

Cpl George W. Canany 15113242  
701 Synanon 445 Bomb Group (4)  
APO 558 70 Post Master  
New York, New York

U.S. ARMY  
61  
MAR 14  
1945  
POSTAL SERVICE



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

PASSED BY  
*E. W. [Signature]*  
(air mail)

1

"NO mail  
Shuffle!"



Sat. March 10th  
England.

My Darling Angel Wife!

Today - I rumbled  
up to the mail room windows and out stretched  
empty hands. The mail clerk... foul looking  
face leered at me and with a toothless grin - he  
laughed - "Nothing today". How I detest that character -  
the way he takes great delight in sitting there in  
his car and say - no mail. Enough to drive a  
man insane. I hope each day that he will be  
death from giving out so much mail. He just  
sits there - getting broad across the beam - being  
after dark. Has more than ever - I'm wild  
hungry for the want of mail. The flood makes  
me want to know how you are, where you are and  
all the answers to my anxious questions.

With I did it have to bitch about the slow  
mail each day - but here it is. I love you so  
awful much - much more than it is possible.

My whole body aches for the want of your sugar  
love making eyes - I need seeing but God and  
that, only be beginning. Here it is another damn,  
dull, boring Saturday - the end of another  
week of nothing and I can look forward to the  
same. Nothing - nothing is it much for I  
assure you. Well - enough about my woes -  
as with the meager news of today's activities.  
Today - I worked in PRO all day long - bringing  
out more news to the public. I wonder just  
about how many read my words? Most of the

stuff goes to home town news papers of the  
man or men in question. Some go into  
national release. Any way - it's some what a bit  
of fun - not to mention work. Right now - I'm  
very sleepy but will write on until I finish.

at noon - I shot the bull with Tommie  
 about an hour long. I don't think  
 much in gunning things and care  
 not for the bull's reasons. He is the type of  
 dumb, dense character that takes things as  
 they come. Tommie and I plan to save prey of  
 this kind justifying accompanying presence.  
 He let go his way - and we let do the same.  
 I guess each time I think of this dull creep.  
 He stands close to the ground and has close  
 clipped hair with a hell dog face to match.  
 Silly boy thinks he is a killer with the weaker  
 set. ya - any girl who goes out with him  
 must really be weak, hard up etc. Anyway -  
 he is hanging along as last time. Ralph  
 goes on KIP in a few days and will take  
 his leave some time in the early part of  
 next month. He too plans a return to  
 Aberdeen. I've had it said much about the girl  
 who gave him the old crown my guy dy  
 getting married. I noticed some sort of  
 bitterness in his eyes. Well - it's none of my  
 affair but I'm interested anyway. I'd like to  
 see what his hood has. No doubt he has a  
 lot of it on the - I've would it have given  
 to a second glance. Behind his back we call  
 this girl - Gravel Creek. In fact any ugly  
 female what so ever - we call that. Some of  
 the English girls even look like Gravel  
 Creek. Anyway - to hear in talk - you'd think they  
 had a mouth full of gravel. She is rather  
 most of the English girls can stop a clock with  
 a face they have. Some guys will go out  
 with any thing. For weakness!

Today. St. Perkins gave me another bunch  
 of P.M. and I have to take time out to  
 read my favorite newspaper tomorrow.  
 Darling. when I come home. we'll fill our  
 book case and magazine rack with lots of  
 reading material. Some books are like friends,  
 or even closer. One can gain vast knowledge  
 through the power of having a taste for reading.  
 I pity anyone who can't enjoy a good session  
 with a book. I love you so awfully much!

Darling. I have another new character to  
 add to my collection of creepy docters. He's not  
 new to me but don't think I've ever mentioned  
 Doc Faller to you before. Doc is a medic and of  
 course under is the bare hospital. In some  
 reason or other - Doc likes the S.2 gang and  
 does his best to hang around with us. I've  
 known Doc for a long time - dating back to  
 the Windsor days. If you are looking for a  
 laughable character - he really takes the cake.  
 He's from Iowa and a farmer at heart. Everything  
 he says makes me chuckle all over. No kidding,  
 he's a real can and doesn't even have to put on.  
 He thinks so much of the S.2's, that he takes all  
 bets when we play basketball and has won a  
 good size chunk of dough on us. Tonight - he  
 met us in the club after the movie and came  
 back to the office with us. He and Ralph went to  
 Aberdeen together last fall. Doc is about the  
 only intruder who hangs around with us. Of  
 course - we have friends other than the S.2  
 lads - for instance - my close and one of my  
 best friends I've met in the army - Tommie.  
 Tommie can't come to the office for he has to

stay rather close to Special Services all of the time. So - I go and see him instead.

By the way - movie for tonight - "See Here Private Hardgrave". It was rather good but the name old thing we are use to - the army. But - to that. Old Joe wants Ralph to go with him to Abu Deen again next month and wants me to hold off my leave until then. Even if I wanted to go with them - I couldn't do it for Ralph and I can't take per leave at the same time for we are in the same squadron. Besides - I'd much rather go with Tommie and he has already made arrangements. I turned in my per leave request this afternoon. Also signed the pay roll for this month's long leave. I'll come back from per leave right on pay day and my supply of long leave will be refilled. It came out the other day - we can have a three day pass every three weeks if we don't take a 24 etc during the 3 week period. As we are allowed two 48 hour passes a month or four 24 hours. I'd much rather take a 3 day pass each month. Tommie and I have no vote to take nothing but 3 day passes hence forth. As die said - Brother Thompson seems to think your husband is a great guy. It's okay for I feel the same about him. Today - I kicked Tom out of the rack at noon and he wants me to do the same tomorrow. He likes to get up for noon chow each day and eat with me. It's a bit of trouble to walk way over to his barracks and then back to the mess hall but I do it for his another one of my friends. You know how I am about my buddies.

Passionate wife - I love love you an awful  
 lot. Much more than you can ever  
 realize. Dam - this lousy mail system!  
 I'm in the red neck of morale building letters  
 from you and a package. Long we due for a  
package from you. Perhaps - tomorrow will be my  
 lucky day. Who knows? I sure is do hell don't!  
 Today my rent an shirt came back from the  
 laundry and the old livery woman did a dam  
 good job on it. I'm getting my things ready for  
 the package. Honey - if I don't receive an  
 answer to my pants' wires before I leave - I'll  
 have Ralph to open 'em when they do arrive and  
resend the messages to me. Saw you about the  
 deal through the Red Cross. I want to know how

you are am as possible and the full extent  
 of the flood. No thing new in the flood today and I  
 hope it's about over. Darling - I think - if you did  
 have to retreat before the water or drought - that you  
 didn't write me because of the fear of worrying me.  
 I do hope you didn't do that. Surely - you know  
 how the Star & Stripes gives us the U.S.A. news  
 each day. You can't picture how worried I am  
 about sweet little you. I wonder where you are and  
 what you are doing. I wonder if all the lovely  
 things you bought for our apt are ruined or not.  
 I wonder how damn high the water did rise to.

Please answer all of these questions soon as possible.  
 I love you so much that it really hurts. Honey -

you are so wonderful and such a slick chick.  
 Woman - you certainly have this guy  
 crazy about you's why - I want you loving more  
 than the law allows. Peanuts, Peanuts - I need  
 you so awful much! Dam, Dam this war!

Darling - do Duchers grow more each day and romps all over the place. Just a little dog proves how great our country is w/ the men. We all love this single little beast and show we are not cruel beast ourselves like some soldiers easily become. Some men become harder in the army and strangers to the old way of running life. Yes - each of us like this ugly old mutt for there is some thing we can unlearn some of our emotions on. You have no idea how it feels to be walked up in this a army. Seeing the same old faces each day is rickening. I guess in plain words we are in women. Yes - that's it - were rich of living among men all of the time. Darling I need not say how much I miss you - this you know. This little dog helps us in a way. Bringing a few laughs into our drab boring day. You'd like do Duchers very much. What she but the friendly halls of 5-2 could young keep a dog around. The officers play with her much as we do. If she trots into the Major's office - it's oh my and he gets her. Some of the brass come in several times a day to take her for a stroll. Being a woman - I guess do Duchers is very flattered by all of this attention. St. Jacobs' teacher she tell me about how crazy he is about the mutt. I suppose some people would think it strange to write so much about a common dog but you understand. Darling - you're the only one who does understand me and I'm glad. I know you want to hear about every little new thing mean less detail of my life over here - that is if you can call it a life.

Some times I wonder if you catch my moods  
 ● reflected in my letters. I know at times - my  
 scrawling is crazy as can be and doesn't  
 make much sense. Darling - each morning - we  
 all troop over to the alert room after that morning  
 cup of coffee. I do it not for a java or for  
 java - just because it's something different,  
 something to look forward to each morning. We  
 gather around, dragging in fang - shooting the  
 hell over hot cups of real American java. Some  
 times we thrash out the same subject over and  
 over again. We try not to run out of stuff to talk  
 about. One thing I like about Tommie - he likes to  
 discuss books etc as I do. I am this way! I. He  
 do you know how much I want you and miss

● you. I say this over many times - and I mean  
 it more each time. Seems like a long time  
 since I last tasted your lips. Too damn long!  
 I can't wait until we can really kiss anew  
 in each other's arms. It's very easy to see why  
 I'm so worried about this flood - because I love  
 you so awful much. Darling - scatter brains - I  
 miss you so awful much. Please haunt me day  
 and night. When I come home - hang onto me  
 closer than my skin. I do need your help to cast  
 aside this last two years of nothing. Lonely  
 creature - I need you much more than you realize.  
 I didn't know I could miss you so much. This  
 war has taught us one thing - how much we

● mean to each other and how utterly help-  
 less we are apart. Very soon - all of this will be in  
 the ugly past - but now is hell weathering it out.  
 The inner man bleeds from the painful wounds  
 of wanting you so awful much. I want home!



Looks as if I have another long, hard day  
 ahead tomorrow as usual. I live from  
 one letter to another and it's hell to go two  
 or three days without your words of love. I do  
 you know how I depend on your letters to keep  
 me fixed up with the strength to carry on.  
 Honey, the very thought of a flood threatening you  
 sends chills up and down my spine. No one knows  
 the mental tortures I have suffered these past few  
 days. Perhaps the Stars and Stripes will have  
 better news tomorrow - I sure hope so. I am -  
 that's right - the S & S is not quieted on Sundays  
 and I'll have to wait until Monday. Perhaps  
 I'll hear from you in the meantime. Tomorrow  
 at Mass - I'll pray extra special hard for you.  
 I hope all my prayers worrying is  
 not less and the flood is it as high as  
 I think. My Darling when I come home, I'll  
 tell you again and again how much I love you.  
 Not only by words - but by passionate actions.  
 Heavenly Creatures - my whole manly body  
 craves out for the want of your touch. I'm not a  
 rugged man, just a weak human being who needs  
 his wife so awful much. Aun' boy is just coming.  
 The day when love, happiness and fun will  
 run wild around the world again. Soon as we  
 finish my this strike on job of war fare. Aun' boy  
 are really joining great now. Just hang in a  
 little while longer - then I'll be there, yet - I'm  
 even here with you now. I'm in your heart - your  
 blood, body and soul. I'm completely and  
 forever yours. God Bless my Darling mate  
 and loads of passionate love.



your Soldierhusband  
 Sammy

Cpl George Canany 15113242  
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (M)  
APO 558 70 Post Master  
New York, New York



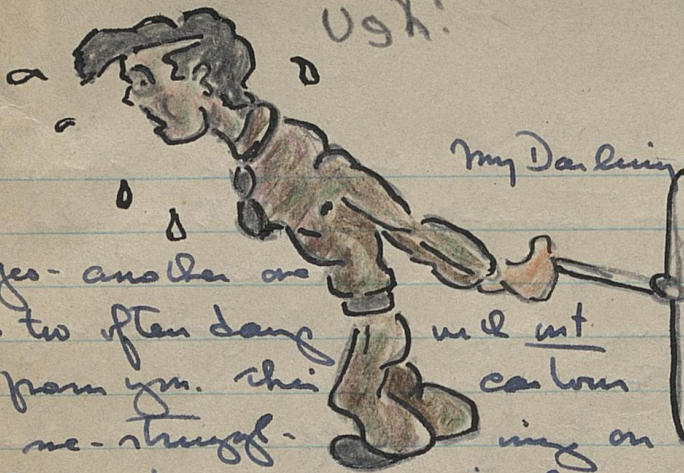
Mrs. George W. Canany Jr.  
4601 W Jefferson St.  
Louisville 12, Ky  
U.S.A.

PASSED BY  
U 20027  
1st Embarras  
(air mail)

2

Sunday Mar. 11<sup>th</sup> 2  
England

Ugh!



My Darling Angel wife!

Wt - 1,000,000

No Mail

Mortal loss  
Burden

yes - another one  
of those too often dang  
mail from you. This  
shows me - struggle -

will not  
carry on

under the burden of no miracle and a lost me,  
worried mind. How much longer must my  
aching back - bend and pull this heavy morale  
burden of no mail? This inner struggle is too  
much - I need your mail if I can't have you. All  
news from you is blanketed out and I'm really  
wrestling with the flood news. I can't hang together  
much longer, going around in this mental  
fog. Is there no end to this? How much hellish

torture can the human body endure? Slowly -

I'm beginning to pick out. My flesh quivers  
at the thought of another mail less day. What  
manner of existence is this? My deflated morale  
is in a very bad condition. Perhaps - tomorrow -  
like a drowning man I grasp at a straw. Darling -  
you can't realize how keenly mail less rends, pierces  
bars of pain into the depths of my hollow chest.

Enough about how I feel! Tonight - I have the  
extreme pleasure of looking forward to another  
all night session of labor. So - you may expect  
another strange letter again - caused by the  
juggling me and down, the cutting of my  
chain of thoughts etc. I'll write as much as I

can and when I can. Darling - I love you so  
awful much. Much more than you fully realize.  
S. He me - my whole body aches for the dainty  
touch of your caresses, your smiling lips - just  
the nearest of you. My Darling, Darling, I love you so!

