



Library Lingo

Volume 1, Issue 3

September 2005

LET'S LINK UP!

The 2005 theme slogan 'Let's LinkUp!'



captures the cooperative spirit and team work essential for the success of the Children's Library Annual Summer Programme-CLASP from July 13-29, 2005. With the liaison services of the Anguilla Development Board, CDB's Caribbean Technological Consultancy Service (CTCS) was tapped for technical assistance in the person of A-dziko Simba, regional writer and storyteller. Other much appreciated sources of sponsorship were:

- Cable & Wireless
- National Bank of Anguilla
- Anguilla Community Foundation
- Mr & Mrs Osbourne Fleming
- Anguilla Social Security Board
- Harney Westwood & Riegels
- Sunset Homes
- Mango's Restaurant
- JW Proctors
- Ashley & Sons Ltd
- Fairplay Supermarket
- Essential Business Services

This year 85 children participated in CLASP and were grouped in 3 teams:

- Lingo Lovers, 5-7 years
- Technochats, 8-9
- Riddim Rappers, 10-14

All teams explored different forms of communication: signs and codes, oral and written languages, music, body language and cultural symbols like hieroglyphs and petroglyphs. Field trips to Cable & Wireless and the Air Traffic Control Tower gave both the children and their supervisors more insight into communications technology at work in Anguilla. CLASP participants were fascinated with the communication customs of dolphins and some tropical birds during a tour of Dolphin Discovery.



The children were engaged in various creative activities and treated their parents and other guests to dramatic presentations on the final day. A short skit highlighted issues of slavery and freedom as it traced an ancestral journey from Africa to Anguilla. The participants were all dressed in their CLASP tee shirts featuring the design of the team of 10-14 year olds. One of the messages on the shirts encourages us to "Talk Less, Listen More." The

theme song also urges us to listen:



We got to listen to the old and tell the stories that they've told Communicate Anguilla's culture in this way Several enthusiastic volunteers 'linked up' with the Library Staff to provide guidance and direction for the programme.



Heartfelt thanks go to Teachers Sharon, Claudette, Noll and Judith from the Teacher Gloria Omolulu Institute; to Teacher Joy Boothe; Chris and Brenda Lawrence; also Don Walicek, research assistant from the University of Puerto Rico and Civilla Kentish of the Health Education Unit.



**Be who you are & say what you feel,
because those who mind don't matter, those
who matter don't mind—Dr. Seuss**

Looking Back.....

The Story of Wadu, My Great Grandfather *Michael Connor's Account* (Oral History Project)

This is a story that was told to me by my aunt, the sister of my grandfather. She lived in St. Martin. I stayed with her when I was small. My aunt told me that Wadu and his brothers were taken to Dominica from Africa. There were 4 brothers: Kalil, Alewan, Abenji, and Wadu, who was the youngest.

Somehow Wadu and his brothers got a hold of something very special...a goat skin. Dey used it to mek a kettle drum. Wadu, my great grandfather, was just 14 years old or so. They made di drum and gathered with other Africans and held a special ceremony. They drew a big boat on di wall while the ritual was going on. There was the banging of di drum, di dancin, and ting. Dey told Wadu not to leave the room. But dey take so long dat Wadu get thirsty and he wanted a drink of water. While he was drinking di water he hear di drums choppin and everyting, but when he rushed back in di room...there was nobody dere, everybody gawn, boat and all off di wall. And dey was never seen since, his brothers and all the Africans.

Wadu go on to become a man, he had a wife now. One day di wife came crying and tell him dat massa tell her to bathe and get in bed till he come. At dis time di wife already have a baby for Wadu. When Wadu find dis out he got very mad and went at massa wid he cutlass to cut him up. But massa get di other slaves wid him, dey surround Wadu, tie him around and beat him up. Massa still very angry so he sell Wadu and he little son to a man from Anguilla but keep he wife in Dominica.

Years upon years after, Wadu had a family in Anguilla. Slavery abolished but Anguilla ain't know it. You see, di government ended slavery but no one told the people in Anguilla for many years. Dey didn't find it out until the 1840s or 1850s! When dey heard di news di slaves set off for Sandy Ground to celebrate. Wadu was still working for the new massa dat brought him from Dominica. Wadu decided he going to the celebration.

Massa heard it. They were near a big garden he had in di area and he said, "How is it you're going to celebrate? Who's going to take care of my place?"

Wadu answered, "It goin' take good care of itself."

After Wadu go to Sandy Ground, Massa decided to go in a part of di Garden dat Wadu cultivate for himself. He went in and filled he basket wid big luscious fruit. When it came time to leave he was going to get out and on one side up come a wall, he turned and another wall. A third wall come up too! An when he turned in the only remaining direction, what he see? Another wall!

