

(4)
Well, Jim looks now and all is arranged. I
gave him a ride to the 3rd instead of the 2nd
Tonight was our site to clean up the brief-
ing room and we just finished it. Speaking
of cleaning up, I gave the office a good going
over this afternoon. I mopped the joint out and
dusted every thing. You just don't know how
lucky you were by getting me as your husband.
If I could only curb! I really know how to do
one thing and you know what that is - living.
I'm a bit out of practice don't you know.
Peanuts, I attribute the success of my effort
love making to one thing, just look at the
material I have to work with - namely you!
One look at you, I'm priming at the mouth,
ready to clear the decks for action. Again, I
warn you to be prepared for the home coming
of a human tornado who will sweep you
off your feet with violent love making. So
Honey, look out for I'm a gunning for you!
You are a hunk of lush loveliness who I
adore. If I could only be with you tonight and
could make with the thing we both are dying
for. We'll go out with your jeans on when I
come home and sparks will fly at our first
embrace. I want my red hot mamma at
once if you can. (Not quick)

Wed Mar 1st 1
My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!
Unlucky me failed on the
mail deal to day, so I'm singing the blues
tonight. I did get a V-mail from Aunt Mary
but that doesn't quench my hunger for mail
from you. I was banking on a wonderful long
message from you but Uncle failed to
bring home the bacon. Can you realize how
disheartening and blue it makes me with out
a letter from you? Ah Happy Day! when I
will have to receive mail but be with you
in the flesh. Can't wait until this comes
true. Today was another one full of labor
and all sorts of busy things. My humble
colleagues and I gave two lectures today
with a dynamic success. There was not the
slightest doubt in the net case of rapid
enlightening of the ignorant. For look who gave
name. During the lecture to make it more
interesting, we flash photos of the female
net upon the screen in various poses of
nudity. You can bet your last meat stamp
that these primitive clams of 21 unless, sit
up and take scrupulous notice of the
nudes. Hubs of last can be heard through
out the class room and many remarks.

I received a reply about the cruises that I wrote away for. I've come to the conclusion that there is too damn much red tape involved and give it up for now. I'd want you to transfer your high school credits to them and all sorts of things that would take months of writing and convining. So I give it up until they simplify it some way real soon. I want to broaden my scope of knowledge as much as possible but not with all of this red tape. The cruise in art would cost me \$17.50 and Uncle matches the same. He jumps half and I half. There's five the College Cruise in Art cost \$35.00 green backs. As you know, I want to pay all of the money that I can and I will do it. Will tell you more about this later on when I find out more news etc. I hope that you can read this awful army writing. When it comes to gentleman ship, I make a good head large. I'm supposed to be on duty in the morning and have to go see the luncheon chief tonight and have him change it. I'll be down if I work all night and then clean up that dirty luncheon in the morning. So I'll jump into the old jeep right now and will hit it up. Excuse me for a few minutes.

Collecting nick photos ⁽²⁾ is one of the many educational hobbies of the good Lt. Jacobs. He is a queer duck in some things. Honey, there is a black, long haired dog named here that is right in the ball. He is 81 through and through. This nice little takes all forms of English and takes great delight in chasing them. There are a no. of civilians that work in the here and Blackie chases each one of them. Funny but about it is that he's an English dog. Can't say that I blame him about taking these jerks. Blackie is well fed by all of the 81's who are so fond of him. Said dog hangs around 8-2 and we more or less clean him. He is a cute little devil and full of life. The dog even hangs when it is chow time and meats out the line with the rest of us. I would like to bring him home with me for you. Guessing of jets, they found the monkey again and now he is tame as ever. I saw him the other day at the mess hall dragging a 81 in a chain or was it the other way around? Tonight is our mile to work and we are standing by for orders etc. I think that we'll get in an all night session again. Ah! well, this is war and war is hell. I'll be damn glad when it is over and I can go home.

Just found out that⁽⁷⁾ we don't have to walk
all mile after all and can go home when we
want. Some did take them a hell of a long
time to make up their minds about it. It
is now almost 10.30 pm. I'm glad that we
don't have to walk for I'm getting awful damn
sleepy right now. So I'll head for the benches
in a little while, even as I finish this up.
I won't be able to write Mum tonight because
of the things I had to do, such as cleaning
up the living room etc. That took up a lot
of my time. So explain to them etc. The
Cubs told me we are to have powdered eggs
for heads fast and you can bet your boots I
won't venture out of the room for that damn
stuff. So I'll sleep that extra hour and
will skip heads fast. We have a daily meeting
of the 9 am heads fast club any way, so I'll
eat then. That Opera never does sleep late each
morning. Dick didn't feel good this morning
so he slept until about 9 am. There is none
thing wrong with that but he shakes like
a leaf in a gale. I suppose all of the drinks
that he used to go on is showing up on him
now. That is, if you can believe all he says.

I'm entombed in this place until the war
is over or some other good reason. I've got the
ETO Blues - not case of being Crowned off at
things in general. Let's win this damn war so
I can go home to my little wife. Things are
quite around here to night for every one is
writing home to their love ones. I can
hear the clatter of typewriters all over the
building. I suppose that you know, I'm
crazy about you, but you don't know how
much. If you could only see how much I
do love you and want you. Feb. slipped by
a bit faster than I thought it would. I'm
now a month closer to holding you in my
arms. I pray this as each day goes by. I know
that you want and love me just as much.
Right now I'm eating one of my favorite
foods, peanuts and I love them. Peanuts are
a rare thing over here and not to be had. So
send me some each time you send me a
box. Remember how we used to eat them in
the States? Damn, I miss you so awful much.
I just can't deny the fact that I'm blue as
Coke. Being apart like this is hell and I
want to end it as soon as possible.

(8)

Today, I signed up to take my 2 day
leave April 8 to 15. I may change that
when I find out when Glenn is going to get
his. I do wish I could see more of him for in
rather find of the kid. He is good enough to be
a S-2 man. I do like! Dear lady, all I can
think of is how much I want you and love
you. I want more of your just love lines
and love making. Little old Oscar sure
does miss you a real whole lot. Poor little
fellow doesn't say much at all any more.
Well Angel, I shall call it a day and will
close down for now. I'll be sweeting out
mail call again to me with high hopes
of an arm full of heavenly letters from you.
I'm just nuts about you and want you
more than lustful. I'll see you in my
dreams and will wake up in a heated
mood again. God Bless you my adorable,
beautiful, blond, little, wonderful wife and
just needs of love. Keep up the prayers and
hopes. Good night, Angel. Dear I love you so
awful much.
a hug for you

your Sadies Husband

Sunny

(9)

This is worth fighting for and I'm doing it.
Honey, I have a lot of foreign money that I've
piled up at all the places I passed through
on the way over here. I shall save it for you
and know that you want it. I have coins
and paper money from many lands. I shall
bring home some English money to you
also. We are still awaiting for the word
to make with the work or not. Wait now
for a little while I suppose. I hope to do a
little reading before we do go to work etc.
I hope to get another box from you by tomorrow
with more books to read etc. Books are a food
for my mind and a medium through which
I can pass all of this lonely time. You know
how I like to read. When we have our own
apt., lets have a well supplied book shelf
so we can indulge in literature. I shall
join a couple of these book a month clubs
and we'll buy up more on the side. Also
use the rental system like we use to do.
The English have books equivalent to our
pocket novels. They are called "Penny in
Books". Wonder where in the hell that
name that name. English are queer
people and the less I see of them the more
I like them. I want to go home!

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PASSED BY
J 26936 S
POST EXAMINER

7

and headed back to the sweet shop of
S-2, to carry on with my daily toil.
Peanuts, I found a text book in Calculation
in my bunches bag left over from my Cadet
days. It covers all sorts of math such as
Calculus, Solid and Plane Geometry,
Algebra, Trigonometry and many problems
of each. So I'm now brushing up on my
mathematics back ground. I have my
ride rule two and going to town. I always
did like math. and will try to keep it up.
Never can tell when it will come in handy
and all of that. Dick teehels the hell out of
me, he is so damn jealous if any one harms
more than he. I really mean it. He is a queer
deek and I was can't understand him.
Some times he makes me mad er than hell
and a lot of the other fellows. Darling, I
just crave a letter from you and hope
that I do get one from you tomorrow. You
know how you live in my letters at least
you say so and I know you do. I hope
that you enjoy my few attempts to write.
All that I can say is that I love and
adore you more than anything awful. Damn this
war for taking you away from me.

