

Sat. Dec 16th 1
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - lovely
character of my heart. What a day this one was
on the nuts of this bone. What a game, what a
howl - what a dance - nuts. I'm getting ahead
of my story. Another thing - as usual - no thing
in the way of mail today - making it over two
weeks now since I last received a sugar
report from you. My aching back - where is the
hell is the mail? Beats me! I sure hope you are
having better luck than I in the mail. Really -
it's unbearable and grows even more so as
time goes by. Please - have a letter for me
tomorrow - I keep saying each day. Truly - this
is damn awful! Beats me. If I know you where in the
same boat of no mail - I would feel twice
as bad. I guess that you are receiving my mail
for I know how you worry when you are mail -
on any stretch of time. Damn - this was! I
want home to you but quick! I love my wife so
awful much and just can't wait for our love to

have faith as it should be right now. After a
very restful night of rough time - I climbed out
and joyfully strolled to work. My animal-
bored Chris in the process of building a fire -
so I helped out. The morning passed rather
quietly with little thing to be taken care of.
Now about was it much to hang about.
Coming back to the office - I let the cat
my over long look with a once over light
time. Just as said hair cut was over. The
weekly muggy passion in the way of C. S. he
arrived - so I joined in in the death struggle
for C. S. There enough to last a few days away.
C. S. was near for the big football game - so I
gathered my clipboard, keys and pencils
together and changed over to Special Services
and there stayed until game time. Of course your
husband was acting his usual role of a
scribe etc. Darling - I love you so awful
much and this I have to state every so often.
You are so wonderful and I'm into about you.

(3)

Just before game time - to everyone's disgust - it began to rain. Not a driving rain but a falling mist, enough to make everything rather wet. I hunched into my rain coat and we headed out to watch the game. Sgt Thompson and I crouched down on the side lines - so the crowds could see over our heads. As the ball advanced up and down the field - so would we in order to catch each play from a on the right view. This team we were playing today were supposed to be a collection of hot rock & college stars and should beat the Reds. Every one felt sure we would go down in defeat today. But soon as the game advanced into the first few minutes the story quickly changed. The Reds played running around 'em and clicked off the yardage. It was a one sided game all the way through. Big Reds Tallied up 20 points to 0 for the final score. It was a damn good game even though it was damn to watch. Within a very few seconds each team was coated with mud and I'm not kidding. The very paper I was writing

④
wrote with wetness. After the game - beer bags
were opened and the guys charged the beer
joints. Not wanting to be trampled - I came
back to the office. All during the game
Huddleston was tight as hell. He had hung
around the officer club with his nose up some
officer's - (you know) Said officer played Don
with neotch etc. I cleaned my beer at the office
and changed into my class a uniform in
order to watch the dancing etc. Supper time
in the mess hall was really an experience.
Some of the girls arrived early and were there
in with the yard birds. Most everyone in the
mess hall was drunk as hell - yelling,
falling down, and generally making a mess
of themselves. Chow was rotten and I didn't
stay long at all. Thinking I might be able
to drink a glass of beer - I squeezed through
the cardroom and drinks to the main place
of free beer. One look in the door was enough
for me. There was a million guys jammed in

that place - fighting to get a beer. Some were
really fighting and I'm not kidding. Water
was hose top deep on the floor and the guys
didn't care, splashed through it and drunkenly
yelled and carried on for more beer. Peanuts.
I'm not a Holy Joe or in the wagon - but it
was so damn rich to see those guys carrying
on like that. I went on to the Aero club expecting
to find things better there in - but just as bad.
Guys brought their beer into the club with 'em.
Said place was also overflowing with some
strange versions of humans. I just sat there
and watched 'em for awhile. Then the trucks
full of girls began to arrive. My God, you
should've seen the mad rush for
trucks. The guys crowded up to the rear of
each truck - yelling at the girls and
cursing 'em with flash light beams. The
very same wolves carried on and howled
most of tonight the hell out of the girls
for they huddled together with wild, staring
eyes. Anyway they crawled off with the help

⑥
of hundreds of twinkling hands. the girls
gathered up to the jump and they joined
off into couples. there was a dance in the
Aero club - also one in Mess hall no. 6.
you had to have a girl to get into Mess
hall to be sure the best band was there.

"Flying Yanks" - comparable to Miller's
outfit and one of the best GI orchestras in
the army. the ~~band~~ ^{Aero club} was crowded to the
dons - so I went to the mess hall.

the drinks were stumbling up and
down the roads - yelling and raising
hell. I saw the MP on the don and he

let me in even if I didn't have a girl.
some one had really knocked themselves

out getting up the mess hall for the dance.

Said place was packed also and I don't
know how all the stuff reaped in for
the jump out numbered the girls 5 to 1 or
even higher. Dick had a date with one

of the Twin WAC cheer leaders. Some of the
girls were WACs, RoF gals, ATS and civilians

④

Some of the guys in here were feeling damn good also. The old lorton by this time was damn good and drunk. He had a couple of jints of scotch and wouldn't give anyone a drink. Even while he is drunk. Chinks does a big shot and everyone should do as he wants. He hugs cutting in on Ting who had a date with the other turni Wac. Neither Ting or the gal seemed to like it but Don thought he was giving her a break. I stayed for a little while - amusing myself by just looking of course - some of the couples strolled out into the night - after fresh air? ??? the contest girl at the dance was a Wac - naturally there were ~~no~~ lots of nice looking ~~girls~~ there and the usual run of boys. As I said - the music was really well and I enjoyed it very much. Growing bored - I left the place and here I am. Most of the 5-2 boys are around except Don and Dick. I suppose the celebration was a success and a lot of fun but I can't say. I got a lot of laughs

part of the building. ⑧
standing next to a guy giving a girl a
snow job (rule) trying to make her. of
course this was going on you know. I
still say - the English have little if any
real morality and firmly believe in free love
a charming part. Some of the professionals
were here in force last night also. Saw can
tell there came girls from the others. I bet
there will be plenty of hangovers tomorrow.
I didn't have a drop all night and wouldn't
do a Scotch and soda or two. I was
told that Hoddleston even took a bottle of
his own brandy fairly regularly. Some times
I am very much I bet guys
who think they are big shots and try to
be every one else. I suppose the officers had a
guy time for they usually do. Suchy guys
can give you a Scotch etc every night in the
club. Some of the brass were leading their slick
chicks around this afternoon at the
football game. What a hell of a use this is!

My hand writing seems to stink more
each time I write. By this time - I think you
can read it - I hope. Well - that in brief - is
the story of the 445th. Celebration. Some
might call it fun - I don't know. Perhaps
if I had three sheets to the wind - I would have
enjoyed it a little bit. Honey - you would of
right your cute little rider laughing at
the collection of character around here this
night. I would it want your Darling eyes
to see some of the night around here this
dumb night. Anyway - note! Tomorrow
the Journal comes out again and that means
more dam work etc. Major Kloger has
declared tomorrow a day for nursing
hang overs and giving every one the day off.
Two un lucky characters have to be around
here but not I. I shall sleep until noon before
I crawl forth from my enjoyable nest.
Seeing I can sleep late in the morning -
think that I will read for awhile. you guessed
it - James Street. Later you rest me.

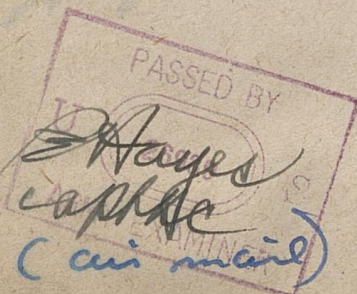
(10)

You are so sweet to me and I love you so
awful much. Thanks for the lovely books and
do keep me supplied with reading
material such as this little gal. I love you
so awful much and adore you beyond
words. You just can't realize how much I
miss you and need you every-
thing I do reminds me of sweet little
Ed you, just breathing does it. My
whole body craves you out in a
land you filled with for the want of your
touch. Peanuts - you are so wonderful
and lovely. I'm just waiting until I'm
alone with you again - when we can hold
each other close. Oh if my dreams
true I will close down about now and
slip into some reading. As I've said
before and will say it many more times -
I love you so awful much and adore you.
God Bless my beautiful Angel wife and
lands of passionate love.

Your Soldier Husband
Sammy



Left George Canany 15113242
no signature + 45 Cent Stamp (H)
a no 55870 Post Master
New York, New York



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

1

Sunday Dec 17²
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - my lovely character! a very good evening I might add because of the lovely mail supply received today. Three sugar reports from you - one letter from Mom and one from Aunt Sis. By the way, enclosed you will find a copy of the Gazette - the rest of installment of my gas. Tonight the Journal came out - and of course - more than words for your husband. It is rather late because of said work but I shall write as long as my eyes will permit. Another bad thing - my team is in tonight and think we will have to work. I think this will be another long and down letter and please excuse if it sounds as such. As you can see. I have the roller pen again tonight because St. Jacobs took his along with him tonight last night's letter. I told you all about the big haul we had here and have a few more interesting side lights to add to the story.

(2)
Mavin just coughed up his gun and
from here on out - the weathering should
be better - I think. Last night. Heddleston
was very much drunk - as I said - and
in his bag was lugging two jints of
notch. He wouldn't give any one a drink
not him self. After the enlisted men's
dance broke up. Heddleston somehow
found his way to the officers club and
began moving his way in again. Lt.
Jacobi took some of the girls home and
3 am this morning - found Heddleston
sawawled on the dance floor of the club
not like a light. No one else was around
except the drunken mess upon the
floor. So the good Lt. covered the body
with his coat. Don't know if he felt any
for Heddleston is trying to prevent
checking the hell out of some person.
Heddleston - woke up from his drunken
condition this morning at 9 am and
blasted his head until climbing into his

②

own rack. He was really a drunk last night and had the best buying on of the year. This morning - the whole of S-2 slept late because the good major gave us the day off to recover from last nite. Marvin had to come to work as usual and hold down the office. All the young names were turned in a hat and he was drawn out to full C9 today. So I slept until noon time and it was wonderful. I knew that I would have to stay up rather late tonight or all night - so I prepared myself by sleeping as late as I could. I came down to the office after eating chow and no one was around except Marvin. One by one the girls came saying in after rocking up all the rack this day. I did. I told Lester didn't show up until tonight. I read all after noon and have to force myself to get aside Volcan & Arms. What a wonderful book it is and I really like

it a hell of a lot. ⁽⁴⁾ James Street is one of the
best writers of historical novels. I think you
also like him. He and Mason are my
favorites in that type of literature. (Come
as you know - my ideal (sounds like
Al Capp) is Ernie Pyle. That reminds me,
did his new book ever come out? If so -
shoot it to me at once. Then too - when
his daily column starts again in the
paper - please send it too. Speaking of
clipping - I hope every one will quit
gibing on me now that there are
new teeny strifes are here. You can't
realize how he has chews me out
because of the slow mail. I don't mind
the enlisted men yelling because I can
talk back to them but can't with Colonels
majors etc. Peanuts - I love you so
awful much and really adore you. I
can't get home soon enough in order
that we can - (you know) I am
this way - and I do mean I am well -
to get on with the story of "Life in the

