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Julia & Gus

Memoirs of Julia Lecour Bowe



Edited by Charles A. Bowe
Preface by William J. Bowe, Jr.

Julia & Gus

Memoirs of Julia Lecour Bowe

Acknowledgements

I am indebted to many people, without whom telling this story would have been impossible. Without a doubt, Julia Bowe is the essential progenitor. Julia wrote these memoirs on her own typewriter, putting her memories and heart to paper. Accurately recalling the magnitude of the details, like names, dates and events made her memoirs a vast endeavor. In 1959, Julia completed her elaborate genealogical history, *The Generations*, tracing her family over seven centuries. My footnotes to her memoirs have been fuller because of this work.

Special recognition is also due to my Aunt Mary, Mary Gwinn Bowe, for her book *The Families*. This extensive genealogy gathered notes and reminiscences pertinent to Gus & Julia in a cohesive, flowing family record. As a result, *The Families* is also the source for many of the footnotes in Julia's memoirs. Mary's niece, Olivia Riboud, kindly reviewed Julia's memoirs for proper French usage.

Great praise must also go to my mother, Katherine Pargellis Bowe, who held onto the manuscript for over 30 years. Along the way, the document traveled with her from Winnetka to Boston and back. When Mom gave me the stack of typewritten sheets along with other family memorabilia, she stated in a nonchalant challenge, "I thought you might be interested in this." She always knew the importance of Julia's memoirs and the treasure it could be to all.

Uncle Bill came to mind immediately when I first read the manuscript and decided to print it. Bill Bowe's first-hand knowledge and love of family lore was required to complete the task. This presentation represents many years of his hard work archiving a huge collection of digital family photos and documents.

The Newberry Library and The Poetry Foundation also deserve thanks for organizing and preserving the Augustine J. Bowe Papers. Similarly, the Library of the University of Illinois at Chicago has done a fine job of saving and presenting the Mary Gwinn Bowe Papers. Indices to these collections are found in the Research Notes at the conclusion of these memoirs.

Finally, we can thank Claes Oldenburg for the pen and ink drawing of Gus Bowe on the back cover. Though born in Stockholm, Sweden, Claes's father had moved to Chicago in 1936 to become Swedish Consul General. Claes became a family friend after he became a schoolmate of my father. He caught Gus relaxing at his daughter Julie Ann's home in Warrenville, Illinois. The drawing is also found as the frontispiece of Gus's book of poetry, *No Gods are False*.

Charles Augustine Bowe
Chicago, Illinois
May 1, 2011

Preface

I was delighted when Charley Bowe told me that he had run across a typewritten memoir authored by his paternal grandmother, Julia Lecour Bowe.

I was even more delighted when he asked me to write a preface to help put her reminiscences in the broader context of her long life and extended family.

Charley told me Julia's discourse covered a period from shortly after her graduation in 1923 from Trinity College in Washington, D.C. (where my mother, Mary Gwinn (Bowe), was her roommate), to the onset of World War II, when Julia and her family gave up their pastoral second home in Palos Park, Illinois.

When I finally had a chance to read the memoir myself, I saw that Julia had focused on how she met, fell in love with, married and lived life through the Roaring '20s and the Great Depression with Gus Bowe, my father's older brother. Julia bore a son and a daughter along the way: John Edward Bowe and Julie Ann Bowe (Thompson).

While Julia clearly had relied on diaries to help recall specifics of her extensive travels during this period, she primarily relied on her memory for her description of life as a young bride and as mother to John and Julie Ann. This latter aspect of her account is chock full of references to her immediate and extended families: the Lecours in Kankakee, Illinois (father Edward, mother Mable (Canavan) Lecour, sister Josephine, known as "Dodie," Lecour), the Pallissard ancestors of the Lecours in France, Gus and his brother Bill Bowe, Gus's sister Anna (Bowe) Walters, and their mother, Ellen Canavan Bowe.

Ellen Bowe was also known as "Lib" and was sometimes called "Grandma Bowe" by Julia and my mother in later years. Oddly enough, Ellen Bowe was also an aunt of Julia's mother Mable, being a sister of Mable's father James Canavan.

Ellen had married sometime railroad clerk John Joseph Bowe late in the 19th Century. They had three children. Augustine Joseph Bowe, whom everyone knew as Gus, was born in Chicago in February, 1892. My father, William John Bowe, Sr., followed on Christmas Eve, 1893. (My father's natal day proved to be a mini-disaster to him, as his birthday was always merged into the celebration of Christmas.) Ellen Bowe's youngest child, Anna, was born in 1896.

Alas, John Joseph Bowe died of tuberculosis when the boys were teenagers and Ellen Bowe was left with no means to support her three children. Not to worry. Grandma Bowe was a formidable woman.

She quickly became a sales representative for a life insurance company and began knocking on doors in the Irish neighborhood of Chicago where they lived. I remember my father telling me that his mother would take him along with her on evening sales calls, where his function was to say nothing and serve as mute testimony to the perils of a breadwinner's early death without life insurance. He said his mother would tell the man of the house that he if he didn't have insurance, God forbid, his wife could find herself in her shoes down the road.

Ellen Bowe not only supported her children through her hard work, but, with an eye on the future, and the help of the best parochial schools at hand, she turned her sons Gus and Bill into serious students and early commercial successes.

The boys went to St. Ignatius high school and then Loyola College and Law School in Chicago. My father followed in Gus's footsteps when he was the Illinois bar in 1915. The brothers formed the Bowe & Bowe and specialized in the newly developing field of law opened up by Workman's Compensation Act of 1912. In due course, they were their mother and sister Anna, as well as themselves. In a few years, as Julia describes, Anna distanced herself from her family when she married Raymond Walters, a bank president Great Depression, and moved for a time to New Rochelle, New

The law office of Bowe & Bowe was at 127 N. Dearborn Chicago, directly east of today's Richard J. Daley Center. I visiting the office as a child in the 1940s. Later, before the was razed to make room for the redevelopment of "Block 37" at beginning of the 21st Century, I remember it had acquired a pronounced, gravity-defying list to the north. It was a Chicago the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

As I recall, 127 N. Dearborn also housed at some point the law office of Gus's and Bill's cousin, Austin A. Canavan. Like the Bowe brothers, Austin had his own remarkable law career. Born in Philadelphia in 1852 to Anthony Canavan and Ann (Hughes) Canavan, he had moved with his parents to Kankakee at the age of five. A fine student at St. Viator's College in nearby Bourbonnais, he went on to get his LLB from Yale Law School in 1876. Settling into a law practice in Chicago, he married Emma Valliquette five years later.

Today, Austin and Emma, Ellen Bowe, Gus and Julia, and my father and mother are all interred at the Canavan family plot at Calvary Cemetery in Evanston, Illinois

The personality traits that drove widowed Ellen Bowe to single-mindedly rise out of poverty and successfully raise three children were not always seen by others as entirely benign.

Julia recounts that the only cautionary word she ever heard as she contemplated marrying Gus came from her father, "He told me that he had been very patient with all of Mabel's relatives and that I would need every bit of patience I had if I was going to get along



127 N. Dearborn

admitted to law firm the Illinois supporting more immediate before the York. Street in remember building the version of

law office

with Ellen Canavan Bowe, Mabel's aunt. He doubted the wisdom of such a decision. If I was eager to go into such an alliance with my eyes wide open to the pitfalls that lay ahead, all right. He would back me up, but it would not be easy, he counseled."

As it turned out, Julia was quickly confronted with Gus and Bill's profound solicitude for their mother. When Julia and Gus began their marriage in Chicago in 1926 and bought 4D, a duplex cooperative apartment at 1120 Lake Shore Drive, she found herself living with Gus on the fourth floor, with Ellen Canavan and Bill above them on five. As Julia later reflected, "It was a crazy idea, but I was young and naïve."

As I was born in 1942, I have no direct memory of Grandma Bowe, who died in 1943. However, in the 1950s and '60s, I did try to learn what I could about her from Julia and my mother.

Julia and Mary Gwinn Bowe were sisters-in-law who maintained an unusually strong bond over their lifetimes (as did the brothers they married). They began as college roommates in the 1920s, one from Kankakee, the other from Baltimore. Then, thanks to Julia's introducing Mary to my father Bill Bowe, they ended up marrying brothers who practiced law together. Julia and Mary both had two children, and both raised their families in fourth floor apartments at 1120 Lake Shore Drive. But wait! There's more! After both former college roommates were widowed in the late 1960s, Julia sold 4D and moved in with Mary Bowe in her apartment, 4B, on 1120's other elevator tier. Thus, they spent most of their later years, separately growing old, but as roommates once again. I occasionally joined their partnership at 4B in the late 1960s and early 1970s, usually when on leave from the Army.

In answer to my probing Julia and my mother as to who Grandma Bowe really was, and what exactly the family relationships were like when they were younger, Julia and Mary were pretty much in agreement. They both clearly and completely respected Ellen Bowe. That came through strongly. They expressed nothing untoward or unkind about her in anything they said. However, they both also made it clear that Ellen Bowe had been a powerful presence that loomed over both of their marriages until her death in 1943. My impression was that, whatever the issue, if Lib chose to push it, she nearly always could get the last word with either of her boys. She had singlehandedly raised and successfully guided them in their formative years and she was not inclined to be dethroned from that position just because they married nice, well educated, smart young women.

Learning about Grandma Bowe ended up teaching me more about Julia and Mary Bowe's relationship. It became clear that a major reason for the strength of their lifelong bond arose from the fact that for years they both were in the same boat in having to deal with a very strong-willed mother-in-law. Just as Julia's father had predicted in 1926, "patience" proved to be a necessary virtue for both of them as they lived in Ellen Bowe's world.

As comes through from Julia's description of her family life in wooded Palos Park, Illinois in the 1930s, life by the forest preserve there was a frequent refuge for all of Julia's

extended family. Though I missed Palos entirely, my brother Dick, born in 1938, made it into a few family snapshots taken there.

Since my apartment at 1120 was only an elevator's ride away from the apartment of Julia and Gus, Dick and I grew up in close proximity to John and Julie Ann, though we were separated from them substantially in age. When John married Kathie Pargellis (daughter of Stanley Pargellis, the Newberry Library's President), and Julie Ann married Willard Thompson, son of doctors, they seemed ages beyond me in maturity.

With the onset of gasoline rationing in World War II, the Palos Park sojourns went away. Julia's sister Dodie kept track of her later husband Stanley Freborg, also from Kankakee, when he went off to service in the war. Stan served as a reconnaissance expert in the U.S. Army Air Force flying over Nazi bombing targets in North Africa, Italy and Eastern Europe. Stan later told me he had flown over the Nazi controlled oil refineries in Ploiesti, Romania, first bombed from Benghazi, Libya. His absence gave Dodie more time to spend time with Julia and Gus in Chicago. Pictures of Dodie at Oak Street Beach and on the sidewalk outside of 1120 during this period reveal her as an attractive young woman and quite the fashionista.

After the war, Stan and Dodie lived for a time in an apartment above Julia and Gus on the 17th floor at 1120. I have fond memories of my parents sending Dick and me off alone to the other elevator tier for Dodie's home cooking when we were young boys. Though they had no children of their own, Stan and Dodie just loved entertaining young folks. Stan, in particular, was endlessly fascinating to Dick and me, as he was given to performing magic tricks that always left our little minds confounded.

I remember being about seven or eight when my mother took me down to the 1120 driveway to say goodbye to Stan and Dodie as they finished packing their car for a new life in Arizona. Stan had been trained at The Art Institute of Chicago and had become a commercial artist, but at this time he hankered to plunge into life as a real estate agent in fast growing, postwar Tucson.

While I never saw the ranch house that they themselves built, Julia and Gus did. On one trip of Julia and Gus to Tucson, the four of them piled into a car and headed due south into Mexico. Pausing for lunch in Hermosillo, they soon reached their destination of Guaymas, on the Gulf of California across from the Baja Peninsula. Rare color photos from this trip record their adventure, highlighted by a bow-tied Gus Bowe, standing with Stan by a bloody trophy fish hung on a dock on the Sea of Cortez.

Dodie's nephew, John Bowe, also made it to Tucson to visit. One Kodak moment shows him completely into the spirit of the Old Southwest, standing next to Stan with a fine western hat on his head. Before the Freborgs decamped back East, Julie Ann and Willard's young son Owen even made it out to Arizona to visit.

In the late 1950s, Stan and Dodie moved to Provincetown, Massachusetts on Cape Cod. There they studied under the famous artist Hans Hoffman and plunged into the then current

abstract expressionist style of painting. I had a chance to visit them there at their beautiful little white cottage at 6 Cook Street in Provincetown. I later took a break from my studies at Yale to take the train down to New York City to see Stan's one-man show at a gallery there.

Dodie and Stan returned to Chicago in later years, when Stan resumed his career as a commercial artist. He drew advertisements that regularly ran in Chicago and Midwestern newspapers. They lived this time in another quaint home, one tucked away in a cul du sac at 2347 N. Cambridge Avenue in the Lincoln Park neighborhood.

At the house on Cambridge, they continued to entertain the different generations of Julia's extended family. Present at one time or another besides Julia and Gus were John and Kathie's children, Tony, Sandy, Charley and Rob; Julie Ann's son Owen, and Willard's mother Phebe and siblings Don and Nancy Thompson; John and Martha Casey and their children Ted and Margaret and Mary Bowe and her son Dick's children Anson and Alex. My sons, Andy and Pat also enjoyed their hospitality on Cambridge.

Gus and my father Bill Bowe spent their entire lives in private law practice at their law firm of Bowe & Bowe, moving their office in the 1950s to 7 S. Dearborn Street. After World War II, John Casey, yet another Canavan cousin, married my mother's sister Martha Gwinn, and also joined the firm. Later still, Gus' son John became a member of the firm before he was chosen Clerk of the Appellate Court of Illinois and later appointed an Associate Judge of the Circuit Court of Cook County. John Casey's sister, Katherine Lynch provided a bridge to yet more Canavan descendants, as did Canavan cousin John Patrick "Pat" Hanley.

In the mid-1950s, with Poetry Magazine finding its financial legs with help from Gus & Julia's Palos Park friend Patrick Lannan, Gus was elected President of the Chicago Bar Association (CBA). This was a great honor for a small law firm like Bowe & Bowe and a big new responsibility for Gus.

Julia, possessed of a scholarly bent from childhood, had been taking Spanish courses at Loyola to better appreciate Granada poet García Lorca. Earlier she had taken up the guitar on her own. She had also been fascinated by the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls in 1947. As a result, she had begun studying Hebrew. Or was it Arabic, Greek or Aramaic? And that was just in her off time.

Apart from Poetry Magazine, Julia and Gus and my parents had been active from the 1930s in the National Conference of Christians and Jews (NCCJ). The NCCJ, and other organizations they were attracted to over the years, worked against the race discrimination then widely prevalent.

In 1960, Julia was still devoting most of her personal time to the Lower North Center, a private settlement house she helped in the formerly Italian, but then poor black, Cabrini Green housing project. The Lower North Center was just west of the Near North Side where Gus & Julia and my parents lived.

When I reflect on the values lived by Gus & Julia, and my parents in their own way, it seems like there was a simple overarching rule: If something around you seems amiss in a big way, do your little part to fix it. That was sure Julia and Gus.

Gus had been slated by Mayor Richard J. Daley in January 1960 to run on the Democratic ticket as Chief Justice of the Municipal Court of the City of Chicago. When we talked later that year, before I headed off to college, Irish Catholic John F. Kennedy had not yet been endorsed by Daley, nominated by the Democratic Convention or elected President. Given my own interests at the time, I was always eager to talk politics with Gus and quickly asked him about his slating. Gus was a well-known Democrat. He had been active in former Illinois Governor Adlai Stevenson's second presidential campaign bid against Dwight Eisenhower in 1956 and in Paul Douglas's successful Illinois Senate Campaign in 1954. Yet Gus had always been miles away from the normal machine politics of the day. His service as President of the CBA had also marked him as an independent person of the law, with integrity, good judgment and the respect of his peers.

Gus said he had no particular idea as to why he was slated by Daley, other than that the Court needed a non-political person capable of restoring trust. The Court had recently been scandalized by bail bond bribery in its traffic court at 325 North LaSalle Street in Chicago.

