

October 20- Wed.

1948

Dear Mum,

As I wrote you last weekend poor little Googen felt punk, had a fever etc. Well right now he is still sick and not feeling much better. Yesterday we got tired of the old doctor. He told us nothing, took no interest in what we at least thought was a real problem, and generally disturbed me. Yesterday when Georgie's fever jumped back up to 104 we decided that we would get another doctor and that we wouldn't take Georgie out where he would be subjected to the cool breezes and to an hour long wait in the hospital or waiting room. Mrs. Miller across the street recommended this new doctor and we threw medical etiquette or ethics out the window and called Dr. Thornton. He arrived shortly and was a nice little man, very friendly, ex-army doctor, with a nice pleasant manner and numerous suggestions. He seemed glad to discuss Georgie's case etc and all in all was much of an improvement over Hesdon. I don't know for sure if he's as good a doctor, but he is much more satisfying. Well anyway he diagnosed Georgie's case as inflamed tonsils and a chest congestion. The fever was nothing to worry about and it was quite normal for it to jump around. He gave us a prescription for penicillin pills and also for cod liver oil. We had stopped giving Georgie cod liver oil, foolishly, and he now is in need of it badly- slight case of rickets said frank Dr. Thornton. So the doc bundled off and I went to fetch the medicine. We gave it to Georgie and he went off to sleep. Three hours or less later he awoke and vomited absolutely everything. He had done same a couple of times during the day. Then all during the nite he vomited. Today his fever was still 104. The doctor came again this time armed with a long needle destined to be shot into Georgie. The doctor felt he should have penicillin and since the pills didn't work the needle would do it. Well today Georgie stayed in all day long. He hardly moved, just lying in my bed, falling asleep off and on and then listening to his ~~xxxx~~ records, played faithfully by Bar. His fever has remained up. He is asleep now occassionally coughing. He ate a little bit of cereal for supper and so far, cross your fingers he has kept it down.. His cough is bad. All in all he must be classified as a sick little boy, but there is naught to worry about I now feel certain. Time will help shake this thing, and perhaps the codliver oil will fend off future distress.

He has been such a good little fellow in his sickness. When he vomited he looked up pathetically one time and said "Sorry, Mum, Sorry". His little face is bright red and he is so hot to the touch. He just lies in bed next to us and sort of dozes off. Tonite I was playing his records for him, (the girl next door is wonderfully generous with her vic.) He sort of had his eyes half closed and then he looked up at me and said " No man hurt Georgie, No Man.!" referring of course to the needle. Bar said he was good with the Doc though, getting his usual boot out of the telephone, stethoscope. I bought him a color book which he loved. He would hold the book and dole out the crayons individually, and then direct our coloring. He is so wonderful, Mum, so cute and bright. Oh he has his mischievous and naughty spells, but I just can't picture what we would do without him.

Bar is still not quite up to par. She gets little rest now with Georgie sick, but she is feeling better, and I think the worst of her troubles are over. I think that physically the last few days have been rough on her, and I know that her disappointment over ~~xxxx~~ this miscarriage was large. As I told you before we both are

