, people would look at it as something that was not considered. That would mean that the family of the man did not want this girl, they would be there only to please the man, but not that they satisfied.

When a marriage is to be considered, they trace the family. Sometimes if your family drink plenty, or you are a gambler, or it have
anything against you and my daughter would like to marry to your son, they say, "I don't like that, I don't want you to marry him, because the father is a drunkard, he is a gambler, he is a thief, and what is in the father, that is in the son. I don't want you to marry him". And if you like to marry him, they say, "I wash my hands off you, if you like to marry him I will have nothing to do with you. Because you would not get any good from that young man." But if you are of age, if you are twenty-one, they can't stop it. Supposing two people were first cousins, some people would stop that too; if you are second cousins they don't object it.

You write to the mother and the father just the same for a woman who has had a child already; and if a girl is living with the grandmother, then you write to the grandmother because she is in her home, you have to consult the family in the home. Then when you go to see the grandmother, she will say she does not know, and you have to see the mother. And you must be very respectful to her mother and father, you show it in the way you approach their home, the way you approach them, how you walk in the road, how you talk to people. People must bear some good record concerning your behaviour, then the family would please to accept you for their daughter or their son.

In days gone, sometimes men would write to engage girls, not to marry them, but so they could visit them in the home. They couldn't stay in the house, but they could visit the girl, they could go to church and come back on Sundays. Without any business of marriage, they have to write and give them an engagement ring; any young girl you see have an engagement ring on the marriage finger, a young man have no right to speak to her. And when you engaged her like that, you could visit the girl at her home, but you couldn't stay the night with her. Presently they have that arrangement, that a man can visit the girl and stay the night with her and go home next day, but not in the old days, no. You either engage or don't engage in the olden days. I know of a man engage a girl for eleven years and don't sleep in the home, have nothing much to do with the home, on Sundays visit the home, sometimes on Wednesdays, and after a certain time at night leave the home. One of my sisters engage to a young man for thirteen years, and he never slept home.

But in the old days you would write one type of letter that you would engage a girl to marry her, but you could engage without marrying her, too, because if you did not put on the letter "marry at such and such a time" you simply write for an engagement, you could break it up at any time, because you never certify a date that you could marry. Her parents still have to call your parents, and they would agree. And if you are dissatisfied, or you see another girl you prefer before that one, some of the men just bring some wrong observation, say "Well, your daughter is no good, I not do anything for her", and they turn away.

Before I was married, I had a son born on the 8th July, 1921, at that time I was about twenty-three years, and I had a daughter born somewhere about the 14th August, 1923—different mothers. All this time I was an Adventist but in and out, I never stayed because I went in and get out, went in and get out, went in and get out again. During the time that I were an Adventist I was beloved by plenty people, and it was just easy that I could fall with one of the girls, because they
used to follow me. And whenever I fell I would get a vision in the night that I should not do so and so, I must go back. I get in trouble with three of them, and had three children. Now when I saw that, and there was a problem before me that I must serve God by all means, I put myself to get married. That was the trouble. And the next thing, you would be always finding I was attractive, and whether I thought of another or not, I would get messages from a girl and I would come along and get in trouble, but it is not only that I really get in trouble, I was really willing.

But I always used to keep myself in a respectable way, that I could be any good, and I kept that up even though hard times had reached me one time, so that I get to the least degree—but even at Trinidad digging dust for a living, I never look down, I always look up. When I sit down to recall my experience, it is a great one.
WORK AND WOMAN TROUBLE
MORE ABOUT HAMPSTEAD

I WOULD like to feel, with all the experience that I had with Mr. White, that his family, if they get this book to read, can see and know how I have been with him, honest. And even up to this time, whatsoever I am doing, whenever he visit me in vision and something is wrong, he come and speak to me, he is always right. The two of us never had any quarrels, never.

He married about 1913, he was married in Princeton, a very big wedding. I had been learning tailor about six months then. I was not working with him. He called me one morning, and say, "You must come back, I want you and you must come." I said, "I am learning tailor now, I can't come." He said, "You are supposed to come, I want you and you must come; I want all my old servants back because I am going to marry." I feel that the work was too much, he said, "You must come, I want you, you must come." So I said, "if I must come, you must see my mother about that." He said, "I will see her today, and tomorrow please God I will see you." He went to the field and he saw my mother and he said, "I saw Norman this morning, and I want him back to work, to do his old work, butlering." She said, He learning tailor now, sir, I would not want him to leave it." He said, "You must allow him to come." When I return she said, "Mister Ted say he want you to work, he want to have you; I don't know what you want to do."

When I went to see him he hand me a letter, when I opened it, it told me to get a set of white suit, white shirt, white shoes. He going to have a big dance and he want me to come. I said I would work for him a little time and then I get away, but I couldn't get away that time, until he passed away in my hands. He held me so close I couldn't get away till he passed away. It was about two years after I went back before he died.

He used to talk to me at night, late at night. If the wife did anything wrong he would call me and tell me, and sometimes he would sleep on the bed here and I would sleep on the carpet on the ground. Sometimes at night I would get Florida water and Cologne water and I would rub him down, I would rub his feet—he couldn't sleep at night. The real trouble was, he used to have dealings with the ordinary field women, and they gave him a spirit. An evil spirit he had, sometimes he say, "Look at an amount of little children breaking their necks!" He would run and hide. Sometimes he would stand up talking to somebody,
he would talk and talk, and ask me if I didn't see the person. They
gave him an evil spirit because he had money, and they ask him for
money, and everybody wanting to get. The servant that used to work
for him, when she died she left a good amount of money in the bank,
and she left a house, she leave cattle, she leave horse and so on, and
everybody talk about it; and that is the way she get that money—by
handling this witchcraft to get him stupid, then she get this money to
bank it up. She used to get the money from him. It was a disgraceful
thing to see his condition, and all his friends feel that they couldn't
come to enjoy an afternoon with him, because he came as a little child.
Yes, he became a little child.

He was like that for more than two years. When I left before, he
was like that but it used to come and go. He was married, but it used
to come and go. After he married I did not stay with him very long
before I went away, then he called me back.

When he died it had over a hundred motor cars in his funeral,
and people walking after the motor cars—you could have scarcely tell
where the coffin was, and the church was so packed, and some people
never get to see where he was buried until afterwards, days afterwards.
It was in the Anglican Church at Verdun. They didn't have anything
for him, no wake, no third night, nine night—the people in the estate,
nobody never had anything for him, and I don't believe anybody ever
offered anything for him; I didn't, but when I got in this work and see
him often, he visiting me, I went in two churches and gave a service
for him, a Mass. That was in the Roman Catholic Church, where I was
ordered to go.

He was a good age, he died in middle age and his wife was young
when he died, she married pretty young. She was educated in England,
and part of his education in England, too, but he was more for plant­
ing, he was on the father's side. He had three children on the estate,
different women. The estate people didn't mind that. They lived with
their mothers, sometimes the children used to go to his house.

The people on the estate lived together quite well because Mr.
White was a peacemaker, and if it comes to any quarrel he would settle
that. As soon as it came to a quarrel they would leave and come to the
yard and consult him, and when he listen he would stop them. They
never quarrel about money or land or so, they quarrel about work;
the women in the boucan, you know they always have little bickerings
among themselves, sometimes one tell this to another, and doing this,
and not supposed to put your hand there, and another one feel "I am
the head, I must issue orders," and so on. This one want to issue orders
and that one want to issue orders, and that one wouldn't want to
carry out orders, and it bring confusion. Sometimes some of them
quarrel and fight, and he laugh at their jokes, and they obliged to
give up fighting.

About every three years he would go to England. When he returned
he would bring shirts and dresses, presents for the labourers. Mr.
Archibald at Innswood, whenever he went to England and he
coming back, the people dress with their frocks and flowers and meet
him coming in the buggy a mile off the house, and they would beat
this drum and they would surround the carriage, a procession after
him, I know he would bring many presents for them, too. They would
all give their people cropover, and sometimes they would allow them
to have some pleasure and they would give them a lunch, just as how
Mr. White would do.
Flamstead estate was next to Hampstead, the workers didn't use to quarrel with the workers at Hampstead, because partly all the labourers are family. But at Carnival they had a fight coming back home, boasting against one another. Flamstead feel they can handle the whip better than Hampstead, so they went on until they could decide that Hampstead was better, after three Carnivals they fight each other, after that they stop and they get on friendly terms again. Each estate feel that its manager was better—Hampstead feel that they get better treated, and Flamstead feel the same. But to me that was not so, because Mr. Archibald did his best for his labourers just the same, it was only Mr. White would do more, because he feel that nobody mustn't do anything better than him, but the labourers at Flamstead were well treated.

Mr. White's mother used to live at Hampstead, and there was a woman among the labourers by the name of Mamie, a creole.* His mother was that woman's aunt—she is living up there now. He treated her very well, he never treated labourers any different, whoever they were. Always respectful to anything they needed. They would ask him for money, sometimes on Saturdays he would go to Sauteurs market and see some of them, he would say "I see Mamie out there", or "Cook's son. Call him for me." When they come he say "I see you, what you doing here?", he would say "Come and see what the market is like." He would say "How much you want?" They would say, "If you give me a two shillings, sir, I buy some fish." He would say "Nonsense two shillings, give them ten shillings, five dollars," he would say "If you want anything, go to the shop, say I sent you."

The estates around was one family, scarcely any strangers in the group; the old people, when I was there, they were born on the estate; my grandmother born on the estate and she live there, and after she live a good old age, she was unable to work, her daughter married and took her to live at her home, and she died there. My mother born on the estate, and if I hadn't taken her away she might have died on the estate too. My mother's sisters were living there too. One big family. The men stayed on the estate, too, Keith, Darkie, myself—only Ralphie, of my mother's sons didn't work on the estate.

I stayed on in the house after Mr. White died, Mr. Cockburn became manager. They cut down my wages, I was only getting a shilling a day. The first time I worked with Mr. Cockburn, when he was still overseer, he knew well I was his cousin but he didn't say so.

After Mr. White died I stayed on for six months because of the wife, but I was afterwards in possession of the house for a period of about three or four years more for Cockburn, because after Mr. White died, he became manager of the estate, and I had known most of the business of the house, so I was kept there to take up telephone messages, care the house and care the flowers garden and everything. The wife went away six months after he died and she came back to England. When he was dead a few months she married and she gave up the house.

After the wife went away Cockburn he never married, but he had children; he had a woman, but she wasn't in the house with him, and the children didn't stay with him. He was living there along with me. He was very strict and all for himself, he was not a kind of person at

* Creole—In this context, a Grenadian of African descent.
all. Everything what Mr. White used to do was stopped, he never kind

to the people; he quarrel with them plenty. If the people want any-
thing as a help, he think it hard to help them—he never help them.

Of course he was only a coloured man, but he hadn't the right prin-
ciples that Mr. White had; he always have things to himself. He is
working, if is anything he could have it to himself, the labourers have
no facilities with him. Even though there was an attorney for the
estate, if you want anything you would go and ask Mr. Ronald White,
Mr. Ronald send you to him. Cockburn would tell the attorney he
haven't. He always try to tell the attorney “Well, he mustn't do so and
so for the labourers, because they take a great advantage of Mr. Ted
White.” And that is how it is, sometimes the white people would like
to treat the poorer class of people good. But according to those that
have a little privilege over the poorer class, they are sowing bad in the
white people. Such as you have an overseer. You would like to give
the labourers a little facilities, sell some coconut give them, sell some
provision to them. “No sir, don’t do that, because if the people get
anything and you want them to do anything, they won’t do it. Better
sell it to strangers.” Sometimes a man will come and say, “Boss, my
house is bad; lend me a little money and I will make manure from a
cattle for you to pay back.” He will suggest it to the overseer, and
the overseer will say “No, don’t do that, sir, because when you do it
they feel they won’t work again, and you going to lost your money.”

And that is the way most of the people suffer in the hands of the
white people, because of having a man of your colour in the work, who
tells them things against the poor class of people. And that’s the way
the whole of Grenada upset. By the overseer, the drivers on the estate,
and the watchman. They goes and tell the owner—suppose the owner
would say “Give this man a cattle-pole on the estate, let him make
as much manure as he could”. “Boss, you better not give this man a
cattle-pole because having the privilege to walk on the estate, he will
cut the provisions, he will see where the coconut is, he will see where
the nutmeg is, you will have more trouble with that man. Better not
give him.” He rent a piece of garden to the labourers, but he have two
coconut trees in the garden: “You better make an arrangement not to
let him take the coconuts, you didn’t rent the coconut, you only rent
the land to him, and if he take two coconuts in the garden he
will take a hundred outside, and say he getting them in his garden.
If he not getting any, whenever we see him with a coconut we know
he steal it.” It is just like that since a few years ago. In Grenada they
used to give the labourers things—sometimes you ask for a coconut.
Mr. White send the watchman with you to go and pick, he tell the
watchman to give you a dozen coconuts, the watchman give you three
dozen, four dozen. They never sell to the labourers. Afterwards they
start selling, they would weigh and count. But now they are all spite:
“Leave the coconut on the ground let it rotten, don’t sell no bluggo
to them, sir, because is too much they will get.” “They calling strike,
they don’t want to work, sir; only when they work you pay them, sir.”
That is how Grenada start to suffer. But in the old days there wasn’t
that at all. Like the De Gales, whether you working or not working
with them, you have any grievance, you go to them and ask them; for
a favour of any kind, they would gladly do that and sorry for you.
But because in the strike one colour has done bad things, these white
people, they talk about it, and when one meet up with the other they
say they have something as a council among themselves, and everyone
does the same thing.
Cockburn was a brown skin, very little different than me. We are relatives, his mother and my father are two sister's children. He knew that, but they never acknowledge us as a family. He have sisters, they don't want to know that we are poor people to be connected with the family. But he knows that, and sometimes we tell him, but his sisters would say "Don't tell them anything about that, they knows no family but their mother and their father." They were prejudice against us, they say we so low down to be connected with the family, they don't want people to know.

Oftentimes he get into a quarrel with the labourers; sometimes he give the people overwork on the estate, and they would quarrel and call up the attorney, and he would have to judge them, and the labourers would say how wicked and cruel he was to them, and of course the attorney wouldn't say anything to him in presence of the labourers to give them the right, but he would listen and he would say, "All right, you go to work, I will see to that." I know one of the men beat Cockburn for giving them overwork, and they had a quarrel between them for a whole two days; Cockburn sometimes used to ride late at night going at his mother, and the man wait for him in the road, Cockburn was riding a mule, and the man take his belt and beat him. When he came home he call me, the man was still coming to him, and I went to put the mule in the stable; and while I was putting the mule in the stable, he leaning on the gallery and he talking to him. While he talking to him, the man come and get him and give him one or two belts again, and Cockburn fired a revolver. But not that he wanted to shoot the man, but he fire to get him scared.

It was then they stop cropover. Long ago Grenada was all very friendly, and more helpful to the poorer class of people—the people having children, they would ask the estate owner for clothes for the children, they would give them some old clothes for the children, for themselves, anybody. But now they would rather bury it than give it away. No charity. The change began gradually from 1911, and Mr. MacLarence had predicted that. He was a person used to go all over Grenada preaching and prophesying things to come, and he predicted that a certain change would take place from 1911 onwards, and the people would be seeing trouble, and he advised the poor people to check up and try to save up as much as they can. 1912 he tell them even the old cutlass and the old hoe they are throwing away, to try and save it, because a little later they would not be able to get it. And 1914 when the First World War broke out, the men used to look for the old barrel-hoop to make knife, and any piece of steel to make cutlass, they couldn't get cutlass to buy. Some people had to take bags to make pants to work in, because they couldn't get clothes for the War. He predicted that in 1911, 1912. And during the first war, that was the time when the change started, and they started to sell everything on the estates to the labourers—bluggoes and everything. Before, they used to sell you a bunch of bluggoes, didn't matter how big it is, for six pence, but during the war they say five pounds they would sell for a penny. After, they would sell five pounds for a fourpence, until presently they sell in the same way, and sometimes they don't sell at all. And the money that they paid you, instead of drawing the money, they would give you work, they would sell you provisions and charge that to you, and when they call you for your wages on Saturday you scarcely draw anything. That is how they does now. Yes, if your cattle does some damage they would charge you ten shillings, and if you
work ten shillings they take the whole thing on Saturday. They just
call your name and they scratch it out—and they don't give you any
more work, sometimes. That is how the poorer class of people suffer
the most because they take an advantage of them. Sometimes they
give you a task, ten rod, twelve rod, and they would look at it when
you finished, if they find a little bush standing in the task that was
measured for you, sometimes the overseer would claim the whole day's
pay for that. When the driver find a little bush he report to the over­
seer, the overseer report to the manager, and they claim a whole day's
pay for that—they don't go and see it themselves. Sometimes they
give you a month holiday. Sometimes it is carelessly done, but some­
times it is only a mistake, whereas you could rectify it. That happen
to me at Hampstead, when I used to work as a labourer on the estate,
before I went away to Trinidad.

I worked with Cockburn for a time after Mr. White died, but
afterward I feel that I should not work in the house any more, be­
cause I am getting to be a man that could manage on my own. So I
left the house and I went working in the fields—picking cocoa, pruning
cocoa, digging drains, all sorts of work. The size of a task was accord­
ing, and they were paying a shilling still, but you got the tools, every­
thing, for yourself. When Mr. Ted White was alive he used to get the
forks; as soon as the season come in, he would order for an amount
and he would tell you you work and pay for it; sometimes he would
take two shillings, and sometimes he won't worry. He would give the
women each their hoe and their cutlass, the men their fork and their
cutlass. Sometimes you want an axe, you ask him and he give it to you.

When I stop working for Mr. Cockburn in the house, I had my own
house; I used to get up six o'clock in the morning to go to work.
They used to ring three bells, one at six, one half-past six and one
seven o'clock.

George Phillips was the driver, I get on very well with him be­
cause I always obedient. Sometimes in measuring the tasks, he would
call me to assist him. I used to get on very well with him, until the
people start to get jealous and say things of me that wasn't true.
They say sometimes I don't measure tasks properly; sometimes they
find I am not the person to do that, because if anything happen I
would be in possession of the driver work. So they would tell Mr.
Cockburn "Don't allow him to do that work."

I had a garden and I used to plant bluggoes, and plenty of corn,
peas and (sweet) potatoes; sometimes I could make about eight
barrels of corn. Three-quarters of an acre, the garden at Hampstead.
Then I had one on the Bourgogne estate, one on the Tempe estate,
and one where I used to plant corn and peas at Dieppe above Levera.
That was about a quarter of an acre, I never had to pay rent, but at
Dieppe Mr. Grey said we must give him a share out of the corn when­
ever we plant, but I never give him. I planted cane at Bourgogne,
sometimes I get six kerosene tins of sugar, sometimes eight. We
would cut it and pull it to the mill, and the estate would make it and
give half and take half.

I had hernia at that time, it start when I was a young boy. Dr.
Markland gave me something called a truss to wear, and I wore that
a long time before I got operated on. I got operated on in 1937 when
I went to Trinidad, then it stop for a while, but it still come back
sometimes. I had quite a lot of trouble with it before, sometimes I
couldn't do anything, when they come and find me I cannot even
talk. And then one night I was thinking of going to get operated on
again, and I saw as if a woman came and she told me, "Don't go and
I will settle you all right;" and she put me lie down on the back and
she settle her hands in my waist and stomach, and she telling me
"You all right now, don't worry your mind about anything." And i
don't understand how it don't trouble me now. It is a painful thing
in truth, I first remember having it about 1916 when I was young,
and I didn't know what it was. Then I went to Dr. Markland and he
told me it was hernia and gave me the truss to wear, and I got relief
with it for some time, I could do any hard work.

When I was working at Cockburn, my brother had a dog by the
name of Early, and sometimes it would leave him home and go and
bark at a manicou while he is far away, and I would take the other
boys with me, and we go and drag that manicou, and by the time we
get that one, he would go again and perhaps we catch five for the
night. Sometimes if I wanted to go and hunt, I would pass by the
house and whistle. And later I find there was a better dog, I bought
him; from the time I bought him, he start to hunt. And one day my
brother Clarence take him, he went in the mountain, and he hear
the dog barking and when he go and see it was a tattoo—an animal
big like hog, but having a shell on the back like tortoise. And we used
to hunt with this dog. I went to Trinidad, the first dog I bought, we
started to hunt tattoo again, goopie, the same thing. But when I started
to do this work, you cannot go and hunt, you cannot eat any of these
animals, so I stop as the work was beginning. You take a cutlass and
dagger for hunting; sometimes I would leave at night and get up in
the forest, and coming back five o'clock in the morning, sometimes
seven o'clock in the morning. We used to take a masanto to go hunt-
ing in the forest at night, myself and a young man called Logi. He
was living near me at Trinidad. But in Grenada I used to go and hunt
with by brothers Darkie and Clarence, and sometimes we would go
with a masanto in the river, walking with the cutlass, and all the fish
would come to the top and we would catch that.

GIRL FRIENDS

I might have been about nineteen or twenty years, the first time
that I ever made love to a girl, because my brother Popeson was very
strict, I wouldn't talk to any young lady. He wasn't an Adventist yet,
but in my mother's home, the eldest children always control the
younger ones. And he was my eldest brother, he controlled every one
of us, even though the mother and father present, he could have
chastised us; he could have said, he could have done, anything. And
as I was a coward, afraid of licks, I was very obedient to them and
my brother.

That girl was the same Gracie which I told you of: that was the
first one, then Anita, then Hilda. I was engaged to Gracie before I
made love to her, we used to talk, and I never made love until I got
her to agree that she loved me. I had left the Adventists then to go
to Hampstead, and not really having the right knowledge of the Bible,
I think you could have had a chance and then go back and repent
and so on; and while having youth in the body I knew it was the
wrong thing, I thought I could have been forgiven. I knew I was
doing wrong, but I did not feel miserable about it, not so much, because then the mind was not occupied so much spiritually, I did not have any vision then as a result of it, only after a time. I did that with Gracie quite a lot, then there was Hilda and Anita.

When I dissatisfied with Gracie, I left her, then there was another girl by the name of Anita. She was working at an estate near Sauteurs, she was a servant in the house and she used to live there. She was fair-looking enough, my complexion, she wasn't tall, she was very short like my sister Dorothy. I met her in a dance which I gave at Hampstead, having the St. George's band, and we got in love with each other that night. It was the first time I saw her, the first time I ever saw her. I invited her to the dance, through the cook at the estate house. Myself and the cook were friends, we were compère and maîtresse—we were godparents for each other's children, that is compère and maîtresse. I invited the cook to the dance, and she told me there is another girl who want an invitation for the dance, so I told her the one could serve for the two of them, and they came the night and I saw her, and dancing with her, I get to love her. She was Anita Edwards, lived near Verdun. That is the first girl bring forth a baby for me. I didn't have any time to write to her parents; the fact is, when I did get to know she was in pregnant for me, the parents didn't know me, and the mother came one day to see me, she told me, "Well, I come to you, you're Mr. Norman?" I told her yes. She told me "I am Mrs. Edwards," she said, "you know my daughter Anita?" I said, "Yes." "She told me certain things concerning you, and I come to find out whether it is true." I told her, "Yes," I said, "I know her. Anita told you so, I claim it to be the truth." She said, "What would you do, would you responsible?" I said, "Yes, I would responsible." She said, "I am not asking you to marry to her, I only want to know you are responsible, and satisfy." I told her, "Yes, I responsible for it." She said, "Does your mother know anything about it," I told her, "Yes, I told her." She said, "And what does she say?" I said, "She didn't tell me anything, I told her what it is, she didn't say anything." She said, "Well, I will be glad to see your mother." I told her, "My mother will come some time, I will ask her to come and see you."

And my mother did went to see her and they both agreed, they knew one another and there was no ill-feeling between both of them. They never feel any trouble, Anita used to visit home as often as she could before she had the baby. She would visit my mother when I wasn't home, I used to respect my mother, if anybody concerning me home, I would not visit the home. Anita would visit me at Hampstead, at my room, because according to how the room situated, anybody could come and visit me and they would not know in the house.

And when Anita was having the baby, my mother go to help; all our children, my mother helped in everything, from the day the mother take up the pain, the first thing, we go and get her, and she would come and she would remain with them until eight or nine or sixteen days. The baby was a boy. Anita left her job and it was born at her mother's. And after that she didn't bother to go back to work again, she deliver the baby to me at ten months, and she gone to Trinidad. He was Cecil. Now he is over at Trinidad, he worked at the U.B.O.T. for some time, and afterward he join the Army. She gave me the boy at ten months, but our mother used to wean her children at two years, all of them, they used to walk and talk and everything before she weaned them.
At that time I was giddy-headed according to the people, because I was in love with another girl, too. Before Anita had the baby I had met another girl, she was on Hampstead estate—Hilda. When I was young I was beloved by everybody, and the girls used to see me, and even if I hadn't talk to them, they would tell another boy, “I really love—”, and the boys would come and tell me, and that's how I get in trouble with the girls, I never speak to them first, but I get messages from some other friend, Hilda's elder brother, a fellow by the name of James Phillips, brought the message; he was working on the estate, in the field. She was just about sixteen and he was about eighteen—she was younger than Anita, quite young. But Anita's child by me was her first child, her first child and my first child too.

I always used to see Hilda, but it was not in my mind; but when I get that message, it attract me. It was not very long before I actually fell in love with her, about two months after. There was a man from Trinidad by the name of Julian, and he used to play the bamboo-tamboo as a drum, they beat two pieces of bamboo in a musical way, and singing. At night they used to play that in their own house, and everybody would meet up, and the children would meet up, and they used to sing. He was at Trinidad a long time, Julian, and he come to Grenada and he introduce it to his children. They played all sorts of songs, Quelbe, Callenda, Belair. After they close down at Mr. White's house I used to leave and go and meet them, all the other children would go and play at night at Julian's, they would walk from one place to another on the road, all about, playing and singing. That is the way I managed to meet Hilda, but then afterwards the mother got to know, and I used to visit the mother home just the same.

In the old days, if you hadn't written a letter you couldn't visit the mother, but during this time that was not as frequent as it used to. During the time I met Hilda it was dying out, because everybody would have their own say, the children would meet and love anybody they like, the parents could not do anything—the children would not listen. The people get fed up, they couldn't do anything. They would say “I don't care what happen, but I would only like to know if you like this person and agree. Tell it to me and don't keep it a secret, that is all.”

When I got this message I hadn't any idea of her, scarcely any idea—never notice her before. But the mother used to say she liked me and the family used to say they like me. I was meeting her at night where they used to play this bamboo, and she speak to me and I speak to her, and I found it out in her—the way she talk and the way she move with me and hold my hand, and if she have anything she would give it to me. I did not want to make love to her, but I did fall in with her and she had a baby for me, because the brother and other friends used to tell me if I didn't make love with her after a time she would think very bad of me, that though she love me, I never care for her; so they would advise me to make love with her, even if I did not care, then she would think I loved her. The girls in Grenada, if they care for you, should you say you did not care, they would meet other people and say you are foolish, and all sorts of things against you. That was the real reason why I came to love her—not so much fond of her, because her training was not so pleasant, she did not respect my mother or my sister, she didn't use to go to my mother home. She used to see my mother and my sister Melita.
At this time Anita was visiting me, sometimes she would spend a week, two weeks at my mother, she would come over to me in the night and go back home in the day. And Hilda knew that, and Hilda used to have quarrels with Anita. Just as Anita got to know even before I had said anything about Hilda, Hilda got to know that I was in love with Anita, and she used to provoke her on the road. She never mentioned me, but Anita got to know about it from other people. She never spoke to me about it, she was very quiet and she had some good trainings about her.

This was about six months before Anita's baby was born, because when the baby was born, the first trouble I had with Hilda was at the christening. My sisters Melita and Eliza went with it to church, because they were god-mothers for the baby; we hired a motor car, and Hilda came and saw we had all sorts of drink for the christening, and she had that in her, but she did not say anything. At night when I returned, we had a fight. A terrible fight that night, at Hilda's mother's. When I came from the christening I met her at me, at Hampstead, and she told me she want to go home, so I accompany her home, and in the road—of course I was a bit high up. I had had a lot of rum—she started to beat me. She told me that I went and had good time, and I went and spent a lot of money for the child, and not to do that. I told her “Well, that is the first child I had, and I am supposed to spend that amount of money.” She said I would have to spend the same amount for her. I couldn’t remember what else I told her, and she started to box me up. And that night I run after the mother, the brother, the father, the grandfather, she herself, with a knife and the people had to hold me and take me away from them, and I did give her some blows—the doctor had to visit her. She started beating me in the road, the road was empty; she never took a stick, she started to box me up with her hand. But it was a set-up between herself and the mother, because when I went to the mother, telling the mother what happened, Hilda started and she took bottles, and the mother never say not to do it—when I call on her she never do anything, I run every one of them from the home. The grandfather was living next door, he started to come to me—I didn’t want to fight. I running with a knife too. A fellow called P’tit Joe held me, he was living just next door to them, he was her uncle. They held me and they took me back home.

Hilda was just about one month in having a baby; she told me so, and I knew, because whenever somebody was having a baby for me I always dream I fishing and holding crayfish, and when I had this dream it was so with Anita, and then with Hilda I had that dream and I told her so, and it was. That was about five months after I pick up with her, and she used to come to my room. She never came when Anita came, but she always try to find out and pick a quarrel. She feel that I should not have had anything to do with Anita besides she. She was jealous at that, she never want me to speak to anybody.

There was a woman who had a son and a daughter, and it was her intention that I should engage that daughter of hers. She told many parties, and she used to be very kind and nice towards me, and she invited me home a Sunday and I told her yes, I would come. I was friendly with her son, a young man by the name of Victor, and he told Hilda that I was going to form an engagement with his sister, and Hilda waited when I got dressed—I was going in a cream suit and
white shoes—Hilda follow me in the road and she hold me by the back, when I turned she buried her feet in the mud and she muddy me up. And that day she got another beating, and the doctor had to visit her in the same place as she got that beating. It was a terrible thing, because I get partly undressed in the road. I never get vexed like that any more to this day; I beat her, I beat her and I kick her, I do a little of everything and she started to lose the baby right away on the spot. It was about three months, when they took her home she lost it. I was not going to engage the other girl, but she had such a passion in her that she could not understand. She was jealous of me that if she met me talking to you, a man, she would fight me, unless she present to know what we are saying. If she met me in conversation about anything, she think well, I am telling you of a girl I love, and I wanting to be with her.

Hilda was not a virgin when I first knew her, she used to work with a gentleman at Pointsfeld and he used to be with her; he afterwards didn't want to have anything to do with her family, it was not a public thing, and the mother get to knew and she against it; the mother satisfied that she should be with me than that she should be with that gentleman. He was a coloured man, a Grenadian. She was tall, tall and slim, very good-looking. Her relatives belonged to Beau­sejour, Carriacou, and the grandmother was a great fighter; Hilda was not a coward, she would fight anybody—before you say you ready, she meet you. She would bite and she would kick. She is in Trinidad now, and scarcely any body fight and beat her. She would fight and pay money in the court. Some women, you can't fight them, and you couldn't fight Hilda because she would not feel—the hardest blow she never bawl. All that you could do is to defeat her, and sometimes she on the ground as if she dying, she get up, and fight again. She did it with other women too, the biggest women in the field, she fight them. But after a time she had come like a savage.

When Hilda was making the first baby for me I speak to her mother, I did not write it. She told me if I love her daughter, she would be glad if I would marry to her. I told her yes. She went to the uncle, Walter Roecastle, and she told him. I told him yes, if she would behave herself I would marry to her, and he told me I must write to him if I meant it. I wrote him, but not a letter that could have stand, I knew what I was writing; I write and tell him I love his niece, and I am not promising him to marry to her right away, but if her behaviour meet my approval I would write him another letter and let him know if I married and what time I marry. So that was not a legal one—"if her behaviour was good." That was the letter I write, and when I found out that her behaviour was not pleasant or seemly, I went to him, and he knew her behaviour because sometimes she rude to him also. So he told me he could not say anything.

At that time Hilda was coming to me at night, and sometimes I went to her mother's house to sleep, when it is late. It was a two­roomed house, but the mother hadn't many children, so we slept in one room and the mother and children in the other. This was after her uncle had written to me, I start to go and visit her in her mother house. She was fond of me very much, and I got to love her afterwards, because she was brave and helpful. I had gardens, and whatever I plant Hilda would go and work; she could work, she was brave, and even though I did not want to go by the garden, she would encourage me to go. I was with Mr. Cockburn then and I used to keep a cow on
Hampstead estate, and she would cut five bundle of grass and give the cow every day. She would go and see to the cow, water it and everything, morning and evening as she was going to work. Sometimes I would give her dresses, sometimes I would give her shoes, sometimes when I get my wages I would give her six shillings, eight shillings, according. If she tell me she want ten shillings to get some things, I would give it to her, because I find out that she had some good intentions towards me by helping, and I thought I should be generous towards her.