(5)

ETO" We all ate early chow right after
mass so we would make sure of a rest at
the show. To night a U.S.O. show and I
can't say it was so hot. A couple nice
looking chicks in it but not much good. I'd
much rather see a good movie than a gon
show like this. While Marvin and I were
in jass - they had a real show too with
string teasers and all. The boys claim
said jass really pulled down to the nub.
I can just see Chris squirming in his
seat at this show. He is such a prude and
has never broken the ice. We call him a
virgin and a wet prude who hasn't had
any. Ralph is in the same boat but not
a prude. Of course the main & men of
S.2 can't say anything about being a
virgin unless they are very abnormal.
The other guys just grin with that satisfied
look on their chaps. Gravy don't you
think. Funny thing all soldiers talk
about is women. I don't care what the

(6)
the conversation starts off with - "it always
comes around to women. It's a old saying
in the army - "Should be no talk about
women ~~on~~ just gradually working to it?"
In every barracks you can find all types
of girls - with or without. The American
Army really goes all out for chivalry
in a good big way. No need to say who is
my girl. After the strike U.S.G.
flag. Marvin and I looked back to the
office and quickly glanced into the
Journal. This week's edition isn't too bad
but none turned out much better ones.
Damn - the guys are calling me to slip
into the work and that I will have to do.
I hope I can add more to this letter
during the night. Please excuse this
very wittingly for I'm trying to write as
much as possible as fast as I can do so.
Darling - this mail of yours to keep just
new life in my thin blood. Two whole
weeks without mail is too damn long.

through the benefit of a heather - I'm
back to write some more. How long - I
don't know - any way here goes. Glen is
CQ tonight and our office will be only
maned by the good St. Jacobi Log. St.
Jacobi said he had a rather good time at
the party last night etc. I'd like to watch
him at a party some time for I bet he is
the life of the party. What a damn good Joe
he is. I mentioned some co-pilot coming
in my office last week and shooting the
hanger flying - now he comes around
every day and tries on our equip. of
course we continue to test the gun
etc. He too is a nice kid. The Big Red
have one more game of foot ball to play
this year on Christmas day in town.
I gull CQ that night and will have to
watch with some one so I can cover
the game. I haven't missed a game as of
yet and just must see the last one.
Besides - my readers demand I cover it.

Aunt Si said today⁽⁸⁾ that she received a
wonderful letter from me. She said the
letter was so good that Father sent it over
to the High School to be read. I can't
remember just what I did write about
that was so good. I got a kick out of such
things as this. I only hope some of my
stuff is really that good. I am living - it
might sound silly or some thing - but I
pray that some day I can really become
some what of a writer. How about you
doing the same for me? I want to
make good for you and in order that I
can finish the thing upon you that
you should have. I am it. I have to
cease again with the writing. It's
really damn hard to write like this
when you have to ~~keep~~ keep your chain
of thoughts every five minutes or so. I
say of you - I leave before my letters as
such nights as these. All I can say -
I love you so awfully much!

(9)

Darling - sorry to hear you had to
have another tooth pulled. I know how
you dislike the texture of the dentist's
chair. (me too!) Also I am glad to hear
you are receiving my mail okay and
that said money order is in your hands.
So John the jerk sent a picture to Si.
I wish the hell that guy would leave
your sister alone. He's not worth a damn!
Some day he will meet the right guy
and will know T.T. Parents - your
mail really does bring to me and
we're out it - I'm lost. I only hope that
it hugs up each day. Honey - glad you
agree that twin beds are out in our
league. We'll buy twin beds and have
one of 'em. Honey - I'll never be able to
get enough of your loving and I'm
not just a kidding. I'm afraid I'll
wear you out with all the just my
loving I have for you. Best you prepare

(10)

be a wild bird! Guess - this will
have to be it for tonight because I really
have to make with the work. No matter
where I am, what I'm doing - you are
on my mind. Darling I like to say
you haunt me day and night. I know
I haunt you for people tell me I should
make a good living by haunting
houses. (it is it easy) I can't realize
that Christmas is only a week off for
not much of a time here in the £10.
Hope you are going to have a lot of
fun. Please don't worry about me and
keep your chin up. I'll write you a
letter letter tomorrow night with more
love stuff in it. God Bless my beautiful
hands of a woman and loads of our
sugar hand of love. Darling - I wish
you could realize how much I really
do love you!  your Soldier Husband
Barney

Capt. George Canany 1612202
201 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 55870 Post Master
New York, New York



POSTAGE DUE - 6



RECEIVED BY
J. H. [signature]
at N. 26939 S
ARMY EXAMINER
(air mail)

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

2

Some old stuff to say - of no thing but
words. Some damn stuff - I call it. I don't
know to be arrival of the daily issue of
the ETO Bible to read up on the news.
Time the QFN gives out with the hourly
news and news flashes - but doesn't reach
in as reading does. I turn away my ears
at the British news casting over the BBC
or else - I'd go to at the month. I am
this damn war - damn it! Tonight - a rather
good picture even if it is a year or more
old. "Shepherd of the Hills". I asked "Lil"
to watch the joint while I took in the
movie and that he did. Movies are not
a fair killer of the damn boredom. Tonight
glad to finish up "My Valour & Arms" and
when I do - will hate to lay aside such a
wonderful story. Usually - I am Street's
novels are full of red y stuff but he let
up a little bit on this one. Not too much
to make it an enjoyable read for you. You
know how I appreciate - good books etc
and I do mean good. Almost time for
midnight chat and I will go shortly.

Just returned from a cup of coffee. Peanuts.
it is an experience to go to mid nite
chow and listen to the sleepy characters
about the hall. In the Air Force - no two
men are dressed alike. Some have coveralls
on - some o/s - some flight jacket, some
flying jacket etc. you never run much
uniformity in a army before. Don't know
what the hell happens to the jacket - but
I leave space. Will sleep to night jags.



"your (1) post"

your name I can't see

My dear old lady

I received your letter about
the 1st of the month and I was
glad to hear from you

I hope you are well



discuss any thing ⁽¹⁾ and any thing. Any
time - you have much questions ask me.
Some of this same paper is better than
the rest. I shall try to tell the difference.
Thus - I better close down before I put
too much weight in this letter. I can
write you after you to you and yet not
tell you everything I want. It is so easy
for my pen to glide across the paper
while writing to you. I know you are
interested in every little thing I can do -
we are so much in love and I can't
wait for taking us apart like this. Please
don't worry about me for I am fine as
can be. Take good care of your self for now
I am here to help the job out. Nothing I
can say can express my passionate love.
You know by the feeling in your heart
as I can feel your love. I will give the card
a rest now and will close. God bless
my beautiful angel wife and loads of love.

Your Soldier's Husband

Sammy



JANE...



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



PASSED BY

James A. Somers
1st Lt. AC

EXAMINER

(air mail)

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

Thursday Dec 21st
England

My Darling Angel Wife!

Good evening - Peanuts.

I hate to start out each of my letters with the same old complaint on the mail situation but here it is. It's a very sorry thing to get up with each day but that's the condition that prevails. Well - I love you so awful much and want you more than either of us can realize. Pray real hard that this dam war will soon end and that you'll find me encased in your arms where this character belongs. Some day this will be nothing but a ugly dream - even then no. 6 shudders at the thought of the damnable thing. We are now suffering. We shall really appreciate each other more and now fully understand how much we mean to each other. Our day will come - very soon now - so keep your chin up and hang in. I hope this start of said letter isn't drifting into a blue train of thoughts for I can't want it to be as such. I wish to present to

all the cheer and fun that I can through
my pen. So I shall try my utmost to write
up in the light side of this war with a touch
of humor and human interest. We shall see.
Last night - your best my husband held the
high position of CQ and of course - said
husband of yours - looked in the good most
of the day. Crowded with enough sleep. I
towed aside the dirty blanket around 3pm
and ambled down to the office in the wing
of leisure. I just can't keep away from the
damn place. Some how - Ethel and the good
St. Jacob's pulled themselves together during
my absence and managed to go through the
day's ordeal with out my smiling face
beaming sunshine around the joint. If
you believe this - you're crazy too. I want to
dig back into "My Valour & Arms. Each
time I become so engrossed in that book -
something comes up to unwillly - tears me
away. Last night while on CQ - I read
a hell of a lot. In fact almost 3/4 of the
book. Now I have only a few more pages to
go. Will mail it some time tonight.

Seems as if I have about this book in every
letter but I'm only trying to show you just
how much I appreciate your thoughtful letters.
Everything you do only proves to me what a
lucky guy I am. You are so wonderful and
kind that beautiful. too! Tonight - I'm huddled
in front of the fire as in the alert room. I'm
not alone either. Don is on the other side of
the stove - making with his famous cow
eyes. No kidding - he looks like a cow
being milked when he rolls those barrel ball
eyes of his. I wish Don had his body
twisted in some sort of a strange position
he calls being comfortable. Bill May is
sitting next to me bathing his hair out
with a V-mail to some one - no doubt his
wife. The whole S.2 family are grouped here
in - warming their writing hands. Some one
is always starting some gun beating and
every one jumps to answer. Very annoying
I assure you. As I've stated before - what a
mish of nut and nut characters in this
nut pit of mad men. I'm the only sane
one - really. What a strange war this is!

I read until about ⁽⁴⁾ this and then - as you
can understand - went to read place of
giving food. Pardon - I didn't mean to insult
the thing! Tonight the S.2 team landed out
with a win in the barbot ball tournament in their
house. S.2 won 30 to 16. What a rotten
epic. This is all playing this was. Indeed
more like a bull fight than barbot ball. Dick
didn't even find the hoop at all and the
rest weren't much better. Hoddleston and
Miller won the game between em. I have to
admitt Don is a damn good player but I
like the way he puts on etc. I never even
have the slightest intention to play. I like
barbot ball but not the politics of the B.T.O.
After the game - everyone landed to the club
before read & have ranged about the front
duns. By the way - I kept score, time and
covered for the (G.V.) guys and. Said story
of the game will appear in this week's Journal
more than with attached to this say. I don't
mind it at all for it is fun. Tomorrow -
morning is 21 and as the saying goes - a
man - but I have my doubts. What a character!

