

Monday Oct 16¹
England

My Darling Angel Wife!

I'm beyond all pain now - five days of hell - no mail from you. How much longer I can go without mail - I don't know. I'm at the end of my endurance right now. I must have a letter from you by tomorrow or I'll surely die. Sweet little wife, you can't realize what a mail-less day does to me. I live on your letters! My knees are weak from the loss of my life stream - mail from you. I suppose the shipping space is being used up for packages instead of letters. I would much rather receive one letter from you than ten packages. Really, I'm in a hell of a mood tonight - so if this letter wends a bit along the blue lines, please spare Peanuts - little do you realize how much I love you! Tonight for the first time in many moons, I'm sharing my office with no one. Just me and my thoughts of you. I have a cheerful fire crackling away and my office is

(21)
very nice and cozy. How I wish you
could be here - still better - I share with
you. We definitely wouldn't need a fire
to keep warm. The white heat from our
nuclear line making would make this
office hot as a oven. Ah! Peanuts!
How I want you! Today was another
dull one here in the ETO and the rain
made it even duller. I can't think of a
more horrible thing than England in
the rain. Falling rain in the States
is beautiful and refreshes the land.
It even warms the sky a cleaner
blue. Over here - things more mad
and dangerous. I hate England
with the passionate hatred of a mad
man. Perhaps I am a bit mad. I
have a real case of the ETO
Screaming memories. War is truly
hell. I guess I shouldn't complain
but I have it easy compared to those
kids over there - cutting their way
into Germany. I take my hats off to
each and every one of them. I'm just
a chain home trooper and a filing tiger.
What a hell of a way to win a war!
I want home where I belong but quick.

(3)

the club mobile didn't stop by
Hdq. today and we are all burned
off. All of us had our tongues hanging
out for the want of coffee and donuts.
The usual Monday fight took place
today in the mess hall. The fight who
will get my chicken. I like chicken
but not the way GI cooks murder it.
I consider it a outrage to Southern
food chicken the way they ruin it.
Dick, Ralph and I'm beg for the damn
stuff and I have more fun. I'm
always popular as hell on Monday if
no other time. Biggest news of the
day, I now have all the pictures we
snapped in Scotland. To my disgust,
a lot of 'em didn't turn out through
the fault of Chuck. Dick and I are both
mad at this but nothing we can do
about it. The ones that did turn out,
are excellent and you'll like 'em.
I should say - half of 'em failed to
turn out. I took a whole bunch of pics
with the little camera but Chuck
claims something was wrong with
it. There is a damn nice pic of me and

very good of it. ⁽⁴¹⁾ I know you. I like
it too. By the time you receive this letter,
the joys will be well on their way. We
are still working like mad each day.
St. Jacobi returns in the next day
also. Tomorrow morning I am
somewhat early and not late at all.
I shall be in the park late as
possible - also latch onto a bunch of
seedling. Could it not be the post office
around today - much! Tonight - the
Special Service proudly boast of a
U.S.O. show. From my agents, I
learned it was a waste of time, so I
didn't waste the effort of sitting
through it. Wasn't in the mood any
way. I do like even very much.
When ever they have a stage show
here - one must wait out a line a
hour or two before how time in
order to secure a seat. I do like standing
in line - then wait inside for half
hour or longer for the show to begin.
It really has to be something rather
before I do this, I hate to waste
even a second of my free time.

(5)
Well - I have given up all hope for a
ballot now and as usual - the
commonwealth of Ky. is behind. Given
my mis-placing my ballot on something.
All the other fellows received them some
time ago. I could use the GI ballot
but don't care so much for it. So
to hell with it. According to the
E10 Bible - the gals are still going
mad over Sinatra. A go lie man
had his clothes torn by a mob of the
So not say - fans the other day when
he king of 4Fs aired his pigs at the
Paramount theater. I get sick at
the stomach at such thing. I have
to admit that he sends me - yes!
right out the door. The GIs out in
India threw a dog to the movie
stars who turned out there with the
U.S.C. The Army used by public
out here said the stars cut short
USO tour because it was too tough
out here. Said they were cashing
in on publicity for their patriotism.
The Army says charged. Joe E.
Brown, Al Solomon, Ann Sheridan
and others with suddenly develop-
ing gun commitments, serious

oil vents and "God knows what she"
Some of the stars are doing fine jobs
in the morale dept. but others are
doing it for publicity. It's a way to
keep in the GIs eye and look like
B10s to the home front. GIs know
and can't be fooled. Bob Hope, Bing
Crosby, Danna Shore are a three
some who are really the GIs favorites.
They go anywhere and under fire
from the enemy. It's a toss up who
is the sweetheart of the A.E.F. -
D. Shore or F. Humphreys. Hope rates
high as always. Bing is our favorite
singer and that other jerk isn't
worth mentioning. No need to say
who is my gin up girl, sweetest girl,
movie star etc - you if you can't
guess. I have the love of all
ladies for my wife. Sweet gal. I adore
you more than you know. Your lips
are so thrilling and I long to be
in your arms. I want you to cuddle
in my arms and whisper you love me.

Just finished with a quick shave and
 will take off for show in a few minutes.
 The girls are playing cards in Don's
 office tonight. I'm glad they are
 giving our's a rest. Chris and unit be
 around in the morning either. So the
 joint would be duty until morning.
 That's always had - ya. Most - to have
 a duty office even though no one is
 around. I'll give it a quick once
 over before I leave. Brother Ray wants
 me to walk home with him again
 tonight and that I will. Ralph and
 Dick are making with the ladies
 tonight. Darling, the touch of your
 hand makes me weak and Ah! what
 your lips do to me. Honey, keep on
 dreaming the plans of the future
 we'll be sharing. Honey, I love you
 so awful much and want you more
 than you can realize! Darling,
 you are a rich, glamorous chick
 and really terrific. When I come home,
 we'll pull down the shades, lock the door
 and throw away the key. What I
 mean - we'll love night and day.

Everything lovely. ⁽⁸⁾ That is what you
are. You're like the light of a
lighthouse from the sea. I need you
just like the night needs day. All I can
think of are those nights of yours, the
way you kiss, the cute little way you
muzzle up to me and wrap your arms
around me. The way you say "Sunny",
just you. Darling. You make me
explode with love like a stick of
dynamite. Now I know it, with
living - having you, recalling the
thrills of our love. I am, it is so
lonely away from you like this. I
wake going to bed for I am reminded
of how thrilling it was to crawl in
and find you. Darling, being apart
like this is what I call teasing it
on the chin but hard. Feels like
some one is stepping on my heart -
rather I place it up to be for you
have it. How I long to hear you ring
to me like you use to do. Peanuts!
Peanuts - I miss you so awful much
that it hurts. I love you so much!

Darling, what's ⁽⁹⁾ cooking with you?
I mean - what goes on the home
front. I feel so out of touch with
home when I'm mail-less this way.
Truly it is unbearable to lack mail
this way. Please excuse if I hang on
bargaining about the mail. But it is so
important to guys overseas. You just
can't realize how I depend upon your
words of love. Even though I'm surrounded
by people - yet I'm still alone. Guys
aren't really interested in each other etc.
this so called friend thing is only for a
little while - not like a life time. You
have your family and friends. I have
nothing. I say nothing - but I bet
not true. I have you captured in my
mind. Truly you are with me in my
mind. Our love is active in my mind
and I know you are doing the same.
Damn this war and the hell that goes
with it. I can't stand much more of this
texture of being away from you. A whole
year away from you and a year
of utter hell if the damned. Wait this
damn war will every end. Pray real
hard like I am doing - that I'll be
home with you before the first of the
year. How I would love to be there with
you on our special day - Feb. 4th!

(10)

Darling, I'm so sure blue tonight
as no doubt you came. When I read
your letter - I can tell what sort of a
mood you are in. I can tell if you are
having fun - unhappy etc. I can
tell the day when you miss me the most.
When ever you go in town and buy
something new - your letter speaks with
joy at the new thing you bought.
When you receive mail from me, your
letter drips with passionate joy. I should
think mine do the same. Darling I
will prepare to close now and go hit the
sack. Sweet, Darling, Beautiful, Wife,
your husband proudly boast he is so
madly in love with you. My whole
body cries out for the want of your love
and caresses. I can only repeat over
and over again, trying in my way - to
tell you how much I love you. Perhaps
you have a faint understanding but I
know not even you can fully realize
how much I do love you. God Bless
my beautiful Angel of mine and sends
fonder love to you.

your Soldier Husband
Jimmy



Mr. George W. Canany 113242
1st Squadron 445 P.M. 6 Group
28559470 Post Master
New York, New York



(air mail)

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

1

Tuesday Oct 17²
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

At last - MAIL!

Thank goodness! How wonderful
live packed letters from Sweet little
you! Darling wife - I adore you!
Thought that I would go mad wanting
mail for the past five days. You've
saved me! Tonight I feel half alive
and can carry on until mail
call tomorrow. Really - with out a
daily letter from you - I feel like the
original forgotten man. You just
can't understand how happy I am
over these lovely words of love. This
morning - I was some elderly and
boast of a clean barracks. With out a
doubt - no prejudice mind you - the
cleanest barracks in the ETO. I
shall out do myself again in the
morning. I climbed out of the rack
and firmly grasped a beam in
one hand and a mop in the other. With
the speed of Superman - I ran up and
down the barracks cleaning the joint.
Did such a fast - good job, I was back
in the rack before it was even cold.
I slipped back into dreams of you

(2)

and there in, caressed you until
noon time. So I am well recharged
with sleep and shall read tonight
rather late. Last night - we had so
much fun in my dreams. I was home
and we went on a spending tour. No
kidding, we bought more than things.
Every time I bought you some thing,
you would hiss the hell out of me, so
you can see - I kept on buying as
long as your lips held out. Golly!
I sure like dreams of that type. Going
to slip into another one to night. I
linked into the office at noon and
chained myself to my desk. No
need to say, I worked like hell.
That's understood here in the ETO. It
rained most of the day and the whole
place is dripping with mud. I have
to wade around even inside of my
shoes. Thinking about wearing water
wing on my big toe. England - the
land of rain - Ah! how I passionately
hate this damn is land. I want off
of it in a jiffy. Darling, I love
you so awful much and want you
more than words can express!

(3)
Tonight, the Mormons have two games
going on in the back room. Before you
can enter the joint, knock three times,
some nuts gets out - goes up and down
the hall - looks you over then slams
the door. Silly don't you think?
We wanted to chow to night and
since it was raining - went to the
movies. the only reason I would sit
through a Frank Sinatra picture.
I'm "only kidding" - it wasn't half
bad. "Step Slightly" was the pic.
Had a couple of good tunes in it
plus Gloria DeHaven. No doubt you
have seen this pic. by this time. Tonight
in the Aero Club Mark was, the band
really gave out with the
pic. I listened to a couple tunes while
munching cake. Really big time
stuff you know. - tea and music. I
geeked off for I wanted to die in this
letter to you. By the way, speaking of
Sinatra - read in the E10 lib where
some young tossed three eggs at the
weak kneed vice. No but he didn't
throw water melons at him. the
wily up brigade are still working

(4)
What a job Frankie my is. His wife
should feed him ground & glass or
something. Your pictures are on the
way and should be here any time
now. So be on the look out for said
gift. Darling, I love you so awful
much and want you more than you
can understand. St. Jacobi is back
from Scotland. He had more damn fun,
if you consider the satisfied look on
his face. He took my advice and
went to Aberdeen. Claims a lot of
GB around now and the good word
is spreading but fast. St. Jacobi
claims to have a she-ing good
time with plenty of drinking. His
gal friend - the lady leather neck,
sent a large photo of herself and she
isn't half bad. She is a Siney City
chick and he wants to slip the halter
on her at such time he hits the States.
Sure it's wonderful and I want
more of it - your kind. Darling, I
need living but bad and I'm not
hidding we both need it and won't be
long before we can do it!

(5)

Just as I know Gold man and I are
going out on your Friday and Sat.
bourse. I may change my mind
and it is half way changed right
now. I want to stick close to your
mail and do not want to miss one
day of it. Beans for supper tonight
and I hope the gang have the damn
bombardment over before I go to the
barracks - if you know what I mean.
Some gang really rock the barracks
and it is unbearable. There ought to be
a law against such thing. Course,
I get even when I take my shoes off.
What a hell of a army this is! Darling,
I hope you don't think - your husband
is nuts by the stuff he writes about.
Couldn't find Jane yesterday, so I wrote
it early tonight in a card I carried it to
you. He is undressed again. You can
imagine how the yard looks right over
the fence with said female in it. The
guys are happy now that I'm on the
receiving end of your letters because
of Terry. Said character is really
getting good. We all enjoy it very
much!!

(6)
St. Jacobi will be all alone in the
morning - Ghini work to night and
I clean up the Vanacks - I'll slip
into the work around noon and will
have said character come young
Doubt if he'll be around early for
he'll be grounding the gillnet making
with the resting come to think of it,
he works tonight also. My gang and
I are on again tomorrow nite. Sure
comes around too damn often to suit
me. No doubt you got damn bored at
all of this shop talk - so I will quit.

GI - definition of marriage - Mutual
satisfaction based upon physical
attraction ending in mental
distraction. That's enough even for
tonight. I don't want to say you to
death. Front time for mid nite
chow and like a fool - I'll see
what they have to offer. I can't
wait until I can tear into one
of your meals. Feed me and love
me when I come home is all I
ask of you. Mainly love! Darling,
just you wait until I come home.

