

NEGROES IN TORONTO
A Sociological Study of a Minority Group
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September, 1960

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BELL-FAST BOND
A THESIS
Submitted in Conformity with the Requirements
for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy
RAB CONTENT

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INTRODUCTION

I have not been able to analyze Toronto Negroes in a state of total academic detachment. Although remaining on the periphery of organizational activity, I was nevertheless a social animal with a role to play, if I was to function among Negroes in the city.

In this regard, W. F. Whyte appropriately commented:

Where the researcher operates out of a University, just going into the field for a few hours at a time, he can keep his personal social life separate from field activity. His problem of role is not quite so complicated. If, on the other hand, the researcher is living for an extended period in the community he is studying, his personal life is inextricably mixed with his research.¹

As well as the researcher's immediate orientation, it is important to weigh the effect of his social background. Although this is not considered necessary by some sociologists, in this particular case it appears relevant.

Social Background of the Researcher:

A product of several American Negro communities, in the far west as well as in the eastern United States, I had grown to believe that the social structures of all Negro communities on this continent were quite similar. My father had been an African Methodist Episcopal minister, and I grew

¹W. F. Whyte, Street Corner Society (University of Chicago Press, 1955, 2nd ed.), p. 279.

up in a comfortable Negro family, nurtured in the context of the Negro church and those fraternal, business and other organizations that maintain the coloured community in the well-defined American bi-racial system. I understood the folk-ways and sub-culture of the urban Negro community and, when I came to Toronto, assumed that similar conditions existed here. A few years later I was to realize how unsatisfactory, even hampering, was this frame of reference. Even before research began, certain experiences in Toronto were having a strong influence on my approach to the study.

Toronto--Early Experiences:

When I arrived in Toronto in the fall of 1950 for graduate study, I had no place to live. The University's housing office was closed, and I was totally unfamiliar with the city. For help in finding accommodation, I telephoned the one person whose name had been given by a friend before I left the United States. I was referred to a tenement house on Pembroke Street--a high vice area then, and more so now. After an interview with a young German landlady, I took a kitchenette (one room and kitchen) on the third floor of a rather worn-looking but clean rooming house. I was relatively close to the University and considered myself fortunate, having seen far worse living quarters for students in other cities. Some time later, a fellow student informed me that I was living in a slum.

But, as W. I. Thomas wrote, certain judgments depend on the individual's "definition of a situation". Comparing my surroundings to Harlem, south-side Chicago and southeast Washington, D.C., I considered myself well billeted. I had never lived in a rooming house before, and felt a certain detachment from campus life might be an interesting change.

Gradually I became friendly with the other tenants, only one of whom was Negro. Their life patterns were new to me, and perhaps more socially deviant than university students ordinarily encounter. I was to see Toronto for the first time through the lives of these fellow roomers, many of whom gave immeasurable assistance in my later research.

Lou, a Negro jazz musician living in the house, provided my first contacts with the "better" elements of the Negro community. Several Negro professionals were always seeking him out as a celebrity to be introduced to other coloured people in Toronto, and Lou took me along whenever it was possible. Basically, though, Lou rejected any primarily Negro organizations. Often he was asked to assist in charity and other affairs, but refused to do so if he thought the occasion was "too Negro" in character. He constantly reminded me that we were American Negroes who had "escaped" to a free land, just as fugitive slaves had done one hundred or so years previously. Not seeing any earmarks of a

distinct Negro community, he felt we should not purposely seek coloured friends or coloured organizations that would serve to perpetuate those caste-like, oppressive features of the American bi-racial system.

During this time I established contacts, both Negro and white, that later provided a rich source of research material. I drew heavily on these contacts during the summer of 1959, and revisited many of my old friends. They readily assisted me as I probed the social world of the Toronto Negro.

Contact with the City's Negroes

At the end of a year I decided to stay at the University and do doctoral work, but had to find new living quarters. My friend Lou remarked facetiously, "I know of a West Indian man who rents rooms, if you don't mind living with Negroes." So I sought out this man and, during the summer of 1951, entered another phase of my life in Toronto.

Mr. C., a Barbadian, had an eight-room house occupied by Negro roomers. How distant this world was, after Pembroke Street! I knew nothing of the matters Mr. C. discussed--the sub-groups, cliques, problems of local prejudice, and the early history of local Negroes. A retired porter, this garrulous old man enjoyed telling of the feuding among West Indians and native Canadian Negroes.

Marcus Garvey and his Back-to-Africa movement had

made an enormous impact on first-generation West Indians. There was considerable ambivalence in the manner in which Mr. C. and his circle of friends discussed racial matters. Primarily they yearned for two things: a distinct Negro district in Toronto, complete with its own businesses, institutions and social life; and open immigration for West Indians desiring to come to Canada.

Mr. C. acquainted me with certain Negro organizations and churches, and I met numerous West Indians who trooped in and out of his home. Among these individuals, I was given status far out of proportion to what I would ever have expected, and I was used as a sounding board for an "educated man's" opinion on in-group squabbles and problems. When one of Mr. C.'s sons started courting a white girl, I was asked to "talk sense" to the boy and dissuade him. Whereas I had rarely encountered Negroes in my activities on Pembroke Street and in the Yonge Street area, I now became aware of a greater density in the western end of the downtown district. During this period, many questions intrigued me regarding the nature of the small Negro population and the meaning of group identification.

Finally, I decided to engage in a study of the social organization of the Toronto Negro community. No data were available on the history, family life, or economic and religious position of the city's Negroes, so I committed myself

to ferreting out all possible information.

Early Research Orientation

A basic assumption underlying this study was that Toronto's small Negro population functioned in such a manner that its institutions, churches and informal group life had an inter-relationship, a structure lending itself to analysis as a functioning social system within the metropolitan community.

In the United States, the Negro's "place" and role in the general society is governed by rules and regulations --written in the South and unwritten in the North, but sanctioned in both areas by the mcres and sentiments of the dominant group. Within this bi-racial American social structure there has evolved an etiquette of race relations, an attitude system about Negroes historically rooted in that country's early slave society. In reaction to this, the Negro has developed a "consciousness of kind", heightened by his racial visibility and the outer community's compulsion to make him different and to restrict his physical and social mobility.

