

TABLE OF CONTENTS

“Hubert & Dora”, by “Jamsie”, published in *The Clarion* newspaper, Port of Spain

Introduction.

These five texts were published in the labour-leaning newspaper *The Clarion*, in Port of Spain, Trinidad, in 1956. (These newspapers are held by the National Archives of T&T.) These columns are the only ones I have found thus far; it is possible that these were the only ones published. They follow the long local tradition of “conversations” between characters, usually one or more speaking in some variety of Trinidad & Tobago English Creole. (See other examples in Winer 1993.) They are meant to be amusing to the reader, but also serious commentary, in this case touching on old-age pensions, making a living, gender differences, events in local and global politics, social class, appropriate dress, and the rights of poor people.

Although some of the misspellings are gratuitous and intended to amuse by implication of lack of education, the language (when read aloud) is remarkably accurate as one of the many varieties of EC used in Trinidad, then and (to a lesser extent) now.

Readers are directed to the *Dictionary of the English/Creole of Trinidad & Tobago* (Winer 2009) for help with lexical comprehension, as well as Winer (1993) for a linguistic overview.

References

Winer, Lise. (1993). *Varieties of English around the World: Trinidad and Tobago*. Amsterdam: John Benjamins Publishing.

Winer, Lise. (2009). *Dictionary of the English/Creole of Trinidad & Tobago*. Montreal: McGill-Queens University Press.

TEXT #1. “How ole yo is?” October 3, 1956

Original version	2
English version	3

TEXT #2. “Wha’ yo doin’?” October 20, 1956

Original version	4
<i>Note on the Spelling Games of the Pierrot Grenade</i>	5
English version	5

TEXT #3. “Ba look a she, na.” October 27, 1956

Original version	7
English version	8

TEXT #4. “Melly ent dead yet?” November 3, 1956

Original version	10
English version	11

TEXT #5. “Dora, chile, tings bad.” November 3, 1956 [possible error]

Original version	12
English version	13

TEXT #1. “HUBERT and DORA” by JAMSIE, *The Clarion*, 13 October 1956

DORA: How ole yo is?
 HUBERT: Ole 'nough ter get a pension.
 DORA: Yo apply?
 HUBERT: Apply? Ah cause 'nough trouble foh a whol' year, an' Ah rite back whey Ah is, sellin' fruits on dis pavement.
 DORA: Dey tu'n yo down?
 HUBERT: Wors' dan dat. A lil' agen an' dey woulda deprive me a ma means a livin' wid de questions dey arsk.
 DORA: Wha' yo sayin' ?
 HUBERT: Ah arsk yo. Can a man liv' decent on twelve dollahs a munt?
 DORA: Ah livin' on eleven meself.
 HUBERT: Dat ent de question.
 DORA: Man or woman, it doan matter.
 HUBERT: Da's whey yo wron'.
 DORA: Is always so. A man always believin' dat he mus' hav' moh comforts dan a woman.
 HUBERT: Hush na. We talkin' 'bout strait livin', not comforts.
 DORA: So dey tu'n yo down?
 HUBERT: Wors' dan dat. Dey investigate ma 'til Ah t'ought Ah was goin' be arres' an' charge in cort.
 DORA: Wha' ?
 HUBERT: Ah tellin' yo. Dey fin' out me age better dan Ah did know it meself. Ah pars' dat tes' orite. Den dey start talkin' 'bout ma income. Den dey tell me dat as Ah earnin' twelve dollahs an' old age pension is nine dollahs, dat Ah ent liable foh help at all.
 DORA: So wha' yo did?
 HUBERT: Jus' wh' Ah doin' now. Ah continue ter sell fruits so as Ah could be independen' an' keep me self-respeck.
 DORA: Is all wron'.
 HUBERT: W'en yo ole, yo ole. Dey should respeck ole pipples who tryin' hard ter help demselves, an' giv' dem de nine dollahs too, once dey is pars' de age foh it.
 DORA: Com' ter t'in at it, Ah dosen know wha' Ah goin' ter do meself w'en Ah pars' de age foh pension.
 HUBERT: Yo look ter me like yo pars dat age long long time.
 DORA: Wha'? Da's ma lumbago. Ah ent lookin' ma bes' lately.
 HUBERT: Anyway, chile, as long as you mekin' nine dollahs or moh a munt, down waste yo time arskin' foh ole age pension, foh yo ent goin' get it.
 DORA: Ba dey hav'a rite¹ ter help we, eef we ready ter help weself.
 HUBERT: Yo wastin' yo breat'. Pray foh strenk an' face de en' w'en it com' GET YO GREEN POMSIETAY²!

