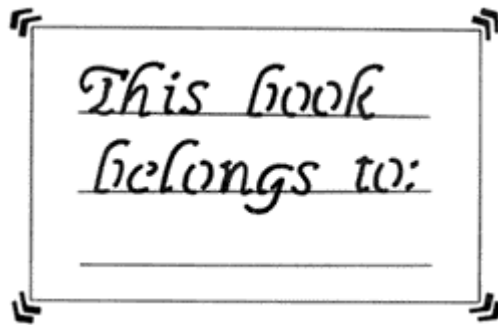


The Writer's Voice



Growing Up



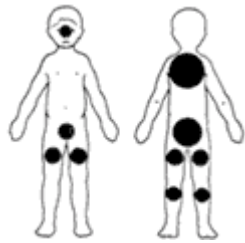
THE WRITER'S VOICE
Summer, 1985

Second printing: September, 1985

Third printing: June, 1987

In This Book:

Stories About Growing Up



My First Book



Child Abuse



Recipe

Memories

By Hank



When I was a kid I belonged to a gang.

It was a pretty lively bunch.

We had a lot of fun when we were kids.

We used to jump off the Queen Street bridge into sand cars, which were often left on the side tracks near the Don River.

Also, we used to jump from the roof of a factory on Wescona Avenue to the roof of the shed beside it.

Nearly every time we did this, one of the kids broke his arm!

Don Valley Parkway used to be called Riverdale Park before the highway came in. We used to hike in the park.

Once, when we were hiking along the path, one of us fell into a pit. He began sinking into watery mud.

We laughed at the sight until we realized that he was in danger. We threw a rope to him and pulled him out.

You can see that we had fun when we were kids.



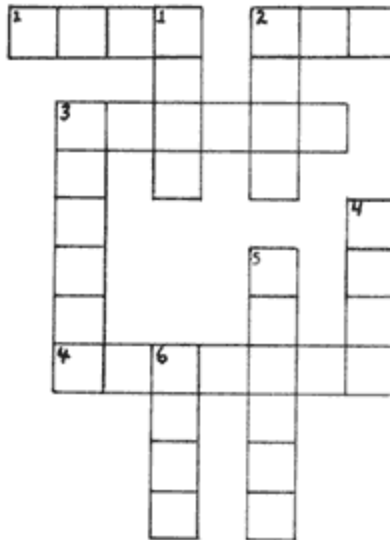
Crossword

(from [Hank's Story](#))

Across:

1. We used to _____ off the bridge.
2. You can _____ that we had fun.
3. What _____ do you live on?
4. He began _____ into watery mud.

[Answers on Page 34](#)



Down:

1. We used to hike in the _____ .
2. We jumped from the roof of the factory to the roof of the _____ .
3. We laughed at the _____ .
4. When I was a kid, I belonged to a _____ .
5. We jumped off the Queen Street _____ .
6. The side tracks were _____ the river.



My Childhood

By Seatceah

I was born in Jamaica.

My birth place was St. Thomas Parish.

I was born premature at eight months.

My grandmother delivered me.

I was the last of six kids.

I lived on a farm. It was beautiful.

There were guava trees, mangos, coconuts and bananas. There was all necessary food.

At the age of three I started to go to school. At the age of twelve, I had my first seizure.

It was not a good experience.

My heart stopped.

Till it started again, my mother worried if I would be coming back alive again or not.

She stayed with me and all of my friends were there by my bedside.

Sally's Childhood?

By Robert



Part good, part bad,
Sometimes happy, sometimes sad,
She was good in school,

But a fool in the pool,

Good in Gym,

But couldn't swim,

Loved to dance,

But no romance.



She was a chatterbox.

She liked to throw rocks at boys who made noise.





Good in reading,
But better at leading,
She loved to run,
But never won. . .
Does this
Describe Sally?

Stay in School!



By Marguerite

Marguerite couldn't go to school because of being handicapped. There was no transportation.

