

Thurs. March 16th

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Two more wonderful letters from you today and I'm feeling fine tonight. Well, we have to work all night this time and that will be fun or will it. I found time today to write your folks. What a day this one was. I chased all over the base today in mid jeep hauling all sorts of things around. I was hoping to get a good mile's deep but unit. I suppose this will be another long night jack full of work etc. Things are rough in the E10. Don Heddleston has a English babe new and has a shack date with her tonight. She works here in the base and Don claims she's going to put out to him. Will let you

know how he does. The corks told me
 tonight (inside stuff) that jam cakes
 are to be for heads fast. So all through
 the nite, the guys will keep on talking
 about hot cakes. G.I.'s really go for them
 in a big way. (me too) Today was a
 dull one and nothing much to report.
 Same old grind of duty etc. I'll be so
 damn glad to get the hell out of this army.
 I'm in a hounded off mood tonight for
 some reason. I guess that I miss you
 so much that it is telling on me. Hereby
 I need you so awful bad and want
 you more than you know. I am this way
 any way. I want to go home to my
 little wife but quick. One of your letters
 was a rather blue one and put me
 in this blue mood. When you are blue
 so am I. Gosh I love you so awful much

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I did a little sketch this afternoon and it stinks. I'm sending it to you anyway. If I have a spare minute or two during the nite, I'll whip one up for you. Darling, you said that you cried one nite because you missed me so much. I feel the same way but can't break down like that. Please don't feel too blue and make up with the tears. Keep that pretty little chin up and hang on. You are a brave little gal, so carry on. Don't let the folks see how bad you feel for them will worry about you. You can tell me for I'm the same way. Darling, we can talk about things that we couldn't tell any one else. Marriage brings you so close together. We are not two but one.

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I have to admit. I'm a weakling
too. I can't hide from you how I really
feel. It is easy to say. Look up etc but
is hard as hell to do so. Each day, I feel
worse and long for my little wife.
I'm just lost with out you. I try to
not be blue but it just won't work. It
seems like ages since I last held
you in my arms on that tearful day
we parted. I can still see that train
you were on, leaving me, standing
there in the ~~dark~~ road with hot tears dripping
down my cheeks. Endless times I've reached
out in the middle of the night for you, in
vain. My aching arms want to hold
you again. What a horrible thing it is to
wake up each morning to realize another
day with out you is ahead. Will this
damnable torture never end?

I wonder how much more by your
 body can take? Life is so full of hard
 ships and sorrow. We are sure getting
 more than our share of it. I miss all
 of that blissful rapture that was ours.
 I want to share again with you all
 those sweet moments of heavenly love
 that was ours. We had so much fun
 all of the time. All I can do is think of
 the wonderful things to come when I
 get home. I know you are looking
 forward to that just as I am. Honey,
 I love you and adore you more than
 you know. If you could only see how
 much I do love you. Pray real hard
 for this war to end in the hell of a
 hurry. I think some work has come
 in so I will have to stop for now.

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Peanuts, I got a big kick out of what Norman's friend said. He was that thought you was his girl friend at the time. I guess he thought Norman was a big shot taking out girls & I. Your brother is a nut and tell him I said no. What do you do, make eyes at all of these kids? You said another kid told Norman that he wished you weren't married. What a woman!

I did realize that you had appeal for kids. All eyes have to take notice of my beautiful little wife. Guess I'll have to beat off a lot of these guys when I come home. Take easy, you know how jealous I am. You asked me what position I played basket ball in school. I was a forward and wasn't such a good player. I did make the first team.

To cheer up this letter a bit, here is a
 hunk of dry corn. There was a wealthy
 retired business man nearing a ripe
 old age, invited his wife & kids
 to a Sunday dinner. As they sat down to
 the table, he announced he would give
 \$10,000 to the first grandchild. After eating
 the blessing, he looked up to find that
 he was the only one left at the table. (See
 what I mean about corn?) I have a lot
 more on tap. How bout this one: Salesman,
 "Is the boss in?" Office Girl, "I'm sorry, he's not"
 Salesman, "Will he be back after a little?"
 Office Girl, "No! I think he's out after a little
 now!" (Okay, I will stop!) Did this cheer
 you up a bit? I hope so. We are waiting
 in mine words to come in and I may
 have to dash to the War room and do it!

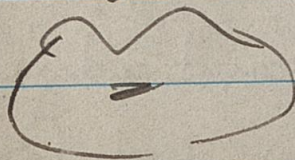
That is, when mine comes in. I found a good book tonight at the club, "Flame is the Sign". I'm not sure but I might of have read it. Did you read it? Pocket novels are okay but I enjoy reading a book better. I'm over due for a package from you and should get one in the next few days. I can't get enough candy from home, so best you send me some more. I think some work has come in and I'll have to stop again. Wish I could finish this letter without jumping up every five minutes or so. So please excuse me for a little while. Well, the work is on and it has been a couple hours since I stop writing to you. I'm taking time out for now and will go on with my letter to you. Looks as if it's going to be a long hard grind and I

do mean kind. Gosh, I want you so awful much and just can't wait until I can hold you in my arms again. I want you so awful much that my tongue is hanging out. Darling, all I can tell you is to be ready for a super living when I come home. Get your lips all puckered up and ready. Oscar sends his love and says he can't wait either. Poor little fellow wants this war to end but quick. I feel so damn sorry for him. Dam, I hear the gump calling me again so I'll have to do more work. I would like to make this a nice long letter but I'm afraid there will be too damn much work to do so. Again I say that I love you so awful much and adore you. Gosh! I can't wait until we can love.

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2nd July, the work here has piled up and I
haven't had much chance to write to you.
There is still loads to be done but I have to
dine for now. Here, at mid night chow, Major
Stewart sweated out the chow line just
behind me. He also sat opposite me
while we were eating. What do you think
about that? Well, I'll knock off for now.
All I can repeat over and over again is
how much I love you. I'm just living
for the day I can come home to you.
Take good care of yourself and please
don't worry about me. God Bless you
my Sweet Angel wife and loads of love.
I'll see you in my dreams all day
long.

A kiss for you!



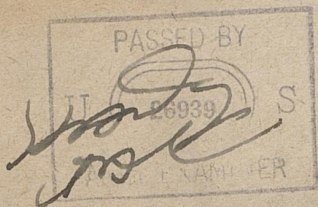
Your Soldier Husband

Sammy

Capt George Canary 15113242
701 Squadron 445th Bomb Group (H)
APO 634 70 Post Master
New York, New York



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Friday Mar. 17th

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening you lovely, adorable creature. I was unlucky about mail today and received the sum total of none. I spent the day in the rack so not much to report. Last night sure was a long, dull, full of work night. I thought that it would never end. Gosh, I was almost dead when I hit that bed this morning at 9 am. I still say that sleep in the day can not full fill nature's wants. So, I'm still a bit worn out tonight and could use some more shut eye. If it wasn't for the fact I wanted to write you, I would of stayed at the barracks taking it easy tonight. But I have to write you each day and come to the

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office to do some. I know how that mind
counts and how you look forward to
it. I was hoping for a delightful letter
from you this afternoon to cheer me up.
God knows how much I need to be cheered
up. I'm all alone here in the office again
and all of the boys are over at the Aero
club to night. I stop by there after church
to get some sorts of sweets. Church to night
was awful and I did not eat much. So I
went to the club to find some thing to eat.
I also bought my weekly ration at the
PX and I'm supplied up for awhile. I
found my pipe the other day and I'm
smoking the hell out of it. I have it hooked
in my mouth right now. I had to build
a fire when I came here to our office for
there was not one. It is too cold to do with
out one etc. Our office is in the end of

the building and the wind catches it
 on two exposed sides. I'm claiming
 that he got his arses bawled last nite
 with the English boy he had a shag
 date with. Said it was good stuff etc
 What a guy he is. As far as I know, Ed
 is still playing around with his gal
 over here. I don't get to chew the fat with
 him much any more. I'm never around
 the barracks area except to sleep and
 miss out talking to my friends in other
 parts of the outfit. Some times I see
 them at the mess hall or other places.
 I'm in the real need of a shave and
 have water heating in the stove. Honey,
 our office (#9) has a sink in it. This
 is more or less the non comm club of
 S-2. We hold our daily heads bent club

in here and other out of meeting. All
 the S-2 jobs have and clean up in
 here. Chris had to make a standing
 order of no washing etc between the
 hours of 1000 to 1800 (10 am to 6 pm) because
 we could not do much work in here. The
 washing facilities in this base are
 very good, so all of us use this. It is
 clean in here and warm. Can't say this
 for the washrooms scattered in the base.
 Some are lucky to have our own private
 place. The officers have a good deal at their
 barracks - as always and have no need
 to complain. So room #9 (our office) is
 for EM's only. S-2 is in the hall as
 always and intend to stay there. We
 are having our old bunks unbed off
 each day and the work piles up more
 and more. This is war!

Are you ready for the joke of the day
 or whatever you want to call it? A
 young lady approached the dept store
 floor walker and asked, "Do you have any
 notions on this floor?" He looked over her
 carefully, then replied, "yes, but we
 suppress them during business hours."
 (kind-of-deep) News paper item: Mrs
 Lottie Prim was granted a divorce when
 she testified that since her marriage, her
 husband spoke to her but three times. She
 was awarded the custody of their three
 children. (Al right, I quit) If you hear
 any good jokes, send them but quick
 to me. I have a lot more and can
 add lib more but will save them for
 future letters. Let me know if you
 enjoy them or not ?????

Peanuts, I get a bang at all of the neighborhood tales you pass on to me what a bunch of nuts that live around you. What a mess! If I did not know these people, I couldn't believe some of the things you tell me about them. Well, what is the latest about Sing and her troubles?

She should pack up and call it quits.

Darling, you said John the S. of a B. is writing to Sis again and wants to visit her. You know what I think of him and if your sister has anything to do with him, I'm off of her for life. I just can't understand how your mother will let her write to him. I think it is awful. If he comes, don't you dare have anything to do with him. It's not my place to say anything to your Sister and mother but you can. I bet your Dad doesn't know

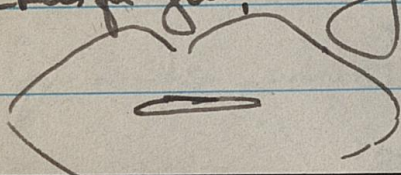
about this. He and I feel the same about John. I can't see why your sister would want to have any thing to do with him because of the thing he did before. You know how I feel about him and we better not ever meet. So don't encourage your sister and give her advice to have nothing to do with him. I'll be glad when one of your girls ages arrives so I'll have some decent stationery to write you on. We had hot cakes for breakfast this morning and I had my share of them. Damn, they were good and I wish I could latch on to a stack of them right now. I'm always so damn hungry and can eat. I'm eating some cookies right now that I bought to myht with my rations.

I'll be so glad when I can eat some
 of your wonderful meals. This army chow
 is not what it's cracked up to be. I
 always leave the mess hall hungry for
 I can't go back for seconds with the
 junks they feed us. When they do have
 some thing good, you can't have seconds.
 The many books you have sent to me
 are being read by the boys. I've read
 them all and want more. I never have
 much time to read but somehow I
 manage to squeeze reading in. I carry
 the books I'm reading around with me
 where ever I go and read it when I can.
 In this P/W dept, you do a lot of running
 around in the jeep, there are a lot of
 stops and waiting. So I read then too.
 Darling, do you like the way I write my
 letters tell me you what I do, think etc. ?

I know you like to know what I think
 etc. Most people wouldn't be interested
 in such things but we are different than
 other people. We are married in mind,
 soul and body. We are not two persons
 but one. I'm with you in mind and
 spirits. I'm not kidding when I say I'm
 always thinking about you. You are
 all I think of. I'm always wondering
 what you are doing etc. Darling, you
 are so Sweet and I love you so awful
 much. No one will ever know how much
 I miss you, not even you. I long for you
 and just can't express this yearning.
 I'm truly but with out my little Angel
 wife. I ~~guess~~ know you feel the same
 way as I do. It is easy to say cheer up
 but so damn hard to do.

I'm so hungry for your kisses and love making. I can't wait until I can hold you in my arms never to let you go. I'm dying for the want of your love and caresses. Pray real hard that this damnable war will end real soon and that I can go home to you. Tell your family hello for me and to write real soon. See if you can get your Dad to write me real soon. It is late as hell and I have to shove, so I will close for tonight. I love you so awful much and want you some thing awful. My gasins for you grow each day with leaps and bounds. God Bless you, my gasation of my heart and loads of love. cherish you!