Out of this situation has come a vast literature on race and culture. The social anthropologists have used the comparative method of juxtaposing the sub-culture and the dominant culture in an effort to show their differences and uniformities. Allison Davis, using the techniques of Lloyd

CHAPTER I

THE EARLY HISTORY OF NEGROES IN CANADA AND TORONTO

It was under the French Regime that slavery in Canada began, when according to the Register of Notre Dame, a slave named Louis, from Madagascar, was sold to a David Kirke for fifty half crowns.¹ The French government took no legal position on slavery in Quebec until 1688, when slave labour was stated to be necessary to strengthen an inadequate labour supply. In 1689, Louis XIV issued a Royal Mandate stating that French subjects in Quebec should obtain Negroes to do their work.² A summary of subsequent legislation until the capitulation of the French to the British is given in a study by J. C. Hamilton:

"The Code Noir" contains an ordinance of 13 November 1705 making Negroes movable property and providing for their humane treatment. In 1709 an ordinance was issued by Raudot, Intendant at Quebec, reciting the King's permission, and that Negroes and Panis (Pawnee Indians) had been procured as slaves, and to remove doubts as to ownership, it was ordained that all such Pawnees and Negroes who had been so bought or held should belong to the person so owning them in full proprietorship. Attached to this is the certificate of one Cognet, that he had duly published the ordinance by reading it after mass, in certain

¹T. W. Smith, "Slavery in Canada", Records, Nova Scotia Historical Society, Vol. 10.

²J. C. Hamilton, Canadian Institute Transactions, Series IV, 1890-92, pp. 105-108.

churches in the city of Quebec. The 47th article of the capitulation of Canada to the English provides that all such Negroes and Pawnees should remain in the condition of slavery. This was September 8, 1760.³

After the change to a British government in Canada, the condition of the slave deteriorated. Ida Greaves, in dealing with this period of Canadian slave history, writes:

With the change from French to English rule there was a change in the legal status of slavery which was at the start of no benefit to the slave. Instead it riveted his shackles more firmly. Under the law of French Canada Negroes were "meubles", a condition corresponding to personal property in English law. But the civil law in England which was in force for eleven years after the conquest, identified the slaves with other chattel property. Although the Quebec Act re-introduced the French Civil Code, it provided that previous acts of the British Parliament regulating commerce with the American colonies should be effective in Quebec and in consequence the Act of 1732 making "Houses, lands, Negroes and other Hereditaments" liable to be sold for the satisfaction of debts became operative in the Province.⁴

Slavery in Upper Canada existed before the separation of the upper and lower provinces in 1791. A British Act of 1790 allowed new settlers to bring slaves into what was to become Upper Canada at a value of "40 shillings for each one."⁵ There were, however, only a few hundred slaves in Canada during the eighteenth century. Negroes and a few

³Ibid., p. 106.

⁴Ida Greaves, The Negro in Canada, McGill University Economic Studies No. 16, 1929, pp. 10-11.

⁵J. E. Jones, Crimes and Punishments in Toronto and the Home District (Toronto: George N. Morang, 1924), pp. 11-14.

Pawnees constituted the slave population and for the most part they were located around the Niagara District.

In 1793 the first parliament of the Province of Upper Canada passed legislation in the hope of containing slavery. There were strong feelings at the time favouring total abolition in the Province. Governor Simcoe led the abolitionists, while a strong bloc of farmers maintained that slaves were essential to the agricultural welfare of the Province.

The Parliamentary Act of 1793 prohibited the further importation of slaves, but confirmed the ownership of slaves then held. The Act also provided that the children of slaves, upon reaching the age of twenty-five years, automatically would be set free. It is thought that this memorable Act was drawn by Chief Justice Osgoode. It remained in force until 1833 when, by Imperial Order, slavery was abolished in all parts of the British Empire.

Although slavery in Canada was not totally abolished until 1833, the country was, long before then, considered a haven for fugitive slaves from the United States. With the help of the abolitionist groups that constituted the famous Underground Railroad, thousands of Negroes found their way into the Province of Upper Canada during the first sixty years of the nineteenth century. The number of refugees swelled especially during the decade 1850-1860, due to the

enactment by the United States Congress on September 18, 1850, of the Fugitive Slave Act.⁶

The first census of Upper Canada, taken in 1851, had a column for Coloured Persons and Indians which enumerated 2,095 coloured. There are, however, reasons to question this official figure as an accurate count. First, the census itself reports, "In several counties these divisions were not given in the abstracts." And, in a guess, it concludes that there were in 1851, 8,000 coloured persons in Canada West.⁷ Secondly, Greaves indicates that fugitive slaves themselves "frequently omitted to indicate their colour when making returns, so that even where a colour record was taken it was incomplete."⁸

Other estimates of the Negro population in Upper Canada range from 30,000 to 75,000.⁹ Henry C. Bibb, in his anti-slavery periodical, The Voice of the Fugitive, indicates that there were 35,000 Negroes in Upper Canada in May,

⁶The Fugitive Slave Act reversed previous judicial decisions granting freedom to escaped slaves reaching northern States. The Act provided for the return to slavery of any Negroes in the North who were detected and claimed by their masters or proper agents.

⁷Census of the Canadas, 1851, Vol. I, pp. 36, 246-7, 176-7.

⁸Greaves, op. cit., p. 33.

⁹Greaves, op. cit., pp. 33-34, states that a figure of 60,000 to 75,000 has been given. She maintains, however, that a more closely agreed-upon figure averages out to be between 30,000 and 40,000.

1851.¹⁰ The Toronto Anti-Slavery Society placed the number at 30,000 in Canada West in that same year. They also recorded a peak two-year period of migration between 1850 and 1852, when five to six thousand fugitive slaves entered the country.¹¹ Professor Fred Landon estimated that fifteen to sixteen thousand refugees entered the country in the period 1850-1860.¹²

The number of Negro fugitive slaves in Toronto is difficult to ascertain before the 1861 census. The Toronto Anti-Slavery Society estimated 800 in the city in 1852. In one of Benjamin Drew's authoritative studies on the abolition movement in Canada it is stated that in 1855, Toronto had an overall population of 47,000, of whom 1,000 or two per cent were Negro.

The majority of Negroes who came to Canada did so by way of Detroit and settled in the fast-growing communities of Sandwich, Colchester, Dawn and Buxton.¹³ Toronto

¹⁰Henry C. Bibb, Voice of the Fugitive, a newspaper published at Sandwich, Canada West, during 1851 and 1852. It is an important record of the activities and interests of Negroes in Canada during that period.

¹¹The Toronto Anti-Slavery Society, First Annual Report, March 24, 1852.

