



NO
MAIL!

Wed Jan 12 I
England

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife
I'm writing that recent
well known ballad - "No Letter Today" and
with out music. One half a - V-mail did
slip through the mail blockade from Mum.
Looks as if said GI style of writing is the
only medium going through on time. I
personally hate V-mail for it is too
damn GI and that I try to stay away from.
Said stuff is too short etc. Just hang up
the air mails and I guess if my hours hold
out - said sugar reports will finally
arrive. I hope you are receiving better
results at your end of the horn. Wasn't told
and not meant for people in line. W. is

each air mail I read. I yell - "Straighten
up and Fly Right" from the song of the
same name. Tonight - I'm doing my
damnest to keep my head above the surface
of blue-ness. It's a damn hard struggle
but I'll use every muscle to keep the
blue-ness from this letter - I hope. Peanuts -
enclosed you will find one each money
order for the sum of 40 bucks. Use said
money orders as you see fit. Chop off a
bunch and buy yourself some thing as a
anniversary gift from me. I hope this
letter reaches to you in time for Feb 4th.
any how - buy yourself some thing extra
nice. Times like this I wish there were
some sort of lovely gifts available but you
know the conditions that you're in. As I've to
do - I'll buy you some thing each week
when I come home. Sub! I love you so much!

Little do you realize just how much your
 husband does love you. Soon you will find
 out and Oh! Brother! Shortly after I
 signed your letter off last night - I dashed
 off to the barracks quick like. This morning
 I dashed right back even faster to the
 office. I built a nice fire and clean the
 office - waiting for the arrival of St. Jacob's.
 He showed in around 10 am and I noticed
 a gleam ~~and~~ in his eye as he glanced
 around the spotless office. Said officer was
 in one each good mood today and all of
 that sort of thing. He opened up about his
 venture into town the other night and
 said you was a rousing success in all
 ways. If you know what I mean. I kidded
 him about his life of a lover on the great
 pocket edition size. I have more fun with
 said officer. I was waked last night and
 upon my desk this morning - I found a
 note from him. He so wanted to get up in
 time for rum chow. So I gave his orderly
 some a rousing with instructions to wake
 said character up. Dick, Ralph and I, all
 screamed over to rum chow. Barringer
 returned from London this morning. He
 and Red spent all the time in show a D. L.
 They went through a rather good "take it off"
 stage show that sounds very interesting -
 very interesting. Dyce Lee - the English
 version of Gypsy Rose Lee - sheds down
 to her skin - Barringer & I went in between
 crowds. Might take said show in next
 month when the Rover boys go to London.

you know who the Rover boys are - Tom, Marvin
 and your lady. Course - I'm only
 going to sit through this dumb show
 in the interest of my many ardent readers.
 The press must see on and it's the duty of
 a scribe to cover the news - very bare
 out of frank curiosity - I would like to
 see how a English burlesque show stacks
 up with ours. Of course - as per usual - you
 shall receive a full photo account of
 what goes and what I see. I may do need a
 thing as take a 24 hour pass in the
 mean time to the usual town somewhere in
 England. Marvin and I more than likely
 will go some day next week. Dick and I
 bought our rations this morn. Got hold on
 to three packs of Chester fields and two of
 Old Golds. Also bought some more of that
 stinky Siney w. r. thing you to me in
 case this runs out before you replenish
 my supply. Best you did it but quick.
 Said stuff goes fast as you know. Rest of the
 afternoon - same old story of stuff and
 things. Tonight the S.2'ers meet the 703'rd
 Squadron in a barbed wire game. No need
 to say we won again 37 to 26. S.2 is the
 only undefeated team in the base league
 and looks as if we'll stay so. The young
 did it even have to train them selves.
 Tonight - just came home - playing
 a heater. Base team - the Big Reds
 have another home game coming up in a
 few days. I'm over in the Alert room again
 tonight - using said warmth to a very

good advantage. Rain was again tonight
 and the wind is jeering merry hell.
 I can hear it driving around the
 building. Seems as if it wants to knock
 off the corners or something. Said characters
 are over in the front office with the gaste
 boards again. Darling - this afternoon - I
 saw a very touching thing. Some officer
 came into the office with a reel of movie
 film and asked if some one would run
 said film off for him on the projector
 down at the briefing room. Being a big
 time operator from way back - I said
 I would do it. Seems as if his wife made
 some home movies and recorded em over
 here. Well - I shall never forget this
 touching scene as long as I live.

Honey - you should of seen this officer as
 he watched his wife and baby on the screen.
 It really did something to me. The baby
 was just taking his first steps and you
 could see the proud gleam in his
 officer's eyes. I ran it three times
 for him and even my eyes were
 clouded up. I'll never forget this as
 long as I live - no kidding. It was
 wonderful just to watch this officer
 hungrily gaze upon his young wife and
 son. I forgot to ask his name. He
 looks me from the bottom of his heart
 and asked if I would run it again
 for his some time. Of course I will most
 been glad to do it. His wife is very pretty
 and the baby is cute as a bug's ear.

thing like his crowd to wear into the
 back ground for awhile. Peanut - Tell
 Mom and Dad about this for I want to
 be able to write in tonight. I love you so
 awful much and want you more than the
 law allows. With each breath I take - I love
 you more. So you can see how much my
 passionate love goes for you from
 record to record. Peanut you are underful
 and such a dink child. Did you ever have that
 photo made as of yet? Let me know and
 when to expect it. I'm my girl - I can't even
 catch onto enough dear pictures of you. So
 best you shoot in over here etc. We are
 still measuring out the yearly pictures and

they should be ready any time now.
 Because there are so many of us - we are
 going to catch in to me a piece. But the
 negatives we are going to pass around to
 each of our families in order more prints can
 be made. Some thing like a chain letter
 affair. We'll start it off by sending it to one
 of our families with a list of the rest. Each
 one in turn - will send it on to the next
 one. So - in time you will have a crack at
 it. Then you can have as many prints made
 as you want. I would like to add the
 photos to our collection. I wish I had a
 camera with rolls of film in order to photo
 the very character around here in future
 laughs. Some thing like a police line up
 or horror tales. If you could see some of the
 junk that floating around in the back out -
 you'd be scared to death - no kidding

(6)

Had to move to the front office for Dick wants to close up the alert room. I can't think over here because of all the mad men raving and cursing. Section 8 could it be much worse than this. Marvin makes enough noise for ten men much less one. What a head on him. Don is Marvin's partner and they curse each other out back and forth. A stranger would think some of the guys were in the way of heading out with the mines or guns. This is CQ tonight and I have to be in hand early in the morning to have the office all up & up for the good St. Jacobi. Dam this war! I want home so damn fast. I'm no loner one for you and need you more than it is understandable. I'm my Duma is reading "Py Valour and Arms" right now and he's two pages. It's a very good book. All the guys come to me for reading material. I only let out the books I haven't read and then they close tabs on 'em. Don has a bad habit of borrowing books - and losing 'em. I only give him the pocket novels after I've read 'em. Ever hear I buy a close check on suit books. I hate to lose any of my friends - the books. I find they are the most comforting friends I have in these boring days. I try to escape the dull routine by reading and it helps. Rent time for mid night chow and I may do such a thing as dash that way in a few minutes. I can always make good use of some thing to eat. Kill time too!

an second thought - can't think I'll go to
 ● chow after all. The weather is too rough
 and besides - nothing worth a damn to
 eat at the mess hall anyway. Mid night
 chow is just a joke and a waste of time
 to go. I can't wait until I can lean into
 one of your super meals - I'm half starved
 for your cooking not to mention your super
 love making. Love for tonight - a GI
 looked at his girl and said - "Honey, why
 are you so popular?" She replied - "I
 give up." Hope you can read the story
 written for nothing in the way of a
 desk here in. All the jerks are using 'em
 to play cards in. Two different 500 rans

● James going on. In today's Stars and
 Stripes - some jerk wrote in a letter to
 the editors - complaining about Bill
 Abner. Says - he can't see why Bill Abner
 can't make more progress with girls. Says
 he is grown up and entitled to a little
 living. I have to laugh at the way the
 jump take the comic strip so seriously.
 Each day - some jerk writes in something
 a other about 'em. In away - I agree with
 his jokes and think Bill Abner should
 make with the necking. Terry does every
 once in awhile and even old Snake.

● Make the story more interesting don't
 you think? I know that I'm in the real
 need of living and love. The way I
 want you would it pass the censors if I
 went into details. Peanuts - I want you so
 awful much that it really hurts.

(8)

I did it to her about going to the show
tonight - for not through it a long time
ago with you - "Bring the Wild Wind"
they keep on having real old movies
each night. Hope they have some thing
worth while tomorrow night for dinner in
the mood for a good show. Honey - some
professor stated that women's panties
and bras in the post war will be light
enough to stuff into a thimble. Sounds
like a damn good deal to me. Can you
reach things looks mighty good. I love
to see you in such a state of affairs.
Ahh Brother - how I wish that I could be
with you long but now. Darling, heals
out with the lace and pills when I
come home and runs the hell out of
me. I want you to use every one of your
health giving charms to drive me crazy
with passions. Parents - I love you so
awful much and I'm not just a kid being
well - guess I but you are to head out for
the barracks long about now. I'm in the
red need of that eye. If it wasn't for the
fact of Chris fulling CP tonight - I
would take tomorrow off. Would like to
sleep until noon and read the rest of the
day. May drop it the next day or no.
Tell your family and miss bells and to
write again real soon. Best you send
me more candy - luths, books etc.
God Bless my beautiful Pui ng girl and
loads of passionate love.

Your Soldier Husband
Johnny



JANE ...

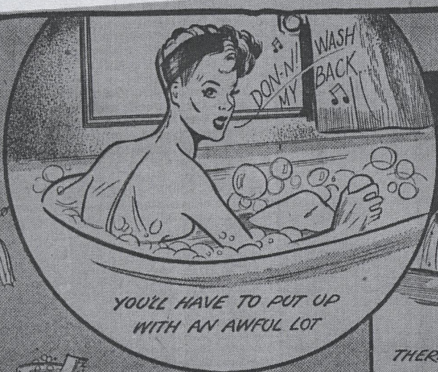


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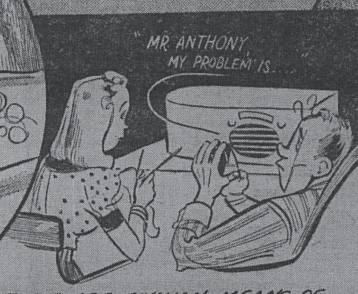
"Tomorrow the World!"

By John R. Fischetti

HELPFUL
HOUSEHOLD
HINTS



YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT UP
WITH AN AWFUL LOT



THERE ARE CIVILIAN MEANS OF
GETTING YOUR T.S. CARD PUNCHED

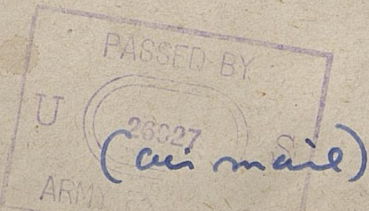


BETTER CHECK YOUR GI
JARGON AT THE
SUPPLY ROOM

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



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



St. L. J. J. J.

