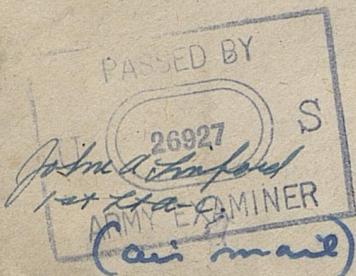


Capt George Canany 15113242  
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)  
APO 558 70. Post Master  
New York, New York



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





SICK  
CALL



one  
more  
night

Thursday Mar 11  
England

My Darling Angel Wife!

With the last ounce  
of strength in my body - I give you to sleep into  
my last night of KP. Yes, just 12 more hours of  
torture and I'm a free man - that is in a sense.  
It can't end too soon for me and same goes  
for the war. I forced my body out of the rack  
around 430 this afternoon and gladdened to the mail  
room. Two letters but not from you. A letter from  
Aunt Mary and the photo I had taken in London  
you'll find same enclosed here in. It turned out  
better than I thought it would. When I go down again,  
I'll have another one made. I hope you like it  
anyway. I'm sweating out your photo and  
can't wait until it screams for. Please have

more make room as possible for I can't ever  
latch on to enough of your glances as you say.  
Don't - Please - I love you so awful much - more  
than the law allows. Nothing much in the way of  
news to report - just KP and sleeping is all I do  
at the present time. Before coming to the office I  
stopped to see Tommie. He wants to go to London  
the 7 or 8th of this month. The only trouble - my  
team is on the 7th and unless I can change  
with some one - will have to put it off a day. I  
didn't realize that I had to work that night until I  
looked at the board a few minutes ago. When I knock  
off KP in the morning - I'll go to see Tommie  
again and tell him the facts. I'd much rather

go a day later than go through the red tape  
of switching teams. Captain Moore - the officer  
in charge of my team is rather hard about such  
things. I'll ask him anyway. My team work  
tonight and some one has to take my place.



I think Tommie has already made an arrange-  
 ments for an apt. in London for the 7th & 8th.  
 You will change teams again. I think Ralph  
 will change with me. I will move orderly by the 4th  
 in a couple of days. All I am after me to take  
 my pencils up the last week of this month with him.  
 I don't make up my mind as yet and will  
 do so in the next few days. I should think old  
 Aberdeen is rather nice in the Spring of the year.  
 I'd like to go again and take a week of ease and  
 rest. I'm sick of doing the same damn thing  
 and could work much better after a few days  
 of rest. Besides - I'd like to catch onto some  
 serious drinking for but a week. The gang in  
 Scotland are begging me to return soon as  
 possible. So - I'll think about it in the next  
 couple of days and make up my mind. Dan  
 didn't wake me up as he said he do. Guess he's  
 still as long. So - I don't know the full details of  
 the gory tree's ventures in London. Ralph said  
 he was thinking from drinking one night -  
 name you for Dan and Mavis. They gave the girls  
 a break at some dance. Dan took me home and  
 the details are lacking until I see Dan. S. He  
 wife - I "love" do love you but hot and passionately.  
 I could be arrested if my thoughts were made  
 public. Sugar wife - you are super wonderful and  
 lovely. Long ago and far away - the last time I  
 held you in my arms. I'm - I'll scream home to  
 you and sweep you into my hungry arms of  
 love. I can feel that just earth rushing in  
 right now. Darling - we don't know what real  
 passion are. Our brief time together was just the  
 warm up to what's ahead in the very near future.



I have water in the stove and can share in  
 a few minutes. I... but by night now  
 and I'll have to take off towards the mess  
 hall in about a half hour or so. As per usual, I'll  
 finish this up in the morning. The Dutchies  
 just about eat me up whenever I come in  
 the den. She is always so damn glad to see me.  
 My own another barrel ball game last night and  
 given they are one of the top ranking teams of  
 the year. I have a meal of den to look forward  
 to in the mess hall in a few minutes. I know how  
 much you enjoy ham - ah yes! Again - I repeat -  
 I love you so awful much and want you more  
 than I can of you. Best I go have now for my  
 water is rather hot. By the way - I'm long nei-  
 due on the pack age containing two cartons of  
 fags. Wonder why it's so damn slow? I'll need  
 extra butts if I go on for long. The more you  
 drink - the more you smoke. I'm turning into a  
 half way chain smoker here lately. To clean my  
 nerves and to relax - I drag a fag every so  
 often. The first and last thing I do each time I  
 hit the need - I grab a smoko. Now if I were home -  
 I'd grab you instead. Darling - I enjoy smoking  
 with you and hope you will smoke again when I  
 come home. How is the cigarette shortage in the  
 home front? We now latch on to 7 packs each  
 week and they just about last me during the  
 week. During the week heading K.P. I take time  
 out to light up and relax. Always a good  
 excuse to stop awhile. Peanuts - I have to have  
 now and here am to the mess hall. As always -  
 you'll be on my mind all night long and  
 in my dreams tomorrow. More in the morning.



Good morning - Parents! at long last - I  
 am a free man from the horrors of K.P.  
 Four nights of cruel torture and mental  
 depression. My achining back! What good news  
 it is over with and I hope I don't feel it for another  
 month or so. Relief gets it around the middle  
 of this month. As I've said before - cooks are  
 very strange characters. I should think they are  
 with out doubt - the dumbest ones in the man's  
 army. All are country boys with matted  
 hair. One of the night cooks is a french man  
 and is the nutty. More strange jokes being  
 around the mess hall - know nothing the cooks  
 for a hard nut. All these guys can talk about  
 is refusal intercourse and women. It amazes  
 the hell out of me to hear in that the guys.  
 Some of the experiences they have with women  
 are out of this world. One said he had a girl  
 back in the States that was steady sharp stuff.  
 Funny thing about this gal - she always wanted  
 to do it under water at the beach. Said they  
 would go out in the water to around the waist and  
 sit down. You can guess the rest. Seriously, I  
 thought I'd write a post. The guy was nervous as  
 all hell when he told about it. Another joke of his  
 affair with English women. Said most were wall  
 jobs or in the yard. I wish I could make a record-  
 ing of his conversation and  
 send it to you. All the guys want to talk about  
 women or talk as they call it. While few of us  
 were feeling regards - one of the K.P. talked about  
 his wife and home. He referred to his wife as his  
 woman. This woman did this a that etc. Sounds  
 rather bad to call your wife - my woman.



I'd like to reply for about a week or so. In a few minutes - I'll be money on down to do barracks and shall reply all day. I don't have to worry about getting my hair after noon to write you, but have all night ahead to do it. It's going to be damn hard to change over my sleeping shift after four nights of work. I'm going tonight I'll have to knock myself in the head before I'll go to sleep. It's very strange in the ETO and not to mention rough as a Colt. I am - this damn war - damn it!

I haven't had a chance to read Ernie Pyle's work and will do so tonight. I want to get going with it for you know how I eat his style up. In one of your letters yesterday - you sounded as if you were almost sorry for Jerry. From 7 or rather 3c.

How crazy is that I thought if he wants in the army as much as I do. I'd take faces with him any time - tonight now. I would not want to be a physical wreck though. But - if you can handle the army can use you for some thing. How about Johnny McKeena being a father! That girl can't give the kid is his and I would not marry her if I were Johnny. Not to a damn fool if he did. Who wants a old used woman that so many other young has cracked.

What a strange collection of people around the neighborhood. Pizley would have a field day - gathering up new material for his "Balance it or Not" game. That that should be known - "Don't let this happen to you" one. It's a damn good deal if your family does more.

Keep me posted on the latest news about morning she was C9 last night and she morning he trying me to take my parcel with the 22nd of this month. I'm half way inclined to take it and will reply on it today.



Beautiful character of music - I love you so  
 awful much and want you with the least of  
 a farisonate friend. You are so very sweet  
 and lovely, Darling. Tell me if you get a few  
 laughs out of the enclosed picture. I know that  
 you will for I nearly split a gut myself. This is  
 a wastage and I need such things but had, I  
~~can~~ need you even more so and not just  
 a dicking. I sure hope your photo arrives today  
 or even sooner. Darling - I do think it's a damn  
 good plan to continue on with the home buying  
 plans of furniture. Makes no feel so damn  
 good to realize you are really in the ball at the  
 other end of the horn. (G) I mean you say  
 it's great to know you are really preparing for  
 our future home) They are well advanced and  
 in the house. Try to watch the items you buy  
 and do be whing up a plan of a room to fit the  
 furniture. Should be the other way around.  
 As I can say. I love you so awful much and  
 want you more than he law allows. Please don't  
 worry about me for I'm fine. Just a little  
 car niled around the stage because of the  
 damn KP. Best I see you to head toward dream  
 land. The job, the reach, day or what ever you  
 want to call it. Anyway. it's a medium to  
 see you in my dreams. Just you wait until I  
 climb back into the role of a actor farisonate,  
 close range, hand to hand, ardent love, wild  
 man, friend in husband of yours. God Bless  
 my beautiful glamorous. Give my girl and  
 every one. Oscar sends his fondest regards also.

Your Soldier Husband

Sunny

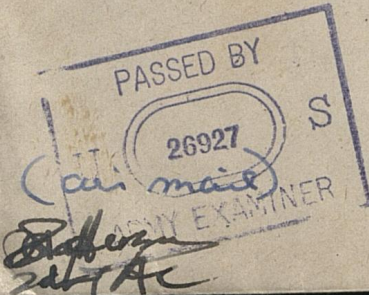




15113242  
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U.S.A.



2



← o  
Pill Factory



→ achin's  
back

mess  
it all

Friday March 2nd  
England

My Darling Angel Wife!

Good evening - lovely  
wife of mine. KP is a thing of the past and  
as of now - I'm a free man. Course the strains  
of KP are easily seen in my sunken cheeks  
and red eyes. But - I shall refresh myself in  
the next month or so. Feels foolishly strange  
not to be bent over a rack of yucca right now for  
this time last night my fumbling fingers were  
feeling the first two yucca. Tonight - I am free -  
that is from KP. Want dare to worry about it for  
another three months. I thrust my aching  
body from the rack around 6 pm tonight and  
eagerly walked to the mess hall to eat and not  
work. Let damn good to walk in and then walk out a  
few minutes later. I'm still rather in the beard  
side but another block of rack time tonight will  
do the trick. The S-2's played another game tonight  
and of course won. I'm didn't play for he couldn't  
get away from the C O duties. Really didn't need  
him for the whole team is one giant star machine.  
Of course the final score would of read much  
higher if I'm had ground the S-2 line up. Nothing  
in the way of mail from you today but one stinky  
V-mail (I hate 'em) from the family. V-mails are  
a bit faster but I do like 'em for desire to damn  
Gl. Hope for a lovely letter from you by tomorrow  
and feel lucky. I sure hate to go one day without  
a letter from you. I hope and pray that you are  
well supplied with more than ample mail  
from me. By the way - have you received the  
knee cap? Feel sure you have by this time.  
Ravenous creature - I "show" do love you so  
awful much. More than you can ever realize.



