

John ?? -> Day -" (12)
In words to express my love for you. "Well, do you think I have part of the dictionary tattooed on me?" I know I'll rise up after that one. Honey, never I better else now before the censor goes nuts. I love my beautiful wife so awful much and just can't wait until I have you within caressing reach. Honey, prepare yourself for a wild wet hunger husband and dear account giving. Really look around for a cute apt. for us for we'll be needing one in a very short time. Tell your mother thank for the card and to write sometime. I'll write your family now as I can. God Bless my Angel wife and loads of passionate fiery love. See you in dream land in a little while. I love you, Parents

Your Beloved
Husband
Sammy

Friday Sept 6th
England

My Darling Angel wife!

Good evening little beautiful one. If I had a glass of beer, tonight I would be enjoying in it. Aunt again, this red dejected, lovely GI is caught with his letter down. Yes, I'm again without a letter from you. The two letters I did receive did not rouse me out of this deep blue blue mood. One from Aunt Mary and a birthday card from Herman. I'm guessing that it will rain letters from you tomorrow. Even though Harold Smothery through the medium of the bit parade is trying to cheer me up, it doesn't work. Darling, please excuse the blue tone of this letter for I can't help it. Truly this is more than a human can stand and God knows how weak I am by just being so far away from you without the strong gain of a mail less day. O, little lovely woman, I adore you beyond words!

Again last night ⁽²⁾ my lonely body crept
here in the office all night long. I did sleep
after reading a long while. I was alone
here in the office all day long. Sometimes
St. Reed would squat here in the office but
not very often. I took care of the pressing
matters on hand and continued my read-
ing a body of air craft. One must keep
up on this recognition and news items
arrive each day. This took up the time this
morning and then the relief of noon chow.
Afterwards, I held down the front office while
the other men took off on routine S-2 work.
All of us trooped down to the hangar, there
in waiting for the appearance of Major
Glenn Miller and his main light bomber.
Some of our best pilots brought the
band to their base in our bombers. That last
of hangar was jammed and the cats were
actually hanging from the rafters. The
long awaited weather moment came
and the all GI band took their places

Back from chow! (11) Honey, strange as it
may seem, each night I almost have to force
myself to close the letters to you. I feel so
close to you while writing and hope you
pick up this mood from my letters. Darling,
I am in the English papers in morning
around noon. So I needed two copies
out of the alert room - with Capt Jones
permission and hid them in the old mail
GI couldn't find 'em. You do find said things
enclosed. Honey, the war news is super tonight
and really this war is in the last stages.
Our boys are pushing the enemy on all
fronts. Truly the U.S. Army is winning this
war for the world. Cause the English playing
their own armies etc, in the air and in the
newspapers. We know who is really
winning the war. Cause, both armies
depend upon the other for support etc. I
know that I'll be home with you in a
very short time. So hang on. I'm coming
home to you just as all hell!

with every heart. ⁽¹⁰⁾ I don't know much I
need you. My eyes are over flowing with
violent love for you. I shall go mad if I
don't hear from you by tomorrow. Today
is the beginning of a new history making
month. I'm a month closer to your
careers and my own. I'll be there on
the reverse end. They real hard that
the war will end this month and I think
there is a hell of a good chance. Anyway,
it can't last much longer. I suppose
you may think this is a crazy letter
written by the wild wandering of my
unhappy mind. I don't be rare as he
I'm with you again. Pain drives people
wild and I'm no exception to the
rule. It is time for midnite chess and I
shall take time out for a quick march.
Coffee more than any thing. I'll hurry
right back in a few seconds!

upon a large ⁽³⁾ GI crate truck that served
as a band stand. These trucks are large
enough to haul a trailer, so there was
ample room there on. Darling, I'm sending
you a program. As you can see, Miller's
GI band was made up of all the big time
stars from other famous bands. Then too,
a lot of the gang who from Miller's
earlier band and now in the army.
With the first note of Midnight Serenade
the whole crowd went up and down my musical
spine. No one could sit still and the
whole place was waving. Miller's GI
band is as good if not better than his old
one. He played all the favorite tunes that
are firmly held in our memories. Such
as In the Mood, Tuxedo Junction, Swing
of Pachel, American Patrol, Duke Pops Sat.
Night and all the other just war hits.
Johnny Desmond rany. Old Black
Magic and I'll bet By. Golly, it
really send me out of this world.

you should of dug this groove in
strictly digressing from the rest of the book. I
mean - they are solid renders, on the beam,
all rest, have as a back with a rest in
the back. Do you dig me Jackson? Only
thing missing were chick chicks. Strictly
a all male clam take. That delightful
music brought back the heaven by notes
we two clutched each other while listening
to said place. I was taken back to Air Devils,
Dahls, Villages, Madriid, the Requiem,
Hill top and all our other nite spots.
You can't realize how much this music
is our moral even if afterwards all of us
are blue because of the sacred purity
held memories of civilian life. Any way,
you can gather from this - it was clean
good and no hurt. Lasted a few and
10 minutes. the only thing lacking you
in my arms as I wanted to this
thrilling music. I miss you so much!

thing we do ⁽⁹⁾ but what the hell do
we care what they think. Never again
do I want to go through this hell of
being away from you. I shall never let
you escape from the hands of my arms.
Darling, I adore you, miss you, love you
so passionately. I'm all yours but
when I try to express this love of mine.
you know how I feel. Pray real hard
that ~~you~~ I'll be on the way home to
your arms. I hope you can do this
heartily screaming, for I want to make
this long as I can. I know how well
that you like long letters - just as I do.
Letters are our only way of holding each
other's moral up. Hungry, I want to
know each little thing you do, your
thoughts, how much you miss me and
how much you love me. Darling, Darling,
I love you so passionately and adore you.

(8)

because I'm wounded and cut up
inside because I miss you so awful much.
You have no idea of how much I do miss
you. No one knows how lost I am with-
out you - not even you. I feel so rest less
and alone. You are my whole life and
all I live for. Darling, when I come home,
let's escape from the conventionalities.
Let's have sudden and whimsical moods
of linelessness. Do as we want and always
honestly need. I hate uniformity and
always want to do new, silly things.
We always had so damn much fun doing
little things that are silly and trying to
outdo other people. We have fun doing any thing
long as we are together. We can settle
down later - but let's do nothing but
have more damn fun - ~~and~~ and more
live than the law allows. People will
think we are nuts by the little funny

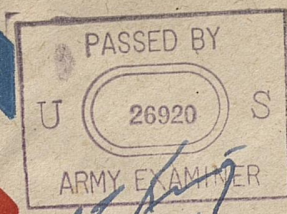
(5)

Darling, one year ago today, you saved
me from my life. Today, I still have the
same stripes on and for the duration.
That I don't give a damn. All I want to
do is get the hell home. I'll tell you I
love you so awful much and want you
more than the law allows. Sweet character
you are so wonderful! Tomorrow, I'm
taking the day off to loaf and do as I
please. I will sleep rather late until I
feel like getting up. If it is a nice warm
day, I'll walk in the sun again. Tom,
Dick and I in my are taking off for
London in the morning and no doubt they
will messle with the Pissadilly
commanders - head busters - whines etc.
What a queer one threesome that is.
Ray Kuger is giving out on the AFN
(61) station. Not half bad at all. The radio
programs get better each day. Cause,
we play the damn thing day and night
happily listening to American juke.

I am this way! I want home to you but
quicks and I'm not hitting things
are usually quite around here tonight.
Most of the fellows ran out off early
tonight and beats me why they did. Syra
is out on a girl gas - about four hours
gas for drinking beer in the nearby joints.
I've hit the sack early for the big trip to
London. Wish that I could read again tonight
and then too - but even on my day off. No
movie for tonight and the bar is rather dead.
I suppose the aftermath of gay day is going
through all over the bar - shooting, mess. Per-
haps most of the gang has in S-2 are
meeting in some big time dice game. More
cash money change hands this time of the
month. Some gang are friends and just have
to gamble - some things like a drug
way - they are doing for doing. T. Ralph Dick
and Syra are visiting tonight. The new
to Kams went in to effect today - meaning

each team will work every 6 days instead
of four. Chris leaves on his perlongh the
day with Billie and Hunter. They two are
going to Scotland. Ray wants me to hold
up on my perlongh until he can catch
up to him. So - one has to be in the E10
three months to be in line for a perlongh
and Ray's been out here two months and
a half. I may wait until he gets him. I
really don't know what the hell I'm
going to do as of yet. Darling, while I'm
out off from you like this, I'm rather
melancholy most of the time and I'm doing
rather nervous, nervous, silence, hence I seem
aloof. I have strange moods and reveries,
my thoughts of you are the most important
thing in this hermit life. I cannot
explain this to the others around me, so
it is hard for them to understand me. I
suppose the gang think I am self centered
and cold. I can't get close to any one

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7

Sept 2
1944



Guess who!

my Canary

Sunday Sept 3rd
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening, Peanuts!

Nothing in the way of mail from you this
very day and you can understand how
I must feel tonight. The only mail for
me today was a thought from both boys
reaching from your mother. Tell the family
I appreciate it very much and will make
good use of the contents. I'll write a letter
to your mother soon as I can. Just nite,
Ralph and I strolled through the rain
to the barracks. Sorry as we walked in
the shelter on the hedge rows, the rain
wasn't no bed. At the open spots the
blasting wind gounded, the rain into
our naked faces with a stinging blow.
Even though we were draped in G.I. rain
coats, the lower part exposed became
wetter with the stickie rain. It was
worse than the mouth of hell and
my feeble flash light failed to cut the
darkness. With the homing
instinct of geese, managed to
find the barracks after groping
around. That old heap up each

felt dam good ⁽²¹⁾ after the cold
business of the rain. This morning the
sun showed its face and the country
side smelt fresh after the all night
rains. Suckling in great drafts of the
morning air. I was ready for the
day ahead. St. Jacobi was absent
all day long and it is rumored that
he has a girl visiting in the nearby
town. This girl is a American and
works in the American Counsel in
London. He met her before the war back
in the States. I'll let you know more
about this from time to time. St. Reed
hung around the office all day
and Mother May let the honors in
the Awards Dept. Chris, Billie and
Hunker took off on their 7 day leave
this afternoon with the blessing of
the whole Dept. May with my help
will set down the awards while
Chris is away this week. I do like
the awards work very much but I
have to do it. I guess the sun gave
me in his quest looking down on this
dam is land. For it rained all after

and hasn't stopped as of yet. Looks
 as if the rains are here to stay. I
 guess the foot sloggers are having
 a bad time over there in France with
 this ceaseless rain. It's a cold,
 chilling type of rain and one soon
 becomes drenched to the skin. My
 team of unworthy GIs through a
 lucky heel don't have to rotate tonight
 even though it is our turn. I plan to
 slug down here tonight, catching up
 on my reading and keep out of the
 damn rain. I'm so damn rich of this
 island and want off not quick. Today
 was another boring Sunday, only
 broken up by going to church. We
 are going to have a Retreat the last
 week of this month and the chaplain
 wants all to attend. I am going. Had a
 decent movie tonight - "Giffin for
 Dimitrios" and like the book was damn
 good. I think you read it also. The
 place was packed because the good word
 got around. You can always tell if
 there is a good show or not by the

crowds. I can't enjoy a movie with
 a crowd of noisy C's. Some one is
 always screaming the door or such
 thing like that. I'm get up and
 leave if the movie does not meet their
 tastes. I miss the firm pressure of your
 cute hand and that too makes the show
 unenjoyable. Honey, I miss you so awful
 much and want you something awful.
 if you could only understand. In a
 way, I'm glad that you don't realize
 how much I miss you. It's truly
 hell and I can't stand much more. I
 love you so awful much. Most of the
 guys headed for the Vaneech early
 tonight for it is a good nite to sleep.
 Ralph is CQ tonight and my turn
 isn't so far off. I would like to sleep
 late in the morning but I have to be
 around on time. For some reason or
 other, I'm rather sleepy right now.
 Strange for I never go to sleep until
 one or later. It is 1130 right now and
 my eyes are yelling loudly for shut
 eye. Guess I'll have to do so in a little

(6.)

while. we cleaned up the briefing room
tonight as one of the team's duties.
I like the new set up of uniforms every
nit miter instead of jeans. Darling, enclosed
you will find a photo of me hanging in
out the barracks window. the other
character is Ralph. It's a funny photo
taken by Spera - a funny character.
I will try to have another one made,
if the run comes out again. I am hard
to catch on to film over here for one's
own use. Cause the army uses a
lot of film on PPO work and some-
times you can talk up a big deal.
that is - if you're lucky. I'll try my
best to win the deal with the PPO
shutter buy. Chuck. It's a hard man to
deal with. But time that I read for
my mitering cup of juice so I'll close
down for a few minutes. Honey, I love
you so awful much and I'm mad for
the want of you. You are a beautiful
chick and I want to love the hell out
of you. All in forever ray D. D!

(6)

I just came back from the mess hall and
had peanut butter sand which. they had
some molasses eaten meat loaf but I don't
like it. I bought Ralph back a cup of
java and a sandwich. Ralph has a pre
going here in the front office and I'm up
here - I'm in the warmth. Stopped raining
for awhile but the wind is howling like
hell. Makes you think it's cooler than it is.
Also enclosed you. I find a little hunk of
nothing I whipped up in a odd minute
this afternoon. See - by the car horn. I always
have you on my mind. You are a lovely
character with an appeal. Planning out your
girl little cars. I am! what I couldn't do
with a little of your living right now. I'm
sure the Mayor will mind me using his
desk to write you. Dick and I are due
back from London some time tomorrow
and no doubt will have tails - very very -
tales of it to relate. When are they go to
home - we were a proclamation to
mothers - to say their daughters off the
streets. Which was a lot of fun to
Scotland for a inducement - may be.
Now I wonder what for! And kidding?

