

Jan 1. 1945 1  
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Last evening - Mrs. Gandy -  
namely - Peanuts. As you can see - a jack-  
eye screamed through today into my  
eyes waiting hands. Something I really  
need and thank you so much. One can  
think better with decent jags beneath one's feet.  
Any way - thanks! I'll - this jack eye contained  
mainly - pipe tobacco - and I think every  
know hand in captivity. My wife will enjoy  
all of the brands at once - if not sooner. Again I  
repeat - I love you so awful much and can't  
wait until I go home to where I belong. I  
can't know - seems as if this jager isn't going to  
hold the ink as it should but - I'll do it

any way. Hope you can read this rapid job  
called writing. My team is on tonight and  
looks as if we'll make it a all night affair.  
Hope we are lucky enough to enjoy the  
rapture of raid racks. Out doubt if I'll see the  
confines of raid pleasure until late in the  
morning. Nothing in the way of letters today  
but you can't have cake everyday - some one must  
raid. Well - here are the details of the big turn  
all-out all-out contest stayed last night until  
early this morning. If you haven't won never -  
etc as if you frighten easy - please bring the  
following jags. Also - if you have any enemies  
you wish to scare the pants off of - read 'em  
this. Last night - I finished up your  
letters and quickly showed them. I whipped  
up a quick menu of rilly drinks - dam as to  
they told me. At the ticking off of 10 pm. the  
gentle chunder of GI shoes banged into the back

depths of the alert room. All the lights were doused out and a few candles beamed down at the other end of the long room. Thronged around the dining tables full of food - stood three characters - Dick, Jim and Spera. Those three acted as host or something else that. At each end of one table were placed two giant golden brown turkeys. Each turkey was flanked by a brace of bottles containing cold water. In the center - wads formed by small chunks of candy - Home in 1945. Behind this - two large lutes of peanuts. The flickering feeble candle light danced appetitizingly on the birds.

Spera mumbled some sort of speech that no one paid the slightest heed to - for all eyes very attentively coveted the turkeys. Dick and Jim shrugged into the roles of bar tenders and slipped behind said object - the bar. Dick shouted - "Bar's open" and the work began something like the one in '49. I barged up and with my deep Southern drawl ordered a "Smog" to start off with. A smog contains - double header of roach - a canicle of coke and a couple fingers of bar. (my own idea) Shoving aside the hanging, dry tongues, I shouldered my way to a spot with enough room for my hand to swing the glass to my puckered lips. I caressed my tongue with the delightful fluid with a quick draining motion. After the first 7 trips to the bar - I lost count and did not care. By 11 pm - each one had a good fund. I was to share the turkey year. Said birds were chopped up into

two by four sandwiches - Day wood & Lytle.

I think we had a collection of every type of fruit cakes known to the human world. With a bread in one hand and a sandwich in the other - I sat down. After tearing the hell out of one bread - the gift opening ceremonies began. Each character staggered to the gift table and jibed out his gift by the cartoon there on. Major Klogfer joined the party some where along here. We had no extended special invitations to him. He also brought along another more than welcomed guest - another quart of Scotch.

As I was saying - each guy opened his gift and read aloud the poem there in. I strolled up to the table - shoved along by the many Snogs under my belt and proceeded to open mine. Said silly item was a model airplane kit - fitting in with my duties of old recognition etc. Enclosed you'll find the poem and the cartoon - some nice guy drew of me (I drew it myself) By the time the party was really going great guns. I continued to lower the Scotch and beer. Before I knew it - wham - I was full of happy water and well on the Traft ride. It wasn't noticeable because everyone else was drunk. A no. of pictures were taken and they should really be something for the books. Of course - I'll shoot 'em your way soon as the photo lab. prints 'em up for us. In various stages of being totally drunk - the guys hung into each other and began to sing. Guess you might call it raving. Sounded good to me - in fact -

every thing seemed good to me at that  
 time. As the clock kept closer to 12-  
 every one filled up their glass and prepared  
 to toast the new year in. It's always been  
 good to start the year off with a drink. of  
 course the radio played music and the  
 various programs on the new year going on.  
 At the stroke of 12- every one broke out into  
 the world wide custom of ringing and  
 sang Syne. Darling - I thought of you  
 extra hard and as I recall I would do-  
 missed you with mental lips. I wonder if  
 you felt that kiss? Everyone remarked their  
 glasses together and drank a toast - we'd go  
 home soon. My head still hurts from the  
 drunken sleep of Happy New Year. E.D.  
 Johnson at the point was lying and  
 everything but out. Jimmy Dunn started  
 the corkie teasing game and Hedd Lester  
 followed shortly. I laughed at the watching  
 and crawled up to the bar after more  
 Snogs. Well what do you know - couldn't  
 find either of the bar tenders. So I walked  
 around the bar myself to make my  
 own snogs. An the floor - not Dick in a  
 scotch stager. I crawled over him and  
 wiped my nose. Some how - I was  
 suddenly drafted as bartender. St. Jacobs  
 drifted in for he was working east  
 night. I gave him a stiff snog. Marvin  
 and Chui also were related for work but  
 Chui had to be poured into bed. Marvin  
 sobered up by staying away from the  
 bar and walking around in the cold

morning air. Of course - I carried along  
 a drink on raid walks, to keep me in  
 a happy frame of mind. I didn't have  
 to worry about getting sober. Finally - the  
 rest of us ran out and soon afterwards - the beer.  
 Dan got thing said stuff ran out for every  
 one had a good flow on. Some one started  
 up a baseball game and what a mess.  
 Bodies were falling all over the joint.  
 Johnson and Paducah were jitters hugging  
 with me. (How did I get into that?) Dan  
 was hanging on to a chair with a dead  
 white face. Dick was in the ball game and  
 the rest were seated - laughing their sides  
 off. Around 2 am the brawl broke up  
 and one by one the jump pulled out.  
 Roni rode each one home. Dick, Gene and  
 I regarded the wreckage in the alert  
 room and cleaned the joint up. I was  
 still feeling high but knew what the story  
 was. We had hoarded enough Scotch and  
 enjoyed each empty bottle into enough for  
 three good drinks. Roni then drove us home.  
 Wonder who took him to the barman. He was  
 feeling just as good as the rest. Bill Ray  
 was funny as hell. In fact every one was  
 a scream. Every one says to say that I was  
 laughing all through the party without a  
 let up. You know how we use to knock  
 ourselves out - laughing at character.  
 You would of died from laughter last night  
 if you could join us. That old god felt  
 mighty damn good and didn't take me long  
 to fall asleep. I didn't get up until 7 am

this morning. Coming down to the office -  
 I found no one else. Outside of Jre in  
 the front office. In some reason or other  
 Jre didn't come to the party. I cleaned  
 up our office and just took it easy until  
 noon time. Some of the fellows said they  
 woke up with beautiful hangovers. We did not  
 use all the dough in the ditty - so - have to  
 decide if we do want another party room,  
 or just the dough. No one can complain  
 about not having a good time last  
 night. We really have a swell bunch of  
 guys here in S-2 - and how we do all  
 pull together. (except when the coke comes)  
 This afternoon everyone hung around our  
 office - draped in various forms of  
 recovering from last night. Horn chow  
 was and the supper meal today with turkey  
 etc. I just returned from mid night chow  
 and another go at the turkey. I had to  
 munch slabs of white meat and was it  
 good! Went to 430 gm mass this afternoon  
 and again prayed for a quick trip home  
 for good. Honey, I love you so awful much  
 and want you more than it is possible.  
 All last night - I kept thinking how  
 wonderful it would be to have this nite  
 and every night with you. You would of had  
 a barrel of fun just watching the guys  
 carrying on. It was a clean party  
 and loads of fun. The best part was  
 watching Johnson and Padualala dancing  
 two nuts if I ever saw one. This is sure  
 a crazy cam war! Dam this was anyway!

tonight two great games of basket ball were played by some of the S-2's. The S-2 Moron team won no. 3 in the bare wide league by a score of 30 to 25. Heddleston and Miller starred in said game. Then the Big Red's cage team took on a game with another bare team in the 8th Air Force basket ball league. Heddleston and Miller again walked away with the tallies. Of course the 2nd game was far better because said bare league is his stuff to the big time till. All - any way - 8 of the gang comprising the so called S-2 Moron's team - whereas - we have four boys on the bare squad. Rest of the members are other hot rich cagers in the

group. The Big league game was a hotly contested affair and ended up rather damn close Big Red's won 37 to 33. I acted as official time keeper and referee. Thought for awhile the Red's might drop this game but the quintet was supported by Ralph's excellent display of skill. Ralph did it with as many baskets as Heddleston but played the greatest game. I'm leeching rather much tonight and as if he leeches some of the old chis. Guess he leached on too much pie water last night. Anyway - a damn good game with lots of thrill. As I thought - had to stop with the writing and make with the work. It is now 6:30 am and in a few minutes - I'm

going to go hit the show line for breakfast. Before I jump into my waiting rack, I want to shave and clean up. Always have to look my best when I'm about to go dreaming with you. Tomorrow night the Journal goes to press - meaning

more than wish for your husband. I do, &  
 really like this paper and thank a lot.  
 Really - you are so sweet to your old  
 best my husband. Words can't figure how  
 much I love you - not to mention - how  
 much I want you. You'll find out before  
 much longer. G-1 hope for at least one or  
 two letters from you tomorrow or should I say  
 this afternoon. Seems as if when ever I refill  
 my pen - page refuses to hold my ink.  
 Beats me! I just heard under the news  
 one of the mess halls are issuing hot  
 cakes this morning. I sure could go for  
 a stack of your cakes right now. In fact -  
 I'm leaving in a few minutes. Peanuts -  
 when I come home - I want you to whip up  
 for me all of my favorite foods. I am it - I  
 need you so awful - awful much. Besides that -  
 I love you. Peanuts - tell your family that I  
 will write whenever possible. Seems as if I never  
 have enough free time to spread around. I'll  
 try my best. You asked if I might have an extra  
 or two in free patch. Not right now - but I'll  
 send you one the next time I go to town. Hope  
 you have renewed that Cei Juice harvest by  
 this time. Hope it would get here by  
 times. Peanuts, I'm going to close down long  
 about now. I'll turn out a longer one to  
 you tomorrow night - damn - I mean tonight.  
 In the mean time - I'll be thinking  
 and dreaming of you. Please don't worry  
 about me for I'm fine. God Bless my  
 beautiful Angel wife and load of jamonate  
 love.  
 Your Soldier Husband  
 Sunny



Mr. George Canary 15713242  
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (A)  
APO 558 To Post Master  
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Tuesday Jan 2<sup>2</sup>  
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening. Peanuts.  
Nothing in the way of mail today and makes about 3 days since the last letter from you. I have high hopes for a letter to me now for sure - any way - but time for me. Last night my team unloaded all night and of course - I stacked up all day long in the confines of one rack. I pulled off your letter this morning - just prior to shaving off to head post. This morning - had the fortune of receiving my morning GI hots beneath a stack of hot cakes. They were wonderful but even better if used with syrup. Seems as if the mess hall was fresh out of syrup. So - we piled high the butter and waited until the hot cakes were so gilded with a golden hue. Course - nothing like the real thing but good enough for now. Dick drayed around the office all night in the role of CP and reappeared to breakfast with us. Found back to the office and made with a quick but heavy shave. Very refreshing and changed all the signs of sleep away. Dick waited until the day shift came in and skinned around with him. Read more on the latest Captain Hugh North you recently reappeared my way. Dick and I packed with Don Heddleston to drive us to the barracks. We resorted to twisting his arm - then he so did it. I don't want to not waste the jeep's gas on the return trip - I diked in Bill Ray's barracks

and woke him up. He gets up rather fast with a jump ride to the office with inducement. Dick - dashed into our barracks and bid the name to Miller and Spera. Still not being sleepy - I rot around the fire in our barracks and shot the hell with some of the inmates. Finally - thought best I climb in the rack and make with the reading. Peanuts - I really do like his things most the story and watch for the latest in their series. You are so thoughtful beyond me such things that fit my literature taste like a glove. Proves we are really one - knowing every little thing about each other. I really love to lay in bed - thinking of you and the things you are missing. You are so wonderful and I love every thing about you. We are perfectly mated in all things and can quickly slip into each other. mood or frame of mind. Truly we are happily in love when you look around and see all the troubles everyone else has. I wish you knew how it feels to be loved by a angel such as you. It's wonderful and heavenly to be in the receiving end of your passionate love. Doll - I'm just nuts about you and crazy for the want of your love. Said inner man keeps on giving me a bad time day and night. He doesn't give me a minute's rest - just keeps banging away on my ribs - yelling and cursing me out. In other words - Peanuts - you do the dearest thing to me even at a distance.