1



Refreshed

Sunday Jan 21 2
England.

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

No doubt you experienced a two day lull in mail and are wondering why so. To clear up said state - here is the reason - To Will - where as - and etc - your husband with Don the crew - took one each gas blown Friday and came back today. In high lights of said gas - refer to enclosed copy of the Gazette. In the small details - read this letter. Don and I decided that we were slowly going nuts - something around here - during the same damn thing day in & day out. While nothing in the mess hall Friday - a sudden idea of a gas reached us in the face. We both grasped at the idea with eager hands and quickly died

it. With a lot of rushing around - etc - of cleaning up - we grabbed the train for town.

I jilted my my mail just before we left and 6 lovely letters from you that started my gas out in the proper manner. I read you words of love in the train. Also a letter from Harold, four from Mum and another card from Aunt Mary. So the mail man was very good to me Friday.

Don also read a lot of mail from his many fans and gals. If all the times for the weather to kick up in the road - it had to be Friday. No kidding - it was a small nice vineyard and very cold. Took a lot of guts to huck this on a fall. We found a room with in the first hotel

we asked - strange to say. Some time ago - a post office friend of Don gave him a quart of frocks. So we clubbed in to said quart and played the first drink in our lodging for the duration of said gas. As the fire was in the

afraid to catch - flowed down to my toes - I
 could feel the energy working up within
 enough to brave the bitter elements. We
 plunged through the falling snow to the best
 cafe in town and ate chow-voys-romy-
 dinner. (sawyer -) Etc. the elite's words
 for said was strictly high class stuff.
 Darling - I don't recall if I've ever explained
 to you the method the English use in eating.
 Anyway - the Sincier - use fork and knife
 in timely coordination. They more or less -
 scoop the food up with the knife upon the
 back of the fork and get it down with said
 wrongly used fork. No kidding - they really
 heap the food on the back of the fork. Never put
 down the knife through out the meal and
 never waste the motion as we do. When
 I first came over here - it gave me no
 ends of laughs. Now I just ignore their
 rank ill manners. Emily Post would go
 nuts if she came over here. I don't know why
 I never mentioned his before for I know
 it is interesting. Perhaps I have. Of course -
 we pay little attention to 'em and not
 rudely stare - even though some of said
 yanks stare at our good table manners. I
 suppose it's okay - seeing it's the custom
 as the rich is used. The English are very
 good coffee makers - in fact - they think.
 Now I know why they are such a cold
 blooded race. For they do not believe in
 heat. Remember - in Dickens's novels about
 how stringy they are with coal. That guy
 is really sharp and not just a-kidding.

Our hotel room didn't even have a fire.

● place in it. It was comparable to a nice
 but the only place one can really catch
 as to heat in town - the American Red Cross.
 After stowing the grub - we started out on
 a night of grubbing. Pubbing means -
 making all the rounds of the bars. One has
 to go from place to place in order to catch
 onto spirits (whisky etc) Each customer is
 limited to so many drinks - especially
 Americans. Any way. The English can't
 afford to buy many drinks themselves because
 of the high prices. In order to nurse our bottle
 along - we drank all the scotch we could
 catch onto. In some pubs - can't get scotch

● at all. Over here - straight whisky is
 unknown - nothing but scotch or gin.
 of course - all the beer you can drink if you
 have a cast iron head bashed. After a no. of
 sipping of scotch even the beer becomes drinkable.
 We use beer as a chaser. Myself. I love
 the scotch over my tongue and do not
 kill the taste with beer. After said scotch
 warms my toes - I then grab a swallow of
 beer. Some places - we drank gin or brandy.
 Really - each time we unrolled our own
 quest - all eyes stared at us and we
 could feel the jeers of the women if we
 had no warts. It is rare as all hell to

● have one's own bottle and very much
 no the cause of much jealousy. We had
 to beat off the bar flies. You should've seen
 some of the frank flirtation ~~through~~ thrown
 at us. We ignored them all, and drank

alone. Don and I both agreed - we were going on one hell of a drunk and therefore all of our pockets was closely guarded. Not one drink did we give away because we wanted each and every drop.

I guess we must of hit all the best bars in town and very few did we miss. I have to laugh at the way the peasants made eyes at us in order to induce a drink out of us. A pair of out and out whores even came up to our table and offered their wares.

Don and I laughed at 'em until tears came out of our eyes. I've never seen

such two ugly beat up women in my life. We told them to get the hell away from our table. With one last gleam - they left. It could only happen in England.

From what I can see - just about every girl on this island is a firm believer in free love. What a dirty race they are. I

guess Don would of cut loose if I had it been along but he didn't. Just he and I and the rest of the bar.

Darling - this is proof of my love for you if no thing else is. Really - he could of had the girls of all the girls if we had wanted. In bars - girls even with other soldiers would flit at our bottle.

I think - if a negro even had the bottle they would of made with the eyes. I won't forget this experience for a long

time. Honey - how I wish you were here so you could of gotten in on the laughs. It was so damn funny that I have to chuckle each time I think about it.

Some of the beer buyers looked as if they would
 ● cut off their right arm for our bottle. I
 guess we drank about half of it Friday
 night and saved the rest for last night.
 Peanuts - Don and I became very light
 and enjoyed every bit and lump. Both
 fully realized when we had enough and
 quit drinking. Besides - all the girls
 closed down at 11 pm. Don and I sang all
 the songs we knew - walking to the Red
 Cross. I was on the verge of inebriation
 but Don was over the hump. He was roused in
 other words. I admit that I was truly
 feeling damn good. We drank plenty of good
 coffee in the Red Cross and that sobered

● Don up - somewhat. I had junior
 (the quart) mug in my pocket. I was
 afraid Don would fall and mark quines.
 Before going to the hotel - we bought up a
 lot of chips. Chips are french fries and are
 sold over here like pop corn or yeams.
 The moon caused in the snow covered
 ground - just as one might picture
 England in winter time. My flash light was
 it needed at all. Before we went through the
 ordeal of undressing in the heat-less room -
 we each took a night cap. Said bed was a
 double one and I had to share it with Don.
 Both of us fell as leep right away. We didn't
 ● wake up until 11:30 am - when some one
 knocked on our door - shouting - "Get up
 Buzz!" Guess they wanted to make the bed up
 or some thing. We screamed over to the Red
 Cross and took a shower & shave. The Red Cross

guts out the best meals in town - if you don't mind the fact of being surrounded by G.I.s. usually go to town in order to get the hell away from that sort of thing. We took in a show - "Patrick the Great" - with Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan. It was a rather good movie at that. Enjoyed the comfortable seats and the real theater. One really gets a bang out of this sort of thing after going through the GI routine day in and day out. By the time we came out of the movie - lunch or lunch. We ate in the Red Cross again. Well - to make a long story short - we started with the drinking again. Barged in and out jobs after jobs. Decided to catch another quick movie - "Merrill in a Private Affair". Both of us sat through it once in the bar but was enjoyable the second time. After the movie - same story about jobs. Soon both of us had another job load on and a delightful load to carry about. We ate again around 11:30 in the Red Cross and headed for the hotel. Donald was even better wired last night than the night before. His tongue would not stop and he told me various things about himself, his love life etc. (will go into details in next letter) We killed the quiet with another stiff night cap and talked in bed for awhile. We chewed the fact for a couple of hours and smoked several cigarettes while doing so. Don was really light up - as you shall see in the tales I shall spin tomorrow night about his life etc. This morning we climbed out at 12 am and

succeeded to be Red Cross for dinner.

● Shortly afterwards - caught the train back to the base. I made 4:30 Mars this afternoon. All in all, the gas was enjoyed by both of us through the kind help of said scotch. Does one good to make with the elbow bending every once in awhile. Kind of changes the dull routine and braces you for the next month or so. I feel much better now after said gas and a bit refreshed by the clouds of scotch fumes. I enjoy a good nappy of drinking every so often. The only down trouble - a long time between drinks. Well, we could easily go nuts if it were it for a drink every so often, to lighten things up for a little while. Each time I go on gas, I'm only reminded how much I miss you.

We could have so much utter fun if you were here, then with the motion of laughing, I could really laugh. I'll never be happy or gay until I'm with you. Peanuts you are so wonderful and beautiful. I hope you have enjoyed my little gas about taking a gas. It was really amusing the way our little cause such a sensation among the rabble. I wish you could of seen these lectures done at said grant. The Voice could it have wooed more people than that grant did. I'm, Martin and I are going down to London some time

● next ~~month~~ months. We plan to catch onto another grant and have a drinking good time with it. Really. I had the shakes until this gas. I miss you so much that it hurts. You are so wonderful and lovely.

at this point you may wonder what became of the empty quart. Well - this morning Don and I gave our comrade a full military burial. On the way to the Red cross, had to bridge a small river, so said quart was buried at sea - in this stream. We both bowed our heads while Don gave out the good points in the short life of this quart. A few robs could be heard throughout the burial - me. We bid last farewell to our friend and slid it over the bridge into the depths below. From hence forth, this spot shall be given full military salute when ever we pass it by. No doubt the people thought we were nuts - as we stood - burying our friend. Do you think so, too? Sad fact about it, we were robbers. We do the silliest things to keep away from this damn boredom. I didn't go to the show tonight for I wanted to get raid letters off and make this a extra special long one. Have to make up for the two days lost. Seems as if nothing of very much happened around here while we were away. Some time ago, I told you that S-2 would shortly have a mascot. Well - as of tonight, Ace is a full member of S-2. Ace is our small guppy and cute as can be. Chris and I were drafted as head buyers of raid mail. He was just taken away from his mother tonight. We feed him warm can milk and the CP takes care of Ace during the night. If and when he grows worthy, we shall bestow upon him, Pfc status. His duties are to be at each S-2 game for luck and to guard

the place. Some one said we should make a
 sign "Beware of the Dog". Right now - he
 can hardly walk because he is that young
 Ace grows though and yells his head off. We
 call him Ace because S-2 is full of so many
 Aces - please don't mispell this! I'll be so
 can get when his war is over so I can become
 sane again! Now for the mail. Harold
 didn't say much for he was home on a leave
 and says he's coming over. He wants me to
 keep in touch with him through his family.
 In one of your letters - you said something
 about Harold. I consider him one of my top
 friends and really agree with him that we
 should meet after the war. He is a strange

character and when he was with the outfit -
 not many of the fellows like Harold. They
 just didn't understand his way like I do.
 Honey - I die like free mail - because, after a
 letter hits the States - if air mail - it screams to
 you much faster. Same goes the other way
 around. Hence for th - I'll only write air
 mails to you and Mom. Besides - I only buy
 air mails. Can't write V-mails to others.