Honey - my ink supply is about gone and best  
 you send another bottle but quick. No doubt  
 you have one on the way by this time. My pen  
 crush the damn stuff like water. This morning  
 before I planted my lean body into the rear -  
 I stopped by Special Services to see Commie. Told  
 him that I couldn't take a pass the 7th and here  
 if he could change his dang to the 8th and 9th.  
 Commie said he would do his best. Also asked  
 when he could take his leave and he can  
 anytime he wants to. So we decided to go  
 together the last week of this month. I'll write Tony  
 along also. Of course I'm going back home my  
 friends in Aberdeen. The Craig Don is always  
 after home and they have said no many  
 times. So - by the time you receive this I  
 should be on the way. I sure do need a  
 change for a few dang and will really do me  
 good. One should take full advantage of this  
 leave we are allowed every six months for  
 life is rough in the ETO. I sure wish I could  
 go home to you instead of Scotland. You would  
 enjoy Scotland so awful much. It's the  
 nearest thing to the States one can find on  
 this side of the pond. The news paper gang up  
 here really treat me like one of the family.  
 I hope your photo arrives before I leave so I  
 can show you off to em. Of course I will send  
 you a full report of what I see and do. Might  
 stay a couple of dang in Edinburgh this  
 time in Glasgow. I want to find something  
 real nice for you this time and will do so some  
 time in it. Love - I love you so awful much.  
 I was talking to Smithy who works in the canteen by



room - tonight in the Aces club. He wants to go  
 along with me also. Seems as if your  
 husband is a bit popular. Can't understand  
 why you're always in a gloomy mood because  
 I want you so much. I suppose it's the price of  
 being famous. I haven't the price the penny thing  
 about it. Tomorrow - I'm going to spend the  
 greater part of the day under the shower trying  
 to remove some of the grease piled up on my P.  
 With you here to wash my back. Darling -  
 I won't be able to send you any cash this month  
 for I'll need every cent I can muster for  
 the fun tonight. Taken a lot of moola but I dare  
 of non GI this dance is really worth it. I'm  
 going to drink up all I can hold and then  
 come home. Darling - I miss you so awful much  
 and want you more than I can express. Spira  
 gets out of the guard house some time this  
 month. I'm going down here this Sunday  
 and shoot the hell. The other day in the Stars  
 and Stripes - an article stated the War Production  
 Board considered further non-essential. So  
 now the women go around just a few. Some  
 GI wrote into the S & S today bitching that  
 the WPB should allow the girls to cover their  
 funny. Cause you know how I feel about  
 such things. Remember all the fun we had?  
 No need to worry about 'em when I come home.  
 No! I can't wait until I see you home to  
 you. Did you hear the one about the low-  
 budget cow girl? She couldn't keep her  
 calves together. Darling - do you offend to  
 my head of corn? I go around jobbing people  
 to death with my gang. I've a million of 'em.



In our office all writing things go on. <sup>being</sup> ~~being~~  
 warm up "K" activities in the stove. Heat  
 water and have here in. It's a dog house  
 for the Dutchers, latrine also, place of work,  
 many games, watching movies, sexual  
 conversation and sleeping quarters. Some  
 thing like a circus or some thing. Funny-  
 thing how all the jokes hang around here  
 each night. This more less is our world in this  
 building. Even though we are of different  
 syndromes - all the S-2's are hang together. No  
 other activities in the base are as closely knit as  
 as we are. S-2 is a wonderful outfit and is  
 kidding. Seeing that we have to be in this  
 damn place - we make the best of it. We have  
 worked many hours into making the place  
 very comfortable and a pleasant place. The  
 officers are damn good to us and let us have a  
 free hand in our social life here in. All  
 the other officers close down when the work  
 ends each day and the creeps go to the  
 barracks. I hate the barracks for it is too damn  
 G.I. I wish you could see how we have the  
 place life & we. Donald hated to leave our  
 little family even in Jersey. He is still a  
 potent part of the gang. Still has his locker  
 and stuff with us and hang around all the  
 time. All the jokes are damn good I've and  
 no kidding you know how we are for I tell  
 you each day about us. I should think  
 you almost feel as if you know the gang  
 even if you've never actually met 'em.  
 While I was in K.P. so many officers, spoke to  
 me, major on me. They all ask about Terry.



Major Head wants me to screw in into

● Thompson Operation. each time you send me new Terrier and loudly announce it.

Sgt. Colonel Heermann says to screw in as ordered by all the brass. I guess I'm the only GI in the Air Force that has so many officers worried about my mail. You should hear 'em moan if I have a mail less day.

S. He do you realize how many people, officers and yard birds die, depend upon you. One of the strange things of this war. I haven't seen Sgt. Studenbaker in a long time and I'm meeting out the photos he took of me some time ago. I want you to see what the Duckers look like. The cat came back and he two of em sleep side by side

● not to mention glay together. The cat catches all the mice and that... a damn good deal.

Don't time for mid night chow - so I'll go screw in for a cup of java. I'm thinking about staying down here all night so I can catch up in my reading while on KP. I really love to eat. Want to drive into Pyle's tonight. Peanuts - I love you so much!

Just came back from chow and had roast pork. Feel much better now for some reason or other. Each time I come in the door - the Duckers just about eat me up. She is always so glad to see Chui and I. While on KP - my coat all really gild up the dirt. I'm going to boil 'em out

● tomorrow. Went a pair of vt. to be washed and have to send a pair of my esbt pants to the tailor shop. I've worn out the heels a bit and need a repair job. I'm going to take a pair of my god shoes to best land and have 'em fixed.



Should it take over three or four days in a  
 small place like Aberdeen. The camp had  
 another big game tonight and I winning  
 won 20 pounds (£80) Eddie Johnson lost about  
 14 pounds and Cooke lost around 20 pounds.  
 I heard some officer cleaned out the office club  
 last night for something like 650 pounds or  
 \$2,600. The day room game goes full blast down  
 in the Squadron area each night. Each day-  
 games going up all over the base. Seems like the  
 same jobs was all the time. Take a good word to  
 make more money. I hang on to my meager supply  
 of long green and don't risk it. Johnson loses his  
 pay each month and goes around knowing  
 I don't know how much he's in the hole. Red  
 isn't clear yet himself from the poundage he  
 dropped last month. I could not win a cent  
 and don't even attempt to enter into the big games.  
 I sometimes shoot a couple of billings in the  
 hell of it but that's all. I'd rather have my  
 month's money to send home to you or have one  
 each day here on a job. The young go to town with  
 next to nothing in their pockets. Can't talk in the  
 good stage shows etc or do much drinking.  
 They usually go to a dance and operate from  
 there. Honey. I'll send you some cash next  
 month. I know you need it. Every once in a  
 while - I like to have morale to have a good time  
 with in this town. Costa tells you a lot to do some  
 serious drinking over here. If we spent as  
 much money in the States on a 48 hour pass  
 as we have to do over here - we'd be nuts. No  
 problem - they really shaft us over here. The American  
 soldier have more money than the civilians



that, why all the English girls ~~are~~ are all out

for America. We receive almost twice as much as the English army gets. None of the Civilian earn as much. Course - the higher class does but a GI over here is strictly a BTO with the dough. To give an example of the way scale - Bill has a girl in London that works in an office. She draws about two pounds a week - I think even less. Some things around \$8 a wk. they can't have much fun on that scale. No wonder all the best places are only filled with GI's and the blue birds. Course the GI's take dance along with 'em. Thank goodness - ~~why~~ way back along the line - my family (father's side) moved from this damn island. Aunt Mary wrote a few days ago that

I have relations over here and should look 'em up. One of my father's aunts keeps a record of the family history and knows where the family tree is spread out. I would do it even think of looking ~~to~~ look any of 'em up. I don't even want to claim I'm just English. I hate England and can't leave this island any two ways. Dick received a copy of "Frenchman's Creek" and I'll read it some time soon. Would like to see the movie. I think it's in London right now and will see it if I go next week. I'd like to see Alfred Sund's stage production in oh and another musical. I like stage shows for a change. Darling - you'd really enjoy

the stage gang a lot. We'll go to New York some day and see 'em all. I can't wait until we can start really living again. I'm sick of this leader existence being apart like this. Bah. I love you no amount more much!



Darling - here's one for the books. Beware of  
 that life is stronger than fiction. you recall  
 that I told you about the triangular between Joe  
 and Ralph? Ralph met a girl in Scotland (Aberdeen)  
 and fell in love with her. He gave the girl's address to Joe  
 when Joe went on his tour - in order to say hello for  
 Ralph. Well - Joe fell in love with her and not so  
 long ago - sent marriage papers to her so they could  
 get married. Now here's the deal - we've found out  
 that this girl has married a flight officer in the RCAF  
 (Canada Air Force) about two weeks ago. yesterday I've  
 returned up to Aberdeen on a four day pass. The damn  
 fool is going to make himself even a bigger fool. This  
 girl is really a smooth operator from way back.  
 This is really one for the books - strictly not for  
 books. I'll let you know what I've had to say  
 when she comes back. Ha, rather closed mouth  
 about it but opens up to Ralph. What a strange affair.  
 Do you enjoy such tales as this I show to you. Seems  
 as if the winter wh blood in me picks up all the  
 potent news. I have a eye and nose for news. That's  
 what it takes in the paper racket. Well - Darling - guess  
 I'll close down long about now and slip into a  
 hunk of serious reading. All I know - I love you  
 so awful much and just adore you beyond words.  
 Nothing I can say or do will make you realize how  
 madly in love I am with you. I'm nutty as a fruit  
 cake because I'm so damn far away from you. I hope  
 for loads of mail from you tomorrow but the mail  
 is rather slow around the first of the month.  
 God Bless my beautiful - lovely wife and loads  
 of yamsonate love. See you in my dreams in a  
 little while. Hug your chin and prayers up.  
 Your So Lovie Husband  
 Sunny

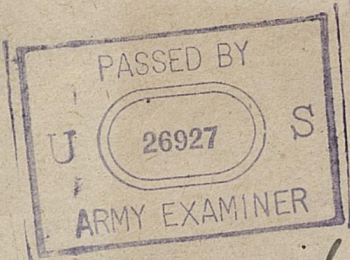


JANE...





Col George Canary 15113242  
701 Synanon 445 Bomb Group (A)  
APO 558 70 Postmaster  
New York, New York



H. John Salodich  
(air mail)

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

3





3 letters  
today



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Tuesday March 3rd  
England

My Darling Angel Wife!

Great day in the morning and all of that sort of thing. yes - three lovely letters from you and I feel like a million tonight. God - I love you so awful much. more than the laws allows and more than you can ever understand. why you - I love you enough for ten people - much less just one husband. Also received a v-mail from the family - head and butter stuff. Still do you realize how much your jamon's letters cheer me up with that stuff they call morale. Boy, we have so much loving to catch up on and I'm not just kidding. Well - today I plunged into the deep end of things and really dug into the work but god, I received through my own genuine matters, then leaned into the gentle art of grinding stones out for P.R.O. I really had that old boy board hotter than a June bird all day long with the points of my writing. So they tell me - I mumble to my self while grinding out a story. Wonder what she'll say? Best I tune in some time for she'll tell of it - just to check up. Tonight - die let's do on to a half way decent year but the work really is rather fun. thought I might draw a paycheck from you today but no such luck. at noon - I exchanged the keys with the commie for awhile in his office. I wait to

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



(2)

until Don came by before I took off for lunch. Same goes for supper. Don had to take some young to his elderly room at noon, so I walked over with him. We murdered all the latest tunes and dived on way along. Don and Marvin are going to town tomorrow night on a 24 hour job and want me to go along. I prefer to sit this one out and pull up a bunch of letter writing and reading. I'm still home behind on my reading and want to catch up on news stuff now as possible. Just anyway! Same old deal about writing this afternoon and I healthlessly awaited for mail call results. Show enough - 3 letters from my little wife and that's damn good. Hope the mail brings up. Tonight we latched on to a early show in order to see aim to do movie but quick. Super picture on tonight and all the characters wanted to see it. "Fighting Lady" a plus recording of a flat top aircraft carrier. It was the most vivid war - news reel - you can call it. that I've ever seen. Being a old air man - I enjoyed it very much. Once I even considered to enlist in the Naval Air Force but glad I did not - or am I? This was really a thriller diller and damn enjoyable. After the show - we all headed to the Aces club for coffee and cake. I guess some people would think it rather silly to as a matter of fact go to the club each night but - it is some thing different. Kind of - copy like to shut the hell up yours and mine. God I love you so!



(3)



AMERICAN RED CROSS

while at the club - I lazed out to the  
jazz - trying to stretch out my worn  
head until you send me more. Not bad  
stuff at all - as you can see, the guys  
are playing a fast game of 500 Rum  
tonight instead of rolling the bones.  
Even they become sick of gambling every day  
nite. I'm all alone here in the comfort of  
my own office and can freely exercise my  
brain in the pursuit of my thoughts. The  
radio softly - sets a background - not too  
loud but just right. Some times - I can hear  
some of the jokers run up the hall and yell  
to each other. Crazy people 5:2 men! Some  
are heading towards the bar, who knows and  
things will even reach a even more so  
peaceful hush of stillness. I've just come in  
to bid me good night. It's around 11:30 night  
now and shortly - I'll head out for my  
each also. But first - I have to complete my  
letter to you and share. Might do such a thing  
as read for awhile tonight and sleep down  
here. Oh, with considering - that I will  
think about. Darling - how come you're so  
cute? Each time I glance at your photo, I  
fall all over in love with you. You are really  
a beauty looking creature and I want you  
more than the human mind can grasp.  
Besides that - I'm nuts about you!

