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Mr. G. D. Crosby
Battle & Co.
Priest
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Wednesday P.M. July 23rd.

Dear Uncle Jesse:

Your letter came in our noon mail and of course we all feel terribly let down over your not coming next month as we had hoped. I can see your reason but I also see how much better for the children to be able to start at the first of the school year when there is time for orientation and the usual slowed down program for the first couple of weeks until everyone has sort of found his way around and gotten gradually into the routine, rather than in the middle of the year, or ahead of it as Christmas is because the semester ends the middle of January with mid term exams. But perhaps it will all work out right as you have it planned. I certainly hope so anyway.

Since last Friday, when my wound stopped draining, I have felt so very much better that I took a trip down country Monday P.M. and back Tuesday---yesterday. I had had a letter a couple of days before from Aunt Nell ~~and~~ telling me how very sick Uncle Nick still was and since Ragin had business he would have to attend to in Orlando and Virginia was to go to the Methodist Youth Camp at Leesburg Monday P.M. we suddenly decided to do all three things at once in one trip. Took Virginia and her three girl friends to camp, then Ragin and I went on to Sanford and spent the evening, slept in a cabin on the road to Orlando, were there for breakfast, thru with business and a couple of visits before noon, ate lunch on the road up near Ocala and were home early in the P.M.

None of the doctors have told Aunt Nell definitely that Uncle Nick has cancer but it is becoming very plain that that must be what it is. He has been in bed almost all of this year, in and out of the hospital and now is flat in bed at home unable to more than get up and go to the bathroom---about three steps from the bed. He has lost all control of bladder and bowel and does not even feel passages from either one. The urine trickles continually into a bottle that he holds in place, so even if he had the strength you can see how impossible it is for him to get up in any comfort. Aside from these hindrances he has attacks of excruciating pain across the abdomen and down each leg to the knee. He has had bleeding from the bladder and the doctor told them they could expect more. He is pitifully thin and at times his face is the color of death but that was a little less so the other day than when I saw him in April and Ragin saw him the first of June. Aunt Nell is very nearly exhausted herself with the constant care of him and has let no one know how seriously ill he is. In fact she has seemed to me not to realize it herself until perhaps she does now. Unless there is a great change between now and then, I don't see how he could hold out many months more. About two weeks ago he suddenly developed a temperature of 105 and became unconscious for several hours and the doctor feared uremia. So apparently his kidneys, bladder and intestines are all affected. For a while there was a perforation between bladder and rectum so that all urine was passing thru the bowels. But that has healed now.

My hands are sort of full here in a way, with Marguerite here trying to find work and the two little boys to look after but as soon as I can manage it I mean to go down and get a room near Aunt Nell for a few days and take care of him during the day so she can get away for several hours at a time, either to rest in my room or do whatever else she would like. I feel sure he would let me care for him. Aunt Nell says ~~Elathier~~ there is very little Elathier can do, that having her there the last two weeks in August will not be much relief to her so far as the constant care day and night is concerned. All in all, it is a very difficult time for both of them. I thought the family ought to know and I knew from what she said the other night that Aunt Nell had not told anyone, except perhaps Aunt Bertha. In my mind there is no longer the least doubt but that it is malignancy, altho, as I say, Aunt Nell has not been told that it was by the

doctors.

Well, lots of good luck with the new power be~~ing~~ing your machines. Know it must be a tremendous help to you and will really put new life into the whole business. But don't you dare forget you have a Christmas dinner date with us; You made the promise and I am going to hold you to it. Aunt Nell will be disappointed when she knows you are not coming next month. She was talking of it the other night with such pleasant anticipation. As she said to Ragin while I was sick, we are all getting too old to be this far apart when we are ill and need each other.

Have you seen or heard anything of Clyde Jewett? I wish Lula could come back over with him so she could start in school at the beginning of the school year here and so could help the others a lot when they come in mid-year. A good part of Clyde's family was going down with him for the summer and he has so many that one more or less would not bother him a bit.

Take time for a note occassionaly to let us know how things are working out for you. I will go ahead and rent the trailer now and not loose any more time on it and if that one is not vacant when you come, probably another one will be.

Loads of love and good wishes to all,

Louisa