

Sat Sept 16th

Army Camp 2/1944

My Darling Beautiful Wife!

Good evening lovely  
character of mine. Tonight I'm C Q  
and writing this up on the Major's  
desk here in the post office. The hour is  
a late one and things are on the Q.T. I  
have a blazing fire going to ward off  
the coldness of this ETO m.k. The office  
is warm and nice. The MP on duty  
guarding the portals of the S-2 building  
is huddled by the giant ring stove, washing  
in the heat. He is a character full  
of two bit conversation and yesterday  
he held out of me with hairy stuff.  
Darling, I was saved from a fate  
worse than death by the arrival of a  
genuine letter from you. Your letters  
do things to me and keep me alive. I  
need 'em more than I need food. To keep  
I made with the legalizing & gold hicking  
in taking the day off. I slept until noon  
and enjoyed every wink of it. In fact, I  
almost slept through noon chow. When  
I reached the mess hall, to my disgust,  
the serving line was closed. So I  
merged into my friend the mess Sgt.

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Pleading with him, I asked for a few scraps of food. My tongue was hanging out and he could see that I was really in the red part of chest. So he led me to the stove and I fished out the best chunks of grub and other things. While eating the GI grubs, the new Sgt met the grubs with me. He wants me to write up a glamorous story about his self. Course, I said that I would more than gladly do it etc. So I will bid him along and will have nothing but the best in food. I worked down the pod with great glugs of battery acid - GI coffee. Feel my much better. I ran over to the officer to see what's cooking. This week's grub was fished up on my desk and I read it. As I expected, no thing much going on around the joint. I read the rest of the afternoon and put took it easy etc. I did squeeze in a hot shower and I'm a clean yard here tonight. Sat. nite and no place to go. All the days are just one mass of nothing to me and I can't tell

one from another. all I care about is  
 to get the hell home where I belong.  
 So far, I've found out a letter to Aunt  
 Sis, one to Aunt Mary and one to  
 the family. This will be the last one for  
 tonight for I want to do some reading  
 in a little while. I am the night  
 commander of the S. 2 section. Course,  
 there isn't any one around to take  
 my orders but myself. Anyway, I'm  
 rough on myself - say here. I went  
 over to the Aero club twice tonight  
 while one of the rabble took my place.  
 I can always eat for GI food isn't  
 very filling as it should be. The  
 advance party of our invasion force  
 are preparing for the trip to the land  
 of the Scotchmen. Each man is bringing  
 his equipment looking for flaws or  
 malfunctions. I turned in my gun  
 last night to be cleaned and hope  
 the Jimmy wash woman can have it  
 ready by Wed. today, I turned in  
 a parolough request in the proper  
 mil. form etc. one just can't

walks into <sup>(41)</sup> the orderly room  
and says - I want a pass book,  
make the damn papers out. The army  
has certain laws etc and more damn  
red tape. Anyway, the whole are  
willing and I'll be ready to take  
off by the 21st. Armed with a battery  
of cameras, we will shoot every thing  
worth while. I want to see the famous  
wind swept moss of Scotland while  
in that neck of the woods. There too,  
I will take a lot of photos of said  
self. Some time in the near future  
you will receive a picture tour of  
Scotland with a written account.  
I plan to write notes while on the  
trip and perhaps write a story or  
two adventures. I shall write you  
a letter each week and will mail it  
if possible. One just can't mail a  
letter over here for it has to be censored.  
I think the Post Cross takes care of  
this. If not, I'll mail 'em when I  
return from the trip. So, if there is  
a lull in the mail - you'll understand.

St. Jacobi is the <sup>(5)</sup> officer of the day  
and is screaming about the bare  
taking care of things. No doubt that  
he will be here in here during the  
morning many times. Wonder  
who in the hell he could scare? The  
officers are having another one of  
those famous howls tonight. I  
had to pick up St. Schramm at  
the officers club just as the dance  
was over. From the condition of some  
of the guys, they must of had a hell  
of a good time. Sure were a lot of  
women there too. I suppose St.  
Jacobi was there for awhile for he  
takes in all of such affairs. I saw  
a couple of the lads early tonight  
and to my surprise, they were not  
half bad. They didn't have that half  
dead look of the usual run of English  
lads. I suppose they were some of  
the so called blue blood of England.  
You should see some of the best eng  
racks who attend the E.M.'s dances.

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Some times St Schraun censors  
some of our squadron's mail. He  
said tonight that he couldn't  
hardly make out my hand writing.  
Now I wonder why? Any fool can  
plainly see - I see! I know you  
can decode this rascally penmanship  
at least, I hope so. Honey, if you think  
it is too hard to read, let me know  
and I will type my letters to you. I  
feel sure you can read it for no  
complaints from you - as of yet. It  
seems to get worse all of the time.  
Barrard & Chris will have to take  
care of both commo. desks tomorrow  
while the two big time operators  
make with the sleep. This is a sure  
sure site to pull CQ. I thought it  
would be nice and quiet but everything  
went! It is now 4 am and I had to do  
a lot of churning around in the jeep.  
The head as well as the dim  
out lights in the jeep are but as  
good as a match. are hard to feel his

and any other items you may think I  
 can use. Course, I can use you but  
 god. Could it you hide in a jack eye  
 and slip over here to me? I am living. I  
 wish you were going with me to Scotland.  
 We would have so damn much fun. I  
 will be your eyes and tell you of all the  
 things I see. I want to buy you some  
 thing my nice while on my 7 day  
 leave. No matter where I may be or  
 what I am doing, you are on my  
 mind. God. I love you so awful much.  
 I suppose Norman is studying linguist  
 school again and up to his old tricks  
 of not studying. What a hair he has.  
 Well, it is 6 am now and I hope nothing  
 else will come up and make me stop  
 writing this letter. This joint is a  
 mad house and I do mean mad. One  
 can never tell what the hell will ~~take~~  
 come up. A sane guy hasn't a chance  
 around here but I can cope with any  
 thing. Don't think I am nuts. Know it!  
 I'll get this beat up varmint is just  
 plain wild for you. I am this way!

way along the twisting country lanes.  
I know all the roads around here damn  
good. Think that I'll haul out of the ash  
lanes around noon time. would  
like to catch up on some reading. We  
are movie-less for a period of a week or  
so and all of the guys are itching like  
hell. Special Services offers nothing in  
the way of a explanation. what a sorry  
dept. they are. Main function of the S.S.  
is to build up our morale - that's a  
laugh. Darling, all I can say is that  
I love you so awful much and want  
you more than it is possible. you are so  
wonderful and sweet. I bought this  
week's ration today and I'm munching  
on a candy bar right now. In a little  
while it will be time for head part and  
I will slip over to the mess hall. I have  
to hang around here until 8 am. I'll  
be kind of glad when that time rolls  
around. I want to have some time  
between now and 8 am. I think I'm  
but due for another ~~fast~~ poem you  
and have a couple ~~big~~ <sup>big</sup> girls for one  
week. Darling, just you need me  
more candy, who, long woken as do





In London and other large towns, the  
 black out is over and they can turn on  
 the lights. Five years this island has  
 gone through with the mighty black out.  
 This doesn't hold true for our here and  
 we will close the windows each mile  
 with stuffy black out curtains. Honey,  
 I love you much more than a letter can  
 tell. Deep down inside of you, you can  
 feel how much I do love you. Even at  
 that, you can't fully realize just how  
 much. Actions will have to prove how  
 much. I know I can shower you with  
 this wonderful gasconade all star & up  
 for you in a very short time. Just you  
 wait and see what I mean - Oh! Pray!  
 Well, Peanuts, I shall try to catch a  
 few words of sleep now - that is - if possible.  
 I shall have more news tomorrow or  
 rather tonight. Take good care of your  
 self and hang in a little while longer.  
 Tell your family hello and to write,  
 God bless you. Beautiful gal of mine  
 and loads of sugar gasconade love.  
 your soldier husband  
 Jimmy

**JANE...**



Sunday Sept 17<sup>th</sup>  
England

My Darling Sweet Angel,  
Beautiful Doll,  
two wonderful letters from you today.  
your pen must of been dipped in sun  
shine for both were very cheerful letters.  
when you fill the page full of laughter  
and a kiss or two, I feel like a million  
dollars. you are a wonderful little wife  
and I'm crazy about you. I hope you  
enjoy my letters half as much as I  
do yours. Last nite, I squatted in the  
front office in the role of C & Q and did  
bring out a lot of back letters I owed to  
so many people. It's damn hard to  
answer all of my fan mail, but that's  
the price of being such a famous character.  
think that I'll have my name taken  
out of who's who so people wouldn't  
bother me. How does it feel to be married  
to a famous writer? Ahay, so I'll  
stop drinking! Peanuts, my Pal I've  
Don talked me into hanging around  
S-2 un til noon. Even though I was in  
the red neck of short eye, I haven't  
the grace with squint my eyes. Being  
in a joking mood, I jacked my landing  
page in front of a typewriter and before

(2)

I knew it - my fingers were caressing  
the keyboard. yes - a story dashed  
across the key from my talented  
fingers - nay here. I was just messing  
around and before I knew it, I was  
writing a book. Now - don't laugh! yes  
a book. I'm writing my adventures  
of flying half way around the world  
and the things I saw. I don't suppose  
it will ever be published, but I have a  
written account of flying over the seas.  
So far, it's rather good and of the style  
of Ernie Pyle. I can't send copies of  
it to you for the places we stopped on the  
way over are still on the secret list.  
I'm - like I, kept a diary on the way  
over and he was typing his out into  
a desirable form. This is not in what you  
would call a story form. Just dates  
facts etc. My so called book is written  
in a book style in the first person -  
namely I. My thoughts are blended in  
the story and many other human  
interest. I'm writing this for my own  
pleasure and care not if it is  
published. It's just for you, a account  
of my life away from you.