(Permit me a brief personal aside about this structure. Today I work for Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., in this same 1914 warehouse on the Chicago River. In 1915, right after it was built, the building served as a temporary morgue for many of the 844 lives lost in the Eastland Disaster. From the mid-1950s on, the building, now known as the Reid-Murdoch Center, was a City of Chicago office building. It housed the traffic court and other City departments for a half-century, before being recycled in 2005 as a private office building. For some years, it provided offices to the Chicago's Architectural Landmarks Commission, of which Gus was the first Chairman. Julia Bowe herself worked in the building briefly after being widowed in 1966. In later years, Julia and Gus's son, Judge John Bowe, periodically worked in this building in the traffic court)

Gus told me he went to see Daley after being put on the ticket to thank him. Then, as now, slating on the Democratic Party ticket in Chicago was tantamount to election. Gus said Daley immediately asked him what part of Germany his family was from. (Daley may have taken Gus as German as he shared a name with Saint Augustine, the Patron of the Divine Word Missionaries. Saint Augustine has a town outside of Bonn, Germany named after him.) Gus said he told Daley he wasn't of German heritage, he was Irish. According to Gus, Daley began smiling and then, laughing out loud, told Gus to hush up about it, because, "The last thing I need on the ticket is another Irish Catholic!" According to one scholar (see the Epilogue), Daley had been keeping his likely endorsement of the Catholic Kennedy under his hat and, as a result, had slated a conspicuous Protestant, Otto Kerner, for Governor and Samuel Shapiro, a

Jewish politician from Kankakee, as Lieutenant Governor. He clearly felt he didn't need any more Catholics (let alone Irish Catholics) on the ticket than he'd already calculated.

When I returned home to Chicago for law school in 1964, my father's health was failing. With my mother's encouragement, I got to know Julia and Gus much better at this time. I would cross the lobby and see them regularly on weeknights, with Julia cooking dinner. Since Gus had been elected Chief Justice of the Municipal Court of Chicago in 1960, and I was now in law school, I was always interested in talking shop with him. At about eight o'clock in the evening, whatever the weather and whatever the state of our conversation, I would usually join him on his ritual walk south from Elm Street to the newsstand at southwest corner of Chicago and Michigan Avenues where he purchased the next day's editions of the Chicago Tribune and the Sun Times for both of us.

During this period, I also had two wonderful days chauffeuring Julia and Gus about Chicago and Paris. I had been increasingly interested in talking to them both about the family in earlier years and, in particular, how Grandma Bowe had brought up her children. With Gus and Julia both game, one Saturday we piled into my Volkswagen Beetle and set out on a journey to show me the migration of Ellen and her children from Chicago's West Side, to Streeterville, to 1120 on the Near North Side. Before returning to 1120 that day in 1965, we saw 1239 North Ashland Avenue, where Gus had been born, 2421 West Superior Street, where Bill and Anna were born, their home at 2852 West Fulton Street, 2946 West Walnut Street (around the corner from Frank Lloyd Wright's famous Francisco Terrace Apartments), the 3220 West Fulton Street house bought in 1910 with a \$1,000 legacy Anna received from her paternal grandfather, Moses Bowe, 3240 West Washington Boulevard, and finally, with each home having been progressively better than the last, 227 East Delaware Place in Streeterville in the 1920s.

My other great driving adventure with Julia and Gus was a little bit later, when I happened to be in Paris once at the same time they were. I took them in their rent-a-car to all of their old Paris haunts, beginning with the Saint James and Albany Hotel on the Rue de Rivoli. Their acquaintance from the 1930s, the widower of Mary Ann Smith, Suzzane Smith Ray's sister, then joined us for diner at a Place Vendome restaurant.

Julia, being of French heritage, spoke very good French. (When Sam Shapiro became the second Jewish Governor of Illinois in 1966, Julia was proud to report he was a former student of hers in French at Kankakee High School.) Due to my own bad French, Julia had a good laugh at my expense on our Paris jaunt. I was doubly in error. I not only made an illegal turn with Julia and Gus in the back seat, but I did it in front of a gendarme. When he asked me for my license, I tried placating him by apologizing in my best schoolboy French, "Je suis très triste." Julia burst out laughing, and even the gendarme cracked a smile before waving me on. When I later asked Julia what was so funny, she said I had just told the policeman that I was very sad.

As Julia ended her memoir in 1941, when Palos Park faded away, she did not recount her and Gus's efforts that year to put Poetry Magazine on a solid financial footing by helping to form the Modern Poetry Association, of which Julia was Secretary and Treasurer. Both continued to be active in raising money for Poetry Magazine over the next three decades.

Gus died in 1966, dropping dead on his evening walk. It produced a headline the next day in the Chicago Tribune. The New York Times produced an obituary and Chicago Daily News columnist Mike Royko took time to note Gus' passing as well.

Before her own death 20 years later, Julia organized their papers and family memorabilia and gifted them to Chicago's Newberry Library. Today, the 37 boxes that comprise the Augustine J. Bowe Papers are open for research in the Newberry Library's Special Collections Reading Room.

In 2008, 20 years after Julia Bowe made her gift to the Newberry, an electronic inventory of the Augustine J. Bowe Papers was created with the generous support of the Poetry Foundation. An introduction to the collection contains a short biography of Gus and a lengthy notation describing the files.

The collection of papers Julia put together also contains diaries, family snapshots and even a long playing record of Gus reading a selection of his poetry.

The photos from the 1930s bring alive Julia and Gus's Palos Park years. The images of the 1940s, '50s and '60s reflect Julia and Gus's engagement in supporting *Poetry* magazine and Gus's increasing public prominence in improving race relations and the courts. For example, T.S. Eliot is captured before a reading on a Chicago visit to help with fundraising for *Poetry*. Gus is also separately pictured with Mayor Edward Kelly and Mayor Richard J. Daley. The latter pictures reflected his public role with the City's Human Relations Commission and later as Chief Justice of the Municipal Court of Chicago and then head of the Municipal Division of the Circuit Court of Cook County.

The Newberry trove also reveals a wonderful eight by ten inch, black and white, glossy picture of Julia with movie star Burt Lancaster. This Hollywood moment was an odd consequence of Gus's visibility in the fight against racial prejudice and his becoming a judge. I'm probably the only person alive who knows how this came about because, thanks to Gus, when I was 16, I had a similar encounter with Oscar-winning actor Sidney Poitier.

As an opinion leader in racial justice and the law, Gus was occasionally invited to a private screening room atop the Chicago Theater to see pertinent movies when they opened. *The Defiant Ones* opened in Chicago in 1958. It starred Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis as black and white escaped convicts who are chained to one another. They learn they must get along together to avoid capture. Gus couldn't make the movie and asked if I'd be interested in going. The next thing I knew I was in the screening room shaking hands with Poitier, who must have wondered why he was promoting his movie to kids.

In Julia's case, I'm sure her meeting with Burt Lancaster came about for similar reasons. Lancaster came to Chicago about three years after I met Sidney Poitier. Lancaster was promoting his film about the post-war trial of the Nazi leaders, *Judgment at Nuremberg*. Of course, in Julia's case, it was worthies meeting worthies.

The pictures illustrating Julia's memoir are largely thanks to my mother's pack rat instincts when it came to family photos and my own inheritance of her pre-emergent digital DNA. Thus, this memoir has many contemporary images of Julia and Gus's life and the later lives of their extended families. Knowing she lived an extraordinary life with Gus, Julia made sure important parts of it would be accessible for those interested in years to come. Both through the Newberry collection and this memoir, my Aunt Julia has left a worthy legacy for us all.

William J. Bowe, Jr.
Northbrook, Illinois
May 1, 2011



Edward Armand Lecour 1930



Julia Lecour Bowe in her Trinity College years 1919-23



Julia Lecour, top right, visits her roommate Mary Gwinn, top center & Mary's sisters, left to right, Betty, Nancy (Riboud) & Martha (Casey), Baltimore 1920



Julia Lecour, top right, with her roommate, Mary Gwinn, top left, with Trinity College classmates 1922



Josephine "Dodie" Lecour Freborg



Gus & Bill Bowe set sail for Europe 1925



Julia & Gus Bowe on their way to Europe



John & his Aunt Mary Gwinn Bowe 1928



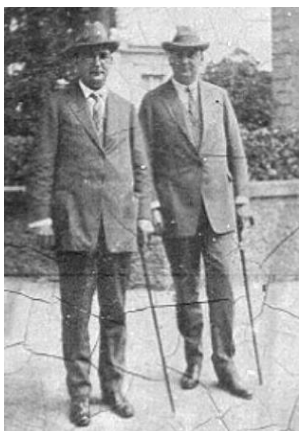
Ellen Canavan Bowe
b.1860, d.1943



Augustine J. Bowe, b. Chicago, IL 1892



Bill & Gus Bowe c.1896



Bill & Gus Bowe 1923



Gus Bowe



Bill Bowe



Ray & Anna Walters 1926



Julie Ann Bowe, Apt. 4D 1947



Julia & Gus Bowe, 1120 Lake Shore Drive 1965



Anna & Ray Walters, Jr. with Julie Ann & John Bowe, Palos Park, IL 1935



Julie Ann & John Bowe on the ice, Palos Park, IL



Julie Ann & John Bowe Palos Park, IL



Julia Bowe with Julie Ann & John, Palos Park, IL 1935



John & Julie Ann in Halloween dress by 1120 Lake Shore Dr.



Julie Ann Bowe 1940



Gus, Bill & Julia picnic in Palos with Harold & Suzanne Ray, Mary Ann Smith & Tony Pavelic



Martha Gwinn and John Casey, her later husband, Palos Park, IL 1933



Oak Street Beach, Chicago, IL 1928



Julia and Bill Bowe, Oak Street Beach 1959



Dodie Freborg 1946



Willard & Julie Ann Thompson
Gus Bowe, Oak Street Beach 1955



Fr. Don Temple, Gus Bowe, Bill
Saltiel, Oak Street Beach 1946



Owen & Willard
Thompson 1955



Owen Thompson
1955



John Bowe 1942



John Bowe 1954



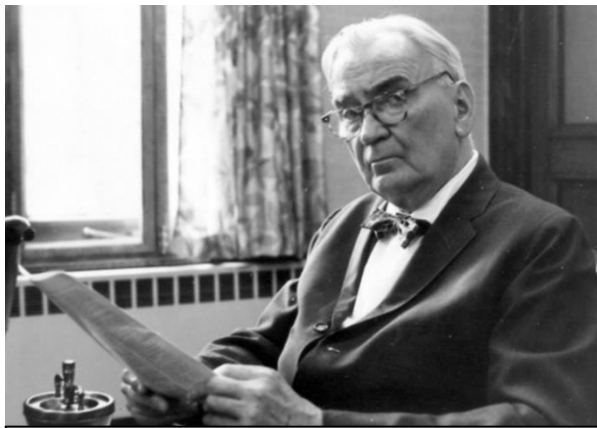
Kathie & John Bowe & their parents at their
wedding in Cape Porpoise, Maine 1955



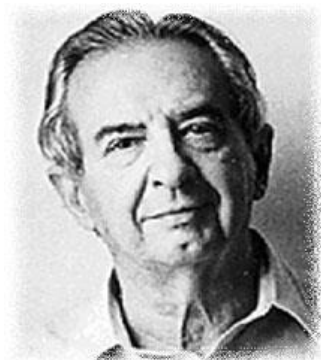
Julia & John Bowe, Apt. 4D
1120 Lake Shore Drive 1957



Augustine J. Bowe, Chief Justice of the Municipal Court of the City of Chicago 1960



Gus Bowe in his City Hall office before he moved to the current Richard J. Daley Center



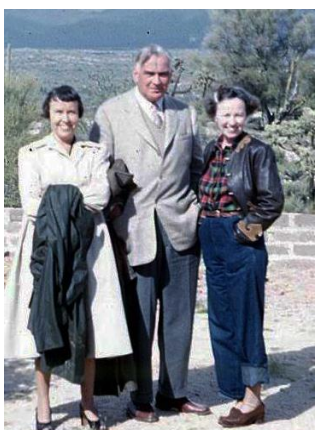
John Frederick Nims,
Editor of *Poetry* & Gus's
Book *No False Gods*



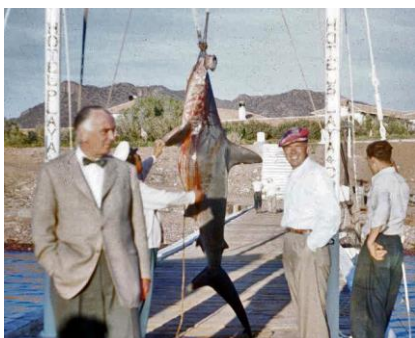
Willard & Julie Ann Bowe
Thompson 1977



John and Kathie Pargellis Bowe 1965



Dodie Freborg with Gus
& Julia, Tucson 1952



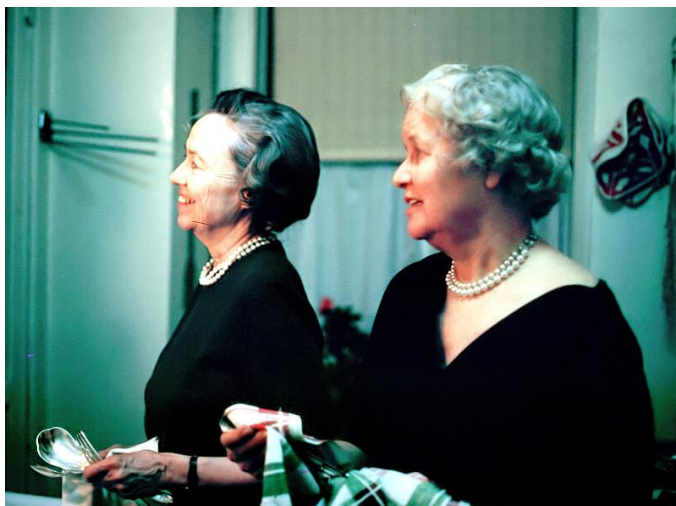
Gus Bowe & Stanley Freborg
Guaymas, Mexico 1952



Sen. Paul Douglas (D-IL), Gus Bowe &
Gov. Adlai Stevenson 1956



Julia Bowe with actor Burt Lancaster at a screening of his film about the trials of the Nazi leaders
Judgment at Nuremberg 1961



Julia & Mary Bowe, Apt. 4D, 1120 Lake Shore Dr. 1965



Julia at Bill Bowe's 1967 University of Chicago Law School Graduation



John & Kathie Bowe at Ted & Ann Casey's Wedding, Chicago, IL 1978



John & Bill Bowe by Joan Mitchell's abstract expressionist "Tour de France," Boston 1996



Dodie & Stan Freborg 1977



Charley, Andy & Rob Bowe 1997
2347 North Cambridge Street, Chicago, IL



Kathie & John with Charley & June Bowe
Northbrook, IL 1995



Kathie Bowe with sons Tony, Rob & Sandy, & their
families, Northbrook, IL 2006



Alice, Eliza, Julia and Molly Bowe, Oak Park, IL 2011



Back Row: Tony Bowe, Ted Casey, Mel & Owen Thompson, Rob, Bill & Charley Bowe
 Bottom Row: Nancy, June, Alice, Kathie, Daisy & Cathy Bowe (Susan Lynch Memorial Service) 2004



Kathie Bowe with her sons Sandy, Charley, Tony and Rob, Evanston, IL 2010

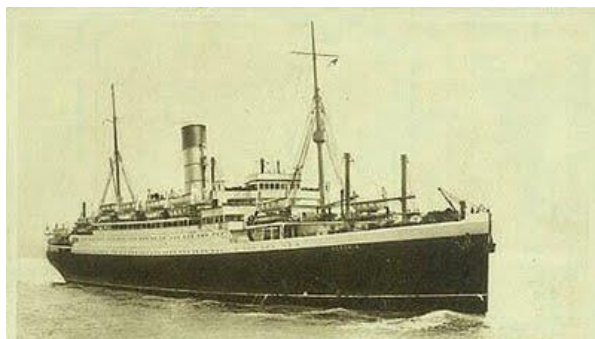
Julia
&
Gus

Memoirs of Julia Lecour Bowe

My First Trip to Europe

It was in 1925 that I took my first trip to Europe. I had been teaching French at the Kankakee High School for a year, and saved up every penny of my wages, \$1,600, by living at home. My best friend, Charlotte Gower, was spending the winter of 1925 in Paris, living it up in the Montparnasse – Raspail area, writing marvelous letters of her desolate life which centered on “Le Dôme” and “La Rotonde.” Our neighbors, the Grangers, were also spending the winter in Paris, although in a different quarter from Charlotte’s. Connie Granger’s letters in this stilted convent style imposed by her recent years at the College of New Rochelle, described the beauties of France and Italy. Charlotte’s amusing scrawls described Café life at La Coupole, which interested me a good bit more. I was determined to get to Paris before Charlotte left.

