

Wed. Nov 1 1
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - my
beautiful Rebel! Once again I'm
standing in the no mail side of
the books. I hope you are enjoying my
loads of raid stuff. Sure is hell to
want mail and can't have it every
day. Our lecture again was a
rousing success this morning as
usual. I arrived ahead of St. Jacobi
and had the office cleaned up. Then I
rearranged over to the theater and there
we set up our equipment, today
being a Holy Day. I went to 1130
Mans before going to church. Park
chose for noon today and must
say - not bad - not bad at all. Well,
today was the date of another big
time football game for the Big Reds of
the 445th. Today's game was held
away from home and on another
base. So with wide grips of
confidence - the Big Reds and all

then fans rode to the game in GI
 trucks. It was a perfect day for
 football and the journey in the
 trucks was enjoyable. Special
 Services and the coach reserved a
 seat for me in a jeep - so I rode
 in style. Said jeep was a open-
 logless job and it was a bit on
 the heegee side screaming along
 the make like English lanes. I
 wore a pair of flying pass line
 boots and heavy flying (Loddis
 Bear) jacket to keep me warm. My
 pockets were crammed with note
 books and pencils. Also a chip
 board. I covered the game for
 PRO and the syndicate & GI
 papers. - GI Review - S-2 Journal
 and the Saturday Evening. Upon
 arrival at the football field - I
 leapt from the jeep and hunted
 up the coach of the other team for
 his line up. In obvious reasons -
 I shall call them by their nick

(31)

name - "Lightning" So as I
talked with their coach - I could
tell they were a small time team.
The foot ball field was mugged and
not well kept like ours. Our boys
really looked good - warming up.
The Lightning - living up to their
name - was a light - fast team.
The Big Red is a heavy - fast power
house with big ruddy guys. The
Lightning look like crumfs along
side of our boys. Anyway - Big
Reds guided 'em around to the
time of 27 to 6. It was a damn
good game. On every play - some
one was hurt on the other side. They
went in everyone including the
water boy. We walked all over 'em
with a steam roller push. They kept
yelling our boys were playing too
rough - that is putting it mildly.
Our boys know every trick in the
book and then some. Those scared
off little punts didn't have a chance.

(4)

For complete game like details - see
the forthcoming edition of the
Saturne Gazette - tomorrow. Every
school etc has a home coming
game and we too have one. Next
week a super-super home coming
game. Two Wacs et cheer leaders
of the prof. type are going to lead
the 445th fans with the cheer. Also
a GI who was a cheer leader for
U.C.S.G. A band and a victory
dance after the game too. Special
Services are knocking themselves
out in the plans. A eight page
program with high lights of each
of our players - plus phoney ads. St.
~~Jack~~ Jacoby helped out with the phoney
illy ads. Course - your truly will be
in the press but as usual. G eyes
really take this football series for
it makes one forget the war and
almost feel like U.S.G. I have a
lot of fun knocking out the stories
in his time sports writers style.
More experience for my future.

(5)

Every thing I do - has some connection
to it in the way of learning or big
experience for the post war. This
eager urge of mine will jump off
and I do feel sure I can do justice
to the power of the press. Keep your
fingers crossed and pray that I
will get into the racket I want
to. The racket of my father and all
of the family you are a wife of a big
and coming famous man. Where I'm
going - beats me. Anyway - I'm eager
as all hell. Darling - all this news
jags with I'm fooling around with
taking up all of my time and can't slip
into my book or other stories. I shall try
to write stories for the paper in such
a manner that it can be sent to
a mag. for publication. I want
to start the ball rolling and will
need your help. So stand by etc. I
guess at times you think your
husband is making like reactions
& material. Say - that has it.
Owint! Brother Ray is C Q tonight

(6)
and I will have to hold his
hand through the darkness of the
walk to said rock. I'm going
to make with the extra week time
in the morning by taking a
half day off. By the way - the post
office full heartily stamps approval
on the Journal and I have to
say it going now ^{every} if I want to
a now. Marvin, Dan, Dick and
I in my recreation are one each
for long and by this time are
well on the way to Scotland. I'll
have to start on this week's edition
tomorrow for I'm working alone
on it. Last week - it was my baby
anyway. Marvin takes care of
such thing as basket ball games
and our own foot ball games.
Does our foot ball games become
your husband's game - you know?
Darling - I hope your mail is
getting through okay and that the
photos have arrived by now.

(1)
Peacocks - when I see the bright stars
above - this way - I can feel your
bright eyes caressing my face. We
live with a love that is even more than
a love. a love not of this world or
that can be expressed by earthly
descriptions. We both can feel this
overpowering strong love and no
need to express it. It is impossible
to do so. How lovely it is to dream
with half shut eyes and hear each
others whisps of love. I live in the
memories of the past and plans of
our passionate future. How wonderful
dear is the memory of last summer
with you. I hold over in my mind
every little bit of living fun we
had. Darling, my whole
body longs for you and your
love. I want you more than even
you can realize. Last summer's
passions were only child's play
compared to our living future
we are to have. We shall live

and love until we are drunk
with emotions. Beautiful - sweet
little Rebel - I love you so awfully
much. You are truly a Southern
Belle and you hold the traditions
of the beauty of the Southern girl.
I tremble with eagerness, think-
ing about your endless charms
and enchantment. You are so
luscious and Oh! so full of
ret appeal and stuff. I want
to bask in the warmth of our
heated passions. I want to feel
your cute arms entwined about
my neck in a lovers grasp. I
want to taste your thrilling lips
again. Peanuts - if you could
only understand how crazy I
am about you. Pray for a quick
victory so I can prove my love
to you with silent actions of a
passionate husband that I am.
Just you wait and see!

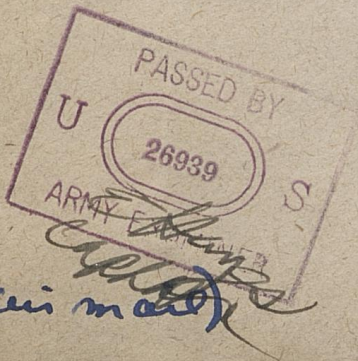
I'll have a rather busy time tomorrow afternoon - grinding out the story of the game and try to work up some more articles for this week's issue. I think the S-2 morons barked Hale Team has a game tomorrow night and that means more work for me Honey. I love you so awful much and want you more than you'll ever know. Each day my love for you grows with leaps and bounds. You have no idea of how much your soldier husband loves you and wants you. I'm slowly going nuts for the want of your caress. Seems ever so long ago since I last pressed your heavenly lips to mine. A year is a hell of a long time - too long to suffer like this. We know now just how much we mean to each other. I shall spend the rest of my life making you come to live to you and still won't be able to get enough. We shall do our utmost to make up for this love-less year.

(6)
I want to cast aside the shackles
of this lonesome life of living with
out you. I can't wait until I can
breathe the free air of a civilian
and never more worry about the
army. You shall have to help me
learn to live again. You can bet
that I will be a eager student. Honey,
please explain to your family why
I haven't written. I have even less free
time now. I'll write to them soon
as possible. Your letter came before
every thing else and you shall, as
always, have plenty. Sweet little Doll,
I will close ~~now~~ now and head for
my lonely bed. Please don't worry
about me for I'm fine as can be.
Take good care of yourself and keep
you pretty little chin up. Before
honey, I'll be there in your arms
as I should be right now. God Bless
my beautiful wife and loads of
passionate love.

Your Soldier Husband
Johnny



15.5.42
Lef. Geor. Canany
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 To Post Master
New York, New York



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

Thurs. Nov 2nd
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Once again England
is mail-less for me. Tonight - I'm
raving mad for the want of a letter
from you. You can fully understand
how I feel. Not much fun at all!
I took the morning off and slept
until 1230. In fact - too late for
noon chow - so I was half-starved
all afternoon. The good St. Jacobi
had a orange and thoughtfully gave
it to me. It helped a little bit - only
to make my stomach realize that
much more was hungry I was. I
slunged into the work - trying to
forget and empty feeling not
being able to stand it any longer. I
creaked over to the PX after my
ration. Said place was filled with
junk and I had to wait out a old
army custom - a line. Speedily - I
devoured part of my rations to be able
to carry on until chow time. Once
again the distracting game of
hot ball tore me away from the

routine. So I had to watch raid
 tunnel between the 701st Squadron
 and the 114th detachment. 701st
 was 12 to 0. Chui - being of the
 114th detach. played because raid
 team was short a man. The team
 wore my uniform and it is
 full of mud. This man was at the
 barracks. I just found out this to-
 night and will ruin 7 different
 kinds of hell when I see him in the
 morning. After watching the game,
 I returned to my desk. I wrote up
 the story of yesterday's game and
 glad to say - sounds like big time
 stuff. Chui was another bunch of
 useless stuff but I passed it down
 anyway. No show tonight - so I
 read awhile to compensate for
 this. Tonight the S-2 Morons played
 the 701st in a basket ball game. In
 the interest of the press - I covered the
 game. This press racket sure eats
 up my spare time as you can see.
 I don't mind for my efforts bear

(31)

fruit in the loud grainer of my readers etc. As I have stated before I'm gaining experience and real stuff really counts in the news paper racket. Proudly I proclaim - I'm improving all of the time. Darling, I really enjoy this sort of thing and only wish I had ~~been~~ ^{heard} down a long time ago. Keep your fingers crossed and send the cheer from over there. I will try my best to achieve the goal I am reaching any work that you can find on journalism, please send to me. Also all the latest stories by the famous correspondents - so I can improve my style. Really, I'm going all out for this! After the game, we adjourned to the club. There in I losted the coin flipping and had to brot the checks. Funny thing - the American girls who run the Red Cross know me by my first name and I've never talked to them except for a hello. They are two rather new gals

(4) ^{then}
and how in the hell ~~to~~ know one
beats the hell out of me! I can't
claim to be a popular guy at
all. We curled back from the
club and I interviewed the
character of the week for the S-2
Journal - Swede Johnson.
This week's edition looks as if
it will be a rager one. Every one
keeps asking me - "How's the
Journal coming along". Even
entriders ask about it. Said rager
is getting a lot of free publicity.
Guess the good Major throws the
good word around. More can
fun and work! the good S1.
Jacobi was in a rather gung
mood today - as always. Now that
Chris goldrich is awful much,
he and I can continue on with
our un GI gunning. Guess he
is about the best friend I do have.
If he were a yard bird - I suppose
we would be inseparable
buddies. Dam nice Joe - he is!

(6)
Suit & character really comes
from a elite family. I really
want you two - to meet after
"this here thing is over. I sure
I like him even more because
he writes to you. I don't know of
any other officer who takes such
a interest in his enlisted men.
We have another lecture to give
in the morning and that means,
your husband - has to hit the deck
early in the morning. St. Jacob
is going on pass with St. Perkins
to Cambridge in the next day or
so. Capt. Schramm will beat the
guns at Sunday's lecture,
subbing for my boss. Part of my
day cleaning came back tonight
and mending out my field
jacket. Gal - I love you so awful
much and want you more than
the law allows. You are so awful
sweet and beautiful. Just you
wait until I come home to you!

Just screamed back from mid
nite chow and to my surprise - said
just had ice cream. So I shoveled
said stuff down. Brother Ray
asked if and when I'm taking off
for the barracks. The mom eight
is trying it's damnest to cut do
the run and is high as day -
anyway - a E 10 day. the 510 club
is holding another meeting in the
post office tonight and the guys
are knocking themselves out.

Peanuts - the dam Germans are
using another new system on the
radio. they record the AFN broad
casts and play 'em back. So we
can hear Dorsey etc from them
too. of course - we pay little attention
to the goggan da that goes along
with the music. Some of the stuff
they play around with is very
funny. they call F. D. R. a fat
head and all kinds of names. What
a strange war this one is. Sweet
little wife - I adore you so awful
much and want you more than
words can express. your husband
is really wild about you!

(1)
after wrapping the last Christmas
~~for~~ package for shipment over
read to her husband - she wrote
her husband a letter and signed it,
"your Parcel Pack in Mama". How
bout that one? To day the £10
Bible - the Stars and Stripes
celebrated their 2nd anniversary
of publishing in the £10. they
hope - so do I - that a 3rd year
isn't necessary. Said sheet is
cheap but some times full of —
you know what! I read it each day
looking up on the home front news
and reports. then too, it is full of
war news but I get enough of it
around here anyway. Well, I
guess everyone is all hot and
bothered about the election in a
few days. I hope my big X screams
there in time to be counted. I'm
sure that it will. What's news around
the old home town? I guess the so
called characters around Jefferson
St. are still living up to their
names. Tell me more about the
odd "going on" of raid missions.

(8)

Best I receive some mail from
you tomorrow so the gang will
stop yesterday me for the latest
adventure of Terry. If one guy
sticks his head here during the
day - a million do. St. Jacob
is the leading army man but
Terry. So best the mail man
comes across tomorrow not only
for myself but the morale of the
group. Sweet baby of mine, you
are so lovely and wonderful. I
just can't begin to tell you how
much I miss you. Maybe it's good
that you don't realize just how
much I do. Anyway, very soon
I shall be on the way home to
you to begin with the loving to
make up for this hellish last year.
Enough with this long distance
stuff - let's move into business
range. Peanuts, Peanuts - I love
you so awful much! I am this
silly need less war!

(9)

Doll - you can't realize how out of
much I feel with the world when I'm
lacking mail from you. Dam. I
hope you are enjoying mail each
day. Really, the mail system
can't be blamed too much for just
look how overstuffed they are. They
should take some of those "vacation"
soldiers in the States and put 'em
to work on mail for the troops overseas.
Has that not swept down ever left
the U.S. as of yet? What a hell - of - a
war some young are fighting. Funny
thing how some can pull into some
lucky breaks - Guess I was so lucky
when I took my name in to you -
that it was enough for a life time.
Sweet creature - I love you so awful
much and want you more than it is
possible to describe. I do like talking
about the Journals all of the time
but that's the only thing new around
here. Anyway - St. Jacob's asked
why I did not make cracks at the

(104)

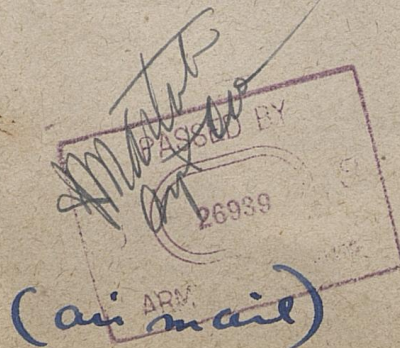
officer - no d.m. sticking my neck
out this week. Every one knows that
all cracks contained here in are
only in fun and in the spirit of
the S.2 family. Anyway - d. ll
run find out. Sweet wife - best d
prepare to close. Even for tonight
I'd have to hand my ruddy
little - out of the job rather
early in the morning. Besides I
want to make love to you there in
my passionate dreams. We have
more than lusty fun in those
dreams. Sure is disconcerting
to wake up each morning to find
my bunk empty except for my
beat up - lonely body. I want you
so awful much and can't wait
until you are in hissing range.
God Bless my beautiful Angel of
mine on & back of my love to
you. See you soon - I hope!
Your Soldier Husband
Sammy



IANE...