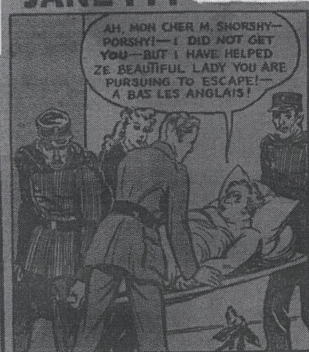
St. Bailey - the coach ⁵ of the bare barlot ball team hangs around with us most. He and Hoddleston are best friends. St. Bailey runs the Aero Club with us tonight and he looks care of the check. The Aero club is strictly for the enlisted men but we can have officers too. He is a damn nice guy also in my book. I'm kind of particular who goes in my book and when I see a character is a good Joe. He is a damn good Joe. I shall never forget some of these guys I've met in the army. Chui and gocket rings edition of a lot St. is working tonight so I have the office to myself tomorrow. I'm going in a rather light day but never can tell. St. Daniels and I have a lecture to give tomorrow afternoon. Said officer will have to crawl out of the sack to make with the lecture. My team wants to leave tomorrow night. Darling - over the AFN - they play over and over - "White Christmas" with Bing doing the honors. Kind of gets you around the heart and I'm not kidding. How I wish I could be home with you this Christmas. I'll be there

and just every thing about you. I shall
never forget that first night we met and
how I held my breath - waiting for your
answer about a date. Darling - we shall
always be in love like this - for ever. We
shall never cease with the honeymoon for
it was only begun. I love my wife so much
much! When I'm with you - I don't know
anything she is going on for you are so
everything and lovely. I love your
ravishing beauty. The cute way you smile -
your cute laugh. The way you walk, the way
you say my name. The way you kiss me. The
thing you do to a mother or a pair of
shirts - just you. Pearls - all I want - is
you and your love. No thing else means
down to me. Just you. The characters
are glowing cards now and you should
see the coming. It is rather late now
and should go to mid night chow is a very
short minute. It will be rather hard to sleep
tonight after sleeping all day long but I
shall try to my eyes shut shut. I shall
dream of you and even afterwards.

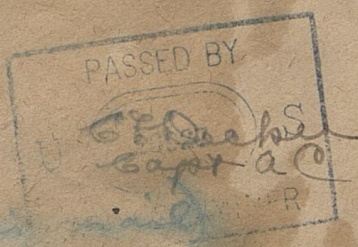
and just every thing about you. I shall
never forget that first night we met and
how I held my breath - waiting for your
answer about a date. Darling - we shall
always be in love like this - for ever. We
shall never cease with the honeymoon for
it was only begun. I love my wife so much
much! When I'm with you - I don't know
anything she is going on for you are so
everything and lovely. I love your
ravishing beauty. The cute way you smile -
your cute laugh. The way you walk, the way
you say my name. The way you kiss me. The
thing you do to a mother or a pair of
shirts - just you. Pearls - all I want - is
you and your love. No thing else means
down to me. Just you. The characters
are glowing cards now and you should
see the coming. It is rather late now
and should go to mid night chow is a very
short minute. It will be rather hard to sleep
tonight after sleeping all day long but I
shall try to my eyes shut shut. I shall
dream of you and even afterwards.

Seems as if each time ⁽⁹⁾ Ralph writes a letter he asks me to read it to me how it sounds. Don't know why he comes to me about letter writing. Guess my fame of such long ones has put me in the professional class some day. I've failed to write anything recently because of the time taken up by the Journal. I've also let my book on "Life in the ETO" go and must add some more to it. I call it "Life in the ETO" and don't know why because not about the ETO so far. More or less in my act of day night now so I'll have to change the name to some thing else. Have you any suggestions for a title. I want also like to turn out some other story and will try so soon as possible. I have a idea in my mind and will put it on paper. No telling how many stories I have written and destroyed in disgust. Perhaps they were good but I didn't like 'em at the time. I shall curb my self from now on and will have 'em written for my critic and adviser.

JANE...



Alcon to any 113242
on 45 B. Spring (H)
to Post Master
Orin, New York



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

Friday Dec. 22nd
England

My Darling Beautiful Wife!

Good evening - lovely flower
of mine. Today is okay and I feel fine. Don't
think I'm going much - I feel chummy because
of it warm letters from home. Two from
you and one from Aunt Mary. Two loaded
sugar regents of passion to ease my today
needs. Thank you very much sweet wife of
mine. Today's batch of mail were all back
letters but I enjoy 'em just as much. I'm
glad to hear that you are hearing from me
real often. I know how you worry if my mail
is slow in dribbling in. Tonight my team
is working again and said fact will reflect
in this letter. I shall strive onward to write
as much as possible before I have to drag
myself away. So if the writing is a bit
runchy - you know it's because of the forced
speed I'm using. The office was empty this
morning and all day long - except of one
small character - myself. Cheers and the good

It. worked last night. ② St. Jacobi is officer of the day and has to ride about in a jeep doing the various duties of raid O.D. He brought in and out all morning to say hello. I plunged into the labors in hand and from the morning passed. I had to prepare material for a lecture this afternoon and that I did do. Chow time is always a welcomed break during the day's routine. The good St. and I viewed a damn good lecture even if I have to say so myself (no one else will) the students sat on the edge of the bench as I spoke - getting set to leave - I think.

After raid jumping - we returned with a "well done" look tacked onto our face to the office. St. Jacobi pounded out a V-mail letter to you and I censored it. Wanted to cut out a couple of things but I approved. What a damn good I've been. Of course - any one who is nice to you - I like more. Did you read a package of ^{to} raid character? Hope you have.

Some people would think I'm brown nosing him by the UNCI thing I do etc. but he knows that I'm not a yes man etc.

Don't think he can't be a rough guy
when he wants to be. TNT always comes
in small packages and goes off if so
rubbed the wrong way. The other night
while I was CQ, Chris and the characters
played cards in our office. They opened up
a no. of packages and of course this cluttered
up the room with paper etc. When ever these
characters play cards - the wreckage and
hambles they leave are comparable to a city
dump. Like a damn fool - Chris went on home
without giving the office a once over lightly.
The next morning, St. Jacobs arrived early
and found the office in a hell of a mess. Chris
was a bit late. St. Jacobs flew off to handle
and was really damn mad. He had every right
to be - understanding the condition that
greeted him upon entrance of the office. I was
still holding down CQ awaiting the late
arrival of the group. So St. Jacobs stormed
up to the front office - blaying anger from
every pore. He wanted to know what in the hell
hit our office during the night. Of course I
had to tell him the boys had a little game.

He wanted to know the names of the young
who were in the game but I acted as if I
didn't know. I had to tell him Chui was
there. So he was really damn mad at Chui.
I slipped down the hall and quickly
repaired the damage with a good clean
up job. I gave the joint a good mop up
etc. St. Jacobi caught me at it and
fully appreciate my efforts after having
worked all night. Second time I've done this
very thing in the past week. I left
shortly after wards and didn't hear the
chewing out Chui was given. St. Jacobi
didn't say any more about it today and I
guess it is all blown over - I hope. Chui is
so damn dense on some things and should
know that the good St. wants the office to
be in a half way clean condition. Those guys
really tore up the joint and some thing
happened not so long ago. Chui should
have the job joint a quick going over. I do
each night before I go home. But as I
say - some people never learn any thing.

(5)

after a early supper - we all barged in to
the movies to make sure we. I have
a seat. Everyone seems to have caught
on this idea and the joint is filled
a half hour before show time. In order to
kill time during the waiting period -
we all carry along some thing to read
or else a deck of cards. Jim, Jim and I
played 500 sum until the movie
began. Tonight's show was funny as
hell. Comparable to "Miracle of Morgan's
Creek" and I think a bit more funnier.
It was - "Hail the Conquering Hero" and
I laughed until my sides hurt. Do go
see this pic. if you havnt already. Honey -
it makes me so damn mad to see people
on the screen kiss and love. That inner
man does loooops and spins inside and
really knots his head on my ribs. I want
you so much and can't wait until I'm
in your arms - making up for all of this
lost time. Peanuts - I want you more
than the law allows and I'm not kidding
when I say this. Pray for a quick victory.

(6)

Looks like this will have to be a rather short letter tonight because I just had to leave about two hours ago. I'm taking advantage of a lull this night now to write more. We all dashed over to the club after the show and said place was crowded to the doors. I didn't have time to go and watch the kids this afternoon because of the lecture. I heard from my agents that the party was a success from the kids stand point. We even have a Christmas tree in the mess hall now and all of these Xmas decorations team at my heart strings. They keep throwing the fact in your face of how blue it is to be away from home and your love ones at this season of the year. Tomorrow night I must go to Confession and can go to Holy Communion Sunday morning and at midnight Mass Christmas Eve. The Big Red's play the final game Christmas day in a large town some where in England. Of course - I'll be there in the my pencil. I wonder that we won't miss

⑦

out on the turkey dinner Xmas day. we'll
have to eat early and return to town on
the truck around 11:30. I hate to ride
those trucks to town for it is so damn
uncomfortable. I like the trains. I
should think town will be crawling with
yard birds Xmas day. The bare barrel ball
team plays Dec 27 in town and I'll have
to make that game too. Around Jan 6 or 7 -
your husband is going to London this time
for me. I want to see the joint. I'm living -
your letters are a bit shorter now than they
use to be. I'm not kidding - Peanut.
believe me. Just as long as you keep me
in on the know of what's cooking with you
is all that is necessary. I like to write you
rather long ones for I feel so close to you
while writing to you. I even look forward to
writing you each night so that Mrs F
is taking Sissy out more often. Wonder why
the sudden change of heart? She sure has
a lot of dang'ers to squatt on the floor so

damn long. Darling. you asked if that
 character standing in the background of
 the flower clock photo taken in Scotland
 was me. No - it's John. you say - I look
 like I've gained weight. That's a laugh!
 How any one can gain weight on army chow
 is beyond me. Perhaps I've grown a little
 more and face has fallen out a little bit.
 My lankie body has toughen up more with
 muscles etc - because of all the violent
 exercises we do such as - football etc.

Parents - I have to close down now and go
 back to work. Please excuse the shortness of
 this letter and I will make up for it tomorrow
 night. I love you so awful much and no
 need to add - that I want you. Keep you shin-
 ing and do have fun for the both of us.

Another thing - have to work in the Journal
 tomorrow again. God Bless my beautiful
 Angel wife and loads of passionate love.

Darling. Darling - I miss you so much,
 more than it is possible to understand.

your Soldier Husband
 Jimmy



JANE...

Captain Lamour
recognises
Jane
and Georgie
from his
seat in the
dress circle..



HELAS!—
C'EST LE FIN
DE MON PETIT
ROMAN!



...when suddenly the roving
spotlight reveals the strange
behaviour of the woman
next to him!

