

Eugene M. Stovell  
P. O. Box 175,  
Warwick, Bermuda,  
WK-BX.  
September 11-2005,  
12:16 pm.

*Dear Mr. Tucker,*

*I read with great interest your article in the lifestyle section of The Royal Gazette dated August 30-2005. The moment I turned the paper to that page and saw that photograph showing the northern end of the courtyard in fort Cunningham at Paget Island, my mind went striate back in time to 1961, when I for first time went there as a little boy.*

*I spent three and a half years of my life there and I don't ever remember enjoying any part of a moment of it, it seemed to me that those in authority, whom had the power to make positive change, lost a great opportunity to do so.*

*When I went to Paget Island I had just missed Mr. Tucker by some two and a half years, when I arrived there a gentle by the name of Mr. John Packer was in charge.*

*As I have said in the above, I was at Paget Island for three and a half years, while I was there I saw two different men take the reins over from Mr. Packer, and along with each change of hand the condition of the school deteriorated.*

*I myself never knew Mr. Tucker personally, but I had heard a great deal about him with some of the stories whither they be true or false sounding very frightful.*

*I cannot tall you vary much about Nonsuch Island other then what I had heard about the place from other people, I did receive some information from my father who was over at Nonsuch Island*

*when he was a little boy way back in 1936, he did not like the place either, and on one occasion ran away from there by walking across Castle Harbor to Coopers Island at low tide.*

*My grandfather, my father's father that is, died while my father was at Nonsuch Island, although my father was allowed to attend his funeral, he had missed the train and by the time he had managed to reach his destination, his father had already been buried, thus he never got to pay his last respects.*

*My father name was (Youin Morrison Vincent) who was born on the 15<sup>th</sup> day of January 1922, I do not know exactly when he was admitted to Nonsuch Island but I believe it had to be some time between the years of 1934, 35, and 36, and would have been between the ages 13 or 14 years old.*

*As I have said in the above, I entered the junior training school some time between 1960-61 at about the age of 11 years and was there for over three and a half years that was split up into two different occasions.*

*As I have said before that I had see the school change hands on two occasions, with each change taking the school in a downward turn.*

*Taking over from Mr. Packer was a man by the name of Mr. Appleton; Mr. Appleton came to the school with ideas that were more Euro-centric and which did not fit into what would be considered the Bermudian way of life, this caused such an upset among the boys that they began to act out in a negative behavior, at one point there was almost a riot with most of the boys planning to abandoning the school by running away, thus Mr. Appleton was unable to run the school in the way he wished, so he left.*

*Then came Mr. Tony Murdoch Muirahead, the man who thought he had the magic answers; Mr. Muirahead took the school to a whole brand new low, Mr. Muiraheads plan was an extreme one, one that was vary aggressive, one which called for the most brutal floggings and harsh treatment ever see at the school.*

*It went like this; whenever some one was to be flogged all the boys were summoned to the courtyard in the ford, we would all be*

*standing in two rows with our backs towards the boy who was being flogged out of sight and in a room where the doors and windows left wide open, this was done in that way so that the boys in line outside would get a good and clear reception of the screams as they were echoing of the walls all around the courtyard.*

*It seemed that the government of the day had no plan or even the vaguest of ideas them selves of how to run or operate the school, so it would seem that they would leave it up to the first buffoon who came along with what they the government thought was a good idea, which in most cases was no idea at all.*

*When I left the school for the last time, I left with a bad taste in my mouth and a nasty attitude toward life and most adults, and believe me I felt in such a strong mood that I would have killed the first bastard that crossed my path in the slightest way.*

*As I have said in the above, those who had the power to make positive and affective change stood by in the shade and did nothing, thus a great opportunity was lost; I felt that I had learnt nothing there, I was 14 years old when I was released and I left there with very little education and no skills what so ever, and was dumped right back into the same old foster care system that I was running away from that lead to me going to Paget Island in the first place; and so I was, back out into the open world with nothing.*

*The most fascinating thing about that photo that I notice was that there was so many white boys at the school at that time, I all the time that I spent at that school, if there was two or three white boys that were sent to the school over the three and a half year period that I was there, then that was it.*

*It would appear from where I stood that the school could be seen as nothing more then a warehouse for wayward and out of control black boys, it seemed to have become a place where they put you and forgot you for a while; its like that old saying that goes, **out of sight is out of mind.***