When my mother¹ heard that I was definitely going in June she said she was going too. She tried to interest my father in a trip for the family but he would hear none of it. Dodie,² my sister, was in love and not interested in travel. My father³ would stay at home with Margaret Canavan, our cousin, and Dodie would keep house for him. We made our reservations to sail in June on a Cunard cabin class ship, the *Ausonia*,⁴ leaving Montréal late in June.



As I look back on my wardrobe for this trip, it was pretty funny. As I was economizing, I bought nothing for the trip. That spring, I was wearing a new pale blue faille coat, bought at Lecour’s, the family store. It was trimmed along the lower part in black monkey fur. My black cloche hat, well below my ears, was a gift of Sadie Livingston, the mother of a friend, Jerome, who had graduated from Harvard a year and a half before my graduation from Trinity. She had been to Paris often and was much more style conscious than I was. I packed my leftover summer dresses, not knowing that a trip to northern Europe would require good warm clothes. I did not pack a single woolen garment. It really didn’t matter, as I was seasick all the way. I knew one boy on the ship a boy named Crawford, from Saint Louis, who was traveling with his mother. I might have had a good time if it hadn’t been so cold.

The ship docked at Cherbourg toward evening, and all I remember about the long ride to Paris was the time spent in the train’s dining car. It was my first meal on a French railway. It was delicious, costing \$1.25, and was washed down with Graves Superior. We didn’t get to Paris until 3:00 a.m., but there was a crowd to meet us. Charlotte, Freddy Beckman and an assorted lot of friends were much the worse for having to kill the time waiting in the bar of the Gare du Nord. The roses they gave me were wilted, but the crowd was not. Mother was exhausted, but did not falter. We were packed into a taxi and driven through the empty streets to number 25 Boulevard Montparnasse, where our pension was located.

¹ Mabel Canavan Lecour 1870-1939, 1st daughter of James & Ann Canavan

² Josephine Lecour 1904-1982, 2nd daughter of Edward & Mabel Lecour

³ Edward Lecour, 1866-1937, 2nd son of Joseph & Leonie Lecour

⁴ RMS Ausonia, 1921-1965, 13,912 tons, length 538 ft, beam 65 ft, twin screw

Mother was surely a good sport about that pension. There was no running water, but there was a pitcher, bowl, towels and the chamber pot. One wall between the windows held an enormous gold mirror. One window looked out on Boulevard Raspail, the other, on a narrow street whose name escapes me, overlooked the entrance to a branch of the Alliance Française. We were staying, as I was to learn next day, about three doors from the famous Montparnasse-Raspail corner for 55 francs a day.

Never before or since, have I enjoyed such food as we had at this pension. Breakfast was on a tray with pitcher of café au lait and still warm bread, curls of fresh butter and a variety of confitures; it still brings mouthwatering memories. Lunches and dinners, served at a long communal table, were full of gossip as well as culinary treats. I remember the huge bowls of fresh vegetables, the carrots browned in butter, the French cut green beans drowned in cream and the artichokes vinaigrette. Since it cost so little, about \$15 a week including three meals a day, we often missed a meal if opera or theater plans kept us in another quartier. The cost of getting there would about be equal to what the meal cost us.

In those crazy days when the franc was so low, American tourists would gather in the morning at the American Express Office to find out the value of the franc. We only cashed what we needed for the day, as tomorrow's exchange rate might be more favorable. We spent money like drunken sailors. Mother and I would leave our lowly pension and head for Patou or Poiret or Redfern¹ and then come home with arms laden. There were fittings even lower at Mademoiselle Cara's, a name which had been given to us by the Granger's and where we had ordered winter coats (which felt good on our cold return trip, also by way of Montreal). We also had a *commissionnaire* located in l'Ile de la Cité from whom we ordered monogrammed handkerchiefs and underwear.

Each afternoon, after a round of sightseeing and shopping, mother and I would meet Charlotte at le Dôme. All the wild literary life of the quarters swirled around us, but we didn't know that it existed. True, we met our own circle of friends and acquaintances there, but alas they were not the group that Kay Boyle² writes about that year. If Gertrude Stein had found her too bourgeois when she came to tea, I wonder what she would have thought of me. We drank, if I remember, café crème at five o'clock. Of course we knew of the existence of Kiki,³ whom we tried to imitate, but we would not have known her if she sat next to us at le Dôme. Freddy Beckman met us there often, and often had some strange people of his own in tow. One handsome young Egyptian wanted to take mother and I on a cruise in his yacht on the Mediterranean, but mother said no. Sometimes we went to the Select or La Coupole. On the 14th of July, Bastille Day, the whole place was free to dance in and the buses were rerouted. We stayed up all that night as no sleep was possible in our bedroom, which overlooked the street and the Viking Bar. After about 10 days of this idyllic life at the pension, mother insisted that we move to a hotel.

Earlier that year, my Mother had taken me to Chicago and we visited the office of Bowe & Bowe. We called on our cousins, Gus, Bill and Anna Bowe. Their mother, Ellen Canavan Bowe was my mother's aunt and a sister of my grandfather, James Canavan.⁴ It had been understood that the Bowe brothers would look us up while we were in Paris. They planned to stay at the Saint James and Albany Hotel on the rue de Rivoli. So we decided to move to the same hotel with all our new Paris finery.

Sure enough right on schedule the phone rang and it was Bill Bowe to say they had come over on the *Columbus*,⁵ and, after spending a few days in Munich, they were anxious to see us. Could we have dinner with

¹ Three leading fashion designer shops in Paris

² Writer, poet and political activist who lived in Paris in 1920's

³ Renowned artist model for Man Ray & Modigliani among others

⁴ James Canavan 1845-1912, 1st son of Anthony & Ann Hughes Canavan

⁵ SS Columbus, 1913-1936, 32,354 tons, 774.3 ft, carried 1,650 passengers

them? We gladly accepted and it was the first of many pleasant evenings together. Mother and I had bought Holy Year excursion round trip railroad tickets to Rome and back. We were due to leave in about a week and planned to stop at Toulouse first. From there, we would take a drive to the village of L'Isle-en-Dodon¹ where my grandmother Lecour² had come from. But before we left, the Bowes filled our week with all sorts of excursions. We lunched at Fouquet's, dined in the Bois, and tea danced at the Pré Catlan. We went to the Folies Bergères and to the Opéra Comique to hear Raquel Meller sing *La Violetera*. Afterwards, it was on to the Moulin Rouge and Les Ambassadeurs. We also drove into the country to see Fontainebleau, Versailles and Chartres. I hated to leave for Toulouse.

Postcards Sent Home:

Dear Dodums, (Josephine Lecour)

I'm waiting while Julia gets a manicure. We are having a big time with the Bowe boys. Went to the Ambassadeurs last night. It is Harry Piltzer's show. Very gorgeous, but very much a la Parisienne. After the show we went to the Pre Catalan again. Quite the elite place. Luncheon yesterday at the Café de Paris. Julia has some menu cards from there. Toulouse tomorrow.

Love Mother (Mabel Canavan Lecour)

Dear Margaret,

Very warm in Paris now. James (Margaret Canavan's brother) didn't stay long did he? I suppose he missed Lionel Neff and Oatley Rollins. Shopping is hard in Paris. When we leave the hotel in the morning I think how much I want to do, but I don't last long and always say it can wait.

Love, Aunt Mabel

Dear Ed,

We are staying quite a ways up near Charlotte, but as she leaves Saturday, we want to get a hotel nearer town. We spend much time going back and forth. Thanks so much for the papers. Your letter of the 29th just received today, the 15th of July. Sorry we didn't send a card from Chicago, but I didn't think you would expect it. Shopping is so hard in Paris. Distances are so great. We spent some time in the Louvre today. Saw many famous paintings want to go back soon.

Love Mabel

Dear Dodums,

Your letters are dear. Keep it up. We came out here (Fontainebleau) with Gus and Will Bowe. They are fine to go around with. Take good care of Dad.

With much love, Mother

¹ Southwestern France, just west of Carcassonne and northeast of Lourdes

² Leonie Pallissard 1843-1933, 2nd daughter of Paulin & Solina Pallissard

Our visit to the home of the Pallissards, L'Isle-en-Dodon, was rather a shock. To begin with, country life, even back in Illinois, had never appealed to me. I was horrified at the primitive life to be seen in this village in southwestern France. It was not at all glamorous and, furthermore, I could hardly make myself understood. Tante Alexine¹ had told me that the accent around Toulouse was "different."

I had no trouble with French in Paris. But what passed as French in L'Isle-en-Dodon was or seemed a mixture of French and Spanish. Our chauffeur let us out at the only hotel restaurant in the village and we made it clear that we wanted some lunch. The WC was appallingly dirty and my appetite left me. We told them at the front desk who we were and that we were relatives of the Pallissards. After lunch we are introduced to a Mr. Derrats, who owned a *bonneterie* in the village. He volunteered to drive with us out into the country to the Pallissard farm, which was called then, Bois Brunet. On more recent trips it has a new name, Le Pallissard.

We took a few pictures of it to take home to grandmother Lecour. No one asked us inside, but I heard later that there is a fine large staircase and a huge fireplace. It was rather disappointing and, after about an hour, we told our driver to return to Toulouse. There we spent another bad night with bugs and mosquitoes at the Tivolier. Next day, we resumed our grand tour and saw glimpses of Carcassonne and Avignon.

Then it was on to Italy, where we had a stopover in Pisa for several hours, and then it was on to Florence for several days. Here the Bowe boys caught up with us and even shared a pension for one night. But the nearness to the Arno and the prevalence of mosquitoes made them leave early one morning, leaving a note in which they promised to see us in Rome on the 5th of August, mother's birthday. On a hot day five days later we made an excursion to the Villa d'Este from the Hotel Flora in Rome. When we returned the phone rang in a room at the Flora and it was the two Bowes, offering us dinner at the Palazzo dei Cesari. So it was another round of fun. We saw the Coliseum in the moonlight and we danced in the Pincian Gardens. But the young men refused to visit all five churches with us each day. We were distinctly on our own making the Holy Year rounds.

The heat of Rome made us decide to go further north. We left on the same train to Milan, where we saw the Duomo di Milano and lunched at Biffi Café under the glass canopy of the Galleria. We saw the Last Supper at Santa Maria delle Grazie and heard some grand opera at La Scala. After a few days we took the train to Lausanne, Switzerland. In the same compartment was a beautiful Russian girl who got a cinder in her eye going through one of the many tunnels. I helped extract it and we spoke French together. We all went to the Beau Rivage Palace at Ouchy, where we had rooms with balconies overlooking the lake.

We loved the cool days and nights, so gratifying after the heat of Italy. Breakfasts on the terrace with the bees eating the breakfast honey were a joy. Gus gave me a present, a copy of the *Chartreuse de Parme*,² which I read in the gardens. There were excursions across the lake to Evian for an evening at the Casino. The Bush family of Chicago was with us on that evening. There were tea dances every afternoon, with all the young people attending the various schools of Lausanne. I was very much in demand and one needed no introductions to dance in those days. The young men would simply bow deeply from the waist and one's mother would nod assent. I think it was at these parties that the Bowes found out that I was fairly popular. As I could speak French I got along well with almost all the young men.

The Bowes returned to Paris and we promised to follow them soon. We were lonely after they had left, so we soon followed. We were planning a week in England and so had a few more days of fun in Paris before we crossed the Channel.

¹ Alexine Rondy 1841-1919, 1st daughter of Paulin & Solina Pallissard

² Stendhal, "romantic thriller," interwoven with intrigue and adventures

We met a very nice young Englishman on the boat train to London. He entertained us for dinner at the Carlton Club,¹ and took us nightclubbing. But we had one unfortunate experience upon our arrival in London. We had made a reservation at the Goring Hotel. On our arrival there by taxi, we left our bags in the car and went in to see if our rooms were ready. We went up to see the rooms and phoned down to the house porter to pay the cabbie and have our luggage sent up. Alas, when it came, our overnight bags with our toilet articles had disappeared. I had left my traveler's checks in my overnight bag, as well as my small jewel case. We phoned in all directions, but were told that Scotland Yard is closed on Sundays and there was nothing to do until Monday morning. So here we were in London with very little money and no night clothes. Next day about noon we took a cab to the office of Scotland Yard. After a long wait, we had to describe the contents of our luggage, pay for an appraisal of our jewelry (there was nothing of value, but mother had bought a string of pearls in Italy which was assessed at 10 times its worth). We finally got our things back, but the taxi fare had cost \$5 each way and the appraisal \$10.

I had a friend, Katie Mendenhall from the University of Wisconsin, who was in London at the same time and we spent some pleasant days with her before we sailed back on another Cunard ship. It was another cold crossing and I was seasick again in spite of my Paris clothes. We also had a lot of expense with our Paris things in getting through the Canadian customs.

When we got back to Kankakee the first week in September, it was time for me to get back to my French classes at the Kankakee High School. It was a terrible come-down and I hated teaching more than ever "now that I'd seen Paree."

¹ "Oldest, most elite, and most important of all Conservative clubs"

Marriage

I went back to teaching French at the Kankakee High School in the fall after my wonderful summer and hated every moment of it. About Christmas time I came down with a terrible cold which blocked my sinus. My classroom opened onto the playground of the school which was covered with gravel. The air was dusty and dry and I felt awful. I tried the hot baths which were offered at a clinic on my way home from school. They only made me more tired. I tried the osteopath my father was devoted to. I worked long hours trying to coach a French play, and would come home hoarse from rehearsals. I even tried singing lessons as my voice seemed to be feeble. In February, 1926, I found out I was hyperthyroid, and Dr. Brown recommended an operation. Then I had to have complete bed rest. We put off the operation for a month and mother waited on me hand and foot, bringing me trays of wonderful food. I had an appetite like a horse, and devoured food as well as books. I could read a book a day and kept Margaret Canavan busy bringing me things from the library where she worked.

In April, mother and I took the train to the Mayo's Clinic and we booked into the Kahler Hotel and Hospital. After a few days making the rounds of the clinic I was operated on and was on the road to recovery. There were several people I knew up there at the same time, so we played bridge together. Marie Carroll, who had been at St. Mary's with me, was one of them. Another was Jim Crowley, one of the four horsemen of Notre Dame fame. I also had a friend from Trinity who lived in Rochester, Elizabeth Lawler, who drove us around and showed us the sites of the countryside. As I look back on the whole experience it had a sort of mystical quality to it. I had time to think and to read. I knew that I did not have what it took to be a teacher. I hated it and I felt that I had been a failure at it. What I really wanted was a quiet life with books. I would have to find another way to make a living.

I had not heard at all from either Gus or Bill Bowe after our summer together. The reason why I hadn't heard from Gus during the winter of 1926 was that he was busy, among other things, with getting his sister Anna married. During the winter she had taken a Mediterranean cruise and had met Raymond Walters a banker from New Rochelle. She was a very beautiful young girl and he offered her all the things which appealed to her mother, an assured position with a wealthy husband. But it was not a passionate love affair, Ray being a good deal older than Anna. The marriage took place early in 1926, at the chapel of Saint Patrick's Cathedral in New York with Monsignor John A. Ryan¹ presiding. He was a friend of the groom. It was arranged that Ellen Bowe's sister, Mrs. William W. Parrish would take Anna's place on the Mediterranean cruise which Anna had been planning to take with her mother. Anna and Ray would live at the Plaza Hotel for a time, until they found something nearer to Ray's bank in New Rochelle.

But things did not settle down as planned. Anna missed her mother and threatened to come back to Chicago. She did not like married life and it was not until the fall of 1926 that Anna was settled in her new home in New Rochelle. It was then that Gus was free to see me again.

¹ Theologian and writer of "A Living Wage"

I was somewhat surprised when, in the fall of 1926, I had a phone call from Gus and inviting me to a football game between the Army and Navy¹. I gladly accepted and went to the Bowe apartment on East Delaware Street after the game. We had a wonderful dinner served by Katie Coyne, their Irish cook, and I realized how much I had missed Gus and his kind and gentle ways.

