AMERICAN RED CROSS

Friday Nov 17
England

My Darling Sweet Angel,

Please excuse if this letter sounds as if it were written in haste and also by the army gun-crew thing. My team is working tonight and I have little or no free time. So please don't take offense at the very conclusion of this letter. Today I received three lovely letters from you and one from Aunt Mary. You are so awful sweet and I love everything about adorable you. I feel alive because of your fantastic words of love. I can't even begin to get enough of your letters. Really - I give the mail man a hard time if he hands me no mail - no nothing. But you should see the wild look of joy spring from my lips when he says - yes! Peanuts, I love you so awful much and you can never begin to fully understand how I am aflame for the fantastic career of your love making. Without you - I feel all deaden inside and I am comfortable to a Zombie. I did make a good stand in for me.

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well - this morning - I pull as the mess than welcomed - enjoyable task of room orderly. As I've stated before - this is a very enjoyable job. I slept until around 9.30 before I awoke to my lazy body from the encasement of my cocoon. With a yawn, elevated in between my thin hungry lips, I reached out the mosquito and frown. Our barracks chief daily puts out the mosquito and frown in such a fashion that whoever is room orderly for the day - can't miss him. (Who might you guy - don't you think?) To my great delight - the barracks wasn't too dirty and so I hurled it off the job in a matter of sweeping minutes. Had the Indian walked to chow with me. Peanuts, what a character this Indian is. During the nite - I can hear him mutter some sort of a chant. I lay there in bed and laugh like hell. He is a damn nice guy and well liked by all the boys in our organization. At the mess hall - ran into the S-2 family - and joined 'em while eating. Found nothing doing at the office and the office was in a radio tete. Chris + team worked last nite until midnite and he wasn't around this a.m.

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you might know - by the time I had the place all cleaned and a roaring fire chasing the hitting coldness - 6 men walks in. Lt. Jacobi followed suit a little bit afterwards. So the three of us plunged into the pressing matters on hand. Mutty chair pulling away at his desk and Lt Jacobi on the typewriter. I was up to my elbows with work and glass for this week's Journal. The afternoon finished by without anything unusual going on. The whole gang rushed the Aero club at 4 after visiting - coming from the mess hall. Mess was just that - mess. After a quick refreshing job - we all repaired back to the office. There in - I did a couple of things and the gang to cover the big game - football no - but an inter S-2 Marines vs basketball. As usual - good natured Hell broke loose what when ever his hands touched the ball and scoring the most basket for any one player. S-2 won the game from a pretty good team 56 to 30. Dinner is

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a highshot on the hard wood floor-
no he thinks. He is a damn good player
but oh how he knows it. I hate
a guy who is good and try to look
even better by not showing the other
players. I call him the one man
team. all American. He'd like to turn and
he thinks I'm flattering him instead of
rubbing it in. I'm like to be the
leader in everything and have the floor
all of the time. This is the only unlikeable
thing about him. Keep him away from
any kind of girls - he is a damn good
kid. I had time during the game and
of course - scribbling the action into
words for this week's edition of the Journal
after the bloody game, managed to
squeeze in the Lions club just before
they closed for the night. It was again
raining and depressing as all hell.
Soon as I climbed my body down
in a state of rest - here in my office -
Swede - yelled - let's go to work and
that's what we're doing as of now. I'm
in a heathen right mood and I can see
not a finish letter to you. Soon as we
finish my washing - I'm dashing to the
rack - for want to get my arse out from
in order to get the Journal on the presses.

AMERICAN RED CROSS

speaking of work, I just had to knock off writing to do a bunch of that dirt gutting stuff. I have a cup of K ration coffee warming on the stove in order to relieve my aching pill & eyes. Midnite shoot seems like hours ago and my back bone is knocking on my belt buckel. Breakfast visit two years off and suppose I shall live through until then. Pretty - cute gal - I love you so awful much and really need you for intimate love making. Peanuts - the reason for picking up unwanted colds is here and best you send me much stuff to ward off cold. Vicks and aspo would help the whole gang. Course you can go to the hospital for a cold but who in the hell wants a lot a hoo that is some TNT. When ever I catch on to a cold - a good greasy job with vicks always lifts me up. So please send said items to me. Sweet gal - I sure do love you so awful, awful much. Peanuts - you might mention to my family I can't write to nite

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because of the fact of working the
dead St. Jacobi is working on our
team tonight along with Major
Klages. Our regular officers are on
pass. Brother Nay is CQ tonight
and his problem of walking home in
the dark is solved. According to the
CQ roster in the barracks - I am
supposed to pull room orderly
tomorrow morning but I change jobs
with Kennie Brown for this morning.
I'll be done if I want to clean up the
barracks before hitting the rack after
a all nite of work. Kennie sleeps above
me in the upper bunk. He is a rather
good friend of mine. In the morning,
if I wake up first, I tickle his nipple
can or if he wakes up first, he leans
down and tickles me. We always
have a cup of tea or coffee together
before crawling out to face another
day's work. Tomorrow nite - Marvin
and I will be busy Typing out
copies of the Journal as every Sat.
nite. Think Marvin and I will take
a 48 hour pass next week to take in
a few shows in a near Cl movie. Today
our office was filled with big time
operators reading my books. St.
Colonel Flemming read "St. Louis
Male Man" and Benyhed ate the

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AMERICAN RED CROSS

while. Come 3 t. Colonel. Martin
was yet in to read the latest adventure
of Terry. All of us gave input by telling
Terry's adventures. If I would charge
a nickel to each guy who read em,
very soon I would be very rich.
Everyone is concerned with the
regularity of my mail. You are a
whole group's morale builder. I
love you so awful much and can't
wait until you build up my morale
as a wife should - meaning - that
eager loving of yours. Peanuts - you
are really a wonderful gal and
really the best wife a man ever had.
I love everything about you and can't
wait until I show you how much I
do love you. I can't get over the way
you are raving about that mutty
picture of me. Shucks - I'm not so much!
From what you say - O'Brien must
really be a queer I have any more.
Say, that is a damn good deal about
Burman Field. Hope - I will be sent
there to be discharged etc. Could be

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to you in a half hour from there. For the last two days - none are always later I come before I get a chance to grab it. So - not one today either. I will letter on tomorrow but early. You can understand why she is so popular. I'm very glad that you got a kick out of my silly joke. Mom and Dad like it very much too. Peanuts - all I can think of and like to think of - how we will love when I come home to you. I shall ravish you with many kisses of. lust and caress you with pleasing hands of love. Just you wait and see what you are in store for. Build yourself up for a real red blooded husband who will want to make up for lost time. I will love you so much - that you'll think there is two of me. Darling, I have so much more much and I do like to and so do some work. Tonight I'm really in a letter writing mood but can't do it. I'll write a nice letter to you tomorrow nite. Don't worry about me for I'm fine. God Bless my beautiful, lovely wife and load of love.

Your Soldier Husband

Sonny

JANE . . .
MADAME BONNEFEMME!— YOU!?!— HOW DARE YOU—
MADEMOISELLE JANE!
CHUT!—I HAD TO LEAVE MY CAFE AFTER THAT FRACAS, MAM'SELLE—SURELY YOU VILL NOT DEPRIVE A POOR OLD WOMAN OF EARNING AN HONEST LIVING IN PARIS?
VERY WELL!—I WILL SAY NO MORE!—NOW WHERE IS MY COSTUME FOR THE SHOW?
QUOI? A COSTUME IS NOT NECESSAIRE FOR VENUS, MAM'SELLE! LA BELLE GODDESS HAS HER DOVES, N'EST-CE PAS?

Pvt George Canary
701 Sqn Recon 446 Bomb Group
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4601 W Jefferson St.
Louisville 12 Ky
U.S.A.
(air mail)

AMERICAN RED CROSS

Sat. Nov. 18th
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

As you can see - tonight I have a half way decent pen to write with and that's good. The room is a very late one and I should receive towards the early minute now. Tonight being Sat - means another nite working on this week's edition of the Journal and that is one each side of a long job. Any way it's finished and good. We're breathlessly awaiting the reactions of our readers in the morning. From then on we know if we should begin or not. Unless they are kidding us - and do like said hunks of silly stuff. It is one way to make like a reporter & Candide and were doing our best. Last nite my team of eleven with all nite and of course as a follow up, I slept all day long. Nothing to report about today's activities except the

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the each time. I did it even get a hell of a lot of that for I crawled out early so could get into the work as said yesterday as you can guess - no mail to day to make it a complete day of boredom. Keeps raining all the time and how we all hate that wet stuff. Tomorrow the good Lt. Jacobi and I have a lecture and as per usual - will be a rousing success. How can we help it from being other wise? Two famous characters like us need not say a word - and the fans go wild - to get out the door. What a hell of a war this is and I don mean hell. Most of the guys took in a show tonight - one that I played here once before - Make Your Own Bed and I've seen it. I would not have gone anyway - for the pressure must roll on the dead line Peanuts - I love you so awful much and just can't wait until I can lock my arms about you in a tight embrace of lust. I shall cover you all over with a flying tackle embrace and smother you with thrilling kisses. I promise you this and as you know - I'm a man of

AMERICAN RED CROSS

my wrk. Everyone is still receiving packages - not me though. I guess mine will arrive between Christmas and now. Sure is hell sweating em out like this. Darling - the morons - through the urging of the editors of said Journal - are going to throw one each hand on Christmas Eve. All of us feel like hell on X'mas because we are not at home and we should do something to help ease this pain. Marvin and I are starting a drive by the guys and by word of mouth for this party. So far - we have all out support. We are going to hold a meeting Monday nite to air out all ideas on the party. Also to elected a chairman etc. I can't hold said job nor can my co-editor Marvin for we have too much to do as it is. So far - we have two quarts of whisky and more promised We all shall get stinking from

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drinking. Or tomorrow night's edition of the Gazette - more about this party. Also - I'll tell you all about the meeting Monday night. St. Jacobi is going away for a week or so and Chris and I will have free run of the office. That will really be something. What's new around the home town? Tell all not of touch with the world on such mail-less days as this. I hope you are enjoying loads of mail - daily if not more often. After I climbed from the rack - I showered with Don and I'm sorry. It takes a lot of will power to take a bath on this damn base. Some days the water is cold and some days it is hot. And all the time, the water comes out from the showers - a drop at a time. This of course is all English plumbing and they are 50 years behind. I don't think the English are a bit believer in baths. Now that cold weather has set in - the shower room is cold as ice box. It is unbearable to step from a warm shower into a freezing cold. Enough to kill a horse and it's a good think I'm not a horse.

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I can fully understand now why the English are such a beating race. This is hard isn't bearable. But - in the early days of the war - if Hitler knew what the hell England was like - he would of quit right then and there. I had to jump at the club tonight - did'nt enjoy the food as on other nites. We talked big time to Pat and Beckie - trying to work up a deal. (Please don't get me wrong - !) If we supply the eggs etc - they will bake us all the cakes we want for our party. We also so intend to buy a couple two or three ducks from the surrounding farms. Nick Mitchal - is a rather good cook and he cood it for us. He is a S.2 man - and not really one of the family as all the rest. He doesn't hang around here at nights at all. Really - we should have a hell of a nice party and I'm going to bend the elbow but darn good.

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I hope this machine gives a rapid type of writing is readable. I am that rain- I hope it lets up before I have off for the barracks. Brother Ray went on a 12 hour pass and he'll have to "walk Alone Tonight" to the barracks. I made a crack in the Journal along that line — "Who is the certain character who hates the song 'I walk Alone' and like 'I don't Want to Walk without you. Everyone will know who is the hell I mean. Wonder if he'll get mad? Truly he is a odd character. Ray is a bit older than the rest of us and not interested in some of the silly going on around here. "Poz" Konicki is around 28 or 29 and he is really on the young st. Ed. Johnson is the baby - 19 years old - almost 20. Most of the guys are around my age except - old man Sjoga. "Poz" Konicki can sew a hash mark on his blouse - a three year hitch in the army - that is another month. Sjoga has two already and well on the way to the 3rd one. Another 6 months - I can sew one on also. I can also wear two bars

AMERICAN RED CROSS

on my leave - meaning 12 months
overseas. Can add another one for
every six months. When I come home -
my home will be covered with all
kinds of awards etc. Another thing
that goes along with the 3 years
thing - more dough. I don't know
how much for sure but think it is 5%
of base pay. Hope the hell I'm out of
the army before then. Pearl to have you
read - "Leave Her to Heaven" - I'm reading
a Armistead version of it and low - no
bar - damn good. see if you can get this
one. think you have. Also would like to
read "Hard Facts" by Howard Spring. He
wrote "My Son, My Son" - this is a really
good story - I hear. Darling - each night
I lay in bed and think about your
thrilling charms. You are so well
equipped with nature's best. I long for the
caress of your vivid lips that taste like
wine jelly. your kisses are so delightful
delicious with a pleasant warming of
living heated passions. I love to nibble at

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your cute little ears. I want to kiss every inch of your beautiful throat and swan like neck. You have a sweetly shaped figure of beautiful wavy hair with gently swelling hips and thrilling breath taking under pins. I like the passionate way your sweater clings to your youthful charms. Bait you are most maddening I am for the want of your divine love making? Cute little wife- you drive me to thrilling new heights in passions. Just you wait until I shower this love starved hunger upon your upturned lips. What a wonderful passionate loving you are in store for. I shall ravish you with the Russian policy of Scorched earth. Anyway- we shall kindle boiler hot fires when we change into each other's arms. Peanuts - I have to tear myself away now and go hit the rack. I'll write a longer letter to you tomorrow nite with passionate news and love. God Bless my beautiful little wonderful wife and loads of super hunks of love.

