



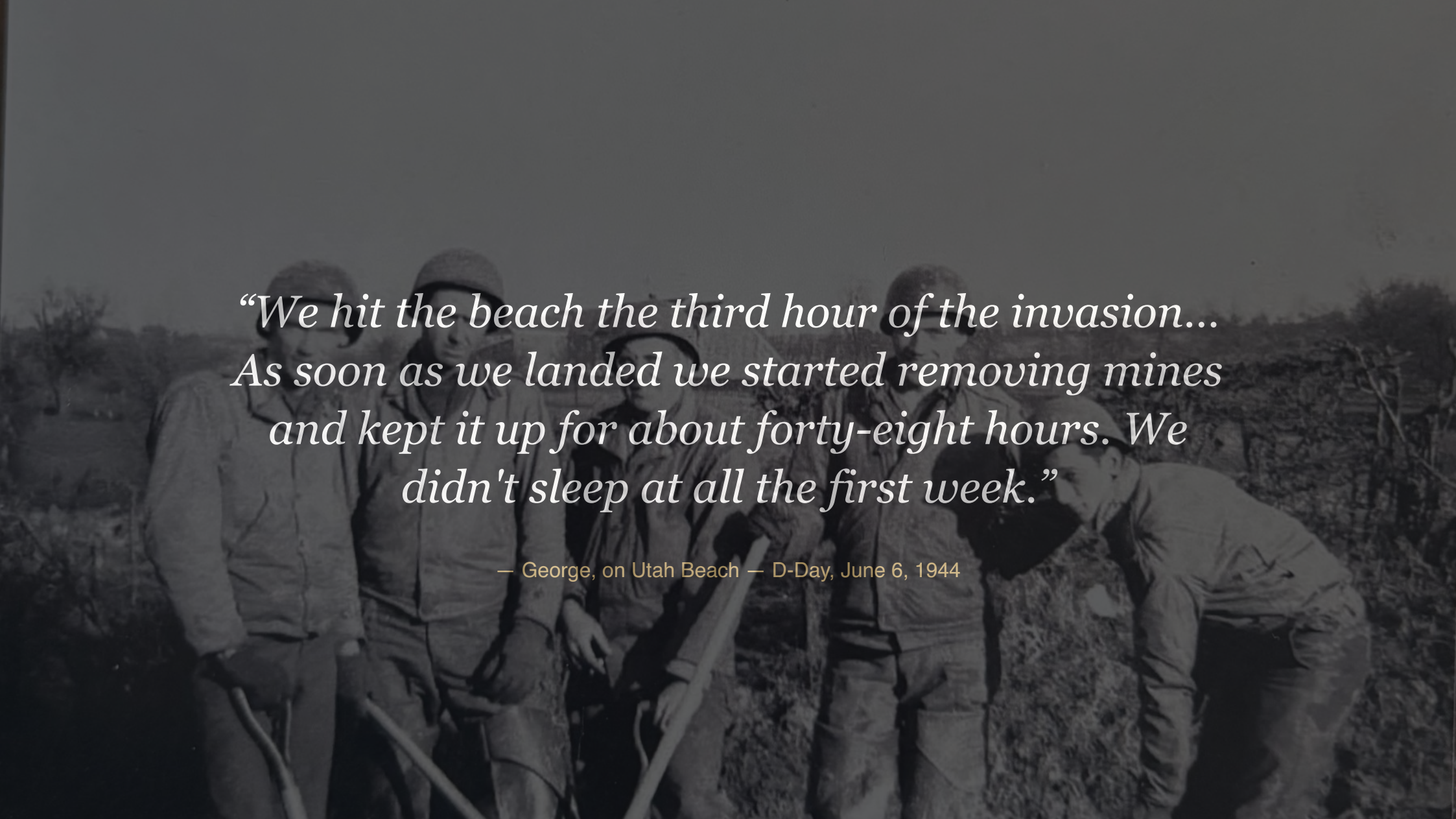
THE WARTIME LETTERS OF

George T. Butler

Written home to his sisters, 1942 – 1945 — from Camp Carson,
Colorado, across England and France, through Belgium, and
into Germany.

A FAMILY ARCHIVE

Fifty-eight letters home, photographed and transcribed and placed in the best order we can reconstruct. They are the account, in his own hand, of an ordinary American soldier's war — the training, the long wait to ship out, the beach on D-Day, the cold of the Bulge, and the road into Germany. What follows walks through all of it, one click at a time: who George was, the journey his unit made, and then every letter, in order.



*“We hit the beach the third hour of the invasion...
As soon as we landed we started removing mines
and kept it up for about forty-eight hours. We
didn't sleep at all the first week.”*

— George, on Utah Beach — D-Day, June 6, 1944

ABOUT GEORGE

An ordinary man's war

Not the famous kind of soldier — the representative kind.

The everyman GI

George is the quintessential everyman GI. Not an elite volunteer paratrooper, but the **drafted New Jersey kid** — his Army serial number literally begins with the *drafted* prefix — who nonetheless went in on D-Day, froze through the Bulge, took shrapnel from a German jet, and met the Russians at the Elbe. And then he describes all of it like a long shift at work.

*“I just got shot up a little and got a ten-day rest
and a purple heart out of it.”*

— George, on being wounded near Düren

Why it matters

Band of Brothers is compelling because it's exceptional. George is compelling because he's **representative** — closer to what the war actually was for the millions of ordinary men who were in it but never famous for it. The understatement, the focus on the cookies and the mail and the weather, the shrug over the Purple Heart — that flat, unheroic voice is the most *WW2-generation* thing about this whole archive.

Unit & service — the trail of an APO number

George trained with the **314th Engineers** — the engineers built into the 89th Infantry Division — then shipped overseas with **Company B, 49th Engineer Combat Battalion**, a *separate* battalion that Corps headquarters could attach wherever the next job was. For most of the war that meant **VII Corps**, the spearhead of the U.S. First Army. His Army Post Office number marks the whole journey:

A.P.O. 89 · Camp Carson → **9029** · New York → **700** · North Africa → **230** · England, and on into Europe.

THE 49TH ENGINEERS

George's war, start to finish

Camp Carson to the Elbe — where he stood at each stage.

The “Ghost Battalion”

George served with **Company B, 49th Engineer Combat Battalion** — a unit later nicknamed the *Ghost Battalion*, because so little of its story was ever widely told. Combat engineers were the men who went in early to clear the mines, build and blow the bridges, and open the roads. *A separate* battalion like the 49th belonged to no single division; it was a pool of specialists attached wherever the next job was — a beach to clear, a river to bridge, a road to keep open.



STOP 1 · 1942-43

Camp Carson, Colorado

A full year of training in the thin air of the Rockies.

The 49th was activated at Camp Carson on **August 25, 1942**. George trained for a year in the surrounding mountains — rifle ranges, bridge- and road-building, failed inspections, nightly movies and dances, even President Roosevelt's visit to the post. *“The camp is so high the air is thin,”* he wrote; *“we run short of breath quick.”* A full year in one place, he said, is an awful long time.



George
at
Camp
Carson,
in his
Class A
uniform.



SUMMER 1943 · HOME ON LEAVE

Home, one last time

Before he shipped out — the nine Butler siblings together.

The two sisters he wrote to

Almost every letter goes home to one of these two. From the same June 1943 portrait — the one time we see George home mid-war:



George

B. 1921 · THE WRITER

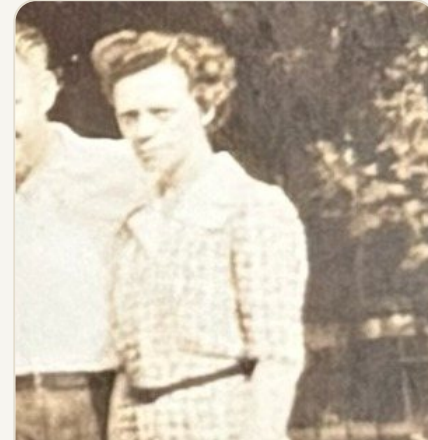
Home on leave, age 21.



Marian

B. 1918 · SISTER

Three years older. Married to Nick, raising young Gary back home.



Ann

B. 1902 · ELDEST SISTER

Nineteen years his senior — almost a second mother to him.

STOP 2 · NOV 1943

New York — Port of Embarkation

The last stop in America before the Atlantic.

By November 1943 the 49th had left Colorado for the **New York Port of Embarkation**, the great staging point most troops bound for Europe passed through. For a New Jersey kid it was a last brush with home — he writes of hoping to get back to see the family before he shipped, and not quite managing it.



STOP 3 · DEC 1943

North Africa — a brief, puzzling stop

One V-mail is postmarked **North Africa, December 1943** — a puzzle, since the 49th's campaign credits begin at Normandy. The likeliest answer is the convoy route to Britain. His medals settle it: the set carries **no North African entitlement**, so the postmark almost certainly marks a passing stop on the way to England.



STOP 4 · WINTER-SPRING 1944

England — the long wait

One vast marshalling yard for the coming invasion.

Through the winter and spring of 1944, England gathered hundreds of thousands of American troops, rehearsing landings and waterproofing vehicles. George's V-mails run from January to May — a soldier in a strange, crowded country, getting used to British money, the blackout, the rain, the waiting. None of them says what everyone knew was coming.

JUNE 6, 1944 · THE HEART OF IT

Utah Beach — D-Day

VII Corps landed at Utah, and the 49th went in with the assault.



“We hit the beach the third hour of the invasion,” George wrote a year later, *“and as soon as we landed we started removing mines and kept it up for about forty-eight hours.”* Clearing a beach under fire was among the most dangerous jobs of the day — the bronze **assault arrowhead** on his ribbon is the Army's mark of having made that landing. He then took paratroopers across the first river and helped build *“the first bridge built by the Americans in France.”* He didn't sleep, he says, for a week.

A black and white photograph of the front of a military jeep. The jeep has a license plate that reads "333 E". The image is slightly out of focus, showing the headlights, grille, and bumper. The background is dark and indistinct.

SUMMER 1944

Across France

Cherbourg, the St-Lô breakthrough, and the race past Paris.

VII Corps took **Cherbourg** by June 27, then led the **St-Lô breakthrough** — where, George remembers, “*our own bombers bombed too close to us.*” Then came Patton's breakout: the engineers couldn't keep up and got a lift, racing to within sixty miles of Paris. George slipped off for two unauthorized days in the city — which cost him his good-conduct ribbon.



FALL 1944

Belgium — a relative lull

Pulled out of the line, George drew rear-area jobs in **Belgium** — an engineer dump, an office checking trucks, “*a nice city*” with cafés and movies. “*I am now in Belgium,*” he writes in September. A relative lull, and he knew it.



WINTER 1944-45

The Hürtgen Forest & the Bulge

A freezing Christmas on a minefield.

Back into action in the **Hürtgen Forest**, and then the **Battle of the Bulge** — VII Corps held its northern shoulder and broke the spearhead. George spent “*Christmas and New Year's guarding one of these mine fields,*” on canned rations in a frozen forest — first laying mines to stop the German push, then building bridges as the enemy was driven back out of Belgium.



FEB-MARCH 1945

Into Germany — the Roer, the wound, Cologne



The day before the Roer River crossing, George was **wounded** — fixing a bridge on the autobahn near **Düren** when German jet-propelled planes scored a direct hit. He got “*a ten-day rest and a purple heart,*” and rejoined his outfit before the Rhine. VII Corps took **Cologne** by March 7; George was with the armored division that took the city, keeping civilians back from the river during the crossing.

HISTORICAL NOTE

A footnote to history — bombed by a jet. In early 1945 the only jet aircraft in combat anywhere were German — the **Arado Ar 234**, the world's first operational jet bomber, and the **Me 262**. So George's offhand “*German jet-propelled planes swooped in and bombed us*” describes one of the earliest jet attacks in the history of war. The records line up with him: an Ar 234 was shot down just north of Düren on **February 22, 1945** — the first the Allies ever recovered.

APRIL-MAY 1945

The Ruhr, the Elbe, and V-E Day

His Corps helped encircle the **Ruhr Pocket**, then pushed east to meet the Russians — *“we were going to build a bridge across the Elbe River but that was where they met.”* On **V-E Day** he was in a small town between Halle, Dessau, and Leipzig, and felt strangely flat about it: *“I thought that most of us would almost go crazy with joy... but instead there was nothing to it.”*

Waiting to come home

Short on discharge points, George was sent back to **France** for occupation duty, in tents between Reims and Laon. By V-J Day he'd crossed the 87-point threshold and could finally start counting on being home by Christmas.

Now — his own words, letter by letter.

IN HIS OWN HAND

The letters

All 58, one at a time, in order.

LETTERS FROM

Camp Carson, Colorado

1942

A LETTER HOME

Camp Carson, on arrival (autumn 1942)

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Marian*

Just arrived — “a thousand miles from nowhere,” ringed by mountains.

Colorado

Dear Marian

We finally got settled and I landed a thousand miles from nowhere. There are no houses within sight of this camp. All we can see is mountains. The nearest town is about seven miles away and this is always loaded with Soldiers (they say). Am not allowed to leave the camp for fourteen days yet.

I'm not with anybody I knew from Beverly or Burlington but its not hard to make friends in the Army. Everything is swell here. The food is great and we live in clean heated barracks.

Camp Carson, on arrival (autumn 1942) · to Marian

They keep us so busy I have a hard time to even write. When I start to write they come in and call us for some inspection, to eat, or some other army stuff. But this will be different after the first two weeks. Try to answer the first chance you get. A letter from home really comes in good. Let me know how Nick and little Gary are doing.

I know this letter is boring but since I haven't got out of camp to see anything but Army life there is nothing else for me to write about. There is no chance of getting home until after the war is over. They don't give furloughs. The best I can get is a weekend pass and it takes two and a half days to get to Philadelphia.

When I get a chance I'll buy some pictures of myself in a uni[form] I'm really a killer. I don't look a bit better than I did in civilian clothes.

The engineers are the first to advance and we are only supposed to be in this country about ten weeks so try to answer as quick as you can.

Your Brother George.

Camp Carson, on arrival (autumn 1942) · to Marian

Colorado

Dear Maxian

We finally got settled and I landed a thousand miles from nowhere. There are no houses within sight of this camp. All we can see is mountains. The nearest town is about seven miles away and this is always loaded with soldiers (they say). I'm not allowed to leave the camp for fourteen days yet.

I'm not with anybody I knew from Beverly or Burlington but it's not hard to make friends in the Army. Everything is swell here. The food is great and we live in clean treated barracks.

They keep us so busy I have a hard time to even write. When I start to write they come in and call us

for some inspection, to eat, or some other army stuff. But this will be different after the first two weeks. Try to answer the first chance you get. A letter from home really comes in good. Let me know how Mick and little Gary are doing.

I know this letter is boring but since I haven't got out of camp to see anything but Army life there is nothing else for me to write about. There is no chance of getting home until after the war is over. They don't give furloughs. The best I can get is a weekend pass and it takes two and a half days to get to Philadelphia.

When I get a chance I'll have some pictures of myself in a uniform.

I'm really a killer. I don't look
a bit better than I did in civilian
clothes.

The engineers are the first to
advance and we are only supposed
to be in this country about ten weeks
so try to answer as quick as you can.

Your Brother
George.

A LETTER HOME

Camp Carson, autumn 1942

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Ann*

Settling in with the engineers in the thin mountain air.

Dear Ann

Everything is O.K. here at Camp. My experience at the shipyard helped me get in a pretty good outfit. I made good marks in my tests? *[illegible]* anyway?. The engineers is a good outfit. you have a better chance for advancement and you get out of a lot of marching. But we are the first to go over seas.

The camp is so high the air is thin. we have a hard time breathing and run short of breath quick. I could have taken a typing test if I wanted for an office job but I couldn't stand that.

Let me know how Franny is doing. I don't like to ask Sarah too much about him for it might make her feel worse.

The fellows I am with are mostly married men. All of them have a trade. There are a few younger men from New York and Newark with me. Everybody here is sociable. We were the first bunch of eastern men ever at this camp. We seem as odd to them as they do to us.

The lights are ready to go out so I will close. They put the lights out at nine o'clock and get us up at five. you get used to this in a few days.

Write as soon and as often as you can. I won't be in this country long and would feel better receiving a few letters from you. Tell Charles to write too. Give my best regards to Mr and Mrs Engler.

With Love, George

P.S. Be sure to address the letter right or they tell me about it.

Dear Ann

Everything is O.K. here at Camp. My experience at the shipyard helped me get in a pretty good outfit. I made good marks in my tests. In one way the engineers is a good outfit. you have a better chance for advancement and you get out of a lot of marching. But we are the first to go over seas.

The camp is so high the air is thin. we have a hard time breathing and run short of breath quick. I could have taken a typing test if I wanted for an office job but I

couldn't stand that.

Let me know how Fanny is doing. I don't like to ask Sarah too much about him for it might make her feel worse.

The fellows I am with are mostly married men. All of them have a trade. There are a few younger men from New York and Newark with me. Everybody here is sociable. We were the first bunch of eastern men ever at this camp. We seem as odd to them as they do to us.

The lights are ready to go out so I will close. They put the lights out at nine o'clock and get

us up at five, you get used to this
in a few days.

Write as soon and as often
as you can. I won't be in this
country long and would feel better
receiving a few letters from you.
Tell Charles to write too. Give
my best regards to Mr and
Mrs Engler.

With Love
George

P. S. Be sure to address the
letter right or they tell me
about it.

A LETTER HOME

Camp Carson, October 1942

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Marian*

Out of quarantine at last — the life of Riley on weekends.

Dear Marian

I guess my last letter was rather discouraging. I got out of quarantine today and it's like being a free man. They had us kidded along that we might be over a month before we were let out and I thought I would go crazy.

They kept us in one building just in case someone had measles, mumps or something. They wouldn't let us out unless some officer marched us out to drill. On Sundays they even marched us to church. We had a lot of fun though telling jokes and playing cards.

From now on after about five O'clock I can do what I want. I'm with a swell bunch of fellows. They are mostly from New York. I've got a couple of buddies I stick with all the time from Brooklyn. All of the fellows act as though they had known you all their lives.

Carl Hotner is stationed at an Air Base about forty miles from here. When I get a chance I'm going to look him up. I got a card from him today. Betty Aiello's boyfriend used to ride to work with me. I used to drink with him. If you see her again tell her I would be glad to hear from him.

Don't send any writing paper or anything. I really don't need a thing. I can buy writing paper and toilet articles, etc. at the Post Exchange cheaper than it can be bought in a store. It also would cost more to send it than it cost. Thanks just the same.

We have the life of Riley here on weekends. We're off from noon Saturday until Monday morning. Some crazy things happen here. The other night our corporal came back drunk with a box of about a hundred sandwiches he stole at an officers party. He woke us up at the middle of the night to divide them amongst us. Last Sunday right in the middle of the Mass a Sergeant came in and stopped the priest to ask for ten men to get haircuts or the barber would go home. We can expect anything to happen.

I'll be allowed to go to town a few nights a week and almost every weekend. Everything looks rosier now. I think I've gained some weight. I know I'm ~~[strikethrough]~~ in better shape than I ever was. When I get back I guess I'll take walks to Camden for exercise.

Best of luck. Everything's swell

Your Brother George.

Give my regards to Nick and Gary.

Camp Carson, October 1942 · to Marian

Dear Marian

I guess my last letter was rather discouraging. I got out of quarantine today and it's like being a free man. They had us kidded along that we might be over a month before we were let out and I thought I would go crazy.

They kept us in one building just in case someone had measles, mumps or something. They wouldn't let us out unless some officer marched us out to drill. On Sundays they even marched us to church. We had a lot of fun though telling jokes and playing cards.

From now on after about five o'clock I can do what I want. I'm with a swell bunch of fellows. They are most-

ly from New York. I've got a couple of buddies I stick with all the time from Brooklyn. All of the fellows act as though they had known you all their lives.

Carl Horner is stationed at an Air Base about forty miles from here. When I get a chance I'm going to look him up. I got a card from him today. Betty Aiello's boyfriend used to like to work with me. I used to drink with him. If you see her again tell her I would be glad to hear from him.

Don't send any writing paper or anything. I really don't need a thing. I can buy writing paper and toilet articles, etc. at the Post Exchange cheaper than it can be bought in a store. It also would cost more to send it than it cost. Thanks just the same.

We have the life of Riley here on weekends. We're off from noon Saturday until Monday morning. Some crazy things happen here. The other night our corporal came back drunk with a box of about a hundred sandwiches he stole at an officers party. He woke us up at the middle of the night to divide them amongst us. Last Sunday right in the middle of the Mass a sergeant came in and stopped the priest to ask for ten men to get haircuts or the barber would go home. We can expect anything to happen.

I'll be allowed to go to town a few nights a week and almost every weekend. Everything looks rosier now. I think I've gained some weight. Hellow I'm ~~now~~ in better shape than I ever was. When I get back I guess I'll take walks to Camden for exercise.

Best of Luck. Everything's swell

Your Brother
George.

Give my regards to
Mick and Gasy.

A LETTER HOME

Camp Carson, autumn 1942

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Marian*

Mail call keeps raising his hopes — but “Butler!” is always for another soldier.

Dear Marian Colorado!

you couldn't have been any happier hearing from me than I was hearing from you. Every day I line up for the mail. The postman keeps hollering Butler. I step up to get the letter and its for Arthur Butler, some other soldier. It almost drives me nuts. Today I got the letters from you and Lillian. Besides these I have only got three letters so far.

The fellows here really take the letters serious. One guy is about forty two and every day after meal call? he sits down on his bunk and cries because his wife doesn't write to him. I haven't got that bad yet but its really great to get letters from you. Don't forget to keep writing and hold up the soldiers morale.

I realize that you and Ann? show one another your letters so I will try to make them a little different. Don't send any money or postage.

They don't let us out of Camp long enough to spend any money. Fifty dollars a month here is like eighty dollars a week on the outside. They give no cake or pie at every meal so there is no sense sending any late.

Don't do too much bragging about me because the longer I stay here the surer I am I won't amount to anything. They work us from five thirty in the morning until around seven at night. Pretty soon I will blow up and cuss some officer. From then on I will be sending letters from the guard house. I never did like being ordered around.

So far I haven't been able to have any pictures taken. When I do I will send you one. Give my best regards to Treat and little Gary. Write as often as you can.

Your Brother George

Camp Carson, autumn 1942 · to Marian

Dear Maxine Colorado?

you couldn't have been any happier hearing from me than I was hearing from you. Every day I line up for the mail. The postman keeps hollering Butler. I step up to get the letter and it's for Arthur Butler, some other soldier. It almost drives me nuts. Today I got the letters from you and Lillian. Besides these I have only got three letters so far.

The fellows here really take the letters serious. One guy is about forty two and every day after mail comes he sits down on his bunk and cries because his wife doesn't write to him. I haven't got that bad yet but it's really great to get letters from you. Don't forget to keep writing and hold up the soldiers morale.

I realize that you and Lillian show one another your letters so I will try to make them a little different. Don't send any packages.

They dont let us out of Camp long
enough to spend any money. Fifty
Dollars a month here is like eighty
Dollars a week on the outside. They
give us cakes or pie at every meal so
that is no sense sending any eats.

Dont do too much bragging about
me because the longer I stay here the
surer I am I wont amount to any-
thing. They work us from five thirty
in the morning until around seven
at night. Pretty soon I will blow up
and cuss some officer. From then on
I will be sending letters from the
jamp house. I never did like being
ordred around.

So far I haveit been able to have
any pictures taken. When I do I will
send you one. Give my best regards
to Mom and little Gary. Write us
often as you can.

Your Brother
George

A LETTER HOME

November 12, 1942

Camp Carson, Colorado to Ann

*Combat-unit training, quarantine, and Colorado's wild
swinging weather.*

Dear Anna

Quit your worrying. Everything is all right. I am with a combat unit but it will be three or four months at the least before further training. By that time the war might be over. It won't be long according to the war news we have been getting!

Right now it is like being in a Concentration Camp. They work us from five thirty in the morning until six at night. We eat and after that most of the time we go to a movie on marching or gun training. I am still in quarantine and must be in bed by nine. We have about an hour a day to ourselves and we have to clean up, shine our shoes and shave then.

November 12, 1942 · to Ann

If no more new men come in I will be allowed to go to town next week. When they start letting us out at nights I will really like it. They give us ten weeks of basic training which is marching, learning to use a gun, and drilling. After that I will specialize in some trade. I will be either pontoon bridge construction, barbed wire entanglements, or road construction. We do very little fighting. We clear the way for the Infantry men.

I appreciate the dollar you sent me but I really don't need any money. There is little to spend money on out here. I have more than I can use now so I sent Sarah a couple of bucks. There is no use of you sending anything to eat. We get either pie or cake at every meal and plenty of fresh fruit. I have oranges and apples stacked up on my shelf now.

The weather here is crazy. Everyone in the camp has a cold. In the afternoons it is hot enough to just wear a shirt. The sun is direct and I'm getting tanned. In the mornings and nights it is so cold we wear both our jackets and overcoats. The elevation is 7500 feet.

If they didn't send Sarah the stamps that were coming Charles can get them and then if he will. Maybe the amount they took out came to and even bond and I don't have any stamps coming. Ask Charles a little later he will try to find out the amount of money I made this year. I don't think I will pay the income tax until after the war but we have to make out a form anyway.