Not being able to go to school bothered Marguerite.

She wanted a job.

Marguerite would like to see kids go to school as long as they can, so they don't have the problems she had. It's hard to learn when you are older.

Interview

(Marguerite talked to Robert about his schooling.)

M: How did you like school when you were a child?

R: Terrible.

M: You didn't like anything at school?

R: I liked part of it. I liked shop and I loved music. I learned to play the organ.

I left school because I couldn't read.

I couldn't get extra help, so I had to go into a sheltered workshop.

M: What do you do at the workshop?

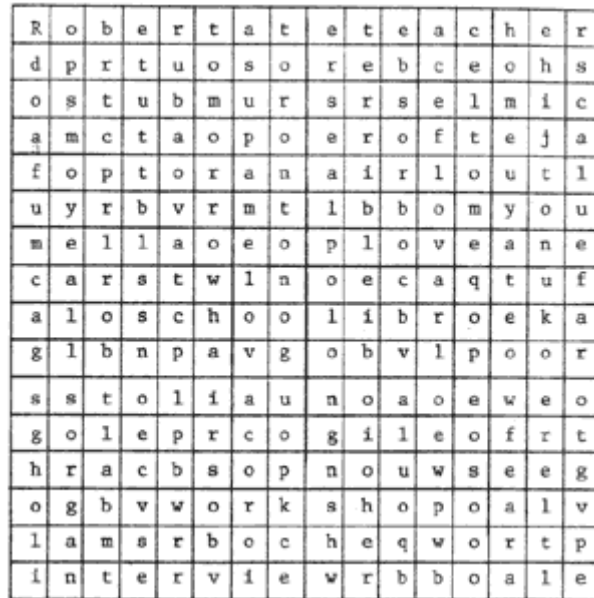
R: Maintenance. I do shipping and receiving.

M: I think teachers make a lot of difference, when they know what you need to learn. I couldn't even go to school and there weren't any teachers who would go to your home.

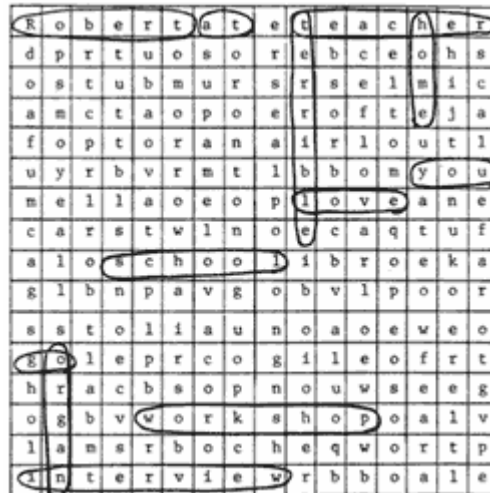
Some words in Marguerite's interview have lines under them.

Find them in this puzzle. Put a **circle** around them.

The words can be up and down or across.



Answers



I Come from Jamaica

By Laurel Octavia

I am from Jamaica.

I did not get a good schooling there.

I came to Canada in 1973.

I go to school here and can read and write more now.

So, I am very proud to be living in Canada and want to stay here.

I have a job and I am better off here.

Growing Up on Fairview Street

By Thomas



I grew up in Belfast, Northern Ireland.

My house was on Fairview Street.

People on my street were working class, simple folks who worked in factories.

They were friendly and open.

No one ever locked his door.

Every street had a gang. We would buy penny bangers, fire crackers, and put them into letter boxes.

Growing up on Fairview street, on Guy Fawkes Day we would light bonfires. There were fires all over Belfast. If you were up in a plane, it would look like the blitz.

Fairview Street is gone now.



My Nephews

By John



I have two nephews J. and R. They like me a lot and I like them a lot too.

