

my trinidad

Yesterday, Today & Tomorrow.

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Ali

Inside:
Searching for Sir Frank
Son of Grace Book Review

Connecting Generations
Fatherhood and Filial Piety

www.mytrinidad.net



My Trinidad Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow is a monthly digital magazine capturing the essence of Trinidad, the most southerly of the Caribbean islands. It offers a nostalgic look at the island that was, and casts a skillful eye on the island that is, in an attempt to enlighten readers to the island's potential.

Its editorial vision is based on the old English philosophy that you can't really know where you are going unless you know where you've been.

In an effort to fulfil that vision our cast is made up of Trinidadian nationals at home and in the Diaspora who represent some of the most thoughtful minds of the day. In terms of infamy as opposed to celebrity, they are as follows:

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Any income generated from this magazine will go directly towards a children's charity to be established.

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Cover Photo: La Vigié Paramin Look-out, Trinidad by Reshma Khanhai Ali

Sir Frank & the Mike Men

What's Inside! Tony Deyal, who was the feature speaker at the NCIC and spoke about Reading and Writing, but not Arithmetic.



Margaret Syne

Publisher's Note

Sir Frank, who was a cricket celebrity back his day, then the Mike men, the social media of the day, who used true Trini lingo. Through the movie sound systems were the lyrics and melodies of our calypsonians listed here in respective movies. We then encounter a Lagahoo with feelings. Fast approaching is the great value of grandfathers as it relates to fatherhood and filial piety. In contrast, there is the touching story of a father and an unwanted child.

Besides Fathers' Day, June is reknown for weddings. Can the young people of today afford them,

or do they want to get married at all? Falling in love with someone from a different social bracket and the lack of money caused break ups back on the cocoa estates. Whether their cocoa was out in the sun is questionable. With marriage, comes conflict and we have strategies to navigate through bad times. In addition, you can enjoy the misty mountains of the northern range, and the foul conditions of certain parts of San Fernando. To change the mood, you can view awesome photos on the outskirts of San Fernando. After all this reading you may get hungry, try our breadfruit recipe. If you did the calypso quiz last month, the answers are here for you to double check. We welcome two writers new to MyT, Ms Marguerite Lucerne and Mr Francis Morean.

I hope you guys had a very Happy Fathers' Day! And have an enjoyable Labour Day celebrations!

If you did not plant a tree on Earth/Environment Day, you can still do it, everyday is earth day.



Several union leaders showed their respects as they laid wreaths at the bust of hero union leader Tubal Uriah "Buzz" Butler at his graveside at the Apex Cemetery in Fyzabad Cemetery, to begin Labour Day observances on on June 18. In a break from tradition, speeches were not done at the site. Prayers were however offered, and union songs lifted as wreaths were laid by union leaders. (Courtesy the Trinidad Express)

She is from Down Below (Part II)

Flat Top tries to lift himself out of poverty

The day drew on and the humidity and heat of the cocoa field rose to a scale of intolerance. Lunchtime came and Neeta decided to stop the cocoa-picking activity. Tired, sweaty, sticky, speechless, fed-up and frustrated, Flat-Top inched his way on the muddy track up to the country house. In his mind he realized that this type of work was not his cup of tea. He could not see himself being like this throughout his life. Thinking



Johnny Coomansingh

deeply about the situation he purposed in his heart to make good his studies at Northeastern College; to be successful in all his examinations, yes, to lift himself out of the morass of hardship and poverty.

Despite his toil and struggle that Sunday, Flat-Top did not forget about Ranu and her nuances of affection towards him the night before. Flashes of her smile and beautiful eyes, her long, light shining hair played upon his mind at intervals, but he mused that this was just a dream that toyed with his mind. Ranu interfered with his soul and although getting close to her was an absent reality, he cherished the thought that there still could be hope; he reasoned that where there is life there is hope.

By the time he got to the house, he faced the reality that he might never have the opportunity to see Ranu again. Hope gave way to despair. Nevertheless, there is a saying, "weeping endures for the night, but joy comes in the morning." As a corollary to this statement, Flat-Top remembers a couple lines from his elementary school reading book: "The darkest watch of night is the one before the dawn, but relief is always nearest when we least expect it." In his despondency and childhood confusion, Flat-Top lingered in the shade of the grapefruit trees that flanked the southern hillside of the house.

Suddenly he heard a faint chatter of voices down the hill in the road. Standing on the grassy path that led to the road where bananas for the Marketing Board are stacked for sale, he saw Ranu and her friend "loitering," kicking pebbles in the road, probably wondering what to do next. With a broad welcoming smile Ranu responded to Flat-Top as he greeted the girls. Ranu was exuberant, totally bubbly in welcoming Flat-Top. "What are you two doing here," he asked. "We were thinking about going for a walk but we do not know the place," Ranu explained. "Do you know this area? Will you go for a walk with us?" "O yes! We can all have a nice walk," Flat-Top was quick to affirm.

The three started off to walk southwards in the shelter and shade of the forested area that Neeta owned on the stretch of road that led to the entry gate of the whiteman's property. On reaching the turn in the road on the left that led downhill, Ranu's friend motioned that she was no longer interested in taking the walk and strolled back to the house. In his mind, Flat-Top surmised that it was a bit fishy, or weird that she suddenly decided to leave Ranu with him. Was this some kind of plot? Anyway, the two continued walking and talking.

Unbeknownst to Neeta, Flat-Top stole away, not caring about lunch anymore and walked past the laborer's barracks where old man Deo lived. It was a hot and humid day, with little intermittent zephyrs. They



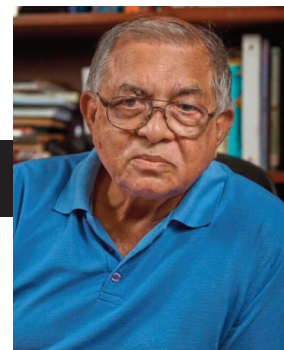
eventually reached to the crest of the hill to the cocoa house where Dohfeh resided. Flat-Top was careful not to go beyond that point in the road. At the top of the hill they stood and took in the view of the vast lush valley below to the south, all part of the whiteman's holdings. After the pause they started on the trek back home.

Ranu appeared quite happy about her little 'expedition.' Her long hair accepted the breeze with glee, blowing all over her face; simply beautiful. Coming down the semi-paved asphalt surface was a bit treacherous for one who was only wearing a slipper. With the problem of controlling her speed on the loose gravelly surface Flat-Top offered to gentlemanly take her hand to prevent her from falling.

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Reading, Writing, But No Arithmetic

On Friday 24, May, 2024, Tony Deyal, founder of My Trinidad Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow, was the feature speaker at the Book Launches/Poetry and Prose Programme at the National Commission of Indian Culture (NCIC) staged at the Divali Nagar in Chaguanas, Caroni. His address: 'Reading, Writing, But No Arithmetic' involved quite a few great poets and writers. Take a look.



Going straight to the topic, Tony started out with a quote from Dylan Thomas, the Welsh poet and writer on his notes about the Art of Poetry:

"I could never have dreamt that there were such goings-on in the world between the covers of books, such sandstorms and ice blasts of words, such staggering peace, such enormous laughter, such and so many blinding bright lights, splashing all over the pages in a million bits and pieces all of which were words, words, words, and each of which were alive forever

in its own delight and glory and oddity and light."

"What an astonishing thing a book is. It's a flat object made from a tree with flexible parts on which are imprinted lots of funny dark squiggles. But one glance at it and you're inside the mind of another person." This was how Carl Sagan, the astronomer, planetary scientist and science communicator saw books and he not only read a lot of them but wrote many.

In fact, most or almost 100 percent of the great writers were, and are, readers. As William Faulkner, an American writer known for his novels and short stories, insisted, "Read, read, read. Read everything — trash, classics, good and bad, and see how they do it. Just like a carpenter who works as an apprentice and studies the master. Read! You'll absorb it. Then write. If it is good, you'll find out. If it's not, throw it out the window."

I took that to heart and mind. We never could afford buying papers but the family of my Aunty Haroon did and every morning since I was three years old I reached in her house, jumped on her lap, and she read for me and taught me words that then became sentences and questions galore about what meant what, who kill who and why, what is the difference between a police and a thief.

Just as an aside when I got a little older and went to Carapichaima E.C. School we had to learn to read, starting with the alphabet. Any of you remember? A, B, C, D, E, F, G/ H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P/ Q, R, S, T, U, V/ W, K, Y and Z. Now I know my ABC will you stay and listen to me.

Well we boys used to play a game called "Police and Thief" and all of us wanted to be police. But when I realised how difficult it was to know the difference between them, and because I had to go to school in Port-of-Spain at the Picadilly E.C. at the foot of Laventille Hill, we stopped the "Police and Thief" and started to play a game called "Rescue." But even



that is no longer happening these days despite how much we write about it.

