Pvt. George Cancey, Jr.
Co. Junction 445 Bomb Group (H)
c/o 558 % Post Master
New York, New York

U.S. ARMY
FEB 1
1945
POSTAL SERVICE

U.S. POSTAGE
6¢
VIA AIR MAIL

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

PASSED BY
26927

1

another village. S a stop and put the t
make "?"

Wed. Feb 10th
England

My Darling Angel Wife!

I should start the greeting off with - Mrs. Cancary for I'm damn mad tonight. So mad that I could bite nails in half and spit 'em in your eye. What goes on? What the hell is the story? Here I'm mail less as can be and going raving mad for the lack of mail. What happens - I ask you. Bad enough to be down but to be kick in the face while down & out is too much. What I'm trying to say - my ex friend St. Jacobi received a letter from you today but not me. My lawyers will call on you in the morning. So this is the state of affairs - now I reckon all clear. A poor cyl. hasn't a chance any more - rang here. Peanuts - I'm only kidding. St. Jacobi did receive a letter

from you today and as usual - I'm
with it. I'm glad you wrote to him.
Anyway, I know you are busy even if
its second hand. I walked last night
and didn't see St. Jacobi today but he
grabbed your letter on my desk for me
to read. Soon as I saw it - thought it was
it was for me but that is the fortunes of
war. You are so sweet to write to my
boss and I appreciate it very much.
He thinks you are wonderful and my
jolly - he's right. I hope tomorrow at
least I will hear from you. The mail
is coming through and mine should
arrive by tomorrow. Gosh, I love you
so awful much and can't begin to
say how utterly wild I am about
my lovely wife. Anyway - soon you
shall feel the actions of this violent love
just as soon as this damn war ends.

Ball of fire, I slept all day after a tedious night of labor. So nothing in the way of stirring news to write about as of today's going on. The longer I'm away from you, the more you haunt me. Please don't it more so! I climbed out of the sack around 5 pm and screamed to the office. In the middle of the floor. I found a bloody drag game going on and the room shook from the rolling of said bones. I gathered my mess gear and shot to the mess hall. Even though I'd sat through the movie tonight - Princess O'Rourke (something like that) I gazed at it again for a little while. I bailed out long before the end and dribbled over to the Aero Club. Beebie told me she received a letter from her husband in Burma. When ever I see her, she has to tell me all about him.

The always asks about you and how my mail is standing up. Tonight the Big Reds were ~~scheduled~~ scheduled to play a home game tonight but the visitors failed to show up. I sat around Special Service - chewing the fat with Tommie and St. Sullivan. Special Service office is very small and one feels awful damn crowded here if more than three characters are hitched about the joint. We thrashed out every thing from song to math and then some. Tommie gave me a lang picture of the Big Red football team and I'll pin it up above my desk. I have many photos on the walls above my desk. Some are pin up girls, air planes and various other interesting pictures. Of course, your photos out shine 'em all and are so placed as to catch the eye right away. Your beauty showing the pulse

artificial glamour of the other girls. Darling, you are truly lovely and so beautiful. I.the do you realize how proud I am of my lovely wife. St Jacobi rang you looks like Gloria Dolteren. I don't think so, for she fails to reach your standard of ravishing beauty. Ah, the things you do to me would pile a book. Luscious creature, I adore you beyond human comprehension. Not even you fully realize the powerful passions my heart teems with. You are so desirable and enchanting. Gad - how lonely it is away from your thrilling arms. I cry out to you like one lost in a wilderness - I need your loving warmth and passions. Everything is a meaningless jumble of nothing while I'm unwillingly away from you. Damn this war! I love you so!

the usual aftermath of gambling has blossomed forth in the many corners of the base. Where ever one may go, you can find weeping eyes, kneeling over a pair of dice. Some are shuffling the paste boards or other means to exchange money through the medium of chance. For some reason or other the urge hit in my blood. Some young have a passion for gambling as others have for females. When I use to run around with Mike Hogan I saw a hell of a lot of gambling in his father's place. No getting stuff neither. I suppose if I were single I might shake the bones but I have something to save for. Around the middle of the month after we return from London, I shall send you some more long yarn. Recently

you stated that our savings were rather low. How much do we have on hand at the present time. You did not say. I would like to have a large sum on hand when I am released from the army. I have great plans to take it easy and have restful fun for some time before going to work. So henceforth, I will try to save even more out of my meager army pay. I love you so much and want to prove this love by showing you a lot less fun. Well, I am not under the false impression that I'll be filthy rich when I come home. All I ask, angle enough to have one and less gay, loving wife and a home of our own some day. We are more than wealthy in love and all the money in this world can't buy our love. You are so wonderful and cute

the crazy game just ended and here is the line up - wins - Chris 25 pounds or $110, Don 20 lbs or $80. and Jim and two others won a little. lost - Ed. 20 lbs, Mike 20 lbs and some of the others. Poker game is still going with Marvin in the chips. Hoddleston just paid me the 3 pounds - $12 - he has owed me for something like 6 or 7 months. Thought I would drop. I have a respectable wad on hand right now - 15 lbs or $60 and a pocket full of change (approx another 15 shillings or $3) So you see - I have more than ample funds right now. You can't understand how fast money can go on this island. Everything is so damn high. No one thinks about going to town with less than 5 lbs. Drinks cost plenty and a guy needs 'em on this island.

I'm so lucky with love that I don't dare gamble for. I know that I'd lose my shirt. Tomorrow night all the winning will change hands again. I'm taking tomorrow morning off & don't stay in the rack till around 10.30. Ralph is some orderly and will make me up but then. Every so often - I'm writing up a list of books I'd like to read and if possible for you to send. Following this gobbing - here is another one - In the Mercury books again by Dashiell Hammett I'd give my eye teeth to read - "The Adventures of Sam Spade" and "$106,000 Blood Money". This next request is a must and compares with "Forever Amber". The latest best seller by M. Baylis - "The Bolivars". Also I want to read "Forever Amber" but bad.

you can tell the postal clerk that this is a request. Peanuts - the GI fellows of the Stars and Stripes shot the news about how army wives ask for divorces and other wives getting pregnant even though her husband is overseas etc. Little do they realize the thousands of wives for whom life has ceased. Women who are merely existing, who have lived before and are praying to God they can live again. Women to whom every tick of the clock is an eternity, and to whom nothing in this world matters but to have their husbands back home again. None of these eloquent writers can state how these women just go on loving their men in silence, and smiling to hide their tears. I know all of this because I have you. I know home

is merely a dwelling place till I come back to you and the smiles you smile are only to cover a heart ache and loneliness that hurts more than any injury in the world. Why don't they write something about gals like you - waiting day after day instead of this other hash. I guess some girls might think all army wives are the same from the unfair publicity they are getting. Thank God you are waiting here with all the love & warmth that I need to live. I fully realize it's not much fun for you Darling. I am this damn war. You can imagine how I feel. No - don't - for I don't want you to know how awful I feel. Best I change to some thing cheerful but gripes. This mail - less era has me really down and out.

three more days and we'll be old married people of two years. I must hope to receive a letter before then so I can face Feb 4th with the grace you require. Honey - I desire your caresses and kisses so something awful. I shall devour your luscious body like a fiend that I am. I'll not be able to restrain my virgin passions and shall unleash 'em upon you. I long for your magnificence, cuddle filled, charming, breath taking, dainty body. Sweetest girl - I'm going to caress you night and day - so much it will drive you wild. I promise you a life time of active, violent love and the fire to match. Dangerous wife - I love you! It's late and I want to read a few pages. Good B bless my lovely creature and loads of super love.

Your Soldier Husband
Sam


JANE . . .
YOU CAN'T SAY— I—DIDN'T WARN YOU, JANE!—YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE!
DON'T BLOW HER UP AGAIN, SIR!—HA! HA!—JOKE!—GET IT?
SPARE US YOUR GAGS, SMILER!—THEY'RE WASTED WITHOUT AN AUDIENCE!—KEEP 'EM TILL YOU'RE ON THE STAGE!
THAT GOES FOR YOUR STRIP-TEASE ACT, TOO, SISTER!—HERE—WRAP THE CAR-RUG ROUND YOUR CHASSIS!
WELL THIS IS A PRETTY RUGGED BILLET—AND NIGHT'S COMING ON!—WE SHALL JUST HAVE TO SWEAT IT OUT UNTIL THE MORNING!
SHIVER IT OUT, YOU MEAN, SIR!—WHERE WE ALL GONER SLEEP?


"Tomorrow the World!"
By John R. Fischetti
Post War Positions...
BOTTS POOCH PROMENADE
Putting Army Training to good use
"He was an assault infantryman in the last war!"
Getting away from it all
To the chemical warfare man the odor of geraniums and new-mown hay will have an entirely different meaning.
Some will go on and on and on
Policing will be a hard habit to break. A lot of Joes will naturally drift toward parks....

George Canary 15113242
Squadron 445 Bomb Sq army (1-1)
APO 558 % Post Master
New York, New York

U.S. POSTAGE
6¢
VA AIR MAIL

U.S. POSTAL SERVICE
FEB 3
1945

PASSED BY
U
26027
ARMY EXAMINER

Kenneth Grasser
2nd Lt. A.C.
(air mail)

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

2

Feb. 2. 1945
England

3

My Darling Angel Wife!

Good evening lovely creature of mine! Again - nothing in the way of that stuff they call mail. Not knowing what it looks like - I can only go on what the other fellows say. Perhaps some day in the next year or so - I may receive a letter. Anyway - my two yes are still sticking even though my morale isn't. Two whole weeks without your words of love is more than I can stand. I have to take a firm grip on myself or else I'd go raving mad. Please! Please! just one letter tomorrow! Damn this humdrum existence of sweating out mail call. I want to live again - in your arms. Peanuts - I love you so awful much!

Last night I stayed up rather late with a book firmly grasped in my hands. Didn't worry about the sleep lost because I had this morning to make it up. Wish I could do this more often because I never have enough time to read as much as I want. But that's the fortunes of war - how well I know. This morning - I crawled out of the sack at nine on the dot and scurried to the office after showing up. There in - front of the good ft. and I had one each ~~letter~~ lecture to give and that we did. The usual routine was so taken up rest of the duel afternoon. Life is very boring in the E.T.O and grows even more so each day. How I long for the care free days - one and in your passionate arms. I need you so awful, awful much.

Ralph and I ate early chow and dashed to the movies. Pic for tonight - "Lost in a Harem" Nothing much in the way of enjoyable entertainment. In fact - I'll go so far as to say - it was stinko as a polecat. Ralph and I charged to the club in the head long rush. We managed to reach the objective ahead of the swarms and downed cake and coffee. The world famous 445th Hill Billies are playing in the Officers club tonight but not caring for this type of music - we took a powder. Dan and the Big Reds have another away from home game tonight and I'll let you know the score at such time the creeps return. Ralph turned in his uniform and isn't playing with the Reds anymore. Ed. did the same not so long ago.

