

1
Friday Dec 1
Enford

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife.

Good evening character
of my heart. That of all. let me get
this mail itching out of my hide -
not a thing in the way of lovely mail
from you this lonely day. the only
thing I did receive was a short
letter from the gang in Scotland. So
that takes care of the mail situation
except the jackage short age. at this
stage - I don't know what the hell to
think - I'm lost - that's all. Still - I
have a hoggish eye watching for the
piles of jackage I know that are on
the way. Patience is a great virtue
but - I have little of that rare stuff.
My day will come and I sure hope
soon. Today was very uneventful
after the action of yesterday. By the
way - enclosed you'll find a copy of
the Gazette all it is - more or less -
same thing I wrote you last night. I
hope you are saving each edition for
me in a handy file. Some day I will
like to look over this silly bunch of stuff.

Today - was nothing more than the
usual line of nothing but work. Which
and I really worked at it today - trying
to clear away all pressing matters
before the good St. Jacobi comes back. He
is about due any time now. I can't
wait until I can clear with this
GI feeling and take on the air of a
civilian - meaning home with
you. If you could only realize how
very much I miss you. How you would
understand how damn blue I am. The
day was only broken up by going to
chow and at 5 pm this afternoon. I don't
care what time it is - I still miss you
more than the law allows. You are so
sweet and beautiful. How it is again -
damn this war. Pearls - I hope this
repeating of doing the same thing every
day doesn't bore you. Doing it really
bore the hell out of me. I adore my
wife so awful much and this the whole
world knows from the glance on my
face. You are strictly top in my book.

(2)

Rather cold here in England tonight and the wind is blowing off again by hurrying against the building in a noisy manner. At times - the very thin surface my head takes from the powerful wind. I can say that the rain will feel damn good tonight with the wind to remind me how cold it is. I'm rather lucky tonight after staying in no lake last night and today, work. My team is working tomorrow. Lewis is working tonight and his face unit hasn't the place tomorrow. Gives us both a rest from his twisted features. Damn, I sure could use a bunch of hot eye right now and think that I'd not stay in lake tonight. If I were in bed right now - I'd be pounding the hell out of the pillow. Sure would be too wonderful for words to lie at your arms from now on. Tonight had the pleasure of seeing a rather good movie - "Mr. Steffington" no doubt you have already seen this film by now. It is really a picture full of nice acting etc. All I want - is to get home but quick!

the more I write - the more I realize
how damn lucky that I am. Please
excuse if this letter sounds a little
strange tonight. You understand now
why it sounds messed up in
places. Peanuts - just you do such
lovely thing to me and I love every
one. Wish I were there at close range
so you could really go to work with
your charms and love making. I'll
go nuts fasting like this much
longer. Tomorrow - another edition
of the journal to be whipped up and
what a hell of a lot of work that is.
It will all have to be done tomorrow
nite on our own free time because I
won't have a minute to spare during
the day. Dick is CP tonight and
can't say I would want the job at this
time. The coke supply is very low
and might not last all nite. Too damn
cold to do without a fire. I shiver just
sitting here thinking about such a
chilling experience. Not for me. I
assure you that. Coke should arrive

(5)
to us now for Sat is our day to secure
the team stuff. According to Don, the
bare verbot ball team looks in great
shape. Course you know he is the star-
no he says. I think they should have
a team good team drawing from all
the verbot ball material in the who he
bare. S. 2 has four members on the
first string squad. We do have a team
good bunch of cagers here in S. 2 and
are undefeated. So - naturally - the
coach of the bare team - looked us to
the stars of our team - Don, Red, Ed.
and Ralph. I'm more wide awake now
I've just shaved and dashed over to
the mess hall for a quick cup of juice.
Seems as if the team English wants us
to continue on with the Bend Seare and
let them off at the very thing we need
in. Of course they will sell the stuff
at double the original cost and back
to us. the U.S. kills it this year quick like
because it is against the very idea
of Bend Seare. We give the stuff to the
English because they themselves need
it to win the war - not to make profit.

of course England ⁽⁶⁾ doesn't see it this way for she thinks we owe her this for winning the war. Give England a inch and she'll take a mile. I shall always have a passionate hatred for this damn country. Just the way they over charge the yanks is enough to make any one mad. I never attempt to buy anything in town because of this. England even wants to dominate the Air lines of the world after the war. U.S. will give her a good run for her money on the seas for we have a large merchant navy than England now. I hope our Gov. won't let us get screwed again after this war as in the last war's peace plans. It is our duty to make damn sure of this and the soldiers want a fair deal for us. I think after the war - the veterans will organize a more powerful - active American Legion and really will have a voice. I think - a man who served his country in uniform should come first in all things. jobs etc. because I'm very much prejudiced for I'm wearing a uniform - how well I know!

①

Today - I read that my favorite was
coming on deck - Ernie Pyle is ready
to head for the South Pacific. I do
hope that the Stars and Stripes runs his
daily column. How about sending it
to me from the jagers at home? I
have 5 bucks riding on Army in the
coming Army Navy game and think
I have a good bet. Here, hoping. Today
Bonnie came around collecting the
\$10 fish from each of us for the party.
Peanuts - don't think I'll be able to
send you money this month. I may
go down to London in a week or so.
One can't find anything about the Stars
and Stripes - it comes out with the
punch items. In a article in today's
jager - oh I learned how you miss
you miss me vitamins for living.
But we eat you miss five times a
day when I come home - if you know
what I mean and I think you do.
Have I ever told you that I love you?
Seems that I have. Anyway for the
100, 200, 300, 400, 500 times - I love you!
You are a super wife and I do mean you!

⑧

I found a pen in St. Jacob's pen in his
desk and will use it until such time he
wants it back. Pleasants - again - all I
can repeat - I love you so awful much
and just can't wait until I'm home
in your arms. The letters I received from
you yesterday were all back dates. So
my imagination and great sorrow. I read
the shipping about Ted missing in action.
I sure hope Ted is safe - perhaps a
PW in Germany. I'm more than fond
of Ted - that's why he was our best
man. Let me know the latest word for
I'll be anxiously waiting. I am this
way! A lot of my old pals will be
around when I come home. Wonder how
Chet Redmond is and where. If you hear
him also - shoot the word but quick.
One of your late letters raved about the
little story I wrote about my loneliness.
I didn't know it was worth all of that.
You make me feel so damn good with the
praises you lavish upon my humble
self. The only thing worth while about
me - is the fact - I'm your husband.

(9)

In Mom's letter - she was so thrilled & because the election is under told her my ballot was there in the box with all the rest. We shall have the fun of voting together when I come home - not to mention the million other wonderful things we will do. I can't know why you should worry about Sadie Hawkins Day. Not a female around here and the English version of girls - (I have another name for 'em) didn't know a damn thing about such a sport as that. Norman really must be a character now from the way he goes around after the opposite sex. Tell me more about the love life of Casanova - what a guy he is. I can't picture him as you say he is. The last time I saw him, he was just a crazy kid - now he is older - and a crazy kid. I'll have to meet him all over with a brick bat. I still calls him - "Egg Head" and will gladly beat bumps on his odd shaped head. Tell - all I can think of - coming home to you where I belong. I'll always hate the army for taking me so far away from you. Was bad enough in the States - but boy - over here!

Well - tomorrow night - I will be busy as
 hell with the Journal and no kidding.
 Sat. always means more work for me
 during my spare time. It's all - well
 and good for the Cause etc. Sweet
 wife of my heart - pray real hard that
 this campaign will end but fast and
 that I can come home even faster.
 In the mean time - both of us will have
 to keep our skins up - mine is hell
 keeping 'em up there when one feels as
 low as you and I. I shall kiss away
 all those dark clouds of the past year
 when you are tightly encased in my
 arms of passion. Never again shall I
 release you from hissing range and
 I shall haunt you like a shadow - even
 closer. Best you prepare yourself for
 a husband who'll simply ravish you
 with love of a out and out fiend. Little
 do you know the guy you married
 but you'll find out. Please don't worry
 about me - I'm fine - in the out not
 the groove. God Bless my beautiful girl
 my girl and loads of love. Your wicked husband
 Jimmy

15112-2
Cpl George Canany
701 Squadron 445 Bomb G.
APO 558 70 Post Master
New York, New York



(air mail)

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Louisville, 12 Ky
Kentucky U.S.A.

1

Sat. Dec 2nd 2
England

My Darling Beautiful Angel Wife!

Good evening Peanuts -
a hell day - good morning for it is
6 am now. Don't think I'll say good
morning at that for it isn't a damn
bit good after a mile of mental back
breaking work. So - if this letter sounds
rather dazedly written - now you know.
To make matters even worse - the Journal
didn't get out tonight either because of the
damn work. I just had knocked off the
second page when my name was
wildly yelled down the hall to come
and get into T. that I had to do
and things had to cease right there
and then. My so called co-editor
didn't want to stay up too late - so he
went home rather early - 12 pm - leaving
our paper as it now stands. Many are
the notes I've scribbled away writing on
said rag but not he. I thought I
would finish it up this morning when
free from work but not after I thought it
over and seeing he did what he did.

that's the condition that prevails.
I'm up in the post office carrying
my best and mine goes with a
can of water I have beating so I can
have my hidden face. As usual -
mine is damn riching - no mail today
and I'm mighty damn mad. I'm my
I'm received I'm no jack asses today
and the other fellows likewise. But
did I can any receive any? Hell NO!
I've given up all hope now and if I
to receive a package - will inquire the
hell out of me. I can understand why
one or two are delayed - but when there are
all - something stinks and not over
here. I suppose you all waited until the
last minute before the dead line and
then sent 'em. I just am baffled as hell
and can't understand. Perhaps I'm
dense or something. It is very
demoralizing to see other young men
Christmas gifts and me - just glaring
at my finger nails. War is hell and
I'm not only getting my share of it
but two or three more to boot. I have
my fingers, hands, legs, feet and eyes
crossed and hopping. That's all I can do.

I know my ³jack-ages will arrive soon
but I doubt if my nails and hair will
last that long. The mail system is really
S. poor. That takes care of the mail situation
on today. How is the stuff coming this night
on your end? I do hope you are snowed
under with letters daily. Peanuts - I love
you so awful much and can't wait until
I can take the place of a letter. I miss
you more than you realize - even more
than I know. My whole body knows just
how much for it screams out night and
day. Darling - a crew member came
into my office today to check on various
things and as he entered into the door
shouted - "My God - it's Gurney". Well
ban my brow and call me unconscious
if it wasn't a yell from the hometown.
Brooks are to hang around Dab's place
all the time. You might remember his
brother - Dexter Brooks who used to announce
on WHAS and now on CBS in New York.
We shot the bull but one thing and the
other. He has completed his tour of
missions and shortly will go home.
Said he would look you up and Mom.
He knows the family well. I didn't even

to ask him if he would call you - came
right out and said he would. I know
you will feel good talking to some one who
has seen me. Gal - I love you so awful
much and really adore you more than
it is possible for a girl to love a man.

I am this way - I'm giving the best
years of my wife to the army - wait a
minute - that doesn't sound just right.
Anyway - I want you like the FBI and
just wait until I put the finger on
meet little you. Ann says will come so
we both have to hang on until such
day does come. In the mean time it
is sure hellish waiting. Chris was out
last night rather late and wasn't in
this morning. I stomped down to
the joint this morning - shivering in the
icy winds. England is not a fit place
for hogs - so they send us - over here.
Now I ask you - do I look like a hog?
Would you like to turn for the 64 dollar
question? (see what I mean) Ann says
coke my fly was so low - I could not
raise a lump with a steam shovel.
So - I shivered and suffered in the cold.

(5)
this being the day. the coal truck
bring our straw roughly - not
enough to feed the mouths of the two
men store - I had a ear feel for the
gun of ind truck. while unhing away -
I heard the grounding of feet down the
hall - and I knew what it was. Snatching
up the coal bucket - I lunged through the
hall to the coke shed. there I found -
a bitter struggle between the members of
the S. 2 families for the few lumps. what
a fight it was. So I joined in to claim
at least lump - I did come out with a
lump on my head. while the others
went about killing each other (it was
horrible - bodies falling - blood all over
the place) I gathered up two buckets of
coke and ran like hell to my office. there,
I barred the door and caught my
breath. it was a very bold move and it
paid off. I built a fire and floated over
my good luck. Well - you may not believe
this story but it's almost as bad as this.
My water is hot now - so I will wash off
while I have. Don't go away but will
be right back with a clean face etc.

⑥

after scraping the ice cubes out of the
stove - I built a fire that half warmed my
warmed the stove pipe and that's all. The
English version of a stove is just like
everything else they have - typical English -
meaning not worth a damn. Finally - the
office became bearable and I went to work.
Now about rolled around and again
after eating - rolled around in my
head bucket. Back to the meat shop again
and more damn stink is work. In and out of
my office all day long - characters go. Some
just open the door - take a quick stare
and close the door again. Some work my
enough nerve to bridge the cutting fence
Barnyard throws at me and come in.
I like to watch the expression on their face
as they grin up, smash 'em in the eye.
Some are beyond the old rage and ignore
the half dead fester and state their business
between lathered gums and bloodless lips.
I have a card punch now and in lieu
of the charlism extra work - I punch some
of the fellows TS cards. I've punched my
own so much - all I have is one large
hole and no card. I want home!

(7)

Did you realize you have a nice man
for a husband? From my letters - no doubt
you can easily guess this fact. Because it
is the war and England. I blame it mainly
on this damn island but I was half cracked
when I arrived here a year ago but - all the
way now. To be in England is a fate worse
than death! What happens to me should not
happen to a dog. Darling - when ever the
crazy jing gull out a fury - every one
hungrily requires until the fortunate
guy throws the butt away. Then the
mad scramble begins. I have a system -
when I see a guy is about to nonchalantly
fling the butt - I gull out my stick with a
nail in it and spear the butt as it
rails through the air. Works so far!
Really - this smoke shortage is really
bad but I'm still dragging away in the
small supply I have left. I'm down to
my last cartoon and wildly eyeing
the ones I have left. The two packs a week -
as of next week - won't hardly be enough
for my lungs. But with the help of my
pipe - I will make the best of it. Damn
this damn war and I mean it.

⑧

I've decided to stay up until chow
time and afterwards go to church.
then I will jump the pillow until
morrow time. My face is clean of
all extraneous matter such as
warts etc and more. the biggest
news - if you want to call this dis-
heartening item news - around the
halls of S-2 - we are to lose our
locker room. the boys are going to
make it another office and we are
left holding the bag a hall & my
lockers. We all are moaning about
this but loud but we are only
little guys you know. think we
have a deal worked up where as we
can store our lockers in the hall.
one end of the hall has a dead end -
so we'll use it as our locker space.
Brad just about it - the sink is in this
room and unless we are allowed
to use said water supply - will have to
haul water from elsewhere in order
to mop, shave etc. I'll tell you
more about this later on. It's a
hafting for us and a cold one too!