I hoped he would ask me again and sure enough, about a week later, he asked me to the theater. It was then that he asked if I was free to go to the opera New Year's Eve. I had made a date for that evening to go to a local dance with a neighbor friend at home. But I quickly accepted, knowing I would much prefer to spend the evening with Gus. So I packed my best evening dress, black taffeta, very full, trimmed with red sequins down the front and around the neck. I had it made by my local dressmaker and thought it was the latest thing. We saw *Don Giovanni* with Giovanni Martinelli in the leading role and later we went to the Congress for some supper. Gus asked me to marry him that night and I accepted immediately. He kissed me in the cab going back to their apartment where I was to spend the night. I remember he was wearing a stiff, starched shirt and his best studs of amethyst, which Mrs. Ebel, his Munich friend, had given him the summer before a he met mother and me in Paris. Next day Mrs. Bowe told me that one of his shirt studs was missing and I wondered if I'd seen it. Of course, I hadn't but realized it must have been lost in the cab that night.

Next morning I took the train back to Kankakee and told my parents the great news. Mother thought it was wonderful and seemed happy over the idea. But my father had his doubts about the wisdom of marrying into the Canavan family. He told me that he had been very patient with all of Mabel's relatives and that I would need every bit of patience I had to get along with Gus's mother, Ellen², who was also Mabel's aunt. He doubted the wisdom of such a decision. If I was eager to go into such an alliance with my eyes wide open to the pitfalls that lie ahead, all right. He would back me up. But it would not be easy, he counseled.

A few days later, we made our plans for our wedding. As I had just finished with my sister's wedding over which I had supervised every last detail, I wanted to avoid the same sort of big affair. I wanted the wedding to be as small as possible and to have as few guests as possible. My father said he would give me a check instead of the wedding if I preferred, so that was settled. It was small, in our parish church at five in the afternoon, with only the immediate family invited. We had to have a dispensation as we were second cousins. Gus and I planned for our faithful maid Sarah to have a supper at home after the ceremony at church. Jim Gaughn was best man and Dodie was my only attendant. I bought a blue silk dress at wholesale and Dodie and mother and I got dressy hats at Gages, also wholesale. Gus and I went to the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago for a week, and postponed our honeymoon until summer, when we would go to Europe.

After my close inspection, Gus was buying an apartment 1120 Lake Shore Drive, which we would share with Lib³ and Bill. We would occupy the first floor and they would have the second. It was a crazy idea but I was young and naïve, and thought that an apartment on Lake Shore Drive would be just fine. The only hitch was that it wouldn't be ready until April given the alterations that were necessary to convert one apartment into two. I didn't want to run up the bills of the Blackstone, so I suggested that we live with the Bowes at 227 East Delaware until our apartment was ready. So I moved bag and baggage into Gus's room there and Bill moved into the maid's room.

We moved into 1120 in early April, 1927 with very little furniture. I remember how on cold days Katie Coyne and I had tea served from a rattan stool, sitting on the floor together in the living room. My first priority

¹ Soldier Field, score 21-21 tie, November 27, 1926

² Ellen Canavan Bowe 1860-1943, 3rd Daughter of Anthony Canavan II

³ Gus and Bill referred to their mother as Lib

was decorating the apartment. I ordered red damask drapes made from our family store in Kankakee. Mother gave me China, silver, sheets and blankets, all from Marshall Field's wholesale store over near the river on what is now Wacker Drive. In fact, I bought everything we needed there. All the sales people there had known both my grandfather and Uncle Louie,¹ not to mention my grandfather old Joseph Lecour.² They were as interested in my apartment as if it were their own. But the furniture for the living room was bought either at auction sales at Grant's or from the French shops owned by a Mr. Cole, down near 12th Street. Our living room Sarouk Rug came from Revells and was no bargain. Our dining room furniture came from Carson Pirie Scott. On the living room wall we hung a Chinese tapestry from the World's Fair which had hung in the living room in Kankakee. Grandma Bowe bought me a new Steinway from Lyon & Healy. Evidently, Percy Grainger³ had played on the same piano for five minutes in the Lyon & Healy showroom.

We were very proud of our new home and I looked around for people to invite over. We invited my closest Chicago friend, Maxime Lowenthal, who had gone to school with me in Kankakee. She came to dinner along with Bill, my brother-in-law and afterwards we all went to the opera.

On other occasions, Gus invited his friend George Schneider and wife Helen, and later Captain Albert Becker⁴ and his wife Ella. Having people for dinner was no effort from me, as I learned to cook at home. Mother had always let us have our own guests Sunday night, so I was used to entertaining.

There was always Katie, who had a room on the fifth floor. When Mrs. Bowe was away, as she was often in New Rochelle with her daughter, Katie would come down to our kitchen and tiny dining room. The first time I invited my mother and father up for Sunday dinner there was a loud crash from the kitchen. We rushed out and found that the kitchen cabinets reaching up to the ceiling and containing all my new china and glassware had become loosened from the wall and had crashed down on Katie. Luckily, the doors had flown open and her head had gone through a space between the shelves and she was unharmed.

Keeping house in such small quarters did not keep me busy, so I joined the Alliance Française. Gus insisted on it, saying that if we were to travel in France it was an asset to know French. But I never went to their Saturday meetings, as Gus and I always spent Saturday together. We always bought books, frequenting Powners or other second hand bookshops. We often spent part of the day at the Art Institute or went to a Burton Holmes lecture in the winter. I don't remember what year it was that Mary and I started our drawing and painting classes at the Art Institute, but there were years when we studied with Claude Buck, Julie De Diego, Oscar Gross and George Buehr. Later, we had a couple of summers in Douglas, Michigan when I went to Ox-Bow, the Summer School of the Art Institute. On one trip, we stopped to visit our cousins, the Hanleys, but I had twisted my ankle and our visit was very short.

Every Sunday we read the travel sections of the newspapers and planned our trips for the next summer.

¹ Louis Paul Lecour 1864-1935, 1st son of Joseph & Leonie Lecour

² Joseph Lecour 1832-1918, 1st son of Louis & Christine Morin Lecour

³ Percy Aldridge Grainger, famous Australian-born composer and pianist

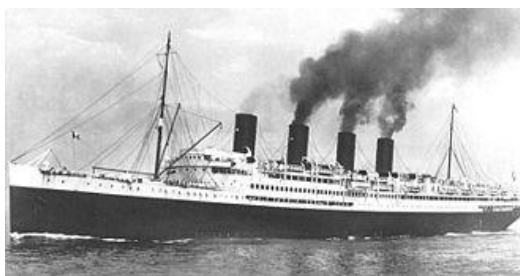
⁴ Chairman of the Illinois Industrial Commission, Worker's Compensation Commission

Honeymoon

Our honeymoon trip, which we had been planning all during the spring of 1927, started with a stay of two weeks in New Rochelle visiting Anna Bowe Walters. The mores of suburban life were all new to me, but it didn't take us long to get into the routine of life with them. After a leisurely breakfast served by their cook, Meta, Ray would drive to the Huguenot Trust Company of which he was president. Then we would drive in Ray's open Stutz Bearcat to one or other of the clubs to which they belonged. Sometimes we swam at the Davenport Neck or lunched at the Larchmont. We also took drives into Connecticut, calling on Anna's friends and acquaintances. There were the Russell Hefferings (Louise Hefferings had gone to St Mary's with my sister Dodie and he was a doctor on the staff of White Plains Hospital). There were the Bryants and the O'Maras and Mary Gwinn¹ my Trinity roommate, later to be my sister-in-law, sometimes came out from New York for the night. We drove into the city for lunch at Gino's, a restaurant in Greenwich Village where we could have cocktails and Italian wine. Remember now, this was during Prohibition, and one's social position depended on one's ability to get around the law.

There were cocktails at someone's house every Sunday after late mass. People drank lethal mixtures of fruit juice and homemade gin served in metal "glasses" with long stems. We all wore camel's hair coats and white buckskin pumps trimmed with brown calf. We used lots of rouge and layers of lipstick. We would leave the car with the doorman at the Plaza Hotel and he would take care of it all day for a quarter. We drove down to the piers and looked over the *France*² on which we were to sail.

We celebrated the Fourth of July at the Larchmont Yacht Club with friends of the Walters. We were glad when the day came to finally sail on July 8th. The old *France* was a charming boat decorated in Louie XIV style with Kubosson furniture and dainty décor. We loved it and took it many times. We met people with whom we crossed on it again and again. Among them were the Gilbert Whites. He was an Episcopalian minister from Riverdale, New York. They were charming people and we loved to be with them.



We arrived in Paris and spent a few days at the St. James Hotel. We then went down by train to call on the Vallois family. They had befriended Bill as he recovered in Orléans from a serious injury suffered while serving in the U.S. Army during World War I. We visited them at their old home in Orléans and M. Vallois drove us around the city, visiting the cathedral and the source of the Loir. We did the usual Châteaux tour by taxi, having the chauffeur wait at each one. We took the train back to Paris and stayed at Le Grand Hôtel. We

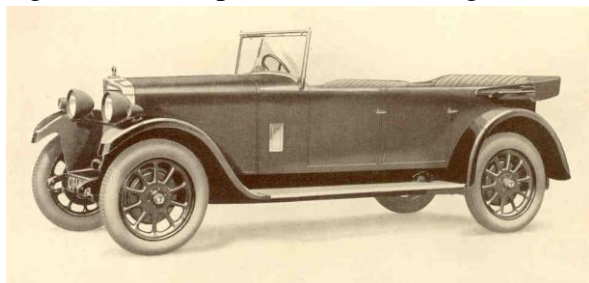
¹ Mary Agnes Gwinn Bowe, 1901-1978, daughter of Richard & Mary Roche Gwinn

² SS France, 1910-1935, 23,769 tons, all first class transatlantic liner

did not get back until nearly 10 p.m. and were very hungry as there had been no dining car. We had cold chicken and a bottle of white wine sent up and felt like Louise and her “petite table.”

We went back to Lausanne and to the Beau Rivage at Ouchy where we had been so happy before we were married. We took a night train with a sleeping car from Lausanne to Venice and arrived there sick. We blamed it on the fish we had the night before at Lausanne. We were sick for several days and decided to move away from the canals and to recuperate at the Excelsior Palace out at the Lido. So there we spent almost a week, with a cabana on the beach, with new pajamas for me (it was the beginning of women wearing pants). We made reservations to come back on the *Roma*,¹ which left from Genoa.

Our next trip, in 1928, had already been planned when we found out that Bill, Gus’s brother had proposed marriage to Mary Gwinn, and they had selected their wedding date two days before we were to leave. So we combined all events into one. Gus and I went down to New Rochelle, followed by Lib and Bill. We all drove down to Baltimore for the wedding. I was already pregnant with John and was feeling very queasy most of the time. A lobster and champagne dinner was served in our hotel room to the whole wedding party the night we arrived. It had to be in a private room because of Prohibition. Next day Mary and Bill were married in Mount Washington, where the Gwinn family had their summer home. Gus and I left immediately for New York and our ship, again the *France*. Harry² and Mary Stuhldreher, he from Notre Dame fame, were fellow passengers. Mary and I had gone to school together at Trinity, and I knew him at Notre Dame. Also on that crossing were Dr. Nathaniel Adams and his wife from Oak Park, who were making their first trip to Europe. The Glen Whites were again on the ship so we had lots of good company.



When we reached Paris we rented an English car, a Talbot. We drove to Lisieux in Normandy, where we visited the shrine of the Little Flower. We stayed at the Hôtel Normandy Barrière in Deauville. From there we drove to Granville on the north coast and La Baule to the southwest. We had a picnic table in the car and had lunch wherever we happened to be, with a long flute of bread, some cheese and a bottle of wine. We saw Le Mont- Saint-Michel, for which we had prepared ourselves by reading the Henry Adams’s book the winter before. We bought quantities of Lalique glassware, which we had shipped back and not a piece was broken. We discovered Zeyer’s tiny restaurant, just across the street from the Hôtel Drouot and near “Le Grand Dépôt” where we bought the Lalique. We went to the *Département de Chalcographie* of the Louvre and bought engravings for the office and for the apartment. We finally came home on the *Columbus*, meeting the Weymouth Kirklands³ and their friends, the Naderhyns. It had been another wonderful summer.

¹ SS *Roma*, 1926-1952 Designed in Baroque style, 30,000 tons

² Harry Stuhldreher, quarterback and one of the Four Horsemen

³ He was a founder of Kirkland & Ellis law firm in Chicago



First Son

John Edward Bowe was born on December 15th, 1928 at Grant Hospital, where he was delivered by Dr. Charles Bacon. Our lives completely changed after his arrival, of course, but we did not intend to give up travel. We had a good nurse whom we found through Sister Mary Alice of St Vincent's. She was a beautiful redhead, and fitted into our apartment as Grandma Bowe spent most of her time in New Rochelle. Also, after Bill's marriage to Mary, Gus and I were able to take over both floors of our apartment at 1120. Bill and Mary bought their own apartment in the other elevator tier of the same building.

We went to France again in 1929, leaving John in New Rochelle with Lib and the Walters. We sailed again on *The France* on June 13. That was the crossing when we met "Le Grand Burton." He was a stout ruddy bachelor who lived to eat, who always ate at the first sitting because the Béarnaise sauce was better then. He was a cousin of Burton Holmes,¹ and as fastidious a traveler. He knew exactly how many bottles of a certain year, of a certain wine were still available in such and such a restaurant. After his copious dinner he would sit in the smoke room with a brandy and sleep quietly in a big chair until the late diners came in for coffee. We met him many times later on various trips. One in particular, was at the Regina-Palast Hotel in Munich where he took us to dinner. He ordered a special Rhine wine which he could recommend.

On that crossing too, we met a young couple, the Halls, who were the epitome of the twenties. They had their car on board. Its trunk was filled with containers of gin. The Robinsons² were on that trip too. It was before Edward had become famous, but he had appeared in a Broadway play, *The Kibitzer*. I remember that the evening of the ship's concert, he recited Gunga Din, "Yes, Din! Din! Din!" by Rudyard Kipling.



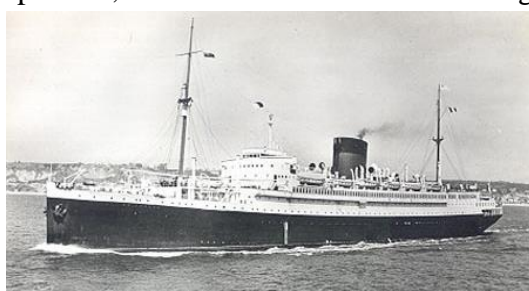
Upon arrival in France, we rented a Ford for the summer at an agency called "Auto des Vacances." We headed southwest, stopping at Angoulême, Poitiers, and visited the Pallissard home at L'Isle-en-Dodon. It hadn't changed much since the last time I was there with my mother in 1925. The surrounding country was beautiful, rolling hills in which the far away Les Pyrénées were hardly discernible. The house had changed, its round towers had been replaced by square, fake, red brick ones. A pool of dirty water, which we called a slough (or swamp) in Illinois, was here called an *étang*. I had an easier time with the French than before as I had read up on the language at the Newberry. But after about an hour with M. et Mme. Derrats, we drove on to Auch where we had an excellent lunch with paté de foie gras. We continued our trip stopping at Pau, Arcachon and Biarritz. Here we considered going over to Spain, which neither of us had seen. But the red tape necessary to get a visa discouraged us so we turned about and drove through Carcassonne, Béziers and Marseille. We celebrated the Fourth of July at a lovely outdoor restaurant in Marseille. We joined a table of Americans, who

¹ Traveler, photographer and filmmaker, who invented the "travelogue"

² Edward G Robinson, Hollywood actor, 1930's through the 1970's

were also bent on celebrating. We had a gay evening and went on to Sète (earlier Cette) the next day. I did not know about Valéry's¹ *Le Cimetière Marin* then, but I do remember the dreadful hotel where there was a bathtub in our bedroom behind a cretonne curtain. There was one WC for the whole hotel.

Next day we made a stop for water at a small café in a village which we thought had a real charm. It was Saint Maxime, to which we would return the next summer for a longer stay. We drove on and settled down for a few days at the Hôtel Victoria in Cannes. Here I did some shopping, had a dress made and bought a warm sweater for Gus. He had a bad arthritic attack while we were there, the first of many later ones. I think it was caused by lying on the beach in a wet suit, but it was no use in guessing. He couldn't leave his room for several days, and when he recuperated, we headed north for Paris and got passage back on the *De Grasse*².



The André Siegfrieds³ and their daughter Claire were on the ship and were delightful company. We saw them many times again. He couldn't believe we had visited Arcachon. He prided himself on knowing every inch of the States, and hadn't met anyone as equally curious to know every part of France.