Both are top notch players and the team will miss them very playing. The whole trouble boils down to the coach. Ed. dislikes the way said coach runs the team. Ralph claims the coach dislikes his style of playing. What difference does it make long as Ralph runs up the score. When Ralph is hot - can't keep him for love or money.. Then too, the political side of the team has something to do with the two stars quitting later. Dan as always wants to take the limelight etc. Anyway the S.A team is still intact and can't be defeated. Many times before I've told you about this petty teacherings that prevails and I want no part of it. I suppose the same conditions will exist this coming season of soft ball.

characters - I call 'em. Looks as if tomorrow will be another heavy day considering the pile of work heaped in my pile box. I have a bunch of drawing I must get around to in the next few days. Will have to use my drafting skill etc. This sort of thing I like. I might do such a thing as sleep down here tonight in order that I can read late and not to mention - be in hand early in the morning to slip into raid clothes. Dell - two years ago tonight - we met each other for the first time while I was clad in uniform. How delirious happy I was that night two years ago - when my eager eyes beheld my wife to be. We went to the dance my wing friend and how proud I was, showing

you off to the envious swarms of cadets. Darling - God how I wish that I could hold you in my arms right at this very second. You - as always - looked so cute that night two years ago in said black dress. As we danced around in clouds, I couldn't wait until we were united in marriage so I could have again my hungry passions. With a sob - I write that this night. It was then I began to really live and know the really fruits of happiness. In two more days we'll've passed the go of two years. Honey - tonight - I miss you so awful much and the pangs of loneliness are unmercyful - stabbing me in my heart. I need you so much - much more more than you fully realize. Damn, damn this war.

That old Beach Triangle takes me on to your regale. I have you no answer much and want you more than the law allows. Here is another set-to from the Stars and Stripes. Some blonde answered a add for sales ladies soliciting magazines and later found selling herself. She broke away from his character who ran said racket and she fell in love with a crooj. Somehow - had to go back selling herself again. Seems as if she testified against his gang in a trial in which he was charged using the white slavery deal. She related once he sent her clothes out to be pressed and described the intimate relations with said character. Have you read anything about his in the papers? Stars & Stripes really gives out with the set affair. What a racket!

Weeth that famous Hope bounce - Bob Hope refuted the rumors that he had been killed in a plane crash. Said he'd have to look in the mirror to make sure. Another funny item from the ETO Bible. Not so long ago - some friend wrote that combat flying was apt to render a man temporarily or permanently infertile. Stated that flying at such high altitude would prain a man's changes of ever becoming a father. Lately some gang wrote to the Stars and Stripes that there was a lot of nonsense. Said he returned to the States after completing a tour and married in to a wife. Said wife is going to have a baby - growing their family is all wet. Some yes he have more dam guts to deny their own private affairs in print.

Some one said the first night was a reunion full of acquaintances and a friend in another outfit. Did you hear the one but the girl winced about recent from an operation, asked the doctor if they would show. the Dr told her: "That, young lady, is strictly up to you." A 64 dollar question in a GI - What's happen to the old fashioned girl - thank goodness? Enough with the corn. Darling, I'm going to Holy Communion Sunday to celebrate our reconciliation anniversary and I know you are doing the same. Pray that I'll be home but quick when I'm so lonely. I love you so awful much and my whole body cries out with lust for you. The very thought of you drives me wild with passions. I lolled in the rack last night - think my how

I want you to break out with the black lacy thing and frills. How I want you to turn taking the lace out of me with your thrilling charms and breathtaking body. I want you to reduce me with every alluring bit of equipment you have. I want your strictly virgin mellow love making and passionate caresses. We shall love each other until we are weak. Then as I'm liberate from the shackles of the army - we'll be able to love each other without restraint. I'll close down for tonight. How I need your letters to inspire my gen. I'm so lonely tonight and miss you more than you know. Take good care of yourself. Please don't worry about me! God bless my beautiful creature and loads of love.

Your Soldier Husband
Sonny


JANE . . .
YOU'RE LUCKY TO HAVE YOUR CIVVIES WITH YOU, DEAR!
YES — AND TROUSERS ARE LESS EMBARRASSING THAN SKIRTS — IF EXPLOSIONS ARE TO BE A FEATURE OF OUR TOUR!
LISTEN, TROOPS! — WE'LL HAVE TO SPEND THE NIGHT HERE! — SO GET OUT YOUR RUGS AND PICK YOUR RUINS — AND WE'LL ALL MEET IN THE MORNING!
?
SCHLOSS BATZBERG


JANE . . .
STOP!
SCREECH!
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE NOW, BABY-FACE?
I'VE MISLAID THE JOLLY OLD MAPS!— MUST HAVE LEFT THEM BEHIND WHEN I HAULED YOU OUT OF THAT CRATER, JANE!
AND WHAT'S THE OFFICIAL COMMUNIQUE ON THAT SITUATION, LIEUTENANT?
WE'RE ALL MISSING — PRESUMED LOST!

Cpl George Cana, 15113242
701 Squadron 445th Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 % Post Master
New York, New York

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FEB 5
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POSTAL SERVICE

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US

(airmail)

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

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Norato

Sat. Feb 3rd
England

My Darling Angel Wife!

What manner of existence is this? A life of hell and the [illegible] desire of mail that never comes. Mail - Mail! where art thou? I cry from every pore - this song of a torture vial from a island of hell. My fist are redden from the clenching of them in fits of utter disgust. What a mental beating I am taking during this mail-less era. I gaze at the pile stage of a letter - trying to hide myself - tomorrow will be the day. But never comes true. How much longer must I sweat this shortage out? Please efecue the time of this letter for tonight. I feel like hell. I'll do my utmost to try and be some what cheerful but my heart isn't in it. Oh such the drama of ETO life!

tonight - I will let my feeble brain trying to whip up another edition of the Journal. It is in the rough form so far but looks as it might work up into some thing worth while. Our vast hordes of ardent readers are clamoring for our paper and upholding the traditions and power of the press - Marvin and I lean into quite easy. We are not grovelling, just appreciation shown by the gleaming, ETO beaten faces as they read our journalism. Tomorrow the press rolls and the Journal will hit the streets. More dream work but enjoyable in my books. Darling, my tired, friendly brain is in a mental whirl tonight and I can't seem to collect my thoughts through the medium of this letter.

Mental anguish is horrible and the stabbing lack of mail are the roots of it all. Damn, Damn, this war! Last night, I slept here in, en cared in said make shift cots. After closing correspondence letter as of last night, I relapsed from the day of toil by surging into a small bunk of reading this morning - the loud blare of the radio - drove me from a deep sleep. Quickly - I cleaned up the office before Chris and St. Jacobi arrived. I pounded away on a Typewriter most of the day. This afternoon, my good friend - St. Studebaker brought in to shoot the breeze flying. He has a abundance of film and offered to snap some pictures of us. So, Dan, Marvin, Ralph, Mike, Chris and myself plus the Duchess, snuggled before a Camera. St. Studebaker took 4 or 5

of myself. So - shortly - at such time they are ready - I'll send them to you. You'll be able to see our mill and some of the characters. Also same goes for the family pics that should be ready in a few days. Well, shortly, you'll be amply supplied with photos of your husband. I hope your newest pics are on the way by now. I can't wait until they arrive. Well, I love you so awfully much and want you more than you'll ever know. Suppers was a taste. Less affair - so Ralph and I changed to the club. By the way - seems as if Ralph thinks rather close to me these days. Forgot to mention - St. Stubbs taken some a couple shots of myself and it really was super stuff. Course - two drinks only makes you want more.

after chasing up at the Aero club - I screamed back to the office to make with the jazz. It is rather late right now and soon I'll have to hit the jack. Chris has the morning off - meaning just that he has to rise an in rather early. Seems as if I do the same thing and right at that. The characters all haunted the front office tonight while I holed up here in my own lair to get away from 'em some times and tonight was one of such times. Ralph and I have noticed that Dick hangs around the Aero Club a hell-of-a lot now. Seems as if he pals around the kitchen.

Recently - a rather nice looking damsel started towards in the kitchen and looks as if Dick is gunning for her. More about this later on. You know what a BTO he is etc. We call him "Fearless"

Ralph and I get his goat by calling him Staff Sgt. Day with emphasis on the staff. Sorry he doesn't like that at all - yea! Saw Tom S yesterday on the trank truck. He wildly waved and yelled to come and see him. Lomond. I'll have to go down and shoot the bull with him for a little while. Recently - the Stars and Stripes got their neck out again with a silly editorial. A few days ago - the S & S printed an editorial blast against the war effort in the States, where it noted bitterly that women are still charged in exorbitant prices while yanks freeze at the front. Stated the Russians waged an all out war and if the States did the same - raid prices would be at the front. Pin up girls, debutantes, dowagers and cafe society

in general were all very flattered by this editorial shrapnel as eg. Tuesday - with lush comforts at home contrasted with our lives here. A friend of I's just Falkenberg showed us pics caught the eyes of this silly bunch of worthless lobby-rows of the GIs & the point voiced their opinion. There is still much the traditional feeling that nothing is too good for the girls back home. I don't think anyone objected to the curve revealing picture of Janet. I proclaim it was a waste of grace and silly as hell. I am a ardent - even more than that - reader of the ETO bible but dislike some of its stuff - for instance - this. Nothing is too good for you and the other gals. Young are fighting so their wives, gals, sisters, mothers can enjoy the American

back way of life. I have to mount the racing but every so often as you know. Everyone is talking about the shake up of bootleg booze in the States. Seems as if the creeps from Brooklyn college took a little point gamble to throw a recent game. It has not been proven as yet and a lot of noise going on about it. Read today that Cecil B. DeMille is barred from the air now. Wonder who will take his place on the hit show. It was through his efforts - all the stars appear on the hit show. No doubt he will come back in a week or so. Another rape story in the S & S today - but in brief. A marine raped and murdered a 18 year old girl in Washington. He'll probably get a rope very soon for his crime.

lovely creature - little do you realizing how jealous much your soldier husband wants you. Even I - can't fully understand and realize how much I love you. It can't be just into words. I'm a meaning action and just you wait. I'll tear you from limb to limb with sugar love making. I've so stated before that best you wear clothing that will take a lot of mauling. Still better - none at (censored) when I think of the passionate style of loving we will throw at each other - I long with thrills and chills. Darling - this is the eve of our anniversary. Tomorrow - I'll think of you often special hard at 6.30 you and will sling my ring from my finger. Then - I'll place it back again - as if you were doing it. I hope to receive at least one letter from you tomorrow for a

an unusual gift. I'm going to Holy Communion - praying that very shortly - I'll be there with you. I know your prayers will be so united with mine. We have so many things to make up for. When I come home, Xmas will be every day. Each time we kiss will be Xmas gifts. God! I love you so awful much and desire you with a deep powerful lust. Damn, I should be in the reach by now - so I'll have to close down at this time. Please send me some decent stationary - then too, can use more books and candy. Take good care of yourself and keep your pretty little chin up. Give my love to your family and ask 'em to write soon. God Bless my beautiful lovely bride and loads of passionate love.

