

Cpl George Canary 15113242  
702st Squadron 445th Bomb Gp (H)  
Apo 558 % Post Master  
New York, New York



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

EXAMINED BY

*George W. Canary Jr.*  
*1st Lt.*

(get it thar fast)

1



1  
Friday, April 13th  
Some where in England

My Darling Super Lovely Angel Wife,

Hello, drool stuff! Once again, I fall back on the use of the M-1 trusty typewriter and hope you don't mind. It's due to the acute shortage of fountain pens and other such scribing material. I feel more than sure that you don't mind the useage of the keys, in fact, I'll go so far to say, that it is much easier on the eyes, than straining to read my handwriting----at least, the censor says so. Any way, here's another session of Life in the E T O or don't tell your best friends for they all-ready know. Before I plunge any deeper into this letter---please excuse all errors, due to the over eagerness of the writer and speed that should be toned down but in order to grind out much as possible, must be used. Now that you understand all the prevailing facts, hang on to your hat, here comes the stuff for today. Nothing in the way of mail from you today, the second day running and that's bad. I did latch on to a letter from Mom, # 2 in the same number of days. Best that mail jerk hands out a letter from you tomorrow or else face my mounting anger. Who ever thought up the delay in mail, I hope dies a thousands deaths and each one more horriable than the first. Each day, I scan the package list with a firm hope gleaming forth from my basket ball eyes. I'm really sweating out the arrival of "Amber" and wish the hell it would arrive but quick. You know how I go for the better type of reading (pardon while I whipe off the drool hanging from my chin)

Last night, I had the high and most pleasant (so the front office tells me) honor to hold down the duties of C Q. I thought that it would be a night of ease and letter writing, reading and perhaps, a bit of writing on my own hook. Once again, I was very much wrong for the ensuing session of C Q proved to be every thing but what I had expected it to be. Any way, I managed to keep my head up above the piles of surmounting work. Not being able to catch any thing in the way of sleep last night, my body craved said stuff this morning and that I had to do. I finished up my tour of duty around 8 am and danced down to the barracks on deaden toes. I plunked me dead form into the depths of my sack and quickly pounded the pillow. Even though the kind hearted mess sgt. issued chicken today, I slept through it all until 530. Even then, I had to call upon all the will power that I could muster, in order to crawl out of the pad. It wasn't easy. Stuck in my shoe was Mom's letter and I all but tore up my shoes, looking for more of same from you. I even went to the mail clerk to see if he had missed a couple of letters from you but as the Limeys say, "I've had it". So, because of hunger kicking me in the usual place hunger gets a guy, I walked down to the mess hall with a look of disgust brought on by the fact of no mail from you. Some day, I will latch on to more than enough mail and I will faint dead away. Tonight we had that very lovable stuff called meat loaf. I call it a cleaning up of the mess hall. What ever it was, not too bad. I breezed in to see Tommie for a few minutes and right back out for I knew the creeps would have a hunk of ball practice going. Seeing that I need all the practice I can get, I hurried over to the office and slipped into me ball clothes. We banged the old pill around for a couple of hours until all of our aching backs rebelled. Think that I can pound the old ball out much better this year----soon shall see. The good Major wants a game tomorrow night with Colonel Jone's staff. So we will take on the brass and whip 'em.



(2)

Sat through an real old movie tonight, one that I had the misfortune of seeing a long time ago---"The Singing Musketeers" with the Ritz brothers. Before going to the flicks, all of us latched on to something to eat in the Aero Club. Then of course, after the show, screamed back to the office to slip into one each letter to you, as you can plainly see. Nothing much in the way of goings on today but sack time. Like a bunch of old wash women, hanging over a back fence, the creeps of S-2 are talking about Don and his strange affair in town. See, Don is our first base man on the team and we're breaking in Jimmy to hold down the first sack. Now that Don has strings in town, we can't depend on him to be on hand for every game. The characters are all wondering just what the hell this Limey filly has on the ball that had knocked "The Rock" for a loop. He's always known around the joint to be a lady killer, love 'em and leave 'em. He has a line of broads around the world but seems as this one has put the finger on "The Rock". Some of the jokers plan to ask Him if he plans to play ball with us or the filly. I know he's playing something with her, wether it's ball or not. As I was saying, all of us are pounding the gry matter, wondering what the deal is. I'm pretty well inthere on the know but can't open up to the other jokers. Don doesn't want it spread around that he might slip into marriage wth this Limey dame. He's asked me to keep it on the q t until he's sure that he will. Jimmy is a fair ball player but not much on the first sack. So unless we talk Don out of this affair, will have some what of a weak spot on first. "The Rock" is in town again tonight, giving the gal a snow job. Here's what I think. A couple of times, I've seen Don in action and he over does it. He snow jobs the gals too much with a line of crap that any onw can see through. He even snow jobs the guys but of course, not trying to make 'em. I think he stuck his foot in his mouth this time and has to follow through or at least wants to. Far as I can see, this gal latched on to his line and beleives him----thf first one that does. This of course builds up his ego and makes himm fall for the skirt. You have to know Don to understand what I mean. He's about the strangest chafacter I've ran across and belaiwe me, I've seen a lot of strange ones in this man's army. He said that he would give me the latest poop at such time he returns tonight or in the mornng. I think that he should have a lot of potent things to tell me this time. Of course, I will shoot the info to you for I know that you're slightly interested in it.

Barnyard and the good Lt. Jacobi are working tonight and I willhold down the joint alone tomorrow. I don't know why but this dam typewriter creases the paper as you can see. It's bout the best we have around the office and just had a repair job on it. Duchess hangs aroind the office pretty close now but goes off to the messhall when ever she gets hungry. In this way, we don't have to worry bout feeding her. Of course, she is under my feet again right now and I can't move my shoes around without kicking the dog. I may do such a thing as sleep down here at the office tonight in order to do a little reading. I still can't latch on to enough reading and have to take advantage of every spare second. Say, have you noticed how much writing I can get on less paper when I grind out on the typewriter. Cuts down the weight of the letter and the postal system shouldn't have too many kicks. Please let me know how you feel bout typing my letters. I can really bang 'em out much faster than by hand. Darling, How come you're so cute? Gosh, I love you so awful much and can't wait until I scream home to your waiting arms. I could be arrest for loving you so much and for wanting you so passinatly.



(3)

Well, fry mah hide, this dam clatter machine shore am playing hell with the paper as you can plainly see. Sh, with my skilled fingers, I've repaired said hunk of a boobie trap-----I hope. Even such inhuman things as machinery goes nuts on this island after so long. Once again, I beg your forgiveness for such a silly hunk of error but not on mah part but this dam typewriter. I have more dam trouble writing letters any more but rain or shine, the mail must go through. I love you so awful much that it hurts and I'm not just a kidding when I say it---so I will say it. The good Lt. Jacobi just tromped in to make with the all night session and he so informed me that he was taking one each three day pass as of tomorrow. Of course, he had to secure my approval before taking same. I thought the matter over and seeing that he's in such a low (stands close to the ground too) morale condition that I thought it best he screams on one each hell of a good time. It's understood that he checks me out on all such interesting items that occur while on this poor man's version of a leave. The good Lt. really over works and the dam sad part about it, he worries bout his work. The trick of it all---knowing how to relax in some way. Some people go in for Yogi exerises and others, just stare at lovely women or talk bout 'em. I suggest for that run down feeling, one steak sandwich, bottle of X L, a good book (some may perfer a lush thrush instead of the book) and a soft spot on some beach. Seeing that we can't latch on to any---specially the blond), the book will have to do. If you care for my book on how to be a sucessful gold brick in one easy lesson, send in one bra. top. Honey, if at times you are under the impression that your husband is mad, damnit, you're right.

Today's Stars and Stripes was full of stories about Roosevelt today, and crowded out all the war news etc. It's still a great shock to all of us. Peanuts, my team of unworthie, unworthie's make with the one night stand tomorrow night and I'd give my eye teeth to get off for once. To make matters even more so bad, I pull room orderly the next morning. That's going to be a lot of fun, cleaning up the barracks after a aching back night of labors. I shudder (even more so than usual) just thinking about the deaden condition that my body will be in. I'm going to try talking some eager Joe in to swapping days with me. Wonder who it will be. Some one just stuck his face in the door (I should of slamed it) and yelled---"time for chow". So I must cut off long bout here to go refuel the inner man. Don't go away, I'll be right back. Here I am again. Lovely food tonight---hot dogs. Duchess likes 'em anyway and I toted back a pair of 'em for said mutt. While squatting in the mess hall, Don came in. He pulled up a couple of hot dogs and in between munches, said he had rather a good time with his chick. He couldn't really give out with the full news for some of the creeps were bending ears around the table. I should latch on to the story some time tomorrow and of course, shoot the same to you. Roger just came into the office and started to kidt he hell out of me bout writing such long letters to you. I tell 'em that I have to do some thing to keep the 4 f's away and if I keep you reading long letters----that's the solution. People just can't understand how we scribe such long adcounts to each other. We like and want to know wach and every little detail bout the other's daily routine. In this way, we feel much closer when we can picture what the other is doing. As you can see, E T O life is much the same day after day. Mainly, wanting and missing you so awful much. I guess all the guys are haunted by some gal, but not one cute as my little wife. By the way, how come you're so cute? Beasts the hell out of me how I latched on to you.

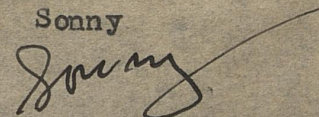


Darling, here's another character in the S-2 family. His real name is Ed. Konicki but we calls him "Horse Thief". This character is called Horsey for short and hs is not called by this name because he has ever stolen a horse but because it is the censensus of opinion from coast tocoast that he may steal one if the oppportunity presents. Horsey is wild about horses and loves to w<sub>a</sub>ger green backs on the nags. Most of the time, he wins, so he says and while over here, he saves his sugar for a roll to bet when he hits the tracks again after the war. You might not call him a professional gambler, Does it for the hell of it and like I said, he loves horses. Horsey is a very fine character because any time h<sub>a</sub> is holding anything, he is willing to share his good fortune with one and all---that is of the S-2 family. Right now, he has ample enough funds for ten men. Well, when any of the characters go on furlough and are short of funds, they go to Horsey for a loan. He doesn't press the fellows to pay him off in a hurry. I don't know how much or how many rocks he has loaned out at the present time, but I should think the bank of England would have to guard the fish heads if he collected em all at once. Horsey knocks down a s/sgt's pay and seldom goes to town. Just hoards away his monthly wages to the day he can go bet on his favorite beasts. All the other jokers here in S-2 flick the paste boards playing poker or rolling the bones. But Horsey doesn't go for such a past time. He lends the dough to the suckers when they loose. All of the creeps pay him back on pay day and the line is so long, one might think it is a chow line. All the creeps make it a standing pply to payhim right away, in case they have to fall back on his funds again during the middle of the month. He is a old joker compared to the average of the S-2 characters but young is spirit. When he plays basket ball, I always think that he will swoon in the middle of the floor for he looks like he's hanging on to his last breath. From time to time, I will tell you bout the other humerous creeps like this and some of the strange names we call each other. It is the fad now to takk on some silly handle to each other.

Don't you think that I crowd more into a letter when I pound it out on a typewriter? Anyway, so it seems to me. I think that you will agree that it's a good system to use hence forth. Until I get the okay from you, shall use this method of writing. I hate like hell to pester the creeps for the use of th<sub>a</sub>er pens. Every one writes different and hates to lend his special pen to some one else who might write another way. Seeing that my pen is amoung the missing, I have to use what ever medium I can latch on to. Don't send me another one for some joker will borrow it and first thing you know, it's lost. I've had more dam hard luck with pens in the past year. Honey, best I cease long bout here and go hit the trail to the sack. One each long day topped off by a all nite session ahead of me tomorrow. Lovely creature, I love you more than it is possible and want you enough for ten men. Nothing in this world can explain our love. Thank God tha<sub>g</sub> in a short while we'll be in married bl<sub>a</sub>ss again---knocking ourselves out with love making. Muster up that last ounce of strenth for soon I'll be comeing down the home stretch, panting passionately for a hunk of your earth rocking love making. Hang on, for I'm a-coming shortly. God bless my slick chick and pin up girl, plus loads of our special brand of love.

Your Soldier Husband

Sonny



XX  
 XX  
 XX

Tell me, how come you're so cute?



Cpl. George Canary 15113242  
801 Squadron 645 Bomb Gp. (H)  
App 558 % Post Master  
New York, New York



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

(air mail)

2



Ha! Ha!  
No Mail  
Can't  
Yea!

Saturday April 14th  
Somewhere in England

My Darling Super Angel Wife!

Before I go any further, how come you're so cute? Tonight I'm in the midst of one of those two often mailless screaming blues and don't like it one dam bit. So if at times this letter slips into a bit of morbid tone, now you know. Also, my team is on tonight and of course, makes matters even more so. The sour looking mail clerk gave me a grin of no mail and I felt like pushing that snicker back down his tooth-less throat. It's bad enough to fast from moral stuff but to have it rubbed in, is too dam much to take. I do hope you are more than lucky on your end of the horn and latching on to more than ample supply of mail from me daily if not more often. I sure love my wife an awful lot and the whole world knows it. I know the censor fully realizes the fact. Last night I shackled up here in the office in order to read a bit and also to be on hand bright and early. The good Lt. Jacobi and Chris worked last night, leaving me like a trusty watch dog to guard the joint. Lt. Jacobi took off on a young furlough this afternoon on a so called three day pass. Says, that he will fully check me out on all of the activities and stuff that he partakes in. No doubt they will prove to be very interesting items for a letter. Duchess woke me up this morning, yelling for breakfast, so I shrugged off all signs of sleep and shoved meat loaf down her throat. In the manner of dogs, she wiggled a thank you to me. Then she had the dam guts to jump back on one of our super easy chairs and pound the pillow for another couple of hours. What happens to her should happen to a human, wait, that isn't just right or is it? I messed around the whole morning, doing various odds and ends until noon time. I did take time out for the morning cup of coffee and bull session in the Alert room with the boys. Some mornings, have to glup the java down and scream back into the pressing labors. Having lots of time, I lingered over a fag, hanger flying with some of the bird men who fly the big ones. I've picked up a couple new fly boys on my list of good Joes. When ever they don't push around one of the larger type of aircraft, I see 'em in the Alert room in the mornings. The good Lt. Studebaker hung around all day, making use of this typewriter and some of my vast collection of drawing equipment. Course, all works comes to a screeching halt at such time the Stars and Stripes come in. I waited around for Don to show up and a whole paasel of us trooped off to chow. Today we had the famous roast beef that you hear so much about and it wasn't half bad at that.