Well, pay my hide! Sady each nat night on my shoulder again tonight and I took the long on a one way ride to de cleaners. There cuber rolled out my wing and I jist got my more long green. Some of de fellows had a small hang game going in de front office and thought I'd join in. They were shooting shillings a throw with side bets. The game withed down to three of us and we started with 10 shillings a game. Your husband shoot those bones and won 5 pounds de hard way. Five pounds - or 20 dollars. That makes 11 pounds I've won in de last few days. I'd pass those cuber and shout "Peanuts - need a new coat". The long read 'em and went. I'm not going to give my each too much and buy ahead of de pounds. I have more than can get supply of letters for my leave now. The remains of my ride - I will send you around de middle of next month. Yes, sir! Each breathed on those dice for me tonight. No doubt if we had played for big money - I'd lost de my pants. Red said after de game - if it cost 5¢ to go around de wheel - he wouldn't have enough to get out of night. Well - may be he did it ray those exact words but same difference. Honey child - as we Southerners drawl - you are shore some thing - mighty sweet and lovely. You are de best looking gal in de whole South not to mention all de States, even further - de whole world. None can compare with my wonderful wife. That, why I latched on to you. You have this creepy wild for de want of your dising and lovin'. I am this way. I want none but quick like a rabbit!

On my books - and I have a large selection  
 of books in my mental file - I find another  
 good reason why brother Thompson notes  
 high in the who's who chapter of ardent character.  
 Tommie is a staunch, fine gentleman of the  
 solid old South. I use the term freely for he  
 comes from that strange state called Texas.  
 Anyway - he's a rebel and that counts. We  
 greet each other with the chilling Rebel yell  
 of old. Some people no doubt think we are  
 mad men but who in the hell is it. Besides -  
 sometimes it helps to be half nuts. Some  
 people miss half the fun of living. I'm so damn  
 glad we're so nutty when we are together. You  
 and I really click but good. I repeat - gal - I

love you so awfully much with such fiery  
 passions. You'll be very surprised at the  
 fiery lust that beats under this chest of mine.  
 I hope you are afraid a frighten by the  
 aggression of my love making when I come  
 home. Darling - I promise that I will sweep  
 you off your feet with passionate - wild man,  
 super love making. In fact - our love making  
 will be so fiery that you'll be heat less - not to  
 mention faint (i.e) less - if you know what I  
 mean and I think you do. (Crisol!) Our out and  
 out affection will be the talk of the town. The  
 casing in glances I throw at you will be a  
 dead give away of how much I love you. I'm

going to be with you so much that all I  
 have to do - flick an eye brow - and you're  
 ready for love. Doubt if I even have to do that.  
 Work - we'll have more damn enjoy able,  
 passionate fun. Just you wait and see.

Well - on with the news of the day - what  
 very little news is of it. St. Jacobi and  
 Chris worked last night and of course no  
~~troubled~~ descent in the night all day long.  
 I don't bet between my own office and P.R.O.  
 Each day I enjoy writing more and more.  
 This is the sort of thing I feel I do best  
 and really like. It's a lot of fun to interview  
 characters for stories. Honey - it's very funny  
 how so many people are publicity crazy.  
 Some jump to give anything to get their name  
 in print. If I have the chance to throw a  
 little line light on my very close friends - that  
 I will do. From time to time - the public  
 wants human interest stuff and angles -  
 such as, little Johnny what-you-call-un  
 does such and such etc. Hence forth - you  
 can call me, G. George, "Pete" "Pyle" (am up)  
 Canary. No kidding - at long last - for the  
 first time since I was washed out - I'm doing  
 something I like. I have a damn good chance  
 to gain exposure and some sort of a  
 name. When ever the big time correspondents  
 come around - watch how I push your button.  
 You know how I refrain from hawking morning  
 but at times - if you are looking out at the  
 future - one has to do it. I do like it very  
 much but my future as a hard writer is at  
 stake. God - how I love my wife! I told Tom  
 my at noon today and bestowed upon  
 him my share of GI chicken. Now I know  
 why there is a rubber shortage. Cold storage  
 chicken is not for me. Hope this goes  
 re-answering is readable. Trying to write much as

I can and in a hurry. To my great dismay  
 and surprise - the Duchess is even dumber  
 than I thought. She actually eats powdered  
 eggs - the dumb bitch. I brought some of the  
 detestable stuff back from midnite chow  
 a few minutes ago - and she ate it. That's  
 more than I can do. You must realize she  
 is English - although we made out her first  
 C. Tuzin yager last week. We also made up a  
 net of "man" tags for her. You know - we wear  
 dog tags - no it's just about even. Some of the  
 noted livers are already making plans for  
 the Duchess future in the way of love life. Of  
 course we can't let her date just any old  
 dog. Strictly nothing but the best for her.

She is a bit young yet and hasn't learned  
 to quince etc but give her time. See what I  
 mean about being crazy. Sue helps to do  
 away with this damn boring time. Ralph is C.P.  
 tonight and he's going to London tomorrow.  
 He's trying his best to swing my arm to go  
 along. I'm half way in the notion to go  
 along - for I'd like to practice up for the  
 revision drinking we're going to do while on  
 leave. Dues - I'll not go and raise up my  
 pennies. I'm might go on a 24 hour jam  
 with me to town tomorrow night. He just  
 called me up - asking about same. This too -  
 I don't know and will decide some time

tomorrow. Tonight - we sat through a  
 rather good movie - "Dragon Seed" I  
 read the book some time ago and enjoyed  
 the picture because of it. Tommie and I  
 shot the hell over coffee in the Ours club

after the show. I went to 430 pm Man to Day  
 and offered my program up that you are  
 okay. Also the food didn't do any on  
 homes. This week. Special Service. Boast of a  
 strange guy by Neal Coward - "Blyth Spirit"  
 or something like that. Course. I'll be there  
 on hand as a critic and with our pre most  
 camera man. In the night writing - I come  
 in contact with Tommie very much. I call  
 him up many times each day for potent  
 rights data handled by Special Services.  
 He and I made a damn good comm man team.  
 I told you that he wants me to go to Dallas  
 after the war and work with him as a press  
 agent or publicity man for the movie house  
 outfit he is a cog in. Said outfit  
 owns a string of movies throughout the  
 West and Southwest. I'll think it over in  
 the next year or so. First - I want home with  
 you. ~~How~~ what do you think about this and  
 how would you like to live in Dallas? Just  
 more or less a wild, sea right now. As I've  
 said - a smart operator can make contacts  
 and not use the human moving system. By  
 being a right guy and alive all - yourself -  
 one can get ahead. All Tommie really  
 likes me a hell of a lot. I'd like for you to  
 meet him when ever we come home to the  
 States. Don't know why we didn't stick together  
 a hell of a long time ago. I knew him  
 well back in Sioux City. I'm sure how you  
 can know a guy so long and not really  
 get to like him right away. All I know - I  
 want you so awful much. I love you so!



(1)

Angel - as usual we had another bloody  
hard night of back aching labour. It  
is now 7.30 and 3.00 but as long as  
my aching feet. So - this nice paper  
will have to do to wind up said letter.

Dad has called me four times during  
the night, begging me to go in town this  
afternoon and tonight. He has a great  
thirst such as I have and the best thing  
to do in such a case - quench it quick  
like with a care. So - I suppose we will  
go in town on night for the hell of it  
and rest. All I can say - I love you  
so awfully much and want you more than  
the law allows. You are my wonderful  
and a lovely creature - not to mention  
plus all your Hollywood charms - you can  
croak. Each year the reports written just  
people who are all around football players  
and call 'em All American. Darling -

in my league you are all - Can someone  
 every year, plus #1 on my hit parade -  
 the winner of the Academy Award every  
 year. Do you think I have a strange  
 manner or way in expressing my love?  
 yes - I guess I do but - you know how much  
 I love you. Also what a pretty guy I am.  
 Darling - never has a husband loved his  
 wife such as I love you. Nothing in history  
 or in the future can match our passionate  
 romance. Just you wait until I come  
 home to you again and take up where we  
 left off. Darling - I'll fold up my tent  
 now and steal away to go dream of my  
 love - you. Take good care of your self and  
 hug your chin up. God is less my beautiful  
 Pin my girl and loads of passionate  
 love. Will tell you all about the trip to  
 town tomorrow. Loads of love!

Your Soldier Husband  
 Sammy

Capt George Canary 15113242  
701 Synanon #65 Bmb Navy (1)  
APO 508 70 Post Master  
New York, New York

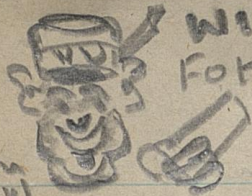
U.S. ARMY  
J. B.  
MAR 17  
1945  
POSTAL SERVICE



PASSED BY  
U 20027

1 Lt. [Signature]  
(air mail)

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



WIFE  
FOR Cpl CANARY

Tuesday Mar 13th  
in land 3

My Darling Angel Wife!

Good evening Emily

● character of my heart! yes, today I received a registered letter from you in the form of a wire from you with the good word - all's well. Tonight for the first time in a week - I can draw a breath of relaxation. Thank you very much - Darling. I'm so glad to know you are okay and safe. I do you know how frantic and worried I was there before I knew of not being in on the know of what goes with the flood. Thank God you are alright and my wild fears were needless. Honey - little do you realize how much I love you and want you. Sweet passionate wife - I want you more than the law allows. Just the wire from you today and a

● ✓-mail from Val, no thing in the way of mail from you. yesterday - I did share with two lovely letters from you. Darling - as I said - I went and I went to town yesterday afternoon and came back today at noon. Both of us decided that we'd come and use a series of rest stops and more rest stops - that we did do. I worked ~~around~~ <sup>around</sup> night and woke up yesterday at noon. I had to be in the mess hall and eat to eat on to eat. I had to hurry like hell - trying to shave and clean up in time to catch the train.

Some how we made it okay. Upon arrival in town - we hunted up a hotel room for the night in one of the better places. I do like to sleep in the Red Cross - too many G.I.s - same as the base. All the pubs are

● closed in the afternoon - so - we took in a movie. I really enjoyed "Twenty Second Area Tokyo" with Van Johnson in the lead. Darling, even if this is a war picture - go see it. A wonderful love story about married people in it. Do you

it for you. I think to be love flat as I did. I  
 can readily see why the gals are so crazy  
 about Van Johnson. The Voice can't touch  
 V.J. in any way. The cute gal in the pic is  
 really something. Not a sticky glamorous gal  
 but a gal the average G.I. dream about. Honey -  
 I wanted you so much when I saw how happy  
 in love, Van Johnson and his new star was.  
 I can't stand such movies as this. Instead of  
 relaxation - only make me miss you more and  
 more. Saw this damn war. After the movie - we  
 sought food in the best hard home in town. We  
 went to a place were the elite go to eat - no one  
 she can afford it. Of course we consumed all  
 the Scotch they'd sell us and quarts of ale. Well -  
 this began a long night of drinking. We  
 crawled from pub to pub all over town. I didn't  
 miss a damn one and none - we caught two or  
 three times. That's all we did - drink and walk to  
 the next pub. Pubbing is a old G.I. custom in  
 England. We drank, gin, brandy, port, beer and  
 Scotch. Any damn thing we could buy. I thought  
 I'd get sick but didn't. I'm sure to drinking this  
 will now and have a cast iron belly. After a few  
 slug of Scotch - anything taste damn good. We  
 called it a day in a cheap joint over rangers and  
 chips. I was so full of spirits that I almost fell  
 asleep sitting there. Some how we stagger to the  
 hotel through the crawling, dense black out. I  
 squeezed out of my duds and found my self  
 into the bed. Course - I had to chase it around  
 the room before I could jump in. Then I told it  
 down so Dan could leave in. We really had a  
 load on but every inch a gentleman.

this morning - I woke up with a taste of dirty  
 ● rock in my mouth. I accused Dan of  
 washing his rock out in my mouth during  
 the night. Funny thing - he said the same thing.  
 We ran to the wash room and threw refreshing  
 water on our groggy faces. A fly walked across  
 the wall and Dan held his ears. We ate breakfast  
 in the Hotel. dining room and had peas, eggs,  
 ham, french toast and tea. We sat there - wanting  
 for the Scotch clouds to drift away. Finally we had  
 to leave to see a man about a train. Remember -  
 I told you the last drinking session Dan and I  
 had in town, and how we lowered a dead bottle  
 into the depths of a river. Well each time we passed  
 the burial spot, we'd have our heads and rob a

● silent prayer in memory of that dead quantity  
 of Scotch. Arriving at the station here, found  
 nothing in the way of transportation to the bus. So  
 we hire a carrying pulled by a beat up nag and  
 driven by a funny little old man. The carrying  
 rolled down the lanes like bang of old. We stuck  
 our faces out to the MP and had the old fellow  
 drive us all the way to S-2. Just as we changed  
 up - the creeps were pulling out for noon chow. We  
 got on all kind of airs etc - stepping out of the  
 carrying like blue birds or some thing. The group  
 laughed at us and the strange made no notice in.

● Honey - you'd really get a great kick out of going  
 juggling over tea - doing the crazy things Dan and  
 I do. Both you craved a drink damn bad and  
 had to settle for noon chow. yesterday - I  
 read your letter on the train. First thing I did  
 after chow - seek more mail from you. Ray - was I  
 fed to get that wire from you. I love you so much!