After Anita had the baby, Cecil, she never came back, when the baby had nine months she deliver him to me and she gone to Trinidad; she told me she have some family at Trinidad, they sent to tell her if she come to Trinidad she would get work, and she would be able to help her family. So she would leave the baby with me, if I would take it. So I told her yes, my sister would take the baby for me and care it. So we were on friendly terms when she left and go to Trinidad. She knew about Hilda, but she never worried to make a scandal or to ask me a question about that, I was supporting her baby for the nine months before she went, I was not obligated to pay an amount but sometimes I could give six shillings, sometimes eight shillings, sometimes ten shillings, according; and I used to send provisions from the garden, I used to go and visit her home, the mother was fond of me very much. Her father was dead, and she had brothers; everybody move with me on friendly terms.

After I and Hilda had quarrelled and her baby miscarry, we had fall out and the mother had fall out with me; but afterward Hilda came back herself to me again. It was not long, it was about three weeks before she sent a man by the name of Bacchus to tell me she want to see me. I didn't go. She sent the mother; I didn't go. She sent the brother and I did not. She came herself one night, she came and she spoke to me and she shed tears, and she kneel down and she beg pardon, and she tell me she would not do those things again, and then my feelings got broken and I spoke to her, and we get together again. She said if I was to have anybody to speak to she would not interfere, she would not disturb me anymore. At that time I did not have any other girls, but just friendly with everybody, but as I come home she would see all the girls, they was so closely attached to me, and she did not like that. She had an imagination, and that caused her to get on in that way, but I was not with any girls at that time. And later that is what break up the living of myself and my wife, just thinking because I was seeing this person, I must have something to do with that person.

When Hilda came back the second time I was about twenty-three and still at Hampstead. She was coming for about seven to eight months before she started the second baby, she would come every night, sometimes every other night; sometimes she cook for me, sometimes she cook at the mother's and she bring. She was almost keeping house for me, because she used to do up my clothes. Sometimes she work on the estate, and sometimes she would not work for today and she prepared my clothes for me, or sometimes one or two weeks she would not do anything, she worked in the garden and prepare my clothes and care the cow and such. Whether she want to make quarrel or not, I don't worry with her. I don't take her on, she would get on and keep quiet for herself, because the people start to talk and say, was I trying to be a Christian?—It is a scandal, that thing, to be with this girl on the road, and it is a rumour concerning me.
all the time, ruin and living this sort of way; so whenever she threaten-
ed to make a quarrel I would not worry with her. But she still used
to threaten quite a lot. I remember one morning she met me, I was
talking to my mother, and when my mother was gone, well, that was
the biggest fight we ever had. She said I was talking her evil to my
mother, and it wasn’t any such thing. Another time my sister Eliza
came to me, Hilda met us, we were talking, she did the same thing,
and that caused a fight inside the yard, the labourers had to come
because I gave her one blow and she fell, the labourers had to come
and throw water on her and take her up, and at that my mother said
if I didn’t finish with her, she through with me. But when she get
up, the very night she came back and she beg my pardon and every-
thing. I decided I am finished with her, I am going to Trinidad. She
decide she was going too. Well, I decide the best thing, I allow her to
come, and when I reached Trinidad, I stayed three months, then I
left her there, I left her and come back. She was impregnated then.
I leave her, she was on Simplon estate, in care of nobody. I just leave
and come back to Grenada.

The trouble with Hilda, she was very jealous of me, she would
not want to hear somebody say “He is a nice man. He is a good-look-
ing man and I like to see him, especially when he dressed”—she will
feel well, you have a daughter, you will attract the daughter concern-
ing me, and she would just make trouble over that. So I never got
much rest with her. I would try to keep away from her, but she would
come. Some women, you tell them you finish, they make a scandal,
and when they reach home they come back again. Sometimes I say,
“Don’t worry with me, don’t come where I am;” and when I come in
the house I meet her sit down on the step or inside the room. Some-
times she would tell the mother she really want to see me, then the
mother will tell me, “She won’t eat, she not sleeping, she won’t take
anything—just come and listen and then you can go home.” When I
come she would beg pardon, she would cry, she would shed tears and
everything and my heart is broken. And I attach to her again. Couple
of days, she will do the same thing again. The only rest I could have
find is to take her to Trinidad, leave her, and come back home.

I GET MARRIED

When I came back from Trinidad I worked in Hampstead again
with Mr. Cockburn on the estate, and lived at my mother in her house
there. Cecil was with her too. The one that had my third child was a
girl by the name of Maize, at Hampstead too. I met her at my brother
Clarence, he was a watchman, living on the estate. She was about
sixteen, she was not so tall, but she was stout—having a full body.
She was not doing any work, she was living at her aunt’s and her aunt
worked as a labourer.

I was working as a labourer in the field, picking cocoa, and the
aunt used to gather cocoa after me; we were working task, and the
aunt brought Maize as a helper, and while the aunt bringing in the
cocoa, she used to take up the cocoa after me while I picking, and
that is the way we get together. And she made my child almost
immediately. I never let the aunt know before, but when she got into
trouble I called the aunt and I told her about it, I told her what had
happened. She was dissatisfied, but anyway it had gone far already,
she couldn’t help it. And I didn’t leave her in a careless way, I tried
my best to help in all manner, to keep her up, take care of her.
used to give her some of my money, and she make the baby at her aunt's, my mother went and help. And the christening, I had it in the Anglican church. It was a girl, Emelda, and when she was about one year and six months Maize gave her to my sister Eliza because she said she wanted to go and work and she hadn't anybody to care the child for her when she is at work, but when the child grew she took her back. Eliza wanted her, and she was caring the child about two years when Maize took her back. And presently this child is a Seventh Day Adventist too. After Maize had the child she took up with another young man on Hampstead estate and they got married, they are both Seventh Day Adventists presently. And now she is living at Woodleigh in her own house, and the young man has his own property, but he works at Hampstead as a driver.

At this time Elder Ash was the minister of the Seventh Day Adventists, and I started to go to church; my aunt Eliza was the Deaconess of the church, and somebody told her that this girl Maize was having a baby for me. Elder Ash asked me whether it is so, I told him yes. He told me if I desired to be in the Adventists again I had to be baptized. (I baptized once in church). I told him yes. He told me if I mean it, he must go and see the girl with me to find out whether I would have anything to do with her again, and she would not have anything to do with me again. So he took my aunt Eliza, Mrs. Isaacs, as the Deaconess of the church, and I myself, and we went and speak to her. The aunt agreed, as she did not want me to have anything to do with Maize, but just mind the baby. And it happened in that way. I was baptized again, then I saw my wife.

I left Mr. Cockburn some time about 1922, before I married, because the labourers would tell him things against me and he would believe them, and all through jealousy and ill-feeling. Some of them would find I should not be working there. I remembered one night when I came back from Demerara (I didn't remain, I was three weeks there, I went to work but it was my first experience of travelling and I did not like it, it is a watery place, Georgetown)—so when I reached back to St. George's, I ring up Cockburn and he tell me well, not to go home, to come straight back, because since I left he had not had a good time, because whoever was working had not got the experience that I had. I went right back, I didn't pass at my mother. The cocoa engine was working, they had an engine to dry cocoa. It blows a lot of dry air, and the husband of my aunt was working that engine, he is supposed to be in charge of the engine. My brother was the fireman, and the husband would get together cocoa, and the cocoa used to be short, because they knew the amount, when the barrel is full and when it is dry, what you are to get. So the husband used to take out of it and give another man to sell. My brother was the fireman, so when the husband was taking this cocoa to give this man to sell, he told me to tell Mr. Cockburn. I told Mr. Cockburn and he spoke to them about it, and he told them I told him the aunt's husband has stolen the cocoa and given it to someone to sell.

When I came from Demerara I was working in the house; one morning when I was in the bedroom making up Mr. Cockburn's bed, I saw where the mattress had a little tear, and I feel it, I saw something of a lump, I open it. When I open it I get a little parcel tied up in the mattress with some sort of funny things in it, something like powder; it was grated with something like cheese, and some other things I don't know. I showed Mr. Cockburn and tell him "This is what I found in your mattress," and he pick it up and open the matter
to the hearing of the labourers. Well, because that report had gone to him concerning the cocoa that was stolen, my aunt and other parties told him that the thing he found in the mattress is what I went to Demerara to get, and bring it to fool him—I want to have him as I want, I want to put some obeah on him. He came and told me, and I ask him if he believe that? He say yes, he believe it, because it was my aunt who told him so. So I told him “Well, if you believe that I had better leave the work;” so I told him I would work away from him. So that is the way I start working at Flamstead.

I left Cockburn, I went back to my mother for one or two days, then I went to Flamstead estate. The Camerons owned Flamstead, it belonged to them from their father, and when Ted White was alive one of the Camerons was living at Flamstead, Walter. Charlie Dickson was the manager. When Walter married he went to live at Chamboise because a brother who was in charge there died. I did not know Charlie Dickson before, but I went to see him. He knew me well when I was working at Hampstead estate, because he used to send oranges and so on to Mr. Cockburn. So I went and asked him for work, he asked me why I leave, I told him, and he said, “Well yes, if you are an obeah-man I am glad, I like to have an obeah-man because I am one for myself!” And he gave me work. I worked with him, he was very kind and nice, until my brother came from Maracaibo in 1927 and he going to Aruba and he took me. I left Flamstead and I went to Aruba with him.

When I was working on Flamstead estate, sometimes I used to do three tasks in a day, forking, four by five, and after that I went in the garden and do as much work. Sometimes picking cocoa, they give me seven baskets for a task, I used to pick twenty-one baskets for a day and still go in the garden. I used to work very very hard all the time, and I never had any help, as from wife and children, because the children was small. The only time, at the season of planting sweet potatoes, people will come to fork for me, to raise the bed for me, and when they are planting they want me to go and help them. That is the only time I get a help. Sometimes on Saturday I would ask six or seven of them to come and help me, at that time I was not in the Adventists again, so I would work Saturday, and I would cook food and feed them and they would work for the day for me. I would give them rum, too. We call that “Maroon”.

On Sunday evening, after my second baptism, I was going to the Seventh Day Adventists meeting. I had a friend by the name of Sese, who was living very near to my grandmother, and we used to go together, then I used to be at them reading the Bible with them, and she tell me that Maggie said she loved me. But I had no intention concerning that. On that Sunday evening, I leave from choir practice in the church, and I met Maggie coming up towards my way. As Maggie went, I suggested to Sese that I was not sure, I wanted to find out whether what Sese told me was the truth. Sese told me yes, Maggie loved me, and later Maggie told me too, but I never worry. But afterwards, she after me all the time to say what I would do, and I promised her yes, I would do it. She told my brother Popeson about it, she told my sister Melita about it, she would always tell my brother about it, and I agreed to marry to her. When I proposed to her, she told me to let her brother know.

2. Obeah: magic, sorcery.
3. Four by five: four poles by five—the task measurements.
I wrote to the brother; he said he would not agree, he don't want that thing in the family at all. He said I am a Creole and they are East Indians and he doesn't want Creole to be in his family. But she said she didn't care, she would be glad that I should marry to her, because she loved me. She was Isaacs' granddaughter, the old man was married to my aunt Eliza. My wife is an Indian, full Indian, I knew her long, before I went and join the Seventh Day Adventists I knew her, because her mother died and she grew up with my aunt. She was Maggie Richardson, she was motherless and fatherless, both had died. I was 27 when I married, in August, 1924, and she was about eighteen. She was Seventh Day Adventist, too.

When I told my aunt, Mrs. Isaacs, she told me "My son, I would not encourage you to do that, because I am in the family and suffering a lot, and if you put yourself in it you will suffer like me, your life would be a little hell." I did not tell her anything, but I said insomuch as she loved me, if two parties love they are able to make life all right. At that time I did love her. I did not sleep with her, she was a good Adventist person, and I loved her in one sense because she was quite sensible, she was better read than I am, and she had many things in her which I appreciated, such as home concern, she could have done plenty of drawn work and sewing, as to make table-cloth and so on; and she was well read. Not so pretty, but not ugly.

I wrote a letter for her, and Jacob Richardson, her brother, did not agree, but she herself agreed because she said she haven't mother, she haven't father, and he was the responsible one for her, and he was taking lots of advantage of her, so she was satisfied to get married. He had property, and she had to work for him as a labourer, she his sister; she had a little piece of garden for herself. And she used to cut sometimes ten bundles of grass to feed his cattle, to feed mule and donkey and so on, and it was terrible for her, and she told me that is why she would like to marry, to free from it. She had a little bit of land, quarter of an acre; he had about five acres then. He bought them after his parents died, the parents left some money for them. And whatsoever he had, when the first bit of land that was going to sell, he borrowed some more on interest to make up, and he bought the first, and after he work for that, and he open out a little business, and through that he was able to purchase the rest.

Jacob Richardson said he did not want to have anything to do with my family, but when we did not stop, he called my mother and he told my mother I wrote him a letter for his sister but he does not like it. I have not anything, I am a Creole, and he does not like me to marry to his sister. My mother said she doesn't know, she can't say anything because I did not tell her anything. She did not want to carry on any conversation with me, because I had told her from the beginning, and she told me that if it is in my mind she can't say anything, because she have not to live in the house with my wife.

I was living with my grandmother then, and Maggie and I continue for sometime, until it get to the church, and they said we can't continue, we had better married. I married to her honest, I didn't make any love to her. We would come from church together at night, we walk and we talk like friends, but nothing else. There is one thing in me to believe the teaching of the Seventh Day Adventists, and I thought it was better to be honest in everything, and I was honest all the way; and when I suggested that we should get married, we arranged between the two of us.
The deacon, the second leader after the minister, he said "You cannot continue in this life, you both are young, the devil is busy and it might bring shame, and you better settle down in life, whether the family willing or not, you have your wife in the right, you settle down in life and things will go better". He say so to me alone, after church. And sometimes on Sundays we used to walk in the gardens together, myself and him, we would meet, we always discuss about that. And I told my sister Melita about it, and she got all the equipment, the dress and everything for the wedding, and she took my wife to the church and Wilfred took me to the church, best man. We went and lived by ourselves, I had no dance, no feast, my mother gave an evening dinner for us, and we went home. Because the Adventist people don’t believe in having a dance or a fete or so.

I had a house on the estate at that time, rent free, two rooms. It had a kitchen, it hadn’t any lavatory but it had a place prepared. And we didn’t remain there very long on the estate. Her uncle Jacob Isaacs had some money for her, and she made me write to him and ask him for the money, and as he got the letter he sent to call her and he gave her £11 and she brought it home. I enquired of a house, I got one at Dieppe for £7 and we bought it. The estate had given me a spot, but Adam, her brother, called me, he had just bought a piece of land at Belvidere, he told me instead of all going to live on the estate, put the house on his land and I could live there, I wouldn’t have any trouble, I didn’t want to go there because he did not care for me to marry to his sister, but my wife told me, “if he wants us to come we had better go, and perhaps later on he will do something good for us.”

The land was in a very bad condition. I was working on the estate, coming back and working the land, fork it up, manure it, and where the cocoa had almost died it revived and get all pretty. When he saw that he start to accuse my wife and say she taking up his nutmeg to mind me—that she was stealing his nutmeg, and selling it to buy things to make me happy. When I heard so, that was in 1927 when I was at Flamstead, I left home. My brother Ralphie came from Maracaibo, he was going to Aruba, and Popeson told him if he is able, to take me with him, because since I married to my wife, Adam is saying a lot of ugly things concerning me, and if he take me away I will be able to work and do things better. I went, and I remained in Aruba ten months.

During that time, 1926, 1927, my wife and I kept a shop. I went to Mr. Smith because I used to buy flour there, and we ask him if he would give us the goods to sell, every time we sell and pay. And he did that. He always used to give us, every time we sell, we pay. The shop was in the yard, Maggie was in charge of the shop and I used to work on the estate. We never sold rum, only flour, rice, sugar, biscuits, salt-fish and so. For about two years we were doing very well, afterwards there was a falling away from the business by crediting the people and they could not pay; things went on bad on the estate with them, they were giving them only two days’ work a fortnight, so they could not pay and we run indebted. We were indebted about £5 and I had to work to pay it off. When I was in Aruba my wife kept on the business, and I sent her some money, first £11, afterwards £8, and afterward I sent £5 and then I didn’t send any more. According to the money that I sent to her, she was able to keep up the business.
ONE NIGHT I dreamt I was walking the road, and a large amount of bees flew around me, and they stung me through my ears, my nose and so on. I was so frightened. The next day, relating it to a friend of mine, he told me it was prosperity. And another time, before 1927, I dreamt I was walking on the Hampstead estate and I got to a plum-tree that was blacked on the leaves and everything; and I told him again, and he said “That is prosperity coming, and not long”. And my brother came in 1927 from Maracaibo and he took me to Aruba. And while I was travelling to Aruba, several nights on the boat I would dream of a large amount of shell corn, and I told him, he said, well, I would be very prosperous where I was going.

We travelled by a boat from St. George's to Trinidad, to Maraval. The fare was five dollars, deck passenger. One week we stayed at Port-of-Spain, we slept at the Salvation Army hostel, we were walking about and fixing papers and so on to travel. From there we went to Curacao by s.s. Silver Saint, an excursion ship—we were five boys in company, Grenadians, myself and Ralphie, and two from River Sallee and one from Hermitage. I was the eldest, and our company got stranded when we reach Curacao, because we had to deposit forty dollars before we started, and we understood we would get it back when we reach down there, and when we get there they tell us we couldn't get it until we came back home. And we had no more money to pay our passage to get to Aruba.

I went to the English Consul in Curacao and put the matter to him, and the gentleman gave me a letter to carry to another gentleman in the Eastland called Mr. Jack, and when we went there he gave us work. We had no place to sleep, because there was no room, and nothing to eat. We were working with the carpenters, cleaning, shaving and so on. I saw a young man and I went and asked him if he can give me something because I haven't anything to eat, if he can give me a change; he gave me two guilders. I had to take that to feed five of us for a week. In the evening time the company used to have a launch to take the workers and drop them in the Eastland, in the morning it take them to Curacao proper. We used to go back and hide in the hotel and sleep; when we reached there first we had a change, we paid thirty cents to sleep, and each of us had a bed; those beds were empty for the week, so every night when the master of the hotel had gone in, we would slip into the room and sleep; early in the morn-
ing we go out, four o’clock in the morning, and I would buy a bread for all of us, with a cup of tea, for three cents, and we drink that and go to work for the day. That work was five guilders.

We started to work on Thursday; when that week up Saturday, we got paid for two days and we continue to work up till next Thursday, and we stop work and call for our pay and then travel on to Aruba. But before that, when the Saturday came, I went to the hotel master and told him we were working in the Eastland, we would like him to board us until we get pay. He told us he would do that, but we have to deposit a receipt, he would keep that and all of us could get boarding, and when the week up we could pay him and he would give us the paper and we could travel on to Aruba. We left by a ship called Lady Joan, we left six o’clock the night and she reach at eight o’clock the next morning.

When we reach Aruba, there were some boys who we met at Curacao who went to Aruba before us, and we find where they were putting up, and we put up with them and they help us. The very day we reach, eight o’clock, twelve o’clock we got work with the company, The Eagle. Pipe-busting, the eight-inch pipes. When that was through I did painting for the company, and for that I would get five dollars per day American—the Eagle is an American company.

Aruba was quite different to Grenada, because you were not obligated so much, not compelled to strain out yourself for the day to work. You go out to work seven o’clock, quarter to nine the whistle blow, you go and get lunch. Half past eleven the whistle blow, you go for dinner and come back one o’clock, and you break up four o’clock in the evening, and you work with ease. I had quite a lot of facilities with the company. I had trouble to get work in the painting department, but before I got work in the painting department I met a gentleman by the name of Mr. Jack, an American, he was supervising the tanks. When the pipe-busting job was over, he gave me a job to pass round the tanks and put pitch round the ventilation, and the next day I went away and went to a gentleman called Mr. Brown, I asked for a job in the painting department.

Then soon after I start painting, the Company nearly closed down, I had to leave. I went to St. Nicholas, things had seemed pretty slow, so I left and came back to Grenada. I had been making five dollars a day in Aruba, every two weeks I would send home to my wife. She repaired the house, the brothers borrowed some out of it, when I came home I thought I would have got some money, that if any time I should return to Aruba I would have the fare—but she hadn’t a cent. Only once I sent money to my mother, and it was scarcely anything; her house was bad and I sent to tell her to repair it, and I had left little debts behind when I was leaving, because I had to prepare some clothes. I wasn’t working as a painter for long, about three months, but the cost of living was not high in Aruba, so I save a good bit of money. They had this slaughtery not far from where we were living, and when they slaughter a cow they would throw away the intestines, head, liver and trotters, and we used to get that when we used to walk on the beach. The boys would get it. And the biggest piece you would get it for a guilder, a guilder and forty cents, and flour and rice very cheap in Aruba, meat very cheap. I saved more than a hundred and fifty dollars, I bought clothes and all other things when I came back. Whatever expense my wife told me she had, I pay out and
everything; some to my mother. I didn’t know I was going back to Aruba, otherwise I might have saved my passage. When I was here a couple of months, I heard they opening full swing again at the Eagle. I had no money, my wife had a piece of ground that was not so good, and she sold it for £10, she got £14 and she got £7 and she gave me a loan that I should travel back to Aruba again.

Then when I got to Trinidad on the way to Aruba again, I fell ill with fever, and I stayed in Trinidad from ending of 1929 to 1930. I first stay with my cousin, and afterward with my sister Melita, she was working in Point Fortin, washing for a gentleman called Mr. Turner. I was sick for a whole year, and it was a spirit I had on me. Before I leave going to Aruba, I used to bake and sell; one night I had a dream that I saw a woman was sprinkling something in front on the ground, it was a powder and I was afraid. When I woke up in the morning, I went and I found two small things in front of the door, and I did not leave that in front of the door, I took it up with a cutlass and threw it under the cocoa—I knew it was something harmful. And after I saw that, I went to Trinidad and I got sick. My hip could not bear the other part of my body, and I used to work and go to the doctor. My cousin used to lead me to the doctor with a stick, sometimes I get a pass to go from work to the doctor. And I remained there, fever every day, I could never get better.

I went to the doctor, I felt a little better; then going back, as I reach Faizabad I get sick again, and it is a man from Marra Rock who told me it is a spirit I was suffering very long with, and he bought a bread and a cent rock salt and he made a bath, and from the time he bathed me with that, from that time I not sick again. He was a creole, he had a gazing crystal and a Sixth and Seventh Book of Moses. For the first time I seen it, but I knew it was a Sixth and Seventh Book of Moses, because after that, asking another one of the same type, he have that too. I was sick with that thing for more than a year, I couldn’t work. If I go to work for a day, I am healthy, tomorrow I am dying, and the next day I am a little better again. It wasn’t the hernia that time, because from the time he attended to me up to this day I was not sick again. I was throwing up and fever, ague fever. I took medicine from the doctor after he attended to me, I got injections for fever and everything—nothing better.

My sister Melita was taking care of me, we were together. I didn’t want to go back home, because I had some money, I thought when I get better I would work and make up the same amount of money to go back to Aruba; but I never got better, and I spent out the whole thing. My wife had given me £8 to help make up the amount of money to go back to Aruba, and I promised to send it back to her; but when I got to Trinidad I spent out that money for the doctor, I never get better, my sister went to work and she paid my passage back home.

During the time I was at Trinidad, my clothes that I left at home, my wife sold it. My fork that I used for work, a new fork, she sold it to her brother. Everything that I had, she sold it. I had a new suit that I used to follow a wedding with, she took that and she bring it to a man to measure if it could fit him that he should buy it, and during which time I returned, so when I asked her for that suit she told me she was afraid they would steal it, she bring it to her brother. When I went to my brother Clarence, he told me that she bring it to a man to measure it, and it was too big for him, that is the reason
why it was at the brother, but they were waiting to get somebody it would fit. And it was always like that all the time, and up to this present time, if she was home, if she knew I had some money she would take it, and say she didn't know who take it.

My sister Melita and myself lived well. Whenever she wanted to purchase a new dress she would let me select it for her, and sometimes I helped her make them, I could sew. All the way from 1911, 1912. She was two years older than me and she was the one specially looking after me because I followed her. She was slim and tall, very slim and tall, and we used to go to At Homes together, both of us used to dance very well, so anywhere friends have an At Home they would invite both of us. We started to dance very small, because grandmother used to learn us how to dance the Lancers, Quadrille, Nation Dance. Melita was with my grandmother too, so that I was much closer to her than to the others, because the others were with my mother. She had dollies, and she used to sit down and sew dresses for the dollies; she used to do knitting work, and I always used to be alongside, and she used to teach me how to do those work, handwork, needlework, dress-making; we used to play at cooking, so that we would bake together, make cakes and bread and so on. Ralphie was with the mother, he never helped us in those things, he more liked gardening or so. I was older than him, but he goes about with my brother Popeson.

Melita suffered with a bad toe, sometimes she scarcely could walk with the bad toe. After the time she had grown up, it leave a bad scab on the foot. Like the Africans, my grandmother take up all bush, she boil them and she make a bath for the foot. Hog-plum bush, and the seed called rock-fig, she cut it off and she put them to boil, and she take the water and she wash the foot, and take some of the leaves and thrash the foot with it until she has got it better, whenever somebody has a bad foot she do that for them. Sometimes she washed it, she get alum and wash it, and she put her tobacco in her pipe and she smoke.

Melita was never sick with anything like fever, until she grown up she had something like these tonsils. At that time she lived with my aunt Eliza, and she got something like a cold in her throat; she said it was a dream she had, but by then she couldn't speak, and she make signs to them asking for paper, and she take it and write for them to take her to the doctor at Grenville. When they took her to the doctor, he took something as a piece of silver and he shove it down the throat and he do work it out and stop it. She returned home and she was better.

In 1927 she went to Trinidad, at that time she would be about 33, 35. I went in 1929, I met her there. She was working for the white people. She went to Trinidad because living was funny here, she does scarcely get anything as to help herself, so she went to Trinidad to get some work to do. She went to Trinidad with one of the Seventh Day Adventist ministers called Elder Ash. She couldn't work with him, but I had an aunt by my father, called Ruth, and she went to see her, then she get a washing for a gentleman called Mr. Turner, he was a manager of the refineries at Point. And she washed for one or two others. Then she took up with a young man after I went to Trinidad, she stopped working until about three years ago now. When I went to Trinidad in 1937 she was not working, she was living with the young
man. She never had any children. And then she got that very bad foot again, and she died three years ago. The young man went working in Maraval and they bought a house.

Melita used to do my washing and everything for me while I was working for Mr. White at Hampstead. But what I really remember about her is, she was a great dancer, and she could sing very well. She had a fine voice for singing, everybody liked to hear her sing, as well as dancing. Sometimes she go to a party, the boys will just run around, try and see which will get her first and dance. And she could act very well, she could sew very well, sewing dresses, she learn that small. These are the things she do.

BACK TO GRENADE.

When I came back home in 1930, they were taking up a set of men to work at Mount Horn, when Major Hoyte came from abroad. I went and I asked him for work, I told him who I was and who I used to work with, Mr. White, I was butler and everything, so he took me and put me to work in Mount Horn and he told them he was going away, not to move me away till he returned. He gave me work in the field, I was working in the field, and as loader-man on the truck, but mostly in the boucan, drying and trampling cocoa. At that time my wife had a piece of land at Mount Horn, near the estate, and I moved our house near there from Belvidere. And they treated me very kind at Mount Horn, because they used to sell provision to the labourers, but they would scarcely sell to me; sometimes the overseer would tell me, “Go and cut a bunch of bluggo; go and pick breadfruit,” they would give me a coconut and all the like. I had regular work there, and the pay was one shilling and fourpence per day. From 1930 to 1935 I worked at Mount Horn, Major Hoyte’s.

And in 1930 Mr. White came to me, the same Ted White, in my dream, and showed me where treasure is, I must go and get it. I did not go, I was afraid. I went in the dream, and I saw a little boy, a little black boy, climbing a mango tree, and I beat him and I got frightened, I said it was a spirit. Then a lady came and show me right in my mother’s yard where a treasure was, and she showed me and gone. I saw her again the next morning, and she explain how I could get it: she told me I must take all my brothers and go and dig that, but if any of their minds differed I would not get it. And she told me, “Look, when you are going to approach it and you hear somebody talking, you all must wait and when the person goes, go on digging.” And one of my brothers said he hear somebody coming, we must wait; and when we wait the parties came, my brother Ralphie used to play a clarinet, and they wanted him to play for a dance. After they went away, we went to dig it, and we got about three foot and they told me, “We had better leave that because I don’t think it is real, they will come back another time if they have to give you again.” So I went home, because she told me if any was not positive, or have a doubt I would not get it. And about four o’clock in the morning the white lady came in a dream again, she said “Look, as you were to get your business like that, you leave it and go.” She said “This one,” and she dig out the money in a jar, she said “This one is four pounds in English money,” and she covered it again.

I think it was about 1935 they had a heavy storm, and the cocoa spolt; fifty bags of cocoa spolt. Mr. John Hoyte call me and he told
me, "Norman, we have some cocoa here that is spoilt, but they can be sold locally to make chocolate. You can have them at a cent a pound, you can sell them, whether you get a shilling, you can still give me a cent a pound." Fifty-two bags. I agreed and I took them, and he said "Along with that we have the truck, you can get any amount of coconuts at seven shillings a hundred, you can sell them and come and buy more." I was trafficking from Grenada to Carriacou, I used to go every week to Carriacou, buying animals there and selling them in St. George's.

And from that there was some jealousy between Adam and my wife towards me and my mother; they feel that when I go to Carriacou and come back I must not go at my mother, because I bring money for her. They do not want me to give my mother anything. One time Meg, my sister, she working out, she get a holiday, and she say she never travel, and she wanted to go to see Carriacou, and she went up with me. When she returned I did not come back to Grenville, I went to St. George's because I had bought some sheep and cattle, I wanted to sell them at St. George's and go back to Carriacou with breadfruit and so on, because they hadn't any crop at Carriacou. When I reach back Carriacou I get a letter from my sister Meg saying I must come back, because my wife saying a lot of ugly things about me, saying I am treating my family in the best way because my sister went to Carriacou with me, and I am not observing my wife, I went down a Saturday evening, I had the letter in my bag. I reach home, I had bought a horse in Carriacou to sell here, and I went to my mother's Sunday morning. My wife searched my bag, she got the letter and read it, and when I came back she told me if I wanted to be at my mother I could have stayed there, I had no right to have married to her, and so on.

Monday I had to go back to Carriacou, on the Monday I told her I want her to help me get up some chocolate to go, and she tell me she was not doing it, and I went to speak to her in the kitchen. She held me by my collar and I gave her a few lashes with a piece of rope I had in my hand. She left the home and she went away for the week, and on Friday evening I went to the garden, and when I came back Friday night I met her home, she came back. She told me her brother was coming the next day to deliver the children to me, because the house and the land belonged to her, and her brother was coming to deliver the children to me and he would sell the house and rent the property to somebody, and send her away to Trinidad. That was 1935. He told me what he meant, I told him I am satisfied. He came and told me I am illiterate, his sister say she want me to leave the house, so he is selling the house and I must take my children. I told him I am satisfied. I took my clothes that Saturday evening and I went to Carriacou and I remained there. I did not come back to the house, I left everything to her, furniture, everything.

Nine months I was in Carriacou and I didn't go over the island. I used to go over to Grenada, to Grenville, buy things, and go back and sell. I went to Martinique twice from Carriacou, I bought fowl and eggs from Carriacou and go and sell in Martinique. It is quite different to Grenada. The people of Martinique are very friendly, very nice people, but you have to know how to move with them. And once they find you could speak the patois, they take you up very well. I had plenty of friends in Martinique, because when I go sometimes I give
them a fowl, I give them some eggs, and so on. They ask me to buy merinos (vests) and khaki shirts, they have not got them at Martinique; I would buy and sell over to them.

