

SPACE PROVIDED. USE TYPEWRITER, DARK INK OR PENCIL. WRITE PLAINLY. VERY SMALL WRITING IS

No.



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

Cpl George
SENDE
701 Snd 445
SENDERS
APO 634 7/Post
New York, New York
Jan 7 1944
DATE

10 JAN 1944

Dear Peanut!

Remember in En

At least I got some mail from you today
waiting for it for over a week. I received one letter and two
mails from you. V-mail is much faster but you write so my
writ that I can hardly read it. I would much rather get
letters from you than V-mail. But write both of them. As
I will write you both ways too from now on. I've always read
V-mail to Mom and letters to you. So, I suppose Mom gets
her's first. Mine of us care for V-mail for you can't get enough in
it. All the guys don't like V-mail. I'm glad that you all knew
at Christmas, where I am. I know you feel much better
now and so fast. Tonight, is the nice of the Squadron party and
I think I will go up for awhile. I think that my team has to work
tonight too! I will write and tell you all about the ship dig. It
is about time we've had a party. First we've had since Simpson
City. I'm happy as hell tonight because of the mail I received
from you today. My morale is up higher than hell, so keep the
mail rolling in. I love you so damn much and can't wait until
I can be with you again. Pray real hard and soon I shall be home
with you. I'll be looking forward to more mail from you tomorrow
and do hope I have more. Dam, I love you so awful much and
miss you then you know. God Bless you my little wife and
loads of love. I'll see you in my dreams.

Your Soldier's

V-MAIL

Sat Jun 1, 1944 7
Some where in England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

No letter today. I've write &
since dawn etc of F O D. In fact, no mail
for the past two days. I thought sure I would
get some mail from you today, but no I
was wrong again. Suppose I will get a
whole arm full to mow from you and
certainly do hope so. I can't ever get
enough of so called Sugar reports from
you. I am. I love you so damn much and
want you more than it is possible. Well, to-
day began a new year and I wonder what
yrs this year. I know, I will be home
with you soon, some time this year for
surely, we shall win the war this year.
At least, all the big shots feel confident
victory will be ours shortly. I sure do hope
that they are right and soon I'll be home
with you. Pray real hard for this and it
will come true. I'm just narrowing in
the thought of coming home to you in a
very, very short time. Again, I say that I
love you and want you more than you
know.

(2)

Well, here goes with my so called adventures in town last night and today. Ed and I arrived in said ~~town~~ town about 7:30 last night. We rushed over to the Red Cross with the fond hopes of securing a bed. An English Bloke told us there, that plenty of beds were available and not to worry. With sighs and moans of joy, we took off for a time of gaiety. As it was blacker out than a coal mine, we had to feel our way about and inquire from all passer bys. Finally, after moving and stumbling about, we found the movies. Let name was showing "Stage Door Cartoon"; and I can say, I did it care for the above mentioned movie. After the show, gang of thirties came us and we began a vigilant search for ~~alcohol~~ alcohol refreshments. Finding a pub, we indulge in the old custom (English) of lending the elbow. Ed and I agreed that we were really in the need of food, so we headed back for the Red Cross. After groping about in the pitch blackness of hell, we wearily with fatigue, found found the Red Cross. As needily, we

(3)

Consumed large quantities of food until we were filled. It was about 2 am in the morning, so we looked for a sack to lie in the Arms of Morpheus. We were informed that all beds were taken but we could sleep on the floor. Well, we bedded down with a lot of other misfortunate es. l. s. Did you ever spend the night in a floor that was a sack of turtur? What a night of hell that was. Paul found a sack date and spend the night with a bag in bed while we rolled and tossed on the floor. We finally gave up in despair and got up at 7 am sharp. After eating Chur, I set out what I thought was a useful shopping tour. I wanted to find a gift for you and Ed wanted some for his wife. We tramped all over the damn town and came to the conclusion that - the English don't believe in gifts. We gave it up as a bad job. We ate several more times during the morning and rubber needed all of the night. Darling, you should

(4)

the bombed buildings in this town. I didn't realize how much damage a bomb could do. This all happened in the days of the Blitz and things are normal again. If it wasn't for the wrecked buildings and uniforms, we wouldn't know a war was going on. They also have a bullet damage up and you should see that. This afternoon, after wandering about for hours, we came to an old English medieval castle with dungeons and all. We took the tour through the castle and it was interesting as hell. It was all fixed up as a museum inside with many things in it. It was a very interesting thing to see and I'm glad we went through it. We had tea and then went to another mine. We saw "Beau Deser" this time and it was a real old one for I saw it years ago. After the show we caught the trucks back to the bus. I had a nice time in town and I don't think that I shall go back in for some time. I will go down to London next time.

(5)

I'm down at the office right now and we may have to work all nite again. We are waiting around to see about this and I do hope we don't have to work. I'm almost dead on my feet from the loss of last eye. In fact, I've fell as deep twice while sitting here at my desk. So, I hope we can head for the barracks in a very short time for I can use some sleep awfully much. Tonight, when I came back from town, I found a monkey in our barracks. One of the cooks brought him off of a crew who was tired of him. He is a cute little fellow and must as can be. I would like to own him my self. They call him Joe and he is active as hell. The monkey unit had still for a minute and is always fooling around. I was playing with him when Ralph came to the barracks with the red news about working to night - we think. Still no word if we have to work or not. We are just fooling

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around until we find out. Lt. Jones
is back from his little trip but I haven't
had a chance to talk to the red guy.
Darn, I'm so sleepy and need some
rest time. I will quit writing in a
minute and take another cat nap.
Didn't even get to share tonight and
I need me awfully bad. I will share in
the morning some time. Darling, I love
you so damn much and can't wait until
I can make love to you again. I miss
you so damn much and want you more than
that is awful. No kidding, I miss you
more each day and can't wait until I'm
home with you again. You are my whole
life and the only thing I care about
in this damn world. I shall stop for awhile
and do a little sleeping. Will finish
this later on in the morning. It
is 10 bells ~~now~~ now and still we are
looking around. Wish we could go.

(7)

Just came down to the barracks and Dick
rode us down in a jeep. He is C.G. tonight and
has to stay at the office all nite. We left about
1230 am. I caught a bit of sleep in a chair in the
office. So I will finish this up here in the ~~office~~ barracks.
The boys are playing black jack and the
game is about to heat up for new time. I'm so
dam sleepy and need to hit the sack bad. I
will dream of you all nite long like I always
do. Darling, I love you so dam much and want
you so much that my tongue is hanging
out. You have no idea of how much I love you.
The guys are yelling for the lights to go out
so I'll have to close for now. Tell all the folks
hello and to write me real soon. I shall do the
same. Happy New Year Angel and may you
have me back in a very short time. Pray real
hard for this and it will come true. All I can
say or think is that I love and adore you. God
Bless you my little wife and loads of love. I'll
be home to you before you know it.
a kiss for you!

Your Soldier Husband
Sonny

A YANKEE'S LIFE IN ENGLAND

Where the heavy dew whips through the breezes,
And you wade through mud up to your knees.
Where the sun don't shine and the rain flows free,
Where the fog so thick that you can hardly see.

Where we live on Brussels Sprouts and Spam,
And powdered eggs which aren't worth a damn.
In town you eat their Fish & Spuds,
And drown the taste with a Mug of Suds.

You hold your nose when you gulp it down,
It bites your stomach then you have to frown.
For it burns your tongue, makes your throat feel queer,
It's rightly named " Bitters ", for it sure isn't beer.

Where prices are high and the queues are long,
And those Yankee G.I.'s are always wrong.
Where you get watered Scotch four bits a snort,
And those Limey Cabbies never stand short.

And those pitch black nights when you stay out late,
It's so Bloody dark that you can't navigate.
There's no transportation, so you have to hike,
And get your " Can " knocked off by a gawd-dammed Bike.

Where most of the Girls are blonde and bold,
And they think every Yank's pocket is lined with gold.
Then there's the "Piccadilly Commando" with painted allure,
Steer clear of them or you're burnt for sure.

This Isle isn't worth saving--I don't think,
Cut loose those ballons--let the dam thing sink.
I'm not complaining--but I'd like to have you know,
Life's rougher than a COB in the E.T.O.

(E.T.O. means--European Theater of Operations)

JOKES** or are they?

A bride and groom were on their honey moon on the train and during the nite the night, the bride would say, every so often, " Darling, I just can't believe we're really married!" This kept up, until finally an exhausted salesman across the aisle yelled, " For God's sake, Brother, pass your bride the convincer so we can get some sleep." (Whiz bang 1912)

A school teacher told the class to bring something to represent a song title: So the next day, Willie had a flash lite and said it means, " When the Lites GO On Again All Over The World". The next kid had a picture of a snow storm and said that it was-"I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas". So just then little Johnny began to take down his pants. Teacher said,"Johnny, what is the meaning of this?" He said, Oh teacher, that means, "For Me and My Gal".

(Strictly from Hunger)

More tomorrow!

Capt George Canany 151132 42
701st Squad in 445th Bomb Group (H)
APO 634 70 Postmaster
New York, New York



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

P/ BY
J (1939) S
ARMY AIR MAIL
2d (in Air Mail)

1

Sunday Jan 2nd

My Darling Sweet Angel wife!

As you find enclosed cartoon
it is me yelling, "no letter today". yep!
another day with out any mail from you
and my morale is down low again. I
was hoping for a load of mail today but
was wrong again. Suppose tomorrow will
be my lucky day - I hope! I didn't get
up until ten am this morning because
of working last night until 12:30 am. So
I've caught up somewhat on my shut
eye. Darling, the war news sets better
and better each day and I think perhaps
the war has reached the final decisive stage.
So Gray real heard that it will end in a
hurry. Victory is in sight and it is just
a question of time now. It can't end too
soon for me because I can't wait
until I'm home with you again. I can't
love you so awful much and want you
run their business. Well, from all I can

(2)

gather through the grape vine, Spera will
be sent home. So that means, we all will
take a bust in rank and I shall be
made Sgt. Suppose Dieb will be Sect in
chief and Staff Sgt. Some chief he will
make and all of that. I hate to see Tom
go for he merit too bad of a fellow. It
Jones feels awful but about it for he and
Spera has worked together for a long time.
All of us will miss him and wish him
luck. We want to go see him before he
goes away. Darling, you asked me what
the English girls look like etc. I can't
say much for them. There are a few nice
looking ones but out numbered by ugly
ones. The best looking ones ever here
can't compare to the American girls.
Drewa was in town yesterday and
she was a fairly nice looking nurse.
I would say, she was the typical or
average American girl and she put
the so called English beauties to shame.
The wretches over here dress about the same

(3)

but not in as nice looking duds as you all do. They are about ten years behind in style compared to you. Besides that, they don't know how to wear their clothes. I suppose the fact they have been at war for five years has something to do with it. Also enclosed in this letter is a poem and some funny jokes. I heard a lot of jokes today and will tell you some in each letter. Parents, the expression, "Piccadilly Commands" is what they call the whores in London. They all walk around Piccadilly Circus in London and go down in an unsuspecting G.I.'s. They would rather fool around with our soldiers than their own for they can get more money out of them. Some of the boys who've gone to London, have told some wild tales about how easy it is to pick up one of these gals. If you are interested, let me know and I will tell you some of the stories.

