
Original photo: Mark Gerson  Photo: Carcanet
Is this empty envelope an insignificant survivor, ripe for disposal, or was it crucial inspiration for a poem: How can the records’ creator influence the collection’s arrangement and appraisal?

Sam Maddra, Archivist, University of Glasgow Special Collections
MS Morgan DG/10: Sydney Graham

Many earlier letters lost when I destroyed all my correspondence in May 1940; the opening scrap mysteriously survived the wrecking, so I rediscovered it, crumpled up, years later.

Dear Morgan,

It is indeed myself, Graham. I was reading over some of your poems the other night, aloud.

The room was musing and dreaming with the sound of them. One of the dream poems fused into me and made me cry - they must be good - or what does this signify to you?

-- [Signature]
MEMBER to use the

MR HARRY ROBERTSON
6 HALIBURTON CRESCENT
EASTERHOUSE
GLASGOW E3

[Please forward]

Gone Away 0341 GA

Returned Letter Branch,
Post Office, GLASGOW.

MS Morgan DR/5: Harry Robertson
6 Haliburton Crescent - 771-7214
(Harry)

Party Rd. - Alexandra Parade - Cambium Rd.

TRERONS, 245 Sauchiehall St
TELEPHONE

Our van called today
will call again
Left parcel
Remarks

REMEMBER to use the
[Please forward]

MR HARRY ROBERTSON
6 HALIBURTON CRESCENT
EASTERHOUSE
GLASGOW E3

Came Away 2-31-47

Returned Letter Branch, Post Office, GLASGOW.

MS Morgan DR/5: Harry Robertson
Harry

- Where shall I begin? He delivered newspapers and the van was red.
- That’s not too interesting. – We used to play strip draughts before we went to bed.
   We lit out for the Blackpool Illuminations instead of trolling the Med.
I am sure there are many other things that might be said.
   - So he’s not a fixture.
     I get the picture.
-Do you? I don’t think so. Wayward paths can be affectionately led.

Edwin Morgan A Book of Lives (Carcanet, 2007) p. 93
I am much flattered that you should consider my papers of interest for your new library but feel sure that you will understand that I would prefer to retain these in my own keeping for the present.

Jane Duncan, general correspondence, 1965
Press cuttings, 1958-1966
Just how real are Janet and Uncle George?

JEMIMAVILLE sounds like a hick town in the Mid-West corn belt. In fact, it is a lovely little village overlooking the Cromarty Firth in Ross-shire. But it is almost as remote as the U.S. prairies. No trains. No buses. You turn down a road and there it is.

BY PETER DUNDAS

Jane Duncan told the Publishers' Circular that she took up writing at the suggestion of her friends who were amused by her vivid private letters to them. She writes every word with a fountain pen between housekeeping for her uncle George who appears in the stories, though he has not recognised himself.

An interesting point that came to light was that she had made Janet exactly the same age as herself, so that she could keep herself right with the fashions and slang of each period of her life.

Was Janet then a replica of herself?

"Not at all," she replied. "She has a distinct personality of her own. I don't always like her; she exasperates me and does things I don't always approve of. But she is a kind of 'familiar.'"
I, formerly known as ELIZABETH JANE CAMERON CLAPPERTON, do hereby declare that since 11th. January, 1959 I have been known as JANE DUNCAN, my pseudonym as an Author. Since the date given above, I have used this name for all purposes and am publicly known by no other.

..................

26th. October, 1972

Before I forget - please address your letters to me as "Jane Duncan" which is my writing name, except that now I use it for everything, even on my passport, simply to avoid confusion. And I hope that you WILL write occasions
After much deliberation, Macmillans decided to publish MY FRIENDS THE MISS BOYDS first as it is the first chronologically. It will be published in May this year, and MY FRIEND MURIEL will follow in the Autumn, with MY FRIEND MONICA coming out in 1960.
My Friend Cousin Emmie

My Friend Cousin Emmie (published 1964)
Family tree and timeline with manuscript of ‘Jean Towards Another Day’
summer morning, Janet came down to breakfast and all the men of her family – her father, her grand and her friends George and Tom – had gone away and the women – her mother, grandmother and Aunt Kate quiet and sad. Then Janet remembered that this once before, when Kenneth the Shepherd had died. Away early in the morning to attend his funeral we stayed at home, looking quiet and sad.
“The files would supply one possible answer.”