

Our Side Of The Mountain

Collected Writings of Adult Learners



Cape Breton Literacy Network

2001

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Understanding Life

Understand: To perceive the meaning of; to comprehend

Sometimes it is really difficult to understand. Take life for instance. There is so much suffering everywhere. Why?

We in North America have so much in our lives while those in Third World countries have little or nothing. Why has life historically been this way and why does it continue to be so? Is it the people, the economy, the politics, the culture?

Who has the answers? If we were given the answers, would we understand them?

Maybe life itself has the answers. Maybe life itself is the answer. Do you understand what we mean? If you do, enlighten us.

Written by the Sydney Level Two class
Sydney, Nova Scotia



For so long you've been absent.
Staring, gazing, and wandering into the outside world.
You listen to words that no one can hear.
Where do you go is what we want to know.
For many we see only a challenge, but you learned to cope.
It was so long for you, so tough, but you made it.
So for us we see bravery and courage in your departure.
If only we could see your world.

Written by Amy MacPhee,
Sydney Level Two



Man Lost in Woods

When I was young I had a lot of gall. I would go hunting in woods that I wasn't familiar with. One day, my friend and I went hunting and I saw a deer. I started after and realized I was lost.

Then the realization of being lost set in I started running around and kept coming back to the same spot. I tried to calm down by talking to myself. I would say, "Calm down, take a compass reading and go straight." It didn't work.

Finally, in the distance I saw a house. When I got there the house was desolate. I tried to find a road but couldn't so I kept walking and running. Then, I came up on another house but it was just as desolate as the first one. I sat down and had a smoke. Suddenly I heard a noise. It was my friend. He found me.

Danny Bonnar
Northside Evening Class
North Sydney, Nova Scotia



CAMPING

My son Willy and I had decided to go camping at Lake a La in Moraru. We arrived early in the morning and set up our campsite. We enjoyed the campground all day long. Now it was evening and time to settle down. Things got a whole lot quieter as it was getting dark now. Just then an old man walked up to us. He was a tattered man and spoke with a rough voice. He began to warn us about the strange things that happened in the campground in the last few years. People were missing, strange noises and sounds were coming from all around the woods near the campground. The old man said to sleep very lightly at night.

Willy, at this point, had gotten very scared and I told him not to worry about what the old man had to say - he was just making up a story to scare you. So we sat by the campfire for a while and roasted some wieners. After we ate, we decided to go to bed and we did.

All of a sudden, we awoke to a loud noise behind the tent. Startled and half asleep, I decided to go and have a look. When I went outside the tent it was dark and quiet. I could not see or hear anyone else. With a noise that loud, I had expected to see someone else up but I didn't hear anyone. This was strange to me. I got Willy and the two of us decided to have a look around. We checked through the whole campground and to our surprise we could not find anyone else, not even the owner of the campground. Willy and I got in the car and left without the tent or anything else. We drove out of there and didn't look back there anymore.

Donald Young
Northside Evening Class
North Sydney, Nova Scotia



A Different Kind of Child

There is a child with A.D.D.,
He such a little busy bee.
He runs, jumps and climbs around,
He likes to throw his things on the ground.

This is a child who is very smart,
He likes watching Bart.
He doesn't like school,
But he sure does love the pool.

He doesn't have many friends,
He has to keep up with all the trends.
He always wants things his own way,
All he needs is friends to play.

He is just a little boy,
But he is my pride and joy.
People find it hard to understand,
Give him a chance and he will
Become a GREAT man.

By Leahann Arsenault
Northside Evening Class
North Sydney, Nova Scotia



27 Oak St.

On June, 1st 1954 Joan and John moved to a new neighborhood. They moved to 27 Oak St. Joan and John had a pet dog named Jobe. Just before midnight he scratched at the door to go outside. Joan let him out and all he did was sit in the garden howling. Joan thought it best to bring him in before he woke the neighbors.

Every day when Jobe went outside he would sit in the garden howling. About twl weeks in their new home on Oak St. things started to change between Joan and John. Since they refurnished the house and gave it a new paint job, tension started to build up between the happily married couple. Even the dog was acting strangely, always howling out in the garden. Then strange things started to happen in the house, lights would go off and on for no apparent reason and the clock would stop every day at 6:00 p.m. Joan would notice things were differently arranged.