What was good was that I was able to go to the Port-of-Spain library and get a card that allowed me to borrow books. Even when we went to live in Siparia and I went to Presentation College in San Fernando, I used to walk to school or the bus-stop, sit in the bus, or taxi if the bus didn't have room for us. Regardless of what was happening around me, my nose was always buried in a book. More, I always wondered what to read next. Even now, I fill my mind and room with what I want to read next.

As William Butler Yeats, the poet wrote in his poem, "Where My Books Go:"

Where My Books Go

*"All the words that I utter,
And all the words that I write,
Must spread out their wings untiring,
And never rest in their flight,
Till they come where your sad, sad heart is,
And sing to you in the night,
Beyond where the waters are moving,
Storm-darken'd or starry bright."*

And what my life and my happiness was that one of the most interesting and helpful things I learnt, was writing. What is now known as the Common Entrance Examination included English. I was in seventh heaven. I learnt to write and that made me read even more. I feel the same way now when I am 78 going on 79 as I did when I was a youngster writing in the school magazine.

Maya Angelou, the poet, put it best, "When I look back, I am so impressed again with the life-giving power of literature.

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The Lagahoo Finds Redemption

United in compassion and empathy

In the depths of a Caribbean island Trinidad, where moonlight danced on the sands and the breeze whispered secrets, a chilling legend echoed through the hearts of the locals - the Lagahoo, a shape shifting monster that haunted the lonely paths at night.



Joseph Lopez

In a quaint village nestled amidst the swaying palms and fragrant blossoms, young Miguel listened to the tale from his grandmother, her voice hushed and eyes wide with ancient wisdom. As the sun dipped below the horizon, fear and curiosity tugged at his adventurous soul. Unable to resist the allure of the mysterious creature, Miguel decided to venture into the night.

Under a silvery moon, he set forth on the deserted trail, footsteps swallowed by the haunting darkness. The wind whispered eerie lullabies as leaves rustled in anticipation. A distant sound of chains echoed in the stillness, and Miguel's heart raced with trepidation.

Suddenly, a figure emerged from the shadows, its form twisting and contorting. The Lagahoo stood before him - a fearsome spectacle of myth made flesh. Red eyes glowed like embers, and its howls chilled the very marrow in Miguel's bones.

Frozen with fear, Miguel could not tear his gaze away. Then, something unexpected happened. The Lagahoo's menacing eyes softened, revealing a glimmer of sorrow and loneliness. A shiver ran down Miguel's spine, realizing that perhaps the creature wasn't just a monstrous predator.

Braving his fear, he took a hesitant step forward and spoke softly, as if comforting a wounded animal. Surprisingly, the Lagahoo's growls softened, and the chains that bound its soul seemed to loosen, just a little.

As the night wore on, Miguel listened to the Lagahoo's tale - a tragic story of a cursed soul, forever trapped between man and beast. The loneliness of centuries weighed heavily on its heart, and the chains symbolized its eternal torment.

Empathy filled Miguel's heart, and he resolved to help the Lagahoo break free from its wretched existence. He spent nights seeking ancient remedies and wise elders who might hold the key to lift the curse. His compassion touched the creature, forging an unlikely bond.

With each passing day, the Lagahoo's fierce demeanor softened, and the chains seemed to rust away, ever so slowly. Miguel's village soon noticed the change, and whispers of his bravery and kindness spread like wildfire.

As time passed, the Lagahoo's monstrous form faded, revealing a wounded but beautiful soul within. Therefore, the mythical creature found solace in the village, no longer feared but embraced as a protector of the lonely paths.

In the end, the Lagahoo's legend transformed, a reminder that even in darkness, compassion could kindle a glimmer of hope and heal ancient wounds. Thus, Miguel's bravery and empathy became folklore, teaching generations to come that understanding and acceptance could conquer the most haunting of fears.

As the seasons shifted and time marched forward, the bond between Miguel and the Lagahoo deepened, woven tightly like the roots of the ancient trees that surrounded their village. With each passing day, the



once-fearsome creature shed its monstrous guise, revealing the gentle spirit that lay beneath.

With newfound confidence, the Lagahoo emerged from the shadows, its presence a comforting presence along the moonlit paths that wound through the forest. No longer did it inspire fear and dread, but rather a sense of awe and reverence among the villagers.

Word of Miguel's bravery and compassion spread far and wide, drawing travelers from distant lands to witness the remarkable transformation of the Lagahoo. In addition, as they gathered beneath the canopy of stars, Miguel shared the tale of their unlikely friendship, inspiring others to look beyond the surface and embrace the beauty within.

However, amidst the newfound harmony, whispers of unrest began to stir among the shadows. Darkness lingered on the edges of the village, threatening to undo all that Miguel and the Lagahoo had worked so hard to achieve.

Unbeknownst to them, a group of outsiders had descended upon the village, their intentions shrouded in mystery and malice. Fueled by fear and superstition, they sought to drive out the Lagahoo once and for all, viewing it as blight upon their peaceful existence.

As tensions reached a fever pitch, Miguel and the Lagahoo stood united against the encroaching darkness, their bond unbreakable in the face of adversity. With courage and determination, they rallied the villagers to their cause, urging them to stand firm in defense of compassion and understanding.

In addition, when the outsiders finally arrived, their hearts filled with hatred and ignorance, they were met, not with violence, but with open arms and a spirit of reconciliation. For Miguel had taught his fellow villagers that true strength lay not in wielding weapons, but in embracing one another with kindness and empathy.

In the end, the darkness was dispelled, and the village emerged stronger and more united than ever before. Though the Lagahoo eventually faded back into the depths of the forest, its legacy lived on in the hearts of those who had witnessed its transformation.

For Miguel, the Lagahoo had shown them that even the most fearsome of creatures could find redemption, and that love and acceptance could conquer even the deepest of fears. And as they looked to the future, they knew that as long as they stood together, their village would always be bathed in the light of hope and understanding.

Breadfruit Oil Down

There are many recipes for oil down; each Caribbean island has its own preference for added ingredients to the basic breadfruit and coconut milk. Indeed the coconut milk gives the dish its name. Cooking the coconut milk 'down' converts it to 'oil'.

In this recipe, one can use the option of adding whatever meat you want to use. Pre-prepare your meat: Wash and boil the meat, pigtail, beef bone or salted fish. The seasoning can be adjusted to your likeness. You will need the following:

1 breadfruit – peeled, cored, sliced and washed.

1 cup of chopped fresh seasoning – celery/ cilantro, thyme, chives, pimiento peppers, 6 cloves of garlic, chadon beni (culantro), one large onion. Reserve 1 whole habenero.

1.Heat 2 tbsp cooking oil. Add half of the chopped seasoning. Sauté



until slightly cooked. If you are adding meat, put in the pot now. Continue cooking the prepped meat with the seasonings.

2.Add the sliced breadfruit and cook for a few minutes. Turn the contents of the pot to distribute the aromatics. Add optional vegetables: 6 soft dasheen (taro) leaves, 6 cut ochros, half cup diced carrots, half cup diced pumpkin. Choose any or all to suit you.

3.Add 5 cups of coconut milk. Add more liquid to ensure that all the breadfruit is covered. Add 2 tsp salt and ¼ tsp black pepper or to your taste. When brought to a rapid boil, lower the heat and simmer covered for 30 minutes.

4.Add the second half of the cut seasoning. Place a whole habanero pepper on top. Cover and continue to simmer for 15 – 20 minutes or more to reduce the liquid. Do not break the whole pepper. This is very tasty and nutritious, as both vegan and non-vegan cuisine.

Enjoy! Bon Appétit! Try it! All for you.



Weddings: Do I?

June is here! The month for weddings. A year ago, a young couple fell in love and decided they wanted to get married. When I was told, I was happy for them, but a bit taken aback as currently, young people do not want to get married and the career minded do not want to have children. In my time, parents wanted their offspring to pass their exams, get a job,



Margaret Syne

get married and give them grandkids before they turned thirty, in that order. Nowadays, our university graduates who are gainfully employed are happy being free, single and disengaged. Some think about sharing their living space with a special someone, perhaps when in their thirties. If they hook up with someone who is gainfully employed they share expenses and therefore are able to live in comfort with extras for vacations and nice cars.

The female may think about her biological clock that is ticking away and still choose to remain childless. The woman thinks about her profession and her image. Pregnancy may cause some women to keep 'baby fat'. It changes the woman's figure and may cause issues that she never entertained before, namely stretch marks, varicose veins and gravity effects on her whole body. Diet and exercise can help seventy five percent of these ills, but who wants to take that chance? The men, if thinking that they may not have an heir may convince his mate, or go outside of the shack up to another woman. That is when the complications will begin and the relationship ends.

