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Answered on 12-6-84 [Redacted]

F. Dall  
[Redacted]  
Edinburgh  
[Redacted]

Friday 10/

Dear Jan,

Please don't think any more about writing <sup>twice</sup> again. Every letter is very welcome. I'm so happy for you, still having your husband beside you, especially now, when you are at home so much. Like you Q. H. has left its mark on me. I'm actually terrified to travel any distance, other than around Edinburgh, as I just panic and shake so terrible I have to get home. It's sad really, as my eldest daughter and my son and their families both live in Livingston, only half an hour away, yet I have to brace myself if they do say they are coming in to take me out for the day. My son has just come out the Army after doing 22 yrs, and bids me on I've never lived. How true. I've never had a

2

holiday in my life. Q.H. did their work well. It was only last year after I had broken my foot, then my ankle, that a Dr. at the R.I. accompanied by students, showing them X-rays, what all the different lines were, asked me if I had spent some time in bed as a child. My mind flew back to Q.H. I had been bed wetting, you know the treatment that got, but they went over the usual punishment. After pulling me out the cold bath, still dripping wet, I was taken and thrashed until I passed out. When I woke up I was in the hospital, and I was there for months until my back and legs healed up. That seemingly is what the constant lying still in bed had done. Left my ankles weak, I was always going over on

my ankles, and Bob, my husband, used to say I would trip over a match stick if there was one in my way. Little did I know what had caused it. I also still get bouts of bad pains in my back. I remember down in the basement cleaning boots and darning. One day a darning needle went right into my calf as I bent down and I was terrified to tell anyone. But as I was trying to pull it out, Galt appeared with iodine and did it for me. I never found out who reported it. Needless to say I now have various veins on that leg. My sister ran away many times but was always caught and brought back. I'll never know how these things were allowed to happen, but it's obvious the house mothers were picked

4

for their strictness, and had no children of their own. The unbelievers and reporters would get a shock if they came face to face with some of the old girls. When I left QH I thought it was all over.

My father had married again and took us out. It turned out just like QH again. She even turned my father against us. My sister went to London, where she still is. I haven't seen her for many years but we write each other all the time. Like me, she can't travel much.

My stepmother was like Galt all over again, and when I started courting, I was very shy, still am, and I often wondered why I couldn't or didn't keep a friend for long. It was one night after Bob and I had got

5

engaged that I found out. I was about two minutes late after ten o'clock and just as we got to the door it opened and I was pulled in by the hair and the door banged in Bob's face. He must have stood there as they both hammered into me, then he was bashing at the door until he got in. He asked what was going on. He was told I was a slut and all the other <sup>names</sup> you can imagine, that I no <sup>was</sup> good, let boys have their way with me and on and on until Bob just had enough. He said if that's the case how did I not be free with him. That shut them up. Then they wanted to know how they would manage without my money coming in. Yes, that was what all the anger was about. Bob

6

took me home to his people and we got married a year later. But (God forgive me) I often thought he married <sup>me</sup> out of pity when he found out how I was treated.

I couldn't believe he loved me, couldn't take it in. Could this be happening to me? Not wanted as a child, always told you were nothing, stripped of confidence, which I lack, even today. Oh, the Q. H. will always remain for me the place that broke me in every sense of the word.

But God was good to me in the end. I have a loving family, seven loving grandchildren, and even though I've lost my love, my Darling Bob, I have them. No one can take them from me.

No Q. H. No one. Oh Jan, how many of us live these times over and over again?

7

I too had been thinking about writing what happened in my childhood. God works in mysterious ways. I've heard about that Mr. Minto and I'm not in the least surprised he doesn't want stories published about Q.H. as it would put him in a very bad light. What on earth can a 23 <sup>A. MAGNUSSON</sup> year old expect to know anything about what we went through. Still going through. Your case alone <sup>is</sup> ~~of~~ proof it did happen. I'm really sorry you have had to suffer all this time through their treatment of you, but as you say, it now gives you time to bring it all out in the open and let everyone know the truth about these monsters. I wonder who picked the names for the cottages. Hope House! Only from the outside. Not always though. Not when the veg had to be picked