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



I'm so utterly unhappy with out you and  
 long to be with you with my whole heart,  
 soul and body. I ache all over for the  
 want of your love. Even my eyes ache  
 to gaze in your charms with passionate  
 glances of lust. Darling - you don't know  
 just what you've done to me, what ever it  
 is - I know it's a very job. Darling - I  
 must tell you about a very strange book  
 St. Jacobi has. Some one sent it to him  
 and during a idle passing of the afternoon  
 I browsed through it. "~~The~~ Mademoiselle  
 De Maugis" by Gautier. About a girl who  
 does the role of a male. Many women fall  
 in love with her and some of the most nice  
 love stuff I've ever read. It's really  
 immoral as hell and the oddest book I've  
 ran into. If ever you come across it -  
 read it some time. Written in a very strange  
 style and one that I hate. I'm not even going  
 to read it for it - the style of the author -  
 would only be mental torture to my  
 literature sense. I can tell at a glance if  
 it's like a novel or not by just reading a  
 few lines of the author's style. St. Jacobi  
 read it but he has a very limited taste  
 in literature. By the way - I can always  
 live more in the way of reading material  
 and always more than welcome a new  
 supply. But you shoot more this way but  
 quiet. Passionate wife, I love you so awful  
 much and want you more than it's possible.



(5)



AMERICAN RED CROSS

I wish you could hear the thundering beat  
of my heart - caused by the way I want  
you and need you. I'm one man of  
fanatics - ready to be unlearned by you.  
Darling - we'll have such heaven by-  
gone - loving you when I come home.  
Breathless by from the enjoyment of our  
love - well worth night that this was more than  
worth waiting for. Restless of us in our  
wildest dreams. Can fully name how  
wonderful our married life will be. I can't  
wait until we can begin to ~~see~~ live and  
love as we were meant to do. Peanuts - my  
Darling - I love you so awful much and  
need you more than you can ever understand.  
We are utterly lifeless apart like this. Thank  
God we shall now be restored to each other -  
arms and never again to leave. I'm writing  
rapidly tonight - for I want to catch into a  
good night's sleep - preparing for a long  
haul ahead tomorrow. I have so many things  
to do in the morning and need all the  
after strength I can muster to do 'em. Dar-  
ling - this was for taking me away from your lovely  
arms. I want to be so awful much. I miss  
my wife more each day. How wonderful it  
will be to find you curled up next to me each

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



(6)

morning after a passionate night of love making  
to feel the warmth of your beautiful body next  
to mine. Dam - but I stop this or else I'll  
punch myself - banging my head against  
the wall. I can only repeat - I love my wife  
so awfully much! As of lately - I'm a chain  
smoker and always have a fag dangling from  
my mouth. Not that I light one after  
another but I do smoke more than usual.  
I suppose when she turns on today cross  
something and can't get it - something she  
goes up - like smoking. Heaven knows how  
much I want you. The longer I'm away from  
you - the more I want you. The more I want  
you, the more I smoke. More or less a circle  
or something. St. Jacobi is still mail-less from  
Jeanie as far as I know. He was it in what  
you might call a gang mood today. Far from  
St. Peter are every thing low over here and  
don't just kid thing. That's good news - I had  
some today. If I don't take off in mid  
night chow in a few minutes - I will miss  
it like men ball chow in a very few  
minutes. This I'll take a rain check on  
a mid night reach tonight. Can't say that  
I'm very hungry. More or less a habit about  
going to chow each night. How come you're  
so cute - Dan being? I still can't fully realize  
that you are all mine. Thanks again for  
making me the luckiest guy in the world not  
to mention the dearest. God I love you so!



①



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Johnie Johnson just wanted my arm  
so I had to go to show with him. No thing  
much else at all. Just the evening walking  
to the mess hall. "What made that red mark  
on your nose eye?" "Blames!" "How many  
glasses, eye?" "Nitch me to be buggy - I'm  
really pulling 'em tonight. Did that come out of  
me? Darling - here's a little something she to  
add to what I think of the GI Bill of Rights. Most  
of the war workers are earning \$100 to \$150 each  
week and in a couple of weeks - they can make as  
much as the GI bonus calls for. Not that I'd trade  
with any one of those ffs - but some have knocked  
down the pay for two to three years. In the  
present scope of earning money - \$300 bonus  
isn't very much and can't pay for the anguish or  
suffering the soldiers have made. I still say -  
something she should be known in. Nothing  
can ever repay me for the past three years I've  
got in the army and double it a thousand  
times for the past year and a half. This is a  
very strange world. I'm no rich of playing  
soldier and want home. If ever we have any  
dick and they play soldiers - I'll beat the hell  
out of 'em. Darling - I'll need your help  
to turn me to the free life of a civilian.  
What a eager student I'll be. Mrs. Barclay -  
I sure do love you so awful much and want  
your generous love more than the law allows.

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



Tom Spera hangs around the office an awful lot even though he is a S-2 man. Same goes for Don and now Ralph. Once you're in the S-2 family - you can't leave it and even though you're not working there is still part of the family. Strange thing - I keep asking Tommie Thompson to come over to my office at night and look over my prob collection. For some strange reason - he won't come. Afraid some one will tell him to haul ass but that is no damn fool. I'll twist his arm and drive him over here with brute force. Another thing about Spera - since I use to visit him in the guard house, he tries to hang around me all of the time. This kind is right next to mine in the barracks. Now that I'm a PRO man - more young nicks to me more than ever. Every one is no damn jubilee. They happy. I'll hang out some wot ya build up but myself and shoot it to the local home town rag. I know you'll get a kick out of seeing our name in print. If and when I latch onto some n-gate text, I'm going to whip up a bit least try to, some wot of a magazine story with a by line of my own name. I want to latch onto some wot of proof in the future. Damn, I hope I can make good in the scribble racket. I got a hell of a kick out of writing for some reason or other. I just have a nose for news. By the way - the enclosed clipping appeared in all of the English papers and guess who wrote it. I'll give you three guesses. I hope it came out in the States.



(9)



AMERICAN RED CROSS

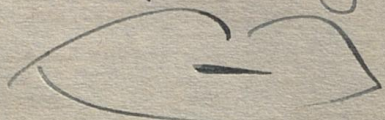
As you know and can see - the army  
doesn't give it, written a by line - document.  
Darling - Gillian really runs around with  
some odd characters. In instance this  
creaky Paul you mentioned. From what you  
say - he is really one of those characters I  
told you about. From all indications - I'm  
beginning to think he is one herself. Some  
times it can work both ways - meaning -  
each are also attracted by the opposite sex.  
They are in or he know about 'em. Glad you  
knew right away by the V-mail I sent to  
the family that I received your wire along.  
I was really worried here for a while. But  
your new permanent is a wow. Wish I  
could see how long you are. God - I  
love you so awful much! Darling, from what  
you say - you really must really care about  
me. How come old lady Ware thinks so  
much of me? I only met her once or twice.  
I have to laugh the way you rub it in about  
Ernie. It's a wonder Sam doesn't get mad  
but I suppose he can't afford to - for where  
she could do phone that job. Wonder what  
he will do when you all move? Honey - I like  
the way you tell me in your letter how you'll  
adore me and lay me down with love.  
Ray - people better stand back when we see  
each other. Some one might get hurt in  
the head long run we will do to each other.

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



(10)

Really. Let's have a sign of our son lined up  
when I come home. Right away - we'll want  
to have a piece of our son. Perhaps if I should  
get a parcel when I reach the States and  
would it be discharge right away - no. I  
stay at a hotel at home. Really - Parents -  
we couldn't really tear love with our  
garmonate line at either of our homes. So  
best we hid off alone some place when we  
do meet again. If I should go back to the  
States and can't go home either on a leave  
or a discharge - you'll come but quick where  
ever I may be. Surely they'll give as a  
parcel first thing when we arrive in the  
States. Pray real hard that this war will end  
but fast so I can get the hell back to the U.S.  
where I belong. Darling - Parents - I want  
you so awful much and can't wait until  
you are tightly locked in my arms. My  
hands ache to caress your lovely body. Sue's  
hands will begin - now as I see you - train  
station or a no train station. Beautiful wife -  
I'm going to tear your clothing my because  
I'll be such a wild man when I see you  
again. You'll wonder - "who in the hell is that?"  
When I will clear long about now and  
clean up. God Bless my Darling. Fill up  
jail and loads of garmonate love  
nothing. See you in my dreams.



Your Soldier Husband  
Sammy



## SENTRY WAS-A WOMAN

IN the darkness early yesterday morning, Captain Edward Schramm was inspecting the guard at a U.S. Army airfield when he saw two sentries guarding one plane.

As officer of the day, he knew that one man one plane had been the order of posting the sentries.

So Captain Schramm investigated—and found the second sentry was a woman in U.S. Army flying kit and carrying a gun.

"I disarmed her and placed the guard under arrest," he told a court later.

Irene May Mitchell (24), of Highcliff-road, Dale, Nottingham, was sent to prison for six weeks for being found in a protected place.

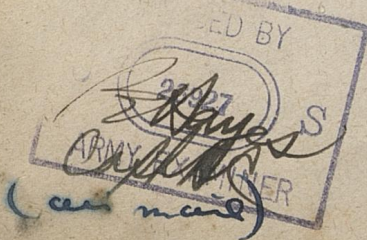
She said she had been drinking and did not know how she reached the airfield.

Her civilian clothes, the court was told, were found in a hut there.

It was stated that the girl was fined for larceny in 1943, when she was an absentee from the A.T.S. Last April she was sentenced to nine months for housebreaking and other offences.



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



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

4





NO LOVE  
NO NOTHING 17%  
(NO MAIL + W)

Sat. March 30<sup>th</sup>  
England 4

My Darling Angel Wife!

Good evening - level character of mine. No mail today so 2nd day running and that's not good. Things are tough everywhere! Thought I would reach out my eager hands to the mailman and bring 'em back with mail keys & you should see me bring your mail to my heart when I do receive some. March 30<sup>th</sup> should be my lucky day for us - be all the same people of two years and one month. So I'm meeting it out. Parionate mate - how's that you? Are you ready to return some favour, do a job chop and look to life? Another mate - are you ready to show a wicked neck?

I know you - and know you are just as ready as I am for some mention & thrilling items. Wait to long now for the war news is my good news! Today I haven't to do office with the regular routine work. During my first absence - lots of work piled up upon my desk. Today I hit the spot & mine of it and will clear it all up by tomorrow - hang here. Last night I had my eye in the office and read until 3 am. I hope you sent to me. I can't leave his stuff alone and once I bring my nose into it - can't stop. I "show" like to read a hell of a lot.

Such as if I see to on the other end of the horn tomorrow by writing myself nothing much in the way of studying news today a record line of stuff. I did want my KP - train & crew all and did a damn good job on 'em in fact - I'm going to do the other fair tomorrow on the value of the good job I did today. I love you w!



just stayed out of the office for a few minutes and  
 one damn creag walked off with my pen. I've  
 asked everyone and can't find it any place. I  
 think this has it perhaps for he left for the bank  
 a little while ago. Some times he uses the pen and  
 might stick it in his pocket. Any way - I'm using  
 Bill's pen for awhile and if necessary will find  
 this in pencil. The mail must go through and all  
 that sort of thing I do wonder if my mail is getting  
 through to you as it should? Right now - I'm going  
 through a mail - can't say that is a very good  
 I don't know any way. I can't seem to get the  
 pen operating as it should. Are you's account  
 set to one pen all the time and are the pen  
 is like a stranger as you can say by now. I  
 no damn much longer to write with this pen.  
 So after this says, think that I will try a pencil  
 for a week. I know you don't mind considering  
 reason of the change. All I know - I love you  
 awful much and want you more than the last  
 I know. You haunt me night and day - I  
 what a lovely ghost you are. The heavenly part  
 memories of me love - runs up and down  
 nothing but I want. I'm a real ghost  
 I'm in chains of my passions - I'm  
 all the while. Sweet wife - I love you so  
 and want you more than I can express. This  
 it meant for us - I assure you. It has  
 taught us one thing - how much we really  
 need each other. I die a thousand deaths  
 each day - wanting you so much. You are so  
 lovely and drive me into a mad mess. I  
 I'll shower this love upon you as I - a husband  
 should do. I can't wait for that day!