I stay in Carriacou, I go up and down trafficking until Liza sent to tell me my father was very ill, I must come down. He had stopped buying and selling cocoa, he had a bad foot, then in 1921 when the injections came to Grenada, he went to Dr. Hughes and he got three injections and his foot got better, and he went for work, and he worked as stock-keeper up till 1935, when he couldn’t work again because he got this hiccup. Just an ordinary hiccup, but the doctors couldn’t do anything to get it stopped. I was in Carriacou and I got the message Sunday and I left Monday night in a vessel and travelled to Grenada. When I reach he was not so ill, he live for the week. The following week my sister, we gave him a bath, and he told me he want to go out and see his garden, he had a little garden by the house. I told him he couldn’t go out, he was so weak, he had better wait till he get little stronger, and he told me he want something to drink. We gave him a cup of porridge, he say he want more; we gave him another cup and he said he was going to rest, but I never knew he was going to pass away. We had a cricket match at Hampstead, and I told him, “Well, you’re much better to-day, I’m going to witness the match to come back.” As soon as I reached the pasture, they called out for me and told me he passed away. My mother and sister were there with him, he was looking quite fresh and good when he passed away. We buried him the next day, because he passed away about three o’clock in the evening, and he buried the next day. Ralphie has an acre of land where his house is at Top Hill, and that is where we bury him in the Anglican. They had a wake for him that night, they had a third-night wake and a nine-night.

When I came down from Carriacou, my wife came to see me, asking me if I would not come back home. I told her no such thing. I went back working at Hampstead again, my father passed away while I was working at Hampstead. I didn’t keep the children. I left them with her, but she used to send them to me, and I giving them whatsoever I could. I said I had no house, I would not discommode my mother and my sister. In 1937 she brought me up in court. When I came from Carriacou and I was working at Hampstead, she used to send the children and I used to maintain them, but she had an ill feeling against me, to punish me. She brought me up before the court, and asking me to go and settle it, but I wouldn’t.

The day of the case we went to Sauteurs. When they called us up she gave her statement, I gave mine. She told lies. She said I had left her for two years, I never gave her a cent. The magistrate said, “But he never give you a penny? He never give your children anything?” She said, “Only once. He gave the children a sixpence.” “That’s all?” She said, “Yes”. He ask me “That right?” I said “Only two weeks ago she sent the children, I gave the children four shillings, I got sugar and flour, I got bluggoes.” And the children does back me up, sometimes they sleep and wake at me from Saturday, they go back Monday morning to go to school. He said, “Now tell me, would you agree for your husband to come and take care of yourself and your children?” He asked her that three times, but she would not reply. Lawyer Green got up and said, “My worship, you can see from this woman’s statement she does not want to have the use of the hus-
band, she only wants the use of his wages to spend it as she like! I
doesn't know how you look at it, I look at it in that way." The
magistrate said "I dismiss the case." I never asked Lawyer Green to
speak, he was there to speak for some other cases, he was sitting by
the table. But he saw how glaring it was.

And after that, I had a garden at the Tempe estate, well worked,
about half an acre, they gave garden, no rent. I sold that garden, I
took the money, and I went to Trinidad, unknowing to her. I went
to Trinidad. I had decided whether it was dismissed or whether I had
to pay, I would not remain in Grenada to do anything with her again,
because it was frightful that she took me to court.

I suggest, I don't know, but perhaps she thought she would have
some facilities with the brothers, they would be able to give her more
things that she would have been able to eat and drink, or get any­
thing she want from them, if I was not with her, because they did
not like me as a creole to be with her as an Indian.

When I first married I was happy with her, but not for a long
time; just a short time. When the first baby was born, a boy, we were
happy then, and when the second baby was born, but the third baby—
well, when the third baby was born things started to balance We had
a little business then, selling dry goods, I and she. My mother had to
go to work, and my sister Eliza came to see after her while I myself
was at work. Her brother Adam and his wife came and told her she
had no right to allow my sister to stay about her, because the things
we had, they are coming to eat it up and take it away and to put us
in want. And he say if we did not have anything, Eliza would not have
come there. And from that time she start leaning on her family side
better than my side—from the time the third baby was born. And
if I had some provision and I take some to my mother, she would
quarrel. If I go to see my mother she would quarrel. If I send them
to the garden to pick some peas for themselves she would quarrel, and
she would tell the brother and the brother would tell the wife, and
they would say things and get her to get on in a way—from that time.

Later, she start to abuse my mother. The son that I had with Anita
was sick, and I took him home; he was about four years. I took him
home to see after him, to give him treatment from the doctor and so
on; he came to live with my wife and myself. And she started to bad­
treat him. When he got better she would send him from Woodleigh
to Innswood, she would cut provisions and give him too much, a heavy
load to carry. When my mother met him in the road and she talk
to her, she would give my mother insultings. Would tell her she mind­
ing the child, and my mother have nothing to do with the child, and
the like. Oftentimes my mother spoke to me, and when I speak to my
wife she would quarrel and say all sorts of things.

Then there was another woman who lived near to me, used to work
in the garden with me sometimes, I paid her. I move with her in a nice
and respectable way, as to go and see the people home. Herself and
the brother they suggested it was something concerning me. One
night, it was about this time, I had my meal and I feel to walk out.
I walk out, and I reach quite down in Woodleigh. My wife's brother
came after me but he passed by this woman's house, the woman's door
closed and he heard people were talking inside the house. He went home
and tell my wife to close the door, come and keep watch for me, be­
cause I am in the house, I am friendly with the woman. And I was
nowhere there. When I came back home I talked to her, she would not answer until the next morning she told me what it was. I told her there was no such thing, but the brother emphasised on her mind she should believe that was the truth; he was telling her a lie, and that was the start of the breaking up of our life. She just let that thing go in her mind.

From then, myself and my wife, we oftentimes quarrel. Having quarrels when I go up and see my mother and come back, she didn't want that. She would tell me things that is ugly, ugly things, as if I wanted to stay at my mother, why didn't I stay? At one time she tell me if I wanted to stay at my mother, I should marry to one of my sisters. I just couldn't stay away from my mother, she worked pretty hard to care all of us that we should get a little education, and in her old age I couldn't see no way that I could stay away from her for two or three days, that I shouldn't see her; and if I have anything in the house, I think I should let her have some out of it. But my wife didn't mean that. She mean whatsoever I have, I must put it home by herself and the children, if she want to give any of her family out of it she would give them, but I must not give any to my family. That was the trouble all the time between us.

Anita's son was at her for about three or four years, then one day my mother saw him in the road with a heavy basket of something and he was crying, she make him go and put down the basket and she took him home with her. And some clothes that my wife had bought for him, she took it, she didn't give her. I couldn't protect him from my wife at that time, for I wasn't home, I was over at Trinidad. My mother kept him after that.

While I was at Carriacou I leave the Adventists. I was sick at Carriacou, and one of the members was telling our minister that I am buying and selling on the Sabbath day, I am not sick. They call the members of the church and they said I am working on the Sabbath day, and the very wife's brother, Adam Richardson, told him is truth that I am working on the Sabbath day. They strike out my name in the church book, and when I come back to Grenada they start telling me, "Come and baptise again". At that time I knew I did not offend God. And it is from that I have no belief in them whatsoever. You cannot speak false of a man between himself and God, though you suppose to testify the truth between himself and God, and he supposed to take what you say. And I was conscious that I was not telling a lie and they told a lie, and I said I would not go back there again. They never called me and asked me, they just took the evidence behind my back. I said I never would go there again, and that is the reason I am outside of it to-day.

That was 1935, and it is a good thing they had done me that, because maybe if I was there up to this time and this Power had manifested, they would say it is some evil spirit. When I left them I never went to another church. I found out the teaching of the Seventh Day Adventist is real truth. It is true, and the different work that the apostles did testified of their truth up till to-day. I see no way in following the Anglican or the Catholic or all the other churches, and serving God in truth, because all the Commandments is one, if you do not observe one you are guilty of all.

And I saw when Christ was on earth He keep the whole Commandments, and He told the people that He did not come to destroy
the Law but to fulfil it, and they said "Which Law you speaking of?"
He said "The Law of the Ten Commandments". So the Law is in force
up to-day. And there is one thing you read in Galatians, fifth chapter:
"The fruits of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, goodness,
faith, temperance—against that there is no law." But when we observe
the other churches, they have not love among them, because they tell
lies on the platform and speak against the brother in the church.
That is not the fruit of the spirit. Then again, long-suffering is a
thing you must have. If a brother make a mistake, he step on your
heel, and you mash his corn for him—that is not long-suffering to­
wards one another. And when I look at this thing, I find every one
of them so, and I see well, there is no other way of serving God but
stick to the Bible, and that is how I live. I don't look at a man to
live, I look at the Scripture, I believe in them.

I SETTLE IN TRINIDAD.

When I went to Trinidad I used to work with a contractor and
one night I worked very hard, they had some drums of bitumen, and
we had to pull a hundred and sixty drums to toss them up for the
boat to get, and that was pretty hard. I decided I am not going to
work with any contractor again, I spent as much time to get a job
with the Company. I walk for thirteen weeks, every morning, to the
Company Labour Bureau to get a job. I would walk from seven o'clock
in the morning, and four o'clock I would go back home. I was living
Point Ligu at the time, by myself. And sometimes I go with a penny
bread for breakfast for the whole day, and when I reach I tired. One
morning the gentleman in the Labour Bureau call me and he gave
me the ticket to go to the doctor for examination for the job. When
I went to the doctor he said I was not healthy, he dismiss me. I had
had that hernia, I had had an operation for it 1937, in Trinidad soon
after I reach. When I came back to the Labour Bureau I gave him
the paper, he say he sorry for me, he will try and give me another
chance, but not right away. I walk for another three weeks and he
gave me another one. At that time I thought perhaps if I went to the
doctor I would not get through, so when I get that paper I call a
friend of mine and sent him to pass the doctor for me, and he did.
I had to wait another five weeks to get work. There were fourteen boys
that day, and every one of them had got work excepting I alone and
another fellow. The morning he sent for me, and he said he sending
me to work in a special place, he sent me to see Mr. Paterson at the
Power Station; he told me if I am obedient he will set me to work
up into something.

And I started to work at ten cents per hour, three shifts, work­
ing sometimes 8 to 4, sometimes 4 to 12, and sometimes 12 to 8. I
was a floor-man, cleaning up the floor, washing up rag to clean the
engine, and sometimes cleaning up the engine. The floor of the power­
house is concrete, and that is what I have to do. Sometimes look over
the engine, the gauge and so on. And when I had work about two
years, they gave me an increase to thirteen cents per hour, and the
next three months they gave me an increase to fifteen cents per hour.
Then Uriah Butler came in and start to trouble the company by go­
ing about and establishing another Union. The Union was the Oil­
fields Trade Union; he left that and he went to prison. When he went
back the President of that Union did not accept him, so he leave that
Union and he raise another Union, a bigger one, and from that time the company started to increase, the men got increase up to twenty-one cents per hour, and War Bonus eighteen cents an hour.

I worked, when I had about five years I was made an assistant operator on the diesel engine, the big dynamo, to take the pressure. Every hour you take the pressure of the engine, and check up the engine, and if the valve stick I would have to work and unstick the valve, sometimes by working continually, it stick. If anything happen while the operator is running one, I would have to run the other one. If any danger while the head operator working one, I would have to work the other. I was still doing three shifts. And I never had any remark against me, and when I got this present work to do, I could have remained in the power station longer.

I became an assistant operator by working on the floor, and studying the engine while I work—and the proof of studying the engine, they saw I was capable of being an assistant operator when they had fired one.

I used to get twenty-one cents per hour as assistant operator, and when I had to leave the power station they wanted to make me an operator. That was when I had to leave and take up this work in 1948. Once one of the plugs stuck on the engine, and the light on the switchboard was running out, and the head engineer called out, “Go and start up another engine!” I asked one of the men who was working with the engineer to pump the engine, and I went on the engine and I started it up and put on the light on the switchboard. And after that they look at me much different, because they didn’t think I could do it.

And they told me any time I wanted a job I should come, because of the faithful service I had given the company for eight years without any remark; at any time I liable to get a job with the company.

When I was at the Power Station I used to join in a susu* of twenty-four men, each had to pay two dollars and fifty cents weekly, and every week one man will draw the whole amount: twenty-four, that would be sixty dollars in all. When I got the hand, I bought a house and garden for forty-eight dollars. Then they sent to tell me how ill my wife was and how sick she was, they were always sending to tell me. So I thought “Well, since she is my wife, I will send and ask her if she would like to come and live with me.” So I sent to ask her if she would like to come to Trinidad, as I am working and getting a fair salary to take care of her. She agreed to come and I sent to get her; she came to Trinidad without the children, and I paid the passage. She was suffering with her kidney, she got eighteen injections and recovered, after she got better she started to prosecute me again in Trinidad, almost go to law.

It was about the things that she met me with in Trinidad, she wanted to rule them all she like. I had furnitures, I had garden, and I had money that I had worked and save. She doesn’t want a friend to come home to speak to me. She doesn’t want me to go in the garden to say “I can offer you some provisions”, she doesn’t want that. If she want to give anybody she can give. But I did not agree to that, because I was at Trinidad nearly seven years before she came, and if anything had happen to me in that time, it was strangers would help

* Susu — savings group. The word is from Yoruba Esusu.
me, so I always feel I must be kind to strangers. And she started re-
peating the same old stories from Grenada.

I sent her back to Grenada. She went to Grenada, and she re-
turned back to Trinidad, unknowing to me. She went to the son, we
had a son, our first son, in Trinidad. Owing to her disturbance, he
would not have anything to do with me, she would instruct him, he
was about sixteen or seventeen years. I save $656 for myself, and
when he came to Trinidad first, he told me, working timber in the
forest to make boards was a paying concern; let me have some of the
money and he will work and get to do something better. I allowed him
and I gave him some of the money; they drew it all out, himself and
the mother, they spent it all. Himself and the mother, they start per-
secuting me.

She started telling him, “Let’s go to the lawyer and we will put
him before the court and we will run him out of Trinidad,” and just
at that time the Powers manifested on me. I tell her they cannot do
it, they can do whatever they like, that will never happen; and both
of them get ‘fraid of me, I don’t know why, sometimes if they see me
coming they will run away. That was the first time the Power mani-
fested, the first time; we were together and they asked me to feed
some children. She was there, and when I prepare the food she got
vexed, she said I had no right to do that, that is feeding evil spirits,
I have no right to do that, Seventh Day Adventists doesn’t do that. I
ask her not to have anything to do with it, not to interfere with it,
I will do everything myself. And when I feed the children according
to how I was instructed, she left and go to Grenada. Just about one
or two months after she came back, they were going to put me before
the court, and the Power manifested upon me.

My wife did just the same with all the other children; the mo·
ther is telling them they must not go with me because I did not work and
mind them, I went off to Trinidad, and it was she who work and mind
them and take care of them, and to-day they big, they must not work
and help me. And that is what she poison the other boy’s mind with.
She set the children against me when I left her the last time and go
to Trinidad, 1937; because the eldest son told me he could never have
gone and swore against me in court, because he knew I was not ill-
treating them, he tell me so when he came to Trinidad, just before
the mother came. Then when the mother came, he turned round and
joined her.

All the time that I was with my wife I never had anything to do
with any other women; and the vision did not tell me we were going
to break up. Doubtless if I had the visions to-day I could translate it
for my own self. Because if I dream of a dog playing with me, I know
it is somebody that is faithful towards me. But then, I would always
see this dog lying down at my foot and looking at me in a funny
way, and if I think, I catch up myself to know this dog is like my
wife, she never look at me with a clear conscience, always looking at
me in a sort of way, a snaky way.

At the last moment, I feel if I going to live happy, to let her go
go by herself and I live by myself, because I have tried over and over,
and I couldn’t have done anything better. All along I trying to keep
on living with her, and reason out with her, thinking I am a Christian,
and if you are serving God, what sort of Christian you are to do that? Maybe if I acted like a Christian she would think. Because I didn't want to have anything to do with anybody else. Or maybe if it hadn't been for these Powers, after I had done away with her I might have had a keptress*. But I didn't want to do that, because I know that was against God. And if I had done away with her and still working at the power station, I must have had somebody to take care of me.

* Mistress.
I left here with one pants during that strike in Trinidad in 1937. When everybody landed in Trinidad they were sent back. I consulted the captain of the vessel, he managed to get me on one of the buses. I left here, one pants, one shirt, one jacket, one merino, and more than that, one shilling in my pocket after I had bought my passage. One shilling. The bus was charging one shilling from Port-of-Spain to San Fernando, and I paid a shilling for a drop in San Fernando that morning. As soon as I drop in San Fernando I met somebody I knew in Carriacou, and he took me home. And when I related what happened, well, they helped me out for the week and I went to find a job. I get work with a contractor. Then I had to go to the hospital for an operation for hernia. One shirt, one pants, one jacket, one merino. My cousin had to wash for me, her husband is a little man, short, and when I got well, his shirt, I could have put on just the same, but his pants, I couldn't wear because it would hardly reach up to my waist, and my cousin had to wash my clothes while I was in the room, and when it dry I put it on to go to work.

All the time I never give up. What I know concerning the Scriptures, I held God on my right side all the time. And after I was operated on, the doctor told me I must not turn out to work, not before six weeks; I had to turn out before six weeks all the same, and they did sympathise with me and give me something light until I could stand the hard work—just picking up stones and pieces of wood and dumping it in a dumping heap, sweeping up the old shed, sometimes rooting bush around the tank, and so on. Only after nine months I was laid off. I went to Pointe-a-Pierre again where things were very funny, couldn't get a job. Some hardship resist me again, I had to be barefeeted. I left Pointe-a-Pierre and went to Port-of-Spain—one pair of pants and a brown shoe cut up with the toes outside; I laced it up with wire and go to Port-of-Spain with a woman that had to go to the Treasury to get some money for her son that had died. Until I catch up myself all the time God was on my side, I never fail to think of the goodness of God, because I knew what it was. When I did catch up myself, the Powers manifest in me and gave me this work to do, and to-day I am living happy. If I were not pleasing Him first, I would not have been in that position.

And when I sit down and I relate those stories to the boys as a father would relate to a son, to give them courage to be determined
that God must be first in everything, they don't listen to me. I cannot do better.

In Trinidad I never followed up anything outside. When I come from work, sometimes in the evening I went home; prepared my meal and cleaned myself up and read a book. While I was reading that Adventist book, "The Patriarchs and Prophets", I came across something that had struck my mind very much and I study it very well, concerning Eli the prophet, the judge and king in Israel. Eli got his fall through carelessness and disobedience in the Temple over the offering; because there was a special offering in the Temple, that before it was touched by any of the children of Israel, a portion should offer to God first, as a sacrifice. But Eli had three sons and he would allow them to take out of the offering to eat before it was even offered to God. And Eli lost his sons because of his disobedience in carrying on the Law of God, the rules. And that is what has helped me to-day to carry out the offering in a more acceptable way; we should be careful always that the first part belongs to God. In offering it up, it must be clean, nobody should interfere with it.

But when I was reading this book, I had no visitations to do my work yet. The vision that I used to have, it was concerning spiritual things, but not the work, not to feed the children or to give a table. At one time they ask me in dream to lay a table and to get people around to sing, and I laid the table, it was only orange juice and orange blossom that was on the table, and everybody was to take a little bit, and I was the last one singing, the hymn is "I want a new name, A new name written in Heaven," and when I woke I couldn't remember the air, but I could remember the words.

I visited the theatre once or twice, I saw an advertisement concerning Florence Nightingale, I remembered one Pastor Woods spoke of Florence Nightingale as a faithful nurse, so I went to see it, and it was so inspiring to me at that time, I believe if they had war at any time I would volunteer to go, just because of the sick men and the wounded, to care them. And I had just that mind, to care sick people. I went to see the picture, and saw how nice and kind she was to the wounded soldiers when she took charge, with the sick men that was on the ground in such a dirty state, they were not cared for. She bathed them and cleaned them up and bound their wounds, and she never sleep, she worked hard night and day, and feed them, and when some of them were better, at night as she walked they heard her footsteps, they could see her, and they tried to raise their heads, they see her shadow and they smile at her shadow, they love her so much. And after she get the hospital clean, she went to the trench, and she worked so hard in the trench she get the fever, and the men worked to get her to the hospital, and they worked to get her better. And she went back, and when she went back again she took ill and she passed away. The record was something very encouraging, about her life. And she was persuaded by her parents to marry to somebody, but she refused just like St. Philomena, she said she had dedicated her life to be a servant in the hospital to mind the sick people, and she would not marry in no case at all.

There was another picture, of Alice. She was working in a hospital during the German war, and a lady and Alice used to escape
the British soldiers, and the lady was telling Alice when she could send these men away by reading cards to know that, and some of the Germans, they couldn't tell how they were escaping, so they dressed themselves in the British uniform and allow them to capture them and put them there. And when Madame Gillaine told their cards, she couldn't tell that these two men were Germans, and Alice had them escape on the ship with the other soldiers. When they got on the ship they talk to the other soldiers and found out how they got there. Then they arrest them, they arrest Alice, they put her in prison. The food that they used to give her, she never ate. She took bread and water and she had her Bible. She was there for forty days. In the prison she opened her Bible and she read a passage of Scripture, I did not get the whole words in the picture. And three days after, they took her out of the prison and they court-martialed her, and she was shot by seven soldiers. And this thing was brought to me, to know that she was doing something good, and how she was captured, and how people deceive one another with telling these cards. If it was something of God, the lady would have known that these people were spies, and what would have become of Alice. And in reading those cards, I see that you cannot tamper with God. That helped me to be truthful in everything that I do. This was before I had my vision, too.

In Aruba I went to the films, but I hadn't any knowledge about it the first time. I would look at it as something very strange to me, because I never went before. When I get to Trinidad 1937 I was putting up at Maribella, and my cousin husband asked me to come to pictures that night, to a picture they were showing, "Imitation of Life." And that is the first time I had real experience of the pictures. A darkie in America had a daughter with an American man, and things was very hard with her; she went out searching for work. She met up with an American lady that had one daughter, her husband had died, and things was hard with that woman too, but as they both met, having the two children, the darkie's daughter was a lovely little thing, and the American lady fell in love with her. She asked her to stay, and she would look to get a hotel and do some work, that they should both be able to live, and both children would go to school together. As time went on, the darkie's daughter grew up with that other lady's daughter, and she refused to know her mother, as a darkie. The white lady's daughter was going to school one day, and she call the darkie's daughter "Darkie". And she never go to school, she turn back and she cried for the Whole day. And the American lady pep her up and so on, and tell her "Never mind," and she go back to school again. But one day, as she get grown-up, about fourteen to fifteen years, she disown the mother and she run away from them. And she went far out working in Brooklyn, I think it was in a Bank, and the mother was in search and did grieve for her, until she get to find out where she was, and the American lady said she would accompany her to search for the daughter, and the American lady went in search of her, asking, and they told her she is working in the Bank. When she saw the white lady, she was called to see her, she came out, she said "Your mother is in grief, she is in search of you and she has come to see you." She said "Who? My mother? I doesn't know her," and she took her mantle and she took her hat and she run away. And the mother broke in tears, her heart was broken and she went home. The daughter's name was Cleopatra. The mother went home and she took ill, the white lady and her daughter did the best they could, but
she never revived. And when she was going to pass away she had Cleopatra's photograph on her pillow and she call for it, she took it, she look at it, and she pass away with Cleopatra's name in her mouth. And the white lady and her daughter, they grieve, they cry and they grieve, they cry, and they gave her one of the most beautiful turnouts.

And I studied over that very well, I said, "I marry to an Indian and the same thing could happen to me." Because Cleopatra's mother was a darkie and her father was a white man, and it is a mixed nation. And I married to a mixed nation just the same, and that caused me to think of all different things my grandmother, my mother and my aunt used to tell me when I was going to marry: "Don't marry to an Indian, because it is a mixed nation, to-morrow please God, you won't be satisfied." And the same thing happened to me. Just as this child refused to know her mother because she was a darkie, my children might refuse to know me because they are Indian and I am a negro, just the same. And that happened, when my wife came to Trinidad.

My daughter was at Maracas College, I had the eldest son with me. We afterwards decided to get all the others at Trinidad, because things were better with me there than at home. And when they all came to Trinidad, she get every one of them to turn away from me. Even the one here is not with me, he has left me and gone to rent a house for himself, he only came here to see me, but not with the intention of regarding me as a father. The daughter which I paid so much money in the college for, even when I was in Trinidad she never came to see me, and three years since I am here, she never drop me a line. The other one I keep at school in Faizabad, one morning I called him and I told him, "You would get sick, you would go to the hospital, the doctor would not be able to do one thing for you, you will come back home, I would cure you." He laughed. Three weeks after, he was swollen from his feet to his head. I gave him money to go to the doctor, the doctor ordered him to hospital at once, he stayed five months and eighteen days, they could not do a thing. The doctor sent him out and tell him go out and relax a little, then come back again. He came back home. I treated him on carrots, sweet oil, cabbage, vinegar, fine salt and coarse bread, and in three weeks he was strong as he is. He get up and walk away, he never tell me "Howdy". He is Seventh Day Adventist and I am an obeah-man. That is the cause. I never get no thanks. The mother tell him not to have anything to do with me, and they listen to the mother. The daughter, when she left the Maracas Training College, she get a job in the hospital as a nurse. She hasn't given me a postcard yet, she hasn't written me a line yet to thank me for what I have done for her.

My other children, by Maize and the others, these appreciate me very well; whenever they meet me they greet me, and they does me well. The one with Maize is here. She is working with the Seventh Day Adventist schoolmaster and the others are at Trinidad, one at Point Fortin and the other at San Juan. Cecil, Anita's son, was with my mother, and when I went to Trinidad he was big, in 1937 he was there, working at Point Fortin; he took a course of commercial lessons and he was working there. I was not working then, I was in search of work, then he got laid off and he joined the army. He worked in the army for some time, and when he got laid off he got a job at Morven as a police in the market. He is there up till now, he is married and has children. I went to his wedding, Anita wasn't pleased
when he was going to get married and she was vexed with me, I told her "well, it is better." He tell me he wanted to marry, because as a young man he find he could help himself. I told him if he desired to do so I would not force him not to, but Anita did not want him to marry, she wanted him to be at her home still. She was friendly with somebody else, and as she wasn't married he find it was not respectable, he was a big young man to be with his mother who was not married.

Hilda's son is not married. When he was at school I was at Trinidad, sick, and when I came back home my means could not have been able to afford me to send anything for him, and when I went back to Trinidad this last time, he was working all right, he was big. Maize's child was here with me, I used to give her, but when I went to Trinidad I didn't send anything for her. She was with Maize, and when I came back she was with the schoolmaster, working. But they are all quite friendly to me.

There is only one coloured family here having children with creole people that will recognise them, but the others won't do that at all. If even their children having children with creole boys, they ignore them and they hate them and they would do anything to stop it. Mr. Cockburn was coloured, he had some children with creole people, his sisters would not look at them. They don't want to know them, they don't want to see them, they hate them. The creole people is not sufficient that their brother should have children with them; they too low-class and they black. Then Mr. White, Mr. Ted White, had children with a creole woman, his sister would not recognise them either. Mr. John White would like that child, he gave him an overseer work on the estate, and the sister make him take it away from him. Mr. Ronnie White would not want to see them at all. Don't want to see them whatsoever, they couldn't cross the estate, because their mother is black and they are labourers. Mr. James Edwards has a child with a servant, Mrs. Edwards doesn't want to know this child at all. Weldon Edwards has some children, he had one with an Indian and they took up that child and grew him up, but it is his father; his mother never like to know well, is her son's child, to give him some bread. Through that he went to Trinidad, he was working there and he died some time this year.

That was the type of thing that caused a lot of trouble when Uncle Gairy started.* And some of the children of Cockburn, his family would not want to know that this child is at school and they calling him by Gilbert Cockburn or John Cockburn or so; they don't want that. Call him some other name but not Cockburn. But no one ever insult me at any time because I was dark or because I was poor; never. That never happened. The time I grewed up, having some experience about me, I keep myself one way that people have to respect me up to this time. I don't make myself as if I want to be a vagabond or so, or encourage myself in anything that is looking degrading; I keep myself away from all those things, and so people always respect me. I have always tried to do what is right, and what is right, you find in the Bible. And if you do what is right, sometimes people don't respect you for doing it, but I don't mind.

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* Creole — strictly anyone born in the West Indies. Here it seems to mean only those of pure or mixed African descent and lower class.
* Eric Gairy, Grenadian labour leader. Reference is to the 1951 strikes in that island.
Immediately I went to Trinidad 1937 the strike closed down, but there was a strike, I think in 1948, after Butler came from prison, that I witnessed. I was in the power station then, I had been working there about six-and-a-half years before that, I went there about 1941 after I had work with contractors, digging dirt, sometimes no work at all. In those years, sometimes you go in search of work, you don't get work for a long time, and when you do get they give you two weeks, three weeks, one week. When I was at the power station they had the strike. We had to sleep in the power station then, and sometimes four o'clock we can't go home because Butler's people threatened to beat you on the road, for working—although I was a member of Butler's Union, and Butler gave me a note that any time they stop me on the road I can show them, that he gave me permission to work, but the people were still eager through jealousy, they did not want us to work. He said those that work in the water-pumping station, the power station, they cannot stop work, because they must have light and they must have water.

One night they laid wait for me above the way, and a fellow met me, he was riding a cycle; he spoke to me, and it was a lucky thing he did not stop, and I walked slowly after him myself and I met a fellow called Adams. As he reach about ten rods from me, the parties came out and they started to beat him, and I run back, I run back to the police station. When I reach in the police station, in a few hours they brought in a man they had killed on the road, and in another hour they brought in another man, they had used some skriber on him and he was dying. A skriber is something as a piece of wire, they sharpen it, and when they meet you they drive it into you. And he fell like he was dead, and he wasn't dead. And I had to go back to the power station.

I don't remember if that strike was 1948 or 1943. It last for about three weeks, but they did not come to a settlement, people just returned to work, but they did not come to a settlement; and that strike has caused a lot of suffering to the poor people of Trinidad, because Butler told them under no consideration not to go back to work. Some went back to work and some didn't return, and they were living in the company house and the company went to court to make them leave their homes; Butler told them not to leave, he told them, "If they throw your things outside, such as the furnitures, leave it there—not to put it in." The people have lost all their furnitures and all their good work in everything, and up to now they didn't get one thing; they never get a cent, they never get back their work. The Company was the Oilfields Company; there were two Unions striking, the Oilfields Trade Union, and the Oilfields Ratepayers' Union, which is Butler's. And Butler never succeed up till now.

There was a time when they had a procession from Point Fortin to Port of Spain; they had about eight thousand people from San Fernando, Point Fortin, all the way; and the police start beating the people, and when they reach to the Red House in Port of Spain they had a fight, the police and the head detectives, at where Butler had his office. Butler ran away that night, and they thought he was there; they went, they beat, they kill—up till to-day some people don't know one thing what happened. The police, they did their beating, they kill, they take away the dead bodies and they went with them, and the Government never asked a question. And Butler was telling them the
fight is through, he went off to England, he said they will get every-
thing; he told them they would get independency, but up to now they 
get nothing, no independency.

How Butler start, I don't know. When I went to Trinidad 1937, 
he was already in prison then over that same strike of 1937. After 
he came from prison I saw him at Faizabad in his office, in 1943 he 
came from Port of Spain to greet the workers at Faizabad. And after-
wards I saw him at Point Fortin, that was the same year, a few 
months later, when he established that Union at Point Fortin. I heard 
him talk to a crowd, sometimes he used to have meetings from seven 
o'clock in the night, and it lasted till four o'clock in the morning, 
addressing the workers. He would ask them to join the Union, that 
they should get independency, because they are labouring in vain and 
the white people is getting the best of everything and they not getting 
anything; their housewives is suffering because their husbands is not 
getting sufficient pay, the servants not getting sufficient pay, so they 
cannot be independent, because their wages is not sufficient. And the 
children cannot get proper care, because the fathers is not getting 
sufficient pay in order to keep the children properly. So after you join 
the Union he would look to all those things and they would get in-
dependent, they would get more money, they would be able to take 
care of their children, their wives, families, and themselves. He said 
he would represent them, going to the Company, asking, putting the 
cause to the Company and asking them to increase the wages of their 
labourers and to get proper housing. Because some of the labourers, 
their house—sometimes when you get inside the house you can see 
the clouds outside, through the holes in the house. And the house is 
so small that the parents and the children actually have to be in one 
bed, and that is the reason why most children is not respectable to 
the home. All of this he will have to put before Government, that they 
should see and help.

Later I was sent to him, after the strike, I was sent to him in a 
dream, giving him a psalm to read, the 136th psalm. That is the first 
time I met him personally, to have a conversation with him, in his 
ofice at Point Fortin. I was telling him that if he did not read this 
psalm and keep praying, he would not succeed. He accepted, and he 
told me to help him to pray. At that time I was not doing this work. 
But just as the dream explain to me, so it happened; he never get 
success. Because he depended too much on himself, he boast of him-
self, and he did not put the matter to God first. He boasted a lot, and 
he thought he could compel what he want. You can compel what you 
want, but the cause depend on God. God will use you as an instru-
ment to get what He want, but when you think you are a God of 
yourself because the people speak so—well, about that is when you 
fail. And many of the people would get a vision and tell him "Well, 
so and so must be done," but he would not listen to them. He is the 
one to rule, and he must rule. And the same thing happen to Gairy.

