

Friday June 7th
Somewhere in England

My Darling Sweet Angel wife!

Good evening, lovely one.

I do hope the mail keeps up like the past few days. Again three more wonderful letters from you and my morale is high as can be because of such divine sugar reports from you. Honey, all I can repeat over and over - I love you and adore you. I'm wild for the want of your thrilling love making and the touch of your beautiful body. No kidding, I'm wild about you. Darling, I was so damn mad at three o'clock last night for they blew out three times and the last time, I just had to end your letter short. Please forgive me but you understand. The damn things are flickering again tonight and may come out again. If they do, that will be the last straw. Besides your three letters of love, I also received one from Val. So I have another one to answer tomorrow night when I gull C.P. Dick gulls said his tonight and Ralph gulls room orderly in the morning. Because of this, I will be back up down here tonight so I will be on hand bright and early in the morning. Ralph, Dick, Syra and Elmer all wish to meet you while I gull C.P.

(2)

I think that Don will sleep down here tonight for he too wants to be on hand real early in the morning. He claims his new boss, St. Perkins, is a slave driver and says as hell. Keeps the old boy hustling all the time. Says he wishes that he was still under St. Jacobs, the boy officer. This morning when I woke up at 8 am, I decided that I would take the day off and called the office to fit it up. Then I made a leap back for my warm socks and slept until noon. So I've made up for all the lost sleep in the past few weeks. I bought my weekly rations today at the PX. We also could have a can of grape fruit juice. Was damn good too. Some times they have this or some other fruit juice for breakfast. This afternoon, I whiled away the time in the movies. It was "Sally Set's Dance" with the new star, Belita. She is rather a bit of hot stuff and I think will go places in the pictures. She is a smart, ball room dancer, ball any dances and a wonderful ice skater. In fact she is good as Sonja Henie. So the GIs call her Sugar girl, the all around woman. Some go so far as to say, she is really stacked up with a good fair of lumps. (get it) Any way, she is damn good and is from Holland.

(3)

None can compare with my beautiful little wife. I am no craver about you and I am not kidding when I say this. You are Mrs. America and the best little wife a man ever had. I am so proud to call you my wife and to realize you are mine for keeps. Best that I catch on to some of your earth moving love making but quick. I am truly lost without my source of life. Darling, even noise has a light bulb dies when you flick off the switch. That very thing happened to me the day you left me standing there in the road with tears streaming down my bloodless cheeks. Even now I have to hold in check those tears or else they would pour forth in a flood. I wish you could understand just how much I do love you and want your passionate life. I am a weak human and need my mate just as coffee needs sugar. I try not to think of all the bliss and fun we had last summer but I can't help it. When I think of all that passionate love making and what we are missing right now, I could hit my head against the brick walls. This is a horrible torture to force on any human. It is living hell in the worst form. At least now, we know the end of this hell is in sight and I'll be on the way home real soon.

(4)

Big news of the day - our gung out there in the Pacific gullet another sneaky gung on these little yellow bastards by lunging eggs on Tokyo. That is great news and makes all feel damn good. I'm not joking when I state this war will end faster than people think. It will be a race which capital of the enemy will echo to the sounding of shot hoses, Tokyo or Berlin. Each have shudders under the rain of bombs made in the U.S.A. and will feel plenty more of the same. Our gung are really going to turn all over this world and all are in a hurry to get home. Hitler and his mob has it seen nothing yet! You're gung on the home front hug the chums up and our gallant armies will clean up this rotten world. I'm gung to claim to be a small part of this wonderful army. Even though I can't wait to horseshoe these scabbing ocs. I want to get home to my little wife and live a life of married bliss. Honey, I just can't wait until our day comes. We both are truly sweating it out as the GIs call it. Bout time for midnite chow and best that I go for some along around now. Supper was another rummy affair tonight and I'm a bit on the hungry side right now.

(5)
Just Back from mid nite chow and my belly
feels good now. Funny - GI food does it feel we
are like it should - wonder why? Tonight, the Colonel
called another game between S-2 and his staff. He
enjoyed the game last nite so much that he and
his team mates wanted to beat us again. S-2
came out from the locker room with a bloody
look of revenge, hanging faith from each pair of
eyes. I was in the opening line up out in center
field again. This time we were out for the kill.
The officer was at bat first and marked in one
run. S-2 came up to bat and was put out 1, 2, 3.
The officer came through with another rally and
banged out three more runs. I walked up to the
plate and hit a high fly that was caught by the
center fielder - bang out there. Kenichi marked out
a hit and Peters drove him home for our first run.
I saw that some one had to manage the team from
the side lines and put life into the bug. So I took
myself out of the game, took Viers from the catching
job and put him in my place. Then I put Mike behind
the plate as the catcher. He is much better than Viers
at that position. We held them that inning by my
new line up. In the fifth inning, the officer drove
in 3 more runs by a homer with three men on,
that made the score 6 to 1. As our bug walked in
off the field to bat, I greeted each one, yelled them on

(6)

back and all of that rest of thing to get life into
em. Morel lead off and hit a double to start
a rally. I batted and played with each one to
get a hit. I yelled and cheered them while they were
at the plate. It did some good for Don marked out
a single, that got Morel on 3rd base. Jimmy slipped
up and he too hit a single but they held Morel on
3rd base. Dick came up and I batted him from
my knees to hit with three men on the rocks.
Some noise. Dick belted out a single and Morel
scampered safely home on it. Ed. Konishi the
short stop came up to swing the lumber. Ed wasn't
hitting so good but I again did my stuff. The old
bug came through with a triple sending 3 more
runs in. Next three men up were put out. So the
score now read 5-2 5 - the officers 6. The 1st
inning was scoreless for both teams and so was the
first half of the 7th for the officers. In soft ball, the
same lasts 7 innings instead of 9 as in hard ball.
Jimmy was the first man up in our last chance to
win. He flied out to the Colonel who made a damn
good catch. Dick came through with another single
and the tying run was on 1st base. Gene came
up and he too marked a single. Dick made 3rd
base on that. Now the tying run was on 3rd and

the winning run on ⁽⁷⁾ first. Konishi was up
and I pleaded to him for a hit. He went down
swinging and struck out. This was it, the critical
moment of the game, one run behind, two outs
and two men on base. Chis was the next man up
and he hadn't had a hit during the whole game.
So as coach and manager, I called time out
and put Ralph in as a pinch hitter. Ralph even
hit the apple and I took the chance. I waited
it out until they had two strikes on him. This was
the last chance to save our face, so I called
Ralph over, and gave him a pep talk. Ralph with
a gleam of vigor in his eye swung at the next one
and came through with a clean hit on which Dick
made home and that tied up the game. Dick
grounded out and that left the score, 6 to 6. In
the eighth extra inning, they didn't get a thing.
So our gang came up to bat again. I told Red
Red marked out a long triple for the first hit of
that game. The winning run was on 3rd, no outs
and a high fly ball would do the trick. Moral
came up and marked a long fly out into
left field and it was caught. That didn't make
any difference for Red ran like hell for home and
made it. That was the game and we won 7 to 6.

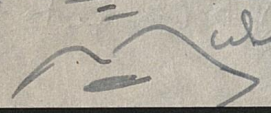
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So we got our revenge and saved our face through some smart ball playing. I used my lead when I got Ralph in to pinch hit and that won the game for us. The Colonel enjoyed this one too and he played a wonderful game out in short center field. They went another game to decide the all time champ. It was a lot of fun to play ball and beat the Colonel, two Lt. Colonels, four Majors and three Captains while on the ball field, all ranks was for gotten. We had a large crowd watching the game and all the enlisted men were rooting for us. Tomorrow nite, we play the negroes ball club. We are still in 2nd place in the league. There other games were non league and same goes for the one tomorrow nite. All the teams on the base want to play us for they know we are the champs and will win out in the world series over here. The winners of the Jr. world series here on the base, will play other teams through out England. Sure hope we can win and you too do the same. I'm glad that we have ball games to look forward to in order to pass the dullness of this ETO life away. I hope you don't get bored at me for

telling you all about ⁽⁴¹⁾ our games. I know
that you are interested in how we make out
and how your husband stars in each game.
When I come home, I intend to play ball
with some team such as the church league
or some thing like that. Ball keeps me in
excellent shape and builds me up. Good for
the morale over here too. You said something
about Paul not hearing from me, guess the
letter I wrote him was also held up like yours.
Darling, you will knock your self out doing
all of that work etc. Please take it easy! So
you found the bare belly shorts you wanted. I
don't like the idea of displaying your charms
to the fun is like that. Come if I was there
it would be well. I'm a jealous husband and
don't like to see one bit. I should have tonight
but I will wait until in the morning. Al has
had a birth day to day and we celebrated it and
our victory at the club tonight. Come we had
to drink tea or coffee - can't! you must be
getting your share of the news according to
your letters. Drink some for me. Remember the
nites we had so much fun getting tight and
all so that? Do you remember how tight we got

(51)

at Saint Citrus when you first came there to me.
Just wait until I come home. We will drink
love, drink, love, drink, love and in between
times, have fun. What a gossimate future
we have ahead of us. Oh! ROY! WOW! etc. I
can't wait and I do mean can't! get ready
to love the hell out of me but I don't think
you will have to try real hard - for I'm
loved right now - you little vamp. I go
nuts when I think of your health taking, lucky
today and oh arms. Honey, you will have to
beat me off with a club or will it be the other
way round! Anyway, I'm all for it! Well,
well, it is after 130 now and best I go to
sleep so I can dream of you. Darling, I love
you so awful much and really adore you. Your
husband is over flowing with gossimate love
for you. There'll be a hot time in the old town
when I get back to you again. Peanuts, don't
worry about me and take care of yourself. I'm
doing the same for you. God Bless you, my
beautiful hunk of a woman and loads of
steaming, hot, gossimate love.
your Soldier
husband
Sammy

 which you!

Cpl George Canary 15113242
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
Apo 558 % Post Master
New York, New York

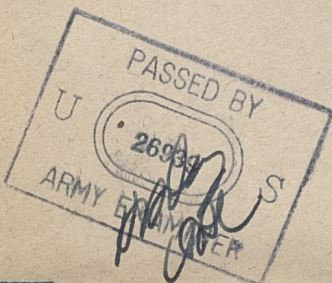


Mrs George W. Canary Jr.

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Louisville 12, Ky.

U. S. A.



1

Sat June 17th 2
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

I received a letter from Mom
and another one from Dad. Not one thing from
you and from this, you can guess what type of
a mood I'm in. Tonight, I'm holding down the
job of CP and at the present minute - writing
this on the major's desk. It is just one am and
I'm just beginning your letter. I always write
your letter last because then I can take all of
the time that I want. During the course of the
evening, I've rounded out the following letters;
one to your mother, one to my Aunt Mary, one
to Val and one to Don's girl, Eleanor. ~~Plus~~
this one to you. Five letters in one night is doing
damn good. I'm just about caught up on my back
mail and owe a couple more. You may think it
strange that I wrote a letter to Don's gal. I didn't
have time to write a letter to night because he had
a lot of PPO work to tackle, so he asks me to drop
Eleanor a few lines. He wrote you and in turn I
had to write to his gal. Don seems to be crazy
about this gal and likes her more than the many others

21

To day was another one full of ceaseless labors and all of that sort of thing. I was down working it all is. I slept out in quarters this morning and during the afternoon, I did my own work. Had a lot of military correspondence to take care of in the line of a/c recognition. Also I had more routine S-2 duties outside of my dept. Just another busy day here in the ETO and more so without a morale building letter from you. Nothing much in the way of news but the same old thing. Ralph, Dick, Jerry and Chris are on and the lucky dogs can go hit the rack in a little while. Your old husband has to stand on as CQ until the first nut comes on in the morning. Don said he would be in rather early so I could take off. He wants me to call his academy now to wake him up for early breakfast. Rumour has it that we are to have eggs, fresh ones in the morning. I slept down here last night and got up in time for a breakfast of eggs. I barked back and slept for another hour. Lt. Jacoby woke me up at 8 am.

(3)

It was rather early for him to get to work.

Darling, all I can expect is that I love you
so awful much and really adore you. Just
this time, you should have a slight idea of
just how much I do love you. Mind you, I
said a slight idea for you. He never knew how
much I do love you. My team is on tomorrow
nite and that means another all nite affair.

There was a bit of news around here to camp.
Morale was transferred out for the making of
the gold brick. He was a rather new guy and
didn't work out. Meaning trying to get into S-2
but most of them fail. Jimmy Dunn and
Don Hunter were made back S-2s as if to camp.
Don (my kid die) Heddleston is still a gun
under guard left. Like myself. Last week, they high
out another gold brick and he held the rank of
Staff Sgt. So another grade or two was offered in
then 10. So this was a damn lousy heads for
three guys. Don and I will be left until the
day we are mustered out of the army. This doesn't
make me mad one bit. All I want to do is
get the hell home where I belong with you.

Angel, I'm down to the last of this paper
 and best you send me mine at once. I like
 this type very much. Any kind but this damn
 runny English stuff called witting paper. I'm
 a bit weary of these papers if this runs
 not up to you. As well I knocked myself out
 witting to all those other people. I just had
 to do it for I owed them a letter. It is so
 damn cold tonight that I have a blazing
 fire going to ward off this coldness that has
 set in over England. It was cold all day
 long and not a bit like a June day. What a
 place this is land is. I dis-like cold weather
 when it should be warm. Wish I had you with
 me right now so I could get warm a hell
 of a day - hot. When I'm near you, I'm
 with you in a love and I'm all hot & bothered.
 Do you know what I mean? If not, just
 you wait and see. I'll love you until your
 ears fall off and I do mean love. I'm a
 wild beast who needs his mate but quick.
 Damn this awful war. I want my little wife!

(5)

Tonight, the boys had a game with the negro ball team. I didn't play because I'm CQ and for obvious reasons. I had one of the nuts staying here in the office but he couldn't take care of all the things that came up, so I had to run in late every ten minutes or so. I coached the team and no need to tell you that we won. I caught until my sides hurt at the antics of the black boys. They really take ball serious and wanted to win. Red was too hot of a pitcher for them to hit, so when we were 20 runs ahead he pulled Red out and let Don pitch. Don is no more a pitcher than I am. The game ended up 20 to 6 even though we were completely dropped balls, struck out and did everything to give the black boys a chance. From all the old time balling too - we thought they were a good ball team. Anyway, it was a bunch of laughs for all the boys. We all really felt ashamed to beat them so bad even if they were niggers. Besides we are too damn good to play with the small time high leagues and have to stay up here with the tough nuts. We have another

(6)

game tomorrow nite and we've beaten this
team three times already. They of course
are out for blood - our blood. I'm in the
opening line up and will play. I may play
part of the game and coach part. You see, we
have four or five extra players and I believe in
giving each man a chance of playing.
I think I will roll out of the sack around
noon so I can take in the afternoon shot.
I like to do this for I have more time at
nites to write to you. Besides, I have to
work tomorrow nite and you know how damn
hard it is to work and try to write a letter
at the same time. I hope we won't have to
work but no doubt that we will. Now that
Morele isn't in S-2 any longer, we are
short one man on our beefing team. He
didn't do much of anything anyway and I
suppose we won't miss his help. That is my
man Norman making out with his notebook.
I suppose he keeps those small bumps he
calls muscles around the house. What a
guy he is. I suppose by this time, that news

down the street has had her bid a share
 of my bids. What a mixed gel she is. She
 would make a good match with Sava. No-
 I would it with that on any one. Damn it, this
 Co. job me to be peace full etc but now we
 has to jump up every five minutes or so to
 answer the phones or some thing like that.
 It is now 330 am and in a few minutes, I'm
 going to try to catch a little shut eye if at
 all possible (silly idea with all the interruptions)
 Darling, your photos should arrive here any
 day now and I have my eye peeled for them.
 I can't wait until they arrive here. Gosh, I
 love you so awful much and want you more
 than words can express. Darling, I'll have to be
 careful when I come home, for I may hurt
 you so tight that I might break a couple of
 your ribs. No kidding. I'll be a wild, gas in the
 husband - no look out. Ralph is always the last
 one to finish up his work and Dick is waiting
 for him to return to the office so they can go
 head for the north. Dick is as long in the carry chain.