I know it is very bad taste to use a pencil  
 but I can't avoid it. Today - Chui and I  
 dug in the work and labors. The day  
 passed by rather fast - spurred on by the aching  
 muscles of work. The more I work - the faster the  
 time goes by. I am in the middle of a lot of  
 enjoyable drawing and look as if it  
 might turn out damn good. Course - I don't  
 like to brag - really true. The army has  
 brought out many things in me that I didn't  
 know I could do. This GI life has some good  
 in it after all but not much mind you I just  
 want to be a janitor's husband and with  
 you all the time. Ralph has four nights of K.P.  
 starting him in the face in a few weeks. He's  
 turn comes up while I'm on pur lounge.  
 I keep relating to him the ultra tortures of  
 the mess hall. He knows I'm only kidding but  
 I'm not. David Kleinsky - (the one you  
 asked about not so long ago) is on K.P.  
 right now in our mess hall. Bill Ray  
 you on K.P. tomorrow and can't say that I  
 envy him one damn bit. Every once in awhile  
 I have to get up and rearrange my cove all  
 dipping in front of the pie. They're turning out  
 damn good but I'm not going to make a habit  
 of doing my own washing unless the conditions  
 seem it as. Let me know if you can easily  
 read my writing with pencil. Not a hell of a  
 lot of difference for both methods. I think.  
 I can write much faster with the pencil  
 than the pen pen I had to know from Bill.  
 GI job - Perle de Blonde - nothing but an  
 established bleach - heid. Should I shut up with



de com? An - Can you stand any guns? I  
 like to clutter my a letter with some of my  
 dry humor. I know those you like it. See  
 what I mean! Under stand that a gleeed scream  
 rolled the States yesterday by the hobby - not  
 hi gude when the army once more turned Frank  
 Sinatra down because of a punctured ear drum.  
 The draft board gave him a new classification of  
 2A-F - an occupational deferment because being  
 physically unfit. The army can use him if his  
 body is still half way warm. I know plenty of  
 young that are on par with Frankie and yet in the  
 army. Some thing sticks some where in this deal.  
 Some jerk said - Sinatra's singing is a necessary  
 job to the nation's health, interest and safety.  
 Now if that isn't a pile of horse manure - I can  
 beat your rat. They took Red Shelton and  
 he was just as famous as the Voice. Frankie has  
 never offered to entertain the big old Bing  
 and others. I for one - think he should be in the  
 army. If not - release Red Shelton too. This is  
 a very strange case war. Take gull - and you're  
 not much without it. We call it reduction a  
 brown morning, even more naughty words  
 are used. Another one of the staff writers on the  
 Stars and Stripes wrote a book - "Fighting For a  
 Blue Bird" by Joseph Wechsberg. Have you sent an  
 ear to Artie Shaw's new gangly combo? They  
 say he is really making a damn big come back.  
 Here - another one for you - two articles were  
 talking - one said "The war is bill my me."  
 the other said "you're nuts for war my so damn  
 hard. Should take time out for a few laughs. Such  
 as flying down town and screaming the hell



not go. Couple of "Steno-graphers" (shew!)

Enoch Flynn has a new red head as a secretary. Jay is learning the work of Trial and Enol. I should quit with the Com and take up barst measuring. Heard over the radio that Ky. beat Alabama and Tennessee in the Southern Conference Tournament. So - good old Ky. won the crown of the Southern Conference this year. We saw how the "Fighting Irish" whipped em. I thought sure Ky. would go down undefeated this year. But they are still one of the leading teams of the nation.

Madeline Canole says she is not going to make any more movies after she was a sister to her husband - Skirling Hayden. She is doing a grand job in the Red Cross over in France.

Darling - do you know - Milton Caniff signed up with Marshall Field and when his contract runs out with the New Syndicate - he is to start a new thing. He only draws money by the syndicate now. The copyright even though Caniff started Temp. His present contract ends in two years. Temp will keep going but some one else will draw it two years hence. Won't be the same without Caniff behind the drawing pencil, although plenty of young cartoonists Temp just as good but not the human interest plot that Caniff does. No doubt he is starting up another one just as good. Darling -

Tommy Thompson was a movie agent in Texas for a large syndicate of movie houses. He is in or he knows of the entire circuit racket. Here is the story as related to me. In order to build Sinatra up when he holds away



from T.D. - has given agent thought on  
 the swimming idea. They have 20 girls to  
 swim at all his shows. As he'd be raising  
 gas - as monkey sees - monkey does. So it  
 became a job and the thing to do, that is the  
 actual low down in the swimming stuff -  
 straight from the inside. Commie is around  
 34 years old. Some how - he is taking to like  
 me a hell of a lot. Says he can give me a job  
 after he was as a gun agent or publicity man  
 for his movie syndicate down in Texas. He  
 sure makes a good Special Service man in the  
 army. So - as you can see - I've made a lot  
 of good connections here in the army. For  
 instance - Max Klopfer - Commie - the new  
paper gang in Scotland etc. I really  
 intend to follow through something in the  
 new paper line such as - gun agent, publicity  
man, advertising etc. I'm a good Commie  
and can earn my living by the pressure talk  
or writing. I can always fall back on the  
selling racket. All the above is just another  
 line of salesman things. Boke down to the art  
 of selling the hell and etc. I feel more than  
 certain - this is my line - and the thing I can  
 do best. Just for the hell of it - at times I hid the  
hypnotism with sales talk just to try in  
practice. I'm not harrying but I don't  
 cultivate a lot of young as friends if I wanted to.  
 Yes - even talk my way into more reach  
 but I don't use this sort of thing. Strictly  
 a peace time usage. Horay - no thing for now -  
 I love you so awful much and can't wait  
 until I're air home to you quik like.



to moments - I'm going down to see Tom

• Syra for a little while. I also pull  
over a bit by in the morning and a  
more than welcome to Carl. Darling - St.  
Petersburg returns PM - the famous New York  
guy and to give it home all of the time. PM  
has a large book section and review of the  
best sellers. I've ran across a couple of  
musts - I'd like to read. Please try to get  
me "The Alamy Tomrow" By Robert St. John -  
cost \$2.50. about the life and love of a man commemorated  
in fiction form. also would like to read -  
"The Wind on the Mountain" by Eric Fisk later, "Where  
Away" by George Serrano Perry, "Carney Row"  
by John Steinbeck, for a few. "In era Ambe"

• has a big queue in PM and all of us are  
just waiting to read it. Especially a certain  
character with eye stings named Canary. This  
guy also wants a certain lovely chick in the  
humble of Peanuts. Honey - my whole body is  
afloat with tears for the want of you.  
I guess I glow at night around the stars  
because I want you so much. The day time  
is bad enough but each night I crawl into  
that lonely, empty bed - I miss you the most.  
Just think - soon I'll be able to crawl into a  
bed filled with you. That I want but bad. We'll  
have so much fun coming the hell out of each  
other as many people should. We'll even  
do it more so. Two years ago - two days  
from now - I had the Cracking that worked  
me out of the cadets. How different things would  
be if I had it rode that plane down ~~marked~~ and  
judged instead of trying to be a hero.



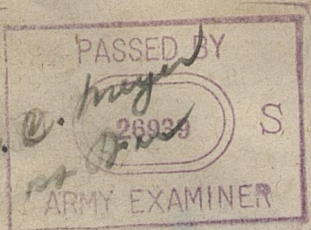
If I had won those wings - no doubt I'd have  
 at least Captain's bars by now and a  
 tin com. etc. Each time I think of those  
 cabot bang - I could kick myself no one  
 but you understand what they did to me when  
 I was warded out. That sore spot will always  
 be here long as I live. I admit. I'm lying -  
 by the time you know you are married to a  
 very strange guy. Work. I love you so  
 awful much and want you more than the  
 law allows. you are my lovely and wonderful.  
 Beautiful Rebel - I'd love to slip my arms  
 about your dainty waist and shower hot  
 jargonate kisses upon your eager lips.  
 I want to feel you tremble under the  
 jargonate caresses of my hands. To taste  
 the thrilling sting of your lips & Peanuts,  
 Peanuts - I need you so awful much.  
 Much more than it is possible. Well. guess  
 I'll go back to the rack today but now  
 and dream of you as I do each night to God!  
 I want you so much and have to reject it  
 me and over many times. I hope I'll catch  
 into a letter from you tomorrow - perhaps two  
 or even three. Long we due for a yardage  
 also. I hope you visit in they now. Give my  
 love to your family. Please don't worry about me  
 for I'm fine as can be. Take care good  
 care of yourself. Am sure to hear more about  
 if you all have to move or not. God Bless  
 my lovely Creature and loads of jargonate  
 love. My de. my - forgot to say - I am the  
 same man as often as usual.



your Soling this last  
 Jan my



Capt George Canany 15113242  
Vol Signal Co 445 Bomb Group (A)  
APO 555 To Post Master  
New York, New York



(air mail)

Mr. George W. Canany Jr.  
4601 W Jefferson St.  
Louisville 12, Ky  
U.S.A. 5





Where's  
me  
Mail?

Sunday Feb. 4th  
England

My Darling Angel Wife!

Another mail. Sunday

from your end of the hour today and morale is  
down low tonight. I did receive two V-mail from  
Mom and one from Dad. Nothing can ease the pain of  
wanting your mail and doing without it. I could bang  
my head into the wall or something like that. You are  
so wonderful and I need your life giving letters to  
carry on. Mom said you received the news and  
I sent you and by this time you have the photos of  
me also. Glad you like the new V-mail. It  
is about the only thing coming through right now  
but I still love it as much as ever. Darling - I  
found my pen - as you can see. It was lodged  
inside of my desk and I found it this morning. I

hope you didn't mind the letter written in pencil  
last night. I couldn't avoid it. This morning  
I pulled down orders by and slept until 7:30. While  
in the middle of cleaning the barracks - in walk  
the inspecting officer. Didn't say anything and just  
strolled around the barracks - looking a various  
thing. After I cleaned the face down good - I screamed  
out to Dan, barracks and hid his ass out of bed.  
We ate dinner together and had the full. We had  
your favorite food - you - again - Ham, prunes  
and rubber chicken at noon. I gave my chicken to  
Dan for the child the GI way of cooking it. I gave  
my love to Dan and he eats everything. GI food  
isn't for me and I can't wait until I slip into

one of your meals again. I'm hungry for your  
love and cooking. Mainly love! I worked all  
afternoon and took time out to go see Sgt. Ralph  
and I went down to the office grand house to get  
Tom when good and has a couple more weeks to



nerve. I always feel so damn funny when I go  
 to see him. Makes me ~~feel~~ have butterflies in the  
 head basket. I took a shower before going to  
 Mass this afternoon and also had the pull with  
 Commie for a little while. I can't possibly arrange  
 to go on your visit with him do I do it no - would him  
 to go on alone. I do like very much to go down to  
 London again but will wait until I return from my  
 present trip. ~~Any~~ ~~long~~ ~~enough~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~the~~ ~~first~~ ~~move~~  
 tonight and now - "Pride and Prejudice" I thought said  
 it was very well acted and enjoyed it very much.  
 Something different in the way of movies for a  
 change. Tomorrow night - we have "Cabin in the Sky".  
 Still catch on to the rather old movies but all are  
 new to us. Anything to help ease his damn living life  
 on here. I really need that perfume and shall  
 like next (full advantage of every second of it. The  
 mental strain is the hardest part about his damn  
 life! Blood, sweat and tears as Churchill got it.  
 Nothing much in the way of news tonight - just the  
 same old line of stuff and nothing. I feel like  
 hell when ever I see mail less like this. To make  
 matters worse - he came here yesterday of character  
 order me all day - "Any new Terry things". This of  
 course rudely throws the mail shortage up  
 into my ugly face. I know how much he wants  
 like this but not so damn often. As the great  
 poet once said, "Sorry time no he!" How true  
 that joke was. We are old man's & people two  
 years and one month as of today. Damn it -  
 I want you so awful much. Am passionate  
 love making we shared each other with it  
 it's stuff compared to what is coming. Just you  
 wait and see how I'll love you when I come



home to you. Darling - right now - I like the song  
 "Makin' Believe". We are both trying to make  
 believe right now. Dam what a lonely way of  
 life this is. I need my mate but bad and not  
 just a kidding. I have a red case of love stained  
 blues. We go around joking with the saying  
 "Two Rods up in the American Rod Cross at  
 Saint Louis." Course every one says they'll take  
 it. Humor is very strong in me as is doubt  
 reflected in my letters. Home rich - G's are a  
 strange lot. My team daunts the joint tomorrow  
 night and should be fun so they tell me. If it  
 wasn't for this fact - I could go to London with  
 Tommie. Chris takes off on his perambulation in a  
 few days and I'm going to work in his place on  
 his team. In return - he'll do the same when  
 I take mine. I also have to give CQ one night  
 for him and he'll have to take my next regular  
 turn. All work out even in the work. Darling - I  
 dare to say it again - I love you so awful much  
 and want you more than the law allows.  
 When I think of how you can love - and I do  
 constantly - even my little toe curls up with  
 jansions. I wonder how we'll act when we can  
 really tear love with the love making. I don't  
 dare think about it or else I'll work my self up  
 into a heat. Dam - this damn war - damn it. The  
 Creeps play ball + ball again tomorrow night  
 and without a doubt - S-2 will make off another  
 win. It's a new thing when the S-2 cagers  
 dunk upon the hard work floor. No one will  
 bet against S-2 even though we'll give two to  
 1 odds on points. Tom is hanging around tonight  
 because he doesn't have to work tonight.