When Uriah Butler was in England, he wanted to come back, but 
every time he sent and asked the men for some money, he could not 
get it. And one morning about four o'clock I prophesied that he wanted 
to come, and he couldn't come. An offering must be made with a bread, 
a bouquet of white flowers, and a blue candle, but the candle would not 
be lighted, it was to put in the water with the flowers. I sent to call 
the man who was in charge of Butler's business, I told him everything
that was taking place with Butler in England, he told me he knew
that; I told him they were spending Union money in things that was
not profitable, because they had many wives, and the Union money
was spending for that purpose. They told me they were satisfied, they
agree to send me the candle and the bread and the bouquet of flowers.
When they sent it I went to the river with that, and I offer it up and
present it. The next evening they sent a woman to me, she said what
I had told them was the truth. I told them Butler wanted to come
back, they are sending money, but he can't get it; they were work­
ing something against Butler that he should not come, some rich
people in Port of Spain that were friendly with Butler, but they did
not want him to come. But exactly from that offering the business
expose, and they were able to get up in three days the amount of
money Butler sent for, and they cable it to him in England, and that is
the way he came.

I went down to the office, I said "Butler will be here next week.
He will be here with a black suit, a black hat and a cloak in his hand.
He will be driving in a grey car." When he cabled again, he said
what time in the day he would be at Piarco, I was looking for him
when he reach. Somebody with a black car went and ask him, say
"I come for you," he said "No." A grey car came and he took it,
standing up to wave to all the people. He came that evening to Point,
and everybody went to see whether he was coming in that grey car
in truth. He came with the cloak, in a grey car, a woman with him,
and he had a black suit and a black hat, and he said "When I landed,
Mr. Rudolph came to take me in his car, I refused." Then all the
people told him it is what I had said, and what happened.

But I told them when he reach Trinidad he must not shake any­
body hand, and they must give him a bouquet of white flowers only,
and they must allow him to go to his office in the window facing to
the East and offer up his prayers, before he come back and greet the
people. If he didn't do that, all that he did he would not be successful,
but if he did, every knee would bow to him. But he never do that.
And when I told him, he said nobody tell him anything, and he be­
lieve that is the truth. When he came to Point Fortin, I went to meet
him and spoke to him at the office and tell him how he was in England,
and how he was kept back, and I went to him and told him all they
have to do, and they did not worry; and I went to call them again
and asked them for the bread and the bouquet and the candle, and
that was when he was delivered. And he used to tell them that I am
prophesying all kind of things and it no good, but then he got on
the platform and he tell them they must not interfere with me, because
he met me in spirit and I helped him fight in spirit; he had a vision
that he was surrounded by many parties and I had a sword, I helped
him fight, and I helped him to divide every one of them; so they must
not say anything against me.

* * *  

When I leave Pointe-a-Pierre I lived in my own house at Waterloo,
I never had anything to do with women. I never smoke, sometimes I
took a little drink, but not extravagant. I went to one church, the
Save Souls church at Waterloo; they preach just like the Baptists,*
the Powers arrest them just like the Baptists, but they don't shake.

* i.e. the "Spiritual Baptists", also called "Shakers" or "Shouters".

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They never use signs, and they play a cymbal when they singing. They have shepherds' rods and crooks like the Baptists. But I never have anything to say to a Baptist, I never went to a Baptist church before I start to heal; because when I used to have those visions myself, and a young man that is Baptist, he always talk, and the things that he used to tell me about this mourning, and this unknown tongue, to get this unknown tongue, I was never in favour of it. He tell me if I want to be a leader I have some important work to do, but I must go and baptise and mourn, that I could carry on the work which is placed into my hands. And I told him I would not do that; if I work, it is prepared for me by God, and I would not go to a Baptist to put hands on my head and put me to mourn. And up to this present day I am maintaining this, not to go and mourn with them, that they should cut seal and band to put it on me.

All the time I was working in the power station I would go to work with my book, the Adventist book, and when I get a chance to sit down, I would read. I would go with the Bible to read. In the power station there are games going on, they are laughing and making all sorts of jokes, I never take part in that. In the road I never take part in anything that was not pertaining to godliness. I buy plenty of books with the money I get there, up to now I have plenty of books. Ten dollars, twelve dollars, all the way—I have them home. Adventist Books, that is all the books that I bought, as "The Great Controversy"; when I was reading that those Powers manifest on me, while I was studying it.

HOW OSHUN CAME.

When I was young, I used to have visions, sometimes. And most of my visions is travelling in boats by the seaside and the river. Even before I joined the Adventists, one day I was at home and I took my Bible—that was the first experience I had in the Bible—and I start to read and read until I read of the Crucifixion. At that time I was about nine years. And I read how He was crucified and how they dragged Him out and how they mocked Him and how they spat at Him, and that appealed to my mind very much, that I must see Him one day, and I should know how He is and what happened. And it remained with me up till this present day, and I thank God for that day I read of Him and I had this mind, up till to-day I am getting a teaching of Him, about Christ. From that time I made up my mind to know His Holy Word and to do His will. Yes, and I used to have dreams often, singing a different hymn in dreams. One time I dream I was singing. "My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' Blood and righteousness." I sang that throughout, and then before I started to do this work I sang another hymn one night, "I must have my Saviour with me, I dare not walk alone." I sang that throughout in a dream and I woke up singing it. And the beautiful things I saw in singing that hymn—I saw Christ at a supper table, I saw a table was laid with all different fruits; but one of the fruits, I could really remember the colour of that fruit, the apple. And I questioned what it was, and they told me "That is the golden apple." They were big and lovely. And I saw a tree was placed on the centre of the table. I saw a woman. I questioned what that tree was, and she told me "That
tree is the Tree of Life." When I look on the other side I saw a river, but almost the colour of quicksilver. I questioned and asked what this river was, and they told me, "That is the Crystal Sea." But I could not have seen the beginning nor the end of this sight, and the table was long and it had a white table-cloth, white as milk, and I saw just two parties were sitting down. I wanted to ask who the parties were, but I did not have time to question, and it appeared to me as a film, and it died away.

Ending of 1945 I was living at Point Ligu, working at Point Fortin power station just the same, and I meet Arthur when we were living as neighbours and I was sick. He was a Baptist leader, a Trinidadian. I used to go to work in the morning, and about ten to eleven o'clock they would get the pickup to take me home, I had a sort of ague fever; I could not help myself, people had to lift me up, change my clothes, feed me, everything; and two days after I would get well, strong to go back to work. As soon as I reach at work the same thing used to happen to me. But in those visions they used to tell me, "Feed the children," or, "Fix a table and call a few parties and let everyone put their hands in it." According to the teaching of the Seventh Day Adventists I was not believing in it, I could not do that. And Arthur told me they are telling me to give food to the children, or to make a table—that means a thanksgiving; if I would not do it, I would not feel well. I told him I don't know anything about it, he told me, "Give me two dollars and I would get everything and fix a table for you." I gave him two dollars, that was ending 1945. And he get up different things as sweets, cake, bread and ginger-beer and so on, and they had singing for half night, and they offer it up and pray over it and share it out to the people. I felt much better for that year.

1946 the same thing, I was not going to do it, and afterwards I remember what Arthur did; and this time they ask me for food, so I get rice, pumpkin, peas and so on, and cook it and feed the children with them. And she told me—at that time I didn't know it was Oshun, but it was a white woman who spoke to me and told me,—"Feed the children here, and what they leave, put it by the road and leave it." And I do that, and I was very prosperous for that year, because I built a house and I save about three hundred dollars. So that 1947, when Government rented some land in the back of Sharpsville, I rented five acres of land from them, and I decided to put my house there.

I got holidays on the 3rd September to return back to work on the 20th, and I broke (pulled down) my house and (re-) built it on the place Government was giving me. On the 20th I was going to work, the same white woman come and ask me to feed the children, but I was not willing to do it. November she came and ask me, I decided, I said, "Well, I am going to do it, feed the children, next week." That was 6th December 1947, it was a Wednesday. So I got everything, and she sent me to that woman Thomasina, she told me, "Ask Thomasina to come and cook the food for you." But I did not know Thomasina knew anything about African Dance, because I don't know anything.

And when she came she start to help me clean up the place and cook, and the Powers manifest on me. And she took water in a calabash and she threw it in the four corners of the yard, inviting the spirit, inviting the spirit; I had rice, corn, sweet oil, tea, honey and so on,
and when they manifest, Oshun came to me that day, I was inside the
house. As if somebody was ordering me to throw some of it into each
of the doors. Everything was put in the four corners, and throw water;
and as soon as I finished throw the water, the Powers left me. This
was just an introduction of the spirit, because it was the first time
that it happen. There was no drum or anything. I just came from
work in the morning and I went to get water, and while I was taking
the water, somebody tell me—I did not see anybody, but a voice tell
me,—“Go up and do the work that you have to do quickly, before
people come to you.” So I went up and wonder what I had to do. As
soon as I reach the yard I put down the pan with the water, my body
came in a funny way. I thought it was fever. And the Power had
told me, in the vision to feed the children, that they want rum, and
I gave them rum in the vision, and then they tell me, “Give them a
little wine, they not drinking rum.” So I give them the wine, each of
them drink a little and they went away. So when I put down the pan
of water, my mind tell me “Right there where they ask me for the
rum and the wine, go and throw a little there;” and they said, they
would take it with ginger-beer, so I went and threw a little ginger-
beer in the same spot. And then the Power manifest on me, and I
went back in the house and took a piece of cake, piece of bread, every-
things I had for the children, and threw it in the two doors and two
windows, and when I was through with the offering I would throw a
little of it outside. And the Powers left me, and we went outside and
killed the fowl. Before we killed the fowl we washed them, the feet
and the beak, and then we killed them. Nobody but myself and
Thomasina. And during the manifestation I told her to get a calabash
and put some sugar and put water in it, and when the Power was
still, let it go wherever it rest, but throw some of the sweet water
and the sweet oil on the right there. And she did that.

That was in the morning, and the children came to be fed at four
o'clock in the afternoon. And we offered everything, we get plantain
leaves and place it on the ground and put everything on it and allow
the children to come round and eat as much as they want. The woman
saint who spoke to me said, “Whatsoever the children leave, don’t
give it to the dog or allow anybody to take it to feed hog, bring it and
place it under that big green tree and leave it there.” So while the
children were still eating, whatsoever they left we take it and cover
it and make them take it underneath a green tree in the yard. And
in the evening the Power manifest in me again, after the children
eat. The parties who were there with a rheumatism in their feet, I
just lay my hands on them and they get up and walk and feel nothing.
Those that suffering with a pain in their neck many months, I just
put my hand on their neck and tell them to move their body, see if
they feel any pain. Those with waist pain and everything, that very
day I healed them. That was the Wednesday evening, about the 6th
December, 1947. Oshun came the Friday night that same week, so
this was before Oshun came. The Wednesday it was Ogun, because
it was Ogun’s day; I get to know that afterwards. But I did not know
I was healing, it was just an impression, and my sense does direct
me that you are suffering with a pain in your knee, and to put my
hand and burst it out and you would get well; and I did that and I
tell you to walk, and when you walk I ask you if you feel anything,
you said "No". The same things with the head, I would lay hands and say a few words of prayer and remove my hand and ask you how long you were suffering with your head. You say it was very long, and I said "Well, you won't feel anything any more." And I start to see things happening to people, and getting the mango leaf, just get it and passing it on you and tell you "Well, it won't happen to you again." That was the same Wednesday. So that I was able to see things on that Wednesday.

On the Sunday before that Wednesday I was home, I went to get pumpkins and peas, provisions and such-like from the garden, to bring home for the children. I was getting up the things to entertain the children on the Wednesday. I went to work the Monday evening, I was still preparing for that supper. The Tuesday I went to work, Tuesday morning, and broke up at four o'clock, come home and sleep. Tuesday night when it was 11 o'clock I went back to work, eight o'clock Wednesday morning I come home. The Wednesday I feed the children. The Thursday nothing happen, because I was at work on the Thursday. I felt very joyful within myself, I could not have eat anything, I bought a pint of milk and penny biscuit, that's all I ate. I ate one and a half biscuit, I drank a little of the milk, I had to take it back home. My dinner, I couldn't partake of anything, but only feel so joyful, singing and praying all the time.

On the Friday I went home, I took some sleep, I repeat my prayers and I read a little in the Bible, I lay down and went to sleep and wake up. When I woke up I was repeating a verse of the hymn "Abide with me, Fast falls the evening tide." I repeat that and I drop asleep again. And after I drop asleep, that was about half-past eleven to twelve, because when I catch up myself it was twelve o'clock. I dreamt I was walking on the beach, and I saw a lady came from away down there in a boat, she was standing, and she shook both sides of the boat, and I was walking with my hands folded like that. The moon-light was very bright and plenty stars in the clouds. As she reach a little way, she tell me to come. And I was looking at her. As soon as I reach near to her she told me to climb as fast as I could. I started to run up the hill, and when I look back I saw plenty of people coming from the sea and running after me, and pieces of wood licking them down, and stones. And every one that get a blow, they fell dead. And she telling me, "Go on! Go on! As fast as you could, go on!" and I kept running. When I at last reached to the top a young man passed in front of me, and he got a lash with a piece of stick, and his leg got broken and he fell and I fell over him, I went on to the top of the hill. I rest my head, and I wake up.

A cousin of mine by the name of Thompson was home. I called him and I told him I had such a terrible dream, and I am frightened and very tired, because I run so much; and I start to shiver on the bed, and I come from the bed and fall. I felt myself feverish, and I kneel down and I started to pray. My eyes were closed, and I saw the lady outside. I opened the door, I saw her, she was going down the hill, towards the river and tears was in her eyes. I got to know she does not want me to talk, because I woke the young man with me, and told him about the vision. I started to beg her, "Come back, please, I am asking you to pardon me, I did not know you did not want me to
talk.” And she came back and said, “If you want me to give you all that you want, you must give me the best thing you have in the yard.” I asked her what she wanted, she said “That large fowl cock you have. I want you to kill it, do it up in sweet oil with Irish potatoes and peas, and ripe plantain and ripe bananas, and put it in that big dish there. And go by the river and make that feast properly and place it there, with a nice bouquet of white flowers, and when it has three days, you go and take out that dish, and anything you want you will get.” She told me to place it there about six o’clock in the morning; I told her I must go to work, I would not be able. She said, “If you must go to work, all is well.” Then I told her this, “I will do as you say to please you.”

She told me to go and get Thomasina and ask her to stay with me for the whole night, and treat her like a daughter; and when that woman came I started to sing, and she gave me a hymn to sing, “How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer’s ear.” When it was nine o’clock the next day she told me to put it there, and I placed it there, and from that time I started to heal all manner of sickness; and she told me to get three drums to make a feast for her. That was Easter Monday 1948 I get the drums, and from that time up to this time she remained with me, and she will direct me in everything. That was Saint Philomena, and she is Oshun.

In October she had asked me for a sacrifice, but I put it aside, because according to the teachings of the Seventh Day Adventists, they said it is a sin to give sacrifice. God is displeased with sacrifice, and I had believed that; when she asked me I don’t know what it is, I said “It is an evil spirit that is asking me for those things.” So I decide that I would not do it at all. I told Thomasina and I told Arthur, and another woman, Clarrie. And she told me, “Mr. Paul, you have a great work to do and you would not listen to the spirit. You either live or they put you in the grave—you are dead if you are disobedient.” She said “It is a long time I see you have a great work to do, and you don’t want to take it, but whether you are willing or not, you have to take it.”

Another time I dreamt I was travelling in a large river and I saw this white lady sitting down on a bridge in the centre of the water, she was combing her hair; and I remember my grandmother say sometime, “if you meet the Mermaid sometime and you ask her for something and she give it to you, you will always have, you will always rich.” So I saw her, and I beg her she leave me something, and she say “Not yet,” and she gone down under the bridge. And I awake, and in a couple of nights again I dream I was by the sea and some boats were travelling, I entered a boat and as I entered the boat I threw a line and I catch a large fish, and I was cutting it up and sharing it out and giving everybody, each one a share out of that, and I wake that morning, I wondered what it is. A couple of nights again I dreamt I was walking the road and I get up by a bridge in Trinidad speaking to some people, and I fell dead, but I could hear what the people were saying; the people were criticising and saying all sorts of things against me, the woman was saying “This man is
not dead, no, the man is alive, and you take care what you are saying." And I stood up, and when I stood up there was a tree, I hold back the tree like that and it grow and grow and it reach above my head, it open like a parasol and a bright light shine on that tree, and every leaf push out a white blossom, until the whole body of the tree had blossoms. And the next morning I asked the Baptist leader, she said "You have to go and baptise with a white robe, you have to go and baptise and mourn." I said, "If I have to baptise and mourn, Jesus will baptise and mourn me, and not all you."

So this white lady, I questioned her one time and she told me she is Saint Philomena. If you read the life of Oshun (which is St. Philomena), it does be something like it in truth. I don't know anything about those saints, and about a month after she came, after she told me to build the altar, I don't know where the person came from, but they put a book on the altar, The Life of St. Philomena, so when I took the book and I read it, the very things that I am doing is the very things I read of her life. So that get me to believe really that she is the same as Oshun. Every time if I am keeping prayers, as soon as she enter this house here, well, there is quietness and peace and everything, and I can read everybody life as soon as she enter in, I can see her when she is coming. So I do believe that this thing really is of God and not man. And I remember when I was small with my mother, a woman used to come home and she used to call my mother "Nennen", and she was a person does get Power, and is Oshun that is with her. So when she told me she is Oshun, my mind run back to what she used to tell my mother. I say "That is African Powers that is with me."

On the third day she told me to get two pieces of stick as a cross, she told me "Bring it and put it over your bed-head and keep it there as long as you are in this house, keep it there." I went and I put it there. She told me to buy a yard of white cloth and cover it down. I put it there and I cover it down with a white cloth, and from that time she would come every night. Every evening she met me right there by the river as I come from work, and she met me half the way and bring me right on the spot, by that tree; a log of wood was placed on the ground. Sihe would sit down on the end nearest the river and make me sit down, and give me all instructions as what I must do and what would please her, what would not please her, and she told me she would bring all her brothers and sisters come to me, and she said, "Now remember, your work begin in number one station and you have to work until you reach in twenty-four station. Fourteen stations first, and then you will reach in twenty-four and remain there a long time, and then you would continue." And every time I would leave a station, she would tell me. A station is an office, according to the work. Suppose I was doing healing work to-day, this week. Next week I would do healing work and doctor for people, and other things I would be able to do, and when I reach in the fourteen station I start to preach to the people, and I was preparing to do baptism; but when I start I did not know I had to do all those things, because it is as living, as one stage to the other, and she call them "stations". I ask her what her name is, and she told me she is Oshun; that way I know she is the African Powers.
She afterwards told me to build a chapel and get an altar, and the covering of the altar must be red, blue, green and white. And to use candles on the altar. Don't allow anybody to touch or move anything there, or to do as they like or to touch, excepting I alone. And she told me, "In quick time you have to get a drum, you have to give a three-day feast." And everything I had to get for the feast she told me, and this very woman, Thomasina, I asked her, and she tell me "Yes, that is true," because she used to be at Niza, an African Shango man, in Princes Town. He has an altar, but the fact is I don't know what he have, because I never go. When I ask Oshun if I am to go to Niza to teach me what to do, she told me not to go to anybody to ask them anything, because my work is quite different to theirs, and she would teach me all I have to do. I never go to any other African or Baptist camp, she don't allow me to go.

Sometimes when I was reading the Adventist books, I dream I am praying on a mountain; sometimes as I dream I am singing, and sometimes I dream I am talking to a set of people concerning the Scriptures and so on. This used to happen all the time, and sometimes as I dream I have some little white babies attending to, as nurses do, keeping them from crying and putting them in the cradle. Well, this pertaining to the sick people that I am to attend to, and making them feel comfortable. But these were all visions in sleep. Until I start to do this work, I never had visions while I was awake. Then one evening I attended to some sick people, about a hundred and ninety, and I told them I was tired, I am going to rest. I went in my room, but I couldn't lie down, something was disturbing me, and I sat down with my head down; I started to sing "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear", and I saw a train coming from the east, coming, and when it reached it stopped, and a coloured man dressed in a khaki suit, he have a belt as an officer round his waist, he open the door, and I get in the train and sat down, and the train travelled back to the east, it travel a distance and it travel again. When it reach, it stop. And I saw a white woman came, and he opened the train door and he told me to get out, and while I was going to meet her she threw a white robe at me, and she was laughing all the time. Before the gate was open I met a policeman in the gate and he opened a book, I saw my name, James Paul, written in the book. He turn over the leaf, I saw it mark "Welcome". He turned a leaf, and I saw it marked "Fear". He told me that is my record. I asked the meaning of "Welcome", he said my work is welcome. I asked the meaning of "Fear", he told me "You must not fear anything." The lady told me "Let's go," and we started. I could not have seen the end of that place where I was walking, and when we reached a little way a door was opened on the right hand and she told me to get in. I met another lady sitting high up, and she made me sit down beside the lady. They both was laughing and talking, I couldn't hear what they were saying. Another little room was covered down with khaki, I asked her to let me see inside there, she told me "No, you can't see yet. You must go back." And when she told me so she said "Come", and something like an umbrella opened, and she made me sit down on the thing and the train started to work; and it had a couple of wires, and this thing coming down, it coming down, and when this thing reach where
I was sitting I only feel a shake, I get a shake, and I open my eyes. But I was not sleeping. That is the first natural vision I had not in sleep in 1947.

Before 1946 I never made any offerings at all. I got instruction to make an offering once before, at Waterloo Estate. The Baptist camp was nearby, and they had candidates for baptism and I went; I was peeping through a window, and I saw they have the candidates, eyes bind down, and they start to work, and I see they turn them right and left, and I say "That is nonsense", and I walk away. And that night when I went to bed I saw a woman—she is dead and we are relations,—she came and she told me, "You always have to do this thing and you are not doing it. Why you not doing it? Do what you have to do." I said "I don’t know what I have to do." She took me inside a house and I saw a bright light inside the house and a table, a long table covered with white cloth. And it had parched corn on the table, a little heap; a little heap of parched corn and one cup with orange juice and milk, and she said "Let everybody dip their hands and you take a little and give them to drink." And I woke up. I never told anybody of this dream, but thinking about it, I said "This is something like an offering, but I don’t believe in them, I would not worry with that, I would not worry with anything like that."

I remember when I was young I never make any offering but we have picnic and we cook. We cook and a set of us would come and sit down and eat. Sometimes we would go in the garden, we would cook rice and peas. At night we used to call a set of children, and sometimes we would steal a turkey and cook rice and put it on the ground, we would love that, and after we would tell tales and sing.

When I were an Adventist I love going to those offerings, the Big Drum, the Nation Dance; I would love that plenty, because three older people where I was living used to have the saraca, and they would tell me, "Friday evening the saraca, we must wait for you?" I would say "Go on and I am coming," and I would ask the other boys to come with me. When I close up Mr. Cockburn house I would leave and I would go. This was the first time I worked with Cockburn. I was young, but I have a nice and powerful voice; whenever they start to sing I used to sing with them and dance, and anywhere they had the dance, they would ask me to come. Only the dancing interest me at the Nation Dance. I was not particular about the food. I scarcely used to eat the food. But every time, anywhere I come, I go and visit the table (with the sacrifice) first. And when I visited the table I never used to kneel down, but I take off my hat because I see the old people used to do that, and I go inside and examine the table before I leave and go outside. I never did anything special on All Souls' night, I stayed home as usual.

I used to see the old people sometimes, I used to see my father. When I was in court with my wife, the Tuesday was the case, and the Friday before that week I met my father in dream, and I had a heavy load I was carrying, a load of provisions. He said, "Why are you carrying that heavy load?" I said "It is a bunch of fig (banana), I am taking it home." He said "Put it down." I put it down, and he said "Let
me see your hands.’ And all the skin were peeling off. He said ‘All right. Next week all the scales will drop off.’ And I didn’t know what he mean. And when I went to court with the case, the case dismiss and I got to know what he mean. The heavy load, it was the burden of thinking of that case, and all the hands peel out. And I suppose my wife had thought they would fine me heavy, and I would have to work hard to pay a heavy amount. And between 1937 and 1945 I had plenty visions, but all the visions was about Grenada. One time, they took me where I was living by my mother, and they told me that treasure is in the yard, I would get it now, but I would have to shed blood and do something; well, when I came to Grenada in the vision, we started to beat drum, but it was Nation Dance. And my mother had a bottle of rum she was throwing; I was throwing raw corn, and we went outside the yard and we were dancing and she was singing, calling the spirit; I know that is what they used to call the spirit, my mother and my grandmother. She have an old hoe in her hand and she beating and she singing, she have the rum throwing.

Ista webe no,
Webe no webe,
Ista webe no . . .

And she throwing rum, I throwing the water and scattering the corn. And they told me ‘You must go back to Grenada to get what you have to get.’ I never worried, because I was thinking of the disappointment that I had already.

Another time Mr. White came, and he brought me a drum on the estate and he told me, ‘Put your ears there and beat the drum like that, and you will hear something.’ I told him it haven’t anything, he told me yes, it have something there, and I put my ears and I started beating it, and I hear the thing ringing as a chain on the ground, he told me ‘You know what is there? Is a copper, and you dig it, you go and get that woman called Wilhelmina and go and get it—hurry up before daylight.’ I hurried up and I dig it when we came. I get Wilhelmina and I come back and I reach underneath the mango tree, I saw a little boy, black and very dirty and his clothes tear up, he was climbing up the mango tree and he was looking at me. I said to her, ‘Look at that little boy, I don’t know what he do,’ and we started to beat him and I get frightened and I wake up. So Mr. White came back again and take me in another place and he showed me another treasure again, he said ‘All this is yours, but you have to wait a little to get it, because you doubting too much.’

The last time he came, he brought me by the road and he gave me a silver ring and he told me another treasure, and he said ‘If you like you could try, but if you didn’t try until a year, until the sun has risen, then you will get that.’ When he came, I was working in the power station, and he said I would get it in the sunny season, so I wondered what sunny season he means. Another time he come, he say, ‘In the dry season you will get it.’ So I said ‘All right.’ And when I started to do this work and I see how I am getting the money, I said ‘Well, that is what he refers to, later on.’
Before I started this work, Ted White came to me and he asked me “What are you working for?” I said “What I am working for would scarcely keep me,” and he said “All right, when the year up I will raise your wages.” I didn’t know what he meant until I started to do this work and everything get easy with me. When he spoke to me I was digging dirt by the square, in Trinidad, they hadn’t tractors then, they would give you an amount to dig by yard rates. But it was more than a year till I get to do this work.
VI

THE GUIDANCE OF OSHUN.

OSHUN told me I would move from one station to the other. And at night, or sometimes during the day, I would be taken away, prophesying things, and the young man by the name of Smith that was my helper, had a book, he would write them down and let me know, when that is taken away from me. And everything that he wrote down that I tell him, would take place as it was spoken. Then I get to know that it is something good and that everything that is told to me, I must believe.

The first time she came she told me if I do the things that she tell me, if I believe in her, everything that I want I would get. She order the feeding for the children, but at that time I didn't know her. And the next thing she told me she wanted was that fowl, to place it by the river the Saturday morning. And after I placed it there and she satisfied, she told me anything that I want, come down there by the river and ask for it, I would get it; she would not refuse me anything at all, not to beg anybody, not to borrow from anybody, if anything happen to me, not to complain to anybody, but come down in that spot and just kneel down and open my two hands and say what I want, and go back; I will get it.

And I used to do that whenever somebody come with a sickness or case, and I want to know what to do; I went down and I opened my two hands and I pray and I told her, “Well, this is a case that come to me and I doesn't know how to handle it, and I would like you to tell me what to do,” I would not see any person, but I would hear the voice tell me in my ears, “well, you go and do so and so,” and if I did it the person would get better. If he is to have a bath, she would tell me “Take off his boots and take off his clothes, make a bath and lie him in it and he will get better.” And when she told me about the three-days feast, I said “Well, I doesn't know how to get on with this feast, I would like you to tell me whether I must go to Niza and ask him, or who you must send me to.” She said “You don’t go to anybody, all that I want you to do I will teach you. And everything that you place there and I am satisfied, I will tell you I am satisfied, and if anything is missing I will tell you what is missing. Don’t ask anybody anything.”

And when she manifest she made me get an exercise book, and all that she want for the feast, she call it out and let the young man
write it down, and after she gone he hand me the book and I get to know all that she wanted for the feast. I asked Thomasina, when they have the feast if they does use all those things, and she told me “Yes.” Oshun told me a goat for Ogun* and a red cock. A white hen for Emanja and a Dominica hen for her. A goat for Erile, a goat for Shakpana. A morocoi for Oseyin. And she tell me to feed the children for Ogun on Wednesday evenings before I feed Ogun with the offering of his goat. Friday a goat for Abakoso, with a white cock. And for Erile, a goat and a peel-neck cock and a peel-neck hen. And she told me a guinea-bird for her sister, that is St. Veronica, the mistress of the ocean. And a pair of pigeon. And she told me “Get milk, get sweet oil and honey to consecrate all the candles. And then the other things, rice, black-eye peas, don’t forget okra, callalu, peas, all vegetables, and bread and sweet oil; bring that in the river. Irish potatoes, split peas and other peas, don’t forget pumpkin; and bene, I must have bene, sugar-cake, coconut.” But all must be done with white sugar, and use no other flowers for her but white flowers.

While I was travelling with Oshun, she told me to look through the cloud. When I looked at the cloud I saw a lot of sheep in it was going backward and forward, and she told me these were the children I was going to have. I did not ask her any question. But then another time she tell me to look at the cloud, and I saw a lot of stars. She said these were the children I was going to have, they would be numberless as the stars. I did not ask her any question, then she told me, “You have passed number one station, you are in number three station now.”

Then about one year and a half later two children were arrested with the Powers, one was with Ogun and one was Emanja, and she told me to prepare the river to baptise them. I told her I have no knowledge of how to do that, what must I do? She told me “Don’t ask anybody anything, I am going to instruct you.” I asked her when, she told me the last Sunday in the month, and then she told me I must put them three days fasting before baptism, and the three days were to start from Thursday, and baptise them Sunday morning. And Thursday morning when I was asleep, about five o’clock in the morning, a voice told me, “Get up now, it is five o’clock, get the children prepared for the baptism.” And when I got up it was exactly five o’clock in truth. And a voice told me, “Get a basin to wash them and anoint them.” And I wondered how I must do that. I got the basin, and then they washed their hands as she told me, and she told me to wash their face, their hands, and their feet, and take sweet oil and sign them on their forehead, and when I did that she told me, “Get a white band and place it on their eyes, because if you did not do that they would not be thinking where they were going to, they would observe everything that was in the way; but when you place the band they would be always remembering and know what they were about. And I did that, and when I went to the school with them on Sunday morning she told me how to raise my hand and say to them, “My dear brother, I baptise you in the Name of Jesus Christ according to the profession of your faith, in the Name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy

* The following names are those of gods from the pantheon of the Yoruba (Southern Nigeria). See Notes on the Powers, at end.
"Ghost." That is the way I actually baptised them. That is when I became a Leader; before that they called me a Doctor, but I became a Leader, still with the same healing work.

Every other week she would tell me, "Call the people and beat the drum to-night, and I will tell you what you must do." And in the beating of the drum she tell me what to get. I didn’t know about the goblet and she tell me to get that. A woman brought a goblet to me and tell me, "I don’t know who it is, but they tell me to bring that goblet for you, and they will tell you what to do with it." That is the way I get the first goblet.

And the making of the stool for Ogun, she tell me how to do that for the first three-days feast. Her stool (shrine) was put up first for the first three-days feast, and afterwards the next, Ogun’s, was put up after the three-days feast. One morning she tell me, "Put the stool here for my brother," and when I put it she told me "Not so," and she told me how it must be built, and when I built her stool the dog interfere with it and she made me get wire netting and put it round and set up that stool. She made me get a two-and-six coin, a two shillings, a single shilling, a sixpence; and she made me get pieces of obi (kolanut), two, and break it in four; and guinea-pepper, cloves, milk, honey and spice, and open a hole; and when I kill this fowl that belong to her, place the head and the foot inside the hole and put the money right around, and the four pieces of obi, and put the cloves and the guinea-pepper, and say what I want, get the incense burning there and say what I want and what I am placing it there for, and cover it all up and put a candle on it. Then put the sweet oil, the honey and the milk to consecrate the candle, and leave it there. And place a green flag. And she told me any time I want anything, just go and kneel down and pray and I will get it like this and she will tell me, and I must pray there often, and whenever she want me, go and kneel down there and pray. When she didn’t want me by the river, I had to kneel down right there in front of her stool and pray and she would instruct me.