Peanuts enclosed in the package
I'm sending you - there is a
miniature medal of the ribbons I
won. Notice the pictures. The red
one is for good conduct and the
other is the green ribbon - both of
British or known as the ETO ribbons.
You'll find two, wear one yourself
and give Mom one. What ever I've
sent you in duplicate - give one to the
family. I think church is going to
have more copies made of the pictures
and I will send 'em to you. Because
he took more photos than there but
they were the ones taken of girls. He
and I'd went wolfing while I pulled
around with the newspaper guy.
Hope you like the ones I'm sending
anyway. Honey, enclosed in this
letter - you'll find a pic. of me.
thought you like one but quick and
no doubt this letter will reach you
long before the package. This photo
was taken in Edinburgh. Notice the
gleams in my eyes. I'd was taking
a drink and I was sweating out my

my turn at the bottle. ⁽⁸⁾ Lechuck
mugged me in that pose. He was
tight most of the time and I think
that is the explanation of why so
many did not turn out. Both Dick and
Jane came mad. We took some damn
good pictures that did not turn out.
Some where in bars and on the beach.
He took four a piece of myself alone
and as you can see - only three one
turned out. I have seven copies of
the picture. I'm keeping one myself
and sending rest to you. Keep four
yourself and give the family a couple.
Darling, I love you so awful much
and want you more than the law
allows. You are so wonderful and I'm
crazy about every little thing about
sweet little you! Think I might
have a couple minutes of your time
tomorrow (dumder?) and will try
to whip some thing up in the way
of a cartoon. Best I go hit the
midnite chow line but I'll
scream back in a couple of minutes
I can stay up later than usual
tonight but I can sleep late in the am.

Guess what the girls are playing - two tables of 500 run. I ards 'em if they wanted me to make up tally cards with lace. Wouldn't that kill you. Jim back from chow and shared already.

Darling, I leave the Christ mas card sending to you this year. Send one to all our friends and families. Also one to St. Jacobi. Don etc. And deal about the engraved cards. Sharp as a tack with a belt in the back. Dolt. I love you so awful much! Darling, the

description of what you wear even now makes me very jealous to think you are so beautiful and the girls on the home front can gauge upon your ravish my beauty and I can't. Dam this war. So you run into Shirley Hamilton even now.

Guess you were glad to see her etc. Gaint say I like her so much at all. Strange she left her husband to go to Louisville. I don't get it! I don't like the idea of you going to North Carolina to visit her but you do as you think best. You are the boss and in all things. I'll send you money this month again. I'll try

to send you \$50⁽⁵⁾ each month. Save
it Honey or buy some thing for our apt.
then too - if you need new clothes
etc. So Shirley can't understand
why I don't make you have all of
the allotment. See what a good
husband you have! He's must be a
rather rough guy and a MP to boot.
He has two stripes on him in my
league with that. I'll. I let Bung
Bummie jerked on the secretary
is very cute. you are so cute the way
you are planning our apt. I like
that very much and it is thrilling
to know you are doing this. Gosh, I
love you so awful much! Beats me
about that story I wrote. you said
the Chicago Daily News did it
publish it. I wonder if the New York
Times did? I'm beginning to smell
a rat! Maybe PRD didn't send it
is at all. I wonder? or perhaps my
stuff isn't worth while to print. I
don't know, perhaps I should give
this silly idea up. It's not very much
encouraging. Tell me what do you
think? Really, it beats the hell out
of me! Any way, I will finish my book.

(1)

Darling, one of your letters has
me very puzzled. You say that Mom
keeps rubbing it in that it would be
nice if we had a baby. Darling, I
don't understand this at all. Tell me
more about it. I hate to think you and
Mom are on the outs. If you think
she is making cracks like that,
yeah, after all it is our affair and
no one else. Darling, this letter gave
me the impression that you are really
mad about it. Please don't let it
bother you. Peanuts - really this letter
has me worried. If she keeps on tell-
ing and I will write her up to the point
that we are free, white and 21. I
wouldn't want you to have a baby while
I'm so damn far away from you. Good
ness, I'm worried enough about you
much less you having a kid. Why, I'd
really would be nuts. We want to
enjoy married life alone before we are
tied down. Really, Darling, I'd like say
something about it if you want me
to. Burns me up. As I said, it is
our business and no one else. Pay
no attention to it at all. When I

(21)

come home, thing will be very
different. We shall have each other
and alone. All I'm living for is
the day I can be with you and
have you with no one. We'll not be
home to anyone until we are caught
up on our love making; you know
how long that will take! Darling,
I know it isn't much fun to
not go out with young people and
have fun. But I'll make this allow
to you when I come home. We shall
do nothing but have fun and more
fun! Darling, no matter how bad,
~~you must not think~~ what I'm going
through. No - don't think about it.
Just wait until I tell you about some
thing over here. Hell doesn't
begin to express it at all. But!
how did I get started on a queer
subject like this? Darling, I love you
so awful much and just can't wait
until wrap my hungry arms around
you. Peanuts, Peanuts, I need you
so awful, awful much. You can't begin
to understand how much I love you
and want you. Damn - this damn war!

(13)
Darling - the pictures I did send you
are taken at follows - one standing
up on a hill, notice in the foreground
a clock made of flowers. This was taken
in Edinburgh - off the main drag. Ruins
are also in Edinburgh. Also a large
street shot with two street cars. The
one of me standing - glaring also in the
same yard in Edinburgh. All the rest
are Aberdeen. The old men playing
checkers, street shots, bag pipes etc. Hope
you like 'em Darling. I sent the
last by first class mail in order it
will reach you very fast. With the
help I could slip inside and ride home
to you. I shall miss you very much
myself when you go. You do me
harm. I love you so awful much and
can't wait until I slip into your arms.
I don't stay away from you ever
you'll think I'm your shadow the way
I'll be glued to your side. But I'll
hunt you to death and know you'll
love it. I promise you - that in order to
make me stop caressing you with
passionate hands - you'll have to beat
me with a club. Wonder if you will!
I guess the censor hates me because
of such long letters as this one. I
can't help it for when I get going I
can't stop.

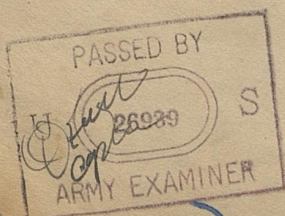
(44)

As in the morning, this is a lovely way
to spend a ETO Evening. I enjoy the
time I spend each night telling you
of my thoughts. I keep repeating this
and really mean it. My life begins
with you and you are all I care about.
Every thing else is in the back ground.
You are my dream girl and I adore
you. Darling, truly you are a Angel
and I hope in my small humble way,
I have made you happy as Angels
should be. Even we are so far apart,
we have some thing that knows no time
or distance. Our love is beautiful and
sacred. When I think of you, I think
of Heaven. Darling, you

are my life. I do so for you
any time. My lips tell
you those last beautiful words
over a year ago. My lips are
telling for the billions. Thank you
for making me so happy.
You can make me live me half a
life as I love you. Darling, I will
dream and go sleep into a lovely
dream of you. God Bless you my
beautiful Angel and loads of love
Your Soldier Husband
Johnny



621 George Canary 15113242
701 Squadron 445 Bombing (H)
APO 558 to Post Master
New York, New York



(air mail)

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

2

Wed. Oct 18th

England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Another beautiful letter from you today and I'm in a rather good mood tonight. I hope the mail keeps up! Sweet wife of mine - I adore you and want you more than it is humanly possible. Well - here is the programme, being happy of today. I awoke - that is always a good way to start the day off - around 9 am. Again I was the room orderly - so I took my time about squinting from the rack. I got up a smoke - I lay there, trying to review my dreams of the night. As always - you slipped into my dreams last night and went for a little fun we had last night. Once again, I came home to you and we did the town. The dream was so life like. I could see the Village and we were dancing a victory dance there in. You kept leaning your head upon my shoulder and with a enchanting look of lust - whispered - "Let's go home." Now why did you want to go home? Perhaps you left some thing on the stove or could it be

(2)
that you wanted to —. yes that
was it for I found it out when I took
you home. Course you had to twist
my arm before I would make with the
love - you know me better than that.
The whole dream was about that sort
of thing and as you can see - very, very
enjoyable. Hope you have the same
fascinate type that I do. I love to
sleep because of such wonderful dreams.
Well, after cleaning up the barracks
I once again crawled into the sack.
More dreams of you. I bounced out
in time for noon chow. Cat fish
stew - horrible stuff - no kid singing
hearing the mess hall still hungry. I
glanced over to the office. Said place
- my office - was empty - that is - until
I opened the door. Rolled up my
mental files and dived into the
work. I took a couple minutes off later
in the afternoon to turn my hand at
cartooning. You'll find the very
results enclosed with in. I shall try
some thing better when I have more of
that stuff called free time. My team
is on tonight and waiting to make

with the labors night⁽³⁾ now. We held
another game of practice to night -
see the Satiric & Angelic. I'm still
washing the mud from my face! Poor
old Jim had to buy tonight at the Aero
club for he was richer in the old
man flipping of coins. He shelled
out for 8 of us. When ever we enter
the club or any place - some girl will
always yell out - "Here comes that S-2
bunch". Seems if every one knows us. I
guess from our famous ball & playing
and all of that. Nothing in the way of
a movie to night for some reason or
other. I don't think we have one tomorrow
to speak of unless it's a GI training
pic. The 5000000 club held another
version to night in the back room. Said
characters seem to enjoy it very much.
I dislike wasting time playing cards
when I could be wr. thing you or
reading. I am living. I love you so awful
much and want you more each second.
Soon. I'll prove to you with care man
actions just how much I do love
you. Please - I'm coming home ready

for your earth sucking love making
 I had to make with a boom again
 tonight - giving the briefing room the
 once over. I knocked off with a few
 minutes early tonight before supper
 so I could take a nice warm shower.
 Really nice shower was wonderful
 and I enjoyed it very much. I had
 to force myself to leave it. Dam it!
 I've never failed before it happens. I had
 to stop writing this and make with the
 letters. It is now 6:15 am and please
 me when I say - I'm dead. So from here
 on out if this letter sounds rather odd,
 you know the reason why. I really got
 browned off when I have to leave writing
 you - war or no war! It's raining like
 hell outside - making things even
 more disgusting. How I long for the
 free life of the old days. To be able to
 unclasp to be in your own and do as
 you want. Old Abe sure missed the
 soldiers on that freedom racket. Ah!
 well, it can't last much longer. He's
 hogging for a quick victory and a fast
 home coming to you. Guess I should
 go to breakfast and refuel the mines
 man. That guy really gives me trouble.
 I told you how he beats on my ribs and

(5)

lently yell" where in "Peasants." what
can I do about this inner character?
Please write him and make the girl
leave me alone. Darling, Can you see
how much I need you? Really I do!
the rain is pounding my ^{like a} ~~like a~~
machine gun upon the fair, then
tin roof over my head. the wind makes
a mourning cry as it dips over the
roof. then too - a jawful hunk of
wind rocks the joint. Got a kind of
yorkie at times. you can hear more
dam noises early in the morning
like this. Some one is always banging
the door shut and foot stepping down
the hall. if you've ever walked through
a boiler factory - you've seen S-2.
Come to think of it, the joint looks like
a boiler too. when my shoes dig out. I
will swim over to beach fast. Breakfast
is just another tasteless hunk of stuff
like midnite chow. Sometimes for the
hell of texture - eat some powdered
eggs. they say a army travels on its
belly. I can understand this - I can
see why they can't walk. Next war, I'm
going to take a crack at the Navy.

(6)
Didn't see St. Jacobs all day. He
didn't venture out of the ranch. S-2
ached from the galling of his feet
last night also. Chris undid also,
so I had the joint to myself. I like
it that way sometimes. My laundry
came back today and part of my day
cleaning. They did a damn good job
on my blouse. Pick up the rest
tomorrow nite. I'm not going to
town after all. Thinking about waiting
until next week and go to London.
The end of the month is a damn
good time to go. All the GIs are
home and are meat and potatoes
you know me - chances are I'll
change my mind again. Darling
I love you so awful much and my
whole love starved body screams for
the want of you. You just can't under-
stand how much I do want you! It
will be so much fun to make fun -
thinking you how much I do love
you, when I come home. Don't think
that I can make this the usual
length letter - I'm about to drop
right now. I shall try anyway!

(1)

Just came back from breakfast and
truly it was a horrible affair. Any way, the
juice was drinkable. At this point my
eyes are making like going going back,
mocking back and forth. Later made
human effort to get my heavy lids
open. At times I drop off and no kidding
I do you realize how much your other
husband loves you. I'm dead out in my
coveralls (fel hole with buttons) for I rent
another pair of pants to be cleaned. I have
another pair of sweat pants but they are
too clean to mock around in. I love
you honey and can't stand this much
more. Darling, have you ever heard
from the New York Times? I want to know
what they have to say. I'm beginning to
doubt if my friends in PRB even rent my
story. So - Darling, how about trying
some more? If you think it is worth
while - send it to what ever mag. you
think best. I really want to know if
my stuff is printable or not. I don't
know what the hell to think. Perhaps I
should give up - but I won't. I have a
folder full of short stories I've written in
the past year. I wrote 'em for my own

(81)
am unwell and to have notes to refer
in £10 life when I come home. My
willy bob also! No doubt you think I
am a fool for writing - maybe I am.
Peanuts, my weak brain is clouded up
with the need of sleep and I can't see to
think through this mental fog. So I'll
have to cap the ink bottle and my pen
and tuck weakly towards my cold,
lonesome rack. If I could only walk
home to you. Darling, some day real
soon, I'll do that very thing: walk
into your arms and shower passionate
kisses upon your upturned lips. Just
you wait until that day. When we fall
into each others arms, the sun and
moon will beam with the reflection of
our glowing love. The world will be a
livable place on that love filled day.
Chin up, Peanuts, I'm coming, slow,
but very soon. Prayer will add fuel
to the train reeaming me home. Do
pray like I am doing. God Bless you
Sweet Beautiful Doll of mine and loads
of love - our special hand.

your Soldier Husband

Jimmy

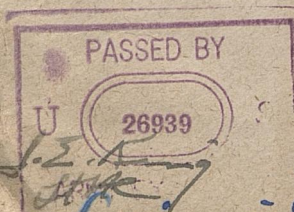


JANE...