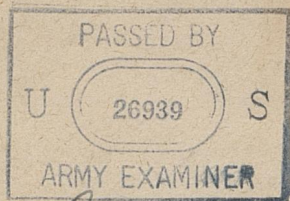
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I will chase him out of there in a few minutes
so I can relax a bit myself. Darling, this is
the very last sheet of this paper and I wish to
thank you. Perhaps I have none on the way
by this time. Honey, I beg of you not to
worry about me for I'm fine as can be and
strong. I know how you think and know that
you do worry. Just miss me and not worry.
I will really real hard at that tomorrow for a
fast victory so I can go home to you real
soon. Angel - I will close now and try to get
some sleep. I love my Angel wife so awful
much and adore every little thing about
her. Take good care of yourself for you are mine.
Good night, the best little wife a man ever had and
loads of passionate love. Good! Angel, I
love you so awful much and really need you
more than you understand. I'll see you in my
dreams all day long. Until tonight, no longer
for now. A kiss for you!

Your Soldier
Hubert
Sammy



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W. S. S.



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2

My Darling Sweet Angel wife!

Sunday June 3rd 1844

Good evening. my adorable character! I really should say - good morning for it is 3:10 am right now. What a nite this one is and I'm not kidding. My team has work it's all but off since last nite at 7 pm. That's the reason I didn't begin this letter sooner than this. I'll have to head it off in a few minutes and jaunt around in the jeep down to the briefing room. There is, I will go on with this daily sugar report to you. I was lucky as hell on the mail and made up for yesterday's mail less day. I've received four wonderful letters from you and one from Mom. Honey, I'm damn glad to hear you are receiving my mail now and by this time, the piles of back mail should be in your hands. Speaking of letters, did you latch onto the two money orders - amounting up to \$125 as of yet. Let me know but quick when you do receive them so I can relax with the wondering. Last nite I was CQ as you know by now. Not much to report about to being act written because I didn't have any to read of. I kept all day long in the rack. I intended to roll out at noon but I was too exhausted to even think about getting up. So I didn't.

I kicked myself out of bed at 530 am and
dashed over to the mail room with a letter
hungering look in my eyes. I was so pleased to
find your lovely letters. I love you so
awful much and really adore you. I missed Mass
today for I slept all day long. I really feel bad
about this for I hate to miss church. Could it be
helped though. Don was supposed to wake me
today at 1 am but he couldn't use the jeep. But
that he rolls me out of the rack at noon tomorrow
or still beat bumps on his head. Tonight, we had
a double header ball game. But because of the pres-
sing work, none of us could play. (Team members
that are on tonight) S. 2 won both games. Once
again we whipped the staff officers 7-1. The Colonel
didn't play tonight, but all his staff were on hand.
The 2nd game we also won 7 to 5. This game
was with another team - I forget the name. Out of
25 games we've played so far - we've lost one
that I know of. As I've said before - we have a hot
ball club and the best around these parts (myself)
we are still 2nd place in the league standing
but will overcome that real soon. Not sure if we
have a game for tonight (Monday) or not.

(3)
I will have to head this off for now and
do a bit of work. Will write more in a few
minutes. I'm now in the briefing room and it
is cold as hell down here. This bloody Siney
climate is cold right now and is a far cry from
summer. More in the way of fall. One day it is
nice and warm - next day - it is cold as can
be. Not sure just what time we will finish up
this morning, but I hope the hell it's around
5 am or so. Darling, mid nite chow was just
heaven tonight. I ate in combat mess for a change.
One of my friends makes with the cooking there
and when ever I go there, he really fixes me up
with a good meal. He gave me - real fresh scrambled
eggs, french fried onions, toast, fruit juice and
coffee. After I got that away, to my surprise, he
gave me a whole quart of ice cream. You could of
kissed me over - this is the first ice cream I've
tasted since leaving the States some 7 months
ago. It was so damn good. I really had forgotten
what it looked like - much less taste. Ice cream
is a unknown thing here in the ETO. The officer's
Combat mess have it real often but not the for-
ward dog faces like your husband. This was a damn
lucky break, and I was tickled pink to eat it.

(4)

Funny how eating ice cream makes me almost home again. Wish I could catch on to some each day. Darling, I love you so awful much and want you more than it is possible. Pray real hard and I do mean real hard and before you'll know it, I'll be in the States again. I'm so rich of this island and want to go home. You are all I care about and want in this world. Why in the hell can't I be with you where I belong?

Damn this war and all of that sort of need less thing. We shall never be able to make up all of this lost love. We shall do our best though. I know it's hell on you to be away from me like this, but just think how I must feel. I always told you that I love you more than you love me. It goes double now. Gosh! Angel - I can't stand much more of this damn future of being away from you and your wonderful love. Today was just another one of those endless boring days, brighten only by your lovely letters of love. Wonder just what you are doing but now. I'm rich of being dead and want to be alive. This means I have to hold you in my arms for you are my life giving source of power. I wish you could understand how much I love you and want you!

Some of the clumsy eng'd crews are stumbling into the briefing room now and asking me all sorts of questions which I can't answer. I gain and change my shoulders and say - I can't tell you for obvious reasons. They are a good bunch of guys and I almost became one myself. I envy all of the pilots and do wish I had of made it. Fate and a tree ended my shining career of a army pilot. Yes, one old tree and a down draft forced my crate into a head long crash that ended my career dump. Why cry over old wounds? Guess looking at all these lucky 'Dres' with the wings make me feel this way. You know how crazy I am about flying! Well, I'm back at the office now and the work is finished. I'm hanging around now so I can finish this letter to you. It is 6 am on the nice night now. I'm in my CQ and I just sent him to breakfast. When he comes back, I will do the same. Then will head back here so I can add more to this letter. See how much I love you when I could go hit the sack right now. Gosh! I'm wild about my little wife and I'm not kidding. Captain Grove came back from London and was the briefing officer again. So I was his head man again as he always makes me when our team is on. Will he wouldn't think I'm so bright for this memo

(6)

a lot more with. Darling, as I carried this
sugar almost from place to place, the early morning
dew made it a bit damp. Perhaps you can notice
this fact? Don't read the short letter I wrote to his
girl friend while I was on C & P and he was very
pleased with it. Said it was a damn nice letter of
course I built him up etc to avoid female etc. I'm
really not a big high out of it and all of that sort
of thing. I can knock out a real fancy letter when I want
to - all flowered up with two lit words etc. I write
your letters in a life that I hope appears to be as if
I were talking to you. Darling, do you get this impres-
sion from them? Letters are wonderful and I would be lost
with out one from you each day. Angel, I wish you
could be around here just for a little while to me
what goes on in S-2 - the mad characters, the daily
routine, the stark drama before a mission and the
small petty things. I know you would enjoy it very
much. Perhaps, you have a faint glimpse through the
medium of my letters. I find the many different types
of characters far more interesting than anything I
know, a rather new officer in our S-2 family is a
rather nice one. He's afraid that the enlisted men are
thinking ill of himself. Always looking out for the other guy.

I call that a true quality in a officer. Some I know
 forget that enlisted men are humans and not
 beasts of burdens. Wonder how I would be in any of
 them so long wonder does. Don't think I would care
 to be a so called officer not in fighting states. I
 know many dog faces who are far better talented
 than some officers. That's life for you. Some one has to
 live full as in on the know. Some with the supposedly
 earned things of an enlisted man. The army life is a
 science of politics - who you know and what he can
 do for you. As you know, I'm not one for the known
 morning way of getting things. I care not for the army
 or the things there in. Some young have found a home in
 this army and are content as hell. Not me! My
 policy is to do as I please, yet stay in the right side
 of the line. Do you mind my wild rambling? Wonder
 what it would be like if you could write each thought
 that runs thru your mind? Some day - I might try it!
 Friend Jimmy just dashed back from back fast
 and said - Fresh eggs. So best I make with the tracks to
 suit place of enjoyment but quick. I'll be back in a
 flash with more to add to this letter. I love you so awful
 much and want you more than the law allows. Do you
 know just how much that is? You'll soon find out!

Breakfast was a ⁽⁸⁾ ring loaf - not fresh
but fruit but powdered eggs. Dam - I hate powdered
eggs for they are awful. Can't understand how the few
young who eat such things can keep it down. Just the
milk makes me sick. This is the reason why I
never waste valuable sleeping time by going to sleep
in the morning. Now that the group eat in one united
mess hall - we are shafted on the hot cakes deal. Just one
mess hall feeding the whole group personnel can not
produce enough hot cakes fast enough to stuff the
waiting mouths. Food is the main issue over here
and we give or as army slang calls it - bitch of a deal
stuff isn't up to par. Today - (Monday) we're having
chicken instead of Sunday - a unknown reason.
I am lying, best that you read me more decent writing
faster but quick. This stuff stinks. Hope you can decode
this noisy writing. I'm bleeding-eyed with the loss
of sleep - and need you - wait until just right. Please
excuse. It is now 7:10 am and the group will soon
come to work. What a eager bunch they are in the
morning. Each one clonches in - half awake - with a
crag of western blowing forth from a dead green
face. Some mutter - good morning - and others
glare with a half dazed look. That's our S-2 time
in the morning. Some are like that all of the time.

(19)
A couple characters. I hunt the place all morning long and if you strain your ears - you can hear them mutter - "I said - with I had a snort". Some looks as if they need one too. Ralph never snaps out of his trance of sleep until late in the afternoon - then - goes right back into it. What a guy he is! I have to admit we can't find a better bunch of fellows anywhere than the S-2 gang. We have our getting fights - our nerves etc but guess we are like a family made up of a bunch of nuts. All of us have soldiered together over a year and know each other like brothers. Something about being a soldier with other guys - holds a strong friendship. Loving together - do the same thing - talking about home etc - you get to know a guy real well. Almost can we each other home town through talking about it. I consider Don one of my real buddies. Funny how both of the guys I call my buddies first name is Don. Do you remember old Don Green - the tall lanky guy who was a cadet with me? Wonder where in the hell he is? Darling, I'm glad to hear that Norman joined. Guess he just made it by a hair. That kid will be coming as hell when he grows older. With I had applied myself to school when I had the chance. How are all the peace time soldiers around here? I mean the guys who never leave the States.

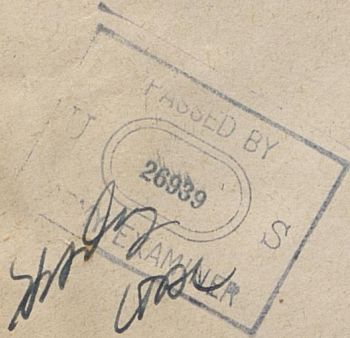
(15)

Darling, I could write to you all day long but guess I should go hit the sack. When I have the chance, I like to write you real long letters. This one is a long one considering the size of the paper etc. I will go hit the sack and make with the dreams of you. I can't - you real hard - I do mean hard (mid this letter) and I'll be on the way home real soon. I can't wait until I do get there to you. I'm dying to feel your body crowding me in a tight embrace. I want to feel your charms thrusting against me and to love the hell out of you. I'll kiss you up turned lips until you call a screeching halt. I'm so madly in love with the beautiful creature that I married. Darling, please don't worry about me for any reason what so ever. I'm fine, just meeting it out until I can hold you in my arms. I'll close down for now and make tracks for the sack. God Bless you - my favorite, lovely character and loads of love. Tell your family hello for me etc. Until tonight - no long for now.

Ah for you!

Your Soldier
Herb
Penny

CPL GEORGE 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.

3

Tuesday June 20⁴
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening Darling. I'm
rising to report here was another critical shortage
of mail for me here in the island of hell. Two days
now and I can't stand another mail-less day.
Best that I receive a bag full by tomorrow and
I'm not kidding. No need to tell you what a
letter each day means to me. Nothing much in
the way of new items to report tonight - just the
same old boring gruesome details of this dull
ETO life. It's even worse as bad today because
of the mail shortage. Oh dear! I love you so awful
much and want you something ferocious. All I
can mutter is damn this war! As I expected - I
had to work like a mad man most of the day
and I'm just about all caught up. Tomorrow, I
fill the welcome tub of room ordering. This is a
more or less good deal. (my here) Back in the States
I hated said job because the barracks were so damn
dirty. Over here - the huts are on a small scale
and not so hard to clean up. I will scrub the racks
until 9 am and then hurry through the cleaning up
of our backs. Think I'll report to work a bit earlier
than the usual time when I fill room orderly. I
went to clean up the work early during the day

(2)
on the way to the office, I'll stop by the PX
and buy my weekly rations. Some of the fellows
said - we can have a half pint of fruit juice. So
best I latch on to mine before they are sold out.
Tonight, we had one each U.S.O show here in the
house and it was a fair one. Just a small one
with a few acts. I would not have about it but it
was none thing different than the movies. I
would much rather see a good movie than one of
these small time shows. I still would like to
know - just where in the hell are all the big
time stars are that are supposed to go around
England. In this show - we had four girls from the
States and none worth looking at more than
three times. Two did a dance routine and was it
bad. A boy and girl did the ball room style
of dancing and I thought - were strictly from
hunger. Had a tush ring and I think her tush
was out. From the way she ring - I think I'm
one too - you know how many I am but the girls.
Also one cowboy who sang the Western ballads. His
was the best act in the whole show. Most of the GIs
enjoyed it - mainly because of the American yell
you should hear those young carry on when they see
a American fair of games.

(3)

Turned cool again and I'm browned off at this
very climate. What a place this is! Ralph is
the big time CQ tonight and suppose he will mess
it up somehow - just as he muffs every thing else.
I'll have the kid wake me up when he goes to the
barracks in the morning. Doubt if he will remember
this. What a brain he has! Darling - for start
drama of the Hollywood type - you should be
around here when our planes return from a
mission. When the time of our ship's return is
almost due - many pairs of eyes - several scan the
ship for the first night of our home coming gang
when they do roar over the field - all of us run
out to the edge of the field and fly in. Some,
like myself - count each one and wave it out
until the whole gang sets down. Just like the
movie - same here. I usually wait at the interrogation
and hear all about the mission etc. Every one greets
the incoming crews with this, "How was it today?"
Some drama takes place at the early morning
briefing - even more so then. All the crews try to
speculate where in the hell they are going this time.
It's very interesting to be in S. 2 and see all this
unfold before your very eyes. I find the night wait
is the hardest over here. Seems as if they will never end

(4)

the good St. Jacobi was it around again
to keep and I more or less had to do all the
work. I also gave Chris a hand in the awards
dept. Some times - he has more than one man
can cope with. I'm really supposed to help
out in that dept. and that I do. I'll be so damn
glad when all of this over. Darling - I miss you
so much - more than you'll ever understand.
I would go mad with out the thought of having
you waiting for me. I love you, Angel! In a
little while - I'll share again. I have to share
each day as she I look like hell. Some of the
fellows let their beards grow a little longer than
if they were in the States. I like to look neat
and clean as much as it is possible. Damn it, I'm
in a really low down blue mood tonight. Please
excuse me if my letter isn't up to par. I'm so blue
that I just can't think. God! I need you so awful
much! I shouldn't tell you that I'm blue or
anything like that - but I just can't help it. I
do my best to ward off this depressed mood - but
nine times - it over comes me! When I miss out on
mail from you - I'm in a weakened condition -
and this mood steals up on me. If I could, only
grab it a tale a week at it - but you can't fight it

(57)

it this way. my only weapons against it -
are your lovely letters. Even with your letters, it
is a hard struggle. I need you but bad. I am it -
Damn it! Why did this have to happen to us?
How I long for those happy times we had last
summer. All I can do to survive - is to look
forward to the future happiness that we shall
have very soon. Pray real hard that I'll soon
be in your waiting arms. Hell - I'll try to be
more cheerful - I don't want to make you blue
like this. Don is here in my office, scribbling a
letter to his E.leanor. He too - feels but the
same way I do. The gloom is so thick in here,
you can smell it! All the other mad GIs are in
the front office messing around. Some are over
in the alert room - training their eyes over a
book or paper. Sneaking of looks - I'm down to
the mail and could use some more. I'm way
over due for another peek at you and your
photos. They should arrive any day now and it
really can't be too soon. No doubt when I feast
my blood hot - hungry eyes upon your ravishing
beauty - I will weep out into torrents of tears.
I love to receive photos of you, but each one makes
me even bluer - when I see what I'm missing

no love - no nothing - ⁽⁶¹⁾ is really right!