¹²Fred Landon, "Negro Migration to Canada", Journal of Negro History, Vol. 5, 1920. Between 1920 and 1937 Landon was a frequent contributor to The Journal of Negro History, The Ontario Historical Review, and the Royal Society of Canada. His specialty area was the period of Negro migration to Canada, and although he did not investigate Negro settlements north of Hamilton, he was exhaustive in his study of the southernmost settlements.

¹³Bibb, op. cit.

was not a terminus for the Underground Railway, being at that time extremely remote and hard to reach. In fact, the city was considered the northern outpost by refugees in the southern part of the Province.

A minimum of contact with the Negroes to the south was kept through the Toronto Newspaper agents for The Voice of the Fugitive. Mr. John Fisher and a Mr. S. R. Ward, an escaped slave and a minister wrote for this newspaper. They reported for the most part anti-slavery activities in the area, with the odd reference to the life of Negroes in Toronto. Favourable stories of travelling evangelists, together with adventurers who drifted south, encouraged some of the fugitives to by-pass the southern settlements and make the difficult trek north.

Although a sizable Negro community undoubtedly existed in Toronto from 1850 to 1871, evidence also indicates an earlier, well-established coloured settlement in the city. The original Negro community in Toronto can be traced to slaves owned by well-to-do people in the city of York. Guillet stated that Negroes were not significant in the labour force, but served primarily as personal servants to the officials.¹⁴

The following excerpts from The Upper Canada Gazette

¹⁴ C. E. Guillet, Toronto From Trading Post to Great City (Toronto: Ontario Publishing Co. Ltd., 1934), pp. 310-314.

and Oracle illustrate the type of slave transaction that occurred in Toronto and Niagara:

July 11, 1793:

Five Dollars Reward

Ran away from the subscriber on Wednesday the 25th of June last a Negro manservant named John, who ever will take up the said Negro man and return him to his master shall receive the above reward and all necessary charges.

Thomas Butler, Niagara.

August 17, 1793:

Ran away from the subscriber a few weeks ago a Negro wench named Sue: this is therefore to forewarn all manner of persons from harboring said wench under the penalties of the laws.

James Clark, Senior
Niagara.

January 18, 1797:

Wanted a Negro girl about 12 years old, of honesty and good disposition; for such an one, a generous price will be given. Apply to the printer.

Niagara.

December 20, 1800:

To Be Sold

A healthy strong Negro woman, about 30 years of age understands cookery, laundry and the taking care of poultry. N.B. She can dress ladies hair. Enquire of the printers.

York.

H. Scadding, in Toronto, Past and Present, also mentioned that it was commonplace for Toronto officials to have slaves:

Most gentlemen from the administrator of the government downwards, possessed some slaves. Peter Russell in 1806 was anxious to dispose of his and thus advertised in the Gazette and Oracle: To be sold a Black woman named Peggy aged 40 and a Black boy her son Jupiter aged 15.¹⁵

Among the present-day "old-timers" of the Toronto Negro community, stories have circulated as to the wealth and prosperity of their early ancestors. Such comments as, "Why, Negroes once owned a considerable amount of the present downtown business district," are heard among some residents.

It is hard to trace these stories, but there are a few recorded instances of Negroes inheriting significant property. Such was the good fortune of John Baker, a body servant of Robert I. D. Gray, who in 1796 was Upper Canada's first Solicitor General. Upon the death of his master, Baker was freed and left two hundred acres of land in nearby Whitby township. He later became a soldier, fought at Waterloo and died at Cornwall in 1871. He is considered the last of all who had been slaves in the Province.¹⁶

Escaped slaves and black freedmen from the United States started coming into Toronto in the early decades of the nineteenth century. A notable example of a persecuted

¹⁵H. Scadding, Toronto Past and Present (Toronto: Alain, Stevenson & Co., 1873), pp. 292-294.

¹⁶J. E. Middleton, The Municipality of Toronto: A History (Toronto: The Dominion Publishing Co., 1923), pp. 247 f.

Throughout the era of American slavery and during the bitter reconstruction period the Toronto Negro community continued to voice its disapproval of brutality and inhumanity. W.R. Abbott's son, Anderson Ruffin Abbott, a successful physician in Toronto and one of eight Negro medical officers to serve in the Union Army, continued his father's work of inspiring and leading the Negro community.²²

The oldest Negro institution in the city, a church, dates its history from 1826 when, according to records, a dozen fugitive slaves met on the shores of Toronto Bay and prayed. These original twelve Negroes made their way up from the southern States with the help of the Underground Railway. They worshipped at first in the open air down by the water-front where the Toronto docks are now located.²³ By 1827, expanding in number, they leased the St. George's Masonic Lodge rooms for their Sunday meetings. From 1834 to 1841, services were held in a building on Richmond Street in the downtown district. For a number of years the church continued to grow and increase in membership and influence, due to the continued migration of slave refugees. Late in 1841 the congregation built a frame structure on the northeastern corner of Victoria and Queen Streets. This

²² Appendix A contains a synopsis of the life of Dr. A. R. Abbott.

²³ Amherstburg Association, Pathfinders of Liberty and Truth: A History of the Amherstburg Regular Missionary Baptist Association, Its Auxiliaries and Churches, A pamphlet prepared by the Association's Historical Committee, 1940, pp. 95-97.

was the first Baptist church in the city and early white Baptist churches trace their origin to this Negro institution. In 1914 John Ross Robertson wrote:

A few coloured people sixty years ago by organizing themselves into a Baptist Church, stimulated a few white people that attended their services to start out for themselves; from the latter, the old Bond Street church originated and from that the present Jarvis Street edifice started.²⁴

The Amherstburg Association, an organization of Negro Baptist churches in Ontario, gives credit to an Elder Washington Christian for organizing Toronto's first Baptist Church. Elder Christian is also said to have founded other Baptist churches throughout the Province. He represented a type of roving Negro minister often seen during the nineteenth century. The Amherstburg Association records include the following statement about Christian:

Another founder of Baptist Churches among the colored people in Ontario was Elder Christian, who probably founded more Canadian Baptist Churches than any other colored Baptist minister.

He was born in Virginia in 1776. There he grew to manhood and was converted. Several years after his conversion he went to New York, where in September 1822, he was ordained in the Abyssinian Baptist Church.