C
L
bi
ti
de
ble
7a
ene
for
equ
hist
sp
plan

Capt George Canary 1511242
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 70 Post Master
New York, New York



(air mail)

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

3

Thurs. Oct 19⁴
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening, Sweet Doll. I'm recharged with a full day of rest time and feel half alive now. Another beautiful letter from you today and my morale is high tonight. Also a letter from Mom. Mail from you is so wonderful. I can see you and in fact, while reading your burning words of love - I home. Hope this mail streak doesn't fall off. Tonight, my quies are rushing in the warmth of a lovely fire here in the Alert room. It is a bit cool tonight and as always damp. It would be a damn good idea to make all ETO clothing out of blotter. or sponges. Sure is wet over here. My dead body slipped into the rack around 8 am this morning. Dead as I was, I couldn't die into lumber land. So I inhaled on a couple of fags until my eyes closed & shut. Pangs of hunger woke me up - just at chow time. The inner man was yelling for mail, so I visited the mail clerk. It paid off with two letters. Leuch and I ate together and he said he had a big deal for me. Monday he's going to take a large portrait of me. How bout that!

(2)
the photo lab. is so equipt with
cameras to take such photos. I shall
shoot said big time picture to you soon
as I latch on to T. Do you mind if I
clutter up the living room with photos
of my ETO beaker face? Pictures are
also good for plugging up leaks in the
roof. Just a suggestion - you know.
Honey, I love you so much and just
have to tell you every few lines or so.
You are so wonderful and beautiful
that I have to tell you about T.
Suede and I just went after the
rest of my dry cleaning. That guy
really does a sharp job. My new
tan shirt looks like a new one and
the creases in my pants would cut
sugar. I'm all good and not a damn
place to go. I am this lively life
of not having you. I need you so
awful much and I'm not kidding.
The 500 club is holding another
session tonight in the back room.
They too have a pie going but for
my money, it is too noisy in
there to think. My office is making
like a bee but tonight, I'm too lazy
to build a pie this time of the nite.

(31)

from the looks of rain & office, Chris
didn't strain himself today with work.
So I'll be a busy yard but I'm sure.
Well, what do you know. The Hit Parade
just blared on. They are issuing one
of my favorite songs - "Good Night
Where ever you are". Sad as hell and
fits my mood. I like gay tunes but
kind I listen to the blues more. When
a gal is singing, I don't hear her,
I hear your voice. Every round I hear,
I pretend it's you whispering. I love
you. The rain is lashing on the tin
roof and the musical clapping of
the drops bring to me your lovely
whispers. Darling, don't know if you
realize it or not but you have a
very sentimental husband. I'm
full of romance for you and guess
I'll be a lover in the active & large
always. No guessing about it - I
shall always - to me a old fashioned
team - court you. Both of us want
it this way. Truly our beautiful
marriage is no different. You and I
are perfect mates. We fit right in the
groove to each other's moods. Darling,
I love you more than the human

(4)

can grasp. Frankie is now
coming #1 - "D.L. Be Seeing
you". How true those words are.
Darling, I see you everywhere I
go. You are captured within my
heart and mind. I love the way
cute little you haunt me. I long
for you with the manner of a mad
man. Each night - I voice my
feelings on paper and hope you can
understand them. I can write them
about war, life etc, but can't express
this wonderful love of ours. It wasn't
meant to be put into earthly words.
I have a true Angel for my wife and
Ah! how proud I am to have you
as my very own. My mind will not
ever cease to cherish you night and
day. When ever I see myself shaving,
I think of the way you use to sit
and watch me. A cigarette held
in my hands reminds me the way
the ends would be crunched with
teeth from my lips from kissing
you. When ever I light a smoke,
heartfully, I think of how I use to light
two. When I cross the street, my

157

hand wants to reach out and help
you. Every thing reminds me of
you. Just living does! Darling
wife - Can't you see how much I
miss you. I could go on for days after
days telling you the little things
I miss. They all add up to one thing,
I need you! Life is so empty with
out my little wife. As time drags on,
I miss you more and more. Seems
like a thousand years since your
life lasted clasped to mine. I've
got you under my skin! Is there no
ending to this hell? Please pray
real hard that this war will end
but quick. I've wept so many
times with mental tears. I hurt all
over for the want of your love. That
guy Sherman was strictly in the
game and knew what he was beating
the guns about. No doubt he was
a manic & man! I'm not a hero
or a prof. soldier. I'm just a guy
so much in love. But you are
with all this suffering I'm
going through. We'll laugh and be
gay again real soon. Hang on

a little while longer. ⁽⁶⁾ It's easy to
say keep your chin up but so damn
hard to do. Darling, two stuff
writers on the Star and Stripes have
written a book I like to read - "Air
Gunner" See if you can find it for
me. Sgt. Bud Hutton is a log noted
news paper writer. Back in the good
old days - he wrote for PM and other
big time mag. Another book by a
couple ETO-ians - a fighter pilot
and a Sgt pilot - "Fighter Up" I
would like to read. So see what you
can do for me. The Aero Club is trying
to whip up a library but you can
guess the damn books they'll have.
I depend on you to quench my
lit erary taste. Send me whatever
books or mag. you think I would
like. You are so sweet to your husband!
Even though I slept all day, I'm
going to hit the job rather early
tonight. I'm still a bit in the need
of shut eye. It is 11 pm right now
and in a few minutes - I will take
off for the barracks in the way of the
mess hall. I shall finish this in the
morning. I love you so much!

Winter is slowing ⁽¹⁾ clutching the
ETO with icy fingers. I hope we
have a mild winter on this dam place
this year. The cold isn't too bad but
the dampness makes it unbearable.
With you were here to warm me
up with the heat of our passions.
This here was movie-less tonight
and as usual - very dead. Even the
Ours club wasn't crowded as it
usually is. I suppose all the guys are
in the god early tonight for it is damn
good sleeping weather. Best time
nuggety issues the extra blankets.
Ralph is CQ tonight and my turn
isn't due for some time to come - I
hope. We were supposed to have a
practice game tonight but was
called off because of the muddy
condition of the field. Guess we'll
mount the old ball tomorrow if the
weather permits. Sat. afternoon at
3 pm we play the weekly big time
game. Every one is interested in
football. No thing else on the dam
is land. Don and the hoopers are
thinking about velvet rule for the
coming season. I dislike it any
more from a playing standpoint.

81

It is strange how S-2 speaks in
all reports. We have all around
reporters here in. I'm Denis
press agent and it's my job to
keep him in the public's eye. He
intends to take up coaching
basket ball after the war and wants
me to be his press agent. Wouldn't
that kill you. Peanuts, my little
husk of nonsense - the Saturday
Gazette has really started some
thing. Goldman writes home a
rilly thing copied after mine, the
GI Review. The gang wants Gold-
man and I to start up a S-2 rag.
Some are going to work on the first
edition tomorrow. In S-2 personnel
only. The Gazette also goes to press
again tomorrow night with the ETO
news. Do you think I am mad with
this sort of thing? As a reader. Let
me know what you think of my
brain storm. I still have rilly plans
of writing anyway. It is fun and I
get a bang out of it. Peanuts, I love
a certain Southern Belle so awful
much. No need to add it to you.

(9)

Darling, when you tell me of beer
drinking - my mouth drools and I
become very thirsty for a bottle of you
know what. I'm looking forward to
one hell of a bender with you that will
go on for days and days. Hope you
agree to this powerful thirst of mine.
I shall drink you under every table
in town and then some. Soon as I hit
town - we'll start with the elbow
bending - that is after we ----- for
awhile. Sorry to hear that St. K. lost
to New Albany. St. K. was never a
powerful foot ball team but tops in the
basket ball league. Your brother really
must be a changed character. I'll
have to meet him all over again. Tell the
mut hellos for me and to hang out with
the gen again. Same goes for the rest
of your family. Darling, never fear -
I shall match you passion for passion
and then some. Last summer was
only a warm up to the real thing.
We shall love like pends that we
are. We'll use every type of wooing
in the books and then some that
ain't in the books. Gal - you are
going to be ravished and reduced.

Break out with ⁽¹⁰⁾ the lacy type
of reduction clothes. Be prepared
for action and dress as such. But
you don't wear your best clothes for
I'm afraid they may be ruined in
the heat of our tussle - if you know
what I mean. Anyway, you'll
wonder what kind of a friend you have
for a husband. When it comes to love,
I'm not a bit shy or mild. That you
know! All I can say is WOW! I
hope you're not frightened by the gleam
beaming from my love-starred eyes.
A whole year of fasting from love
here old bones are suffering from.
Well, I will hit the trail to dream
land and dream of the joys to
come. You can't realize just what you
are in love for. I know you feel the
same as I do - and look out when I
come home. I hope no one yet
caught in the rush when we spy each
other in the station. God Bless my
sweet, a durable character and loads
of super love - our hand!

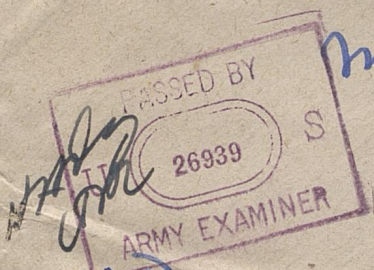


Your Soldier's Husband
Sonny

JANE...



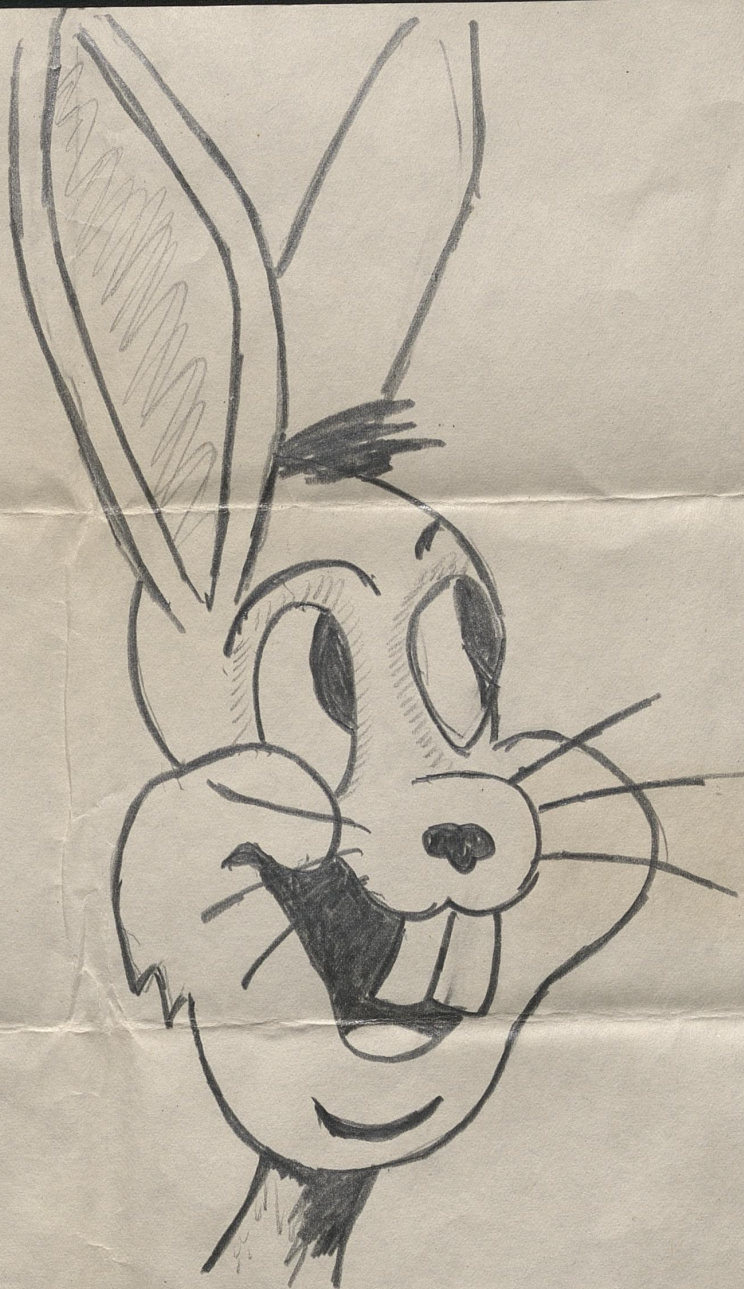
Cpl George Canary 1511242
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 70 Postmaster
New York, New York



(air mail)

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

21 Oct 1949



"What's up Doc" ^{ss}
Bm banana

Sat Oct 2nd
England

5

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - you
beautiful doll! Today my mail stream
ran out and I'm ringing the bells.
I know the tune too well. I did receive
two letters - one from Mom and one from
the gang in Scotland. Mom said you
received five letters from me and I'm
glad. The hell in mail was caused by
the postman but now the postman is in
the old groove. Hope you enjoy the future
of angels. The gang in Scotland keeps
on asking me to return soon as I can.
Seems as if I made a hit with the new
fags crowd up there. I shall keep in touch
with them by mail. Some day, would
like to take you to Aberdeen and introduce
the likeable gang to you. Darling, I
could receive mail from a million
people and still not be happy if none
from you. Guess I will latch on to one
from you tomorrow. Little do you realize
how much your husband loves you. I'm
wild about you and just can't wait until
I encase you in my arms. Any day will
come and it's not too far away!

(2)

Well - now for the news of today -
activities in the ETO. Today. Sat Oct
22nd was quite different from the
usual ETO day - as you will see.
Being in the mood for a day off, I
signed up to make with the legal gold
hitching for today. So this morning
I quitted the pillow until I was good
and ready to hand out. Once again,
the fangs of hungry mule by shattered
my dreams of lovely you. I slipped
from your dream land areas at the
stroke of noon. What a beautiful dream
I had about you. Seems as if I were a
big time singer and I could really
warble the love songs to you. Wherever
I was looked for a how - you sat in the
audience and I sang to you. Strange
dream but oh! so heavenly filled with
passionate love. I hoping to take my
where we left off tonight. From chow
in a shocking change was damn good.
Pork head lined the meal and said stuff
was very tasty. Quick like I
reamed over to the office to meet
Maurin. Today was the dead line on our
newspaper, so we prepared the edition.