St. Perkins gave me ~~another~~ another bunch of P.M.'s today and I'll have to read 'em soon as possible. I really like the way and want to read 'em when I come home. Darling - M. came out with a two page spread how "Dear Amber" became a best seller in spite of itself. Seems as if the way to really make a book a success in the public's eye - have the help of an author's friends - to influence and have Boston buy it. A lot of the rest was cut out of the story by the publisher and Mrs. W. is the author says she can't understand why. Her husband read the book before she had it published the public will read any thing that has the right publicity and if enough rest. She said that she could not understand why so many people could get excited about what little rest there was left in the book. Everyone over here is talking about it and want to read it. Really - this is the most talked about book in the world. I know you have finished it long ago. I'd like to read it a hell of a lot. Darling - I'm saying that I'll send my books home to you. Some how I hate to part with them, for to me - books are like old friends. We shall have lots of 'em in our home. There are a lot of many. I'll try and will buy each week. I can't even catch onto enough reading time. I'm going to take a day off this week and just read all day long. I haven't even got around to reading last week's. Yeah. Things are really rough when I can't find enough time to buy my share in a book. War is hell all the way around. Peanut - I adore you some thing awful!



When you come home - that's how some of the things  
 stand off in your letters. Funny how those  
 words rise right up off the page and stand  
 chattering in the air. The most beautiful words I know.  
 Darling I'm thrilled beyond recall at the way you  
 are planning for the day I come home. When I read  
 the words of your letters - I can see our journey to  
 being in our dancing before my eyes. Yes - I'm home  
 for a little while through the ~~medium~~ of your lovely  
 thoughts. That's why I feel like hell when I'm in  
 even like today. It isn't easy this GI life but with  
 the thoughts of there will be a time and a place, things  
 will be quiet, the rain will run into my clothes and  
 you and I together - I can sense how being in you  
 and I will do things together because we decide to  
 do it. Not the army or anyone else. We can  
 plan and do big things like making a home for  
 ourselves, maybe even buying a house. Lot of the  
 cute things we'll get a kick out of planning and  
 doing - choosing a movie to go to... what to do  
 on Sunday and etc. All soldier talk. I guess  
 about home and getting out of the army. If you listen  
 to just the words they say you will be impressed &  
 with the sort of thing they seem to look forward to.  
 For instance - I heard a kid say the other night as  
 he sat staring down at his feet - "Bright red  
 rocks; that's what I'm going to get when they let  
 me out of this hell hole". Bright red rocks -  
 words like that don't add up to a thing, if you  
 hear 'em as words only. But they add up to  
 plenty when you feel what's underneath them;  
 the awful wanting to stop being jerked around,  
 to start being a person, to make your own  
 decisions. In two years and 9 months - the army



has more or less done my thinking. I'm not giving in but you couldn't argue that I'm getting frustrated, exactly, in using my own mind, in doing what I want. I'm sick of it all and want to express my thoughts - my own thoughts - do as I want - that is to be with you night and day. Reading your letters makes me feel hungry all over for the time to come when I can reunite with myself and you - to yourself by the two of us being together. The times I remember all of our times together. When we'd go for a walk, just sit together, talk or not talk hardly at all and yet we'd find we were thinking the same thing. That is, what I'm hungry for; for the time to come when I can be alone with you. It's tough being apart like this but I can carry on because I have you. Our love keeps us in close contact with each other as ever. Seems as if I could reach out and touch you even though we're so far apart. I'm living & carrying you about with me in my heart, in the shining mental picture in my mind. We are even closer together now as the day wears on and. Peanuts - I miss you so awful much - no thing can express how I bleed for the want of your love. Some times my mind runs off in a tangent as you can see. I'm nuts for the want of you. I'm lost in the void between us - this damn silly war. You're like a light in the far distance - guiding me do travel home. My whole being cries out for you. I've said many times before - you are my life - my blood - every thing in the world to me. All I want - to love and to be loved by you.



Each night I slip into your letters - I become so engrossed - everything ceases around me.

• This I feel by and by and realize it - it's after midnight. Sometimes I'm very slow in writing your letters for I like to hold each word over in my mind as I write it. I try to picture what I'm talking to you. I find myself staring at your picture instead of writing.

Darling - you must do honest me and I love it.

Many times during the day - I hold my wedding ring on my finger - thinking of you.

Honey - how I wish you could look inside of me - then you'd know how much I love you.

Before I fell in love with you - life was near dead.

You've taught me how to live. And now - I'm suffering because I'm so far away from my source of life - you.

• When I come home, I'll be contented to sit hour upon hour, just staring at you. Of course - I'll take action instead of just staring.

We have so much to make up for and what fun we'll have doing so.

Just you and I for always and always.

• So lovely creature - how did I ever dare you who becoming mine? I can't believe that a lovely angel is mine.

God, how wonderful it is to be loved by you. I'm going to spend the rest of my life trying to be worthy of you here even though I know I can never be so.

• We'll both want - to have nothing but heavenly fun and love making.

Darling - did you ever stop and think how utterly well we are mated. How we both fit together. We're not two people at all - we've been united into one. We are closer to each other than any person.



Tomorrow - I have to lean into more in the way of writing for St. Perkins.

Darling - before you have mentioned that I should go to school when I come home. Not at once but later on. Some times I think that I should take a course in journalism. But we can decide that when I come home. The main thing - to get the hell home fast and save the health out of you.

Thoughtless by - I should have bought my ration today for I'm down to my last pack of Chester fields. The PX is closed tomorrow and I'll have to smoke @ old Golds until Tuesday, when ever - I write - I smoke a hell of a lot. I'm still meatwing out the two cartons of fags you sent a long time ago. They are long over due and should arrive any day now. Well, Darling, time for me to close for tonight and good to my empty bed. I hope you get some what of a kick out of my wild wasteing of my mind. I try to recollect my thoughts to you and wonder if you do capture how I feel.

I'm praying for a letter from you tomorrow for I need your loving cheerful letters more than food. Sweet wife - little do you fully realize how much I love you. You may think it's too but I'm irreplaceable for you. Even I don't know. All I know - my love for you consumes me like a white flame. My whole body burns gloriously with love for you. Very soon you shall see by my present love melting how much I do. That is how my beautiful Angel and hostess of love.   
 Yours   
 [Signature]



Cpl George Canary 15113242  
701 Squadron 445th Bomb Gp (H)  
Apo 558 of Post Master  
New York, New York



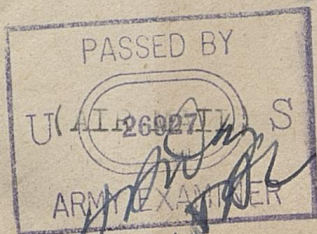
POSTAGE DUE - 6

Mrs. George W. Canary Jr.

4601 W Jefferson St.

Louisville 12, Ky.

U. S. A.



10



Thursday March 5  
England

HEY  
CANARY  
HERE'S  
A LETTER



My Darling Angel Wife!

yes - the old beat up,

some mail clerk yelled at me  
today with the glad tidings of

mail. one from you and one from Aunt  
Mammy. Long as I catch onto at least one a  
day from you - things are strictly okay. Sounds  
as if you're doing alright in the mail dept.  
also and I hope we both are flooded with nice  
moral stuff each day. Lovely bunch of women -  
my team is working tonight and now you  
know what type of screwy letter this will be.  
anyway - I'll write much as possible. Seeing  
that my imagination is rather low - and  
seeing once again I have to use pencil - thought  
I'd use this stuff. Hope you don't mind too  
much. today - Gene came back to work in PPO  
and we worked together all day. His damn job  
to be taken back into the S-2 family. Of course he  
is a gut. right now and guess that he will  
stay for some time. I wonder if Capt. Jones is  
going to put me in for the Sgt. major



(2)

or not. I'll live my time and see what  
the story is. He can put me in and the pro-  
motion can come out the 15th of the month.  
I might drop a gentle hint - like a ton of  
lead through St. Jacob's if nothing happens  
on the 15th. of course I'd be sure you will in  
the know of what goes. I'm not so eager for  
the string, mind you, but seeing that I should  
get 'em - by golly I should have 'em. I'll be  
so damn glad when I can be promoted to the  
high rank of 'em. I'm again. That's what  
I'm looking for with every bit of my weak  
strength. God. I love you so awful much  
and want you more than the law allows.  
You are my beautiful and I want a trunk of  
your beauty bag but right now. To day I  
quid ed lots of potent stones to day and  
enjoyed every word of 'em. I'm trying my  
damnest to gain experience so I can make  
you proud of me. Dam it - my photos from  
Aberdeen didn't arrive to day and I thought  
for sure that they would. I'd dare to drop  
'em a line and see what the story.



(3)

I know you are anxious by awaiting to see my funny face again. I do hope they turned out half way decent. Sylvia and I ate lunch together today and hurried back to the office to slip into more work. Dan is still in jail and is due back some time tonight. I will shoot the details of said jail to you now as I letch into 'em. This afternoon I went around in a jeep - looking up more material to write about. People in the home front are more than ever hungry for news about the boys. Right now - the infantry men are in the lime light and we are trying to push the fly boys. Next week - the 9th Air Force is getting in 'Salute the Ground Men' week. The air force men who don't fly but are potent factors in keeping the birds airborne. In P.R.O. - we are sending out home town stories in all the lads. So - you will see your husband's name in the paper again - written by your husband. How about that? I don't care so much to get my name in the paper unless it's a by line on a story.



④

Darling - some bad news tonight -  
The Duck is missing. We don't know  
where in the hell that damn dog has  
strayed to. We have all of the S-2 boys  
and our friends - looking for the damn  
mutt. He will turn up some place by  
tomorrow. I'm going to reward the baron for  
her. She took off some place tonight while  
all of us were in the show. I don't want to  
lose the mutt for I'm very fond of her.  
We'll even go so far as to post a reward  
for her if she fails to return in the next  
day or so. All the jobs are down here to  
tonight after unusual disarrangement. Perhaps  
she followed some of the boys to the show  
and couldn't find her way back to the  
office. Funny - how I miss her already. She  
always lay at my feet while I'm writing  
to you each night. St. Jacobi will have a  
hit when he picks out she is gone. May  
your fingers cross that we find her  
some place. No. I love you so awful much!



②

interrupted by Special Service a few minutes  
after supper to visit the hangar with  
Tommy. I wanted him to go to the  
movies with me. He couldn't leave the  
office - so I had to go alone. It was  
"Cabin in the Sky" - a rather old movie  
but I'd not seen it before. I met all the  
crews in the Aero club after the show  
and we hung around there for a little while.  
Then I came back to the office and into  
the canteen. Dearling - writing to you - is the  
only thing I look forward to each day.  
It's like a date each night - the couple  
hours or so - I spend scribbling my thoughts  
to you. Some times - I stop in the middle of  
your letter - to see what the crews are doing  
etc. I usually start around 9.30 and  
end up around 1.30 - with two or three  
night chow etc. Some nights - but one out of  
every two or three - I have to write the family.  
But a quick one. So - you see - my time is  
very rationed and all goes to you. Dearling -  
I love you more than it's possible.