(9)

Peanuts - I love you so awful much
and want you more than the law
allows. you are cuter than a boy's
ear and beautiful as a Hollywood
girl. you are truly a girl and
have all the matching charms. I can't
wait until those charms are firmly
embraced in my arms. God. I shall
love you until you can't stand any more
and will shout for help. Even if you
do yell for help - they'll have to wait
behind the line. Really - I shall
ravish you with love you never thought
was possible. God. you haven't seen
nothing yet. Just you wait until I
come home. Best you wear something
clothes for God. you're in store for a
lot of ranselling - love ranselling what
a wonderful - loving time we shall have
he can't come home to you. Both you
can't wait until we can leave with
this long range machine & life and
make with the hand to hand combat.
I knock myself out - just thinking of
the things to come and what lovely
things they are. I shore do love my
little Rebel and a love every thing about

(15)

her. This morning everyone is
complaining about the delay in this
week's Journal. I don't give a damn -
they will just have to wait until
tonight. I have far more important
things to do - namely - write ~~this~~
letter. When I do hit that sack, I'll
go on & be hell out of it with sleep
sleep. There in my dreams - we'll take
up with the love making as per
usual. What fun it is to dream like
that - still better - the real thing... I
can't wait and I know you are the
same way. Parents - all I know
and can run over and over - I love
you so awful much and want you
with a passionate lust that is unlawful.
She was only the census' daughter but
ah! how he knew when to cut it out!
I've got a million of 'em - run here.
Tom most into - a mother show in
the show - I mean tonight. Brother Day
has something to do with it and guess
I will move over to see what goes in
the way of Coram. He wants me to write
up more gang but I don't feel like
doing it for I'm in the mood of

such time and I do mean long. I wonder what goes with my little wife at this stage in the game? I know it you miss me a whole lot - I hope! Had to give my jet a refill job with different kind of fuel as you can see. So please excuse the different color ink. By the way hope by the time you have sent another bottle of ink to me. Guess it's in one of the missing packages. Another GI has had it again. Read in the Star and Stripes where a yank had took a baby home to his wife. Seems as if some English gal and he had a hell of a lot of fun - and she didn't want the kid. So she've caught on to a special package to take the kid home to his wife in the States. The wife stated she didn't expect this sort of a Christmas present. So the guy took the baby to his mother. You can read of more damn strange cases like this. English girls must love to be loved by yanks and are proud to have their babies - no it seems. Soldiers will get it no matter where in the hell they are.

(12)

Some guys don't give a damn if they are married or not and carry on as if they're not. I should think such guys are not really in love with each other in the first place. Thank God we have something that is uncomparable with human standards. You are mine and I'm yours for keeps. I can't do without you. I think, eat, sleep and live for you. I know - my heart tells me - you are the same. Sweet wife - I will try one to take off for church and church soon but now. I sure hope I receive loads of mail from you this afternoon and perhaps a package too. The world is truly a silly place but one thing I know - you are mine and we are nuts about each other. Please don't worry about me for I'm fine and feel okay. I miss you more than ever I know. God Bless the best little wife in the world and loads of our passionate brand of love.

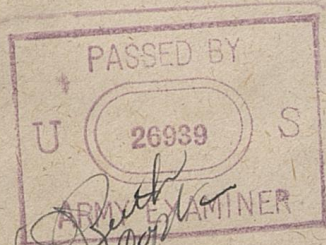
Your Soldier Husband
Jimmy



JANE...



Cpl George Canary 16118242
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 To Post Master
New York, New York



(via air mail)

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

2

Sunday Dec 3-2
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - Beautiful character of my heart. I greet you with the glow from a heart full of your lovely mail. This you know makes me feel ever good! Three passionate letters from you today, one from Dad and another from Harold. I was very much surprised to hear from Harold and glad. He doesn't write much a good letter - but was glad to hear from him. Think he may go over sometime soon. What a racket he has. Drives to his home each week end and bugs the family car with him.

Some young really are lucky as hell in the army - others aren't and this I know! Last night - my team of elites worked and I do mean work. In fact so much - the Journal didn't come out until today I worked so much that I had to write your letter this morning when I finished. I didn't hit the sack until this afternoon but I wanted to write your letter - shave - read, eat my chow and go to Mass. I did all of those things as I so wanted.

(2)

while w.r.thing your letter this am
and also while reading - I used the
facilities of PPO. I didn't want to
sit around my office for they
would think I should be doing
work even though I worked last
night. Don asked me to sit in his
office and I chewed the fat with he
and Marvin. All of us went to room
chow - down by the way and after
wards - I caught 11:30 Mars. Even
after I had crawled into the sack -
damn it - I couldn't go to sleep. So I
read a little while until my tennis
ball eyes refused to stay open any
longer. I didn't wake up until a
few minutes past it and to my
disgust - found it raining and black
as the mouth of hell. Just did make
myself before the mess hall closed.
Tonight we had the ETO special of
yams. Last winter this was the
main thing we had most of the time
but here lately - blacked off. Now it
looks as if we are in store for more
of said stuff. It is much better than
the damnable cold cuts or corn
keb hard or a rat in a stuff.

③

Brother ~~Jack~~ Jacobi has not returned
to the family as of yet and I thought
he would surely be back by today.
Perhaps his child like face will make
a appearance tomorrow. And so
you'll find another copy of the
Ganglitz with more damn silly
stuff in it. I went over to the club
for awhile tonight to see the amateur
show whipped up. Dick was in
and cracked with the corn. He does a
pretty good job because you know
how he is full of gas. Acts as though
he was in sure of himself and short
on confidence. Takes a lot of guts
to get up before all those 6 eyes. I know
I couldn't do it at all. Easy to
criticize a guy sitting out in the
audience. Anyway, he did a damn
good job. I didn't stay very long
but I wanted to scream back to
commence with this letter of yours. It
is very damp and cool in England
tonight and very disjunctly uncomfort-
able. Any thing would be much better
than this damn climate. I want off
this is land but damn quick.

(4)
Considering all the things I had to
do tonight - got off to a late start on
this letter. Ralph is CQ tonight and
I have a time coming up in a
couple of miter. In fact - Tuesday
is in CQ. Hope I receive a package
pile of reading material before then
so I can spend a enjoyable CQ
reading today. Barnyard the
mover - had the fun of moving all of
our lockers out of the lounge into
the hall. Beats me why this odd
character takes such great delight
in moving things. No one can
figure this out. I don't think he
himself knows the cause of this
strange urge. All are very, very
bored off because we have no
private locker room, lounge or
what you want to call it. Major
says he is very sorry and hopes
we won't break up the club because
of this. Would take more than this to
ruin the S-2 feeling we all have.
The party plans are going along
great and should really be a
worth while bawle on all.

a few of the fellows aren't what you
call real drinkers but this mite
they will really have to tear loose.
What a bang our S-2 will have
New Year's Day. Any thing to blot out
this damn ETO life. Tomorrow mite
the base basketball team has it's
first game - and more or less just
a practice game. It is with another
team from somewhere off the base.
they too want a practice game.
If either team loses the game - nothing
will be hurt in the way of league
standings. The league doesn't
get under way until next week. I
do think the 445th has a damn good
chance of winning the ETO cup.
not because it is my money but
because the team looks great. Any
way - we shall see. Well - I was my
bet on the Army team yesterday
and I'm 5 bucks to the good. All
I've heard of the game last night
by short wave and was a damn
good contest. I suppose you two
were listening and pulled for Navy.

Marvin and Mike ⁶ lost money on
Navy to many of the fellows.
Next big thing in foot ball is the
Pore bowl game. of course - I want
team to win and will be betting
that way. Tom and his team are on
tonight. The yard birds have another
game of cards going in the front
office. they play late after nite
and I can't understand how they
can do it. My water is getting hot -
so I will knock off for a few minutes
while I wash up. Funny - but I
get a kick out of shaving each
night and take pleasure in doing
it. Don't know why - but I do.
Some boys the hell we can make
arrangements that we can use
the water supply in room 9 even
though it is another office. War is
dam inconvenient as hell - that
I find out more each day. I want
home to you but quick and I'm
not kidding one dam bit. Pleasant
in plain words - I need loving but
bad. Dam this - dam - dam war!

Well. as of now - my entry looking
is clean and not a damn place to go.
I have a nifty date with you in my
dreams and like to look sharp as
a tack here in. Peanuts Peanuts - I
love you ~~so much~~ ^{so much} ~~amiable~~ much. I go
wild just thinking of what we are
missing I married you so I could
always be with you - not this damn
long range stuff. Was I sure hell on
married people - this we both know
only too well. Brother Ray is waiting
around until I'm ready to go
towards the rack. Think that I shall
do that very thing in a few minutes
but not much sleep today at all.
I like going to bed but I consider
it a waste of time. Don't get me wrong -
I mean alone like this. If I had a lot
of spare time - I would not mind it but
this way I do. But - Ah! how I hate
to pile out in the morning. If I
were home with you - gladly I would
go to bed each nite (why wait for
night!) Several times you asked if I
like the idea of reading in bed each
nite. Peanuts - I do but do you really

②

think we will read? you don't
know me very well if you so think
this. I've warned you before what a
mad lover you have and now you
will find out. Darling - I'm so
lonely - but as in the song - I don't
mind being lonely when I know
you are lonely too. I'm truly all
alone even though I'm in the
midst of so many humans. My
barack is filled with guys but
each nite - I'm so damn lonesome.
You can't realize how this damn all
alone feeling is. You are always
near me - in my mind and
heart. I'd surely perish with out
the beam of your love to keep
life burning in my lonely body.
Strange to say even I feel so damn
blue - I'm happy. I'm happy because
you are mine and my beautiful
wife. Life is beautiful with you as
my wife and when I'm with you.
I can't wait until I'm home again
in your arms. Never shall I ever
stray away again. Peanuts - Peanuts
can you understand how much

your husband loves you? I shall
show you by the most violent actions
you ever dreamed of. All I can ~~say~~
say - I love you so awful much and
want you more than it is possible.
Your letters of today also were rather
old - but still I enjoy every word of
them. I don't know if I like that you
I got the blue dress you were married
in. I thought it was so damn cute and
I'll never forget how lovely you looked
that 4th day of Feb. Said I have another
just as in the way and I do hope
it and the other ones arrive but quick.
Two of your letters were shorter than
usual. Honey - if ever you are going
some place or too busy to write a
long sugar report - just whip up a
short one so I know how you are.
I haven't any thing else I would
rather do for writing your letters is
the only thing I look forward to
each day. Honest - I love writing
to you for I feel so close to you while
doing so. A letter before today's said
my ring was on the way and one
today said you just bought it. Some
time before you mentioned that you
were going to have the ring made

(10)

like yours. to buy a letter stated you
brought it at Vic Sueh. I know it must
be very beautiful and I can't wait
until I slip it upon my naked finger.
It's not the ring I care about. it
is the meaning behind it. I love
my ~~of~~ wife so awful, awful much
and can't wait until I can crush
you in my arms. I can always tell
when you are mail-less for your
mood is reflected in your letters.
No doubt mine are too! Darling,
hang in and before much longer
I'll be there with you and never
will leave ever again. All I
know and can say - I love you so
awful much and adore every thing
about you. Truly you are a rich
chick and the best little wife a
man ever had. I'm so proud of
my beautiful little wife and can't
wait until I can proudly strut
down the street with you at my
side. I'll see you in my dreams in
a few minutes - then we'll have
a hell of a good time. God Bless my
beautiful angel wife and loads of
love.



Your Soldier Husband
Sonny

Monday Dec³
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - character
not a bad letter today at all and
you can understand what kind of a
mood your husband is in tonight.
At long last - after two whole
months - unbelievable - some one
dipped up - I received a box up
exchange from Aunt Sis. So now -
I have my hopes all aroused for
a special exchange from you. Each
one of yours are super and I like
each and every item contained there
in. In today's exchange (#1) - Sis
sent me the following; a thermos
bottle, fruit cake, key holder, prayer
book and candy. I ask you - what in the
hell can I use a key holder for? Also
wonder why she sent a thermos
bottle. Anyway - I can make use of
it - carrying coffee from the mess
hall. You might know she would send a
prayer book. The fruit cake I'm
saving for the faster like all the other
things are doing so far - we have more
than a dozen in the gourd and more
are added each day. Suppose I have
more in the way - I hope.

②

while I'm on the subject of packages -
a good subject too - here is another
request - I would like very much
if you would send me some Wheaties -
breakfast food. Sounds silly - but I
do have a yearning for a good bowl
of wheaties. I can readily latch on to
milk (can) and sugar for a quick
private breakfast here in the office.
Then of course - the old stand by of
wob and read my material. Then
wo - candy etc and what ever else
you might think I can use. Peanuts -
some time ago I asked you to send
me a overseas ob wool cap but I
suppose you forgot about it. So please
do send me one. The one I have is
getting ~~of~~ awful beat up. Be sure it
has air corp fixing. Another thing -
I don't care so much for the high heels
and would like a lining. Best place
to buy it - Heidman's on 3rd St. or
any other Army store.  - fixing
So - see what you can do for me.
Also need some heavy wool socks. The
type you wear in boots etc. Just get -
dam cold over here in the winter.
To have my supply renew these things is
harder than to latch on to a discharge.

(3)

the army is supposed to keep you clothed
but over here - been hard to draw any
thing new unless you turn in your
grandmother for salvage. Today was
just another average day here in the
ETO way of life. Our officer was smoking
like a ice but this morning for
the lack of rationed coke. So Chin
and I had to run around the room
to keep warm. A few lumps came in
this afternoon and we quickly built
a fire. I didn't join in the fight for
said few lumps for my wounds from
the last conflict aren't healed as of
yet. So Chin is a casualty tonight
from the coke war. He almost received
a bloody nose when some one took a
beating using at the fighting man
with a shovel. No holds are barred in
his scramble for coke and pinching
is not known. It is every man for
himself and the weak stay cold.
I'm rested up now and will be able
to join in on the killing next time
Simon Segee brings around the
few lumps. What a hell of a war this
is and I'm not just a saying this.

(4)

Enclosed you will find a coming Christmas card I made. Wish I had more time to really fit one up for you but you know how it is. Any way. Merry Xmas to you. Peanuts, the Stars and Stripes this morning had some coming but I had lines - "5 Packs of Cigarettes to buy in the U.K." So - to make sure this was the straight deal - every one rushed to the PX. There in - one could buy cigarette ration. Thank goodness the shortage is over and we can smoke again without worrying about where the next one is coming from. I didn't see any to the PX for I knew everybody and his brother would be there today. I will go over in the next day or so. I still have a cartoon left and will try to build up a larger stock for another shortage. Combat crews are allowed 7 packs a week while ground crews are allowed 5 packs a week. Everyone is overjoyed at this fact and me too. Wonder how the butt situation is on the home front? Hope the four Fs can latch onto the smokers alright and don't have to shake all over the place.

