

.....A.....M.....D.....G.....

J. M. J.

T H E P A G E S
O F T H I S
B O O K

Are Lovingly dedicated to my dear Parents,

J O H N J O S E P H M C M A H O N

and

M A R Y M O R R I S S E Y M C M A H O N

July 28, 1948

(Mary Loretta Mc Mahon)
Sister John Maria (McMahon)
member of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth
Nazareth, Kentucky

CONTENTS - - -

Life Story of George W. Canary Jr.

Letters from George W. Canary Jr. during his service in World War II

The Parents of George W. Canary Jr.

The Family Tree of George W. Canary Jr.

Photographs of the Family

A.M.D.G.

Brief Biography of my nephew
George W. Canary, Jr.

My dear Mother, Mrs. John Joseph McMahon, Sr., was waiting in the reception room near the Maternity Department of Sts. Mary and Elizabeth hospital, 12th Magnolia Streets, Louisville, Ky., and said to my beloved brother-in-law, George W. Canary, Sr., "how is she?" meaning my sister, Catherine, and George Sr., replied, not quite understanding the words of Mother, ^{said} "Did you say a Boy" -- and thanks be to God in a few minutes the Nurse came and said "you have a son" and George Sr., and my Mother were quite happy with George W. Canary Jr. and his Mother. He was not a pretty baby, as some new babies are for he was quite long and thin. He was the first grandson on both sides of the families-McMahon and Canary and therefore was honored muchly for that. "Sonny" as he was affectionately named by the family was born on August 28th, Monday about 6 A.M. 1922. One member of the McMahon family was enjoying her vacation at Washington, D.C. and when the special delivery letter sent by her brother John Joseph McMahon, Jr., came, Mary, rushed home as she was to be the God-Mother. "Sonny" was not christened until September 10th however, at St. Charles Baromeo Church, West Chestnut Street, Louisville, Ky. George and Catherine Canary, were then living on the corner of 23rd and Broadway in a small apartment. The furniture was just about paid for and they were beginning to see easy times ahead- and with "Sonny" the home was a joy. He was quite fond of his grandmother McMahon and when his parents went out of evenings, he stayed snugly in his Grandmother's arms and would roll his pretty eyes at you and almost say, "Look at me and talk but do not take me from my Grandmother"- and truly he always loved her and never cried when she held him. By this time he had put on some flesh, gained weight and was a pretty baby. His first Christmas was wonderful-he got things the poor child could never use and again his Grandmother backed most of these things. His second Christmas was in the home built by his parents at 676 South 43rd Street, and I believe it was this Christmas he got his first electric train. Now, Sonny, was an infant, incapable of running an electric train, but George Sr., saw that the train ran and the little cousins, Helen Francis, and Juanita enjoyed the train. His grandmother always saw he had the best in clothes-his little suit of blue, Navy Style, his warm baby clothes and truly by this time he seemed much older than a baby. I quite remember of going down one Saturday afternoon and the ground had been covered with a deep snow for two days and taking him for a ride on his sled, and Sonny just smiled and seemed quite happy-not the least bit afraid of the snow nor how long I kept him out. It was a pleasure to go after him on several occasions and bring him to our home for the evening- he certainly knew "something was up" but always with a smile and not too rushy-not the least excited would he paddle along with me to get the car at 43rd and ride up to 16th Broadway with me. His Mother would say "Do not give him Coca Colas", I said nothing but hurried on, and of these Sonny and I had our Coca Colas at the store at 16th and Broadway and some candy too. His first playmates were his Mother and Father-he was not permitted to play with children for a long time with the exceptions of his cousins and especially his first cousins, Juanita McMahon, now Mrs. Gordon Pollock and Helen Frances McMahon, now Mrs. Clem Aubrey.