Don and I stopped in to see Tommie for a little while and he gave me the bad news that he can't take a pass as planned. So we'll have to kick it back a couple of days. He's such a big tool and cog that Special Service can't function without him---so it seems. I had to rush back and feed the Duchess and catch the swing program of hot records, called the Duffle Bag. The afternoon dribbled by rather slowly and even slower when I found out the mail shortage for today. Damnit, where in the hell is "Amber". I think that she stopped off along the way to have another affair and no doubt with some day G I. Really, it should show up any day now and I'm sweating it out but good. The good Major so informed us that tonight's game with Colonel Jones' staff couldn't be played until tomorrow night. So, the officers have no more night before they go down in defeat by the hands of S-2. Our ball diamond is in really great shape now and the Colonel is well pleased by our back breaking efforts of the past week.



(2)

I took time out tonight to sit through a class B movie---"Margin for Error" and I call it a gross error for making it in the first place. Mark it down as one stinkie pix and do not waste the time to sit through it. As you can see, nothing much to report about today, in fact, all of the days are bout the same. I'll love cleaning up the barracks in the morning after this all night session of work. I couldn't find anyone to trade room orderlies with, so I'm out on that well known limb unless we have the luck of not having to work tonight. Today, Spring hit us full blast and glad to say, it's very warm on this island tonight. A jacket is too much and most of the fellows are doing without. I've just worked up a good sweat by pounding this key board. Again today, the Stars and Stripes was full of stories about F D R and not much else in the way of usual news. I suppose the same goes in the States besides a little war news. Seems as if the guys over there are still going strong and mopping up those bastards. Won't be long now before the jerks give up and the war will end on this side of the world. Great things are popping our there in the C B I theater also.

Don gave me some inside information tonight and no one else has heard this. He took a 24 hour pass the other night and during one session of love making, the gal weaken and offered herself to Don's wolfish whims. Well, of course Don took full advantage of this passionate offering and wham, bam, thank you mam. Says, that gal is the only one for him and he knows now that he is definitely in love with her. Still hasn't made up his mind if he wants to marry her or not. All she talks about---getting married. I should think that he must encourage this talk or some thing. He told her that he wants to go back to school when he goes home and that she would have to strive along for a couple of years in a college town with him. Pam said, she go any place and do any thing long as they would be together. It's a strange case and I think old Don is really roped in this time. I'll keep you up to date on the latest news about this affair. He has another date with her tomorrow night. Now that 'omnie can't get his pass, will have to meet Pam some other night this coming week. Now I kid Don that she will throw up into his face that she's about to have a baby and really force him into marriage. He claims no need to worry bout that for she isn't that type that would use such a means to get a man. Don't know just what system she does use, but it sure in hell works. More dam fun than the law allows.

Darling, the more I think about this so called G I Bill of Rights, the more that I realize that it is nothing at all. If a ex-veteran doesn't take advantage of the clause bout going back to school, the Bill of Rights is just something on paper. Out of all the guys in the army, very few will go back to school. Lots will be too old and will want to get going in some sort of a job. The Bill of Rights states that it will help the vet to make a loan but, one must have some sort of security to put up for the loan. The Gov. really doesn't give out one cent, just backs 2,000 of the loan. If a ex-vet borrowed from a bank etc. the G I Bill of Rights says that the Gov. will make good 2,000 of the loan if the vet. can't pay it off. But of course, the security that you put up will be taken in such a case, and the Gov. won't have to put out one cent. What about the guys who havn't any sort of security and want to build a home or go into some sort of a small business of their own. The Bill Rights means nothing to them. Unless you go back to school, it is use-less. It sounds wonderful on paper but that's bout far as it goes.



(3)

For building a home, the F H A offers more than the G I Bill of Rights. Through the F H A plan, you buy your home as if you were paying rent. I don't know the exact amount you have to put up for the first payment. In some cases, you must own the lot and others, the price of the lot is in the total. I can't see why some sort of a provision isn't made for the G I's that won't go back to school. Of course, everyone gets the \$300 but the ones going to school gets even more. Some sort of a bonus plan should be worked out. The guys in the last war received more than we are getting and most of them were only in the army a few months and very little time overseas. In a democratic form of Gov., it is for the whole not a few. The majority in this case would be the fellows not going back to school. \$300 wouldn't hardly buy a new outfit of clothes for each of us much less start us out with a so called nest egg as they say. Some times I shudder, wondering how it will all work out when all the jokers come home. For bout a year, things will be in a horrible mess until every one reajusts himself and finds a job.

I would like nothing better to build our own home but can't do it through the G I Bill of Rights. We shall take full advantage of the F H A plan at such time we want to build. I would like to have our home in the newer part of town. Some where in the out skirts and a modern, cute little home. I should think that the best plan for us for the first few years, to latch on to an apt. until I rack up some long green. We both want to have fun and travel around freely. Because of the fact that we have so much to make up for, we don't want to be tied down right away with a flock of bills etc. All I want---to have you all to myself and have nothing but a life time of utter fun and love. We are young and should take full advantage of our youth by having all the fun that we can possibly have and then even more. Darling, do you realize, as of yet, we've havn't freely enjoyed married life. The army has always hung over our heads and hampered our fun. Soon, very soon, we shall enjoy married life as it should be. I can't hardly believe that soon we shall be with each other night and day, and this time never to part again. Darling, you can't ever realize how much I love you and want you. Even I don't know how much I love you and want you. I hurt all inside because I miss you so dam much. I didn't know that life could be so cruel as this past year and a half. Each day that we've been apart, I've suffered a thousand deaths for the want of you and to bask in your nearness. I sit here, looking at your picture and go nuts for the want of your thrilling love. I had to stop for awhile and make with the labors. Looks like it might be another long but heavy night of work. I was hoping for a night of ease and plenty time for pounding out your letter but as usual, wrong again, damnit. I wonder just what you are doing long bout now? I sure hate the week ends for we always had so dam much fun over Sat. and Sunday. Bout this time, we'd be sipping a drink in one of our favorite joints---Air Devils or some place like that. Dam, I like to be sitting there with you right now, in fact, any place with you. More than likely it would be in some lonely secluded spot and I leave the rest to your imagination. Wep, your right---what your thinking only your version is a bit on the mild side. Dam, I type so fast that I hit the wrong key ever once in tks a while. See what I mean! Some of the creeps are gathered here in my office, talking base ball and how we will win this season. S-2 really goes in for sports and we excell at most of the sports we partake in. Don isn't going to town tomorrow night so he can hold down the first sack for us.



(4)

The Aero Club is a very high class trap which is patronized only by the better element of rumpots of this outfit. This club is a spot where wealthy characters assemble in the evening to sit around tables, guzzling tea, coffee or a poor sub. for cokes, cakes and other delicacies of this nature. It is usual a scene of gaiety and laughs. Around the walls, some joker has splashed some of his talents in sexy thrashed in various poses in the semi sans. Recently, the prop.--- the Red Cross, installed a comic stage equipped with curtains and lights. Each night, some ivory tickler, any body who can pound the 88's, cut the capers on the piano. Some times, the Red Cross have characters to entertain the boys, such as a small jazz band or etc. Some of the jokers hang around the juke box, feeding it 3 pences and rocking the joint with their swayings. At times, the place sounds like a boiler room with the various loud stuff going on. When ever the S-2's enter, of course, heralded by trumpets, some of the low brows, get up in order to make room for the elite. (that's a laugh) Dick gives the limey gals a bad time---the gals that clean off the tables and serve the junk along the counter. This I've told you about before. In other parts of the club, one can play ping pong, pool, cards etc. In the so called lounge, the platter bugs can monkey with a vic until the joint closes up. Curfew time around 11 pm. Van and Helen, the American gals in charge of the club, rove from table to table, shooting the bull with the fellows. Once a week, they hold a round table discussion, bingo--- Tommie runs that, and ping pong tournies with other jokers from other bases. Don Hunter is the ping ponger of S-2 and plays a wicked game. The Red Cross is doing a damn good job in the way of morale for the G I's on this base and I tip my hat to 'em.

Honey, I wanted to pound out another page to you but right now it is 730 am and I have to go head for the barracks. I am ~~room~~ orderly this morning and that should be lots of fun---says here. I'm bout ready to fall asleep right now and wonder how I will feel in bout an hour from now. Should be in the sack round 930 or so. Honey, all I know, I love you so awful much and want you more than the law allows. Dam, hope that I latch on to at least one letter from you today. By the way, here's a bit of corn, G I's go around asking gals if they want to play checkers, if so, it's you're move and I'll jump ya. Phew, that one really stinks out loud. Think about it for awhile and it might hit you kn the face, I doubt it. Tell Casanova Norman I said hello and we'll make a double date with 'em some time. I'm anxious to see this ~~gale~~ ~~gale~~ ~~gale~~ what he's giving the snow job to. Guess I'll head for the barracks now and make a pass at the floor with a mop. Want to hurry it up so I can slip into bed, bang my eyes shut and start with the passionate dreams of you. Each time I crawl into bed, seems as if you crawl into my dreams. Truly you haunt me night and day, and I love it. When I come home, we'll have to hire a hall in order to have plenty of room for the wild love making that we will do. I mentally drool, just thinking about it and tremble like a leaf in a gale. Super wife, if you only knew what's going to take place when I dribble home to you. God bless my lush thrush and loads of eager, passionate love.

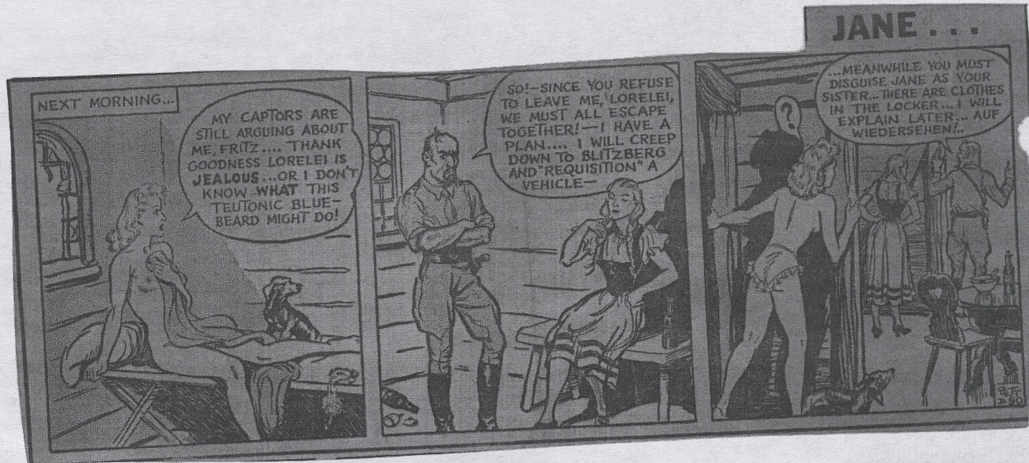
Your Soldier Husband

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Sonny *Sonny*

By the way, how come you're so cute?  
Hang on a little while longer for I'm coming home soon.







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

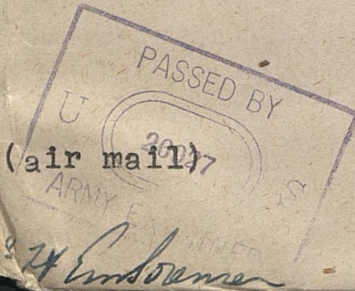


Mrs. George W. Canary Jr.

4601 W Jefferson St.

Louisville 12, Ky.

U. S. A.



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3  
Wed. April 18th, 1945  
Somewhere in England

My Darling Hunk of a Lively Wife!

You've might noticed some what of a mail shortage for a couple of days and wondered what the hell the story is. Well, here's the facts----Tommie and I took off on a sudden unplanned 48 hour pass on the spur of the moment. My team worked the night before said pass and I had the pleasure to pull room orderly at such time said team labors came to a screeching halt. Before I get on into the story of the pass, waiting for me upon my return tonight, I found five (count 'em) 5 passionate letters from you and OH! BROTHER! me morale is really up there at this time. What you do to me in your letters, there should be a law against. Gal, you disrupt part of Uncle Sam's troops by writing such passionate stirring letters. Why, I get so dam mad that I could bang my head with a brick bat for I want you so much and can't get at you. I'll go mad in a short while if I don't latch on to some of your boiling love making. Besides your lovely letters, one from Aunt Mary and a box of super delux chocolates from Aunt Sis. (the guys really go for 'em) As I was saying or was bout to say, I ceased the work here in and wobbled down to the barracks. With deaden, blisted hands, I grasped a M-1 broom in my hand, some how, I swept the barracks. Then, with the look of a zombie issuing from my weak eyes, I skated up and down on a mop. I lunged with my last ounce of enger towards my sack. I moaned in pure relief as my laaky body wiggled into the depths of one each G I pad. Just as I found a soft spot and prepared to bang shut my eyes, in walked the first sgt. With a fatherly smile, he walked over to my bunk and asked me if I was the joker who pulled room orderly this mornigg. I yawned a yes at him. Sam said that I did a good job, and I fainted. Anyway, I fell asleep shortly after he left the hut. Around 1 pm, I woke up to find some blurred creep shaking the hell out of me. When at last my vision came around, there stood old Tommie. He wanted me to get the hell up and slip into a 48 hour pass with him. I must of really been half asleep for that I did do. Between the two of us, we had enough green to pay for a small size thimble but we hauled into town any way.

