

# Letters from George

The wartime letters of George T. Butler, 1942–1945

The wartime letters of George T. Butler, written home to his sisters Ann and Marian between 1942 and 1945 — from training at Camp Carson, Colorado, across England and France, through Belgium, and into Germany. Each letter is shown as its original scan followed by a transcript; uncertain words are marked and missing pages are noted.

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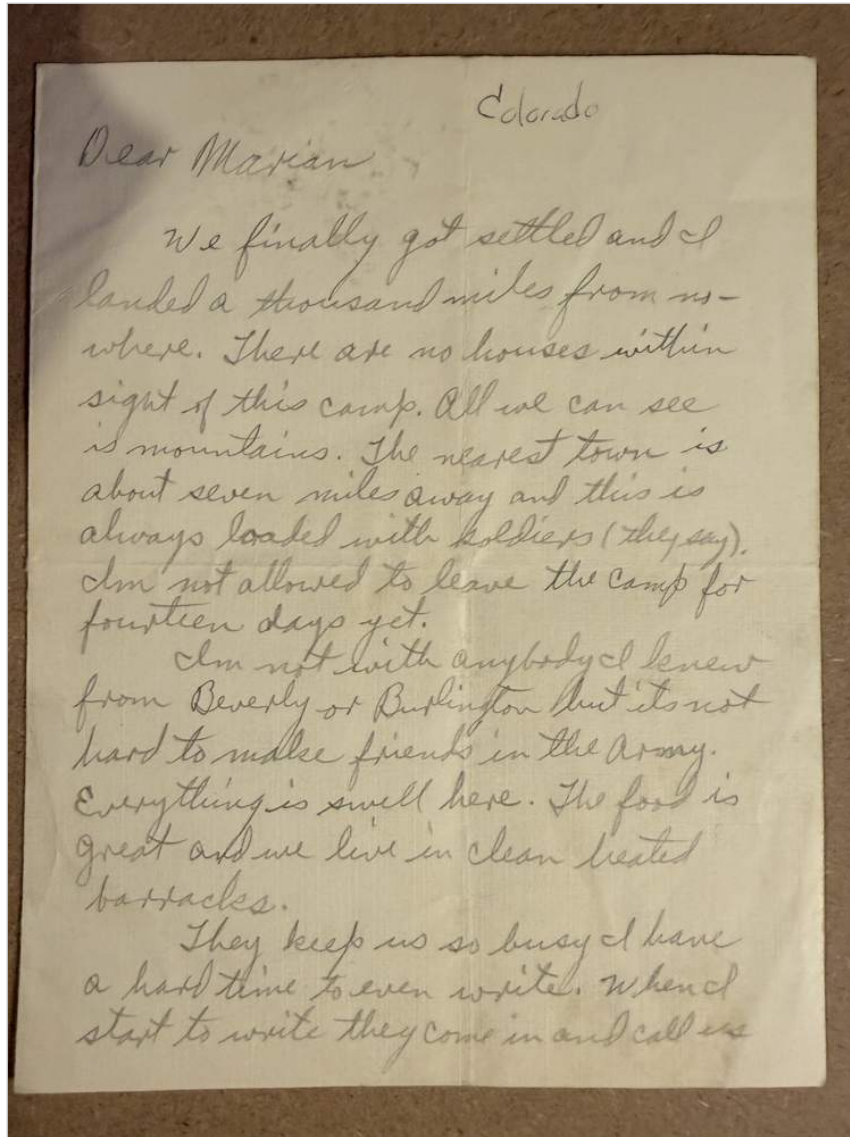
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## Camp Carson, on arrival (autumn 1942) — Camp Carson, Colorado

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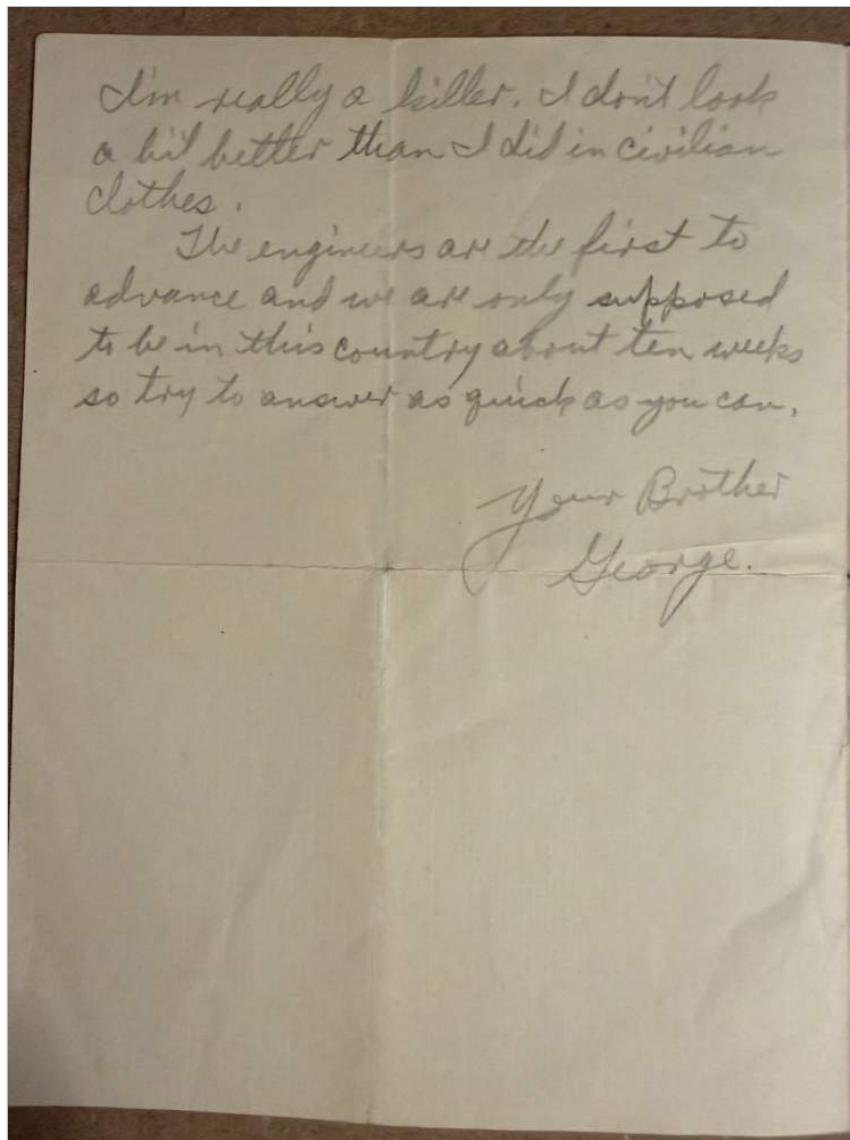
To Marian



for some inspection, to let, 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 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.

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.

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 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, autumn 1942 — Camp Carson, Colorado

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To Ann

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 our 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.

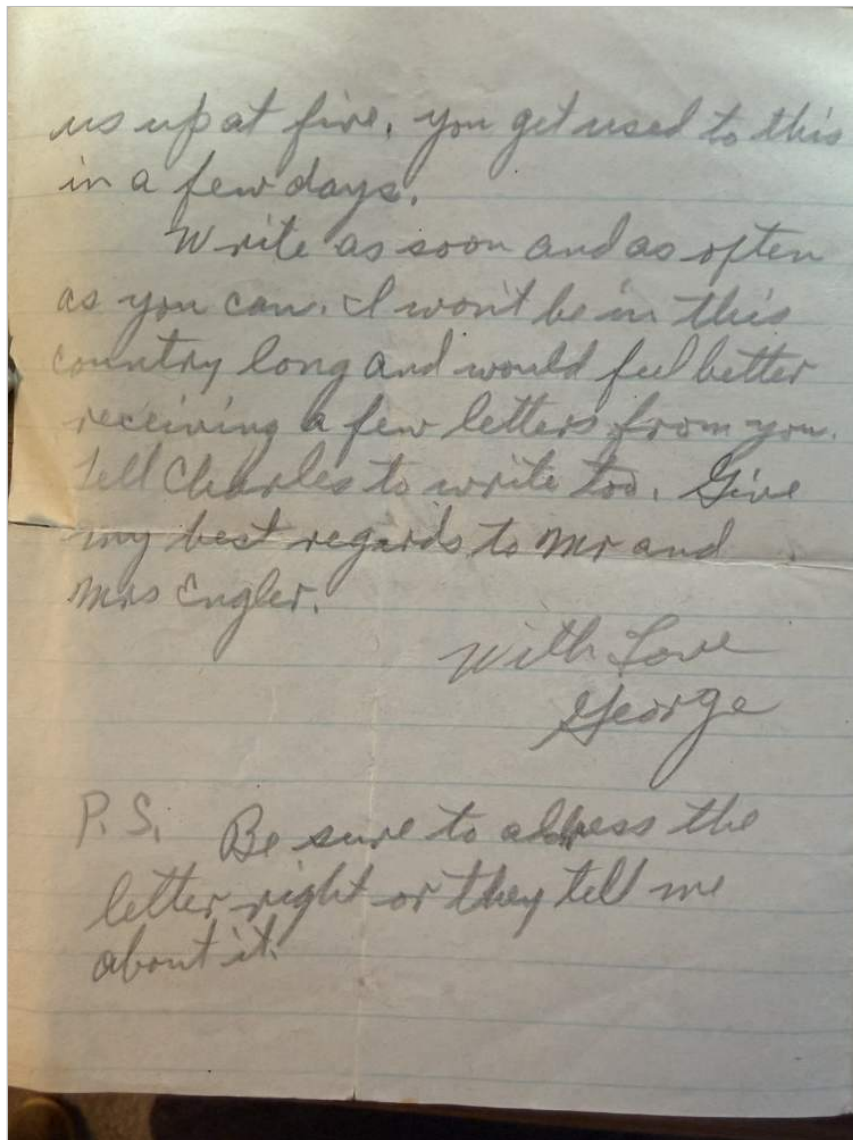
The camp is so high the air is thin. we have a hard time breathing and run short of breath quick. I could have taken a typing test if I wanted for an office job but I

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



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.

# November 12, 1942 — Camp Carson, Colorado

To Ann

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 I finish 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 eight 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 specialize in some trade. 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.

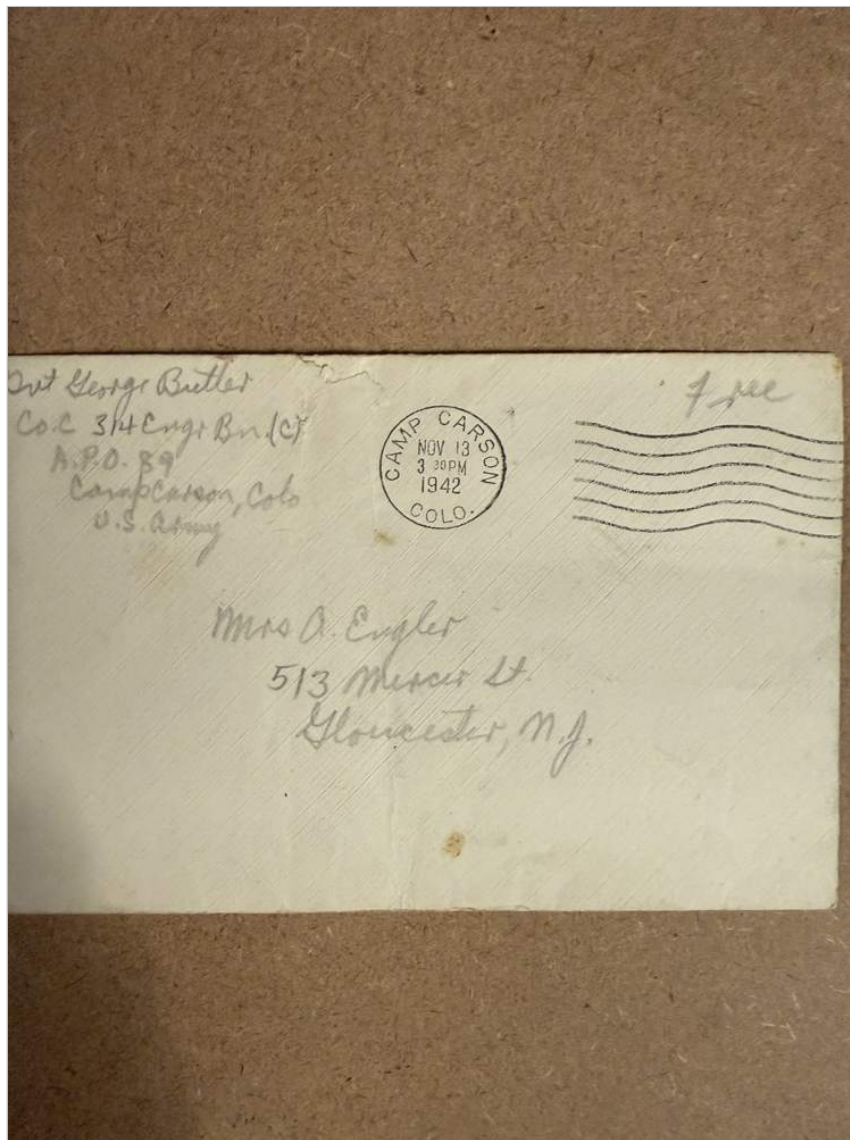
If they didn't send Sarah the stamps  
that were coming Charles can ask them about  
them if he will. Maybe the amount they  
took out came to and even bond and I don't  
have any stamps coming. Ask Charles if

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  
Leo 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 Fanny makes  
out after his X-ray. Best of luck to you  
and Charles and the Cooper family

Your brother  
George



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.

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]

# Camp Carson, Thanksgiving 1942 — Camp Carson, Colorado

To Ann

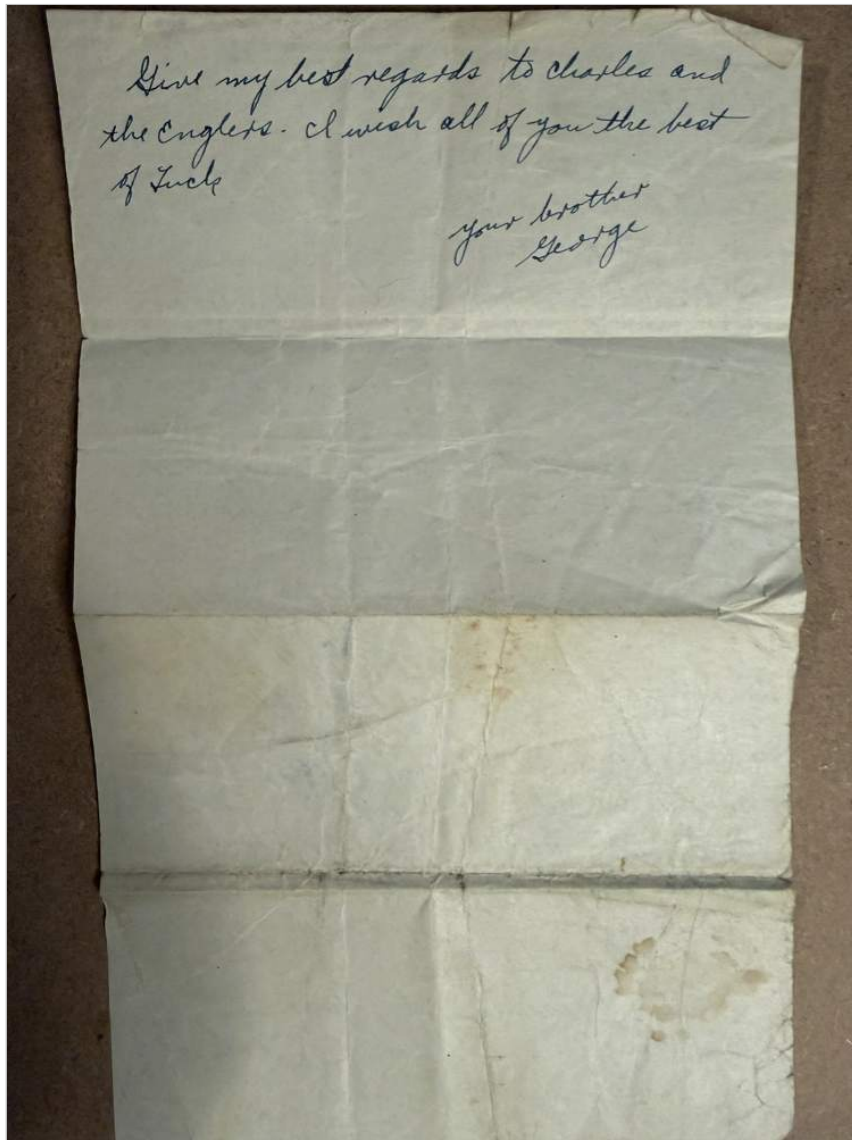
Dear Ann

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 Frank 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.



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

# December 15, 1942 — Camp Carson, Colorado

To Marian

Dear Marian

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 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. Am 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 downcasted 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

Lazy manning Margaret the Cooky 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 overcast and by noon its too hot with a jacket on. This is so sic. It changes from about 30° 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 he takes it easy. I'll write again soon.

your brother  
George

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.

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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 18, 1942 — Camp Carson, Colorado

To Marian

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 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 pee-pee 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. I do pretty good with it now though. We shoot for a record Monday, I don't expect to make expect 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 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~~ 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 Larry. 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  
Larry.

Brother George

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.

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.

I got the cookies and fruit cake. Please send me Mick'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 Mick, his mother, and Gary.

Brother George

# December 20, 1942 — Camp Carson, Colorado

To Marian

Dear Marian

Colorado

How's tricks. I got the camera and the gifts that all of you sent. I had my Christmas lastly 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 these 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 alot 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 seat 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 made 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 Sheddaker 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. It's a swell outfit though. I wouldn't change for anything. Don't get the idea that I'm disgusted or anything by my letters. It's 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.

All give you a heads 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.

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.

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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 25, 1942 — Camp Carson, Colorado**

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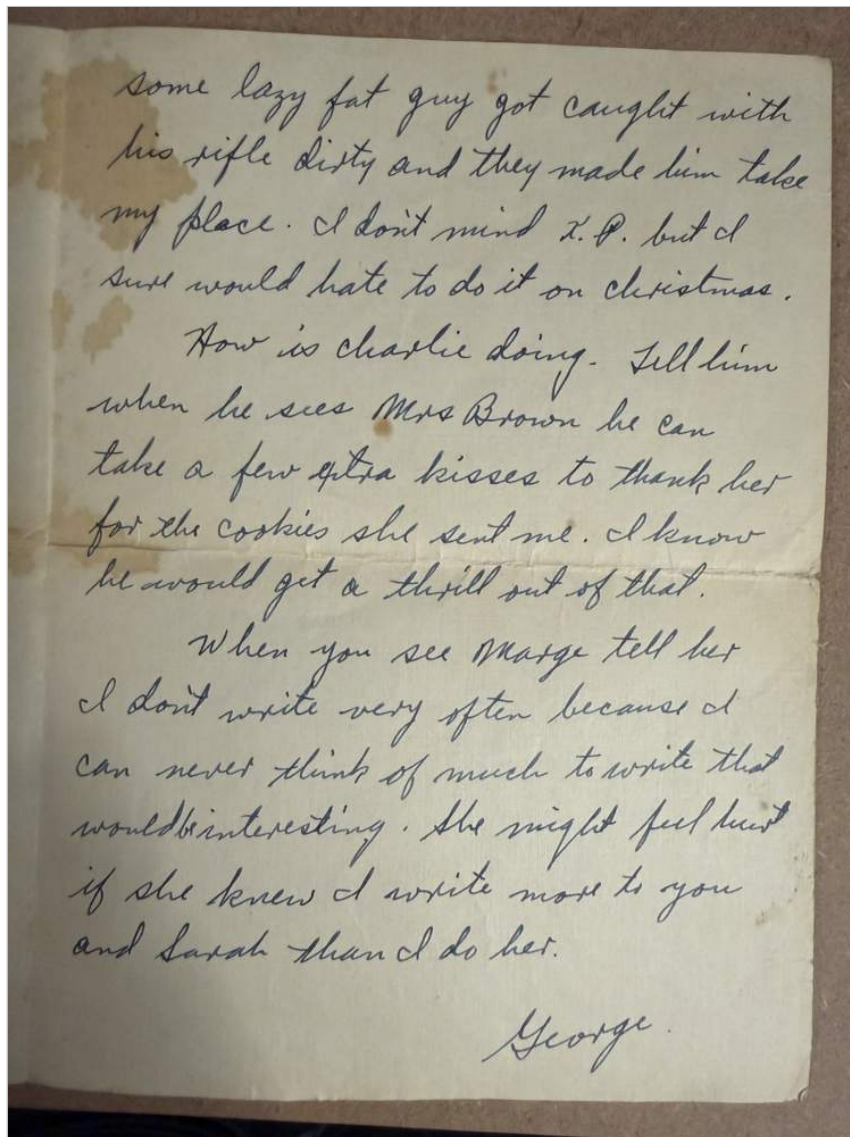
To Ann

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



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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.

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.