Some say that weddings are too costly. Indeed, they are, but with good planning one can pull it off without spending a pound and a crown, which means overspending. The young couple I mentioned was told to think logically and took the advice given. A year ago, they were told to start saving some money. The guest list should be immediate families on both sides, a few special people and a few chosen good friends. Then stop and close the list. Get one of those good friends to supply the music for you. There are myriads of genres online for free.

Get another to do your photos and videos. These can be done on cell phones. Have bridesmaids who will pay for their own clothes, bouquets and shoes. Meet with them and discuss the budget, without over stepping. The same goes for the best man and groomsmen. Organize with a friend to transport to and from the church. About the rings, just choose a budget before you choose the ring. Hopefully you may get a more glamorous ring for your tenth anniversary!

The suit for the groom does not have to be tailor made. There are men shops in the malls with very nice suits and shoes. The bride can shop for a ball gown, which most times looks better than an ultra expensive bridal dress. If desired get a reasonable and good seamstress to sew a simple, but elegant dress. You can make your own veil, as there is the material for sale in the fabric stores. Buy a comfortable but classy pair of shoes. Use a flower shop closest to you, and order your bouquets there. If you are fortunate to have someone who can make them, all the better for you. Just order the flowers!



Assuming that there will be about twenty-five to thirty people present, you have to think about refreshments for your guests. You can get a caterer and have a discussion. You need one starch, one protein, one vegetable, one green, one sweet. Get a price per serving. If that is too expensive, you can check a restaurant with tasty food and get a price from them. Have fruit juices, soda and non-alcoholic wine. The bottles look the same as the real thing, just ask the server to cover the bottle with a serviette to not spill when poured. If you want hard stuff, budget for it. Have a buffet style/self service food table. You can rent plates and cutlery or use white disposable plates and transparent cups, disposable forks and spoons. Ask two people to make sure the refreshment goes smoothly.

Where should the reception be? If both parents' homes/yards are too small, most churches have open meeting rooms with tables and chairs already in place. The decorations/flowers for the church and reception tables do not have to be bought. You can get greenery and neighborhood flowers and orchids for free, assuming that you are nice to people.

It is much better to have a small intimate wedding, than a huge show that eats your money. Budget wisely and stick to your plan. Parents have a way of sending their offspring on guilt trips so they, the parents, are in control. Though you must respect your parents, do what you can afford and

do not forget from where you came and who had your back.

Congrats on your wedding and live well together!

The Mike Men of Penal

A 'Mike Man' is one who plays music or broadcasts notices from a car with loudspeakers fitted on the top. Nowadays, they are mostly used to announce sales, village activities such as sports days, religious observances, yagnas, church services, political meetings and death announcements.



Mootil Boodoosingh

Mike Men were, not too long ago, an essential part of the entertainment at parties, weddings, village bazaars, and political meetings.

They have now been replaced by big music trucks and DJs. Once popular and prestigious, they have fallen on lean times, and the craft is now practised by few older men clinging to tradition. In the fifties and sixties, the Mike Men were the 'Saga Boys' and many boys wanted to be Mike Men.

Since many villages in Penal did not have electricity, the sound systems were powered by car batteries. Mike Men carried a spare battery, preferably the larger truck battery, especially when they played music at farewells (nights before weddings) when they played for long hours or when leading wedding processions.

Because weddings and functions such as yagnas, and bhagwats (seven-night prayers) were the majority of the occasions when the Mike Men were required, the profession was seen to be somewhat sacred, and many Mike Men were vegetarians and some even Sadhus (holy men), although there were many others who were drunkards and adulterers as their activities gave them access to wine, women and song!

In those days when buying a car, one took it to the pundit for it to be blessed. To be doubly sure, some would also take it to the Mount St Benedict church. It was not uncommon to see a Mala (a string of Hindu prayer beads) as well as a St Christopher medallion hanging from the car's rear view mirror.

Similarly, one had to 'bless' the mike. While I am not aware of any blessings done at the 'Mount,' I know of blessings done by Sidhu Sadhu who made the murtis (statues) for the Ganesh Yagnas and did the paintings at the temples. He also taught Hindi at the Mandir.

The blessing of the mike involved giving it a name much like the name giving ceremony, the naam samskar, for a new born baby. Sidhu Sadhu placed mango wood soaked in ghee into a hawan koon (brass receptacle used in puja) and lit same. While the holy fire was burning, Sidhu would consult his holy books and choose an appropriate name. He then sprinkled a few drops of water onto the funnel of the mike and announced the name. Sidhu would then paint the name of the mike inside the funnel.

Many mikes carried names of popular Indian movies like Nagin, Awara, Dil e Nadaan and Sagar while those from Suchit Trace and Gopie Trace, where I lived, were called Hurricane, Thunderstorm, Cyclone and Toofan (Hindi for storm) signifying their loudness. I wondered if Sidhu really got these names from the Holy Books or if he was being mischie-



vous!

The Mike Men usually played the songs from the Indian movies of the day, thus the names of the mikes reflected this. Many orchestras evolved from Mike Men. I have been told that the popular Dil e Nadaan of today was originally led by a mike man. The Choti Sagar also comes to mind.

When I was at school, I thought that Ramesh Roopnarine and Premchand Roopnarine were brothers. They always stood up for each other. I was wrong. They were cousins who lived opposite each other. As we grew up, we went to different jobs, oil fields, rice fields, teaching, clerks, bus-conductors, market vendors, post men etc.

Ramesh and Premchand worked in rice and watermelon fields. Ramesh felt the work was too hard and prevailed upon his father to buy a mike (loudspeaker). Sidhu named his system Hurricane. Every evening and on Sunday mornings, he played loud music, his funnels facing Premchand's house. This led to quarrels. Soon after Premchand wanted a mike and Sidhu named his, Thunderstorm. Intense competition became the norm, leading to angry confrontations, with both mikes facing each other causing a relentless din, while the words or music of the songs could hardly be heard. Sidhu intervened before violence could have erupted and both sides agreed to play their music, one on mornings, and the other on evenings, and both on alternate Sundays.

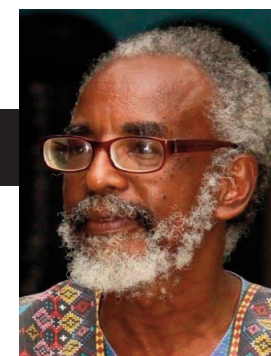
The owners of Cyclone, the Gopauls, lived a few houses from me. The eldest brother Boodram was a cinema operator as well as an announcer. I can still remember his melodious voice saying: "Calling attention to all cinema fans, this is the voice of Regent Cinema in Penal. Now showing at four thirty and eight thirty, the greatest story ever told, the block buster, The Ten Commandments, starring Charlton Heston and Yul Bryner."

Everyone loved that voice. If he had lived in a later time, I am sure he would have been on Radio and Television. The girls loved him and his wife, a most beautiful red Spanish, said she fell in love with his voice! His other brother Dushan found his wife while playing mike at a wedding in St Augustine while smaller brother, Chunkan, eloped with a girl from San Francique.

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The Calypso Craze ... at the Movies

Calypso had been featured on the silver screen as early as 1943. 'Shame and Scandal' was written and performed by calypsonian Sir Lancelot, Lancelot Victor Pinard, for the 1943 horror movie 'I walked with a Zombie'. The song went under the title 'Fort Holland Calypso Song'.



Zeno Obi Constance

It is widely accepted that this is the first time Calypso was heard in the movies. In that same year, Sir Lancelot also sang the Roaring Lion's 'Ugly Woman' in another movie 'Happy Go Lucky'.

The fire lighted by the success of 'Rum and Coca Cola' and the storm created by Belafonte's 'Banana Song' were the elements which, for a few short years, rocked the very foundation of American popular music. When the Island Music hit the shoreline of America in this phase, music producers panicked. It was surely going to replace Rock and Roll. Night Club owners began to renovate their buildings to better present 'calypso' shows. Record producers began to get popular singers to record this new Caribbean sound and movie makers made a bee line for the cinema audiences. Let us examine the movies of the Calypso Craze.

To quote one source:

"It was with the unexpected success of Harry Belafonte's 1956 album Calypso, the first long-playing record to sell a million copies, that the calypso craze became a going concern. With calypso quickly accounting for a quarter of all pop music sales, Time magazine diagnosed "calypso mania" in March of 1957. Boston Globe columnist Norman O'Connor (an ordained Catholic priest and jazz aficionado who introduced acts at the Newport Jazz Festival in his Paulist collar) predicted that calypso had rock-and-roll's number and his announcement seemed quite prescient as New York jazz clubs began importing steel drummers for their own calypso dens, do-it-yourself "calypso kits" (consisting of a bongo drum and a maraca) sold briskly at specialty stores and a calypso musical opened on Broadway (the David Merrick-produced Jamaica, starring Lena Horne and Ricardo Montalban)".

