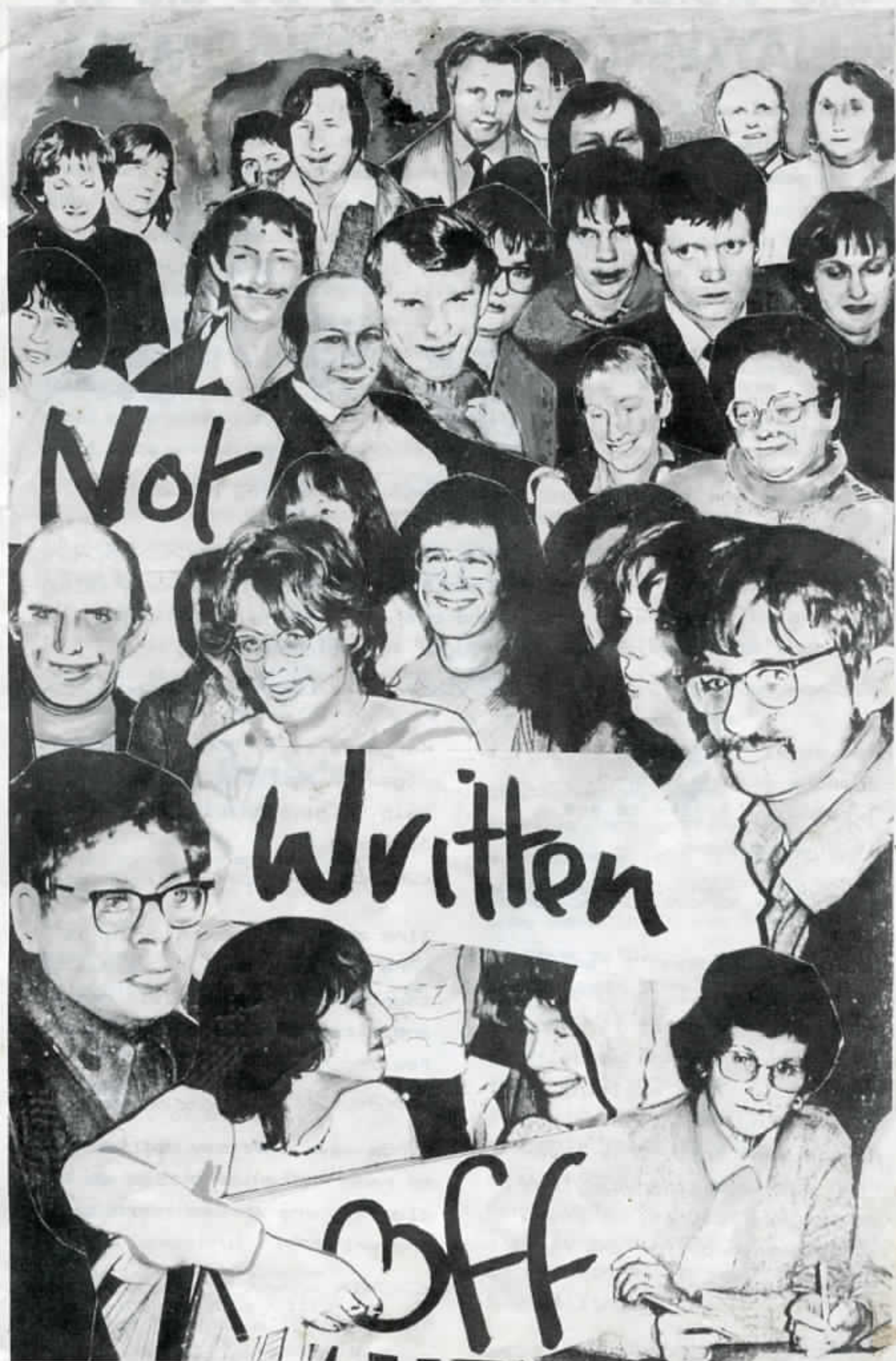




Who we are and why we did it!