# Camp Carson, Christmas 1942 — Camp Carson, Colorado

To Ann

Dear Ann

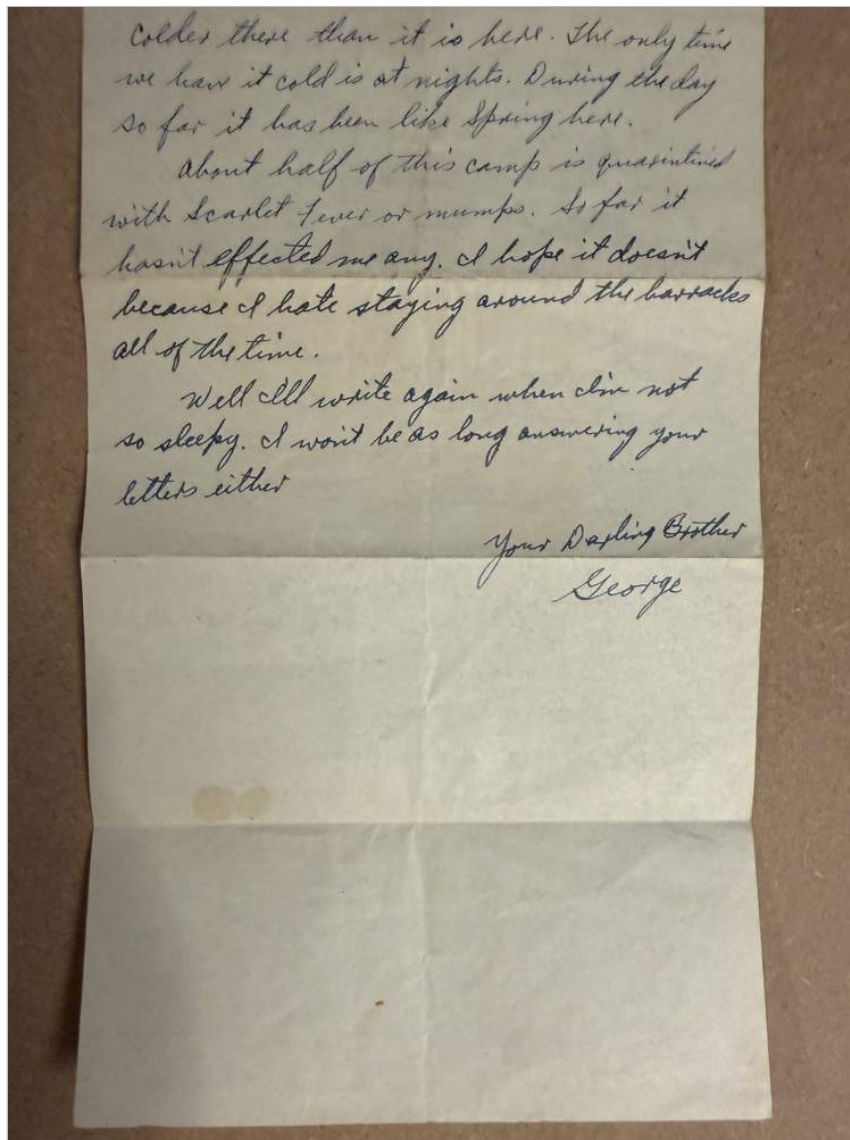
Colorado / winter

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 Christ 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 so long answering your letters either

Your Darling Brother  
George

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Your Darling Brother,  
George

# 1943 (approx.) — Camp Carson, Colorado

To Marian

CAMP CARSON  
CAMP CARSON, COLORADO

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 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. Shrover, Father Doyle, and Joe Daley all gave me big build-ups in their letters.

CAMP CARSON  
CAMP CARSON, COLORADO

I didn't see Boston. 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.

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

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# 1943 (approx.) — Camp Carson, Colorado

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 McShim 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

Dear Ann

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Best of Luck?  
George

## 1943 (approx.) — Camp Carson, Colorado

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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 gawd 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

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. 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  
George

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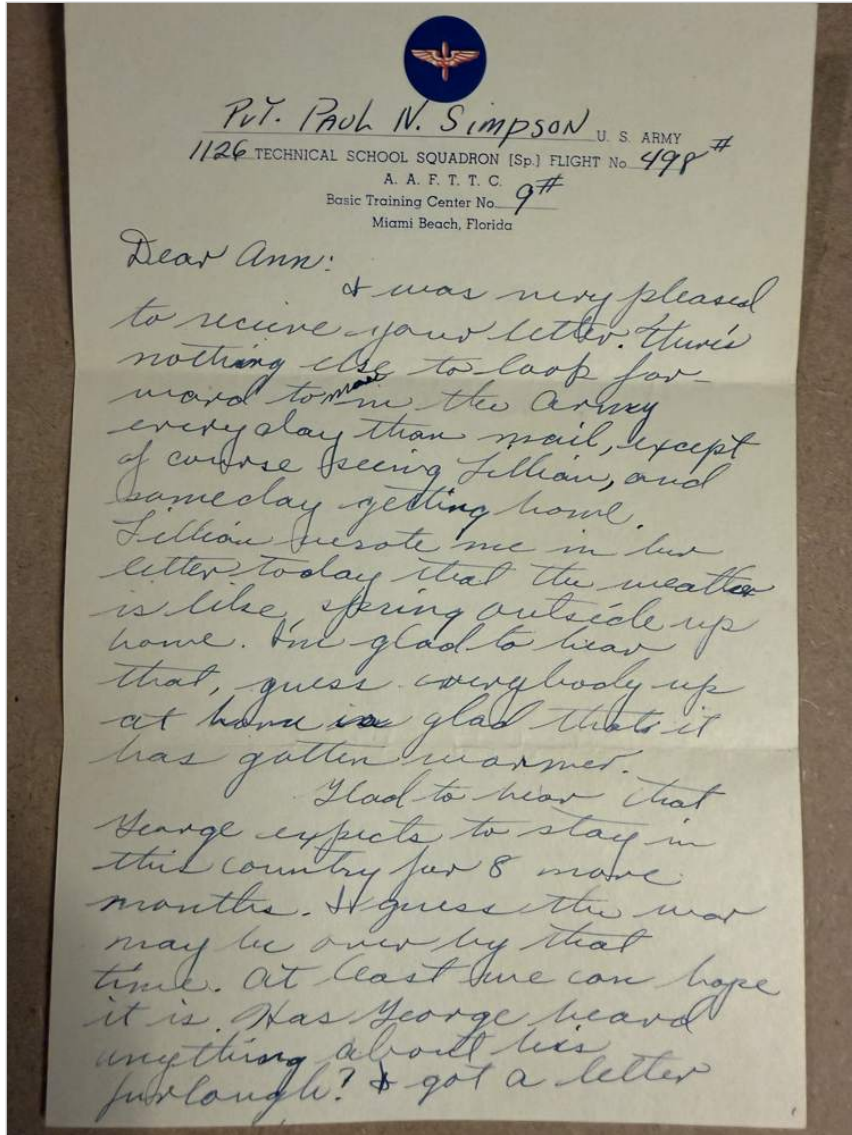
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Will try to write again soon

George

# 1943 (approx.) — Miami Beach, Florida

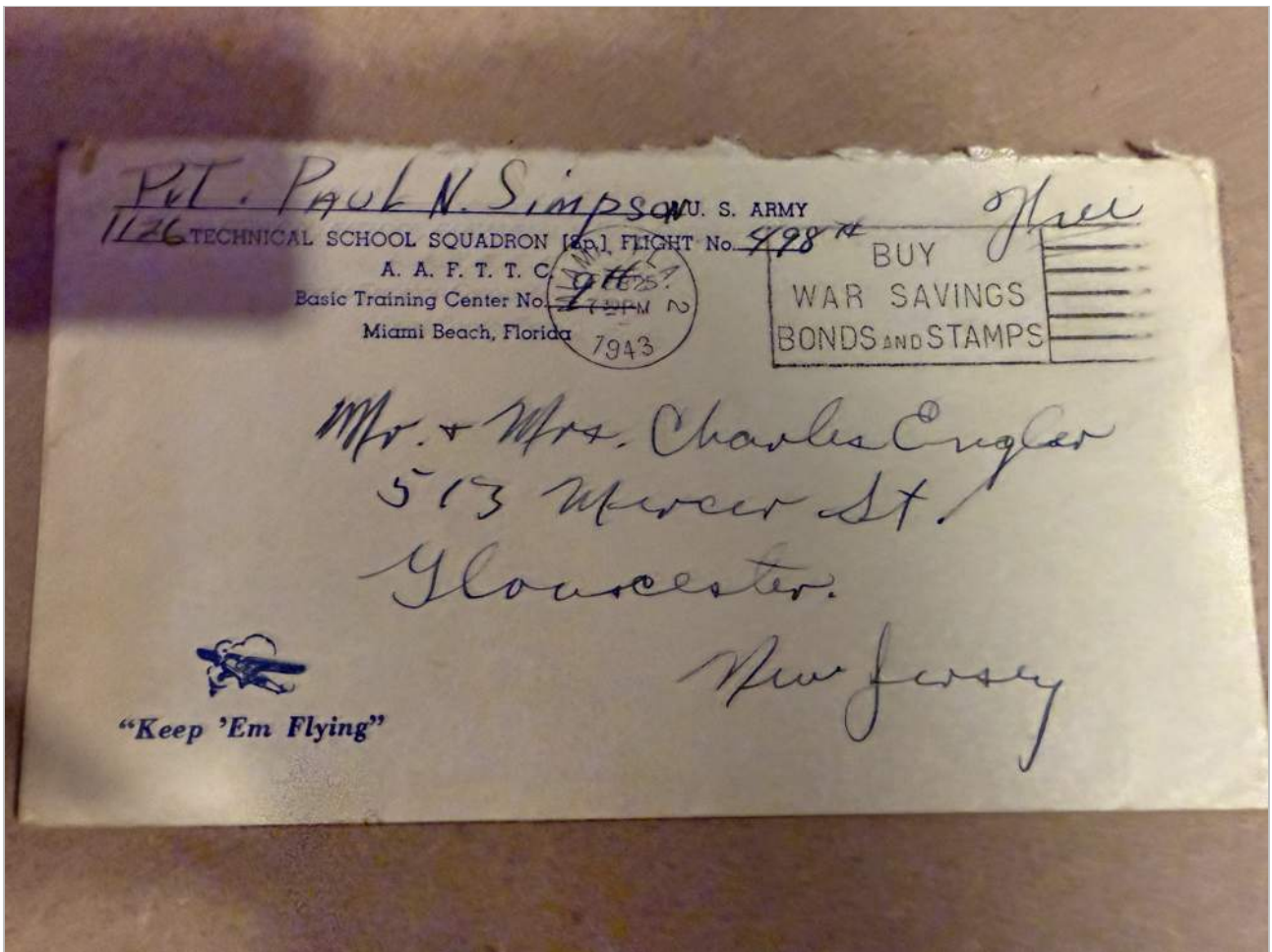
To Ann



from George a few days ago. He seems to be alright, and we are going to correspond with each other regularly. I sent him a letter this week.

I know Ann, that mostly everything Charles says is dull chatter, but it's good to hear any kind of chatter when you're away from home. Everybody seems to be treating Fella's well, as I knew everybody would. It makes me feel good to know that you're keeping her spirit up. Thanks very much, Ann, for the dollar, but you don't need much money in the Army. And what I get a month is enough for me to get along on.

Although I appreciate your kindness, Ann, I don't expect to be here very much longer. These shipping nose fellows out every day. Hope and pray that I get shipped closer to home. Well so long Ann  
Buckley



Pvt. Paul N. Simpson U.S. Army  
1126 Technical School Squadron (Sp.) Flight No. 498th  
A.A.F.T.T.C.  
Basic Training Center No. 9th  
Miami Beach, Florida

Dear Ann:

I was very pleased to receive your letter. There's nothing else to look forward to in the Army every day than mail, except of course seeing Lillian, and someday getting home. Lillian wrote me in her letter today that the weather is like spring outside up home. I'm glad to hear that, guess everybody up at home is glad that it has gotten warmer.

Glad to hear that George expects to stay in this country for 8 more months. I guess the war may be over by that time. At least we can hope it is. Has George heard anything about his furlough? I got a letter from George a few days ago. He seems to be alright, and we are going to correspond with each other regular. I sent him a letter this week.

I know Ann, that mostly everything Charles says is idle chatter, but it's good to hear any kind of chatter when you're away from home. Everybody seems to be treating Lillian swell, as I knew everybody would. It makes me feel good to know that you keep up her spirit up. Thanks very much, Ann, for the dollar, but you don't need to send much money in the Army. And what I get a month is enough for me to get along on. Although I appreciate your kindness, Ann. I don't expect to be here very much longer. They're shipping more fellows out every day. Hope Ann, pray that I get shipped closer to home.

Well so long Ann  
Bucky

# 1943 (approx.) — Camp Carson, Colorado

To Ann

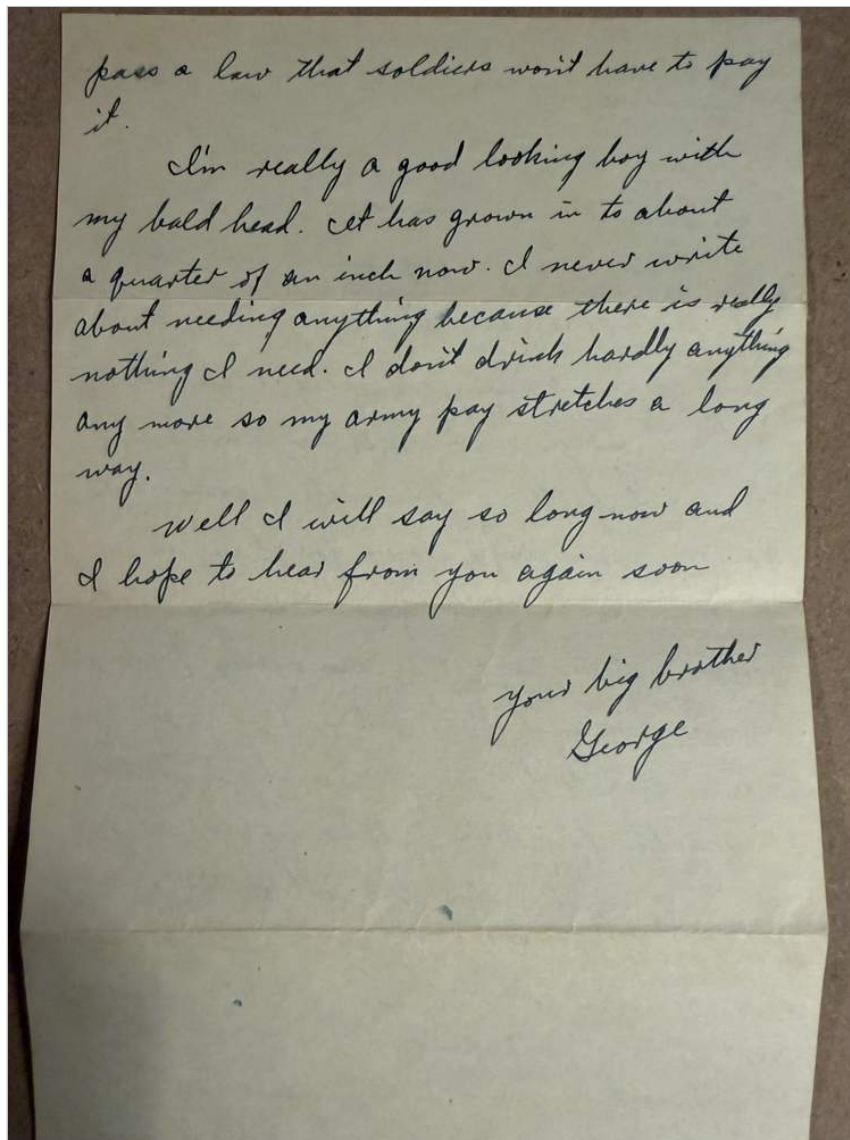
Dear Anna

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?

It's nothing goes wrong I should get a furlough next month. I don't put too much faith in it though because the Army is more 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 seven days though so if I only get the same I won't do me much good.

I send 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



Dear Anna

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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.

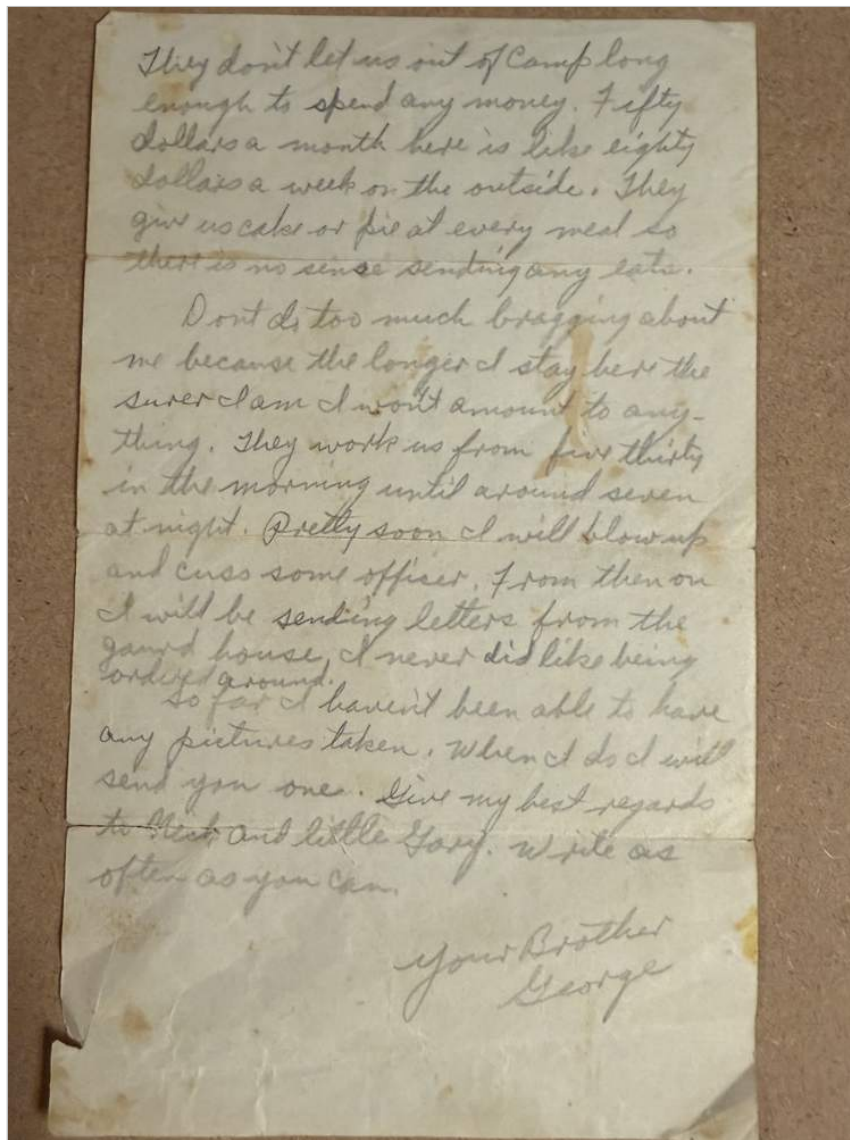
Well I will say so long now and I hope to hear from you again soon

Your big brother  
George

## 1943 (approx.) — Camp Carson, Colorado

To Marian

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 mail  
call he sits down on his bunk and  
cries because his wife doesn't write  
to him. I havent got that bad yet  
but its really great to get letters from  
you. Dont 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.  
Dont send any money or packages.



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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

# 1943 (approx.) — Camp Carson, Colorado

To Marian

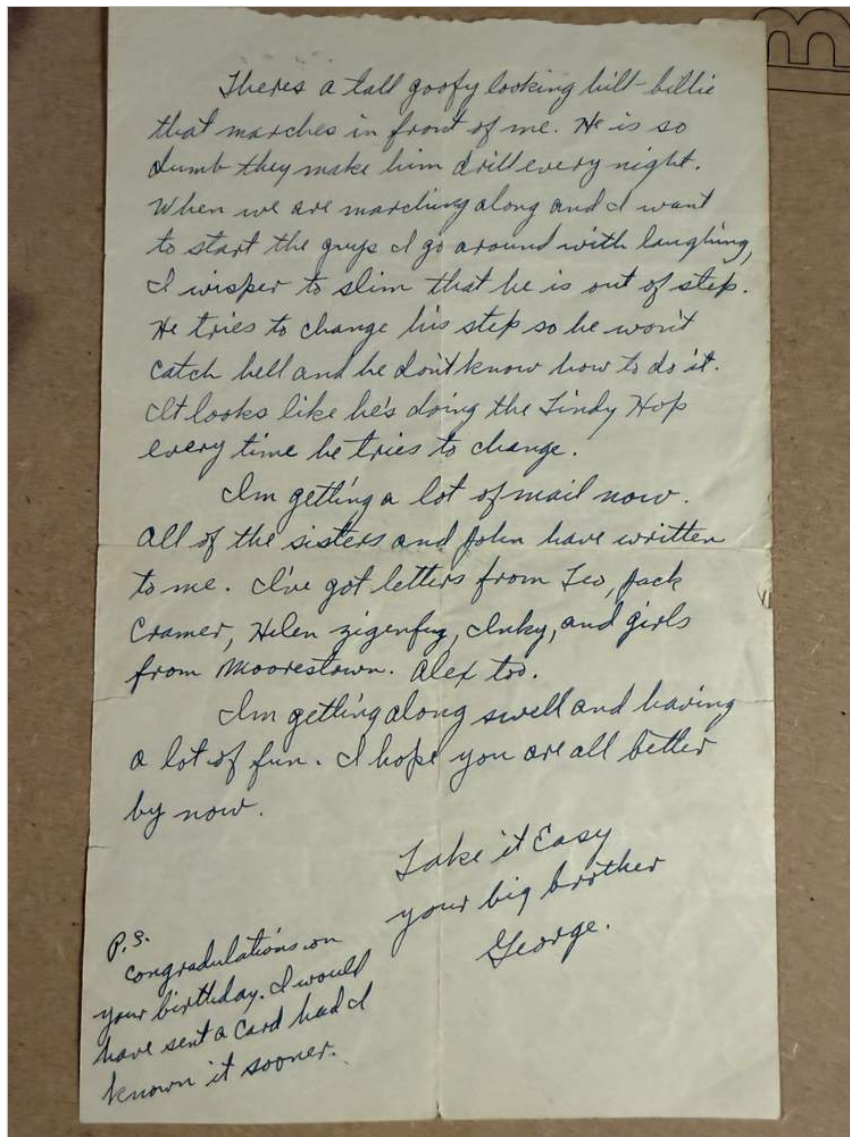
Dear Marian

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.

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 Artillery men.



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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.