J. was born in 1976 and he is nine years old.

R. was born in 1978, and he is seven years old.

J. and R. are my favourite nephews.

Both brothers like sports. R. likes hockey, he plays goalie, and he's very good. J. plays soccer. They also like to play with their pets. They have two gerbils and a budgie named Tweetie. Their favourite movies are E.T., Star Wars and the Gremlins.

They live with their Mom in Kitchener, but sometimes they can come to visit me, and we do things together.

For example, we often build model cars and paint them together. In the summertime, we go to Monarch Park where they play on the swings and walk my dog Toby.



Last summer we went to the Ex. They loved the rides, especially the fast ones.

J. and R. both have Big Brothers in Kitchener, who take them out to movies and to the park. In the winter they go skating. I think it's really good that they have Big Brothers because I can't be with them all the time and they need to be with a friend so they don't get lonely.

Fill in the blanks.

(from [John's story](#))

R. was born in 1978 and he is _____ years old.

Both brothers like _____ .

Their favourite _____ are E.T., Star Wars and The Gremlins.

We often build model _____ and paint them together.

Last _____ we went to the Ex.

J. and R. both have Big Brothers in _____ .

In the winter they go _____ .

Fill in the blanks with these words:

skating

year

movies

cars

Kitchener

seven

sports

Parents should not be strict.

by Roula Malayny

Parents should not be strict with their children from my experience. My own parents were too strict with me. They wouldn't let me go out anywhere. That made me feel that they don't trust me.

I feel that parents should trust their children. Parents should let their children go out. In my own case, my parents treated me like a child.

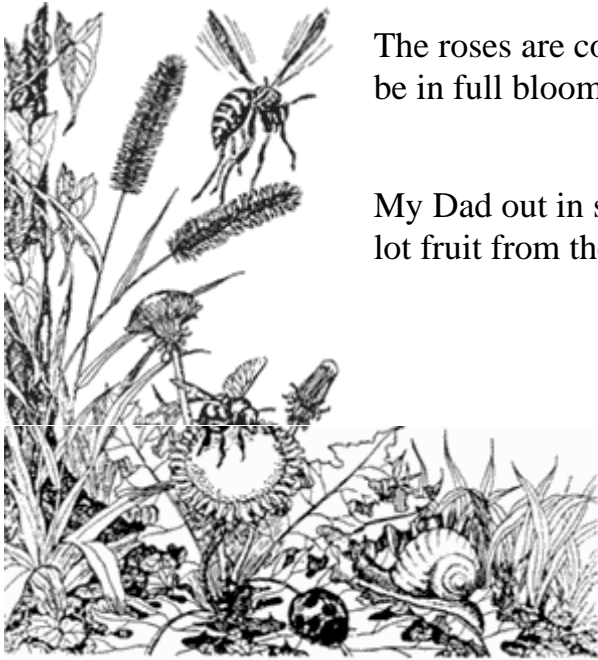
I want to live by my self in my own apartment. I want to feel independent. They don't let me stay out late.

My parents worry about me.

Our Garden

By John Faulkner

The garden at our house is starting to come to life.



The roses are covered with many new buds and will soon be in full bloom

My Dad out in some tomato plants and we hope to get a lot fruit from them.

Babysitting

by Laura Durham

Hi there! My name is Laura. I would like to tell you about my babysitting jobs. First I would like to tell you about Rosie. She is three years old now and I have been babysitting her since she was eight months old. Her mother is going to have a baby in May and we know it is going to be a girl. I can't wait.

And there is Emma. She is two and a half years old. I babysit her every week and we do a lot of things together.

I can't have kids so they fill my heart with love and joy and happiness.

Who can ask for more?



The Life and Times of L. D. S.

By Lee D. Sheridan

I was born in Alabama in 1937. I have two sisters named Mary-Bernice and Utoka. I moved in with my aunt because my parents got divorced. Every day she beat me for no reason at all. My great-grandmother sent my father to get us.



I lived with my great-grandmother. I moved to the countryside. I worked in the fields in the summertime. I moved back to the city in the wintertime.