She afterwards made me put a small knife in there; it must be steel. Sometimes when the different Shango people come to my camp they "quench the spirit", they put a nail in their hair, sometimes they put garlic and salt, sometimes they cross themselves with steel, and they will come to do some mischief, but no Powers will manifest on them. But she said I am being the head over all of them, and they must not overrule me, I bound to rule them. Put that steel there whenever the drum is beating, and wherever they are in the area, that drum and that steel will draw them, and whatsoever they have, they are bound to fall in Powers and bound to talk what they do.

And I did that, and often they come and they talk what they come to do; even here they are doing it, last night it happened. A girl came and she did not want to dance, she did not want any Powers to manifest her, and when Oshun came and watered the stool and throw rice and corn and ring the bell, I saw she fall, and she start to roll and beat up and beat up. I did not worry with her. I leave her there till Oshun gone. When she gone, they call me and say "Look, she have nail in the head, she cross herself with steel and she say she didn’t want to dance!"
At Munich I went to give a feast of work; a woman came, she danced outside the Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday morning. When I was about to go, Oshun said "You can't leave her so, you must make her own what it is." I had not the place fixed up, but she told me, "Get a piece of chalk;" when I get it she said "Put it in her head," and when I did that she made me find a steel there, and I left and I went back inside and the woman pick up herself and she fall quite down, she call and she say "Take it out, take it out!" When they saw she have garlic and salt, up till to-day they calling her "Garlic". She rail, she fall, she muddy up—rain had fallen that morning. She tumble down in the mud just like a horse, and when she get up she come and she kneel down at my feet, she say "I beg your pardon, I will never do that again. Shake my hand and tell me you pardon me," and I said "Yes, I pardon you." And after that the Powers leave her. It happen everywhere, because when I go, Oshun will make me consecrate the spot to myself before anybody come, so when the people come they don't know what I consecrate it with. Some, they come rejoicing and laughing, they come to prove me and see if I know what I could do.

The people who live round about here are saying that at first I could do a lot of things, but presently I cannot do a lot of things as I could at first. But when I was starting at first I could only do healing work, and to cast away evil spirits from people; but to-day I have quite a lot of work more than when I started. I have to keep services, I have to instruct people, I have to baptise people; but when it started it was only healing work and casting out evil spirits from people.

When I came back from the power station I used to attend four hundred, four hundred and twenty, four hundred and thirty people for the day. On Wednesdays I used to be at home not working, on Sundays home the whole day, and Mondays home from seven o'clock until three I leaving, going to work. I heal people from seven o'clock Monday up till three; I heal people from Sunday seven o'clock, sometimes up till seven in the night, eight in the night; and Wednesday from nine o'clock until about seven to eight. And the people round about, they had liked it very much, but then they start to get jealous and they start to speak bad. They saw I was prosperous with that, the people used to bring a lot of fowls, guinea-birds, money, all sorts of things to me, and I would heal. I healed an Indian woman, she gave me a cow; she had a daughter with an evil spirit, sometimes she would lost-away and go completely out, and when she coming back she would beat up and beat up, and they would yell out she dead, and after that she would revive; and she was so for a long time. They take her to other people and she wasn't much better, but when she came to me I attended to her, and the same day she was well, and I attended to her two days after, and she was quite well. And the mother said she couldn't repay me for what I had done for the daughter, but she have plenty of cows—come, she will give me one. And she gave me one, I kept it about seven months, and she bring a calf; and when the people saw that they started to criticise me, they said I am only taking a
chance, I cannot do anything; I used to do things very well, but presently I cannot do things again.

Another time there was a woman came at me while we were dancing, she belonged to Grenada, she was very young but she married; and while the drum was beating she get in power, and while I attended to her to settle the Powers in her, I told her that she would do a lot of work, but she should get to the understanding of what she was about, then she would be able to work. And one day she came and said Mama Oshun tell her to bring a cake and a bread and give it to me, and put it where I does feed her. I told her “Already?” she told me “Yes.” That very night I was beating drum, she came about five o’clock the morning with that bread, she dress in a white dress and her husband with her. At that time she wanted to get the work that I am doing. I went with her, and when I told her, “It is in this spot that I am feeding,” she told me “No, it is not here, it is in the centre of the river.” I allow her to go and place it there. In placing it there she shed a lot of tears, and Oshun came and say she does not ask for that, she does not want people to come and shed tears over what they giving her. And she place it there and she went away. But the Powers that was with her had start to go away from her, because she tell lies on Oshun. She went to a Baptist man and he baptised her; whether she travelled in spirit or whether he help her in something, she get sight, and she start to do a little healing, and then she sent her husband outside to tell everybody that the Powers leave me and is with her, it is no good of coming to me again. He stopped the people when they coming to me, so most of the people were going to her, until they find they weren’t successful they come back to me. And she and her husband, they had plenty of garden, they used to have plenty rice and plenty hogs, but afterwards everything go away from them. Now they start working fresh again.

* * *

I first meet the Baptists at Trinidad when I newly get that gift; about a month after, one of the Baptist leaders came one morning and said he was sent to anoint me as a leader. I objected and I put him out of the yard, because I was told not to allow any Baptists to have any dealings with me, because according to what I know they does with that gift, I know they are not clean. They live an immoral life with the people home, and the people they baptise. When they get to mourn the people, the leaders have dealings with them in the temple as husband and wife. I know that, because over at Trinidad they had Baptist camp very near to where I was living, and one evening about three o’clock I saw a woman running out of the Baptist camp, she stood by the road, she said “I want to go home!” She said she left her husband home and she never tell anybody, she want her husband, and the leader came and the things which was introduced to her, she was not pleased. So I had known that for long, and many a time I have heard that.

If the Baptists have a love for you, they use some signs that when they put you on the Mourning Ground you will travel far by them, and you will see things in a better way. If they does not care about you, they does it through mischief, because these books they have
teach you both good and evil; the Sixth and Seventh Book of Moses,
or the Titalbeh, or the Book of Black Arts. They would choose which
signs they would like to put on your band, as a good sign or an evil
one. And when you are on the Ground, according to the prayers and
the words that they use, it have you in that way, and then you can't
do anything except what they compel you to do. Sometimes it will
have you stupid, that you would remain like that, you can't do one
thing for yourself. And sometimes you will walk about, and other times
you would curse, you would do all sorts of evil things. They don't say
that they do that, they say that the signs are to make people travel,
but they would not tell you what it is. They knows what they done,
that is the reason why in the camp they say they have a Prover, they
have a Watchman. The Prover is to prove, and sometimes if the
Prover prove something wrong, he would not say; sometimes the
Watchman realise something is wrong in the camp, but he didn't say:
but sometimes they say "This Leader have done so-and-so in the
camp, and something is going wrong." They don't live all together,
yet they meet when they have Prayers, and they
would bad-time him when they have Prayers. Anybody come and
place an evil thing in the camp, the Leader may not know that, but
the Prover will prove it and yell out and show you. But I have not a
Prover, I have not a Watchman, I am a Watchman, I am a Prover,
myself.

I come to know all this about the Baptists by travelling in spirit.
I see. Sometimes I see something they have wrong in their camp. They
make sort of things to hurt people by using this same book, and that
is how the people who make obeah and so on does. There was a Baptist
Mother used to come home at me, she was fond of me very much;
she belonged to Faizabad, a village nearby. I had a three-day feast,
and on the last night, was a Friday night, I heard how she went on
with a Power they call Wereh. That Wereh would be with her the
whole day, she can see, she can tell you things; if home you have
somebody put away your things and they hide it, she can take you
right home where they hide it and pick it out and say, "Look, so-and-
so person did you this." And I was sitting under the camp with my
hands folded, I saw a little man, dressed in black, he came in, and
I was arrested by the Power, and the evil spirit passed the other way,
during which time I saw a little parcel came underneath the candle
that was lighting up in the centre of the camp. It was a paper, but
it was tied with red thread, and I saw this evil spirit, and there was
two others, and I could not get nothing to get them away from me.
I see it sitting there, the thing underneath the candle. Then I heard
another woman that does have Powers too, and she sent me to get
some spirit, and when she makes up that, she go round and she sprinkle
it. As soon as she sprinkle, this thing face quite away and it leave, and
the Baptist woman get up and say "Good-bye, I am going, eh? I am
very busy, I must go," and about four o'clock in the morning she get
up and she going, and I have not seen her up till to-day. That is about
four years. They told me she was very miserable, in a dirty state, from
the time she did that; St. Philomena said she would never see her,
because she came to spoil the place where we attend to the children,
so that will come back to her. It was as though she was glad for me, but she was performing the work in an evil way, she wanted to spoil me that I could not do any work, that people should come to her instead of me. That is the reason why she did it. She always come at my home, the first thing that she told me was, “It have a thing that does burn, called mabinga, it is the thing for the purposes.” She told me to get that and pound it in the pepper and strong rum, and she told me to put it in the flask in the adodo, the shed outside. And she tell me to put a bandage on my hand, that would help me to travel farther. But the Powers told me not to do that, she wanted to get me to the madhouse. If I had done that, the heat in that thing would get into my head, it would spoil my trance and get me to the madhouse. I didn’t do it. She never tried to do anything else for me. Of course, she came home oftentimes, she used to sleep home, but I never touched her or anything.

Then there was another woman by the name of Mother Baby. She left her home, she came at me, she said the Powers were telling her to stay home and to help me attend to the sick children; but when she found out that so many people was coming to me, I don’t know in what way she was working it out, but she was working some evil in the house, and I get orders what to do to get her to leave the house. The Powers told me to take the goblet, hold it up every way, and calling her name to every corner, empty out the water, light a candle and put it on it, and she would go. And I do that at seven o’clock this evening, and seven o’clock the next morning she take all her things and she walk away. She didn’t stop.

The Baptist Mother from Faizabad, she was with an African Power called Wereh; the Baptist people, some of them connected to the same African concern, but they doesn’t carry on their work in the way we are carrying on. Those in Grenada doesn’t know that. I believe some of these evil Powers is taken from those books, the Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses and the Black Arts; in Trinidad I saw a copy of the Sixth and Seventh Book of Moses, it has all those signs in it, and it have the people work. Most of it is written in Hebrew, translated in English; and each and every word is used with the Psalms. But there are certain portions, it tell you when you read it, “Do not turn over;” because if you turn over and you read, you will see the evil spirit appear to you like the Devil—a man appear to you like the Devil, and if you don’t know what to do you cannot control it, you get mad and you go to the Asylum and never come back home. Sometimes even in two or three days you pass away. And the Titlabeh and the Black Arts is another book in Hebrew, too; it is more frequent over in Trinidad than here.

It is a puzzling thing in truth, about the Baptists. For instance, I baptise people, part of my services is in the form of the Baptists; but I cannot smoke, I cannot drink, I cannot go about with women as they would do. I cannot go to any house, I cannot eat everything and smoke and drink, and get this Power with them. Yet some of them will speak unknown tongues and prophesy, and sometimes they prophesy the truth; sometimes nearly the truth, and sometimes it is the truth. I can’t go to dance, I cannot enjoy myself in any worldly way, and they does that; and yet as soon as they start they get in a trance,
and the Bible is against that, and they use the very Bible. I am thinking them to be as the Pharisees and the Scribes. Some people are afraid of them, and some people not afraid of them. Some people like the form in which they carry on their services, and some of them think they can help the people; that is the reason why some people become Baptists.

At Trinidad I had to deal with a loupgarou. One night we were beating drum, the African drum. I was sitting home, I was living in the forest and it have a village on the other side. I was sitting down and I heard something come through the forest, and when it reach just under the hill I heard a grumbling as a man. I went inside and I took the coconut broom. I went after it and it ran down, I went after and he ran down, he crossed the river but he fell, and I had the chance to meet him, and I gave him three lash with the coconut broom, I took his stick and put it in the chapel, and when he had three days he started to confess, he said he doesn't know how he reach me, but he was in his bed and he felt he want to come, he took his jacket, and when he took his jacket he felt his two hands and his two feet like that, and he fly over the two villages into the yard, and he said I beat him, and he start to confess of where he did all that he did. Only after that he passed away. Never get better. And if I am here now and a man is coming and he is a loupgarou, as he reach here the Powers arrest me. There is two spirits, the unclean spirits and the clean spirits, and these can't dwell together. If I am at prayers and the unclean spirit come and sit down here, I will point him out. If I am walking in the road and I meet one of them, I cannot face them because they are unclean.

Sometimes they become loupgarou by studying. Sometimes a loupgarou will put that power in a shilling and throw it on the road, or they would put it in a penknife and throw it on the road, and anybody pick it up will get that trick, they will begin to do the same thing. You can't help yourself. Sometimes they become loupgarou by consulting the people who does witchcraft, the obeah people. And the obeah people get that by studying those evil books, the Sixth and Seventh books of Moses and so on.

Dealers is something different to loupgarou. Dealers will transform themselves into many things—all sorts of animals,—and they get money, but not in the way some people think. They have certain prayers, so that they can stand up outside and the door will open and they would enter, and you cannot stop it, because they have these things with them. Now there is a certain portion of that money which they cannot spend, it have to remain there, because that demon give them a certain amount to keep back. And they have certain prayers, if they meet you and they use those prayers, they could get you in pain, they could get you stupid, they could leave you some way, and in leaving you some way you could get your neck broken, or they could leave you in the forest till you pass away. I don't know much about this soul business, but I know they can do something with it, because a couple of Sundays ago I was here, just about starting prayers, and somebody came and said “Mr. Paul, we brought a dead to you, come and see.” And when I went I saw a young man, he could
scarcely help himself, he can't talk. The Powers work on him, and in about ten minutes he talk. He says, "I left home, I was going to see about my cattle, and I heard something walking alongside with me. When I get to a big tree a dog came from underneath the tree and it leap at me, and from that time I knew nothing again. A white dog." So that was one of the Dealers who did that. * Yes that happens here. I managed to work on him, did certain things to him, and he got up, he got better. And when I was young at Hampstead we had loupgarous, but we never had Dealers.

* * *

One morning, after I had seen Oshun, I went by the river. And the Voice was speaking to me, but I did not see anybody. I was told to build a chapel, I didn't know what it was; told to build a chapel and place an altar inside, to light a candle. And after it finished I said "What is called a chapel?" and I asked a man I knew, a mason, how to build an altar, and he told me, "I know because I does go to the Mission, I know. I will build one for you. How big you want it?" So I said "According to instructions, it should be about one foot square." He said "No, that too small. It should be big." So I went to work and I left him, and when I came back he draw the chapel twelve-by-eight and he put that up, and when I came he tell me, "Mr. Paul, you know what we going to do? We going to do it well. That is to make the plaster and cover it." Well, he do that, then he put it in the altar. Then the voice told me to put on the altar red, white and blue, I did that. Then they told me, "Let me show you the robe you have to get and the rod you must get." I was taken to see one of the saint's pictures. They said "This is the rod you have to get, and this is the robe you have to get, you have to make it like that, look at it. And the piece falling here." So I went and I asked them if they could get someone to make that for me. When the joiner came he said, "Oh, I know, I did make that for the Baptist people, that is called a shepherd rod. I could make it quite all right for you." That is how I get to make it; I never seen it before, nor get to hear anything about it.

Afterwards, when we beat drum, the man came and told me, "You have to get all the different tools that all brothers and sisters using," and when I said so, there was a woman by the name of Fannie, she said "I know what you want, you want the spoon, you want Oshun stick and you want an anchor, you have to get all of that, and you want Oya harp. Don't forget Erile knife, and you want the chesbi for Abakoso use that." There was another one which Shakpana used, the black roseau; a roseau is something like a bamboo, but it is small. And these, and the different books which I had bought, and the goblet. But some of them lost over Trinidad, when I left the people must have gone and take it, and I can't get them here.

Emanja calls Abakoso brother, each and every one of them have their tools. When Emanja come she have the paddle. Afterwards, when Emanja came to me, she would call for the paddle and she dance with the goblet on her head, she say "The boat anchor!" When the boat anchor, everybody get the same Power and they start to dance. Unless that happen, you will see just one or two would begin to dance, but

* See page 115.
when Emanja start to dance, she dance and she paddle and she ring the bell and she say "The boat anchor!" Then the whole camp will be in Powers. An Elder was there, he told me he found that a strange thing, that taught him a lot, he didn't know how I can do that; he never see that, he don't understand. He asked me where I get all that power from, to bring those manifestations. If you not drinking or smoking, you have more force to do any kind of work, because Emanja would visit you in full. The Holy Spirit does not use things that is harmful to the body. In order that the spirit should be with you in full, you have to keep the body in a state to please them.

There are many different forms of the Holy Spirit, like Emanja and Oshun, Oya—these are all spirits, Powers, saints; they are all one, because these spirits, they passed away like mortals. I read the life of St. Philomena, how she became a saint. She dedicated her life to God from the time she was five years, and she refused marrying to a Duke; and for that reason she was put into prison, and from prison she was placed in a dungeon; she was closed in the prison for forty days, feeding with only bread and water, during which time she was praying to God, and the Blessed Virgin appeared to her when she was about three days before the forty days, and tell her how she would be killed. When the forty days was up she was taken out from the prison to be tried. She still refused. She was tied to a horse-tail and dragged about the streets of Rome. She refused, then an iron anchor was placed on her neck and she was thrown in the River Tiber. Before she got to the bottom of the river, it said an angel cut the anchor from her neck and she float. Then they took her out and called her a witch. They had bows and arrows to fire at her to destroy her, but every time they fire at her, it stick in their hands. They were ordered to heat it in the fire, but when they fire it, it struck some of them. When nothing could be done, they were ordered to behead her, and she was buried behind a catacomb at Rome, and her spirit became a saint. And they say her spirit goes about as a comfort to many homes, it relieves many people in prison, in trouble, and it is a real comfort to housewives who are having trials and persecution. And her manifestation to me, it does that very work. When she told me she was St. Philomena, that is Oshun, it was before I seen that book. That is my reason for speaking the words of the other saints, I have not read the life of the other saints, but her life has given me a clear view about other saints and the work they does.

For instance, Oseyin: I was told Oseyin is Saint Anthony, that saint who went by the sea to preach, and all the fishes leap in the sea. Well, Oseyin does work, as with this woman I just attended to, if he manifest he get her better right away. He would see to get something very simple and work. He is Saint Anthony. He would take three mango-leaves and get anybody better from any pain. St. John is a Gospel man, and when St. John stand up to preach, it would convince the whole congregation. This is why on Friday, on St. John's feast, when you offer the sheep, everybody in camp does be in Powers. Shango is St. John. And I wonder when some of the people say they have Shango, which is St. John, and could do those cruel things; I don't understand it, I don't know how they can do it and say they are St. John.
There are other Powers in those other books, which come and give the very names of these saints, and not doing the same work; there are other Powers with the same name, in the Sixth and Seventh Book of Moses or the Titalbeh or the Black Arts. I cannot go and invoke a spirit in the grave, as a woman that does work in St. George's can—I cannot do it, and these same Powers that she says is with her, is with me. Ogun is with me and the work that their Ogun would do, I cannot do because Ogun would not allow me to do it. The way they would call a Power, Ogun would not allow me to do it. I only please him with the obi or milk, fresh milk, sweet oil and honey, and use the rum on the stool. And any time I want anything I would go to him and kneel down and just open out my hands, and I would get an answer to whatsoever I want. If I stop by Emanja's stool now, she will speak to me and I will tell you anything while she is speaking to me, revealing, and I answering you. But some of them, drum must beat, Emanja manifest, and the work that they do, I would stand after them and see it is not Emanja's work.

I get to know this by a little boy Ogun power manifest on, and he told me a woman had him to do this work for her. If there was any evil thing in her yard, he would go and dig it out. He would go, he know if an evil spirit in her house, he would go and do that; but first he would drink a bottle of rum. When I question him, he told me the woman have three books, and out of one of these books she call that Power which can talk. I ask him to call that Power which can talk, and he drew a seal on the ground, and in a minute he was taken away with that seal. I told him, "Well, I am going to get away this Power from you, it is an evil Power." And Shakpana (which is Ezekiel) came and ordered a bath for him, a salt bath with vinegar, red and white rum, and lime, and when I bathe him with that and warm water, he told me to beat the drum and Ogun going to manifest on him. And when they had beat this drum for him, he start to dance, Ogun manifest on him; after Ogun had gone he started showing all the work which that woman had been doing on him with the book. He was a motherless child and he was living at the woman with her children, and she using him as a medium, that is to get sufficient money to make up herself. But if she could not have cured that evil spirit, that boy would have passed away. That was at Trinidad, you find much of the same type of thing here, but the people doesn't know. Since I came to Grenada much people know the evil that has been doing to them, whereas they were ignorant of it before.

Over at Trinidad, when I get this spirit to attend to people, I lie down in bed and the Voice told me, "Take your book and write out. I want you to get something to attend to the children. Write out. And I lie down, I write out the different names that call, and in the morning I took it to the pharmacy in San Fernando, they told me "we have this, we have this—we have all these things. How much do you want of each?" and I told them. And when I get back it told me, "A drop of this can do so-and-so; a drop of this can do so-and-so; Five drops of this and five drops of that." Everything that I had. It was not particular to get the names, because when I come to attend to a
person, if I said "This?" "No, this is not good. Take this, and don't use that, don't use that." That is the way I get my teaching.

But apart from that, I heal a lot of people just by touching them, and with three mango leaves, sometimes by three raiyo leaves. A woman came one time to me, and I heard she was singing a hymn outside, and at the end of every verse it would die away as if she was choking like. I called them and told them to bring her in to me, and when she came I put her to sit down on a chair. And I saw something at the back of her, I saw a man dressed all in red, he was riding a horse, and he galloped that horse, and when he reached behind her he stood up, and another one came with a thing as a sword, when he reached just behind her, he stood up with one of his feet as if to kick her just behind the neck so as to break it, and another one come with a net, he cast it over her and she was left struggling. It was three spirits. And when I saw that I told her, she said "Yes, that is true." And I placed my hand upon her head, I started to pray, and she died off fainting. I said "Wake up! Wake up!" and the spirit answered within her, "Oh yes! You lash me? I am going to break your blasted neck!" And she fly up to the roof of the house and she cuff me down. And the man told me, he said "If you mean to fight this woman, you will have to fight." And they run and they leave me and herself there, and I go down to the river and I pray, and a voice say "Beat me if you mad." I went back, when I reach back in the chapel she lie down as if she dead, and I took the sword and I started to beat, she say "I am not going, you can do what you want, I come here to live with you three months, and I am not going to leave you." And when she said so, I called for spirit of ammonia, spirits of vinegar and red lavender, and I bathe the sword with them and I start to beat her; then she start to run, she start to run, and the Powers give her three licks and she start to run down the hill, and she call out "Oh God! I dead! I gone now! I gone now!", and she lie down. I left her and I went home. A little while later I heard her singing, 'Oh happy day I fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God.' They gone. And the next three days she came back, and she said "Mister—Oh God, let me hug youu, let me kiss you!" She kissed me all about. She said "Is God sent you to do this work, is God, is not you, is God. Is God that put you, and nobody can't say anything concerning you." She says "Let me show you something." She peel off her dress. One of her breasts gone, she have seven cuts. And the evil spirit had done that. She said "Mister, they put me in the poor-house. I was a beggar in the poor-house, I couldn't do anything. I went all about, the last man I came to, as he touched me the spirits fight him and he couldn't do anything. And you drive away three spirits from me—you worth a pound! I going to publish you in the papers all about." And she went back to Port-of-Spain, she tried all the offices. One publish a little piece in the papers concerning me; they said they couldn't put that work in the papers, because the doctors have pride, and if they fail and the papers was to do that, they would put me before the courts and I would have to pay some large sum, and they couldn't do that. Up to now that woman is preaching all over.

I remember the first time a woman come to me like that, when I had been about three months working, doing this healing work. She
had a pain in her tummy, I gave her some things to drink, she told me, "Mr. Paul I feel bad, I feel I want to lie down." I went and I prayed on her and that spirit manifest on her, an evil spirit. I was working then. I couldn't leave her, and time was for me to go to work. She was outside, about seven rods from the house, and I sent to call two other women to help me. She get that from a Baptist, too, she had newly baptised and she came from the Mourning Ground and she get that evil spirit. I was so frightened I didn't know what to do. I sent to call those other two women to help me because they are Shango, they know better than I do. And when I call them she say "Paul boy, you sent and call Fannie and Yudina—they too weak, they wouldn't be able to do anything with you." Some Indians was round, they want to see how I will get away this thing that was in the house from this woman, and I ask them to get me the coconut broom. And when time ready and a manifestation come telling me, I jump up, I start to beat her with the broom, she bawl, she bawl, and when she come back she say she didn't know anything that happening to her. She simply came to me, she feel bad, and she didn't know all of the different things that have taken place with her until she feel a blow she get on her shoulder, her breast, and all the trouble she had was drawn away, and she came back to say she felt better. And she was well from that time.

I knew a woman whose brother had some papers, he was a Baptist and he had some of those books; after he died, she told me it might be useful to me, and I can have them. Looking over them, I saw where he said he got that from the Titalbeh, how he get a spirit to control the woman. You must get a calabash, you must get rum and you must get sweet water, and you go to the grave; you must know the name of the person in the grave, and you pour sweet water on the grave and then you call the person by name, and they did not say whether you would see the spirit, but you can control that spirit with that whip. And when you reach home, how to dispatch it: "I am despatching you to Norman Paul. You go and stay with him and do him anything that I want you to do. You are going?" "Yes, I go." It would go and it would do you whatsoever evil you want it to do. And you would call it back to you.

People put evil spirits on one another, sometimes for jealousy. If they are jealous of me because my name is going so far, that I can do certain things, always successful—well, they send an evil spirit to get me crazy or stupid, that I cannot do that work again. As I am doing this work and I bought this property, so many of them is jealous of me. They wish they could do something that I could go and work, even in the road, in the travaux. (P.W.D. road gang). And because of that they would call an evil spirit to send to me, to stop me from doing this work, and everything would go away from me. They have tried that over and over, in Trinidad.

One time a young man belonging to Grenada came at me, and he had a spirit; he couldn't go to the river, he could not go to the sea, his father had to give an offering and kill a cow and offer that, so that he should get privilege to go to the river or the sea. He came at me one night when I was beating drum just the same. The Powers manifest on me and we went by the river. The Powers told him to give a one-week feast, in order that he should keep his job perfect;
I beg them, they say they would take three days' feast, and I am to conduct that feast for him. He gave that feast, I conducted it, and every debt that he owed, in about three weeks' time he was able to pay it, because he got a contract with the Company.

Then after he got the contract with the Company, he was friendly with a married woman, and she said that the Powers come to her and tell her that they should not worry with me again, but that they should carry their own work. One evening we had a little offering home, and we placed Emanja offering by the river that it should not be touched. This married woman went and told him that another woman was with me conducting that feast; he came, they went into Emanja's stool, they light a candle, while I was praying. When I got up I saw the candle was lighting, I ask "Who light the candle?", they tell me the man and the woman light the candle. I went down by the river and met them there, and when I praying to find out what it is, they left me and they came back home. When I reach back home, they sent and ask me for that little thing I keeping in the church, they want to see. I told them it is not their place to do that; they come at me, and if they want to do anything they supposed to ask me, they don't suppose to demand those things. And he went on mucking up the things I had in the church. When I went and met him and ask him what he was doing, he had a stick, he lashed me with it, I took the stick from him and I threw it away, and he went out, himself and the woman and her sister, telling everybody that the devil beat me inside there, I have nothing good inside there, all that I have is evil thing that I have inside there. Then the Power Oshun make me beat the drum again, and she tell them since they have me so good with them and they doesn't know what they have, she taking me away from them. And she said they saw me have one or two little things there, and they think it is too much, but when they come to the place where she will be putting me, they will have to ask permission before they can get in there.

Another evening a fellow came with a hand-bag. He greeted me, he told me he is from an African church, does African work, and he heard of me, he very glad to greet me, and he come to spend the night with me. I told him I hadn't any place in the house, the house was hired, but I said "If you cares to, you can lodge underneath the house," and I went and lie down. When I lie down I saw he was taking two little bottles out of the bag, and he was going in the Ogun. I call out to the young man that was with me, I sent to tell him: if he know he is brave enough, put what he bring; but if he knows he is not brave enough, he might as well leave at once. He was still there. I yell out and tell him he had better walk out before it was worse for him. He went off, he didn't stop. And he got very ill, he was in the hospital, and he became a beggar.

When I start this work in Trinidad, I went to join the Oddfellows. A friend of mine told me it is better if I go and join the Oddfellows, because there is protection from many accidents and danger, and if it happens at any time, according to the work I am doing, anybody dare to send in a report against me, to call the Police—well, the doctor
is Oddfellows, the Police is Oddfellows, if there is any trouble I will
get escape by that. I said “This is true.” I went.

That was a Saturday night four years ago. I dress home and I
went. The proceedings I did not like, but I was curious to know
everything. I could not see everything, because they blindfold you, and
they have a Conductor, and the way they march you, you know you
were walking on something, and if it is not for the Conductor you
could be easily damaged, for you bounce your foot on something. And
when they remove the blindfold there were certain things I see which
the Powers forbid me, the very moment I leave they forbid me to
march back there again. That was 1949 to 1950. The Powers told me
not to go back there again at any time, because the things that is
there is not concerning spiritual work, and the things that I have seen,
I did not expect to see that; and when I went home the clothes that
I wore, the hat, the tie, I had to give that away, I could not keep it,
they would not allow me to keep it in a consecrated place. I never
went back there again. It is not pertaining to godliness, but they sing
hymns and they use the Bible just the same. They had a banquet
table, that was quite all right, and everybody is supposed to give a
pledge. That was quite all right, and they did respect me very much
in everything; but I held my peace and I never told them I couldn't
 go back there again.

The first time I wanted to beat drum, I went for a permit in the
police station at Point Fortin, and the sergeant asked me what it is
I am carrying on, if it is Shango feast or an African feast. I told him
I doesn't know anything about Shango, what I know of is an African
feast, and I related to him how it happened that I should give that
feast; he told me well, he would not oppose me if it was an African
feast, but if it is Shango I could not carry it on. He brought the log-
book, he showed me that a Shango feast is for people that used chalk-
mark, and they invoke the evil spirit and they will throw somebody
down and they will beat up themselves, they will roll in the mud,
they will remain there, some of them, some of them sometimes will
even dead. This is what they call Shango, but mine is something quite
different. There is a law against Shango in Trinidad, he told me. I have
had no trouble with the police here in Grenada, but when I was in
Trinidad, many times they have reported me to the police. I doesn't
know who did it, people from the outside; but I was shown in a
vision that the police were coming at me, and I send the people to
lay wait for them, and I told them just as they reach at that particu-
lar spot they would turn back; and the parties went and look in truth,
and when they reach there, Mama Oshun came and tell me to take the
calabash, fill it with water, and go in the gap and offer it up East,
West, North and South and empty out the water in the road, and
as the water running there they would turn back. And I did that,
and they went back in truth. At Trinidad the people does things as
obeah, and sometimes they tell lies to the people, sometimes they have
light burning with the people's name and so on; well, Government
is against that, and the police will go and raid them to see if they
find they have any of those things in possession, such as this Titalbeh
book, or they have this light burning with people's names written
under it to make them do wrong things—they have a boli (calabash)
with oil lighting all the time, and the names underneath the boli.
According to how they would fix that, it would cause people to do wrong things. So the police will go and raid them and bring that to the case, and then they would lock them up and make them pay heavy sum. They thought I was doing the same thing, so they goes to report me, that the police should come to raid me just the same way. They never thought it was something as healing I was doing, or to help people in any other sickness or so, they thought I was doing just as the other people. They would go and raid the Baptist people, because they have this chalk marked with all the seals, some is good seals, some is to make people do evil, some is to make you fall on the ground, and when you think you will get up in the next few minutes, you will pass away. They know something about that and they come to see if I had those seals. They tried three times, but the last time Oshun allowed them to come home. And when they came home, I invite them in the chapel and I told them if they see anything that is contrary according to Government laws they can take me, they can search anywhere and if they see anything they can take me. And I told them what happened to them, how one had his arm was broken, and how he was suffering with this fracture and he never get better: and he married, himself and his wife don’t get on well, and so on; and when I told him so I said, “Well, if even they lock me up in the gaol, I would still do this work and more.” He said “I haven’t seen anything that we should give you a case. The report come in the station concerning you, but we haven’t seen anything as we thought.” They told me it was a woman came in the station and made the report, but I doesn’t know her. She told them she came to me, she was sick and I told her she was sick and I wanted to attend to her, and I took some gold bracelets from her and then I attended to her. Her husband want the gold bracelets and I would not deliver it, so she went and report me in the station. Well, no such things happened; I told them I have no use for jewels, because if the people coming home with jewels, I tell them not to wear them, the Bible prohibits the wearing of jewels. The police said “Well, that was just public mischief.”