Thursday Mar 2nd

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

I have more garh damn
rotten luck about this mail. Today, not a
letter from any one and I'm low as can be
tonight. I expected at least one today for I
mined out yesterday two. Damn this mail
system anyway! you know how I feel, so
no more need to be said. Herey, I know
that it isn't your fault, just this damn
mail system. Didn't hit the deek until
9:30 this morning. We unbed rather stord
by in the alert until 11:30 last nite, there fore,
entitled to sleep until noon today. We came
to work around 10 anyway. I'm so use to
getting up at 7:30 that I woke up at mid
hour this morning. I took a smoke and
slept a little while longer. I had a crazy
damn dream last nite, all about you.
Seems if you were over here in the War
zone and I was fighting off the enemy to
protect you. I remember shooting one
German five times. Sure was a bloody dream
with killing etc and making love to you. It
seemed so damn true to life and so on.

(3)
flaming finger is suppose to be a hot shaft. Awarded to those who have been shafted. This is an Army expression meaning one who has been screwed or in other words, one who has had a raw deal handed to him. I for one am eligible for this medal because I was shafted by being warded out of the Cadets. (example of requirements) The other medal has a profile view of the Red Cross medal has a profile view of the Red Cross, representing a brown nose. This is called, "The Order of the Brown Nose". Brown nose is another bit of Army slang meaning one who kisses officis — to get in good with them. For example, Dick is eligible for this award. I shall sketch up another copy of each for you to mirror. Silly, don't you think? Tell Grace my hand aches etc. (how could they help it!!!) This afternoon I received orders from the brass hats in the front office to proceed down to the line to the crews dressing room and give assistance to a Red Cross lady in handing out juice and rinks to incoming crews. I took the detail (me) and marched down to said place, to find no Red Cross lady, no coffee or co-nuts but did find a lot of hungry crew members, like a gentleman that I am, I gracefully backed out

(2)
See how you are in my mind all of the time? I love you so awful much that it really hurts. I need super strength to uphold this pain of being so damn far away from you. I feel sluggish and dopey because of this everlasting pain. It saps all of my vigor and energy etc. Well, today was another dull one with more work and such. When I arrived at the office - no fire was going. So I had to build one. Darty and Lt. Jacobi were all huddled up in their coats with two damn logs to build a fire. To mirror I'm in room orderly, a nurse then welcomed tank. I wonder if they will shiver and shake all morning until I come to work in the afternoon? I would hate to be that damn lazy! Lt. Jones got a pregnant idea to buy and wanted me to draw a couple of medals for him on the Canton side. He is in charge of awards and giving out the medals etc to the men who earn them. So I undertook the job and set my brain to work. Results were two fine specimens of humor. One is a medal called "The Order of the Flaming Finger". In the center of a sketch mended medal is a hand with a flaming finger printed skyward. This

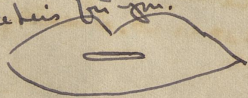
don't have to come ⁽⁷⁾ back to the office tomorrow afternoon at all, but we are showing a movie to mention on A/C recvy and I want to see it. It is a new one and from advance information, is a damn good one. So I don't want to miss it. Lt. Jacobi is working all night and will be around tomorrow. So that is another reason why I have or rather want to come back. I had enough smokes to last me this week so I bought cigars for Lt. Jones. He smokes them instead of butts. You can only get about ten a week, so you can see that they wouldn't last very long with a heavy smoker. I like to help out all the fellows that I can. When I gave him the cigars he wanted to pay for them but I laughed and said I was looking for Sgt. Atiges. He got a big kick out of that. He knows me better than that and that I don't look for any special favors at all. I'm not eligible for the human nose award, and furthermore, never intend to be. I'm not one for kissing officers a — for any thing. Honey, in plain words, I adore you. I'm drinking

Shoo Shoo Baby ⁽⁶⁾ and thought of you. It was wonderful to walk up to a bright by site good old jibe by and drop a coin in the slot even if it was a English 3 pence coin. A lot of the G.I.s were squinting around in the place with bent ears for the jibe. I would like to do same but had to get back to work. In two more days we'll be married one year and one month. Thanks again for making me the happiest guy in the world. When I come home, every day will be a holiday for us to have fun etc on. Don't you wait and see. I took my nitely show early to night so I could write you in peace. The times passed by so fast while I'm walking you that it is often too late for me to share. To night, I really needed me and did some as soon as I got back from church. I'm looking for you to pleasant reading in the morning after I clean up the barracks. That unit take more than a hour or so. So I'll catch up on all of my back readings. I haven't heard what we'll have for back part in the morning. I do hope it is hot cakes for us are about due for same. If not, I will sleep until 8:30 or so. I really

at the mouth for the ⁽⁵⁾ greedy, passionate
lust I have for you. you are a drug to me
and I'm a fiend. My lips ache for the touch
of your red, passionate, breath taking soft
kisses. If I could only crawl into that
lovely, empty bed tonight and find you
beautiful, full of charms, white body, waiting
for me. I want to clamp you in a grip of
steel. I want breathless with the thought
full the passionate love making that will
be ours when I hit the door of our apt. Deep
down inside of me there is a burning desire
for the want of you. Well, Sugar, I will
sign off tonight for it is getting to be a late
hour now. I shall hit the rocks with thoughts
and dreams of you. I know you are thinking
of me right now just as I am of you.
Write with me in prayers of peace. God
Bless you wonderful, heavenly creature
and loves of love. Until tomorrow night and
until I see you in my dreams, so long for now
I love you more than you can ever understand
as this for you.

your Truly, Soldier/Herbert

Sunny



Dimitri went on a tour of rubber making
at another base to see how they are seen.
dirt was set up. I don't think that he is
back yet. I hope that he gathered up some
new ideas for us to work on. Have you
taken in any good movies as of late? I
would like to see some good ones again
in an American show. I don't know as if
yet when I'll take my next year. I may
go some place next week or when ever Glenn
gets me. I'll have to go see him to mention
or even as possible to find out. I ran into
Ed today and he was only kidding about
getting a divorce. He still fools around
with this English boy of his. In fact, he
has a gas turbine and plans on seeing
her etc. I think he is a fool and can't
rely much for him at all. Jimmy Gray
ate supper with me tonight and we shot
the bull. He isn't a operations man any
more but works with the Red Cross in the
newly opened Aero Club. Sat. day begins to
sell food and I'll go over and see what's
cooking - and I do mean cooking. I
bought my ration today and played the
joke by in our cubby hole of a P.H. I played

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PASSED BY
26939
EXAMINER

That takes care of the ⁽⁴⁾ food for today and no more to read about that. Some of the boys dug up a radio some place and have a bunch of jive tuned it right now. They have it in the office across the hall and I can hear it just as if it were here in the office with me. So from now on, we'll hear all the programs sent over the joint by that name. Who knows, you may be even tuned in on the same program that I am. Tell me all the ones you listen to and I will try to find them in the dial. The good Lt. Jacobi is here in the office tonight, making up the letters too. He slept all day long for he worked last night. I suppose he is willing to his good friend who he wants to marry. I advise anyone to get hitched for I'm crazy about it myself. No we can be as happily married as in love as we are. I love you so awful much and just adore you. I miss my little bright eyes so awful much and long for you. You'll never know, as the army goes, just how much I love you. My love grows with leaps and bounds each day. Just you wait and see what a gasinate husband you have.

