

I might go in a 24 hour pass this  
week if there are any good movies in  
town. Don wants me to hang along  
with him. Not sure as of yet. I like  
the old base - wonder why. Most of the  
young do anything to get the hell away  
from it but not this G.I. I like have  
to write Harold and Val some time  
real soon. I would not be a bit mad if  
Val wouldn't write to me. Your sister  
said she thought St. Jacobi was a  
nice looking boy. I told him he was  
a boy - a young one. Guess he put on  
a act of being offended etc. What a silly  
character he is. He's down in the dumps  
in his gal friend in the Marines hasn't  
written to him in a hell of a long time.  
While I was away in purloins, one  
of Don's gals sent a photo of herself.  
She is Agnes and a slick chick. He is  
also in the dark about which one he  
also has. He thinks it's Agnes right

Sunday Oct 10.  
England 1

My Darling Angel wife!

Good evening - you  
lovely character. Sorry to say - I'm mail  
less from you today and no need to add  
more. I did receive a letter from your  
sister, one from Aunt Sis and a over seas  
edition of the home town newspaper. Nothing  
can take the place of your letters and I'm not  
hiding one bit. I love you so awfully much  
and want you more than the law allows  
one human to love another. I repeat this  
over and over in each of my letters and mean  
it more each time. Perhaps you have a  
faint idea by this time. Well - today was a  
rather busy one for this red neck. Fast wife,  
I showed up in the office and was on hand  
bright and early this morning to glunge  
right in the pile of labor. First of all - I  
cleaned the joint but good and then set  
about to clutter it up all over again.  
John heaved in and we really mounted  
the red hell - making with the work. I  
had the old typewriter smoking.



some day - I will have some spare  
time and will paint. I want to slip  
into the art practice with the work you  
sent to me but so far - can't do it.  
Perhaps - I'll have some time tomorrow.  
I wonder?? the good St. Jacobi made  
a rather late entrance this morning  
and we got him to work but fast.  
By the way - said character wrote you  
another letter - and I don't know just  
what's in it. What the hell is going on  
here? It's getting so that a guy can't  
trust no one. I'm only kidding. It's  
good for you two - to know each other. I  
know you would like said guy as I do.  
I have great fun in teasing him on  
everything and he likes that sort of thing.  
Sometimes he is rough but a damn good  
guy. In my league - he is strictly  
top. I shaved before lunch and I'm all  
with me today. We had a table close to  
the floor show - going on KP morning  
the mess hall. It was my turn to pay

hair cut. It's getting a bit too long  
around the neck. Church claims our  
pictures will be ready by Tuesday.  
I will hold off until then before making  
the few things I have for you. I will  
enclose in the same box - a couple of  
items for the family - such as - one of the  
photos I had made in Aberdeen. This  
will save me from poking with the  
dam red tape of mailing a package.  
Really - it's like gulling both to send  
a package to the States. Each photo  
has to be censored and stamped by  
the photo censor. The other items also  
have to meet the approval of the regular  
censor. Then to the post office etc. you  
have to almost give a life history etc  
and your right arm to send a box. The  
army makes everything hard and full  
of red tape. This is taking tomorrow  
off and I hope there isn't much work.



(6)

after knocking ourselves out - having my  
our heads in playing foot ball - we  
are smeared over to the Aero club  
and shot the hell but said game.  
Tonight, Special Service had a Gl stage  
show and I took a little of it in. I  
didn't stay long for I had far more  
important thing to do - namely - write  
to you. I'm in CQ tonight and I'm  
scribbling this from the post office. To  
ward off the chill of this Oct. nite, we  
have a tiny fire throwing fingers of heat  
at the ETO coolness. A full moon tonight  
and I feel like buying my trouble w.t.  
meaning, how much I miss you. Permit  
as you can see, the ink varies in my  
letters. This pen has to be dunked in the  
ink for the damn thing fails to hold  
ink. So please excuse the uneven ink.  
Honey, best you send me another bottle of  
hair oil for I'll be needing some before  
very long. I'm but due for another

(3)

the check - so I spit in the mess ref.  
eye as I walked out. We had after  
dinner drinks in S.2 - strictly work.  
Any way - pen to pencil once in awhile.  
No doubt if you could see us - you would  
really think we are section 8 material.  
The good St. Jacobi and I gave another  
one of our big time lectures this after-  
noon to the crews. Sailed from 1 pm  
to 3. We both talked until we were  
hoarse. No need to say - the lecture  
went over with a bang. Good who in  
the hell gave it! Two of the biggest  
operators in this racket - to an army  
and my end man - Jacobi. We took  
two after two and finally had to be  
away from our amusing public to  
go on with our other labors. Ralph and  
Sydney took off in their per soups today  
and no doubt they will make some  
chief's heart flutter - yeah! with fear.  
Scotland will be the same place after



Beach combers are finished. (41)  
Well! I love you so awful much and will  
show you soon as I come home just  
how much. Today being Sunday, I  
went to Mars with Jim, Ed, Esene and  
Dick. After Mars we lined up for supper  
and in turn, sweated out the line.  
Levin wants us to kick in and buy  
football jackets and team colors in  
the way of sweat shirts. So we will have a  
well dressed football team. Tonight we  
had a game lined up but for some reason  
a other - the other team failed to make  
a appearance on the grid on. So we made  
up two teams among our talented bunch  
of all Americans. We worked out gang  
ok and didn't try to score ok. We are  
trying to find out who gang best in  
each group. We are playing 8 man  
touch football and is rough as football.  
myself. I don't care where I play for I

love football from way back. (51)  
Some of the guys are fighting over the back  
field spots but not me. I'm eager  
and will play in the line or back  
field. I should think we can whip up  
a half way decent team from the guys  
here in S-2. We have a ace back ball  
team and the undisputed champs of  
this base. We had a big time ball team  
this summer and I'm sure we'll  
go down in the books as a hot rock  
football team. We all go out for sports  
because it takes away the army for a  
little while. Any thing to cast aside  
this GI feeling for a few hours. Besides,  
we need the exercise. I love you so  
awful much and want you more than  
the law allows. I have to tell you this  
every few lines or so - just in case you  
might forget. Sweet little wife you are  
a rock, a tender and a slick chick. I'm  
glad to be with you in a bad way.



(9)

now. If he isn't careful - he'll  
loose both of 'em. Right now, he's  
grounding a letter to Eleanor the  
other one. I just came back from  
a sloppy mid nite chow and it is  
just mid nite. Glenn was playing  
a cax of jax in the mess hall and  
we shot the guns for awhile. The  
gal in Sioux City is still waiting  
in him etc. Darling, you asked  
me the name of the little town out  
side the Sioux City air base. It is  
Sergeant Bluff. Why did you ask?  
Just that I heard for the rack in a  
very few minutes for I didn't  
crawl in lumber land until dawn  
late last nite. My tennis ball  
eyes are hanging a bit heavy right  
now. Bill May is hanging around  
for me. He's still afraid to walk  
to the barracks alone. Guess I'll  
give him a back in a few minutes.  
I shall bather in the moon light and  
think of you. I had another



(10)

my favorite dream about you  
last night. In fact the love making  
was so real is true - I woke up in  
a hot sweat. I'm not kidding.  
What a wonderful dream that was.  
Honey - you drive me wild even in  
my dreams. You make such lovely  
fantastic love and I'm nuts  
for the want of some right now.  
Honey, I will close down for tonight  
and will add more in the morning  
before I mail it. I will slip in to  
another fantastic dream in a very  
few minutes and what wonderful  
fun we will have. Darling, pray  
real hard for a fast victory so I  
can go home to you real soon. I  
would like to be with you on the 4th  
of Feb. Pray real hard for this like  
I am doing. Honey - good night  
now and - I love you so awful  
much - night or day. Peanuts!  
Peanuts! I need you so awful much!



Good morning - (11)  
beautiful Doll! I  
love you more this morning than I  
did last night. You are a rich chick  
and she gin up's gin up. So by what you  
do to a sweater! And to me. So far  
it is a brilliant sun shine filled day  
here in the ETO but can change in a  
twinking of an eye. Peanuts. I didn't  
get the "Saturnia" of any to guess last  
night and the 3rd installment of my  
parlour wife but the ink tonight. No  
hidding - let me know if you like my  
news ray from the ETO. If so. I will  
bring up a edition every so often. Sweet  
little wife. I adore you beyond words. Honey,  
take good care of yourself and above all  
cease with the worrying but me. I know  
you do worry. I'm in the pink. Honey,  
what ever gave you the idea my chest is  
acting up again? It hasn't hurt in  
ages. I couldn't play ball if it did  
bother me. No hidding - I'm fine as  
can be away from you like this.



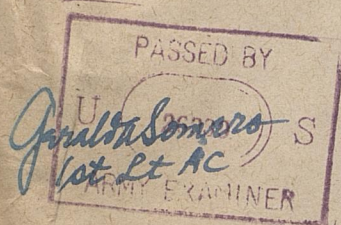
(12)

Guers I bet do some work in a  
little while before the good St. crachs  
a whig at me - he can do it too!  
So far - I have hopes for a rather light  
day - but you know the army.  
Some thing always comes up and  
never the same damn thing. I hope we  
have a foot ball game tonight so we  
can drive our mighty power down  
the field in the test. Take a couple of  
games before a team clicks together.  
I recd old N.D. from Sat. to a tune of  
58 to 0. what a team. I'll be  
gulliving for them from this side of the  
world. Honey, I don't have to tell  
you how much I miss you - for you  
know well as I. Our wonderful love  
can't be put into words but we feel it  
deeply inside of us. Truly I adore my  
little wife. God Bless you my little  
Peanuts and loads of garrimate love.  
See you before much longer - I hope.  
your Soldier Husband  
Screamy





15113242  
445 Broad Ave (H)  
APO 5587 Postmaster  
New York, New York



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

(air mail)

1



Right now - the favorite give here on this  
side of the world is "Canteen Jump"  
Have you heard this groovy tune?  
This coming week - a couple of good  
movies we are to enjoy - "Pin Up Girl"  
and "Bathing Beauties". No doubt the  
ret fiends will do everything but ring down  
the show and the night of raw meat.  
You should hear what said Doc says yell  
in the movie. Some cracks are really raw  
as all hell. The movies are to come to the  
movies but not any more. No officers are  
advised at our show any more - just en's.  
They hold a movie for the hungry <sup>lump</sup> in  
the officer's club. Think there is a dance at  
the club soon now, nite and no  
doubt the usual line of racks will show up.  
I'm is going for the sake of food. I might  
neak in the kitchen with the help of Beechie  
and Pat. There in - I will munch cakes  
and watch the brawl from the scully. Gal!  
I love you so awful much and want you  
more than you can understand. There'll come  
a day when proof will be thrown at you.

Monday Oct 2nd  
England 2

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Sweet passionate wife  
of mine! I'm ringing the ETO bells  
this nite. No mail today and that's  
very bad. A soldier without mail is a  
zombie. I look, act, talk and feel like  
one. Nothing I can say will tell you  
how I depend upon your letters. I'm  
wounded deep enough in. So because of being  
away from you. Mail helps to ease the  
pain. <sup>So</sup> the adorable wife - each word I  
write in some way - tells you how much  
I miss you and want you. War is hell and  
we both know this. Peasants, I understand  
how in active you must feel. I only hope  
you ain't worrying about me. This morning  
I charged out of bed from the warmth of  
another passionate dream about you. I have  
to force my body to quit dreaming of you  
and go to work. Even though the rain was  
trying with feeble rays to warm England  
up, it was rather cool here today.



Heckle by - I thought I might have a  
easy day but Ah! how wrong I was.  
Hein had the day off and that doubled  
the work on my weak shoulders. Ah! my  
aching back. All morning long, I  
pecked at the keys on the typewriter -  
grinding out more request for awards for  
our air men. This afternoon, I entered  
stuff into raggedy books. What a way to  
win the war. I'm a chain brace trooper  
a filing tiger. My feet will not go down  
into the hall of fame. I haven't ~~go home~~  
with my moth eaten chest covered with  
medals, expect for the ETO ribbons and  
such. I did my damnest to wear the wing  
of a hot man but Uncle said no. What  
the hell am I writing about? St. Jacob's  
was in and out all day. When ever it is  
cold - I never see him for he's roasting  
his underwing frame in front of a fire.  
We aren't allowed fuel as of yet - so we  
sit and shak. I managed to squeeze

a Card from <sup>(7)</sup> way back. The ETO  
bible keeps us in on the know on all  
the reports and came with the AFN  
(radio 61) Carol Sanders ditched her  
husband. I suppose you've read all  
about this. Also Put. Mickey Romney  
married again. Honey, I love you so  
awful much and want you more than  
you can understand. Just you wait  
and see how much. I'm going to spend  
the rest of my life giving to you just  
now ~~much~~ I do love you. I'm looking  
forward to a awful lot of passion & love  
making. Sweet girl - I love you  
more than a letter can express. Sober  
like another hard day ahead tomorrow  
and I'm not so much in favor of that.  
going to take a day off this week and  
sleep most of the time. This time last  
year - we were worrying about when I  
would leave for this damn island. I just  
think one whole year away from you this  
month. I want home to you but quick,



(6)  
away from the fold. So Major K. Long  
gulled a few things and Goldman is  
back with us. He use to work in P. A.  
and has the same job now. He is more or  
less a copy boy for Spera and does all  
the typing of stories after they are written  
up. With the speech in C. Q. tonight and  
has the task of keeping the pie going. I  
gule C. Q. the 6th. "Is he is what ever you  
want to call it. - Gal" "Sweet parties  
tonight." "G1 - "yeah, I'd ask you for the  
next dance but all the cars are full on".  
Do you care for that sort of thing? Of all  
things - the show is in the Stars and  
Stripes. Dick Tracy I think is the  
best in many comic strips. More or less  
a wast age of good space. Over here the  
~~was~~ was news is being crowded out by  
the coming World Series. All of us  
will be hunched over the radio Wed  
nite to hear the first game. I would  
like to see the Cards win this year. I'm

(3)  
in a little art study this afternoon. Honey,  
the drawing book you sent will help to  
improve my cartooning very much. I  
shall show you in a few days how it is  
helping me. Really - I'm improving a  
little bit and will continue to do so.  
I have great fun killing time drawing.  
Whenever I sit down - I fool around with  
a pencil. Try it some time your self. Honey,  
you have a talent and could develop it  
more. You could design clothing if you  
so wanted. Also try a crack at writing  
some time. I love you so awful much.  
Peanuts you should hear how Dad raves  
about you. He thinks you are a very  
brilliant young lady. That you are.  
I love you so awful much - just everything  
about sweet little old you. We held more  
practice again tonight - perfecting our  
team to a well oiled machine. Think  
that I will play as center or as half  
back. No one else can play center and  
as always - every one wants to be in the



back field. I love the game so much<sup>(4)</sup> that I will play any place. Really, we have a sharp team. Chris took up the collection today and screamed down town after the jacks. They are black and red. Really a sharp looking team. Far as we know, we're the only team so equipped. Special Service has a league set up and the first league game is Wed. We don't play Wed. but one day this week. This past run over we have pped up the field behind S-2 so damn good that it is the bare football field. Course we have control of it. Good deal for our lounge or locker room opens right on to the field. So we are truly big time operators. I shipped up another edition of the "Saturn's Gazette" tonight and you will find your copy enclosed, this is the final edition on the penology. From now on out, strictly £10 news, in regular newspaper style.