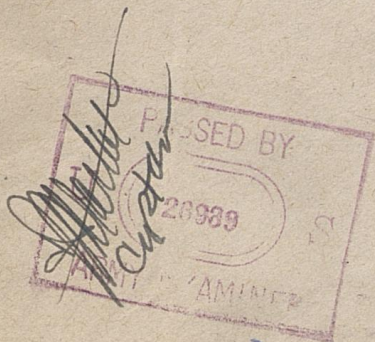


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and thing (H)

app 8 to Post Master
New York. New York



(air mail)

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

Christmas Eve¹⁰
Sunderland in England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - Peculiar.
yes - here it is Sunday - Dec 24 - the night
before Christmas and all through England
where ever there are Gl - a blue shade of
home richness blots out every thing else.
I too am in this very blue mood, so please
excuse if this letter no sounds as if -
because I can't help it. A guy has a
right to blue at this season of the year
and I'm not kidding. Honey - I miss
you so much that it hurts some times
awful. I've never felt this pain before and
I hope it ends before much longer. I can't
stand much more of this. I know you feel
the same as I do - I am this way any way.
No mail today and I was hoping for a
special bundle of Christmas cheer from you
today of all days. But that is the fortune
of war. I hope you at least hear from me
this day. I know how much a letter would
help you slip into the Christmas spirit.

when we were together about seven days ago
when they were away. This day is the first
that I am able to go outside the house. I
have been sick for several days and I am
indignant you must be sick. I am sick and
I am going to bed. I am sick and I am
going to bed. I am sick and I am going to
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⑥
strongly adore each other. tonight -
I am all alone - away from the gang
but I am not in the mood for this
conquering thing. I just want to be alone
with you and that I am. Most of the
fellows are out in the club. I am sitting
here in the silent room all alone and I
can think of meet you in the sanctum
solitude of my mind. Darling, I don't
know if you realize it or not but you
have a very sentimental guy for a
husband. Please. I am trying to tell
you how much I love you in my humble
way - how much I need you and how my
whole body cries out for the want of your
passionate caress. Darling, Darling -
I miss you so awful much and just can't
express into words how it feels. The
general program is now over and no telling
the no. of tears that appeared on their
radio show. Some of the ~~to~~ long had a
couple of bottles and called me over to the
floor for two or three drinks. That I did!

②
Long as we can ring out feel home
rich like this - grows we can't love the
war. Darling, I'm all mixed up tonight
with emotions and can't sort 'em out
into a letter. You know and understand
how I feel. Remember - Christmas Eve
1939. Came about mid night. We'd just
gotten off the car from seeing a movie
down town. As we walked through the
snow towards your home - I asked you
if you'd come with me. "I'll come -
will you go steady with me?" and I can
still hear you right if yes. Darling - how
happy you made me that night. I'd meet
then you were really mine and mine only.
Remember - Christmas Eve 1940 - We'd
gone in town with Jack Barry and the
gang and ended up at the Copper Kettle.
Snow was too deep that night for the use
of the car - so we had to walk from the
Kettle. Remember - Christmas Eve 1941 - we

after mid three drinks reepled down under
my belt - I feel a bit more cheerful now.
Thog my ketter cheer up. Syra is trying to
have a drink with Martin and I'm running
a close second. Tom is crying, laughing
all in the same breath. Ralph is trying to
draw him to the baracks but can't make it
if he can do it or not. The young are
trying to sing Christmas Carols and we
singed to high around a couple of times.
Silent night is the all not faint to and we
kind of do it rather good. When we sang
this one with the lights turned out. Syra
cried like a baby. Think some of the rest
of us held back tears also. It was very
beautiful. I see the dancing fire light -
glowing on the faces of each have rich
5-2 character as we roiled in song.
Don't know how it sounds to others, but
to my ear - rather warming and good.
All the young are trying to bolster each other
up while underneath - each one taken with
the uncountable young of Londoners.

15th 6th

①
spent a quite Christmas Eve at your house. We stayed up rather late - just talking and listening. Just you and I like it should be tonight. Little did you realize that would be our last Xmas together for a long time. I think I realized it even then that our I. & I. were to leave for the wars. I remember Christmas Eve 1942. I went to midnight Mass in the very chapel we were married in on the hill at Kelly Field, Pre-flight School. Heddie and I went to Mass together. That night I felt my first pang of really a real case of homesickness. But that was a rather joyful Xmas for me both knew our wedding day was now coming in Feb. Then last Christmas Eve 1943 - I. & I. just been released from the hospital and felt like hell because of my weaker condition and even worse because of being away from you. And then tonight Christmas Eve 1944. you know how I feel.

shall I tell you how it will be next year
Christmas Eve 1945? First - we'll go to
our two families' home for a little while
for a drink or two or even 24 hours - the two
families will unite in a party at one
place. Later - you and I will go to our little
apt. and have our real Christmas Eve.
We shall drink an open gift. But the
best gift of all - we never here making we
will do. Can't you see how wonderful and
happy that we shall be. Darling - our Christmas
day will come the day when I fall in to
your arms and Xmas will be every day
from then on. Sweet wife - I love you so
awful much and want you more than the
law allows. Peanuts - Peanuts - I mean
you so awful much and just can't wait
until I'm home with you where I so
belong. Almost time to go to mid night
mass - so I will give you to take off. I will
hurry back and finish this up I love you!

MIS-PAGINATION

I just came back from Mass and it last to a hour and a half. It was a high mass with choir and all. The choir wasn't very good but they considering. I enjoyed Mass very much and felt very close to you. Parents - I love you so awful much and just can't get into words how I do feel. You are so wonderful and beautiful. Tomorrow the Big Red play the big Mass day game and I'm going in with the team. The team is leaving early around 830 am and I don't know for sure if I want to go that early or not. Sgt. Thompson sent a guy over this morn to tell me make sure I stop by Special Services. That I did do. He really wants me to go along with him. I'm taking a guest if other rest with me - I like that. One of the officers promised he would catch on to raid guest for me. The only trouble - I don't know if I can get my raid guest by 8:30 or not. You can bet your boots I will go in later if can't get it that early. Tom, Chris and Martin are all going in later and if I don't go along with the team - will tag along with em.

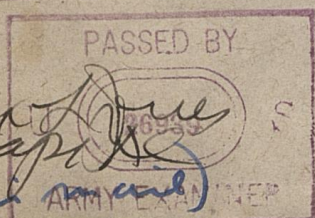
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13
P RO is sending my Dan and Marlin to in cover the
game under my self. Shers. best I prepare to
go catch on to some each time so I'll be able
to crawl out early in the morning. Peanuts
I miss you so much. much more than you
can understand and realize. This will be our
last Christ mas apart and soon I'll be there
in your arms never to roam away again. Keep
your pretty little chin up and before long you
can hug it up by leaning your chin in my
broad shoulder. Please don't worry about me just
send your love and wishes to guide me until
I come home to collect in first hand. as
shall I say. big to big. Merry Christ mas
Peanuts and a happy new year. May this
new year find your husband home in your
arms before it is very old. Tell your family
hello and give em my fondest love. God
Bless my beautiful Angel wife and loads of
passionate love - our special new brand.
See you in my dreams in a few minutes.
Your Soldier Husband
Sally

George Canany 15113242
Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
PO 558 70 Post Master
New York, New York



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



PS. Doll - pray that this will
be our last Xmas apart for I
cant stand another one.

This letter doesnt bring out
how I feel inside and how lonely
I was this day. I dont have to tell
you for you know how I feel. I am
going to try my best from now on
to try and write nothing but
cheerful love letters.

I am proud of the way
that I covered the game today.
Your husband will be damn busy all
day tomorrow writing up the
story.

This letter is long to you because
I am so damn sleepy. I love you so
much. Love you

Xmas
Day

in
the

ETO

Or how to live a life
of being lonely

Peanuts - I was really with you
today in Spirits

Christmas 1944
Enfants

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

It is very late after a long day. In fact it is 2 am but this of all days - I have to write to you from here. I am huddled over the stove here in the front office - trying my best to thaw out but with little success. I am getting ahead of my story so I shall start from scratch you might call this letter - "A GI's Christmas in the ETO" or something like that. Last night after finishing up your letter - I decided it was too damn cold to walk all the way towards the racks, so I stayed down here at the office. I was CQ and I shared the fire here in the front office with him. I slept very soundly but woke a few times listening for the sounds of Morley's chains rattling through the halls. Dickensian's characters - Scrooge and his friends didn't show up even though England is their home land. Nor did Santa Claus come around to this part of the world. The Christmas past did haunt me all night long and I am not kidding, Darling - I thought so hard of you, hoping

[Faint, mostly illegible handwriting on the left page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]

broken hands and feet. ² Side in the snow - This was a white Christmas even if it didn't snow. I have never seen before such a heavy coating of frost. Really - almost the same as snow and you couldn't tell the difference. Everything outside was painted a very bright white. Jan, it was cold. Sgt. Thompson wanted me to go with the team this morning at 8:30 but - the folks of St. P. Perkins promised me he'd it arrived - nor did it all day. I waited out until 10:15 until the last minute before I left. Knowing it would be so damn cold at the game. Dan, Martin, Chris, Red, Gene and myself all ate a early turkey dinner - Ah ha! it was so damn good. Turkey with all the matching fixings. Some K.P. slapped a slab of white meat on my plate that hung down over the sides for it was that damn big. Some two or three K.P. loaded other teams on top of the turkeys. Took a effort to snag a good one from another while trying to eat the stuff. Wonder how it is to have your food so served in neat piles by itself? Anyway it was damn enjoyable - besides that - damn good. I stuffed until I could hold not another bite.

I did find room for a large chunk of
apple pie and it was damn good. We hauled
back to the office with high hopes of finding
said bottle but was not there. In order to catch
into a rest as the truck - we climbed aboard
a half hour before they pulled out. Dam good thing
we were wise enough to do this - for a whole
mess of guys had to stay behind because of the
lack of room. Each truck was more less full.
After a bumpy ride - said truck pulled up
in front of the stadium. Big lots, Marvin,
Don and I barged in through the officials
entrance and into the press box. Marvin was
covering for PRO two - but couldn't get into
the press box. I did for Tommie had a real all
righting for this correspondent. Some big time
operator was here for the Army News Service.
I don't know who he was - didn't bother for he was a
unfriendly cuth character. Throwing out the game,
he asked lots of questions and I mugged back
with the \$64 answers. Darling - damn it was
cool at that game. The gridiron was
hidden by the front and made me even colder

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the players ran up and down before game
time - doing their damnest to warm up.
All the fans stamped their feet as the two teams
began to dig the blood from iceing up. Finally,
the Twin WAC cheer leaders dived out in
the colors of the Pring Red team. They were
clad in tight bright sweaters and shiny
white shirts with a red stripe down the sides.
Said yaks can really feel out a sweater in
the proper manner. The two teams with
dressed to their respective dressing rooms for a
quick last minute pep talk. The Reds
came out first and was greeted with a
mighty roar. You could easily tell who the
stands were for. The other team are supposed to
be the ETO champions and of course - every one
was for the under dog. I shall call the
other team by their real name Red ones. The
Red ones won every game last year they played
and undefeated this season. A few days ago -
the Stars and Stripes came out and started
about this time. Charlie was just a warm up
game for the Red ones. Said team played a big
and game New Year's day for the ETO crown.