Friday, near 3rd³

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!
I'm highly browned off tonight and have ever right to be so. Yes, no mail again today. It has been years since I last received any mail from you, anyway, five days. I need a letter from you in a bad way and not being one day or two without mail is bad enough but five days is too damn much for a human to stand. I shall be a raising money tomorrow if the mail call fails to produce for me. What happens to me should not happen to a day. I do hope that you are getting my mail with out delay and plenty of it. If you notice the little drawing on the envelope, this is how I chase the mail man each day. He hides when I come around. I use to curs him up and down when it's not a damn thing for me. Today, I was run really and enjoyed sleeping until 9:30. He's built up courage to venture out of the sack and clean up the joint. I swept and mopped up the bunkbeds in the matter of a half hour. I carefully tackled my B bunkbed bay and explored it's depths. I found many items that I can make good use of. A extra blanket for one thing and clean towels.

unbs. I must camp in with them. I really do hope that the team does it unbs and that I will have the place to my self. I shall tell you all about the various things that I do while in C. Q. Space said a visit to a nearby town last nite in the library room. Claims to have had a date with some babe. You can guess the type of gals he goes out with. Supper tonight was a very meal and I didn't eat much at all. So I barged into the kitchen and had some bread and peanut butter from my bunk mates the curbs. I shall have toasted peanut butter sandwiches in a little while to ward off hunger. This will suffice me until I go home tonight by the way of the mess hall to slip into some mid nite chow. You have a chow hound for a half baked GI husband. I'm always feeding my face and can never get enough of this per seance for food. We did have a good meal at noon today. Consisting of roast beef etc. I thought it damn good for a change. I won't be able to get enough of your wonderful cooking when I come home. We'll do no thing, but love eat, love and have fun. All in fun say, yes!

Clean unbs etc. Also slide rule and drawing equip. Loads of other numerous things that I can use were found there. I jerked the body on said bunk and took the position of relaxed reading. I read until jump of hunger took me it was time to chow up. Well I did! To my utter surprise and delight, I found a cheeri fire blazing in the office. You could of fooled me. Dooty piled up enough ambition to build me this morning. The movie we plan to have this afternoon was called off. Said 21 movie machine was in the blink and would not unbs. So we shall have said movie as soon as the damn thing unbs. There's no regular movie tonight for the boys. I passed the afternoon by discussing things we are using in our lectures etc. A genius talking, accurate job it is. I'll beat this for some time to come. I would much rather do this than any other type of unbs. It is interesting as hell etc. Regardless of the fact, if my team unbs to murder nite, I will spend a dull all nite stand of C. Q. In a way, I like this detail of guarding the place for it gives me plenty of time to catch up on the many letters I've had to read a whole lot. And if the team

I'm eating my treated ⁽⁷⁾ peanut butter sandwiches now and they are damn good. I think I will do this real often. As you can see, you have a husband of many talents. I've devised a steel plate to put in the stove in order to toast the bread. I'm sorry that I didn't think this up a long time ago. Anythin' to break this old routine of every life. I hope that I get a package from you to mention I'm getting low on writing paper. I hate to use this damn stuff we get in the P. K. So hat that you send me some more but quick. Also some more books. I've acquired a hunger for books now and try my best to find time to read. I manage to do a little reading each day. I read a little bit when I came back from supper and a whole lot this morning. I may read a little more when I finish this letter if it's not too late. Honey, you just don't know how much I miss you and love my little wife. If I could only be with you even for just a little while, I'm praying real hard that this war will end real soon. I know that you are doing the same thing. Just keep your pretty little chin up and I'll be home with you real soon.

Sometimes I plunge ⁽⁶⁾ into deep thought and analyze things. Last night, I lay awake for a hour or so and was thinking about how and why a lot of the fellows change over here. One would think that there would be no cause to change in the theater of war but even betterly there is more to this than meets the eye. One has to take into consideration the physiological aspect of this case. Things are so much different over here than the fellows are used to. I for one find it this way. I think the cold fact of being so damn far away from home has a lot to do with this. Some of the fellows are a bit more in the quiet side and all of us are nervous as hell. The work is so much harder and hardly any free time at all. What little free time we have, the average GI can't find any thing to do but shoot the hell. I've notice the biggest change in the married men. All of us miss our wives so much that it has a telling effect up on ones daily life. I'm not much on this analyzing the human mind, I mean I can't put it into words. All I can say is that we sure do miss the folks at home. You can understand how I miss you and how I long to be with you.

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3/3/44



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3

Sat. Mar 4th 4

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

I'm not sure but I think this is another mail less day for me. I'm CQ tonight and had to eat early supper. Ralph went along with me and Dick was suppose to go pick up the mail. When we came back, found letters for Ralph but none for me. Dick was gone to chow and I'm undermanned. I think that the team will have to work all nite and I won't be able to do all the things that I wanted to do. Such as, catching up on my back letters and some serious reading. C.Q. is an all nite job and all you have to do is keep two pies going and keep on the ball. That is, if your team doesn't have to work. If it does, you have to do your job as a team member and it is rough. Dick just called from the Aero club and said that he picked up the mail but none for me. This makes the 5th day with out mail for me. So you can guess how low my morale is at this point. I had high hopes of a lot of wonderful mail from you today but they were miserably dashed into the ground. I ought to get a whole bag full of mail to munch and under. I hope that I'm managing to munch afterwards with at least five letters from you to make up for the mailers just five days. I would much rather get one letter a day instead of a whole bunch at one time. Sub. I hope that my mail is getting through.

I'm awaiting news about if you received
the money I sent you ab. I want to know
if not. I can trace the cause down from
over here. You should have it by now and
the letter telling you that I sent some to you.
This morning we got up for breakfast
because they were having french toast
glazed with syrup. It was worth
while to venture out of the neck. To our
surprise, we found the ground clad in
glistening white snow. I have to admit
that the resurrection being English
Country side was beautiful. It looks
like a fairland or on a Christmas card.
Snow always gets new vigor and pep
into me. I like it even from a little
kid on up. We have a lot of fun
tossing snow balls at each other. Poor
Ralph was covered from head to toe
with blotches of snow ball hits. He
was lumbered with a hail of them
and was hit about every time. I
was relieved a no. of times myself
with these missiles of fun. I'm
writing this from the front office
and I'm all alone at the time being.
I think the good Major Klayfer
will work with us to night taking
the place of Lt. Schramm who is
out on gas. Chris went down to
London yesterday and the great
Sgera is filling his shoes tonight
in our team. I can hear some
one playing "Scatter Brains"
on the radio in the next office.
How that song brings back
wonderful memories. We just
began to climb when that little
ditty was the hit tune. I
can't see to be nuts about that
any and you were quite fond of it
too. This afternoon,

(3)
I heard that old favorite of yours. "I Didn't
know what time it was". That was the song you
always wanted me to play in the juke box when we
first met. What fun we jumped into those
wonderful dates we use to have. Today, we are
old married people of a year and one month.
Gosh, I would like to be with you this nite
so we could have fun and just raise Cain.
Thanks again for becoming my Sweet J. H. E.
Angel wife. I'm so awfully crazy about you
and adore you. You know how I feel and how
much I love you. Today was another rather
boring one for me with lots of work. Mostly drawing
things for lecture purposes and things that I like
that. I ate a fast noon chow so I could come
back and do a little reading before I went on
with my work. I shall try to do this each day
and after I write you letters each nite. I just
can't find enough time to read. Tonight, the
Aero club really gets under way with the grand
opening. They will sell food etc from now on. I
went to go over there some nite and see what it's
like. I suppose that it will always be full of
life and not enough room to turn around.
From all reports, it will be a damn good deal.
The major is shooting the bull with Lt. Jones
and is telling him all about his trips around
the world before the war. He is the one who is the
owner and founder of Random House publishers.
I would guess that he is a very wealthy man

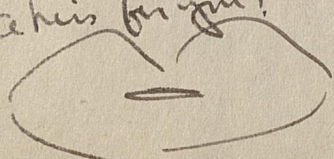
and has loads of money. ⁽⁴⁾ Major Klopfer is the
head of S-2 in our Group. I would say that he's
about 6ft tall and around 50 years of age.
(Don't quote me on his age) He is a rather
~~big~~ disingenuous looking man and I guess
you could call him good looking. He has
written a lot of books himself and is a very
brilliant character. He is ~~is~~ well liked by all
and any of us would do anything he asks. He
is a good S-2 man and knows his stuff. I have
to stop every once in awhile and have to check
my files and make the rounds. I have to see if
all the windows are blacked out and all of that
rest of things. I do hope that the team will have
to work all night and I can catch up on my
reading. Not much of interest happened today.
Just the same old grind etc. Duster was not
around today for he worked last night. He is
leaving on his per length in a few days and I'll
be in charge of the office with the able assistant,
Lt. Jacobs. His sister sent a picture to him and
she is a nice looking gal for a Jew. Ralph is
going to write to her for Lt. Jacobs writes to
his sister. So what a deal this is. I do believe that
the work is coming through, so best I go take a
look and see what the score is. I hope that I can
finish this letter up some time during the night.
All I can say is that I'm just nuts about you
and want you in a big way. I am, I love you so
awful much.