Your letter only took a day to arrive. It was sent the eleventh and I got it today, the twelfth. That is faster than any air mail the rest of the boys got. Its 24000 miles from here. I was really glad to hear from you. It was the first letter I got that was addressed here. I got one from Sarah and one from Les Schultz but they were sent to Fort Dix and mailed to me from there. I hope the rest of the family writes.

Let me know how Franny makes out after his X ray. Best of luck to you and Charles and the Engler Family

Your brother Georg[e]

November 12, 1942 · to Ann



A photograph from around this time
George in his Class-A service uniform outside barracks '45' at Camp Carson.

Dear Anna

Quit your worrying. Everything is all right. I am with a combat unit but it will be three or four months at the least before it finishes training. By that time the war might be over. It won't be long according to the war news we have been getting.

Right now it is like being in a concentration camp. They work us from five thirty in the morning until six at night. We eat and after that most of the time we go to a movie or marching or gun training. I am still in quarantine and must be in bed by nine. We have about an hour a day to ourselves and we have to clean up, shine our shoes, and shave then.

If no more new men come in I will be allowed to go to town next week. When they start letting us out at night I will really like it. They give us ten weeks of basic training, which is marching, learning to use a gun, and drilling. After that I will probably be sent to the front. It will

be either pontoon bridge construction,
barbed wire entanglements, or road con-
struction. We do very little fighting.

We clear the way for the Infantry men.

I appreciate the dollar you sent
me but I really don't need any money.
There is little to spend money on out
here. I have more than I can use now
so I sent Sarah a couple of bucks. There
is no use of you sending anything to eat.
We get either pie or cake at every meal
and plenty of fresh fruit. I have oranges
and apples stacked up on my shelf now.

The weather here is crazy. Everyone
in the camp has a cold. In the afternoons
it is hot enough to just wear a shirt. The
sun is direct and I'm getting tanned. In the
mornings and nights it is so cold we wear
both our jackets and overcoats. The
elevation is 7500 feet.

If they didn't send Sarah the stamps
that were coming Charles can ask them about
them if he will. Maybe the amount they
took out came to and even bond and I don't
have any stamps coming. Ask Charles if

a little later he will try to find out
the amount of money I made this year.
I don't think I will pay the income tax
until after the war but we have to make
out a form anyway.

Your letter only took a day to arrive.


It was sent the eleventh and I got it
today, the twelfth. That is faster than
any air mail the rest of the boys got.
It's 24000 miles from here. I was
really glad to hear from you. It was
the first letter I got that was addressed
here. I got one from Sarah and one from
Les Schultzy but they were sent to Fort Dix
and mailed to me from there. I hope
the rest of the family writes.

Let me know how Franny makes
out after his X-ray. Best of luck to you
and Charles and the Cooper family

Your brother
George

Sgt George Butler
Co. C 3rd Engr Bn (C)
A.P.O. 89
Camp Carson, Colo
U.S. Army



7⁰⁰ *per*


Mrs A. Engler
513 Mercer St.
Gloucester, N.J.

The envelope

A LETTER HOME

Camp Carson, Thanksgiving 1942

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Ann*

Thanks for the Thanksgiving package; Franny is on the mend.

Dear Ann

I was glad to hear from you. you don't have to send letters air mail unless you want to because sometimes they lay around the post office here at Camp a day or two before they bring them to us. Sometimes I get a letter from you a day or two after you send it and other times I don't get it for four or five days.

I'm glad that everything is straightened out at the Shipyard. Sarah sent me the promo check. The fellow I was helping wrote to me. He had an argument with the leader and he got transferred to the Machine Shop. He's got a better job right now but if it gets slack he will get laid off quicker than if he had stayed where he was.

I got the Thanksgiving package that you and them sent. I wrote to them and thanked them and I want to thank you too. I'm glad to hear that Franny is improving the way he is. Everything will be all right now I'm sure.

I don't send any writing paper or anything. I've got plenty now and I can buy it cheap. There is really nothing that I need.

Give my best regards to Charles and the Englers. I wish all of you the best of luck.

Your brother, George

Dear Ann

I was glad to hear from you. you don't have to send letters air mail unless you want to because sometimes they lay around the post office here at Camp a day or two before they bring them to us. Sometimes I get a letter from you a day or two after you send it and other times I don't get it for four or five days.

I'm glad that everything is straightened out at the Shipyard. Sarah sent me the primo check. The fellow I was helping wrote to me. He had an argument with the leader and he got transferred to the Machine Shop. He's got a better job right now but if it gets slack he will get laid off quicker than if he had stayed where he was.

I got the Thanksgiving package that you and the rest sent. I wrote to most of them and thanked them and I want to thank you too. I'm glad to hear that Harry is improving the way he is. Everything will be all right now I'm sure.

Don't send any writing paper or anything. I've got plenty now and I can buy it cheap. There's really nothing that I need.

Give my best regards to Charles and
the Engless. I wish all of you the best
of Luck

your brother
George

A LETTER HOME

December 15, 1942

Camp Carson, Colorado to Marian

Christmas gifts arrive early; scheming for an invite to dinner.

Colorado

Dear Marian

I got the Christmas Gift you sent. Thanks a lot. The cookies were swell too. When you see your mother-in-law thank her for me, will you? Tell her I was asking about her too. I remember the spaghetti I had there when Gary was christened. I passed those cookies around to the wolves only once and they were over half gone so I had to hide the rest of them.

When I was home even they were advising everybody to send Christmas packages early. I guess they did it to make things easier on the postmen. It only took four days for the gifts to reach me. They were appreciated just as much though as they would have been if I got them on Christmas Eve. Thank Doll for the cards. I'm glad she remembered me.

December 15, 1942 · to Marian

Some fellow that I travel with had his wife come out here. She has an apartment in town and they invited me for a Christmas Dinner. I might try a little strategy instead though. I think I'll get up early Christmas Morning and go to church in town. I'll wait around outside after Mass with a downhearted look and wait for some woman with a nice daughter to invite me for dinner. I'm not a bit bashful.

Thanks a lot for letting me know who sent the gifts. I was puzzled for a while. I think that was swell of Lavy marrying Margaret McCloskey before he went in the service. Not many fellows would have done it.

Well I finally took some snapshots. They are supposed to be developed Wednesday so you will soon have a chance to see your handsome brother in a uniform. If I don't look good it must be the fault of the guy that snapped the pictures.

I read in the paper that it was down to zero on the East coast. Boy that makes me shiver. I never saw crazy weather before like they have here. We start the morning with overcoats and by noon its too hot with a jacket on. This is no lie. It changes from about 20° to 60° or better during the course of the day. It still hasn't rained since I've been here. When it does I'll let you know. That really would be news.

Well Sis take it easy. I'll write again soon.

Your brother George

December 15, 1942 · to Marian

Dear Maxian

Colorado

I got the Christmas Gift you sent. Thanks a lot. The cookies were swell too. When you see your mother-in-law thank her for me, will you? Tell her I was asking about her too. I remember the spaghetti I had these when Gary was christened. I passed those cookies around to the wolves only once and they were over half gone so I had to hide the rest of them.

When I was home even they were advising everybody to send Christmas packages early. I guess they did it to make things easier on the postmen. It only took four days for the gifts to reach me. They were appreciated just as much though as they would have been if I got them on Christmas Eve. Thank Doll for the cards. I'm glad she remembered me.

Some fellow that I travel with had his wife come out here. She has an apartment in town and they invited me for a Christmas Dinner. I might try a little strategy instead though. I think I'll get up early Christmas Morning and go to church in town. I'll wait around outside after Mass with a downhearted look and wait for some woman with a nice daughter to invite me for dinner. I'm not a bit bashful.

Thanks a lot for letting me know who sent the gifts. I was puzzled for a while. I think that was swell of

In George's hand

Larry marrying Margaret Mc Clokey before he went in the
service. Not many fellows would have done it.

Well I finally took some snapshots. They are supposed
to be developed wednesday so you will soon have a chance to
see your handsome brother in a uniform. If I don't look
good it must be the fault of the guy that snapped the pictures.

I read in the paper that it was down to zero on the
East Coast. Boy that makes me shiver. I never saw crazy
weather before like they have here. We start the morning
with overcoat and by noon its too hot with a jacket on.
This is no lie. It changes from about 20° to 60° or better
during the course of the day. It still hasn't rained since
I've been here. When it does I'll let you know. That
really would be news.

Well his takes it easy. I'll write again soon.

your brother
George

A LETTER HOME

December 18, 1942

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Marian*

Firing a rifle for the first time, amid a flood of Christmas cards.

Dear Marian

How is everything with you and the family. The last letter I wrote to you wasn't mailed until four or five days after I wrote it. After I abused it and everything I must have got it mixed up with the letters that were sent to me. I found it in the box with the other letters after Christmas. Since then I have received two letters from you but this is the first chance I've had to answer them.

December 18, 1942 · to Marian

We have been firing our rifles all week and it takes a couple of hours to clean them up for the inspection the next day. I never shot a gun in my life before I came here, except that bee-bee gun. The first time I shot this rifle the kick and the noise of the explosion almost scared me to death. I didn't know how to hold the darned thing and it puffed my lip all up. I do pretty good with it now though. We shoot for a second monday, I don't expect to make expert but I hope I at least qualify. After the second firing the ones that qualify might get furloughs.

December 18, 1942 · to Marian

I got the cookies and fruit cake. Please send me Nick's mother's address. I would like to send her a card and thank her and in the meantime will you tell her that I appreciate it. I got the gifts from Father Doyle, you, and the other sisters. I got the three dollars Alice sent me. I wrote and thanked her but I guess she hadn't gotten the letter yet when you saw her. So far I haven't had any trouble with mail.

I got your Christmas card it was really pretty. We couldn't buy any good cards here at camp but they were actual pictures of scenery either within the camp or of the mountains surrounding the camp. I got more Christmas cards this Christmas than I did all of the other Christmases together.

The camera works swell. It takes good clear pictures but I'll be damned if it will take a good one of me. I take swell pictures of the other guys with it but when they try to take [a] picture of me they either leave half of my head off or I move or something crazy happens. I'm going to try once more today. I would like to have a picture of Gary. I bet he was a honey Christmas morning even if he was too small to know what it was all about.

I don't need anything honestly. Money really stretches in the army. I used to go out every night when I was home but now we can only get out of camp once or twice a week so I can't spend much even when I want to. Give my regards to Nick, his mother, and Gary.

Brother George

December 18, 1942 · to Marian

Dear Maxine

How is everything with you and the family. The last letter I wrote to you wasn't mailed until four or five days after I wrote it. After I addressed it and everything I must have got it mixed up with the letters that were sent to me. I found it in the box with the other letters after Christmas. Since then I have received two letters from you but this is the first chance I've had to answer them.

We have been fixing our rifles all week and it takes a couple of hours to clean them up for the inspection the next day. I never shot a gun in my life before I came here, except that bee-bee gun. The first time I shot this rifle the kick and the noise of the explosion almost scared me to death. I didn't know how to hold the damned thing and it puffed my lip all up. It's pretty good with it now though. We shoot for a record Monday, I don't expect to make expert but I hope I at least qualify. After the record fixing the ones that qualify might get furloughs.

I got the cookies and fruit cake. Please send me Nick's mother's address, I would like to send her a card and thank her and in the meantime will you tell her I'd appreciate it. I got the

In George's hand

gifts from Father Doyle, you, and the other sisters.
I got the three dollars Alice sent me. I wrote and
thanked her but I guess she hadn't gotten the letter
yet when you saw her. So far I haven't had any
trouble with mail.

I got your Christmas card it was really pretty.
We couldn't buy any good cards here at camp but they
were actual pictures of scenery either within the camp
or of the mountains surrounding the camp. I got more
Christmas cards this Christmas than I did all of the
other Christmases together.

The camera works swell. It takes good clear
pictures but I'll be damned if it will take a good
one of me. I take swell pictures of the other guys
with it but when they try to take ~~a~~ pictures of me
they either leave half of my head off or I move or
something crazy happens. I'm going to try once more
today. I would like to have a picture of Gary. I
bet he was a honey Christmas morning even if he
was too small to know what it was all about.

I don't need anything honestly. Money really
stretches in the army. I used to go out every night
when I was home but now we can only get out of camp
once or twice a week so I can't spend much even when
I want to. Give my regards to Nick, his mother, and
Gary.

Brother George

A LETTER HOME

December 20, 1942

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Marian*

*Opening the camera and gifts early — and a general's
inspection.*

Dear Marian Colorado, [date obscured]

How's tricks. I got the Camera and the gifts that all of you sent. I had my Christmas early and I enjoyed it more than anyone else ever had. When it was younger I thought Christmas was swell but I always knew I could expect some presents. This Christmas I didn't expect anything because I am in the army and there didn't seem as though there was anything that I could use. I guess you sisters are smarter than me because everything was swell and everything was something useful. Thanks a lot for the cookies I always did like them.

December 20, 1942 · to Marian

I have a little confession to make though. There were about ten guys watching me open the box. They are wolves just waiting for you to pull out some eats. I was excited and opened all the presents without paying attention to who sent them. I know that you sent the cookies and Lillian sent the money pouch. Who sent the rest is a mystery to me. If you know what any of the other sisters put in let me know so I can thank them. Keep this a secret though because I'm really in hot water. The others will think I didn't appreciate it but I really did.

The only chance I get to take pictures is on Sunday. I had the Camera in time to take some snapshots last weekend but it was too cold to take them without an over-

[page 2]

coat. [?] if you have seen soldiers with overcoats you know how sloppy they look. Besides they made us get our hair cut badly style again. The Lieutenant General was at this camp for a week and he inspected each one of us and our rifles personally. He is next in command under General McAuliffe and they think we look neater without hair.

December 20, 1942 · to Marian

I know who Jed Shecksler is. He used to go out to the sand hole when I used to swim there. He had a whiffle (the same hair do as me) then. That really was a miracle about him. I don't expect to hear any hero acts about me. The engineers do the dirty work but don't get any glory. Its a swell outfit though. I wouldn't change for anything. Don't get the idea that I'm disgusted or anything by my letters. Its really swell but they say you'll never make a good soldier until you learn how to gripe, so I'm just practicing now and then to be a good soldier.

During the week I drink milk shakes and on weekends I go to town for some stronger drinks. Sunday nights all Saloons close at 8:00 at night, so I don't have a chance to overload. I haven't come close to being drunk since I've been here.

I'll give you a break and close now

Your Goofy Brother George.

P.S. If I keep repeating things let me know for I forget what I put in other letters.

December 20, 1942 · to Marian

Dear Maxine

Colorado?

How's tricks. I got the camera and the gifts that all of you sent. I had my Christmas early and I enjoyed it more than any one I've ever had. When I was younger I thought Christmas was swell but I always knew I could expect some presents. This Christmas I didn't expect anything because I am in the army and there didn't seem as though there was anything that I could use. I guess you sisters are smarter than me because everything was swell and everything was something useful. Thanks a lot for the cookies I always did like them.

I have a little confession to make though. There were about ten guys watching me open the box. They are wolves just waiting for you to pull out some cake. I was excited and opened all the presents without paying attention to who sent them. I know that you sent the cookies and Lillian sent the money pouch. Who sent the rest is a mystery to me. If you know what any of the other sisters put in let me know so I can thank them. Keep this a secret though because I'm really in hot water. The others will think I didn't appreciate it but I really did.

The only chance I get to take pictures is on Sunday. I had the camera in time to take some snapshots last weekend but it was too cold to take them without an over-

Coat and if you have seen soldiers with overcoats you know how sloppy they look. Besides they make us get our hair cut baldy style again. The Lieutenant General was at this camp for a week and he inspected each one of us and our rifles personally. He is next in command under General McArthur and they think we look neater without hair.

I know who Fred Shudaker is. He used to go out to the sand hole when I used to swim there. He had a whiffle (the same hair - do as me) then. That really was a miracle about him. Don't expect to hear any hero acts about me. The engineers do the dirty work but don't get any glory. Its a swell outfit though. I wouldn't change for anything. Don't get the idea that I'm disgusted or anything by my letters. Its really swell but they say you'll never make a good soldier until you learn how to gripe, so I'm just practicing now and then to be a good soldier.

During the week I drink milk shakes and on week-ends I go to town for some stronger drinks. Sunday nights all saloons close at 8:00 at night, so I don't have a chance to overload. I haven't come close to being drunk since I've been here.

I'll give you a break and close now

your Goofy Brother
George.

P.S. If I keep repeating things,
let me know for I forgot to put in other letters.

In George's hand

A LETTER HOME

December 25, 1942

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Ann*

*Written Christmas afternoon — snow, turkey, and dodging
K.P.*

Dear Ann

I am writing this letter on Christmas afternoon. It is snowing now so I didn't go to town. We had a swell Christmas dinner with all the trimmings here at Camp. Thanks a lot for the money. I'll use it for something else.

The tie and socks you sent go good with the uniform. I am allowed to wear them. Thanks again. I am sorry to hear that your mother-in-law is in the hospital. I am a long ways from home but it is a better way to spend the Holidays than laying in a hospital.

I just missed being on K.P. today. I was scheduled for it but some lazy fat guy got caught with his rifle dirty and they made him take my place. I don't mind K.P. but I sure would hate to do it on Christmas.

December 25, 1942 · to Ann

How is Charlie doing. Tell him when he sees Mrs Brown he can take a few extra kisses to thank her for the cookies she sent me. I know he would get a thrill out of that.

When you see Marge tell her I don't write very often because I can never think of much to write that would be interesting. She might feel hurt if she knew I write more to you and Sarah than I do her.

George.

December 25, 1942 · to Ann

Dear Ann

I am writing this letter on Christmas afternoon. It is snowing now so I didn't go to town. We had a sweet Christmas dinner with all the trimmings here at camp. Thanks a lot for the money. I'll use it for something else.

The tie and socks you sent go good with the uniform. I am allowed to wear them. Thanks again. I am sorry to hear that your mother-in-law is in the hospital. I am a long ways from home but it is a better way to spend the holidays than laying in a hospital.

I just missed being on R. P. today. I was scheduled for it but

some lazy fat guy got caught with
his rifle dirty and they made him take
my place. I don't mind X.P. but I
sure would hate to do it on Christmas.

How is Charlie doing. Tell him
when he sees Mrs Brown he can
take a few extra kisses to thank her
for the cookies she sent me. I know
he would get a thrill out of that.

When you see Marge tell her
I don't write very often because I
can never think of much to write that
would be interesting. She might feel hurt
if she knew I write more to you
and Sarah than I do her.

George.

A LETTER HOME

Camp Carson, Christmas 1942

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Ann*

After Christmas: movies and dances nightly, scarlet fever in camp.

Dear Ann

I haven't been writing as often as I started. It's not because I am forgetting you but I don't sit still long enough to write. I go to movies or dances almost every night.

In a couple of days I will write Jim McQuaid and thank him for those two bucks. That really was nice of him. Wasn't it? I never expected anything from him. Today I got a card from Mrs Brown and she said she was sending me a box of cookies. I will write and thank her but if you see her soon tell her I appreciate it because I only write one or two letters a day.

If I'm not mistaken you should have received a letter between this one and the? Thanksgiving. If you didn't let me know. I got the camera and the Thanksgiving package, also the Christmas gifts. Thanks a lot for everything.

According to the reports I've been getting about the weather at home it must be a lot colder there than it is here. The only time we have it cold is at nights. During the day so far it has been like Spring here.

About half of this camp is quarantined with Scarlet Fever or mumps. So far it hasn't affected me any. I hope it doesn't because I hate staying around the barracks all of the time.

Well I'll write again when I'm not so sleepy. I won't be as long answering your letters either.

Your Darling Brother, George

Dear Ann

Colorado / winter

I haven't been writing as often as I started. It's not because I am forgetting you but I don't sit still long enough to write. I go to movies or dances almost every night.

In a couple of days I will write Jim McQuaid and thank him for those two bucks. That really was nice of him. Wasn't it? I never expected anything from him. Today I got a card from Mrs Brown and she said she was sending me a box of cookies. I will write and thank her but if you see her soon tell her I appreciate it because I only write one or two letters a day.

If I'm not mistaken you should have received a letter between this one and ~~last~~ Thanksgiving. If you didn't let me know. I got the camera and the Thanksgiving package, also the Christmas gifts. Thanks a lot for everything.

According to the reports I've been getting about the weather at home it must be a lot

Colder there than it is here. The only time
we have it cold is at nights. During the day
so far it has been like Spring here.

About half of this camp is quarantined
with Scarlet fever or mumps. So far it
hasn't effected me any. I hope it doesn't
because I hate staying around the barracks
all of the time.

Well I'll write again when I'm not
so sleepy. I won't be as long answering your
letters either

Your Darling Brother
George

A LETTER HOME

Camp Carson, January 1943

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Ann*

Filing his income tax and hoping for a furlough next month.

Dear Anna

I guess you take notice that I was quite prompt answering your letter this time. I'm feeling swell now. How is everything going with you?

If nothing goes wrong I should get a furlough next month. I don't put too much faith in it though because the Army is worse than women for changing their minds. A fellow from Chicago that sleeps next to me got an emergency furlough because his aunt died. When they gave it to him they told him it would count as his regular furlough and he would not get one next month when the rest of the Company receive theirs. They only gave him sixteen days though so if I only get the same it won't do me much good.

I sent my income tax return in. I will have to pay \$2.40 — I'm going to wait until after the war to pay it because they might pass a law that soldiers won't have to pay it.

I'm really a good looking boy with my bald head. It has grown in to about a quarter of an inch now. I never write about needing anything because there is really nothing I need. I don't drink hardly anything any more so my army pay stretches a long way.

Well I will say so long now and I hope to hear from you again soon

Your big brother George

Dear Anna

I guess you take notice that I was quite prompt answering your letter this time. I'm feeling well now. There is everything going with you?

It nothing goes wrong I should get a furloagh next month. I don't put too much faith in it though because the Army is worse than women for changing their minds. A fellow from Chicago that sleeps next to me got an ~~excuse~~ excuse furloagh because his aunt died. When they gave it to him they told him it would count as his regular furloagh and he would not get one next month when the rest of the Company receive theirs. They only gave him seven days though so if I only get the same it won't do me much good.

I sent my income tax return in. I will have to pay \$240. I'm going to wait until after the war to pay it because they might

pass a law that soldiers won't have to pay
it.

I'm really a good looking boy with
my bald head. It has grown in to about
a quarter of an inch now. I never write
about needing anything because there is really
nothing I need. I don't drink hardly anything
any more so my army pay stretches a long
way.

Well I will say so long now and
I hope to hear from you again soon

your big brother
George

A LETTER HOME

Camp Carson, January 1943

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Marian*

*Missed rifle qualification at six below; furloughs cancelled for
all.*

Dear Marian

I know it has been a little while since I've written last. Its a long story. I know it sounds like a poor excuse but no kidding its the truth. Bigshots came to watch us. They were disgusted with the physical condition of our company. They gave our officers hell for it and they have been riding us. We work hard all day then almost every night they have been taking us out on night hikes or something. When they do give us a night off I've either been going to a movie to relax or falling right to sleep after supper.

Camp Carson, January 1943 · to Marian

Thanks for sending me your mother-in-laws address. I haven't even wrote and thanked her yet but I'm sending a card today. I was glad to get those pictures of Gary. He really is cute. I won't be able to take any more pictures myself. I can't get any of the size film I need and we were given orders to send our cameras home right away. I'm going to have some pictures taken in town next week. I don't think I ever saw Glen Ford but he must be a comedian because I'm not a bit better looking than when I left home.

I didn't even qualify with the rifle. I thought for sure I would be able to write and say I made sharpshooter or even expert because I was almost perfect in practice firing. The day we fired for record it was six below zero and I shot all over the target. I missed qualifying by three points. It didn't have anything to do with me not getting a furlough though. All weekend passes and furloughs were cancelled even for the guys that have been here six months and had furlough papers. I think it is because we are going on maneuvers for a month or two down South. They won't let anyone go past the ten mile limit from the Camp.

I'll write again soon. If you don't hear from me again soon don't worry because I might be on maneuvers.

Best Wishes to All George



UNITED STATES ARMY

Dear Marian

I know it has been a little while since I've written last. It's a long story. I know it sounds like a poor excuse but no kidding it's the truth. Bigshots came to watch us. They were disgusted with the physical condition of our company. They gave our officers hell for it and they have been riding us. We work hard all day then almost every night they have been taking us out on night hikes or something. When they do give us a night off I've either been going to a movie to relax or falling right to sleep after supper.

Thanks for sending me your mother-in-law's address. I haven't even wrote and thanked her yet but I'm sending a card today. I was glad to get those pictures of Gary. He really is cute. I won't be able to take any more pictures myself. I can't get any of the size film I need and we were given orders to send our cameras home right away. I'm going to have some pictures taken in town next week. I don't think I ever saw Glen Ford but he must be a comedian because I'm not a bit better looking than George's hand home.

I didnt even qualify with the rifle. I thought
for sure I would be able to write and say I made
sharpshooters or even expert because I was almost perfect
in practice firing. The day we fired for record it was
six below zero and I shot all over the target. I missed
qualifying by three points. It didnt have anything to
do with me not getting a furlough though. All week-
end passes and furloughs were cancelled even for the
guys that have been here six months and had furlough
papers. I think it is because we are going on man-
uvers for a month or two down South. They wont
let anyone go past the ten mile limit from the Camp.

I'll write again soon. If you dont hear from
me again soon dont worry because I might be on
manuvers.

Best Wishes to All
George

A LETTER HOME

February 7, 1943

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Ann*

A camp fire, the year-long training plan, and a USO show.