Air mails still only cost us 6¢ and I don't miss
 6¢ for letters. About reading my books home, I'll
 wait a few more days until the mail system
 untangles and then will send 'em your way.
 I can't understand how in the hell Billy

thinks yet so many fun boys. Beats
 the hell out of me. We call him the that
 peace time soldier, in 4F. with uniforms. So
 Norman takes jobs to dances etc now! How
 about that! What a character he is.

Honey. I got a big bang out of you wearing
 my pants and sweater. Didn't think they
 would fit you. Must of been duds I wore
 way back when. I've picked up a little weight
 for my GI pants are a little tight now where
 as - we to fit okay. Glad you like the coming
 Christmas card and the 8th Air Force gift I sent to
 you. When ever I see things like that (far and
 few) I shall send 'em to you. Seems as if you
 had a very quiet New Year's Eve. Wish I could
 of been there. Honey. I can see you shivering
 during the snow yell. The old home town
 experience do I know something that would of
 really warmed you up! Sweet wife. you are the
 most to care about my child in all the
 way you do. There's not so much. I only
 hope you enjoy reading 'em as much as I do
 yours and as much as I do in writing to
 you. I really do get a bang out of recording
 my thoughts to you each night. More or less
 look forward to writing you. So Norman
 thinks he looks like Van Johnson. What a
 head on that boy! Sugar wife. I'm glad you
 like to hear about some of the articles in the
 Star, and Stinger. I shall tell you about all
 the good ones I read - in the line of gossip
 rap etc. Sounds as if the clothes rationing
 deal will be rather rough. Some one once
 said "There's a war on - you know". Wonder who
 is the hell said that. I know how you enjoy
 new clothes etc. Well, now this war will be
 over and I'll be heading for your arms. The
 war news looks better each day now. Keep
 up the prayers for a quick victory.

at this stage - don't get any rather than
 sleep. So - will have to close down
 in a few minutes. My team is supposed
 to be in tonight but through the medium
 for lucky heads - don't have to work and
 can sleep late in the morning. Good
 deal about buying me a new over
 rear car. My old one is almost shot
 up and needs a rest. I wear a 7 1/2
 but can squeeze my fat head into
 a 7 day. Doll - I enclosed a money
 order in my last letter to you, no please
 let me know when you receive it etc.
 Doll - this letter is mainly news
 etc. but I'll write a super love
 letter to you tomorrow night. All I
 can say is that I love you and
 love you more than even you know.
 It will be no much damn fun
 showing proof of my love to you.
 Nothing I can say - will convey
 how I love you. Surely and you do
 feel my feelings. Each time I see
 other girls - I only fully realize how
 lucky I am to have a lovely Doll
 as you are. For my wife. I part with

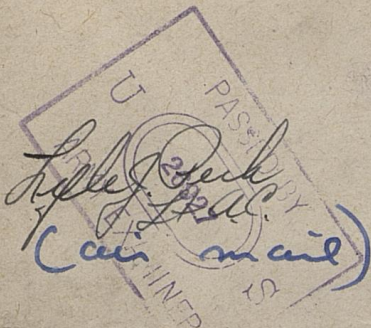
(12)

Just just thinking about the many
ways I'll reduce you, you drive
me crazy - just thinking about
your health taking charms. Wonder
how I'll be when I am in range
of your enchanting charms and
love making I don't dare fully
think about it or else I will madly
beat my head in because I can't
get to you right now. You do the
nicest thing to me - Parents and
I love it. Please Vamp the hell
out of me with all your powers
and lovely equipment. Gosh, I'm
nuts about magic & life and want
some of the hand to hand kind.
Enough with this long distance
stuff! Well, Doll - I'll hit the road
along but now and go dig some
rod. Just keep your chin up and
hang in a little while longer. We
Bless my nugs give me jail and
loads of our special kind of
fascinate love.



Your Soldier Husband
Sonny

Capt George Canary 1511 42
201 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 To Post Master
New York, New York



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



3
Tuesday Jan 23
England

My Darling & Sweet Angel Wife
Again - I'm under the red
influence of another day of no mail.
Perhaps tomorrow is my day - I keep
telling myself. But I'll keep on going
back to the mail room with high eager
hopes each day, I sure hope you are enjoying
my loads of mail. Parents all I can
say - I love you so awful much and want
you more than the law allows. You are
my wonderful and such a lovely little
child. Just you wait - is all I can tell
you - then I can express my love in the
day I see an home to you. Today was
another one of those famous boring ones
so usual here on this boring island.
Just the same old routine of work and
more damn work. One of these days I'll
clear away all this pressing stuff and
then - start all over again. I'll always be

(2)

way. I can't wait until this damn war
is over and I can take up the role
of a husband. Damn this war! Darling
The Dutchess - our dog - gets cuter
each day. We had a vote this afternoon
and this name was so decided upon.
We plan to take her to all the games
when she is a little older. We have a
lot we buy her in and she naps all
day long. That is until some creep
comes in and frolics around with
her. She growls and carries on.
We call her our gin up girl! St.
Jacobi is still on the job and will
be here in tomorrow. Seems as if he
had a date with some chick in
London. He never seems to have
any trouble latching on to the
weaker sex. I tell him all the girls
just want to mother him because of

(3)

small ring. We ask him how does
he reach it - in a box or some thing.
At such times - he threatens to beat
me down to a gut. I miss him when
ever he is on a job. Course I wouldnt
let him know it. When ever he comes
back and raves about his job, I
crack up with - "Been awfully Sir?"
Anything to break up the utter
boredom of army life. By the way,
today is Dad's birthday - according
to my little black book. I whipped
up a corny V-mail birthday card
today for him. Wish he had
noticed the date of his birthday a
long time ago. I'm not so much
in remembering dates like his.
Any way - he knows I was thinking
about him. Mention the fact to him
please - Honey. As I was saying

(4)

nothing much in the way of news today. Some time ago. Captain Jones received a strange wire from his wife offering deepest sympathy about something or other. He felt sure some one died in his family and did not know for sure who. You can imagine how he was sweating it out. Well - today - a slow delayed wire came - stating his father died. So Dick, Ralph and I sent a wire to his mother and family our sympathy. Of course Captain Jones is hard hit by this shocking blow. I know he wants to get home and can't do it. War is more hell at times like this. He has sisters and brothers at home to take care of his mother and help her during this trying time. I told him how sorry I was etc. Nothing much

one can do in a situation like this.
 Seems as if we are going to have some
 sort of a big inspection in the
 morning and of all times for me to
 gull room orderly. Guess I'll have
 to hand out of the racks rather early
 and make with the cleaning but
 good. Tomorrow night I gull C 9 again
 and more or less a good deal in my
 books. I'll do many things such
 as - writing letters, reading and
 whipping up another edition of the
 Journal. Tonight S. 2 was slated to
 meet another Verbot ball team but said
 team failed to show up. So all the
 crews of S. 2 formed two teams
 and played each other. I played for
 awhile and then refereed the rest
 of the game. I wouldn't go so far as
 to say it was a game - more like

a hell fight. what a rough game it was. I had to laugh and laugh at em. Old chin is cutting wood right now on building a fire in the morning I won't be around because of raid job of room order by. I. ce here to work like mad tomorrow afternoon to catch up. I. ce here to share etc because of raid ins pection. Want to eat cheap as a lamb. The Red Cross throws a dance tonight in the Aero Club and raid march bus was closed. Sue makes a ginger mad because we depend upon ce ranch at the club to make up for the money food rained at the mess hall. We had a rather good meal today at mess - roast beef. I had to go around twice because it was so good. I like roast beef a hell of a lot and the mess hall does a pretty good job of cooking it.

Chris received a Chicago Tribune today in the mail and said very nice a nice book review section. I always read such and see are a couple of good books I'd like to read. "Black Dawn" by Theda Kenyon. Sounds as if it's a killer. Something about the South in the post civil war days. Also would like to read - "Hell Divers Squadron" by Robert Olds - something about Navy dive bombers. You know how I eat that sort of thing up. I just can't catch on to enough reading time. How does it feel to sign off down with a good book and you've read it for hours at a time? I have to be very reading in snatches and with some speed. Can't fully enjoy a book read in this manner.

Just returned back from mid night
chow and I was really hungry
tonight because the club was closed.
I remember Sgt. Baker the creator of
Sad Sack has published a whole book
of Sad Sack cartoons and they are
selling like hot cakes in the U.S.

There are two more famous cartoons
whipped up by soldiers that are great.
"Hubert" by Sgt. Dick Wingert and "Pot.
Breger" by Lt. Dave Breger. Both appear
in the Stars & Stripes two or three times
a week. Hence forth I'll read you Hubert
first it is funny as hell. "Hubert" is
also in a book form and going
great guns with the censors. G.I.'s
like humor pointed direct at their
own misery. All three of these cartoons
do that very thing. I'll make damn
sure I sign up for the "junk" for next

(2)

month so I can send it to you.
There is a bit of corn for today - Some
GI offered his girl a scotch androfa
and she reclined. - or - she was only
a second hand furniture dealer's
daughter and that's why she would not
allow much in the old cavenport.

then - a little gerotide makes a blond
but a little gin is just as effective.
Enough with the corn. By the way -
must see jobs you hear this way.
The big Reds barbet ball team hits the
road again tomorrow night but I
can't go for I am C O. Too bad for
state like hell to miss a game.
It is colder than hell travel my
around in trucks though and guess
it's just as well I don't go. Sweet
wife - I love you so awful much and
want you more than the law allows.

I'm using this paper again to reuse
 on the sugar stuff. Best you see can
 more this way plus a bottle of milk.
 If I have the time tomorrow night
 I will try to whip up another blue
 print of our future hide away for
 love making. Well - some nights I can
 write just letters and others I can't.
 This is one of those "can't" times. When
 ever I receive mail from you, I
 write the best ones. I'm glad that you are
 so interested in slightest little detail
 of what I do. I try to bring to you life
 as it is here in England. Hope you
 have some sort of a idea of what
 ETO life. I love you so awful much
 and want you more than it is possible.
 You are my whole life and all I care
 about. Just you wait until I unlearn
 all of this jargonate and I have for you.



(11)

Guess

will hit

the pad

Silo - it says up too - guess

I'll go hit the job along but here
none where. I just printed watching
the body beautiful and already is go
dreaming of you. I'll - have I ever
told you how much I love you? as
if you didn't know - I do very much.

