From: Joe Hart [mailto:joehart@eircom.net]
Sent: Monday, April 18, 2011 6:34 AM
To: Bowe, William
Subject: RE: Memoirs

Hello Cousin,

I will attach the remainder of the memoirs that is available in electronic format—at least that is available from my sister. You will notice that there are only nine of the first ten chapters (chapter two is "missing"). Chapter three has some information on the Canavans.

Yours,

Joe

From: Bowe, William [mailto:WBowe@eb.com]
Sent: Sunday, 17, April, 2011 17:52
To: Joe Hart
Subject: RE: Memoirs

Joe—

Thanks. Elizabeth helped me out with a hard copy, but if you have the chapters in electronic form with no further hassle I'd love to have them.

Bill

From: Joe Hart [mailto:joehart@eircom.net]
Sent: Sunday, April 17, 2011 11:04 AM
To: Bowe, William
Subject: Memoirs

Hello Cousin,

My sister, Janie, sent me an electronic version of chapter one (with the reference to your father) of James Hart's memoirs. It is a Word document without the photos. I was able to open it this time. So, I will pass it on to you. Other chapters are available. I can arrange to send them to you, if you like.

Regards,

Joe

1. BOYHOOD IN DES MOINES (1914 - 1927)

"It is not a sin to lie to your children." Pop, 1927.

October is always so beautiful in my hometown of Des Moines. And on the twentieth day of that favored month in 1914 I was supremely fortunate to be born to Anna Delores Hart and James Francis Hart. No one could have asked for more loving parents nor a happier home life.

But all was not well with the rest of the world, into which I was born 89 years ago. It had been badly shaken by World War I, which had broken out less than three months before on July 28. On my day of arrival one of mankind's most destructive battles was devouring the flower of the youth of England, France, and Germany in the First Battle of Ypres in faraway Belgium.

Meanwhile, a serious recession had begun in the United States in 1913 and continued into 1915, when 9.7% of all American workers were out of work. And this was at a time long before unemployment insurance and governmental relief cushioned such hardships.

This downturn would have been more protracted except for the demand for American products generated by Great Britain and France as they began to buy enormous quantities of our farm products, manufactures, and other goods needed to prosecute their war efforts. At the end of 1916 our economy was booming, and unemployment fell to 4.8% for that year. This boom endured until 1920 when unemployment was only 4.0%. Farm prices, no longer stimulated by the demands of war, collapsed. Unemployment soared to 11.9% in 1921.

Des Moines counted 100,000 residents in 1914. The census of 2000 almost doubled that with a total of 199,000, and the metropolitan area population came to 456,000, spread out over 75 square miles.

Des Moines had become an insurance center of some importance, a railroad nexus and the home of a few manufacturing enterprises. But it was still primarily a service center for Iowa's farmers. The isolation of this city out on the prairie is hard to imagine today, but Des Moines was twelve hours by train from Chicago and two days from New York. There was no radio or

television. Telephones were still rare and the telegraph was the principal form of communication. At World Series time the Des Moines Register erected a large baseball diamond with light bulbs to represent the players in front of its office building on Locust Street. Huge crowds would gather to watch and hear the telegraphic play by play reports on the game announced by microphone.

Iowa had become a territory in 1838 and a state in 1848. The population was 2,224,000 when I was born. By 2000 it numbered 2,926,000. My native state at one time rightfully claimed to have the highest rate of literacy in the US. There were now a few autos in Des Moines. The dirt roads became a hog heaven whenever it rained and when the frost went out of the ground in the spring. With good luck and dry weather a car might take you fifty miles in a day. The photo below tells the story.

----------INSERT PHOTO (car in mud)----------

Iowa was first visited by white men in 1673 when Louis Jolliet, a French explorer, accompanied by Father Jacques Marquette, a Jesuit missionary, and five companions came down the Wisconsin River into the Mississippi. They went as far south as the Iowa River, which empties into the Father of Waters at Oakville, Iowa.

Then in 1803 Napoleon sold the Northwest Territory to the infant United States, a half billion acres of land for $15 million. Iowa, a small part of this immense territory, only 36 million acres, was undoubtedly the most fertile segment. Later government land studies would show that Iowa has 24% of all the Grade A land in the entire United States. Today, 98% of Iowa's land is under cultivation, the highest of all the states.

The Indians were pushed out of central Iowa by the Indian Treaty of 1842. This pact covered about 12,000,000 acres in central Iowa, one third of the state. The US Government paid $40,000 per year to be disbursed over a three-year period, or $120,000.

In addition, Washington agreed to pay off $258,000 in Indian debts owed to white traders. Most of this arose out of liquor sales to the Indians, but the fast-talking traders also sold them

outlandish items like ties, vests, beads, and bright colored calico. The government agents were so shocked that they did scale down the total claims of the traders by $54,000 from $312,000 to $258,000. The total federal outlay came to about 31 cents per acre.

Interesting enough, in 1871 my maternal grandfather John Canavan bought 160 acres of land covered by this treaty for $1 per acre. Exactly a century later in 1971, my brothers and I sold this tract for $1000 per acre. Today it would be worth over $2000.

The Indians agreed to vacate this land by 1845. Prior to that time white settlers could not legally occupy the territory. To enforce the treaty, Fort Des Moines was created in 1843, just north of where the Raccoon River empties into the Des Moines River, at the current site of the Des Moines Baseball Park. The Des Moines River then runs southeasterly until it joins the Mississippi at Keokuk, Iowa.

Eventually there were 46 infantrymen and 52 cavalry stationed at Fort Des Moines. They never had any trouble from Indians attacking the whites, nor did they ever expect it. There was no stockade or wall to protect citizens from a raid. The fort consisted of an L-shaped line of 31 unconnected one-story log cabins.

The mission of Fort Des Moines was to keep the Indians from fighting among themselves and to keep white squatters out of the land as long as it remained in Indian hands. The reliance on 100 solders to keep land-hungry white squatters off this rich plain of twelve million acres was ridiculous.

----------INSERT ART (Fort Des Moines)----------

Eventually the tract was legally opened to white settlement. At midnight on October 11, 1845, a shot was fired in what is now East Des Moines, and the "Des Moines Land Rush" was in progress. Each settler was entitled to lay claim to 320 acres (one half square mile) and by morning all the land was occupied.

On March 10, 1846, Fort Des Moines saw the troops march away for good. The land then became the Village of Fort Des Moines. The name was shortened to Des Moines in 1857.

Incidentally, Des Moines (sometimes called "Death Moines" by big-city snobs from places like Chicago) comes from the French, meaning "The Priests" who paddled the river in the early days. Munich in German has the same meaning as Des Moines in French.

Most children were born at home in 1914, and so was I. And so were my six younger brothers over the next twelve years.

My mother was Anna Delores Canavan (1885 - 1971), an Iowa farm girl, whose father came from Ireland. Her mother was born in this country of Irish immigrants. Mom's father, John Canavan, thought enough of educating girls to send her to a nun's boarding high school in Grand Junction, the county seat, where she graduated. Mom then studied to become a registered nurse at Mercy Hospital School of Nursing in Des Moines. My father was James Francis Hart (1880 - 1954), a Des Moines native with an Irish born father and a Des Moines mother from an Irish immigrant family. At the time of my birth he was one of three assistant cashiers of the Iowa National Bank which had $1,200,000 in capital (now part of the Northwest Bank of Minneapolis). After fifty years service he would retire in 1947 as vice president.

Margaret Cannon, a classmate of my mother at nursing school, assisted Doctor Flannery in bringing me into this world. According to Margaret, the good Doctor was more than slightly inebriated and had difficulties with my oversized head. As a result, I emerged with a bruised skull. Margaret was concerned about my father's violent reaction toward the obstetrician, and carefully buried the damaged side of my head in a pillow when presenting me for my first parental inspection.

----------INSERT PHOT0 (BABY)----------

My arrival as their first child transformed forever the lives of my mother and father. I would not fully understand the nature of this transformation until about 25 years later, when Marie and I greeted our first born, James Francis Hart.

Anti-liquor sentiment was virulent in Iowa, and in 1882 the State Constitution was amended to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages. Very quickly in 1883 the Supreme Court of Iowa found defects in the amendment adoption procedure and set it aside. Iowa's legislature promptly responded by passing a statute of prohibition. This was amended by the Mulct Act of 1894 which legalized the sale of liquor when a town of over 5000 people had approved it and when the restaurant or bar paid an annual Mulct tax of $600.

What a clever idea! This provided the loophole that the wets in Des Moines and other cities needed. By the time I was born in 1914 there were 86 saloons operating legally in the city. The economics of this industry offer interesting facts. With a population of 100,000 (most of whom did not patronize these saloons) the actual customers had to be heavy drinkers. Children made up about 40,000 of the population and they could not go into saloons. That leaves about 60,000 adults, half of whom were women and thus barred from entry. Of the remaining 30,000 men, an estimated majority of 18,000 were dry and would not frequent the drinking establishments. That leaves about 12,000 customers among the population to support 86 bars, only 139 drinkers per saloon. Of course visitors and tourists in Iowa's biggest city must be considered as adding to the demand of local saloon customers.

But long before I even knew about these saloons, let alone patronized them, a self-righteous City Council voted to annul their licenses, effective February 13, 1915. George Mills described the day that the Wild West ended for Des Moines in his superb history of my hometown, "Looking in Windows."

Drinkers congregated by the thousands to get plastered just one

more time before the deadline. Fights broke out all over the business district and elsewhere where there were saloons. Injured battlers were brought to the police station to be patched up by police surgeons. The department had its own surgeons in those days.

Two men were fatally injured but it wasn't known if the tragedies were liquor-connected. L. Moser of Des Moines died after being struck by a street car at Ninth and Pleasant streets. Pat Murphy of Fort Dodge was beaten to death. He was found dying on Crocker Street between Fifth and Sixth.

Half a dozen drunks were hit by automobiles but not seriously injured.

Fifty men were arrested for intoxication by morning, not an unusual number for a Saturday. But that may have been because the police were overwhelmed with other calls and problems and didn't have time to pick up everybody seen reeling in the streets.

One happening that drew special attention was the arrest of two women for intoxication. Almost never was a woman found in such condition in those days. A lady never went into a liquor place under any circumstances.

The legal booze disappeared from Des Moines in 1915. National prohibition was enacted in 1920 and endured for thirteen years until 1933. But that did not stop drinking, a brutal type indeed. I did not imbibe in high school but many of my classmates did. It was extremely dangerous. I started in 1931, which limited my exposure to only two years. Thank God! Two or three more years on that stuff and I would not be alive to write about it today.