Dear Ann

February 7, 1943 · to Ann

I was glad to hear from you. It didn't take quite so long this time for me to write. I've got a little news that you might consider good. I'm sure of being in this camp for eight months yet. We failed every inspection that I told you about. Our lieutenant told us we would stay here and train until September but I didn't know whether or not to believe him. This morning we had a speech by the Major General. He said he would not lead an army in actual combat that was not properly trained. He told us that we didn't do very good in company training and would need a months review. Then two months of Battalion training, two months of Division training, and three months of unit training with the corps. After all of this we still have to go on maneuvers for a couple of months. I guess this is as clear as mud but we are scheduled for almost a year of training in this country. I'm sure of getting a furlough in a month or so too.

February 7, 1943 · to Ann

You asked how far I was from the fire we had at the camp. It was caused from the wind we had the night I was on guard duty. I was about twelve blocks from it. For a while it looked as though the whole camp would burn down. All the buildings are made of light wood and the fire was spreading fast.

The negative from the picture I sent Sarah is all bent and scratched. I don't think a picture could be taken off it and it wasn't so good anyhow. Tomorrow I'm going to get some that I took last week. I will send you one of them. I bought the belt that one of the fellows in the picture had on for a half buck last week.

I doubt very much if Bucky will ever go over seas. By the time his training is over the war should be over too. They aren't sending men over this time without training to commit suicide like they did in the last war.

I guess I told you about the weather here changing so often that you are sick of hearing it but just as an example we played baseball all afternoon in our undershirts. A couple of days ago we were standing around shaking with overcoats on.

We saw a good U.S.O. Show last night. Jane Frazee the movie actress, Barbara La Mott? a radio singer, and the Rockettes from New York were in it. It was a relief to see a good show after staying in for almost a month preparing for inspections. Give my best regards to Charles.

I'll write again soon

As Ever George

February 7, 1943 · to Ann

Dear Ann

I was glad to hear from. It didn't take quite so long this time for me to write. I've got a little news that you might consider good. I'm sure of being in this camp for eight months yet. We failed every inspection that I told you about. Our lieutenant told us we would stay here and train until September but I didn't know whether or not to believe him. This morning we had a speech by the Major General. He said he would not lead an army in actual combat that was not properly trained. He told us that we didn't do very good in company training and would need a months review. Then two months of Battalion training, two months of Division training, and three months of unit training with the Corps. After all of this we still have to go on maneuvers for a couple of months. I guess this is as clear as mud but we are scheduled for almost a year of training in this country. I'm sure of getting a furlough in a month or so too.

You asked how far I was from the fire we had at the camp. It was caused from the wind we had the night I was on guard duty. I was about twelve blocks from it. For a while it looked as though the whole camp would burn down. All the buildings are made of light wood and the fire was spreading fast.

The negative from the picture I sent Sarah is all bent and scratched. I don't think a picture could be taken off it and it wasn't so good anyhow. Tomorrow I'm going to get some that I took last week. I will send you one of them. I bought the belt that one of the fellows in the picture had on for a half buck last week.

I doubt very much if Bucky will ever go over seas. By the time his training is over the war should be over too. They aren't sending men over this time without training to commit suicide like they did in the last war.

I guess I told you about the wheter here changing so often that you are sick of hearing it but just as an example we played baseball all afternoon in our undershirts. a couple of days ago we were standing around shaking with overcoats on.

We saw a good V.S.O. show last night. Jane Frazee the movie actress, Barbara La Marr a radio singer, and the Rosettes from New York were in it. It was a relief to see a good show after staying in for almost a ~~week~~^{month} preparing for inspections. Give my best regards to Charles.

I'll write again soon
as ever
George

Privt Geo Butler
Co C 314 Eng Bn (C)
A.P.O. 89
Camp Carson, Colo
U.S. Army



7 see

Anna Engler
138 N. Broadway
Camden, M. J.

A LETTER HOME

February 7, 1943

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Marian*

*Volunteering as a machine-gunner; the Jane Frazee USO
show.*

Dear Marian

I got another letter from you saying that you haven't heard from me yet. I wrote a letter explaining why I couldn't write sooner. I hope you got it. I received the letters that you wrote. Margaret Cramer's boy friend is in the Infantry and he didn't have any of the Inspections that we had. That is the reason he could still write. I received the pictures of Gary. Thanks a lot. They were swell.

If I'm not mistaken I spoke a lot about inspections in my last letter. Well we failed all of them. There are a majority of old men in our outfit and they will never be in good shape or learn anything. As a penalty we have to take our training all over again and will be in this camp all summer. The only good point about this is that I will get a furlough in a month or so.

February 7, 1943 · to Marian

I'm a machine-gunner now. I volunteered for it so I could get out of taking the training all over again. All I do now is lay around on the ground along side the gun and pretend I'm protecting the men building bridges and things. The only thing I have to do is clean and oil the gun once a day. This laying around and eating heavy should put some weight on me. I haven't been to town for three weeks to be weighed but I'm pretty sure I gained some weight back.

February 7, 1943 · to Marian

I didn't see Betty Davies in *Now Voyage* but I know she is a great actress. Last night I saw a swell U.S.O. show. There weren't many big names in it but it was a good act. Jane Frazee the actress was in it and she got off some raw jokes that would never go in a movie where women were. She can really sing too. Barbara Jo Mart[?] a radio singer was there and the Rockettes from New York too. I guess it sounds as though I never saw a stage show before but I haven't seen one for three months and the past three weeks I've been in the barracks all the time and a good show was a real relief.

I'll write more later.

Give my regards to Nick & Gary

Luck & Love Brother George

February 7, 1943 · to Marian

HISTORICAL NOTE

The U.S.O. show. Jane Frazee (1915–1985) was an American singer and actress who starred in a string of 1940s musical comedies — among them the Abbott & Costello hit *Buck Privates* (1941) — and entertained troops during the war.

The **Rockettes** — the famous precision dance troupe of New York's Radio City Music Hall (founded 1925; at Radio City since 1932) — sent touring units to perform for servicemen at camps like Carson.

"Barbara Jo Mart[?]" — a radio singer George names, but the surname is hard to read and we haven't been able to identify her with confidence.

Jane Frazee photo: Wikimedia Commons (public domain).

Dear Marian

Colorado?

I got another letter from you saying that you haven't heard from me yet. I wrote a letter explaining why I couldn't write sooner. I hope you got it. I received the letters that you wrote. Margaret Crames's boy friend is in the Infantry and he didn't have any of the inspections that we had. That is the reason he could still write. I received the pictures of Gasy. Thanks a lot. They were swell.

If I'm not mistaken I spoke a lot about inspections in my last letter. Well we failed all of them. There are a majority of old men in our outfit and they will never be in good shape or leave anything. As a penalty we have to take our training all over again and will be in this camp all summer. The only good point about this is that I will get a furlough in a month or so.

I'm a machine-gunner now. I volunteered for it so I could get out of taking the training all over again. All I do now is lay around on the ground along side the gun and pretend I'm protecting the men building bridges. In George's hand The only thing I have to do is clean and oil the gun once a day. This

laying around and eating heavy should put some weight on me. I haven't been to town for three weeks to be weighed but I'm pretty sure I gained some weight back.

I didn't see Betty Davies in New Voyage but I know she is a great actress. Last night I saw a swell U.S.O. show. There weren't many big names in it but it was a good act. Jane Frazee the actress was in it and she got off some saw jokes that would never go in a movie where women were. She can really sing too. Barbara Fu Mann a radio singer was there and the Rockettes from New York too. I guess it sounds as though I never saw a stage show before but I haven't seen one for three months and the past three weeks I've been in the barracks all the time and a good show was a real relief.

I'll write more later.

Give my regards to Nick & Gary.

Luck & Love
Brother George

A LETTER HOME

Camp Carson, February 1943

Camp Carson, Colorado — camp hospital *to Ann*

*Writing from the camp hospital with the flu — Fay McKenzie
visits.*

Dear Ann

How are you doing. I am writing this letter from the camp hospital. I have been in for a week and a half with the flu. I think they will let me go back with my company in a couple of days now.

I got your valentine and the one from Big Alice. When you see her thank her for me. Will you?

Yesterday I saw a stage show. Fay McKenzie had a troupe on tour at the camp here and they stopped at the hospital and put on a show. It was pretty good.

Theres nothing much to write about just laying around here in bed so I had better sign off.

Your big brother George

Camp Carson, February 1943 · to Ann

Dear Ann

How are you doing. I am writing this letter from the camp hospital. I have been in for a week and a half with the flu. I think they will let me go back with my company in a couple of days now.

I got your valentine and the one from Big Alice. When you see her thank her for me. Will you?

yesterday I saw a stage show. Fay Mc Kenzie had a troupe on tour at the camp here and they stopped at the hospital and put on a show. It was pretty good.

There's nothing much to write about just laying around here in bed so I had better sign off.

Your big brother
George

In George's hand

A LETTER HOME

Camp Carson, February 1943

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Marian*

*A kiss from Fay McKenzie as she sang "Kiss the Boys
Goodbye."*

Colorado

Dear Marian

How is everything. Things are slow here right now. I've been in the hospital now for a week and a half with the flu. I don't know when the hell they will let us go home. The major General that had charge of this camp promised us furloughs but then he got moved himself. I don't know whether that is going to have any thing to do with our furloughs or not.

I got a kiss off Fay McKenzie yesterday. No kidding she was on a personell apperence tour in the camp and she came to the hospital. Right at the end she sang "kiss the boys goodbye" and she did kiss about sit six? of us.

Camp Carson, February 1943 · to Marian

I'll be able to send you another picture as soon as they let me out of this place I'm in. I had more pictures taken and one of them turned out pretty good so I'm having it enlarged to 4 by 6. The enlargements are done by now but I can't go after them yet. I have hair in this picture too!

Well Marian I can't think of any more to write laying here in bed so I'll say so long. Give my love to Gary & Nick

Best of luck Your Brother George.

HISTORICAL NOTE

Who was Fay McKenzie? Eunice Fay McKenzie (1918–2019) was an American actress and singer, best known for starring opposite the cowboy star Gene Autry in a string of early-1940s Westerns. During the war she set film aside to entertain the troops — exactly the kind of personal-appearance tour that brought her to George's bedside in the Camp Carson hospital, where, he says, she sang "Kiss the Boys Goodbye" and kissed about six of the patients.

Photo: Wikimedia Commons (public domain).

The song: "Kiss the Boys Goodbye" (1941) —

Colorado

Dear Maxian

How is everything. Things are slow here right now. I've been in the hospital now for a week and a half with the flu. I don't know when the hell they will let us go home. The major General that had charge of this camp promised us furloughs but then he got moved himself. I don't know whether that is going to have anything to do with our furloughs or not.

I got a kiss off Fay Mc Kenzie yesterday. No kidding she was on a personnel appearance tour in the camp and she came to the hospital. Right at the end she sang "kiss the boys goodbye" and she did kiss about six of us.

I'll be able to send you another picture as soon as they let me out of this place. I've got a lot more pictures

taken and one of them turned out pretty
good so I'm having it enlarged to 4 by 6.
The enlargements are done by now but
I can't go after them yet. I have hair
in this picture too.

Well Maxian I can't think of any
more to write laying here in bed so
I'll say so long. Give my love to
Gary & Mick

Best of luck
your brother
George.

A LETTER HOME

Camp Carson, February 1943

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Marian*

Just out of the hospital, and the mess-hall free-for-all.

Dear Marian,

I got your letter and was very pleased. I just got out of the hospital yesterday. I was in a couple of weeks with the flu. I feel fine now. I haven't been doing much sporting lately due to that.

That cartoon you sent was pretty good, sometimes I feel like cutting a hole in the table myself. I'm afraid I won't know how to eat when I leave the army. When we go in the mess hall we all stand up. Then when the mess sargeant blows the whistle we all sit down and start to eat. It's a regular free for all. The ones with the longest reach get the most to eat. I don't do bad for myself, I never go hungry.

Bucky seems to like the Air Corps. It's too bad his boyfriends didn't take your address. Joe Hoffman really was lucky meeting his brother. That really must be a thrill when you are in some far off place to run into somebody you know real well, especially a brother. I think he's wasting his time on Ella though, she's a little too wild to wait for somebody until after the war is over. I hate to be planning on marrying something like that when the war's over.

I don't know when I will get my furlough although it should be soon. I don't know whether I told you in my last letter or not but the Lieutenant General that was in charge of this camp and promised us our furloughs was moved himself. That just goes to show you that you can't put too much dependence on anything in the army.

Everything is about the same. I am sending you this picture and I will try to have some more to send you later. Well, So long.

Your brother George.

Camp Carson, February 1943 · to Marian

Dear Maxian

Colorado?

I got your letter and was very pleased. I just got out of the hospital yesterday. I was in a couple of weeks with the flu. I feel fine now. I haven't been doing much sporting lately due to that.

That cartoon you sent was pretty good, sometimes I feel like cutting a hole in the table myself. I'm afraid I won't know how to eat when I leave the army. When we go in the mess hall we all stand up. Then when the mess sergeant blows the whistle we all sit down and start to eat. It's a regular free for all. The one with the longest reach get the most to eat. I don't do bad for myself, I never go hungry.

Bucky seems to like the Air Corps. It's too bad his boyfriends didn't take your address. Joe Hoffman really was lucky meeting his brother. That really must be a thrill when you are in some far off place to run into somebody you know real well, especially

a brother. I think he's wasting his time
on Ella though, she's a little too wild to
wait for somebody until after the war is
over. I'd hate to be planning on marrying
something like that when the war's over.

I don't know when I will get my
furlough although it should be soon.
I don't know whether I told you in my
last letter or not but the Lieutenant General
that was in charge of this camp and promised
us our furloughs was moved himself. That
just goes to show you that you can't put
too much dependence on anything in the
army.

Everything is about the same. I am sending
you this picture and I will try to have
some more to send you later. Well, so long.

Your brother
George.

A LETTER HOME

March 5, 1943

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Marian*

Marathon walking tests — beating even the Commandos.

Colorado?

Dear Marian

How is everything going? I hope little Gary does know me when I get home. I'm not sure because they change their minds around here every half hour but I'm supposed to get a furlough next month. The fellow that sleeps next to me got an emergency furlough because his aunt died. When they gave it to him they told him it would count as a regular furlough because the rest of us are all getting furloughs in a month. They only gave him seven days though and if that is all I get I would only have about three days home.

The picture I sent when I had hair was taken before the bald headed picture. My hair is still only about a quarter of an inch high. I was heavier in the baldy picture but I lost the weight again when I was in the hospital.

March 5, 1943 · to Marian

I hope you hit that 282 that was on back of the? picture. I don't even think they know what playing the numbers means around here. I've never heard anyone talk about them.

I think I'm going to be a marathon walker. We have a series of walking tests to make. Last week we started. We had to walk five miles in an hour which is almost running. The other day we made twenty-five miles in six hours and twenty minutes with a field pack, rifle, bayonet, and a canteen full of water. This is the best time yet for carrying so much weight. We even beat the Commandos and they are a tough outfit.

March 5, 1943 · to Marian

Those kids of Sarah's really stick up for me, don't they. Well I hope I do get a chance to kill a few Japs. It sounds simple but sometimes I dream of taking a shot at a Jap and seeing him throw up his hands and fall over backwards. I hope it comes true.

So Long George

March 5, 1943 · to Marian



A photograph from around this time
George — with a freshly shaved head — leaning on the rail of barracks '45.'

Colorado?

Dear Marian

How is everything going? I hope little Gazy does know me when I get home. I'm not sure because they change their minds around here every half hour but I'm supposed to get a furlough next month. The fellow that sleeps next to me got an emergency furlough because his aunt died. When they gave it to him they told him it would count as a regular furlough because the rest of us are all getting furloughs in a month. They only gave him seven days though and if that is all I get I would only have about three days home.

The picture I sent when I had hair was taken before the bald headed picture. My hair is still only about a quarter of an inch high. I was heavier in the baldy picture but I lost the weight again when I was in the hospital.

I hope you hit that 282 that was

In George's hand

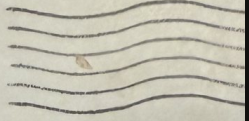
on back of picture. I don't even think
they know what playing the numbers means
around here. I've never heard anyone talk
about them.

I think I'm going to be a marathon
walker. We have a series of walking tests
to make. Last week we started. We had to
walk five miles in an hour which is almost
running. The other day we made twenty-five
miles in six hours and twenty minutes with
a field pack, rifle, bayonet, and a canteen full
of water. This is the best time yet for carrying
so much weight. We even beat the Commandos
and they are a tough outfit.

Those kids of Sasak's really stick up
for me, don't they. Well I hope I do get a
chance to kill a few japs. It sounds simple
but sometimes I dream of taking a shot at
a jap and seeing him throw up his hands
and fall over backwards. I hope it comes
true.

It thinks I'm going to be a matron
about them.
around here. I've never heard anyone talk
they know what playing the numbers means
It don't even think

314 Eng Bn (C)
P.O. 89
Camp Carson, Colo
U.S. Army



Mrs Marian Rosendo
332 Kossuth St.
Riverside, M. J.

7

The envelope

A LETTER HOME

April 1943

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Marian*

Off to Lake George to build roads; Roosevelt visits the camp.

Dear Marian

I was glad to hear from you. I would have wrote sooner but we have been going out on bivouac (camping out) three quarters of the time lately. I have been eating and sleeping out in the field more than I have in the camp.

The next three weeks we are going to Lake George. This is about ninety miles from here way up in the mountains. We have to build roads up there for practice over seas. I wont be in camp any of this time so I might not have a chance to write. Dont worry if you don't get another letter from me for a while because that is the reason but try to write me because I will receive my mail.

April 1943 · to Marian

There is no way of me telling when I will get a furlough now. Furloughs are cancelled now until this Lake George job is done. They stop furloughs for a week or two and then let about ten men go home and stop them again. At this rate it might be a couple of months.

I might be moved from this camp before I get home. Sixteen of our men move from here tomorrow. Three months ago we had over two hundred men in our company and now we have only a little over a hundred. A lot of the men we lost were sent to limited service outfits.

When I do get my furlough it will be ten days. This will give me five days at home. It wont allow me much time to visit all of you and to give my woman a break too.

I cut a picture out of the paper of a dance our company had but I lost it. We have dances about once in three weeks. Almost all of the women are glamour girls wearing Evening gowns. I never dance because I'm used to the sloppy joe style. I've never tried this high class waltzing yet.

My nights are pretty well occupied between these dances, shows, and soft ball. Jiny Faltenburg? was here the night before last doing the Rhumba and the Conga.

I'm playing third base on our companies soft ball team. I never was so hot in baseball but most of the Engineers are over thirty years old. They are so rotten playing ball that they think I'm a star.

Did you read in any of the papers at home about President Roosevelt visiting Camp Carson. It was in the New York papers because one guys father sent him some pictures and clippings about it from the New York Times.

One fellow with me lives about a hundred fifty miles away. He got a three day pass to go home and he stayed eight days. When they asked him why he didn't come back on time he told them his favorite pig was going to have sals and he couldn't leave until it was all over. This just goes to show you how goofy some of these farmers from this part of country are.

Well I guess this is enough. Dont worry when you don't hear from me. No news is good news. But you write often

Your big brother George

April 1943 · to Marian



A photograph from around this time
Soldiers resting in a mountain meadow of aspens, a peak behind — a field exercise in the Rockies.

Dear Marian

Colorado?

Lake George

I was glad to hear from you. I would have wrote sooner but we have been going out on bivouacs (camping out) three quarters of the time lately. I have been eating and sleeping out in the field more than I have in the camp.

The next three weeks we are going to Lake George. This is about ninety miles from here way up in the mountains. We have to build roads up there for practice over seas. I won't be in camp any of this time so I might not have a chance to write. Don't worry if you don't get another letter from me for a while because that is the reason but try to write me because I will In George's hand mail.

There is no way of me telling
when I will get a furlough now. Furloughs
are cancelled now until this Lake George
job is done. They stop furloughs for a
week or two and then let about ten
men go home and stop them again. At
this rate it might be a couple of months.

I might be moved from this Camp
before I get home. Sixteen of our men
move from here tomorrow. Three months
ago we had over two hundred men in
our company and now we have only a
little over a hundred. A lot of the men
we lost were sent to limited service
outfits.

When I do get my furlough it
will be ten days. This will give
me five days at home. It won't allow
me much time to visit all of you
and to give my In George's hand
back too.

at least
three

I cut a picture out of the paper
of a dance our company had but I
lost it. We have dances about once in
three weeks. Almost all of the women
are glamour girls wearing Evening gowns.
I never dance because I'm used to the
sloppy Joe style. I've never tried this
high class waltzing yet.

my nights are pretty well occupied
between these dances, shows, and soft
ball. Jimmy Falserburg was here the
night before last doing the Rumba and
the Conga.

I'm playing third base on our
Company's soft ball team. I never
was so hot in baseball but most of
the Engineers are over thirty years old.
They are so rotten playing ball that
they think I'm a star.

Did you read in any of the papers

In George's hand

at home about President Roosevelt --
visiting Camp Carson. It was in the
New York papers because one guys father
sent him some pictures and clippings
about it from the New York Times.

One fellow with me lives about
a hundred fifty miles away. He got a
three day pass to go home and he stayed
eight days. When they asked him
why he didn't come back on time he
told them his favorite pig was going
to have sale and he couldn't leave
until it was all over. This just goes
to show you how gossipy some of these
farmers from this part of country are.

Well I guess this is enough.
Don't worry when you don't hear from
me. No news is good news. But you
write often
your big brother
George

A LETTER HOME

Camp Carson, spring 1943

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Marian*

Sneaking into a USO dance; the hill-billy who can't march in step.

Dear Marian Colorado

I was glad to hear from you. you will never make yourself a pest by writing. I like to hear from you. I might not answer your letters right away because they don't leave the lights on very long after we are done. I have plenty of time to write on weekends though. We get mail twice a day, in the morning right before lunch and after supper. I read it right away.

Don't worry about me doing anything radical. I show respect to officers, I salute them and call them sir and laugh at them under my breathe. They treat me all right. I haven't had any extra duty or punishment yet.

Camp Carson, spring 1943 · to Marian

I can go to the movies in camp any night now. They have about eight theatres and they show popular pictures. I went to the big town Colorado Springs, a little bigger than Beverly. The night before last I snuck into a U.S.O. dance. We're allowed to go to them but this one was supposed to be only for artillerymen.

There's a tall goofy looking hill-billie that marches in front of me. He is so dumb they make him drill every night. When we are marching along and I want to start the guys I go around with laughing, I whisper to slim that he is out of step. He tries to change his step so he won't catch hell and he don't know how to do it. It looks like he's doing the Lindy Hop every time he tries to change.

I'm getting a lot of mail now. All of the sisters and John have written to me. I've got letters from Joe Jack Cramer, Helen Zigenfus, Clakey, and girls from Moorestown. Alec too.

I'm getting along swell and having a lot of fun. I hope you are all better by now.

Take it Easy your big brother George.

P.S. Congratulations on your birthday. I would have sent a card had I known it sooner.



A photograph from around this time
George (far right) and three others among cholla cactus — warm-weather training in the semi-desert.

Dear Marion

Colorado

I was glad to hear from you. you will never make yourself a pest by writing I like to hear from you. I might not answer your letters right away because they don't leave the lights on very long after we are done. I have plenty of time to write on weekends though. We get mail twice a day, in the morning right before lunch and after supper. I read it right away.

Don't worry about me doing anything radical. I show respect to officers. I salute them and call them sir and laugh at them under my breathe. They treat me all right. I haven't had any extra duty or punishment yet.

I can go to the movies in camp any night now. They have about eight theatres and they show popular pictures. I went to the big town Colorado Springs, a little bigger than Beverly. The night before last I snuck into a V.S.O. dance. We're allowed to go to them but this one was supposed to be only for Artillerymen.

Theres a tall goofy looking hill-billie
that marches in front of me. He is so
stumb they make him drill every night.
When we are marching along and I want
to start the guys I go around with laughing,
I wisper to slim that he is out of step.
He tries to change his step so he won't
catch hell and he dont know how to do it.
It looks like hes doing the Lindy Hop
every time he tries to change.

I'm getting a lot of mail now.
All of the sisters and John have written
to me. I've got letters from Leo, Jack
Cramer, Helen Ziegenfug, Luby, and girls
from Moorestown. Alex too.

I'm getting along swell and having
a lot of fun. I hope you are all better
by now.

Take it Easy
your big brother
George.

P.S.
Congratulations on
your birthday. I would
have sent a card had I
known it sooner.

A LETTER HOME

Camp Carson, late May 1943

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Ann*

*Bridges in the snowy Pikes Peak forest — and a furlough home
June 5.*

Dear Ann

How is everything? I didn't realize that it was so long a time since I had written last. I was up in the mountains living for a couple of weeks and time flew. We were at Pikes National Forest building roads and bridges for the Infantry. They are going there for the full month of June. We slept in tents and the altitude is one 11,000 feet. We would wake up in the morning and find four inches of snow covering our tents.

Thanks a lot for sending my name into the shipyard for that vacation money. That really would come in handy. I wasn't expecting anything from them. Did you notice I, at my name was at the top of the list. That just shows how important I am.

Camp Carson, late May 1943 · to Ann

I'm finally going to get my furlough, that is unless they think of it — [changed] their minds again and cancel it. I've got the furlough papers signed and everything and I should be home next Saturday the fifth of June.