(3)
Main interviewed the character of
the week and wrote the character
sketch. I banged out the editorial
for the opening edition of the "S-2
Journal". At first we called it the
tribune but later changed it to the
Journal. We had to hold the edition
because of the main interest, today's
football game. Said game was a shut
out for the S-2 Morons to the tune of
19 to 0. Really, we played big time
something today. I write clutter up the
letter with a description of the game. But
for a play by play account see the
forth coming edition of the Saturday
Night - Sunday Oct 23rd. At the
present time - I can't send you a
copy of the Journal because we aren't
set up in such a manner. You see, we
only make three copies of our paper on
the typewriter - one for the S-2 Bulletin
board - one for Major H. Logler's scrap
book and one for our files. We plan to
expand our weekly so that we can run
off enough copies for all the S-2 personnel
and their families. But until we can

(41)

so arrange to have it ~~in~~ mime graphed
three copies will have to do. I'll send
you the file copy now as we take
down the original. Soon as the game
ended, Goldman and I charged
into the office and pounded out the
story. Marine didn't play but covered
the game by taking play by play
notes. I covered the story from a
players angle. We broke off long
enough to eat supper but rushed
back to meet the 11pm dead line. The
two of us worked up until the last
minute. I had cartooning to do and
other articles. At last the paper began
to take shape. All the guys were
hanging around health less by
waiting. Quickly I put the finishing
touches to the cartoon and posted the
Journal. You should see the guys
crowded around - lapping it up.
It was pleasing to see that each and
every one appreciate our humble
efforts. Everyone complimented our
artful work and demand more of it.

(5)

Marvins and I are proud - and have every right to be. I have to complete the cartoons in Major Kloggers copy but will do so in the morning. I rushed to mid mile chow and back so I could slip into your letter. So as you can see, I have a rather late start tonight. I really enjoy doing this S-2 paper and gain some experience any way. As you know, writing is my hobby and I hope it will pay off when I come home. I'm anxious to see Major Kloggers reaction to our rag. As you know - he is a big time publisher and should know talent when he sees it. Marvins and I have great plans on this paper. Hope it works into some thing big and I kind of think it will. No doubt you think your husband is nuts. Any way - it helps to be nuts. Don't think Blue did much in the way of work today - so another big day ahead tomorrow. He says we'll really get on the ball and knock out the work. Peanuts - I love you so!

(6)
Don is CQ tonight and I have to
wake him up at noon tomorrow as
he wishes. Every one is noticing the
daze Ralph is going around in.
The kid really is in love with this
gal of Aberdeen. I think it is his
first love to speak of. Too bad she
is so damn far away. Speaking of
what a good Joe St. Jacobi is, he
had a lecture this afternoon and
even though I offered to run the
projector - he refused. Said it was
my day off and not to work. He had
some one else run it for him. So
he is up higher in my league. I
still think he is browned off at Chris
and can't say that I blame him. I
didn't have to night and will have to
the first thing in the morning.
Much to my joy - it didn't rain
today. It was too cold tonight
and fires are not needed. I just
put water on in the Alert room for they
have a fire going. Said place always
has a fire blazing away.

(7)

Capt. Sauer. Came back from London today and while there - bought Red a pair of shoes in the officers clothing Pt. the shoes are too small for Red and I slipped 'em on. A heavy fit for me - so I bought 'em. My good buckel shoes are in the real need of a repairing job. I'll be sure to send 'em to the GI repair unit fit for you are apt to lose your shoes or get a different pair back. So needing a pair of good dog houses, I bought 'em. They are English shoes and cost me at GI prices - \$4.50. But if I bought 'em in a downtown shoe store would cost at least twice as much. They are of the string type and hang as a back. First thing I've bought in the line of clothing in one hell of a long time. Several of the boys bought shoes like mine and claim they are damn good. Darling, have you ordered the ring as of yet? I can't wait until I can proudly show off that I'm a took man. You are so

(81)

meet to your husband. Bill May
is waiting around for me to walk
home with him. I have to also wake
him up in the morning and come
to work. Hope I wake up rather early
for I have several things I want to
do before plunging into the routine.
I don't know why, but I expect and
feel like I have another package
in the way from you. Aunt Sis sent
one, Mom and they are on the way
too. Here is another request in case
you are running out of hair oil. I
would like another bottle of ink and
hair oil. More in the way of books
and many plus Candy. Honey, Lure
Pyle's book is so damn good. I read
a whole lot on it last night. Think
you said he has another one being
published. Best that you get that
one for me also. I'm going to settle
down to another bunch of reading
tomorrow night and on my lunch
hours. Parents, your husband loves
you!

(1)

Dam! it sure is rather late and hot
I prepare to hit the trail to raid racks.
tonight I shall dream that some day I
will awake wrapped up in your embrace.
I bet I sleep with a far more smile on
my face caused by those lovely dreams
about you. I the minute I met you -
that inner man shouted - "this is it"
It's a wonder you didn't hear him
yell for mercy. I thought you did. I
go for moon light and star dust, I
like to walk in the rain but must of
all you like 'em too. Darling, you
are every thing to me. You are the
reason I live, the reason I'm over
here, you're the rainbow after a summer's
storm, you're Christmas all year
round - most of all you're the gal that
loves me! I don't know if you realize
it or not but you have a very sentimental
guy for a husband. I'll never lose
this sentimental feeling for you. Sweet
Peasants, I love you so awful much
and want you more than even Ernie
Pyle could express. I try to tell you
of my love but just can't do it. You
know how I do. Just listen to your
heart and it will tell you what I can't.

(10)
I suppose I will wish like hell
all day tomorrow as usual. Sure
is going to do the same damn thing
over and over - but this is new then
tell me. I long for the fire side of
our new little home and you curled
in my lap. The two of us won't have
to speak, just sit there in each other's
arms. I just want to be near you
and realize I never have to leave your
arms again. Darling, just knowing
you are waiting for me makes this
hell bearable. All I do is keep on
thinking that you will be there in
your arms. Peanuts, pray real hard
that this war will end but fast. I didn't
catch onto Jane tonight for some one
else beat me to it. I'll grab it early
Monday - doesn't come out on Sunday.
I will close now - Honey, but will slip
into a dream of you in a very few
minutes. God Bless you my Beautiful
Doll and loads of our sugar love. I
love you so much! Good night - Darling

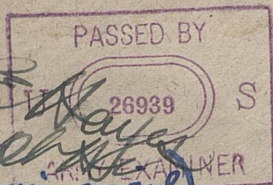
Your So Lkin Husband
Johnny



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



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



5

Sunday Oct 22⁶
England

My Darling Sweet Angel wife

Good evening. I do. after
a day of fasting from mail - I received
one from you today. So I'm in a good
mood to night. Also one from Aunt Mary
with a note enclosed from Aunt Sis.
As you can see, I'm stuck with this rummy
pen again to night and have to make the
best of it. Darling, in this letter of today,
you were still coming raining about the
short age of mail. A letter from Mamma
yesterday of a later date - said you latched
on to five letters in one day - so I know
you are getting mail again. I know
how well how it feels to be mail-less. I
love you so awful much and want you
more each second. Nothing much in
the way of interesting letter writing
today but here are the living details.
I quipped out of the sack (always a
good way to start the day off by getting
up) and quickly dressed in the blink
morning child. No dancing flames to
meet me - so I had the shades unrolled
my clothes were on. Really - I do think
it is warmer outside than in there

(27)
animated ETO varacho. Perhaps if
some eager GI would run up and
down with a candle it would help.
With a face dangling from my
hungry lips - I strode off to work
with a half hearted song. On the way
to the office my route goes by a pond
in a barnyard. Whoever this farmer
is - he had stocked this pond with a
flock of ducks. I'm tempted each
morning to stand and watch 'em. You
remember the young colt I told
you about some time ago - he's a
brownie horse now. On this bare we
are close to nature. I pass through
a path bordered by a hedge row and
trees. I notice the leaves are beginning
to fall. I hate to see 'em flung about
on the ground because I'm reminded
of the lovely times of past we had - plough-
ing through 'em. Every thing I do
reminds me of you. Just breathing
tells me how much I need you.
Soon as I screamed into the office
and took my hat off. Lhris and I
gave the place a real going over.

In fact - we spent ⁽³¹⁾ most of the
morning cleaning the hole up. I am
this awful guy! This afternoon we
dipped into the real office work and
knocked off a good part of it. Chui is
on the night shift tonight and I'll have
the joint to myself tomorrow. St.
Jacobi stuck his head in the office at
noon today with a pair of new glasses.
Seems as if he was caught up by a
real gaffe last night and had a hang
over. In fact he was hanging over. I
hung out to noon chow - then to 11:30
Mars. Darling, some times the chaplain
really tells the boys off and doesn't
mit using indirect words. He calls a
spade a spade. But now he can't for
the new Red Cross Girl is a Catholic.
She is the only female in church and
looks strange among all the GIs. She's
not too bad looking from the waist up,
but Ah! brother from the hips down. That
football player's legs and a Mac
much rear. Don't even know her name.
from what I hear - she is the type that
has jets etc. Doubt if she'll ever become

(41)
as well liked as Miss Sany. Miss
Sany has been changed and the new
one is taking her place. Hope she
runs the Aero club as good if not
better than Miss Sany. Must be another
officer's party here on the base tonight
and we seen a lot of females dashing
around with officers ex. cent. Lt.

Jacobi will give me a full account of
it when I see him next. My team of
big time operators are on tomorrow
note and no doubt will be quite some
fun. Enclosed you'll find another
edition of the Satiric Sanyette. I'm
wondering what you think of this? I
played a couple games of ping pong
tonight in the Aero club but did not
win a game. I'm out of practice you
know. Ralph, Don and Hunter are all
damn good at it. In the Aero club
snack bar - they had a Siney 3 piece
band. They weren't too good but they
listen anyway. A rotten movie on
tonight - don't even know the name.
Hope they have something better tomorrow.

(5)

I just shaved and hope you pardon
the time out. Speaking of cleaning, I
took a shower today. Taking a shower
isn't so unusual but with a ice job is.
Really, the water was so cold - even the
faucet was shivering. I didn't have to
worry about drying off, the water flew
off as I shook. I looked like Dick Day-
ton how much I shook. The boys
passed the football around after class
but I was not in the mood. I read a little
while in Emile Pyle's book. It is so damn
interesting that I have to fight my-
self to put it down. How I wish I could
write half as good as Pyle. The girls are
playing "500" Run again tonight but
up in the front office. One each fire
going in said place. I like it best here
in my own cubbie hole. Guess I'm
getting use to the coldness for I'm
not in the need of a fire what does
Norman's friend think of St. X. is
Vanderbilt this year? The season will
begin in a couple more months. S.2
is already making plans for another
great team. We had a cage team last
winter and twice as good this year.

(6)

Don asked me to wake him at noon today - so I screamed over in the jeep. I batted him a couple back hands and he rolled over half awake. Said he didn't want to get up - so I let him alone. We had a couple decent meals today - roast beef for noon chow and ham & eggs. Tomorrow is chicken day and the gang will fight over who gets mine. I give it to who ever I want any way, but it is amusing to hear 'em. Darling, everyone really likes the S-2 Journal and praise our efforts very much. When I handed the Major his copy this morning, he beamed from ear to ear. As he read it - the broader the smile and soon rippled into laughter. Really, the gang demands more and that we'll give 'em. I heard the football scores of yesterday's games over the radio and wrote 'em down. Then I whipped up a news bulletin and posted it for all to see. The gang liked that very much. All N.D. was anxious. Hot Dog!

(9)
think we have another football game
tomorrow but think it may rain. Our
field is one over ringed mud pie. Really
uncomfortable to play in. I'm still
getting mud from yesterday's game.
Darling, in each edition of the Gazette,
you find a guess who character. They
are famous people and those you can
guess who they are. Let me know who you
think they are. My client - Don (I'm
his press agent) is being offered a berth
on the base (football team). Because he
needs my advice etc for I handle all
publicity him. Of course he will also
play for the S.2 Maroons but this is
added glory to his record. We are debating
the matter over and will reach a decision
in the next day or so. Don is a hot 100
cager and makes all State while in school.
Because I only take the best for my
clients - you know. You are my main
client - your wife, Miss American
and all the other log match titles. I love
my work - being your press agent! As
you can see - the ETO has driven your
weak minded husband to a even more
feeble mental condition. a good bunch of
your loving will hit me up but good.

(8)
Peanuts, I can't offer you riches etc,
but can give you more damn fun than
all the green bucks in the world can
buy. I'll really love you to death and
we'll have more damn fun doing it.
Little gal - I'm so madly in love with
you. Thank you again for becoming
mine. I can't see any one but you!
Darling - my whole world is
wrapped up in you. Every thing else is
just kid stuff. You are my whole life
and I love life - namely you. Soon
we'll be able to make such beautiful
love to gether. Truly. It's hell meeting
it out like this - but Ah! how it is
worth all this suffering. Honey - you
are worth fighting for - I mean it. I'm
over here for you and this war is 'your
war just as much as any one else's.
So very people like you makes the G.I.s
strive on to victory. I'm proud that I
can serve you in this manner. I just
think how wonderful it will be when
peace reigns all over the world, then
you and I can love in the freedom
that is ours. We have to pay for that
freedom and the right to have it. This is

our payments. Darling, ⁽⁹¹⁾ keep those
home fires burning for me I'll be
here with you. Make plans - even more
than you are doing now. It is so
thrilling and morale building to
know you are making plans for our
own little home. Sweet character - I
adore you! Darling your letter of today
was shorter than usual. I'm not
so my learning for I understand how you
feel during a mail less session. You
are so wonderful by writing so much
and so often. I know there are other
things you could be doing. I love you
more for it! Darling, don't feel bad
that I won't be home this Christmas.
Do enter into the Holiday spirit - for
then too - I will through you. Just think
how I must feel - three Christmas away
from you. Yes three without the happy
ring of your bells, beautiful tree, fun
and love. I've forgotten what it feels like
to be joyful happy. Our Christmas will
come the day I come home and it will
be Christmas every day from then on.
So please don't feel blue. This will be the
last one I'll be away from you and
very soon after it - I'll be on the way to you.