Your Soldier Husband
Sunny

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


JANE . . .
THAT MEANS THERE'S A CASTLE ROUND THE CORNER!
SCHLOSS BLITZBERG
I'M NOT GOING TO SLEEP IN THIS BENIGHTED VILLAGE IF I CAN PUT UP AT A SCHLOSS!—WE'LL INVESTIGATE, FRITZ...
So, as innocent as one of the babes in the wood, Jane wanders through the chill, gathering dusk to..
SCHLOSS BLITZBERG

[illegible] 15113242
[illegible] U.S.A. (M)
[illegible] c/o Post Master
New York, New York

U.S. ARMY
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1945
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ARMY EXAMINER
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Mrs. George W. Canary Jr.
4601 W Jefferson St.
Louisville 12, Ky
U.S.A.

(air mail)
Jean [illegible] Bedley
Mid Sq. E.C.

4

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY PEANUTS

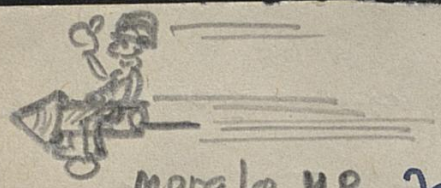
TWO YEARS OF HEAVENLY

BLISS

A PREVIEW OF THINGS TO COME

FEB. 4TH 1943

FEB. 4TH 1945



Sunday Feb 4th
England 5

Morale up My Darling Angel Wife!

Happy Anniversary

Peanuts and I may shortly be with you so we can do it up in the right manner. At long last - for a gift today - 4 letters from you today - and I feel half alive tonight. Those for airlines - didn't think your husband would make it. I was hanging on by the skin of my teeth. Here's hoping - more of the same tomorrow. Besides your life saving letters, one from your brother, one from Mom and a Valentine card from you. My heart is doing leaps tonight and I feel almost alive. Even I could pass for a human - almost. Darling - you can't realize how desperate I was getting to be but this slow mail. I'm so elated over this mail that I can't calm down my jeeps.

Before I talk about our anniversary-
fest - I get the gruesome story of
Lodging over with. Bright and early - I
came to the office to clean and place
up. Besides - cleaning up the debris
of yesterday's toil - there to clean up
the dog's calling cards. Seems as if
he is under the impression our office
is a latrine. I'm doing my best to
break him of this habit and mile - that
is - if Duchess' nose holds out. By the
time I chopped pine wood - the good
St. Jacobi screamed in. He leaned
into the wood chopper's bulk and rum
vetted one each pine joining. No need
to discuss further about the dandy
grind. None of the other officers even
think of doing such a thing as
chop wood - but you know what a good
Joe St. Jacobi is. The kind heartedness

mess rgt. ate chicken for noon chow. I can recover my share of said bird. This afternoon - I charged down to the guard house and asked to see Tom Syra. Tom had tears in his eyes when he saw me. Took as if he was more than glad to have some one to talk with. I told him some of my vast supply of pocket novels. I gave him all of the news etc. Guess we chewed the fat about an hour. Ralph came down later and joined in with the bull session. We had to leave at 4 pm and guess I'd to Tom really hated to leave us go. Ralph had tears in his eyes and I have to admit - butterflies were knocking about in my head basket. Tom asked if I would tell the chaplain to see him. I went to confession before 4:30 pm Mass and told the chaplain then.

I went to Holy Communion and offered my prayers up in thanksgiving that I have you - lovely you for my life. I'm so proud of my little-Peanuts. I know your prayers were united with mine - that did more received home to you. I burned a candle because what this day means to us. But the time dues in church - you were too. Father also blessed our throats today even though yesterday was St. Blaze's day. Did you have your throat blessed? After Mass - ate another lousy meal and received to the Aero club - trying to fill up. As that there - sipping juice and changing on a page. I read your letters over again. Peanuts - I love you so awful much and can't begin to tell you just how much. Tonight - Marvin and I turned out the Journal.

Writing the Journal always comes as a piece of what may seem a great time I do have. Rather late right now and I can feel my eyes squinting for the want of sleep. I doubt I back to the club around 9 30 - and devoured more eats - washed down with gallons of coffee. So you can see - this been ETO life is the same damn thing every day. Anything to break the not routine up. Tomorrow night - my Talents - all star team makes with the all night guide. Should be fun - anything here. Two years ago today - you and I struck up a GI chapel to be so united in marriage. What a wonderful day that was in my life. Thank you again very much for taking my name and becoming mine for ever. All that day during classes - I glared at my watch - wishing the minutes would speed up.

at noon that day - two years ago - I went on as Cadet officer of the Day. Going about the duties of the OD - I again glared at my watch. Around 4:30 - after daily review - my favorite underclassman - relieved me - as I took over the duties of OD - so I could go prepare myself like a groom should. I remember how I sang in the shower - knowing that you'd be mine in a little while. Then the long awaited minute arrived. A blast of a horn told me you were outside. Quickly - I ran out and jumped into the car. Remember how trembling the chauffeur was and how I couldn't place the ring on your finger right away. How utterly - joyful proud I was - at the heavenly words - "I now pronounce you man and wife". God! I love you so awful much.

gayly we drove to town from Kelly Field - you at my side - my bride and lovely creature. Remember our wedding supper in the St. Anothony Hotel? I could hardly eat with the thoughts of things to come. At long last, we crossed the threshold as man and wife. What a heavenly - wonderful - wedding night we had. We were shafted out of a Honeymoon but couldn't have had more passionate fun if we had taken one. Golly - when my friend's eyes beheld you in those thrilling lacey stuff - thought I would explode with passions. Even as wonderful that night was - it was only a warning of the things to come. How I wish that I were at your side right now. Just you wait until I come home - all our previous love making in this stuff compared to the things to come.

I was so informed by two creeps that they had received Valentine cards from you. This is getting rather serious about you and a certain officer. Best I call my agents in on the case and find out the story. It's wonderful news that you are sending me your latest grin mug photos. By, the gang will certainly be green with envy. I'll do they know who my wife is and I'll be damn if I'll tell 'em. It's great to be known as your husband and I drool at the thought of being loved by a glamorous creature. I certainly am crazy about my beautiful little blonde wife. Best you tell said studio to rush 'em up but quick. Peanuts - you mention the fact of buying more gray suits. Best you do - for you going to do a lot of

lot of playing - if you know what I mean - and knowing me - you do know. (hell of a lot of knows') "Don't Fence Me In" is catching on over here like wise and a rather cute ditty. Remember how you'd use to sing to me. Gosh - all those little things I miss so awful much! I'm glad that you are catching on to my mail. Yes - I'm nuts about my ring and each time I look at it (all the time) I think of you (constantly) you are so sweet and good to your old husband. Don't know why you should think my letter of Xmas Eve was so beautiful. I think that I write lousy letters and wish I could lean my thoughts into 'em much better. Peanuts I have to laugh when you talk about how I should be careful that gals don't

grab a hold of me. I'm not.
Frankie boy or Van Johnson, just a
beating GI who wants his wife bit bad.
So you got a bang out of the wolf
lunging towards the gal in bed. No
need to say - "Who dat man". Speaking
of a wolf - your brother is growing a
good specimen of one. He really must
be the nuts with the gals. Tell him -
they just take pity on his face.
Tell him if he ~~got~~ saw the number 7
said Truck that banged his face in.
What a creep he turned out to be.
I wonder who he takes after? Mmm!
I wonder! I hope Sis is okay by now
and can go out again. It's a damn
shame what she goes through. Your
mother really has a hard time
between Sis and her father. I'd go
crazy if you'd ever become rich.

Looks as if I'll have to improvise stationery tomorrow night - this is the last sheet of this lining stuff and the PX is out. Hope for a flashing run with stationery enclosed. Surprising how fast it goes. Darling, I just wish the thoughts of you lovely body. I run caress you with mental fingers all of the time. Some times my thoughts become so passionate - that smoke says out of my ears. You are like a flame thrower and I heat up with fiery passions by just thinking about you. Wonder - how I'll act at such time you are in my arms. I can guess! Please don't think I'm a fiend when I come home, just because I start tearing your clothes off and mauling you with hot hands. Peanuts - the things I'm going to do to you will

drive you mad with jealousy. I hope you can undergo - plenty of loving for I have enough on hand for ten people or more. Don't say I didn't warn you of the thing to come. Even I can't fully realize it. Dolly - each night - you do the dearest thing to me in my dreams. What a wonderful wife you are and how you can love! Whew! I want home but quick. Peanuts I'll close for tonight and go hit the land of nod. Happy anniversary and pray that I'll be there very soon. Thanks again for making me the happiest guy in the world. My thoughts are extra special on you tonight. Take care of what is mine - namely you! Good night - Dolly! God Bless my beautiful - lovely bride and loads of passionate love.

Your Soldier
Husband Sonny

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

U.S. ARMY
51
FEB 7
1945
POSTAL SERVICE

U.S. POSTAGE
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VIA AIR MAIL

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

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ARMY EXAMINER

(air mail) L. Metcalfe
2nd Lt.

5

Monday Feb. 5th
England

My Darling Angel Wife!
Good evening lovely sweet character of mine. Nothing in the way of mail from you today but one letter from Dad. As you can see - as in the song "What Difference Does a Day Make" after I had received not mail from you two whole weeks. Perhaps I'll hear from you tomorrow and I really hope so. That letter from Dad was really an back date one. In fact so old, the pages were turning a dusty faded yellow. I always get a great bang out of Dad's letters for he always writes so serious by. He's a great guy and very glad you are together with him. Tonight - my team works - so you know what to expect in this letter - because I have to jump up and down every five minutes or so. I shall do my utmost and write as much as possible.

this morning - I had the office to myself for Chris and St. Jacobi worked last night. I didn't bother about building a fire this morning for was quite enough. warm today. The weather man received my some thing bad today for it was a very nice - sunshiny day I moved around until tea time - well - coffee time in the Cadet room. Can't let the morn ing go by without a slug of java. Shortly afterwards - Ralph and I received to shoot. Hearing some odd numbers - I dropped into Special Services to beat the guns with Tommie. More odd characters being in and out of there. Even some are stranger than the S.2 morons - almost anyway. Just as I returned to the meat shop - was so informed one each lecture to be given. St. Jacobi and I drop it with only the guests of the Jacobi - Canaway combo can unit. St. Jacobi had to climb

out of the rack to give his lecture. He was about all in when we knocked off. I drove him back to the rack and tucked him in. Rest of the afternoon – made with the sailors. Tonight – we played the medics in another cager tilt. No need to say who won for the Mormon cagers just can't be ~~beat~~ beat. Every team in the base league are trying their dammest to turn S-2 but can't master the skill to do it. S-2 has a large following and said fans are at every game. You should hear the cheers when the boys sink a basket. Hoddleston got loose again and ran up the most points. Final score – 52 to 16. We even got Marvin in the game. It was funny as hell. Every one kept feeding the ball to Marvin and he shot until he was blue in the face. Guess he shot about 15 times and only made one basket. We didn't care for the score was 45 to 16. Could of run it

to a 1 to 16 but S.2 didn't want to be hung
no hiding - no one can beat the famous
gang of S.2. Looks as if we'll have another
hot rich ball club this season in soft ball.
Last year we played some thing like 15
games and dropped only 6. Not bad for
any team. We have a bunch of all around
sportsmen here in the halls of S.2. Jimmy
Dunn isn't doing so bad in the invader
Lowine (English version of golf) Ralph,
Dan Hunter are stars in going gang. Dick
McC.. a lot of the shows. S.2 is full of -----
(I won't say it) talent etc. No other section
on the base pull together as we do. None of the
boys run around with members of their
section. Just hang together around here.
The crews are shooting films again tonight
and some one is cleaning up. I'll let you
know the results later on. Hoddleston will
look back he was to run the other night.

