



Library Lingo

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Reach Out 2012

Libraries: a Community Partnership

In her opening address on Monday, April 23rd, Acting Director, Mrs Carmen Oliveras described "Reach Out 2012" as an initiative that would assist in raising the profile of the library under the theme "Libraries: a community partnership." She hoped that the public would learn more about the library's resources and programmes and used the opportunity to thank individuals and organizations for their ongoing support. "Reach Out" is expected to be an annual event for customer awareness during April, a month which is regarded as important in the lifeline of the library service when the Edison L Baird Library & Education Complex was officially opened on April 30th, 1996.

Between April 23rd and April 26th members of the Library staff and students from the Albena Lake Hodge Comprehensive School visited some schools and read stories to pre-school and kindergarten students. Colourful displays, fun quizzes, open house, and impromptu debates engaged staff, customers and students in friendly exchanges. The closing presentation of "Reach Out 2012" on April 27th recognised the services of former librarians and also the collaboration between the UWI Open Campus, the Department of Youth & Culture and the Library Service in the organization of the annual Malliouhana Poetry Competition.

At the finale tribute was paid to the leadership efforts of Mrs Countess Rey and Ms Audrey Brooks. Mrs Rey was appointed as Public Librarian in 1961 while Ms Brooks began her career in 1957 as a library assistant and succeeded Mrs Rey as Public

Librarian in 1975 until the early 1990s. Both librarians struggled to source library materials and space in which to house them was limited. Working conditions were far from satisfactory but small study spaces were offered as well as outreach programmes for children and service points in some outlying districts. Permanent Secretary, Education, Mrs Chanelle Petty Barrett presented the awards including the certificates to the participants in the Malliouhana Poetry Competition as indicated in the list below.

Group A (5-8 Years)

- 1st Alysha Carty O.K.P.S.
- 2nd Nandi Edwards (T.G.O.I)
- 3rd Calum Firth (T.G.O.I)

Honourable Mention: Rhonica Connor (C.C.S.)

GROUP B (9-12 Years)

- 1st Marley Ipinson-Fabien (O.K.P.S.)
- 2nd Krenzh Carty (O.K.P.S.)
- 3rd Avonya Reid (O.K.P.S.)

Honourable Mention: Maxwell Fleming/Anna Firth (T.G.O.I)

GROUP C (13-17 Years)

Special Prize: Guy-Vaughn Ruan (ALHCS)

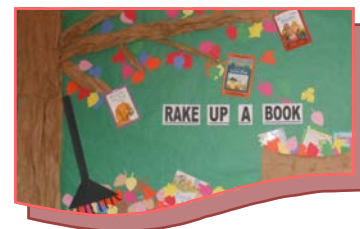
Special Prize: Keadre Brooks, Odarie Hill & Cobie Webster (TGOI Secondary)

GROUP D (Adults)

- 1st Hyacinth Hughes
- 2nd Ivenia Benjamin
- 3rd Dollynell Best

Honourable Mention: Anita Ruan, Ronnie Mills

Nation Language : Rueul Ben Lewi & Vanessa Croft -Thompson



Success does not consist in never making blunders, but in never making the same one a second time.
Josh Billings

Looking Back..... August Fundays

Prior to 1940, Landsome Pasture

In those days, August Monday was the most celebrated of the secular holidays. The day commemorated the Emancipation Act passed by the British House of Commons on the 31st day of July, 1833 which freed all slaves in the then British Empire effective on the 1st of August, 1834. The holiday, which is celebrated on the first Monday in August, remains a public holiday throughout the English speaking Caribbean and is still the most popular secular holiday in Anguilla.



HMS Warspite

Prior to 1940, August Monday in Anguilla was celebrated mainly on Landsome Pasture, later named Burrowes Park and now the Ronald Webster Park. The Anglican Vestry, with the permission of Mr. Carter Rey, the owner of the field at that time, organized a fair, bazaar, and sports meet all rolled into one, which drew large crowds from all over the island. A few days prior to the event, the schooner *Betsy* or the sloop *Speed* would be sent to St. Kitts for supplies, including ice which was wrapped in sawdust and crocus bags to retard melting, which was used to make gallons of ice cream and 'fraco' (shaved ice with coloured and flavoured syrup) for the fair. Donkey rides, egg and spoon races, bicycle races, culminating in a cricket match were the main events. All were accompanied with 'goat water' (a goat stew), sugar cakes, and

other foods, and included the music of mandolins and tambourines. The fair usually lasted from ten in the morning until sunset, and all the money raised (very little in those days) went to the Church.