There are unclean spirits as well as there are clean spirits. I believe the spirit is everywhere, but there are different people whom they would attend, according to how their character is. I never acknowledge much about the unclean spirits and the clean spirits until I got to do this work; I never knew much, and I never believe in spirits until then because Adventists don’t believe in spirits. But being away from Adventists a little time, I get to know that you have to keep your body clean that the spirit should dwell with you. My experience of the thing is that when I left Grenada and went to Trinidad, I used to be very sickly. I was taken to many parties who does this work, to cast out spirits and do all kind of work, and visiting their homes sometimes, I would feel I don’t want to go and speak to them, the way they have their clothes dirty and even their house dirty I feel is not anything good, because a person is supposed to have a clean place. When this spirit manifested in me, I was told that the house must scrub and keep clean, and I must bathe every day and have clean clothes, and cannot have anything to do with anybody that is unclean. But I see people live anyhow, and still they does work. That lead me to believe there is clean spirits and there is unclean
spirits. Some people does this work, they drink rum, they are drunk every minute of the day—and I cannot even smell rum.

There are also spirits of the dead people, I believe that because many of the dead visit me in sleep, and I see their spirits. I also saw one or two of the dead spirits, not in sleep, and they ask me for things and I was deceived by that, it is just a trial of the spirit to prove me. There was a woman living in the house at Trinidad when I bought it, she was helpless and she had no family, and looking at her condition, I did not put her away, I kept her; I used to give her two shillings every Saturday, a pound of sugar, half-pound of coffee and other things, trying to help; I had a garden, I told her anything she want, ask me and I will get it for her in the garden. She died. A couple of months after she died, I sat down and I see her coming. She speaking patois and she say, "M'sieu Paul, ba-moin si boin cafe ne moin bien swet cafe." I look at her, I thought it was one of the good spirits, I ask her what she wanted, she tell me, "Tu mettez bafwe un vol salam," so I went and I get the coffee, I boil it and I sweeten it and I put it. Couple of days after that, Ogun tell me I must never do that again, it is not a good spirit has come, this is an evil spirit that is trying me. And after I did that, everything started working contrary with me. I had to go back and beg them to teach me. I weren't successful in doing anything, I just be lazy. I can't remember how I used to do, I had no feelings of going to the stool to attend to them as they speak, or anything. And when I saw that, I start to think, I said "Something is wrong." And my mind just told me to go and lie down in front of the Ogun and bow my head, and when I did that, Ogun tell me, Well, it is a wrong thing I have done, and I must get sweet water and light a candle and throw it on all those stools and beg a pardon, and everything would continue; and I did that, and the saints came back. So there are spirits that are deceivers.

Another time a girl came home at me in Trinidad, sick, and the drum was beating one morning that I should attend to her. And she started to dance. She dance, she sat down, she dance, she stood up, and I looking at her; and Emanja manifested on me and she said that is a deceiving spirit, and she said "I want you to tell me where you come from, to visit the people here"; and at the same time the spirits leave her, and she start to cry and she say, "I come to Mr. Paul that he should attend to me, and I don't know how I start to do the thing, I never doing it and don't know how." As if the fever was there and it took hold of that girl, and she start watering the camp, inviting the other spirits, calling for different things—now if Emanja had allowed her to work it would bring a dark side, because that particular spot would have been given to those deceivers to work. And everybody would have found me doing things, and it would not have work.

Emanja's work is to detect evil spirits, and she would beat them and cast them out. And if you are a deceiver and you come to me, she would detect that and tell me. And she brings the spirits, too, she comes in the boat; when she comes, the boat laden, laden with plenty. And she does bring with her all the spirits of the prophets, such as Moses, Joseph, Ezekiel, Isaiah, Job. Moses I have seen, but I haven't spoken to him, Isaiah does not speak to me, Ezekiel does, and Job
speak already. But more the women Powers does deal with me, such as St. Martha, St. Veronica, St. Anne, St. Philomena—all of them speak to me. The men, St. Anthony, St. John, St. Martin, St. Michael, St. Gabriel. Ogun is St. Michael, that is a powerful saint, because he would cut anything.

The Adventists don’t have these saints, they are not so powerful in their teaching; their teaching is education, but not spiritual education. That is the reason why I am more powerful than they. For instance, after I came to Grenada, they said I was deceiving people, and if I can get so much people to come to my camp, they are going to put one just in the end of my road, when the people come they would stay right there instead of coming to me, and the very night I am having services, they would have services the same time. I sent to tell them they would not be able to live there for three months. And that camp of theirs is still there, but the sheep mash it up and the floor of the place is piled up with cattle dung. Just at my entrance, the Adventists built that.
A PROPHET IS NOT...

I RETURN TO WORK IN GRENADA.

AFTER the Powers manifested on me, I continued to work at the power station for about three years; I didn't leave the power station until 1950. After I left the power station, I start baptising, some time June 1951. The Powers order me to leave, I cannot work and carry on their purpose, I must leave that work and carry on their duties, and I would be more independent. They told me first, I did not do it. The second time I did not, the third time when they told me, I sent in my resignation. I had a doubt in my mind, I was thinking perhaps if I leave work, after a time the Powers leave me, I would have trouble in seeking to secure another job. Even though I had some confidence, sometimes doubt would beset me. I knew the work I was doing, it was progressive, and it was looking bright all the time, but sometimes when I sit by myself, and whenever I hear people criticising and saying all sorts of things, I would say to myself, “It is better I not doing that work and I just doing my work, because I cannot stand people talking nonsense concerning me.” Sometimes. Other times, when I have done good work, and everybody praise what I have done and I have seen truth in it, sometimes that doubt would go away from me. But this is one of the things that has caused me to drop back a little.

I visited Grenada in 1950, and I came back in December 1951 and my mother died in August. The people in Trinidad, some of the people get jealous, because I used to get gifts from the people—a thousand dollars in the week, and they gave me cattle and fowls, I couldn't count it all. When the people feel they did not want me to serve again, the Power told me one day they going to move me from Trinidad, they would move me somewhere else, and when the people want to find me they would have to pay to find me. Another night, Ogun came with a long paper, he told me, “Bring that letter to this man, and he going to sell you seven acres of land and when you want more you will get.” So when I wake in the morning I told the people the Powers are moving me, they going to give me land. The people did not believe me. Well, a week after, Oshun told me, “Get ready and go to Grenada at once, don't allow Saturday to pass you here.” And I said, “I don't have any money.” She said “You going to get.” On the Wednesday I got sufficient money. She said “You going to travel by plane, don't
travel by sea," and on the Wednesday I got sufficient money to travel by plane.

When I reached Grenada, she showed me a gentleman that is very sick, and that is wealthy. She told me to go. I didn’t want to go, and she told me, “If you don’t go I shall stricken you in bed for six months.” I said he had money and he would just think that I am going to tell him something to get money from him. When she told me that, I decided to go. The morning when I reach, he was in bed in truth. She made me take three mango leaves and she made me pass them on him. I asked him how he feeling, he said he feeling much better, all that he was suffering with leave him. He did not know me, but after I had told him who I was, he said he knew my father. Then I had a conversation with him about my work. He said, “A man like this should not leave Grenada at all.” I said, “I don’t have anything in Grenada, all that I own is in Trinidad.” He said “You don’t want anything, man, if you want you must get!” I said “Well, I have no money,” he said “You don’t want money.” Then I said the only way I would be able to live in Grenada is if I have a place for myself. He said “If you want a place, look for a piece of land and I will pay for it.” I told him Conference have some land selling, he said “Well, you go and see the owner.”

I went to see the owner, he told me that plot is £1,500; I said “I won’t be able to pay that.” That was six acres, but he had said it was eleven acres. I said “Sir, I work with your family very hard,” I said, “If you selling to me, sell to me as your people, and don’t sell as a stranger to me.” He said “Oh yes?” then I told him, “I was butler with your brother and your father, I worked very hard.” He said “I can give you for £1,300.” I said “All right,” not with the intention of getting it, because I find that sum was too much. I went and I told the gentleman, he said “You like the place?” I said “Yes.” He said “When you can go to St. George’s?” I say “Any time you appoint me,” but at that time I hadn’t the mind he would do that. He said “Well, all right, let’s go on Wednesday.” I said “All right.”

Well, on Tuesday evening he sent the envelope to me with the money, he said “You go and pay for the land.” I went and paid him, when he surveyed the land it was only six acres, so he had to return me £500. Then there was another piece of two acres, I bought that. It come to eight acres and seventeen perches. There was another piece he offered me again. Now Oshun came, she tell me “This piece you must have, go back again.” But I find I owe the man so much already, I don’t want to approach him again. He bought that land for me, the interest was very small, and he asked me for no security or anything. She kept on telling me, “Go on, go and see that man and tell that man to buy that piece for me.” I went, and he said “All right. How much money is it you want this time?” I said “Well, he said is £1,050 for this.” He said “All right, you go to St. George’s and tell my lawyers.”

So you can see, as she told me from the beginning, it came true. And it is working itself off, it pay back a good piece already. And every crop, she tells me what to plant, and I will get; and when I harvest something, I put the first harvest to the sacrifice, I must do that. I cook it. And as much as you can, you call the children and feed them, and feed the other people and sacrifice. Everybody say
they can't understand how my land is bearing more than everybody's, always. And everything I plant is looking so bright. But she tells me any crop I have to plant, when we want rain, she tells me where to go and beg for rain; and as soon as I go and beg for rain, and consecrate the candle with sweet oil—I must use corn and rice in the water, and sweet oil—sometimes right there we get a shower of rain, sometimes as soon as I reach home we get rain.

That was 1951, when Oshun told me to come over and I would heal that man. And after I did that healing I went back to Trinidad, to Capitole Ville, I stayed there some time, and she ordered me to come back again. She didn't tell me what for, and every time I want to go, she told me not to go again. I was staying at my mother, she was still at Hampstead; the last week in March last year, I leave Hampstead. I come down here to Conference and brought my mother house where we are presently, and I repaired it and put it where it is, and Oshun ordered me to keep a thanksgiving in April and a drum-beating. I kept that thanksgiving and I beat drum for one day, and afterwards she told me I cannot go back to Trinidad until she tells me to go, and I still remained in Grenada, and my mother died in August.

I came from Grenville market a Saturday evening, and I saw where she was going to pass away that day, and I went in the tabernacle, I sat down, and my sister call me and ask me if I not coming in the house? I said “No, I just taking a rest here.” And about five minutes after, she told me to come, and when I went, I saw she just give up without saying a word. But when I came in I had heard her asking them if they prepare my meal for me, and they said “Yes.” She said I must be hungry, since morning I went away and come back. But she afterwards did not say anything. There was some parties who came there, they left about three o'clock, and they told her she is quite strong and brave, they would come back Monday to see her; and they were outside, waiting for the bus, when she passed away. She suffered with pain from Sunday to Thursday, and Thursday morning when we all woke up, she called us and she told us that we must live as brothers and sisters, as one family. If we have any little grievances among us, we must settle it, and don't allow strangers to come and say anything between us, we must live well. Then we asked her how she feeling, she said Well, she feeling no pain again. And she were moving, she got up, she sat down, and she move as usual until Saturday morning, then Saturday evening she pass away. She asked to bury in the church she belonged to, and she bury in Hermitage, Anglican. I haven't tombed her yet, but I paid all the funeral expense. We had a Third Night for her, but no Nine Night, no Forty Night. And up to this I never make an offering for her, not yet. I was told to have a thanksgiving in December, an offering for all the old people. I am thinking presently to offer a Mass for all of them, because I generally offer a Mass for Mr. White, but in the Catholic Church; Mr. White were an Anglican, but all my dealings is with the Catholics.

After I started to work in Grenada, I still had some trouble with the people; some of them seem to expect a miracle every day, that's
what; they say I have no right to take anything from them, this was
given to me to do anything freely and I not to accept anything, then
that power will remain with me. But because they give me a present
or give me some money, they say that the power is not with me again.
"He fooling the people and he taking the money from them and buy-
ing a lot of property and making himself well." "Is only a trick he
performing, and is nothing at all." And yet the people from outside
finding so much virtue in what I am telling them or doing for them.
The cases that I have been attending to, there is not one of them
passed away in my hands yet. And the only thing, if you calling or
coming to me, if your case cannot be attended, is no good, I telling
you. "Well, it is no good, I can't attend to you. See the doctor." And it
is just one or two. They haven't to tell me anything that happen to
them, they just come and sit down, and I tell them whatsoever pain
they have, whatsoever they suffering with, and the same time I get
remedy, whether bush or patent medicine, I give them and they get
well from the first two days. They don't have to come and relate to
me, "I feel a pain in my tummy and I come to find out if you could
do something." I just tell them "Sit down," and I attend to them as
a doctor would attend to you, but you have to tell a doctor you feeling
some pain or other. Then when they sit down, anything to happen
to them in the future, I tell them that too.

Sometimes a person come to ask if they going to get married to
a certain person. I does tell them, I cannot call their name, but I
describe the person for them. One of the women that does be home,
she came home one night, I held her hand and I told her she would
have a death by accident, and not long. It was about four days after,
hers mother was walking in the road, she get bounced by a bicycle and
she died almost at once. And when she came home after that I tell
her, "Your trouble not end yet, another serious one very near again.
Sudden death again." And she started to cry and I said "Don't cry,
after that everything will be over." And it was about two months
after, her daughter was in pregnant, she went to the hospital, she
had a sudden death too. Most of the people says they don't want me
to tell them anything, because just as I tell them, it happens; they
can't do anything about it.

Evil mind, that is all that makes people jealous. You see, some
people would feel that they ought to do the same thing that I am
doing. If I have done certain things for you and you are pleased, you
give me a gift; well, they would like to get the same thing. And some-
times you find much jealousy in the same family, some people come
to me because their family hurt them with this same witchcraft and
so on. It is just covetousness, jealousy, because you have and I have
not, and I want to have. Sometimes, when I am keeping prayers,
teaching from the Bible, some of the people would come right in
front of the temple there and say "Norman, you lie!" The last time a
young fellow came there and said "Norman, you lie!" "You lie too
much!", the Power manifested in me and I took the coconut broom,
and in getting him out of the yard he attempted to fight me, and I
took my one hand and I beat him with the coconut broom, and he run.
He couldn't stand up. And to-day he respect me better than any of
the other boys. And before this I had told him the Powers is going to get him to respect me. And now, if I have anything when I am keeping prayers, the whole place does be crowd up, but I never hear one thing. If one talk, everyone stand up in a way, and the one that talk would run, he wouldn't stand up. I does all-time tell them it is strange, seeing that I am one man, and a hundred and fifty men would run away from I alone. And everybody does agree that it is very strange that even though I have nothing, a hundred men would run away from I alone, sometimes not even attempting to do them anything.

A young man came at me last month, and while the drum was beating and the Powers was in me, I heard him say “Paul is a damned liar, and he only fool people.” And I asked all of them to move away from there, and he was going and I run after him and I asked him, what does he mean by calling me a liar, what have I done or said to him? And he did not say anything, but he kept on looking at me as if he wanted to fight or do something to me. And I told him, “I would not do anything to you, but you go on, and I will bet before the year up you will get yourself in gaol. Before the year up you bound to be in prison.” And he gone. The next morning I met his father, and I told the father. The father quarrel with him, and tell him he must have nothing to do with me. And from then he never tell me anything else. Then last Thursday he met the young man that is at my camp and he told him the same thing, he said “Paul is a damn liar, he t'ieving the people, and he said before December month I will be in gaol, and how I am still outside?” So he make fun. And the young man come and tell me what he said. But Thursday, Friday, Saturday he went to gaol.

He had some money, he gave it to the mother to hold for him, and things must have gone bad in the home, the mother take one or two shillings from it and go and buy something with them to cook. He came and he asked her for it, she said that she used some out of it, and from that time he took his cutlass, he said if he couldn't get it she can't live again; I don't know what she answer him about, but he start to pelt her down with a stone, and he lash her with the cutlass in the back of her foot, and he run her down. And the little brother he beat him with the cutlass from behind. He cut the mother's foot and he hit the little brother in the back and scratched him with the cutlass. And before that, while the mother was making tea for the children, he filled his hand with dirt, he dump it in the pot. She went to the Police Station, when the police came he up and cuff the police. The police had to leave him, and he went and got another police to come and arrest him, and while he was under arrest and in prison, the father went and bailed him out. The magistrate order a beating for him, he order the sergeant to give him an amount of lashes; he is out now. I think the mother and the father begged for him.

A lot of people believe that the spirits of the dead people, dead family, can help them or harm them, but I don't believe that. Many people does that work. When I was giving my dance at Easter, the third day was Oshun day, and a fellow visited called John, who does that very work; but he goes to consult spirit in the grave. Well, he was
going to the Grand Etang the Thursday to do some work, I told them he would come back dead or half-dead, because this Power would not accept the work. You have to be very clean to tamper with these African Powers. And he went there and he fell in the pond, and I heard that a woman only just managed to get him out. He said I did something to make that happen. I did not. Emanja told me she would not accept it, he was not clean, to go and perform this work; he was sacrificing to Oshun and Emanja. One day this same man came home he was so glad to meet me, and we had been practising with the drum and he start singing and dancing and everything. I went inside and lie down. After I get up, I came outside. I hold his hand and I danced round the ring with him; I told him, "If you brave enough, take out what you have in your pocket. If you are a man better than me, pull out what you have in your pocket!" I call for the whip, and I said, "You will see iron cut iron and steel cut steel to-day. Take out what you have in your pocket, and we will see." He said he was going home, he going home to come back, and when he returned he said it was just a little thing he had in his pocket, it was not anything concerning me. "And I go and put it down and come back." So you can see exactly, it was something he had to place there to stop me from doing my work. And from that time he would not tell me "Howdy" in the road.

When I had the Easter Week feast, I told him he is practising something, he would pay for it, because he says he sacrifice to Emanja, and is not Emanja at all. The very day he went to the Grand Etang to perform some feast there, he had the goblet, performing something, and something knock down the goblet and he went down in the water, head over heels. And he lost away, the people said; they cried, they sang, they cried until they got him, when he come out he got big like that with the water he drink. They take him back home. He said I did that, because I prophesied that before it happened. I did not do that, but you cannot take these saints and make fun. If a man goes in the burial ground, he go out in the burial ground and do all sorts of unclean things, he cannot take the names of those saints, and go in the water and say he is performing with them, for them. He go in the water and he nearly get drowned. From that time he would not venture to go back there again. He said I went there some time in November, and because I went, he is going there himself some time in April. The work that I gone to perform there was well performed, because some people in the Rest House, they drew many pictures of the procession, and it was the first one they have seen so orderly went on there.

Everybody is under some Power, and I make them out whenever they come at me, and I tell them. Children can belong to a Power without the manifestation; they say they doesn't know, I tell them of the dreams they does have. Oshun children always out on the sea sailing, and they always dream of ripe fig, all different sort of food, dream of fishing. And when they dream of fishing and they catching fish, it means you must be outside working for her, and bringing in

* The Crater Lake in the centre of Grenada, a traditional spot for Shango sacrifices.
other children. As much as you are catching fish, well, the fish are souls; Christ said you are making fishers of men.

By studying a little of planety, in reading and overhauling a person according to their ways and the planets which are consulted, I prove them according to the month, what the planet tells me, and their ways; I make them out by that. But when saying about the Powers, I see whether it is a woman accompanies you, and that woman, when I first come that woman would tell me who is she, then I would know you belonged to that Power. From the time you come in I am looking at you, whether it is a man or a woman accompanies you or visits you in your sleep, I would know which of the Powers is moving with you. But the planet is quite a different thing. The planet governs your behaviour, but the Power governs you—if you yield yourself. For instance, my son came home, was relating a dream that he had: a woman came home at him and took him and led him up to a mountain; on this side he met two waters, but the water was soda-water, and these two waters running, but they divide, one house here, one house there, a woman in this house, one in this house there. And the one in that house gave him a Dominica hen and a hand of plantain and something, and telling him to go with it; but he said he saw another old lady, short and black with her hair very silky, and peeping at him like that, and he tell this woman, “What joombie is that? What spirit is that?” and the woman saying, “No, it is something good, you must not say that.” So he asked me what I think about it, and I say, “Well, Oshun and Emanja is two sisters, and they belong to the water.” Well, they are the parties consulting him. According to the dream that he relates I would know, because I am supposed to know all the Powers and their working. That is how I make them out.

And according to the clothes they wear, a person will tell me they have a dream, according to the clothes they tell me, and whether it is a man or woman, I would know the Power. They dream they see an officer in khaki, that is Ogun, St. Michael. That would mean Ogun is visiting them. I would know well Ogun is their patron. Sometimes they don’t tell me, but I see that when they come, I tell them, “You have a dream, you see a man dressed in khaki, and the way he appeared, he is St. Michael.” All the Powers are related, just as we are brothers and sisters, well, all the Powers are brothers and sisters, spiritual brothers and sisters. And sometimes the manifestation is with you and you don’t get anything, because you are not obedient. All Israel left Egypt, they were travelling very well, but all did not reach Canaan, because all was not obedient to Moses while Moses was leading them. But they were all in one community, travelling, and it is so with the Powers and the children. We all are the children of the Powers, they manifest in us, but they don’t do any work because we are disobedient; disobedient is not leading a life to please them. You must be clean; the Powers want me to be tidy in clothes, in bathing myself, in keeping a tidy room, and attending to them, and have nothing to do with the female sex, as to mingle with them in my room or so. But if they are not keeping themselves in that way, the Powers manifest on them but they don’t get anything.

When I was first arrested by the spirit, I get an introduction revealing the different work that I have to do. That was the first station,
when I had the revelation come to me. The second station, I would have to lay hands on the sick, and pray and care for the sick. The third station I would have to give sacrifices, offerings, and care for the poor people, and I would have to be good to everybody. The fourth station I could learn to know how to keep myself in order to suit the Powers, and what clothes I should wear. The fifth station I would have to know medicines and different things to give to the people, and how to cast out evil spirits, and sometimes, when they are furious, how to fight them out, to get the different tools, as the sword, the broom, a stick, and so on. The sixth and seventh station is to get the drum, and the eighth and ninth station is to stand up to preach to the people; and when I get to the fourteenth station, to baptise the children, how to prepare them for baptism, and what robe I must wear—that is from the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth station; I have to go to the different countries to preach to the people, to attend to them, and to prophesy. But now, since I get to the twenty-fourth station, I have not gone farther, because the work is too heavy for me. I have different work to do. And Oshun did say that would happen.

Between fourteen and twenty-four I have to go out to give feasts for the people, to go out on the road to preach, and to study the Scriptures; I have to study the Scriptures every day, that anything the people bring opposing me, I can get certain points showing them the reason why I have to preach to the people. The twenty-fourth station is where I am now; I am a doctor, I am a healer, I am an evangelist. A doctor can give medicine and get the people cured, an evangelist can preach to a large crowd, and everybody will be able to hear him and feel satisfied. A healer is the same thing as a doctor, but he is more than a doctor, because he can cure instantly.

Then the people must be baptised, so that you will know those that is clean-minded. Those who does the African work must be a set of pure people, they can't lead any ordinary lives, to officiate in that movement. They must be pure, living a sinless life. Only one wife, one wife; one husband, do not steal, and so on. They can eat or drink anything, but I cannot eat fish, beef, or any meat at all. I can only live on herbs. They are not allowed to smoke, but they can drink rum. But when I have a serious work to do, they cannot do that. And the people whom I baptise, they cannot stand anybody drinking or smoking near to them. I don't know, those saints is very strict. I baptised thirty-three people in Grenada since I came back, and I have a set to baptise, about eight, soon. But before I baptise them I will search them by their visions, and some of them will come to me and say, "I see a lady in a dream, and she tell me to come, and you going to baptise me." I put them to fast before they baptise, they drink milk. They mourn in my place, and they have visions when they are mourning. It is very funny, the visions I have, they will have the same thing. They will call me, say "Missa Paul, Missa Paul, look at the lady, she standing there up by the altar, she say I must get a head-tie to wear, she give me a cord to wear." "Missa Paul, I see a church, I see a lady she call me." Then they see a white lady, she have a green dress. Well, the green dress is St. Philomena, Oshun. Sometimes they say "Look, a lady, she have a blue dress and a white veil,"—that is St. Anne, Emanja. When I baptise them I give them a band around the head, one colour,
white. Supposing I have four people to baptise, and some of them have one type of vision, some will have another type of vision, according to their promise. All is Emanja's children. In a feast they all have the one manifestation, they all does the one work. After she leave them, they have no other Power will visit them again. Then they are one thing, Emanja's children. Sometimes they see a man. "Brother Paul, I see a man dressed in khaki, a tall man, and he have a sword in his hand." That is Ogun, St. Michael, dressed like an officer. Then they are Ogun's children.

They must mourn three days before I baptise them. Sometimes the vision say they have a certain saint looking after them, sometimes different children will see different saints. Then they all have different work. And that is the reason why they must be prepared to get a teaching, to know what they have to do to please that saint. If they baptise and they don't know what they should do to please that saint, he would not stay with them. He would go and leave them, and you would see them miserable on the street, and doing all sort of stupid thing, going to gaol and everything. When people have a saint with them, they have to pray, light a candle and pray. Sometimes you have to get an altar outside, out of doors, keep your candle lighting there, a calabash of water and a bouquet of flowers and a cutlass for Ogun. That cutlass, it draws a power from Ogun, sometimes it draws down Ogun.

The Baptists have a complicated sort of visions which they have, you go to Jordon, you go to Bethlehem and so on; but that is not real, they consult the evil Powers, and they would get all sorts of funny names to tell you. They consult the spirits of the dead and they read the Sixth and Seventh Book of Moses, they read the Titalbeh, and they study the Black Arts and everything, so they would have a seal on the bandage which they place on the people in the mourning ground; they can take you now and make you do so many things with the seal they place on the bandage. The seal is a sign; I use signs, according to what she gave me, but my sign is quite different. Spiritual signs, as the star, the cross, three crosses, a double bell, that is St. Michael's shield. And so on. We use that, it keeps children's head steady and bring you some knowledge, some wisdom. These signs is to keep away evil spirits from having communication with them when they are travelling. I send the children travelling before they are baptised, because they must travel to see and to know they are getting some wisdom from the spiritual world. If they don't go to Africa, they would not know whether they are African; they must go to India, when they go to India, according to the trances they work, I would know they are in India, and they get an unknown language, they get the Indian language, they get the Chinese language, they get the African language, according to how they travel. That happens when they are in a trance, you having to teach them, in the mourning or outside, at any time.

You see, they made up their mind, they made a clear confession, they are satisfied to be a real child of God, forgetting all the worldly things, and that transforms them; their bodies change into another. They must not use slang, they can't enjoy the pleasures of this world, such as dancing, drinking and all sorts, they can't live in those ways,
they are to be a spiritual child. They are not to live with a woman without marrying, they have to marry. All the children I baptise have to marry, but some of them is under age, or they are not in preparation for that yet, but not living with anybody, and no children. There is just one that is with someone, expecting to marry, but that particular person cannot be in the office of the church. If they don't behave as the spirit tell them, they don't stay in the office; they cannot, they don't get any revelation. According to how they live, they would be built up, as they say, from number one station, number two, number three, number four—all the time. As they are going on, so they will bring up things, revelations, they get; and according to how they handle the spiritual work, you would know how they are fitted for that office.

Number one station, they will find it is praying all the time, and getting in a trance. When they get to number two station, you find when you praying you survey this corner, you survey the four corners and the centre well, in order to please the saints. You put a pot of flowers on the bed, three drops of water here, three here, three here and three in the centre and you ring the bell. When you ring the bell, all the spiritual children does start to sing and pray, and you find as if they have not a body to pain, the Powers is there and everybody in one accord. That is “hunting”, Shango will do that work, Shango is a hunter man.

The number three station, now, you will find children that is for the purpose of baptising, it means a hunter; you will go and hunt them out and they will come to prayer. And before you do that, you will call for a little rice, a little egg, a little cloves, and throw it inside the four corners of the room; you will find everyone will come, one and all praying and singing, and that person who is in the Power, although their eyes close, they would be searching out all the children, and among those that is standing by, anybody that have any evil thing or so, you will be able to work and hold them and expose them in the presence of everybody, and they cannot doubt it. That is the “searching warrant”, that is done in the African Dance. Emanja is in charge of that, and St. Philomena, too; that is through the power of the water. The Blessed Virgin is the mother of the water, and she is the mother of all the saints, but I don't get her name in African. St. Philomena will bring her; when she coming, they coming in a boat. Anywhere, at my house or anywhere, and any time they are coming, I would see them coming in a white boat, and when that boat anchor, as soon as that boat is coming I will tell them “A boat coming to anchor,” and I will tell them all that is in it, and in a minute's time you see everybody in power, because this boat anchor. The only thing, these drummers here, they don't know the drums; in Trinidad the drummers know how to beat drum for me, but here sometimes when I send for these Powers, I have to stop because they can't beat the drum.

A number of people who baptise, they fall away afterward, but some remain all the time, and these increase in their power. Some people following me have particular jobs, such as a healer or a warrior, like the Baptists. Ogun children are warriors: that is, you might do a certain work inside here, and somebody might get in from the out-
side, so they would know them, and go and put them out of the place. And if there is anybody sick, they would go outside and get all the sick people and bring them to me. You see, though they are Ogun children, I am higher than they. They don't heal, but they search. If they have a pain anywhere they will be proving the people and point me where they have the pain. Sometimes I will just rest my hand on it about five minutes, and then you will feel much better when I take it off. That is the laying-on of hands.

Then some of them is Nurses and Mothers, when I have a baptism they come and attend the parties that is to baptise. If I have ten for baptism, then I would have to get about five of my people night and day to attend to them, care for them, get their meals ready and everything so, and pray with them during the day. You have to do a lot of prayers, otherwise they cannot get prepared for confirmation. But I don't have any Surveyors; Armour-bearers convey the children to the water; I don't have Divers or Provers, I don't get that promotion. Teachers I don't get. I does the Prover work, I search them out, and if I am to baptise somebody and they would fall away in three or four months, I can tell you in advance. Or if I am in Carriacou and they are in Grenada, I can tell what they are doing that is wrong; night after night I can see if my camp is in order. The people don't live at the camp, they live at their own homes, but they come when I have services, on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday.

You see, they have a legion of saints, and if you could live a life for the saints, one would draw many others, like what happened for me; Oshun came and brought the others. St. John is a preacher, and when he manifest in me and I preach, he doesn't care and it doesn't matter whosoever you are, when he stand up your heart Will break. I have not to go to the Bible to preach, and I can preach the whole day. Sometimes in African, sometimes in English, or any other language, but St. John preach more in English because the people don't understand African. But there are times when I talk in languages they don't understand, and I would not know either, it is impossible. But I learn from an Indian pandit I met in Trinidad, when I spoke in trance, he said he is astonished by the language that I have, I am of a higher nation than all he, that all pandits must bow at my feet. He came out from India; I told him what nation he was, and what part of India he came from, and he told me "Yes."

But before I had that vision, I never had these powers. It is due to Oshun. It was only that night I had that vision, that this power manifested in me, and it remained for months, I did not know what it was, I only go on doing things and telling people things, on the road. They was calling me a doctor, but I did not know what it really meant; they would come home, I saw they had lost certain things at a certain time, this person in that house has stolen it from them. They say I am right. But before that I never know that there was anything like that.

Recently I went to Munich to perform a feast for the people there. Well, Munich was the head, in Grenada, of those real African people, and some of the old heads who saw me performing this said, "That is
real African work," and since these African people died they never see that work that I perform then. And I stayed at home, I point them out where a basin of water was in Munich, I told them to take me there; and when I went in that basin of water, they said, "It is longtime African people used to go there." And when I started to perform this and speak the Powers, a fish came up that high out of the water, and when I put the cake in, that fish only take the cake and gone with it, and not a spot remained. And from that time they really believe I know what I am doing, and that is African work. Then I went to Soubise and had a feast there, and when I tell them "I want to go to the river," the people start to say all sorts of things and call me an obeah-man, and started to behave bad; but the morning when I started to pray and I ring the bell, three fish came from the sea, came direct where I was standing, and when I prayed they gone down below the water, and they come right back and take the things that I offer and they gone back. And from that the people don't worry with me. Well, Oseyin is St. Anthony, and you will read in the life of St. Anthony that when he went by ship the fish leapt.