A group of adult students from Calderdale, Yorkshire, who are learning to improve their reading, writing and spelling got together for a writing weekend in Todmorden.

Most people are frightened of writing, but for all of us reading and writing has been difficult throughout our lives, at school and after.

At the writing weekend we talked about what was important to us, our lives, our memories, our thoughts and feelings and helped each other write it down.

Now we are together for another weekend, making our own newspaper.

We have written. We have read out loud in groups. We have talked. We have edited, drawn, pasted and cut out. We have got together and done all these things we thought we could never do.

Sam says, "I say something. Someone writes it down. I read it. I like to see it down on paper."

Joan says, "I wasn't really keen on coming I thought it would be boring but I found it's not. It's the opposite way round. It's exciting and interesting. Nearly everybody's in the same boat. I've never read out loud to anybody but yesterday I did it. I read it to everybody for the first time."

Margaret says, "One reason this magazine has been produced is to help to give people hope with literacy."

Tina says, "I was enjoying it more and more because we all got together and we were all reading and listening and all different feeling."

Lynda says, "We may not be able to read and write but we go to places where we can learn to read and write."

Sam says, "I'm looking forward to seeing it. I've seen it built up."

MEMORIES OF CORNWALL

by Donna Sutcliffe.

I was born in St. Ives, Cornwall, a small but beautiful fishing village. There are miles upon miles of beautiful countryside and beaches. The most beautiful beaches I have ever seen in my life.

Autumn in St. Ives is fascinating, with the leaves falling, some orange, some brown, some red and some dead.

As a child I used to try to catch them, but it was very rare that I did.

In the autumn I would go to a place we call the Steeple Woods, it was named so because every year fisherman's children under the age of eleven would dance around the Steeple which was meant for a very Famous person's tomb, but he died and was buried at sea.

But if you go down to the beach, you can find some things of great interest, such as things from old ship wrecks.

I once picked up something from the Torry Canyon wreck that went down off Land's End.

It was a big brass plaque that had the tanker's name on it. And to this day it is hanging over my grandmother's fireplace.



My 70th Birthday

I had my birthday last month
and what a time I had,
it lasted three weeks
with one thing and another.
I am sure I put on about 6 lbs
if not more.

I had my house full
of some nice things,
and a lot of cards,
and as I am a member
of the B.B.A. Wine Circle,
they presented me
with a beautiful clock
which I shall treasure
for the rest of my life.

It's nice to know
that somebody cares
when you are getting old
and you are left on your own,
when the family have left,
they have their own family
to cope with,
which takes them
all their time.

I am very fortunate
to be in good health
and able to enjoy life
as it comes.

Here goes,
I am looking forward
to my 80th birthday,
God willing.

by Mrs. Mary Bridget Griggs

My trouble at school

It started when I left one school to go to another school.

I was 12 year old.

I didn't get on with the teachers.

So I didn't bother reading or writing

and by the time I was 13 year old

I couldn't read

so I didn't try

and I got further behind.

I used to get into trouble

and the teachers didn't like me

and I didn't like the teachers.



I wanted to learn to read

when I was 14 year old.

The teachers wouldn't help me

I wanted to learn

but every time I did any writing

the teacher would read it out

and make it sound very silly.

I began to get my revenge.

I used to get a rubber and a needle.

I put the needle through the rubber

and put it on the teacher's chair

every time the teacher

used to sit on it.

Once I did it too often

One of the girls told the teacher,

and the teacher gave me a good hiding.

by Robert

My Days at College

I am a student at Percival Whitley

College of Further Education. I am

on a Transition Course doing work

experience. I am enjoying it now,

but I wasn't really enjoying it at

first because we were doing work like

I did at school up to Christmas. But

now everyone is going out to different

places. I haven't been out yet, but

while I was waiting I worked in the

college canteen for two weeks. I

don't get paid for working in the

canteen, but I get paid every week

£18.90.