Your Sincere Soldier Husband



Sunny

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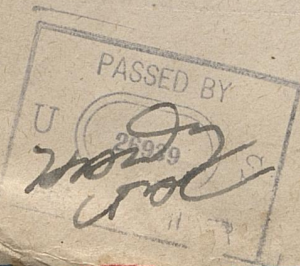
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Sat Mar 18th

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Hello, you wonderful creature!
Received another delightful letter from you today and I feel damn good tonight because of said letter. Thanks for building my morale up and keeping me happy. I do hope you enjoy my mail as much as I do yours. I think that you do from the way you sound in yours. Well today was full of damn work again and I do mean work. I drove the jeep around most of the day driving various things in the P/W line. Sure is a hell of a lot of work to do in this dept. Chavis and I were in the go all day long with a few seconds out for lunch. Hitched our trailer to the jeep this afternoon to haul K rations around to the two P/W stations in the base. You see, we have to each man

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going on a mission in a field station
unit to eat while enroute. At these two
stations we also issue escape kits to
the crews etc. So we have to keep our
stations supplied with rations etc. True
don't wish I assure you. I had high
hopes of a jackass today but mine came.
I know I have some on the way and they
should just about be here. I'm in the lab
out for them and sweating them out.

Darling, I love you so awful much and
can't wait until I can catch on to me
of your wonderful kisses. I sure hope you
hunch about me coming home real
soon some time. I know it will be
long and perhaps longer than you think.
I caught a cute little mouse today
and have him in a box. We call him
F. and feed him from time to time. He is
such a tiny little mouse and must be
a baby one. I caught him inside of the
coul bucket this morning. Had another one

(3)

but he got away some how. Do you think
I'm nuts or some thing? May-be you are
right! I suppose my team will have to
wait to move out nite first is our turn
again. There is always the chance that we
will have to hit the odds are that we will.
Well, this is another uneventful, dull Sat
nite here in the ETO. I recall of the fun
we use to have on this nite each week.

Remember way back when (must of been a
century or so) I was a civilian? I use to
dash home from work on Sat. nites and
clean up. Then scream over to your home
in raid crate. We always did have so
much fun on Sat nites, in fact any nite.
If I were home now, we would more than
likely do the following. I would haul
our home from work to our ~~heavenly~~ hide
away (Capt.) to my lovely little wife.
I would clean up after a bit of love my

(4)

and we would eat. or maybe we'd go out to a local chig joint. Of course we would have our glad rags on and would go to a dance or make the rounds of the gin mills. And then, the super part of the evening would come. Yes, we would go home. And I say more! I can't wait to take up the role of John Doe citizen and husband. I don't claim to be a soldier. I'm just relieving a Wac for active duty. Spera was CQ last nite and what a CQ he was. He says claim he couldn't keep the fires going and they had to build them. What a guy he is. Just about as much help as a one thumb. I get more laughs at said character. What a mess he is and I do mean mess. For Christ tonight we had that unbearable, unbearable thing called again. Dad, but I abhor that damnable stuff. Try some if you wish to have germs in your belly. What else can they think of?

In some unknown reason, the whales are here to night and not at the Aero club trying to make the Wences over there.

I dropped in said place to night for a bit of cake etc. They have one \$1 each juke box with the latest songs on it.

They have Pasame mucho on it and I do like it as you do. No movie to night.

I havent seen a short in a couple of weeks and would like to see one. Last night

they had "Claudia". I saw that just after you left Scrubner and I cried when I saw it. I. Mc Guire reminds me of

you so awful much. She is one of my favorite stars now. Betty Hutton is not in my

movie list. I wonder why I like blondes?

I know one blonde that I'm just wild about, namely you. I'm so crazy

about you and want you more than you know. Damn this war!

(6)

Poor Ralph is worried sick tonight because he heard today that his mother is in the hospital very sick. The girl kid is taking it hard and there's not much we can do for him to cheer him up. Will let you know how she is in the next day or so when he finds out. Yeah! we heard all about the Sgt who had fun kids over here. What a man he is. Said his wife back in the States understands. What a mess that is.

Darling, you said you were going to change about sewing dough etc. I thought and was under the impression that you were sewing money all along. but according to this letter you aren't. Rest you get on the ball and put a least 5 bucks each month. Honey, I am not complaining or anything like that but in other letters you said you were sewing and now this one you said you were too apt to sew. I want you to have all the lovely things you want etc. Just do as you think best

about the money I send home. I know you like clothes, so buy all you want. I have another hunk of dough saved up and will add more to it this month when I'm paid. So around the 10th or so of April be on the look out for another check from me.

I have all of my money and very seldom spend any thing. So I will send it to you and it is yours to do as you want. But to try to save a little bit of it for you never know when you can use dough. Think of all the things we will have to get when I come home and the apt we want. Also if you want to take that trip. So I advise you to save up at least five extra each month for this. Pearls, I got a funny about you and Giny measuring to see ~~to~~ who was the tallest. Hello Shorty! where do you get that old stuff where you thought you were tall etc.

you are the right height and just the
 height that I like. you just about
 reach my shoulder in low heels and
 that is good for the man to be taller. I
 love you so awful much and you are
 perfect. If you could only see how
 much I do love you and want you. I
 adore you, my little hunk of heaven!
 I just can't wait until I can go home
 to you and make with the love. I hope
 you aren't as blue as I am for it is
 hell. Each nite I walk home to my lovely
 251 each, I look at the stars and see you.
 Count less nites I've rolled and turned
 in bed because I miss you so awful
 much. Darling, you are with me at
 all times and no matter what I may be
 doing. I miss my little blonde wife so
 awful much. I'm hungry for you
 and need loving bed. How naked this
 life without you is. I'm lost and
 some thing is missing

all of the fellows have dispersed for the
 evening to the Aero Club, luncheons etc.
 and I'm all alone again. I'm always
 the last one to go home each night for
 I write such long letters to you. I like
 to be alone with my private thoughts
 of you. I detest this damnable war and
 want to go home but quick to you. I
 need your love. I have to curb my self
 or else I would go mad from the want
 of you. The day you and I parted a curse
 was placed on my life. I shall not live
 until I'm in your embrace again. The
 glorious night I first met you, my heart
 opened up like a corridor and you
 slipped in. My heart did gymnastics
 and danced with in my heart that
 night. Our marriage is perfect harmony
 and two wonderful friends. I love you
 and I shall say this over and over.

Darling. Here is the joke of the day—
 Reporter (to visiting French man) "And
 what are your most anxious to see in
 America, Duke?" Duke: "I wish to
 see that famous Mrs. Beach who
 had so many sons in the last war."
 (Duke, don't you think?) Is your ringing
 laughter in my ears, I will close for
 tonight. This hour is late and I have to
 head for the rocks. Darling. I shall pray
 real hard for you at Mass in the morning
 and that run, I'll be on my way home
 to you. Please don't worry about me in
 any way for I'm O.K. I'll be meeting out
 mail call again to moment with high
 hopes of a wonderful letter from you. God
 Bless you, my lovely, Sweet Creature
 and loads of passionate love. I'll see
 you in my dreams in a few minutes.

Your Soldier Husband
 Sonny

You Photograph

No, Yours, is not a picture
That I'd take up like a map.
Though some may go for cheese cake
That is edited for map
And I admit some pin ups
Are quite beautiful, that's true,
But none of them compare, dear,
With a photograph of you.



Wanting you so much has done
this to me (over)

Sunday Mar 19th

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

By the beard of the prophet
and all that is holy, what the hell is wrong
with this rummy mail system? As you can
gather — no mail today. I, with greedy eyes,
watched the yard birds devour their mail
from home. What a un happy day this was
in the way of mail from home. So I am
lower than the nails in my ring 12's this
nite. Well, to begin with I got up (nilly-
you have to get up to begin with) any way, I
crawled out of my warm 91 sacks to be greeted
by a bright sunshiny, Sunday morning.
At two o'clock and I awoke to work and
made with the thoughts of what me to go on
my back when. Each one of us awoke off
of with the doing of Sunday morns long
ago. While I was on the way to work, you
had your lazy, lily white, body in bed.

(2)

Well, today was another one filled to the brim with labor. I drove the jeep around most of the day doing a no. of errands etc. I like to scream around the base in these bright warm days with the wind slapping my face in the face. Any way, it is a change or something. I like to get the hell out of the office for awhile each day and get some air. Gosh, I wish I could go home to you but quick. Like red times this morning. I went to 11:30 Mass. I prayed real hard for victory and that I could go home to you as soon as possible. While I was at Mass, you were still in bed and it was around 5:30 at home. As you know our time over here is 9 hours ahead of the time at home. For instance, it is 8 pm here and it is 2 pm at home. I wonder what you are doing right now. When you first see the moon, then I've seen it for 9 hours before. Time is a damn funny thing and all of that.

(3)

after supper to night, we played ball again and are getting into shape (year-a-ball for one) Playing ball gives the dull monotony of this damnable hell hole. I could think of many pleasant ways to pass a Sunday afternoon away; for instance: making love to you. Sunday is just another boring day for us here in the ETO with work as other days. This routine makes me go nuts, doing and looking at the same old thing day in and day out. My team is working all night again and that adds to my unhappiness. Another dull long night full of back-breaking-mental efforts. So I expect as usual to have to jump up every five seconds and make with the work. We are standing by for raid work to come in. Dick and Ralph, also the rest of the gang hauled us to the club a little while ago.

Chris. H. Jones, Lt Meyer and myself
 are holding the fort down. Dick and
 Ralph will be back in a little while. I
 could if you but wanted to get a good
 start in this letter before the ink gelled in
 here. So your little old husband stayed
 at the office. Peanuts, I've told you about
 Williams a guy who use to hang around
 Dad's place and is from Louisville, well, he
 run into a mutual old friend of ours in a
 nearby town the other day. A fine S-2 man
 with the handle of Johnnie Guttyhel (I think
 that's the way you spell it) His father owns
 a dairy outfit out around the Old Mill.
 Perhaps you know him. I believe his
 sister went to Shawnee about the time
 that you did. Yee! Johnnie is a S-2 jerk
 too with the rank of Lieut Sgt. Said he
 was coming over here to look me up. That
 would be swell. Still hasn't heard from
 unspeakable Enfinger. As they say in
 India "Pee in him" whatever that is!

(5)

you will find a carton enclosed and hope
you get a bang out of it. We do have a
joke box in the Aero club and all the
G.I.s gather round to hear the latest. They
have on mind affairs "ho line, ho nothing"
and all of the hits in the U.S.A. Speaking
of jive etc, we now have one G.I. each
wireless (radio to you) in the mess hall.
So we have dinner music while we
slurp down the soup. If they ain't careful,
this damn base will almost become civilized
crackpotting. Next thing you know, we'll
have to wear pants. Honey, there is one
beautiful Piper Cub on this field and each
time I see it flying, I get that old feeling.
I've got the flying urge bad again (guess
I'll have to lay down in the jeep) and wish
I were a cadet again. This damnable feeling
latches on to me each time I see a fighter
plane etc and that is about each day.

Darling, you are the only one who knows
 the way I feel about this. Sometimes I feel
 so useless here on the ground and wish
 I had it fumbled my crash at those silver
 wings. If I had only missed that down draft
 and had cleared that damn tree. I would if
 made a good dead stick crash landing
 and would if gone on to latch on to those
 wings I long for. It is hell to be a grounded
 pilot and have itching fingers for a stick
 in your hands. I suppose you think I'm
 silly for yearning to fly. Enough said about
 this. I will spread my wings again when
 I come home. We are still waiting for the
 winds to come in and perhaps it may not
 come. That would it make me mad. In
 fact I would be damn glad. Damn, talk about
 the devil, the damn work just came in so
 we'll have to work all night in this sweat
 shop. That will be fun don't you know. I'll
 have to go see what the deal is now and
 what is to be done. So please excuse me.

Well, it is now 3 am Monday morning and we are going strong. All of the work is caught up for now, so I can go on with my letter to you. Today, some damn job let J. we get mine get away. J. was in a red candy box and this GI job Underhill open the box to swipe some Candy but not J. J. He is still here in our office and we can see him dart from place to place. He and another mouse. There are always some scragges of the kind which we have for heads just each day and J. Comes out each night to throw a party in the scragges. I think he hides out in the supply closet but we can't catch him. I went out in back of Hdy to get some coal a little while ago and saw J. grand jaw man like hell. That was one of the biggest rats I ever ~~saw~~^{seen}. I threw a shovel at him but missed, damn it. I'm in the real need of sleep sleep.