Strange as it may sound - the sun was bright as can be today. Thought but time I'd take my Spring shower - so Dan and I took it. Didn't hurt a bit. I take one at least two or three times a week just for the hell of it. Something different today. Chris took off on his leave today with Bill Strafer. In another week, I'll be on my leave in Aberdeen. The rest of the afternoon - I worked around until supper time. We had ice cream again tonight and very strange. We've had ice cream twice in the past week. Some one has slipped up some where. "Thanks for the Memory" was the movie for tonight with Bob Hope and Shirley Ross. A really old one but rather good as all of Hope's pictures are. I shot the ball with Tommie tonight and he was damn glad to receive the wire from you. St. Jacobi also. Colonel Fleming stopped me in the hall this afternoon and asked if I'd received word about you. And any thing new in the way of Terry. He was glad to read the two new installments. Every one knows about my lovely wife, Brian is down. God, you are so sweet. How come you're so cute? Please tell me! God, I'm so lucky to have such a lovely wife. Dan says - I love you so awful much - much more than you can ever realize. You are sweet, lovely, not to mention cute. I can't wait until I come home to you where I belong. Cute gal - I'm so hungry for your thrilling love making. My love way - enclosed - you'll find some thing silly in the way of a quick cartoon. I am good idea don't you think? Should be worth millions or some thing.

In the next few days I have to put my talents of  
 ● a conn man to use in trying to secure  
 film for a camera I do know from some  
 lucky crew. It's hard as hell to get film over here  
 unless you are in on the inside. There are two or three  
 cameras I have access to but not the film.  
 Things are rough all over. Course I want to take  
 pictures of my jaunt to Scotland as last time.  
 Didn't have to worry then for much the Army  
 photo job remained along with us. I'd like very  
 much to take a good graphic - news paper camera  
 along this time - too - but can't do it for photography  
 isn't one of my army talents. One has to be a  
 checked out photo man before he can handle the  
 army equipment. I'll try to take all the  
 ● photos that I can. I know you want photos  
 just as do I do. I'm still sweat my out the  
 ones you recently sent to me. Should be here at  
 any time now. I have my old pipe hanging  
 away now and I like to smoke it while reading  
 or writing. God! I love you so awful much and  
 have to tell you the fact every few lines. Honey -  
 please send me another bottle of this ink for it's just  
 about gone. This is about the best make and I really  
 like it. I sure hope the package with all the fancy  
 arrives before I leave for Scotland. The more I  
 drink the more I smoke and so on. See that  
 Tyrone Power is now a Lt. and a pilot. Strange  
 how all the movie stars seem to be top all of the  
 ● time. No kidding - it's very strange to me.  
 The dog that Tala had a brief affair with  
 not so long along had a couple of pups. Silly  
 the way such a thing takes my news. Where is  
 the pup. Who gives a damn about the rest of Tala?



at long last - some of those two bit law  
makers in Washington are wiring up to the  
fact the GI Bill of Rights isn't what it's  
cracked up to be. Some congressmen is taking  
the service men's part by stating the cold facts  
that all of us know. As it stands now - only the  
character that go back to school gain anything  
by it. Then - even the \$50 a month shown in  
with the paid for education is hardly enough  
to get by on. What about all the jobs who want  
to back to school? Some of the fellows are done  
25 etc and feel as if they're too old to go  
back to school. They don't get a damn thing out of  
it. Why not give everyone the cash it would  
take to go through four years of school and let  
each guy do as he wants with it. Then all would  
get something out of it instead of a few. The  
loan section isn't anything new. The jobs  
making the loan must have the same  
qualification or security as in other every  
day loans. Besides the gov. says - it only  
promises to pay so much to the bank if the  
veteran can't. But the vet still has to pay back  
the full amount of the loan plus the interest.  
Even then isn't much. Why not give all the service  
men a large bonus? Under the present set up  
of the Bill of Rights - only a very few will  
get anything out of it. So best they do some  
thing about it but quick. The guys who  
fought in the last war received more than  
we are going to get. Perhaps they'll get  
it up so every one can gain by it. I sure hope  
so. This gen is getting played again or you  
can see. Best I give it a hard opinion.

Gl. corn - the 2nd St. in the 2 to go

● around saying this - "I wish, I wish a little bar, how I wish you were a star".

There is a good one - one woman said to the other, "Could it be have a little white room?" The other replied blushing, "Why, we haven't even swept together." Alright - so I'll quit.

Don is CQ tonight in his order by room. By the way - the Aero club is closed for repairs and I'll stay until it reopens in a couple of nights. Always can use some extra chow. We have Noel towards stage play for tomorrow night but I'll go the next night for Don CQ tomorrow night. Tommie is going to wait until I go. Marvin jells his

● share of KP in a couple of days and Ralph is about due also. Now that Chui is gone and Marvin jells KP - I'll be no damn funny between our office and PPO. More damn fun - so they tell me. I don't believe it though.

Guess - I'll have a rather heavy day ahead of me tomorrow and should go hit the sack rather early tonight. While on CQ tomorrow night, I'm going to do a hell of a lot of reading. I am good chance to catch up on my reading and some of the back Ellen I owe to so many people.

I have to say it again - I love you so awful much. Darling - see, and the request - I need more good books, candy, peanuts, shaving

● materials, hair oil, stationery and any thing else you think I could use. I have to see Don up at noon tomorrow and we'll eat lunch together. Peanuts - I miss you so awful much and want you more than you can realize.

Well - beautiful maiden - I see have to leave  
 long about now and go hit the job.  
 I love you so awful much and want you  
 more than the law allows. Honey - I could  
 sit here all night and state how much I  
 miss you and want you. Darling wife, I ache  
 all over for the want of your nearness - the  
 touch of your hand. Honey - I want to feel your  
 hands running through my hair - the  
 divine of your lips upon mine - feel your  
 thrilling body next to mine each night in  
 bed. I am this damn weak! My heart aches to be  
 filled by your lovely charms, my chest aches  
 to feel the throbbing of your youthful heart.  
 Darling, Darling I miss you so awful much  
 and I think do you fully realize how much.  
 Peanuts - you can't realize how you miss  
 than thought but wife has eased my anxious  
 mind. I wish that I could express how  
 I love you. Honey - you should know by  
 the feeling in your heart. As you can see by  
 my horrible scribble here - I am very much in the  
 need of help. Please take good care of your self but  
 depend upon you so much. Once again - I repeat.  
 Thank a million for not giving me the wife that  
 you are doing. I hope for a quick letter with  
 the full details of the flood. Well - Darling -  
 it's but time I go toward the fellow but have  
 a long night ahead in the high position of C.P.  
 Tell your family hello and loads of love. I'll  
 write you as possible. God Bless my beautiful  
 Angel wife and loads of passionate love.  
 See you in my dream.

Yours So Pleasurably  
 8/11/19

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

*Wife's drawing*

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



4

Tuesday Mar 14

My Darling Sweet Angel Wife!

Good evening, Peanuts! I was

lucky again today in the way of mail. I got one letter from you, one from Mum and one from Aunt Mary. So my morale is up high again tonight and feel like a million. Enclosed was a drawing you made and you are what I thought.

Honey, you have the gift of drawing but miss use it. Your sketching is okay but here are a few tips. (You would think I was a real master) Darling, your figure hasn't the right curves. Your lines are too straight. Put a little curves in the humans and you will be on the ball. I shall send your drawing in this letter with prints explained.

The arms are a bit out of proportions also the legs. Notice how stiff and straight your figure lines are. A human is full of curves etc. Here are a few rules that I try to follow. Drawing should suggest and stimulate observation. The aim of drawing is to express an idea or a feeling. The technique is the means of expression, but the means is necessary. The only way to learn to draw is to observe, think and draw. Never draw anything without an idea, there is human interest to be found in every subject. Just to draw something is not the sort of practice that will help your progress. Use your imagination and no matter what the results may be will extremely better progress for you to have copied someone else's drawing

(3)

Try sketch every thing that strikes you. Endless subjects are available. Above all, draw with a definite meaning or thought. Do not sketch aimlessly. Try simple things at first and keep on advancing. Background gives a definite part of each sketch. Practice is the main thing, so keep it up. I hope my suggestions will help you. If you want more let me know and I will tell you more. Don't think I'm bragging when I tell you all of this. I'm a ham and wish I could master this art deal. Darling, I finished up that drafting deal this morning for operations. I'm sure damn glad that job is over with for it was a mean one. The rest of the day was

gobs full of various kinds of dull words. I saw the jeep around on a lot of errands etc. So it was another dull day. Dick held down the fort last night in the capacity of C.P. So he slept all day long. Tonight, at the Aero club, Special Services gave a skin dig, a string, long haired, music affair. Three violins and a chello. Four English reeds played acid deals and made with the classics. Peanuts, you should have seen the expressions on the G.I.'s during this long hair music. They had blank expressions and looks of awe. (me too) I guess it was alright but give me jive every time. One G.I. with a good set of pipes, gave out with classical songs. He was good - any way good and loud.



(5)

The gang are still over at the club.  
I jumped back to the office to  
write with the letter to you. So I'm  
all alone in this end of the building.  
I have a hot, cheerful fire blazing  
away and it is cozy as can be  
here in the ETO. I could have piles  
of money about me etc, but still  
would be unhappy. It is you I  
need and want. Life is a continual  
boredom without you. You can never  
realize just how much I miss you.  
I recall all the little seemingly bits  
of nonsense we use to do and get  
blue as hell. Darling, we did so  
many silly things and enjoyed  
every one of them. Most people  
would have been bored but not us.

We get a bang out of every little thing we do when we are together.

Duh, I'm dying for the want of you and your passionate love making. You are the super, model wife and I adore you. I never thought one could be perfect as you and as lively. This marriage of ours is beautiful and sacred. What a lucky guy I am to have you. I latched on to the girl of my dreams. To tell the truth, you got the girl of my dreams, I mean before I met you, to rhyme. Truly you are a Angel and mine. I'm so proud to be your husband and strut like a peacock. When I'm low and blue, the thought of you and your love jerks me up. You are my source of strength and my whole life.

(1)

All I can say, over and over again, is I love you and adore you. My whole body calls out for the want of you. I'm not a cruel man and I suffer from this awful burning desire for you. My naked mind and body yells in torture for your love. If you could only see how much I do love you and want you. This damnable war is the cause of this awful torture of hell. I know you feel the same as I do and want me just as much. Pray real hard for the final victory to be won and that I can come home to you. I want to take up my role and duty as your husband. I belong with you and should be there right now. My thoughts are with you and my

spirits are with you. I'm lost and  
need you to guide me. Peanuts, I  
miss those burning lips of yours  
and all of the wonderful gasins that  
go with bites. I want to hold you  
in my arms and caress you with  
a touch of a gasinate lover. I miss  
all of your charms and beauty. I am  
this hellish war. Sweetness, it is late  
now and I won't have enough time  
to write Mom. So please explain to  
her. They understand when I don't  
write. I still owe your Mom a letter  
and can't find time to do so. I will  
try my best to write her to morrow.  
It is 11 pm now and I should be  
on the way to the mess hall and  
to the barracks. I stay up so late  
each nite, writing to you.

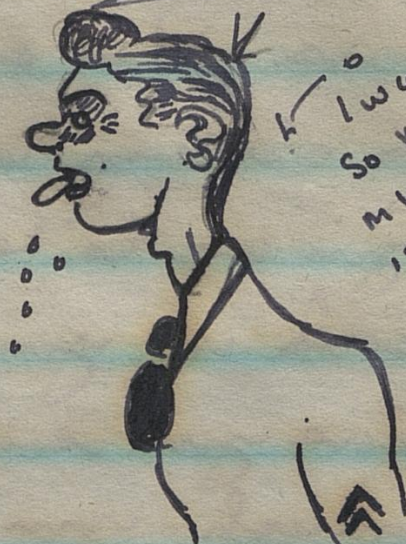
(9)

I'm about due for another bit from you and expect me in the next few days. Honey, I will sketch something for you to memorize for I will have a whole day of drawing ahead of me. We are preparing a lot of things for the alert room and I have to draw a whole lot of different things. I shall take time out to do one or two for you. Darling, Mom's birthday is April 18<sup>th</sup> and get some thing nice for her from us. It is also her anniversary. She is always telling me how nice you are to her and Dad. They both look on you as a daughter and love you very much. They know how much you mean to me

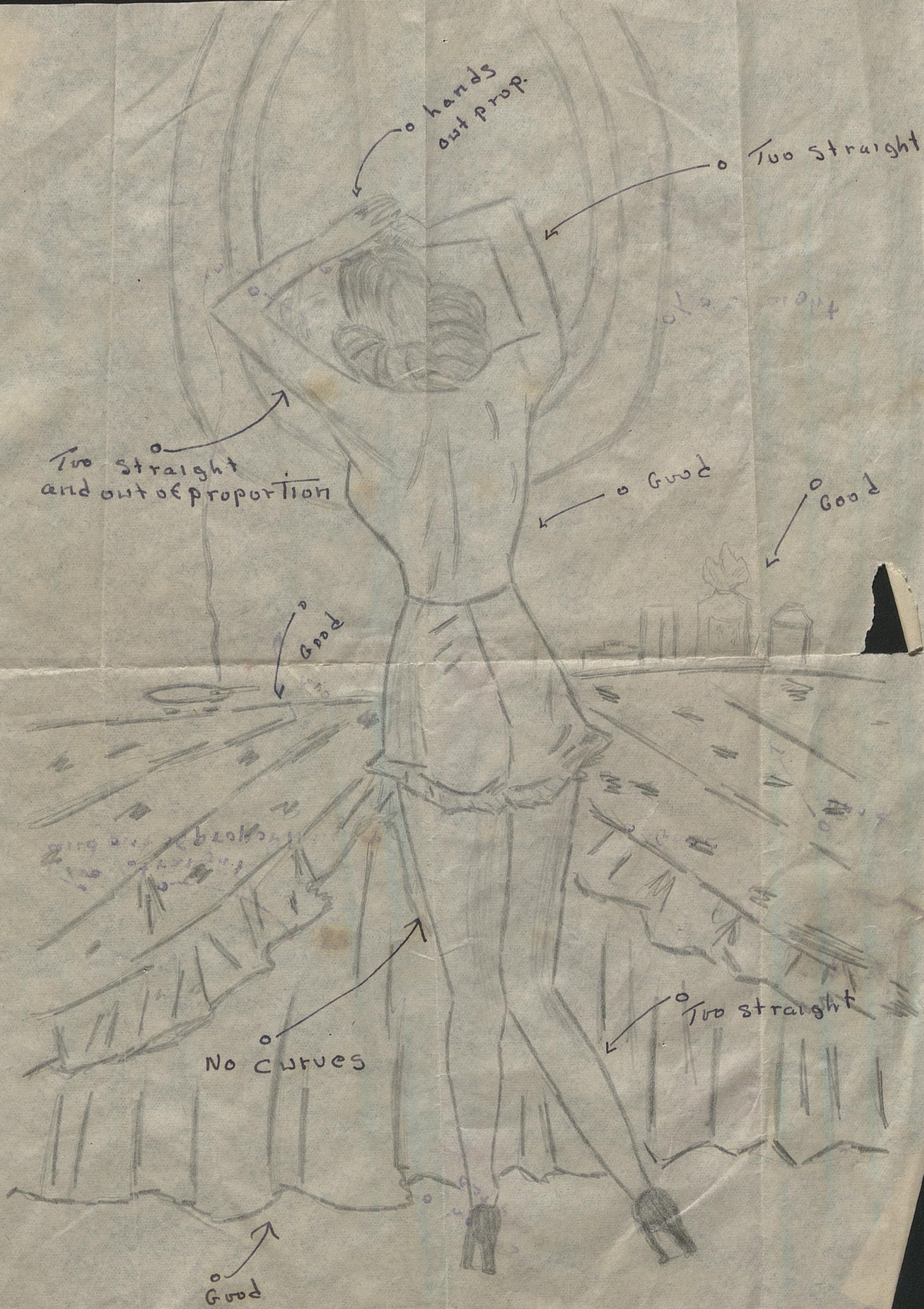
and how crazy I am about you. In each one of my letters, I tell them how much I miss you and love you. Well, it's about that time and I will sign off for to night. I shall see you in my dreams in a few minutes and will make with the love. Again I say, I love you and want you. God Bless you, my real live Angel and love of love.