More significantly, the holiday was also celebrated informally in fishing villages around the island with mini regattas and stem-to-stem races between fishing boats. Blowing Point, West End, Sandy Ground and Island Harbour would all have their own races without prizes or any real organization. It was simply a good time to have some fun, to settle never-ending arguments about whose boat was the fastest and to drink a litre or two of smuggled rum while avoiding the constabulary (it was not an offense to be found drunk, but it was a serious offense to be found drinking).

In Island Harbour, *Perula*, *Wild Dog*, *Jolly Breeze*, *Terror*, *Emma Jones*, and *Candle Grease* had their wars in stem-to-stem races from the cliffs just west of Shoal Bay up to Island Harbour. The first



ashore was the winner, but sometimes 'ashore' meant Scilly Cay. The brave or foolish racer who claimed victory by jumping on to Scilly was always the object of derision and accused of cowardice for not going the extra three hundred yards to the beach.



In Sandy Ground, *Lady Small*, *Money Cup*, *Red Rover*, *DiaDEM*, *Aurora*, *Worry Me*, *Fair Toil*, *Antelope*, *Daily Bread*, *Whisper*, *Hyperion* (built on Sombrero by its owner Arnold Bryan) and San Nicholas had their stem-to-stem battles from that area of sea between Sandy Island and Long Bay, commonly called the Road Ground, eastward to the beach in Sandy Ground. On occasion there was also the short-lived inclusion of a racer having to jump from his boat and run up the beach to find a certain sized ballast rock before his boat could be declared a winner.

In West End, *Cosy*, *Irene*, *Messenger*, *Sea Plane*, *Beryl*, *Adina*, *Repel*, *Alert* and *Flash* had their action off Maids Bay and around South Wager Rock, commonly called the Racing Rock. Bets, not in cash but in kind and oftentimes outrageous, were frequently placed here.

In Blowing Point, *Arizona*, *Arrow*, *Halcyon*, *Pilot*, and *Amaze* raced off Rendezvous and the Cove back up to Blowing Point Harbour. The finish was usually the tiny jetty that used to be there and appropriately nicknamed the 'Bachelor Bed Stead'.

Excerpt from Carty, David. "Nuttin Bafflin": the story of the Anguilla Racing Boat Rockfield, Anguilla: the author, 1997.



Spreading the word....

'Aya by Marguerite Aboutet'

In "Aya" the author wanted to show 'an Africa without war and famine' and she has succeeded in conveying the sense of a place full of lively characters, music, food, traditions and stories to which we can all relate.

This humorous story is set in the Ivory Coast of the 1970s and reflects some of the interests of teenage girls anywhere – school, relationships and having a good time.



Aya is studious and dreams of becoming a doctor but her father believes that college is for boys. He would prefer to see her marry well. Her party loving girl friends, Bintou and Ajoua cannot draw Aya into their boys and disco craze. The drama intensifies when Ajoua becomes pregnant and targets the son of wealthy parents. A wedding follows, then the birth of the baby then the rumours start to fly.

The story of Aya is light-hearted, down to earth and is delightfully presented in the graphic novel format. Its vivid comic strips capture the comedy, energy and emotions of the actions in the text.

If you would like to read "AYA" please contact your Public Library.

The Bear and the Bees

An Aesop Fable

A bear came across a log where a swarm of bees had nested to make their honey. As he snooped around, a single little bee flew out of the log to protect the swarm. Knowing that the bear would eat all the honey, the little bee stung him sharply on the nose and flew back into the log.

This flew the bear into an angry rage. He swatted at the log with his big claws, determined to destroy the nest of bees inside. This only alerted the bees and quick as a wink, the entire swarm of bees flew out of the log and began to sting the bear from head to heel. The bear saved himself by running to and diving into the nearest pond.



It is better to bear a single injury in silence than to bring about a thousand by reacting in anger.

Memories of My Primary School Days

School days, ah, how the years have fled!
Yet fond memories linger in my head,
Sometimes they flash behind the mind's curtain,
Like fresh dewdrops on the grass by the fountain.

Now waltz with me down memory's lane;
As I sift through playground scenes of love and pain
Of naughty deeds, petty quarrels and fist fights,
Or boys pitching marbles and flying kites.

The clanging bell heralded the school's work day
And children jostled and hurried without further delay.
Latecomers and laggards rushed to the fore,
When they saw the headmaster at the door.