(8)

Al. Jones has a bad cold and hit the
nails early tonight. Honey, he has changed
and grown older looking over here. I was
kidding him today about grey hairs
showing in his hair. He laughed and said
he was a old man. It is now 3 am here
and it is 9 pm where you are. Wish I
wish I could be with you right now. I'm
so dead with the loss of sleep but would
give up as better than now if I could be
with you. I love my little wife so awful
much and just adore her. It won't be long
before I can come home to you for keeps.
I want you something awful and words
can not express how I feel. All the boys
say what the first thing they will do when
they get home, such as; eat a steak etc
but I don't have to tell you what I will
do. The second thing I will do is take
my shoes off. My hair is long again
and needs to be cut. I will have it cut
when I go in town this week. Ralph and I

plan to go around the end of the week. We
 can get passes now since the gymnasium
 is good again. I still don't know if I'll
 go on my 7 day leave or not and if I do,
 don't know where I shall go. I have another
 month to make up my mind etc. I don't
 care so much about going for a while
 rather save my money. Will let you know
 what I decide etc. I'm about to fall asleep
 and have to force my eyes open. The rest
 of the boys are catching 40 winks while we
 have time out. I could use some shut eye
 myself but want to finish this while I
 have the chance to do so. I'll be damn
 glad when morning comes so I can hit
 that good old rock. I will cash off for the
 mess hall and henceforth as soon as I
 can. We had fried eggs for midnite chow
 with french fries. Was damn good and
 hit that well known spot etc.

(10)

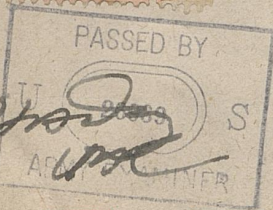
Here is today's jibe - He: "Billie, I have
a confession to make. I'm a married
man." She: "I said! you had me frightened
I thought you were going to say this car
didn't belong to you." (stinks?) Well, I
shall drive forward and get on the ball. All
I can say over and over again is that I
love you and adore you. I just can't wait
until I can make love to you and kiss
you. I shall dream of you all day long
and will make love to you. Please don't
worry about me for I'm fine and feel well.
Tell your family hello for me and to write
real soon. I have to go now so will drive.
God Bless you my Angel wife and loads
of love. I wish you could see how much I
love you and how much I want you.
Until to meet you, so long forward.

at his for you!



Your Soldier / Husband
Sonny

Edw George Canary 15113242
445 W 10th St (H) 701 Synagogue
APO 634 70 Post Master
New York, New York



Dear
Mrs. George W. Canary Jr.
4601 W Jefferson St.
Louisville 12, Ky
U.S.A.

4

Monday Mar 20

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

The gods were good to me today and gave me a lovely letter from you. So morale is high again in this lad's heart. As you know, your favorite husband unbed all last nite at this game of winning wars. What a cheap price I'm paying by living sleep when there are thousands of boys who are living their lives. I have no room for complaint and gladly work on through the nite. Don't laugh, but in my small way, perhaps I help to do a little something towards victory. At least I hope so. I spent a uneventful day in my warm slacks. I did dream of you and your wonderful love making. With great effort, I tore my self out of the sack around 430 to see anger down the muddy road to church. Tonight, I stopped at the one place in this

island that is a bit like the States, the
 Aero Club. One talented GI was knocking
 him self out on the ivory keys and was
 really in the gut bucket. I stood spell bound
 by his earpleasing music. I requested
 several of your favorite tunes and some
 of the old ones we listen to way back
 when. I had him play "Care less". Remember
 how I use to sing that to you in our
 favorite Gin mill - Hill Top. I could
 see us there again in the dim glow of
 the flickering open fire place of our favorite
 rendezvous. Remember our special booth
 and how we would snuggle up cozyly
 in it. I can see your blonde beauty next
 to me and that haunting refrain brought
 back all of these lovely memories. Gosh. I
 love you so awful much and just adore
 you more than mere words can express.
 Blue tunes always put me in this
 mood and I should stay away from
 them but I can't do it.

(3)

Darling, I adore my little wife so awful much and can't wait until I can hold you in my arms. Darling, for some reason or other, I shall tell you about my impressions of the relations between Yanks and the English. The American has been brought up to regard the British as arrogant, incurably insular and resolutely indifferent to the concerns of others. I find this true. This overcrowded war-riddled island is being overrun by Americans. The trains, movies, pubs, taxis, hotels are filled with Yanks and at times, English soldiers are quite scarce. The Islanders complain that the Yanks are too free with their money. We tip and overpay all the barmen, cabbies, butchers etc and they serve us first. The English man is a dead duck and always last. They want to increase the pay of

(4)

The English try my to restrain the
gay of the American G.I.s. We make fun
and scorn, mild, warm beer, the tiny
railway carriages and freight cars, and
the plumb line that either doesn't flush
or she flushes with a violence that
leaves the American embarrassed and
dismayed. The English are baffled and
sometimes irritate at our habits. How can
the Simey understand why the American
go around with hands in pockets,
whistling at the girls. The English have
a great respect for American air men
whose formations sweep so majestically
over his city, but it is his measured
opinion that the American soldier is
"sloppy" and "undisciplined." Another
thing the Simey dislike about the yanks
is the way they brag about America and
things they have. Their nation full of bastards
and back wards as hell. The women I get the
hell out of this place the women.

Goldman and I have been arguing Jewish
 Religion for the past hour. What a mess. All
 I know and can say is that I love you more
 than you know. Yah. This damnable pain
 is unbearable as hell. All the gang are
 here to night and suppose to be working.
 Some one yells out and first thing you know
 a argument comes. We're even drag out
 the old Civil War deal. The question of slavery
 etc. I'm the only Southerner in the place
 and all of the damn Yankees gang up on
 me. Wish you were here to help me fight
 this gang of vultures. I write a line then
 have to take up for the South. So please
 excuse if this letter sounds nutty at times.
 I get so damn heated and mad in these
 discussions of the South. How the nuts are
 moving camp of the old South. I am,
 a bunch of nuts if I ever ^{was} ~~was~~ again. I
 repeat, I love you more than you know.

I suppose tomorrow will be another one full of work in order to make up today's work. Chris is on my beefing team too. Don was here today but didn't do the work of three men (if any). He is a gold brick if he's not watched. Ralph's mother is much better according to the latest letter he received today. He feels much better now and is okay. Purr bid was going around in a tandem there for a couple of days. Spera took off for London today and my que is packed up with some baby. Two to one she is a old sack with a face that would stop a clock. Did you ever hear from Pat "The Sack"? or from Mary? I'm still waiting out a package from you and it should be here any time now. The hour is late and I should head for the sack in a little while. I wish the gang would leave so I could think in peace and quiet. You have no idea of the din and racket that goes on.

(7)

I sure do smoke a lot over here and
always have a weed cracked in the side
of my mouth. Do you smoke much
any more. I need a shave in a bad
way and don't think I'll have time to do
so this. I'll have to wash off this hush
in the morning. Best that you send me
some more books but quick. I think you
said that some where in this late package.
Send me more from time to time, like wine
with peanuts, Candy etc. I wish that
I had more time to read but just can't
do so. You know how I love to read. I
won't have time to read when I come home
to you. (do I have to tell you why?) Darling,
you ask if I would come home when the
unit is completed 25 missions. No, I'm
afraid not. This damnable war will end
soon and then I'll be home to you.
Just keep up the prayers and I'll be

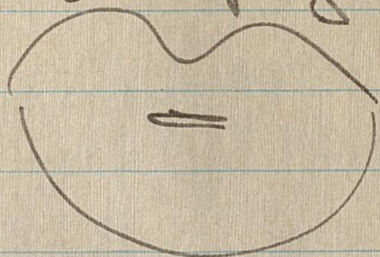
(8)

on the way to you. I may try to take a crack at getting back in the Cadets. That is, if you say okay. Tell me what you think about this deal. Would get back to the States for training etc. So let me know what you want me to do. H. Jones must still be a bit ill for I haven't seen him around to night. I do hope he is ok and will be around to morrow. Honey, please don't worry about me or anything foolish like that. I know that you do and believe me when I say it is silly as hell. Just miss me but do not worry. I sure do miss you some thing awful and am blue as can be. I'm tired of playing soldier and want to go home. Keep your pretty little chin up and soon I'll be there with you. That conflict will end some time real soon. All say, some time this year and I sure do hope so. I pray real hard each day that it will end just as you do too. Tell your family hello and

to write real now. Tonight is a dark
 dreamy, raining nite. A good nite to be
 blue and all down in the dumps. (that
 I am) I want some of your powerful love
 making and health taking kisses. Weint
 that best time we lived in I remment two
 wonderful for words. I am, I miss my
 little wife so awful much. The utter
 unfairness and unjustness of being
 taken away from the arms of my little
 wife. I am full of bitterness and remorse
 because of this. I repeat, I love you
 passionately and adore you. The wolf
 pack is preparing to leave for the benches
 and I should go myself. I shall finish
 this up even if they do leave. My poor
 grain clad body cries out for the want
 of you and your love. It is so damn
 cruel to be apart like this. Truly the
 torture of the damned.

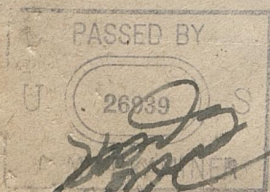
I shall clasp you in my arms
 again to night in my dreams and will
 make breath taking and less love to
 you. By the way, you will find a nutty
 cartoon enclosed. This is the way I
 feel when I miss a letter from you.
 I hope that you receive a bounty full
 of mail from me each day. My hands
 long to ~~cross~~ cross your lovely charms
 and beauty. I wish I could find you
 in my barren, lonely 21 acres. The
 pups are going to take the pup home
 so I will catch a ride with them. God
 Bless you Angel and loads of love

a kiss for you!



Your & oldies Hubbie
 Jimmy

Left George Canary 15113242
701 Squadron 445th Bomb Group (H)
APO 634 70 Post Master
New York, New York



Mrs. George W. Canary Jr.
4601 W Jefferson St.
Louisville, 12, Ky
U.S.A. 5

March 21, 1944

AERO CLUB



OH BOY! Harry James
Really Sends Me!

By Canam (ETO)

Tuesday Mar 21

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife,

Dam it to hell and all
of that sort of thing, no mail what so ever
today and I'm so howled off tonight.
Not one V-mail, no Gene no nothing
etc. Guess I'll have To Dream the Rest of
Well, today was another full of work etc
and I do mean work. More dam fun (it
rings here in fine print) Tonight after chess
we had a ball game with the jerks of young
generations and beat the hell out of them. We
won by the score of 15 to 7 and I got a couple
of hits. The fruits of our many nites of
practice won us victory. In a few more
weeks we'll have a cracker jack team. We
all take this game serious and look
forward to playing each nite. Takes our
minds off of the old grind each day. A guy
over here without a sense of humor is a dead

dumb. There is a good movie on tonight
 "Lucky Jordan" and I'm going over to see
 it. Starts in a few minutes, so I'll prepare
 to drive off. I will reappear back over here
 when the show is over at 10 pm and finish
 your letter. Don't know if it will be as long
 as usual but it will be a letter. Darling,
 today I heard the "Voice" give out with
 "Shoo Shoo Baby" (my favorite) and you
 could hear the girls yell etc. I got a terrific
 bang out of these silly girls. I think the
 program was Commend Performance in
 records. Any way, it was damn good and had
 the latest tunes in it. Wish I had a radio
 here in the office and could hear all the
 programs from the States. Sub, I love you
 so awful much and just adore you more
 than you know. If I could only be with you
 right now. Henry Ford said that the War
 would end in two months and I sure do
 hope he is right. I do think it will be over
 before the leaves fall. Pray real hard for this.

I just got back from the movies and it was a
 damn good show. Had to sweat out a line for
 a long time but it was worth it. It is 11pm
 right now, so I dashed back here to the
 office in order to write you more. I did want
 to be back right from the show. See how
 much I love you by getting this nitely
 letter off to you? You will never know just how
 much I do love you, Darling, each day, I
 want you more and more. Our love is active
 even though we are so far apart. I know you
 feel the same as I do. Last night, I had another
 wonderful dream about you. I came home by
 plane and dashed up to a apt you had of job.
 it was so really that I can tell me it.
 We kissed and kissed, made passionate love
 and I do mean passionate love. I remember
 that it was so damn funny to wear civilian
 clothes again. I am, I hope when I hit the
 sack tonight that I slip back into that dream.