Your Soldier Husband  
 Sunny

a kiss for you!



I want you  
 so much  
 my tongue  
 is hanging out



hands spray out prop.

Too straight

Too straight and out of proportion

Good

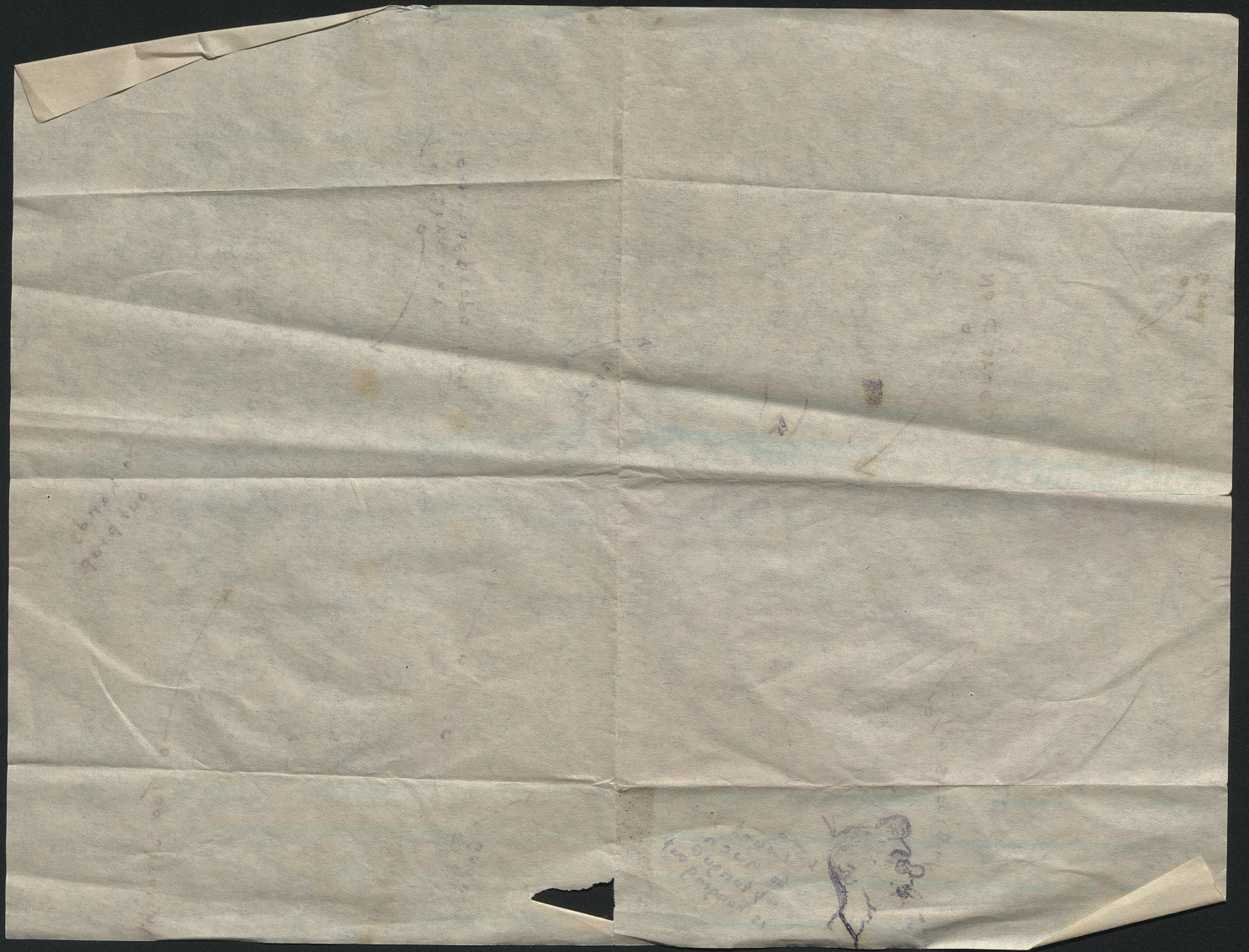
Good

Good

No curves

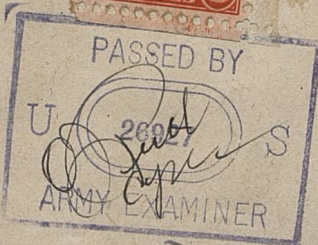
Too straight

Good





Cpl George Canary 1515242  
701 Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)  
APO 558 70 Post Master  
New York, New York



(air mail)



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

5



There goes  
That song  
again

Wed. March 14th 5  
England

My Darling Angel Cutie Wife!

Good evening - lovely one!

Same old song again today - "No better today" etc.  
"Don't fence me in" with low morale. Well - Tom now  
is another day and may draw a bundle of mail from you  
then - sure hope so. She is unbearable without my daily  
mail from you. Peanuts - I'm in CP right now and  
what a lot's night this far! Busier than a kid doing  
on a tin roof and this is the first chance I've had to  
lean into your letter. I do try to rip out the usual  
length etc - of course. As with the news of ETO dull  
existence, the office felt strangely naked today  
because Chris is not around. Said every one in one  
each for enough. I know the type of leave to take.  
One with out drinking - ~~she~~ just shows, sleep and  
nights. Her ring and doesn't even bother with the  
gals. I have no damn fun teasing him. Some

time I'd like to take him to town and get him roaring  
drunk. The good St. and I carried on somehow -  
with the juts of old Air Force men from way back. I  
did a lot of drawing today (not been in film) and  
we also gave a lecture this morning. Said lecture  
cut me out in the morning coffee session but this  
is total war - they tell me. I leaned in the jeep with  
Duchess and drove over to Dan's Synodron Area.

More or less a novel way I woke him up today  
for the Duchess did the trick. She licked Dan's over  
large nose a couple of times and kicked him in the  
face. Of course - this shoved Dan right out of a deep

sleep. Speaking of shut eye - I sure could use a  
hunk right now! Dan & I - the old Duchess  
really goes for the jeep riding. She sits on my lap -  
with her face flapping in the breeze. She's such a  
damn ugly, cute, little, dumb mutt.

Each time I pick up my mess canteen she has a fit. That day knows when I'm going to chow and that I always bring her some thing back. She jumps and leaps at me - begging something to eat. I'm and screamed to the mess hall just before it closed. Beef and lemon pie. I'm hanging around the office all afternoon and tonight. I stopped by Special Services at noon to shoot the bull with Tommie for a few minutes. He's all set to go. Got him for supper also. I took my blouse and pair of pants to the cleaners. Well - not exactly the cleaners. Some GI got clean and pressed uniforms. He does a pretty good job of that. My stuff will be ready in a couple of days. Did I tell you - I turned in a beat up field jacket for salvage and in return will catch into one of the new so called battle jackets. They are the short style blouse that the U.S.O. Commandos are being issued in the States. We call the Joes in the U.S. - U.S.O. Commandos, or Peace Time Soldiers. Any way, like to get the battle jacket before I leave on for long. Want to snag a couple of 'em with in it so I can wear an 'em to you. Besides the photos we take - I do have some more store bought jeans made and two or three pairs this time. I want to keep reminding you what a handsome guy you have. How come you're so cute? Gosh, I wonder how I managed to drag you into land in front of imaginary Sam. We had the Special two dollar wedding - remember? Darling, wife of mine - I love you so awful much and can't wait until I can reach out and love the hell out of you. Can't you see how much fun it will be and how much we'll act. Fun to be crazy - and in love.

I ate an early supper tonight in order to  
 take over the C.P. duties. Later - I had Johnson  
 take my place while Don, Marvin and I  
 went to the G.I. pub. Later we were joined there in by  
 Jimmy and Mike. We swallowed the well called  
 mild & bitter - or as we wrongly call it - beer.  
 We all grouped around the pub but not for the  
 damn thing for about an hour. After the first two  
 beers - Marvin began to float. Soon as he asked for  
 a pag - I knew he was well oiled. After a few cups  
 of unknown amount of beer - we strolled back to  
 the office. Don was tight as a drum with Marvin  
 facing a good second in the race. Myself - just a  
 slight tingly buzz around the spine and between my  
 ears. After we arrived at the office - Don and Marvin

went into my office while I took over the role of  
 C.P. Later - I strolled outside - inhaling ma-  
 jor - and heard some one in the painful stage  
 of being sick. "Sure enough" Don was sick as a  
 dog - well - not as bad as Ducher for he is  
 strictly shag. Don doesn't drink the stuff like  
 a normal human but he pours it down like a  
 job. Seems as if he's afraid the joint will  
 run out but fast. Marvin flunked his car in a  
 chair and his eyes closed together in a drunken  
 sleep. But - I had to go to work. I sure got a bang  
 out of those creeps when they are tugging away under  
 a load. You'd get a great laugh out of their  
 characters even while they are sober. No doubt

Don will really have a head on this morning.  
 Last time I saw him - he looked as if he  
 fell into a flour barrel for his face was a white  
 richly yellow. I am, he really looked awful.  
 What a jerk, what a creep, what a nut!

Darling - "Forever Amber" is catching into a hell  
 ya lot of publicity in all the mags and  
 revs. Not since Manhattan Island was  
 sold for \$24 has so much dirt been available  
 for so little money. The young men here are going  
 wild to read this book and I'm almost the wildest.  
 You know how I like this type of literature - eh  
 Prof! The Stars & Stripes said today - how to  
 write a best seller - for example - "Forever Amber"

(1) you write at least 912 pages filled with  
 plenty of sex. (2) Secure the help of a publishing  
 house - how - have a pair of good looking legs -  
 yours or your wife. etc (3) Get life man. to give  
 the legs (and you) a spread. (4) Have the Itang  
 office say the book is too hot for the movies.

This is the new author's hand book or guide  
 on how to write a best seller. Looks as if the  
 movies will shut down if all the film land  
 under, stars, movie home reactors etc etc etc  
 in support of the theatrical stage employees'  
 union. Hand luck if the home front goes with  
 out movies for a few days. Things are rough  
 everywhere. Hope the hell it doesn't cut off our  
 movie supply on this side of the pond. Course  
 we could run the English films and they are  
 would stay in the barracks, one more night and  
 the Officers Club will open up again after the 3  
 days of cleaning. We're all damn hungry at  
 night. Darling, the top notch tune every one  
 rings or hums around the ETO circuit  
 at this time - "Robin Hood" I like it very  
 much for it's a light, gay, cute tune. Sometimes  
 the blues and sticky stuff makes me too damn  
 depressed - although they are damn good.

I hope you can read this report very well  
 I'm trying to write as much as possible etc. The Stars & Stripes, keeping me up with the gossip of red news - had another interesting item today. Some college professors and a student were caught inside in a parked car. Each insisted nothing had happened beyond the getting stage. Could he be was giving her extra curricular instruction in a life class? The home front is a strange place. Darling - enclosed you. I find a clipping from the Stars and Stripes about the 44th Bomb Group. You can never guess who wrote the story (just don't take a bow) so I'll not tell you. Guess who! The good Lt. Perkins

wants me to learn into the writing tomorrow but don't think I'll be able to do it after a all night stand of CP duty. Will get it off until the next day. Marnie goes on KP tomorrow or the next day and I'll have to work full time in PAB for about a week. Marnie is a bit mad for Lt. Perkins uses him as a copy boy - retypes letters whereas - he lets me write in myself. I think Marnie has the needed talents and should be able to use 'em also. As for the stage show of the same name - "This is the Army". Burns me up much thing as this. You know how I feel about such. Aw! But! Darling - I love you so awful much and want you more than the law allows. I can't

think of anything else but this. Pleasant thoughts too - I call 'em. I need you so awful much and can't begin to tell you how I crave for your sugar love making. Don't fail me - you being out the care man best in me but good.