Some guys never know when to quit. Here's one for the books - some joker back in the States went AWOL for 15 months and did not leave the base. He did under the service club for 15 months. They are examining him for a section 8 and no doubt that he will make it. Who in the hell is married to Errol Flynn - (his wife for temp) Several gals have claimed to be his lawful husband. Have you heard the song - "Two Cigarettes"? It is said that the radio co. say it can only be sung by a male. I'd like to hear the words to this song and see for myself. Van Johnson will be starred in a movie about Maj. Bong one of the more famous ETO boys. He is ranking ace of the Army and at this time - knocking Japs out of the sky. Wonder what Sinatra thinks about the threat Van Johnson is giving him? By the way - does Johnson sing? I don't think so even. Guess his job plays the female.

the Stars & Stripes keep talking about that
Jane Lauren Bacall. She really must be
something - lovely thing in the pictures. She
is called - cool material. Damn it - all the
angels just came into the office and I can't
hear my thoughts. They are crashing more
than noise - damn it. I'm just so damn much
that I had to leave you awhile. During raid periods..
I danced to midnight show. Looks as if we'll
work for sure and that I write much as possible
in the mean time. Some one once said - with all the
bombing and shelling of Germany today - Hitler
has achieved what he has always strived for - mm
a crater Germany. Did you hear the one about
raid absent minded office manager who pulled
the typewriter down on his lap and began to
unfasten the ribbon. Out in India - the GI news
paper - "The CBI Roundup" - just like the ETO
Stars & Stripes - gave Clare Booth Luce hell along
with the other globe trotting congress men.

①

Said that said congressmen fail to come out to the CBI reals of the words and get busy around every place else. Even Eleanor hasn't gone there - (must be a mistake) the guys out in the CBI think they are special jobs or something - they're always giving some one hell. They claim the movie stars don't come around and when they do - they just a little while. Hell - hardly any of us in the ETO have seen stars over here. A few have but all the numbing stars go to the CBI - read your daily papers and you'll see this. It's rough any place away from the States and no fooling. The Duchess still messes up the place and we have to run around with mop and shovel. Don't know how much longer I'll have nice job.

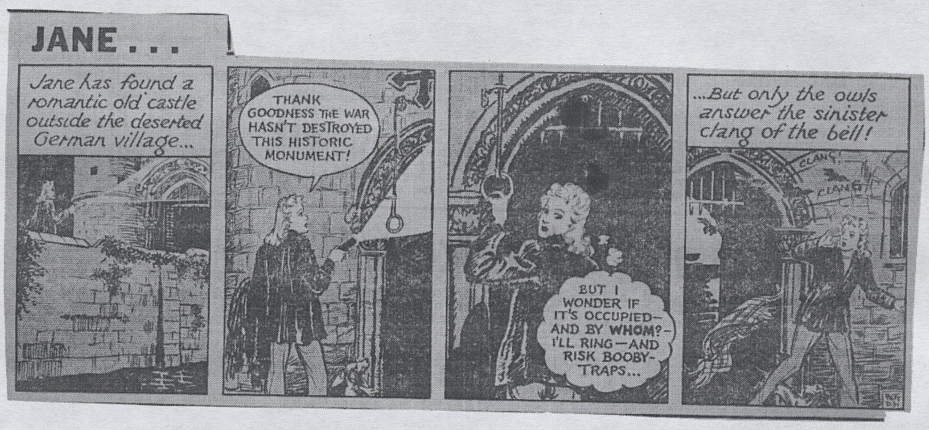
I didn't go to the movies tonight in order to write home for a change tho. Before the game, I pulled on a pair of sneakers and pranced around the floor myself. You should of seen the look of

of talent results such as we with contracts.
I graciously bowed to the throng and
with the great linguist I am - told 'em I
couldn't sing for I'm a goy. If you believe
this - you're crazy too. How do you like this make
shift station any not half bad at that. Podula
picks the hell out of his (none) mandolin each
night and he hit it damn good. He's hung on the
string plucking and beg with the ditties. Every
one gives him request at him and Podula gives
'em out in a most enjoyable manner. Had to
air out our sacks today for Mondays are set
aside for this purpose. I've have to make it up
at such time in the morning I get face to hit
the yard. Heddleston is still around even though
it is rather late and has his frame relaxed in
the depths of one of our easy chairs. The army
is seeing something or other. Damn it - I'm
feeling rather sleepy. Damn - here it comes -
have to cease for awhile and go to work.

During a weather - I'll try to finish this letter
broken as if it's a long down hill grade ahead and
the nite is almost half over. It's now 2 am and
a good while to go. Padnala is on our team now
instead of Johnson. Johnson was a damn good
worker and I'd much rather have him than
Padnala. Padnala hails from Brooklyn and
a loud mouth to match - at least he can
pick said mandolin - that's all - brother! The other
night - I thought I would bust a gut laughing.
I've told you before what a big mut Bill may is
by being afraid of his shadow. I stepped out
side to see if it was raining and stood
a few steps away from the door. Bill came
out and was going in the Alert room. When he saw
me on the walk - he leaped back inside of the
office like a flash. Then he stuck his head
out the door - looking like a small gorilla.
I didn't say a word and stepped toward the
door. Quickly he shut it. When I came in, he

the front office - shuddering over the fire.
I never did tell him who it was. I still have to
laugh about it. What a creature he is. Honey - I
love you so awful, awful much and can't wait
until my hands make with the passionate
caressing stuff - I'm going to love the hell out
of you - so much you'll need an fan air. Just
you wait and see. First thing I'm going to do -
table the hell out of you like I use to do —
remember? We always have so much passionate
fun and I want lots as much when I leap
into your arms. Doll - please excuse if this is
a rather scrambly letter - I have to cut off
my chain of thoughts every so often to make
with the work. I have to go now - for the crews
are screaming down the hall for me right
now. Hope to catch on to a stack full of mail
from you ~~in~~ tomorrow. God Bless my beautiful
creature and loads of passionate love.

Your Soldier Husband
Jimmy


JANE . . .
Jane has found a romantic old castle outside the deserted German village...
THANK GOODNESS THE WAR HASN'T DESTROYED THIS HISTORIC MONUMENT!
BUT I WONDER IF IT'S OCCUPIED— AND BY WHOM?— I'LL RING—AND RISK BOOBY-TRAPS...
...But only the owls answer the sinister clang of the bell!
CLANG!
CLANG!

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

U.S. ARMY
61
FEB 8
1945
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VIA AIR MAIL

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

Lt. W. Bailey
Intelligence Officer

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26927
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(air mail)

6

Tuesday Feb. 6th
England 7

AH! Shore feels Great!

My Darling Angel Wife!
Good evening - Peanut.

What a lovely evening it is a that. Got a load of this mail lining up received today by your husband. In the bunch - something like this - from you - 9 letters, one Valentine card also, 1 letter from Mom, 1 from Dad and a card from em, a letter from Aunt Mary, one from Aunt Sis, a card from Katie and a card from Sis. So - tonight I'm all hopped up with mail and in a damn good mood. You'll never know how hungrily I await your letters. Here's hoping the mail stream keeps up on both ends of the horn. All I can say - I love you so awful much and want you more than the law allows. Super wife you are wonderful and with matching charms. Crikes! how you drive me crazy with passions. Doll - you really pen a lovely letter and as I

devour your words of love - I'm at home with you. Each thing you write about what you are doing - I can see in my mind's eye. Peanuts - I love you so awful much, much more than you can ever realize. I'm wild about the nutty thing you do to my emotions and I can't wait until you unleash your nuzzy way of loving. How I ever induced you into marrying - beats the hell out of me but I'm going to take every possible advantage in loving the hell out of you with every style in the book plus a few of my own. If you could only picture just what you are in store for! Darn, darn this war - for forcing us apart like this. Looks at all the loving, warm hours we are being shifted out of on the other side of the book - lord how much fun we'll have making up this lost time. Hang on beautiful Dole, for I'm a-coming home before much longer. Thank the Russians for that!

Last night - your illustrious husband worked last night and what a long tired night it was. This morning - for some reason or other the mess sgt. received my 'I not having ordered eggs'. I noted - palatable French toast. I was very surprised to find such a good breakfast for a very remarkable change. I ~~[illegible]~~ shoved away four chunks of toast, great strips of savory bacon and washed down with two cups of bitter acid. Repeated - I scrounged back to the office and shaved. I built a fire in our office for St Jacobi and chin - bridge the Duchess. I so placed my body in the comfortable depths of a morris chair and stretched out my lanky limbs in a state of relaxation. With a click of a eye ball - I fell asleep. I didn't wake up until chow time at 11 am. Once again - the mess sgt. knocked himself out with roast beef that was super dern good. This unit de army!

after show - I decided to run to the barracks to hit the racks. I had to remate said job and with lightning speed I did so. There in - I slept until 5 pm when my friend Smitty shook me. Like a flash - when to the mess hall again, with said piles of mail tucked in my jacket. Most of the fellows rushed to the first show but not I. Mail - is far more morale building than a movie - so - I hid away in my copy office and ate up your words of love. Took some time to hungrily read your letters. I read most of 'em several times in order your thoughts would be firmly fixed in my mental files. In addition - engrossed in your magic regale - hid - of - life in a few moments escape from this dam dull existence. How I love your life giving morale builders. After devouring your lovely letters - I decided to the Aero club and found Jol Ralph. We munched cake and coffee. Dilly - another Aero club boy

I always hide the bill out of. I ask her if she is getting much and she always says yes. Thinking I mean sugar - so she says. I know damn well she knows what I mean but acts as if she doesn't. Dolly is married and her husband is in the army somewhere. If she happens to get me just - crack at me - "Are you getting much". I tell her no - for sugar is rationed. She has a face that would stop a clock. Typical English peasants. Ralph and I went to the movie. "An American Romance" a damn good show. I enjoyed it very much. No need to go into detail about it for no doubt you've read about it in the movie mags. etc. With the new 9 Army things - the bears can't prime on me for a few days. Hope more letters stream in tomorrow. I'm a hog for mail and always want more. Gosh! I love you so awful much and can't wait until we can lock the lips etc. Oh! Boy - what etc. means!

the Big Reds are playing another away game
home game tonight and no doubt will come
back with the woes of another game lost. Said
team really needs Ralph and Ed but through
the utter stupidity of the coach - neither will play
with 'em. Because of going to the second show -
it is rather late right now. Almost time for
midnight chow. I'm thinking about checking
my pass in the office tonight - in order I can
receive this letter and getting - to a little
reading. St. Jacobi wants me to write a
letter to his gal in the leathernecks. I'll do
same tomorrow. He seemed some shaken
mail from her today and I do mean shaken
with perfume - no doubt - not G1 issue. She is a
civ. and I did him about the army regulations
covering fraternization between officers and
enlisted personnel. I'll tell him - I'll turn
him in for that. He gets me in a quivering
brace with a twenty mend kick him out that.