Right now we are having a lot of fun. We go out and play ball all afternoon sometimes instead of training. We are building bridges on the lake again but it is a lot better than last winter. Now when we fall in the water we swim around and have fun out of it. We row around in boats a lot too enjoying the sun.

I can't think of anything else to say and I'm going out to play ball so I will close.

So long until I see you again

George

Dear Ann

How is everything? I didn't realize that it was so long a time since I had written last. I was up in the mountains living for a couple of weeks and time flew. We were at Pikee National Forest building roads and bridges for the Infantry. They are going there for the full month of June. We slept in tents and the altitude is over 11,000 feet. We would wake up in the morning and find four inches of snow covering our tents.

Thanks a lot for sending my name into the shipyard for that vacation money. That really would come in handy. I wasn't expecting anything from them. Did you notice that my name was at the top of the list? That just shows how important I am.

I'm finally going to get my furlough, that is unless this bunch of nit-wits change

their minds again and cancel it. I've got the
furlough papers signed and everything and I should
be home next Saturday the fifth of June.

Right now we are having a lot of fun.
we go out and play ball all afternoon sometimes
instead of training. We are building bridges
on the lake again but it is a lot better than
last winter. Now when we fall in the water
we swim around and have fun out of it. We
row around in boats alot too enjoying the sun.

I can't think of anything else to say
and I'm going out to play ball so I will
close.

So long until I see
you again

George

A LETTER HOME

Camp Carson, mid 1943

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Ann*

A terrifying night guarding a transformer in a 75-mph gale.

Dear Ann

I'm not in love, in fact I have hardly talked to a girl since I've been here. I am just too lazy to write. Almost every night since we have finished basic training they have been taking us out on night problems or making us scrub everything up for inspections. When we do get a night off, which is very seldom, I either am so tired I drop on the bed and go right to sleep or take in a movie to relax.

A couple of nights ago I was standing guard over a big electric transformer when a seventy-five mile gale started blowing. The wind knocking the electric wires together was causing shorts and big blue flames were shooting all around me. I had to stay on duty for a double shift because it was too bad to take a chance sending a jeep out after me for relief. I was never that scared in my life before.

I got the dollar that was sent from Mays mother club. I'm going to drop her a line today. Frank really is getting to be a big shot in Gloucester now. The first thing you know he'll be running for Governor of the State.

It looks as though I got out of the Shipyard a little too soon. If I was there now I might have a nice blond helper for myself. Tell Charlie that I said not to start making excuses that is is working overtime at nights if he gets a girl for a helper. I have a couple of stooges watching him. So far I haven't had any unfavorable news.

Those pictures I took really were honeys. Most of them turned out very good. I don't think I can take any more either because its hard to get the right sized films here and we have orders to send all cameras home immediately. Some fellows were caught taking pictures of the camp showing the mountains in the background. This gives away the location of the camp.

Will try to write again soon

George

Camp Carson, mid 1943 · to Ann

Dear Ann

I'm not in love, in fact I have hardly talked to a girl since I've been here. I am just too lazy to write. Almost every night since we have finished basic training they have been taking us out on night problems or making us scrub everything up for inspections. When we do get a night off, which is very seldom, I either am so tired I drop on the bed and go right to sleep or take in a movie to relax.

a couple of nights ago I was standing gawped over a big electric transformer when a seventy-five

mile gale started blowing. The wind knocking the electric wires together was causing shorts and big blue flames were shooting all around me. I had to stay on duty for a double shift because it was too bad to take a chance sending a jeep out after me for relief. I was never that scared in my life before.

I got the dollar that was sent from Mags mother club. I'm going to drop her a line today. Frank really is getting to be a big shot in Gloucester now. The first thing you know he'll be running for Governor of the state.

It looks as though I got out of the shipyard a little too soon. If I was there now I might have a nice blond helper for myself. Tell

Chaslie that I said not to start making excuses that is is working overtime at nights if he gets a girl for a helper. I have a couple of stooges watching him. So far I haven't had any unfavorable news.

Those pictures I took really were honey. None of them turned out very good. I don't think I can take any more either because its hard to get the right sized films here and we have orders to send all cameras home immediately. Some fellows were caught taking pictures of the camp showing the mountains in the background. This gives away the location of the camp.

Will try to write again soon

A LETTER HOME

Camp Carson, early July 1943

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Ann*

*Back from furlough, on maneuvers, guard duty over the
Fourth.*

Dear Ann

Well here I am at last. Don't get so excited when I don't write as often as you expect me to. Lots of times I can't write. We don't sleep in the camp one quarter of the time now. We have been going out on problems lasting from three days to ten days ever since I got back.

My outfit has already left on a months maneuvers in Colorado. A few of us were left to guard the property in camp for a week and then we are going to join the rest. So if I don't get a chance to write again for a couple of weeks don't think that anything has happened. It will only be because I can't get a chance to write.

I thinks I will still be on guard the fourth of July but Monday I will have off and I will celebrate it then. I haven't had a chance to get into town since I got back off furlough.

There isn't much I can write because the only thing I have been doing is building roads and bridges then sleeping in a tent at night. I'll say so long and I hope to hear from you soon

Your brother George

Camp Carson, early July 1943 · to Ann



CAMP CARSON, COLORADO

Dear Ann

Well here I am at last. Don't get so excited when I don't write as often as you expect me to. Lots of times I can't write. We don't sleep in the camp one quarter of the time now.

We have been going out on problems lasting from three days to ten days ever since I got back.

My outfit has already left on a months manuever in Colorado. A few of us were left to guard the property in camp for a week and then we are going to join the rest. So if I don't get a chance to write again for a couple of weeks don't think that anything has happened. It will only be because I can't get a chance to write.

In George's hand.

I think I will still be on guard
the fourth of July but Monday I will have
off and I will celebrate it then. I
haven't had a chance to get into town
since I got back off furlough.

There isn't much I can write because
the only thing I have been doing is building
roads and bridges then sleeping in a
tent at night. I'll say so long and I
hope to hear from you soon

Your brother
George

A LETTER HOME

Camp Carson, August 1943

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Ann*

A quick pencil note before the fall maneuvers in Tennessee.

Dear Ann

How is everything Babe? I'm writing to you at last. I have no excuse for not writing except that there isn't anything to write about. I'm a regular sport and I don't take much time out for writing letters. Every night I either play baseball or practice playing. On weekends as soon as I'm free I go right to town.

We are supposed to go to Tennessee for maneuvers either the middle of September or the first of October. They are supposed to last a month and I don't know where we will end up after that.

The reason I'm writing with pencil is that I don't have time to hunt for my pen. I'm going to play ball again tonight in about a half hour.

Lillian wrote to me from Niagara Falls and said not to write that she would be home in a couple of weeks.

I got a letter from both Aunt Bea and Aunt Katherine. They told me that James McGlinn? was going in the Army. Is he in yet?

Well take it easy. I will write later. Don't worry if I don't drop you a line every week. This outfit I'm in is never going any place.

Best of Luck? George

Camp Carson, August 1943 · to Ann



CAMP CARSON, COLORADO

Dear Ann

How is everything Babe?
I'm writing to you at last.
I have no excuse for not writing
except that there isn't anything
to write about. I'm a regular sport
and I don't take much time out
for writing letters. Every night I
either play baseball or practice
playing. On weekends as soon as
I'm free I go right to town.

We are supposed to go to
Tennessee for maneuvers either the
middle of September or the beginning
of October. They are supposed to
last a month and I don't know
when we will end up after that.

The reason I'm writing with pencil is that I don't have time to hunt for my pen. I'm going to play ball again tonight in about a half hour.

Lillian wrote to me from Niagara Falls and said not to write that she would be home in a couple of weeks.

I got a letter from both Aunt Bea and Aunt Katherine. They told me that James McGinn was going in the Army. Is he in yet?

Well take it easy. I will write later. Don't worry if I don't drop you a line every week. This outfit I'm in is never going any place.

Best of Luck

George

A LETTER HOME

September 1943

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Marian*

Bound for month-long maneuvers in Tennessee.

Dear Marian

I know I haven't written to you for a couple of weeks but that is the way I am. As long as I am doing something every night and having a good time and getting a letter now and then I just let the letters accumulate with the intention of answering them later. When the letters stop coming in it comes to me that I am not writing any myself.

There is no chance at all of us moving right away. They don't keep us in suspense much any more. We have a schedule up on the Bulletin Board telling us what we are going to do weeks ahead.

September 1943 · to Marian

Either the middle of next month or the first of October we are going to Tennessee for a months maneuver. The first thing on the schedule is to walk two hundred miles in eight days carrying a full field pack. That sounds like a lot of walking but it is only twenty-five miles a day and we can easily do that now.

September 1943 · to Marian

I think I forgot to tell you about Slim. Do you remember me telling you about the guy I used to kid about not being in step marching and he missed the train going home on furlough? He came back from his furlough really crazy. They had to discharge him. He only got a seven day furlough and left the same day for his. That I did so he was already in the hospital (Goofy ward) when I got back. He didn't know any of the fellows in our gang and he kept asking where his mother and father were. An officer was standing outside a building and he stopped and saluted him about eight times right in a row.

September 1943 · to Marian

you'd be surprised at some of the fellows you meet in the Army. The other day we were having classes on how much dynamite to use in blowing up a bridge. It's only real simple arithmetic. A few though were taken aside all morning and still wound up not knowing a bit more than when they started. The Captain would ask one fellow what three times twelve was and would get an answer like seventeen. I never knew there were so many guys with no education at all.

Those pictures of all of us were really good. I'm starting a small art gallery. Some of the pictures of the fellows I'm with in camp I'll have to send home. I've got so many pictures now that they are a small load and we are going to have to carry all of our equipment around with us now. They took all of the trucks away from us and we have to hoof it every place we go. We were trained for mountain fighting. But now they split us up and the bunch I am in are for jungle fighting and trucks can't move around there. I'm glad I stayed with the eighty-ninth because the fellows that were transferred got mules. I would go to the guard house before I'd lead one of those stubborn jackasses around. So far I've hit it pretty lucky in the army.

Well I guess this is enough bull for one letter. I'll write again soon.

Brother George

September 1943 · to Marian

89th
Infantry



CAMP CARSON, COLORADO

Dear Marian

I know I haven't written to you for a couple of weeks but that is the way I am. As long as I am doing some thing every night and having a good time and getting a letter now and then I just set the letters aside with the intention of answering them later. When the letters stop coming in it comes to me that I am not writing any myself.

There is no chance at all of us moving right away. They don't keep us in suspense much any more. We have a schedule up on the Bulletin Board telling us what we are going to do weeks ahead.

Either the middle of next month or the first of October we are going to leave for a months maneuver. The first thing on the schedule is to walk two

hundred miles in eight days carrying
a full field pack. That sounds like a
lot of walking but it is only twenty-
five miles a day and we can easily do that
now.

I think I forgot to tell you about
Slim. Do you remember me telling you
about the guy I used to kid about not
being in step marching and he missed
the train going home on furlough? He
came back from his furlough really
crazy. They had to discharge him. He
only got a seven day furlough and left
the same day for his that I did so he was
already in the hospital (Goofy ward) when I
got back. He didn't know any of the fellows
in our gang and he kept asking where his
mother and father were. An officer was
standing outside a building and he stopped
~~and~~ saluted him about eight times right in
a row.

you'd be surprised at some of the
fellows you meet in the Army. The other



★ CAMP CARSON, COLORADO ★

day we were having classes on how much dynamite to use in blowing up a bridge. It's only real simple arithmetic. a few though were taken aside all morning and still wound up not knowing a bit more than when they started. The Captain would ask one fellow what three times twelve was and would get an answer like seventeen. I never knew there were so many guys with no education at all.

Those pictures of all of us were really good. I'm starting a small art gallery. Some of the pictures of the fellows I'm with in camp I'll have to send home. I've got so many pictures now that they are a small load and we are going to have to carry all of our equipment around with us now. They took all of the trucks away from us and we have to hoof it

every place we go. We were trained for
mountain fighting. But now they split
us up and the bunch I am in are for
jungle fighting and trucks can't move around
there. I'm glad I stayed with the eighty-
ninth because the fellows that were
transferred got mules. I would go to
the guard house before I'd lead one
of those stubborn jackasses around.
So far live but it pretty lucky in the
army.

Well I guess this is enough bull
for one letter. I'll write again soon.

Brother George

A LETTER HOME

Camp Carson, autumn 1943

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Marian*

The Air Corps turns him down; news of the battleship he helped build.

Dear Marian

How are you doing. you must be getting pretty sporty getting a new car. I guess you won't be able to use it for pleasure very often though. I wish the hell we could go over and put a stop to these rations.

The way things look though we won't be going very soon. I hate to have to think of myself being stuck out here with a years training and not being able to help any. I felt good when I found out about the South Dakota. That is the ship I worked on for two years. Did you read about it. I saw it in the movies, heard about it over the radio and read about it in the papers.

I failed for the Air Corp. I passed the written test and the physical. I was sure I made it but when I went for an interview before the board it was a different story. They couldn't understand why I hadn't advanced higher than a private with a years training. I couldn't give them a good reason so my papers came back not approved.

I am a pretty good friend of a seargeant that works in the office here. He is going to write to the air base and tell them that I have a perfect record and that there were no openings for ratings here. He told me that if they let me take the test over again to get a letter of recommendation from my company commander. Mrs. Throdle?, Father Doyle, and Joe Daley all gave me big build-ups in their letters.

I didn't see Bataan. The engineers do have it pretty tough in combat. We don't have it so bad here and I don't expect to go in combat for a long while yet. Tell Nick I thank him for wishing me luck. I guess I never will amount to anything but I'm going to try once more.

It will be quite a while before I get a furlough. We are going to go up in the mountains again for a week. It won't be much fun sleeping up there this time because we can see the snow up there now. I hope it isn't too deep. After that there are two groups leaving before I get my furlough. I might be just lucky enough to get mine at Christmas.

Gary really must be a card. Tell him I still love him. I like to see a boy that is a little ornery. I'm going to write to Alice tonight. I haven't heard from her for quite a while and I usually only write when I get a letter. Sometimes I don't even answer letters right away because I can't think of much to say.

Editorial note: one or more pages of this letter appear to be missing.

CAMP CARSON
CAMP CARSON, COLORADO

Dear Maxian

How are you doing. you must be getting pretty sporty getting a new car. I guess you won't be able to use it for pleasure very often though. I wish the hell we could go over and put a stop to these rations

The way things look though we won't be going very soon. I hate to have to think of myself being stuck out here with a years training and not being able to help any. I felt good when I found out about the South Dakota. That is the ship I worked on for two years. Did you read about it. I saw it in the movies, heard about it over the radio and read about it in the papers.

In George's hand

I failed for the Air Corp. I passed the written test and the Physical. I was sure I made it but when I went for an interview before the board it was a different story. They couldn't understand why I hadn't advanced higher than a private with a years training. I couldn't give them a good reason so my papers came back not approved.

I am a pretty good friend of a sergeant that works in the office here. He is going to write to the air base and tell them that I have a perfect record and that there were no openings for ratings here. He told me that if they let me take the test over again to get a letter of recommendation from my company commander. Mr. Shottle, Father Doyle, and Joe Daley all gave me big build-up letters.

CAMP CARSON
CAMP CARSON, COLORADO

I didn't see Barton. The engineers
do have it pretty tough in combat.
We don't have it so bad here and I
don't expect to go in combat for a long
while yet. Tell Nick I thank him
for wishing me luck. I guess I never
will amount to anything but I'm going
to try once more.

It will be quite a while before
I get a furlough. We are going to
go up in the mountains again for a
week. It won't be much fun sleeping
up there this time because we can
see the snow up there now. I hope
it isn't too deep. After that week there
are two groups leaving before I get
my furlough. I might be just lucky
enough to get mine at Christmas.

Gary really must be a card.

Tell him I still love him. I like to
see a boy that is a little sneaky. I'm
going to write to Alice tonight. I
haven't heard from her for quite a
while and I usually only write when
I get a letter. Sometimes I don't even
answer letters right away because I
can't think of much to say.

A LETTER HOME

November 1943

Camp Carson, Colorado *to Marian*

Still stuck at camp, chasing Aviation Cadet with a 128 test score.

Hi Babe

How is everything going? I'm still at Camp Carson and it looks as though I'm stuck here for the duration. We were going to Tennessee for maneuvers but now they tell us it has been postponed until February.

I don't know whether Sarah told you or not but I'm trying to make Aviation Cadet. When I first came in the Army I made 109 on my intelligence test. A score of 115 makes you eligible for Officers School or Cadet in Air Corp. I took a retest last week and made 128 so now I might get somewhere.

I needed three letters of recommendation. Father Doyle sent a swell letter and so did Joe Daley. Mr Shrostle? is supposed to send one so I will be all set to take the test. I put in my application so now I have to wait for them to call for me.

Bucky is lucky in being moved once in a while. He doesn't know what it is ~-[word]~ like to be stuck in one spot away from any excitement for a year.

If I do make the Aircorps I will still be in Colorado but closer to Denver. That shouldn't be so bad.

If you want a hot number to play pick it out of 6514. Every thing I do in the Army seems to have those four numbers in it. They are the last four numbers of my army serial number, my laundry number is 5416 and I've seen it a half dozen other places.

I don't know whether I will ever see that Dentist or not. The hospital is at the other end of camp about 2 miles away. I should try to get him to clean my teeth. They fix your teeth as soon as they go bad but they won't clean them

unless they are real bad. The Dentists are too busy.

How is Charles making out. I got a letter from the fellow I used to help. He told me that Charles has a big blonde helper that weighs about 310. Ask him if that is right. I'm checking up on him.

Well take it easy Sis. I'll write as soon as I can

George

November 1943 · to Marian

Hi Babe

How is everything going? I'm still at Camp Carson and it looks as though I'm stuck here for the duration. We were going to Tennessee for maneuvers but now they tell us it has been postponed until February.

I don't know whether Sarah told you or not but I'm trying to make Aviation Cadet. When I first came in the Army I made 108 on my intelligence test. A score of 115 makes you eligible for Officers School or Cadet in Air Corp. I took a retest last week and made 128 so now I might get somewhere.

I needed three letters of recommendation. Father Doyle sent a swell letter and so did Joe Daley. Mr. Shrestle is supposed to send me so I will be all set to take the test. I put in my application so now I have

to wait for them to call for me.

Bucky is lucky in being moved
once in a while. He doesn't know what
it is ~~like~~ ^{like} to be stuck in one spot
away from any excitement for a year.
If I do make the circospe I will still
be in Colorado but closer to Denver. That
shouldn't be so bad.

If you want a list numbers to play
pick it out of 6514. Every thing I do in
the Army seems to have those four numbers
in it. They are the last four numbers of
my Army serial number, my laundry number
is 5414 and I've seen it a half dozen other
places.

I don't know whether I will ever
see that Dentist or not. The hospital is
at the other end of camp about 2 miles
away. I should try to get him to clean
my teeth. They fix your teeth as soon as
they go bad but they won't clean them

3
unless they are real bad. The Dentists
are too busy.

How is Charles making out. I
got a letter from the fellow I need
to help. He told me that Charles has
a big blonde helper that weighs about
310. Ask him if that is right. I'm
checking up on him.

Well take it easy sis. I'll write
as soon as I can

George

LETTERS FROM

New York — Port of Embarkation

1943

A LETTER HOME

November 10, 1943

New York (port of embarkation area) to Ann

Out of Colorado at last — and he didn't make the Air Corps.

Dear Ann

How are you doing? Everything is fine here. I finally got out of Colorado. A full year in one place is an awful long time. I was getting awful tired of it.

I guess Sarah told you that I didn't make the Air Corps. I came close but not close enough.

Lillian was going to meet me in Colorado. She didn't know that I had moved. Sarah will let her know though.

I can't write very much now but I will drop you a line again soon

Take it Easy George

November 10, 1943 · to Ann

Dear Ann

How are you doing? Everything is fine here. I finally got out of Colorado. A full year in one place is an awful long time. I was getting awful tired of it.

I guess Sarah told you that I didn't make the air corps. I came close but not close enough.

Lillian was going to visit me in Colorado. She didn't know that I had moved. Sarah will let her know though.

I can't write very much

now but I will drop you a
line again soon

Take it Easy
George

George
N. 0000 TN

Geo. Butler 22366514
Co. B. 49th Combat Eng. Bn.
A.P.O. # 9029
% Postmaster
N.Y., N.Y.

Free

11/10/43

Anna Engler
138 Mt. Broadway
Camden, N.J.

PASSED BY
U 27171 S
ARMY EXAMINER

The envelope

A LETTER HOME

New York staging, Thanksgiving 1943

New York (port of embarkation) to Marian

*Thanksgiving turkey at the East-Coast staging camp, waiting
to ship out.*

Dear Marian

How are you doing? It has been quite a while since I have heard from you, in fact since I've heard from anyone. It will take some time for me to get my mail so don't wait until you hear from me before you write. I will try to write about once a week.

When I got as far as the East Coast I was hoping I would have a chance to get home again for a visit but it couldn't be done.

I'm feeling swell. One reason is because I just finished my Thanksgiving Dinner. Did you have turkey this year? That's what we had.

It feels good to be able to see something different for a change. I was hoping to be moved and it happened sooner than I expected. It makes you feel rotten to know that your friends are across seas fighting and you are stuck in one camp for a year.

Let me know how Nick and Gary are doing. Write as much as you can think of because there is very little that I can say about what is happening here.

Write soon Your brother George

New York staging, Thanksgiving 1943 · to Marian



UNITED STATES ARMY

November

Dear Marian

How are you doing? It has been quite a while since I have heard from you, in fact since I've heard from anyone. It will take some time for me to get my mail so don't wait until you hear from me before you write. I will try to write about once a week.

When I got as far as the East Coast I was hoping I would have a chance to get home again for a visit but it couldn't be done.

I'm feeling swell. One reason is because I just finished my Thanksgiving Dinner. Did you have Turkey this year? That's what we had.

It feels good to be able to see something different for a change. I

In George's hand



UNITED STATES ARMY

was hoping to be moved and it hap-
pened sooner than I expected. It
makes you feel rotten to know that
your friends are across seas fighting
and you are stuck in one camp for a
year.

Let me know how Mick and Gary
are doing. Write as much as you can
think of because there is very little
that I can say about what is happening
here.

write soon
Your brother
George

LETTERS FROM

North Africa

1943

A LETTER HOME

December 6, 1943

North Africa (in transit) *to Ann*

On the move “at the government’s expense” — a temporary address.

Dear Ann

How is everything going, Babe? I'm doing fine. You know I always was a sport, and now I am getting a chance to do a little travelling at the expense of the government.

Don't give me hell for not writing often now. I will write as much as I can but God knows how long it will take the letters to get to you after I write them.

There is very little that I can say that is not military information. You know I'm a little thick any way. You will get a V mail from me that is just a change of address. It doesn't mean anything except that it will be my permanent A.P.O. number. The one on the envelope now is only temporary.

Well I'll say so long for now. Give Charles and his family my regards. Tell Charles to enclose a couple of jokes when you write to me. He should know some.

Take it Easy Brother George

December 6, 1943 · to Ann

Dear Ann

How is everything going, Babe?
I'm doing fine. you know I
always was a sport, and now I
am getting a chance to do a little
travelling at the expense of the
government.

Don't give me hell for not
writing often now. I will write
as much as I can but God knows
how long it will take the letters
to get to you after I write them.

There is very little that I
can say that is not military infor-
mation. you know I'm a little
thick any way. you will get a
v mail from me that is just a

Change of address. It doesn't mean
anything except that it will be
my permanent A.P.O. number. The
one on the envelope now is only
temporary.

Well I'll say so long for now.
Give Charles and his family my
regards. Tell Charles to enclose a
couple of jokes when you write to
me. He should know some.

Take it Easy
Brother George

Post Geo Butler #32366514

Co. B. 49th Comb. Engr. Bn.

A. P. O. # 9029

c/o Postmaster

New York, N. Y.



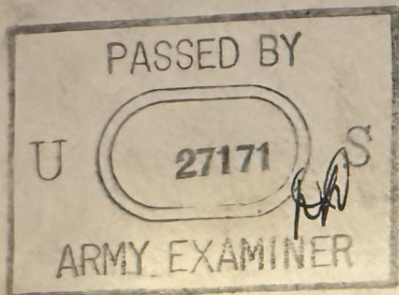
Free



Anna Engler

138 N. Broadway

Camden, N. J.



The envelope

A LETTER HOME

December 12, 1943

North Africa to Ann

*A V-mail from North Africa — a beautiful church, very strong
wine.*

Dear Ann

Just a few lines to let you know that everything is ok + also you will get it quicker. I am in North Africa.

I am doing fine. Last week I went to [?]. It is a fairly? good place.

I am not drinking very much because wine is about the only thing we can get and it is plenty powerful. I went to church here [—] don't think I have ever seen such a beautiful church. The singing was pretty too although I couldn't stand the words. None of the mass was in English but I followed it with my prayer book.

Give Charles my regards. I will write a letter

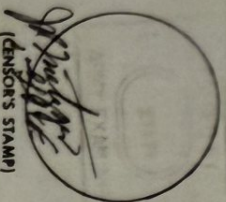
Your brother George

Soon.

December 12, 1943 · to Ann

1. (1) The recipient's address in plain block letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided. Use typewriter, dark ink, or penball. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.

No. _____



To
MRS. A. ENGLER
138 N. BROADWAY
CAMDEN, N. J.