Any way, it is different<sup>(5)</sup> and you may get a kick out of it. I hope so. Chris and St. Jacobi are both working tonight and you know what that means. Yes! more work for me. My team of nuts have the honors tomorrow night. More damn fun - ramp here. Here's hoping we won't have to work. I didn't bother about the movies tonight for it was here once before. "Tanganyika's Desert Victory". Same thing on tomorrow for they show each movie for two days now. I suppose Sybil and Ralph are having a good time, as they've been long but now. I just came back from show and it is a little past midnight. I'm up in the front office, watching up the heat. A bit on the cold side long about now. Darling, some time ago, I mentioned that Goldmen was transferred to another outfit. He's such a nice kid that we all missed him, trying to get him back. He was unhappy



(9)

I don't suppose you are very interested  
in that. or - are you? Honey, what a  
sugar-sugar loving you are in store for.  
I'm not kidding, you'll think I'm a  
wild beast instead of your husband. I  
shall woo you, court you, and seduce  
you all at once. I have love running  
out of my ears. I am this silly man & k.  
It's getting rather late - 130 and I  
should hit the sack. A long hard day  
at work tomorrow plus a little session  
tomorrow night. 4 hours of work is  
always fun. I like that sort of  
thing. I am living in this thingy magic  
of enchantment magnetizing every part  
of me. I can't resist you. This urge  
which inside of me is pounding  
against my ribs and wants out but  
what can I do about it. Nothing to  
do but hang on a little while longer  
and it is sure hell doing so. I want  
you more each time I hear the truly  
I am your slave and I'm madly in  
love with my boss - namely - you!



(10)

Each night I have a rendezvous with  
you in my dreams. Darling - look  
at the moon some night - moon light  
whisper of my love for you. Soak  
around, I'm always near you.  
When you hear some girl singing  
a love song on the air - it's me.  
I creep into the happy laughter of  
your heart even though you may  
not be aware of it. Hear those  
dreamy sentimental melodies, they  
tell you of my love - so listen to  
the wind. Honey - ~~there are so many~~  
sing and give the sweetest thing  
I like to be loved - in fact I  
I'm crazy about it. Take it from  
me - our life is going to be one big  
endless bliss and love making. You  
are my APO girl. Honey, I will be  
in my lonely bunk and wait until  
you float on wings of love into my  
dreams. I miss you so awful much  
and want you more than it is possible.  
God Bless my beautiful Heavenly Body  
namely you and loads of my special  
kind of love.  your Soldier Husband  
Sonny



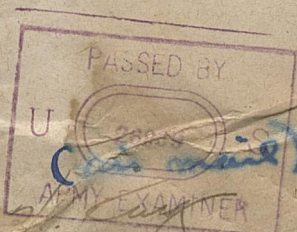




Capt George Canary 15113242  
701 Squadron 465 Bomb Group (H)  
APO 55870 Post Master  
New York, New York



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





(81)  
never has arrived from Ky. and I am  
beginning to wonder. If it doesn't come in the  
next day or so, I shall use a special  
one the army puts out for such a case  
as this. Little wife, I'm really thrilled that  
you are buying our first piece of furniture.  
It makes me feel wonderful to know you are  
planning our little home. Really I'm all  
in favor of it. Good, I just can't explain  
what it did to me - knowing you are doing  
this. Truly you are the best little wife a man  
ever had and can ever have. Next pay day,  
I will send you \$5.00 and pay it off with that.  
If you want to consider that as your Christmas  
gift it's okay. I'll send you more money  
the end of Nov. and you can buy something  
else for a gift. Such as a new dress etc. I  
love my wife so awful much and want you to  
have nothing but the best. Parents, I adore  
you more each tick of my heart. I will  
close now for I'm but dead. A sweet letter  
tonight. God Bless you - my Sweetest Girl  
and loads of love. See you in my dreams.  
Your Soldier Husband  
Jimmy

Tuesday Oct. 3<sup>3</sup>  
England  
My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!  
The same three little  
words - in the same way but more so - I  
love you! I love you to each mile  
to the enjoyable time - writing my  
thoughts to you. Today - two wonderful,  
happy letters from you and I'm becoming  
with morale right now. Golly - letters  
are wonderful and truly I don't get enough.  
Each one I write to you I try to tell you  
how much your letters mean to a lone  
starved guy like me. I can hear your lovely  
caring voice rather than the writing.  
I hope that my letters are as half as  
enjoyable as yours. Nothing much in the  
way of writeable news tonight - just but  
the same old routine. I eat, sleep and  
write, alone all - dream about you. Truly  
this ETO life is "No One, No Nothing". But  
with the realization of you loving me, I'll  
carry on some how. I alone held down  
our office today for Ethel and St. Jacobi  
worked last night. I'm in the process of doing



(2)

the same night now. yes, it is my beam's  
burn to hang around here tonight. Not  
sure if we'll have to work or not. We'll  
know before much longer. No time for a  
edition of the Saturday Evening tonight, so  
I'll get out another edition tomorrow  
nite. Today was another one of those days  
common to Army life in the ETO. I  
was chained to my desk all day long  
with hardly a let up. Any way - Time  
goes by faster while undergoing labors.  
I could think of a thousand better ways to  
pass the time than work. I have to earn  
my pay and have a duty to people like  
you in the States. I should now have  
a bit and graced at my drawing.  
With the help of said art book you sent  
to me, I'm improving. I've picked up  
many little short cuts that I didn't  
realize before. Soon as I have enough  
time and become better, I shall whip up  
a little something for you. Chuck has

(1)

five away. I shall rejoice the very life out  
of you with a sugar love stained kiss.  
S. the girl - what lovely person. I'll have in  
V-day. Holy - my eyes are not half  
way closed and my head is nodding.  
I really need shut eye in a bad way.  
Perhaps if I go eat breakfast, I will  
wake up more. So - time out while I  
refuel the inner man. That I did do and  
I feel much better now. Hope I can stay  
awake long enough to finish this letter. Think  
it will have to be a short one compared to  
other ones. So please excuse. I had to laugh  
about the you old mail man thinking you  
are too teasing me. See - I have eyes and  
agents all about you. You do hear a lot from  
my friends (I wonder if they are ever using  
my friendship?) I'm kidding. Peanuts. Sorry  
to hear that egg head hurt his wing and do  
hope he is much better by now. Norman sure  
runs around with a older bunch of kids. I  
did the same when I was his age and much  
younger. Guess that's why - I matured a bit  
sooner than usual or did I? My ballot



(6)  
I feel as if I could sleep for a week. Don't think I will venture out of the nest until summer time. Sleep is a very pleasant way to pass away this boring life away from you. Always I dream about you and I look forward to those dreams. It's the Peanut, haunts me. I'll take along a notebook to the benches in case I wake up and want to read. Have to take advantage of all pretence I pass like that or else I'd never get in much reading Darling. all I can think - how much I miss you and want you. Funny - even though we have a ocean between us - you are right by side my heart. This love of ours binds us as one and we are in each other's blood. You are my life - the reason I live and have the power to carry on through this daily hell. I promise you nothing but your make love and fun when I come home. I'll bring you then back the attack with another one. Jack. So gather up your lips and

(3)  
half of our photographs pictures finished and the rest will be ready in a day or so. As I've said, no use to mail two packages, so I'll wait until they are all read. Chuck works in the photo lab now and Goldman replaces him in P.R.O. Chuck didn't do much in public Relations Dept but taking pictures for St. Pedrin - the photo censor. Every once in awhile Chuck would take photos of various things but didn't type. Goldman found out the stories in connection. So far, St. Pedrin write in and Don and Goldman type in out in the proper G.I. release form. Some times Don writes a story himself but not very often. As for myself - shut on the spare time to print out one. When ever I do find the time, I will try to found out one. So in the afternoon, had to do some primary S-2 work. That broke the hands of my desk and was a welcome relief as you can readily see. Gosh! I miss a love you!



Rained here in the <sup>(4)</sup> E 70 this afternoon  
and logged down our football field.  
So we have to sit this one out. Tomorrow  
afternoon the first league game takes  
place on our own S-2 grid and I  
shall try to watch the game. If we do  
work tonight, I shall eject myself from  
the rack in time for the game. I love  
football and get as much kick out of  
watching a game as playing myself.  
Tomorrow night, all of us will huddle  
about the radio for the first game of the  
44 world series. I know that you'll  
be there in at the same time. I think  
game time is around 1 pm, so we'll  
hear the direct broadcast at 7 pm.  
Six hours difference in time as you  
know. I, the wife I adore you beyond  
human knowledge. A few years ago today,  
mom, you and I went to Omaha. We  
had more damn fun as always when we  
are with each other. How I wish we  
were together right now. Damn! Damn this

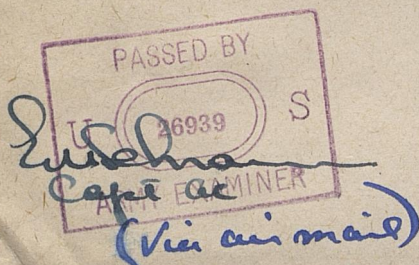
was! as I expected. <sup>(5)</sup> we did have to work  
all night long and I assure you it  
wasn't much fun. It is now 6 am and  
dark, goodness it's all over. I'm free to hit  
rack when ever I want. Gonna I will finish  
this before hand and get happy catch a bit  
of warm breakfast for the inner man. Pleasant,  
no doubt that you are rich of hearing the  
same old army routine over and over. You  
said that you wanted to know what I do  
each day. I can't wait until I'm a free  
man, free in every sense of the word. I'm  
munched over a desk in the front office, sharing  
the enjoyable warmth of a fire with Dick the  
C.P. Dick is one of the oddest characters I've  
ever seen into. His head is a hot flesh  
and that's all. I'm glad he's not in a  
hallucinate mood. His conversations are so  
dull and boring. Dick and Don gave the  
gals at the Aero club dance another  
shille tonight. No doubt they were munched  
in the rack - that is - the gals rushed out  
when the two inside men at the dumb  
works appeared on the dance floor. Right



1st Lt George Canary 15113242  
701 Synanon 445 Broadway (H)  
APO 55870 Postmaster  
New York, New York



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





War is hell etc but even though we are  
so damn far apart, having you as my  
wife is pure heaven. I have just come to you  
just knowing you wear my name.  
Twenty months ago, you really became  
mine. Thank you again for making me  
know how to really live. I still can't  
understand how I was lucky enough  
to marry you. I feel like a king or a  
famous character, having a lovely  
creature like you as my wife, Darling.  
I will do nothing but make you happy.  
I have no false ideas of becoming richer  
rich or famous in the world. I don't  
consider having millions as being rich.  
I am rich in happiness and that's what  
counts. Of course I want to make a  
decent pile of money because I want to  
show you with nothing but the best as  
a beautiful creature like you should have.  
Darling, we'll become rich even more  
than now - not in worldly wealth but in  
love and happiness. All I want is you!

Wed Oct 4th 4  
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening, Sweet  
Passionate wife of mine. What a wonderful  
day this one is. Just - today we are old  
married people of 20 months and I love  
you 20 times as much. I would last night  
and wish I could be turned out of sleep  
each day like this afternoon. Dick wrote me  
and filed the following as my husband, one  
package from you, 1 letter from you, two  
from Mom and one from Dad. How happy  
I am tonight from all of that heart warming  
mail from you. I repeat - you are such a  
sweet little wife to your loved & shared husband.  
That thoughtful package was jammed with  
thing I need. Thanks a lot and no kidding.  
Besides food for the inner man - the cookies,  
you sent me food for my hunger brain - two  
books. Both I ask you for. I shall read 'em  
at once. Ernie Pyle's work I just have to  
read for he is my writer's writer. If I  
could only capture a 1/3 of his style. Holy,  
the Ann products are really bang and I



really like these <sup>(2)</sup> stuff. But that you  
shoot me having cream for 2.00 but  
down to the last share with the available.  
I'll say it again, you are so sweet to me,  
in fact to sweet. With the wonderful mail  
you send me, this hell isn't too bad. I wish  
I could get by without sleeping and could  
religiously read. I have loads of reading  
material but can always use more. I'll  
reveal all the good books and bring 'em home  
with me. Truly I have a hobby of reading  
and enjoy it immensely. God! how I  
love you - Peanuts. It's great to be alive,  
having you as my wife. I was born the day  
you became mine. Each time the record  
band moves. I love you more. My love for  
you is endless as time itself and grows  
with leaps and bounds. I am there now!  
I want home where I belong, as I said.  
Last night my team of ill. later made  
with the all mile larks. The final  
engery was over at 6 am this morning  
and I was free to hit the sack. Even  
though sleep was screaming in my  
blood shot eyes, I finished up your letter.

this. We are owners <sup>(1)</sup> now! Honey, I just  
can't express how proud I am of you. I  
love you so awful much. Truly you are  
wonder fighting for. I have some thing to  
go home to - you and with out this, I  
would surely die. I feel as if now we  
have a part of our own home. feels damn  
good too! I can't wait until we can  
really play home. We want a home  
that we can really be proud of. Honey,  
are you set on the apt. idea? I'm in favor  
of what ever you want. We could buy our  
own home through the help of the gov. I  
think we should wait awhile until I  
really bring home the long green. Both  
of us want to have more damn fun than  
it's possible and do all the things we are  
missing. We want to have all the fun  
spots etc but sometimes we'll have more  
fun in our own little home. I never was a  
home body and always was on the go. I  
should think having our home we'll be  
more fun and happiness than either of us  
realizing. Just being with you is more fun  
than any other human has experienced.



which made some rough prints of our  
Scotland pictures and they look damn  
good. He claims the finished product will  
be ready by tomorrow. So I will make up  
a bit of the thing I have for you. I'm sure  
they ain't what I would like to send you but  
understand thing can't be had over here.  
I'll shoot money to you and buy what you  
want. Goldman borrowed 2 pounds from  
me tonight (8 bucks) and I'm owes me 2  
pounds also. So I have 16 dollars in the  
credit side of my books. I have but 8 lbs  
in my pocket (32 fish) so give the 16  
over to me - I have a pile of green stuff.  
I'll send you the whole amount of this  
month's pay plus what ever I win in the  
ball games. Said money I'll send the  
end of this month. You can use this to  
buy more furniture or what ever you want.  
I'm so happy about the secretary. Keep on  
planning our apt. In room I'll be in the  
way home to you. We really are in the  
room and are stuck in our home. It  
feels damn good to realize you are doing

I was so damn sleepy <sup>(3)</sup> that I refreshed  
my mind my drinking great drafts of  
juice. Then I returned to the office after  
breakfast to finish up your letter. I dove  
into the sack about 830 and found the  
pillow until 530. Dick woke me up with  
said wonderful mail. I screamed down  
to the mess hall and then to the office. All  
the guys are drooling at the movie "Pui Up Girl". I wanted to hurry and read  
your words of love rather than waste time  
looking at raw meat. It took me a  
couple of hours for me to read all my  
mail and some of your letters I had  
to read twice. "Pui Up Girl" is on again  
tomorrow night and guess I will take in  
the flesh show. The guys just trooped in my  
office and are grouped about our speakers.  
The '44 World Series is now on and all of  
us are in a jolt yet. Said amount is  
around 4½ pounds or \$18. Sure could use  
18 fish. I have a roaring fire going and  
the office is cozy and nice. All of S-2 is  
here in my office and no one is saying a  
word. Just all ears are focus on the radio.



Pom Dinn is gulling K.P. in his aquadon.  
Tough I call it and he should have  
his TS card punched by the clay lair.  
In Dad's letter he raved about my story  
and says he's proud of his offspring.  
Shucks - I'm not so much. Dad wants  
my expert opinion of the overseas edition  
of the local news rag. Says he does a  
lot of work on it. It is a nice bit of  
home town news for the GIs and I put  
my whole hearted stamp of approval on  
said paper. Have you ever read a copy?  
I have a bucket of water on the stove so  
I can clean up. Honey, I posted the  
latest Terry's on the board and the gang  
are lined up reading 'em. Now that the  
ball game is over said characters are heading  
out with the cards and they intend to play  
 poker here in the warmth of my office. I'm  
demoralized as all hell and don't mind a  
game in here. But no kittle can be tossed  
on the floor etc. Not that I mind but the  
good St. Jacobi hates to walk in and find  
such a condition prevailing. He is very touchy  
about the neatness of our cubby hole. (P.S. I'm)

I put in hours of my day - cleaning the  
place up. I get so darn mad after cleaning the  
place to a bright shining gleam and in  
walks St. Jacobi wanting to know if we  
mopped the floor. Outside of this habit, he is  
one hell of a good Joe. Darling, today this  
is my lucky day for I won \$18 on the first  
game of the World Series. We whipped up  
a jack pot and drew winning. For example  
(a hell of a good one) I drew the Browns to  
knock in the most runs in the 4th inning  
that they did. We have one in each game  
and one in the whole Series, the daily  
is \$18 and the whole series is \$40. Got a  
kuck in the daily to draw. I have the Cards  
in the 2nd inning tomorrow and here's  
hoping. If I win enough, you can buy a  
new coat or something. I love you so awful  
much and want you more than words can  
express. I feel sure that you were there & in  
on today's game and I sent thought waves  
to you through the radio. Wonder if you  
caught them? By the way, you'll find a  
edition of the Saturday Gazette enclosed.