¹ Paul Valéry, great French poet, essayist, and philosopher 1871-1945

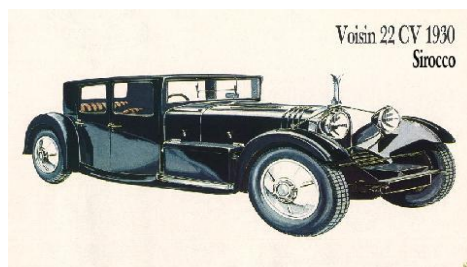
² SS De Grasse, 1924-1962, 17,759 tons, length 552 ft x beam 71.1 ft

³ French academic, geographer and political writer

Sainte-Maxime

In the spring of 1930, we were again thinking with her about a trip. Grandma Bowe was willing to stay with the children and Mary and Bill were living under the same roof. We decided to sail on the *France* again. On the same crossing was Flossie Griffiths, whose family had come from Kankakee like mine, and who had divorced John Griffiths, the Chicago contractor who built the Post Office and the Civic Opera house. She was traveling with her daughter, Gloria. We were glad to see them although Flossie was not a good sailor and skipped meals frequently. Another family party was the Erzingers from Kankakee, the owner of the largest grocery store there. I remember also a Mrs. Hiler who had a famous son whose name appears often in Kay Boyle's account of Paris life.

We rented a car again and this time we headed east, stopping at Meaux and Verdun, where we visited the battlefields. Then on to Strasbourg, Nancy and Heidelberg. I remember how lovely Baden Baden was with the band playing each morning under the trees, the many flower beds lining the stream and the water flowing over the carefully tended and planned rocks of the river. We drove up to Bad Schwalbach where George Schneider's mother spent her summers. We had dinner there with her and one of her grandchildren, Louise, a beautiful young German girl, who sang for us. We were their guests at lunch at a restaurant on the river at Coblenz. Next day we drove through the Black Forest and turned back to Paris. After a short stay we went on towards the coast and La Baule, where we parked our tiny car in the garage of the Hotel Majestic next to the Voisin of the Sultan of Morocco.



This was a first time we had ever settled for any length of time at a French summer resort. Gus would go horseback riding early each morning on the sand in front of the hotel. Next came a swim, and at 11 o'clock there was a small café near the beach where everyone gathered for Porto flips and dancing until lunch at the Majestic. We also ran into Louise Kirkland and her daughter Eleanor. Dr. Dallas and Katherine Phemister were there, with their two children Bruce and Mary. As they had no car, they were glad to make excursions into the surrounding country with us. We drove to Vannes, Rochefort-en-Terre, Sainte-Anne-d'Auray, and to Le Croisic, where we bought paintings. On July 30, we came back on the *De Grasse*, again in time for Mary and Bill to have their vacation.



Agnes Bowe Rice & John Joseph Bowe, father of Gus & Bill c. 1880



John Joseph Bowe c. 1900



Ellen Canavan Bowe
c. 1885



Julia Lecour (Bowe)
Trinity 1919



Julia Lecour (Bowe)
Baltimore 1920



Mary Gwinn (Bowe)
1918



Bill & Gus Bowe
SS Homeric 1923



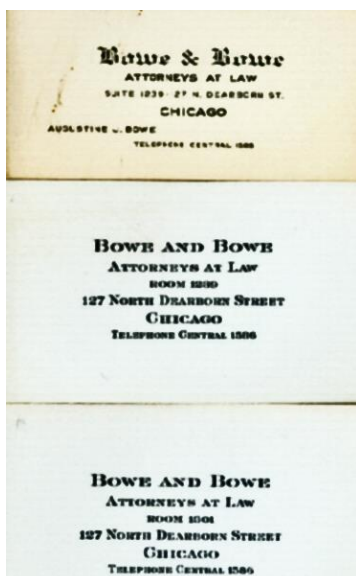
Bill & Gus Bowe crossing to Europe 1924



Gus Bowe 1926



Mary Gwinn 1927



Bowe & Bowe Cards



Ellen Canavan Bowe



Ellen & Mary Bowe, Lincoln Park 1928



Dodie & Mable Canavan Lecour 1928



Julia & John Bowe, 1020 Lake Shore Drive 1928

Bank Ray
Walters HeadedBill, Ellen, Ray &
John Bowe, New
Rochelle, NY 1929

Ellen Canavan Bowe 1929



Gus, Bill & Anna



1120 Lake Shore Drive under Construction 1926



1120 Lake Shore Drive and Oak Street Beach from East Lake Shore Drive 1929



John & Julia Bowe 1930 & Patrick Bowe 2002 by Lecour Family Home, 745 Chicago Avenue, Kankakee, IL



Dodie Lecour & John Bowe, Kankakee, IL



Mabel Lecour & Julia & John Bowe
745 Chicago Avenue, Kankakee, IL 1929



John & Gus Bowe



John Bowe



John & Julie Ann Bowe, Chicago, IL 1932



Mary & Bill Bowe Honeymoon on
the Ile de France to Europe 1928



Bill Bowe, Venice 1928



Mary & Bill Bowe
SS Berlin to NY 1931



Bill, Ellen, Gus, Julia & John Bowe
1930



Ellen, John & Mary Bowe, Chicago 1930



Freddy & Fay Van Eeghen, St. Maxime, France



Fay Van Eeghen &
Mary Bowe 1932



Van Eeghens &
Bowes 1932



Julia & Gus & the Van Eeghens,
St. Maxime, France 1932



Mary Bowe &
Freddy 1932



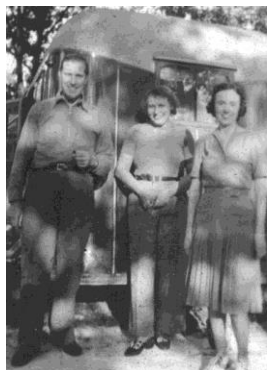
Ellen Bowe
St. Tropez



Fay Van Eeghen shops in St.
Tropez, France 1932



Nancy & Jacques Riboud, the
Van Eeghens & Mary Bowe
St. Maxime, France 1933



Van Eeghens and
Julia Bowe
Palos Park, IL 1940



Betty Gwinn & Julia Bowe with the Van
Eeghens, Palos Park, IL 1940



Hazel Dell, 12123 South 93rd Avenue
Palos Park, IL 1935



Gus Bowe & Anna Bowe Walters, Baum Pool
Willow Springs, IL 1935



John & Julie Ann Bowe
Palos, Park, IL 1935



Bill, Ellen, John, Gus & Julia Bowe
Palos Park, IL 1935



Raymond Walters, Jr. &
John Bowe, Palos Park IL



Julia & John Bowe, Palos Park, IL 1940



Dodie, Julie Ann and Mary Bowe, Palos Park 1940



Jacques & Nancy Gwinn Riboud & Mary & Bill Bowe, Palos Park, IL 1941



Dick Bowe & Nancy Gwinn Riboud 1941



Dick Bowe
Palos Park, IL 1941



Mary Gwinn Bowe begins typing Jacques Riboud's World War II Memoir, Palos 1941



Martha & Elizabeth Tack Gwinn, Julia, Gus, Mary & Bill Bowe, Palos Park, IL 1940



Hazel Dell, 12123 South 93rd Avenue, Palos Park, IL 2002



Mary, Bill, Jr., Bill, Sr.
& Dick Bowe, Apt. 4B 1943



John Casey, Raymond Walters, Sr. & Jr. & Ellen Canavan
Bowe, East Pearson St., Chicago, IL 1940



Josephine "Dodie" Lecour
Chicago, IL 1940



Stanley Freborg
Italy 1943



Bill Bowe, Jr. & Dodie, Elm
& Lake Shore Dr. 1944



Dodie Freborg, Oak Street Beach 1946



Julia & Gus, lower left, Dodie, upper right 1947



Dodie, Julia & Gus, Apt. 4D 1947



Gus, John, Julia & Julie Ann, Apt. 4D
1120 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago 1947



Julie Ann & John Bowe,
Apt. 4D 1947



Julia & Julie Ann, 1120
Lake Shore Dr. 1947



Stan Freborg & John Bowe,
Tucson, Arizona 1950



Julia & Owen Thompson
Tucson, Arizona 1956



Owen Thompson
Tucson, Arizona 1956



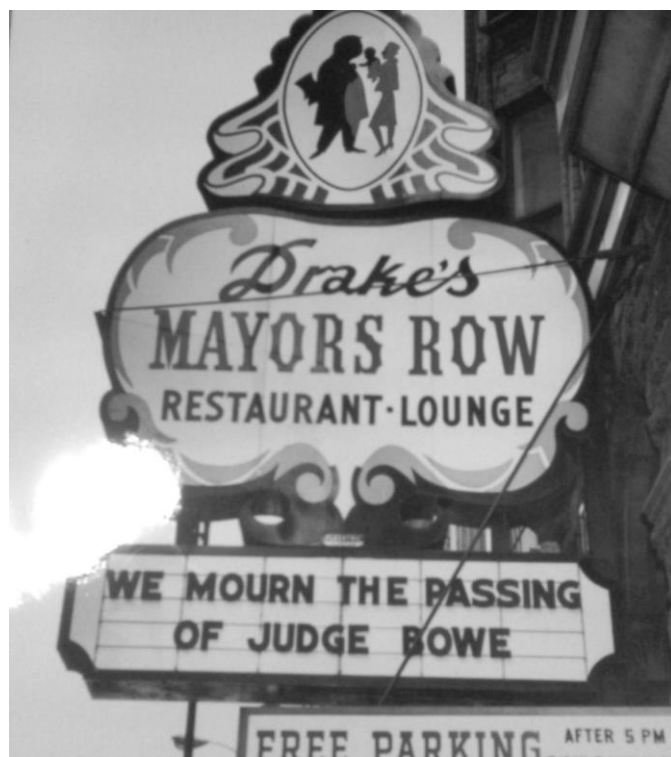
Augustine J. Bowe, far right, dining with Chicago Mayor Edward J. Kelly, second from right, at human relations board meeting -- Courtesy Newberry Library



Augustine J. Bowe next to Chicago Mayor Richard J. Daley & Richard Nelson
February 11, 1961 Inauguration -- Courtesy Newberry Library



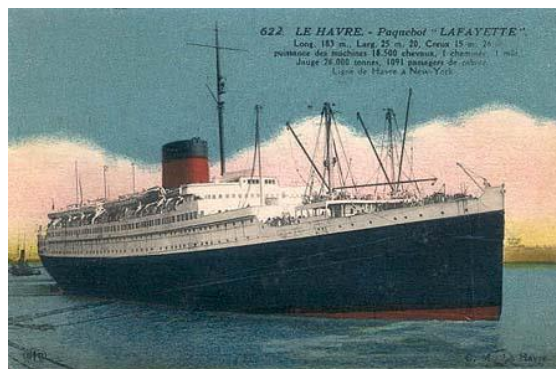
Left is the Civic Center, where Gus Bowe had his office when he died
 Right: is where Gus & Bill Bowe had their law office for decades, 127 North Dearborn Street, with Mayors Row Restaurant sign on the first floor



Mayors Row Restaurant sign noting Gus's death in 1966
 Courtesy Newberry Library

A Daughter

Julie Anne was born May 12, 1931 at Grant Hospital¹ and was delivered by Dr. Bacon who was in a hurry to get it over as he was leaving for Europe shortly. She was a very good baby and did not cry all the time as Johnnie had done. I was able to nurse her longer, and she was very easy to care for. I took complete charge of her, leaving our nurse Mae to care for Johnnie, who was rather a handful. After she was weaned about the middle of August, Gus suggested that we get away for a few weeks. Grandma Bowe would stay in the apartment with Harriet, the cook, and Mae would take care of the two children. Bill and Mary were just back from a trip so there were enough adults to look after two children.



We sailed on the *Lafayette*² August 16th and there were our old friends, the Gilbert Whites, and some new ones, the Arthur Mullins. We spent a week in Paris at the *California* and decided, after seven days of rain, to take a train for the south of France. We took a night train and changed at St. Raphael to the narrow gauge line which kept to the coast and which would take us to Saint Maxime.

In our compartment sat an English Major, H. Cardinal-Harford, who was on his way to Juan-les-Pins. Gus liked him so much that when we left him at Sainte Maxime, we promised to let him know how we liked it there.

It was midday and very hot that last day in August when we got off. There was no one in sight to help with the luggage, but a barefoot boy agreed to wheel our bags to the nearest hotel. We walked carrying woolen coats we had worn at sea on our crossing. We must have looked odd indeed, for all the people we met were wearing sailcloth pants and sandals. Nearly everyone was at the beach and the first hotel turned us down flatly, saying there was nothing in the town, not a room to be had. We walked to four hotels and were refused at each. I sat in the lobby and cried at the fifth. They finally said that they would keep us just overnight.

We went upstairs and changed to beach clothes. We had lunch at *Les Palmiers*, a restaurant in the center of the village, and decided to go to the real estate office to see if there was something to rent. Yes, there was a house available. We went to see it and said we would take it for a month for \$150, the off season rate. Then came all the red tape. Gus balked at the inventory papers, the need for checking every item in the house. He refused to sign and our agent vowed that Gus was difficult and would *déchirer les papiers*, an expression which soon passed into family slang for anything like French red tape. So we left the office and headed for the

¹ Then at the southeast corner of Grant Place and Geneva Terrace in Chicago

² 1930-1938, 25,600 tons, length 618.24 ft, beam 77.24 ft, quad screw, Nancy Gwinn met Jacques Riboud on this ship in 1932

café at the edge of the water. We were no sooner seated, than a handsome young man rose from a seat at the next table and introduced himself as Freddie Van Eeghen, the owner of *La Pinède*, the house which we had just turned down. His handsome wife, Fay, was with him and they joined us for a drink. Gus explained that he found French real estate practices exasperating. Freddie said why bother with them. So Gus handed Freddie \$150 and Freddie and Fay drove us to the hotel to pick up our bags. We stopped on the way for groceries and ice and, as soon as we unpacked, Freddie came up the hill from their house with a case of their own wine from the vineyards which extended from our house down to the road by the sea. He also brought fresh eggs and flowers.

La Pinède pleased us immensely after our disappointment of the morning. Here we were with our own villa in the most fashionable resort in France. And it was warm and sunny and the air smelled of pines baking in the sun. The view from our terrace over the vineyards below included the blue Mediterranean and way to the left, the bay of St. Tropez. The villa was modern, well-built and every window was screened. It had been built for Freddie's mother, Mrs. Boissevain, whose husband had been one of the governors of the Bank of Holland. Freddie had retired to the town of Saint Maxime and had served as its mayor. Both he and Fay spoke perfect English and had in fact lived in London for several years.

Fay arranged for her *femme de ménage* to do our shopping, but we soon found it was more fun to do it ourselves. We could always have dinner at the *Hôtel des Palmiers*, as any real cooking involved lighting a fire in a cook stove. There was an electric burner to boil hot water so that breakfast was easy. First we had café au lait and brioches on the terrace. Then, a swim at the bottom of the lane with the Van Eeghens and other neighbors of the immediate vicinity, who all met there each morning. Then it was off to town to do errands. *Les courses* included the market, where the fish were brought in right from the water, sardines, squid and *loup de mer*. A visit to the *boulangerie* was needed for flutes of bread and croissants, warm from the oven. Next came the market for fresh vegetables. Then it was off to the wine merchant to get only gin and vermouth, for we were well provided with wine.

We began to meet our neighbors after the first few days. On our right was the villa of the Duc de Breteuil, who was interested in the movies if I remember right. At one time the Gaumont family had a villa here and the early French films had been set in this vicinity. The Duc had a tea one afternoon and we met all the local notables.

Colette¹ lived down the road a bit and when she had guests for dinner she took them to *Les Palmiers*. Jeffrey Moss, who wrote “Little Green Apples,” lived in this town, but we never met him. There was a Boston family, the Palmers, where we had tea one day. He was a well-known patent lawyer.

As we drew near the middle of September, plans were made for the *vendange*, the day of grape harvesting. Freddie got out the grape press from the garage and turned a hose on it to clean it. A huge canvas was spread on the ground and washed and dried in the sun. Local people, hired by the day, arrived at 6 a.m. and were assigned to separate rows of vines. There was also the problem of feeding everybody, for they were to spend the day. Fay had been busy making a split pea soup which she described as being a Dutch staple, served frequently to their sailors. She started out with ham hocks, pounds of onions, lots of split peas which had been soaking for days in water. Another chore was sharpening the *serpes*, small curved knives which were to cut the great bunches from the vines. Barrels also had to be washed and set in the sun to dry.