Rows of children stretched out like long ribbons
Awaiting, yet fearing the teacher's inspections;
While up and down the lines the teacher roamed
Checking to see that each child was well groomed.

Teachers impressed on us the value of education,
So they crammed our heads with loads of preparation.
They taught us reading, writing, arithmetic and composition,
But to me, the best were grammar, poetry, and dictation.
Sometimes the class was filled with fun and laughter,
When the headmaster came, it spelled utter disaster,
For every child dreaded that leather strap
Which hissed and curled in a hand hugging wrap.

Monthly, end of term and year tests were given.

Those who aspired studied as if they were driven,
That's when the classroom became a battlefield
And competing students fought for the victor's shield.

But best of all were the school yard games,
Where children frolicked and gave each other silly names.
Skipping, rounders, hop scotch, slap-n-pinchers are a few
Of the games we played and now pass on to you.

My school days have long since passed and gone
And I oft recall friendly faces one by one,
All who played and laughed and loved together
In a bond that neither time nor distance can sever.

© Hyacinth Hughes 2011

(Malliuhana Poetry Competition)

Tickle Your Mind...

Inspiration

M X M P S R E W O P M E T R N
 O A Y A R O M R V B P N P G F
 T V T W U I A J U W E M B J B
 I E I O T Q O P C M X D J Z T
 V P V P I H S R E D A E L M H
 A G I D I M A G I N A T I O N
 T H T H Z O A S K T X J R Y E
 I H A E S R B D D I I I J G P
 N P E G U D S S E R Z Z D K O
 G D R O L E N B T O A E E M S
 Y L C D K E X E N A L W O V I
 J N T S Z C R S I W C D E Z T
 E X W Q N C G G O R S L L R I
 D M P P T U Y N T I F S E O V
 Y P Z P R S K H W K C I E S E

CREATIVITY
EMPOWERS
ENCOURAGEMENT
FRIENDSHIP
HORIZONS
IMAGINATION
KNOWLEDGE
LEADERSHIP
MOTIVATING
OBSTACLES
POSITIVE
PRIORITIZE
REWARDS
SUCCEED
WISDOM

This is an unusual paragraph. I'm curious how quickly you can find out what is so unusual about it? It looks so plain you would think nothing was wrong with it! In fact, nothing is wrong with it! It is unusual though. Study it, and think about it, but you still may not find anything odd. But if you work at it a bit, you might find out! Try to do so without any coaching!

Brain Teasers

The more of them you take, the more you leave behind. What are they?



What is it that you will break every time you name it?



What's full of holes but still holds water?



What has four fingers and one thumb, but is not alive?



What flies without wings?



What has wheels and flies, but is not an aircraft?



What happens twice in a week, and once in a year, but never in a day?



Have you heard the saying what goes up must come down? Well what goes up and never goes down?

Answers on page 2



Tongue Clapper Say...
"Hush mout' no ketch fly"

WHY THE SUN AND MOON LIVE IN THE SKY *an African Folktale*

Many years ago, the sun and water were great friends, and they both lived on the earth together. The sun very often used to visit the water, but the water never returned the visits.

At last the sun asked the water why he never visited. The water replied that the sun's house was not big enough, and that if he came with all his people, he would drive the sun out of his home.

The water then said, "If you want me to visit you, you will have to build a very large house. But I warn you that it will have to be very large, as my people are numerous and take up a lot of room".

The sun promised to build a very large house, and soon afterwards, he returned home to his wife, the moon, who greeted him with a broad smile. The sun told the moon what he had promised the water, and the next day, they began building a large house to entertain the water and all his people. When it was completed, the sun asked the water to come and visit him.

When the water arrived, one of his people called out to the sun, and asked him whether it would be safe for the water to enter, and the sun answered, "Yes, tell my friend to come in."

The water began to flow in, followed by the fish and all the other water animals.

Very soon, the water was knee-deep in the house, so he asked the sun if it was still safe, and the sun again said, "Yes," so more of them came in.

When the water was at the level of a man's head, the water said to the sun, "Do you want more of my people to come?"

Not knowing any better, the sun and the moon both said, "Yes.". More and more of the water's people came in, until the sun and the moon had to sit on top of the roof.

The water once again asked the sun if it was still okay to keep coming in. The sun and moon answered yes, so more and more of the water's people came in.

The water soon overflowed the top of the roof, and the sun and the moon were forced to go up into the sky. ...and they have been there ever since.

