



Yesterday evening I was sitting by pier in Philipsburg, my line dangling from my fishing rod. A cool breeze came flowing from the North on the waves toward me.

It cooled my system so nicely that I believed myself some beer or other and was about to do some hibernating. Suddenly a light tap on my shoulder aroused me from my contented doze.

"What you doing, Chinchiri?" my friend a teacher, asked.

"Uhuh, nothin'", I replied.

"Ha," I laughed at myself only now coming to my real senses.

"I mean, doin' a li'l fishin' - just to while-away the time"

"They biting?"

"Not yet, and am here 'bout a hour or more already. One thing for sure the small ones beginnin' to bite the big ones".

"We laughed together. "Well", said Teach - I don't call him "meneer", no giree; 'tis Teach for me. After all I don't know Dutch so just as cheap say what I understand, what you say?"

"Well, pack up your stuff and let's feed the small ones before they perish", Teach said.

"You better take it easy, friend. You sound like you talkin' politics. Watch you step, you know or you gain' get you heels burn bad, bad."

"Hell, what's so political about offering you a sandwich"

"Look here, friend all I doin' is advisin' you. All you got to do is

hang on to the big ones and you'll get the small ones, you understand?!"

"You do that and we is very glad. Friend this island-o' mine is a beautiful island and very democratic- too shooting democratic for comfort. 'Cause too many people got too much to say."

By this time we reach "My Snack-bar".

"You know, Chinchiri you have been insinuating quite a bit, I believe. You don't sound much like a native at all. Are you a stranger like myself?" Teach asked seriously.

"Two hambuggers, there!" I ignored my friend. "He 's goin' pay".

At this time I started studying my brains because an the reflective type of person. You know, I call Teach my friend but really I only know him these few months. Sometime ago when he gave me a lift from this capital to the other capital we fell to talkin' and from then wherever he meets me it is some kind of hospitality he showering me with. Real nice chap! Yes, a real nice chap.

"Wonderful island you got here, isn't it?" he says, I mean the first time we met. "Yes, nice li'l islan'" I said. He must be a tourist, I thought - he didn't look like a teacher at all to me. Then he started telling me all kinds of things about Holland - like how people live on top of each other; how overpopulated it is; how he doesn't have this weather there and how some people don't see the sea in months, some even never. Man, we talked a lot.

"Onions or not"

All the time I was studying my brain I didn't notice Rockwell, the boy behind the counter talking to me.

"Yes, onions."

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SYNOD IN ANGUILLA

(Continued from page 4)

Larmonie, Mrs. C. Arseen and Mr. F. Conner - St. Eustatius is represented by Rev. R.J. Willingham, B.D. - Aruba, by; Rev. J.G.E. Martin, Mr. B. Viapree, Mr. F. Edwards and Miss Maude Hodge - The Curacao delegation comprises the Rev. T. Johnson, Rev. John A. Gumbs, Sisi Elizabeth Andrews,