In 1957, three movies were done to capitalise on the new market. 'Calypso Joe' featured the music of Jamaica's calypsonian Lord Flea and Trinidad's Duke of Iron. 'Calypso Heat Wave' offered calypsos by Maya Angelou and 'Bop Girl goes Calypso' also showcases Lord Flea.

Since then, a number of other movies showcased calypsos in their soundtracks. Here is an incomplete list.

Fire Down Below (1957)
Island in the Sun (1957)
Calypso (1958)
Windjammer (1958)
Island Women (1958)
Beetlejuice (1988)
Little Mermaid (1989)
The Little Mermaid II: Return to the Sea (2000)
The Little Mermaid: Ariel's Beginning (2008)
Side Streets (1998)



These calypsos have been showcased in the following movies.

Arrow's Lo Lay Lo lai - Stardom
Arrow's Grove Master - Crooked Hearts, The Cutting Edge
Arrow's Dancing Time - Weekend at Bernie's II
Anselm Douglas' Who let the Dogs Out - Rug rats in Paris: The Movie, Rat Race, The Shaggy Dog, and The Hangover. (Trailers) Snow Dogs, Good Boy, and Open Season 2.
Superblue's Barbra - Side Streets
Shadow's Everybody is Somebody - Lean on Me
Invader's Rum and Coca Cola - The Humming Bird Tree
Arrow's Hot Hot Hot (1994) The song has been used in several movie soundtracks including
The Little Mermaid II: Return to the Sea
Bend It Like Beckham (in a version sung by Bina Mistry).
Casual Sex? (1988)
Ugly Betty (2009) promo (Buster Poindexter version)
Madagascar: Escape 2 Africa (2008) (trailer)
Beverly Hills Chihuahua (2008)
My Favorite Martian (film) (1999)
H-E Double Hockey Sticks (Disney) (1999)
Programa Silvio Santos(1991-1994)(2008-)
Topa Tudo Por Dinheiro(1991-1993)



Misty Mountains

By Francis Morean

*Time and time again
I seem to linger too far
And too long away
From You*

*Until my heart cries out
For your company.
Your loving air, your natural care
And yes, your sweet caress.*

*Here indeed
My soul finds rest
Along your shaded trails indeed
I am truly blessed.*

*These are my fields of dreams
Where soothing streams
Doth quench my thirsts
Or provide for me, sweet lullabies.*

*I wonder why I wander
Away from you so long
Into the crowded streets, and to
The concrete jungle down below.*

*When deep inside
I miss thee
Even more than I sometimes miss
Even a lover or a brother.*

*I miss the chatter of the birds at morn
And the sweet rising of the sun.
I miss the silence that goes beyond
Even the silence*

*The unfolding flowers
Like the dawning of the day
I miss
Each and every passing day.*

*The many things I miss
Will take me, I am sure
Quite some time to list.
And even there, some things I'll miss.*

*So I will linger, little longer
To my Elysian Fields I'll come
Right away, without remiss
To these, my misty mountains.*

Fatherhood and Filial Piety Connecting Generations

No human is on earth long enough to complete the mission assigned or chosen. You enter the river of life when your soul is given a body in the womb. That is where your brain is wired randomly to control every function of your body. Eventually, your body must give up. Then your brain



Gerard Pemberton

ceases to function. Your soul moves to another time and space, another state of being. The river of life flows on. Not more than a ripple on the surface will mark your exit. You were here to keep the river flowing.

Alex Haley, the author of "Roots," showed us the power of connection and continuity. He spoke with authority of the unconditional love between grandparents and grandchildren. "The love between grandparents and grandchildren is timeless and knows no boundaries." That is pure love transcending time and space, and distance. That love flows continuously.

Continuity gives that love infinite life. That love empowers the mind to set aside human emotional weakness; to work around physical frailties. How else can it be strong when its duration is often short? We have four grandparents. Even one is enough. The mission is to connect the dots of experiences between generations. The process marks out lines to sustain values and faith. These are necessities that enable adaptation to swirling currents of conflicts and adversities. This is intelligence, the crucial element of change. The ability to effectively navigate change increases the well-being of generations and the wealth of nations.

Generational continuity creates understanding which infuses minds with compassion. The connection encourages discussion to manage change. From our shared experiences we determine how to move forward. Grandparents stimulate imagination which expands intelligence in young minds. That allows us to grow through creativity, not instinct, through trust not coercion.

Without social continuity, childhood development is impaired. The broken connection retards human progress. That failure in communications breaks down families and communities. The load grows too heavy for parents to bear successfully. When the family structure fails the consequences make it impossible for political leaders to govern. The consequences transform the river into whirlpools of conflicts. Communities and nations flounder and fail.

Young men are afraid to risk marriage. Women do not want to have babies. Soon enough, developed societies could have more grandparents than parents. That will be the end of the river before it reaches the sea. Not every educated society is smart enough to avoid extinc-

tion. Not every wealthy society is civilized enough to co-operate to survive. Education and wealth are not enough to save nations from decline. Should the young therefore protect their future by disregarding older generations? Why should they treat those generations with respect?

When filial piety is devalued, continuity is lost, and the nation devalues its future. Filial piety motivates a growth dynamic which engages experience and experiment. That is imagination. That is human intelligence in action. That promotes innovation resulting in economic well-being. That increases the value of peace, making cooperation beneficial. That humanness can spread throughout the world. That is the governance we must expect from all leaders.

Filial piety originated as a core social virtue in ancient civilisations. This continues in modern times as a long-term social guarantee. Sacrifices which are necessary for continuity are rewarding. The cultivators know their vineyards will produce forever. The rule of law makes sense. The social contract becomes transparent. Men want to be married. Women work out how to responsibly have babies. Men share the responsibility. There is a reward for goodness. Compassion and empathy prevail. Trust becomes a reliable national currency. That social cohesion creates local capital. That is the crucial factor in economic growth and development.

Motherhood is visible, readily understood and appreciated. Have we nurtured our concept of fatherhood in our society? It is a distinct social role, unlimited in scope for childhood development. Yet that role is not fully appreciated or adequately protected in law. Fatherhood is a living environment that helps create identity, a sense of self-worth. That nurtures a secure attachment style. Those attributes are essential for connecting with wide-ranging learning networks. Parenting is feeding, caring, and protecting. There is much more. Too much variety for two parents alone to manage adequately. Grandparenting is different from parenting. The value is connection and continuity as facilitators of transition.

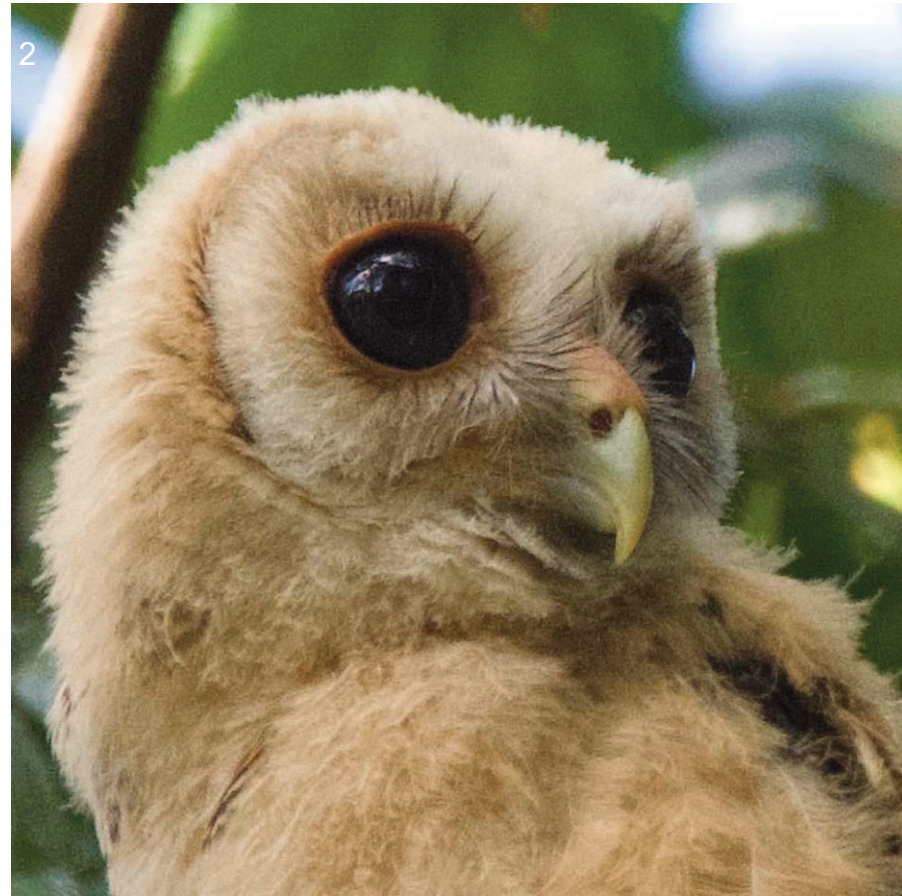
You were a grandchild for your adult life. That prepared you for fatherhood. Grandfathering is a new vocation. You must learn about good grandparenting. We have the resources and tools available to learn if we acknowledge our need to learn. Without learning, grandparents today are not effective. That means children do not get the head-start from the most natural and loving sources. What a disaster.