(10)

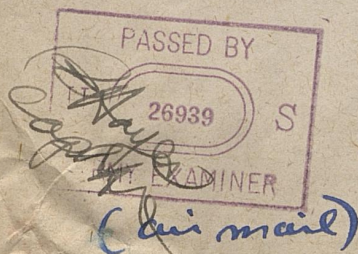
Darling, I have seen the new G1
field jacket you were talking about.
A few of the boys have 'em. They will
not take place of the blouse but are
designed for more warmth than the old
style of field jacket. They in the lines
need more warmth. So the new jacket
lines know nothing about. And said -
wonder if the jerks in PRD sent it
in. Said they did. Guess I'll never
know. So send it in to raise money and
see what happens. Well. Parents, guess
best I scream to the neck. Have a 24.
hour bunch of duty ahead of me and will
need all the sleep I can catch onto.

Darling, I can't begin to tell you how
much I love you and want you. My
whole body cries out for the want of you
and your love making. Keep your chin
up and don't let the blues make you
feel unhappy. Darling, really, the
war is almost over - just a matter of time
now. Don't worry about me for I'm fine.
Little beautiful creature - you just can't
understand how much I love you! God
Bless the best little wife in the world and
loads of love. Until tomorrow night, good
nite for now and passionate dreams.

(3)

your Soldier/Husband
Johnny

15113242
Capt George C. Canary
7th Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 To Post Master
New York, New York



Mr. George W. Canary Jr.
4661 W Jefferson St.
Louisville 12, Ky
U. S. A.

Monday Oct 23⁷

England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Do you mind if I use that old corny song - "No Better Today". yes. Another hellish day without mail from you. T. Dorsey is on the radio and to fit this mood I'm in - he's playing "Blue Shirts" Wonder how he found out? the ETO today was a lousy place to be. Rain all day long and another fresh coat of mud to wade through. It's a damn wonder this island doesn't wash away from the end less rains. I can't wait to get the hell off this wet island and head for the U.S.A. I love you so awful much and want you more than the law allows. Today I was alone here in my office. St. Jacobi and "Barnyard" worked last mile. I turned on the all out effort and plunged into the pressing matters on hand. I was a very busy GT all day long and have the whole mile ahead to look forward to. My team haunts the place tonight with the aid of mid mile oil. I hope it is a easy mile but I have my doubts. I'll more than likely have to jump up and down - dashing in between urining and writhing.

(2)

you should see how disgusted I look
at such times I have to clear with your
letters. The mail must go through
and I want to do my part to help
reclaim it along. I suppose the post
man knows my hand writing by this
time and doesn't have to look at the
address. Wonder how many pounds of
mail he has carried to you? Have you
ever thought how many words each of
us write a month? I bet we've used
gallons and gallons of ink in the
past year. I've enjoyed writing each
one and really look forward to
the time spent telling you of my
thoughts. Some times - no doubt you have
noticed - my thoughts wander in many
directions but all lead to how much
I love you. Sweet little wife - I love
you so awful much that it hurts. I know
you feel the same way that I do and
want me as much. Because of the damn
rain - it is cold tonight. "Sue" -
has a cheerful fire going in his office
and that's where I am. I had a fire
all day long but while at the show -
it was un-attended and went out.
So I have to borrow heat from another

source. the show⁽³¹⁾ tonight was one
each super stinkie job. "Short Chases"
with Olsen and Johnson. It was a
waste of time and very sorry I had the
misfortune to sit through it. Same
thing tomorrow. The whole damn day
was a lue and not having mail
added more fuel. Hope I have a arm
load of love letters from you to mention.
The gang had a practice basketball
game tonight with some university
team. Game 5-2 won. Maxine
covered the story for the Journal and
will appear in our next edition. Dick
and Hunter jided a rotten day to
venture in town. This sort of ETO
weather makes me want to hang close
by the rack. It is strictly for sleeping.
Some guys will have anything for
a few hours in town. I'm too much
behind in reading to worry about
pulling around in a half an English
town. I owe a whole flock of letters
and hope to knock a few 'em off some
time soon. Really, my free time seems
to get less and less as time goes by.

(4)

the nuts are playing cards again in the front office. I don't see when they write letters if at all. I never saw such a large crowd before in the Aero Club tonight. Really, the joint was spitting from the overflow of C.I. there in. Took a hell of a long time to went out the line for food. Being half starved - I stood and cursed.

Dan and the girls fought again over my chicken. I gave part to Ralph and part to Dan. I love the C.I. chicken and it is very tasteless to me. Can't say I liked chicken a whole lot in the first place. The Club mobile missed Hdg. again today and every one talked about it. I think there is a new crew of girls in the club mobile and are dumb or something. Tucky use to stop in and shoot the bull with us. She would even bring the donuts into the office for the guys that couldn't reach in from their cabs. I always dash out for the pie no matter what I'm doing. What's a few minutes for coffee and donuts? Don't have to worry about that

(5)
as of now - said canteen on wheels
bails to show up. But Dan and I had
a afternoon snack anyway. We opened
up two tins of Ki rations (field rations)
and heated the can of pork and eggs. Wasn't
half bad at all. Dole - I had to make one
of those quick jumps into work and it's now
1 am. Switched on to mid-mile chow and
shaved, think I'll not be interrupted for
awhile - rary here. Read in the paper the
other day that the English police arrested
a girl. Seems as if this character lived
in a U.S. Army base for three months
and was selling it to the GIs. She
claims that she took on two GIs each
nite. Strange thing take place in the
ETO. Hence I always was under the
impression was the Country of free love
and then stuff that was not free - buying
kind. I have changed my opinion for
England is just a land if not lower with
moral co. Seems as if war produce more
whores in every country and I think this
island has 7/4 of 'em. I've never been
approached by any but you sure can
tell 'em when you see 'em. They parade
up and down in London. So England
isn't so high and mighty about the

(6)

sacredness of women. Each day you
can pick up the English papers and
read about such things. There's one for
the books; a gal missed her husband
so much that she couldn't stand it.
He was in the South Pacific and she did
her best to enlist in the WACS or Red
Cross in order to get out in the S.P.
Neither would take her, so she turned
elsewhere. Finally - she signed up as a
brighter as janitor maid in the officers
mess. She found her husband in her
of nine and they had two wonderful
days together before their ship sailed. Her
husband - you might know - is a Lt.
This gal is the first civilian to visit
~~her~~ husband overseas. This really happened
according to Time's Magazine. She
kinds a way. Darling, before much
longer - I'll be on the way to heaven -
your arms and there to stay. I love
you so awful much - more than you can
ever understand. The foot ball game
we had for this afternoon - was called
off - rain. Just a practice game with Hdy.

(1)
Darling, what is cooking in the world of
books? Tell me about some of the good
ones you are reading. I'm still knocked
off with the realization of my story
not being published. Don't know why,
but I thought it was rather damn good.
Seeing that the papers won't print my
stuff - had to start a paper of my own.
Do send my story into a mag. Som
as I knock off another with whole one,
will rec. it to you for your
expert opinion. You are my proof
reader. If you think they're any good,
send 'em in. Still lacking time to
write more on my book. I have plenty
of notes etc. but have to put in into a
story form. I can hear the loud
bombardment of rain on the tin roof
overhead. This would be a good time to
lay in your arms and listen to the
rain drops. Course any time is a
good time. I can only repeat that
I love you so awful much. I'm
writting just in case I have to hear

(8)

off at any minute. Well - what do
you know - Can go hit the jacked
and sleep until noon. We are all
pissed and not a all nite job after
all. It is 230 now and I will go
now as I finish this letter. The mail
must go through! (and blame of things
here) Peanuts - what is the latest
results on your brother in school?
Should think he has his first report
card by this time. Hope he is apply-
ing himself more this year. But time
for Rossi to collect for next month's
Stars and Stripes, and junk. I'll
get it again this month and will
send you a junk when ever I can.
Missed out this month put was on
the per lounge at the time he collected.
Come to think about it - I was on
per lounge one month ago. How is
your friend Siing? You said you and
said character were a bit cold to
each other. What a mess she is! Tell
your family that I will write at
such time I can but to shoot me a
few lines every so often.

the AFN (Army Forces Network) here in
the ETO broadcast nothing but the best.
Each day from 11 to 1 - a program called
"Duffel Bag" brings us the latest in news
matter of fact - all day long - nothing but
the best in radio shows - re-broadcast
by short wave from the U.S.A. the more
requested matter on the "Duffel Bag" and the
"GI Supper Club" and others - is "I Walk
Alone" sung by Billy Anna Carol. All the
yard birds are crazy about this chick.
Vince and she is called the female Sinatra.
She can really survive the goons of the
GI Brogan's Brigade. Thought you like
to hear about this. Darling - I love you
so awful much and want you more than
the law allows. Doll, guess I best hit
the road towards the barracks and each
time. I have to bounce out of the yard
at noon and shuffle in down to the
office. I hope to have a lot of sugar
regrets from you today - that is this after-
noon. It is still raining like hell out
side and down in the place good
crouching. I don't care - for I'm so
damn happy right now. The Editor of the
Saturne Gazette announces another
edition tomorrow night. From a dance
regrets - same old line of corn and
silly stuff. Besides being good for reading

(10)

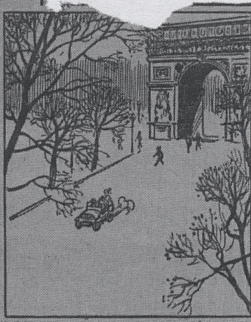
what other newspaper can boast the
soft-gentle quality paper good for you
know what. The Saturday Age is
also known as the Time & Tide.
Each edition the hugers let out the
editor from his strait jacket. Honey,
I love you more than my gun humble
pen can express. All I can say - I'll
show you without the use of words when
I come home to you. Just you wait
and feel what I mean. You just can't
realize what you are in for. You'll love it,
in fact you'll love me! Dam this war!
I want home to you but quick like.
Enough with this long distance love
making - let's clinch. I'll be seeing you
in my dreams and Oh! what fun we'll
have. Wonderful thing these dreams!
Even better - the real thing. Take care
of your self and what belongs to me.
Please cease with the worrying and
soon I'll be there to help you to worry or
something keep your chin up and hang
on. Guess I'll fold up my tent and
head away into the nite. God Bless
you Beautiful Pinky and loads of love.
See you in my dreams.

your Soldier Husband
Sonny



JANE ...

*Jane and
Dinah arrive
in Paris—
by Jeep...*



THERE'S THE ARC
DE TRIOMPHE, DI! —
I GET A FINE VIEW
OF PARIS FROM HERE!



IT'S NOTHING
TO THE VIEW
PARIS MUST GET
OF YOU, DEAR!



Life George Canany 15113242
7th Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 70 Post Master
New York, New York



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



Tuesday Oct 24⁸
England

My Darling Sweet Wife!

Peanuts - another day without mail - two in a row and I'm very low in morale. You can understand what I mean. I just finished another issue of the Saturday Evening and you will find a copy enclosed. I do you know how damn long it takes to whip up one of these time issues. Hope you get a kick out of it anyway. I like to look upon it as practice is something.

Last night. I worked until rather late but not through the whole night as usual. Managed to finish your nitety letter before I did go on to the pillow. I slept until noon today and dived to the chow hall. This afternoon - I turned in a pair of my 61 gunboats for dry dock. I am shoes leak. Hope I get 'em back some time this year. Also drew out another blanket from supply to help heat up my rebs this winter.

Q1

I'm using the facilities of the
post office tonight - a fine and
a good deal to night. Cold as a old
maid here in the ETO. After supper
we broke out the football for a
quick game of practice. Some eager
guy gained one of our girlfriends
white so we can play until the
last dwindling ray of light
drops behind the distant horizon.
The first team played the second
string of our big time football team.
Of course - we of the first team won
12 to 6. Your all American husband
recreamed over the goal line twice
for both tallies. I caught two long
passers to make said 12 points. Also
a whole air full of short passers to
march down to yards far dist. The
yard birds are wisening up now and
can see who in the hell can really
make with the scoring. I didn't say
anything. Just let 'em know their
elms out fighting over the back field
for turns. Now they know who to depend

on to making the jammers - me. So
 I play end now in back field. The
 base team has a backel game with
 a squad from another ETO base
 tomorrow afternoon. I plan to have
 a rest in the press box in the interest
 of my syndicate columns in the
 Saturday Dayette and S-2 Journal.
 Your noted war correspondent
 husband writes for two newspapers
 now. How about that? (Please don't
 answer) After the much used
 contest - we dined to the Club. There
 in "Brandyard" Chris lost the toss
 and had to dig down into his dusty
 wallet and take care of the check.
 Mounted up to something around
 1.75. I'm lucky so far and not paid
 in a hell of a long time. I love free
 eats that some one has to pay for.
 Marvins and I have already sketched
 out a rough idea of this week's
 edition of the Journal. Each week
 we are having a guest writer and
 we choose the subject. I. Day writer

(41)

about his opinion of English girls. Seeing he is a wolf from way back, we picked him from his past records. I'll send you a copy of what he says. I haven't decided on what I shall write for this week's editorial. Must be some thing strong etc.

Editorials are the main thing in a newspaper and the Journal is built up around it. Coming from a long line of news hawks - not mentioning having printer's ink in my blood - I know how to run a rag. All my life - I've heard nothing but newspapers. Besides Dad working on the Times, I have a great Uncle, a cousin - T. Fitz Gerald the Sports editor - Uncle Joe in Atlanta and many others. So as you can see - I was born with a newspaper clutched in my mouth. I just call me "Scorp" for short. Darling. I love you more than the law allows. You're cuter than a baby's ear!

