

31 MAY 1984

Gainsburg.

c.c. J. McQUEENIE

30. 5. 84.

To Sunday Train -

I Sat in the Sun Shine, and read the J. McQueenie story (in letters) of conditions in Quarries Rome. 40 years ago. Along with my Brother. I too, was sent there, and remember being sent to a centre in Glasgow, and stripped of clothing. I think the Lady here to expose what went on. At the hands of cruel women, in the name of Mother, as we had to call them.

I was a delicate child, and found a little better. Then some, being placed in a special unit. My Brother was rebellious, and frequently ran away. Not with-out punishment. I did finally live in a cottage, and recollect cold winter mornings cleaning boots. Also washing in a shed. The worst of punishment I had, was of being struck across the face, for staring a girl's bed. I had wakened, and was afraid, the implication of my crime

I did not understand at 12 years old.
I was returned to my native town, Edinburgh
aged 14 yrs. to be a servant, to an old
miserly woman, NO one kept check, to see
how I fared or was worked or fed.

The experience of important ⁱⁿ years of my
life, have been a blight, causing me to
be secretive, and have made few friends.
My family are totally unaware of how
my childhood was spent. The tale goes back
to 1923-1928. This letter, is the nearest
approach to laying my life's story bare -
almost like a confession to me. Perhaps
will relieve the depression I sometimes
feel.

I am glad things are changed for
unfortunate, ^{children.} left without parents, or caring
relatives. Sorry name - and cares
with Reed.