(4)

I'm so damn hungry for mail from you.
I drink in each word in your letters and
read them over and over. I'm supposed to
be paid in the middle to month, so I will
amble over to the frame office and collect
my due. Next time Ralph n Dibs goes to
town, I will have them wire you some
dough or else I will do it my self. We
are only allowed one 24 hour pass every
two weeks now and I have to wait awhile
before I get another one. I don't care about
passes or going to town anyway. We
can get a liberty passers each nite
until 11 pm but I don't want to stumble
around in the black out. You have no
idea of how damn black it is around here
at nites. A flash lite doesn't do much
good at all. Tonight, it there is a moon
out but still you can't find your way
about. I'll be glad when I can go back
to the States and see some lighted streets
at nites and all of that. You don't know
how inconvenient it is to a stranger.

(5)

Darling, there isn't such a thing as ice cream over here or hamburgers. I miss all of those sort of things. You be surprised all of the little things you miss about the States. Customs are so different over here and we do things different than there. Clothes. I shall, from time to time, enlighten you on the different things. Women walk around on the streets mobbing away like men. I can't get use to that idea at all and think it is vulgar as hell. All the kids keep on asking us for chewing gum. For the English don't chew gum. It seems like the custom has spread about since the yanks arrived over here. They - I mean the kids, pesters the hell out of you for gum. When they come up to me, I ask them for gum first. That stops them every time. Every body is known as Joe and all call each other that. Max & Jones has moved in our office now and Ralph too. There changed with another Lt. who

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wanted in the main office with the
Captain. I'm C. Q. one nite they coming
week and have to stay at the office all
nite. I'll be able to catch up in my reading
that is - if my shift doesn't have to work on
a mission that nite. Darling, let me
know all of the jokes that you hear and I
will do the same. Also keep me informed
on what goes with you etc. I love you so
dam much and want you something
awful. I can't wait until I can make
love to you again. It will be long now
and so you better be prepared for some
funful love making. I'm not kidding
when I say we shall do nothing but love
when I get there. My whole body cries
out for the want of you and especially
Oscar. He misses you so dam much and
hasn't been himself since you went away.
Dam, I love you so awful much and it
grows more and more each day.

(7)

Darling, how is that good old Ky beer?
I sure could use a good bottle of X. I in
any damn brand from Louisville. We keep
have another game going in tonight and
the stakes are high as hell. I don't mind
indulging in a game to just the time away
but not for blood. Did you ever get the photo
I sent you? I found a place in town to have
pictures and will have some made next
time I go in. Darling, your husband
is a B.T.O. in the F.T.O. B.T.O. means
big time operator and that's me. My
water is hot so I will shave and clean
up now. Well, I feel a bit better now after
a good hot shave and a wash in. This is my
nitty nitty in each nite, and all of that. Some
times we have hot water in the wash room
but it is rare as hell. That is one thing I
don't like about this place is the hot water.
To take a shower, we have to go about two
miles away, I go there about twice a week

(8)

spunge off the rest of the time. Well, it is
getting late now and I shall have to hit
the road. I have another big day ahead of
me in the morning and I will need a good
nites sleep. I sure do wish I could climb
in bed with you to night and could love you
until your ears fall off. Dam, I want you so
dam much and can't wait until we can
make love to you. Angel, how is your grand-
father now. I hope he is his old self and all
of that. Tell him hello for me and all of
that. Dam, my hand hurts for writing
so much and etc. The arm chairs several
are at it again and are fighting the war
in the benches. They taked the hell out of
me the way they carry on. Well, Angel, I
will close for now and will dream of you
all nite again. God Bless, you Angel my
little sweet wife and loads of love. I'll be
seeing you before you know it, so keep up
the prayers.

Your Suedies Husband

Take this for you! Sunny

Capt George W Canary 15113242
701st Squadron 445th Bomb Group (H)
APO 634 70 Post Master
New York, New York



PASSED BY
[Signature]
EXAMINER
(Via Air Mail)

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

2

Monday Jan 31st
Somewhere in E.T.O.

My Darling Sweet Angel wife!

Damn it, no mail again today and my morale is down low as can be. I thought today I would get some mail from you for sure but I was really disappointed. My day will come soon and I will have loads of mail. I do hope my mail is getting through to you each day and you are amply supplied with news from me. I know how you await and from me as much as I do from you. I will try my best to get my mail to you each day and will let you know how I am etc. Well, I'm in the middle of a lot of drawing and I enjoy every second of it. You know, that's the work I like and am a bit talented. Maybe, I will take it up in civilian life. There is a lot of good green bucks in Commercial Art. I wish I could of taken a course in it at school. This S-2 work is teaching me a lot of things that I can use when I get a job after the war. I want to make a pile

(2)

of jobs just for you. I want to buy you
all sorts of wonderful things. You deserve the
best and will get it. I want to make it up
to you all of this damn misery of being
apart etc. you have no idea of how much I
love you and want you. Darling, Uncle
paid me off today and I collected 11 pounds.
That is about \$44.25 in green backs. I have
about \$65 bucks now and will send you
a large chunk of it as soon as I go to
town. I don't need much dough and will
send the largest part of it to you. Use it
as you see fit for it is yours. Darling, we
have Bob Hope in the air on a special over
seas broadcast. It is about 8 pm here now
and is 2 pm at home. You would be surprised
at the no. of overseas short wave programs
they put out for us G.I.'s over here. I'm
sure damn glad we have a radio here in the
barracks and can tune all the stuff
from home in. You know, it would be well
if I could call you up on the phone like
I did back in the States. I would give
any thing to hear your wonderful voice.

(3)

Darling, I'm enclosing another sheet full of corn and jokes to you. Do you like them? If so I will keep some up each day. You know, the soldiers over seas here to keep you civilian's morale up and who am I to shirk my job. All I can say is that I love you so damn much and can't wait until I can make love to you again. Today, I also bought my weekly rations of candy and Chester fields. This time, we could buy a carton of smokes, so I shall have plenty for awhile. Still can only get two candy bars each week and they are small as hell. I like to have something to eat each nite before I hit the sack because, it is a long time between meals and we get so awful damn hungry urbing ones butt off. yes! they keep us going all of the time with hardly any free time at all. Ralph just put in our bucket of water to clean up with. We take turns of getting the water each nite. They have the monkey damn at the mess hall in K. P. is some thing.

(4)

Today, I heard a damn good rumor and that is, I'm up for another strip. So now you can address my mail as Sgt Canary. How bout that? I don't know when it will go through but one of the fellows in the orderly room said I was up for it. Ralph is up for Cpl. and Dick for Staff. I suppose, it is because of Spera and all of that. We still haven't the low down on how he is and we all want to know. I will let you know as soon as I can find out about it. Glenn Pines just came in and wants me to go down to London with him this week. So I think I will take the rights in of the red team. I will tell you all about it and what goes. I am, Angel, I love you so awful much and want you more than it is possible. Each day, I want you more and more. Our day will come soon and it will be a glorious one too! So just hang in a few more months and I will be back with you. I can't wait for that wonderful day and I'm praying for it.

(5)

Darling, what have you been doing with yourself? I want to know each little thing that you do. Peanuts, you should eat some of this damn powdered eggs we have for breakfast. Boy, this damn stuff is awful and we just about choke to death on it. I don't eat the damn stuff.

Darling, the favorite song over here at the present time is "So Long Sara Jane". All of us go around humming or attempting to sing it. We like light pop songs over here and don't go in for the blues. I sure wish I could walk up to a juke box and drop a coin in it. No such thing over here. They do have phonographs etc, but no good old American juke box. It is funny as hell how we miss things like that. You would think that out of things would enter G.I.'s minds. They are playing "Ice Cold Katie" in the raids I like that song a whole lot and a lot of other ones like that. I can't get enough of American Songs.

(6)

The English bands can't play like ours
and I think they stink. Please excuse
this awful writing for I haven't a damn
thing to write on. So I have to use my
knee. The characters have the card games
going on again and that's all they
do all night long. Darling, I need a
hair cut so damn bad that I look like a
shaggy dog. Son, if I don't get one,
I have to get a collar and chain. I
went to the barber shop today after me
but the job wasn't there. So I will have
to try again tomorrow. Some drunk
just came in and upset our bucket of
water. So I guess I will have to go after
another one. Damn it anyway. This is
a damn nuisance, heating water each
nite to shave and clean up. This is the
only damn thing I hate about this damn
place. I suppose that we are lucky
compared to the guys doing the actual
fighting. Damn, I wish this war would

(7)

and so I could come home to you. I miss you so damn much and want you more than you know. My "B" has aches but hasn't showed up as of yet and I hope it comes real soon. There are a lot of things in it I can use and wish that they were here. Still better, I wish I were back home with you. They are playing another one of my favorite songs "I'm Riding for a Fall" I like all the light, fast songs. What's the first song of the week on the hit parade? I like to keep up with all of that sort of thing. Darling, they put out a news paper called "The Stars and Stripes" and it is full of all kinds of news. Such as sports etc and a lot of U.S.A news besides world news. We eat all the news up from home and can't get enough of it. We also get the es. l. magazine yamb and it is full of news. See if you can't buy one in a newsstand for you would get a big kick out of it. I read it from cover to cover each week.

(8)

Honey, that guy who said and I quote
"War is Hell", sure did know what the hell
he was talking about. I think he put it
a bit mild. I can't get home soon
enough to suit me. Damn it, those
dam drunks turned over our water
again and I'm madder as hell. I will
start swinging in a minute. That
turns the hell out of me and I'm
madder than hell. I'll be damn if I go
after any more water tonight and will
let my ~~bro~~ bush grow. There are a
couple of K.P.s drunker than hell and
want to fight each other. That's how
my water got turned over twice. I hope
they go to bed and not get us all in
trouble. Some of the guys are trying
to put them to bed and they won't go.
I suppose Ralph will go after more water
in a few minutes - I hope. One of the
jerks just fell out and hit the floor.
Hell, there must be about five of them

(9)

drunk and two are out like a light.
Dam what a mess, water all over the
floor and coal too! Dam, I wish we
could get the hell out of this barracks.
No wonder, these guys are K.P.s and guards.
One guy just guined gin in another
fellow's face. It is funny as hell the
way they are carrying on. Well, Angel,
I will close for tonight and will be
thinking of you all of the time like
I always do. I'll make faisimade
love to you in my dreams tonight
again. I sure hope I have some
mail from you to read now. Keep up
the prayers and soon I shall be
home with you. I love you more than
you know and can't wait until we can
make love again. I would give any-
thing to crawl in bed with you tonight.
God Bless you, my Sweet little wife
and loads of love.