(1)
As I thought, it's raining again. What
a place this is. Honey was never like this!
Jane in the English papers fails to appear
on Sunday but I'll shoot tomorrow
thing to you. If I can catch on to it.
before the other gang. Every one involving
follows her series of mod. ty daily. The
kind who knows that thing when
ever Jane has clothes on - he gets all sorts
of nasty letters. I always thought the
English were modest as all hell. As any
newspapers you can buy all sorts of ways
full of nude - Art they say. Some of the
yellow glazes the varnishes with all sorts of
undressed gin ups. Come I never look
at em - none here. You can't beat a
American gal for looks ek. ek. You are
the model's model and the queen of gin
ups. I carry a gin up of you around
with me in my mind. Then no. I have other
cute photos of you. Darling. I look at
your cute little old face a mile in
miles each day. Look. You are so lovely
and beautiful. I'm glad I signed a life
contract with you before Hollywood did.
Little girl!! I love you so passionately.

Special Services has a copy of "Strange
 Fruit" and I signed up for it. There
 are 12 ardent readers ahead of me
 and I'll have to sweat it out. I
 mailed up "Too Many Books" another
 one of the books you sent me and it was
 good. Today I began a very libelous
 story; full of spice and adventure -
 mostly spice. "Rogue's Com'g" is the
 title and it's a must read if you care
 for the ref. type of books. It's about a
 Southern guy who ran slaves before the
 Civil War and his live life. What a lamer
 he was. I won't tell you about it - just
 read it for sure! Keep me in on the know
 of the latest best sellers and what you are
 reading. I have a thirst for books in order
 to develop my own very style of writing.
 Darling, one can't gain much head way
 writing in the army. You can't devote
 full time and you must - you know.
 Besides - the American public is news
 hungry now and feature articles are
 second place. I shall hold up my stuff
 until a more logical moment. I do

(9)

intend to take a crack at this game
whenever I make with the civilian life.
Really, you can't do much in the army,
this you can understand. All I can do
is broaden my scope of knowledge and
log up human life. One meets all types
of character known to the world in the
army. What a gathering house for material
for works. Eagerly I listen to the young
talking about their part of the country and
the life they lead. I analyze characters
by their talking etc. I meet people for the
first time and know all about them, though
I can't tell how. I know all their good
traits at once and all of their weaknesses.
Now now or never I can find a suitable
outlet for my stuff. I shall be a observant
character. I guess you think it rather strange
that I can write. I do too. In my
own relief - I think but other way, it's
not half bad. Anyway - I shall try.
Please don't expect great things etc. for
I'm only a ham. We shall soon see when
I come home. Wonder what it will be?
I can always go back to selling duds.

I know that I can ^{be} a success at
selling clothing. I know the ropes and
now have a better understanding of people.
Whatever I do - it won't be a dull death
job. I'm not cut out for a routine
job as in an office. You know what I
mean for you know me better than I do,
I know one thing - that I'm not with
out you and not with a dam. I care
for nothing because I'm packed with
the joy of regeneration from my life - you.
With you I live - without you - I'm dead.
Truly I don't enjoy a damn thing unless
I'm with you. Every thing I do as that is
connect with you. I live for one reason
alone - you. Darling, Darling, I love
you so passionately. Our love is uncom-
pareable with earthly materials. Our love
is so deep and strong for man made
under no figures. It's holy and sacred,
beautiful and graceful, passionate and
emotional. It's life! I look back now
and realize before I met you how dull
living was. I was bored the second
we met. As I've said before, I can't

(11)

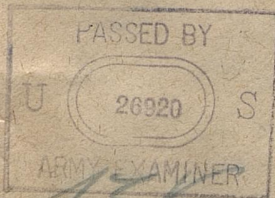
express my love for you in words. Sweet
gesture and rhythm are noted and
unvarying; its vocabulary is you and
mine. Even a poet can give love but a
meagre expression while the child, who
renounces dramatic representation,
is condemned to be ~~amusing~~
inadequate. I shall go mad if I can't
have you real now. Sweet Angel, it
is 145 and I must go to sleep. I'll
write more in the morning before I
mail this. I shall now hold you in
my arms in a passionate dream. So
please spare me while I join you in
dream land. Good morning character!
Just as I expected - raining harder than
ever. What a hell hole this is. From all
indications - none in store for another very
dull day. What a life this is! Still one. I
love you more right now than I did last
night. Each morning. I fall in love with
you all over again. You're so beautiful and
lovely! Tommy Dorsey is leading the
radio parade this morning and is really
robin. I like music for breakfast - all day
long to help me escape from this ever

(12)
last time's blue mood. I need not say how
dam much I miss you for surely you can
understand a little bit of how beat up I
feel. Darling I do like referring to the
war news in each letter but it's so good
that I can't help it. I know you cheer with
each new advance for it means I'll soon
advance home ward. My moral keeps a
little higher each time the hourly news
blares out the victories our boys are gaining.
I suppose the people in the States are
going wild with joy and expect the war
to end at any minute. Everywhere we are
clam and carrying on our work with a little
more cheer and gusto. I am I'm insane
with jumping joy at the prospect of
seeing home very soon. God! I love you
so awful much! Beautiful Doll. Truly I
adore you. My whole being cries out for
your passionate touch. I have to plunge
into the routine now - so will close. You
won't leave my thoughts - I'm always
caressing you with mental fingers. God
bless my Darling wife and loved of love.

Your Soldier
Husband
Sammy



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Monday Sept 11th

Salm Day

My Darling Sweet Angel wife!

Howdy gal! Before I
go any further - once again I'm bickering
about the mail. Nothing in the past two
days. Last night I slept down here and
was on hand bright and early. It wasn't
so bright became rain again. I am this
is land and the end less rain. Some we
have to swim around the base of the
beaming rain doesn't halt. St. Jacobi
walked in the office on a beaming rehope
gim. His gal friend went back to London
and I suppose she was giving a
something. The good St. was in a rather
gay mood - wonder why? Because I heard
he fell out of him etc and etc. He was in
such a happy state of mind that he ordered
me to take in the afternoon movies and
present to him a report of said movie. Of
course I argued with him but after he
twisted my arm, I gave up and half
heartily splashed through the driving
rain. Ralph and Don jumped into the
shirts of my rain coat and we arrived
dry but wet. Don returned from London

but that is another story - later in this
letter. Movie for today was a super
thriller and damn good. "Double Indemnity"
No doubt you have seen it or will. Take
my word and see it. You'll chill with
us here as I did. After the movie,
once again we waded through the sheets
of rain to the office. Don and I gathered
up note books and pen. Then armed, we
leapt in ambush for the coming club-
mobile. Upon the arrival, we savagely
attacked the doughs and coffee. Then
climbed into the clubmobile to get on
with our interviews. Few days ago, I
informed you that PBO with my able help
was writing a feature story in the
good work the Red Cross is rendering
to the soldiers. Clubmobiles are one of
the main themes of this article. To
gather first hand information - we inter-
viewed the three American girls there on.
they knew us from other visits and
usually they hang around S-2 - the
officers of course. After getting the life
history of the gals - we watched the
fighting men of the 610 and asked

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their part of unions of the clubmobile.
Don and I rode about the base in the
rolling carben and watched the reaction
of the G.I.s etc. Also we helped to hand out
the rations and java. After milking all
the material we no need it, screamed &
back to the office and gounded out the
story. I took care of the human interest
angle - I'm at my best at this. One of
the girls has a life strictly from books
in the movies. Her first name is Rudy
and 27 years old. She was born in China
of missionary parents. Coming to the
States to learn more in the way of
missionary work. Her family stayed in
China. When the war broke out, she was
in college and her parents were interned
in the Japs. Rudy wanted to do her
part and joined the American Red
Cross. Later - her parents were freed by
the very organization she worked for. She
intends to go back to China after the war
and carry on with the missionary work.
Feels as if doing her part for the way is
the nearest thing to missionary work.

(4)

Interesting as all hell don't you think?
I would to say. I knocked out a damn
good story on this angle. More about this
later on. Today is Subv day. but just
another ruin waked day here in the E.
I.O. 19 months ago a cute couple
strolled into a new covered chapel - some
where in Refas. to be welded together in
the Holy Bonds of wed lock. the bride
was and still is - cute as a bug's ear.
She is the armed forces favorite girl
and Mrs. America of 1944 and
in all time. the groom at that time was
a Dr. husband man but now a beat up G.I.
Do you know the couple I'm speaking
of? yes, Darling, Mr & Mrs. G.W. Carey
Dr. - namely us. I love you 20 times as
much right now then 19 months ago.
Little Doll - I miss you so awful much
and want you more than it is possible.
Damn this war for taking me away from
you! I want to live again and I'm
rich of this dead existence. I'm weary of
playing soldier and want to play house
with you. Damn! I want you so awful
much and can't stand much more!

(5)
the mad men are grouped around a
card table tonight - playing poker.
Nothing better to do - so they say. St.
Jacobi and St. Paul are working this
night and will be around tomorrow.
What a outfit that is! I'm dead in odds
again for my cornals are a bit wet. Odds
are a bit warmer too. Honey, the news will
be better and better by the hour. Truly this
war will end a very short time. Pray
real hard that I'll soon be home with
you. I need you so awful much and the
name goes for you, tonight - I'm going
to flop in the racks at the barracks for
I'm a bit sleepier this mite. Today was
a rather trying one. The clear less rains
makes one feel mental depressed as well
as uncomfortable. Tonight - my mind is
all beat up and I'm blue as all hell.
Did you ever just feel like hell in a bad
way? Course - I'm this way all of the
time but it's worse some times - like this
lonely mite. All I know and can say
is that I love you so awful much and
I'm dying for the want of your love.
Darling, Darling, I love you so!

according to the ⁽⁶⁾ beating condition
of Don, Dick and Jimmy, one each
good time must have ensued in London.
Don, the lover, latched on to a girl the
next crack out of the box. She was a
Irish girl. They danced and drank all
the while in town. While dancing the
girl asked Don if he wanted to convey her
home. That he did. On the way in the
underground (subway) Don mentioned
that he could never find his way back.
She said, don't worry, I'll bring you back
in the morning. Well, Don got all hot
and bothered at this. Upon arrival to their
girl's house, Don met her father and
mother. Looked like a good deal was
abotaged. They got out with a large feed
and Don was ushered to his room for
the night. Looked like a mile of plain sleep
ahead so he climbed into bed. In a little
while - sure enough, the girl came in to
his room and gaspingly jumped into
bed with him. No need to add any more
to this but the song "Four or five times"
next morning, she told him down to the

(7)
center of London. there they meet Jimmy
and Dick. Jimmy had some what the
same experience but Dick had to go
out and buy his. what a threesome affair.
Same thing went on the 2nd mile. All
three came back in a wretched condition
because of the fast and furious — — —
All the gang are bidding the hell out of
the livers. Some gang will do any thing
etc. Syra is taking off in some kind of
a venture tomorrow. I want to visit
London some time real soon - on a night
seeing Mrs. Ralph is after me to go with
him soon. He doesn't want to go with
Syra or Don etc. for he doesn't go in for
that sort of thing. He knows I don't and
wants me to go. All I'm interested in is
the prospect of bending the elbow with gin
and Scotch. Some time between drinks
I suppose the war will be over before I make
up my mind to go to London. I really
would like to go for it is really to be in
England and not go there. my claim
that there are loads of nice gifts to buy
in the shops at home. I'll catch on to

(8)

something worthy of my beautiful wife.
I'm still undecided about taking a
perchance. Now Ralph wants me to take
one Oct the 1st with him. I hope the war
is over by that time. All I know is that
I want home just as possible. The hell
with the perchance - I want home but
quick! I jounced out a letter to the family
early tonight, boxed - then slipped it into
this sugar packet to you. Darling, while
writing to you each mile - I become so
impressed that the time flies by before I
realize it. I write some things down then
stare at your picture. It takes two to
more hours each mile to write my
letters to you and I live every second of
it. Honest. I have to tear myself away
to close your letters. I like to make them
long as possible and know the censor
hates me for it. By this time, you can
judge the mood I'm in by the style or
tone of my letters. Best that I add a
little humor to this one. I'm not happy
at all! All I can remind of is how
much I miss you. Peanuts, you were

(91)

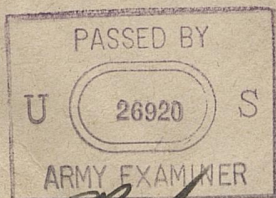
haunt me and I love it. Darling, when
I come home, I'll write about oatmeal,
wheat, corn flakes etc - you know serials.
Darling - as you walk by - people will
stare and whisper - there goes that Mrs.
Canary wife of that famous writer.
Oh nuts! I understand there is a lot
of money in writing dime magazines.
Sell ten and you make a dollar. Nuts -
again! Peanuts - I love you more than
the law allows! I am it. I can't find the
letter I wrote to the family. Pesto the hell
where it is! to my surprise - the moon is
out and the place is all lit up. This is the
strangest weather I've ever seen. One never
knows what the hell to expect. It was so bright
that on the way to mid mile chow, I didn't
use my flashlight once. You can fool me!
I'll dash a letter off to your family some
time tomorrow and make with the thanks.
Pesto I ask for more stuff so you'll be
supplied with request in case you are
short. Darling, I could use more books
and candy. Peanuts etc. I need you more
than anything. Honey, I can't wait until
that first gasinate kiss. I tremble with
thrills thinking of that wonderful love

(10)
making - the hand you are such a
expert at. Darling, you are so wonderful
and beautiful. I'm so proud that you are
my little wife. I'll share so much with you
when I see you again that you'll think I'm
a egg beater. I love to lay in my bed
and plan how I'm going to reduce you
with over powering passions. Truly you'll
think I'm a red head and a mad man.
I swear that I am no beaver. Plan
today for just what we want to do. Look
around for that apt and think about such
things. Honey, do you want to hold off
for awhile before we buy furniture etc. I
think we should have a furnished apt for
awhile until I get ahead of the house
with cash. Really, Peanuts, I know that
I'll be home before very much longer.
Sure is hell waiting in the meantime.
Thank goodness we can look forward to it
in a few more months. Keep up the prayers
on your end and I'm doing the same.
God bless your beautiful Doll and loads
of passionate love. See you in dream land
in a very few minutes.