His next big playmates were his Aunts and Uncles. Joseph McMahon, his Mother's brother teased him all the time, another uncle, Jefferson McMahon loved him, and two more Uncles, James and John who are twins were very proud of him. Sonny's maternal grandfather, John Joseph Mc Mahon, died when his Mother was still in the grammer grades in school. His paternal grandfather, Mr. _____ Canary, had died also before his birth so he saw only his grandmothers McMahon, and Canary. An uncle, Thomas Canary, died in the Military Service during World War I in Texas and Sonny missed seeing him. He ^{had} plenty of relatives to entertain him, and all were devoted to him but none more so than his "Aunt Mary" who loved him dearly and still does- it was her delight to take him anywhere. He was just about two years old when his Father got "Passes" for the Big Circus and so she took him (Aunt Mary did) and Mary Juanita,, his first cousin, to this paticular circus. They must see everything and so this Aunt took the middle seats of the ~~rough~~ ^{roughly} just plain board seats, bleacher style at the Circus. She soon realized they would fall down through the spaces between the rough boards, so she tried the second row from the front- my, my, worse, for when the elephants came by with their immense bodies and the camels and horses and chariots-she held her breath at times but "Sonny" and his cousin "Juanita" had the time of their lives- were they afraid? "No", "No", however, the Aunt was- and that was the last circus she took them to attend but not the last time to take "Sonny" out. It was this Aunt who insisted on taking him to town to get his hair cut at "Levy's", it was style to go there, and "Wow" "Wow", how Sonny did bawl when he got his hair cut. His grandmother McMahon decided he needed a new spring coat- again this Aunt and his Mother took him to try coats and hats on- but Sonny was not in much of a mood for coats and hats. They finnally purchased a coat and hat. His Mother and Father carried him to the best picture shows on Fourth Street before he was a year old. Tuesday was "Pay Night" and this "Aunt" and his Mother went to the show at the Majestic, or Kentucky or Mary Anderson Theaters nearly every Tuesday night and "Sonny" went also. Not a whimper out of him- sat with us until the show was over and George got off from work and met us and we had refreshments, sometimes at Thompson's Cafeteria-used to be near 4th Broadway, and there was another place along there we ate too but I have forgotten the name.