(4)

No feeling, Angel, I miss you more and more each day. I can't stand this lone life any longer. Even though I'm surrounded by G.I.s, I'm alone here as hell. Nothing can take the place of my little wife that I adore. Yes, you can call me a lout and in this hell hole of a island. My thoughts and desires are with you all of the time. Here, I catch myself talking out loud to you a lot of times. I pour out my plea to the skies of how I want to be with you. I'm so lost without my guiding light, you. You are my life and a part of me. The day you took that train away from me, I was cut in half and part of me is there at home with you. Truly I'm only half alive and go around in a daze from the shock of being cut off from you. I die a thousand deaths each day from this everlasting, damnable torture that is deep inside of me. This burning lust for you cuts me like a sharp cut-throat. Each hour my

wounds are reopened. I'm getting hell
 on earth. They say that life is full of
 suffering and I'm getting mine in one
 large dose. Wasn't it made for lovers.
 I must admit that this regeneration
 tightening the bonds of our marriage. Faith
 is a wonderful thing. I'm delirious with
 thanksgivings that you are my wife. I don't
 know what or how I would feel if I didn't
 have you waiting for me. The thought of
 our love to come is the only thing that
 keeps me on. I wish I could express
 myself in writing the way that I miss
 you. I would rather be flogged with iron
 tipped lashes than to suffer this way. I am
 reminded of you like the touch of a hot poker
 on naked flesh. Love can't be measured
 or expressed by words. It is a feeling no
 one has captured in writing. The word
 love fails to bring out the true way &

(6)

feel about you. I'm so over filled with pent
up emotions and passions for you. You
are in my blood and mean more to me
than my right arm. I'm dead without
you and need you for life giving power.
My love for you is endless as the sands
of time. Even when I'm old and feeble, I shall
love you more and more. The day I come
home to you will be all Christmases put
together. It will be like getting married
all over again. Honey, we have not known
real marriage. We have tasted a bit of it's
happiness but just wait until we are to-
gether again forever. When I come home, I
never want to lose sight of you again.
I just want to be near you and stare
at what is mine. Don't fear, for I will do
more than stare. Our first kiss will
make us drunk with passions. My
cracked, dried lips tremble with the
thought of drinking in your ruby red,
passionate kisses. Gave, how I want you!

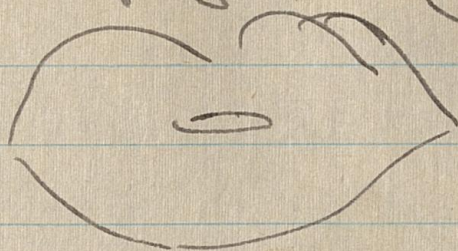
(1)

I try to crowd my thoughts into each letter and I hope that they are conveyed to you in my own way. I hear the your name with a reverent sigh. I'm loved with this damnable ~~very~~ pain. I have my arms and heart opened to you. Please steal into my dreams again tonight. Darling, storm heaven with prayers for peace. Alwe all, keep your chin up and don't worry. I'll soon be on the way home to your arms. Please, don't waste your efforts worrying about me, just pray real hard that I can come home to you. Darling. Darling, I miss you so awful much. No human will ever know just how much I do miss you. When I come home, let's not speak about this horrible dream for I want to forget all of this suffering. Honey, it is getting late and I must really go now.

(8)

I shall walk to the barracks all alone
and shall weep my blues to the
heavenly stars above. I'll weep and
mourn of how much I miss you. Ralph
and I are going to get away from it all
by taking a gas Thursday and Friday.
I think we shall venture to a new place
this time. Red Peters just came back from
a tour that held very few G.I.'s. So we
shall go there for a rest. I'll tell you
more about it to morrow nite. Good nite
Angel and I'll see you in my dreams
in a little while. Just hang in and
keep up the prayers. God Bless you
Peanuts and loads of love. Until tomorrow
nite-then- no long for now.

oh hi for you!



Your Love one
Soldier Husband

~~Sunny~~



V-MAIL

Canary

Cap George Canany 11 32 42
701 Synanon 445 Penn Ave (H)
APO 634 70 Postmaster
New York, New York



Handwritten signature/initials

Mr. George W. Canany Jr.
4601 W Jefferson St.
Louisville 12, Ky
U.S.A.

6

Wed March 22nd

My Darling Sweet Angel wife!

Please excuse this pencil but it is all that I have to write with. You see, tonight, while playing ball, I lost my fountain pen and could not find it any place. So best that you read me another one but quick. Perhaps one one will find it around the building. I've looked high and low for it more than an hour. So please excuse! I know you would much rather I write my letters to you by hand rather than in the typewriter. There fore - I must use this dam pencil. I know that you won't mind and all of that. I'm going out on foot tomorrow and will see if I can catch on to a few tomorrow. Well, the mail

(2)

mean was damn good to me by handing
me a letter from you, a letter from Momm,
a V-mail from Aunt Sis and a V-mail
from Val. All the other ones don't count
but yours. I feel swell to night
caused by your wonderful letter. I'm
way over due for a package from you.
Sure as shooting, a package will
arrive while I'm out on guns. It always
happens this way. Al Viers is
making with the hair cuts tonight so
I'll climb in to me. I'm in the real
need of a hair cut and best I get one
tonight. Herey, as you can see, our APO
no. has been changed from 634 to 558.
From now on use 558. Don't know why
they changed our no. Don't worry for we
ain't going to move. So use the new
one from now on out.

Wed March 22nd

My Darling Sweet Angel wife!

Please excuse this pencil but it is all that I have to write with. You see, tonight, while playing ball, I lost my fountain pen and could not find it any place. So best that you read me another one but quick. Perhaps some one will find it around the building. I've looked high and low for it more than an hour. So please excuse! I know you would much rather I write my letters to you by hand rather than in the typewriter. Therefore - I must use this dam pencil. I know that you won't mind and all of that. I'm going out on foot to minute and will see if I can catch on to a pen to minute. Well, the mail

(3)

Not much news tonight but the same old line of chatter. Loads of work and all of that sort of thing. We have to work again tonight and are standing by for the work to come in and all of that sort of thing. What a long damn night this will be. Ralph and I will catch up all of the sleep that we can during the night and in the morning. So we won't feel too damn bad in the need of sleep. I do wish that we didn't have to work etc. The town that shall be so lucky to have us stay there for two days is supposed to be a very nice one. Red Peters just came back from this town of Lanesport. Red checked up at a hotel and had breakfast in bed. Sounds damn good to me and best of all, very few \$1.00 so to this town.

(4)

all I care about is a good nites sleep,
a couple good movies and meals.
I'll give you a full report of all I do
in this year. I am, I wish that I could
look forward to going to town to see you.
Just had my hair and enclosed you
will find a few locks. I hope they don't
fall out and get lost. Darling, to night we
were chased out of the field where we play
ball and we are so damn humored off
about it. Some damn English Bastard
complained to the house kept about us
playing ball in his field. Wish we could
find out who in the hell it was. Can't
even play ball around here. They don't want
our morale to be high and do everything
they can to keep it down. This is none our
hell of a war. We shall find a solution
some how and will find another field.

(2)

Val had the same old line of hell in his letter. Sometimes I do believe the kid is a nut and nut all there. Speaks in of your sister's beans, Mom said that John the Deener joined Sis the other day. And that he was going to drop in on her as soon as he gets his divorce. You know how I feel about this deal. I shall be awful damn mad if your family lets that jerk set foot in the house. I just can't understand what your mother is thinking about. Of course I haven't any say in the deal what so ever. I bet your father is in the deals about this. Honey, I don't want you to even be around that guy and when he comes, go over home. No kidding! I'm awful sorry that

(6)

I'm gullible and gazing that he
will be away by the time you get this
letter. I was just informed it isn't
official as of yet about changing the
APO no. so still use the same one
until I tell you different. Well,
Angel, I've been working for the last
five to six hours with a slight headache
for mid night shift. I really should be
back on the ball right now but I'm taking
time out to dash a few more lines off
to you. If this is a short letter, please
excuse this post because of this damn
work. All I can say is that I love
you so awful much and just adore you.
Sub. I would give anything to be with
you right now. Explain to Mom why I
didn't get to dash off a letter to her last
night. Have to so make with the work.

(7)

It is now 5:30 pm and still
loads of damn work to be done. Writ this
note every end. I'm in the red need of
shot eye and need it bad. Darling I
guess you think the letters I write you
in the notes are work all note round
silly as hell. They work as no damn
hard but I can't think straight in the
first place. Peanuts, I miss you so awful
much and really need some of your
divine love rubbing. If I could only
be with you for even just a little while.
I'm truly mad about you and want
you more than you know. I sure hope
that this damn war will end real soon
and I do believe that it will. Keep up the
grays and boys. Boy, I'd be so damn
glad when this note ends. Plenty

(8)

more work to do and best I get in
that bed. Please don't worry about me
for any reason what so ever. I adore
my Sweet little Blonde wife! I shall
see you in my dreams when and if I do
get to bed. My fans begins at noon and
I'll have to get up around 9:30 or 10.
Really not much use in going to bed.
I shall give you a detailed report of the
things I do and see in town etc. All the
while I'm out on fans, you will be in
my mind as you always are. God
Bless you my Angel Wonderful wife
and loads of love. Until I come
back from the fans, no long for now.
I'll be back in 48 hours.

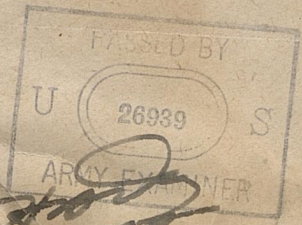
Your Soldier/Husband

~~Sammy~~

G. Canary's Hair
from letter dated
3/22/44



Exp George Canary 10113242
701 Squadron 445th Bomb Group (H)
APO 634 70 Postmaster
New York, New York



Mr. George W. Canary
4601 W Jefferson
Louisville, 12.
U.S.A.

Sat March 25th

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening you wonderful creature! I'm back from the big game as you can see. Before I make with the details of said adventure, I want to say this; I thought that I would have loads of mail waiting for me upon my return but was rudely wrong. Not a letter from anyone. To top it all off, didn't get mail this afternoon. So you see. I have have the sad case of the no mail blues. I told you that our APO no. might be changed and so it is. From now on we 558. Don't worry about us being moved etc. It is supposed to make our mail run even through faster, at least I hope so. I sure do need a passionate letter from you but quick like. Perhaps, I'll get some tomorrow. Tonight, we are working all night again and that will be fun or will it? (I have my doubts)

(2)

I know you want to hear what we did in town, so here is a detailed account. Ralph and I set out in the afternoon of the 23rd to what we thought was a venture into a new town. After we arrived at a nearby town to change trains, was told Service men couldn't go to this town, so we stayed in the nearby town. I had a 24 hour pass there before and told you about it. Ralph and I found beds at the Red Cross and checked in there. We chowed up and took in a movie. "We've never been tickled". It was a fun one and I enjoyed it very much. We ate again and grogged our way through the Kasber streets in the search for entertainment. Wandering around for a while, we heard the faint sounds of music and followed them to it's source. Well, we went into a dance for English Soldiers only. Ralph and I were the only Yanks in the joint. So we jerked the body to match.

(31)

I really got a bang out watching the English dance. They try to beat the floor in with hard, hard stomps. I thought for sure the drum floor would give away to such a brutal goading. Well, it held etc. No kidding, you should see English dance. What a mess and funny as hell. Darling, they dance round and round in a circle as if it was a rotating rink. You know at home, we dance all over the place instead of round and round. The method and style, I can't describe. For words fail me. Seems they play the hell out of our songs and can't have any of their own. Also, they are wild about tango - etc. Ralph and I just looked on with wide open faces naked with laughter. A couple of ladies made with the eyes as if they wanted to dance with us but nothing doing for I am under contract with you for life. Besides that, who in the hell wants to get into that madden whirl. I call the way that they dance a noisy affair.