So we caught the afternoon choo choo to town. Tommie knew of a flop house where in we could park the body for a couple of nights. Right off the bat, we dashed out from the hotaa, looking for a (you've guessed it) a couple of quick but long scotchs. That we did find and many more. We ate in the famous Castle Hotel, not for the value of the food, but one can drink scotch as one eats. Time we drank that joint dry, it was around 830 pm and too late for a show. So, having nothing better to do, we forced ourselves to stand the torture of going to more pubs. Pub after pub we hit and the ones we missed arn't worth mentioning. Running out of Pub time, joints close up at 10 pm, we shuffled over to the Red Cross and sipped coffee chased by cakes etc. We stayed there for awhile, shooting the bull with some of the cheeps that we knew. Because I was in the sad need of shut eye, we screamed to the hotel around 1130. We slept until bout 1030 this mornigg and yesterday morning, picking up lots of sack time. Latched on to breakfast at the hotel (throwen in with the price of the pad) Once again, we made all the rounds of the pubs and at such time they closed down, at 2 pm, hit a movie-----"Can't Help Singing" and today, "Mrs. Parkenton". Last night, we quenched our thirst again and kept one eye peeled for Don and his chick. Don said that he might be in one of the local snake crawls, so I want in looking for him while Tommie held up a bar close by. I couldn't find Don, so I dashed back to the waiting drink



(2)

that thoughtful Tommie had for me. By 10 pm, both of us had a dam good glow on and called it a night. After breakfast this morning, we caught a haircut, shampoo and a shave, then lunch. (with a couple of swigs of scotch with, before and after) After the movie, screamed back to the base. Darling, usually, the army has a truck meeting all of the trains from town, but today, it wasn't there. Not wishing to walk the half mile to the base, we hired a hack and rode through the gates in style. I thought the old horse pulling the hack would fall apart with every step. Some how, the hay burner made it to Hdq. and we piled out in front of the jeering S-2 lads. Standing up in the hack, I addressed the rabble with, "What ho, knaves". One of the creeps rushed up and helped me out of the cabbie's night-mare. They all bowed and scraped to us as if we were visiting royalty. Dick asked us, "Sirs, what dox the lordships think of our lovely base". I replied in a limely tone of high airs, "As ax hole, I see your base, and fully realize why so many of the troops b'reak their cans getting into town". Then I told Marvin to pay the good man (the weather beaten old cabbie). Course you must realize, Marvin is very tight with his money as all of his race are. Anyway, he paid him much to my and every one's surprise. I then, in statly tones, told the rabble that myself and the nocount with me desired refreshments. Bout that time, chow call b'ared and it was every man for himself. I don't know what the hell that old limey cabbie thought about the nutty way we carry on but I suppose he makes due allowances for the crazy Americans. Horsey had to pet the horse and said the nag reminded him of a horse he won \$30 on. Tommie says, we're the craziest bunch of morons he's ever had the misfortune to run into. Anyway, we do have a few laughs every once in awhile and I contribute my talents full heartly into the effort of making the creeps chuckle. As you can see, this pass was ventured on for one purpose, to drink the town dry and that we did. Both of us returned with a couple of shillings left---that's all brother. I shot my wad on the perfume I bought you last week. By the way, latched on to a likely box and will mail it to you soon as possible. Will have to take extra speical care to pack the smell juice to keep if from breaking.

Tonight, the S-2'ers met and defeated the staff officers in a bloody game of conflict---some call ball. Your big league husband smashed out a couple of hits to add up in the scorage. First time at bat, my big time stance frighten Major Span into giving me a free ticket to first with a walk. Roger Peters drove me to 3rd on a single and Mike pounded out a double, and I beat the throw to the plate, for the first tally for S-2. The next time, I sauntered up to the plate, I leaned into a double that drove Johnson home from 2nd base. Thrid time up, I bashed out a single over short stop. Final score, S-2 12, officers 6. We didn't even use Roger our first string pitcher in order to give the offic'fs a few runs. Without doubt, could of beat em 12 to 0 if Roger had twirled for us. We have a game w ith the medics tomorrow night and will walk away with another out and out win. The base league hasn't started as of yet and these are merely warm up games for the guys. We have a few spots to be ironed out and then will clean up the whole base. We intended to shatter the record we wstablished last year and not drop one damx game. Of course, I will keep you well informed about it. I snagged a couple flies tonight and the whole team played rather good considering our first real game of the season. Don didn't go in town tonight so he could play with us. He has a date with said sack tomorrow night. Claims that they stayed in last night at Pam's house and made with the serious necking. I didn't really get to talk to him tonight but he will see me in the morning.



(3)

I don't know if I told you or not but some time ago, Johnson lost a set of od's for me and a week or so ago, I signed a statement of charges for another set. Today, I latched on to a new set of od's and look sharp as a tack. Sort of a new Easter suit but a few days late. Sets me back \$10.75 and will come out of this month's pay. The army doesn't have a sympathetic ear to such tales of woe of losing clothing etc. You have to pay for your own duds if they have to be replaced. It wasn't my fault at all and it was entirely Johnnie's or the limey woman who does our laundry. Anyway, not a damn thing I can do about it but fork over the \$10.75. Thank goodness it wasn't one of my good cadet sets of od's but a regular G I issue. Speaking of things missing, still can't find my pen and I've looked every damn place. So I've come to the conclusion that some outsider walked off with my pen. During the day, lots of the crews come in and out of our office and no doubt one of 'em took a liking to said pen. I left it with Chris to use and goes to prove how much care other people take care of your property. One of the outstanding faults of the S-2 jerks, they are so close to each other that they will borrow your stuff and not say a damn thing about it. But that's not the bad part about it, they are very damn careless with their own stuff much less some one's else. Don is a great one for doing this bad habit. I never borrow a damn thing in the way of clothing and hate like hell to lend my stuff out except in a real emergency. I've caught on the hard way and keep all my stuff under lock and key at all times. Thanks through the courtesy of the lock you sent me some time ago. Even hard to get gags I must lock up or else one of my buddies will get into 'em. The old saying goes, when in Rome, do as the Romans do, but you know honest John me.

Today, I received one of the biggest blows I've ever latched onto and this you can understand. Ernie Pyle was killed in action. The beloved little guy who lived with America's fighting men and reported the war through our eyes, died as he might have wished--at the front. No man in this war has so well told the story of the G I's as the G I's wanted it told. He became our spokesman and told all about the little guy's type of war. This is a tough blow to take, just after the death of Roosevelt. Ernie didn't write any hogwash and fiction about the guys in this war, he wrote sort of a letter to the folks at home just what the hell we're doing. Without a doubt, he has done more for journalism than anyone else in the past 100 years. He should and will go down as one of the greatest writers in modern literature. I don't know how other guys feel about this, but to me, Pyle's death is a great personal loss and I shall miss him just as if I'd miss a close friend that passed away. I enjoyed very much the columns you sent me by Pyle and I hate to think that there will be no more of 'em. How I wish that I could write as fraction as good as he could. At this time, I just can't find the words to express how I feel, so I will wait until later when I can say it. I don't have to tell you how I feel about him for you know.

Speaking of writing, how do you go for this typewritten letter? Please let me know. Honest, I seem to think better while hunched over a key board and can pound out much more in faster speed than by hand. But if you so want me to scratch my letters out by pen, that you shall have, providing, I can secure said object to write with. By the way, how come you're so cute? Honey, I love you much more than you can ever realize and it grows with leaps and bounds each day. We're not really apart, for we are truly embedded in each other's blood and hearts. I can only telly you to hang on until I come home, then I can express my love for you with actions. Damn this damn war.



Did you hear the one bout the soldier who was she-sick of women? Some character is writting a book that should surpass the best seller "Strange Fruit" and the title--"Deep River" by Lewis. A story bout the old South and of course, a must on my list. Sgt. Hohhny Desmond is swooning the bobby soxers on this side of the pond. He's the boy with the pipes with the American band of the A E F---Major Miller's outfit. He use to give out with some of the top notch bands way back when. Darling, have you heared---"MyeGuy's Come Back"? It was knocked out by Mel Powell the ivory man with the A E F band and he is a dolid 88 man from deep down in the old gut bucket. It is the theme song of "Up Town Hall" a strictly G I jam session on the A F N system. Said ditty is getting the hell played out of it over here and I go for it. Mother hot rock tune over here---"My Dreams are Getting Better Akl the Time" and "I Dream of You". In fact, bout the same line of tuneful sling swing that's making the joints jump back in the good old U. S. A.

Well, we have a new addition to the S-2 family---in theppy only. This new joker fills the empty shoes of Rapph who leans into the war effort in Sqd. operations. This character and I do mean character is an ex-USO commando from the States and I actually wonder if he breathes. Mc Goon as we calls him, has a strange pallor to his even stranger puss. He has a funny habit of standing with his bare face flapping in the breeze and his mouth wide open like a barn door. I have to stifle laughter each time I see this creep (without ears). He hasn't entered into the spirit of the S-2 family and doubt if He ever will. At the end of each day, he dashes to the Aero club and sits there in the rest of the night. Mc Goon isn't a bit friendly and more or less stays to himself. One thing maked bout hhis gwy, he's a gosh darn (mild)----brown noser and does his damnest to get in there deep with the officers. You'd really get a bang out of this sad sack. Duchess is out some place making with what ever dogs make with. Chris said she's been gone a couple of days and no doubt, mad becuase I took off on a pass. I miss her for she's usually under my feet long bout this time each night. No doubt she will turn up tomorrow from her rovings. Lush thrush, I sure love you an awful lot and can't wait until we start with the making. I want youx more than the law allows and we could be arrested for the way we'll make love when I come home. No doubt that you will yell for help but they will just have to stand in line and wait their turn. Little do you know what you're in store for, and may be it's a good thing you don't fully realize. Why gal, that first kiss will knock you clean out of your clothes, if that doesn't do the trick, I'll just have to make like the Ripper. Zipper Canary, I will be known as, when I come home to you. People for miles around will feel the heat of our passions and will wonder what the hell's going onx. Nothing going onx Doc, it's all coming off. I'm going to love you so fast and so much, that you will think it's tem men coming home to you instead of one passionate guy. If you don't believe me, just askx me. Still better, just you wait and see what I mean. If the families come to the station to see me, they'll only get a fleeing glimpse of me as we rush by. When I wrap my arms bout you, and start with what a year and a half away from you has done to me, you will shout, "Why! (moan) Mr. (swoon) C\*A\*N\*A\*R\*Y". (sigh) Gosh, just thinking about it---it---it---it---I drool all over the place. (Chris will give me hell in the morning bout hhis drool being all over the place) I want to hurry this letter up and go tear off a passionate dream of you quick like a flash. Sherman was right and not just a-kidding when he so stated that-----"War is hell". If he only knew hbw dam hellish it is on two people I know---and namely-----us. Are you ready Hedy?



Best I get around answering some of your questions contained there in some of your letters. So you've opened an account up with Selman's. Don't buy the joint out the first month or so. I fully approve, Peanuts and what ever you do is jake with me. You were surprised at the fast approval of your account. Well---gal--I don't like to brag, but said creeps seeing your name---no doubt looked up my credit standing and found it ~~it~~ to be hokay. Say---gal---you're turning out to be an old soak from the amount of beer you are consuming. How bout that? Best you get into practice for you'll need it to keep up with me when I hit the road for home. We'll go on one each bender that will last for a couple of weeks and then some. Darling, when I opened up one of your letters today, the terrific super odor bought knocked me down. You shbuldn't do things like that to me. I go through all kinds of tortures when I latch on to a wiff of the stuff in the way of perfume that you wear. Best you do that more often. Gosh, I love you so awful much and you're driving me crazy for the want of you. Glad that creep bought some films for Sis and that you took some pics of yourself. I can't latch onto enough of me glamorous super wife. Best you shoot more to me when ever you can do same. I like the way you want to smuggle me away out of sight from all the relations and ~~and~~ want us to be strictly along. Falls in line with my chain of thoughts and I'm not just kidding. Just who in the hell have I've been eating my heart out for the past 18 months. You can bet your old tuckus it's not a moth eatan Aunt or Uncle etc. It's youse if you don't know. Your letters issue more passions all of the time and you really knock out a dam cute sugar report. I love the cute little things you tell me, and the way that you miss me.

Slick chick, I want to go to roost with you but bad. I want to make with the passions and they won't be rationed when I come home. This single life is strictly for the birds and I want to cease it but quick. I want to snuggle up to a hunk of your love making and hang on to you for dear life. Darling, I'll bother you so much that you will have to kick me out of bed to get some sleep. This morning I woke up with some one next to me in bed---beat up old Fommie. I wonder how I will ever force myself to get up in the mornings when I come home to you and go to work. Honey, I can't wait until you slip your lovely body up to me and wind your arms around my neck and neck the way it haint in the books. I'm dying for a hunk of that old enchantment you toss at me and slap me in the face with. My eyes ache for the sight of your ravishing beauty and my hands tremble to caress said beauty but passionately. You got what it takes to drive a man wild and when I come home, I'm going to take a lot of it---of it---of it. Sweet character, best I go dig a hunk of nod long bout here and prepare for another day of labors. Not to mention, make with the dreams of you. Peanuts, I don't know if you realize it or not, but when I type a letter to you, I write bout twice as much as usual. Don't you think. So, I think that I will keep grinding 'em out to you for I know you lake the longer jobs. I'm just a dull tool when I'm away from you but when I come home---OH! Brother! I'll be a big cog again. God bless my beautiful, ravishing wife and loads of super love.



Your Soldier Husband

Sonny *Sonny*

XX  
 XXX  
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How come you're so cute? Gosh, I sure love you some thing ferious.



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



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

PASS BY  
*E. C. Meyer*  
*W. H. ...*  
26927  
S  
ARMY EXAMINER  
(air mail)

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No  
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Wham!

Saturday, April 21  
England

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My Darling Angel Lovely Wife,

Nothing in the way of mail today and that's bad. By the way, how come you're so cute? I still can't understand why it is taking "Forever Amber" so dam long to arrive. Thought for sure it would be here by now but guess it's coming the slow way. Who knows? Tomorrow might be my day. Last night my team worked but not the whole night through----thank goodness. I climbed into my sack around 4 am this morning and ejected my body out, around noon time. Nicely-Nicely Heddleston pulled room orderly this morning and I stopped by his barracks on the way to the mess hall. I found him crouched on his bunk, writing a letter to some one. Said that he had a lot of fun last night with Pam and he likes that gal more and more. They stayed at her house last night and listened to the radio----yea, I can just see 'em listening to the radio. Nicely isn't going to plunge off the deep end until he goes home and really makes sure she's the gal he wants to marry. Don doesn't want to give up his freedom by getting married----that's what I think. No doubt that he will forget Pam soon as we go home. He'll see the gals back home and then will fully realize what a sack this sack is. She is definitely coming out to the snake crawl Tuesday night and I will make dam sure that I meet her. As we sat down to eat, I felt something tugging at the leg of my pants. Yep, old Duchess was begging for food. Funny how that dam dog knows when it's chow time and heads for the mess hall. She is so cute that all the guys toss her something to eat. By the time I finished, she must of been well fed also, for she followed me back to the office. I did stop in to see Tommie for a quick hello. Nicely screamed on to work and I plucked my body down for a session of reading this afternoon. Because of working last night, I had the day off and could read as much as I wanted. I don't know where the good Lt. was for I didn't see him all afternoon.

Tommie wanted me to hang around his office this afternoon but I'd much rather take advantage of slipping into session of reading. Must not of latched on to enough sleep for my eyes are issuing the warning signs of sleep right now. This time a month ago, I was taking a beating on a train headed for Scotland. Would like to have a quart of real Aberdeen scotch sitting on my desk right now. This silly dam English climate has changed into a rather cold session. One feels this type of coolness because, one's blood thins out during the warm spell. Right now, I have a small but ample fire going to ward off the chill of the night. First time I've built a fire in a long time. Nothing in the way of movies tonight and things are rather dull tonight. The morons are all gathered in the front office, shooting the bull about something and I'm willing to bet the subject is more than likely women. If not----they'll soon get around to it. I had to sweat this typewriter out for awhile for Pete was on the horn to his wife. I like this typewriter for it has such a smooth touch system and a dam good ribbon on it. Honey, I hope you don't mind the fact that I do type my letters any more. Just that I can knock 'em out much faster and don't have to go around begging the use of a pen. I'll be so dam glad when we don't have to depend on letters for morale, instead, we'll use the language of love, kissing, and Oh! Brother! we'll do a lot of talking. I'm in a low frame of mind tonight and bout blue as possible. Dam this war! It can't cease soon enough for me, and I'm not kidding. Peanuts, I miss you more and more each day.