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in and clench their teeth with a click that
could be heard all over the stadium. The
standers were wildly yelling, held their line
and every one rushed in a effort to breath as
de Rodan prepared to click off the play. The
star back of de Rodans swept around left end
from a T formation, but the Red line pulled
then away into breaking up the play. Four
hurdle Red linemen grabbed the ball carrier
and piked him right off the ground and held
him in the air. Well - it was a four yard loss
for de Rodans and they lost the ball on
down to de Reds. St. King quinted out for the
Reds and that broke up the threat. In the
last quarter the dam Rodans pulled the ball
right out of St. King's hands and ran 15 yds
for a touch down. That is the distance from
hot ball to touch the ball instead of the
runner. The rules is state he can't be done but
some how they got away with it. This more or
less took the heart out of de Reds and a few
minutes later - de Rodans scored again.

(9)

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Being the only place serving food - you can easily understand how damn crowded the joint was. There are two main Red Cross clubs in town and each one was filled. We had to wait out a shed line for a hour and a half. In a way, it was well worth it for "on the ball" American Red Cross imposed the best turkey dinner I've ever eaten out side of home. Just meal was free and all you could eat. What made it more wonderful was the fact of table cloth and silver ware. No kidding - it was wonderful. By the time we lined up - it was too late to catch the train so we had to wait until the train left. In order to have some place to go - we hanged over to the main Red Cross in Le Pithou, place. There we sat awhile. The Red team came in and said there was a dance given by the Red Cross some where in town. All the while we were gone, but the team could get none. So we tripped close to the dance in order to hold some time. The dance was held in the same gym that our base ball + ball team

(M)

at combat crew member but was grounded a long
time ago because of heart trouble. So Tommie, Din and
I - also Marvin - laughed and laughed until the
tears ran out of our eyes. Glad I've said before,
you haven't seen real character until you've been in
the army. Peanuts concerning back on the trucks
was quite hell. I thought I'd die. It was so damn
cold and to make matters worse, the trucks
had to go slow because of the icy roads. I am
glad thing the trucks were jammed with a three
times as load as the we'd had power to death.
The four of us huddled up together into covers
trying to stay warm. I still haven't turned out.
A new coating of frost is topping the last night's
layer. I am the damn is land Peanuts. I go home
to close now because it's so damn late. I
want you to know - no matter where I am, what
I'm doing - you are on my mind. Even though
I was in town - I was and always will be
until I come home - the Concorde near GI in
the world. Tomorrow night - I'll write a love
letter instead of so much news. God Bless my
beautiful Angel wife and loads of handsome boys
your husband & Sonny (over)

JANE...

*Jane and
Georgie
have discovered
Mimi
in the arms
of Captain
Michel Lamour!*



SO SHE IS
JANE'S RIVAL IN
YOUR AFFECTIONS,
MONSIEUR?

OR
POSSIBLY YOU
ARE ADOPTING
GEORGIE'S OSCULATORY
METHODS OF
IDENTIFYING A
FEMALE SPY?

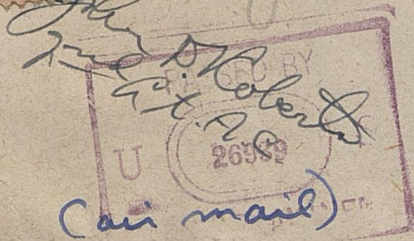


COMMENT?—
JE NE COMPRENDS
PAS!—RIVAL—?
SPY—?—THIS LADY
IS NEITHER!—



SHE IS MY
LONG-LOST SISTER,
LUCILLE!

Capt George Canary 15113242
701 Squadron 415 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 76 Post Master
New York, New York



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

Tuesday Dec 26³
England

my Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - lovely
creature of mine. Nothing in the way of
mail from you today but I did receive a
Christmas card from the young in Scotland.
I've in a letter and best I slip into one
each answer now. I was hoping for at
least one letter from you today but no such
luck. Tonight my team of unmentionables
are making with the work and said letter
will be cut off from time to time as I
have to go in with the labors. Mamma and
I just finished the Journal and it is after
12. night now. I'm making use of the post
office - in order to be available if needed. After
finishing your letter last night - I walked
to the beach and picked up the shales all over
again from the dam cold weather. Have you
ever watched a little dog shake with joy -
well - it wasn't my I was shaking with. I
stopped in the order room to warm up.
Dreading the thought of climbing into

the damn cold rack. I sailed over to the
banquet. Quickly I undressed and slipped
in. Damn - was that just ever cold. I'm not
hiding - had to shovel out ice cubes before
I could go to sleep. During the night - woke
up three or four times colder than hell. What
a damn place this is land is. Another layer
of fresh frost was coated over yesterday's.
Nothing was even harder than climbing in.
Life is rough in the ETO. I shudder to think
how the kids are doing out there in the
combat lines in this cold weather. Chris
had a damn nice roaring fire going and I
warmed my little can. Gave it a little rest
of the day. Darling - I missed you so much
yesterday even though I was in town at the
times football classic I more or less glung
myself in the excitement of the game, trying
to ease the damnable pain - but not much use.
I just miss you and nothing can help me
until I'm home in your sweet little arms.
My whole life is you. I'm rather sleepy
tonight and this no doubt will be reflected in
this letter. Please excuse. Damn this war!

St. Jacobi put my ⁽³⁾ talents to use this afternoon in the way of drawing. His squadron wants a insignia and have settled on one. I had to retouch up a new version and still hasn't finished it. If I work tonight - it will have to wait until the next day or so. I don't like to boast - hang too - but - so far looks as if it will turn out to be a good job. Of course - I like this sort of thing and would much rather do this than usual routine. I really don't have to do this - but - you know how I feel about St. Jacobi - so I more than gladly did it for him. Yesterday's game seemed a write up in the Star and Stranger - a small one. Even then - they mixed up some of our players name. P.R.O. didn't turn in the return this part and some one else did it. Any way - the credit of course - built up the ETO famous Riders. Say - old U of T really has a hot rich cagers team this year. They whipped Ohio State 53 to 48. They haven't lost a game so far and I'm guessing in a undefeated season. Not sure but think

they have a crash at Notre Dame and
more than likely - will play the game in
Seminole if it is a home game. How's
St. L. doing? I'm meeting out the news
of your brother. Please tell me how many
points he logs in for game etc. I'm the
Rose Bowl game - I'm pulling for the
Tennessee Vols even though I think the
Trojans will whip 'em. Any Southerner you
ask to is for the Vols. Biggest news in the
U.K. today is the missing of Glenn Miller.
We heard it on the radio a couple of days
ago. I suppose Sgt. Ray McKinley will
take over the leadership of the band now
some where in France. McKinley had his own
band way back when. He's hoping Major
Miller will turn up. No doubt this story
is getting front page spread in the States.
I've told you before how the Stars and
Stripes played up all the ref. items that
heads into the news. Tommy Harmon's
wife - Elvira Knott announced she is pregnant
what of a rabbit job that was for they were
only married a short time ago.

He'd be ten naps. Harmon is his 5th
cousin - ?? the bare barrel ball team
were supposed to play a game tomorrow
night in town but none near in a other,
he to other team called it off. I'm damn
glad we don't have to make that damn
cold trip. Perhaps it will warm up in
the next few days. I like to stick close to
a fire in this kind of weather. Tonight
was a rather good movie even though it
is a rather old one - "The Eve of St.
Mark". Another play was on - soapy but
good but with a new twist. Since they
installed the new projection - nothing but the
older pics come on every. Makes no difference
for I haven't seen 'em anyway. Please to
love you so awful much and just can't
wait until we can so make with the love.
You are the cutest Rebel below the Mason
Dixon line - in fact - best looking gal on
either side of the line and all over the
world. Your husband "Shore" is crazy y!
about his Southern Belle! I love you!

I had to clear for awhile and slip into some work. Hope I can dash off a few more lines before dodging it again. But due to gale runs a day in a few days and as I've no mind to refuse. - a good deal. Tomorrow night - we have a final meeting on the coming New Year. Eve. a few things have to be noted. Mr. Chubb has to make another trip to town to buy up a few more silly gifts for some of the boys. We have the rectory situation well in hand and more than enough for the whole gang. Parents. S-2 group all seem to hang together. It's some thing like a family. Every night - all the fellows hang around here instead of going to the barracks. In a way - we have it damn nice because of the comfortable officers we do have. Our officers are all more than good to us and grant us more freedom than any other section. Every one in the section takes pride in it and we all really stick together. Only one fellow in the dept. doesn't hang around with us at all.

He isn't very well liked by any of us
anyway. Each of us knows all about the
other and we have discussed our past
lives over and over again. Some how-
ever though we are all so friendly, I'm
still lonesome. No thing can take the
place of companionship for a man and
wife. Darling, we are so close together
that we aren't really two people. We
are united in every thing a man & wife
can't be a success if they aren't true.
Honey, I want you so much that at times
I go nuts. We've only been apart over a
year and yet it seems like 10 years. No
matter how damn long I'm away, when
I come home, it will be the same with
us. Just as I left. Bill May is afraid
that he might be a stranger to his wife.
Not that he doesn't trust her etc. but just of
the fact of being apart so long. No thing
can change this love of ours for it is too
strong to be changed. I couldn't even
stop loving you even if I wanted to.

Darling- you are crowded into every
part of my being you are in my blood
like a drug and I can't do without you.
I exist on the thoughts of you and you alone.
I can't imagine you you had you left me
going. there are times that I think so loud
and blue. but you snap me out of it. I
focus my mind on our future happiness
and that does the trick. I am this bloody
war. I want home but quick. well. I
have to go work again. might as do this
glam hell with letter writing and I'm not
hiding. It is 7:15 am now and we are
free. Just in time to miss chow and I am
I'm half starved. We'll wait awhile and see if
we can talk the mess Sgt into getting out.
Ralph, Dick and Jerry came to work rather early
today - but not out of devotion to duty - one
of the mess halls had hot cakes for breakfast.
What did your husband get for breakfast - not a
damn thing - no far! oh well. you can't be
handsome and have every thing - who said that?
Oh yes I used all my cash the day I met you

and went a lushing day that was! Peanuts -
my sugar woman - I adore you beyond
words. To put in mildly - I fant for the want
of you like a rat for a cat - that I am. I tell you
do the dearest thing to me and I'm leaving
it. If you don't show yourself wildly with my
arms, reduce me every five minutes, beat the
hell out of me, tear my clothes, bruise me
with canes and just mess me up with
big stick - I'll be damn mad. Gal - you have
a mad man for a husband that only love
can tame. So now as I leave home - please
start with the ravishing and seduction.
When I think of the passion to come, my
ears light up and I'm all a glow. Gal -
your husband is chucked full of joyful passion
and he shall reach home shortly when I come
home. Several times before I've warned you to
wear clothing to fit the occasion when I
come home. Take heed to my words - and
wear some thing that will take a lot of man
handling. When I come home - the only way
that I'll feel blue - depends upon the color
of the dress you wear. You've heard of

Curtain's last stand, change of the light
Brigade, Valley Forge etc - those manacles
were kids stuff to the one that is going to take
place when a certain cpl. comes home. the
heat of my passions will blast you down by
my love of lust. Sweet wife - please! I lay
awake at night, planning the way I'll attack
you. when you see the use of it gleam in my
eyes - you'll say - "what matter of man a
heart is this ~~man~~ husband of mine. how can
that I'll ever come home late - Honey - I'll
never leave you - and promise to jester the life
out of you with playful carousers. This is
a - warning and I want home today! I want I'll
go hit the god for these shoes are killing me.
Remember that - I want to make more plans.
I'll write you a longer letter tonight and I
hope - spurred on by some of the same stuff
from you. By the way. - H. Stud. Baker - the Co-
pilot - good I've and my friend - took my first time
today and I was awaked in my bed the jacket
as you wanted. God Bless my Angel wife
and loads of passionate love.
your Sober Husband Jimmy

George Canany 15713242
Squadron 445 B mb Army (H)
PO 56870 Post Master
New York, New York



PAID
A. Hand
26009
S
AIR MAIL EXAMINER
(air mail)

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



Wed. Dec 27
England

9

My Darling Angel Beautiful Wife!