(12)  
I could easily write 12 more pages  
to you but I have to prepare for another  
day of work. Tomorrow I'll read the  
copy of things you sent me and give my  
opinion of the first coming book. Also  
other books list enclosed in one of your  
letters. When I get C & Friday night, I  
will catch up on a lot of reading and  
write to Edward etc. I love Val a  
letter but won't get about answering my  
letter. Darling, I hope your grand father is  
well. I know how upset your  
mother is. Well, Darling, I hope you  
have a faint idea by this letter how much  
I love you. We both are so much in love  
with each other. I love you so much that  
I can take it. Pray real hard for a  
quick victory so I can come marching  
home to you. Hang on a little while  
longer and I'll be there to smother  
you with passionate kisses of love. God  
Bless my lovely, Angel of mine and  
loads of love.  
your Soldier Husband  
Jimmy

(9)  
If this dream was would only end, so we  
can really begin to live. Peasants,  
Peasants, I love you so awful much. I  
try to tell you in each letter how much  
but nothing can express my love. Even  
a famous writer like Ernie Pyle couldn't  
write about my love for you. It is too deep  
for the human brain of thoughts to grasp.  
Darling, I need you the same way I need  
blood to keep me alive. You are more apart  
of me than my eyes, hands or feet etc. you  
are just my life! Darling it is after 1 a.m.  
and I haven't begun to write this letter.  
If I had my way - I would write you from  
morning to night. If I really had my  
way, there wouldn't be a need for letters.  
I'm yearning to hear you whisper, I love  
you. My heart beats faster thinking of  
our passionate love. When you kiss me like  
first time when I come home, troubles of  
war and hell will fly away and happiness  
will take over. Each little dream of mine  
seems to overtake me like a hammer. I  
try to write but suddenly you crystallize

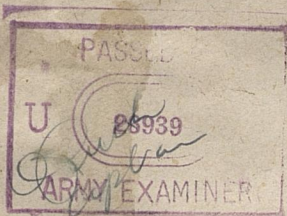


into a vision before my eyes. Darling, you never wander from my thoughts for a second. All day long - what ever I do - you are in my thoughts. I try to be the inner man (my true buddy) here is something I can write to Peanut about. I wonder what you are doing, thinking etc. Little Doll - I love you more than even you can understand. Darling - you are un lucky because you can't realize how much I feel to be loved by you. I'm so damn proud to be known as your husband. I'm crazy about every little thing about you. How many uncountable times I've pretended the caressing wind was a kiss from your lips. Oh how the warmth of my lonely bed was the warmth of your lovely form. Night after night, you're real into my dreams and thoughts. If I could only be with you. I walk around in a wonderful glow - knowing you love me. I never thought that it was possible to fall so madly in love as I

love you. I pity all other humans for they can't understand or know what it is to be loved by a Angel. Soon I'll hold you in my arms and love you like we've never loved before. Last summer's passion was only the warm up to what we will have. Through the darkness of this hell - you are the light of life for me. Until my arms are holding you, I shall be blue. Peanut, Peanut, I miss you so awful much. I get so damn mad when I hear of how many per bouds that jerk kept stue yet. What a rougher he is fighting. It's a wonder he doesn't have heart shock. Honey, I bet your new shoes are awful cute. You really know how to wear clothes and Ah! Pray! what you do to 'em. I wish I could embrace you right now - closer than one of your from fitting sweaters. What you do to a sweater drives me wild! I am, I am this way. I will have to close in a few minutes and go head for dream land.



George W. Canany 15113242  
1st Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)  
APO 558 to Post Master  
New York, New York



(air mail)

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

4



the book list you sent from Kaufman's  
is checked full of more that I would  
like to read. Such as; "Pastoral",  
"Watch Out for Willie Carter", "Too Many  
to Die", "Death and the Devil", and  
again, "Valley of the Sky" I think this  
is the book I want you to read me next  
time plus any other good (you know the  
type I like) ones. The guy who wrote  
"Gungo Song" has another one about to  
be published - "Against these three"  
and it should be another good book. I'll  
ask the Major what's new with Random  
House. Honey, I love you more than it is  
possible for a human to love another.  
Our love is deeper than the human mind  
can grasp. All I want is you and can't  
wait until I get my trembling hands on  
you. I shake with passion, just thinking  
of how wonderful our love will be when I  
come home. Just you wait and see! Pray  
real hard that this damn hell of waiting  
will end real soon. I feel sure I'll be  
with you in a very short time.

Thurs. Oct 31st  
England 5  
my Darling Beautiful Angel Wife!

Good evening, lovely  
character of mine! Another Thursday here  
in the E10 just like any other day. The  
routine was broken up by the arrival of  
two thrilling letters from you and a  
letter from Mom. Gosh, I hope this lucky  
mail streak keeps up. All I can say is  
that I love you so awful much. Right now,  
the rabble is hunched over our radio,  
watching up the broad coast of the 2nd game  
of the World Series. In the 7th got, I had  
barks in the 2nd frame to much in the  
most runs and they didn't get a run. So  
I can't win tonight. I want the Browns  
to win this game. Suede is facing the  
pen for this is his morning. There's some  
real sweat blood over the 7th got of  
18 fish. You should hear the yells and  
curs or cheer, what ever the case may  
be. St. Jacobi cracked his black whip over  
our beaten heads with the gusto of a  
slave holder of the olden days. We really  
burned out the work today and from



the look of things - another back head -  
my day ahead tomorrow. War is truly  
hell in all sense of the word. I jumped  
out of the bed early this morning with  
much vigor etc. Even though I was  
early at the office, Chinn was there ahead  
of me and had the place cleaned up.  
The joint can really get cluttered up  
during a day's work and plus the junk  
messing around in here each night. We  
had a fire all day long and I built the  
damn thing. Said blaze is still going  
and the office is warm. All the tall  
fans here in, are dragging deep by in  
cigar ether, clouding the air with  
a stuffy haze. Smokes like a back  
room in some dive or hookie joint.  
Only thing missing is the clinking  
of beer bottles. I can't drink with the damn  
racket going on in here. Smoke is really  
gassing the floor and I think he's just  
about worn a groove in the floor. The  
time is 2 to 2 right now in the last half of the

(7)  
I hope I have the time to practice more  
in the way of drawing tomorrow. I will  
do so while on C & Q tomorrow night. To  
my disgust, Church has not finished the  
photos as of yet. He said that he would  
bring 'em around tonight. Best that  
I go down to the photo lab. tomorrow  
and see him. Perhaps he is the type of  
character that wants 'em all to himself.  
Don't be negative. Peanuts. I'll read  
your list soon as possible. Honey, I read  
the copy of Act. Wining you sent me and  
it is full of books I would like to read.  
I think "Earth and High Heaven" must  
be a wonderful work. Tell me all about it.  
I'd also like to read, "Night unto Night",  
"History of Rome Hands", "Valley of the Sky",  
and many others. The above mentioned  
works would be a must read for me this  
month. We'll have a large collection of  
books and I'll want to read every one  
of them. I can see our little home now.  
A comfortable chair, fire, lighter, a long  
rice and alone all you. I am this way!



the character can't understand why  
I waste time shaving each day for no  
place to go. I feel dirty and nervous  
when I need a shave and I consider it  
a insult to other people. Nothing more  
revolting than a GI needing a shave. I  
take pride in my appearance and try  
my best to always look sharp. I guess  
the old cadet habits are drilled into my  
skull and I'm afraid of walking the  
ramp. Anyway, I feel better with a clean  
shave and it's good for the morale. Some  
married men after a no. of years, dress  
like hangers around the house. but not  
this guy. I want to look neat for you  
at all times for you're my wife. I  
will love you as much forever. Mind you,  
I'm don't want to sit around in white  
collar etc, but in comfortable, neat  
casual sport clothes. All I can say is  
that I'm nuts about my little wife. I  
love you more each second and my love  
for you is end less as the sands of time.

9th. St. Jacobi was rather honest off  
at Chin today. Chin pulls around some  
times and doesn't do much work. He gets  
into a mood and nothing will snap him  
out of it. St. Jacobi has some work  
but has a dead line to meet and it's  
Chin's flocks along. Truly we are busy  
as hard dogs as a cat on a tin roof.  
Nites are a welcome relief from the  
kafus. I can't complain for look what  
those kids are doing on the other side of  
the channel. That's what we are over here  
for - to work. Guess we are (rounds punning)  
in a very, very small way, helping in  
the hotel big show. Tonight, Special  
Services brought a stage show to the base  
but none of us went to it. This U.S.G.  
show shut out "Pinky Girl" and I  
missed seeing it. There was a afternoon  
showing but Esther called first. I don't  
care about Betty Grable anyway and the  
young said it wasn't so hot. Sometimes  
they bring back the road shows and I



might see it yet. <sup>(4)</sup> this afternoon, had to make with the routine S-2 work and was glad to get away from my desk for awhile. the first league football game was held on our field this afternoon. the 702nd Sqd. beat Hdy. 32 to 0. we don't play until next week. after supper, we walked out more gleam and hurried up in our aerial attack - pursuing far as I can see, we have a fair team and will have a damn good chance to go down as undefeated. Some of the guys just won't come out to our night practice. We have to click as a team with plenty of practice. Each man must know every play and where the ball is going. I sure would like to be home for the big game thanks given day. I suppose every one will go to the game. why don't you go with Norman or your sister? I left the States last Thanks given day in the first leg of our overseas flight. with I

could head the <sup>(5)</sup> other way this time. I love you so awful much! the guys were so damn excited over the game that I just had to stop writing. I thought Suede would go mad. Cards took this game and what a thrilling game it was. Suede kicked his hat and wore out a pair of shoes. after the game, all of us dashed over to the Aero club, just in time before it folded up for the night. the winner of the pool got had to buy the guys. Gene won it tonight and had to pay the bill. Here's no going. I will win again. I doubt if I can for it is my lucky no. as I explained to you last night. the office is so nice and warm that I think I'll stay down here tonight. no use to let this heat go to waste and besides, I want to do some reading I'm all alone now, just me and the crackling fire. I shaved and gave myself the meow over a little while ago, so I have a clean, bright face beaming at you. I love you so much.



(9)

thanks for sending me the story about  
Prob Kildelly. He must of had a very  
rough time out there in the S.P. there  
he is a changed guy after all of that  
hell. A life in the Marines is really  
something - a run to be proud of. Not  
like this dam Air Force. I would not trade  
with him though. I'm a old Air Force  
man from way back - too far back for you  
and me. Dick took a year tonight and  
no doubt some chick is happy this  
nite - say here. Ah! what the gals back  
in the States are missing - Dick, I'm  
and part of all S. for. I should think Sine  
City is a Ghost town by this time. Recently  
you have a guy with a APO no. that  
is mad about you. No need to mention  
his name. If in doubt - look at the  
signature of this letter. Aggie - I'm  
girl wrote him a letter that ended all  
letters. She stated she was a virgin and  
was saving it for him. Cause he  
can't say the name! She says that a  
couple really in love and can't get  
married right away, should in charge  
in the greatest of all in love spots  
(also not doors - any old place)



I on rec'd this letter has sold him  
 and she is the one. What a gal  
 she must be. the Clipping put today  
 "Lie down - I want to talk to you".  
 Ah! my aching back - is it that a  
 strictly bunch of Iowa corn? Shake  
 it but don't head it! Peanuts, what  
 ever you decide about the ring of our  
 apt. is strictly ok. with me. We  
 truly don't want a large place at  
 first until I make the long green.  
 Perhaps a couple two or three rooms  
 like our cute apt in Sioux City. We  
 want it to be strictly furnished with  
 class. So Angel, plan and buy now!  
 I'll be catching the flyer for home  
 any time now - so best you make  
 with the plans. It's fun to plan  
 about our little home and it's a  
 warm glowing feeling deep inside  
 to realize soon we'll have our very  
 own little home. Darling, you just  
 can't understand how I feel on this  
 very idea. I have a shack date with  
 you that will last for ever. I'm rich  
 of playing soldier and I want to



play house with you but quick. If  
you could only understand how  
much I do love you and want you.  
You'll soon find out in a violent  
way. Honey, your shoes are cheap  
and you can really pick the clothes.  
I can't wait to see you in all your  
new things a little better - not of em.  
which do you prefer? Peanuts, you  
are sweet to suggest that I dance  
with some ruck at the male crowd  
in the Aero Club. I wouldn't touch  
any of 'em with a ten foot pole so  
needn't worry about that. I'm a one gal  
man, that's all brother! My arms are  
for you alone and no one else can  
enter into them even in a dance. Why,  
my indie Oscar would kill me and  
then wouldn't speak to me ever again.  
You know how I prize my heart & his  
with his character. Sweet gal of  
mine, I love you more than even I  
know myself. I'm wild for he want  
of you and your thrilling touch. I  
want the earth to shake again; that's  
when you kiss me. I love you so!



(21)

Beautiful character - but I shut  
down for this time and slip my head  
into a book. Sorry time no read.  
Darling, cease with the mud and  
worrying for I'm strictly okay and in  
the so called funk (known to be more  
of a fact) St. Jacob is waiting out  
said answer to his latest letter he shot  
your way. Write him a ~~maypole~~  
daisy-like letter full of jokes etc. Honey,  
all I can say - I love you so awful  
much and want you more than the  
law allows. Keep up the prayers and  
before long this guy will be here in  
your arms. (Ah Boy!) Alone all. Don't  
worry about me! Keep up the wonderful  
plans of our little home. Really, I feel  
great knowing you are preparing my  
home coming. Truly you are a sweet  
doll and I love every inch of you.  
Tell your family hello and I will  
write you as possible. God Bless you  
my wonderful, beautiful Angel and  
lots of love.

Your Soldier/Husband  
Sammy





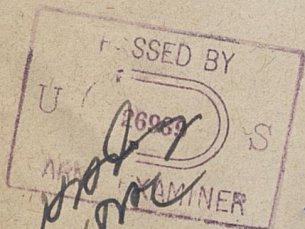
# JANE...

SOME DAYS LATER...





Capt George G. Canany 15113242  
761 Symmacron #46 Bomb Group (51)  
APO 658 To Post Master  
New York, New York



(air mail)

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

5



(8)  
Honey, let you are rich of learning just about the same old thing each day. I mean - S. 2 and etc. As you can see - a hell of a boring life I lead on this side of the pond. They say the place we come from - the States - is very nice. I could not say for it's been a hell of a long time. (long time no see - rather no see you) It is after one am and with all the nothing around, one would think it was noon time. Every one is crazy but your husband - he's nuts. Darling, some times I like to shut the hell about world affairs and the god war. or even literature. None of these yard birds want to do this - so it seems. I like to better my range of knowledge through open forums - discussion, hell versions or what ever you want to call em. Guess I'll have to stick to the world of books. All I know - I love you so awful much and can't wait until I can prove this love of mine with actions.

