



27. 8. 03.

Whom it may concern.

Upon receiving pamphlets from CHAN. & being a person brought up in an institution I would certainly be pleased to give you that of my experiences & many others of my friends brought up in a Salvation Army Childrens / Girls Homes. Being aware of all the adverse publicity of late, relating to other experiences. I find it all too much for me to comprehend.

Together with my two elder sisters we were placed in the care of the Army Home "The Fold" in 1930 after the death of our Mother - our Dad wanted to keep us together & indeed in these depression years it would have been hard for him to keep us. My eldest sister Fred left at the age of 13 as was the practice then & you could find employment. Our Dad came to take us when I was 10 & Betty 13. which was Xmas 1937. But not knowing anything of the outside world, I just couldn't go. The Matron at the time suggested Dad leave us 'til after the Xmas & our annual holiday to Bollaray, which was a great highlight of our lives - I was terrified & cried & screamed uncontrollably - I didn't want to leave.

Our life in the Home was a happy one. Sure if we misbehaved you got a whack or stood in a corner. but how else could you control 30/40 girls. & after surviving 5 of my own realise what a great life we had considering the depression & hard ships of the outside world.

at the age of 12. war broke out & my Dad joined up & there was no other option than I go back into care. This time "The Hall" - Armcliffe girls Home. I found life there somewhat tougher than "The Fold" the girls older with more experience but still I was in my element with other girls & made lots of friends.

The two Homes were united & evacuated to "Lyndon House" Wandsworth N.S.W for safety during the war years & I met up with girls I had known all my life & this was a particularly happy time. as I had been learning Typing & shorthand at Busley School (while at Armcliffe) Wandsworth School did not have those facilities so I left school & after working at the Home as a House Girl for awhile. The Manager of a Store in Wandsworth took me on as a Trainee Secretary & I boarded at Lyndon House. I left at the age 17.

It wasn't until I experienced life on the outside. did I realise we were not actually prepared for it. although indoctrinated as to the pitfalls of Alcohol & masters of life - I knew of others too - who

found anyone to give you love & affection
you still for it! Looking with a life on the
outside has certainly run harder for me
personally.

We have a Reunion every year in Sydney
around October & we have had up to 100 of the
old girls turn up. Inevitably it has been hard
to trace a lot given marriages & changed
surnames. We have a luncheon - Sing along
& old recollections from those who have been
there done that & our memories of our days in
the Home.

And for me & lots of my friends
all I can say is
Thank God for the Sabo's.

NEE.

JESSIE MARTBY.
AGE 76.

Jessie Sabo.