



*Third Street*  
**By Carolanne Aaron**

There may be many streets around the world named Third Street. In Alberttown, Georgetown, there is also a street by that name. However, when any of our family reminisces about Third Street, they are really referring not to the street itself but to the yard in which my grandparents' house was located. Third Street brings back a lot of memories.

Our grandparents rented the second storey of a house in Third Street. Their house was the last of three houses in the yard. The Peters family lived in the flat below my grandparents. There are several members of the Peters family but it is our custom to lump this

family's members together as if they had no individual names. We did this for all the families who lived in Third Street; the Jenkins, the Boxhills and the Jardins. At the front of Third Street was the bakery owned by the Jenkins. The parents of the Jenkins not only owned the bakery but also every house in the yard. The Jenkins children really didn't join the other children of Third Street in play. In our immature minds we assumed that as children of our landlords, they weren't allowed to mix much with the tenants. In hindsight I realized that although their house had the same lot number, it faced the street and really was not a part of our "Third Street". However, the children subsequently became friends of our family.

Sandwiched between the bakery and the last house in the yard was another two storey house. The Jardins lived on the second floor of that house while the Boxhills lived below them. I can't

remember much about the Jardins as they left Guyana during the time of emigration of many persons of Portuguese descent. The Portuguese left when Guyana became independent and the British were no longer our colonists. Sociologists might equate the departure of the Portuguese from Guyana to the white flight in the USA when blacks moved into a neighborhood. Although I don't remember the Jardins well, I do remember the last born of the Jardin family. Everyone in Third Street called him "Ghee Ghee" (not pronounced like the Indian cooking oil but like "gee" the exclamation or the letter "G"). Ghee-Ghee is memorable because he was the

best friend of Roger and Bernard Boxhill. Although Bernard is Bernadette's twin, it was Roger and Bernard who did everything

together. Particularly, they were the Bonnie and Clyde, partners in crime, of Third Street. They are legends. Their pranks and mischievous deeds also involved Ghee-Ghee, hence his infamy. Often my relatives and I would recall some of the legendary deeds of Roger and Bernard. There was the high-jacking of Mr. Boxhill's bicycle and taking it for joy rides. Another of Roger and Bernard's famous misdeeds is the instance when they hopped onto the back of a donkey cart to travel to Plaisance, a village some miles from Georgetown and Third Street where they lived. In their defense, Roger and Bernard wanted to visit their grandmother who lived in Plaisance. I would hope that my own grand-daughter, Sekai would leave no stone unturned to come see me.

Our cousins, my siblings, our parents and I visited Third Street every Saturday night,

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**Ocho Rios, Jamaica**



rain or shine. We gathered at our grandparents to have our usual Saturday night dinner cooked by my grandmother. Without fail, the menu on Saturday night was blackeye cookup rice with salt beef and pig tail. Lest one gets the impression that we visited only for the food, let me add that it was a night of family quality time. After dinner the grown-ups would converse while the children were permitted to go into the yard to play with the Peters and Boxhills. Saturday night was the only time we were permitted to venture into the yard to play. Going into the yard to play during the week was such a grave infraction that I even got a spanking on the buttock, the only time I ever received one from my father, for disobeying this rule. I'm not ashamed to disclose that the spanking resulted in me wetting my pants. I still remember how that spanking felt and when I think about it I have an out of body experience. I see myself standing in a puddle and can practically feel the urine trickling down my legs. I'm sure that spanking molded me into the person I am today; at least that is what I make my children believe when I remind them that they need good old Guyanese discipline.

We had lots of fun playing in the yard at Third Street on Saturday nights. One of the games I remember playing was Saul. Saul was a game in which there were lines marked into the clay ground; we had no lawn. The goal of the game was for one team to get into the territory of the opposing team by traveling along the lines without being caught. Another game we played was marbles. The marbles were made of the seeds of one of my favorite Guyanese fruits called awara. One had to prepare the seed for play by first eating every bit of the orange flesh and leaving

the black seed. This was a messy process and left one's teeth and tongue orange but one had to do everything for the cause. The goal of the marble game was similar to Saul as one had to move one's marble from one end of the court to the other end. Participants in the game stood at a mark some distance from holes made in the clay and we had to try to throw the marble into the hole. If one's marble missed the hole, then it was someone else's turn and that person could hit the marble left there to try to move their own nearer to the hole. We enjoyed playing in the yard so much, that we always felt cheated when our parents signaled that it was time to leave. The memories of happy times in Third Street remain with us. More importantly, we formed lasting friendships and when I hear someone other than my family call me "Carolanne Ingrid", I know that call must come from someone who lived and played in Third Street; a Boxhill or a Peters. ☺