Friday Oct 6th  
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

I'm writing this from the gentleness of C.P. - more damn fun - range here in very fine print. Nothing in the way of mail today and my morale is at those level tonight. All I can say is that I love you so awful much and want you more than it is possible. Nothing unusual about today - just the same old thing of mental back breaking work. Seems as if we'll never catch up and I wonder. C.P. is a welcome relief from the daily grind. I packed up here last night, because I wanted to do some reading - that I did, I didn't wake up as I wanted to - so he has got in around 8:15 and woke me. He and I had to clean out the debris of last night's world series game. I don't think the hall yard in St. Louis was cluttered up any more than our beat up office. I have the hot dog concession at the game tonight and he has the beer concession. Should



be able to clean up <sup>at</sup> on the long green - if we  
couldn't get the stuff. Any way, we can  
pretend. (See what I mean about being  
ETO happy) St. Jacobi had a club this  
morning instead of the usual uling and  
before long, it became sticky with our  
blood. Just he would bark @ him and then  
me. In between barking we worked. This  
afternoon he gave another one of his famous  
big time lectures. Cause the crews cheer &  
when we walked in or was it cheer? I have  
a lot of fun at these lectures. St. Jacobi  
will be talking about a glass and I'll be  
showing the slides with red projector.  
For the hell of it, I'll stick a needle pin up  
in my pocket with a job in mind. St.  
Jacobi will be beating his puns and while  
his back is turned to the screen, I will  
flash red pin up. Of course the crews go  
wild at the sight of raw meat. St. Jacobi  
will stand there in amazement, wondering  
what the hell is going on with the crews.  
Finally, he catches on and looks at the

Suede filed up <sup>(1)</sup> the letters he wrote  
to night - on my desk, so I would mail  
em in the morning. By the way, the  
pictures we took in the per lounge are  
beginning to dribble in. The ones so far  
ain't half bad and I hope the rest  
turn out the same. Chumb claims the  
ones I took with the small camera  
didn't turn out so well. I think he  
messed up both rolls while trying to  
develop em. I'm very much howled  
off at that, for I shot some damn good  
pictures. Said he would try to save  
em. If he doesn't, there is 80 photos  
shot to hell. He and I took a lot of  
pictures of gals while they were on the  
ground. I didn't go with them at such  
times. I took the small camera with me  
and shot the interesting thing. So I  
hope they turn out okay. Som as they  
are finished I will send em all at  
once. As I've said before. God! I love  
you so awful much! I want you!



(6)  
I'm sending my blouse - pair of my  
good cadet pants, a od shirt and my  
suntan shirt. to my surgeon, takes  
only three days and a damn good deal.  
In the past year. I had to dry clean my  
own stuff with gas etc. Now - a real  
cleaning job gives a decent pressing job.  
Also have a tailor shop here in the base.  
Some thing new. I have a few little  
regain jobs to be fixed up. Swede let's  
me in on these good deals and I'm  
greatful. Life is rough in the ETO. My  
good shoes need a regain job also, but  
I'm afraid to send 'em through the  
Quartermaster. You know how the army  
is. I'll take 'em in town next time to  
some shiny shop. Ah! how I hate the  
army. So far, I've found out a letter  
to the family and one to Harold. think  
I will practice on the drawing or read in  
a little while. About time for midnite  
chow - so I'll knock off for awhile.

(31)  
screen. At first glance, he jumps with plea  
and drools louder than every one else. He  
gets a great kick out of such stuff. Some  
times I'll ask the crew if any one has  
some good gin up. You should see some of  
the photos these guys have. They make St.  
Jacobi's file look like Sunday school stuff.  
Even I have to blush. I show 'em any way.  
After the class is over, the guys ask me to  
show more. I'm always in a hurry to get  
the hell out of the school room and refuse.  
Idea behind the gin up - head up the  
medom of said lectures. It's hard as hell  
to hold a bunch of guys' attention on what  
some people call a dry subject. But some  
times - the gin up works too damn good.  
After the lecture I had run time 5-2 work.  
Saka on - I went back to the office, in time  
to take off for early supper. So you can  
understand why we are always so busy.  
Just get going with the work - busy - hard  
to jump up and do something else. the  
war won't last much longer.



from the reports of my agents - a damn  
good movie tonight. Course I can't go  
because of the pressing CP duties. Same  
show is on tomorrow and I will go then.  
Said flicker is "Bathing Beauties" Once  
again the ball fans are crowded around  
the radio and I think some must still  
be heard right in the net. GIs are all hot  
and bothered about the world series. The  
Brownies won again and I lost. The  
Brownies marched in all their runs in  
the wrong inning I had the 9th and of  
course lost. Tomorrow is the 4th game  
and no 4 is my lucky number. Who can  
tell - I might win again! I was cutting  
hair tonight so I let him give my  
lucky curls the once over light by. He  
didn't do such a bad job after all. My  
long hair was lay in my to twig my  
pet - so I thought it best I'd have it  
cut. Just a fast trim job though and  
I look good as new - they tell me.

Dick Day is working tonight. He is the  
only one of his original team that is  
working. Sykes and Ralph are on the  
big 7 day leave and Capt. Jones is on  
pass. Jimmy is taking Ralph's place,  
Mike is taking Sykes' place and the  
good Major Klopfer is holding down  
Capt. Jones' place. What a mess. Several  
times I've ask Don if he wanted to go  
on pass this week and he said no. I  
found out tonight that he is taking  
one tomorrow. If he was going, why not  
the hell didn't he say so. Some friend I  
call him. Write to him! He won't be able  
to turn another cent from me. Guys  
in the army ain't real friends as they put  
in to be. What a difference from my true  
buddies in the cadet camp. I should  
wring. At last - after months of intense  
research, I found some place to send  
my dry cleaning. Swede found some  
one who'll do the job at a rather high  
price but it's worth it at any price.



(12)  
Darling, when I come home, I will kiss  
away the sad news. The second you are in  
my arms, this damn hell will be over. I can't  
wait until I can embrace sweet embraceable  
you. Every day of my life I just live for you.  
Darling, let's not waste a second when I  
come home. We have no every much to  
make up for. To hell with conventionalities  
of life. We shall do any little thing we want  
no matter how silly it may appear to other  
people. That's why we must have our own  
little home so we can act as mother as we  
want. People will be shocked if they could  
see how we will carry on. You just can't  
realize what gas make fun you are in this  
fun. I can't give you anything but love. But  
oh! what love it is. We are millionaires, not  
in riches, but something money can't buy.  
God, how I love you so awful much. Please  
keep on glancing in apt for when I'll be  
haunting your arms. Take good care of  
what belongs to me. God Bless you my  
lovely Piss my Girl and loads of our special  
hint of love. I'll be seeing you very soon.  
Your Soldier's Husband  
Johnny



(11)  
Today in the E 10 little - some cheer home  
thru's opened his big mouth. This thing  
was taken from a New York news paper and  
released through press channels. Changes  
in American diets due to the war were  
predicted by some jerk of a Medical  
Research Institute. He said service men  
are learning to eat a well-balanced diet,  
many for the first time. (Wonder where is  
he hell you can get this wonderful food?  
not in this man's army) These same men  
will lead families and will set up newly  
required food habits. Then the damn fool  
turns around and sticks his foot square  
into his gurgling mouth. He said - GI's  
persist in eating about 1/8 of their calories  
outside of the mess hall and are candy bars.  
Now why in the hell do we eat so many  
candy bars if the food is so damn good?  
You tell me. Some quack in the U.S. is it  
worth thinking up such silly statements?  
Every GI is laughing like hell about this  
article. Can you answer why we eat the  
candy bars? Because the food is not well



balanced like this <sup>(10)</sup> girl claims. We have  
no room to complain but she got hit  
when a girl like this gets up and says  
such things, I have to wound off. When I  
come home, I want everything but this  
type of croaking. Darling all you'll have  
to do is feed me and love me. The waifs  
are to be disbanded. Those girls beat a lot  
of good pilots out of a flying berth and  
caused a lot of damn good cadets to be  
washed out. You know how I feel about  
that out fit. Another item from a New York  
new paper: "The state birth rate for the month  
was the highest in years. It's becoming  
popular again." What the hell do they mean,  
again? Sweet little wife - I love you more  
than you can understand. Just the thought  
of you, sets running fires of passion within  
me. Soon I shall be a free man and you  
mine for ever. All I care about is - none of  
you! Think that I will give my hand a  
rest awhile and read. I'll be back in a  
flash with more. God, I love you so  
awful much! I am that war!

I ain't mean a thing <sup>(11)</sup> if you ain't got that  
swing! Pardon me. I'm going nuts - do you  
mind? Well, things are normal now and the  
noise is down to a dull roar. I'd catch  
enough shut eye - I'll not go to bed tomorrow,  
just mess around. Doing as I please. I  
have to rest and try to take advantage of the  
every free seconds that I can. I suppose the  
good St. Jacob will get along some how even  
though I'm not around. Wonder how they will  
manage? Poor chris were been the bartering  
all alone. It's a good thing he is half dead  
any way. Got too much of England in my wall  
etc etc etc. I went home to you but quick.  
I've given the best years of my life to the army.  
Wait a minute - that ain't right. I mean  
I want to enjoy marriage while I'm young  
mine's awastening when the boogie was going  
choo-choo train gulls into the Union Station,  
look out for I'm coming home with passion  
drinking from my lips. Honest, Honey, please  
be ready for a lot of powerful love making  
that will last forever. I'm missing the kisses  
you're missing too. Darling, we'll do nothing  
but love and have fun for the first 100 years,  
after that we'll settle down. All I want to do  
is have one continuous fun and love making



# JANE...





Mr. George Canany 15113242  
741 Madison 445 Bronx N.Y. (H)  
ap 558 To Post Master  
New York, New York



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

POSTED BY  
E. C. Meyer  
VER  
(air mail)

6



Darling, I do like you in slacks. You are the slack type and really look sharp in 'em (on out) Some girls should be looked up for not wearing a hair light - for what they do to a pair of slacks. But little old Sweet you - really can wear just about clothes of all types. I do want you to wear 'em when I come home. Gosh, I love you so awful much! Honey, even though I'm not home this Christmas (???) I'll be there with you the day I come home will be Christmas and every day there after. Our love knows no thing about distance. We'll have more fun than the law allows and really appreciate each other more. Honey, I'll take off for chow now and will mail this afterwards. I'll slip in another letter to you tonight as usual. Hope I have more mail from you. I'll find out in a little while. Just hang on and keep up the prayers. I'll be home before you know it. God Bless you Darling wife of mine and loads of passionate love. I love you so much!

Your Soldier/Husband  
 Jimmy



Sunday Oct 8th  
 England

my Darling Sweet Angel wife!

At last - after two days of fasting from your mail - one letter today. I feel half alive again and carry on until the next mail call. Your letters give me my food and ready for love. Gosh, I love you so awful much. As I expected - today was a super work day here in the ETO and I was making like a bee all day long. St. Jacobi and Chris worked last night - so the Turks fell upon my young weathers shoulders. I thought surely I'd go mad and wonder if I didn't. To log it all off - another haul of nits with I'm doing right now. If ever any of our kids play soldier - I will beat his head in with a brick bat. What happens to a GI shouldn't happen to a dog. They call us dog faces any way. Abe didn't see all the slaves at that. After a restful night of sleep - I was good for another day but not like this one. Some day I'll be a free man and can enjoy the rights of a husband. Ah! Hey! I can't wait. Gosh out real! I'm telling you



(2)  
I got took off with a rather early start on this letter.  
That's a laugh. Do you know what time it is now.  
10 am Monday morning! Ah! My aching  
back. What a nite - what work - what a head!  
The other two jerks on my team hit the beach  
hours ago but not Cpl. Conary. I got this  
very minute knocked off and Honey, I'm one  
each dead duck. Seeing the day has such a  
damn good start, I'll stay up until then time.  
But then - Ah! No - Sleep. I've stumbled  
around on my feet for the past 28 hours and  
keats me how I'm holding this pen in my  
hand. See what love does to your husband!  
I not thinking of you surges new life through my  
dry veins and a mg. of strength in two - enough  
to fire me up into hot passions. One of your  
earth rocking kisses and I could take on the  
world - any style. Make a couple of new  
friends this afternoon (Sunday) - two young  
pilots. We really flew the big ones in the quarter  
out of hanger flying. A couple of nice I was in  
any man's language. Said they would drop  
around my office and let the breeze again.  
I like to have my flag with such guys as these.

(1)  
Just make - hot - hands of fiery lust. S. the  
girl did your mother ever tell you about the  
birds and bees? Just remember this - I'm no  
bee - so watch out. When we dive into each  
other's arms, the love heat will send up  
clouds of steam. People will surely think a  
wiler blew a valve. And there's right for I  
will be steaming with white heat of fiery  
passions. Keft thing we'll do - get thinking  
from drinking. Ah! what a wonderful cycle of  
passionate fun we will have. I can't wait until  
the fun begins. S. the deal! I adore you beyond  
words. Honey, I'd just up with Siing using the  
horn (GI slang for phao) about five seconds -  
that's all. without missing words. I'd tell her  
to get her ruddy little hook off the wire but  
quiet. I got a big bang out of how you dislike  
four F's (physical wrecks). I know just how  
you feel about them - strutting down the street.  
If they can breathe - the army can use 'em.  
Course in some cases - the Army uses them  
lunge - mine is working fine. You said  
Siing is going to meet (my meet) Said  
yes. (I wonder if the first way I dealt is right)  
I doubt if Ernie could work up the strength to do  
no.



Good afternoon. Sweet <sup>(6)</sup> character of my heart! I just crawled down to the office fresh from the depths of my G.I. sack. I had to collar myself by the scruff of the neck and bodily thrust my weakened frame out of bed. It is 5 pm now and run as I gush off this letter - I will scream over to the junk they toss at us called food. Well, I love you so much - my whole body drips with gas. in from every pore. Little do you realize what a passionate carer you have for a husband. I'm not going to waste one second when I hit your arms. I tell you this - the 2nd thing I'm going to do when I go home - take my shoes off. No need to mention the first one. I'm sure you have a good idea - at least - a faint idea of what's going to cook - chicken - want to see a neck - yes! Man! God your husband is fit for a cage for his wild with love for you. I don't know just what you do to me but what even it is - I'm crazy about it. I assume you - that for sure - you do think I'm some sort of a red madden beast when I grab you with

<sup>(3)</sup> Enclosed you will find a edition of the Saturday Gazette - published, printed & by that famous run of a - newspaper man and is a top notcher him self - the one and only (damn good thing) I can buy. We of the Gazette devote our efforts into supplying our readers with human interest news from this G.I. side of the world. Notice the head lines on page one. Yesterday just before noon - Dick screamed into my office with a nervous shake of a dog's head. Said (and I quote) "George I'm in a hell of a spot. Tonight I have to take Captain Jones' place as M.C. in the Sunday Night Variety show over in the Club. I haven't any sort of script or gag. (he was on his knees by this time) Please, help me out" Seems as if the young chick I'm some sort of a gag man from the Can any humor I crack. I ine corn to hide what goes inside of me. Anyway, I slipped into a script for Dick and handed my some good gag. I had a hell of a lot of fun doing it. All afternoon, I beat my head against the wall for funny cracks. After knocking down two walls - I had some thing at last.