From
Pvt GEO. PUTLER, 12445th
Co. B. 47TH ENGINEER REGT
% Postmaster, N.Y., N.Y.
DECEMBER 17, 1943
(Date)

Dear Ann

Just a few lines to let you know that
every thing is O.K. I am writing a 2nd mail hoping
you will get it quicker. I am in North Africa.

I am doing fine. Just wish I could be home.
It is a pretty good place.

I'm not drinking very much because wine
is about the only thing we can get and it is pretty
powerful. I went to church here Sunday and I
don't think I have ever seen such a beautiful church.
The singing was pretty too although I could not under-
stand the words. None of the men were in England
but I followed it with my prayer book.

Give Charles my regards. I will write a letter
soon.

your brother
George

In George's hand

LETTERS FROM
England

1943

A LETTER HOME

England, late December 1943

England *to Marian*

From England — interpreting for his Brooklyn buddies.

England, [Nov crossed out] Dec.

Sometimes I have to act as an interpreter between a couple of my buddies and the English. My friends use that Brooklyn slang and the Englishmen don't know what they are talking about. The other day we got a ride in an Englishman's Austin and my buddy asked the guy how much the car set him back instead of asking the price of the car. I had to tell him what he meant.

Since I started this letter I just got your Christmas card and a letter dated Nov. the thirteenth. Thanks a lot.

I will write again soon keep it up.

Your brother George

Editorial note: this short letter has its date heading and its signature, but begins mid-thought with no salutation — so only its opening appears to be missing.

England.

~~Nov~~ Dec.

Sometimes I have to act as an interpreter between a couple of my buddies and the English. My friends use that Brooklyn slang and the Englishmen don't know what they are talking about. The other day we got a ride in an Englishmans Austin and my Buddy asked the guy how much the car set him back instead of asking the price of the car. I had to tell him what he meant.

Since I started this letter I just got your Christmas card and a letter dated Nov. the thirteenth. Thanks a lot.

I will write again soon
Keep it up.
your brother
George

In George's hand

A LETTER HOME

January 21, 1944

England *to Ann*

Now in England, puzzling out pounds and shillings.

Hi Bebe

Just a few lines to let you know that everything is all right and to give you my new address. Some of the boys got mail today so I should hear from you soon. It was all V-mail and air mail though so if you can try to use this and I will get letters from you a lot quicker.

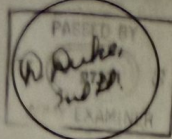
I am now in England. It's not bad being in a country where the people speak our language. If I can straighten out the value of their money everything will be swell. As it is now when I go in a store I hand the man a pound note and stick my hand out hoping he puts the right change there.

Write as soon as you can and make sure you get this address exactly as I have it.

Your brother George.

January 21, 1944 · to Ann

No.



CENSORS STAMP

MRS A. ENGLER
138 N. BROADWAY
CAMDEN, N.J.

2 JAN 1944

A.S.N. 32366M

PT GEORGE FOTLER

SENDER'S NAME

Co. E. 49TH ENGRS (C)

SENDER'S ADDRESS

A.P.O. 210 7/2 POSTOFFICE

JAN. 21, 1944

DATE

Hi Bebe

Just a few lines to let you know that everything is all right and to give you my new address. Some of the boys got mail today so I should hear from you soon. It was all v-mail and air mail though so if you can try to use this and I will get letters from you a lot quicker.

I am now in England. It's not bad being in a country where the people speak our language. If I can straighten out the value of their money everything will be sweet. As it is now when I go in a store I hand the man a pound note and stick my hand out hoping he puts the right change there.

Write as soon as you can and make sure you get this address exactly as I have it.

your brother
George

A LETTER HOME

January 28, 1944

England *to Marian*

His first overseas mail arrives; life in a six-man tent.

Jan 28, 1944

Dear Marian

I wrote you a letter yesterday but today I got my first letter from you so I am answering it right away. your letter, a letter from Nellie McCloskey and two from Sarah that I got today is the first mail I have recived. When some of the boys got mail yesterday and I didn't I almost blew my top but I am a happy boy today.

I haven't gotten any packages yet so I am afraid that the cookies will be spoiled. It is a damned shame but it can't be helped. We can get quite a bit of cake and candy here now. If you can get any 120 film for my camera I wish you would send it to me because I would like to take some pictures. I will send you a couple if I can get any film.

January 28, 1944 · to Marian

Your letter was dated January 4. Use either V-mail or air mail if you can because I will get that a lot faster. I didn't get your Christmas Card or the other V-mail that you mentioned yet. I haven't heard from Dot atget? yet either.

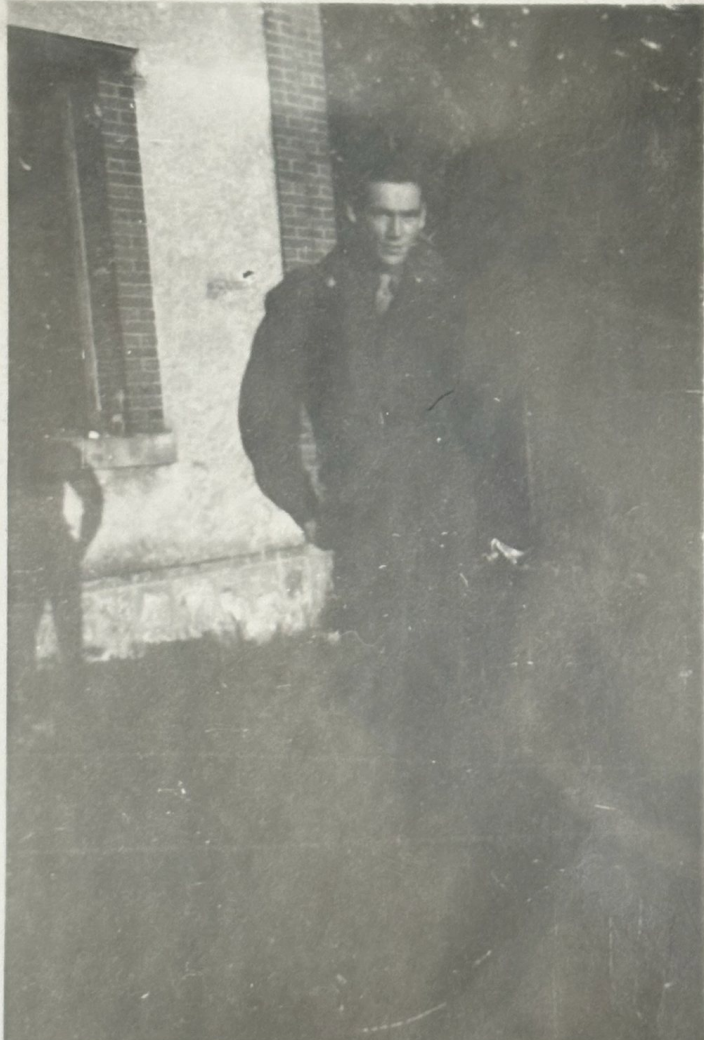
Some of the boys that are with me are the same ones that I have been with all the time. It isn't any problem to make friends in the army. When you live with fellows in close quarters the way we do, you know them better even than the ones you pal around with at nights home.

We sleep in six men tents with a big stove in the center. At nights we sit around and tell jokes or tell of things that happened when we were home. This may not seem very exciting but we have a lot of fun that way.

If I didn't answer any of your questions it might be on account of censorship.

Best of luck Your brother — George

January 28, 1944 · to Marian



A photograph from around this time
A soldier in a heavy overcoat against a brick corner in falling snow — the long wait overseas before D-Day.



UNITED STATES ARMY

Jan 28, 1944

Dear Maxian

I wrote you a letter yesterday but today I got my first letter from you so I am answering it right away. Your letter, a letter from Mellie Mc Closkey, and two from Sarah that I got today is the first mail I have received. When some of the boys got mail yesterday and I didn't I almost blew my top but I am a happy boy today.

I haven't gotten any packages yet so I am afraid that the cookies will be spoiled. It is a damned shame but it can't be helped. We can get quite a bit of cake and candy here now. If you can get any 127 film for my camera I wish you would send it to me because I would like to take some pictures. I will send you a couple if I can get any film. Your ^{mail} letter was dated January 4. Use either v-mail or air mail if you can because I will get that a lot faster. I didn't get your



UNITED STATES ARMY

Christmas card or the other v-mail that you mentioned yet. I haven't heard from Pvt Atget yet either.

Some of the boys that are with me are the same ones that I have been with all the time. It isn't any problem to make friends in the army. When you live with fellows in close quarters the way we do, you know them better even than the ones you pal around with at night home.

We sleep in six men tents with a big stove in the center. At nights we sit around and tell jokes or tell of things that happened when we were home. This may not seem very exciting but we have a lot of fun that way.

If I didn't answer any of your questions it might be on account of censorship.

Best of luck
your brother
George

In George's hand

A LETTER HOME

February 19, 1944

England *to Ann*

Valentines from home, and his sadly ruined wrist-watch.

Dear Ann Feb. 19

I have received quite a few letters from you lately. you said in one that you are writing every week so I checked on the dates they were sent and found you are right. I'm sorry to say that I am not writing that often but the army doesn't believe in giving us that much time off.

I think I have gotten all of your letters now up to Feb. 8. I got the valentines that you and Big Alice sent. I really got a kick out of hers. The packages still haven't arrived. When I do get them the stuff will probably be so hard it will need a chisel to separate it.

Tell Charles to send those jokes just the way they are. they don't need your censorship. you might clean them up so much that they wouldn't even be funny.

What is wrong with Florence. you said she was in the hospital but didn't mention what the trouble was. Let me in on some of the news around home. I would rather have you repeat yourself than to leave me in the dark. you asked about the wrist watch, I have it with me, but to tell you the truth I ruined it. The case didn't fit tight and a lot of dirt was getting in the watch. I tried to bend the case in shape and doing that I knocked a few teeth off the small gear and lost the second hand.

I did get Dottie Smiths letter before I left. I wrote to Lillian last week. I was afraid to write to her before because she didn't seem to stay in one place long enough for me to know where to write. I'd get one letter saying she was in Oklahoma, another telling about her being home at Christmas, and then she wrote herself.

I am still enjoying England. Of course I would rather be home but since there is a war going on I don't think I could have hit a better spot. Keep writing and I will try to do better

your brother George

February 19, 1944 · to Ann

Dear Ann

Feb. 19

I have received quite a few letters from you lately. you said in one that you are writing every week so I checked on the dates they were sent and found you are right. I'm sorry to say that I am not writing that often but the army doesn't believe in giving us that much time off.

I think I have gotten all of your letters now up to Feb. 8. I got the valentines that you and Big Alice sent. I really got a kick out of these. The packages still haven't arrived. When I do get them, the stuff will probably be so hard I will need a chisel to separate it.

Tell Charles to send those jokes
just the way they are. They don't need
your censorship. You might clean them
up so much that they wouldn't even
be funny.

What is wrong with Florence. You
said she was in the hospital but didn't
mention what the trouble was. Let me
in on some of the news around home.
I would rather have you repeat yourself
than to leave me in the dark. You asked
about the wrist watch, I have it with me,
but to tell you the truth I ruined it. The
case didn't fit tight and a lot of dirt was
getting in the watch. I tried to bend the case
in shape and doing that I knocked a few
teeth off the small gear and lost the second hand.

I did get Dottie Smith's letter before I left. I wrote to Lillian last week. I was afraid to write to her before because she didn't seem to stay in one place long enough for me to know where to write. I'd get one letter saying she was in Oklahoma, another telling about her being home at Christmas, and then she wrote herself.

I am still enjoying England. Of course I would rather be home but since there is a war going on I don't think I could have hit a better spot. Keep writing and I will try to do better.

your brother
George

A LETTER HOME

England, spring 1944

England *to Ann*

His watch runs again; hoping Bucky is posted somewhere nearby.

Dear Ann

I just got back from church and decided to drop you a few lines. Tell Sarah not to worry when I don't write every week. Lots of times I think I wrote only a couple of days ago and then find out it has been a couple of weeks. That goes for you too.

I'm glad to hear that Franny is working again and I hope it lasts. For a while I was afraid he would be in bed for a long while and that would really make it tough on Sarah and the children.

The watch is running again. I had almost gave up hopes of having it fixed but I was lucky enough to make connections. It keeps good time again and it didn't cost me hardly anything to have it fixed.

I'll drop Bucky a line. Maybe he is near here and I will have a chance to see him. I haven't heard from Lil for quite a while but she probably is home by now.

Everything is fine. I'll write again soon. Take it easy.

Your brother George

England, spring 1944 · to Ann

Dear Ann

I just got back from
church and decided to drop
you a few lines. Tell Sarah
not to worry when I don't write
every week. Lots of times I
think I wrote only a couple of
days ago and then find out it
has been a couple of weeks.
That goes for you too.

I'm glad to hear that Fanny
is working again and I hope
it lasts. For a while I was
afraid he would be in bed for
a long while and that would
really make it tough on Sarah

and the children.

The watch is running again. I had almost gave up hopes of having it fixed but I was lucky enough to make connections. It keeps good time again and it didn't cost me hardly anything to have it fixed.

I'll drop Bucky a line.

Maybe he is near here and I will have a chance to see him. I havent heard from Lil for quite a while but she probably is home by now.

Everything is fine. I'll write again soon. Take it easy.

Your brother

In George's hand

George

A LETTER HOME

March 20, 1944

England *to Ann*

A short note — still having a good time in England.

Dear Ann

Just a few lines to let you know that everything is all right. I got your letter sent the twenty sixth of February. Everything is about the same. I am still having quite a good time in England. I haven't seen Kelly yet but I will get around to it. Say hello to Charles for me and also his family. I will write to big Alice within the next couple of days. I'm getting quite a bit of mail now but it's never too much. I got the pillow that Sarah sent and I will send you a picture as soon as I take them.

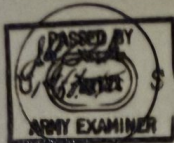
Best of luck
Your brother George

March 20, 1944 · to Ann



A photograph from around this time
Three soldiers by a brick building (light-leaked print).

No.



CENSORS STAMP

MRS. A. ENGLER
138 N. BROADWAY
CAMDEN, N. J.

32366514
PVT GEO. BUTLER
SENDER'S NAME
Co. B. 49th ENGRS (C)
SENDER'S ADDRESS
A.P.O. 230 1/2 P.M., N.Y. N.Y.
MARCH 20, 1944
DATE

Dear Ann

Just a few lines to let you know that everything is all right. I got your letter sent the twenty sixth of February. Everything is about the same. I am still having quite a good time in England. I haven't seen Kelly yet but I will get around to it. Say hello to Charles for me and also his family. I will write to big Alise within the next couple of days. I'm getting quite a bit of mail now but it's news too much. I got the films that Sarah sent so I will send you a picture as soon as I take them.

Best of Luck
your brother
George

A LETTER HOME

March 30, 1944

England to Marian

Thanks for the package; cold, foggy English weather.

Dear Marian

Just a few lines to let you know that I got your other package. The box was smashed a little but everything was there and in good shape. The candy was really good and I got the film too.

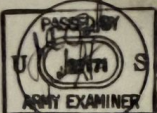
I still haven't gotten around to taking any pictures yet. I will take them the next time we have a nice sunny day. Lately it has been a little too cold and sometimes foggy.

Thanks a lot for everything, sis. I will write again soon. Give Nick and Gary my regards. Best of Luck
your brother George

March 30, 1944 · to Marian

PRINT AND TYPEWRITER OR PLAIN BLOCK LETTERS ON THE PANEL BELOW, AND YOUR RETURN ADDRESS IN THE SPACE PROVIDED. USE TYPEWRITER, DARK INK OR PENCIL. WRITE PLAINLY. VERY SMALL WRITING IS NOT SUITABLE.

No.



CENSORS STAMP

MRS. M. ROSEMONDO
332 KOSSUTH ST.
RIVERSIDE, N.J.

32366514
Pvt GED. BUTLER
SENDER'S NAME
Co. B. #9TH ENGRS (C)
SENDER'S ADDRESS
APO. 330 9/6 P.M., N.Y.
MARCH 30, 1944
DATE

Dear Marian

Just a few lines to let you know that I got your other package. The box was smashed a little but everything was there and in good shape. The candy was really good and I got the film too.

I still haven't gotten around to taking any pictures yet. I will take them the next time we have a nice sunny day. Lately it has been a little too cold and sometimes foggy.

Thanks a lot for everything, sis. I will write again soon. Give Nick and Gary my regards. Best of Luck

Your brother
George

A LETTER HOME

May 4, 1944

England to Marian

*Old movies from home; a basketball rival in “Guadalcanal
Diary.”*

England May 4, 1944

Dear Marian,

I hope you aren't shocked from receiving this letter. I've really slipped in writing and I apologize. I'm getting so wild lately that I haven't even been taking time out to write. I'll have to try to settle down and be a good boy for a while.

I've received a couple of letters from you since I wrote last. I got the rest of the packages too. No kidding those cookies I got from you weren't a bit stale, and the candy box wasn't smashed too bad. All of the candy was there.

[missing page(s)]

...I don't know whether I will be able to see Buskey or not. If I have a chance I will try though. It would be nice if we could meet.

The movies here in England can't be as far behind as I thought they were. Some pictures though that are playing are ones that I saw back in the states. Maybe they are playing here for the second time!

I didn't see Kenny Frayes? in Guadalcanal Diary. Either I just didn't recognize him or that particular part had been cut out. I used to play basketball against him at the Willingboro Y.M.C.A.

I haven't any pictures to send you and if you go to Sarah's house you will see why. I used up half of the film and still didn't get a good picture of myself. Maybe I will have better results later. If not I will get some taken at a photographer's.

May 4, 1944 · to Marian

Well Marian write as often as you can and I will see that I do better from now on. I hope the Army doesn't grab Nick. I doubt if they will with him having a family and his trade. Best of luck

Your brother George

Editorial note: one or more pages of this letter appear to be missing.

May 4, 1944 · to Marian

England
May 4, 1944

Dear Marian

I hope you aren't shocked from receiving this letter. I've really slipped in writing and I apologize. I'm getting so wild lately that I haven't even been taking time out to write. I'll have to try to settle down and be a good boy for a while.

I've received a couple of letters from you since I wrote last. I got the rest of the packages too. No kidding those cookies I got from you weren't a bit stale, and the Candy box wasn't smashed too bad. All of the candy was there.

I don't know whether I will
be able to see Busby or not. If
I have a chance I will try though.
It would be nice if we could
meet.

The movies here in England
can't be as far behind as I
thought they were. Some pictures
though that are playing are ones
that I saw back in the states.
Maybe they are playing here for
the second time.

I didn't see Kenny Frazier
in Guadalcanal Diary. Either I
just didn't recognize him or
that particular part had been
cut out. I used to play basket-
ball against him at the Willing-
boro W. M. C. A.

I havent any pictures to
send you and if you go to Sarahs
house you will see why. I used
up half of the film and still
didnt get a good picture of my-
self. Maybe I will have better
results later. If not I will
get some taken at a photographers.

Will Maxian write as often
as you can and I will see
that I do better from now on.
I hope the Army doesnt grab
Nick. I doubt if they will with
him having a family and his
trade. Best of Luck

your brother
George

LETTERS FROM

France

1944

A LETTER HOME

June 19, 1944

France to Ann

Now in France — and bragging about the South Dakota.

Hello Ann,

How is everything going? I'm now in France. There isn't much to say but I am feeling swell and doing all right.

I got your card that you sent from New York and a booklet about the South Dakota and a note from Charles. Tell Charlie I read that booklet and it was really interesting. I showed it to the fellows in my gang and did a lot of bragging about that boat.

Don't worry if you don't hear from me very often. I don't have too much time for writing. I will write to Sarah every time I have a chance and she can let you know how I'm doing.

Your brother George

June 19, 1944 · to Ann

No.



CENSORS STAMP

MRS. A. ENGLER
138 N. BROADWAY
CAMDEN, N. J.

32366514

PVT. GEO. BUTLER
SENDER'S NAME
Co. B. 49TH ENGR. (C)
SENDER'S ADDRESS
A.P.O. 230 9/0 PM, N.Y.N.Y.
JUNE 19, 1944
DATE

Hello Ann

How is everything going? I'm now in France. There isn't much to say but I am feeling swell and doing all right.

I got your card that you sent from New York and a booklet about the South Dakota and a note from Charles. Tell Charlie I read that booklet and it was really interesting. I showed it to the fellows in my gang and did a lot of bragging about that book.

In George's hand

Charlie I read that booklet and it was
really interesting. I showed it to the fellows
in my gang and did a lot of bragging about
that boat.

Dont worry if you dont hear from
me very often. I dont have too much time
for writing. I will write to Sarah every
time I have a chance and she can let you
know how cin doing.

Yours brother
George

V.-MAIL

A LETTER HOME

July 5, 1944

France to Ann

The Fourth in France, where the “fireworks” were artillery.

Dear Ann

How are you making out? I haven't had a letter from you for quite a while but I received the package that you sent me. It had the socks, candy, and things in it. Thanks a lot.

Everything is about the same here. I am still in France waiting for this war to end. Yesterday was the fourth but it was a little different than the ones I remember at home. I saw some fireworks but it wasn't the firecrackers, it was our artillery giving the Germans hell.

For the past few days it has been raining pretty steadily but today the sun peeked out and it looks like a pretty good day. Give Charles and his family very regards and write as soon as you can.

your brother George

July 5, 1944 · to Ann



A photograph from around this time
George perched on the fender of a requisitioned 1930s sedan, bumper marked '333 E.' Summer, leafy — somewhere in France.

No.



MRS A. ENGLER
138 N. BROADWAY
CAMDEN, N. J.

#32366574
PUT GEO. BUTLER
SENDER'S NAME
CO. B, 49TH ENGRS (C)
SENDER'S ADDRESS
A.P.O. 220 % Pm, N.Y., N.Y.
JULY 5, 1944
DATE

Dear Ann

How are you making out? I haven't had a letter from you for quite a while but I received the package that you sent me it had the socks, candy, and things in it. Thanks a lot.

Everything is about the same here. I am still in France waiting for this war to end. yesterday was the fourth but it was a little different than the ones I remember at home. I saw some fireworks but it wasn't the firecrackers, it was our artillery giving the Germans hell.

For the past few days it has been raining pretty steadily but today the sun peeked out and it looks like a pretty good day. Give Charles and his family my regards and write as soon as you can

your brother
George

V-MAIL

In George's hand

A LETTER HOME

August 24, 1944

France *to Marian*

Cider-pouring crowds welcome the advance; learning French.

Aug. 24, 1944

Dear Marian

I just got two letters from you yesterday that were really welcome. Last week I wrote you a letter that probably didn't sound any too good. When I received these letters from you yesterday I was ashamed of myself for even writing it.

The thing that happened was that mail call went by for over a week and I didn't get a single letter. Every day after mail comes in we ask one another how many letters did you get today. I was getting so tired of saying none that I didn't even feel like answering anyone. It was my own fault because I could have probably written more often than I did.

You mentioned in your letters about entertainments that are over here. Well so far the only one I have seen was

[MISSING PAGE]

Do you remember asking me how long I have been here? Well I have been here since the first day but I'm not close to the front lines now. I haven't been having it bad at all.

Will you send me some cigarettes? Luckies preferred. They give us some cigarettes but the rations don't always come in on time and lots of times I'm short. If you can get some candy that would be all the better.

These French people are swell. The further inland we go the happier the people seem. When we go through towns all the people are out in the streets waving at us and lots of the women have a ~large?~ pitcher of cider and a glass in their hands so they can give us a drink if the trucks stop for a while.

I'm learning to speak French as fast as I can. So far I'm doing pretty good. I know how to exchange greetings, ask for things I need and say a few words but I get stuck if they want to carry on a conversation. Maybe if I get a pass to Paris after things are straightened out I will be able to talk pretty good.

Well I guess that is about all. This writing is terrible but this pen won't hold ink and I have to keep dipping it. Tell Nick and Gary I send my best wishes and love.

Best of Luck your brother George

Editorial note: one or more pages of this letter appear to be missing.



A photograph from around this time

George in field jacket and overseas cap before a bank of hay. Mailed home and cleared by the Army censor (see the back).

Dear Maxian

Aug. 24, 1944

I just got two letters from you yesterday that were really welcome. Last week I wrote you a letter that probably didn't sound any too good. When I received these letters from you yesterday I was ashamed of myself for even writing it.

The thing that happened was that mail call went by for over a week and I didn't get a single letter. Every day after mail comes in we ask one another how many letters did you get today. I was getting so tired of saying none that I didn't even feel like answering anyone. It was my own fault because I could have probably written more often than I did.

You mentioned in your letters about entertainers that are over here. Well so far the only one I have seen was

Do you remember asking me
how long I have been here? Well
I have been here since the first
day but I'm not close to the front
since now. I haven't been having
it bad at all.

Will you send me some cigarettes?
Luckies preferred. They give us some
cigarettes but the rations don't always
come in on time and lots of times I'm
short. If you can get some candy that
would be all the better.

These French people are swell.
The further inland we go the happier
the people seem. When we go through
towns all the people are out in the
streets waving at us and lots of
the women have a ~~pitcher~~ pitcher of
cider and a glass in their hands so
they can give us a drink if the trucks
stop for a while.

I'm learning to speak French
as fast as I can. In George's hand

pretty good. I know how to
exchange greetings, ask for things
I need and say a few words but
I get stuck if they want to carry
on a conversation. maybe if I get
a pass to Paris after things are
straightened out I will be able
to talk pretty good.

