



New Casey Cackle Committee Appointed.

The issuing of Casey Cackles has been long delayed because the former Editor, Captain Frank McCusker, has been transferred to Philadelphia. In order to resume its publication, a new committee has been appointed. Members of the committee are: Louis R. Brewer, Editor, Basil Molseed and George Hersey, and in addition, other members will be selected as news hounds.

The new staff will endeavor to publish the Cackle in reduced size but with the latest dope on the Edward Douglas White Council's big and little events and the strange doings of its rank and file. This issue will attempt to cover the events and news since the last issue.

It is the committees desire that all members cooperate in supplying news of interest to our men in the services. You service men can also help by furnishing information concerning your whereabouts and adventures to all of the brothers. Let us have your suggestions. If everyone kicks in with bits of news and gossip, we can keep the presses rolling. Fire at will. Dont be afraid to criticize, either.

Annual Memorial Mass Huge Success

News of interest to all is the reporting of the very successful Annual Memorial Mass and Communion Breakfast held at St. Charles Church and School Hall on Nov. 15th. There were 125 men in attendance and all agreed that it was really worth while. Father Summers, Council Chaplain, delivered an encouraging and though provoking sermon at the Mass. At the conclusion of a delicious breakfast of ham, scrambled eggs, biscuits and coffee, the famous Father Slavin of Catholic University, as guest speaker, gave an inspiring address the theme of which was, "Tolerance and Intolerance." Bernie Fitzgerald with Steve Gerraty at the piano provided some excellent singing and got everyone to participate in some rousing community singing. Steve beat the piano so hard that he sprained one of his fingers. The breakfast was prepared by Mrs. Jacobs who did an excellent job and excellent service was provided by Troop 18 of the Girls Scouts. Altho the breakfast portion of the program was in a festive modd, everyone was doing some deep thinking of the underlying purpose of it all.

Dancin' and Prancin'

The season's social activities started off with a bang on Oct. 12th with a Columbus Day Dance under the able direction of Brother Tom Tracey, Lecturer. The dance was well attended and a lovely time was had by all.

Halloween was fittingly observed on Friday, Oct. 31, by about thirty five couples who danced and made merry from 10 to 1

Thanksgiving was celebrated on Saturday, Nov. 25, with a dance starting immediately after the regular Bongo Party and ran till two A.M. The jumpin' was sumpin'.

Brother Jack Spates has taken over the bar for the parties and the way he concocts delectable potions does not indicate a shortage of bottle goods nor contribute to clear thinking the next A.M.

Brother Tracy is busy preparing and planning for bigger and better social events and has definite plans for New Years Eve, President Ball, and for a big celebration to commemorate the council's birthday. And with all the Loyal Sons of Erin in our midst, you know he doesn't forget St. Patrick's Day.

New Faces in Our Midst.

The Membership Committee has been hitting the ball and there will be a number of new faces to welcome our traveling brotherhood back from other parts of the world when they have finished the job they ~~xxx~~ started out to do.

On Dec. 7, the First Degree was exemplified at the clubhouse and seven men were added to our rolls. After riding the goat, they all expressed their pleasure at becoming Knights and are looking forward (we wonder how?) to the Second and Third Degree. So are we. Candidate Bauer came to the First properly attired in sweat shirt and slacks. Apparently he was taking no chances what with the cleaning and pressing service the way it is now.

Pin Knockin'!

The bowling league is going strong this year under the leadership of Brother Chic Flaherty. There are six teams of five men each and there is always good attendance. Frank (Sinatra) Deppert is holding down the anchor spot for the Santa Marias, and is really getting the wood. Bill Delaney and his Pintas are out in front, but we know their luck won't last. At the present time the standings are as follows:

Pinta	Won	23	Lost	13	Santa Maria	Won	16	Lost	20
Nina	"	17	"	16	Christopher	"	16	"	20
San Domingo	"	16	"	20	Columbus	"	17	"	19

High average is held by Bill Cox of the Ninas and the high team game is 550 by the Christophers. High single game of 148 was rolled by Pat Norton of the Christophers.

It is planned to challenge the St. Thomas Moore League for a match or series of matches during the winter and spring. They took our measure last season but we believe we can take them this year.

Pig Knuckle.

The pinochle tournament has been resumed this year with games each Thursday night. Harold Ezekiel is in the lead, and we do not allow Mike Corking or Doc Pumphery any substitutes so their names are right down on the bottom where they belong

Bingo with a Bang.

Bingo parties are held as usual every Saturday night and have been very successful. When this years receipts are in, the mortgage on the club may be almost ready for the fire.

Brodie the "Wienie King" was paid off by the attendance/size but we wonder if the Mrs. had it the next morning.

Bugs.

Under the skillful carpentry of Brother Spates, the main floor of the clubhouse has been entirely rebuilt. It seems that the termites, not the Pumphrey species, were particularly fond of the joists, sills, studding, etc, of our hangout. They must have called in all their brothers from miles around to feast on our delicious wood. They are foiled now because Brother Spates, Termite Hater, put in treated wood that they wont eat even with ketchup. The floor is now strong enough to support the wild jitterbugging of Brother Alec Kirchner, Geroge Kramer, and Bill Monohan, etc.

Poisonnels

Brother Jack Dougherty is very proud of the star he has added to his service flag. Jimmy, his youngest son has joined the service. Joe has been in the Marine Air Corps for sometime.

Brother Harold Ezekiel is also a proud Papa. His son is in Bainbridge with the Navy. A very good addition indeed.

Brother Harry Buckley, the Potomac River Admiral, paid us a visit recently. He wants to be notified two weeks in advance of the return of Charlie Grady so he can make a trip to Ninth Street and buy up all the service stripes and medals to proudly display to Brother Grady.

Lt. (Silent) Jim Spellman is somewhere in the South Pacific. He received out last Casey Cackle down among the Hula Hulas. He also met Lt. J. J. Hersey brother of our George.

Brother Al Carretta recently made a quick weekend trip in from the Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

Father Scannell former Council Chaplain is now in England as an Army Chaplain.

Grand Knight Joe Pettit attended the Gonzaga V.S. St. Johns football game to see his son play a lot of tackle for Gonzaga. Gonzaga won 7 to 6 and they are both ~~xx~~ happy. Joe's other boy Joe Jr. is now in the Air Cadet Corps. He was recently home on a furlough and attended our Thanksgiving Dance.

A card from Major Henry L. (Doc) Bastien states he is still looking for Japs in the New Guinea jungles. Says he is losing a lot of weight and wonders, quote "What are they doing in the States with all those steaks we are supposed to be getting over here?" Unquote. We wonder too, Doc. Ye Editor hasnt had steak for two months??? Bulls must be on a strike.

Mr. J. Fox, Jr. who is in Akron, Ohio helping Uncle Sam make Goodyear Blimps is back to visit the K of C and is looking forward to cutting a rug on New Years Eve.

Little Men in Big City.

Doc Pumphrey and Bill King thought they were lucky in getting choice seats for the Army-Notre Dame game in N.Y.C. and journeyed there for their edification. It seems that Doc had been hearding a bottle of ancient Scotch for said event and had said firewater packed safely in his bag. Feeling flush at Union Station they entrusted their precious cargo to a redcap and it was fatal, 'cause he walked five steps and fell two. Doc was frantic, let the Redcap lay and grabbed his bag. His Scotch was justa drip, drip, drip! Every time he comes in the club you can smell scotch. In N.Y. they did as good. Doc bought another bottle and in an effort to catch Bill's hat on a stagger fumbled the baby but quickly recovered and caught it on the bounce. They are still arguing as to who brought who home. So are we!!!!