Yes, Saturday night is the loneliest night of the week as the song so well put's it. Long bout now, I liked to slip into a sport coat, but loud pants, swank bow tie and unG I two tone shoes. Then, you and I would go do the town, come home and do each other. We both miss the same things and feel like hell. Best I shuffle out of this mood and slip into something more groovie. Fearless Dick Day returned from a tour of London tonight and looking sharp as a bag of sponges. He passed the guffle that he snow jobbed his relations with the big time talk and had one each good time. Big Shoulders Dunn (if you could see his shoulders----two bumps on each side of his neck---you'd understand why I call him Big Shoulders) Irish Goldman and Fearless are going to take off on a furlough around the first of the month. Nicely Nicely and Side Burns Hunter plan to take one bout the middle of next month. Seeing that Nicely Nicely has a judy in town, I've wager him a bet that he won't go to Scotland but will hang around this judy---called Pam. Side Burns Hunter is really mellow from age and a bit on the slow side. Nicely Nicely wouldn't have much fun with him for Side Burns would go in for the cultured stuff, such as browsing around book stalls or in some musty old church. Nicely of course would so want to make all the snake crawls and lap up all the hooch possible. Ignaz the wolf, and he is an Italian party called Spera, with a nogging shaped like the little end of an ice cream cone, and a lot of weather beaten scars on his face from the over usage of women and a member of his mob, Harry the Horse Miller, are going on a leave to Scotland some time next month. Now Ignaz the wolf and Harry the Horse, are a couple of jokers that never work alone, so they stick together like glue. Ignaz even makes Harry the Horse speak Italian and they rattle the stuff off like a couple of nuts. Well these Moustache Petes I am talking about are very industrious and very saving, and have a few bobs laid away for a rainy day or to go on furlough with. If Ignaz is caught a little short on sugar, he pulls a shake down routine with his brother who is a B T O equiped with bars. Some time he comes to me with a sob story but I brush him off for I'm working the pan handler's racket myself this time of the month because of the stuff I bought right off the boat---that smelly water I sent you today. This character warned you once before that he's nuts---now you know for sure.

Some one has said there is no greater love than the affection of one drunken bum for another. As evidence, I tell of the drunk who bent over another drunk lying in the gutter and muttered, but symathetically, "I can't pick ya up pal---but I'll lie down with you". I shuffled over to the Aero Club for a little while tonight, and munched on the usual. For some reason or other, Nicely didn't go into town tonight but this judy called him up on the horn. She wanted to know why in the hell he wasn't in there. He didn't tell her but said it was a bit too chilly to aquatt on the trucks tonight on the haul to town. It's a lot of dam trouble to go in town each night and I can see his point in screwing out some times. In fact, I don't care bout going more than a couple times each month or even less. Course, if me wittle wife dewelled in town, I'd be there in all of the time. Understand the twirler we bat against tomorrow nite is some what of a hot rock chucker. Best I lean into a couple and boot my average up higher. My wing is much better and good as new. No matter what the hell I play, always have to get banged up some how. It's all in the game and adds more to the fun. By the way, how come you're so cute.



Darling, are there many cabs on the streets these days? I miss dodging cars when crossing the street and the noise of the traffic. There is a certain about of it in London screaming up and down but nothing like the States. I like to pull me body up to a stool in some drug store, lean back and order plate after plate of ice cream, milk shakes etc. Or saunter into O'Briens, slip into a corner booth with you and down bottle after bottle of beer. I miss the comforting cling of sharp sport clothes, that relax feeling of freedom. I want to proudly stroll into some noted down town bar with you and sip scotch or high balls. Gosh, I could go on for hours telling you the things I miss and every one is connection with you. Damn it, I'm in one hell of a blue mood tonight and not much in a letter writing frame of mind---meaning, my brain isn't in there clicking like it should. Do you ever have those days when you think you'll go nuts and nothing can please you. Honey, I miss you so much that it really hurts down inside of me. Letters are some what in the nature of a drug to this stabbing pain and when I go throw a mail-less day, nothing can stop this heart aching pain within me. I should rejoice in the thoughts that soon we'll be together but I want you right now. You'll never know just how much I miss you and suffered for the want of you. Painful as this missing of you is, I like it. I can't stop thinking of you for a minute for my body keeps throwing this lacking of you up in my face.

Big Sleep Johnson wants me to take his place at C Q tomorrow night for he wants to take a pass the following day. I don't care so much to undertake said duties at this time and told him to try some one else. Tomorrow I have to gather up all of my dirty duds and send 'em to the Liemy woman for a wash job. I suppose the papers are full of the horrible pictures of just the Nazis did to the prisoners of war and slave laborers. I should think that a great wave of revulsion toward the German nation has been rising through out the States after these pictures were published. I wonder what happened to my cousin Paul and if he is alive. The Allies should show no mercy on the German bastards and kill 'em all. Surely the world won't let them rise up in power again to do the same old things all over. I know if we ever have any kids, sure in hell don't want 'em to serve in the army. What a horrible thing war is. What the world needs is more lovers and happily married people. No need for wars if every one is happy. Dam, I'm so disgusted with this stinky mail shortage. I passionately want a letter from you tomorrow and hope I latch on to one. Darling, please forgive me if I cut this letter short tonight for I'm so dam blue and sleepy that I can't think straight. I could cease until in the morning, but that would only delay the arrival of this to you. I miss you more each day and want you more than it is possible. I'll never will understand how in the hell I've hung on this past year and a half away from you. Just the pure strength of your love and knowing you are waiting for me has done the trick. I promise you that I shall devote my whole life in making you happy, love me more and have more dam fun. We have ever so much to make up for and let's not waste one minute of it when I come home. Pray that this war will end in a few weeks, even sooner. Beautiful maiden of mine, I adore every little thing about you and want to caress your thrilling charms. Take dam good care of your self and hang on just a little while longer. One good thing, my dreams are getting better all of the time and soon, no more dreams but the real thing. God Bless my angel wife and loads of love.

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Your Soldier Husband  
 Sonny

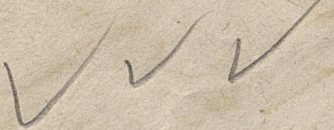
Sonny







Pl George Canary 15-13242  
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Gp (H)  
Apo 558 % Post Master  
New York, New York



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



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5  
Sunday April 22  
England

My Darling Super Lovely Hunk of a Wife,

Hello, Lush Thrush of mine! Well, what do you know, not a dam thing in the way of a letter from you today and I think it's getting to be a habit----that I can do with out but quick. I did receive one each V-mail from the family but that's like spitting on a forest fire. Later this afternoon, the rumor of a lot of packages, sent me screaming to the mail room with a prayer on my mail parched lips. I sweated out a line of other hopful G I's and at last, I stood in front of the mail window. Breathlessly, I asked the sour looking mail clerk what's the good word. He shoved a package at me and I fainted. After a bit, I crawled out on my hands and knees into the fresh air, and of course, I had the long awaited package firmly tucked under my shaking arm. Looking around like scout, I creeped to the jeep and jumped in. All the while, my ham like fist were clenched to repell boarders. I couldn't wait to open the package, so I fumbled at the wrappings, baring the long awaited "Forever Amber". Oh.2 Boy, now I can really pitch into a hunk of drooly reading and relax. Thank you very much, Darling. Still, I'm hungry for a letter and best that I latch onto one tomorrow. Darling, contained there in the package, a couple hunks of stationary. You might wonder why in the hell I'm not using that paper right now instead of pounding out on the machine. As will be brought out later in this latter, my wing is aching tonight and too much pain to push a pen, even then, I don't know where in the hell I could latch on to a pen for all of the guys are scribing home long bout now. Tomorrow night, I will slide the slip horn pen in the letter writing, but for tonight, ye old trusty M-1 typewriter will have to suffice.

Shortly, you should latch on to one each package from me---contents---the Pairs perfume. By the way, I want you to hold off and save that potent stuff until I come home. I'll be dam if I want a bunch of broken down four f characters following my wife down the streets, sniffing the breeze and swooning bodies lying all over the place. So they tell me, this potent stuff brings out the beast in men and men in beast. Course, when I come home, you'll not have to resort to such things as perfume to knock me out with lust and stuff. I sure do love my wife an awful lot and want to latch on to some of your loving right now. Why gal, I ache all over for the want of your lovely body and the things that you do to me. I want home but quick and even that isn't fast enough. Time's awasting, things to be done---namely, love the hell out of you night and day----and in between too. Last night, my morale was sure in a dam sad state of affairs for I had one each case of the screaming but loud blues. I couldn't sit still for a minute for the want of a letter from you. Can't say that I feel any different right now, may be, even sadder. Surely, I'll latch on to a sugar report from you by tomorrow. If not, OH! Brother! you can aall the men in white coats out and drag me raving off to a section 8. At this stage, I'm panting for the want of mail and that's putting it mildly. I love you so awful much that it hurts wonderfully. If you only knew just what the hell you are doing to me. I hope that I drive you just half as crazy as you do me. This long distance stuff is not for me and I want to get in there bout lip to lip range, even cobbler isn't close enough. My old puny chest pounds like a mashing gun, for the passionate want of my little cute wife. By the way, how come you're so cute. Hey, I sure hope mymail is screaming through to you on tire.



(2)

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Last night, because of the unhappy frame of mind that I was in, I took me body and so place it within said sack rather early. I asked Spera to shake me this morning in time for breakfast but he didn't wake up until 8 and I a few minutes after. I arrived at the office and found the good Lt. sweeping the place. Said he just had wrapped his hands on the broom. I took over and cleaned the joint but good. Just to prove how Lt. Jacobi takes care of us, he brought me an orange and a couple of sinkers for breakfast. I dunked the dunkers in the morning coffee session. I don't know of any other officer that does this sort of thing. Yesterday, I bought my weekly rations of fags and candy. The good Lt. was bout out of weeds and so asked if I would lend him a couple of packs until Monday. Said he'd give me the dough in the meantime for the fags. Course, I refused and told him that I had ample coffin nails to last. He's really a good joe and I sure want you to meet him when we shuffle home. You can imagine how damn good the sinkers went with the morning coffee and you should of seen the jokers mouths water as I munched away with the coffee dripping donuts. Bout the time we sip the java, the morning news blares over the radio. You should see the crowd of creeps hunched around the radio. Some times I think that a couple of 'em will climb into the dam thing for they sure do stick their heads very close to the speaker. We are very war news hungry over here as you can easily understand. With each new advance, it means we're a couple miles closer to home.

Being Sunday, nothing in the way of Stars and Stripes, so I had to read the limey papers. Don came by for chow and the S-2 jokers in group, marched over to the mess hall. We had the old bird for dinner and I gave my share to Don. I can't gnaw this dam G I chicken for some reason or other. After chow, Lt. Jacobbi said to me, "George, It's such a nice day, so why don't you take the afternoon off and bask in the sun." Seeing that he talked me into it, I took the afternoon off. I gathered up a couple of books and walked out to a grassy spot under a tree. There, I sat down and took life easy for a couple of hours. I have to admit that England is very beautiful this time of the year. Everything smells so fresh and new. Remember, last Spring I told you of laying in a field and watching a couple of limey farmers do thier Spring plowing. Well, from where I squatted today, I could see that field. Looks as if the farmers already plowed up the field for this seasons crop. I didn't do much in the way of reading, just stretched out on the grass and stared into the blue skies overhead. Every once in awhile, I'd light up a fag and blow smoke rings. As I lay there, I kept thinking all of the things that we'll do when I come home. As always, you were foremost in my mind. In the next field, I could see a couple of horses running around and cutting up. Not that I'm a far nut or something, but seeing those nags run around made me homesick as hell. I'm not a farmer or anything, but when I see things enjoying freedom, I want to do the same thing. For a little while, guess you might say that I was away from the army even though I could hear the busy sounds of a air base. I watched that sky over head and thought that we were a little closer for that same sky was over your head too. I like to think that the breezes that caress my lips might of caressed yours just a few hours ago. Even though we are far apart, we're still closer than ever. Honey, I love you so awful much and just can't express how I feel. I don't have to tell you for you know. No doubt at times, you think your husband is a little crazy. Maybe I am. All I know, sure miss my wife a hell of a lot and want home quick.



I had to force myself to get up from that restful spot under the tree. Now that "Amber" is here, I'll take a day off soon and go back under said tree and read all day long. This could be a beautiful place if you were only here. Being eager, I sauntered over to the shower room and indulged in a shower. Wasn't many guys taking one today---I forgot---wasn't Saturday. I messed around under the delightful spray for about a half hour and then towed myself until my body glowed red. I went back to the office and shot the bull about tonight's chances of a win for the McGron's ball club. Fooled around until it was time to go to afternoon Mass. I still can't get use to going to church in the afternoon. You see, the chapel is rather small and couldn't hold all the fellows. It's built in such a way, that one wall rolls back onto the floor of the gym. It's always well filled at both Masses on Sunday. Does one's heart good to see all of those soldiers bent in prayer. You can bet everyone was praying for a fast victory and that we'll go home soon. Tommie's office is in the same building that the gym is in. So after Mass, I stopped in for a little while to see him. He and I caught supper together. When we first arrived on this island, the standing main dish at least once a day was spam. Every once in awhile, the mess sgt. springs the dam stuff on us again and this was one of those times. Not being what you call fond of the stuff, I didn't eat a hell of a lot. Tommie suggested the Aero club and we barged in for a quick snack. I had to hurry in order to change into my ball togs.