### *Darfur Goat Project* **By Lynette Davson**

Several months ago Paula shared a very humorous letter she received from an alumna working with the United Nations, in Darfur. In the letter, she asked for a donation of a goat which would be given to a woman in Darfur. At first the request was hilarious as I personally had visions of a passenger carting a goat and trying to ship it through an international airline! As the comedy session subsided





many members realized the practicality of the request and the impact such a donation would have on the lives of women living in areas devastated by war and drought. Several members decided then and there that they would like to participate in the project and at that meeting members collectively donated sixteen goats for the project – some a whole goat and others half a goat. The cost of a goat is \$80

Subsequent research has indicated that this project is spreading like wild fire across the globe. I saw a report that organizations such as Global Giving in the United Kingdom, Practical Action, and Christian Relief Fund in the United States are contributing to this very worthwhile initiative. The latter is working with students at West Texas A&M to raise funds for the project.

The idea of building a goatherd is so basic yet so empowering! As we ponder on donations to the needy around the world, there is always the concern as to where our donations go, how they are used and whether they ever reach the families in distress. We are assured that families are given female goats, which will provide milk for the family. With the sale of the surplus, they are able to provide food, clothing, medical care and schooling for their children. In addition, nature plays its role, as these small donations, with time, will develop into a small herd! ☺

**SAVE THE DATE**  
**October 2, 2010**  
Jazz evening  
Chef's Orchid Restaurant at JFK airport

*Hey Diddle Diddle:*  
*Is there a Swindle in the Riddle?*  
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If you like mysteries and curious stories, then, like over two centuries of our civilization since this nursery rhyme first appeared around 1765, you may enjoy the question, 'why did the cow jump over the moon?' If so, then join me in unraveling the threads of the rhyme 'Hey Diddle Diddle' and knitting a fresh new cloak in its two hundred and forty-fifth year. 'Hey Diddle Diddle' has been either dismissed as a fun, childish rhyme or lauded as allegory with political or other truths hidden within its half dozen lines. Wikipedia documents a bundle of interpretations attributed to the rhyme since its first appearance. This playful analysis finds a business swindle in camouflage and treats the reader to plausible explanation within the historic context of its origins.

*Diddle Diddle*

One possible origin of the word 'diddle' according to YourDictionary.com, is the Old English dydrian, to deceive. Alternatively, it is a variant of dialectal 'doodle', a fool or simpleton. Taking both those meanings, deception and fool, we may account for the word occurring twice in the title of the rhyme: to introduce a fool's deception, a diddle diddle. In the rhyme, we actually see the protagonist, the thief, cleverly made to look like a fool, justifying this interpretation of the title. More ingeniously, the word 'diddle' announces in the title, with linguistic liveness as British slang for sexual intercourse, the hint of 'hanky panky' which we find echoed within the tale. The title then, tells us in uncertain terms that



this is the story about a foolish thief and a bit of dalliance.

#### *The cat*

The clever one in common folk tales, the cat could be seen in this nursery rhyme in just that role of stealth- the smart character who is lead subject of the tale, the perpetrator. Interestingly, in Britain the c.a.t is also an accounting qualification, Certified Accounting Technician, but to be historically accurate in this tale, this meaning would have to have surfaced some 250 years ago.

#### *The fiddle*

Although in story-book illustrations the fiddle is often depicted as a musical instrument, there is another underlying interpretation. In common British use, the word 'fiddle' denotes deception. 'The cat and the fiddle' is believably a smart cat who was, as the British would say was 'on the fiddle', stealing.

#### *The Cow*

In expressions such as "milking the cow", 'cow' is popularly a wealthy benefactor. This fits the proposition that in the nursery rhyme the cow is symbol for owner or businessman. It is from him that the smart cat stole.

#### *To Jump over the moon*

... and that explains why he 'jumped over the moon'. "Over the moon" or 'out of control', though usually in a joyful sense, as in: 'he is over the moon'. In the rhyme the cow jumped over the moon, effectively skirts the passive state to indicate instead an expression of rage. Understandably, having discovered that he was being swindled, it follows logically that the deceitfully milked cow would do something crazy, out of control, like jumping over the moon. Further, jumping 'over the moon' may signal the end of something romantic. No longer is there the joyful 'over the

moon' experience. Jumping took the cow elsewhere, beyond that emotion.