Darling - writing your letters during trials  
 me. I'm sending you a bunch of myself,  
 and commanding my post office to send  
 it to you. As I prepare to drop the final of  
 letters into our mail box, I always wish that I  
 could go along with my thoughts resuscitated  
 there in the letter. yes - each of us sends a part  
 in our letters. Each night - I settle down to  
 talk with you and enjoy the hours so spent in  
 writing to you. I know you must feel the same  
 for your letters reflect as much. Beautiful creature -  
 & do you know how much I want you and  
 love you. My whole body reminds me of the fact with  
 each breath I take. God - I love you so awful,  
 awful much! Major Syhan asked about the flood  
 today and if you were there. You remember  
 he and his wife. He used to write you from  
 through lots of times. Altho I'm in making with a not  
 care of hot pants because he can't wait until we  
 leave for Scotland. He has a couple of children up  
 there he wants to see but bad. Can't say that I'm  
 really looking forward to not leave - just the  
 idea of I free doing of doing nothing as I want.  
 Seven days - including non GI air and mainly  
 getting out of the English end of this is land.  
 Aunt Mary wrote and said I have business men in  
 London - that I should look in on. why - I wouldn't  
 tell the young that at all. We have a name for  
 creeps who like it over there - "Sinner's Lovers". Some  
 young really go for the dam face but not  
 I. Now I know why my family years ago  
 sailed away from this dam place. I'd love to  
 sail away right now to the deep old South  
 where my love is - namely you. Dam, this was!

Some of the fellows took in the stage play tonight  
 here on the bare and say in a half hearted  
 manner - that it was fairly good. Course  
 they wouldn't admitt that they were sucked in.  
 Don't know if I'll go or not tomorrow night. No  
 doubt the crowd will thin out a bit tomorrow  
 night and would be a good idea to go in order to  
 fill some time. I thought H. Perkins might  
 want me to cover it in a PBO angle but seems  
 as if he's not interested in a write up but read  
 play. I fully realize it can't be as good as the  
 shows in London. Tommie and I plan to  
 take a 3 day jaunt to London around the 10th  
 of next month and take in a few good shows,  
 musicals, plays and movies. I enjoy a good

stage play - that is if it's good. I am  
 sure this by when I'm writing to you. How  
 come you're so cute? Doll - I hope your photos  
 arrive tomorrow so I can gaze upon your  
 fresh young beauty. Your photos give me that  
 certain lift when I'm in a depressed frame of  
 mind. Honey - in your letter as of the other day -  
 you said I have curly hair and you'd like to  
 run your fingers through it. That I'd like very  
 much! So silly finally let's get on to that leave!  
 How about your friend who's been running  
 around in a pile of junk! Those kids have really  
 taken over since you're like my self left home.  
 Comes the revolution - Ah! Brother. I am in -

you say asking about the Sgt. deal. I told  
 you not to bank on it. Neither Ralph and  
 we got in pit and it's all in open. I think Capt.  
 Jones thinks it's best not to promote me and  
 not do other. I don't mind and Ralph feels the same.



If one got the extra thing - you know the  
 other would be damn mad. So it's along  
 all the way around. Well, Angel face -  
 I'd love to cease long about here some  
 face and finish up the routine later.  
 Parsonate info - you are going to catch up to  
 a bunch of sharp line making in a very short  
 time. Soon as the dam and my war reasons  
 to a screaming halt. We'll love like rabbits -  
 wham, bam, than to you man - then start all over  
 again. You've heard that song - "Four or five times" -  
 well - that holds true for each night. Prothy us  
 without doubt - will love weight the first few  
 months when I come home. Will love it off each  
 other. Why - gal - I'm going to reduce you like  
 no one else has been reduced before in the  
 history of the world. So hang in to your hat  
 (should I say - further) anyway - hang in to  
 something - for I'm - a - coming home soon as  
 the gang cleans up over here. Straighten up and  
 fly right and all of that sort of thing Beautiful  
 bunch of a woman - I show do need your loving  
 but bad. Ah! wants mah! wife! Take good care of  
 what belongs to me - namely - you. When I climb  
 into the sack in a little while, I'll climb into a  
 vision of parsonate dreams of you also. Tell  
 your family hello and to write. I'll shoot a  
 letter from this end of the horn soon as I can.  
 Send me more in the way of books - good books,  
 good books and of course good books. I'm  
 looking forward to a life time of parsonate  
 fun, love making and being together for always.  
 God Bless my Beautiful Doll and lovely  
 parsonate love making. Your Soldier Husband  
 Loving



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

**ICE  
CREAM  
CAPERS**



DREAM ON BROTHER! - GOOD  
OLD USA OR NOT IT AINT  
GONNA BE LIKE THIS.



THE CALVADOS KID GIVES HIS  
SODA ADDED MILEAGE.



AFTER YEARS OF DEACTIVATING  
MINES THE ENGINEER HAS  
HIS FIRST BANANA  
SPLIT

## 2 Lib Gunners Silver Starred

445TH BOMB GROUP—S/Sgts. Elroy W. Palm, waist gunner from Malta, Ill., and Maynard S. Watson, tail gunner from Seattle, Wash., crewmen on the same Liberator, have been awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action, remaining at their gun positions despite wounds and imminent danger of a mid-air explosion.

Nearing Cassel, Germany, their formation was attacked by more than 100 enemy fighters which lobbed cannon shells into the advancing bombers, scoring hits on the bomber in which Palm and Watson were flying. Palm was wounded and the other waist gunner killed.

Explosions destroyed the oxygen and hydraulic systems, cut the interphone connections, pierced fuel tanks, and set fire to five emergency dinghies stored in the waist.

Watson remained at his gun long enough to destroy one of the attackers and score hits on others until he was knocked out by a 20-mm. shell. Ignoring his injury, Palm returned to his gun to shoot down an FW190.

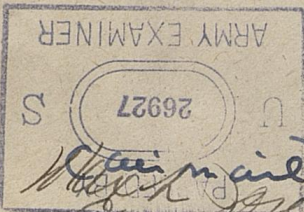
Recovering consciousness, Watson smothered a fire in the tail section, and then took over the unattended waist gun, opposite Palm. Together, the two gunners jettisoned the smoldering dinghies, thus averting an otherwise fatal explosion from the igniting gas fumes which seeped back from the bomb bay.

The battle over, Watson went forward to summon help, and returned with the radio operator and bombardier who administered first aid. The crippled bomber landed safely on the Continent.

Capt George Canany 15113242  
701 Synanon 445 Bndg No 7 (15)  
APO 558 70 Post Master  
New York, New York



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



*(See mail)*  
*Walter D. [unclear]*  
*Capt [unclear]*

6

Yahoo!



BANG

Thursday Mar. 15  
England!

My Darling & Prettie Wife!

Tonight - I'm as

happy as a lark. My morale is at  
a all time new high. Tonight - this 15th of March,  
the year of 1945 - into my eager hands, one each  
package was so glad by the return mail jerk.  
I thought I realize the bulk of morale work in this  
package until I opened it. I pulled out shaving  
equipment and books, until I came to it. yes -  
one each exquisite, delicate, lovely, youthful,  
reductive, enchanting, picture of my lovely Angel  
wife. Honey - thank you from the bottom of my heart.  
Darling, wife - this picture is really beautiful and  
the best one you've had made yet. The record I saw  
it - I feel all over in love with my day of living wife.

Darling - you are more than beautiful. God -  
how I love you! This picture is so lovely - that  
I just don't know what to say. Darling - I want home  
but quick. Although I thought it impossible - you're  
grown more beautiful than ever. How I know why  
people go mad - for I'm raving right now for the  
want of you. Peanut - you are lovely and so beautiful.  
I ran me and down the hall - showing you off  
and with each compliment of your ravishing  
beauty - my proud chest would swell out more.  
Darling - you look like something right out of the  
fashion magazines, or from the Miss American  
contest - the winner! Little dainty wife - all I  
can do - drool and drool. I'm bringing my  
best against the wall and going nuts for  
the want of you. How I wish that I see with you  
right this minute. Thank you Peanut for the picture,  
for keeping my wife, for making me the  
happiest and luckiest guy in the world. All I can

health lenky ray - I love you! Darling - your cheeks  
 look more full now and you marked with  
 pink, radiant, beauty. Ah! how I love you!  
 I can't keep my eyes from your picture. It is so  
 real that my hands reach out to caress you. I  
 shall carry it to my barracks tonight in order to be  
 near to you. I don't actually know how I will  
 ever complete this letter for I can't free my  
 eyes from you. P.S. do you realize how happy you  
 have made me with this lovely picture. I'm  
 not ashamed to admit - that tears ran down  
 my lonely cheeks when I opened up this picture.  
 Damn it - here they flow again. Darling, Darling -  
 I love you so much and want to be near you with  
 every fibre of my body. Soberly and morale  
 building as this picture is - I feel so damn  
 blue for I can't be there with you right now. How  
 much longer will this ceaseless torture go on?  
 Honey - I adore you with a fierce passion. I could  
 rave on - yep after yep about this picture sent  
 by your lovely hands. Thanks for the contents of  
 the package. Nothing else in the way of mail from  
 you today. I did receive a wire from Dad that  
 you are alright and they had 3 feet of water in the  
 basement. Thank God, the flood didn't tear  
 loose as I thought it did. You'll never know the  
 hell I went through while awaiting your  
 wire. I ache from head to toe for the want of you -  
 and your caress. Also received a letter from the  
 gang in Scotland that they're preparing for  
 my return by buying all the Scotch in  
 town. They can't wait until I return. Just  
 wait until I get her eyes out with the new  
 photo of you. Darling - I love you so much!

Last night I held down the job of CQ and hit the  
 beach this morning around 8:30. Some  
 rip the news or something when we up at  
 noon in time to receive your package. I ate  
 chow and returned back to the office in order  
 to show your radiant beauty off to the rabble.  
 Guess - I sat around all afternoon - looking  
 at you. Darling - this package really arrived  
 here faster than hell. I wish they'd all send me  
 the this fast. Doll - I hope you are latching onto  
 loads of mail from me each day and are amply  
 supplied with news. By this time - you should have  
 the photos I had made in London and hope you like  
 it. Today - I received a camera and two rolls of  
 film for the fun house. I had to really make use of  
 the big time reporter style of talking I had to  
 almost cut off my right arm to get the film.  
 Tommie is trying to latch onto a couple of rolls  
 and I'd like nice. Each roll takes about 30 to 40  
 pictures - so should have a hell of a lot of photos  
 this time. I'd have more in the way of studio  
 bought photos taken again. I fully realize how  
 much cheer a picture can bring. Guess - I did it  
 long enough today for I'm very busy right now.  
 It's getting late and I have a hard day ahead  
 of writing to do. Marvin goes in KIP in the  
 morning. Carl says I'd like to trade places with  
 him one day lit. Tonight - caught the stage  
 show here on the base and it was damn good.  
 It was Noel Coward - "Blyth Szent" and  
 funny as hell. A lot of riffs and throughout  
 the whole play. Peggy Wood - the Broadway star  
 had the lead and she can really act. The whole cast  
 was strictly top notch head liners. I was very



at the G.I., they did it wire crash once during the whole show. I thought some crew would ring out with some thing any minute.

Some of the young don't care for stage shows, or plays and failed to enjoy it. Can't see why for he's was really damn good. I sat around

Special Service for awhile after the show - shooting the hell with Tommie about stuff and things. Jim holds down C.P. in his side by some tonight. He wants me to watch him again at noon tomorrow and I'll do it through the help of the Dukes.

Said best takes great delight in watching me up.

I have to bring her some thing back from the men table at each meal. J.C. do the same in a little while when I dash off for mid night show. St.

Colonel Martin was in again today - looking for new Terry things. Couldn't do a damn

bit of good for him today. Maybe tomorrow!

Ralph returned from London last night and said he had a damn nice time etc.

He and one of his friends from the photo lab, went to get her his time. Darling, while I think about it - please send me a fire comb so I can dig out some of this damn stuff. Also a bottle of cham you - anything - I suppose. Beautiful creature - I love you so awful much. Much more than it's possible for a human to love another one.

I regret - just you wait until I get home in range of your love making. I'm going to kiss you until your lips glow from flames. of passion.

So do you realize how I'm going to love you!

Nothing will be barred and it's every one for himself. I need your loving but bad and can't wait until we can wild by begin to love

I just had to carry your picture over to Special Services so Tommie could feast his eyes upon my reverberating wife. You are the number girl of the year because when ever any one sees your photo - they just quiver up and whistle. I want you so much that it hurts and I'm not just a kidding Pecunia - you are so lovely and pretty. Seems as if you've dated onto more beauty since I went away from your arms. Golly, how I long for your love making words fill a couple of Forever Amber style books. My thoughts and passions make real Cuckoo look like kid stuff. You hasn't seen any thing yet, Darling, I long for you with a super human hunger. Pray real hard that this damn war will end before this summer.

I'd give any thing to be with you this summer. We were meant for each other and not to be apart like this. Time is awasthing and I want home but friends I wonder what you are doing right now. Perhaps and no doubt you are thinking of me. I carry you in my mind night and day. The other night I had a dream that was a dream. Seems as if the army hauled off and you and Booie's bar on me. So I were am home to you. Here's the best part - when I walked into the house - you yelled for me to take those damn bars off and get back in my eye. stupid. So that I did - every thing was okay and you received me as always. As you wrote not so long ago - it's not the bars, a stupid - it's the guy underneath

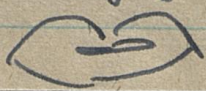
them that counts. In a way. I'm proud of the two stupid in my house even though compare it to some of the jokes - not much sense at all. At least - I latched onto mine the hard way. The day I was walked out - that did it for as I'm concerned

I suppose Chui and Bilo Shafu are having  
one each damn good time. Chui doesn't  
go for the weather yet at all. Is a very  
strange character. In fact I see go so far to  
say. He is the best friend in the world who is a nut  
and out rigger. Talks all kinds of people to  
make up the world - but certain types we could  
easily get along with out. In a few days -  
Marrin will take part in the big Jewish church  
day - the Pass Over or something like that.