15113242
Lyle George Canary
701 Synanon 445 B and Hwy (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.

Friday Nov. 30th 3
England.

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - my
beautiful Southern Lady. at long
last - a letter from you to carry after
breathlessly waiting for 3 days. Still
you say you are mail less and I
can't understand why. I can see
the fact of mail being slow on this
end but why going your way?
Here, hoping you are in the groove
on the receiving end by this time.
Darling - this letter contained a
bit of startling news. you said
you are working now - but not where
etc - how much etc. I suppose the
letters before this one etc. I can't wait until the full
details arrive. Sometimes the mail
comes this way - a letter written
a week or so in advance of other ones,
will arrive here first and the back
ones straggled in later on. I'm
very surprised at this and can
change that you've decided to
work. I thought we had settled

(21)

this time long ago. Mind you -
you are the judge etc and the
boss - as I've always said - but
I'm old fashioned and dislike the
idea of you working. It can't be
that you need the money for I
know each time you write - say
something about buying something
new. I've saved money over here
and have sent it to you from time
to time. So until I hear the facts -
I'm in the dark. Darling, please
don't be under the impression that
I'm angry or anything - for I'm
not. You are the one who knows
best. Funny - but I just dislike
the idea. Pay no attention to me,
I'm just jealous because the
public can see your ravishing
beauty and I can't. Speaking of
long green - within the next few
days - more than likely tomorrow -
when ever I have the time to make
out a money order - I'll shoot
some more green stuff your way.

(3)

Honey - you just can't realize
how much I love you and want
you. I'm jealous of every second
I'm away from you. Truly your
husband is mad about you. This
morning - I jumped forth from the
bed rather early because of another
lecture and screamed down to
the office. I woke up Bill's valet
and woke him - also gave Ralph
a shove to get up. Said lecture was
another nursing success - why not
with the Canary - Jacobi comes.
The good St. Jacobi took off in a 48
hour train to Cambridge this afternoon
and by this time - is thrilling the
hell out of some lucky female. Oh
is CQ tonight - so I'll have the
joint alone tomorrow. I intend to
work on the Journal all day and
really turn out a top notch edition
tomorrow night. I whipped up a
couple more articles for it this
afternoon. Every body keeps asking -
how is the Journal this week and
want a meaty review but I feel even.

(4)
Glad to say - the Perry fans are
leaving off of my head beating
through the virtue of the string in
your letter of to day. The good St.
Colonel Martin being in this
afternoon and read the latest red
hot addition to Perry. He gave me
around with us for awhile, also
marched candy from us - part
of this week's rations. We have to
put in new brides furnish
sewing material. Chris and I
had a bit of revenge for late
this afternoon. I caught a mouse
in my desk by trapping him
with a glued hand. So we took
aid cousin of Mickey outside
and flung him into a large
pool of water. You should of seen
the little bastard swim, with
friendly glee - Chris started
throwing rocks at him and I
joined in on the fun. Ralph came
dashing out and gleaded for the
rats life. Ralph said - "I'll have

you hell - I'll ⁽⁵⁾ jump the mortgage.
Not hearing his cries of mercy -
we tossed away. Finally - the
dam rat became so exhausted
of being agitated by the torments
of water heaved by the rocks, he
saw up and went down. More
dam fun. I think this was Dr. the
dam mouse who eats our rations
each week. Tonight - another one
is playing about and I'll catch
him too before long. See what the
ETO does to us? What I thought
was going to be a fun movie - turned
out to be a lumen. The Andrews
Sisters in "Moonlight and Cactus".
Not kidding when I say it was a
super de super rotten show. I didn't
have to jump at the Aero Club tonight
and enjoyed the free eats more so
because - "Sunshine" Peter was there
much of the time. Peanuts - I hope
you can read this very wittingly
without straining your eyes too
much. Well! I love you so much.

(6)
two years ago tonight - I and
a train load of cadets were on
our way to San Antonio. 21
months ago tonight. you and I
were dancing at the cadet
dance on the eve of our wedding.
One year ago - I was meeting
out going over the drink. tonight.
I'm meeting out going home
to you but quick. Darling, you
looked so cute and lovely
at that cadet dance. The inner
man was crawling that nite and
couldn't wait until the following
nite. Said inner man is still
crawling and can't wait. I'm
three more months - Come Feb 4th.
we'll be old married people of a
two years. I wish I could of held
you in my arms every second of
the last two years. I love you more
now than I did then, a year ago -
even last night. Little do you know
what a passionate husband you have.

(1)

Parents - I can see you sitting
through a afternoon with your grand
mother. What does she have to ask
about me? No doubt she gives you with
all sorts of leading questions etc.
I don't know any of your father's
family too well. Guess your mother
hasn't one to speak of. By the way -
how is "Pop"? I hope he's in the
pink and in the old groove. But
you couldn't say. She and her
husband must really go in for the
mass production. One down and one
to go. So my Mom not your grand
mother - and her radical ideas on
the younger generation. Parents -
"Sing" with any rift from that
zombie takes the cake! I do think
his undernourished & 47 mind is
twisted or something. If he was a
lighter fluid - he wouldn't have
enough to light up the rear end
of a lighting bug. Wonder when he
has back night - now he is giving
cider away. I suppose he thought

(81)

it was a good idea to give her
a set of dishes to serve the meat
she is giving him. (Got it? I think
he does!) Not so long ago -
Ralph introduced a couple friends
to Dick. Ralph said "shake hands
with Dick Darg". One clever guy
said - "I ain't have to - he is already
shaking". Dick goes back to his
iron lung every hour. Darling,
I want you so awful much that
I'm so weak that I need a truss
fusion. - your love will do the
trick. Sweet Gal! I adore you more
than the law allows. I believe in the
free freedoms, freedom of - speech,
press and love and love. To come -
I mean only with you do I want
the free love. Even you can call
him being away from you a form
of slavery - for sure. Haint freedom.
Abe. forgot about the lovely G.I.
Here is a job for you and don't
joke on it! A G.I. crossed into
Germany and said "Sure looks

hell!" a English soldier standing
 close by - remarked - "these Americans
 have been everywhere!" Maybe I
 should take up singing? Here it
 is almost Sat again and not a
 damn thing to do. Darning, just by
 living reminds me of how much
 I miss you. Some day - you will
 realize how much I do love you!
 Sweet character - if you are too
 worn out at night from working,
 it will be okay if your letters are
 short. Take it easy while you are
 making with the tubes and rest
 up good each night. You have to
 be in the best of condition when
 I come home - no need to add
 why. I'm coming very soon now -
 just as soon as the boys finish up
 with the rat killing over here. But
 we latch on to another load of
 coal tomorrow for we are damn to
 be mudd. Rather than coal here!

(10)

I hope I'm not broken down
to a yard bird by the cracks I
make in Tom Brown's edition
of the Journal about the officers.
My agents informed me that some
of the bar jacking juggies were
mad cause I hadn't said much
about 'em. Doubt if they say
anything more about it from
hence forth. Tell your meronic
brother I said hello and to make
with the letter. As of yet - I have to
find the time to write to your
family and some of my Aunts.
Gaint be helped - for you know
what Sherman said. Well, Doll,
I'll give the gas a rest and haul
towards the rack time. I'll meet
you in dream land for our nitely
standing date in a few minutes.
God Bless you - Parents - my
my own and loads of love.
Your Soldier Husband
Bunny

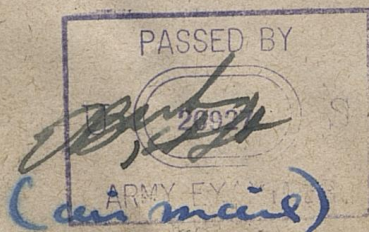
JANE...



511 3242
Capt George B. Canary
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 5587. Postmaster
New York, New York



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



Sat. Nov 4th⁴
England

my Darling Angel wife!

Good evening -
Peanuts and a rather late good evening at that. I've knocked myself out - bungling out this week's edition of the S.2 Journal - so - it is a little just mid nite tonight now. But the mail must go through and here I am. Two more lovely letters from you today and I'm boiling mad. I mean about you lacking my mail. I can't see why in the hell - they don't use some of those peace time soldiers in the States to help ease the mail congestion. I know how you must feel - going so damn long without a letter. Surely - you are tearing by this time. Bechie in the Red Cross - range - it's sometimes three months before he hears from her husband out in India. This war is half way variable with letters and they

(21

should scream through fast as
possible. I'm unhappy because
I know you are blue from the posting
of mail. Peanuts - our baby will
come - real soon. Darling - do you
know what day this is - yes - the
4th of the month - 21 months
ago tonight - we were made one
in a GI chapel in Texas. How I
wish I were even back in Texas
right now. Thank you again for a
beautiful - lovely - 21 months. My
thoughts are always with you but
even more so tonight. I know you
are thinking of me real hard like we
have so ever much to make up
for and a whole life time ahead
to do it in. But damn it - I want to
get started right now. Little girl! I
adore you so awful much. More than
it is possible. I can't even compare
or measure my love for you to my
self. I want you more than it is
humanly possible. Damn this War!

Being in the habit of hitting the deck early the past few mornings because of the lectures - I jumped out of the warmth of my sack into the coldness of the barracks early again. I moved around until 08:00 and strolled over to Ray's barracks. There in - I had the fun to shake the hell out of him. Like me - sometimes - he is rather hard to get up. Finally - he hauled his bleary eyes - every body from the sack. We met Spera and Miller, so the four of us ungrudgingly - went off to work. Had a hell of a time persuading the fire to burn for us - we drove to the muck on coal. I poked around with all the tricks in the book and finally - talked the fire into going after cleaning up the office - such as a mop job etc. I attached the day's work. St. Jacob's was on Jan and Barnyard (Chin) was the small time CQ last night. So I had the joint to myself.

(4)

We had ham for noon chow and
wasn't too keen but. I had to lurk
twice before my stomach belied my
eyes. This afternoon - I wrote out the
story I was going to use in this
week's edition of the journal. Sykes
received word this afternoon that
his father died. Of course - he feels
awful but about it and would like
to go home to help his mother.
But of course - that is out of the
question. The coal truck carried a
jack got in our newly constructed
coal shed and decent heat at last.
Damn it - says - stay open. I have to
leave before hitting the trail because
of another lecture in the morning.
The good St. Reed unwillingly has
to take St. Jacob's place and give
the lecture. Because St. Reed isn't
much in on the know of a/c
negotiation. So this afternoon -
I whizzed up a script for him

(57)

So that means I have to rise
out of bed - early again. I'll
have to do a lot of explaining to
the good St. Reed. My eyes are
croaking right now. The wind is
crawling around tonight and
crying out in strange yells.
That old god will feel even good
on a night like this. Dan Hunter
and his wife - have bought a hunk
of land in Canada. They intend to
build a cabin - modern etc and
later on - start up a motel or a
hunting and fishing hotel for the
lure of not crows. His wife goes
up there real often and sends him
a lot of pics of the land. Dan is a
damn good draftsman and has the
place all designed. Looks like a
damn good set up from where I
stand. Hunter is bout 27 and a
little older than the rest of us. He
and Ed. Konishi are the old men
of the outfit - both around 27.

Just refused ^{to} with the vanishing
ink. But you shoot another
quart or two over here in the next
exchange. Speaking of the Journal -
proud to say - I met did myself
again this week. Said Ray is a
big timer by his time and it's
time has spread around. God!
I love you so awful much. Brother
Ray is hanging around - waiting
for me again tonight and me is
having a hell of a long wait. I
can't help it. If he wants to go -
let him have the cash once by
his scared self. Hope you can read
this machine soon good of writing
trying to make up for lost time.
Darling - all I can say or think -
I love you so much. With a shiver
before supper and have a clean
body to go dreaming with tonight!
Soon as I have - will be already
to reduce you here in my dreams.

(1)
Big thing going ^{on} around here
Monday - and I do mean big!
This Monday - the Super big time
Homecoming game of the Big
Reds. I order to get the hell away
from the war - we did it. Here is
the line up of events; a parade
of regts decorated out (un-GI) in
floats - a 38 piece band to give
out at the game; 25 Wacs to
make the game cool; two Wacs
cheer leaders to keep the Big Red
cheering section hot; a victory
dance at the Aero Club; and of
course the football game. No doubt
you will be hearing about this game
in the papers and perhaps - even in the
newsreels. Watch for it! Course I
will be there in the press box for
P.R.O. and the (G.N) press syndicate
(Holden) - releasers to S-2 Journal
GI Review and the Saturday Evening
I suppose there will be a bunch
of famous news correspondents in
the press box and your husband will
be rubbing elbows with 'em. Not
bad - don't you think? My stuff

(8)
will scream through P.R.O.
channels etc. This may work
into a lucky break for me
and I do mean lucky. I will be
in there plugging for your truly.
I'll be a wire operator and get in
on the know with some of these big
timers coming so - more about
this later on. Sweet little gal - I
love you so awful much and want
you more than even Ernie Pyle
could figure. You are so wonderful
and beautiful. I'm going to spend
the rest of my life - living the
hell out of you - I'm not kidding
Our passions will show the bang
I scream into your arms. I am
it is getting late and I should
scream to the sack. But the mail
must go through (bless of things to
here) I hope to latch onto another
couple of sugar reports from
you to morrow and maybe - even
a package. Should think it is but

(91)
Time for a bunch of stuff to
arrive. I am living - undoubtedly you
are the most mind changing
woman in the world. According
to your latest communication -
you quit your job. What changed
your mind? And what gave you the
idea? I bet that Shirley had
something to do with it. I'm leaving
two letters - a large - after leaving
the deal of going to work. Anyway,
I'm glad you did for as you know -
I'm old fashion and did like the idea
of work - I mean - you working as
the young lady - "Take it Easy". A
wife's place is in the home - any
way - when we have one. You have
a job now - to keep my moral up
with mails. Perhaps I should give
you a raise - still better - give you
me in a bunch of loving. Speaking of
loving green - I didn't have time to
pick up a money order to carry
but will do it. Monday
morning watch for it now!