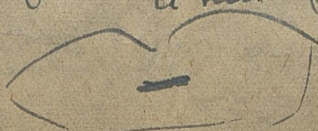
Summer - the reason I like best - should be in full swing at home right now. With I could see you in your new huts. I do see you in my mind and caress you with mental fingers. Really - if my thoughts and dreams were only real, I've almost forgotten how it feels to live and be happy. But with this war! Darling - you mentioned something about staying at your home when I come home. Thought we had settled all our plans? I want you and alone. I'm looking forward to a little act. of our own. That's what I think about all the time. I can see our little place and how wonderful it will be to have you with no one. I know when I come home - lots of people will want to see me - but they can't. Course, I'll have to see both of our families, but not for long. We ~~can't~~ ^{have} too many things to catch up on and not waste time beating the drums with friends etc. I want to do nothing but live and have fun in order to crowd out the memory of this empty life over here. I want to forget about it - no kidding I will really need your all out help.

Just shared and feel a bit refreshed right now.
I'm writing this from the post office because
Ralph wanted a bit of company up here while he
fills C.P. He too is writing, & goes to his mother.
Dick took off for the barracks a little while ago.
It is almost 11 pm right now. I'm and I are going
to eat and write news in a few minutes. I guess I will
hit the sack a bit early tonight than the usual time
I do. I'll go long there in and think of you until
I fall asleep. I still can't go right to sleep and
always have a couple of hours thinking of you.
When I go to the barracks, it is always dark as
hell for all the Joes are round as sleep. I put my
flash light to good use each night while I undress
in the semi darkness. Think I'm about due to have
an appointment with the dentist. I have a tooth to
be filled and it's on his records. Not so long ago,
we had another dental check up and he said I
had a large cavity in one of my front teeth.
Best that I have this fixed up. He will notify me
at such time he wants me. Saw all the young
fellows over with. He isn't getting much in the way
of mail from his wife. Ed is in the same boat as I
am about this way mail deal. I'm expecting
big thing in the way of mail tomorrow and I'm
not kidding. Gosh, I love you so awful much!

(8)

the good St. Schumann had this GI do a
bit of jeep driving for him this afternoon. I was
the first jeep he saw and latched onto me for
ride detail. I like to drive around in the jeep
and welcome every chance that I get. to do same.
I sure want a new car when I come home.
Darling, in another month you will be a gal of
22 years of age. Do you feel any older? I feel
like a old man of 60 some odd years. But as
soon as I grab a handful of your living. I will
be a young eager husband. Angel - I love you
more than my own attempt of words can express.
Each second - my growing love for you. flames
higher and higher. I just wait until I come home,
then you'll see what a real friend you have for a
husband. Peanuts - think that I will call it a
nite for this time. I'm a bit on the sleepy side
and should go hit the sack. I'll write a longer
letter to you tomorrow nite. How did you like the
long one I wrote to you last nite? God Bless
you Angel and I do mean you are a Angel.
Loads of love in a te - love and good nite for now.
a hug for you!

your Eddie
husband
Jimmy

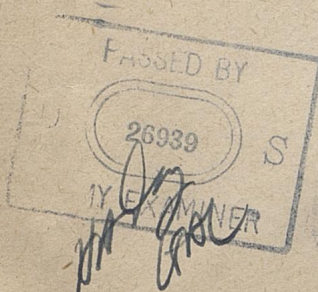


wrapping my arms about you in a year in a te
embrace, before very long. Honey - when I do hit
the States - I'm not sure if we'll have to stay in
the army much longer or what. I mean when the
war is over. If I do have to stay in a little while
longer - best that you make track to where ever I
may be. What do you think about this? I once read
some place - that upon arrival in the States - troops
would be mustered out in the matter of 24 or 48 hours.
We'll wait and see just what he tells the deal
is. All I know - is that I want to be with you
as fast as possible. Tell your family hello for me and
to write real soon. Darling - send me more in the
line of candy - nuts - books etc. I'm always in the
need of food. To be frank - I could use some
right now. In order to quench this gnawing empty
feeling in my head basket - I will take off for the
new ball right now. Darling, keep your chin up
and the gang. Before long - I'll be there where I
belong. Take good care of your self and hang in.
Your soldier husband loves you so awful much
and is so damn hungry for your just in a love.

(add page)

This night I would write a little more, but I think my letter is a little too short tonight compared to my other ones. Darling - my writing seems to stick more each day and I suppose it is becoming hard to read. I shall try to improve. Guess I try to write fast so that I can crowd more into a letter in the short time that I have to write each night. I really hate to end a letter - for I feel as if I'm talking to you. Anyway - I feel much closer to you while doing same. Honey - please cut out the worrying that I know you are doing. I'm fine as can be - just that I miss you so damn much. I know when you read the papers that you think all sorts of crazy thoughts. If you could see how it was over here, I know that you would feel much better about it. Angel - I will make up all this damn torture when I'm home again. Have you any more plans about our apt etc. We really will take that honeymoon we were cheated out of. How is Norman making out with his paper route? Suppose he is a dead duck each night etc. I am, I miss you so awful much and all the little things we use to do. This time last year - I was out in the Salt Flats of Utah and looking forward to Salt City and you. I feel sure that I'll

Cpl George Canry 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.

4

Wed. June 21st
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Dearest - at last I received a lovely letter from you this day and my feelings are running high in the clouds tonight. Your letters give me that true thing to carry me on. Oh! I love you so awful much! Today - our bananas ripened and ripened like never before. Yes - your husband was room ordering this morning. I bounced out of the sack at 930 and dove into said job. Wasn't too hard etc. I messed around the bananas all morning until chow time this noon. Dinner was done good today - with girls chow etc. This afternoon - I knocked out all the pressing work on hand and was busy as hell for a while. Glad to say - my desk is all cleared - ready for another job. This dull day was brighten up by the arrival of your lovely sugar report. I really meant out the mail today because of the fact of not a letter in three days. Golly - I read your letter at least five times and I'll read it again in a little while. Letters from you are like gas to a car or plane. I need them more than you realize.

(2)
I also received a nice letter from Aunt
Mary. She always was so very fond of me.
She too writes about you and how much you
are as if I wasn't aware of this fact. I
could receive a hundred letters a day
from all the people I know and not one
or all of them could do just what yours
do to me. Love is something uncomparable
with earthly things. Love is something
derived in Heaven. Truly I manifest a
Angel. Darling, after reading your
beautiful letter - I slipped off alone from the
crowd so the enchantment would not be
shattered. I place your fiery words of love
written with your loving hands in my
heart over my heart. I ate supper alone
even though surrounded by the hundreds
of hungry Gls. Even though I was there
in the mess hall is today - I was home
with you. Still under the divine spell
of your passionate words. I arose and
walked to the club. I didn't want to be
around the fellows - no I with my
thoughts of you - hid away in a obscure
corner of the club - reclined in a plush
bottom easy chair. There - I re-read
the letter and sat there - dreaming of you.
Darling - this fasting of mail made
me so hungry for a letter - that this one
today did this to me. God! how I love

(3)
you. Every little thing I do - reminds
me of you. When I light up a smoke with
the lighter you sent me - I recall the
many times - you and I enjoyed a
smoke together. Remember how I use
to even light your cigarettes. I am living.
don't think I am blue tonight for I am
not. you better just put me in this mood.
Can you realize how much I love you?
I am sitting here in the alert room
writing this upon my knee. It is nice
and peaceful in here. No noise or anything.
Many of the combat crew men are
rearranging through magazines and the
files. Some of the S-2 gang are in here too.
Jimmy is sitting next to me - buried in
the latest issue of "Life" Ralph is even
trying to read some out of a book. All of
us are huddled about the fire to ward off
the chillness of this English evening. Still
a bit on the cool side in damn old England.
I am surprised at the lucky fact of escaping
from colds. I haven't had one since landing
on this damn island. I can hear the thud
of the bat smacking the ball out on our
ball field. I think Don and some of the
fellows are hitting the ball around. Chris
just asks me to walk over to the club in a

few minutes. Think that I will go
 catch onto a light snack. Ralph, Dick and
 Sybil are supposed to work tonight but from
 all the latest indications - they'll have a
 lucky break and won't have to. Even so, I'm
 going to sleep down here tonight, for I
 want to read a whole lot. Darling, last
 night I hit the sack at 1230 and I'd be
 damn if I could go to sleep. It was at
 least 330 am before I did fall asleep. No
 need to tell you just what I was thinking
 about - lying there in my lonely sack.
 I smoked and thought of you. Honey - I
 miss you so awful much and can't begin
 to tell you just how much. I can't wait
 until I can hold you in my arms and
 forget all of this humble hell. Just back back
 from the club from one each light snack. A bit
 of juice and cake. Gaint say that it was filling
 but has to do until midnite chow - not so long
 from now. I'm tell all a-far from your
 wonderful letter and I'm not kidding one bit.
 As you can see, I've brewed stationery to
 write tonight and it isn't bad at all. Hope I
 receive a package and contained here in,
 some more good writing paper. Darling, I'm
 so wild about you. Just the thought of you make
 me want to kiss things up because I can't
 be near you. Damn this war and no kidding.

(5)

Honey, really. you are on my mind all of the time. I can't do a thing without dreaming of you. I'm madly in love with my darling girl who is my wife. Really. I just can't get into words how much I love you. Seems like I should be able to describe my love for you but our love just can't be expressed by words etc. Actions is our way to show our great love. I can't wait until we can do this very thing we both are desiring for this certain something. Had I any just what this wonderful thing is? The mad characters are in the throes of a poker game - no there must be money through out the crowd. They will keep playing until such time one guy has all the funds. Play along will come and the cage will begin all over again. Dick joined the merry throng and will lose his shirt - no doubt. Honey, I don't know if you remember "Bottle" or not. He was the character who was just about drunk all of the time. Now that Uncle opened up a beer joint (strictly all Sinner's Heaven of beer). "Bottle" is inebriate each night. Said habitual drunkard was around the club in said condition. Some times the fellows call him "Pop" for he is a rather old guy and drives a truck for our Squadron. In Sixth City he was always drunk while off duty and the same at Wendover. What a character he is. Darling, you would be surprised at the no.

(6)

of truly dumb bells in the army. Some are cooks, Germanent KPs, officers orderlies or truck drivers. What a mad bunch they are. In our outfit as every one in the army - we have our share of the Mexicans. I still feel the same about them. We even have a few Indians in the group. I know one in our Sgt. and he is a damn nice guy. I hid him all the time by calling him a "raid guy" - "All American" - that he is.

There is a dance at the officers club tonight and I've seen a couple babes walking to raid band. Of course they are Simoes and aechs. Some of the Red Cross girls will be there too. I shall receive a first hand report of raid band from St. Jacobi in the morning. He takes all such affairs in because you know what a little wolf he is. I hear raid good I've by tagging the bundle of "Gore" on to him. He likes this sort of thing Darling. Means as if I can get along with all of the Jewish officers. I've picked up two to behead them by my working camp in Angles. One has to hit the hell out of 'em for they like that sort of thing. I suppose that's the reason Captain Gore likes me! He is very much dis liked by all the

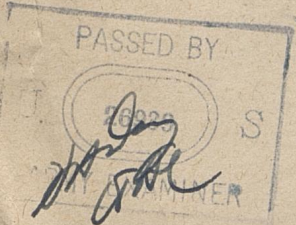
(71)
enlisted men. Poor Ralph wishes for him
and has a bad time of it. By the way,
Don said hello and when are you going
to answer his letter. Wish you could see
some of the characters around here. Darling
all I can think - say or write - I love
you and want your passionate love making
if you could understand just how much
I miss you and need you! I would give
anything to see you in said new duds with
the bare belly etc. If you wear such scanty
thing when I come home - you'll have to
set up barbed wire emplacements around
yourself to keep me off. (a vice you want to
keep me off - as if I didn't know) I get so damn
used to think those thinking fools I. can
breathe the same air you do and I have
to be so damn far away. Honey - I'm glad
to hear that the mail is beginning to get there.
I know how you must be worried etc. So
your sister stays around home and
glares madly at you all. Too bad she can't
find a nice crowd to hang around with.
She will always be more or less unhappy
until she learns how to control that awful
temper. It's a damn shame she can't realize
this fact. In a way she is like Ralph. I mean
not being able to read a cat's face. Their sheep
Ralph didn't stand with the kids very long.

(8)
Every one has cleared out of the alert room,
and once again, I'm all alone with my
thoughts of you. All the fellows are home and
bound to the radio. That is - the ones not
engaged in playing cards. It is 11 pm on the
nose and hurdy - I will go eat mid mile
chow. Then I'll come back and read until
such time that I get sleepy. I am, I wish
I could spend my nights with you. I miss
you all being home - but mainly at night.
I need you so awful much and I'm not
kidding one bit. Honey, you're real hard
for this mad war to end and that it will
do. I feel sure it will end some time this
summer. Darling, I think today was
supposed to be the first day of summer. It
wasn't summer over here by a far cry.
Nothing much to report about today's
activities. I'll write a much longer
letter tomorrow night. Hope I get more mail
tomorrow and your photos. Peanuts, please
don't worry about me for I'm fine etc. God
bless the best little wife a man ever had and
loads of passionate love. Angel. I love you
more than the human mind can grasp.
a kiss for you!

Your Soldier Husband

Jimmy

Life George Canany 15113242
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 To Post master
New York, New York



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

5

Thursday June 22nd
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Put me down for another mail-less day here in the ETO. Dam it. Seems if I can draw a letter from you every other day. I just have to catch onto a letter each day from you or else I'm not worth a dam. Our team is on again tonight and at the present time - standing by for the work to come in. I have high hopes of not working tonight but the odds are against it. Just nite, I relaxed up here in the office and read most of the time until 2 am. Some how. Chris pulled one of his Chicago gangster tricks and made off with one of my leather easy chairs. This job can be converted into a good laugh that I found out. I more or less slept like a log etc when I did hit the god. Had some sort of a gas in the dream bout you - but I'll be dam if I can recall it. Any way - it was full of love and passions. Would like to live into some to-mite - that I will do if and when I do hit the rack. Chris took the morning off and the good St. didn't show his sorry cheeks around the office all day long until late this afternoon. So I ran the joint myself.