Good evening lovely wife
of mine! And a dam good evening at that.
One package from you plus four lovely
letters. also one letter from Mom. I feel
great tonight - need less to say - from
the warmth of your love letters. The
contents of said package - I can just
not use - in fact - some of the items are
in use right now - namely - the cookies and
fudge. All the characters followed me
down the hall as I came in with pack-
age in hand. Being hounded now I
from every side. I opened said goodies
and passed 'em around. Peanuts -
you are a dam good good - name the guys
also. You are beautiful and can cook -
"No other husband can make this
statement. Thanks a lot for the shaving
cream and reading material. You

so sweet to read me the type of
 literature & enjoy - Mason. - I hope
 North tower. I love you so awful much
 and such a wonderful little wife. Each
 time you send me a lovely package such
 as this one - only proves what a lovely
 wife you are. Last night your old husband
 wrote - and what a night it was. I
 tried to write you a decent letter but it
 is impossible to do so when your train
 of thoughts are broken up so many
 times. When I start on a letter - I have
 the whole thing all planned in my
 mind and know just what I'm going
 to say. Sweets - I'm glad you approve
 of not using too lit words. I think
 a person who uses this form of writing
 is more or less bragging about his
 vocabulary. Because some day I
 hope to be some sort of a scribe - I

do my utmost to stick with the news
 writer's style of journalism. In writing
 for the papers - one must consider
 the readers. The average American
 newspaper subscribers are of the
 middle class intelligence or lower. So
 the scribe must write his thoughts
 into the reach of all. So in order to
 develop this style - I try my best to
 stay away from the usage of such
 Sunday best words. (note) By the way,
 looked on to this stationery in the
 PX and as you can see - not half
 bad for livery stuff. After finishing
 up your letter this morning around
 8 am - I shaved and prodded around
 the office. I didn't eat breakfast
 as planned for later decided I could
 sleep much better on a empty
 head better. Brother Ray asked me

to nurse him at such time I slipped
 barracks blind. Darling - it's really
 damn cold in England right now.
 I wear my heavy aer coat where
 ever I go. Frost covers every thing
 on the outside with a beautiful white
 coating. Since it's below freezing -
 my feet are always dry. When ever
 it's around 35° etc - mud and
 dampness makes one's feet wet most
 of the time. With my large muggy
 frocks - I keep changing em two
 or three times a day. By the way -
 rocks are more than welcome -
 when said dog's covers become damp -
 they wear out much faster. As I was
 saying - I had the fun of shaking
 Bill out of a deep sleep. Then I
 screamed to my own race. Realizing
 it would be so damn cold there in -

(5)

I stuck my head in my barack
bag - and partially - searching for
my little used gajams. After digging
about - I found 'em. So - for the first
time since this GI has been GI -
my body slipped into the sack -
encased in gajams. That - I call -
very unGIish and that I like. So
from hence forth - I will not sleep
raw - long as the cold weather
prevails. I sleep soundly - that I
didn't wake up until 630 tonight.
Knowing the mess hall doors were
closed by this time, I put on my
best smile and proceeded to run the
mess up. with approach #2 from
the book, of how to run a people a
How to become a mess en by the use
of mouthang (I wrote the book) Anyway
my system worked and I ate. S.H.L.

(6)

did you realize you have a "Confi-
man for a husband. (Confidence man -
a fellow with the gift of gum beating
etc) By the way, I found said package
along side of my bed and I had it
tucked under my arm with a death
grip as I cautiously crept into
the office. Some how - these characters
can walk forty miles away and
then come barging out of the various
offices. My popularity grows very
high at that time. The Aero club is
getting a new paint job and wasn't
open tonight. Red Cross gave a dance
in the men hall. Dick Day - he wolf -
always attends the dances. Some-
times Ralph goes - and Dan too. Kester
went tonight. Parents - I love you
so awful much and want you more
than the law allows. Yours wonderful.

⑦

to add little corn to his daily
regiment of GI life - here is a joke. (a is
it?) Many a rural romance
started off with a gallon of corn
and ended with a full crib. Did
you know that women make the best
wives. Whig bang - 1912 -> Lady who
couldn't stand the way her husband
talked, so she went home to murther.
More later on. Once again - my
office is heatless from the lack of
coal - so I'm using the warmth
of the Alert room to write. Marvin
is acting CQ tonight. I brought my
weekly ration at the PX from old
Sube. Sube - (Lucas) is a ex S-2 er
that was booted out about 8 months
ago. Anyway - he is the guy from
Sweetwater. If you recall - some time
ago he said (I wrote you bout it) that

(8)

his cousin Mr. Cogeland died.
I asked him to check up. Tonight
he said our friend did die. Mr.
Cogeland was really damn nice to
you and a nice old man. Sure
with I was still flying the small
ones back in Primary and that we
still had that apt. I showed the fat
with my luddie St. Studebaker this
morning before he took off. Each
time I talk to him - like said guy
much better. yesterday - as I told
you - he took my photo. I had an
old leather jacket as you so wanted.
It's just like the one I had in the
cadets - you thought was so cute.
If I can't keep it when I come
home - might buy another one
for these are damn nice for flying.
I intend to buy around when I

(9)

come home. Some day - would like
to own my own crate. The army
plans to sell its training planes
after the war at a very reasonable
price. I'd like to latch onto a
PT-19a - the job I pursued around
way back when. Darling seems like
years ago that I probably wore a
cadet's uniform instead of my
two years ago. This time two years
ago - we were both looking forward
to Feb. 4th. Tomorrow - I have to
finish up the 202nd Squadron
engine drawing up. It has
to be submitted to the War Dept. for
approval. I like this sort of work
very much and wish I could do it
all the time. I'll try to draw up
some more post war home plans
tomorrow. Parents - I think it's

(10)

very disgusting the way Ernie gives
Sunny the run around. Such as telling
her his car won't run. Seems as if
his damn junk heap never wants to
run. If I were home - I'd crawl if
it was necessary in order to be with you.

Darling - tell that silly brother of
yours I'd better not catch him smoking
when I come home. Really - he will
regret it if he intends to play
barbet ball at St. X. Smoking cuts
down your wind and really has
wrecked my barbet ball playing.
Warn him of this. Sweet character -
you are so apt to wildly guess
my letters the way you do. I don't
think they are so hot - at least as
much as you say they are. I love you
so awful much and can't wait - for
you know what! (fades while I dwell)

you asked if I till catch on to the
 cosmopolitan. No - the PX doesn't
 have in as often as they use to.
 Today they had New. wine. So if you
 so want to - I would appreciate if
 you'd send me one each copy. a damn
 good mag. I am the Time - mostly
 this by while I'm engrossed in
 your letters. Best I've seen down
 to the fact in a little while in order
 to prepare for tomorrow's labor.
 Didn't go to the movies tonight for
 I've seen it before - "Sweet Rosie
 O'Grady" Still keep having old ones
 and I hope some new ones start
 coming our way. Things must
 be rough on the home front about
 the pay. I smoke my pipe a
 couple times a day - I know you
 like for me to smoke a pipe.

(12)

Honey - enclosed with the package
are each Xmas card with our
names engraved. I think they are
very nice. Our names look just
together. You are so awful sweet and
beautiful. Peanuts - guess I'll
close down for now and go make
with the dreams. I sure do love
the hell out of you each night in
my dreams. You slip into 'em and
usual - the way I like - delectable
of all clothing. Ah! Boy! I sure
am crazy about married life and
want more of it but quick. Don't
worry about me for I'm okay and in
the pink. Keep you chin up and hang
on. Little do you know how this
character loves you. Ah! loves me
wife! God bless you Angel and loads of
love.  your Soldier Husband
Sammy

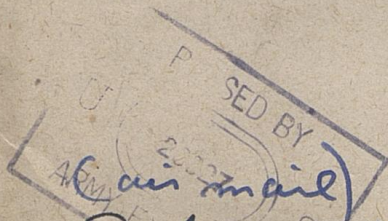
JANE...



Left George Canary 18113242
701 Synanon 445 Bombing (H)
ano 55876 Post Master
New York, New York



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



John D. Roberts
2nd Lt. A.C.

9

Print the complete address in plain letters in the space below, and your return address in the space provided on the right. Use typewriter, dot ink, or dark pencil. Do not use cursive or other writing so not suitable for automatic sorting.



(CENSURE MARK)

TO: MRS. EUGENE CARROLL, JR.
4401 WEST HAYWARD ST.
LOUISVILLE, 12, KY.

SEE NOTIFICATION NO. 2

FROM: LA. P.A. Secret
0874024
700 Bank Bldg., 441 St. 2 St
APR 200, 2 PM, NYC
Feb 12, 1944

(Sender's complete address above)

Dear Peanut,

As you can probably guess, our collective morale is at the lowest ebb that it has ever been. Mostly because the the large amounts of mail that arrive every day, day after day. Not only that, we can't even hear from home. And what's more far, far worse is the lack of "Terry" and "Lil Abner"---to say nothing of the formerly frequent miniature pin-ups of "Peanuts". Missing our tea-mails won't help the situation at all. It isn't even any fun when the other guys don't get letters either.

Do you realize that the Stars and Stripes are WAY ahead of your collection, huh? This must not go on. Sadie Hawkins day came and went without your assistance. I feel pretty sure that if you had been on the job, Daisy Mae would have been captured Lil Abner for sure.

Our main entertainments have been the radio programs, GI and otherwise. George has probably told you how we hear everyone from Jimmy Durante to Harpo Marx and back again on programs just especially for us. Then the studio in London (the GI radio station) puts on its own little attractions, like the nightly "Listen, characters!" sponsored by the Oh-My-Aching-Back-Sack Company. The pseudo-commercials are something to write home about, but they wouldn't pass the Nays Office.