Your Soldier Husband

Sonny

JANE . . .
FORGIVE ME FOR BREAKING DOWN THE BARRICADES OF — LES CONVENANCES, MADEMOISELLE!-
I CARRIED YOU OFF THE STAGE TO SAVE YOU FROM FURTHER BOMBS!- NOW — I WILL WITHDRAW!
NO - STAY, CAPTAIN LAMOUR - AT LEAST UNTIL I HAVE THANKED YOU — AND AM IN A POSITION TO RETURN YOUR CLOAK!
?
MA FOI! — YOU ARE TOO Gentil, MADEMOISELLE! — ALLOW ME TO KISS YOUR HAND!

Cpl George Canary 15133262
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Sqy. (H)
APO 558 % Post Master
New York, New York

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Sunday Nov 19[43]
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Here it is Sunday again - just another boring day here on this island. Life is no night in the ETO - not in a physical sense but in the mental side of the human. No mail what so ever and from this degrading factor - no doubt you can project the mood I'm caught in. Needless to add - I'm nuts for the want of you love. This cruel life away from you - is madness! How much can the human body endure? Close as you are to me - not even you can fully understand how much I need you. I can't do without my life stream - your love making and I'm helpless away from you. Can you able to - a fish out of water! I am, damn, this damn war! Blue as I am - I shall try my best to escape from this mood and hereafter be cheerful.

my slim drab clad body is hunched over my desk - glaring into your eyes through the medium of your fine new photos - placed just so in front of me within eye level reach. I have a slender pipe clenched between my teeth and I draw deeply upon the reddish purple smoke. As I exhale the slender wisps from my pipe - the smoke playfully dances about your photo in a likeable manner. This damn war is something like this smoke from my pipe. I can see you yet can't reach out to secure your loving caress. Peanuts - this pain of want is deeply embedded in my chest. My whole life long body screams for your love. Daily - hourly - I storm heaven with prayers of mercy from this hell-hole pit of living existence away from the warmth of your arms. When I reach your side - wild horses won't be able to drag me away ever again. Sweet mate of mine. I love you with a passionate ground lust!

As you can see - I had to improvise
a letter as my supply of writing paper
is running low. I'll write you a letter
tonight until such time
you replenish my supply. Also I'm
using Barry's pen. I hate to ask
you again - but would you please send
me another pen. I like a thick heavy
point - so see what you can do for me.
I don't let any one know this
next one - am using Ralph. Chris gave
me a beautiful pen and as usual -
Ralph took it upon himself to make
use of it. Seeing up to his name - he
looked it. What a brain he has encased
in his thick steel skull - if any. Nothing
writeable about today's activities as
usual. St. Jacobi and I had fourth
with another lecture. More cum-
ming here - but don't you believe it. The
rest of the day - I showed around the
office doing odd and ends of work.
During the afternoon lull - I
managed to stick my head into a
book of reading on "Search Me to
Heaven" in the Omniscient abridgement.

Have you ever read such a short synopsis of the best sellers? It's a quick way of reading all the best books of the day if you haven't the time to read the book. I much rather read the book itself for you miss out so much of the story. Anyway. I have to read something to quench this literary thirst until your packages arrive. Each day I expect one from you but nothing doing. I know they're on the way and just have to wait 'em out. There is hell in the meantime, the Big Reds have another away from home game this Thursday and of course I must go. Sgt Thompson of Special Service mentioned it tonight in the mess hall and asked if I was ready to go - in the sense of a correspondent. Thanksgiving day will be another Camp Custer event here as in the States. In the station of a large town - the Big Reds will play off for the league winners. I will be there with general etc.

If at this station they have a press hut - I shall take along a portable typewriter in the manner of a big time. Nothing but the best for my readers. Hope you enjoy the enclosed copy of the Gazette. Silly as all hell - don't you think? The gang all acclaimed it again this week and this spurs us on to greater efforts. My co-editor and I are dancing around a little nazy. Major Kilgallen is more than well versed at our twisted style of journalism. (how true) Had the good fortune to sit through a enjoyable movie tonight - "Sweet and Low Down" with Benny Goodman. The music was really solid and sent me out of this world. Do see this pic if you have not already. Tomorrow nite - one each U.S.O. show with legs - vops - no my - females. The chorus girl hereby proclaims it to be a bunch of good stuff. So I will attend to escape from the utter boredom of this ETO life.

last night the officers had another of the ETO famous stag parties. Everyone in England has heard about the famous 445th's officers club and the parties held there in. St. Jacobi did not say much about said party - but from what I gather - one of the high lights - a strip tease that wasn't a tease. What a hell of a war this is! St. Jacobi received two more books for Christmas - "Port Island" by James Norman Hall (not England) and "Language du Cochon" Both books are here in the office but neither appeals to my taste. People have very different tastes in literature. But you and I like the same sort of reading. That's good - for money won't be wasted for both can read the other choice. We are perfect mates in everything as a perfect marriage should be. I wanna - I love everything about you - from head to toe and inside. I like the thing mind you have and the cute way you have

of expressing yourself. In my eyes. You are a artist in the ways of making me love you. Each time I read your thrilling thoughts my cuba & my fingers - I fall in love with you all over again. You are truly a wonderful character. England is again smothered in torrents of unwanted rain. What a sickening sight it is to wake each morning and find another rain drenched day. You can't tell from one minute to the other when it will rain. I always have my well used rain coat nearby - just in case. I can't wait until the last time my feet step on this soil. My feet will shake with delight when they strike the soil of the country I love. Peanuts - your husband loves you more each second. By the time this is done - I'll love you more. Soon this loving strange strife will cease until the big to big marriage. I'll never be able to love you enough.

Each nite - when the movie ends - a wild head long - cattle stampede of GIs rushes for the narrow door. You are picked up by the yearning tide of bodies and vomited out the door faster than a shot. Cause of this wild rushing to run like mad to the Aero club in order to avoid sweating out the line. Somehow - the 5-2 ever heads, all records of hailing out the show and dashing to the club. We are always first of the show goers to hit the line. Some one will be badly mauled in the rush some dark nite. Not me for I hit the door among the first battlers. It's every man for himself and no holds barred. It will seem strange to casually stroll up to a movie and walk in without the yearning lines of mad GIs in front of you. Oh - to sit down to a meal without the sweating out of lines. Freedom is all I want. Freedom from this damn army - to do as I wish!

I love my wife so awful much! According to the Ego Bible - the nicotine less situation in the States is bad. Gangsters are taking up smoking cigars because of the hard to get butts. People always smoke more in war time and especially the soldiers. Smoking is something to do and a certain amount of relaxation in it. I know that I do enjoy a smoke now more than I ever did before. I haven't felt the cutting of my cigarette rations as of yet. Those we are allowed I pack a week against real room. Read where Marshall Field - publisher of the Chicago Sun, PM has added another publishing firm to his Enterprises. - the Packard Bros. Inc. I don't give a damn who publishes em, just so they keep coming. Things are a bit on the gloomy side around here tonight - everyone is busily engaged in letter writting. The chaplain said today at mass - we are to have a Midnite Mass Christmas Eve. That will be wonderful and I shall attend.

Everyone is talking about our coming
Christmas party. Some want to hold it on
New Year's Eve rather than Xmas Eve. We
shall thrash it all out tomorrow night
at the special meeting & shall let you
know what goes etc. Really we want to
have some sort of a good time during
the holidays. Some of us have agreed
that if everyone votes for the brawl to be
thrown on New Year's Eve - we shall
have a small one of our own. We have
several quarts on hand and plenty more
all lined up. St. Jacobs and St. Re-
said they could get me one each. All of
us are throwing in $5 to start off with
and if not enough to cover the deal-
we'll cough up with more. Scotch is
rather high over here - some places $20
a quart. Through a underground agent-
we can get it for $5 a qt and other
places $10 a qt. So with the whole gang
Throwing in 5 bucks - can easily latch on

Some one - in fact a lot of guys will leave super hung over the next day. Sure is a long time between drinks - must well I know. Think that I'll climb into the sack - at the early hour night - 1230 and that is early for me. Guess I'll catch an extra weeks time for I need a couple extra winks. I hate to waste time in bed - yet the dreams there in are so wonderful. Peanuts - I'm so crazy about you and ready for your love any time - even in my dreams. You are a super human of a woman and I love you - every inch. I know my passionate love is returned in the same way. Marriage is so wonderful and I want the actual - close range type but quick. I sure hope to have at least one letter from you tomorrow for I'm so mad hungry. Three days now and that is 3 years over here. Tell me all about your plans for Christmas and what goes on that day. You are so beautiful and I love you more than it can

be expressed. What you do to me is unlawful. and Boy! do I love it. thinking about you charms makes me squirm like a jitterbug - any way - I wish my heart like one - even more. Peanuts - Peanuts - nothing I can say will ever convey to you my love. We both know and can feel this heavenly bliss we have for each other. Soon we'll be able to express our passions in actions as they should be expressed. Darling, I will close for tonight - but you'll - as always - will be haunting me. I love you so awfully much and want you with a french lust of a mad man. Please don't worry about me for I am fine and in the pink. Take good care of yourself - as you know - you are mine. Hope my ring comes real soon so I can proudly display - I'm a tenth man. God Bless my beautiful mate and loads of our spiritual passionate burning love.

Your Soldier Husband
Sammy

Capt George Canary 0511342
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 % Post Master
New York, New York

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Louisville 12, Ky
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Monday June 20
England -

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - lovely character of mine. Nothing in the way of mail today but I still have high hopes. Some mail came in rather late today and at this time - still in the process of being sorted. So - at 8 pm. I can go try my luck. Here's hoping to two or three lovely letters from you - for tonight a package - who knows? I love you so awful much and have to repeat this through out each of my 6 letters - as you notice. Truly you are a dick chick with all the matching equipment. I'm wild about my little wife and the whole world can read this fact - from the loving expression on my beaming face. I walk around on mental tip toes - and people - say: "There goes a guy madly in love." Right - give that person 10 nice dollars and a pass to next weeks production. See what love does to me! Just call me Drool ie for short. I'm nuts about you!

the curtain on one each USO show is about to go up in a very short while and for the hell of it. I'm going to see what's showing - on est on ne then likely. Today was just another day - that's all Brother! Perhaps - I should call my letters "My Day" - pardons to Mrs. F.D.R. Wish was in on the beam ride for a most peculiar change. Course we were damn mad at this fact. Part of the day - I dewlyd into my favorite past-time - reading and was a bit of enjoyable stuff. St. Jacobs was in around this afternoon - more than likely chasing some female around in town. Tom must be taken off for two weeks and we won't have the honor of chasing the same air with him. Too bad he doesn't censor my mail or is it. Baby - I love you so awful much and besides that - I love you. So now you know - after 100,000,000,000,000, times plus. Your photos are grinning as they watch me - I just sit here and drool back. Perhaps I could think better if your photos were turned the other way

but who wants to think? Beautiful creature
little do you know how much your husband
does really a thinks of something and what
you have - dim after. Southern Belle.
would thou only here with thee - a something
yet groovie as a movie and swoon with
The Dragtail Dragpatch bounce. Another
un-jiveys words - we'd neck to the cows
come home - then tell they never do reach
home. that is just a quick idea of how
we will live. For further details - wait till
I come home. Just hurryed down to the
orderly room to collect all my mail - one
letter from you of a back date. Makes no
difference what just marks it does - I enjoy it
just as much. Only with the hell - my
mail would scream on here faster than it
does. you are still complaining about the mail
in this letter but I know you latched on to
8 letters from me a few days later. Hoping
you are swamped with "My Days in the ETO"
by this time. I hope you get a laugh out of my

strange style of writing. Anyway. it's different. Also - would like to know your opinion of the latest trend of journalism in the Gazette. Sometimes I think I should go to some college - school or something like a brief quick course in said stuff. Don't know - doubt if I will unless site school at home or a correspondence course. Don my small ring mind - are a whole lot of good plots and ideas - knocking from side to side of my thin skull - waiting until I call upon them to ring through to the surface. Can't really do much about it in the army for my hands are chained by the lack of Time. Soon as some of that scare stuff stumbles my way - I'll pounce upon it with good usage. I know when I'm with you - the urge to write will be strong because I'll be no hanger. this damn depressing life doesn't help one bit. Well just time to take off for the U.S.O. show and that'll will do. Soon as it is over - will dash back to sling in this letter long just here.

Back - what's you. know Joe - Just came back from a USO show - Can don't you think? Said show wasn't half bad with three gals - two babes - one wacks. Full of just jokes - songs and tap dancing a cast of 5. Music - one each accordion with nice looking gams doing the vocalizing. Some of the gang said the blonde tap dancer looks like your photos - but there wrong. you are five times as pretty and slim not just a hugging! She had a nice well stacked body - with several whistles and ahhs - that the G eyes did as you might know. All the guys are glad to see U.S. Gov. inspected meat. It was a very enjoyable show and a good way to kill a little time. When I come home, you have to put on shows for me too. Singing dancing - strip teasing and etc. and oh Boy! that etc! Contrary to popular opinion - I am not crazy - just I love, eat like a nut. - from the gesture of the same name. I think this coming Thursday is Turkey day - that is - what political party you belong Too. I suppose we'll have turkey etc.

