

called on the telephone. My friend Samms was the speaker at the other end of the line. This is what he said to me:

While in office he was approached by Detective Sergeant Mayor Gayle, Detective Sgt. Vassell and another Detective Sub-Officer who had demanded that he should hand over to them the note book in which he had recorded notes of Mr. Bustamante's speech at the famous 1937 meeting at North Parade. In addition, he said, Mr. Makin, the Managing Editor of his Newspaper, had agreed to this and he, Mr. Samms, had been taken before Inspector Orrett at the Central Police Station who was responsible for Mr. Bustamante's arrest. Inspector Orrett, he went on, had pushed him up quite a bit and had demanded that he should make a transcript of his notes to corroborate the notes taken by Actg. Cpl. Rowe at that meeting. He said that it was felt that Mr. Bustamante would elect to call a number of witnesses to counteract the Police notes and so his notes as well as mine were being sought. He said also that because of the attitude adopted by Inspector Orrett he was forced to remind him that he (Samms) was no longer a member of the Det. Force. However, he wrote a transcript "which did not seem pleasing to them", and I could expect a call on me. I said, "O.O. I will be available but I am not sure that my Note Book will be". We both chuckled heartily.

Upon my return on the Gleaner, I was met at the stairway by the said Officers. They greeted me most heartily. They told me that they had spoken to the Managing Director, Mr. Michael DeCordova, who had authorised them to request me to hand my note book over and to do the necessary transcription of the speech in question. I took them to a section of the Editorial Office where my note books were usually deposited, and together we searched fruitlessly to find the note book in question. They frowned, then asked me to accompany them to the Managing Director's office. There, Mr. DeCordova said that I should realise that this man, Bustamante is a trouble maker. "Hand over your note book", he ordered, "either you do this or you leave the job".

I told Mr. DeCordova that he was the one to decide. The note book could not be found but I could refer the Officers to the news item which I had published.

To this Sgt. Mayor Gayle replied that the news item referred to was already in their possession and could not help. What they wanted was a verbatim transcript of my notes.

Mr. DeCordova turning to me said, "Young man, go back to your work". I returned to the Editorial Office, and later on spoke to Mr. Ross Livingston, Attorney for Bustamante.

I was present in the Supreme Court, at King Street when proceedings arising out of a writ of Habeas Corpus filed by the late Hon. J.A.G. Smith K.C., were heard, resulting in Mr. Bustamante's release.

THE CHURCH LADY

Many have been the conjectures as to how Bustamante met Gladys Longbridge, for years his faithful secretary, from September 7, 1962, his dedicated wife, and since August 6, 1977 a grieving widow.

The story is best told by Lady Bustamante herself and is recorded here as she gave it at Irish Town on Sunday, September 21, 1975.

"I had finished schooling at Tutorial College and returned to the country for a short time, returning to Kingston early in 1937.

"A worshipper at the Moravian Church from my native Axgon in Westmoreland, in Kingston along with some relatives I regularly attended the Church of the Redeemer, at the corner of North and Duke Streets, then the old Moravian Church in Kingston.

"At that time, Bustamante, I was to understand later, lived in Esplanade House, 87 Duke Street, now an empty lot at the corner of Duke and Charles Streets.

"Bustamante was always a man on the street, walking and talking to people as he passed. He used to walk up on the corner of Duke and North Streets, with his hands in his pockets, tall, strange-looking, almost like a prophet with a far-away look in his eye.

"One Sunday, his attention was directed to myself and my relatives:

"Going to Church, little girls?" he enquired.

"Yes, sir," we replied in chorus.

He continued to ask questions, "What is your name? Where are you from? Where do you live?"

"Okay, run along" he ended, "but be careful how you cross the street."

"The next phase of encounter with Bustamante was when Mr. Lindsay, the proprietor of Arlington House on East Queen Street, asked me to be his secretary who went on leave.

"My duties included those of cashier, stenographer and running the office.

"Arlington House was popular not only for its restaurant serving delicious meals at very reasonable prices, but as the meeting place of legislators, delegates to agricultural and other conferences in Kingston, and those wishing to lobby them. It had the reputation for clean, comfortable, inexpensive lodgings.

"Bustamante used to visit Arlington House and frequently ate there. He was always engaged in frequent and animated conversation with the politicians and others about the political situation and conditions in the country.

"On the return of Mr. Lindsay's secretary, I lost sight of Bustamante until early in 1935 when a friend told me that a tall gentleman named Bustamante, with offices on Duke Street, needed a stenographer.

"I made an application and was called in for an interview.

"Bustamante recognized me with 'O, you're the Church lady.

"He gave me the job which I took in March, 1935, beginning then an association that has so far lasted forty years."