Joan went out in the garden to plant new flowers one morning and Jobe followed her while she was planting. The dog was digging a big hole in the garden then stopped when he hit something. Right away Joan noticed it was a body. The body was of a woman who once lived in the house and suddenly went missing. Right away, The police were notified and later Joan and John found out the woman was murdered. Her body was missing for fifteen years. Joan and John realized the woman was calling out for help from her grave. She wanted to be found. That explains the strange happenings in the house and the tension between Joan and John.

After she was found and buried in a proper place and her murder solved things began to get back to normal for Joan and John. 27 Oak Street became a happier place to live.

Tracy Weatherbee
Northside Evening Class
North Sydney, Nova Scotia



My Goals

When I was a young girl, all I wanted to do was attend school to learn more about everything. I had to quit school because I had a hard life with my stepfather. He was a mean man to me.

As I got older, I learned more about myself, I got married at the age of nineteen. Then I moved away to the Valley. It never worked out for me. So I came back home to be with my Mom.

My Mom is my best friend forever and she had told me there is a lot out there for me. The only thing I wanted was going back to school.

So one day my wish came true. The best thing is I'm back in school, and the people in school are great.

I have two children. My daughter is 17 years old. She is still in school, she is doing great. My son is 13 years old; he is doing great in school. I'm happy that the three of us are back in school.

Wanda Kendall
Sydney Morning class
Sydney, Nova Scotia

Winning the Lotto

If I won the Lotto, I would buy a Lamborghini and Move To Beverly Hills, California. My car would be a flashy 2001 red Lamborghini decorated with red stripes. I'd be passing every car in sight as I put my peddle to the metal!

I would take my girlfriend Nicole, with me. We are going to live in a condominium of our choice at the top of Beverly Hills, looking down on all the other luxury homes.

This may seem like a far = fetched story. But I will have my Lamborghine some day, and Nicole and I will live in Beverly Hills!

Ray White
Sydney Morning Class
Sydney, Nova Scotia

I wish these words could tell you
Just how much "Peers" means to me.
But some things can't be put into words,
And this is one you see.

So I'll just say heart felt thanks
And hope that tells in part
All the thoughts and all the wishes
And the hope that's in my heart.

CeCe Vickers
Glace Bay Evening Class
Peers Helping Peers
Glace Bay, Nova Scotia

IMAGINE

Imagine yourself playing a video game you start at the beginning .The same as you do at the beginning of life . The more you play the better you get. If you put one foot forward everyday that's one day closer to success and the goals you want to reach.

Imagine yourself in a spaceship you are confined to one part of the universe what will you do. Imagine yourself on earth the sky is the limit .you can go anywhere or be any thing you want to be .

Imagine your car won't start . you go back into the house and just stayed home. Imagine yourself five years into the future . where would you be if you just gave up.

Imagine yourself getting out of the car and starting to walk . Because you were so motivated to get to where you had to be . You are not a quitter, you will succeed .

Life does not meet us half way. If you want something in life you have to work hard to get It. The way to get what you want in life is with a strong mind . knowledge is the key to success .

Written by Anne Robinson.
Project Connect North Sydney

The World Is A Wonderful Place

The world is a wonderful place because without the world we would not be here. We also would not have our family, our friends and our children.

We would not have the food we eat or the water we drink. Without the world we would not have anything. We would not have any malls, we would not have any hospitals, or no cars. There would not be any roads, trees, nice smelling flowers. So without the world there would be nothing.

So I think the world is a wonderful place because we have everything we need to survive in it.

Sometimes we see the world as not being a wonderful place when times get tough but, when reality sets in the world really is a wonderful place to live in.

Written by : Cecelia Harris
Northside Project Connect Class

BACK IN TIME

I'm from a small town called Louisbourg. When I was a little girl growing up there, it was boring and there was not much to do. We made our own fun. Now that I'm older and have been on my own ten years I miss the town a lot. My daughter is ten she is always saying there's nothing to do. She has her own TV VCR ,GAMES ETC. I didn't have any of these things when I was a little girl. WHAT HAPPENED TO SKIP ROPE, HOP SCOTCH and HIDE AND SEEK?