Well I guess that is about
all. This writing is terrible but
this pen won't hold ink and I have
to keep dipping it. Tell Nick and
Gary I send my best wishes and
love.

Best of Luck
your brother
George

A LETTER HOME

September 4, 1944

mainland Europe (France or Belgium) to Marian

Eating outdoors and dodging yellow-jackets as censorship eases.

Sept 4, 1944

Dear Marian

I just received another letter from you dated August 16. That was the third one in a little over a week. Not bad. I'm just about the same as usual. Still just as goofy as ever and it doesn't look as though it'll ever improve.

September 4, 1944 · to Marian

I had to laugh when I read in your letter about the mosquitoes chasing you away from the shore although I know it wasn't funny to you then. Here the yellow jackets are about as thick as flies used to be in the kitchen at home on a hot summer day. The only time they really bother me though is at meal time. Naturally we eat outdoors and I had to work out a system to keep? from swallowing the bugs. When I have a forkful of food all ready I fan the air between the fork and my mouth, knocking the bugs away and chew the food in a hurry and close my teeth[.] It works out pretty good.

September 4, 1944 · to Marian

Ask me as many questions as you can think of because I probably can answer them. The censorship isn't as strict here as it was in some of the other places. The reason I don't write such long letters is that I figure you wouldn't be interested in some of the things I would write about.

I do still have my camera but I ruined? the film that I had. Last week I was supposed to get some pictures that were being developed but instead I got back a note to check the films at camera. I knew what was wrong because I let the film stay [cut off — continues on missing page(s)]

Editorial note: this is the first page only — it breaks off mid-sentence ("I let the film stay...") and the rest of the letter is missing.



A photograph from around this time
George (right) with two others sitting in a hayfield. Also censor-stamped on the back — same examiner, likely the same envelope home.

Sept 4, 1944

Dear Marie

I just received another letter from you dated August 16. That was the third one in a little over a week. Not bad. I'm just about the same as usual. Still just as goofy as ever and it doesn't look as though old ears improve.

I had to laugh when I read in your letter about the mosquitoes chasing you away from the shore although I know it wasn't funny to you then. Here the yellow jackets are about as thick as flies used to be in the kitchen at home on a hot summer day. The only time they really bother me though is at meal time. Naturally we eat outdoors and I had to work out a system to keep from swallowing the bugs. When I have a forkful of food all ready I fan the air between the fork and my mouth, knocking the bugs away and shove the food in a hurry and close my teeth. It works out pretty good.

Ask me as many questions as you can think of because I probably can answer them. The censorship isn't as strict here as it was in some of the other places. The reason I don't write such long letters is that I figure you wouldn't be interested in some of the things I would write about.

I do still have my camera but I ruined the film that I had. Last week I was supposed to get some pictures that were being developed but instead I got back a note to check the films or camera. I knew what was wrong because I let the film stay

LETTERS FROM

Belgium

1944

A LETTER HOME

September 21, 1944

Belgium to Marian

Now in Belgium — a USO show, and Bing Crosby is around.

Sept 21, 1944

Dear Marian

This will probably be a surprise to you because I am writing a letter to you, not just answering one. I haven't received a letter from you this week but I thought I'd write anyhow.

I've been receiving quite a bit of mail lately so that is the reason my morale is so high. I wonder if the reason for getting so much mail lately has anything to do with me writing more often myself now.

I am now in Belgium. It doesn't seem much different then France. Most of the people here speak French but I seem to run into more people here that can speak a little English. This is another country that I can tell my grandchildren about. I think I should write a little story of my travels and memories it, so that when I am old I'll have it all down pat.

I saw a pretty good U.S.O. show last week. There were no big names in it but still it was a good show. They had it in town and a lot of civilians were there to see it. The movie house was full but when a soldier came in and couldn't find a seat the civilians jumped up and offered him a seat. They really respect a soldier here. Bing Crosby is supposed to be around somewhere but I haven't seen him yet.

I think it was you that asked to send me cigarettes. I just read where there is a shortage of smokes at home too so just forget about them. I usually don't forget about things like that until a long while afterwards.

Best of luck to you, Gary, and Nick.

Your brother George

September 21, 1944 · to Marian



A photograph from around this time
Three soldiers under leafy ivy (faded print) — summer foliage, overseas.

Sept 21, 1944

Dear Marian

This will probably be a surprise to you because I am writing a letter to you, not just answering one. I haven't received a letter from you this week but I thought I'd write anyhow.

I've been receiving quite a bit of mail lately so that is the reason my morale is so high. I wonder if the reason for getting so much mail lately has anything to do with me writing more often myself now.

I am now in Belgium. It doesn't seem much different than France. Most of the people here speak French but I seem to run into more people here that can speak a little English. This is another country that I can tell my grand children about. I think I should write a little story of my travels and memories of it so that when I

am old I'll have it all down pat.

I saw a pretty good U.S.O. show last week. There were no big names in it but still it was a good show. They had it in town and a lot of civilians were there to see it. The movie house was full but when a soldier came in and couldn't find a seat the civilians jumped up and offered him a seat. They really respect a soldier here. Ring Crosby is supposed to be around somewhere but I haven't seen him yet.

I think it was you that I asked to send me cigarettes. I just read where there is a shortage of smokes at home too so just forget about them. I usually don't find out about things like that until a long while afterwards.

Best of Luck to you, Gary, and
Nick

your brother
George

A LETTER HOME

September 27, 1944

Belgium to Marian

Ink-blotched lines from rainy Belgium; a glimpse of Paris.

Sept 27, 1944

Dear [?]

I got [?] [?] from the Governor Clinton the other d[ay]. I see that you have been doing a little sporting again. Your letter was mailed the twenty s[ix]th of August so it took just about a month to get here.

Everything is about the same at this end of the line. I am still in Belgium. It has be[en] [rain]ing here all week. Today is reall[y] the nicest? clear day we have had. That [?] [?] didn't answer your lett[er] [?] [w]ould try to write but con[?] [?] dry spot. Everything is muddy.

I didn't get your pen yet but I will be glad when I do. Everytime I want to write I try to find someone that has a pen and isn't writing them?. Half of the time I can't find on[e] [?] pencil.

[?] what I wanted you to send [?] Marge. you can send me some writing? [?]et or cigarettes if you can get them. I hear so much about different things I've? [men]tioned that I don't know what? [?]

[?] before that I saw Paris. I[t] [look]ed good but I didn't have a chance to stay around long enough to really see the place. Maybe before I get back home I'll be able to see it better.

Just as you said, there isn't a thing to write about so I will have to close. Best of luck to you and Charles.

your brother George

September 27, 1944 · to Marian



A photograph from around this time
Two engineers on a dirt road, one with a shovel, a hilltop village beyond — road work in the European countryside.

Sept 27 1944

Dear

I got your letter from the Governor Clinton the other day. I see that you have been doing a little sporting again. Your letter was mailed the twenty sixth of August so it took just about a month to get here.

Everything is about the same at this end of the line. I am still in Belgium. It has been raining here all week. Today is really a clear day we have had. That is why I didn't answer your letter. I would try to write but couldn't find a dry spot. Everything is muddy.

I didn't get your pen yet but I will be glad when I do. Everytime I want to write I try to find someone that has a pen and isn't writing the other half of the time I can't find one with a pencil.

I don't know what I wanted you to send me. Matge. you can send me some writing paper or cigarettes if you can get them. I hear so much about different

things being mentioned that I don't know
what to

I was in Paris before that I saw
Paris. It really looked good but I didn't
have a chance to stay around long enough
to really see the place. Maybe before I
get back home I'll be able to see it better.

Just as you said, there isn't a thing
to write about so I will have to close.
Best of luck to you and Charles.

your brother
George

A LETTER HOME

October 19, 1944

Belgium to Marian

Belgian rain and mud; the locals guess he's over thirty.

Oct 19, 1944 Belgium

Dear Marian

I just got your letter today that was sent the fourth of this month and was glad to hear from you. For a few days now I have had a lot of time to write letters but mail hasn't been coming in so I couldn't think of anything to write about.

That wasn't me in that picture you sent. I don't think my picture could be in the paper because I only remember once when a photographer was snapping us in action. At that time we were building a bridge across a river. I didn't even know that they took it until they were leaving so I probably had my back to the camera then.

We have seen plenty of rain and mud. In the past couple of these? months now I only remember two clear days and I think it rained a little at night.

I didn't get your package yet but I guess I will soon. I'll let you know how it is as soon as I receive it. Yesterday I got two packages, one was from Sarah and the other was a pen and things from Anna. Both packages were in good shape.

You said that the only thing you could send in a Christmas package would be food and cigarettes. What more do you think I would want. The army gives us enough to eat here. There just isn't hardly any variety and I miss a little snack at nights when I'm not doing anything. You sisters have been spoiling me by sending so much.

October 19, 1944 · to Marian

I hope that the big party you were talking about isn't too far away. Even if this war does end pretty soon I doubt if Buckey and I will be able to get home for quite a while afterwards. When I do get home I know none of the girls will have anything to do with me because I'll look like an old man. The people here now guess my age as over thirty. I must really be slipping.

I still feel good though and have quite a bit of fun even though conditions aren't too good. The people here speak French and now I can speak just about enough to get by on. By the time I get this language down pat they will have me some place where they talk some different lingo.

Lots of things here amuse me. The women carry two pails of milk at a time. They have a curved board that fits on their shoulders with the buckets of milk tied on the ends. The men usually just walk along side empty handed. I guess he gives her hell if she spills a little.

I'll have to close now. Best of luck to you, Nick, and Gary.

Your brother George

October 19, 1944 · to Marian



A photograph from around this time

George (far left) with his engineer squad and their shovels, a European farmhouse behind — exactly the road-and-bridge work the letters describe. In a letter from this stretch George mentions a photographer snapping them building a bridge.

Oct. 18, 1944
Belgium

Dear Marian

I just got your letter today that was sent the fourth of this month and was glad to hear from you. For a few days now I have had a lot of time to write letters but mail hasn't been coming in so I couldn't think of anything to write about.

That wasn't me in that picture you sent. I don't think my picture could be in the paper because I only remember once when a photographer was snapping us in action. At that time we were building a bridge across a river. I didn't even know that they took it until they were leaving so I probably had my back to the camera then.

We have seen plenty of rain and mud. In the past couple of ^{months} days now I only remember two clear days and I think it rained a little at night.

I didn't get your package yet but I guess I will soon. I'll let you know how it is as soon as I receive it. yesterday I got two packages, one was from Sarah and the other was a pen and things from Anna. Both packages were in good shape.

you said that the only thing you could send in a Christmas package would be food and cigarettes. What more do you think I would want. The army gives us enough to eat here. There just isn't hardly any variety and I miss a little snack at nights when I'm not doing anything. your sisters have been spoiling me by sending so much.

I hope that the big party you were talking about isn't too far away. even if this war does end pretty soon I doubt if Bucky and I will be able to get home for quite a while afterwards. In George's hand get home I

know none of the girls will have anything to do with me because I'll look like an old man. The people here now guess my age as over thirty. I must really be slipping.

I still feel good though and have quite a bit of fun even though conditions aren't too good. The people here speak French and now I can speak just about enough to get by on. By the time I get this language down pat they will have me some place where they talk some different lingo.

Lots of things here amuse me. The women carry two pails of milk at a time. They have a curved board that fits on their shoulders with the buckets of milk tied on the ends. The men usually just walk along side empty handed. I guess he gives her hell if she spills a little.

All have to close now. Best of luck to you, Nick, and Gasy your brother
George

A LETTER HOME

November 16, 1944

Belgium to Marian

A heated billet with the comforts of home; Dinah Shore.

Nov. 16, 1944

Dear Marian,

I received your letter today that was written the second of this month and yesterday I got your package. Your package was in the best shape of any that I have received yet. The soap didn't spoil any of it. The package contained fine packs of Luckies, the sweetest soap, candy and Italian Cookies. Everything was fresh and in good shape. Thanks a million.

I knew Dot Atget[?] joined the waves but I didn't know that she broke off with her boyfriend or that he was missing in action.

I was glad to see that Roosevelt got re-elected. He always was tops in my eyes. I expected him to walk away with it too. I was so sure that you at home wouldn't change Presidents that I didn't even vote.

There hasn't been any big name stars here that I have seen since Dinah Shore. I'm seeing plenty of U.S.O. shows. Now I am living inside a building with heat and everything, almost all of the comforts of home. Sometimes I don't even realize that the war is going on.

There is nothing to write about so I will close now but promise to write more often from now on. Give my love to Franny and the children.

Your brother George

November 16, 1944 · to Marian



A photograph from around this time
George (left) and another engineer with their tools in bare-tree winter country.

Nov. 16/1944

Dear Marian

I received your letter today that was written the second of this month and yesterday I got your package. Your package was in the best shape of any that I have received yet. The soap didn't affect any of it. The package contained five packages of Luickies, the sweetest soap, Candy and Italian Cookies. Everything was fresh and in good shape. Thanks a million.

I knew Det Atzert joined the waves but I didn't know that she broke off with her boyfriend or that he was missing in action.

I was glad to see that Roosevelt got re-elected. He always was tops in my eyes. I expected him to walk away with it too. I was so sure that you at home wouldn't change Presidents that I didn't even vote.

There hasn't been any big name stars here that I have seen since Dutch Shore. I'm seeing plenty of U.S.O. shows

pit. Now I am living inside a
building with heat and everything.
Almost all of the comforts of home.
Sometimes I don't even realize that
the war is going on.

There is nothing to write about
so I will close now but promise
to write more often from now on
Give my love to Fanny and the
children

your brother
George

A LETTER HOME

December 17, 1944

Belgium to Marian

Marlene Dietrich in person; the gang chips in for a radio.

Belgium Dec 17, 1944

Dear Marian

I received a letter from you sent the fourteenth of November. It was the one that you enclosed the column from the record. It was pretty good.

We have been kept pretty busy in fact we work every hour of daylight that there is. I do have time to do more writing than I do though but living in a town I just can't get started writing.

December 17, 1944 · to Marian

There are movies too close and a Red Cross club that serves coffee and doughnuts so I don't stay in one spot very long. Once in a while I go to a movie where they have American actresses and actors but the talking is in French. I get a kick out of seeing that most of the time though I go to regular American pictures. Last night I saw William Bendix in *Abroad with two Yanks*. I don't know how old that picture is but I enjoyed it. He's one of my favorite actors.

I saw Marlene Dietrich in person too last week. She looked a lot younger than I expected her too. I don't know, if you ever heard her try to sing or not but she tried here and it was awful. It was a pretty good show though.

Our gang chipped in and bought a radio, so now we get a little music and hear the news up to date. I've been listening to the hit parade too so I'll catch up on the songs that are popular back in the states. This thing will have to end some time and I don't want to be too far behind the times when I get back.

There is not much to write about now. I am so far in back of the lines now that I hardly know a war is going on.

Give my love to Gary and Nick. I hope to hear from you again soon. I will try to write more often.

Lots of luck — your brother George

December 17, 1944 · to Marian

Belgium
Dec 17, 1944

Dear Maxian

I received a letter from you sent the fourteenth of November. It was the one that you enclosed the column from the record. It was pretty good.

We have been kept pretty busy in fact we work every hour of daylight that there is. I do have time to do more writing than I do though but living in a town I just can't get started writing.

There are movies too close and a Red Cross club that serves coffee and doughnuts so I don't stay in one spot very long. Once in a while I go to a movie where they have American actresses and actors but the talking is in French. I get a kick out of seeing that

most of the time though I go
to regular American pictures.
Last night I saw William Bendix
in Abroad with two yanks. I
don't know how old that picture
is but I enjoyed it. He is one of
my favorite actors.

I saw Maslene Dietrich
in person too last week. She
looked a lot younger than I
expected her to. I don't know
if you ever heard her try to sing
or not but she tried here and
it was awful. It was a pretty
good show though.

Our gang chipped in and
bought a radio, so now we
get a little music and hear the
news up to date. I've been listening
to the hit parade too so I'll catch
up on the songs that are pop-
ular back in the states. This
thing will be out of some

time and I don't want to be
too far behind the times when
I get back.

There is not much to write
about now. I am so far in
back of the lines now that
I hardly know a war is going
on.

Give my love to Gasy and
Nick. I hope to hear from
you again soon. I will try
to write more often.

Lots of Love
your brother
George

A LETTER HOME

January 23, 1945

Belgium to Marian

Mail floods in; a cold Christmas on guard, all of Normandy on foot.

Belgium Jan. 23, 1945

Dear Marian

The other day I received two letters from you and your Christmas card. That day I got about fourteen letters, two packages and some Christmas cards. All of my mail seemed to come in at once, what a day. I got that Christmas tree card to that day. That was all right. All of the fellows in our squad looked at it and thought that it was really clever.

January 23, 1945 · to Marian

I'm sorry about not writing more than I have been. I feel like a heel when I get letters saying I have not heard from you for a month. I know that you worry when you don't hear from me for a long while. It's not that I'm just too lazy to write. I can't explain it to you but lately I've been in some tight places where I couldn't write. As soon as we get a short rest I get cleaned up and write but we haven't been getting hardly any time off at all.

The last time I wrote to you I think was right after Christmas. It probably sounded more like a sob story than a letter. At that time I wasn't in such a good mood because I was on a lonely guard? post and eating canned rations. We didn't get our Christmas turkey until after New Years.

The day before Christmas I got two packages. One was a fruit cake from John's wife and the other was the package from Alice and Ruth? and [?]

[page 2]

that little surprise. Maybe that didn't come in handy. We were living in a forest and it was cold as hell.

Tommy Coleman saw me over here but I never saw him. We were working at a place where he is stationed for quite a while. He saw me a couple of times but wasn't sure it was me so he didn't stop me. After we moved out he asked a fellow from my outfit about me but it was too late then so he left his address for me.

I am all stacked up on cigarettes now. I got most of them from you sisters at Christmas. They were really appreciated. For a while we couldn't get any at all but now even the Army is giving them to us regular. At one time there was only one fellow out of fourteen of us that had a pack of cigarettes. We all got a couple of drags out of each cigarette he lit. They caught a couple of soldiers in Paris that were in the black market selling butts that were supposed to come to us. That is probably the main reason we weren't getting any. You won't have to send me any more because I'll have enough for the duration.

January 23, 1945 · to Marian

(I wish you would send me some of those cookies that Nick's mother made.) Before I took a long while for them to get here but they were still in swell shape. I don't believe they aged at all, you know how much I like them.

That cartoon you sent about sad sacks getting a V-mail? was good. That is just about true too. I don't exactly hate them [but it's] better than no

[page 3]

mail at all but we call them de-hydrated letters. We eat de-hydrated potatoes, milk, and eggs.

You asked me about Normandy. Well I was all through there. I believe I saw just about every city and town in Normandy. Most of it was on foot too so I know that place just like I know the towns near home.

Well Marian, this is about all I can think of so I'll close now. Write as often as you can. I'll write as often as I can but I don't promise that it will be very often.

Best of Luck to You, Nick and Gay.

Your brother George

January 23, 1945 · to Marian

Belgium
Jan. 23, 1945

Dear Marian

The other day I received two letters from you and your Christmas card. That day I got about fourteen letters, two packages, and some Christmas cards. All of my mail seemed to come in at once. What a day. I got that Christmas tree card to that day. That was all right. All of the fellows in our squad looked at it and thought that it was really clever.

I'm sorry about not writing more than I have been. I feel like a heel when I get letters saying I have not heard from you for a month. I know that you worry when you don't hear from me for a long while. It's not that I'm just too lazy to write. I can't explain it to you but lately I've been in some tight places where I couldn't write. As soon as we get a short rest I get cleaned up and write but we haven't been getting hardly any time off at all.

The last time I wrote to you I think was right after Christmas. It probably sounded more like a sob story than a letter. At that time I wasn't in such a good mood because I was on a lonely guard post and eating canned rations. We didn't get our Christmas turkey until after New Year's.

The day before Christmas I got two packages. One was a fruit cake from John's wife and the other was the package from [unclear] and Bill [unclear].

that little surprise, maybe that didn't
im handy. We were living in a forest and it was
cold as hell.

Tommy Coleman saw me over here but I never
saw him. We were working at a place where he
is stationed for quite a while. He saw me a couple
of times but wasn't sure it was me so he didn't stop
me. After we moved out he asked a fellow from my
outfit about me but it was too late then so he left
his address for me.

I am all stacked up on cigarettes now. I got
most of them from you sisters at Christmas. They
were really appreciated. For a while we couldn't
get any at all but now even the Army is giving them
to us regular. At one time there was only one fellow
out of fourteen of us that had a pack of cigarettes.
We all got a couple of drags out of each cigarette he
lit. They caught a couple of soldiers in Paris that
were in the black market selling butts that were
supposed to come to us. That is probably the main
reason we weren't getting any. You won't have to send
me any more because I'll have enough for the duration.

(I wish you would send me some of those
cookies that Mickie's mother makes. Before I took
a long while for them to get here but they were
still in swell shape. I don't believe they spoil
at all. You know how much I like them.)

That cartoon you sent about Sad Sack getting
a drink was good. That is just about true too.
I don't exactly hate In George's hand

mail at all but we call them de-hydrated letters.
We eat de-hydrated potatoes, milk, and eggs.

You asked me about Normandy. Well I was
all through there. I believe I saw just about every
city and town in Normandy. Most of it was on foot
too so I know that place just like I know the
towns near home.

Well Marian, this is about all I can think of
so I'll close now. Write as often as you can. I'll
write as often as I can but I don't promise that
it will be very often.

Best of Luck to you,
Nick and Gary.

Your brother
George

88.1
0.4

LETTERS FROM

Germany

1945

A LETTER HOME

February 6, 1945

Germany to Marian

Writing by a homemade oil lamp; a hot shower after two months.

Germany February 6

Dear Marian

I received two letters from you yesterday, they were dated the second and twelfth of January. It might have been true about a lot of mail being lost but I don't very much if any of mine was. The letters didn't always get here very quick but they were dated at almost regular intervals so I believe it was delayed by the Christmas rush. I don't think enemy action slowed it down, the Heinies probably know better than to fool with my mail.

I received your other Christmas package too. Thanks a lot. It contained two boxes of cookies one of them was cocktail crackers, candy, and cigarettes.

February 6, 1945 · to Marian

Don't worry about me not having enough cigarettes now. I have plenty. I got way ahead on those Christmas packages. The army is handing us out free butts regular now too. Besides that I have a buddy that got back to the states. He is in a camp at home and is going to send me some more. Don't get an idea from this that I might be getting back to the states soon too. He got home the hardway

[missing page]

That hair tonic that Alice sent was really a pleasant surprise. I didn't share that with anyone. I couldn't afford to give any of it away. I was generous enough though to let my friends smell the empty bottle when I was through.

February 6, 1945 · to Marian

That radio that we bought was expensive. It cost about a hundred dollars in American money and it is only the size of that one of mine. It doesn't cost much though when a bunch all chip in and the pleasure you get from it is well worth the money.

We aren't playing the radio now though because we don't have any electricity. I'm writing this letter by a home-made oil lamp. It is a tin can filled with kerosene and a piece of string sticking out of it for a wick.

February 6, 1945 · to Marian

The other day the Red Cross mobile unit caught up with us. We had coffee and doughnuts for a change. Those Red Cross girls go through a lot to make the soldiers happy. They are as good a morale booster as the movie actors and entertainers. You know how I am always thinking of my stomach. I had a hot shower too. I should be ashamed to say it but it was the first one in a couple of months. I must have lost about ten pounds.

Well Marian there isn't much more that I can think of to say except that I am doing O.K. for myself and feeling in tip-top shape. Katherine sent me a picture of myself that was taken when I was home on furlough. She said that she gave all of you one. I didn't look bad compared to who it was taken of.

Gary really must be a killer. Give him my love and tell Nick that I was asking about him too.

Best of Luck Your brother George

Editorial note: one or more pages of this letter appear to be missing.

February 6, 1945 · to Marian

Germany
February 6

Dear Maxian

I received two letters from you yesterday. They were dated the second and twelfth of January. It might have been true about a lot of mail being lost but I doubt very much if any of mine was. The letters didn't always get here very quick but they were dated at almost regular intervals so I believe it was delayed by the Christmas rush. I don't think enemy action slowed it down, the Germans probably know better than to fool with me or my mail.

I received your other Christmas package too. Thanks a lot. It contained two boxes of cookies one of them was cocktail crackers, candy, and cigarettes.

Don't worry about me not having enough cigarettes now. I have plenty. I got way ahead on those Christmas packages. The Army is handing us out free butts regular now too. Besides that I have a buddy that got back to the states. He is in a camp at home and is going to send me some more. Don't get an idea from this that I might be getting back to the states soon. I got some the hard way.

That hair tonic that Alice sent was really a pleasant surprise. I didn't share that with anyone. I couldn't afford to give any of it away. I was generous enough though to let my friends smell the empty bottle when I was through.

That radio that we bought was expensive. It cost about a hundred dollars in American money and it is only the size of that one of mine. It doesn't cost much though when a bunch all ship in and the pleasure you get from it is well worth the money.

We aren't playing the radio now though because we don't have any electricity. I'm writing this letter by a home-made oil lamp. It is a tin can filled with kerosene and a piece of string sticking out of it for a wick.