6

I haven't even read the Stern and Stroyer tonight and will have to do so - pick my  
 out the various interesting items you would  
 like to hear about. Sounds rather strange - but  
 I think I write better with a pencil rather  
 than a pen. Seems as if I can think much  
 better when I have something half way decent  
 to write with. Sorry do you? you've never  
 taken all your mental power - to try writing -  
 rather than to do with your mind, thoughts.  
 I suppose all you can read in the papers at  
 home and hear on the radio - the great  
 war news. Same goes over here. No doubt  
 the home front is getting drunk with the rolling  
 victories of our boys. It's not so yet and then  
 we have to clean out the days. At such times -  
 the world can really cut love and raise  
 every hell. Pray that I'll come home to your  
 arms very soon. Darling - when I say home - I  
 don't mean your walls and a roof. My home  
 state - I mean - your arms. For they are my  
 home. I'll never shall be happy unless  
 I am tightly clasped in your love by arms.



I wonder what my best girl is doing tonight?  
 Dear - I love you so awfully much and want you  
 more than the laws allow. Darling - have you  
 ever noticed how the mag. are chucked &  
 pulled ad - showing rollers down the end  
 that using some brand of such and such? If  
 you can believe those ad. bottles have been  
 worn by tooth paste, shaving cream etc. that  
 you are lugging pulled into looking that I am  
 sure a spanking new, water light, red hair, lined,  
 form fitting and rust resistant pouch for use &  
 razor blades which was made for me by the  
 former maker of military hairies. Some  
 ad. picture at GI in the middle of bottle -  
 hoping to see my a new bottle when he  
 goes home etc. What silly nonsense this is  
 and so it seems - the home post, lay it up.  
 Most of the magazines we receive in here -  
 mailed through the Special Service Dept. etc -  
 do not have ads in em. But be over that  
 people read in being in and less carefully the  
 silly ad contained there in. Just for the hell  
 of it - read some of those ad. Now see



⑧

so many people fail to realize what the  
soldiers go through. They think we fight a  
Hollywood brand of war fare - with girls etc  
as to our favorite items. They think a joke  
you get out kills off hundreds of the enemy -  
come back, get home a hero and latch onto  
a discharge. At every time we go in you  
meet some real chick and so on. The young  
lads Ernie Pyle are no well-to-do kids - in fact -  
lived by the GI. because they write the real  
side of the little young war. Ah! how I wish that  
I were in the position to really turn out my  
own daily column. It's the little young that  
are winning this war and the hard way.  
I think you know the real story by my  
letters and I hope that I have conveyed the  
warm, eye view of ETO life. The young in the  
infantry are the jokes who are having a bad  
time. We here in England are on a picnic -  
compared to those dog faces. Now how in the  
hell do I get started on this? Beats the hell  
out of me. I want to tell you before that your  
husband is slightly crazy - even nuts.



(9)

Just came back from mid night show  
and look as if we'll lean into the work  
anytime now. Here's hoping I can finish the  
up before I do have to. Drove stuff - ah! Shore  
love you an awful hell of a lot. But - you are  
my beautiful and I do mean my. Peanut -  
don't pay any attention to the stuff you need in  
the yucca. - I'm not kidding. Pray real hard  
that I'll see you soon as the young  
mog up over here. So John Walker wrote  
his a letter and in Spanish. What a crazy  
family of yucca. I just think must be. They're  
all the same and I've seen too many of em.  
when I was down in Texas around  
Hawkins. Some times I ever wonder about  
Paul. I think there's but few as I  
can shoot a ton of yucca. They can really give  
out with the snow job. Say - chick - no you think  
you've gained a little weight. I did so too by  
your photo and look. god. I wonder where you  
yielded in the ground any ??? Sound very.  
interesting. (faded while I drove) I am nit - I  
want home but quick. I have a lot of home  
work to catch up on - not just a kidding.



10

Well - I do - I do have to roll in my  
flax, and make a clearance - meaning -  
will have to take off and slip into the  
labors. When ever you hear some one  
singing out with a love song - do not  
really do every - but me - telling you how much  
I love you. Just listen the next time. When ever  
you laugh - stop and you'll hear me laughing  
with you. I'm always with you - no matter where  
you are or what you're doing. We are close  
together now than ever before. I miss everything  
about you but mainly your lips. But - do they  
melt into mine and the clinging warmth of your  
breath sets my blood boiling with passions. I  
miss the way your arms fit around my neck, the  
way your body snugly fits up to mine. Do you  
kiss at my evening ears. Darling - in plain  
words - I miss you. Soon - we'll wake up each  
morning - entwined about each other and with  
the rapturous glow of a night's love - burn me in  
away in our veins. When I think of our passion's  
love - my head swims, God bless every lovely -  
creature and load of love. You hold the hand



Johnny



**JANE...**





Capt George Ganney 15113242  
201 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (4)  
APO 558 70 Post Master  
New York, New York



PASSED BY  
E. C. Meyer  
22000  
ARMY EXAMINER  
(air mail)

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

7





8 letters  
today

Tuesday Mar. 6  
England

7

My Darling Angel Wife!

In a sense - my morale is high tonight because of 8 lovely letters from you today - the first in over a week. I say in a sense, for I'm worried to death about the flood. The Star & Stripes said today it's the worst flood in the recorded history of the Ohio River. At the latest report - the river was at the 70 ft mark - 18 ft above flood level at Cincinnati. Also expected to go even higher in the next few hours. So you see - I'm pretty worried about you. I feel sure by this time the West End is flooded and that you all had to move. Today - I became so damn worried that I had to do something about it. I write you - asking are you safe etc. Perhaps you'll not even get this wire because of the flood. Also write Aunt Si asking if she had any news. The Red Cross said they would get in contact with you if the flood was a bad as they say. Maybe - the papers are getting it on rather thick but I'm not taking any chances. I want to know the real truth - so please tell me all.



②

yesterday - when I read about the levee  
breaking - then I realized the thing was  
bad. Perhaps you'll not receive this  
letter for a great while. You can't realize  
how it feels to know you are in trouble  
and I can't do a damn thing about it.  
I'm praying hard that it is not as bad  
as they say - just another usual Spring  
flood - not another '37 flood. The thing  
that makes matters even worse - I know  
what a flood is like and what you have to  
go through. Darling, Darling, I'm  
going mad - waiting to hear the news.  
Do hope if you have moved that you  
write me - letting me know you are alright.  
No doubt you are afraid I'm going nuts with  
worry and you are damn right! All day long  
I've told myself - it's just another  
Spring flood and nothing to worry about,  
but not much use trying to kid myself  
when you can see it in bold print. Just  
uh - all our furniture will be destroyed -  
your vast collection of books - Dad's  
car. What horrible thoughts and I  
can't crowd them from my mind.  
Until I receive your assurance of safety -  
I shall be worried to death.



③

you you kid. I bet you are half dead  
to death. If I were only here to help  
you - to protect you - to see for my self -  
to be with you. You can't imagine the  
many thoughts that runs through  
my mind - while not knowing what's  
going on. Darling - I love you so  
awful much and want you more than I  
can express. I undid all last night  
and when I read this morning's paper -  
I couldn't even think of sleeping. So  
I stayed up all day - in a hectic  
mood. My God! Darling - you don't  
know how much you mean to me and  
how something like this can worry the  
hell out of me. I'd give anything if I  
could go home to you right now. ~~I~~  
I try to take my mind off of this but  
can't do it. I thought I would use this  
paper tonight for a change. Vanity is the  
vice of life and I use in the hell don't  
have very much of it. No matter what I  
do - can't get the threatening flood out of  
my mind. Tonight - my hair is bridden  
with the need of sleep and my eyes are  
burning like two coals of fire.



I suppose the reasonable thing for me to do - go hit the job early and sleep like a log. I just couldn't go to sleep today with this on my mind. Still I'm fully realizing how much I love you and want you. Well - there's a quick glance at today's activities. When I finished my you letter this morning, I shaved and prepared to go hit the sack after the long hours of work last night. I was pondering about the flood all the while. As I removed the last trace of soap from my close shaven face - Ronni brought around the Stan & Sturge. Quickly I thumbed through it - looking for the latest word about the flood. Sure enough - here the shocking, bold news pounded me in the face. I guess I stood dazed right in the middle of the floor with a hurt look in my face. St. Jaeshi saw my stunned expression and asked what was wrong. I just handed to the guy to him, pointing to the flood item. I went down at my desk and stood at the wall - the wall isn't beautiful either. I gazed around for a moment to see this. Then and there sleep fled.



(5)  
I gathered my dull, shocked wits about  
me and pounded my brain - trying to  
think. Like a flash - the Red Cross  
dawned on me. So I walked to the  
Red Cross on rubber legs. My first thought  
I wrote out in a mild form of the  
Notes. I explained the situation to Helen  
and she said she'd take care of it. It  
will take about ten days before I know if  
you are alright - that is - if the Red Cross  
at home can contact you in the event  
you have moved away from the water. No  
doubt - if this can may be, it will take a  
little longer to find you. Not being fully  
satisfied with the true element - I decided  
to try something in my own hands. I  
went to the young message center to see if I  
could send several wires home. So - I  
sent one to you, and one to Aunt Si.  
Costed a little bit to send in such a  
far distance. I don't know if and when  
you will receive the one I sent you. I hope  
all this worrying is next less and the  
flood has not come up as bad as they say.  
I ate dinner and came back to the  
office. If I had gone to the bank to  
check in the sack. I should have  
turned and turned instead of rushing.



⑥

I did my best to occupy my mind by reading until mail call. Every time I lunged to the zone to the mail room and found your pile of letters awaiting me. Did receive a package but not I. No doubt I'll catch on to me in the next couple of days. Reading your words of love took my the new air of the afternoon. I doped a little while before going to supper. Chow tonight was tasteless to my day long - so I strolled to the club. Even the usual good meals here in did not please me. So I came back to the office and sat down to read some more, then of course - started this letter. As you can see - nothing much today. Did it have to wait for by all rights - should have given it the rest all day long. I'm going to take the morning off and sleep until noon if possible. I'll meet you early - meet out tomorrow. Stay and stay for more news about the raging water. Sweet wife - I love you so awful much and want you more than you'll ever know. You are so utterly lovely and beautiful. I can't wait until I come home to you.



①

this is a letter of ~~anxiety~~ anxiety  
and blue-ness. I love you so much  
that I can't help but worry. Perhaps -  
I should try to cheer you up best as I  
can. Here is a bit of GI Com - Ciel - "What  
do you mean by abusing my dog! He's  
not vicious. He doesn't even bite -  
" yes, lady. But he raised his leg and I  
thought he was going to kick me". Understand  
that Mottie Davis is going to produce  
pictures from now on. What do you  
need but this? Sounds as if de book -  
"History of Rome Hand" is another dilly.  
No need to say - I'd like to read it -  
and many many other ones. Honey - I  
have to lay off again because this is  
another year letter. Can't write under the  
worrying conditions that I'm in. By the  
way - enclosed you find three photos  
of Studebaker took of us. Seems as if  $\frac{3}{3}$ "  
of the photos. He managed to print to turn out.  
We are going to have more prints made  
up and when finished - I'll send you the  
negatives so you can have the photos  
enlarged. That's part of the gang laughing  
on "Penny" one year. That one squatted  
on the hood with Miss Han write to me.