(2)
No need to go into the details of the work etc. this afternoon - I was eager as hell by washing out a couple pairs of my dirty drawers. How bout that! I sure hate to do this but I had a acute short age of drawers - so I had to wash some. I luted my undies and I'm not kidding. Also I dry cleaned my field jacket with gaso line and did a pretty good job. So - I cleaned up today - none here. Speaking of cleaning up, Billy and I tackled the job of sweeping out the barn like structure of a briefing room early in the evening. I sat through another disgusting movie tonight. No kidding - it was the grossest I've ever seen. I don't even remember the title of said trash is short. So - I didn't start this letter until rather late. I just knocked off for a few minutes and showed up. Dashed back to the office and was told the wonderful news that we didn't have to work. Seeing that we stood by until 1205 hours (military time 0005 hours) we have tomorrow off. Good deal don't you think? So I can loze in the racks until I feel like getting up - which will be around noon. Think I will catch the afternoon show

(3)
and take it easy etc. I like being off
for I can read over in the club - see a
movie etc. Tonight our team had another
game but I didn't bother to play. I had
many other things to do and really wasn't
in the mood for ball for some reason. Seems
as if the team held me even though I wasn't
there for they won the game some thing
like 8 to 4. I'm only kidding about they
would miss my playing etc. We have
extra men on the team and all get a
chance to play. I told Don to roll me
out of the necks at noon and suppose he
will do same for me. All the team members
told off for the barracks at the good word
of no visiting tonight. Gene caught CP
tonight and is holding the fast in the
front office. I'm all alone here in my
own cozy little office. Parents, Ralph's
mother reads the kid vitamin pills all the
time. Golly - he must of been really bad
to his mother's opinion. Seems as if he
this is his whole trouble. Seems as if he
never had to think for himself before. The
other nite. Don addressed a letter to Ralph's
mother while Ralph was finishing up the letter
itself.

He suddenly blurted out. That he must inform his mother that Jim addressed the letter and the reason or else she would worry. He's afraid to tell her how much he wishes or at times the rotten food we got. I think it's no odd but I dare not to say anything. Ralph is a very sensitive guy and his feelings are easily hurt. I don't know though but I know he is this way. I can't figure the kid out and no one else can. Beets me! I too am a sensitive-mentalist - about you and our beautiful marriage. When I fell in love with you, I really fell and no fooling. Honey - you've got what it takes and a hell of a lot of it. With I could gobble in some right now. This migration is temporary and will soon end. At such time - look out! I'm a wild man and I need my mate. I've been caged up too damn long in this army and want out. I need living but bad and I'm not kidding. Darling - The Cormorant Litan puts out a special overseas edition and I read the latest one last night. Had some damn good stories in it this month.

(57)

this overseas edition is without the
name you get expect the eaching of
ads etc. All the stories are the same
etc. One story called "Drawing Room
A" by many Howell Frost was I am
glad. I bet he is a Louisville gal for
the story took place on a train bound
for Louisville (land of my dreams) Did
you read this one? Darling, all I can
think of is that I love you. My heart
repeats this over again and again - day
and night. Some day - I suppose you
will understand just how much I miss
you right now. When you look into my
eyes - no doubt the lingering shadows of
all the pain and torture will be reflected
there. This awful thing of being away from
you will never ease out of my memory.
I'll never forget this hell that I'm going
through right now. I'll need your help
to find my way back to life. Darling, dar-
ling I need you so awful much. I
shall never let you go again for a second.
God. How much your body is torn apart
by this ceaseless pain of love lives.

(6)

Darling, do you dwell much on the thoughts of our happiness to come? I put on these thoughts and plan things. My whole aim in life - is to make you happy and take care of you. Perhaps, you deserve the best of everything and I will try my dearest to get the best for you. With you as my guiding light, I can become a success some how. I want to make good for you. In my dreams of our future - no one takes them - just you and I. Please - have that little apt all lined up when I come home. Darling, tell me your plans of our apt and such wonderful things as this. You are the boss - all I care about is being with you. I am, it's late and I haven't said half the things I want to. My emotions want to keep writing and writing - how much I love you. When I sit down to compose a gathering of my thoughts to you is the form of a curly letter, it is hard to concentrate on any other thoughts other than just how much I want you. Some times, I want you so awful much that I can't think. I am this way of hell! I want you.

(7)
I'm all muddled up inside because
of this fact of desiring you ever so damn
much. Thank God - we'll soon be together
again. I never knew it was possible to
be so lonesome like this! I know too, you
are suffering the same pining of soul that
I am. You are so sweet and lovely.
Nature intended us for each other and
we are perfect mates. Life is beautiful when
shared with an Angel such as you are.
You are worth fighting for! Never shall
I fail as a lover to you. I'll always
love you more and more. A man like
me will not fall into that rut. You shall
always be my beautiful doll. Live just as
you see the way we were married. I hope
my thoughts are conveyed to you and that
you realize how much I adore you. In a
few minutes - I will crawl into my
lonely, empty sack and once again - with
you see there with me. It was wonderful to
wake up each morning - finding you
huddled up to my frame. You are so
beautiful - and I'm so damn proud to
be known as your husband. I want to
take you out and show to the world just

(8)
how lucky I am. Think - we can do
all the thing we use to do - this time
it will be a million times more fun
for we are married now. Let's never be
conventional - always be same like
the lovely camp last summer. I mean
do the crazy little silly thing that are
so much fun. Darling - I hate to end
this yearning of thoughts and desires for
tonight but the inner man needs sleep.
I like to sleep for sleeping during the yearn
of being away from you. Dreams are
wonderful and very soon - each yearning to
one will become a reality. Darling. I'm
not a hero or a born soldier - I'm weak
and human. I need you! We took the
vows of marriage so we could be with each
other for keeps - not this dear thing that
is happening to us right now. Pray real
for a quick victory and home coming.
God Bless - my beautiful young girl
who is my darling wife and loads of
love. Until tomorrow - good nite Angel.

Waiting for you!

Your Soldier
Husband
Jimmy

Cpl George Canary 15113242
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
Apo 558 % Post Master
New York, New York

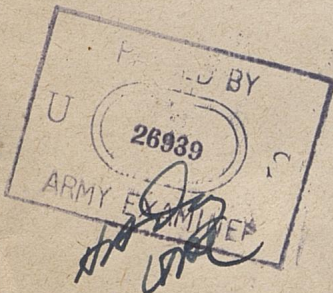


Mrs. George W. Canary Jr.

4601 W Jefferson St.

Louisville 12, Ky.

U. S. A.



6

Friday June 7^{23rd}
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

At last - another beautiful letter from you today and I'm high in the way of morale. You are so sweet and lovely. I want you so awful much and love you more than the law allows. Today - I had a free day because of the fact of standing by until 1210 last night. I stayed down here until 3 am this morning, writing to you. I slept until noon today and just did make it to chow. I took in the afternoon movie and it was another poor one. I can't understand why in the hell they waste time sending us such awful movies. Guess we can't have good ones all the time for each picture has to make the rounds and takes time to get here. Sgera as usual - screwed up today. Again he took a gas and failed to check out with the front office. He was listed as CQ tonight too. I thought they would do something about this the last time. Sgt. Ronnie - head of the S-2 section (young and every one) is damn mad about this. Suppose Sgera will talk his way out of it again. I should think they would throw the book at him. Wonder what they will do?

So we were short ⁽²⁾ one each C & for tonight. I volunteered for the job and got it. I don't mind C & at all and in fact like it. While on raid job, I can read etc. nights or day work is all the same to me while I'm away from you like this. Don and his team are on tonight and the two of us will mess around tomorrow afternoon. The Red Cross gave a haul at the Aero club tonight but none of the fellows bothered about going except even Dany. Special Services asked Dick to ride the trucks to town and help round up the females for the dance. Seems as if all the girls were to meet the trucks at a certain rendezvous. You know what a big time operator he is. He looks like a cat eating sh —! I guess he took in the dance for he failed to return tonight. Dick would be a good guy if he didn't think he was Richard the great. Sometimes he is awful cool towards me — as if I give a damn. I don't know which one has the best line of hell — Dany or Spera. By the way Don said hello etc. What a guy he is — a great one at that. Did I ever tell you I'm making in love with you. I think I have around 6 billion times a more.

(3)
Edwin the mad character - changed
the office all around again. That is -
all but my desk etc. I think he goes
nuts every so often and does all sorts of
crazy things such as moving the desks
& squig about. It's a wonder he doesn't
change the very walls around to his
head in libbing. I'm not amazed at
anything he goes up with any more.
Today - I received a letter from my
cousins in Fla. They are cute kids.
Some time ago - while they were solid
citizens of Louisville, I used to mess around
with 'em. Seems as if they still think
I will do the same next time I see them.
Each time I hear from them, they always
ask about you. See, I talk about you so
much and Aunt Sis says how wonderful
you are, except - everyone's crazy but
you, but not like your husband. I answered
their letter tonight and also one to Aunt
Sis. I suppose she is a little browned off
at me for it's been a hell-of-a long time
since I last sent her one. Seems as if I
can never find the time to write extra
letters, except while I'm out etc. all I
do is the way of letter writing is yours.

(4)
Late on in the morning - I will
catch some shut eye etc. I find it
easy as hell to sleep in a chair while
I'm in the mad need of sleep. Seems as
if I can sleep better in a make shift
nook, than in my very one. When I hit
the rails at the barbers - I always have
to talk myself into sleep. Wonder why?
I would give anything to have a bed
with you right now! I can tell you
one thing - we wouldn't waste time
sleeping need I say more? The damn
phones are busy as hell tonight and
I have to answer them every five se-
conds or less. The big kid another game
tonight and won. I couldn't play
because of being C.O. As I've said
before - we have a hot rock ball team
and the best. We'll win this league
and the Dr. world series. Couldn't buy
anything at the club tonight because
of the dance. So I missed out on my
usual mid evening snack. No movie
tonight. Next Wed. - we have a all GI
show here on the base and the cast are
some of the young here. All all around
Davy got his two bits into it. I wanna

me this. The fellows want me to get
in the show with my hand of corn
but I'm not the stage type. I let the
big time operators take care of that
and I crack my dry humor just for the
gung here in S-2. I attempt to cheer
myself up in this way. I'll let you know
all about raid extrawagon etc. It is 2 am
right now and things are on the Q. now.
Don, Jim and Hunter are resting on their
haunchs here in the front office. I'm hunched
over the major desk is sitting my darling
report of love to you. Darling if my letters
at times sound blue, it isn't that I got up on
the wrong side of the bed. It's that I got up
on the wrong side of the world. Cengel. I
need you so awful much to make me live
again. Lt. Jacobi - the short officer who walks
tall, seemed to be in a queer mood tonight
must of latched onto a letter from his female
leather necks. A letter each day is like a
blood transfusion. Bob Romis screwed us
up on the jeep and the motor got mangled
it away. Each morning some one has
to check in at the motor yard with a detailed
report of the trip of raid go. east. The just pro

(6)
morning. The main trust in the front
office, failed to do this. So the motor
gave up the jeep away from us.
I'm sure that we'll get another one
for the good Colonel will get one if the
motor gave up. He refuses to put one at S-2
disposal. We need one at all times but
the main should be that the trip ticket
is renewed each morning. Some times,
I want to do this but it's not my job
for I'm only a good cpl. and not paid
to think - save here. Nothing much in the
way of new items around stuff at S-2.
Daring, a ~~central~~ continual fight all
the time goes on around here. You see,
we have to use our own mess cup and
spoon, knife and fork. This means, we
have to buy new utensils about with
him. The long gals need stuff in our
lunch room and some one always
stands short on a knife or something.
In a few days - my mess cup was
on the missing list and I in turn,
latched onto some one else - so on
down the line. I found mine in the

clutches of Don. ⁽¹⁾ Now I'm out one
knife and none of the other guys are
moaning like vice of some disappear-
ing articles. No one steals them, just
grabs the first set he sees. I scratched
my name on all of mine. Even that
fails. All the fellows have a bad habit
of using other guys' stuff. My rain
coat was gone for a few days - then
none how - it was back. Now I lock
all my things up inside my locker
with the lock you sent to me. Before
the lock arrived, none one used my
ranger and failed to return it. I had to
buy another one even though I had a
 spare one. What a bunch of characters.
Absent minded Ralph forgets his stuff
and uses any ones he wants. Knowing
that the fellows think he is absent minded,
he takes advantage of this fact. I hate
for other guys to use my stuff without
asking me. I never did borrow anyone's
stuff without asking. This sort of thing
hurts me up and I'm not kidding.
I don't mind lending my stuff when asked.

(8)

Darling, when I come home, I'll never wait out a line for anything - for instance - there are more than two people buying tickets for a movie, I'll not stand in line. The English call lines - queuing up. Half the time in the army is spent in waiting out some sort of a line. Each day, we have to wait out a line to - the mess, chow, Aero club, mail call also on any day, going out on pass - anything in the army has some sort of a line. None are short. So - you'll understand why I'll wait clear of all lines. The only line I will like to wait out is the queuing up to get on the boat for home. It's O.K. like a church around here now for all the fellows are shirked. For a little while, I'll try to catch some shut eye or perhaps read a little bit. I think it will be all right for I can really use some along but now. All I can say is that I love you so awful much and want you more than the law allows. Just you wait until I get home!

I just straighten up the war room
after the fellows finished work in there.
It is now 3 am. Darling, I'm glad
you got a big chunk out of the money I
gave you in Africa. I have a lot more
from other places and will give it all to
you when I come home. So you hang
about your soldier husband! Shush! I'm
not so much! the only thing famous
about me - I'm your husband. Darling,
that photo of you and I taken at Sine
City made me blue just as it did you.
Darling, very soon you shall see me in
(or out) of civilian clothes again. yes! I
intend to wear your clothes like I
always did. Honey, you can't possibly
want me as much as I want you and
I'm not kidding. I'm haunted by all
the passionate love we are missing
and can't wait until once more we can
get back in the most wonderful thing in
this world. Pray real hard for this damn war
to end and before you know it - I'll be
there in your arms again. I love my
wife so awful much. Dawn is threatening

to reach any minute now and you
haven't gone to bed as of yet. It is
just 8 am at home while it is 3 am over
here. No matter what time it is, you are
on my mind. Darling, you can send
me packages now for the mail is coming
through strong. Some days - I miss out on
the mail but I receive a letter every other
day. This will pick up to every day. I hope
my mail reaches you each day as it
should. Darling, I think I will try to get
some sleep now and dream of you. I am
will return from the P/W station in time
so I can go to reach fast. I hope they
have something real good for I am hungry
as hell. I'll tell you all about what is said
to spare for the cute little trick he pulled
tonight. Please don't worry about me
for I am fine as can be away from you
like this. God Bless you - my darling chin
up girl and loads of love. I adore you
and love you more than you'll ever know.
Good night for now.
A kiss for you!

Your Soldier
Husband
Sammy

Cpl George Canary 15113242
201 Squadron 445 Bombing (H)
APO 558 To Post Master
New York, New York

POSTAGE DUE



H. C. Day
J. R. L.



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

7

Sat June 24⁸
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening, my
deb. of all times. I wish I love you so
awful much and want you the same way.
Last nite - I took Spera's place in the
capacity of C.P. Said character slipped
a deal over on the front office by going
to town on the nite he was supposed to
rule C.P. I like this job - so I took it. I
wrote letters and read most of the nite but
did catch a few hours of shut eye. This
morning at 8:30, I dragged my body
towards the benches with my blood shot
eyes goggling out from the loss of sleep.
It took every ounce of my dwindling
energy to force the door open of the
benches. Plodding sleepily down the
isle of the hut, my eyes yanked a sack eye
upon my bunk. With a fast burst of speed
I lunged with joy towards said sack eye.
With trembling fingers of anticipation, I
tore away the flimsy wrapping. My fingers
at last crept into the depths of the box and
found what I wanted. Yes, the girl of the
love list photos I've ever seen. Darling, I
actually cried when I gazed upon your
gorgeous beauty and I'm not ashamed
to say that tears did spout from my eyes.