Alvin and Roni removed the sink
 and water faucet from room 9 and
 installed it in the hall so all can
 easily use it. That is a damn good
 deal and all is well now. The rest of
 said afternoon was passed with the
 daily tri-lab or what ever you
 want to call it. I have another
 unwise name for it. Tonight the
 bare barbed ball team played their
 first warm up game with last
 year's champs. Reds lost 56 to
 33. Nothing was really won or
 lost with this game for it was
 only a practice game. Now the
 team can iron out the rough
 spots and know just what the hell
 it can do. Hobbs Weston was the high
 point man of our team by making
 14 points but he was not the star of
 the game. A fellow on the other team
 scored 20 points for his squad and
 played the best all around game.
 I think with a good going over and
 plenty of work out. Reds can win the
 league. St. Bailey the coach thinks
 along the same lines. St. Sullivan
 the Special Service officer and the

man ages of the team appointed
champion and I as the official
rene buyers, judges and time buyers
of the team. And of course. I cover
the games for (G-N) and P R O. So it
looks as if I'll have to travel around
with the team. I kept time etc tonight
by myself and was damn busy as hell.
In basket ball the penalties are
different than foot ball. In instance,
if some one is playing overly rough
and fouls Ralph, Ralph gets one or
two free shots as the case may
be. Besides the man committing the
foul has one foul against him
and five removes one from the game.
Official rene buyers has to keep
track of the fouls and calls the
man out of the game when necessary.
I never did care a hell of a lot for
basket ball from a player's stand
point but I do enjoy a good game.
Besides - something to do over here
in this town one damn road is laid.
It is almost time for midnite show
and think I will tear over to the
mess hall for a quick light snack.
Mainly Java - I like coffee!

①

Just back from chow and a quick
shave. Course I look sharp as a tack
or some thing like that. One night a
beautiful lady alone was entering a
apartment house. She suddenly
stopped and turned to the milk man
who just pulled up to the curb. "Pardon
me", she said, "but have you got the time?"
"Yeah", he answered. "but who's
going to watch my wagon?" "I've got
a million of 'em. If you care for more
just say so. You do - make - two -
another one. What's the difference
between a spider and a fly -
you can't see a button on a spider.
(Says!) "Shall we have coffee in the
library?" "No. Its too late, the
library closes at 7:30." As I
said before - I've got a million of
'em. You didn't realize that you have
a wit for a husband - did you?
I'm a card but some one is always
trying to punch me. Peanuts - I
love you so awful much and want
you more than this and less you
can express. You shouldn't do to me
the thing you do. I love 'em!

⑧

Martin is C & tonight and I pull
it to tomorrow night. Then I can
read, write and all the other things
that I would like. In order to do those
things - best I hit the sack rather
early tonight and found the pillow
not good. Best I could find I hear
through the underground that the
good St. Jacobi is due back some
time tomorrow. So they tell me. I'll
know how here when I hear the children
faller of his small feet down the hall.

Speaking of the hall - said place is
really cluttered up with the junk we
had stored in room 9. A lot of my
recognition equipment was put
away in a closet until such time
I needed it. Now I have to find another
place for my equipment. The army this
is best to keep things in a up was just
for the hell of it. So far - doing a great
job at it. My agents at Special Service
reports that the large 35 mm movie
machine goes into operation as of
tonight. Because of the game - I
had to miss out but will call some
one into taking over C & so I may
catch the movie tomorrow night.

Some of the fellows ^① are under the impression I'm a promoter - hell I'm a promoter or something like that. They have me all wrong for I'm known as silent-Johnson. The guy any time can make a living in my mouth and could sell most anything I wonder? Thinking more along the sort was plans - if I couldn't crash into the world of journalism - I would like to take a course at advertising or publicity work - promoting, agent etc. then too - again selling stuff. I don't care so much for the selling line as the others. I know it would be impossible for me to work in a dull damn white collar job or in a factory. I would smother under the pressure of my surroundings I don't know if you realize it or not but you married a very strange character. The main and only thing I want to do - get the hell home where I belong. With you I can strive to a liveable means of making dough. We both aren't interested in piles of long green - but both want the thing money can't buy - love and fun. Believe me - we

both of these things. Peanuts - I love
 you so awful much and wish you
 could really see into the window of
 my heart. I shine and sparkle from
 loving you and people tell me it is
 very noticeable. I just wait until I
 come home - then I'll really glow
 with love like a blast furnace. I
 wonder if I'll frighten you with all
 this pent up passion. Peanuts. I
 can only warn you to be prepared
 for a loving mad man the day
 I come into missing range of your
 lips. Dam this dam war! We will have
 so much fun making all of this up
 and I'm not kidding in any way. This
 dam war has shown just how much
 we really mean to each other. Our
 love has gone on more active than ever
 before even though we are physical so
 far apart. Thank God you are
 mine and I have you to come home
 to. Peanuts - I will close for this time
 and head for dream land. Please
 don't worry about me for I'm fine
 and okay. God Bless my beautiful
 Angel and loads of passionate love.
 Your Soldier Husband
 & army



George Canary 151132 42
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 To Postmaster
New York, New York



6
Capt. W. E. Deeper
Capt. A. C. (air mail)



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

3

Wednesday Dec 5th
England

My Darling Beautiful Wife!

Good evening character
your husband is mail less again from
letter from you but did receive one today
written in your home - a letter from
your mother. of course - main to give of
said letter - namely you. Nothing can
save the pain of no mail from you and
tonight I feel like hell. I'm writing
this from the post office where in I'm
C of tonight. I have a nice warm fire
going shared with no one. Just me and
my thoughts of you. Most of the fellows
were huddled about the stove until 11pm.
So in the utter confusion of all the going
I didn't try to write this letter. During
much unthinkable time - I jumbled out a
letter to Harold and a citation of the
Gazette. Now that I'm all alone - I
can write your letter in peace and
quiet. Sweet wife - I love you so awfully
much and want you more than you
and fate can express. My arms and
love making are the only means I
have of proving to you how much!

②

Today was just another day here in the
ETO living as all hell. I do hope
you had a more enjoyable day than
I. I don't care about a damn thing
unless I'm with you. Sherman was
no kamikaze! Lami and I pushed
ourselves out doing the work and still
not finished. More piles up each
day and really is going. Please
excuse the mess up just above for I
got some coffee on it. As I said -
nothing but the usual line of work here
in the ETO and how tedious it is.
Playing around with the stove. I
finally started a major fire. I came to.
England is really damn cold now and
winter is here. Think old man winter
must have brought along some of his
family this year because I don't think he
could be this damn cold alone. Each
morning the office is like a ice box
and takes more human will power to
crawl out of the rack with this chilling
thought in mind. Life is rough in the
ETO and I'd just about it. Rougher each
day. I'll never forget this past year
of hell and do hope it doesn't leave a
blemish mark upon me. I wonder?

after the office warms up - it isn't too
bad but in between - Ah! Brother!
Even hate to go eat chow now and
you know how I like to eat. Dan
twisted my arm so I went along
for the ride - sure here. Pork chops
again today and not too bad. They
really shove the food down our throats
over here. Better than "C" ration stew.
You haven't lived until you've eaten
"C" ration stew. It comes in 3 gallon
cans already to warm up. The idea
behind this stuff for the troops in the
field. But - we get it anyway and
what awful stuff it is. They proudly
claim (mess Sgt) that our mess hall
is noted for being the best in our
section of the 8th Air Force. If it is the
best - sure wouldn't want to eat in the
worst. Coming back from chow - I
squeezed my body into the comfortable
easy chair - like my a fag and scrutinizing
the Stars and Stripes. It was a picture
of extreme comfort. Reclining there in
the movie chair, feet propped up in
another chair, armbars with in reach,
a need dangling from my lips and
the paper firmly gripped in my hands.

(4)

Then the writer brought me in a Tom Collins and the latest issue of Enquire. That was fun - let's try some thing else. All I know - I'm in love with a beautiful Doll and want to leave home but quick. This and I struggled on during the afternoon. Some how we managed to survive until show time but it was a hard fight. Before going to show - the guard home this voice a put some in the hall and it was murder. You should hear my dog bark voice - croaking away. Did I say this - wrong - we had to after the first killing. Because of the fact - and a delightful one too - of being C.P., I changed over to show early as possible. One look at the food and I changed right back. Really - it was bad. Beans and corn beef hash. What a hell ya war this one is. I ate much as I could and weakly crawled to the chair of C.P. Most of the yard birds took in the first show - so the place was nice and peaceful for awhile. But - then the fellows who didn't go to the show barged into the front office. I had

the only fire going ⁽⁵⁾ in the building.
What a mess a couple of 3-2 morons
can create - ~~gives~~ noise. Marvin
returned from the first show and
took my place while I went to the
second one. As of now - the large
projector is in use and it's a damn
good deal. Now we doesn't have to
swing back and forth - trying to find
a opening in the block heads before
you. The sound is much better and
can enjoy the pic much more. They
had a rather old show but I went for
the hell of it - mainly to try out the
new system. Winter time was the movie
with So-in-your Henrie. Coming back
to the office - I couldn't find a chair
to sit on for all the yard sticks were
up in the front office. Really a good
deal when the C & C can't even sit
down. I got damn mad - so I went to
midnite show. With my little thermos
full of coffee - back I came. Some
of the characters had cleared out by
this time and was able to sit down.
Soon, all of the rabble departed and
I'm all alone at this time. I am nice
too! St. Jacobi hasn't returned as of yet

and I wonder when he will return.
Peanuts - with in these letters - do you
find the details of my daily activities
boring? If so - please state it and I
will cease. I give you in brief - life
in the ETO. Don and I have basketball
team practice tonight and are going
to do the same every night. First league
game - Dec 13th. I don't think I will
go to that game for Marvin and I plan
on going to London 13 and 14. Best
we take some time off and so the
nights instead of being a night. Again -
I repeat. I love you so awful much and
want you more than the law allows.

Peanuts - in several of your letters you
have stated - Christmas means
nothing to you this year. Please don't
feel like this. I want you to enter
into the Christmas spirit for both of
us. If I know things are the same
at home - then I can enjoy Xmas
too. Please try for me and to have a
dam good time. I love my wife so awful
much and just can't begin to express
how much. Think that I will cease
writing for awhile and read. Don't
go away for I'll be back in a minute.

①

Here I am again! I not only read for
a little while but caught some sleep.
With this extra sleep I have under
my mental belt. Doubt if I shall
waste the time sleeping to morrow.
I'll haunt the joint with a book in
my hand. Sleeping in the day time
really messes up my sleeping routine.
Life is rough in the ETO and I do
mean rough. I am living in yesterday's
letter - I enclosed a little of the air force
gin I bought for you. Some hardware came
around the mess hall this noon with
a few such items. Thought you would
like one. It is the same insignia we
wear on our blouse, jackets etc. I also
bought three new shirts to wear on
my blouse. - meaning - a year out
side of the U.S. Each shirt is 6 months
but can wear 3 in the 15 months. Seeing
that it won't be long before it is 15
months - I bought 3. Sure wish you were
here to see 'em on for me. I love my
little wife so awful much and the whole
world knows it. I have your photo here
with me in the front office to inspire
my pen.

I sure hope I receive a package from
you tomorrow for I'm rich of this
very for stationery. Always send me
some in each package. Peanuts. I
can use another bottle of hair oil and
perhaps I have some on the way then
too! Good old American ink is always
well put to use. With the help I could
hide in this letter and going out
when you open it. I want to be near
you so damn much. Just to watch
you and gaze upon your ravishing
beauty. You can realize how much
time I will waste just looking at you
when I come home. I'll be loving the
hell out of you day and night and then
some. You are so wonderful and save me
lots with passionate love. Sweet Hal.
I adore you and tremble with the thoughts of
the passionate life we have ahead. I
promise you a whole life of fun and
love. I know you fully agree with me on
this. So - let's not waste one second
of our time and make with the love
making from the first kissing
kisses. I am! I want you so awful much!

9

Shortly - the day here will trickle in
and I can desert myself from the
C.G.'s chair. I'm squinting before the
Mayer's desk and write this letter.
Everyone is still basking in the
strange delight of smoking and all
are more than damn glad. Stu
and Stu are displaying large photos
of C.G. dragging away in hard to
get fangs. There's nothing another
butt but they doesn't come up. 'No
doubt' he says in the States
announced we are smoking again.
Also in the S&S - a picture of some
chicks dragging away in corn
cob pipes. If I ever catch you with a
pipe - Ah! Brother! Gal - I love you
so awful much and just have to
repeat this over so few lines to keep
you aware of this fact. No doubt
you have a faint misfeansion of
this by now. Tell your mom thanks
for the letter and I will slip into a
answer within the next few days.
Darling - all I can notely dream
about - your breath labring charms
and form. I can't wait until I
can firmly crush you to my chest.

(10)

Tremble all over with thoughts of
your terrific love making and the
cute squigg you use to issue ~~you~~ said
stuff. Gal - you are really a slick
chick and a lovely - lovely. you
do the damnest nicest thing to me
and I love it. when I come home
you'll have to triple your production
of enchantment and love making.

Really - Honey - you drive me crazy
with passions by just being you.

I'm so happily in love with my
beautiful Angel Wife. you just can't
realize how much I do love you
and how much you mean to me.

Soon I'll be able to shower upon
you all of my stored up passions
and then you will know by action.
then you chin up and plan our little
apt. now. Above all, please don't worry
about me for I'm fine as can be
away from my life - you. I'll close

for now but tonight will finish by
dig into another sugar report. God
Bless my Pookie Girl and loads of
love.

Your Soldier Husband
Sonny



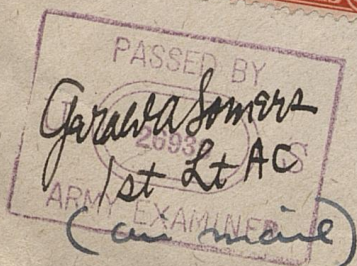
Cpl George Canary 15113242
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 To Postmaster
New York, New York



POSTAGE DUE - 6



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



4



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Wed Dec. 6th
England

My Darling Angel Wife!