Massa cry out. His wife hear and come down to di garden. It turn out she can't get out either. Di people round see he went in and couldn't get out, so ain't nobody else goin in. People see whah going on so dey go down to Sandy Ground to tell Wadu whah happen. He say, "I didn't send nobody in dere. Whoever in dere, dey on dey own." And di Massa and he wife were left dere.

Wadu didn't return until late. When he get home, he sleep and dream about freedom.

Di next morning Wadu went down to di gar-

den. He hold each one by di han, led dem to di gate, and give dem a kick. And you know in doze days it was wrong to kick massa. Later dey whip Wadu. But Wadu was now free so he decide to leave dem. He start to pick up di few tings he had. Among dem was a horse dat he tended to when it was left to die. He called it Baby. When Wadu was ready to leave, Massa tell him, "You can't take Baby, he's my horse. But, I tell you what, I have an idea—let's make a bet. Let Baby race with my horse Landash. You win you can take whatever you claim, but if I win you must work for me for twenty more years." Now Massa was smart he know he had di fastest horse on di island.

Wadu agreed. Dey decide the course of the race and Wadu put his oldest son up on Baby. Di race was a close one. Dey had to go around a big piece of land three times. Landash stayed in front di first time round, di second time around. But, di third time around Baby pull ahead to win di race. Wadu took Baby wid him—and he also laid claim to a big piece of land. Massa say fine and gave him. But Wadu didn't go far, cause the land he won in di race was right dere across from Massa's piece where dey been racin.

Today many people know the name of di two hills in dat area, one named for Wadu Carty and one for Massa. But just a few know the full story that takes Wadu from Africa as a young boy and follows him to Anguilla where he got freedom and land of his own.

If you want the
rainbow, you have to
put up with the rain
- Unknown



Spreading the word.....

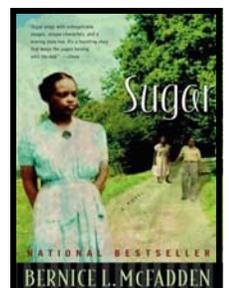
From an exciting new voice in African-American contemporary fiction comes "a literary explosion...a stunning tale of love and loss" (*The Chicago Defender*). The novel opens when a young prostitute comes to Bigelow, Arkansas, to start over, far from her haunting past. Sugar moves next door to Pearl, who is still grieving for the daughter who was murdered fifteen years before. Over sweet-potato pie,

an unlikely friendship begins, transforming both women's lives—and the life of an entire town.

Sugar brings a Southern African-American town vividly to life, with its flowering magnolia trees, lingering scents of jasmine and honeysuckle, and white picket fences that keep strangers out—but ignorance and superstition in. To read this novel is to take a journey

through loss and suffering to a place of forgiveness, understanding, and grace.

A unforgettable...a haunting story that keeps pages turning until the end. - (Ebony)



ANSWERS from page 1, a look, the son is a newsreader, love

Congratulations



Nashara & Keivelle

Close on the heels of her 17th birthday **Nashara Webster** received the gift of good news-she was the front runner in the 2005 CXC examination results with 8 subjects at Grade 1 and one at Grade II. Her smile spreads her excitement, but still modest she reflects that she does not 'feel that she did good enough to be the island's best.' She is definitely challenging herself to achieve more...

Sixth form is next on the agenda as she focuses on a mixture of the sciences and humanities-biology, mathematics, business management and sociology. She loves to travel and surf the Net

and wants to pursue an undergraduate programme in travel and tourism marketing management.

Nashara's success has caught the eye of several philanthropic citizens who intend to sponsor her college education in the US.

Nashara is grateful for support from her mother and her teachers especially Miss Rogers, Mr Johnson and Mrs Ruan. She does not want to forget her primary school days. "Thanks also to my very favourite teacher," she gushes, "Teacher Ingrid (Fullington), of course."

Keivelle Lake of Little Harbour was very successful in this year's CXC Examinations. excelling with 5 subjects in grade ones and the other 5 in grade twos. With these excellent grades Keivelle plans to attend 6th form where he will further his education. In the near future he would like to attend college where he plans to pursue a career in Business Finance/Financial Planning and Management. He would also like to minor in Computer Programming as it is something he really enjoys.

He appreciates and likes all the subjects that he did. But his favourite subjects would have to be between Spanish, Information Technology, P.O.B and Biology.