When I was 16, I moved to Niagara Falls with my father. I worked at a full-time job to support myself. I got involved with boxing. I am very proud to have won a Golden Glove Championship in New York.

At 18, I joined the army for seven years. When I left the army, I wanted to become a professional fighter.



I got married to a nice Canadian girl when I was 20 years old. I have three sons and three daughters.

At one time, I was ranked third in Canada as a pro fighter.

CHILD ABUSE

By Lloyd Pike

What is child abuse?

Child abuse is:

- neglect
- beating
- using a child for sex
- rejecting a child

Neglect

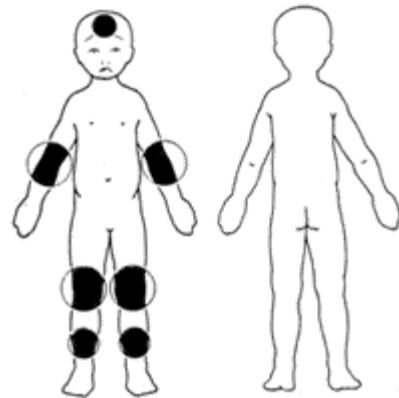
Neglect is one kind of child abuse that is not talked about very much.

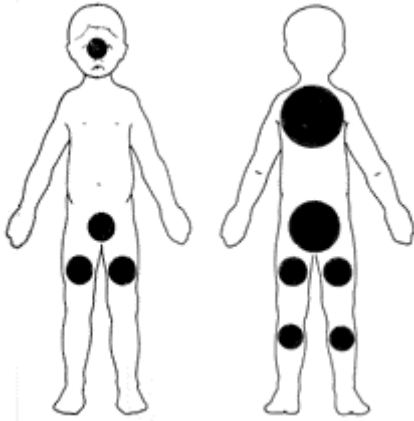
Some parents don't realize that they are neglecting their children. Some examples of neglect are:

- going out and leaving your child alone
- not giving your children enough food or medical care

Beating

This picture shows normal bruises that a child gets falling down or playing.





This picture shows suspicious bruises. If a child has bruises in these places, maybe someone is beating the child.

Sex

It is normal to love children with kisses and hugs.

It is normal to answer children's questions about their bodies.

It is abuse to force yourself on a child. Sexual abuse hurts a child:

- mentally
- emotionally
- physically

Mental Abuse

Mental abuse is when a parent puts down a child with words like:

"You are stupid."

"You are not my child."

It is hard to see mental abuse because it is on the inside.

Mentally abused children might:

- run away
- try to commit suicide
- take drugs
- fail in school

How can you help stop abuse?

If you see abuse happen, call Children's Aid. They have a hotline 24 hours a day.

924-4646

Sometimes people use puppet shows to help the children talk about what is happening to them. Sometimes the children play out their feelings with toy animals.



Child Abuse

By "E. T."

My story is on child abuse, a topic largely talked about over the years and hardly anything has been done about it.

Even in the West Indies, where I belong, I know parents abuse their children in a savage way. Two fathers had babies with their own daughters. In one case, the mother of the child went crazy and was going in and out of the mental hospital.

In this country I have seen children treated even worse than the parents will treat their pet dog. One lady, I think, had a problem, and she took it out on her son. She slapped him in his face and shoved him down, leaving him screaming on the floor.

I also worked for a lady who adopted two kids, a brother and sister. One day I was left to cook and take them for an evening walk before dinner at six o'clock. However, just before I took them in, they asked me to allow them to play a little longer. I said, no longer than five minutes. It was exactly five minutes later when the mother came. Because they weren't being fed at six o'clock they were put to bed without supper. That night, I was very upset and went to bed without supper myself.

I know for sure that something can be done to help prevent child abuse. Thanks to the Ontario Ministry of Community and Social Services in helping to treat and prevent child abuse.

Let them keep the good work up.

Why?

By Mario

What happens to the kids in our society?