Your Soldier's Husband
Jimmy



Lt George Canary 15113242
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 70 Post Master
New York, New York



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

3

13
London
Thursday Sept 5th
4
My Darling Sweet Anglo Wife.

Good evening. lovely character. the relief finally arrived and not a second too soon. I mean mail from you. With a frantic gleam in my bloodshot eyes, I screamed to the mail man to speed for mail. I came out with a happy look of a GI who had just been given a good press notice by Ernie Pyle. Your letters are like plasma to a comical person. New life surges through my veins and my heart wildly beats until I hid away in a secluded spot. There with trembling, fumbling fingers, I tore open each letter and in turn wiffed in the lovely fragrances of your lipstick. Their drive me wilder than ever. I drank in each gasp and contained there in. Afterwards - I just there rolling in the warm glowing, love moral. Darling, you can't realize just how desperate I was for a sugar report. Sweet character. I adore you beyond human's sense of knowledge. You are mine, mine and I want to live the very day right out of you!

Each second that ticks off on my
watch, brings me a second closer to your
arms. I can't stand it! I need you.
Damn this war! Darling, your passionate
love letters drive me nuts! When you
speak of how you will love me - I flush
out my hair one strand at a time. I
bunch my teeth, grind my head with
a kick - in other words - I get all hot
and bothered. I don't know if you should
write such letters like this or not. If
you don't, I'll be awful damn mad!
Little beautiful wife - I love you in a
mad man's way - a fiend - with lust and
all of that sort of risky thing! After reading
your words of love, I couldn't do a damn
thing. Little girl - you drive me crazy.
Thank you for the lovely letters and I'm
looking forward to more tomorrow. To
retire with the loving details of the day.
My day - sounds like Mrs. F.D.R. to
my bewilderment, she even had the nerve
to come out today. Wonder why? Any
way, it was nice for a change. To be on
the safe side, I wore my rain coat.
For you can never be sure. Upon arrival
at the meat shop - found the place

(3)

cleaned and ready for action. Brother
may do it. Plunging into the work on
hand with much eagerness - strange
and knock off said quipping details.
St. Jacobi worked last night - so he says
and his little car wasn't around the
office until later in the afternoon. We
had your favorite meat - ham for noon
chow. Being half-starved. I forced it
down. After chow - don't confuse this with
any reason what so ever with civilian
version of food - I gounded out a thank
you letter to your family for the birth-
day gift. Not having much spare time
I had to dash through it in short order.
Funny thing - I never did find the letter
I wrote to the family last night. Dick
came in here last nite for a light and
in doing so, checked his letters on my
desk. I think his mail landed on the
missing letter and was mail with em.
I do hope so! This afternoon was
shoved along by routine - main 8.2
and until mail call. I am living the
chipping you send me of terms are
reanned by the whole group, from

(41)
Colonel on down. They like like
hell when ever I'm mail-less. St.
Jacobi wrote you about this. Said
St. is always asking but you and if
you've mentioned about his letter. I
told him what you said but he
gave up picture. He ginned like -
any way - from ear to ear - what
little there is of him. I keep telling him
that I write you about what a remarkable
character he is. Also that he is a real
hard etc. Really - he gets rather
hounded off at this and threatens
to murder me. He thinks you are a
rich chick and a lovely lovely. I
think he is in the groove with their
right opinion. Yeah, I love you so
awful much! I'm a proud husband
and I do mean proud. I suppose not
with mentioning in - so we'll let it
go at that. After supper - I dashed off
another letter to the family. I shaved
and shaved and then trooped back to
the office and made with the guns
with Dan etc. then I sat down to write

(5)
this - compare - as Don calls it. Said
that my character is writing to some
lucky gal over in the corner. Jimmy
Dunn is gounding away in the finger
up to some way - tonight - the Red
Cross is throwing another make
crawl for the dog faces there in the
Aero Club. Casanova Day and Baby
Face Miller are treating the girls by
strutting around the place. A report
of this crawl is for the coming in tomorrow
morgen report. Do you like to hear about
the rest life of the S-2 characters? the
sports are exchanging shillings in a
 poker game. Say - but time for mid n. to
bed - but I go make with the coffee.
Don't go away - for I'll be right back.
the moon is shining bright again this
nite and I hope it's a sign of another
day with out rain. Darling, the wind is
blowing rather hard today and it puts
me mind of the weather we had last year
in Scribner. Sure with the hell I could
be back there - even out on the salt flats
of Utah. Any place but this damn island!

(6)
Each mile I go to the barracks, I
goat notes to EE and then to wake
me up each morning. Also tell the
Squadron CQ, Tom & Joe to roll me
out. I can't go to sleep until rather
late but oh how I hate to get up in
the morning. Sounds like a song or
some thing. Ralph wants me to take a
48 hour gas Thursday and Friday.
St. Jacobi has in strong words - asked
me to take one. Say it is not good to
broad around the base and to do it
in town. I've tried & Dick with some
orderly and if I can so arrange for
some one to take my place in the team,
I'll go. If not, I'll just take a 24 hour
gas this week and a 48 hour next
week. I haven't taken a 48 hour gas in a
hell of a long time and we are all used
one every two weeks. You know how I
am about going to town. When I
should take a gas more often just
to have a change of scenery. Don't
you think. I'm a little tight wad and
like to save my money for you. I've
ever - on gas I never spend much.

(71)

Character - but you shoot some more
hair oil this way in the next jack ang.
It doesn't heal if you jerked it good
like this last batch you sent me. Dan
and the boys are gone and they are
replaced here in my office with Red and
Jr. they are working tonight and are
enjoying a lull. It is 0005 hours -
1205 to you and I shall head for the
rack in a little while. Swede is CQ
tonight and I'm going to make with
the big talk but getting a ride home.
I always mail his letters each m. to
at his orderly room. His squads
and mine are in the same file. He
and M/Sgt Romie have a room
adjacent to the briefing room and in
the opposite direction from our commo
bunachs file. The other two squadrons
700 and 703 share a file also. The
combat crews (em's) of all squadrons
have one file to their selves, also a
mess hall. The ground officers have a
BOQ area and the combat officers
have one. I cut through the combat
officers file on the way to my rack.

(5)

Captain Jones - the politician from
Kan. has a offer from some political
boss back there in the dust bowl, to
run for governor of said state at
such time the war is over and the
next governor election. I told him
my wish when he'll run for pres. We
have it all planned on how he will
take care of us. Ralph is to be pie chief.
Dick head of the state liquor board, I
police chief or publisher of the leading
newspaper to back Jones in everything
and Syra to be in charge of all the
whore houses. the graft we'll knock
down will make each of us rich men
within a month. Syra will live his
wish - say he. What a state that would
be. See what the ETO does to me and
how it wages one's mind? I need a
discharge or a section 8. What do
you think? I think that I need living
but not! Sweet character - I'd love
you and want you more than the
laws of congress allows. I demand
my rights as a free man and a

(9)
husband! the Constitution so states
that a married man should have
all the living he can handle. Where
in the hell is mine? I demand my
rights - I want my wife and shall take
it to the supreme court. Listen to me
now. Do you understand how much
I need you? Darling, you killed the
hell out of me the way you beat down
Sam's half dead parrot. Did he use
glue to keep his hair in place. I bet
he has to put him in a hot lamp
after each bird. What a mental giant
he must be! Honey - so you think I'm
a handsome guy. Where did you get
that idea? Darling, I'm - as you know,
am a firm believer in sports clothes. I
like the casual but neat style of
dressing. We are both the sports clothes
type - when I come home - I'll deck
myself out in such. I'm going to wear
jumps and sweaters etc. Darling,
you are cuter than a boy's ear in
sweaters and Ah! what you do to a
sweater. And to me! Sweetly girl, I'm
mad for the want of your caresses.

(10)

excuse this very penmanship for
I'm writing against time. It's
12.45 now and I hear the rail
calling me. I have a lot more to
write but have to go now for the day
ahead. Tell you what I'll do. I'll
add more to this in the morning
before I mail it. How about that. I
know you like the longer type of
letters and I'll do my damnest to
supply you with such. I'll do you
know how much I love you. I am this
way for interruptions in love making.
When I dash home to your arms,
we'll go on from where we left off.
Each time it will become more arduous
and better. Well, character, I'll go
hit the road now for my lonely
rails. I am with I could crawl
in bed with you this nite. Oh Joy!
Just you wait! I'll love and woo
you until you yell for mercy. I'll
close for tonight and go catch up on
my dreaming. I love you Peanuts
and want you more than it's possible!

(11)

Good morning. Sweet character. I just
recovered from the larynx and cleared the
joint up. I'll finish this before taking on
the morning work. I'm afraid that I'll
have more than enough work to handle
once again. You crept to my lonely bed
last night and there in made love to me
through the medium of a passionate dream.
It's so disappointing to wake up and grieve
for you - just me alone. I certainly, I'm
going slowly mad for the want of your love.
This war better cease or else I won't
be worth a damn. I love you so awful much
and adore you more than you can under-
stand. Truly I believe that this war will
end with in the next few weeks. I know that
I'll be home and bound to not ~~not~~ long
after that. I'm hoping to be in your arms
by Christmas or at least Feb with our 2nd
year of marriage. I like to think about
the wonderful day I'll fling myself
into your arms. Peanuts - your husband
loves you so much. I do wish you had a
faint idea of just how much.

(2)

this morning war reports are even
better and will continue so all day long.
what a wonderful army we have. I hope
the beating mess hall has something
worth while in the way of food - silly idea!
Darling. I'll have to get me to wearing
pajamas when I come home for sleep
runs in my shorts. I know you wouldn't
like that very much - I think - Course I
could be wrong. All I know - I want to
get the hell home but quick. Time a wasting
and so is love making. Guess I best
go to work before St. Jacob's heats
something - my head or neck. What a
slave driver he is. Take good care of what
belonging to me - namely you. My the
way - Oscar says he's ready to go
home and he means ready. Once again
I warn you - be prepared! There's looking
forward to a life time of passion a little
love making. God Bless you little
beautiful wife of mine and loads of
very love. Until tonight - so long for
now.

Your Soldier Husband
Jimmy

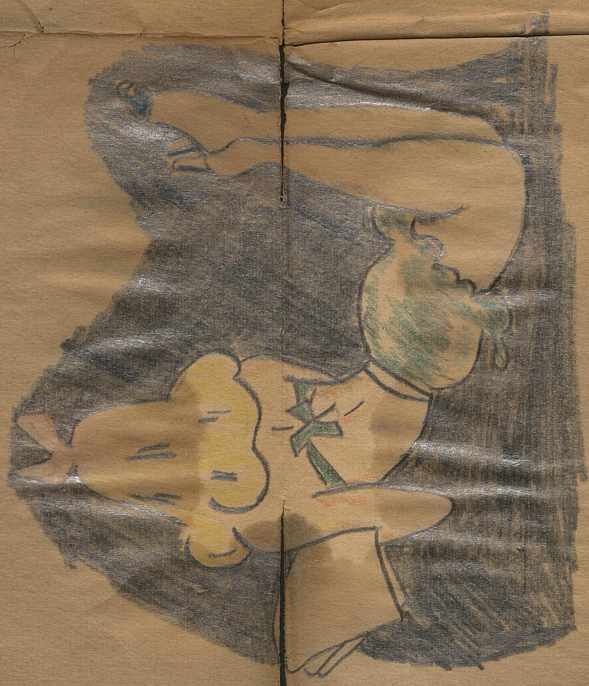


George W. Canary 15113242
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 76 Post Master
New York, New York



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

6 Sept 1944



This is worth
fighting for!
(you)

[Signature]

Thurs. Sept 7th 5
England

My Darling Sweet Angel wife!

Good evening. Parents.
Rather a late start tonight but this story
comes later. Two more letters from you
and a check from heaven. Little do you
know how much I love you and want
your hand of living. You've heard the story
of George Washington's sleep here. Well, the
English after the war can say about the
office - that famous American writer
slept right here in this office. It will be
out of a shrine or some thing. What I'm

trying to say - once again my lovely
body draped the office last night in the
gorgeous of sleep. I read after that my
your letter of last night. No need to add
that I had another passionate dream about
you. This is standing operations procedure
each night. Don't mind my - you know what.
waking me up this morning. I had a
lot of work this morning and I did it
hot quick. St. Jacob's crew his raved off
sleepy body into the office around 9am
and things got under way. The good St.
Schramm played a nice lark in his
my bag before noon chess. Tonight was
mission Review night in the Aero club
and the good St. told me to prepare the
his time Review - paper work and
arrangements in the Aero club.