Darling - I really hope that you do go to the big game this year - with your mother. I would more than gladly take you to the game if I were there. We'll have to take in all the games and etc - also the big big time games. I know that you fully approve of all such sports minded plans. All I can say over and over again - I love you so awful much and not just a bidding the face lifting job on the movies goes into effect tomorrow - meaning - we'll have to wait it out a week or so. I don't mind it if we latch on to good ones after the larger projector is installed. Peanuts I leave the Christmas card sending up to you. I think I mentioned this before. I know people have good thoughts in sending cards etc. but I think they should be barred from the overseas mail. It is bad enough as not without a overload of cards. I'm not going to send any (as if I can get cards) but one of my own designs to you. I'm sure people will understand. Something about a war going on or something

like that. Anyway - it is a rumor. Gal - I sure do love you! Darning the weather over here is really awful darn cold. Takes a hell of a lot of guts to crawl out of that sack each morning; more guts than I have. I really have to drag my bones from the sack with a super human strength. Just think - if you were in that same bed each morning when I awake - I'd never get up - not kidding either. I'm up in the front office where there is heat. My pic went out while I was in the show. Of course - as usual - where ever I write - I carry your picture with me. Peanuts - I'm really wild about this double picture of you. Please do have another one taken after Christmas. We held the Christmas party meeting just before going to chow. Here are the facts: Seeing that there are a no. of Catholic boys in S.2 (6) we decide to hold the big brawl (refraining from drinking) New years Eve instead of Christmas. The Catholic guys (that's me) can attend the

the mid-nite Mass Christmas Eve etc.
So we all can lay up all the fire water we
can hold on New years Eve. Sgeau was
made chairman because of his promoting
powers of a super hillarizer. His duties
are mainly - to line up scotch etc.
Heddleston (a drunken drunk) is head of
the refreshment committee. Dick
Day and Barnyard head the entertain
ment and decorations. This gang eng-
eneh gang thous is 2 pounds (8 inch).
This will take care of everything - we hope.
Some sort of swishy gift will be bought
for each gang by Chris and Sgeau (of course
out of the fund) So we shall have a damn
good time. Some of us are going to have
a little affair Christmas Eve in the way of
mild drinking, singing etc. Main deal -
New years Eve. This is a all enlisted
personnel affair and some of the officers think
they are in on it. 15 cards will be punched
any time for the officers. We are holding
another pre gears meeting tomorrow nite
Monday nite to see how plans are working.

The Journal - of course - the teachers of this country will take care of all the publicity. We are going to take care of a Special Thanksgiving Edition this week - that should really be something super. We shall see! The big news - (whooshing) in the ETO is the issue of cigarettes to all non flying personnel. So this means - your husband can't buy smokes any more. No reason in given for this shortage of cigarettes and we all are bitching like hell. The guys in the front lines still get smokes along with the flying crews. Not us - T.S. So - if you can't send me a carton - I'm going to trade out with a good care of the shakes and jitters. This is no damn much. I have enough on hand to last me two weeks - perhaps longer if I cut down. They say - all smokes are coming overseas but where in the hell are they? No doubt the guys to home plenty and the peace time USO soldiers in the States. Really - we are all stunned by this sudden stoppage and beats the hell out of me. Surely - it can't last more than a week. Waiting turns what the

like the guys with stripes like in the Stars & Stripes and yanks. Surely this war last very long - I hope. The English claim that they can easily provide room for all the Americans. But English guys are comparable to our guys. Beside can't something like got a yank where us - us. Can't get a yank. War is truly hell and I find this out more each day. Well, Peanut - the clock is reminding me with time to go - and that I must do. I have a date with you in a dream and best I go buy it but quick. I'll write more of a love letter tomorrow night - this one was more or less a hunk of news etc. I don't have to say that I love you - for this you know. Take good care of yourself and don't worry about me for I'm okay. I am this way - as I always say. Hope to have some more mail from you tomorrow and maybe a package. So for now. Good night and I'll see you in my dreams. God Bless my beautiful Angel wife and loads of love.

Your Soldier Husband

Sammy

Cpl George Canary 15113242
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group
APO 558 % Post Master
New York, New York
U.S. POSTAGE
6¢
AIR MAIL
U.S. ARMY P.O.
1944
61
A.P.O.
Mrs. George W. Canary Jr.
4601 W Jefferson St.
Louisville 12, Ky
U.S.A.
PASSED BY
939
ARMY EXAMINER
(air mail)

JANE . . .
O.K.!—YOU SPEAK FIRST!
I SHOULD THINK SO!—WHAT IS ALL THIS?—WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?—AND WHY ARE YOU KISSING ALL THESE GIRLS?
WELL, IT'S A LONG STORY—
IN THAT CASE I'LL HEAR IT WHILE I'M DRESSING!—AND IT HAD BETTER BE GOOD!
IN THE FIRST PLACE THERE ARE STILL MANY COLLABORATORS AND EVEN GERMANS LURKING IN PARIS—
—AND I AM AFTER A CERTAIN BEAUTIFUL SPY WHO HAUNTS THE CAFES AND THEATRES...
C278

Tuesday Nov 21
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife.

Another lovely letter from you today and morale is high tonight for a change. Also a letter from the family. Because it is so damn cold tonight. I'm crouched over the stove in the front office - gathering in its warmth. A lit on the cold side tonight and that my bones dislike. Sure wish the hell I could rub the warmth of your arms right now. I love my little wife so awful much and want her more than the law allows. You are too wonderful for my humble words to express. I'm just plain nuts about you as any fool can plainly see - "Ah yes." Nothing much in the way of news here on this island - just the same old line of boredom. I hope my letters don't follow the same pattern as this boring life. I guess my moods are reflected in my writing. Lt. T. G. Jacobi took off today and won't be around for awhile. Wonder if I'll see him in him? Chris had the morning off on the virtue of a late hunk of working last night - so I held the joint alone during the morning

not having a hell of a lot to do this morning - I knocked myself out with one of our past war dreams. You will find said drawing - blue print of what ever you want to no name. I - enclosed here in. We have talked about this open fire place a no. of times and this is a rough sketch of the fire place. Because this will the exact one we will have in our home for none one better Talented than I will have to design said fire place. I whipped this up to show you a rough idea of the type I like. You tell me what you like etc. We shall glean over pictures home through the mail - now. I love to this sort of thing and know you feel the same way. Darn this war - we could almost have had a home well started by this time if I had not left the free life of a civilian. Darling, I promise to make up every second of this hell and just you wait and see. I want my little wife so awful much and just can't began to express how much I do want sweet little you. After eating another tasteless meal at noon chow - I give [illegible] to take the post hell hound trucks in order to fulfill my role as a commandant.

I encased my body in heavy flying togs and there in - was warm - considering the high climate. GI trucks are very heavy in the winter time and a jeep can really shake like hell - if not properly dressed. All the characters crowded each truck and huddled together offering some the often pong the whipping breeze stirred up by the truck. Chris - Don and Mike also went along to the game but I did not ride in the same truck with 'em. The ride wasn't too long and I could not see much - blanketed by the canvas top of the truck. Usually I ride up front in the cab but today could not for some reason. Think Special Service failed to arrange a seat. Again - we had a bigger following at the game than the other team even if it was their own field. I think that is very good. Everyone in this group is a Red Sox and takes in all the home games. Then too - a lot travel with the team. No need to say - we won the game 7:0 and should have beat 'em more than that. Two of our star backs were injured in today

game. One - bad enough to keep him out the rest of the season and that will hurt the team. The other - they in a week or so. the Reds have a tough game to win this Sunday and will even be tougher with two of the star line up. Besides that. St. King is going on furlough and he is the star - the real star. So - I don't know about Sunday's game. This team is the only one that has ever defeated the Reds and they have a hell of a good chance again. Nov. 30th the big game is a long town in a real stadium - with a press box. So on that day - I will carry with just able Typewriter. Of course - I will go with the team this Sunday and take the game down with pencil. Your husband is making like a post hole digger for a good way to earn some of this precious living $ to life. Course - I could think of a million things I'd rather do - namely - making with the love with you. Running up and down the side lines kept me warm enough. I hope this island is a bit warmer Sunday than it was today. I want home quick.

the game was enjoyable anyway and was
well worth the trip. so far - I have covered
every game and hope to cover the rest. the
show at night was again very funny and
I suppose the same goes for tomorrow. I
should think they are raising the good relations
on Thursday - turkey day in the ETO tonight -
I had the pleasure of sitting through another
very good movie that was enjoyable as can
be. It was that Sweater girl - Jane Turner
in "Marriage is a Private affair" I hope
you two have not through this yet. when
Jane and her husband finished the wed-
ding - I was so damn mad. Stuff like that
drives a love starved husband nuts. there should
be some sort of a law against it. Really -
it is demoralizing as all hell when other
people are so happy in front of your very
eyes and you are so damn blue. Do you
know what I mean and feel sure you go
through the same at such fantastic
movies. Darn this damn war - I always
say. What do you always say? Hope you
can read this past writing - it is very
late and I want to hit the sack early
as possible. Another writing visit ahead

to-morrow night with my team of creeps. The gang had another basket ball game tonight and Marvin covered the game for the Journal. It was his turn to do so. I don't know as of yet - the score. No doubt All star Haddleston hogged the ball as usual with his grand slam method. It is very sickening to watch him do this. He is a good player and wants everyone to know it. As usual - I have your photo before me here in the front office. Where I go - you go. Even when I rove elsewhere - for instance to choir etc. - you are firmly photographed in my mind's eye. Then two - your small snapshots are clinging about my person. So as you can see - you are before me at all times. Like do you realize how crazy I am about you. Ralph left on Jaws to London this morning with a friend of his who works in the photo lab. I thought for awhile — Marvin and I were going on Jaws this week - but funds are low. Haddleston still owes me 12 fish and I don't know how much to other guys. He borrowed a

word of cough for this purchase. I'm going to be first in line Jay day when he hands out the cash. Well. I don't mind finding money to the tune - if they pay it back the following pay day. Don has owed me this dough almost four or five months now. I suppose in doing him a favor it is a favoring way - and he may be able come across as soon as possible. I'm still waiting. Don't worry - never again - and this pay day I'm going to get my dough or else. The hell with it - let's talk about something more pleasant. - you. What goes with my beautiful rich chick? I suppose your pay will place your feet under a turkey dinner Thursday also. Do you mind if I join in? Peanuts - here is a rather silly idea - take it as you see fit. On Christmas day - get a chair alongside of yours - and I will be there in spirit. As you know - Christmas Eve is something more than the night before Xmas for us. Remember - at the stroke of 1:30 - think real hard of me. That is the hour I just ask you to go steady with me. Thanks again Sweet Gal of my heart.

Peanuts - I asked you to go steady the Xmas of 1939 - and I was still in school at that time. Just look how much in love we are now! Almost two years of heavenly marriage - and two more years of living pure. Damn it - do you realize - I've been away from you for a whole year! Damn nation - That one is a hell-of-a long time! I haven't shared a Christmas with you since 1941 - 3 of 'em counting this one - I've been away. In a few more months - I can view in a back mark for one hitch in the army. Damn - we hope I'm at least back in the States by that time. Surely the war will be over by Spring or sooner. Everyone had high hopes of a peaceful Christ this year. Remember how we thought the war would end by Sept or Oct this summer? Sure is mighty depressing to wait around so damn long - wanting to go home. Being powerless even makes it more depressing. I can't understand why everyone else receives em but you or me. I'm still hoping for the best. Perhaps tomorrow is my day. Who knows?

Everyone is bitching about the mail here and we are very browned off. Wouldn't be half bad if they really told the truth why, where, etc.
Such talking away of me of my pleasures makes me one each browned off yard bird.
You can see how all of us must feel and even more when our supplies on hand are puffed out. Peanuts - I don't know why - but I dislike your friend Shirley very much. Everything she says - does & be even makes me wonder more. You don't know what the hell you are getting into by steering your mom into her strange affairs. But - you know best. I wouldn't put anything past - that girl and I mean anything. So your Sister is strutting going around and around again with G eyes. What a gal she is!
She and that Redhead B— run a U.S.O of their own. Wolf Norman is beginning to operate now according to your letter of today. I wonder who in his family he takes this urge from? Peanuts - all I can repeat - I love you so awful much and want you more than the Eats allows. You are so awful sweet and wonderful to your beat up old husband.