Strong, flowering trees need strong roots that last forever. That is the outcome when respect for parents and teachers is a societal bond. Respect for the dignity of every individual integrates society. Fatherhood is a crucial element in creating social stability.

Fatherhood cannot function effectively without reliance on filial piety. It is a sacred bond of inter-generational equity.

Continued on Page 14

Moments in South West Trinidad



- 1. The toucans are not commonly seen, but they are there. This is the capture of a Channel-Billed Toucan.
- 2. Next is the Mottled Owl. It looks like a fledgling, all fluffy and soft.
- 3. Moving away from nature, this is the Brian Lara Stadium in San Fernando, featuring a T20 World Cup moment.
- 4. This is a Crane Hawk, a mighty hunter of prey.

By Sham Sahadeo

The Avi fauna in SW Trinidad is just amazing. This part of the country is close to the mainland of South America and is a haven for bird watch-



Searching for Sir Frank: Son of Grace

A Book Review

What set Worrell apart was his natural air of authority. He did not need to be in a leadership position to manifest it, and this characteristic defined his life... in the Sixties, until his death in 1967, he was more of an icon as a West Indian leader, whose qualities of grace and wisdom framed him as the ideal representative of a society still constructing its identity. (Son of Grace, p.13)

The name Sir Frank Worrell is revered regionally, as much for his crick- eting exploits as well as for his singular achieve- ment in harnessing the raw potential of Caribbean people to stamp their achievements and capabilities on the interna- tional stage. As player, captain and ultimately manager of the West Indies cricket team from the 1940s to his un- timely death in 1967, Frank Worrell graced the world with his talent, his leadership, his personal charm and his ability to inspire West Indians to see themselves as more than mere inhabitants of the little rocks in the Atlantic on which so many of them had been left to founder.

Yet, despite the many accolades that have been laid at his door, Frank Worrell remains an enigmatic figure in Caribbean history. Intensely private and reserved in his lifetime, it is doubly difficult nearly 60 years after his passing to interview his contemporaries, most of whom have passed on, or surviving family members who remain tight-lipped about their illustrious relative. Many articles about him have appeared in cricket magazines or collections over the years, but to date no major bi- ography has been written, save one by Ivo Tennant. Worrell himself pro- duced Cricket Punch in 1959, which focuses primarily on Test cricket in which he was involved from 1950-57, and offers precious little about his background, childhood and early career.

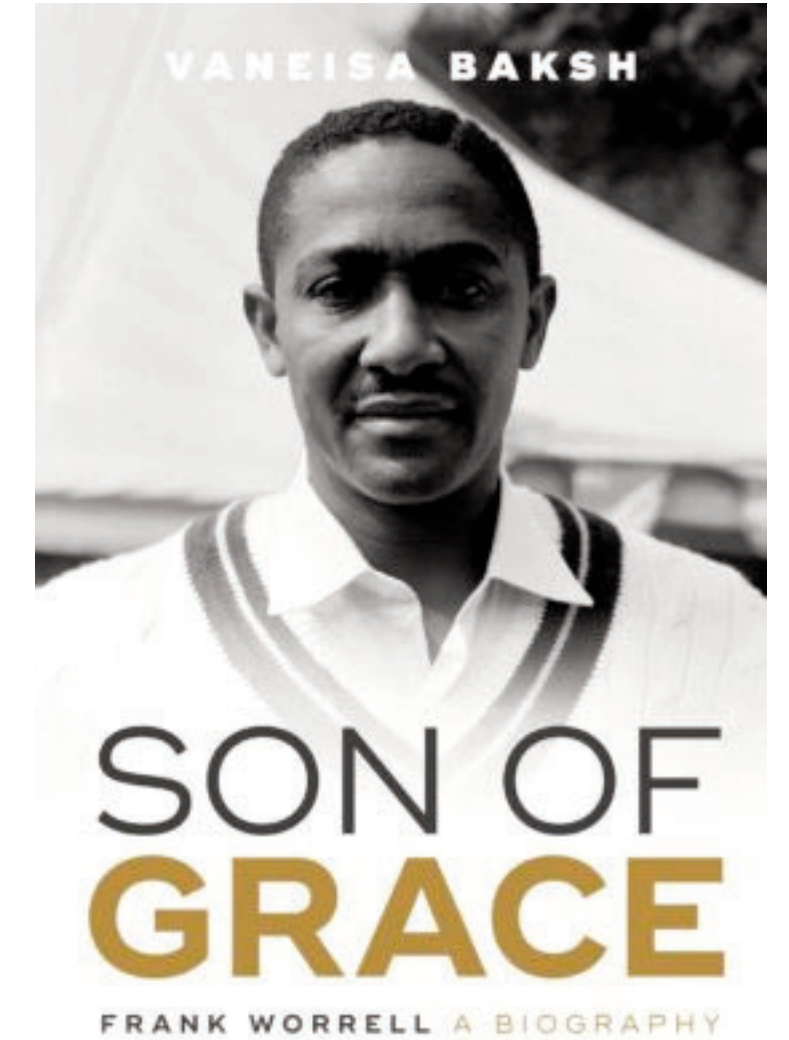
Vaneisa Baksh's superb new biography, Son of Grace (London, Fairfield Books, 2023), seems destined to become the definitive and most com- plete account of Frank Worrell, warts and all, for some time to come. Drawing extensively on personal interviews with people who were close to him like his great contemporary the late Sir Everton Weekes, a serendipitously discovered treasure trove of contemporary documents from the West Indies Cricket Board of Control (as it then was), and a vari- ety of other primary and secondary sources, Baksh has created a new and mesmerising portrait of a supremely talented and inspirational fig- ure who, like all of us, was subject to human weaknesses and foibles, which in no way diminish his status as a true West Indian icon.

Son of Grace fills in many of the blanks in what we know about Wor- rell, beginning with his childhood days in Bank Hall, Barbados; his family connections; his relationship with his mother; the events at Combermere High School, where his affectation for dressing well and spending freely earned him the reputation of being cocky. His experiences there would help precipitate his eventual departure from Barbados, and what he con- sidered its oppressive milieu of race and colour prejudice.

Son of Grace also manages to frame the evolution of Worrell's life and career alongside that of West Indies cricket in the context of contempo- rary world events and developments. Worrell and the West Indies cricket



Ken Jaikaransingh



team began their journey to world recognition in the post-World War II era, which may have coincided with the waning days of the British em- pire, but which had left its legacy of class and colour privilege and dis- crimination firmly embedded in island cultures, and continued to manifest itself in the attitude of the WICBC as a power unto itself in the hands of people like Sir Errol dos Santos and Captain Peter Short.

But the world of the Americas and the Caribbean would shortly be caught up in the struggle for political independence and the right of non-white peoples to be afforded their equal place in the sun. Regional euphoria attended the successes of the Brazilian football team, the con- tinued emergence of black boxing heroes in the wake of Joe Louis, like Floyd Patterson and Mohammed Ali, and the political activism of Stokely Carmichael, Angela Davis and Martin Luther King Jr.

These would all pale in comparison however, when the regional cricket team defeated the colonial lords and masters on their home grounds in England, and then continued to match other cricketing na- tions as equals both at home and abroad. These would culminate in the famous Australian series of 1960-61, in which Frank Worrell and his Aus- tralian counterpart Richie Benaud conspired to rescue Test cricket and lift it from the doldrums. Ongoing successes in international series throughout the sixties would pave the way for the dominant perform- ance of successive West Indies Test teams in the 1970s and 1980s.

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The adventures of Flat Top, II

Coomansingh, from Page 3

From that point onwards, she did not let go of his hand. It was a bit awkward for him but it felt good to know that he was holding her soft hands.

