

George R. Casey

George Raymond Casey 1906-1973
St. Philip Neri School, Class of 1920
Bowen High School
University of Wisconsin, BA 1931
Semi-Pro Football, Fort Atkinson Blackhawks
U.S. Army 1941-1945
Stationed in Langport, Somerset, England
where he played bridge with Mrs. Lodwidge.
Married Alice Kilty June 13, 1945
Eva Winifred Casey born June 13, 1946
MaryDaniel Casey born July 3, 1947
Colostomy Nov. 1970. At a family gathering at
his nephew Patrick's beach house in 1971: "If I
knew this was going to be so much fun I'd have
brought more bags."



June 14, 1969

MaryDan, her parents, and Neups

When he was on his deathbed, my mother said, "You know how your father always thought so much of his mother..." Dad roused himself to interject, "I *did* have a wonderful mother."

Dad made up silly stories when we were little. The hero was *always* named Herman.

After we got the DeSoto in 1956, Dad took over the grocery shopping. When Mom worked 3 to 11 on a Sunday, he cooked the roast. Dad may have learned cooking during his years on the Fire Department. He told us about the Thanksgiving dinner the men were about to eat when the alarm sounded. When they got back to the station the turkey had been stolen. Although he was an Engineer Custodian for the Chicago Board of Education as far back as I can remember—my 7th birthday party was at the Englewood High School swimming pool, with hotdogs afterwards in the teachers' lounge—the glamour of his having been a fireman lingered. He told us how he got into Wrigley Field for the 1945 World Series: He wore his uniform and bluffed, "Fire duty!"

Scene: The extended family laughing uproariously over some game, and Dad bringing out the prize, won by Jane and Jack, who had six little kids at the time. An institutional-sized bag of Vomitis. That's the sawdust school janitors sweep around hardwood floors when children have accidents. Another round of laughter. Did I mention that all parties with relatives or Wisconsin friends were well lubricated?

When our big oak table with elaborately carved legs became our kitchen table, Dad covered it with colorful linoleum. Until MaryDan became a homeowner, this table was stored with her sister-in-law who appreciates old furniture. Bob's sister removed the linoleum and was appalled to see that "someone" had SAWED a few inches off one end of this beautiful table! Luckily, MaryDan has a friend who's a genius at woodworking. The table is back in service.

Dad went on a homemade lure kick. He carved lures out of balsa wood, painted them in lurid colors with polka dots, and festooned them with hardware. He heated a piece of plastic, twisted it into a spiral, painted it to look like bacon, and attached it to its leader by a swivel. We usually vacationed at Lake Ripley, but those lures were aimed at the bigger fish in northern Wisconsin.

When Dad whistled a special way we dropped everything and came running. That way we never got lost. Except for the time we were out in a rowboat with Marie Drumm. Pitch darkness suddenly fell. There was only one light in sight so we rowed for it. It was a campfire! We asked the campers if they could direct us to a telephone. "We haven't seen a telephone in a week." We imposed upon them to drive us around the lake to our cottage. Dad said, "You'd think it was a *contest* to see how far you could row before dark."

Once I told Dad of an injustice in high school. He said, "A college student would have walked out of the classroom."

When Dad was sick he told me about a visit from Patrick. "Patrick asked my advice about whether he should get married." Dad told me that he told Patrick, "Well, if you've got someone you *really* like a LOT, then...MAYBE." There were two candidates. "I stopped him right there and said if there are two of them forget the whole thing." I then told him that Aunt Lyd had said to me, "Patrick's going to be just like his father. And George. And Roy. FORTY YEARS OLD!" And she shook her head. Dad said, "Lyd said that?"

Our giant wall clock, which Dad could see from his sickbed without his glasses and without turning, broke. He wanted me to take it downstairs so Eddie could fix it. I was shy about going because Mom, in her stressed-out state, had managed to have words with Jean in the basement, and had impressed upon me the delicate state of inter-apartmental relations. Dad said, "Aww, you haven't any GUTS." With that I shoved the clock under my arm and marched downstairs.

When I was a preschooler Dad said, in context, "Don't boast." In a trice I learned the definition of the word and that it was undesirable behavior. I did not feel reprimanded, just informed. In this piece I tried not to boast, but it does take restraint because to me he was so wonderful.



11/1947. The 4 of us

Eva W. Casey

Somerville MA, May 30, 2000

For sports, romance and war see
<http://world.std.com/~eva/george.html>