I am still working in the canteen,

serving thousands of cups of tea a

day. Do students at Percival Whitley

do nothing but drink tea and coffee,

hot chocolate or pop?

I now think I would enjoy working in

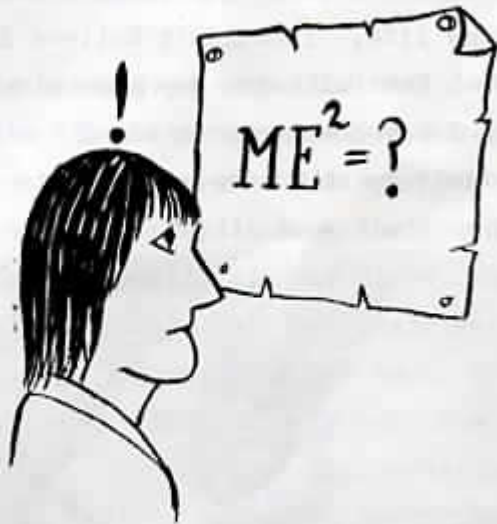
a canteen after I leave the college.

All offers of jobs to:-

Andrew Fawthrop.



You Can Do It



I first went to the Shop to ask if there were any cookery classes. I went to these classes for a few weeks but I didn't like it. I went back to the Shop and they told me about maths and English classes at Friendly Fold, Halifax.

I particularly wanted to go to the maths class so that I could help my daughter in maths. I didn't know if I'd be able to remember my maths or not. I didn't know how to do decimals but I am learning now.

When I first went to the English class I was worried about my spelling and writing. I can do things if I try, but I lack confidence in myself. I like going to both classes as it is a change for me.

Mary

Todmorden Writing Weekend

When I came to college yesterday,
I felt nervous
seeing all the people.
I was worried
about what to put down
on paper.

In the afternoon
I stopped worrying
because I knew what to do.
I felt pleased.
My work's up on the wall.
It looks alright.

by Sam Hirst



ROOTS

My original home was in Portsea Island on the south coast of England which is a well known Royal Navy base and the place itself is well populated with military personnel. The place itself is flat and it's below sea-level.

In 1939 when the war broke out I went through a lot of bombing and being 'bombed out of my home. Later in 1942 until the beginning of '43 - we'd been bombed out three times. So we'd no home, no clothes and no furniture or anything.

So the people of Portsmouth decided that some people had to be evacuated. So my parents, it was my mother, my father was away fighting, she received a letter putting us on evacuation to the North of England. At that particular time I thought it was another country, and two days later we boarded a train in Portsmouth. After sixteen and a half hours travelling we arrived at a place in Yorkshire called Sowerby Bridge near Halifax. A God-forsaken hole. This was my first experience. My first thought was that we had landed between mountains.

However there was somebody there to meet us. We walked from the station and they said we had to walk up this hill - it was more like a mountain to me. It was roughly a mile long and to me it was like walking up a house - side. We set off and half-way up the gas lamps were getting

dimmer and dimmer. I'd not experienced these gas lamps before in my life. I couldn't believe it.

When the following day came along and I saw how mucky it was I definitely couldn't believe it.



Today my home and job are in Halifax and I must not grumble as other people haven't got these things, but I'd really love to return to my birthplace, Portsea Island, in Hampshire. I wish I could get a home and a job on my native home-land. I'd love to go back if I could find a job and a house to go with it. I'd live there for the rest of my life. I'd rather do that than anything - live back on my native home-land, the Island of Portsea.

mining village

by Jim Birtle

Dad's early days were like most lads of the time, learning and playing. His school was a good bit away across the common. Pupils took their own slate and pencil, also of slate, and a rubbing out rag. All the class was in one room, in rows, and one teacher and blackboard. The subjects were the standard three Rs, reading, writing and arithmetic. Sternly given, strictly enforced with the aid of the dunce cap and cane. Obedience and attention was the result of strict discipline.