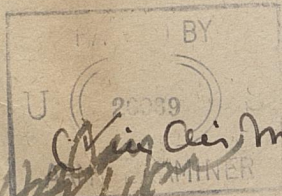
Your Soldier Husband

cheer for you! Sammy

Cpl George Canam 15113242
701 Squadron 445th Bomb Group (H)
APO 634 70 Post Master
New York, New York



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



3

Wed. Jan 5th 4
Somewhere in England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Today, again, no mail from you. My morale is so down low that I have to reach up in order to tie my shoes. I can't understand why I haven't any mail from you. I'm just like a man lost in the desert who is starved for food, only I for mail. No kidding, I can't wait until I get some Sugar Reports from you. I know that you are doing your part by writing to me each day. It's just the mail and the way it has to come. I'm paying this rate for plenty of mail from you tomorrow. Perhaps it will be my luck day after all. Darling, do you realize now we have been married 11 months. Soon, in fact four weeks from now, it will be a year. I quote from my diary - Jan 4th, "I'm just looking forward to the day next month that Laverne will be mine." Yes, this time last year, I was anxiously awaiting for the day of our wedding down in old San Antonio. Now, this day, I'm waiting for the day of our glorious reunion. I can't wait until I can hold you in my arms again.

(2)

I can truthfully say, that I love you more to day, than I did this time last year. you mean so much to me and I can't bear it being so far apart from you. War is hell and no fun at all. You know how it is for you miss me just as much as I miss you. Damn, I love you so awful much and want you more than it is possible. Honey, I didn't get off from web until 8:30 am this morning and it was 9:30 before I got to sleep. I slept all day long until 5 pm this afternoon. Lt. Jones told them to let me sleep, so they did. I woke up a couple of times because of all the noise in the barracks. These damn jerks was carrying on again but loud. I had to yell at them a couple of times to keep the racket down. So they did for a few minutes until I fell back to sleep and then, they began all over again. Dick left for London this morning but he got a few hours sleep before he left. He and the rest of the fellows left web about 4 am this morning. He was just getting ready to leave when I came in the barracks from web this morning. I will go next week sometime.

(3)

Darling, you see, every third night, my team is on the alert and have to work all night if there is a mission the next day. That is, we prepare all the things for the mission. So that's why we work all night. I don't mind working 24 hours like that but know that it is helping to win the war. When people read about a bombing raid in the paper, they have no idea of how much work must go on before the planes can even leave the ground. Glenn Poulos hasn't heard from his wife to be back in Springfield in a time like it has been since I've gotten a letter from you. Still you all about them etc. Still no more news about Spera and how he is. All I know is that he won't be back with us. We are trying to go see him if it is possible. Are you having much fun etc. I know it is hard being apart like this, but do make the best of it. I have a little fun - (if you can call it that) Darling, please don't worry your pretty little head about me but in fine and okay. Just keep up the mail and the prayers and all will be okay. I love you so damn much and care you more than it is possible.

(4)

Are you as hungry for me as I am for you?
I'm going slowly nuts for the want of you
and your love making. All I can think of
is how much I love you and want you.
No kidding, each day. I love you more and
more. I keep on seeing you as you were that
last nite we spent together in Fremont. We
had so damn much fun even though it was
sad as hell. Just keep on thinking how
wonderful it will be when I come home to you.
Have you any idea of what part of town you
want to live in? No kidding, we want a
place of our own right away, so we can be
all alone. The folks all mean well and
all of that, but we want each other to our-
selves. All I want to do from now on, is to
be with you. Let's never leave each other
for even a day. Of course, I will have to go
to work each day but that will be the only
time we will be apart from each other. As
soon as I come home to you, we will do
nothing but have fun and love. I want to go
to work for a long time so we just can
have fun and more damn fun.

(5)

Just finished shaving and cleaning up, my
nitely routine of heating water in the stove.
Parents, I miss you so damn much and I'm
just dying for the want of you. Lt. Jones is the
same old guy and is well as ever. A lot of
the fellows here changed since they've been over
here. I'm still the same old guy who loves
you so damn much. Ralph is making a man
cut ^{him} self and no longer takes a lot of stuff
off of some of the guys. He is going to go down
to Sinden with me next week, I suppose I will
go with Ed also. He has asked me to go down
there with me a couple of times. So I will go
down with him. I will tell you all about it when
I go there. Also I will try to buy you a little
something. I wish I could send you some-
thing each week. I will make up for all of this
when I come home. There are so many things
I want to do for you when I come home. Oh!
my unkeful little wife, I love you so damn
much and can't wait until I can make
love to you. I'm just wild about you and
love you more than it is possible. How
is all the folks at home etc. Does Norman

(6)

Still wish the gals? I let he is hot stuff
and all of that out of thing. Peanuts, the
war news gets better and better each day.
Soon we will have Jerry whipped to his
knees. That means that I will be home
very soon. Enclosed you will find another
sheet of poems and jokes. I do hope you
get a kick out of them etc. Well, I shall
get ready to hit the news now. I will dream
of you just like I do each nite. You are
constantly in my mind at all times
no matter what I may be doing or what
time of the day it may be. All I can say,
is that I love you more than you know.
Each day, I love you more and more. It
shall always be this way, that is why
our love is so different. God Bless you
my little wife and loads of love. I'll
be seeing you real soon, just you wait
and see. God nite, Angel.



L. H. Jones
for
you!

Your Soldier's Husband

Jenny

Capt George Canany 15113242
701 Squadron 445th Bomb Group (H)
APO 634 76 Post Master
New York, New York



Mrs. George Canany Jr.
4601 W Jefferson St.
Louisville, Ky

U.S. AIR MAIL
26930
APM (Via Air Mail)

U.S.A.

A A soldier walked in a restraurant, seated himself. A waitress asked him for his order. "Give me two wgs, fried on both sides, Be sure they are hard, very hard, Better give me some bacon, two strips, thin and make surw they are baäly burnt. Oh yes, give me some coffee, weak, very weak." The waitress was stunned but took his order. She brought back his order and asked--"Is there anything else you want?" "Yes", he said, "Sit down opposite me. Muss up ypur hair, look tired, awful tired----you see I'm home sick as hell"

(No applause please)

(Here is the eggy of the month)

Some hilly billy kids in the "Mountings" asked their Grandmaw totell them a story. So the old bag began---"Well kids, Onct upon a time they wuz an old Son- of-a-bitch"" Aw & Grandmaw", the kids yiped, "We don't want to hear no storyabout Grandpaw, tell us about the time you wuz a whore in Chicago."

(Don't like it--huh!)

THE BATTLE OF THE E.T.O.

Whike I'm sitting here a thinkn of the things I left behind,
I hate to put in writing what's exactly in my mind.
I havd helped to move a million bunks, I have manicured the ground,
But I hawen't drank much whiskey, cause there ain't none to be found.
But there is just one consolation, gather round me while I tell,
When I die I'll go to Heaven, cause I've had my stretch in Hell.

I've G*I'd a million kitchens, for the cooks to burn our beans,
I've büilt ten miles of sidewalks and I've cleaned up all the latrines.
I've washed ten million dishes, in colé water without suds,
I've chopped ten tons of fire wood, I've pee'ed six million spuds.
But when my work on earth is over, then my dear good friends may tell,
" Well he's gone, but he's in Heaven, cause he did his stretch in Hell.

When the final taps are sounded, and I lay aside life's cares,
And I stand my last inspection, on Saint Peters golden stairs,
The Angels then will welcome me, their golden harps will play,
And I'll draw a million canteen checks and spend them in a day.
And Saint Peter will escort me, with a lusty yell,
"Come in G-I from E.T.O., You've done your stretch in HELL."

(Didn't know that your husband was a ham poet)

"I don't know how to fill out this question"----Raw Raw requite recruit
"What is it?"-----Officer
"It says, Who was your mother before she was married and I didn't have a
mother before she was married". (Al-right so it stinks)

A dog was sitting in the middle of the street and a speeding automobile cut a
piece of the dog's tail off. The poor dog yelped and ran up and down the street
hoping he wouö'd find that piece of tail. Just then ,another car came along and
hit the dog so hard this time that it cut the poor dog's head off.

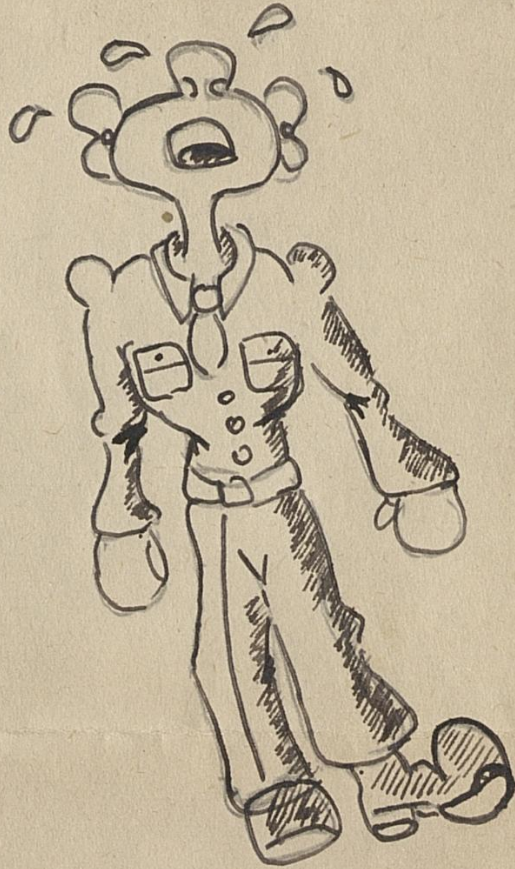
Moral of the story

Never lose your head while looking forraa piece of tail. (Flea bitten--Isn't It?)

What didthe Indian say tothe Mermaid? ----- Ans. "How"

(More if you can stand it?---tomorrow)

Jan 5, 1904



No Letter
Today

TO KEEP UP THE CIVILIAN MORALE

5 Jan. 44

There was a young lady of fashion,
Whose panties were filled with passion,
She lovingly said,
As she got into bed,
"This is one thing that F.D.R. can't ration."

If a girdle is a hinder binder
And a bustle is a deceitful seat full
And a step-in is a stinky pinky
What's a braziere?
Answer----- A Flopper Stopper

What is the difference between a fat lady and an old maid? Ans.--The fat lady is trying to diet and the old maid is dying to try it,
(It gets worst as it goes along)

How can you tell a male tree from a female tree? Ans---Look between the limbs.

A young girl went to the doctors, and he said he would have to give her treatments with a series of inoculations; when he got out the hypodermic needle, she began to shrug back in her mah chair. The doc said, " Oh come, come my dear, This won't hurt a bit--- itz only a little prick", The girl said, " Nothing doing, Doctor. I heard my sister's boy friend say the same thing to her in the living room last summer and now my sister can't even button her coat."