I gounded the fellow all day long and do mean ground. Woke up once around 4pm when Ralph kicked my bunk and stated - no mail. In utter disgust - I rolled back over and slept until 6:30 pm.

Finally I hauled out but too late for chow. Stepping out side of the van ach - Oh brother was it cold. Almost felt like diving back into the sack. But jang of hunger drove me towards the mess club.

I fumbled along through the fairing light of the dying day. Every damn place you go in the army - another line to wait out. When I come home - if there are more than two people lined up for

some thing or other - I shall join it by.

But - did it or do with out - I latched on to the end of raid line and waited my turn. Shortly after I started chomping my away at raid food - Jimmy Dunn and Don Hunter joined me. More and more a lemming in Glen filled the place. Just for the hell of it - wonder how much they sell each night. After I had cleaned off my plate - decided best I latch on to a refill - that I did. Line was very short again or otherwise - I wouldn't of waited it out again. Don Hunter and Jim decided to play jing jang and I bid em farewell.

My butt supply was down to the nub - so I dabled to the heat up PX. We are only allowed 5 packs of fags now. But if you buy some of the more popular brands - such as - Guechi, Camch or Chester fields - you

can only latch onto 3 of 'em plus two  
 more of some less popular brands -  
 such as Pale Malls, Old Esolds etc.  
 I latched on to three Chesterfields and  
 two Pale Malls. Nothing like the good  
 old days. But can't come claim - for some  
 one stated there is a war on. This week in the  
 way of candy bars - honey bars, two - a jawer  
 home and a jing plus a pack of gum. They  
 really watch your rations and make damn  
 sure they punch your card. When I come home -  
 which that I shall buy smokes by the carton  
 instead of buying 'em at a pack at a time. It  
 is cheaper in the long run. Do you plan to  
 take up smoking when I see you home to you?  
 Some thing binding about smoking a  
 pair of butts together. I like for you to smoke  
 with me and have a bite in every thing together.  
 I can't wait until I can wrap home into  
 your arms. Tomorrow nite - the Big Red  
 Varsity ball team goes on a trip to play another  
 team at their home base. Of course I shall go  
 along with the team to cover the game and  
 act as official time keeper. They announced  
 tonight that S-2 leads in the base Varsity ball  
 tournie. S-2 hasn't lost a game so far and  
 feel sure they will win with a breeze.  
 We really have a hot rock team here in  
 the halls of famous S-2. Course I'm not  
 pre-judice or any thing like that - ramp  
 here in fine print. Any thing to escape  
 the damn boredom of ETO life - even for  
 a little while. Don't know why but raid & cager  
 interest is coming back in full strength.

I don't think that I'll ever play again but just as interested in it as ever. According to the Stars & Stripes article Frank Sinatra announced he would no longer ring on the Hit Parade program each Saturday night. The voice claims he loses money by ringing on the Hit Parade each week. Said program pays him \$2,800 per week and Frankie has to pay out \$4,000 weekly to give his voice from Hollywood. The Hit Parade doesn't pay for this because he could just as easily ring right here in New York. Sinatra makes with the movies - so has to show up in Hollywood. The lobby not parade. The voice still gives out on his own weekly show - Two for the Road. We have to

put up with said character throughout the day on the A.F.N. How but Charles Chaplin - isn't they ever ask that fooling around. What a man he is - to know around like he does at the age of 50 or over. What - a - man! Did you hear the one about the discharged GI who landed a soft job. He's in a garment factory now, pulling down about 2,000 a year. Perhaps you may like this one - the reason they call a sail boat "she" is because she makes her best showing in the wind. Okay - I'll clear with the corn.

grabbed a quick glance of St. Jacobs as I screamed out the door this morning. Said

he was very browned off at Barnyard who had to leave the other night because of a maturation condition of scotch etc. He's a play-drink Snops beer - nothing but the best, in the best of cans. Snops is my

favorite drink - name the pres. of Snoopy's brewery  
 Mr. Snogo. Didn't go to the movie tonight  
 because of a old show, "Let's Face It" with  
 Bob Hope & Betty Hutton. I think you could  
 read his one together. Darling - I'm so  
 arranged in front of the fire over here in the  
 alert room. There are every type of known  
 character to the human race grouped here in  
 about the fire. None of the characters are  
 talking about the same thing; on one side  
 of the fire - 3 guys are talking about rep, on  
 the other side - the English Gov., around me -  
 the movies. Here I am in the middle trying  
 to write a letter. Can't move away for it is  
 the only fire in ~~captivity~~ captivity in "here  
 has parts". Peanuts - I miss you so awful  
 much. I wonder what you are doing along  
 but now. Wonder if you are thinking about  
 your lonesome husband. I bet you are. Peanuts  
 you are so wonderful and I'm crazy about you.  
 Please don't think I'm getting monotonous  
 by saying this over and over again. I just have  
 to tell you how I feel about you - so there it is.  
 The anti-cursing league is going great  
 guns now and some of the guys are  
 jaying off with ever three or four words. In the  
 army - we really lose his vocabulary by  
 taking all the short cuts in speaking. I  
 know I've lost one eye of a lot of words I  
 use to spout off readily. It's a shame to  
 slip out of this and become lazier in  
 using anything to resist easy. This  
 anti-cursing league is a good thing and  
 does away with this profane short cut.

I see where Chris was victorious in the  
 ● coke war some time today. I'm sorry  
 that I missed the conflict for it is a  
 lot of fun to watch - even more to take  
 part in. Some of the fellows are limping and  
 I surmise - must of been a bloody battle.  
 Some of the characters are playing cards  
 in the front office. I think they have a pie  
 in there too but little or no room for letter  
 writing. St. Jacobs is going on for  
 tomorrow and Chris is on C & tonight. So  
 I shall have the joint to my self tomorrow.  
 Bill Ray is resigning in his chair for me  
 to get ready for a quick dash to the beanery.  
 I just ceased long enough to dash to the  
 ● mess hall and dash right back quick  
 like. Nothing unlike while at all but a cup  
 of coffee. Same old story each night. I mainly  
 go each night to fill up my coffee jugs so  
 I can start the day off in the proper manner.  
 I like to wash the sleep taste out of my mouth  
 each morning and top it off with a bang.  
 Tomorrow. I have to turn out this week's  
 edition of the Journal and should take up  
 the better part of the day. I hope Marvin mounts  
 will take his week and turn out his share of  
 the work. Have more than enough interesting  
 items to write about this time and I feel sure  
 we shall not do our past records. I'll keep you  
 ● so informed of what the jump say. By the way,  
 I told you about the character cartoons I made up  
 of each guy the other night for the party. Well, the  
 Major wants to mount 'em in the Scrap book he  
 is buying about the troops' history. I feel more



②

I've flattered at this. He also gets a  
 copy of the Journal in his survey book  
 each week. Seems as if Merrin has  
lost interest in our ray or some thing.  
 Perhaps he dear is getting stale but it  
 just seems to went it each week. Sorry as  
 they do. I shall do my utmost to uphold  
 the tradition of the press. I am his man! I  
 don't know how I will ever go to sleep  
 tonight because of all the shit eye & no  
 stores up today. Really messes up your  
every thing working like this but this is war  
 and war is hell. My jolly-some can  
require a lot on his type of paper, takes me  
 twice as long to file this much up as the  
 other kind. I love your nice long letters  
 and appreciate the time you so devote in  
 composing them. To me, receiving your  
 letters each night is the only real pleasure I  
 have each day. I don't know for sure what  
 time we shall return tomorrow night from  
 the game but I'll try to write you as much  
 as possible. Peants - my sweetest girl - I love  
 you so awful much! When I come home - I'll  
 embrace you so tight that you'll think I'm your  
 chin a some thing what a wonderful love  
 making time that will prove to be. I shudder  
 with happiness just thinking of such lovely  
 thoughts as that. I'm planning thous ands of  
 ways to thru you to the Core. Sweet mate - I  
 shall cease now and prepare for another day. get  
 Please don't worry about me and hang on. Don't get  
 to write me letters to my family  
~~any thing~~ ~~to~~ ~~start~~ ~~family~~. God Bless  
 my beautiful Doll and loads of our hand of love.  
 Your Soldier hus been d  
 Jimmy

Copy George Canary, 1st Lt  
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)  
APO 508 To Post Master  
New York, New York



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Wed. Jan 31st 3  
Amford

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - lovely character - and glad to see you - as Phil Silvers sang. I'm getting off to a rather late start on this letter tonight because of the thing with the Bing Rads basket ball team. So if this is another good job - you know why. I shall write as long as possible and hope I can write the usual length of sugar report to you. Nothing in the way of mail today that is - early this afternoon. At early supper tonight - the mail clerk said a bunch of late mail came in and would be ready to pick up around 7pm. Not being around at that time - will have to wait until the morning

can it anyway. I'll really be meeting said mail call tomorrow night. Well - sorry to say - Dan and the boys lost tonight by a terrible score. I'm almost ashamed to tell you the score after the big time build up I write you each night about the team. Final score of the game - ~~Reds~~ 54 and the other team 12. Don't know just what happened but ~~the~~ <sup>Reds</sup> were really clicking the first few minutes of the game. They couldn't stop Dan for he sunk one after another in the bucket. Peter was doing the same and really looked like the Reds would scream out into the road and stay there. In the second quarter - the other

team got in the old line and seen up plenty of tallies. Score at the half. Reds 38 - home team 36. Ralph hadn't made a point yet and could see he was madder than hell. When Ralph was clicking and missing shots

he is it with a dam the rest of the game. But  
 if he makes a few - no stopping Ralph.  
 Tonight he didn't make one point and  
 played a good game for the other side. He  
 becomes so mad at himself that he mes  
 ses. More or less blind to the things going  
 around him. Ralph and I'm are the stars  
 of the team and depend on both to run up  
 the points. I'm not saying that Ralph  
 threw the game himself but was a deciding  
 factor in the outcome. I'm gassed himself  
 out in the first half and had to let up. The  
 other team charged back in full of fresh pep  
 and fight. The last quarter was no thing  
 but pure murder. Ralph was even stiffer.  
 St. Bailey, the coach, hoped Miller would  
 mop up of it and start clicking. He pulled  
 Ralph from the game twice to give him a rest  
 and a pep talk. This other bunch of jokers had  
 one of the best teams I've ever seen with you.  
 I feel sure that our boys could whip 'em if  
 playing the usual game. We get another  
 crack at 'em, you men. There are two halves to  
 the league and the winners of the first half  
 of the season - play the winners of the 2nd  
 half to determine the champions of the league.  
 Then the 8th Air Force play off for the ETO  
 champs. Big Reds still can win and with  
 plenty of fight - they can do it. The gang  
 really hated to drop this game. I play  
 again this week at home and should win.  
 I'm still fulling like hell for 'em and  
 consider myself - their most ardent follower.  
 I kept time tonight and Tommie Thompson

kept nerve. Tommie wants me to take a  
 ♀ pass with him in the near future and  
 said that I will. Seems as if he likes me a  
 whole lot. Suppose it could be my so  
 called magnetic charm? (what a laugh!)

Peanuts - Tommie sleeps right opposite  
 my bunk and carries on a conversation  
 with himself all night long. I tease the  
 hell out of him about this. I tell him he  
 calls the first night all kinds of names and  
 some night Sam will hear him. He's really  
 a damn good guy even though from Texas.