We had some pretty stiff opposition tonight to bat against. The pitcher was the 2nd string twirler on the base team and really had something on the old ball. All of us thought at first we'd go down in defeat. In the first inning, old S-2 had a rally and smashed out four runs. This hot rock pitcher tighten up and that's all the runs we knocked in the rest of the game. But they were enough to win the game for us. We won to the tune of 4 to 2 and it was a very close game, mainly a pitching duel. Old Red did okay and fanned 'em out right and left. The first time I went to bat, I struck out and was mad as hell at myself. The next time up, I rapped out a clean single. I died on base for no one drove me in. I did steal 2nd base but couldn't make 3rd. By the way, in the first inning, Don got on base through a walk. He was called to the phone, so I took his place on base. It was the inning that we came through with the rally. I was the first joker to scream across with the first tally. Well, I didn't actually scream into home, I had to slide on my buttocks to make it safely. As I slide under the catcher, he snagged the ball and trying to tag me out, slamed it into my face. The ball smacked me right on my left eye and nose. Oh! Brother, I saw stars, red, black and white. It's a wonder it didn't knock me out. It did cut my nose, and put a bump under my eye. The cut bled a little bit and my eye threatened to turn black. Don broke out the first aid kit and applied various stuff to my eye and nose. What ever it was, kept my eye from turning black and closed the slight cut. My face is a little sore right now but not bad at all. I took a little hide off my hip while sliding. I told you before, no matter what the hell I play, always have to bang myself up a bit before I enjoy it. My wing hurts a little bit again, so I will have to lay off playing ball for a couple of games. We have a game tomorrow night and I will coach instead of playing. S-2 only banged out 3 hits tonight and mine was among 'em. I raised my batting average up to .416 now and back up there as one of the leading hitters of the team. Looks as if we'll have a dam good season this year and will win the base league.



We have more dam fun playing ball and enjoy it very much. Anything to get the hell away from the same old routine of army life. The medics want a return game for revenge to the tromping we lashed 'em the other night. The base league games start next Sat. and those are the ones that count. If we win, might get to travel around and play some other teams. Let me know if you go for this base ball accounts in my letters. I intend to play with some team when I come home for it keeps you in a hell of a good condition. Joke of the week, she was wearing one of those dresses that keep everybody warm but her. I understand that the bartenders back home are serving a new drink called, "Curfew". They put starch in it so you get stiff before midnight. Talk about corn! Not so long ago, I bitched to you about the Bill of Rights and how some of the things weren't up to par. So it seems, the American Legion is putting in a sries of complaints to congress about it. Bout time some one did it. I will let you know the outcome and what the hell they do. Nicely-Nicely's phone call was from Pam and she was yelling on the horn why in the hell wasn't he in town. I don't know what he told her, but so it seems, things are rather smooth. She is definetly coming out to the dance Tomorrow night and then I will get to meet her. Don is really nuts about this girl and I say he's ~~jak~~ nuts.

Word rally gets around this joint. So far, ten guys have asked me to let 'em read "Amber" next. Hell, I havn't started it myself but in a few minutes---that I will do. I'm going to let Tommie read it first and Nicley next. The other guys will just have to wait. I could clean up a bit of long green my charaging some sort of a rental fee---say about 25¢ per drool. I'm going to sleep down here at the office tonight so I can plunge into "Amber's" love affairs, Hey, I hear through the grapevine that Winsor is going to play the lead in the picture. From the jacket picture, she's not bad looking. By the way, thanks heaps for the fags enclosed and Chandler's stories. You are so sweet and good to your poor old beat up husband. I'm getting sick of being in moth balls, I want to come out, come out, to where ever you are, and get the hell back into circulation again--at least my blood. Super mouse, I love you with a purple passionate brand. Some guys say that they can't wait until they get home to some real home cooking. I say that I can't wait until I get home to some real home loving making---your style. We shall establish a beach head in some hidden spot and love the ears off of each other. Why, I shake like a dog eating razor blades, just thinking about holding you in my arms again and devouring you with firey kisses. But that's only the begining for there's more and more and more and more and more to come. Best I let this machine cool off for I have a big day ahead tomorrow of grinding out a super--"stop the press"--story for P R O. Also, I want to make with the reading of how Amber makes. Nicely sends his regards and wants your opinion of what he should do. Something like--"Dear Mr. Agony, my problem is--" or my best friend ran off with my wife, Oh how I miss him. Passionate creature of mine, when I some home, slip into something that you can slip out of in a hurry---(drool) I'm going to ravish you, seduce you, love the hell out of you, and caress you until you can't stand any more. When you hear the L & N blow for the station, pucker up, for I'm acoming a flying. God Bless my lovely-lovely and loads of super mooching or smooching--aw! just plain necking and love. By the way, how come you're so cute?

Your Soldier Husband

Sonny

*Sonny*

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

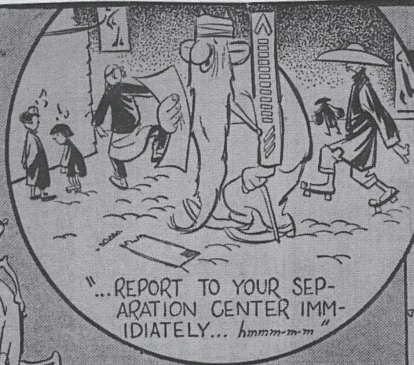




# "Tomorrow the World!"

By John R. Fischetti

BETTER  
LATE.....



"...REPORT TO YOUR SEP-  
ARATION CENTER IMM-  
IDIATELY... hmmm-mm"



"SEZ HERE YOUR ROTATION  
FURLOUGH BEGINS NEXT WEEK..."



"...BUT DAD, TWO MORE  
TRUCKLOADS CAME. ALL  
THE LETTERS HAVE YOUR  
OLD ARMY ADDRESS."



Cpl George Canary 15113242  
7th Squadron 445 Bomb Sq (H)  
APO 558 Postmaster  
New York, New York



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



6



Mail Call  
0/6 0/7



Tuesday 24  
April 1944  
England

My Darling Angel Wife!

Hello - cute thing!

● By the way - how come you're so cute?

● Gosh - I want you so awfully much - much more than yesterday and even more so tomorrow. Well - the mail man paid off again today with four from you and one from Mom. Long as the mail holds up - the longer I will hold up. Darling - your letters are chucked full with ravishingly jamonate stuff that drives me to the feverish devils. As you can see - rather lucky tonight for I've latched on to one

● each M-1 fountain pen. No kidding - I can write faster on the clatter machine and much more than is a hard job. But I know you prefer the hard job of writing. When ever I can latch on to a pen and have any to time - I will reward your letters.

Darling - only one thought keeps going in my mind - I want you. Funny - but the same feeling surges through the rest of body from head to toe. Last night - I rest more about Amber and her pie love machine.

● I'm up to the part where the thing has a command performance with said jerk. What a gal she is and strictly not the English girl of today. The only difference - the modern chicks don't expose their charms - just wear clinging dresses.



(2)

But the other stuff still goes. - that is  
for a price. As I've told you about the  
Commander in London. I read for  
but an hour and then went around to  
the barracks. Ralph woke me up this  
morning and I hustled back to the office.  
I wear out more damn shoes doing that.  
Chris and the good St. haunted the joint  
last night and not around today. I was  
more than busy all day long pounding  
the typewriter for PPO. I don't like to  
hang - but I'm pretty damn good at this  
remembering the stories. Anyway, it's something  
I get a bang out of doing. It's always  
different and a lot of outside work to it.  
I came around the base - looking up  
various people and things. Nicely came in  
around 1130 and we wobbled over to  
chow. After said session of using the  
choppers - I dropped in to see Tommie.  
Don had to go some place and didn't  
stop home Tommie. I don't think Nicely  
cares a hell of a lot about Tommie. I rot  
around Special Services with him - doing  
nothing but spreading the hell. Character  
stomping in and out of that office all of the  
time. Tommie is the boss man on all  
sports and has charge of the equipment.  
In fact - he is the big cog or non cog of  
Special Services. Course there are two officers



in charge and it back with 2 for a  
nickle cigars all day long. Come 3d.

● Jacobi doesn't smoke cigars - he's  
too short to hold 'em off the ground -  
hang here. Hey - how come you're so cute?  
I must be repeating - I love you so  
awful much and want you more than the  
law allows. Don't this slow entering war!  
I want home but quick! Tonight - the crew  
played another game with the staff officers  
but I didn't play. Still giving my wing  
a rest. The base league games start this  
Sat. and I want to be in top condition. I

● really want to cut loose and rack up  
a high batting average this season.  
I'm going to play with all my heart so  
I can really smack that old jill. When I  
come home - want to stay in charge by  
playing ball with some team. After the  
game - I dashed to the club - looking for  
Tommie. Just missed him but I ate anyway.  
On the way back, I noticed Special  
Service was still open and I barged in. Sure  
enough he was there. We are going down to

● London the 2nd of May and take a 3  
day gas. As usual - we'll hit all the  
bars in London and sit through the best of  
shows. I'd like something but going  
along with us but I sure hope he doesn't  
what a dull tool he is - not kidding one bit.



(4)

My team work, tonight and I hope we are lucky to draw a easy or no work at all. Should know in a little while.

That one is being kicked around by the GI's - Some sergeants who hold the rank of lieutenant in the WACs are called lieutenant. There's another - Pvt. "I'm forgetting women". Cpl - "Me too! I'm forgetting none as soon as possible". I'll save the other joke for a good night later in the letter. Al Huggins Chandler was unanimously elected as high commissioner of baseball. This joke knows is the boss man of all the professional teams and leagues. It's a damn good job and I wonder how in the hell Chandler landed on T.O.I. Said he would resign from his Senate job soon as possible. My - anyway, one of my favorite writers - John O'Hara just published another collection of his news-like short stories. Said his is "Pigeon Night" and I'll have to read it when I come home. He plays around with sex in his stories also - which of course makes 'em interesting as hell. This reminds another Chicago Tribune and I read the book reviews. There's the list I've picked out of the coming best sellers - "The Indigo Child" by Frances Crane, "Belle Boyd" by Louis S. Jordan and "Yankee Woman" by Eric Baume. "Belle Boyd" is a spy story



about the Civil War, - from the Confederation's side. Of course - both of us want to read this book but quick. I love you so awful much and want you more than the law allows. Dam, just had to cease for awhile and lean into the labors. Looks as if it might be a night job for us this time and nothing in the way of such. Well, we have a war to win. Casa Dally is ringing her lungs out right now and she is punning as all hell. Cara has a damn good set of jokes if she'd not kick around the songs for a laugh. Pam calls me nicely tonight and from what I can gather - she horn talking went along something like ~~she~~ his line. She said after arriving home from the dance last night, quickly plunged into bed and wrote nicely a letter. Also - he cried herself to a lump and something (but agreeing in a jilted all night - pretending it was I. What a line of snow jobbing he has. Don falls hook line and sinker for it. Funny - with all the other jinks - he gave out the lines. Perhaps that's what has him buffed and dangling on the well baited hook. How's that the strangest duels I've ever met. I know one thing - you can't trust him for he tries to use every one to his own advantage. I guess I like him anyway for his antics.



are something in the way of interesting  
 writing material. For some reason -  
 Duchon hangs pretty close to the office  
 but still takes off to the mess hall around  
 chow time. She always comes back looking  
 well fed. I suppose she catches breakfast  
 each morning but that I can't say for  
 very seldom go to breakfast. Not worth  
 the extra sleep time to get up for a dose  
 of powdered eggs. That reminds me, but  
 I took some shaving water as the pie  
 and a crag some of this month eaten  
 burbs from my tender face. One has to  
 look his best - ya - know. With I can't  
 go hit the job and dream of you - speaking  
 of dreams - I had a super one last night.  
 I can't picture just where the dream took  
 place but - I was a civilian going home  
 to you from some place - who'd guess. You  
 had a great feed all ready for me. After  
 we got away the food - we laid in front of  
 a open fire place and you read to me.  
 all the while - I was caressing you.  
 Finally - you threw the book down and  
 started making fairy love. Honey -  
 it was such a nice dream. I could  
 feel it when I woke up this morning.  
 Each night - you slip into my dreams but  
 sometimes I can't remember the exact  
 contents. Gosh - you are so wonderful.



(7)

Young but here a joke would go pretty damn good - no d. ll ring one in. A joker came home late one night after a hard day's work and climbed in bed along side his wife. Just as he settled down in the rack - the phone rang. His wife could hear him muttering and ran over the phone - "Why don't you call up the Coast Guard". Finally he crawled back into bed and his wife asked - "Who was that, Honey?" The husband said, "I don't know - some jerk wanted to know if the coast was clear". Well - I thought it was a joke anyway - guess I was wrong. That's enough corn for one night -

I don't want to gag you to death. Gal - I should love you an awful lot and want you more than the law allows. Gosh - you are so cute and such a lovely chick well equipped with ~~double~~ making charms. Pray real hard that this damn war will end hot quick. I can't wait until you go around ringing "My Guys Come Back". I go around ringing - "Gues d. ll Go (I hope) Back Home this Summer". Time is awastin' and I want lovin' hot bad. All I can say - I should

love you so awful much! From what I can gather - in the English home - the families are a bit cold to each other and do not display emotions as we do. Some Doc. in London said at the present time there were now fewer babies in England now because of the anti-social



effects of genuine companionship between  
 husband and wife. Some of the boys who have  
 visited in homes of the English way - the  
 ladies have almost nothing in the way of  
 affection for children. I suppose in their  
 strange way. They love each other but a hell of  
 a way to express it. I can't understand the  
 English at all - and don't give a damn at that.  
 I couldn't stand such a life as this. Even here  
 unless you are of the so-called blue blood or the  
 middle class - a fellow can't rise up to the  
 full extent of his talents. But - they are happy  
 - because it's their way of life. I think one  
 good thing has come out of this war - the  
 marked influence the Japs have. Lots of  
 things will change to the American way.  
 One of the things who went to France next -  
 the women consider - Frenchmen the world's  
 greatest lover, the Englishman but just as hot -  
 But ah! the Americans! G.I.'s win the hearts of  
 the people where ever we go. Kids look up to the  
 American Soldiers as real heroes. In Scotland  
 the gals will turn down a Scottish Soldier at  
 a eye twitch to get a American. But the same  
 goes on this damn lower part of the island  
 called England. I can't wait until I get  
 the hell home where I belong and there to stay.  
 Beautiful wife - I love you so much. I can't  
 help it if I tell you over and over again in  
 my letters. My body keeps reminding me of it.



Ralph is going to wake me up in time for breakfast in the morning. Thought I'd get

● up for chess just for the hell of it. Lammie wants to see me there and have an early morning bull session. Darling, enclosed in one of your letters - a photo of your brother and Dad. Say - that kid has really sprouted into some hunk of a god god. I didn't realize he has grown so much - and seeing how he has - makes me realize how damn long I've been away from home. He was merely a kid still playing with toys when I left home. Now he plays with the girls. So at least you latched on to the

● embroidery. Sure in the hell took 'em a long time to get it there. I glow inside - from the fact that you are fixing things for our cute little home. Once again - I regret - I love you so awful much! Darling - by this time you should have my pictures and the perfume I sent you. Sooner as I latch on to a good strong box - I'm going to start mailing packages home - my books and other items.

