

## THE OLDEST INHABITANT TALKS OF TUCKERS TOWN.

Good day, young feller; I'm right glad to see you ag'in. You sure hev' come to the right place this time to git words o' wisdom and views that's feely wal'able consarnin' this here scheme there's so much talk about fer improvin' Tuckerstown into the finest an' most allurin' pleasure ressort in the whole o' c'reation.

I'm nigh onto ninety-four year ole, come next Easter; so I feel I got a right to speak, even although I h'a'nt spent a fortune here in Bermuda, not hev'in' the fortune to spend.

What I wanted to tell you about was the birthday party my grand-da'tter Lucy give me, when she invited ninety-three of her kid' friends to a dance in the parour with a tin-kettle band, 'cause she thought 't would give her Grandpa such a lot o' fun to look on, but that'll keep 'til next time.

I been a-readin' all these letters printed in your paper, from Mr. Beresford lambastin' the whole blame thing to smithereens, an' from Mr. Stuart a-flatly contradictin' everything he said, just afore he left the island, an' Mr. Beresford's snappy takin' him up ag'in, an' Mr. Douglas's rosy promisin' the head o' the T.D.B. not to do nuthin' out o' the way, nuthin' at all, at all, which was so important that our One an' Only give it out to the public just a piece at a time, so to speak, an' your enterprisin' young man's Coney Island interview with Mr. Wetmore, an' all his horror at the very idee o' merry-go-rounds and shooting the-chutes, an' that fortunate an' complimentary lady's letter, who counted Mr. Beresford's words 'cause she couldn't understand 'em no other way; an' I come to my own conclusions.

What the people o' this island needs is imagination; they always has had none an' they always will. They can't see the truth in a fairy-tale unless they git the fairies crammed into their own pockets afore the show.

So this crowd o' biggest-in-the-worlds comes down here to make us a golf links where the balls'll be guaranteed to run into their holes like little rabbits, an' to build a lot o' bungle-osa whatever they is, where all the cares o' house-keepin'll be kep' out, an' the servant-gals kep' in, an' a big hotel with a Palm Beach front, an' a clubhouse with no prohibition, an' a bathin'-beach with no mosquitoes, an' ridin' an' drivin' an' dancin' an' gallivantin' to beat the band, an' all fer what?

They're ready an' willin' to spend three millions o' dollars—an' that's a wallopin' lot o' money—right here in little ole Bermuda, to buy the land an' build up an' pay fer all o' these high-class comforts an' conveniences, just 'cause they like the climate and think Bermuda's quaint.

An' all they're askin' fer's to be allowed to spend their money!

An' then, 'cause they h'a'nt got the brains to see the thing in their mind's eye afore it's an accomplished fact, a lot o' ole moss-backs begins to ask questions an' wants to be shown all the details as to how they're goin' to spend every sixpence o' those millions, an' who's a-goin' to git the rake-

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lions, an' who's a-goin' to git the rake-  
off, an' just how much of a share each  
of us is a-goin' to hev' fer his!

Now, young feller, the men back  
o' this here idee is either gents o' hon-  
ourable intentions meanin' real busi-  
ness, or else they's a lot o' scallywags  
attemptin' to seejuice our island with  
promises o' wealth. There ain't no  
two ways about that.

When my da'tters was a-tryin' to  
git married, an' their young men come  
to me a-proposin' fer their hands, I  
didn't ask 'em how many children  
they was expectin' to hev', an' what  
they was a-goin' to do in their old age,  
or even what I'd git out o' it fer myself.  
I didn't ask 'em no fool questions at all;  
cause why? Because I knew the young  
men. I knew they was honest an' de-  
cent an' hard-workin', an' I seen the  
gals had a chanct. What more could  
I ask fer? I couldn't figger the young  
fellers' money, 'cause 'twas their money,  
not mine; an' although my gals was  
purty fine gals, as gals go, they hed to  
git husbands sometime, an' the matter  
o' matteromony takes a lot o' faith  
anyhow; so I says, says I, "Go to it,  
You takes the chances, not me," an'  
I didn't make no inquiries into all the  
pernickety little pertickerlers; an' I  
ain't had no regrets since—not to  
speak of.

(Continued on Supplement)

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R. G.

BRASIL

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