In a old man & man who wife and I  
 should think around 32 years old. His  
 hair is streaked with a little grey. As I've so

related before - he is the non com in  
 charge of Special Service. After the game -  
 we drank back in the bar just in time  
 before the Aero Club closed down. Every one  
 thrashed out the game over coffee and toast.

Peanuts - I love you so awful much and  
 want you more than you know. By the way -  
 remember - I told you about running into  
 one of the fellows that use to being around  
 Angels all of the time - at one of our big time  
 football games? Well - I wasn't here but thought  
 he was stationed at the bar we played tonight.

Sure enough - he was and kept nerve for the other  
 team. His name is E. Mohr and a Jewish

boy. ♀ me to run around with D.D.  
 and Red Bauer all of the time. of course we  
 compare notes on home town news etc.  
 As I said - we play in again and I will run  
 into him again at such time.

Nothing much about today's activities - just the same old line of stuff and things. Alvin held down C & last night and was in around. So I held down the post with the help of St. Jacobs. He as usual - was in and out all day long - running from office to office. Thought I might get to work on this week's Journal but could not. So - the year will have to be postponed until Sat. night. Said whiffing up takes a hell of a lot of time - more than I can spare but I did it anyway. Tonight - I'm rather in the mood of shut eye and will really sound that old gull's tonight. Poor old Bill Ray gulls N.P. for three days starting in the morning. Wonder how he will get up? I usually have to turn his hands over each morning to rouse him.

Darling - I heard a very funny song on the AFN today - played by Spike Jones. Name of said tune - SNAFU. A civilian can't appreciate this song for can't understand the GI slang in it. GI slang is really very raunchy. I bet very few civilians know what SNAFU means a Sh... in a shingle. Snafu means (a clean way of describing a situation normal - all reversed up. I bet the word reversed for the four letter really meaning is too nasty to use. Sh... in a shingle is a GI expression for some sort of meat slugged or toast usually served at breakfast in induction centers. As I said, an anti cursing league is really a damn good thing. So far - I've not said but caught several other guys.

according to the Stars and Stripes - Susan  
 Peters was wounded in the stomach on a  
 hunting trip by her husband. Stated it was  
 a accident etc. She is a rich chick and I  
 hope she's okay. Some PFC and Dean Jagger  
 are making a picture for some Loney  
 film co. over here about the U.S. Army. They  
 had to use Americans you know because a  
 Loney can't compare with a real dough boy.  
 According to the S.S. - you're in good old  
 Kentucky lined yesterday when he was coming  
 with a very big. Also said it moved in Ky.  
 I can see you shivering now and one with  
 I could be due to warm you up as a wife  
 should be. You say I'm a ringer expect at  
 this. No other expect can make this  
 statement - who said that? We are making  
 with the cold weather over here too and  
 tonight - I'm clasping a robe but good.  
 the old Stars & Stripes is on the ball with the  
 home front news. Read about the fire at  
 Douglas Park in Louisville yesterday where  
 the old 77 year old custodian was burned to  
 death trying to rescue some of the horses.  
 Tennessee was beaten by the Trojans 25-0  
 cannot. Duke whipped Alabama, UCLA -  
 whipped Georgia Tech, Oklahoma beat  
 Texas Christian and looks like the Southern  
 teams all lost in the bowl games. Hope none  
 of the Col-dam Yankees notice this or  
 else I'll take a lot of kidding. Science  
 claims the lowest thing in the world is a  
 nudist going over a barbed wire fence. I  
 shall say this - for Ralph Miller is the lowest.

Some of the favorite stories floating around the ETO are things over heard in the Blackout - "What did your date look like last night, Lennie?" "Oh, he was tall, dark and handsome." No doubt he was talking about a GI. What a hell-of-a war his one is. Tomorrow - we'll be old man & wife of 23 months and the 4th will make it two years. Sure wish I'd been with you every second of these last 23 months. Parents - my folks - I love you so awful much that it hurts. You are so wonderful and such a lovely little chick. Did your friend Shirley ever go home to her husband? What a strange affair that is. Sing and her zombie are about as bad. By the way - what is the latest on that angle? Just finished raining and I hope said clouds are dry - until I return to the barracks any way. As usual - the crews are playing cards here in the post office. I'm using the good Majors desk to write upon. Damn it is getting awfully late and I will take off in a jiffy a no. We didn't have enough room tonight to take along any of the Big Red rosters. Perhaps a few cheers would be marked the team a bit. If only Miller had managed out of that childish A.H. Luke of his. TNT can't change that boy. He was no damn mad even when we returned to the base - he ran around down to the barracks quick like a rabbit. I'm very anxious to watch all the various characters.



Sometimes Marvin blows his top by thinking every one is jicking on him. He has one of those so called persecution complex and isn't bad. Marvin thinks every one feels away at him because he is a Jew. Says we are raised to believe Jews are the lowest form of human life etc. you can't change his views you see. You should hear some of the hears he and I have about this sort of thing. He is very prejudice and narrow minded in every sense of the word. Marvin is the type of character that gives out a lot of teasing etc but can't take very much himself. He too is a very odd character in the S.2 family.

I guess the gang think I'm very odd also by my various changeable moods. Sometimes I draw up into the shell of my own thought and become very independent as can be. I really become rich of seeing the same old GI faces day in and day out - doing about the same damn thing. Darling, you are the only one that really understands me and Oh! how I need your warm strength. I miss you like a loss of a right arm. I need you to live. Little do you know how much I love meet little old you. You are so wonderful and beautiful. The gang take great delight in teasing me about being shoe-less before coming into the army not to mention the fact of being teased as hills hills. I give you with the manner of Sil Abner and give you right back at 'em. My Southern Rebel blood boils at being unwound by so damn many Yankees. Sure I was in the

Land of Cotton - way down in Dixie. I'm  
the sweetest little Rebel in the whole  
South Land. Peanuts. I'll have to fight  
up a drum all over again - will you help  
me do it? The army has played hell  
with it. I know you don't like that very much.  
But that's the conditions that prevail.

Really - it was a damn hard game to love  
tonight and the gang all feel rather badly  
about it. That's the game for you - one time  
you're hot as a fire cracker and then again -  
not worth a damn. Darling - I hope you are  
having fun for both of us. I feel so much  
better when you write that you are enjoying  
yourself. Gosh - it's late - best I feel off  
about here and head for the barracks. I

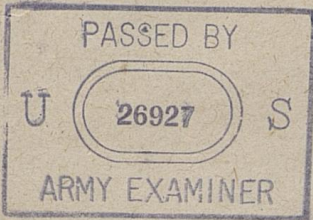
wonder if Tommie Thompson is in good  
voice tonight. Dick said Tommie was even  
ringing in his sleep last night but I  
didn't hear him. I hope all over him with  
the leg pulling when ever I see him. Peanuts -

did you ever cry out from every pore of your  
body for some thing? Well - I care for  
some thing with a consuming passion -  
namely - sweet little you. I'm going out  
for the want of your sugar kisses and the  
other things that follow - know what I  
mean? If not - listen to the best of your  
heart. Tell your family bells and loads of  
~~passionate~~ love (read all the passionate  
love for you)

So on I catch onto some  
riffs call her time - I'll dash in a line.  
God Bless my beautiful Angel wife and  
loads of passionate love.  
Your Soldier Husband  
Jimmy



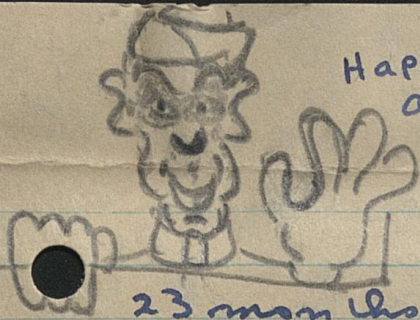
Cpl George Canary 15113242  
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)  
APO 558 To Post Master  
New York, New York



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

(air mail)

C.R. B...  
St. L.



Happy 23 months  
anniversary

Thurs. Jan 4th  
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!  
Good evening wife of mine  
23 months, 4 hours ago and thank  
again very much for becoming my beautiful  
mate. I have the best wife in the world - not to  
mention she's beautiful - no other expert can  
make this statement. I'm plain in a duller &  
words - I'm sure about said creature. How  
I long to be with you to night - in fact every  
night. I just can't express into earth lying  
words how I love you and so beside your  
earth rocking love making. Last night -  
after knocking off your letter - I returned to  
the barracks. Saw and behold - upon my  
bench - awaiting my eager eyes - a pile of  
mail. As stated in letter of last night -  
L.W.T. - where as - the mail clerk voiced to  
me at supper - late mail just came in and  
would be available at 7 pm. With a gleading  
tremor to my vocal cords. I so explained  
my joyant with the team to said character.  
Anyway - he so pleased my mail in a neat,  
orderly pile upon my bench. By flash light - I  
read one of your letters - and reread the other  
two in order to start the day off in the right  
manner. I read your other letters this morning  
upon arrival at the office and the morale  
building punch contained there in -  
carried me on through the day. Also - a  
letter from Mom, 4 mas cards from  
Ive and Nancy (Mom's brother in Atlanta)  
one from Aunt Su and a small package  
from Aunt Mary. Contents - a Mass book  
and a calendar. Today the mail wasn't for

No mail  
Today

me. Just as long as it comes through every day and in such a large bunch. it's okay. According to your letters, my mail screaming to you is a bit on the slow side. Hoping you are enjoying name by now. As I've stated - the day started off with a bang - because of said mail. Even though it was a bleak, cold day - sunshine beamed in my heart. Gal. I love you so awful much with a passionate feeling that can't be measured. The good St. Jacobi put me to work with my talents of artist lettering and this I did all day long. A very tedious job I assure you.

Said job takes the utmost in the way of all out attention not to mention stuff call patience. Our office seemed to be the only one that boasted of a fire - for all the characters squatted around warming up. Our meyer coke supply is but down to the nub and hope for a replenishing some time tomorrow. I suppose said coke will ensue when the stuff comes in. This I have to see! More damn fun - yay here.

I shall tell you all about it in letter as of tomorrow night. It was almost impossible to move in our office because of the many characters flopped about. Our office is rather on the small side and not made to hold a stadium full of characters. In order to conserve on the heat - each guy when ever he wanted to leave the room - had to make up a country - or she wait until some one else wanted to leave.

Mail



(3)

I'm writing this from the front office  
in order to keep my fingers and  
warm. As per usual. one each 500 card  
game & going on and various other things  
such as - reading, writing, arguing etc -  
not to mention - yelling etc. By the way -  
you'll find a copy of the day's He enclosed  
them - not so much this time. Tomorrow  
I have to rely into the Journal and a lot of  
work no doubt. St. Jacobi is taking a year to  
border tomorrow and Chui and I will be  
alone. That is - expect for the characters  
coming in and out to warm up. Tonight  
I sat through a movie you and I had  
tends through some time ago. Like with  
the games - Being Charly. A rather good  
picture but didn't enjoy it as much as the  
first time I read it. M. Reynolds - the blond  
chick in said picture made me so hungry for  
my little blond cute wife. Should be some sort  
of law against torturing lonely husbands like  
Chui - I'm not just a kidding. Tomorrow night  
we have a new picture - ya! new back in 1942.  
Forest Rangers and I saw it a few days after  
I arrived at Kelly Field. Say - two years ago  
at this time - my chest was filled with pride  
only to be found in cadets. There were the good  
old days and nothing like this GI life. I was  
really meeting out with the 23 months ago  
and seemed as if it were was down about  
in arrival. Just think of all the fun we are  
missing each day and I'm not feeling. We  
could be really making with the money here  
after two years of practice. Our day will come!