Had evening horrible
character of mine! Another one of those
damnable days without mail and you can
easily guess the mood I'm in at this
time. Yes - I feel like hell and not fit
for anything because of this damn mail
shortage for the past three days. Still no
visible signs of a package and I'm still
sweating it out. While there is life - as
the old saying goes - there is hope and
that's what I'm doing last night I pulled
C.P. and went for all hours - writing and
reading in said official capacity of watch
dog. Then two - I slept enough hours to
wash off all signs of sleep. This morning -
I didn't care so much about trucking to the
distant barracks - so I haunted around
here all morning. I sat here at my desk
armed with piles of reading material. Also
upon the stove - one each pot of water heating
up for a shave job. The morning passed by
rather quickly and just before chow time -
I cleaned up. I ate chow with the whole
gang. Said eatable meal wasn't bad at

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

that. I was a bunch of damn good beef
with all the trimmings. With the pleasure
of a full stomach - I decided it was very
need-less that I go hit the sack. So I
bounced back to the office to mess
around some more. I read again all
afternoon and I consider to be very well
rested. Only wish I could read like this
more often. I read every thing from Buniff
to Shakespeare - so it seems. It was very
~~enjoyable~~ to sit back relaxed here in my
office and read while Chris knocked
himself out with work. Said character -
Chris (Barnyard) works tonight and I share
the office with no one tomorrow. St. Jacob
still hasn't returned and I wonder when
in the hell he will. Tomorrow into my
elite team ~~in~~ in again and I hope we
secure a lucky break. Not having to work.
Just before supper. I bowed my head in
my desk and caught a few winks of
shut eye. Said show tonight made up for
the good meal at noon. It was still as
all hell. "Suede" and I thought we would
catch the first show but said movie began
at 6 pm tonight instead of 6:30. So we
were too late to secure a seat. Plan to
catch the second show at 8:30. Don't know
what the name of said movie is but
George Sanders has the leading role.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

I'll go to the show and if not too damn
 sleepy - will come back to the office for a
 little while. I know by that time I'll be
 as damn sleepy - I'll have to prop my tennis
 ball eyes open - or I wonder if I will. The
 office at this time is lonely as a tomb.
 Some of the wire guys caught the movie
 in time and others are practicing basket
 ball. I'm all alone here in my cozy
 office - just you and I. How I wish I could
 really be with you right now so we could
 really take up married life as it is
 meant to be. Darling - if my blue mood
 is reflected in this letter - I can't help
 it but feel like hell. A letter is the very
 thing I need to blot out this damn feeling.
 Life over here is hell when no mail comes
 to ease up the sharp pain of being so damn
 far away from you. Sometimes I feel as
 if I were walled up in a stone tomb without
 room to breathe. Don't worry about physical
 discomforts for it's livable over here but
 it's the mental state I can't stand. Often
 it's physical too for my whole body cries out
 for the want of you. Truly this life cut off
 from you is hell - I know only too well.

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

my whole being ⁽⁴⁾ cries out for the warmth
embrace of your love. Still. I'm happy
because I realize you are mine and soon
I'll be home to share the future with
you. I know that you are lonely too and
it is comfort to know we both feel the
same way. Peanuts - we are so madly
in love with each other. We're not two
people at all but one. We both feel and
enjoy the same things. Both of us live
for the other and are dead apart like this.
I warned you this would be a blue letter
and that it is. From here on out. I shall
try to be more cheerful if possible. Sure
it's hard to pretend when your heart
is breaking within your chest. That's love
and I like this suffering - good that I
do. All the English papers scream the lead
lines "US Rebukes An British Policy"
Seems as if there is some sort of
disagreement of appointment from official
in the Italian government. The British
are yelling about the appointment of this
man and the U.S. says he's cheap. The
English are shocked at this, in fact seemed to
be very stunned. It's high time someone
took him off and Uncle Sam is the
man to do it. England wants control of
everything and to freeze out every one else.
I don't think we'll allow the same sort
of huffing we took in the last war. I
do like the English very much and



AMERICAN RED CROSS

can't wait until I leave this dam is land.
 No doubt you have read about this in the
 papers and heard it on the radio. Pray
 real hard this dam won't fall and so I
 can get the hell home but quick. In a
 few minutes it will be about time to take
 off for the movies and that I will do. It
 is raining again tonight making it
 colder. This country isn't fit for dogs in the
 winter time. Parts of the States are much colder
 than this but not this chilling, damp cold
 that runs into your very bones. Nothing you
 can do will keep out the dam chill. I wonder
 how the boys on the other side of the channel
 stand it. Perhaps it's not this type of
 dampness and I surely hope not. I take
 my hats off to those kids of the American
 Army over there - fighting in the mud and
 rain. Myself. I'm a chain home trooper
 and shouldn't be my damn at all. but I
 can't help it. Perhaps in the battle lines - I
 wouldn't feel this damn mental depression of
 being called up. Sound silly - to say this.
 How I wish I had some shore wings and
 the grace of a pilot. I'd really take a hand
 that March 1st by flinging my whip and I

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

into the ground. But - I'm going around
in a tank to night. What a haul I have.
Just came back from the shoot and it wasn't
too bad. Another one of those flag waving
underground plots about France. The hit
is Ealing was the handle - stars - George
Sanders, Philip Don (not sure if that's the
way to spell his name) and Brenda Marshall.
I have a passionate hatred for such movies
using this worn out plot. Thank goodness
France is free now and they can use
some other plot. Coming back to my
office and I thought would be empty - I
found the place crawling with characters.
Perhaps they aren't crawling for rain &
jabs are grouped about the card table but
look like a bunch of creeps to me. For the
past few days - the alert room radio has
undergone repairs - thus our weather was
speechless. Of course we missed the radio
very much - blaring all day long. As of
tonight - it is going again and that's good.
But how in the hell can I enjoy it when
the characters are here? You tell me.
Don - the all star he thinks - is standing
behind the card players and heckling
him with quips. What a generous character
he is. Some of the more lucky bastards
received packages today again - I just
recieve a row look from the cold
hearted mail clerk. He, I would like to
kill some day - preferably after the war!



AMERICAN RED CROSS

to my utter amazement - I'm still able to
 keep my eyes open even though my neck has
 not been occupied in the last day or so.
 Wonder if it is still there? That I will
 find out in a very few minutes - by the
 route of mid mile show. One of the C & Q
 duties in the morning - change the trip
 ticket on the jeep. This morning - I almost
 had to give said jeep a over haul job. It
 needed a slug of oil - gas and blow up job
 on the tires. The one we have now has a
 canvas roof that flaps in the breeze.
 Keeps the rain off the bottom side of the
 roof anyway. You haven't thrilled into you
 have knocked around in a milk tanker or
 know in GI circles as a jeep is the poor
 man's sub down. More dam fun and more
 dam gay walkers killed each day one
 of my promised quarts of fire water is being
 bottled from the still and should be ready
 any day now. Round up time for all
 whiskey etc for the party is now on. Each
 site we post a armed guard over our
 whiskey stock on hand. Have to watch these
 elbow benders as the they would mix
 away at our quarts. Speaking of how the dam

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English like to draft junk - we have to
 pay \$12 dollars a quart for raid stuff.
 It is even worse than bath tub gin
 or stuff for anti-freeze in a car. But
 have to make the best of the deal.
 Everyone is necking his last cent into
 this affair and should prove to be a
 worth while investment. I know when
 the corker goes - I shall ~~draw~~ draw my
 share and then come. Say - that little
 shortage on the home front must
 really be bad - considering a story in
 the ETO Bible today seems as if a
 character walks up to a total stranger
 (happened in the State - not ETO) and
 asked him for a cigarette. The stranger
 smiled and shot the character. The
 cops can't find the stranger but of
 course they have the character's body.
 If I hadn't lurk twice at this - could of
 sworn it happened in Ky. took place
 in New York - Beverly. So don't go around
 humming junk from strangers. I've
 been in the ETO a year now and the
 only white woman I've seen is tattooed
 on a friend of mine's chest. In the past
 year - I've juggled enough tea to
 be permitted to wear one each ten cilled
 tea bag for each month of Aero club
 missions. I'm now up for the tea bag
 cluster. Hope the latter half of this letter
 has cheered up this letter some what.

①



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Darling - I'm taking a hell of a beating
from all the brass who belong to the
Terry See fan club. All the Colonels -
majors and etc are all complaining
about the damn lachry of my mail. I
want to stay a cpl. - but the mail
comes in but quick. What's new in the
obscene line of literature? Best you
forward all such good books at once if
not sooner. You know - I like a good
crowing as the rest guy. In a couple
more few weeks - I shall call this so
called letter to a rescuing halt and
give the body a rest. By the way - the
guy I'm writing tonight - I wrote from
Huddleston. Wish I had a whole raft of
this type of stationery for it's damn nice
to write upon. Peanuts - you have a guy
that's nuts for the want of your love
making. I want you more than the laws
of nature allows. I love you enough for
ten or more men. What you do to me should
only happen to me. Gal - all I can say -
you are wonderful with matching charms.
think that I will go dream of your charms
and stuff after hard tonight. We have
more fun in my dreams each night.

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

Best I buy my ration tomorrow and
 add to my butt supply. Perhaps the PX
 will have some decent stationery - they
 never do have any. What a difference from
 the PX in the U.S. Can't get a damn
 thing on this dam is land. No love - no
nothing! I suppose you will receive this
 letter some time close to Xmas. Darling
 I can't imagine you enough to enjoy
 the holidays. I shall be very angry if
 I hear you did it. A guy overseas likes
 to think the same thing go on while he
 is away and knowing so - he does it
 feel so damn bad. Knowing you are having
 a merry Christmas is enough to make me
 happy. Darling - I shall be there as I'm
 always am. I'm in your heart and promise
 to haunt you forever. You are with me where
 ever I may be. So please - do have fun for
 both of us. I count - I love you so awful
 much and want you more than it is possible.
 We are old married people of 1 year 10
 months, 2 days and 5 hours - 6 minutes.
 We were so happy 22 months ago on our
 wedding day and even then can't compare
 to how we feel now. Thank you very much
 for 22 months of heavenly bliss. Some of it
 we have been apart - but even then - its heaven
 to know you are mine. I thought of you real
 hard Dec 4th - I do every night but the 4th of
 each month is our special day. God Bless
 my beautiful angel 22 months wife and
 loads of genuine love. Your Soldier Husband
 Jimmy

42
4. May 1940



ms

5

(air mail)

Thursday Dec 7th
Emford

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Again I'm under the red
red influence of no mail and that's unbearable on this stinkie is land. "Where's the mail,"
I'm yelling tonight! yes - just when is the hell
is my mail. I can't stand this damn mail -
less life much longer. Things are bad enough
without wanting hard to get mail. If I ever run
into the Post Master, after this damn war is over -
his name is mud! I shall tear his head clean
from his shoulders and throw it right into
his own face. I'm going nuts - nuts for the want
of your delicious - gossimate - words of love! Well -
to get on with the gossimate story of life in the
ETO or "How to go nuts quick like" as usual - I
had to crawl from the rack with super human
effort. Said barracks was so damn cold that the
ices hanging on the walls were wearing
long underwear. If you dare to open your mouth -
and breathe - your breath turns into ice - falls and
breaks your foot. That's the conditions that prevail.
I unsacked rather early and woke up Ralph and
"Disgusting" Spera. I didn't want to hang around
the ice but while they dressed so I scampered off
to work. Damn - it was cold walking to the office.

(2)

Dam. Talking about how cold it was this morning
I'm cold all over again. So I moved over to the
stove and almost have my - you know what - forked
in the dam heat. Less thing. I'm using my clip
board to write upon. Same board I use to draw
in - that is - at such time I have a odd record
on two. This morning - I had a hell of a time finding
wood to build a fire. So I had to make like a
chief and refuse any such wood I could find in
the other office. I'm always a dam good idea
to wear an down here ahead of the rabble for
this very reason. Chris usually arrives before I
do (I'm not so dam dumb) and has a half way
fire going. Last nite he and his team of characters
united. So his twisted brain didn't show up this
morning. About the requisitioning of wood - each
nite - if I have any wood on hand - I hide it some
place so the character can't swipe it from me.
One of the drawers in the filing cabinet is
empty - so I file the wood. Huddling about the
meek blaze - I warmed up my love hungry bones.
After the office had thawed out - me too - I jumped
into the daily toil. Wonder when this dam unit will
unfile. Seems as if it makes like rabbits during
the night or some thing for it seems to grow each
morning. A hell of a way to win a war - I think.

(3)

My team of inbriates are working tonight and hope to not make it a all night affair. Now chow today was that damn awful stuff - Crabs. I wouldn't feed a dog this unestable mill. In fact - the dogs refuse to eat it. We've offered it to several mutts but they sniff once and walk away. Damn smart dogs - I call 'em. Not being able to chew on a bone (I don't doubt acid bone is much better) we have to down the damn stuff. By the way - this is another one of those up and down nights - meaning I might have to cease with the writing from time to time - so don't be surprised if this letter sounds rather strange. I have to blame it on something you know. The dull afternoon passed just like the morning - more damn work. Thinking I would for sure catch on to mail today - I finally creased down to the mail room. Soon as I saw the toothless - Cold blooded mail clerk back out with the gim - I knew - no mail today. What great pleasure he takes in dashing the cold fact of no mail on to your hopes. He is another character I would like to beat bumps & upon. There - always tomorrow - run here and there have my hopes all kind of up again. What a hell of a war this is! I want home but quick!

I'm writing this letter ⁽⁴⁾ on stationery this night
the country of Uncle Sam. It is typing paper
and a pen expense for pen pushing material.
But one can only make the best of what one
has on hand. Please send me a couple tons
of good - decent stuff quick like. The same
movie is on tonight as last night - so I'm
not wasting time doing the show. I think if
during the night I have a spare minute to
relax in - I shall read a bit - even if it is the
dictionary. Reading material is damn low and
best more suggestions arrive but quick. Really -
I wonder where in the hell my delayed packages
are? I'm getting very much so browned off but
good! I sure hope my package of photos has
arrived in your hands by this time. Please do
let me know at once. Also if the last money
order I sent you has arrived. Please - I love
you so awful much and I'm really carry
for the want of you. You can't realize how lon
sterned that I am. A whole damn year with out
loving is too much for your husband. If a
shaking - near - this character. Crawls up to you
when he was ends - don't look around any
further - it's me. But - a good bunch of your
loving will fit me up but good - Oh! Jackson!

(5)

Just cleaned up the briefing room and a quick
ring to the crew club. Nothing much doing at the
club tonight - even not much in the way of food.
The other day - said glass mounted the ball by
decorating the glass in the Christmas Spirit. Some
time before Xmas - this group is throwing a party
for the English kids. Every man is asked to contribute
part of his weekly ration of gum and candy toward
the kid's party. Said affair will be highly publicized in the
pages with pics etc. Sperry and P RO will take care
of the coverage. So - we will mug in all the photos
that we can. This I assure you. It will be great to
watch the kids at the party. Even have a large tree in
the club right now. Of course for our ship day here in
S-2 - we'll have a tree with all the trimmings. Have never
seen like this - thank god now. Tomorrow is a Holy Day
and I will go to 1130 Mass. Just heard the wonderful
news that we can go hit the rack any time we so
want. This means a morning off to pound the hell
out of the jillows. I shall take advantage of this extra
week time to the full extent. Trying to conserve in the
diminishing coal supply - I'm up in the front office
charming the heat and letting the fire burn out in
mine. Our coke ration is not due to Sat. and I
think we have just enough to hold out - if we
burn a lump at a time. War is sure hell!