He laboured as a missionary for a time in Boston, Connecticut and New Haven. Then he felt the call to go among the refugee slaves in Canada. He entered Canada and organized a colored Baptist Church at

²⁴J. R. Robertson, Landmarks of Toronto: A Collection of Historical Sketches of the Old Town of York from 1792-1837 and of Toronto from 1837 to 1904, (Toronto) 1904, pp. 471 f.

Toronto. Its membership grew to such a size during his pastorate that they had to build a larger church; this they did on a lot purchased on Queen Street.

He also founded Baptist churches at St. Catharines, Hamilton and at another place whose name could not be deciphered on the hand written record.²⁵

It was men like Christian, fugitives themselves for the most part, who provided the early leadership, religious and otherwise, for the Negro community.

Two other Negro churches appeared between 1838 and 1847. A property situated on Richmond Street near York was purchased for 125 pounds from John Cawthra and James Leslie on the 7th of July, 1838, by a religious body called the Colored Wesleyans. A small number of white members attempted to form a union with the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Canada, a predominantly white congregation. This move--together with a controversy over property--split the church, and considerable animosity existed between white and coloured members. The Negro Wesleyans during 1850 claimed over 100 members. The church carried on until 1875, when finally the deaths of many members and the loss of others who returned to the United States, forced the church to discontinue operations.²⁶

²⁵Amherstburg Association, op. cit., pp. 3f.

²⁶A legal brief containing a complete history of the Colored Wesleyan Church in Toronto was prepared on November 8, 1893, by R. B. Read, barrister and legal counsel for the Colored Wesleyans. See Appendix E.

The third Negro church during this period was the African Methodist Episcopal Church, a branch of an American Negro church founded in Boston by an ex-slave in the late eighteenth century. For the most part, Negroes attended various churches other than Negro, since segregation in the churches did not exist in this part of the Province.

The Reverend S. R. Ward was highly critical of the leadership of the city's coloured churches--untrained, self-styled Negro ministers who drifted in and out of Toronto. It is undoubtedly true that Negro ministers of the caliber of Mr. Ward were exceptional. He was a writer of unusual merit, and an orator whose reputation was often mentioned in the newspapers. Moreover, reasons for the lack of educated Negro ministers are not hard to find. The extreme limitations on educational resources for a slave people, and the difficult economic position of those who escaped, very nearly negated the possibility of educational or professional advancement. Yet the demand for Negro ministers and leaders existed and, perforce, was satisfied.

Some fortunate leaders, such as Frederick Douglass, had been instructed by their masters despite the educational restrictions imposed by the notorious "Black Codes". Other elements of Negro leadership came from those ex-slaves whose masters had freed them before the Emancipation Proclamation, giving them money to go north to attend trade and educational

institutions.

The following letter from Ward to Bibb sums up his feelings towards the untrained Negro clergy:

Should you come here and go to the Bethel Church, African Methodist, up street and hear a man named Taylor harangue his audience in what he calls a sermon; should you listen to his disgusting, abusive and indecent language and witness his semi-theatrical gestures and should you see a large number of colored people of this city if not a majority of them, seemingly approving if not admiring it, you would join me in saying that such things bedarken our prospects. Such is the actual state of things in Toronto. White persons have this Taylor as a specimen of our leaders and religious teachers....our religious teachers do us more harm than good....our conferences impose upon us by sending such Elders as Taylor, and a meeting such as he holds is a downright disgrace, a religious burlesque, a profanation of the Sabbath, a perfect nuisance.²⁷

The A.M.E. Church survived Ward's tirades and showed a membership of 128 persons in 1851. In August, 1852, a conference of A.M.E. churches in Canada was held in St. Catharines. The Toronto church had the third largest body of the six districts reporting, and their Sunday School classes were larger than all others reporting, with 50 pupils and six teachers.²⁸

In civic affairs the Negro community was fairly active. Ward reported Negro jurors and jury foremen serving duty in Toronto,²⁹ Politically the Negroes in St.

²⁷Bibb, op. cit., December 1, 1851.

²⁸Ibid., July 10, 1852.

²⁹Ibid., July 2, 1851.

A few demographic characteristics of the early Toronto Negro community should be noted. It has been suggested that the Negro population in Toronto in 1851 was somewhere between 800 and 1,000, a substantial number in terms of the total city population. This two percent figure constituted the highest proportion of coloured people living in Toronto, either before or since that date. Table 1 shows the number of Negroes in Toronto, Ontario and Canada, 1851 to 1911.

TABLE 1

NEGRO POPULATION OF TORONTO, ONTARIO AND CANADA, 1851-1911^a

	Total Pop. of Toronto	Negroes in Toronto	Negroes in Ontario	Negroes in Canada
1851	30,775	800-1,000 ^b	2,095	35,000-50,000 ^c
1861	44,821	510	11,223	11,413
1871	56,092	551	13,435	21,496
1881	96,196	593	12,097	21,394
1891	181,220	--- ^d	----- ^d	----- ^d
1901	208,040	592	8,935	17,437
1911	376,538	468	6,747	16,194

^a Source, except as noted below: Census of Canada, 1851-1911. The first official census for the Dominion

CHAPTER VI

LIFE WITH ACE

For almost a month an attempt was made, through the technique of participant-observation, to record how one young Toronto Negro relates to the social structure--work, friends, family, sex, social life, religion, education, the law.

Jake Jones, known to his friends as "Ace", lived in a depressed industrial area near Front and Bathurst Streets. It had frequently been asserted, especially by social workers, that a certain type of Negro--tougher and more hostile than in any other part of Toronto--lived in this neighbourhood. As one settlement house worker said, "I sure would like to know more about those Dead End families below Queen Street. We don't seem to be able to reach them."

Fortuitous circumstances provided the contact with Ace. Months before this field work began, Father Madison, a cleric in a mission church, telephoned asking assistance in finding a full-time job for a young man who had been helping him. He said that Jake came from a fairly stable home in his parish and was a good kid, but seemed to be having trouble adjusting to jobs and getting along with people. He could, Father Madison felt, easily get into serious trouble--the type so familiar in that area--if things continued as they were, with no work, hanging around bars, no interest in life. "Jake's bright, and we might be able to get him over the hill,"

father Madison concluded. An appointment was made to meet them for lunch at the Central Y.M.C.A. the following day.

Jake was a dark brown skinned, muscularly-built young man of medium height. He had a deep, resonant voice, and stammered noticeably. (He explained later that he always did this when he met someone new or came into a type of situation to which he was unaccustomed.) At lunch, discussion centered on the types of jobs that a fellow with his education--two or three years of high school--might get. Jake was definitely interested in boys' and youth work. Father Madison had assisted him in this direction by placing him in charge of the teen town dances at the mission. A number of places were suggested where Jake might start his search for employment, and he was assured of help in seeking boys' work.