¹ rite. 'Right', or as here, 'duty'.

² pomsietay. Pomsitay, the prickly fruit of *Spondias dulcis*, usually pickled or brined when green as a popular snack..

Text 1, English Version

DORA: How old are you?
HUBERT: Old enough to get a pension.
DORA: You apply?
HUBERT: Apply? I caused a lot of trouble for a whole year, and I'm right back where I am, selling fruits on this pavement.
DORA: They turn you down?
HUBERT: Worse than that. A little more and they would have deprived me of my means of living with the questions they ask.
DORA: What are you saying?
HUBERT: I ask you. Can a man live decently on twelve dollars a month?
DORA: I'm living on eleven myself.
HUBERT: That's not the question.
DORA: Man or woman, it doesn't matter.
HUBERT: That's where you're wrong.
DORA: It's always so. A man always believes that he must have more comforts than a woman.
HUBERT: Hush na. We're talking about straight living, not comforts.
DORA: So they turned you down?
HUBERT: Worse than that. They investigated me til I thought I was going to be arrested and charged in court.
DORA: What?
HUBERT: I'm telling you. They found out my age better than I knew it myself. I passed that test all right. Then they started talking about my income. Then they told me that as I'm earning twelve dollars and old age pension is nine dollars, that I'm not liable [eligible] for help at all.
DORA: So what did you do?
HUBERT: Just what I'm doing now. I continue to sell fruits so as I could be independent and keep my self-respect.
DORA: It's all wrong.
HUBERT: When you're old, you're old. They should respect old people who are trying hard to help themselves, and give them the nine dollars too, once they've passed the age for it.
DORA: Come to think on it, I don't know what I'm going to do myself when I pass the age for pension.
HUBERT: You look to me like you passed that age a long long time ago.
DORA: What? That's my lumbago. I'm not looking my best lately.
HUBERT: Anyway, child, as long as you're making nine dollars or more a month, don't waste your time asking for old age pension, for you're not going to get it.
DORA: But they have a duty to help us, if we're ready to help ourselves.
HUBERT: You're wasting your breath. Pray for strength and face the end when it comes...
GET YOUR GREEN POMSIETAY!

Text #2, “HUBERT and DORA” by JAMSIE
The Clarion, October 20, 1956

HUBERT: Wha’ yo doin’?
DORA: Ah readin’ de paper.
HUBERT: Ah didn know yo could read.
DORA: Uh huh. Ah had a lil’ schoolin’ w’en Ah wus a chile.
HUBERT: Yo done rite too?
DORA: No. De hol’in’ a de pensil dose trouble ma.
HUBERT: Yo could see wid dem spektackles?
DORA: Well yes, na. Wha’ yo t’ink Ah wearin’ dem foh.
HUBERT: Ah t’ought dey was foh de sun.
DORA: Na. Dey is seein’ specktackles.
HUBERT: Wha’ yo readin’?
DORA: Poleeticks.
HUBERT: Yo hav’ time.
DORA: Day dose hav’ some big words mix up in it.
HUBERT: How big?
DORA: Like dis one – in-doctreen-nation.
HUBERT: It big ’nough.
DORA: Ah wonder wha’ it mean.
HUBERT: Lemme brek it dosn.
DORA: How yo mean?
HUBERT: Like dis. Lewwe study de ‘in’ fus’.
DORA: De ‘in’?
HUBERT: Yes, na. Yo knows w’en yo go in a house? Well, is de same ‘in’ self.
DORA: Is so?
HUBERT: Suttinly.
DORA: Den we has de ‘doctreen’.
HUBERT: Is wha’ a preacher dose giv’ frum de poolpit.
DORA: Ba dis doan consarn a preacher.
HUBERT: It doan matter. Yo carn change a word becos differen’ pipple wan’ ter use it.
DORA: Yo sure?
HUBERT: Suttinly. Now we has de t’ird part – nation – . Like de English nation or de American nation.
DORA: Ba wha’ de whol’ word mean?
HUBERT: Doan rush ma. Lewwe tek de t’ree parts togedder now. In-doctreen-nation.
DORA: Well?
HUBERT: Well, wha’?
DORA: Well, wha’ it mean?
HUBERT: Ah tell yo not ter rush ma.
DORA: Ah ent rushin’ yo. Is eider yo knows or yo dosen know.
HUBERT: In-doctreen-nation is to put sumtin’ in de nation.
DORA: Dat soun’ kin’a foolish.
HUBERT: Is so wid big pipple, dey dose do t’ings in a big way, an’ sumtimes is confusin’ ter de likes a all we.
DORA: Is easy ter do?

