

2nd

Mrs M Ewan

Peebles.

Dear Jan,

I am so sorry for not writing sooner, but I have been working 12 hour shifts covering over for holidays and was very tired at the end of it however here I am at last writing to you. Well Jan I don't remember very many of the girls now as it was such a long time ago, but I do remember Babs, Sheila Ingrid I also remember Mrs M Ewan's daughter we used to call her by her name Kate I was in the home from 1936 to 1947 (it was worse than a jail sentence) I remember when I was ten I had to get up at half past five every Monday morning to clean the flues on the big black range light the fire and make the porridge for seven o'clock and waken her and her daughter at half past with a cup of tea if I was late I got a belting when she got up, I used to have terrible chilblains in winter my feet were always the worst and when I said I couldn't get my boots on as they hurt me she would strip me down to my ~~for~~ vest and pants and make me run round the ground till she told me to stop and that until I was blue all over as we used to get a lot of snow in winter. I was always getting sick and you know what that meant, Did your house ever go on holiday to Dunoon we did a couple of times and of course I took ~~scald~~ scarlet fever on one of the times and was kept in hospital which was like heaven the nurses spoilt me rotten and I cried when I had to go back to the home. Well Jan it was my Father that put us in the home as

my mother had died, I have a lot of ^{aunties} ~~uncles~~ as
uncles and they wanted to split us up as some w
me and some wanted my brother and my father as
no, I never forgave him for it, as now I don't see
any of them as we lost touch even my brother &
I are like strangers as weren't allowed to talk
to the boys which you know, when my brother
reached 14 my father took him home and left
me. Well Jan that is enough about me just now
how are you keeping a lot better now I hope.
I will close now as I will have to get back
to work. I do hope you have forgiven me
for not writing sooner. Love for now

Mary M. Ewan