(10)

Major Miller and his outfit was
really doing this afternoon. I
call it in grove as a movie -
hang on a tack and all of that
sort of stuff. Peanuts - I can
only repeat over and over again
that I love you so awful much
and can't wait until I. Day
comes (love day) Hang on for your
husband is coming over - over
there. I will establish a beach
head in your arms for the
initial start of my love invasion.
I shall out flank you with a
quick (in) movement. Best you
prepare for a love starred soldier
boy. Hug your chin up - Peanuts
for now I'm coming home to
stay Good n. got for now and
I'll be seeing you in my dream.
God Bless my beautiful bunch
of women and loads of love.
Your Soldier Husband
Johnny



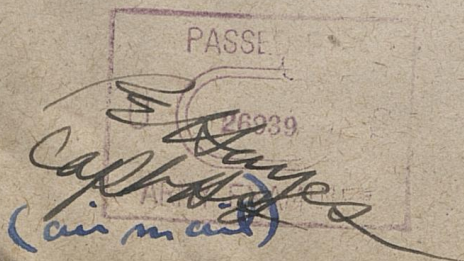
JANE...



15113242
George Canany
701 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.



Sunday Nov 5th
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

To coin a over
used phrase - "No letter today"! I
was hoping on at least one from
you so I could find out if you are
receiving on your end. When I know
you are going through a mail-less
stage - I feel like hell too. I can
realize just how you feel and can
picture just how frantic you are.
Merrill on the home front is just
as important as on this side of
the pond. I could and would like
to bank a few heads in that mail
system. I fully realize how over-
loaded it must be - but for hell's sake
at least shoot the mail through -
letters. Packages are good etc. - but
I would much rather have letters.
A lot of the fellows are latching
on to packages each day - not me.
Some are saving them to Christmas
before opening. I think that is rather

childish to try and make believe
they are gifts received on Christmas
day. How can it be Christmas
when you are so damn far away.
Any opening a Xmas package on that
day - won't make it any more so.
Christmas isn't a day of exchanging
packages as it is the popular ~~idea~~
belief. All the gifts in the world
can't make it Christmas if the
time isn't just there. As I've
stated before - Christmas for me
lies in your arms. Little wife - I
love you so awful much and if you
could only understand how much.
I am this silly man. I should be
in your arms right now instead of
in this damnable blue mood. I didn't
intend this letter to slip into a blue
train of thoughts but here it is.
Best I quit but quick. From here
on out - it will be a solid,
cheerful letter - I hope. All I know -
I'm so much in love with my wife!

(3)

this morning - as usual - I climbed out of bed on the wrong side of the world. Having another lecture - I screamed down to the office early again. Lt. Jacobi asked Capt. Schramm to give the lecture - for as I intimated - he is in jass. Well - seems as if none of the officers care to give this very difficult stuff. So Capt. Schramm asked Capt. Jones to do it. Capt. Jones - not wanting to - passed it on down to Lt. Reed. Lt. Reed was stuck for no 2nd Lt. to pass it onto. Any way - he gave said lecture with the notes Lt. Jacobi and I had prepared. Then too - I was there - giving out with my end of the deal. Lt. Reed - called on me to do a hell of a lot of it for - it is not his left and one has to be continually more brained in said stuff. Glad to say - worked out okay the rest of the day - Barnyard and I true into other pressing routine matters.

(4)

I went to the afternoon Mass and
prayed really - hard for a quick
ending of the war. Being right by
the mess hall - I ate supper rather
early. After said turn of the choppen
I climbed over to the office. Parked
my lean frame into a restful
chair and dunked my head into a
bit of relaxful reading until show
time. The movie had died here some
time ago and bounced back.

Because of the fact of being color blind
and eye pleasing - I sat through
part of it. - Said pic was "Riding
High" with Dick Powell. Within the
Aero Club snack bar - a dance
kick let the inner in a bit of swing
tonight. Being a ardent fan of the
jive - I lent an ear for a few
minutes before penning letters.

Enclosed you'll find one each
copy of the Gazette - knocked off
by the pressers a little while ago.

No I am to say - Sunday, will

(5)

here am tomorrow string to you.
tonight is the eve of the home
coming game and all is in
preparation. Myself - I have tons
of paper and pencil ready to lean
into a coverage of the festivities
for the various press agencies I
write for. No need to put in a
flag for said syndicates. You
shall have a quick word picture
tomorrow morn and a full press
account the next night. It will
take me all day - part of it any
way - Tuesday to grind out the
finished product. As you know
by this time - you are married to
a nut - or in other words a half
baked new hawk. Anyway - I like
to think I am. Today - my back is
aching like a bunch of raw - heat
up beef from the ground in
compliments of this week's
journal. I wish the guys weren't
so violent with their quessers.
Ah them! That's the price of being

no famous - name here. See what
 I mean about being nuts? The
 good Major Kloger pinned from
 ear to ear as his eyes censored
 my journalistic efforts. Next
 week I shall not do myself again.
 Sure keeps a guy humbling. I
 try to flay up the S-2 news and
 that's the deal that really gets
 over the rays. I'm proud of our
 little brain child but good. Darling,
 some of the things contained there
 in couldn't be mailed - so I
 send you a censored version in
 the Gazette. The good St. Jacob
 seemed to have had a successful
 time in Cambridge if you take in
 account - the satisfied look
 upon his child like features. I
 will hear more about this in the
 morning and will shoot a quick
 account of the interview. Chris
 has to move off and his Barnyard
 face wouldn't haunt the place.

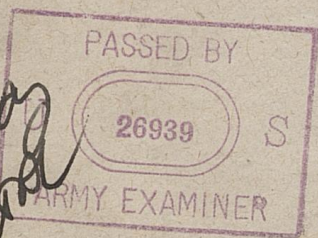
Darling. I know I shouldn't
 complain about the mail for you
 are going through a hell-of-a
 long mail. less than. Still I can't
 get enough of your fiery words of
 love. when I read your cute letters -
 I'm home for awhile. It is so hard
 to face reality after enjoying
 the heavenly bliss your letters
 spread through my lonely body.
 I glow in the rapture of your warm
 words of love - then something Glick
 shatters it all into a million blue
 pieces. I like to pretend - that I'm
 going to see you as I have a wish.
 But - I can't fool myself at all.
 Nothing can ever make me happy
 until I find the happiness of your
 arms. Thank God - the end is in
 sight and very soon we shall be
 one. I'm rich of this dead feeling
 and want to live anew. your arms
 about me - will give me the strength
 to cast aside this year of hell. To be
 alone like this is a torture of a
 thousand deaths. the unbearable
 pain grows more each day.

(81)
Now I am foolish the world is to
undergo a war. I firmly believe
that if all were in love such as we,
no one would ever think of conflict
again. Time is too short to you &
needlessly this way. What is gained
by this one upon the human race?
Man will never raise himself
above the level of beast until the
urge to fight is quenched. Yes, it
can be quenched by passionate love.
The world of today is crazier as a
lover. Little people like you and I
never want wars - it's the greedy
money making people. As I've
said - money isn't everything. Just
for example - all the money in
the world and then some couldn't
buy one passionate minute of our
love. We are rich beyond the worldly
standards. Darling, proudly I am
your husband. I'm your devoted
lover and slave. My whole life is
dedicated to make you happy.
My making you happy - I'm happy.

(9)
as you know by this time - you
have a very strange husband.
my schools of thought were
wildly from .dea to .dea. I hope
you enjoy listening to my wild
jabbering. All I can understand by
now - I love you! Peanut - is a
recent letter - you mentioned the
fact of receiving the engraved
Xmas cards. you asked who I
wish to send a card to. I've
told you before and by this time you
know; St. Jacobi, Tom and I leave
the rest up to your discretion. Every
one is all up in the air about the
big time game tomorrow. Group
like anything to take their minds
away from this end less madam.
I shall do my level best to give
you a word picture of what goes. I
wish you were here - for really - this
will prove to me a big time event.
I hope the jerks of P.R.O. are my
stuff and their own to give the
my due credit. Special Services
are doing a damn good job!

(10)
Sweet character of my heart -
you and I will have another
love match in my passionate
dreams. I tell myself each night -
I have a date to go dreaming
with you. Pearls - when I come
home - we will thrill to the
passionate feeling of being married
all over again. Some times - people
who are apart for a while - are
strangers to each other. this doesn't
apply to us. Our love is as active
as ever - even more so. I'll come
home and the quick way we slip
into married life - you know -
where have you been the last 24 hours.
Truly it won't take long for us to
get in the groove again - and it
can't be too soon for me. I shall
log my pen now and glad to send
my date with you. God Bless you.
Mrs. American and the girl I
would like to be married with
plus loads of love. Your Soldier Husband
Sonny

George Canany
163242
fraction 445 Bomb Group (H)
also 558 70 Postmaster
New York, New York



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

(air mail)

Monday Nov 6⁶
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening from
a wet dam is land. Once again
we are floating around - nothing
unusual over here. Two delicious
bunches of love letters from you today
and I'm in a good mood tonight.
You sweet Doll - I love you so
awful and want you more than the
law allows. It's not human the
way I want you! Today was some
thing big in the lives of the gang
in this bar - me too. It was the
Home Coming game of the Big Red.
(funny thing - nobody went home)
what a day! what a game! what a
team! what a nut! (who said that?)
Well - I'm getting ahead of myself.
It's always good to begin at the start -
so I will. I climbed out of the rack
(always a good policy to start the
day off) and dashed over to Ray's
barack. He and I walked to the

the office with ⁽²¹⁾ eyes still dripping
slur. The good St. Jacob arrived
before I did and was messing
around. I had to hunt high and
low for wood to build the fire.
Finally - had to chop up Barnyard
stubs. I was only kidding - and found
a few bundles of wood. I plunged into
the pool of work in hand and cleared
up the biggest part of it before noon.
Next watching the clock for chow
time found was half starved. Coming
back from chow - I gathered up my
note books - pencils and clip board.
With the blessing of P.R.O. - I took
my new beads and stuck in into the
dressing room of the Big Red. There
was - I shot the bull with the players -
gathering group to write about in the
color line. The boys were damn sure of
a victory and laughed as they
shuffled into the combat clothes of
the Big Red. - gold pants - screaming
red shirts with white numbers.
Next I hung around the Specimen

(5)

Service office - with a car fueled
in news items. Around 130 the
parade of floats began. Parents - you
should of seen those floats. Really -
the yard kids did a damn good job
of making the GI Trucks etc unrecogni-
zable. There ~~is~~ is a description of some of
the floats. In the first command car-
ret the queen of the day - flanked by
two of our Red Cross girls. The queen
was smartly dressed and had a
hair making like a mop. In fact
it was a mop and underneath - a
GI. Next three floats showed the
capture - trial - execution and
burial of Hitler. Then the humor is
ones rolled fast. The fire dept's float
had a red out house - of the G.I. h
Sales design on it. The idea - was - to
show how the proper way to remove
a barrel in a burning latrine.
A girl dressed up like a girl was on
top of the latrine and said out house
was on fire. Firemen were squinting

(4)

on the pie and dandel. Next in
line - was a trailer upon which
rode a haystack. Standing in front
of the haystack - a GI trying to
persuade a English girl into -
perhaps hunt for a - ?? Anyway -
the GI's face was cringing with big
stick. the female - another GI. All
sorts of signs - such as - American
using the good will of friend by
neighbor. etc. Next silly job - was
one supposedly - a scene in Hdy.
Sgt. Breck - in the flesh - sitting at
a desk - with funny books piled
before him and reading one. Course
you can't capture the humor of
this stuff unless you really was
there. Dan - they had a whole lot of
floats - but the one that won the
prize - a typical mile in the
officer's barracks. A long trailer
with a double row of bunkers upon it.
on the bunkers - some of the Hdy. officer.

A scantily clad female was
 running down the aisle -
 climbing in each bed with nice &
 efficient. The gal had on a bra.
 and garters - that's all. of course -
 another G.I. the occupants of
 the beds - were wildly waving
 quarters in the air - yelling for the
 babe to climb in their bed. It was
 dirty as hell - for the guys would
 caress the female etc. I am, I nearly
 split a gut laughing. I am
 just about it - that's the condition
 that prevails whenever the officers
 have a dance. (they had one last night -
 but more about this later) a lot more
 froth and all were good. Lehigh was
 shooting pictures of every thing and
 all through the game. The band didn't
 arrive in time for the game - but
 made it before the kick off. You can
 never guess who was a cheer leader.
 Captain Ribbet. You remember he
 and his wife - both are real short!

(6)

the other team wore white sweat
shirts with black numbers. Also -
they brought a whole bunch of fans
with 'em. the S-S. stadium was
crowded to the gills. throughout
the mob - a yapping line of coed-
was. Gayten Ribbet also was
assisted by a WAC cheer leader.
a cabin of lane made a survey
at the gridiron and released the
rule to be used in the game. I
went clutter up this letter with
the game itself - you'll read all about
it in tomorrow's Dayette. Big Red
won again - 12 to 0 to make three
straight wins and the only
undefeated team in this league. Have
another game this Friday - here on
the bare with the Midgets - played
'em last week on their bare. I ran
up and down the side lines -
marking with a hot pencil - jotting
down the play as they were run off.
I was busier than a bird dog.

(1)
at the half. I latched on to a hot dog
and a coke to make it even more
like the old times. In awhile
the ETO wasn't the ETO at all
and I am glad of that. Everyone had
a enjoyable time - even the losing
team. St. King was the star
again and played a damn good
game. There is the guy off. PRO
isn't sports minded and for as
can see - not interested in the
human interest side of this damn
war. St. Perkins didn't even send a
story of the game in or the score.

For some reason or other none of
the big correspondents showed up.
So - it's PRO's job to write up this
story. Any fool can see - this is news
and people at home would like to
hear about it. After all the asking
they did to me to help out - nothing
not a word sent in. I can't under-
stand it. It's against all the
doctrines and principles of newspaper

men. It is a damn crime to call
this poor outfit - part of the press.

Some thing like this - makes my
printer's ink blood red. I don't
give a damn if they use my stuff
or not but for hell's sake - give
the news as they are supposed to do.
Tonight - I'm sick of heart at this
awful thing. I'm ashamed to say -
I ever helped 'em before. Never again.
I've said this before and mean it
this time. To give the proper credit
to Special Service and to uphold
the traditions of the press - I'm
going to send a story into the
Star and Stripes myself. I will get
Major Kloger's story and get into
it. I think this is the most out-
landish thing I've ever heard.
What a hell of a war this is. If the
Japs and Special Service knew this -
they would burn. Course they
will unless I send in a story.