Our favorite method was to order a pint tin of raw alcohol for $5. We would meet the unknown bootlegger in a lonely alley in a rough part of town. We had no idea of what was really

in that container.

Then we would pour out 10% or 20% or more of the "near" (nonalcoholic) beer and replace it with raw alcohol. This was "spiked" beer. A thumb was placed over the mouth of the bottle. Then it was shaken to distribute the alcohol. The end product was called "thumb beer" and could be as powerful as the consumer desired.

Some people made wine, gin, whiskey, vodka, and other beverages not so popular today. Needless to say, the quality of these homemade products varied enormously. The best booze was the real thing, which could be obtained through a doctor's prescription. I was never so lucky. The worst could be consumed by using a straw to drain the alcoholic contents of a car radiator, which was often fatal.

The outstanding bootleg whiskey in these prohibition years was "Templeton Rye", named after a small town in western Iowa. Thirsty Iowans would drive great distances out of their way to buy this highly prized booze. One Des Moines salesman told me of his experience. When he reached Templeton he realized he did not know where he could make a purchase. He saw a Catholic church and figured the parish priest could help him. The priest walked out on his porch and pointed to a green house in the next block. Then he said, "That is the only house in town where you can't buy it."

John Francis Hart (1917)

My earliest memory of Mom and Pop goes back to July 8, 1917. I was not quite three years of age, but the date is indelibly etched in my consciousness-- the day when my brother John was born screaming into our previously peaceful home. Down until John's arrival, I had soaked up the luxury of being an only child, spoiled rotten by doting parents. Of course, I did not realize immediately that this noisy little fellow had altered my life-style forever, but it gradually dawned on me that I was no longer the center of attention.

Joseph Thomas Hart (1918)

I do not specifically remember the birth of Jodie September 26 in 1918, but he did affect our household, and m*y modus vivend*i. Before John was born in 1917, I was weighed and measured every week by an inordinately proud father. The statistics were carefully entered in a record book. When John appeared, we both had these vital data jotted down but only once a month. When Jodie came in 1918, the entries were much less frequent, about every six months.

The entire family was seated at the dinner table to celebrate my birthday in 1925 when Joe presented me with a handsome wallet. I thanked him properly and placed the gift in my pocket. Everyone then insisted that I look inside the wallet, and I was flabbergasted to see a $5 bill, an enormous amount of money in those days, particularly for a young lad of seven. At first I insisted that he take back the bill, but he refused. Then it dawned on me that he had taken the money out of my paper route earnings and I accused him of such a trick. He denied the accusation while my parents and brothers condemned my shameful ingratitude. A quick dash to my room confirmed my suspicions.

----------INSERT PHOTO PAGE (three photos)----------

December 1, 1918

Proud parents with Jim and Jodie

Mom and Jodie

Jim and John

When World War I broke out in 1914, the great mass of Americans wanted no part of it. On August 4, 1914, President Woodrow Wilson issued a strong declaration of American neutrality. Shortly thereafter he said, "Every man who really loves America will act and speak in the true spirit of neutrality.

As the conflict wore on, a majority became sympathetic with the British and their allies, but

not in sufficient intensity to fight. Our Federal Census did not question us about our national origins until 1980 (when it was found that Germany was first), but even in 1914 the German-Americans were probably the largest group, and they supported their country of origin. As expected, the Irish-Americans were anti-Britain, but somewhat surprisingly Jewish-Americans were pro-Germany because that country had historically treated its Jewish inhabitants better than Russia.

Unfortunately the President had a strong sense of his own moral superiority mixed with romantic foreign policies. He campaigned and won a second term in 1916 on the slogan "He kept us out of the War!" There was a complex of factors leading the President to ask Congress to declare war against Germany and its allies in April of 1917. But probably the most powerful reason for Wilson switching from neutrality to armed conflict was an arrogant belief that somehow he could steer the world to a just peace. Many of us have known professors with comparable arrogance, but this was the only time in American history when one of them led us into war. It would exact 53,000 dead and 204,000 wounded, a horrible price for Wilson's folly.

The boom generated in 1915 was fortified by the enormous stimulus of converting the American economy to a war that ended on November 11, 1918. Prosperity continued until 1920 when wartime farm prices finally collapsed. American agriculture suffered a prolonged recession until 1933. The other sectors of the economy slowed slightly in 1920, but then forged ahead until the Great Depression starting in 1929. US unemployment shrank from 9.7% in 1915 to 1.4% in 1918. It climbed to 11.2% in 1921 but then declined to 3.2% in 1929. The Great Depression brought the worst suffering of all. In 1932 about 22.6% of American workers were out of work. The worst year was 1933 with 24.9%

November 11, 1918, Armistice Day, ending World War I, was duly celebrated with a parade in downtown Des Moines. I vaguely remember the festivities. My memory is far better of a visit earlier in 1918 by Bill Bowe in full army uniform. Bill's mother Ella Canavan Bowe and my maternal grandfather John Canavan were siblings. Bill, a Chicago lawyer, had served with America's army in France and had lost part of his foot in a railway accident. He had just been

mustered out at Fort Des Moines and visited our home. I had never seen a soldier before.

Bill Bowe was one of the kindliest and most personable men I have ever known. Later during my years in Chicago, Bill and his wife Mary were delightful friends.

One less-than-amusing incident at this time showed a wild streak in me and great patience in my father. He was building a garage in our back yard for our first car, a beautiful "tourist" Oldsmobile. Pop had laid out asbestos strips of roofing. For some inexplicable reason, I took a baseball bat and beat the roofing into a useless mess, but he refrained from giving me a highly deserved beating. In point of fact he never beat me, but he was a superb verbal disciplinarian.

In the fall of 1919 I was sent off to kindergarten at the neighborhood Bird School, about a block away. At the time, much against my will, I still had bobbed blonde hair, which provoked strong derision among classmates. Fortunately, I was fast on my feet and could usually run home before my tormentors could catch me.

A pleasant recollection of these early post-war days was watching polo by US. Army teams at Fort Des Moines. Our country still had cavalry units and polo was a regular sport at such camps. My father had an officer friend at Fort Des Moines, an excellent polo player.

Just two doors away from us lived Mayor Garvey of Des Moines. On summer evenings he would take the kids on our block to an ice cream shop on the corner and buy cones. During this period of my life I did not like ice cream. How stupid could one be?

At this time my folks used to vacation at Clear Lake, Iowa, about 90 miles north of Des Moines. We went to mass on Sundays by public launch. After church services John and I regularly got a box of Crackerjack with highly popular "pleasing toy". One Sunday John, about 3 years old, grabbed my toy and threw it in the lake. My parents were hard-pressed to keep me from throwing John in as well.

In 1920 the five-member Hart family, parents and three sons (Jim, John, and Joe) moved to a much larger home on a half-acre lot at 1700 Oakland Avenue about two miles north of downtown Des Moines. We could walk the mile to St. Ambrose School, which was located between home and downtown.

LAWRENCE MICHAEL HART (1921)

Larry was the first child to be born at our new home on Oakland Avenue. He was also the first to develop a serious ailment, rheumatic fever. I recall how slowly he shuffled during this period. Fortunately, he made a full recovery and as a Dowling football player earned the newspaper title of "Golden Toe" because of his skill as a place-kicker. I remember one headline which read, "Larry Hart's Top Wins".

Saint Ambrose was truly an "Irish Ghetto", although the standard of living was reasonably good.

Our pastor at St. Ambrose was Monsignor Michael Flavin, an "FBI man" (Foreign Born Irish Man, as a later generation of less reverend priests would call him). He served for 48 years from 1885 until 1933. When I was in grade school, we had to attend Children's Mass at 9 a.m. every Sunday. Flavin would come down the main aisle to quiz us on Catechism. He was as severe as any of the old headmasters in his native Ireland. I remember once when he told us that "Cai*n sho*t his brother Abel."

The first Bishop of Des Moines, Austin Dowling (1912 - 1920) was of Irish descent, born in Providence, but the second, Thomas Drum (1920 - 1939) was born on the Old Sod. Bishop Gerald Bergan (1934 - 1947) and Bishop Edward Daly (1948 - 1964) were both of Irish parentage. It was not until 1965 when the Vatican appointed the fifth Bishop of Des Moines, George Biskup, a name with an obviously foreign ring.

Our nun teachers at St. Ambrose School were BVMs, Sisters of Charity, and largely born in Chicago of Irish immigrants. I can only remember Sister Petronia, our principal, who taught me in 7th grade, and Sister Ramunda, my eighth grade teacher. They were both very effective class room performers.

My seven years at St. Ambrose (1920 - 1927) were years of conflict in Ireland, including the bitter Civil War. Our school plays dealt mainly with the Irish troubles. Often I played the part of

an Irish fighter with rifle in hand (once the great Michael Collins) and our audiences were vigorous in their applause.

Many years later on my first trip to Ireland, I walked the streets of Dublin. As I studied the faces of the Dubliners, I could identify them with families I had known in St. Ambrose parish: Conleys, Flahertys, Houstons, McCarthys, Briens, etc., etc., etc.

Several years for Easter, Mom and Pop bought a dozen baby chicks at a nearby hatchery. We would go to the hatchery, pick them out, and bring them home in a cardboard box. We would put them over a hot air floor radiator and feed them until they were big enough to place outside in a pen. By June when we left for Lake Okoboji, we would take the surviving chickens with us as far as Grandfather Canavan's farm, where they boarded in his huge flock through the summer. When we picked up the boarders at the end of August, they had grown enormously and looked beautiful, not the shabby looking birds we had left three months earlier. Grandfather would always throw in three or four of his own and we went home with a healthy flock of about ten.

But then came the hard part: killing those gorgeous chickens and eating them for Sunday dinner. By this time they were family pets or in some cases almost members of the family.

I had basic training as an altar boy under the good sisters at St. Ambrose. But Pop provided me with a graduate course at home. He made a cardboard altar, paper vestments, and other required utensils. Then he played the priest while I performed as the acolyte.

My desire to be a choir boy never materialized because I did not have a voice. Year after year I tried out for the boys' choir, but the director kept telling me, "Your voice is changing!" After six years of such comment it dawned on me that my problem was more basic.

Saint Ambrose Cathedral rented pews to its parishioners in those days and the names of such people were attached to the pews. Although Pop tithed (gave 10%), he never rented a pew. But Grandmother Hart had such a pew and when our parents were not there she would herd us into the pew with her. I always felt important when sitting there.

Pop's first attempt to make an ice skater out of me must have been a bitter disappointment

for him. When I was six he took me down to the Des Moines River near the Sixth Avenue Bridge, not far from home. There was a big crowd of skaters but I was on my ass more of the time than I was standing on my skates. My ankles were pure jelly, but I eventually learned to skate and even to play ice hockey.