Sometimes I go to visit my parents in Louisbourg. So as I enter the small town I get flash backs. Across the harbor lived a really nice old lady. She would make the best cookies going. Me and my friend use to jump ice klampers to go visit her and taste her yummy cookies. She was so sweet. Sometimes I feel like that little girl again, that once lived in a small town called LOUISBOURG.

Raylene Mac gillivary
Project Connect Northside

LOOKING BACK

Sight is part of most people's lives and as time goes by we take our sight for granted. We do not realize how important it really is to see. Not on less we were one of these people that lost there sight. My father was one of those people who lost there sight it can also be me or you. Here is my fathers story as he told me in his own words. My father told me most people think when you shut your eyes you are blind and he also says it is wrong for he says blindness is much darker then shutting your eyes. As my father was driving down the road he could see every thing so clearly. He said to his brother why am I seeing things so clearly. The next morning when he awoke he got back in his car with his brother. They were driving to town he said to his brother there is something wrong with my eyes I can see haloes in front of me. He said to his brother I think I have pinkeye. He went to see the doctor. The doctor examined his eyes. When the doctor looked at my father, he Knew by the look on the doctor's face. My father looked at the doctor and said, " You may as well tell me the truth. I have fought in the war so I can take what ever you got to tell me." The doctor looked at my father and said, " You are going blind and I will refer you to Sir Doctor Liveingstin." The doctor that he was referred to worked for royalty in England and now was retired. When he went to see Sir Doctor Liveingstin the doctor checked his eyes and told my father, "You are going blind." The doctor also told him that he had a bad eye infection in each eye. The doctor had a nurse working on his eyes every few hours. They would take his eyes out of the sockets to clean them. My father got to the point that he did not want to live anymore. He felt useless without his sight. A wonderful nurse named Rose gave him hope to live on. Rose would read to my father night after night, sit up with him, talk to him and wipe the tears from his face. When my father's brother came to see him in the hospital my father told him to take his car. My father said, " I will have no need for it now." My father wondered as each day went by and as he listened to the clock tick if he would ever see again. That day did come when the doctor walked in the room and said to my father, " You are going to see again." My father cried with happiness when the Doctor took the bandages off his eyes. He grabbed Rose and hugged her for dear life. My father said he will never forget the smile on her face and the cheering from his friends that were at his side. My father had to wear spectacles for a year.

Next time that you shut your eyes remember that there are people out there that really are in the dark. Please do not take sight for granted.

Sandra Lee LeBlanc
Connect, Northside

A Fireman's Daughter

The sirens are wailing deep into the night.
My daddy would jump up with an awful fright.
Something's afire what could it be?
Throw on his coat and boots
Jump in his car to go and see.

It may be a barn, a car or a house.
Hopefully there'll be nobody he has to bring out.

It's a real bad one, but nobody's hurt,
The fireman are all sooty and so full of dirt.

Back to the station the firemen all go
To clean up their gear and head for home.
Families all waiting and so glad to see
That daddy's back home where he should be.

A fireman is just a man no matter who he might be.
But in the eyes of a little girl, he'll always be a hero to me.

Wanda Quinn
Project Connect (North Sydney)
February 2001



My Hero

My hero is my dad. His name is Murdoch Cameron and he lives in Sydney. When I was three years old, I nearly drowned but luckily my dad was there to save me. He had to do CPR on me and although I almost died, I'm not afraid of the water now. I love my dad a lot because he is always there for me. He is a very kind man who deserves good things in life. I hope he has a very long and happy life. He is my hero and he is also my guardian angel.

Amanda Cameron
Sydney Project Connect
Sydney, Nova Scotia

My hero

My brother is my hero because he saved me from drowning and I am so glad my brother was there and I am so happy to be saved from MacGuire's Lake.