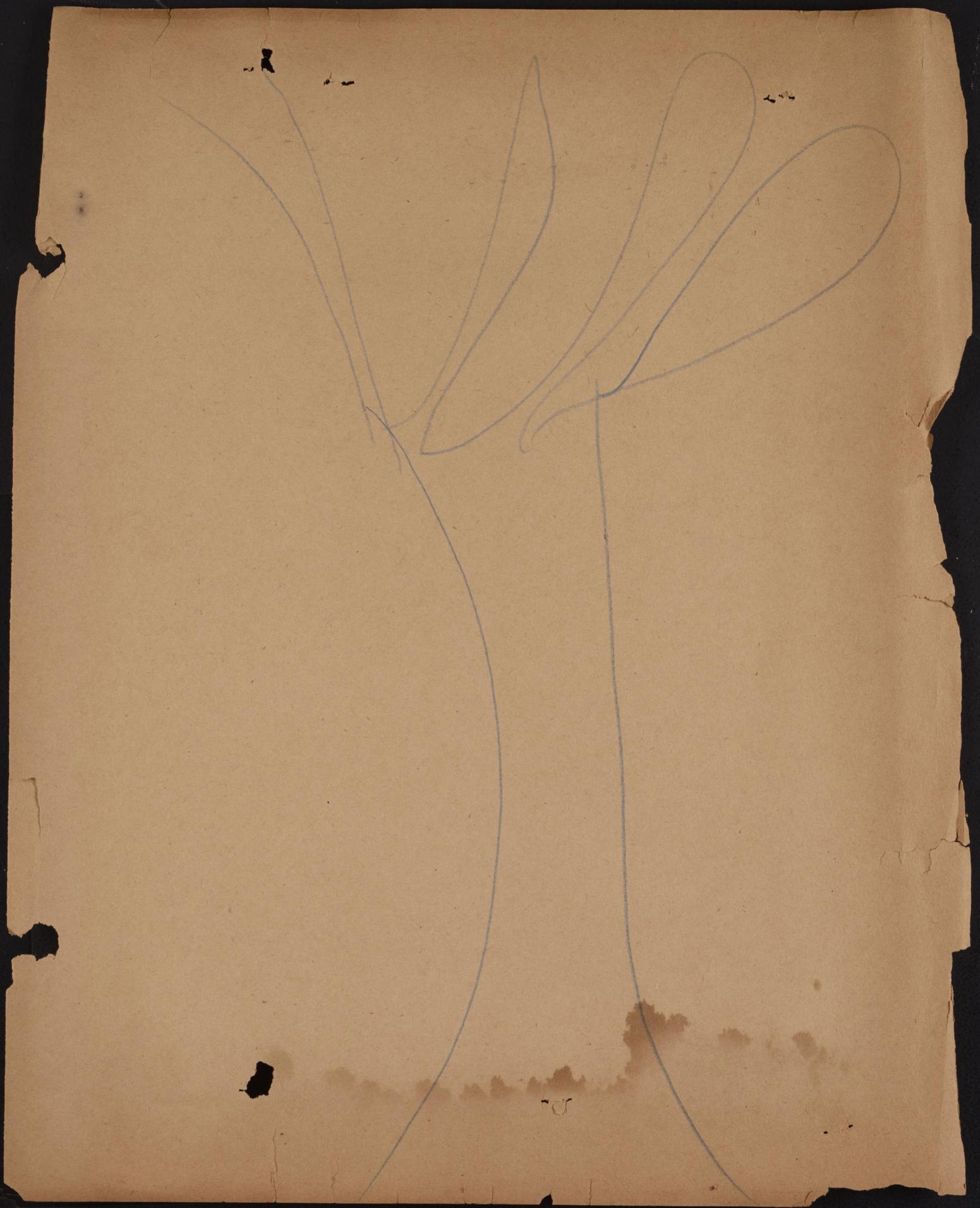
The new home was the pride of his GrandMother McMahon- she loved it on 43rd Street and it was she who advised George and Catherine to undertake the burden- this home was the first to go up on the West side of 43rd near Broadway. No streets at first- no grass anywhere, just mud, but in a year or two the grass came with the new homes and trees were planted. The pine and cedar trees at the home now, (this is 1948) were planted as very small trees in 1923, and now are quite tall, and have been topped and trimmed several times.

Aunt Mary enjoyed the new home-used to bring her friends there and in February or I should say Jan. 23rd 1923, the crowd Catherine and George knew and Aunt Mary all pitched in and gave George Sr., a birthday Surprise Party. Those were the days- roll up the pretty new rugs, turn on the Victrolia and dance and play games. Another big party was given the first fall they moved there- the L&N crowd, where Aunt Mary worked gave a hike at Shawnee Park and afterwards they all came to the basement of the new home and had

weiners and etc. and a pleasant evening.

It was about this time that George W. Canary, Sr's, beloved mother, Mrs. Myrtle Canary, considered buying a new home on 43rd Street. She finally did, rented her old home on 36th Street and Kathryn Canary and herself built a modern, five room house at 684 South 43rd, a few doors from Sonny. Vivian Canary O'Sullivan also purchased a home on the same square and rented it out. Vivian is Sonny's father's sister. Kathryn Canary is also Sonny's Aunt. In this way Sonny could see his Grandmother Canary quite often and she told me, the writer of this, that he was always a good child, even in his play ~~and~~^{he} never wanted to fight or quarrel. I think she often watched him from the window when Sonny was not conscious of it.

Aunt Mary decided to be a Sister of Charity of Nazareth, Kentucky and left her dear Mother, brothers and Sisters and her beloved "Sonny" on September 23rd, 1927 and entered the Novitiate at Nazareth. She is now stationed in 1948 at St. Joseph Hospital, Lexington, Ky., and it is here she is writing these stories of the "Sonny" still her beloved God-Child and nephew.



3
dinner. We left Louisville
at 12 o'clock got out
to Naxarath at 2-15
made good time.