All of my six brothers learned to skate on the Des Moines River. Our favorite hockey rink was under the arch of the Second Avenue Bridge, which protected the ice from normal deterioration due to accumulated snow. When the ice melted in the spring we would sneak into the nearby storage ice house of Des Moines Ice and Fuel Company. The top layer of stored ice provided a rink fit for the Chicago Blackhawks.

There was always a temptation to skate after the surface of the river turned into "rubber ice." Once our youngest brother, Bernard, fell through the ice and was dripping from head to toe. We stripped him of his soaked clothes, threw a dry overcoat on him and walked him about fifteen minutes to get home. Mom had guests in the living room and Bernard refused to face them. We all enjoyed the sight of him climbing up a ladder to the roof of the back porch and entering on the second floor.

PAUL VINCENT HART (1922)

Paul, my fourth brother, came so quietly into the world that I cannot recall any details. According to Paul himself, who could not have recognized the situation at the time, his obstetrician was even more intoxicated at the delivery than mine had been eight years earlier. But Paul was also the most imaginative storyteller of all my six brothers.

Mom got along well with all the clergy except for one Father Francis Joseph O'Connel, Irish born and pastor at St. Ambrose for several years. He was an exception to the numerous wonderful priests who came to the Des Moines Diocese from the Old Country. He was a real pain in the ass. He irritated Mom so much that she quit going to St. Ambrose and went to All

Saints, north of our home in the Highland Park section. The pastor there also hailed from Ireland, Monsignor Maher, but what a difference. A charmer from the word go. Maher liked to joke that the Pope should allow the clergy to marry. Then they would think up some reason to avoid the Vatican's position on birth control.

Mom used to laugh at Bishop Drum, who often told the faithful at St. Ambrose, “You are true Ambrosians," without defining what the term meant. She went on to define Ambrosians as those who sit glued to the aisle seat in a pew and will not slide over to make room for later arrivals. They stubbornly force others to climb over them to get a seat.

According to Mom, there were some old biddies after fifty years who never accepted her as an equal because she was still an "out-of-town girl." This never seemed to bother her very much.

In 1924 when I was ten, I was made train bearer for Bishop Drum. Jim Brien, three grades ahead of me, had the honor for several years, but he was now taller than the Bishop. That was unacceptable and Jim was now ordered to train me as his successor. Such trains were eliminated a few years after I was retired from this impressive role.

In 1925 Calvin Coolidge was all set to be inaugurated as president on March 4. It was announced that his would be the first inaugural speech on radio. My father borrowed a huge eight tube cabinet set from a radio store downtown so that St. Ambrose students could hear the president, one of the most boring messages in history.

But Pop brought the set home the night before, much to my delight. I had previously built my own crystal set and the family had a small cabinet radio. I was now allowed to stay up till two in the morning to tune in stations all over the United States on this magnificent instrument.

The Ku Klux Klan (KKK) exercised a large influence in Des Moines in the 1920's. This organization had originated in the South after the Civil War to terrorize the recently emancipated slaves. It was anti-black, anti-Catholic, anti-Jewish, and anti-foreign born, always wrapped in the American flag. Clad in white robes and masked, the Klan used fiery crosses ten feet high planted in the soil at night to frighten their declared enemies. Members were enrolled in secret initiation ceremonies in the woods of southwest Des Moines. The Catholics made up about ten percent of

the Des Moines population, the blacks five percent, and the Jews one percent.

The big political push came in 1924 when the KKK elected Klansman John Jenney, a grocer and former police chief, as Commissioner of Public Safety. He was reelected in 1926 and 1928 but beaten in 1930. KKK backed candidates also ran strong races in 1924 for mayor of Des Moines and governor of Iowa but they still lost.

I remember the pleasure we had at home when Pop brought us a booklet listing all Klan members in Des Moines. A friend of my father by some trickery obtained a secret membership list and reproduced a large number of copies. Many decent people, who thought their names would remain unknown, had joined for business or political reasons. They quickly denied any connection with the organization.

One of the most exciting events staged at the Iowa State Fair to boost attendance was the contrived train wreck. In the large area inside the race track and in full view of the huge grandstand a long railroad track was built. An old steam engine was placed at each end of the track with a large amount of dynamite strapped to its cow catcher. After the last trotting race of the day (auto race on Friday) the two engines would be started and allowed to run into each other. My father was somewhat jaded from watching the same old accident year after year, but it was always a great thrill for me.

MAURICE PETER HART (1925)

Pete Hart created little commotion on the day of his birth but his baptismal day caused serious difficulties. He was the sixth Hart son in a row and we had used up so many acceptable saints' names on his predecessors that it was frustrating to find two acceptable names for him. After his birth, Pop, Mom, John, Jodie, Larry, and I argued the question *ad nauseam*. By some quirk of ancient Hart clan custom, all of us had an equal vote and it took unanimity to reach a binding decision. As Pop drove us down to church for the baptism, we were still engaged in a vigorous, almost violent, dispute.

Finally, someone came up with a solution. There were four assistant pastors at St. Ambrose

Cathedral at that time and we unanimously agreed to employ the names of the baptizer. Father Maurice Peter Aspinwall drew the duty and so the baby became Maurice Peter Hart. When the lad grew old enough to react to his names, he disliked Maurice and asked to be called Pete Hart.

BERNARD JEROME HART (1926)

Bernard's birth was vividly remembered by all his older brothers. A heavy January blizzard hit Des Moines and Pop had to line up a taxi to bring Catherine Kellen, the nurse, to our house in time to perform. Pop escorted her out of the cab and immediately pushed John, Jodie, Larry and me into the back seat and asked the driver to deposit us at St. Ambrose School. You can't imagine our sensational exit from that cab to be cheered by our snow-covered classmates playing in the school yard.

Later in the day, still excited over Bernard's arrival, I went next door to tell the great news to Mrs. Bertha Tidrick. I was disappointed when she showed no surprise over what was unexpected news for me.

At grade school graduation I was selected to be valedictorian, but this honor was somewhat curtailed because Pop would not let me wear long pants. I was the only boy still wearing knickers. To cover my humiliation I stood behind a table while delivering my speech. Father did teach me to box, which was much more important. There was one Italian lad in our otherwise all Irish class. He was older and bigger than the rest of us, as well as a bully. I avoided him until one night after school he challenged me in the alley with most of my classmates as an audience. I had no choice but to fight. But he turned out to be a big windbag and I had no trouble in cleaning his clock. There were other fights but the boxing skills imparted by Pop kept me on top.

In the summer of 1923 we enjoyed our first vacation at Lake Okoboji. We spent our early summers in Terrace Park on the south end of the lake. These were great for fishing because we had a family friend named Gene Abrams, a game warden who lived year around in Terrace Park.

Gene knew where the best fishing holes were and the most effective bait. He would take Pop and me out at 4 a.m. and we always had good luck. Pike, pickerel, and bass were plentiful in those days.

After 1926 we started to rent a cottage on Dixon's Beach on the north shore of Lake Okoboji. For several years we occupied the Fitch summer home, just two doors east of the Kelleher cottage.

The Fitch property was owned by a famous inventor, who made a fortune out of "Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo." He started out as a barber in the small town of Madrid about fifteen miles north of Des Moines. Like most barbers of the time Fitch had a glass display case in his shop, containing hair tonics, shampoos and other supplies to sell to his customers. He decided that he could make his own shampoo, which he and his wife brewed in their barn.

His product turned out to be a fantastic success story. He built a factory in Des Moines and another in Canada. Fitch guaranteed the "removal of dandruff or your money will be returned." He became very wealthy but the United States Federal Trade Commission finally examined the dandruff claim and found it wanting. Dandruff, wrote the FTC, was "not a disease but a natural condition of the scalp which could be temporarily alleviated but not cured." This decision started the steady market decline of Fitch Shampoo.

During my years in St. Ambrose Grade School, we had a generous sponsor of athletic programs in Roy Caldwell, an undertaker near school. Caldwell not only supplied money but he also coached soccer, baseball, softball, and football. We competed against some eight other Catholic grade schools in Des Moines.

In 1925 I started to carry papers for the Des Moines Register, the morning edition at five a.m. every day, and Monday through Saturday at four p.m. About 1927 the paper bought an open-cockpit plane to fly football pictures from the Iowa University home games on Saturdays in Iowa City to Des Moines (120 miles) in time to print them that night in the big Sunday sport section. Some genius in the circulation department thought up a way to more fully utilize this plane, called "Good News" and at the same time further exploit us paperboys. They would

divide Des Moines into twenty sections and we would compete to obtain the largest number of new subscribers. The top salesman in each section would get a thirty minute ride in "Good News."

I was determined to win at any cost. I told potential subscribers that I wanted this flight so badly that they could cancel their order whenever they wanted. This was not a provision desired by the management but neither had they specifically prohibited such a lure. In any event I won in my section by a big margin and had a thrilling ride. There were two cockpits, one for the pilot and a second behind him for me. We skimmed over the city a little higher than the trees.

The next year the Register bought a primitive cabin plane, "Good News II" and announced a similar contest for the paperboys. Using the same sales strategy I won again and found that flight almost as exciting as the first. Fortunately for me my boss downtown never discovered my devious marketing device.

My route, number 158, started two blocks from home and covered eleven city blocks, about eighty papers at night and 120 in the morning. I collected once a week, starting Friday night and sometimes a short period Saturday morning. I paid my bill every Saturday at the Register office downtown. Then I would pamper myself with two silent movies at two adjacent theaters, "Family" and "Casino," a dime at each out of my weekly income of about five dollars.

Some twenty carriers picked up papers at the fire station at Seventh and College, three blocks from home. Once in a great while a fire alarm would sound while we were there and the firemen would come sliding down poles from their sleeping quarters on the second floor. We usually cleared out of their way in time. Cold winter mornings were a problem when we would linger in the warm firehouse to fold our newspapers before going out on the route. Often our piled up folded papers were scattered all over by the outgoing firefighters.

Pop took pity on me on snowy Sunday mornings with the heavy editions. He would drive the car around my route and even deliver papers by walking one side of the street. One ugly morning I remember him sliding on his feet down an ice-covered sidewalk from a customer's porch to the walk along the street. He had about thirty Sunday papers in a bag around his neck. I

fully expected him to fall, but his footwork was perfect.

Pop also helped my younger brothers on cold Sundays. Joe's route was the resident Hotel Victoria downtown, all enclosed. He had one customer who wanted his paper placed in bed with him. Pop put it in the wrong bed, much to the irritation of the awakened man.