(31)  
I enjoy doing this sort of thing and  
will try to keep it up from now on. In  
some time now, I've been wondering  
about writing a book about the cadets.  
Not my own life - one some thing  
else it though - but fiction. Having  
experienced this cadet training, I am  
well equipped to write about it. I'd  
let you know more about it. Regardless  
if anything comes of this silly stuff, it  
helps to pass away boring time and  
builds up my style for the future. Guess  
you think I'm a nut to think I can  
write. Anyway, it's fun if nothing  
else. The first stage of my overseas  
flight is finished and I'm liking it  
very much. Of course it's in a rough  
form and has to be smoothed out in  
many places. But the general idea  
is on paper. Darling, this story is for  
you. It will help to refresh my memory  
when I see the many years of overseas  
life. I love you so awful much and want  
to go home. I miss you more than you'd  
ever realize. I could write you after  
you and still not be able to express  
how I feel inside. It's unexplainable.  
Perhaps it's just as well I can't write

(4)

about this tearing wound inside of  
me. Each time I breathe, it pains me  
more for I'm reminded constantly  
that I need you. My whole body keeps  
throwing this pain to my heart. I  
try to ward it off by becoming interested  
in other things, but it fails. Nothing  
but your kisses can heal this hellish  
pain of the damned. My heart feels as  
if it has been torn out of my chest.  
My veins feel bloodless with out the  
urgency thrill of passionate love making  
you do so well. Beautiful creature. I  
don't know just what you've done to me,  
but whatever it was, really did the trick.  
You made me fall madly in love with  
my little wife by just being you. Even  
if I didn't want to adore you, I would  
be helpless. Peanuts, you haven't me so!  
I love it! I shall spend the rest of  
my life, thanking you for becoming  
my wife. I am your slave and yours  
to command. Thank you for making  
me really alive. I am this way for  
marching me away from the warmth  
of your arms. I shall always stay  
within kissing range of you when I

Come home. Darling, we have ever so  
 much to make up for. Let's resolve to  
 do nothing but love the hell out of each  
 other and have passionate fun. I know  
 you feel the same way. I played down  
 mom show, hurrying so I could  
 flung into the sack but quick. I was to  
 me to the van sack in the trusty jeep.  
 Before going to bed, I picked up my  
 love letters from you. A week by, I undressed  
 and jumped into the bed. I laid there  
 basking in your warm words of love. I  
 read each letter twice to not miss a  
 single one of your thoughts. Darling, I  
 love you so awful much. I also received  
 a letter from Mom and it was all about  
 my wonderful little wife. She said that  
 you could not stay with her that week  
 because your mother wasn't feeling good.  
 Mom said she misses you whenever you  
 aren't around. She knows how much I  
 love you and how much a part of me  
 you are. My being with you, she feels  
 close to me. Everyone can't help but to  
 love you. Little do you realize what a  
 wonderful creature that you are.

(6)

I don't know how long I laid there  
thinking about you. before I fell asleep.  
Even then, I had a dream of you. I  
was home again - my home is in your  
arms. I can't see all much about the  
dream but this - the army was trying  
to send me overseas again and we both  
were crying etc. I hope to have a more  
cheerful dream tonight. I never slept  
until 6 am for I intended to wake up by  
4 pm so I could go to Mass. I always  
like to miss church but I suppose it  
can't be helped some times. Supper was  
another bar-b-que meal and I went  
aboard hungry. I had a light snack  
in the club and shot the hell with  
some of my friends. (none of the S-2  
gang) coming to the office. I found  
the guys wild by arguing about  
some thing or other in the front office,  
not wanting to enter into the bloody  
argument, I slipped down the  
hall into my own office. There in, I  
sank into the comfort of the Morris  
chair and I sat staring at your  
picture in awhile. I could hear the



(1)

and clamour down the hall from  
the rabble, but paid little attention to  
it. I read for a little while but became  
restless. Wandering around inside of  
my mind, I sat there doing nothing.  
The Hit parade played on the radio  
and I roared it in. Darling. I like the  
tune - "Time waits for no one" I try  
not to listen to the blues but being in  
that phase of mine, I have to. I walked  
over to the club again for another light  
smack. This time I only took a cup of  
coffee. Honey, while messing around the  
barracks, one of the peasants in the orderly  
room told me my per lounge was not  
going through. Because I didn't turn  
the request in 7 days before the day I  
wanted it. What is two days? I turned it  
in 5 days before. The orderly woman  
crowd always tries to give the S-2 section  
the red cold shaft. I'm going down  
there in the morning and talk things  
over with 'em. We in S-2 besides kidding  
the Sgt. regulations also have to contend  
with others. There are four Sgts and  
the young Ndy Sgt and we have to take

(8)

our per lounge in turn. I'm lucky that  
I know the camp ahead when I could  
take my per lounge. I'll just have to  
explain this to the orderly room. I  
can't understand why we are attached  
to the Squads when we function as  
a Group Intelligence Dept. The only  
connection we have with the 701st - just  
and housed by them. All I can do is  
try. Perhaps the good Major Kloger  
can lean his nose into the picture  
somehow and fit things. I will speak to  
him about it in the morning. The  
army is a strange place and I  
can't wait until I get the hell out of  
it. I've had 7 days of leave out of  
two and a half years service and  
even then I have some damn trouble. If  
we ever have any kids and they play  
soldiers, I will beat them with a  
club. I can't get the hell out soon  
enough to suit me. Damn it - any  
way. How does it feel to be free and  
do as you want? I've got what  
it is like to be a civilian but you can  
bet your boots - won't take long to learn.

(9)

Darling, I posted the latest adventures  
of Terry on the board and the gang are  
lised up reading it. I buy about a week's  
story on the board and add to it as you  
send it. By the way, today is Sunday  
and I am in it in the Sunday paper. So  
I'll read you tomorrow. The weather has  
warmed up a bit over here also but it is  
still cool in the evening. Darling, if you  
need glasses but that you do get some but  
quick. Take good care of those starry  
eyes of yours. I can see your father riding  
the fence wheel. I bet that was some thing  
to see. I think the clapping of the  
coat you want is very cute and is just  
made for you. You really fill out clothes  
as they should, especially - sweaters and  
such. Ah! Buy! How I would love to be  
one of your sweaters. Some one once said  
you only get out of a sweater what you  
put into it. And what you do put into  
one, no kidding, you are a rich chick  
and a cute gal. Truly you are a jin up  
girl and I do mean jin up. I love  
you so awful much and just go nuts  
thinking of the wonderful charms you are  
so well equipped with. I want you but  
not. Sub out when I come home!!!!!!

Don and Jim are being very nervous,  
 testing the guns. Suppose I will walk  
 walk towards the barracks with said character  
 I am a bit on the half starved side and  
 a little mid nite chow will fit that up.  
 I suppose you think I am a chow hound  
 or some thing. Darling, GI food is about  
 as filling as air. We all waste away  
 if it weren't for the aero club. There is  
 tonight some big cat was tickling the  
 ivories with a brogue beat. Each Sunday  
 nite, the R.C. has some sort of coming  
 in the snack bar. This guy wasn't half  
 bad at all. Sort of talented in hidden  
 in the army. Look at me. You! just look,  
 disgusting! Don't you think? Honey, it's  
 not that time to hit the trail to the  
 beat up rachs. So I will take off long but  
 now. There's hoping I can let up my  
 per long trouble. I want to go with  
 the main idea of latching on to heaps of  
 photos for you. Little wife - I love you so  
 awful much and I'm mad for the want of  
 your touch. God bless my beautiful ever  
 girl and loads of your un-ate love. See  
 you in my dreams!