On reaching the point from whence they started, Flat-Top and Ranu stopped a few feet from the crest of the hill shielded on both sides of the road by high cut banks. No one could have seen them there. They stood staring tenderly at each other; tension. The only witnesses were the grapefruit trees, laden with yellow ripe fruits. Literally trembling, they drew closer and closer to each other with nothing more than electricity filling the space between them. Helplessly they fell into each other's arms and sealed their love with a mouth-watering kiss. Losing track of time and space, Ranu asked Flat-Top to kiss her again. Flat-Top did not grant her that wish but said: "I will kiss you when we meet again." They said their goodbyes and Flat-Top ran up the track to Neeta's house.

It was way past lunchtime and Neeta was out and about doing chores. Flat-Top did not have much of a lunch, some rice and salmon stewed with tomato was the fare. His mind was racing, too excited to think of anything else but Ranu. Neeta suspected that something had happened to him but she did not ask a question. As the evening drew on, everyone was washed up and clean getting ready for a light dinner of chocolate tea, saada roti and the rest



of the salmon, Flat-Top related to Neeta his love for Ranu. Without any hesitation, Neeta told him to forget about Ranu. She explained: "Ranu is a girl from "down below" meaning that she is a town girl and she does not have to study you....and her father will not want a poor boy like you for his only daughter." Neeta's words fell like acid on his heart; they were unbearable; sickening. A million thoughts flashed through his mind about Ranu and what Neeta hinted. The opportunity to kiss Ranu again never came.

Days turned into weeks, weeks turned into months and he did not see Ranu ever again. Apparently she told her father about her love for Flat-Top and for that reason prevented her from returning to Kowlessur Road. Flat-Top felt lost, possessed of a spirit that could not be satisfied. He so badly wanted to see Ranu for one last time, but there were difficulties and obstacles, chief of which was his poverty. Without money to travel, he had to accept that fact that he would never see her again, the love of his life. At school his thoughts would dither just thinking about how much he wanted to be with her. No one knew his feelings, his utter mental destitution. The encounter with Ranu left him broken, and the words Neeta said to him played on his mind like a stuck record: "She is from down below."

(Adapted from the book titled: "Cocoa Woman" by Johnny Coomansingh).

Fatherhood and Filial Piety

Pemberton, from Page 11

Dutiful respect and caring is compassionate gratitude passed down through the generations. Grandfathering is learned heuristically, on the job from grands. That interaction stimulates imagination. That re-ignites brain circuits. That cures attention deficits. The grands will develop and use intelligence much more than we can. When they do, they deserve the gold medals, and their parents the silver medals. Learning how to learn heuristically is challenging. It is the best way for young humans to progress, one step at a time.

Be genuine, be fully attentive, when you are learning heuristically. The outcomes are not obvious. They are not always solutions but may be promising ideas. It does not matter. Your grands have super-fast brain circuits. The appreciated value of a grandfather is emotional accessibility and availability. Just show up bravely. Answer the call of duty as national service. Keep learning. Keep fit. Speak only truth. That shows grands five particularly important lessons.

First, it is never too late to learn. Second, if you want to grow up, at any age, you must read. Third, use your mind to express your thoughts

as a unique being. Fourth, perseverance is everything. Fifth, when you live in truth you will find truth and love, and all will go well, most of the time.

Grandparents connect the dots and lines of continuity that sustain a fatherhood environment.

Fatherhood takes time, money, patience, and sacrifice. We cannot leave to randomness that natural force. It moves society forward or takes it backward. Not many countries today get it right. We did in Trinidad Past. Not in Trinidad Present. We need to regenerate trust in life, to hope and to love.

Let us make better use of aged and young human resources. Those generations interact well, by nature. Eventually, that creates local capital as a renewable asset. That can give us the real development which is the freedom we all want and deserve. Independence which separates people is not freedom. Democracy which does not unite people in these times is not civilisation. Freedom is civilisation, an integrated society of dutiful and caring respect for everyone. Generational inter-dependence is the virtuous value of filial piety.

Primatee's Story

I always had the same disturbing dream.

"A funeral pyre of discarded furniture. Acrid smoke filling the air together with linseed oil, and ghee, oh what a nauseating odour! A man was 'cussing', flailing his arms and swearing. A woman holding a slight baby in an almost visible shadow. The man is wearing a white vest, 'a wife beater'. I do not see what the woman is wearing; her head is covered like a Madonna shielding a precious child. She clings to the child. She is screaming..."

Nani, my maternal grandmother, told many stories. This was just one, but much more real than the others. So real, that this nightmare surfaced itself each night in my dreams. In addition to the recurring traumatic dream, Tantie Anna died!

Her face: fair skin, beautiful straight nose, such a straight nose. She was sleeping; her eyes were closed, with jet-black hair framing her face. She wore a flowered dress. She loved all kinds of flowers. Her board house was proudly framed by a beautiful garden. Flowers for all seasons: roses, zinnias, chameli (jasmine) and gainda (marigold). I remember all that was beautiful about her. I just never knew who she actually was.

I remember the dress I was wearing for Tantie Anna's funeral, a grey dress cut in 'A' line. I wore black shoes and white socks. My long hair was braided: two plaits flowed down my back. White ribbons decorated my hair.

I was at her house, standing next to her coffin. People were mulling about, you would think it was a normal lime ... the only difference was that they are more formally dressed. Then a woman, whom I had never seen before approached me. I was nine years old, and she was shorter than I was. She must have been about four feet, five inches tall.

She looked at me and asked, 'Yuh know who dat person in de coffin is?'

'Yes. Is Tantie Anna,' I replied.

'No chile is your Maa,' she retorted dryly.

'No, is Tantie Anna, look, see Mai deh...dat is my Maa,' I insisted.

'All yuh never tell she?' questioned the heartless woman.

Mai, my mother turns around, looks into the group in the room and answered, 'No.'

I stood looking at Tantie Anna's face and wailed, 'Mai is my Maa. My Maa!'

The Pundit performs the ceremony. The puja, then five malas of sweet chameli were placed around her neck. They re-sealed the old-fashioned grey painted coffin with six screws. Three on either side of the coffin had to be tightened as the lid is replaced. I could have still seen her face through the glass circle. A sleeping beauty. The scent of the malas infused the room. Her memory is now the fragrance of chamelis. The hearse arrives. The coffin was ushered out of the house. Children were not allowed at the burial ground.

The day of the funeral there was no cooking here at the funeral house. No meat that day, so sada roti with tomato, bhaigan and aloo chokas were served on soharee leaves. Blessings to the gods!

There was no need to fetch more water. The cows had to be fed and I

still had grass to cut, though I milked them earlier. I returned to my house. I changed my clothes quickly. I did not even have time to cry. Tantie Anna's funeral service simply delayed my day's chores. I have no time to waste. I will have to cry while I work.

I did not go to school that day, but all the adults were out, so I had to prepare the fireside and cooked. They expected food when they returned. I liked school. It was the most relaxing place for me. My teachers read fairy tales to us. I was always Cinderella, except that my stepmother was Mai, and in my Cinderella story, I just did not have a prince. Instead of two sisters, I had five siblings and no prince existed in our village. Therefore, I never went to a ball or wore glass slippers. I never even had a doll. Instead, I am with the wicked witch, who had cast her spell upon me. At school when we had to write an essay, all my compositions were about toting water, cutting grass, feeding cows, selling milk, cooking at a fireside. I always wore hand me downs and was bare feet at home, a cocoyea broom and a bucket, always in my hands. I was the 'Waking Beauty.' I was always sad and confused, as I was alone with no one with whom to talk. Papa was very ill; the puncheon had damaged his liver. He was not expected to live much longer. I had to nurse him. Caring for him paid off as before he died, Papa told me the following, which gave reason to my nightmares.

"I have something to tell you. I should have told you long ago. I am not your father, and Mai is not your mother. I saved you from you father. I did not have a choice, you didn't stand a chance, and he was going to burn you! You see, you were born dark-skinned and you did not look like any of his other children, so he swore that you were not his child. Drunk like hell, he built a fire and was going to burn you. He was about to grab you from your mother! I was passing by and heard the commotion. Your mother was screaming and your father was cussing! I grabbed you before he could throw you into the fire. I took you and brought you to live with me. We never talked about, to protect you."

My Papa (who was really my uncle) had adopted me unofficially! He gave me a name, but not his name. I was not his child. He gave me a first name and last name by deed poll. When I finally saw my birth certificate, 'Anna' is my mother's entire name, with a dash for a maiden name. My name is 'Baby' with two dashes in place of a father's name. My father's name is a symbol '- -'. If anyone asks me what his name is, I will say D. Dash.