(21)

It rained again all day and all of us were browned off but good. I had to haul the projectors and equipment to the Aero Club. I had orders to pick out two men to help me and I volunteered Johnson and Ray. So we loaded the jeep with piles of equipment. Neither of the two knew a damn thing about electricity and I had to do all of the work in this line. Complications in the wiring were all messed up. So using my talented patch of all the time - I fixed up the projectors. Work all afternoon and a lot of cursing. Any way, the damn thing worked. Then the problem of a screen came up. Some jerk put his over sized shoes right in the center of the screen and did a damn good job of ruining it. So, I had to remove the base for a sheet or some thing to use as a screen. I talked St. Schuman out of one of his sheets and that was taken care of. By this time, it was show time. Pubs and surprising enough, half way decent ice cream. Thinking my worries were over and that I had a last some free time. Yes! wrong again. The good St. had other plans for me. I had to run the projectors during the Mission Review. That is

(3)

what the hell I get for being so damn
good at running said machines.
I've picked up a regulation of being one
each first rate big time operator.
I turned which my needs etc. I had
worked on a nice relaxed evening of
letter writing and perhaps the movies.
So I had a few minutes to kill before
8 pm. Review time. I have an
ride down to the barracks to hunt for
my civilian shoes. Must of lost 'em
some place. Yearning of my more type
of shoes. Just took time out for midnite
chow, so you can see how damn late of
a start I got. I picked up St. Schramm
at his BOQ and drove back to the office
chaired by end less rains. We picked up
the lecture geyers and two of the combat
officers who were to heat the guns at the
review. Glad to say that the club was
packed with eager GIs wanting to be
in the know. Kind of like to think my
artful publicity helps to draw the crowd.
As you can see. I do a lot of things. Well,
we are proud to say that the Review
went over with a bang and all enjoyed
it. No doubt the rabble packed away
into the rain clouded nite with a
better understanding of just what our
group is doing to win this war.

(4)

Archibald to St. Schramm for a
superb superior job of keeping things
going in the shoes of M.C. no kidding
it was a roaring success and all of
that. S.2 is more than good of
the weekly claim book. 61 I've had a
chance to see what the air man does,
now the bombs he handles are laid in
the target, pictures of the actual
bombing. The group went to learn
just what goes on and how the small
insignificant duty they have add
up to the whole mission. We are the
winning army because our group are
interested and in on the know but
every thing. A good head can pick up
useful knowledge if he wants. Every
thing I see, hear or read is recorded
in my mental note book for future
reference. I try to better myself much
as possible and joy in the progress I
make. One can truly pick up some thing
new every day. The army is a vast
pool of knowledge and human
character. One can meet every kind
of personality in the ranks and more
there are. I can use this experience
in future writing and understand
people. Then too it will help if I
go back to the clothing game.
Speaking of selling clothes. I can

(51)

pull back on this. Darling, there. To be a
big turn over in the clothing game
when all the young come home. A
smart sales man could make a pile
of jack. But I have other plans, but
if they pull through, I'll sell ends
again. Guess I'm a sort of a high class
Comm. man. (confidence man) or some
thing like that. I know and under-
stand people and that's half the battle
right there. Darling, I doubt if I ever
attain fame or riches, but you can
bet your boots we'll have more than
just that money can't buy. Honey,
we have some thing - each other and
that's every thing. With you, I can do
most any thing. Truly I'm yours and
your humble slave who adores his wife.
Darling, keep those mail boxes
flipping with mail addressed
to me. I shall wear the post man out
carrying my words of love to you. I
guess he has a well beaten path to
you even by this time. I cringe
about being your husband and I'm
in love with my role. I would rather
be your husband than just your truly
are the first words of my heart.
I am this silly - need less say.

(6)

My well laid plans to take a 48 hour
run tomorrow have been foiled. No
one cares to take my place tomorrow
nite when my briefing team meets to
burn the mid nite oil. So - I'll just
take a half an 24 hour run to the
nearby house. Darling, the English
newspaper's lead lines scream in bold
print - as if the mouth of the moon (h-
the black out ends. So I will take a
run to London with the lights on.
Even with the black out over, our far
stretch here will be black as ever.

Suppose you could call this the
country and that it is. Will be damn
nice to see lights glowing through
out the countryside. I see for golden
what a street likes look like. Some thin
different in the year circuit. Brother
Ray is working tonight and his
guns unit haven't the office hours.
Said guy is also a married man.

He is a full welcomed member to the
S.2 fold and has passed the test.
We are very busy here in S.2 - you
know. He holds the rank of Pfc
and before long will be Pfc and
then join the immortal Martinis of
two things - one each eye. I take

all forms of soft. ⁽¹¹⁾ If you look at the
winds, eyes are winning the war. very
here! head. I'll have to finish this up
in the morning for I have gages
more to say and it's getting up the
lake. I shall dwell in my rack
within the barracks. I shall room early
Sat morning - not a bad job at all
if things are normal. If I work all
nite tomorrow - won't be a good
deal to clean the gins for after
tending over a hot way all night etc.
well, this GI will take his little old
can and head for the barracks.
I left my eye goggles in my other
uniform and really need them now.
I can well get to use a good nite's
sleep for the grind ahead tomorrow
nite. Hope you can make out the
speedy en marching. It's damn cold
tonight and the CP has a fire going
up here in the front office. I'll have
to check the stove in our office for
action. Peanuts. I'll close for now but
will return in the morning. So please
don't go away. I'm about to give
you in a gasinate dream. See you
there in a few minutes. I love you!

Sure was nasty walking to the barracks
 last nite for the rain still fell in
 torrents. Good morning. Sweet wife! Oh!
 how I wish I could say this to you from
 the other side of a breakfast table instead of
 the other side of the world. I love you so
 awful much and just adore you. Wasn't
 raining this morning but the air looks
 as if it will pour with any minute. The
 island is raised with and every thing is
 very damp. I hate this place and want
 to hurry to leave here, Darling. Last nite
 you stole to my lovely bed and gently
 climbed into my dreams. Honey, you were
 dressed so cute and sexy as a lady. I
 still see you decked out in a garter
 sweater and skirt. You are so cute and I
 like you in clothes such as these. In my
 dream we were riding in a car, looking
 around for a suitable place to dance. You
 hugged close to me as I drove the car.
 You wonderful thing. You just kept kissing
 me and making with the caresses. So fast
 so much I could hardly drive the damn
 car. We got lost through my whole dream
 and I mean was. This morning. I feel like
 hell after all that beautiful dream and then
 to wake up not in bed with you but in a
 damn barracks full of hateful old. Honey,
 I need loving bed, more than I need food.
 You are so wonderful and beautiful.

It's just 9 am and St. Jacobs hasn't showed up as yet. Suppose he hates to leave the warmth of the ranch and being a officer can stay in if he so wants. I hope my team latches on to a lucky head by not rubbing to night. I have to jule him orderly - as I've said - in the morning and no doubt would be great fun after a all night session of work. Not sure but I may take a 24 hour pass tomorrow if the weather clears up into a half way decent day. Some time this morning I have to dismantle my equip in the Aero club and haul it back over here. Two characters will be rushed in on this hauling job and haven't made up my mind who I will crack the whip over. Sleepy Ralph rub today off and the lucky moon is round as day in his stinko sack right now. On these dark dark morning, I have to force myself to leave the coldness. Gosh, that old bed is a nice place to stay in during this ceaseless rain. As you can see from my letters, England is a gruesome place at this time. Your lovely body is still in bed and I would give any thing to be there in with you. Remember last summer how I would come to town early in the morning and slip into bed before waking you up. I am this way!

(40)

Honey, you mentioned that you may go to work. Let me know what you do about this. You know I'm not so crazy about the idea but do what ever you see fit. As I've said before, you're the boss and you word is law. Honey, you really hate the Times paper. I doubt if I'll work in that very way but I would like to secure a berth on a big time rag. But if it's the last straw, I'll have to labor there until such time I gain a name in this field. Darling, did you ever read that book of cartooning? If so, hasn't arrived as of yet. I thought you mentioned buying it some time ago. I suppose it's almost here by now. As I thought - damn rain again! This morning a fire would feel damn good but we are fuel-less. The B.T.O.s in the front office have a hidden supply of coke and have a warm fire. The rest of us have to work in the cold. It's not real cold, just a damn chillness caused by this never ending rain. Snow would be better than this. The English claim last winter was a mild one. Wonder what the hell this one will be like. Sure hope I'm not here to find out. Darling, soldiers with kids under 18 will be the first to be discharged. Now if we had a baby, I could come home bout 6 months sooner. I think it's only fair and right that guys

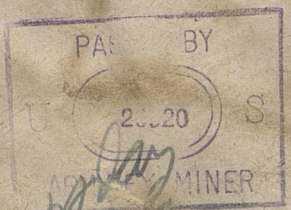
who are further to go home just. In
 the eyes of the army. I'm the same as
 single men for I married after being shot
 in O.D. I don't know if this will have
 any bearing on being discharged or
 not. I suppose we'll get out with the
 rest of the gang. Anyway, won't be very
 long. Peanuts, I can't stand much more
 of this torture. I want you so awful much
 and my whole body reminds me of it. I'm
 sick of war and want to go home. Take
 good care of yourself because you are mine!
 I shall miss you like a hurricane of
 my love when I come home. I'm afraid
 you might think I'm a hog for I'll always
 want to make love. Darling, you're going
 to have a madden beast ravish you with
 pentish passions. To give you a hint what
 I will do when I come home - the second
 thing I'll do is to take my shoes off.
 Does that give you a idea? Anyway, you'll
 have a red print on your hands. Wonder if
 you'll like that. Then gently I'll kiss
 you to begin thing and we'll take it up
 from there. Women and children stand
 back, for no one better get in my way
 as I scream towards your arms.
 When we dive into each other's arms,
 and kiss, people will fall back from
 the explosion of our passions. I don't
 give a damn where we are when I

match you in to my arms. I'll kiss the
 hell out of you and you'll have to beat
 me off for air. Mrs. Can any what a
 wonderful lot of loving you're in store for.
 I realize you will match me for as
 for passion. Both of us will be wild
 & madden friends - I'm not kidding!
 Best that you have a apt all lined up
 in some place for people will be
 shocked the way we'll carry on. Our
 families will have to wait until we
 are exhausted with love making
 before they can see me. Even then for
 only a few minutes for the cycle will
 start all over again after a short
 breather. Darling, Darling, I'm so
 passionately in love with you. I don't
 waste a bit or a second. We have so
 much to catch up on. Peanuts, pray
 real hard that I'll come home in a very
 short time. Truly it won't be much longer.
 God, I love you so awful much and
 I'm wild for your love making. Well
 best that I earn my pay and do a little
 work. I'll write you a long letter
 tonight. God bless you, my lovely,
 Angel Doll and loads of flying love. You're
 wonderful!

your Soldier Thacker &
 Jimmy



Copy George E. Canary 15113242
701 Synagogue 445 Proctor Street (W)
APO 558 70 Postmaster
New York, New York



(air mail)

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

Friday Sept 8th⁶
England.

My Darling Beautiful wife!

Two more lovely letters from you today and a letter from the family plus a overseas edition of the local newspaper. Rather cool tonight and I'm curled up by the fire in the alert room. Dick is on the rule and has a roaring fire warming off the pale child. If this letter is a bit irregular in grammar, please excuse for I haven't a suitable witting table. I'm using a make shift tree desk so I can lean into the warmth issued by the fire. As I write this, the radio blends into the back ground and this is comfortable. Only thing missing - you. Tonight my unworthy team is standing by for the mob to come in for it is our turn to work a night. I have great hopes for a night free from latus for I feel roomy already in the morning and - if the weather permits, plan to take a 24 hour pass. From all visible indications, think the gas is impossible unless no work tonight. We have to clean the briefing room some time tonight for it is one of the many duties of a team. Ray has his over sized boots propped upon the stove and his head buried in some sort of a hob, I'm flanked by Dick and he is gounding out

not a letter to some lucky creature -
 more than likely - some old vag
 Jinnny, with a shinkie pipe, glares
 at me from the other side of the stove.
 Can you picture this family gathering?
 A beautiful nothing. Don't you think?
 This damn is land once again was
 showered upon by this end less season
 of rain. Every thing is so damn damp and
 stinky. No damn coal for comfort and
 jackets help to ward off the damp penetra-
 ting cold. Every one is so damn sick of
 this end. less rain. I expect to break
 out with the sniffles at any time. But
 my super body will over throw the
 cold - nuts! I pinched up your letter
 this morning before taking on the daily
 business at hand. The good St. Jacob
 gold kicked in the gas this morning
 and showed up at the office just in
 time to say good morning and I headed
 out the door for noon show. Ran around
 east side and I was alone in the
 office all morning. After a taste. less
 dinner, I gathered up my men to
 pick up the equipment from the Aero
 club from last nite's Mission Review.
 While there in the vicinity of the P.K., I
 bought this week's ration. I bought a
 couple of flash like batteries for my over
 used flash like, also a bulb. All the
 while it was raining cats and dogs
 to use a old expression.

(3)
We drove around in the rain and
was repelled from the stuff feeling one
has from being cooped up in a office.
Later in the afternoon, had to drop my
daily work and make with the very
nice main job of S. 2 - interrogation.
Ralph picked up our mail this afternoon
and I relaxed while reading your words
of love. Little girl, you are so sweet to
your husband. I just can't receive enough
mail from you and always want more.
Again the rubble moved in to read
the clipping of letter you so thoughtfully
sent home. I repeat - you are a sweet
character and I adore you. After eating
a even worse hot-bless supper, I washed
away the wil picked up from labor.
Also shaved. So now I have a clean
body crying out for your love making
Sure wish I could hold you in my
arms right now. Darling, Darling
I love you so awful much and want
you more than you can understand.
Don and the boys are playing a
game of basket ball. Not caring for this
game any more, I didn't bother to
play. I have far more important
thing to do - writing your letters.
Money, some people consider writing
letters as a bore and hate to do it.
I look forward to pouring forth
my thoughts to you each nite.