Recently, Peanut (and this accounts partially for my long and inexcusable silence), I spent several enjoyable weeks at school with the R.A.F. It was wizard, my dear, positively smashing. Actually. A few hours of lessons liberally interspersed with seventeen cups of tea, several hours of pub-crawling in the evening, and general good fun with R.A.F. characters, many of whom had mustaches as broad as these individuals were tall. Being the only Yank in my class, I naturally was the target for a good many well-meant jibes. But we all got along very well. They do drink too damn much tea, though.

On "Sadie Hawkins day I kept my eye on your Husband. And although they chased him and chased him, he got away---quite safe and intact. I was able to stand and watch, you see, because somehow they didn't chase me. I can't understand it---anybody who looks as much like Gary Cooper as I do, too.

And that is all my tired, unhappy brain can think of. Please keep writing, because it's good for our morale. Mine could stand a mighty boost right now. Take care of yourself. We'll be back some day.

As ever,

Fig

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE
ADDRESS AT TOP?



HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE
ADDRESS AT TOP?

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT PERMIT NO. 1

31 Dec 1944

Thursday Dec 28
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - lovely
wrench of mine! As usual - no mail
today but this is the after mail of
yesterday's bounty full. So I have no
room to come here. But as the fellow
said just before they hung him, "I got a
kick coming". I just completed a letter
to friends in Scotland in thanks of the
Xmas card they thoughtfully screened
my way. What a horrible place to be
a prisoner in - England the Isle of
Zombies. When I come home and if
I have a strange stare to my good
blue eyes - blame it on the ETO. As
FDR once said - "Ah-hater War!"
Well - as with the news what little
there is of it. Army resembles
between this and years running - is
quintessentially on your side. Parents - if ever you

(2)

no want to scare the hell out of some small child - read one each short excerpt from "May Day" (in the ETO) last night - Brother May and I - no rhymed our way to the barracks. We could see Jack Frost - running around with faint marks in hand, having the time of his life. Quickly I climbed into the sack and doubled up into a ball - doing my best to warm myself.

After awhile - the fog warmed up and I slipped into dream land. Well - last night - again (as always) you were the main feature. Seems as if you and I were on a trip some place for we were in a hotel and having one hell of a good time. Don't ever think we left the room for all I can remember - is more interesting than the law allows. This is all I can vaguely recall but said

passionate dream. Any way - I'm
 going to slip back into it again.
 This morning, I had to straighten
 my my junk in the barracks for we
 were to have a inspection today. This
 delayed me a bit in screaming to
 work on time. Each morning, I take
 a route through Bill Ray's barracks
 and shake him but god. I stand around
 impatiently until he slowly dons his
 duds. He and Ralph are comparable
 in speed. Colder this morning than
 last night. Seems as if the ETO
 does it best to not do the proceeding
 weather. Damn it - our office was fire-
 less all day and we had to make
 like the ho mads - from office to
 office. Chui and I patronized the
 noted PRO office all day long. Dan
 and Gold man who sacked all day

because of the fact of working east
 night. This of course - meant
 more work with out cramping the
 joint. I devoted the day into
 completion of my master piece of
 the 702 Syd insignia. The good St.
 Jacobs was more than pleased at the
 results, not to mention me too. So -
 shortly my hand work will adorn the
 jackets of the 702nd men. The 701st has
 a one each insignia but in my
 opinion - isn't much. It is a
 pic. of a duck astide a lib. with
 inter coms over his ears. Squadron
 insignias are supposed to have some
 sort of meaning to 'em - such as
 some thing in the history of the unit fit.
 I think a drawing of the Down Beat at
 the West Hotel would be more than
 sufficient. (rays here and under lined)

(5)

The balance of the afternoon - I read a little lit. I gave St. Jacobi a chunk of your sugar budge and cookies. He too tossed compliments upon your excellent cooking and it was placed on the pile from last night. At this time - only a few crumbs are left. Last night prior to my taking off to the barracks, I spotted a mouse - doing what ever mice do. So I snatched up a chunk of coke and waited until he not make another appearance. He crept out from his hiding place and quickly glanced at me. Said mouse darted towards his hole - I took aim with my coke throwing eye - and tossed a outside hook to be left. With my effort sharp shooting - he overrized chunks of coke barled him on the

no joy in while he was on the fly. Said mouse leaped into the air and sprawled out prone on the floor dead as a mouse can be. I took two but after two in my triumph. More damn fun. The mice leave their calling cards all over the place.

I hope to keep up my luck in the extermination of said varimates.

To get away from the serious mood and slip into the lighter side — One of the Colonels on this base today was walking around with both eagles (Colonels insignia) on one shoulder. When asked why the eagles on the same shoulder — he came back with this — "Don't you know it's the mating season?"

Don't mind me — you should see me in my crazy moods.

the word of the day - "Pan the
 verman - Herman". Because of the
 fact of nothing through the fire. -
 "Lampico" I did not bother to check
 it again. Once each stick. A
 little while ago - my lean, lean
 body was so placed in the position
 of comfort before the fire in the alert
 room until the lights blew out. So
 I lifted my body from said
 comfortable position and jumped it
 down here at the Major's desk - here
 in the front office. Within the camp
 confines of this front office - are so
 grouped the characters doing
 many things. There are two
 games of five hundred run going
 on plus the usual letter writing
 and reading. Every each of four
 faces are covered by GI shoes.

this joint boast of a pie and no
other officer can make this statement.
Dell. I love you so awful much and
want home to you but quick. you can
give this army life to the birds for
as I'm concerned. I'm not a soldier
at heart even though I may look
like one. Parents - I read a

passage from a ph. I saw recently
and it goes some thing like this -
Dark and uncertain the out look may
be - but the future may seem - but
near through the windows of ^{hail} home
you will find the light of the Sun's
hidden beams - the gl. thinning edges
of clouds silver-lined. behind the
bright peaks of your dreams.

Anyway some thing like that.

think it kind of fits our situation.

May you cheer up and run I. C. to there.

Darling - with every breath I take -
 I'm thinking of you. - thinking of
 you with an ache in my heart.
 Somehow - I live the day out but
 can't understand how. I try my best
 not to sigh or complain or bitch but
 sometimes one can't help to air
 out his feelings. Each night as I
 crawl into my empty bed - I meet
 you down memory lane. Ah how
 sweet are the thoughts of the past
 and how wonderful the thoughts of
 the future. I sometimes wonder why
 in the hell it must be we are so
 far apart. But all of the time -
 I'm looking forward to the joy of
 that day - when I will go home to you.
 Darling - this damn war is like a
 fog to me. When there is a fog - the
 sun is there - still in place with warmth

and happy range of light. Same
 thing about us - the war is a
 bog between us - and our love
 still shines on with every more
 strength. Parents - can you
 understand how deeply I love you?
 I fumble around for words - trying
 to express my love. Some how I can't
 do it. you know and can feel it.
 Darling - give me the strength to
 go through with this damn lonely life.
 Your letters are like pillars of support.
 Parents - I need you. I am it - there
 I go - slipping into a blue stream of
 thoughts. Best I can right now
 of it but quick. Another GI definition
 Gentleman - fellow that doesn't know
 a girl very well. She was only a
 worker's daughter. but he could put
 a fellow in his place.

Peanuts - I would like very much
 to read - "Fruer Amber". Now what I
 hear - said book is a luscious novel
 with a hot bedroom scene on every
 other page. But you receive this
 book but quick before I go nuts in
 the mean time. No kidding - I really
 want to read said good book - so
 send me your copy at such time
 you are finished doing (me too)
 I'm getting round that time that
 I should go found the jills &
 but good. Tell - I repeat - I love you
 so awful much and can't wait -
 until - - - - Ah! Boy! When I come
 home you won't be able to see my
 face very long - because it will
 be pressed close to yours in one
 long breath taking - passion to
 his. You just can't understand what

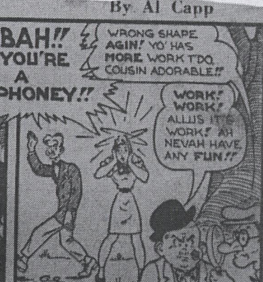
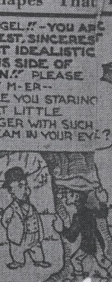
(2)

you are in store for. Tomorrow - I
shall try to find time to whip
up some thing in the way of my
version of art or what ever you
may want to call it. Sweeter girl.
I can't wait until I can pull the
wool over your eyes - if you know
what I mean. Well. in brief words
you're going to be loved by all
the known methods of the human
race and then some new way
we'll crop up. Just you wait until
this fiend clutches on to your lovely,
body and makes with the making
Sweet wife. Tell your family hellos
for me and to write soon. Well.
I'll go join the knaves in the banquets
now in a bit of shut eye. God Bless
my beautiful character and loads of
dog patch style wearing. your Soldier
Husband
Gunn

LPL ABNER

Shapes That Pass In the Night

By Al Capp



31 Dec 1944



Post war

Friday Dec 29
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - Sweet
wife. Another one of those too often
mail-less days here in the ETO and
so at this time - I'm in the mail
hungry frame of mind. Please excuse
if it is so noticed in this letter. I
love you so awful much - that's all
I can say. I do hope you are
daily enjoying at least one of
my letters. I know how they count.
Same old dam cold weather here and
so dam cold to stray away from
the range of the fire. This morning -
for awhile - we didn't have one each
fire because of the lack of coke. Today
is the regular coke delivery and
did we meet it not. I've told you
before how the guys actually fight
over the coal when it does arrive.

(2)

Being wire operators - Chris and I
derived a good plan. He and I pulled
coal sentry and kept a watchful eye
for the arrival of the fuel. Duties of the
coal sentry - to sit on face in front
of the coal shed with shovel placed
on the shoulder in manner prescribed
by army regulations. - to have in
the best possible loading position -
any no. of available buckets. and
to ward off all others trying to get
coal. So - Barry and I took
turns of marching up and down
in front of the coal shed. PRO office
has a window so situated - one can
survey the coal shed with out turn-
ing ones neck or risk the cold
weather. All the while sat around
a feeble fire in PRO - watching.
they marled at each other with

Threatening winds. Jimmy Dunn
 joined me. In order to cut off the
 vultures view - we backed the jeep
 up to the window and heaved large
 glanks upon said object. You should
 of heard the jeep howl. Jim and I
 slipped into the empty coal shed
 and scraped our shovels across the
 floor as if we were loading up with
 coke. Then each of us ran into the
 office and on tip toes - mealed out.
 Dam - you should of seen the mad
 rush out the door. All nine bikes and
 buckets came screaming out and
 it is lucky no one was going up the
 walk against the wind. Boy - were
 those jeep mad when they found the
 shed empty and just a joke. Well - then
 the fun started. The jeep began to
 argue over who got their buckets when

(4)

Jimmy and I had our well placed and
stood guard over em. PRO buy and
Chris made a non-aggression pact-
to help each other in matching the
coke. While waiting for the truck -
some of us played hockey with
shovels and a tin can. More damn fun
with blood shed. Long last - the truck
hoveled into sight and backed into the
mouth of the shed. As the crawlers
hoveled off said black stuff - the
guys jumped and hoveled trying to
catch the coke on the fly. I was under-
neath the back end of the truck with
my buckets catching the coke. Shovel
clanked at my buckets but I hung on.
After filling ours and PPO's - we
huddled em through the window.
The peasants were killing each other
over the remainder. Chris and I have no

agreed with Don and Marvin to
 always work together like this. I have
 to laugh at his code war. I hope
 you enjoy said account of S. 2 life.