Your Soldier Husband  
 Jimmy



Capt George W. Canany 15113242  
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PASSED BY  
26920 S  
ARMY EXAMINER  
*[Signature]*

1

Monday Sept 18<sup>2</sup>  
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Needless to say that this is truly blue Monday for the fact of no mail. Thought a package would arrive today for sure. Hope so by tomorrow. This morning I screamed into the orderly room to straighten out the parlour refusal. There in, I explained to the good Captain the situation of S-2. I couldn't submit a request 7 days in advance for I didn't know when in the hell I could take my parlour. S-2 allows no more than 3 men at any one time to be out on parlour. There are four yds and 11/2 yds. yd to contend with. After much beating of the drums he said it was jibs with him if the group adjutant okayed it. So I had to go through the whole story again to the adjutant. He understood the conditions that prevail in S-2 and gave the deal. So I had to type another request, shoot down to the orderly room after having it okayed by the

(21)

front office. In the orderly room, another  
they was smashed onto it and I had to  
scream back to the personnel dept  
to have them make out the per lounge papers.  
I know all the guys there in and I'll  
let me sign the claim papers to save  
more time. The adjutant signs them in  
the next day or so and I'm all ready  
to go. We plan to leave Wed at noon  
for the near by town and catch the  
Scotland bound train in there. My  
per lounge begins midnite Wed but they  
will give you the papers that morning.  
This way, can gain a lot of time. So  
this time Wed nite, we'll be well on our  
way to Scotland. I found out that you  
can mail letters through the Red Cross  
and they can't be mail for you. So I  
can buy up the daily letters to you. I  
shall give you a brief account of what  
we do each day and upon return, a  
whole story. Some of the pictures are  
ready, I will shoot 'em to you fast as  
possible. You buy on with the mail and  
I should have a whole bag full when

I come back. That's the only thing I  
 dislike about the per lounge, being cut  
 off from your letters for a whole week. I  
 love you so awful much and really adore  
 my little wife. Because of the fact our  
 team is on duty tonight, Billie and I  
 meet the briefing room right after supper  
 to finish off the job early. Word just came  
 in a few minutes ago that we have a  
 lucky break, yes! Can go hit the road  
 tonight. Word came in at 1030, so we  
 can sleep until some time because of  
 hanging around here. That's the ruler  
 of the post office and a damn good one,  
 while I'm on leave, Mike will take over  
 my place as our briefing team. I will  
~~room~~ or early the 23rd and will have to  
 trade off with Ralph or Dick. One has to  
 go through so much damn trouble to  
 take a strike 7 day leave. I call it, a  
 long 24 hour gas. I'm not a bit hot  
 up over the per lounge at all. It will do  
 me a lot of good to escape the army  
 routine for 7 whole days. I'm one



bundle of news right now. You can't  
 understand how the army can drive  
 one meter. Don and Jim took the day  
 off. I didn't write any more in my  
 so called book for I was so damn busy  
 today. The chasing around with the  
 pulsing, taking up the whole morning  
 and I had to double up on the work this  
 afternoon. For some unknown reason,  
 the clubmobile failed to start by 11:30.  
 today. It was a donut day and the  
 clubmobile was in the bare. All of us  
 were meeting it out the whole afternoon.  
 No movies for awhile. By the way, the  
 guys claim there are lots of stars  
 show in Edinburgh and I want to  
 take 'em in plus movies. When I come  
 back, I will take a 48 hour gas to  
 rubber neck in London. I am living. I  
 shall buy you some thing in Scotland.  
 I know you will like the many photos  
 I will send you. Your old husband is  
 really seeing a lot of this world. While  
 I have the chance, I should see all the  
 thing that I can. One should make

the best of the army. Tonight, Don and  
 the boys had a bloody barbed wire game  
 with a all officer team. Glad to report  
 that S-2 won 37 to 30. Our young are  
 boys in every respect. Tonight the Aero  
 club had some who're looking real  
 playing the piano. I was telling the  
 gang that he played the innies in  
 some where home back in the States. He  
 looks like that type. I would imagine  
 he was ugly but kind of tough.  
 Purposely he wiggled her ass while  
 banging out the tunes. Course the boys  
 went wild at such waying of the  
 racket. Even Sillian would have a damn  
 good chance over here for the gang so  
 in any thing that has U.S.A stamped  
 on it. Some of the gang were really  
 drooling - you might know. Chris was  
 leading the cheers. Even though he is a  
 virgin - he is a real punk. We all hid the  
 hell out of him about said virginity.  
 St. Reed came back to the pole today  
 after 10 days of a/c recognition school  
 in his goal. St. Jacobi was around

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this morning but took off this after  
noon to some kind of a Jewish service.  
Brother Ray is waiting for me to  
go home. Darling, he is actually  
afraid to walk home by himself. Who  
in the hell would bother with a beat up  
GI? I suppose he's afraid some one will  
bash him in the dark or some thing  
childish like that. Well I had a dive  
in each night I've stumbled home  
alone. Funny how a GI will call the  
barack home when it is a far cry from  
such. The barack just shelter my  
rack and that's all. Sweet little wife,  
I love you so awful much and want  
you more than it is possible. You just  
can't realize just how much I do  
love you. Hope I have a lot of mail from  
you in the morning - rather in the  
afternoon. I hope the coming package  
arrives before I take off on the parlough.  
Honey, I hope your mother is okay  
by this time. Take good care of yourself  
in you know - you are mine. I love  
my property so awful much!

(7)

Tonight, I padded my chair with a  
old chukle harness and it is comfortable  
as can be. Suppose while I'm away,  
Chis or St. Jacobi will grab raid can  
in it. When I come back, they will have  
to remove raid but quick. I hope  
the movie for whom the Bell toll is still  
showing in Edinburgh. Chis and Co.  
saw it while here. Early today, I read  
a silly article in Dorothy Parker - the  
famous woman writer. She claims that  
returning service men will be strangers  
to their wives. I quote from her article -  
"Who is that man, who will come back to  
you?" I tell you who, it's the same lovely  
guy you left standing on that beach,  
lovely hair just from. What do I want  
most? To find this war and come home  
to you! I'm over here for you and our  
future home. I will come back to you a  
stronger, wiser, and more loving husband.  
We will appreciate married life more  
than ever before for we really know how  
much we mean to each other. I'm under-  
going a better tempering in this dirty war  
and I'm more aware of life's values and  
realities. The true love of husband and  
wife is a reality. No magical charms  
can keep them apart, once he is sheltered  
in her arms. To believe that war will

(8)

changing a husband into a stranger is  
to misunderstand the nature both of  
war and of love. War must be temporary,  
love belonging to the imperishable. What is  
between you and I is too deep to be  
altered by a separation or suffering.  
Solomon on the wise man says a saying  
"In any water cannot quench love"  
you <sup>must</sup> expect me to come back from this  
campaign affected by the lessons I have  
learned in self-mastery in the conquest of  
fear. Of course I. I'll be changed but peanuts  
not to you. You have a job to help me  
and to understand. I want to forget  
this damn GI feeling and terrors of war.  
I'll be like a little boy when I come home  
and trust you. I have to take care of  
me. Darling, with your loving help,  
I shall become sane and a normal  
citizen again. I can't wait until I  
can start the change over, to life and  
happy passionate fun in your arms.  
Peanuts. Peanuts, I cry out to you  
from the depths of this hell, I need you.  
Thank God, this is about over. Soon,  
very soon, we can start life anew. I

(9)

can't wait until I manage to get into the  
warmth & protection of your arms. We  
have so ever so much to make up for  
and we'll not waste one second.  
From the first kiss, we'll do nothing but  
love fun, love fun and more fun we'll  
love. Ah! what a super time we will have.  
Pray real hard that this day will  
arrive real soon. & then each time our  
heroic armies advance another mile.  
It means I'm closer to your arms.  
Darling, when I come home we shall  
do every un-conventional thing in the  
books. I hate the conventionalities. I've  
had too much of a uniformity life in  
the past two and half years. I want to  
do nothing but have fun we'll have fun  
and I do mean fun. Sweet character,  
I love you so awful much and want  
you some thing awful. I will be a real  
madden beast when I come home. With  
out doubt, you'll think I am a fiend.  
I shall sweep you into my arms with  
a gleam of a wolf pile of lust in my  
eyes. You'll have to shake my hands  
to keep from caressing your lovely  
charms. Best that you don't meet me at

the relation in when we meet, if in  
public, people will be shocked to death.  
You will fly, or shall I say - clothe.  
Oh! Pray! I shall drink in the lovely  
sight of your bewitching body with  
big brown (blue) tennis ball, gas inate  
eyes. I will hardly crowd so much,  
people will say I am a madden  
beast. I shall rump down like a  
vulture and love the hell out of you, my  
beautiful wife! Oh! what a super living  
you're going to get. I just put this  
here writing about it. I. He, lovely,  
creature, beware! Brother Ray is going  
nuts and wants to go. So I will end  
this, and catch the GI shoes for mid  
nite show. Not a tap in sight. I  
shall have wild dreams of you again  
tonight and there is, will love you. I  
hope for marital building mail from  
you tomorrow. I. He do you realize  
how much your husband loves you, let  
you be run find out. Please don't worry  
but me! God Bless you, beautiful Doll  
of mine. and loads of our special brand  
of love.

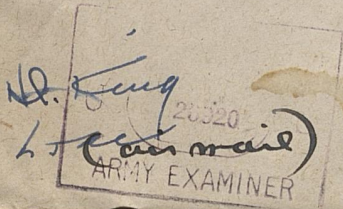


Your Soldier  
Husband  
Sammy

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



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



2



RELEASE TO: *Mrs. G. W. Canary, Jr.*  
AN EIGHTH AIR FORCE LIBERATOR STATION, ENGLAND.

*18 Sept 1944*

CORPORAL GEORGE W. CANARY, JR., SON OF MR. AND MRS. GEORGE W. CANARY, SR., OF 684 SOUTH 43RD ST., LOUISVILLE, KY., IS A MEMBER OF THE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT OF A B-24 LIBERATOR BOMBARDMENT GROUP. HIS PRIMARY DUTIES CONSISTS OF WORK ON A BRIEFING TEAM, PREPARING MAPS AND CHARTS THAT WILL BE TAKEN INTO THE AIR, DRAWING THE COURSE OF COMBAT OPERATIONS, AND HELPING TO GATHER NECESSARY INFORMATION FOR THE OFFICER WHO BRIEFS THE COMBAT CREWS BEFORE TAKE OFF. AT THE BRIEFING COMBAT CREWS ARE TOLD ABOUT THE IMPORTANCE OF THE TARGET, ROUTES TO BE FLOWN, TARGET IDENTIFICATION FEATURES, AND ENEMY OPPOSITION.