(4)

During the day, I think of things to write you about. I love you so much and feel much closer to you while writing your letters. Damn it, after stopping to clean the living room, the work came in and had to make with the cables. I got so damn mad when ever I have to stop writing. War is truly hell and I'm not kidding Captain Grove is still giving the work on to my weaken shoulders. Guess I can stand it, anyway, so far. I'm sitting in the middle of a hell session here in the front office and unwilling I have to chime in every so often. Brother Ray is rounding off with the others adding their opinions. For some strange reason, the sharks failed to shuffle the cards tonight. St. Prang on our team has been replaced by St. Perkins. the PRO officer St. Perkins is a good Joe and a very brilliant man in my estimation. I like to think that I'm a judge of characters. Darling, here is a list that I think are damn good books and if I were in the States I would read; Good Night, Sweet Prince by Gene Fowler, C/O Postmaster by St. George, My Woman Cuz by Elizabeth Hawes, Yankee Lawyer by Ephraim Cutt, Escape My Dust by Bellamy Partridge. This is my top list and I consider them a must read selection. I'm crazy about good literature.

(5)

Shoot to me what you are reading and a brief synopsis of the characters. I crave good books and one with a little spice. I'm reading a book you would enjoy very much and I suggest you read it - Rogue's Gunferry. This is a pre-war - Civil War story about a Southerner who was a Corn man of that era. He ran slaves to the North through the underground and had plans of a rebellion of his own. He thought nothing of robbing travelers and killing them. One of the most amusing parts of the book was a notice in a whore house in New Orleans. He was just as ruthless with women and could be called a red fiend. The love making goes into details. Sounds good don't you think? May receive through the mail a new issue of Omni books - one of my favorite mag. I like to read more than write my own stories. I am living with this worth while hobby of reading. I can further better my own life. All I know - I love you so awful much. I am it, afraid I have to make with the work again. Hope that I can make this the usual length or not longer. From the looks of things, may be a short one. I know you understand. I will try my utmost to write as much as I can. I love you!

(6)

Well the all night festivities are all over
and I can go hit the sack. That is,
I'll sleep until some one wakes me up to
get room orderly. It is 5 am right now
and breakfast time. Darling, I was talking
with a friend of yours - St. Colonel Stewart.
He came to our base to visit some of his
old buddies. Hey, kid, I love you so much
and I'm not kidding. I'm going nuts
in the want of your super love making.
Peanuts, I doubt if I'll take a gas today
after all. As you can see, if I did take a
gas, I wouldn't catch enough sleep. In
order to shave & I would have to
scream out of the sack by 11 am. Ralph
will tell me if he wants to go or not and
will tell me at 11 am. I dislike this idea
of hitting the sack for a couple of hours
then have to get up and clean the barracks.
Life is rough here in the ETO. St. Jacob's
will haunt the office alone today and
no doubt he'll be lost. He's such a
little character you could look into our
office and not see him. So I leave the
work in his tiny hands. If I go to town,
I shall send you a colorful account
of said gas. My eyes are beginning to
rattle with sleep, eye lids drooping.
When ever I have to work like this, I

(7)

just can't write a half way decent letter. Please excuse. I promise you a nice letter tonight. Character, I adore you with my whole heart. whenever I think of how you can pitch the war - (all of the time) I have a fire in my eyes. I wish, I want you so awful much and can't stand enough with this fasting. So Dr. Gang was wounded in the knee. wonder if he'll go home? I should think he'd be shipped back to the States and have a rich leave. I hope he isn't injured very bad. would like to see your new sports hat. truly you are a rich chick and a beautiful Doll. I am this war! Darling, you stated that you were glad I dislike the idea of going back to school. We haven't time to fool around with such. All I intend to do - live the hell out of you day and night, then some more. How bout that old stuff bout Paul planning to buy a ring for Si? I still can't understand why he wants to write to me. Perhaps you can tell me. Darling, you have so much lovely new clothes and it's a damn shame you won't wear 'em a whole lot when I come home. Course, when we come out in public - you can deck out in your duds but - won't be too often.

(8)
you are in a line for a endless
harborage of kisses and caresses.
I'll never be able to make enough love
to you. Any way, we'll have a lot of
fun trying to make it up. Peanuts,
I'll close down in a few minutes
and grab as much sleep as I can. I
can't stay awake much longer and
lest that I take off for the barracks.
No doubt you can readily see by the
lines of my letter that I'm half
asleep right now. All I can repeat
over and over - mean it more each time.
I love you and want you. Suppose by
this time your answer to St. Jacob's
letter is well on the way. I'll receive
a hell of a bang out of learning from you.
Tell your family hello and to write real
soon. Pray real hard for the Cam war to
end quick as possible. Please don't worry
me for I'm fine as can be.
Darling, Darling, I need you so
awful bad. I am it, I'm about to fall
asleep with a pen in my hand. God
Bless you, my precious girl and loads
of super passionate love. See you in
my dreams in a little while.

your soldier
Dorothy
Gummy



Left George Canary 15113242
761 Squadron 45 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 70 Post Master
New York, New York



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



10

Sat. Sept 9th
England

My Darling Sweet Angel wife!

Good evening loveable character! Once again I'm hugging the fire here in the alert room and using a make shift crib as you can see. I love you so awful much and can't tell you this enough. I received two more wonderful letters from you today and I do hope this daily double doesn'tebb out. So far - I'm lucky in the mail and hope to keep it up. Last night my team policed through the hours of the morning and can't say we had a enjoyable time. As you know - we were like Beavers trying to meet a dead line. Darling, I apologise for the rather short letter as of last nite. I hate to send you a letter less than ten pages. But last nite, I couldn't help it for the words began early and ended late. I shall make it up with this letter. Reminds me how I found my way to the barracks this morning for I was dead on my wobbling feet. I must have used a beam hooked from the rack to home upon, no wonder but I sunk into the depths of my lovely bunk, the dark oblivion of sleep crashed my eyes shut with a resounding click. I tried to sleep much as I could in a couple of hours for the rest of room utterly was mine.

(2)
Being of a heroic nature and wanting
to do my utmost to lean into the
war effort, I climbed out of the clinging
warmth of the nest. Being a true soldier
I grasped a M-1 army issue broom
firmly in my hands and faced the
enemy. Taking a deadly aim, I plunged
into hand to hand combat with the
gusto of another Alvin Karpis. My over-
powering drive swept the enemy before
me and soon I had gained the tactical
length with my super push. The battle
was ~~an~~ won effort for mopping up
up small pockets of enemy resistance.
I changed my weapons to a auto-
matic spraying mop and quickly
finished the remaining common
enemy of dirt. It is said through my
heroic deed of single handed, facing
this battle with blood shot eyes and in
a weakened condition caused by all
might work, I am in store for the highest
award that the army can bestow
upon a lowly Sgt., the D.S.C. (the
Distinguished Service Cross) My
reward was to plunge back in bed
after eating early dinner. I slept
until 6 pm tonight and hustled to
the mess hall to eat again. I presented
out a letter to the post by then caroled
to the Aero club for a light snack.
Now I am writing you and that
takes care of the many details of
this new less day. I love you!

(3)

Upon my desk tonight, I found your letter to St. Jacobi. He left it there for me to read. Darling, it was a very nice letter and cute. I haven't seen the little cuss as of yet, but no doubt he was tickled to death. He's a damn lucky guy to hear from a beautiful creature that you are. Said officer is working tonight and I will see him when ever he comes in. I wouldn't doubt that he is in the front office right now. So you feel as if you know him well enough to call him Fitty. How bout that old stuff. What kind of a wife do I have? She writes to all my friends and I wonder!!! you know I'm only joking and think it's swell of you to do such thing. I love you so awful much. No one could help but love wonderful you. I love about you so much that characters like F.A. Jacobi and Don wants to know you. Truly I'm proud of my beautiful, lovely wife! Don and his team are also working tonight. I have a heavy day ahead tomorrow for the awards day is mixed with work. Ray left for London on a 48 hour pass and I face the work alone. I didn't bother with taking a pass to day for no need to say I was no dam in the need of sleep. Ralph didn't want to go either. So I'll go one day rather two day next week.

(4)

Darling, some of the fellows are going so far as to marry girls over here. One of the fellows in my squadron married a Sinner girl a week or so ago and another guy plans to do so in the very near future. I saw this guy tonight in the Aero Club and he is a swell. You know what Sinner's women look like, well this one makes some girls look like gin up. The lucky guy is rather old - I should say almost 40 or less. This horrible looking girl gives me the impression of some one's grand mother. She isn't a Sinner child at all. I suppose these guys will send their wives to the States after the war. I guess any of these English girls would give anything to get the hell out of this country. I know that I want to haul ass from this damn island.

Darling, I suppose you've read or have heard the latest guff from the War Dept. on how the GIs will be released from the army, when the war ends over here, men that are fathers will be the first to go home. It is only right that they should be discharged first. I think it was a mistake to draft fathers in the first place. Next in line to be released are men with the longest overseas tours of duty - that is, if they are not needed. Single soldiers will be released but all members of the army needed to wage a

death blow to Japan will not go home until the Japs are defeated. I dislike the idea but I think I'll like wear odds even after Germany falls. It's hard to realize this and that I'll be under arms for a little longer. Again, I might be a surplus soldier and sent home if not needed. Much as I want to come home to you, I think the War Dept. made a wise decision. I agree that fathers should go home first of all, then men who have made overseas duty out the longest. And that any one needed to help end the Japs should stay in. Darling, I know you want me home soon as possible but you have to agree with this. If I'm needed to stay in, I can only do my duty proudly. Parents, pray real hard that I'm not needed and can come home soon as possible. I need you so awful much and can't stand it much longer. I'll be so damn glad when this hellish life of being away from you is over. Let's make damn sure our kids won't have to go through this in another 20 years. What a advantage is there in a war every generation? We are supposed to be a civilized world. War makes men behave best. Frankly I consider waging wars needless. But long as there are people, jealousy will always lead forth into hot fury.

(6)
Why in the hell am I willing of this
rest of thing? Pray real hard that I'll
be released soon as possible. Darling.
Ernie Pyle in his column today really
announced that this would be his
last story for awhile. The War Dept. has
ordered him to return to the States for
a rest. He apologized and regretted
that he had to leave this ETO and felt
he was deserting his post. Really, it was
a real jerker of a column this time and
made the reader feel blue. I will miss
his daily column in the Stars & Stripes.
In my book, he is the greatest writer of this
war. When he is reported I will eagerly
await his column from the South Pacific.
I wish I could write like he does or even
a 1/3 as good. Lacking spare time, I have
failed to write any more stories. (As if I
should) Some times I think that I should
give up this childish dream for my stuff
stinks. Darling, you read my story
announced and that you read it. Of course
you said it was good and all of that.
But I don't know. Honey, you read a
lot and have a taste for good stuff. So
please give me your honest, unprejudiced
opinion. Make like some one else
besides me whizzed up said a thing and
let me know the outcome. I'm
healthlessly awaiting your answer.

(7)
the public relations office says my staff
is good but I don't heed much their
opinion for they are a very wild lot.
Sara claims to be a scribe from the
Philadelphia Star. If so, I'm editor of
the New York Times. I just came back
from mid-nite chew and I'm now using
the facilities of the front office, namely
heat. Of all days to have a feeble ray of
sunshine, it would be the one I have to
sleep on. But it rained after supper as
per usual. What a hell of a place England is.
Sweet Lil wife. I had a wonderful dream
about you today. In the dream, I trooped
into the barracks - and what you know!
there you were perched on my bed. Seems if
you asked the President permission to
come and see me, the W.D. obeyed the
deal and you hopped a plane to England.
What a wonderful dream this was. I was so
damned though for everyone kept bothering
us and we couldn't live - a fate worse than
death. Tonight, I shall live the hell out of
you - of course in another dream, making
up for the wasted time in the one of today.
Don't you think you have a sulky husband?
Blame it on me for I'm crazy for the
want of you. Anyway, I'll be home very
soon and can become sane again - I
think. There is a chance I may come home
when the war ends over here. Pray!

(8)
I also received a letter from the family
and again you were the main topic.
Honey, everyone loves you and tells me
how wonderful that you are - as if I
didn't know. I didn't go to the movies
tonight or have fun I had too many
other things to do - write a long letter
to you. I never have enough time to
write you a letter long enough as I
would like to. We are kept busy as
hell over here and I'm not kidding.
Today is Sat. but you could find me. Seems
like Monday to me for the time crawls
up so slowly. We had so much fun on the
week ends, in fact all week long. Honey,
I will eat you alive when I come home.
Make sure you are dressed in such a
manner - that you are ready for a
thorough making of love making.
I don't want anything to hinder or
hinder my violent actions. So be
ready for action. Gosh! I'm going
to love you until your little old ears
glow like red fire. Really, you are in blue
for a lot of passionate woo and I
do mean woo. You are so wonderful
and lovely. Honey, if you only realized
just how much I love you. No kidding,
you'll find out in a violent way
in a very short time. Beautiful
character - I adore you beyond words.

I've been immersed in this war too long. My spirit is wobbly and my mind is confused. The hurt from being away from you has finally become too great. All of a sudden, it seems to me if I miss one more letter from you or not go home real soon, I will go off my nut. I think the world will enjoy peace in a few more months - all over the world. So soon, I'll be on the way to your arms. Even after 9 pages of writing, there is a lot more I want to tell you. I cannot help but feel blue away from you like this. You are my whole life and I'm truly dead away from you. Being your husband is a rich heavenly privilege. You are the best little wife in the world in every sense of the word. Having you as mine is a blessed good fortune and I feel lucky as can be. Thank you, Pearns, thank you for taking my name in holy marriage. With you to come home to, I can carry on through this hell. If it weren't for the thought of you, I'd surely die. The couple we had of married life last summer was wonderful and I want the real thing but quick. I realize now that it is impossible for me to pull as long as I should at this time. So I will stay down here to night and need until I do cry out for the need of sleep.