(5)

In the just few days - the AFN
has broadcast some of the most
dripping political speeches of
both parties. I have to laugh the
way they tear each other up.
Behold the great man speaker!
He grasps the microphone as early
as though it were a home hand in
his mother's kitchen and warns you
to beware of fantastic schemes.
Standing there speaking in a
natural tone of voice, he is the very
nature of fantasy. His words leap
across rivers and mountains but
his thoughts are still only a few inches
long. I wonder if they think people
believe the stuff they put out. I
suppose many moons do. As I
said - I have to laugh at him. We
are at war and should not fool
around - wasting money & be on a
bunch of blow offs. I know it is a
waste of radio time over here. We
would rather hear a fire band.

(6)
tonight at the Aero club - they had
another dance. At this one - you
had to furnish your own date and
I don't think it was very much of
a success. Would be different if this
dance place was close to town. At other
dances the Red Cross lines up the
trucks and the army goes after 'em
in trucks. While we were eating at
the club. jerked in on the dance floor
and not many dancers. They usually
have plenty of women - but of course
not enough to go around to all the
guys. Enough so every one can dance
if they so want to. Don't know if I'm
going to town this week or not. May
wait until later on. Marvin Goldman
is broke and I don't think he'll go.
Said character is taking a per diem
the first part of the month. Honey,
be on the look out for another money
order after the first. I will scream me
to you soon as I can - after jay day.
L. H. Gul - I love you so awful
much and adore you beyond words.

(17)

I am lying - I am discovering something that I was blind to before. I always considered Don such a wonderful athlete in all sports. But - now I really see how he is. - Don is one of the greatest sports men ever seen. He thinks that he is such a star that no one else can out do him. If the other team does something to break up his game, run etc. - why! Does he turn. As if some one on the other team makes a touchdown through him. Tonight - he played with the 2nd string team to even up the sides. I was really catching passes to gain ground for us and a couple of touchdowns. Middleton blew up and was very sarcastic about it. Said I was too damn dumb to play ball and had to catch the foot ball or get knocked down. I consider that a sign of a poor sportsman ship. What do you think about this? Really I am very surprised at Don. Guess he was in a bad mood or some thing. I wouldn't hold it against him though!

(8)

Darling - do you know your husband
is really wild about you? yes - ah! is!
I like to be going over in my
mind - the fun we have been having
together. Remember the Cat dance
on our wedding eve? Golly, I love
to grow old with you around with my
beautiful wife at my side. I was so
delicious happy the day you arrived
in Sioux City. Darling - when we
are together - I'm drunk with love
and fun. You do such wonderful things
to me and I love it. The inner man
still beats upon my ribs and shouts,
"where is Peanuts" I. I be so glad when
you can talk to this guy and make
him quit picking on me. Both of us
are crazy for the want of you. Honey,
I need you so awful much! I know
hus: it feels to be loved by a Angel
and what the pains of hell are -
caused by being away from my
Angel wife. I can't stand much
more of this fasting of your love. This
ETO life is a lonely life of hell and
torment. I want you beyond words!

(9)

Even you can't realize how much I miss you. I'm too much for a human to stand. I'm not a strong super man - I need you to live. All the other guys want to go home but not as passionately as I do. I have a reason why I want home so bad. You and I aren't two people - we are a part of each other and Ah! how I need the rest of me - you. Stop that music! Please don't play love songs, I shout at the radio. Play the blues to fit into this hellish mood I'm in. I feel as if some one has stuffed me in a meat grinder. I feel all beat up deep inside because I miss you so awful much! Darling, let's not waste one second when I come home. I'm rich of being a zombie - I want to live again. I need the strength of your arms and kisses. Truly - you are my whole life and all that matters to me. Just you wait until I come marching home with a gleam of passionate love in my eyes.

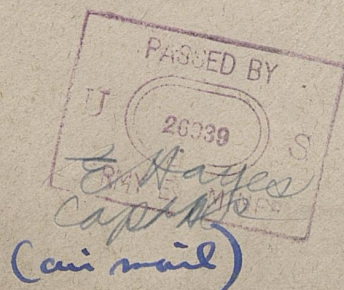
(10)

when I come home - for the first
hundred years - we'll have nothing
but fun. We'll laugh away the tears
and I shall kiss away the blues from
your beautiful eyes. How I tremble
with the thought of pressing my lips
against those heavenly-passionate,
earth rocking kisses of yours. I
dream nite after nite about those
beautiful red lips of a cherry taste.
My heart tells me how much our
love means to me. Each nite before I
fall asleep - I whisper the same little
words to you - I love you - Peanuts.
Soon I can kiss your little ear and
whisper those same little words.
You're right beside my heart no matter
how damn far we are apart. I will
dream to night you are holding me
so tight. So with a heart full of love
I'll close now and say good night.
I'll see you in my memories review
in a very few minutes. God Bless
you beautiful lady of my heart and
loads of love.



Your Soldier/Husband
Jimmy

1st George W. Canary
101 Synecision 445 Banting (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.

8

Wed. Oct 25 9
England

My Darling Angel Wife!

My stocks are high tonight with the mailman. Said character handed this GI two love rooted letters from my beautiful APO Girl - you. So tonight - I'm sitting on a cloud from your miracle builders. Darling - your letters really send me. One was sold with wonderful pictures. I love you more than any man could love. Guess you can call it a super love at that. Anyway - I'm nuts about you! you are so wonderful and set me off - just thinking of how wonderful you are. Sweet little wife - Ah! loves you. When a Southern boy loves - he really loves - that you know. Peanuts - you just can't realize how much I depend upon your lovely letters to keep me going I haven't the mail clerk if I'm mail-less. What a mauling he gets if none for me. Tonight - I'm in my own office where I can write in peace. Sweet adorable - Peanuts!

(2)
this was a rather different ETO
than the usual run - as you will
see as this letter goes on. I
drove down to the office - on my
pet - this morning and quick by
plunged into the job of work. Chris
had the day off. So I carried back
and forth - doing two man's work.
any way - I worked. I ate early chow
and returned back to finish up
much as I could before 1 pm.

Darling - today on this base we had
a football game comparable to the
Rose Bowl game. We have a big
time all star base team of business
who make with the tackle football.
In the interest of my readers and of
my two jugs - (S.2 Journal - Saturday
Gazette) and for Public Relations
dept. I covered the game for the press.
your big time correspondent husband
didn't have a gun but to work in - so I
stayed with the head line man on
the playing field. I had note books
and pencils in every pocket.

(3)

I had to say - our team beat the
priziers - 20 to 6 and it was
a really good game. The foot ball
field was jammed with fans of
cheering Gls. loud speaker system
and all. You would think it was a
stadium in the States instead of
a field in England. No kidding, the
field was really fired up like a
real gridiron. Every time some one
moved - I would make with the
pencil. Some time was 230 and
I probed around the locker rooms
talking with the players and
writing local color etc. By 2 pm.
the side lines were crawling with
G eyes. Over the loud speaker - a
jazz band immed a glatter of music
in Can form. I talked to the visiting
coach for a line up and group
about his team. At 230 - one of
our planes flew over and intended
to drop a foot ball but the damn
ball hung up by the steamers
m.t. Anyway the game began.

(4)

Darling - you know the guys with the poles me as using 10 yards for first downs - they are called lines men - any way - I stayed right with them and followed the game direct in line with the ball. By the way - Dick handled one of the poles. I was busy as hell, writing the play as they were run off, checking the changes in substitutions - every damn thing in between the halves - hot dogs and cokes were sold. So you can see - we felt almost in the states during the game. Our team wore red sweat shirts and red helmets - with usual color football pants. They are known as the Big Reds. The opponents wore maroon sweat shirts and black and white head gear. Really - old 445th has a hot red team. Our coach knows his football for he coached in civilian life. Some of the players are ex college stars from all over the country.

23. Thing of the 701st Squadron
was the outstanding star of the
game. For a complete story of
raid game - see tomorrow's
edition of the Gazette. I have to
type up the story from my
notes tomorrow. Game ended
around 430. Really it was a
very enjoyable afternoon for all.
Next week our team goes to another
base to play and I will go along
to cover the game again. I have to
write up today's game for PRO
and of course our own news-
paper - the S-2 Journal not to
mention the Satine Gazette. So
you can see - I'm a busy scribe
with all this writing I like to
do this for as you know - my
hobby is writing and going to
follow through when I come home.
Who knows - your husband may be
famous yet? Anyway - this is dam
good experience for the future.
Really. I like this even though it

glang hell with ⁽⁶⁾ what little free
time I do have. The Major likes
our S-2 Journal so much that
he considers it a part of S-2
work. So I can do it in the
company's time. This afternoon,
all the boys had to do the routine
S-2 main job - but Romi and
the Major wanted me to cover the
game so the guys could read
about it. Besides - PRO asked me
to let me do it for them also.
After supper tonight - we broke
out the gym in in another
bunch of practice. In order to
make it even - we split up the
first team and second team. To
prove how damn good we are -
practice game ended in a tie -
12 to 12. Just nite I told you
how Don surprised me by being
such a fun sport. Well tonight -
he proved to be even a greater one.
He was on the opposite side I
was and I did my best to stop

(1)

him every time. I think our team was the weakest but was it so damn weak after all. Each time Don recovered the ball - I was damn sure I meant him and did it. He was getting madder by the minute because - he thinks he's such a all star - he should make at 50 yd. gain each time he touches the ball or the other team shouldn't be able to do a damn thing because of him. But believe me - I played a rough game just to nail him. To bring thing to a head - he faced back to throw a pass, as I charged in through his blockers and hit the ball as it left his hand. The ball from my blow didn't go as Don intended but right into Red's hands (he was playing left half on my team). Red caught the ball and broke free headed for a touch down. The only man between him and the goal

(81)

I'm thought for sure that he had Red but I was still there. I threw the grand father of all blocks at Don and old Red remained on by and crossed the goal line 30 yards away. When I glommed into Don with the blocking - he realized that he couldn't get near Red - so he exploded. He got so damn mad and started to fail his arms, hitting me twice. I took it good naturely because I was still shoving but then it dawned on me that he was getting rough on purpose. I didn't say anything after Red crossed the goal line for a touch down - he threw the ball back to us to kick off. Don caught the ball and heaved it at me with all his strength trying to hit me in his rage. The ball missed me - and by this time - I was boiling mad. So I ran up to him and yelled - "Who in the hell do you think you are" He was surprised at my red damn face and said nothing.

(9)

So I told him "you can fool - I'll
knock your head off". Red came up
and took me by the arm and led
me off. Good thing he did - for I was
fighting mad at such a poor
show of urgent manning. I was
still so damn mad that when we had
the ball, I charged through center
with the pitcher tucked under my
arm and hunched through the soup
and ran 30 yds for a touch down.

About a hour ago - Don came in
and apologized for being such a
baby. I shook hands and on the
surface - everything is okay again.
I won't forget him and tomorrow
nite will lay for him again with
all the football skill I know. He
just can't take it that some one
else can star two and stop him.
What a poor sport. Don't worry about
it for I'm not mad at him except
on the football field - or am I?

Something like this proves what kind
of a man you are and he is a poor.

(10)

tomorrow nite I am CQ again
and shall do a lot of writing and
a bit of reading. Besides - have to
work on this week's S-2 Journal.

Darling, your letter of today was so
full of passionate love. Gosh! you
do thing to me when you write such
letters as this one. Really I go nuts
and want to pull my hair out! So
our two families are going to make with
the card & laying tomorrow nite at
your house. Tell me all about it.
Little wife - your husband really adores
you beyond human conception. Just
you hang on and see just how
much I love you. You are so sweet
and everyone can't help but admire
your lovely beauty. I get so darn mad
when I think of all those darn + Fs
looking at you. Your husband is very
jealous! I will hit the trail now and
prepare for the long nite ahead tomorrow
I will write you a super love letter
tomorrow nite. This was one full of
news etc. God Bless you Darling
Beautiful wife of mine. and loads of
love.
Your Soldier Husband
\$ army

1st Lt George W. Canary 1513242
701 Signal Bn 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 555 70 Post Master
New York, New York



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



Sat. Oct 28 10

England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - Peanuts!

At the present time it is later than
here for we just completed this
week's edition of the S.2 Journal.
Really - you can't imagine how
much work there is in a little paper
like this. Anyway - it is already
in the bag in the morning. Marvin
didn't do much work on it this week
and doesn't go after it a very long
as I do. It is 2.30 am right now
and Sat. is a thing of the past. My
team was supposed to work tonight but
through a lucky break - don't have to.
I can sleep until noon tomorrow
anyway - so staying up late won't
bother me. Peanuts - today was another
mail less day for me and I do hope
you are receiving my mail by this
time. Suppose I'll have a couple
from you by tomorrow. Sat. is always
a bad day for mail here in England
for some unknown reason.

(34)

Nothing much to write about today's activities but here are some of 'em anyway. Ralph woke me up this morning - so I walked to work with he and Dick for the first time in a hell of a long time. As usual, we had to wait on him for he is so damn slow - talking about Ralph. Pulled up in my office and gave it a good clean up job. Frost on the ground this morning and the chill penetrated to the bone. So I built a fire. By the time the office was half way - warm. - St. Lucchi barged in with a cheerful good morning. Being early - I jumped into the labors and got to work - cleared my name of the pressing matters. Chiric came in this afternoon and gattered about. Darling - I'm writing this at a fast speed - so please excuse this very writing & know you can decode the damn stuff after all this

(31)

Time. Rained off an all day long
to make matters even sorer. I took
a shower just before chow to night
and the water was delightfully
warm. Also washed my hair. So
I screamed back to the office to
dig into our new yager. Pardner if
I have about the journal for I think
it is damn good this week. No kidding.
I have a lot of work to whing up a
edition but I like this sort of thing
with that, all I did. To night in
the Aero club - the Red Cross put on
another brain trust quizzing contest
between two officers and two en's.
You'll never guess who one of the
yard birds were. Dick Day and he
sat there - not ~~ans.~~ ~~ans.~~ answering
one question. Capt. Jones who was
one of the officers. I dashed through
in the way to the snack bar and heard
a couple of the questions. Didn't stay
long for I wanted to scream back
to work made in the yager.