Now I know who the baby in the dream was, it was me! Fairy tales are real and some are tragic. There is hurt up to this very day. My father caused this unbearable hateful pain! Everywhere I go Mai will say, 'this one is mine and this one is mine and this one is Anna own'.

I will hate my father for as long as I live. My adopted parents are now dead and my ugly siblings have inherited everything. When I left, all I took was a vintage Guinness cork; I cannot remember what was so special about it. I liked it. It could clog my pain. I live in a house full of cats now. My name is Primatee and this is my story.





Dutty Dog Say Sando Still Stink

City with several long term plans,
Lots of piecemeal developments,
Plenty ole talk and promises
Most of which doh make no sense.

From Library Corner to Chancery Lane
Is Sando's Harris Promenade,
Where once we'd stroll or sit and chat;
Now in shambles and smelling bad.

De train bar-rong, bandstand unused,
No more concerts to be enjoyed...
Bedroom and toilet for vagrants,
A place you'd prefer to avoid.

But your children's schools are nearby,
Three churches, the hospital too;
So why then should the Promenade
Be abhorrent to me and you.

The Industrial Capital
So often gives us pause to think,
Why in front City Hall spotless,
But the rest of the Promenade stink?

The sweet aroma of flowers
That still bloom from every tree
Almost completely overwhelmed
By the stench of faeces and pee.

City council say they serious,
They launch a next "clean-up campaign,"
But we just so fed up hearing
The same thing again and again.



Gene Wilkes

'Cause the rubbish that they clean up
Soon will once more reappear,

As vai-kee-vai San Fernandians
Keep living like they just don't care.

By Supreme Court, near the Bandstand,
Even the Police just as bad,
Parking damaged vehicles there,
In the heart of the Promenade.

So dutty dog went on roaming,
Everywhere through the countryside,
But couldn't find a single place
Where the people had any pride.

No care for the environment,
Such thoughts never enter their mind,
Water courses and drains contain
Human refuse of every kind.

But still we welcome one and all
To Sweet T&T, Land of Fete,
Where murder and road accidents
Are still the main causes of death.

Navigating Conflict

Conflict is an unavoidable part of human interaction, occurring within the intimate spaces of our homes and the bustling environments of our workplaces. How we handle conflict profoundly impacts our relationships and the effectiveness of our teams. In this discourse, we explore into the art of conflict resolution, examining techniques applicable in both personal and professional spheres to cultivate understanding, cooperation, and ultimately, harmony.



Ishwar Sooklal

Conflict emerges from differences in perspectives, values, needs, and objectives. At home, it may surface in disputes over household duties, parenting methods, or financial decisions. Similarly, in the workplace, conflicts might arise from conflicting interests, clashes in personalities, or misunderstandings regarding roles and expectations. Regardless of the context, resolving conflict effectively necessitates a commitment to addressing underlying issues and discovering solutions beneficial to all parties involved.

Effective communication serves as the cornerstone of conflict resolution. Therefore, employing active listening enables full engagement with the speaker, showcasing empathy and a genuine effort to grasp their viewpoint without judgment. Encouraging open dialogue involves paraphrasing the other party's statements and posing clarifying inquiries to ensure mutual understanding. Clear and assertive communication is vital for expressing concerns, articulating needs, and negotiating resolutions. Utilizing "I" statements to convey feelings and avoiding inflammatory language can prevent tensions from escalating. Assertiveness is demonstrated by maintaining personal boundaries while respecting differing viewpoints.

Conflicts often stem from competing interests or divergent objectives, both in personal and professional contexts. Collaborative problem-solving entails engaging all stakeholders in constructive dialogue to identify shared goals and brainstorm potential resolutions. Being receptive to compromise and exploring alternative solutions that accommodate everyone's needs facilitates reaching a mutually acceptable agreement. Emotions can run high during conflicts, hindering rational discourse. Practicing emotional regulation techniques like deep breathing, mindfulness, or taking breaks can help maintain composure before addressing the issue. Encouraging constructive emotional expression while upholding a respectful and solution-oriented dialogue is crucial.

When conflicts escalate or become entrenched, involving a neutral third party can aid resolution. Mediators possess the expertise to facilitate communication, manage emotions, and guide parties toward mutually beneficial outcomes. Whether it's a family therapist, human resources mediator, or conflict resolution specialist, mediation offers a structured framework for addressing complex conflicts and reinstating harmony.

Establishing clear boundaries regarding roles, responsibilities, and expectations is essential for preventing conflicts. Communicating these boundaries openly and respectfully, and enforcing them when necessary, fosters a healthy and respectful environment, both at home and in the workplace.

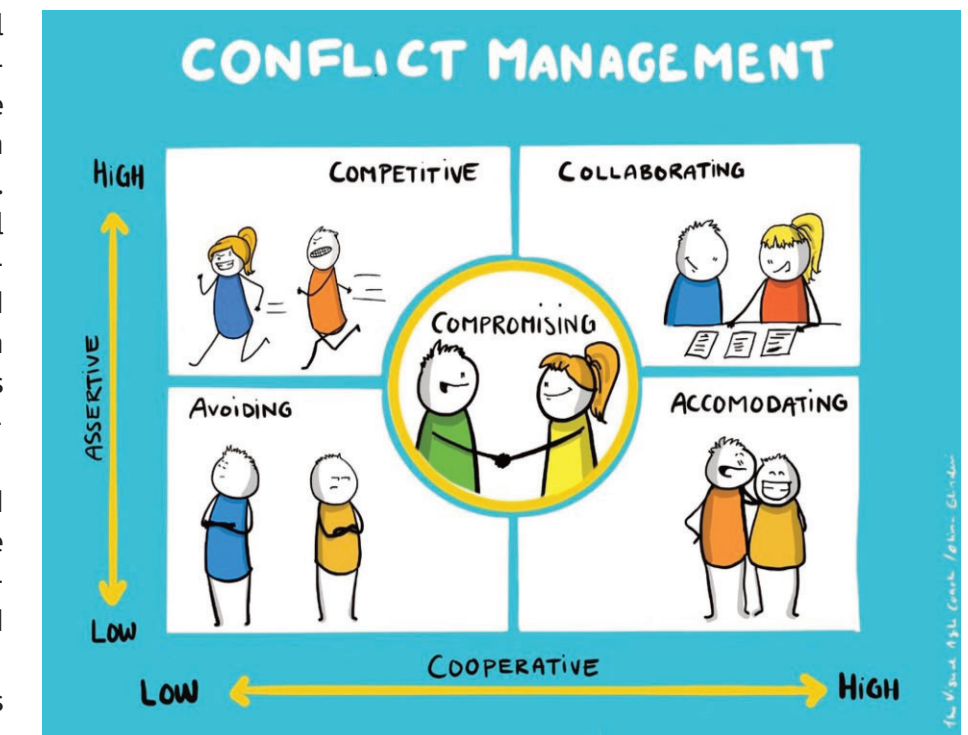
Investing in conflict resolution training equips individuals and teams with the skills necessary to navigate conflicts effectively. Many organi-



zations provide workshops or seminars on communication, negotiation, and conflict resolution to enhance interpersonal dynamics and foster a culture of collaboration and mutual respect.

Conflict is an inevitable aspect of human interaction, manifesting in various settings from personal lives to professional environments. How individuals manage conflict profoundly influences relationships and team dynamics. Understanding different conflict resolution approaches allows individuals to navigate conflicts effectively, choosing the most suitable strategy for positive outcomes.

Conflict need not be destructive; employing effective conflict resolution techniques such as active listening, clear communication, collaboration, and emotional regulation enables individuals to address conflicts constructively, fostering stronger relationships, enhancing teamwork, and creating environments where everyone feels valued and respected.



Reading, Writing...

Deyal, from Page 4

If I were a young person today, trying to gain a sense of myself in the world, I would do that again by reading, just as I did when I was young."

In other words, reading is like breathing in, and writing is like breathing out. Of course, our schooling did not stop with reading and writing. We had what we called "ricmatic" and that put me down for the count and it was not the Count of Monte Cristo. I suppose that I am not into ricmatic because reading and writing are the same thing and it is in my heart, mind and soul.

While writing is more active and reading is more passive they flow into each other. As Stephen King the "horror" man insists, "If you don't have the time to read, you don't have the time or the tools to write." While some of the tools he writes about frighten the hell out of us, what he says is true and if you don't believe him (and me) I will ask him to send Cujo, the monstrous canine terrorist, to your bed tonight.

While it is not easy again, because the children of today are not as limited as we were in options for life, living, learning and liming, it's still a good idea for children to read whatever they want and then talk about it with them. If parents and kids can talk, and I still do this with my four adult children, it is like cricket in the Caribbean, it is the glue that holds us together.