The very thought of you drives me
insane with gaudiness and I'm not
just kidding. Gal - the thing we'll do
when I come home! At that time - I'll
not be in the hateful mood about
going to bed as I am now. No need to
say why! You look so sweet across
the breakfast table! When I come home -
best you slip into some thing that
gives plenty of freedom for violent
actions and can take a lot of
punishment - if you know what I
mean and I think you do. I'm going

love you not like one mad friend
 but enough for ten mad friends. you'll
 wonder if this is the mild husband
 (you know how passionate I was before)
 that lefted you or some wild beast.
 Please don't be frightened by the wild
 stares in my eyes and if my eyes
 look as if they are mentally reducing
 you. - they will too. Please
 don't worry about me and keep your
 chin up. The war news looks damn
 good and it won't be much longer
 now. Pray real hard for a quick
 victory. I bet you dig some mud
 and slip into a dream of you. I'll
 write a super letter tomorrow night
 while in the bed room role of C.P. God
 Bless my beautiful chin up girl
 and loads of passionate love.



Your Soldier Husband
 Jimmy

JANE...



Capt George Canary 15113242
2nd Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 70 Post Master
New York, New York



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

U.S. ARMY
PASSED BY
26927
(air mail)
Phillips Engstrom
2nd St. etc

3



Where's
me mail?

Wed. Jan 24
England 1945

Dock

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

As from the cartoon

you can see making the fact that today is another
of those days too often mail less hellish days in
this island. I do like very much to always
write about the mail but that's the condition
that prevails. I do hope you are having much better
luck than I am. As Sherman said - War is hell.
I did not know at the time how groovy those
words were. I go around muttering names to
myself and that's bad! Peanuts - I love you so
awful much and want you more than the land
allows. I don't know just what part of the state
laws of Kentucky say anything about love but
I know if the police only knew - I could be
locked up for being a peep. The way I love
you isn't human. Anyway, it's sure fun to be
persecuted by us love etc etc and I want
more of it quick. I know you feel the same way
that I do. Tonight your best husband is holding
down the high honor of C.P. of course - only the
elite can hold this job - says he but I don't
believe it one bit. Honey - I dated this letter at 10pm
and at that time thought I would have a very
enjoyable night of C.P. Ah! Brother - how wrong I
was. Just the name as being on the team up
to this point. Dick, Ralph, are on tonight but as I
told you - they hit the train tonight to play another
away from home basket ball game. Well, it's
some time to return and I had to help out
Captain Jones. Dick is the official referee for
the team as I am time keeper and scorer. I
hate very much to miss out this game but as
he is saying yes - duties call. From here on out



C.P.

(2)

I have to have a case study of
 said job. We shall see this
 morning and also hold some the position of
 room in the office and in a clean furnished made a
 clean survey of things (the bathroom) and built a
 pie no other the other jobs created out of the
 work. They will have a piece is seen by the
 from inspection and couldn't enjoy it at the
 sleep usually a task to read it any way

I could catch in to some of the persons
 Calais but are looking my car in the
 middle wall and didn't make it in the office
 until 11 am. There was the good that was in
 hailed me a warm greeting. He used great
 spirits and had just turned from a fair
 said office gave me the cold facts that we
 had one early lecture today - no discussion
 to early show. More show was very good
 today with the main dish was about the great
 change. Because of the cold hard weather
 we are now going through and had to build
 the fire in the morning to keep

warm. Said lecture as usual - case of what
 rising success. Rest of the afternoon I jumped
 into the normal routine of stuff and things.
 By the way my helper is the in the front
 office - having work in the next. Also helping
 me to guard the joint. Yes the Duchies are
 every faithful watch dogs. Said guy can
 work now and off. He is trying to
 show some signs of life and move around
 the place in between each time. The fact is
 I've gone tonight by the way and I think our



the
Duchess

(4)

to make her eat food now instead of smell
 she is a little young to watch entirely
 over to solid. I did not get to hear the full
 story of St. Jacob's year to her doubt he
 claims to have had a nice experience
 more details to follow. Myself and Ralph
 are going to Cambridge to do our
 stuff. I'm really kidding you know how
 I am about going across the border this
 year. I'm not going to have my youth period
 before you be almost full in town last
 week and took all night of a steady bit of
 fun. I had a whole job of stuff to do
 Sunday morning who does our laundry for
 us. I'll be about each in the station at
 the time no rest you must see the way
 that goes. I'm sweating out the two eastern
 of Chester field you sent to me. At the present
 time I'm doing as the Working etc you
 sent in a recent package. I'll have to go
 still using ration to amount at the P.D.
 and really miss Chester field if I have to
 make some thing else. Lucky to get any
 thing at the cigarette shortage. Parents
 love you so awful much and just can't
 express how much I do. You are so
 wonderful and lovely. There I'll have to get
 the paper out myself but each for my
 will be an year. Enough damn work for
 three men much less one. I am it here to
 go well with some nice C.V. do this thing
 just now. So I'll see you all while!



Peace

(5)

At least - peace - for the crews have
all gone to the barracks. Now I can finish up
the letter without jumping up and down every
five minutes or so. Dan is sleeping in his office
tonight and I'm supposed to wake him when ever
I go to bed fast. Those boys are using some
thing worth while this morning - rash on your
cable etc. Seems as if I can't catch into
enough food and milk in my pile up. I
want to be able to get some of it into one
of your men and get well prepared meals. My
mouth waters when ever you write about whipping
up a pie etc. Darling - some time send me
some thing in the way of ginger bread, mince cake.
Mom knows where you can buy em and they are
wrapped in such a manner - I think
that the said cake will stay fresh for
while. Another thing I'd like to have - a
large glass of real milk. Dan, I could go in
for dango and dango - mentioning thing I'd
like to have. All this is in the way of food
and you know what I really want - mainly by
the way of food that is known as Peanuts
tonight - I thought that I might slip into
some - eat my lot things are rough in the ETO.
I don't think that I'll mess around in the
morning and remain right to the barracks. I'm
getting rather - lumpy right now and would
like to dig some more. Dan it is in no ribs
of playing soldier and want to play home
with you from now on out. Please hurry real
hard that the Dan war will end but fast. I
can't stand much more of this being so damn
far away from you. I need my wife!



Writing
to you

I suppose you have read all about the new
of and some things you've seen in that
hills in the same. The English ones are
funny. They say the young ones sometimes
take it and do just as they please with it
with money or some thing. I also told you
about the character of the man that was
one. He was pretty to be sure by the no doubt
and action & movement. He has returned to
my own home.

Young play the sort of thing in especially
when it comes to American when all some
being manners etc over me and of my own
English - not in the paper about it. At home
being really play my all ref affairs but
Wig. As you said before - what a place he
is found in. Being as if it comes through
to you" is the leading dirty ones here, followed
by the "Trolley Song", "Dance with a Dolly",
"I'll walk alone" and many others. I like "I
could happen to you" very much. Also "The Day
Thought of you". Have you noticed that none of
the

about. I say and can't get to the radio all day
for news and music. Well - what you know
Duchess has taken and he is running all
over the place. I am it each time by getting out of
her but none we has is clean up after her
if you know what I mean we are trying to
get her home broken but a little too young
to catch us any yet. One can't really
mad at her because she was out of my hand.
I'll have to clean the front office up this
little while for the young in the cap shift.



...the very last of his eyes and
...came right out on the nose. I'm getting
...at the stage
...all clouded up. I think I
...a few quick winds and
...8:30 am and I just
...and gave me a kick. I was
...and I can
...the yellow things being
...that is right now. When I finish his letter
...into a book or
...as you can see
...two years
...only one more
...I will be a married man.
...that day all my
...for the day
...and this time
...I love you so
...it is
...I never fully
...I could undergo. I pray that if we ever
...will not ever
...like the
...and are truly
...part of
...I think
...with you. Life is too
...Darling, I
...and soul that
...just give me
...and

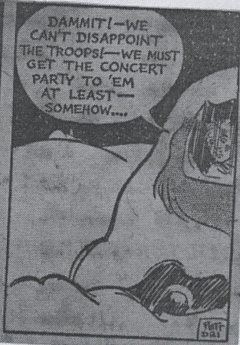
Sack



young the way that if you read these
 life remaining moments might be very busy.
 Oh, now I'm sure you love to write me.
 You feel a before me night and day. We are
 always together - even though we are so far apart.
 Just look around - I'm here just the same.
 I'm sure you are so wonderful. I want the
 whole world to know that fact. Probably, I want
 to show you off in a better way. It's all the best points
 and give it all with my love to my
 couple - the famous Canary Is. People will be
 likely to be like the name can we do. Honey, you
 can't realize how proud I am of my beautiful girl
 up girl. I can't wait until your latest pictures
 come near me in my way. You're my sweetest
 girl (the best what you do to a sweet is really
 something) not to mention Queen of the
 Canaries and Mrs America - besides that you are
 mine. Little lovely girl. Guess I'll call this
 letter to a new thing. I'll be long but here. I hope
 to catch onto a package from you today as I
 station any enclosed. Darling - when ever I
 think of you I think of you. I'll be long but here.
 but me. when ever I hear a love song
 it's my voice. tell me you how much I love
 you. No kidding, just look around you - I'm
 here. when you laugh - listen, you will hear
 my laughter too. We are so much in love and
 it's wonderful. Tell your family hello and to
 write real soon - especially your pretty
 wolfish brother. They you don't and don't
 worry about me. I'm going home now. Just
 now as we finish his way up for you. God bless
 my lovely creature and loads of love.
 your loving husband

(6)

JANE...



MOTHER
CUSS
DAM
MUR
IN



No Mail
again

4
Thursday Jan 20
England

My Darling Angel wife!

Ever - will this mail-
less tang ever let up? I'd be fit for a
recreaming reaction if nothing comes
tomorrow. A fate more horrible than death
to be without mail from my lovely wife.
It is sickening to live through a mail
less era and more than a human can
stand. I do hope you are more lucky than
I. Perhaps tomorrow will be my day, who
knows? One month ago today it was
Xmas and seems as if years ago for
time dribbles by so slowly. Last night
I pulled CQ and of course today I
rept. Well - not all day. I hung around
this morning - reading and shared.
Thought it best that I caught some
chow and glad that I did. We had good
ham today and it was very tasty. Sun
as I ate - screamed to the van aches.

In some silly reason, even after I
 had sunk into the depths of my lonely
 rack. I could not go to sleep right away.
 So - I rolled there in and covered you
 with mental fingers. The longer I'm
 away from you - the more you haunt
 my thoughts. I miss you so awful
 much and you can't fully realize just
 how much I do miss you. This morning,
 I built a pie for Chris and the good
 St. Jacobs. The office was sunny and
 warm this morning when they
 arrived. I know that said character
 fully appreciate my pie building
 efforts for it was very cold this
 morning. In fact - rain goes right
 now and I'm clasp my own nose
 right now. Tonight - I did not crawl
 out of the rack until 7pm and sleep
 like a drugged person until then.