(Strictly freak off of the cobb)

LONESOME

Lonesome, yes lonesome,
For the one I love.
No, I'm not handsome,
I'm just in love,

Lonesome, yes lonesome,
For one little kiss.
For I'm lonesome
For that cute little Miss.

Lonesome, yes lonesome,
For that sweet little dear.
Oh how I wish she could come,
For Her I wish to be near.

Mary has a little pleasure,
It wasn't very bad.
Now she has a little treasure,
And it don't have a Dad.

(STRICTLY FROM STRAVIATION)

THOUGHTS ON SMILES

If you can smile when things go wrong,
And say it doesn't matter.
If you can laugh off cares and woe,
And trouble makes you fatter.
If you can keep a cheerful face,
When all around you are blue,
Then have your head examined, Bud
There's something wrong with you.

For onw thing I've arrived at,
There are no nads and buts (CONT ABOVE)
A

WHAT I THINK OF YOU

I do believe that God above,
created you for me to love.
He picked you out from all the rest
because He knew I loved you best.

I had a heart, one warm and true,
But now its gone from me to you.
Take care of it as I have done,
For you have two and I have none.

If I go to heaven and your not there,
I'll paint your name on the Golden
Stair.
So all the angels will know and see,
What, My Darling, you mean to me.

If your not there by Judgment Day,
I'll know you've gone the other way
I'll give the Angels back their wings
And just to show you what I'd do,
I'll go to hell, Darling, just for
you.

A guy that's grinning all the time
Must be completely nuts.

AURTHOR NOTE*****

If you care for more of these jokes-
(some diput there) and poems, just
tear off the top of a fire house and
send it in to yours truly.

(More to come now

Thursday June 6th
E.T.O.

My Darling Sweet Angel wife!

Well, you guessed it—
I'm singing the same old song again
tonight. No letter today. I can't imagine
what the hell is wrong with my mail
and why it's not getting to me. I just
can't understand it one bit at all. Ralph,
got a garbage from home today and
Dick got a letter. Surely, by now you have
my new APO address and are using it.
Any way, mail has reached me with the
old APO #. I guess it is in the way and
I just have to hang on. But it is sure
hell went my mail and not getting it.
I suppose you get sick and tired of me
kitching about this all of the time but
I can't help it. I depend on you so damn
much to keep me going and to keep
up my so called morale—I haven't
any at all now. You have no idea of

(2)

how much I depend on mail from you. Dick is still in London and I suppose he is having a drunken time and so forth. Honey, I will send the money as soon as I hear from you that my mail is reaching you etc. I am I love you so awful damn much and am dying for the want of you. No kidding, I miss you so damn much and can't wait until I can be with you again. My arms ache to hold your luscious form. I want to feel your hot passionate kisses upon my eager ones. I will ravish you like a wild beast from the wilds of the jungle. My pent up love needs a cut let and you are it. When I come home, you will be able to top my love like a keg of beer. And you won't be able to stop it at all. I am, I love you so awful much and want you more than you know.

(3)

Tomorrow nite, the Squadron is giving a shin dig and I will amble over to it. I suppose it will be another brawl. I will have a few beers and so forth. They are going to put on some sort of show too. I will tell you all about it when I come back from it. I will go, that is, if I don't have to work all nite again. I hope we don't have to work for I want to take in this show and party. It will pass a rather nice dull evening away. We have a movie on the base but the damn thing don't work for some unknown reason. The only time I see a movie, is when I go out on a gas. And that's not very often. This mornning, we had hot cakes for breakfast instead of the damn powdered half ass, eggs. We are supposed to have hot cakes again in the mornning, at least the cooks say so and they should know. Is your sister still working and how does she like it. I can't imagine her staying on the job like that.

(4)

I wrote to Spera today and attempted to cheer him up. I turned in all his things in the orderly the other day so they won't get lost, or stolen. Some guys here so called sticky fingers and you have to watch your things. His "B" banquets here arrived yesterday and I suppose mine will come soon. I sure can use a lot of things in my bag and do wish it would arrive real soon. Darling, have you sent me anything yet in the way of candy, reading material etc. I'm in the lwb out for a garbage bag from you for I know you have mailed me some things, I sure can use those sort of things. Love all. I want and need mail from you. Dam, I love you so awful much and want you more than you know. Soon I'll be able to show you instead of write about it. I will have to stop for now and get my water in to heat. Will finish this up after while.

(5)

Dearling, here is another poem.

There was a man from Trent,
He had one that was bent.
To save himself trouble,
He put it in double,
and he came when he went.

More can right off the cub. I didnt have time to type you some jokes today for was so damn busy. I really worked hard today and all of that. Our boy claim that the German Jews are like a pair of geanties. One good yamb and they come down. The other day and was walking down the road, I saw a armless soldier. Walking up to him, I ask, why he was in the army and what he could do. He grinned at me and said, " See that G.I. over there jumping water in the bucket? Well, I tell him when it is full, you see he is blind." (Whitney 1903) A American Negro soldier attacked a German soldier and took a swipe at him with a rusty old razor. The German laughed and said you missed me. Sambo, laugh back

(6)

and said, wait tell you try to turn your head. Well, that is enough for me for one nite and will continue with more tomorrow. Darling, all I can say, is that I love you and want you more than you know. Just hang in a few months longer and I will be on the way home to you. Keep up the prayers and mail. I shall hit the sack now and dream of you all nite long. I sure do make passionate love to you in my dreams and how I wish they were really true. Tell all the folks hello for me and to write real soon. God Bless you my Sweet little wife and loads of love. Be good and have a lot of fun for both of us. See you in my dreams, Angel. Good nite for now.

ohis for you!

Your Soldier Husband

Sonny

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



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

USED BY
26939
AIR MAIL EXAMINER
(Via Air Mail)

5

(I DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS FOR A LIVING)

Jan 7, 1947

TEXAS-YOU CAN HAVE IT

'Twas once that I was happy,
My life was filled with cheer,
I never had seen Texas -
Till the army brought me here.

I'd heard songs of her beauty,
Pretty girls and big strong men,
Rolling plains and Majestic mountains,
Just Heaven, from end to end.

There's one thing that is certain,
Of this there is no denying,
The guy that started this noise,
Did a hell of a lot of lying.

Deep in the heart of Texas,
There is sand in all we eat,
The girls are all bow legged,
The boys all have flat feet.

That's way they have to send us here,
To sit in sad dejection,
Out on this lonely desert,
For this damn State's protection.

No longer are we religious,
We drink-we fight-we curse,
No fear of going to hell,
It can't be any worse.

Down here the sun is hotter,
Down here the rain is wetter,
They think its the best State,
But there are 47 better.

Still there is no one to blame but me,
The Army never forgot it-
I asked for foreign duty and,
Believe me, BY GOD, I GOT IT !

WOULD YOU?

If in this world there were but two,
And all this world was good and true,
And you were sure nobody knew,
Would You?

And if you dreamed of pajamas blue,
And big strong arms encircling you,
And if you woke and found it true,
Would You?

And if the world was good and bright,
And I could stay with you all night,
And if I turned out all of the lights,
Would You?

And if we lay there face to face,
With nothing between us but silk and lace,
And if you knew everything was safe,
Would You-

Say good Night?

A SOLDIER'S DREAM

One nite I lay upon my bed,
And dreamed my love and I were wed,
Then in a gentle voice she said,
DO IT !

I blushed with rapture and arose,
And lifted up her under-clothes.
Then softly she said, "None knows".
DO IT !

It was a dream so short and sweet,
I woke up in a sweated heat,
And found that there upon the sheet,
I DOOD IT !*

(JOKE OF THE WEEK)

- G. I. Definition of a Kiss---Sabotage before invasion or Upper persuasion of downward invasion.
" " " " Weakling---Girl who means no but hasn't the strength to say it.
" " " " Blackout---The reason a girl is apt to get blown into maternity without ever knowing who was responsible.
" " " " Rape ---Peace without any negotiations.

What did the fly say as he walked across the mirror ? Ans.--That's another way of looking at it.

(Until tomorrow I leave with the sound of your laughter--or sneers. The editor--thats me--would like to know your reactions. So drop me a line on how you like this corn. Any suggestions will be welcomed and rejected.)

Pat Jun 8th 6
Somewhere in England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Hallo, you beautiful, wonderful creature! Your soldier husband sure does love you an awful whole lot. Today was another mail-less one and no word from my Sweet little wife. Yesterday, I got two V-mail and a letter from you. I was so damn happy to hear from you again. Angel, I know now that V-mail is much faster than air mail. But I will keep on using air mail, in fact, I will use both methods. I want you to have loads of mail and fast as possible. I do hope you are getting more than enough mail from me for I know how you look forward to mail just like I do. I can never get enough of your wonderful letters, so keep them coming, Angel of mine. I wrote you a V-mail last nite before I went to the Squad mess tent because I wouldn't have enough time to write you a letter. Each nite I will try to write both news and a letter for you.

(2)

Well, the party last nite was a success and a good time was had by all. your husband help to drink up all of the beer and had more than his share. To tell the truth, I was a bit stink-o and was feeling good. I surely regreted it this morning for this red speure for beer makes you feel rougher than a cob. My ~~own~~ mouth tasted like some one washed his dirty socks in it during the nite. English beer is awful and they can keep it from now on as far as I'm concerned. I used to wish I could get some good old U.S.A beer. I felt awful all day long and didn't eat a damn thing until tonight at supper. The gump said, I looked as bad as I felt. A lot of the boys were in a worse condition than I. I bleed for them but know just how they felt. Some of the fellows got drunker than hell. In fact, the whole lowest part of the Squadron was feeling good. You would have gotten a big kick out of seeing all the gump having fun and getting drunk.

(3)

Last nite, just as I was leaving the barracks, a guy came up and asked me where barracks #7 was. Well, it was Spera and I was so damn surprised. He left the hospital to come down here to get some of his clothing. He had to go back right away for they were going to move him to another hospital. Honey, I don't think he will come back to us for he is in a hell of a condition. He can't use his arms because of a nerve condition. They do believe it is in his head and aren't sure just what is the matter with him. I feel so damn sorry for him. I fetched his duds for him and took him down to the party to see Dick and Ralph. He didn't want to go down but I made him go. Ralph was so damn glad to see him and all of that. He cried like a baby when Tom left. Tom seems to think he will come back to us but I doubt it. He had tears in his eyes when left too. Poor guy. I felt so damn sorry for him and all of that.

(4)

Enough with the local news. Just one more thing. Do you remember the gal who lived in the same house in Hager with you and was married to a fellow in our outfit. Well her husband and Jack ~~Berry~~ Berry are hanging around with each other. I don't recall his last name but you know Jack Berry who we used to date. Denis and double with us. I'll find out that guy's name. I'm sure you know who I mean for he used to go see his wife in the house you were in. Well I know his name. Honey, I will write you a V-mail letter on tonight after I clean up and leave. We are going to have to move again into another barracks. I hear they are going to make a day room out of their barracks. Dick, Ralph and I have to move in the same barracks with the first Sgt. Sam Michael. That will be nice. I'm glad anyway, to get away from all these damn curbs and K.P.s.