(7)

Chui is the character with his feet bawling  
out the side and I am hanging over  
his shoulder. I am Chui's dog - the one  
and only Duchers. In the near nest -  
Mavin the Cree Goldmen and Bill  
Day standing next to the young the dog  
is the other two photos in Wood Sticks. The  
mother of Duchers. If you notice real  
close - you can see Duchers young after  
lunch beneath Woodsticks. Not the  
Cree in front of the dog - that. Chui  
although he looks hungry too. We are  
still waiting for the party pictures to  
return and no telling when they will.  
My dear time - you should have the other  
two photos I sent you. I am living. Glad  
to hear you received such a beautiful  
the vase lot I sent you. I always have  
my eyes open for things like this. God -  
I love you so awful much and want  
you more than it is possible. I have  
a wonderful - cute wife and  
want her more than the law  
allows. She goes to work and in a few  
minutes tops. In the past few days -  
she will be given out with the  
wife calls. Such as - Chow, get up



(9)

Hotw (lights out) and tags. Just an  
old army custom from way back.  
Speaking of tags - best I hand in  
down to the barracks before I go out.  
I'll write a much better letter  
tomorrow night - but I will feel much  
better than I do now. Honestly - I feel a  
little because of Jim's mind to death.  
Thankly - Jim never about do good.  
Darling, Darling - I hope and pray  
you are alright and warm etc. Please  
take care of yourself - for you  
are mine. I could go on for days. Tell me  
you how much I love you and not begin  
to get started. Don't know what I do if  
I had it you to love forward ~~to~~ going home  
to. Parents - you see my whole life  
and see I care about. Darling - I  
want to thank you for sending me  
Pylor's column to me early and  
early. You are so thoughtful and sweet  
Doll - sprinkle some smelling water on  
a bottle some time - so I can sniff  
and sniff. Honey - if I describe on  
pages how much I want you - the  
pages would be all in flames.



I.e. answer some of the questions  
 in your letter as of to be - tomorrow  
 night when I have a clear mind. I've  
 more or less - used a fast method of  
 writing tonight because I want to go  
 to bed that night. Twenty four hours with  
 out a wink of sleep tells me you not to  
 mention a word of all night work to  
 boot. Well - Darling - he just about  
 done it for tonight. As I said, will  
 write a much longer letter tomorrow  
 night. Any the way - Peanut - if you  
 need money - write me and I'll  
 arrange my much as I can. I'll be  
 particularly - awaiting a reply of my  
 wishes. Please don't worry about me.  
 I do enough for the both of us. I expect -  
 take good care of your self! I'll pray  
 extra special hard tonight for you.  
 I can sleep with his darling  
 my head. God Bless my Darling,  
 Angel wife and load of jamon etc here.  
 Good night. Darling. your Soldier Husband &  
 Son my



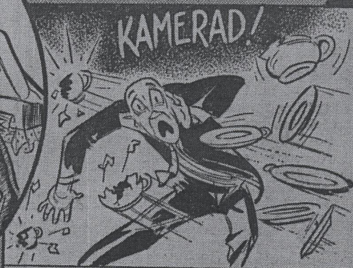


**"Tomorrow  
the  
World!"**  
By John R. Fischetti

*Slanguage*



NEW AMERICAN  
WOLF CALL...



...IS USED WHEN THE MISSUS MAKES  
WITH THE ACK-ACK AND THE  
FLAK IS THICK



STRICTLY SHARP WITH THE  
GIN JOINT JIVE



Capt George Canary 15113242  
767 Squadron 445th Bomb Group (H)  
APO 634 70 Postmaster  
New York, New York



Mr. George Canary Jr.  
4601 W Jefferson St.  
Lima 12, N.Y.  
U.S.A.

PASSED BY  
J. [Signature]  
26939  
ARMY EXAMINER

9



8  
Thursday Mar 8th  
Some where in the ETO

My Darling Sweet Angel wife!

Good evening love of my life. Today I got a letter from your natty brother and a anniversary card from you. I didn't get a letter but the card was awful damn cute the glass dog tag chain was enclosed also and thanks a real whole lot. I love you so awful much and just can't wait until I can hold you in my arms once again. I'm next move in less action as a war correspondent for I'm writing for Public Relations. I have a lot of material in being that take place in each mission and write cartoons for the press. For instance, if a gunner shoots down a German plane, I write a story about the action by all the witnesses etc. I like to do this as you know. So I spent most of the day, found my out such stories. The Public Relations officer was pleased with my work. He wants me to do a feature story on S-2 and it will appear in all the rags at home. So I shall work on it for the next few days. I like this sort of work and would like to take it up after the war. I love to write and will do so much as I can. So be on the look out for stories in the papers by your husband. We have a lot of good material to work on and give a hand by their account of our bombing raids. We rather I mean the pro hub interview the crews after a mission to find out what goes etc. The pro hub have access to the S-2 files on interrogations etc. I don't know how long I will do this sort of work. There is going to be an officer in that office in a few days and I may get it. I'm not sure but think Lt. Anderson would like to have me on his staff. I've done several things for him, such as cartoons and all sorts of drawing. He is the one who uses a Holman & Gray by before he came into the army.



Tonight, I was told to move out of a/c recognition  
and start work in the morning in Prisoner of War office.  
Lt. Behnam said I was going to write in a/c recognition  
and wanted me elsewhere. So I moved all my things into  
P/W's office and I'm writing you from there now. Seems  
as if they needed a good man in here and I'm their guy. Lt.  
Jacobi stayed the deal, so here I am. This is the Sgt in  
charge and Don Heddleston works in here too. Lt. Ried  
is the officer in charge but he is in the front office and  
doesn't come back here very much. It seems that they want  
to put my lecturing talents to use etc. I shall try to  
explain P/W - Prisoner of War work is. From now on I  
will call it P/W. P/W's main duty is to instruct the  
crews in escape technique etc. That is how to go about  
escaping if they are forced down over enemy held countries.  
It also deals with security in the here it self. So you see  
this is the branch of S-2 of the war dept G-2. When we swap  
S-2 or G-2 you think of this etc. Well this is in a way a  
branch of this rest of thing. Should prove to be very interest-  
ing work. This is about all I can tell you about this etc.  
You can guess why. So your old husband is moved up to  
another responsible job in his duties of a S-2 man. I  
shall let you know how I like this work. When Don is  
out on gas etc, I have to help Lt. Jacobi. I think now that  
Don is alone, his tricks will be caught on to. Such as  
getting to work so damn late. He will have to build all of  
the fires and clean up the place each day. In a way, Don  
had to get out of there because of this. Spera and Dieb  
went out on gas to night and will be back for a couple  
of days. They have two old sacks all lined up that puts  
out etc. Spera wanted to fix Ralph up but Ralph had enough



hains to not go with him<sup>(3)</sup> I'm glad that the lie  
did not go for he is so damn dumb on some things. I guess  
will make a hell out of him if Ralph isn't careful. You  
know how Dick is, so it doesn't make much difference  
what he does. Well, tomorrow is the big day for the photo  
and I guess my arms will hurt like hell this time  
tomorrow night. I sure dread the thought of these shots.  
I hope you can make out this awful writing for I'm  
hurrying to make up the last time when I moved my  
stuff. Honey, I drew you up a little something today and  
you will find it enclosed. Any spare time that I have, I  
will draw you something. All I can say is that I love  
you so awful much and just adore you. I could say  
this a million times and it'll not convey to you how  
I really do feel about you. I think you know and under-  
stand a little bit how I do adore you. Only actions can  
tell and soon you will find out. Last night, I had another  
dream about you. I thought we were looking for a place  
to live. Mum was going to ask the people out of her will  
house so we could move in. Gosh, I wish that we were  
looking for an apt. and that this nasty old war was  
over. It can't end too damn soon for me. I know that you  
feel the same way but I do and want me just as much.  
I brought my weekly ration to night and played a  
couple times on the juke box in the PX. I stopped by the  
Cairo Club for some tea and cake. I'm and the boys  
stayed here for tea wanted to go to the second show.  
The movie tonight is "Flying Tigers". You and I saw  
it a long time ago when I was an old civilian. Do  
you know it is almost two years now since I enlisted.



all I can say is that (4) here you so careful much  
and want you more than the law allows. I'm just wild  
about you and need you something awful. If you could only  
see how much I do want you. Ralph and I still haven't made  
up our minds when we shall or when we ~~shall~~ will take  
our guns. I would just as soon stay in the line and do  
a lot of digging, reading etc. I think we'll go some time  
the first of next week. In some unknown reason, I'm bent  
tired tonight and have to force my self to keep awake. I  
need some shut eye in a bad way. So after I clean and  
hair, I'll take off for the racks. This damn office is like a  
mud hole - that is for some one is always barging in or  
out. The sink and water supply is in here and the gump  
rush this place because of this. The Gamblers fast club  
is held each morning in here also. All the nuts are at the  
show tonight and that's why it is more or less quiet. This  
place is like a mud hole any other night. I may have to  
use St. Jones's office to write in if it gets too bad. I hate a  
lot of noise going on while I'm writing to you. That's  
when I don't go to the barracks each night after show. I used to  
write my letters here but now, I always come back to the  
office. Ralph was down yesterday today and I let it trouble  
him all morning to clean the barracks up. He is so damn  
slow. I woke up again this morning at 4 am when the damn  
cubs got up. I live about a half hour of sleep each time these  
fellows wake me up like that. Some nite, I'm going into the  
barracks and just make all kinds of noise. I want to see  
how they like to be waked up like that. War is sure  
hell and maybe I'm a colt. It can't end too soon  
for me for I want to go home to my little wife at once.



I got so damn sleepy that I <sup>(5)</sup> just had to shove and work  
in order to keep awake. I'm fully awake now and will  
finish up this letter. Honey, I want you so damn much and I  
want you right now. I miss all of that health taking love  
making that we use to do. My whole body cries out for the  
want of you. I sure would like to hold you tight against me  
with all of your lovely charms pressed tight by to my chest.  
I want to kiss you with fiery passionate kisses of lust. I  
promise you a super necking when I come home. Darling,  
I miss you so awful much and really need you. I'm lust  
and blue as can be without you. No kidding, I'm so damn  
blue and want to be with you. I have to watch my self or  
else I'll go nuts for the want of you and your wonderful  
love making. You are so beautiful and I long to caress  
you. Darling, I suppose by this time you have your new  
tooth. Tell me all about it and how it feels. You said  
that you were gaining weight and you hope it would fill  
out into curves and charms. You have just loads of  
health taking charms that makes me diggy just to think  
about. You are so alluring and such a vampire. I would  
have to love you even if I didn't want to. So you can guess  
just how much I do love you. I'm just wild about my Angel  
of a wife. Well, it is getting late and I shall head for that GI  
nooks by the way of the mess hall. I'll see you in my dreams  
like I do each nite. I hope to get a nice long, love letter  
from you tomorrow. God Bless you, my little armful of  
heaven and loads of love. Until tomorrow nite dar, good  
nite. Again I say that I adore and love you more than  
words can express.

whis for you!

Your Soldier Husband



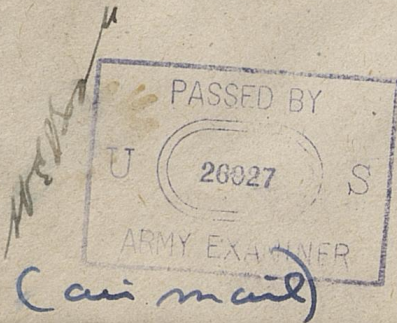
*[Signature]*



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



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



9





NO  
mail!!

Friday March 9th  
England

My Darling Angel Wife!

Any thing - a V-mail.

Short letters would be more than welcomed at this present stage. You can't realize how I'm sweating in this flood out and hungry for news of your safety. Thought I'd hear from you today - not about the flood - for it's too early for that - just another cheerful line letter from you. Strange to realize - chances are you may not read this letter for some time to come because of the flood. I hope you receive it just as usual. I know that your morale is really low at this time and my letters will mean a lot to you. I feel sure - some of my wires are through by now and perhaps an

answer in the way back to my eager hands. I do hope you and Mom had the fine night to wish me of your safety for you surely realize I'd hear about the flood and would worry like hell. According to the paper - the crest of the flood has been reached at some parts in the Ohio. I don't think Louisville has reached the crest as of yet and the water is still rising tomorrow I should hear better news - I hope. Darling - you can't picture how worried that I am. This is really tearing the hell out of me for I know what a damn flood can do. My Darling Wife, I love you so much and can't help but worry about you. You are my whole life and all I care about. So you see -

I have every right to worry and I'm taking every advantage of that right. I'm not in a gay frame of mind at all - but will try to cheer you up with my line of quibble. All I can say - I love you so awful much and with such passions.