Next week at the
Brown the Cradle Song
is to be played. Mamtha
said you told her she
stays I would love
to see it. Will try and

go. Mary I tho you looked
real good in your
cloths. Of course you
look different but that
is to be expected for
you are in black
I think you never
did wear anything much.
Jannita told them

try to see you every
once in a while.

Mamma stood the
trip fine said she
liked going in the
machine better than
bus or train. She
enjoyed the scenery.
you know the road
is marvelous a
contiguous strip.

Mrs Rushival and
family call to see us
yesterday and left a
card as of course we
were not at home.

I had to hustle
some yesterday morning
went to 9 o'clock mass
came home prepared

(Continued
over
next
page)

Daddy you and I was
glad to see her.
Sonny has been telling
us what he wants for
Xmas. A two wheeler
also a real watch and
ever so many things.

Mrs Canary said to-
day she wants to go
out and visit you.

We met to the Piggery
to-night bought our
supply.

Sept. 29-1927
Thursday.

Dearest Mary:

Mamma and Sister were pleased they got to see you altho' the time with you was so short. It will be that way I suppose each visit will pass so quickly. It seems like you have been gone a year when Sonny and I go up home everything seems different of course it is only natural it should until we try and get used to you being away.

Sonny Boy is still asleep this morning. He does not talk about you very much you know if anything worries him he won't talk of it. Just like when he was struck by the auto he won't let you speak of that at all.

Mamma said you look real nice in your uniform said your face is brown that is good for you the country air will be like a tonic.

We are going out to Mrs Sublet's to a Bank's party Saturday night suppose it will start up for the winter I will miss having you

to help me when it came to my time to entertain them.

I am going up home to-day and pick out your pictures.

Well Mamma suppose I have told you all the news for this time.

Lots of love from
your sister

Ratie.
Pray for all of us.

Enclosed a couple of pictures. I have of yours tho' you would enjoy them.

Thursday, Oct 7

Dear Aunt Mary,

Recieved your letter just a few minutes ago and was pleased to hear from you. I know just about when we will shove off but I can't tell you for you know the army. I thought that Mom and Peanuts would leave last Tuesday but they changed the plans and decide to stay. I thought that (and the orders came out) I couldn't get out any more and that vistors could no longer come on the base. Monday nite a new order came out and it canceled the old one. So I just san'ta say when Mom and Peanuts will leave for homw. If I had my way, I would never send my wife home but I have to help win the wars.

I will write you again before I do shove off. As you know, I'm flying over and it will only take me a very short time to go over that way. We are so busy getting things into shape and preparing to leave this base. I'll have to make this a short letter this time for I have so many t hings to do, officially and personel. Just keep up the prayers for me and call Mom a whole lot when she gets home. I'm glad to know that you are feeling much better and do hope that you will be ok in a very short time.

Lt Jones is calling me and I have to go now. I wnat this letter to get in the afternnon mail and will close for now. Next ti time I'll write you a real letter. Do write to me real often when I'm on the other side. Mom will give you my address as soon as she gets it herself from the Gov. God Bless you and loads of love. Hope to see you very soon.

Your Soldier Nephew

Sunny

Church of Christ the King

Masses;
 Sunday; 6-7;30
 9-11;00
 Week; 6;45-8;30
 Saturday;6;45-7;30

724 S. 44th Street
 Telephone Shawnee 8460

BAPTISMS
 Sundays 1:30 P. M.

Baptisms;
 Confession
 Saturday;
 3;30 to 5
 7 to 9

JAN. 17, 1943

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Banns of Matrimony; First time between George Canary Jr. of Christ the King and Mary Le Verne Meyer of St. Columba's. First time between William Charles Dieruf Jr. of St. Agnes Church and Adele Evelyn Kolb of this Parish.