(3)

Tommie Thompson took to me for
awhile and told me all about the
game last night. Tommie is always
after me to drop in Special Services
office and shoot the bull. Seems as if
he likes your husband a hell of a lot.
He's really a nice guy and I got
a great bang out of chewing the fat
with him. I think he is around 35
or so. I'll have to ask him about his
wife Tommas. He is really a faithful
husband and a good example of true
love, or something like that. Guess I'll
go over tomorrow at noon time and
shoot the bull with him. Says he was
very disappointed that I didn't go
along with the team last night and
wants me to go for sure the next
time. That I will do. Of course I'm
stunned and was high joint man of

the game. He scored me 22 points for
 the Reds. Ralph wasn't clicking so
 well but Red Peter scored a few good
 ones. Reds won 59 to 49. I think Red's
career team will win the ETO league
 for they have the loaves out of their system.
 S.2 still leads the league and
 undefeated. All the teams are trying to
 bust a gut to beat us. I climbed out of
 the sack too late for supper so I ate
 in the Aero Club. There in Chui and
Dun joined me at my table. We
 listened to the juke box for awhile and
 glibbed my conversation at the P.I. Three
 years of Chester fields and two Cold Wolds
 against this week. I do be so damn glad
 when I can go into a real P.I. against
 some day and not worry about a damn
 ration card. Damn this damn war. I'm
 all alone in the solitude of my office

Fred Waring just came on and is
 playing the best in the way of songs.
 Sgt. Ray McKinley was on a little while
 ago. He has taken over Glenn Miller's
 place but they still use Miller's old
 style. I rounded out a letter to the family
 just before I slipped into this major
 report to you. Old Martin and Ralph
 took off on a jaunt this afternoon and
 Ralph took my overcoat. I had it here
 in the office and he just hauled off and
 wore it. I don't mind though. I informed
 him to wear on our jaunt and had it
 returned it. Each time one of the S-2's
 go to town - everyone contributes clothing
 so it seems. Chris and the good St. Paul's
 are working tonight - too far - I'll
 hold down the fort tomorrow. Looks
 as if I'll have another full day
 ahead of me from the condition of my

debs. Parents - I love you so awful
 much and want you more than the law
 allows. You are so wonderful and such
 a lovely rich chick. There is a big
 discussion going on about who should
 be veterans join up with - the American
 Legion or some new organization.
 The American Legion says they are old
 hands at taking care of veterans and
 their problems. Myself - I think the ex
 G.I.s of this war should have a new
organization of our own, but should
 work hand in glove with the Legion.
 Why, I've created it out longer over
 seas than my father spent in the
 Army. Things are much different
 than in '18 and young ideas should
 come first. Some thing about being a
 roedier never leaves a guy and makes
 one want to join some organization like

the Legion. Et no diem like to get together
 and shoot the bull, jax do around etc.
 I wish as if the gov. is serious about
 financing 4 Fin to do war work. Good
 deal I call. T. I havent thought very
 much about the idea of going back to
 school when I come home. Uncle give a
 net \$50 a month for subsistence and
 an additional \$25 for dependents. \$75
 doesnt go very far to keep two people
 going. You cant rent an apt. etc on
 that. I'll be damn if I want to go away
 to school and not have you with me. We'll
 talk this over when I come home. All I
 want to do - be alone with you from now
 on and have more damn fun than the
 law allows. Just you and I, plus
 more love in my fun than you can
 hold a stick at. Parents - I promise
 you - from the first second we are

together - the fun shall start. We
 have so careful much to make up for.
 Let's not be conventional and do any
 thing we so want. I'm rich of living
 like a machine - doing the same damn
 thing all the time. I want to fully enjoy
 our marriage and to have our own
 little kid away. We shall never slip
 into that well known rat etc. Peasants.
 neither you can picture how wonderful
 it will be. I live on this thought alone.
 Guess I did it enough today for
 I'm getting rather sleepy right now.
 I'll not stay up too late tonight and
 go hit the sack very soon. Want to
 be in hand rather early in the morning
 and start right in the work. My team
 is on again tomorrow night and I
 hope we are lucky enough to not have
 to work. Another reason I should hit the sack.

See how his ETO life is the same day
 after day? I hope - "The Princess and
 the Peasants" comes to be the movie
 real soon. This is Robt Hope's newest
 picture and it is said his best. We
 still get films that are old as the hills.
 What a shuffling. I hope the young in France
 are getting the new ones. Peanuts - why
 don't you go to the movies more often? You
 are to be a real movie fan. Movies are
 somewhat a cheerful way of passing the
 time. I wish you would go more often than
 you do. Darling - as I've said so often -
 when I know you are happy and you
 I am too. So keep that chin up! I could
 write you hours about how I want you
 and the passionate things we'll do in
 the way of passionate love making -
 your wildest dreams can't picture how
 it will be. The last time we were together

can be classified as kid stuff compared to
 the thing to come. The best thing about it,
 the more we love, the better it will become.
 We will reach perfection plus and then
 improve even more so. I can't wait until
 the ball starts rolling. I'll, work in at
 night, sleeping in the day - really
 mess up a guy. My name doesn't
 know when in the hell to go to sleep. I
 should it be sleep right now but I
 am. I'd like to send out a longer
 letter to you tonight but my thinking
 facilities aren't functioning because
 of the cloudy sleep device. Please excuse.
 A lovely letter from you will refresh me
 to a great extent and my pen will flow.
 See by God Bless my beautiful Angel
 Wife and loads of my passionate
 love - our special brand.



Your So & So Husband
 Jimmy



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



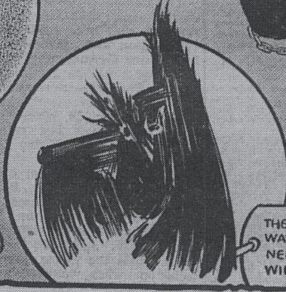
POST WAR
PETS FOR
VETS...



ONE GUESS—
WHOLL CHOOSE
THIS POOCH WHEN
HE GETS HOME?



THIS FELLER IS FOR
THE CPL. WHO
BUCKED FOR SGT, BUT
NEVER MADE IT



THE GI WHO WAS AL-
WAYS BEING GIGGED FOR
NEEDING A HAIRCUT,
WILL SELECT THIS ONE

SAD EYES WILL
PROBABLY ADORE
THE CHAPLAINS'
AIDES' HOME...



Capt George Canary 15113242
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 90 Post Master
New York, New York



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



(air mail)

Clayton W. Woodhull
Sgt. H. A. C.

4



Friday Jan 26⁵
Empire

My Darling Beautiful Wife!

I don't have to tell
you again ^(excuse) about this being a
mail less day. From the cartoon - you
can readily see how I am tonight.

Fasting from mail is a awful thing
and I can't stand much more of it.

Surely - I should have a letter from
you tomorrow - range here. I do so deem
glad when the day comes - we wait
here to depend upon mail to get life
into said lonely bones. Was it hell
as Sherman once said. That goes double
for me! I pray that you are having
luck at the other end of the horn. I
know too well how much a letter means.
Tomorrow - I'll crawl in my hands and
knees to the mail room and beg for
at least one letter from you. I hope
the cold hearted mail orderly is wiled to

death tomorrow - just sorting my mail
alone. So if I should slip into a out
and out blue tone - you know the reason
why. Tonight - my team is on and looks
as if we'll have a all night land.

Last night I checked up in my office
so I could be on hand tonight and early.
I now wanted to bring in to the piles of work
dumped upon my morning desk. It
was very cozy sleeping in the office
last night and I found it to make
shift yellow but good. I in my wake me
up around 6:30 for breakfast but I
grunted and rolled back over for another
handful of what eng. I slept until 8 am
and woke up by the sudden glare of the radio.
I quickly rebuilt the fire and cleaned up
the office so it could be messed up all
over again. The Duchess was hollering for
her breakfast and your husband fed her.

St. Jacobi did it with last night after all and screamed in around 9 pm. So he and I shared the office - plus raid dogs. Noon chow came around before I knew it for raid labors had me really engaged but good. Chow was twice less as usual. Cold meat balls, mastered with onions. Guess raid meat balls were good while hot but could it grow it by me. Last night Don burnt his hand while fooling around lighting up a pipe. Today his left hand was swathed in bandages. We kidded Don - saying he was good withing - trying to get out of ground with a typewriter. Looks as if it is a genuine burn but will heal in a few days. We all hope it won't hinder his verbal ball playing. S.2 has another game Monday and his hand ought to be alright by then.

I suppose Martin and Ralph are having
 a gay time in Cambridge long about
 now. Those two creeps could not find
 their way out of a paper bag. Neither have
 much in the way of sense or discretion.
 I bet some how - those characters
 will get lost. You know how Ralph
 is. What a brain! We are going through
 another cold wave tonight and I'm
 almost in the pie trying to keep
 warm. It really gets cold in this
 damp island. One could have the
 elements if it wasn't for the fact of
 the dampness. I'll never warm up
 until your arms are clayed about
 me in the heat of our passionate love.
 Some of your loving would really go
 good on a cold night like this. Dam,
 I wish my old lonely bones were
 next to your breath taking body.

Same old story of work the rest of the
 day. I knocked off a bit early to
 reappear over to see Tommie. We sat
 around Special Service shooting the
 bull under chow line. Even carried
 our bull shooting to the mess hall.
 I talked Tommie into going to the
 movies with me. Also he might take
 a gas next month with us to
 London. Tonight's movie was another
 old one but I had it rat through it
 before. You sent the book to me a long
 time ago - "9 Less They". I thought it
 was a very good show and enjoyed
 it immensely. A damn good mystery
 story and you would enjoy reading
 it too. Please excuse my scrawling
 for I'm using a male lift desk
 all the characters are playing cards
 down the post office and using all the

sent. After the movie - we carbed over
 to the club and latched onto a snack.
 Don and some of the fellows were there.
 We all watched a barrel + ball game for
 a little while before changing back
 to the office. The officers have a team
 in the ETO league and had a practice
 game tonight. The Brig Rads are in
 the enlisted men ETO league and
 the officers in the ETO officers league.
 Said some officer team aren't so good,
 and have dropped a few games
 so far. Don and the Rads have whipped
 'em two or three times in practice
 games. I did not stay very long but
 wanted to start this letter before the
 work came in. I hope the usual
 my and down routine doesn't go on
 tonight while writing this letter. I'll
 hang in long as possible. Might have to

(1)

cease at any time. Nothing much in
the way of news around here today.
I know my letters all round alike
with the same old sort of thing day
in and day out. All I can say - I
miss you so awful much! Cookie is
jickin' the mandolin right now
and he can really play it. Beak is
in the village school - no. 6 yet no beam
mad at him about playin' his
mandolin so much. Sounds good to
us now. He can really swing it
and gives out with the latest songs.
Of course he plays by ear and can
only jick up the new tunes from the
radio. Wish I could play none thing
like that. Honey - did Hugh Francis
ever call you? Said he would when
he went home. Did Mary ever
answer your letter? I'm so beam

hungry for news from you. I feel so
 out of touch with everything in a
 mail less stage like this. A whole
 week without mail. There is another one
 of those black out stories - are there is
 a black out. "you couldn't call him a
 handsome red head, but he has a honest
 face. People would look at him and
 say, 'Honest, is that your face?'" after
 that we should clear with the com
 tonight. Little do you realize how much
 I love you and want you. Daily - I receive
 more complaints about the acute
 shortage of teeny stuges. another reason
 I want mail from you - so these jokes
 will hang off and be head bashing
 no kidding - plenty of guys are damn
 worried about my mail for they always
 ask if I received some. So let's I let
 on to some not quick. Tomorrow ???