Reider. I want ⁽¹⁰⁾ to share early
in the morning and plunge into
the work as soon as I can. Really, I
have a hell of a lot to do! I had to
laugh about Billie having enough
nerve to enter a beauty contest. She
could win a prize for the most likely
character to haunt a home. She is the
rag picker pin up or Miss Bagg of
1944. When she walks by, dogs howl
and babies cry. I shudder just thinking
of her horrible face. She should be on
Sigue's list of women. Darling, you ask
if I thought \$55.00 was too much to
pay for a coat. Honey, I leave that up
to you. I want you to have nothing but
the best. Do what you think best and it's
okay by me. I do like the clipping of
the style coat you have in mind. Thanks
for the mention of me and send mine.
I do the same whenever I hear of a good
one. Best time your family gets one each
not down, the way Sissy squeals on
the phone. I would tell her off in strong
words and in a un-mine way. Tell
her to take her problem to Mr. Another.
From here on out - the rest of their
letter will be devoted to love and
passions and such. I'll tell you in
plain words how I want you and love you.
So hang on to your hat - here we go -

(1)

No matter if I shouted from the house
tops night and day how much I love
you - still you couldn't realize just how
much I do. In each of my letters, I repeat
it over and over again, yet each time I
say it, I mean it more. Darling, I miss
the firm pressure of your dainty lovely
charms each nite. I miss that cheerie
good morning kiss that starts the day off right.
The cute way we rompy about, playfully
caressing each other. When I'm near
you, my hands just can't mind their own
business, as if I wanted 'em fro. Your lips
set me with flames of consuming, fiery
passions. Taste like candy and makes
me feel like candy. I just look at you -
Wow! I'm all hot and bothered. You enchant
me by walking across the room, just
being near you. I love everything about you,
the way you kiss, the way you love and
the health taking way your lovely body
fills out clothes. What you do to a sweater
cries me nuts with love. Oh, you've
got what it takes and I want it. When I
come home, no one can share you with
me. I want to hide away in some
love nest away from peering people. I
want to roll my eyes at your lovely
charms that are mine. When I come home
you'll be another Sally Rand or Gypsy Rose
see if you know what I mean and I think
you do. Fun don't you think?

I drive myself wild by just worrying
 about such things and I wonder how you
 feel. I am this way from cutting me off
 from your life giving passions. We shall
 spend the rest of our lives, enjoying love
 making in violent but wonderful way. I
 can only try to warn you to be prepared.
 I don't want to scare the hell out of you
 when I madly grab you into my arms and
 squeeze the very life out of you. I'll have to
 hold back or else becoming no longer in the
 passion. I may hurt you. Parents, when
 I come back to the States, and if I can't go
 home at once, you shall scream to wherever
 I may be. Soon as I set foot upon the soil of
 my country, I shall send for you or go
 home myself. Wherever we meet, none of
 one thing, sparks will fly with violent
 passions. My standards better not get in the
 way as we dash into each others arms.
 Darling, pray real hard that I can go
 home when the war ends over here. I think
 I have a hell of a good chance to go
 home then. Anyway, I shall be with you
 before very long. I shall close now and
 try to sleep. It is almost 2 am. Darling,
 please don't worry about me for all is well.
 Keep your chin up and hang on. God Bless
 your beautiful doll of mine and leads of
 our hand of wild passionate love.

Your Soldier Husband
 Jimmy





Sept 10,
1944

my bunny

Frank Sinatra



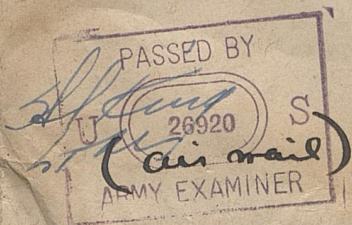
Guess who!
Pybarnum



George W. Canary 15113242
701 Myra Court 445 North 9th (H)
APO 558 70 Post Master
New York, New York



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



Sunday Sept 10th
England

My Darling Angel Wife!

I suppose for the fact of being Sunday or a day of rest, for some people - is the logical explanation of why I'm suffering for the lack of mail. I did receive one letter from Aunt Sis but in all other respects - I stand short. You can realize how I feel this night with out my daily love letter from you. As I expected, Mrs. Cam was today that one man could handle. I held down the office alone and I was busy as a bee. Last night I held up here in the office with the intention to read but I became so engrossed in writing your letter - the time flew by. So I had to hit the sack and didn't read after all. I love you so awful much and no doubt you suspect this by now. I've told you at least 100,000,000 times and then some. Quicker I shaved this morning and built a fire to ward off the chill of this rainy weather. I leaked my shaving water on the fire. I didn't realize just how much work was on hand until I fell in into my elbows. Sorry to say, I have another such day ahead of me and I should hit the sack rather early. But you know me when I get

(21)

Cooking in the front burner in your daily
ETO news. I love you so awful much
and really enjoy jotting down my
crazy thoughts to you. I hope you
get a kick out of this no call & letter.
St. Jacobi must of rubbed his self to the
nub last nite for not once was his child
like face in the office. Usually, whenever
we work, come around the next day
to see what's the story etc. At least the
day faces do. S. 2 is our home or hang
out. None of the fellows seem to hobb not
with outsiders - just stay within the
family. Reading over books and reports.
I became dizzy but quick. I'm not
cut out for such work as this and I
get itchy pants. I like to move
about and do more glamorous work.
I won't have to fool with the awards
much longer for Chris will come back
from his per lounge tomorrow nite. Spec-
ing of per lounges - I still havn't made
any plans. Can't say I am let up
over a 7 day leave. I like to stay close
to my life line - your mail. I am. I
love you so awful much and want
home but quick. Darling, pray real
hard that the army consider me as
a very low soldier so I can go home

(3)

when the war ends over here. I know
that you are graying real hard but
lean into it just a little more. I
had to make with the routine S-2 work
this afternoon and was damn glad to
unchain myself from this office.
Please excuse this rambling writing
for I want to cram much as I can
before I take off for well needed sleep.
I'm a bit on the dead side tonight
and really will hit the sack rather
early - that is compared with other
nites. - my GI shoes finally came
back today and I won't have to splash
around in the mud in my good shoes.
My laundry came back today and
the old Simer woman did a damn good
job. I shall send out another batch of
dirty - stinky drawers in a day or so.
I like clean, careening drawers next
to my pink hide. If we are over here
when winter comes, I will not wear the
ruger man drawers for my sensitive
skin breaks out with a rash from the
squeamish wool. I want my manly
look to be in top shape for V. day,
when I come home to you. Because you
want a handsome lover etc.

(4)

tonight - I'm humped off and I do
mean humped off. Special Service
issued a proclamation to wit - from
this date on, there will be one movie
each night for the enlisted men only.
The officers will enjoy the movie in
raid officers club instead of the 8:30 show.
Let's look at bare facts - more enlisted
men attend the movie than officers, I
should say, the ratio is about $\frac{2}{3}$ enr
and $\frac{1}{3}$ officers at each showing. So this
means $\frac{2}{3}$ or $1\frac{1}{3}$ of enlisted men have to
crowd in to the show and $\frac{1}{3}$ won't be able
to see the show at all. The enlisted men
can't always catch the first show because
of duties. One shift will go to the first show,
and take the place of the other while they
catch the second show. So you can see
that is very unfair. The officers can sit
high balls while watching the show
seated in comfort while the GIs sit there
on meat in one mass of human
wodies. Why should the officers be so
segregated from the enr? Are we
rum and rabble? It's okay for the
officers to have a special section in
the movie and better chairs but why
hafter the you beat up GIs? you tell
me! What a hell of a war this is!

(57)

I'm a peace loving character but
some times I blow my top and this
is one of those times. I can't wait
until I'm a free man again and can
breathe the air of a civilian. I hate
war! Be cool - George! Take it easy!
Chang - I will. (Gordon while I talk
to myself) Once before I told you we
have a billie string band here in
the bar. Captain Jones M.C.'s for this
country outfit and is another Pro
Huge. He cracks one joke after another
and in a manner that splits a gut.
Said outfit resented in the Aero
club tonight and it was very enjoyable.
Capt. Jones is sharp as a tack and
spouts off millions of laughable jokes.
All of S-2 lead the laughter, clapping
and cheering - Had to or else! Jones
fun as a comedian has spread far
and wide. They are so good - other bars
are booking them up for weeks ahead.
They are really worth while to see.
Said bar down lasted until 10 pm. Jim
and Jim are parked here in my office
for I have a fire going again. It's
not real cold but feels good anyway.

(6)

Dick and Ralph headed towards the
van as the rather early-morning as the
even session ended in the Aero
club. They never hang around here
very late like Don etc. I didn't take
a day off last week and have a extra
one on the work to my credit. I do
take a 48 hour gas and use it up.
The lights go on again in London
after the 11th for the first time in 5
years. I do want to see the place like
my. I haven't walked under a street light
in almost a year. Now one can see
when in the hell you are going with
out the standing danger of running
into some one in a gust etc. I suppose
the black out won't be lifted here in the
near. I am, I want to leave this damn
island. Truly I'm sick of England.
No wonder our ancestors left this
hell hole way back when. You can
rare this side of the world. The only
time I want to ever see it again, is
from maps or pictures. And I love
you so awful much and adore you
legend words of the English language.

(5)

Darling, when ever I am caught
mail-less like this, I feel so out of
touch with the world. You are my
world - you know! I need living but not.
As I stated earlier in this letter, please
excuse this needie writing. It is late
as hell right now and time for mid
nite show. I will take off for the mess
hall in a few minutes, then backward.
I shall add more to this early in the
morning with a fresh mind. The only
thing different about today was the
fact of attending Mass this afternoon.
Remember how I would take you to
church each Sunday before we were re-
married? Makes no difference what the
hell I'm doing, a sharp pain reminds
me how much I need you. As time
drags by - the strength this unbearable
pain becomes. I'm so crazy about my
sweetest girl! Dick asked me to close up
the alert room before I go home and
that I will do. No comic strip of Jane
on Sunday - no more enclosed. But
I'll shoot another one to you tomorrow.
Monday is don't say for the club until

make the rounds. (8)
to my share and then some. In
some reason or other - didn't rain today
and that is some sort of a record. I
take rain - this English version of rain!
I suppose F.A. Jacobi will be in
the office tomorrow morning eager
as all hell. Funny thing, he doesn't
stay away very long. Brother Ray
at this time is having a hell of a good
time in London. "Over Hill" was
scheduled for today's movie but
was canceled for some reason or other
tomorrow. I for one will make damn
sure that I take in said movie.
Under the new set up of one show each
nite, we'll have to squall in the hall
about a hour ahead of time in order
to catch on to a seat. I do like this
waste of time. I will read a book while
waiting out the show. You can't
escape from the army even in the
movies - damn it! However, I will
shut down for tonight and fly to
the north in order to keep my date
with you in a farinate dream.

(91)
good morning Parents! I've slept
a little this morning and had to run
also had to do meet shop. Breathless
I screamed up to a halt with in my office
expecting to find J.C. Jacobi making
facing the floor. To my surprise - no
Jacobi. I've had to rush through this
in I have piles of work to get out some
time to day. I shudder just thinking
about all of this damn paper work. (Particular
while I sleep) I walked home with Jay
and Jim last night. I went as far as the
barracks and from there, took a super
short cut through the fields. By road, our
synchrotron area is almost a mile apart
but through the fields - less than 200
yards. There was a semi moon east night
and I could grope my way half blind.
After crawling into the rack, I'll be damn
if I could fall asleep. I rolled and tossed
etc. So I ran back, like my a chest field
and cut the ugly blackness with the glowing
end of the fuse. Not the Sioux Indians
muttered some sort of a war chant in his
sleep and I laughed until my sides hurt.
You should hear the moans and groans
of a barracks full of sleeping G.I.s. Waking
dully in my fog, I had sweet thoughts of
you. I can't know, I guess I can't.

(91)

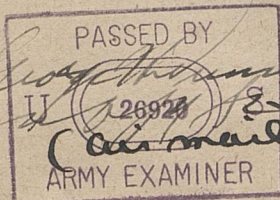
a couple of hours, smoking and
thinking of you before I feel asleep.
Darling, I love you so awful much
and really want to be in your arms
right now. You are wonderful and a
sweet little angel. Every so often, the
strong messengers shoot in more than
enough and my desk is crying from
the same stuff. So I guess I better
wake in but quick. I'll write you a
more interesting letter tonight and
longer. I know that I'll be a dead
duck after knocking off this growing
pile of work. I'll be damn glad when Charlie
gets the hell back and takes care of his
job. Take damn good care of your self
and keep that pretty little chin up. Your
old beat up husband will soon be on the
train home ward. God, I love you so awful
much little gal! Tell your family to
write again. Hope the mail clerk has
a lot of mail from you. God Bless
my beautiful creature and love of
my arm a le love. I'll draw some sort of
a cartoon for you when ever I have a
bit of free time - when ever that is. I
love you Peasants!

your Soldier Husband
Johnny

1st Lt George Canany 15113242
701 Squadron 445 Bom B Group (M)
APO 558 70 Post Master
New York, New York



Mrs. George W. Canany Jr.
4601 W Jefferson St.
Louisville 11, Ky
U. S. A



9
Somewhere in England (damn it!)
Sometime
(To be more explicit, Sept. 11, 1944)

Dear Peanuts,

No doubt you thought I was never going to answer your lovely letter, but I'll coin a phrase and say "Better late than never." Of course that doesn't compensate for my neglect to write to you. I'm really very sorry I haven't written before now and no doubt you think I'm a cad, bouncer, no good, irresponsible, loafer. Hey, how did you know? Anyhow I'm really sorry and I apologize. I hope that I'll be forgiven and that you will write again. The letter was wonderful and I certainly did appreciate it a lot. Your letter helped my morale no end and if it wasn't for the funnies that you send George there would be nothing worth living for in the E. I. O.