CPL. CANARY HELPED TO PREPARE MATERIAL FOR THE HEAVY BOMBER MISSION IN SUPPORT OF LANDINGS ON JUNE 6, "D-DAY".

IN ADDITION CPL. CANARY WORKS IN THE AIRCRAFT RECOGNITION DEPARTMENT, WHERE A FILE IS KEPT OF ALL THE ENEMY AND ALLIED AIRCRAFT. HE MUST HAVE A COMPLETE KNOWLEDGE OF THE RECOGNITION FEATURES ON ALL PLANES BECAUSE IT IS HIS JOB TO AID THE COMBAT CREWS IN RECOGNITION OF AIRCRAFT, AND IMPORTANT PART OF THEIR TRAINING.

CPL. CANARY IS A GRADUATE OF ST. XAVIER HIGH SCHOOL, LOUISVILLE, KY. BEFORE ENLISTING IN THE ARMY AIR FORCES HE WAS WORKING AS A SALESMAN FOR LOUIS APPLE CO. (CLOTHERS) LOUISVILLE, KY. HE ATTENDED AAF INTELLIGENCE SCHOOL AT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, AND RECEIVED TRAINING AT VARIOUS FIELDS IN THE UNITED STATES BEFORE REPORTING FOR OVER SEAS DUTY IN DECEMBER, 1943.

CPL. CANARY IS THE RECIPIENT OF THE GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL AND THE E.T.O. RIBBON.

HIS WIFE, MRS. GEORGE W. CANARY, JR., LIVES AT 4601 WEST JEFFERSON ST., LOUISVILLE, KY.

*Peanuts, this is the story that was sent to the Times and appeared in cut up form.*

*Donald C. Reddickton, I  
Course instructor*

10  
Tuesday Sept 19<sup>3</sup>  
England

my Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening, lovely character! Once again I'm in the throes of another mail-less day. Here I thought for sure I would receive a basket full of mail. No doubt while on parole, I'll have racks and racks of mail. I had high hopes of a package today - but nothing. Three days of hell because of no regular reports from you. Now I must wait 8 days until I return from Scotland. I hate the thought of not hearing from you for a whole week and almost don't want to go. You can't understand how much your letter means to me. Knowing this, I shall write you each night on my parole and mail them if possible. If not, on my return. I feel sure that we can send it through the Red Cross as I've said before. We are leaving tomorrow at one. Seven days away from this damn army and best of all, out of England. I hope to find rest and a bit of relaxation in the land of the Scotch men. We shall survive. Darling, even though you can't go, I shall be your eyes. I will

write you a vivid account of what I  
 see in my best style. I intend to write  
 a story on this trip, for my own overseas  
 life, if nothing else. I'm going to keep  
 a accurate book on what I've seen,  
 thought and gone through. Not to be  
 reminded of this hell but for future use  
 in my writing - if I ever do write any  
 thing. As I related in last Mike's letter,  
 I had the luck to sleep late this morning  
 because of hanging around last Mike  
 for work to come in. I would of been here  
 anyway, etc but the front office has a  
 rule strictly in our favor on this. I took  
 advantage of every minute by sleeping  
 until noon. From the barracks, I went to  
 the mess hall for dinner. Upon arrival at  
 the office, was told St. Jacobi and I were  
 scheduled to give a lecture this after  
 noon. So I dug into my files and  
 prepared the lecture material. I have the  
 files up to date and so arranged that  
 one can whip up any type of a lecture  
 (in glares) in a very few minutes - with  
 pictures for the projector. When the good  
 St. Jacobi brought back from lunch, all

(31)

was ready to go. He and I trooped down to the main briefing room and gave our class there in. We had a rather large no. of students today and the lecture went over with a bang. I ran the projector while Lt. Jacobs gave out with his material and then we traded places. He takes care of the main high light, while I go into detail on each ship and its performance. Guess I know from actual experience. As in all things, this counts. Proud that I can repeat without flaw to a body of learning G's. This helps to build up confidence within myself and if I go back to the sales man, racket, I have a lot of new techniques to use. I suppose the army has helped me in some things. The rest of the afternoon, I cleaned up my uniforms and dried my shoes. Tossed some of my stuff into my field pack and will finish up in the morning. I'm traveling light, taking only the things I need. I'm taking along writing gear, air mail, note books etc to get down things for my story. Guess each of us is equipped with cameras and film. We are taking flash bulbs for night shots.

(4)

We are really taking along a lot of camera equipment. Chuck has to carry a large camera case with his new Zager camera and other equipment there in. I have a very expensive candid camera with super lens. Some times, the new Zager cameramen use this small type. It takes 12 pictures and I have four rolls. So you can see, we'll be shooting pictures most of the time. This job I'm using, is such a super cheap camera, no need for flash bulb at night or inside. The beam lens alone cost a good \$100. I intend to take in some shows and gang - many photos here in. Chuck has made some good photos of movies with this job. When I send the photos to you, I will also send the negatives so you can have the better pictures enlarged. I will crowd in many of the pictures that I can. I want to take pictures of all the historical spots in Scotland. The place is full of castles etc. So now you shall have loads of photos of your old husband and of Scotland. By the time you receive this letter, I will be back here.

(5)  
To my surprise - they had a movie  
tonight - "Joe Smith, American" it  
was a rather old pic. but I did not see  
it. so I took it in. It was a damn good  
show. Bout a happy man & couple  
and you can guess what it did to me.  
Honey, I miss you so awful much and  
want you more than the human mind  
can grasp. you are so wonderful and  
I love every little thing about you. Pearl,  
every book that you read, see if it is a  
Random House or the Modern Library  
publishers. Major K. Loffer is the BTO  
of both outfits and his name appears  
in all such books. Let me know. Tonight,  
the Red Cross is throwing another dance  
at the Aero club. What quite, successful  
affairs there are compared to the hands  
given in the officers' club. Tom, Dick and  
Ralph gave the girls a treat tonight by  
making a appearance at the dance. I  
went over while ago after a light meal  
from Peachie. She let me in through the  
kitchen door. I wasn't in full uniform  
and not allowed in the dance part of the  
club. Peachie supplied me with great

(6)

hunks of cake and a cup of coffee. I  
peeked through the kitchen and watched  
the peasants while they shuffled about the  
pen. I never saw so many beating bang  
under one roof before. There were a few  
American W.A.C.s here and of course  
they were rushed to death. I judge me  
by the standards of England, some of the  
girls were nice looking but for my  
money, damn few. Guess I'm prejudiced  
some thing; the guys seem to like the  
vibes anyway. I guess after a year or  
two, they look good to the wops. Richie  
was telling me all about her husband  
who is in battle in India. Each time  
he sees me, always asks if I hear from  
you etc. In England, if you aren't of  
blue blood, you are rabble. What a hell  
of a place this is. I can't wait until  
I leave the moth eaten shores of this  
shabby island. Home was never like  
this and I'm not kidding. I cleaned  
my home with lighter fluid and did  
a fair job at that. I shaved and  
cleaned up before slipping into this  
letter. May is C.P. tonight and want me

(7)

walk over to mid mile chow with him.  
He's afraid of the dark - you know. Dan  
and his team of mad men are working  
tonight and the good st. Jacobi  
also. He'll take care of the place  
by his self tomorrow. I'll be around  
but won't do much in the way of work.  
I want to take a shower and do other odd  
things before taking off on the per lounge.  
I very much dislike the idea of Al  
Vier (D.D.) going with us for he is  
the dumbest character I know of. Dan,  
he is no boring. He'll have to look out  
for himself for church and I won't. He's the  
type of man that gets lost easy as hell.  
I don't understand how in the hell he  
was put into the intel ignore dept. Just  
came back from mid mile chow - another  
last-less meal. Best that I ever had  
tonight for I'll be riding in a train  
his time tomorrow. Fred & Ed.  
Sgalletta returned from his per lounge  
last night and said, Scotland is a nice  
place. I didn't have much time to beat  
the guns with him. Dan is yanked out  
in our main chain. making with the



(1)

alleg. Honey, I just happened to think  
won't be able to write tomorrow night  
for I'll be on the train. So this will be  
the first note I've missed in a long  
time. Please excuse the ink blot above.  
St. Jacobi has briefed me on the 7 day  
leave and commands with the full  
rank of his rank - that I'm a good boy.  
or if he has to tell me that. He means  
I'm a man & man etc. Said raised  
off good Joe doesn't have to tell me  
that. I had to laugh at him. He thinks  
you are tops and I fully agree with  
him. Leaving him, I call St. Red and  
be - Mutt and Jeff or the Gold Dust  
things. St. Red is tall and St. Jacobi  
is just ring. So you can see the point.  
Darling, I'm carrying your latest  
mag photos with me to Scotland. Where  
ever I go, you go in your captured in  
my mind. Church's little girl went  
him to send her a pair of kids from  
Scotland. From her photos (Church has a  
office full) she is a cute kid. Honey, all  
I can say, is that I love you so awful  
much and want you more than the laws allow.