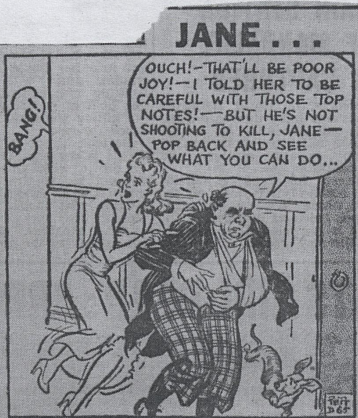
The Jewish fellows in this bar hold services  
each Sat. but not with a chaylin or Rabbi.  
Marrin takes part as acting Rabbi and St.  
Jacob is the leader of the Jewish sect religion  
here in the bar. In the feast of the Pass Over, all  
of us will go to town in order to take part in  
service led by a real Rabbi. Marrin  
talks all over when he speaks - with his hands,  
feet, just his whole body joins in with his  
words. We kid him about this and threaten  
to tie his hands so he is shut up. He is another  
creaky with ears and a strictly a character  
from way back. He then Chui or Marrin can  
ride a bike or drive a car. Marrin is another  
vignin but dates girls from time to time. He  
writes to girls he is never met. If they - the girls -  
could see him - no doubt they would not write  
at all. He has a face only a mother could love  
and a father could tolerate. His lower lip  
dangles around his belt and flaps in the  
wind when he speaks. You can't deny him, shut  
up if you want to. He is in Ten Synagogue and  
more or less fixed on to Ten like a shadow  
or something. Just - yea - look of him!

I have the extreme pleasure to work all night again tomorrow night and the last session before I leave on my hurlough. Bill Kay is going to replace me on my team and I'll do the same when he goes on his leave. Saw Sgera today as he was weighing the lettuce, mt. Says he gets out in about 11 days and can't wait. He looks good and I suppose he means one of his release under him look right or so me thing. Honey. all I can drink and say. I love you so awful much and want you more than the law allows. Dan his Sam, Sam was. Dan mt. There is a hit of GI non sense - GI to beautiful girl. "I'm a thanger in town. Can you direct me to your home?" Sounds like a Cai free man, don't you think? I sure long for need in time and like to be down with a ban job book. Just as I plunge into me, something always comes up to stop it. This summer if I'm still on his team is best, I'll take lots of time off - so I can lay in the sun and enjoy some evening reading, the farmers are beginning to show up for the Squig fantings. Each night - I can smell the peal over turned earth. I can see how so many of the boys are that are ex farmers - as of now - GI - ing in around when they see the Smiley farmers show etc. Dan, I can't see my eyes gand any much longer and will have to go hit the job. I look forward to each not by session of dreams about you. Best - I know some water on my face so I'll mag out of his beard on stage. Please excuse if this letter sounds silly in parts.

Oh! yes! that's much better. I splashed water in my eyes and gave my eye a transfusion so I'll be able to see the end of this page - I hope. Tomorrow night - time you're trying for I have the honor of working all night - I'll write you an extra length letter. I'm so damn happy about the photo that I can't get my brain to function. It's taken me a hell of a long time to write this letter tonight for I couldn't keep my eyes off of you. Every line a row - I try and gaze at your ravishing beauty. I'm going to carry your photo to the barracks with me so I can watch my in the morning and see you right off the bat. God! Honey - I love you so awful much and want you more than the law allows. Just you wait until I come home and begin to start ripping off your clothes. You'll surely think your husband is crazy and by golly - you're right - yes! Oh is crazy about you. Bet ~~even~~ if some one took my temperature long about now - they'd see that I'm well over the boiling point - cause I'm thinking about you. Passionate wench of mine - bet I call it a day and trade an down the line to the land of nod - meaning - dreams of you. Darling - you can't realize how happy you have made me with this lovely picture. I could shout with joy and wild praise - come to think of it - that I did do. I'm hoping for an arm full of mail from you tomorrow with the latest news about sweet little you. Pray real hard for a quick end to this war and in the mean time, say you pretty little chin up. God Bless my beautiful, angel wife and loads of passionate love.



Your Soldier Husband  
Sonny



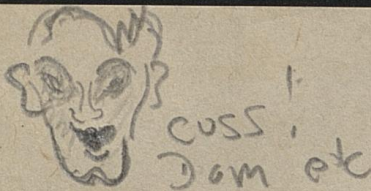
Cpl George Canary 15H3242  
701 Synanon 445 Bomb Group (B)  
APO 558 70 Post Master  
New York, New York



PASSED BY  
*[Signature]*  
26927 S  
ARMY EXAMINER  
(air mail)

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

7



Friday March 16<sup>7</sup>  
England

My Darling Angel Wife!

Hello - Sweet L. He gel!

This will have to be another speedy letter for my team is unhooking tonight - and you know what to expect. As you can see - I'm using a different brand of ink tonight - Smiley. So best you shoot more the way you can. I hate this damn English ink for it's too light and watery. Nothing in the way of mail today and my morale is down low again in the mail dept. I'm still lugging as a load about the lovely photo you sent me yesterday. As I said that I would do - I carried it down to the barracks with me last night. I gazed upon your beauty first thing this morning to start the day off right. How I wish it were really

you and in bed with me. What a gorgeous & lovely thought this is. Seems, as if it's always on my mind - dood. I dashed down to the office this morning eager as all hell. I had to clean up my office and PPO also. Today - I put in the whole day of working in PPO. Course - just detail I have to do each morning - for the dog. I had the glass - both of 'em - hang as a task by the time the officers showed up. Anyway - I slaved away until noon, hunched over a hot typewriter. The Duchien and I took a little jeep ride at noon to Dom's barracks. Honey - Le Duchien really likes to ride in the jeep. She jumped onto my lap and tickled her neck out in the breeze.

I put the dog in Dom's bed and she licked Dom's face. She of course will be Dom my best job. Old Dom Hunter was CQ last night and woke him also. We rode back to the office and remained to chat. It's a gain in the case, to



carry food scraps back to the office for the mutt.  
 I carry my my men cup at each meal with  
 the junk I carry back to the dog. Each time  
 I pick up my men cup. She jumps and barks -  
 want my some thing to eat. She knows, she heard  
 that feed her. I do not mind feed my her face,  
 but she like running behind her with a shovel.  
 Every one wants to get a play with the mutt  
 and call her. S. 2's dog but who is the  
 jobber that cleans a feed her. you've queried  
 it - yours truly. I like the mutt for she's damn  
 cute. Duchas follows me around every place  
 I go. If I leave the office - she whines and yells  
 like hell. With you could see the ugly mutt.  
 Dan and I stopped by Special Services to shoot  
 the bill with Tommie. Tommie gave me  
 his blouse to turn in to the crier who  
 dry cleans stuff. Our uniforms should be  
 ready by tomorrow after noon. I have to sew  
 buttons on my overcoat and also wear ear  
 bars on my blouse. Each six months - we are  
 allowed to sew on another bar. I can put  
 on three of em now. In another month a  
 I can sew on a fourth mark for one hitch in  
 the army. This also means 5% more are in  
 pay. Three whole damn years in the army.  
 Two damn long! Rest of the afternoon - I  
 again hooked out more blouses when I finished  
 my - that damn type writer was actually smoking.  
 Dan and I ate supper together and stopped  
 by the gym. Tonight had a game tonight and  
 asked us to referee the game. So Dan and I acted  
 as referees. Tot won something like 52 to 24  
 and a damn good game. The home team - Big Red

plays the first game in the play off. To determine the 2 to change. Even though the Reds have lost several games they have a chance to win the play off. Of course I'd like to see him win but doubt it. The club opened up tonight and at last we can look into a snack each night to fill the empty space the GI chow fails to reach. Some of the crew helped out to paint the club and they did a nice job. Dick is a Aero club Johnny now and he made a few dabs. with the fainting. Beechie and Pat were glad to hear you are strictly alright. Al & Archie always inquire about you and the mail situation. I didn't bother about the money for

it. one I got through a long time ago. I am not - I have to leave long but now and go to work. I don't know where in the hell all my time goes to. I try to read but never can read long enough to really satisfy my hunger for books. I'd be so damn glad when this silly war ends and I can become a free man again. St. Jacobs is taking you tomorrow to London and has a kind date with some American gal. She works in the Embassy in London. I'll check you out on the details at such time he relates in to me. Looks as if I'll not write a long letter tonight for we'll really lean into the labors. I have to get my early tomorrow

afternoon and work for awhile in the P.R.O line. It has to be done and several stories put ahead of me. I'd like nothing better than to spend a nice evening in the jac. Logging my books of such times I really have to leave right now.

Here I am again darning a breeches, while  
 the other fellows are catching 40 winks -  
 I write of my love to you. Darling - I  
 know of & among several book reviews, today  
 and definitely would like to read - "~~Valley of~~  
 the Song". It's all about a B-24 crew and I  
 could really picture the plot. - So if possible  
 please read this one too. Also, when I finish "  
 "Bomb. Army" comes out in pocket novels - read  
 that one too. As I mentioned before - like to read  
 "The History of Rome Hankin" and a new one  
 "Bermuda Calling" as I've said - I can't  
 catch on to enough reading time but try my  
 utmost. Some one has a copy of "Wild in the  
 Pine" by Louis Bromfield and I intend to  
 read it. I'm half way through Pyle's "Three  
 Men" and enjoy every page of it. When you  
 might say - I'm won at his stuff. I'm writing  
 him on the Major's desk and of course have  
 your photo near by - in fact in front of me.  
 I see the Major has a new mystery story on his  
 desk - "Wings of Fear" by Mignon Eberhart.  
 No doubt he'll ask if I care to read it for he  
 usually does. He knows how I appreciate good  
 reading material. Well I said - I like  
 to know for he likes to discuss literature as  
 much as I do. I'm so glad that you are a  
 literature friend such as I. We really click  
 together in every thing. God - I love you so.  
 Speaking of literature taste - St. Perrin  
 was a very strange one. He reads every thing  
 about the Puritans and has volumes after  
 volumes about 'em. Also many fine writers  
 novels. I hate the English style of writing.

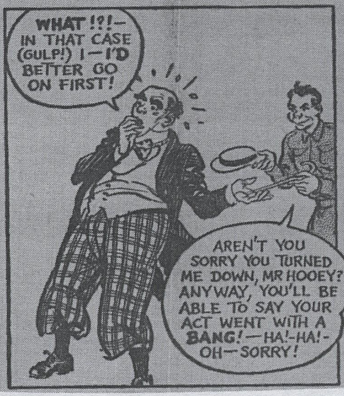
Another style of writing is diaries - in the type written in the first person. That is exact Pyle or other war correspondents. I'd much rather enjoy the characters in the story and see em not through the eyes of some one else in the story. According to many things I have read - a lot of silly advice is being handed out to wives and parents how to handle the returning veteran. Some people seem to think the veterans are strange neurotics who don't want to talk about what they've been through. Pay no attention to all this tripe about how to forgive veterans that most of the "When He Comes Home" articles advocate. Some people think the vets won't want to talk about the war. Hell - it's the

thing that has completely absorbed our lives for two or three years. No man wants to be prodded into talking about his experiences unless he's in the mood for it. Why not talk about it? They are the most exciting, the most terrible, interesting years that have happened to us. ~~It's~~ imagine that you read our letter - war and war, as carefully as I read yours. "How what happened to such and such or what ever became to so and so", such questions show your genuine interest and understanding. When I come home - surely - I want to tell you all about the things I've done while away from you. How much I've missed you, the strange things

and places I've seen and all my experiences. I know you want to hear all of this just as I want to know all the things you've done while I'm away. Darling - all I know - I miss you so awful much and really want you.

(6)

Dam - this war! Darling - do you ever think  
that I'm half nuts by the strange tan dems  
I go off in my letters? Some times I wonder  
myself. After a long day of milking my  
cow - writing stories - it's rather hard to  
write in a sensible way. I didn't catch onto  
Jane today for some other busy beat me to it.  
She told me who in the hell writes it so  
early in the evening. I don't think she gets  
much home - just reads it and throws it  
away - damn it. Well - the good St. Perkin's  
just yelled at us to lean into the work again.  
So we have to walk the team up. From here  
on out - we won't stop and guess we have to  
sign off long but here. I feel very guilty to  
write a short letter like this to you even  
though I can't help it. Working in two  
offices now keeps me busy as hell. I can't  
add anything to your letters in the day time  
any more - and for the past week - I've had to  
do a little work each night. My mind is full of  
your time cuts down more and more as  
time goes on. I get so damn mad when I can't  
write you as much as I want. Darling - what ever  
I'm doing - my thoughts are with you. I like do  
you realize how much I love you and need your  
jargonate carous. Pray real hard that this  
dam war will end before this summer so I can  
reclaim home to you hot fast. By the way - catch  
on to some thing nice for yourself for Easter.  
There. hoping I have no thing in the way  
of mail from you tomorrow. God bless my  
Angel wife and load of jargonate love. God!  
how I love you - Beans. You Soldier Husband  
Barney



Col George Canary 13113242  
1st Squadron 445 Bomb Group (H)  
PO 55870 Post Master  
New York, New York