(9)

It is almost time to read for mid
night chow and don't know if
I'll go or not. I'm not so keen on
travelling the elements and would
much rather stay huddled up to
the stove. It's not worth the walk
to the mess hall in this kind of
cold weather. Peanuts - I'm so keen
like to night and I miss you so
awful much. The longer I'm away
from you - the more it hurts. Even
more so at a mail less - time such
as the conditions that prevail right
now. My whole tormented body cries
loudly for the desire of your loving
caresses. Even my ears would love to
be tingled by your cute hands.

Remember how I ~~would~~ wouldn't
let you do it. But if I were with you
now - you would be more than welcomed

to pull the hell out of 'em, as usual -
 I had to stop writing to make with the
 words. It is now 7 am and we are
 finished. So I'm free to return
 to the nads when ever I see fit.

Milke and I just devoured a
 huge heap full of hot cakes. I had a
 stack so high that I could not see
 over the top of 'em. Working all night
 gets a keen edge on a guy's
 appetite and I'm not just kidding.
 It is colder than a old maid's
 and not fit for man or beast. Sooner
 I knock off this letter - I'm going to
 march towards the god. My brain is
 working against the top of my noogie
 because of the need of that eye. As I
 always say to my self - sure wish I
 could find you in my bed waiting
 with wide open arms. Anyway, I love

you in my dreams. Think that I'll
get up around 3pm or so and do
some reading. But the only time I
get to - odd spare minutes etc.

Darling - I love you so much and
really can't begin to explain how I
want you. Each day - I pray - one more
closer to Peanuts. Very soon, I'll be there
with you in hugs. Sure isn't much fun
meeting it out in the meantime.

Pray real hard like I'm doing and before
long - we'll be together. I'm at that stage
of being so busy that can just about hold
the pen much less write. Golly, I hope
the mail man is good to me this afternoon
by giving his hunger GI at least one
letter from you. The Duchers just woke up
and is taking her early morning exercise.
What a hound she is but cute. She
grows more each day and has more

life in her. Dam, I need you loving me
 awful much to make me alive again.
 I want to feel your charms deep deep
 into my chest and my hands want to
 caress the heart of your lovely body.

I want to feel your soft hair against
 my cheeks and hold you close to me.

My eager lips are hungry for the touch
 of your passionate, earth rocking kisses.

Can't you see how passionately I understand
 it will be when I come home to you?

Doll, you I bet you dream about these
 very things as I dream too, day and
 night. Take care of your self until I

come home and take over the ~~job~~

job myself. Beautiful creature - your
 husband adores you. God bless my
 lovely girl and loads of
 passionate rages love.



Your Soldier Husband
 Sonny

201 Madison
APO 508 70 Post
New York, New York



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

U PASSED BY
26927
EXAMINED
(air mail)

5

Sat. Jan. 27/6
England



My Darling Sweet Angel Wife
Tonight - I'm not

fully responsible for the condition of
this letter or the mood that I'm in.

I'm giving you fair warning that
more than likely this will be very
dull reading. So if you have some thing
better to do - do it. Anyway - here goes!

I don't have to add that today was
another one with out mail - this you can
guess. If you could gaze upon my
tighten - strained, mail hungry face - you'd
understand how I feel this some time
night. The very thin stretch across my cheeks
coming from the ~~taught~~ taut condition
of my nerves. When ever I light a
cigarette - my hand shakes like a leaf
in a gale. I'm other words - this mail
shortage has shoved me into the straits
of a physical wreck. Where in the hell is

(2)

the morning mail? In 7 whole
hellish days. I've begged the mail
orderly for one small letter and 7 days
he has laughed into my bleab white face.
7 whole days of being more dead than
alive. You can't call this commu-
nism. I expect from one mail call
to the other. My morale is hitting it's
last dying gasp. One letter would surge
new life into these shabby bones. I pray
that you are not going through a surge
like this. So lonely young - a letter is
comparable to a paragon. I'm going
to apply in next months quota of
immigrants to the U.S. or something like
that. I feel so out of touch with the world
during a time like this. Damn it! I'll
not shove my woes and blues upon you
and from here on. I shall endeavor to
write a bit more cheerful if possible.

(2)

Last night my elite team and myself
hunted the halls of S-2 - going in forth
with the efforts. We finished up this morning
around 6 am and I added a bit more
to your letter as of last night. I climbed
into the depths of my rack around 8:30.
You can't fully picture how damn awful
cold it was. Squinting my goggles out
body into the mouth of a ice cold bunk.
I shudder just thinking about it. Once it
doesn't take too long for the god to
heat me from one's body warmth. Before
I climbed in bed - I loosened my hide
in the orderly room. Walking from the
office was something for the books - yes!
how to live like a real. The first Sgt
came stonifying in and quoted a
good morning as the old army joke
about first night goes. I didn't have to
rock myself as long this morning for

I was almost out now as the yard became bearable with heat. Ah! for the life of warm furnaces and real live beds. I didn't move until 230 - and I hauled out there. As I said last night - I wanted to read today - so I hauled down to the office and did same.

The office is about the only warm place I can find and I'd like to stay here until this devilish cold & hell leaves. I squatted beside my stove and read until chaw time. Today - the weekly edition of "Yark" came out and I read it in part. Of course - I always read the Star & Stuyvesant with a yearning to hunger for news. Marvin and Ralph returned to the fold tonight and may one each good time was had. Dick has a date with some gal in town tonight. He met her at the dance here Tues. night.

Lang is American but not much
 of a beauty. Seems as if she and her
 family are stranded on this island
 until the war is over. I'll tell you some
 about raid affairs when I hear a full
 report on it. After chow - another bunch
 of nothing - I returned to the Red Cross
 for something worth while. After eating
 a few tons of cokes - stopped by Special
 Services to chew the fat with Commie
 on awhile. Soon as I mumbled back to
 the office I heated water and myself
 on the stove. Just before I glanced into
 this letter - I shaved and cleaned up.
 So that takes care of today - guess some
 don't you think? Well - all I can say -
 I love you so awful much and want
 you more than the law allows. You are
 so wonderful and so beautiful. You
 just drive me crazy and I love it.

(6)

According to the Stars and Stripes -
Johnson County - Ky has voted to
become dry. The GIs from this
county are asking the Supreme Court
to do something about this and let the
soldiers have a ray so. A whole flood of
GIs signed a petition and enough to
win the vote. I think the guys should
have a ray so in the very thing they
are fighting for. Hasn't the dam 4Fs
anything else to do but try to change
things around? Damn it - we are fighting
for the thing we left behind and want
in the name when we return home.
People don't seem to realize this. Guys
dream about home all the time and
the many freedoms enjoyed as a
civilian. I really firmly believe - no
one has the right to change things
unless they have earned the right by

(1)

fighting for the American way of life. True every one can't go off to war but the soldiers should have a voice in the running of things. People can't realize the thing a soldier has to see & feel. I really burn at things like this! What a hell of a war this is! I don't say the home front should fall over themselves honoring the soldiers but they need to use the soldier a hell of a lot. Some of those two bit, small time politicians should come over seas and look around. Partly the blame falls upon the press and I guess it is not its fault at that. So many people have a false impression about the war. The soldiers themselves don't write home the true picture and hid it from these love ones. I assume you - it's not much fun. I'm not reading

no much for my self but for those kids
 over there in the front lines. All you
 owe them so awful much! How how
 in the hell did I get started on this?
 I go around in a tandem. I warned
 you at the beginning of this letter. In a
 GI news mag. I read a little about the
 Chaglin case. Joan Berry states she
 barged into his bedroom and yelled she
 couldn't stand it any longer. Chaglin began
 to pin her mouth closed and then
 played with her legs. Said they went to bed
 and - - - - . She showed the court how
 Chaglin played with her legs and where.
 What a mess. How could anyone have
 the nerve to go through this sort of thing.
 Chaglin claims she had checked up
 with plenty of other jobs and once
 wrote a letter to him about it. Said letter
 was used as evidence what a lamer this

(9)

this is. Hollywood is certainly an average
place full of ref. etc. Side have to put
out in order to get in the money etc.

Called to a guy once who was a et-
management (now of the army) who said
Belly Hutton had the hottest pants in
Hollywood. Hey - it's getting rather late
and best I go ground the pillow. I
did it very long enough Wearing I'll
write a longer, better letter to you
tomorrow night. Parents - I dream of
the ways way we made with the love and
I go nuts because I can't reach you. I
need your loving but bad and can't
wait until we can land the sign to
start off with. The way I dream of you
would drive the Will Hanger office
crazy. Do you ever lose in your mind
the passionate things we used to do?
That's a really question just do

you really have it and I want some
right now. Pray that this war will
end real soon so we can really
live my married life. Actually - we
really haven't started married life as
I got for the army wouldn't let me
be with you all the time. I can't wait
until I can have you day and night
not to mention - just the hell out of
you with passionate caresses. The way
my hands will make passes at you, you'll
think you are married to a Roman.

I assure you - we'll live 24 hours a
day and then some. Neither of us
even realize how much I'll miss you
and wonderful it will be. I will leave
you now and go dream of the things
that we will do. God Bless my
beautiful mate and loads of love.

Your Soldier/Husband
Sonny

HUBERT

by SGT. DICK WINGERT

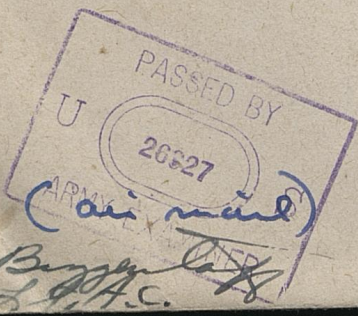


"And some guys yell because people back in the States don't know there's a war on!"

Lieut George Canary 1563242
201 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 70 Post Master
New York, New York



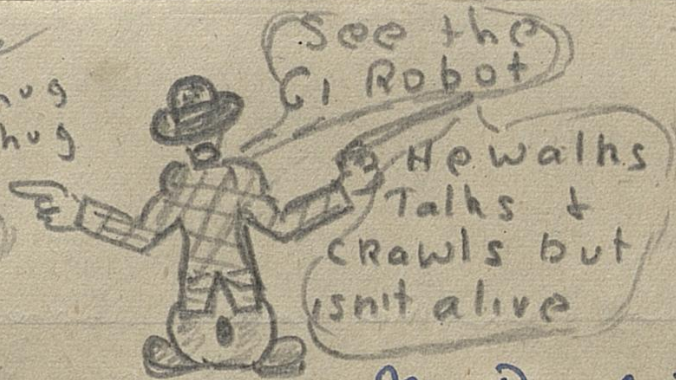
Mrs. George W Canary Jr.
4601 W Jefferson St.
Louisville 12 Ky
U.S. A.