## 1943 (approx.) — Camp Carson, Colorado

---

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-

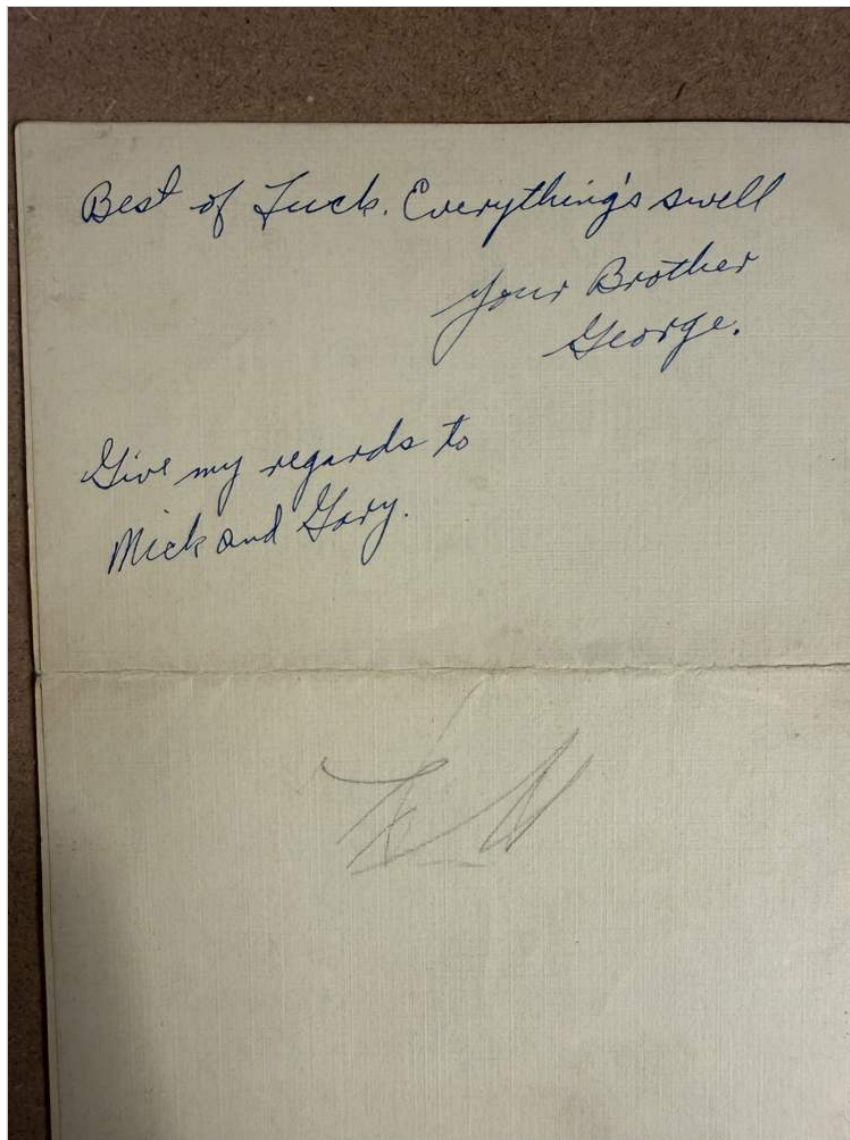
ly from New York. I've got a couple of buddies I stick with all the time from Brooklyn. All of the fellows act as though they had known you all their lives.

Earl 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 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. 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.



Dear Marian

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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.

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Best of luck. Everything's swell

Your Brother  
George.

Give my regards to Mick and Gary.

# Camp Carson, 1943 (approx.) — Camp Carson, Colorado

To Marian



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 come 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 when I left home.

I didnt 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 didnt 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 wont let anyone go past the ten mile limit from the camp.

Ill write again soon. If you dont hear from me again soon dont worry because I might be on maneuvers.

Best Wishes to All  
George

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.

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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

## February 7, 1943 — Camp Carson, Colorado

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.

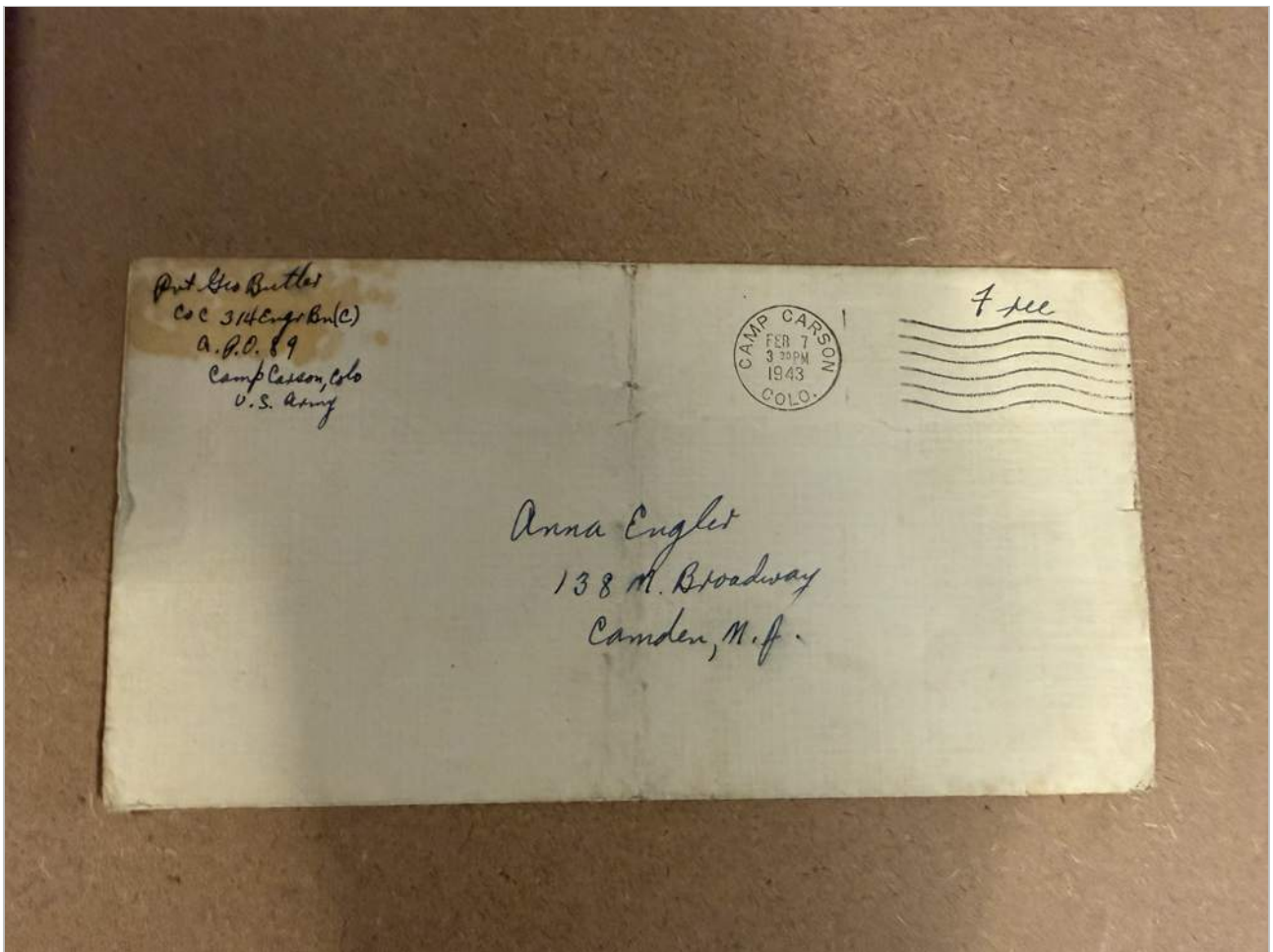
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I doubt very much if Bucky will ever go over seas. By the time his training is over the war should be over too. They aren't sending men over this time without training to commit suicide like they did in the last war.

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~~<sup>month</sup> preparing for inspections. Give my best regard to Charles.

I'll write again soon  
as ever  
George



Dear 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.

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I'll write again soon

As Ever  
George

George described this same U.S.O. show to his sister Marian — with a little on who was in it (Jane Frazee, the Rockettes, and a radio singer). [Read that letter →](#)

February 7, 1943 — Camp Carson, Colorado

To Marian

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 Coames'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 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.

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 havint been to town for three weeks to be weighed but I'm pretty sure I gained some weight back.

I didnt 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 werent 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 La Marr 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 havint seen one for three months and the fact 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.

Love & Love  
Brother George

Dear Marian

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I'll write more later.

Give my regards to Nick & Gary

Luck & Love  
Brother George

George wrote his sister Ann about this same show too, the same week (her letter is postmarked Feb 7, 1943). [Read that letter →](#)



**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. [Wikipedia →](#)

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. [Wikipedia →](#)

"**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).

# Camp Carson, February 1943 — Camp Carson, Colorado — camp hospital

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To Ann

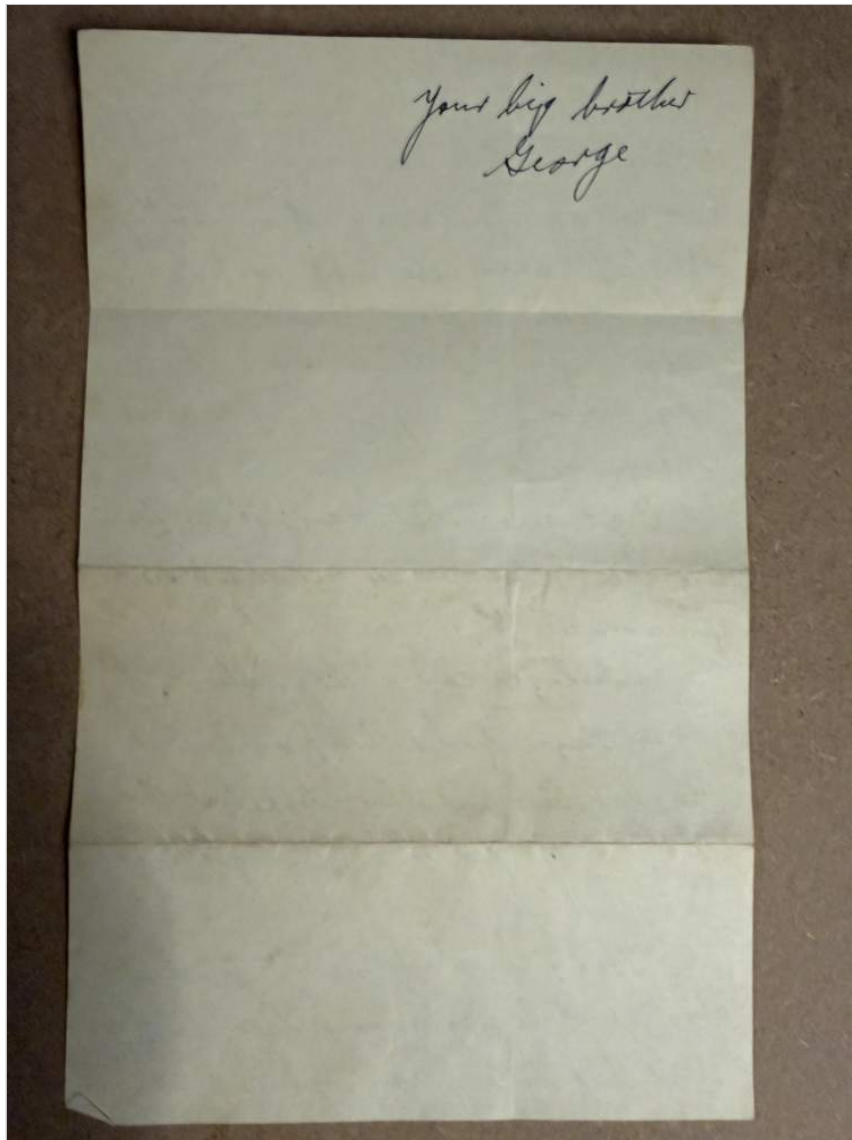
Dear Ann

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?

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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.

Theres nothing much to write  
about just laying around here in bed  
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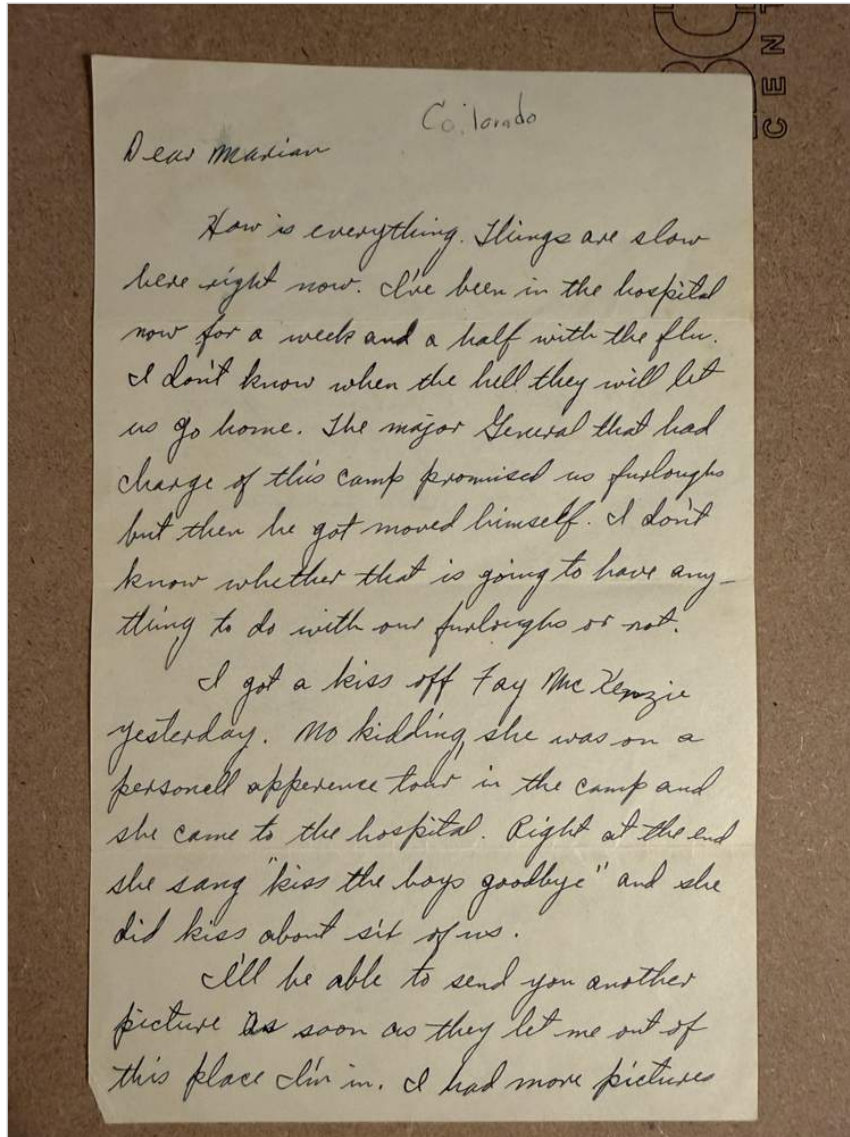
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Your big brother  
George

The same week, from the same hospital bed, George wrote his sister Marian about this very show — and the kiss Fay McKenzie gave him. [Read that letter →](#)

# Camp Carson, February 1943 — Camp Carson, Colorado

To Marian



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.

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.

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.

The same week, George wrote his sister Ann from this same hospital, describing the very same Fay McKenzie show. [Read that letter →](#)



**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. [Read more on Wikipedia →](#)

Photo: Wikimedia Commons (public domain).

**The song:** "Kiss the Boys Goodbye" (1941) – [listen on Spotify →](#)

# Camp Carson, February 1943 — Camp Carson, Colorado

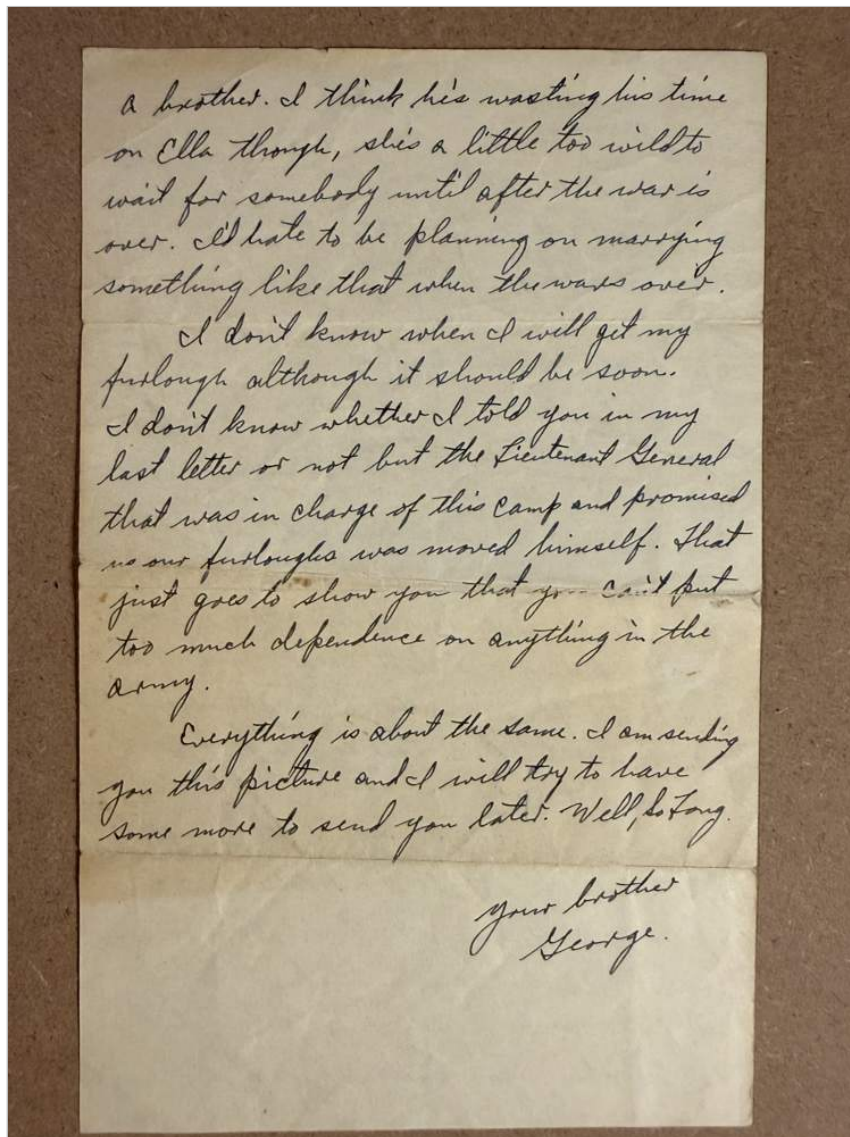
To Marian

Dear Marian 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 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



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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.

This is the letter George wrote just after leaving the camp hospital — the same stay during which Fay McKenzie's troupe visited. [See the hospital letters →](#)

# March 5, 1943 — Camp Carson, Colorado

To Marian

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.

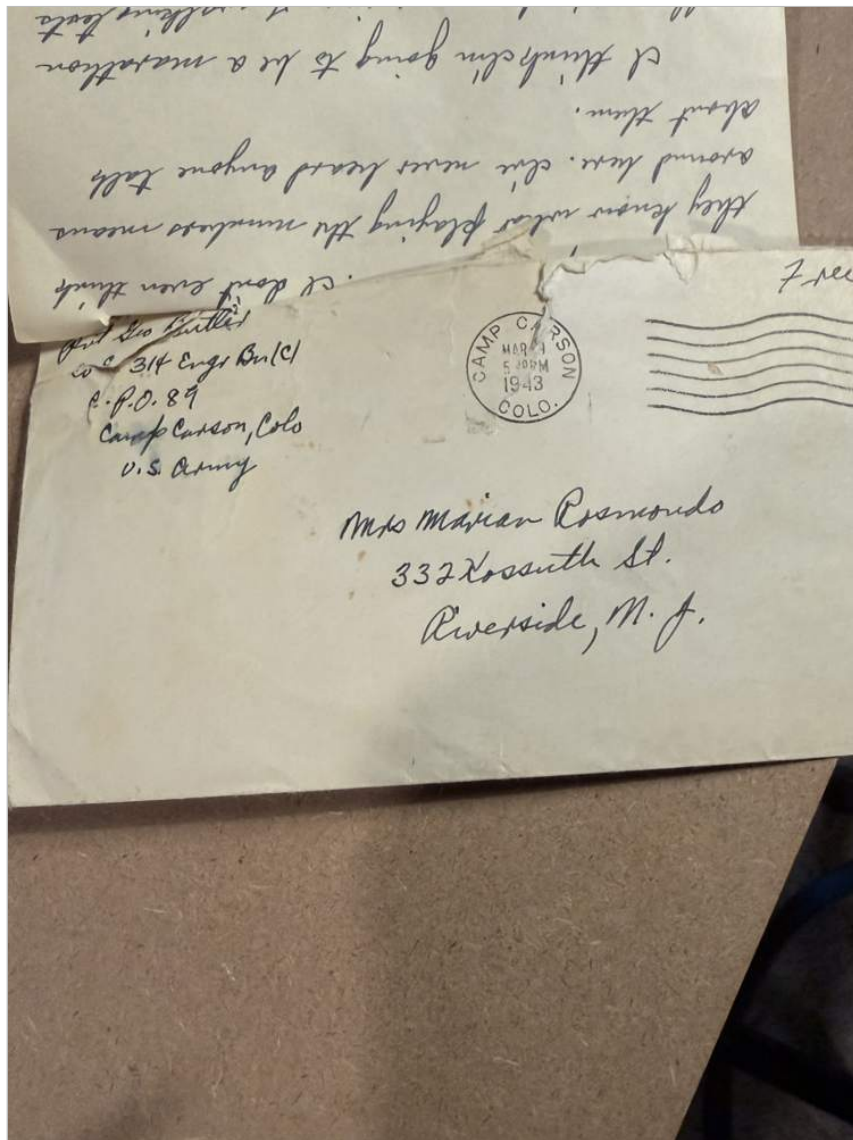
I hope you hit that 282 that was

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 Sasalis 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



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.

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.

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

## April 1943 — Camp Carson, Colorado

To Marian

Dear Marian

Lake George  
Colorado?

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 receive my 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.

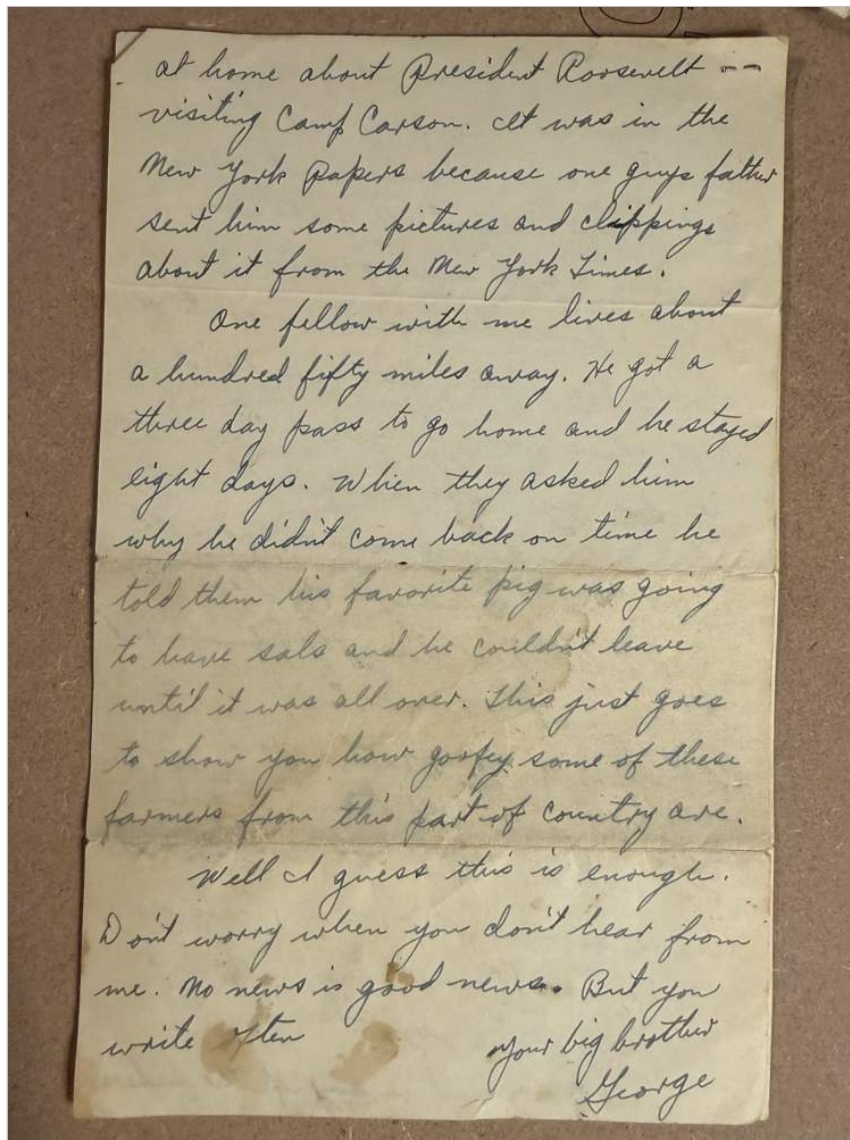
When I do get my furlough it  
will be ten days. This will give  
me five days at home. It won't allow  
me much time to visit all of you  
and to give my women a break too.