HUBERT: Easy? Yo t'ink dat t'ings dat mix up wid a nation is easy?
 DORA: Ah ent knows.
 HUBERT: All t'ings dat consarn a nation is hard.
 DORA: Dis – in-doctreen-nation – , is a good t'ing?
 HUBERT: Ah dosen know. It all depen' on whoever doin' de preachin'.

Note on the Spelling Games of the Pierrot Grenade

The *Pierrot Grenade* is a Carnival mas(querade), currently rare. Older ones wore wire mesh-based face masks; modern ones still carry a whip and are covered with many strips of cloth sewn to a backing. They perform characteristic verbal duelling and recitations, originally in Patwa (French Creole) but now almost entirely in English. The exercise that Hubert carries out with “indoctrination” is a typical Pierrot Grenade spelling strategy, in which semi-intelligible parts of words are analysed and commented on, often in reference to current events and individuals.

Text 2, English Version

HUBERT: What are you doing?
 DORA: I'm reading the paper.
 HUBERT: I didn't know you could read.
 DORA: Uh huh. I had a little schooling when I was a child.
 HUBERT: You wrote too?
 DORA: No. The holding of the pencil troubles me.
 HUBERT: You could see with those spectacles?
 DORA: Well yes, na. What do you think I'm wearing them for.
 HUBERT: I thought they were for the sun.
 DORA: No. They're seeing spectacles.
 HUBERT: What are you reading?
 DORA: Politics.
 HUBERT: You have time.
 DORA: They have some big words mixed up in it.
 HUBERT: How big?
 DORA: Like this one – in-doctrine-nation.
 HUBERT: It's big enough [It's pretty big.].
 DORA: I wonder what it means.
 HUBERT: Let me break it down.
 DORA: What do you mean?
 HUBERT: Like this. Let's study the 'in' first.
 DORA: The 'in'?
 HUBERT: Yes, na. You know when you go in a house? Well, it's the same 'in' itself.
 DORA: That's so?
 HUBERT: Certainly.

DORA: Then we have the 'doctrine'.
HUBERT: It's what a preacher gives from the pulpit.
DORA: But this doesn't concern a preacher.
HUBERT: It doesn't matter. You can't change a word because different people want to use it.
DROA: You sure?
HUBERT: Certainly. Now we have the third part – nation – . Like the English nation or the American nation.
DORA: But what does the whole word mean?
HUBERT: Don't rush me. Let's take the three parts together now. In-doctrine-nation.
DORA: Well?
HUBERT: Well, what?
DORA: Well, what does it mean?
HUBERT: I told you not to rush me.
DORA: I'm not rushing you. Either you know or you don't know.
HUBERT: In-doctrine-nation is to put something in the nation.
DORA: That sounds kind of foolish.
HUBERT: It's so with big people, they do things in a big way, and sometimes it's confusing to the likes of us.
DORA: It's easy to do?
HUBERT: Easy? You think that things that are mixed up with a nation are easy?
DORA: I don't know.
HUBERT: All things that concern a nation are hard.
DORA: This – in-doctrine-nation – , it's a good thing?
HUBERT: I don't know. It all depends on whoever's doing the preaching.

