

March Newsletter: Childhood Magic and Upcoming Workshop

Greetings!

"To write, all you need is to remember the slam of your childhood home's screen door."

-William Maxwell

It was 1978 and the Walsh family had just moved to the northern suburbs of Chicago after several lifetimes on the southside. I was too young to comprehend the magnitude of that move. Taking a family of four from Oak Forest to Lincolnshire was like international travel complete with a whole new way of speaking and a different ball club.



As the only girl in the family, I was lucky to get my own room, something that one of my brothers would hold against me for the rest of my life. The house had a certain smell to it, something like laundry detergent mixed with cedar and mothballs. There are moments that I catch a whiff of something similar and I'm immediately taken back to 1983. I suddenly have pigtails and a 7'o'clock bedtime.

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Returning to the North Shore Senior Center this May!



Starting May 2, I will be hosting a 6-week workshop on "Writing Your Life Stories" at the [North Shore Senior Center](#). Class will focus on the tips and tricks of getting to the heart of the story and allow you to share your writing with other aspiring writers. Register

[here](#).

Featured Story: Thomas Spence

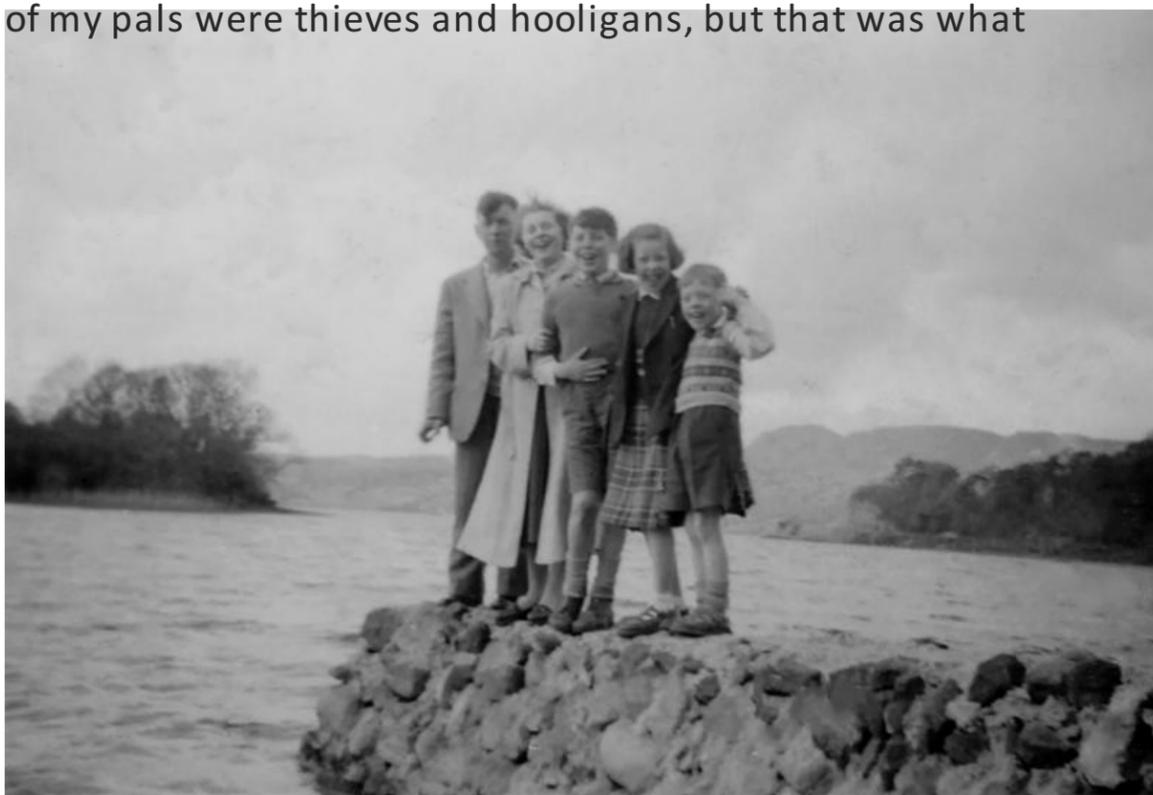
Growing up in Glasgow, life was as rough as the kids that ran the streets, with clear delineations between the rich Presbyterians and then everyone else.

"They controlled the jobs. They controlled everything."

To entertain themselves while their bellies were rumbling, they played football in the street and ran from the cops.

"It was a tough area, full of ruffians, and I was one of them. Some

of my pals were thieves and hooligans, but that was what



Glasgow was like in the 1940s. People were good, but just really poor."

Many among the Scottish working class worked long hours at the shipyards or coal mines then blew off steam as well as much of their paychecks at the local pubs. Thankfully Tom's dad wasn't one of them. Instead of drink, his vice was betting. He spent his days at the railyards working as a shunter, unhooking train cars as they came in with goods from all over. After work, he moonlighted as a bookie. It was the 1920s, and his office was the street corner.

"The cops would dress as women to try and catch him. But the cops in Glasgow were over 6 feet tall and most of them were from the Highlands. They were big men-they had to be. My dad could see them from a mile away."

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Thanks for reading. See you next month. - Nora

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