(9)

I very seldom become very mad
but this is one of those times. I
don't give a damn about shooting
my stuff through - just to get
credit due where it belongs. Surely
the people at home want to hear
how the soldier relapses. Wouldn't
you want to read in the paper if I
were a star in today's ETO League.
Really - I'm damn, damn mad about
it. Coming from a long line of
news paper men - I know news when
I see it. But I'm only a little guy
you know and not paid to think.
What a hell-of-a war this is. Think I
said that before. Anyway - I didn't
bother going to the victory dance
after learning of this damn stupid-
ness. I thought perhaps another news
angle could be milked from the
victory ball but when I found out
PRo cared less - I said - to hell
with it. You can bet the S-2 Journal
will be full of this instantaneous roving
good line. I may write a editorial

(201)

clapping the hell out of P.R.O. I
might strike my needs out but I
would be a martyr for the interest
of the press. Guess I'm truly a
news hound at heart. I won't be
able to write a letter to the family
tonight because I'm in this raging
mad state of mind. Tell 'em
about what goes. Tell 'em how my
printer's ink blood is boiling. Dam
now I wish I could shout from
the house tops. News is a obsession
with me and I hate to see it
mis-handled by a bunch of bunglers.

Darling - please excuse this
mad writing but I've warned
you before - you have a mad man
for a husband! The only real
thing in this world is our love and
I want it so awful much. Truly
I adore you sweet wife. You are
with me at all times and I long
for the touch of your carers with
my whole heart and soul (body too!)
Peanuts - Peanuts - I love you so!

(11)

A warm feeling of relief swept through my body as I read the glad tidings that you received mail from me. Really - Angel - I realize how you worry when the mail is tardy. I can understand that the family card game was a cheerful success - and not overburdened by the fact of missing mail. I tell in enjoyment when I read you are having a good time. I know - it's not real fun - such as we know when we are together - but - it cheers the blues away for a little while. So please, please have fun - then too - I feel happy - knowing you are. Glad to hear Norman scored good on his report card. I hope he keeps on with the brain stuff. Tell him I said to get into it and beat bumps on his egg head. Peanuts. I will latch on to a money order in the morning and enclose same in letter as if to m. m. n. n. I can only send \$40 this month for I have several dry cleaning jobs to

(121)
done and laundry. I'm sending
you \$40 and buying up of \$20 for
myself. What ever I don't use - will
be tacked on to the sum I send the
end of this month. Buy yourself
what ever you want. I love you so
awful - awful much and want you
more than this you can express.
I'm making with the extra days
in the morning by taking a half
of day off. Darling - how I wish I
could be home with you right now.
One whole year away from life is
too much. You shall have to love the
hell out of me and make me live
again. Sweets - I will slip into a
hunk of reading now before I turn
in for shut eye. Take good care of
yourself and don't worry about me.
I'm okay etc. God Bless you -
the best wife a man ever had and
loads of love to her.
Your Soldier Husband
Sonny



15113242
Lgt George Canary
701 Madison 445 Bndg 2nd Fl
APO 558 70 Post Master
New York, New York



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

PAID BY
U 26939
General Somerset
1st St AC
(air mail)

Tuesday Nov. 7th⁷

Enfan

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening you beautiful

kiss of a woman and I do mean you! Nothing
is the way of mail today and no need to say
how I feel. Hope my mail is reaching you as
it should. As you can see I'm out of recent
stationery and have to make use of what ever I
can find. Sweet Doll, I love you more each time
my heart beats. Never again shall I ever leave
you for a second. We won't stray out of hissing
range when I come home. I have your picture
before me and I gaze into your eyes and hope for
wonder to express my love for you.
of mine - I love you so awful much and you
even more than I know. I read until rather
late last night because I took this morning off
to sleep and that I did. Ralph was room order by
this morning and woke me in time for bath. I
in turn with Bill May so the three of us came
to the mess hall - needing some chicken steak
today and not half bad at all. As I said last
note - I plunged into a graphic story yesterday.
game to be sent on my own hook to the States and



Stinger. said story was really a big time hunk
 of journalism if I must say so myself. God
 took the work of art for least. Schramm's approval
 and censoring. I had to go into details why I
 wanted to send the story in and not through
 PHO channels. When he heard the facts, he too
 became very reluctant to the poor quality of
 a certain dept. He fully agreed that some thing
 should be done about it and that he did do.
 For further details - read ever loved Hayette. No
 doubt you are under the impression that I am a
 mad man. Perhaps you are right! Take a rest
 to get along in journalism and as you can see -
 at least I have some qualities. The Hot Parade is
 now a and Frankie is murdering the no. 1
 song - "We're Seeing you". Tonight, the AFV
 will be on all night to bring the election returns.
 God might do such a thing as stay around here
 until rather late - many even stay here tonight.
 Slugging today - refueled my necks and I
 can mess around later than usual. Ralph is
 CQ to and my turn doesn't come up until
 another week or so. The yard birds are playing
 cards again tonight in the front office. Dan,
 Dick and Jimmy are still in the big parlor
 and won't see back until Thursday. By the

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You will find money order enclosed here in.
With it could be more but will have to do for
this time. I'll send you whatever I can spend
and plus next month's pay. We are cold to
feel around in town and that makes me
care less about a gun. One of these days I will
go to London but not for awhile. I want to run
all the long green gorilla for the day I come
home to you. What a hell of a lot of fun we will
have then. No doubt that the home front are
amused by watching for the election returns. I'm
sure that F.D.R. will swing the country again.
Pee on Dewey! Not a hell of a lot to write about
today - just another bunch of things going on.
This afternoon - each Squadron had a meeting
in the Varsity theater for a ref lecture as
if a lot of the boys are getting bored. It is easy,
there are too many loose women on this island
using the oldest profession in the world to make
a living. We call the ref lecture movie
Mickey Mouse pictures. Said movies are dumb and
blunt to the point. Today's showed a girl picking
up a girl - thinking she was a very nice kid.
They made the rounds to all the joints and
ended up in a park. A wicked drunk fellow
looking place and ended up in the bushes. Next time

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showed the guy hugging to his buddies about
the affair any way. he caught a red case of
raid stuff. Said picture showed the gruesome results
of what this stuff can do to you and not a very
pretty sight. The movies should scare the
hell out of some of these woppers but I doubt it.
The Catholic chaplain gave a lecture on the
religious aspect of it. The army sure drums this
rest of things into you. They don't beat around
the bush one bit. The chaplain also remarked that
some of the floats in yesterday's parade reflected
the morality of the time and were strictly low
down. He wasn't kidding neither. Some of the
guys don't give a damn about anything - and
take a dance. There are movie-ers again tonight
and things are rather dead. Not much of a
crowd in the Aero club tonight. I guess the
yard birds are all playing cards tonight. Ceyes
sure do like to gamble. St. Jacobi was around
tonight - sending out letters to Jeanie and
his family. First time he's hung around here
in a long time. Best time for midnight chow
so I will scream over for a quick cup of java.
Pearl - I love you so awful much and want
more than you can understand!

Just back from church and a quick shower
cleaning job. The election returns are starting to
come in now and so far - pretty close race with
FDR a bit ahead. It is 7 pm in the States right now
and I am here. I shall stick around for awhile and
listen to the radio. AFN is giving out with give
in between the reports hot off the wire. Also broadcast
direct from New York - the returns begin. I think it would
be hell if that jerk won - Dewey. We need FDR to
stay in until the war is over. A nut could prolong
peace by greeners etc. We the army want to get
the hell home fast as hell. Darling - I love you so
awful much and will tell you this over and over.
Darling - she walks to the barn with Ray are
up & along with guns beating. She talks to me from
room to room. Last night - Ray came out and
confessed he had a mania about the war.
Really - he is afraid to walk alone because of the
blackout out country lanes. I find a unconfident
freedom walking arm and arm with nature.
It's along there midnite stroller - I tell to you
and think of you. I move to the fire, come my
tale of glad news and woe. The moon comes back
at me and says it's shining down upon you.
No and you are in the same mood as I.
Any way - the moon - you and I have some thing

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in common. Can you see how lonely I am
and how much I miss you? Darling - to add
more to your collection of request - here is another
one. I need more in the way of books - candy
peanuts - and shaving cream. (I am if you
get it) And whatever else you might think I would
like. Come - I can always use - handkerchiefs, socks
etc. After Christmas - how about having another
large photo made. It is a worth while morale
boost - no doubt. When ever I have the
chance to have my face clicked by a shutter
but - I do not. I hope the pictures of my
face look all right by now. Darling - you are so
sweet and beautiful. In fact - you are too beautiful
to touch. But only yours my passion on to
higher heights. You drive me to be a perfect
lover and I am nuts about it. You look like
you are a female "Sinatra" for you really
make me swoon. I'd give anything to latch
onto a hand of your love making. They just
played "Cabin in the Woods" - Frankie Masters did the
honors. Does that strike your mental files of
memories? I can connect our whole love affair
with song. I remember how I use to wander
around a Clarification Center in the Catskills just

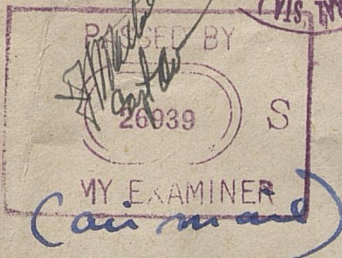


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leaving you and home - the song that time
was - "I Came Here to Talk to You". Then "Old Black
Magic" recalls the cute little way you say
to me. When we first met - your favorite time -
"I Didn't Know What Time it Was". "Darling" was
and all the hell we are going through. I want
you more than it is conceivable for the earthly
human mind to grasp. I go mad thinking
of how our love is going to waste because of
this damn war! Darling - I forgot to mention the
first two letters - what a shocking blow: it was
that Mary beat the drink of N. I can hear both
my father and yours moaning. Heard a GI
my last note. "Sure would like to be back in the
States with my old outfit. The doctor in
every note blew the bugle". Holy I
chaplain's assistant is instructed to greet
each GI with a cheery "Good morning" Say -
just heard - 7DR is leading in Kentucky and
that makes my heart feel good. There's Smith
without a doubt will go all out for 7DR. Hey -
it is getting rather late here and I have to go but
he says. Brother Mary is still here and
even though it is 2 am. I will write you
finish this up in the morning. After

a little while. I am - wish⁽⁸⁾ they would not do that to
me! they are playing Artie Shaw's Beguin the
Beguin and what that not song of yours does
to me. Should be some sort of a law but such
things as this - - - being apart from you! I
didn't realize I would write such a long letter
tonight and hope I can get it all in. News
papers just came in that TDR is way out in front
and doubt full if I can ever catch up now.
Good deal I call T. as living - I agree that
Shirley is a very odd character and as you know -
I formed this impression the first and only time
I met her. It would be a good deal if you just
didn't mess around with her. The tales she
tells are too unbelievable for my money.
Honey - - - better make this the last page
of this letter because of the weight. Tomorrow
note - I won't enclose a edition of the Gaze He
and can write me. Hope a package with some
decent stationery arrives by tomorrow. Honey,
I love you so awful much and want you more
than you can understand. I beg of you not to
worry about me for I'm fine as can be. Hug your
chin up and try to have fun for both of us. God
Bless my Beautiful Angel and loads of love.
Your Soldier Husband
Johnny

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George W. Canany
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New York, New York



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

Wed. Nov. 8th

8

England

My Darling Beautiful Pearly Wife!

Good evening - lovely character of mine. Nothing in the way of mail today for this letter has gone 61. Sweet Doll - before I go any further - I love you so awful much. Tonight - I'm all alone here in my office - just you are my thoughts and at the tip of my pen. I'm a bit weary of the crowds and need peace in the solitude of the mental walls of my mind. I can draw myself into the shelter of my thoughts and escape - for awhile - the utter loneliness of Army life. Course - you are my escape. I love you with every part of my being and cry out like one lost in the wilderness. Being away from you is the same as being deep in a wilderness. Darling - we have so much joy in our love making in the recollection of my thoughts and dreams. Sweet wife - nothing I can say will impress upon you - just how much I'm in love with you. I have a cheerful fire waiting off the chime of a 5:10 a.m. I have to throw more coal on the hungry fire from time to time. A little while ago - I just came back from the club and there is - had a light snack. This morning - I slipped into a bunch of res each with in 4/c recog. and studied my prepared material for another lecture this afternoon. St. Jacob and I - again pounded said stuff into

our eager students. Rest of the day - just the normal routine that prevails day after day. I cut short the work this afternoon - and indulged in a refreshing shower. Supper was another tasteless bunch of slop and not enjoyable at all. I forced down much as I could and called it quits in disgust. I'm always hungry and have to try my luck at midnight chow. That I will do when the time comes. Dr., the little mouse is playing around by the stove and I threw my shoe at him. Course I missed - but best he hides but good - or else I have the poker ready for him this time. Again no movie tonight - so I compensated by doing some reading. I'm about down to the nub on reading material and could use more but guess. I'm hoping for a package - at any time. Lots of the gang are getting packages - some two or three but my luck is very bad so far. Darling - what did you ever do with that story I wrote? Did you read it in or what? Every time I think about how it was kicked around - I burn. All I know - I love you so awful much. Well - F.D.R. has the election all sewed up again and Dewey didn't have a chance. Now it's all over - the home front can really bear down and plan how in the hell to finish this job up but guess.

England was a very dull place to day as always.
Even more so without mail from you. Received
in last night's letter - I enclosed a money
order for 40 bucks and you should have it
by this time - I'm sure. Hope my mail is up
to you by getting through to you as it should.
Sure is a damn mixed up deal! Bill May is
lucky as hell with mail and always has at
least one letter each day. Wish I could say
the same. Most of the guys are hitting the
road for the rack rather early tonight. The
fast week or so - they have haunted the place
rather late - playing cards. Said guy can't
take this late stuff. Bill May hangs right
along with me each nite. As a rule. Chris
hits the pad rather early and doesn't fool
around here at all. Ralph was C & last
nite and left all day until 130 tonight.
I think he must be back in the rack for he's
not around here and not at the Aero club
while I was over there. He too likes to go and
that jilbot much as possible. I still can't find
the time to write your family and others. They
will just have to hang on until such time
I can. I never have received a answer from
David and wonder why. Val and Rand seems

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to have cleared with the writing and I'm
glad at that. I can't waste what little time I
have on such letters. I haven't worked on this
coming edition of the Journal and will have
to do so tomorrow for a rough sketch.

Marvin will scream back by tomorrow mile
and he can help me. Things have been peaceful
around here the past week - while Dan, Jimmy
Dick and Marvin were away. Said guess one
four some will be here in sometime tomorrow.
Dan still owes me 12 dollars and hope he
gives off soon. I've learned one thing - not to
lend money to a guy such as he. If I owed
money to anyone - I would go nuts until I
paid off. Sending money is a good way to be a
bitch - unless you promptly pay off. Tonight
my brain is clouded up and can't think right
as I want. Guess - I'm a little sleepy tonight.
A hot cup of java at mid mile chow will hit
that up but quick. Nothing more has come up
about the P R O deal and the story I had to
fight for. I hope they did send it in. No
hiding - I was really mad there for awhile as
no doubt you could see from my letters.
What you place that is. A hit could do better.