Pop was an old paper boy on horseback himself, and thus very sympathetic with the carriers against their employer. According to my brother Paul (whose stories were often over-dramatized) a US general in Des Moines during the Spanish-American War in 1898 confiscated Pop's horse without compensation.

When I was in 8th grade, St. John's Parish, an adjacent Irish ghetto operation, ran a "Gambling Week." It was completely illegal but there were enough cops, attorneys, and politicians in St. John's to keep law enforcement at a distance.

I went there one night and was fascinated by the blackjack. Within a half hour I lost $5, a whole week's income as a paper boy. It was a valuable lesson and subsequent gambling never became a problem.

About 1924 I visited my father for the first time in the Iowa National Bank in Des Moines (now Northwest Bank). Among other fascinating items, he showed me a revolver to be used in the event of a bank robbery. I noted three notches carved into the handle and asked why they were there. He explained that it was a custom, which signified that he had shot three bank robbers. Needless to say, my father became even a greater hero than he had always been to a young boy of ten. I spread the story to all my friends, but years later discovered that it and several comparable tales were lacking in authenticity. When I accused my father of lying to me, his defense was, "It is not a sin to lie to your children." This has become an article of faith in my own conversations with my nine children, fifteen grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

Another time Pop took me into Amends butcher shop and weighed me on their large scale. When I asked how much he weighed, his answer was, "The same weight as Jack Dempsey" (then heavyweight boxing champion of the world). Again I bragged to anyone who would listen, "My dad has the same weight as Jack Dempsey." He was never within twenty pounds of

Dempsey. Another major deception involved a baseball with the signatures of Babe Ruth and his contemporaries on the Yankees. It was years before I learned that he and equally deceitful buddies had forged all these signatures.

When summer arrived and it was time to go to Lake Okoboji, I would arrange for a substitute paper carrier. My first morning on vacation involved a joyous ritual. I would set my alarm clock for 4 a.m. as usual. Then I would turn it off and go back to sleep.

In 1927 after his historic flight from New York to Paris, Charles Lindbergh made a triumphant tour in his "Spirit of Saint Louis" throughout the United States, including Des Moines. He drew a huge crowd as he was driven through the city, setting off vigorous applause. My father and I were among the enthusiastic spectators.

Another memorable event of 1927 was the second Dempsey-Tunney fight on September 22 at Soldiers Field in Chicago before 140,000 spectators, the largest boxing crowd of all time. Fans paid $40 for ringside seats, which extended for 140 rows from the ring.

Dempsey had lost his World Heavyweight title to Tunney by a decision in 1926. The odds were even. Jack knocked down and dazed his opponent, but did not go to a neutral corner for five seconds. Thus Tunney got the "long count," actually 14 seconds by the time he got up as the referee reached "Nine."

Mom, Pop, my brothers and I at thirteen were glued to the radio, rooting for Tunney. Rumor had it that Al Capone bet $50,000 on Dempsey and had fixed the fight. But "Clean Gene" won seven of the ten rounds.

----------INSERT PHOTO (boxing)----------

75 years later New York Times 9/22/02

2. High School Years (1927-1931)

"Your mind deserves something better than pulp Western novels."
Father Bob Walsh, 1928.

My high school years, 1927-1931, were a very pleasant part of my educational career. They gave me a superb secondary education and a confidence in myself.

Des Moines Catholic Academy (DMCA), a boys high school, was founded in 1918 by Bishop Austin Dowling. He had become the first bishop of Des Moines Diocese when it was established by Rome in 1912. Iowa as a whole was originally the Diocese of Dubuque (now an Archdiocese). Then an east-west line through the center of the state created a Diocese of Davenport out of southern Iowa, leaving the northern half under Dubuque. Finally, a north-south boundary through central Iowa brought a Diocese of Des Moines in southwest Iowa and a Diocese of Sioux City in the northwest.

DMCA changed its name to Dowling High in 1935 to honor its founder. Fortunately for me and my six brothers the school was located on an eight-acre campus just five blocks west of our home.

At its start in 1918 Dowling had ninety students and it remained males-only until 1972 when it was merged with St. Joseph Academy, a splendid girls high school dating back to 1887.

Dowling in my time had about 200 students. By 1997 it boasted 1,155, and was the largest private high school in Iowa. The first graduating class in 1919 had fifteen students and my class of 1931 was only thirty-one. In 2000-2001 Dowling won the Iowa state championship both in football and baseball.

When I was a student Dowling had the good fortune to have Monsignor John J. Boylan as president. He knew how to get superb performances out of both faculty and students. Born in Providence, Boylan came to Des Moines with Bishop Austin Dowling of the same city.

John Boylan had studied in Rome and eventually was made Bishop of Rockford, Illinois. I knew him very well because he was a frequent guest in our home and was a drinking buddy of my father. As a teacher he was one of the best. I took French from him in high school and he hired me to correct his exams.

Dowling High was also fortunate to have about ten young priests, who responded well to Boylan's leadership. Although most of them came from the Des Moines Diocese, we had Father Joe Shaw from Ireland, Father Lester Lyons from Chicago and Father Bob Walsh from Philadelphia, all excellent. Among Iowa-born stars were Father Leo Ford, Father Peter Beeson, Father Tony Aldera, Father Tom McCann and Father Fitzpatrick. We also had an excellent lay scientist, Mr. Westermeier. Coach Earl Walsh not only coached football, basketball and baseball, but also was a fine teacher of political science and economics.

I had four years of Latin and two years of Greek, which I really enjoyed. Remember, Dowling was a diocesan Catholic high school and the religious faculty members were constantly looking for vocations. They almost caught me, but I escaped the net. Latin was required for the first two years, much to the irritation of the majority of the students. Many of them wrote in their

textbooks "Latin is a dead language, as dead as it can be. It killed a million Romans and now it is killing me."

Later, when I was a student at Fordham University in New York, some of my classmates had gone to Fordham Prep, Francis Xavier, and Regis, New York's top Jesuit high schools. I discovered that my four years at Dowling compared favorably with these excellent schools. Of course, the public high schools of Des Moines were not up to our level.

I was very active on the Acquin, our school newspaper. During my senior year I served as editor, a most rewarding experience.

In athletics I made the football, basketball, boxing and tennis teams, but could not make it in baseball. Football was my strongest sport and I made the All-State Catholic Team at tackle in my senior year. Public high schools in Des Moines would not play our Catholic school in my time. Thus we had to play public and Catholic schools all over Iowa in order to arrange a full schedule.

In my senior year I was elected president of the class. Also I was valedictorian at our graduation. The Knights of Columbus in 1929 offered a year's tuition for the best essay on "Religious Toleration in the Thirteen American Colonies." My paper won the scholarship.



In football, I tried out in my sophomore year, but did not make the first team. I made the trip to Fort Dodge to play Sacred Heart, which beat us. Several of my relatives watched the game and Mom and Pop drove up for the event. Unfortunately, Earl Walsh, our coach, could not afford to use me in a close game. I took a razzing from my mother's brothers.

Junior year was better, but in pre-season I was still a second-string tackle until Al Bisignano, a very effective first-stringer, dropped out of school to help support his family. Al later became a heavyweight professional boxer, taking the name Babe Carnera, after the native Italian Primo Carnera, a lumbering giant who for a short time was heavyweight champion of the world. Babe was only a second-rate boxer but he switched to wrestling and had enough dramatic talent to become one of the top ten actors of the nation in this form of entertainment. He opened a very popular restaurant downtown, named "Babe's." He also gave generously to Dowling and other Catholic causes.

In my junior year, 1929, we won most of our games, including an exciting game at Eldora State Training School for Boys, the Iowa reform school. The poor kids were marched onto the field in prison formation. They had no bleachers, but were seated on the ground near the sideline. When our backfield man ran outside into their space, they pounced on him and started to beat him. The rest of us quickly added a new play, "rescuing the endangered backfielder."

In my senior year Eldora came to play us in Des Moines and one of our former teammates, jailed for repeated night robberies of the Dowling Book Store, was their second team quarterback. He was ashamed to make the trip, but not ashamed to give all our plays to his

current teammates. We quickly discovered this and started calling them from a huddle. We came out on top. The legend was that Eldora was not as good in their road games because they were afraid their fast backs would escape and thus did not take them on such trips.

We won over half our games in both 1929 and 1930, but we lost our last game of the 1930 season on a bitter cold Thanksgiving Day in ten inches of snow against Loras, a Catholic school in Dubuque, Iowa. That was by far the most miserable game of my career.

Notre Dame was playing Army at Soldier Field in Chicago two days later. Earl Walsh had offered to buy tickets for us if we wanted to go. Jim McCarthy, an end, and Bob Daley, center, my closest friends on the team, and I made the trip and saw Notre Dame win in the last minutes in a continuously hard rain. Most of the spectators had left by that time, but not the three excited lads from Des Moines.

Two high school football games stand out in my memory. One was at home against Altoona High, when I received my only scar. An Altoona backfield man put his cleat through my face just below my lower lip. I found out seventy years later that this lad later had become a very efficient sheriff.

The second game was away from home against a hot Jefferson High team. Jim McCarthy, Bob Daley, and I all played badly and we lost 18-0. Earl Walsh, our couch, suspected erroneously that we were drunk and had our car searched. Nothing was found but he was mad at us for a week. We did not blame him.

Basketball was less glorious. In my junior year we lost every game but one to Corpus Christi in Fort Dodge. Coach Walsh came into our locker room afterward with a big smile and said, "Well, we cannot lose them all."

My main reason for going out for basketball was romantic. We had played a Catholic high school in Cedar Rapids in football and I met a young lady after the game. This led to correspondence and when I saw that our basketball team was scheduled to play in Cedar Rapids (100 miles east of Des Moines and the third largest city in Iowa with a population of 100,000), I went out for that sport.

At the outset I was third-string, but accidents, sickness and expulsions from Dowling promoted me to starting guard by early January. Jim McCarthy was the other guard and Bob Daley was center. All three of us were big but not very good. Coach Walsh favored football players when possible to develop their muscles in the off-season. We were quite "physical" as sportscasters today like to say. We were also very slow but we had two small fast forwards, who were real basketball players, "Toto" Renda and Ray Burke.

The rules in those days, such as a center jump after each basket, kept scores low. We lost to our Cedar Rapids opponent 12-7.

In my senior year the team was the same and we were good enough to be Catholic Champions for the Des Moines Diocese. We were practicing to go to the Iowa Catholic Tournament in Dubuque, where we would play against the champs from the other three dioceses of our state, Dubuque, Davenport and Sioux City. But at the last minute St. Francis of Council Bluff (whom we had beaten) sneaked to Dubuque and claimed to represent the Des Moines Diocese. Earl Walsh was too much of a gentleman to contest this robbery.