(5)

Well, the red umb is really on and we are slaving away. I wrote for about three hours and thought best that I add a few more lines to your letter. Here I was planning on a nice quiet evening and all hell broke loose in the way of umb. Here a dull moment in the ETO (it rump here in fine print) Spera is a lot of help. You! just like a red thumb. He is sitting on his dead a-- and not doing a damn thing. Wish I could get by with some of the things certain characters do around here. Some of the guys have all of the checks etc. Darling, note the change in paper. I'm using some that I found in my "B" lunchbox bag. It has the heading of Army Air Base, Simp City, Iowa. So I have to cut it off. Sure do wish I were back there in any place in the States. (Even Texas) One year ago to morrow, I smashed up one of Uncle's air craft. He sure didn't like that one bit. Did he? I went before the board March and was washed out then. The hell with it etc. We ordered some chow and should be here in a little while. I'll be damn glad of that. I always need a midnite snack. When I come home, best you have some thing for me to eat each nite at mid hour. Gah! I can't wait until we can take up a normal married life. I want to be a civilian but quick. I know that you want me home too! I wonder what you are doing right now. This Sat nite of March. Suppose you are listening to the radio and writing me a sugar report. Sure wish that mail would get here in time and would quit fooling around like this.

(6)

I need a share so awful bad and will have to
take one in a little while. Honey, I need you some-
thing awful and no kidding. The being away from
you is not for me. I want you like a wild man
and will truly be one when I get home to you. I shall
reunite you with passionate kisses and love making.
I know you will like that as much as I do. You
will match my passions in every way. What a
super love making that will be. All our pent up
emotions will be released in a flood of passions.
I grow hot and bothered at just the thought of all
this love. I can't wait for that day to come. I shall
kiss you until the cows come home and I hear that
they never come home any more. We shall look
us over in our apt and unit venture out for
camp. Heck I say more. Peanuts, I don't know if
I'll have any more time during the night to carry
on with this letter. If I do, you can be assured that I
will add more to it. So for now, I must close and
do come with. All I can say is that I love you
more than words can express and want you more
than you'll ever understand. I shall be thinking of
you all night long and will dream of you all
day tomorrow. God Bless you, my adorable,
Angel wife and loads of love. Until tomorrow night
then, no long for now. I love you so damn much
a kiss for you!

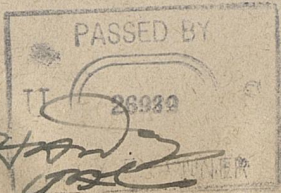


Your lovesome Soldier
Husband
Sonny

Capt George Canary 15118242
701 Squadron 445th Bomb Group (H)
APO 634 70 Postmaster
New York, New York



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



4

Sunday Mar 5th 5
Sure is hell in ETO

My Darling Sweet Angel wife!

I'm so damn mad tonight that I could eat nails. You guessed it, no mail again today. Damn, I felt sure to get some today, but no. As you notice in the heading, I said "Sure is hell in the ETO", no truer words have ever been spoken. I'm browned off something awful and fit to be tied. So if I should sound blue in this letter, please excuse for you know how I must feel. I had another brain uneventful day and slept all day long in acid sack. Last night was a long damn hard one and we all were dead ducks this morning. Finished up our baths around 7:30 this morning and made tracks for the mess hall. That old sack felt like a million bucks when I crawled into it for some well earned sleep. I don't think I rolled over once all day long. A carving for a smoke woke me up around 5 pm and I laid there until 5:30, smoking a couple times. I woke Dick, Ralph and Spurr up. Then we hit the chow line for supper. Missing mail again today made me so blue that I had to have some sort of mental diversion of some thing or other. So we decided to take in the movies. The new Cass Club being next to the movie house (if you can call a garbage can. Large Kaiser Hotel a movie house) we paid it a call. I was very delighted at the new club. The Red Cross has fit it up well and I take my hat off to them. It is a large one story affair made up of a no. of connecting huts.

One part of it is a ⁽²⁾ lounge and a reading
room. Then there is a writing room and a play
room with ping pong tables, billiard tables etc. The
furniture etc are well and makes the place pleasing
to the eye. The main attraction is the cafe part of
course. we took in that, you can be assured. The
menu was coffee, tea and cakes, pie etc. Frankie
was there so he went to the show with us. The name
was "Honey Moon Dodge" and was fair. After the
movie we went back to the club for more chow.
By this time the place was jam packed with G.I.s.
By the way, my English G.I. friend, Beechie who
there now in the kitchen. She called me in to see
the place. She is a nice old English gal at that. She
was sorry about not hearing from you in such a
long time. That was the first thing she asked me,
when did I last hear from you. Another one of the
gals who use to work at the other English place with
Beechie, serves the food in the Aero club. I didn't
even see her and she yelled "Hello George", and ran
into the kitchen to get Beechie. They are the nicest
English people I have met and they like to talk to
us etc. I still kid Beechie about how all the boys are
crazy about her etc. She likes this very much and
gets a big kick out of it. We still have our morning
session of the Breakfast club for the English Civilian
tea wagon place is still open. Funny how the English
would rather work for us than their own people etc.
I suppose the Red Cross pay them more and I can't
blame them for working for us. Egad, I want to
set the hell out of this country but fast. I suppose
so long just as hell at me if not worse.

(3)
The pie was out in my arm so I'm willing
this from office no. 9 on EM near Com's Club
room as we call it. I have to stand up and
write on the safe for the place is full of ppl. that
walk over here in S-2, Dick etc. I did not go to
church today for I was slept. I know that this wasn't
wrong etc. All I can say is that I love you
and want you more than it is possible. Rest that
I get a letter but quick for I need me bad. Ralph
is a bit sensitive or touchy about his hair. We tease him
about his hair and stands in front of a mirror combing
it like a gal. He takes hours to clean up each day.
He is a good kid though even if he is a bit nuts at times.
Chorus came back from London today and from his
reports, had a good time. I want to go there some time
in the next weeks or so. I keep on saying that I want
to go there but never do. Damn it. I'm going there yet.
We have a new song we sing here in the ETO. thought
up by the one and only Lt Jones. Math. It goes like
this (the chorus) ^{of} ~~I~~ Hard ^{as} luck long. there's nothing
I can do. Give me your card. I'll ~~send~~ punch a hole
for you. Meaning TS card. Silly don't you think?
We are by and all help here in the ETO. I guess a
few days in the States will fit it up. I sure need
a rest in the U.S.A. I need my cure and that
is you. Gosh, I miss you so awful much and
need you. I had to move out of office no 9 for
they were making too damn much noise. It is a
bit late now, so this will have to be a short letter this
time. Going to the show took up most of the night and
we didn't get out until 9 pm. It is almost 11 now.

(4)

If I don't get a letter from you to mention, I'll have to have my TS card punched by the chaplain. I'm really bored off about this mail system. The other guys are getting their mail okay. Honey, I love you so awful much and just adore you. You have no idea of how much I want you. It grows more and more each day and will always be like this. I don't have to tell you the way I love you for you know. One year ago today, I crashed and this time a year ago, I spent the night in the jail factory. The next day was Sat and I marched in to be with you. Remember, I didn't tell you about the crash until we were on our way to Kuster field. I thought at first that I wouldn't ever tell you but decide I should. I can't keep anything from you. Dam, I love you so awful much and adore you. Tonight, the sky is covered with a blanket of lovely stars and old moon moon is brightly shining down. I will wish have bathed in moon light and will have thoughts of love. When the moon shines so bright, I feel twice as lovely for it was made for lovers such as we. It is a damn shame that we can make use of this lovely night. It won't be long before we can live night and day. So just hang in and guys real hard. The pain of being away from you is sure hell and I want to end it but quick. I never knew I could stand so much torture and yet live. To be honest, I can't call this living at all. My life is at a stand still away from you like this. I don't care about a damn thing but just to go home with you. I gaze out towards the direction you are and wish I could leap across the chasm between us.

