

Let down by the doctor (1925)

How at the age of 5 I was let down by the doctor

It was August 18th 1925 and my mother had gone to bed because, as I understood it, ladies went to bed to await the arrival of their babies. And the person charged with delivering the babies was the local doctor who brought them to the house in his little black bag.

I was given an important role that day. I had to sit in the front room (a rare honour. The front room was used only on important occasions) and see that the doctor turned up at the right house with that valuable bag containing our new baby.

At last his car hove into sight and – catastrophe of catastrophes – it stopped outside No 6 (at the bottom of the road) while we were at No 29 (at the top of the road on the other side). I rushed out to tell my father and grandma the alarming news but I need not have worried. The doctor knocked on our door and saw my distress and told me he had looked in on the two elderly ladies at No. 6 to deliver some medicines to them, and that he was now coming to us.

I was very relieved. In retrospect, 83 years later, I only hope the two elderly ladies at No 6 did not realise how near they were to having a baby that was not meant for them!