I'm wondering if Barbey was re-elected - no
doubt that he was. The latest in English weather
gang making the rounds - Many are cold,
but few are frozen. (I wonder) Darling - have
you heard the new ETO song hit - "Any Gun
Chum"? Really is cute and can't appreciate
it unless you are in England or any other
place where the kids mob American soldiers
for guns. The kids have a new way of asking
officers for guns - "Any chewy Jovie?" Some
gals received a 154 page letter from her husband
and took 3 1/2 hours to read it. Don't see how
the yard bird could of written all of that -
unless - over a period of time. Have you made
any more plans about our post war home?
You are so sweet and I can't wait until I
can show you how much I love you. Would
like to home with you right now where I belong
instead of this long range marriage. I sure
do want a bunch of your loving but hot and
I'm not kidding when I say this. Some of the
lugs plan to go in town if there are a couple
good shows. Don't know if I'll go or not. I'm
waiting out mail from you and can't
wait to leave the base. Not that I like the
base here - but it is better than town.

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this is sure a good letter for I'm in a blue mood tonight - rest less as hell. Do you ever feel as if you can't sit still - or find something you want to do and can't do it? That's the way I am right now - rest less because I want to be with you. Parents - I'm so lonesome for the want of your love and caresses. I do like this life of a bachelor. I need you something awful! Dam - it is ruining now - making it the last straw for a depressing day. Darling - what is Ernie Pyle doing now? I read a little something about him every once in awhile, such as - some noted children making a bust of Pyle etc. Is he still writing in the daily papers? If so - please send me his column each day. You know what a big time writer I think he is along with every other American. I enjoyed his book you so thoughtfully sent to me. In fact - I read some of it over and over. That guy is really a word artist with the pictures he paints. How I would love to have as much talent as he has in his little finger. All I know and can say - I love you so awful much and just can't wait until I can embrace my arms about you - and kiss you, until we are some less.

Some day - I may do something great in the way
 of writing but I doubt it very much. Sometimes I
 wonder - just what kind of job I can hold in the
 post war world and where I can find one. I couldn't
 sit still chained to a routine - day in day
 out job - for instance - a desk job. I always was a
 rest less guy and this war has made me
 even more so. I can earn my living by mouth
 or writing. I mean by selling clothes or anything
 that takes a lot of bull to get over. That's one
 thing I can do - shoot the bull. Perhaps - I could
 work into a advertising job - such as - publicity
 etc. I like to meet people and talk to 'em about
 anything. The guys all claim I can really
 beat the guys etc. I like any branch of newspaper
 work or publicity. I can always go back to
 selling clothes as a last resort. But I have a
 urge to try my luck at writing. I don't know why
 in the hell this silly idea jumps around in
 my mind but there it is anyway. I've never
 explained much about my plans before I worked
 out of the cadets. You! I had it all figured out - I
 thought. You know how being a Dr. hadman copped
 my blood and how crazy I was about flying. I don't
 laugh - but I had dreams of the future. Crazy like -
 I intended to run a hotel after the war if I had won

shore wings. Being - a ⁸ army pilot in place
time is strictly a big time racket. Anyway - a
man from this role of a G.I. after a hitch - building
up loads of flying time - I planned on going to
Canada or some other place where flying opens up
a new frontier. In there in the wilds - a plane is the
only means of handling stuff in to build things. a
smart operator could make a pile of jack in a
couple of years. Then too - South America is going
to open up a new field in aviation. Down there -
there are places in the jungles that are striking with
natural resources and are untapped. I've read
where a big shot has been and enough to open up
some of these places. Course planes will play a damn
big part in this. The Congo offers the same for a
smart pilot. So you see - that fatal day March
the 4th - a lot of big plans crashed with me. There
is still a chance for my wild ideas. Darling, of
course - you are in all these plans - for I want to
make good for you. Where ever I would have gone -
you - I go too - South America - any place. What I
did see of South America only proves these ideas
more stronger in my head. As I said - there is
still a chance later on - if I step back into pushing
a crate around. Some day - I hope so - I'll
own a ship of my very own. Perhaps one of the army
jobs they will sell in the camp to come.

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Sometimes - I feel like kick my my self right -
you know where - when I realize the wonderful
chance that dribbled through my fingers. To say -
who knows - if I had um those wings I would of
been a Captain. I've seen a lot of our officers
start out as a 2nd Lt. and now Captains or up
to Majors - some a Lt. Colonel. You can't have
every thing though. Darling - I don't give a damn
for my self - but I want to make good for you. I
wish I could latch onto a sphere couple more
strides for I suppose it seems damn strange to be
a lowly Lt. so damn long. Some guys shoot
on up - but not me. I'm caught in the T.O. and
can't advance any higher even if they wanted
to. Personally - they can run all strides up -
— for all I want to do is haul out of there
stinker ok for good. Darling - to night - I feel so
damn lonely and depressed. You can only take
so much of this damn hell - and every once in
awhile - your mental bones buckle. A guy could
easily go nuts if he didn't watch out. You just
can't realize how it feels to be caged up like this.
Freedom is a thing of the past - for me - long as I'm
in this man's army. Always before - I was my own
boss and did as I want but the army sure
changes this. Some guys look upon marriage as
a binding thing - taking away a lot of freedom.
They are silly as hell - I love it and want more.

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I want to spend the piece down of our love by
holding you tight by in my arms. Darling -
you are life to me and you are my whole world.
Nothing else matters - just you. I eat - sleep - dream,
think of you - day and night. You are me - a
part of me - my blood - my life - my strength
lies in your arms. I am this damnable war!
I want to be with you so awful much. I shake
with passions when I think of our coming love
filled life. The winds are blowing hard tonight
doing it's utmost to blow the joint away.
Wish it would pick me up and carry me
home to you. Sweet wife - I love you so awful
much and long for you beyond human words.
Our day will come, and very soon. It is easy to
say - but you chin up but so damn hard to do.
Pray real hard, Darling, before long - I'll be there
where I belong - in your arms. I will close my
and head for my cold - lonely bed. Therein - you
will creep into my passionate dreams and such
loving fun we shall have. Hope to have a arm
load of mail from you tomorrow and maybe a
package or two. God Bless my beautiful wife
and loads of love. Please don't worry about me.



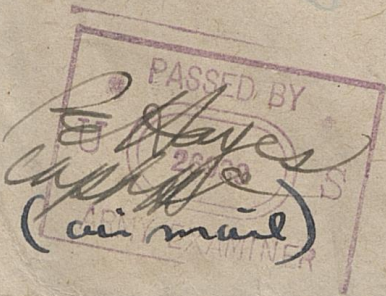
Your Soldier Husband
Sonny



Georgie George Canary 16113242
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 To Postmaster
New York, New York



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



Thursday Nov 9th
England.

my Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - Peanuts.

Tonight it is windy and cold here on this damn island. too cold for comfort and heavy clothing feels damn good. today - I received two letters from you - both ones - but even at that - I enjoy 'em just as much. All the fellows are receiving more and more packages but me - not a one. I know I have plenty on the way and just have to hang on for awhile. Last night - Brother Ray and I headed backward early than usual. We ate midnite chow and from the mess hall - screamed to the gal. I was so damn sleepy but for some reason or other - couldn't go to sleep. I was in a rather depressed mood last night and still feel like hell. Nothing outstanding to keep from the same old line of stuff. Damn, I had to drag myself from the rack this morning because it was so damn cold. I think I turned blue before I pulled on my ice cold clothes. It was a very windy high morning and Ray and I stepped lively to work. I wake him up each morning or else he would sleep on through until noon.

Ken. Shows wakes me each morning or I guess I would sleep late. Some times I'm awake any way

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when Hen yells at me. I lay there in the sack
and drag away on the first smoke of the
day. Always catch the last one in the yard
just before I go to sleep. Even the ducks this
morning refused to swim in the ice cold
pond. One of the farmers - bought a flock of
ducks and began by the pond each morning.
I have to laugh at 'em each morning the
way they make so much noise. On the way
to the office - always run into a lot of fellows
I know and we make a "hi-yo" I never
stop or put with breakfast - a very late - less
ordeal. Beriber would make out a little sleep
if I wanted to eat. Nothing much coming
today but the same old damn thing. This
morning - I mounted some of your mag. photos
on card board and glass. Not bad for a
home made picture frame. I love you so awful
much and want you more than the law
allows. You are so sweet and beautiful. Just
you wait until I show you how much I do
love you! St. Jacobi was in another way
most this afternoon - in fact - all day long. He
received two packages from home and passed
'em around to Lohm and I. He's strictly a
right guy for my money. This afternoon -

I worked a little bit on this week. ⁽³⁾ Journal
and so far - not so bad. Will have to bear
down tomorrow and really whip up a good
page for this week - suppose my last week. I
always have to cut to my self and live up
to the newspaper man's tight bit in. Had to
move up to the front office and make use
of the fire. My fire went out while I was
at the show and it is too damn cold in my
office now for writing any comfort. For some
reason or other - show has hit a new low
and really is nauseating at times. I suppose
was one of those times. They throw so much
cold cuts at us and not a word for their
kind of weather. A guy has to have some thing
warm in his belly to ward off the damn cold.
Each day makes itself out by growing colder
than the preceding one. I would not doubt if
we have a little snow around here this winter.
I dread the thoughts of Dec. and Jan. I shudder
at the thoughts of the damn English winter in
those two months. I am a summer lover from
my back and even more so up here. In plain
words - England is a damn poor place to be. It is
understandable when the English are so damn
cold blooded. Thank goodness - I'll be home soon.

(4)

I didn't going to show in order to go
to the movie direct from the mess hall. The
movie starts at 630 pm. Tonight, picture was
another time waster and not worth a damn. I knew
it would turn out as such. but a way to escape
the army for a few minutes. Said pic was a
mish of stuff called "Samblen Chance" with
Chester Morris and Nancy Kelly. Plot was not
wicked but about the same old damn thing with
a couple of crazy tricks to it. I hate like
hell to sit through a gun movie when I could
be enjoying a good prob. when the show let out,
the whole damn theater emptied into the
Aero club. so I barbed back to the office. when
I thought the crowd would thin out - I barbed
back to the club. Bonnie had to hot the check
tonight and did my heart good to see him
pull around. Dick, Dan, Jim my and Marvin
are due back tonight - I think. Dan says - I told you
but Syra's father died. So Syra took a gas
to share his sorrow. His mother didn't even know
of his father's death - so Syra had to break the
news to him. Parents - I love you so awful
much and want you more than it is possible.
You are my whole life and all I care about.

the big Red have another game tomorrow and
 of course - I will be out there scribbling for my
 host of readers and others. No doubt it will be a
 hell-of-a cold day here on this damn is land to
 make it more so in the way of football weather.
 I'm taking the afternoon off to make damn sure I can
 cover the game. Football over here is a leading
 factor in the morale building dept. I know it's
 that way for me. Anything to break up the utter
 boredom of this ETO way of life. I try to become
 interested in various things but not much help.
 Even at a football game - I miss you. Anything I do -
 I miss you more than the land allows. Just
 breathing reminds me of how much I want you.
 My whole body yells out with a painful cry of
 hunger for the want of you. The inner man must have
 help now - for he is hanging away in my ribs.
 twice as hard. I am this way and all the hell connected
 with it. We both are so damn miserable and want each
 other more than can be expressed by Webster's word
 wide dictionary. I just want you - that all I can
 say. Some people express love by using haty coined
 expressions - such as - your teeth are like gems - lips
 like cherries etc. That sort of stuff is corny and
 I refrain from cluttering up my letters with such.
 I don't have to tell you about what I miss or how much
 I love you. You know as well as I do. We have a

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fascinate feeling that nothing can even try to
efface. No one in this world can efface the
true meaning of our love. Just you and I can
feel it. Darling - I'm so proud that you are
mine and love me. I try to think of something about
me that attracts the love of a wonderful creature
as you are and it beats me what it is. Anyway -
I'm so happy that you do love me with wild
uncontrollable passions. My head swims when I
think of what is coming when I come home. People
can't know what morning is - just you wait until
I rise in a day throated morn when I see you.
Our bodies will bark together with a resounding
loving thud and the dancing sparks from our
trembling lips will explode into a fire. My
whole earthly frame aches for the touch of your
fascinate carers. I like to face towards the
direction you are and whisper I love you to the winds -
hoping they will carry my message to you. I
know you can hear it with your heart's ears.
Are the oceans between us - there is a solid beam
of love that nothing can stop. We are actively in
love no matter how far the range may be. We have
something that knows nothing of distance and
time. It only grows more and more each day
and stronger. Little wife - truly I adore you with
every part of my being. You are so wonderful!

according to the ETO^(M) Bible, we are going to
get a cut in our weekly cigarette ration. We
are rationed 7 packs a week now and they are
going to knock it down to 5. Seems like the
Japs in France are short on smokes - so we are
cutting down on ours. I have a extra cartoon
and will stay ahead for awhile. I smoke a
pack day and under the new set up - I'll have
to cut down. That is very hard to do - for you
smoke more when you are lonely. A smoke kind
of gives you a lift. Understand it's damn hard to
latch on to cigarettes in the States and maybe - the
let up over here will help ease the short age. I/
It's for the home front instead of the Japs in
combat. I sure would be damn mad. Smoking is
another help to boost our morale. Parents, if you
are lucky enough to latch on to a cartoon of
my hand - would appreciate it very much if you
would shoot it this way. I'm a cigarette fiend and
get the shakes when I'm without a fix. I'm going
to lock up my smokes - just in case. Then too -
I can head out the old juke to help cut down.
Smokes cost us 3 Pence a pack (5¢) over here.
Such how much raid stuff costs in the States -
three times as much or even more. What a hell of
a war this is. Seems like I've raid that before!