Here comes  
the bride etc (4)

Poor old Ralph screamed in such a case today and found out he had a real cure of the piles. So know he is in the pile factory taking the cure. Perhaps this is the very reason he played such a rotten game last night. Well - this year's hell with the team for I should think he'll be out of playing for a month or three weeks. When he is not - he really plays a great game and the team depends upon his playing skill. Ralph can really work the ball down the court and is a key man in all plays. Coach Bailey will have to ship some one in Ralph's shoes until he can play again. Really is a lounge break in the team just when they need to win some games. Not to mention it's rough on the kid himself. We'll have to go see him in a day or so. The team has to win every game from now on to make use of the second half of the tourney. Can't afford to drop one game. We're all pulling hard for the Reds.

Fun my thing - the yard kids fail to keep at the center team like they did the football team. Lots of people aren't so interested in basket ball and know little or nothing about it. But you catch on to raid stuff for I will follow all the teams at home - in any by - bear it & St. X. I want very much to see Norman play and perhaps give him a few pointers. I know a few worth while tricks that can be used. Repeat - tell Norman to cut out the muckin' if he no wants to play basket ball. Explain to him - just what it did to me.

Little wife - I love you so awful much and just can't wait until I jump into your arms.



Dear Husband!  
Today etc

(5)

It's a rather mean night here in England with the coldness seeping in through every crack. Makes one huddle about the fire even closer just to think about it. I was talking to Bechie in the Aero Club Tonight and she hasn't heard from her husband in over a month. She always laughs when I say I've haven't received mail from you in two or three days. I know that I would sure by die if had to fast from your mail for a whole month. That is too much for any human to stand. I'm very glad my mail isn't too long in coming through even if at times it's rather poor. Dick still likes to talk out of Pat each time we go to the club. Recently the linen women in the Aero Club had a luncheon party thrown for them by the group. Each fellow tossed in a few shillings etc for their party. Dick and a few other boys attended the party as waiters etc. Now Dick teases Pat by saying he saw her backed up against the mess table with some jokes and wants to know what she hell they were doing. She is too dumb to know just what he means. Guys ask her if she been getting any lately. She stares back with a dull blank face - no knowing what the hell the guys mean. It's very amusing etc. We all tell her how beautiful she is etc. ~~Violet~~ Violet - another racker who works here in - receives the same sort of thing - then two another one - they call Smiley. This character is the original red racker's sister and always has a rilly rilly grin on her linen best my face. I.H. do these people know just what they are missing. They live more or less like verms in dang of old times. may change but not the



Let's  
make  
LOCS



(6)

English way of life. Cultured as England is supposed to be - she has a very fine educational set up. None of the so called middle class or lower class goes through high school. Strange place this is land. I for one can't wait until my nice 12's leave the island and never more to return. No wonder the Pilgrims caught a boat. Some of the guys in Section 8 say they are waiting for Columbus to discover America. They tell me the place we come from is very nice. Seems as if I vaguely remember it. No feeling - rather as if it was years ago that I left the good old U.S.A. I want home quick like a rabbit - and you know how quick rabbits are - Wham - I am - thank you man! Life is rough in the ETO - rough is the men tell state.

Why it's so damp on this island. I heard a GI yelling the other day to know him a life preserver for he couldn't tread water much longer. That the conditions that prevail.

Mountain Me Swine - best you shoot more per fluid this way for no matter where I may hide suit stuff - the guys seem to find it. I can't carry it around with me etc. So you'll just have to buy it coming over so if ten.

In case you are running short of requests - here's another one. (Postal clerk - you can read the following - that's all brother!) Can we have more candy such as chocolate (hot) - gum drops, gumballs etc. then too - any thing in the way of hot rock books etc. any other items - you think I might put to good use. (Postal clerk - that's all brother!)



Gazette  
enclosed

(7)

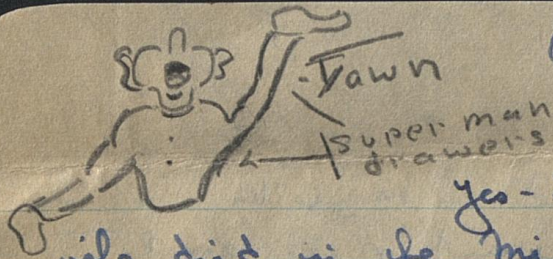
Aunt Si remarked in her letter that she was reading my account of one each trip to Scotland. Mom enclosed a clipping in her letter of a snow shot in Seneca Park. So old Louisville has a snow job. I bet the rest of you whipped my from your shirt is very good - you are very sharp on the clothing and truly a neat chick. Darling - the news of the party you are shooting my way is great. You are so awful sweet and thoughtful. When they arrive - I won't have to hold off and watch how much I smoke etc. Live Jack a week from the PT doesn't go very far you know. Thank you so very much for sending the party. I know how damn hard they must be to get and fully appreciate it.

Very much. I should think all the G eyes are yelling home for party. You said something about giving me a little weight around the waist. And also that you may wear a girdle. Best you don't wear a girdle when I come home - no need to mention the reason why etc! So Ernie bought a new suit. Should be a law against men for buying clothes - (haha!) I do think he is a rather very rude person etc. I do. But your father's denture mine is a forgetful some thing or other.

Are you going back to him? Doll - you asked what I thought about your catching on to a fur coat.

Peanuts - you don't have to ask me about such things as this. If you want one - I'd do it. Also - I think

it's a good idea that you give me your own anniversary gift from me. I shall show you a wad of dough some time this month is the first gift. Use some of the supply of long green in hand and I will replenish mine with mine.



yes - I knew Phyllis - Shayne's  
wife died in the Michael Shayne series  
of books. But - don't know how or when. Hope  
you can find the book that tells all etc. They  
were such a cute couple and wonder why the  
author did this if ever you can catch on to  
Shayne's stories - do read 'em my very  
Darling - as the character above is doing  
I'm getting sleepy and best I go found  
that rock. All I know and can say over and  
over. I love you so awful much. You just  
can't understand how much I do love you  
and want you. I'm about to explode with  
passionate love for my lovely little wife.  
You are so sweet and lovely - please that -  
beautiful too. I'll - pray real hard I'll be  
home next brand before long. Peanuts - I want  
to take you to dances like we use to do. I fully  
understand how idle and boring it is to  
stay at home all of the time. But our strong love  
comes in both in through this damn  
hellish way of living. Thank you again for  
becoming my wife 23 months ago. We'll  
really have to cut loose with the celebration  
etc when I return home to your arms. Until  
that triumphant day - as always. You are with  
me in mind and spirit. Thank God for the  
warmth of your love to carry me on. I would  
surely die without it. Until I dance with a  
Dolly and love this Dolly - I will not live.  
Take good care of what belongs to me - namely  
you. God Bless my beautiful everlasting Bride  
and loads of my special brand of passionate love.  
Your Soldier Husband  
Johnny



JANE...





Friday Jan 12<sup>4</sup>  
England

My Darling Angel Wife!  
Long at East-mail-

ten lovely letters from you today and at this time - I'm intoxicated with your words of love. Five whole mail bus days are unbearable. My morale was even lower than low. But tonight - I'm a new man because of your passionate words of love. Peanuts - you're underpaid and no bidding about it. Just wait until I shower my love upon you.

Thank you very much for bringing back to life. Honey - my morale was so low that even I couldn't stand my self. Darling - you just can't realize how your mail affects me! There's hoping said

mail will keep up. I wish mail would come in each day instead of every week in one large bundle. But there is a war on - so they may come I would not know. Tonight - I'm pulling CQ instead of tomorrow night. The team hits the road tomorrow night and of course I must lay along. I'm playing CQ with Padula and won't have to run a game. So far - I haven't mixed out a Big Red football or basketball game. I'm hoping for a nice quiet evening of CQ but you can never tell about this joint. Would like to dig into some serious reading and catch some shut eye if possible. If I catch into enough sleep. I won't hit the job in the

morning but will lounge around here. Today was just another dull ETV day only brighten up by your timely letters. Before leaving the van echo this morning I gave the area around my head a dose

good cleaning job. It's always a good deal  
 to do this every so often in case of a  
 verminous infestation. Guess I acquired  
 this habit in the cadets about watching out for  
 things etc. Cleaning around my bunk etc.  
 delayed me some what in returning to the  
 office so I was a bit late. Ralph, Dick and  
 Lawrence did their utmost to wave me  
 around town. Not carrying a can for  
 water as I had a rolled up blanket  
 bag again. It is really very nice to  
 have a sample here of each time for a  
 good breakfast. Today we unloaded in  
 our mess office and Maurice did his work  
 here in also. Around noon time the  
 weekly supply of coke came in and as  
 usual. The same old coke was. We can  
 cut in top again with the fuel and have  
 ample supply to last us for a few days.  
 St. Jacobi seemed in rather good  
 spirits today and jolly as can be. He  
 was very low in morale for awhile for  
 Dennis's letters were lower than yours.  
 Yesterday - he received a 6 page letter  
 from her and thought it was wonderful.  
 Each morning - I lead a hand in the  
 alert - serving the java. In reward for my  
 efforts - can drink all of the coffee I can  
 hold. This java far exceeds the drink  
 water served in the mess hall. I  
 think Dick will catch on to staff next.  
 rum and more than likely. Ralph will  
 be made bunk next. I don't care about  
 things at all. You know how I feel about

known morning, I really do like this  
 rest of thing and do my damnest  
 not to. Ah! I don't go around with a  
 new look on my face but I don't (to  
 use a army expression) go around  
 hissing people's - you know what. Some  
 japs are very talented in their sort of  
 thing. Some times I think that I am  
 too independent. I guess not - friend  
 Jacobi says I am a real man. I don't  
 keep away from morning. I don't  
 Studebaker seems to be the same - although  
 we have some thing in common - flying  
 etc. Suppose I'll be a lovely eye. until  
 the war ends and that I don't mind. all I

want - is to get the hell out of this army  
 as soon as possible. Huts! Another half  
 way decent meal today of roast beef and I  
 enjoyed it very much. Ah! I love you  
 so awful much and adore every thing about  
 my sweet little wife. you are so wonderful  
 and lovely. I wish I could really take up  
 the role of a active husband right now  
 instead of this long distance stuff. Boy!  
 we could use a hunk of your loving right  
 now - in fact - any time. I am the gun  
 gen! I don't want to work right tonight.  
 Now perhaps it will get on the ball as it  
 should. this afternoon - I slipped into

whipping up in fact - the new edition  
 of the Journal. So far - no good and may  
 turn out to be another hot rock edition.  
 More dam fun and some goes for weeks of  
 come - I'll cover the game for the year

Turn most night. I don't think Marvin  
 will go along. Just be jumpy on the  
 team and yours truly plus Connie  
 Thompson. Might give to be a damn  
 cold ride on the truck. I will  
 be as close to home with the situation -  
 as it may be. According to the  
 Sun - Pauline of Goddard had a  
 marriage a new thing like that. She  
 is a bit away June.

seems as if all the stars are going to  
 have babies etc. A lot of lovin' going  
 on out there on the West Coast. I don't  
 to the second show tonight and had the  
 pleasure of squinting through one of the  
 best pictures I've ever seen - "The Story  
 of Dr. Wassil. It was so very interesting  
 and G. Crozer played another top notch  
 role. It's a great actor on my list. I know  
 you are a ardent Crozer fan also. This  
 picture is not too old at that. Would it mind  
 seeing it again. I sure do get a kick out of  
 a decent movie. This was strictly a war pic  
 and you don't care so much for 'em. I do.  
 but at the present time - I live, eat and  
 sleep war. Most of us enjoy a good eight  
 musical with plenty of laughs. Any thing  
 to get the hell the way from their dull  
 epin time. Doll - I had another wonderful  
 dream about you last night. I dream of  
 you each night but some how can't recall  
 'em. Any way - last night (if course in dream)  
 some how - you and I were dancing here at  
 the off years club. I was as always - a lowly



get and beats me what she tells we were doing  
 with the brass. Anyway, we were having  
 a gay time - bending the elbow and dancing  
 to our hearts content. After a bit - we were  
 outside and began to murmur it with  
 larking jolly, what a wonderful  
 of love making that was. So damn sure that  
 could actually taste your driver's  
 when I wake up. After we had since  
 rememberless and

best part of the dream, because you pulled a  
 Cyprian Rose Tree - and from we can  
 easily guess the ensuing conclusion. Wow!  
 it was murder! It's so mad to wake each  
 morning and find my rack empty - just

one each lonely GI body. No Peanuts -  
 and that's bad. Some day, I'll find you each  
 morning curled up to me closer than musten  
 plaster. That's strictly from heaven. Dull - you are  
 such a slick chick and if the law only knew the  
 things you do to me - you'd be arrested for  
 driving a soldier crazy. Super wife - send me  
 with juicy fannies. Jackson. get in the  
 groove - like a movie. Survive chick with  
 the big larking and the Dogcatcher style of  
 wowing - no holds barred. In plain words -  
 let's make with the nuts. Peanuts - no doubt  
 you are under the impression that your husband  
 is touched - by jolly, you are right. If loving

you like this is madness - give me  
 more and more. Super wife - I adore you  
 beyond human knowledge. Even I can't  
 fully grasp how much I love you. You do  
 the darndest thing to me Mrs. Genany Dr.