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. Jimmy Falenberg was here the night before last doing the Rumba 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



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.

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

# May 1943 — Camp Carson, Colorado

To Ann

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 Pike's 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  
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George

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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

## July 1943 — Camp Carson, Colorado

To Ann

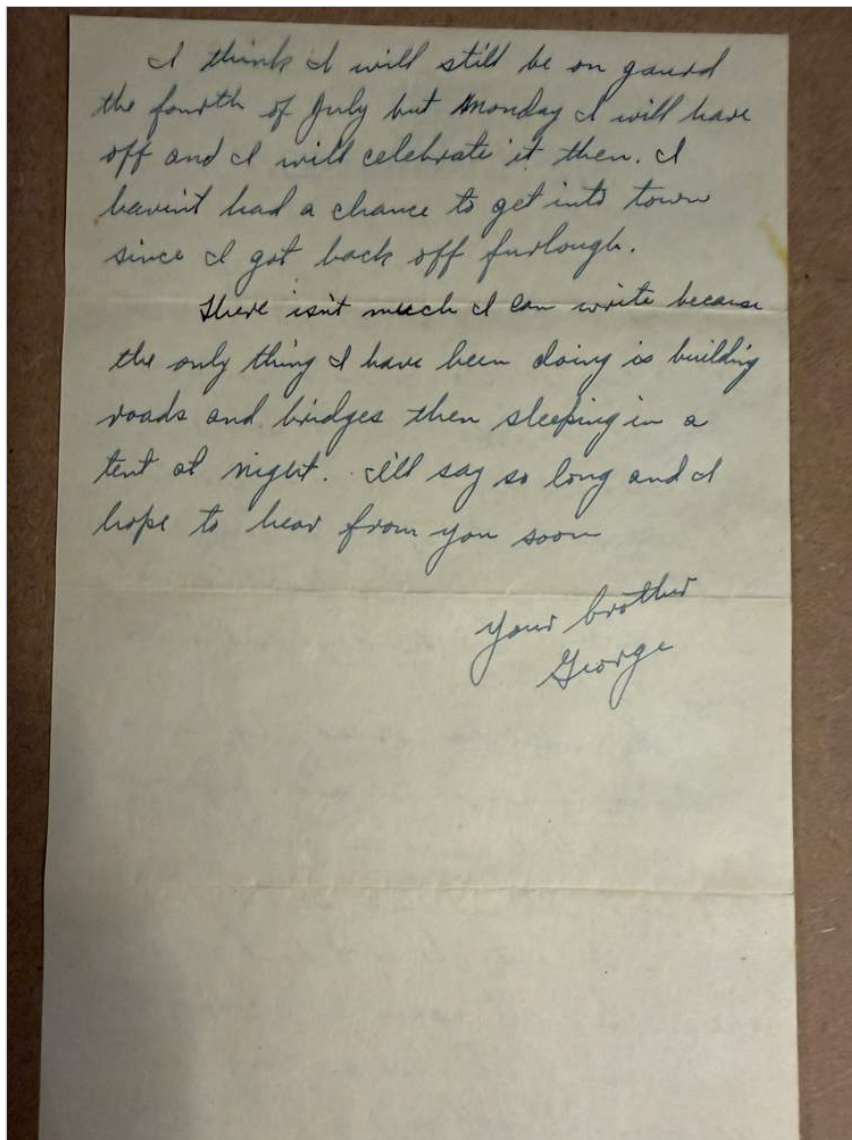


CAMP CARSON, COLORADO

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 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.



Dear Ann

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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 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

# September 1943 — Camp Carson, Colorado

To Marian



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 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 manuever. 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 (loopy 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.

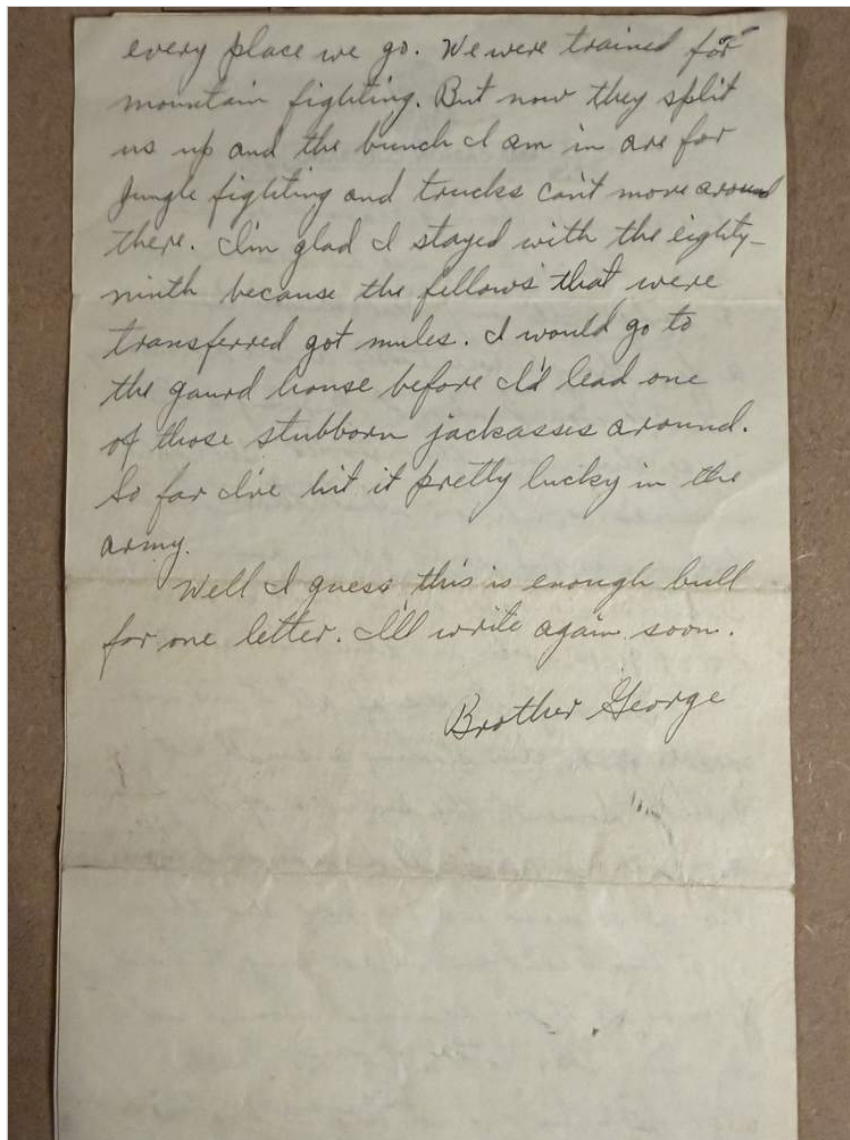
You'd be surprised at some of the  
fellows you meet in the Army. The other



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



Dear Marian

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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 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

# November 1943 — Camp Carson, Colorado

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.

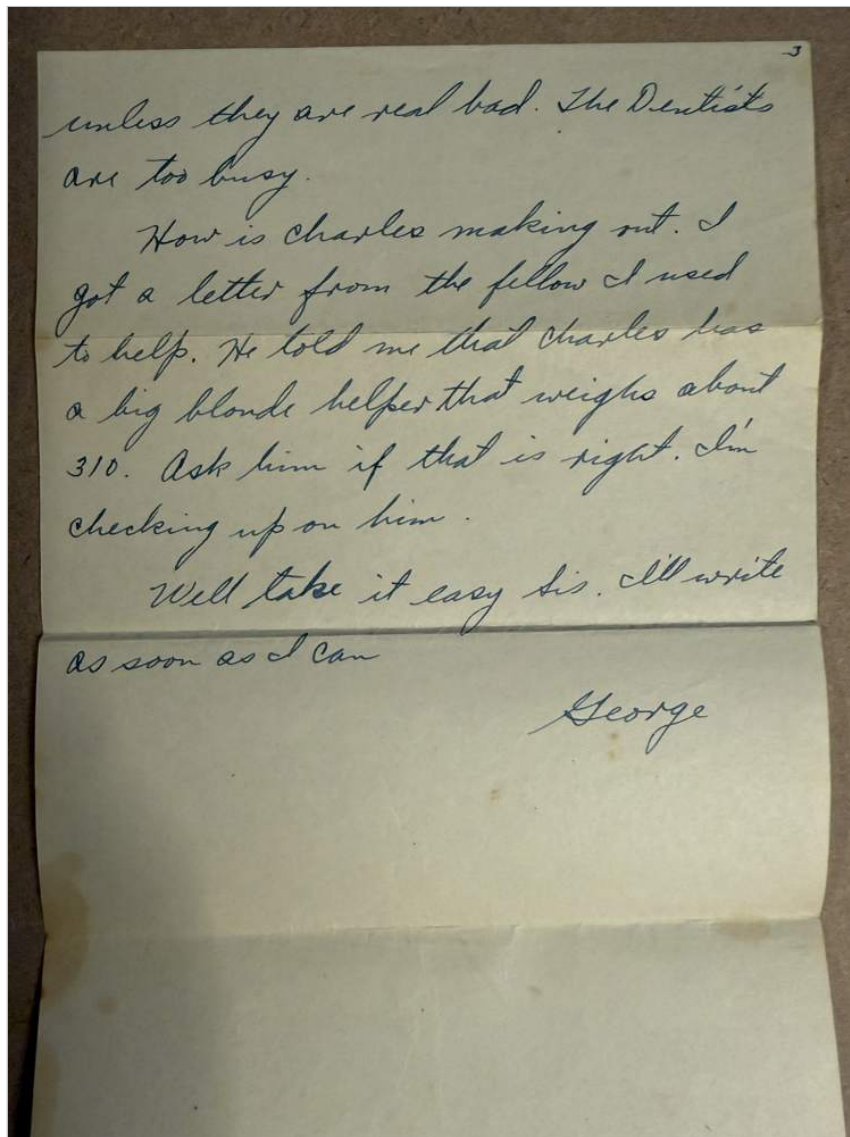
I needed three letters of recommendation. Father Doyle sent a swell letter and so did Joe Daley. Mr. Shovelle is supposed to send one so I will be all set to take the test. I put in my application so now I have

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 ~~like~~ <sup>like</sup> to be stuck in one spot  
away from any excitement for a year.  
If I do make the Air Corps 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 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



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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.

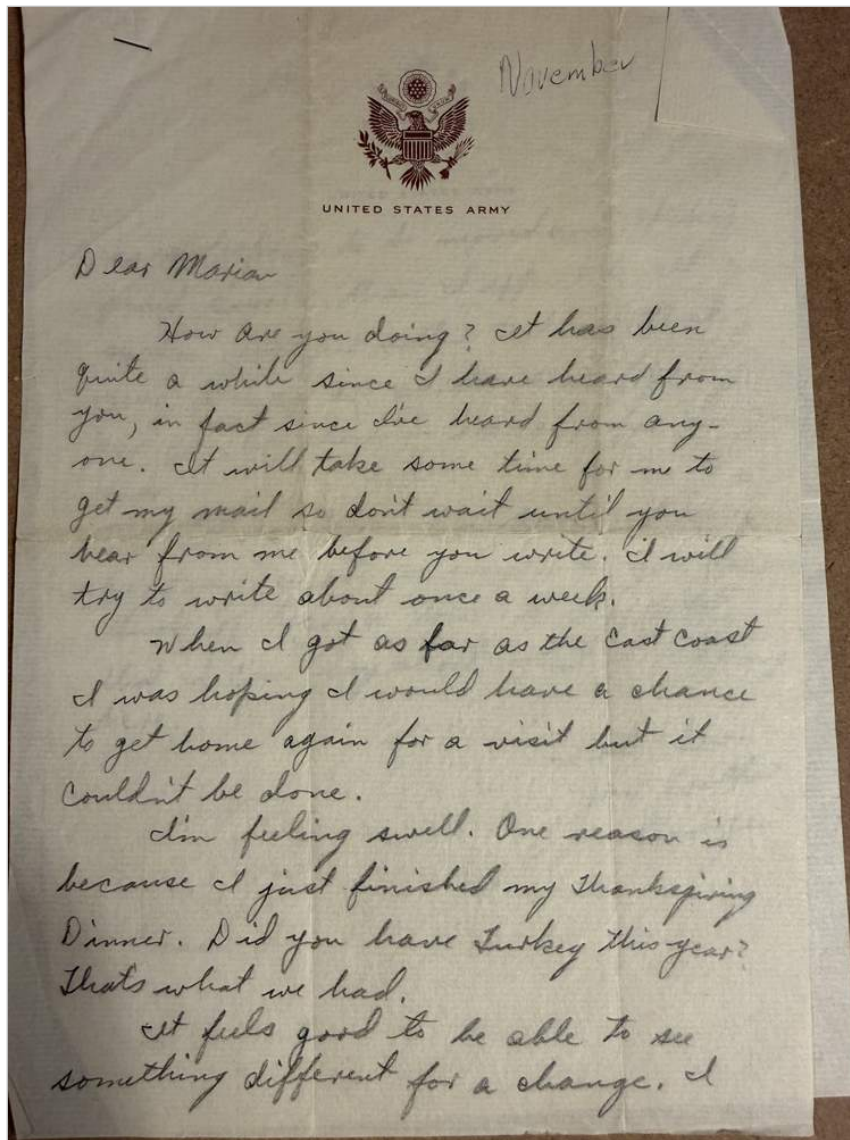
How is Charles making out. I got a letter from the fellow I used to help. He told me that Charles has a big blonde helper that weighs about 310. Ask him if that is right. I'm checking up on him.

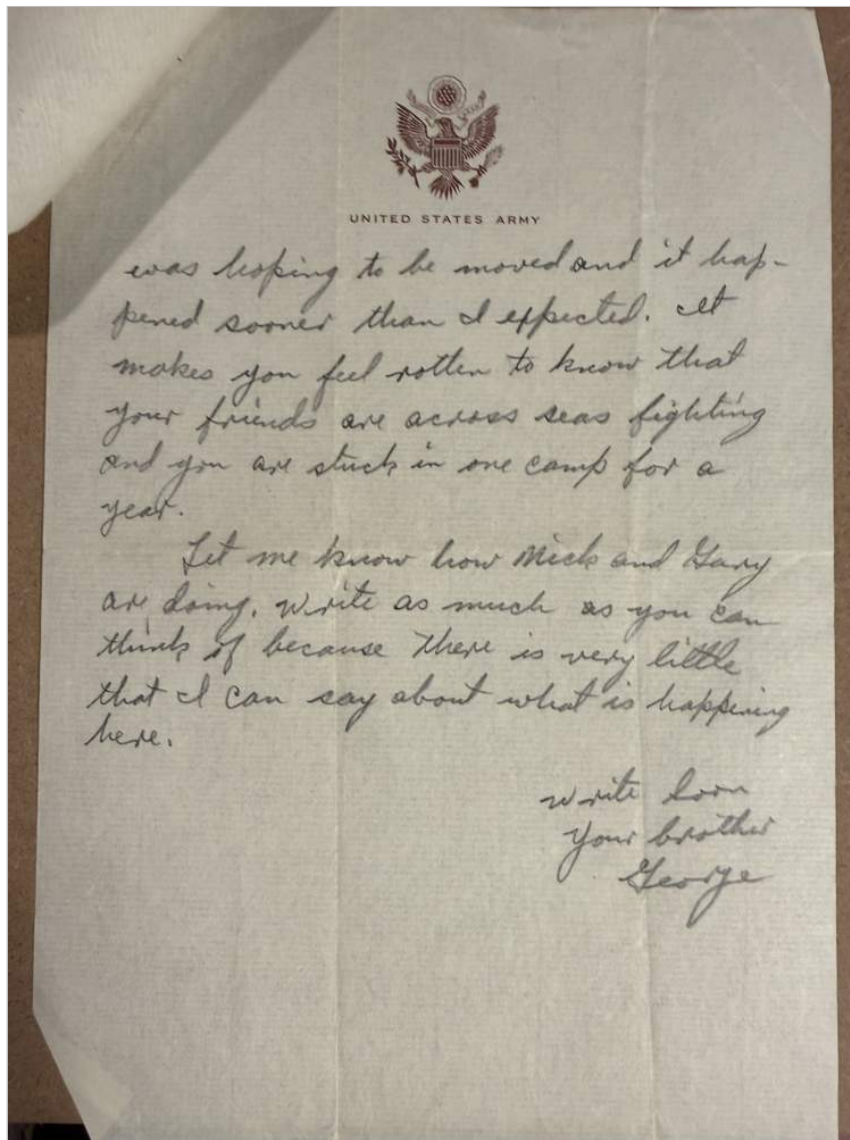
Well take it easy Sis. I'll write as soon as I can

George

## November 1943 — United States (East Coast or stateside camp)

To Marian





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 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

**November 10, 1943 — New York (port of  
embarkation area)**

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To Ann

Dear Ann

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

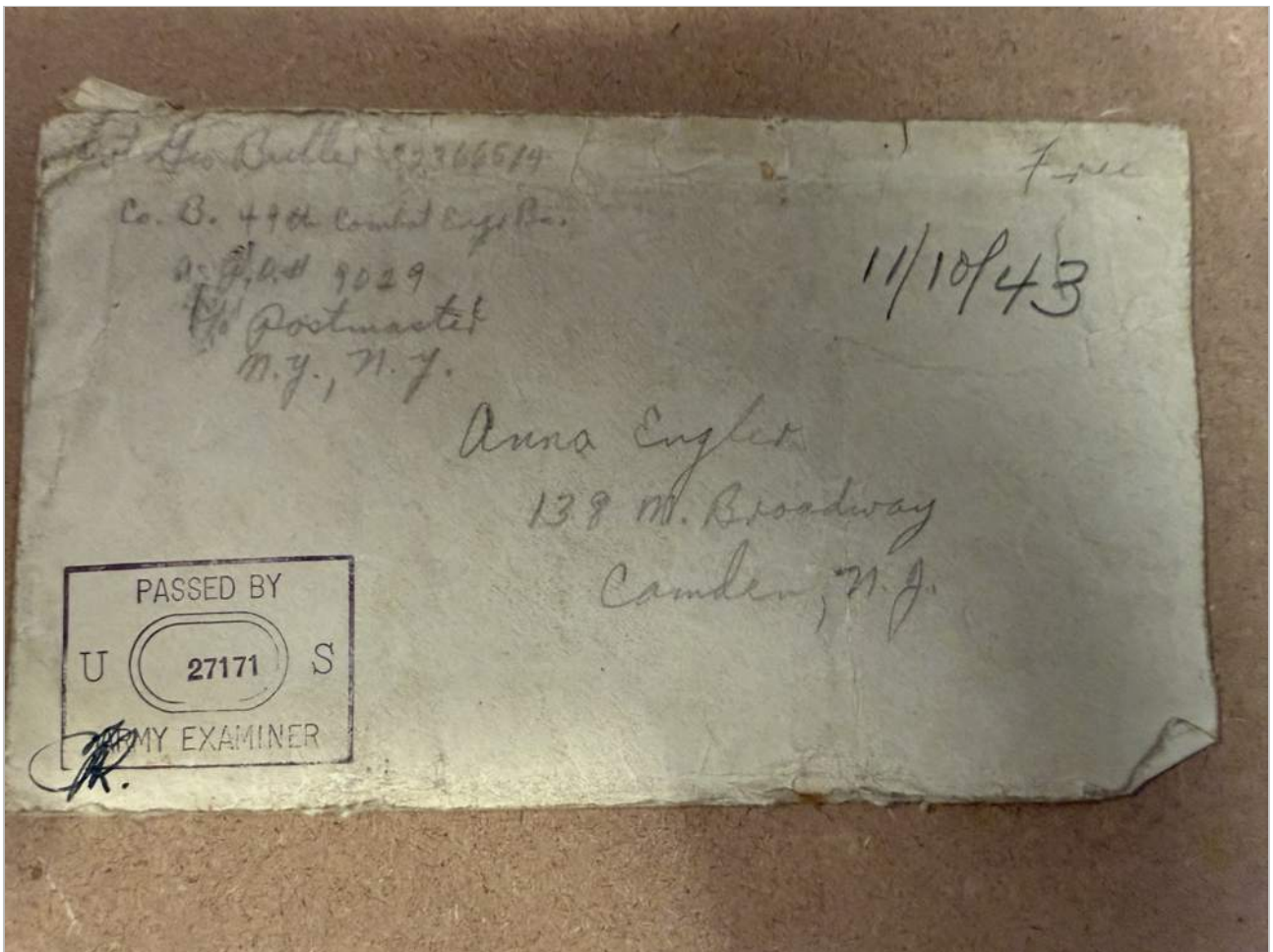
I guess Sarah told you that I didn't make the Air Corps. I came close but not close enough.

Lillian was going to visit me in Colosada. 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



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.