I have a girl at home and they are very sweet. The one in my home town I think is my favorite, but at the present writing I am a bit confused. There is another

one who went to the same college. She is also a very sweet young lady. None of them will even remember me by the time I get home so, no doubt, I'll have to find a new girl. Let me know if you have anyone in mind. George seems to favor my girl at home but I still am a little confused. One day I'll get a letter from Eleanor, that's the one at home, and then it will be her and no one else. The next day I'll get a letter from Agnes, that's the girl at college, and there will be no one but her. Confused, now ain't it. Now Mr. Agony my problem is should I do, sell the farm or let the kids starve to death? Some problem, don't you agree with me? Don't mind me, guess I've just been in the

E. J. Q. too long.

I'm still taking good care of George cause I think he is a pretty good guy, no doubt you are of the same opinion? Silly question wasn't it. I certainly do hope that you and George can be back together in the near future and this ole toby

every world will be back to normal. You both have a standing invitation to come and pay a visit to the Hedderston's so I hope that someday you'll do just that. I am looking forward with great anticipation to meet you, and I hope that it isn't too far off.

We saw an excellent movie this evening. It was a cover girl with Rita Hayworth (sigh) and Gene Kelly. Very pretty scenery, in fact beautiful leg -- I mean scenery all over the place. It was enjoyed by all.

To introduce my finer side I'll tell you my inclination toward poetry. Yes, I am interested in poetry. The finer type of poems. To further prove my point I'll forward my favorite poems to you. The beauty and sentiment expressed in this poem really touch the strings of one's heart. It is really a beautiful piece of literature and so without further explanation I will let you judge for yourself.

Title

No Greater Love.

The wonder Full love of a beautiful maid.
The love of a staunch, True man,
And The love of a baby unfraid
Have existed since Time began.

BUT The greatest love, The love of loves,
Even greater than that of a Mother,
Is The tender, passionate, infinite love
Of one drunken bum for another.

Guess, I'm just about run down now so I'll say
"cheerio" from jolly ? England. Hope you will write
when you find time. Don't worry about George cause
he will be o.k. with me to watch after him.

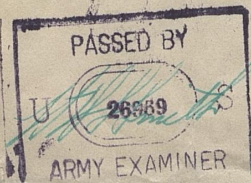
Bye Now,
Don.

Cpl. D.F. Heddleston 13132644
700th Sq. 445th Bomb Grp (H)
APO 558 c/o P.M.
New York, N.Y.



Due 6/1

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



9

Wed Sept 13th 10
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Another heart warming,
thrilling letter from you today and
things are in the groove tonight. I tell!
I love you so awful much and I am
not kidding! Tonight, the elite are
unboring in the famous S.2 dept -
namely - my team of talented jibs. Swee is
not with us this time and but now
he is _____ up in Scotland (make
your own choice) I've the blind man in
taking Swee's place. We have to read
20/20 I've around from winter room.
I am only kidding but I've has a very
series of fingers. Today was another
average ETO day - more damn work than
the law allows. I held down the hated
awards dept for Lehm's haunts & the
joint all last night. St. J. A. Jacobs
was here today. That's all - just here.
I worked like a mad man all day
long - making with the winning of
the war - run here. Lehm has a nice
pile of work to take on in the morning

(2)

and glad to run. I'm much affected
from that end less jags with. I
expect that I'll make with the jumping
up every five minutes as usual in the
nites we have to work. What a hell-of-a
war this is! Here I am surrounded
by muthy unpredictable characters
when I could be surrounded by you.
Don't want to sit and the short
face you asked me to kick him out
out of bed this morn. So I leaped into
the ring and with great glee, screamed
over to his vanack to wake him up. I
shook the hell out of him for about
five minutes before his eye balls
clicked open. Rubbing the sleep from
his brown luminous eyes, he
climbed into a pair of muthy fatigues.
He screamed to a halt in front of
Chui's vanack and there he woke
him up. The three of us ate chow-
half way decent & vast beef. I've told
you before that Chui is a ref friend of a
virgin. The rabble in Hdy. square
chasing three to a room. Chui

(3)

has his straw very hot ring room filled
with refy gin up - with and with out.
Chris rolls in his neck, staring at
the semi nude and nude women and
drinks all over the place. In fact, his
room mate gave him a yellow ring
dripping bucket for his bath day. Now
he joint out stiches with his dribbling
relieve. After chow, Don and Chris
headed for the Aero club while I took
off for the meat shop. More chow
with the afternoon and tonight, I'm
looking forward to more. Wonderful
life here in the ETO. Please excuse
this very wittingly for I'm spending
the year so I can write much as
possible before the big black white
cracks over our heads. Dick is C.O.
tonight and has a thin fire going
here in the front office. Everyone is
buddled about the stove, reading or
sleeping. St. Perkins has his long
lanky body spread out, watching me

(41)
the weak heat. Dick has his head
buried in a book and Bill's head is
nodding towards the floor. Joe is
making faces at the unseen walls
and Captain Grove is in deep
meditation. The hour is a rather
late one and we are waiting for
the work to come in or the good
word to go hit the rack. I don't
expect to see the rack until early
some time tomorrow. Could be
morn'g - you know - hope so! To show
how damn busy I am, haven't even read
Sat's yarn. Sight seen in Gordon -
talking from a report of my agents -
"A wedding carriage was driving
through the streets of Gordon. Buried
in chairs on the back were the words,
'Remotest of bare less tales'" (Ah!
Another) thing are being to happen
and I have to go to work against
my will. So Gordon me for awhile!
Capt. Grove is yelling his head off
down the hall for me to come quick!

(5.)

6:10 am. Well, I'm finished for this
damn mile and can go hit the sack any
time I so want. I'm just the half
dead stage at this point and could
fall as long easy as hell. Darling, all I
can say - I love you so awful and want
you more than a human can understand.
I would like to haul out of the sack for
now know and could leave a note for
Don to wake me up but think I will make a
day of it - in the sack. Honey, no doubt
you can see that my letter is getting dull
for I'm so damn sleepy. I shall try to
write as much as I can before head in
for head fast and bed. Signa looks off in another
year tonight - no need to say just what
he goes to town for. Church wasn't around
today and nothing more in the way of
news but my parabola. I suppose I will
take it, any way. I should latch on to a
week of rest. Chris bought a lot of nice
gifts in Scotland to shoot home to the
family. I will do the same and will try to
bring you a lot of nice things. Nothing is
so good for my little wife! you beautiful!

(6)

When ever we pull a all night session,
can't eat in combat mess for mid night
chow. too many guys were messing up
a damn good deal by barging in and
messing them were working. None of the S-2
guys did this for we all know better. The
mess night is damn mad and can't say that
I blame him very much. The officers have to
eat with us in our own mess hall.

Perhaps the food will be better from now
on - I sure do hope so! Does my heart
good to see the officers went into the
line like the rest. The shower room is
closed for some silly reason and we
are bath-less for a few days. I would like
to sit under the refreshing spray of a
nice clean shower. Darling, last winter,
the tea wagon came around twice a day
and I related to you many times about
this. Sure wish said tea wagon would
reappear every morning. Honey,
think that I'll close my eyes for a
few minutes and relax. I want to
sign this letter my love with a wish or two.

(7)

I loved it. After a few weeks of short
eng. Dick and I ate in combat mess. They
had hot cakes and not half bad for a
GI mess hall. It is now 7:30 now and I
shall take off for the barracks in a very
few minutes. I love you so much that I
must write a letter of a decent length
each night. Honey, you mentioned that
you asked Mom a no. of times to go out
with you and she refused. Darling, you
must realize her problem etc. She keeps
telling me she wonders if you aren't bored
going around with Dad and her. She's
afraid of this. So do you understand?
My family loves you as a real daughter
and you should read the compliments they
have about you. My using a method of
a diplomacy you can hint of how you
do enjoy being with them. They would like
that very much. Darling, really, Mom
is crazy about you for you are so good to
me. She knows how much I love you for
I tell her enough. This morning, England
is blanketed with a fog that is thick
enough to cut with a knife. While we
are walking to the mess hall, in a couple

(81)
It was so thick that we walked over
it instead of through it. Didn't realize
it until I looked down through a hole
in the stuff and saw the ground 5 ft
down. This will give you a idea of how
dense the fog is. I suppose we'll have to
crawl towards the barracks and find it
w/ a sense of feel. Well, Honey, I better do
that very thing for my blood shot eyes
refuses to stay open. I shall with out
doubt - dream of you all day long
and will be a continual dream full of
passions. Darling, Darling, I love
you so awful much and want you more
than words can express. Very soon I'll
be there with you and Oh! Boy! Dick
is yelling for me to go and so I will.
Please don't worry but me etc. I'll
real hard like I can. I'll write a better
letter tonight full of love and passions.
God Bless you, Darling wife of mine
and loads of pie, love to you. Until
tonight, good nite for now as yet &
dang

your Soldier the hard
Penny



JANE ...

...WELL, I SUPPOSE SOMEBODY'S GOT TO CLEAR UP THE MESS, ALF—THOSE TWO ARE TOO BUSY...



AR!—I'M NOT MUCH OF A ONE FOR THE GAB, LASS, BUT—I LOVE YOU, SEE!—WILL YOU MARRY ME?



COO!—AND TO THINK IT TOOK A BOMB TO MAKE YOU SAY THAT, BERT!—BUT I CAN'T ACCEPT YOU UNTIL I ASKED MY MUM'S PERMISSION..



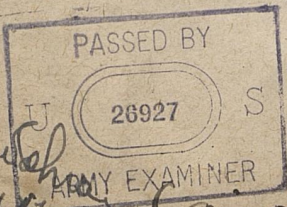
YOU'VE GOT IT, GIRL!—KISS HIM QUICK!—YOU DON'T GET AN OFFER LIKE THAT EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK!



15113242
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (M)
APO 558 70 Post Master
New York, New York



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



Sub
1722
(air mail)

10

Thurs. Sept 14th

England

my Darling Sweet Angel wife!

Good evening. Prams to

Sorry to report that this is another
mail-less day here in the E10. So
at this time, I'm gawping for the want
of mail. Her's hoping for a happy
tomorrow. Last night my team of
big time operators gave out with a
all night performance by special request
(post office) today. I dwelt in my
reels and had passionate dreams of
you. I crawled into my moth eaten
blankets around 9 am and ejected
my sleep filled body tonight at 9 pm.
So you can see, I latch on to a lot
of sleep. Glad to say, I feel good tonight
that is - in a physical sense. I want
you so awful much that I could eat
nails. Dam this war! I missed chew
because of sleeping so late. So I quickly
dashed to the Aero club and ate cake &c.
I wasn't very hungry anyway and can
hold out until mid-nite chew. I
thundered and throve early in the evening.
I sank into the soft comfort of our
merrie chair and read to carry some

of the ETO Bible - ② Stars and Stripes.
Inhalation on a need, I scanned the
news of the world. During a letter to
my family, I printed one out to even
my my credit books. Needless to say,
I slipped into this sugar report. I'm,
the jerk from the Buckeye State is
bleeding his heart to some lucky
girl. Said character has his body
draped here in my office. Jimmy from
the automobile city, Detroit has his
lucky carcass glued in the
position of relaxing in my main
chair. Course there is a slight change
of 3d per sitting - (5¢) Our office is
comparable to a town hall or something
like that. Any one comes in here,
writing, humming books from me,
reading Terry or just shooting the
bull. St. Jacobi received a package
yesterday and there in was a fruit
cake. I opened up my desk a little
while ago and there in was a bunch of
cake he so thoughtfully saved for me.
Hey, but time for midnight show and
I need some food. So I'll take off for

a few minutes. Back from chow and
the empty spot beneath my belt feels
much better now. Jim and Don
sauntered to the mess hall with me
and from there to the barracks. There
I am on duty to night but through
a lucky break, can hit the sack. I'm
going to haunt the office to night and
the walls will resound with the sighs
of my slugging. I couldn't go to sleep
if I crawled into the sack in my hut
because of the absolute abundance of dust
my I latched on today. I'll read until
I am sleepy. Jim and Don like all
other GIs, always talk about shirts. No
matter what soldiers talk about, get entered
into the conversation. Each young likes to
boast of his affairs and beautiful dames.
I sit and inwardly laugh at 'em. It's
a warm feeling to know a sweet little wife
is waiting for you. These other young haven't
much to look forward to. Of course they
glad of great drinking matches and
taking on all women they can. Don
says he wants to travel around before
going back to college. Ralph hasn't

(41)
plans at all. He wants to go home.
That's all. Most of the fellows are young
guys like myself and havin' a real
hard a job waitin' for 'em. That's one
of the biggest troubles of young guys being
in the army. Right now in normal times,
we would be mouldin' careers in some
sort of business. I have great plans and
hopes to land a damn good job. I want
to make some of that green stuff so I
can take care of you with nothing but
the best. Main thing right now is to get
the hell home. Som I'll be doing that
very thing, going home to you. We have
a whole life time to make up for this empty
void. I shall never forget this hell of
parting from your love. Darling, we both
realize how much we mean to each
other. I shall spend the rest of my life
showing you just how much I do
love you. To me, you will always be my
little bird. That's the way married life
should be but some people forget. I
shall kiss away all of this sorrow when
V-day comes. Sweet Gal! I love you.

