

TO UNA MARSON

EXPRESSIONS OF LOVE—NOW THAT SHE'S GONE

by Vera Murphy

UNA MARSON has gone — and only Eternity will tell whether she hears and knows of the beautiful expressions of love and appreciation which follow her stillness.

How she longed for kind words which would have encouraged and comforted her in her dauntless efforts to make even greater contributions to a by-and-large mean-spirited, unappreciative or unaware public whom she was so proud to call her countrymen and women — her fellow Jamaicans.

I met Una in London, last Christmas. She had just returned from a Women's Conference in Europe, where she had evidently made such a good write more letters than w-impression that she had been offered an assignment in Israel.

Observing her keenly as we chatted, I could not help a feeling of sorrow which overwhelmed me, for here was a great Jamaican woman going away from her own native land — a land striving to establish much of what this great woman had to offer — and here she was going further and further away, not anchored to anywhere, anything or anyone.

I look back with happy memories of my early association with Una Marson when I played the role of Sister Kate in her play Pocomania (I still remember the beat of the drums — the challenge to the orthodox religions which she knew so well) and to working with her in the Readers and Writers Club and The Save the Children's Fund.

We hope shortly to celebrate yet another Year of our Independence and I am appealing to the Leaders of our Country and to fellow-Jamaicans to secure for ourselves Freedom of Mind which will allow us to think honestly and kindly of each other and to

give recognition in their lifetime to our men and women, who by their contributions, have earned a place in their country's growth and history.

I have never forgotten a visit with some prominent persons to the library at Tom Redcam Avenue — Una accompanied us — I had already told these people of Una's fame as a writer, and they asked to see a copy of one of her books. After a long hunt, we picked up something tucked away in a far corner. This was a sad experience.

If it is not too much to hope for, I should like to see a 'Corner of Fame' if not a 'Hall of Fame' established in the Library or other suitable place, where Una Marson may look on smiling at her countrymen and women — her fellow Jamaicans, whom she loved so well.

The Star, May 14, 1965.