Boxing was not my strong point, but I made the heavy weight position on the Dowling team in 1931, the only year we had a team in my time. Our one match was against St. Mary's at Emmetsburg, Iowa. We had beaten them in football in 1930 on their field, but with their officials we had to make three touchdowns to get one accepted. Two would be called back because we were offside.



We had also beaten them in Des Moines in 1929 at our homecoming. For the first time we played in the Drake University Stadium, really big time. The St. Mary's line executed a surprise play on their first possession of the ball. All seven of them stood up and slugged the startled Dowling linemen on the jaw. We spent the rest of the game getting even with them.

Accordingly, we knew what to expect from their boxing judges. Unless a Dowling boxer knocked out his opponent, the St. Mary's man won on points. By the time I climbed into the ring for the final bout our opponents had already won 10-4. But the announcer said that the judges were reversing three St. Mary's decisions to make it all even, tied up 7 to 7. "So the match will be decided by this last heavyweight fight between Jack Jackson of St. Mary's and Jim Hart of Dowling." They were confident that Jackson (who had fought several professional fights and was 19 to my 16) would clobber me.

Jackson did not disappoint the home crowd. He hit me with everything except the ring posts for three rounds. He did not knock me down but I took the only beating in my boxing career. I was so groggy that Pop had to lead me from the ring to the shower where he let me soak for thirty minutes. Very gradually I snapped out of it. Mom also watched this slaughter.

While Earl Walsh supervised our boxing team in 1931, he had the help of Tony Cordaro, a colorful sports writer for the Des Moines Register, who was our trainer. Tony, a 220-pound, rotund, Dowling fan, took us to a professional boxing gymnasium downtown where some good boxers coached us and sparred with us. He was tough as nails and made the trip to Emmetsburg with our boxing team. Tony got into an argument with two local judges over their unjustified decisions. He took them outside and gave them a good beating but his two victories were not counted as part of the match.

Another unofficial fight won by our side at Emmetsburg was that of Mike Sherman, a powerful railroad man and father of "Rip" Sherman II, who beat his St. Mary's opponent by a knock-out. Mike was seen badly bashing two Emmetsburg fans. "Rip" was the nickname given the first of five Sherman boys at Dowling because he ripped his pants on the first day of school. He and his younger brothers were all called "Rip."

In 1932 while a student in Dowling Junior College I entered the Iowa Golden Gloves Tournament. The first round started at noon and my fight, the last, began at 1:00 a.m. Mom and Pop sat up to the bitter end. I lost on points (with no damage) to the Knoxville, Iowa, policeman who eventually won in the heavyweight division.

When I fought in the Iowa Golden Gloves in 1932, Tony Cordaro was my trainer. He got a little thirsty waiting for my fight. Several times he woke me from a sound sleep to tell me to relax.

Anthony "Toto" Renda, later County Attorney of Polk County, was captain and star halfback in 1930 at Dowling. He also starred in basketball that year. Joseph "Jojo" Renda, his brother and a guard on the same football team, was killed in World War II in army action in Italy. Their immigrant parents were most hospitable to teammates of their sons. An Italian dinner with homemade "Dago Red" was quite a thrill for lads coming from Irish families.

My leisure reading habits at the start at Dowling were rather primitive. One day as I was trying to hide a western novel, which I was reading during study hour, Father Walsh was proctoring us and discovered my activity. He said quite moderately, "You can make better use of your brain than that. Come up to my room about 7:30 tonight and I will give you a list of decent books.

True to his word, Father had a long list of classics, leading off with Sir Walter Scott's Ivanhoe. To my surprise I thoroughly enjoyed it as well as most of the others recommended. Only one of some fifty titles bored me, Vanity Fair by Thackeray. I simply could not tolerate this much praised novel even though I tried several times in later years to finish it.

Father Walsh proved a superb tutor as I was to discover when we met every week, usually on Friday evenings. Our conversations were mostly devoted to the books he had suggested but we also delved into Latin (which he taught), history, religion, sports and politics.

State law had required drivers to be fifteen but no license was needed. About this time Iowa issued its first driver licenses. As one of the original applicants, I clipped a simple form from the Des Moines Register and filled in my name, address, and date of birth. I also enclosed the requisite fee of twenty-five cents. No examination of any kind was needed and driver schools did not exist. I had actually been taught by my mother (who wanted somebody to help with errands) and I had driven without a license for two years.

During my junior year, Fathers Shaw and Walsh took me by train to Iowa City to watch Red Grange lead Illinois in a victory over Iowa. Grange, an all-American halfback with his famous number seventy-seven, was the top football player in the country.

Pop was assigned by the bank to collect a defaulted loan made to Tommy Ryan, a former middleweight boxing champion, but a financial failure as boxing promoter in Des Moines. Pop went for years to the bi-weekly fights to hire the boxers, pay them when they fought well enough, and see that every spectator bought a ticket, everybody but his eldest son. I got to see some excellent fighters including the great retired Jack Dempsey who appeared in exhibition against a string of six very mediocre heavyweights.

One of my friends at Lake Okoboji was Junior Armstrong, son of the most prominent banker in Fort Dodge, and also a pal of Ed Kelleher. Junior was bored with an old style slow bathtub type of motor launch, but his father would not buy him a modern boat. He decided to sink his antiquated craft but he failed repeatedly.

One afternoon Junior was giving Ed and me rides on separate surfboards behind his launch in the middle of Lake Okoboji. Junior was also throwing a lifesaver back and forth to his two passengers when he fell overboard. He was a good swimmer but the boat was now unoccupied and turning in circles. Finally, I tried to pull myself to the stern of the launch. At the last minute my board plunged under the water and I lost my balance and fell into the lake. This left Ed still riding behind the circling driverless boat. Junior and I were both laughing in the middle of Okoboji. Fortunately, another launch spotted us and picked us out of the water. Then it

pulled alongside the deserted craft, we jumped in and terminated the surfing of a somewhat fatigued Ed Kelleher.

About this time, a friend of Pop gave him an old launch in storage at Arp Brothers Boat Yard. It was still not as antiquated as that of Junior Armstrong. We had great times with what Pop renamed the "Saint Anne." One evening Pop and Mom were with us when the "Miss Thriller" (a reconstructed submarine chaser from World War I and now a sensationally fast passenger boat) had a collision with another slower speed boat. It sank quickly with thirty-five ill-fated souls in the deepest part of Okoboji. I volunteered the next day to drag for bodies and it was gruesome work.

For two years Pop paid heavily for the unending expenses of the "St. Anne." Finally, he decided he had enough and disposed of the boat.

Pop's sharp-shooting ability saved me from further pecking on my head by a crazy bird in our back yard. One summer morning about 4:00 a.m., I was walking out to pick up my newspapers when this bird dived from a high tree, stuck its bill in my skull and then flew away. When this was repeated on the next morning I reported the incident to my father. On the third day I walked out under armed guard. Pop killed the unruly bird a few feet into his long dive in my direction. On August 21, 2001, the New York Times carried a story and picture about common terns near Montauk Point on Long Island which dive bomb against the heads of researchers and watchers. One photo showed the hats developed to discourage such attacks.

Undoubtedly, my friend Jimmy Murphy exercised the worst influence on me in those early years, but luckily the family only lived in our neighborhood for a few years. His real mother and stepfather neglected him. One cold winter he was wearing only a light sweater when Pop took him downtown and bought him a sheepskin coat. Jimmy was a great street fighter and highly imaginative as to rowdy conduct. There was a religiously-sponsored home for orphans in our neighborhood where the kids had built an elaborate play grocery store. One day Murphy suggested that we tear it down and it was great fun. A few hours later we walked into my back yard, where my father was working. He asked us if we tore the play grocery apart, which we admitted. Pop told us to restore it to its original condition.

It was really hard work, taking about two hours. Then Murphy said, "Let's tear it down again." I told him that his father probably would do nothing but mine was a very different man.

Later in his first year at Dowling, Jimmy was in Father Shaw's study period. Suddenly he threw an open ink bottle on Shaw's desk. That was enough to get Murphy expelled.

Several years later Father Shaw ran into Murphy on a downtown street. He asked if Shaw had a car. When informed in the negative, he said he would bring his former teacher a car on his next trip to Des Moines. Murphy was in the business of running stolen autos from Chicago to Des Moines. He told Shaw that the gift car would have its serial numbers filed down but that was not a cause for worry.

One afternoon after classes Bob Drewer and I were having a delightful eraser fight in our deserted classroom. Suddenly our president, Monsignor Boylan, stuck his head in the door and his stern message was, "These classrooms are not a place for recreation at any time." We were both severely shaken.

Following graduation in 1931, I spend one year at Des Moines Catholic Junior College (closed in the late thirties). It was a remarkably good institution. Monsignor Boylan was a powerhouse in ethics and psychology. Father Lyons was great in English literature and debating. The other professors were all quite satisfactory.

Our student body was small, about sixty in both years of junior college. Jose Ibanez and I coached the Midgets (high school freshmen football) under the supervision of Earl Walsh, truly a great experience. My brothers John and Joe played on the team. They were excellent ball players and there were many others equally talented. We played a regular season and won eight out of ten games.

Frank Flynn was a close friend during this year, a status in which he would continue for half a century until his death. Jose Ibanez was another great pal who lasted about as long as Frank. They were both gifted young men who distinguished themselves in their business careers. Frank got a law degree at night school in Des Moines and eventually became Chairman of the National Homes Corporation in Lafayette, Indiana. Jose earned a business degree at George Washington and became New York Manager of Garcia Commercial, a large Puerto Rican firm.

My first involvement in presidential politics was the Harding-Cox race of 1920. My parents were both strong Democrats as were almost all Irish Catholics in those days. By 1924, at the age of ten, I was more interested in the Coolidge-Davis campaign. In both of these elections, the Democrats, Cox and Davis, lost badly, but I suffered very little emotional damage as a result.

But the 1928 contest was a different matter because Al Smith, an Irish Catholic, was the Democrat nominee. By this time I was carrying newspapers for the Des Moines Register. About twenty carriers picked up their papers at the same station made out of a Quonset hut. Most of these carriers came from poor families, who had no business voting Republican, but all twenty were violently vocal for Hoover. Most of them admitted that they opposed Smith not only because he was a Democrat but also because he was Catholic and a wet. Des Moines was only 10% Catholic at that time and perhaps 25% wet. As the sole Smith supporter at this branch I had some wild arguments but they never led to fights.

My father even rode the Al Smith Special Train to Omaha (120 miles to the west) to hear the great orator. He never came to Iowa because his backers knew he didn't have a chance to carry the state. Due to its religious overtones, the Smith defeat in 1928 left some long-lasting scars.