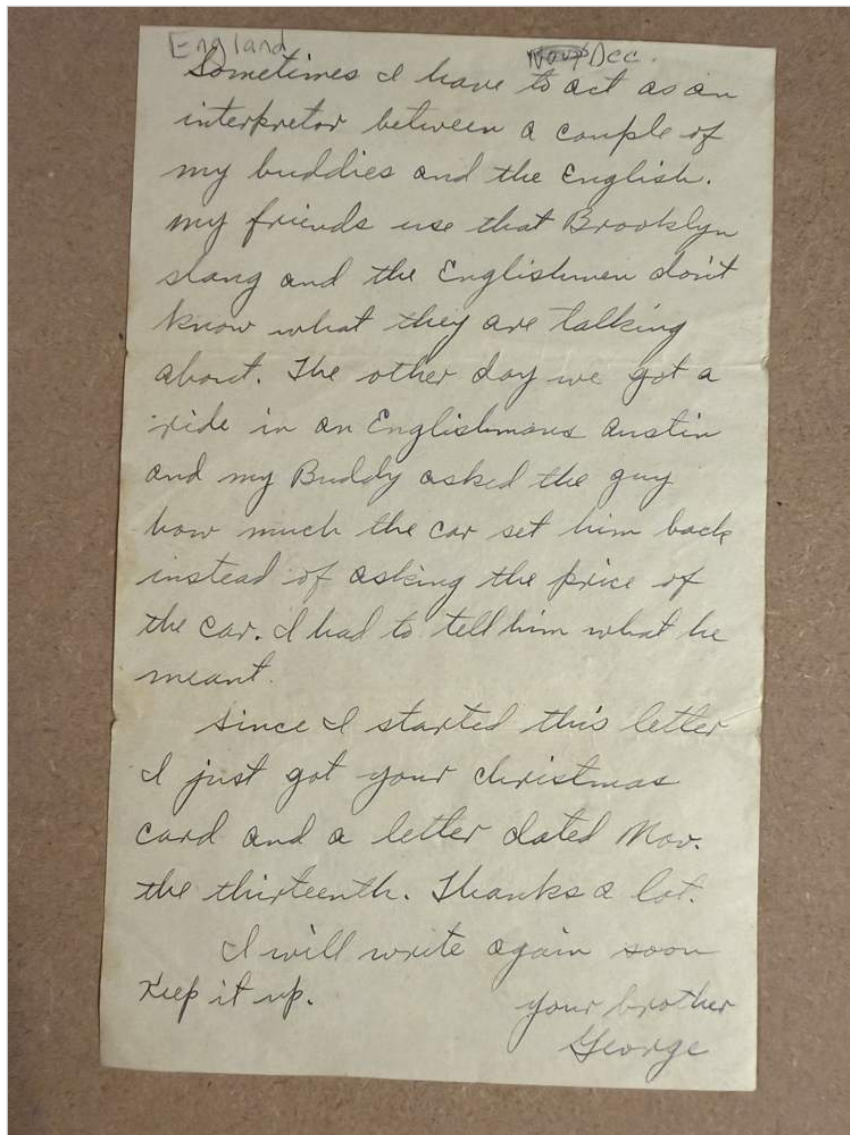
Lillian was going to meet me in Colorado. She didn't know that I had moved. Sarah will let her know though.

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

Take it Easy  
George

## December 1943 — England

To Marian



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

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

**December 6, 1943 — England or en route overseas  
(A.P.O. 9029)**

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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.

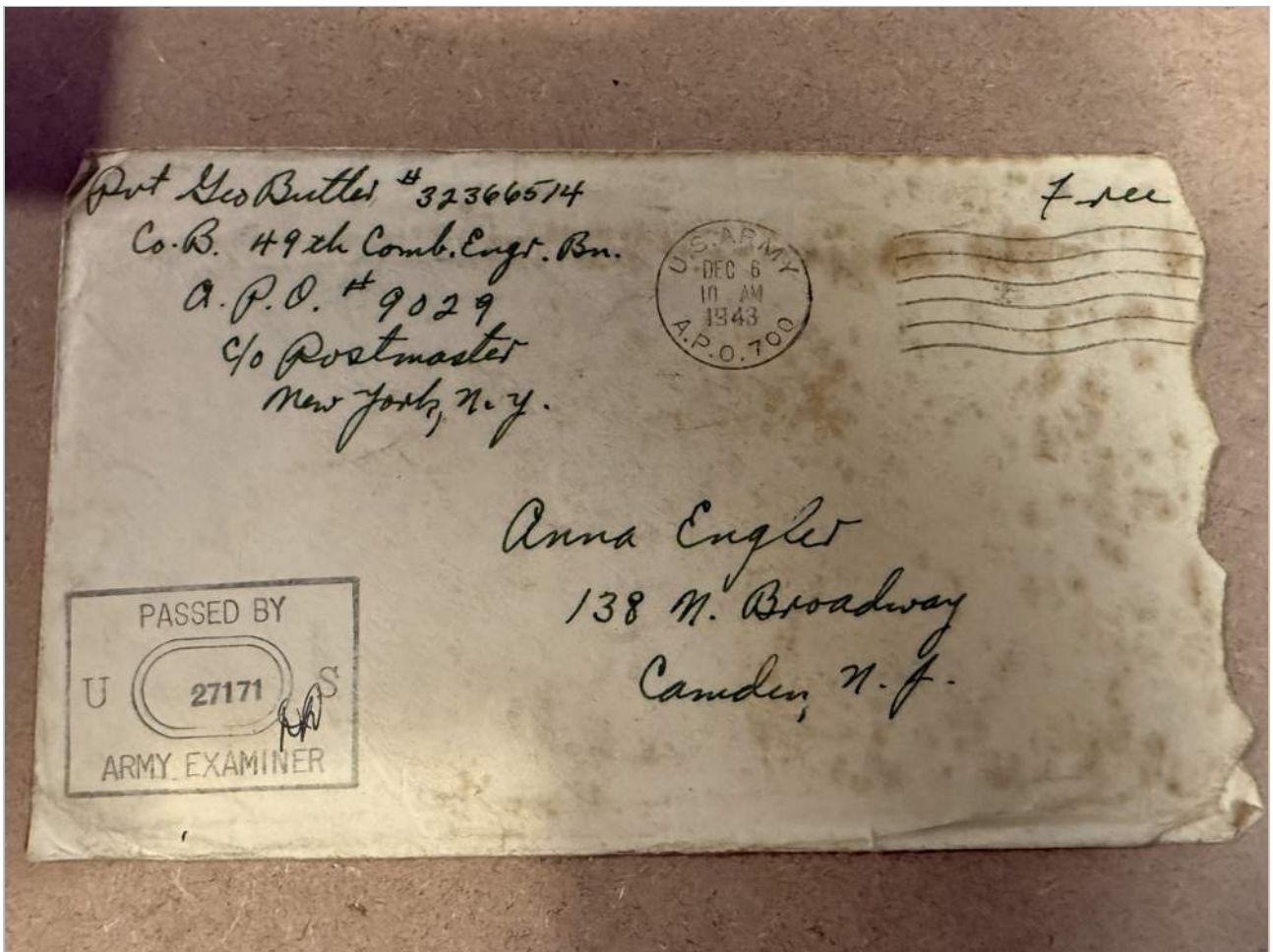
Don't give me hell for not  
writing often now. I will write  
as much as I can but God knows  
how long it will take the letters  
to get to you after I write them.

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



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.

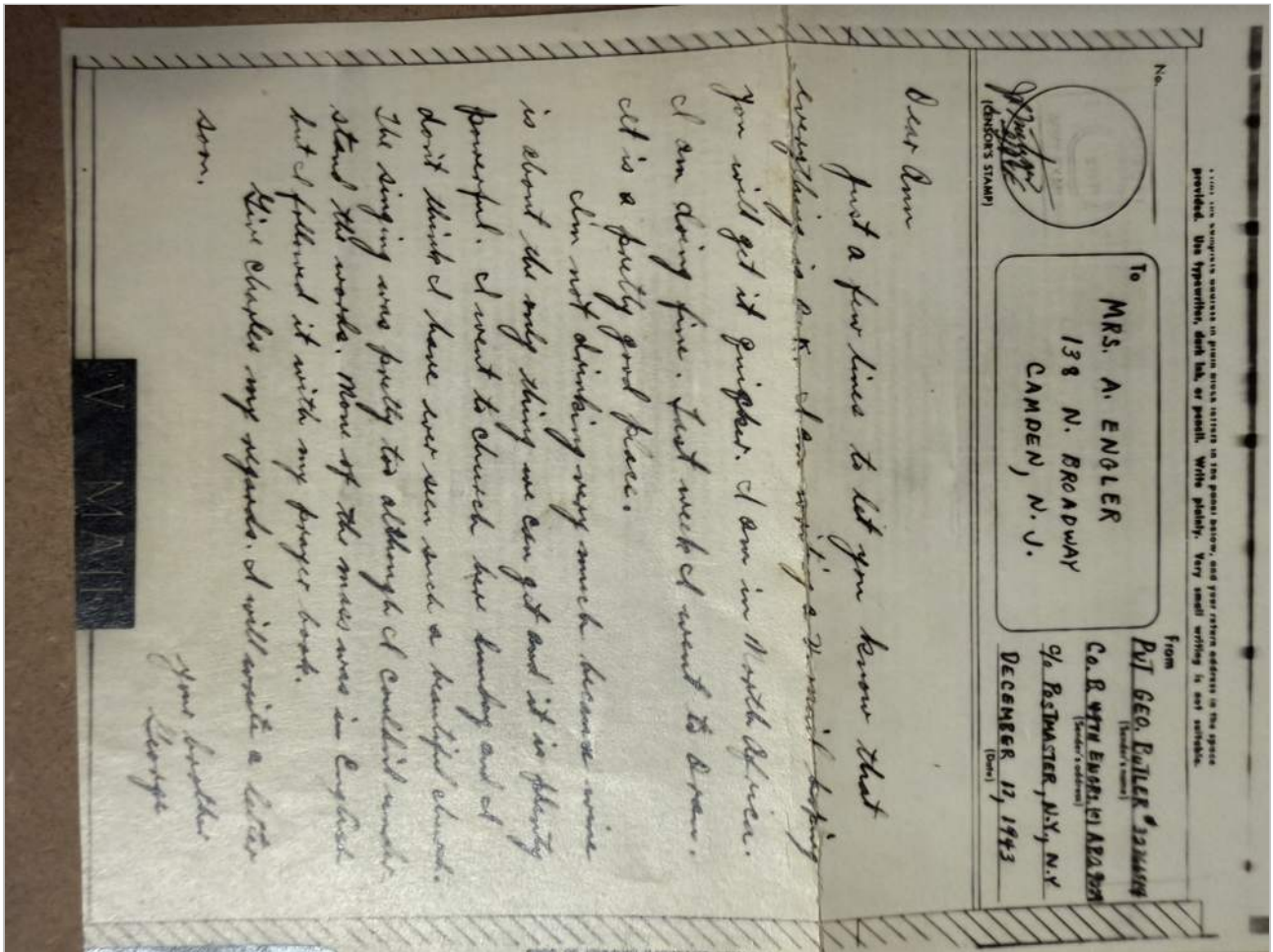
There is very little that I can say that is not military information. You know I'm a little thick any way. You will get a V mail from me that is just a change of address. It doesn't mean anything except that it will be my permanent A.P.O. number. The one on the envelope now is only temporary.

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 12, 1943 — North Africa

To Ann



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.

## 1944 (approx.) — mainland Europe

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To Ann

Dear Ann

I just got back from  
Munich 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 Jimmy  
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

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.

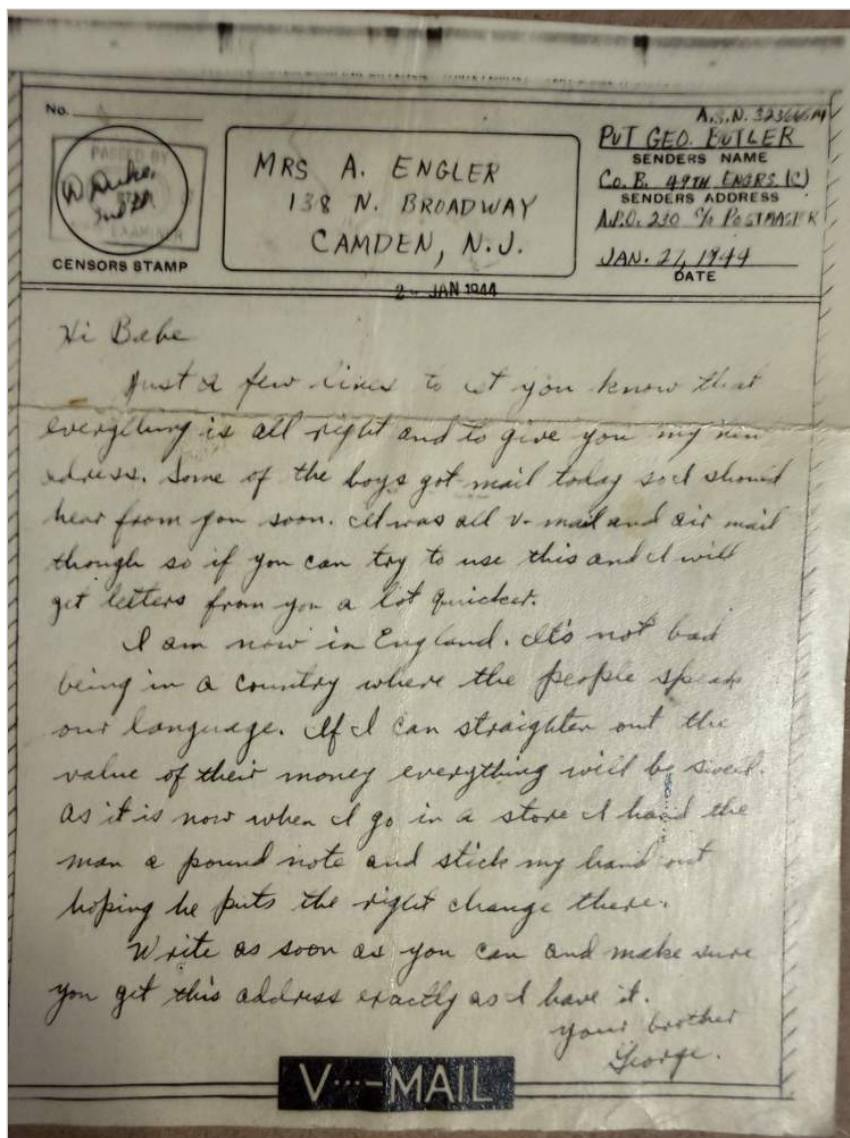
I'll drop Bucky a line. Maybe he is near here and I will have a chance to see him. I haven't heard from Lil for quite a while but she probably is home by now.

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

Your brother George

# January 21, 1944 — England

To Ann



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 28, 1944 — England

To Marian



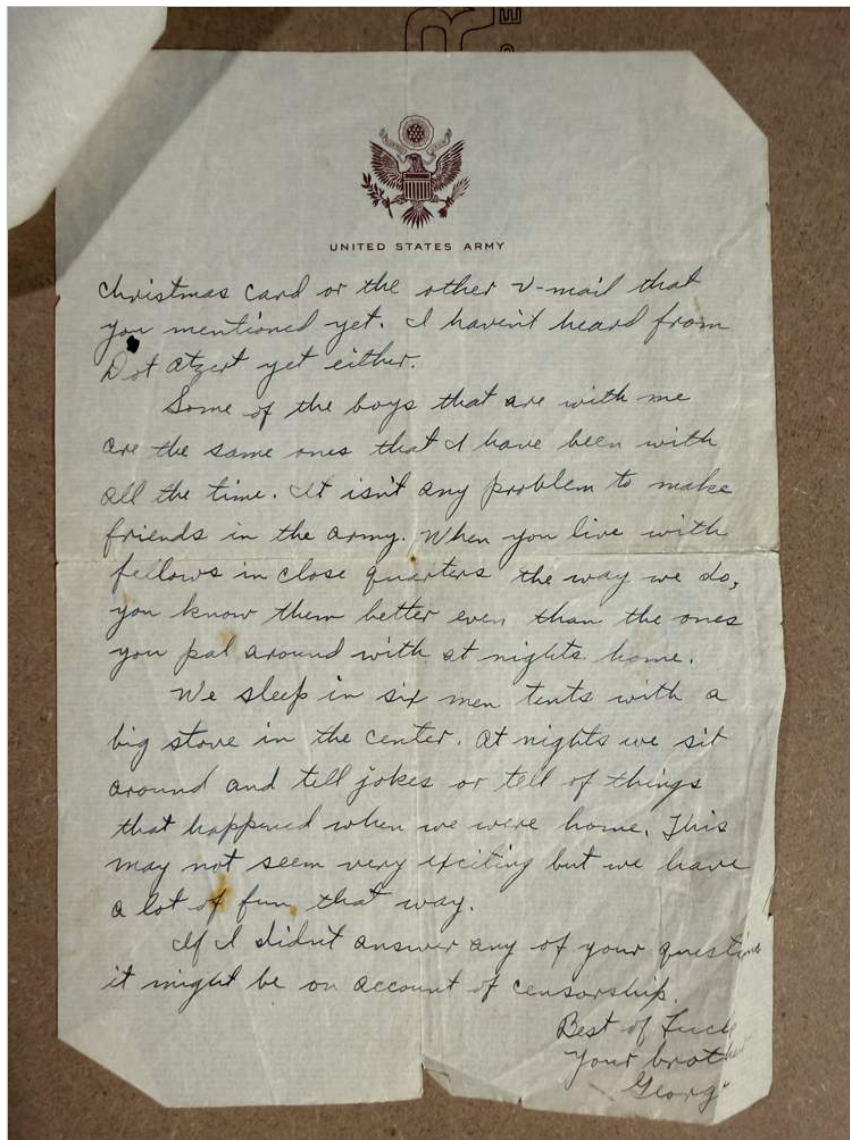
UNITED STATES ARMY

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 Mellic Macloskey, 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 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



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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.

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

February 19, 1944 — England

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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 leave but a better spot. Keep writing and I will try to do better.  
your brother  
George

Dear Ann

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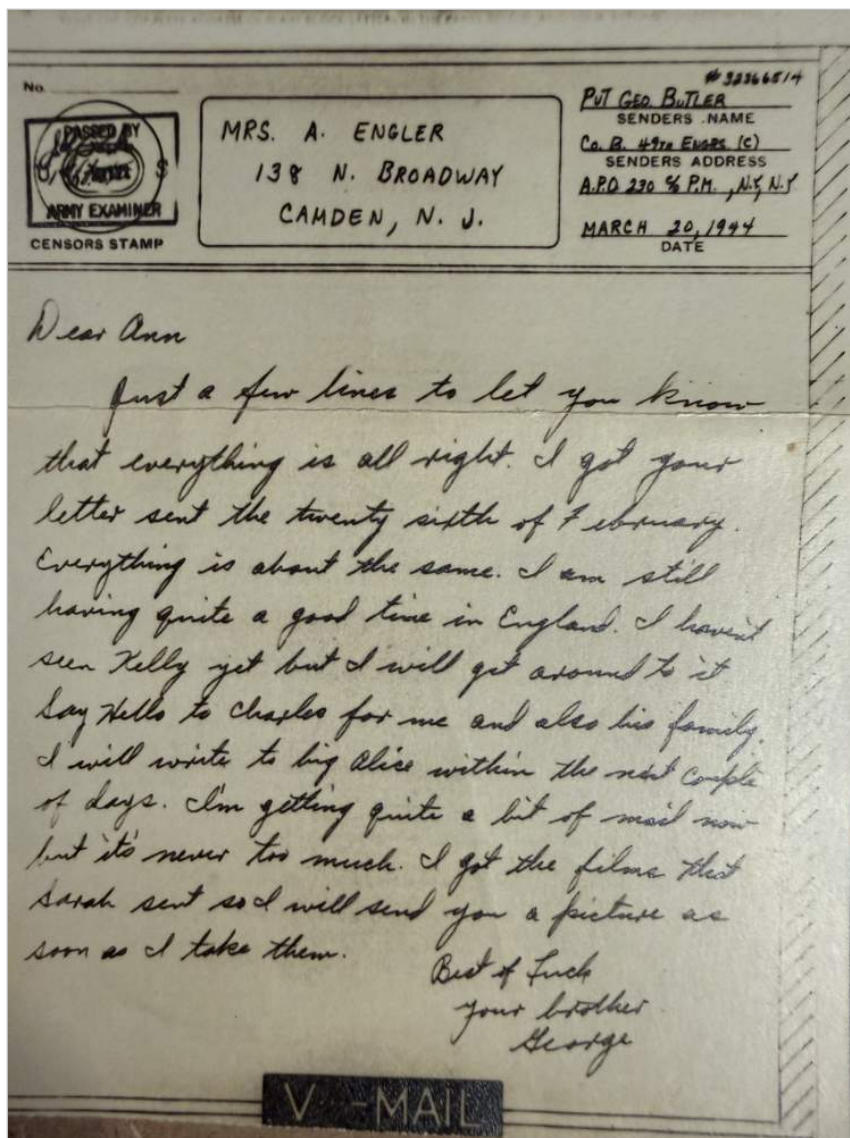
I am still enjoying England. Of course I would rather be home but since there is a war going on I don't think I could have hit a better spot. Keep writing and I will try to do better

your brother

George

# March 20, 1944 — England

To Ann



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



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

your brother  
George

**May 4, 1944 — England**

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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 Bucky 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 Graducanal 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 willing-boro W. M. C. A.

I havent any pictures to  
send you and if you go to barracks  
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 Marian 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

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

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.

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[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.

