

## Elizabeth—Jr. IV

After we got settled in the house on Bedford Road, upon the recommendation of some friends, I started going to Dr. William Mallia, an obstetrician who had his offices about three blocks from us. Since his office was relatively close, I would put David in the buggy and with Sherlene and Tracy walking beside me, we would all trudge up to see the doctor.

One day as we were in the process of making this excursion, a lady who was sitting on her porch asked me as we passed her house, if all those children were mine (besides being obviously pregnant with my fourth). "Yes, I replied, and she said, "Oh my!" It wasn't the first time I had met with disapproval for having so many children. And it wasn't the last. I can't remember the name of the society that sent representatives to visit me after Elizabeth was born. They wanted to tell me how to avoid having so many children. I informed them that I intended to have even more!

On June 7, 1949, while we were still living on Bedford Road, our first little Schenectadian was born--our second daughter and fourth child. She was born at Ellis Hospital, Schenectady, New York, at 5:03 a.m. After she was born, they took me to my room and Tracy came in to see me. I don't remember what anesthesia they gave me for the birth, but I was out of it. I had not yet seen Elizabeth. Tracy was pale and he looked worried, but I attributed this to his staying up all night waiting at the hospital for the baby to be born.

When the doctor came in about 10:00 a.m., he told me there was something wrong with the baby's feet. She was partially club footed, and he told me that he had called in Dr. Gazely, an orthopedic specialist, to take a look at her. Meanwhile, I had still not seen our new baby.

I lay there and worried, and finally I stopped a passing nurse and asked her if she knew anything about the problem. She didn't, but she brought one of the resident physicians in to see me. She was a young woman, and I asked her if she would go in and take a look and see how serious the situation was. As long as I was going to worry, I would like to know what I was worrying about. The resident told me that the orthopedic specialist was with the baby at the present time, but she would see what she could do. She returned and told me that she did not think it was too serious, and the doctor would come and see me when he was finished.

When they brought Elizabeth in to me for the first time, her little legs were in casts up to her knees. I could not keep the tears from coming into my eyes, but Dr. Gazely reassured me that the feet were slightly clubbed and that the casts had been put on to force the feet to return to the correct position. He said that the casts would need to be replaced from time to time, and gave me an appointment to have the first cast change made at his office.

Elizabeth was the complete opposite of David. She was a fat, roly-poly baby and the casts did not seem to inhibit her at all. When we took her home, I had the luxury of two beds for her—a regular one I kept upstairs in our bedroom, and one I kept downstairs in the kitchen so she could be near me. She would wave those little legs about and I could always tell by the clickity clack of the casts knocking together when she was awake.

The first time I watched those casts come off those little legs, I was in tears again. The doctor was sympathetic, and told me he thought she was coming along fine, and I could probably expect a one-hundred percent correction, except that she might be a little knock-kneed, but not to worry about that, as all women were a little knock-kneed. I'll never forget

how those little legs looked when they came out of the last of the three castings. They were withered and white, but I massaged them, exercised and sunned them, and they soon looked like the rest of her. In fact, she has the straightest legs of any of our children, and she is not one bit knock-kneed. All babies tend to look a little bow-legged at first, but not Elizabeth. Her legs were straight as a string because of the casts.

This brings to mind the first time I bathed Sherlene. I had been at my mother's home the previous week and she had done all the bathing. Then I went over to Tracy's mother's house and the first time I bathed the baby, I handed her really quickly to Mother Hall and called my own mother.

"Mother," I wailed. "Did you notice anything wrong with Sherlene's legs when you bathed her?"

"No," said my mother, "they looked like normal baby legs to me."

"She's bow-legged," I wailed, and my mother laughed. "All babies legs look like that," she said, laughing. "She'll grow out of it."

When Elizabeth was 19, she was chosen to participate in the Liberty Belle Pageant to choose a queen for the annual, Provo July 4th Freedom Festival. That year they chose two queens, and made Elizabeth "Boat Regatta Queen" because she had the best figure. She was in tears. She did not want to ride in the July 4th parade in a swim suit. I solved the problem by making a pretty, organdy cover-up, which gave her modesty enough to let her to agree to ride in one of the racing boats in the parade. There was nothing wrong with *those* legs!