Doll - in order to send money home, now we have to have our Co change the deal. Too

● much Black market money floating around this island. The Army now can think up more damn red tape. At least I have taken action about the unused Sgt.

straps in our section. I have the wheels rolling - through St. Jacobi. I'll either get



or at least know why I can't. Anyway -  
 should know something in the next day  
 or so. I'm not going to worry about it  
 though. All I want - to get the hell home  
 to my little wife but quick. Honey, you are so  
 wonderful and I want to lean in the heaven  
 of your arms. I want to rest my head upon your  
 breast and hear your heart thump into my  
 ears. I want to feel the vibrant thrill of your  
 love and to passionately caress you with  
 shaking - eager hands. My God! how I want  
 you - Peanuts. I'll slip into a bit of reading  
 of "Amber" before I go screen to the barracks.

Each day - more and more young arls to  
 read it next. I'm going to hang on to it  
 and let only a few close buddies read it.  
 Sugar Mome - keep your powder dry - for  
 I'm coming home very soon. Pray real  
 hard that it will be very soon. The war will  
 cease at any time now and shortly after  
 wards - screen home to you. Give my  
 fond regards to the family and tell 'em to  
 write. I sure hope you all have a place  
 lined up by his time and have moved in.  
 Don't worry but me - I'll - for I'm fine  
 as can be. Guess I'll go back to the way you  
 came there shoes are killing me. God Bless  
 my beautiful Angel wife and loads of sugar  
 love. By the way, how come you're so cute?



Your Soldier Husband &  
 Jimmy



*The refugees  
have reached  
a mysterious  
camp in the  
Reich...*



WELL, THIS IS  
MEIN KAMP, FRITZ,  
AS POOR OLD SMILER  
WOULD SAY!—AT LAST  
WE CAN SIT DOWN!



DER TEUFEL!—WHAT  
IS THIS?—BARBED  
WIRE—SENTRIES!—  
WHERE ARE WE?



JANE...  
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT,  
COMRADE!— YOU'RE  
IN A RUSSIAN  
INTERNMENT CAMP  
FOR GERMAN  
PRISONERS!!





George Canary 15113242  
761 Synanon 1145 Bomb Group (H)  
also 508 to Post Master  
New York, New York



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



7



Cuss  
Dum



Where's  
me mail! England

Wed. April 25th

7

My Darling Angel Wife!

Good evening - chief!

● My luck ran out today and nothing is the way of mail. So - my moral is low as can be. By the way - how come you've no cante. I miss you so awful much tonight and want you more than it is possible. Last night - my team latched on to a lucky break and didn't have to work after all. So I got in a bit of reading on "Forever Amber".

This morning, Ralph woke me up at 645 and we dashed to the mess hall for breakfast. There is not old Tommie waiting for me to

● show up. Don and some of the guys were also there. We - that is - Dead Eye Tommie checked the fat as well as the notes powder & eggs. Ralph had to take off to work - so I walked as far as Hdy. with him. I quickly moved to the office and read more about "Amber". St. Jacobi and Chris came in around 830 and were surprised to see the office all cleaned up so early. We didn't fool around and quickly jumped into the labors. I wrote more PRO stories all day long - here at

● my desk. Well - the last part of April is acting up as April should according to the books. It rained all day and of course - couldn't play ball tonight. I was almost shafted as the mid-morning coffee reunion for I latched on to the very



last cup of java. Because of the damn rain - the alert room was filled with characters - logging up the java. Back to the typewriter and labors I had to go. Nicely came by for noon chow and Marvin tagged along with us. By the time we waded out the chow line - in walks that damn dumb mutt yours. She knows when it's chow time by the rattling of men cups as the guys get ready to go eat. She goes from table to table - pleading for something to eat. Knowing we are riches, she hangs around our table until we leave. She hangs around for awhile, then make up her mind and takes off for the office.

Right now - Duches is in her usual place - under my feet. I reach down and pat her every once in a while. Sure it's quiet the remainder of the day. Boring as all hell around this damn place. Right now - only with the greatest effort can I even keep my eyes open. Because of cheating myself out of a extra hour of sleep - I'm so damn sleepy. So - if at times - the writing looks rather odd - you know I'm having a hard time staying awake. I shall manage some how and finish this letter. Saw a rather fun movie tonight - "Greenwich Village" that new red head is really something. Course - I go for blonde myself - namely me, you.



(3)

after the show - the mad rush to the  
Aero club hole out with full blast. Not

● coming to sweat out a line - I  
came in back to the office after fooling  
around a bit, called Tommie to see if  
he wanted to go to the club. Horney and  
I walked over to Special Services after him.  
The club is within hearing distance of  
Tommie's office. We flipped to see who  
would pay the check and I had to do  
it. He is going to a mil. tang  
school for 3 nights for a bit of punishment.  
He was caught not wearing his dog

● Tang the other day and as a ~~result~~  
result - attends this school 3 nights on  
his own year time. They make you go to  
school if you are kept in mil. tang  
training - such as - wearing a mixed  
uniform (such as - over-ear cap with coveralls)  
od shirt with out a tie, no dog tang and  
failure to salute officers. I buy in the ball  
and protect my major year time. Tommie  
and I have decided to take a 48 hour  
pass in stead of the 3 day (72 hours) under

● the new pass system - you can take -  
a 72 hour pass every two months or  
5 - 24 hour passes a month or two 48  
hour passes a month. I'm able to go to  
Town twice a month - we are going to  
use the 48 hour deal. I love you so much.



(7)

The weather is more too warm at this  
Time and a fire goes rather good.  
Although - I don't have me going right  
now. I have angle enough or should  
say - more than enough parison etc  
warmth while writing your letters. We keep  
as going during the day. Pam called  
Don tonight and hasn't heard the full  
details as yet. She mentioned something  
about her family going away for a week  
and she will be all alone in the house.  
The hint was - she wants Don to take his  
per lounge in town and I suggest we stay  
at her home. My ground lot still  
sounds mighty good. I really think Don  
will not go to Scotland but will stay in  
town with Pam. Sounds like an all week  
shack job to me. Marvin won 58 pounds  
in a crug game tonight - that's some  
thing around \$232. You should see  
the expression on his face when he  
won all the dough. Now he has more  
than enough to go or leave around the  
2nd of next month. You should see the  
im in his eyes and across his face of  
victory and a man with money walks.  
Don received a double money order of  
100 each each today and to be cash it some  
time tomorrow. I hope he ticks in with the  
1 pound he owes me so I can pay a



couple of debts. Tommie also owes me 6 pounds and will pay over any day. I still owe a bit on the perfume and can kick in on the total debt to clear it from my books. A few loughs some can clean a junk but good. Darling - each day more and more officers come in and read Terry. I don't know hardly any of them. I bet at least 50 jungs were in today just to see what's cooking with Terry. Sure is rough as being like this with out mail.

Guess the morale really will recover in tomorrow and ratify half of the group.

Colonel Martin gives me a bad time on a day like this and threatens to put me in a brace. So best you hang in coming but fast. Gosh - I love my little wife so awful much and want her more than words can express. You are extra than a boy's ear. By the way - how come you're so cute? I ask you this often enough and expect an answer but quick. Please do tell me! When I think of you - I glow all over. You know - in the movie - a person

will be walking along - and being - out of nowhere - music. Well - when I hear your name - I can hear music. It's the happy tune my throbbing heart plays. I melt all inside thinking of you. When I hear a lark love song - gosh - I want you so.



(6)

The very thought of you drives me wild with  
passions. You can readily see - how I  
feel all the time. Honey - I remember  
every little detail about you. The way  
those deep pools in your green eyes ripple  
with love light when I press my lips  
tightly upon yours. The way your firm little  
lips cling to mine. The way your tiny little  
mouth wrinkles up into a smile. I want  
to hear the sound of your laughter and gay  
giggles. Ah! how I miss my green eyes,  
blond wife! I remember the way your  
clothes cling to you in such a neat way.  
You are so chucked full of charms - more  
than enough to go around for ten girls.  
I like the things you do to a sweater and  
the things you do to me by doing such things.  
I'm in - looking down at you when I go  
for a walk, the cute way your little head  
would bob below my shoulder. Peanut -  
if you only knew how I long for your love,  
why - being cut off from it - it's like going  
without food or breathing. You lift up  
just your little fingers and I go nuts with  
thrilling passions. Doll - you are so  
alluring and such a curvey wench.  
Just think - very soon - I'll put you in  
bed with me each morning! Gosh! I can't  
remember home fast enough to visit me. I  
know you feel the same way as I do.



Darling - when ever we do come home, I think each of us will latch on to at least a 30 day period. How long that! A whole month to us we please. Then back to the army for just a little while and then - home for hugs. I really think when I come home in for long, we should have a place of our own. No doubt it's impossible to find a place - if so - we'll stay at a hotel alone, long as the money holds out - I just want to have you to myself. We'll have to see the families every once in awhile - but only a for a little while. The nights are strictly ours. If they don't like this - they need know what the hell to do. I like to make plans and think about coming home to you. Pray real hard that it will be real soon. Each day that goes by - we're closer together. If I reject things - I can't help it. Coming home to you is the only thought that runs through my mind - night and day. Best I catch into angle ~~mail~~ from you tomorrow. I sure hope it's not another one of those mail-less weeks again. I can work much better when my morale is high - and your letters keep it up high. So - but the army keeps me well supplied in the best in labor from me. Spera is on your to London and should be back some time tomorrow. He might have some thing



interesting to relate about his jaw. Course -  
 my news leads will reach up all the potent  
 facts as I always do. I some times wonder  
 what the young would think if they knew the  
 thing I write about in. I guess you know  
 it all by the various things I write you  
 about. Roger (Red) Pete, Peter - dropped a bit  
 in the crag game and I think Mike added  
 10 pounds to Marvin's winning. He runs  
 it a hard boxer when he visit hot. To night  
 he boxer rolled his way. What a bunch of  
 characters. Some times I wonder how in the  
 hell a GI from overseas will get me to the  
 States again. It's full of people all talking  
 with American accents. You see just up in  
 the coats talking to truck drivers or shop  
 people - nothing like that over here. As when the  
 people in the States hear a air raid siren, no one  
 runs for a shelter. In the States - kids don't run  
 up and yell, "Corny Sam Chum". They might ask  
 what time it is etc. How will we get me to  
 going in a restaurant and find a neighbor in  
 the table and get a glass of water without asking  
 for it. Funny - to think about a glass of water  
 sitting on a table - but at all these little  
 things up - and you know just what the hell  
 we miss. But - it will take a lot of getting me  
 to again this home, no more and safe because  
 GI's fighting overseas are buying it that way.  
 I can't wait until I start learning to be a free

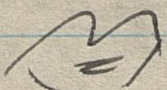


honest John Citizen. I don't know if the  
 average person on the home front realizes it  
 or not - but they owe an awful lot to the  
 G.I. who - over here - all over the world  
 fought to protect those we love, the life we love.  
 Dying - many clean cut kids, here died for  
 the people at home and the things we believe in.  
 I hope - the people won't forget this war and by  
 doing so - won't let it happen again. How in  
 the hell did I get on this damn soap box? But I  
 step down but quick. I don't know how in  
 the hell I've hung on like this - being away  
 from you. Darling - each day - I miss you  
 more and more. You are so cute and  
 I love every inch of your cuteness. I  
 ache all over with a pain that is maddening -  
 the pain of wanting you so awful much.  
 I'm sick of having my jamons dang ling  
 in mid-air. I want home to your love  
 but fast. What a horrible blunder you did  
 in our young lives. Can we ever make  
 up this lost time? We shall do our utmost  
 to crowd every bit of happiness into every  
 second. Nothing counts - but you. My whole  
 life is devoted to making you happy  
 and induce you to love me more.  
 I shall pie you jamons with zeal and  
 ravishing love. I'll make you shiver  
 jamonitly under the touch of my hand  
 and lay for thrilling love. Gal. D.M.



(10)

to cover the hell out of you night and day.  
Best you beat out the allure - every  
dots and mean happening articles that you  
are so amply equipped with. You won't  
actually need 'em to drive me crazy  
but beat 'em out anyway. I will take  
my jowls out of the moth ball and  
have 'em ready on the tip of my fingers. I'll  
will come home - guine for love making  
from the first drinking in glance of each  
other. The world has it never seen such a  
wild love feast as we will have when we  
are together again. It will be Christ mas;  
New years and all the holidays rolled  
into one - But just about it - Every day  
from the time I'm home is your anniversary  
will be a holiday. We shall love like  
mad and until we are both exhausted  
and lying. After a quick rest - the whole  
thing will ensue over and over again.  
Don't - no. Any of us will have any cause  
to be lonely. Prepare yourself - prepare  
yourself. I can only warn you! I guess  
I'll be clear long but here and go  
grab a hunk of Amber resting. Take  
take good care of yourself and try your  
chasing. I'll be home before many more  
moons. I'd be less my lovely creatures  
and looking our usual best by love.  
Your Soldier the best  
Jimmy









George Canany 15113242  
1st Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)  
APO 558 to Post Master  
New York, New York

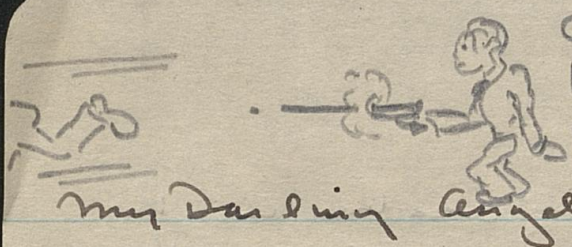


Mrs. George W. Canany Jr.  
4601 W Jefferson St.  
Louisville 12, Ky  
U.S.A.

PASSED BY  
[Signature]  
1st Lt AC  
(air mail)

8





Come back  
Here ya  
dam mail job!

Thursday April 26  
8

My Darling Angel Wife!