The day dawned sunny and clear and we were all up at dawn. A fire was started for Fay’s *vin cuit*. For it she was given the first runoff of the juice, which was boiled in a copper kettle with spices and bitter orange. She bottled this herself as it would not be “working” and not have to be stored in a barrel for a year, as did the other wine.

Gus and Freddie carried the huge *paniers* on their heads from the end of each row of vines. They emptied the heaped *paniers* onto the canvas by the press. The women and children did the actual cutting, the women tying their *serpes* to their waist so as not to lose them. Fay and I set the huge tables under the pines. We brought out large soup dishes and soup spoons, long flutes of French bread, plates of various cheeses, and lots of cups and glasses for the fresh grape juice. At noon everyone sat down in the shade under the pines for a glorious feast, and a siesta afterward. Then the work continued until evening when the last of the juice was pouring out of the press. The mass of skins or *marc* from which the juice had been extracted was placed in the middle of the canvas, to be taken down to the cooperative where it would be made into brandy. The juice itself, as it flowed from the press, was poured into barrels which were stored in the corner of the Van Eeghen’s basement until the next year when the wine would be bottled. The Van Eeghens promised us that we could help with the bottling if we would come back the next summer.

One day we drove to Cogolin to call on Max Devries, a Hollander who had surprised everyone by marrying a pretty Eurasian girl in Java. As a result, his family cut him off and they were living there in a lovely villa perched on a hill which was filled with tropical birds.

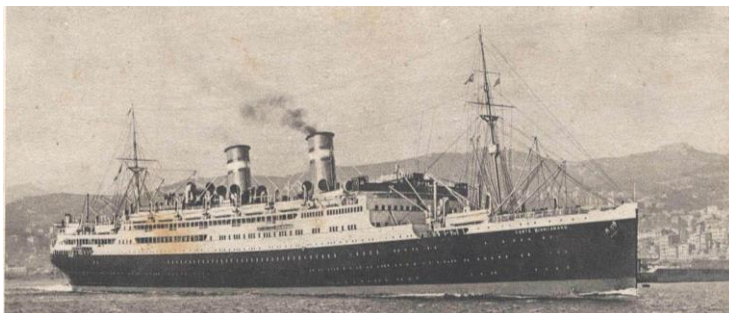
Gus wrote to his friend the Major and I wired my friend Charlotte Gower who was in Sicily that summer. The Major turned up in a few days and settled down for a week. Charlotte never answered, so we decided to give a party for our guest. We invited all the new people we had met and it was a huge success. We had a picnic on the beach at Le Levandou. All this time Gus was getting a beautiful tan, but I was only getting sunburn.

One day we drove over to Cap d’Antibes to swim at the Bossevain’s beautiful villa at Eden Roc. People were lying around on the rocks and I started a conversation with a Swiss doctor whose name I have long since forgotten. He told me I had no business lying around in the sun, that I didn’t have the skin for it, and that if I were not extremely careful I might get skin cancer. He said this was his special field of medicine and warned me never to stay a long time in the sun. This was quite a blow, to understand that I would never be able to compete with all the loose, beautiful tanned women, but I never forgot his advice.

While we were in Cannes we made reservations for our return on the *Biancamano*.¹ The Van Eeghens drove us to Villefranche where we boarded the ship. We were glad to see again the Arthur Mullins. A very

¹ Sidonie-Gabrielle Colette 1873-1954, French novelist and author of *Gigi*

interesting fellow passenger proved to be Justice Thomas W. Churchill of New York, whom we invited to share our table. Gus and he talked politics by the hour. When we reached Naples, we rented a carriage and drove about the city. It was the feast of San Gennaro, the day when the blood of the saint is said to liquefy. We tried to get near the cathedral but it was so crowded we gave up.



Another fellow passenger was Mary Bowe's cousin, Vanna Sodi, from Florence, who was going to Smith College that fall. A letter from her mother asked us to keep an eye on her, which we were glad to do as she was a beautiful young girl.

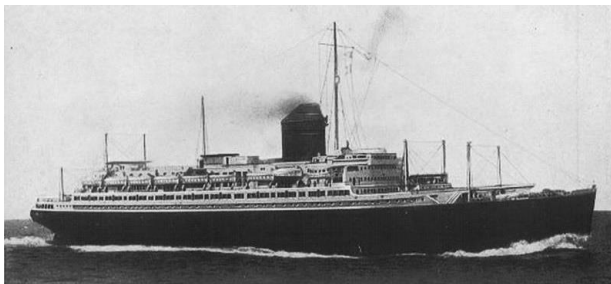
A feature of Italian boats in those days was that everyone in the smoke room after dinner would join in singing Italian airs with the orchestra leading us. It was lots of fun and made for good fellowship as everyone spoke to everyone else. Gus and I knew a bit of Italian as we had been taking lessons all winter from a nice Italian teacher named Mario Mascarino, who is married to one of my cousins, Eleanor Roy. He would come over one evening a week, tired after teaching all day in the public schools, and would be rather disgusted with us for not having prepared our lessons. We did pick up a bit of it, which I enjoyed immensely, but for Gus, it was just a chore and we soon gave it up.

Caux Palace

Now what do I remember about what happened in 1932? My diaries and notebook show that we left on the *Champlain*² August 10th having left Johnnie at Anna's in New Rochelle. We

¹ SS Conte Biancamano, 1925-1961 carried 3,650 passengers, 24,416 tons, twin screw

² SS Champlain, 1932-1940, 28,124 tons, length 641 ft, beam 84 ft



had deck chairs next to the Ernest Schellings, who were returning to their villa on Lac Lemman after the New York concert season was over. We met Mrs. B.F. Stower from Providence, Rhode Island, who was traveling with her son, Burnham Kelly. The famous pianist, Pierre Luboschutz and his wife were near us on the deck and we spoke French together. Rev. John A. Ryan, who had married Anna and Ray Walter, was on the ship too. Gus and he had lots of good talks on social problems.

When we left Saint Maxime the year before at *La Pinède*, the Van Eeghens had persuaded us to come back the following summer and to stay with them in their own villa. There was a room and bath on the second floor which had a separate entrance and staircase so that we would not be a bother to them. They made us a flat rate which included breakfast and dinner. It was so low that we couldn't refuse.

Life went on about the same as the summer before, with picnics on the beaches, swimming twice a day, and trips around the countryside. Fay and Freddie suggested that they drive us to Geneva as the time approached for our return to the States. It was agreed that they would provide the car and gas, and we would pay the hotel and restaurant bills. At Geneva, we would catch the train for Paris, and we were to sail home on the *Lafayette*. So about the middle of September, the four of us started for Grenoble over the Alps. One of our most interesting stops was at *La Grande Chartreuse*, where we spent several hours walking in the woods and visiting the monastery. The smell of the herbs, used in making the *chartreuse*, was heavy in the air, although the monastery was unoccupied at the time. We stopped at Annecy, and had a wonderful lunch at the restaurant Parendel at Sassenage. We stopped at Aix-les-Bains at the Regina, where the lace on the hems of the linen sheets was a foot in length. After a gay life with young people on the Riviera, the sight of all the grey haired, stuffy people was quite a contrast. We stopped for several days at Montreux, which had many memories for Freddie. His father used to bring the family here and he recalled how he could set his watch by the tiny train which came around the mountain about seven o'clock every evening. For Gus and me too, this part of the world had become familiar. We stayed at the *Excelsior*, right over the water, and could watch the fish under our balcony which looked out toward the spot where the Rhône emptied into lake. We took long walks from the Caux Palace, the giant old wooden hotel whose porches and ballroom floor sagged badly.



These mountain walks were all carefully marked, and on them one met families equipped with proper walking boots, walking canes equipped with spikes (of which we had a collection). At the various rest houses along the way it was customary to greet all fellow walkers. I remember one Danish family we met in that way, the parents with three teenage children. Their car and chauffeur would pick them up every few days and in the intervals they would camp out of doors.

At Geneva we had to say farewell to Fay and Freddie. We made no plans to meet them the following year, for things were already very unsettled in Europe, and Freddie was planning to move all his investments to the United States. They left Sainte-Maxime the following year, moving back to Holland until, just before the outbreak of World War II, they came to the United States. Later on, we visited them at the home of the Boissevains in Westport, New York. In 1940, Fay and Freddie came to Chicago and we had a wonderful reunion.

Willi Eitner

In the winter of 1934, Gus and I decided to take a winter cruise to the West Indies on the *Reliance*¹ of the Hamburg-America Line. We would also see Ray Walters, whose bank in New Rochelle had been closed as a result of the bank crisis which accompanied the stock market crash. Gus wanted to persuade Ray to come out to Chicago, where he could find a job in some other field.

I was counting on making a stop at Port-au-Prince, Haiti, for my grandmother² had often told me about how her mother³ had been born there and how wonderful life was on a sugar plantation. We made many stops on a cruise, Martinique, Curacao, Caracas, Havana, but never stopped at Port Au Prince. I think the weather was at fault, at any rate to this day I have never visited Saint Domingue or L'Isle au Vache, which meant so much to my grandmother. Two people who were on the cruise, Mrs. Bartholomay Osbourne and her cousin Bill Madlener, proved to be good company and we made many shore excursions with them. When we got back to Chicago, she asked me to help her with her newly formed Women's Committee of the Orchestral Association. The experience I acquired with this group proved useful with the fundraising for the Modern Poetry Association later.

During February, 1935, Anna and her son Raymond (aged about four) and Lib drove out from New Rochelle to move in with us. The bank was closed, the house sold, and Ray was going to stay in New Rochelle and try to find a job. It was in the depths of the Great Depression and everyone was gloomy. After a few

¹ SS *Reliance*, 1920-1941, 19,582 tons, length 615ft, beam 71ft, triple screw

² Solina Roger, 1812-1891 m. Paulin de Narcisse Pallissard 1804-1891

³ Cecile Roger, "La Grande Americaine," 1782-1848

months Anna and her family moved into our house in Palos Park, and Gus and I decided that we would take a trip that summer leaving the children with the whole crowd already living in Palos.

We got passage on the cheapest ship we could find, the *Königstein*¹ of the Bernstein line. It cost about \$75 for each passage and was worth just that and no more. It was filled with people who were returning to the “old country” because of the Great Depression. There were many Belgians, as our first stop was at Antwerp. The cargo was mostly automobiles so, even though it was a small ship, it was a smooth crossing. But it was a very hot one, and the ship was crowded. We met Dr. Willi Eitner on the trip. He has been a close friend ever since. He had married Kitty Thonet, of the famous furniture Thonets. Willi was from Vienna and his father had been ambassador from Austria to France. Willi had been Governor of Styria, and had belonged to one of the first ski troops of Austria. His family was now living in Brussels, where he was joining them. He planned our summer vacation, told us what hotels to stay at and persuaded us that we must see Vienna and Austria. We did exactly what he told us to do. In Antwerp, we first saw the family of Victoire de Merode. She had worked with us for a long time. Her two brothers were waiting at the dock and took us sightseeing and we dined with them, a real Belgian feast which lasted for hours. Willi’s children took us to all the museums and we took Willi and Kitty to the finest restaurants in Brussels. Then we went to Vienna where Willi joined us after a few days.

Willi and his family and friends took us all over Vienna. A kind gentleman named Von Hofmanstal came in an old Rolls Royce and drove us to Grunzing. He was the younger brother of the poet. The Thonets were suspicious of Gus, thinking he was a smart Chicago lawyer, hired by Willi to get the family furniture business away from them. After several mysterious telephone calls, made all the more menacing by the appearance of Nazi Storm Troopers behind every chair in the Viennese restaurants, we left for more peaceful spot, Zell-am-see. Here we spent about a week, swimming in the sea, taking the post bus over the new Grossglockner road. Next we went to the Salzburg Festival and heard some Mozart and Beethoven. I remember we met on the train a girl named Constance Hope, a relative of Bob Hope. She was met by Lotte Lehman, dressed in a *drindel*. I couldn’t wait to get to Lanz, to buy an outfit for myself and for both children. Our return was from Hamburg on the *Albert Ballin*.²



That winter Ray Walters came out to Chicago and lived at the Lake Shore Club. Anna and Lib found an apartment on East Chestnut Street not far away, and we saw a great deal of each other. Anna went to the Bowe & Bowe office every noon, so as to mind the phones while the secretary was at lunch. It gave her something to do and provided an excuse for her to receive a salary. Ray worked at the Avenue Bank as watchman in the vaults, and Grandma Bowe ran the apartment with the aid of a maid.

¹ SS Königsstein 1907-1942, 9,626 tons, length 459 ft, sunk by German submarine

² SS Albert Ballin, 1924-1955, 21,131 tons, length 645.8 ft

Palos Park

Life changed and we no longer took trips away from the children in the summer. In the spring of 1933 Gus and I began to look for a place in the country, outside Chicago, where we could live a simple life, like the one we had enjoyed with Fay and Freddie on the Riviera. We first looked on the shore of Lake Michigan along the dunes at the south end of lake. There was a house for rent at Lakeside which tempted us very much, but the thought of the long ride to reach it and the traffic along the lakeshore frightened us somewhat. We also looked at houses in Barrington and in Wayne.

The place that we liked best was near the Forest Preserve in Palos Park, southwest of Chicago. There were houses to rent for a song. We found one which really appealed to us because it had a foreign air. It was a brown shingled cottage, which resembled a Swiss chalet, built on a few acres on a country lane. The leaded windows under deep eaves all opened outward. The big cement porch occupying the whole West wall of the house seemed an ideal place for children on a rainy day. The old apple orchard near the house added to the rustic scene. There were crab apple trees protecting it from the lane, trees for shade and for swings and hammocks. There was no water near this cottage but there was a swimming pool a few miles away. We decided we would take it and drove Bill and Grandma Bowe to see it. They both said we were crazy to think of it, but we had made up our minds and signed the lease, renting it for the summer for \$50 a month.

We scoured the storerooms at 1120 for bits of old furniture, discards of the past, and soon we had filled it up. John Casey¹ gave us his old upright piano. Suzie Ray remembered a box of odd dishes saved from a former move. Mother contributed things from the attic in Kankakee. I made curtains and covers for box couches. We moved boxes of books from 1120. By the time Mary and Bill came back from Europe, they thought it was fine and forgot that they had advised against doing it. Our venture was to last nine years. We continued to rent it on the yearly basis and used it for weekends all the year round. We even kept it heated in the wintertime and only had one mishap, when old Mrs. Millington, who was supposed to keep up the fire in the furnace, forgot it one cold night. The pipes then burst, causing the hardwood floors to buckle and break.

This country life, which we had learned to love in the south of France, was a lifesaver for Gus. He could forget the problems of the law and walk in the woods. It was here that he wrote poetry every night, listened to music and enjoyed the children. Even when Julie was two, our first summer there, he would take her on long walks. If she tired, she would ride on his shoulders, with Johnnie trotting beside him. He loved the pool most of all and taught the children to swim right away. From the time that we had Palos, we no longer took trips to Europe. One year, we took the children with us on an auto trip to the Rockies and to the West Coast. We also drove north to see Johnnie at his camp in Canada near Toronto and stopped to see Julie at hers in Wisconsin. Then in 1941, we gave up Palos, and put the Lincoln car in dead storage. We had enjoyed nine years of rustic country life.

¹ Judge John Casey married Margaret, 4th daughter of Anthony Canavan II. His son, John Dominic Casey, 1907-1989, married Martha Gwinn, Mary Bowe's sister, in 1941. He also became a member of the Bowe & Bowe law firm.



But this “simple” life was pretty complicated. There was the problem of help, who liked the city and wanted no part of our Walden experiment. First, there was the difficulty of getting Alberta, our cook, in and out of Chicago on her days off. Transportation to Palos Park consisted of one train a day into and out of Chicago. So, Alberta had to be driven either to the Oak Lawn corner, where the Chicago bus passed or to Blue Island, where she could get on an Illinois Central train to the south side of Chicago. Then, there was Victoire, who took care of the children. She was a Belgian woman who had been with us about as long as Alberta and her arthritis demanded woolen knee hose, Baume Bengue (Ben-Gay), and sweaters, even in June. She had Wednesdays and alternate Sundays off to spend with her numerous relatives. One car was not adequate for doing the errands to the only store in a village, Kotorba’s, which dealt mostly in ice cream and tinned goods. So we looked around and found a secondhand Chevrolet, which I could use to get people to buses and to buy groceries.

