



(Dowie Photo)

HORSE OF THE MORNING: Considered one her masterpieces this sculpture was mounted at the altar of the Kingston Parish Church, during the official funeral service for Edna Manley yesterday afternoon. Also mounted at the altar was another work, "Negro Aroused," which was symbolic of the progression to nationhood. In the background (at podium), the Rev. Hugh Sherlock delivers the sermon.

Pockets of disorder at funeral

A VAST throng joined in the final journey of the Hon. Edna Manley, O.M., from the Kingston Parish Church up East East Street and into National Heroes Park. But at some stages disorder marred the solemnity of the occasion.

The gathering had come out of respect and love, some from innate curiosity, and still some drawn by announcement of the funeral. Standing by the gates and just inside the churchyard, they joined in the singing and rites of the funeral service undaunted by the relentless rays of the sun.

The service ended and the burnished bier bearing the casket was borne out of the courtyard of the Kingston Parish Church. The party stalwarts from the PNP would take her on a slow march to her interment.

Then pandemonium broke loose. In a flash people climbed out of trees and from atop the church gates and speaker boxes which had been placed in the churchyard, and from around the church corners.

At the sight of Mr. Michael Manley, a strident female woman's voice bawled out over the crowd, "Im a cry, look deh, im a cry!"

Crowd control became a major task for the Police. The crowd was coming in from all sides, with the

official mourning party just a step away, and no clear path anymore visible for them to follow the pallbearers.

Simultaneously more people were amassing on other streets to greet and follow the procession. Thousands of people, drawn from all walks of Jamaican life had earlier begun to line the route of the funeral procession, even while the service was in progress.

There was muffled excitement running through the spectators as they anxiously peered down East Queen Street watching for the procession.

Lines of people stretched from East Parade, curving onto East Queen Street and up East Street, where it straightened up and thickened considerably for the last lap. The transformation of the crowd waiting by the church gate from pious prayerfulness, to disorderliness once the service came to a close, was stunning, for many who had climbed up onto the church gates and the many speaker boxes to catch a glimpse of those inside, suddenly found themselves cast aground by fellow onlookers, and nearly trampled by those in a hurry to join up with the party of mourners.

The walk began. Police equestri-

ans were brought into play. People panicked and scrambled out of the horses' path, running and shouting wildly in hysteria.

Mothers with young children crying from fright took off on the trail of the procession, screaming as they were caught up in the crush. Stray objects such as an odd foot of children's shoes, pens, handkerchiefs and a felt hat were seen when the crowds passed.

At East Street the harbingers were heralding the approach of the procession. "Dem a come, unoo move outta di way! The excitement grew. A frenzy started and throngs of people started to converge on the street.

At some point near the National Workers' Union headquarters, the atmosphere was akin to political fervour, with young men shouting "Line, line, form line". They soon took over the organising of the crowds, dodging Police batons and the horses hooves, to deafening shouts of "Power!" addressing each other as "comrade". They took up with the singing of party songs.

A pregnant mother forced her way between a metal crowd barrier at the gates of the Park, exclaiming that she "have to see too, after me nuh dead". People climbed off walls and tree-tops to be swept up in the crowds, moving thickly up East Street.

Skyjuice vendors and confectionary sellers lined the sidewalk just outside the gates.

The Police presence, though strong was evidently ineffectual, as people removed crowd barriers each time the Police replaced them.

Throughout the march, the bereaved family and mourners managed to remain calm and unruffled, and reached the Park with the minimum of harassment.

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B/N Manley, Edna
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