Text #3, "HUBERT and DORA" by JAMSIE
The Clarion, October 27, 1956

DORA: Ba look a she, na.
HUBERT: Is a nice young t'ing.
DORA: Trus' a man ter on'y see looks.
HUBERT: Well wha' else yo expec' ma ter see?
DORA: De way she dress. Is disgustin' .
HUBERT: Wha' wron' wid de way she dress? It on'y showin' she up a lil' .
DORA: As eef dat ent 'nough. She hav' no shame.
HUBERT: She ent do nuttin' wron' . She on'y walkin' down de street wearin' she clo'es.
DORA: Da's jus' it. She com' frum good class an' she wearin' hardly nuttin' .
HUBERT: Wha' class got ter do wid wha' she wearin' ?
DORA: Class hav' ev'ryt'ing ter do wid wha' a woman wearin' eef she wants ter be respected.
HUBERT: Is so?
DORA: Well didn't yo know dat? Doan yo wear clo'es?
HUBERT: On'y becos Ah has ter.
DORA: Yo doan care wedder yo is respecttable or not?
HUBERT: A man in my condition carn worry 'bout eef he respecttable, w'en Ah carn efen buy a pair of shoes, much less get dem on ma feet.
DORA: We ent talkin' 'bout feet.
HUBERT: Dey is part a yo body.
DORA: Body is body, an' feet is feet.
HUBERT: Is all one piece.
DORA: Yo wans ter quarrel?
HUBERT: Ah on'y statin' facts.
DORA: Anyways dat young gerl should know better dan ter parade de streets dress de way she wus. She on'y lowerin' sheself.
HUBERT: She wus on'y keepin' cool.
DORA: She suttinly wasen keepin' she class.
HUBERT: Ba wha' class got ter do wid it?
DORA: Ev'ryt'ing. Yo has ter dress accordin' ter class.
HUBERT: Class never consarn ma w'enever Ah dose put on ma clo'es, becos Ah ent never had no class.
DORA: Who say so?
HUBERT: We is poor pipple.
DORA: Efen poor pipple hav' a rite ter class.
HUBERT: De's whey yo wron' . Poor pipple carn hav' no class, becos dey doan count.
DORA: We count now, we does vote.
HUBERT: On'y ev'ry five years.
DORA: We hav' we rites.
HUBERT: Wha' rites, wid ev'rybody pushin' yo aroun' ?
DORA: Nobody never try ter push ma aroun' .

HUBERT: Den yo is a lucky one. Since Ah done born, eef it wasen ma Pappy it wus someone else who done push ma aroun'. Ah is de worse push aroun' man dere ever wus.

DORA: Yo ent got sperrit, da's wha' wron' wid ye.

HUBERT: Ah bin too busy all ma life fin'in' food an' a place ter res' ma head, ter worry 'bout hav'in' sperrit.

DORA: Well Ah has ma class, an' Ah knows ma place and Gawd help de one who try ter tek it away frum ma.

HUBERT: A'rite, a'rite. Hav' yo class an' yo place. W'en de time com' foh all a all we ter die, dere ent no class, da's all. Young leddy, ole woman, an' ole man like ma, class ent goin' help one bit. Clo'es is sumtin yo wear, class is a different t'ing, an' yo carn wear it, an' Ah never did hav' class in de whole ah ma life – not once.

Text #3, English Version

DORA: But look at her, na.

HUBERT: She's a nice young thing.

DORA: Trust a man to only see looks.

HUBERT: Well what else do you expect me to see?

DORA: The way she dresses. It's disgusting.

HUBERT: What's wrong with the way she dresses? It's only showing her up [off] a little.

DORA: As if that isn't enough. She has no shame.

HUBERT: She's not doing/didn't do anything wrong. She's only walking down the street wearing her clothes.

DORA: That's just it. She comes from good class and she's wearing almost nothing.

HUBERT: What's class got to do with what she's wearing?

DORA: Class has everything to do with what a woman wears if she wants to be respected.