(10)

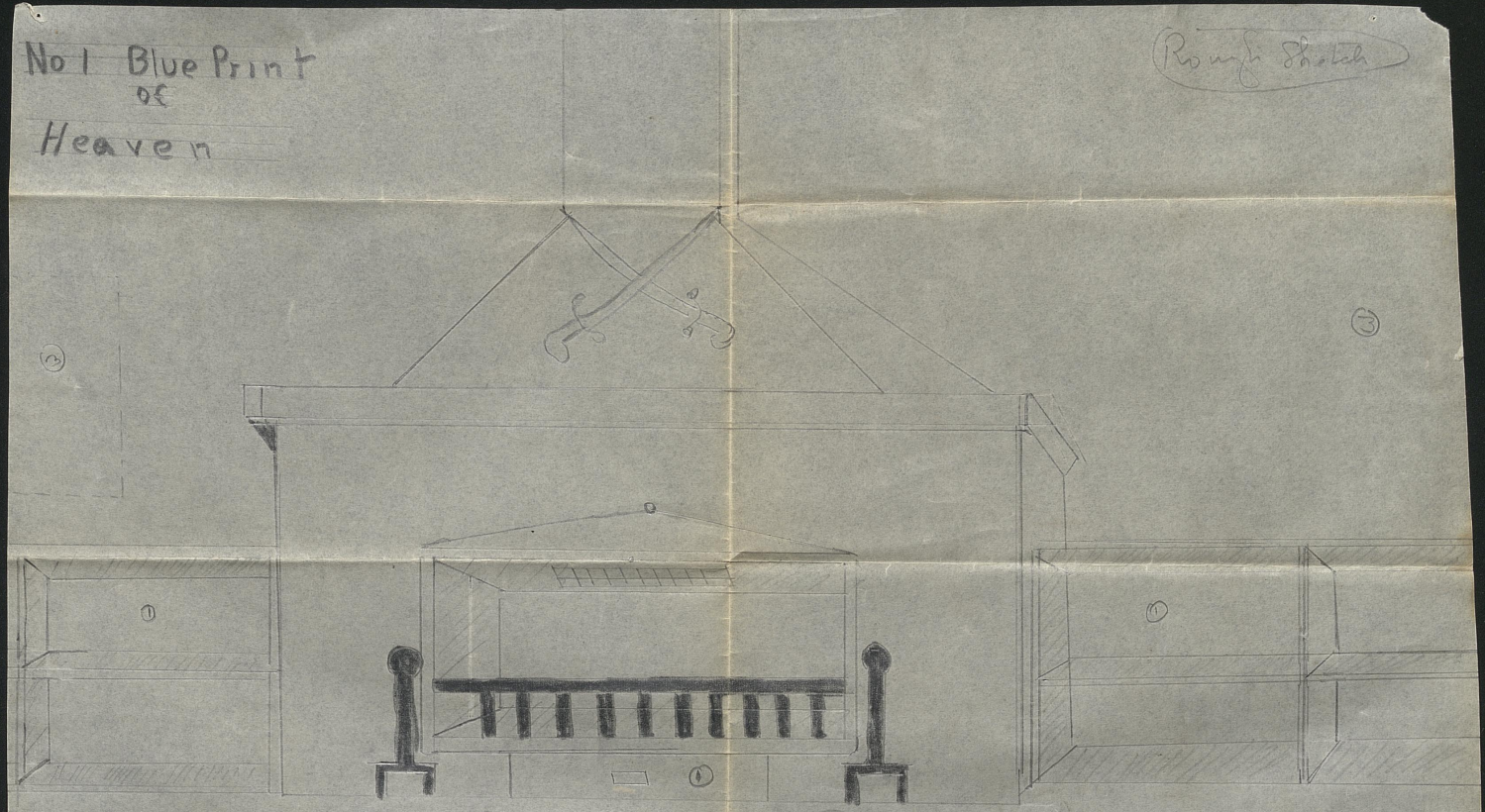
Peanuts - really. I want to see your new suit. Must really be great from the way you wear it so much. I had a suit once - way back when. Peanuts - you just can't realize how much I miss you and want you. Nothing I can say or do can ever tell how much I do love you. the only way - I must of super love making and I have plenty all ready for you. Guess I better hit the trail next for the rack. Said baby will be damn glad to slip into dream land for I'm really sleepy. I hope the packing of photos arrive in your hands soon if not already. Honey - I want that you worry about me for I want most most little you. Really it is silly as all hell to worry for I'm fine as can be. you take good care of yourself until I come home and take over the job myself. Tell your family hello and to write again real soon. I'll be there as soon as possible. God Bless my beautiful little and lots of just one love - one kind. You'll find a copy of the gazette enclosed.

Your Soldier Husband

Sonny

No 1 Blue Print
of
Heaven

Rough Sketch



① Book cases
② Bear Rug ②
③ Bay windows
④ ash Box

② For us to ??? on

By Canary

Post War Dream
ND 100003

Cpl George Canary 15113242
201 Squadron 445 Bomb Grp (H)
APO 558 % Post Master
New York, New York
U.S. POSTAGE
6¢
AIR MAIL
U.S. ARMY POSTAL
NOV
24
1944
61
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PASSED BY
Gerald Somers
1st Lt AC
(Air mail)
Mrs. George W. Canary Jr.
4601 W Jefferson St.
Louisville, 12 Ky
U.S.A.
S

Wed. Nov. 21 6
England.

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening sweet
not from you - dam it. this one was
from the family and I'm wanting one
from you! My life begins each day
with your mega regards. I hope you
are enjoying loads of my humble
attempts of letter writing. Strange to
say that one suffers from the lack
of mail but how very true this is.
Both of us fully realize this statement.
Tonight my famous team of
elites are making with the al-ni-le
work. So if this letter sounds odd
at times - you know the reason why
no doubt I will jump up and down
every so often. Glen Miller is now on
the AFN going out with the last
down jive. Darling have you heard
the cute tune "Long Gun Chum"?
This is known as the ETO song
as you can see - I'm using a
different pen tonight again. so as
I use different pens my very

handwriting changes. Nothing much in the way of interesting events to day; just the usual old line of stuff. I slept down here last night because it was raining too darn hard to walk to the barracks. So I was on hand rather early this morning. Then through the virtue of working late last night was able to do my theme this morning. I screamed through the journalism matters on hand - and by then it was about time. During the afternoon I worked on the Journal. As Doc said - we're doing a super edition this week because of Thanksgiving. So really have to buckle down on the work. Trying to come out with 6 pages if possible and think we can do it. Time will tell you well informed of what goes on through letters and the Gazette. Parents I love you so much and have to say it so often. That's all I can think about and the fact I only

write it out. So I will say it real often. I sure do love to hear you say it & read it in your letters. Such letter. Hear you say it. Still the biggest news in the ETO is the butt shortage. Everyone is talking about it with a mad bloody gleam in their eyes. So far nothing but confused answers to the question where are the cigarettes. The New York Sager PM calls it the greatest unsolved mysteries of the war. PM stated that in the first 7 months of this year enough smokes were sent overseas to give every GI 2½ packs of butts daily. I dang well the black market and send some ain't the cause of it. Washington says cigarettes are piled up in the States for the lacking of shipping space. So we are more confused now than before. They claim raid butt ban will not last too long. But a lot of guys will break out with the shakes and jitters. I sure hope the hell we can get smokes before much longer. Everyone is closely guarding the meager supply

on hand. I keep a 24 hour guard posted over my bulls with a machine gun etc. Life is rough in the ETO. Darling - if possible please send me mates - SOS send mates! Well - tomorrow is Thanksgiving and a celebrement issued by the mess sgt. and I quote - "A pound and a half of turkey to each soldier" So I'm looking forward to a stuffin meal tomorrow. Seeing that I have to work all night and in order I visit mein room about - I'll stay up until noon chow - then go hit the sack. Rather dark tonight and black as the mouth of hell. I'm going over and visit the club in a few minutes. Just announced over the radio the Sec. of War the ball bearing will end soon as possible. Sounds good any way. No bidding there is something rotten about this strange deal and best they hit it my right. Let me know who won the annual clash between Wade and Marcus. Hope you attended

said June. Peanuts- who are you for in the coming Army-Navy game. Course I'm for the cadets of Army. I do think the football players will win. Everyone around here follows football in the States with a fervour. The sport writers say Army is the nations no.1 team and Navy no 2. Ohio State no 3 and Randolph Field (cadets) are no 4. I'm always glad to see the cadets of Randolph do so good- course I'm a ex cadet and that explains the reason. Winnie Churchill is broadcasting himself out on the radio now about the coming Thanksgiven. Bah! Darling- have you read the feud between Noel Coward and the Lunns of Brooklyn? What a silly bunch of stuff that is. What a silly damn war this is- you know how I feel about the English- As you know Noel Coward is a friend also. Can't leave this damn place soon enough to suit me!

Just came back from the club and feel a little better now that I have something under my belt. Beehie rang her husband in Hong now and is back in action in Burma. I told you he was laid up in a hospital for awhile - some sort of wound in the hands. Tom said Paul was a prisoner of war and hope he is free pretty soon. No doubt Lezaia was worried when she had'nt heard from him for 3 months. I think to. ll be able to write short letters to her even though a P.W. I've asked for Alek's - my other cousin. E.P.O. He's here in England. No doubt he is a photographer and perhaps if I could get in touch with him - he could snap some good photos of me. Remind Kate again about this for I would like to know. Peanuts. other guys are still catching onto packages

each day. Dick has 8 of 'em piled up on his bed. He is away at school and will be back in a few days. I sure take a lot of ribbing about not receiving packages from the guys. Sure hope the hell some arrive before Christmas. The last one I received was in Sept. over two months ago. Makes a guy wonder - you know. I can't understand it - all the other guys are getting 'em. Darling Brodwick Crawford a movie star - now a sgt in the Army announces for the AFN. He is on now with a record program of hot tunes. I really take my hat off to the GI's of AFN. They make it half way enjoyable over here by the hot rock tunes, etc and programs. Peanuts - I love you so awful much and wish we can be able to make up this gap in our love life. We shall have more than fun

trying anyway. The Med is
dept likes the song "Keep those
Red Lips Quiet" - sung Crawford.
Damnit - as I thought - had to
knock off awhile and make with the
work. Dining in the post office now.
nearly in care of a call for mess
work. Captain Stone latched on to
a whole turkey and we had cold
turkey sandwiches a little while ago.
All a guy could hold and a
good preview of tomorrow. Taste
damn good and dining
promised to a delightful meal.
Should be good for they gave us
shrimp rations the past few days.
The mess hall is allowed so much
rations per meal and they are
hoarding the good stuff for the
big spread tomorrow - we hope.
Thanks given two years ago, I
pulled my first K.P. that was
during the days I was waiting
not just what classification in
the air crew I would be. A few days

later - I was classified a pilot. Now I'm waiting for a civilian classification. When I was a kid - really looked forward to turkey day - and of course - a day off from school. Bill may be C.P. tonight and that solves his problem of walking home alone. I can't - how I wish I could be with you. Some times when I do sit watch myself - I really do mush. A guy could work himself into a section 8 easy enough if he did n't hang on. The new library in the Red Cross is now open and I looked over the books section tonight. It is chuck [illegible] from hunger and not with a dam. So you are my only source of good reading material. I'm down to the nub at this time and just not bidding. Today is the living proof is a big spread about Hitler's double. A recent photo of Hitler was proved not the bastard at all but a double. No

the rags in the States these days with the same rate of story. I really get a bang out of the English papers. None are harder than 4 pages with few ads in 'em. The English are behind us in every damn thing. What a hell of a place this is. Sure that before didn't I mean it more each time. Well I would like to write more tonight than this but I have to work. I'll be glad when I receive some decent letters from you. This stuff is corny as hell. Damn as I expected they are yelling for me to go to work. So that does it. Hope I catch onto a couple letters from you tomorrow or more. I'll write a longer bunch of a letter tomorrow night when I have the time to do so. Sweet girl I shore do adore you! You are truly my beautiful creature and I love every thing about you. God Bless my guiding girl of my heart and loads of passionate love.

Your Soldier Husband
Jimmy

JANE . . .
...AND THAT'S WHY I AM HERE!—AS FOR YOUR SUSPICIONS OF CAPTAIN MICHEL LAMOUR—WELL, THIS IS THE LAND OF LIBERTY, EQUALITY AND—
FRATERNITY, EH?
DON'T TELL ME HE'S JUST LIKE A BROTHER TO YOU, JANE—I HAVEN'T THE TIME TO LISTEN!—I MUST GO IN PURSUIT OF MME BONNEFEMME!—GOODBYE...
WELL—!—CAN YOU BEAT IT, FRITZ?—THE POOR BOY IS, ACTUALLY JEALOUS!!!

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

U.S. POSTAGE 6¢ AIR MAIL

U.S. 61 NOV 26 1944 POSTAL SERVICE

PASSED BY
U
(Censor)

(air mail)

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

Thursday Nov 23
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening beautiful character and what a stuffi evening. It is. My belt is dangling around among shoes for I can't buckle the damn thing I have turkey agonizing out of my ears. What a delightful meal we had at this noon. Before I go into details received another lovely letter from you today and one from Mom. Glad to hear you latched onto 3 letters from me in one day and I hope the mail keeps rolling in to you. As you know I worked last nite until 8 am this morning. Not wanting to miss out on the turkey I did not hit the sack until this afternoon. While awaiting our chow call - I read with reddened bleary eyes. All of 5.2 were about first in the chow line - waiting for the mess hall to open. The delightful aroma as we neared through the door as we stood marching in the turkey. Some good little

KP had the misfortune of opening the door. Soon as the knob moved - a sudden shove from the outside sent the KP sprawling on the floor. Before he could get up - 50 guys had wiped their feet on his face. Now my shoes were clean. Grabbing the biggest plate I could find - I rushed to join the serving line. Soon my plate was hidden by the piles of food heaped upon it in GI style. First you shoveled peas, next corn, mashed potatoes, dressing, candied meat yams, then giant slabs of snow white turkey and a drum stick large as my own leg. With the help of two KP's - we managed to carry my plate to a table. I squeezed off and dove in - head first. Pumpkin pie topped the meal off and the whole deal was washed down with buckets of coffee. So now you know the condition I'm in. I waddled down to the barracks and flopped in bed. Being so over loaded with chow - I couldn't go to sleep for a

hour ½ or so. Really- it was the best GI meal I've ever eaten. Sure hope the same holds true for Christmas day. I write up around to you and even though I wasn't hungry - paid another call at the mess hall. Tonight they had ham and I just couldn't eat very much of it for obvious reason. Going to the office found most of the guys had gone to the show. I'd seen it before and didn't want to waste the time. Read awhile before digging into your letter and so here I am. By the time it is mid nite. think I'll be in the mood for another crack at chow. Perhaps they will have some turkey left from noon. I doubt it very much for everyone ate as much as possible. I hope you had a very enjoyable stuffed day also Peanuts - I love you so awful much and just can't begin to tell you how much I do. Damn this war!

