

Saturday, Jan. 14, 1950

Dear Mamma,

Nothing very good has been happening, I'm sorry to say, but we are out of the woods now, and I'm able to write. In the first place, Grandpa Krieg should have been here this weekend and isn't, we were to have had a party this evening and we aren't, and Laurence has been sick. He's better now, but it gave me quite a turn.

Starting off with last Friday, when we were going to have Susan and her new husband, she called on Wednesday before that to say that Thomas had come down with what looked like influenza and she'd call the next day to tell me whether the doctor diagnosed it as that. Sure enough, next day she called and said he had a mild case of influenza and the doctor had ordered him to stay in bed or in his room for a week's rest. This off again on again warm weather we've been having is a wonderful breeder of colds, etc. By the way, Mrs. Anderson's forsythia burst into bloom last week during our spell of warm (70 most of the time) weather.

Then all last week I was preparing for Grandpa Krieg's arrival, and just yesterday morning he called to say that his plane was grounded for bad weather, he couldn't get a reservation on a train, and anyway Sarah was mad at him for not taking her along so he could only preserve peace in the family by calling the whole grip off until later, in the spring, when they would both drive down. What a nice, kind woman!

Then on Wednesday of this week Laurence's cold, which had been slight, took a sudden turn for the worse, he developed a very bad cough overnight, and in the afternoon started to get so short of breath that I immediately called "his friend" Dr. Norton who came posthaste to see what was the trouble. Dr. Norton said it was asthma! Laurence was wheezing loudly with every one of his short, difficult breaths, and was obviously a most miserable little boy. He stopped coughing, however, the very same day he developed it. Dr. Norton asked if he were allergic to something, and since I could not imagine what he could be allergic to, the doctor decided that it must have been that he was allergic to his own bronchitis, as it were. Laurence was so good with the doctor! He stood up like a man and said he didn't mind if the doctor gave him a shot in the arm, and didn't cry or protest a bit. He agreed to be good about nose drops when the doctor told him they were necessary to make him better, too, and he was and is being as brave as can be about them. I put him to bed right away and we started sulfadiazine to clear up the infection in his chest, but he wheezed through the night nonetheless, poor child. I went out Thursday morning to get him things to play with in bed (staying in bed was the thing he had most) and he talked to Leola all morning. That afternoon Dr. Norton brought out a new kind of medicine which worked wonders with the wheezing and rapid pulse. That night he slept beautifully, BUT, he woke up twice to upchuck! The worst of it was that he hadn't wanted to eat or drink at all that day, so he hadn't anything to upchuck. Yesterday morning he vomited three times again, I called the doctor again, and he said to stop all medicines (which I'd already done, anyway, figuring that it was thesulfa that had made him ill) and get him to drink as much liquids

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as possible in order to avoid dehydration due to upchucking everything, even water. He told me to buy coca cola, ginger ale, root beer, etc., and have him drink those in smallish quantities frequently. He said children always seem to be able to keep those on their contrary little tummies much better than things that are good for them. Sure enough, although he had been vomiting water all morning, as soon as he had a glass of root beer every half hour he stopped upchucking then and there, and has been getting better ever since then. He finally had a glass of milk last night, reluctantly, but today he has been eating pretty well and feeling fine. Wheezes all gone, cough practically all gone, nose running but that's all. We are keeping him in his room by main force, however. He was so very, very listless and unhappy on Wednesday and Thursday, and so miserable with the heaves yesterday morning, that it doesn't seem possible he can be the same boy today. William and I took turns this morning trying to keep him fairly quiet in his room. Luckily, yesterday afternoon a dump truck got stuck in the mud right out in the woods in front of our bedroom window, so I put him in a chair to watch it and was able to get an hour's worth of work done! Then this morning a bulldozer started operating out in back where he can see it, which helped somewhat, but all the breakfast he ate seemed to have gone to his head, and it was all we could do to hold him within reasonable bounds. It's wonderful to see him naughty again, though.

We were going to have Shelly and Francesca Mills and Jane Dawson out ~~xxx~~ to dinner tonight, but what with Grandpa Krieg's non-arrival and Laurence's sickness, I had to call up and cancel my invitations.

William's trip is supposed to begin on the 27th of this month, a Friday, and it occurs to me that you might want to come down here either on ~~Friday~~ Saturday or Sunday thereafter, which would be either the 28th or the 29th. You would have to take a taxi all the way out here from Union Station! I suppose you wouldn't want to stay more than the usual week, what with Jimmy being all alone, but at least that would cut down my loneliness by a week, and leave two or three weeks to do spring cleaning in. Ugh! Spring cleaning! However, to look on the bright side, with William away I won't have to think about meals so much and will be able to devote my entire attention to the work in hand day by day. The house certainly needs a good room-by-room going over. "ugs need to be sent to the cleaners, ceilings need to be gone over with a cloth-covered broom, the cellar needs a complete dusting, the kitchen and bathrooms need to be wall-cleaned, the closets need to be gone over and tidied, the drawers need to be dumped out and put back neatly, the curtains need washing, the shelves need scrubbing, etc. etc. etc. Laurence and I need to go to the dentist again, also. All in all I hope to stay so very busy that I will be almost GLAD William isn't around!

Well, write and tell me if you can come from about the twenty-ninth of January to the fifth or so of February. Laurence was so disappointed about Grandpa Krieg's not being able to come! But he said, "Anyway, my grandmamma will come and console me, won't she?" He was looking forward to seeing all his grandparents in these two months.

Love,