(5)

Last nite, after the party was over, all the cubs came in the benches drunker than hell. One of them tried to ride a bike and fell off of it, right into the mud. They ran up and down in the benches and ruined all kinds of cain. We just got word that, they are all getting drunk again tonight. It's about the same five guys all of the time and it goes on about each nite. The rest of us are so damn mad at this and won't get up with much more of it. They wreck the damn benches when they come in. Darling, I was planning on going to London, Tuesday and Wed, but found out today that we can't go. You, see, you have to make reservations with the Red Cross for a bed. They only allow so many to be going and now only combat crews can get them. There isn't any place else you can make reservations because we don't know any of the hotels. They won't let you go there unless you have a place to sleep.

So, I get screwed ⁽⁶⁾ out of this deal. Ralph
and I are going to Cambridge instead.
That's the town that Alfred is in. So we
will go there instead. or the town that is
close by here. I want to go some place
so I can take in a show or two. I
miss the movies very much. I will tell
you all about the trip. I will write you
a letter each day that I'm in jail
(48 hours) and will mail them when I
get back. I'll tell you all about what
we do etc. Well, Angel, I will love you
now and will write you a V-mail
also. Honey, I love you and miss you
so damn much. This letter was mostly
about news etc. I will write you a nice
love letter to mommy nite. I don't have to
tell you how much I love you for you know
and feel it in your heart. God Bless you
Angel, my little wife and loads of love.
I'll be seeing you soon and will show
you just how much I love you.
Whis for you! Your Soldier Husband
Sonny

Capt. George Canany 15113242
701 Squadron 445th Bomb Group (H)
APO 634 1/2 Postmaster
New York, New York

POSTAL SERVICE
29



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



6



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

15112102
Cpl George Canary
SENDER'S NAME
701 5th 445 Bomb Gp
SENDER'S ADDRESS
APO 634 To Post Master
New York, New York
Jan 2th 1944
DATE

11 JAN 1944

Sunday Nite

Howdy Peanut!

Here goes letter no 2 for tonight. Do you know you are no 1 in my hit parade? In fact you are all the more. But I'm just wild about you and can't wait until I can get home to you. Our day is coming soon and we will make all this last time. I will take years and years to make up for all the last time. I don't love you so awful much and am crazy about you. I don't have to tell you how I feel about you for you know. Nothing can compare with the married life. It must be wonderful to live a normal married life and I can't wait to begin. Darling, do you miss me as much as I miss you? Hit was hell? All the latest news around good as hell and I hope it will all end real soon. What have you seen in the way of movies? Ralph and I will take a few in when we go down to Linden Tuesday. We will take in a stage show or two also. There are plenty of them over here. I have no many thing to tell you and I can open yours for years to come. I know you will want to know all about the things I've seen and did. I didn't get any Sugar Reports from you to day but expect some tomorrow - I hope. Darling, please don't worry about me in anyway for I'm okay. I'll send you the dough as soon as I go down to Linden. So you will have some dough in a very short time. Put it in our savings and I will send you more going day. The lights are about to go out so I will hit the sack. I'll keep on writing you a V-mail and a air mail each nite. God Bless you.
Your Soldier Husband
George

V-MAIL

SPACE PROVIDED. USE TYPEWRITER, DARK INK OR PENCIL. WRITE PLAINLY. VERY SMALL WRITING IS NOT SUITABLE.

No.



CENSORS STAMP

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

1543242
Cpl George Canary
SENDER'S NAME
761 9th 445 Bomb Co (M)
SENDER'S ADDRESS
APO 634 7/2 Post Master
New York, New York
Jan 8th 1944
DATE

TO JAN 1944

Servicemen in England

Howdy Wife of Mine!

Yeg! here goes letter # 2 for tonight. I wrote you
a V-mail tonight, too! So you should get loads of mail now. I
shall write you with both methods from now on. V-mail is a bit
faster you know and I want you to hear from me as soon as possible.
So I will write you a V-mail and a air mail each nite. Honey, I
miss you so damn much and it grows more and more each day
you have no idea of how much I love you and want you. I never
knew a person could love another one as much as I love you. I just
all the great letters to shame. That guy Romeo was a jiberling
and to your husband. I can't wait until the day, I come home to
you. All I can say, is be PREPARED-SISTER. The party was a
mess and a drunken time was had by all from the highest rank
down to the lowest yard bird. I drank enough of this English slop (Beer)
to float a battleship. Sure do regret it today I explained all about
and hoping for more tomorrow. Again, I love you so awful
much and want you more than anything in the world. Honey,
you haven't me like my shadow and are always with me. You
are all I care about and want. I'm just living on the thought of
coming home to you very soon. Tell all the folks hello and to write
me often. The boys have a game on again tonight and Ralph is in
it. He is a changed boy and you would hard ly know him. Suppose
that you are still spending a couple days each week with Mum. Have a
lot of fun for both of us. Drink one for me. God Bless you and kind of love
Your Suddie Husband
Sunny

V-MAIL

Sunday Jan 9th 7

My Darling Sweet Angel wife!

Hope! no mail from my little wife today. Guess, I'll get some from you tomorrow. Got two V-mails from Mum, one written on Christmas day. Darling, the mail should come through much faster now because the Christmas rush is over. So I'm lurching forward to loads of mail but fast. Nothing much in the way of news today but the same old routine. Dick went over to another bare to night, to some kind of a party. I didn't care to go nor was I arbed. Ralph and I are going to London after all for we found out we can go. Glenn & Paul is going down Monday and will meet us at the train Tuesday morning. Burton is going along with us too. I want to see the place and all of the other things of interest. I will be your eyes and will tell you all about the things I do and see. Sure wish you

(2)

were here to take all of this in with me.
We could have so damn much fun and
could live and live. That's all I want
to do and care about. Pray real hard
that this damn war will end soon. I sure
do hope it does and can't wait until I
can be with you again. The boys have the
games going again tonight and are
missing all kinds of hell. They tickled
the hell out of me. You never saw such
characters in all your life. These guys
are really G.I. all the way through.
Peanuts, I'm still sketching planes
and so forth. I sure do like this war
for it is interesting as hell. I have a lot
more of those model planes like I gave
you. Mum said that she had two G.I.'s
for Christmas dinner. And that she
showed them our photos. They thought
you were beautiful. See, what I always
keep telling you. You are so wonderful
and I'm so damn proud of you.

(3)

I'm so anxious to find out what
out of Christmas you had and how
much you thought of me. Honey, I'm
at Mass each Sunday about the same
time you are. We go at 4.30 pm each
Sunday and you are just about in
church the same time. I think of you
real hard and prayed real hard that
now I shall be on the way home to
you. Darling, you said that you were
having some of our wedding photos
enlarged and you are going to send
one to me. That's fine and I can't
wait until it arrives. I'm still sweating
out the peach eyes from you guys. I
can never get enough to eat and hope
you're out candy in it too. I wrote
you about E. Lwin's husband and how
he is making it. I told you all about
him in my letter last nite. Dam, I love
you so damn much and want you more
than you know. Gosh! I miss you.

(4)

Honey, you should see me in my "Superman Drawers" (Women Underwear). You would laugh your head off. We all wear them to keep warm in this damn weather. They look like hell but keep you warm. I hate the damn thing and will be damn glad to shed the thing as soon as possible. Honey, what gives with my little wife? Are you having fun and all of that? Please have loads of fun for both of us. We have our laughs and fun over here. I have to share the fun off my feet again tonight. My beard is much heavier over here for some reason or other. Honey, my voice has changed to a real deep one. You wouldn't know it now. Don't know why in the hell it changed. Suppose a cold I had made it changed. All I can say is that I love you and want you more than it is possible. I can't begin to tell you how much I love you and want you. My tongue is hanging out for the want

(5)

of you. My whole body cries out for the
want of you. It seems like years since
I last held you in my arms. I'm just
living for the day I can make love to you
and can be with you all of the time. I
hate this being away from you like
this and want to end it as soon as
possible. Dam, I miss you so awful much.
You are my only reason for living and
the only thing I want. Darling, you
have no idea of how wonderful it is to
know that you have a wife waiting for
you. I have something to look forward
to. I feel sorry for guys who haven't
any thing to go home to. So keep the
home fires going until I come home to
you. It won't be long before I'm on the
way back home to you. Pray real hard
that this damn war will soon end. I
have to go get my water so I can clean
up now. So I will love you for a little
while. Again I say, I love you and want
you.

(6)

The radio is on the blink and I was trying to see what was wrong. I couldn't find anything wrong with it, so we'll have to take it down to the radio shop tomorrow and let them fix it up for us. It was playing fine until tonight but now it won't play loud at all. Honey, I will write you a V-mail tonight too, so I will finish this up in a few minutes. If I have time, after I have, I will add more to it. The lights go out at 10:30. So you see, I haven't a hell of a lot of time to fool around. Honey, Oscar still wants to know where the hell you are and why he can't dance with you. He is a lonely little fellow. Honest, I miss you so damn much and want you more than you know. Well, I have to shove now so will love for now. I'll be seeing you in my dreams and will make love to you etc. All I can think and say is that I love you. God Bless you my little wife and loads of love,
a kiss for you!

Your Soldier's Husband
Sonny

Capt George Canany 15113242
701 Squadron 445th Bomb Group (H)
APO 634 46 Postmaster
New York, New York



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

Handwritten signature
in Air Mail

Monday Jan 10th 8

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife.

I take time out from my ceaseless labors to write you this letter. yes! again tonight we have to work and I'm afraid it will be another all-night affair. It would have to happen, tonight, the eve of our gas. We shall take off in the morning on our gas anyway. I found out today, to my disgust, that no planes are available to non-flying personnel who want to go to London. So we shall have to haul our damn to Cambridge or some other place of recreation. Don't know our plans as of yet but will tell you some when decided upon. Buster is accompanying us also, so we shall all have a bit of fun etc. I don't care where I may go or what I do, I still aren't happy without you. Darling, nothin can take your place and I'm ~~not~~ lost as hell. I need you so awful bad and want you more than words can express. You are my whole life and the only thing I care about. Without you, I'm more

(2)
or less a dead person. I don't actually live
when I'm not with you. Honey, I was
misfortunate again today, for no mail
from you. I thought, for sure, that I was due
for some more mail from my little wife.
Worry again. I bet, when I'm out on furl,
I will get all kinds of mail from you. I did
get one V-mail from Sis my Aunt. So,
I wasn't entirely out in the cold. I am I
love you so awful much and I lustily
crave your love making. I'm one mass
of flaming, passionate desires for you.
I'm just mad and wild about my little
wife. I am this way any way. My hands
want to fondle your beautiful figure.
Boy, how I want to make love to you the
way I did our last time together. You will
never know how much I want you. Just
you wait and see. We have a lifetime ahead
of us to make up all of this lost love, but it
sure is hell creating it out. I can't wait
until I can be with you again and can
do as it was meant to be. Ah! Boy!