Of course, in these old-man days, I have to know and keep in touch with what is happening in the cinemas and TV, but interestingly my children are following movies made from books that they read because I had said how good they were. My daughter Marsha, now in her early fifties and a teacher (of English) read "Dune" in a hotel in Venezuela when the book came out. I had read it on the plane and as soon as she reached in the hotel, Marsha started reading it and did not stop until she had read it from cover to cover and not her coverlet since she did not sleep at all that night. Now that DUNE has become a movie, we are still in touch and on Tuesday she sent me what is "Steam Dune: Part Two on Max."

What was funny and at the same time made me happy is that when I was going to school, I was always on my bed reading when I should be sleeping. Almost every night my father got upset because I did not know how expensive "dem lights" was and "switch it off now or I will put some licks on you."

Worse, he switched off the light and left me with threats about what he go do to me etc. What he did not know is that I had the "torchlight" under the sheet and kept on reading. My daughter Marsha, fortunately, had her own room, bed and light. She liked reading so much that while other people with TV were locked into the shows, Marsha preferred Read-Infusion to reddifusion.

They say better read (read) than dred, but in my case, given the

poverty I grew up in, it was better red than fed even, forgetting my food at home on the table until my mother "boofed" me, or called my father for me. While a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, a book in the hand and a few waiting on the bedside table is worth anything that is in the bush, especially these days.

I want to end first with a poem by an unknown writer who loved reading and writing. He named the poem Adventure:

Adventure

"Here's an adventure! What awaits

Beyond these closed, mysterious gates?

Whom shall I meet, where shall I go?

Beyond the lovely land I know?

Above the sky, across the sea?

What shall I learn and feel and be?

Open, strange doors, to good or ill!

I hold my breath a moment still

Before the magic of your look.

What shall you do to me, O book?"

(Anonymous)

I want to close with two writers who have the last word. First this is for my daughter Marsha from Roald Dahl, the British (and not Indian) novelist, short story writer and poet. He said, "So please, oh please, we beg, we pray, go throw your TV set away and in its place you can install a lovely bookshelf on the wall."

Groucho Marx, the American comedian, adds for Marsha's benefit, "I find television very educating. Every time somebody turns on the set, I go into the other room and read a book." I agree with that except when cricket is playing.

Thanks for all of you who are here and stayed with me through thick and thin without looking for cover to read under, I end with Dahl even before dinner starts. He wrote, "I have a passion for teaching kids to become readers, to become comfortable with a book, not daunted. Books shouldn't be daunting, they should be funny, exciting and wonderful; and learning to be a reader gives a terrific advantage."

Thank you all.



The Mike Men

Boodoosingh, from Page 8

Dean, the Last brother, told me this story. He and Chunkan shared a room and bed. One night, on returning from the eight thirty double at Regent, he tried to sneak in the darkness without waking Chunkan. As he tried to get on his side of the bed, he felt something. Chunkan, who was the Mike Man at a Ramayan Yagna, had run away with one of the worshippers!

Murali's mike was Toofan. He liked Harrilal's daughter. Harrilal banned Toy, from talking to Murali. For months Murali would pass Harrilal's house playing the love songs he knew Toy liked. Harrilal pelted the mike car with stones, mostly missing. One day, Toy took some clothes and waited for Murali to pass. He stopped; she jumped in the car and never returned to her parents' home.

Just a little note: these couples are still together today, some fifty-something years later.



Sometimes when I hear a loudspeaker in the distance, my heart beats faster in anticipation of some great Indian music of yesterday. I become disappointed when my ears are assaulted by the repetitive cries of: "Buying scrap iron; old battery buying."

Son of Grace

Jaikaransingh, from Page 13

Much has in fact been made of CLR James's relentless campaign to have Worrell named as captain for that momentous tour of Australia, the former being given almost exclusive credit for the appointment of West Indies' cricket first black captain, if one ignores George Headley's single Test as captain in 1948. As Baksh's book reveals, the WICBC had in fact invited Worrell to assume captaincy of the team against Pakistan in 1957-58, and the subsequent tours of India and Pakistan.

Worrell had declined the appointment, citing his academic studies at Manchester University, leading the Board to appoint Gerry Alexander as captain. To his eternal credit, when Worrell finally accepted the captaincy for the tour of Australia, Alexander not only happily stepped down, he served faithfully and productively as Worrell's vice-captain on that historic tour.

Indeed, Alexander would say later, "I was tremendously delighted when (Worrell) was finally appointed captain. I thought the great injustice of my appointment against Pakistan in 1957-58 was not primarily to Frank Worrell but to Clyde Walcott and Everton Weekes." (p 192).

Son of Grace also details a hitherto little-remembered event in Worrell's career, when he agreed to lead an unofficial team of West Indian cricketers to tour racially segregated South Africa in late 1959. The WICBC, initially unaware of the private arrangements for this tour, were persuaded, inter alia, by a letter from Jackie Grant, former West Indies captain then working as a missionary in South Africa, and strong protestations from Sir Learie Constantine and Alan Paton, South African crusader against apartheid, to urge the hosts to have the invitation rescinded. Worrell's motivation was, it seems, just as the later "Rebel Tour" was in 1989, the lure of better remuneration for his services and that of

his colleagues. What, Baksh leaves us to ponder, would have been the repercussions if such a tour had indeed taken place?

Baksh's book is in fact full of other details of Worrell's life that in different hands might have seemed lurid or sensational. Worrell, it seems, apart from investing significantly in his personal appearance, had a notable penchant for strong drink, and was popular with women wherever he travelled. These may have contributed to the deterioration of his marriage. Despite his known leadership qualities and his ability to mentor younger players, Worrell was inclined to seem at times remote and detached from fellow team members.

Although remembered as one of the famous Three Ws of West Indian cricket during the 1940s and 1950s, theirs apparently was not always a harmonious relationship; Everton Weekes, his friend since boyhood, felt that they drifted apart in later years, and Clyde Walcott would wryly observe that he was not a pallbearer at Worrell's funeral because he was not invited. Conrad Hunte would have been chagrined when Worrell chose to anoint Garfield Sobers his successor as captain over the more deserving Hunte, Worrell's understudy on several tours.

"If we wait for the perfect time, the perfect person, the perfected self, we'll stay frozen in an idea of love," Elizabeth Lesser has written, "but if we fearlessly engage with the life spread out before us, we will be rewarded with a heart that can hold it all—happiness and messiness, clarity and confusion, love and loss."

Son of Grace is the outcome of a ten-year odyssey for Vaneisa Baksh. In her fearless engagement with the life of Worrell as presented in this biography, our esteem and admiration for Sir Frank should grow rather than be diminished in our eyes as we embrace his journey, even as she has.

No cocoa in the Sun

Many are there who continue tuh say
 At any given time on any given day
 Dat dey eh have 'no cocoa in the sun'
 But when the day is done
 See dem scamper; see them on the run



Johnny Coomansingh In other words, I eh have

nutten tuh worry about
 Because ah was careful tuh shut mih mouth
 Ah didn't use mauvais langue
 No bacchanal, kuchoor or kankalang
 In the clear

Yuh hear?

Like mih old godmother
 Who, plump as she was, will take two-three wets
 Running up the cocoa house steps
 Breathlessly tuh push the gabled roof
 Of the old cocoa house
 Her cocoa beans tuh cover

Whole day she would maco the sky
 And when the rain clouds appear she would sigh
 Because the wet cocoa cannot dry
 And when the cicadas cry
 Calling for rain
 O heavens! Disdain!

A definite sign
 For she wants more sunshine
 To dry off the cocoa grime and slime
 Her inherent fear



PHOTOGRAPH BY LEON GRANGER

Of wet cocoa was all too clear

To fill the 'blue seam' crocus sack
 After toting wet cocoa on her back
 From small she knew the art
 That her father did teach to never part
 From the cocoa field
 For there is money to yield

Scrape up every bean
 To fill the bag with the long blue seam
 Waiting on the steps with cocoa in the sun
 No rain she wants until it's done
 But hunger will creep
 No time to sleep

Without looking in ah cookbook
 She would make a fireside cook
 Cassava, dasheen, saltfish and tomato
 Sometimes a pelau with pigtail you know
 Freshly squeezed orange juice to wash it down
 When you eat that you cannot frown

Life was good, life was nice
 In those days--living in a paradise
 Without a care
 Without a fear
 No frustration
 No depression

The voices of the Bananaquit and the Cravat
 To them you bow and tip your hat
 Pleasant is their company we say
 On a breezeless lazy day
 With plenty wet cocoa in the Sun
 And then the Sun is gone.



PHOENIX
Paws & Claws
 Rescue and Sanctuary TT

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