Some of the mss just came back from the show and are now using the warmth of my office to play "sun" rum. I can reach out a half arms length and back 20/20 I've on to of the head if I no want. At the present time - Marvin and I are in the throes of another edition of the Journal. I fear in the character of the week and what a character he will prove to be. I see fit his ways not good with cracks about his poor style of writing. Besides - it Monday is his birthday and that is the main reason why we are writing his life up this week. We always catch on to the character who is due for a birthday. Darling - this morning while killing time till noon chow - I managed to write a couple more chapters on my book. I've decided not only to write me about my life but one of fiction - using some of the experience I've gone through.

Stuff dive seen - heard etc will make damn good book material. Do you mind if I flatter the heroin after you beside dedicate the book to you? Let me know what you think. Everyone is really enjoying them disappearing cigarettes. General Eisenhower has ordered a investigation of all rakes to find out where in the hell our smokes are going. The whole damn is land is browned off about this and wants a answer but quick. Sec. of War Stimson declared the butt shortage in overseas theaters will be corrected as soon as possible. We hope so! Best they get into Wyoming my this dead but quick and Jim not kidding. They claim in a few days we'll be back on to two packs a week but that is only a drop in the bucket prime. Some of the Joes complaining about the mail deal offered a solution how to rearrange the mail here posters. this appeared in to camp Stars and Stripes. Said there are a lot of good plots in the ground

boys who would be flying the mail across the Atlantic. Said guy wants to know if there are any more guys who would like to fly the mail that are grounded today. Yes - there is - there is one guy that would really like to get a crack at this. I know it is impossible but still would be more than willing to get the mail through. Gosh - would it that be something if I could cast aside this damn degrading grounded feeling? Nuts - why talk about something that is very impossible. Darling - I did write you a long letter tonight because I wanted to read awhile. Takes a hell of a long time to write one up you know. Sgt's brother paid him a visit tonight - the one who is at Int St. Another family reunion today. Huddleston's brother in Lant came to see him today also. So PRO was filled with visitors today. I suppose that St. Jacobi is leaving one each care time where he is right now

I see from the conditions of the office
Barnyard had another wave of fair ups
hurls against his fiendish head. He
has a bunch of fair ups all out
not ready to hang up around the
office. This will attract even more
guys in here and we'll have to hang
up another drooling towel for the
new comers. Almost time for midnite
chow and I'll see you over there
in a few minutes. It was it two
damn cold today but still the
unsettled English weather. I hate
this place with a strong passion
and for me - want to hand my
little own home wreck but quick.
I know a certain GI Jive who is
strictly crazy about a certain
beautiful Doll. Don't think I have
to mention names - do I? Sweet
hunks of a woman - I adore you.
You and your love drives me wild -
cause I can't get to it.

Mom said the picture I sent to you - I looked older. I wrote back and asked her what did she want - food? (That is a GI saying)
Tomorrow is Friday and I suppose we'll have gold fish again for chow (salmon) We hate that darn old stuff very much. Then too we may have embalmed meat and that is just as bad ("C" ration stew) Sometimes that belly robber gives out with good chow (mess gt.)
Hey - mama - do you like this GI lingo? If not - you'll find a explanation along with the word.
I hope you can read this yucky writing - it is late again and I want to catch on to some sleep each time. But time by clean duds comes back from the Tokyo chopper (laundry) and in the need of clean socks etc. should come in tomorrow.

Just came back from chow and as usual - raunchy as hell. I can't wait until I get the homing device (discharge) and make with the supper loving Peanuts, truly I hope you don't feel as blue as I do. Smokes, barbing over running the Dell pocket novels of which to come, and a couple I would like to read; The Fallen Sparrow, Liberty Bonfire, and Turn on the Heat. See what you can do. I'm still awaiting ont my first package from you and really - I'm baffled. I've given up all hope. Can't understand why all the other guys are receiving 'em but not me. Perhaps - you sent 'em at the last minute. Let me know how many you have sent in the last two months and the contents. If they to come in, will know if I latched on to 'em all again. All I can is hang in and hope. Maybe tomorrow who knows?

Peanuts - your cute pictures of my
silly Angelite did my heart good.
Really - I'm glad that you liked
'em and I shall keep up as long
as you say so. You where right about
the guys who cartoons - Bob Hope
and Babe Ruth. Mom was wrong.
When ever I have the time - I'll
slip unto another big drawing
a cartoon. I'm waiting to hear
what you have to say about the
new print of our pic glace didn't
you like a better one. Peanuts, I'm
so thrilled you sent the ring and
I can't wait until I can slip
it on my finger. When I do, I'll
pretend it is you putting it on and
when I do come home - you will
really put it on as it should be
done. You are so sweet to your
husband and I love you so
awfully, awfully much. Just you
wait until I get home to
your arms - then you'll see.

Just finished shaving and a clean morning walk. I have a slight cold and don't want to risk a shower in that damn cold place. So each night I heat up a gallon of water and take a G.I. bath right here in the warmth of my office. It is late as hell and Bill Young is about to have hitters came I'm not ready to go yet. I may do such a thing as take the morning off but I have a lot of work to do on the Journal. Peanuts - I think the large photo that church said he would take of me has fallen through. He makes all kinds of promises but never keeps em. Funk how long he took on the photos we mapped in Scotland and even then ruined more than half of them. I may take up your suggestion of sending my shoes home to you. Even if they don't fit - just something else to clutter up my locker. So - next payday or when ever the package jam is over - I will mail em. Glad some

of my wishes. You don't want the jo-chot
novels - do you? It's a hell of a lot of
trouble to send something home and
I hate to do it unless it is something
worth while. Packages coming the
other way are bad enough but Lord
how they messed up on the nice things
I sent you on the way over here. I approve
of your election of Xmas gifts for the
families. Peanuts - do send St. Jacobs
something and Dan - Candy will be
good enough. Think I asked you
before. Also confirm to me the Xmas
cards with our names in engraved. I
sure do have a wonderful little wife
who thinks of everything. Sweet wife -
best I hit the road to the Land of
and sweet dreams of you. I don't
have to say how much I love you
for you know. Please don't worry
about me for I'm fine as cake.
God Bless my beautiful all time
Christmas gift - you and Loads of
love.

Your Soldier Husband
Sonny

JANE . . .
...WELL, WHAT DID I TELL YOU, JANE?- I SAID IT MIGHT BE GEORGIE'S JOB TO CHASE AFTER SPIES!
YES—BUT WHY DOES HE ALWAYS PICK A BEAUTIFUL FEMALE ONE?
IN OTHER WORDS— A NICE BIT OF HOMEWORK, EH?— HA! HA!—JOKE!— GET IT?
A PAIX
THAT REMINDS ME!— HE SAID JUNO AND MINERVA WERE INNOCENT—BUT WHAT ABOUT MADEMOISELLE MIMI, THE ORIGINAL VENUS?
N.A.A.F.I
HEADQUARTERS

Capt George W Carney 15113242
501 Sqdn Com 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 % Post Master
New York, New York

U.S. ARMY
NOV 26
1944
POSTAL SERVICE

LOUISVILLE KY
DEC 8
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1944
N. Y.

U.S. POSTAGE
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Missent to

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

7

Sat. Nov. 25
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Much as I hate to - Honey - this must be a short letter. In fact - the shortest letter I've ever sent you. I know you fully understand and won't be sore. As every Sat. this nite has been one filled with loads of work. The Journal comes out on Sat and that means a late hunk of nite work for yours truly. It is almost 3 am and I just knocked off with the last page of my report read. This was a special Thanksgiving edition and twice as long as usual. Marvin and I really knocked ourselves out this week. I didn't receive any mail from you today and that is bad. very bad is fact. I was hoping for at least one sweet letter from my beautiful wife. You are so wonderful and

I love everything about you. My fur-sleepy brain is so wicked out of all the writing that I just can't think straight. So what little there is of this letter, please ignore the sleepy style. Tomorrow the Big Reds play the game that counts. This game is for the championship of the football league and decides who will play in the big time game Nov 30th against some fighter - all stars. Special Services wants me to leave early with the team in the morning but I find that very impossible to do seeing that I worked so damn late. I will catch the truck convoy with the other fellows tomorrow at noon. I have to leave word through a medium of a note - for some one to call Special Services and so inform them. Then two - some character has to race down to the barracks and tick me out

of the reels in time to eat and catch
onto a ride. If I feel too damn sleepy
tomorrow - don't think that I'll go -
but now do hate not going. I haven't
missed a game as of yet and would
like to see em all. you know how I
love football! Today - was just another
one of those damn busy ones here in the
ETO. Had to give another lecture this
afternoon - alone for St. Jacobi is out
around. By the way - Dick and Hunter
returned from school Tonight and
claim it's a pretty nice deal. I don't
care the least about going - in fact -
I don't want to go at all. There is a
damn mouse playing around in the
filing cabinet but I'm too sleepy
to even move. Let him have fun. If
Barnyard was here - he would
like after that mouse like a mad
man he is. What a brain he has
locked up between his ears. Too damn

he does it one none of it. Both of us are going to the game and the office will be bare. I signed up for the day off long before he did - so if any thing in the way of cleaning comes our way - he'll have to take it - not me. Darling - there is a strange case in today English paper. Some man and wife couldn't have children because of something happening to the wife in her first child. The child died. Her husband is a officer in the English army. Both wanted a child so decided and got didn't want to consider adopting one. The wife suggested that the husband should go with some one who was willing to have a baby. This way the kid would be half his own way. So the officer men on around with some ATS girl (same as our WACs) and told her the story. She was

married too but applied to the jean. Her husband was somewhere in Italy. So the officer and the ATS made with the love and before long - he hit the jackpot - she was pregnant. When her higher ups saw her condition some months later - they gave her a discharge. Some one smelt a rat and the whole story came out to day. The officers wife is taking care of the girl her husband left up but good. Well, the officer is up for a court martial for having intimate relations with a girl. In the English army - that is very bad: a officer can't become too friendly with any EM. the guy who is holding the bag is the poor husband out in Italy. He did'nt know a damn thing about this set up. See what I mean - about the English being such a rotten race. I doubt if this story broke into the papers in the states because the English wouldn't want this to go around outside of

than our country. Are you interested in this sort of thing? If so let me know. I will tell you more about it from the daily papers etc. You can read a lot of factual misstatements and crimes in these English papers. What a hell of a place this is. Peanuts - I love you so awful much and want you more than it is possible. No thing I can say will carry my deep love to you. You can feel it. I wish not my telling you - but I have to say it - I love you. Pretty sad. I'm sorry but it is almost 4 am and I must go hit the rack. I'll write you a nicer letter tomorrow nite and my brain will not be clouded with sleep. God Bless my beautiful Angel Wife and load of passionate love. Peanuts - I want you so awful much! your Soldier Husband

Sonny

JANE
OUI, I AM FIT FOR THE FOOTLIGHTS AGAIN, JANE—BUT HOW CAN I ZANK YOU FOR TAKING MY PART LAST NIGHT?
DON'T TRY, MIMI— I FOUND IT EVEN MORE EXCITING THAN I HAD ANTICIPATED!
SAY, SISTER, HERE'S CAPTAIN MICHEL LAMOUR— WITH A BLOOMING BOUQUET FOR VENUS!
MICHEL!?!—
PARBLEU!— I MUST GO!— EXCUSE— ADIEU!
?
HULLO!— SHE'S TAKEN FRENCH LEAVE!—HA! HA! JOKE!— GET IT?

Cpl George W. Canary 15113242
701 Squadron 446 Bomb Grp (H)
APO 558 % Post Master
New York. New York

U.S. ARMY
NOV 27
1944
POSTAL SERVICE

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(Censor mail)

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

8

Sunday Nov 26
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - beautiful wife. again I must apologize for the short letter I wrote last nite I shall I rang early this morning. It was of to large length - longer than most guys write but short compared to the usual knob length I write to you nitely. As every Sat. nite - Marvin and I knocked our selves out getting our weekly rag. I did not finish up until 3 am this morning and by the time I wrote your letter it was after 4 am. So I dashed to the rack - weekly - because of the pressing need of sleep. I thought that I had noisely tip toed into the barracks but as I gingerly around after undressing myself in the rack — flash lights blinked on - and guys glared at watches. those guys must sleep with one ear ranged at the door. Several asked me what time it was.

Some one was shaking me this morning and asking what time it was. There stood Ralph. It was 8 am and it was dam early. He had just finished

working and just wanted to know the time. I jumped back a mile and rolled back over to sleep. Seemed like a couple of winks later and none one else was raging on my head - there stood Johnson - standing flat footed. This Time it was legal and I crawled out of the rack. I had no instructed Johnnie through the medium of a note - to no awake me in Time for early chow. You see - today is the day of the championship of the league first Rule game. Quickly I stuffed grub chops down my burning throat and rendezvoused over to the office there in - I donned the heavy clothing for brrrrr! it was truly a cold - cold day. The sun was trying to warm this world up but failed to do so. Chris joined me and we repaired over to the truck rendezvous. Chris messed around while I went to Mass. What a mob of guys were lined up to crowd in the trucks. Big Reds have more fans

then they really need. I pushed my way into a G1 truck after killing three or four little guys. I don't know what happened to Chris but Don made the same trucks that I did. I don't recall much about the trip but I slept most of the way - but the thing to be on a hard-bouncing truck - but I was really in the need of sleep. It was a damn cold ride and even colder at the game. The field was really lit and was rather good with benches for the many fans of both teams. Get this - they even had a press box and we got in. T. Thompson and I walked. (Thompson later wrote for Special Services or Yank Journal etc) the P.A. system announcer also shared the press box and also - the other group's PRO officer. I must say at this point - that group has a PRO that is on the ball. The PRO officer - a Captain - and I walked together. He phoned in the story of the game to Stars and Stripes. Our PRO - I don't think will do anything about it. (remember the homecoming game and the deal I had to put over?)

this Captain was a pleasure to work with and was a real newspaper man from civilian life. Not like a couple of people I know. He handled the whole affair with a very high efficiency of a big timer. I would like very much to work under a man like him. Well- as we hoped - the Big Reds ground again they are the best team in the ETO - anyway in this league. We won 7 to 6 and a very good game. After half time - it began to rain and sleet making the field very unfit for foot ball. Even the players were wearing new ~~of~~ color - brown mud. I am - it was cold and my feet were made of ice. the Reds out played the other team through out the whole game. There were a few gals at the game and it was so darn cold the girls were wearing sweaters to keep warm. (yet it) It was really a very enjoyable game - Cold-ness and all. The trip back was about the same - I slept. This helped to warm me - by not being awake.