(5)
I should clue and go home but I just keep on
waiting to you. Funny, I refer to the bunsels as
home when it is just the opposite. In a way, it is
my home for the time being. Webster calls a home
this, one's abode; habitat; shelter or comfortable
abode; goal. I call home or I mean the bunsels,
just a place where my needs is. You are the true
meaning of home to me. When I say, I want to
go home, I mean I want to go to you. Yes, you
are my home and all the things I want. If you
were in China, my home would be there. Do you
understand what I mean? I'm so much in love
with my darling little Angel wife. I fall all over
in love with you each day. I've found heaven in
your arms and having you as a wife. It thrills
me to death, calling you my wife. You have no idea
of how wonderful it is to know my little wife is home
waiting for me with a life of untold happiness. I
wonder what the other guys here to look forward to?
Thanks again for making me the happiest and
luckiest guy in the world. I'll never be able to
get enough of you and will always want more.
You are my life and are in my blood like a
drug. You are part of me and alive all mine.
Thank you Peanuts, for all of this. I wish I could
express how I feel about you. Words fail. I know
you understand and feel the same way. I'm
this way and all the suffering that goes with
it. I want to be with my little Angel wife right
now. Gosh. It is almost midnite now and I
should be in bed. I will clue in a few minutes.

(6)

Take good care of your self for me for you are mine. Honey, please dont worry about a damn thing for I'm well etc. There isn't a thing to worry about. It's just that I miss you so awful much and I'm blue as hell. Your letters keeps me up and I feel awful when they are slow in getting here. My morale is down to the nub but a letter from you would build it back up. I'm praying for just one letter from you tomorrow. I'll be meeting mail call out and I do mean meeting it out. I will try to write all the people I owe mail to as soon as I can. It is really a problem to write. They dont understand how it is for them here only me to write. I have no little time to spare them. Darling, I must go now for I'll be dead tomorrow if I dont. I'll dream of you again to night like I always do and will make passionate love. Tell your family hello and to write real soon. I shall get around to writing them as soon as possible. God Bless you my adorable, Sweet Angel and loads of love you'll never know how much I love you and how much I miss you. Until to tomorrow night then, good night.

Whis for you!

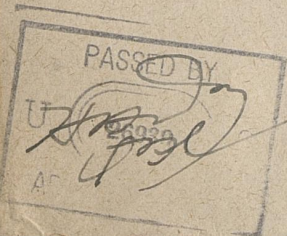


Your Jones me mail
Starved Soldier Husband
Jimmy

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



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



5

Tuesday Mar 7th

My Darling Sweet Angel wife!

Today I hit the jack pot in the way of mail today by getting 4 letters from you, ~~two~~ two from Mum and one from Dad. This was the mail I missed out on last week. I was so damn glad to get all of these letters from you and my morale is high as can be. You are so wonderful and Sweet. I was glad to hear that you received the money I sent you and that you made use of it buying a new coat with said dough. I shall send you more soon as I'm paid this month plus the dough I have for last month. You do with it as you want etc. I just came back from the Red Cross. My show was put on for us tonight. It was rather good and it made a hit with the M.P.s. They had a lot of lovely lovelies etc and they give me a big show. You should of heard all the wibes howl at the sight of a white woman and the thing that go with same. I thought the gang would

tear down the face. ⁶¹ Dick led the cheers
in bowls. A good time was had by all
and it was a good show. As I've said before,
the Red Cross is doing me hell of a grand
job for all of us over seas. Not only here
but where ever there are G.I.s. We take
our hats off to them. My team has to
work all night, so I will be a dead duck
in the morning again. The work hasn't
come in as yet and we are slacking
around waiting for it. I've went in
town tonight in a 6 hour pass to keep a
date with some old boy he knows. You
know the type that he goes out with and
the only kind that he can get. Honey, it
was swell of you to take over while I'm
was sick with a cold. You are so
wonderful and I love you so awful
much. Things like this gives how much
you love me and I appreciate it.
All I can say is that I'm nuts about
you and madly in love with you. I
could only be with you and could show
you by actions instead of words. You just
wait and see. What a super evening we
will have when I do get home to you.

(3)

As you can see, I'm using this
rummy paper from the PX. Best you
send me some more at once if not
sooner. I'm about due for another
jacks eye of goods from you and I'm
on the look out for same. I just love
these wonderful toys you send me, do
keep them up. For some reason the gung
are using my room to write their
letters and hold their evening hell
session. They are always asking me
come down and I have to stop. Jimmy
is banging away at a typewriter and
I'm is ringing. So you can guess what
a bedlam going on around here. I
want peace and quite so I can write
to you. War is hell though and the
red part about it, that it grows tigher
all of the time. Now the subject of the
hell session is on hands and sewing.
I wish they would quite down a time
or two. I am it, any way. I didn't
work last nite and wasn't around
all day. ~~Jack~~ Lt. Jacobi wasn't around
most of the day and Joan the office etc.
He came in this afternoon and had me

(4)

drive him several places in the jeep.
Darling, as I've told you before, the lane
is more or less gravelled all over the
Country side. The lane is criss crossed
with winding English Country lanes.
These lanes are narrow as hell with
about room enough for two trucks
to pass. Today, as I was rolling
along one of the lanes, a herd of cows
blocked off the lane. A old farmer
was driving the cattle from one field
to another and had to use the lanes.
There are a no of farms on the lane
itself. I could if reached out and
got a glass of milk if I had a glass
with me. I had to stop until the damn
cows pass by. More damn fun. St. Jacobs
nearly had a fit and etc. The rest of the
day I did mostly routine office work and
all sorts of things like that. I did a job
for Lt. Meyer this afternoon and that
took a couple of hours or so. God had
another dull day full of the other daily
routine that is boring as hell. Best I go
check up and see if there is any work
to be done etc.

(5)

The guys have at last gone home now and I have the place to my self. It is almost 11:30 and we are still waiting in the wubs to come through. We know that it will show up some time and have to stay around here until it comes down. Darling, one year ago today, I was washed out of the cadets. I thought that my heart would break on that day and I've never gotten over it. I'm crying over split milk. I read in the Air Force Journal where the Cadet Club has a club for their wives now. They find jobs and places for the Cadet's wife to stay. I think that is a damn good deal. Her insignia is a wedding ring with wings. We had then didn't have that while we were around the cadet circles etc. Well, I had to stop for about three hours to wubs for it at last came in. We have it all caught up and can take a few minutes rest. So I dashed back here to my office to carry on with your letter. We slipped out to the mess hall at midnite and got away stacks of hot cakes. I ate

pie of them my self. ⁽⁶⁾ I heard through
various channels that we are to have
hot cakes in your own mess hall in the
morning. That is always good news
and helps to brighten up the mile of
trail. You have no idea of how damn long
these all mile mess runs are. Chas is CQ
tonight and has to keep the fires going
etc. Enclosed with me if your letters
was a very cute card. You are so
thoughtful and sweet. Gosh, I love
you so awful much and adore you.
You said that you helped to enter two
two est by friends of your sister one
Sunday afternoon and I didn't like
that so much. You know why! I got a
letter from "junk" the army weekly,
thank you for the cartoon I sent
in and they will use it as soon as
they can. So I will send you a
copy of it when it comes out. You asked
me what I thought about your writing
a story. Here goes to you. I wish I
had the time to do so, for I have a
million things I could write about.
You go ahead and see if you can sell it.