All of his teachers were wonderful and they've all contributed a great deal in helping him to prepare for a higher level of education and higher hopes of achieving success at all levels. And he especially appreciates the help and guidance from the following teachers: Mrs. Charmaine Rogers, Mrs. Mary Smith, Mrs. Maria Webster, Ms. Mary Claire Haskins, Mrs. Jacobs, Mr. Ruan, Ms. Donna Banks and Mrs. Bernice Fahie Richardson.

Keivelle enjoys playing soccer, socializing, solving problems, swimming, traveling, facing the many challenges in life and girls (he blushes with a smile)

And last but not least Keivelle would like to thank all those who've helped him to reach to this point where he is right now. And to the Almighty God for getting him this far and for giving him the strength to continue thriving and aiming higher.



Fishing For Facts...

In the wake of the recent, escalating violence in our community e.g. Carnival Village and schools, the question is .. "Shouldn't institutions such as the Court House have metal detectors installed?" This institution is the filter for society's problems and episodes stemming from revenge and anger can happen at Court houses. What do you think?

Drop in at the Library, Call 497-2441 or Email Us

Knowledge is like a garden: if it is not cultivated, it cannot be harvested..

What's Cooking?...

BANANA FRITTERS

Ingredients

2 large bananas, barely ripe
lemon or lime juice
fat for deep frying
sugar

Batter

2 oz flour
¼ tsp baking powder
¼ tsp salt
1 egg
¼ pt milk

Method

To make batter:

1. Sieve flour, baking powder and salt into a bowl
2. Make a well in centre, break egg and add to flour.
3. Add small quantity of milk and stir
4. Continue adding milk gradually, stirring all the time until all the milk is added and batter is smooth.
5. Beat for about 5 minutes, cover and set aside.

To make fritters:

1. Peel and slice bananas into ¼ inch pieces.
2. Coat thoroughly with batter.
3. Heat fat, and fry until golden brown.
4. Drain and sprinkle with lemon juice.
5. Toss in sugar and serve hot.



ENJOY

Tickle Your Mind...

Communication

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

ADINKRA BELLS BRAILLE CELLPHONE CHAT
COMPUTER CONCHSHELLS CONTROLTOWER DANCE
DRUMS FEELINGS FLAGS GOSSIP HIEROGLYPHICS
INTERNET LANGUAGE LOGIN MORSECODE MUSIC
POSTERS RADIO SIGNS TALK TELEPHONE
TELEVISION TRAFFICSIGNS

Brain Teasers

I can be a square, I can be a circle. I can be on any kind of decoration piece you want. I can sound like a wind chime or a bird. I can glow in the dark. I can be carried around in your pocket or sit on your dashboard. I can talk or not talk, use my hands or not use my hands. Either way I get my message across. What am I?



A mother and a father routinely watch their son at work 5 nights a week. Yet, no words are ever exchanged between the parents and son; and to make this even more baffling, the parents live a few states away from their son. How can this be?



Three hints is all you'll get
In stone the answer is set
It will never change
And it may feel strange
You wont find me seating idly by
So what am I

1. I am unstoppable thing.

2. People do great and horrible things in my name

3. It is said it is better to have had me for a while than to never had me at all.

Three clues you read
And three clues I said
The answer isn't a trick
Don't think too hard
You just may want to look at a card
So now the answer you must find
And please do be kind

Answers on page 2

Tongue Clapper Say.....

Ah back again, feeling better now. Ah did get a little sprain foot wid de Carnival bachannal. Chile, ah was enjoying de Carnival so much 'specially ah had me friend Lick Mout Lou from Barbados spending time wid me. So ah was playing young out in all de night dew. Ah was right dere Queen Show night, is not 'Dem Say' tell me. Well, sah, ah frighten so till, aya Lawd, gun shot a fly, ah nearly get mash up in de stampede. Parents start to bawl out for dem children. After ah reach home ah feel so shame ah beg Lick Mout Lou not to write nottin' 'bout Anguilla in de Bajan papers. She promise me 'cause she enjoy she self oderwise. Dem say more than 300 high heel get lef' back in de Village' Aya Lawd, what a ting! But when dem say dat police man was running away too ah get serious. Wha kinda protection de police could give we? Dem say too dat a police officer get slap off. Ah wonder if it true. You know anoder ting dat does mek me feel shame in de show dem? Boss Man and dem sing an' sweat so much, no clap or nottin from de people dem. Dem need a course in crowd appreciation etiquette. It tek guts to go pon stage, de performers need a little clap hand to gi' dem energy. Anyway Fernando mek dem belly hurt wid laugh so much at de leeward Island calypso dem couldn't even clap. Laugh a kill me right now, ah gone....