POSTAGE DUE - 6



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

Passed by  
S  
26927  
via air mail  
ARMY EXAMINER



Friday Mar. 30 8  
England

My Darling Beautiful Angel wife!  
Good evening lovely

creature of mine! yes - lots of mail  
awaiting my return from Scotland - 17  
passionate letters from you, 10 from Mom, a  
mail from her and a letter from Harold.  
Work - it took me all day to read your words of  
love and how much you miss me. With each word -  
my face would heat up with more passionate hunger  
for my beautiful wife. Darling, Darling, I love  
you so awfully much and can't begin to express just  
how much you really mean to me. You are truly  
sweet for me and I only hope that I'm worthy of  
your heavenly love. I had to know this for from  
Doe - no please excuse the strange penmanship.  
St. Jaeshi has his pen with him and forgot to  
leave it for me. I have to make use what ever  
means I have - so this will have to do. Darling,  
I know you have gone through a sort of mail-lens  
stage because of my leave and I hope it is too notice-  
able. I fully realize how much a letter a day means.  
Anyway - I'm back in there as the team again with  
solid sending. First thing off - I have to fill a  
and it's a good deal for I can write you a rather  
lengthy letter tonight - trying to make up for the past  
week. I arrived back to the grind late last night  
and just did pull my clothes off before I fell asleep.  
In fact - I was so dead that I had to sleep down  
here at the office. Never would I make it to the barracks.  
I know you want to hear all about my leave - so  
enclosed - you'll find a special edition of the  
Future Gazette. As usual - it covers the high lights  
and not the little personal details you like to hear  
and know. So - I'll try to cover the little things in



my letter. This time I was in an anxious  
about going as late as the first time in  
months ago. Although I fully realized that the  
change would do me a world of good. (I warned you  
about this) and best my job tagged along with  
Tommie and I even if we did not want him to go.  
Being hood minded - we did not mind him too much.  
His hair is about big as a record and he has a  
match in his face. Anyway - he came along with us.  
The three of us set out in search of adventure, fun  
and mainly by Scotch whiskey. Tommie and I found  
more than enough Scotch in the past week. Such  
was with us this time for we had Scotch all the way  
up to Scotland. (I'll try not to repeat the same  
story as in the Gazette) The Gays had a damn  
nice room already for us for I had written in  
advance for one. They were more than glad to have us  
and again gave them humble hotel - so they said.  
Seems as if the news paper gang had called about a  
dozen times that morning before we arrived - trying to  
find out if I had arrived as yet. So I called 'em  
up right away. And Tommie didn't realize what a  
popular guy I am in Aberdeen. His main story  
how we'd do nothing but drink all afternoon - so he  
went elsewhere. Tommie and I ate a quick lunch  
and were and down to the pub. There - my ancient  
friends - Charlie Emslie and Bill Gordon greeted  
me with wide open bottles of Scotch. This began a really  
serious drinking and something we'd really drank  
myself for. Charlie knew I was coming and  
had his wife give me a steak supper for me.  
Gordon they treated me so damn well all week long.  
The Gordons and Emslie's fought over me all week  
long. I like the Emslies, the best and best there

most of the time. Come - I had to even it up all the way around with the Gordons. I never did eat high tea at the Hotel - always at one of my friend's homes. It was just one continual party all week long - with enough damn Scotch to float the Navy. In fact two or three Navies. I feel rather guilty for I didn't fool around with Tommie every night. Come - he went along in some of the parties but they couldn't have him for tea each night. There's a damn war on and food is hard to catch into our tea. So - some nights he was on his own while I ran around with the gang. The Emurli's really seem to like me a hell of a lot and really make me feel at home. They begged me to stay at their home all of the time

but I didn't want to cross my Tommie. Any way - I was at their home every night at some time or other. Each night - it was just about the same thing over and over - more damn drinking than the law allows. I think all the bartenders in Aberdeen know me by my first name. Tommie and I make the rounds during the day and the gang and I at night. Honey - I proudly showed your lovely photo to all of 'em and they all agree you are a "Bonnie Gannie" if they only knew how wonderful you are. I did my best - telling 'em all about you - I guess - I talked about you all of the time. God, I love you so awfully much and want you more than the law allows. Dam - I wish I had St. Jacob's for

instead of this damn thing. All of the good nib is gone also - just this damn English poor stuff that isn't worth a damn - as you see. Perhaps this nib will do a little better - I hope. Charlotte Emurli is really a rich chick and very

nice looking. you'd never think she was the  
 mother of a ten year old daughter. She said  
 that I'd give anything to meet you for you  
 must be awful, awful nice - from the way I  
 rave about you. Before I'd go to sleep, how for a  
 meal - he would always asked what I wanted  
 to eat - no kidding. Peanuts - they really  
 treated me like one of their own. I had a very  
 delightful bunch of relaxation with them all and  
 for a few days - forgot about the dam was. Old  
 did seem to have a rather good time with all the  
 gals he knew. It's the type of job that takes 'em to  
 shooting rinks, movies but never a dance. They  
 drug me to a dance one night but not for long.  
 The place was over flowing with red mad women  
 and the wifes were afraid for their husbands.  
 Charlotte hung into me so none of the friends  
 would rape me under the very roof. Some of those  
 gals looked as if they would if a halfway alive  
 male was on the loose. Even Ernie could have a  
 dam good chance among these here stoned  
 females. you know how dam bad off he is. I had  
 to laugh at said over eager gals. Guess I must  
 of blushed because Charlotte laughed like hell at  
 me. Any way - he was my escort through the gals.  
 Charlie and Bill had a great time watching the  
 gals trying to flirt me out of my pants. As I said,  
 we didn't stay long at all. Course - I can't use much  
 of previous in the Gazette etc. As I said - I'd write  
 about things in this letter that I wouldn't put in the  
 Gazette. I hope you enjoy my letters, as much  
 as you say you do. Each night - same old story about  
 drinking at either Gordon's or the Embers - usually  
 both of them with a couple other throwers in.

Thought I'd report around for some thing in the way of letter into and what - do you know - back into. So - I'll report this letter up with said into. Best you shoot some thing in the way of U.S.G. into this way before I go mad. Darling - all the while I was on the leave - you haunted my mind - night and day. Every place, every where - you where on my mind as always. Each thing I ~~did~~ <sup>did</sup> - said to myself - "Peasants sure would get a bang out of that". The character - that peck around the bars is enough to kill a man with laughter. Some of the old jungs have me baffled me - teach me how in the hell they can stand up, much less go into a bar. Tommie, I heard I, gaily run down and down the main drag - during the day - because - during the time all bars were closed - from 2 to 530. I won't go into detail about the city itself - for I did name in last time's account.

Honey - nothing in the way of souvenirs at all, no I rock'd all my money in a large damn photo of myself. I know you'd much rather have some thing like this ~~write~~ instead of a few worthless hunk of nothing. I do hope said picture turns out okay - plus the many other I took myself. I'm sweating out the photos and should arrive tomorrow or Monday. I couldn't get in my before I left - so had in send the prints to me. Yeah, I hope you like 'em. Honey, I'll never be able to answer all the questions you asked in those 17 letters. I'll have to do it from time to time. One day - Charlie Emalie took me hunting - but I'll save that for tomorrow night's installment of the Gay matter Darling - this wasn't really fun even though it may sound as if it is. You know I'm not living while apart from you like this. So - I can't have fun. Dam - this - damn, damn war!

I didn't catch into much sleep the night before  
 we left - hit the jet around 3 am and  
 got up around 4:30 am. Last night -  
 didn't catch much sleep for it was rather  
 damn late before we returned. Now tonight  
 I'm working all night. So - as you can easily  
 see - I'm about half asleep right now. That's  
 why this account is not up to par as it should  
 be. So please excuse. I know you want a  
 letter - so here's one even though it's not the  
 usual standard. How I love you so awful  
 much. Funny thing - you're always glad to get  
 back to the old grind after a week or so. I'm so  
 glad that I can look forward to your letters each  
 day and write to you each night. This is so  
 much a part of my life while I'm away from  
 you like this. Darling - I don't know how it  
 hangs in this long without the thought of you.  
 Parents - you'll never fully realize just how  
 much I do love you and want you. Each day of my  
 leave - I did my best to find something nice to  
 send you but that's impossible. As I said - I know.  
 I got a bigger bang out of the photo and sent  
 a lot of dough into it. To make matters even  
 worse - I had to work with Dicki team tonight  
 for they were pretty rushed. So it's now 7:30 am  
 and I still haven't really warmed up in this letter.  
 Today is pay day and boy! am I damn glad. I  
 lent him wallet while in Aberdeen and I gave  
 him much as I could as a fare. Then Tommie  
 ran a little short funds and I lent him a few  
 pounds. So - right now - I'm about flat broke  
 until Uncle replenish. My supply of long green  
 today. Ah have to get up at now to be fair.

It's really not much use to go hit the job  
 and then get up again for pay call. But -  
 I'm so damn sleepy that even I should go  
 round the gillows for even a few short hours. I  
 can always go back to bed after being paid. Dull,  
 we could if here so much fun together in  
 Aberdeen. They are just worlds of places to go,  
 movies, bars, dances, nights and beautiful buildings.  
 When I come home, let's drink like people by way of  
 a revivifying thirt. Scotch is mellow, stiff but I  
 much rather have plain old whiskey. In most of the  
 bars - you can't get a high ball - Oh - you can  
 buy yourself a low ball with the scotch but not  
 like the real thing. None of the drinks are iced over  
 here and I'm in rolling a high ball please

is my hand. We'd go up to my favorite bar and  
 down straight scotch - all day long. I  
 can't drink very much and after the first few stops -  
 he is higher than a kite. He more or less got a  
 curb on our drinking in the day time for we had to  
 look out for him. Tommie can hold a lot also but  
 I really drank him under the table one day. And  
 less a Refan. Old Tommie was very cheery and  
 even staggered. I was feeling damn good but had  
 my wits about me. Each afternoon, I'd clear the  
 scotch fumes, long enough to find my friend -  
 and then - started all over again. The boys, Dick, &  
 us out of bed each morning at 9:30 for a damn  
 good breakfast. I can say one thing: I ate plenty

damn good this time. We even had fresh, honest  
 to goodness, milk to drink. Something my  
 tongue hasn't felt in over a year and 5 months.  
 Some time - I'd eat two meals, one at the Hotel  
 and the other at Emili's - printance supper.

This may sound rather strange but when you  
 cross that border between Scotland and  
 England - you sure can feel the difference. Why,  
 even the air smells better on the other side. The  
 train ride much smoother and you can feel the  
 friendliness of everyone. It's great to  
 shed that damn English feeling and go to a  
 north white place for a few days. Darling, the  
 country side is even different - beautiful and  
 warm. The fresh salt air from the North Sea -  
 blows away all the stuffy feeling inside of me -  
 brought on by the past 6 months of labor. The  
 Scotch rattle & my head into a sense of  
 relaxation and my nerves to get jumping.  
 Darling - Oh how I wish you could go along  
 with me. In later letters when my  
 feeble brain functions as it should, I'll  
 write something better about this trip. Some times  
 I'd go to the movies in the day time or hang  
 around the news paper - watching everyone work.  
 Everyone really treats me like one of their very  
 own. It was great fun to feel alive just a little  
~~while~~ - brought to life for a few feeble years by  
 the warmth of the lovable Scotch people who  
 are my life long friends. Some day - I want to  
 take you to Aberdeen and see this lovely little  
 sea port. Charlotte answered many questions  
 for me that I know you'd be interested in. Every  
 thing is rationed over here, all types of clothing  
 and it's damn hard on the girls you know.  
 Candy is something that is very rare. All types  
 of food of course and all other nice things.  
 Some how - the girls all keep well dressed and  
 keep ahead with the fashions of the States.

the school girls - dress and act just like the  
 kids at home. No kidding, the Scottish  
 people are very close to the American way of  
 life. Everyone has a brother or some one in the  
 States or they're going to the U.S. after the war. I  
 met more damn people. They just beam with  
 friendship and you can't help but like 'em. The  
 men are the boys though and the girls are supposed  
 to be the shy - very tee. Oh! Brother! how they  
 hate the English, would kill a bro. Something  
 like the North and the South only on a much larger  
 scale. Just imagine that you die like the English -  
 and you're in T. Lynn. I spent great numbers of  
 hours shooting the hell about every thing under the  
 sun and then some stuff that isn't under the sun.

Doll - enough said but I leave this time, - I  
 mean this letter. Darling, you'll never guess  
 where in the hell Harold is now. Hold on to your  
 hat - he's on New Guinea out in the South P.  
 Sang - it's hotter than hell and he just arrived.  
 Sounds as if he has a red case of home sickness,  
 and begs me to write him real often. He says that  
 it's rather rough out there but he'll get me to it  
 in time. I'll beg you to let me know how he's doing.  
 Old Harold has been lucky to stay in the States  
 this long and have all the fun he has had. He  
 was never very far away from home. Some  
 young men to have all the luck but not me.  
 Ah well! when I'm damn lucky to receive my  
 country over here rather than out there in the  
 CBI. I'll write old Harold soon as possible.  
 Tonight if I find the time. Sweet wife - I can only  
 repeat that I love you so awfully much and want you  
 more than the law allows. Doll, today I sent you



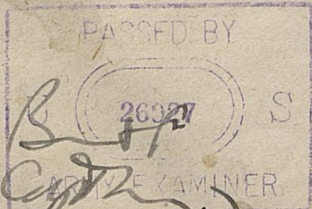
an Easter greeting wire and I hope it  
 arrives before Sunday. You said that you  
 were so thrilled by the wire I sent you during  
 the first stage. Darling, if I had it received an  
 answer before I left on my leave, I couldn't  
 have gone. I was really worried stiff here for a  
 few days. Gosh, I love you so awful much that  
 it hurts. I'm such a proud husband and fall in  
 love with my wife more and more each day  
 even though we are so damn far apart. Seeing all  
 those happy married couples made me blue as  
 all hell for I wanted to be with you more than  
 ever. Thank God, the war was here in the final  
 round up and if he was out in the S. P. world  
 only clear long but the same time. Pray that  
 I will see you home to you real soon and then  
 time to stay. Even if I had to serve another  
 year in the States - long as I could be with you -  
 it would be fine. I'm sure this Christmas will  
 see me home - free as a cur lian. I'm so damn  
 sick of being away from you like this. I'm so  
 damn lonely without your love. I try to do things,  
 meet people, trying to do the fair  
 but doesn't do a damn bit of good. You just in  
 my blood and I need you for life. Just you wait  
 until I come home. Gosh, I'll kiss you right out of  
 your clothes and Oh! Boy! When I get close  
 towards my old neck and dig some more.  
 Praying to be alone in it much for but dreaming of  
 you is strictly all right. P. H. do you know how  
 much your favorite husband loves you. God  
 bless my Angel wife and loads of favorite love.  
 Gosh - you're so beautiful and lovely.