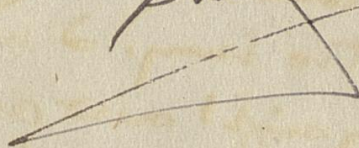
(1)

you have my moral support and
all of that sort of thing. How are all
of your folks etc? Tell them I said hello
and I'll write real soon. I'm getting
a bit sleepy now and do wish I could
go crawl in the sack. I'll have to wait
until in the morning and then sleep
all day long. I have to shave in a little
while and clean up etc. That is if I'm
not too busy. I wonder what you are
doing right now and if you are thinking
of your Soldier husband. It is about 8pm
at home now and I suppose you are
listening to some program in the
civ. Perhaps you are writing to me
this very minute. Honey, I miss you so
awful much and it grows more and
more each day. I want my little wife
but quiet and no fussing. I want some
more of that wonderful love making
and your breath-taking kisses. If I
could only be with you right now. I think
I'll stop for a little while and see if I
can't catch 40 winks while I can.

(81)

Sunny Honey, but I didn't have time to
finish up this letter. Because of more damn
work. I want this to catch the 8 am
mail. So I will close again I say I love
you and want you some times awful.
God Bless you and loads of love.

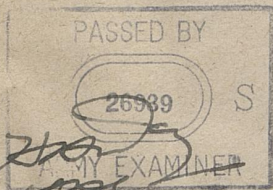
Your Soldier Hubbie
Sunny



Copy also of Canary 15113242
761 S Madison 445th Bomb Group (H)
APO 636 70 Post Master
New York, New York



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



6

Wed Mar 8th
Some where in ETO

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

I was lucky again today and was courting with two letters from you, one from your Mom and one from Paul. Honey, you can't ever realize how much I depend on your wonderful letters to keep me going. They do bring to me and build up my morale. I enjoy each word and reread them many times. We didn't finish up work this morning until 8 am and then went to breakfast. I'm awful sorry that I had to cut your letter short but blame it on the war. I thought I would be able to write you a long one but I was called to do more work. When I climbed into the rack, to my dismay, I wasn't sleepy. So I read about a half hour until I did grow sleepy. Honey, I had the best damn dream. I thought that I came home to you and we were so awful happy. We walked through town and I could see it so plain. We decided to take a trip as we did. It was the Honey moon that we were cheated out of. I'm not kidding you, that was the realstod dream I've ever had. I woke up at noon time and took a amide, also at 3 pm. The nurse orderly woke me at 4:30 with the mail from you. I laid there reading your letters and finally got up. Dub, Ralph and I went to chow and then here at the office. I shaved and cleaned up. So now you know what I did all day up to now. As you can see, it was a very uneventful one and bring as hell. All I do is live from one mail call to the other. No fooling!

(2)

How do you like this year, I heard from some of the
boys? I thought that I might hear a bit from you
with some stationery in it. I suppose that a job and
will arrive in a day or so. I think that Ralph and I
are going to turn in a couple of days but don't know
where as of yet. I can't make up my mind. You see, it
takes so damn much money to go to London that I hate to
go there. I want to save all of the dough that I can. I
don't know if I will take my 7 day leave or not because
of this. I do wish I had a lot full of dough and
could send it to you. Yeah, I love you so awful much
and just can't wait until I get home to you. Paul told
me all about India and what kind of a life he led there.
I'm sure damn glad that I'm in this hell hole of a island
than that place. I bitch and complain about this place
when I don't realize how tough it is in ~~the~~ India and
many other places. You're not a good soldier unless you
bitch or complain. I must be a damn good one if that is
right. Friday is a day that we all hate to see come. We
are due for our annual shots again. We'll only get
what they call a hot water shot and another vaccination.
I hate to take shots and shudder with the thought. You have no
idea of what that hot long hypodermic type needle feels like. I
don't mind the pain of the needle, it is the after effects of the
junk they force into your blood stream. Arses arm
~~is~~ dangles useless with pain. Sometimes it makes you
sick. I'm a tough guy and will survive. I shall go to the
alley with chest out, head held high and knees a
club in like hell. Oh! Unhappy Shot Day! If my arm

hurts too bad when they busy me. I may not be able
 to write. If not I will try to type a some thing. What a
 hell of a war this is etc! "My thing can for a Curb" is at the
 show tonight and we saw it way back when. I wasn't going
 to the show anyway for I wanted to write to you. As soon
 as I can find some spare time I shall write to Paul. He
 is a nice guy and all of that. I only met him one time
 and I'm not too sure what he looks like. I think I
 have a faint idea. The good Lt. Jacobs just came into
 the office and it's the first time I've seen him in three
 days. He's wrong, I saw him yesterday at that.
 Some of the nuts are taking off for the show now and you
 can hear them all over the place. I was sorry to hear that
 Bud Ryan was missing in action. He was an old pal
 of mine. A lot of my old school pals and other friends will
 be missing from the old heavy nuts when this war is over. I
 still can't believe it about Jack. I was playing a game
 of going down in the Aero club the other night and thought
 of him. Jack could really play that game. We use to play
 it and Jack after school each day. I still haven't heard from
 him and wonder when he will write. Sure is taking him
 a real long time to get around to it. I won't write him
 until he answers. I know he received my letter for you
 and that his brother told Mum etc. He has had ample time
 to write by this time. Seems that he would and all of that.
 I wonder how old Carl is and what he is doing. I write
 the gang at Appels a letter after Christmas but no answer
 from them. I suppose they have forgotten me by this time,
 you would think they would send a gift to their employees
 in Christmas time etc. You know old Joe Appel.

(4)
The clipping of the coat that you bought is very cute
and I bet you look like a million it like you always
do. I adore you in sport clothes and always want you to
wear that type. I'll buy a lot of new sport coats when I come
home too. We are both the sport clothes type. Lets always
wear them. You'll have the new ones in the clothes that
I buy. I like to dress up and all of that but I feel much
better in sport clothes. I like to hang around in grey
fannels and jackets etc. That is the way I intend to
dress when I come home. Remember all the fun we
are to have in the Spring. It was so much fun to walk
around the park with you. I always did like to shut
you off and will do so when I come home. It will be
twice as much fun now that we are married. My chest
wells with pride when I introduce you to people as my
wife. Gosh, I love you so awfully much. Darling, we always
had loads of fun doing any old thing. Lots of couples
would have been bored at some of the things we did. Lets
always act silly like we use to do. I'll always count
you and will be a roman. Two years inate cars. Our
love and marriage is different than all others. I can't
wait until I come home and take up the role of a
peace time husband. It is wonderful and has been loads
of fun being married to you the just year but it won't be
able to compare with the happiness ahead for us. I just
can't wait and know you feel the same way. This can't be
over will end some time this year and I'll be home with you.
So have faith and hang in a little while longer. All of the
boys are doing their utmost to end this but quick.

(5)
We are proud of our uniform but would like to exchange
it to the duds of a civilian. Much as I want to be a civilian
again, I wouldn't want to be one until the war is over.
I'm glad and proud that I've had the chance to help
to do my very small part for our Country. I'm doing this
for you, so that we will have years of happiness and fun
ahead of us. However, you are in the war as much as any
one else. You gave up your husband and lent him to
Uncle. Be proud and keep your pretty little chin up.
Cheer and yell each time you read in the paper that our
boys bomb these bastards into hell. If people could
only read behind the head lines and see the scars
on the guts and leaves that it takes to bomb these damn
in human monsters. I take my hat off to our wonderful
crews and think each one is a ace. I only wish that I
had made three wings too! These damn Germans must
be scared to death at the sound of our planes overhead.
They have every right to be for the best damn crews in the
world are out to kill them. Hitler may lie like hell
about the damage caused by our bombs, but each man
and woman in Germany know the terror of our bombs.
I can't see how they can last much longer under this
ever increasing tempo of bombing. I know and see
by photos what our boys are doing to these age men.
Each time our planes come back from a mission, we want to yell
with lusty cheers. I know that each bomb that falls shortens
this darky day and men too. Well, I'll get off the soap
box now and enough said about this. Please don't worry
about me as I know you are doing. I know if you could
only see how it is you would feel much better. I'd a devil, home
was never like this but we are just as safe.