While in Dowling I opened a pop stand one summer on a vacant lot bordering the well-traveled Sixth Avenue. The lot in question was just west of our home on Oakland Avenue. The stand handled about ten brands of soda pop, such as Coca Cola, Orange Crush, Green River and Raspberry, along with fresh lemonade courtesy of my mother. All drinks were five cents each.

According to my accounting I made a profit on this enterprise. Of course I did not cost in Mom's lemonade or her time and gasoline for frequent trips to Des Moines Coca Cola Bottling, which sold me my pop supplies. The men at Coca Cola were great fellows, always treating me like an important customer. By contrast the clowns at the Des Moines Register always handled me and other paper boys like the material left behind by the horses still used on our city streets.

The Great Depression of 1929 hit Americans with unprecedented destructive power. In 1933 some 24.9% of all workers were unemployed. President Hoover reacted as all chief executives of the United States (both Republican and Democrat) had responded previously in our history. They did not believe in the federal government intervening to change the natural course of our economy. If left alone, it was argued, we would eventually see a recovery.

President Hoover said: "We have passed through no less than fifteen major depressions in the last century. We have come out of each into a period of prosperity greater than ever before. We shall do so this time."

Fortunately, our family was not impacted by the Great Depression because Pop never missed a day on the job. But many friends experienced long periods of unemployment. Once I

accompanied Pop on a drive to visit a farmer unable to pay his loan at the bank. He told me to keep the motor running and be ready to drive away the moment he was in the car. Within a few minutes he walked briskly to the car and I took off as the farmer yelled, "The Indians drove me out of Oklahoma and now you damned bankers are driving me out of Iowa."

The "greedy bankers of Wall Street" in New York were often denounced by politicians in these years. Iowa speakers carried a similar attack on "the banks of Walnut Street in Des Moines." The Iowa National (Pop's bank) and the Des Moines National were across from each other on Walnut Street until they merged to form the Iowa-Des Moines National in 1931.

After FDR took over the White House in 1933, the Iowa Democrats began to sponsor "$25 a plate" fund-raising dinners. Some of the more ambitious officers of the Iowa-Des Moines National Bank, now posing as Democrats, wanted the bank to buy tickets for them. The President turned them down saying "Hart was the only openly declared Democrat before Roosevelt. He alone will go to these dinners."

During the Fourth of July weekend of 1930 a store on Main Street in Spencer, Iowa (population 10,000), about twenty miles south of Lake Okoboji, broke into flames when the sun ignited fireworks on display in a show window. Some twenty buildings burned to the ground and the word went out in a depression-plagued nation that there would be work in Spencer. Hundreds of unemployed men built camps on the outskirts of the city, hoping to get work as common laborers at twenty-five cents per hour.

A Spencer druggist friend of my father arranged a job for me, mostly as a ditch digger. As we worked, job seekers lined the sidewalks, waiting for one of us to be fired.

John Ryan, then a backfield man for Loras College, was a companion for the five Kelleher children at Lake Okoboji. He asked Pop to get him a job in Spencer. He and I worked as a team of ditch diggers but John was not in shape for this work. We would shovel together until our hole was deep enough that he could periodically lie down without being noticed by the foreman. I worked continuously and was able to alert him when the foreman approached our hole.

No memoir would be complete without reference to my recollections of the charming young ladies in my life. My interest in girls developed in my sophomore year of high school when I was all of fourteen years of age. There was an attractive young lady from Boone, Iowa, whom I met at Lake Okoboji. Her first name was Jean, but her family name now escapes me. We carried on a correspondence for a few months. Then there was Lucille Funkey of Cedar Rapids, whom I met after a football game in that city during my junior year. She inspired me to make the Dowling basketball team so that I could see her again when we played her high school.

Then in my senior year I dated Geraldine Corcoran, who had just graduated from St. Joseph's Academy in 1930. Her mother and mine had been classmates at Mercy Nursing School. I also was briefly attracted to a lovely Miss Flynn, a cousin of my two classmates, Frank and Ted Flynn. She lived in Perry, Iowa, twenty miles from Des Moines.

My next serious interest was Kathryn Garret of Omaha, whom I met at Okoboji in the summer of 1931. She had a sister Beth Marie, whom Frank Flynn liked very much. Frank and I made several trips in his car to Omaha to visit the Garret girls during our year together at Dowling Junior College. Kathryn later married Otto Skinner, son of the founder of Skinner Macaroni in Omaha. They both gave heavily to Creighton University. Otto was a strong spokesman for the right-to-work law in Nebraska, which put the two of us into hostile camps in the 1950s political war in Omaha.

At Notre Dame I dated Betty Proctor a few times. She was the sister of Tom Proctor, a close classmate and friend over many years. Betty lived at the family home in Elkhart, about fifteen miles east of Notre Dame. Tom invited me frequently to his home for weekends.

Another sister of a Notre Dame pal was John Donavan's sister, Florence, who lived at home in Jamaica, a nice area of New York City. I remember taking Flo to a Fordham football game and also a New Year's Eve party.

One more serious friendship should be mentioned. She was Madeline Weldon, who lived in New Rochelle, a nice suburb, only twenty minutes by train north of Fordham Road. Madeline, a graduate of New Rochelle College, enrolled for the Hilaire Belloc Lecture Series at Fordham. I was taking tickets for this series and Belloc was about ten minutes into his topic on this snowy January day. Suddenly Madeline came running down the marble floor in Keating Hall and slipped on the wet surface about ten feet away from the door. I had the pleasure of helping her to her feet. What an introduction!

Madeline was a tremendous tennis player, having once won the Westchester County clay court singles. I only played her once, at the Fordham Tennis Club. She beat me in the first set, decisively. But she tired in the second set, giving me a somewhat cheap win.

3. ANNA DELORES CANAVAN (1885-1971)

"How much is the amusement tax on my cane?" (Mom, 1969)

My mother was the sixth child of John and Ann Canavan, born on January 10, 1885, on a farm in Greene County, Iowa, that was affectionately called the "home place". It was their first farm, bought in 1872 for $1.00 per acre.

Mom was a bright student and she graduated from the Catholic High School in Grand Junction. Then she went to Des Moines and studied nursing at Mercy Hospital. Her stories about that school were often hilarious. She was scared to death on her first duty in the operating room when she had to hold the injured leg of a coal miner during amputation. She wound up in full possession of the severed limb and turned desperately to the surgeon, "Doctor what shall I do with this leg?" His answer was "Oh, you can have it."

Mom and Pop both told substantially the same story of their romance. It seems he was living at 1310 High Street with his mother, his grandfather Meehan, and his brother Joe. Mom lived just a few blocks to the west at Saint Catherine's Home for Nurses. They had met but nothing came of it until one Sunday morning they were both walking eastward on High Street for 9:00 Mass at St. Ambrose. Pop had injured his foot and was slowly limping. Otherwise, he would have attended 6:00 Mass and gone on his customary canoe trip on the Des Moines River. Mom spotted him a block ahead, increased her step to a pace still within contemporary lady-like standards, pulled alongside of the target, engaged him in conversation and he never escaped.

What a delightful conversationalist she was all the days of her life. Hart may not have realized it that Sunday morning but he was destined to talk with her for over forty years. Their conversation was full of humor and affection for each other, their children and their friends.

----------INSERT PHOTO(portrait)---------

When Jay Hart came to the farm in 1912 to ask John Canavan for permission to marry Anna, there was great excitement in the household. This was the first time John had faced a request for a daughter's hand and nobody expected him to be a pushover. Hart plotted his strategy and decided the best approach would be to wait and talk to him in the barn. ("I figured a hasty retreat would be easier out of the barn.") This was done and John's answer was a cool: "What do I know about you?" Hart replied: "That is why I am talking to you in advance, Sir. You can check on me with the bankers in Jefferson" (the county seat). Canavan replied, "Well, I will let you know." As Pop told it, John Canavan never did let him know but he and his wife came to the wedding and the relationship between the two men was always good, if not as warm as Hart would have liked.

---------INSERT PHOTO (farmhouse)----------

The wedding took place at St. Ambrose with Monsignor Flavin officiating on June 27, 1913. Elizabeth Canavan, the bride's younger sister, was Maid of Honor and John Gill, an insurance salesman, was the Best Man. The newlyweds went off to Atlantic City on their honeymoon and then moved into their first home at 2129 High street--about three miles west of downtown. Three of their sons were born in this house. I was the lead-off in 1914. Then came John in 1917, and Jodie in 1918. The home was now bursting at the seams and they decided to buy a huge stucco home on a half acre at 1700 Oakland Avenue--about two miles north of downtown.

Four more sons were born in the bigger house, Larry (1921), Paul (1922), Pete (1925) and Bernard (1926).

Much to their regret the Harts never had any daughters. Their irreverent offspring loved to tell strangers, "Pappy drowned all the girls!”

---------INSERT PHOTO (Atlantic city honeymoon)---------

Mom and Pop were as happy and as much in love all their married life as any couple could hope to be. They would live to see all seven of their sons grow to maturity. Six of them were to serve in World War II and they all came back. They had thirty-five grandchildren by the time of

Pop's death in 1954. Pappy was always delighted when asked as to the number of his grandchildren. His answer: "I won't know till I open this morning's mail".

After Pop's death Mom went to Europe with three other widows in 1956 and I met them on their return at La Guardia in New York. They were all carrying large mesh sacks of Irish Whiskey.

She had a superb sense of humor, particularly in self-deprecation. I went with her to buy her first cane in Des Moines. When she was paying for it she asked the clerk how much the amusement tax was. Once Father John called her on St. Patrick's Day in the evening. After listening to him for a few minutes, she said: "You sound to me like you broke your Lenten Resolutions".

Mom was a good golfer and often played with Pop. I was thrilled to be invited along as a caddy and later allowed to play with them. She was also a strong swimmer and often pulled her sons out of Lake Okoboji when they were in trouble. She was still diving off the end of the dock at the age of seventy.

Mom had a keen interest in attending the athletic activities of her sons, even though she often went home emotionally spent and limp as a ray. She seldom missed a football game or boxing match over the thirteen years that the Hart boys were at Dowling High School. One of the standing family jokes was how often she was standing on the ten yard chain on the sideline when the linesmen wanted to move it.

Even grade school sporting events seemed to fascinate her and she read the sport pages of the Des Moines Register with enthusiasm comparable to Pop and her sons. She could also come up with athletic statistics, names of coaches and other trivia when the male members of the family were stumped.

Once at a convention in Saint Louis, Pop took her to her first big league baseball game. When she came home, she expressed a little boredom with the professional skills of the players. She allowed that grade school and high school baseball were more fun because there were more errors, more runs and far more arguments.