(3)
Dick did what I thought he would
and came home from the party last
nite with a beautiful load on. He
stayed down to my bunk in the middle
of the nite and woke me up. Said that
he wanted to sleep late in the morning
and to cover up for him, which I did.
Claims to have had a hell of a good time
and from the int'icated condition he
was in, must have had one. He has a
head on him today. (G.I. hangover) and
feels like hell. Darling, you should see me
tear around here on a bike. I have one of
my own now and ride the hell out of it.
yep! I ride it everywhere and am thinking
of riding it in the barracks too. Darling, I'm
ridely interrupted every five minutes or
so to give my scientific brain to the efforts
of the cause. You understand how they need
me and all of that! ----- Bull —! yep!
we have to hang around here all nite
long and that will mean, a good nites
sleep but for we won't get the chance to
sleep to morrow. Shoring off on the raid

(4)

pass in the morning. Honey, what goes on the home front? Are you civilians doing okay and have any complaints to make? Send anyone to me that you hear bitch about anything. Today we had a rare privilege in the way of vitals, fresh prob drops. Remember, how late so damn many of the ones you cooked in Siny City? There were good but strictly G.I. When I came home, the second thing I went to do, is eat piles of good food. You know what the first thing will be. Had I say anything more? Did you hear the one about what the soldier's wife said to him when he came home on a leave? She said, "Honey are you really that glad to see me or is that a gun in your pocket?" Maybe I might to give up with the corn or do you like it? Well, most of the G.I.'s have their belly full of the E.T.O. and are ready to leave. (me too!) There's no place like home. (No kidding) I would even be willing to go back to Texas or Wendover.

(5)

When I get back on that good old American
rail, I will kneel down and kiss it. But
is after I went out a line and it is my turn.
There is a saying over here, "Things are
rough in the E.T.O." or "Things are tough
everywhere". How true it is. Enough
with the Americans live making off
with the clothes. Again, I had to stop for a
couple of hours. I hope, I can finish this up
without any more interruptions. You are
just about finishing up supper right now
and it is 11:30 pm over here. We just went
out after some chow for ourselves. You have
no idea how one craves food making
like this. Just got through eating and
doing more work. More damn fun and so forth.
Darling, I don't think I've ever mentioned
the character we have in our S-2 section.
He was not with us over in the States but
joined our group when we arrived over
here. He is the public relations officer and
handles all press releases and stories.

(6)

Pardon the change in inb and gen for
mine ran out. As I was saying - Lt.
Anderson writes the stories about our
Group's bombing etc. and releases
it to the press. Well, said Lt. is a character.
He was washed out of the cadets twice
and no telling how many other things.
He was a publication man in Hollywood
way back when (before the war) He is
the type that is a live wire and a lady
killer etc. upon the walls of his office are
the best collection of pin up girls in the
ETO. Roped and mostly disrobed. From
the way he acts and talks, he must
have one affair after another. God!
what a line of hell he has. We all are
amused at him and get a big kick
out of said nut. He is one of the most
charming officers with E.M., but I know
and shows no difference in rank to us
muyard kid. We all like said
character and all of that sort of thing.

(7)

The reason I mentioned this job is
we just rode him to the BOP (officers
place of abode) in our jeep. We also
have a few other odd nuts in our
section too! One is a hard nut and
disliked by all - a officer. Lt. Jacobi-
my boss in aircraft recon. is a little
short Jewish fellow who was a PFC for
a long time until he took the fatal
step of O.C.S. I hid the hell out of him
about being a 90 day wonder. The rest
of our officers are pretty good guys etc.
You know all of the ones (two) in 701st
S-2 and both are tops. Some of the EM's
(enlisted men) are a bit off the beam
too. One's name is Gold man and he
is the dirtiest white man I've ever
seen. (Jewish-Russian) Said fellow's
face is one mass of dirt at all times.
Outside of that he is a nice John. You
remember Chris - one of my buddies
from way back at intelligence school.

(8)

He was in Young S-2 at Sinep City (We
all are Young S-2 men - all from Squadron
S-2 sections) Most of the fellows in fact
all but one or two, all went to school
with us. So we're all known each other
for some time as you can see. I may not
know Ed. much any more for he
was far away from Young Hdy and
lives in another barracks than I. We
get together once in awhile and chew
the so called fat. I have just loads of
friends now, even more than when we
were back in the States. I know just
about all of the crews. I see Lt. Connor
each day and the crew. Don't have much
to do with them for I never did care a
hell of a lot about them. I see Al each
day and Glenn. I go over to Glenn's
barracks each nite and shoot the bull
with him. Do you mind me telling you
about all of the gang and so forth?

(9)
When I write you a letter, I try to make
it just as if I were talking to you, and
hope I succeed. How is that family of
yours. Still waiting for an answer
from them on my last letter. Today is
blue Monday, in fact, every day is blue
since I went away from you. Darling,
a lot of speculation is going on about
when this damnable war will end. Some

guys are even laying money on it.
I think it will end before summer in
this side of the world. Don't know about
the Japs. Won't take long to clean that
nest out after we finish up over here. So
pray real hard for it to all end. How
do you like this for a nice long letter?
I bet the censors cuss me out when
he gets a hold of my letters to you. —
Poor Guy! Do you still listen to that
drip — Frankie Bay! — the moaner?
By the way, who is your sister giving
the big heads to now? Still the poor F?

(10)
Well, I better close down for tonight
before the censor begins to pull his hair
out. I will give you a blow by blow
description of my trip to town when
I come back. I will write you a letter
from the U.S.O. etc and will have to
mail it here back in the box. Presently
all I want is you and can't wait
until I can make love to you. Just
hang in and keep that pretty little
chin up. I love you so damn much
and miss you more than the law
allows. Keep the well, wonderful letters
coming. Didn't get any to day! Thanks
again for saying yes when I posed the
big question. Looking forward to a lot
of fun and happiness with you. You
are in my mind constantly. God
Bless you, my sweet little wife and
loads of love. I'll be seeing you!
cheer for you!

Your Soldier Husband

Sonny

Capt. George Canary 15113242
701 Squadron 445th Bomb Group(H)
APO 634 % Post Master
New York, New York



11/10/44

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

PASSED BY
J. J. [Signature]
6939
(Victory Mail)
EXAMINER
2d

8

Thursday Jan 13⁹

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Hello, you old Sweet thing. I just got back from raid by 48 bus pass and up in to my hub were two letters from you, one from Norman and one from your Mum. I was very joyed at the fact of getting mail from my darling little wife. You wrote me on Christmas day, informing me of the thing you did on raid day. You make me feel so damn good with these wonderful letters. Do keep them coming each day. I know you want to hear about my little trip to Cambridge and all of that sort of thing. Well, I told you about the fact of having to work all night before our pass. Ralph and I, after getting off of work at 7:30, cleaned up and hit the road for a few hours. (Excuse inb got) We caught a afternoon train and arrived in Cambridge just before dark. Let me tell you about the train. You have seen them in the movies and they look just like you see.

(2)
They have compartments and a door in each one to the outside. Also another sliding door to a corridor which runs the length of the coach. A person travels 1st class or 3rd class and we, wanting the best, went 1st class. The trains are slow as hell and the engines look like toys. They should go to the U.S. and find out how to run a railroad line. I was surprised at the fact the trains weren't jammed full like you would find in the States. Most of the people on said train were G.I.'s or English version of G.I.'s. Being a Southern Gentleman and full of chivalry, I helped some old English lady off the train with all her baggage. She seemed to be a rich old lady and all of that. She had her maid know all the times soldiers have helped you and in this way, perhaps, I kind of even the score up. I always do this when ever I can etc. Enough with this and on with my tale. Well, we arrived and wanted to grab a cab to the American Red Cross to check up further on it.

(3)

Getting a Cab was like fighting the battle of Bull Run all over again. People, women and men alike, fought like mad when a cab would pull up to the stand. Finally, after putting aside the fact of ladies first etc (I doubt if there were in ladies in that crowd) we fought our way through the struggling, lying mass and captured a cab. To our disgust, the Red Cross said we would have to go to another Red Cross house on the other side of town. So we had to win the fight of the cabs all over again. We did get a room for the three of us and set out to eat. By this time it was darker than hell and you don't know how dark a English black out can be. We found a place and had a rare delicious treat here in the ETO - a steak and Pm! was it good! Wow, was it good. afterwards we moved the black streets, looking for a place of entertainment - a pub, which we found after groping about in the dark. Had a few shots of fire water and out into the wilds of the black. nite.

(4)

We just about made all of the pubs and
cafes in town. Also looked in on a show
but didn't stay long. Ralph and I were
all gorged out from drinking all night
before and the sleep makes us more sleepy
than ever. So we hit the road. You have no
idea how dangerous it felt to climb in
between sheets again and in a real bed.
No kidding; it was boy heaven. We hit the
deek about ten am Wed morning and
ate breakfast there at the Red Cross. You
have no idea what wonderful work the Red
Cross is doing for us G.I.'s on this side of
the drink. Anyway, we set out to explore
the town by daylight. I had in mind, to
try and find you a little gift of moment,
but no soap. There isn't a damn thing
worth while to send you. I also intended
to send you my surplus money, but
there was too much red tape involved for
such an amount. So I decide, to wait
until I'm paid for this month and send

(5)

a much larger amount to you. This way, I have money in the end of rendering it and no fuss. Besides, I intended to send you more when Jay day rolled around. We can send it through the welfare room in the 4th of each month with little or no red tape. So you can see why I reached that conclusion. We used all over the town and took in all the historical building etc. There are 19 colleges in this one town and each one are very large. Plenty of R.A.F. Cadets around and we watched some of them drill etc. Here, all English towns are alike, with small narrow streets. If you see one, you see them all. I still don't think much of the English gals and the fellows say that most of them are cold blooded as hell. We spent most of the day, eating and rubber necking at all the sights. Last night, we hit all the pubs again and went to a show. You and I saw it

(6)
A long time ago, "Sabotage". It was
good the second time anyway. I let we
ate about ten different times until
we could hold no more. Finally, head
ed back to the Red Cross for another
good night sleep. I left a call at the desk
to be awoken at 6 am but the dozes didn't
do it, so we missed the first train out.
I felt sure we would be late getting
back on our feet, but we made it with
a hour to spare. I was very disappointed
in Cambridge and suggest, all the times
are the same. I won't go out on a gas
again until I can go to London. I
don't think you would like it very
much. Things are rough in the E. T. O.
I came down to the office tonight to
catch up on my work and to write you.
No mail from you to day but a V-mail
from Mum and Aunt Mary.