(4)

Finally we shined off for the Red Cross
in order to catch up on shut eye.
Darling, I slipped into a sack with
real live sheets and it was a
wonderful sensation in believe me. I
slept like a babe all night long. Oh.
These lily white sheets were wonderful.
I never hated to crawl out of that sack
in the morning. We worked up and
chimed up again. At the other Red Cross
in town in the Bishop's ~~place~~ ^{place}
we took a hot, delightful shower. I bet
we splashed in that stream of liquid
Heaven for at least a hour or so. I am,
I wish we had as good showers here in
the home. It was another wonderful
deal. We took in the movie "For the
Star" and it was damn good. I sure do
like to go to the show a real whole
lot. Wish that I could see more of
them. You know how I like to go etc.
Don't enjoy them with my little wife.
Sub. I miss you so awful much.

(5)
Didn't do much after the show but walked
around the town. I took Ralph to the
Castle on the hill. I told you all about it
before. He had got a big kick out of it etc.
I found a place to have pictures taken and
went in to have name done. I am sure
wouldn't take any more because they were
out of film etc. I had my heart set on
sending you a photo but no go. Ralph
and I walked around the town and then
walked back to the Red Cross in the Bishop's
palace to play ping pong. It was dark
as hell again. I am the Bishop of this
area, (Church of England) has turned the
largest part of his palace over to the Red
Cross. Here they have, showers, game room,
lounge, writing room, cafe etc and beds.
The point is old as the hills and dates
way back when. It has a rampart wall
around it and the stones are beaten with
the elements of the passing years. To
enter the court yard, we must pass
through a arch way that has massive
gates. The church, school etc are surrounded
by the high old wall. The palace itself is a
sight to see. Has high Cambridge style

rooms. Windy ⁽⁶⁾ stair case etc. all
these places were built to be turned
into a fortress if needed. Can you
picture this out of date place with crabs
and crammers of old. What a history it
must have had. The whole of England
is mainly of old houses etc and
looks like the 19th Century or further back.
While we were there, a dance was in progress
so we looked in. The girls were gushing
around the English lads (in and out of
uniform) and a band full of WAC's were
there. Yanks have taught the English how
to do the Sindy and Jitterbug. Here
can compare with a American gal. Then
we headed for the other Red Cross to catch
some shut eye. England is a queer place!
I for we want to get the hell out of it
but quick. I hit the deck this morning
around 9 am and wrote Ralph up. Had
to grab a quick breakfast and catch
my train. So there is the detail of my
yarn. As you can see, nothing much to
write about. I truly thought of you each
second and wish to be with you. I
would enjoy the sights of England if you

(7)

were with me but with out you. There are
mean less to me. All I care about is
to be with you. I couldn't find a friend
you any place. So I had to be as free
tonight. It is a sorry one as you can
see. Best that you send me one real one.
One with a needle like joint. You know
the type I mean. Some of such are
called "In b O grams" See what you can
do. I did not spend much money in this
venture and have about \$50 bucks left
out of my pay. I only draw about \$54 a
week month in Cold Cash. So you can
see how much I care. The work is piling
up. I'll have to dash off for a little
while. I'll keep back in this letter as
soon as I can. All I can say is that I
adore you and want you some thing awful.
If you could only see how much I do
love and want you. Lt. Jones is in
honor and Major H. L. is taking his
place in the team tonight. I will copy the
Major is. Have to go now but will finish
this up later on. Will write as much as I
can. I adore my little wife!

(8)

Just took time out to go on with this letter. It is now 3:45 am and I'm a bit on the sleepy side. What a long damn night this is. News Flash - Some where in England - a 251 for the band of Canary came out of his sugar man drawer today and this is a sure sign of Spring. Yee! I took 'em off this afternoon! After chow tonight, we had another knock 'em down drag 'em out ball practice for tomorrow night we have a big game with the Bomb Sift gang. We shall beat their pants off and you can quote me. Fresh eggs for mid night chow and we're rather good. Darling, you are cash 251 husband loves you so awful much and wants you more than the War Dept allows. No one knows how much I love you, not even you. You have a faint idea of how much I love you but that's all. Just you wait and see how crazy I am about my little wife. It won't be long now before this damn War is over. Pray real hard that it will be real soon. Just wait until our big red foot on the German held Continent. Then the war will end in short order. These Russians are really

(9)

beating the hell out of these damn Germans.
Our boys are whipping the Japs too. So
you can see that old Henry Ford was
not far from wrong when he said this
war will end in two months. I'm sitting
in the Major's office with three of my lines
pictures in front of me; Colonel Teniel,
General Arnold and Pres. Roosevelt.
The good Col. is Group C.O. and a damn
good Commanding Officer. Well, the
gang is making with more words and
but I go in in with them in a few
seconds. Who am I to shirk from
duties? I think I'll have a lot of
time later on to write. All I can say
is that I love you more than words
can express. Darling, I hope to have
a lot of mail from you tomorrow and
I do mean a lot. Perhaps a goodbye or
two. Who knows? I am this war and all
the suffering that go with it. I want to
be with my little wife but quick and I
do mean quick. Have to stop again
and do a lot more words. I think this
next batch of words will finish the note.

(10)

At last the work is finish and now I
can go hit that sack. Waiting on Dick
and Ralph to show up now. They had to go
down on the line. We started through the
work tonight and finished up at 5:30 am.
Major Klopfer just told me that we were
a damn good team to work with and
from now on he wants to work with us.
So you see, we are really in that said hell
but good. We do have the best jump in
our team and can really get out the
work. I do my little share and help out.
Lt. Jones has taught us how to be
efficient and really all about everything.
Most of the other officers are slave drivers
and treat their men as such. Lt. Jones's
policy is to teach us each more of
why and how. So we can take a active
interest in all things. He gives us work
that the other officers would be scared to
death to give to their G.I's. If you treat
men in deright manner, you will have
the best team work and cheering among
them. That holds true in all things and
no kidding. War is hell and some folks
try to make it even harder.

(11)

Dearest, have I ever told you how
much I miss you? I think I tell you this
over and over in each letter. I can't stress
this to you enough. Truly I adore you. I
long for the warmth of your lovely body and
all of its charms. If I could only wake to
find you sharing my lovely GI couch with
me. Each day I die a thousand painful
deaths caused by the pains of wanting you
so awful much. The life I'm leading is one
of the damned and torture. If the awful
thing would only end and that I could be
with my Sweet Blonde Goddess. You adorable,
lovely creature who walks with Angels. I
love you so awful much. My poor weak
wife. I want you more than the feeble
winds can express. You know how I feel
deep down in love of you. I know that you
feel the same way that I do. My poor
aching lips long for the soft, gentle touch
of your divine kisses. My arms are empty
and need to be filled with your lovely form.
Truly, I need living in a bad way.
Please God! Hear our plea and let us
be together again at once. Pray real hard
for peace and that our I. A. be home
where I belong.

(2)

I'm not a soldier but a husband who
longs for his wife. I hope you never will
feel as lucky as I do about being apart
like this. Keep your pretty little chin up
and soon I'll be home with you. Tell
your family hello for me etc. I do hope
that your Grand father is much better
now. Well, Peanuts, I will call it a
day and will give you to go hit the sack.
Soon, in a little while. I'll make love to
you in my dreams and will dream
of you all day long. I'll tell you about
the ball game tonight when it is over. Don't
forget to use the new APO no. of 558.
Hoping that you are getting a abundance
of mail from me each day. I shall go
now for the comes the long week. God
Bless you my Darling Sweet wife and
loads of love.
a kiss for you!



Your Soldier Husband
Sammy



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Friday Mar 20th

My Darling Sweet Angel wife

Just a short note to you while I'm
here in town. As you can see, this is being scrawled out
in the Red Cross place. I shall explain all the things I did
in this year in long letters. All I can say is that I love
you so awful much and adore you. Peanuts, going to town
is really a lue for me. All I want to do is to be with you.
You are in my mind no matter what I may be doing.
This being away from you is too terrible for words. I only
hope that you don't feel as half as bad as I do. Gosh, I
miss you so awful much and I'm living for the day
I can hold you in my arms. Little do you know how much
I love you. Som, say um, this damnable war will end
and I can express my love to you by actions. Just hear
on and hear you get the little chin up. See how
much I love you when I even write you while out in town.
I can't wait to hurry back to mid base and pick up
my mail. I know that I'll have loads from you and
get back the feelings that is long over due. Take good care
of yourself and say um, I'll come home to do the job
myself. Ralph is waiting for me to go to bed, so that we
will do. I'll write you a nice long letter.

"To furnish volunteer aid to the sick and wounded of armies and "To act in matters of voluntary relief and to accord
with the military and naval authorities as a medium of communication between the people of the United States of America
and their Army and Navy The Charter of The American National Red Cross. By Act of Congress, January 5, 1905.

Just now into from the office. Please excuse this yet
first is a thought for you etc. God Bless you, my Darling
Angel wife and loads of love.

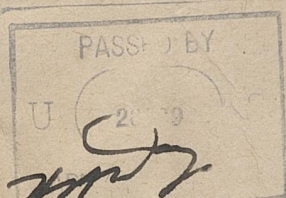
Your Soldier Husband
Jimmy

P.S. Shall see you in my
dreams again in a few
minutes.



ahhh for you!

CPL GEORGE W CANARY 15113242
701 SQUADRON 445 BOMB GROUP (H)
APO 558 % POST MASTER
NEW YORK, NEW YORK



MRS GEORGE W CANARY JR.

4601 W JEFFERSON ST.

LOUISVILLE 12, KY.

U.S.A.

8

Sunday Mar 26¹⁰

my Darling Sweet Angel wife!

Nothing much to report
in the way of news tonight for I
was in the rocks all day long. I'm
blue as hell again tonight because
of no mail what no ever from my
little wife. Did get one from Dad ~~but~~
today and that's all. I am, I'm
in the real need of mail from you
and wish some would come but
quick. It's been a damn long time
since I've gotten a Sugar Report
from my little wife and I do need
one. Tonight after chow we had
a big game of ball with the Punks,
Sight Em's and Red (our pitcher)
shot them out with a 7 to 0 score.
We really have a damn good team
and I do mean damn good.

(2)
Dick played 3rd base, Ralph in
2nd base and I played center
field and left field. I got three
dam good hits, two doubles and
a triple. So you can see your old
husband is a dam good player
from way back. I munched in
two of our seven runs. Red allowed
the other team just two hits and
only two of their men ever got in
base. Red is a dam good pitcher
and strikes a whole lot of guys
out. Darling, I went to the "I
Shut tonight and came" men from
Down Under" was a fair shot.
Didn't get out of the show until
11 pm and rushed over to the
office in order to dash a letter
off to you. I slept until 5 pm
today and I'm not sleepy

right now. ⁽³⁾ Darling, please
excuse this pencil post I told
you about losing my pen. I
can write faster with a pencil
and want to finish this up so
I can go hit the books in a
little while. The gang that is
unboring tonight are going to
midnite chow in a few minutes
and I'll go with them. Then
come back and finish this letter
up. Darling, all I can say is
that I love you so awful much
and just adore you. If you
could only see how much I do
love you. Dam, I'm so mad
about this awful mail system
and wish that I could get
a letter from you real soon.

(4)

I hope that you can read
this humble attempt to
write. You understand why I
have to hurry etc. Will have
a full hand day ahead tomorrow.
Chas and I want to fit up
our ball field for it is a bit rough
etc. We intended to play a
lot of ball this coming season
and will win every damn game.
We have another game lined
up for tomorrow night too. Plan
to take on all comers. I
should have before I go to
the bunkers but will get it off
until in the morning. So we
will see me anyway because I'm
going to bed. Spence goes two
and three days without shaving
and gets by with it.

(5)

Dad said in his letter to say,
that you stuck up with him
for about a week. you are so sweet
and I like for you to stay over
home. Sure wish I could be
with you. The stars are shining
bright again tonight and I'll
5 years ago to you in the way
to the barracks. I do this each
nite and wonder if you ever hear
me talking to you. Oh, I love
you so awful much and want
you more than the love all.
No love can ever compare to ours.
Our love will grow more and more
as time goes by. Just wait until
we are to gether again, then we really
can love. Oh, it must be wonderful
and heavenly to be with you all of
the time. We've never been so

what you could ⁽⁶⁾ call a real
married life. All the times we
was to gether was always broken
up by the dem army, always
had to go back to camp just
as we were really having fun.
I can't wait until I can go home
to you and not have to worry
about any of the any more. We
shall do nothing but live,
live, and then more live. I'm
this way any way. I want to
be with my little wife but quick.
I adore you and worship
every little thing about you.
I need you so much and
and I'm living for the day I
can be with you. Just hang
on a little while longer and
soon I'll be home with you.