Your Soldier Husband &  
 Jimmy

Capt. George Canary 15113242  
701 5th Avenue + ~~5 Ave~~ (H)  
Apo 558 76 Post master  
New York, New York



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



L. B. [Signature]  
C. [Signature]  
(air mail)

9



Four  
More  
today!

Sat. Mar. 31 9  
England

My Darling Ceyzel wife!

Yes, the mail dept.

is really working damn good for me this week - four more lovely letters from you, one from Mom - plus a package from the family. Ah! those happy mails! mail keeps a coming as of today. I feel so damn great when I hear from you each day - but - Ah Brother, if I miss out! Character - little do you realize how much your husband loves you. Words are a poor medium of expressing my passionate love for you. Comes the day when I can reach out and grab a hand full of you - then I can really express how much I love you and want you. I expect - hope the mail keeps up.

By this time your mail should be really on the beam now that I'm back from the leave. I back in the spirit - as if I'd never took time off. Last night I pulled C & P and yanked the pillow half of today. I printed up your letter this morning and were anxious to the post. I hope this roomy pen is somewhat better than the one I used last night. Just about a ton up between em. Tonight - I plan to ship with in the sack rather early - making up for the sleep I missed out on today. Today was the last day of the month and of course - jay day for Uncle Sam's boys. I had to get up at 1 pm and stayed up from then on. Guess I stretched my body into the sack around 9 am this morning - so you can see - I didn't catch on to enough about any as one needs after a night of labor. All I know - I love my little wife so awful much - more than the feelings

I just cease to writing long enough to  
dash to the club and to confession.

Tomorrow is Easter Sunday and I must  
go to Communion. I know my prayer will be  
resented with you for a quiet end to the war.  
I lit a candle in church - praying would be  
together real soon. Darling - Tom Spiera is  
free now and plans to become a gunner.  
He won't come back into the 52 fold for some  
reason or other - ~~about~~ mother in his part is  
who's. He is so damn glad to get the hell out of the  
guard house and in his old self again. When I  
went to him in the guard house he looked like a  
trapped animal or something. As I said - I  
crawled out of the rack at 1 pm and was paid  
my money monthly wages of a soldier. I had  
a few debts to pay up and some of the character  
owe me something like 10 pounds or - 40 dollars.  
Should be repaid in a short while. I stopped by  
Special Services to chew the fat with Tommie  
for awhile. I didn't stay very long - dashed to the  
office in order to read your words of love. Darling -  
one of today's letters melted so damn good. you  
splashed smelly water on tissue paper, and it go  
around sniffing. To Darling - I want you so awful  
much and can't wait until I can clasp you in  
my lonely arms. I really want you so much  
that it hurts. Well - I'll be damn glad to slip into  
the routine so I can get back to my  
reading when ever possible. I forgot to  
mention last night that I thought the Duches  
would eat me up when I came back early Thursday  
morning. She was so damn glad to see me. and  
she sure did grow a lot in a week. She is such a

little mutt. Chui said she sure did miss  
 me while I was away. Honey - you & the  
 Ducher say much just as I do. As per  
 usual each day, she says there a crew  
 game going and it is rather steep at  
 that. The whole building shakes with the  
 rolling of the bones. After reading your mail,  
 I took a shower late this afternoon and dashed  
 to chow. We had pork chops for supper and  
 rather good for a change. After supper, I slipped  
 into their letter. So that accounts for today and  
 as you can see - nothing much to report.

When I slip into the regular sleeping hours -  
 I should be able to write a half way decent  
 letter. Right now - I could use more sleep

but good. I'll never be able to answer all the  
 things in your letter if they keep reoccurring  
 in like this. Not that I'm complaining about  
 the mail. My new wallet came in Monday  
 packing and was damn glad to receive it. My  
 old one is falling apart but bad. Hey - I've  
 changed pens again as you can see. Some  
 day - I will find one that I like. Too damn bad  
 that St. Jacob's can't find the one I usually  
 use. Anyway - I will scrawl away with what  
 ever I can catch onto. I like the heavy stub  
 point on a pen. Still hasn't latched on to enough  
 time to write old Harold but will get around  
 to it in the next day or so. My team works

tomorrow night and something she to get  
 me behind in everything I haven't had a free  
 second since I returned. Can't latch on to  
 reading time either. All I know - I sure do  
 love my wife so awful much and weather but bad.

That damn dog follows me almost every place I go. She is right under my feet right now and if I move to the other side of the room, she follows me. Duchus has really grown up in the week I was away. She is such a damn cute mutt. We let her run free around the office and outside. She never goes away, just hangs around all day and sleeps under my desk at night. I'll take some more pictures of her tomorrow so you can see what a ugly mutt she is. Some damn creep really cleaned me out while I was away. I'm wearing a rain coat, pen and the pocket knob dictionary you sent me. It's damn bad when you can't trust the guys you work with. I don't think they really intend to write the stuff - just more or less know it and try to return it. Anyway - makes me damn mad for some one to go through my stuff while I'm away. Soon as I walked into the office - I knew right away - some one had rifled through my desk. It was in a hell of a hurry. If I catch the joker who did it - I'll back him in the head with my ring 12 GI boots. And what a deadly weapon they are. Enclosed in the package from Thom was a carton of fang-camels. Speaking of weeds - the two cartons of fang you sent some time ago never have showed up. Perhaps they will come any day now. I had hoped they would arrive before my leave but I had enough fang as it was, I suppose tomorrow I will really lean into writing more stuff for PRO. One story I started before I left has to be knocked off now as possible. I really get a bang out of writing and this sort of work is right up my general alley.

Damn, I'll be fed when I latch onto enough  
 ● each time so my pebbles hair will click  
 as it should. Rather hard to mill your thoughts  
 from a sleepy brain. All that I can get out of  
 my grey matter - I love you, I love you so awful  
 much. Gosh! Gosh, I want you more than my next  
 breath. You know how one needs air for life - well, I  
 need you the same way. Your letters are comparable  
 to a man lung or a Myger tent until I latch on  
 to the real thing - namely you. Damn this damn war!  
 Tell me Peanuts - How come you're so cute? Honey,  
 I can't keep my fingers away from your photos.  
 You are even lovelier than ever before. Just think,  
 all your ravishing beauty, charms and love  
 making are all mine. You've heard the expression  
 ● that kissing is the language of love, well, when  
 I come home we'll have a feast. I go nuts -  
 just thinking about your lips. Wonder how I'll  
 act when I can reach out and kiss you when ever I  
 want. Don and Marvin are in town tonight and  
 giving a couple of racks a luscious heads. Of  
 course I will relay a quick account of said  
 love affair at such time I latch onto the details  
 myself. No doubt they will be fairly interesting.  
 Honey - Happy Easter! I do hope you latched onto  
 something nice for Easter. I'd love to read you  
 some sort of flowers but you know the story.  
 By the way - are they having the usual Bunnie  
 Hop this year? I should think all the members  
 ● of that club are all in the army unless some  
 new blood has taken over in the mean time.  
 We'll have to take in all the dances when I come  
 home, and thousands of other things - just to  
 mention a few. Gosh - I miss you so awful much.

Darling - Tommie keeps on saying he wants us to visit Texas after the war and he'll really show us a damn good time. I mentioned before that he wants me to go to work in Dallas as a gun agent with the movie firm he works for. Tommie seems as if he really likes me a hell of a lot and calls me up two or three times each day. Begs me to come over to Spiritual Services and shoot the bull with him. I always stop in during the day for a little while but my nights are too short as they are. Anyway, he usually goes to the bar early rather early each night. I like the old boy boys and he is really a damn nice Joe. I want you to meet him when we come home. When I like a guy and say he is a damn good Joe - he really is a good guy. I'm pretty choosy with who I run around with and know a good Joe when I meet one. Don said he missed me all last week and wished he could of gone along with us. Boy! has a wolf like Don could operate in Aberdeen. They are really crazy about American soldiers in there. St. Jacobs received a letter from you yesterday and was glad to hear from you. The mail from Jeanie is rather slow at the present time and his morale is rather low. I sure hope my mail really helps up his today and hope you are awfully much loved on your end of the horn. Pleasants - little do you realize how much your husband loves you and wants you. Gal. you are myer wonderful and I'm not just kidding one bit. Tommie wants me to take a 3 day jaunt to London in a week or so and don't know if I will or not.



When I should take advantage of every far  
 but I hate to spend so much damn money.  
 Things are so expensive over here and a  
 young man can run through his pay in no time at  
 all. To cite a little example in the difference  
 of Scotland and England, a drink of Scotch  
 cost 1 shilling and 6 pence in Aberdeen (about  
 30¢) and anywhere from 3 to 4 shillings in  
 London (75¢). So you can see how a old  
 drinker like myself can run through a pound  
 note (20 shillings). As time goes on, the more  
 nervous and jittery I get. I miss you so much,  
 more and more each day, that it hurts. I go  
 nuts in the damn base and just have to take a  
 far every once in awhile to rattle my nerves.

A few good drinks always fix me up for  
 another week. So - guess I should take a  
 far every so often. What do you think? Everyone was  
 so damn glad I came back from purlough from  
 the Colonel on down. Not that they missed me  
 but my daily joking of Terry. God - I'm a  
 popular young fella for every one is so damn worried  
 about my mail each day. It's really fun how  
 everyone crowds in my office to read Terry. Some  
 times there are so many around my desk that  
 I can't move because of all the elbows. I could  
 make a fortune if I charged 3 pence a look.  
 St. Jacobs' jinxes me and joy each time I latch on  
 to new mail and he can't wait until I

yes, to Darling, I forgot to mention - that I  
 did pick up a folder of Aberdeen and will send  
 it along with the large photo - whenever it  
 arrives. Should think they will arrive around  
 Monday or Tuesday and of course right your way.

Well - Darling - Not I begin to answer some  
of your letters - the questions - the etc. etc.  
another request - please send me more books,  
cards, hair oil, jacket comb and anything else  
you think I need. Glad to hear you get some  
wear out of my leather coat. "Rum and Coca Cola"  
is the GI top tune of the week and "One Meat Ball"  
a close second. Darling, from what you say -  
the creep that is a gas jobber really must be  
something. Tell Sid to stay away from him  
you be sick of trouble. I don't want fear from  
him - no just refuse 'em. He could cause a  
great deal of trouble and kind of think he will. Take my  
advice - Tell your sister to stay away from him.  
Darling - I like the way you are buying things  
for our apt. and think it's great. I can't wait  
until I can help you pick out the furniture.  
When I come home, would like to have a apt.  
of our own right away. So buy up the glass.  
Seems as if you've letted in to a lot of photos  
of me in the past month. The one I had made  
in London, one in my flying jacket, and the  
one in suit jing etc. Shortly you'll have  
a super large one, and others taken on my  
leave. Pictures are a great help to morale  
as you know. I have another roll of film and  
will shoot it up in the next day or so. Well -  
I let the steel knob ends and other things  
you bought are cute. Darling - you are  
really great happy. They plan my our  
future home as you are. Make me feel  
well to know you are doing this. God - I  
love you so awful much and want you  
more than the law allows. Dan, this war!

Honey - you should really go out more than you do. I can't understand why you don't go to more movies than you do. They seem to relax your mind and help you to escape from the damn war. So please go more often. I do like it very much that you have to stay in a city the time. I want you to be happy and have lots of fun. I fully realize how it is not to go out and have fun. You were meant to be gay, have fun and laugh. I will make all of this my when I come home. Just you wait and see. Darling - so you all really have to move? I hope your mother can find a place somewhere in the West End so it would be bad to move Norman away from all his friends. I think those people have a hell of a lot of news - planting stuff before you all are even moved. Perhaps, you have a new place by this time and I'm anxious to find out just where. They are well informed about it all. Darling, damn, my eyes are heavily refusing to stay open as they should - so I guess I'll have to go hit the sack in a little while. Darling, if you think about it, send me a half way decent fountain pen. It takes so damn long to write with these stickie pens. Think I might use journal tomorrow night for I know you don't mind. My heart keeps telling me how much I miss you and want you. Hal - you are so cute - How come you're so cute? The daily war news is really damn good and it's about all we now. Shouldn't it take much longer. Pray that I'm lucky enough to come home this summer to your arms. I need you so much.

I. ll never be able to catch a lo enough of your  
 love making and will always yell for more,  
 you leave me as hot and bothered right now.  
 Wonder how I. ll be when I home with you. No  
 doubt I will explode from passion then.  
 We are so utterly lost with out each other.  
 We belong together like sugar and tea - any  
 thing you can think of. I need my mate so  
 much. I'm so lonely for my little wife. Never  
 shall I leave you again for more than five  
 minutes. You'll have to be my hands up to  
 keep me from passing the hell out of you. Just  
 you wait and see. When I make love, you'll  
 feel the earth rocks from the passionate  
 caresses I will shower you with. Will be so hot  
 more than we'll be out of it - I assure you  
 of this. Best you get use to the idea of being  
 loved 24 hours a day. We'll both have to  
 go in training by getting lots of sleep and  
 rest. We'll need it when I come home for  
 we'll do very little sleeping. Some people  
 might go to bed to sleep but not us when I come  
 home. I'm ready for love, morning, noon  
 and night. Some people only love in the light  
 of the moon. The hell with that - when I want you,  
 my passion can't see if it's day or not.  
 Besides who gives a damn. This will go on 24  
 hours a day for I. ll always want you more.  
 Parents - I will show you now and you're am  
 to be next. Please take damn good care of  
 yourself and keep your chin up. Tell your  
 family hello and to write soon. God Bless my  
 Beautiful creature and lovely passionate lady.  
 Your Soldier Hunter &  
 Jimmy