⑥

after chow tonight - I bought my weekly ration
and to my great glee - 7 packs of fags. Five of my
favorite brand and two old golds. So the shortage
must really be over or some one's racket was unmarked
up but good. We are still in the dark about why the
smokes were so rare and everyone really wants to
know. Perhaps some one was clearing up by selling
our cigarettes to the black market. Who ever exposed
the soldier of smokes should be strung up. Horney,
three years ago today - our country was sucked by
glutted into this war. Remember how we heard the
news of Pearl Harbor being attacked. Right then I knew
that I would have to leave you for the war. Three years
ago it looked dark for us but we have really
proven to the world that you can't mess around with
Uncle Sam. Two years ago - at this time - both of us
were looking forward to our coming wedding in
Feb. One year ago - same conditions that exist today.
Darling - I shall always love you with the deepest love
a man has ever had for a woman. Nothing can
efface this passionate feeling we have for each
other. Try as you may - nothing in this human
world can compare with our strength giving love.
Blue as I sometimes feel - just the knowledge you
are my very own is enough to overcome the
blue moods. I truly adore my lovely creature!

①

Som when he would become name again - we can
really enjoy the rows of our heavenly marriage.
Darling - I know it is hell to be half alive like
this but we have some thing to really live for and
should be cragily happy. I'm never become
sensible and always act like newly weds. I'm so
utterly rich of being half alive. I want to spend the
rest of my life forgetting this blank space in our
lives. Please help me to blot out this wasted time
of hell. This away all the lonely nites and tears
that clouded my burning eyes. Sounds very un-
manish to say I cry - but damn it - I do and
I'm proud of those tears of loneliness. Your love and
knowing you love me is the only factor that I
have lived on. Peanuts - you are my whole life and
all I want. Thank God you are really mine and
waiting for me to come home. Since ~~beginning~~ ^{beginning} of
time - men have fought wars to protect their homes
and families. I like to think I'm all here protecting
you and guess I am. Darling - you can't realize how
much I do love you. I wish I could find the words
to express my love for you - but I just can't do it.
You can feel it with in your heart - just as I can
feel your love. Damn - damn - this war for taking
me away from you. I want home but quick!

Bill May and Sue Johnson are going along
with Marvin and I to London next week. There
are so many things I want to see. I shall
write you a word picture of what I see and do.
I hope you can see these things through my
eyes. Your husband has really seen a lot of this
world and I can say without prejudice - there
isn't any place like home. Because you are
home to me. Within your arms - I'm only
really at home and then I can live again when
they are clasped about me. Tom now is my turn
to pull room orderly but thinking I would have
to work all night - I've arranged with Dick to
trade days. So he is taking my place and I
pull his turn the 10th. I can take advantage
of the morning free without getting up to
clean the bus. Then too - when I do pull night
job - can sleep later than usual. But time to go
eat mid-night chow and think that I will go
doubt it. As you can see - life in the ETO is the
same damn thing - day after day. This damn end less
repetition is so hellish. One could easily go
stark raving mad easily if you didn't watch
yourself. It is so times as hard when you are
so lost much as I. I'm truly lost without
you. For you are a part of me. I need you!

(9)

I just came back from chow and not much to
report of. you should see me lugging along with the
guy tucked under my arm. Not a jing of what I
wish I was - but coffee is some damn expense for
juice. Just call me "Coffee George" anymore. Since
one been on this damn island. Coffee has kept me
alive. I drink buckets of it each day and I think
to doge my uncolled nervous system. Being away
from you drives each nerve in my body to a raw
high pitch. In order to overcome this lashing feeling
I have throughout my body - I have to use some
sort of stimulant a day to overcome this. Smoking
helps and I really have doubled up using the fags while
over here. Peanuts. I'm not the same guy when I'm
cut off from you. My whole attitude changes - caused
by not having your love. But - now as your healing
fascinate lips cling to mine - I ~~delightfully~~ become
the same guy again. See - I really need you and I'm
not kidding me damn bit. When one is not happy and
inside - all mened up with pain - it's bound to show
through on the outside - even so far in ones facial lines.
Some times I even act different but no need to worry
for it's just being so damn blue. The human body
was it made to be unhappy and it's hell when you
are. We both know this only too well. I adore you!

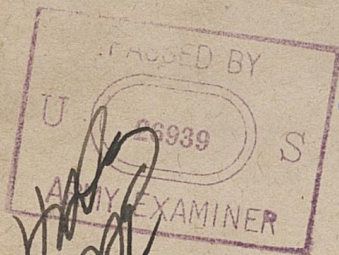
(10)

when I'm home in your arms - life again will
surge through this deaden mass of human flesh.
I'll rise again and come to life when you kiss me
just like a light in a dark room. you know
how the watching of a light battles crowds out
the darkness - you will do the same to me. My
heart will sing again and my red eyes will
gaze with a shining gleam. Honey - can't
you see just how much you mean to me? you
are life and oh! how I love you. I can't wait
until we can fall passionately into each other's
hugging arms. How wonderful that day will be.
Pray real hard and soon it will come. Sweet
little girl - I love you more than you know. Just
saying your name over and over again on
mental life - I fall all over in love with you.
If our love is strong while we are apart
like this - just think how it will be when we
are close together. Until I'm in your arms -
I'll be singing the blues from every pore of my
lonely body. Peanuts - I'll close for now and
head for the real realm of dream land where each
nite I find you waiting. God Bless my lovely
beautiful wife and loads of love.
your Soldier Husband
Sammy

JANE . . .



Capt George Canany 15113242
701 Squadron 445th Air Group (H)
APO 558 70 Post Master
New York, New York



(air mail)

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

Friday Dec 8 7
England

my Darling Angel Superwife

Good evening character!

This is getting to be a uncalled for habit
itching about the mail - into after into.
yes - no letter today and I've wanted a
hell of a long time for one. Don't they
know that letters are ammo for the
guns of morale? I hope your end of
the mail link is working alright. I
guess it will be like this until after
Xmas. Sure is hell meeting it out and
this I'm not kidding. Last night and
this morning was the coldest experience
I've ever had the misfortune to go
through. I nearly froze going to the
baracks last night and ~~was~~ was. I
awful crawling out of the ~~parcels~~ this
morning looks as if the same conditions
will prevail tonight. Last night - my
team received a lucky break and didn't
have to work. Because of the fact of
hanging around rather late - each of
us received a free morning sleep.
So I stayed packed until show time.
I nearly died during the eternity - so

②
it seemed - in pulling my clothes
on. If a bottle of milk had been so
placed upon my head - butter would
have soon taken place in the bottle.
Really - I did a very good version of
the rumba. Park chops helped to
warm up my bones at noon show.
I found St. Jacobs at the office and
we fell into each others arms like
long lost brothers. It was good to see
him and I can say - I missed him
very much. G. Lewis to have had a
very enjoyable time besides going to
school. He and I chewed the fat all
afternoon for he wanted all the details
of going on while he wasn't around.
So I gave him the works. Later in the
afternoon he moved over to the alert
room and shortly came back with
great bunch of compliments on my
catchy aircraft recognition display.
G. and I took the bows etc for my
hand work. He was very well pleased
the way G. and I had carried on
during his absence. Guess we did do a
dam good job at that. So an little
bros is back and can shoulder the load.

③

Explain the change in ind. Treating
of gen fund best you shoot me this
way at once. Do that real often. While
I'm at it - send more hair oil and
things like that. Of course - I worked as
usual the balance of the afternoon to
doing my routine existance of life
in the ETO. Some officer came in the
office this afternoon to ask some questions
and the two of us became very chummy
as all hell. He was telling me all about
his cadet camp and I showed mine
right back at him. You should hear
a couple of businessmen shoot the hanger
flying. I can't recall this pilot's name
but he's a damn nice guy. Says he
will drop around whenever he can.
He's a co-pilot and just a kid. I do
think he's a little younger than I but
of course not as nice looking (please
don't laugh) I like to let my hair down
and chew the fat with a guy like this.
He's none of this flying out of my
system if nothing else. Says he
realizes just how I must feel. Damn
nice I'd and hope we can get together

④

more often. Some can run into some
damn nice kids in this army. Then two-
no many of the other type. Enclosed
you'll find another copy of the silly
gazette. No doubt by my crazy
articles contained there in - you'll think
I'm a mad man. Perhaps this
form of journalism is a outlet for the
walled up feeling I have. Anyway - its
fun to be crazy. Saw a rather good
movie to night but it was rob stuff.
Huggo Band - a rather late movie for
some of the fellows saw it in town last
Spring. I enjoyed it very much but
don't recommend it for anyone who
has come over in the armed forces.
Tonight - in order to save what little
coke we have in our office - I'm writing
in the alert room. Perched in front of
the fire. The wind howls outside
and makes me huddle even closer
to the fire. England is a hell of a
place to be stuck in during the
winter. Bad enough any time but the
damn cold makes it unbearable. All
I want to do - stay in range of a
damn warm fire and not move
away from it. I dread the icy

(3)

walk to the barracks. the very thought
of that dam cold walk heats me out
in chills. Darling - you could not
live in this dam country. I can
see you - blue and shivering from
the dam penetrating cold. You shiver
and shiver in the comparatively mild
winters we have at home. But when
you do shiver - you do it with such
cute glamour. I even love this
cute way you shiver. Honey - I recall
all the little things about you such as
this. Peanuts - I love you so awful
much and just can't wait until we
can take my active married life and
love making. You are so wonderful and
no one can't help but love sweet little
you. Just you wait and see how
much I do love you. Darling - I was
change men a hell of a lot and I'm
no different than any one else in this
respect. Ah! I'm the same guy
and all of that but these past years have
marked me in some way. When one lives
the military life for such a long time -
must be changed somewhat. What I'm

(b)
trying to say. I'll need you so awful
much when I come home. I'll
need your help to make the change
over to civilian aspects of life. I
can't wait until I can un GI
myself and become a free man
again. With your loving help - I
can do it quickly. Please help me
forget this. Can't think of other
hell in our lives. Darling - I'll be
like a little boy when I come home
and will depend on you to help me.
I'm not changed in other respects -
just - I'll need your help to change
back to civilian life. I'm a eager
student and can't wait until the day
comes I can change over. Darling - you
don't know how wonderful it is to
know someone as lovely as you are -
I'm waiting for my return. I feel as if I
have a gift on this world knowing you
are mine. With you at my side - I can
do anything. The only thing I want to
do - live the very best life with you and
that we shall do every chance we have.
When we don't have a chance to live -
we'll go some place and do so.

(1)

all I promise you is one continual
ever reaching life and jammed with
far more fun. Most of the characters
are here in the alert some watching up
the warm hearted fire. Some are playing
cards, others like myself - are writing
letters to the home front. Then the dreamers
are just staring into space. I wonder just
what they are thinking about. Marvin has
a puzzled look on his pinched face and
his bullet ball eyes are squinted up in a
humorous way. Marvin talks with his
hands as most people of his race does. We
kidd he tell about this and threatening to
shoot him up by chaining his hands.
Ralph is sitting next to Marvin and
his redder eyes are almost closed in
childish drowsiness. He reminds me
of a very small grade school kid with
matching nose. Then there is Syra -
pounding over a letter - no doubt to one
of his many black dates. Bill May has
himself hidden in a way and is
slunked down into the depths of his chair.
Never before has such a collection of
characters ever been assembled under
the same roof. We should change a
place to see us. Really could make a lot

⑧

of being green this way. Darling - I'm
sure of me being - I love you so awful
much and want you more than Webster
can express. Doll - we are so much in
love with each other and ah how
wonderful it is to be so happily married
like this. I can't understand why
people want a divorce. Seems to me -
if they weren't in love - never would of
taken the marriage vows. I adore and
hold precious every little second of
our married life. Darling - can't you
see how much your husband loves you?
Some time ago - I wrote you about
a story I read in the Star and
Stripes. About a G.I. wife who had a
baby after he was overseas for 14
months. Said George wanted a divorce
because something was wrong but
he died. Many doctors said it was
possible for a woman to be pregnant
14 months and there were many such
cases on record. To say it came out
that the husband was sterile and
could never become a father. Realizing
this - he told his wife to have an affair
with some one in order to have a
baby. She did! He came home on
a overseas leave just after the baby

was born and accepted the kid as his
own. Going back over the point - he
changed his mind. This is the wife's
story and upon these grounds - the
court ruled - no divorce can be so
granted. I'm waiting to see what the
husband has to say about this. You
can read about more crazy change cases
like this. What a crazy case was this
is. Parents. Do you like for me to
relate such stories as this? The Star
and Stripes goes in for such reflections.
Speaking about reading material -
ran across a ad. in a couple of mags
about a red hot book that I would
like to read. A book called "The
Annihilator of Pleasure" and what a
book this must be. Best you try to
catch onto this book and recommend
it to me but quick. Also any other
good books you might run into. A
guy has to read up on the sort of thing
he is missing - you know. Sure wish
he held my mail would arrive this
year or sooner. Guess I'll receive a
couple bags full all at once - I hope.
I feel like hell when I'm mail-less
but when you are - I feel twice as bad.

(10)

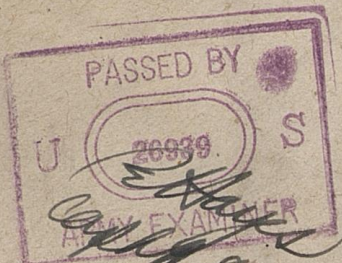
I realize how you worry about me and what it does to you during a mail-less stage. Really, no need to worry about me for I'm strictly chummy and in the game. (Can't tell the truth)

I'm going to see if my coffee fix will keep coffee warm all night. If so, I'll have a cup of java each morning to start the day off. Peanuts tomorrow is Sat and that means extra work for me. The Journal comes out tomorrow night and I'll have to knock myself out during the process of going to press. No doubt I will work rather late on said paper - so best I go hit the pad. Just remember - I love you so awful much and want you more than the law allows. Take best good care of yourself for me and soon I'll be home to take over the job. Until tomorrow nite and in my dreams in a few minutes - good night for now. God Bless my beautiful angel wife and loads of your wate love.

Your Soldier Husband
Sammy



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



(air mail)

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

4

Sat. Dec 9th 8
England

my Darling Angel Wife!

I hate to do it again
but I can't help it. No damn mail
again on this damn island. I did latch
on to a V-mail from Aunt Mary but
they are a god damn expense for a letter.
I sure hope you are latching on to a
lot of mail from me each day. I'd
feel twice as bad if found you were also
mail-less. I know how you think and
at such stages of no mail how you
worry. If it should be possible - you are
suffering like I am - please don't
worry. I thought for sure that I would
have a letter from you today. Darling -
it is very late right now and I should
be in bed right now. As the usual
standing procedure on Sat. nights -
wrote like a furd in his week's Journal
to make matters even worse - Marvin
pulled a god high act on me tonight
and didn't do a damn thing that left
me with the whole edition to whig up.

(2)

thing like this makes my printer
into blood hound. If he is going to be
co-editor - oh my - but let's get down
to work - if not - I'll find some one else.
So tonight I couldn't finish up the
Journal and it is only half printed.
I'll even have to write his articles if
he doesn't mount the ball tomorrow.