(9)

Well. Cuz get. I'll have to take off in a  
very few minutes for I'll need all the sleep  
that I can possibly catch on to. I love  
you so awful much and truly adore you.  
I hate war and want home to you just  
as possible. I've said to would write you  
a letter or two while I'm gone to make  
sure you are receiving mail. I dislike  
the thought of you not getting mail for  
I know how much it means. As I've  
said, Chris stated that letters can be  
mailed and I will do my best to buy you  
what you need. I don't know if this perhaps  
will be fun or not but at least it will  
be a rest. Sweet creature, you haven't any  
idea of how much I love you and want  
you. I keep thinking about those lovely  
days we had in New City. They were only  
a sample of things to come. If you thought  
that was passionate love and fun, you  
haven't seen anything yet. We are only  
warming up for the real thing and very  
soon, we'll have it. All the guys are  
going in town tomorrow and mess  
around. Dick, Ralph, Chris, Don, Jim and  
I don't know how many more of 'em.

(10)

Don Hunter wants me to see about  
a camera in Edinburgh for him and  
I will. The fellow in my barracks  
who is a wanted out cadet - Smith - is  
taking his leave today. I'm going  
to meet him in the Red Cross in Edin-  
burgh Sat. afternoon. Every one goes to  
Scotland for a rest, so must be a good  
deal. Don't worry that me for I'll be  
okay and will take care good care of  
your husband - me. Hang in a little while  
longer - then you can take care of me  
yourself. Darling, all I can say  
over and over - I love you so awful  
much and want you more than you'll  
ever understand. Tell the family hello  
and to write. Be on the look out for  
some nice thing from Scotland. I'm  
going to get you some thing nice. For  
Christmas. I'll close now and go hit  
the sack. God Bless you my Darling,  
beautiful wife and loads of love. See you  
real soon.

Your Soldier Husband

Jenny



**JANE ...**



STAND-AT-EASE!



NOW, GIRLS, I WANT TWO COUNTER ASSISTANTS FOR E.F.I.—TO GO OVERSEAS WITH OUR NEXT NAAFI PARTY!—IT WON'T BE A FICNIC!—VOLUNTEERS TAKE THREE PACES FORWARD!



*At Sergeant Tate's words, all the girls step smartly forward—with the exception of Jane and Dinah!*



Capt George G. ...  
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (M)  
APO 558 70 Postmaster  
New York, New York.

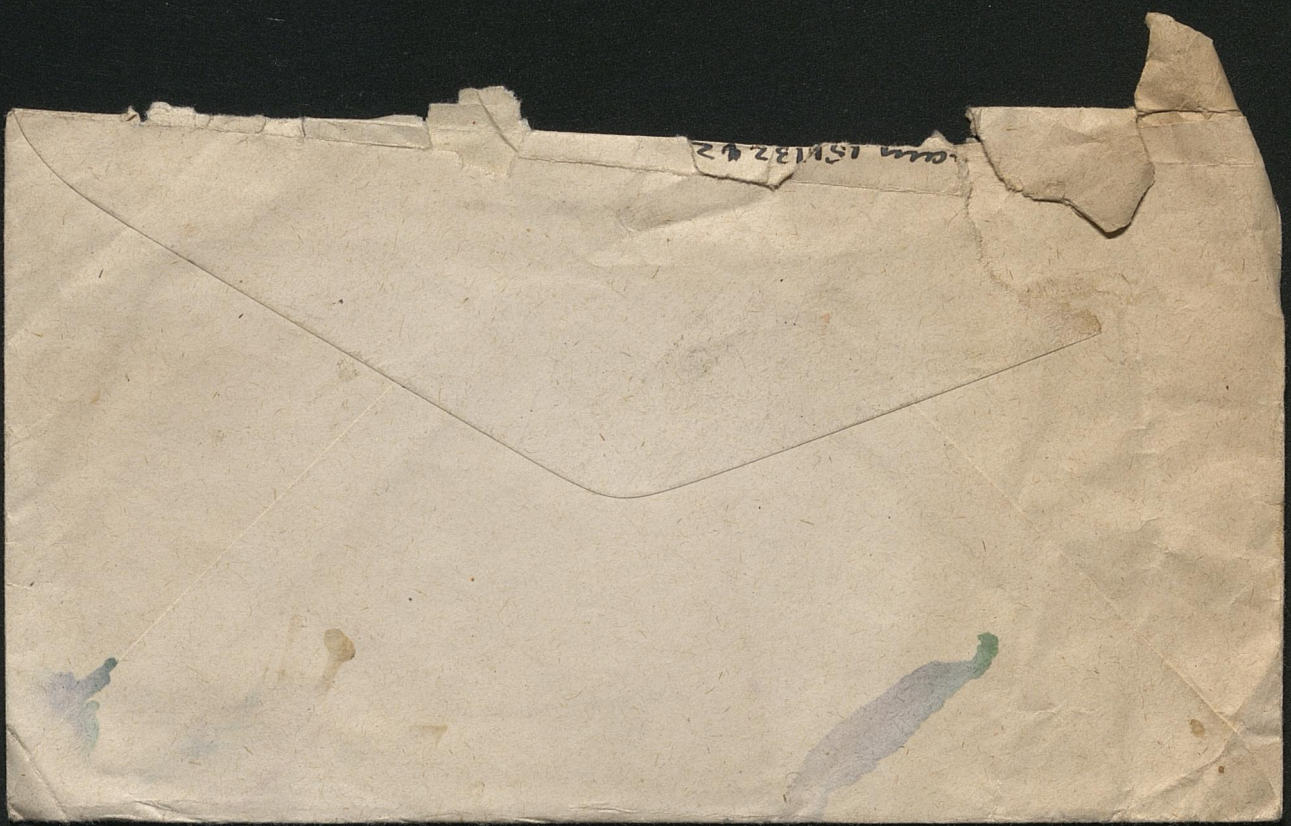


PASSED BY  
E. C. Meyer S  
POST EXAMINER

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

(air mail)

3



SCOTTISH DAILY EXPRESS

READING ROOM

349 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN

Thursday  
Sept. 21

My Darling Sweet Angel wife!

As you can see I am  
here in Scotland in a new ferry office.  
I suppose it will be best to begin on the  
the main side. Once before I wrote  
about the English train - so I write  
my name on that. Chubb, and and I had  
to stand up for 12 hours last night on  
the wet ground, a thick ice, tremor, finally  
I thought I would die. Luckily enough  
I had my rain coat with me, so I  
spread it upon the passageway and  
parked my body. Wasn't much use for  
people climbed on and off the train and  
I had to get up. We noticed no money  
G.I.s were going to Edinburgh and it  
dawned upon us, said glass would  
be filled. Taking a vote, we decided to

Try Aberdeen. <sup>(3)</sup> First thing we did  
upon reaching this town was head  
to the local newspaper. There in the  
press club found us a place to stay.  
Only newspaper open now in this  
hotel. Chuck gave me a press card  
and they think we are big time war  
correspondents out on a story.

Darling, Scotland is wholly out of  
this world. I was surprised how  
un-British it is. In fact, we can  
almost feel as if you were in the U.S.  
We arrived here this morning and  
all afternoon, growled & almost. Walking  
down the main drag - reminds me of  
our own 4th Street. No kidding, this  
town is the nearest thing to the state  
dine ever found. Best of all, no GIs  
around. I should say, there aren't over  
50 yards in the whole town. Damn,  
the Scotch people are so proud by



③

SCOTTISH DAILY EXPRESS

READING ROOM

349 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN

to Americans. Every one you meet  
wants to buy you a drink. I've had  
barrels and kegs of Tom Collins shi-  
day and a night now I have one in  
front of me. You can drink and drink  
in this town for there is a bar dance of  
gin, scotch etc. So far - I'm trying  
my damnest to make up for the  
lacking of booze in England. The yanks  
on this job think we are B.T.O. and  
treat us as such. I can assure you,  
never believe the Scotch are light.  
We are having a lot of fun drinking,  
drinking and taking pictures. If it  
wasn't for the gin, right now I would  
be dead on my feet from the experience  
on the train last night. So far as I  
hit that lively soft bed, I shall be  
truly knocked out. If it's hard to read

(41)

Her letter, blame it on how dead I  
am and the gin. Darling, we  
could have so much fun together in  
this town. I've noticed in all the shop  
windows (there are mill lines) that  
American styles of clothing is the  
thing over here. All the girls dress as  
the rich chicks in the States. Each  
time we get out on the streets, we're  
pelted as usual. People stare at  
our uniforms for years of this far  
in Scotland is very rare. We have  
a lot of gun with us and had it  
out to the honour of the 'd. Really  
this is hog heaven. We plan to stay  
here three days and then take a  
crack at Edinburgh. No American  
Red Cross in this town for no yards  
at all. No kidding, you just have to  
see how friendly these people are.