I won't get to go out with
the gang after all. So I'll miss
out on midnite chow. Hey -
I mean - a certain officer in
their team is rough as hell
and made a list up for chow.
So, if I'm finished in time I
may be able to go over to our
own mess hall and eat. I shall
try my best to hang over there.
Darling, we have much I love
you by how I write you each
day no matter what time it may
be. I promised to write you at
least once a day and I'm a
man of my word. I would have
a funny feeling if I didn't get
a letter off to you each day. I love
to write you. I know just how

much mail comes to. I do hope
you are getting my mail much
faster and more often than I am.
Here, I will prepare to leave
now and try to hit camp in
time. All I can say is that I
love you so careful much and
just adore you. Will write you
a long letter tomorrow. I'll
see you in my dreams in a
few minutes. Tell your family
hello for me etc. God bless you
my Angel and loads of love.
Pray real hard that this damn war
will end real soon. Goodnite
for now.

Your Soldier
in his hand

Sammy

8PL GEORGE CANARY 15113242
701 SQUADRON 445 BOMB 8808P (H)
APO 558 % POST MASTER
NEW YORK, NEW YORK



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LOUISVILLE 12, KY.

U.S.A.



9

Munday Mar. 27¹⁰

My Darling Sweet Angel wife.

Again, no letter from you today and I'm mad as hell about this awful mail system. It's been a week since I last latched on to a letter from you and wonder why in the hell I haven't heard from you again. Gosh, I'm in the real need of a good letter from you and I'm about to go nuts for the want of one. I did get a letter from your mother and natty brother. Mail comes through alright as their letters prove it. I wonder why yours are so damn slow in getting here. You know how much one letter means to me and how I live on them. I know you are the same way about mail. I do hope that mine are getting through to you much faster than yours. Please excuse the pencil, as you know, I lost my pen. Send me one!

(2)

Today was another one just packed with work and all of the rest of things. This afternoon, I worked in the ball field with a shovel and rake. A few spots were a bit rough and had to be smoothed over. I dug them up and later on, changed a heavy weight behind the jug to finish up the job. The field is in good condition now. Still needs a bit more work and we'll get around to it. Tonight we had a return game with the Purple Sifters. We were trying out all of our men in different positions. Ralph pitched most of the game and we were behind by four runs in the 8th inning. I played two innings and threw a long one from center field that hurt my arm. It was too sore to throw any more, so I cut Jimmy

(3)
to take me out of the game. He didn't
want to but I explained that I
had a 'Charlie Horse' in my arm, so
he replaced me. I warmed the
bench the rest of the game. They
knocked Ralph out of the box and
had to put a new pitcher in. (Gene)
Gene is damn good too and held
the other team down. We were behind
by four runs in the 8th. So
Jimmy put me back in the
game so I could use the arm
for a hit or two. My arm aches
so damn much but I went in
any way. I led off the batting
order in the 8th and made a
single over the first base man's head.
That started a rally and Dick
was next up. He made a single
and I made 3rd base. Jim
hit a two bagger and sent Dick

(4)

I home, scoring two runs.
Ralph punched out and Dintley
took 3rd. Red came up and
batted out a single sending Jim
home. The next two men flew
out and an idle retired with the
score of 13-14. We were one run
behind. The last half of the 9th was
our inning and we had a field
day. We came through with five
runs and won the game 18 to 14.
I belted a two bagger this inning
and drove in Tefus for a run.
The whole team sticks to day
because of the aches & sprains.
But we win anyway. Jimmy
gave my arm a good rub
down after the game and it's
okay now. I'll be able to play
day tomorrow nite. Do you
like for me to tell you about our
games? Tell me—!

(5)

as you can see, I'm all
enthused about this ball team.
We have to do something to keep
our morale up. I'm good for
us too and we have something
to look forward to each day, we
have another game tomorrow
night with some operations.
The Squads are starting up
teams and a league. So we'll
have plenty of teams to play.
The season hasn't really started
yet and we are damn good. A
bit more hushing up and our
team will be the best. The guys
went to the club tonight and
went along too. Then they went to
the show and made me go to.
I'm supposed to be the clown of

the out fit with all the crazy
things & so. I give out with
Charles Binger, Clark, I will
Prampone, Burke Carter, Clum
McCrutten and many others.
Besides, I'm always cracking
the jokes. So they drag me
along where ever they go. It is
now after 11 am and just
screamed in from the show.
We played ball until darkness
and that was 8 pm. Darling,
I will tell all these innovations
for you as soon as I get home.
Some of them are damn good
even if I have to say so myself.
Dub, Jimmy and Don are
going on their 7 day leave
Friday. We have two good
men for each position in the ball

(7)

Club and unit hanger us so much when they leave. Still haven't made my mind up about my leave. Thought I would go down to Long Run for about 3 days or may go to Scotland. Ralph wants me to go when he does but don't know if both of us in the same briefing team can take our leave at the same time. I would like to go with some one else though and see what can be done about it.

Tomorrow night I'm C. Q. again and as far as we know, the team is supposed to work all night. I hope I can spend a nice quiet night of C. Q. without having to do team work.

I shall send ⁽⁸⁾ and send some
letters off to your family and
other people I write mail to.
Hope you can read this awful
so called writing. I have, I did
make Christmas last night in
my own mess hall so that
officer didn't screw me out of
Christmas after all. It goes around
back from London and had a
nice time - no he says. I still
haven't heard from Dave or
old Paul yet. I will write
a letter and will send off one
to him tomorrow night while
I'm getting C. Q. Also will
write you a nice, real long
letter. All I can say is that I
love you so awful much and
just adore my little wife.

(9)

Tell Herman that PW is
reflected on the back of a
gunners jacket in yellow
paint. The kids must have a
crazy fud at home now. Beant.
I had another gunnate dream
about you last nite. ex. It
was so full of love making
and all of that sort of wonderful
thing. I want you so awful
much and just can't wait
until I'm home with you.
I tell you over and over again
how much I miss you and
yet just can't express just how
much I do miss you. I'm giv-
ing real hard for a letter from
you to moment and do hope
I get at least one. I'll be
waiting out mail call.

(10)
I do hope that your grand father
is okay by now. Honey, I love
you so much and I
really need you. I didn't know
that I could love you so
much and all it grows
more and more. Just wait
until I can come home to you,
then you will see just how much
I really do love you. I want to
hiss you so damn bad and hold
you in my arms. Well, Angel,
it is just about 12 now and
I have to go now. God bless
you my Darling. Sweet. Angel
wife and kids of love. I'll
see you in my dreams in a
few minutes.
A love for you!

of your Soldier
husband
Sammy

CPL GEORGE CANARY 15113242
701 SQUADRON 445 BOMB GROUP (H)
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NEW YORK, NEW YORK



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LOUISVILLE 12, KY.

U.S.A.

10

Wed Mar 29th

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Herey, this morning
as I prepared to hit the sack after
the all night job of C. Q. to my great
happiness and joy, I found four
more wonderful letters from you.
Sub. it was so wonderful. Just think,
yesterday, I received 7 letters from
you and four from Mum. So, it make
up for the just weeks of no mail. To
top it all off, I was when up this
afternoon with another letter from you,
Mum and Aunt Mary. So I'm dizzyy
with morale tonight and feel like a
million bucks. You are so Sweet
and I love you more than you know.
Your cheerful letters bring life and
sunshine to me and they are the
only factor that keeps your husband
going. I do hope that the mail keeps
us from now on and no more empty
bells without mail from you. I love
you so aweful much and just adore
you.

(2)

In one of your heavenly letters you said you were sending me a wonderful gift of some sort. I was all in ~~rage~~ ^{use} about it and racked my brain trying to think of what it could be. This afternoon you told me it was a lighter. Boy. I can use that over here. You are so wonderful to send me so many things. I can't hardly wait until it gets here. Don't worry about fluid for I can get plenty of that or can use gasoline. Dick has a lighter and many of the other fellows. They have no trouble of finding fluid etc. Matches are rationed over here and we can only have two small boxes per week. As you can guess, they don't last very long. So thanks a real whole lot. I also got a very cute Easter card from you and thanks a lot. I've wanted to draw a card for you but just can't find the time. I will slip in to some thing to mention. It may not be a card but it will be some thing

(3)
I'm using Sgt Romie's pen to night
and it's not so good. I wit forget to
send me one as soon as possible.
Tonight, upon arriving here at the
office, I was told to report to the
Major at once. Sub, I didn't know
what the hell to think. Well I walked
up to his office with the guilt of a
condemned man. I marched up to
his desk, gave him a mappy salute
and prepared myself for the worst. I
controlled my knees from beating
together and focused my ears to
what he had to say. The good major
knew of my so called talents with
a pencil and he had a job for me to
do. The Red Cross head and he were
talking the other day about how to
decorate the Aero Club with signs
cartons etc. So the Major and the
Red Cross guy wants me to slip into
some cartons etc for the club and
that I will. I shall be a busy gal

(4)
for the next few days. I'll let
you know how it turns out etc.
How bout that! I did it realize
I was so damn good or am I?
I havnt written any stories to date
but the PRO officer is after me to
do so. I have so many thing to
do that I can't find time for all
of them. I like to write and to draw.
Don't know which one I like best.
Tonight, no ball because of a damnable
down pour of rain. I suppose the
raining season and fog are about
to set in on this Island of hell. I've
decided to take my 7 day leave
with Ralph around the 15th of
April. Honey, I will send you money
after I come back for just don't know
how much it will take. We are going
up to Bonnie old Scotland - I think.
Never can tell what the hell we
may do. All of the 5.2 jerks have
gitched in to buy a radio for
our new com club in our office.

(51)
Chris went in turn to day to
let ch in to one. So we shall have
music etc from now on. How but
that! This place is getting too
comfortable to understand. I'm
not kidding you when I say this
place was a hell hole when we first
took over. It's not half way bad
now but it's a far cry from a
bore in the U.S. Darling, you
know Earl Williams one of the
boys I flew over with and was a
radio operator, well he is grounded
now and works in the radio dept.
He had that real red boy for a
wife and we met her in the Drug
Store in Hager one day. He got the
screaming jitters and was too afraid
to fly any more, so he was grounded.
All the other gunners call him
yellow and all sorts of names. I
think when Conner went down,
Williams changed his mind then.

He was supposed⁽⁶⁾ to be such a
tough guy. If I were a gunner,
I would see this thing through.
Damn, I wish I wasn't a washed
out pilot! I want to push a plane
around again but will have to wait
until I come home. I'm going to
build up my time at Bowman
Field when this damn war ends.
Friday is guy day again and I
still have more than 40 hours from
last month. I sure don't spend
much dough here in the ETO.
Not much to report about today's
activities for I was in the sack
all day. The ~~guy~~ ^{guys} are over
at the Club right now and I'm
all alone here in my office. Of
course, there are guys in the front
office but this end of the building
is quite as a church. I'm going
over to the Club in a little while
myself to catch on to some tea
and cake etc. How I can eat.

(7)

I just shaved and cleaned up. Also went over to the club for a few minutes. They had hot cakes early to night and my girl friend Beekie had saved one for me. It goes to kid that old boy always for he saves food etc for me. Never does this for any of the other fellows, just me. She was so glad to hear that I received so much mail from you. She always asks me how you are and do I hear from you. Beekie is a nice English woman and I like her. In fact, she is the only English person that I do like. Her niece Pat, also works at the club and she is quite friendly too. Pat is about 18 or 19 and is the usual run of English girls — a boy. She is a bit pretty for a English reck at that. Has a boy friend in the infantry who she is engaged to. I tease Pat a whole lot too. When I don't go over to the club with the gang, Pat and Beekie always ask them where I am. They both seem to be rather fond of me etc. The guys all tease me about my two English girl friends. They are jealous because Beekie saves

(8)

The good thing to eat for me. The other nite, I showed Pat and Beebie all of your snap shots and our wedding picture. Both thought you were beautiful and cute as a bug's ear. I keep telling you this and all others confirm it. Darling, I love you so awful much and just can't wait until I can make love to you again. I know you are the same way and want me just as much. The gang are still over at the club playing ginny gony etc. I wanted to come in back to the office to write more to you. Peanuts, I think Val is a cheap skate when he keeps on throwing up how much he gives for the watch. I bet it was not as much as he claims. Brains are one of the things that my lack. You said that he was about to come over here. Just what he needs. A few months over here will fit him up etc. I can hear him itching now when he does get over here. So John called your sister! If he comes, you know

(9)
what to do. I really don't approve
and you know it. With your sister
wasn't such a fool and could only
have enough sense to know what
kind of a character he is. I really
can't see how anyone can make you
get married against your own will.
There is more to this than meets
the eye. I do think he was married
before he came into the army. Never did
trust him and never will. He sure
can dupe your mother and sister
with those sob stories. I don't even
consider a weakling like that a
man at all. It's a wonder your
father doesn't step in or doesn't he
know about it. I'm just warning
you because you will have that lawyer
in your hands again. I'm only a
visitor to your family and can't
say anything. I shouldn't even stick
my nose into that affair at all. I
won't say anything to your mother
about it but wish I could round
off. What do you think?