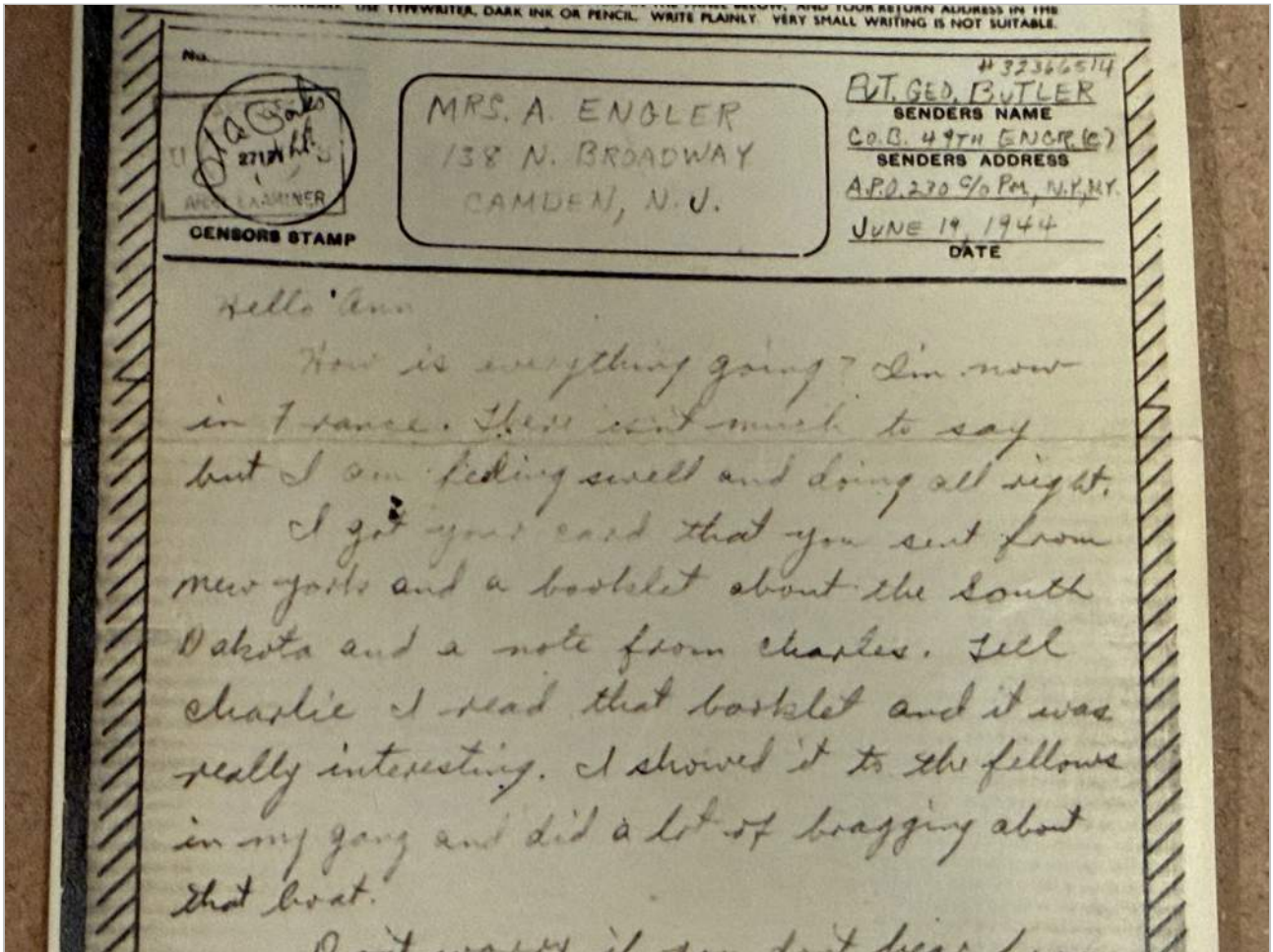
I haven't any pictures to send you and if you go to Sarah's house you will see why. I used up half of the film and still didn't get a good picture of myself. Maybe I will have better results later. If not I will get some taken at a photographer's.

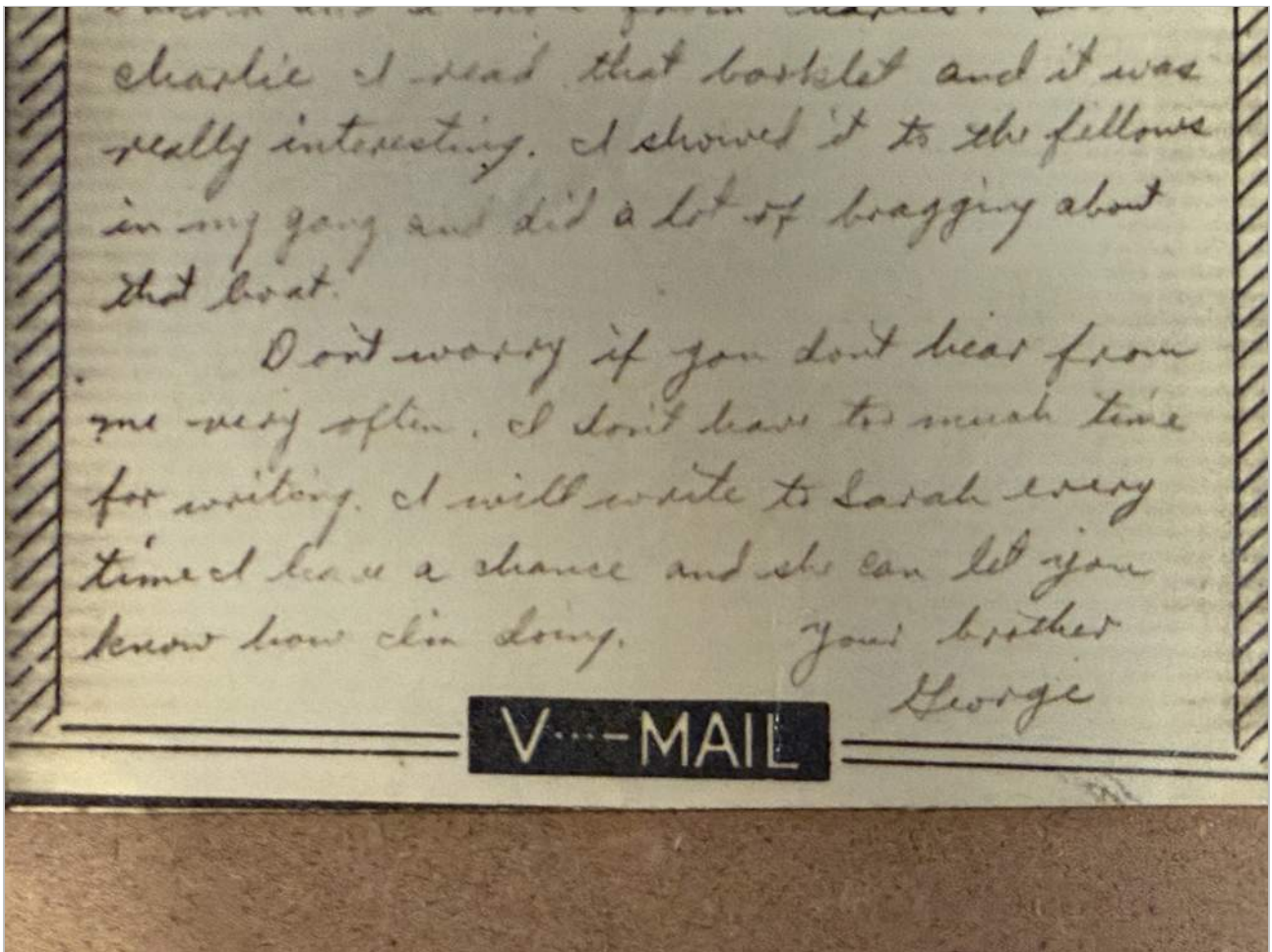
Well Marian write as often as you can and I will see that I do better from now on. I hope the Army doesn't grab Nick. I doubt if they will with him having a family and his trade.  
Best of luck

Your brother  
George

# June 19, 1944 — France

To Ann





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.

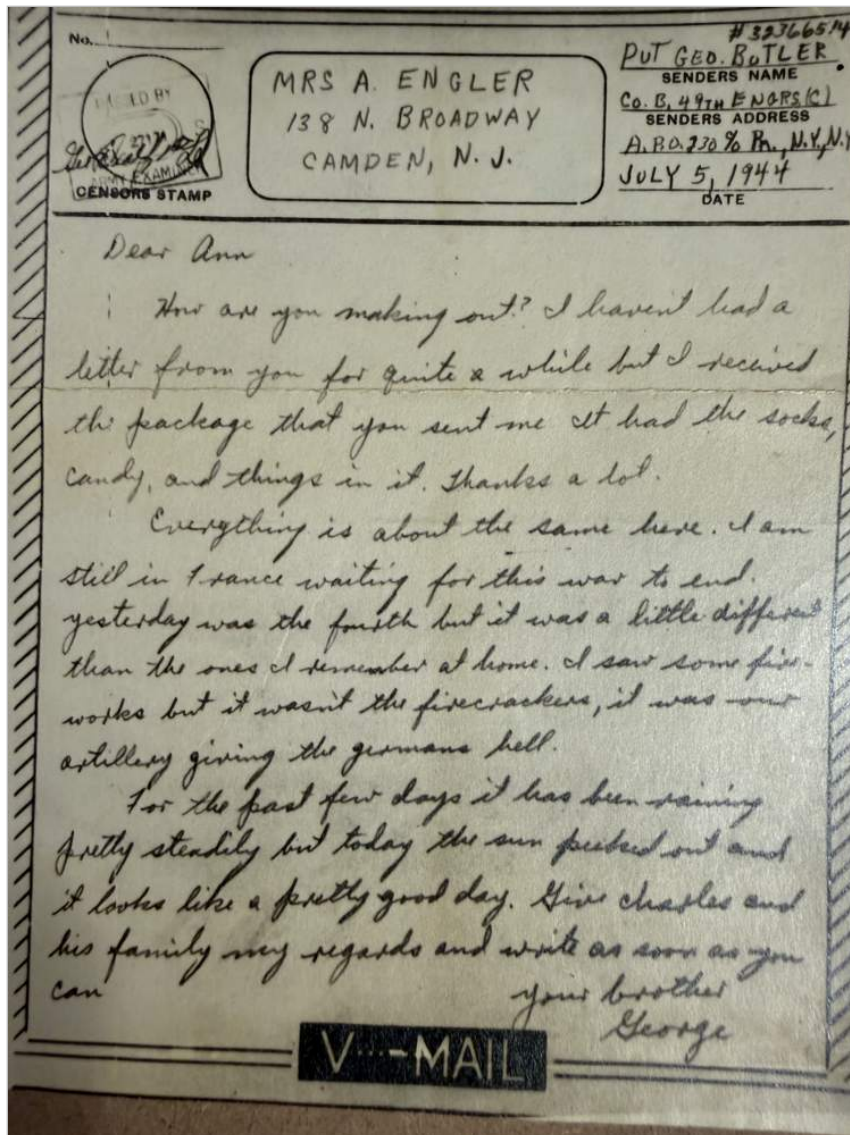
I got your card that you sent from New York and a booklet about the South Dakota and a note from Charles. Tell Charlie I read that booklet and it was really interesting. I showed it to the fellows in my gang and did a lot of bragging about that boat.

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

# July 5, 1944 — France

To Ann



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

**August 24, 1944 — France**

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To Marian

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 enestains 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. 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.*

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.

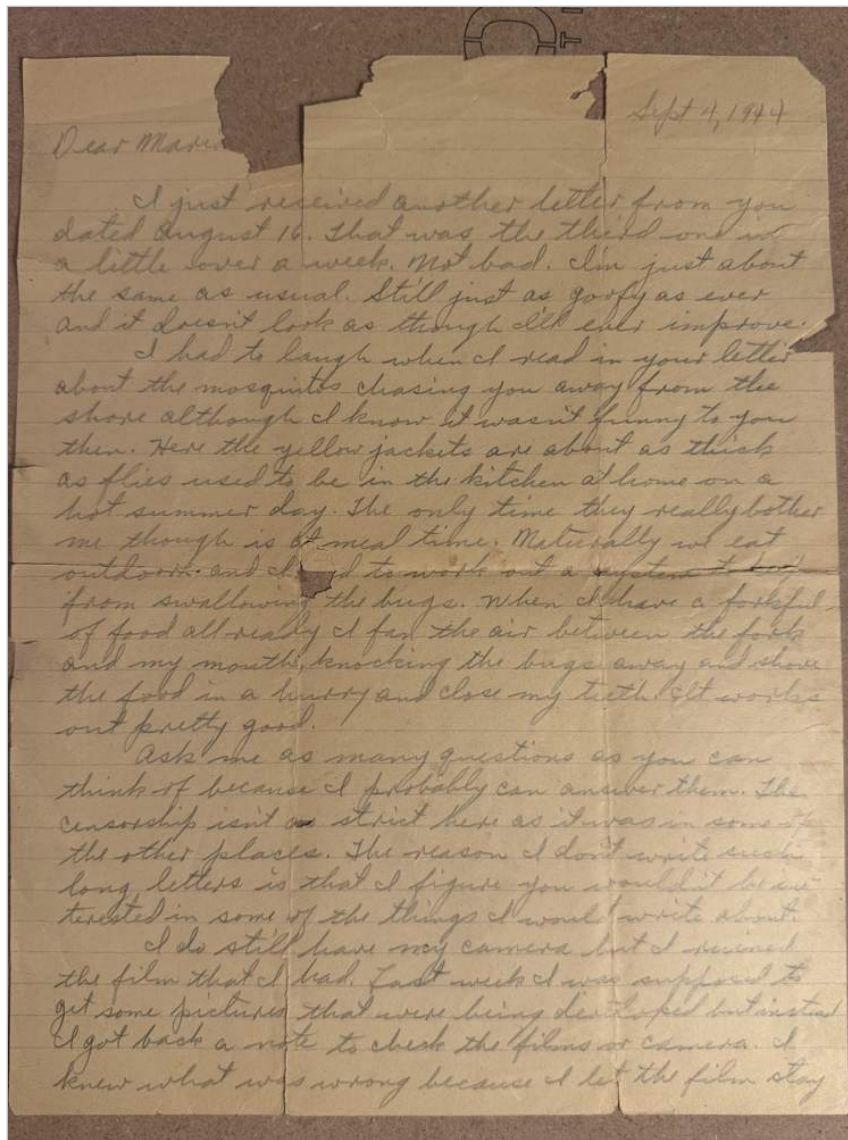
I'm learning to speak French as fast as I can. So far I'm doing pretty good. I know how to exchange greetings, ask for things I need and say a few words but I get stuck if they want to carry on a conversation. Maybe if I get a pass to Paris after things are straightened out I will be able to talk pretty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

## September 4, 1944 — mainland Europe (France or Belgium)

To Marian



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

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.

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.

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)]

September 21, 1944 — Belgium

To Marian

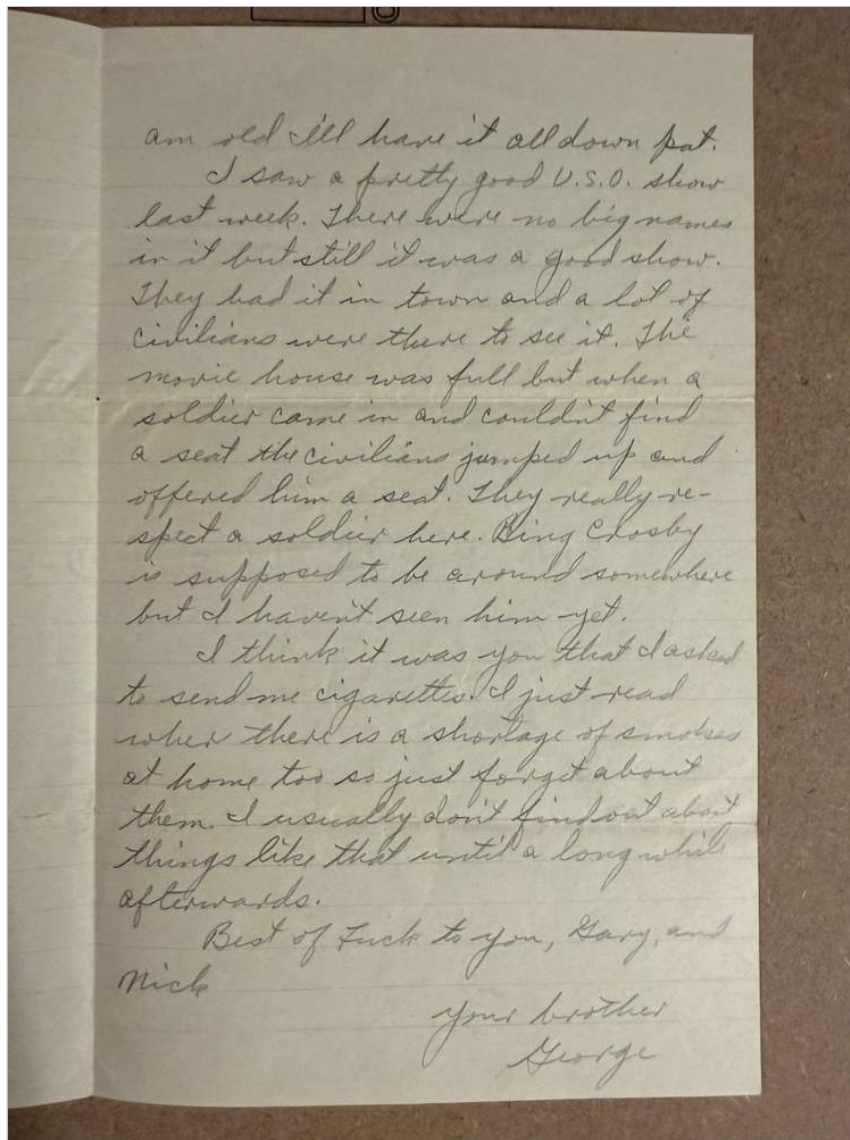
Sept 21, 1944

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 memorize it, so that when I



Sept 21, 1944

Dear Marian

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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 27, 1944 — Belgium

To Marian

Sept 27, 1944

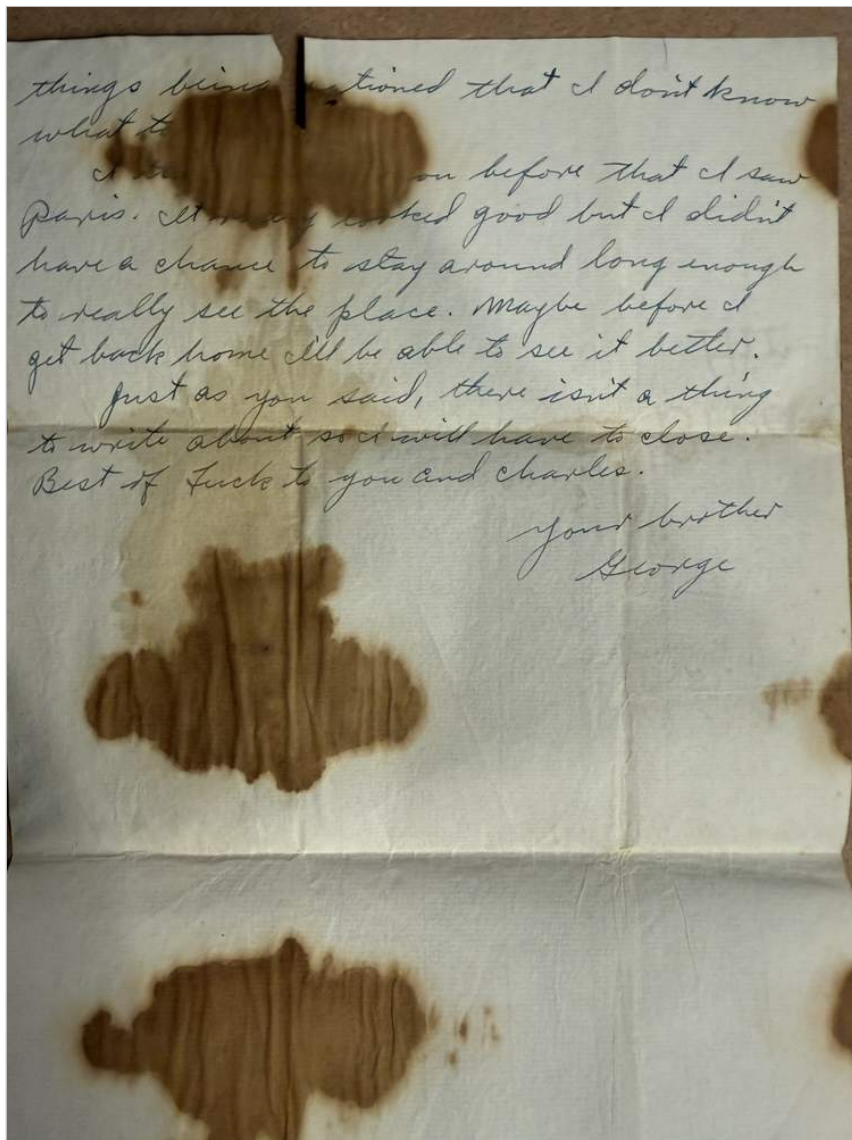
Dear

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 great 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 mudday.

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 then. Half of the time I can't find one. I'll use pencil.

What I wanted you to send me was a Matge. You can send me some writing paper or cigarettes if you can get them. I hear so much about different



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.

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[?] 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

October 19, 1944 — Belgium

To Marian

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 ~~days~~ <sup>months</sup> 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.

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 Buckley and I will be able to get home for quite a while afterwards. When I do get home I

Now 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 Gasy your brother  
George

Oct 19, 1944  
Belgium

Dear Marian

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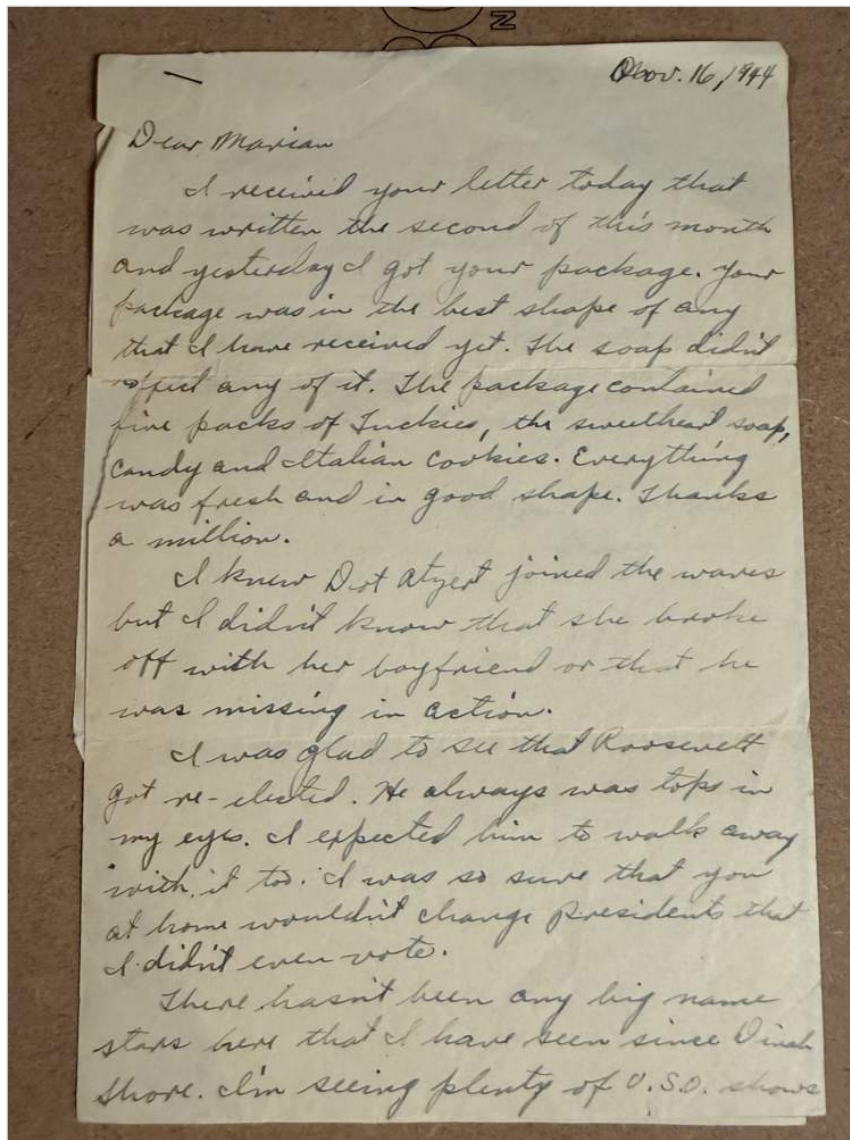
Lots of things here amuse me. The women carry two pails of milk at a time. They have a curved board that fits on their shoulders with the buckets of milk tied on the ends. The men usually just walk along side empty handed. I guess he gives her hell if she spills a little.