S-2 is making ⁽⁵⁾ like a bomb right now
in the joint is empty. Bill is holding
down the post office, pulling in C. Q. A
little old black cat is stalking mice here
in my office and every so often, leaps
up into my lap. I let the cat in with
the idea of getting rid of the damn mice.
Those little pest hear my every thing
and play hell with candy rations. I
lock mine up in a steel drawer so the little
bastards can't reach it. How, no way
that the cat has loads of fun knocking
off mice. One year ago today (my little
black hub of farming life) we moved from
Simp C. Ty to what we thought a hill-hole.
Scribner. Little did we know at that time.
I was frantic by trying to find a room
for you, one year ago. Luckily enough, I
did through the P. Queen - Maria. I
would give anything to even be back there.
No matter where we were, we had so damn
much fun. But! we are so madly in love!
Without your love - I would surely die.
It has warmed up a bit here in England &
but still too cool for comfort. I always
liked the full weather - that is - in the
state. Remember how we tramped in the

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crunching leaves. you are so cute
dressed out in weather wearing sweaters
and shirts. I want you to always dress in
right clothes. Darling, you are a beautiful
little girl and cute as a bug's ear. I guess
I could even almost like England if you
were with me. I wouldn't want you to be
in this damn hell hole. It isn't fit for a
dog, no day need G.I. to this island.
I bet a lot of the English will go to the
U.S. after the war. Yankee land they say
about their home land and the English
are ~~beginning~~ beginning to release 'em. I
suppose France and all the other countries
over there are about the same. I'll
never want to leave the U.S. again and
will confine my traveling with in the
U.S. America is worth fighting
for! all the other countries are jealous
of the U.S. and they should be. you can't
realize how much I want to come
home. where ever you are, that's my home
and where I want to be. Parents I
want you so passionately and I do
mean want. I am! I am! this war!

I quit CQ Sat. nite and think that
I will take Sat. off. But I made my
mind up that the per lounge for the date
Chuck wants to leave is one week from
today. I have to turn in a request
for a per lounge about five days in advance.
Sounds funny, but I really don't
care about taking one. I'm sure - no
don't mind me. The main reason I
dislike the idea of going away for 7
days is the idea of not reading a daily
letter from you. I feel like being in the
house. I'm closer to you because of the
mail tie. But while I have the chance,
I should see all I can - they tell me.
Chris claims Scotland is very un-English
a close to the U.S. as you can find over
here. The people of Scotland hate the
English even more than I do. Just
asking they ask you - How do you like
England. If you say you hate it, then
you really in! Edinburgh has loads
of movies and stage shows. Plenty of
bars and things to see - such as ~~castles~~
castles, etc. One minute I'm going
and the next I'm not. Guess I'll go.

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I suppose there'll be a lot of work for me tomorrow as usual. One of our projectors has a small puncture and the good St. Schumann wants me to find the trouble. Tonight is mission Review night and if I had been around earlier tonight I suppose once again I would of been needed in. I don't think any of the other EM are working on the mission Review tonight. I don't mind it at all for it is interesting as all hell. A guy can't help to be interested in the work we are in. Although lots of the yard birds just don't give a damn. I like to know what the hell is going on. I realize each inch of ground our troops advance means I'm closer to your arms. Same thing applies to each one of our birds that's a target. Everyone is doing his best to hasten the homeward trek. We are sick of war and want to enjoy life even as possible. You guys in the home front can't realize just how we feel. People say they're overseas etc and it's rough but they don't understand. We miss the little obvious things people take for granted. Just for a quick example - take hot points and all types of food.

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Darling, even you can't realize how much I miss the very thing dear to my life - namely you. Remembers how you insisted pulling my ears? I even miss a little nearly silly thing like that. I like to think of every little habit you have and join with passion while doing so. Do you realize, whenever you are munching something, listen that you swing your head and oscillate your head. You are a beautiful little nut and I love every little thing about you. I can hear the thrilling tingling of your cute laughter and the way you head out with the giggling over nothing. I want to hear you softly whisper - that you love me. Perhaps from these little things you might have a faint understanding how much I really miss you. Knowing how I keep on living when I'm so dead inside. I exist in the thought of coming home to you and live until we can't any more out of pure exhaustion. Just you wait until your best husband leaps like a wild beast at your charms. Darling, I hope that the wolf gleams in my eyes and the drooling unit scare you. Really, I will be a good example of a wild man. If I could only fight like

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I can live the way I want to end but
quick. I love you so much that my passion
dies with passion. You're in love for a
small but lot of living in a very short
time. Beware of the mad man you have for
a husband. I love you enough for ten
men and then some. If I love you any
more, I will fly back from your
passions. Where ever we first meet when
I come home, I will stare lustfully at
your charms and will mentally undress
you. Course the real thing will ensue
but quick. But you are dressed in such
full of niggers etc. No need to say
why. Well, Sweeter girl, I will close
now and do a bit of reading before
kissing dream land. I have a standing
date with you each night here with in
my dreams. Gosh! you are so sweet to
me in those dreams. Perhaps, there is one
thing that I know - and that the only
thing - I love you so madly and I'm
overflowing with passion for you. God
Bless my beautiful chin up girl and
loads of love. See you real soon.

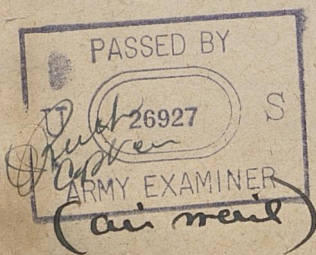
Your husband &
Jimmy



JANE...



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

Friday Sept 15¹²
England

my Darling Beautiful wife!

Once again I'm
suffering for the want of mail. Two
days in a row is unbearable and I
shall go mad if I have to fast another
day. I need your letters to keep me
alive. No need to go into detail just
how damn bad I do feel - for you can
understand. Nothing much in the way
of news here in the ETO this 15th day
of Sept. Some old queer some stuff of
grounding my brains out. I can't
wait until this war screams to a
halt. Little gal, I love you so awful
much and can never begin to tell you
just how much. I slept down here last
nite for I wanted to read and that I did.
Some times I think that I will go north
with this clear-less freedom. If I could
only be near you, it wouldn't be so bad.
This GI needs his Darling wife so
awful much and little does the army
know how I inwardly suffer. I really
need a person to get the hell away
from this place for a few days. I've
really made up my mind this time

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and I'm turning in a request for
my furlough tomorrow morning. I had
St. Schramm sign the request and
stating that I had a release from October
Sept 21 to 28. As you know (a letter some
time ago) St. Schramm is an Intel
Intelligence officer until he makes Capt.
then Capt. Jones will come back at such
time. (This is in theory only) you almost
have to give your life history in order to
be granted a camp leave. So I have the
week turning and this time next week,
I'll be in Scotland, Edinburgh and a
couple of days in Glasgow. Chuck has a
lot of plates for his new 35mm style
camera and a candid camera
also. I think I can borrow a candid
job from one of the officers and Chuck
will supply me with the film. I really
think the prospect of taking a lot of
photos is the only reason that I'm
going. I know you want a batch of
late pictures of me and now you shall
have 'em. One other guy is hanging
along with us. I don't care so much
for his mining company but he is a
man in every sense of the word. He is

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a farmer from Indiana and with hair
to match. He is a S. 2 man and the jerk
who cuts our hair. When I heard the news
that he was going, I thought for awhile
I would get off the parlor for another few
weeks. But the picture entered into my
mind and urged me back into going.
You know me - I might change my
mind again between now and in the
morning. Darling, I shall write you a
daily account of the things I do and
see, also will read lots of pictures when
we come back. St. Jacob was in a rather
gay mood today for yesterday was
his birthday - 23 years old. He received
a wire from his gal who is a lady
leather neck and he was tickled to
death. Chris and I undressed like a
couple of slaves, that we are. Major
Martin (Smiling Jack) the Co. of
102nd Squadron (St. Jacob's outfit)
being around our office a lot, perched
in the main chair. Today he told
St. Jacob to hire me whirling some
out of a Sgt. in uniform for the 102nd.
So far, I have a ~~couple~~ couple slick ones
on paper and a couple more floating

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around in my brain. I had to work
nit to night for major Martin wants
an inquiry. I had a late start on
this letter because of such. I'm taking
holidays off and sleep late in the
morning. I'll read a while go to the
afternoon show. I need the sleep more
than any thing else. Tomorrow nite
I'll call C & and will catch up on my
such letters that I owe. Might do
such a thing as pound out another
story. Not much time in the past
week to slip into a story. So if
I'm in the mood, I will so do another
one. Tonight, movie, "Tomorrow
I head live" and not a bad show at
all. As you can derive - but a new
jazz. Some one played the radio
and playing lovely right now
as I write this letter. Out of a
soothing background while I write
this letter. Darling, all I can think
of is how much I miss you and
want you. Each time I breathe, I cry
out for the want of your love. Honey,
I'm in a blue mood tonight. so

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please excuse his rambling letter. I
need living but bad! have unpacked
to the 10th & Synanon and sleep in
the same barracks area as I. He likes to
stay down here late writing letters just
as I do. So now, I have some one to walk
home with me each nite. He too is married
and misses his wife a real whole lot.
War is sure hell on married people!
I didn't sleep long enough last nite and
I'm getting rather sleepy right now. Don
and Jimmy are again writing letters
here in my office. Two real characters
I call 'em. Dr. Carl Rogers of Ohio
State University, a psychologist
predicted that post war divorce rates
will be high because of the difficulties
experienced by some war-hardened
service men in adjusting themselves
to married life. He said, many returning
veterans will find it difficult to give
affection, having long been in a
situation where this was unnatural.
I think the guy is off his nut by
saying a silly thing like that. You
can't ~~forget~~ forget how to make love
and guys will turn even a better

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hand of who when they go home.
Some people have crazy ideas about
married life. I know that I will love
the hell out of you in a super way when
I come home. Each time, we will love
better and better. Don't you wait and
see. Honey, all I can think of and I
know you are the same, is the all out
fun we will have into the day I come
marching home. Please! let's not waste
one second and hang on the go. I have
so damn much to make up for. Wonder
how it feels to be alive again? I'm
shock & shocked from seeing no on any
war movies - or something like that. Each
day - we reads about the heroic exploits
of the men on the front lines, our own
air men. But nothing about young like
myself. How can I hang about dead to
beard combat with the enemy or dropping
little calling cards - such as bombs.
Sometimes I wish I were in the infantry
or tanks. Guess this sounds silly but
you can understand what I mean. In
the eyes of the non-understanding world
we are safe and snug little pacifists

longest asked clerks, hunched over
ledgers etc. How can I loudly brag?
Perhaps I can say, I fought with a
typewriter and threw large amounts of
pages into the enemy. Oh! but! the
work we are doing is important and we
know it any way. See how my mind
wanders some times! Perhaps, I adore you
and need you more than the law allows.
I suppose when I come home to you,
I will step off the train overloaded with
GI equipment but never fear, this equip-
ment hinder the way I step into your
arms. I can feel those earth rocking
passionate kisses right now. I shall be
covered with a coat of your lipstick in
a very short order. I will be able to
slip out of this uniform quick enough.
Need less to say, when I do take it off, it
will be at a while before I can clean
clothes - if you know what I mean and
I think you do. That will be the first thing
we'll do - live like a couple of penguins. Then
I want to eat - eat everything in the books.
Pres't you have all my favorite food for I
shall eat and eat. Next thing we'll do
jump into the car and make with the

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process of drinking every thing in
town. Perhaps it will be a good idea to
have some one drive the car for us because
we will be starting one hell of a tender.
We will go to all the favorite joints of
ours in town and this will keep us for
months to come. of course in between
times we will go to our apt - wow!
Darling, truly we shall take a trip but
first - let's have fun at home. I bet both
of us. Jim will be honored off at us
for we will be on the go all of the time.
Once we'll have to say hello once in
awhile but not for long. What a wonderful
time we are going to have and it will
never end! I tremble thinking of the
passionate love making and fiery kisses.
Damn it - time is awasting. It won't be
long now before I am on the road to
your arms. I'm rich of playing
wicked and want to play house with
you but quick. I suppose you think I
am mad. Perhaps you are right. I
I'm mad about you. Honey, I have so
many interesting things to tell you
that can't be writing about as you
can obviously see. I shall have all

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rest of yours to sign. of course our
family will want to hear about 'em.
So here's what we will do - Have 'em all
over at our apt or one of their homes and
give out all at once. We can't wait the
time by telling it two or three times.
A lot of things have happened in the past
year to me and I am interesting &
can tell you things that will make your hair
stand on end. Enough but such. Kid,
where do you want to go on that trip? I
don't care long as I'm with you. We
shall take a jaunt by car and take
our sweet time traveling around. I
want to make love to you in every State in
the Union. Do you approve of this? Sweet
I hope you can read this scrawling
penmanship. I'm writing fast as I can
for I'm in a hurry to hit the sack for
I'm so damn sleepy. Besides, I have a date
with you in dream land. Boy! we have
so much fun in my dreams and are
just a brief preview of things to come. I
suppose the two mad characters, which
and St. Jacobs will manage to struggle
along with out me tomorrow although

21 will be a damn ^{good} hard job. I am not
much good any more but you. & kind
I enclosed anyway. Darling, I didn't
read you last week's York for I never have
read it as of yet. Soon as I do, I will
shoot it to you for I think you enjoy
em. By the way, lend 'em to Dad for
I'm sure he would get a great kick out
of the amusing ones. Brother Harry is
getting lots to go, so I will prepare to head
for the beach. It's almost 1:30 right now
and I won't have much trouble falling
asleep tonight. I'll have more in the
way of news tomorrow night. Little girl!
I love you so much and just wait
until I come home to give it. What
gorgeous fun we will have and I do
mean gorgeous! Take good care of
yourself for you are mine! ~~By the way~~ By
the way, I was talking to Oscar to day
and he sends his love. Like me, he
just can't wait. God Bless you, beautiful
doll and loads of of our super brand
of love. I'll be seeing you - soon!

Your Soldier Husband
Jimmy



JANE...



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