The other day the Red Cross mobile unit caught up with us. We had coffee and doughnuts for a change. Those Red Cross girls go through a lot to make the soldiers happy. They are as good a morale booster as the movie actors and entertainers. You know how I am always thinking of my stomach. I had a hot shower too. I should be ashamed to say it but it was the first one in a couple of

months. I must have lost about ten pounds
well Mexican there isn't much more
that I can think of to say except that
I am doing O.K. for myself and feeling
in tip-top shape. Catherine sent me
a picture of myself that was taken when
I was home on furlough. She said that
she gave all of you one. It didn't look bad
compared to who it was taken of.

Gary really must be a killer. Give
him my love and tell Nick that I was
asking about him too.

Best of Luck
your brother
George

A LETTER HOME

February 16, 1945

Germany to Marian

*A warm, dry billet in Germany; now allowed to name the
Corps.*

Feb 16, 1945 Germany

Dear Marian

The fact that I am in Germany might sound a little rough but it doesn't mean anything. I have a nice set-up here. I'm sleeping in a nice sleeping bag, on a cot in a room with heat, in a good dry house.

These sleeping bags are really the cats. They are water-proof with blankets inside. Once I crawl into that I can sleep warm and dry even outside in the snow. The food is good and I'm not working hard now. Just like home — almost.

The last letter I received from you was the twenty-eighth of January. I've been writing quite a bit lately so I hope you have received all that I wrote to you. The mail has really been pouring in to me this month. Every time we have a mail call I have a few letters. Not bad.

You was right when you said I had two sisters and a brother all thinking of me. The mail that I have been getting lately proves it. Don't think that it doesn't make me feel good to know this.

We are allowed to say that we are in the seventh Corps now. We have a snappy insignia painted on our helmets. If I get a chance to have a picture taken I will send you one to see it.

We were doing the same kind of work as you and Catherine saw in the movies of the Engineers in Belgium. I doubt very much if I was in that picture though, because I'm sure there weren't any photographers around then.

I think I'm getting Spring Fever. It has been nice and warm the past three or four days. I hope this kind of weather is here to stay. They claim there is an early spring here.

We even have an electric light hooked up in our room now. There is no electricity but we have wires hooked up to batteries and get the same results. We don't have any worries over who is going to pay the light bill either.

The only trouble here is that the people aren't our allies so we can't fool with them. That means there isn't any place to go for a few drinks but we have quite a few good times amongst ourselves. I've been in the Army long enough to be used to it.

I'll have to close now, so long until I write again. Give my regards to Nick and Gary. Lots of love and Best of luck

Your brother George

February 16, 1945 · to Marian

Feb. 16, 1945
Germany

Dear Marian

The fact that I am in Germany might sound a little rough but it doesn't mean anything. I have a nice set up here. I'm sleeping in a nice sleeping bag, on a cot, in a room with heat, in a good dry house.

These sleeping bags are really the cats. They are water-proof with blankets inside. Once I crawl into that I can sleep warm and dry even outside in the snow. The food is good and I'm not working hard now. Just like home — almost.

The last letter I received from you was the twenty-eighth of January. I've been writing quite a bit lately so I hope you have received all that I wrote to you. The mail has really been pausing in to me this month. Every time we have a mail call I have a few letters. Not bad.

you was right when you said I had seven sisters and a brother all thinking of me. The mail that I have been getting lately proves it. Don't think that it does it make me feel good to know this.

We are allowed to say that we are in the seventh Corps now. We have a snappy insignia painted on our helmets. If I get a chance to have a picture taken I will send you one to see it.

We were doing the same kind of work as you and Catherine saw in the movies of the Engineers in Belgium. I don't very much if I was in that picture though because I'm sure there weren't any photographers around then.

I think I'm getting Spring Fever. It has been nice and warm the past three or four days. I hope this kind of weather is here to stay. They claim there is an early spring here.

We even have an electric light hooked up in our room now. There is no electricity but we have wires

woked up to batteries and get the same results. We dont have any worries over who is going to pay the light bill either.

The only trouble here is that the people arent our allies so we cant fool with them. That means there isnt any place to go for a few drinks but we have quite a few good times amongst ourselves. Ive been in the Army long enough to be used to it.

Ill have to close now, so long until I write again. Give my regards to Mick and Gary. Lots of Love and Best of Luck

your brother
George

A LETTER HOME

March 27, 1945

Germany to Marian

*Word reaches home that he was wounded — and a Purple
Heart.*

March 27, 1945 Germany

Dear Marian

I just got your letter sent the fifth of March and was really glad to hear from you. I haven't been getting much mail lately but that is the way it goes. Sometimes I only got one letter in two weeks and then a dozen letters in one day. For an example I just got a Christmas card from Alice yesterday that was mailed the beginning of December. They must have sent that one over in a canoe.

The cigarette shortage was really bad for a while but everything seems to be straightened out now. We have been getting plenty of them regularly now. The letter I wrote to Ann asking for cigarettes must have been when I was short because I'm all stocked up now.

I didn't just ask for those cookies that Nick's mother makes just because you mentioned them. They are really good. They are always fresh when they get here too. Those kind of cookies must not spoil for a long while. I'll let you know as soon as I get them.

Sarah probably has told you by now that I got hurt. I wasn't going to mention this in my letters because there was nothing to it and I didn't want to worry any of you. Then I found out that the war department notifies your people regardless of how slight the injury is. [I] really began to worry then because I knew how you would feel getting a telegram that probably made it sound serious. I just got shot up a little and got a ten day rest and a purple heart out of it. I sent the purple heart to Sarah to keep for me if you want to see it.

I really enjoyed the rest because I was feeling good in the first place. The only thing I didn't like about it was that they took my clothes away and gave me pajamas. I was back in Belgium and if I had my clothes I could have sneaked into town once in a while. The Army must have had other ideas of what a rest is though so I had to take it easy and be a good boy.

I've been back with my outfit for quite a while. Altho[ugh]...

Editorial note: the surviving pages read continuously; the letter's final page is missing — it breaks off mid-word ("Altho...").

March 27, 1945
Germany

Dear Masian

I just got your letter sent the fifth of March and was really glad to hear from you. I haven't been getting much mail lately but that is the way it goes. Sometimes I only get one letter in two weeks and then a dozen letters in one day. For an example I just got a Christmas card from Alice yesterday that was mailed the beginning of December. They must have sent that one over in a canoe.

The cigarette shortage was really bad for a while but everything seems to be straightened out now. We have been getting plenty of them regularly now.

The letter I wrote to Ann asking for cigarettes must have been when I was short because I'm all stocked up now.

I didn't just ask for those cookies that Mick's mother makes just because you mentioned them. They are really good. They are always fresh when they get here too. Those kind of cookies must not spoil for a long while. I'll let you know as soon as I get them.

Sarah probably has told you by now that I got hurt. I wasn't going to mention this in my letter because there was nothing to it and I didn't want to worry any of you. Then I found out that the war department notifies your people regardless of how slight the injury is.

really began to worry then
because I knew how you would
feel getting a telegram that
probably made it sound serious.
I just got shook up a little and
got a ten day rest and a purple
heart out of it. I sent the purple
heart to Sarah to keep for me if
you want to see it.

I really enjoyed the rest
because I was feeling good in
the first place. The only thing
I didn't like about it was that
they took my clothes away and
gave me pajamas. I was back
in Belgium and if I had my
clothes I could have sneaked into
town once in a while. The Army
must have had other ideas of
what a rest is though so I had
to take it easy and be a good boy.

I've been back with my
outfit for quite a while. Although

A LETTER HOME

May 9, 1945

Germany to Marian

*V-E Day in Germany — oddly quiet — and grief over
Roosevelt.*

May 9, 1945 Germany

Dear Marian

Well the war in Europe is finally over. I thought that most of us would almost go crazy with joy when this happened but instead there was nothing to it. I don't know why we didn't get excited over it. Either it was because we knew it was practically all over for quite a while or as the Japanese was still staring us in the face.

How did the news affect the people at home. I'll bet there were a lot more celebrations than there were here. I don't know whether I'll get a furlough home before going to the Pacific or not. I keep praying for it but I wish I was more sure of it.

I hated to hear of President Roosevelt's death. Even though I knew he was aging fast I couldn't figure on him dying before the war ended.

I know almost every soldier loved him.

May 9, 1945 · to Marian

I got your package last week. Those cookies were really good. They came just at the right time too, when the food we were getting was terrible. When I opened up the box my buddy started making coffee right away and we had them for a couple of nights.

I know I haven't been writing half as much as I should have. Now that the war here is over I probably won't write much either because I know that you won't have to worry about me. If I do find out anything about what my chances of getting a furlough I'll let you know right away.

Well Best of Luck. I hope to see you soon. Give Nick and Gary my best wishes and thank [?] mother for the cookies for me please.

Your brother George

May 9, 1945 · to Marian

May 9, 1945
Germany

Dear Maxine

Well the war in Europe is finally over. I thought that most of us would almost go crazy with joy when this happened but instead there was nothing to it. I don't know why we didn't get excited over it. Either it was because we knew it was practically all over for quite a while or its the Japanese was still staring us in the face.

How did the news affect the people at home. I'll bet there were a lot more celebrations than there were here. I don't know whether I'll get a furlough home before going to the Pacific or not. I keep praying for it but I wish I was more sure of it.

I hated to hear of President Roosevelt's death. Even though I knew he was aging fast I couldn't figure on him dying before the war ended.

I know almost every soldier loved him.

I got your package last week. Those cookies were really good. They came just at the right time too, when the food we were getting was terrible. When I opened up the box my buddy started making coffee right away and we had them for a couple of nights.

I know I haven't been writing half as much as I should have. Now that the war here is over I probably won't write much either because I know that you won't have to worry about me. If I do find out anything about what my chances of getting a furlough I'll let you know right away.

Well Best of Luck. I hope to see you soon. Give Nick and Gary my best wishes and thank Nick's mother

for the cookies for me please.

your brother
George

A LETTER HOME

May 26, 1945

Germany to Marian

Censorship lifted: the whole story, Utah Beach to the Russians.

Germany May 26, 1945

Dear Marian,

I got your letter that you sent May the First and was really glad to hear from you. I haven't been getting very much mail lately but that doesn't surprise me because I hardly ever write anymore either. Our censorship has been lifted and I imagine that you have been wondering what I've been doing here so I'll make a story out of this letter. This is what happened since I hit France.

The invasion is probably the worst thing that I went through but at the time I didn't know it. War was new to me so I didn't realize what I was going through. We hit the beach the third hour of the invasion. By this time the [?] and the Germans had woke up and were throwing everything but the kitchen sink at that beach trying to keep any more from landing.

May 26, 1945 · to Marian

As soon as we landed we started removing mines and kept it up for about forty-eight hours. By then the paratroopers were ready to cross the first river so we had to take them across. After they were all across we built a bridge to Quintan. That turned out to be the first bridge built by the Americans in France. We didn't sleep at all the first week but then more engineers came in and we had it a little easier.

At first the people in Normandy would hardly talk to us. They were afraid the Germans were going to push us back and they would get killed for being friendly to us. After they saw that we were going to stay though, they were hauling us eggs, milk, butter, meat and all kinds of drinks. This Calvados that they drink is so powerful that it works in lamps and cigarette lighters.

I was in on the St. Lo Breakthrough where our own bombers bombed too close to us. After this Patton started rolling. He went so fast that we couldn't keep up with him so they gave us a ride. They got about sixty miles from Paris. I had only driven straight through Paris and didn't really see it so I took off with a couple of fellows without permission and spent two days. That took me off the good conduct list so I don't get a ribbon for that.

May 26, 1945 · to Marian

Not long after that we were taken out of action and given a job at an Engineer Dump in Belgium where Tommy Coleman was working. I caught an office job there checking the trucks coming in and out. That lasted for a month and then we were sent to [?] still in Belgium for another rear area job. I had to work for a living there but it was a nice city. Plenty of cafes, girls, movies and everything.

Just when I thought I had a racquet in the Army they sent us back in action to the Hurtgen Forest in Germany. We weren't there very long though when the Germans started their push back into Belgium. We were sent back to help check it. Instead of picking up German mines we were laying out our own mines to stop the Germans. Christmas and New Year's I spent guarding one of these mine fields of ours.

Then when the Jerries were checked and being pushed back again we had to build bridges that they blew up as they retreated. When the Jerries were pushed back out of Belgium we got another [few] weeks rest and then [were] sent back to Germany.

We were getting ready to make the crossing of the Roer River that started the drive through Germany. The day before the crossing was when I got hurt. We were fixing a bridge on the super-highway a mile from Duren. German jet-propelled planes swooped in and bombed us. They made a direct hit on the bridge we were working on. I didn't get hurt bad but I went back to the hospital and missed the Roer crossing.

I got back with the boys though before they hit the Rhine. We were with the Armored Division that took Cologne. We didn't build a bridge or anything across the Rhine. All we had to do was keep civilians away from the river so they couldn't signal to the other side that the boys were crossing.

We went with them when they swept through Germany and cut off the Ruhr Valley and then kept going to meet the Russians. We were going to build a bridge across the Elbe River but that was where they met.

I'm in a little town now called Friedeburg[?]. You won't be able to find this on the map but it is between Halle, Dessau and Leipzig. We aren't doing anything now, just waiting until they decide what to do with us. I don't have enough points to get home for good but I hope I get a furlough before going to the Pacific.

Give Nick, Gary and all my regards. I hope to see you all soon but I wouldn't bet on it.

Your brother

George

May 26, 1945 · to Marian

HISTORICAL NOTE

Bombed by a jet — a brand-new kind of war. In early 1945 the only jet aircraft in combat anywhere were German: the **Arado Ar 234 Blitz**, the world's first operational jet bomber, and the **Messerschmitt Me 262**, flown as a fighter-bomber. So George's matter-of-fact "German jet-propelled planes swooped in and bombed us" describes one of the earliest jet attacks in the history of warfare. He was hit near Düren the day before the **Roer crossing (Operation Grenade, February 23, 1945)** — and Luftwaffe loss records document a KG 76 Ar 234 shot down just north of Düren on **February 22, 1945**, captured intact the next day as the Ninth Army crossed the Roer — the first Ar 234 the Allies ever recovered. Two weeks later the same units — KG 76's Ar 234s and KG 51's Me 262s — flew the famous repeated jet-bomber raids on the Ludendorff Bridge at **Remagen**, often called the first use of jet bombers against a single strategic target.

Germany
May 29, 1945

Dear Maxine

I got your letter that you sent May the first and was really glad to hear from you. I haven't been getting very much mail lately but that doesn't surprise me because I hardly ever write anyone either. Our camp ship has been lifted now and I imagine that you have been wondering what has been doing here so I'll make a story out of this letter. This is what happened since I hit France.

The invasion is probably the worst thing that I went through but at that time I didn't know it was new to me so I didn't realize what I was going through. We hit the beach the third time of the day. At that time the Americans were on the beach and the Germans had worked up and were throwing everything but the kitchen sink at that beach trying to keep any more from landing.

As soon as we landed we started removing mines and kept it up for about forty-eight hours. By then the paratroopers were ready to cross the first river so we had to take them across. After they were all across we built a bridge to Caumont. That proved out to be the first bridge built by the Americans in France. We didn't sleep at all the first week but then more engineers came in and we had it a little easier.

At first the people in Normandy would hardly talk to us. They were afraid the Germans were going to push us back and they would get killed for being friendly to ~~the~~ us. After they saw that we were going to stay though they

In George's hand

own bombers bombed us close to us. After this Patton started rolling. He went so fast that we couldn't keep up with him so they gave us a route in Meuse about forty miles from Paris. I had only driven straight through Paris and didn't really see it so I took off with a couple of fellows without permission and spent two days. That took me off the good conduct list so I don't get a ribbon for that.

not long after that we were taken out of action and given a job at an Engineer Dump in Belgium, where Tommy Coleman was working. I caught an office job there checking the trucks coming in and out. That lasted for a month and then we were sent to another area still in Belgium for another flat area job. I had to work for a living there but it was a nice city. plenty of cafes, girls, movies, and everything.

Just when I thought I had a respite in the Army they sent us back in action to the Hurtgen Forest in Germany. We weren't there very long though when the Germans started their push back into Belgium. We were sent back to help check it. Instead of picking up german mines we were laying our own mines to stop the germans. Christmas and New years I spent guarding one of these mine fields of ours.

Then when the germans were checked and being pushed back again we had to build bridges that they blew up as they retreated. When the germans were pushed back out of Belgium we got another

weeks rest and then sent back to Germany.

We were getting ready to make the crossing of the Roer River that started the drive through Germany. The day before the crossing was when I got hurt. We were fixing a bridge on the super-highway a mile from Duren. German jet-propelled planes swooped in and bombed us. They made a direct hit on the bridge we were working on. I didn't get hurt bad but I went back to the hospital and missed the Roer crossing.

I got back with the boys though before they hit the Rhine. We were with the Assault Division that took Cologne. We didn't build a bridge or anything across the Rhine. All we had to do was keep civilians away from the river so they couldn't signal to the other side that the boys were coming.

~~the troops~~ ~~in a~~ ~~west~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~east~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~east~~
with them when they swept through Germany and
cut off the Ruhr valley and then kept going to meet
the Russians. We were going to build a bridge across
the Elbe River but that was where they met.

I'm in a little town now called Friedeburg.
You won't be able to find this on the maps but it
is between Halle, Dessau, and Leipzig. We aren't
doing anything now, just waiting until they decide
what to do with us. I don't have enough money
to get home for good but I hope I get a few dollars
before going to the Pacific.

Give Nick, Gary, and all my regards. I hope
to see you all soon but I wouldn't bet on it.

Your brother
George

LETTERS FROM

France

1945

A LETTER HOME

August 3, 1945

France (between Reims and Laon) *to Marian*

Back in France in the middle of nowhere; his old outfit ships home.

Dear Marian France Aug 3

I just got a letter from you sent the twentieth of July and today is only the third of August so it got here pretty fast considering the moving around I've been doing. Don't forget to write to this new address from now on. My old outfit is coming home and since I don't have enough points I won't be with them. Instead I came to this outfit that no doubt will be here for a long while.

I have got a pretty soft job here though. I'm working in an office. I'm still in France and still in the middle of nowhere. We are in tents along a dusty highway between Reims and Laon. These cities are about forty miles apart and we're just about in the center.

August 3, 1945 · to Marian

I was through this part of France before but everything was different then. They had plenty of wine, champagne, and cognac, and they were so glad that the war was over for them and that their homes were still standing that they were giving us all we wanted. There were plenty of nice looking little French girls too that thought we were great.

Now after almost a year, we come back to find that the drinks they were giving us they want a fortune for and those cute little malamouselles mademoiselles? now have american indians for boy friends. Very few [—] ever got close to the front lines so that is the reason we didn't see any of those Frenchies going with them before. Most of those girls don't even want to speak to a white soldier now and the feeling is mutual.

August 3, 1945 · to Marian

There are no N.C.O. shows around here or anything. The only entertainment is one movie they have in a shack. I go there every night to pass the time. Sarah probably got the idea that I was homesick because I wrote that the time was really dragging. It is just the change from bringing us back from such a wild life in Germany to this morgue in France.

They gave us a physical exam when we came here to see if we could still move around. We removed our clothes and went in to see this Doctor. I let my shoulders sag even more than they normally do and put a sad look on my face. When the Doc asked me how I felt I told him about ten things wrong with me. I came out of there happy, figuring he would list me as 4F. When my card came back to me though, he still had me listed as 1A. He must not have believed me.

I have been waiting for the points to be announced. Last night they announced that they aren't dropping the points. That means that I am stuck here for a good long time. I hope they send me back to Germany to finish this prison term because I'd go nuts if I have to spend all of this time around here.

Well Marian, I'll write again soon and I'll be seeing in about a year from now. Give my best regards to Nick and Gary.

Your brother George

Editorial note: a racial slur in this letter has been masked in this transcript; the original scan is shown unaltered, as a historical record.

August 3, 1945 · to Marian

Dear Maxie

France

Aug 3

I just got a letter from you sent the twentieth of July and today is only the third of August so it got here pretty fast considering the moving around I've been doing. Don't forget to write to this new address from now on. My old outfit is coming home and since I don't have enough points I won't be with them. Instead I came to this outfit that no doubt will be here for a long while.

I have got a pretty soft job here though. I'm working in an office. I'm still in France and still in the middle of nowhere. We are in tents along a dusty highway between Reims and Laon. These cities are about forty miles apart and we're just about in the center.

I was through this part of France before but everything was different then. They had plenty of wine, Champagne, and Cognac, and they were so glad that the war was over for them and that their homes were still standing that they were giving us all we wanted. There were plenty of nice looking little French girls too that thought we were great.

Now after almost a year, we come back to find that the drinks they were giving us they want a fortune for and those cute little mademoiselles now have American Indians for boy friends. Very few niggers ever got close to the front lines so I think I'm safe. In George's hand

of these Frenchies going with them before. Most of these girls don't even want to speak to a white soldier now and the feeling is mutual.

There are no U.S.O. shows around here or anything. The only entertainment is one movie they have in a shack. I go there every night to pass the time. Sarah probably got the idea that I was homesick because I wrote that the time was really dragging. It is just the change from bringing us back from such a wild life in Germany to this morgue in France.

They gave us a physical exam when we came here to see if we could still move around. We removed our clothes and went in to see this doctor. I let my shoulders sag even more than they usually do and put a sad look on my face. When the doc asked me how I felt I told him about ten things wrong with me. I came out of there happy, figuring he would list me as 4F. When my card came back to me though, he still had me listed as 1A. He must not have believed me.

I have been waiting for the points to be announced. Last night they announced that they aren't dropping the points. That means that I am stuck here for a good long time. I hope they send me back to Germany to finish this prison term because I'd go nuts if I have to spend all of this time around here.

Well Maxie, I'll write again soon and I'll be seeing in about a year from now. Give my best regards to Mick and Gary.

In George's hand

your brother
George

A LETTER HOME

August 30, 1945

France *to Marian*

Taking it easy — sleeping late and dancing in French villages.

August 30, 1945 France

Dear Marian;

I just got a letter from you that you sent the sixth. Yours and one from Sarah went to two other outfits before they found me here. That is the reason it took so long for them to reach me. The mail is coming over pretty fast now.

I'd like to get in touch with Bucky but I don't know his address. If he is anywhere near me I know I can go to see him. When the war was going on we couldn't carry any address books or anything with us. I knew the street numbers of all the sisters but these army addresses are too long to memorize.

That spaghetti, beer, and cookies deal sounds good. I always did go in big for that. You better seal that spaghetti paste up good though because I won't be home for quite a while.

I am really taking life easy now. I don't even get out of bed until eleven O' clock or later. There are only about six of us in this headquarters. There is a Major, a lieutenant, their two drivers me, and another guy. We don't do a darned thing.

Every night we go out either with the jeep or the command car. Which ever one the officers aren't using. There are a bunch of little farm villages not near any army camp. There is either a dance or a wedding going on in one of these towns every night. We hit all of them.

August 30, 1945 · to Marian

These French people even in the cities dance funny enough but you should see these frogs in these little farming towns. They make a fast spin after every two steps. As long as I'm sober I can strut around at their style pretty good, but after a little wine, or champagne I can't stand all of that spinning. We always have a pretty good time. The big towns are too crowded with soldiers to have a good time there.

Don't think that I don't enjoy reading your letters. I'm always waiting to hear from you, even though I shouldn't expect too many letters because I don't write very often. Write as soon as you can again. I'll be writing more often from now on. Give my regards to Nick and Gary.

Best of Luck Your Brother George

August 30, 1945 · to Marian

August 30, 1945
France

Dear Marian;

I just got a letter from you that you sent the sixth. Yours and one from Sarah went to two other outfits before they found me here. That is the reason it took so long for them to reach me. The mail is coming over pretty fast now.

I'd like to get in touch with Bucky but I don't know his address. If he is anywhere near me I know I can go to see him. When the war was going on we couldn't carry any address books or anything with us. I knew the street numbers of all the sisters but these army addresses are too long to memorize.

That spaghetti, beer, and cookies, deal sounds good. I always did go in big for that. You better seal that spaghetti paste up good though because I won't be home for quite a while.

I am really taking life easy now. I don't even get out of bed until eleven O' clock or later. There are only about six of us in this headquarters. There is a Major, a lieutenant, their two drivers me, and another guy. We don't do a darned thing.

Every night we go out either with the jeep or the command car. Which ever one the officers aren't using. There are a bunch of little farm villages not near any army camp. There is either a dance or a wedding going on in one of these towns every night. We hit all of them.

These French people even in the cities dance funny enough but you should see these frogs in these little farming towns. They make a fast spin after every two steps. As long as I'm sober I can strut around at their style pretty good, but

In George's hand

after a little wine, or champagne I can't stand all of that spinning. We always have a pretty good time. The big towns are too crowded with soldiers to have a good time there.

Don't think that I don't enjoy reading your letters. I'm always waiting to hear from you, even though I shouldn't expect too many letters because I don't write very often. Write as soon as you can again. I'll be writing more often from now on. Give my regards to Nick and Gary.

Best of Luck
your brother
George

A LETTER HOME

September 4, 1945

France to Marian

V-J Day and 87 points — a good chance of home by Christmas.

— War ended Sept 4, '45 France

Dear Marian 1

I got a letter from you Sunday that you sent the twenty-fifth, so your letter only took six days to get here too. At that rate I should be hearing from you often. They should send us soldiers home as fast as they are delivering the mail.

We were all tickled pink over V-J Day too. The only reason we didn't celebrate like the people at home was that there wasn't any place to celebrate. I didn't hear New York's celebration on the radio but I saw a picture 2 of Times Square in the paper of when the celebration was over. What a mess. They must have went wild.