The highlight of the period for dad, was seeing a balloon flying low over the common. As it passed, the people in the basket called out to him. A rope was trailing behind, which they wanted him to hang on to bring it down. He grabbed the rope, and was dragged along a bit before it grounded. They thanked him, and gave him half a sovereign.

Recreation and pastimes are always a feature of mining communities. In the villages, they are very much home made affairs. With the best of equipment being scarce and expensive, it was a case of making the best of what there was. Pigs' bladders, for rugby and football, up to the older serious type of competition. Wood balls picked up from the coconut shies at fairs, the best substitute ever for cricket balls.

Anyone could run, it cost nothing, and was very popular. There was always some prizes for the events at local fairs worth a try.

From a very early age, Sunday was always different to weekdays. Up to working age, it was Sunday School at the Chapel, or Church in some places. All scrubbed up and clogs polished, mornings and afternoons, bible stories and hymns. Above all, no work, no games, chapel and rest and visiting relatives for everyone. So dad took to the love of singing early, and continued in the choir. On one big competition for choirs, he won a wall clock, which he donated to the Chapel.

A Funny Story

Jean Cahill

I'll tell you a funny story, and it's a true one.

Every Saturday morning we used to go to the matinee picture show, to see either "The Lone Ranger" or "Roy Rogers" or "Hopalong Cassidy". 9d. was what we took with us. 6d. to go in, 3d. to spend.

Now wait for it - my sister used to get 3d. worth of sausage meat or sausage, and sit and suck it in the "Flickers" and enjoyed it, whilst we got 3d. worth of sweets.



Old Mother Never-Wash

When I was young there was an
old woman,
she didn't like people,
not children.
She was a very old woman,
she didn't look after herself properly,
and they used to call her a witch,
she used to come out
and shout at them to go away.
They used to tease her.
Some of them were frightened of her:
they used to knock on her door and run.
Some wouldn't.
"Oh no, she'll take us in
and never let us out."

She wasn't all that bad,
but she used to live on her own
and she didn't like people.
She used to have her hair
all like witches do,
and it was just a name
they used to call her.



They had a right funny nick-name.
They used to call her
"Old Mother Never-Wash."
I expect she was alright -
an old woman -
but you know what children are.

by Ellen Knada

My first work in England

By Tina Walters.

I came on a contract for 2 years as a dressmaker. I left my country of Italy on March 19th 1950. I remember the first Monday morning I started work. I had a funny feeling! I was ready at 6.30 am. The guide came with a car for me and for 2 more Austrian girls. Inside my mind I thought I was going to work at Dressmaking. I was excited. The guide and us we got in her car and off we went.

She stopped outside of a dirty and black mill gate. My eyes could not believe it. I was thinking maybe this stop was for them 2 Austrian girls. Oh, no, this stop was for 3 girls. It was my stop too. I started shaking and feeling sick. The guide said to us, "Come along, girls. This is your first day at work and this place's name is John Appleyard."

We turned in at the mill gates and were soon climbing up the steps. Finally we reached number 3 floor. The warm air met me as we entered and the guide she said "This is your over locker". He said to me, "You with the curly hair, follow me," and he said to me, "put your coat in this locker; you will be doffing."

I did not know what was doffing. I walked down the room, I was very scared of the noise. There was an aisle down the centre. The spinning

frames were on either side. There were great big wheels and belts overhead with pulleys connected to the machines. All of a sudden the wheels started turning faster & faster. My legs were trembling and I was so scared. It was very oily and dusty from the wool.



Next day I started going to work by myself. I was leaving home at 6.30 am. Some mornings I couldn't see where to walk because it was so foggy. Black fog! I remember one morning, I shall never forget it, it was the 10th November. I was going to work and it was so foggy I had to feel my way along shop windows. I got to Modelle's,

a fashion shop and I tripped over and I fell into the side of the window. The glass didn't break but I bruised all my forehead and face.