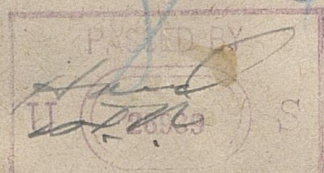
(8)

Today's letter from you cleared up the
situation about your need to go to work. But
glad to hear - you are making with the leisure. I
dislike the idea of my Doll working. So don't do
it. I suppose the yard birds will crawl in off road
for enough any time now. I'll give you a report. I
aid journey when I hear that it. My full jacket
is making like new - a hot arch job of dry cleaning.
A little high - but worthwhile. Sweets - in the next
few days I'll be busy as hell - screaming through
the whirling up of this week's edition of the Journal.
My time will be rationed - but the mail must go
through  or words to that effect. I love
you so awful much and just can't say anymore.
You are so wonderful and beautiful that just thinking
of you - my breath comes in short gasps. What you do
to me - if appeared in print - would be censored. If
my thoughts could be thrown on to a screen - I
would be tossed in jail for indecent - gasimate
love making. When I come home - we'll live like
mad people - from the dream of the same name.
Doll - I will not over weigh this letter - so I will
cut it off but here. Take good care of what belongs
to me - namely you. I'll see you in dreams in
a couple of weeks. I'll scream to the barracks -
jump out of my clothes - leap into bed - bang my
eyes shut - and (right!) kiss the hell out of you in a
dream. God Bless you Peanuts and loads of love.
Your Soldier Husband
Sammy

JANE ...



15113242
Earl George Canany
701 Squadron 445 B and
APO 5387 Post Master
New York New York
Camp (H)



(via air mail)



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

Sat. Nov. 11th

10

My Darling Angel Beautiful wife!

England.

very good morning. It is a little past 2 am.
Sat. morn again - meaning another edition of the
Journal and more done work for me. I just
finished knocking out said rag and I'm about
knocked out myself. Not a half bad jags this
week and should think the boys will like it.
I'll write up some of it in the next edition of
the Gazette - forthcoming tomorrow morn. My
brain feels as if it is muddled and drained of all
possible thoughts but still I can write to you.
Honey, today I received a super lovely letter
from you - a real thriller - I'm not kidding. You
are so sweet and wonderful to your VFW husband.
I think that I shall sleep down here tonight for it's
almost too damn late to think about going to the
banquet. Under normal conditions - I would take
tomorrow morning off - but Chris and St. Jacobi
both are working tonight. So the office has to be
manned up some body - that's me. My team will
catch the mite work tomorrow. This morning, I
rolled out of the pad just as Ralph and Spere were
going to bed. As usual. I woke up Bill May but
didn't wait for him. He had a couple of things to
do before going to work. Still a ordeal to get up
each morning into the ice cold hut.

(2)

You would die with coldness if you were over here on this damn, damn island. But you are coming your yearly number right now because of the cold weather. Wish I was there so our love could keep us both warm - and it would be proved by just experience. Peanut - I love you so awful much and can't wait until we can really get married to me as it should be. I detest this long range stuff and like the hand to hand encounters. Please excuse this poor writing - I'm sleepy, the pen is in it with a damn etc. Today was another full working day here in the ETO - nothing new about that. Our football game didn't come off because the other team couldn't bring up enough guys to play. So S-2 won 2 to 0 on a technical standpoint. I was looking forward to a questioning contest and wanted to play. Football reason - that is the league we are in - is about over - but we shall line up games on our own knob. The basketball tournament is really underway but only 5 or 6 of the guys in S-2 play. So the rest of us still want to play football. We shall do it long as we can line some other team up to play. Some damn fool lost control of a jeep the other nite and crashed into our goal post. No damage to jeep or driver but our goal post was knocked down but good.

③

If we find the yard bird who marked into said
goal post - you'll hear about murder in the
ETO - first degree too! Beat our heads in but
leave our goal post alone. Darling - I have the
the old pipe out now trying to clear with the
fang. I have to cut down into the rations we are
allowed. So from now on - I'll be using a
stoker. Peanuts would appreciate it highly if you
would send me fuel for my burner (pipe) I like
model and Briggs. We can buy pipe tobacco in the
PA but cuts down on the coffin nails. So if you'll
shoot fells and the machine to me. Smoking is a
lively way to blot out the ETO blues. Darling how
would you like it if I whipped up some blue prints of
what I consider the post war home for us? I have
some hot rock ideas and want to know just what
you think. We shall start a discussing on the post
war shelter for our double rock. Some day - I want a
home of our own where we can hide away in the
reclusiveness of our favorite lane. My idea of the super
ideal spot for our home is somewhere on the outskirts
of town. Some place - for instance - Upper River Road -
St. Matthews, Southern Park etc. I like the colonial
design or the modernist Southern style. My dream
home is back from the street with a drive up to the
door. Sounds like I'm shooting high but we want
nothing but the best. The GI Bill of Rights states that
Uncle will help guys like me build a home. So - let's
think about it now - Peanuts. We don't want to

plunge into the deep end ⁽⁴⁾ and go in and into
a debt right away. We have too much to make up
for that we can think about it. I'm glad you are
in favor of a open fire place. Can't you just picture
us - roasting by the heat together. I would like to
have some sort of a desk to grind out my stories
equipped with a typewriter. Then too we want a well
stocked library with rooms for my best sellers that
I ~~would~~ will write. (That's a good one Johnnie) then
too - a cocktail out fit - or whiskey cabinet etc. I
leave the interior up to you, just as long as you
go with the house. All I want to do - is get the
hell home to you but quick. Don't care if we have to
hitch up in a tent - long as we are alone. Peanuts
I love you so awful much and my whole GI class
today cries out in a loud voice for the want of
your thrilling love. When I sit here and think
about the above things - home - love and you -
I could bark my head in but good. Peanuts -
to day was Sadie Hawkins' Day and not a female
chased me. Seems if I rec all back in school
during history - they claim a war ended in
Nov. 11th. Must of been a hell of a long time
ago for this one has been going on about 50 years.
Any way seems like it. Serious ly - to day is
Armistice day and how I wish it was the
ceasing of this war. The last Armistice lasted
20 years - then the murder began all over again.

(5)
this time we want to make sure that
this will end Germany for all times. the
armies last time snuffed the deal but you
can bet your boots it won't happen again.
now I'll step down from the soap box.
Peanuts - little do you know what a character
you are married to a not-famous one too.
I'm a Besame with plenty of mucho. See what I
mean. Peanuts - right now my eyes are
dangling from the rocks like yo-yos, and I'm
not kidding. See how much I love you! Here is
my rilly raring again "the mail must go
through"  I hope the guys appreciate
the time and effort I pour into
that rilly rag - the S-2 Journal. Anyway - I'll
know in the morning. Darling - please excuse
if this letter is a little short this time because
of my journalism whim! Some of the guys are
messing with the big time wire crachin' about
what we should write. Marvin and I print
what we consider news and things that are
interesting to the whole S-2 family. Not several
big time operators who are looking for free
publication. In this week's report, cast of the
barbet bull game - I turned a couple crachs
at Heck Lester the great. About how he does
his best to hog the lime light. I notice some
of the other boys on the barbet bull team dislike

⑥

the way he tries to be the whole team. I am
in charge - I guess but each day I find more
strange things about him. I don't know why I
keep tearing him apart. Everyone tries to get
in the act. Peanuts - you stated in today's
letter that you secured said picture of me.
I like the cute way you said I look. Shucks -
I'm not so much. Peanuts - you certainly do
love new clothes - for you buy something new
every letter or so. Please don't think I'm
showing hints etc. I like for you to buy your
self new duds - for a lovely chick like you
should have nothing but the best. I'll go
with you on said shopping tours when I come
home. I like my wife to look sharp and that
you do. Really - you are so cute and beautiful.
I love every thing about you - the way you feel
out your clothes - Ah Boy! I'm going to think
about that while waiting to go to sleep tonight.
You do the nicest thing to me - Peanuts. yes! I'll
buy a eye gelled for the ring - let me know
at such time - in advance - when you are sending
it. I want to proudly display to every one that
I'm a took man. when I come home - going
to have a bunch of cards printed up - "this lovely
creature is my wife" and hand 'em out to the
rabble as we walk along the streets.

(7)

So at last. said jeb next door is over seas out
in the South Pacific. But he is scared to death
who visit. (War movies frighten me) Peanuts
just what do you mean - my photo looks more
matured (didn't think it showed) Also that I've
gained more weight - beats me if I have. Haven't
weighed myself since very back when. With all
the air force jins etc you wear - no one can
doubt that you belong to a Air Force dog face.
Hope you like the midday ribbons I sent you.
Course the one I wear is of the thing ring. No
doubt my card in chest will be covered with
ribbons when I come home (typewriter ribbons)
Peanuts - we must have a open fire place in our
home. I'm crazy about 'em and the cheerful
crackling of the fire will add romance to our
living. I wish I could express my abundant
thoughts tonight. My brain is dulled by the
need of sleep besides being dull in the first place.
When it comes to writing my love for you -
I'm gentle and uncles. Surely, you can feel
the powerful beam of my love in the receiving
net of your heart. I know that you do. I love you
so much that I can taste it. I am here long
winter nights without a ending the bleak cold
weather fits in with this loveless life. I
curse the peakiness of the Spring and summer
when I couldn't be with you. Sweet wife I love you

so awful much and with a fiercid passion like
lust that only a husband can have. My life
and world are in the encirclement of your
lovely arms. Without you - I'm just a mass of
nothing - with you - I'm a throbbing lover full
of vigorous passions and love. I yearn that I
will feel like hell all day tomorrow because
of the short hunk of time that I will catch on to
tonight. How I wish I could be awake in your
arms tonight. How I wish I could reach these
wonder of love in stead of writing them. The
world is a rotten place because of war. Tomorrow
we shall both pray for a fast peace and a quick
home coming. I hate this damn way of living
more each day. People are sick of this damn
war and can't wait until it is over. Soon, I'll
be on the way home to your arms and never to
stay away from your reach again. Parents will
close now and dig into a dream of you.
Please don't worry about me for now, very soon -
I'll be there with you. I'm fine and love you
more with each breath I take. I live for you
alone and you are my life. God Bless you
my beautiful creature and loads of passionate
love - our hand of the world.



a kiss for
you!

Your Soldier Husband
Johnny



15113
Mr. George Canary
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 70 Postmaster
New York, New York

NOV
14
1944
61
S. N. A.P.O.



60 collect 64

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

ISSUED BY
26939
(air mail)
E. Barker
POST EXAMINER



Sunday Nov 12th

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife! England

No mail today and that's bad. Had high hopes of another lovely letter but life is full of disappointments. Everyone is receiving packages except me. Jim my Durr and I are in the same boat. Anyhow. I'm waiting 'em out and know damn good and well they are on the way. Last nite - after my bleeding fingers had printed out another edition of the S.2 Journal - I decided to sleep here in - that I did after writing your nicely installment of "Life in the ETO" in your daily letter. This is volume 345 of said story. Sometime will be a whole year of letters from England. Are you saving my letters? I think you are - I would like to have 'em for future reference in character and such. As I was saying - I backed up here last nite. curled up by a roaring fire. My dead body was encased in a "Caddy Bear" (fur lined flying suit) and I was snug as a bug in a rug. St. Jacobi and Chris graced the halls of S.2 all nite - making up the words. St. Jacobi held himself over - until now today. the character sketch of this week's Journal was none other than my boss - St. Jacobi. He was well pleased at the bunch of news he had & cluttered up his life with. In a more detailed story in this - refer to the Saturni episode.

I slipped into the daily toil this morning
with sleep drenched - blood lens eyes. I kept eyes
open with both jacks and glared through reddened
eye lids over the zipper bag. By the way the
Journal was grained on all sides with open
arms. (I talked him out of shooting and closed
the arms). The city clerk was piled with two lit
compliments - regarding the editors on to a new
high. The bug really go for this bunch of stuff.
Everybody likes to read about himself. Start to
mention everyone as often as possible. What a
bun - I am! The noon chow wasn't half bad -
ham what am and stuff - was yattered all
over my plate as I ambled along the chow
line. Tom now. Chicken and the weekly
lottery of who gets my share will go on. I can't
eat the damn stuff at all and beats me how the
other guys can like this rubber version of chicken.
More power to 'em if they can enjoy such a
manure. This afternoon was just a repetition of
this morning - more work. I did knock off early
for Mars. My team of editors are working tonight
and we are wishing for no work. Marvin, Dan
and Jimmy are using my office tonight for
writing letters. Spera holds down the job of
CP tonight. I took in the movie tonight - a
bunch of stuff - "Take it or leave it" any way - it
saved a little time away. That's damn good!

Word just was shouted in my ear, that we can
not be back when we so wanted. So I shall catch
on to a extra morning's sleep. I sure can use
said stuff right now. Because of last night's
late fastening - I'm a bit on the dead side
tonight. It is almost time to head out for
mid mile chow and I will scream over to
the men hall in a few minutes to see what
they are offering for the inner man. Perhaps
a stiff cup of coffee will help keep my eyes
open for a little while. I consider sleeping
a waste of time. Would like to get by with
a couple hours each night but that is impossible.
My free time goes so fast that I don't begin to
do things I want. For instance, some serious
reading. But sleep is good for I always dream
of you. Besides that I've haven't my thoughts
all day long. Bill May is hanging around -
waiting until I'm ready to escort him to
the barracks. He has to get up in the morning
but I can sleep. But I will not dally around
very late to night. Can't do it. Pearls, I
love you so awful much and want you more
than it is possible. You are so sweet and
beautiful. If the things you do to me were made
public - I would be arrested. I am - this war.
I love you so awful much and not hiding

What this world needs ⁽⁴⁾ is more loving -
especially me! yesterday - rather last night - I
heard Army defeat the fighting Irish to a
unheard of score. Army has the leading
team of the season. the four top college
teams can't stand up against Army. I
was cheering for N.Y. but I'm holding the
chairs in check for the next game. I have
a pot of water - heating up a shave job for
myself. My hair is getting long and should
have a little clipping job. I do like - entrusting
my curly hair to the hands of "Jeb" but he'll
have to do. you said in your letter of yesterday
that you liked my hair at the length in said
picture. It is a little longer than that right
now. I always did like said stuff rather long
and glad that you agree. Damn it. I want to be
so bad. I'm so rich of being lonely and so
unhappy. War is every thing Sherman said it
was and then some. Darling - this pen is awful
as you can see - so is my sloppy handwriting -
no more excuse. I get so damn browned off
at my sloppy style of scrawling. try to
improve it but can't do it worth a damn.
Any way - now I'll be there in the flesh to
whisper things in your ear - rather than this
long distance stuff. Peanuts - the more I look
at your photos - the more I realize how beautiful you

are. Harry James has it ⁽⁵⁾ anything on me
but I have a more glamorous wife than he
has. You are the queen of the pin ups and the
Mrs. America of my heart. Best of all - you are
mine under a unbreakable life contract. Peanut,
I love you so awful much and just can't begin to
tell you of my love. Every one thinks his wife is the
most beautiful girl in the world - little do they
realize how wrong they are. I don't think but
know as millions of others - that you are the
most beautiful chick. Why - I'm a famous guy
by just being your husband. When I sit and cry
at your pictures - I want to jump right into em.
Pretty gal! You "shore" do things to her husband
of yours. Tommorrow - Chris and I plan to
install a new stove in our office. We both like the
type with a door opening in such a manner -
that one can gaze into the depths of the glowing
coals. Sort of a open fire place job. It shall be a
rather tunnel to install said job but the
hours of gazing into the fire will make the
efforts worth while. (as if we have time to fire gaze)
anyway - it will be cheerful! We do more than
thing to escape the utter boredom of the ETO -
to no avail. I won't draw a name here till
until I'm within your arms. Being away from
you has driven me raving crazy from the
unbearable pain. I need you - I need you!!!!