(6)

Your mother gave me a full report on the things that you do etc. You are so wonderful and Sweet. I know that your family will miss you when I claim you and take you away. I have you any ideas about an apt. for us etc? I sure do like to think about this. It was looks of fun at Simp City to go to our little apt and do as we wanted. Honey, I know that we are more than welcomed to stay at either of our parents home but we want a place of our own. That's why I need you that extra money, so you can save it for our apt. I want to come home and have a cute little apt waiting for me. Let's not waste a minute and get this normal married life going. I would like to come home and find you at the door of our own little Heaven hide away. Please let me know all of your just was plans and ideas. Now is the time to talk about all of this and not wait until the last minute. I wonder how much longer this damn war will last? The end is not so far away and it is just a question of time. Darling, I bet if we put all the notes that we have written to each other end to end, we could have a enough to reach a line to each other. We both write such long letters. I adore them and know you feel the same. Darling, I think that Lillian is could bitch and not with a damn. I believe all the stories you hear about her. One can glance at her and tell she is an old whore. Tell your sister to stay away from her. Only nuts and jerks could ever like a girl like Lillian and that's the type of fellows that take her out. Your sister has it enough brains to see this, so it is up to you to tell her.

(7)
things are awful damn quite around here tonight
and suppose it is because the ring leaders have gone to
the show. I guess you'll find or buy, stuck him up
last nite, so he missed out. He was browned off about
it to beat hell. I can't blame a girl standing him up. He
never thinks that he is a lucky killer. Oh Brother! I guess
I'll have to come back from the other line where he is working.
I think he will finish up in about another week or so.
I haven't seen all the medicine in a good while and I suppose
that he is still gushing pills around. I call him a pill
roller. I was talking to some of the gang I flew over
with this morning and they were asking me if I had
heard any news about Currier. He is still missing and
I guess is beyond all hope now. Ralph had some of
that anti-ching lip stick and I'm using it now. My
lips are much better and are about okay. This damn climate
causes my lips to get dry and crack. God use the stuff
to cure and prevent it. I'm sleepy again because sleeping
in the day time does not fill your wants. I wonder why
I felt as bad when I woke up as I did before I went to sleep.
It is getting rather late and I will head for the old shack in
a little while. That old shack is nice and warm and I
used to hate to crawl out of it each morning. It takes
a lot of will power and courage to venture out into the
ice by coldness of our hut. Home builds a fire that early in
the morning. It's not so hot at nite for the bunk shack has a
little heat in it when I go to bed. I'm always the last one in
each nite and have to grope my way in the darkness to
find my bed. I can follow the noses of Texas like a beam
and find my shack next to him. I don't like to turn on the
lights for it might wake up some of the boys.

Well, all I can say is that I love and adore you. I
want you so awful much and can't wait until we
can make love again. You have a gorgeous, love
stained heart for a husband. My whole year sucked
body cries out for the want of you. Some times in my
sleep, my hands grope for you but never find you there
in bed with me. I tremble at the thought of all of that
gorgeous love making that will be ours when I come
home. I want to feel your cheeks crushed up tightly
to me and your hot lips on mine. I think about this
all of the time and so nuts for the want of you. One
day will come. It can't be too soon for me. I want you
as soon as possible if not sooner. Enough with this love
making, off with the clothes. Just you wait until I
can show you how much I love you and adore you.
Honey, I hope you can read this awful writing, but
have to hurry. I want to catch midnite chow and it is
almost time for same. I'll be sending my mail
call for a lot of wonderful letters from you and in hopes
of a package or two. Tell your mother thanks for the lovely
letter and I will answer same as soon as I can. I will
draw you a little something to mention. Well, I'll close
for tonight. God Bless you my Sweet, Adorable, Embraceable
wife and loads of love. Until till tomorrow night then; good
nite. I'll see you in my dreams in a little while.
I kiss you!

Your Gorgeous & Adorable Husband

Jimmy



Sat Mar 11th 7
a blue nite in the ETO

my Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

I have a right to ring the blues tonight for again I failed to receive mail. It is so unjust and unfair not to get at least a letter every other day. I suppose I'll get another bunch all at one time like the last time. Truly this is a blue Sat nite for me and I'm feeling sad and lonely. I have rich from those damn dots and feel like hell. If I could only be with you for a little while tonight. Please don't feel sorry for me because I'm blue. Be God first gives how much I love you. The gang are all at the movies and I'm alone here in the office. I like this solitude and being alone with my favorite thoughts of you. Darling, I love you so awful much and will never be able to get enough of you. I crave to be at your side, to feel the gentle touch of your smooth cheeks next to mine. I'm so hungry for true love's kisses, fire, & life of yours and to kiss you over and over. I'm madden by the thought of being so damn far away from you. I'm jealous of each second that I'm not with you. I'm jealous of the wind that ruffles your radiant blond hair and caresses your cheeks. Would I were only a super man, I would leap to your side and dare I would stay. I'm lost with out you and need you to guide me. You are the source of my strength and energy. You are my life and all that matters to me. I long for the days of old when we were so happy and had such wonderful fun. It seems like eternity since I last held you in my arms and kissed your cheeks. I'm dumb with the pain of this unbearable torture of being away from you.

if my own attempt of penmanship is hard to read,
blame it upon the shots they injected into my bare flesh.
Today was another one of those dull ones that I abhor. The
members and less business was broken by the arrival of
the week's issue of Yank. Yank was full of many interesting
articles and items. I always read it from cover to cover and
digest all the news from home. The same goes with the Stars
the Stripes and daily news rag. Today, I did five more
stories for the Pro office and I'm getting to be damn
good at it if I do say so myself. Perhaps some day you
will read my stuff in the newspapers. Look for a story about
Lt. Hugh Francis for I wrote it and it will appear in the
times. So you will be able to read some of my stuff. This will
be in the part of the paper about the Louisville group in the service.
Perhaps a column and a photo. I doubt if my name will be in
the by line but you can let your brots I wrote it. I saw Hugh
today and told him about it. He got a big kick out of the
thought of me writing of his valor in action. Cut it out and
send it to me if you see it. I know that you will, you see, the
stories I write go to the group's home town paper etc. I'm
going to do a feature story and hope to hit all the AP papers.
I like to do this and will keep it up as much as I can.
All I can say is that I love you and adore you more than
anybody. S. J. and Dick are due back from their jobs tonight
and I will send you a full report of their ad ventures in town.
I can almost write what they did night and for I know how
these two jobs originate. You know these two group too. I
think that Ralph and I will go out in your Tuesday and Wed.
we are going to the near by town this time in order to save
our money. I want to save all of it as I can, and send it home to
you. So save it up for the day I come home and all of that.

Just like as Ralph and I were³ walking home used to the
benches, I gave out with a Elogy to the moon. It was a
sad, moaning thing, spoken in a soft whisper. I wish I
could recapture the words I spoke. It was a D's lovely
wail to the moon about how he misses his love me - you.
I put it over so good that Ralph had tears in his eyes
when I finished. I too wiped the drops away from my
clouded eyes. It is too wonderful to put in writing, so I
shall refrain from doing it. I know you too, would cry
if you read these words. If the moon is shimmering again
tonight I will wail my woes in a form of a Elogy again.
Darling, I miss you so awful much and just can't wait
until I can hold you in my arms. This morning we had
hot cubes for breakfast and they were damn good. I wish there
got out with them each day. Roast beef for dinner and
hot dogs for supper. Again, I say that I adore you and
love you. Darling, to write I found a book at the Aero club
that should be very interesting. It is "Preview of History" by
the foremost news analyst. Raymond Brown Swiny. It is a
book to discuss of the just war world. For some reason. I have
a profound interest in the just war plans. It will be a problem
with all the returning reserve men to be absorbed by business
and jobs. I want to gain all the knowledge that I can and
have a deep craving for it. I want to be a success for you and
buy you all the things that you deserve. My whole aim and
ambition in life is to make you happy and love me.
I am living for the day that you will be mine and
I can take up the role of a husband in the true sense. Pray
real hard for this desirable want to end and that soon I
shall be in my way home to you. I shall pray further very things
at Mass tomorrow and will try to go to Holy Communion.

as the nite wears on. I feel rotten by the minute. I shall have to make this a short one and go hit the sack. Don't worry about me being ill fit it will wear off by tomorrow. These damn shots always make me feel like this and always takes a couple of days to wear off. I think that a good nite's sleep will fit me up. I didn't sleep much last nite because each time I would turn my arms would hurt and wake me up. I bet I woke up 50 times during the nite. I suppose that the loss of sleep makes me feel bad tonight also. If I'm not better in the morning, I shall take the day off and take it easy. I know I should take a gas now, for we are working to hard and need the relaxation. I shall be fit as ever in the morning after a good nite's sleep. Wish you were here to take care of me etc. If you were here, I would snap out of this in noth my flat and would be ready for love. Oscar wants you so much and misses you some thing awful. Take good care of your self for you belong to me. I shall dream of you tonight and make diligent, passionate love to you. I am, I miss you so awful much. You'll never understand how much I do love you and adore you. My love for you cannot be expressed with mere words, only actions can tell you. I have a flood of pent up emotions waiting for you. We shall love for long to come when I do reach the shores of the States. My darling, I adore you. Deep down inside, you know and feel my love for you. Our day will come and we both just have to hang on a little while longer. Darling, I hate to cut this shorter but I ought to go to bed. God Bless you my beautiful creature and loads of love. Until tomorrow nite then so long.