Shortly thereafter Jake was successful in getting a job in the sports department of one of the city's many boys' clubs. He was very pleased, although the salary was low--forty to fifty dollars a week--and felt a purpose in life that he had hitherto lacked.

Throughout the next eight months, contact with Jake was maintained by telephone calls and lunch meetings. A relationship developed around the common interest in boys' work, growing up in the slums, and the problems of youth.

At one time during this period, Jake agreed as a favour to be interviewed by a person from a local social agency. He found the experience quite distasteful, for he

had an ingrained opinion about interviews, not dispelled by this one.¹

This, then, was the early friendship pattern. Several months later, the research started and Jake was asked for assistance. Without these chance circumstances, it is doubtful whether Jake would have allowed an outsider to participate in his daily activities.

Field Notes, Monday, June 8

In the afternoon I went to the M Street Boys' Club to see Jake Jones and Bill Standing. Jake works as a sports director of the Club. I went over to a snack bar to find Jake, where he was sitting with the M Club nurse. He was glad to see me, introduced me to the nurse and then turned his back on her and started talking as if I were a long-lost friend. We went back to the Club and he showed me through the building. He took great pride in guiding me through each room, showing me partitions and new areas for program. For the first time, he said, he was doing something worthwhile in directing the lives of youth.

All of the boys that I saw in Jake's program were white, with the exception of one, a boy named Randy who played on one of the baseball teams. We walked to a nearby park. Jake asked me to base umpire a game. I said I didn't have time at that particular moment, but asked if he would roam around with me through the Spadina-Dundas area. He looked at me sharply and said, "I would be glad to--IF you are willing to let your hair down, drink a few beers and associate with some of the gals in The District. This is part of the game, you know, and if you want acceptance you've got to bum around with us. You don't mind doing that, do you? You wouldn't mind meeting some of these new gals in the area, would you?" I told Jake that I didn't think so and that I would do my best.

¹Jake and his family had had unsatisfactory exposures to social agencies serving The District. They were interview-shy, and even hostile in their attitudes towards social workers, clergy and other outsiders who approached them.

He asked what I had found out so far. I tried to develop his interest by saying I had some historical information that was fascinating. I said, "Do you know that the first ice house in Toronto was operated by a Negro?" He was amazed. I continued, "Did you know, too, that the chief resident in the Toronto General Hospital in the late nineteenth century was a Negro?" He replied, "I don't know anything about my own background, and less about Negroes in Toronto, but I wish you would let me look at some of that historical material."

We then set a date to meet a few of his friends and go pub crawling on Wednesday. I told him I thought I should return to the Club and talk to Bill. He said yeah, maybe so, that he was a little worried about Bill. Bill had just bought a new car and Jake felt it might affect him and start him chasing around. I said goodbye and promised to meet him Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.

I found Bill, whom I had already known slightly from meetings at community recreation affairs. He is a Negro, about 32, and is assistant director of the M Street Boys' Club. He was "kibitzing" with the kids in the kitchen as I talked to him. He told me his director was away ill, and he was in charge until the director came back. We went into the office for a little chat.

I told Bill about my interest in the Negro community and said I hoped he wouldn't mind talking to me and going around with me occasionally in the Spadina-Dundas area. I also told him I had heard that he was well respected by other recreation personnel in Toronto for his work with youth. Bill's face lit up and he began to discuss his fifteen years in boys' club work. He was formerly director of another club, nearer his home, but was transferred against his wishes to the M Street branch as an assistant to the director. He was quite unhappy about this transfer, which he considered a demotion. He had no hesitation in saying that there was no alternative for him but to accept the change, since he was not a trained man and could not get a better job. He said his employers knew this, and took advantage of his position. The incident made him bitter and he decided when it happened to look for supplementary employment. Bill is a graduate of Central Tech in electronics and now repairs radios at every opportunity, to boost his income. He wants to stay in youth work, but never again wants to be placed in a position where he can't say "no" and direct his own destiny.

Bill referred to his staff worker, Jake Jones, affectionately as "Ace", and said the two of them thought a lot alike on certain issues.

Wednesday, June 10

At 8.30 p.m. I went over to the M Street Boys' Club to meet Ace. The place was full of 250 mothers, fathers and children who were being briefed by Bill on how to send their children to camp. No Negroes were in the audience. Bill was dressed up in his best suit, tie and shirt. Everyone else was in T shirt, or no shirt. Bill took great pleasure in lecturing to the parents about the virtue of camping.

Ace was up in the balcony overlooking the audience. He waved to me and shouted that we would go out as soon as the camp movies were over. After he had closed up the club and told Bill goodbye (Bill had a date, otherwise he would have gone with us), we took off for The District.

I said, "Where are we going, Ace?" He replied, "Let's go to the Waverley. You get pretty good draught there, and all the block boys end up in the Waverley sooner or later during the evening. It is one of the stops on their rounds. They go from the Waverley to other points along Queen Street, like the Holiday, etc. Some of the guys go to the Edison, but the doorman is a real son of a bitch. Any time he sees a Negro bringing in a white girl, he makes cracks. He lets them in, but he cracks. The other day one of my buddies brought in a chick who was real straight, a great gal, and you know what that bastard said? "Look at that nigger with a cheap whore." Well, this gal is a fighter, and she got real mad. She cussed him out, screamed and stomped. Her boy friend just stood there. And the next day she walked right down to the Liquor Control Board and reported the incident. The Board said they had all kinds of complaints about the Edison, but as long as they let people in, there was nothing they could do."

I told Ace he might find it helpful to report such incidents to the Department of Labour, or to the Toronto Labour Committee for Human Rights, both of whom processed complaints under the Fair Accommodations Practices Act. Ace didn't have knowledge of these procedures or organizations. And he said none of the boys knew anything about this stuff. "When we run across incidents like this, we don't know what to do except fight if we can, and then the police end up whipping us and throwing us in jail for making a disturbance. But I guess they got to do their jobs, because in many cases we start fighting first."