Thank you, darling⁽²⁾ for the nicest gift
I've ever received. I sat there on my lovely
bunk and gazed at you for an hour or
more. God! how I want you! I want to
madly beat my head in with a brick or
something because I can't have you. I am
this way and I really mean it. Darling,
I just couldn't go to sleep even though
my body was crying out from the lack
of sleep. Something else that my body needs
more than sleep crowded out all other things.
Yes, I wanted you so much. I had to keep
looking at your photos and I let I looked
at em a hundred times, until nature
ever came me with fatigue. Even while I
did sleep, you haunted my dreams. I woke
up a no. of times and again gazed with
looks of lust upon your beautiful face.
You'll never know just what your lovely
photos did to me. I arose at 5 am
and clutch you to my heart and in a daze,
walked to the day room to demand my
mail. I was told coldly - no mail today.
I didn't mind it too much this time,
for I had the image of your beauty to
carry me over the shock of a mail-less
day. Even now as I write this letter, you
are smiling at me here in the dark. I am

Writing this from the front office and
carry your pictures about with me. Honey
I'm really crazy about them and thank
you from the bottom of my heart. It may
sound a bit crazy - but I'm not going to
the barracks tonight because I can't leave
your photos. If you could only see how
often I look at you. Darling, proudly,
I let the peasants take a quick glance
at your ravishing beauty. You should
hear the many ~~times~~ your photos are
receiving. This even swells my chest with
more pride and I realize what a lucky
guy that I am. What a wonderful Sat
this was. Darling, the box was a bit
imastered up and the peasants weren't there
at all. Must have fallen out in the way
over. The emptying nuts box was there but
the large box had a hole in it. I suggest
that you use a stronger box from now
on. Darling - the badge is damn good and
I know you made it with your own
hands. This makes me like it even better
and I'll be damn if I share it with any
one else. I'll let Don have a couple
likes but no one else. Yeah, I love you
so awful much and really adore you.

(4)

Don says you are cute as hell and really wants to meet you. I'm sure that you two would hit it right off. Perhaps when we do head for the States, you can come where ever I may be and meet him then. Oh, when we make that Honey moon trip try car - we shall stop in Suisun and see the old boy. It's a wonder that he doesn't get me at me for I'm always talking his ear off about you. Josh. I love you so awful much. I'm in CQ tonight and he is glad that I'm hanging around here tonight. I couldn't go to sleep early tonight anyway because of all the sleep I caught up on today. I will read some of the books you enclosed in that wonderful jeep bag. Honey, you are so sweet to your line - some husband. Darling, I didn't start this letter until rather late tonight because of the fact of a ball game. We played the negro team again and whipped them to the tune of 29 to 7. Your husband did okay according to the box score. I smacked out 3 hits for four official times at bat. Also got on base by a free kick of a walk. I belted out two clean singles and a rousing

double. I hit a long fly ball into
 right field but the catch is out there,
 managed the apple. We had a lot of
 fun playing these niggers and have
 another game with a different team of
 the black boys. They claim they are a
 hot bunch and will put up a good fight
 against us. This too should prove to be
 a lot of fun. After the victory, we just
 knocked the ball around amongst our
 self for the sake of it. After a hour of this
 just time, all of us took off for the club.
 Dick did it play tonight for he took a gas
 today. I think he must of made a late
 last night at the dance. I'll tell you more
 about this when I find out myself. No
 movie tonight, one tomorrow. Think I
 will try to make the afternoon show if I
 can talk St. Jacobi into it. He was there
 watching the game tonight and when I
 remarked out that double with three men
 on base, he yelled to the crowds, that's
 my boy, exonerate. So perhaps on the grounds
 of that mighty blow. I can talk him into
 the afternoon off. Don and I are meet-
 ing out the return of the team that is
 on tonight, so we can go eat mid night
 chow. They should arrive back any minute

(6)
Marvin good man came over today
from his bare to spend a 24 hour
fast with the gang. As you know, he
was to be in our outfit in PPO until he
was transferred out to another new group.
His bare is too far away and likes
to come over here with the fellows. Just
dashed back from chow and we ate
where my friend - Texas the cook - makes
with the food. He fixed us up royally
with another super meal. Don and I
stayed over there - bathing the henge with
left for but a hour. It is now 1 am. The
gang of nuts are playing cards in the
enlisted men's lounge and I suppose
tomorrow - every one will be half asleep
because staying up so late. I don't
think any thing was said to Spence
about the trick he pulled last nite. If
I did something like that, no doubt I
would end behind bars, (as if that could
be any better than this) Angel - I love you
so awful much - as if you didn't know.
Ralph has tomorrow off and will sleep
late. I'll take a day off one day
next week. I'll wait until Don takes his
day off so we can mess around etc.

(7.)

Darling - here is a little proof of my
home made corn. An American dough
boy and a British Tommy were wrangling
over a pint of beer in a London pub. The
argument turned to the battle bravery of
their respective comrades-in-arms. The
Yanks bragged that his buddy had just
received the Congressional medal of
Honor. Took - quoth the Sinner. "That's
no thing; a gal of mine just got herself
the Victoria Cross!" "Who in the hell ever
heard of the V. Cross?" retorted the Yanks.
The Sinner said; "Bloodier well more im-
portant than anything in your bloody old
Country, and the King presented it to me
Pal!" "Huh to the King", snorted the
Yanks. "Very well, we fine lad", shot back
the Tommy. "You asked for it. Huh to
Franklin D. Sinatra!" (see what the ETO
does to your husband?) Do you care for this
sort of thing? Darling, I've suppose you've
heard of Chili Williams - model and pin up
girl. Seems as if the wife of a photo grapher
caught Chili and her husband in the nude.
all the GIs think more of Chili now! Glenn
Miller (Capt) has arrived in the ETO to make
with the music for the AF board casting
station over here. Good deal and all of us
are awaiting his first program with you.

(8)
The red necks in P.R.O are hounding
me for another one of my big time
stories. I don't know if I'll turn one
out for them or not. You know my
sentiments about this dept. I do like to
write stories but I like the manner in
which they handle said material. The
credit goes to the dept. itself instead of
the writer. I'm not one for laurels or
glory, but I do like a big line in my
stuff. Ask my newspaper father (Julie
George) what he thinks about this deal.
Some of my stuff is good - some here -
and I would like to follow through
with this sort of work if at all possible.
Common sense, I will try to do some
sort of a comic cartoon for you or a
personality sketch. Which do you like
best. I have a lot of fun drawing
characters of the fellows around
here. Each one that I do draw, the guy
wants to read it home. I have to hide
them or else I never see them again.
But I will do one for you to no more.
I am, it is 2 am and I didn't
realize it was so late. I'll have to hit
the sack in a little while for sleep.

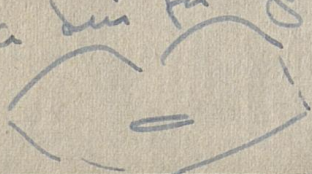
(9)

the jobs are still hanging cards
in the back room and no doubt each
year will regret it to some extent. I'm
now I can get along on such little
things. I make it up on the days I have
off and for instance - today after a nice
work. Darling, I love you so awful much
and really adore you. Ansel, I'm just
wild about your pictures. Honey, is that
my sport coat you have on? Looks some
thing like it. You are making my girl up
real - my girl. I could have a room
full of your pictures and still not have
enough. Ansel - by your photo, you wouldn't
even know what your true beauty is.
God! you beautiful and I love you so
awful much. I'm crazy about everything
about you. You are the model little wife and
being "Mrs. America" I can't wait until
I can hold you in my arms - that is
where a lovely creature as you are, belongs.
I can, with I could crawl into those photos
with you. Boy! would we have fun! I'm
confident that very soon this war will end
and won't be long before I'm home. I sure
think about my joyful home coming all

of the time. Angel, ⁽¹⁹⁾ I hope you aren't
worrying about me or anything
foolish of this nature. I know you read
in the papers about things that are going
on over here and worry bout me. Honest,
Angel, I'm as safe as you are. With you
couldn't be the bare one and then you wouldn't
worry. I was + ~~gravy~~ read hard for this
killing war to end and before you know it,
I'll be on the way home. I'll ~~gravy~~ read
hard for name at church tomorrow. Ed.
told a girl tonight and I wonder if he
has another girl. I asked him and he said
no. He goes to all the Red Cross dances in
town. Said character lives to dance. Well,
Angel, I will close down for tonight and
make up my neck. Hope to receive some
mail tomorrow from you. Thanks again
for the beautiful photos and I'm really
crazy about 'em. God Bless you Angel -
chris my girl and loads of gas in the
love. I'll see you in my dreams in a
few minutes. Good nite for now.
a kiss for you!

your Golden

husband
Jimmy



leg exchange to army 15113242
701 Cynadown 445
APO 558 70 Postmaster
New York, New York



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

ISSUED BY
26929
S
ARMY EXAMINER
[Signature]

8

Sunday June⁹
25
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Tonight I'm moan-
ing the same old story of a mail less
day. Two days in a row without a
word from my beloved. Sweetness, I love
you so awful much and want you more
than the joy words of a human can
express. Deep down inside of me, there is
a terrific burning of want of your love
and caresses. Not even, you my wife
can understand just how much I
love you. I just had to knock off for a hour
or so - I had to do a bit of work in P/W.
Last nite - once again I slept down here
all nite - to write you a long letter and
to be with your lovely photos. I'm
wild about those charming pictures of you.
Honey, they really are you and no kidding
you look as if you could almost talk to
me. I don't see much change and you
are the same babe of heaven I left in the
States ages ago. Seems like a hell of a long
time since I last held you tightly in a
passionate embrace. Honey, I'm alone
here in my office tonight, looking at you.

Can't say that this ⁽²⁾ was a enjoyable
Sunday at all. Same old routine of
work etc. Prayed real hard for a quick
victory and that I would fly home to
you. Ralph had the day off and some one
had to take over one of the P/W stations
during the interrogation. Seeing that I
was a old hand at this - I was sucked in
of said job. I once flatly refused to do P/W
because of the new officer in charge
and was transferred into old recognition
as requested. Again tonight at 930 - I
was sucked in on the same deal. The fact
of working until 10 pm tonight, grants
all the personnel who did labor until this
hour - the privilege of sleeping until 10
am in the morning. I not wanting to
take advantage of this free sleep, will wake
up the usual time because of the following
thing to consider; Ralph & Dick are working
tonight = no one to wake me up; If I
would sleep until 10 am, chances are
that I would sleep on through to noon;
I have work to do in the morning as
soon as possible; and I want to read
tonight. Add this all up - and you'll under-
stand why I will sleep here again tonight.

(3)

Having not talked to Dick, I can say
much about his gas into town. I will
find out more about this later on. I say
doesn't waste too much speech with
me or I with him. Not that I give a
damn but I wonder why he is so cold
towards me? I never have, to my know-
ledge, offended said jerk in any way.
Beats me! My team of red racks are
on tomorrow night and have high hopes
of not having to work. Speaking of
teams, we were supposed to have met the
ringer ball team again tonight but
said black bug did not show up. I
suppose we beat them too last night
and they're given up. Tomorrow night, we
meet the Colonel and his staff again. No
doubt - our team will again trounce
the hell out of said officers. Darling, as
you can see, ETO life is the same thing
day in and day out. Suppose you were
a less, are tired of hearing the same
story day in and day out. All I care
about - is getting home to you as fast
as possible. Darling, I want you so
awful much and I'm not bidding one bit
my tongue loose and hang out for the

want of your love. ⁽⁴⁾ Well, looks like we
are going to get something of a
break when all this is over and we're
back home. Both the Senate and the House
in Washington finally passed a modified
GI Bill of Rights, which, though less
liberal than some hoped it would be in
its provisions for providing loans and
education for demobilized veterans, is
not half bad. The bill which was sent to
President Roosevelt for his signature,
provides for: (1) unemployment compensa-
tions of \$20 a week up to 52 weeks
to vets who find themselves jobless at
any time during the first two years after
discharge; (2) a job placement bureau
to be set up to help ex-servicemen find
work; (3) necessary hospitalization; (4)
the offer of a year of schooling to vets
under 25 before going into uniform — the
gov. to pay \$500 a year tuition and \$50
a month for maintenance or if the student
has dependents \$75; (5) a guarantee of
50% of private loans at 4% interest up to
\$2,000 for vets who want to set up a
business or buy a home. Sounds like a
good deal they are handing out plus
the \$300 on mustering out. Darling.

if we want to build or buy a home,
 Uncle will help us out. What do you think
 about this? We can use all the cash etc
 that comes in to our hands. Darling, I
 really want to travel around the U.S.
 after a short rest. We will make our
 honeymoon trip by car. First of all, we
 want a little place of our own. We can't
 expect a large place at first, but we
 will have a lovely apt. I'm really all
 out for this apt idea and would like to
 have one as soon as I come home.
 Remember how happy we were in our
 little apt in Sing City and in Sweet-
 water. I love to stay home with you
 and want to right now. Darling, let's
 talk about our plans now. I know that
 I'll be home to you some time real
 soon this year. I hope before fall sets in.
 So really, let's do our planning now.
 If I come home this winter, we'll take
 our trip to Fla. & the South or to Calif.
 I want to bask in some real sunshine.
 I'm so rich of this army and want to
 live again, having fun with you. Yeah,
 I can't wait until I'm with you again.

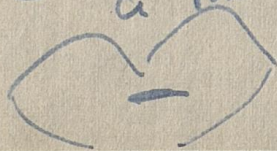
Tonight, crummy Don⁽⁶⁾ told a couple friends of
his - through a Sinner to bring Don 15 bottles
of beer. That he did and we picked 'em up a
few minutes ago. Don had some can chump
crackers, can chicken and we had K rations.
As you know, Sinner beer is warm, so we
chilled it in cold water for bout an hour.
So Don and I sat around sipping beer
and munching crackers etc. Billy was
C.O. so we asked him back to the enlisted
men's lounge. To pass the time away, we
played black jack. Guess we played a
couple of hours. All this took place after
midnite. Poor Billy can't take beer and
after 3 or 4, he was tight as a drum.
We had no much fun with him. Dick came
in from time to time but I'll be damn if
we would give him any beer. Between
Don and I, we drank 12 bottles. This batch of
Sinner beer wasn't too bad at all. You know
how I can drink beer and never fang me
a bit. Seems as if Don is a old beer
drinker way back. We ran out of beer
before either of us had really started to
warm up. It is now 2:30 am and in a
few minutes I will go catch some shut eye.

(1)

Billings finally managed out of it but he
was punning as hell for awhile. I am lying.
when I come home, we will really have to
go on a tender that is a tender. In fact,
a couple of them at once. I sure would
like to jump a bottle of real American
beer by the neck and let the foam come
down my gurgled throat. I wish a couple
for me - you her friend. I am lying. I am really
wild about you and want you more than
the law allows. You are so sweet and
beautiful. An gel, ever loved you will find a
bit of me sure I made up for you today.
I want you to know how much I really
appreciate those lovely pictures you so
thoughtfully sent me. I have the sweetest
little wife in the whole world and I love her
more than she deserves. Oh my wife tonight,
no I'll have to do best of his wife tomorrow.
I don't think Captain there will be around
tomorrow night so wife as our keeping team
head. He took off on a gas to London. I
suppose the good Major will take his place
and he is a nice officer to work for. He really
treats us good and not as dog faces as
some of the big time operators around here.

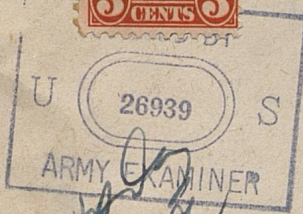
(8)

Dam, I'm awful sleepy right now that
I'm about to fall from this chair. So, Dede,
I'll have to end this letter a bit short
tonight. I will make it up to you tomorrow.
I suppose to be a damn good show tomorrow
and I would like to see a good one for a
change. I'm damn rich of all these good
movies we've had in the last 4 weeks or so. Darling
all I know is that I love you and want you
more each day. I wish you could realize
how crazy I am about my little girl up
there. I'll go mad in a very short time if this
damn war doesn't end. Honey, tell your family
hello and to write again real soon. Sure
hope I have a lot of mail from you tomorrow.
I suppose by this time, you're all caught up
on my back mail. Let me know as soon as
the money order comes. I'll be paid again
in a few more days and will start another
lot to send home. Save all the dough you
can for we'll need it for an apt and big trip.
Don is yelling - "Right, Out". So I'll have to
close for now. God Bless you, my beautiful,
lovely creature and loads of passionate love,
a kiss for you!