When a child has been molested or beaten, it must stop, because the child becomes very emotionally and mentally disturbed.

The child can't concentrate at home, at play or at school.

They become very defensive and afraid of other people.

That makes them very uncooperative towards their parents.

The parents are mentally disturbed and to blame for their child's behaviour.

In a Foster Home

By David

I want to tell you about one experience I had which many other children go through.

When I was 14 years old, I was put in a foster home just before Christmas. Those people had three children: two boys and a daughter, six. Cheryl and I were their foster children. They lived in one of the richest districts in Burlington. They were considered "pillars of the community".

The family was stuck-up and conceited. They said my friends weren't socially acceptable to come and visit because they were also from foster homes. Anything that went wrong -- it was Cheryl or I who did it. Their children never did anything wrong. On Christmas morning, the little girl come into my room.

I played with her. The father come into my room and got mad at me for waking her up. He took her back to her room.

Ten minutes later, he came back with a two-by-four and beat me with it.

That afternoon, I went to my parents. My father had been drinking but wasn't drunk yet. Come dinner time, he told me to come and sit down, but I was too sore. He ordered me three times to sit down. I said "I can't."

He dragged me into the bedroom and ripped my clothes off. He was the type of father who felt no one could lay a hand on his kid but him. He and my brother took me to the cop shop where photographs were taken.

That night I was taken back to the same foster home against police advice. A Children's Aid worker was called. He said I was lying and tried to turn it around by saying that my father did it.

A week went by and nothing happened. My father came to the foster home with a shotgun and took me with him. He was arrested for kidnapping and possession of a dangerous weapon.

I was taken back to the foster home. When he beat me with a two-by-four again. I took off. I got into some trouble and was sent to Cobourg training school until I was 16. Then I was of age, and the Children's Aid could no longer tell me what I could or could not do.

I want people to realize that such things go on.



Questions about CHILD ABUSE

Please answer these questions.

1. What is child abuse?

2. What types of abuse are there?

3. Who abuses children?

4. How do you know a child has been abused?

5. How can you stop child abuse?

6. Does child abuse happen in other countries?

7. What services help to treat and prevent child abuse?

8. Who do you call about child abuse?

9. Is anybody doing anything about child abuse?

How do they go about it?

My First Book

by Terry Halliday

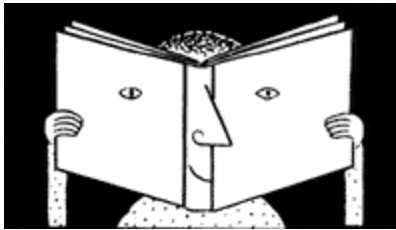
I'm twenty-nine years old and just read my first book.

I started with East End Literacy about a year ago and I got my tutor, who has helped me a lot.

The book I read was "Dr. Who", a science fiction book. Not exactly one of the easiest books, so I've been told.

It feels weird, but good, that after twenty-nine years I can pick up something and read it, instead of only looking at the pictures. Besides that. "Dr. Who" had no pictures.

So now I can honestly say that I can pick up something and read it instead of faking it, thanks to Graham, my tutor, and East End Literacy and my girlfriend Jan.

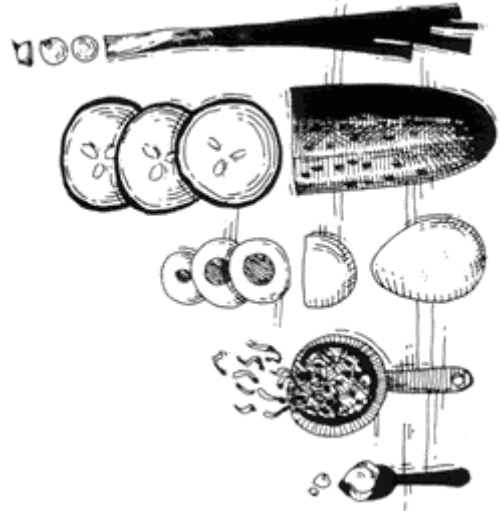


Recipe

Egg and Cucumber Salad

2 hard-boiled eggs
1/2 cucumber
3 green onions
2 cups alfalfa sprouts
2 tablespoons mayonnaise

1. Slice the eggs and cucumber.
2. Chop the onions.
3. Combine the eggs, cucumber and onions with the alfalfa sprouts.
4. Add the mayonnaise.
5. Toss and serve.