Each day my unkept desk becomes more cluttered up with junk. I'm always piling more things onto it. For instance - I have a bucket in files of all my writing - my books and copies for files - of the S.2 Journal and materials for next week's edition. They always drop new things or such stuff in my desk for research items, for printable usage. Then too - they are piling down little incidents they think should go into the paper. My desk is known as the City desk of the S.2 Journal. Every day I have to try and straighten up my desk - but in a few minutes - all messed up again. I have all the books you sent me inside of the field desk in a neat display row. For handy reference. With you could see my working surroundings. Then and I have knocked ourselves out trying to make the office comfortable as possible. We are the only informal office in the building. St. Jacob's a firm believer in unconventionalities. Let's have our crazy ideas run to any extent. We have a bucket and towel beneath the juicing display and they are well used. Say - how about sending us any cheese cake art that you think is worth while - juicing etc. This will set St. Jacob's into a rage of juicing happiness. C eyes like juicing to remind them what the hell they are missing. I need not anything to remind me

for I know only too well. Sweet wife you are
 so wonderful and lovely. You should hear how
 I boast of your beauty to the rabble. Like I
 said - I like for you to buy new duds - for
 Honey - you deserve 'em. Everything you do
 your charms with really looks good. I like
 you strictly in night clothes - sweaters (right)
 shirts, long shirts, shorts (cool. Cool) slacks
 and with out (???) Some people after they are
 married become care less in their dress while
 in the recollection of their home. The wife will
 wear best my dresses, jacket and hand in unlight by
 house coats, bath robes and mess up all over.
 Some husbands - go around unsheathed - and
 generally - a mess. You and I shall never live
 into this rut. I like you to lounge around in
 slacks - shorts etc. I shall always look sharp
 as a tack for you on the casual side. I promise
 to always be your active love husband and
 shall always consider you as my best girl and
 bride. I can't wait until we can practice married
 life as it should be - love - love - love and
 fun. Darling - England is a very cold
 place now and I do hope it has reached
 the peak of the winter - which I doubt.
 Everyone complains how hard it is getting up
 each morning and I fully agree.

Speaking of getting up - Ralph was requested
to wake my Bill May in the morning - seeing
that I'll sleep late. I'm willing to bet that
Ralph will forget all about it. I wake May up
each morning & also he would sleep right
until noon or later. So we shall see if Ralph
remembers or not. Parents - when I come
home - neither of us will do much in the way
of sleeping - no need to say why! I never
hit the sack before 1:30 and it is a very rare
case if I do. Last night it was almost 3:30
before I went to sleep and it is late again
tonight. No matter what time I go to bed - I
lay awake for awhile. I have so many things
to do each night that I dislike going to bed
early. I'll call CP in a couple of nites and will
try to catch up on the back mail I owe to
people. For instance - your family, Aunt Mary
and Sis. I'm glad that a lot of people don't
write me for I could never answer 'em. With all
my reading, writing and your letters - I have
little time for anything else. Then too - I crowd
in a movie every couple of nites. When I better
hold up for tonight because I'll fall asleep here
at my desk in a minute or so. God bless my
beautiful wife and loads of your unalike love.

Yours Sober Husband
Jimmy

Life George Canary 15113242
Vol. 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.

11



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Monday Nov. 13
England

My Darling Angel wife!

Good evening beautiful creature of mine. No doubt you are wondering where in the hell I latched onto such stationery as this. I've asked the Red Cross gal for a chunk (meaning paper!) and she gave him a large stack. So I'm using some. Well - to say a over used saying - no mail today in the E10. Still the other guys are receiving packages but not me. Enough to make a guy wonder and that I am. Peanuts - I love you so awful much and can't wait until I can wrap my arms about your charming, lovely charms. Last nite - my team of elites hung around until mid nite - thinking we would have to work. But a raid time. Told to go hit the sack. Thus giving us the free usage of this morning in the fed. So I for one - took full advantage of this deal and gounded the pillow until noon time. I mentioned last nite that Ralph was supposed to make my Brother Ray this

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

(2)

morning and as I also said (I sure
say a lot) he would not do it. that he
did not do. So Brother Ray slept until
noon. He dashed over to my barracks and
woke me. With a shakie voice and a
face of green - told me the story. He
was really scared. So I crawled out
and the two of us hit the chow line.
Today was chicken day in the ETO
and said stuff was as sorry as ever.
As you can see - have the decent family
gen tonight. Coming from the mouth
of the men hall - I heard my name
blared over the bare wire loud speaker
S.A. system. Said announcement was
for me to remain like hell to the office
I knew what the scene was before I reached
the joint - another lecture to be given.
As I yet entered into the portals of S-2 -
in a loud Henry Aldridge voice - I yelled,
"Coming Mother!" the good St. Jacobi
and I gave the lecture. With out needing
to say - was a rousing success. Seems
as if the good St. thought I had over slept
a some thing - that's why he had me
gaged. The rest of the afternoon - Chris
and I tumbled - installing the semi
open fire place. We have more than
trouble and hecklers. After knocking in
ourselves out - we installed the cam

③



AMERICAN RED CROSS

thing and it works. Now is a odd split
 record - we can gaze into the embers
 and look find memories over our minds.
 Don't know why a crackling fire brings
 out the sentimentism in my bones but
 that it does. We're going through another
 dose of this justifying rain tonight and
 I can hear the damn stuff drilling on
 the tin can roof over head. Guess I'll
 have to make home ward to the rack unless
 the rain milks itself dry. That's what
 I'm hoping for. I am it - I am stuck
 with a even worse job. Marvin claimed
 his and I have to use a straight job as
 you can see. We have a mill in different
 types of job going around here - we'll
 use the cheap job. So please excuse if
 this letter is sorry as hell again - as
 usual. Tonight - we were lucky enough
 to have a half way decent movie on the
 base and I enjoyed it very much. A pic
 called "Casanova Brown" with Tall Boy
 Cooper. Hope you've taken this one in too
 for it is enjoyable. Afterwards - the elite of
 S-2 gave the Aero club a head by barging
 here in. Whenever we come in, the rabble all

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rise to their feet - ⁽²⁾ but and walk out. Well
a few have ones can stand it. I believe
he never last night and had to put the
bill. Course - I always give up my goats
at such times - free food. Dan, and his
team of mules are working tonight and
at the present time - cluttering up my
office. I have a heart warming fire
dancing merrily in the semi open fire
place and the gas jets are lapping
up the heat. I don't mind long as they
bring down the noise to a dull roar.
Pearls - need less to say - I'm so
much in love with you and can't wait
until - - - you know. Darling - every
body gets a jack eye except Canary.
It is very demoralizing to sit around
watching all the guys cheerfully
opening jack eyes while I have none.
Every one is rubbing it in but hard - the
fact I haven't any. Kind - of - a gets a
gang you know. Course - I know I
have loads of wonderful things in the way
but can't understand why they are so
dam slow. as I said - Every body gets a
jack eye but me. Damn this Army APO
system. Letters are getting rare around
here also for me. So if I come home with
a bald head - you know why. Sure is
hell any way. Life is rough in the
ETO and I'm not just a - kidding



AMERICAN RED CROSS

sit here at my desk - looking at
 your pictures and thinking but you
 all day long. My eyes gaze wildly
 at your picture and other times they
 smolder morbidly into vacancy. That is
 staring - thinking of you and what I'm
 missing. How do you like being married
 to a lame - legged young man
 capable of seeing life through the lens of
 a twisted brain. All I can say is that I
 love you so awful much and just can't
 wait until I can bathe your face with
 passionate kisses of lust. I love you so
 awful much and can't begin to put
 into words just what you do to me. You
 are so wonderfully beautiful and just
 too cute for words. I'm going to - thinking
 of what the hell I'm missing I for one,
 can't wait until this stinking war
 ends so I can get the hell home where I
 belong but guess. Sweet wife - just what
 do you see in a silly character like your
 best my husband? To this day, I do not
 know how I managed to lure you into
 marriage. I am this damn, damn war!

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

⑥

Peamts. I'm no risk of this damn
life of loneliness. It's the same as being
in jail etc. Life with out you isn't
life at all. It's the same as being
dead. You have no idea how depressing
this life in the ETO is. In the past
year - the damn same thing over and
over again. A whole year tacked on to
wasted time in our young lives. It's
the time of a guy's life where he is
getting started. I have to end it
all over again when I come home.
Truly. I'll need your help but will
be one hell of a task. But first, before
I worry about job hunting - we are
going to crowd two years of fun into
a hell of a good time. We have so damn
much to make up for and I can't
wait until we get the ball rolling.
I get so browned off and depressed
that I can't think straight. Being without
mail doesn't help it much. Peamts,
you just can't realize how I feel
all inside. Feels as if I have a
thousand knives jabbing around
inside of my chest. Peamts - I'm
not kidding when I say. I'll need
your all out help. Pray real hard
for a fast victory so I can come

①



AMERICAN RED CROSS

home to you. Darling - what's news in
 the world of books? I need a bunch of
 reading material for down to the
 mud in raid stuff. Peanuts - also I can
 reggae over and over - I love you so awful
 much! Honey - please inform me of your
 honest opinion of the Bathurst day the. I
 want to know if you think it is worth
 while to read to you every other day?
 Something different in the making of
 letter writing. No doubt you think your
 husband is a mad man - guess you are
 right. All I know - I want to be a
 lone breather until I'm surrounded
 in your arms. This war is mad new
 and I can't stand much more of it.
 Some times I feel as if I could beat my
 brains out with the hardest brick or
 rock. Right now - my mind is in a
 muddled muddle and I can't think. I
 do like to write such a depressing letter
 but I can't help it. Before the noticeable
 cut in cigarettes - the yard had over here
 had a "read a pay to Dad campaign".
 The guys thought it was a good deal to
 read ciggies for civvie back in the

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states. Here are some of the nutty slogans
the guys whizzed up: "Send a Sucky to
the folks in Kentucky", "Old Gold, Taste
mellows back in Pocahontas", "Mail that
came to Uncle Sam'l." and so on. So the
home front is in the same boat about
the smokes. I asked you in a letter
not so long ago, to send me weeds but
I have my doubts if you can find any
or not. But if so - send it. Peanuts -
I have to get up rather early in the
morning for choir is C P tonight
and some one has to really clean the
joint up but good. Being the lowest
rank - not to mention - the only
guy available - I have to clean the
joint up. There fore, hence etc and that
kind of a tuff - I best go round the
gillows in a few minutes. It is rather
on the late side for later a bit longer
to write with this damn digging pen -
Please don't worry about me for I'm
fine and grovie as a movie, nutty
as a fruit cake - normal and etc.
Kiss your choir up and keep the prayer.
going. God Bless my beautiful, cute
girl my wife and loads of love.
your Soldier Husband
Sonny



Male Call



NO...IT'S SO NICE OUTSIDE — AND THERE'S NO HOUSE CLOSE BY...

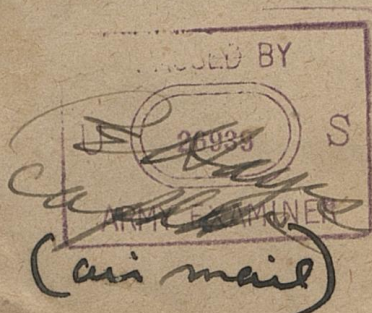


HURSTLY COMMENDABLE THE WAY THOSE MEN WORKED UP A NIGHT PROBLEM ON THEIR OWN INITIATIVE...

YES, INDEED, SIR... VERY FARMOUNTED

By Milton Caniff

16113242
Capt George Canany
401 Synanon 4453 amb group (H)
APO 558 To Post Master
New York, New York



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



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Tuesday Nov. 14
England

My Darling Angel Wife!

Before I go any farther - let me get this itching out of my system. Not a thing in the way of mail. Today - our Squadron received a whole bunch load of packages - and in the files and files - not even a post card. It is so disheartening when every one is gleefully opening lovely Christmas packages and I'm empty handed. Things feel very funny and I'll be damn if I won't pity. I know I have reads and reads of stuff on the way but just a slight delay in route. Each day I console myself that tomorrow will be my lucky day but I'm always wrong. St. Jacobi landed on to two today and lost track of how many before. Heddleson has a locker full and even Ralph. So - I'm really meaning out mail (blood) I've had enough to stare in wait at the other lucky guys with packages but to add - no letters makes it unbearable. Damn this damn war.

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FORM 539 A

(2)

well - here are the gruesome details of
this damn ETO day. I glunched from
the rack rather early this morning to
clean the office up but good. Upon
arrival - the post office had other plans
for me - so not wishing to cause
trouble (for me) I bent under the will
of being out ranked. So I did as they
wanted. I strolled to the place of labor
as directed and worked there in until 10:30.
Coming back to my office, found St. Jacobi
huddled over a hot typewriter trying to
keep warm. I built a fire and eased
the situation. Time I gave the joint a
quick but thorough job - it was more than
time. The main course and the only thing
for now show - think is a bust. I put
down as much of the uneatable stuff as
I could. Coming back to the office - I
glunched into work up to the hilt.
St. Jacobi of course - leans over
me with his all seeing eye - and
cranked the overcase & whips. You should
see the conditions that prevail around
here. More character barge in and out
of our office day and night. Nothing
can surprise me. Around this there
is a circus - we have plenty of clowns.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Sometimes I think France would
be better than this place. St. Jacob's
friends are under foot all day long
and mine during the night. For
instance - tonight - I have the guests
two more - Jimmy and Ned Weston in
my hands - well - to be exact - in the
chain of our office. This is very
unreasonable and doesn't lay around
to take care of our unwanted guest. So
it falls upon my weaker shoulders to
watch our stuff while these characters
are here in. Tomorrow night - I have the
welcome & task of getting C.P. So I
can catch up in my back letter and
reading. I'm far behind in reading
and hope to catch up in a chunk of it
tomorrow. The Big Red has another
away from home game tomorrow and
I will cover the game for the paper & k.
Hope it isn't too late to call tomorrow
and just right for a game. I will give
you a full account of the game in
letter as of tomorrow night. I love you so!