I managed to get to work. The overlooker saw me and just laughed. I made him understand I wanted some plaster but he wouldn't give me any. He just grabbed my arm and put me in front of my machine. That was all he was worried about. I was so upset and crying that I trapped my finger and tore it open. When I showed the overlooker he just put me back in front of the machine again. I still have the mark on my finger today.

I did my best for the rest of the day, then when we had nearly finished and we were cleaning the machines, the overlooker saw some wool still in the bobbin of my machine. So he switched it on, and I was under the machine. I had long hair then and a big piece of my hair got caught in the machine and was pulled out. He said he didn't see me, but he knew I was there because I was doing a routine job. I don't think he liked the foreign people working over here. He always gave us foreign people the hard and dirty work.

God forgive me, but I'll always hate that man for what he did to me that day.



Rearing Pheasants

I started keeping pheasants
three weeks ago.
I bought forty-four pheasant eggs.
I had to go to Huddersfield
to buy them
They cost me £10.

I took them home
and put them in the incubator.
I had to turn them over
three times a day.

When it got to the third week
the eggs started to hatch out.
The little pheasants broke the shells
and pushed themselves out.
Then they had to dry out
for twenty-four hours.
Then they had to go
under the infra-red light.

After two or three days
they started to eat worms.
When they were about two weeks old
they started to grow feathers.
Soon they will start to fly.

by Jake



drawing by Robin

Man United

I have been a supporter of the Club for about 10 years.
When I can afford I go to see them Home and Away. I don't
just go for the football, it's the atmosphere and the good
friends you make and you also get to see different parts
of the country. Some people tell me that it is a waste of
money, I don't think so, I enjoy it. and when I get enough
money I want to go abroad to see them play.

The battle of the Reds, Manchester United V Liverpool in
the 1977 F.A. Cup at Wembley. This is the best match I

A Rough Night For Doctor Death

I was wrestling on Sunday night
in Cleethorpes.

I set out from Halifax
at four o'clock
and got to Cleethorpes
at six thirty,
then I went to get changed.

I put my wrestling boots
and tights and mask on,
then I went into the ring.
I was wrestling
with Dynamite Kid.

Then I got thrown out
and my collar bone was knocked
out of place.

I was going back
to the dressing room
but they called me back
to the tag team.

I lasted one round
before I got thown out.
After it was finished
they took me to hospital.

Ian Quirie



have ever been to. The match started, United were 1 . 0 .
up, within 5 minutes Stuart Pearson scored. Then Liverpool's
Jimmy Case scored, making it 1-1, it was anybody's game now,
the match went on. United nearly scored again, then it was
half time. We had seen a good First half. Plenty of
attacking football. In the second half Martin Buchan led
United out. It wasn't until the last few minutes that
United scored. They had done it. Jimmy Greenoff was the
maker, we had won the Cup. O.K.

Andrew Hawtin

IN WORK

STAND UP FOR YOUR RIGHTS

by RAYMOND PRIESTLY

I got made redundant. I got another job straight away: it were only a temporary job. You only got a certain wage, you didn't get the same as the other blokes. When I took job they said you'd get same money as other workers, but when I got the wage packet I weren't getting the same. I asked the union bloke and he checked and said, 'You get less at the start and it'll go up.' I said if that's the case I'll get on to my union. I went to Job Centre to see if they could do owt about it. They said, 'Leave it with us,' and they came back and said, 'You should have been getting same.' I said, 'If that's the case you can stick your job.' I thought blow you, I'm not staying here.

Then I went into stores. I was handing out stuff like bolts and that, and looking after the steel and aluminium for the jobs on the wagon.

It's alright because when I asked to have the job, there were two blokes in stores and he retired and the other blokes poorly a lot and in busy times I'm doing everything. I said, "Can you find someone to help in stores." He said, "If you don't like it you know what you can do, you can stick the job."