①

Stars and Stripes stated today that a Lt. in the Navy had 15 minutes between trains to marry his girl before sailing overseas. Must of been a whirl! Yours, thank you Mam! Gob. Suppose they have a couple of minutes to make with the marching? She was only a electrician's daughter, but she had lost resistance. Here's one for the books – a little boy and girl kids next door to a nudist colony found a knot hole one day. The little girl took the first look. "What are they?" asked the little boy. "Men or women?" "I don't know," replied the girl. "They haven't any clothes on." That's enough corn for tonight – don't you think? In England – you don't argue with the Bobby, because he's a Bobby – Oh! my aching back – did that come out of me? I love you so awful much – no – love me, love my father. Give a million of 'em when I come home. I'll keep you well supplied with laughs.

Seems as if the lovely co-eds are still going nuts about their girls →  If you can't guess who he is - the voice. I don't know if this is a good sketch of mine but nothing to go by. I guess he looks like a real hungry for heroes, ideal thing that do not appear - so they take it out on Frankie. I bet his fame will drop when we come marching home. I just came back from mid night chow. Walked in the mess hall and might back out. Not a damn decent thing to eat so I gulped a cup of java. Don just returned and as I thought - lost the game. Said team is going to the dogs. They haven't a chance now in the ETO league. Just not played and not managed. The talent is there and what is wrong beats me. I think - the lack of team fighting spirit is the main factor. You can tell the team spirit of the S.A. camps. They have something worth fighting for.

according to your letter - Sis must be
having a bad time again. Darling, I
didn't know you were married that it would
show up in our kids. I never gave it a
thought. Read it is not hereditary etc. you
never mentioned this way to me before. I
don't see she is doing now. You are so sweet
and thoughtful. St. Studebaker wasn't earned
the roll of film with my picture on it as I
yet. Takes a hell of a long time over here to
have pictures developed. I can't wait until
your photos arrive. I suppose they are on the way
now. Read you letter on to Ernie Pyles
letter to me. Again - I repeat - you are so
sweet and wonderful! I'll - I agree - feel
heartily that you have a super - lovely shape
with matching devil equipment. I love
and desire everything about you - not to
mention - want you! Darling - with all this
mail I could write hours and hours

no imagined by your words of love. Part
best I give care to go hit the rack. I will
answer the rest of your letters tomorrow night.
Peanuts - I simply drool at the thoughts of
the way we'll make love when I come home.
I'll wing your clothes off with jamonate & leave
of lust - soon as I see you. Sat., not wait a
minute - go ~~along~~ right away and start
making the thing we have to make my for.
Little do you realize how utterly love starved
I am. I'll drive you mad with the never
ceasing jamonate caresses. Gal - I'm going
to love the very breath out of you 24 hours a day.
Enough with this - let's make love - wile we may
do you - as always. Breath out with the lace -
for I'm panting to be reduced by quick.
What super madden, jamonate, earth rocking
moaning, love making we'll do. God Bless
my beautiful, blond jamonate wife and
loads of love.

Your Soldier Husband
& army


JANE . . .
CLANG! CLANG!
I-I DON'T THINK ANY ONE'S AT HOME, FRITZ!- THAT BELL WOULD HAVE AWAKENED THE DEAD!- IT'S JUST LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF GRIMM...
Eventually Jane finds herself in a vast, deserted banqueting hall...

Cpl George Canary 15113242
701 Squadron 445 B and Group (H)
APO 558 % Post Master
New York, New York

U.S. ARMY
61
FEB 10
1945
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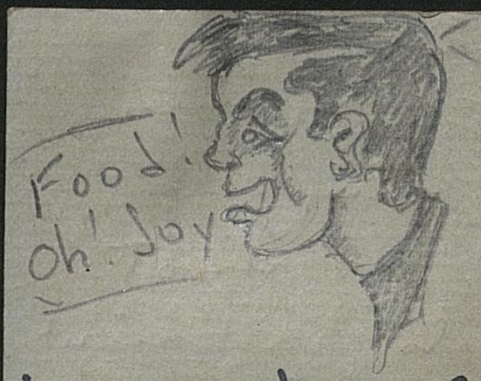
Mrs. George W. Canary Jr.
4601 W Jefferson St
Louisville 12 Ky
U.S.A.



England
Feb. 7th 1944.

8

My Darling Angel Wife!

As you can see - I received a lovely package from you today and this stationery was among the contents. In fact - two packages from you. Both containing a lot of the breakfast of champions - wheat iis. Also nuts and oranges. Thanks you very much Angel. You are so sweet and thoughtful. Wish I could show you by violent action just how much I appreciate such things. Gad! I love you so awful, awful much and want you more than the law allows. The food you sent - will be so good to get me. And tonight for a change I eat. I've received a package also and most of the other fellows too. Around 5.2 we have plenty to eat tonight. Now I can have breakfast in the morning.

I really like this stationery even though some of the girls say it's strictly feminine. Best you shoot more this way but quick. Last night I slacked up here in the office and slept like one each boy all night long. After I finished your letter as of last night - I read for awhile until I couldn't keep my eyes from open again. I hate to go to sleep at night for I have so many things I'd like to do. Mainly read and perhaps write some more stories. Damn this war anyway. I love you so awful much and want not so I can make like a husband should do. Besides - the law says I can do it and not to mention - you say yes also. So what the hell - why and so far away from you like this? Some times I could easily beat my head against the wall and I have to restrain myself from it.

Well – on as always – on with the news of the day. First thing I did this morning was feed the Duchess and clean the office up. The Duchess moans if you fail to feed her on time. Just like a baby. She grows each day and is cute as can be. Chris drove in and leaned into the labors of cleaning the joint up. I had to go out on several errands today and was glad to unshackle myself from the chains of my desk. The morning just ~~rapidly~~ rapidly and damn glad. Push again today at noon also and some of the fellows are beginning to look like zing. Even had to eat the damn stuff again tonight – damn it. This afternoon Sh. Studebaker brought the photo of your husband and you'll find it enclosed herein. What a rotten picture of me – as you can see. Looks as if I'm a dope fiend etc.

Now you can see - what the ETO does to a guy. No kidding - I suppose you might have it in the past - I had just completed a bunch of all night work at the time of the photo was taken. If you care to and I doubt if you do - could have the photo blown up to magnifying. I'm enclosing the negative in case you do. I'm seated at my desk - pounding away on my typewriter - which I was whipping up the Journal at the time. I have my leather jacket on and a beat up expression. Notice the pin ups behind my head. That's Barnyard's handwork. You can only see a small portion of the pin ups on it - a whole wall full. You can't see my desk with your photos so placed in full view. You asked for it - you've got it. I hope the rest are better.

In the meantime - I will try to have more made. The rest of the day passed going on as usual with the same old routine. St. Jacobi walked around in a rather gay mood all day for some reason or other. I didn't go to the movies tonight because of the fact of seeing said show last night. After chow, I, Jim and I beat the gums at the Aero Club, not to mention lathering to cake. If I don't stop eating so much - I'll get fat. Suppose I could use a little more weight at that. Peanuts - all I know. I can't wait until our lovin' are locked in a lover's embrace. Little do you realize how much your friendly husband wants you. Dee - a few nights ago I told you about a magnificent racket of white slavery. Another girl testified about the jerk head of this racket.

She rang - said girls beat her and forced her to continue working for him by threatening to tell her mother and her serviceman husband overseas. These gals were selling their bodies and the girls cut in on all the profits. She stated she made as much as $45 daily and often dated sailors in Hollywood because she had to take the girls hid.. money for a hotel rooms. This story of course appeared in the Stars & Stripes. Said paper really gives out with the red stories and such. The staff of the Stars & Stripes being soldiers themselves - know what the GIs want to read. Interesting - don't you think? Another GI sent off about the pen story and how dreamy it was. His letter to the editor fully agreed as I wrote to you. Ernie Pyle's column began today and I sure hope they keep it up. This is the first one he has

written since his vacation from the wars. Heading towards the South Pacific and will stick with the Navy for a few months. Sang - then he will go back to his first love and noble work, the dough pots. Also stated - "It is not be letting my friends in Europe to desert them and go to the Pacific for awhile. They are the same guys who are fighting out there, only with different names, that's all." How crazy I am about his style of rendering. I'm enclosing another Hubert cartoon and I do think it's the best yet. Rare as well - don't you think? Or do you catch the ~~draft~~ drift of it? Hollywood claims Hedy Lamarr is the loveliest woman in America and Gary Cooper the handsomest man. How utterly wrong they are - you are the loveliest girl in the whole world and I'm not just kidding. Holly, I'm so crazy about my beautiful wife!

The national Bobby Sock Brigade cried in their Pepsi-Cola as Frankie "The Voice" Sinatra descended the Hit Parade and was replaced by Lawrence Tibbett whose rendition of "Don't Fence Me In" didn't suit anyone. So far no angry tears have been heard. How to answer some of your letters as of yesterday. (none today) So you have decided against the fur coat? You are the boss and what you say goes. In a way - you can't blame Sidney for feeling like he does. He was forced into that marriage. What a mess. You asked how old are Pat and Beckie. Pat is around 18 and her Aunt, Beckie about 32 or so. Dolly is about 33 also. Doll - please never fear about people interfering with us when I come home. I promise you - you'll have me all to yourself. After all - I want the same thing - just you and alone!

That's the only possible way we can really leave you and love the hell out of each other. Gal - what you do to me, about saying how you'll have no need for pyjamas or night gowns when I come home. Pardon - while I drool! Damn it - I want home! I can't wait until the you photos arrive. Glad you bought yourself a present from me. Dry this time you should have the money order I sent you for said present.

Peanuts - please send me "Forever Amber" when you are finished with it. I can't wait until it arrives.