But that was not all. There was Anna’s dog, Jerry, not the first summer, but later. There was also Mary’s cat. There were the ponies and horses as well, among a menagerie of children’s pets. For work in the yard, we had added another family, the Bakers. The father was a good carpenter. He repaired screens and fixed up “The Shack” in the orchard for Mary and me to use as a studio (we painted in those days). Harry Baker, a thin pimply boy, cut the grass, helped with the garden, got the Chevrolet started, drove the children to the school, and did the odd jobs. His mother washed windows, and amazed us all by her way of speaking, for she had a cleft palate.

But we did enjoy life there. We had tennis, croquet, swings, badminton and a small wading pool for the children. During the summer, we went to the Willow Springs pool every afternoon. There we met Gus, who stopped there for a swim on his way out from the city. When we all came in about six o’clock, starving after an afternoon of swimming, Alberta had one of her great dinners already prepared and waiting. The ice cubes would be out and, while Victoire gave the children their dinner, Gus and I had a leisurely drink, sometimes with neighbors like the Lannans or Joe Gorman, who lived with his mother across the lane. We spent time as well with Puss Brenner, our nearest neighbor, whose son was practically a member of the family.

Weekends were crowded for we never knew how many Bowes would turn up. When Mary and Bill came, they sent their cook, Eva, out by bus. We had large parties frequently during the summer, and in the winter, when there was enough snow, we had sleigh rides and toboggan parties, with lots of hot rum punch to keep us warm. Ice skating, too, was available either on the pond in Palos Park or on the larger lake at Ormond Park. We always built a big bonfire far so that the children could warm themselves, if they needed to. I had always ice skated as a girl on the Kankakee River. We used to skate for miles, as far away as Aroma Park where the remains of the old stern boat, the Minnie Lillie, supplied warmth. We must have had at least 25 pairs of ice skates of various sizes, so that there were skates for all. I kept all skating supplies, woolen mittens, mufflers, sweaters, in a cedar chest near the front door handy for everyone.

Even during the Great Depression, we managed to feed crowds of children and friends. We always had plenty to eat so that friends could drop in unannounced. The table was set with candles protected with hurricane glass. There was always wine with dinner, though there were many years when it was Californian. We used to

go to Mass at Saint James of the Sag, where old Father Garrity presided. He once preached a sermon on the importance of good cheer at mealtimes, and of how meals should never become a forum for family bickering. He was reported as having said, "Make every meal a party." This was wonderful news for us and we did just that for the rest of our lives.

Epilogue







Julia Bowe, a Savior of Poetry Magazine

Chicago Tribune, November 16, 1986| By Kenan Heise

Julia Lecour Bowe, 85, the widow of Augustine J. Bowe, former chief justice of the Municipal Court of Chicago, helped save the publication Poetry: A Magazine of Verse. Mass for Mrs. Bowe, a longtime Lake Shore Drive resident, was said Saturday in St. Joseph's Catholic Church, 1747 Lake Ave., Wilmette. She died Tuesday in a Glenview nursing home. Mrs. Bowe, a native of Kankakee, graduated from Trinity College in Washington, D.C. She then taught high school French in Kankakee before marrying the future Judge Bowe and moving to Chicago. She served as president of Le Cercle Francais de Chicago during the 1930s.

Along with her husband, who wrote poetry, Mrs. Bowe became interested in an effort to save Poetry after its founder, Harriet Monroe, died in 1936. Among her efforts were a series of lectures at the Arts Club in the Wrigley Building that included speakers such as James Thurber. She served as treasurer of the Modern Poetry Association, which publishes Poetry. Mrs. Bowe continued her involvement in fundraising for the publication into the 1970s. Macmillan Publishing Co. published a volume of her husband's poetry, "No Gods Are False," in 1967 after his death. In the late 1940s, she served as president of the Library of International Relations. The library, the first of its kind, specialized in helping Chicago companies that were interested in expanding into Latin America.

A project of which she was especially proud, according to her son, Associate Circuit Judge John Bowe, was an effort over the years to assist the Lower North Center, which helped underprivileged youths. When she first became interested, the center was in a dingy and neglected building. It later was moved to Cabrini-Green Homes and became part of Chicago Youth Centers. She then served on the board of the latter. Mrs. Bowe was also a member of the boards of the National Council of Christians and Jews and of the St. Vincent's Crib Society.

Her husband, Judge Bowe, served as chief justice of the Municipal Court of Chicago from 1960 until his death in 1966. Besides her son, she is survived by five grandsons and two great-grandsons.

Newberry Library Biography, Augustine J. Bowe

Chicago lawyer, judge, civic leader, and poet.

Augustine Bowe was born in Chicago on February 26, 1892 to John and Ellen Canavan Bowe. He attended Loyola University and Loyola Law School, receiving the degrees of A.B., M.A., and LL.B.

Upon earning his law degree in 1913, Bowe founded the law firm Bowe & Bowe with his brother William, which specialized in worker's compensation cases. He continued to practice law in this capacity until 1960. He was president of the Chicago Bar Association in 1955 and 1956, and elected chief justice of the Chicago Municipal Court in 1960. Bowe was also passionate about civic issues and was active in several organizations including the Chicago Human Relations Commission, the Illinois Committee for Equal Job Opportunities, the Catholic Interracial Council, the National Conference on Christians and Jews, and the Cook County Prisoners' Welfare Association.

Writing poetry was another passion of Bowe's. He became involved in *Poetry* through Inez Boulton, friend of he and his wife Julia and a Chicago society woman who taught poetry workshops and was a reader for the magazine. Boulton introduced the Bowe's to then editor George Dillon in 1940. *Poetry* was in dire financial straits at this time in the wake of Harriet Monroe's death, and the contentious removal previous editor Morton Dauwen Zabel. Julia and Augustine Bowe came to the rescue of the floundering journal, Julia by offering her expertise in fundraising and Bowe with legal advice. In 1941 they helped form the Modern Poetry Association as a not-for-profit organization whose board members undertook financial responsibility for the magazine. Julia acted as secretary to the board, and continued to organize highly successful fundraising events throughout the 1950s and 1960s. These years were not without controversy, and the Bowes were privy to a series of editorial and organizational turnovers that nearly undermined the magazine. Bowe initially published his work in *Poetry*, but ceased to submit his poems after becoming president of the Modern Poetry Association. He continued to write daily, filling hundreds of legal pads and typed pages with his poems. A book, *No Gods are False* was edited by friend and fellow poet John Frederick Nims. They had two children, John and Julie Ann and lived at 1120 North Lake Shore Drive for their entire marriage.

Bowe enjoyed daily walks along the lake shore, and died of natural causes on one of these walks on February 6, 1966.

Chicago Tribune Front Page, February 7, 1966

AUGUSTINE J. BOWE JUDGE IN CHICAGO

Poetry Journal Co-Founder,
Civic Leader, Dead

Special to The New York Times

CHICAGO, Feb. 7—Augustine J. Bowe, presiding judge of the Municipal Division of the Circuit Court, collapsed and died of a heart attack last night while taking a walk near his home. He was 73 years old.

As a sophomore at Loyola University, where he received a law degree, Mr. Bowe and Harriet Monroe founded Poetry magazine, to which he was a regular contributor. He continued writing poetry after leaving college and published more than 30 poems.

He was president of the Modern Poetry Association, which publishes the magazine in Chicago. Through the years it has published the works of almost all leading American poets.

Mr. Bowe, a native of Chicago, was elected chief justice of the Municipal Court System in 1960 when he ran for the post as a Democratic party "blue ribbon" candidate following a traffic ticket scandal.

He served in that capacity until January, 1965, when a judicial reform amendment to the State Constitution placed the Municipal Court in the Circuit Court system and he headed that division.

Before becoming a judge, Mr. Bowe had practiced law here from 1913 until 1960. He was a member of the firm of Bowe, Bowe and Casey, in which his son, John, is a partner.

He was president of the Chicago Bar Association in 1955 and 1956, chairman of the Chicago Human Relations Commission from 1948 to 1960 and had served as chairman of the Illinois Committee for Equal Job Opportunities. He had been a director of the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

Mr. Bowe also was chairman of the Commission on Chicago Architectural Landmarks, a member of the Citizens Board of Loyola University and a member of the Prisoners Welfare Association.

Surviving are his widow, Julia, his son, a daughter, Mrs. Willard O. Thompson of Cleveland, and four grandchildren.

Mike Royko Column, Chicago Daily News

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CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Mike Royko

Augustine Bowe: A Judge Who Spoke His Mind

A few days before Judge Augustine J. Bowe died, a reporter dropped in to ask him about credit law problems.

Judge Bowe said the situation seemed clear enough: The existing laws are no good.

The reporter asked him why.

At this point, most public officials would pause, look over their shoulder and give a suitably vague, inoffensive answer.

After all, many of the legislators who passed the laws in 1961 are still around — and they are still helping run things in Chicago.



MIKE ROYKO

Besides, it isn't part of the political game to say things that might hurt the feelings of people in your own party.

Running true to form, Bowe didn't pause or look over his shoulder. He said:

"The truth is the (1961) Legislature was dominated by downstate bankers and loan sharks who didn't want reform."

As one of his admirers said when he read the story the next day: "There goes Gus again."

Bowe thought nothing of saying that the legislature had been dominated by hustlers because he was one of the few men in public life who always said what he thought—sometimes before he thought about it. And if it caused a stir he shrugged, almost in wonder that people should fuss because a man speaks his mind.

BOWE'S OUTSPOKEN ATTITUDE probably was the result of having become a judge rather late in life.

He made it the hard way, first building a reputation as a fine lawyer, achieving financial independence, being active in civic affairs, and then being elected as a blue-ribbon candidate to head the Municipal Court.

Not having spent his early years as a lawyer trotting respectfully behind a ward boss, he never learned how not to speak his mind.

Even when things got hot — and for the judge in charge of Municipal Court, heat waves never end — he didn't hide behind public relations doubletalk or duck a controversy.

In fact, he had a knack for saying just the right thing to keep a controversy going.

A few years ago, a little-known Chicago lawyer went to a small town club meeting and made a speech about corruption in Judge Bowe's Municipal Courts. The charges were vague, but they thrilled the small-town people.

When the speech somehow hit the headlines, Bowe was asked by reporters about the sweeping charges.

THE STANDARD ANSWER in such situations is something like this: "If he has any information regarding wrongdoing, he should bring it to the attention of the proper authorities and . . ."

Bowe, however, just snorted and said:

"A city man likes to make a big man of himself when he's talking before small-town hicks."

This is known as "instant furor."

The hicks from the small town were indignant at being called hicks. Politicians who like to get along with our downstate cousins were indignant at Bowe's lack of tact. Bowe was roundly denounced.

He finally went to the small town and made a speech, apologizing to the hicks for calling them hicks.

Some time later, the lawyer who started the whole thing got a chance to go before an investigative group and tell all he knew about the corruption he talked about in the small town.

He sighed and said he had simply been a city man trying to make a big man of himself before small-town hicks.

Bowe refrained from laughing and saying, "I told you so."

BOWE ACHIEVED HEROIC proportions in the eyes of many lawyers when he said a few choice words about the Chicago Bar Assn., to which most lawyers must bow in reverence.

The bar association had decided that four lawyers were "unqualified" to be court magistrates. Bowe felt they were qualified. So he said:

"I'm bitter about the bar association having something to say on a subject they don't know a damn thing about."

Then he added: "I know a hell of a lot more about these men than the bar association."

And for good measure, he tossed in: "It was a horrible mistake — simply stupid."

Judge Bowe died Sunday night at the age of 73. The town is already duller.

Courthouse over White House: Chicago and the Presidential Election of 1960

Edmund Frank Kallina © 1988 Board of Regents University of Florida

Democratic slate making was another story. Daley had remained quiet about his support for the critical nominations for governor and state's attorney, as well as the rest of the lesser state and county offices. He had not even, at this point, stated whether he would be a gubernatorial candidate. In addition to the state and county tickets, Democrats also were faced with the necessity of doing something about the scandal-plagued Municipal Court and its chief justice, Raymond P. Drymalski. The central figure in the Traffic Court scandal, Joseph Gill, had already removed himself for consideration as a candidate for clerk of the Municipal Court, but Drymalski made it plain that he wanted to run again.

Democratic slate-making sessions were pervaded by an atmosphere of secrecy and mystery as politicians and reporters alike attempted to divine Daley's intentions. It became apparent early that Drymalski was out as chief justice and that Democrats would seek "blue-ribbon" candidates to help restore the court's reputation.

Clarification of the nominations for governor and state's attorney took longer. On January 5, Daley removed himself as a possible gubernatorial nominee.²² His withdrawal did not answer the question of who would be the nominee. By January 7, the choice seemed to have narrowed to County Judge Otto Kerner and state legislator William G. Clark. Clark was also mentioned as a possible candidate for state's attorney as was former gubernatorial nominee Judge Richard B. Austin.

On January 8, the suspense ended. The Democratic ticket included Otto Kerner for governor, Samuel Shapiro of Kankakee for lieutenant governor, James R. McLaughlin of Mt. Vernon for secretary of state, William G. Clark for attorney general, and Michael Howlett for auditor. The nomination for state's attorney went to Daniel P. Ward, dean of the De Paul University Law School, and for chief justice of the Municipal Court to a distinguished attorney, **Augustine Bowe**.

Research Notes



<http://www.newberry.org/collections/FindingAids/bowe/Bowe.html>

Inventory of the Augustine J. Bowe Papers

ca. 1890-1966, bulk 1940-1966

The Newberry Library
Roger and Julie Baskes Department of Special Collections
60 West Walton Street
Chicago, Illinois 60610-7324
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Phone: 312-255-3506
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E-Mail: specialcolls@newberry.org
URL: <http://www.newberry.org>

Machine-readable finding aid encoded by Lisa Janssen, 2008.

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Descriptive Summary of the Collection

Creator	Bowe, Augustine Joseph, 1892-1966
Title	Augustine J. Bowe Papers
Dates	ca. 1890-1966
Dates	bulk 1940-1966
Extent	18 cubic ft. (36 boxes and 1 oversize box)

Abstract	Correspondence, family and personal materials, works, photographs, and audiovisual materials of Chicago judge and poet Augustine J. Bowe.
Language	Materials are in English.
Repository	Newberry Library, Roger and Julie Baskes Department of Special Collections
Collection Call Number	Midwest MS Bowe
Collection Stack Location	4a 37 3-4

Administrative Information

Cite As

Augustine J. Bowe Papers, Midwest Manuscript Collection, The Newberry Library, Chicago.

Provenance

Gift of Julia Bowe, 1968.

Processed by

Lisa Janssen, 2008.

Acknowledgements

This inventory was created with the generous support of the Poetry Foundation. Any views, findings, conclusions, or recommendations expressed in this inventory do not necessarily represent those of the Poetry Foundation.

Access

The Augustine J. Bowe Papers are open for research in the Special Collections Reading Room; 1 box at a time (Priority III).

Ownership and Literary Rights

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Biography of Augustine J. Bowe

Chicago lawyer, judge, civic leader, and poet.

Augustine Bowe was born in Chicago on February 26, 1892 to John and Ellen Canavan Bowe. He attended Loyola University and Loyola Law School, receiving the degrees of A.B., M.A., and LL.B. Upon earning his law degree in 1913, Bowe founded the law firm Bowe & Bowe with his brother William, which specialized in worker's compensation cases. He continued to practice law in this capacity until 1960. He was president of the Chicago Bar Association in 1955 and 1956, and elected chief justice of the Chicago Municipal Court in 1960. Bowe was also passionate about civic issues and was active in several organizations including the Chicago Human Relations Commission, the Illinois Committee for Equal Job Opportunities, the Catholic Interracial Council, the National Conference on Christians and Jews, and the Cook County Prisoners Welfare Association.

Writing poetry was another passion of Bowe's. He became involved in *Poetry* through Inez Boulton, friend of he and his wife Julia and a Chicago society woman who taught poetry workshops and was a reader for the magazine. Boulton introduced the Bowe's to then editor George Dillon in 1940. *Poetry* was in dire financial straits at this time in the wake of Harriet Monroe's death, and the contentious removal previous editor Morton Dauwen Zabel. Julia and Augustine Bowe came to the rescue of the floundering journal, Julia by offering her expertise in fundraising and Bowe with legal advice. In 1941 they helped form the Modern Poetry Association as a not-for-profit organization whose board members undertook financial responsibility for the magazine. Julia acted as secretary to the board, and continued organize highly successful fundraising events throughout the 1950s and 1960s. These years were not without controversy, and the Bowes were privy to a series of editorial and organizational turnovers that nearly undermined the magazine. Bowe initially published his work in *Poetry*, but ceased to submit his poems after becoming president of the Modern Poetry Association. He continued to write daily, filling hundreds of legal pads and typed pages with his poems. A book, *No Gods are False* was edited by friend and fellow poet John Frederick Nims, and published posthumously in 1967.