September 4, 1945 · to Marian

I guess you thought that I was contradicting myself when in one letter I said the French girls were all going with [—] and the next that we were going to dances in small villages. The girls in these villages aren't any better than the ones in the Cities. They would go with them too if they could.

These French farmers are strict with their girls though. They escort the girls to the dance and sit around watching them all night. I wouldn't want to 3 bother with them anyhow, I just to have a little fun dancing.

I just read where the points were lowered to eighty, and credit given for months since V-E Day. That gives me eighty seven points and eligible for discharge. There is plenty of red tape and waiting yet though.

I believe I have a pretty good chance of getting home before Christmas now so don't send any packages. Even if I'm not home by then I'll be getting moved around so much that a package would always be a few steps behind me and I wouldn't get it until I was back home anyhow.

Those Irish letter jokes 4 that you have been sending me are really good. I have been passing them around to my buddies and a lot of them are copying most of the jokes and sending them home. Ask Nick to keep bringing them home because they are really appreciated.

Take it Easy Marian and Give my regards to Nick and Gary. I'll write again soon

Best of luck Your brother George

Editorial note: a racial slur in this letter has been masked in this transcript; the original scan is shown unaltered, as a historical record.

— War ended

Sept 4, 45

France

Dear Maxian

I got a letter from you Sunday that you sent the twenty-fifth, so your letter only took six days to get here too. At that rate I should be hearing from you often. They should send us soldiers home as fast as they are delivering the mail.

We were all tickled pink over V-J Day too. The only reason we didn't celebrate like the people at home was that there wasn't any place to celebrate. I didn't hear New York's celebration on the

radio but I saw a picture²
of Times Square in the paper
of when the celebration was
over. What a mess. They must
have went wild.

I guess you thought that
I was contradicting myself
when in one letter I said the
French girls were all going with
Nigers and the next that we were
going to dances in small villages.
The girls in these villages arent
any better than the ones in the
Cities. They would go with them
too if they could.

These French farmers are
strict with their girls though.
They escort the girls to the dance
and sit around watching them
all night. I wouldn't want to

other with them anyhow, I
just to have a little fun dancing.

I just read where the
points were lowered to eighty,
and credit given for months
since V-E Day. That gives me
eighty seven points and eligible
for discharge. There is plenty
of red tape and waiting yet
though.

I believe I have a pretty
good chance of getting home
before Christmas now so don't
send any packages. Even if
I'm not home by then I'll
be getting moved around so
much that a package would
always be a few steps behind
me and I wouldn't get it until
I was back anyhow.

Those Hush Letter jokes
that you have been sending
me are really good. I have
been passing them around
to my buddies and a lot of
them are copying most of
the jokes and sending them
home. Ask Mick to keep
bringing them home because
they are really appreciated.

Take it Easy Marian and
Give my regards to Mick and
Gary. I'll write again soon

Best of luck
your brother
George

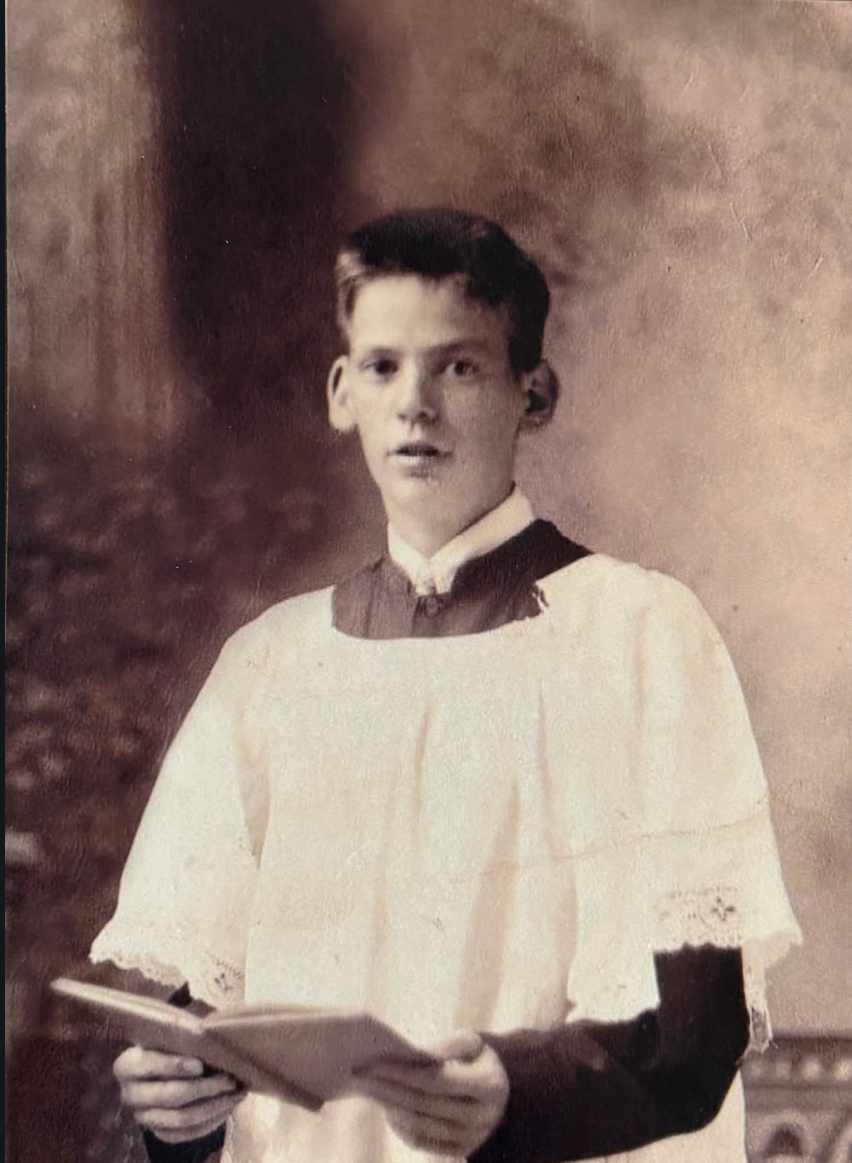
AN ALBUM

The photographs

An old-fashioned slide show to finish — one at a time.

PHOTOGRAPHS

George — a life



George as an altar boy. He kept up churchgoing all through the war — a priest, likely Father Doyle, recurs throughout the letters. (c. 1934)



CLASS 34
BEVERLY, MA

George
Butler
8th Grade

George's grammar-school class — he is marked with an arrow at the front ('George Butler, 8th grade'). (c. 1935)



George in cap and gown on graduation day, outside the family home. (Late 1930s)



George and Mary — his bride — outside the church. They married after he came home from the war.



George, Mary, and a priest (likely Father Doyle, who appears throughout the letters) in the churchyard.



A wedding group outside the church — George among family and friends.

PHOTOGRAPHS

At war



George in his Class-A service uniform outside barracks '45' at Camp Carson. (1942-43 · Camp Carson, Colorado)



George — with a freshly shaved head — leaning on the rail of barracks '45.' (1942–43 · Camp Carson, Colorado)



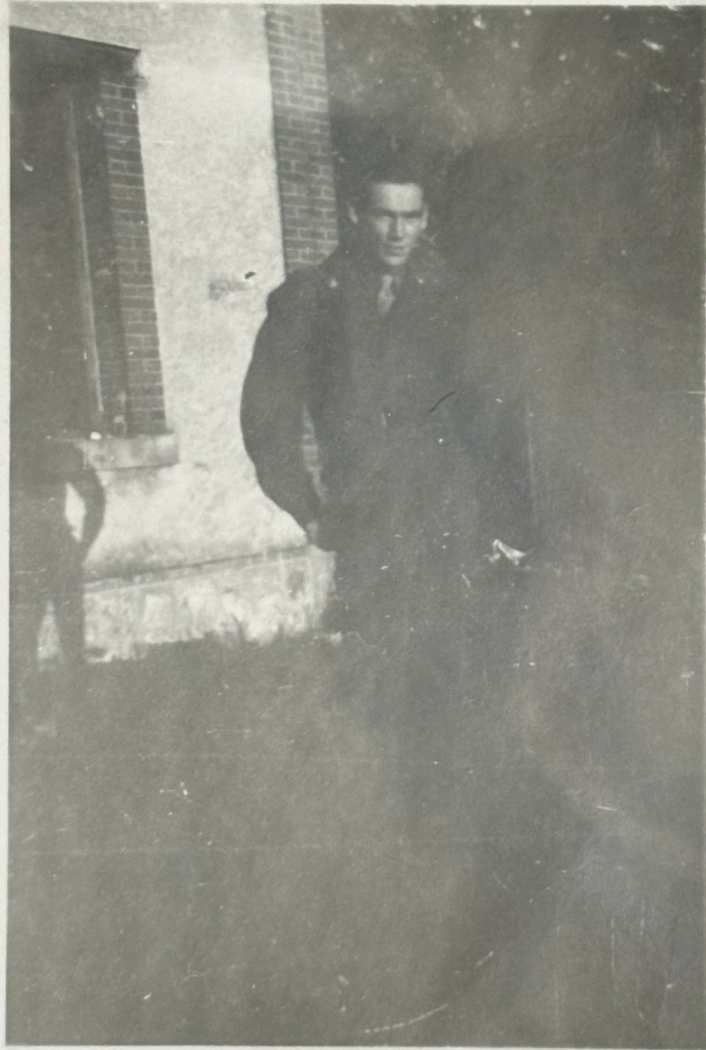
Soldiers resting in a mountain meadow of aspens, a peak behind — a field exercise in the Rockies. (1943 · Pikes Peak area, Colorado (likely))



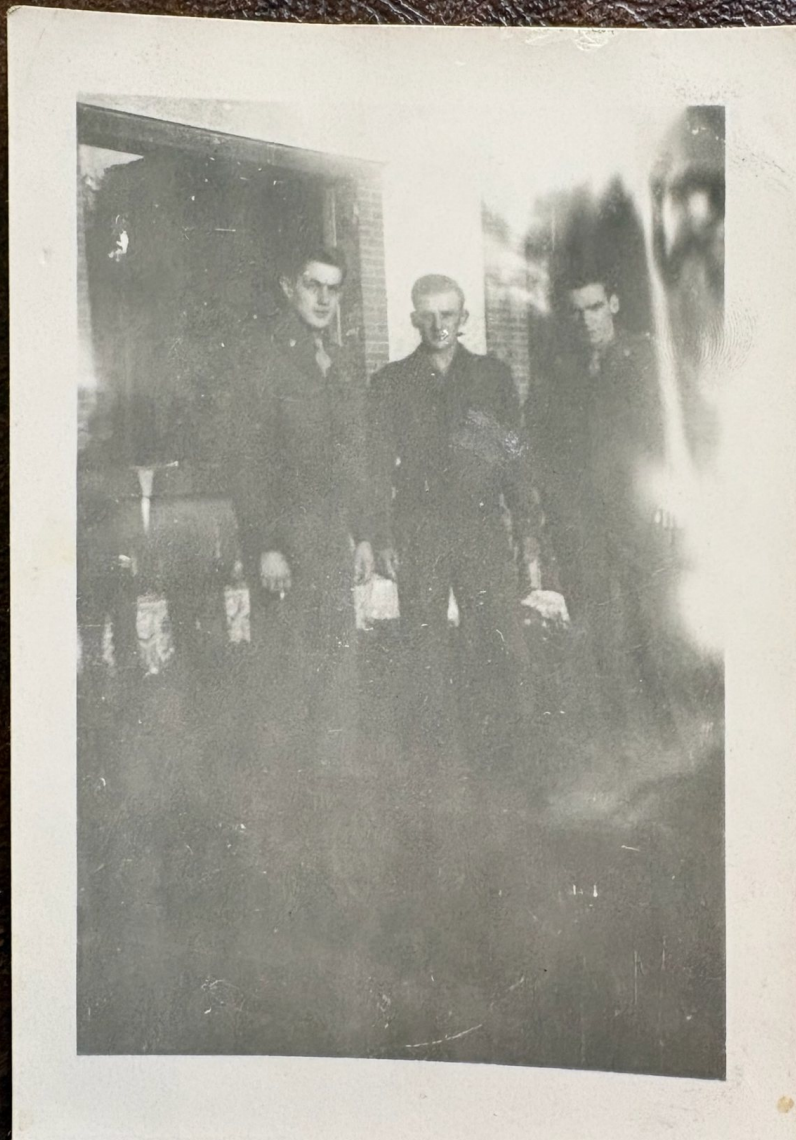
George (far right) and three others among cholla cactus — warm-weather training in the semi-desert. (1943 · Colorado (likely — cholla country near Camp Carson))



Three soldiers among the cactus and dry brush — high-desert training. (1943 · Colorado (likely))



A soldier in a heavy overcoat against a brick corner in falling snow — the long wait overseas before D-Day. (Winter 1943–44 (likely) · England (likely))



Three soldiers by a brick building (light-leaked print). (Spring 1944 (likely) · England (likely))



George perched on the fender of a requisitioned 1930s sedan, bumper marked '333 E.' Summer, leafy — somewhere in France. (Summer 1944 · France (likely))



George in field jacket and overseas cap before a bank of hay. Mailed home and cleared by the Army censor (see the back). (Summer/Autumn 1944 · France (likely))



George (right) with two others sitting in a hayfield. Also censor-stamped on the back — same examiner, likely the same envelope home. (Summer/Autumn 1944 · France (likely))



Three soldiers under leafy ivy (faded print) — summer foliage, overseas. (1944 · France/Belgium (likely))



George (far left) with his engineer squad and their shovels, a European farmhouse behind — exactly the road-and-bridge work the letters describe. In a letter from this stretch George mentions a photographer snapping them building a bridge. (Autumn 1944 · France or Belgium (likely))



Two engineers on a dirt road, one with a shovel, a hilltop village beyond — road work in the European countryside. (Autumn 1944 (likely) · France/Belgium (likely))



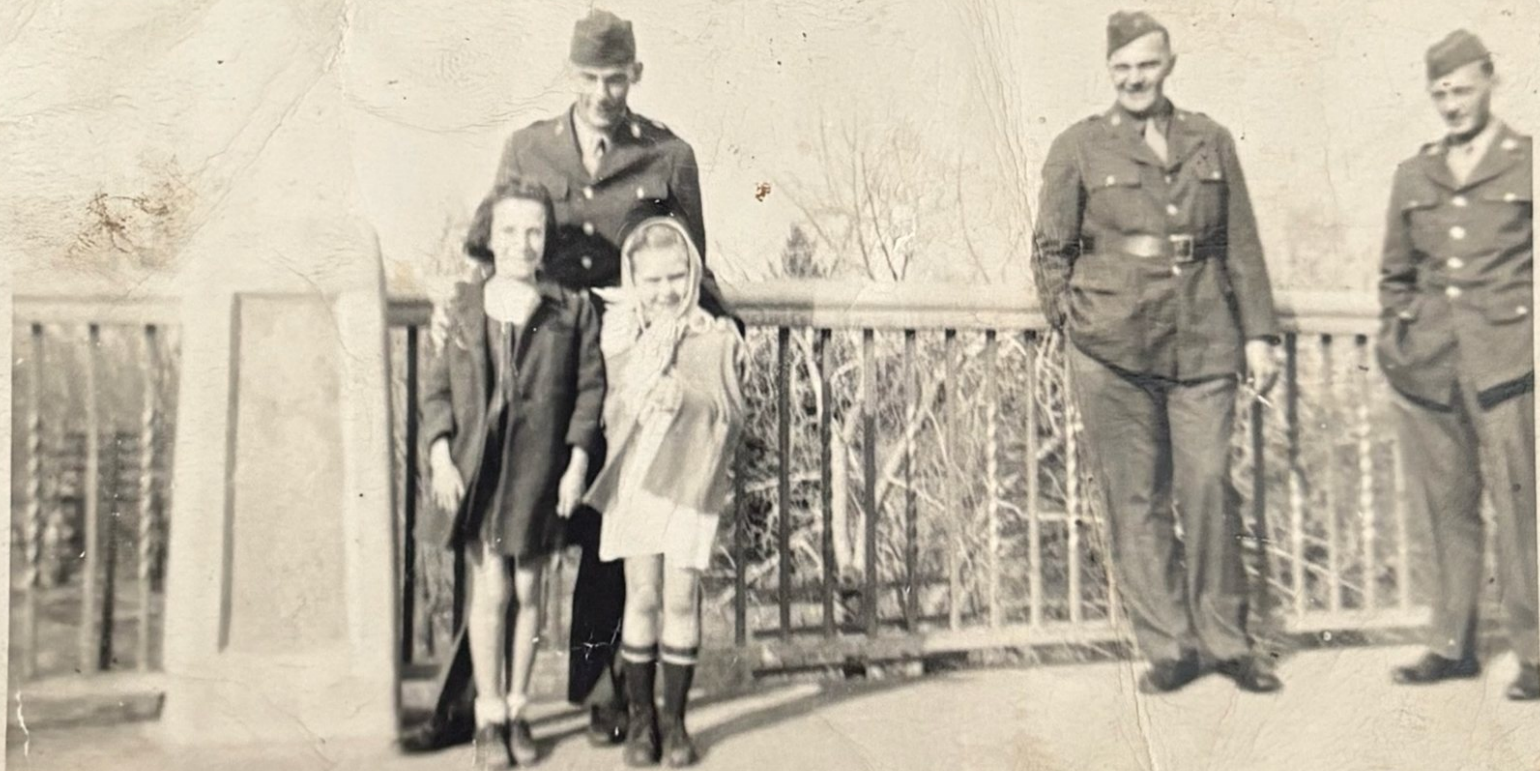
George (left) and another engineer with their tools in bare-tree winter country. (Winter 1944–45 (likely) · Belgium (likely))



Two engineers, helmeted, in cold bare-branch brush — winter work. (Winter 1944–45 (likely) · Belgium (likely))



Five soldiers posed at the mouth of a large cave or quarry on a dirt road. Place and date uncertain. (Unknown)



Soldiers with two young girls on an ornate iron bridge — a furlough visit with family (winter, bare trees). (1943 (likely) · Stateside (likely))

PHOTOGRAPHS

Family



The nine Butler siblings together, summer 1943. George is the lean young man, second from left. Left to right: Lillian, George, Marian, Alice, Marge, Katherine, Sarah, John, Ann. (June 1943)

Oldest to Youngest

Ann 1-23-02

John 7-20-04

Sarah 11-9-05

70L

Katherine 7-24-07

Marge 4-22-09

Alice 5-25-10

Marion - 11-17-18

George - 11-6-21

Lillian 8-19-23

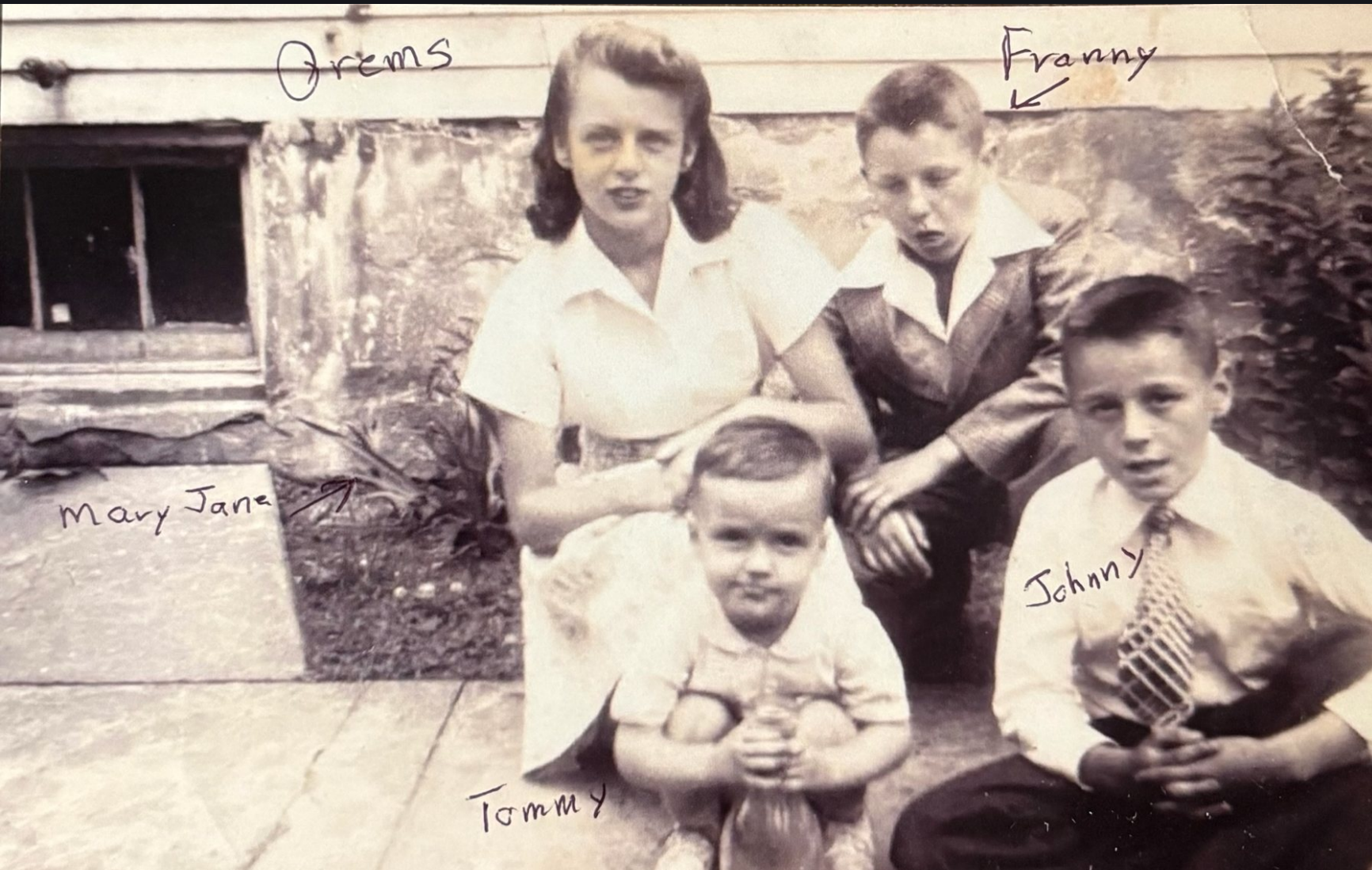
NEVER-FAD
JUN 15 1943



The Butler parents — George's mother and father — in an Edwardian-era studio portrait, with a parrot in an ornate cage.



A garden gathering of the Butler sisters with George (back row, right).



The Orem children — George's sister Sarah's kids ('Aunt Sarah'): Mary Jane, Franny Jr., Tommy, and Johnny. The 'Franny' whose X-ray George asks after in the letters is their father, Franny Sr., who had tuberculosis.

HIS DECORATIONS

The medals

Earned across five European campaigns — the Purple Heart at
the center.



The Purple Heart — awarded for wounds received in action. George was hit near Düren, Germany, on 22 February 1945.



European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign Medal — his decoration for the European theater.



A closer look at the European ribbon: the silver service star stands for five campaign credits, and the bronze arrowhead marks the assault landing at Utah Beach.



American Campaign Medal — for his stateside service before shipping overseas.



World War II Victory Medal.



Good Conduct Medal.



Army of Occupation Medal — the GERMANY clasp marks his duty in occupied Germany after V-E Day.



The full set together, the Purple Heart at its center.

GEORGE TRACY BUTLER

Home at last

After the war

Obituaries

George T. Butler

George T. Butler of 127 Delaware Homes, Beverly, who died suddenly in the Burlington County Hospital, Mount Holly, will be buried Thursday morning in the U.S. National Cemetery, Beverly.

Mr. Butler was 38 years old and worked at the Cosdon Paint Company's plant.

Services will be held at 8 a.m. at the W.C. Snover Funeral Home, 178 Cooper St., Beverly, and High Mass at 9 a.m. in St. Joseph's Church.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Mary C. Butler; four children, Patricia, Mary, William and James; one brother, John, of Burlington; and six sisters. The sisters are: Mrs. Anna Engle, Camden; Mrs. Sarah Prien, Beverly; Mrs. Kath-rine [?], Riverside; Mrs. Alice [?], Camden; Mrs. Marion Rosimondo, Riverside; and Mrs. [?] Lillian Simpson, Burlington.

Obituaries

George T. Butler

George T. Butler of 127 Dela-
Cave Homes, Beverly, who died
suddenly in the Burlington County
Hospital, Mount Holly, will be bur-
ied Thursday morning in the U.S.
National Cemetery, Beverly.

Mr. Butler was 38 years old and
worked at the Cosdon Paint Com-
pany's plant.

Services will be held at 8 a.m.
at the W.C. Snover Funeral Home,
478 Cooper St., Beverly, and High
Mass at 9 a.m. in St. Joseph's
Church.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs.
Mary C. Butler, four children, Pat-
ricia, Mary, William and James;
one brother, John, of Burlington,
and six sisters. The sisters are,
Mrs. Anna Engle, Camden; Mrs.
Sarah Orem, Beverly; Mrs. Kath-
erine Gehert, Riverside; Mrs.
Alice Van Geel, Camden; Mrs.
Marion Rosmondo, Riverside, and
Mrs. Lillian Simpson, Burlington.

George's obituary.

Thank you, George.

1921 – 1991 · Co. B, 49th Engineer Combat Battalion