(10)

Precious, I love you so awful
much and just can't wait until
this damn war ends. Being more
or less a slave doesn't appeal to
me. Yet, I love my Country so
awful much and I'm proud to
wear it's uniform. I'm not what
you call a real soldier for my
heart longs for civilian camp.
Damn God they haven't stole my
mind too! Seems like years
since I signed up, in fact it will
be two years June 4th. Two long,
wasted years. Just think all of
the happiness and fun we have
missed. These two years will
put a mark on my life that
can never be blotted out. War
does things to humans. So many
fellows change in the army. I've
noticed a change in my self. One
can't help but change. This life is
just the opposite of civilian life.
The uniformity of everything is

the factor that ⁽¹¹⁾ I attribute this
change. One's whole attitude is
changed. Never fear about my love
and desires for you. They have grown
stronger and stronger. Darling, you
will have to help me when I come
home to learn the ways of civilian
life all over again. I live for the day
I can cast aside this cloak of
humiliation and once again, breathe
the air of a free man, a civilian.
What wonderful joy it will be to
no longer worry about the army, day
and night. To do as I want, to go as
I please, to be free and alone all, to
be with you for ever. My naked soul
bleeds with the pains of wanting you.
I can't stand it much longer. Ah!
God! Please end this terrible war
and may go home to my Angel
wife! I repeat this over and over a
million times each day. Promise
you are with me where ever I go.

(12)

Your lovely name is always
on my lips and your beautiful
face is always before me. I don't
live in the present but the past
and alive all the unexplored
future. I tremble with the heavenly
thoughts of happiness to come with
you. I live for to moment! Love
and marriage are so beautiful
and sacred. Nothing in this
cruel world can compare or
express it's beauty full of wonders
and happiness. You and I, and
thousands like us, will make this
a wonderful world to live in. Men
fight wars for their love ones. You
truly are the reason why I'm
here in England today. This is
your war as well as it is mine.
Darling, it is so wonderful to know
and realize I have you waiting
for me. We have a life ahead
of us that words fail to express.
I would be lost without you!

(13)

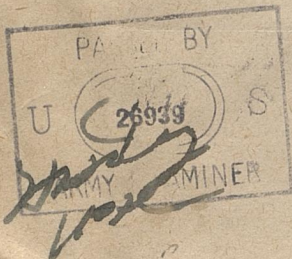
Angel: if my letters - some of them, run as if they have the same theme, I can't help it, because this is the way I feel. You said that you want a candid details of my thoughts. I try to express upon paper my thoughts, but fail to do so when it comes to love for you. Nothing I can say can ever express a living to light this great up emotions I have for you. I wish that I were a poet at heart so I could tell you how I do love you. Deep down inside of me is a feeling for you that words fail hopelessly to express. You know how I love you and want you. I love to say over and over again the simple but glorious statement - my wife. You are mine for the duration of time and from then on. Our love is endless and negates all imagination. To put it in plain outspoken words - I'm mad with lust for you. I crave your love and earth shaking kisses. When our lips meet in a passionate kiss, the world does a outside loop.

(14)

My love for you is so strong that it
makes me drunk. Each nite I yell
out to the canopy of stars above how
much this lovely soldier likes his
wife! I want the world to know
you are mine. The stars know for
I tell them each nite. I'm over-
come with this flaming passion
for you. I need you so awful much
no one will ever know or understand
this torture of the damned I have
endured. Not even you know. Soon
I shall shower a flood of passions
and love upon you, the day I
come home. I shall kiss and caress
you like a wild thing. Be prepared
for a loved turned friend of a
husband. I must say good nite for
now. In a little while you shall
steal to me in my dreams. Good
Bless you, my Angel and Lords of
love. a kiss for you! Your Soldier
Husband
Sonny



Capt George Canary 15113242
101 Squadron 445 Bomb Group
APO 558 70 Postmaster
New York, New York



Mrs. George W. Canary Jr.
4601 W Jefferson St
Louisville 12, Ky.
U.S.A.

Thursday March 30th
Some where in England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

over due garbage arrived here. As you can see by this paper, the long
like a million. You have no idea of how grand it is to receive a
big home. I also got one from your mother too. So morale is
high as can be tonight. I love you so awful much and you give
your love to me each day. I didn't get any letters from you to day and
do hope to get one later tomorrow. Darling I leave space this
awful pen, it is a old one I found and will have to do until you send
me a new one. Best that you send me one. I am sure you will. I am
comes across in the morning with our mother. I am sure you will. I am
I am my and Ed go on their 7 day leave tomorrow. I am sure you will. I am
first thing infield on our ball team. But we have some more to get
in their positions and will carry on with the many games we have
ahead of us. I had to know Gen's for as mine was getting too damn
bad as you can plainly see. We have a big game tomorrow night
and the following nite. So hope that we will win. We just practiced
tonight for our big games coming up. I sure do love to play ball
and get a big kick out of playing. Speaking of ball, tell Mum to
send by ball glove as soon as possible. I want write to her tonight
but want to slip into one of the books you sent me. Darling. Thanks for
the hats, socks and books. I sure can use each item that you sent.
You are so awful sweet and I love you more than you know. Well,
Chris got the radio receiver okay and we have it hooked up to
Red's radio down the hall and now get all the music etc. The
only thing bad about it, is that we can only listen into the gas gram
that Red has tuned in on his main set. He is on the ball and keeps
his dial on nothing but the best. We have the speaker on the wall above
Chris's desk and it really is damn good. So from now on, I shall
hear all of the latest tunes etc all day long. The speaker cut us
8 bucks and 50 cents. I paid half and so did Chris. We had to
reconnect around the house for the wire to connect our set fit
to the main set. Chris and I jumped into the old faithful gear
and reversed the glass high and low. We latched on to a roll of
telephone wire about 500 ft in length. We needed about a 100 ft of
it. I had the job of fixing same up. More damn fun etc.

It was a ²decept job for a old electrician like your husband.
It was a lot of fun to fool around with this damn liney
stuff. Anyway it was! Today, we had just loads of work to do
for we had to submit to Dues up with a statement of
work done for all the P/W camps that we have on hand. I don't
know which of these is the worst! I hope that you can
excuse the things. Well, Don, Chris and I checked all of our
equipment at our P/W stations here in the base. I'm
not using Ralph's gun and it is much better as you can
see. It took us all afternoon to do this job and it was a
long tedious job and was being as hell as you can
guess. It took us about four hours to do it and Chris is
still messing around with the reports etc. Poor guy is
about to go nuts and is beating his head against the
wall. What a funny character he is. We get more damn fun
out of him. He makes him self out all of the time during things.
He is a damn good guy and I like him a whole lot. He is a
well guy to work under. Lt. Reed, our big bro and the P/W
officer is on his 1 day leave. Due back some time to morrow
and Chris has to have his report all fixed up for him.
Darling, one of my favorite tunes at the moment is "Gitar
Eyes". Do you like this song? I go around singing it in
my mind, telling the words. Damn, this guy writes awful too!
I think it must be the paper and the pens don't feed the ink
right. So please excuse if this is not worth any, which it is.
I think the song is great from the pianist got in this paper
and caused it to do this. I've written too much to destroy
this now. So please excuse this song, gentleman ship. I didn't
have time to draw these things for the Red Cross to day but
will do it to morrow. Will slip into some thing for you two.
from the sounds of your letters, you get a bang out of the
cartoons I send you. I will try to send you mine as often
as I can. As you

as you know it takes a bit of ⁽³⁾ time to think up things
to draw. I had to skip a little part of the other page as you
can see. Tomorrow I'm running orderly and I like that
job very much. One can sleep late, take a few minutes
to clean the joint up and then read etc. that I will do
the rest of the morning. I never can find enough time to
read. I have all of the new books that you have for me.
You can bet your boots that it will be nine months after
I come home before I'll want to read. I have two many
other things to catch up on, such as: love, love, love, love
and ten more love. Are you in favor of this? (Silly question)
of course, I love you so awful much and in plain words, I
adore you! You have no idea of just how much I love you
and want you. Soon you will find out by actions. I know this
damn war won't last much longer and soon I'll be on the
way home to you. Keep up the prayers and before you know it,
I will be there in your arms. All I can say over and over is
that I love you so awful much. Darling, as I am our
boy of the 2nd Drump is being transferred out. Yes I mean the one
and only Major James Stewart. I bet he will be a Lt. Colonel
in a very short time. All the jump in his organization are
coming to me him go for he is tops as a Sgt. C.O. You can
never guess who is going to take over the reins of the 703rd.
Captain Carey was (701st) operations officer. I told you
all about the good Carey back at Wendover. Did I tell you
that Lt. Serghum is no longer in our outfit. He was
transferred out a long time ago. You know Serghum, the little
but who was always so friendly to you and I. His wife was
going to have a baby when we were at Scribner. You know who
I mean. I like him so very much and with he was still
in our outfit. Dick brought a new pair of shoes yesterday in
two and said it was like a pair of shoes. He
clashed on to a pair of shoes through the wire and had one
hell of a time with the damn English to get it. I would
of like to have seen that. These damn English don't want to
see the junk and damn things. How I hate them.

I hate all forms of English and Jim Ashburn to admit
that I'm just English. Pee in them all! I can't
wait until I get back to the States and no fooling.
I want to go home to my little wife but quick. They are
given out with Shoo Shoo Baby and I'm just nuts
about this song. How they are playing Nevada and
it makes me feel so damn blue. Wish I could lean
my head on your shoulder and like your pink little
cute ears. I want to feel your dainty form pressed
tightly against me in a passionate embrace. I am,
I miss you so awful much. If you could only under-
stand how much I love and miss you. You are
my whole life and my only reason for living. This
is a damn "bluddy" cruel world for taking you away
from me like this. All the guys are here in our office
listening to our speaker. A lot of the guys are either
writing or reading with one ear glued to said music.
Some jels goes up with something and every one stops
and chimes in - I am it. The guys make so damn much
noise that I can't think. Ralph and Dick just took off
for the bunkhouse - the damn sleep heads can't take it.
Perhaps if some of the rabble go home, I can think in
peace and quiet. So I'm waiting all to get the hell out
of here. Oh! that wonderful music - they are playing
Bey is the Bey your favorite song. I have to have
this damn record played I heard further back. I really must
do this or else I will trip over it before long. I am, this
damnable year any way. I wish it would take the ink better
than it does. In about another week, it will be Easter, the
biggest reason of the year. You will be decked out in your
new clothes and I in my est's. Wish I could join the
Easter Sunday Parade with you. All the kids are to walk
around the park on Easter Sunday and suppose they will do
the same this year.

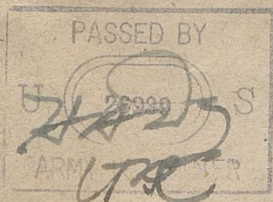
(5)
Chris the meat man is now shaving the hair from his
face. I don't know why in the hell he has to have a face with
a bit of hair on his baby smooth face. We tease the life out of
him about this. Things are getting a bit better around here
for a change and I like that. My Darling, in
a few more days you will be my adorable little wife for
14 months. I sure do wish I could be with you from now
on. I know you miss me just as much as I miss you.
Please don't feel blue and sad as I do. Keep your pretty
little chin up and soon I'll be home on the way to my
love one - namely you. Damn, I wish I could express
myself just how much I do love you and want you.
I can express other things but words fail me when it comes
to love. Just to think about you makes me tongue tied
and I get all hot and bothered. I'm diggins with the want
of you and your love. Yeah, I'm in a bad way cause I
want you so awful much. Honey, I had another wonderful
dream about you last nite. We were going to school and yet
were married. All we did in school was sit and hold hands
eyed at each other. We loved and loved all nite long in
my dreams. It's such a damn awful sickness to wake up each
morning and not find your pretty blonde head next to mine.
I couldn't go to sleep last nite for about two hours. I laid
there thinking about you and all of the things I want you to do.
I just can't wait until this war is over so we can take up
where we left off. I promise you nothing but just intimate love
making when I come home. No kidding, we want to be alone
for a long time and that's why I want you to find a apt. for
us as soon as you hear I'm on my way home. Save all the
money that you can for this and I will do the same. Darling,
tell your mother thanks a whole lot for the garbage she sent.
I will write her a letter tomorrow.