Peanuts - you drive me mad with your words of love and how you want me. Your wildest dreams can't picture the passionate way we'll make love. First thing - we'll hide away from the familiar and go alone so we can eat each other up. Course I'll have to say hello etc to my

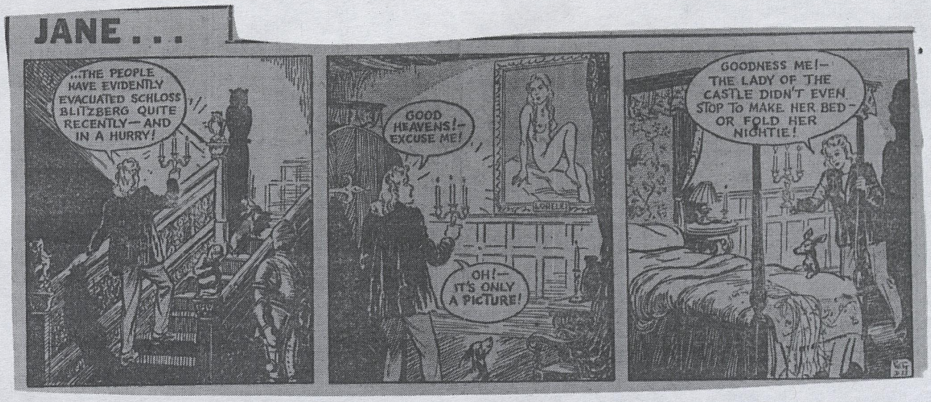
that's all. I'm not bidding when I say we'll have the hell out of each other. Truly - I'll be a ~~the~~ friend - at least you'll find I am the way I'll paint and drool. I want you to curl up to me closer than my skin and hiss the very breath out of me. I'll always will be a actress lover and will seduce you night & day. How wonderful it must be to have our own little home.

That's all I can think about - you and I alone. We'll never grow up - always silly and passionately in love. We'll love with no holds barred and with every style known to the world (then some)

Pining wife - I'll close now and go dream of this passionate evening.

God Bless my lovely Angel and loads of sugar love.

your Soldier Husband
Jimmy


JANE . . .
...THE PEOPLE HAVE EVIDENTLY EVACUATED SCHLOSS BLITZBERG QUITE RECENTLY—AND IN A HURRY!
GOOD HEAVENS!—EXCUSE ME!
OH!—IT'S ONLY A PICTURE!
GOODNESS ME!—THE LADY OF THE CASTLE DIDN'T EVEN STOP TO MAKE HER BED—OR FOLD HER NIGHTIE!

"I said, How should I know what they've lost, Granmaw!"


"Tomorrow the World!"
By John R. Fischetti
WAC WIVES...
THE WAC WIFE WILL HAVE A DEEP UNDERSTANDING OF YOUR WAYS
SHE'LL GET RID OF THAT GI BONNET AND CRAWL UNDER SOMETHING SHE TERMS SENSIBLE. YOU'D BETTER AGREE...
"I HEAR WE'RE MOVIN' OUT!"
YOUR CHILDREN WILL INHERIT THE TRADITION OF THE LATRINE..

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

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8

Feb. 8th 9
England

My Darling Sweet
Angel Wife!
Nothing in
the way of mail from you today
but one from Aunt Sis and another
card from Mom. Thought sure I'd
have one from you today but that's
the fortunes of war - so they say. I
love my beautiful Dolly so awful much
and want to play home with her
but quick. I don't have to add
that you are wonderful not to
mention lovely and sweet. You have
a husband that's wild about you. I am
this was - as I always say. Tehee
Took the morning off and I had to be
on hand bright and early this morn-
ing. Had some what a problem on my
hands - where could I find wood to
build a pie. I begged bits of wood from
the various other rooms and managed
enough to build one. Sure did

routine of ETO life. I ate a bowl full of wheaties this morning and really began the day off with the zest of champions. Anything to change this uniform way of existence. While I ate - also fed the Duchess her breakfast. Then took her for a walk. The weather on this island isn't half bad and can't understand it. Even so far as sun shine today for a few minutes. The good St. Jacob hauled in around 9 am and shining began to roll then. I chased around 11 & yr. all morning, diving into records etc. When the Stars and Stripes came, I cleared all yer a hours and read the news. Rest show time then. When I left in my usual place - I couldn't find my eating tools. Some skiller last night borrowed my silverware and didn't return it. I had a damn good idea who took it. Ralph worked last night and as usual lost his stuff. So

I felt sure he had mine. What a brain he has and how darn thoughtless. I don't mind lending my things but when I want to use em T.S. So- I borrowed Dick's Tools. While at the mess hall - ran into a hawker selling bracelets etc. So- enclosed you'll find another bracelet. Dull - it's made up of English 3 pence and equal to 5¢. I hope you like it. I'd like to send you some thing every week, but not a darn thing to be had at present in rare occasions like this. I always have an eye out - looking for things to send you. I'm getting in a order for our squadron insignia and send it to you. It is the prettiest one of the strong but think you'd like to have one. Don't know how long it will take to catch on to one, but run as it comes - will send it to you. As I said hope you get a kick out of the bracelet. I love you so awful much.

Everything is so damn high on this island. If I had to pay the price in the States for this breakfast as I had to - I'd be nuts. Some one is sure making a hell of a lot of dough out of the Yanks (rebels also) over here. The American army is not to be world record as souvenir happy and everyone knows the G Eyes will pay any price for 'em. That's our mistake. I'm sweating out the balance of the photos Jt. Studebaker took of me. Should have 'em in a couple of weeks. Takes a hell of a long time over here. Americans are also camera fiends and such the hell out of the ~~Army~~ army photo service. We can only have photos developed by the Army and you know the army. Rest of the day - same old damn stuff. Meat loaf for noon chow and damn gen. Tink - something else - oh! yes! for supper. Have mine to Ralph and glad to give it away.

Tonight - the S.2 cage team played and as usual won 52 to 24. No one can touch the Morons. After the game - some of the fellows dashed to the shot and some to the club. I went to the latter place. Watch the ping pong tournie for a few minutes and the 445th was leading when I left. Hodd Barton running most of the scoring in tonight's cage tilt as always. He doesn't give the other kids a chance to take a shot. What a creeple is and no fooling. Chris and St. Jacobi both work tonight - meaning - I have the joint alone again tomorrow. My team works tomorrow night and no doubt will be loads of fun. I guess CQ in a few more nights and will catch up on my letter writting. Think that I'll grab the first show tomorrow night and watch the S.2'ers again whing another team. Peanuts - I love you so awful much and want you bad.

the crew's are creeping in the front office tonight - singing and Padrula picking the mandolin. I can hear those non-two gentle voices down the hall. Sounds as if some one is being murdered in a boiler factory. Darn, it's raining again right now and looks as if I'll have to run to the barracks tonight. Chased the fat with Tommie tonight during the game. I understand the draft board is pretty rugged on the 4F's there days. Here's a little tale that's making the U.K. circuits - a selectee came shuffling up to the induction center with his receding eye days and was classified 4F only because his receding eye days had flat feet. According to the ETO Bible today - many vets will move to other states. Says that the South will experience a large influx migration. Perhaps will get rid of some of those damn carpet bagging yankees now!

Do like for me to remark some of the stuff in the Stars & Stripes? I think you once said yes. A bachelor army man who is now in Congress came up with the idea to send wives of fighting men overseas. Said lots of women with the pioneering spirit would go in order to be with their husbands. Sounds good on paper but not so practicable. I would not want you to suffer a fate more horrible than death - by being stuck on this damn island. Why not send me home so I can replace a WAC for active duty? Darn, I want home so awful much. I want to cast aside the odes and get on the role of a husband. This I can't hardly wait for. I miss you so awful much and I'm wild for the want of you. Golly we've been away from each other so damn long. I've served 16 months of overseas duty and 15 away from you. I need you so awful much!

Darling - two years ago today - found out I passed all my preflight exams and was ready to have off for Germany. Remember how you came out each night to Kelly Field. The time flew by those two short hours each night. Two years ago today - we were old married people of four days. Darn, I want home to you but fast. Sugar wife - I really adore you some thing fierce. You are so sweet and lovely. Thanks again for making me so happy and lucky. Darling I like the song "Kentucky" a helle of a lot. Do you? Darling, you are my conception of perfection. You are lovelier than Venus and as sugar gorgeous. When I come home, I'll cover you eyes with kisses that will blott out this damn black agave in our lives. We'll do nothing but have fun and more fun.

Darling - I want you to place your head upon my shoulder and turn on your charms. You've really got what I want - and Oh! Brother how I want it. Molly, loving you is so exciting and wonderful. I can hear you whisper that you love me. Each night before I fall asleep - I sigh to the surrounding blackness - "Peanuts! Peanuts! I love you!" I wonder if you ever hear my words. How you haunt me night and day - I love the way your black magic has me caught under its spell. I hope with the bracelet enclosed that this letter doesn't weigh too much. I'll slap an extra stamp on it, just in case. I hope you are receiving loads of mail from me each day. I know too well how much a letter counts. Most of the gang are heading towards the barracks and shortly - I'll be doing the same. I'm rather sleepy tonight.

Sure hope it stops raining before I do take off for the beach. I need a shave and will do so before I leave. I'm so blue on a rainy nite like this. It would be so heavenly to lay in bed with you in my arms while we listen to the drumming rain on the roof. If we were in bed together - who in the hell cares if it's raining or not. My whole body cries out from everyone for the least little want of you. I ache all over for your tender caresses and loving. Honey - I do hope Sis is okay now and visit sick any more. Tell her that I will write the night I'm on C.Q. How's that sending me more books, gum drops etc and another glass cigarette case. Broke mine today while scuffling around with Hoddleton. See you in my passionate dreams. God Bless my beautiful creature and look for love.

Your Soldier Husband
Sonny


JANE . . .
WELL, THIS BED IS TOO, TOO TEMPTING FOR A BENIGHTED ENSA STAR, FRITZ!—
I FEEL LIKE GOLDIELOCKS— BUT I SHALL SLEEP IN IT— AND, IF THE THREE BEARS DON'T TURN UP IN THE NIGHT, I'LL BRING THE FRONT-LINE FOLLIES HERE TOMORROW MORNING!...
THIS LOOKS LIKE A BATHROOM!— I SUPPOSE IT'S TOO MUCH TO EXPECT HOT WATER— BUT I'LL HAVE A COLD SLUICE...

Cpl George Canary 15113[illegible]
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 % Post Master
New York, New York.

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Capt. Bragg
Adj. Lt. A.C.

OH! BOY!

Feb. 9th 10
England

My Darling Sweet angel wife!

Peanuts - I'm writing this letter tonight under great difficulties and reach. My team is on and the work came in early and - not much time for writing I'll try my best but don't promise too much. To log it all - I have to give another lecture in the morning before I can go hit the rack. So - I'll be one each dead duck by noon tomorrow. I'll - three lovely letters from you today and two from Mom. So my morale is high again tonight. Gad! how I eat your passionate words of love. I can't seem to get enough mail from you and always want more. Please excuse this letter for I'm writing it under a strain and a threat - that I'll have to jump up at any minute. All I know and can say. I love you so awful much and just adore you.