Blessed Virgins Sodality; Next Sunday Communion day for the Junior and Senior Sadalities week. Junior meeting at 7:30 p.m. *Mayer-Canary* on this

BINGO Next Friday Eve. at 8; parties but if the attendance be forced to discontinue

CATHOLIC TREATRE GUILD presents "VI" 8;30 P.M. at Woman's C

Miss Mary LaVerne Meyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Mayer, and Aviation Cadet George W. Canary, Jr., were married at 4:30 p.m. Thursday in San Antonio, Texas. His parents attended the wedding. The bride wore an aquamarine suit with brown accessories and orchids. Cadet Canary and Mrs. Canary will live in San Antonio. 17th.

7-6-7-9-43



*Lincoln,
 Delaware
 Nov 9 - 1943
 Monday Nov 8th 8:30 PM*

Dear Aunt Mary,
 I'm in the U S O here in Lincoln Neb. I can't say that I like this town very much at all and sure do wish that I could be home with my wife and folks. As you know by ~~here~~ now that I'm on my very over seas and it won't be long before I go over. This place is the final check for us and will make us all ready to go over.

We will get our planes all fixed up for over seas duty and will be issued equip- equip for over seas. I'm not a bit sad about going over for I know that it is my duty to do so. Just the fact of leaving my wife and folks. I know that they all will worry about me and all of that sort of thing. I try to tell them not to worry but you know how they are. I wish that I could come home once more before I do go over but that is our of the question. I had a heart to heart talk with my chaplain last week and he is praying for me. I know that some times I won't be able to go to Mass but will pray that much harder for the times that I can't go.

I know that you will be saying a lot of prayers for me but say a few for the folks at home that they won't feel so bad and that they won't worry about me. My pilot is a very good one and I like him very much. He really knows his stuff and I know for once I was a pilot myself. I have to go now for the boys are calling me to go back to the base for it is getting late. God bless you and loads of love. I hope that by now, you are feeling okay.

Your Soldier Nephew
 Sonny

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS • THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC COMMUNITY SERVICE
 THE SALVATION ARMY • THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS
 THE JEWISH WELFARE BOARD • THE NATIONAL TRAVELERS AID ASSOCIATION
 U S O IS FINANCED THROUGH THE NATIONAL WAR FUND



*Friday - 8/4/43
 I'll be home next week. I'll tell you how I feel here. Will you please write me all the news you can. Love
 Katie*

*1943
 Sister John Marie
 St. Joseph Infirmary
 Preston Eastern Okway
 Louisville, Ky.*

1943
Mayer—Canary

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Mayer
announce the engagement of their
daughter, Miss Mary LaVerne
Mayer, to Aviation Cadet George
W. Canary, Jr., son of Mr. and
Mrs. George W. Canary. The
wedding will take place in
February in San Antonio, Texas.

Sat. June 17th
England

1944

Dear Aunt Mary,

Thought it best that I wrote to you while I had the chance. You can imagine just how busy we are over here with the invasion on and all of that sort of thing. The mail from home I can't complain about for I've latched on to at least one letter a day from my sweet little wife and one every other day from Mom.

Of course, the big news over here is the day by day account of the invasion. All of us follow the news with eager eyes for we know that each new drive means a few more miles closer to home and our love ones. I feel sure that the end is in sight and that victory will soon be in our grasp. Keep up the prayers and very soon, I'll be home where I belong. It isn't easy to be so far away from my family and my wife. I know that you can and do understand just how I feel. I miss my little wife so much this time of the year for we had such fun in the summer. I can't wait until I can take up a normal married life as it was meant to be.

The fellows in S-2 and myself find relaxation in playing ball and I do have to admit that we have a top notch ball club. Tonight we have a game with the negro outfit and should whip them. It is almost game time right now and in a few minutes, I will have to change into my ball uniform. I have to cut this letter short but I'm lucky to write home each day for we are so pressed for time. Next time I will write a long letter to you and promise not to wait so long. For up to date news on my activities, call Mom or my wife. I hope that you are enjoying good health and all of that. Well, I'll close for this time. Just a few lines to let you know how I am. God Bless you and loads of love.