Doll, it is getting late as hell now and I should be on
my way to the bunks. In fact it is so damn late now that
the damn mice are running all over the office now. I
sure would like to smack one of them. I have all of
the candy you all sent me locked up in the safe so they
and the two legged rats can't get to it. I'm got two
jack eyes today also. All the jack eyes seem to come at
one time. I saw a whole lot of them in the a day room
when I jacked mine up this afternoon. Damn those mice
I can hear them running around the place. If you
were here, you would be scared to death. Again I say
that I love you some thing awful and just adore you!
Darling, I have to go now if I want to catch midnite
chow for the mess hall will close up in a few minutes.
So this will have to be a rather short one to night. Tom mow
into my team is on again and girls I'll have to
unk all night. I'll see you in my dreams in a few
minutes. God Bless you my Sweet Angel Doll and
loads of love.

your Soldier this hand
Sammy

a his finger!

George W. Canary 15113242
761 Squadron 445 Bomb Grp (H)
APO 558 70 Post Master
New York, New York



Mrs. George W. Canary Jr.
4601 W Jefferson St
Louisville 12, Ky
U.S.A.

12

Friday March 31¹³
Some where in England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Peanuts. I'm in the War Room writing this letter to you for our team has to work tonight. So, I will have to stop every five minutes as usual when we work - Snafu! So if this letter sounds a bit odd at times - you know why. This morning I had the more than welcomed, enjoyable job of running orderly. Your husband woke up at 7 am and thought it was time to go to work, then my befuddled brain realized I could sleep late. So I turned over and slept until 8 when my liddle - I called him another name - Ralph shook me to wake me up. Said it was time to leave for the office. Well, I called him a dirty name and went back to sleep. Finally at 10 am I woke up enough courage to venture out of the sack. I grabbed a brown and ran down the hut - sweeping it thus. Next, I made a gas at a bucket of water with a mop and screamed down the aisle. So as you can see, the Demerols was rich and again. Then I leaped back in bed to catch up on my reading (let you thought I was going to say sleeping) and read until 1130. Then I dashed down to the mess hall and devoured steak after steak. No kidding - steak and it was damn good for a G.I. meal too. I worked in the ball field most of the afternoon and I must say that it is in damn good condition now. I should think and proudly say that it is one of the best, if not the best, in the E.T.O. We have a damn good back stop and all. Tonight, we had a game with a tough team. For some unknown reason, I wasn't in the starting line up and didn't get to play. Well, we lost the game 5 to 4. The other team had a pitcher that was really a wow. He had all of our boys flying out and going up. Ralph tea'd off on a good double and began a rally. After that, the rest of the fellows hit the red ball. We batted in four runs and was leading 4 to 1. Some how in the last inning, these jerks mustered out four more runs to beat us. It was a damn good game and a hard fought one. S.2 should of won but a couple of bad heads added up against us. I don't claim if I had been in the game that we would of won but I would of helped out anyway.

I got a bit browned off because I didn't get to play
and I'm still a bit mad about it. I should at least of
played one inning because if all the head work I put into
fixing up the field each day. I told the coach about it and
that time he could worry about taking care of the
diamond. Yep! I was really burned up about it. Do you
love me? Dick, Jimmy and I'm leave in this for lunch
in the morning and they will need plenty of extra players.
So they will want me to play real bad then. I guess that
I will for I love to play ball. We have a game to manna
nite with the MP squad now. I sure hope that we beat the
hell out of them and I know that we will. Well, the work is
in and we are heaving our necks to get it finished. We
have a long damn nite ahead of us and I do mean long.
Spera is taking Dick's place on our team and he is
just about as much help as a mope and dumb. He is
dumb as hell and more or less gets in the way. Still we
can use him on the plunkie jobs. I've sure had more than
my share of nite work this week. I wouldn't mind the nite
work if it was all at once but this sporadic way is
hard as hell. Can't get my sleeping adjusted just right.
Ah! Well, War is hell and rougher than a cobb. I think
that I day leave will do me good and will be a nice rest
for me. Was glad to day 51 bucks and now have around
85 fish in my pocket right now. What I don't spend on my
leave, I'll send to you. I know how you love to buy new
things and I want you to keep happy. I'm a bit of the
money I send you for times to come. We want to have a
nice little get all ratted away for the day I come home.
We want to have one hell of a good time and it will go on
for ever. Yeah! I love you so awful much and just can't
wait until I can hold you in my arms. If I could
only be with you right now and show you how much I do
love you. Just you wait and see! I'm wild about you!

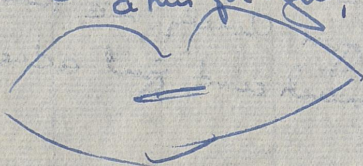
Just came back from mid night chiv and it was awful.
You should of seen all of us piled in that small 21 jeep. There
were nine of us and you know how small a jeep it. Space
was the word. More damn fun! I sure would like to have a
jeep after the war is over, that is, with a few improvements.
Our jeep hasnt a top on it and is a open air job. We have
a trailer to tow behind it for hauling many things. S-2 has
two jeeps at our disposal and are out in back all of the
time. Said vehicles are damn handy and we sure do run the
hell out of them. P/W dept uses one all of the time. In a little
while, we'll have to wear down to our two stations here in
the base. Dab as hell. We do have a bit of more life to night
and everything is coated with silver. One thing about England
when the moon shines it doesnt feel around about it. I'm writing
this to you before we go back to work and that will be in a few
minutes just as soon as the officers get back from chiv. You
see on these all night affairs, we only have a skeleton force on
duty - that is - one team of five enlisted men and two officers.
Diab, Jimmy, Don, Hunter and Darty were fooling around here
and ate chiv with us. Ralph just took Don to the barracks.
Diab and Co. are catching a train for Scotland early in the
morning. The other day, Diab got 40 hours from home to spend on
his 1 day leave. I bet that bunch will have one rare time on their
leave and will try to make every female in Scotland. Don is
really a ladies man etc. I wouldnt call him a handsome brute
but has some thing the gals want. I hear the slave drivers cracking
the whip and beat I go help the rubble in their trail. I think we'll
finish up a bit early this hitch and will jump into the back
around 7 am or so. With I could leap into some right now
instead of then. Well, I'll have to stop for a little while but will
be back to go on with this letter. All I can say is that I love you
more than you know and just adore you. As you know, you are
my only reason for living and the only thing I want in this war.
Well, Really have to stop now for this just yelled for me. Gosh, I
love my little wife so awful much and miss her more than
she knows.

Well, I'm taking time out again to write you. As I said
this is a very dull boring note and I'll be damn glad
when it is over. I've intended to write your mother a letter but
just can't find the time to do so. Please explain to her how
boring I am, and I'm sure that she will understand. So your
sister can't make up her mind who she likes. Too bad that she
can't realize and see what a damn bum that John is. Wish I
could talk to her. Darling, enclosed in a wonderful letter I
received from you this afternoon, was another drawing you did.
Honey, you still have no sense of human curves. Read again the
hints of drawing I sent to you not so long ago. You have a good
eye for detail etc. and dresses but human curves you can't not
capture. As I told you, be original and not copy mine. I
wish this method did more harm than good. I found this not
the hard way. Develop a style of your own. Keep playing away
at it and before you know it, you'll have perfection. I'm not one
who should be giving advice for I'm just a ham. I do
get great pleasure out of my hobby of sketching and do
wish I could improve. One has to cultivate a mood to
draw. Drawing is another method of expressing your feelings
on paper. Every one can draw if they just knew how to use
this hidden talent. Your mind is like a camera and you
can reproduce what you see. So, keep it up and you will
far outgrow my feeble efforts to draw. I still haven't found
the time to do that cartooning job for the Red Cross. I have a
no. of ideas buzzing around in the back of my head. I will try
them out on paper as soon as I can find the time. Darling, you
are so beautiful and lovely. I wish I could draw a picture
of you but when I look at you, I throw down my pencil and
I'm ready for love. It was grand news about you are going
to have a photo tattoo. Wish I could wait until it gets here. Do
make it as fast as you can. I'm such a lucky guy to have
you for my wife. Each day I put myself in the back and wonder
how I ever did manage to land you. Thanks again for mentioning
me. Damn. I love you so awful much and want you more than
me. Damn.

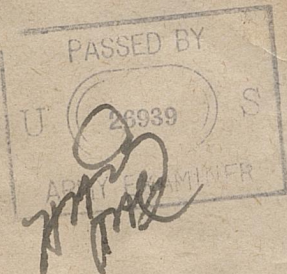
the law allows. Honey, this line ⁵ and want grows for you more
and more each day. I want to be with you right now and
hold you tightly in my arms. I need you so awful much and
no fooling. All I can think of is when I'll be with you again. I'm
not kidding one bit when I say that you are on my mind all of
the time. No matter what I may be doing or where I may be, you
are in my mind. You are the last thought I have each night
and the first thing in the morning. In between times, I dream
of you all night long. I can't wait until I can see you again
his your divine lips and taste in that Heavenly love that
is ours. Pray real hard that this damn war will end real soon
and that I can haul home to you. In a few minutes I have
to take off for one of the P/W stations and I don't care about
that so much. I'll have to stand there for about two hours or so.
It isn't too bad of a job though but all of us hate to do it.
Chris is going to the other station. A few minutes ago, I shaved
my daily growth of beard off and it made me a less ugly me up.
One gets so damn sleepy in this all night duty. Oh Well! only
a few more dull hours to get in then breakfast and then the
rush. I'll fling myself into your arms the day I jump off
of the train. I'll be ETO Happy and worn out but at the first
sighting of you, I shall be fresh and good as new. We shall
be away from all the people so we can be alone. No kidding,
I agree with you in this and we do want to be alone. We
shall evade all cameras and do no thing but love and have
fun. I'm fed up of being unhappy and want to have fun. I
know your sentiments are the same. All my senses cry out
for the want of you and your love. My hands ache to caress
your lovely charms. You will surely think I'm a mad man
when I get a hold of you. You have beitched me and I'm under
your spell. Sparks will surely be when we kiss for the first time.
I assure you that you'll fall back lying with yours when I
dis you. Nothing can get me apart from you again, not even a
crowbar. Once I get you in my arms, I'll never let you go again.
I'll be a real demon for love and know that you will match
me yours in for yours. Honey, our reunion is all I can think
about and the only thing that keeps your lonely old husband
going. I am, I love you so awful much and just adore you.

Don't know if I'll be able to finish this game up or not but
I shall try my best to do so. As soon as this mile's work is
over, I shall run like hell for the ranch. Have to sleep good
because of the big game ahead of us tomorrow night. I'll
give you a full account of the game and the game I
played in the victory. Do you enjoy the exploits of your famous
husband? I'll be awaiting out another big letter from you
tomorrow and feel sure that I'll get another or perhaps
a couple more from you. Tomorrow your comes out and I
want to see if my cartoon appears in this issue. If so, I
will send a copy of it to you, I mean the cartoon. Henry, did
my story about Hugh Francis appear as of yet in the Times?
I think that it should by this time, so be in the look out for it.
Tell your family, hello for me and I'll write as soon as I can.
Working and playing my ball race takes up all of my time. I'm
lucky to get a letter off to you each day. Well I have to return
now but will add a few more lines to this when I get back.
Well, it is all over now and I can head for the new ball and the race.
It is now 5:30 and I'm sure damn glad to see this note end.
Darling, all I can say is that I love you so awful much and
just adore you. As you know, I'm just wild about you and
can't last much longer without you. Tell your natty brother hello
for me and your sister too. Our day will come and believe
me when I say, it is not so far away. Each day the war news gets
better and before you know it, this war will be over. Take good
care of what belongs to me - namely you. As your sends his love
and wishes you two. You know how much. God Bless you, my
adorable, Blonde, Sweet, Lovely, wonderful wife and loads of
love. I'll see you in my dreams in a little while. Until
tonight when I write you again, no long for now.
a kiss for you!

Your Soldier's Sweetest Husband
Jimmy



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