We got out of the car and walked up to the Waverley. I noticed a Negro with his shoes off, sitting in front of the tavern, drunk. In fact, we had to stumble over him to get into the place. The fellow, a rather nice looking chap who

could have been in his forties, but now physically deteriorated, looked up and said, "Hi, Ace." Ace said, "Hello, how are you doing," and walked on around him. As we went to the nearest table (the place was filled with men on this very hot, stuffy night) Ace said, "That guy you stumbled over is a rubby-dub now, but just one year ago he was a good dresser, you never saw him drunk, and he only came in here occasionally. He was good with his fists once, too. He went downhill in just one year. I think it was some of the bitches he was balling around with, did it. He was always weak for women."

Ace plunked down a quarter. The waiter came up and put two beers on the table. After the waiter left, I mentioned to Ace that I had not noticed any Negro chaps in the place. He said, "Oh, don't worry about it, they wander in all during the night." All of a sudden, a tall, muscular-looking chap with a strange-looking red jockey hat strolled up. Ace said, "Hi. Meet my cousin, Phil." Phil stuck out a hand and said, "Hi," plopped down a dime on the table and started cussing out the hot weather and his work. He was a truck driver and said he disliked sitting in the hot cab all day.

Ace and Phil talked about their buddies and what they would be doing all during the summer. They seemed to accept my presence as they talked. Ace said, "If I wasn't going to camp, I would get some chicks and go up to the lake like I used to do. Nothing better than a cold beer, chicken and swimming with the gals in the nude. I might do it anyhow during a weekend before I go. Say, Phil, I know several gals who would die to go with us. How about it?" Phil said he was "working his ass off" night and day trying to get money to buy his own little car, and didn't know when he could pull it off. But he added it was a hell of a good idea.

The conversation was interrupted when four other Negro chaps walked up to the table. Ace introduced me around. Two of them sat at a table nearby, and the other two joined us. I knew one of the boys, Len, slightly from a meeting I had attended at the Negro Citizenship Association. He had attended university for a year, but was now working as a messenger for a store. He was a veteran, about thirty-five years of age. Ace sort of stiffened, and appeared not to be too friendly with Len. In fact, he started a conversation with his cousin and the other chap, and turned his back on us.

Len struck up a discussion with me regarding the Negro problem, stating that no one would get together, none of the organizations would attempt to work on a joint level. He said he was working for Grossman (running for the provincial parliament) during the current campaign. Len invited us to stop over at Grossman's headquarters after we left the

bar. Ace said, "To hell with that, we've got other places to go." Len said, "As you like, but Grossman's a pretty good guy. You would do well to support him." Ace replied, "I couldn't care less." Len turned to me, "Look, I've got to go, but I understand you have a lot of historical stuff on Canadian Negroes. We sure need people like you around this community. Negroes are the most confused people I have ever known." With this, he and his buddy strolled off to drink beer at Grossman's.

We ordered another round of beers, and I asked Ace and his cousin if they had noticed any Nova Scotian Negroes coming into the area. Ace said, "You're goddamned right, and they are ruining everything for us. They are the wildest, most uncouth Negroes I have ever known." Phil joined in and said, "They aren't used to anything. I don't know what conditions are like down in Nova Scotia, but they must be pretty bad." Ace said, "Take, for instance, white women. They just go crazy and wild when they get introduced to any of them. Instead of playing it cool and taking their time with them, the way we do, these guys just race up, proposition them, grab them and everything. They don't know how to act with them. They spend all their money and are the best suckers bait for gals that I have ever seen. I wish to hell they would leave the area. I know where some of them hang out, but I am not anxious to see them because they are destroying all our race relations in the area." I asked, "What do they do for a living?" Ace said, "Damned if I know, they just sort of exist."

Our conversation was interrupted when another of Ace's buddies came up. Andy was a professional boxer, dissipated-looking and sporting a goatee similar to the one worn by Archie Moore, the famous Negro boxer. He sat down, ordered a beer, and started talking about his recent fights, all four- or five-rounders, in the Chatham-London area. He was complaining because he was getting peanuts for his efforts, but boasting about his great prowess as a boxer. Ace said, "How in hell can you fight, Andy, and keep in condition, when you chase more bitches than me?" Andy protested, saying he pounded the bags several hours a day, but a man had to have a little fun. Andy offered to go with Ace to the M Street Boys' Club and give a few of the kids lessons in fighting. Ace didn't seem very enthusiastic about it. Then Andy left, and Ace and I decided to stroll along College Street. Phil left for home.

I asked Ace if he would like to have a knishe with me at a little restaurant I knew near College and Spadina. We walked into the place to get the knishes, and they had none; so we went out again. Once outside Ace said, "I don't like the joints here. These Jews around this corner hate us. Every time they see us walking with one of their girls, they

get mad as hell. They are real rotten around here. I would stay out of that joint if I were you. Anyhow, they don't treat Negroes too well. You notice I asked him to show me the bathroom, and he wasn't even polite enough to answer me. We'll walk along College Street towards Dovercourt. There are some good places up there. In fact, I know a place called Stern's where they have good knishes and the people are straight. This is where the whores hang out after one o'clock, and it stays open all night. There is a new 'burlecue' nearby that opened up recently, the Lux; we have got to take it in soon."

After we had our knishes, I offered to take Ace home. He said, "We ought to get together on Friday morning and look over my poems and scrap book. I write poems about life, and they are pretty damned interesting. I don't show them to everyone, but I will show them to you." We decided to meet Friday at one o'clock to look at my historical material and his poems.

Friday, June 12

I went to Ace's home at 11 a.m. and spent the afternoon until four, dropping him at the M Street Boys' Club after that time. Ace lives near Front and Bathurst Streets, in a small row house surrounded by factories and industry. The area is heavily industrial, long ago having crowded out most housing, and is considered by Negroes and whites alike to be one of the roughest in Toronto. Several organizations serve the area--public health nursing, the Toronto Public Welfare Department, Victorian Order of Nurses, Neighborhood Workers, several churches, the Brant Street School and Niagara Street School.

I don't know how long Ace's people have lived in the house--he stated he was born just a few blocks away. Some attempt has been made to paint the brick, grow one shrub and a little plot of grass in the very few feet of ground facing the house. From the exterior, Ace's home was better looking than other residences on the street. The row house to the left was up for sale. Directly across the street was a large factory which covered practically the whole block.

Within was a small hallway leading upstairs, to the left of which were the living room, dining room and the kitchen, comprising the first floor. It was very dark. The only available light came from the front room window, a small dining window and kitchen window. The furniture was very old and the kitchen poorly equipped, with an ancient gas stove

and an old refrigerator. A large but old-looking TV set adorned the living-room, along with a broken-down couch, one chair and one hassock. There were no plants or flowers inside, but the place was relatively neat and clean. The floors throughout the downstairs--and you could see from the living-room through to the kitchen--were covered with linoleum.