There were a lad there and they were wanting him to do everything and he didn't want it that way. He wanted to do one job. He said to the foreman, "You know what you can do, you can get it done yourself." I walked away to the other side where the wood is. I thought I'll keep out of the way. I left him playing hell. They both were.



THE JOY OF BEING A DINNER LADY

I liked being a dinner lady very much.

I looked after children who were 8 to 11 years old. Some of them were grand children, so you got attached to them. I miss them very much.

I was a dinner lady for 8 years of my life, and now they do not know if I am living or not. I had to give up my job because I was ill.

Out of Work.

Something To Do

by Robert

Since I have been out of work
every day is the same.
Day after day
I do the same thing.
I am glad that I have a hobby.



FRUSTRATION

Lynda Timewell

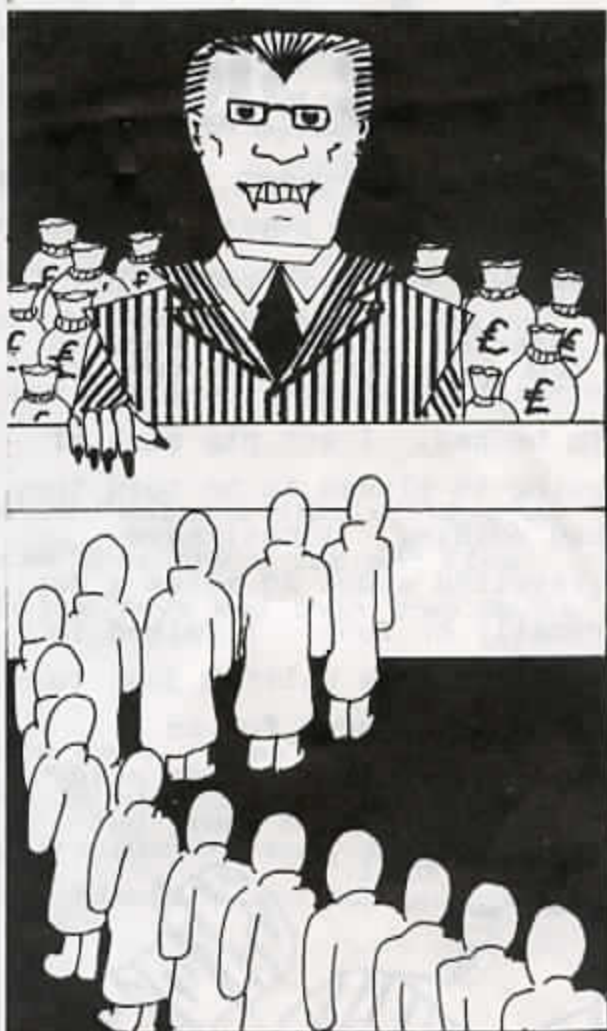
It is very hard to get a job when you are handicapped. They do not want to know you because they think you can't do it. I go for an interview at the dole office every two weeks but they keep telling us that there is no jobs and it gets me depressed and fed up with myself. When I have done the housework I sit down and think what I can do now.

On Tuesday I go down to sign on and then have my breakfast in a coffee bar and then I go for a walk round the market and when it gets to dinner time I go home.

It is very frustrating what to do next as when I go into town I go to my friends to see if they would like anything in town.

I get very bad with my nerves. I have a very active mind and I like doing things with my hands.

People keep saying to me have you got a job yet? I keep saying there is no jobs around.



Pig Sick

I finished in 1980. My last job was at Gower. I didn't want to leave, I was made redundant.

I started looking for work straight away but there was none to be had. I got pig sick of going to places to be told they had nothing. I must have travelled about 20 miles a day, usually on foot. I walked to

Keighley from Halifax just to stand in a queue for an application form. They said they would let me know, but did they hell.



Fright in the night

It was pitch black when I woke up. "Oh, not again," I thought "another sleepless night."

Should I get up and make a cup of tea but I was so cosy and warm under my duvet cover. I thought I'd try to drop off again but of course I didn't. I was just thinking I'd put the

Once I went for a job and was told if I had got there earlier that morning I'd have got the job, but you never know what to believe.