I was nine and my brother was eight year old and we were playing. We saw the skaters across the lake and we start walking on the ice and I fell in the lake. It was scary and dark in the hole in the ice. I went up and down three times, and I could see the skaters but they couldn't see me. On the third time up, I reached up to grab my brother's hand. Then he pulled me out and I rolled across the ice to the field.

Then me and my brother looked back and saw a big muskrat coming out the same hole. It chased us for awhile down the field.

Our parents weren't too happy to find out that their sons had been playing at MacGuire's Lake. It was a dangerous spot and we weren't supposed to play there. I don't want to experience that again, but I am thankful my brother saved me. We've never talked more about that again.

Charles Gardiner
Sydney Project Connect
Sydney, Nova Scotia



My Hero, Pauline Hill

She was a mother of 13 kids. Pauline is a grandmother of about 30 grand kids. Pauline lost her mother and things started to go down hill for her .

Pauline had diabetes and she was having a hard time with it . Then Pauline had a stroke

When Pauline was in the hospital there was a fire. She lost her son in law in it and her daughter was seriously hurt. She was put in another hospital so Pauline was not able to get to her.

And if that was not bad enough her son drove a nail in his eye and was rushed to Halifax. She was not able to be with him either.

So when Pauline got home from the hospital she thought things would be calmer. But she was very wrong. Her daughter house caught on fire. Pauline and son Franklin ran in to the fire to save her grand kids and there father Bernard. Bernard was badly burned. Pauline pulled Brenda age 3 out running back in the house. By now you can not see for the smoke. She was on her hands and knees calling for Colleen age 2. Pauline found her under the kitchen table.

Pauline and Franklin should have got an award for bravery but they did not get any award. But to her family she will always be appreciated. Pauline died about 6 year ago she will always be missed by her family and friends.

In loving memory of Pauline Hill

Helen Macleod
Sydney Project Connect
Sydney, Nova Scotia



My Hero

There is a lot of people that I could think of to be my hero. I could have picked a sports star, a race car driver, a fireman or someone who has done something for the community but I never picked any of these people. The person that I picked to be my hero is a very important person to me. My hero is my mother.

My mother is my hero because she adopted me when I was in a foster home. If she did not adopt me than I would not have a home or a family to love me. She did the job that my birth mother could not do for me.

When I was small my mother taught me right from wrong and brought me up well. She always loved and cared for me. When I did something wrong she was always there for me helping me to do the right thing.

My family is white and I am black. There are a lot of people who talk about because I am different than my family.. Even though sometimes people were mean to me because I am black my mother always defended me and treated me like her own child. I never felt out of place.

When I told my mother I was going to school she said she was proud of me and not to give up. My mother is my hero because she is always there for me and supports me in everything I do.

Jason Harris
Sydney Project Connect
Sydney, Nova Scotia

My Heros

Peggy and Dianne are my heros because they sit on my shoulder just like sunshine. We work together, we talk and laugh. They are really a good help to the students and help the teacher in my class last year . They were tutors.

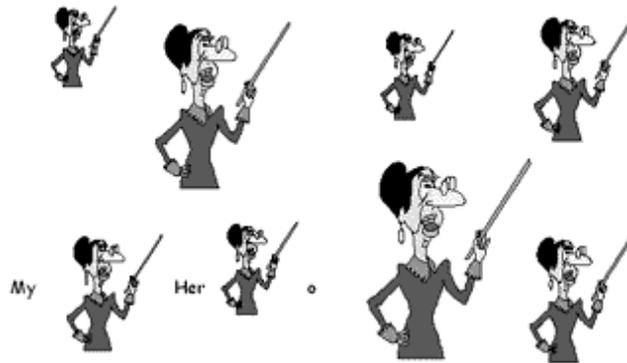
We have great memories in our class from last year but I still miss Dianne because she in North Sydney to teach their class. Peggy is still in my class. She can teach my class if Karen (the teacher) is not here.

We've been having a wonderful time since last year . Peggy and Dianne have a really good warm heart and they're really nice persons.