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The Baptist leaders don't come to my services, because I am proving, so when their children does anything wrong, this revealing power will expose the children faults. If they do anything wrong, whether they steal or whether they go in an immoral life, when this revealing power come it will expose them that is unclean. And they don't like that. And some of the Baptists don't allow the children to have that revealing power, they put salt in their mouth, and that stops it, if you have revealing power you don't eat salt. And when you are cooking the food for the sacrifice, you don't put salt, no seasoning at all, no garlic; only sweet oil, if they bring the offering with salt, you can't have no pleasure at all. There will be fighting and quarrelling and all sorts of things, because the saints gone. But as long as the saint is there, you can have a thousand people, and everyone will enjoy the thing.

Every one of the saints does different work, and sometimes you use the boli* and sometimes you use the drum. Oshun does use the boli sometimes, Emanja and Obatala does do that. Oshala and Shango use the boli too. But not Oseyin or Shakpana. Shakpana does clear up every evil thing, as obeah; he is not afraid of it. If anybody have a sore, they get that by evil, he cleans it. You know people does bury bottle and all sorts of things in the yard, Shakpana does come and clean up that. Oseyin is doing that too, Oseyin is telling them he is the biggest obeah-man, he not afraid of that. And you know, some people does tamper with that, and it is not the true Powers that do that work, and it leave them sick, some of them dead; they never get anything to heal them. For they take a wrong Power. And as well it have some liard Powers, forgive me saying so, sometimes an evil Power does come and say they are Oseyin and manifest in me, and I would go on and do things that is wrong, feed a Power that is wrong; after that, when this Power leave me, I sick and pass away almost to death, because it is not a clean Power. One Power does that, the

* Calabash Rattle.
Prince of Darkness, Legba. I don't really know the name for the Prince of Darkness, but Oshun told me there is one, and he would do a lot of work that is not truthful, and when people sacrifice the animals, they sacrifice it all to him and not for the welfare of the people; you are supposed to sacrifice the animals for the people giving the feast, you giving thanks, to Oshun, Emanja, Shakpana, all of them—you give thanks because they have done a good work for you and your desire reaches, that you asked them.

I go to the Boiling Spring and I go to the Grand Etang to keep sacrifices; I got to go to the Boiling Spring* in the month of August, and I also have to go to the Grand Etang to keep a big sacrifice. And when I go, the baptised people all come with me. They were not compelled, but they do, everybody follow me, they don't stay at all. Sometimes people just leave home for curiosity and they come to witness the dance, and while the drum beating the Power arrest them. I put the candle in the centre of the camp, before the drummers, and I consecrate it with milk and sweet oil and honey. Before the drummers, East. And when you sacrifice the sheep, it faces the East, too, everything is being done towards the East, all messages come from the East, and everything must be done at the rising of the sun. The message comes at the rising of the sun. But when it is twelve o'clock, the sun sets back, it is another Power that is working. My work is done from six o'clock until twelve, that is the reason I get to know the other people, they work more with the Prince of Darkness; that office open at twelve o'clock. And to have pleasant, good dreams, you must sleep with your head facing the East. Any work that I have to do under the Powers, I must go to the East first, then West, North, South. The four great evangelists are four brothers, so all work together—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; Matthew is in the East. I get communication on the ground, I get it in the air and I get it in the atmosphere, and the communications under the ground is the same as the one in the air. When I start to work in the Baptist form, I work a "doption". They stamp the ground, and when they stamp the ground, if you know the sign of the African drum, according to the beat they give on the ground, is the same as the drum, they are sending the same sign as the drum. If I work in the spirit and I am singing here, outside there you would hear just as a march, and as soon as the children that is working they differ from that, I would stop. There is one beat, just as the drum sends, for you to dance. I don't use the drum with that, or a boli; it is just actually the singing, and the thing gives the same beat as the drum. That is a "doption", what the Baptists call "trumpeting." According to what saint is coming, you get a current from underneath, and that will work up until it is inside of you and you die away natural; then you get a revelation from under the earth.

I have a lot of trouble here with loupgarou;* I would make them out at any time. If I meet one in the road, you would know, because as soon as I meet them the manifestation come in me. I had the

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* A geyser near Levera, in the North of the Island.
* Witches.
occasion to run after a man twice for that, and one I beat with the 
coconut broom and he confessed, he died recently. Home at Hamp­ 
stead I ran up after five of them, two get licked and both of them 
died, and one that get away, they baptised him in the Baptists in 
Belair, by St. John's, two Sundays ago. When one came to me at 
Hampstead, I asked him to leave, and when I take the whip to beat 
him, the people make him run. He came back some time this year, 
and as soon as I go and take the whip to beat him again, the people 
make him run. Then a woman from Samaritan was present, she told 
me if I did not make him go she would consider that I did not know 
anything, because at Samaritan another woman held him at night, 
and put him to sit down and call everyone to see him until daylight, 
and when she left him everyone could have known that he doing that, 
he is a loupgarou, and till she left him he couldn't move. He was in human 
form, in her house, he get in though the door was locked up. That 
woman does have Oshun.

Then there is another set of people, your door is closed and they 
still could open it and get in. People call them “door-openers”’. They 
do whatsoever they like, and leave your door open for you to see, 
and they gone. They use the books and certain prayers, they could stand 
up and use those prayers and the door would open. They call a spirit 
from this book, the Titalbeh, to open the door, they get in, and after 
they get in they leave and go out; sometimes they leave the door 
open, sometimes they leave marks inside to prove. And they do things 
with the women, so as to interfere with them. A set of young boys 
is doing this thing here, and they are afraid of me. Whenever you find 
a young man don’t like to hear anything about me, he does this thing. 
I know a young fellow up this side who was trying to accomplish that 
and he didn’t get through; well, he was a little crazy, and doing all 
sorts of funny things, and he came to me. When I told him what he 
was doing he acknowledged the truth, and I use the coconut broom 
on him to get away this evil, and he is all right now. But he ack­
nowledged that it was this book he was consulting, himself and the 
others.

They have certain parts in those books that they can read and 
transform themselves. There was a man called Modeste in Trinidad, 
if he walked the road with you, as he is here now, he tell you “All 
right, I am coming just now,” and he would leave, and in a few minutes 
you would see a big dog come and pass around you here. Well, he 
don’t come yet. When the dog go back, you see him come. He trans­
form himself. There is certain parts of this book you can study, you 
can transform. As far as I know there is certain things, when they 
manifest themselves they can get you stupid, or not only stupid—you 
could pass away. I don’t know how they work that, but some Sundays 
ago I was just about starting prayers, and they told me “Look, they 
bring a death in the yard.” When I went I saw a young man, he had 
no life in him, he was cold, and he was not the first person that I 
attended to like that; I took the coconut broom and I used it on him, 
I used some spirit on him, and I call him. I passed the broom on him, 
on his face and so on, and calling him all the time. Well, he opened 
his eyes and I use some of the spirits on his face. He opened his eyes, 
I asked him what happened, he told me he left home about five 
o’clock, was going to see about his cow. And he heard something was
walking alongside the road with him all the time; when he reach under a star-apple tree he only see a big white dog leap on him and it put his two foot on him and it jump down and gone. And he get stupid the same time, he start running about and he did not know when they find him, he was helpless, his sense gone. He never knew anything till he find himself at my home. Well, if they hadn't reached home with him he was not going to reach the doctor, if they were going to Grand Bras with him he would pass away, because life had almost gone then. I told him "Well, it is some Dealer or the other."

Sometimes they say they get the soul of that person, and if they have any business or so, they command it for that business. There was a case up at Paraclete, they killed a child for a thing like that, they get the liver of those new-born children to do certain things; if they have a racehorse, they dress that racehorse with it, the spirit is with that horse, and he would run and win races or so. But sometimes nothing ever come out of it. Sometimes they have a vessel, they get that, the vessel run one or two months, after a time it sink. Some people does get the spirit of a child for a vessel, but it is not compulsory. They dress their vessel with it, that their vessel should do better than others. For instance, if you have one and I have one, both sailing to Trinidad: I reach Trinidad, I come back here and take up a load, and you are just half way going and I pass you on the way again—that is what they does it for. I heard of one case of a man, Marsalli, who confessed he had killed the child at Paraclete, and I think he was being tried later for murder. He had killed a woman, and he said some people had hired him to kill the child. I was not here then, but my sister told me when I came. They have quite a lot of wicked things that have been getting on in Grenada.

But the loupgarou, people are not born loupgarou, you see. A fellow told me over at Trinidad, a middle-aged man had loved him very much, and one evening that man called him and said, "I like you, boy, and I want to show you something. If I dead, you will have something to keep you." And he said he would agree. The man called him and said "Come, let me show you." He gave him a book showing his all sorts of things, then when he showed him that book about the loupgarou, how he can transform himself and what and what he can do, he said look at it and he got frightened, but he never told the man anything, he said "I am coming just now, sir." and he went outside, and he took off his hat and he run, and that man never see him again. If he had agreed, according to the prayers that is with this book, and the man learn him that, he would begin to practise and practise until he get perfect. The loupgarou does this thing when he wants to do it, but after a time when he get to curse it and he want to sell it to somebody and get rid of it, he get a penknife and he dress it in a way, and he throw it in the road, and anybody who take up that penknife—one or two days after, you start the same thing. And the old person has dropped it.

Just what they do, I really couldn't say. But if one comes to you, in the morning when you wake you see the blood outside the house, they cannot go with it. And the people would see the mark, a round mark, on their leg or their back or their hand—anywhere the loupgarou suck them. They can suck you in the head, and if you did not
get somebody to stop that, they suck you until you dead. That is why people shut up their house at night. To stop loupgarou, the Indian Powers give me this clove and lime, and I would put that at the door and the four corners of the house, and they can’t come in. Sometimes I write a spiritual sign, a seal, on the walls of the house; that stops them too. Then there is the sheshere that belong to Oshun, when she manifest she say anybody you use it on, if they have any trick, it spoil. Ogun does use the sword and Erile have a dagger for that. If you take this dagger when he manifest, and anybody have any trick and they standing there, he take it, he walk it East, West, North, South, and he do throw it on the ground; and as long as it stick there, that person cannot move. Emanja uses the sheshere too and Shango does use the chesbi with the round head.

ASSISTANTS

I always had trouble with my assistants in the work. When I was in Trinidad I had a young man helping me, he was my relative by the mother; his name was Franklin Smith, he was about twenty, and was from Grenada—-from Flamstead, St. Patrick’s. My father’s sister was his grandmother, he is my father’s sister’s daughter’s son. He came to Trinidad and he was living by a cousin of us, brother and sister children, and he live at the cousin for some time, then he heard of me and came home. He saw the work that I was doing, he get to like it and he told me he would remain with me. The people used to come, sometimes three hundred, four hundred people, and he told me, “Well, if we run a parlour it would be good, because we are far from the village.” As he steady, I built the parlour and furnished it and I put him in charge. He was doing well. Afterwards some of the people told him he was only making money to put in my pocket, so he got careless. But he know what he was doing, because he had a bank-book, and I allow him to put the money in the bank in his name because I trusted him, he seemed to be honest. Afterwards he start to get in a way, he was not showing me what he used to earn from the parlour, as in the beginning; he would just go and spend money and do what he like. I told him to draw the money and bring it for me, and he did so. He had three hundred dollars in the bank, and he drew it and bring it for me. I bought a cow, I told him he would get a share in the cow and I gave him thirty dollars to send to his mother, and I gave him some to buy clothes for him to wear.

He used to take off the notes of different things that I told the people, and attending to the people which came to see me. Sometimes I used to have forty sick cases at home, I attend to them about six months, and he used to help in caring them. Well, later they got better, some of them discouraged him by telling him he is a young man, and he should not follow this thing because he would not be able to keep it up. He didn’t tell me, but I found him out, when I got in a trance, in searching him I found him out, he was unfaithful, he was not working alongside of me. I told him, and one day he told me he is dissatisfied, he don’t understand what kind of power it is that is with me, and he dissatisfied.

Afterwards, when I came to Grenada, I left him with some animals I had, and he took the cow, the very cow that I bought him, that could
sell for three hundred dollars, and he went and sold it in the night, he told me how he sold it so that people should not see him for a hundred and fifty dollars.

Before him, there was a man that was living not very far from me, and when I started this work he came home, when he saw the rush of the people, he told me he would stay home to help me control the people. And he was there. He used to prevent them from coming in the place where I was attending to them. Then after a time he used to take money from them—"If you want to see the doctor, give me five dollars, I will let you see him." "If you want to see the doctor, bring a fowl give me, I will let you see him." All sorts of presents. Otherwise "too much people". And one day I went by the river and I found out that. When I came back I called him and I told him he is doing certain things that is wrong, he is working for the wages of Balaam. He told me is not the truth, he asked me what I mean. I said "I see you are taking money, like five dollars, ten dollars, even fifteen dollars from the people, that they should see me, and when they come inside they say they haven't a shilling to buy candle to light up the altar." He said is not true. After, he went home and he came back, and he told me is true, because the people does give it to his wife and he doesn't know. But that is not the truth, sometimes I lie down in bed and I see when he take it out and hand it to the wife, and I told him so. So I told him if what I saw is not the truth, everything that I have will finish, but if it is the truth, everything that he has will finish, and he will be a wanderer before three months. Before three months, all that he had he sold, his house and everything, and he is wandering in Trinidad up till to-day. He had a woman once as a keptress, and she was here last month and she said I would be surprised to see him, to-day he is living in a little hut here, next week he is somewhere about, he is moving about all over the place. And I told that very young man Smith his way would be the same thing, because he allowed the people to make him covet what the people is giving me, although what the people is giving me, they give me to allow me to take care of all the other sick people.

That is what I am doing up till now. The money the people give me, sometimes I put it and buy candles and oil to keep the temple going, and other things I buy, medicines and all other things to attend to the sick people. They think I was banking up the money, but I never do that. And these properties that the gentleman bought for me here in Grenada, I am paying for it, it is not out of the money that I get from attending to the people. Sometimes it might have about a hundred and fifty people home that I am attending. For the day, sometimes I get ten shillings, sometimes five dollars or ten dollars, according. Sometimes fifty people come that I should attend to them, sometimes they have not money, and I cannot turn them back, I must attend to them; but when the others remain outside, they look at the amount of people, they say "He kill money to-day, he get the money to-day!" And that is just their mind, but it is not so. Every one of them supposed to give me two shillings in a cup when they come, excepting I have to get drugs and other things, and I tell them how much it would cost them when I have to get things. And after, if they feel grateful, they give me what they want. Some does give me fifty dollars, some twenty dollars, and some they continue bringing a fowl
or something. But I only ask for two shillings, and I don’t ask for fowls or anything.

After I left Trinidad and came over here, I had the same large crowd attending at my mother’s home at Hampstead—beyond control. Another young man by the name of John came that I should attend to him; I saw him in spirit, I told him he had a great work to do. He was baptised by some other person, I told him they did not learn him the right things, that he could continue to do his own work, and he said he would stay with me. He was with me, helping to attend to the people, and controlling the people for me; sometimes when I have any hard work to do, he would help me. When I bought the house down here, Grantly came and I told him the same thing, so Grantly decided to stay home with me and to help. Well, that other fellow he got jealous of Grantly, because he wanted to be right up at one time, and Grantly told him is not so, he must have patience, and I am the person to control; he used to leave home and go out and attend to the people, he said he had got the same gift like me. And because Grantly spoke to him—I was at Trinidad—when I came over I did not meet him home. From that time he gone, and Grantly remain with me. Presently, John is somewhere by St. David’s, he is carrying on the same mission like me; only on Sunday a woman told me he does be in St. George’s, and up that way he is doing the same work, but the people complain very much about him, they say he is doing a work but he does not understand what he is doing.

Well, he has gone. And Grantly stayed with me, until he got sick and he was sent home to rest himself to come back, and another young fellow came in Grantly’s place. I have more trouble now, because he is not able to handle the work of the chapel; there are those that fit for that purpose, and there are those that come and they cannot do it. The spirit have to be with you, and if the spirit is not with you, you cannot perform the duties in truth. That is the reason why I have quite a strain, because I have to look after both sides.

The work that I have is too much for me presently; the amount of work I used to do before, I cannot do, but the position is not taken away from me, it is just that I have different work to do now. It was not so much when I started, I only had healing work to do and I was not keeping a prayers. But presently all of those things is under my hands. In days gone, when I newly take up this work, I used to attend two hundred people for a day, but now I cannot attend to fifty, sometimes fifty or sixty. And I didn’t use to sit down, I used to stand up. But then I didn’t keep a prayers, and I was not allowed to go out in feasts. Of course, I used to get better care, I had better co-operation; over at Trinidad when I started to do this work, there was a woman that used to come every morning, and she used to keep prayers all through the day, and keep singing; and while she keep prayers and singing the manifestations come, and I can attend to two hundred people for the day. But I don’t get that help here. She did that all the time, she was a Baptist lady by the name of Mother Olive, an amiable lady. She would come, she would instruct the children, she would instruct people, she would read the Bible for them and she would sing. She would pray the whole day. That time I was working the whole day.
But now I don't get that co-operation; my sisters, one in the house is Seventh Day Adventist, the other one belong to the Anglican Church, and they don't co-operate together closely with me as much, they never help me. Ralphie my brother is quite friendly, the Powers put him with me, in everything we co-operate together. My sister Eliza, the tall one that is Seventh Day Adventist, she actually believe that this is a devil work.

Suppose they have to prepare my clothes for a feast, they would say, "I don't belong to that thing and I would not worry myself, don't ask me to prepare anything. I ain't taking no part in it because I don't belong to that." Well, that worry my mind. In everything they have supposed my brother Ralphie as a superior to me, and they would tell me, "In all your business, put that to him, and let him rectify everything", but when I tell Ralphie he would go and tell them, "All that you-all have today, you all depend on him, and it is he that is keeping you, so anything that he want, well, you supposed to do it." Afterward they see that whatsoever the people is saying, whatsoever they doing, I am still prosperous, and to-day they have not to depend on anybody for anything, so their mind just start to give in, to help me in what I am doing.

My brother Darkie lived by himself at Mount Rich, and he is one, always hasty, that don't move with the family in a loving way, so he scarcely come home. He start that from when he was young. He never broke off from the home before he was married, but he never moved with his brothers as brother, in a way. He married somewhere about 1933 when he was quite old. He have plenty children before he married, by different ladies. But from before he had children he was always like that, as if he born under a bad planet, a hasty planet. No reason. And my sisters, not any of them married, they always have engage, but then they disbanded. That happen to every one of them, every one. None of them had any children except the last one, the smallest one, and she had about five, three dead and two alive—Maggie. But all my brothers married.

GRENADA 1953.

When I came back to Grenada I never go to the police, but when I went to Soubise to carry on that feast for a woman, three police came and they told me there was a report in the station about me, the Catholic minister said that I am beating the drum in his ears and he cannot rest at night, so they came to stop me. I told them, over at Trinidad they never stopped me, and my name was advertised on the paper as a healer who does spiritual work with drumbeating to heal the people, and I am going to the station. I went to the station, the sergeant told me somebody came to make a report against me; and when I came back I found out it was a woman living out in the road. A young fellow came there at me with a seal, and he behaved bad, leading a dirty life, and I told him about it and he went away; he tell the woman, and the woman went and tell the police to try and stop me from beating that drum. I told the sergeant I was in a house carrying on an African feast for a woman, she had a dream and she want me to carry on that feast for her; and I did not know if it is against Government that we should carry on any African feast? He
told me not to his knowing. He asked who opposed me, I told him
the police came and they told me that they were sent to stop me.
He said "My friend, there was no report here against you; go and beat
your drum, do as you like, everybody is supposed to do as they like
in their place." He said, "If you was near to the town, maybe they
might not have allow you to beat that drum beyond a certain time in
the night, and after that during the day you could continue. But you
are outside the town, you can do as you like in the place."

* * *

You will find a certain class of people in Grenada, the Council.
They would set a law, and if they send that to England, they decide it
in Parliament and it carried. That is the reason why if anything takes
place here, sometimes people goes to that Council, or the Secretary
of State, and they still don't get rights. This middle class of people
are the legislators, that is the reason why the people are trying now
to get the poorer class of people into the Council, because the poor
class of people knows the grievances of the people, and know the
people business. The richer people don't know the people business, or
whether they know, they try to keep it down. The more you put the
richer class of people into the Council, the more you look for trouble
on your own self.

Some time ago I heard the police went in one or two places, and
raid Ma when she had her drum beating, and a case was against her.
Well, it was heard in front of Mr. Copeland, and that is the reason why
Government not troubling the drum-beating for a little, because he
brought in the point where the people must have the things what
belongs to them. White people plays tennis, they have their dance and
they have their recreation, they could enjoy themselves; well, the
African people, that is what they have to enjoy themselves. That is
what Mr. Copeland, the magistrate, said.

And marriage, the white people and the African people have the
same, under the English laws. The white people, even if they spend
time at the parents' home, it is in a respectable way, that even if
they live with the lady in the home, you can't say anything, because
they spend the time in the home in a respectable way. I knows that,
because I work out with the white people a long time, I know what
they were about. Being more respectable, that is being more like the
white people. Now the white people, they are in the home with this
girl, they are engaged. They goes out together, they come back to­
ger, you can't tell they are engaged; you see they in the road walk­
ing and talking, you can't tell. But our colour doesn't respect one
another. From the time they see you, the way you move with this
lady in the road, they know exactly is nothing so much respectable.
And when our colour speak of other people as a respectable person,
they don't speak about the white people, they don't worry about the
white people—they can do anything, they don't worry about them.
Whether they live in a way that is married, or they live in a way that
people should look is not respectable, our colour don't meddle with
them. They are white and they can do anything. For instance, a white
man engaged to a white girl, he could walk anywhere on the beach,
he could get indoors, he could sit down, the two of them could lie
down—I would see them, I would frighten and I would not say anything, I would not even talk outside. But if they should see me walking on the beach with a woman, I am going to do something important for her, as an offering, you would find the people would track me, or they would say "Paul say he doing God's work, look where I met him on the beach with a lady and he going . . . " and so on. They would have no respect towards me, but they would respect a white man.

And at one time they respect Government, too, for the white people, but now they don't. They don't respect Government, that is the reason why so much of them does be in trouble for killing, stealing, and so on. They have no respect for Government law or to punish people in gaol. In Grenada in a little while again, I think we are going to suffer a lot of hard times. There is nothing looking so glaring as happiness in Grenada again. If you look at the young boys, the young men, they are more barbarous than anything, and they are not afraid of the law to-day. And once you find people in a place, they are not afraid of law, it means that you will never have happy times. A day gone, people was afraid even to see a policeman walking here, but to-day even if they arrest them, they fight the police and do as they like. "In the last days darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people, because men rather darkness than light, because their deeds are evil." And the Lord said these things would be taking place in the last days. And it is quite true, according to the things that is taking place, we know we are in the last days in truth, because so many thousand years ago it was written, and to-day it is fulfilling, and it said that in the last days those things would be taking place. Well, we have a little time and then something else would take place.

That is the reason why I don't believe Mr. Gairy would be so successful, because according to what he teaches, he is not on the Lord's side. The strike with violence will not do anything good; and not only violence, but to get in the field, take the cocoa, take the nutmeg, pick off the coconut; walk in the man's pasture, take his cattle, kill and eat, take his sheep, kill and eat—that is not on the Lord's side. I don't think he will be successful at all. I think it is a plan of Satan, showing the people where they will have strength, and they won't have anything. It don't belong to you, and you cannot take it as you well like. This thing don't belonging to me, if I take it, I steal it from you and I responsible before God.

And some of the people don't want you to pray. "We don't want to hear prayers, we only want to know, say the word and let us do the little thing." They mean they walk in, they set the house on fire, they meet you, they beat you. A poor man haven't anything to depend on but the ten fingers, he has ten children—what must he do? Just lie down and give up the ghost with his ten children and the wife? That is wrong in the sight of God. We cannot fight against God in the last days. You read St. James, the fifth chapter: "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl, for the miseries that will come upon you in the last days . . . Behold ye have robbed the hire of the labourers which have reaped down your field, and they cried, and the cry enters into the ear of the Lord of Sabaoth"; but He tells you "Be patient, brethren, establish your heart, the coming of the Lord draweth
nigh." He didn't tell you he is going to stop it. You cannot stop it, because we reach in the last days. That is why a godly man must not take any part with this strike, because you are on the offensive side with God. It does more harm to the people and yourself than God.

Presently, now, Gairy is giving a lot of big dance to get money to go to Jamaica to meet the Queen. I don't see where he wants so many thousand dollars to go and meet the Queen. He says he wants hundreds of dollars, and they give about twenty dances already, tonight they are giving one in Grenville again. When Butler was in England I told his people in Trinidad he would not be successful, because the poor people sell a hog, the women sell their gold bracelets, they sell their gold chains, some of them give themselves in immoral life to get up money to send for Butler. These things cannot depend on their spiritual welfare, God does not approve of that. A real sacrifice, you work, you know the cause that you are working for, and you cast it upon the will of the Lord, and He would accept that; but not that those are the people, and when the people does that, the officers themselves take that very money, they have three and four wives to keep out of that, they run motor car out of that, they run big spree out of that, and the poor people outside. At first everybody get a large raise in wages as labourers, but now instead of God throwing light, He throwing darkness, because the head of the movement is not moving right.

When I came from Trinidad I came with a letter, with some messages from visions for Gairy, to tell him what to do. It was telling him that he must give a feast, an offering, at the Grand Etang but he would not do it. It was just lately that I got that again, I went to tell him and he decided he would do it; but he invited the whole island to come to the Grand Etang, and the Powers would not be pleased, so he could not have done it. And I tell him he must fall, as he have to give the offering between himself and the Powers, and he was doing something as a show, and that would not have been accepted.

I couldn't go and see him when I came over from Trinidad, I first gave him the messages some time in March this year. A Sunday night I was saying prayers in the chapel and I saw two of them, Gairy and his assistant, they walk into the chapel and they sat down, and after service they came to me, and that is the time I got to know him. And I told him all the different visions and the different messages I had for him; he told me he must do what it says. He agreed to do it in truth, because he came and he asked me, whenever he is keeping an open-air meeting, he wants me to go with him to prayer before he start. But there is one of the men in his party, a legislator, said he would not be with him in his party any longer, because he have me as a Shango-man with him, and he is no Shango. And because of that he refused taking messages from me, because he said his members will let him down, the big men in his party.

I went to several meetings with him, I would speak before the meeting, I told them it is not something to do with man, but the people of Grenada wanted a leader, and in their troubles they cried, putting their cause to God, and God saw it necessary to send them a leader, and He raised one like Gairy to be their leader, and they sup-
posed to place their trust and confidence in him. Because when Israel was under the bondage of King Pharaoh and they find they could bear it no longer, they turned to God and they cried, putting their distress to Him, and He raised Moses as a leader to go and release them from the bondage of Pharaoh. And it is just so, they are under the bondage of many estates, and they cry out, and God raise one like Gairy to send to deliver them, so they must put their trust in him and be faithful in joining the Union and paying up their task, and if they are faithful to him they will be relieved. But if they are not faithful, just as the Israelites failed in travelling in the wilderness as they were deceivers to Moses, so if they were deceivers to Gairy they would fail just the same. I tell them, the people in Egypt, they were called at one time to leave Egypt and follow up Moses, but when they saw a little trouble in the wilderness they cry and tell Moses better he had left them in Egypt, but Moses tell them to stand still and wait, they shall see the salvation of their souls; and no doubt at some times things would be hard with Gairy, but they must stand still, and they would see what God would do for them.

But after that Gairy failed, because he was not faithful in handling the purpose; it is God's purpose, and he was not faithful in performing his duty. The money that the people been contributing, it is for their own benefit, but he not using the money for this purpose. The money is there so that if one is in distress, to help him, pay for a lawyer to help him, if any fall in sickness, to help, for a house to live —this money was contributed for that. So you find he was an unfaithful steward. He succeeded the first time because he had faith, and he was satisfied he was going to give even his life for the people. But when he saw the position he get to, everything changed.

At first the people come to follow him, because every estate, every man was afraid of him, and he would just walk in and demand what he want, because there was a power with him. The power of God was with him just as it was with Moses. If God was not with Moses, he could not have entered into Pharaoh to demand the people; and if the power was not with Gairy, he could not have got inside the Governor's house to sit down and talk as he like, that they should respect him. When they put him in the island of Carriacou, they said he was banished there for some time, but he said he get the best bed to sleep on, and he get the best meals, and he had a servant to attend to him, although he was banished away. If there was not a power with him, that would not have happened, they would not have respected him that far. Then he could walk on an estate at any time and demand the workers should stop work; but now the people are scarcely behind him; they not paying their charge, they are thinking he cannot do anything good for them. You see, we have to analyse the Scriptures with a man's life. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your light and glorify the Father." And the things which you testify, all your life must prove true, so that the people could see that you really is a man, and what you talk about, you maintain that. But if you talk of something and they see you mean something else, the people will not have any faith in you, because you fail. He speak about how he is going to work up his way that the people should get independence, whether on the estate, with Government or elsewhere, but to-day he is not getting those facilities.
The people is suffering; for instance, a woman came to see me just the day before, she had a cow, she want to sell it and she want me to buy it. She lived on a certain estate for some years, they had a piece of empty ground, and she planted cabouca, coconut, pears, and so on, and she used to pay rent for that place. Now the estate owner want to take it and pay her just what he want. She refuse. She belongs to the Union. This two years since, she is fighting the case with him, and the Union has not help her, and her case is perfect. The estate-owner knew that if the appraiser should come he would have to pay some money, so he bring the labourers and they cut down every bluggo tree, every cabouca tree, every pear tree—everything she had planted was cut down. And he watched this himself. When the appraiser came they could not appraise it, because they had not anything there. Well, during the time he was cutting, she went and got Gairy's man to come and see the damage, and up to now they have not given her a lawyer to plead the case; they said they would see about it themselves, but nothing happen up to now. So now she have to sell her cow to get a lawyer to plead the case, because she spend so much money, and the estate does not mean to do anything. She have a paper, it say how many bluggo trees, coconut trees, cocoa trees, was there, but the Union has not done anything for her.

The only thing that can be done about the way things are in Grenada, is real fervent prayer, real obligating yourself. Just as Jonah did, mourn in sackcloth and ashes to spare Nineveh. I try to do that, but it has not taken real effect, because you must be alone and obligating yourself for an amount of days. Then that would take place. You have to fast alone, like Gandhi. You must fast, it must not be in a home, it must be outside, being alone outside. I have never done that, but I had orders to do it, oftentimes; but I never get the chance. I believe that is one of my mistakes. I tried it home, and I never get through. I tried it many times at Trinidad, I tried it and I never get through. I in a room, I said "Nobody don't come to me to-day, nobody don't call me," and somebody comes and they talk in the temple and they sit down, and that break the fast, as soon as they draw your attention the fast is broken. But I have orders to build a hut in the bottom piece of land, so that these fasts could take place there. I have orders to fast with honey and milk and one biscuit a day. There is a woman came home, I baptised her, and she came home Sunday morning, she fast for three days; she did very well, she had a cup of water Sunday morning, one mid-day, one Sunday night, the same Monday the whole day, and the same thing Tuesday the whole day. She fasted by herself and the spirit visit her and she did very well.

As soon as I get away from people I would travel much farther in spirit, and get plenty things, too. But as soon as I get crowed up again this thing will just die away from me. I am going to build a little hut for that purpose; I am not worried about the future, because only last night I was told to go and get a new robe to baptise the children, and as soon as I get that new robe I would reach farther in the spirit. It is salmon-colour, Indian. I like the Indian Powers very well, because they are very powerful; a woman sent to tell me from Aruba, she had a very serious case. and to see what I can do. She has a daughter
in the home, a young man get at the daughter, and he went about broadcasting her character, but the mother getting to hear, and she calling him to speak to her. When he came home she bathe him down with a kettle of hot water, and he was disfigured. They are Grenadians, I think, but the man was not a Grenadian. There was a case coming up about it, and they tried to deport her, and she was in distress, and she sent to tell me by a friend of hers. The Indian Powers said they cannot make any case about that, and just to tell her, "Get some water and some cloves." That was used, and she sent to tell me everything was quiet, they never worry her. The Indian Powers is very powerful.
"...IN HIS OWN COUNTRY."

WORK OF THE POWERS.