(4)

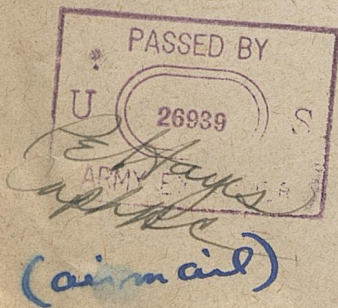
So with the music line up and running before me - I whizzed up a half way decent ringer. After smoking tons of fags I gave the gang to Dick and hoped for the best. Fast like the new hour approached at 8. Into the Aero club two got tired weary G's needing a few laughs. Would the show be a success, what would the crowd throw at Dick Day, would they ride Canary out of town on a rail - time in tomorrow and kind out. No kidding the lights dimmed - the band struck up a tune - Billy Billy band and the show was on. All the tables in the snack bar were filled and G's squatted upon the floor. Some munching coffee and cake, others just sitting. Day crossed the stage and headed into the mids. I sat there in a cold sweat until the first gang line came out. M.C. fellows - lots all two men leads in a minute prayer for Leapt. Jones. Because of a accident - no one etc. etc. (see the Saturday Gang for their gang and couple others. I glanced around

(5)

the G.I. filled glass watching faces. It was too horrible so I quit. Quicker than a sheep's kill - Aero club rocked with screams of laughter (belly ring) the show was off to a roaring start and became louder throughout the show. Yes the show was a howling success - and I'm proud. Dick did a grand job of putting the gang over. Each gang ran into another to make a complete gang line etc. It was a lot of fun hearing my stuff being laughed at. Usually - they just laugh at me. Anything to keep up the mood of this £10 life. We have a lot of talent on this bare. We have two dance bands - Billy Billy band, a stage show with gang to go with it and me. I suppose this will be my first and last ganging. Although - may do it again next week. I'm hoping that Bob Hope will take up my offer. Darling, would you laugh at my jokes? Honey, I will go eat now and then dive into the racks. It is 11 am and the mess hall doors are hanging open. I'll dash off the rest of this later this afternoon when I'm available. As you can see, I'm as busy right now. I love you so awful much and want you!



Mr. George Canary 15113242  
7th Squadron 445 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.



(4)

water cooking on the stove to replace the £10 dirt from my weather beaten face and also - hair. I'm still sleepy for I didn't really latch on to the right amount of shut eye this afternoon. I will ground that pillow but good tonight. I wrote a letter to Fred & Harold the other nite but said censors wouldn't pass it. So I'll have to write another one - when I get the time. I like to receive mail from other people but never have the time to answer 'em. I much rather write to you. I really enjoy writing to you. I tell you this enough as I really mean it. You should hear the young litch about writing letters. Honey, I love you so awful much and want you more than you can imagine. You mean so much to me, in fact every thing with out you - I'm nothing. We've been so damn busy that I haven't had a chance to slip into some leisure reading I may stay up late tomorrow nite and read late - then take the next day off. I have a day coming from last week, plus one this week. Could take a 48 hour gas but I'm

Monday Oct. 9th<sup>8</sup>  
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - lovely info of mine. I'm writing this from the warmth of the alert room. I'm surrounded by all the characters of S-2 - some are writing - some are reading and others have ears pointed at the radio. The World Series is on and it may be the last game if the Cards win this one. I'm still gambling for the Browns and they still have a fighting chance. Last nite - I haunted the halls of S-2 and on through the morning until 10 am. As you can see from letter as of then - I stayed up until noon chow writing to you. I finished said letter this afternoon after a enjoyable session of rest time. I hauled out of the old bunk around 5 pm. Nothing much in the way of worthwhile news about today. I did receive two passionate letters from you today and a letter from Mom. My moral is high tonight from your lovely letters. I love you so awful much and want you more than it is possible for a human. You're wonderful!



In a desk to night <sup>(2)</sup> - I'm using a GI  
clap board. Nothing to use as a desk here  
in the alert room. There are tables but of  
course - they are in use by rusty GIs.  
I'm lagging up the heat of a roaring fire  
right in front of me. My office is a bit  
on the cold side tonight and I'm not in  
a fire building mood. But - I'll have a  
hunk of heat blazing early in the morning.  
Being away from you - I feel the coldness  
more. You keep me all hot and bothered when  
I'm near you. Ah! Boy, I could really  
use a hunk of your love making right now.  
Don and I mumbled crawled back from a  
game today and claim to have had a  
good time. Don said I would of liked the  
new town they went to for more gin than  
the law allows. You know what a gin  
head I am. Might take a gas to this  
town some day when I get too thirsty.  
I do like going to town over here in the  
winter. - English are right with heat.  
I do want to go to London some time

real soon. Still I'm not all hot and  
bothered about going. All I want - to get  
the hell home to you but quick. St. Jacobi  
takes off on his leave some time tomorrow. So  
Chris and I have the office to run. I hope  
F.A. Jacobi has a hell of a good time for he  
has hooked him self out with work in the past  
week. I saw Chuck today and the photos are  
all finished. Said he would bring 'em down  
to the office tonight. So I will send the package  
to you tomorrow. Chuck said the 80 photos  
I shot with the candid camera failed to  
turn out. I think he messed 'em up while  
trying to develop 'em. I'm madder than  
all hell about that - and I'm not kidding.  
So - I can't send you the no. of pictures as I  
thought I could. Damn it! I hope the ones  
that did turn out are good. It is just as  
mad as I am about this, who wouldn't be?  
The World Series just ended and the Cards  
won the '44 Series. It was a damn good game  
tonight - so they tell me. I really wanted the  
Brownies to win - they were the under dogs -  
as you can plainly see now. I have a lot of



Darling, I know you understand these  
rilly letters for you know me. I miss you so  
awful much that I don't know what the  
hell I'm doing. I want you more than it  
is possible to the human mind. Your  
husband is really nuts about you. I'm now  
in the front office for Dick want to close the  
alert room so he could go hit the rack. I don't  
understand why guys want to sleep so much.  
I don't have enough time as it is. Most of the  
yard huts are shuffling the game boards in  
a game of chance. It is almost time for  
midnite chow and I'll stroll over there for  
a cup of battery acid - you G. style. The other  
day - some guy split a cup of this beer on the  
floor - what you - know. a hole there now. Some  
day - I'll drink a good cup of coffee and will  
beant. We had chicken for noon chow. As I  
sat there staring at my plate - my chicken  
began to move - so I hit it with a spoon  
(hungry) and gave it to Chin. He's half  
dead anyway and it wouldn't hurt him.  
Must of been okay for Chin till walks around  
in his perpetual cage. He should star in

in a gas mood. I don't care much  
about anything long as I'm away from  
you like this. Ralph and I are due  
back from the gas in a day or so. I'm  
anxious to hear the tale (should I say -  
tail) the gang didn't practice foot ball  
tonight and I think we'll regret it this  
coming Sat. when we have our first game  
in the Flushing Bowl (S.... pot) So far,  
we're in the dark who'll play the first  
quarter or start off the game. All the B.T.O.s  
are stalling fighting it out - who'll play in  
the back field. My all rights - we should be  
beaten - because of the way the guys pull  
together - the opposite direction. I just sit  
back and wait. Sure gets dark around  
here early than compared to this summer.  
I crept back to the scene of my crime of  
last nite - the Aero club where Dick  
murdered my job. I had to work up a  
lot of courage to walk boldly in the club.  
Because I was flanked by a armed escort.  
to my surprise - no one asked me for my  
autograph. Wonder why? Silly Proy!



(6)

Don and his nuts are doing the work tonight. Sure glad I'm not on again! Honey - best you shoot another bottle of hair oil to me - due for another oil change - every thousand brain beating. Also another bottle of ink. Certain guys around here. Love to use my things. I hide 'em but they find 'em. Each time I have a day off or in the rack - some one goes through my desk after books etc. I don't mind lending books out - but I want to read 'em first. Don is a great one for borrowing things and not returning 'em. I can understand Ralph doing this for his brain can't remember things. But Don - no excuse. I'm not close to Don as I use to be. I suppose you can see this by my past letters. None of these guys are real buddies. They mess or less travel in wolf packs - chasing females and since I won't do that - I'm on the outside. I'm a type of character than can enjoy things alone. I'm independent as hell to these guys. I love to read etc and write

(7)

to you. I can sit doing nothing (rare as all hell) and enjoy myself through my thoughts. No need to add - they are all about you. I go in for a lot of deep thoughts and reading. Sometimes - I get into a long hair mood in the way of books - deep stuff. Darling - I like to let the heeng about world affairs, just war, politics, books etc. Most of these characters are interested in such letting the heeng. St. Jacobi and I have a lot of these so called hell sessions while we are doing our daily work. That guy has a brain between his eyes. I have a different opinion of things to some of the characters. Don calls me "Poker face" for I won't smile sometimes. No need to say why I don't feel like crawling up into a fake smile when I'm blue in the face. Sometimes I crack corn to hide my true feelings. Sorry as I have to be in the army - Ah! how I long for the cadet days. Sometimes I go off in a tandem - as you can see. I hope you aren't bored at this nutty letter. Sometimes - who now - my own train of thoughts start up me.



(12)

I love my little wife so awful much and just can't wait until I get home to you! Just you wait and see how we'll love. Why gal! I will die with you with kisses and play you with careens. Just remember was did is stuff compared to what's coming. We'll love each other to death I'm afraid. What a wonderful way to kick the bucket. Little Gal - I'll close down but know and go round the gillows. I've got a date with a dream tonight - yours! Best I hurry to the barracks and slip into a heap of dreaming but quick. Tell your family hello and to dash off a note soon. I'll do the same when I have that rare stuff called free time. Big practice in football tomorrow afternoon. Hang the football board in our locker room. Best we do it. Darling, please cut out the wrapping for Jim's bag. Pray for a early V-day so I can get the hell home for P-day. (Persimmon day) God bless you - my all American Sweater girl and loads of our special brand of love.



Your Soldier Husband  
Jimmy

(9)

homer movies as a yunkie. I understand, kids cry when he shuffles by. Darling, have you ever heard of the "Flying Boot Shuffle"? No doubt that you havn't. It's not a song or anything like that but each day you can hear it. During that fly in cold weather wear heavy leather boots. When they walk - scid. Boots - slide along the ground in a surprising sort of a noise. I call it the Flying Boot Shuffle. I use to dance it too in the Cadets. (See what I mean about wanderings of my mind?) I just came back from chow - your neat dish and a cup of mud. In a few minutes - I'll grope my way towards scid sack. All I can say is that I love you more than you'll ever know. Mike won the Series Pool tonight - 5 ebs of 20 fish. Bill won the super deluxe pot of 40 fish. We thought scid pot would be more but some of the guys backed out. I lit and lost. Some of the guys want to be tossed to the monster in Sil. Abner. According to the ETO Bible - Smurgle Colonsels won the first game of the Little World Series. Good old No the Dame trounced In Lane 26 to 0. in Set's



(10)

big game. Army beat Brown 59-7 and Navy edged Penn State 55 to 14. The Army-Navy game should be a really damn good one this year. U. of K. held Michigan State down to the score of M.S. 2. That was a moral victory for U. of K. The Stars and Stripes (Stars and Stripes) kept us up to date on the sports world. Here's gaz for today - A bunch of GIs had some Germans cornered in a pill box. Suddenly the firing from the pill box ceased. One of the GIs jumped up - pulled the pin from a hand grenade - yelled and threw the hand grenade. He yelled - "Here, split this among you". (Thoughtful of him don't you think?) On the coming front war would - homes will be equipped with recreational new products. Infra-red lamps will make it possible to sleep without blankets. Sounds good to me - especially people who sleep in the row. (Must what I mean?) Which do you prefer - with or without? No need to mention which I like - Ah! Boy! Look what we are missing! Damn this war! We have a lot of things to make up for. Mainly love - then love and of

Come - Love. Darling. From what you say, our first piece of furniture must be really something. I'm so happy and tickled about it. Feels wonderful that we own something really ours. I love you so awful much and want you more each second. Darling, I think it is a good plan to buy something every so often like that. Soon we'll have enough for our little apt. Well, I would love to have a ring like yours to wear. My ring size is 8 and to be on the safe side - I'll enclose a piece of paper the right size. I know it is 8 for one of the young has a ring that size and it fits perfect. You are so sweet to your husband and I love you so awful much! Darling, to day's letter from you really smelled good. Wish I could be there at the source of this delightful smell. Thing like this make me so raring mad and I'm not kidding! The reason I ask about my hand writing - most people can't read it. I know you can - so I want my first T. Mom said the secretary was beautiful. I can't wait until we really have our own little home. I know you feel the same way as I do. Sue is wonderful!

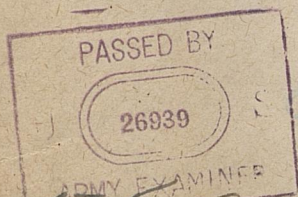


# JANE ...





Left George Canany 15413242  
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (GI)  
APO 558 To Postmaster  
New York, New York



(air mail)



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



I wonder what type of work I'll catch on to?  
I of course want to take a crack at a paper  
but if not - wonder what I'll catch on to.  
If needed - I can always go back to selling  
clothes. Really I want to take a crack at  
writing. If I didn't land a job on some  
run - we would starve if we depended on my  
half an hour. As I've said before - writing  
is a hobby of mine and I don't know if it is a  
paying one or not. All I want is you and  
I can't wait until we really get down to  
some serious married life. Darling, Darling,  
I miss you so awful much and want you  
beyond the knowledge of humans. You can't  
ever understand how much I love you. Our  
day will come and not too far off. Darling, I  
think I will knock off for tonight and do a little  
reading. I'll finish this up in the morning and  
will have a fresh mind. You Sweet self, I close  
you in my dreams in a little while and there  
we - will make love. I hope you have such  
enjoyable dreams as I have each night.  
Little wife - your soldier husband really adores  
you. Good night for now and I love you!

Tuesday Oct 10<sup>9</sup>  
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening. Lovely  
wife of mine! First - nothing in the way of  
mail from you to day and that's bad. I feel  
sure that I would catch on to at least one  
major request from you - but was wrong. I  
love you so awful much and want you more  
than my pen can express. Nothing much in  
the way of startling news from the ETO today.  
St. Jacobi took off on his 7 day leave and  
upon my recommendation is going to  
Aberdeen. The other partner of the sister act  
is going with him - St. Reed. I bet they have  
a hell of a good time in Scotland. Today,  
I crawled down to the office - weighted down  
with the thoughts of piles of work beared  
upon my shabby desk. To ward off the chill of  
the ETO coldness, I built a major fire. Glad  
to say - the office was very snug after a bit  
and too comfortable to work in. So I leaped  
into the piles of work and busied off some  
of it. Now seems to diminish in size.



(2)

Sold of good shows on the radio today and I gayly undid - ramp here. Darling last night walking home through the moon like countryside - Rashed with a light ground haze was healthlessly beautiful. I have never seen anything so inspiring as this. Playfully the ground haze danced around my GI hogans as I waded through it. What a night for lovers. Just look where in the hell I am - on this island of love fasting. In the still of the night - I wish your thoughts of love to you. I wonder if they traveled to your ear. Ah! how I wish they could. Sweet Doll, I love you beyond words. You are so wonderful and I'm crazy about every little thing about you. A few minutes ago - I put another edition of the Saturday Gazette in the press and you'll find a copy enclosed. Said Jerry ran out of ink so I had to refill it. Ralph used my pen tonight and walked to the barracks with the damn thing in his pocket. Yes - he and Syra are back from the peribough. He stayed in Aberdeen at the Quays. I wrote him a letter and Ralph gave it to Dot Gray.

(1)

Some this will be a ugly dream but it seems well sweetening it out. Darling, just what part of town do you want to live in? I imagine the best place for us would be in the West End. But when we have our own home, I would like a place on the out skirts of town. I would like our home to be built of stone or white brick in the old Southern style - that is - up to date Southern style. In our living room - I would like a open fire place with a nice thick rug before it. A rug your feet rest in to up to the knees. We could have such gleeful fun lying before the fire place. In some logical spot we should have a very large book case filled with the best sellers. Some sort of a large sofa and other lounging chairs. Perhaps a cocktail set also, with ample supply of drinks on hand. We don't want a dining place, just a cute cozy little, a H rectric home. I would like to have a desk and typewriter and could go on with my writing. I'd be drawing some sort of blue prints and you can see what I mean. Darling, you have the reins about our home. Here are merely suggestions.



(6)  
with. I'll be no glad when we are all  
caught up again. Well, I'm all cleaned  
up now and not a damn place to go. Brother  
Ray just crawled in from his pen house. Every  
one is always damn glad to get back to the job.  
Wonder how it feels to be a free man without  
the army craching one each GI whing over  
your head. Son I'll find out. This time last  
year we were still to gether and thinking  
about you going home. You left me standing  
there on that team filled flat from one year ago  
Oct 14th. Horger was a rather dead place in  
it was heaven compared to this. I would be  
more than glad to go back there for the rest of  
my tour in the army - rather than on this  
damn is land. I'm so red and blue with out  
you! Life is at a living hand still and nothing  
holds my interest. Until you. Please make me  
alive - I shall be a blue guy. Didn't go to the  
movie tonight but will catch 'em tomorrow  
nite. They have the same show for two days now  
and if you miss one nite can catch the next one.  
Darling, you real hard for a fast victory so  
I can go home to you where I belong. I ache  
all over for the want of your thrilling love!