Did I mention the fact of having a nice quiet evening of C.P. if so - I'm not. Every thing but quiet. Every so often are to jump up. throw coils in three do not sit long and generally knock off int. life - rough in the ETO and just about it. - Hiing - rougher.

... and all of that stuff. ... that the cable will ... the world ... your. I'm hoping for some ... is some thing in ... of ... of ... as you ... I'm in a hell of a good mood tonight because of your fine words of love. Within your ten letters you have no stated thing that should be no comment to you. Enough material here in to write three or four letters. Honey, have you noticed how much easier it is to write a letter when you are so refreshed by the thoughts of others? I suppose morale is the leading factor in this. Tonight I feel as if I could write a book to you and see done if so permitted - meaning - if letters are light etc. Dick Day is the recipient of a fresh, crisp, new 10 dollar bill. American letters come green looks no small compared to the English pound note. Said pound clatters my man's wallet. Funny thing when you have 12 pounds in your pocket - you don't think of 48 bucks - but 12 bucks of exchange. A guy can't go to town over here with out

dropping in 5 or 6 pounds. In the States -

● 24 fish for one year is a hell of a lot of fish. I hate to go to town this season. I don't want to get mixed up into some Siney's plot etc. I'd feel better if I had a damn gun in my hand buying some things. I don't have any idea of how to really have fun. I'll do my best to rattle away so we can squander it when I come to you. Soon as I have the time - I'll scream down to the post office and take

● onto a money order. Has it cashed the money order Christ the thing church rent me. I'll add said 5 fish to the fish pot that will shortly drive your way. I'll - I also received one each letter from Mom today - making a total of 11 letters. Some sort of new record for this year. I love my wife so awful much as just can't wait until I can cut love in the fairsions. Our day will come and not too far away. Keep your chin up and hang in. Pay little heed to the news papers etc - just hang up the hopes. I feel lucky this year and feel as if I'll be with you

● before this fall. By jolly. I sure hope so. I can't last much longer wanting you so awful much. I feel as if my hands and feet are cut off to the nub. As a matter of fact he feels as if his cut off too. I am his worst

I had to leave again and make with the milk.  
 and said - will write as much as possible. It  
 is now 6:30 am. Seems of as if you are going  
 of a mail less stage too. I feel sure by  
 your letter yesterday. Say - your new silver  
 chain is beautiful. You have no  
 more to bring to me. So Pat -  
 I'll send you a card. I'll try  
 to get it done soon.

I'm sorry you are under the wrong impression  
 about me being mad at the slow arrival of  
 packages. you even went so far as to  
 write to me - I was mad at you and thought you didn't  
 need packages to me. I'm lying - I don't know  
 what ever got this idea into your head. I know  
 you sent me a whole raft of packages and I  
 was itching about the sorry mail my letter.

I'm awful sorry if I gave you the impression  
 of being mad at you. Solly - you ought to  
 know me better than that! Anyway - I hope you  
 have the straighten in your mind. Why honey,  
 I could no more become angry at you  
 than cut my arm off. After all - as I've  
 said so many times before - you are my  
 arms and I depend on you as mine do.  
 I love you so awful much and this love  
 grows with leaps & bounds daily. Please to  
 if you could only understand how much  
 I need you. Tell you also if Gillian can  
 be as odd like that certain character she  
 is about with - which her name is Paul.

Surely he isn't that dumb and doesn't know  
 the score. Yes - it is possible for you to  
 be the same and very often so. He could  
 do yes if for that - but you will. The  
 is more - you'll find it. The  
 hair is clouded up and you'll find it  
 sleep. If this is the case, I'll be  
 you know. I can understand how you  
 receiving my mail. I'm sure you're  
 home and an  
 up and lunch sent to  
 with all the new things in  
 just came to moon now. I'm  
 and so on, daily curs if I'm mail less...  
 every one will be more than satisfied. You are so

sweet to shoot said trying to me each  
 day. You are so wonderful and I love every  
 thing about you. Just you wait until I come  
 home - then I'll show you how good and  
 good. Honey. From your account of how  
 we and how as long - all of you must have  
 enjoyed yourselves a lot. I feel much better  
 knowing that you enjoyed it as we way that  
 did. Oh, how I wish I could of been there with  
 you. You received so many nice gifts.

Pecan nuts - I was as inquisitive as you are about  
 the gift Katie gave you. Say, you must really  
 rate with her. We can really use such gifts as  
 this and she's always welcome. You are such

a wonderful P.H. Cook and such a wonderful  
 beauty besides Doll. I wish I could get  
 out into thoughts just how much I really  
 do love you and want you. You are every thing  
 to me in this world and all I live for.

... at this point I'm  
 ... at this  
 ... the greatest efforts to  
 ... fail to do so.  
 ... the day shift  
 ... you over to  
 ... Barryard's.  
 ... I'll be open  
 ... you told me  
 ... not really to  
 ... I'm sure you miss  
 ... very hardy. I still can't  
 ... the Hoquere even were outfit that's gone  
 ... old get most of softening up or something.  
 ... ally - this is a utter surprise to me. Doll - how  
 ... I could if been there with you - then and  
 ... now. When you stated the four 7 finally came  
 ... across with a ring - another surprise. I bet  
 ... Irving has a ... estimating him on her jingly  
 ... face. What a pair they will make. Al't Doc really  
 ... likes you and proven by the fact of how he asked for  
 ... you to come along I was Eve when Mom jilted  
 ... me up. Darling - I know it wasnt a real  
 ... must was for you by thank God you did have fun.  
 ... I feel so much better knowing this. Peanuts - you  
 ... also asked - that I give out with more of the love  
 ... stuff. Hence forth - that I will do - lovely creature.  
 ... Dearest - I'll be home long about now and go  
 ... hit the sack. I'll all tell you all about tonight's  
 ... about call game and other events. Please  
 ... don't worry about me and dug your chin  
 ... up. God Bless my beautiful Angel wife and  
 ... years of passionate love.  
 ... your Soldier Husband  
 ... Sonny



George W. Canary 15113242.  
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)  
APO 508 to Post Master  
New York, New York



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



(air mail)  
Ervin W. Johnson  
RNOLD A.S.

4



Sat. Jan 13 5  
England

My Darling Sweet angel wife!

Much as I like to use a pencil to write you with - it is unavoidable tonight I could clutter a letter in a typewriter but I know you object to a letter composed as with such impersonal methods. I can't say I like a Typed letter myself. So please spare the use of this pencil. Writing by hand adds a certain touch to a letter that seems more personal - I think. I hope you can read this better or at least hope you can. Well on with the potent news what little there is of it. Today the mail-less habit is predominate here in England and that is bad. I can't have to go into details about

the mood that prevails tonight. A mail-less era is enough in itself to kill a horse much less to speak of what she does to a human. I need your mail to bring life or food to the inner man. I do - I hope you are receiving loads of mail from me daily. I know how much a letter counts. Last night I held down the job of CP and today received time off to recover from the lack of sleep. Said duties end around 8 am. Not wanting to miss non chow because I had missed out on breakfast - I decided to hang around all morning. I squatted around in

various stages of a daze. I wanted to read but before I knew it - my head dangled in the breeze in a flopping manner of one asleep. Some times I would wake up when my chin would

hit my chest with a resounding bang.  
 Then - I would read a few more lines  
 until the book faded into a blur as I  
 drifted back into acid stuff called sleep.  
 I shaved up early this morning and  
 thought perhaps acid cleaning would  
 refresh my beaten nerves. Then I  
 consumed great cups of coffee trying to  
 prop my eyes open. Every thing failed -  
 so - I just dozed around until 11 AM.  
 My leaden feet dragged to the mess hall  
 regaled on by the thoughts of food. There in  
 the KPs slung chicken at me - something  
 I care very little for when so prepared the  
 GI way. I gave my share to Don and he  
 was more than glad to gnaw on it. After  
 show - I beat my body towards the  
 barracks - hoping some inner screaming  
 would steer me there. I made it there and  
 quickly sunk into the depths of my sack.  
 My eyes closed shut with a new speed  
 record. Tonight - the Big Reds hit the  
 road to play another game in the Air Force  
 Baseball League. I asked Don to rouse  
 me around 5 PM but he failed to do so.  
 I didn't wake up until 7:30 and missed  
 going with the team to my great disgust.  
 Just time I've missed a game of the Big  
 Reds. I really go all out for myself for  
 the Reds and like to be there on the spot.  
 Marvin - didn't go for he is so damn  
 unconcerned about the game. I'm very  
 sorry that I didn't go. There's hoping  
 the big win. Should know later when

They come back, of course I mind  
 • myself by staying in no late but I  
 understand it wasn't good at all.  
 I latched on to enough food at the  
 Aero Club to hold me over until tomorrow  
 I'm not going to mid night show for  
 they never have a damn thing worth  
 while. Captain Jones is whipping up  
 Java and I'll grab a cup of that  
 when ready. Enclosed you will find a  
 edition of the Gayette. Marvin and I  
 worked on the Journal article to night  
 and because of such - it is late as hell.  
 Peanuts - I love you so awfully much  
 and want you more than you'll ever know.

• I'm in the alert room again with  
 my GI boots hugging the fire. It's not as  
 cold now as before - but the fire habit is  
 still something everyone has - meaning -  
 hanging around the stove, of course. If  
 you were here - no fire would be needed  
 to keep me warm. Honey - I need your  
 loving but bad and not just kidding. I  
 know you want mine just as much.  
 War news looks good again in our favor  
 and I guess the home front is happy  
 again. Perhaps they now understand we  
 still have a fight on our hands. I suppose  
 all sorts of silly criticisms have been  
 • on the army. Too bad - some of those  
 loud mouth arm chair generals can't  
 come over here for awhile. I would more  
 than gladly change places with any of em.  
 I am this way any way - I want to be.

Now using a pencil with a sharp new point. Darling - I hope this writing is readable. of course I can't tell myself how it appears to others. No doubt awful. By this time - you can read anything if you can decode my various lines. Ben & John just yelled that said java was ready.

I ran back to the counter with the rabble and allowed my way to the mach bar. Said coffee is really something with wheels. His wife should be proud of his coffee making. No doubt if she hears about this - he'll have to get up in the morning to make the java. Wonder who he made it for us?

Guess we have to town for it. Any way - I can't wait until we are together again.

Guess we'll not worry about handling out of the job for breakfast - we'll not sleep much at night - and will have to sleep some time as I've stated before - I can get by with little sleep - hope you can too. Best you sleep into training for a all-night work out - have faith when I come home - need I say more? Damn it - we are missing so awful much super love making.

Dolly. The alert room is filled with characters at this point. The coffee draws in like flies. I can't hardly think straight with all the gun beating going on. You should hear some of the tales that are told around. Seems as if the officers are having another fun as before tonight. I'll hear all about it in the morning from St. Jacobi.