SINCE I came back to Grenada, all the time people are coming at me. Sometimes they come to me for help, those people who believe in the old people, the dead people, when the dead are troubling them; sometimes people come because somebody have put obeah on them; sometimes they come because lougarou troubling them; sometimes they sick, sometimes it is an evil spirit that is with them. I tell them what is happening, they have not to tell me. They sit down and I tell them, and anything that I have to get, Oshun will tell me, and I will tell them "Do so-and-so." But if is anything they want such as me to do something to hurt somebody, I won't do that. I told them I would rather I just living in a house so, and I can just get something to eat and drink, and those Powers remain with me, than lose the Powers by doing wrong things. Because thousands of people is enjoying health through those Powers, in Trinidad, in Grenada, and even in Carriacou. Sometimes women come that have a growth, I get medicine; or they suffering with a headache, high blood-pressure, diabetes, sore foot. Sometimes they come because they don't have any children at all, I give them a dose of medicine, and in a little while they have a child. Some will tell me, "Well, I thought you was giving it to me to take home," and I say "No, you take it right here." Many cases the doctors say they cannot cure, they get better. If a person is coming, as soon as they reach home I get in a trance, and even if it not a day for that work, if somebody is very sick it come right away and I get in a trance, and I get the right thing for him.

But the thing that cause me most trouble is bad behaviour. If the whole house is in order, I would be able to do anything, but if there is a person in the house that don't live a good life, it hampers the Powers from coming into the house. Then I would have to search, the Power would come and go, come and go, and I would know something wrong, I would have to search out and pray, and search out everybody and cut them out. And then the Powers would come. A lot of the people come because their home is in a bad state; sometimes it is in a bad state according to the life which the husband lead, or the wife, and sometimes it is with an evil spirit, so that they cannot unite, and when I come at that place, sometimes I remain at the house and see what is the cause, and I go and work and get out that evil spirit, and then they get to unite. To get out the evil spirit, sometimes you
take the coconut broom and you order the spirit. I would see it in 
the form of a person going, and when it goes, I would look at it in 
spirit till it reach where it come from, and order it not to come back 
to them, and it would not come back. Sometimes I get different liquids, 
salt, and ashes, and use it round the place, it will kill out whatsoever 
they have in the place. Sometimes the Indian Power will come and 
use cloves in the place and praying in the Indian language, and every­ 
thing get all right.

It may be something that is put in the yard, as obeah, not an 
evil spirit, and whatsoever they use, wheresoever it drop, that will 
come out. If Oshun come and we have to beat the drum and she 
manifest, and she start to do her work with the coconut broom, and 
she ask for naked water and salt and she sprinkle the steps, then 
everything get clean.

Sometimes it is just husband and wife trouble. To cure that, I 
just speak to them, how they must live and how they must try to 
move properly. For instance, a creole lady came to me and she tell me 
she has a shop, and she closed the shop on Saturday night, she had 
some moneys in the shop, and Sunday morning when she went there 
she doesn’t see any. I told her it is a young man that does be at her, 
when, she close the shop he go and take it. She asked me which, I told 
her “Call out their names.” And when she call out and she reach that 
one, I told her that is the very one. She said he is the one coming to 
her all the time. I told her “Because he know all about it, that is why 
he is so interested.” She told me how her husband worked outside 
as a driver on the road, and he coming home every weekend, and he 
curse her and he tell her all sorts of things which she doesn’t know 
anything of, she don’t grow up in that scandal way, and she very 
much ashamed, I told her well, it is only a trial against her, is a test 
between her and God. The only thing, she can keep nearer to God and 
pray for deliverance, that is the only thing she can do, that is the 
only way we can overcome trials and temptations. And she must thank 
God, because He said inasmuch as He has suffered in the flesh for 
our sake, we must arm ourselves likewise, and if she is suffering trials 
in that way, she must go closer to God, as He is the only one that 
will shield her, because He promised to give His angels watch over us, 
to keep us in all our ways, lest we dash our foot against a stone. And 
when I speak to her in that way she was satisfied, and she said she 
would come back again to speak to me.

Then many people, evil spirits are with them, troubling them so 
that they become stupid. There was a man came recently from Aruba, 
the doctor had ordered his son to the asylum, and his grandmother 
took him to me. While I was attending to him, I told her I want some 
money to get some drugs to attend to him, she told me the father 
would have to send it from Aruba. The father did send the money, but 
she did not give it to me and she did not bring the young man back, 
so they took him to the asylum. The father came last week, and he 
told me. I told him it is their fault, because they promising to send 
to do certain things and they not doing it. The father told me he agree, 
and he would do anything if I could get the boy out. I told him yes. 
I gave him some liquid in his hand, I told him, “When you go in and
talking to him, pass your hand under his head, and when the doctor
comes it will be all right.” He said “You think so, Mr. Paul?” I said
“Yes.” He went, and next day he came home with the boy. He told me
he did as I told him, and in a little while the doctor came and the
boy spoke quite well to the doctor, and he said, “Well, you can take
him and go.” The boy came home at me, he spoke to me quite all
right too. And the father told me he is taking him away with him.
He bought a piece of land for the boy, and a person put the spirit in
the house because they don’t want the boy to have that land. And
the father told me somebody else had told him just the same thing,
and he believe it. The boy is much better.

There was a lady, it was about two years since she had been
travailing with some evil spirit. She used to live with my brother and
his wife, until he went to Trinidad and his wife died, and she living
at her own house presently. She doing wrong things to her home,
gathering sticks and lighting fire inside the home, and the house is
in a miserable condition, because all her furnitures she have burn up,
part of the house is burn up, she only have a little gallery where she
could live, she can’t live in the main house. She had a whip, beating,
people can’t tell what she is beating; and talking, talking to some­
body, sometimes it lead her outside, she run out at night and cry out
that somebody is putting her out of the house. She was baptised in
the Baptist faith, the Shouters, some time last year; she had a gift
to get medicines, to attend to sick people, and she had a vision that
she should go and baptise with me. Before she went to the Baptists
the spirit was with her, but since she came back she couldn’t do any­
thIng again, she get worse. It was not an evil spirit before she bap­
tised. Now it makes a noise on the roof, sometimes she said she heard
a voice speak to her, and it would lead her to go and do wrong things,
as stealing. They called the man who baptised her, and he said nothing
could be done; it is a long time since they have been trying to get
her to come to me, but she only came recently, and her face was very
haggard and miserable, and from the time I attend to her, her features
change, coming back as somebody that was never sick. I got some
bush and gave her a bath according to how I was instructed, and then
smoke her up with incense and peppers, orange, garlic and wild guava
seed, I smoke her up with that, and after I was through she went and
sleep for awhile, and she get a relief.

I had sent to call her many times, she would not come, she said
the spirit tell her not to come to me, but at that time she told me
they said she could come to me now. I know somebody put an evil
spirit on her, because sometimes I feel that the Baptists (their chapel
is not very far from me) they put some seal on the bandage of the
people when they bind their eyes, and it leave the people in a stupid
way, they are talking funny things. I get many people coming to me
with these spirits.

* * *

A Dracula is a spirit in a house. Sometimes you hear a voice sing­
ing, and you don’t see anybody. Sometimes you sit down and see a hand
taking something away from you, and you don’t see anybody. It throws
fire around the place, too. And that is the way it used to happen at
a woman in Carriacou. Sometimes a spirit in the house and it compels
a person to do something, you only feel the heat; but this spirit is
doing it for itself. You will sit down there, it take up this thing and
throw it around, you don't see anybody. It break up the jealousies,
it break up most things in the woman's house. She put a dress on
her child, she stand up and she see the dress come off from the child
and stay in the yard. She give the child a two shillings, she put it in
the child's hand to go to the shop to buy something, the child took
it and the next minute she don't see it. Afterwards, she go and find
it inside the house on the table. She ironed the child's new dress and
hang it up there, she only see a light and the dress is a blaze of fire.
Another new dress she put on the child, she stand up and bits come
of it. That is the work it was doing. The child eating from a plate,
and the plate just heave up like that without anybody doing it. The
child saying "Mammy, something pinching me," she would see the
mark of the nails on the child, but not seeing anybody. She said she
went to Martinique, she went to Trinidad, and all they told her to
do, she did it, and she never get any results. So when she calling the
doctor and telling him the things that was happening, he told her
he believe it is a little boy. So he took the boy to stay with him, and
the things was still happening. He tied the boy up one night and put
two of the nurses to watch him, and the morning it did happen the
same, so when she went and told him, he said "You will not be able
to get rid of this thing yourself. The best thing is to get people that
beating drum to stop it." She did call for me to come and stop it, and
she had no more trouble with that spirit after the Powers work in the
place; I have to go back to make an offering, a Thanksgiving for her.

I attend to about twenty or more people in a day. Some of them
have been sick with different pains and so on, and I give them medi­
cine to drink. A young man from Munich had been suffering from a
headache for the whole week, and I took three mango leaf, and the
headache pass instantly at that very moment. A woman came, she
told me since the day before, she went to the river and she came back,
her eye is paining her and she could scarcely open it; so I took a
mango leaf and I cured that, and when I was through she said it is
all right, and she did not feel anything again. A lot of women have
a pain in their tummy, and I have to give them bush to drink, this
wild grape is one of the things that cure most of the people with
those pains, and cotton-leaf. it cure a lot of people. Some with head­
ache, some they remain like that and they feel their body just funny,
helpless, they want to know why; well, according to what I see happen
to them, I give them a bath with warm water and different bush
and some liquid, and they feel better.

The people here do two types of evil, they scatter things in the
yard, and they send evil spirits. When you wake in the morning you
find a penny, a threepence in the yard, sometimes you get a crapeau
(frog) right in the house. The door close, but it right inside the house,
and as you put it out you feel your foot start to pain you. Sometimes
you would find an egg right on the step. And you would think, Well,
you know someone put it. And they take it and they throw it right
away, and as they do that they feel their body pains them just so.
Then sometimes people ask me to stop dealers and loupgarou; I
have not stopped them from doing that, but I stop them from coming in the house. There is different things that can be used to stop that, there is the ratchet, a bush, flat with prickles, and as long as it is by the house they cannot come; and the coconut whip is a power against them, you have to consecrate it and put it inside the house. I use certain prayers over it and give it to them to bring home. And the Powers that will be concerning it will be in the home, evil spirits can’t approach the home while you have it there.

When Jesus cast out the spirits from the man that was crazy, they were called Legion. Legion is many, so it have many evil spirits, and Christ told Peter he would send legions of angels. Just as the good spirits is everywhere, so the evil spirits is everywhere. The people say there are particular places for particular spirits, but I don’t believe so.

There was another girl, the Baptist leader was attending her, so he put the spirit on her, and the time she came here she ate about six pot of food, the whole day, the whole night she eating food. I told the grandmother what it was, but they took her back to the Baptist leader and they spent a good amount of money with him. When they saw she could not get better, the mother came back to me. I said “Don’t worry now, I can’t do anything. But I bet you if she had come the first time and she had come three times to me, she would be better.” She beg me, she tell me she get any money, I said “I would not take any money from you, but I will get her better.” And the first day she came she stopped eating that amount of food. The second day her features were something like a normal features. And the third time she came and tell me she is quite better. And up till to-day she is better, that is about seven months now.

In order to destroy this evil spirit inside her, I gave her lime juice, fine salt, sweet oil, five drops of red lavender, five drops of white lavender and three drops of spirit of vinegar. That destroy it. And afterwards I gave her the wild grape leaves to drink for about fifteen days. I gave her three baths with different bush. And after that she is better. I have to consecrate the bath and the drink with a psalm, and a few prayers. If you don’t say the psalm and the prayers it won’t have any effect. And sometimes in laying on hands and curing an evil spirit, you have to use a psalm and a few words of prayer, too. If the person have faith you can cast out an evil spirit easy; if the person does not have belief, you have lots of trouble to cast out an evil spirit from them. When they say “Mr. Paul, I don’t know you but I was sent to you in a vision.” At the moment I say “You are suffering from a serious headache,” they say “Yes.” As I lay my hands, as I lay my hands I take it out and it leave them for ever. But sometimes they does say “Mr. Paul, I am feeling sick and I hear you can cure people, I come and see what you can do for me, I don’t know if you can help me . . . ” They are with a doubt, and it take me a long time to get them better, because they say “Well, it seems as if he is good, it look as if he can do something, because I am a little better—anyway I will go back and see, it looks as if he can get me better.” They are in a doubt, and the spirit does get this from them. But when they do it with their whole confidence, if they believe with all their mind, they are healed. The man said to Christ, “Well, Lord. I believe,” and at
the very moment he was healed. And it is just so with the works of the spirit.

I attended to a woman Easter week, when I had a week's festival. She had an evil spirit move just like a crab, when you hold them up the claws stay up. She would get on like that and she would cry, she had no peace with herself. She move her hands, her feet, her body like the crab, she feel like the crab, she have pains all over her body, no peace night or day. The doctor took her in the hospital; they tell her well, medicine can't do anything for her, she must stay like that till she pass away. Somebody tell her of me, and she came here. I told her to come back during the Easter week and I would attend to her on the Thursday, for Thursday is the women's day. St. Philomena, St. Anne, Emanja, the Blessed Virgin, they all come. Well, one of them manifest and ask me to light a big thing of fire and dance her over the fire, and put her down and tie her eyes up, she couldn't see what we were doing, and get a frog, and that frog would get the spirit out, and then it cast it right up in the air. That was Oshun, and I took her and dance over that fire with her, and put her down and get a frog, a crapeau, and move it all on her body, and it took that spirit; and I went and tossed it up as high as it can go, and that very moment she get better and she wake. She better until to-day. The people who saw that say it is one of the most wonderful miracles they have seen. She has been well since, she walking and doing her work as usual. She is about thirty-six, thirty-eight, and she had that many years, growing worse and worse. You see, somebody have sent that spirit to her.

Since then, many people, their families are taking them out of the asylum and they get cured. Sometimes I have the whip and I beat and beat, and you feel sorry for the licks the person is getting; but when that spirit leave them they cry out, "Missa Paul, don't beat me!" and the spirit gone. As long as the spirit is with the person, the Power is with me, and when the spirit leave, the Power gone too. So I know exactly when the spirit has left them. But the person is not feeling the heavy blows he getting, is not him. Sometimes the spirits laugh and play with me, the more I beat them the more they play with me, trying to break me, as when they playing hide-and-seek. But they mustn't touch me, because if they touch me the Power will overcome them, and then they say "I am going now, I am going now, I am going!" and then after one or two blows again, the person return and say the spirit gone. Then I would have to fall down and tell him where the spirit want to go, because when I am in the Power I can see the spirit going, and if it in the road and looking for somewhere to hide, it might come in to you, and in a few days you sick. But if it is a spirit coming from the grave, I would stand up and see it go right back in the grave, and if it is of the sea, I would see it go right back to the sea.

I never have anything to do with other African Dance people at all. My carrying-on is just from home, and I have instructions how to carry on the purpose, I was told not to follow any of them or do anything that they does, I would receive instructions how to do whatsoever I must do. There is a certain place in the river here where I
have to go and offer up the offerings, that I could get new messages how to carry on—you can see it have shelves and shelves of pebbles there. So I go and place my offerings there, wash it and place it properly, sometimes on the shelf and sometimes in the water, and you see all the big fishes, they come and feast on it, and during this time I get messages.

When I hold a feast in a person’s house, I put up an altar outside, but not in the room. And I don’t put up a shelf on the wall unless the people are living good, because sometimes they cannot control it and it leaves more trouble for them. According to the life they lead, if I put a shelf with a bowl that they should keep it lighting to adore that, and they don’t live good in the house, it leave more trouble for them. I put up a cross outside, and I put up the altar with the candles and everything, I consecrate it for the saints. I put up an altar of mud outside for Ogun, and while the feast is carrying on he is there. If it is somebody that could maintain it, I leave him there, but if they cannot maintain him, on Saturday morning, taking my dismissal, I remove it and he goes. If they lead a good life in the home with their husband, they agree, they get on well, then that altar could remain; but if they don’t get on well, or are persons that is living a funny sort of life with different husbands or so, or they not clean, then they cannot keep that thing, the saints don’t agree, and it would leave them in more worry, more distress. Oftentimes in different places I went, that happens. But I kept that feast at Plaisance, Munich, I left the Ogun there, and the woman told me she get a lot of results from it, herself, her husband, her children, every one of them. Anything coming to them, they get it indeed, and the Ogun would manifest in her at any time, telling her what she must do, and whenever she do it, everything is all right. But at Flamstead I went to a home and give a feast, I couldn’t leave Ogun there, because the children don’t behave themselves and the mother don’t behave herself. She have grown-up girls, they have different boys in the house, they use all sorts of expressions, they don’t pray, and so. Ogun wouldn’t remain there. The yard must be clean and respected, that Ogun should remain.

* * *

When I am going to keep a three-days feast I begin the work on a Tuesday night. Wednesday is St. Michael’s day, Ogun. I would get the fowl and the goat for Ogun and place them on one side from seven o’clock up till twelve, and when it is twelve o’clock we end our prayers and we beat drum and dance, and Ogun will manifest; and when it is four o’clock in the morning, we get all the animals, we clean them up, and take them to the Ogun. It is outside there, where I go and pray first, put salt and ask anything; I would take the goat there for sacrifice. And when I kill the goat, you can’t put it down and saw its neck and it keep on bellowing all the time. It must face the East, and it must be one cut. If you missing with that cut and it start to bleat and run about, you have more distress and trouble in that sacrifice. Ogun not any blind man, is a watchman, and if he displease with his work, he leave you in trouble. You will have to get a next feast and have a next goat, because it is spoilt. And when you killed the goat one cut, you have to get the obi (kolanuts). To satisfy
the people I have to get the obi and ask the Powers if they are satisfied. I use four obi—two whole ones, you open them in half. When you throw them down, if two pieces turn up and two pieces down, he says “Yes”. He satisfied. But if all the four pieces turn up or down, he not satisfied. Three up and one down, he still not satisfy. Two must be the answer. If he don’t satisfy, you either have to pray more, or light another candle, or you ask him what he want and when he answer, according to the obi, then the work will be all right. But when he is not pleased, you can throw it a hundred times, you wont get to answer.

When I start a work on Tuesday night, I prays for all the saints first, but I don’t call in the people who are dead. I don’t work in the people’s house, they come to me, except they asking me to give a feast at their place, then I would do that. I do a general feast of thanksgiving every Easter, starting Easter Sunday, and it ends on the Saturday, a whole week. Well, as long as they pleased, they don’t trouble me for another feast until another year. But sometimes I feel satisfied with whatever work I have been doing, and giving thanks, I give a thanksgiving feast. I am expecting to go back to Carriacou soon, to give a thanksgiving feast at the house of the woman that had that Dracula, the evil spirit troubling the child. When I have a feast for seven days, I kill a beast on every day. Sometimes I have to kill turkeys, guinea-bird, fowls, goat and sheep, but I don’t make a special table of that. When I kill for Ogun I get the leaves and place it on the ground in front of his altar outside, and everything that has been cooked for the purpose, I dish them out in calabash and plates and serve it up and place it; when I finish I put it on the ground, spread it on the leaf, and I play the obi and ask him if he satisfied. Then I get a bucket and make everybody wash their hands, and a clean towel and make everybody wipe their hands, and call them one by one and shake hands, put it in their hands, and everybody eat. That is in the evening. I don’t put anything on the table in the hall of the house—the Nation Dance people do that, and there is Shango people that does that, feeding people’s dead.

For this seven-day feast, you start on the Sunday, the first day, for Ogun, and you feed Ogun’s children. Then the Monday, the Indian Powers, I don’t know their names, but they telling me is for Baba, and when I saw this Baba coming to me, he is a short stout Indian man with this prulta, and he have a white cord and a round knob on it. Tuesday is the day for all the saints. And Oshun would come first and start the work for Wednesday, which is Ogun’s work. Thursday is all the women saints, and some of the men. Thursday your sacrifice is pigeons for St. Philomena, a guinea-bird for St. Catherine, a turkey and dove for St. Peter and Oseyin is the morocoi. Shakpana is a Dominica fowl, not a rooster, Erile is a peel-neck cock and hen, a pair. You can kill six for Erile, but it must be three roosters and three hens. Emanja is a white hen, you can give four, five, but all must be hen, and pure white. Oseyin is the morocoi, Shakpana is the Dominica hen, you can kill any amount but all is hen. Friday is Abakoso, St. John. You can kill two, you can kill six, but the sheep is important. This sheep must be one that is not serviced yet, a young male sheep, milk-white, not spotted. And you can’t kill a black goat for Ogun, only red. Shango does a lot of work in healing, and he
manifests in the power, too. Oshala and Obatala, they take goats too, on Thursday. The first and last of the days is for Ogun and Shango. There is another Power that I get, a male saint, called Gurun; he takes a black male goat, on a Thursday, too. When I sacrifice that goat I have to get a black head-tie and a black sash. And for Ogun work, when doing Ogun work I must have a red head-tie. With the Indian Power I use the prulta and the turban, I get a brown robe to baptise, and a white robe and a white head-tie after baptism to carry on services.

The Powers instruct me in preparing a feast, what I should get and how it must be prepared. While I am in a trance the young man with me would write down the messages I get, and when it is in the language, I would translate it for him while I am in the trance. I don't remember any of it when I finished, but as soon as I get in trance again, everything comes back. And when the Indian Powers come, if I am at the altar and this short man comes, I will see him reach right here, and as soon as he reach in the door I would get in a trance and start and perform the duties; and when he is going away I hear him saying "I am going away", then I will get back natural. And when I get back natural I would feel nothing at all, just as if nothing had ever happened. If I have a pain before and that man come, when he leave me everything gone, and if you have a pain, you didn't tell me, and the manifestation come on me, I will lay hands on you and tell you. And I would know when St. Michael is coming, I would tell them "Ogun coming", because even though I am not in power, he would notify me. And the person who the saint will arrest, at the time they does not know the saint that arrest them, but I would know because that first lady saint that come to me, Oshun, she would be standing by me all the time, and she would tell me who came.
NOTES ON THE POWERS.

THE SPIRITS who are referred to in the preceding text belong to the Shango pantheon which is worshipped in Trinidad and Grenada. The rites, hymns, prayers and spirits of this pantheon all have African origins, their prototypes being drawn from the traditional religion of the Yoruba peoples of south-western Nigeria. Accordingly an understanding of Caribbean Shango requires some knowledge of Yoruba myth and worship.

Various versions of different myths and practices have been reported among the Yoruba. Such differences reflect divergent local traditions which are encouraged by the complexity and subtlety of this religion. Despite their occurrence, the various Yoruba tribes all share a common framework of basic ideas and rites which can be identified as Yoruba religion for comparison with practice elsewhere. Minor spirits which escape notice in one Yoruba village may attain prominence in another; the characteristics and worship of major orisha (spirits, deities) may also vary in details from area to area; but such variations have a limited significance for the cult as a whole, and are quite consistent with one another as versions of a common main tradition.

In the West Indies, conditions of acculturation and social context have tended to differentiate local variants of the traditional cult even further, within colonies as well as between them. Thus, in Trinidad the worshippers of Shango generally meet at a fixed place where their leader has his ‘tabernacle’. In Grenada, the cult-group moves from home to home and village to village as its services are required. As between cult-groups, other differences may be traced to the obligations which leaders have to follow their divine guidance through prophecy, vision or other means, a theme which the text illustrates.

In its accommodation to the West Indian cultural context, Shango worship has therefore undergone certain developments which are not present in Yoruba tradition. Various orisha have been identified with Christian saints, and occasionally with Old Testament prophets also. Other saints who lack Yoruba equivalents may still appear in the cult, and several orisha have no clear Christian equivalents. As we might expect, the syncretism of Shango and Christian hagiolatry is partial and unsystematic, although it is also pervasive. Despite a high degree of consensus in ritual and belief, it is thus quite understandable that differing priests and groups of worshippers have somewhat differing practice and interpretations of the common tradition. The general public tends to interpret these divergences as indices of differing knowledge and observance of the original worship. As the text illustrates, cult-leaders do much the same.

Norman makes most mention of Oshun, Yemanja, Ogun, Obatala, Oba, Shakpana, Oya, Erile, Osayin, Legba, and Abakoso (Shango). He also refers to various Indian powers, naming Baba among them, and to an unidentified spirit called Gurun. In addition he cites wereh, the state of temporary disassociation which some possessed persons evince, as another Yoruba deity.

Norman identifies several of the Yoruba spirits whom he names with Christian saints, for example, Oshun with St. Philomena, Yemanja with St. Anne, Ogun with St. Michael, Osayin with St. Anthony, Abakoso with St. John. In addition he identifies Shakpana with Ezekiel,
and Legba with ‘the Prince of Darkness’. All these spirits have certain features in common. All are anthropomorphic, have determinate sex, prefer certain colours, days of worship, sacrifices, and articles or dress when they possess devotees. Such conditions characterise their Nigerian originals.

Yoruba believe that the world was made by Olorun, a high god, who withdrew after creating Oduduwa and Obatala. Opinions differ about the latter’s sex, although all agree that they were spouses. Dr. Lucas holds that Obatala was male, and Oduduwa female, while Dr. Parrinder, guided by data he gathered at Ife, inclines to the opposite view. 1 Norman Paul does not mention Oduduwa and says nothing about Obatala’s characteristics, but in Yoruba mythology, Oduduwa is generally regarded as the ancestor of the Yoruba people. He established the city of Ife, the oldest centre of Yoruba culture, as his home, and was its first ruler. Oduduwa and Obatala had two children, Aginju and Yemanja, who also married one another. Lucas identifies Aginju as the god of the desert and Yemanja as the goddess of the sea. 2 Aginju has not been reported from the British Caribbean, but Yemanja is well known in the area. In Norman’s cult, Yemanja is identified with St. Anne, and is associated with water, although it is not quite clear whether this is the sea to the exclusion of inland waters. People possessed by Yemanja may dance with goblets of water on their heads, none spilling despite great freedom of movement. Yemanja is popular for her benevolence and is called on to help her devotees in many ways, especially against witchcraft and sorcery.

In Yoruba myth, Yemanja had several children, of whom Ogun, the god of war, iron, and the hunt, is the most prominent. In Norman’s account, Yemanja is the sister of Abakoso, as Shango is often called. Yoruba traditions state that Shango was the fourth king of old Oyo (Katunga), but was driven out of the town with his wives and hung himself in despair. His supporters then attacked the town and answered questions of his whereabouts by saying that Shango had gone to heaven in anger, ‘the king had not hanged himself’ (Oba ko so, pronounced Abakoso by Oyo Yoruba). 3

Accordingly, kinship can only hold between Shango and the orisha of southern Yorubaland in the general sense that all are issue of Oduduwa. Shango is more closely linked with Oya, Oshun and Oba, the wives who withdrew with him from Oyo and witnessed his death. All three goddesses are now linked with various rivers in Yoruba country, Oya being goddess of the Niger, Oshun of a river by that name near Oshogbo, and Oba goddess of the river that flows by Ibadan. The myth says these rivers originated in the tears shed by Shango’s wives at his death. In the Yoruba rites, a double-headed axe is closely associated with Shango, who is conceived as the god of thunder and fire, and is deeply respected and feared. In Norman’s practice, Shango (Abakoso) has Friday devoted to his worship, and uses the chesbi or sheshere, a broom of palm-leaf spines, to repel and punish evil. Persons possessed by Shango (Abakoso) may dance unharmed in fire, eat burning coals and the like. For Norman, Shango is ‘a gospel man’, St. John, a fierce preacher and a ‘hunter man’.

Along with Shango, Ogun is the most active of the male spirits in this pantheon, both in Yorubaland and in the Caribbean. Ogun is associated with iron, which is always found in his shrines. He has a special relation with blacksmiths, prefers the colour red, and requires a red goat as a sacrifice according to Norman Paul. He is worshipped on Wednesdays and Sundays, has the sword as his symbol, and dresses like an officer. He is a rather fierce, peremptory spirit, much dreaded for the severity of his punishments. In Grenada, the generic term, logun, is used to refer to all the unnamed spirits belonging to this pantheon, and these receive food-offerings together though their identities are obscure lest envy motivate them to inflict harm.

Shakpana, the Yoruba god of small-pox, is disabled and old, often using a stick to help him walk. In south-western Nigeria, Shakpana priests inherited the property of persons who died of smallpox, since this was interpreted as punishment inflicted by their god. They were accordingly often suspected of encouraging the spread of this disease, and Shakpana became an object of great fear among the people, many of whom sought protection from small-pox by entering the god's special cult. In the Caribbean, Shakpana is also associated with evil, with illness and misfortune, but not with small-pox directly, nor with evil alone. Norman, for instance, regards Shakpana as a great healer. Like many Yoruba deities, his personality is too complex to fit easily into simple moral categories.

Osayin and Erile (Erinle) are also associated with medicines and magical relief. Both are conceived as male, though Norman Paul says little about Erinle. Yoruba traditions associate Erinle with the hunt and the forest, Osayin with magic and medicine. Like the other 'powers', each of these spirits receives a distinctive sacrifice, and designates his presence in a possessed person by distinctive articles and behaviour. Norman reports his usage clearly in the text.

Oshala, who is rather prominent in Grenada, seems to be a minor female deity of rather shadowy characteristics and powers. An orisha with this name does not seem to be known to Yoruba; but it is possible that the Caribbean Oshala derives from the group of spirits whom Yoruba refer to as Orishala. According to Parrinder, the spirits of this group seem to be mainly concerned with fertility and agriculture. In Yoruba rites, Orishala is sometimes presented as a single god, although several different aspects of divinities may be represented.

Norman Paul makes no mention of Eshu, but instead speaks of Legba as the 'prince of darkness', presumably a personage rather like the Judaeo-Christian devil. The view is rather simpler than the original Yoruba conception of the god. Lucas identifies Legba, Elegbá, Elegbara as names by which Eshu is known. Parrinder equates the Yoruba Eshu with the Dahomean god Legba. Both agree that among the Yoruba, Lega-Eshu is associated with markets, cross-roads, gates and divination. Market-vendors owe him a special attention. Eshu shrines are commonly found before the entrance of Yoruba temples of Ifa and in the homes of Yoruba diviners (babalawo). Eshu-Legba has a special relation with Ifa, the Yoruba god of divination, who is also absent from the Caribbean pantheon of Yoruba gods. In his relation to Ifa, Eshu-Legba has the role of agent. Ifa, the Yoruba god of divination, approximates closely to our concept of Fate. Accordingly, Legba-Eshu

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is the agent whose actions bring Fate to pass. Legba is thus a complex and rather amoral personality, full of the guile without which he could not discharge his role. Professor Herskovits has referred to this side of Legba's character as 'the trickster', and he also points out that although Legba is often described as 'the prince of darkness' by New World Negroes, their differences are well known. Perhaps this qualification applies to Norman's equation also.

In Yoruba lore, Ifa has a number of origins, the details of which vary although agreeing in certain features, such as Ifa's creation of the art of divination, and his special relation with Legba-Eshu. Yoruba diviners are accordingly regarded as priests of Ifa, who created the art which enables them to determine the cause of past events and the course of the future. The Yoruba techniques of divination are highly specialised and complex, requiring several years of uninterrupted study to acquire. One method involves the use of 16 nut segments which give a total of 256 alternative patterns when thrown. The babalawo identifies the relevant pattern, recites its formula, and then interprets its meaning in terms of his client's case. As diviners are under the special protection of Ifa and Legba, it is unlikely that many of them were sold into West Indian slavery for fear of the gods they served. It is furthermore unlikely that those diviners who did come to the Caribbean as slaves could have passed on their full knowledge since this takes several years of study, which acolytes could not manage under conditions of West Indian slavery. Such considerations may account for the disappearance of Ifa from Yoruba pantheons in the British Caribbean. In Cuba, where Ifa divination persists, acculturation contexts are rather different.

Ifa's absence from the Shango pantheon has important effects for British Caribbean versions of the Yoruba religion. The Ifa mode of divination was fixed and fully consistent with the polytheistic cosmogony. It accordingly helped to conserve the general form of Yoruba myth and ritual. Lacking this resource, Caribbean devotees of 'Shango' have been driven to seek their own substitutes, since this cosmogony entails the necessity of divining to determine 'the causes' of courses of events, in order that appropriate ritual actions may be taken to influence them. Caribbean substitutes for the Ifa techniques include 'looking' or 'seeing' with cards, crystals or leaves, and especially reliance on dreams, visions, and prophesy. Whereas Ifa techniques gave an indirect access to divine knowledge of the causes and course of events, prophesy, visions, and delivery of messages by possessed individuals are far more immediate. The conservation of religious elements which Ifa fosters contrasts with the innovation which these more direct modes of communication with the supernatural permit and stimulate. It is this factor which allows progressive individualisation of cult practice and organisation, and hence increasing variability of belief and rite over time in Shango worship as practised by West Indians. Other factors which made for stability in rite and belief and for correspondence in the practice of independent groups are not sufficiently strong to suppress this tendency. Ifa's absence opens the way for increased reliance on direct communications with 'the powers', and hence for innovations of various sorts.