Yours truthfully,
Jason MacLean
Sydney Project Connect
Sydney, Nova Scotia



My Hero



My hero is Debbie Spencer. She is my wife and we live in Sydney, N.S. with our 6 year old son, Robert. She is my hero because several years ago, I became very sick . I was in V.G. Hospital in Halifax having cancer treatments. Debbie helped me to eat , bathe and never left my side. She slept on a cot beside me. She took me outside to get some fresh air and took me for walks. She believed that I would get better. I will always be grateful to her, for her love and support. She told me, "Don't ever give up " and I didn't. That's why she's my hero.

John Spencer
Sydney Project Connect
Sydney, Nova Scotia

My Hero

My hero is Wayne Gretzky. He is the best player who ever lived on and off the ice. Wayne Gretzky was born in Brantford, Jan. 26, 1961. He started playing hockey at the age of 6 and then Wayne went to the OHL Sault Ste. Marie

Greyhounds

And then in 1978 at the age of 17 he played for the Indianapolis Racers of the WHA. When he turned pro he never looked back. In his rookie year of the NHL he played for the Edmonton Oilers. Wayne led the Oilers for three Stanley Cups from 1979 to 1988. Then he was traded to the LA Kings. While he played for the LA Kings he won the Hart Trophy. He led the Kings in the 92-93 season to the Stanley Cup finals. Feb. 27, 1996 Gretzky was traded to the St. Louis Blues. He then played for the New York Rangers. It was the last team that he played for in the NHL.

He never forgot his fans who got him to the top. He played hockey with finesse and he was a decent guy on and off the ice. And that's why he is a hero to me.

Kevin Coones
Sydney Project Connect
Sydney, Nova Scotia

My Hero

My name is Paul Ginter. My hero was my Dad. I like my Dad a lot. He was my best friend.

We worked on the pop truck together. Being together every day in the truck made us very close.

When the pop plant closed , I met a beautiful woman. My Dad liked her. We bought an old farm in Pt. Edward . The farm needed lots of work. But my Dad said it could be done. All summer long my Dad and I worked hard on the old farmhouse.

We had one old horse and her foal on the farm. My Dad liked animals. He had a pony and some hens at his place in Sydney Mines. He collected the eggs every morning. My Dad died five years ago. He died before we got all the animals we have now. I wish he was still here to see the farm as it is today. He would be so glad to see that we did so well .

The old farm is now an Agritour Facility . People come every day to tour the farm, to see the animals, and learn about farming. Maybe someday we will see you at Twin Lighthouse Farm Agritour Facility in Pt.Edward .

In Memory of Dad, Lloyd Ginter

Paul Ginter
Sydney Project Connect
Sydney, Nova Scotia

MY HERO

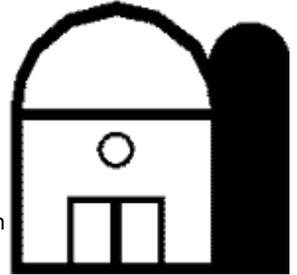
My hero is my foster father. That is like my grand father his name is George Bobbett. He lives in Glace Bay most of his life and Newfoundland at the first of his life. He was the best person ever in my life. He died when I was a young girl.

I love him so much. He was good to me, he took me places and just love me for who I am. He had a good life and did so much with it. He worked in the Glace Bay mine for 26 years to feed his family. And he had 13 grandchildren and 14 great grandchildren.

He belong to St. Mary Church. that he took me to. The first day for me to start school he took me in his car and pick me up from school. I got away with a lot of thing that I remember about to day.

He was my good old grandfather. That I love so much and miss to day and tomorrow for ever until I died I will have my thoughts of the time when we were together.

Marilyn Stewart
Sydney Project Connect
Sydney, Nova Scotia



Feelings



The old tracks road,
Was a very lovely place to be.
When I was young and carefree
It was a favorite spot to be.
I walk along the track and smell the air.
And hear the music rustle through the trees.
But not that I am older
These old memories live forever more.
The Path that where I walked and loved
Will live on forever more

By Kevin Hanrahan

Spring Has Sprung

People are starting to venture outdoors now that the days are longer and warmer. Birds return back home now that the trees are blossoming. With all the rain things have become muddy and messy but this brings promises of summer. And now nurseries are open all over the place soon people will be buying flowers for others and for outdoors to make their yards look nice. Now people will be planting trees, shrubs and vegetable gardens in the spring. Spring is also the season for our children as the Easter Bunny arrives. Clothes, kites, and skipping ropes are my grandchildren favorites. But nothing beats the chocolate bunnies. Adults worship in church, as Easter is the season of Christ's rebirth. It is truly a season of New Beginnings. And from me to all of your Happy Easter!