(3)  
Ralph and Bill and Dot took damn good  
care of 'em. Spence was gleated the whole  
time as I expected. Ralph prob'd around on  
his own hook and had a damn good time. Still  
he is for get ful as ever - proved my the fact of  
walking away with my gun. I'm using  
mike's gun and it is a rather nice one to  
write with. Dick, Don, Hunter and I in my  
are grouned about a table indulging in a  
game of bridge here in my office. Each nite  
the guys prob around in here and really  
meek the point. I have to take a good half  
hour each morning to clean it up. I'm  
democratic as all hell and don't mind  
no much. Barnyard cheer - goes to the  
barracks each nite rather early - while all of  
us hang around here rather late. I'm the  
last guy to go hit the sack each nite. There  
is a poker game in progress in our locker  
room right now. I took time out from the  
work this afternoon to shower and the water  
was delight fully hot. I have to have some  
time to night before I go hit the sack. Not  
sure I'll go to the barracks for I'm in a  
mood to read my mind tonight.



do much a thing as stay down here all night. All though - said said I been calling we had a scrub game of foot ball tomorrow on Thurs tonight and we look not half bad. Tonight during the practice, I received a kick in the calf of my left leg. I have a grand pain of all "Charlie Horses" and it is a bit rare. Nothing to worry about for a Charlie Horse isn't unusual. It is a bit painful though. We have a non-league game tomorrow night to really practice. I won't play in the first quarter because of my leg. But will re-appear in the game if needed before then. Our Big Ten League game is Sat. afternoon and we'll do our best to win. The good Colonel wants a game with us Friday afternoon and we will oblige him. The more we practice - the better team we will have. The 70th Squadron has a team and we meet them sometime in the near future. From advance information - they have a good team. Anyway - we'll run find out. Each game we're not in - we have a scout watching the other teams. This way we know what the

other team has on the ball. Just came back from mid night chess and I had a pregnant thought while making over a cup of coffee. Think that I'll take a half day off tomorrow and make with the sleep. Then I can stay up and read late and want to. My shaving water is about ready now - so in a couple minutes - I'll go wash off my pangs. Said characters in the smoke filled back room are still playing cards. The Bridge game is over and I leave my office to myself. Peace and quiet reigns here in. Darling - each day a couple of guys needs to me and I'll be damn if I know who in the hell they are. They know me but I can't place 'em. That hangs me a lot. Guy says hello to Barney and I don't know 'em from Adam. Could be they are Adam? Guess my name is a long one to remember etc. Leuch said last night that he would bring the photos by then or today. He didn't. So I'm going to charge down to the photo lab tomorrow and pick 'em up myself. Guess you are rich of waiting for 'em but won't be long now. I still haven't slipped into cartooning because of the



(9)

Good morning - you beautiful Joe.  
It is almost time for noon now and I  
will scream that way in a few seconds.  
I did take the morning off to ground the  
pillow. I stayed rather late last night  
bunched over a good book in my office.  
I climbed into bed around 3 am and  
jumped out around 10 am. I love you  
sweet wife - more than you'll ever  
realize. From the looks of things - to be sure  
will be another one filled with labor and  
that I don't like. I could think of a  
mill in more lively ways to pass the  
day away - each one - loving you. When  
I come home - I shall do nothing but relax  
in love. I'm not going to be too eager  
about finding a job until we're making  
for a bit of this last time. Our day is  
coming before much longer. In fact -  
I'll wear you out with love. No doubt  
the first time we love - I'll faint with  
you in a big way. It will be more than  
fun trying to knock ourselves out. I'm  
all for it. Hurrah for love! What this  
world needs is a bunch of reaching they  
say love makes the world go around, so  
let's keep the dam thing spinning.



C.O. of my heart - (16)  
much. I'm yours to command and I  
know you will give the command to  
attack. - yours. I will charge your  
flanks (Ahh! Boy!) and sweep you up with  
a bombardment of M-1 hisses. Then the  
all out effort. (pardon while I whip the  
drooling from my cracked lips) No  
bidding. Peanuts - just you wait until  
I trap you in my arms. With the gusto  
of a feud. I shall love you until your  
cute little ears light up in a red glow.  
You'll have to carry a club to beat me  
off. My whole being cries out for love -  
love - love. Truly I'm mad for the want  
of you. Until I come home - I'm missing  
those hisses. Honey - best I scream  
over to the mess hall and make with the  
choppers. Tonight a extra long letter  
to you. Sweet little wife - this husband  
of yours really adores you with all  
my heart. Don't worry but me, I'm  
fine as far as physical shape goes.  
But inside - I'm rich for the want of  
you. God Bless my adorable beautiful  
wife and loads of passionate love.

Your Soldier Husband  
Sonny

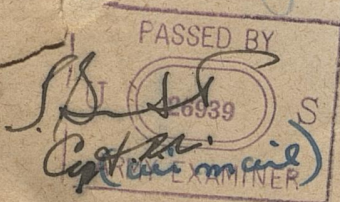




Capt George Canary 15113242  
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)  
APO 558 70 Postmaster  
New York, New York



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





81  
how many pounds of shoe leather he  
has used? By the way, I'm back from  
chow and just shaved. Your brother  
enclosed a note in your letter of today.  
Tell him, thanks and to do it more often.  
According to him, his school teacher  
wants to read my story. Sure gets around.  
I told you have a famous man for a  
husband - now here. The only famous thing  
about me - I married under you.  
Brother Ray is hanging around (I'll  
cut him down later) until I'm ready  
to go to the barracks. A lot of a black  
n'te this one is. Bloody black  
English calls it. So damn black in  
clime to your clothes. Darling, I can  
wait until my ring you are sending  
gets here. I've wanted one to proud by  
show off that I'm a tough man. It was  
fair and square. You tagged me on  
Sadie Hawthorn Day. Course I didn't try  
to run - just tripped you so I could get  
tagged. Do you think the Bone Ranger  
should tell his horse if he is drafted?  
That is the question of the day. Again. I  
repeat. I love you so awful much!

Wed. Oct 11 '10  
England  
My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!  
Good evening. my  
beautiful Doll and what a good evening  
it is. Even though it is pouring rain,  
I don't mind for I received a heart filled  
letter from you today. So tonight my  
morale is up here where it should be.  
Also a letter from Mom but yours is the  
one that counts. Once again, I have a  
soft easy chair - pulled up before the fire  
here in the alert room. I can hear the  
rain hammering the tin roof above my  
head and it makes me enjoy the fire even  
better. In the background - the radio is  
playing music so I can write to you. It  
is a very cozy scene but one thing  
lacking that makes all the other worth less.  
Yes - little wife - you. With you at my  
side, even England could be livable. I  
miss you more than my gun at night  
at work can express. Deep down inside,  
you can feel how much I miss you. We are  
part of each other and our sensibilities  
are the same.



(2)

Nothing unusual about today compared to other days in the E10. Just the same line of living work. Last night I read until rather late - so late that I decided to take a half day off this morning. So I slept until 10 am and enjoyed the work of T. Even then I had to talk myself into getting up. Ralph was room orderly this morning and we walked to the office. Chris is doing typing here in the silent room and I take care of the office myself. The damn fool didn't clean up our office this morning and I had to do it. You know the old saying, "While the cat's away, the mice will play." I'm not even in Ayrards at all, yet I have to work on the damn stuff. St. Jacobi by this time - is having a hell of a good time up in Aberdeen. I wrote a letter to the gang in Scotland after supper tonight. I thank them for taking good care of Ralph like they did me. If I ever get another periscope - hope the war is over before then - over here. I'll go see my friends in Scotland.

the E10 kids had a (1) little story but Sara Turner making a movie about the WAC's. But that's a story for me. I didn't bring up a edition of the Saturday Evening Post today. Don't want you to get sick of it all at once. If you like this news say - tell me. If not - say nothing and by your silence - I'll know. Hunter and Dick are also going to the mess hall and I will shuffle along with them. We have a flat mat to use on nites such as this. (A old one of my GI shoes) Darling, your letter today was saturated with a delight full love. What a tuff does to me. I bet the love makes me quiver with a shivering a lot of money too. Darling, I love you so awful much and want you more than the law allows. Darling, you should do so this to me - smelling up your letters with lovely stuff. I love it. Wonderful creature, you have this GI madly in love with you. I love you so much that it flows from my ears. When I read your your words of love, my ears light up (they tell me) I can't get enough of your letters. I hope you are hearing the ring of the post man many times each day. He has came to you more than 365 letters the past year. I wonder



(6)  
I'm writing this up on the Magna's deck.  
The Alert room is closed for tonight. Hunter  
is CQ and has a roaring fire here in the  
front office. Dick, Goldman and I are  
having the heat. Goldman has his  
body sprawled out in a Morris chair and  
is trying to catch some sleep. Dick has his  
long feet stuck in the Prob Hope hob  
you sent me. I have of yet to finish this  
hob. A few more pages and I'll knock it  
off. I would like to do some more reading  
tonight before I ruin to the barracks. Not  
raining now but the damn mud! In a  
very few minutes, the new hall  
clung open and I will just put  
if it - see what they have to eat. I will  
have to knock my self out tonight when I  
climb into the rack. I have a hundred  
of sleep under my mental belt from the  
after time I gounded the pillow this  
morning. My dry cleaning should be  
ready tomorrow - as if I were going some  
place. Any way - it's nice to have clean  
clothes to catch the dust. Also I have to  
have before I hit the god. Always like to  
be cleaned up for my nightly dreams of you.

(3)  
We couldn't have our practice game of  
foot ball tonight unless we wanted to  
play in flat boots. We'll be out there  
tomorrow if the weather permits. From  
advance reports - we have a half way  
decent movie here on the base. "Christmas  
Hobday" I may catch the second show if  
my water wing are in unboxing order. Ray  
Kiper just came on the GI station - a  
re-broadcast from the U.S. the band  
wagon. Our characters again to night  
are exchanging shilling through a  
joker game. Goldman was last nite  
and paid me the 8 fish he owed me.  
I am still hiding behind our so called  
bonding with the 8 bucks he owes me.  
I can recall he remembers two days of  
Albdeen - that's all brother. He was  
stinking from drinking - say here.  
You know how Ralph is - he doesn't say  
much about the per lounge. Ralph can't  
express himself into words like some fellows  
can. From what little I can gather, he  
fell in love with some chick up there in  
Scotland. The moogs around normally  
and can't say if he really is or not.



(4)

Well, I managed to gleam my way to the movies without drowning my self. Some one pulled me up as I was going down for the second time. This picture wasn't such a hit over here with the yand kids. It was a pic full of stark drama and deep emotions. Told a story of how a wife really loved her husband even though he killed a man. I liked the picture. I've seen many better ones but it was something different. Soldier like light pictures full of comedy and music. You can't say that you leave them for this. They want quiet, action, laughs and fun in the movies. Me - I like all types. When ever I sit through a movie with heart rendering love, I sit there on that GI hard bench - beating my head in from within, with metal hammers of mad love. I want you so much and if I can't have you, no one else has the right to be happy. Not even in the make believe movies. Peanuts, I'm going through hell, being away from you like this. I feel cut off from life - as if I were all alone in a vast wilderness.

I can see the light<sup>(5)</sup> of the way out of this wilderness but can't reach it. You are my guiding light. Darling, know how flowers etc need sun shine to live. How motors need fuel to run; how people need food to live; how coffee needs sugar. I could go on gang after gang like this telling you - I need you for life. I need you to live. Peanuts, Peanuts, try to understand how much I love you. I feel as if the very fires hell are flaming inside of me, while I'm away from you like this. My heart was ~~cut~~ <sup>cut</sup> into my chest the day I left you and I have a bleeding wound to remind me of how much I need you. Some day you'll understand how much your husband adores you. You of all people should realize how much I love you, yet you just can't understand. I don't know how much my self. My love for you is really uncomparable with any thing. Darling, please don't worry about me feeling blue. I'm proud to be blue that this for you. Truly you are worth this suffering like this. I am this silly way. I want home!



Ralph is a little sick <sup>(9)</sup> tonight and hit  
the sack rather early. Must of been some  
of that well flavoured diet we eat in the  
army - rain & some grub! Darling, I do  
hope you really get a big kick out of my  
letters as you say you do. I try my best to  
write a good letter and it is encouraging  
to know you like em. Darling, some  
night mom late night - two arms are  
going to grab you to a friends chest. There  
in you shall be kissed with passionate kisses.  
you'll feel trembling hands caressing  
your lovely charms. No need to say who  
that character will be. I'll really give  
you a sugar going over like you've  
never had before. Her will fly - rather I  
should say - clothes - or some thing.  
Just call me "Jack the Ripper" (clothes)  
for short. Best you prepare for a  
tussle and dress to fit said tussle. The  
second I lay ---- eyes on you, look  
out for things are going to start. So  
avoid shocking the fasnato, best you  
wait at home for me and not come  
to the station - (know what I mean?)  
I'm only kidding, honey - or am I?  
We don't want to waste a minute - so you  
be there at the station with open arms. When  
I run up into your arms - you'll think it's



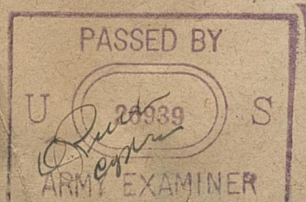
a plaque or his <sup>(10)</sup>en. Anyway, it will  
be your mate for. Really, I would like  
to have our apt. ready room as I came  
home. If not - to get away from the  
guying eyes the families - we'll hide out  
in a motel - or hotel - any place with  
four walls and no crowds. If such a  
thing happens, I have to stay in the  
army for awhile even when I'm in the  
States - you'll see even to where ever  
I may be. You won't miss me in a  
crowd for I'll be the guy like up with  
a red glow of the gasmons to come.  
Peanuts, Peanuts - I miss you so awful  
much and want you more than you  
can understand. Sweet little wife - I  
adore you. Darling - shoot me another  
bottle of ink and hair oil real soon.  
I'll need some of each before very  
long. I use a hell of a lot of ink - as you  
can see. Honey, I will hit the road  
for my reach now and dream of you,  
all I can say over and over - I love  
you so awful much and adore you  
more than it's possible. God Bless my  
Angel wife and loads of gasmate love.

Your Soldier Husband  
Jimmy





Capt. George W. Canary 15113242  
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)  
APO 558 Fort Porter  
New York, New York



(air mail)

Mr. George W. Canary Jr.  
4601 W Jefferson St.

Louisville 12, Ky  
U. S. A.



81

when I come home, no I. le know you are real. the world has lost. It's romance to me, everything seems so out of place. the moon looks so luminous, campfire here in space. It's a shame it has to go to waste like that. Each little precious moment we miss, will never return again, unless we not waste one sweet moment when I come home to you. Let's live all the time for we have a whole year to make up for. This damn war is something like a rain storm, it's awful and very blue. Tears we've both have shed - full like summer rains. When we are one again the sun is bound to shine and a rainbow of love will gleam across the peak sunny clouds of happiness. Our day is coming very soon. Sure is hell creating it not like this. I'll never know how I blundered into the heaven of your love. You are so wonderful and really a Angel. I love my beautiful creature so awful much. Just think - you are eternally all mine!

Thursday Oct 12  
England.