(7)

Honey, I've found out that I just can't
enjoy myself without you. You are always
in my mind and I miss you so damn
much. Gosh, I love you so damn much
and want you more than you know, I
just can't wait until I can be with you
again. You don't know how lucky you are
living in the States. I'll never complain
again, once I get back there with you
where I belong. Honey, in one of your letters
you said that you and Mum met Dad
in that Printers hall on 2nd St. and
that some G.I. asked you to dance. It's
a good thing you didn't. You are mine
and are under a contract to me. So
watch out and remember this. Nothing
much happened while I was away and
all of that. I've been led, that the best way
to furnish a G.I., instead of the guard
house, to fix his eyes and make him go
to town.

Please excuse the jargon for I left mine
back at the barracks and have to use this
one. So Sing's big friend is always
asking about me etc, I can hardly
remember what the hell he looks like
but only saw him that once we doubled
with them on my furlough. Oh! My
Darling, I miss you so damn much and
want you awfully awful. No one will
ever realize how much you mean
to me. I want to hold you in my arms
and to smother you with passionate
kisses. Damn, I love you so awful much.
Honey, you are so sweet about going to
Communion for me each Sunday. Do
keep it up and soon I shall be home with
you for keeps. You are the best little wife
a man has or will ever have. I'm so damn
proud to be your husband. The only thing
about me worth while, is that you are my
wife. Damn, I love you more than you know.

(9)

Darling, do you feel like a married woman of a year or have you forgotten what it feels like? Just think, this time last year, we were all hot and bothered about getting married. I know, I will be home with you on our anniversary next year and we will have to celebrate for two years. Parents, we shall always be a hide and groom no matter how long we are married. I shall always court you and all of that. We shall never take each other for granted and get into a rut. You just wait and see. I will make all this but time up to you some how. I know and understand how hard it's been of in your being apart like this. Just hang in a little while longer. As soon as I get foot in the U.S.A., I will send for you and suggest when I do so back to the States the war will be over and we all can go home. Pray real hard for victory and peace. All us G.I.'s over here are doing our best to end this damn war. You can

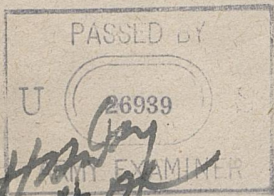
(10)

read in the papers how we are trying.
Each time we bomb these rats, it means
a shortening of the war. My outfit is doing
plenty and all of that. All I know and
can say is that I love you and want
you. Just keep those home fires burning
and soon I'll be home with you. I would
give anything to be with you right this
very second. Parents, it's getting late
over here now and I should go get some
sleep time, so I'll close for tonight.
I'll be a sweeting out the mail again
to morrow, hoping for mail from my
little wife. Tell all the folks hello and I'll
write as soon as I can. Thanks for sending
me the clipping of Apples out of the paper.
God Bless you my little wife and
loads of love, I'll see you in my dreams
again tonight, your husband misses
you so damn much.
cheer for you!

Your Soldier Husband

Sunny

Cpl George Canary 15113747
701st Squadron 445th Bomb Group (H)
APO 634 70 Postmaster
New York, New York



(Via Air Mail)

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

9

WHEN THE REVERSE ADDRESS IS PLAIN BLOCK LETTERS BY THE PLAIN METHOD, YOUR LETTER WILL BE OPENED BY THE
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CENSORSHIP STAMP

MRS GEORGE W CAMARY JR.
4601 W JEFFERSON ST.
LOUISVILLE, 12, KY
U.S.A.

CPL GEORGE CAMARY
SERVING NAME
701 SLD 445 BOMB GP H
SENDER ADDRESS

AFPO 634 S. POST MASTER
NEW YORK, NEW YORK
JAN 14, 1946
DATE

Friday Nite

Hoedy Wife of Mine!

This is your sad sack of a husband sounding off again about how dem much he misses his little wife. Do you get bored at me tell ing you in each letter how dem much that I miss you and all of that. I can't help it for the way I feel. The mail men forgot me again today and I gave him a good cussing out. Poor guy, he sure takes a beating when we don't get mail from home. Berling I'm getting into a awful habit and that is drinking tea. Would gaa'dly give it up for a good old American bottle of beer. What goes with my little better half and all of that sort of thing? How do you like this witting of two letters to you each day? I give out with a letter and a V mail, so you should be getting enough mail for two people. Wish I could say the dam same thing. I can't ever get enough of it.

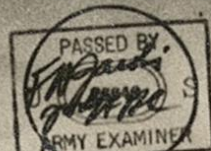
Berling, when I come home and if you just once have spam for chow, I will up and leave you. How we hate this dem stuff over here for they feed it to us ten times a week or more. All, I want when I come home is steaks for every meal of the day and twice on Sunday. Some times we have good meals and some times they are so dem lousey I can't eat them. Today we had pork and against the wishes of my better judgement, I pertook in the act of gulping said stuff down. Was good too. Darling, do you feel like a pin up girl? You should for I have all of your photos pinned up on the wall above my bunk. When I hit the sack each nite, I look up at all of your pictures and there fore, dream of you all nite long. You should see some of the dreams that I have about you. WOW! How that I wish they were true. I sure do make up for all of this lost time with them. There'll come the day when I can make love to you again and all of that sort of thing. It sure is hell, sweating it out though.

The three jerks (Yenks): Day, Miller and I got a letter from here today and he has been transferred out of our outfit. I don't think that he will come back to us at all. He is in another pill-factory and under keen observation by the big shot medic. I have to drop him a line some time today or tomorrow. Peanuts, we have tacked them on "The Voice" on to it goes for the times out with the daily Gene and news each nite. (over said base radio) You should hear how he winds up his program each nite with a chunk of corn. It's so dem bad that I won't waste the time to re-write them to you. Repeat all of the jokes that you hear and I will do the same. Well, Peanuts I will close now for there is a war to be won. Excuse the way that the writing slants on bottom of page for I had to remove paper for a while. All I can say is that I love you and want you more than you know. So-long for now my little sweater girl and I'll be e-s-s-ting ya. God Bless you and loads of love from your soldier hubby home f-r-u-s burning etc.

V-MAIL

PRINT THE COMPLETE ADDRESS IN PLAIN BLOCK LETTERS IN THE SPACE PROVIDED, AND YOUR RETURN ADDRESS IN THE SPACE PROVIDED. USE TYPEWRITER, DARK INK OR FENCE. WRITE PLAINLY. VERY SMALL WRITING IS NOT SUITABLE.

No.



CENSORS STAMP

MRS GEORGE W CANARY JR.
4601 W JEFFERSON ST.
LOUISVILLE, 12, KY

U.S.A.

17 JAN 1944

55113242
CPL GEORGE CANARY
SENDER'S NAME
701 SQD 445 BOMB GP H
SENDER'S ADDRESS
APO 634 1/2 POST MASTER
NEW YORK, NEW YORK
JAN 14, 1944
DATE

Friday Nite

Howdy Wife Of Mine!

This is your sad sack of a husband sounding off again about how dam much he misses his little wife. Do you get bored at me telling you in each letter how dam much that I miss you and all of that. I can't help it for that's the way I feel. The mail man forgot me again today and I gave him a good cussing out. Poor guy, he sure takes a beating when we don't get mail from home. Darling I'm getting into a awful habit and that is drinking---- tea. Would gaa'dly give it up for a good old American bottle of brew. What goes with my little better half and all of that sort of thing? How do you like this witting of two letters to you each day? I give out with a letter and a V mail, so you should be getting enough mail for two people. Wish I could say the dam same thing. I can't ever get enough of it.

Darling, when I come home and if you just once have spam for chow, I will up and leave you. How we hate this dam stuff over here for they feed it to us ten times a week or more. All, I want when I come home is steaks for every meal of the day and twice on Sunday. Some times we have good meals and some times they are so dam lousey I can't eat them. Today we had pork and against the wishes of my better judgement, I pertook in the art of gulping said stuff down. Was good too. Darling, do you feel like a pin up girl? You should for I have all of your photos pinned up on the wall above my bunk. When I hit the sack each nite, I look up at all of your pictures and there fore, dream of you all nite long. You should see some of the dreams that I have about you. WOW! How that I wish they were true. I sure do make up for all of this lost time in them. There'll come the day when I can make love to you again and all of that sort of thing. It sure is hell, sweating it out though.

The three jerks(Yanks): Day, Miller and I got a letter from here today and he has been transfered out of our outfit. I don't think that he will come back to us at all. He is in another pill-factory and under keen observation by the big shot medics. I have to drop him a line some time today or tomorrow. Peanuts, we have tacked the name of "The Voice" on to Lt Jones for he gives out with the daily dope and news each nite. (over said base radio) You should hear how he winds up his program each nite with a chunk of corn. It's so dam bad that I won't waste the time to re-write them to you. Repeat all of the jokes that you hear and I will do the same. Well, Peanuts I will close now for there is a war to be won. Excuse the way that the witting slants on bottom of page for I had to remove paper for a while. All I can say is that I love you and want you more than you know. So-long for now my little sweeter girl and I'll be a-seeing ya. God Bless you and loads of love from the E.T.O. Keep the home fires burning etc.
Your soldier hubble
Sunny

V-MAIL

Friday Jan 14¹⁰

My Darling Sweet Angel wife!

Hello you old married woman! What goes with my little Peanuts who'd just adue and live so damn much? Did it have any so call lubs about mail again today and I'm sweating the mail out. I'm damn at the office again tonight because they are showing "This is the Army" in our briefing room to night (how true it is) I think you said sum thing about seeing it and that some job in it has the misfortune to love like me. So I will see and let you know what I think about it. He better be a handsome guy to love like me or am I. Your old husband sure misses you more and more each day. I love you so awful much and can't wait until I can get lubs here to you. I don't know much in the way of news or any of that sort of thing. Same old routine of Army life and it is rough in the E.T.O. Do you know what our Army is eating? I'm Dreaming of white Bread. I haven't seen

white bread since I ⁽²¹⁾ left the States and
my mouth waters at the thought of it.
There are so many damn things that I miss.
You know what I miss most — you and
your love! Honey, while I was in jail, the
monkey ran away. Guess who found
him last nite. Give that young lady a
~~bit~~ bit of mass bars and a ticket to
next week's production! Yep! it was me.
I saw him in a tree as I was walking back
to the barracks last nite. I yelled for and
he leaped out of the tree into my outstretched
arm. I guess, all us monkeys stick to —
gether — don't you think or don't you. If you
have trouble decoding this writing,
tear your arm out by the roots and read it
in. We shall send you a decoding book at
once. Do you have trouble breathing when
you hold your breath? Do you hate to get
up in the morning? If so you can enlist
in the Air Force today. Pay no attention
to me for I'm a nut. (As if you didn't know)
I just put away the needle and sapphire

(3)
That's why, I'm raving tonight. Dam,
I love you so awful much and want you
more than it is possible. I try to act gay
and funny but it is only a blind. A Cover
up on really how I feel. I blues then this
and because I miss you so damn much. I
didn't know how much punishment a
human could stand until I went away
from you. I'm rich in the heart and you
are the only cure. Honey, you just don't
realize how much I love you. Some day,
it will dawn upon you. There'll come a
day when we can live like it was meant
to be. That glorious day is not far away.
Just as soon as we finish up this little
job over here, I'll be back with you. Darling,
you keep on saying not to stick my neck
out and to be careful. The only way, that I
could hurt myself over here, would be to
fall over my own feet. No kidding, there
isn't a reason in the world why you
should worry your pretty little head about
me in anyway at all. Believe me!