Last night Chuck and St. Jacobi
worked - then you - I walked alone
around the office all day long. I
had many odd jobs to keep me
more than busy all day long. I
started the day off with the Wheat in
wagon and refueled my meager energy
to a point - of working (Damn - how I
hate that word.) The Duchess gave me a
bad time by messing up the farm and
I chased her around all day long
with broom and shovel. Just a high
class latrine orderly for the damn dog.
We had some thing at mess chow that
you just love - bacon It wasn't too
bad and I'll go so far as to say -
not bad at all. During the late afternoon
feeling of hunger ~~pang~~ shot through my weak
body - so I warmed up a can of rations
you sent me. Damn shame it with me and
glad to report - it was very enjoyable.
I never cared much for rations before
but anything goes at this stage.

I have my body placed in the post office so I can answer the call to work whenever it is suddenly thrust upon me. My ears feel as if - some one will round off in a very few seconds in less. Sherman was more than right! The pastimes of men are not for me. I'm just a civilian at heart - and a passionate husband who wants out. Darling - I could write a book on how much I miss you and still not convey to you - the painful stabs of loneliness that shafted my heart like a sword of fire. I bleed inside for the want of you and that creeping inner man - lustily yells for the denial of your love. Being forced away from you in this manner is utter madness. Both of us know this only too well. The S.2 Cagers have another game tonight and even though Ed. will be among the missing - S.2 will win again. Ed. is on C.Q.

Speaking of such destiny - a gale seaman orderly is a dangerous and CO is a few bang. Have to lean into the war effort you know! Damn - here it comes - the first call to scream into work. I hope I can sling away some time during the night and write more to this. Looks as if I'll be down here all night long, but - I shall try my best. Peanuts - if you could only fully understand how awful much I want you and your love making. I'm wild with the need of your caresses and kisses. When this damn war ever end? Now I'll try for the $64 question. I hear those noisy to gentle voices yelling and I must really tear away. All I can think, dream and want - you. Beautiful wife - you are so super wonderful and such a lovely hunk of a woman. To think - all of you belong rightly to me. I wasn't at what belongs to me but quick life. Damn, this war!

Phew! and I do mean phew! Just knocked off from the inertial back breaking labor to grasped a breath of fresh air. We are working like mad men tonight and not spurring the horses. We are the horses - anywhere. I can feel a good case of a dead feeling coming on in a little while. No doubt when I finally do hit the gold - will slump into a comma or something like that. Tomorrow night - Marvin and I have to turn out another edition of the Journal announcing the many other things I'd like to do. Being in the army and having some nights pass - you'd think I'd have plenty of time to do as I want. That's a laugh! thank God! the end of this is in sight and very soon - GI Joe and his millions of buddies - will go marching home. What a delightful, wonderful feeling it will be, slipping off the gang plank onto real live U.S. soil - I want home but quick.

Abe did his best but failed to see all the slaves - damn it! Tomorrow - we have something very new in the way of movies - "In Old Chicago". Dates about 8 years ago. This is the army and England - how well I know. Ralph is holding down the role of CQ tonight and is jitterbugging away on letters. By the way - S.I. won again and another Team knocked out for the cup. Peanuts - I hope the package I sent you last night is in your hands or should I say - on your arm right now. Let me know if you get a bang out of it etc. Dam. damn it, I have to go again. A guy can't even pulpit his nightly letters any more. If I had my way - you know what the story would be. I'd have to reach out with the eye lids people long but now for my peepers want to close down for the night. One touch of you - and I'd be ready, willing and able - not too much - but to make with the latest passionate love. How's that you? I'll - I'm so crazy for the vision of you!

Darling - my ink is rather bad and please send more. I hate the Sunny ink. Please send more of this stationary for it's so easy to write on. With the best in writing materials one can turn out a much better letter. Mom said she read a few pages of "Forever Amber" and just it down in disgusted. Now - I know I must read this book. Please, please send it to me at once. You know how I like good books! When you write about cooking - my mouth waters something awful, but when you write about love - Oh! Brother! I laughed like hell about Fillmore being altogether reduced by a GI. To my way of thinking - it was the other way around. Poor guy! Doll - you are so sweet for sewing things for me home. I appreciate and feel so good when I know you are making plans. Gosh! I love you so awful much! Peanuts - we do have a lot of roast beef - but I like it. Don't worry - anything prepared by your cute hands I'll eat.

Soon as I have some time - I will send my collection of books to you. I'll try to mail 'em in the next day or so. I wonder where you all will have to move. Maybe it is best you do get away from that street. I don't think anyone will buy the place for lots more any time. That old bitch has got it up for sale. Perhaps she thinks your Dad will buy it instead of moving. Dole. Don't even say your letters are boring for I enjoy 'em from day to day. You write such cute ones. Guess I'll have to cut this one off long about here and I hate to. I want to crush your charms to my chest and bite your dainty little girl ears. My hands will rove over your body like hot hunks of flame. You can't hide anything from me - so off with the duds. (Duval) I'll skip into a more of a live letter tomorrow night. God Bless my lovely wife and loads of super love.

Your Soldier Husband
Jimmy

Cpl. George Canary 15132442
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 % Post Master
New York, New York.

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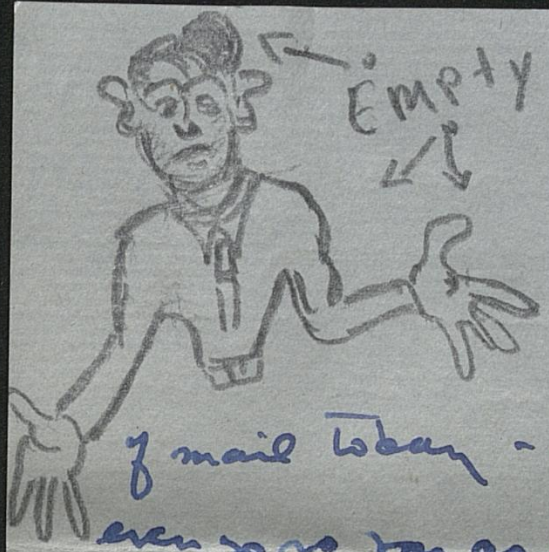

Sunday Feb 11th
England

My Darling Angel Wife!
Nothing in the way of mail today - no love, no nothing. I'd even go so far as to say - no news! - but - the last two nights I've been using the wrong date on my letters. I'm a day behind twice - says here. Just goes to show how interest my life is in the ETO when one doesn't even know the date. "What difference does a day make" - long as it's a letter each day. Last night my team and I worked all night. What a lovely way to go nuts! The whing crawled over our heads all night long and it was a rough time. To top it all - I had to stay up this morning and give my talented assistance to a lecture. I don't know how in the hell I did it but I was dead - not on my feet. I muggue through instinct of so many previous lectures - I carried on.

My whole body cried out for the want of sleep but I rebuked said urge. Somehow - I drove it. Crawling back to the office - I pulled myself up to the sink and shaved. By this time - noon chow was in full swing. Deadened lumps of aching flesh - I trudged to the mess hall. Roast beef headed the menu. From the mess hall - I attended Mass. Like a sleepwalker - I groped my way to the barracks and found my lonely rack. After that my mind is a blank. All signs of sleep vanished from my eyes - cannot say the thought-less noise of the barracks inmates. I trudged back to the mess hall and ate another tasteless meal. This morning we had fresh - green, corroded fried eggs. All ten fruit that we latch onto - have withers. No doubt they are the progeny cold storage type. Also leather serves as bacon and about as good. After supper - dashed for a fresh one at the club - good not drink - damn it.

Right now - I feel as if sleep is something unknown to my body. I'm going to pound the pillow before much longer. I pull room orderly in the morning. St. Jacobi suggested that I take tomorrow afternoon off in reward for working this morning under the grueling conditions that I did. Big hearted don't you think? I'd like to sleep until noon tomorrow but the room orderly during call. Oh! Unhappy Day! Damnit - I want home but fast. As Dad says - "I have a lot of home work to catch up on". How true, how true. Marvin, Don, Chris and Ralph are here in - and I can't hear my self think. I'd like to throw out a couple of jugs. Just received the good word - late mail came in tonight. No doubt the mail men won't sort said stuff until tomorrow. Anyway - the mail room is closed at this time. Damn - this damn noise! Why in the hell don't they shut up a least. Gosh - I love you so much.

I take Sundays anymore. They remind me of the all being for me me to have together. Peanuts - I miss you so awful much and want you more than you know. Now the crews are pulling card tricks. I serve with the well paid crews until go to the Kunacho. I have a good idea to tell em where to go. Still telling - telling em on the way. I'm getting down mad now - and just take a old man to shut up. Some times I get down grevoted at paid "job job eater". I have to hang on or else I'd take a joke at him. You know how mad I can get at Jesus some times. Marvin is a good time and a nice kid. - at times but so damn boring with his corny line of chatter. Peanuts - all I know - I love you so much and want you more than the law allows. Darling - we are old married people of two years and one week. I love you a hundred times more now than two years ago.

the other night I found a interesting book in the Aero club that I want to read some time - "AP The Story of the News". I have so many books and things to read and never can get around to it. We'll have so much fun reading - doing everything together. Oh! How! I wish I were down South with my lovely Belle. Darling, little Rebel - I love you with the gusto of a fiend and want you like a mad man. Darling, Darling, I need you so awful much and miss you something awful. I could sit in my right and left arm more. You are my whole life and my very reason for living Dan - I feel myself slipping into a blue mood - best I get on to something and write plenty into the depths of such a mood. Now that my office is cleared of the rabble, I can't think because of being so sleepy. Honey - is it ~~[illegible]~~ Norman

turning into a gigolo or a good imitation of a young wolf? I wont even know the kid when I return from the wars. I'd like to see this child Nancy he is growing the big thrill. I wonder who he takes after, with all this girl crazy stuff? I wonder???? Remember how you chased me — oh yes! Seems like I chased you until you caught me. Anyway — it was fun but only the warm up to things to come. I regret. Yet you are amply supplied with love energy and strength. You are in store for a lot of man handling and I'm not just kidding. As the old army saying goes — "Bend down, I want to talk to you." Peanuts — how is your grand father? I suppose he is okay for you haven't mentioned anything to the contrary. Darling — all the boys here are happy again because of the latest miracle supply of Tempstugs. I have them posted on the board and a sign on the door. Hope for more tomorrow.