He almost pulled the same thing last
week by going home rather early. But
caught up the work last Sunday.
That he will do tomorrow or else - a
new man will take his place. You should
hear the young clamor when the Journal
is behind time. Everyone likes our
little section news ray and yell
for more. Seeing this rest of thing - I
don't mind the extra work. I'll even
go so far as to get it out by myself
each week if I have to. The press must
speak - or some thing like that. I don't
know if this rest of thing gives me any
what so ever experience or not but it
is a hell of a lot of fun. I'll let you
know he will come in tomorrow, later.
All I can say. I love you so awful
much and really I love my little wife!

③
I'm writing this from the P R O
office where I've been working all
night. A few minutes ago, I cleared
my - shared etc. It is just 1 am now
and I'll leave in a little while. In
the meantime, I have this letter to
complete. Pearls - it was even colder
this morning and damn I hated to
crawl out of that sack. I stayed
here in until the last possible second
that I could. Ralph, Dick and Syren
crawled - moaning out just as I
did. I had to wake up Bill Ray again
this morning and stood around
while he slowly slipped into his duds.
Calvin arrived at the office just as I
did so we were fireless until I built
one. Calvin swept and mopped the
place while I struggled with the damn
fire. Soon the office was halfway on the
warm side - so we went to work. St.
Jacobi was on hand bright and early,
the morning dawning rather slowly
and I thought noon time would never
come. Last night I filled my coffee
jug to see if it would keep coffee warm.

(4)

until this morning. Glad today that it did. So each morning from now on - I shall have a warm cup of java to warm me up after the cold walk from the barracks. Now that was it much to regret of. Sam was the main course and I liked the waffles tart left there in. Quickly we dashed back to the office - not to work - but to warm up our cold bottoms. I read the Stars and Stripes while hunched up over the stove. Today was "junk" day - so I read through it for a little while. I shall send you a copy now as I read it from cover to cover. Please excuse this sorry writing but I'm racing my eyes. Want to pinch this before my eye balls chub into a dog sleep. I can feel in slowy closing up right now. Tomorrow - I'll run a day and can sleep a few minutes later. So I won't miss out on too much sleep - say here. Glenn Miller and his band of hot rock musicians were on this afternoon for a half hour. I worked with one ear glued to the radio.

(5)

Sat. is always a good day for the
the listening. All day long the AFN
says the joint jumping with nothin'.
I missed out on the Hot-Parade tonight
but will catch the rehead cast of it
tomorrow. Bill Ray didn't wait for
me tonight and I'm wondering just
where he worked up the guts to walk
alone. I paid a call to the Aero Club
tonight for a light snack. We had
ham for supper and for a change. It was
damn good. Parents - if this should
turn out to be a short letter, please
excuse. If I can keep my eyes open - I
shall write the usual length. Again
all I can say. I love you so awful
much and want you more than the
law allows. You are so damn cute and
I'm nuts about you. To put it very
mildly - you are wonderful and a
super wife. I'll show you just how
wonderful I think you are when I
come home to you. Damn this damn war!
I can't wait until you are hugged
in my arms never to leave again!

⑥
I don't like to brag, but I think no
one - the Journal is the best damn
edition I've turned out thus far. I
take great delight in doing this and
a warm glow of personal pride comes
over me when the young like my stuff.
Even the Major asked about the paper
tonight for he too is a ardent reader.
I try to strictly ~~adhere~~ adhere to a
policy of wicing the En's ideas
and print just what they like. Some
of the officers have complained why I
haven't included them in the fun and
press notices. This is strictly a all
enlisted man affair and I'm not
hiding. Some times I mention some
of the officers but play up the En's. Really -
I get a bang out of this sort of thing and
feel more at home doing this than any
other type of work. I feel sure I can
make a name in the news paper racket
and will try my utmost. Like I've
said before - perhaps my writing will only
become a hobby when I come home - but
I shall not give up if even if they are
not published. I call it damn fun to mess
around like this. Peasants - I really give

a lot of thought to just what she will
do in the job we would in
order we can better our head with the
long years. It's going to be a hard
nut to crack with all the other guys trying
to find jobs. I guess it ~~will~~ will just
have to work itself out and all I can do
is try. With your help and guidance. I
can do anything. Parents - you are
wonderful and I'm just plain nuts
about my beautiful wife. I am - my
tennis ball eyes are refusing to function
now and the shade of sleep is doing
its damnest to creep down upon me.
I'll fight it as long as I can. They
seem to be baracks. Next week we'll
have plenty of activity around here.
The Big Red have another gridiron
clash and of course your husband
will as usual carry the game. The
Reds barbed ball team play - its first
league game ~~then~~ Wed nite and even
though I'm supposed to be official referee
theyer. I won't be there. Marvin and I
are going to London Wed. Barnyard
said he would take my place and gather
the story for the Journal. I suppose

⑧

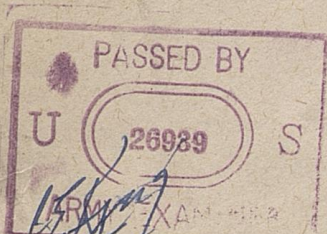
Don will again try to grand stand
as he always does. I really hate to
miss this game but there will be
plenty more in the season. I will of
course keep you well informed about
the team etc. Honey - I can't go long
going to sleep any longer and long
but here - but I fold up for tonight.
I know you understand and won't be
mad. Darling - from what I gather
from Aunt Mary's V-mail - I think
you have received the package of photos.
She mentioned some thing about there -
my me for the photo of myself taken
while in Scotland. So you must have
em. Anxious to hear what you have to
say about the photos etc. Beautiful Doll -
keep up the prayers and before long I
will be here with you. Tell your family
hello and I will write soon as possible.
Hoping for a chunk of mail from you
tomorrow and feel lucky. God Bless
my lovely creature and loads of
passionate love. - our super kind.

Your Soldier Husband

Sunny



Mr George Canary, 5113242
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 55876 Post Master
New York, New York

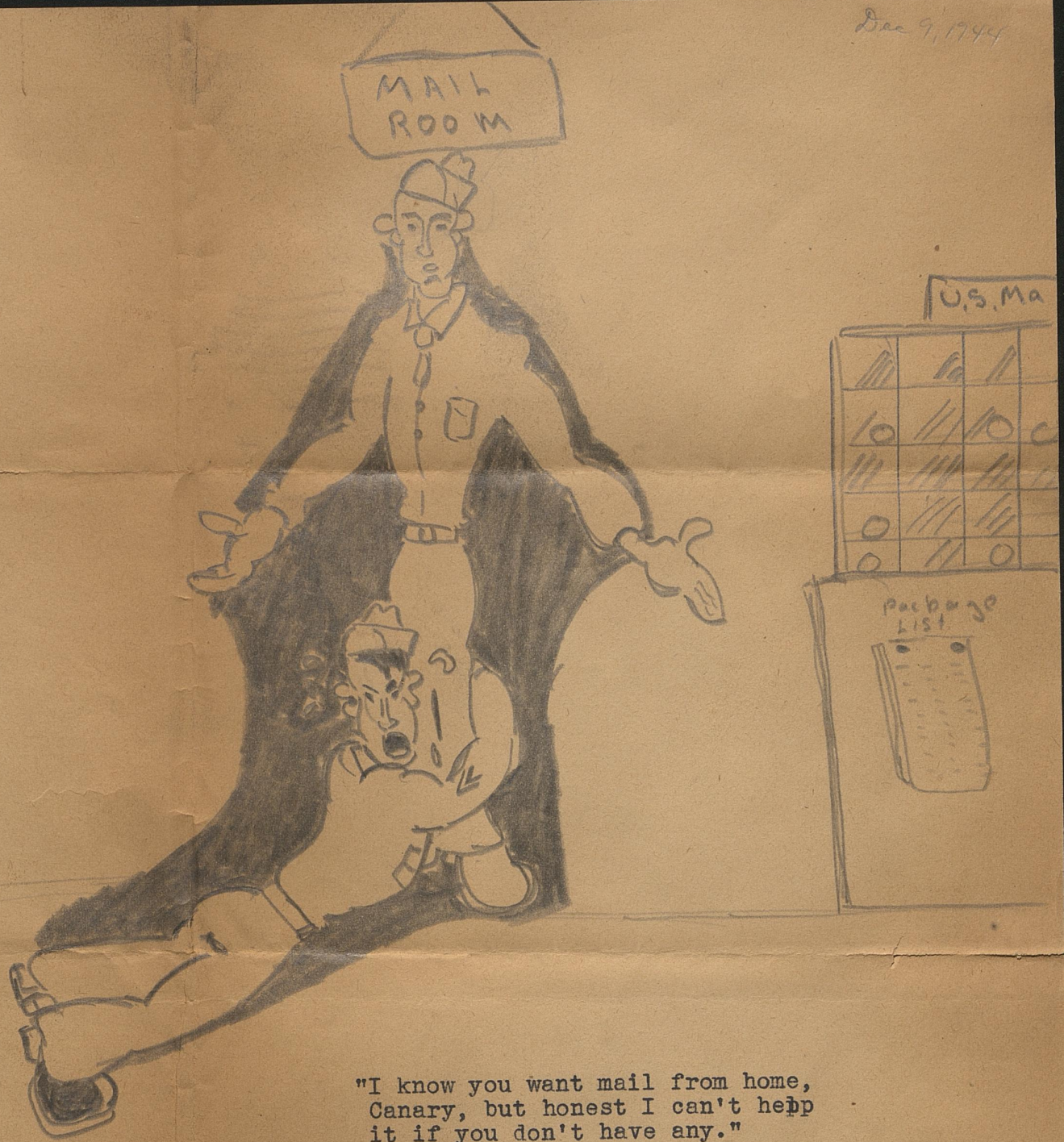


(air mail)

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

8

Dec 9, 1944



"I know you want mail from home,
Canary, but honest I can't help
it if you don't have any."

King Canary

Sunday Dec 16th
England 9.

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening lovable
character of mine. Well - as for the
past week - I began my letter with -
no mail today from you. This is
really getting to be a habit and I
don't care for it at all. I did latch
on to a package from Mom today
and with a sigh of relief - I pulled
reelings at last my packages are on
the way. No kidding - I was damn
worried here for awhile and this night
for sure I'd never receive one. But
now - my hopes are all on edge and
I'll be watching with eagle eyes every
day. I love you so awful much and
can't begin to state my love in
pages. This morning - I had the same
been welcomed talk of your coming
and what a good deal this is. It is
such a relief from the usual damn
grind of work. I slept until 7 am
then dashed out of the sack. To my
utter surprise - some one had
built a fire and the barracks was
warm down at our end. Darling -

②
bunk buddled right up to the stove
in a very friendly manner. of course
this doesn't make me mad at all.
In fact - I like the ~~idea~~ idea very
much - that is - when the fire is
going. So - I took my time dressing
and toasted each item before encas-
ing my lagy body. Even then - I stuck
around the stove while enjoying
the first cigarette of the day. After
bubling around - I grasped the
broom in a good hand and set about
the task of cleaning the barracks.
I gave the joint a damn good sweeping
job and then asked the first Sgt if
he wanted the barracks to be mopped.
During the cold weather - it's not
such a good idea to mop the barracks
each day for it takes such a long
time to dry out. So Sam said no even
when I pleaded with him. (That's a laugh)
So - I crawled back into the sack for
a hour or so more good time. Dick and
Puffy both had the morning off
and didn't get up until noon - when
I shook the hell out of 'em. From
time to time - I remembered the hungry

③
vie. the three of us - hugged our way
to the mess hall - acting like three
kids cutting up. All three men are
sure a rilly bunch of nuts. Banging
away at each other arms and all of
that sort of thing. We do anything to
get away from the damn life of
uniform routine. For some reason
or other - our weekly tunnel with
chicken was today instead of Monday.
I stand back and grin while the character
fight over who's going to eat my share.
Today. I split it between Ralph and
Dick - ~~split~~ ratifying both. I just
don't care for GI chicken and won't
eat the damn stuff until I can sink
my choppers into real Southern fried
chicken. Coming to the office - found
that St. Jacobi and Ghis some
how managed to carry on this
morning without me. Well be damn if
I know how they did it unless with
minors. So I got to right in with
the labors. Same old life of damn
stuff day in and day out. This
concerning you will do wonders of good
for me to get the hell away for a

couple of days. Started to rain late
this afternoon and make it even
more colder. As usual. Sunday mite
chow was another uneatable bunch
of nothing. Cold cuts warmed up with
some kind of clam juice. We quickly
adjourned to the Aero Club - seeking
some thing better to eat. that we
found. Apple pie and rolled up jam
cakes filled with strawberry jelly. After
our stomachs were filled - dashed back
through the cold rain. I went to
4:30 mass this afternoon and did not
return to the office until around
7 pm. Not using my undershirt.
Rain - I forgot to take along my flash
light. Coming back to the office was a
game of blind man's bluff. I ran
head on. to another husky CI before
reaching the rafters of the office. There
in - plunged into finishing up the
Journal. Afterwards - slipped into the
bath - before hand - dashed back to the
club for my head basket was empty
after the useage of energy used in
putting out the Journal. Each

⑤
Sunday night - the Red Cross has
some sort of entertainment in the
march bar lounge. Tonight - some
chick was teaching the women in
wogie style. She has played here
once or twice before and really damn
good. the funny thing about this
fluffy blond - she doesn't sit still
while giving us the keys. She moves
from head to toes and what a shape
she moves around. Some one said she
is English and a professional show girl.
Must say her music and style is really
professional anyway. But the best
looking English girl I've seen. As I
was saying - she is stuck up something
terrible and when she squirms around -
her whole giggle is a very sexy way.
This of course in turn - sets the G eye
squirming and goes out at the right
angle of drooping. She is fun to watch
and even more fun to look at the
reaction of the audience - They tell me.
I only stayed long enough for a
quick cup of coffee and a sandwich.
Cudoly - the guys yell - "take it off"
and "Shake it Honey - but don't break it."

(6)
you can never tell what a room full
of G.I.s will do next. Some made like
they were mooning and flopped on
the floor mooning. "Ah! fuck his"
you'd get a hell of a high out of such
thing as this. When guys are cut
off from white women like this. They
are hornier as all hell. I'm writing
this from P.R.O. office for Lee is - one
each warm fire. The yard kids are
playing poker - that is - they were
playing poker. for raid characters
are headed for the rack at this time.
Time really whips by while I'm
writing your letters. Parents - I love
you so awful much and want you
more than even I know. My whole
body is one flaming torch - burning
for the want of your love making. Plus
that - you are wonderful and I adore
you. then not to mention - you are
lovely - beautiful - and lady. what
charms you have! Damn this war any
way. I want home so damn fast. Just
you wait until I do get there. All I
can say. Look out for I'm coming

Barnyard has the morning off and
left & were on to work but quick so
the good St. Jacobs will have a nice
warm fire to greet him. He did like
very much to find the office all moved
up when he arrives. I wonder to be on
hand at a decent time in the morning.
I'll have to hit the sack early
also. I mean - I would like to hit the
sack early for a bit late night now.
Tomorrow - I have to do some thing
that I shall just think my about.
Tomorrow - were due for our every
six months shots. My arms just
ache just thinking about getting
stabbed with the needle. I hope my
arm doesn't hurt too much tomorrow
night in order to handle my letter
writing. Don, Jimmy and Marvin
labeled on to their shots today and
what a rich lunch they are tonight.
Jimmy faints & when they stab him
with the round like needle. I've seen
a lot of jump guns out from this and
it's enough to knock out a horse.
So - tomorrow night - I will be the
hunk of pain and sore arms.