Your Soldier
Husband
Sammy

Regl George Canany 15113242
701 Squadron 445 Parach Army (H)
APO 558 70 Post Master
New York, New York



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

9

Monday June ²⁶
England. ₁₀

My Darling Sweet Angel wife!

Damn it, another day without mail and this is the fourth one in a row. You can guess how depressed I feel tonight and what sort of a degraded mood I'm in. Truly, I'm about to go mad for the want of a letter from you. Damn this war and all such things. I guess that you are receiving an abundance of mail and do not suffer the pangs of a mail less world. I need a letter so awful much and I'm not kidding. All the other Ives are receiving mail each day but your poor old husband is a stranger in the mail deal. Last nite, I again slept down here in the office. I'll be here again all nite because my team makes with the work this nite. Seems as if said nite work comes around too often. All I know is - I love you so awful much and really adore my beautiful Angel wife. Today, I held down both legs for Chris' work last

nite along with his team mates of Ralph, Sierra and Dany. I didn't work too hard etc. but did turn a good share of raid stuff out. The good St. Jacob's wasn't around to day, so I had the four walls of our cubby hole office to myself.

My line lines was shattered every once in a while by the appearance of my side with Don. Also a lot of fellows after facts and information of all types - I gave feeling with raid stuff is what ever my under ring brain had stored away. main dish at noon chow was the late but kindly - chicken. Again I willing gave my share to Don. He likes it and beats me how his choppers can chew such tough food. We call it Combat chicken for a guy has to fight like hell to eat it. What a tussle it is.

Don threw a head lock grip on raid foul and chomped away with his ironies. Every one flew in every direction and all innocent bystanders, soon were showered with the debris of raid blood less battle. I hid the hell out of Don etc.

(3)

Later this afternoon, we were paid the weekly visit of the Red Cross Clubmobile. Each Monday, this job rolls around the base - handing out do-nuts and juice to all GIs. Today the riders were better than ever before and this I've at least 6 of them. Seems as if all the Red Cross girls over here more or less cater to the officers with their attentions. I mean in the way of dates etc. Not that I give a damn, but all the American girls we see over here - are all bar hopping. They can have their pick of all the guys and take to the officers everytime. Even then, they are more attracted to the flying officers. At the present time, we are standing by for the wubs to come in. Not too sure that we'll have to wub all night but chances are - that we will do. Don and the fellows are smashing in going young bulls around over in raid club. I went over for a bit of food but dashed back quick like to dive ~~anyway~~ into this letter. Wanted to get a head start on it before the wubs resumed in. Said bull game with our home CO and

(41)
his stuff - was called off because of
falling wet stuff - rain. all of us
took in the first movie and was a
good one for a change. Title - "Hitler's
Escape" and was all about suicide &
his gang of cut throats. Reagan with
World War I up to present one. More a
less - a history of his sudden power
and how he gained it. Was very interesting
and enjoyed my all. In a few minutes
it will be time to go hit the midnite
chow line and that I will do. I need
a little energy because I'm all gassed
out tonight. I'm a bit ^{on} the edge
ride and hoping we can go home
instead of working all night. I will try
to catch my wind when ever possible
during the long night ahead. Darling
I'm getting low on stationery and
could use more. Please send me more
in next package coming this way.
Also another tube of my favorite shaving
cream. Don't think of anything else
but the same old line of Canteen, books,
peanuts and things of that nature.

(5)

We are still meeting out the good
word about wedding tonight or not. I
think - chances are in our favor because
it is rather late now - 11 pm. Such chicks!
I see by the latest issue of "Life" just what
the big chicks are wearing now. Some here-
girls are making with a new craze of
wearing men's clothing, looks like.
Darling, you are in the groove for you're
dressed in mid life for some time. "Life"
printed a picture of mid life girls at Ather-
ton High School in our mutual home town -
Bonaville. They were clad in discarded
men's coats of long in the service. Darling,
I like the way you dress in "Sloppy Joe"
sweater, pleated skirt etc. I always want
you to stay just as you are and wear
them out of glad rags. You are really cute
in your clothes. Both of us will look out
in such when I come home to you. I'm
crazy about every little thing about you
and love you so awful much. The mad
men are yelling for me to take off for
mid night show and that I will do. I'll
fly back fast like, so I can add more to
this "goss in issue" (love letter)

(6)

Here I am back in a flash etc.
Just latched on to the wonderful
news - we don't have to work all
night and can take off for the luncheon.
Also - sleep until noon tomorrow.
I really need that extra sleep and
will use every second of it allotted to
me. So - in a few minutes - before I
fall asleep - I'm going to head for the
luncheon. Darling, in the May 29th
issue of "Life" is a pretty good account
what a few of the many things a intel-
ligence outfit does. Just what do the
people on the home front think about
England? I know a lot of talk must
go on in the papers etc. So tell me all
about it for I'm interested. I'm so
hungry for news from you. I feel out
of touch with the whole world when I fail to
hear from you in such a long space of
time as this. No kidding. I'm lost with
out my daily beam of sunshine in your
sugar reports. If I miss out again tomorrow
I'll tear down the post office and beat
up all the personnel there in. So best - at
least one letter from you - tomorrow?

(7)

Don and his girl troubles are really a problem. He has three steady gals and not sure just which one he likes the best. Sam has is love with E. Lanor but I really don't believe he is. Said Sam talks to me about such matters and asks me all the time, how do you know when you are in love. I tell him this: Brother! you'll know it when cupid lays you. But this Sam looks the love in your telling, your no 9 girl is floating up there in clouds, you have chills and shivers. When you are away from your loved one, feels as if you are dead. Said girl haunts every nook of your mind and sits on your hair all of the time. Don doesn't feel like this about any one of the three. Suppose he'll have to wait and see. Well, all the other troubles people have - only makes me realize just how lucky that I am to have you. Darling, I've told you a million times a more - I'm so damn crazy about you and mean it more each time. I am, my eyes are forced shut by the heavy heavy lids forced down because of the want of sleep.

(81)

No kidding I'm out to drop in my
tracks. Please excuse if this letter
isn't up to par. Phillie and Suede sub
off for the benches now as we were
informed of the joyful news of no walking
tonight. Wish I didn't have to walk so
damn far to the benches. Darling, I still
can't keep my eyes away from your photos.
You can't realize how much I appreciate
these lovely photos. Each time I can
your reminiscing, bewitching beauty, I
get myself in the books. I'm proud to
be called your husband and lover. Damn,
it, wish I could express how much I
love you. Darling - we need no words to
explain our love for each other. Can ever
powering passions tell us. Please your
real hand for this damn war to end
so I can make love to you as it is
meant to be. I'll close for this time
and will see you in my dreams and
always do. God bless, my lovely, cute,
charming, glamorous wife and loved
of fiery passionate love.

Your Soldier

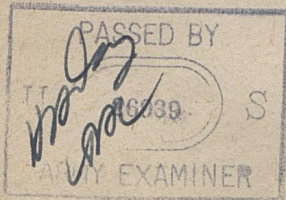
Her hand
Sunny

my life are
just for you!

Capt George Canary 15113262
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 70 Postmaster
New York, New York



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



Wed Jan 26 11

My Darling Sweet Angel wife!

Oh! Happy day! I received two wonderful letters from you today. Boy, your letters really do bring to me. I don't know what I would do without mail from my little wife. You have no idea of how much they cheer me up and build up my morale. Keep 'em up Angel and you will keep me going. Also another damn cute valentine was enclosed. You are so thoughtful and Sweet. I can't wait until this damn war is over. Honey, the two letters today were written on Thurs and Sat. Friday is missing. In Sat's letter you said you were starting to work Monday. Did you get a job? I'm anxiously awaiting to find out, where and all about it. I guess when Friday's letter comes, it will have all the details in it. I wish you wouldn't wait but you know what is best. What ever you want to do is okay with me. As you know, you are the boss in all things. I suppose that you want some thing to do and all of that. Tell me all about the job, who you work for, who works there, in fact a full report of the whole deal.

I slept all day because of urbing 24 hours again yesterday and all last nite. I was just about dead when I hit the sack this morning at 10 am when I got off from ur b. I slept like a log all day long and didn't get up until 3 this afternoon. Ale Chow and I came down to the office to write my daily letter to you. Ralph and Sora left this morning for Cambridge. w Dick and I are alone now. I still haven't received a reply from Swie and wish he would answer. I haven't made up my mind about going on your as of yet. I really don't care about going and would just as soon have the money. Will let you know what I do. All I can think of is how much I love you and adore you. If you could only see and understand how much I do love you. Son, I'll show you by actions instead of words. But it is sure hell sweat in out the day I can hold you in my arms again. It will just have to take a lot of patience and so forth. You have so many things to do though and makes it easier.

(3)

I sure do wish I could see some of those new shows that are coming. I miss the movies very much for the only time we see them is on gas in town. Even at that, I don't enjoy them with out you. I'll be so damn glad when all of this is all over. The guy that first told the end of war was I said that this one would end Easter Sunday. I sure hope so and that would be too wonderful for words. I really believe that the end is near and won't be long now. The Germans are losing their old war in every front and will give up very soon. Pray real hard that it will end in one hell of a hurry. I read in the Stars and Stripes (Army Overseas Newspaper) that Congress has the \$300 mustering out pay. So I'll get \$300 when I get the hell out of this army. We sure can have a damn good time in that \$300 when I come home. So I assure you, we will have one hell of a good time. I'm having my dough over here and I know you are too. We want a whole pile of jobs, so we can have more damn fun and can be in our own.

(4)

Honey, there is one more thing I need and the next time you send me some things, please send it too. My dog tag chain broke and I need a new one. I like the glass ones, so send me one real soon. I'm using a string for now to take the place of my broken one. I got a damn big kick out of all the trouble you all had about killing in the checker. I can see you all right now running when the kid cut off his head. What a family! I'm must have more damn trouble with her big friend. I thought he was going to keep you around the 5th of this month? Didn't he go after all? You said that all you can talk about to other people is me. Well, Honey, your precious little ears might to turn right off because I'm always talking about you. A lot of the gang ask me how you are and how often do I hear from you. You would not know their names anyway, so no need to tell you. Then saw you with me at Sin City and Gerschner. See, every one notices you and how wonderful, beautiful, charming, little girl you are. I beg to tell my you this. Dam, I love you so awful damn much.

(3)
Don't you flirt with any four F's on your
new job. You know how damn jealous of a
husband you are. Don't worry about the
English gals meebing with the eyes at me.
Everyone can see. I'm a ~~limerick~~ guy
and me is some one. Darling, while you have
this job, you won't be able to spend the night
with my Mom, is will you? I always like
to know you stay with the folks a couple
of days each week. Honey, please don't worry
about me or any thing because it is silly.
I'm fine as can be but I do miss you so damn
much. Darling, no one will ever know how
much torture this separation from you
has been. I surprise my self in how much
I can take and yet go on. I know that you
are writing for me and I am on to try
in my very small way, to get this damn
job over. It is more or less a job at that,
and we will finish it up real soon. Run
real hard and keep your chin up. I
have so many things to tell you when I
come home that can't be written in a letter.
I'll just have loads of things to tell you.

(6)

Darling, are you unbing near Sis? I
hope you all have the same hours so
you can be together and so forth. There
is a show tonight and some of the boys
are going. I don't have time to go for
I want to finish this up and write
you a V-mail. I sacrifice all of my free
time - very little of it - in writing to you.
I don't find any free time to write to
you, I take time out to do so. Honey, your
old husband is sure easy about you and
loves you so damn much. How would you
like to have a big glass inside his right now
and then ---- (you know what) the
packages haven't arrived as of yet but Jim in
the kids out for them at any time now. I sure
can use the contents of said gifts from heaven
and continue by awaiting them arrived. I
shall use one of the boxes to send your
knife in, if the cutlery will fit in it. After
wise I'll have to wait until I come home
and give it to you in person. I wish I
could send you a barrel of gifts but can't
find a damn thing at all.

(7)
over bugs, when I make the big trip down
to London, I shall find a suitable
name then or later. I know what a big kick
you get out of the things I send you, will
do my best and all of that sort of thing. My
little fascinating wife, I adore you. I don't
and grow up with hot passions at the
thought of making my wife live to you again.
The old Oscar is in your domain
and don't know what to think. you will
have to take care of the little fellow very
soon, so he tells me. In the privacy of
my mind and in the exclusions of my
dreams, I make up for all of this lost
time. We have so damn much fun in
my dreams and it is only a inkling to
what the future holds for us. All I can
say is, be prepared for one hell of a time.
Angel, I will cheer for now and will keep
in your V-mail for tonight. God bless you
and loads of love. Be good and hang on
a little while longer. I'll see you in
shambles land tonight.

Always yours!

your Eddie Hubbs
Sunny

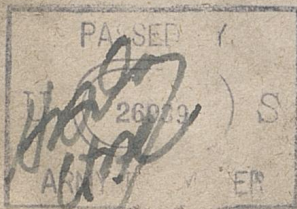
Cpl George Canary 15113242
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 634 To Postmaster
New York, New York



Mrs. George W. Canary Jr.
4661 W. Jefferson St.

Louisville, 12. Ky

U. S. A.



Tuesday June ¹² 27
England

My Darling Sweet Angel wife!

At last - mail
from you! Yes, three lovely letters and
not a minute too soon. Thought I
would surely die if I missed out
today. You just can't realize the effects
of 5 mail less days upon a love
starved husband such as I. I'm
bad enough to be on this side of the world
much less cut off from all commu-
nications. It is demoralizing as
hell to feel like a forgotten man. But
now - life runs through these old bones
for I've heard from my Angel wife.
I wish you ^{can} understand just what a
letter means to me each day. Truly... it
is a five minute per laugh and makes
this damn war almost bearable for a
little while. Thank you, Darling, for
forcing me alive again. I love you so
awful much and really adore you.
Just you wait and see how much!