Your Soldier Nephew
Sonny

Dear Aunt Mary, ^{year 1944} (Sister John Mary) ^{Somewhere in England} Feb 7, 1944

I received your card yesterday and thought it was very nice. I hope you understand why I don't write to you more often than I do. you see, we are left no time but I'm lucky to get a letter off to Mum and my wife each day. So, please don't think that I've forgotten about you because at times I don't write to you. I will try my level best to write more often. We now have our own chaplain and he is a grand fellow. I've talked to him on a number of occasions and like him very much. Before he came to our Group, another chaplain from a near by field came over to say Mass on Sunday. Now we have Mass every day in the week. I would like to go each day but my S-2 duties hinder this wonderful opportunity. I even missed last Sunday because of work. Being out like it was back in the States.

I'm glad to hear that Mum and my little wife are holding up so well, and not taking it too hard about me. I'm fine and there isn't a reason in the world to worry. I just miss Peanut's so awful much and can't wait until I set foot on U.S. soil again. England is swell and all of that sort of thing but there's no place like home. I'm taking a gas in a few days and will go to London to see all of the sights. I will tell you all about it in my next letter. I haven't taken a gas in almost a month and really don't care a whole lot about going to town. All of the towns over here are like and I can't say that I can have a good time in any of them. I never less go to town just to get away from the red ground of army life.

From all of the latest news, the war is about over. It can't be too soon for me because I'm home sick. I hope you are doing now and can get up out of bed. I wrote Joe and Maevy a long time ago but never did receive a reply. I guess they forgot to answer. Sis writes me real often and tells

me all of the news. I can't camp here about the mail for I get plenty from home. Last week I got a lot from Mum and one from Peanut's. We can't get enough candy or tea and I depend on the folks at home to keep me supplied. I will have an ash for a lot thing. They can't send me any thing unless I ask for it in a letter.

Well, I shall close for this time and promise to write to you again real soon. Keep up the mail and give real hard that this war will end but quick. I have Mum's and Peanut's photos fixed up on the wall over my desk. They are watching me all of the time. Call Mum or Peanut's to find out all the latest news about me etc. They should hear from me just about every day and should have plenty of dope about me. God Bless you and loads of love.

Yours Soldier's helper
Bunny

(2)

Still, it's not like a real chapel, not like in the States. But it is the best that we can do over here. I also dashed off a letter to Sis tonight. I have to write to Mom, Peanuts, and many others. I don't know if I will have the time to write all of the letters that I would like to but will try my best.

As of today, I'm changed from P/W (prisoner of war dept) back to aircraft recognition. I also have to help out in awards & decorations. So, I have ahead of me twice as much work as ever before. I took the day off today and more or less took it easy for a change. My buddy, Ralph and I, just loafed around most of the day. I will get to sleep all day tomorrow because of the fact of working all nite.

Well, I have a lot of work to do in the mean time and best that I close for this time. I will write you a longer letter next time. God bless you and loads of love. Write to me real soon.

Your Soldier Nephew,
Sonny

Sunday April 30
Some where in ETO

Dear Aunt Mary,

(C) Sister John 1944
I'm very sorry that I couldn't write to you much sooner but Uncle keeps all of us awful busy on this side of the pond. I know that you understand and realize how this is. Today, my prayers were answered and I'm happy as can be. Some time ago, one of the fellows who was in my class in high school and a gunner in our Group, was lost on a mission over enemy held land. His ship was forced down and all were slated as lost in action. Bob was very kind to Mom and Peanuts while they visited me back in the States. Bob knew Peanuts when I was just going with her. Well, today, it came out that he was a prisoner of war and is safe & sound. His mother wrote to one of the boys. Peanuts and Mom were also praying for Bob. So, I am happy about this tonight.

The mail is very slow in getting over here and I haven't received a letter from any of the folks in the last couple of days. Last week, I received a letter from little Johnny and got a big kick out of it. That kid can really write a nice letter. I'm on C Q again tonight and will knock off a letter to him, that is, if I can find the time to do so. I went to Mass this afternoon at 4:30 pm and it seems so odd to go to church at this time of the day. When we first arrived over here, Mass was held in the theater but now, we have our own chapel, and it really seems like church now.