(8)

Really. I'm not ashamed to say I
shudder at the thought of being stabbed
three times with foot long needles. I
have so damn much of that damn stuff in
my system that they could easily tap
me in case of a shortage. The Army
makes damn sure there is not a chance for
diseases to break out. Much as I dislike
these damn shots - I realize they are for
my own good. I shall grin and grit my
teeth - take it like a man - say here
is very fine small pint. Peanuts -
because it is so very late - will you tell
mom I received a package today
from her. I'll write a letter in the
morning to the family - but do thank
em for me. Her's hoping for some from
you. My boys are very aroused and
feel sure at least mine will break
through the mail blockade. I have I
ever told you - you are wonderful and
I adore you? Seems to me I've said
it at least a couple of times or
more. Any way - here it is again only
I mean it more so each time I
repeat it. Truly you are wonderful
and a beautiful bunch of a woman.

①
Another movie tonight that I have
seen a long time ago. In fact - early
this summer - Dan and I saw it in
town. "The Purple Heart" and a rather
dam good movie at that. About the
guys who were forced down in the first
raid on Japan. Darling - today at
Mass I really prayed hard for a quick
victory and know my voice raised to
heaven was just one in many millions.
I know you too were praying for the same
thing. Seems funny how a girl in
church - the only one in the chapel filled
with Soldiers. She is the Red Cross girl.
It is very interesting to look around
and see so many soldiers attending
Mass. Really does something to you,
dig down inside. Seems such a very
long time ago that you and I attended
church together each Sunday. Some
how - no matter how GI this life may
be - every thing I do reminds me of
you. With every breath my lungs
draw in - I think of you and my
lonely body reminds me how
much I need you. Nothing I can

(10)

on this very paper - can convey to you
how much I love you. Pearls -
love is a wonderful thing and
marriage is even more so. I can't
remember any thing before I met you.
Years I was stalling around until
you came into my life. Every minute
I spend with you is more happiness
than most people find in a whole
life time. We are so richly in love
and the world is a lovely place
when we are in each other's arms.
My mind doesn't want to think of
anything but our future life that
is both concerning you are mine for
ever! I promise you nothing but a
life time of utter fun and love making.
We shall crowd a life time into each
second we are together. Take good care
of yourself - Darling and don't worry
about your husband. Hang on and keep
your chin up with the thoughts of our
happiness to come. God Bless the
best wife in the whole world and loads
of passionate love. Your Soldier Husband
Jimmy

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



PASSED BY
E. Hayes
CAPTAIN
ARMY EXAMINER
(via air mail)

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

Monday Dec. 11th 1940
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - lovely character of mine. Another one of those so called Typical ETO damp - mail - letters per usual. No need to further add how I feel tonight. Then to make matters even more browned off - blue - some of the nicest words for how I feel - my arms are aching from the shots so stabbed in them this fair full morning take away human strength to grasp this gem in my hands and make it glide over this page. So please excuse the condition of this letter. Well - here goes with the uninteresting details of today. Call it how to go nuts in the ETO. Last night - who ever that eager Joe is - another warm fire greeted me in the barracks. As I said before - said store is almost in my reach - and it was nice and warm - waiting for my usage. Being democratic (voted for FDR too) I replenished the range and slipped into the depths of my reach. With the soothing crackling of the fire in my ear and a cigarette - clamped between my lips - I laid there thinking of you. I can't

of you into my dreams. ⁽²⁾ Darling - we have so much fun in my dreams and it is wonderful. Just a preview of the thing to come and I can say - look mighty farwonderate. I found the morning rather damp and cold. So I didn't waste any time in going to the office. No sooner than I had taken a few steps down the road - Syra and Ralph pulled up in the jeep. They had worked all night and rode to the barracks with the thought in mind of me taking the jeep back. That I did and was more than glad to do so. Quickly I built a fire for St. Jacobi arrived a few seconds after I did. Barryard had the morning off and I also cleaned the place etc. Some old story about work and with the depressing thoughts of the shots on my mind. Working up the nerve - I strolled over to the pill factory around 1030. With a grin clench to my teeth and a square net to my shoulder - I walked in and ignored the moaning of the pain yelling Gls as they were stabbed. I walked up to the desk - barked out my name and had my personal shot record put up to date. Not hearing the cry - of "you'll be sorry" I entered into

(3)

the torture chamber and the chief execution
giant as I exposed my naked flesh. Wham -
bam - two quick ones in the left arm and I
laughed because they didn't hurt so much.
Going into the next laughter room - a
hugh - hugh of a medic lunged at me with a
round like needle with a quart size fluid tube
upon it. With a fiendish laugh - said - "this one
is going to hurt. Ah! Brother! was he right.
the job of the needle wasn't so bad - they stick
about three inches into your arm - but when he
squeezed the juice in my arm - I thought some
one had hit me with a black jack. I had so damn
much of this stuff in my system that the needle
injected fluid - squeezed out my left ear. I
was stabbed in the right arm this time. Being
a wire old hand at getting shots - I quickly
twirled my arms around fast as possible.
Even went so far as to shadow box. This violent
exercise works the fluid through your body.
Most guys don't realize this and let the stuff
stay in one spot until the normal flow of
blood dumps it away. This is just what makes
your arms so damn sore and makes you itch
all over. Several of the fellows fainted and the

④

guy in front me feel like a ton of bricks. I'm
glad to ~~be~~ say. didn't make me rich at all.
of course - he wounds made my the very
large needles came your arms to hurt, etc.
Don, Jimmy and Marvin were all rich dogs
today from their shots yesterday they felt
even worse yesterday afternoon and last
night. Don and Marvin felt so damn bad
yesterday afternoon that they had to take the
rest of the day off. Also came in late this
morning. Dick and Ralph feel like hell
tonight also. My arms ache a little bit. but
outside of that I feel okay. Will be a bit on
the rough side trying to sleep tonight with
these sore arms. your husband must be
tough or some thing. today's shots were
high dose and no wonder so many guys
feel like hell. they are enough to knock out a
horse. of course - it is the custom to tell
the other fellows who haven't received their
shots as of yet - how damn awful they are.
the more you tell 'em they hurt - the whiter
they get. War is truly hell and I'm not just a
kidding I hope these shots are it of the delayed
action type and reaches me in the morning.

⑤

you should of heard all the gung moaning
at the mess hall about the wonderful shots. I
kelt damn good and full of jee. - that is - no counting
the gain from the holes in my gun arms.
this afternoon - same old stuff of work and I
managed to go ahead in spite of my hammering
arms. Tehni came in this afternoon and he
still feels like hell from his dose. Some gung
really got rich from these shots - others - they
don't bother. I dabled down to the orderly room
expecting a letter from you but no love, no
nothing. I'm living tonight I sat through one
of the most enjoyble pictures I've ever seen.
"In Whom the Bell Tolls" and really a great
movie. the love scenes really got me behind
the heart. Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman
really put on the moving love stuff. I gried
my hands and sweated blood. because I wanted
you so much. this movie really did the work
you're and followed it almost to a "t." Of course
some of the high lights in ref had to be cut out
but you could easily catch on quick like. I do hope
you have seen his picture. I think it is over a year
old for some of the fellows saw it in the States.
If you haven't - do go see this moving love story.

movie such as this one makes me feel even
worse. Dam this damnable war! I need you in
awful much and can't begin to tell you just
how much I do. After the movie - dashed over to
the club for a light match. It's always a game
a sport to dash out of the movie - trying to
beat the crowds to the club. Sure how - I'm
very lucky a fleet of foot and beat the mob there.
Heaven help the gun guy who goes along in
the mad rush to the club. I do alone for none of
the other guys made it to the club quick as I
did. They had to sweat out the long line and I
was finished long before they were in smelling
range of the prod. I cut through the black
drogs of rain and dodged my way to the office.
Said movie was a rather long one and it is a
bit late right now. St. Jacobi and Chui are
unhinging tonight and I shall hold down the
office alone tomorrow. St. Jacobi just crawled
out of his sack and came to unh. I broke off their
collar in order to hit the mid night show line.
I brought back my guy full of coffee. I offered
some of it to St. Jacobi and he thirstily
drank it up. It's still raining outside and I
can hear the machine gun pounding on the
tin roof over head. Sounds very cozy etc.

(1)

Martin and I have decided not to go to London after all. We both want to see the Verbot Ball game the big Reds are playing and will not go. Besides I'm supposed to be off and need sleep and time sleep - Sgt Thompson and I. We shall take our 48 hour pass anyway. Perhaps stay right here in town or move on to some other place. Some one has to cover the story of the game too - and no need to say who is the most likely sports writer to do it. Of course I will read you a complete story of the game and the trip etc. Read today where Sam & Gregor died. He was always good in the movies. Mary. I can only repeat - I love you so awful much and can't wait until you are locked into my arms. I will throw the key away and you'll never be able to escape again. Peanuts - I'm going to leave you day and night - then some. You have been everything yet. The way we loved last summer - rather last year - was only like Tuff Comfard to what you are in store for. Darling - I'm so crazy about the song - "I Walk Alone" Really fits me like a glove and I'm not kidding. I do walk alone - Till you walk in beside me. I love my Darling wife so awful much!

(8)

If I see any thing in town worth while
sending to you - that I will do. I love my
little wife so awful much and just can't begin
to explain how much. My team is on again
tomorrow night and I have high hopes of not
dropping it - with luck. Some of the gang are playing
cards up in the post office again tonight. I can't
understand how they can sit there night after
night. I'd have to work tomorrow night - will
be sort of a rough deal on my part. But I can
sleep until noon time and then take off for town.
I sure hope we have a easy night - still better -
no working at all. Some guy just returned from
a job down in Scotland and says the girls
up there have a "Come heather" look about them.
Did you hear about the bachelor who never Mrs. any
thing? The Stars and Stripes each day features a
editorial and this is called editorial reviews a
lot of hushhush from the G Eggs through the
"Blow it Out" column in the same way. Some of
the gang go so far as to say - it is stupid. Some
dang - it's very rotten - I think and others - not
bad at all. As a whole - the ETO Bible is a fair
game but some times full of too much propaganda.
But you can't please every one you know.

How do you like the song. "Straighten up and fly
Right"? Pretty good don't you think - I do! Gal-
little do you know how much your husband loves
you. I'm about ~~explode~~ with passions for the want
of you. Strong character - I adore you more than you
realize. You intoxicating creature - you do the
most fascinating things to me. I don't know
just how you do it - but whatever you do - you
put it over with super seduction. I can't wait
until you turn loose your dazzling charms
upon me. Please unleash all the love you have
within your gorgeous body. Drain every passion
from even your toes to drive me wild. You set me
delirious with thrilling love and I'm wanting
more of it lovely thrilling right now. It
is unbelievable how much I love you and
want you. I go nuts thinking of the breath-
taking charms you are so well equipped with.
Please knock me down with love when I come
home. then pick me up and lay me down again.
What a marvelous time we shall have and will
last forever - I assure you. I just led me to you -
then let's out! Gal. I'll love the hell out of you
just for a warm up job, then we'll really get

(10)

young Peanuts. but you shoot some good
stationary this way but quick. I dis like this
can you stuff I have to use. Hard as hell to
write on and is too damn heavy for me.
Really. I hope my mail is getting through
to you much better than yours. But the only
thing coming through is V-mail but I
consider that next to nothing. Besides - This
too damn GI for my money. Tell your. I
will leave long but here and take off for
the sack. Need all the shut eye I can catch
on to because I doubt if I'll sound the pillow
tomorrow night. Take good care of yourself for
me and keep your chin up. Tell your family
hello and Merry Christmas. Don't forget to
enter into the fun as writing of things for the
both of us. Remember - we aren't two different
people - but one. That beautiful Tel. day - you
became part of me and I of you. I can only
say over and over again how much I love
you. God Bless my beautiful All American
wife and loads of passionate love.

Your Soldier Husband
Jimmy



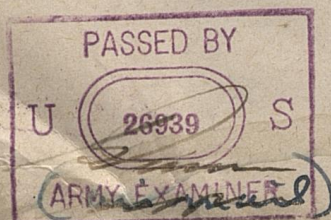
JANE...



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



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



10

Tuesday Dec 12 11
Amford

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Well what do you know!

What say, mate. Let's communicate! To bang-
where as - and of. etc. - two packages and I
fainted with joy. One from you and one from
mom. I trembled with excitement until I
could match among the wrapping of your
package - my first one from you. tearing
aside the lid - behold - beautifully wrapped
gift. I hated to destroy your lovely wrappings
but I couldn't stand it any longer and quickly
opened 'em. The first one was very small and
couldn't guess just what it contained. I opened it
and what do you know - a ring box. Then I really
began to tremble with happiness. Sure enough - my
wedding ring Darling - I'm not ashamed to say
I actually cried when I saw that lovely ring lying
gloriously in the box. You are so sweet to your
lonesome soldier husband. As I lifted it from the
box - I closed my eyes and pretended you were here
beside me. It was your hand that slipped the ring
on my left hand and no hiding - you really
were here. Thank you Pearls - thank you a million.

②
Without a doubt - it is the loveliest gift I've
ever received. Not so much the ring itself -
but the meaning behind what it stands for.
I ran out like a giddy high school girl and
showed off my ring as if a engaged girl
would do. Peanuts it's lovely and fits just
right. It's just a trifle large but not enough to
matter. You can't realize how happy I am!
Now everyone can see that I am a married
man. Peanuts - I love you so awful much and
just can't wait until I can show you how
much. You are so wonderful! I thought this
package would not arrive until the last because
you said that many more were mailed before
this one. I'm glad it arrived so quickly. Peanuts
you can't realize how much this ring means
to me. Ah! how I wish I could be with you this
night. Beautiful wife - I adore you with my whole
heart. We are no longer two but one. We belong to
each other and by all rights should be encased
in each other - arms right now. Peanuts thank
you very much for this lovely gift!