Please excuse this gen writting. I'm in PRO and the place is over run with S-2's. The only office in the building with a fire. - I have to use my knee as a desk and not much good as you can see. Sgera is pounding out a letter to some each, Don is doing the same, Jim my is squatting on the floor writting, Marvin is shooting his mouth off, Mike is staring into space and here I am. Mike just finished writing and now I have a table. But as you can see - not much difference in my writting. Darling - nothing in the way of mail today and I'm still very mail hungry as you can understand. In a period of two weeks, Dick has received 14 packages - a average of one a day. I'm the only one packageless going in England I truly think. I still have high hopes and my day will come. Wonder when? The Journals thanks. given Ed who is really

a hot rock bunch of jumalaias. Everyone really likes it a whole lot - and of course - swells our chest with pride. Dave heard that the good Major Hagler is mad about our bunch of stuff. Cause - he hasn't said it to us but St. Jacobi informed me. Dim going to hit the rack rather early tonight and won't be able to turn out a edition of the Gazette. Said edition is for the coming two months nite. I didn't eat chow tonight for the yung ung it was really uneatable. Dan, Chris, Marvin and I ate at the club instead. Cakes and coffee is about the only thing one can get over there. I get sick of eating the same thing - but better than nothing you know. I'll be so damn glad when I can really eat something that is real food and cooked by the world's best cook - you. It is unbelievable with all you ravishing beauty - you can cook too!

I shall eat mid nite chow and from there - go hit the rack. Marvin is now dictating a letter to Dan. Said letter is going to a gal friend of Marvin. Wonder what she looks like? He has a face and body to match that would ..... you name it - I can't. Peanuts all I can say - feel - and think - I love you so awful much and adore everything about you. I'm a husband who can not live without his wife and I'm not bidding. It is raining again and makes me dislike this town is land even more so. Doesn't a day ever go by with out a dose of rain? I can answer this from a years experience. My team of mad men are on again tomorrow nite and I hope we won't have to work. Right now - my body undernight body is making like dead. I shall really pound the hell out of mid pillow tonight and I'm not just a bidding. Have I told you about the next name we call Dan? Dan has a habit of wagging his head

back - rolling his eyes upward and mouth wide open as a barn door. He does this when ever you tell him something startling or argue with him. The other night Jimmy broke out into convulsions of laughter when I mentioned this. Jimmy said it reminded him of what he saw in a slaughter house. A cow would ~~unsuspicion~~ unsuspected by, walk down a ramp - suddenly some jerk would smash the cow in the head with a sledge hammer. The cow's eyes - rolled upward, jaw would drop - just like Hedderston does. So now we beg Jim to make like a cow. Said cow eyes really gets knocked off at Jim and it but still he does it unconsciously. Next time you write him - mention you have heard he makes like a cow. See what I mean about the insanity that runs in the ETO. Anything to do something different. Human beings us from going nuts and beyond all saving.

to prove what I mean about going around here going nuts - I just walked down the hall to another office and there is a guessing contest. Many were asking questions - such as - who guess - whom was the Washington Bridge named after or who is buried in Grant's tomb. See what I mean? Peanuts - I love you so awful much and can't began to describe this hunger nuts for the want of your breath taking kisses. I like what you do to me and you do it in such a thrilling way. Some of the guys are leaving now for the barracks and that I shall do shortly - that is - after I shave and clean up. Chris is working tonight and won't be in tomorrow morning I have a lot of work to do and best I get unto it in the morning but good. That reminds me - I love you so much!

I'll never try to write letters in this PRO mad house. Would be better in a stockyard or a railroad station. These guys act like kids - cuss - hoot'n ans etc. More like a Zoo don't you think. See what I mean - I can't write a decent letter with all this nonsense going on. Don and Co. have been leaving for the barracks the last 20 minutes. I'm going to shove 'em out the door in a minute. Tomorrow is chicken day and it's too bad they can't fit 'em like the turkeys on Thanksgiving day. I'll give mine away as usual. Tomorrow the clubmobile will come around and I'll have some more Red Cross stationary. I hate this damn narrow stuff of the PX brand. I didn't even bother about buying stationary this last week because of no butts. We are still waiting for a answer to "Where are the Cigar. Ass'n

at long last the rabble has gone and things are peaceful here in Tom has the typewriter smoking from the fervid letters he is writing to some lucky ugly old hag. Have you ever heard from that rascal Pat? Sylvia said he hears from her once in awhile. You asked me if I ever see Mary's husband. Yes - I do - but he doesn't even speak. Of course we only met that one time but I should think he would remember. Dell, Oh! how I wish I could be with you this Christmas - even for a half of a day. Anyway - I'll be there in your heart and will enjoy Christmas knowing that you are. Please do have a damn good time for the both of us. Our chaplain is throwing a Xmas party for the English War Orphans here on the base. It should and will break into the U.S. papers. I shall try to get my mug in some of the photos. So watch for 'em. My eyes are dancing as

my checks at this point. Today -
being Sunday - no I dare to send
you. I'll shoot tomorrows adventure
if I save the money to. Peanuts. How
is your friend Shirley? Do you still
mess around with her? Honey - I was
thinking - let my clothes will fit
me when I come home. I know I've
gained weight and I get taller now.
I bought most of my
duds here anyway. We all have
the fun of buying new ones to fit
me. Always wait this time of the mo-
nth is your worst - Time to hit the
rack. Every night - I wish that I could
find you in my bed and do very near
that I will. I better sign off long enough
here. Don't worry about me I'm di-
vine etc. God Bless my APO girl
and loads of fun make love.

Your Soldier Husband
Sammy

Lt. George Canary
1511 02442
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 % Post Master
New York, New York

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4601 W Jefferson St
Louisville 12, Ky
U.S.A.

(air mail)

9

UNITED STATES ARMY AIR FORCES

Sat. Nov 27

My Darling Sweet Beautiful wife!

Hello Peanuts! Did it take off this morning and leave over here a day. Just laying around and taking things easy. Sure do wish I was back in the states with you. Never can tell, I may be back before you know it. No kidding! I wish I could tell you where I am etc but we can do. You would get a big kick out of this place and would like to see some of the things that go on. It would be fun to show you around the place if I could. Are you willing to see each day and all of that sort of thing. This paper is no darn damp that the ink runs on it. Can't find anything much better as yet. Chow is rather good here and I like it. No place like home and your cooking. What I would give to sit down to one of your meals right now. I would eat until I would drop. By the way, I hope your Grandfather is show by now. Tell him hello for me and that I still have his medal with me. I will bring it back to him in a very short time. What have you been doing with yourself? Hope you have had a lot of fun. I'm not having too bad a time considering. Sure do miss my little wife though. Darn I want you so awful much. In fact something awful. You have no idea of how I miss all that wonderful love making and fun we had.

Darling, it won't be long before we can do all of the things we like. It'll be back before you know it. Just keep on a few more months and I shall be with you. Have you gotten that job as yet? I wish I could eat lunch with you every day like we did way back when. We did have more damn fun and all of that. I would give just about anything to be with you right now. I hope the things I sent you are in the way and that you get them soon. Don't know how long it will take for them to get to you. Darling, things are so much cheaper out of the states. I bought a carton of chesterfields for 60¢. How's that! I wish I could buy you all of the things I've seen but my dough is getting low. We will be paid in a few days and I shall have some more. We still can't see about getting on 6 bucks each day but you can bet your buts then will renew us if they can. I sure could use that of the dough and would send some of it to you. We may still get it yet. Don't know. Peanuts, have you gone on home as yet? I wish you would when a few days each week with Mom. you can both cheer each other up and so forth. Wish I could look in on you and see what the hell you are doing. I bet you don't even miss me as much as I do you. Honey, I love you more and more each day and will keep on this way no matter where I may be. You are my whole life and the only thing I care about in this world. I don't have to tell you how much I love you for you know how much I do.

UNITED STATES ARMY AIR FORCES

Darling, I slept this afternoon and I had the damnest dream that even now seems so real. I dreamed that we went back to the states and you came to the field where I was. You looked so darn cute like you always do. I can recall each little detail about the dream. You had on a pair of rayon tan shoes and etc. Boy, you were wonderful. All we did was kiss and kiss in the dream. Shucks! I wish it were true and were going on right now. You have no idea of how much I miss you and want you. Remember how much we used love and all of that when I come home this time, that all will be told then. You have no idea of how much we will love when I come home this time. We will love for months and months. I've fasted for years to come. I can't wait until that day comes true. I know you feel the same way that I do. Honey, I am so damn lucky to have you and want you something awful. If you could only see how much I want you. It's awful the way all of our love and passions are going to waste like this. But now we can take care of this and will do all of the things we want to do. Tell all of the folks hello for me and to write to me real often. I want a whole lot of mail each day. I will write to you each day for I know you love mail as much as I do. So Ole Celia keep up the mail. Darn, I love you so darn much and want you more than you know. I will now that we and over I want you to know how I feel about you

again I say that I love you more than you know and it will grow more and more as time goes on. Tell human hello for me and that I will get something for him in my world travels too. I wish I could get each one of the ~~fl~~ picks at home one out of them but you know how money is. I want to save as much as I can for us and our future. You do the same and we will have a start to start out with when I come home. Angel. Do you go to the show very often now. Tell me about all of the shows you see. Tell me about all of the things you do and the things that are going on. You are my touch with the U.S.A. You keep me in the know of what is cooking at home. I shall tell you about all the things I am doing too as soon as I can. After we reach our final base. I can tell you a lot of things. I want you to know all about the things I am doing for I know you are very much interested eh. It is about time to go eat now and I want to mail this so the censors can get to it. Again I say I love you more than you know and want you something awful. Just keep up the prayers and mail. I will do the same thing. Please don't worry about me it is only for a few months. God Bless you Angel and loads of love. I'll be seeing you real soon and we will have loads of love. Darn, I miss you so awful much and want you more than you know.

a kiss for you! Your Soldier Husband

Sonny

Cpl George Carney 15113242
761 Squadron 445th Bomb. Group (H)
APO # 4949 % Post Master
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Mrs. George W Carney Jr.
4601 W Jefferson St
Louisville, (12) Ky
U. S. A.

10

Monday Nov 27
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - Peanuts. One each letter from you today and that is good - definitely good. Still packing - less and I feel a little naked in this dgt. Ralph the creep received another one today and one of the other guys two. As you can see - using the good pen tonight and that is good. Nothing much in the way of interesting stuff to write about today - same old routine of hellish boredom. Tonight - I feel like hell. Not in a physical way - but it's a mental sickness. I have the ETO blues and a real case of 'em at that. I would not send a dog to this island - unfit for anything at all the English - what a race, what a country, what a war - what the hell - Oh! nuts. Ah! later war - my wife the later war! My team of imbriates are working tonight and as usual - I'll go into that up and down routine while writing this letter.

Chris worked last nite and wasn't
around to keep awake after supper.
I plunged into the work this am
and it thawed me right out again.
So - I really removed off. and dove
in again and played. Had a hell
of a time with the fire this morning.
Not much in the way of wood and
I pleaded with the damn coke to burn.
After awhile - urged on by my
loud cursing - said fire caught
and the office warmed up to 20 deg.
Shaving up this morning was
almost as easy as pulling teeth.
With the gusto of a hero - I watched
my clothes on my limbs turn to
ice. That did such just warmly
touched them - laughing at my
plight. Sure wish the heat could
of crawled back in for another
month or so. Life is very rough
in the E 10. Enclosed - you'll find
a copy of the Gazette. Peanuts -
I sure do love you so much!

To everyone's disgust - bomb practice
chose today and I had to go sit up.
Some of the guys are sheepishly-
walking around tonight if you know
what I mean. Movie tonight
"Claudia" one I took in before
leaving the States. Some of the guys
having nothing better to do - read
it for the 2nd time. I couldn't go
again for it made me cry the first
time. As you know - it was a real
picture but reminds me of us. You
can guess what it would do to me
if I had gone again tonight after a
whole year away from you. Get
that - a whole year away from you.
Damn until this war ever end? I
can't take much more of this damn
torture. This punishment must of
been used in the Tower of London
during the days of knight hood
and such. Damn, damn this damn war
and all the damn stuff with it.

@

Just heard the glad tidings of no work tonight and through the virtue of working - rather waiting - can sleep late in the morning. Another thing - have another dental inspection tomorrow and I'm sure I'll get fur my choppers are in big shape. Gal - I love you so awful much and must tell you this every few lines. The girls are playing cards again tonight and I am glad they are not in my office - cluttering the joint up. Marvin and Don are shaving each other here in the office and I have to laugh at their monkey antics. Don rang to tell you hello. You are such a chick chick that I break out with jealousy when I think of how the damn fools can see you and I can't. Darn! that makes me boiling mad.