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no thing in the way of entertainment
here in the bar tonight and every one
has to entertain himself. the guys are
playing cards tonight and most of
the other guys are sitting. As usual,
it is raining tonight and the rain is
pounding in the roof over head. the
wind is kicking up a bit. huh also.
All of us thought we to the Aero
club and "Pop" Morichi had to stay
tonight but say. In some unexplan-
able reason - the Aero club had
hamburger tonight and not half bad
at all. One allowed to each burger
and bid. After knocking off chess
tonight - I wanted the Pop.
coming back from chess - I went
my nose into a chunk of seedling
Peanuts - I love you so awful much
and want you more than the law
allows. you are such a real chick and
I'm crazy about your ravishing
beauty. you are so awful cute and
sweet. Sure wish I was in your
arms right now so I could show
you just how much I love you. I
want and need you more than the
human mind can realize!

(5)



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Screwball Marvin has the C.P.'s
chair tonight and I take over
tomorrow night. Ralph's team is
on tomorrow night while I pull
C.P. and they are good for a few
laughs. I'm taking tomorrow
afternoon off so I can make sure
I can cover the foot ball game.
The S-2 Morons have another cage
tut tomorrow night and Marvin
will have to cover the game. Course
I can't because of the C.P.'s job.
Brother Ray just asked when I'm
going to go hit the job so he can
accompany me on the trip to the
baracks. I've never seen a guy like
this before. A full grown man afraid of
the dark. As I've said before - the army
is truly full of nut and nut characters.
In my money - I want to leave all
of these characters and go home.
Pray real hard and before you know
it - there'll I'll be - all wrapped
up in your arms. I love you so much!

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Last night was sure a hell of a walk to the barracks. Rain more and more. I was a walking juggle by the time I reached the rack. I just dragged into bed after slipping aside my wet clothes. England isn't fit for a dog and what happens to me should not happen to a dog. Perhaps this explains the reason they call us "Dog faces" Do you think I have a face like a dog? I don't. I've gone to the dog. How in the hell did I get started on this trail? as I was singing - last night it was blacker than the mouth of hell. Slung by the rain slide down my flesh like steam and blotted it out. I dare to fly under the hood to find my way along. You just can't realize how damn dark it can get on this island. It's sort of a game to grope through the unseen countryside. Wouldn't be so bad if the lanes would make up their minds and stop curving around so damn much. Along one of the short cuts - the path is flanked by a barbed wire fence and a hedge row. It's a toss up which is the worst to run into, the fence or the hedge. Don't confuse a English version of a hedge row with the American type. I guess you could call it a solid bank of mass for run right can't even come through it. Many of

①



AMERICAN RED CROSS

pairs of pants have been ripped by the
fence and hedge row. So as you can
see - it is really a game to find your
way along. Don't that some thing to write
about! "Doh" had the shears out tonight
and I latched on to a quick trim job.
He didn't do half bad but in civilian
life if a barber gave me a hair cut like
this - I would shoot him. So judge for your
self. A GI clipping doesn't make much
difference anyway. I've decided to make
with the all day Goldie's hair trimmers
instead of a half day. So I've found the
pillow under the room time. Best I can see
around 9:30 for not sure what time
the football truck will go on! Thompson of
Special Services will have a seat already
for my car in the cab of one truck. So I
will ride in style out of the mean life
of the wind. There's hoping the Big Red will
come through with another victory. Read
all about it in the Gazette. Parents. I
love you so much and want home
but quick so we can make with the back
love making we are so far behind on. Damn
this damn war and all the hell with it.

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Read in the paper ^⑧ that a convention of
furniture men has concluded that men
returning from the war, having grown
accustomed to sleeping alone, will
want twin beds. Haine little character
these furniture men! I can't get me to
the fact of undriving my from a passion to
dream sharing my bed with no one -
you. when I come home, will buy twin
beds and turn me. the smaller the
bed the better (dread!) I love you so
much that I'm molly as a first cake.
you do the nicest things to me and I
want more of it but quick. Not this
over seas stuff - home to home hand of
loving. Darling - when I come home
to you - it will be so wonderful that we'll
pretend each day. I just came back. I'm
not kidding when I say. we'll live like
to mad persons. People will be horrified
and mangled if they should get in the
way. Best they stand back. way back.
tell our families if they come with you to
meet the train I come home on, they
better wait a block down the street.
No kidding - some one might get hurt
when I come home. I'll have to curl
my wild passions or I will crush
you with a sugar man hug and kiss.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Life is more lonely in the FTO and I'm not kidding Darling - you are my morale. there is nothing in this world that gives a man so much courage in war as the knowledge that when it's all over and victory is won, that he has a lovely wife to come home to, his to hold and to cherish. Without the thought of going home to you - I would surely die. Peanuts you are my whole life and all I want in this world. the cute little things you write to me - what you are doing, thinking, etc - keeps a mental smile of morale deep within side of me. the new yellow case you are working on, the new dress etc. - nothing is too small for my consideration. I feel no cut of touch with my life link if I'm mail-less. I "hate" hope for a bundle of love stuff from you to morrow. War is hell but even more so at such time the toothless mail man clobbers and says - "no mail". I hate those two words with a jacinthe mad man hatred. So - I hope you are enjoying a beautiful of daily mail. Peanuts - I love you so!

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(10)

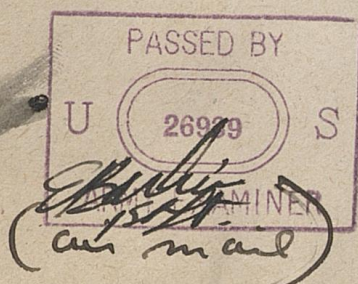
Peanuts - you are truly wonderful and I love every thing about you. My heart beats faster at the mere mention of your name. So as you can see - it races day and night. In a few minutes I'll drag my love-lens bones towards the rack and gasinate dreams of you. There's no much to write to you, but it's time to dream of the one I adore - namely - you. Peanuts. I could write of how sad and lonely I am but - I want to try to cheer you up. I realize when you know I'm blue and depressed - you're the same. So I do my utmost to hide my feelings. Some times it's noticeable and I can't help the fact of the blueness seeping into my letters.

Peanuts - you can feel how much I love you for your heart tells you. I'm so madly in love with my golden headed Angel. Take good care of your self and don't worry but me. I'm strong and all of that stuff. Just waiting until the day I can dash into your arms. Tell your family hello and every one else. God Bless my beautiful mate and load of my original hand of love.

Your Soldier Husband
Benny



Cpl George Canary 16115242
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.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Wed Nov 15th
England

My Darling Beautiful Wife!

again - I'm

bleeding mentally because of the painful
mail short age. Another day shot to hell
and lashing my life stream - mail! God!
I hope you are rejoicing daily from my
humble attempts in trying to cheer you up.
I would feel twice as bad knowing you
were going through this same depressing
stage of no mail. Any how - therefore and I
too. Tonight your beat up soldier husband
has his can flunked into the chain of honor -
only the elite can request here - the C.P.'s
job. So I shall gaze around the office
drunk with my C.P.'s power. I'm rough as
a cob and just as ugly. Who said that.
More things steal into my letters and I'll
be damn how they do get in. Today - I slept
until 9:30 - having the day off - it was legal -
so don't worry. I requested down to the
office out of zone - what's going on. Like a
red post man who goes for a walk on his day
off I can't stay away from the joint. Just
about all of my personal items are jammed
in my desk or locker - so it's not a home.

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FORM 539 A

(2)

It's a great joke for the boys clad in odds
to run - I've you have found a home in the
army. I've some good birds here at
that. But not this day face. As per usual,
nothing but the same unlaughable can-
words. That's the conditions that prevails. I
put it down at my desk and run my
beak into a Reader's Digest and other short
mag. After bending over a hot book for
a couple of hours, it was time to feed
the inner man - that I did. Afterward -
slipped into all the warm clothing I
could muster for the journey with the
team to another base. I draped my body
in a Teddy Bear jacket and wore three
pairs of socks. Murvin, Chris and I on
also came along to watch what we thought
another victory for the Big Rods. I had
a choice seat reserved for me by Special
Service in the cab of a GI truck. Wasn't
too cold - hugging the engine. Each
time I ride through the English
countryside I have to laugh at the
child like roads. Why - I built bigger ones
when I was a kid for my toy autos. Every
one including the truck inhales at the
passing of another car etc. When we dashed
through the small villages - the driver
had to almost kiss the likes from under
foot. Every one in England rides a bike
and in the middle of the damn road. It's
a wonder some aren't killed (good riddance)



AMERICAN RED CROSS

I rode with a very talkative driver who didn't say two words the whole way, except to curs at the idea. So - it was enjoyable. It was a typical GI truck driver with brains to match. I think he was from the Blue Ridge or some other hill country. The team on the roster for today's game - we beat last week on the occasion of the super home coming game. This is the second half of the league and we play each team once more. So they are not for blood, now. Sorry to say. Lost to the jinks by a score of 6 to 0. Big Red had that fearful off day every team is afraid of. Even with this one loss, we are still on top and can even lose another game and not worry. Course your famous husband covered the game for the press and such. I won't go into the bloody details of the game. But - it was colder than a old maid. My feet were trying to stand in two shoe fulls of ice - they did a very convincing job too. The ice pack was but the same sort of texture and I haven't thawed out as of yet. The Big team of S-2 cagers are playing basket ball tonight.

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No doubt I'd be better in hogging the ball
as in ever game. Marvin is covering the
game in his blundering way. So I see have
a account of the murdering of the
other team. after chow. I dashed over to
the club for a quick one - no - not a
drink - coffee. Pat and Beebie both asked
how you were. Of course, proudly I beamed
stuckly in the groove - rich - solid and
a rich chick. They smiled said that's
good. Funny thing about it. they don't
understand you at all. the group ask Pat
how much she wants for a bunch of stuff
and she doesn't know what the hell it
means. Dick Day leaves the hell out of
her and she hates him something awful.
Darling, when ever I write to you in
another office than my own - I carry your
picture with me. I look into your cute little
eyes as I write and have to force myself
to glide the pen over the paper. If my thought
waves could be broadcasted - a lot of people
would blush. By the way I want you in
not of this world. Peanuts - if you only
knew how much I do love sweet little
old you. I'm hogging for another life
link with you tomorrow through the
medium of a jammed letter. I do go mad
if I don't mail less again tomorrow. you
have no idea of how I lean upon your
letters for life giving support.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

tonight - I have knocked myself out
with the letter writing. So far here is the
line up of lucky people - your family -
Aunt Si, Aunt Mary, my family and
now you. So you can see - I'm busy as
hell tonight. I only enjoy writing the letter
and you know to whom I'm referring to.
Yes - sweet little you! I actually look
forward to writing you; each nite and
through out the day - mark down in my
mental note book - things that are writeable.
Everyone hounds me about the mail because
of the lack of Terry. So - to call out my
hordes of tormentors - please - please, let
me have mail tomorrow. I haven't yet
received an answer from Gerald and
wonder if he will write. Have you heard
from him. Wish I could stretch into the
confines of my own office because there in
it is much more comfortable - besides that -
noise - less. The girls have a card game
going right under my feet and it is
very annoying when ever I want to
be more cozy upon the hunger flames - I
have to crawl over many pairs of shins
61 legs. Life is regular in the ETO. !!!

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Sign in front of a Justice of the Peace:
"you furnish the hide, we'll do the rest."
A GI. "That's hardly fair." (home made
job #624) Ralph and Syra are working
tonight under Capt. Jones. Dick Day and
Don Hunter are away at some school
for a few days - anyone peace begins in the
halls of S.2. (nice too) Pretty boy Hodgekin
is still mixed up about his women. They
should wine up and all give him the air.
What a lover - he thinks. Syra is still the
same old sugar ball whiter from way back.
What a wonderful war he is fighting on
paper. I still hate a man who hates for
the GPO system - rather - the way the
guys here in are picking around the
freedom of the press. I still like to think
I'm a half ----- new paper man. By the
way - enclosed you will find another bunch
of non sense - a record of life in the ETO.
The same name - the same sheet - the
same same the. People fight over copies
of this paper - fight to get at the editor.
Here to ship into this weeks edition of the
Journal in the next day or so. Should be
another killer this week and I'm not just
a fooling well - it's hot time for that
weather in morning (fury) stretch - heat,
weather etc. So I will leave for a
few minutes and then go on. I love
you so awful much - passionately.

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AMERICAN RED CROSS

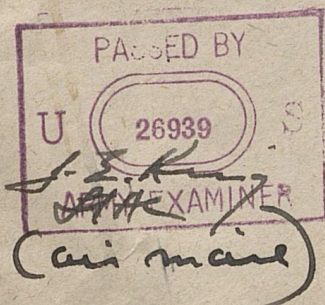
Darling - do you mind if I mount
the way but for a little bit? you know.
how I give about being in the army and
all the other thing I like about. Cause I
want to go home soon as possible but - mind
kind of childish or something - I'm a little
proud to see. Much as I want to get out,
the army has taught me a lot of new skills
and broadened my range of knowledge. This
is a real lesson in life - the time all out
figure. I hope I can come home to you
a much better man and husband. I want
to prove to you that I'm worthy of your love.
I like to think I'm over here protecting you
and in my small way, guess I am.
Parents - you have a very happy husband.
I want to take care of you and provide the
thing a wonderful creature like you should
have. My whole life is devoted to make
you happy. Each time I look at your
picture - a warm glow of pride - runs
through my body - knowing that you are my
wife. You can't ever realize what a sentimental
guy you have for a husband. I can't
wait until I can prove to you just
how much I love you. I do everything
about you - the cute way you smile - just
you. I can promise you a life of fun and love.

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Truly this past year and all the time
I've been away from you is hell - but
our love is worth waiting for. A love
like ours lasts for ever and grows
stronger as time goes by. Even though
I've been away so long - when I come
home - it will seem I was gone for only
a day or so. Some people after a length of
time might become somewhat strangers -
but not us. As I've said before - our love
is as true now as ever. Peanut - I feel
miserably to express this powerful feeling
I have for you and sometimes become very
bowed off at myself for not being able to
better express my love. But - we need no
words. Both of us know and can feel it.
That itself is true love. You are so wonderful
and I tremble with delight knowing you
are mine. I beseech you not to worry
about me as I know you do. I'm fine and
in the pink - well as I can be away from
you like this. Soon - soon, I shall be there
so you can take care of me with love.
Darling - help me to forget this void in
my life when I come home. I need you
so awful much. Peanut - I will close
for now and try to get a little sleep. As you
can feel with us - I love you with a deep
passionate love. God Bless my beautiful,
Purifying Girl and loads of our hands of
love. See you in my dreams.

Your Soldier Husband
Sonny

15113242
Capt George Canary
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 55870 Post Master
New York, New York



Mrs. George W. Canary Jr.
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