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

Your brother  
George

# December 16, 1944 — mainland Europe (England or France/Germany)

To Marian



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 rip any of it. The package contained five packs of Luxes, the sweetest soap, Candy and Italian Cookies. Everything was fresh and in good shape. Thanks a million.

I knew Dot Atjest 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 D-Day. 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

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

Dec. 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

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[...] 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

## December 17, 1944 — Belgium

To Marian

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.

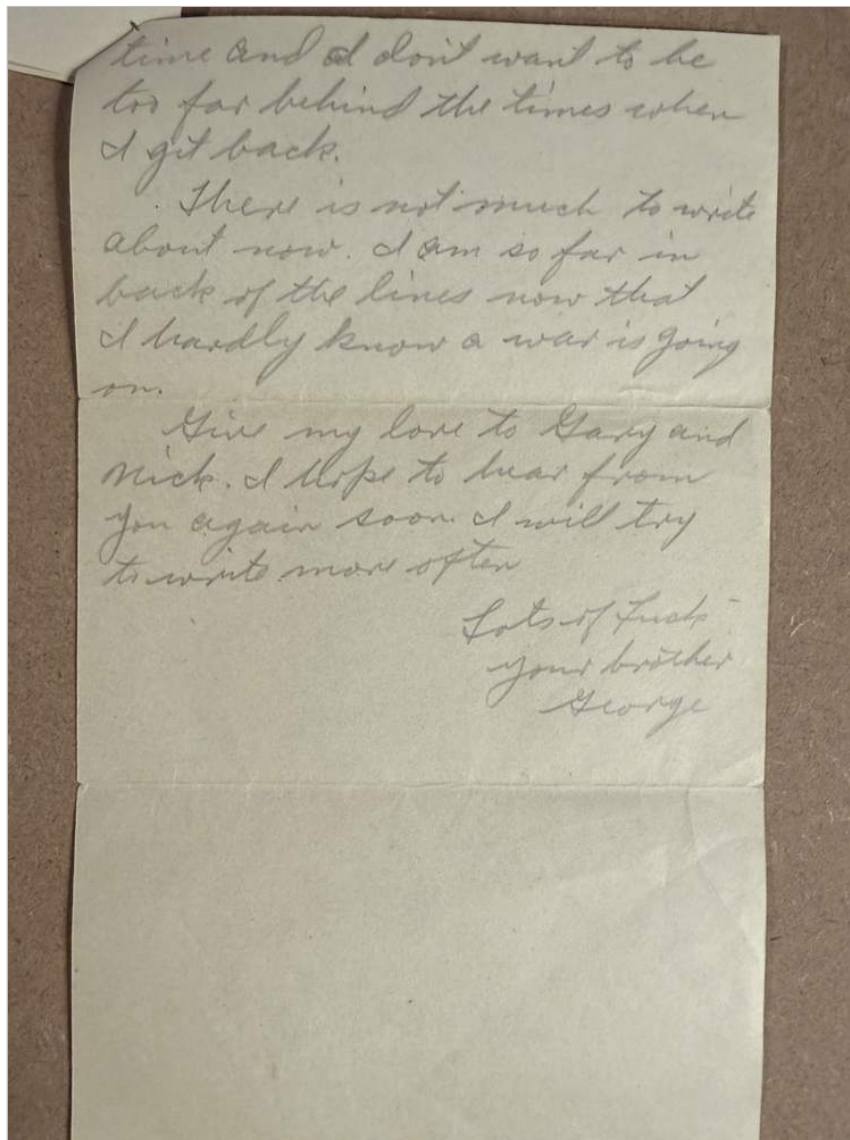
We have been kept pretty busy in fact we work every hour of daylight that there is. I do have time to do more writing than I do though but living in a town I just can't get started writing.

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 have to end some



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.

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

## January 23, 1945 — Belgium

To Marian

Belgium  
Jan. 23, 1945

Dear Marian

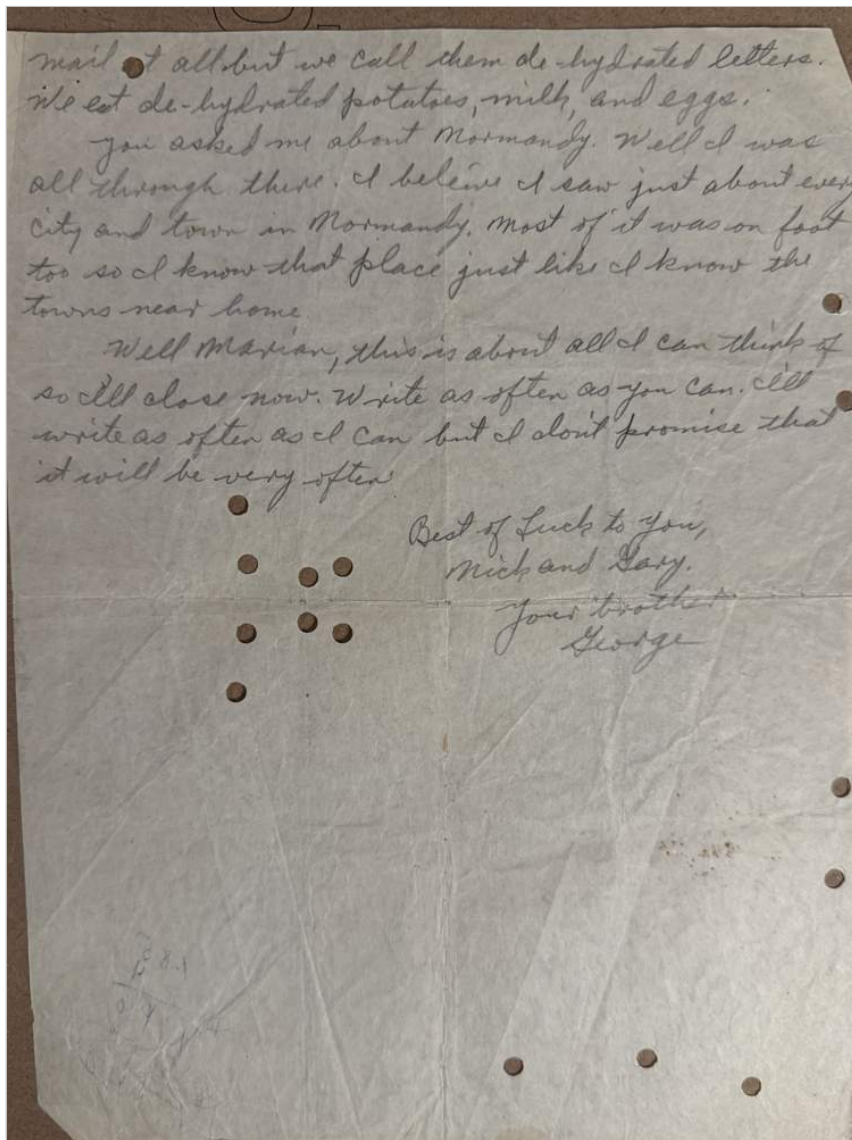
The other day I received two letters from you and your Christmas card. That day I got about fourteen letters, two packages, and some Christmas cards. All of my mail seemed to come in at once. What a day. I got that Christmas tree card too that day. That was all right. All of the fellows in our squad 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 just 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. So 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 was in such a good mood because I was on a long island 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 Julia's wife and the other was the package from Alice and Bill that





Belgium

Jan. 23, 1945

Dear Marian

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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.

(I wish you would send me some of those cookies that Mick'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,  
Mick and Gay.

Your brother  
George

February 6, 1945 — Germany

To Marian

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 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 face 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 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 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.

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 these 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.*

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.

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

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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 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.

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

## February 16, 1945 — Germany

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.

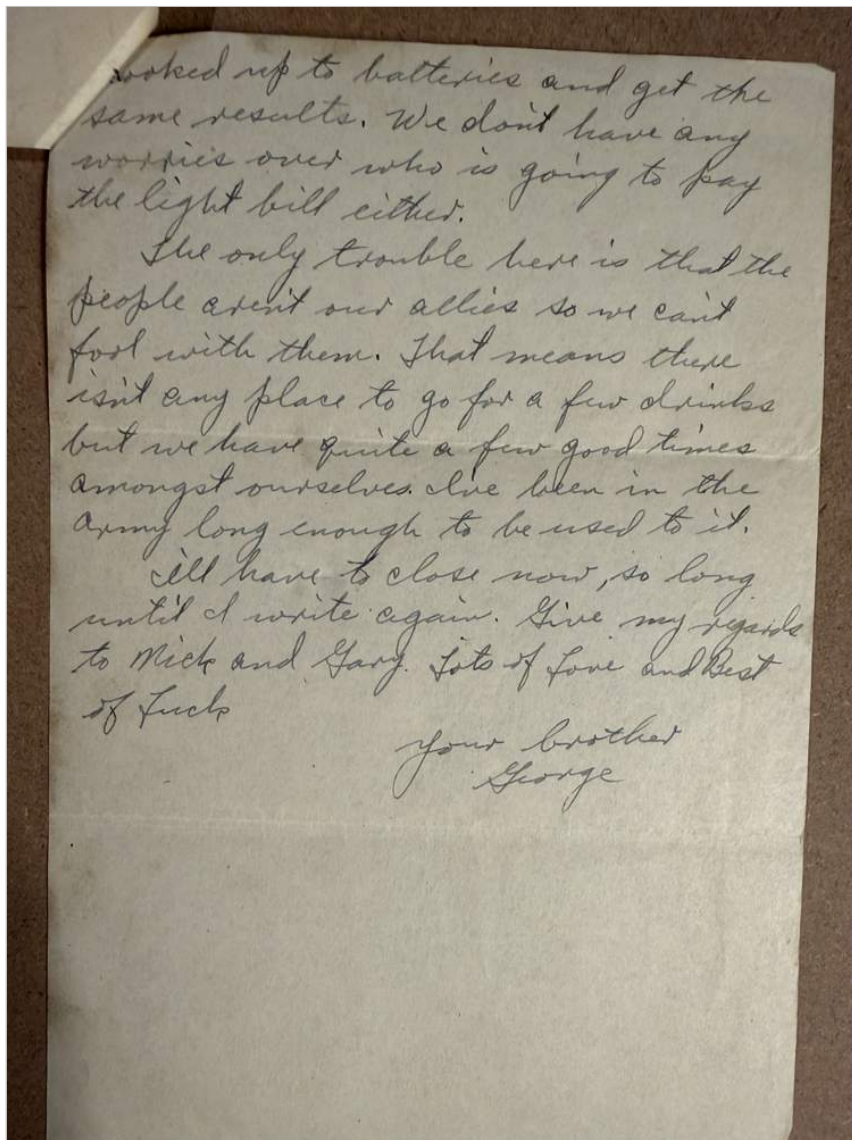
You was right when you said I had seven sisters and a brother all thinking of me. The mail that I have been getting lately proves it. Don't think that it does it makes me feel good to know this.

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



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.

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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

## March 27, 1945 — Germany

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To Marian

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 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 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 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

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

March 27, 1945  
Germany

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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]

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# May 1945 — Tröbitz or Triebichau area, Germany (between Halle, Dessau, and Leipzig)

To Marian

Germany  
May 20, 1945

Dear Marian

I got your letter that you got 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 censorship has been lifted now and I hope that you have been wondering what has been going on so I'll make a story out of this letter. Here 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 hour of the dawn. ~~By that time the Americans were in and the Germans had woke 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 repairing mines and kept it up for about forty eight hours. By then the paratroopers were ready to cross the front lines so we had to take them across. After they were all across we built a bridge to Caumont. 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 Mosmanville 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 through this war they

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 rest in Meaux 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 ~~an 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 packet 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 Year 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

bombers bombed too close to us. After  
we started rolling. He went so fast the  
didn't keep up with him so they gave us a  
car about forty miles from Paris. I  
driven straight through Paris and I  
saw it so I took off with a couple of  
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at.

A long after that we were taken out  
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mine fields of ours.

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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 Düren. 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.

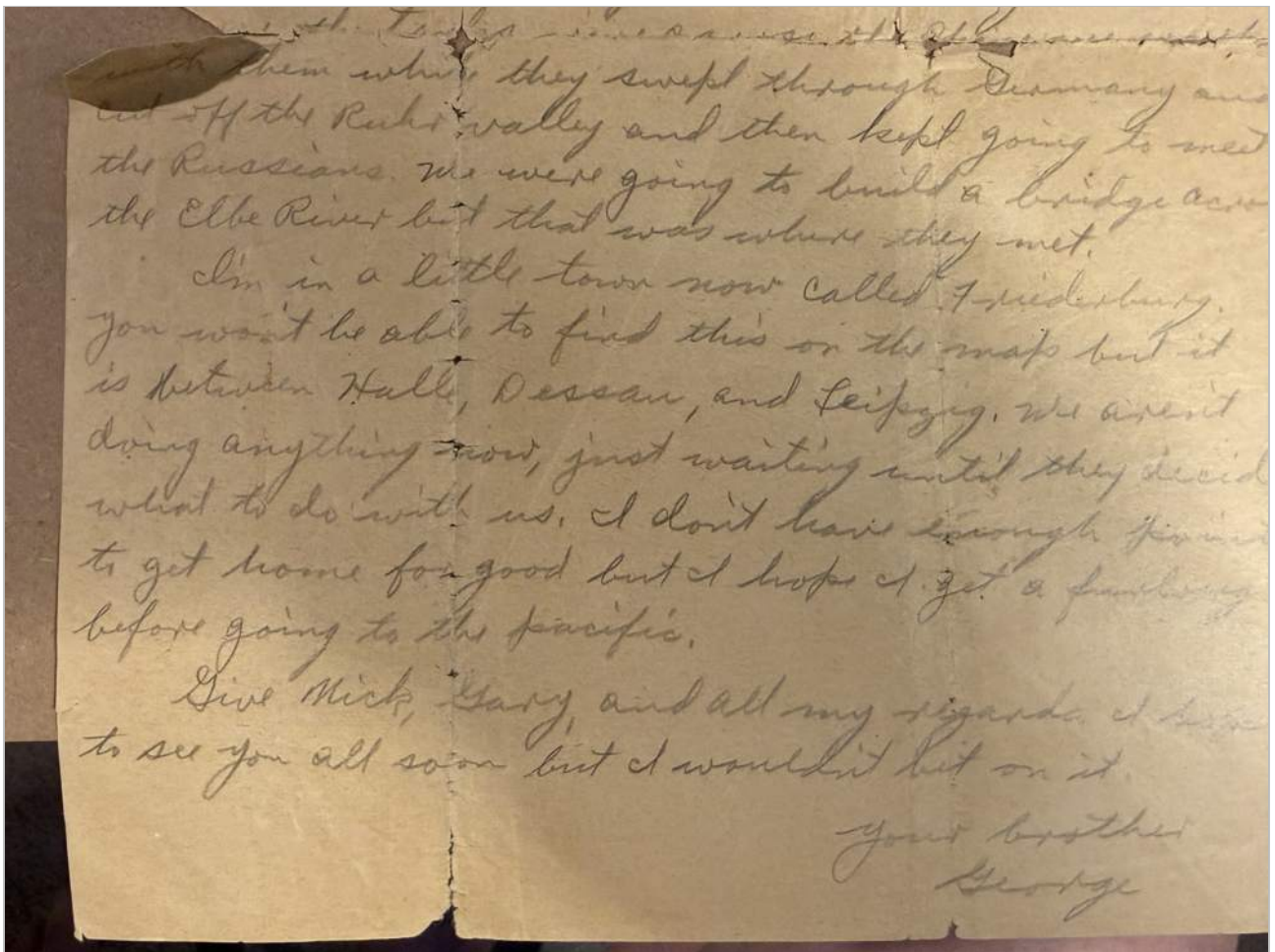
I got back with the boys though before they  
hit the Rhine. We were with the Assault Division  
that took Cologne. We didn't build a bridge or anything  
across the Rhine. All we had to do was keep civilians  
away from the river so they couldn't signal to the  
other side that the boys were crossing.

Search them while 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 Zwickau  
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 points  
to get home for good but I hope I get a few more  
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



Dear Marian

I got your letter the **other day?** and was really glad to hear from [you. I haven't] been getting very much mail lately [but] the letters [don't] suppose me because I had **moved?** **several times?.** **He?** came [---] [has] been [---] worrying [about] [what I had] been [doing]. I'll **write?** a story out of this letter [to fill you in as best I can].

The invasion is probably the greatest thing that I went through but at that time I didn't know it. It was new to me so I didn't really [realize] what it was [I was] going through. [We] hit the beach the first **wave?** of the **landing?.** The Germans had **worked?** and [---] [---] but the [---] at that beach [---] to keep [---] for landing. As soon as we landed we started **pushing forward?** [---] [---] two 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 rest [near] about forty miles from Paris. I had [already] 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 off the good conduct list so I don't get a **promotion?** 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 [a] very [nice] still in Belgium[,] for another **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 our own mines to stop the Germans. Christmas and New Years I spent [de]mining 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 [few] weeks rest and then went 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. **We?** had to do [---] keep Civilians away from the River so they could **do what they? needed to do?** [---] them when they swept through Germany and 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.

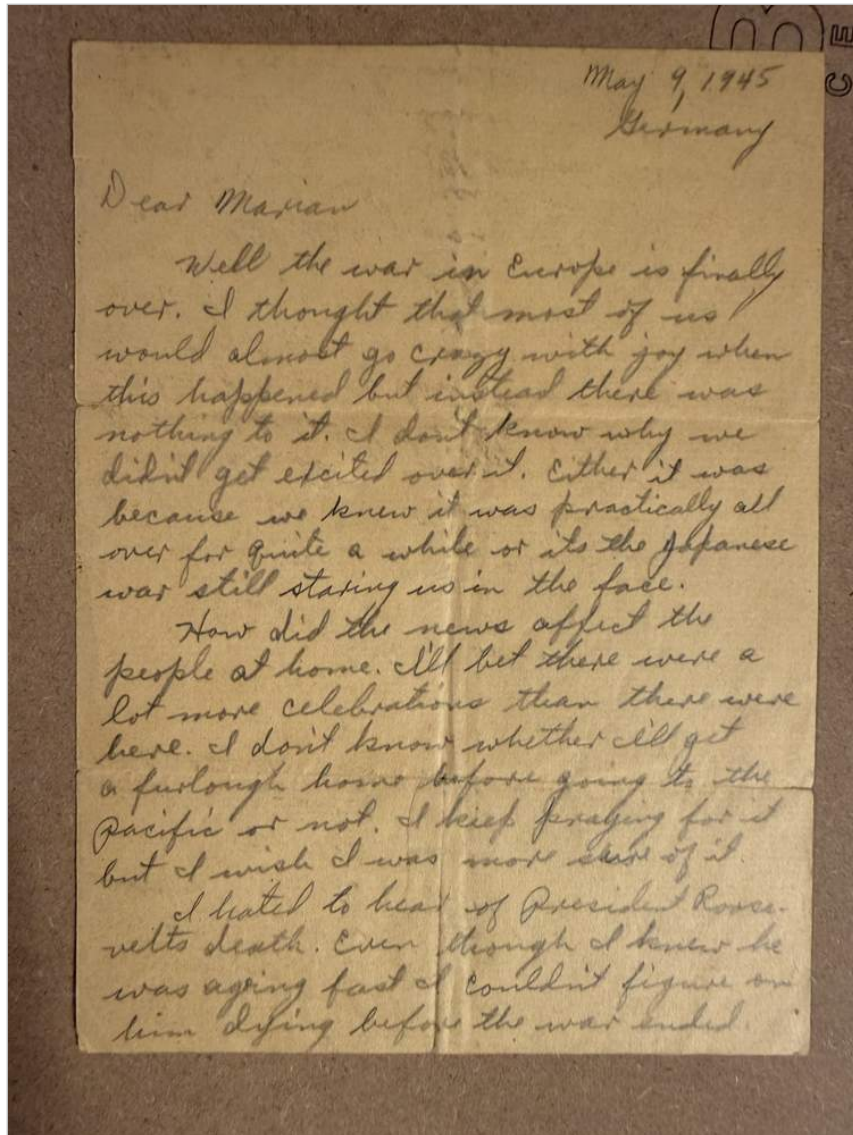
I'm in a little town now called **Triedelburg?**. You won't be able to find this on the maps but it is between Halle, Dessau, and Leipzig. We aren't doing anything now, just waiting until they decide what to do with us. I don't have enough points to get home for good but I hope to get a furlough before 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 9, 1945 — Germany

To Marian

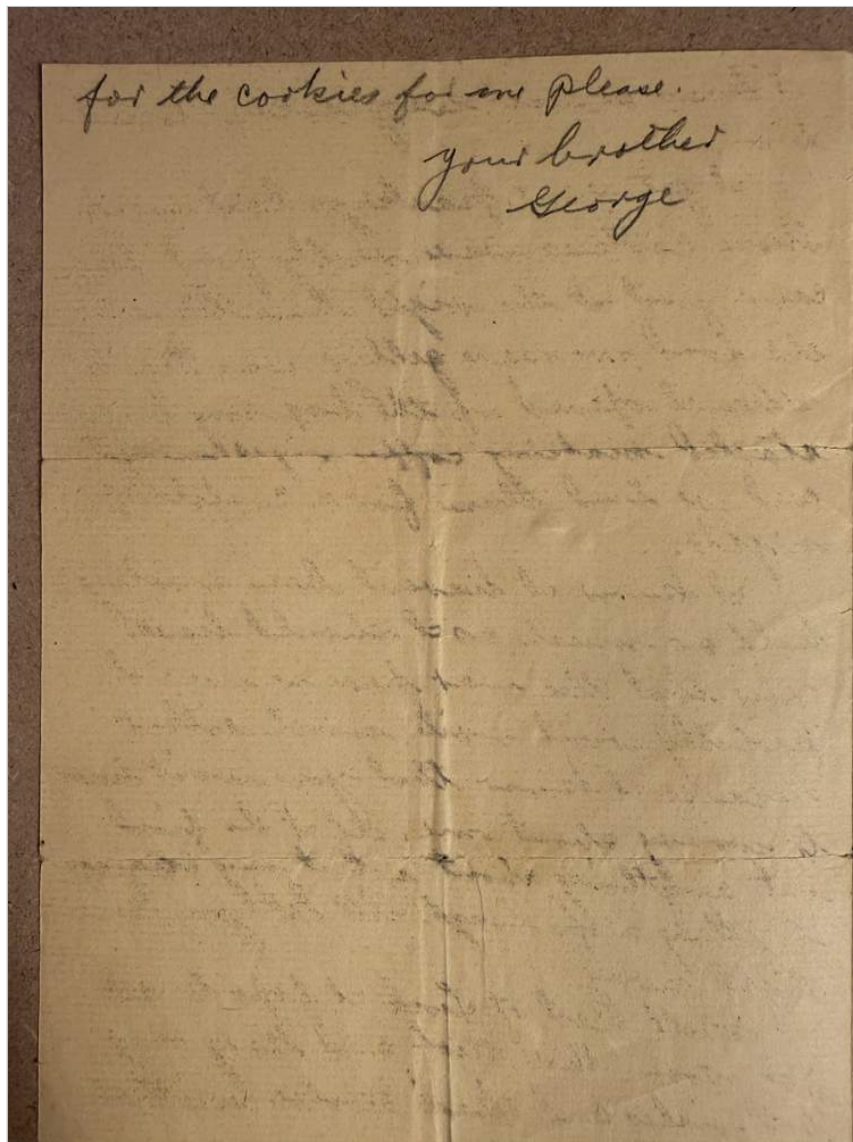


I know almost every soldier loved him.