C. P. Bugg
2nd Lt. A.C.

le

Sunday Jan 28
England 7



My Darling Angel wife!

This mail situation

is becoming critical - not to mention
vab. At this time - my morale is down
to the nubs and I'm in a very unbit
mood. I won't even try to describe the type
mood my underlying brain is in. I'm
so damn depressed that I can't think
through the fog of mail less clouds
flowing around before my bloodshot eyes.
You can't call this living and as the
cartoon says - making it a robot.
At first it's joyful as all hell but soon
we don't notice the mail less joy.
Yes! It consumes your body with one
vast flame of utter torture so that one's
senses is ~~numb~~ numb. Damn this war. It's bad
enough with mail but without - Ah! Broder!
I hope - again - for at least one Tomerud.

(2)

Today - just another one of those silly
ETO days I write about each night.
We are encased in a white blanket of
snow at this time and go from place to
place by dog teams. It's so damn cold
that even the store is wearing an over-
coat. (damn - that is coming as hell)

Someone mentioned it was Sunday but
you could not prove it by me. One day is
like the other to me. I quit at the
calendar every so often just to check up
what day it is. Sometimes - I wind my
watch but rarely look at it. I know
when it's time to eat and go to bed -
also when mail call is due. Damn this
war - damn this war and I'll say it
again - damn this war! Parents I love
you so much and want you more than
the law allows. You are my under the
plus ever not to mention beautiful.

I crawled out of the sack this morning
 and slipped into my clothes. Then
 I stepped out into a raging snow
 fall. Pure instinct helped me to find
 my way through the blinding snow
 fall. I hooked myself with a hook
 and lunged like a fiend to the hut
 seeking warmth of the fire. I let the
 heat caress my backside until the
 seat of my pants glowed red, then I
 turned around and started the process
 all over. When my ears thawed out -
 I shuffled to my desk and unwillingly
 plunged into work up to my elbows.
 I buckled a safety belt around my
 waist so the jugs wouldnt pile
 over my shoulders. At 10 am. I
 dashed to the alert room for a cup
 of java and a smoke. Then back to
 the meat shop. Now show time

Came around and was more than
 welcomed as a heater. Chicken ^{al-a} ~~all~~
 thing and not half bad needed the
 main dish for Sunday dinner.

Loosening my belt - I went to Mass in the
 gym. After church - stopped in to
 chew the fat with Tommie for a few
 minutes. Inside the gym - nothing in
 the way of heat and one becomes very
 cold during Mass. Back again to the
 office and work. The afternoon class by
 passed in the time for chow again.
 At supper - we all hit the chow line
 early in order to see an to the movie
 ahead of the mob. Funny thing - the
 mob has the name Samidea. Tonight's
 movie - "Four Men and a Prayer" with
 Henry Sanders, J. Young, David Kivian.
 A rather old moth eaten movie but
 lucky - I hadn't watched it before.

I don't mind the old movies if I
 haven't seen 'em before. "Roxie Hart"
 Special Service boasts for tomorrow
 night and don't think I've seen this
 one before. By the way - the world premiere
 of "Winged Victory" is in London today
 and I do want to see this soon as possible.
 Sounds as if it is a super picture and
 you know how I feel about the Air Force.
 I suppose some day - we'll start
 getting new jics - wonder when.
 I have to laugh at the head banging
 rush to the Aero club ~~after~~ after the
 show is over. Seems as if the guys are
 half way out the door before "the end"
 flashes on the screen. You are shoved
 towards the club even if you don't want
 to go there. Pity the poor guy that falls
 down in this mad rush - he would be
 squashed into the ground like a fly.

(6)

In this wild flight it's every man
for himself and to hell with the rest.
The 5-2 boys never seem to be left
behind for all are feet a foot. We
run in one solid front and push
aside everyone else. It's a bit of fun-
running the hell through the back
out. Using a flash out tells the rest
of the race. Brass knuckles etc are
not fair but clubs are okay. Some
times if the show is a good one, the
long lines sweating out the record
show are created by the out pouring
madness going. It's happened that
some gun jobs standing in line for
the show has been swept to the
club before the tide of rushing bodies.
You'd laugh like hell at this funny
night. I had a gut-lauding while
telling just. G.I.'s are crazy people.

I plan to do a bunk of reading tonight after I finish the letter and may do such a thing as sleep down here tonight. Chris will be tonight and someone has to be on hand early in the morning to greet St. Jacobi.

So - I'll sleep up down here in my ant. lay bunk. I'll keep a semi-roaring fire going and will keep more than warm. I find it much easier to get up while sleeping here in the office than in the barracks. One has to climb out of the rack into the cold so common to a ETO barracks. The office is always warmer and comfortable - thus by - making waking up not half bad. I know when I come home - I'll have to blast myself out of bed - if you are still there in. Little do you know how much I love you.

Darling: I hope you have had the new
 set of your eyes made by now and
 that there on the way by this time.
 I take great delight in proudly
 showing you off to the rabble. Please
 try to have some more of appealing
 photos made such as the ones in
 your very brief shorts. I go mad
 whenever I look at such photos of
 you. In fact - I carry 'em around
 and look at 'em so much that there
 dog ears & Golly, you are no
 breath taking not to mention
 lovely. Darling, your eyes are cobalt
 green that are shy and probing.
 No one does any one know but me,
 the gods of fashions that are behind
 those jeans. You are built perfectly
 of the modern design - gloriantly
 slender, without any lumpy anywhere.

9

I like your cute tiny waist that I can almost get one hand around. your lovely body is erect, high breasted, long long and beautiful artistic white hands. I love to watch you comb your honey colored blond hair and to caress your cute head with eager hands. I like the way your full lips melt into mine and drink deep into the depths of our passionate love. Ah! how they stir up the fires of love within me. Darling, you have a million dollar pair of underpins. Nothing is more revolting than to see a pair of ugly legs. I love each curve and contour of your perfect moulded legs not to mention your whole frame. I even like the way you drag that enchanting frame with clothing. Peanuts - I tear myself all up when I

(10)

write like this. you should look in to
my thoughts some time. Parents -
Parents. I love you so awful much!
Some day - real soon - I'll be here to
do all the things we are dreaming.
I could go on for hours - tell you
about the little things I miss and love
about you. No thing can begin to
express my deep - burning passion to
love for you. Parents. With in your
heart - you know and can feel this love -
just as I can feel yours. Darling, I'll
close this time and try to escape the
blue mood by reading. Please don't
worry about me and keep you pretty
little chin up. I'm here - in your heart
all of the time. God Bless my beautiful
creature and bless your special hands
of love.

Your Soldier Husband
Fanny



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



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

PASSED BY
W.A. Smith
1274 to A.S.
EXAMINER
(air mail)

7



Monday Jan 29
England 8

My Darling Angel Wife!

This mail situation has me up a tree and I don't know what she hell to think. My morale is so damn low that I don't dare even talk about it. This is the first time I've had to force myself to write you letter. That's the condition that I'm in at this time. You can't realize how awful I feel tonight. Damn this damn, damn mail system. Please excuse this sorry letter tonight. I'm so low that I can't stand myself. Wonder how I look to the other young? I thought today being Monday - mail would arrive for sure - but as the English say - "I've had T." Being with out mail is a fate worse than death. Parents - I need you so awful much!

(2)

Here is the story of today and not much as you will see. Last night - I slept in the office after a long night of reading. Donald also shared my work. It was more than warm in the office and I slept like a log. I planned to get up for breakfast but I did not wake until the blast of the radio woke me up at 8 am. Quickly - I cleaned up the office for the arrival of St. Jacobi. He came in rather early and I was still in the process of organizing another boring morning fast by with the help of said piles of words. Today at noon Chow - the men got. knocked himself out with a huge meal - roast beef and I must say - very enjoyable. Anyway - the inner man was satisfied.

(3)

Same routine this afternoon of more
down ends than the ones above. When
gulled CQ last night and I had to
double up on the out put. I more than
welcome it suggest although it was not
very good. I now come to see to Special
Services to shut the hell with Tommie
until game time. Tonight the S-2's are
not the total Synatron in a cage
bet. I need it very who was for the
is it much doubt about the game when
the morons take the floor. S-2 won 42
30 and it was a very hotly contested
hard & hell game. As I've stated before - all
of the teams are gunning for S-2's but
but can't do a damn thing with the
all stars of S-2. Hoddleston as usual
led the team with the most points.
The whole gang played a super hand
of hell and proved why they are champs.

④

After the game, all settled into a
march in the Aero Club. I didn't go
to the show tonight because of the game.
I have to cover for the guys you know
besides that - I like to watch the game.
We matched to see who would not
be checked and guess who was the sucker.
Yes - me. Damn good thing the whole
gang wasn't along or else I'd never
cover the guys. Just didn't have enough
to pay for the stuff. When ever the
moronic personnel changes to the
club, we have to hang two cables together
and sometimes - even three. It's
very cold again tonight and I'm
writing this from the post office.
I just fed Duches her evening
meal and she is ready for the walk,
me too. Damn it! Chris pulled over
already in the morning - meaning

(3)

I have to scream in early in the morning. Wait here to mop the joint in the morning for I know I off said about a little while ago. So - ~~wait~~ unit have to scream here to carry. With I could install a iron pie man to start said store in the morning but things are really everywhere. The Red Caper team hits the road tomorrow night. I'm away from home game. Not sure if I go or not. It's too damn cold to be any around in trucks but I'm very interested in what ball and may go anyway. Anyhow - something different to do and might reach my his end less burden. All I know - I love you so awful much and want you enough to eat beautiful you alive. I am not - where in the hell is my long awaited mail?

(6)

Now that the card game is over, I can
use a deck to write upon. Today I
Stam and Stuyvis gave the low down
on some of the Hollywood stars. Some
reputed interviewed Marie MacDonald
known in the ETO - as "The Body"
said she related Dottie Fannous's
reasoning are generally built up and
Joan Fontaine has her clothes joddled
for the movies. Also Heddy Lamarr
used false fronts to give with the
ret appeal. The Body said she wished
she could pile out a sweater in the
manner Jane Russell does. One of
my favorite authors - James T. Farrell
author of "Studs Lonigan" is working
on another book - about a young writer
in New York. His novels are checked
and published with ref and are damn good.
Best you recommend it to me but quick.

①

I hope you have read - "In ever Amber"
to me by this time. I read more than
anything about the hob and make me
want to read it that much more. If
you read it - tell me all about it etc.
The Star and Stripes states that young
went their jobs to look out in fluff by
black lace stuff when they come home.
How how in the hell did they know
I felt this way too? I want you to
use said stuff to throw the pants
off of me and don't just a kidding.
Doll - you are so wonderful and drive
me wild. Just you wait until I start
with the making my favorite song
will be - "Take it off" etc. you can't realize
just what you are in store for when I
be home. I only hope you are
built up and ready. I'm a mad
man who needs loving but bad.