HUBERT: That so?

DORA: Well didn't you know that? Don't you wear clothes?

HUBERT: Only because I have to.

DORA: You don't care whether you are respectable or not?

HUBERT: A man in my condition can't worry about if he's respectable, when I can't even buy a pair of shoes, much less get them on my feet.

DORA: We're not talking about feet.

HUBERT: They are part of your body.

DORA: Body is body, and feet are feet.

HUBERT: It's all one piece.

DORA: You want to quarrel?

HUBERT: I'm only stating facts.

DORA: Anyways that young girl should know better than to parade the streets dressed the way she was. She's only lowering herself.

HUBERT: She was only keeping cool.

DORA: She certainly wasn't keeping her class.

HUBERT: But what has class got to do with it?

DORA: Everything. You have to dress according to class.

HUBERT: Class never concerns me whenever I put on my clothes, because I've never had any class.

DORA: Who says so?

HUBERT: We are poor people.

DORA: Even poor people have a right to class.

HUBERT: There's where you're wrong. Poor people can't have any class, because they don't count.

DORA: We count now, we vote.

HUBERT: Only every five years.

DORA: We have our rights.

HUBERT: What rights, with everybody pushing you around?

DORA: Nobody ever tried to push me around.

HUBERT: Then you are a lucky one. Since I was born, if it wasn't my Pappy it was someone else who pushed me around. I am the worst-pushed-around man there ever was.

DORA: You haven't got spirit, that's what's wrong with you.

HUBERT: I've been too busy all my life finding food and a place to rest my head, to worry about having spirit.

DORA: Well I have my class, and I know my place and God help the one who tries to take it away from me.

HUBERT: All right, all right. Have your class and your place. When the time comes for all of us to die, there isn't any class, that's all. Young lady, old woman, and old man like me, class isn't going to help one bit. Clothes are something you wear, class is a different thing, and you can't wear it, and I never did have class in the whole of my life – not once.

Text #4 HUBERT and DORA by JAMSIE

The Clarion, November 3, 1956

HUBERT: Melly ent dead yet?
 DORA: She tekin' she time. Ba Ah t'ink she goin' dis afternoon.
 HUBERT: How yo could be so sartin?
 DORA: Dey mekin' preparation foh tonite.
 HUBERT: An eef she survive?
 DORA: She carn do dat. De "pelau"³ start boilin' a'ready.
 HUBERT: "Pelau" boilin' doan mean dat a woman goin die.
 DORA: Melly goin' die. Yestahday Ah wus in ter see she. She was prop up on de bed wid pillows, as calm as ever. She tell me dat she time had com' an dat she wus prepare ter go easy an' quiet.
 HUBERT: She look like she wus dyin'?
 DORA: Is hard ter tell wid a ole woman like Melly. She min' wus strong doh.
 HUBERT: How yo mean?
 DORA: She wus givin direckshions foh de "wake".
 HUBERT: Direckshions?
 DORA: Yes. She was sayin' how much chicken wus ter kill foh de "pelau" an' how much rum wus ter be consume, and so fort'. Den she state who wus not ter be allow ter com'.
 HUBERT: She mention me?
 DORA: Ah didn hear yo name call one wey or de udder.
 HUBERT: Den Ah will be able ter slip in unobserve'.
 DORA: It ent goin' be easy. Dey havin' a man at de gate.
 HUBERT: What it is, a t'eater show or a decent "wake"?
 DORA: Dey hav' a rite ter be careful. Is Melly sheself payin foh de whol' t'ing an' she desarve to know dat is on'y decent pipple dat drinkin' an' eatin' at she "wake".
 HUBERT: Ba, she goin' be dead by dat time.
 DORA: Da's eggsackly it. We has a rite ter respeck de wishes a de dead.
 HUBERT: Ah ready ter respeck any one who dead decent, ba Ah doan tink dey should hav' restrictions an' pipple stan'in' at no gate.
 DORA: Yo mus' hav' ristrickshions w'en food an' rum is free. Nowadays ev'ryone wan' ter turn private affairs into publick meetings.
 HUBERT: Is all confusin'. All Ah consarn wid is wedder or not Ah could get in tonite an' do a lil' drinkin' an' eatin'.
 DORA: Yo could try.
 HUBERT: Lemme esco't yo?
 DORA: An' hav' yo blacken me name wid yo bad manners.
 HUBERT: Ah tell yo a'ready Ah on'y consarn wid eatin' an' drinkin' quiet like.
 DORA: An' wha' 'bout respeckin' de dead?
 HUBERT: Ah' do all de respeckin' dat's needed.
 DORA: Well min' yo do.