Excuse my French - but

● damn it! yes - you've guessed it - another mail-less day here on this hell hole of an island. Where's the mail - hear me shouting. I walk up to the greasy mail clerk and stick my face in his cage - and use those very words. With a roar you - he told me the bad news. Why does that crew have to be so goddamne happy when I'm short on mail? Could be the fact of less work on his part. I hope to monnow to wash his sticky fingers - shuffling through tons

● of mail with my name on it. What a hell ya was this is! I can't wait until I can uncure my body from these mouldie odds and slip into the comfortable life ya civilians. But right after I slip out these odds - going to plunge into something else right away - a serious humb of love making. How's bout you? Sugar Mums - I guess the humble confier of this office last night is the gentle art of rest & my. I read until rather late and then slept

● here in. This morning - I greeted the boss man - It. I was li with the warm th of a cozy fire. Some how - as usual CSNARD the lively weather man piped thing up but not during the night with a dose of snow. yes - snow in April. Today - this is land



went through every type of weather in the  
 book. Rain, snow and sun shine - then  
 through the whole routine all over again.  
 I'd like to get my hands on the jerk who  
 said, "Oh! to be in merry England, now  
 that April's here". I'd murder the him  
 with my bare hands. What a place! No  
 wonder so many people left this island  
 to discover a new country. Well - on  
 with the story of another day in the ETO.  
 After giving the office a brief check up  
 job - we set about tearing it up again  
 by plunging into the labors. My desk  
 took from the way I found a typewriter  
 with for the glory of PPO. This'd be  
 all day long. I cleared for the morning  
 coffee session in the Alert Room with the  
 boys. In the Jones - Day coffee shop - they  
 have a limited amount of cups and  
 just come, just send. The rest have to  
 meat out the cups. Wire operators like  
 your husband bring along their own  
 cups and "fill 'em up, kid"! Some times -  
 we have a few moth eaten cookies and  
 my carb less amount in the jar.  
 This coffee is strictly the best in the  
 "base. Nothing like the better acid we  
 are send in the mess hall. Even old  
 Duches has the coffee habit. She says it  
 is just like the rest of us. She uses two lumps.



after the mellow brew - we reap back to work and wait until chow time comes around. After chow - talked to Tommie for a few minutes but not long. I hurried back to the office to take advantage of the noon hour to read more about "Cuba". I read until it was time to go and the key machine do rest of the afternoon. We are undergoing a spasm rage now and I'm getting rather sick of the damn stuff. We encountered it again for supper tonight and @h! Brother! I should hate the damn club but a hell out crowd

● Tonight, Tommie was rather busy - so I told him - see him later - around 8 o'clock and we'd go to the club. I prodded around the office - reading the paper and shooting the hell with the young. About 8 - Tommie and I hit the club. I drank the more last night and didn't care to sit through it again. So - that's the story of today - just like every other damn routine day over here. When I'm perch out of mail supper lies - I'm a very morbid guy and not in what you might call a good mood. So please excuse if in past his letter sounds rather blue. God - I want you more than the law allows. I miss you more than it is possible. By the way, how come you're so cute?



(4)

Today, Murrin received a whole bunch of photos. The two of us some time ago and most of 'em came out damn good. We are all going to pick out the ones we want and how many copies of each. We'll kick in with the dough and send off the negatives to have more made. My gun ~~is~~ is most of the pieces and turned out damn good. So - shortly - you'll have another stack of photos. I'm going to take a couple copies of all prints because I want to have photos of all the boys. The ones I took myself in Scotland haven't returned as of yet and should it take more than a couple more weeks. Slow as hell over here. I have a roll of 35 mm film of 35 exposures and if I can borrow a camera - will take a flock of geese down in London next week. If ever you can latch on to 35 mm film - shoot it to me and I'll take more pictures. I latched on to this roll in Aberdeen and will write my friends to get me some more. Peanuts - I love you so awfully much! Thanks G & - the war is really almost over. Pray that soon I'll be heading for home and your arms. Tomorrow night - I'll pull C & Y again and will do a lot of reading and writing. I'll bring out a letter to Harold and a few others I owe mail to.



Darling - at least I have a logical explanation of why I can't latch on to that other stage, you -

● no - each man has a army classification number - by the training and the job he holds. So - as Syra was at one time section chief - he holds a different reg. no. than I do. and a job can't be changed from his army classification unless he is proven to be incapable of holding it. There are different reg. no. calls for different ranks. So - I'm screwed by the five pink & fingers of fate called the T.O. It's not a slur on my character or ability that I can't advance in grade - just a

● another example of army red tape. I doubt if Syra can ever regain his rank but long as he holds that reg. no., no one else can step in. Sort of a frozen deal as you can see. This army is a very strange damn place. There are ways to get around things and I hope that I can. The wheels are in motion and there is still some hope. I want some thing more than

corporal stripes to show for 3 years in the army. Four stars ya general could it make up the wasted time. I can't wait until I

● unshackle myself from the chains of the army. I feel as if I were bound with chains because you are any thing but free. The army even thinks for you. No need to go into detail about the hindrance of army life for you know by the millions of words I've written to you.



(6)

Dear Lucy - you are rarer of letters with telling  
yourself and being me well gloried with  
morale. The two of us will lean into  
a work when I come home. Together we  
can do any thing we set our minds to. I  
love you so awful much - much more than  
you can ever realize. Passionately is a  
good explanation for my love. Nothing -  
can explain my lustful desires and feelings  
for you. Only emotional hot wild violent  
actions can tell you. I can't wait until I  
can start telling you how by actions.

Thank God the War is about over and shortly  
afterwards - we'll be on our way home to the  
ones we are fighting for. I did not do much  
in the way of fighting myself but the fruits of  
my labors helped in some humble way.

Least - I like to think as such. The fact of  
serving as a car is a rough deal, but I  
could never look into a mirror if I had it.  
I even proudly explain to my chest and  
proclaim that I did my bit. I would feel  
ashamed of myself if I had not the war out  
in some way in the States or even die  
if I were unfit for military service. I  
know you are proud of me and if I had it  
come over or gotten into the army - (much as you  
love me) you'd think it very strange. All I care  
about is to be a BTO in your eyes and make  
you proud of your husband. You and you alone



is all I care about. Beautiful maid en - I  
 can't your reverent and be only quiet and

● for my life long service - your love.  
 the greatest of writers - poets etc could not  
 write one line about the deep emotional  
 feeling I have for you. You are my first love,  
 best girl, girl, glamorous queen, Coles girl,  
 Miss and Mrs. America, my ready body, back  
 mate and wife all rolled into one. Without you -  
 I'm just a hunk of nothing - a few pounds  
 of bearded flesh. But with you, I struggle with  
 life and desires - the passions that surge through  
 me make me this body different. I look about

● me and see thousands of other young. Proudly  
 and boastfully - I say to myself. - These  
 humans are no damn un lucky and I'm very  
 much so different from all of them. Do you know  
 why? Cause I'm loved by an Angel. I know  
 how thrilling it is to hold an Angel in my  
 arms. I'm even luckier than you for you don't  
 know how it feels to kiss you. When I come home  
 I want you to fence me in your arms and  
 never let me go outside of hissing range. Lovely  
 creature - what did you do to me? What ever it

● was - I'm so damn crazy about it. Just  
 you wait until I come home! I'll kiss your  
 wagner up but good. By the way - how come  
 you're so cute? I'll keep asking you until  
 you answer! My body craves your touch more  
 today than it did yesterday. I want you so!



Nico's Judy didn't call tonight and he's going around gulling hair out. We keep telling her we'll job him some other job. When ever she gung tears him but getting into her pants - Nico's eyes flash sparks. We take yet pains to tear he hell out of him. Marvin, Dick and Jim (Drink, Fearless and Wihen) are preparing to take off on one each per lounge. Marvin has enough stuff packed to go on a safari. He's another job we tear he hell out of. Last night he won a good ring stale in the gentle art of rolling the bones. Tonight he's meeting blood playing cards. At the latest report - Drink is but 10 pounds in the hole. Drink is a great hand with the women - you as a lover he make a good home trainer. They tell me some of the things he goes out with look like horses. Nico has ~~been~~<sup>newed</sup> on his pants by made stiffer as every thing including his underwear. We call him Sarge instead of Don and another item we tear him with. It's considered an insult to call each other by Sarge or what ever one's rank is. We do it to kid each other. Instead of saying - "Hello, Dick where you going." We give, "Where you going, Sarge." that turns em up! By this time you fully realize how crazy we are - u - that your husband is an out and out nut. Any way it helps to be crazy. Damn this damn war!



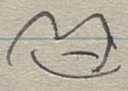
accounting to your letter - - he thinks my  
Aunt Si knew for mom was really

● something. So you and June hit it off  
okay. I had to laugh what you said how  
her husband acts. Funny way to act after  
being away from his wife so long. Darling,  
I do display my passionate affection for you  
no matter who in the hell were around. People  
could tell how I feel by the way my eyes  
stare you. I sit next to you with my arms  
around your waist and kiss you in front of the  
all. If people aren't passionately in love - why in  
the hell do they get married? We're really a  
● passionate couple and that's for me!

When I come home, we'll not have any time  
to curb our emotions or act according to the  
standards of public circumstances - we'll just act  
as we want. If we're out some place surrounded  
by people and I want to kiss you - by golly I will.  
Here - the reverse - when I come home, we'll  
gather the clan under no roof at one time - and  
I'll make an appearance. But - our life is our  
alone - and that's the way we want it. Makes  
no difference who in the hell likes it! All these

● months I haven't mind them - just you.  
We'll not have our time with anyone. You  
know we couldn't release our pent up emotions  
while surrounded by a lot of relations etc.  
Come - we'll be on friendly terms with em  
but you can never tell what you can work out of em.

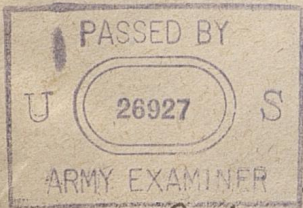


But - from the first record - we are on our  
 own. Honey - I'm glad you like my photo.  
 Soon as Mavis has the latest lunch  
 printer - I will retrace in your way.  
 I'm hoping I can come home to you  
 in the flesh instead of a picture. Can't you  
 just see how we'll act the first morning  
 glance of each other? When I state that I will  
 ravish you with eager kisses - that's only  
 getting it mild by. Your wildest dreams  
 can't capture how it will be. I care not  
 think of it too much or I'll go nuts in a heated  
 jargon. I'll look my arms about you and  
 melt your curves into my trembling  
 body. Hope that I don't crush you to death  
 by being too zealous in my love making  
 the way I'm going to love you - will drive you  
 mad. None of this farious romances for us  
 and this drawing room stuff. We'll not  
 abide by the books or the laws. None of that  
 meek stuff for us. Strictly care man stuff  
 call "ban my style". Well - mate - I'll  
 clear long but not and damp the eyes  
 that to dream of the love I was just telling  
 you about. Hang on a little while longer  
 and then I will be here so you can hang onto  
 me. The war is almost over and pray that I will  
 drive home to you but quick. God Bless my  
 Parents the Sheek mate and loads of ardent  
 love - our hand. 

your So l'ice Hubbard  
 Jimmy



Eng George to army 15113242  
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)  
APO 558 To Post Master  
New York, New York.



H. John Salachak  
(air mail)

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

9



OH HAPPY  
DAY!

MAIL MAIL  
CAME!

Sat. April 28<sup>th</sup>  
England. 9

My Darling Angel & Superwife!

Good evening - lovely

● Creature of mine! Today the mail man was rather good to me and I haven't any serious compliments to make at this time. Today - I latched on to 3 letters from you and one from Mom. I say 3 letters from you but actually two and one full of clippings about Ernie Pyle. Darling, it was more than very sweet of you to read all the columns about Ernie. I know you would fully understand how his death shocked me. You know and understand me better than anyone else. I love you more for it too. I got my self as the

● back each day and consider myself very lucky for having such a lovely wife. Thank you again for marrying me. Tonight - I'm C & P and not what you call the best way to spend a Sat. nite. I have many more good ideas and plans to enjoy Sat. night. I need not go into details for your train of thoughts full right in line with mine! Darling - I'll do my utmost to write the usual length letter providing this revision of C & P proves to be one of restful ease. But I have my doubts about this. So far - looks

● as if I might lean into some work and that I do not like. Any other C & P revision would be nice and quite but they hang my ass over. Darling, I love you so awful much and have to remind you of this every few lines. Not that you'll forget the



fact but that I like to say it and I know you like to hear it. Well, on with the story of another day in England. Once again today I acted in the potent role of a small time courier - sent by learning into more stories about the fly boys and their heroic deeds. The more I read at this, the better I become. So many St. Perbins and others. I enjoy it very much - it's the type of army work that I'm most suited for outside of flying. Silly I guess, but in the Spring, that old flying urge surges through my veins. I wonder if I'll ever get over this? I doubt it very much. The wounds of being wounded are still as painful as ever. I just can't help it and feel like a shoe on the wrong foot. But as I was saying - writing helps me a little bit and eases the grounded pain. The morning coffee session in the Alert room was enjoyable even more so this morning. For some strange malfunction of the queer weather - it's very cold over here as this rather is land. It's a wonder that we all aren't coughing our heads off but a body becomes use to this SNAPLI weather after 18 months of it. A body might adjust itself but not the mind. The good St. Stokelake hangs around the office all day and the first news men of him in some time. He's a good edition of a fly boy but the size of St. Jacobi. I can eat soup off either of their heads.



(3)

In a odd five minutes - I whipped up a cartoon of St. Jacobs and gagged it up on his desk. When he saw it - he got St. hole out into body shaking laughter. He like it so much that he tacked it to the door so all could get a laugh out of it. So far - everyone comes in laughing and I guess it must be a bit funny. Don and I took off for lunch together with some of the other members of S. 2. I shudder each time I go into the mess hall and see the poor H.P., slaving away. I have to do a race but the middle of the month. This is one thing I could do without. I stopped into see Tommie and shot the bull with him for a little while. We are all set to take our gas the 2nd of May and we talk about it each day. Something different to look forward to - you know. The rest of the afternoon - I so leaned into more writing and the type writer glowed from the past year and I banged away on it. I wonder how many miles of work I have banged out in the past month? No telling! Syren returned from a jaunt to London and I had an interview with him this afternoon.

Some old routine of mine, women and songs. He has a chick that lives on the outskirts of London and is staying at her home. Says, her family is very broad minded and I should think they'd have to be in order to permit their daughter go out with Syren.



He slept in the living room each night,  
 and when the house had settled down for the  
 night - someone would slip into bed with  
 him. You can bet it wasn't the old man  
 of the house! He was down there on a 3 day  
 jaunt and the raise conditions prevailed &  
 the whole 3 days. Sometimes I wonder how he  
 finds all these characters that he does. It  
 really beats the hell out of me. You can always  
 tell the type of girl he goes out with - he does a  
 the Spens wouldn't be with her. Speaking of  
 character, love lives - Pam didn't call  
 nicely tonight and I suggest he is checked up  
 with some other GI long bout this time.  
 Don's Squadron is confined to the base  
 for too high of a rate of V.D. So he has to  
 remain here on the base and not see his  
 woman. He has to suffer because some other  
 job was burnt by playing around with  
 a Commando. That's the army for you. I hope  
 you can read this part rewording for Don  
 writing against Tami - want to write as  
 much as possible. I ate an early supper as  
 the CQ job calls for and quickly returned to  
 the office so the other guys could take off for  
 the day. I read more about "Aruba" for  
 a little while and then plunged into the letter.  
 Parents - I love you so awful much, more than  
 you'll ever realize. Dad, this damn war! I  
 want home to my cute wife right now.



By the way, how come you're so late?

Some of the characters are playing cards

● here a few feet from me and I can hear their heavy breathing as they sweat out each piece of the jacks boards. Just to my left sits Don Hunter - and I suppose he's writing to his wife. Dick Day is reading through "Amber" and various other characters are flung around the office doing many things.