Honey. I just ceased ^⑧ writing a few
minutes ago and shared etc. I
can't be with you right now
with a clean face and today. Enough with
this feeling around. - Let's make love.
That's what I always want - what do you
always want? Getting rather late right
now and best I get off for the
vanack, another one of those super
long days ahead of me tomorrow and
not much fun I assure you. If I could
be with you during the night - I know
that I could turn out much better
with etc. Anyway - we won't have to
wait much longer. As I've been really
pushing the Khants now and soon the
can war will end. I have to write
Harold's family and they will in turn
forward my letter to Harold. I suppose
that I'll hear soon where he is.

②

I do not even attempt to write Val
or Rand. Time is too rare around
here to waste on two creeps. Perhaps
I may hope and pray that you are
receiving more mail than I. I know
how you worry if my mail is late.
Think I might be able to catch onto
another leave in another month. We
are supposed to get one every 6 months
and March will make it 6 months.
Do you know more about this letter
in. Two years ago, both of us were
meeting out Feb. 4th. Two whole
years of marriage and every second
has been more than wonderful. True
we ~~are~~ ~~then~~ are so damn far apart and
not together very much in the last
two years, but it's heaven just knowing
you wear my name. I have really
something to go home to. - you.

(10)

Need less to say - you are my home.
Rest in your arms and your love is
my home. There is no place like home
and how utterly true. I miss you with
every breathing part of my love
hungry today. Night and day - my
body robs out do cry of wanting you.
I pray and hope you are it as blue
as I - and don't miss me as much as
I do you. Brother Hank is sweating out
me and your I'll close before he
blows a gut. If I go with the team
tomorrow night. of course I'll give
you a full report etc. Please close
with the need less worrying and keep
you pretty little chin up. I must
receive mail from you tomorrow.
God Bless my beautiful creature and
loads of love.



Your Soldier Husband
& Army

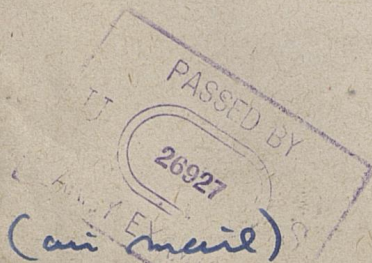
JANE...



Capt George Canary 15113242
201 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (M)
APO 558 To Post Master
New York, New York



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



John Howard H. O'P.

Tuesday Jan 30
England

Please
Just
one!



My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Now I know why
men are driven to drink or why
some men become degenerates. Another
one of those ETO mail less days. For
the first few days - it was bad - but
now - don't feel it so much. Just more
or less the vast numb sensation. You
can't fully realize how low my
spirits and stuff called morale are.

God - it's awful and more than a
human can stand - even sit. I dislike
writing with a bitching tone to my
letters but that's the conditions that
prevail. Things are rough every where
but emphasis on the rough here is
the ETO. Damn it - and etc. Any way -
on with the news. Time marches on
and we the people needs - etc.

(2)

It was very cold climbing out of the
racks this morning and I might add
- cold as a witch's ^{tail}. Barnyard pulled
a late job last night and I had to be
on hand rather early. Brother May
I gave a quick shake but he didn't get
up right away. As he was well gets
it. - I walk alone (old) to the office. Just
me and the damn snow. First thing,
I whipped up the Ducher's. Vaced fast
and hit a pie. St. Jacobi screamed
in a few minutes before I did - my
face was very red. Same old stuff
rest of the day and that clean that
up. It really snowed last night
for the old stuff had a recovery
job. Said snow was rather deep.
Going to Chow - de S. 2. ers had a
battle royal and more damn fun.
As we stood in line, noticed some

of our friends ahead in line. So we
 yipped a few noise balls at 'em in
 the manner friends do. they in turn
 returned the greeting and the snow
 fight was on. We had a hell of a lot
 of fun yipping 'em back and forth
 tonight at supper. the same thing
 went on but on a much larger scale.
 I think about 200 young turks are
 active just in tonight. free for all.
 the front part of the line against the
 last half. Gold man and Ralph were
 in the enemy line and of course, we
 riddled 'em out with heavy barages.
 Gung. I thought I would bust a gut.
 It was a lot of fun even though very
 childish. no matter how old a ralph
 maybe. he acts like a great big kid.
 We have to go nuts. today, the
 spirit of our New Years party came

④

rather good. The major camp might
be able to have the photo lab. run off
enough copies for all. If not - the
negatives will have to make do with
of all our families etc. I'll let you
know more about this later on. I'm
in all but a couple. You can easily
see the conditions were all in what a
party that was. I want to buy these
photos to remember the jump. Called
to Tommie at supper and he said
not much room left in the truck
going to the bank + lake game tonight.
They only take enough to carry the
teens. Said I might be able to squeeze
in but why make a cold trip and
be uncomfortable? I bowed out and
I think he was a bit glad I did because
of the crammy conditions. So I
took in the movie to see some time.

⑤

said movie was "Roxie Hart" and
a fair job. Gwige Royer sure knocked
herself out showing off her legs and
has something with white. Course de
Glo didn't like that so much - if you
believe this - your nuts! Another month
eaten movie but a damn good one.

tonight - de Aero club presents a
all Disney review - 17 ~~other~~ railers
and WRENS. I stayed there in for
a little while but changed back to
the office to slip into some reading
then - scream into said letter. The
review wasn't half bad at all but I
no wanted to read awhile not to
mention write this letter. The females
did a "can-can" and various others
such leg showing. Jan and de my
just returned from de game that
according to the book was tonight.

(6)

Seems as if none one screened my
the dates and rec'd game i Friday
night. So do try was a waste of
time. Glad I didn't go after all. The
creeps are playing cards in here in
the post office. Chui unke again
tonight and do god St. Jacobi also.
again I have the honor to hold the
joint down. Tomorrow night - my
team makes with the labors and I
hope we are lucky enough to not
have towns. Peanuts - I love you so
awful much and can't begin to describe
how much I want you. Your wild est
dreams can't picture the passion to
be making we do tomorrow
Uncle Jung all his troops off and
another line to meat out. Don't think
many young mind standing in
line for monthly wages.

①

Best I got some water on in
order that I can have before
rearranging to the job. I'm rather
lucky again tonight and should
go down to the jillow before much
longer - that I will do. Stan & Shyja
stated that Peter Hay with had her baby.
Seems as if all the stars are joining
in for having kids. Rich & my my
ration yesterday and letted on to
5 chester fields plus 2 Old Golds. We
are now allowed 7 packs of butts
per week. Those they buy in the name
from now on out. Today is FDR's
birth day and I suppose lots of my
parties are joining on in the States
tonight. I guess they had the mile
of diners at home again as per
usual. Damn it - when I'm mail-
less like this - can't write much a day.

⑧

Funny thing - now doing without
mail can depress me. you can't
fully realize how I depend upon
your mail to keep me going; I
wonder if you are receiving my
letters. V-mail is coming through
but I hate the damn stuff. It's
no damn much as the B1's to
suit me. I'm all the latest news
and like thing you tell me
about in each of your major
reports. Well, I can't help it if I
continue to write about the each
of mail for it is the utmost
thing in my mind right now.
Hobbs Weston and Mike are going to
town on a 12 hour bus to
see a couple of movies and
do a little grubbing. We still
are planning the London trip.

(9)

Parents - more than ever, in the stress and strain of war, people are reading to be entertained, to escape from every day worries. The biggest crime phenomenon of the reading boom is the reprinting of the best sellers sold in 25¢ pocket size novels. Mystery stories blend the largest part of the pocket novel series. Story telling is at a premium in straight novels as mysteries. Set with lurid violence romance makes the best sellers. Lots of people go for the war correspondents views of the war such as Ernie Pyle's "Here is your War" and Robert Sherrod's "Tarawa". Myself - I like to read the serious stories - mainly to pick up some sort of style for myself. I still have great hopes to write and when ever I have a spare

(10)
hunks of time - & try to write a
little now thing for practice. You
should see the piles of stuff I've
thrown away in pure disgust.
Perhaps some of it might have been
half way good but didn't pass my
standards. Anyway - as I was saying
about books - will the end of the war
bring a slump in the present
enormous and growing appetite
for books? No doubt some of the G.I.'s
for lack of a better way to kill time,
some civilians who read because
of the conditions that they in home
bound - will turn to other pleasures
in peace. But the reading habits
acquired by millions of others are
unlikely to be broken. And the public
appetite is certain to be fed and
stimulated by mass production

and distribution of books on an
 unprecedented scale. Major Kloger
 and his outfit - Brown & Dunlap,
 Random House, Book of the Month
 (didn't know this until recently) and
 Hargis Bros. have a good foot hold
 on the pocket novel reprints. So long
 as this reading brain keeps up,
 any talented person can whip up
 a novel. Hope I can do it and can
 wish your help. Peanuts - I love you so
 awful much and want you more
 than can be expressed. Just you hang
 on and soon you'll find out how
 much. Hey - my water is hot now
 and best I care long but not
 and share. Just finished and it is
 late as hell. So best I pour on the
 soap and scrub towards the neck.
 Sleep is wonderful etc. but would like

(17)

to have more time to do many
thing s. & like to do. Such as - more
reading time and more time to
write. I. e. be so damn glad to draw
a free breath and can plunge into
the depths of utter relaxation. Not to
mention - and less here mentioning
Doll, tell your family hello and to
write real soon. Guess they have but
the mail is so damn slow. Please
clear up the worrying and hang
on just a little while longer. If you
only knew how much I miss you
and need you. Don't forget to read
Pyle's column when it starts. Also
need more stationery, candy, hots
and Ann having cream. God
Bless my beautiful creature and
locks of passionate love.



your Soldier Husband
Johnny

JANE ...



(11)

and distribution of books on an
unprecedented scale. Major Klogger
and his outfit - Brown & Dunlap,
Random House, Book of the Month
(didn't know this until recently) and
Hargis Bros. have a good hold
on the pocket novel reprint. Sorry
as this reading brain hasn't
any talents & person can whip up
a novel. Hope I can do it and can
with your help. Parents - I love you so
much and want you more
than can be expressed. Just you hang
on and run you. Let find out how
much. Hey - my water is hot now
and best I clean long but not
and share. Just finished and it is
late as hell. So best I pour on the
spice and rush towards the neck.
Sleep is wonderful etc. but would like

Capt George Canary 15113242
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (14)
APO 558 To Post Master
New York, New York



U.S. AIR MAIL
PASSED BY
6927
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(air mail)
Approved Mr. P/O

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4601 W Jefferson St.
Louisville 12 Ky
U.S.A.

9