Members of the household: Ace's Dad is a retired C.N.R. porter, about seventy years of age, a small, spry, talkative man. His mother is a large woman in her late sixties, very quiet in my presence. So far I have seen two sisters, neither of whom have been introduced to me, although I have been in and out of the house about three times. Generally I have been met at the door by the mother or one of the sisters, all of whom are large, tall women. Neither warmth nor hospitality has been extended to me--rather, a cool, civil atmosphere prevails. Pete, no longer living at home, is an older brother in his early thirties. He used to sing in the local night spots, and refused to sing in one after he learned it was discriminating against Negroes (not allowing them in). He had been a cab driver and knew The District very well. I met him four years ago at the University Settlement House. At that time he had quite a few girl friends, many of whom were white. Two years ago he left Toronto and went to work with a friend in another city.

Two little children--a boy about six and a girl around three--live with the Jones'. Both have caucasoid features, straight hair, but brown skin and brown eyes. Whether they are boarded through Children's Aid or are offspring of some of the adult children, I do not know. Both children are very attractive, but during my visit were screamed and yelled at constantly by the old man. The girl sat on a child's toilet pot while the old mother dared her to get up before she had "produced".

Ace had promised to share his most personal possession--his scrapbook, where he kept his poems and observations about life in general. He told me he had never shown this book to anyone before--neither his buddies nor his folks could comprehend his deep thoughts--but since I was a brain, he said, I could understand what he was driving at.

The book was heavy with notes from vocational courses he had once taken and poems about girl friends. One described the anticipation of meeting a lovely "new thing" at a favourite restaurant. The girl was a waitress, and he was overjoyed with getting a new female contact. Another poem gave his sentiments on the Arkansas desegregation issue, describing what he thought was happening to black and white folks because of the tensions in the area. Yet another was written to a new girl friend, with whom he was having sexual relations at the time ("A gorgeous thing," Ace said, "but she

couldn't think as deeply as me.") He had been trying to convince the girl that sex was great but philosophical discussions were great, too. He said she was "clueless", but a tremendous lay, so he wrote a poem to her anyway.

Ace also had written his impressions of an early interview with a social worker who was trying to ascertain recreational and community interest among Negroes. Ace's notes showed a grave concern over the shallowness of the interview, and the inability of the intellectual and educated to understand life in The District, especially through one-shot interviews. Ace didn't like the interview and couldn't understand the social worker. He said to me, "I always felt she was digging for something sensational or some dope on my buddies. I'd never squeal on my friends or give people like Father Madison, that social worker, or you information that would hurt them. I know quite a few thieves, pimps and dope peddlers, and I'm going to introduce you to some of them, but half the time you won't even know what or who they are."

Ace stopped talking, reflected for a while, and said, "I hope our association will turn out o.k., and your book will help people here in the jungle." He went on to say he had tried violence over and over as a way of solving his problems with the cops, as well as with his enemies, and boasted about the fact that he was well known for his fists. (He is highly muscular and appears very strong.) But because he "went crazy" when he got mad, he had decided a couple of years ago to change and check his temper a little more.

Recently the cops had beaten up his younger brother, Sam (the first I'd heard of a younger brother), while questioning him about a local incident. The whole thing infuriated Ace, and he went looking for the cop. "I've got ways to get cops, and they don't know who hit them or how they got hurt. But when I went to look for this cop and saw he was an old man, I had pity on him and said to myself, 'This guy is sick. He's an old cop and he's sick, or he wouldn't have beat up my brother.' I walked away and dropped my plans to get him. If he had been younger, though, I would have fixed him."

Ace's poems and other written observations showed insight and warmth. He admitted difficulty in understanding grammar, but didn't allow it to stop him from writing down some of the things in life that were happening to him. He said he only started to do this when he began "thinking deep" and going to the Public Library on College near Spadina. He said, "The librarian noticed me coming in frequently, so one day she placed a small book of poems by Langston Hughes on the shelf. I think she did it purposely for me, because

I found out Hughes was a Negro, and there weren't any other books of poems like that on the shelf. He is the only Negro poet I ever heard of. I'd sure be interested in seeing anything else he has written." I told him more about Langston Hughes and promised to let him borrow a little volume of poems by Hughes called "Shakespeare in Harlem".

One thing that struck me about Ace's scrapbook was that it was rather free of references to race. Only one poem, concerning the use of the term "nigger", showed any bitterness regarding race. He said it was only when he heard this term that he got the feeling he did not really belong in this world, but in some other.

The conversation switched to the Ashby Street Mission, where Ace used to run a teen-age dance. I asked if he dropped by the church anymore. Ace replied, "Not since I fell out with that new guy, Father Jim. He's not like Father Madison, you know. He thinks he's doing us a favour by being down here, and I know damned well he couldn't care less about what happens to the kids. His building and property are more important than us. You remember I told you about some kids breaking into the church after the last dance I ran? Well, Father Jim just banned all future dances without even asking me how I felt about it or if I could approach the kids to find out why they did it. It's just like I mean, if he really cared, he would have tried to find out something about the guys that did it and help them. You know, the way people use God and dogs are a lot alike. People pull dogs into their homes, pet them, abuse them, keep them for certain conveniences, or boot them out. Same with God. He's like a pet for a lot of people, sort of good to have around, but when he gets in their way they boot him out. I believe in God, but not this crap they teach you around here. Father Jim was always trying to get me to join the Mission and take lessons for communion, but I told him I wasn't ready yet. I think a guy really ought to feel it. Anyhow, I think Father Jim is just using the Mission as a jumping-off place to a bigger church. My Mom keeps taking Beanie (the little boy in the house) to Sunday School, but I tell her not to take him regularly because it would ruin him--telling all those fine things about love thy neighbour as thyself, when it's a dog-eat-dog world."

Ace's Mom called him to the kitchen for lunch, but didn't invite me. He went off rather sheepishly, ate in view of me, came back and offered me a cup of coffee. I drank it while Ace mused about where to take me to eat lunch. Then he smiled and said, "Let's go to the Belwater. They used to have some goddamned pretty waitresses there. I know, because I went with some of them."

We parked a few doors down from the Belwater.