SCOTTISH DAILY EXPRESS

READING ROOM

349 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN

Some of the newspaper guys want us to go to their homes. We will. I can't be able to mail this letter here but will do so in Edinburgh. I will write you each day and at the end of the trip - will send you a summary. Every few minutes, some one is filling my glass and pouring me on the back, yelling, "Drink it my faddie". This is really the first time I've enjoyed my self since leaving the U.S. Home, I would give anything if you could only be here. Aberdeen is a neat spot and you should see all the sway things here. We are taking pictures of every thing in sight. When I have a clearer head I shall write you but what we see

(6)

there is loads of book material in  
the cheap land of Scotland. I  
will write a interesting book on  
it. Well, we are going to the toilet  
to sleep - so I will close. Will add  
more tomorrow. I love you so awful  
much and want you some thing  
awful. I am this way! Good morning  
Sweet character I adore. I'm in  
my room writing this and just  
finished breakfast we are going  
to take all the photos we can today  
and see what's working in the house.  
I shall try to write you something each  
day and a big sugar letter when I go  
back to the house. Honey, I miss with  
you where here. God Bless you Beautiful  
Doll and loads of love. Your husband  
Dinner

Friday  
Sept 22

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good morning, which  
child of mine. I am, I must miss  
your daily passionate words of  
love. I hope to have piles and piles  
of mail waiting for me at my  
return. This is the 2nd day of  
my per lounge - no per not half  
bad. Darling - the hotel we are  
staying in - wait to all attend to  
a real hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Gray  
own the place and treat in like  
their own home. They are really  
damn nice to us. Only news paper  
men live in this place and they  
know a party each night with  
more damn stuff to drink.

I could get <sup>②</sup> stuck in from  
drinking any time I want. These  
guys really think we are big time  
operators - course we don't change  
their opinion of us. Today, we  
took some wonderful pictures of  
scenes around this town. I  
also had a picture taking in a  
studio - and hope it turns out  
okay. I feel 'em up tomorrow.  
If they are good, I shall have  
more taking for you plus the  
ones we take. This town is really  
wonderful. The Scottish people  
think Americans are bringing on  
some things & can't get over  
how friendly they are to us.

(3)

There are a lot of interesting  
spots here in Aberdeen. One  
beautiful College and of course  
we have just got it. Today we  
took a photo of a old man playing  
a bag pipe. I took a shot with  
the small camera and another  
took one with the large one. We  
are mocking our selves not drinking  
drily - I didn't realize I was so  
damn thirsty. I spend most of the  
time in bars listening over a Tom  
Collins. Drinking them - more I  
drink the more I want and I don't  
feel it one bit. I just can't get  
over how much whisky or give you  
can get in this town. We will  
go to Edinburgh some time next  
week. I am living in the street car  
here. Union Street - the main drag

is a nice wide <sup>(4)</sup> street but all the  
others are shoulder wide. Seems  
as if the buildings lean on each  
other across the street. Then two,  
they are solid blocks. Each house  
or building is very old. Plenty of  
churches and I think the people are  
very religious. We are in a hotel  
along a narrow street, just off the  
main drag. I can look out my  
window and look at the sea.  
Sea gulls fly about hovering over  
head. Tomorrow we intend to  
take pictures along the beach. If it  
was warm enough, we would  
take a dip in the sea. During  
I know these letters are messy  
and badly written but you under-  
stand - I want to get down all I



(5)  
Can do no. I understand there is  
a Scottish pub dance Sat night  
and church and I want to see that  
it may, how I wish you were here  
with me. You would enjoy it very  
much. Thank goodness - I found a  
place that is totally un-English  
and un-Cl. No MP's around at  
all. I had a bad case of <sup>flu</sup> & other  
things etc before I came up here but  
this rest is really putting me up.  
We eat our meals right here in the  
hotel. If we buy a week - cost -  
12 with meals. I was surprised  
as this for a thought food in the  
parlour would cost this much  
and double for the room. But as I  
and - Mrs & Miss Gray are crazy  
about us. They are always slipping  
me a mix of roach or rain.

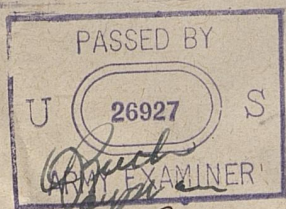
⑥

Honey, it is rather late now  
 and the boys are yell me to  
 hit the lights - that I will do. I  
 shall write you a more colorful  
 letter upon returning to the base.  
 I'm very honored off that I  
 can't mail this letter to you  
 until I reach Edenburgh. I  
 think it will go through much  
 faster if I waited until I hit  
 the base again. Honey, I love you  
 so awful much and no matter  
 what I'm doing - you are in  
 my mind. I.H. do you realize  
 just how much I love you and  
 want you. Ah! Boy! just you wait  
 until I come home to you. God  
 Bless you Beautiful I'll be with you  
 of passionate love. your  
 Sal  
 Husband  
 Tommy

Get George Canany 15113242  
701 Sgt. 445 Bomb Group (W)  
APO 558 70 Postmaster  
New York, New York



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



(air mail)

4

SCOTTISH DAILY EXPRESS

READING ROOM

349 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN

My Darling Angel wife!  
Sunday  
Sept. 24th

Sweet character - I love  
you so awful much and want you more than  
the human laws of nature will allow. No  
need to tell you just how much I do love  
you, for you know well as I do. I just came  
back from Mars and in a beautiful church.  
jolly - it takes one's health away - it is so  
lively. Church and life are both heathens - so  
they didn't go to church. Seems as if every  
one in Aberdeen goes to some sort of church.  
I spoke to the Priest for a few minutes  
and he was a jolly old Scotchman. This  
is the most restful place I've found on  
this side of the world. I've seen so many  
things that I don't know just where to begin.  
When I go back to the home, I shall write you  
a letter - account - try or what ever you  
wish to name it. It truly will be long

SCOTTISH DAILY EXPRESS

READING ROOM

349 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN

length and I think it best that I type  
it. Because the love part will be in my  
usual runchie hand writing. Everything  
is closed on Sunday here in Aberdeen.  
Not even a movie open. Luckily we have two  
quarts of Scotch to tide us over until in the  
morning. Yesterday - we rode down to the  
winning beach to snap pictures. It was  
really beautiful with the white caps heaving  
along silver ripples over the sands. Too cold  
to go in for a dip. If ever I want to find  
any place or if I'm lost - all the people are  
more than glad to show you. The main  
means of transportation of freight etc. are  
horse drawn wagons. They clatter over the  
cobble stone streets in a very picturesque 19  
century manner. Every place has some  
sort of a Statue of a Queen, King etc.  
Robert Burns the great middle aged author  
stands in the public square. Each day, more  
and more Gl. dribble into town. Still there

SCOTTISH DAILY EXPRESS

READING ROOM

349 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN

arent too many. Every one says (61)  
that Edinburgh is so crowded that you  
cant find a room. So we are holding  
off before going there. I cant see where it  
would be any better than this town. I've  
looked in all the shops, trying to find  
some thing nice for you, and as of yet,  
cant find a thing. I'll have another set  
of photos taken at the photo point here  
in town. I know you would much rather  
have a picture than any thing else. They are  
quite expensive but I don't mind. This  
whole trip is costing much more than I  
thought it would. Anyway, the rest is worth  
it. Most of the time - I go around by  
myself a hang around the news paper.  
Lunch and bath are taking in all the girls  
then today will take care of. I bid em farewell  
when they go in quarters like this. I wrote a  
thing for this news paper and they are pleased  
as all hell with it. Because I cant let em

SCOTTISH DAILY EXPRESS

READING ROOM

349 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN

publish it for all my stuff has to be  
passed by the Army. So I will send it to  
you when Uncle says it. They say, if I come  
back here after the war, I have a berth  
waiting for me in this paper. How about that?

Darling, in the main yard-down town,  
they have checker boards - about 10 ft square  
and the checkers are large as a plate. The  
old men play all day long and more  
than men with long sticks. We snap a

lot of good photos of this. Honey, I have to  
get back to the hotel now for it is almost  
time for lunch. All I can say is that I

love you so awful much and want you  
more than you know. I'll be a bit glad to  
get back to the base. I can't wait until I  
collect all of my mail. I know that I  
have plenty. God bless you. Peanuts and  
loads of kisses to you.

Your Soldier  
Ivanhoe & Jimmy

Monday  
Sept 25

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife:

Good morning, lovely  
character! Little do you know just  
how much this GI loves you and  
needs you but God. If you could  
only have a faint idea of just  
how much I do love you. As  
I stated in letter as of yesterday,  
this town is dead on Sunday  
but God, after church yesterday, I  
stopped by the paper and wrote  
you a letter - among the edito-  
rials. Some of the new bunch  
had a quest and I made a m.  
of papers at road bottle. These  
guys will let leave us alone  
for a record. They really think



(2)  
we are BTO. Are even so far  
took me to his home yesterday  
afternoon for tea time. Really it  
was a experience I don't easily  
forget. Bill Dray has a lovely  
wife and two cute little larvae  
about 5 and 7 years old. Before his  
wife was up the tea - another  
bottle was topped. Really, I've  
never seen so much home since  
peace time in the U.S. Their home  
isn't too much different from  
a American home. They use  
coal stoves to cook on and a  
fireplace in each room for heat.  
This young couple have a very  
nice home. He has a bad heart  
and is equivalent to our 4 F.