Finally - I built a fire and the joint
 warmed up in working comfort.

Quickly I placed a can of water in the
 stove for I needed one each phase.

Doll - your beautiful wrapping paper
 is being reused to wrap the silly
 presents for the big party. This haul
 will not doubt be heard around the
 world. What ever you hear - don't believe

it. No kidding. Looks as if we'll have
 one hell of a good time. The children
 are brought and Rich will cook in
 tomorrow afternoon. We also have
 3 cases of beer, 8 bottles of scotch (
 more coming) and all the items
 needed to mix the drinks. Then two

6

all the stuff hoarded from the many
Xmas packages the gang received. I'll
give you a full account. By the way -
enclosed - you'll find a bit of non-
sense. Notice the gang look up on his
face - he is drooling and lunging
towards the bed. Now - I wonder why?
No kidding - I'll frighten you with
my wolf growling look - beaming
from my love hunger - burning -
blood hot eyes. At first - thought I
would draw the picture - with wild
character within breathing distance of
the bed's occupant but not having
his growl yet - decided not to do
it. Really - I want you so much that
it hurts. I ~~gnash~~ gnash my teeth together
until my gums bleed. Damn this war -
I want home so bad. You just can't
imagine how much I miss you.

(1)

I had to do some more drawing this
afternoon for the good St. Jacobs -
that I like. Darling - I have a damn
large collection of my drawings
pencils but only wish I had more
time to make use of 'em. This cartoon
enclosed isn't much good for I dashed
it off quick like. I'll really whip
up some thing nice soon as I can
latch on to some free time. But time
for a little corn - Some St. once
remarked about the WACS - "you never
know if they're squaring their hats,
tying their girdles or returning your
salute". The 64 dollar question - what
did women do before there was war work -
and who does what they are to do?
According to the Stars & Stripes - gals
are now letting themselves go - don't
give a damn about how much they weigh.

Fashion experts say - gals will be
amplified and considerably
heavier than the average fine up
girl. Give me the good old days!

I love to love, lovely - little women -
namely you! I always hate to see the
guy and gal the same height etc.
Seems so much better if the guy is
taller than his mate. Don't you
agree? I love everything about my
cute little wonderful gal! If we ever
have any children - hope it's a cute
little blonde girl just like you. Peanut
I love you so awful much and
want you more than it can be
expressed. You are so wonderful
and I just adore you. I can't help
from saying hi over and over
again in my letters. Peanut - I
really want you so awful much!

Same movie tonight - Tamgic - and
 as I said - not through it a long time
 ago. They're painting the snack bar in
 the Aero club - so tonight - served the
 cokes etc (for a price) in the lounge.
 I strolled over for a quick cup of java
 earlier in the evening. Pak chops today
 for rum chant and not half bad. Not
 to go tonight - not worth a damn. Parents -
 for some reason or other - your husband
 is rather 'sleazy tonight' and think that
 will lead for the job in a very few
 minutes. This unbearable cold weather
 makes one 'sleazy' and want to crawl
 into the warmth of the sack rather early
 each night. Sunday is gay day and not
 a day too soon this time - I'm just
 about down to my last copper. I'll
 send you some more money this
 month or the next gay day. I may go

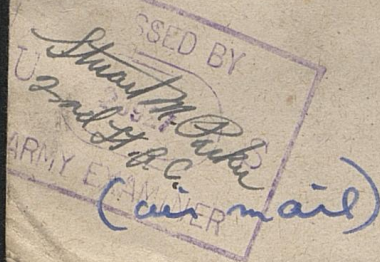
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London in a week or so. So best I hang
on 'enough funds for the trip. The way
things are rather high in London and
takes a few greenbacks to go. Money goes
fast if one goes to town each week. Back
in the States gang didn't go home as fast
as they do over here and yet - in the U.S.
the gang were in town two to four times
a week - none every night. Doll - I
don't have to tell you how much I
love you. you know and can feel it just
as I can sense your passionate love.
I'm in a rather down blue mood tonight
and this letter isn't up to par. because
of much. Please excuse. I sure hope I
receive at least one letter from you
tomorrow to cheer me up. I'll stretch in to
more than my share of stretch ~~in~~ at the
party. God Bless my Beautiful Doll and
ends of passionate love. Your Soldier husband
Sonny

ny 10
Lef George Canary 611324
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Gr
APO 558 To Postmaster
New York, New York



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



Dec 30 - 1944 11
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Little one - this will be my last letter of this year. Yes - the last one of 1944. Tomorrow - my letters will be hence forth date lined - 1945. I don't know why - kind of illyd guess - but I always feel sad on the changing of years. - New Year's Eve. Although - nothing in the past year means anything to me. Just a year of living hell away from you - only made less able by your life giving letters. Surely - the New Year will hold peace for the world and the triumph return home of all the soldiers who are all no war ribs. I dare not think of the future for it sets me into spasmodic fits of fancies - yet - I do think of this - day and night. Darling - pray real hard that soon I shall be on the way home!

(2)

tonight - at the stroke of midnight -
my mental lips will be kissing
yours. Truly - I'll be there at your
side to greet the new year. I know
I will be utmost in your thoughts at
that time. Sweet wife - all I can
try to explain my feeling about you -
I love you - want you with every lust
and adore you. In a few weeks - we
will be old married people of two years.
Two years you have had my name -
two years - I've been the proudest guy
in the world. Thank you again - for
becoming all mine. Lots of people
make new year's resolutions but now
and I have only one. To love the hell
out of you when I come marching home.
Beautiful custodian of my heart - I
adore you! Soon - very soon - I'll be
here to shower my lust upon you!

Dede, letted on to a couple of
 lovely letters from you today and I
 hope this is a indication that I'll
~~receive the same~~ amount daily
 throughout the next year - that is - the
 time I'm so far away from you.

Received a Xmas card - my first - from
 the Tuckers and also a letter from Mom.

I'm writing this letter rather early
 tonight because I don't think your
 husband will be in a condition to
 write later on tonight. The long
 awaited S. 2 haul will be unloaded
 tonight to shock the world. All day
 long - various gump in S. 2 have
 made like beavers preparing the feast.
 Rich showed over two giant turkeys
 all afternoon. I worked with a hot
 pencil and drawing ink - whipping up
 my caricatures of all the gump.

I must say - I've done some big things - but these was the best I've ever knocked off. Some of the guys - that I permitted to take a quick glance - go so far as to rave about 'em. Each gift will be decorated with one. Enclosed - you find a rough example. I did my best to dress up the guy face in a humorous way. Sweet wife - I'm afraid this might be a shorter letter than usual for still a lot of work to be done. We have to arrange the party equipment in the alert room. I for one intend to latch on to one each hell of a good hug. No doubt we'll all end up intended to be jills in the proper New Year's Eve custom. No doubt tears will be shed in beer or whatever drinks do. My team works tomorrow night and won't have to

worry about that. Chris. Morgan etc.
 are in tonight and will have to watch
 be amount they lower away. In a
 few minutes - I have to whip up some
 kind of silly menu of drinks with
 American juices. I have a few ideas -
 some corny - & spice etc. For instance -
 W. L. H. T. - 75¢, Virgin scotch - 45¢
 other scotch - 35¢ and so on. I shall
 shoot to you a drink by drink picture of
 the haul tomorrow - if I remember
 all of it. Speaking of pictures - we are
 going to take some tonight during
 the process of incubation. Besides -
 the turkey - it is rumored we are to
 have another spread at tomorrow's
 noon chow. Uncle takes care of his
 boy - says he. Today - after waiting
 for a month - my new pair of GI boots
 arrived (GI issue) I turned a pair in

(6)

a month ago in a way for the
new job. Waiting a month -
guess I could if you have posted for
as the army was concerned. I was
paid today - not a minute two now -
for I was down to my last 2 shillings.
After - if I go - I come back from
London - will shoot no more. Long
green your way. Darling in order
to send you - say - \$25 - I give 'em
the English dough 6 pounds 10 shilling
amounting to said 25. If I stay
on this island (heaven forbid -) 50
years - I could never catch on to the
dam English version of moola.
Strictly a dam man is a nance in my
books. If you have very much in the
way of change - go to the drag along the
ground. I am not just a kidding when
I so state this statement.

Parents - the yard birds are starting
 to make with the dressing up and
 I have to clip me each band off.
 Besides - help with the fitting up
 of the girl. By the way - we are - as
 of tonight - starting a non-wearing
 league. If you do curs - cost the
 offender 3 pence (5¢). You are permitted
 to blow off with hell and damn or any
 other means of saying a curs word
 with two lit meaning. For instance -
 chicken droppings etc. More damn
 without blood shed but leads up to
 it. Darling - all I can say over
 and over again - I love you and
 want you more than it is understand-
 able. The Big Red barstull team has
 a game tomorrow night here on the
 bare - also the S. 2's. of course -
 a game ride picture regat will come

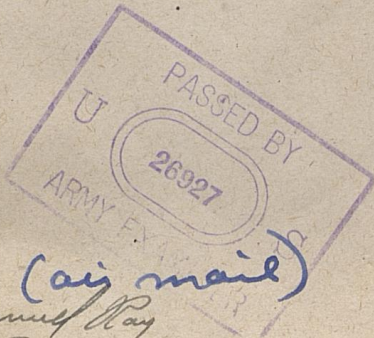
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Come your way. then too - I have to
keep score and make with the
official score keeping in both
games. Honey. Happy New Year
and may the coming year find
you in the arms of your husband. as
I said. will be thinking of you
extra special hard tonight at
midnight. Tell your brother to cut
out the smoking for he. he he damn
sorry. By the way. where does he get
that old stuff of wearing my loafer
coat? things are coming to a pretty
shape - so it seems. A guy can't
trust anyone these days. I'm only
kidding - glad someone is getting
me out of my duds before they fall
apart. God Bless my beautiful Pin
Up Girl of 1944 & 1945 plus every year
and loads of love. Your Soldier Husband
& army

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



Mrs. George W. Canary Jr.
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(air mail)

Mammie Ray
1st Lt. A.C.