The young just came back from the game  
 and he was 57 to 47. It is after  
 mid night right now and brother  
 Ray is beginning to squirm - while  
 meat in me out. I'll try my best to  
 finish up in record time. For two cents  
 I would stay down here all night. Chis  
 is working all night and best I get  
 my little ruddy little - - here but early  
 in the morning. It is almost 1 am right  
 now and I'll have one each of a two  
 hauling out in the morning. I guess  
 I'll have the C.P. kick my can early in  
 the morning. Honey - it would be so  
 wonderful to have you shake me each  
 morning. I don't think you'll ever  
 have to worry about waking me up for  
 I'll always lay awake each morning -  
 just looking at you while you sleep.  
 Peanuts - just to be near you for ever is  
 all I want. You'll never understand  
 how much I miss you. I love to sit and  
 watch you dress in comb, your hair. I don't  
 know if you realize it or not but I love  
 to caress your lovely hair. Doll - I look  
 at the lock of your hair in my wallet  
 real often. Jam - Chis - can you, if I don't  
 watch myself at his joint - I'll slip  
 right into a blue mood. So best I mount  
 the cheerful writing in yesterday's  
 edition of the "junk". I read a very  
 amusing item. Some character up on the  
 coaches command - ripped off his  
 meat suit - getting ready to bark into

(6)

a velvet ball game, this character was  
so eager and excited that while gulling  
off his sweat uniform - he yank off his  
velvet ball uniform too. He ran onto the  
floor clad only in a pair of tennis shoes.  
The crowds went wild at this - can't  
you just picture how that character must  
be felt. Stranger than fiction. I hope  
Norman stays on the team and really  
stars. Honey - from what you say about  
the kid - I'm sure I won't even know  
him. Speaking of odd things - wonder why  
John the jerk - returned a gift to your  
sister? I thought that affair was all over  
with. Wish he hell he would leave Si  
alone. Sounds like Paul sent her a very  
nice gift. Si really latches onto characters  
strictly from Darnin Runyon's books.  
Who is she dating now? I still can't  
get over the gift Katie gave you. She is so  
always such a independent character.  
Perhaps - and it seems as such - she  
really is fond of you. No one can't help  
but love you. I'm so proud of my  
sweet little wife. You are so wonderful  
and beautiful. I want to proudly show  
you off when I come home. Darling - I'll  
have to buy a lot of new clothes when  
I come home so I can really dress up  
to match your style. Let's always  
cater to the sports clothes style. Honey,  
you just can't imagine how much fun  
we'll have when I come home. Every  
thing we'll do will be fun!

Sophisticated wife of mine - I love you so  
 ● awful much. All I want to do - kiss  
 you until our lips are sore from the  
 continual contact. You'll think I'm mad  
 from the passionate way I shall cherish  
 you with frenzied love. I'll - you'll have to  
 drive me off with a club or something. I'm  
 as I stay off the hair - let's get started.

Best you have a quart or two all ready to  
 receive us in between the hands of everlasting  
 Honey - we'll knock ourselves out with love  
 and fun. You haven't seen anything yet.  
 Best you eat a lot of wheaties etc for  
 strength. Breed out with the alluring duds  
 such as black lace, what you call em.

● You have the task of surrounding me day and  
 night from now on out. Please tear the  
 hell out of me and buy me under my into a  
 lather at all times. I assure you that it  
 won't take much effort on your part to do so.  
 I'll be ready for love - 24 hours a day  
 and then some. I'll use every means  
 known to receive to reduce you. I'll -  
 I'll always act as a ardent passionate  
 lover. We'll never relig into that lather for  
 wanted out so common to some marriages.

Honey - I can't promise you wealth - etc but  
 I can give you such fun that all the  
 money in the world can't buy. Darling -

● I need you so awful much. Every pore  
 calls out to drink up your love. You just  
 can't realize how much I need you and  
 want you. Pray real hard that this damn  
 war will cease but quick!

(8)

Brother Ray at this stage is going nuts. Guess I'll have to clear in a few minutes before he blows a tube or something. I'm not sleeping because of not climbing out of the god until rather late tonight. But in the morning - Ah! Brother! Ralph goes down to the grand house every so often to see Syra. Ralph is crazy about that guy for some reason or other. I am long - tell your family hello for me! I'm so glad that you had an enjoyable time at Christmas. When I know you are having fun - I too am happy. I know and realize it's not really fun as it should be but while have to do until I come home to you. I try my best to pass the time away as enjoyable as I can. Some times it's almost impossible. Please don't worry about me for I'm okay. Just that I miss you so awful much. Longer I'm away from you - the more I miss you and want you. Please take care of your self and hang on just a little while longer. I am long - all I can think and say. I miss you so awful much and want you more than the law allows. You do the darrest thing to me and I love it. I'll close and go make with the dream. By the way - another request - I need more ink, hair oil - Candy - stationery and books. God bless my beautiful Angel wife and loads of yamonnate love.

Your devoted husband  
Jimmy





Capt George Barney 1511324  
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)  
APO 558 To Post Master  
New York, New York



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

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[Signature]  
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[Signature]  
[Signature]  
(air mail)



5



Canary



Sunday Jan 04  
England 62

My Darling  
Sweet Angel  
wife!

Good evening lovely character of my heart! As you can see - I latched onto a package from you today, also one from Mom. Nothing in the way of mental food and 3rd day without mail. Hoping for some tomorrow. Darling - thanks a lot for a lovely package and the contents here is. You are so very thoughtful not to mention sweet to your best of husband. Each nice thing you do for me only grows more so what a lovely guy that I am. I love my wife so awful much and I'm nuts for the want of her. Dole -

I can really get the fare to get me for of said strict rationing we here. Mom also sent some plus pipe fuel. I have more than enough in the way of pipe tobacco at this time. Course - if you can find any old best my fare - can always use some.

Thanks a million for the reading material and the little things along you know how I like Shays's stories. I shall have a lot of fun watching St. Jacobi deal at the Varga ju ju up you sent. Course - said ju ju doesn't bother me in the least - very here. The critics are rages and not only your husband so states this. Take the word of it.

5:2 mosons. Said character appreciates good cooking. Every one says I have such a wonderful wife. Little do they know. No one needn't tell me a re-re-creating fact I already know. Sub! I love you so awful much.



Peanuts - how I wish I could show you  
my favorite line by actions rather than  
by pen. Golly - you are so wonderful. Thanks for  
Jan's copy of mine. I'll discuss this  
review later in this letter. As with the news  
etc. Last night - I slept here in the office. I  
had to be in hand tonight and early this am  
and the only possible way that I could be  
here. I slept warm as toast - even warmer. I  
Chris worked last night and - this fact made  
it even more pertinent that I had the joint  
ready for the good St. night and early. That  
I did do. I had just enough money supply  
of coke in hand to last throughout the  
day. Tom now - I'll work in P.R.O. - until the  
code comes in. Marvin works tonight and  
I'll be more than angle  
of the trip  
today.

... you are  
... with 20 hours  
... doubt. Will have the long  
... it to you shortly - remain  
as I find the time to answer to the post  
office. As of yet - hasn't carried \$5 expenses  
money order sent by the church. So you  
can see how much time I have to put  
around. I'll try to do said errand  
tomorrow. Peanuts - I love you so awful  
much and want you some thing awful.



Darling - the rancidly  
drawing at top of each  
page are awful - but please excuse  
me - made with haste - no I can get the  
pages going. There's just a rough idea of  
how I act upon receiving a package from  
you. I and when I have a bit of time - I will  
bring up another silly cartoon for you - if you  
so want. I'm using Marvin's pen tonight and  
it has such a nice thick point. I like the type  
very much. I hope you weren't offended by  
the pencil written letter as of last night. Again  
I regret - I love you so awful - awful much.  
You are my wife! Just lit up a civilian  
cigar and taste damn good. Difference from

GI smokes - no tax stamp for our butts  
are tax free. Cost us 5¢ a pack (3d)  
overseas. Even in the States - GI cigars  
are 15¢ a pack or two for 25¢. I think  
civilian cigars are 18¢ - am I right? Just  
gave the jan a refill job - as you can see.  
Today was about the same as any other  
E.T.O. day. Went back for some shoes and  
the nearest thing to home must give me  
back my choppers in. Stew tonight and  
even more so. Can't wait until I glow  
my GI boots (in GI then) under a  
meal whizzed up by your lovely hands.  
All that and love too. St. Jacobi made  
me a extra good one today because  
of a delightful party last night. Seems  
as if he met a nice chick at the dance  
and has her lined up for a date tomorrow  
nite. He so tells me all about his ref life.

and contact with the weather ref. Said  
that child is a ATS gal - some thing  
like a wac only the English version.  
Said child confided in the good St. but  
her very friend and just dance she had  
tripped around in since said jerk went  
away. St. Jacobsi says she is a very nice  
kid etc. Seems as if he only talks of much  
during when we are alone. Don't like to  
know but he acts as if he is rather fond of  
your husband. Here is a little proof of it.  
He told me this today - Remember - I recall  
of now that Syera is a girl - Dick will  
advance to staff next and the books next.  
things are open. Well - St. Jacobsi put in  
the good word on my behalf for said  
things. I never dreamed he would do  
such a thing - I never suggested it at  
all and he did it himself. Said he  
told to Captain Jones and the Major. you  
know how much I care for how no one  
should be no part of it.

... I care very little  
about him course she often dough would  
come in very handy etc. I'm not venting  
on this at all. I'll keep you so informed  
of the latest reports in this. Don't expect  
much - for I'm not. All I can say - I  
love you so awful much and want you  
more than the law allows. I need your  
loving but good and not bid doing.

Damn it - had to change jeans again.

● Maurin wants his to write some one. Best I go hunt for St. Jacobs, jeans or something - this one is awful. There - this is a hell of a lot better. I hate a jean that matches the jeans. Would like to stay up a little later tonight and read but I have to work tomorrow night and so need all the shut eye that I can muster. Nothing much at the club tonight. Some old cake and stuff. Maurin had to join tonight. Say - the new Guild book - "Captains from Castles" sounds as if it might be rather good. The winning name - Henry Bellermann is writing a sequel to King Row with different

● characters but the name nothing. I would very much like to read this book when ever it is published. John Steinkamp has a new one - "Canary Row" that sounds as if it is rather good. Some other books I would like to read if I had the time and could easily get to em - Flight to Erythrae, Flying to the South, Death in the Desert, to the South, the

two I like very much to read - Earth and Sky, Heaven, Forever Amber, the History of Rome Hands. In fact - all of the least style of literature. I'm in very much not being able to have the wide field of literature to choose from. You know how I

● love to read. Take a lot of reading to be able to write. I will have great hopes on this angle for some day. What are you reading at the present time? As in the past - do keep me in on the know of the latest

in the world of best sellers. I must do with a  
 had more time to devote to reading.  
 One can really pick up so many new  
 ideas through the medium of books. I'm glad  
 that we both are so fond of literature. We  
 are truly perfect mates and agree on everything.  
 I suppose that's the basic foundation of our  
 love. I want to meet you so awful much  
 and can't wait until my arms are tightly  
 clasped about you. Stan & Stripes stated today  
 that Paul the Dodger is out of danger. No  
 doubt you read that he had some sort of a  
 miscarriage or some thing like that. Honey -  
 I wonder if that's the trouble with Shirley?  
 Seems something like that anyway. Any  
 red blooded wife would want to be near her  
 husband if possible. What do you think about  
 this? Marvin again failed to up hold his end  
 of our wager and I have to do his columns  
 too. My stuff was so finished early yesterday  
 and ready to go home - the page will be so  
 clean and white I wish my some thing tomorrow.

...in the morning, much less our weekly  
 ... me a couple cans of  
 ... of Betty Betty. So - Don,  
 Marvin, ... and I held our own mid night  
 chow. We dined over to the men hall after  
 bread and coffee. Best you shoot some thing  
 that way if possible. I should think you'd  
 cans cost joints and are rough to latch on  
 to. Such rare things as this helps to brighten  
 up our dull lives on this side of the pond. I am  
 this need less was. I want home but quick.