If I could get a job I would like warehouse work or something outside. I sometimes think I'll never have a job again.

I get so fed up, that I do things like moving my bedroom furniture around because I am bored.

Why don't they get that Margaret Thatcher out of number 10 and put Michael Foot in number ten.

by Nigel

*Dem with
Michael Foot*

light on and read my book. I slept at this time in the dark, but not for long, because what happened in the next few minutes was to scare me so much that from that day to this I always sleep with a light on.

I was lying on my back with my arms and hands down by my side. I felt the duvet lift and being pulled away from my face and this cold, no, ice cold breath, blow into my face. How long this went on I just can't put a time to, I only know I lay there petrified not daring to move, hardly daring to breathe. It took a very long time before dawn came that day.

by Mo

★ ★ THE DAY NURSERY ★ ★

I go to the day nursery three days a week with my son, Anthony. I help the children play and I change Anthony and feed him. There are twenty-two children altogether each day unless there is someone poorly. There is some student nurses or girls. There is two cleaning ladies and a cooking lady. Anthony likes the cooking lady very much. He thinks she is funny when she is chopping the carrots and things up.

There is twins there. They are called Paul and Nicola. I like those very much. When their mum goes they cry a lot and five minutes later they go and play with the toys and then they don't bother about their mum.

When it is sunny they play out in the park. They have got a slide and two swings. Anthony plays in his playpen. He likes that. When it is tea time and they are playing out, they sit in a round circle and eat sandwiches and biscuits and pop or tea. They make a lot of mess.

When little boys and girls play with Anthony and he is on the floor, he likes that very much. He laughs. He likes Ricky very much. He laughs at her.

We leave about four o'clock and go home.



Sharon Sargeant



Having Kids

I have one little boy called Aaron. He is named after Elvis. He is four years old. My mum in law would not let me call him Elvis. My mum suggested Aaron as that was his second name. Mum in law got the Social worker up to see if I can get him in Craigie Lea. He went in when he was about one year old, and he is going to Moorside school in August. This is worrying me because he might not settle.

My mum has had four children. The oldest one is called Ian, and the others are Paul and Jared. I would like to have four children but the doctor has advised me to just have one. My husband Alan is not bothered. He says one is enough. I'd like to adopt one but my mum in law says it's too much paper work. We have got him a dog because he has not got a brother or sister. The dog's name is Snowy.

by Penny Henley



★ My Happy Day ★

by JACQUELINE MALLINSON

The happy day of my life was when my sister got married. When she was a little girl she said she was not going to get married and she was not going to have a family.

Families are too expensive. You have to feed them and clothe them. You have to buy shoes and nappies and vests and dresses and trousers and a cot and pram and bath and stand.

But in January my sister got married in the Registry Office in Halifax, and she had a baby in February. My sister gave birth to a little girl and the baby's name is Amanda Jane Riding.



Now she is sixteen months old and my sister is having another baby in November. She wants a little boy.

A Woman's World?

Margaret Pickersgill

If God made woman before man would it be "A Woman's World" and not a man's?

Just think how nice it would be for us women.

Why do they always say to a woman, "You cannot do that job as you are not a man."

And how's a woman got into No. 10? God only knows that because I don't; and a lot of other people think the same. Men think that we women should stay at home all day and night. Just because the man has put a ring on the woman's finger and a paper to say that she has got his name, men say, "you do what I say and nothing more."



Us women are not robots to men or to the children and we do have feelings and thoughts. Some men think we are thick. I think that getting married is dying out in time. The next thing will be living together and not getting married.

I think that women should do what they like to do and if we want to do a man's job let us women do that job.

We did do men's jobs in the Two World wars and we had to do without the men. If we did without the men then we can do without men now.

I've felt alone this week



drawing by Robin

Jean Cahill

I've felt alone this week although I've had the children around me, and my husband, most of the time. It's a funny feeling, I've felt scared.