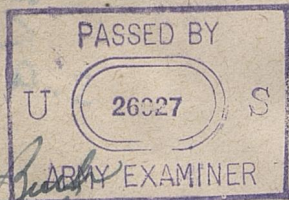
(3)  
funny thing about most of the  
houses over here - they all run  
the street with only a narrow  
side walk between it and the  
logging - narrow cobble streets.  
Bill's home is on the outskirts of  
town and has a post yard but  
uncomparable with ours. After  
showing me around they whiped  
up tea. As in England - tea is the  
national drink. They have two  
gals, one with tea and the other  
hot water to dilute the tea to  
your own taste. Chuck and I  
more or less go out other places  
while I mess around with the  
news papers. I got a bang out  
of this sort of thing. I have a  
militaristic high tea (supper)

(4)

at Bill's tomorrow night. Not  
sure if I want to go. Plan to  
take in a lot of sights today -  
such as castles etc. Chuck is  
going to take photos etc. I hope  
the pic turn out half good. I  
will tell you what what were.  
Understand. Parents, I would like  
to go into more details in these  
letters but I have so many things  
to do. So - as I've said before, I  
will write a all out story when  
I go back to the base. I feel fine  
after this rest and my - the pic  
is good. I'll be glad to get back  
to the base after all, will close for  
now. Love to Bill you and loads  
of love.

Your Soldier Husband  
J. M. [unclear]

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



*[Signature]*  
(air mail)

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

5

Friday  
Sept 29

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Well - I'm back on the old  
lane now and I'm glad at that. I  
can't wait until mail call so I can  
pick up the tons of mail that I know I  
have. Perhaps a - garbage or two. Darling,  
I did have fun on my 7 day leave but  
it only made me realize just how much  
I do miss you. Every thing I did - you were  
on my mind. I would say " Gee - if  
Peanuts was only here. We could really  
have fun". Any you can understand  
just how much I love you and even  
you - can't fully realize how much. Little  
girl if you could only see! Darling - as  
in England - Scotland is a noisy place  
for souvenirs. I couldn't find one damn  
thing except some junk. I was so damn  
mad! Course they had things - very few -  
but damn - they wanted a good ring  
future for em. So I bought photos of  
myself - future post cards (rare as hell)  
and a couple small booklets of Bonnie  
Scotland. What I wanted to send you

was some real Scotch glass to make  
 a shirt for yourself. But there is a war  
 on and one has to have joints for such  
 things as clothing. Then too, I wanted  
 to send you a hand bag same story.  
 These people can't get much of any  
 thing over here at all. I suppose you  
 are anxious to hear about the trip  
 etc. Darling, I wrote you four letters  
 while on furlough but couldn't mail  
 'em for you know why. So I mailed 'em  
 now as I came back to the base. Soon as  
 I can, I will mail the things I bought  
 you. When all the photos we took are  
 finished, I will shoot 'em to you also.  
 Darling, I'm writing this just before  
 noon and I can't wait until the mail  
 room opens up. I know I have loads  
 of mail from you. Darling, I shall  
 type the story of the leave and send a  
 carbon copy to the family so I won't  
 have to write it twice. It will be  
 rather long and I can type faster  
 than I can write - also easier to read  
 I also want a copy for my book - so  
 tonight I will bang on the typewriter.

(3)  
Darling, what a wonderful pile of mail  
I had waiting for me at mail call  
today. Ten letters from you, five from  
Mom, one from your mother, one from  
Aunt Mary, one from Val and one from  
old Harold. And to top it all off, a  
goodbye from you. The one with the  
drawing too. Honey, no need to brag, I  
ate each passionate word contained in  
your lovely letters. I do you realize  
just how crazy this GI is about you.  
I love you more than human nature  
permits and I'm not kidding I'm  
looking forward to more mail from you  
tomorrow. I was rather dead last night  
upon arrival here on the base and  
quickly made tracks for the rack. But  
first, I mailed the letters I wrote to you  
while on leave. No doubt you are going  
through a mail hell because of said  
per lounge. But now the old ball should  
be rolling as usual. I just knocked  
off the first installment of my  
per lounge story. You'll find it enclosed  
here in. Another installment tomorrow  
nite and until I cover the whole story.

Last night - Dan and Jimmy was  
 nice around when we stopped in the  
 office. We told them what how damn nice  
 Aberdeen was and they are going to  
 take their next personnel here. Those  
 jobs are due for another one now as  
 all of us are finished. We are allowed  
 2 days of leave every 1st month and  
 need character work. Been personnel  
 last night before the leaves were  
 canceled. The war will be over by the time  
 I'm due for another one and I'm  
 tired of jobs at that idea. You know  
 the old saying - "no place like home".  
 Well the old one sure looks damn good.  
 This is not of our home - or some thing  
 like that. Which work are plan down to  
 the photo lab this after noon and should  
 be ready in a couple of days. I will send  
 most of the thing then in one large  
 package. Soon as I have the small lot  
 of photos - the bought - censored. I  
 will shoot 'em to you. The rip small ones  
 are stunkie but the two larger ones  
 aren't half bad. I hope the ones we  
 had are as good if not better.



(57)  
I missed out on a lot of the photos  
that Chuck took, for he and I made a  
lot while they were out wolfing I didn't  
go with them at such times. I took in  
movies etc. I saw "Pin Up Girl" a old  
one "The Girl He Left Behind" (never saw  
that one before) "Two Girls and a Sailor"  
(saw that one here on the radio) - a couple  
of stage shows. One afternoon, I drove  
around a castle and a art gallery, also  
went through a beautiful valley. I will  
tell you that such in the next edition of  
the Satire of Gayette. Honey, you just  
can't realize how glad I was to receive  
all that mail from you. You are sure a  
lovely, wonderful, sweet little wife. I love  
you more than you'll ever know. Took  
me the whole afternoon to read all of  
that delightful mail. St. Jacobi was  
dam glad to see me and I had to tell  
him all about the parlor. He plans  
to go there on his. Seems as if nothing  
much had gone on while we were away.  
Just the same old sort of thing I love  
my beautiful Doll so awful much.

(6)

As you can see, I'm writing the wish  
you sent me. Darling, you are so  
wonderful to me. You just can't realize  
how much I love you and want you.  
Soon, very soon you shall find out.  
Sylvia and Ralph are taking off in a  
few hours in the next day or so, and  
I think to Aberdeen. The thing that  
kills that town is the fact of hardly  
any G.I. All soldiers want to get the  
hell away from the army much as  
possible. The gym has our foot ball  
team in full swing and we had a  
bit of practice to night after supper.  
Movie on tonight - but I didn't waste  
the time to go. I wanted to give  
out the first installment of my  
story to you. GI food didn't taste  
at all today and you can't beat the  
coffee. Even now wonderful the Scottish  
are - they make stinky Java. It is  
rather stale now - in fact after one  
cup. I'll take off in a few minutes for  
the road. Darling, wish the art work  
you sent - I'll be able to draw much

(1)

letter now. Tom now - I'll see what I  
can do. Honey, in three of your letters  
today - you kept asking about my chest.  
It doesn't bother me at all any more  
and where did you pick up this idea?  
Please don't worry about me for I'm  
fine as can be - away from you like  
this. I read that you bought a new coat  
and you'll have a lot of new things to  
celebrate the day with. I like for you  
to buy new things for I know what a  
big thrill you get out of new clothes. I  
want my wife to have nothing but  
the best in every thing you always  
buy the type of clothing I like you to  
wear. This was! I want to be  
with you but of course! I'm and his  
team are working tonight and I'm glad  
to say it's not our team. I'll C Q  
again the 6th. Tom now is pay  
day and a damn good thing. I'm  
down to my last cent. I had to  
work some to go on my per lounge.  
Take a hell of a lot to take one over here

(8)

Dad owes me a couple of lbs and  
will pay me tomorrow. I will wait  
to next month and send you some  
 dough. With the money I send you, I  
want you to buy yourself some thing  
real nice for Christmas. Please do  
that! Don't worry about sending me  
any thing - just say the books and  
candy coming. I'll be home real  
soon and you can give me a  
gift I really need and want - you!  
Every day will be Christmas when  
I come home to you. I'm not  
kidding when I say this. So John he  
seems to be bothering you real again.  
What in the hell can't he leave her  
alone? Val had the same kind  
of stuff - nothing - to say. I don't  
know why he wastes the effort to  
write me. I was glad to hear from old  
Billy & Gerald. I had a bunch he  
washed out or she would if  
heard from him more. I haven't  
encouraged him on the idea to stay

by home etc. I know you don't want  
 to bother with him. I'll answer his  
 mail in the next day or so. Honey,  
 I will write you nice long letters in  
 order to try and make up the time you  
 were standing short on the mail. The  
 good St. Jacobs' maid to write you a  
 letter while I was away. Every one  
 hounded me to death until I got to  
 the last of adventures of being on the  
 board. God! I have such a wonderful  
 little wife and I love you more than  
 it is possible. I hope this letter isn't  
 over weight and goes through okay  
 as air mail. I shall make this the  
 best I can. It is no much.

Darling, it is late as hell and still I  
 have a lot more to write about. I  
 always have to force myself to close  
 your letters. No kidding, I really  
 enjoy writing to you each night.  
 All I can say, is that I love my  
 Darling, wife so awful, awful much.