(4)

I was prevented all day because
of nothing in the way of the
adventures of Terry. I'm reminded
glenty of times of the fact of no
mail by the host that took into
my humble office to read Terry -
that - I don't like for they were a less
get howned off. Best the mail
comes in tomorrow before I'm
beaten to death. Darling - have you
ever answered St. Jacob's letter?
He keeps on asking me if you
received his. Not knowing I can't
say. I feel sure that you have by
this time. St. Colonel Martin
was in three times today to see
if I received any mail from you.
So you see - Colonels are howned
off too if I have a mail less day.
You don't know how you are trying
the group's morale up. You are so
sweet and I love you so awful
much. I can't wait until I can
really show you how much I love you.

(5)

I can't find Jane tonight but
he wasn't interesting to say any
way - had clothes on. There was a
movie tonight but beats me just
what he hell it was. Suppose the
same thing will be on again
tomorrow. I said for next month
Starr and Stripes plus junk to say.
So I'll send you more junk as of
next week. The candy jars and weekly
junk cost but 60¢ a month. I
call that very cheap. Some jerk in the
Starr and Stripes said today - "if
he gets back in the States like going
with that lean hungry look like
Frankie - just wait until the 6
eyes get home, the WACs are willing
to put around their dog tags
so the damn thing won't feel like we
in - you know. I have a catch tape
all over mine and never the talk
of buying said cold ~~month~~ stuff
from chilling me. Sweet, - I could
use a old sweater this winter

(61)

one of those zipper jobs. See
what you can do for me. Darling
one of the current hit tunes with
the Gers - Si Si Ma Le Le. This
tune used to be sung by the Germans
in Africa but now taken over by
us. I suppose you've heard all about
this etc. What is your favorite tune
right now? As I said before - please
escape this awful war. I want
to hit the jack room as possible. How
are things around the home town? I
suppose Jimmy is still trying to
hook that jerk. What a head on that
guy. If he can breathe - the army can
use him. They took me didn't they!
Peanuts - I can only say over and
over again - I love you so much
and mean it more each time. My
whole body cries out for the want of
your love and caresses. I am this
silly war any way. Thank goodness
it is about over before much longer.

(1)

Darling - enclosed within this letter you'll find a picture. When you look at it - please don't be afraid. I suggest you take it slowly at first before you take the whole picture in. This very character has frightened little children and even adults. You'll notice the close resemblance of this character and Bob Hogg. In real life - he doesn't look like Hogg at all. It's Don McD. Weston and I think a very photo of him. Form your own opinion! Tomorrow the Dr. Van Team has a tunnel with another bunch of invaders from a foreign land in a game of football. I will hang out the window and watch. Little do you know how much your husband loves you! I'm waiting for a comment from you about the photos of said self. I suppose you are over the shock now - or - are you? In your letter - said that you were going to frame my pic and display it in a conspicuous vantage point for the world to admire. Wonder if you still want to do this now that

(8)

you see the lines of the ETO
impressed upon my lean features.
you can proudly say your husband
is war weary from seeing so
many war movies. Some people
can brag their husband is a pilot
or foot soldier or paratrooper etc
but you can tell 'em your husband
is a chain home trooper of the filching
tigers. Anyway - war's hell! you
can see how it has twisted my mind
in the letters I send you every
week. All I know - I love you so
awful much and can't wait until
I get home to you. Just you wait
and see how much your loved
husband loves you. Sweet little wife!
I'll have to restrain myself when
I come home to you for I might
hurt you in the heat of my friendly
passions. Truly you'll need all the
strength you can muster and then
some. Darling - what a super - super
rush of loving you are in a true
for - and I'm not kidding!

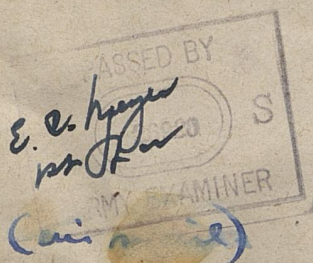
(9)

Say, those jump out there in the South Pacific are really going to town. If they buy it up, they will finish up before we do and I sure hope no! Now they are in the Philippines - perhaps they can free the boys those damn japs captured! I hope my friend John D. is announcing the ones that are released very soon. Ah Mom - I'm not sure but think she said John was dead - as I said - not sure. Heard on a early news flash over the AFN from San Francisco in that wave - that H. Daise was 13 to 7. This is not the ETO AFN for it goes off the air each night at 11 pm. The AFN short wave from the States is on 24 hours a day and we pick it up on and off each day. Army beat Duke and I heard the game while working on the Journal. The AFN will give all the news to men, last week Kentucky beat V.M.I and wonder how they did to day.

(10)

the saying is the ETO now is -
"going some place" why "the
two bags under your eyes are faded".
ETO humor is odd - don't you
think. Another saying: "your
cruising for a bruising" as how
would you like a hurt in the
mouth". Sweet wife - all I can say,
I love you so awful much and
want you something awful. You just
can't understand a realing hurt
much I want you. Honey, guess I
better scream to the barracks now
for it's almost 4 am. I'll really
ground that pillow tonight. See
how much I love to write when I
stay up so late doing it. Then too,
see how I love you by staying up
even later - writing to you. Please
don't worry about me for I'm always
take good care of your self for me
and keep you pretty little chin
up. God Bless my beautiful little
wife and loads of love.
your Soldier Husband
(-)

15113242
Cape George Canary
101 Magnolia 445 Bond Street (H)
APO 555 70 Post Master
New York, New York



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

Sunday Oct 29
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening from a rain drenched is land. I'm receiving mail again today - making two days in a row with out mail from you. I hope that on your end. you are enjoying a abundance of mail. Last night I batted my brains out until 3 am this morning on the S.2 Journal. I really enjoy writing on this paper. Marvin didn't help much this week and I bore the load by myself. I don't mind - for as you know this is my hobby and I hope to crash into the journalism world some day. After pumping my brains out - I slipped into the writing & enjoy most - your letter. I finally crawled into the sack until 4:30 this morning I didn't wake up until noon and then decided to take the rest of the day off to relax & read. That I did do. So not much to report about today.

(2)

I went to 430 pm Mass this afternoon
and no need to say what I prayed
for tonight - we had a eat- less
supper and all of us haunted the
Auss club to fill in the cavity. I've
visited the place twice to night. the
500 club - of card playing are using
my office tonight to shuffle the cards
in. I have my ears tuned in another
direction and so far - not bothered by
em. St. Jacobsi asked again if you
mentioned the fact of receiving his
letter. Not hearing from you - I can't
say. Don, Jimmy and Marvin are
taking a per enough starting the
first of Nov. So I again have to
publish the Journal next week
alone. Said someone three more
are going to Aberdeen. Wed. the
base Big Red foot ball team goes
to another base to play. I'm going
to string along with them in the
interest of PRO - Journal. Guggelhe
and the GN press association -
(Goldman) so you shall hear or shall

(31)
I may read all about same. This
afternoon - the other bare teams
look on a foreign base in the tunnel
of the quidians and the boy of this
base was 7 to 0. Was a rather good
game - played in the earnest
mood in the world. The players were
covered with the stickie stuff. S.2
Morons have a rest this week but
another big ten game next Sat.
Hed Lester and Dunn - (I think I am)
will be in for and we'll replace 'em
with just as good players - if not
better. I have to hurry down to the
office rather damn early in the morning
for the good St. Jacobs has another
lecture to give. Of course I have to
be on hand to help out. So I shall
glunk in the bunk a bit early tonight.
I shall go to the barracks by the way
of midmile chow. as usual Bill
May will walk along with me.
Peanuts - I love you so awful much
and just can't wait until I can
show you how much I do.

(4)

This has really proved to be a
dead Sunday here is the E.T.O.
I saw the movie a long time
ago. Speaking of movies - we
have a small projector of the
15 m.m. size. All 15 m.m. films is
sent to France and we are getting
the very shows. So they are going
to install a regular size movie
projector - 35 mm - the type used
in all movie houses. This way - we
will latch on to the newer pictures
comes and more of em. Later time
to reduce the pictures to 15 mm
size and they go to France. 15 mm
projectors are of the portable type
and can be set up anywhere.
This will take some time to install
and we will be movie-less for
 awhile. I like movies and hate to
miss em. Guess I'll have to
venture into town during the
time they are fooling around.
Perhaps they might show the
movie some place else while fixing
up the show. But anyway!

(5)

Enclosed you'll find another copy of the Gazette. Darling, you never have mentioned what you think of this bunch of stuff. Please do. My your opinion - I know if it is worth while or not. The gang really care about the Journal and urges me on to do more. The Major really likes it and receives a bang out of my efforts. Myself - I enjoy doing it. Sunday - I hope to write something worth while.

People will stare at you and say - "there goes the wife of S.W. Bancroft the famous writer". Well - I can dream can't I? I'm going for a eight day tour now in the way of work. By the way - Tuesday is pay day and funds will be on the way to you but quick like. I might go down to London this week a rept - if I can find some one to go with. Again - many just go to the near by town. Hurray - I still care less about joining on far as ever.

tonight. the jerks⁽⁶⁾ have three games
of 500 runs going & can't understand
how in the hell they can play nite
after nite. when in the hell do
they write letters? Cards ain't up
my alley when I'm lachin'
my time as it is. I'll write
know what to do when I have free
time. When I come home to you -
all said time will be taken up
making passionate love to you.
that I will be crazy about. I
shall make love to you until we
both are exhausted. then we
will start all over again. Truly
we'll blot out this empty hell of
blunders when I come home. Our
day will come and not too far
away. Pearls - you understand
creature - I tremble with the mere
thoughts of how we will love.
I want to be alone with you from
the first second. I know that I
will cry with you when my love
stunned, blood shot eyes see you.

(1)

All I can say is that I love you so
awful much that it drips from each
and every pore. Truly - I'm scared but
for the want of you. This living away
from you is hideous pain of life. I feel
encased in a jar or some sort of a
prison. You are the key of release from
this pent up feeling I want the gate
way to your arms and breathe the
fresh air of life again. As we both
know - this way of living away from
each other is so stuffy. I think the day
I slip into your kisses a rainbow will
dance around our embraced forms.
People will think we are one because
we. We're separated so close to each
other. Darling - I'm completely yours
and your slave of love. If I were a
gallant knight of old - I would rescue
you from the tower or some thing. I do
carry your colors in battle - you in
my heart's mind. Lovely lady - I
adore you with a passion of a mad
man. Nothing on this earth can
express my love. Listen to your
heart - it will echo the resounding
of my strong passionate love.

(8)

hurry - but she happily gossips
of the fire sounds like your cute
charming - young laughter. I like
to think the fire's heat is the
warmth of your arms about my
lonely one today. When ever the winds
blow against my lips - it is the
gentle caress of your lips. Peanut,
embraceable you - I love you so
passionately. I try to pour forth my
consuming love within my nightly
letters to you and strive to make you
understand how crazy I am for
the need of you. Perhaps I succeed
only in a small part for as I have
started before, our love can't be
expressed upon mere paper. Later
two to express love and how true
that statement is. Beautiful Doll,
I can only cry out how much I
need you in this darkness of no
love. Man is supposed to be a
highest living intellectual being
yet there are wars. Life is too
damn short to waste time such as
this. I want home to you but quick.

(9)

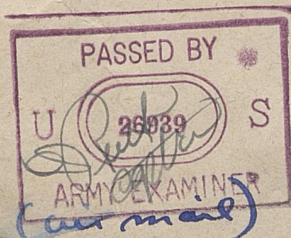
Nothing is as lasting as our
love. Each day, I wake up loving
you more. I just know you are
mine sends surges of pride through
my love. less today. Without the
happy thoughts of our married life
to come - I would perish. you alone
makes me strive on through this
nightmare. yes - it is a bad dream
this thing of being away from you.
Thank goodness - like dreams - it
will end in the dawn of peace.
I'm not one to climb on the soap
box etc - but you and the U.S. are
worth fighting for. When guys like
me go to war to fight for our
country - we mean you. you and
millions like you are the United States.
Any soldier will tell you he is proud
to serve people like you. Darling - this
is your war as much as mine or
anyone else. I'm yours and I'm
over here in your interest. Darling -
I'm only trying to say it another
way. I love you and that I do.

(10)

I hoping for the best in the way
of mail to me now. Perhaps even
a package. Who knows what the
mail man has for me? - the
Shadow knows! Wish she tell he
would tell me! Darling, if possible
shot some pics of yourself but
quick. Tell your elite family hello
for me to scream one each letter
my way. I would like to slip
into a letter to 'em but time waits
for no one - and I have little spare
time. Please clear with the army
for I'm fine - all of that kind of stuff.
I shall slip into a dream of you
in a few minutes. I love to dream
and they'll have to do until I
come home to you. I guess I'll
have a hard time climbing out of
the sack in the morning - earlier
than usual. So I will chase my
little cat towards it's favorite place.
God Bless you my Pookie Girl
and loads of passionate love.
Your Soldier Husband
Sunny



1511 3242
Capt George Canany
201 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 5587 Postmaster
New York, New York



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

Monday Oct 30¹²
England

My Darling Sweet Wife!

Good evening - lovely
evening! today into this G.L.'s bleak
dark life - three letters arrived to
make this ETO way of living almost
bearable. two letters chucked full
of heart warming gas and words
of love from you and a letter from
Aunt Mary. So tonight my pen is
in a rather buoyant mood. I love
you beautiful Doll like creature
of mine. As you can see - I letted
into a decent pen tonight and this
handwriting is almost readable.
Nothing much in the way of stirring
news but here it is no matter
how boring it may be. I strove to
be somewhat a bit early last nite -
earlier than usual anyway. This
morning - I had to bounce out of
the bed rather early for the good St.
Jacobi and I had one each big
fine lecture to give. That we did
do with very much gusto and

(2)
with very much spectacular
success. Looking around in such
a manner - took up the whole
morning. Being Monday - the
mess hall lined unspeakable children
for noon chow. thought I would
take a chance and eat mine
today but what a awful thing they
do to chicken. I even like it less
now and shall give it away
again next Monday. the usual
routine commenced the afternoon
only broken up with the timely
arrival of your mail. Speaking
of mail; St. Jacobi also heard from
you today and enjoyed your letter
very much. Say to the answer
within the next few days. tonight
I'm sharing my office with a
warm fire and no one else. the
yard birds are playing cards
in the front office and thinking
are graceful back here. that is -
every once in awhile - some most
screams in agony of the E.T.O.