Through a personality analyzer one of the group had - a Type 1 Don to a tee on the character he is. By a series of reaction questions a person can be typed to what really he is. Here is in brief - the type character 1 Don is and true. His dominant function is the use of his senses, with feeling sub-dominant. Soldiers of fortune, movie heroes, star athletes have this kind of personality; 1 Don gets a great kick out of life. This type are very social, like good things in wine, women and song, place great others on clothes and food, but dashing and stylish, yet practical as well as sentimental. There is a streak of hardness in this type and women easily fall for this Type. But - tendency is to love 'em and leave 'em; no one thrills you very long. (1 Don to a tee)

Likes excitement and dislikes boring - dreaming and worrying

But do not rely enough on power of thought; take things as they come too much for his own ultimate good. will find in later life - people will love him and he. Le be unhappy and lots more stuff. I consider this type of the guy who doesn't know what he will does going to do next. Damages that this pet. him rather good. We do anything in order to pass the time away here on this dam island. You just can't imagine how dam boring it is. At this present time - rain is pounding the tele roof the roof and - nothing no unusual about this. I never seen it rain so dam much in one place before. The Kenyans just and call it by good English weather. they have to like it or else it is just TS with guilty T.S. Peanuts, I wrote you an awful dam mark!

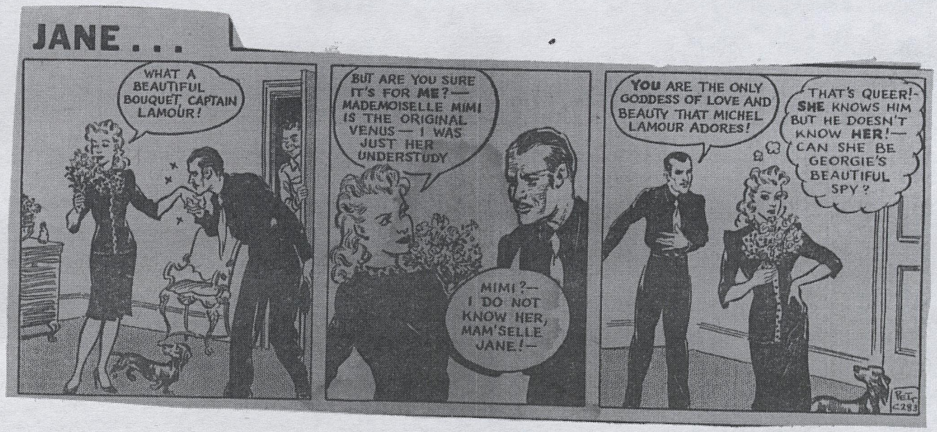
It is raining so hard that I can't see ahead. Jim and Marvin left a while ago and rather late night now. The band game is still going on and I can hear the faint muttering through the walls. Really beats me how in the hell they can play cards so diligently night after night. I don't have enough time as it is to do the many things I like to. Takes all kinds of people to make a army and I think we have each type of character around here. Opera is C[ancelled] tonight. The meeting in the New years party didn't come off tonight and was just good until tomorrow night. From all I can gather - things are really shaping up to a damn good deal. We have 6 quarts of champagne lined up and plenty of other drinking stuff. Jim - what a bunch of drunks we'll have around here

that night. I for one intend to get loaded to the gills and I think most everyone else does. I am, this war. In the Stars and Stripes said that Paulette Goddard is pregnant. Seems strange to me. Recently she returned from a tour of the South Pacific and I understand some GI has ------. There are some wild tales about her floating around Hollywood. Some of the characters in the army have had connections with Hollywood. Don't know if you remember our previous PRO officer - Lt. Carlson or not. He was some sort of a agent out there and by! did he use to tell some rotten stories about some of the stars. Betty Hutton has quite a hot jaunt and pulls passes it around. So you can never tell about those damn stars at all. Damn it - I want home to you but quick and dirty not just a kidding one tho!

Do you know Sam Levine of the movies? He is the guy who plays the part of a Brooklyn or Broadway character. Well - he is in the U.K. and in a press statement to beat hell off some of the stars. Said the bastards come over here - do a short show, go home and have their press agents disclose how they suffer. What a lot of monkey. He really told 'em off and I think meaning the feud between some of the stars and a GI Joe in India. Days with Sam came a lot of stars are really building up publicity out of this war. Another thing, Clark Gable's combat films he took over here are it with a bang. Just because his work over here was finished - they gave him a discharge. Some guys are fighting a awful long war. Dearest - I love you so awful much and mean it more each time I say it. You are wonderful!

I never heard me for one care so much as you do about that photo of me. Shucks - I'm not so much. Hey - I like that dream you had that me being a civilian - holding you no light you dads gone & off. That's me alright and just a quick prevent of what you are in store for. Peanuts - I also like your idea of taking our trip through the South and New Orleans. I would love to take you to a Mardi Gras in New Orleans. We had a quick glimpse of that town the night we played there but we shall really see it the next one. Hugs on the glums Peanuts - I'm for em. We shall travel by car so we can take out most old car free time. Nothing like now and I want to share and clean up. I love my wife so much and tell all men in love with her each day. Hang on - and hug your chin up. God Bless my beautiful creature and loads of love.

Your Soldier Husband


JANE . . .
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET, CAPTAIN LAMOUR!
BUT ARE YOU SURE IT'S FOR ME?— MADEMOISELLE MIMI IS THE ORIGINAL VENUS — I WAS JUST HER UNDERSTUDY
MIMI?— I DO NOT KNOW HER, MAM'SELLE JANE!—
YOU ARE THE ONLY GODDESS OF LOVE AND BEAUTY THAT MICHEL LAMOUR ADORES!
THAT'S QUEER!- SHE KNOWS HIM BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW HER!— CAN SHE BE GEORGIE'S BEAUTIFUL SPY?

Male Call
By Milton Caniff
McGOOSKY SAID HE DID A TOUR ON THIS ISLAND IN THE PHILLIPINES BEFORE THE WAR!
OL' McGOOZ IS SUCH A CHICKEN, YAH DON'T EVER KNOW IF HE'S LEVELIN'! A BUCK SAYS HE NEVER SAW THE PLACE BEFORE
AW, McGOOSKY AIN'T A BAD GUY —I'LL COVER THAT BUCK!
HEY! HEADS UP! SOMETHIN' COMIN' THROUGH THE BUSH!
PAPA!
McGOOSKY!
PAY ME!
MILTON CANIFF
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Cpl George Canary 15113242
101st Squadron 445 Bomb Grp (H)
APO 558-% Post master
New York. New York

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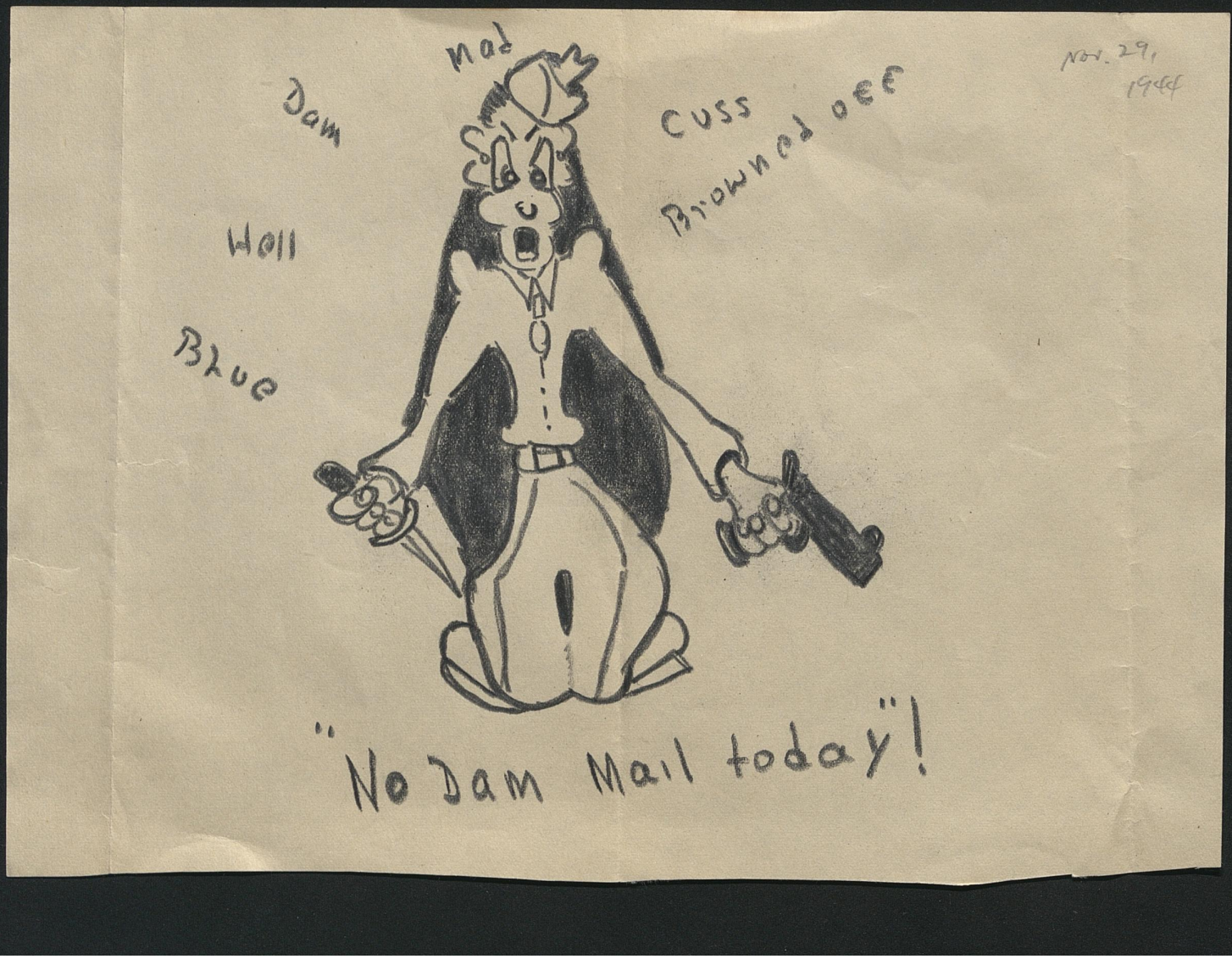
Nov. 29, 1944
Dam
Mad
Cuss
Browned oee
Hell
Blue
"No Dam Mail today"!

Wed. Nov. 29 12
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

I'm under the stairs of no mail and oh! my aching backs. Before I go any further in this letter — damn this war! I'll say it again damn this war and I mean it more than time. I want home to you but quick while we still can enjoy our youth. Time is a-wasting and I want home quick like. Nothing much to report about today's writing stuff. Just to let you know how things it is - here's a brief running of what I did. Cold again this morning and took a lot of nerve to slip from the mouth of my warm bunk. I figured my rested body by the mech - Trying to get me to the change of temperature - but that fails like mine. Reminds me of that entering "Come Out, Come Out, where Ever you Are". Up yet in the cold mess - I place my limbs into the same old thing as in the past 2 and half years - odds. Bill May asked me to row him and that I did. I drew on a butt while he got on his duds. The two of us were almost

speechless as we lent into the thought of the day ahead. In awhile the sun came out this morning - but only for awhile. Last nite - I walked home alone with the aid of the moonlite. A bit eerie sort of a light the moon gives over here. Christ had a nice fire in the new stove but said thing stank up the office with the smoking of the painted outside - Until all the paint burned off. it was a bit on the unbearable side. The other day I turned in a pair of GI shoes for salvage and in a few days will be issued a new pair. Also a beat up pair of shorts and socks I turned in for new ones. I guess in a month or so - I will get a new issue of said items. The supply dept is always darn hard to deal with and they are very cold hearted. One has to almost go in rags and bare footed before they'll open up with the new stuff. Hell of a war - so they tell me!

Made with the work all morning and while sweating out my turn to go to shoot. I did a bit of reading I became so engrossed - that next shoot time almost passed before I realized it. I just did have one in time to eat. While eating a new character slid along side of me and beat the gums. He's a friend of Davis and works in 7 with Squadron operations. I don't know what he's name is - just Chuck. A damn nice lad his abt my age, clean cut and with matching grey matter. As of late - he has become more than friendly to me and goes out of his way to shoot the bull. He plays 2nd reed in the base swing band and has a mean reed with a boogie beat. With a belly full of decent food - I bellied my way back to the office and work. At my desk - I was chained until 5 pm. Casting aside all further papers - I flexed my cramp legs and entwined the eyes on another bunch of reading. I held off chow until 6 pm for I was catching

the 6:30 show. I missed "Lady in the Dark" the first time it was here but caught it tonight. I wouldn't go so far as to say it was a good movie but a pleasurable way to relax for a little while. After the movie - a light snack at the club. Main topic around the base tonight is the big game tomorrow. I'm taking the whole day off so that I can make damn sure I can be already to go. The team leaves around 10:30 in the morning and I hope that I can make it by then. Dan, Marvin, Chris are catching a train later to town. I won't see them until after the game but I'll be in the stands by. I think some are planning to stay in town tomorrow night but I'm not sure that I will or not. I will make up my mind at when the time comes. I'm taking along a pair of opera field glasses to aid my eyes in picking out the players from long distance. Tomorrow morning at 9 Uncle Sam us and I'll be there with a camera

wallet. I down to the last ounce at this time and the dough will be more than welcomed. Understand the two girls WAC. are going to lead the cheers for us tomorrow. They are twins and I must say rather cute. Bob Hope was on tonight and he was funny as a crack. I had to stop and laugh at his corn. So - tonight. I had a rather late start on this letter. Peanuts I love you so awful much and really adore everything about sweet little cute you. I want you so much that it hurts to be away from your passionate love making like this. No Gaye tonight but one tomorrow nite with color of the game. I could really enjoy said game if you were here with me tomorrow - Still better - if I were with you instead. I would it want you to be on this damn island of hell and English weather. The base basket ball team is undefeated now and you can guess who plays on it. - Don. He thinks this is really something.

three other men of the S.2 b.b. team are members of the base team, Ralph, Red and Ed. The other boys aren't going around with that grin of a big head like Sir Haddleston is. The fag shortage becomes more critical every day. My muggy looks smaller each time I smoke one. I have really cut down and trying to stretch 'em out as long as possible. It's really a damn shame and no one can understand it — me too. I would like to stay late in the morning but have to crawl out of the pad for mail call at 9 am. Besides - have to dress in my class A uniform and shine my shoes etc. I'll shave close tonight and wash extra hard. Peanuts - I love you so awful much and not just a kidding when I say this. You just can't realize how much I want you and how hungry I am for your love making. Glad you are super beautiful.