Each night I enjoy somewhat of a pleasure going to the Aero club. I have fun sizzing up the many odd characters there is. People are more entertaining than anything else always is the army. One has to stand in line for a snack. The line goes on through many of the tables in the club and one can catch onto a close up of the characters. Sometimes I wonder how can there be so many people in the world and yet all are different looking. People are strange creatures. Remember how much fun we had - discussing the various odd creeps at dances etc. Bad - what nuts we are - and it's fun. Each night in the Aero club - more and more gang have their gals with 'em. Where they come from beats the hell out of me. I suppose they come from town even if it's a little way from here. After being over here for more than a year

lots of the fellows have steady girls. Every once in awhile - some one on the base gets married. Rather phew probish to many a English girl for you really don't know 'em. Jimmy just came in and gave the Duchess a caramel. You should see her trying to chew it. We laughed and laughed until tears came into our ~~eyes~~ eyes. What a dam dumb dog she is. I wish the gang wouldn't give her candy for it will give her worms. Oh Well! Chris will have to take care of her and of course - that also means me. St. Jacobs is rather fond of the mutt but doesn't even get her. We are trying to teach her to beg also officers - Haha! More dem fun and stuff. Don is now receiving a letter from one of his ardent fans - female of course. What a sexy letter this gal a gypsie writes. She must be some thing tells Don about how the girls talk about drinking it etc.

what a line of stuff she has. Aggie tells Dan all he gets wows the college girls have - mainly on ref. to top it all - she is a ~~[illegible]~~ preacher's daughter. Please excuse the horrible scratching out of words. I warned you that I was sleepy - so there too. I just can't get my thoughts chronologically on paper. Peanuts - of course you say my letters are super etc but I think they stink. I suppose if I took time and wrote shorter ones - I could improve em up. But I know you like the long ones even though my mind goes off in a tangent at times. Peanuts we'll go to all the big games as you said. Not ball, basket ball etc. I'm glad you are sports minded and take an interest in said sports. Explain more about this gang by style of wearing your hair. I'm not keep to the hair styles you know. No Stan and Stringer on Sunday not can't

write anything but weird rang. Have you read anything pertaining to sending service men's wives overseas? I think something is crossing along those lines and I'll bet you gorbd. Sounds too good to be true. Would you come over here if it's possible? Kind-of-rough compared to the U.S. way of life. I think all this talk is here rang and nothing will become of it. Any way - so uncle Sam good. Repeat flame efficiency the rang scratching out of uncle. I'm ashamed to chatter up a letter like that but I'm so damn lonight. Beautiful wife - I want you so awful much! Pray real hard that this damn war will end but quick. Well, you are so wonderful and I want some of wonderful you right now. Hug you chin up and don't worry about me. God Bless my heavenly creature and loads of passionate love.

Your Soldier Husband
Sonny

Cpl George Canary 15113242
701 Signal Corps 445 Bomb Group (H)
APO 558 % Post Master
New York, New York

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4601 W Jefferson St.
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U.S.A.

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U.S. EXAMINER
(air mail)

Mail today

Monday Feb 12
England

My Darling angel wife!

Good evening and what a lovely evening it is. Sweet essence of mail today and I'm happy as a lark. Seven (count em) 7 delicious letters from you, two from Mom and a card from Aunt Sis. I hope this mail continues as it has past few days. My pen glides across the paper much easier if I have your words of love under my mental belt. Darling wife, I love you more than even the wise men can understand. I hope you are kept busy reading my mail each day.

I didn't quite run a day this morning after all for Ken wanted to do it himself. It was really my turn and switched with him a week or so ago. But who am I to argue! St. Jacobs granted me the day off - so I slept reached up until noon. I woke several times and inhaled a pipe at each awakening

Ed. Gallatte and I climbed out about the same time. Today being Monday we had to tear up our bunks in order to air 'em out. It's always a unwelcomed task to put it back together late at night. Ed. and I ate noon chow and shot the breeze for awhile. We discussed the old days when the Group was a young outfit not fully grown. I use to know all the characters in the Group but those were the days when we were just forming. Anyway - I floated over to the office to see what goes. As usual - not a damn thing so I sat at my desk, ignoring the piles of work upon it and read until Dick fetched up our mail. Then of course - I ardently read your words of love. Somehow - the word got around but said arrival of new Terry things and one by one, the boards filed in to read the latest prose by Milton Caniff. I'm thinking about changing to read Terry and could easily clean up.

Rest of the afternoon - I fooled around such as - reading and a chore job. Well, we have a new Squadron C.O. - Captain A.C. Tracey. Lt. Colonel Kriedler moved up to a higher position. So far - Capt. Tracey has proven to be a damn good commanding officer and a firm believer in military courtesy. We are kept on the ball and have to make a salute to all officers. If we stray into the orderly room, caps must be removed as if in church. I agree pertinently in military courtesies and a guy takes pride in his outfit if it's on the ball. Some really fail to have pride in their outfit like the old days and it is wrong. A fellow should boast about his Squadron and have a real military pride in it. Myself - I like militaryness for I had rather stuff hammered into me the hard way in the cadets. A guy with bars on should rate a salute and in

my bros - the fly boys even more so. Something nice about throwing a snappy salute and seeing it returned in the same manner. Don't think I love the army or have found a home in it but a soldier should act like one at all times. Again - the cadets taught me much. It was rather a let down from the strapped up mil. tary face of the cadets to the GI ranks. I don't like to carry a rifle with but I did give anything to wear that cadet uniform again. In those days - I really felt sharp within a chest filled cadet's uniform. How in the hell did I get on this subject. I guess the old flying urge comes to the surface even so often. Damit - how I wish I were a fly boy. I know it's a tough racket and the glamour is only skin thick but - that stuff creeps into your blood and you've got it.

Sometimes I feel like a square peg in a round hole. If I ever have the chance to serve over back into the cadets watch my smoke. Thought I would go to the first show tonight but couldn't get in. The show times are a bit confusing. We hit the chow line at 5 pm and the movie starts at 6 pm. Every one does then dance to be first in chow - then free - the line is so damn long that it takes a hell of a long time to sweat it out. I came back to the office and whipped up the Journal. Not wanting to waste time - I did not go to the 2nd show. I can catch the movie tomorrow night. By the way - I pull CQ tomorrow night and will catch up on my reading etc. around 8 pm - I hate to write the Journal and walked to the Aero club alone.

In the way of entertainment - the Aero club presented two English girls making with the long hair music. One played the bass violin and the other played the violin. Both girls were rather nice looking and at a glance one could tell they are of the high class of lineage. I hung around for a few minutes - listening to the moody music. Sometimes I go for the long hair stuff. Tonight the Big Reds supposedly had another off base game in town in the Red Cross gym. Just received the report that game was called off for the other team failed to show up. Red Peters said Hedderton had one each drunken conductor on. Don was in the mess hall eating mid night chow. Pete stated that Don heard his crothies coming back in the bunks. Seems as if they stopped at a pub before coming back. They wanted me to go but I refused. Many other times I wanted to go but was told no room.

Sept day found there was rum. So now - I wann the Reds from our jager and refuse to give 'em one line. You can fool around with the guys so long - that's all. The S.O.'ers on the base team want some sort of write up but I tell 'em TS. Peanuts - I love you so awful much and want you more than the law allows. Darling - did you know Cole Porter's song - "Don't Fence me in" was written back in 1934 for Warnes who hid it away in the files. Jimmy Durante has already dedicated it to Eleanor Roosevelt. I said earlier - Durante is reading for the ETO pretty rum. He is Together with the soldiers. The AFN has Durante on two or three times a week. Also appears on "Mail Call" and "Command Performance" more than any other star. Soldiers are - getting rather rich of claire Luce cluttering up the place. She is trying to out do Eleanor so it seems. according to the Stars & Stripes - a lot

of U.S.O. shows are flops with the soldiers. In fact - some are so damn bad - the GIs walk out. 60% of the U.S.O. talent is earning more money here than they could in their rotten burlesque houses which are their usual stands at home. The U.S.O. have many small shows in the ETO. I've seen a hell-of-a lot of 'em and only a few half way decent ones. Course the big time ones with Bing Crosby etc are strictly swing but even some of them are rotten. Ella Logan on a tour said - "If God was good enough to give us talents as entertainers the least we can do is use those talents in time of trouble. Some of the U.S.O. personnel complain about the poor conditions - such as, no hot water, lights etc - what do they want shock? Men fighting men have to put up with those conditions so why in the hell can't they do it for a little while? Pee on 'em!

Peanuts - it is very comforting to know you are receiving my mail and your morale is rather high because of such. I told Jim at how mad you were because they locked Sgt Gray up. It's SOP to take away a guy's rank when he serves time in the guard house. I am rough deal but guess he asked for it. Dell - in one letter you tell me not to go to London and in the next you tell me to do so. I'm not so keen to the idea of going to town and I have to force myself into going. I hate the lining, training etc. But this month, I'm definitely going for sure. Don, Marvin and I are going the 22nd and 24th. Tommie Thompson is also going along with us. Should prove to be a rather gay time with plenty of drinking. Said affair between Norman and Nancy is getting down serious. Don't those little guards think they are hot stuff. They are the BTOs now that all of us are away. But just wait till we return home. Those bits will be shoved aside rough like.

Aug. Glad you received a long out of the city card & whipped up. Proves you're not dead and the gardens are ready for the washing. You can easily picture how I acted while drawing said drool stuff. Used up three towels and a rug. Damn-this damn war! Honey, I'm not surprised when you relate that our funds are not as high as they should be. I know you too well and how you have taken y fingers with the loving green. I don't mind-Honey-I'm glad you have fun and don't care how much dough you spend. Try to latch onto a little bit for things will be rather rough when the end of this war. In a couple of years-there'll be a boom, but Oh! Brother! All I know-I want home but quick so I can make piles of money to lavish upon you. Don't worry about it for I'm not. You are my perfect and anything you do is thistly fine with me. If I could only scream home to you but quick pray that I can very soon.

Doll - about what you said getting rendering something to St. Jacobi - I feel sure the young man didn't think it strange if you did send him something. Every one knows I don't go in for that known morning stuff. I could of worked up plenty of deals if I had wanted to use such a low methods. You know me! So if you so want to send him something don't worry about that. It is very thoughtful and sweet for you to worry over such a little thing as this. I have such a wonderful wife! I bet you be in after me to write to his girl and I will do so tomorrow night while I'm on C.P. Tell that creepy brother of yours that I'm going to punch him in the nose because of his sipping act on us. I'll murder the bum with a G1 one-two punch. Ask him - when is the wedding. Also tell him - Nancy feels sorry for him and that's why she goes out with the thing. Also - ask - did he get the number of the truck that ran over his face. He's a creep with ears and a jerk.

Lovely creature - this letter is not so much of the love stuff - mainly news and such. I'll write a love letter tomorrow night. No need for me to go in to details of how much I love you, for that you know. Kid - you've heard of Jack the ripper? your husband will be known in bedroom circles as Georgy the ripper of clothing. Best you no buying your clothing with zippers in the. I drool at the thoughts of how I will leave you with pinch in glee and like a set mad man. All this and more too. "Drool stuff" yours I will pull a lucky lamp about two and shuffle on down to the rack house rendezvous - namely - dream land with you. I dream of you nightly but never relate said dreams in my letters. The censor would go nuts if I did besides me too. God Bless my sugar hunk of a woman and lord of cave man love.

Your Soldier Husband
Sonny


JANE . . .
The next morning....
The Front Line Follies wake up —
in their various billets —
mysterious
still appear

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