³ *pelau*. A seasoned dish usually of chicken or beef and rice; often made in large quantities for gatherings.

Text #4, English version

HUBERT: Melly isn't dead yet?

DORA: She's taking her time. But I think she's going this afternoon.

HUBERT: How could you be so certain?

DORA: They're making preparations for tonight.

HUBERT: And if she survives?

DORA: She can't do that. The "pelau" started boiling already.

HUBERT: "Pelau" boiling doesn't mean that a woman is going to die.

DORA: Melly is going to die. Yesterday I was in to see her. She was propped up on the bed with pillows, as calm as ever. She told me that her time had come and that she was prepared to go easy and quiet.

HUBERT: She looked like she was dying?

DORA: It's hard to tell with an old woman like Melly. Her mind was strong, though.

HUBERT: What do you mean?

DORA: She was giving directions for the wake.

HUBERT: Directions?

DORA: Yes. She was saying how many chickens were to be killed for the pelau and how much rum was to be consumed, and so forth. Then she stated who was not to be allowed to come.

HUBERT: She mentioned me?

DORA: I didn't hear your name called one way or the other.

HUBERT: Then I will be able to slip in unobserved.

DORA: It's not going to be easy. They're having a man at the gate.

HUBERT: What is it, a theater show or a decent wake?

DORA: They have a right to be careful. It's Melly herself paying for the whole thing and she deserves to know that it's only decent people who are drinking and eating at her wake.

HUBERT: But, she's going to be dead by that time.

DORA: That's exactly it. We have a duty to respect the wishes of the dead.

HUBERT: I'm ready to respect anyone who dies decently, but I don't think they should have restrictions and people standing at the gate.

DORA: You must have restrictions when food and rum are free. Nowadays everyone wants to turn private affairs into public meetings.

HUBERT: It's all confusing. All I'm concerned with is whether or not I could get in tonight and do a little drinking and eating.

DORA: You could try.

HUBERT: Let me escort you?

DORA: And have you blacken my name with your bad manners.

HUBERT: I told you already I'm only concerned with eating and drinking quiet like.

DORA: And what about respecting the dead?

HUBERT: I do all the respecting that's needed.

DORA: Well mind you do.

Text #5 HUBERT and DORA by JAMSIE

The Clarion, November 3 [?], 1956

HUBERT: Dora, chile, tings bad.
 DORA: Uh huh! Ah ent efen sell one green mango dis morning.
 HUBERT: Ah ent talkin' 'bout mango. Ah talkin' 'bout worl' affairs.
 DORA: What de worl' got ter do wid poor pipple like we?
 HUBERT: Plenty. We livin' in it ent we?
 DORA: Ah livin' in Trinidad, an' Ah never move out a it me whol' life.
 HUBERT: Da's de worl'. Wheyevah yo livin' is de worl'. De worl' is ev'rywhey. It all aroun' yo.
 DORA: So, as yo wus sayin', t'ings bad?
 HUBERT: Dey goin' frum bad ter wus.
 DORA: Dey'll get better.
 HUBERT: How yo knows dat?
 DORA: An w'en yo sick, yo dosen get better?
 HUBERT: De time does com' w'en one day yo sick an' de nex' day yo dead.
 DORA: Tings dat bad?
 HUBERT: Wus. Dey aggressin' de Gyptions an' dey choppin' up de Hungaries⁴.
 DORA: Who dem?
 HUBERT: Is pipple far aways.
 DORA: Oh, Ah t'ought dey had start up fightin' in Lavbentille⁵ agen.
 HUBERT: Yo doan read de papers?
 DORA: Yo knows Ah carnt follow de print.
 HUBERT: Well, France an' England aggressin' de Gyptions an' Russia choppin' up de Hungaries.
 DORA: Eef England do sumtin', is rite.
 HUBERT: How yo could say dat? De "Clarion" done say dat Eden ⁶is a 'butcher' an' a 'liar'.
 DORA: Dat paper! It too deceitful.
 HUBERT: Min' yo words.
 DORA: Mistah Eden is a gennulman.
 HUBERT: Gennulmans dose lie.
 DORA: HUBERT! Yo goin' mad. Yo accusin' a gennulman a lyin'?
 HUBERT: Eef Ah could lie, Eden could lie too.
 DORA: Man, yo mad. Yo fars'⁷ ter put Mistah Eden in yo clas'. Ev'rybody expec' yo ter lie. Yo born ter lie. Mistah Eden is a born gennulman.
 HUBERT: Yo knows him?
 DORA: Now yo insultin' ma?
 HUBERT: Ah sees wha' Ah reads.
 DORA: Yo on'y abusin' pipple wid yo narsty mout'.