We get letters!

Dear Writer's Voice,

Both the students and the tutors in our group enjoyed reading The Writer's Voice... Most of the people who come to our Thursday night group live locally in an inner city area with many of the problems associated with such districts. Vandalism and petty crime is common and with a high unemployment rate the outlook for young people in particular is not optimistic. Despite our surroundings we are a cheerful and lively group with an interest in what is happening in the rest of the world. If anybody in your project would be interested in writing to us the address is:

**Miles Plotting Reading
Club
Miles Plotting Library
Varley Street
Miles Plotting
Manchester 10, England**

I am a volunteer tutor, and I would like to subscribe to your publication.

- Helen Barrett
Rocky Mountain House
Alberta

An excellent Publication. Congratulations!

- Susan Fish
M.P.P. St. George

We would like to order your books. We are also in the process of creating student written materials. We enjoyed your books very much.

- Judy Kornitsky
READ Campaign
Florida, U.S.A.

We are in the process of putting together a Writing Development Resource Pack and would like to include extracts from The Writer's Voice.

- Christine Hoy
Gatehouse Project
England

We enjoyed your "Staying Alive" edition of The Writer's Voice.

Your article about the exemption from Directory Assistance charges was well written and to the point. I hope that you won't mind that we have used it in our latest issue of This Is It!

- Mary Wiggin
People, Words & Change
Ottawa



Crossword Answers

(from [page 3](#))



Christmas Party

By Brock

It was Christmas, 1984.

We had a good time.

We danced,



We talked

and we sang.



We ate till we were stuffed.

It was a very successful party.

OUR NEXT ISSUE:

The next issue of The Writer's Voice will be about work.



If you have a story about work, ask your tutor to help you write it down.

We will put it in the next issue of the Writer's Voice.

Here are some story ideas:

- your job
- safety at work
- how to apply for a job
- discrimination at work
- work in the home



The Writer's Voice group meets every Wednesday, 6 - 8 p.m. at East End Literacy. All learners and tutors welcome.

Call us at: 968-6989.

Special Thanks

Special thanks to all the people who helped make this issue of The Writer's Voice: Betsy, Bonnie, Brock., Catherine, Cathy, David, Ed, Elaine, Glynnis, Graham, Hal, Hank, Harold, Helen, Isobel, Jill, Joanna, John, Karen, Kay, Kirsten, Laurel, Laurel, Lee, Lindley, Lloyd, Marguerite, Mario, Olive, Pat, Paolo, Robert, Roula, Ruth, Sally, Scott, Seatceah, Shelley, Tannis, Terry, Thomas and Uris.

The drawings on [page 36](#) are by Alexandra Henriques in Our Lives and dion marino In Immigrants Speak Out.

The recipe on [page 32](#) is adapted from Food 101 by Cathy Smith.

The front cover picture is called "After a Day's Fishing at the Don River", from the City of Toronto Archives.

The Writer's Voice would like to thank the following organizations:

The Toronto Board of Education
The City of Toronto Department of Public Health
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Hal March of the Sacred Heart Child & Family Centre



THE WRITER'S VOICE

Issue NO. 14
Summer, 1985

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The opinions expressed in The Writer's Voice belong to the adult learners who wrote them. The role of volunteers and staff is to provide technical assistance and to encourage open and informed discussion.

Institutions such as libraries and schools may subscribe to The Writer's Voice at the rate of \$25.00 a year for 4 issues. Individual subscriptions are \$15.00 for four issues.

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