Darling - have you thought any more about  
the fur coat? Let me know what you've  
decide etc. you are the boss in such things  
and what you decide goes. Really, no need to  
ask in such things as this. And what about  
the rafting despoit box? That is a damn good idea  
to amuse you. I really have a beautiful wife  
and wish I ain't too slick chick - I'm no grand  
of you and want the world to know you are all  
mine. Southern bank of beautiful women, I'm  
shore in the need of your kind of living. This  
rebel wants home to the South land but quick.  
On the United States map in our office - I have  
no divided the North and South with a red  
string that is suppose to be the Mason Dixon

Line. On our side of the line, I have a rebel  
soldier blasting away at the hind end of  
a fleeing Yankee. Said humor draws more  
chuckles than one of Bob Hogg's gang. I'll  
show these damn Yankees how I feel through the  
work of my drawing pencil. The other day, when  
said ten letters arrived - many of the letters  
being from various ranks. Really, you  
should see the parade of character in de  
out my office - reading the latest in the way  
of Terry's adventures. More damn fun - range  
here. The morous new ray - a creep is

Three steps behind a jerk - if he has ears.  
to me - every one is strictly a Damour  
Pun you character. Marvin the creep -  
Have such Heddleston etc. I also have spots  
before my eyes besides being crazy. Ints.



Being crazy some times helps one to get  
along. Sweet creature - strictly from  
heaven - I love you so awfully much and want  
you more than even the shadow knows. He  
knows everything so they say. Gal: if love  
was electricity - I'd have enough to light  
the world up and then a couple more.  
Each time I think of you - my love flames up  
like gasoline thrown on a fire. My  
factions will be utterly uncontrollable when  
I come home to you. Parents - you'll  
actually think that I am mad. I'll have  
to run in my factions or else I will  
tear the very clothes off your back when I see  
you. My eyes will blaze with lusty factions  
that I hope will frighten you. When my  
fingers caress your face and hair - they  
will feel like hot shafts of flaming fire.  
I will glow from head to foot with love  
and oh! when you sin me. At such times - but  
you back up about ten yards for I will  
explode with burning factions. If at that

hands - will not be responsible for the  
action that will follow. I think it best that  
we no more come where away from the  
gaping eyes of the rabble. If no - they will  
surely faint from the shock of seeing the  
act of reduction take place before their  
eyes. I don't say I did it warn you for I  
have many times. I will close now and  
go dream about said reduction. God Bless  
my lovely creature and loads of love.



Your Soldier Husband  
I'm my

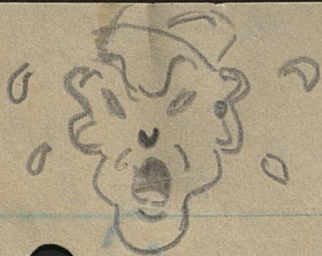
Mr. George Canary 151 1/2  
7th Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)  
APO 558 70 Post Master  
New York, New York



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

REGISTERED BY  
26327  
(air mail)

60



Monday Jan 13  
Amherst

My Darling Angel Wife!

● That sorry of no mail today. I had high hopes of at least one letter from you - but the mail clerk just gave me one times card from Aunt Mary. I still have high hopes for one or two letters from you tomorrow. Last night St. Jacobs worked and Chris left with you this morning to Gordon. So - not wanting to waste coke by building a fire for me. I had P.R.O.'s deal with Dad. with what little fuel he had and my meager supply - between the two supplies - had enough to keep us going until raid rations were used here. I gave the office a quick going over job this morning.

● in order to make raid place half way presentable. I on text a hot Typewriter going all day and I knocked myself out with routine duties of my own dept. More damn fun. some people might say - don't you believe it. All day long. I had high visions of mail from you but how utterly wrong I was. I love you so awful much and must hear from you as often as possible. I know you find it very boring - my yearning of mail each day - but your letters are every thing to me. I live from day to day on the strength your sugar reports so endow with in me. Enough said about the mail. Brother Ray

● woke me up this morning as he prepared to climb into his rack. Said character also worked last night. My team did it tonight and you know what to expect in the style of writing. Parents - I love you so much.

In fact right now - I'm in PPO writing  
 this letter because of the recursion of  
 this spot. Most of the fellows are ignat in  
 the Alert Room but not - wanting to be  
 drawn in on discussions - I slipped  
 away to said place. All the fellows sit  
 around with the intention of writing  
 letters - but beat the guns instead. Each of  
 said characters more or less write short  
 letters and can waste the time. I love you  
 so awful much and want you more than the  
 law allows. This morning - my good friend  
 St. Studebaker came around to see me. He  
 and I chewed the ray all morning. He  
 had some pictures he wanted me to see of  
 shots taken around the base etc. Had  
 one of himself - so I borrowed the negative  
 in order I can have some printed up. I would  
 like to have a photo of said guy. Would like  
 one of all my close friends. By the way - what  
 did you do with the photo of St. Jacobs? No  
 doubt you got it with our vast collection of  
 pictures. I'll send said photos of St. Studebaker  
 to add to our album. At such time this war  
 ends - I would like to latch on to a damn good  
 camera and take a lot of photos. When we take  
 said thing - we'll want a photo record of  
 our fun. Peanuts - don't know if I've  
 mentioned it before or not but I like the  
 Arm shaving cream you sent to me  
 from time to time. It's the best on the  
 market. A tube holds out for about three  
 weeks - so send me more when ever you  
 think about it. Work - you are wonderful.

During a breather this morn. I started  
 the Mike Shayne book you sent and  
 looks as if it's a damn good story. I like  
 such racy, fast, light stories as this  
 with a smattering of sex toned in to make  
 it more interesting. Pardon me while I  
 drove. I gave St. Jacobi some of your  
 cookies last night and he too raved about  
 'em. Said to tell you thanks. Right now he  
 is in town with the chicks which he met the  
 other night at the officer club dance. He'll  
 tell me all about it tomorrow. I know you  
 are interested in such so I will send a  
 report to you. Hope I can write the usual  
 length to the tonight and will try my utmost  
 to do so. I'm writing like mad - trying  
 to do as much as possible before I have to  
 make with the work. I have my loud speaker  
 at my elbow - blasting forth with the latest  
 in creamy music. Peanuts - I love you so  
 awful much and have to relate this known  
 fact to your heart - every so often. Not that I  
 have to remind you - just that I want to say  
 it over and over. Nothing much in the way  
 of news around here today. I'm and I took  
 a little work out in the gym this afternoon by  
 shooting basket ball. It's one good to cut  
 loose this way every so often. I have to keep in  
 condition for all the super love making  
 that will be ours before much longer.  
 I ran into Special Service this afternoon  
 to tease Tommie about talking in his  
 sleep last night. That guy really jabbars  
 away all night long about some thing

to tell him all the time. he calls the  
 first night. all kinds of names and some  
 night Sam will hear him. Course he  
 believes me cause he doesn't know what  
 the hell he talks about. But time I got  
 a hair cut much as I hate 'em. My  
 hair is getting too long and I need a  
 quick trim job. Dick doesn't do much a  
 cut for job - but we don't give a damn over  
 here. No one sees us but each other and  
 me. I wonder what Dick and the  
 boys are doing in London right now? No  
 doubt doing their damnest to drink up  
 all the Scotch in town - lucky jump.

Don just came in the office with a knife and  
 is trying to stick it in the board. I'm  
 laughing at him but good. what a character  
 he is - etc. But time for mid night chow  
 before long and best I return to the mess  
 hall at such time. Working all night makes a  
 guy hungry as hell. Supper tonight was a  
 very tasteless meal of cold cuts. A waste of  
 time to even walk over to the mess hall.

Quick like rabbits we all run to the Aero  
 club. Well - now we had Pat and Ralphy  
 about getting married. Someone will go up -  
 "Pat - how many kids are you going to have?"  
 She blinks like hell at such cracks. Dick is  
 the only one who can really tease her. Some  
 times Pat fawns at the mouth at Dick.  
 Half the stuff he teases her about is over her  
 head. This makes it even more funnier.  
 What a bunch of mad men around this  
 mess hall. I'm the only sane one ???

Just shuffled back from show and as per  
 usual - no thing in the way of no thing  
 to eat. I showed great piles of cream butter  
 upon a slab of bread and worked the damn  
 stuff down with butter acid. My lower  
 regions still feels like a void. I'll have to  
 hang on to the last sheds of today. Dinner  
 until I lean into head fast. Such as if this  
 will be another all night affair and that I'm  
 not so crazy about. I'm in a jive and jive  
 mood tonight and don't care so much for  
 the labors. I speaking of labors - some mean  
 every just shouted down the hall that we  
 have to work - damn it. So - I'll have to cut it  
 off long about here for a little while. Don't go  
 away - I'll be back. Well - here is another  
 quick time out and I will strive to add  
 more. I know one thing for sure - after I have in  
 the morning - I'm going to take off for the  
 barracks but quick for I'm getting rather  
 lousy night now in every sense of the word. This  
 is the most changeable job I've ever used, as  
 you can guess by now. Never can tell what the  
 hell it will do next. Darling - some times I  
 wonder if you become bored - reading this same  
 old dull ETO way of life. Some times we do  
 something different but not very often - as you  
 can see. Your letters are a breath of home. When I  
 read your thoughts - I can picture each little  
 detail. I'm serious when I say - your  
 letters are like a gas at home. Darling,  
 if you only knew how I depend on you for  
 morale. Tonight - as usual on a mail less  
 day - I feel like a different kind of hell.

Well - what do you know! The night is over and  
 raid work is in the past. So - I can go along  
 into me wittle bed when ever I want. It is  
 630 and I just gloddod back from breakfast.  
 Not at all bad for a change - french toast  
 and bacon. The ETO is full of purgins some  
 times. The latest thing in news around here  
 from a story in the Stars & Stripes - Fala is in a  
 honey moon. You know who Fala is - the pres.  
 dog of the white house fame. It could only  
 happen in Ky. Seems as if - a character  
 barges into a lutt shop and asks for a  
 pack of fags. The clerk (a good example  
 a creep) said he did it have any and pulled  
 a rap shooter from under the counter. The  
 clerk blew out his own brains in suicide.  
 Some people are really hot up over this  
 coffin nail shortage. There is a England - a  
 show off is a creep (ETO kind - no ears)  
 who flanks a pack of fags and offers a  
 smoke to any one. Yea - just reach for one and  
 you'll draw back a bloody string. I do damn  
 good writhing with my teeth - don't you think?  
 The world's meanest man is the jerk who  
 throws a lutt on the ground and then grind  
 it with his heel. More fingers are broken  
 that way. Some of the more nery junk  
 during the period last Nov. we could not  
 catch on to lutt's took up the English weed.  
 Some are recovered - other are still in  
 a bad shape. English cigarettes are just  
 like every thing else in this is land - not  
 worth a damn. I should think all the junk  
 hodd'ing around will change the English



way of living - maybe. St. Christo the  
 ● Special Service officer married a  
 Limerick last week. She is in the Navy.  
 I bet he has fun pulling his rank on her  
 if you know what I mean. There is another  
 bunch of GI slang - Snow job - giving some  
 one the old bird up a trying to make a  
 job. Because of the acute short age of rooms  
 around this is land - if a guy works up a  
 snow job with a gal and he is really married  
 under - then a wall job follows. I don't  
 think I have to explain further. Shacks date  
 means about the same thing as a gal who  
 is hot shack material - is a chick which  
 I'll try to scream some of this quaint GI

● slang to each you in each letter. Peanutti-  
 I love you so awful much and want you  
 more than the law allows. Marvin just came  
 in to look off on animals. Ralph and I on  
 raid they were going to hand out of the racks  
 for breakfast. Marvin did his utmost to  
 kick I on out - but no go. I'm going to hang  
 around until St. Jacobi comes and see if  
 he wants a pie in our office. How- to be here  
 to hang it going old day. St. Jacobi is it so  
 good at remembering to Tom Cole on raid  
 pie. Perhaps - to be share the best of PPO  
 as I did today - rather yesterday. Peanutti-  
 unshiny like this really means one's love

● all up. Sometimes - I hardly know what  
 day of the week it is. I live in more or  
 less a void a vacuum. All I know - I want  
 you so awful much and just adore you. Told  
 you I would take this fact many times.