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - Darling, wife of mine. Tonight the driving rains hit right into my blue mood. Another one of those too often mail less days I know so well here in the E 10. I hope to know in my day for mail. Not one ink drop from anyone this rainy day. I love you so awful much and want you more than possible. I just polished off a letter to the family. Today was another usual week day here in England and that's advancing a lot of fun - they tell us. Such as if it might be a lovely today this morning but how quick it can change. We were around all day when ever we ventured outside. Couple of times had to send out life guards to rescue some of the un-lucky jump. (then water wing collapsed) Mine ended then! Really this damn rain is unbearable. Not so much the rain it self, but the damn mud. After the rain - good for us around - I know for one like me. It rains cats and dogs - that's better than when



it's raining <sup>(1)</sup> Taxis. (One what the £10 does to a guy) Tonight - we floated over to the movies. I made like a duck and dipped in. Said Joe was a rather good one and do us it. - the Canterbury short. I enjoyed it very much. It was full of belly laughs and roaring fun. After the show - we marched over to the Aero Club. It was tough riding - normal. Spera opened his dusty pocket book and gazed for the prod. Course we all gazed up our glutes - himing ring. On the way back to the office - I stepped into a mud hole up over my head. The fellows dug me out before I could cut off right. In the damn black mt - you're apt to miss the walk - and Ah! Brother if you do! Honey, I love you so awful much! I have to tell you this every few lines. Well, the rabble are holding a goner game here in my office and the joint is getting cluttered up but good. Course I have a cut coming out of the pot each hand and can't complain too much. I always take my cut. That's a laugh! If I even dared to breathe at the pot - I really would get a cut - Bowie knife. Blood all over the place!

I can't do a thing with out being reminded <sup>(1)</sup> how much I miss you. Darling you are a part of me like my eyes, hands &c. I need you! It's getting rather late and still I have plenty to write about. I've changed seats and making use of my clig board - or drawing board. It is near the fire and I like to hear the flames crackle. Today - I also heard a song that made me very blue. One of your old friends - "I didn't know what time it was". Ah! now I hate to hear those tunes we loved. Funny how you associate things with music. Remember - Louis Riva Severa he - that was the song of the day but the time we first met. Ah! Honey, I miss you so awful much and want you some thing awful. If you could only understand just how much I do love you! Dam this war! I want home with my little wife where I belong. It seems a thousand years since we last loved. When I come home, would you mind just standing here awhile so I can stare awhile. I won't believe my own eyes. Will seem like another one of those nite by dreams. Pinch me when



(6)

your lovely blonde head looks so heavenly on a pillow next to mine. I miss the delightful fragrance of your melting perfume. Peanut - I just miss you! Thanks again for making me so happy. You are so cute and enchanting. I love to watch you dancing on the offbeat. You are lovely and have charms that drive me wild just sitting here writing about them. Darling, when I hear the song, "My the River of the Roses" I get so damn blue. You know where the River of Roses is - San Antonio, Texas. We strolled along that stream many times in San Antonio. Listen to the words next time you hear it. It really does something to me. We were so joyfully happy when we were married. Can't compare with the wonderful way we love now. Each time I hear a blue song, I'm haunted by purple shadows and blues. Darling, listen with your heart tonight to the heejes - songs on the radio - for through them - I'll be whispering I love you. Peanut! I miss you so much!

(3)

Best time to head for mid nite chew. Seems as if I should know better than waste the time going to the mess hall. yet - I go. I wonder if the mess Sgt eats that dog he puts out for mid nite chew? No doubt he eats steak and licks his fingers afterwards. So the week die! Dick is haunting town tonight with Hunter. I guess they are holding up some bar right now or help getting for it. Darling, I'm going to beat the hell out of a character any time now. That damn pool coach still keeps getting off the pictures. I've now come down to the photo lab. Three times now - and he is still fooling around. I've yelled at him when ever I see him - in the mess hall, down the hall. Said he would bring up tonight and I'm still waiting. If he doesn't hand in his by to morrow, I'm going to tell him, "Stick up your -----!" and smack him right in the teeth. I can take so much of this damn fooling around and that's all. Right now - I'm humming mad about it. Can you blame me one bit?



(4)

Just back from chow and a clear clean shave. Most of the guys are in the pad by this time - expect the ones who are unlucky. I hang around here from about 11 to 12 doing the same. Tonight I'm going to check up here in my office. I have a blazing warm fire going and this beats the barracks. I'll write until my eye lids glow like shades - dropping down and then catch some pillow time. Early tonight - I gathered up all of my stories and gathered 'em into a folder. I have many good ones, some are finished, others are dangling with not a ending. Make a rather large folder and I will add more and more to it. After this large of work is over, I'll grind out more. I'm trying to keep a running story of my "Life in the ETO." So far - one installment but sometimes I can't be able to finish it. I have a bunch of little short stories I moved around with and aren't much good. Any way, it's my hobby and I enjoy it. Maybe some day it will pay off??? Darling, I have it any illusions of riches or wealth or fame.

(5)

Money always brings worries - how to keep it and make more. I want enough to give you the thing you should have - nothing but the best and enough to have me end less hell of a good time. I'm the richest man in the world with you as my wife. I'm not just saying this and really mean it. Some people have the childish idea they can become millionaires etc. All I want - is you. Darling, I love you so awful much! I miss so many things about you and the silly little things we did. Remember how this time of the year we would take walks through the park, enjoying the fresh fall air? I miss the cute way you dress - sweaters, hair ribbons, necks and shirt. I miss the cute little hand squeeze we had for I love you. My hand looks so empty with out your deainty little hand clasped there in. My arms feel the same way. Remember how I would get so mad when you'd feel the nail polish from your nails in the shirt. Or how long we would hold a kiss. I miss being wrapped up in your big stick!



It's rather - very <sup>(9)</sup> late now and  
I should crawl into the bed to  
prepare for tomorrow night's work.  
I much rather sit here and write  
my words of love to you. I like to  
sit here and listen with my mental  
ears - to the lullaby of your tinkling  
laughter. I like to listen to the  
jawsing of many feet around 4th  
and Broadway. Sounds silly, but I  
can see and hear 'em. In my mind,  
I can see all the places at home  
where we had so much fun. I can  
smell the roasting nuts from the  
Nut House. I can hear the crash of  
the bowling balls above the 5 and  
10. I can see Walgreens where so  
many times we grabbed a quick  
munch before dashing to the movies.  
I can see you glancing into all  
the windows of women's clothing  
stores. You use to drag me to 'em  
and ask what I thought about their  
dress hat etc. I would act bored as  
hell but dig down inside - I was  
enjoying it - just being near you.



(101)

I can feel the breeze drifting in  
from the river as we sit snuggled  
up in the car. The time is so  
nice to go because we were so  
loving easy to climb out of the  
car. I can hear the funny little  
way you sing when you're had as  
two many. Honey, all those lovely,  
fascinate memories are here at my  
finger tips. I cherish each one over  
and over again in my love stand  
mind. Sweet little wife - my whole  
body cries out for the want of you  
and all of the fun that is ours. I  
could go on, page after page, telling  
you how much I miss you, but I  
have a date with you in my dreams.  
I will close now and go climb into  
a fascinate dream of you. Pleasant  
wishes fail to express how much I  
love you and want you. Deep down  
inside - you know. God Bless my  
beautiful Doll and loads of love.

Your Soldier  
Husband  
Sammy





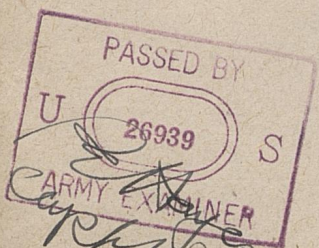
# JANE ...

*A rough-house  
has broken  
out in the  
cafe  
following  
the loss  
of madame's  
wig!*





Capt George W. Canary 15113242  
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)  
APO 558 To Postmaster  
New York, New York



(air mail)

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



(8)  
d.m. my Honey - that this will be the  
usual length letter - you understand, who  
in the hell said labor day only comes  
once a year in Sept.? To me - it is every  
damn day. I'll be another day behind in  
my work because of sleeping tomorrow.  
That's always a lot of fun. Just as I got  
almost caught up - bang - I'm another  
day behind. Life is the E.T.O. you're in living  
cycles. I want to cast aside this utter  
boredom and live again. Peanuts,  
Peanuts - I need you so awful much and  
can't wait until I find a haven in your  
arms. Darling, I'm making like a dead  
duck right now from the lack of that rare  
stuff called sleep. No doubt you can tell  
by my letters how sleepy I am. It's hard  
to think with a clouded up brain. All I  
know and can say - I love you so awful  
much. I wonder that in my dreams and  
all day long - I love you. I'll close now  
and will slip into another letter to you  
tomorrow. God Bless my Beautiful Bill  
and loads of your unbreakable love.

your Soldier Husband  
Johnny

Friday Oct 13<sup>th</sup>  
England!

My Darling Sweet Angel wife!

Good evening - Darling  
wife of mine. Another hellish day without  
mail from you. Yes - I'm slowly going  
nuts in the want of your letters. I wonder if  
I can last another day? I did receive one  
letter today but it was not from the States.  
It was a letter from my friends in  
Scotland - Bill Gordon - the news paper  
guy. I was rather pleased to hear from  
Bill. He wants me to return to Aberdeen  
soon as possible. Even went so far that he  
misses me. His wife sent her love also  
and both said to tell you hello. By the  
way - Chuck came across with half of the  
pictures today and the rest some time  
tomorrow. That the ones in hand seemed  
today - to name a bit of mine. I think we  
have a picture of the Gordons and Chang.  
They are the ones who took such good care  
of me. Then two - some of the other news  
paper people are in on the photos. I do  
hope they turn out for I would like to have a



just picture of 'em. <sup>(2)</sup> Nothing much in the way of interesting news today. Just the same old thing. Just n. l. - I left down here at the office and was on hand right and early. I'm writing this from the front office. My team is on duty tonight and just messing around now. Hope we can go hit the sack instead of hanging around here all night. I finally got around to writing Harold another letter and I do hope this one gets through okay. No doubt he's wondering about why he hasn't received an answer by this time. Syre is C.P. and Ralph is bleeding his heart out to some chick - I think. Today at 5 pm - we were supposed to meet Hdq's team on the grid on. A few of their players showed up but not enough for a full team. So we had to call the game off. It was raining anyway and none of the guys were too eager to play. Me - I'll play - rain or shine. Tomorrow afternoon - the Sat. afternoon classic of foot ball takes place in our home field. We meet a team of rabble and with this house drive - shall whip 'em.

those wings. I am <sup>(1)</sup> it, we have to work after all. Phillie and Suede are in the sack and have to wake 'em up. That's Syre's job as C.P. He just took off to do it. Here I thought a nice n. l. of after sleep but was wrong. War is hell - so they tell me. Guess I'll have to finish this up in the morning after we are finished. Hope we are through by a decent time. I want plenty of sleep for the big foot ball game tomorrow afternoon. Besides - I need all the shut eye for Keatner's sake. I am it. I had to stop writing to make with the calms. You need be able to guess what time it is right now. 11:00 am Sat morning. We are going over to the mess hall and catch onto a special meal. I'm hungry enough to eat a horse. After this supper shut down going to rush to read Vanacho and jump into the god. I want to sleep much as possible for the big game this afternoon. We want to win and show the stuff we are made of. I'll Sweet wife - I adore you so awful much and want you more than this pen can express. You are my whole life and the only thing I want in this world. I wish I could express my love in words but you'll have to wait until I come home.



fine and was really good. Just started  
 back from chess and shared. It is rather  
 late but I don't care for I can sleep long  
 as I want in the morning means after  
 dreaming time also and I like that.  
 Right now - I can hear the wind howling  
 over the tin sides of this building and makes  
 one shiver just to hear it dance around the  
 building. Guess it will be a little cold  
 morn'ing towards the barracks through the  
 mud. You think you are dodging one  
 muddy fool and you step into another one.  
 It's a guessing game - walking through  
 the darkness. My feet know the direction  
 and gather but not the mud holes. New  
 ones pop up each hour. Life is rough in  
 the ETO or hell I say - muddy. My day  
 cleaning should be ready by tomorrow and  
 my laundry too. Hope they did a good job on  
 my blouse for it was in a bad condition.  
 Before I sent it to the cleaners, I went  
 through the pockets and found some of the  
 hairs I use in the capets on my shirt  
 collar and blouse. Kind of brought a lump  
 to my throat. I tell you I had made

In a game like account - read the  
 next edition of the Saturday Gazette. Your  
 favorite correspondent will be there to  
 cover the game - not only from the stand  
 part of a fan but as a player also. I do  
 hope the clouds are dry now and will  
 hold off with the rain. The field is in a  
 rather sloppy condition as of now but  
 with the warmth of another day - will  
 make it playable. If not - we'll play any  
 way - mud or what have you. I love foot  
 ball and the more I play and hit the  
 ground - the more I enjoy it. Any thing  
 to forget this damn war for a little while. We  
 don't have to work after all and can go hit  
 the sack when ever we want. Can stay in  
 the sack until 1130 am too and I shall take  
 advantage of every second. I like to sleep in  
 the morning but hate to sleep at night.  
 That is - I don't mind going to bed if it  
 is after one or two. I don't have enough  
 spare time as it is much less go to bed  
 early. After we passed the foot ball around  
 in the light rain - all of us were anxious to shoot.



(4)

Hamburger meat balls for tonight and not too hot. I dashed back to the office and poured out the letter to friend Harold. Don and Jimmy talked me into going over to the Aero club for a light march. Afterwards, the two girls wanted to see the movie and because of it being so good, I sat through part of it. I saw it last night - "the Canterville Ghost" Sorry that I had to leave tonight but it was enjoyable the second time. Darling, you should see how G is coming on to try and break up his ETO freedom. They act like school kids and really cut up. I do the same but not much use. Any way, you camouflage your real feeling in it. All I know and can say - I love you so awful much. I guess the good St. Jacob is having one hell of a good time in Aberdeen right now. Gold man wants me to take a gas with him around Monday or Tuesday. Just a 24 hour gas and I may go with him. Gold man is a like the fellow and the only guy who likes to be held along the lines I do.

As you can tell from <sup>(5)</sup> his name, he is a Jewish boy but in name only. A damn nice kid and we're all glad he is back with us. They kept hounding me all day about when in the hell were you going to send me more of Tony. I take a beating from the guys when ever I stand short on the mail. Can't compare to the moral & morale beating yesterday - a little cute black dog more or less adopted no. 1. He followed me all over the place and even to the movies. When I came out - windmill was gone. This base is over run with dogs and cats. Air Force men like gets to have a mascot. One flying officer has a dog he takes with him no matter where in the hell he goes. When ever he comes around, we all shout, "Here comes that dog with a man". Went time for mid night show and in a few minutes - I will head that way. I also want to have some time tonight. Major Glenn Miller and his GI band was really in the groove today. On the AFN radio station - they have two hours



Life George Canary 154324  
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)  
APO 558 To Post Master  
New York, New York

ARMY POSTAL SERVICE  
OCT  
16  
1944  
61  
A.P.O.



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

PASSED BY  
P. B. H. (C-339 mail)  
Capt. ARMY EXAMINER

12



about supper time in <sup>(81)</sup> the States now.  
Are you thinking of me? But you are.  
I sit here - inwardly crying for the  
want of you. I am, I'm in a blue mood  
tonight. I hope you never feel this way.  
Darling. I still whisper goodnight to you  
just before I fall asleep. Ah! how I  
love the way you haunt me. What ever I  
may be doing - you are before me. I like  
the way you come to my lonely bunk  
each night and make love to me in  
my dreams. If I had my way, I would  
sleep all the time I'm away from you.  
It is such a lovely way to pass away  
this boring - love - less life. Pin up  
girl - you are pinned up in my heart  
and mind. You are in my veins  
instead of blood. Darling, truly you are  
up and of me! People just can't realize  
how much we mean to each other.  
We are so heavily in love. I'm crazy  
about this married life and I want  
more of it. I want the active part of  
married life - love - love! What a re-  
freshing you have wild about you!

Sat. Oct. 14th <sup>13</sup>  
England

My Darling Sweet Angel wife!

Good evening - Peanuts!

