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October 20- Wed.

1948

Dear Mum,

As I wrote you last weekend poor little Googen felt bunk, had a fever etc. Well right now he is still sick and not feeling much better. Yesterday we got tired of the old doctor. He told us nothing, took no interest in what we at least thought was a real problem, and generally disturbed me. Yesterday when Georgie's fever jumped back up to 104 we decided that we would get another doctor and that we wouldn't take Georgie out where he would be subjected to the cool breezes and to an hour long wait in the hospital or waiting room. Mrs. Miller across the street recommended this new doctor and we threw medical etiquette or ethics out the window and called Dr. Thornton. He arrived shortly and was a nice little man, very friendly, ex-army doctor, with a nice pleasant manner and numerous suggestions. He seemed glad to discuss Georgie's case etc and all in all was much of an improvement over Hesdon. I don't know for sure if he's as good a doctor, but he is much more satisfying. Well anyway he diagnosed Georgie's case as inflamed tonsils and a chest congestion. The fever was nothing to worry about and it was quite normal for it to jump around. He gave us a prescription for penicillin pills and also for cod liver oil. We had stopped giving Georgie cod liver oil, foolishly, and he now is in need of it badly- slight case of rickets said frank Dr. Thornton. So the doc bundled off and I went to fetch the medicine. We gave it to Georgie and he went off to sleep. Three hours or less later he awoke and vomited absolutely everything. He had done same a couple of times during the day. Then all during the nite he vomited. Today his fever was still 104. The doctor came again this time armed with a long needle destined to be shot into Georgie. The doctor felt he should have penicillin and since the pills didn't work the needle would do it. Well today Georgie stayed in all day long. He hardly moved, just lying in my bed, falling asleep off and on and then listening to his ~~xxxx~~ records, played faithfully by Bar. His fever has remained up. He is asleep now occasionally coughing. He ate a little bit of cereal for supper and so far, cross your fingers he has kept it down. His cough is bad. All in all he must be classified as a sick little boy, but there is naught to worry about I now feel certain. Time will help shake this thing, and perhaps the cod liver oil will fend off future distress.

He has been such a good little fellow in his sickness. When he vomited he looked up pathetically one time and said "Sorry, Mum, Sorry". His little face is bright red and he is so hot to the touch. He just lies in bed next to us and sort of dozes off. Tonight I was playing his records for him, (the girl next door is wonderfully generous with her vic) He sort of had his eyes half closed and then he looked up at me and said "No man hurt Georgie, No Man!" referring of course to the needle. Bar said he was good with the Doc though, getting his usual boot out of the telephone, stethoscope. I bought him a color book which he loved. He would hold the book and dole out the crayons individually, and then direct our coloring. He is so wonderful, Mum, so cute and bright. Oh he has his mischievous and naughty spells, but I just can't picture what we would do without him.

Bar is still not quite up to par. She gets little rest now with Georgie sick, but she is feeling better, and I think the worst of her troubles are over. I think that physically the last few days have been rough on her, and I know that her disappointment over ~~xxxx~~ this miscarriage was large. As I told you before we both are

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sort of hoping that we will have another child before too long. Bar thinks about it a lot, and foolishly worries too much. I don't like to have her ~~xx~~ upset. She is something, Mum, the way she never ever complains or ~~xxxx~~ even suggests that she would prefer to be elsewhere. She is happy, I know, but anyone would like to be around her own friends, be able to take at least a passing interest in clothes, parties etc. She gets absolutely none of this. It is different for me, I have my job all day long with new things happening, but she is here in this small apt. with people whose interests ~~xxxxx~~ cannot be at all similar to Bar's because they have never had any similar experiences. ~~xxxxxx~~ I continue to be amazed at her unselfishness, her ability to get along with absolutely anyone, and her wonderful way with Georgie. She never becomes cross or irritable at him, and ~~xx~~ never complains in any way about anything that we don't have of ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ don't get to enjoy right now. It is one thing for her to be far from her home and friends, but it is still another and greater thing to be able to live happily with people ~~xx~~ from such different backgrounds. I am so very lucky, Mum; I am grateful and I must ~~xxxxxxxx~~ always work to make Bar happy. She has made my life full and complete: she has given so much and never asked a return. How lucky I am!

The Preston arrived safely and I am so glad to have it. Many, many thanks to you. The temp has dropped to 32 once but has not stayed too cold. Everyone in the store assured me I shall need the Preston, by Dec. so it is comforting to have it. The weather is changeable, perhaps this affects Georgie. The nites are cold, but the days are often nice and warm. Today was quite cool, but usually it is strictly shirt&leeve weather.

Monday nite I went out for the whole nite again. This time I went with Horn and Pewitt our two servicemen up to Jal, New Mexico. They were changing clutches and brakes on the Sabine Drilling Co's Clark rig. I worked on the clutch for two hours till midnite and then watched for three hours. I slept in the front seat of the car till 4.45. Then watched, then slept another hour, then headed for home at 6.30, arriving at about 9. Jal is a tiny little town West of here just into New Mexico. The rig was in Texas at the Dollarhide Field, but you have to go to Jal to reach it. These all nite trips give me some idea of some of the problems faced on a rig floor. I have seen many techniques etc, but only by staying with a rig for hours on a row can one grasp the overall picture of certain phases of drilling. These nite trips soon me out, though, and I shan't do it too much. I don't go to work the morning I get home, rather I sleep for three or four hours and then report. They don't really care.

Mum, about Xmas. I don't get Saturdays off as it is anyway. I work every Saturday except one in three I get the afternoon off. Therefore, saying Saturdays will do no good. No, Mum, as much as I hate to miss the chance I fear we won't make it, unless I get word from Dallas or Cleveland on this subject. I just couldn't ask to get off. None of the other people in the store get anytime off at all Xmas, and I wouldn't feel right asking. If directed to go, then it would be different. Perhaps between Odessa and our next move they will give us a week. Can we save our Xmas present for such a chance? This we'd love.

Must stop now and hit the sack. Cute Nancy Walker sent us some Xmas cards from N.Y. Please don't worry about us. On looking this over a little it sounds blueish. We're happy and getting well, Mum, so fret not. We three send our love, and allow as how we'd love to be cruising up the Grove Lane drive in our Study, eagerly craning for a glimpse of the bowsies, and awaiting the old who-hoo call. We do miss you both so much, and though we don't know when it'll be we always plan and talk about our next trip home.. *Much love Pop*

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