(3)

as you can see - I'm using the envelope in
you thoughtfully sent. I have such a wonderful
wife. I do like all the other terms contained in
the package but none of 'em can compare with the
ring. Mom's package - had a can of soup -
cocoa powder - rocks - cards etc in it. Nothing
in the way of Ellen today and I also like eggs
in my beer. Well - to get on with today's activities
etc. this morning. I slept until the last
possible moment of sleep. I fully realized that
I wouldn't catch on to much sleep tonight
so I hung around in the sack until I
had to get up. Again it was a cold dawn
morning and I hurried to work quick by car
possible. Chris and St. Jacobi went last
night and I had the place to myself all
day. Not having too much work to do, I
didn't strain myself. The morning passed
rather rapidly and the whole 5.2 walked to
noon chow together. Park chops again today
and not too bad. Coming back to the
office - I read the Star and Times and
again warmed myself over the fire. Around
one bells - our weekly supply of coke arrived
and the battle began. I filled my bucket

④

three times before the coke supply ran out.
We have enough to last until the next
load arrives. That damn stuff really
disappears awful fast and one has to be
right here on the ball or else you freeze
all week. Being - thirty by seven and on the
ball - I looked up for the cold day ahead.
The rest of the afternoon was spent in the
normal routine of things. Chow tonight
was another tasteless affair of cold meat.
I visited the club awhile ago to make
up for the stinking chow. Tonight - another
bunch of entertainment in the club but I
didn't stay. Some female was airing
out her gips. Same show as last night
so no need to go. Darling - my team
of indicators are working tonight and I
hope we don't have to work after all. Should
know in a little while. Tomorrow
Marrin and I take off on the 48 hour faro.
We aren't leaving until late in the
afternoon so I may catch all of the sleep
that I may. The bare team play back +
ball tomorrow night in town and I
will act as official scorer and news hawk.

(5)

Well - I had to knock off for awhile and make
with the work. It is rather damn late along
but now and can't say how far I can carry
this letter on. I know you fully understand
if it is a bit on the short side. As I was running
about the basket ball game - through many years
of experience - and I can run without flattering
myself - I do think the Reds will walk away
with this Cager belt. Anyway - we soon shall
find out. Marvin and I will show up in the
Red Cross tomorrow night. Most of the gang
~~is~~ going to see the game and we shall have a
lot of fun afterwards by making the rounds of
all the pubs. One can't get at all happy on their
damn English beer and hard red eye is few and
far between unless you are damn lucky. Most of
the pubs have said stuff but only sell so much
each night. Then too - I think they hold back on the
gambo. Here we are winning this damn war for
these bastards and they treat us thusly. I
hate all forms of English life with great hatred.
When I come home - don't you dare to even have
English walnuts around the house. There'll always
be a England - so they say - because no one
else wants the damn place. I want home!

(6)

a little while ago - I rode some of the jumps
to the beach - and dam - what a black
forenoon lonely night this is. you can't
picture how it is to wander around in a
total black out with out any means of light
outside of a feeble flash light. This black ramp
of a night can't be cut by the ramp of a
flash light. Around supper time - it is very
picturesque to see the bobbing flash lights as
they go leading to the men's hall. Some come
thing like pie flies. Beets me how so many
jumps can bang around with out a light
and not smash into a object or some one
else. I have a pretty good pair of cat eyes
but some times they are useless. Driving the
jeep at night is even more of a task. Being
used on the roads and before you know it - you're
on top of 'em. Really have to lay on the ball
while at the wheel. Dam it. seems like I'll
never be able to finish this letter the way things
are going. Every pie lives or less - I have to jump
up about some thing or other. Make a guy very
dam mad doing this sort of thing while
walking. I love you so awful much and want
you more than the human laws allow.

(7)

Peanuts - I don't think I'll be able to write
you a letter tomorrow night while in town but
will do so when ever possible. I shall write
you a long one on my return - and so
state what we did while on gas. I'm so damn
proud of my ring. Now every one can see
I'm a married man. Lots of the fellows
wear wedding rings. I shall dream a extra
special one tonight - rather - when ever I do
go to bed. Peanuts - you are so sweet to your
husband and I love you so awful much. I
keep proudly looking at my ring and each
time that I do - I see you. I feel closer than ever
before to you tonight. You do the nicest thing to
me and I love 'em. Just you wait until I
come home - then I'll show you just how
you set me afire with passions. Damn it - I have
to cease writing again and make up with some
more work. I'll add as much to this as possible
from time to time. Even though I'm unburying -
I'll be thinking of you. The light will catch
my ring and reflect in my eyes. I wish you
could understand just how much I do love
you. Damn this war! I want home to you
but quick. We have so much to make up for.

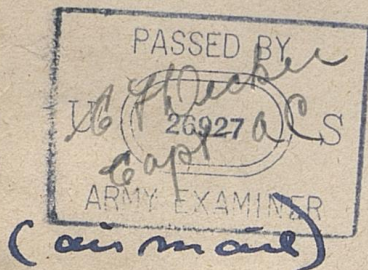
(8)

Peanuts - looks as if this will have to be the last page for this morning now and I am. I want to grab all the sleep as possible. I love you so awful much and can only repeat this over and over again. you are so wonderful and lovely that I can't help from loving you. as I always say - you do the nicest things to me and I love each passionate thing you do to me. Peanuts - thank you so awful much for the lovely ring and I'm crazy about it. I can't keep my eyes from my finger wound by this lovely wedding band. I am really can't express just how much this ring means to me. I am this way - if I could only be there and give to you just how much I appreciate this lovely gift. I can't help but rave about it. Peanuts! Peanuts - I need you so much. My whole body cries out like one lost in the wilderness. Send your love and kisses to guide me. I need your strength to help me carry on through this crying hell of being apart. God Bless my beautiful wife and loads of passionate love. Thanks again!



Your Soldier Husband
Sonny

Mr. George Canary 1513242
101 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 55870 Post Master
New York, New York



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

11

Friday Dec. 15
England

12

My Darling Angel wife!

Howdy - character! Well - I'm

back from the two days of rest or what ever you
what to call it. To my great delight and
utter happiness - not to mention - being glad -
I found another package from sweet little you.
Within this bundle of gorgeous wrapping of the
Christmas type - one each book. Now - it is very
usual to knock your self out but this is a extra
special book by my favorite author - James
Street. "Valour & Arms" boldly takes birth from
the jacket and I can't wait until I thrust my
hands into said jacket and carry said story
with eager eyes. Say that reminds me - feel the
same way about you only more so a couple
million times. know what I mean? If not -
just read any well known book in the rest life of
a gem. As I was saying - I love you so awful
much and besides that - you're wonderful. Most
husbands have wives that can cool and are just
fair looking. But no - I have a fire up girl and
the model's model wife who can go to town in the
point burner with the best. In plain words - I
want to eat you up and also, kiss my boots

(2)

under me of your meals - not to mention
your bed - (who's in it that?) Peanuts - for the
details of my 48 hours pass - read your daily
news from the ETO - The Saturday Evening Post.
This bunch of journalism is full of ghost writing,
drinking, fun, drinking, yachts, drinking,
movies, drinking, and then of course drinking.
My guest for one thing was very successful
more than scotch than is in Scotland. More
than beer and such. Poor old Martin had a
tale of a time buying up with me and I had to
help him along by the scuff of his neck.
He is running as well when full of pie water.
More than laughs with this guy. We plan to
take another pass of this type sometime after
the first of the year. As I was saying - you can
read all about it in the Gazette. Enclosed you
will find the first edition in this story with
more to follow. Something different in "Life
in the ETO" as you will no doubt see. The
first installment isn't so much for the first
night of our pass was so near first to our
all out loyalty to the Big Red Barbed Wire
Team. Things didn't get under way until the
second day - yesterday - as you will see.

(3)

There are some high lights - leading up to taking off on the gas. Through the virtue of hanging around rather late - waiting for the work to come in - it didn't - could sleep late the morning of the 13 - that I did until around 1130 am. I came to the office and prepared for the journey etc. Shined my shoes and such things as that. Marvin and I thought we would go to town by train but later decide to go with the team later. We ate early chow here on the bare with the team and hung around Special Service until ready to go. Thus who we were delayed by - Ralph. We had to wait a whole half hour for said slow character - living up to his name of "Snail" Some times said character is very frustrating and makes me very damn mad. This was one of those times. By the way - I received a Christmas V-mail from Val. No other letters or etc in over a week or more. I sure hope the mail is getting through to you much better than at this end. Before I left. The good St. Jacobs asked me a rather unusual thing. Proving what a damn good Joe that he is. Asked if I

(4)

any long green - and if so he would give me
5 pounds - 20 fish - dollars. See what a damn
nice guy he is. I take pride in the thought
that he likes me. Any way - he feeling is
mortal. I do things for him that I would not do
for others. I think the thing he admires about
me the most and he has repeated many
times - that I'm not a brown nose. He
understands I'm not looking for a job on
the back and so express my true thoughts
without any ~~or~~ orchids or flowers. If it
wasn't for the officer - enlist man barrier
between us - we would no doubt be the
closest of buddies. But you know how rank
and distinction is enforced in the army.
Write him and tell him how you appreciate
how damn nice he is to me and how I feel
about him. As I've said - I don't hand out
the flowers etc as you know. What ever I get -
I work for and not through bowing and
kneeling - you know what. One thing that I
dislike in the traits of humans. Some times - I
give I'm too frank with my thoughts etc -
but that's my nature. All I know - I love you.

(5)

I'm damn glad to be back - close to the mail
link - even if it's not so good right now. I
feel closer to you anyway while on this small
portion of U.S.A. I guess it's a part of America
at that - anyway - I like to think so. Well -
tomorrow is a big day for the 445th. We are
throwing a big celebration and looks as if
it's really going to be some thing. There are
going to be four dances here on the base and
all the free beer etc a guy can hold. Three of
the male crawls are for the enlisted men. One
at the Sgt's club, another in the Aero club
and the main one at our mess hall. Each
dance will have a band, women, wine and
roxy. The wine will be free. Tomorrow
afternoon - the Big Red football team has
another gridiron clash and of course - I will
cover in the role of a scribe. Because there
is no team much going on tomorrow night -
I'll also help cover the going on for PFO
and of course for the (G.W) press. and I'll
send you a complete word picture of what goes
at the game - dances etc. Think I will crown
myself in beer. It will be fun to see such a large
gathering of so many drinks. No kidding. There

will be more than drunk⁶ than you ever shall a
touch at. I plan to get a half way busy on my
self just for the hell of it. They are rounding
up all the females for miles around - civilising,
R&F jobs, A.T.S., any old way that will come.
No doubt there will be a lot of shacking up
all over the base. This base is famous for its
travels and wild parties - not so much the
dog faces. The chaplains - Catholics and non-
are both going in a 48 hour run so they won't
see what's going on. I will tell you all the
tales etc - I hear a lot. No doubt it will be
funny as all hell to watch. More about this
tomorrow night. No doubt this subject will
take up many letters and editions of the
Gazette to give a complete story of the
as all going on. I know you'll get a kick
out of hearing such stuff. Wish you could
be around and get in on the laughs at the
way the characters will know themselves out.
But - do you realize your husband is so much
about you? I'm mad for the want of you and
the whole world can easily see by the hanging

①

expression on my face. Some nice old lady
as she travels this afternoon noticed my ring
and asked how long we were married. She
said it sure is wonderful for a man to boldly
admit he is married by wearing a wedding
ring. She said that such a thing proves the
faithfulness of the husband. Come I leave &
while she is telling this. I was very much
surprised for a English well dressed old dame
to speak like this much notice my ring.
I proudly wear it and shall never take it
off. Each time I look at my hand - I see you
and Parents - I can't keep my eyes from
my lovely ring. Honest - I'm so crazy about
it and appreciate it so awful much. Parents,
you are so wonderful and I love you so
awful much. Just you wait until I come home
and prove to you how much I love you. I'll
please excuse this long writing for it's very
late and I want to go hit the sack soon as
possible. Rather in the need of shut eye long
about now. Will take off in a few minutes.

(8)

all my dull brain can think of. I love you
so much. Guess my brain is dull a dodd, &
my because I miss you so awful much. I can't
stand much more of this damn hell! By the
time you receive this - Christmas will be over
but to us - our real Christmas hasn't arrived.
The day I'm in your arms - that will be our
Christmas - then and every day after. Please
I love you so awful much and just can't
begin to express how much I do. You are so
wonderful and beautiful! Sweet wife. It is very late
now and best I go crawl into my lonely bed
and dream of my little beautiful one - you. Hope
to hear from you by tomorrow for this mail tonight
is getting really bad. I would write you a longer
letter tonight than this but didn't arrive back to the
base until rather late. I'll write you a nice
long letter tomorrow night. Please don't worry
about me for I'm fine as can be and in the
best of health. God bless my Dear loving - beautiful
Patsy and loads of love. - your kind
John Soldier's Husband
Jimmy

AMERICAN RED CROSS
IN GREAT BRITAIN

NEW COURT,
TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

Thursday Dec 14th

My Darling Wife!

Another short one to
let you know that I'm thinking
of you. Marvin had to go but
he got because of too much
elbow bending. Said character
is really bright. Were drunk up
just about every drop of scotch in
town and gin also. I have a
slight hangover but not like your
old Marvin. Had a wonderful
steak dinner tonight and very
enjoyable. More about this time
when I go back. Blinding in the
sack in a minute myself. I love
you so much. Yours
Herb



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Wed. Dec 13th

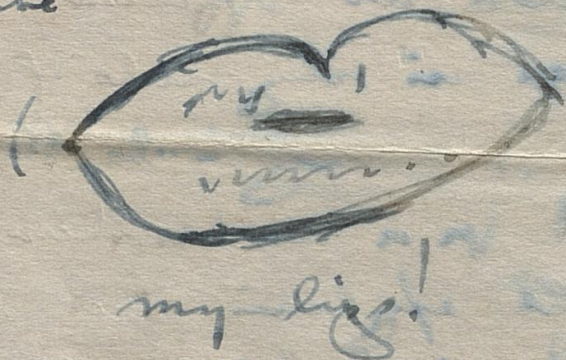
Dear Parents!

I just a short note to let you know I'm thinking of you. I'm in town at the Red Cross and just about ready to hit the jet. It is 12 pm and funny thing - I'm going to bed earlier in town than I do on the base. How about that! Every damn thing closes up so early in England that the rack is the best place to go after 11 am. Mavis and I attended the bucket ball game and I acted as official time keeper - also cover in my role of a correspondent. Sorry to say - the Reds lost a game. But I understand the reason. I shall explain in a letter you arrive back at the base. After the game - we hit some of the better pubs. Tom, Ralph and the rest caught the train back to the base. Running out of ink. I love you so awfully much and you are always in my

mind - as you can see. Who else writes
letters while on gas? I'm still crazy
about my ring and can't keep my
eyes away from T. Peanuts - Dole. I
love you so awful much and just can't
begin to explain how much. Mamma
wants to hit the gas and so we will.
Will write more tomorrow. I love my
dick chick and want her some thing
awful.

Your Soldier's Hubbie
Gerry

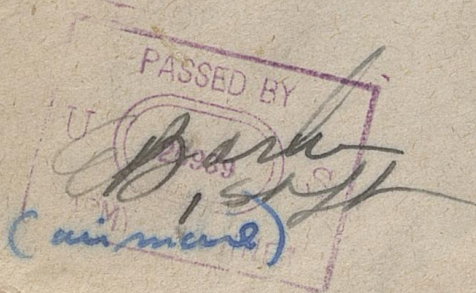
A nice long letter
when I go back to the
base.



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



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12