

Mrs. Quigley called Sunday afternoon and said that the physician had diagnosed the case the same as I had. She asked if there would be any objection to my giving treatment, and he said of course not if I did not manipulate the thigh. Mrs. Allen and I drove out again yesterday afternoon and found that the treatment or something had reduced the swelling perceptibly. The leg which was swollen more than two inches larger than the other had gone down over an inch. And the right thigh which was swollen three inches more than the left thigh had gone down two inches. You can appreciate how painful a condition of that kind is. The distension in those tissues is so marked that it is like wrapping a tight bandage around one of your extremities and keeping it there for a long period of time. That is one of the distressing things about phlebitis in addition to the very dangerous nature of the disease.

Of course this swelling of the thigh and leg is on the same side as the bad ankle. I treated Quig again yesterday and he was so hopeful that it made us all feel good. He was pretty low the day before; in fact, I would say very, very low. I don't know whether you are supposed to count your rosary or not, but I think that is what he was doing.

Like all of us, Quig wants to live more than any middle-aged fellow that I have seen. When we left yesterday the Quigley family was very happy, as were the Allens, and I believe that he is going to make it without any serious complications. I am not going out today, but I am going out tomorrow morning after my class. Then I am coming back for basketball practice in the afternoon, and tomorrow night I go to Sabetha, Kansas, where I speak to a football banquet given by the Chamber of Commerce.

I thought you would want to know about old Quig. I know down in your heart you very greatly admire his courage and his hustle. You have had a lot of fun jollyng him about being "the old man", but I know that when a fellow is in trouble that your heart is always the first to beat for his welfare.

Coming back from the drive Mrs. Allen and I were both thankful for the health that we enjoy. It was a wonderful Sunday afternoon and we spoke about our old friends, chiefest of whom were the McBrides. We are happy for such friends.

Sincerely yours,

Director of Physical Education,  
Varsity Basketball Coach.

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