⁴ *Dey aggressin' de Gyptions an' dey choppin' up de Hungaries*. This refers to the Suez Crisis and the Hungarian Uprising/Revolution of 1956.

⁵ *Lavbentille*. Laventille, a working-class area of Port of Spain.

⁶ *Eden*. Robert Anthony Eden (1897-1977) was a British Conservative politician who served three periods as Foreign Secretary and a brief term as Prime Minister (1955-1957).

⁷ *Fars'*. Fast, i.e. taking liberties; saying something without the right to do so

HUBERT: Dora, ketch yeself. We on'y talkin' 'bout wedder or not a man is a gennulman, an' a liar.
 DORA: Time goin' tell.
 HUBERT: An' de moh time dere is de moh dere be to tell. Yo mark ma words, Dora.

Text 5, English Version

HUBERT: Dora, child, things are bad.
 DORA: Uh huh! I haven't even sold one green mango this morning.
 HUBERT: I'm not talking about mangos. I'm talking about world affairs.
 DORA: What does the world have to do with poor people like us?
 HUBERT: Plenty. We're living in it aren't we?
 DORA: I'm living in Trinidad, and I never moved out of it my whole life.
 HUBERT: That's the world. Wherever you're living is the world. The world is everywhere. It's all around you.
 DORA: So, as you were saying, things are bad?
 HUBERT: They're going from bad to worse.
 DORA: They'll get better.
 HUBERT: How do you know that?
 DORA: And when you're sick, don't you get better?
 HUBERT: The time comes when one day you're sick and the next day you're dead.
 DORA: Things are that bad?
 HUBERT: Worse. They're fighting the Egyptians and they're chopping up the Hungarians.
 DORA: Who is that?
 HUBERT: People far away.
 DORA: Oh, I thought they had started up fighting in Laventille again.
 HUBERT: You don't read the papers?
 DORA: You know I can't follow the print.
 HUBERT: Well, France and England are fighting the Egyptians and Russia is chopping up the Hungarians.
 DORA: If England does something, it's right.
 HUBERT: How could you say that? The "Clarion" said that Eden is a 'butcher' and a 'liar'.
 DORA: That paper! It's too deceitful.
 HUBERT: Mind your words.
 DORA: Mister Eden is a gentleman.
 HUBERT: Gentlemen lie.
 DORA: HUBERT! You're going mad. You're accusing a gentleman of lying?
 HUBERT: If I could lie, Eden could lie too.
 DORA: Man, you're mad. You're fast to put Mister Eden in your class. Everybody expects you to lie. You were born to lie. Mister Eden is a born gentleman.
 HUBERT: You know him?
 DORA: Now you're insulting me?
 HUBERT: I see what I read.
 DORA: You're only abusing people with your nasty mouth.

HUBERT: Dora, catch yourself. We're only talking about whether or not a man is a gentleman and a liar.

DORA: Time will tell.

HUBERT: And the more time there is, the more there is to tell. You mark my words, Dora.