Mom loved to go to lunch in Des Moines at restaurants owned by classmates of her sons. They always made a big fuss over her, recalling their boyhood visits to her kitchen when she saw to it that they were stuffed with goodies.

One Mother's Day I arrived unexpectedly in Des Moines and thus had no reservation for dinner. I decided to try Vic Talarico, a former Dowling pitcher, whom mom used to drive to our baseball games. We were seated in a huge waiting room and told we had a 45 minute wait . I sent Vic a message and he came out with great enthusiasm to greet us and say,"Oh, Mr. Hart, we have your reservation ready for you!"

----------INSERT PHOTO (couple, 1945)--------

My last lunch with her before she died in 1971 was at Ross Grandinetti's. He was a superb raconteur about the old days. She also relished the complimentary glasses of wine which Ross put on our table. Her mind was still sharp and she never seemed more content. It is still a warm last memory of a remarkable mother.

Father Joe Shaw, a close friend of the family, and a professor at Dowling for many years, once told me, "Jim, you are very fortunate. Many people have a mother or a father of outstanding character. You are one of the few to have both!"

Mom's family does not get as much attention as the Harts in Irish history, but the Ireland Telephone Directories of 1983 show 114 Canavan listings as compared with only 69 for the Harts.

Also we know far more about the Canavan ancestors in Ireland than we do about the Hart clan. My great-great-grandfather was Anthony Canavan (1800-1860) born in the tiny village of Curraghadooey in County Mayo.

It was described by Father John Hart, my brother, after a visit in 1966, "as so poor, I can understand why the Canavans left Ireland."

But Anthony Canavan and his wife Catherine Kirby never left Ireland. However, most of

their eight children came to America to escape the horrors of the Potato Famine. Their son Anthony (1819-1890) was my great-grandfather. He married Ann Hughes (1818-1898) and they had four children before leaving in 1846 (seven more were born in Philadelphia and Illinois).

The second child in this family was my grandfather, John Canavan (1842-1936), who was only four when they sailed for America. His parents were thrifty enough to give him only one name.

Mary Canavan, his baby sister, was a mere six months when the family set out for Philadelphia. She was considered too young for the voyage and was left behind with her grandparents. Mary was all of eight when she finally caught up with her Americanized siblings. They teased her over her accent and other Irish ways, dubbing her the "greenhorn".

Conditions on the immigrant ships plying between Ireland and America were horrible and lacking in even the basic conveniences. The passengers had to bring their own food and they cooked on deck. Typhoid fever broke out and Anthony Canavan became one of its victims. He had to be carried on a stretcher to William Penn Hospital upon their arrival in Philadelphia. Fortunately Ann found a job as a domestic and kept the family together.

Anthony made a slow recovery but eventually was able to work for a wholesale grocery firm. The family lived nine years in Philadelphia in St. Augustine's Parish. I visited their old church at 4th and Walnut Streets, a short walk from Independence Hall.

Great-grandfather Anthony was fortunate enough to have a brother named Austin, who had gone West to Illinois and had charmed a wealthy widow into marrying him. At Austin's urging, Anthony moved in 1853 to Manteno, Illinois (about 100 miles south of Chicago). Eventually he acquired a fine farm four miles east and one mile south of Manteno. I last visited this place in 1958 with Mom, who had never seen it. At that time the original farmhouse was still in use and a nearby body of water was called "Canavan Slough" by old timers in the neighborhood.

Grandfather Canavan was eleven when he reached Illinois. The Civil War caught him up in its maw eight years later and he served in the Union Army. He was captured and confined at the notorious Andersonville Confederate prison.

After the War John farmed in the Manteno area for several years before marrying Ann Doyle from Crown Point, Indiana. Ann and John were first cousins as the Family Tree shows. Ann's mother (Honora Canavan) and John's father (Anthony) were sister and brother. About 1870 John and Ann decided to move westward to Greene County, Iowa. Their first farm was about twenty-five miles southwest of Fort Dodge. Much of original Iowa prairie grass had never been cultivated and the early plows often broke on the ~ugh roots. They could not have selected better land. They were to raise eleven children and live well into the 1930's and see their land holdings grow to over 2,000 acres. They had a huge cattle herd, which overawed me as a kid when Grandfather would call them and they formed a circle around us. They came perilously close to losing it all in the Great Depression because of heavy mortgages and low corn prices. Their lawyer in Fort Dodge was Denis Kelleher, later my father-in-law. It seems that Ann had loaned John money to buy land many years earlier. Kelleher set up a note from Grandfather to Grandmother to reflect this transaction. When Prudential Insurance Company sued to foreclose, Kelleher intervened on behalf of Ann, claiming that her note came ahead of the mortgage. Prudential did not pursue the foreclosure. When I heard the story many years later, I asked Denis if the note would have held up in a trial. Kelleher laughed and replied, "No but in those days Prudential had so many foreclosures all over Iowa, they could not push all of them. They did not have time and funds for contests when the foreclosure was opposed on grounds even as weak as in this case."

John Canavan was known as an intelligent, hardworking farmer, something of a tyrant with his children and grandchildren but still deeply concerned in their welfare, particularly their education.

Ann, was a fragile little woman but a tower of physical strength. She would read the newspapers to John in his old age because he said he was too blind to read. But when Ann was not at home, John would grab the newspaper and read it for himself. In 1918 they bought a big brick home for retirement in Fort Dodge. But Grandfather continued to drive out regularly to supervise his holdings. Ann was restless in Fort Dodge without enough work to satisfy her and

would often go back to the farms to keep house for one of her bachelor sons.

When I was about six my folks took me to visit my grandparents. At dinner John Canavan sliced and served a superb roast beef. I innocently made a sandwich and he was thunderous: "We don't make sandwiches out of such fine meat in this house!" I glanced at Pop and Mom for some vestige of defense but they looked like they had never seen me before.

When I was fifteen the Dowling High football team was playing at Emmetsburg, about sixty miles north of Grandfather's home in Fort Dodge. I invited him to the game but he gruffly said "I am too old and I can't see well enough." He was then eighty-seven but he was still active and chopping logs for firewood in his basement. He asked his son (my uncle Joe) to drive him to the game and Joe said he thoroughly enjoyed it. He left after the final whistle before I could talk to him. A few months later I asked him how he liked the game and he denied he was there. When pressed he admitted he was in Emmetsburg but only to visit an old friend.

John Canavan died in 1936 when I was twenty-two and much better able to appreciate him. He had mortgaged his farms up to the hilt to survive the depression and he thought he was a poor man. Within five years of his death World War II and resulting high prices changed this picture. Actually he had left a very substantial estate.

Grandmother Canavan died in 1939 and the Grand Junction (Iowa) paper carried the following story:

MRS. ANN CANAVAN

Obituary

Mrs. Ann Canavan, aged 86, widow of the late John Canavan died Wednesday of last week at Mercy Hospital in Fort Dodge following a short illness. Her husband passed away in 1936 and she is survived by four daughters, Mrs. James Hart and Mrs. W.J. Nesson of Des Moines, and Misses Mary and Elizabeth Canavan at home in Fort Dodge, and five sons, John of Churdan, Patrick of Paton, Anthony, Joseph and Thomas of Fort Dodge.

The funeral services were held at 8:30 a.m. at the Canavan home and at 9:00 a.m. at the Corpus Christi Catholic church in Fort Dodge. The Rev. Father R.J. Davern conducting the services. Burial was made in the family lot in Calvary cemetery in Grand Junction Friday forenoon.

Mrs. Canavan came to Greene County from Illinois in the early seventies and located on the farm in Dawson township where for forty years her husband was one of the most successful farmers and cattle feeders in the township. In 1918 they retired from the farm and moved to Fort Dodge to make their home, buying a nice home on south twelfth street.

Mrs. Canavan was a good woman who devoted her life to her family and church and was always held in the highest esteem by her acquaintances.

Mom had six brothers and three sisters still alive. I was closest to Tom, the youngest of the eleven children. Tom lived with his sister Elizabeth in Fort Dodge. She objected to his drinking but he was pretty clever. He would serve me openly but never brought a drink into the living room for himself. When I sympathized with his total abstinence he laughed and explained that he had hidden a huge drink in the refrigerator, out of which he would periodically take large slugs. As far as I know Aunt Elizabeth never caught on.

Tom served in the Navy in World War I. Afterward, he worked for American Express in Fort Dodge, from which he always took his vacation to attend the American Legion Conventions. Once he was describing his activities at the most recent Legion convention in Chicago to a group of friends. One of his buddies asked him,"At what hotel did you stay in Chicago?" Tom answered with disdain,"Hell, I didn't need a hotel. I was only there for four days."

During World War II, six of her seven sons were in service and they all came back. John, the priest, asked Bishop Bergen for permission to become a chaplain, but he said the Hart family

had responded sufficiently. John would stay at home.

Mom found herself worrying about her boys in uniform, so much that her sleep was impaired. She wisely decided to go back to nursing. At the end of the day she was so tired sleep was no problem. Here she is as the senior nurse.

------INSERT PHOTO (nurse)--------

4. James Francis Hart (1880-1957)

"I am the only comedian in this family," said Pop at least once a year.

My father was born on September 13, 1880 on the second floor of "Hart's Restaurant" **** east on Third Street at the corner of Court Avenue in downtown Des Moines. His other was Nellie Sophie Meehan (1853-1938) and his father James Hart (1835-1899). Pop was their only child.

He was baptized at St. Ambrose Church on October 3 and later entered the small parish school. Big-city visitors are still inclined to sneer at the cultural level of Des Moines but a printed "programme" of the "Commencement Exercises of the Class of 1894" clearly refutes this benighted snobbishness. Several classical musical renditions were presented that evening. One group of ten students performed "Träumerei" by Schumann, and among the musicians was "Master James Hart" on the violin. He was then thirteen years old. The graduating class itself was limited to three young ladies named Elizabeth McNulty, Catherine Cavanaugh, and Agnes Marrin.

If this ethnic purity stuns you, remember that the Italian Catholics were very few in Des Moines and the Germans had their own church, St. Mary's, about a mile north of St. Ambrose.

For a while, my grandfather Hart even attended St. Mary's on Sundays. He had deeply resented a sermon by Irish-born Monsignor Michael Flavin, the peppery St. Ambrose pastor, who had denounced the Fenians. This was too much for Hart, who still dreamed of a free Ireland. He was never disturbed by political comments at St. Mary's because the sermons were all in German.

Pop was an altar boy at the old St. Ambrose on 6th and Locus. One morning in 1890, he showed up to serve the Mass of Monsignor Flavin, who said to him, "Let's go up and say Mass in the new church on 6th and High." That involved a two block walk to what would not become St. Ambrose Cathedral until 1955.