Bowe married Julia Leonie Lecour in 1927. They had two children, John and Julie Ann and lived at 1120 North Lake Shore Drive for their entire marriage. Bowe enjoyed daily walks along the lake shore, and died of natural causes on one of these walks on February 6, 1966.

Scope and Content of the Collection

Correspondence with friends and fellow poets including Inez Boulton, George Dillon, John Frederick Nims, and Karl Shapiro; family materials, including correspondence between Julia Bowe pertaining to *Poetry*, her diaries and writing; materials pertaining to Bowe's civil activities; drafts and revisions of Bowe's poetry; materials pertaining to he and Julia's support and involvement with *Poetry* and the Modern Poetry Association; and photographs, and audiovisual materials.

Narrative descriptions of the subject matter, types of material, and arrangement of each series are available through the Organization section of the finding aid.

Organization

Papers are organized in the following series:

- [Series 1: Correspondence, Family, and Personal, 1904-1966](#). Box(es) 1-8
- [Series 2: Poetry, 1942-1965](#). Box(es) 9-10
- [Series 3: Works, 1917-1960](#). Box(es) 11-26-34
- [Series 4: Photographs and Audio/Visual, ca. 1890-1966](#). Box(es) 35-36

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

Selected Search Terms

The following terms have been used to index the description of this collection in the Newberry Library's public catalog. Researchers desiring additional materials on a particular topic should search the catalog using these headings.

Names

- Boulton, Inez
- Bowe, Augustine Joseph, 1892-1966
- Dillon, George, 1906-1968
- Modern Poetry Association
- Nims, John Frederick, 1913-1999
- Poetry
- Shapiro, Karl Jay, 1913-2000

Subjects

- Poets--20th century
 - Judges -- Illinois -- Chicago
 - Manuscripts, American -- Illinois -- Chicago
 - Poetry -- 1920-1950
 - Poetry -- 20th century -- Periodicals
 - Sound recordings -- 1961
-

Container List

Series 1: Correspondence, Family, and Personal, 1904-1966

Materials pertaining to Bowe's family and personal life, and also his work as a lawyer and judge on the Municipal Court

of Chicago. Correspondence with colleagues, fellow poets, and organizations that Bowe belonged to, datebooks, campaign materials from his election to the Municipal Court and the presidential campaign of John F. Kennedy whom Bowe actively supported. Family materials include wife Julia Bowe's correspondence, diaries, and writings. Of particular note is what appears to be an attempt by Julia Bowe to write a biography of Augustine Bowe. This incomplete memoir contains her perspectives on the Bowes' involvement in saving *Poetry* financially, and the controversial changing of the guard at the magazine, both administratively and editorially, during the late 1940s and early 1950s.

Arranged alphabetically.

Box	Folder	Contents
1	1	Address books, n.d.
1	2	Biographical information, 1960-1966, n.d.
1	3	Bowe & Bowe - legal documents (includes Grasse case), 1946-1952
1	4	Catholic Interracial Council, 1946-1961
1	5	Certificates and memberships (see also oversize box), 1955-1965, n.d.
1	6	Charities, 1961-1966
1	7	Chicago Bar Association, 1917-1963
1	8	Commission on Human Relations, 1945-1960, n.d.
1	9	Correspondence - Bowe, Ellen, Bill, and Anna, 1923-1928
1	10	Correspondence - Douglas, Paul, 1948-1966
1	11	Correspondence - Engle, Paul (includes photos), 1941-1944
1	12	Correspondence - Fowler, Elsie Melchert, 1944-1945
1	13	Correspondence - Gogarty, Oliver St. John, 1945-1950
1	14	Correspondence - Spirer, André, May, 1945
1	15	Correspondence - Stevens, Wallace, Sep. 28, 1943
1	16	Correspondence - Re: Geocarls and Carlinville comments from WBBM interview, 1962
1	17	Correspondence - letters from citizens, 1960-1964
1	18	Correspondence - various - A-Z, 1935-1966, n.d.
1	19	Correspondence - various outgoing (including letters to editors), 1947-1966, n.d.

2		Datebooks, 1949-1956
3		Datebooks, 1956-1964
4	20-24	Death - Letters of condolence, 1966
5	25-28	Death - Letters of condolence, 1966
6	29-30	Death - Memorials and dedications, 1966
6	31	Death - Memorial guestbook, 1966
6	32	Equal Job Opportunities, 1959, 1961
6	33	Events - Invitations and programs, 1960-1965, n.d.
6	34	Family - Bowe, John, 1946, 1952, n.d.
6	35	Family - Bowe, Julia - correspondence, 1925-1962, n.d.
7	36-37	Family - Bowe, Julia - diaries/datebooks, ca. 1920s-1930s
7	38	Family - Bowe, Julia -diaries - travel, 1925-1931, n.d.
7	39	Family - Bowe, Julia - miscellaneous, 1025-1966
7	40	Family - Bowe, Julia - writing, memoirs of Augustine Bowe and Poetry, n.d.
7	41	Family - Bowe, Julia - writing, miscellaneous, n.d.
7	42	Family - Bowe, Julie Anne, 1948, n.d.
7	43	Family - Freborg, Stan and Dodie (Lecour), 1944-1954, n.d.
8	44	Family - Lecour family ledger, 1939-1950
8	45	Family - miscellaneous, 1912-1961, n.d.
8	46	Financial, 1934-1963
8	47	Kennedy, John F. - campaign and election (includes signed form letter), 1960-1961
8	48	Loyola University, 1948-1964
8	49-51	Municipal Court, 1960-1964
8	52	National Conference on Christians and Jews, 1944-1961

8	53	St. Ignatius College, 1904-1908
8	54	Travel (see also oversize box for scrapbook), 1927-1963, n.d.

Series 2: Poetry, 1942-1965

Primarily materials pertaining to Julia Bowe's involvement in fundraising events for Poetry and the Modern Poetry Association including invite lists, programs, seating charts, clippings, and correspondence. Also contains personal correspondence and writing by Inez Boulton, a reader for *Poetry* and board member during the transitional years between 1949-1954. The Boulton correspondence contains detailed documentation of the controversial editorships of Hayden Carruth and later Karl Shapiro, and the inner workings of the board which was struggling to keep *Poetry* afloat amid divergent visions for the magazine, and funding shortfalls.

General materials arranged chronologically, Inez Boulton materials arranged alphabetically.

Box	Folder	Contents
9	55-65	General materials - events and administration, 1955-1965
10	66	Boulton, Inez - correspondence - Bishop, Elizabeth, Apr. 11, 1951
10	67	Boulton, Inez - correspondence - Bowe, Augustine, 1944, n.d.
10	68	Boulton, Inez - correspondence - Brooks, Gwendolyn, 1950-1951
10	69	Boulton, Inez - correspondence - Cummings, E. E., Dec. 16, 1950
10	70	Boulton, Inez - correspondence - Dillon, George, 1950-1951
10	71	Boulton, Inez - correspondence - Engle, Paul, 1951, 1953
10	72	Boulton, Inez - correspondence - Harper & Brothers, 1950-1951
10	73	Boulton, Inez - correspondence - Rhine, J. B. (Duke University Parapsychology Laboratory), 1948-1949
10	74	Boulton, Inez - correspondence - Shapiro, Karl, 1950-1951
10	75	Boulton, Inez - correspondence re: editorship and board of Poetry magazine (includes letters from Tom Lea, Marion Strobel, Hayden Carruth, George Dillon, Margaret Peters, Julia Bowe, Paul Engle, and Stanley Pargellis), 1949-1954
10	76	Boulton, Inez - correspondence - miscellaneous, 1942-1951, n.d.

Augustine Bowe wrote poetry prodigiously during his life. This series contains over 50 long yellow legal pads on which friend and colleague John Frederick Nims says Bowe wrote, "night after night, year after year." According to Nims, there are approximately 1500 poems in 50 legal pads, handwritten and typed drafts. Bowe published a few poems in *Poetry*, but stopped seeking publication of his work when he became president of the Modern Poetry Association. Exact dates on this work is difficult to ascertain, as Bowe revised repeatedly, and had poems typed and retyped at various times. John Frederick Nims eventually went through the entirety of the various drafts and edited a volume of selected poems titled *No Gods are False* published in 1967. Correspondence, galleys and manuscripts of this book are located at the end of the series.

Arranged alphabetically.

Series 4: Photographs and Audio/Visual, ca. 1890-1966

Contains photographs of Augustine Bowe, family snapshots and portraits, and photos of several poets. Audiovisual materials include a reel-to-reel tape of a radio program featuring Judge Augustine Bowe, and an LP of Bowe reading his own poetry.

Arranged alphabetically and by format.

Box	Folder	Contents
35	202	Photographs - Bowe, Augustine - childhood and school (see also oversize box), ca. 1895-1915
35	203	Photographs - Bowe, Augustine - group photos and events, ca. 1950-1966
35	204	Photographs - Bowe, Augustine - portraits, ca. 1940-1960
35	205	Photographs - Bowe, Julia (1 with Burt Lancaster), ca. 1950-1962
35	206-209	Photographs - Bowe family snapshots, ca. 1930s-1962
35	210-212	Photographs - Bowe travel and family snapshots, ca. 1920s-1930s
35	213	Photographs - Bowe and Canavan families (see also oversize box), ca. 1890-1900
35	214	Photographs - poets: T. S. Eliot, Archibald MacLeish, Oliver St. John Gogarty, Karl Shapiro and others, 1952, n.d.
36		1/4 inch reel-to-reel audiotape - WGN radio program featuring Judge Augustine Bowe, "Juvenile Delinquency," Oct. 22, 1961
		12" LP of Augustine Bowe reading his poetry, n.d.



<http://www.uic.edu/depts/lib/specialcoll/services/rjd/findingaids/MGBowef.html>

Mary Gwinn Bowe Papers

An inventory of the collection at the University of Illinois at Chicago

Collection Summary

Creator: Bowe, Mary Gwinn
Title: Mary Gwinn Bowe Papers
Dates: 1926-1974

Abstract: Mary Gwinn Bowe was active in Chicago area organizations such as the Woman's College Board of Chicago, an organization that emerged from the Century of Progress, the Lyric Opera of Chicago, and other philanthropic and civic organizations in the Chicago area. Her papers include minutes, reports, correspondence, memoranda, clippings, programs, published articles, administrative files, related materials, and genealogical information.

Quantity: 2.75 linear feet

Identification: MG Bowe

Biographical Sketch

Mary Agnes Gwinn (Bowe) was born in Baltimore, Maryland in 1901 to Richard Gwinn and Mary Agnes Roach. Her mother died at birth. Mary was brought up by her paternal grandmother, Elizabeth Burns Gwinn and spent much of her childhood in Washington, D.C. and Deal Beach, New Jersey. She received an A.B. in English and Latin from Trinity College and later married a Chicago attorney, William J. Bowe. Mary Gwinn Bowe and her husband had two sons. She was active in Chicago area organizations such as the Woman's College Board of Chicago, an organization that emerged from the Century of Progress, the Lyric Opera of Chicago, and other philanthropic and civic organizations.

Scope and Contents

The Mary Gwinn Bowe Papers include correspondence, memoranda, reports, photographs, programs, administrative files, published articles, speeches, notes, minutes, newsletters, and genealogical materials. These papers are organized into three series: I. Woman's College Board of Chicago, II. Lyric Opera of Chicago, and III. Genealogical Materials and Other Organizations. Series II. Lyric Opera of Chicago is divided into two subseries: 1. General and 2. Published Opera Programs. Folders are organized by chronological order within series and subseries.

Index Terms

This record series is indexed under the following controlled access subject terms.

Subjects:

Bowe, Mary Gwinn --Archives.
 Lyric Opera of Chicago --Sources.
 Chicago Community Organizations
 Midwest Women's History

Administrative Information

Acquisition Information

Mary Gwinn Bowe donated these materials to the University of Illinois at Chicago in 1975.

Detailed Description/Box and Folder Listing

Series I. Woman's College Board of Chicago

Box Folder

Scope and Content: Series I. includes correspondence, memoranda, minutes, reports, notes, clippings, published articles, speeches, notes, brochures, Alumnae Club Guides, historical information, and administrative files.

Box Folder

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| 1 | 1 | Financial ledger, 1934 - 1951 |
| | 2 | Correspondence, reports, notes, minutes, memoranda, lists of committee and general membership, clippings, 1950 - 1961 |
| | 3 | Notes, 1951 - 1957 |
| | 4 | Correspondence, memoranda, notes, speeches, reports, programs, minutes, clippings, published articles, list of college officers, 1952 - 1957 |
| | 5 | Handbook of Information about Women's Colleges, 1953 - 1968 |

Box Folder

- | | | |
|---|----|--|
| 2 | 6 | Speeches, notes, photographs, correspondence, administrative files, 1955 - 1968 |
| | 7 | Binder - By-laws, reports, brochures, 1956 - 1961 |
| | 8 | Alumnae Club Guides, 1957 |
| | 9 | Reports, memoranda, correspondence, 1958 - 1970 |
| | 10 | Clippings, By-laws, brochures, copy of University of Chicago Extension list, 1958 - 1973 |

Box Folder

- | | | |
|---|----|--|
| 3 | 11 | By-laws, brochures, Academy of Our Lady Centennial materials, clippings, correspondence, 1958 - 1974 |
| | 12 | Administrative files, 1959 |
| | 13 | Administrative files, 1959 |
| | 14 | Historical information, 1959 - 1961 |
| | 15 | Alumnae Club Guides, By-laws, lists of officers and members, brochures, 1959 - 1965 |
| | 16 | Programs, 1959 - 1973 |
| | 17 | Budget summary, 1972 - 1973 |
-

Series II. Lyric Opera of Chicago

Box Folder

Scope and Content: Series II. is divided into two subseries: 1. General and 2. Published programs. Subseries 1. includes reports, memoranda, correspondence, programs, clippings, published articles, notes, by-laws of the

Women's Board, newsletters, minutes, lists of officers, and diagrams showing seating at the Chicago Opera House. Subseries 2. consists of published programs.

Box Folder

Subseries 1. General

Box Folder

3 18 Reports, clippings, programs, notes, correspondence, memoranda, 1926 - 1971

Box Folder

4 19 Chicago Opera House seating diagram, programs, speeches, notes, correspondence, memoranda, reports, clippings, published articles, issues of PTA magazine, 1959 - 1970

20 By-laws of the Women's Board, notes, correspondence, memoranda, minutes, programs, reports, published opera guides, clippings, 1963 - 1973

21 Minutes, reports, correspondence, list of officers, memoranda, 1970

22 Maria Stuarda program, issue of Opera News, 1970 - 1973

23 Newsletters, clippings, correspondence, minutes, memoranda, list of officers, reports, By-laws of the Women's Board, 1971

24 Chicago Opera House seating diagram, memoranda, correspondence, clippings, By-laws of the Women's Board, lists of officers, reports, clippings, 1972 - 1973

Box Folder

Subseries 2. Published Opera Programs

Box Folder

5 25 Opera Programs, 1969 - 1970

26 Opera Programs, 1971

27 Opera Programs, 1972

28 Opera Programs, 1973

29 Opera Programs, 1974

Series III. Genealogical Materials and Other Organizations

Box Folder

Scope and Content: Series III consists of genealogical materials and items from other organizations to which Mary Gwinn Bowe was affiliated including By-laws, minutes, reports, list of courses, clippings, brochures, memoranda, and correspondence.

Box Folder

6 30 Chicago Association of Parliamentarians - By-laws, minutes, reports, course list, 1956

31 WTTW Channel 11 list of officers, clippings, brochures, materials from other organizations, 1958 - 1971

32 Bowe, Julia. The Generations. Julia Bowe, c. 1959

33 Joint Human Relations Project - Reports, memoranda, correspondence, list of

- articles, list of articles, list of community organizations, 1966 - 1969
- 34 Bound genealogical survey, The Families, by Mary Gwinn Bowe





Augustine Bowe

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