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



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.

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 26, 1945 — Germany

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To Marian

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.

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 Carentan. 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 handing 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 rest in Meaux 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 ( ) 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 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 Jerries. 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.....

(missing 1/2 sheet of letter)

....with them where 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 Freiderburg. 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

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May 26, 1945

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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.

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

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

Your Brother,

George

## August 3, 1945 — France (between Reims and Laon)

To Marian

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.

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 that is the reason we didn't see any

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 W.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 Marian, I'll write again soon and I'll be seeing in about a year from now. Give my best regards to Mick and Gary.

your brother  
George

*Editorial note: this letter contains language reflecting the prejudices of its era; it is preserved unedited as a historical record.*

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.

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 malamousselles *mademoiselles?* now have american indians for boy friends. Very few niggers 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.

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.

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Your brother  
George

## August 30, 1945 — France

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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

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  
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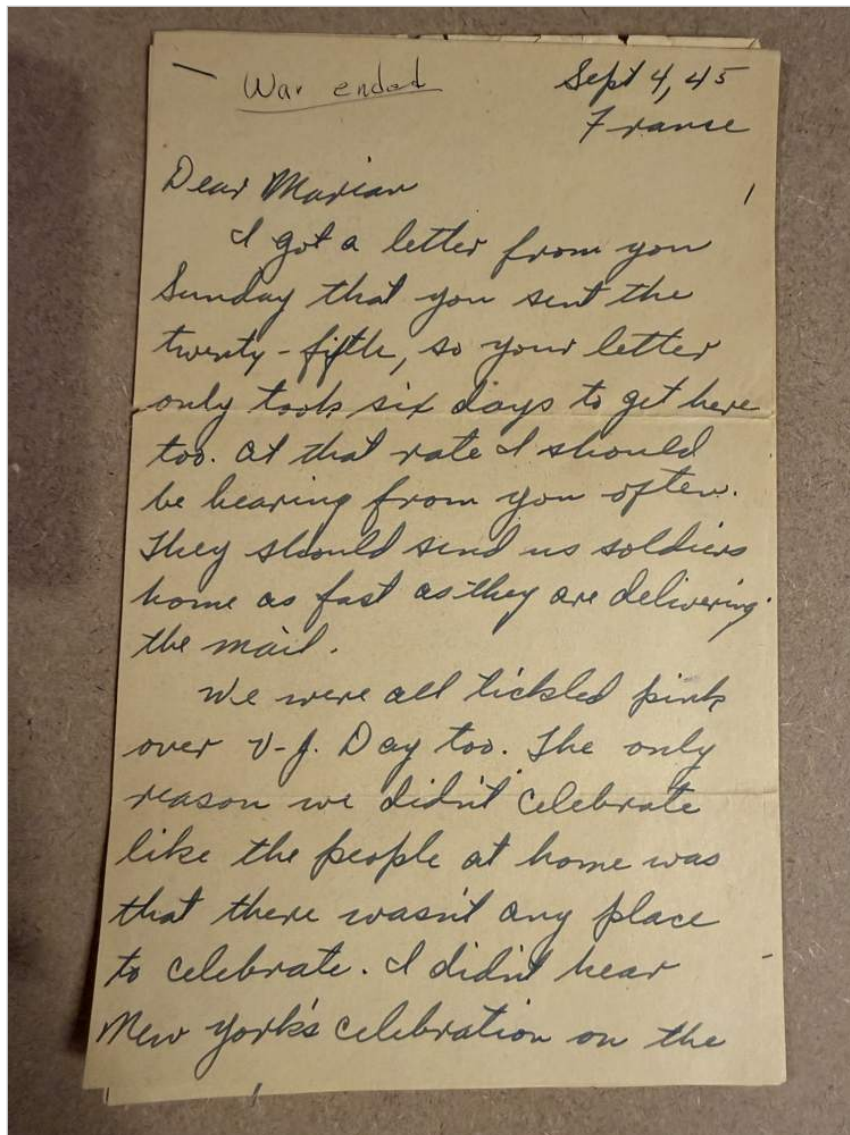
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Best of Luck  
Your Brother  
George

## September 4, 1945 — France

To Marian



radio but I saw a picture<sup>2</sup>  
of Times Square in the paper  
of when the celebration was  
over. What a mess. They must  
have went wild.

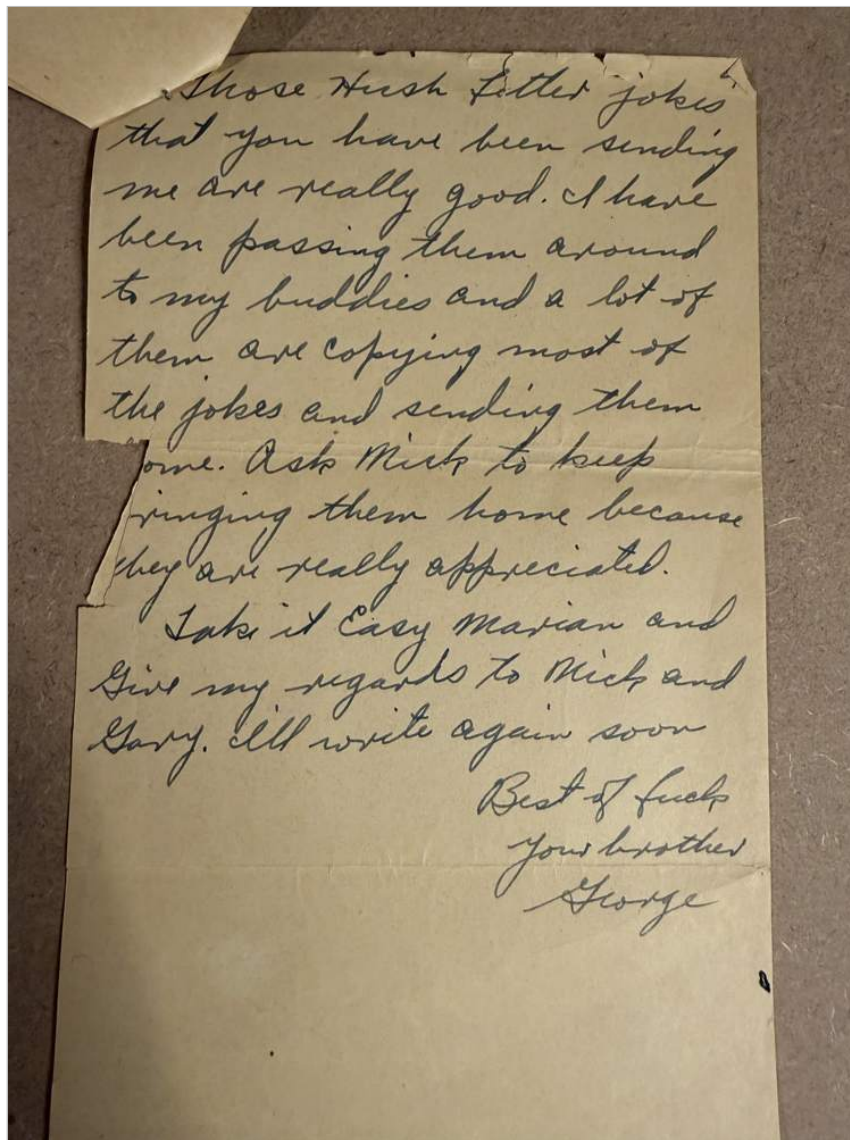
I guess you thought that  
I was contradicting myself  
when in one letter I said the  
French girls were all going with  
Nigers and the next that we were  
going to dances in small villages.  
The girls in these villages aren't  
any better than the ones in the  
Cities. They would go with them  
too 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

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 home anyhow.



— 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.

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 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.

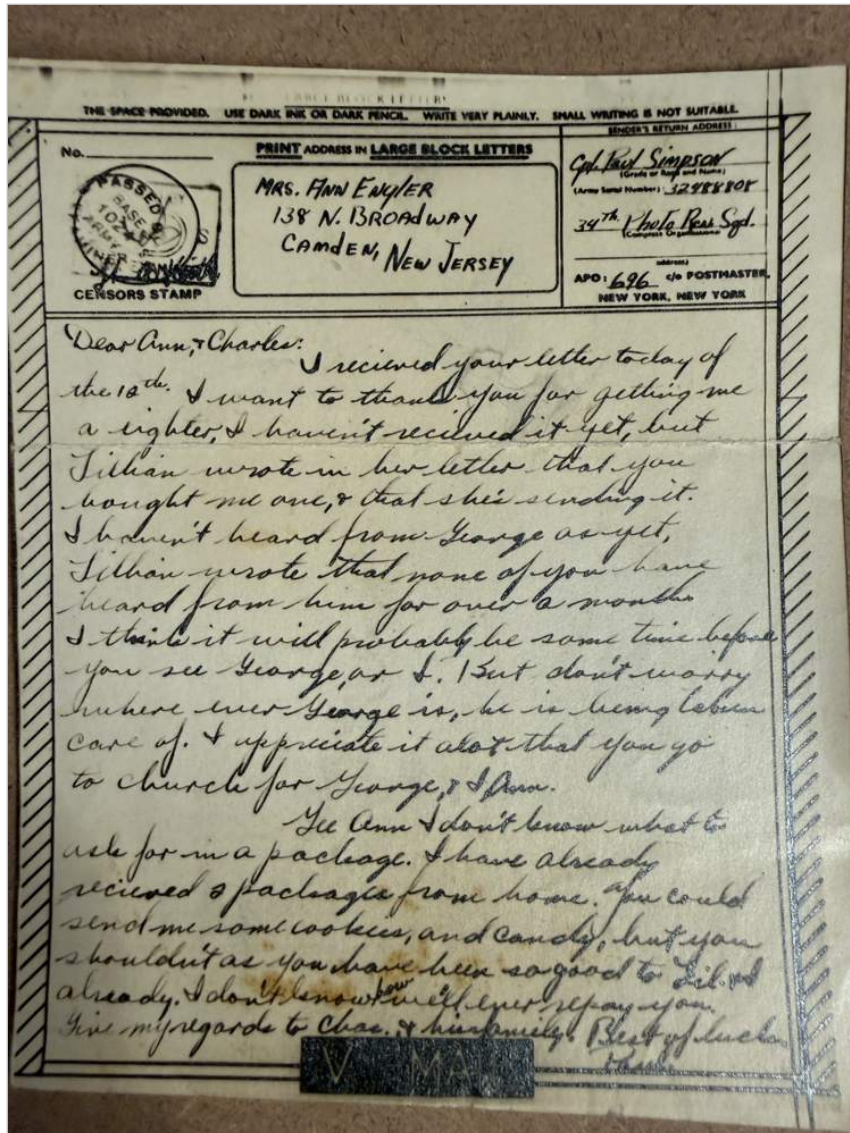
Those Irish letter jokes 4 that you have been sending me are really good. I have been passing them around to my buddies and a lot of them are copying most of the jokes and sending them home. Ask Mick to keep bringing them home because they are really appreciated.

Take it Easy Marian and Give my regards to Mick and Gary. I'll write again soon

Best of luck  
Your brother  
George

# Undated — APO 696, New York (overseas)

To Ann



Dear Ann, Charles:

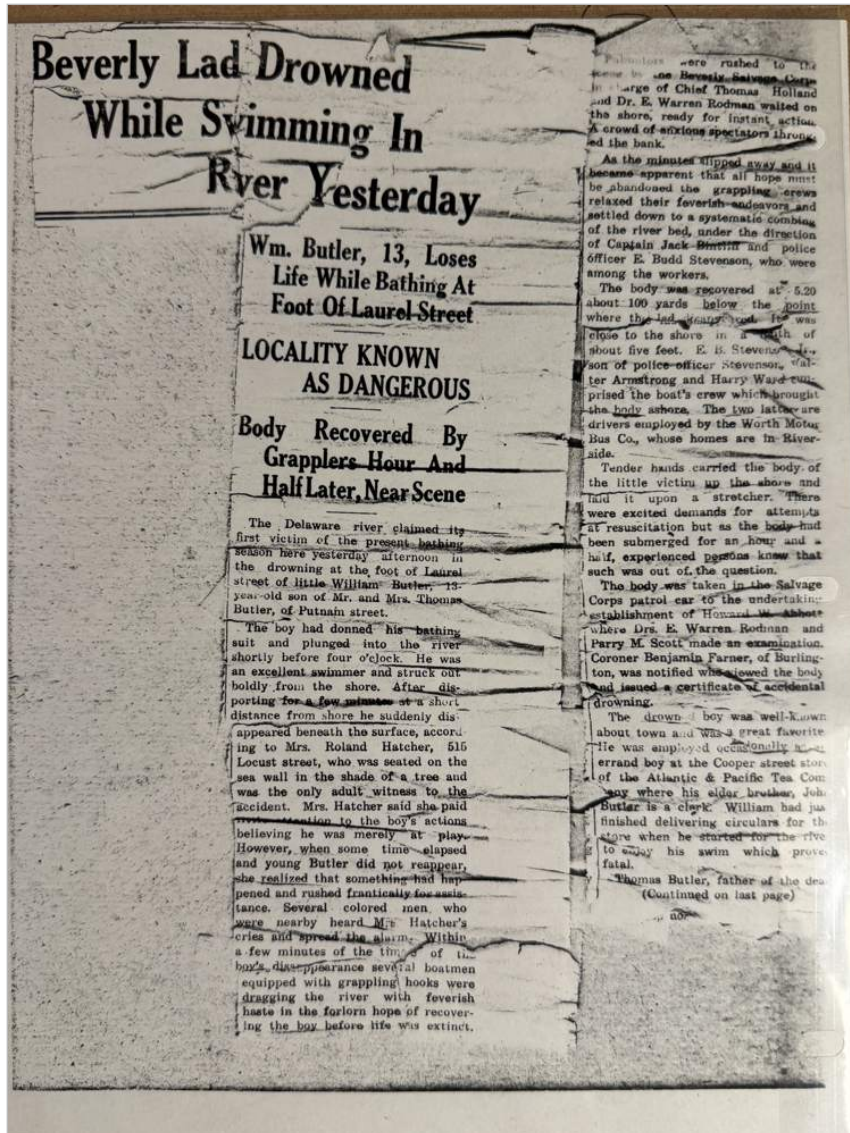
I recieved your letter today of the 10th. I want to thank you for getting me a lighter, I haven't recieved it yet, but Lillian wrote in her letter that you bought me one, & that shes sending it. I haven't heard from George as yet, Lillian wrote that none of you have heard from him for over 6 months. I think it will probably be some time before you see George, or I. But don't worry where ever George is, he is being taken care of. I appreciate it also that you go to church for George, & Ann.

Gee Ann I don't know what to ask for in a package. I have already recieved a package from home. You could send me some cookies, and candy, but you shouldn't as you have been so good to [?] already, I don't [know] [?] [if I can] repay you.

Give my regards to Chas. & his family! Best of [luck] — [signature redacted/illegible]

# News clipping — a local tragedy — Beverly, NJ

News clipping



Beverly Lad Drowned While Swimming In River Yesterday

Wm. Butler, 13, Loses Life While Bathing At Foot Of Laurel Street

LOCALITY KNOWN AS DANGEROUS

Body Recovered By Grapplers Hour And Half Later, Near Scene

The Delaware river claimed its first victim of the present [bathing] season here yesterday afternoon in the drowning at the foot of Laurel street of little William Butler, 13-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Butler, of Putnam street.

The boy had donned his bathing suit and plunged into the river shortly before four o'clock. He was an excellent swimmer and struck out boldly from the shore. After [re]porting for a [short] [distance] from shore he suddenly disappeared beneath the surface, according to Mrs. Roland Hatcher, 515 Locust street, who was seated on the sea wall in the shade of a tree and was the only adult witness to the accident. Mrs. Hatcher said she paid [no] attention to the boy's actions believing he was merely at play. However, when some time elapsed and young Butler did not reappear, she realized that something had happened and rushed frantically for assistance. Several colored men who were nearby heard Mrs. Hatcher's cries and spread the alarm. Within a few minutes of the time of the boy's disappearance several boatmen equipped with grappling hooks were dragging the river with feverish haste in the forlorn hope of recovering the boy before life was extinct.

[Right column, upper, appears to be a separate part of the article:]

**Patrolmen?** were rushed to the scene by the Beverly Salvage Corps in charge of Chief Thomas Holland and Dr. E. Warren Rodman waited on the shore, ready for instant action. A crowd of anxious spectators thronged the bank.

As the minutes slipped away and it became apparent that all hope must be abandoned the grappling crews relaxed their feverish endeavors and settled down to a systematic combing of the river bed, under the direction of Captain Jack **Minturn?** and police officer E. Budd Stevenson, who were among the workers.

The body was recovered at 5:20 about 100 yards below the point where the lad [disappeared]. [He] was close to the shore in a depth of about five feet. E. B. Stevenson Jr., son of police officer Stevenson, Walter Armstrong and Harry Ward comprised the boat's crew which brought the body ashore. The two latter are drivers employed by the Worth Motor Bus Co., whose homes are in Riverside.

Tender hands carried the body of the little victim up the shore and laid it upon a stretcher. There were excited demands for attempts at resuscitation but as the body had been submerged for an hour and a half, experienced persons knew that such was out of the question.

The body was taken in the Salvage Corps patrol car to the undertaking establishment of Howard W. ? where Drs. E. Warren Rodman and Parry M. Scott made an examination. Coroner Benjamin Farner, of Burlington, was notified who viewed the body and issued a certificate of accidental drowning.

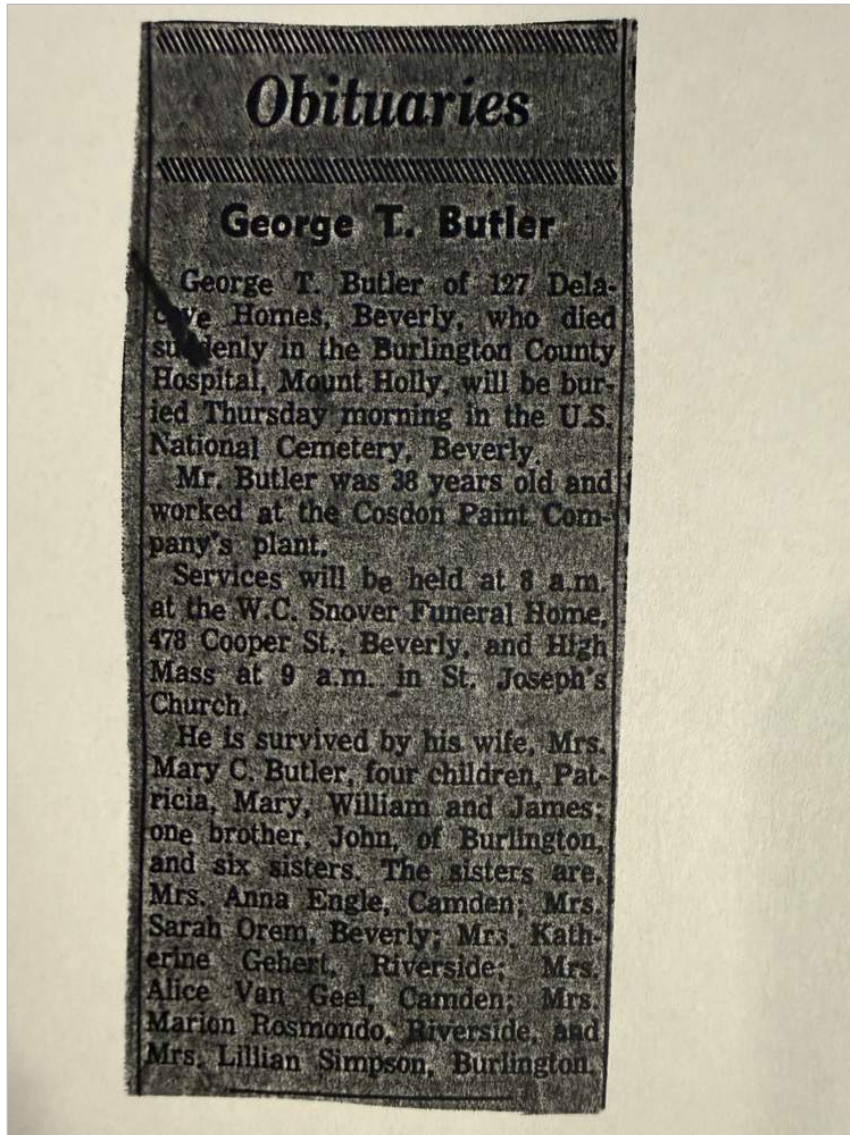
The drowned boy was well-known about town and was a great favorite. He was employed occasionally as errand boy at the Cooper street store of the Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company where his elder brother, John Butler is a clerk. William had just finished delivering circulars for the store when he started for the river to enjoy his swim which proved fatal.

Thomas Butler, father of the de[ceased]  
(Continued on last page)

## After the war — Beverly, NJ (newspaper)

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### Obituary



### 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.

# Medals & decorations

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George's medals and decorations, displayed together.



The Purple Heart — awarded for wounds received in action.