A kiss for you.

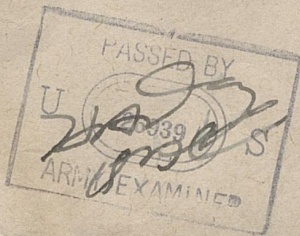
Your Passionate Soldier
Husband

Sunny

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



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



7

Monday Mar 13th

My Darling Sweet Adorable Wife!

Good evening you wonderful creature from heaven! Did you ever hear of the book called, "The Post man Ring Twice"? Well, today, he knocked down my door with the sum total of 7 letters. Five were from you, one from Sis and one from Katie. What a lucky day the 13th turned out to be for me. My morale is high as can be this nite and I owe it all to you. Peanuts, I didn't begin this letter until very late tonight. Reason, this afternoon, seven of us S-2 men went out on a little trip to a airbase by jeep. It was on official duty and we didn't return until 7pm tonight. We had a lot of fun on said venture

even though it was wild. For various reasons, I can't explain the details of our trip but can tell you about the ride. We made up a Convoy of two jeeps, one to the air base I went to and the other to another one. My fellow travelers in my jeep, were Jerry, Jimmy, Don and myself. Each of us took turns at the wheel. Darling, you should ride on these narrow foot paths the English call high ways. They are so damn small that while passing another car, one has to suck in his breath to make room. The roads are paved like ours but wind in and out like a snake. They are crossed by other roads every hundred yards or so. This is confusing as hell and one is apt to get lost.

(3)

We had to ask dozens of people to find our way, even though we had a map. In England, every square inch of earth is use for some purpose. Villages are plentiful and close to each other. Every nook and corner is filled with est's. I do believe that the American's call no. the bloody English. I wouldn't call the country side beautiful but is very nice.

Every thing is more or less green all year round because of the dampness of this blasted Island. You can tick England up - you know where! We gulled up to a couple of gubs and drank beer, that is, in the home word just of our trip. I still dislike this ~~very~~ sorry excuse for beer.

(4)

I thought witches, vampires etc, died long ago, but they have revived in the forms of bar maids. I'm not kidding one bit. Between their looks and the beer, is enough to make you sick. The trip was a success and we accomplished the mission we were sent out on. The other jeep had did same. I like this sort of work and hope to do a lot more. Outside of the trip, the day was busy as hell. I worked on the job of drafting for operations all morning and what a bloody job this is. Will finish same up in the morning. It took me a long time to devour your wonderful Sugar Reports and it is later than hell night now. So you bought a new lid. I wish I could see all your new

duds. I won't know you decked out in all of your new things. Glad you have said truth and can't wait to see it.

I never thought I would marry a wife with a stone bright tooth. When I come home, be careful where you put that thing. With that first germinate his we shall do, said truth will melt.

So best you not wear it the day I hit town. Darling, you asked me if I knew a Paul St. Gall that was wounded. Yes, he use to work at Appels with me and joined the Marines a little before I put my name on the dotted line.

A lot of my old friends are getting it and will be missing at old Army into. War is cutly as hell. Darling, you keep on imploring that the

(6)

English litches make with the eyes at me. Can't say that they do. Wenches over here are not attracted by your husband, a couple of times. (very rare) some female has looked my way with a "How but it" look, but was ignored. So your famous husband is unloved by the boys in this hell hole. Tell your sister, thanks for the letter and I'll write her as soon as I can. I owe one to your mom and just can't find time to write her. We are kept on the ball and work is step up day by day. So please explain to your folks what the story is. Darling, I love you so awful much and adore you. I wish there words could express how I feel about you but they fail.

(7)

Darling, you say in your letter that you have a hunch I will be home this summer. I do hope you are right. The war over here will end very soon but I don't know just when. I feel sure that I will be home before the snow flies and perhaps this summer. I pray real hard that it will be as possible and you do the same. These damn Germans are on their last legs but still have fight left in them. Our Air Force is knocking the hell out of their production and that is the winning factor. Just how much more of their devastating bombing they can take is the question. Our boys are doing a wonderful job and they are bringing down the final curtain of this war.

(4)

So your hunch may be right. It has been officially announced now and I can tell you. This is shocking news and was a heavy blow to me; Bob Grayham and Red are missing. We think they are all dead for some of the fellows saw their plane go down. I miss my old High School chum very much. He use to always card me about you each time I saw him and that was every day. I shall write his mother a letter very soon. What a hell-of-a war this is! I'm praying that Bob is safe and you do the same. It is getting awful late now and I should go hit the sack. That I will do in a few minutes. I write above to night and will do so in the morning.

(9)

Honey, I miss you so awful much
and long for your touch. I need
you more than you know. This pain
of being apart from you like this is
hell. The only thing that gets me on
is the fact that soon I shall be on the
way home to you. You are my whole
life and the only thing I care about.
All of this damnable torture seems like
a horrible dream. I am dead with-
out you and need you for life. Nothing
I do holds my interest or can ever ease
this want for you. I'm not made of
iron and I need you for life giving
strength. My brain fumbles and fails
to produce the words of how much I love
you. It just can't be explained in

(10)

and can only be shown by actions. You know how much I love you and want you. Please, don't worry about me etc. for all is fine. The only thing worrying with me - is that I miss you so awful much. Our day will come and it's not so far away. Take good care of my property - namely you. Darling, I'm groggy now and need shut eye, so I will close. God Bless you and loads of love. My little Angel, I miss you some thing awful. I shall dream of you and will make passionate love to you. Until to morrow nite, good nite.

ce kin for you!



Your Soldier Husband
Sonny

I will dream some thing
in your future

CPL GEORGE CANARY 15113242
701 SQUADRON 445 BOMB GROUP (H)
APO 634 % POST MASTER
NEW YORK, NEW YORK



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

PASSED BY
26739
MY EXAMINER

8

9
Write # 1.

Go Wm. L. Pelfrey
Harriman, Tenn.
March 15, 1944.

Dear Peanut

Did I really enjoyed your letter & was so glad to hear from Tom. I had a letter from him the week I received your letter. He was in Hospital.

This week I received one from him & he is back at Duty. He did not mention George but I guess he is O. K. I hope he & Tom stay together and I feel most sure they will as I feel like I can hear from you when I can not hear from Tom.

Peanut I am here in Harriman Tenn. working with my Dad. for Jones Construction Co. Book Keeping as I did in La.

About your health I had a nervous break down after I left Tom in Sioux City and got home out of Hospital in N. Orleans in Jan. I was in and out since October but I am so nervous not I can hardly work.

Did I can sympathize with you so just take things easy if you can.

Have you heard from George lately. Tell him take care of my Tommy as I am worried about his health.

Babe write as soon as you can. I have had lots of luck since I came here. I have my trunk & every thing I had except what I wore for over a mo. & it was in Cleveland Ohio when found. I could not write any one

without buying paper & I did not work for
a while but these things just happen -

Be good to your self -

When the war is over, George, you
Tommy & I will go to New Orleans
for some fun I hope -

My best regards to all -

Bye Bye, Love
Kelois -

Helois Burch
96 W. M. L. Belfry.
Route #1,
Harriman, Tenn.



VIA AIR MAIL

Mrs. George W. Canary, Jr.
4601 W. Jefferson St.
Louisville, Kentucky

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