E 11/02/16

(10)

Sweet wonderful little wife, little  
do you know how much your love  
& devoted husband wants you. Refuse  
much longer. Truly I will be able to  
give my love with real wild,  
violent passions. Each minute that  
I'm away from you is like this - is  
another minute of hell. Nothing  
in this cruel world is comparable  
with our love. Words make a richly  
attempted but fail. Both you and  
I know and can feel this con-  
suming love of ours. Truly you are  
the girl of my dreams and the sugar  
of my heart. Thank God - that I'll  
be on the way to your arms before  
many more moons. Tell I'd like  
about and want - to get the hell  
home where I belong - in your arms.  
God Bless you - lovely of the love that  
and loads of love. See you in dream  
land in a few minutes.

Your Soldier  
Husband  
Jimmy

she. Peanuts - all I can write,  
say and think - I love you so awful  
much. By this time you should have  
a faint idea for I've told you so many  
times. The office is rattled down for the  
write and the only audible noise is  
the music of the playful rain. Bill  
may be haunting the front office in the  
role of C. G. tonight. I will take over the  
same spot in about a week or less.  
Peanuts, your cute little face beams  
down upon me while I write this. I  
stare at your many photos, dig layered  
upon my desk and the large ones. I  
talk to 'em some time and I think the  
young think I'm crazy. They are  
right, I'm crazy about you. I go mad  
in the want of your love and tender  
caresses. My lips are dry when I think  
of your lovely health taking today. Dry  
with passion they are right now. So dry!  
what you do to me. I love you so much!

Sat. Sept 30  
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening - my beautiful

Doll. I'm still in the glow from the  
passionate warmth of the ten letters I  
had from you. Another wonderful one from  
you today and I feel like a king tonight.  
Without your sugar reports each day, I  
really feel naked as a jay bird. I do do  
you realize just how wild I am about  
sweet little you! Today, I really got back  
into that well known deep groove with the  
work. No kidding - I was a busy GI this  
day. I thought that I would have a chance  
to practice the drawing lessons but my  
Uncle had other ideas in the way of work. I  
leaped out of the gate full of eagerness  
this morning and strode to work with a  
grin set to my jaws. He may, may round  
punny, but I feel closer to you while on the  
base. Guess it's because of the mail and  
how I sweat it out each day. I love  
you so awful much and really want you

the good St. Jacobi <sup>(2)</sup> walked east mile  
and wasn't around to day. Lohin and  
I were busy as all hell, pounding out  
a pair of hypowriters. I wonder how many  
miles that damn carrying ride back and  
forth? Hell of a way to fight a war!  
I can't get enough to eat since being  
back from the per lounge. GI food isn't too  
bad - very bad. Got mile - I hung  
around here until 3am this morning  
writing to you. Darling, how do you like  
my new paper. The Satrine Dange? <sup>(3)</sup>  
of you like - I will set up a edition of  
it each day. I've used this method of  
letter writing to the family to hearten  
up the living style of letters. I can  
write you - I think - such interesting  
letters (I wonder?) yet - I can't do the  
same to the family. We love each other  
so awfully much and our letters are how  
we reach to each other. I am, this way!  
Here it is Sat mile and I could be with

"Green Dolphin Country" "My Values  
and Ours" - James Street (one of my  
favorite authors from way back. He  
wrote Tag Roots and others. All are of  
the immoral escapist style) "You're  
Stranger" by E. Thane, "Devil on the  
Wail" by Hawkins, "What They Don't  
Know" and "East My Southwest" in  
the non-fiction line - I would read  
"Invasion Diary" by Trengaski - he  
wrote Guadalcanal Diary, "One  
Damn Thing After Another", "The Young Men  
of the Ground" and many others. I  
would be busy as all hell this month  
with this bunch of books to read. I am  
this way for interfering with my taste  
of literature. I haven't had the time to  
write any more on my own so called  
books but will do so soon as I can. It's  
my story of overseas life - including the  
flight over here. So far - it's damn good.  
no I'm saying. Any way, I set a high art  
of writing it for my own pleasure of nothing



(6)  
Just came back from midnite chow  
and it is really raining so I will probably  
my read here in the office tonight. I  
would like to do a little reading on the  
new books you sent me but guess that I'll  
stay up too late - writing this letter  
as always. Speaking of reading - the book  
you said was so immersed intrigues me  
very much. Best that you send me a  
copy but quick - "Valley of the Shy".  
Peanuts - I would very much indeed  
appreciate Ernie Pyles' book coming  
best seller - "Brave Men". You know how  
crazy I am about his style. I can't  
wait until "Here Is Your War" and Bob  
Hoag's new book gets here. You are so  
sweet and thoughtful to supply me  
with reading material. We both are so  
called book worms - me I'm just a  
worm. According to the Sept. Saturday  
Night Review - there are a lot of good  
books coming out this month. If I were  
home - I would read the following -

(5)  
you. Remember all of the fun we had  
we always had on Sat. nites? You haven't  
seen nothing yet! Wait until I come  
home to you. I'm worked last nite  
also - and he wasn't around to day.  
I always see his funny face when he  
has a day off. You know. I was very much  
amazed when I returned from my  
leave. I had it shuffled the office  
around as usual. Beats me why he  
didn't. I half way expected to find my  
desk in another corner or something.  
But still it is in the same place. What a  
bunch of mad men I'm surrounded by.  
One never knows what to expect next.  
Breaks up the utter monotony - you  
know. Ralph and Spera are leaving for  
Aberdeen tomorrow. I told 'em on the  
train and the place we stayed. I wrote  
Mr. & Mrs. Gray a letter - telling 'em  
to take care of my friends. Without a  
doubt - they will have a very nice time.

(4)

All over the world today, like my self,  
Gls were paid their most earned money.  
I suppose if gay lines were put end on  
end. it would reach a couple times  
around the world. I think half of that  
crowd was in our gay line today. This  
army is one line after another. The  
only line I willing look forward to -  
the line up to climb aboard the boats  
for the States. I shall shoot you another  
50 end of this month - so you can buy  
what ever you want for Christmas.  
I pray real hard that I'll get my little  
ruddy little (you know what) home  
by then. Darling, I know you would be  
browned off at the system we'll be  
mustered out with. Even at that, I still  
may be one of the lucky ones. So pray  
real hard. This war can't last much  
longer and soon I'll be there in your  
arms to stay. I love you so awful  
much and want home but guess like.

(5)

We have our first <sup>(5)</sup> football game tomorrow  
nite and I'll let you know how we do.  
We are playing the Colonel and his left  
in a bloody game. No doubt the stands  
will be packed and NBC will give a  
game side head cast of the tunnel. I  
should think the cheer will be heard  
around the world. Should be a lot of  
fun if nothing else. Sat through a good  
movie tonight - "Show Business" no  
doubt you will see this if not already.  
Right now - I can hear the loud  
drizzling of justing rain drops - on  
the tin roof of this joint. If it keeps up,  
I'll stay down here tonight for I'm  
not in the mood to wade through the  
damn stuff. Besides, my water wings are  
at the barracks. I'm still waiting for  
the photo lab. to finish the photos we  
took. I shall see how much longer I will  
take and if too long - will send the other stuff  
tomorrow.

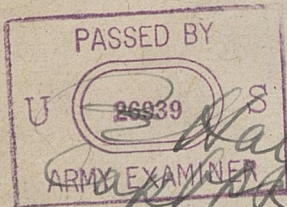
(9)

Trying to save the nice paper you  
sent me - I will finish this up on  
said paper as you can see. I'll do  
you know - hey I've said that before!  
how much I love you and want you.  
Peanuts! Peanuts! I'm desperate for  
the need of your love making. I went  
with drooling joy at the thoughts of  
thing to come on V-day. I feel lucky  
- look how lucky I am having you as  
my wife! - and feel I may get to go  
home after said war is over on this  
side of the pond. At least - you're real  
hard as I am doing! I'm anxious to  
hear the answer from the papers you  
wrote to. I hope PRO wasn't kidding  
me. Anyway - we'll soon know. Shoot  
me the good word but quick. Peanuts, the  
next thing I write, just I will send it  
to you for your opinion and then you  
can shoot it to some worthy man, etc.  
All day long - I was spinning out  
stories - not for publication but to  
win awards for our air men. In order  
a guy can receive a medal - we have  
to write why he should have one to the

the big times <sup>(60)</sup> in higher hq. It is  
rather dull work of handling over a  
GI typewriter etc. Pecuniary, I fall all  
over in love <sup>with</sup> you a thousand times  
each day. you are so wonderful and  
beautiful. I still can't understand  
how I managed to tell myself to you.  
I'm not so much. Beats me! Any  
way - I'm just your very proud husband  
who adores you. Darling, you mentioned  
in your letter - that pantie wearing  
reason was to see any air. you shouldn't  
write of such thing to this love  
starved husband of yours. I am, I go  
wild when I read such thing from  
you. Even your feet sets me afire with  
passions. So very character - in plain  
words - your husband wants you in the  
manner of a red fiend! So beware!  
Wonder if you'll like the care man  
but I'll throw at you when I come  
home? As if I didn't know. I shall  
don the covering of sleep and dream  
of you. God Bless the best, beautiful,  
little wife in the world and loads of  
your unabe love. Your Soldier  
husband  
Smmy



Cpl George Ganay 15113242  
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (61)  
APO 558 To Postmaster  
New York, New York



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

(air mail)

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