#### *The little dog*

The little dog stands almost like a nemesis, laughing in retribution. Historically, dogs have varying roles in western tales. On the one hand dogs are "man's best friend", but on the other, the dog is the despised, disrespected, lowly fiend. Especially that in the rhyme it is the little dog, there is suggestion of some belittling role in the scene. ["Big Dog" would have connoted an entirely different persona.] Instead, we unearth the lowly outsider who finds vindication in the downfall of the more respected smart cat now found stealing and the fat cow so enraged... the little dog who laughed.

#### *Such craft*

Craft indeed! [With the identities of all the players so cleverly hidden, there is for centuries no easy unearthing of the hidden meaning by invoking this term of trickery.] For the laughing little (belittled) dog, the plot is actually an entertaining ego thriller, both funny and vindicating.

#### *The dish ran away with the spoon*

The term "dish" we know as a derogatory term for an attractive woman. This research found no reference to the use of the word "spoon" for loot or ill-gotten gains. But it certainly makes a juicy, interesting story to think that while the clever cat stole from the fat cow and the little dog stood laughing, the pretty young lady ran off with the bag of loot. Combined with the nuances of 'diddling' and 'over the moon', the hint is that she was somehow implicated in another, related sub-plot. Never underestimate...

#### *How Come?*

What would bring such a hot tale into our childhood nurseries? The date of this riddle falls in the period of abolition of



slavery. The hidden meaning, linguistic trickery and *double entendre* are reminiscent of techniques employed by slaves to mask discussion of and laughter at their masters' follies and mistakes. If there was indeed some swindle at the time, one can well imagine that it would have provided amusement for the slave population at that time, keen for intellectual retaliation and humor at their masters' expense. Under fear of punishment, they could hide the ridicule of their owners in an apparent nonsense riddle, safely belligerent in the shadows of presumed stupidity and undetected as their masters' mistook lack of education for lack of intellect. This is easy to imagine, given that the riddle is traced back to the 1765 period, toward the end of the colonial slave trade.

*Who laughs last...*

Why did this "nonsense" survive? With such clever linguistics to hide the real story, the enslaved people could have had fun passing the rhyme on not only in their oral traditions, but also to children of their captors. Disenfranchised, they may not have published it themselves. No! Instead, the popularity of the spoken rhyme may have stirred the greed of their unwitting captors who then published it. As freed people, former slaves could have continued to laugh even louder. Hey, what a swindle in the riddle!

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### *Come Join Us*

We invite Alumni in the New York Tri-state area to come out and join us. In addition to the business of raising funds for our alma mater, supporting the local and world community in projects such as donating food and giving goats, we also enjoy a feast and birthday cake at every meeting.



**Alumni enjoy feast at our regular May meeting**

Meetings start at 5:00pm and are held the third Saturday of the month. Please check [www.bhsnytristate.org](http://www.bhsnytristate.org) for updates. We would be happy to see you! ☐

### **Condolences**

Sincerest condolences to alumni who lost loved ones over the past year including:

**Clarice Delph** -Aunt of Gillian Sue

**Richard Garner** -Uncle of Cleveland John

**James Briggs**-Father of Margaret & Pattie Briggs

**Doris Bowling** (Alumna)-aunt of Carol Bowling

**Ronald Trotman**-Husband of Yvette Trotman

**Ona Winter** - Cousin of Joan McGowan Findley

**David Blackman**- Husband of Leila Blackman

**Daphne Thorne Boyhan**- Sister of Leila Blackman

**Bircheline Knight-Holligan** -Mother of Wayne Knight Best

**Sidwell Collins**- Nephew of Selwyn Collins

**Myrna Boxhill**-Sister of Camille, Bernadette and Lawrence Boxhill.

We extend condolences to all who grieve the loss of loved ones. May the support of friends bring you comfort. ☐



## UPCOMING EVENTS

*Save these Dates*

**October 2nd, 2010**

Jazz evening  
at Chef's Orchid Restaurant at JFK airport,  
6pm to 11pm  
Music by  
Percy Brown and the Brownstoners  
featuring vocalist Ms. Tulivu-  
Donna Cumberbatch.

**July 19th - 24th 2011**

**REUNION 2011**

in

Ocho Rios, Jamaica

at

The Sunset Jamaica Grande Resort & Spa

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## PRAYER

*Almighty God, Father of all mercies. We thank you for our lives, for your gifts to us your children. Guide us, we ask so that we walk beside still waters and even as difficult times surround us, help us to step without fear, knowing that you are with each of us. Give us that sense of all your mercies that we help others to come to you. AMEN*

## THANKS TO ALL CONTRIBUTORS

From the Newsletter Committee and the Executive of the New York Tri-State Chapter.

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Newsletter Of the Bishops' High School Alumni, Tri-State Chapter, New York  
Summer Edition, 2010



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