Walking to the restaurant, he pointed to a cheap hotel and said, "Not long ago I went in there with a girl and asked for a room. The bastard wouldn't give me one." I asked, "Was the girl white?" thinking that might have been the reason. Ace said, "No, not that time. It was a coloured girl. The whole thing made me hopping mad. Most of these pads let you in, but a couple won't. It's pretty convenient, you know, picking up a broad in this area and popping upstairs without having to go a great distance for a room."

We went into the restaurant. I ordered lunch and Ace sat watching me munch away, finally ordering a gingerale. I pursued the conversation about women by saying, "I guess it doesn't matter much around here if you walk around with a white girl and take her to one of these pads." Ace replied, "You know, I seldom think about race or colour. Sometimes I go for weeks without giving this Negro-white stuff a thought, until something happens. Then it bothers me for a while." I asked what he meant by "something happening". "Well, a short time ago a white gal I've known for a long time was going with one of my buddies, and they were always seen going in and out of the same Queen Street pad. One day a cop just walked up to the two of them, told the gal to come along, and the Negro to go home. The gal protested, but he asked her address and took her home. There is something that some of these bastards who call themselves cops can't seem to get through their thick skulls. In a lot of cases when Negro and white couples go around together, their parents have been old friends and don't care. Of course there are quite a few that raise hell, too, but they're immigrants, mostly. Anyhow, this cop went up to the girl's house, banged on the door and said, "I'm bringing your daughter home. She's chasing around with coloured guys and I think you ought to know." The parents were so mad they just about blew their tops. They cursed that cop out, told him he had no business bothering their daughter and her boyfriend, and said they were going to report the whole incident. The gal told me afterwards the cop was so shocked she thought he'd lose his teeth. That's what I mean by 'something happening'. Also, don't forget what I already told you about my brother getting roughed up."

I remarked, "I don't see any coloured girls around here with white fellows. In fact, I don't see many coloured girls at all." "It's a little tougher," Ace conceded. "Now you take my kid sister. I know several white guys who went around with her. Some wanted to get serious, but they acted afraid. They couldn't quite make the jump."

Ace seemed reluctant to pursue that conversation, and started talking about his old man. "You know my pop's retired now, but he's had a tough time in life, raising us

kids. He used to keep a leather strap hanging on the kitchen wall, and whenever we acted up he let us have it. I used to get my ass whipped all the time, but he had to catch me first. I would run under the table, upstairs under the bed, in a corner or anywhere to get out of his way when he was mad. One day when I was about twelve or thirteen years old, I got fed up with all the lickings and having to run all the time. I can't remember exactly what happened, but I was due a licking and Pop came after me, expecting me to run. Instead I just stood there, defiant-like, and glared at him. He raised the strap to hit me, but was so surprised to see me standing straight up, glaring at him, that he brought the strap down and told me to get to my room. That did something to him and me. He knew I was growing up and wasn't going to take beatings much longer. And I never got the strap again after that. I might have got cuffed around a bit, but no more strap."

I said I had to drop by my office for a while to pick up phone messages, and invited Ace to come along. As we drove along Queen Street he said, "The District is sure changing. A hell of a lot of Jews have moved out, and some of them have even taken their businesses with them, up north. I knew a lot of them and really miss them, especially since so many immigrants have come in and sort of taken over. Even some Negroes are moving out that have been around a long time. After they have saved a little scratch, they seem to go north or out to Scarborough. I've seen all kinds of changes around here in eight years."

I took Ace into the Central "Y", where I had a summer office, introduced him to a few of the staff and gave him a copy of the Recreation Survey of Metropolitan Toronto which I had written a few years back (and which he had seen in the M Street Boys' Club office). He was surprised and pleased to get a personal copy. We went back to the car and I drove him to work.

On the way he talked about the kids who flock to the M Street Boys' Club, and how important it was to help them. "I don't think any of them like school. They're itching to get out and go to the camp. It costs fifteen bucks for two weeks, and some of these parents come in and start paying for their kids to go to camp months ahead of time. When I was going to school I didn't like it either. All the teachers knew was discipline, discipline, scoldings and giving us a hard time. I bet we get the worst teachers down there, and people up north get the best. But what teacher in his right mind would want to teach at a school down here anyhow?" I asked if there wasn't at least one teacher whom he liked in public school and whom he remembered. He said, "Hell, no," then paused a while and finally said, "I take that back. There was one guy who did talk to me a lot. In fact, I was

going to be expelled for nearly killing a boy after he called me a "nigger." I beat him up pretty bad. This teacher talked to me and he said he understood why I fought, but that if anyone called me "nigger", he was sure the principal would stick up for me. Anyhow, he went to the principal and kept me from getting expelled. He later said if I'd quit fighting so much and behave a little, he would help me get in Central Tech. But I quit school anyhow, as soon as I could--just when I was fifteen. Ran away to Detroit and worked a while, until I nearly starved to death. Then I came right back."

As I dropped Ace off at the M Street Boys' Club, he thanked me for the copy of the Survey and asked if I would like to go into a few bars around Queen and Bathurst Street on Saturday night. I said I was game, and he told me to be at his house at 7 o'clock.

Saturday, June 13

I dressed in a sport shirt and old corduroy jacket, and arrived at Ace's home a little late, about 7:15 p.m. When his mother opened the door and I asked for Ace, she pointed, "In there," without any attempt at other conversation.

Ace was sprawled out on the couch, looking at the TV set. He said, "Hi," but by his attitude indicated that he didn't want to be disturbed until the show was over. He was watching "Ivanhoe" and was really enjoying the exploits of this medieval knight. The two children stood over his head, hugging and chatting with him occasionally. He showed great affection for them. When the show was nearly over, he sat up and said, "Ready to go around the town?" His Dad sat directly behind me in the dining room and told Ace to switch on "Perry Mason", proclaiming it was his favourite show.

The telephone rang and Ace's mother called him. (You can see and hear everything that happens from the living room, dining room or kitchen, since it is simply one long corridor.) I overheard Ace saying, "Gee, I haven't heard from you in a long, long time. Yeah, I'll come to your party if your old man's not going to be around. I wouldn't enjoy looking like a sieve. Can I bring a buddy along?"

Ace returned to the living room and informed me that an old girlfriend was giving a small "do" on Parliament Street and wanted him and his sister to pop over. "I know the broad's married and got kids, and I don't want trouble, since I used to go with her a lot, but she told me everything was o.k. and I could bring you too. I guess I'd better go upstairs