

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOR

New Key to 'Society' Is Work, Not Wealth

BY DOROTHY GARDNER

You may see them almost any evening after dinner walking on Lake Shore dr. between Elm st. and the Michigan av. bridge. He is an imposing man, 6 feet 3. At 65, he looks like an old-time Roman senator. Instead of the classic toga, he sports a bow tie and V-neck sweater under his sports coat. She has small, even features, striking brown eyes, a figure a 16-year-old girl might envy. Wearing a suit and flat heels, she matches her stride easily to his.

The distinguished pair, so attuned they smile unconsciously, are Mr. and Mrs. Augustine Bowe of 1120 Lake Shore dr.

People know them as "society." How they came to be included in this ill-defined category is a study in indirection:

They come from solid stock of no especial distinction. They are neither rich nor fashionable.

They espouse high causes that are sometimes unpopular.

The society they choose includes poets, doctors, lawyers, merchants. It includes people of different races and creeds.

The Bowes are what psychologists call "service-oriented." The contribution of such people is becoming more important than money or ancestors in winning status in American communities.

It is a category far more important of cause, than "society."

Both Generous With Service

Here is an abbreviated rundown of their activities: He has been chairman of the Chicago Commission on Human Relations since 1947.

In 1955-56 he was president of the Chicago Bar Assn. He was a charter member here of the board of the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

With Fathers John La Farge and Daniel Cawelti at a meeting in the Bowe apartment, he helped formulate plans for the Catholic Interracial Council.

When an internal ruckus threatened to destroy the Lyric Theater, he mediated the settlement resulting in the continuation of grand opera in Chicago.

She is treasurer of the Modern Poetry Assn.

She started working for the Lower North Center when it was a tiny community house at 621 W. Elm st., subsequently organized the 100-member women's auxiliary. She is currently vice president of the new \$250,000 center at 3000 Sedgwick st.

She is a member of the board of the Crit Society of St. Vincent's Orphanage; also on the board of the Library of International Relations.

'Do-Gooders?' Emphatically No

But "Gus" Bowe shrugs off all praise for such activities and refuses to estimate the amount of time he devotes to public service. A practical man, he is a little embarrassed at being cast in the role of "do-gooder."

He said:

"Because of the nature of my law practice, I meet underprivileged people — people suffering certain social and professional disadvantages. So I have a natural interest in organized efforts to equalize opportunities. I couldn't begin to tell you where my office efforts have off and my outside work begins."

Under pressure, his wife estimates that she devotes 30 hours a week to community activities. Her eyes shine, she speaks animatedly of the Lower North Center, the settlement house in the new Mother Cabrini Housing project which has taken most of her time recently.

"So much is happening there. All these new people. Gus and I are very much interested in the newcomers—the Puerto Ricans and Mexican people. It's almost like going to a foreign country."

The interest of the Bowes carries over to Sunday. Members of the Cathedral parish, they have in recent months begun to worship at St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church on Orleans st. She explains:

"So many of the people I work with during the week go there."

Worked Way Through School

Gus Bowe's father, a railroad man, died when his son was 18, a student at St. Ignatius Academy. The boy got a job selling subscriptions in the old Record-Herald, worked his way through Loyola University.

Gus had heard of the Le Cour family of Kankakee. They were, in fact, distantly related. But Julia Le Cour was eight years his junior. Later he heard that she had become a high school French teacher. He was not intrigued.

Coincidentally, both were traveling in Europe the summer of 1925. Their mothers arranged for them to meet:

in Paris. He was overwhelmed, among other things, by her facility with the French language. They were married a year later.

The Bowes live simply but with no ostentation. She does all the cooking, most of the cleaning in their seven-room duplex apartment. They have help one day a week for the major household chores.

The parents of a married son and daughter, they have occupied the same apartment since their marriage in 1927. It has been her only home since she left the Kankakee residence of her parents where she was born.

Bowe's Duplex Is Roomy

It is a commodious apartment of the pre-depression period, with a wood-burning fireplace in the living room, a dining room, breakfast area, maid's room and bath downstairs, three bedrooms and two baths above.

A do-up, its present value is hard to estimate. The Bowes paid \$20,000 for it in 1927. Their current monthly assessment for ongoing expenses such as heat, taxes, maintenance, is \$196.

The apartment's furnishings are as unpretentious as its occupants. A comfortable hodge-podge of styles bearing the scars of uninhibited use, it includes an early American sofa (her family heirloom), a pair of carved French chairs upholstered in needlepoint, traditional mahogany pieces.

Prominent in the living room are a hi-fi record player, gift of the Bar Association to its outgoing president, and a baby grand piano.

Julia Bowe and her daughter, now Mrs. Willard Owen Thompson Jr., of Warrenville, Ill., have delighted the family and friends by playing duets together since Julia Ann was a little girl. She is now 26, the mother of a 5-year-old son, Owen. Her husband is employed by a chemical engineering firm.

Encourage Young Artists

Their son John, now 28, also plays the piano. A lawyer with his father's firm, he is married to the former Kathy Pargill. They, too, have a son, Tom, three months old. She said proudly:

"Gus was a regular contributor until I went on the board of the magazine. Now he refuses to submit anything because he's afraid my connection might influence the judgment of the editorial board."

Lying face downward on the coffee table were these volumes: "Al Capone, Biography of a Self-Made Man," by Fred D. Pease; and "Mohammed and Charlemagne" by Henri Pirenne.

Brothers Law Partners

The offices of Bowe and Bowe at 7 S. Dearborn st. to which the senior partner walks each morning from his Near North Side home, is small, functional and devoid of show. Associated with him in a general law practice is his brother, William, who suffered a serious illness several years ago.

Mrs. William Bowe and her sister-in-law are constant companions. The friendship started at Trinity College in Washington, D. C., where Julia Le Cour and the beautiful Mary Gwynne of Baltimore were roommates. Not long

ago, met and married her schoolmate's brother-in-law.

The William Bowes occupy an apartment in the same building at 1120 Lake Shore dr. She shares many of her sister-in-law's interests.

Also associated with the brothers Bowe is a cousin, John Casey, who married Mary Bowe's younger sister, Martha Gwinne Casey, a talented pianist who studied with the late Arthur Schnabel in prewar Berlin.

By current standards, in terms of dollars and cents, it is doubtful if the Augustine Bowes could be considered



BENEATH A FAVORITE PAINTING, Augustine Bowe watches his wife Julia absorbed in her knitting

During a quiet evening at home—one of the rare interludes when community service is not keeping them busy.

Verse by Bowe Reveals His Creed

Augustine Bowe has many interests, one of them writing poetry. Here is one of his poems, published by Poetry Magazine in 1941:

There Must Be Honesty in Kindness

*There must be honesty in kindness,
It must look beyond a bowl of soup, a night of rest,*

*It must not be a momentary blindness,
An obstinate refusal to see the sunset in the West,*

A遠sight in the country is a good thing (sic)

But there are more than a score of foreights in a year,

And some of them come when the winter is wild.

The youngest infant will grow old and full of fear,

We must hold many a hand that is dying,

We must feed many a face many winters through,

And many an angel on white wings flying

Has less to do than we have to do.

Another "Know Your Neighbor" article will appear in the near future.



ADORING YOUNGSTERS surround Mrs. Bowe as she volunteers teaching chores at Lower North Center settle-



MRS. JULIA THOMPSON (TOP), Augustine Bowe's daughter. AUGUSTINE BOWE (LEFT), MAYOR DALEY. JOHN BOWE (RIGHT), Son of Gus and Julia.