



Bishops' High School Old Students' Association

Senior Class Notes

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OUTING TO CANAL NO. 1 POLDER

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It was a beautiful, sunny, morning, on Saturday, April 16, 2011, when a group of approximately 40 former senior students of The Bishops' High School, boarded three buses and left the School's compound on a journey to Canal No. 1 Polder.

First of all, try to imagine 40 dignified, some with salt and pepper hair and others with completely silver hair, a few who had physical impediments, seated on these buses and no sooner than we had departed, there was much chatter, many "do you remember" remarks, jokes of all types and reports of loud laughter causing a general feeling of camaraderie. Remember, some of us had not seen each other for years. For example, on my bus, three of us had entered School together, attended the same classes and although we reside in Guyana, see each other infrequently.

We travelled to Parika which was a treat, since not many of us had had the opportunity to see the "new" Parika with the road vendors sited elsewhere, which eased the traffic flow markedly, the various banks now stationed next to each other and many of the buildings which have been renovated and/or repainted. On our journey from Parika, we stopped at the No. 1 Plant Shop at Zeelugt, West Coast Demerara, where some of us purchased plants and others took the time to stretch their legs and refresh themselves.

Then onto Canal No. 1 Polder – to the Hughes' country farm. Beautifully kept lawns, many trees of various types, all colours/shades of heliconias and lilies, and so very peaceful!! Although we were invited to go down to the back of the farm, most of us just sat where we were and caught up on the years whilst we were apart. Then it was time for the meal – there was quite a variety, very well prepared and yes, of course – homemade ice-cream for dessert!!! The toasts which followed were accompanied by a choice of red or white wine.

With great reluctance, we boarded the buses for our return journey to Georgetown, each with our bouquet of specially selected flowers from the farm, prepared by Elizabeth Deane-Hughes. This was a quieter trip; perhaps everyone was filled with the beauty, fellowship and peace the day provided us. I can say for sure, that we all wish to thank the Hughes family and the organizers of this outing for providing us with the unforgettable opportunity we shared on that day when we renewed acquaintances and returned – at least, for a while - to the days of our youth when we were carefree, and onto this day, when many amusing stories were told and much laughter took over.



An Ode to the English Plural & Other English Oddities

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox becomes oxen, not oxes.
One fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of moose should never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse or a nest full of mice,
Yet the plural of house is houses, not hice.

If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
If I speak of my foot and show you my feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?

Then one may be that, and there would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.
We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
But though we say mother, we never say methren.
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him,
But imagine the feminine: she, shis and shim!

Let's face it - English is a crazy language. There is no egg
in eggplant nor ham in hamburger; neither apple nor pine in
pineapple.
English muffins weren't invented in England. We take Eng-
lish for granted, but if we explore its paradoxes, we find that
quicksand can work slowly, boxing rings are square, and a
guinea pig is neither from
Guinea nor is it a pig.

And why is it that writers write, but fingers don't fing, gro-
cers don't groce and hammers don't ham?
Doesn't it seem crazy that you can make amends but not one
amend?
If you have a bunch of odds and ends and get rid of all but
one of
them, what do you call it?

If teachers taught, why didn't preachers praught?
If a vegetarian eats vegetables, what does a humanitarian
eat?
Sometimes I think all the folks who grew up speaking Eng-
lish
should be committed to an asylum for the verbally insane.

In what other language do people recite at a play and play at
a recital?
We ship by truck but send cargo by ship...
We have noses that run and feet that smell.
We park in a driveway and drive in a parkway.
And how can a slim chance and a fat chance be the same,
while a wise man and a wise guy are opposites?

You have to marvel at the unique lunacy of a language
in which your house can burn up as it burns down,
in which you fill in a form by filling it out, and
in which an alarm goes off by going on.

And in closing, if Father is Pop, how come Mother's not
Mop?

Let's Celebrate

May 1 Megan Richmond
May 23 Thelma Holder
Jun 7 Joan Fields
Jun 12 Greta Fletcher
Jun 21 Megan Bender



Jun 22 Thelma Ekuban
Jul 3 Farida Fraser
Jul 10 Nella Dorsett-Sutherland
Jul 11 Carole Bishop
Jul 21 Anita Whitehead

DID YOU KNOW?

- Common entertainment included playing cards. However, there was a tax levied when purchasing playing cards but only applicable to the 'Ace of Spades.' To avoid paying the tax, people would purchase 51 cards instead. Yet, since most games require 52 cards, these people were thought to be stupid or dumb because they weren't 'playing with a full deck.'
- Early politicians required feedback from the public to determine what the people considered important. Since there were no telephones, TVs or radios, the politicians sent their assistants to local taverns, pubs, and bars. They were told to 'go sip some ale' and listen to people's conversations and political concerns. Many assistants were dispatched at different times. 'You go sip here' and 'You go sip there.' The two words 'go sip' were eventually combined when referring to the local opinion and, thus we have the term 'gossip.'
- At local taverns, pubs, and bars, people drank from pint and quart-sized containers. A bar maid's job was to keep an eye on the customers and keep the drinks coming. She had to pay close attention and remember who was drinking in 'pints' and who was drinking in 'quarts,' hence the term minding your 'P's and 'Q's'