Everyone asks if I've heard anything more  
 about the flood and from you. People can  
 see the lines of anxiety marked in my  
 face. God - how I love you - Darling. Mike  
 Harris is worried about his family too but from  
 all reports - Portsmouth, Ohio came off very  
 light because of stronger flood walls they thoughtfully  
 built after the last one. Per day the dam pools  
 in Louisville will walk up and build a  
 defense against another such ravishing of  
 the river. Water can really do a lot of  
 damage once it is unleashed. This terrible  
 thing is all I can think of. You have no idea  
 the many thoughts that can flash through  
 one's worried mind when you don't know  
 the full story. How I long to be there in  
 order to take care of you. I know that you  
 are frightened and want me there. I'd feel much  
 better if I knew you and my family were together.  
 Please, please give me a word account of the  
 whole thing and how you are. Surely - I should  
 hear some thing in the next few days. I'd  
 die a thousand deaths until I do hear from  
 you. Well, Darling - from here or not - I will  
 try to cheer you up. So - here goes another  
 installment of "ETO life". Today - I worried  
 myself with work - trying to keep myself in  
 the go. I stumbled in between my usual routines  
 and writing. Come - I enjoy the writing  
 more than any thing else. So far - turned  
 out a fair hand of journaling and  
 some few jots in the back issued by St. Pauline  
 Ho., the type that doesn't give out with the  
 grain very often and stay by me. Long as



I'm short on the squeakers - along by me. I  
 ● wrote Jim my at noon and we ate chow  
 together. He hung around the office most  
 of the day - reading - hugging around. Jimmy  
 and Dick returned from London this morning  
 and as usual - had about the same refusal  
 tales. Jimmy has no more steady back stuff  
 down here and Dick free lance. Seems as if  
 Dick really goes wild on a job and  
 reduces everything within range. Old Jimmy  
 doesn't do so bad himself. Tommie came  
 back yesterday and said he nearly wilded  
 that I had gone along with him as planned  
 by because of the reality - un avoidable - damn  
 conditions - I couldn't go this time. Tommie  
 ● took in several stage shows and hit all the  
 jobs. I could use a good stiff drink long  
 but now myself. The gang twisted my arm  
 tonight and made me go to the show. "Candy  
 Hardy, Blonde Trouble" was the pic and not  
 bad at all. But, when ever I see those lovely  
 chicks with U.S.C. stamped all over 'em, I  
 want home to you four times as much. I go  
 out with jamonate hungers for love  
 making. After the movie - we latched onto a  
 quiet light snack at the club and then  
 were amed to the job. We have a GI beer joint  
 here on the base and tonight was my first  
 time in it. I'm took in a damn good load and  
 ● the old boy felt rather damn good. I drank  
 much as he did but didn't fancy me one  
 damn bit. Too many things on my first wife  
 brain I suppose. Anyway - the beer was  
 better than usual. I must go here again soon.



Tonight - I washed out my field jacket and  
 it was really in a real need of a cleaning  
 job. I'm going to turn it in for one of the  
 newer woven battle jackets - sort of a semi-  
 blouse affair - once you wrote about em. Not  
 sure I can latch on to one - but would like  
 to latch on to a acid jacket. Tommie found  
 out for me - that he could be absent from  
 duties in order to go on for long with me.  
 I was afraid that he couldn't get his for a  
 few weeks but can do. So - my dear good  
 buddy and I will scream up to Scotland in  
 another couple of weeks. I should hear some-  
 thing in the way of news from you by then.  
 If not - I won't go for couldn't enjoy a  
 leave with out knowing how you are. How-  
 I wish the army would let me take my  
 for long at home instead of Scotland. I  
 need you so awful much and you need me.  
 Even more so now. I am living - you should  
 see some of the characters that haunt the  
 pub each night. They tell me - the same  
 gang hang around there each night -  
 drinking beer after beer. Speaking of beer - it's  
 a bit high over here - 22¢ a glass. Can't touch  
 American brew at all. One has to make use of  
 what ever there is. We'll have to do some  
 serious drinking when I come home. In  
 fact - we'll go in a tender that is a  
 tender. No drinking but drinking and drinking  
 for the next hundred years. Of course -  
 men by living but a lot of drinks while we  
 are catching our breath. Parionate mate -  
 just you wait until I scream home to you.



Peanuts - Here. do low down on the party pictures. Seems as if we can't have em developed over here. So - knowing you have the interest of S-2 at least - I'm going to ask you to do us a big favor. I'm going to send you the negatives, with the no. of prints to be made of each. You have em developed and send em back to me. We have one set of prints and I shall send em to you with number on em. This way - I can tell you how many of a such & such print to be made. The pictures are rather large and I think about 8¢ each will be the cost. So - for each print the gang want - I'll charge em 8¢ and will send a money order to

you. Darling. This will take a lot of effort on your part and the whole gang will really appreciate it. I know you are more than glad to do it. You can buy the one set of prints I send and have a couple more copies made up for our own viewing book. My money is on several of em. This way - you'll know not only how the creeps look but with the character sketches I write from time to time. I should think - you almost know some of the creeps here in the S-2 family. So - will you do this for the gang? You are so awful sweet and wonderful. Perhaps you'll have to take the negatives to several places for we'll need so many. The gang

want to send a copy home etc. If you can't do it - let me know. I'm going to take a camera on for lunch with me and will take lots of photos of myself. I know how you want em. More about the S-2 family pic's later.



5-2 is still King of the land word film and  
 the only undefeated undefeated team on  
 the line. We have the lone crown in the  
 rode jacket. According to Special Service -  
 they are going to throw together a all-star  
 team to play us. There are about ten teams in  
 the league and will draw the best players of  
 the teams. There are some damn good players  
 and will present a damn good threatening  
 combo to us. Fear not - for we'll take em in  
 our stride. The betting odds will be even money  
 and I for no will cover several bets. I have  
 two pounds on tomorrow night. game. Today  
 I ratted the bones - shooting marks and won -  
 24 dollars - (6 pounds) It's about that! The  
 dice were rolling my way and I ratted in  
 the card. Course - 6 pounds is hot stuff  
 to some of the games around here. yet - it's  
 much to be sneered at. Twenty four dollars  
 for a few minutes of work is it half bad. Could  
 we more of same - any day. I'm not going  
 to make a habit of ridding the bones - for a guy's  
 a sucker if he does. You just can't win  
 every damn time. I'm - dropped four of the six  
 pounds and Chui the other two. Peanuts - I  
 love you so awful much and want you  
 more than the law allows. I wait you wait  
 until I come home - then you'll find out  
 just how wild your husband is. Ah! Brother!  
 what loving you are in store for. tomorrow  
 I have many stores to grind out. I'm  
 my several new angles today. I'll let you  
 know when my stuff gets national release.  
 you'll see my stuff in each daily paper even



you may not know it. Yes - my two wts  
 with will be there in the news. Watch for  
 it. Now that I'm in the position to do  
 some writing best I take full advantage of  
 it. I'll write some articles for many two  
 and with my own by line. I can just think  
 sort of thing now that I'm in here. How!!  
 but reading me any real work in the art of  
 journalism that you can find. Try some of  
 the book stores. I'm going to read away for  
 a college course in it when as possible. The  
 army has a new red tag - less system where  
 one can take a course on a desk course with  
 a college and receive full college credit  
 for said course. Good deal - eh what! Ah!

waste of loss, in the hot mazes, lost, among  
 bright stars on this most weary unlight  
 island. lost! Remembering, the love of the fast-  
 the language of love - history, speech, only I  
 needs the great forgotten language, the lost lane  
 end into heaven, a stone, a leaf, an unfound  
 den. where? when? Ah, lost, and by the wind  
 given. short, come back again! If you get any  
 sense out of this lost jargon - you're better  
 than I am. Sometimes - I get a high sort of  
 writing, much - sort of - the Shelly in me or could  
 it be Keats? Anyway - I remember my trouble  
 now to be moon and wind with a lonely-  
 lean yehing, hysterical sleep. Sometimes -

my silly feet drives off into a tandem as  
 you can see. Wanting you thus by - drives  
 me mad. This life of hell is unfit for the  
 lowest of beast much less a mere weak  
 human. Man must dare his mate! How true!



Best I stay out of the sub line and hit the straight and narrow chain of thought.

Do you mind if my wander lost train travels in circles once in awhile. I have to unlearn this from my pen from time to time. You'd be surprised at the two hit & under I can muster at times. I suppose - you've read about the case of Hutton the paratrooper who murdered a top. dives over her. yesterday they hung him but gave the girl life. Her's a bit of it (I'll do my best) - Early to bed and early to rise - and your girl goes out with rest other gung. (Cilly don't it?) Rumer has it that it's so damn hot at Seyte that the water buff. does use Mum. (just says also).

Another bunch of corn - the Purmians are so mad at the Germans and so hot - that they're reaching the Berlin point.

Perhaps I should try hitting a new thing. Peanuts - I beg of you once more - please send me any books what so ever you can find on your shelves. I'd be same package. Could send a bottle of ink, candy, more ~~ref~~ books etc.

Dile - as you suggested - we'll write a book when I come home. I haven't leaned into the matter one I'm writing is a hell of a long time. Too many other potent things to be done. One has to try at it passionately and can't do it under these conditions. I'll still be so short & so new for the duration. Sub!

I love my wife so awful much and that's you. Molly - I'm really wound up tonight and will go on in another couple of days before I crawl to the rack.



I still can ing under a lot of good  
 ● natured kidding about w. T. such  
 length by letters to you. Strange how some  
 people can't understand the freedom of thought,  
 you etc. of time line. Doll - we can talk about  
 anything and everything. There are millions  
 of little things to write about and I can't get  
 around to 'em all. I know that you are probably  
 interested in everything I do - same as I am  
 about you. Darling - this is total love! We are  
 really mad for each other. Sweet mate - I  
 can't wait until the making season comes  
 around. (from the day I come home on)

Doll - just you wait until I start with the  
 making! As Gypsy Rose Lee said as she took  
 ● off her hat: "you haven't seen nothing yet!"

Well friend creature who can really  
 make a sweater govt - I love you so awful  
 much! Darling - our new many inches necks  
 must really be no me thing. I hope some of  
 the many contained there in - some day -  
 will have some of my stuff in 'em. Who  
 knows? yes - me and Ernie Pyle! Doll, how  
 bout shooting deer damn this way - also?  
 Need some bad! Darling - you say that -  
 you want to go just all my favorite dishes  
 when I come home. That's going to be very  
 simple. You are my favorite dish - and no  
 dressing need be added. I'll just stir until


● you come to a boil - and then - Ah!

Brother! Sweets - we really can love like  
 friends - and no other objects can make this  
 statement. Darling - that no less of you  
 is really sharp. yes! damn like a sponge.



J.D. like to see his response here darling.  
 So he's going steady - to do just? ~~to~~  
 What a head on him - I've never better  
 looking heads on her. Oh - have I a million  
 new insults to giving on him. Remember how  
 J.D. call Norman - "Egg Head"? The kids shutly  
 all root. as we say in the army - "you're in  
 there flyin". I hope he does it just a shuffler off  
 to Buffalo and he paid her giving the Comm  
 to. Tell him to keep up the gaffles with the  
 powvie gun beating and her shutly  
 flyin the big ones. More shuttle talk as -  
 other big muddle. This big wheel is in the  
 big machine with the harmonate driven  
 power when it come to a gel named - Peanut.  
 Before I was a little cog but now - I'm a  
 big wheel. Darling - I warn'd you that  
 I'm a rummy with a eight beat or  
 strictly from rock. No fooling - I bet you  
 think I'm nuts with all this silly jive talk.  
 You should hear the characters around here  
 give out with such. Shut the ~~you~~ giving to  
 kid on the mellow talk from your end  
 of the horn. Darling - all I know - I'm insane  
 with love for you. My whole being cries out  
 for the want of you night and day. I'm  
 praying that you're alright and every thing  
 okay but be flood. Take care of your self -  
 Honey! I hope I've given you a little cheer  
 in this letter. Well - Peanut - I'll go to the  
 bed now and dream of you. God Bless  
 my beautiful Angel wife and loads of  
 harmonate love.

your Soldier Husband  
 Sunny





JANE...