(4)

I have responsibilities now - namely you,
and I have to take care of myself for you.
Please don't worry about me at all for it
is foolish. I couldn't fly now if I wanted
to. I'm no hero, just a plain guy who
wants to get back home as fast as possible.
I love you so damn much and can't wait
until I'm with you again. Well, it is about
time for the show to start, so I will close
until it is over. All I can say is that I
love you and want you. Just came back
from the show and it was like everything
else that is G.I. The picture was under fire -
what we saw of it. We had to wait from 9 to
10:15 before they got the damn machine
working and then, just when it was getting
interesting, bang, the projector broke again.
No go this time and no show. We all
are sure as hell but I suppose it can't be
helped. I would rather have not seen the
show at all rather than a half of one.
It is now 11:30 and I should be in the sack.
So, I'll have to close for now and finish
this up in the morning. Goodnite for now.

(5)

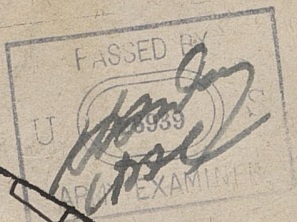
good morning - Angel! Just arrived down
at the office and first thing - to finish up
this letter to you. Yep! I love you even early
in the morning or any time of the day. You
have no idea of how much you mean to
me. Would you like to try for the 64 dollar
question? Honey, the fry is so damn fresh
this morning that you can walk in it. We
set up and walk to work by the light of
the moon each morning. You should try
getting up this early some day - you lazy
bones. Another big so called treat this
morning for breakfast - hot cakes. I just
away my share and a couple of other fellows
too. Honey, I eat like a horse now, why not,
the chow is free and they treat us like a
damn horse. Again I say, that I love you more
than the law allows. If I loved you any-
more than I do (and it grows more each
day) I would be locked up for the duration.
What I wouldn't give to listen to a good old
joke by again. I miss all of those new
songs and hot bands. The jerks over here try
to imitate our bands but fail. Just haven't
that certain thing - being a American.

(6)
when I walk down the streets in town,
I throw out my chest (I don't pick it up
again) being proud of wearing a Janb
uniform. They ought to cut loose all of
the hollow bonages and let this damn
island sink. We have to come over here and
show them how to win this war. And
we'll win it for them too. How does it
feel to be a so called army widow? Boy,
and here rich for my sweet little wife.
Well, I better get on the ball and do some work
or else I will get fired - That's a laugh!
I'll be thinking of you constantly by all day
long like every other day. Please, don't
worry about me in any way or form. I will
write you another long nice letter tonight.
Hope to receive more than enough mail
from you to day and all of that. Tell all
the folks hello for me and to write me all
often. God Bless you, my Angel, and
loads of love. Hang in a little while longer
and I'll be back where I belong.
I miss you!

Your Fiddin' Husband

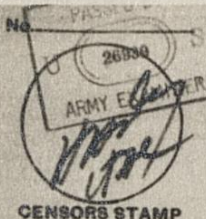
Jimmy

Cpl George Canary 15113242
701 Squadron 445th Bomb Group (H)
APO 634 40 Post Master
New York, New York



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

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

1511202
 Cpl George Canary
 SENDERS NAME
 701 Sqd 405 Amph Gp (I)
 SENDERS ADDRESS
 APD 63470 Post Master
 New York, New York
 Jan. 15 - 1944
 DATE

17 JAN 1944

Sat Nite

Husky Mrs. Canary Jr.

Yes! your red half baked husband a calling
 in you again. The said G.I. is just nuts about you. If you don't
 believe me, just ask me. Darling, will you buy me some socks for
 I sure can use some more. I wear size 12. We do so damn much
 walking around here in the ETO, that socks wear through in
 no time. So S.O.S. - send out socks. I'm awestruck out the
 past age you sent me and can't wait until it comes. I hope it
 has something to eat in the contents, among a no of other
 things. Tonight, is another dull Sat nite with not much doing. Some
 old stuff of war and more war. I do so damn glad when this
 war ends and can take it easy with you. Darling, after I rest up
 awhile, do you want to take a trip some place. Let me know what
 you have in mind etc. One thing sure, I never want to leave
 the States again. All I want is you and live you until we both
 drop with exhaustion. Oh! But! what a time we shall have when
 I do get there. Hang in, just a little while longer for I'll run
 be in the way. This is letter # 2 tonight and it is getting later
 than hell. I love to sleep in order to dream of you. When I wake
 up, I know that seeing you is a day sooner. Dam, I love my
 little wife so much and miss her so much. Good night
 Peanuts and God bless you. See you in my dreams and what
 fun we will have. Loads of love.

Your Soldier Husband
 Jimmy

V-MAIL

Sat Jun 15th 11

My Darling Sweet Angel wife!

How is my sweet little
Angel this morn? Today, I got a letter from you
forwarded from Lincoln and it was dated Nov
24. But, I sure did take a long time for it to
get here. I suppose it came by registered mail
or a fact similar. It was the only mail I
received today. "Mined a Sat dance" of 07 \$
in fact, I'm missing a lot of damn things.
But, I want you so damn much and can't
wait until I can get my hands on you in
order to make all kinds of love. You haven't
the slightest idea of how much I want you
and adore you. I am, a husband's place is with
his wife and I sure do wish the hell I was there
with you right now. This damn war is hell
and I sure do wish it would end as quick
as possible. This G.I. wants home is a hell of a
hurry and no, if, and, a lute about it. Pray
real hard that you & I shall be in my way back
to you and all of that; tonight a couple of the
gang have a fiddle and a banjo out, playing
a few tunes. Nutty, hilly, hilly jimb. Your Dad
would love it. I know how he hates mountain
music - me too! I understand what you are driving

(2)
this 15th day of Jan. Are you thinking of
your own old husband who misses you so damn
much? I hope that you are - I know you are
Honey, for you feel the same way that I do.
Today one year ago, I was a upper class man
in Preflight school, I mean Jan 15 was the
day we became upper class men. I was just
ending through my "My Life in the Service"
and saw it. Darling, 3 months ago yesterday,
you boarded the train for home. Oh! what a
sad day that was. I shall never forget how
hard it was to tell you good bye. I still can
see you in those cute little grey slacks and
how you cried when you got on the train. Damn
I miss you so awful much and want you
more than it is possible. Honey, I need you so
damn bad and I'm a loiterer with out you,
all. I'm living for, is the day that I can
come home to you and stay for keeps. This
army is okay and all of that, but it's not
for this guy. I have a wife I ought to be with.
I shall never be able to make up all this lost
time and love. All these months I'm away
from you are just wasted. With out you my
life is at a stand still.

(2)
I try to act gay and all of that but it's just
a blind. I miss you so damn much that
it hurts, Alvie all - please don't worry about
me in any way. I'm as safe as you are
and will run to your arms. I
won't do anything to endanger myself for
I belong to you and you alone. Our day
will come soon and this will all be an
ugly damn dream. Just you wait and
see. Peanuts, we had the so called G.I.'s
favorite food tonight - but do ya. First
I've had in some time and I ate a real
whole lot of them. Darling, I'll eat you
out of here and here when I come home
to you, yes! I eat enough for two or three
men. No thing else to do but eat and
unb. So I eat! Darling, how is Singy
and her husband making out now. She
has more damn trouble with her so called
beaus and so forth. In a way, I feel
sorry for her but suppose it is her own fault.
Peanuts, do you still smoke like you use
to do? I smoke now more than ever
before because that's about all there is to do.

(4)
Tonight, we stopped by the R.A.F. P.X
after tea. So you can see I have the habit
but at that. I drink tea about three
times each day now. You can have all
this damn tea, just let me go home to
you. Honey, I gave up in disgust
about beating up water to share each
nite with. So I carry all of my shaving
stuff down to the office each day and
stop at the bath house (way down the
road) in the way back to the barracks. I
did that tonight and took a shower too.
Sot nite bath and all of that. Dubs and
Pulph took me too and you should have
heard us singing in the shower. Some
of the guys said it sounded pretty damn
good and ask us to sing different songs
for them. We did sing the ones that we
knew etc. Cheryl, Lt. Anderson told me
today that he had a photo of you in his
P.A.O. files. You remember - the beer party
at Sinf City - and the pictures Spear
took of us, well that's the ones he has in
the newspaper files. He is going to show

them to me in the morning. I would
 like to get them but I doubt if he will
 let me have them. I shall try any way
 and will let you know how I come out.
 I'm really in the need of rest time to-
 night for I've been up late the last two
 nights. So I shall hit the hay early to-
 night. I shall dream of you all night
 long again like I always do. Every once
 in a while, I look up at your photos
 fixed up above my bunk and wink at
 you. I can't keep my eyes off of you. Damn,
 I love you so damn much and want you
 more than it is humanly possible.
 Excuse this writing for I haven't a desk
 like down at the office. I think that we
 will have to work all night tomorrow night
 for my team is on the alert. Sure as
 shooting, each time we are on the alert,
 we have to work all night long. Tomorrow
 another dull uneventful day. Work and
 more damn work. I'm in the midst of a lot of
 aircraft research work on the enemy. I type
 my fingers to the bone and wetted my

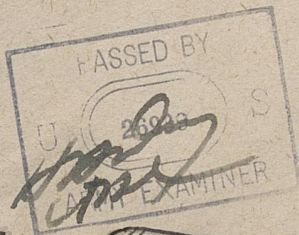
(6)

half pint brain. Any way, it makes the
time go by fast when you are working real
dam hard. Darling, what do you do all
day long? I wish I could find some time
to read and make a list, take it easy. The
time I do have free, I spend writing letters
to you. Darling, do you like my letters? I
try to make them just as if I were talking
to you instead of writing. I will write you
a nice long letter to manuscript at the
office. Well, I'll close for now, so I can
begin your V-mail for to night. Keep up
the prayers and the wonderful letters.
I'll be with you in no time at all. Just
as soon as we win this damn war. Things
look better each day and soon it will
all be over. Let me know all of the latest
home news and what goes with my sweet
little wife. Good bless you my little wife
and loads of love. Good nite for now
and I'll be a-seeing you real soon!
Tell family hello and to write real soon,
a kiss for you!

Your Eddie's husband

Ermy

Capt George Canany 15113242
701 Squadron 445th Bomb Group (H)
APO 634 76 Post Master
New York, New York



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