By Kevin Hanrahan
Peers Helping Peers Glace Bay
March 27, 2001

Dictatorship

I would like to discuss a couple of issues that relate to my area. Both issues deal with the government; the first one is about the casino being built here in Sydney and also; the Sunday shopping issue.

Back in 1992, when John Savage was premier of the province, he and his cabinet announced plans for a casino to be built here in Sydney, Cape Breton. As we are all aware, Cape Breton is an economically depressed area, with this in mind, John Savage realized that it would be a welcome job opportunity, but on the other hand, the casino would spell fate for those on welfare. These people would be playing the different games and would spend their welfare cheque and in some cases these people would sell their cars or take out a mortgage on their homes. As a result of gambling addictions. The government had to step in and spend a considerable amount of money to set up gambling addiction centres to help those afflicted with this disease.

In conclusion. I can see the benefits and the drawbacks to having a casino located here. It gives employment to some and grief to others.

Recently, I heard on the news that John Hamm and his government looked at the issue of Sunday shopping. We are the only province without Sunday shopping. I think this idea would be a great idea for the province because it would be an economic benefit to poorer regions such as Cape Breton and the merchants wouldn't lose out on the visiting cruise ships that come here in the summer time.

These are my views on these two issues. Time will tell if the decisions made were right ones or not. We will have to wait and see!

Murray Morris
Sydney Morning Class

Spring

Spring- The time between winter and summer. Things that happen: flowers bloom, bird's hatch, and snowmelts. Leaves come on trees. Mother Nature warms up.

By Lisa McGrath

Easter

Easter- Church holiday celebrating the time Jesus rose from the dead. Children think of bunnies and eggs for Easter. Easter I celebrated in Spring

By Lisa McGrath
Sydney Evening

The History of Dominion

To cover the history of the territory that is not the Town of Dominion one should trace back to the earliest settlers who were the MicMac Indians. These Indians settled in that area about 1,000 years ago. No one knows exactly when they did settle here but it was long before John Cabot arrived in 1497.

The body of water between Northern Head and the present Dominion and Bridgeport shoreline that rolls in on the Dominion-Lingan beach was formally known as Indian bay. This body of water is now known as Dominion Beach and Bridgeport Basin.

Old Bridgeport

It was stated that Glace Bay was known as Bridgeport and along with that were the territories of Dominion and Gardiner Mines, this made up the place that was known as Old Bridgeport.

Later came a mine that belonged to Mr. Henry Mitchell, he began his operation in January 1884. There were an average of sixty men and boys that were employed there. Henry Mitchell and his family lived in a house on Mitchell Avenue, named after him and his family; today that house still stands on Mitchell Avenue.

Mr. Mitchell sold out his interest to the International Coal Company, which went directly to the Dominion coal Co. In 1893. He died at the family house in which was built in the 1890's. Death occurred in 1916 at the age of 91. He was buried in donkin, Ns. He was a Canadian pioneer in the truest sense.

Town of Dominion-Incorporation

The village of Old Bridgeport became the town of Dominion by an Act of the Legislature of Nova Scotia, incorporated under the provisions of Chapter 71 of the revised statutes of Nova Scotia, dated February 13, 1906.

First Mayor of Dominion was Fred J. Mitchell, elected by Acclamation. Then the first Deputy Mayor was Mr. Don Graham he was also a councillor.

John A. Nicholson was appointed town clerk. He was later appointed Stipendiary Magistrate for the town

Mr. John J. MacPherson is appointed chief of police; his assistant to the chief was Danb J. Nicholson. The following week Mr. MacPherson resigned, as Mr. Nicholson then became Chief of police.

By Kevin Hanrahan
Level 1 Peers Helping Peers