(2)
I'm still standing short on the
mail count from mother. I haven't
heard from her in over a week now
and I wonder what the trouble is. Not
much to report in the way of news
to night, just the same sort of boring
details. On planet, the Isle of Hell, was
engulfed in sporadic showers all
day long. What a queer climate this
is. All Sol would shine menacingly, and
in a twinkling of an eye dark, he would
dive behind the skirts of a passing
cloud - rain would fall immediately.
Lightning danced across the skies with
the loud chorus of thunder. The very
trees and bushes would dance under
the impact of the strong, flailing
winds. Even hailed for a little while,
and your unprotected husband had
the hail stones bouncing from his
no sign. Every living thing ran for
shelter from the stinging blows of
nature. Seems as if old Lady Nature
was damn mad about some thing

(3)

all ball games were suddenly called off and all GIs concerned were highly browned off. Because of the fact of standing around S.2 last night until mid night, your favorite husband lolled in the necks until noon today. Said 12 hours of sleep were well put to me by this ETO weary GI Joe. My team of section 8's were granted this free sleeping time because of working until mid night. Such was our ride for by the records - we were supposed to haunt this place all through the night. It was a damn good deal as you can plainly see. I would double time this afternoon - making up for the morning of leisure. Tonight at 1900 hours - 7pm to you, a meeting was called for all the big line operators in S.2. Captain Grove preceded as the discussion leader. The advance killing issued by the front office - stated the topic

(4)

of this one sided round table affair would be very interesting to all. This was strictly propaganda. Need less to say - can't be discussed the matter just before the house. All the little time operators liked because of the demoralizing fact of missing the first show. (me too) I managed to grab the second one. "Power of the Press" was said movie for tonight. Wasn't too bad and I enjoyed it because I'm a newspaper man through heredity. I like all such tales as you know. I like here hopes of winning the class of newspaper men like the members of my famous family. It's not what you would call hot in the standards of the good old U.S.A. but in the half pint Neisen but used for the flicker house, it's stifling. So many human bodies jammed into such a small place, makes the joint unbearable. In said place of

In here, every one just about stripped
 down to the bare necessities. Each
 bench became dump and stiesie
 with the fee pushing water thrown
 off by all the GIs there in. I as living &
 suppose in your mind, this bare is
 patterned along the same lines as the
 ones in the States. This isn't a bit true.
 All buildings are of the miser but type -
 a shabby one cut in half and resting
 on the open half. Each ends are bolted
 up with bricks. The mess hall and all
 buildings are flying far apart and one
 has to walk many miles in the
 course of a day. The longest walk is
 the one between here and ~~the~~ barracks
 Farms cut up the bare and some
 farm houses are scattered about too.
 In fact, this is a mad as hell and
 right out in raid sties. Cause the
 hated MPs are checked up on all
 roads leading into the unmen boundaries
 to the field itself. With you come

(61)
see this place. Don wants tonight
and is doing some right now. It's
very late - 1230 and I just curled
back from some mid nite chow. I
placed an order for mine beer for our
frenched throats. We've decided that
rotten as this Jimmy beer is; it's better
than none at all. I could drink a
bunch full and not even feel the beer
weird stuff. We like to think said for
besting, warm just is really good
old American beer. Don sends his
regards etc. Darling, through the
juicy tubing research of this GI, the
following account of soldier humor
is submitted to you as a sample
of my literary skill (even as it may
be. The humor of soldiers who have
been in the service any length of time
is apt to be somewhat esoteric,
dependent for its effectiveness on the
constant and intimate associations
between those who invent it and those

who enjoys it. ^① Among comparative
veterans, who know each other well,
the basic element of humor is the
abusive insult. The American soldier,
however, will, with admirable im-
partiality, just as readily make
himself the butt of the joke as the
next fellow. He laughs at his own
unswelled dignity and on occasion
for his friends' amusement, will go
to prodigious lengths to prove himself
a fool. If he should have the
misfortune to stumble inadvertently
into a pile of manure, he will be the
first to tell about it and will almost
certainly enlarge the dimensions
and aroma of the pile at each
successive recounting. This is just
a short glimpse of some of the things
I write etc about. Next time I whine
up something, in the while, I'll send
it to you. If it proves to be anything,
I'll have you send it to some magazine.

I would really like to see if my
stuff is worth while to fool around
with. The only thing I know -
I love you and adore my darling
wife. Parents, one of your letters
today had the tone of blues as
and forlornness. Darling, please
don't ever slip into this sort of mood.
I realize it's living as hell, living
the life of a old maid, but it's not
for long. Just think what I must
go through each day. How ever
you may feel, I'm a hundred times
more or a thousand times worse off
than you are. Proster up your chin
and hang on for me. Darling, no
need for me to go in to detail of
this miserable life. It's hell, is
all I can tell you. Just the thought
of being so damn far away from you
knocks all the life out of me. I
want to be with you so damn much
and can't wait until I am here.

(9)

Darling, I'm glad you had so much fun with my Aunt Si. She is no dam funny under the influence of a couple beers. I always laughed my head off at the funny tales she could tell. I want to call her a old country girl. Call her that some time. Chris is taking a gas tomorrow and again I will run both bikes. So best I prepare to take off for bed in a couple of minutes. Tomorrow will be another rough day - long day. Don and I are planning to take off today and take it easy. Tomorrow will be the all GI cast but "Throne & Off" will take the place of a movie. I'll tell you in next week's letter - all about this bit of nonsense. Darling I can't understand the delay in my mail. Surely by this time you are being well supplied with daily mail.

(10.)

I hope to have a got full again
to morrow. Please hug your pretty
little chin up and cease with the
needless worrying. Your soldier
character is okay and fine. I'm
so happy with your lovely photos
and homey. They are really to go.
But, I want my reviving,
switching my wife no less much.
I'd give anything to find you
waiting for me in my lovely
ranch. So do. I need loving but
but. Darling, we have a really
knock in, change in our intimate
meaning. I'm all for it and no
hiding. When I come home, you'll
think I'm a mad as a beast for
I'll not be able to keep my hands
off of you. I'm looking forward to
a life time of fiery, thrilling love
making. God bless you, little one, and
love of love.

whisper
you!

Your Soldier

Herbert

I mean

Cpl George Canary 15113242
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
Apo 558 % Post Master
New York, New York

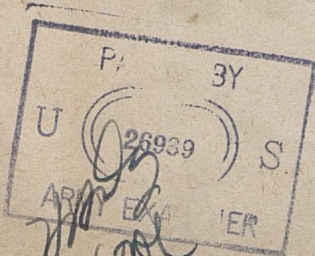


Mrs. George W Canary Jr.

4601 W Jefferson St.

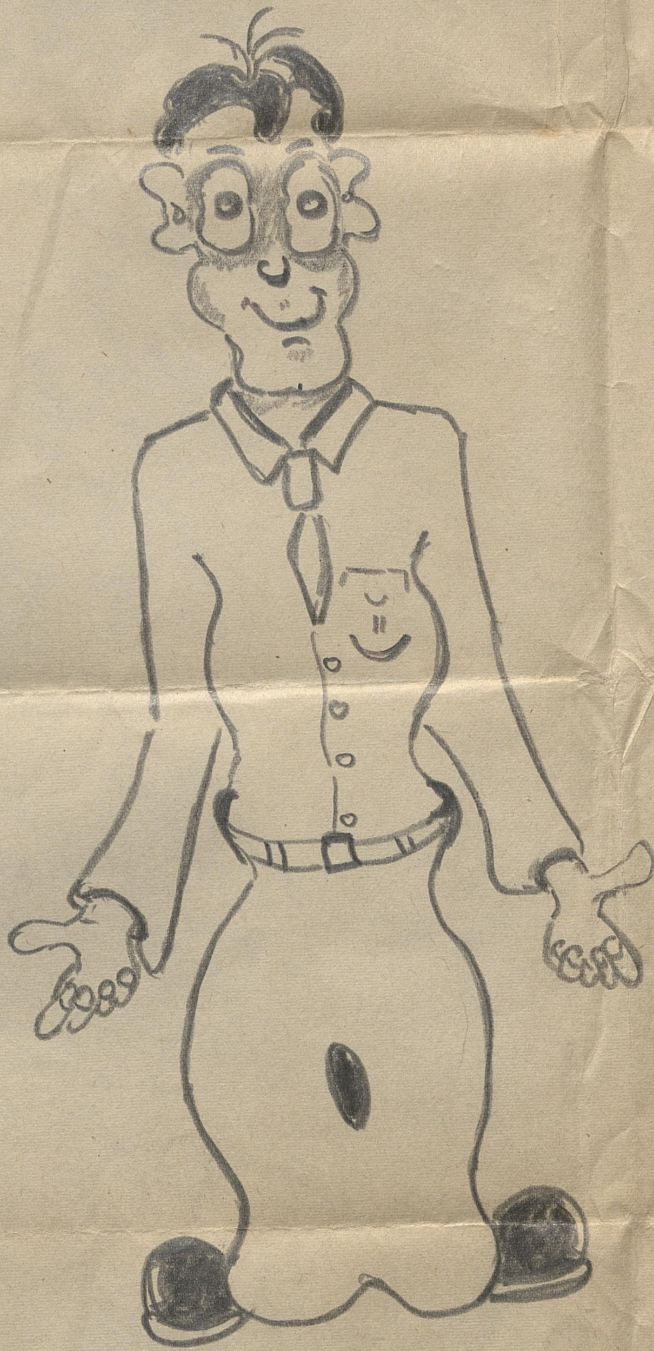
Louisville 12, Ky.

U.S.A.



12

28 June 44



"Thanks a Million"
"for the Photos"

My family

Wed. June 28³
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening, Peanuts!

Another wonderful letter from you today
and one each from Mom. I hope this
lucky mail thread will keep up but no
doubt - it will peter out. Can't understand
what's the hold up on my letters to you.
Surely by this time, you have more
than a abundance of mail. Darling, I'm
waiting out an answer from you - that
said two morning orders arrived cheap.
I'm positive they are in your hands by
this time. Today, I love you twice as
much as I did yesterday. Each day, I
love you more or rather each second.
Again last night I lingered down here in
the office, writing to you until a rather
late hour. Even when I did crawl into
bed, I couldn't go to sleep right away
I really don't know why is the hell
I can't sleep. When I wake up each
morning, I'm always just as sleepy
then as when I squeezed into the sack.

thought I would⁽²⁾ use some GI record
hugging sheets for stationery for tonight
as you can see, said stuff is light as
hell etc. By holding one page behind
the one you are reading, this faint ink
shows up rather well. Don't sleeping -
I can always sleep much better down
here in the office and feel more refreshed
each morning. I'm in training and
can stay up late when I come home.
I assure you - little sleeping well so
when I'm there with you each night, no
need to explain what actions will take
place if sleeping. Do you like this
sensitive idea? Ralph rolled me from
my slumbers this morning and
battered a beautiful dream I was having
but you. Seems as if I were a civilian
again and we had one each apt. I am,
I was so mad to be torn away from
such a heavenly dream. Hope I can be
on with it tonight and no doubt that
I will do. Gosh, I love you so awful
much and adore you more than it's possible

(3)

John took a gas today and I
ran both lights. Suit place was in the
very best of capable hands - no doubt
you know this fact. I was surprised at
the lightness of today's work. Something
new here in the ETO. This ~~but~~ doesn't
mean I was idle. Seems as if things are
light in our daily office work - along
with some thing else is the way of
running S-2 work. So called S-2 work
(routine) is our primary function over
here. Such thing as aircraft recognition
are more or less a branch of the main
work. Each ~~best~~ helps out the main idea
a work of S-2 but each of us must do
our real job besides the branch work. I
hope you can understand what I mean.
This so called main duties are the big
time unspeakable stuff - just what the
word intelligence implies. Such as
working all night etc, interrogating,
map work, target work etc - consists of
the making up of our real job.
Anyway, I worked at this all morning
evening until noon time. This afternoon,

I had a very pleasant job and I
 consider it a damn lucky break. I
 drove the trucking & jeep around to
 various towns on official business. Said
 job was undertaken by the following
 personnel - me. Yes, I and the jeep
 journeyed alone. I traveled along the
 narrow foot paths the English call
 roads and had a jolly good time.
 All but thing was said damn showers.
 Would rain awhile and then quit.
 Such thing I was thoughtful
 enough to take along my rain coat.
 Said jeep was a topless affair and
 the rain whizzed in as if shot out of
 a gun. I would like it very much
 to do this every day and if I make
 with some fast talking - I might be
 able to do it. Later in the afternoon,
 Rossie and I drove around the base
 doing S-2 errands etc. I like the out
 side work very much and drive around
 every chance that I can catch on to.
 Such thing breaks up the damn boredom.

(5)

Tonight, Colonel Terrell felt that his team of staff officers could whip us in a friendly ball game - so he called a contest. All the majors, Lt. Colonel & Captain crowded upon the field with a look of determination gleaming forth from each pair of eyes. I crouched on top from the side line and acted as manager (umpire) through my boisterous & & balls, red team, lunged out into the lead in the first inning with 5 runs. We totaled up 9 runs before they even swatted one hit. Red was hot tonight and struck in out, right and left. I put myself into the game and add two more hits - one single and one double to the bombardment we swatted out. Final tally - we beat said ~~gang~~ commander and his staff to the limit tune of 15 to 5. We even played two extra innings in order to let them have their red den faces. Clear boys really hit the hell out of red ball tonight.

(6)
Out on the ball field - rank is a
unknown thing. We ranging the
officers from the Colonel on down: a
couple of them are a bit - chicken shit
and resent this ragging. As you know,
this is part of the game. Such as, the
~~James~~ Gitcher's rotten etc. Lt. Colonel
Jones (not Mat J.) twirled for the
hans hub. He didn't mind the yelling
etc but a few of the big time operators
did. Major Schen (you remember
his wife and he was a Lt.) played in
the game and he is truly a damn good
agent. He yells at us and hits us right
back. A couple of the officers made a few
remarks about the enlisted men getting
out of place by such bidding. If these
few feel like this, they shouldn't play.
Colonel doesn't care and lets a great
kick out of it. In fact, later on after the
game, a bunch of us were walking over
to the Aero club and he joined us. He
was on the way to his quarters. Shot the

well with us but the game. One
 of the officers was really howled off
 at Dick for the way I am was saying
 while I was coaching. He walks up to
 me and said, "Caneary, what rank does
 I am hold?" I told him Sgt. He retorted,
 "He better watch out if he wants to keep
 it". I thought that was very ungentleman
 like and undemocratic. I admit there
 must be distinction between officers and
 enlisted men but such a thing can be
 carried too far. Angel, I am real
 hard like I am doing and before you know
 it - I'll be home in the States again.
 I can't wait until we leave this I am
 island and it can't be too I am now for
 me. I love you so awful much and
 miss you more than you understand.
 Darling, do you go over to the girls
 very often? From the drift of your letters
 you must. You know how I feel
 about that place etc. Pecunia. Mom said
 that Dad is more than well pleased with
 the cute Father's Day gift you gave

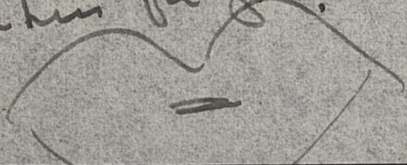
him. He loves you so much and
(8)
when you go home after a short
rest, Mom says, he misses you. I
think you must take up for him in
the little ~~with~~ in which he is out
numbered. You are so wonderful and
sweet - no one could but love
you. I'm so proud of my Angel wife.
Don is dying to meet you and sends
his regards. He is here in my office
writing to his pal friend. I don't
know just which one it is. Perhaps you'll
meet him real soon, I sure hope so.
Angel, it's getting a bit late now and
I really must go hit the sack. Think
that I will sleep down here tonight
and see if I can't sleep better. I don't
feel like walking to the barracks and
it is after 1 am right now. Don is
preparing to take off for the barracks
right now. Dick and Ralph ~~shut~~ off
many hours ago. Poor Ralph, fell down

He other day and hurt his side.
 He can't play ball because of this.
 I ~~must~~ insist that he ~~go~~ hand so
 me the doc and have it looked to.
 Guess the kid is a bit afraid of the
 doctors. He is such a strange fellow to
 understand. Sigra's ~~soon~~ going on
 another pass tomorrow to me his
 bag in town. I would like to see
 the babe he's pushing around over
 here. No doubt she is a mess. Captain
 Jones has a birthday tomorrow and he
 too is in town tonight. Don and I
 care less and less about going to
 town on a pass. No thing much of
 anything to do but walk the streets.
 "Browned Off" are all GI had ~~was~~ but
 the face of a movie tonight. None of
 us care about going for me rather
 play ball. Some of the young in the club
 said it wasn't much good. I'll go to
 the movies to meet mine.

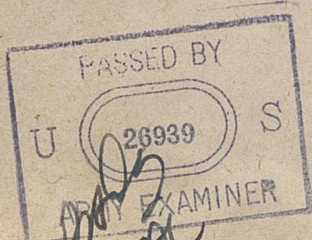
(10)

Well, dear, I'll prepare to leave
for this time & I just think of your
soldier husband who loves you so dearly
much. I feel sure that I'll be home
with you in a very short time. I'm
giving real hard for this and I
know you're doing the same. Please
cut out and need less worrying for
I'm fine etc. Take care of yourself
and really prepare for a love crazy
husband. You'll need all strength
that you can muster when I come
home. I'm living. When you write of
wearing shorts etc, I so much for I
know how living you are in said
tricks. I'll so mad if I can't be with
you every now. God Bless you, my
beautiful creature and loads of love.
See you in my dreams and in the
flesh before long
at his for you!