Over in the corner, Nicely is banging his head against the wall because he can't see Pam. I look for him - he can't see her for a few days when I hear it near you in 18

● months. Honey - I love you so awful much and want you more than it's possible. Nothing can describe my potent love for you!

I just want you and miss you something unbearable. As usual - Durbey followed me up here to the front office and has her body jerked by my feet with her head resting on my shoe. She sure has grown a lot and is a good size dog right now. Soon she will be as tall as my knee. I don't know what

kind of a dog she is - just a mixture of all

● liney dogs I guess. She takes off to the men hall in the men knob around 1 mi

the mess hall again. I think she must have the mess key. Unlocks the door. I think she goes from table to table - begging for food. Every one gives her something and she is well fed.



I guess you might call her a bobby roofer  
 partner but that's age. Some my friend of  
 her. come calling each day and they  
 play together. Some of the nuts are  
 letting her ~~work~~ wait be a virgin much  
 longer from the way she carries on. I'd  
 like to bring her home with me if at all  
 possible. I'd let you know if I can or not.  
 you'd like her very much. She really is  
 devoted to me from some reason or other.  
 when ever I lay down here - she jumps  
 up on my leg and lays there until I  
 drive her off. she jumps away - when I'm not  
 around - she lays under my desk -  
 waiting for me. I don't claim ownership  
 of her partner. S. 2' dog. Guess I fool around  
 with her more than anyone else. when ever I  
 go down for my mail or any place in the  
 yard - Dutchers ride along with me. I'd  
 have to get my Capt. Jones after while and  
 she'd ride along with me as usual. It's  
 almost but that time for mid night  
 chow and I will clear long but here to  
 go eat. Don't go away for I'd be right  
 back. Peanuts - I love you so awful  
 much and want you more than the law  
 allows. That's that this war is dust over and  
 shortly I will be on the way home to your  
 arms. I'd go take off for chow right  
 now - don't go away. I'd be right back.



See - what bit I tell you - come right back, that black hearted men rgt. is yarning us  
 ● to death by knowing that unmentionable item on our plates at least once each day. I haven't enough room on my Spain ribbon for all the clusters that I've earned by eating so many tons of the stuff. Even Duches is getting rather sick of the damn stuff. Understand that Charlie Chrysler knows the answer to the song "Do you do or do you Acquit My Baby". G's way - a real he-man is a guy who hits his wife over the head with his mother in law. Then there's the story of a dumb who stepped into an open elevator shaft and fell 3 stories.

● He vainfully bumbled off his ~~claw~~ cluster, climbed out of the shaft and yelled into the open door, "you damn scoundrel, I said up". Best I stop do com right now before it starts to jog. You don't have to be crazy in order to be a GI but it runs in hell holes. Once before I wrote you about the guy charemonis for moping in the country based on the fact or belief that every returning service man from overseas is maladjusted and needs special handling. Some wives are led to believe their husbands are ~~wild~~ thing and dread their return. I think it is about time soldiers take

● cognizance of the situation and answer this whole maladjustment business with a loud and prolonged Bronx cheer. This fact is based on the doctrine that everyone who has seen overseas service is coming home slightly off the beam and in the need of special treatment before he will be safe in his own



home. Books are being published on the subject,  
 news papers are whooping it up, magazines  
 are devoting good white space to the project  
 and every newsbelle with which comes and a  
 long hair cut is setting up a shop as an  
 expert on how to handle the returning vet. My  
 big concern and all the other guys - is against  
 the newsbells who are scaring the hell out of  
 our wives and coaching them on how to treat  
 us when we get home. Come we want you  
 all to fetch us high balls, chicken etc but not  
 with the look of a trapped and frightened doe  
 waiting for us to fall into a raging pit or  
 something. Why - in plain words - these gals  
 want the people on the home front to think  
 we are nuts. True - we've seen and done things  
 to drive any human nuts - but were doing these  
 things - fighting for the thing at home and the  
 people we love. Wars might change a man  
 in some degree but not into a raging maniac.  
 I'm just the sane guy who kind of you good bye.  
 I don't go around screaming and foaming  
 at the mouth. No doubt you've read some of these  
 things and I know you have laughed 'em off.  
 The only marked way that I have changed -  
 I want you more and love you a thousand  
 times more. Tell me if you reader hear any  
 such crazy things as this. What the hell are those  
 poor bastards of writers doing on the home front?  
 They are the ones who are nuts!



Strong character - how, the home hunting  
 progressing? you haven't mentioned it in  
 the past few letters - when I've received  
 mail. Seems like a month ago. Best I  
 latch onto some long but tomorrow. I  
 need a new supply of morale for I'm way  
 down low on it now. I sure hope to  
 hit through a good - quite version of CP  
 tomorrow night. Want to squall and read  
 more in the way of "Forever Amber". What  
 a creature she is. If that damn dog doesn't  
 quit pulling my pants leg - I'm going to  
 haul her one with my GI encased foot.

Darling - keep your chin up and keep  
 the papers going. We're in the home  
 stretch now and it won't be long. Tell  
 that egg head of a brother I said hello and  
 to take time out with a letter. Would like  
 to hear a inside version of his romance  
 of the century. Peanuts - I don't think I'd  
 actually know he kid if I saw him. Best  
 you point him out when I come home and  
 won't you go to some stranger and hit him on  
 the head. Tell him to hold off the wedding

Till I come back. From the sound of  
 things - might take place any time now.  
 I hope my photo has arrived by now and  
 the perfume also. If you like the perfume - I  
 think I'll be able to latch onto another  
 batch of the stuff. <sup>Oh</sup> Brother! I sure want you!



Tommie wants me to meet him at  
breakfast. That guy really always keep me  
to drag around. By the way - he said to  
tell you hello. Same goes for Don. The  
old St. said he'd write you soon as he  
can. Oh - do you owe him a letter? I turned  
a pair of my cadet pants to the cleaners, in  
order to have a change of pair to wear on the  
venture down London way next week. I'll  
pick up anything in the way of liberty  
souvenirs. Also - may some piece if  
we can latch on to a shutter box. I hope  
the shots you took Easter were all here by  
Tomorrow. Can't latch on to enough pic-  
ture of me with the wife. Best you take some  
more soon as possible. Well - that's about the  
final news round up for tonight and will  
be my ears yearning for more. Guess I dig up  
more damn news and stuff than any one. Could  
be the news paper with in my blood? Tell your  
family hello for me and to get on the horn  
with the news. Darling - all I can say -  
I love you so awful much and my whole  
body quivers with thrilling passions at  
the thought of you being in your arms.  
You are so wonderful and such a beautiful  
thing. God bless my Darling Angel wife  
and loads of my love.

Your Soldier this time  
Sonny

How come you're so cute?





NO Mail

How I Feel

1945

Monday May 5<sup>th</sup>  
Somewhere in  
the ETO

Sad Sack My Darling Anigh wife!

yes - another mail -  
less day in this damn is land.

Is there no end to this damn  
torture of doing with out my  
life giving mail? Surely - I'll

receive none tomorrow - I keep  
telling myself. you can't hid yourself

when the facts are bluntly slapping your face.

I hope and pray you are enjoying ample mail  
coming from me each day and less some. I feel  
so utterly out of touch with the world as being  
like this. No need to go on with the details of

how I feel at such times as this for seems as  
if its the same old story each time I write to

to you - every night. I expect that this letter  
will strike a blue note unless I watch myself.

Also - my team makes with the all night work.

Meaning - I do have to cease from time to time  
and cut off my fancy of thinking. So - in

advance - please excuse. All I know and can  
repeat - I love you so awful much! Life is

becoming even duller in the ETO daily day.

Instead of becoming rugged from this cease less  
fancying I grow weaker each day. Some guys

build up a defense but I can't. I can not live  
from day to day like some - I live in the past

and future. Here it is Monday - the first of the  
week - and what have I to look forward to? I do

tell you for the records - not a damn thing.  
Just another week of missing you more

and more. I'm lonely - I die a thousand deaths  
each day while I'm away from you. Damn this

damn war! Pray for a quick and fast end of this



can see. Truly I'm making like a hot  
 rods. You're in a bad case of the now being  
 bliss tonight. But I hold my lines  
 and slip into a more chaotic state of  
 thoughts. Oh with life in the E.T. world to  
 keep from growing old in the normal length  
 of time. Every thing is fast as hell. Today  
 I was in P.R.T. and I enjoyed the whole  
 stuff. I'm not sure about the

the news. I had to go to the Duchess Court thing  
 this morning and he stopped from the  
 cars back. Did you know each day and  
 more gay people we can now let the people  
 run around outside from the house to  
 home. We were able to go to the Duchess and  
 Duchers were also in when the water in  
 can find the right office and have a  
 we let her in. You like and say something.  
 In fact I'd like to bring it home if  
 possible. The morning were and in the night  
 while I you did the hell out of a type and  
 what a hell of a way to win the war. Any way

I write about a little just of it anyway  
 rank on choppen into a hot hell at men show  
 and a nice with not handling with the stuff.  
 Dam stuff there we have. Just a little idea  
 of the stuff we crack out teeth on. The afternoon  
 I chard around is a jeep. I'm sorry  
 around here and there - with my news  
 early morning out a strong a few. More some  
 fun and stuff, not to mention work.

Maurice and I'm taking you a 20 have you  
 okay, and I'm sure I can give you what to look for.  
 I didn't see him all day long.



lots of people came in today but no thing  
 more in my mind another good one  
 from the mt road. things are coming  
 here. friendly - Honey - Don worried. The  
 Stars & Stripes said today the Ohio River is  
 about 100 ft high. Also a sand bar here built  
 at Louisville. I wish under the pressure of the  
 water. I know how old man river can act up.  
 I don't what it did in '31. I don't know. Tell me the  
 truth - how bad is the flood? Pending but  
 why don't you short in the mail do the time.  
 Honey, do you go out until I find out the full  
 details and if you are all right. I am not. If  
 it's true and as bad as they say - I don't know  
 what I will do. I'll be worried to death until

I hear from you. I love you so much and  
 if anything happens let the - no tell me  
 what I'd do. I am how I will. I use the - no  
 I could see. I know that you all are panicking  
 about the rising water. If it climbs higher - more  
 out to New Haven with my Aunt or go with Mom  
 and Dad to my family in the Highlands. I know  
 of it. I don't you are worried that I'll go out with  
 worry. I know you really, know - we can think  
 in all ways. I know if the flood mounts  
 higher - the mail will get through a other way.  
 If so - I'll go to the Red Cross and see the whole  
 story and if they can get in contact with  
 you here if you are alright. My Darling - really

Don worried. If I don't hear anything in the  
 next few days to the contrary about you I don't  
 I'll not go on my parole. Please take good  
 care of yourself for you belong to me. God. I  
 love you so much and with such passion.



Well, Bill - as you might know they'll do it every time - I had to come in the letter and flung into the work. It is now 7:30 and we are free to go but the god. I want to share, write, a little more - then means to be good. So if this is my to mouth - gather started you know why. I am being - roughly I want the full story of the flood. The same radio heard one bit of news about the flood - maybe at night!

Every one - is riding you about the adventures of being. You can't realize what a feeling I take during a time like this. Maybe tomorrow or today I will draw plans for a magazine. Did you know that Mark Sandrich, the big Hollywood producer did yesterday. He's turned out a lot of grand things. "I want to catch the waves" here comes the waves. We hear a lot about it. All right his way is a 4F again and not a 2A-F. I imagine the lobby workers went wild with joy to see they're side is strictly safe from the marching platoon of the army. I bet Frankie is glad himself. But he remains around with a U.S.C. troop so he can't get to see him. If not his joy will go down when the G.E. eyes of home. Comes the revolution and a lot of things will be different. Such as - the young people that have taken over while we've knocked around - jumping on the air all over the world. The kids are big time yesterday night but will hit the near horizon when the alarm is rung. Come hiding home. The small pie will cook with care and not with the usual known gas. Things will be jobs and alcohol. I wonder how the jobs will like - so many hungry mouths turned care at once. Just what they want.



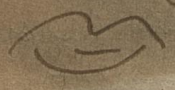
St. Jacob's and Chris just dabbled in to jump  
 into the day. Under Eugey jump many here.  
 some have they'll have to beat my and  
 manage to carry on while I'm gone just for a  
 day. They call the big wheel and Chris the little  
 one. But you see me. It's in the island jump  
 below the way - as you can see reflected in my  
 daily low reports. Speaking of low - I have to  
 low on the things I'm doing and I'm not  
 but every few and I jump in again. But I  
 jump my jumping with something. Saw a  
 different movie last night - Cabin in the  
 Sky and full of jump. Not bad - but not as  
 good as I thought. I'll take rainilla - every  
 time. But I want you awful much - much  
 more than you fully realize. Dam - damn the  
 damn you Chris is now feeling the Dull in  
 the acts and has never eaten before. What a damn  
 silly mull. Seems like I can never slip into  
 reading as I want to do. Have a half a mind to  
 stay up until noon and read. No - my eyes  
 won't do it. I'll buy a log and then I'll  
 go out tonight and read. I have to have  
 many things to do and can't get around to it.  
 I like the movies and I like to read. It's a tough  
 between 'em. Each night I relax in some way -  
 using either method. The movie or reading. Then  
 I write you letters. How I long for the free  
 way of our lives where we can have plenty of  
 time to do as we want. Damn it - my  
 eyes don't like to operate much longer  
 and I'll have to make this a short one. Honey -  
 I'm sorry but this is it for you but you know  
 the general conditions. I understand you are



to my home about now. I guess you are still  
as busy as I hope you are. I  
I can't see a wonderful world if only my world  
could come true. In fact my dream did come true  
when you became mine. I'm happy. I can't  
I can't see that you are happy. I'm  
so happy. I love you very much. I can't  
see how we are apart. I want to know you are

thoughts of my life to come. I'm happy. I can't  
see any more years of my life. It's  
wonderful to know you are making things for  
it and my own future. Can't you see that  
much for it will be to see me in a little  
time? Seems as if this is all I can talk  
about. I'm happy. I can't see how you are  
and night. Long ago and far away. I  
live and love. I can't see how you are  
love again. I can't see how you are  
I can't see how you are. I can't see how  
I can't see how you are. I can't see how  
I can't see how you are. I can't see how

you are so much. I can't see how you are  
my next breath. I can't see how you are  
I can't see how you are. I can't see how  
you are receiving my mail each day. I can't  
doubt it. No doubt the post has brought up the  
mail. Sweet wife - I can't see how you are  
here and there - I can't see how you are  
of you. I can't see how you are. I can't see how  
and love of your own life. I can't see how  
I can't see how you are. I can't see how  
I can't see how you are. I can't see how



Your loving husband  
James



**JANE...**