(3)

you should hear the wailing cry
of a ETO madden C1. It is awful
and shakes you to the quills. I
guess I have mended on mail less
days and shouldnt come here
too much. Tonight - I went to the
movies - "A Night of Adventure"
with Tom Conway. Wasnt too
bad and a good way to pass the
time away for a change. Supper
was O. G. tonight - so the club
was jammed again with hungry
G. engs. St. Jacobi was in a rather
good mood all day long and
things run smoother here in.
Dick, Horri, Chris and Don laid
a concert plan in the newly built
coal shed. Said detail took all day
and Chris wasnt around doing
work as usual. He does twice as
much work doing other things
rather than his own job. I dont
think myself doing it for him.
Sometimes - St. Jacobi really sets
hounded off at Chris for fooling
around like he does.

(4)
Soldiers in the ETO take the
funnier reviews by - that is -
Lenny and Bill Abner. Some one
wrote into the Stars and Stripes
asking the dimensions of the
monster and the S & S came
through. She is 9 ft 2 with eyes
of blue. They signed it - Happy
Sadie Hawkins Day & got to the
new Lenny strips run as you
know arrived and every one is
happy until tomorrow. In
some time now - Dick Tracy is in
the Stars and Stripes and you should
hear how he gushes him.
They write - it is a waste of space
and all sorts of nasty cracks. I
agree with 'em. In the reviewing
the V. M. 's latest film - the review
critic of one of the English papers
said - "Mr. Sinatra is unknown
in this country and it is likely
he will continue to remain so."
How about that! Nuts to him!
If brains were lighter fluid, he
wouldn't have enough to light

61

the rear end of a lightning bug.
tonight's news reel in the movies
showed the Republican convention
and it was fun to hear the jargon
of the Gls. I got a great kick out
of the way they are clinging mud
at each other Dog patch style. Silly
thing to do in times like this.
Everybody gets a discharge but Germany!
Gable and now Burgess Meredith.
Perhaps there's a chance for me after
all for little by little - my fame is
spreading (where??) There's one for
the books. A Gl overseas sued his wife
for divorce because she was a mother
11 months after he left the States.
The courts refused the divorce
because some doc said it was
possible to be pregnant 11 months.
This is a true story and I call it
it - a delayed action. It could
only happen to Gl. Perhaps he
used too much English - if you
know what I mean. Ah! But!
Not so long ago - a staff writer
of the Stars & Stripes was granted

(6)
30 days of rest - in the U.S. (he
is the guy who wrote a book - I
was telling you about) Staff/
Sgt. But Hutton wrote in a series
of articles that the home front
needed lacking of awareness of
the war. Said guy claimed he was
glad to get back because the
American people are not truly at
war. Today in the SDS - name
G1's wife wrote her husband a letter
telling him to pay no attention to
his article. Seems as if her husband
sent her the SDS. This girl calls
the SDS editors a bunch of cunts with
saying the guy is a bunch of propaganda
but for the other side. I'm not kidding
you this letter was really breathing
fire and smoke. I agree with her
but the ETO daily G1 is a
bunch of propaganda. If possible, I
will send this article to you. I can
not sure about if I can or not but
the good St. Jacob's knows for he is
a censor in his Synagogue. I must
you'd get a hang out of it.

(7)

I just walked back through the
moon light from mid-nite chaut.
Also shaved and cleaned up so
I can go dreaming later. To
show you what a big time operator
St. Jacobi is - today he received a
Christmas gift from Mrs. Klogfer
- Major Klogfer's wife. Said gift
was two books and neither one
published by Random House. They
are - "Spy Stories" by Vincent Starrett
and "The Great Bustard" by Will
Cummings. No doubt you have heard
of both. And the jacket of each - are a
list of new books and here is a
few I would like to read - "For Men
Only", "The Virgin and the Gypsy".
I'm waiting for the arrival of
replacements in my reading material.
I'm fast friends with the present
tech. I'm still logging up
Ernie Pyles books and enjoy each
page better as I read along. His
style of writing - I do not read fast.

(8)

I roll over each word of his and try to drink it in, into my morale, merge vocabulary. Each day, I try to learn something new and that I do. Tomorrow Uncle Jack off to his soldier. P my liner will stretch out in all parts of the world. I'm glad that tomorrow is just day for my wallet is making like a tomb. I've used a lot of soap on dry cleaning and laundry plus the new shoes. So - I'm down to the nub in long green. I will shoot to you a chunk of dough for you to use as you see fit. Perhaps you may want to use it on buying things for Christmas. Do buy yourself something nice. I wish I could buy you something for a present but you know the story. Darling - you say that it is impossible for you to enter into the Christmas spirit. For my sake, please do. I like to think you are in the Xmas gay mood etc. I like to see you having fun around the party like Xmas here.

Knowing this - ⁽⁹⁾ I too have fun in
the knowing you are gay. This is
our 3rd time apart but surely the
last one. Would it be a wonderful
Christmas gift to the world if peace
came before Dec. 25th. I would like
to be home with you ~~at~~ Feb. 4th on our
day - second year of heavenly married
life. Pray real hard that the new year
bring victory to the war-ridden world.
Sweet wife - you can't ever realize
how much I miss you and want you.
A whole year of fasting from our
beautiful love. I can't stand much more
of this and need you but quick. The
construction gang - the mad
builders of 3-2 are still at it and
have great plans to continue with
the building. Gosh - what she can
they do. Sometimes - I think these guys
are mad and join me. All I know,
I want to get the hell home to you
but fast. I do like the army more each
day and want to slip into the
casual way of living to be free and to
enjoy the rights of our love!

(10)
Money - I'm getting low in stationery
again and best you send me more
soon as possible. I hope a package
arrives soon. A hell-of-a long
time since the last one. The times
packages are overflowing the mail
system and even letters are slow
in arriving that's why you are
lacking mail. Well, I will prepare
to head towards my lonely bunk.
You know, if I had to sit around the
bunk at night - I really would
go nuts. Silly, but here in my office.
I can escape the army at night.
You are with me though - no matter
where I may be. Darling, cheer up
and please slip into the Christmas
spirit - just for me. Take good care
of what belongs to me - namely you.
I love my Darling wife so passionately.
God Bless you my Christmas girl and
loads of our never plus hand of
love. See you in my dreams.



Yours Soldier Husband
Jimmy

Cy George Canany 15113242
701 34 median 445 Bank Young (H)
a.p.o. 558 70 Postmaster
New York, New York



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

C. C. Hughes
per D. C.
(air mail)

Tuesday Oct 31st
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Today was another one of those too often horrible £10 days. Logged off in the fact of no mail from you or any one. The weather even fits into my blue & mood fit it rained all day. So tonight if this letter strikes a blue tone, please excuse. I need not say how ever awful it is to want mail this morning. I dashed to the office on wing of speed and stayed into the day's work. St. Jacobi didn't honor us today with his presence for he was gay master in his synagogue. So today was gay day. I couldn't go to gay call this morning because of work and the fact St. Jacobi wasn't here to take over. So I had to wait until tonight at 6.30 and was indeed the lorry green. The yard kids again troled around all day trying to make improvements around S-2. The coal and wood

(2)

is completed and we are waiting
for the concrete to harden. They also
extended the walks and other such
things. Ronnie latched on to a
concrete mixer and the car
thing was chugging all day long
in a madden racket. Not telling
where they latched on to the materials
to build the shed etc. It is a rather
nice job and no kidding. Being
funny - the guys have a pretty
steep poker game going on and I can
hear the clicking of shilling through
the wall. Of course, ever now and
then - a curs word. I'm shut up in
my office again, alone with your
photos before me upon my desk. You
are so beautiful and I love every
little thing about you. Once again, to
ward off the chill of the nite. I have
a warm fire standing guard. In
some reason or other - I'm awful
sleepy tonight and think I shall hit

(21)

he got rather early. the good 1st.
and I have another lecture to give
in the morning - meaning - I have
to crawl out of the sack early. So
best I do crawl to bed early tonight.
Enclosed you will find another
edition of the Gargette. No thing
much in the way of news to write
about - as you can see. Same old
thing of work this afternoon. I got
the shelling jitters this afternoon,
so took off early to take a shower. I
bet I barfed around in the shower
for at least 45 minutes. Even then,
I had to force myself to dress. Tonight
a dance at the Aero club and the
mach bar was closed. No bar, for
another rotten meal for supper.
So I didn't latch on to cubes etc.
as usual. Dick gave the racks a
thrill in going to the dance.
Ralph and Spera took off on a
48 hour jam to London this
morning. Don, Dick, Jimmy
and Marvin leave on their perils.

(41)

tomorrow. This is her record me.
I doubt if I get another one for
you have to wait a month
in between her. That they did. I
was going to take a leave last
Spring but as you know - all
per lounges were closed around
invasion time and not opened
until Sept. All I want is to get
the hell home but quick and to
hell with another per lounge. I bought
some air mails this afternoon -
4 bucks worth and enough to
last me until next month. I'm
so damn sleepy that I could doze
off while sitting here. Guess the
warmth of the fire does this to
me. Dan and the boys are all
preparing tonight for said leave.
They are packing and sewing
trousers etc in their uniforms.
Marine is really eager to go
and just can't wait to get
going. He's trying to burn

(6)
money and has asked me about
a mill in time. I want to send
some dough home to you this
month and won't lend any out.
Hedderston is also after me to
lend him some. He owes me two
pounds (£2) already and I'll be
dam if I lend him any more.
He borrowed said dough from me
two or three months ago. So -
I won't hedge with the lending
I'll send you the money soon
as I make out a money order
tomorrow or the next day. This
dough is yours to do with as you
see fit. Next chance I send - save
it and add to our pot. I'll be
coming home real soon and
we want to have one hell of a
good time. So - as you know -
need dough to cook it. Tom wants
the Big Red gang hot ball at
another bar - so I will tag
along with them to cover the
game for P.R.O. and the jays.

(6)

I mean - the Journal - Gazette
and Marvin's GI Review. I
think Chris is going along
also just for the hell of it. I
will tell you all about it in
tomorrow's letter and the next
edition of the Gazette. Have to
go to Mass tomorrow for it is
a Holy Day. I'll go at 1130
mass before we leave for the foot
ball game. The coach and
Special Services wants me to ride
with the team and are reserving
a seat for me. I guess there will
be a rush for seats because so
many guys will want to go.
I don't have to worry about a
seat. One of the fellows in the
banquet just called me and asked
if I would give some orders for
him in the morning I would
like to but have that lecture in
the morning and no can do.
So I'll have to get some one else.

(9)

I always like to do a favor for the
boy but just can't do it tomorrow.
Bill King still walks home with me
each mile. He is afraid of the darkness
for some reason or other. I can't
understand how a grown GI can
have a black out. Some people are
very strange indeed. Truly the ~~my~~
army is full of strange characters
and I do mean characters. I suppose
Ralph and Syra are having a good
time in Sweden right now. None of
us can understand why Ralph likes
such a hot and hot wonder like
Syra. Ralph is another one of those
very strange characters I was
talking about. He is so damn
sensitive about every thing. Some
times he becomes so wound up at
all of us - he will go to the barracks
real early or hang around the
Aero club. Some times he is under
the impression that the boys are
making a fool out of him.

(81)

He is so forgetful at times - we
can't help but bid him. eh! Well -
young will be young you know. Some
times I'm very worried off at every
one too. Our 5-2 foot ball team has not
practiced much the past week because
of the team rain. Our next big ten
game is Nov. 11th and we have loads
of time to get ready for said game.
Darryl Dunn and Heddleton will be
back from the far country by then - wait -
yes they will. Anyway - we have
enough material that is all American
to win with out 'em. Dick is the type
of player that wants to do everything,
yet can't do a damn thing. He is good
in some plays but not the star he
thinks he is. Dunn is a good man in
the line and we need his power to
charge through to mark the other
team's players. We have enough
guys that are good to make up
two whole teams - try to use
each man in the games as much
as possible. Come I'm a

(9)

all around star - so I think. Foot
ball is one sport that I prefer in
and really enjoy. I like baseball
but would much rather play with
the jiggerbin. Wish you could see
us play. Perhaps when we come
back to the States - might play
if we're still in O.C. then you can
see us. When I come home - would
like to play ball with some team -
for instance - the Church League.
Apple have a ball club - in place
time and if I wish for 'em - will
hold down a spot there on. All I
know - I want you some thing awful
and can't wait until you are in
my arms. Truly - I'll love the very
breath out of you - until you yell
for air. If I know you - that will take
a awful lot of living before you yell.
Anyway - it will be far more fun
trying that we will do but quick
like. I hope I can wake up early
in the morning I have to scream

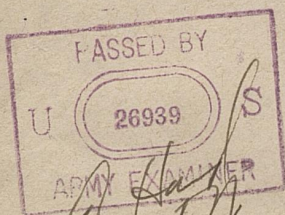
(10)

to the theater and set up our eyes.
for the lecture. I want to arrive
at the office before St. Jacob's does -
just to make it look good - you
know. Lewis will be in tomorrow
for he is taking the day off. Think
that I will sleep late Thursday
morning but always use a couple
after hours of such time. Speaking
of such time - but I head towards
midnight long but now. Besides
I want to slip into another dream of
you. I love my little wife so awful
much and want you more than it is
possible to express. You know how
much I love you for your heart has
told you so many times. Our
love needs no words to be expressed.
We both can feel it. Take good care
of yourself and I'll be doing the
same with me at this end. God
Bless you Beautiful Lady and loads
of passionate Southern love.
Your Soldier Husband
Jimmy

JANE ...



15113242
Cpl George Canany
701 Squadron 445 Bombing (H)
APO 558 70 Postmaster
New York, New York



(air mail)

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