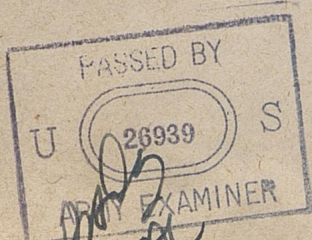
Your Soldier
Husband
Sonny



Capt George Canany 15113242
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 To Post master
New York, New York



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



13

Thursday 14
June 29th

my Dear living Angel wife!

Good evening Sam!

Can't kick about the mail to day for
I received another lovely letter from
you. So I feel a bit good to night
because of said lovely sugar report.
Nothing much in the way of news
to night. I slept down here in the office
again last nite and I slept like me
each log. No kidding. I can sleep
here much better than in the van arch.
So, at times, I'll shack up here.
To night, Dick, Ralph, Egera and Ralph
was to night. I am not going to sleep
here to night because I have the day
off tomorrow. Even though Chris will
not haunt the place. I asked the good
St. Jacobi if I could have the day off
and said when ever I wanted a day off.
I did not have to ask him. Just go
ahead but leave a note etc. Dam. he is
a really damn nice officer and a well
young. So Don and I will take it easy
tomorrow. Will sleep until around noon.

(2)
Worked a whole lot today on the
daily office routine and this after-
noon - on our main functions.
Alvin, the mad man, while in town,
yesterday, had a bright idea. He bought
a mike (microphone) to splice into
our radio set. Now, we have over our
broadcasting system and have more
dam fun. Your electrician husband
kicked radio out fit up. This took a
lot of effort etc - some brains - ring
here. You have no idea of how much
dam fun we are having. Now we
can broadcast our ball games in to the
office and the unluckily fellow who
can hear the game. We have a no. of
speakers etc and radio sets here in the
office. I'm the big time announcer
etc. Some one has a phonograph and
we have great plans on playing records
on our main chile etc. Have to do
something in this dam boring island
to pass the time away. Darling, I love
you so awful much and really adore.

(3)

For some reason or other - movie
for tonight was canceled. So the gang
practiced ball. Tomorrow night - we
have another bleeding league game
and we are making with the all out
effort to bring us there into first place.
If we hadn't lost that one game, our
team would be there on top. I'm sure
we'll make it any - any way - they are
dumbest. We can't count on Ralph's
sluggish but tomorrow night, for his
fair play side has forced him to
warm the bench. Tonight I gave him
a sub down - ~~to~~ trying to fit
it up. Even tagged his side up real tight.
That failed for him, his still shot
through out his body. Well miss his
killing power but I'm sure our team
will win. Think I'll coach again for we'll
need all the strategy that can be
mustered. Some times - a hot web
man can win a game from the
dugout by using his old brain. Placing
the danger etc has a lot to do with it.

(4)

Just dashed back from midnite chur
and can't say they got out with any
thing good. Dick etc. wait here to wash
after all and are taking off for raid
rush in a couple of minutes. Don is
writing a letter to his gal friend here
in my office. From what I can gather,
Don was some thing of a college star
~~was~~ very back when he attended Westminster
College in Pa. Said character tells me
all about his college days. I know
that he was the leading campus
hero for that is the type fellow he is.
What ever Don takes place in, the way
of sports, his a all around guy. I'm
very fond of this character and consider
this guy my biddie guy. He is a
great guy for I know, I've seen a lot
of guys etc. but he's tops. I'm
really anxious for you to meet him.
I know you too, will like this guy
as I do. Don has the ambition to be
a coach of some hot rock college team.
Plans to finish up his college career -
two more years to go. I wouldn't say

(51)
But he is a brain trust, but is damn
smart. Darling, I've made with a
lot of thinking of our post war world.
I'm wondering in just what field I
will excel in. I had the crazy idea of
plunging into the aviation racket.
I planned to become a bush pilot
in South America or on some newly
opened frontier. There's a lot of
money to be earned, flying freight
and supplies down there in the jungles.
This is but the mere means of trans-
portation. A young hot pilot could
make a pile of jack down there. This
will be the thing after our war. This
idea crashed with my flame on Mar.
3rd 1943. I had great hopes for us with
this dream. I intend to fly again when
I come home, but I won't have the
many hours to rely on as if I had
won the wing of a Army kid man.
Now, I'm thinking along the lines
of a newspaper man. Not in the type of
newspaper work Dad is in, but in the

(6)
capacities of a negater. I never
could handle a dull job - such as
behind a desk in some stuffy office.
Perhaps if I can't find the position that
I want - we'll move on to another
city. Darling, all my plans and
dreams of the future are for you. I want
to give you the rest of life that you deserve.
I want to give to be worthy of your
love. I'm so wild about you and I'm
not kidding. Some day, you'll
understand how much I do love
you. All I want to do - is make you
happy and love me more. Darling,
I need you and having you for my
lovely wife. I consider my life a
wonderful success. I'm truly proud
to have you for my life long mate.
We will have so much fun and
happiness in the beautiful years to come.
I'm a lucky mortal to have a
angel all of my own. Menage with
you - is a continual heavenly bliss.

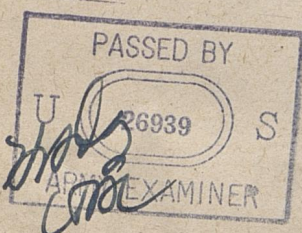
(7)
I bought my weekly necessities today
and there in the caddy hole Pt - a
tube but full of the sweetest tunes. Don
and I plan to play the hell out of
it tomorrow. By the way, raid eagle
comes across with dough tomorrow
- my day. I'll rock away raid
English version of green stuff and
when I have another got full. Will
send it to you but quick. Will have
a whole pile of jack in no time, saving
it this way. Since I've sweated it out
on this side of the world, I've sent you
\$225 bucks so far. Suppose by this time
you have the \$1250. I only wish I could
send you five times as much. Pal
Don. just left for the barracks and it's
1:30 am. I'll go back for the same
place in a couple of minutes. I bought
this stationery in the Pt today and
it's not too bad. Will do until such
time I receive another sack any from
you. Tomorrow night, my team makes
with the all-night work. Hope we are

enough to get ^{out} of it as of least
time. Well Angel. Guess you know
that I'm wild about you and can't
wait until we can catch on to some
terrible passion. Love making.
Suede Johnson is CQ to night
and he just offered to ride me down
to the benches as he was going
that way so I'll take advantage of
such a good deal. I'll write you a
longer letter tomorrow nite. Darling,
hang on a little while longer and before
long I'll be squeezing the very
heart out of you with a passionate
embrace. May real hard for this war to
end like I'm doing. Golly, I can't
stand much more of this fasting from
your sweetest love making. Arise
ends his love etc. good bless you,
my blonde goddess and loads of
love. Until tomorrow nite and in my
dreams in a few minutes - good nite
for now. Good. I love you so much.
a big hug for you! Yours Soldier
His brand
Sam

Mr. George W. Canary 15113242
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 555 70 Post master
New York, New York



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



14

Friday 15
June 30th

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!
Hello - cutie Doll!

Again today I was on the receiving
end of a lovely letter from you and
Oh! Hugging Day! Yeah, I hope this
mail reaches keeps up. I love you so
awful much and really adore you. Don
and I got hitched today by taking
the day off. I aquired cut of bed
around 1230 and had to dash for the
mess hall before noon chow time was
called to a halt. I just did slip just
the morninging door as it was closing.
Don was here waiting for me, with his
over sized shoes tropped upon my derb.
Today, being June day, the two of us
rode to our respective ordering rooms to
collect our folding money. I labeled
on to \$50 this month and have a
good start on another jack pot for you.
When I'm paid again next month. I'll
send said chunk of dough home to you.
So around the first of Aug. be on the look

(2)
out for mine tonight. Don and I
drove the jeep to the ordering room
and on the way back - saw a mounted
combat crew man of ours, walking with
a cute little WAC. Being chivalrous
from way back, we brought said
jeep to a screeching halt. Said WAC
and her hero climbed into our muralut
and Don kicked the gun. It was nice
to talk to ~~an~~ American girl. She
and this GI were in love etc. We rode
them to the railroad station. Both
thanked us very much. She wasn't
a running beauty but has all the
sinner's bang beat. Darling, I would give
anything to be with you right now. I
miss my beautiful little wife so awful
much and can't stand this damn
segregation much longer. I need you so
awful much and I'm not kidding.
Seeing this happy couple made me
blue as hell because I can't be with
you. On the way back to the office, we
saw some little English kids and
stopped. Each of us had a pack of gum
and passed it around to the kids.

Seems as if the ⁽³⁾ primary kids are
cramping about American soldiers. I
think they are the only ones though.
Don and I dived over to the gym
for a work out in order to keep in the
pink. We played basket ball most
of the afternoon. You should of seen
us flexing our super bodies equine with
manly muscles. Both of us graduated
around in our trunks. In the gym
are many weights to lift etc. we
strained and groaned, lifting said
heavy stuff. Don and I put on the
boxing gloves and pounded the hell
out of each other. After working up a
good sweat - took a ice cold shower
that tingled. I'm not kidding - that
spray was ice cold but it was refreshing
as hell. To top said day of rest off -
we rolled in the mega run shine
drinking up its very weak soup.
Both of us cooked a little and a dull
coat of tan gleams forth from our
tough frames. We intend to do this
more often to keep in condition etc.

(4).

Being our turn to work tonight,
my team and I are standing
by for the work to come in. Perhaps
we'll be lucky and wait here to
work - none here. Don has his can
perched on a chair and is crouched
over a hot letter to Eleanor - wife to
be. Sam is but ready to go home
and is ending up his sugar
report. It's but 11 pm night
now. The mad men are crossing
silver over a table down the hall in
a bloody card game. Every day
day - some heads out the cards
and dice. But the job here is 5-2
flung cards two or three times a
week. I never join them for I'm
always too busy writing to you.
Dick and Hunter peddled a pair of
bikes off in a jant. to buy. They
rode to a no. of small town ships
and I think, stopped in every pub
along the way. Dick was dead from
the physical exertion of peddling
a bike around. Soon as he hit

the bare, beaded ⁽⁵⁾ night for the week.
Dancing, our luck is good again
tonight. just received word - we wait
work after all. good deal! Because of
standing by until 1030 pm. we won't
have to expect to work until 12 hours -
1030 in the morning So, I'll look
on to a couple extra hours of sleep
in the morning. Hasn't made up
my mind if I'll go to the Vanack
or not. In a few minutes, I'll go
chow up at mid-nite chow, then I
will dash back to finish this letter
up. Just dashed back from chow and
main dish - hot dogs and beans.
Same thing for supper. Tonight -
we were supposed to have another
big league game but the other team
didn't show up. All of the fellows
felt sure we would win - and it
was a damn shame the other team
failed to make appearance. We'll
beat 'em anyway when ever they do
show up.

(6)
I've decided to sleep down here
tonight after all for I want to read
a little bit before hitting the sack.
I'll be checked out of the extra 2
hours of sleep in the morning but I
don't care bout that. I prefer to
read than sleep. Soniville is in the
news. A item appeared in the daily
Stars and Stripes - the city is negoti-
-iating to buy the Soniville Gas
and Electric Co. in a deal which would
be the largest municipal ownership
transaction in the nation's history.
Munger Watt said, the estimated purchase
price is \$80,000,000. Seems like a
large chunk of dough to me. Guess
every one while have to pay for this
in the long run through higher
rates etc. What the hell do that gang
down at city hall want the Gas Co.
for. Suppose they can drafted a few
more dollars out of this. There's no in or
the know of this so called deal. I like
to know all the local driving etc.

(7)

Ralph and Don plan to take a trip
after the war - visiting all of their old
riddle buddies. They plan to make
Louisville one of their stops. Even
gone so far as to plot out the route
they will take. I told Don, chances
are that you and I will be on a trip
ourselves about the time they get
down our way. I know as soon as
they get home, said trip will be
forgotten. I bet you Don will marry
Eleanor almost as soon as he gets
home. She has a hope chest and
has bought many things - such as,
china ware, hats etc. He's caught
and don't know it. Speaking of trips,
where do you want to go? I would
like to stop by New York on our trip
and go South to Fla. and Florida.
How about you? Angel, you are the boss
and whatever you want to do - is
done with me. I love you so much
and wish you could live with me right now.

Don't be too tough ^{on} on me. Angel,
glad to hear that you latched on to
6 letters from me in one day. I
know how you must have sweated
em out. Darling, please don't beat
your brains out by thinking up new
ways to worry about me. Just miss me
like hell and not worry. I know how
you operate and how you think. I'm
fine as can be and in the pink.
Darling, I was only kidding you
but wasting time buying a
suit before coming home. I'll
not waste a second and will take
the fastest means of transportation
possible. I want you to help me
pick out my new duds. I have a lot
of clothes all-ready but would like
to buy a few new things, such as -
suits, sport coats, etc. We are going
to wear sport clothes as you say.
We both love good in this type of
clothing and I always did like em.

(9)
I am and the card game just
ended. All the odd characters are
heading for the barracks. I'll read a
little bit and then hit the sack
myself. Should of shared tonight
but will wait until the morning.
Don't think there will be too much
work tomorrow but you can never
tell. Guess on why no movies for the
past few days - Sam forgot
to write work. Best they reject it or
catch on another one. Darling, you
are embroidering a lot of cute
things for our future little home. I
think that's wonderful! You are so
careful sweet and loving. This time
last year - I was looking forward to
leaving went over and heading for
Sing City. I was happy because
I knew you were going to join me
there. Wish I could go back there
right now and spend the rest of my

(15)
him in the army in Sinit City.
That was a nice town - mainly
because you were there. Darling, I
want to go home to you so awful
much and just can't wait. I feel
sure that I'll be in the army pretty
soon now. Said some Germans are
on the run on every front and it
won't be long until they all run
into each other - with no place to
retreat. Just a question of time now
and it will all end in a victory
for the Allies. Fluffy Doll, I adore
you and I'm not kidding. I need
living but bad - just as I need food.
I'm lost without my Angel and I
feel like hell being so far away
from you. I'll call on you until you'll
explode with passion. I'll kiss you
until your ears ring up in a
bright red glow. What a loving you're
going to get when I come home. God
Bless you, beautiful Doll and loads of
love.



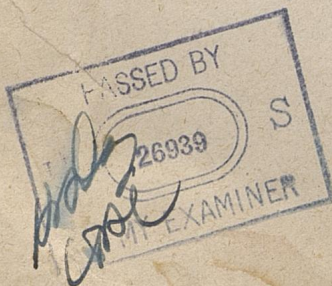
Your Soldier
Harvey
Spring

9090

Prt. George W. Canary Jr. 15113242 701st 8th 445th 24th

- ✓ 1. Nitrate and Saftens or Astigato
- ✓ 2. One type is a straight line (11) another wavy line ($\frac{1}{2}$)
- ✓ 3. Velvet Cloth, solvent of hydrogen chloride
- + 4. A unit measure of electricity
- ✓ 25. Perfect actual (holes in it) no sound can come through
- ✓ 6. has four prongs 
- ✓ 7. It throws a beam of light thru sound track to photo elec. Cell
trans. light waves into sound waves
- ✓ 8. Roll is a given volume of sheet passing thru. (a measure)
- ✓ 9. 32 ft per min. (B) 16 frames ahead
- ✓ 10. Every four hours. 24
- ✓ 11. Pipe Cleaner or blimp
- ✓ 12. Moss rule and smooth rule
- ✓ 13. 16 mm 35 mm
- ✓ 14. Nitrate
- ✓ 15. No
- ✓ 16. Ten or 1 roll or 100
- ✓ 17. Adjusts the frame on the screen
- ✓ 18. Grab it and be careful the glass that falls
- + 19. (A) 610 ⁷⁵⁰ (B) 300 ⁵⁰⁰ (C) 1.210 ³⁰⁰
- ✓ 20. Unpacked, connect plug, to power line turn on any plug
thread up, focus, run to no 3 on film and also set just
height etc in the screen.

Capt George Canany 15113242
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (IT)
APO 558 To Postmaster
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