BIKES

by Paul Trafford

I have five bikes at the moment; only one is on the road. The one on the road at this time of the year is the Honda. I have a Royal Enfield, two B.S.A.'s, a Francis Barnett and a Yamaha XS250. I spend most of my time tinkering with them. My family has always been interested in bikes. I have three uncles and at one time or another they have all had bikes. So really it was just natural

progression for me to go from push bike to motor bike.

The first bike I rode was a Francis Barnett which my friend owned. We rode it up and down a rough lane in the six week school holiday. I bought my first bike when I was sixteen and I couldn't ride it on the road because it was a 250 and the Law said then that a sixteen year old could not ride anything over 50 cc, so my Father rode it until I was seventeen.

I have now collected four machines so far, two B.S.A.'s, a Royal Enfield and the Francis Barnett that I first rode. The two B.S.A.'s are not vintage machines because they were built in 1964 and to be classed as vintage they must be built before 1955. I am not sure how old the Francis Barnett is because there is no logbook with it but I believe it to be a Crusader of 1955. I ride the Yamaha in the summer and the Honda in the winter. The reason that I ride the Honda in the winter is to save the Yamaha from the salt and bad weather.

In the summer most of my Sunday mornings are taken up because I am an Instructor for the West Yorkshire Road Safety Training Scheme. This is to help learners to pass their test and become better riders.

This is voluntary. It was run by the R.A.C. A.C.U. through West Yorkshire. It was started to train riders to become better and safer riders, but the Government have brought out the new two part test.

The new two part test is designed to show off the rider's ability on and off the road. The first part is to show their ability when slow riding in and out of the cones. The second part is as the old test which is on the road. The West Yorkshire have recognised the Training Scheme to incorporate the new part one.



DISABLED

is what you make it.

Malcolm Burnside, Robert Thompson, Rena Watson,

Philip Mains, Katie Webb

Disabled is what you make it, most of us are fighters. We want to prove we're as normal as everybody else. There is a minority of disabled people or children who tend to hide their handicap because of their own feelings of guilt and shame, or their inability to face the stares and whispers of people outside. When the child grows up, he becomes aware for himself that he is different. At first he naturally wants to know why he is different and if he will ever be better i.e. like other children: "Shall I be able to walk, run and play?"

Most of us find that we learn about our disability when we leave school because we are going out to see a new world, and we learn quite quickly to accept our disability and get on with our future.

The most difficult thing about handicap is that the parents have to learn to accept our disability. Which can be very difficult on both sides. Once he becomes aware of his position, he knows that he has to get more attention. But for the parent they are worried about the future and try to protect us a little too much.

Like everybody else we would like to have companion or a family of our own. Which also can be very difficult. Our parents think it would be better for us to find somebody of our own disability. But this is not so: you could get a comment like: "You'll never be any good," or, "How can you have a happy marriage?"

Everybody somehow has a disability, some more than others. The one thing most disabled people would like is for the able bodied to learn to accept us. Not to stare at us, to make us feel we are a showpiece. We are not asking for charity, just a little help when necessary and to give us a normal life.



Rain in the plane

You won't believe it
but it is true.
When I was going to Jersey
on the plane
I was terrified of Flying.

We'd been going
about five minutes
when I found out
that my head was getting wet.

I was too frightened
to tell anyone
because I thought
they might think I was funny.

After a while
I turned to my husband
and said, "Is my head wet?"
and he felt on top
and he said, "Yes."

I said, "My feet are wet too."
He looked down on the floor
and he said,
"The rain is pouring in."

So I called for the Air Hostess
and she said,
"You had better move
to the back of the plane."



drawing by Robin

Then she brought me a towel
to dry me
and then the pilot came down
and had a look
where I had been sitting
and said, "It'll be alright."

Then I got up
to go to the toilet
and the man at the front
called out, "Have you
got your umbrella Mrs?"
and that's quite true.

Lilian

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