Once again I'm making use of the latest  
room facilities to write you in comfort.  
Namely - heat! Tonight is Sat. in name  
only. Missed a Sat. Dance etc. - That's a  
lot of junk - I'm missing every thing much  
less a dance. I miss you and you are  
every thing to me. The night is a rather  
latter cold black one and the warmth  
inspired by the fire feels damn good. Last  
night I had the fun to work all night. I  
haunted S-2 until 930 this morning and  
at raid time - I was one each dead duck.  
Can't say that I'm much different  
right now. Not having time to eat  
breakfast this morning. The good Major  
fed it up with the mess Sgt. to feed us  
at 930. Syra, Billie, Sue and I crawled  
to the mess hall on long - less knees. Our  
good friend the mess Sgt. glad us with  
steaming hot - butter fried - pork chops  
and all the things to match. None of us  
say it was very good and enjoyable.



We had to face it down - no it rained here in fine print. I took off in the barracks feeling fine - already to slip into a kind of sleep. Spera tripped along at my side. He's not on our team but was CQ last night. With a sigh of relief - I sank into the depths of my ~~dreams~~ and quickly glunge into the goal of sleep. It was delightful and wonderful - I had fantastic dreams of you. I love you so awful much and want you more than you can understand. Don woke me up at 2 pm - so I leapt out of the sack. We had the big ten foot ball game to play at 3 pm and of course I had to be there. Don and I screamed to the office as wide a jump. Quickly - I changed into my football to go and we gathered around for a few talks. The team we were up against was a hot rock club and should beat us. But - we had different plans about this. We opened the door of the locker room and gazed at the billowing clouds. A large crowd of fans attended the Sat. game. The Rams were on the field - flexing their man muscles.

Soon I'll be home with you but it sure is hell waiting for that day to come. I know it's been a rough time for you and you are just as lonesome as I am. We'll really make this up when I come home. I actually feel dead away from you. A whole year of blueiness and no fun. Are we really necessary? They are so rilly and needless. If the world would only be as happy and in love as we are. Truly - what the world needs is more love. I just came back from tasteless midnite chow and it is after midnite. I have a American Swing band on the radio and it's nothing the back ground for this letter. I'm in a very blue frame of mind tonight. No mail, no love, no nothing! Some niter I can write a nice letter but when ever I don't hear from you, I feel like hell - as if now. I hurt so bad inside - not of a physical nature but some thing more painful than that. I miss you so ever much! God! I want you so awful, awful much! I wonder what you are doing right now. It is



(6)  
People really think a native of Kentucky  
is a Billy Biddle and dumb. At times this  
is very annoying. I've always worn  
shoes and don't find contrary to thought.  
Say - that's a good idea for another story.  
- if I had the time to write it. I'll do  
it soon as possible and will shoot it to  
you. Won't bother with PBO - they are too  
dam slow. You can send it direct to a  
mag. I love you Mrs. C. anyway. You  
are so wonderful and beautiful. I need  
your loving but bad and can't wait  
until I can enjoy more of your  
passionate wooing Sweet little gal - I  
want you more than you know. One year  
ago today, I stood here in Neb. watching  
a train carry you away from me. One  
whole year away from you. I don't know  
how I've managed to exist this past  
year. Really, it's been a hellish 12  
months! If I could only lie in your  
arms to night and never need to  
worry about going away from you. I'm  
all torn up inside for the want of your  
love. I just to be within kissing range.

(3)  
Some of our boys trembled with fright at  
the sight of these giants - that is until  
they put flinders on my eyes. We hung  
back before we dashed onto the field. We  
wanted to make a Holly wood entrance.  
At the given word - we all poured on to  
the field - one after another. The crowd  
went mad with cheer at the first sight  
of our team. We warmed up a bit by  
throwing a few passes etc. Course I  
kept a eye on the press box in order they  
couldn't miss me. I also had a soft spot  
sicked out on the bench in case I had to  
warm it. I wasn't in the starting line up  
but played most of the game as right end.  
For more details of the game - read your  
daily edition of the Saturday Gazette. We  
won 14 to 13 and we are a good bunch  
to night. It was a rather rough game for  
man for man - they out weighed us.  
Next week we have another game and as  
you know - another victory. We'll line  
up some big games between now and then  
for practice. I'm crazy about foot ball!



After the game - > <sup>(4)</sup> stretched out in the  
locker room for a bit more of rest time. I  
laid there until supper time but didn't  
sleep very much. Right now I'm very relaxed  
and should go ground the pillow early  
tonight but you know me. I couldn't get a  
line of the Satins Gang before writing  
this. By the way - no letter from you or  
anyone today. Three days without mail  
from you. St. Jacobi will be damn mad when  
he returns and hears this. He is expecting  
a new bunch of ten go. So best I latch on to  
some but quick before he slides back in.  
The officers are having a stag party tonight  
with strip teasers and all. If St. Jacobi  
was here - he would be having him self  
out. Also I would have a full account of  
said del robing. I miss him too. Leves is  
haunting the front office tonight as C Q  
and Don is working also. Ralph hit the  
jack rather early tonight. He can't stay  
up very late at all. Bill Ray wants me  
to walk home with him later on - some  
time around 1 or 130. He too writes to  
his wife each nite but not long letters  
like mine. He writes two or three to

other people also. <sup>(5)</sup> The gang claim a  
good movie tonight - "Summer Storm"  
I'll catch it tomorrow nite. I wanted to  
really write tonight - so I shipped the  
movies. Gold man is still talking about  
taking a 48 hour gas next week. I might  
go - not sure. Would like to latch on to  
a few drinks and non G.I. movies. Honey,  
I don't send "junk" to you any more  
because - a new way of censoring mag  
and I never have enough time to take in  
in the day time - only time you can have  
I'm censored. Also, they didn't put my  
name down for the mag. this month. I  
don't have one of my own to send. I will  
send you one when ever I can. Perhaps  
I can have Capt. Jones censor in for me  
with the consent of the orderly room. Sure  
have to go through a lot of red tape to  
send anything home. This is war - they tell  
me. Well - looks as if my overseas ballot  
isn't coming and I'll have to make use  
of the G.I. job. Kind of bothers me off at Ky.  
They always were backward as hell. Darling,  
I take a lot of ribbing because I come from Ky.



(91)

Tonight is a high cold one and the stars are twinkling in a blanket over head. The coldness will make us walk home high up. Bill may and I have a standing plan. If I wake up first, I stop by his bunk and nudge him. Or - if he wakes first, he shakes me. He's in a different bed than I but our bunks are close to each other. Ralph and Dick never do wake me and I don't care for them yet up rather early. I like to sleep up until the last second. I pull room orderly twice this week. Once for myself and in payment to Dick for he took my place while this GI was in Scotland. Both times are one after another. Only means I can catch a little extra sleep. I don't mind room orderly at all. I'll be able to do a bit of reading also. Sweet little wife - I love you so awful much and want you but bad. We'll have to hang on a little while longer and then I'll be on the way home to you. Guess this was anyway! Couldn't find the paper with Jane in it. Guess me one took it.



(107)

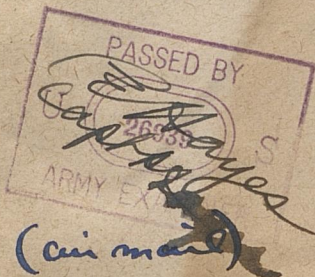
I've never seen a bottle of food  
disappear so quick. The mice must  
drink the damn stuff or could it be  
the larger rats - I think no. Please,  
send me another bottle in the next  
such as you send me. I can't wait  
until my ring arrives. Darling, I  
will send your pictures in the next day  
or so. Surely Chuck has 'em all ready  
by his time. I have to find some sort of a  
box to ship 'em in. We have a special  
big time practice tomorrow night to  
work up some more new plays. I'll  
tell you how good they are etc. Honey,  
all I can keep writing and thinking  
I love you so awful much. I know  
you never tire of this as I want you to  
say it over and over, Sun, very soon,  
I'll whisper it in your cute little ear  
as your head rests on my shoulder. I  
will close now and hit the road to the  
reach. See you in my dreams. God Bless  
you. Darling wife of mine and lover  
of your intimate love.

your Soldier's husband  
Johnny





Off George Canany 15113242  
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Army (C)  
APO 558 To Post Master  
New York, New York



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

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a wac. the ones I've ever seen are all  
beat up racks and rough as a Cobb.  
By the way - Major Kreidler our Sgt  
Co, is now at Lt. Colonel. Everybody  
gets you motions but to camp. Bill  
May is about to have kittens and wants  
to hit the road to the barracks. Guess I'll  
close before he knocks him self out. Darling  
I'm so much in love with you! Sweet  
little wife - I adore you! Keep up the plans  
for our little home and buy more in the  
way of furniture. Darling, if you can  
shoot some for this way.  
I can never look at your adorable face  
enough. Queen of the Pinks - I love you  
more than anything. People would  
if they could see how much I  
want you. I tremble with gasms at the  
thoughts of love we'll have when I come  
home. Please don't worry about me, for  
I'm fine and ready for love. Keep your  
merry little chin up and before long I'll  
be there with you. God Bless my Beautiful  
little wife and loads of love.

Your Soldier Husband  
Sammy

Sunday Oct 15<sup>th</sup>  
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

By the beard of the  
Holy Phoglot and all the wonders of this  
world - where in the hell is my mail. Four  
whole days without a bit of gasms to  
undo of love from you. Hell can't be any  
horrible than this fasting from mail. I sure  
hope you aren't standing short on the mail  
as I am. I am it anyway. I'm lost with-  
out my mail from you. Pecuniary - I know  
you write each mile - it's just this way  
mail system. There are no many gasms  
unless that it takes time but I haven't the  
patience to wait. I need your letters just  
like the inner man needs food. Both of us  
feel like hell! I heard a little story about  
a guy waiting out mail from his wife.  
Seems as if was mail less for three months.  
So he became very mad, wrote a nasty  
letter to his wife and asked for a divorce.  
Four days later the mail man handed him  
75 letters from his wife. The moron ran to  
the radio shop and sent a wire to his wife -  
Disregard letter asking for divorce. This is  
a true story in Ernie Pyle book. Must of



happy mood in England. Don't you think?  
Any way - I want mail but bad. I did get  
one letter - with in to my desk - a copy  
of the overseas edition of the home town  
newspaper. Wouldn't that kill ya! Did me!  
As you no doubt can see, I'm using one each  
different pen this time - my own. Sorry pen  
don't you think. Ralph stuck into my office  
and latches on to it while I'm not around  
He has really pked it up. Cause my  
style of handwriting doesn't help very  
much. Today was another lulu day here  
in this case is land. your husband is  
more from work not counting the weaker  
part of no mail. Some day (under when)  
I'll be all caught up and will pass out.  
Then I come home - I want to rest in  
your arms of work. Honey, I love you so  
awful much and want you more than it's  
possible. Som you'll find out what I  
mean and not with words. You are so  
awful sweet and I adore every thing  
about cute little you. Dam this war and  
I'm not kidding! I want home to you  
where I belong - right in your arms,  
I how I want you - Peanuts. Not

my ribs harder. Really - I take a awful  
beaten and it never ~~ends~~ ends. Darling,  
really, I miss you so awful much - more  
than I can put into words. Guess - I'll  
have to use action for Webster can't help  
me. I know you feel the same way. I'm  
a man of action and even you will find  
out just what I mean! I'm getting late  
as hell and I still have plenty to write  
about. When I get into a letter - I can't  
stop no matter what time it is. I hope  
the clubmobile comes around with the  
coffee and donuts tomorrow for it, sure.  
I'm going to miss H. G. any more. Let's  
raise a little hell about this! Not  
doing today - just went to afternoon  
mass and need less to say. I prayed  
for a quick victory. I know you were do-  
ing the same. Darling - your photos will be  
on the way within the next few days. I  
hope you like 'em. The Stars and Stripes  
are trying to fish out the best looking WA  
in the ETO. I'll send you a pic of the GI  
gal they pick. Japan - a lot of sleek chicks  
have had their jecs in the jager. One was a  
ex Powers model and I think she'll win  
the contest. You could easily win if you



face. He is always this way but now even more so. Gold mean is still bound-  
ing to take a year this week. Guess I  
might do it. Not sure though. My water  
is about hot and hot I go make with  
a shave right now. Same damn thing over  
and over here in the ETO. Ah! a nice  
refreshing shave. Feel like a new man.  
Wonder if I look like one?? No doubt you  
won't know the physical wreck that will  
come home to you. My bones are bent from  
the old load of work burdened upon my  
shoulders. My eyes are like to fly out  
and my lips are cracked. In other words -  
I'm a mess. Rest me here from you I'll be  
as new if not better. Still yell - I never  
forget your loving but bad. I'm going  
mad from the want of your thrilling touch  
and caress. You are a agent at this  
enchantment racket. Gah, you drive me  
mad with the screaming - I want you!  
The inner man keeps pounding on the inside  
of my chest - yelling, "where in the hell is  
he coming?" I can only yell - back. Shut up.  
Doesn't do much good - for he pounds on

in the way of writable news tonight.  
Just the same old line of stuff and bring  
you of the ETO. They tell me that place  
where I come from (U.S.A.) is really nice.  
Would you mind telling me about it? Seems  
as if a couple thousand years since I  
left the beautiful States. When I come home,  
I'll kiss the good soil and never will  
leave those shores again. Same goes  
with your arms. Even you can't force me  
from them once I'm in 'em once. Darling!  
What a rugged living you are in for. Good  
news for your eyes. Don is finishing up a  
letter to some lucky female and I will  
take over the usual family pen. I'm  
going to beat Hump on Ralph's head. He  
looks like his pen as many other things. Some  
say he was burned lost. I play & tell with  
a GI typewriter today and quinked out  
miles of words - not counting other office  
writing matter. After this war - I shall point  
at the mere mention of the word office. We  
have chains hanging from the walls to  
shackled ourselves each morning well, it's  
not that bad but almost. Oh! to be free  
again. Abe Lincoln for got the soldiers!



(4)  
See what I mean in this gen. Just dash-  
ed back from the mess hall and another  
stinkie meal of nothing I go to mess  
hall to eat and not have a GI on the  
other side of the table glaring at you.  
Why - it ruins your appetite - some guys.  
Tonight - we of the first string foot ball  
team played our second team. Both  
teams are damn good and every member a  
candidate for All American. Course, the  
first team is always a little better as  
given by tonight's practice. We trained  
from 27 to 6. Each mile we jacked up nerves and  
killed sleep. We have a well oiled foot ball  
machine. We want to really give in the  
old drive this Sat. and win the game by  
at least two touchdowns. This afternoon,  
the first team played another team from  
some other base. We lost 6 to 0. From this  
game, S-2 can whipe either of the teams.  
The first team should be a hot red ball  
club for they have more material to draw  
from. There are a lot of college stars  
in the group etc. I don't like to brag -  
but we have a team that can take any  
'em on. Watch the Saturday Gazette

(5)  
In more news about the moans. I saw  
your favorite to night - George Sanders  
in a rather time wasting movie - "Sun over  
Stones". I didn't like it at all. Had a very  
strange plot to it. Tom arrow m. k. - a U.S.C.  
hus and guess I will like it in U.S.C. hus  
are different and some aren't half bad.  
Some of the talent contained here in the  
group - gave out with a enjoyable  
version of winning tonight in the chess club.  
Sort of a chess like here and gave out  
with the game in the game etc. One guy  
could really blow a trumpet and sound  
us out of this world. He was a solid player  
from way back. Course we all hope  
rest of thing up. The club was jammed in  
yard buds and filled with smoke. Every  
body was enjoying with the music. Scott  
joint was really jumping. I like jam  
and etc. Dan living. Dan and I have  
diagnosed Ralph's case as love. He  
walks around like a zombie and acts  
like one. Think he's in love with a gal  
he met in Scotland. It's really a hard  
case. He doesn't say much about it,  
but you can read between the lines on his



George Canany 15113242  
701 Synanon 445 Bomb Group (H)  
APO 558 70 Postmaster  
New York, New York



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

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