P.S. Tell mom & Dad  
about the two packages  
& received yesterday

③ Also - why I did not  
write tonight.

Honey - you just can't imagine how much  
I think about you. Each time I scan through  
a magazine and see a pretty girl - I'm so  
reminded of your beauty. Ads in the mag -  
about homes, couples dining etc - drives me  
nuts. You should see what movies do to my  
inside. Each time I see a blond - my heart  
jumps. I love to think about each and every one  
of your enchanting charms. I try and see what  
you wear - the clothes you wear - try to  
picture through your letters the new things.

Peasants - Peasants - I'm really nuts for the  
fancinate desire of my wife. I drive from  
everywhere - because I want you. Sometimes  
the young man I go around with a dazed  
look in my face or I look mean as hell.

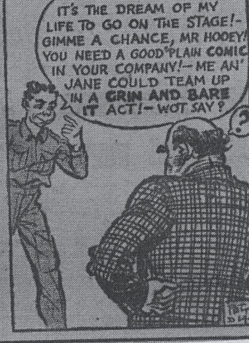
I suppose my facial expressions are on  
the tough side tonight because of the incoming  
mail shortage. Guess my water is almost hot  
by now - I want to have because I have a  
date with you in a little while - I love to go  
dreaming and meet you there is. I'll please  
cease with the worry my about me - I'll  
get by long as I have you. Pray real extra

hard for the end of this bloody conflict. Well,  
Stinkie - guess that's all long but this  
time. I'll slip into another letter tonight  
after I check up enough yellow found in my  
my one eye eyes all day for the letters that are  
over due. Peasants - I do wish so much that  
you could fully realize how much I love  
you. Not to less the best little wife ~~in~~  
the world and loads of fancinate love.

Your Soldier Husband  
Sammy



**JANE...**



George W. Bancroft 511321/2  
you know what is in the thing (1)  
to 558 70 Postmaster  
New York, New York

U.S. ARMY  
61  
JAN 19  
1945  
POSTAL SERVICE



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

U.S. POSTAL SERVICE  
PAID BY  
20c  
(air mail)  
Phillip Engelbrecht  
2nd St. D.C.

7



NO  
mail

Tuesday Jan 16<sup>8</sup>  
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - lovely  
character of mine! I thought I'd use some  
of this lovely stationery tonight and  
conserve on the lovely stuff you sent  
to me. I'll do you realize how fast  
stationery is used up by writing such  
long letters each night. While I'm on  
the subject, best you send some more  
but quick plus another bottle of ink.  
I can't keep in stock on either of 'em.  
The ETO was mail-less again today  
and my heart is broken tonight. When  
I'm caught with my mail down,  
I'm not fit to be with. I even can't  
stand myself. Slowly - I slip towards  
a reaction & at such hellish times as  
this, I tighten up my moral belt  
and look forward to another mail  
call tomorrow. It's hazing and freezing

(2)

Last night your husband burned the  
mid night oil. In fact - all through  
the night. The good Major Kloger  
worked in our team and what a wonderful  
officer he is to work with. He really  
understands and knows how to handle  
enlisted men. Some officers think En's  
are just to be used as plunkies etc  
but the Major makes you feel as if you  
are really helping in the war effort.  
He gives us responsibilities etc.

Some officers mis handle 'em etc.  
I do anything for the Major. He and  
St. Jacobs rate high in my books.

Capt. Schramm is another officer high  
in my books. I've mentioned  
before my mental files of good Joes  
and guys I like best. Before a character  
can be so placed in my "Good Joe" files,  
he undergoes a acid test and exam.

No doubt you think I am mad at  
 times. It helps! This morning after  
 the duties ceased. I screamed over to  
 breakfast and hurried right back to  
 finish your letter. I hung around until  
 St. Jacobi returned in. Thought he  
 might want a pie in our office and so  
 I built him one. I didn't find out the  
 full details of his venture into town  
 last night but will do so in the morning.  
 He was still grogged up in his Sunday  
 go meeting uniform this morning  
 for he just screamed back from  
 town. So - I surmised - one each belly  
 a good time was had a she - why the  
 all night stand! Dick and the red  
 necks returned from London a little  
 while ago and claim to have had a  
shacking (one last night's Glalany report)  
 good time. More to follow. It is my



duty is the role of super man of the  
 Journal - to find out the latest bit of  
 tasty gossip for my many ardent  
 readers. Said scandal column is  
 called - Key Hole news or Society  
 Column. I do not spare the feeling  
 and print what I dig up no matter who  
 is the hell threaten. To punch me is the  
 answer. The more they threaten - the  
 more I write. I suppose some of the  
 characters could kill me at times but  
 it all blows over in fun. One - I do  
 complain that we did not mention  
 his name enough in the Journal and  
 he was damn sore about it. He went so  
 far as to stay away from the party  
 and quit the barbet ball team. He is  
 really a character and dumb as all  
 hell. Like I said - we only print the  
 news as it is made and don't help

(5)

it if some of the characters aren't in  
the line light. I even lean over back  
wards to play 'em up but can't do the  
impossible. So cast needs - I slugged  
the back with just about the above  
mentioned passage. Think I gave it  
space in the Gazette. Let the needs die  
some one once said. Marvin has a habit  
I try to break. Trying to over build  
up Heddleston & Dunn. He is in the  
same reaction as they and is more  
or less prejudiced. Some of the fellows  
resent this fact and I don't blame  
'em. Darling - hope you can read  
this fast w ritting - for I want to  
whip out a super long letter tonight.  
I'm in one of those long letter moods  
tonight even though not much in the  
way of writeable news at this time.  
Sub! I love you so awfully much!

(6)

after I built the fire for the good  
St. Jacobi - I dashed down to the  
rocks and plunged there in. For the first  
~~time~~ a long while - I fell as deep  
asleep away. Did it wake up until  
5 pm and what a super sleep job it  
was. I enjoyed every wink of it.

Damn - wish I could of shared said  
bed with you - in fact - all of the time.

You can imagine how much sleep  
we would latch on to, who in the hell  
wants to sleep at a time like that. I  
know two people who would do it. Do you  
know here two passionate people? If  
you want to see one face to face - go  
to the nearest mirror and look.

Yes - meet you - you. No need to say  
who the other character is. God - I  
love you so awful much and just  
adore you more than words can express.

(7)

I went around down to the mess hall  
and played around with a couple of  
meat balls. Said stuff wasn't half bad  
~~but not enough of it.~~ If you care even  
a little like you want sloppy records -  
the mess mt. shows a bloody meat  
cleaver at you. Some times - I show it  
back and go for records anyway. I  
didn't do it tonight. Most of the yard  
birds dived to the movies - I came  
back to the office to write you and  
I rat hand in hand through this  
movie - "Reap the Wild Wind". I got  
prior to this letter - I banged out one  
to the family. Would like to read  
later tonight and might do it if it's  
not too late. I'm next on the hair  
cut and test I go see if I'm ready  
to make with the butchering, what  
a rummy job he gives.

(3)

I just finished up with my hair cut  
and Dick has improved his style. Some  
times he does bang and others - Oh!  
Brother! I've latched onto a hair  
cut and looks like a naked rat. I have  
more hair on my upper lip after I  
have seen Dick has on his head right  
now. I've decided (can be changed at  
any time) to take another year to  
Cambridge next week. I'm in the  
need of a few drinks long but now.  
Dick, Marvin and I plan to give the  
people in London a treat some time  
next month. Jim and Dick found a  
place in London that is very reason-  
able. Takes a lot of green stuff usually  
to venture around London but the  
big time operators have found a good  
place. I won't spend much in  
Cambridge next week. I'll send

(9)

my legs dough on hand to you in the  
next day or so. Can't seem to find  
enough time to even run over to the  
post office. I love you so awful much  
and want you more than the law  
allows. Jim is telling us all about  
the drinks they had in London and  
my tongue is hanging around my  
hairs at this point. Jim says he had  
one each day of a good time etc.  
the word etc covers a hell of a lot  
if you know what I mean. Shucks  
date so be wary. London must really  
be quite the place. I get the greatest  
bang out of hearing about the rep  
conquest of these characters. I'll  
have so many strange yarns to  
spin when I come home. Can't write  
em in a letter for the paper would  
burn and the censor would go nuts.

About going to Cambridge next week,  
 I might lose wolf. I for a change.  
 Marvin can't make up his mind if he  
~~wants to go~~ go along or not. Marvin  
 teased the hell of John tonight and  
John is really confused more than  
 ever. John is a farm boy and about all  
 he knows. Said his father made him  
 pick up the art of hair cutting. Well  
 John dreams of becoming a barber  
 in the post war world. Marvin disguised  
 his voice over the phone and told him  
 it was against Army regulations to  
 cut hair for a price. So John's very-his  
 career and dreams are all shattered  
 now. Some times I think this guy is  
 the original man with brains to  
match. Really, he talks in circles  
 and don't know what the hell he is  
saying. Just another character &

telling you about. Some time I will go into details about each character and the thing they do. Honey - no kidding - you would laugh your sides off at the gang. I knock myself out some times. Course I laugh inwardly and not at 'em. I'm a strange character myself. Well - I'm living under the impression that I'm waiting for something. Nothing holds my interest but their desire I'm waiting for. The other gang are gay all of the time and seem to live from day to day. They have a hell of a lot of fun going to town etc. Truly - I guess they are living but not I. I look down at my uniform and think this stuff isn't mine - just borrowing it for a little while. The thing I'm waiting for - the day we're here you are in my arms.



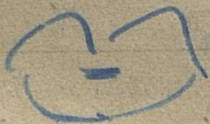
I'm not feeling when I say this. I'm  
 here - but in form only. Just meeting  
 out time until I'm home in your  
~~arms~~ again. Oh! I'm not immune to  
 laughter and go through the motions  
 of having fun but it all seems so  
 childish & uninteresting to me.

I'm just more or less doing some  
 thing to pass the dull hours & hang  
 away - waiting for our day to come.  
 I can't explain this funny mood  
 to anyone - but you know how I feel.  
 You are a part of me and know  
 my every feeling and thought. You  
 are me and walk the other way around.

Darling - we really are unhappy  
 people. Parents - I know how you  
 think it's rough for me to be so damn  
 far away but you are having a rough  
 time yourself. A beautiful creature like

you are, shouldn't go around red  
 and blue. I fully realize it's little  
 fun for you too. Honey, I promise  
 you that we'll spend the rest of our  
 lives making up for this damn  
 thank you. If you follow the war news  
 closely - you know things are really  
 going great now. Shortly - this damn  
 thing will end and soon afterwards -  
 your husband will be on his way  
 home to you. I would like very much  
 to be home by your birthday this  
 July. Pray real hard that I will.  
 Coming home to you is the only  
 thing I can write or think about.  
 It's all I live for. I am - time sure  
 moves fast while I'm so engrossed  
 in writing my thoughts to you. Here  
 it is almost 1 am and I should be on  
 my way right now. I have to

to come down to the office rather  
 early in the morning. Peanuts - I  
 ache all over for the want of the  
 morning touch of your body. I'll  
 rub you to my chest when I come  
 home and regaining the very health from  
 your lungs. I want to wake up each  
 morning and feel the warmth of your  
 lovely frame - curled up to me in a  
 lover's locking embrace. Darling, Darling  
 we shall love each other to death - day  
 and night. Sweet mate - when I  
 best hit the road mud and call this  
 to a halt. I'll write you a extra long  
 letter tomorrow night and hope to be  
 regarded as by mail from you. God  
 Bless my beautiful enchanting wife  
 and loads of passionate love. See you  
 in my dreams.



your Sollicit Husband  
 Jimmy

George W. Canary 15113242  
701 Squadron 445 B and Company (H)  
APO 55870 Post Master  
New York, New York



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(airmail)

Phillip Engelbreton  
Post St. L.

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