Comes the revolution, the rich man will eat our mouldy bread, while we eat his strawberries and cream. or - One day of love will now come. In our mess hall - the mess sgt has placed all sorts of signs - such as - watch your waste line. don't eat it if you don't want it - take what you can eat only. food is ammunition. Under one of such signs — Food will win the war — some GI on the bull - scribbled - "but how can we get the enemy to eat here?" Soldier humor is really some thing. Gaiety, of course, is not indispensable to happiness, but the happy human is very likely to be gay - at least occasionally. Nothing is as dangerous to an opponent as the man who laughs or sings while he fights. that is the American army - full of laughs to chase the blues away and this in turn helps whip the enemy. Both of us feel like hell because we are apart like this - but we can't lose our sense of humor or else we'd go nuts. So Peanuts - laugh and keep away the blueness even though it is

very hard to do some time. Truly I'd go raving mad a long time ago away from you like this - if my face had forgotten the function of laughing at something humorous. A guy in the army with out a sense of humor is headed straight for a section 8. I who - a bundle short of help, was urging his secretary to get gone ter marriage. He queried; "Can't you ask him to wait a few weeks?" She - "No, I don't feel as if I know him that well!" It's almost time for mid nite chow and I think that I will take off before the mess hall closes - I want a cup of java at least. I just came back and I did have just a cup of coffee. Then too I cleaned the baby unbeautiful but good. Darn shame to waste a clean baby like this. What powerful love we could make along but now. I can picture our home life. Fun - I use to never think that I could be content to sit around a fire etc - stay home but now - that's all I think about - you and I all alone. Of course well give the rabble a treat

by making public appearances etc but no autographs or picture gleans. We shall hide away in the recesses of each others arms. I'll sit in the easy chair - first thing you know - you'll be there in my lap. I don't think either of us will do much reading then. Some guy getting going home to - chasing around nite clubs - yelling drunk and ruining 7 kinds of hell. All I think about is going home to you and we'll take it up from there. Peanuts - neither of us like the conventional thing and do our best to shun 'em. Let's always be crappily in love as we are now. Thank you again for becoming my beautiful wife. I like to think it is my job to take care of you and truly it is. Just you wait until my ~~ol~~ hungry arms squeeze you in a ever lasting embrace of fiery passion. If loving you like this is madness - I'm mad - nuts etc and love it. I'll draw up more rough blue prints if you so want me to. With this page - the Journal - I don't have enough time to really whip up any cartoons like I use to.

when ever I have a few minute or so. I always try to whip up some thing for the coming editions. As of tomorrow no more movies until Thursday because of the installing of the 35 mm equipment. Also think they are going to fix up the seating somewhat. I am said he would like me home and test it close next while he has a chance to do so. I will write a verbal picture of tomorrow's game in letter as of tomorrow night. Here's hoping for more love stuff from you in the way of a super report tomorrow. Peanuth. never in a million years could you ever understand this deep love I have for you. Something that can't be explained just felt within. Pray real hard as I am doing and before long. I shall be encased in your arms never to leave again. I'll close for now and I'll keep my dream take with you. God Bless my beautiful bunch of a woman and loads of passionate love. your Soldier Husband Sonny

(-)

JANE . . .
YES—I THINK THIS LIPSTICK WILL PUT THE "AMOUR" IN "GLAMOUR"—FOR MY NIGHT ON THE TOITS DE PARIS WITH MICHEL!
MY GOODNESS!—YOU'RE EVER SO FICKLE, JANE!—GEORGIE HAS ASKED YOU TO SEE HIM AT THE HOTEL GAILLARD—AND YOU'RE GOING OUT WITH THIS FRENCHMAN INSTEAD!—
THERE'LL BE A "CRIME PASSIONELLE" IF YOU AREN'T CAREFUL!!
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, DI!—I'M GOING TO HELP GEORGIE CATCH HIS BEAUTIFUL SPY—WHOEVER SHE IS—BEFORE SHE CATCHES HIM, POOR INNOCENT DARLING!
?

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Lt. George Canary
781 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 % Post Master
New York, New York

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12

Thursday
England

No 30 B

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - and a late one at that. I just screamed back from town and it is later than hell right now. Even though it is late - the mail must go through (Blare of trumpets) Today was unusual different in this ETO life and that we like. I took the day off because of the big time post ball game. I quickly crawled out of the sack, dashed into my class A uniforms and jumped into the jeep call line. There in - received my monthly unexpected check. Thereby money with greedy fingers - I clutched the dough and bang'd into the orderly room after my pass. More jeep asked me if I were going to cover the game today and wanted to shoot the bull. Not having the time to slug the bull - I hurried on to the office. My shoes needed a quick shine job - so I took it. At first I thought perhaps I would go with Don, Chris and Marvin on the train but later decided to catch the trucks further

I would have some time etc. I ate early chow at 11 am with Mike Haus and the two was going along to the game. Everyone at the mess table two asked me about covering the game. Thing get around don't you think? The truck ride on to town wasn't what I call comfotable for I had to ride the floor. Every one and then brother must of gone to me to days game. I had a pair of super-giant ring of field glasses slung over my famous shoulder and this gave me the air of a big time operator or something or other. The truck took us within walking distance of the stadium. Upon entrance to the English version of a football stadium, I found brother Thompson and he steered me to the genuine press box. Said press box commanded a sweeping view of the whole stadium and the playing field. So arranged and aspire as to take full advantage of the situation. The day was beautifully warm and sunny. Little by little - then by droves - the stands began to fill with the masses of 61 odd clad football fans. Below us on the green

turf - the two squads were going through
were on my faces etc. The press box was
squarely on the 50 yard line and high
up. The stands ringed about the whole
field in a perfect square. As you know -
English foot ball is nothing but soccer.
To my left were the team my cheering
section of the big Reds. Below - the bench
of the Big Reds. On either side of the bench -
a band stand - one for a English Army
band and one for a U.S. band. Just
before the game - several platoons of a
English Army Regiment and four platoons
of MPs. held a review. The two Allied
bands furnished the music. The reviewing
stand was covered with stars and eagles
and other ranking bars of the English and
American Air forces. Those Limey foot
sloggers are really sharp and can
really march but of course they did not
out do our own MPs. The MPs. looked
damn sharp. decked out in white helmets,
gloves and white gitlock belts. Everyone
stood at ~~right~~ ~~[illegible]~~ right attention
as God Save the King and the Star
Spangled Banner was played. I don't
know who seemed the greatest relief
as they trotted on the field the teams or

our twin WAC cheer leaders. The sisters wore the colors of our great team - bright red - revealing sweaters and skirts. Both girls are very, very nice looking while - the high ranking brass rolled in seats around us - generals - Colonels, majors and one little 2nd Lt. Then the game was under way. By the way, my mug is in the movies so watch for it. A newsreel guy just stood away at the members of the press. Besides many shutter bugs clicked away at us. I visited with a correspondent from the Stars and Stripes - Sgt. Paul Hutton a darn nice guy. The P.A. announcer shared the press box with us also and Thompson and I called out with the goings to him. I will leave you with the details of the game itself - (next edition of the Gazette) but the game was a tie 0 to 0. A very stormy game of rainy football and mile plagued. Big Reds were thought going to lose this game and almost won it. We got plagued the yards we are lost downs, yardage etc. Refer to the Gazette for more information. During half time - some character yelled my

name. Looking around I said yell-
d notice a familiar face and to my
surprise - a kid I use to sell clothes to
at Argyls. Can't think of his name but
I know him well. He is a jewish boy
and a good friend of D.D. and Red
Baer. He said D.D. - (in the Navy) -
was wounded on D-day and is now
at home. Little DD caught one in the
legs. This character is not too far
away from me at another base
and I'll see him again when the
basketball team hits the road on
away games. Red Hutton, Thompson-
d and the S.2 gang all headed for the
nearest pub after the game and drank one
after another. Red phoned in the story to
the Stars and Stripes - We decided to
make a night of it - watching the rounds
and see what was cooking after eating
supper - I think we hit every pub
in town and some of the better ones -
two or three times. Right now - I have Scot-
ch and gin running out my ears
and yet I don't feel it - anyway - very
much. Morale is higher than a kite.

English beer is really horrible stuff but after a couple gallons - you don't notice it so much. We ate supper in a nice place and a couple more meals during the nite at the Red Cross. Everybody we met was making the rounds tonight and 99% were drunk. Everyone was happy - ten happy and what ever else they could find to drink. If a guy offers a cigarette - he is either drunk or in on the black market. Moving back on the train was a experience in itself. The damn joint ride train was really packed full of brewery stinking Limeys. We had to stand in the corridor of the train. Guys stamped up and down in a endless stream to the johns. Couple times a day, at the theory. Some of the fellows had a bottle - two or three and in the johns gave out free drinks. You know how small a can is on the trains - well cut it in half then divide by 2 - English cans. At one time - there were at least ten guys in there pissing the bottle. In one of the compartments - I think a GI made a pass at a girl and the cause flying out in a huff - muttering under her breath.

She said some thing about "Bloody Yanks" Some half crocked Cockney took offence at this for "Bloody" is a very bad curse word in England. Boy! he really told her off and he was cheered on by the carload of other yard birds. Bad enough to be in this damn island with out getting up with a lot of lousy pom the islanders. When we arrived at our station, the whole town got off - seemed like. Anyway, the station is about a mile from the base and the road was crowding with beer filled Limeys. Some where singing and cursing - others just gloating along in the strength of booze. Some where sober but those two guys are nines anyway. Arriving at the office - found heaps upon my desk - five letters from you and one from Mom. Still nothing in the way of missing packages. I'm sure I received the first box and I dont know if I'll ever get the others. They will arrive any year now. Seeing it is rather late - best I call this a short letter for tonight and go round the gillies hut good. Something like work in the morning

We had a rather nice time in town - caused by the hero d-m really waiting for the coming party to really cut loose with some high class drinking. Gal. I love do love you so awful much and want you more than my brain can reach through my cracked lips. I won't live until I-m in your arms again and I-m not kidding. Some people might call today's venture a lot of fun but to me - just a way to pass away the painful time. I shall write up as we are about to bang in the next edition of the Gazette for the coming tomorrow nite. Best Time to really get to work on the Journal again for comes out this Sat. Peanuts all I can say is that I love you so awful much and want you more than the law allows. Really wish you were with me today - every day - all the time and forever. God Bless you my sweet Angel wife and loads of love.

Your Soldier Husband
Tommy

Solons Fail to Smoke Out Reason for the Shortage

By Carl Larsen

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29—"Where are the cigarettes?" That was the question under consideration yesterday by members of the House Agricultural Committee, who after hearing any number of reasons why there shouldn't be a shortage, were still stumped and almost out of cigarettes at the end of a lengthy hearing.

The committee couldn't hang the shortage on anybody, but it did eliminate the tobacco grower as a cause, according to Chairman John W. Flannagan Jr. (D.-Va.), who said he had a sore tongue from smoking strange brands.

Members who ran out of butts got little consolation in hearing an Agriculture Department spokesman testify that the U.S. was producing more tobacco than ever before.

The committee was informed that the nation normally exported about half of the flue-cured crop but that since the war exports had been cut down to a third.

"Where are the cigarettes?" still went unanswered.

Chairbornes Get 2 Packs of Butts Starting Dec. 4

The ban on PX cigarette sales to rear-echelon troops in the United Kingdom will be lifted at least partially starting Monday, Dec. 4, Communications Zone Headquarters announced last night.

Two packages of butts per week, or five cigars or two packages of pipe tobacco, will be sold to noncombatants.

Combat soldiers will continue to receive five packs a week, as will hospital patients, troops in ground-force replacement depots and anti-aircraft personnel.

The tobacco ration may be purchased only during the week in which it is due, the announcement said. No purchase of back rations will be possible.

Cigarette sales to noncombat GIs on the Continent already have been resumed on this basis, which is in accord with Gen. Eisenhower's recent announcement of a new distribution scheme to be instituted

JANE . . .
EH BIEN, MAM'SELLE, I AM MORE USED TO SHOOTING BOCHES THAN ENTERTAINING BEAUTIFUL ACTRESSES! WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO DINE?
NAAFI
OH, I LEAVE THAT TO YOU, MONSIEUR— THE HOTEL GAILLARD PERHAPS?
—BUT SURELY SUCH A HANDSOME OFFICER HAS SOME ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE LADIES OF THE CHORUS?
AU CONTRAIRE, MAM'SELLE I HAVE ALWAYS DISAPPROVED OF THE STAGE—UNTIL I SAW THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY ADORNING IT!

Lt[illegible] George Canary 1511 3242
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 % Post Master
New York, New York

U.S. ARMY
DEC 4
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POSTAL SERVICE

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26939
ARMY EXAMINER

(air mail)

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