Nellie was a good cook and a fine housekeeper. James was a pleasant bartender and, judging from his pictures, rugged enough to handle the tough characters that drifted through the West in those days. Des Moines had a population of 22,408 in 1880, and by 1890 the city had more than doubled to 50,093.

[Insert Picture of Commencement Exercises and Programme]

****Page Missing!!!*****

strong drink but while I was growing up he talked about his "father's restaurant down on Third Street". Only when his sons were more mature did he indicate that the restaurant served something more interesting than food alone.

James and Nellie were able to survive the vicissitudes of Iowa's liquor laws, but they went down fighting before the overwhelming power of the Des Moines Union Railway Company. Actually their adversary was not a railroad in the true sense of the word, but it owned the Union Depot and the tracks approaching it. This enabled the company to charge operating railroads entering and leaving the Union Depot for the use of their facilities.

The corporation already owned two tracks which ran along the south boundary of the Hart land. Then in 1891, it claimed that the Hart property was needed to build a third track to handle "rapidly expanding business" with Chicago. When the company officials offered to buy this land from the Harts, they were told to drop dead. The railroad company filed a condemnation proceeding before six commissioners, who were required by law to fix the value of the condemned land. On May 9, 1891, the commissioners came up with a figure of $6,500.

The D.M. Union Railway appealed this finding to the District Court of Polk County on June 6. A jury was drawn for this case, and the court held hearings on January 27, 28, 29, and 30. On the last date, final arguments were made to the jury, and the court then instructed the jury. A verdict was reached on the same date for $7,500 plus costs.

On February 1, the attorneys for the Harts, Cole, McVey and Chesherb, filed a claim for $1,000 in fees to be paid by the Railway. The condemnation money was not paid to the Harts until September 5, 1892. Costs paid by the railroad came to $96.75.

During the pretrial period the company kept the family awake nights by building its new third track right up to the west property line. When this did not break their resistance a new track was built up to the east boundary of the lot. Now only the Hart property stood in the way of completing the controversial third set of tracks.

Hart was fully armed and repeatedly threatened to shoot any man who put a food on his property. He told the railroad toughs that he had been advised by his lawyer that he would be fully justified in shooting them.

As long as Hart was at home none of the company men made a move. But one day Hart went to a friend's funeral and the railroad thugs tried to evict Nellie. She was more than a match for them. While they moved some of the furniture out into Third Street, she threatened to get a gun and "shoot them out of the house." They were all impressed with her sincere rhetoric and retreated outside. They were just putting ropes around the house to pull it down when Hart returned from the funeral. He whipped out a gun and ordered them to leave at once.

Hart's direct testimony at the trial follows:

I am one of the defendants. My wife's name is Nellie S. Hart. Live on Third Street, on the property in controversy. Have lived there I guess twelve or thirteen years. I have no other place for a homestead. I have been in the confectionery and cigar business, and keeping boarding and restaurant house, and one little stuff and another. That is the only means of support I have. I am close to sixty years of age. I have no other business. I don't know where to go when I leave there. Nothing to do. The house suits my purpose as a home and also for a restaurant. I have my little trade made there, and it is a good point, good location for business. Whatever little means and stock I have there is all the means I have at present. I might have a few dollars accumulated from the thing. I have nothing at present with which to buy another home. I am out of debt, always keep clear of them. Fortunate enough, I have enough to pay my debts.

Q. What, in your judgment, is the value of that property?

A. My judgment, I would not take less than $8,000 for it. And I would not take ten if I could remain there. I was offered $6,000 for it the spring I built it.

Q. What kind of house is it?

A. Pretty good house, two stories high, good. Has a cellar, and a convenient house for my business; has a barn on the rear of it.

Upon cross examination by the company lawyers, Hart said:

I think it is twelve or thirteen years I have been doing business there. I consider it was a good place to do business. Yes; and something more than a living. My wife and I own the business together. She helps attend to it, and so do I. Yes, we own the business in the same way we own the real estate. We have accumulated some out of the business done for the last ten or twelve years. No; it is not laid aside. I have none laid aside. If my wife has, where is it? I don't know where it is if she has. We have spent some money we got out of our business and kept some of it. I don't calculate to go to the poor house as long as I have property to keep me out.

On redirect examination Hart added:

We had to go in debt when we built the house. It took me a good while to pay for that, and good economy too, and I have went in debt.

The controversy was finally settled, but Grandfather Hart did not live long after this legal victory. He died from a heart attack on February 9, 1893, at the age of fifty-eight, when Nellie was forty and Pop only twelve. The obituary appears below.

[Insert Obituary]

[Insert Photograph]

Young James Francis finished the sixth grade in 1894 and then went to work at Amend Brothers, a butcher shop. Three years later, in 1897, he joined the Iowa National Bank, where he would stay for the rest of his working life. He retired in 1947 after 50 years.

Although his formal education had terminated, Pop went to school at night for several years. He attended Capital City Commercial College, a private non-academic business school, the only kind then existing in Iowa.

Pop told me that there was once a serious family discussion about sending him to Notre

Dame and local clergy were consulted. A negative decision was reached because Notre Dame at the time had the reputation of being a reform school for Chicago Catholic boys.

[Insert Photograph]

Pop also studied at nights in a program offered nationwide by the American Institute of Banking, an excellent group. He became a member of the AIB debating team, which competed against teams from Omaha and other Midwestern cities. In those days of limited entertainment, (public hangings were now a thing of the past while movies had not arrived) debaters in tuxedos drew large crowds. I heard him in action against the Kansas City AIB team and in my slightly biased judgment he was quite eloquent for the proposition: "Capital Punishment Should Be Abolished".

He was called "Jay" by all his friends – much to his annoyance – but he never was able to shake the nickname. Once he observed with resignation that Jay was little better than that tacked on his old schoolmate "Nuts" Malone.

Hart was a good, all-round athlete, five feet seven inches tall, weighing about 160 pounds. He never smoked and lectured against smoking with a passion. He took the pledge against alcoholic beverages and kept it until he was thirty.

Pop played baseball on the Iowa National Bank Team for many years. He also played on the Des Moines YMCA basketball team when basketball was in its infancy. They regularly competed against college teams, because of the scarcity of the clubs to fill their schedules. He was a good boxer, as I learned from sparring with him in the front room. But he wisely hung up the gloves as soon as his sons became a threat to him. Pop was also a strong swimmer and he taught all of us how to swim by the time we were five. Golf and tennis were also in his repertoire.

Probably his greatest outdoor favorite was canoe trips on the Des Moines River. In good weather on Sundays he would go to 6:00 Mass, take the train with friends up to a point on the river, where they could launch the canoe and spend the whole day coming downstream. The high-point was the campfire meal at noon, which he prepared with great gusto on a sand bar or an

island in the river. Often he would take his shotgun along to hunt ducks. I was lucky enough to make two such voyages with him: they are unforgettable to this day.

Once I watched him lose his gun overboard in 5 feet of cold water in November. Without even thinking he jumped into the river and finally recovered the weapon. We still had about two hours to reach our destination and I was sure he would contract some disease. He was never the worse for wear.

He was a camera buff and developed his own pictures. There are still numerous photos in his albums of those carefree days on the water. Occasionally, the young blades would invite girls on their outings and the photographic evidence clearly proves their excellent taste.

When winter finally closed the Des Moines River to canoe traffic, Pop would go skating on it. He also went hunting at his time of year, frequently on snowshoes. Although troubled with an eye injury, he was a sharpshooter with the shotgun. He competed in skeet shooting was into his sixties.

In January of 1906 the Des Moines Capital carried a front page story of his hunting accident. The full article is reproduced below:

[Insert Article]

Pop was a superb storyteller. He also had numerous wise cracks which all of us enjoyed. He liked to talk about women who went into beauty parlors and came out looking like nobody had waited on them. Often when a friend said that some mutual budding was looking good, Pop would say, “He has nothing to do but look good.”

He was very tolerant of his sons in efforts to say something funny. But sometimes he grew weary of their lines and would say, “Please remember that I am the only comedian in this family.”

When the Bank opened a Trust Department, Pop was named the first Trust Officer to the irritation of some lawyers in town, who thought only an attorney could fill such a post. They loved to summon him as a witness and grill him in court but he was more than a match for them.

Everyone seemed to stop by his desk to pass the time of day. I was terrified one summer

afternoon when the Bishop of Des Moines, Thomas Drum, a stern Irish-born prelate, came up to his desk. He was wearing a very elegant straw hat and my father asked to look at it. Then he put it on and walked around the lobby imitating the mannerisms of the Bishop. I was sure he would be excommunicated but the Bishop Drum laughed as hard as the other customers and employees.

[Insert Photo with Article]

In the summer of 1912 Harry Blackburn, cashier and Pop's boss at the Iowa National Bank, persuaded him to accompany Harry's playboy son on a grand tour of Europe. Harry would sleep better knowing that young Mort Blackburn was in Hart's custody.

Harry finally became president of the Iowa National and repeatedly asked Pop to name one of his sons Harry Hart, promising money gifts to the child. Pop argued that Harry was not the name of a Saint and offered in vain to compromise with Henry. Later Blackburn would invite the young Hart boys into him office and offer them $200 if they would change their first names to Harry. The sons were willing but their father rejected all such offers.

Nellie Hart married again and her second husband was Thomas A. Defley. One child was born to this marriage in 1898; Joseph Edward Defley. Joe received a law degree at the University of Michigan. He also met his future wife, Margaret White Cowan, from Pittsburgh, while she was there studying to be a school teacher.

Joe practiced law in Des Moines for a few years and then became a Treasury Agent in Chicago in the Narcotics Division. Joe and Margaret had one son, Joseph, Jr., and he too became a lawyer. He practices today in Port Sulfur, Louisiana. After Joe Senior retired in Chicago in 1964 he and Margaret also moved to Port Sulfur.

Pom Pom lived until 1938 – an independent and self-reliant girl all her eighty-four years. Pom Pom and Mom really got a long quite well as mother and daughter-in-law. But there was one long-standing family joke. Nellie would look at the feel of her Hart grandsons and say, " What big feet they have. They must get those from the Canavan side of the family." Mom would get irritated and ask us, (not in Nellie's presence), "Did you notice how big her feet are?"

She drover her own car, first an electric and later a gasoline-powered vehicle. In her eighties

she complained to me about the fact that my father drove too slowly. He was understandably concerned about her safety and would often send one of his sons over on Sunday to drive her to Church. Her response was also the same, "You can sit next to me but I am doing the driving." She passed away quietly during the night in her own home in 1938. Pop had moved her into Bishop Drum Home for the Aged when she was eighty-one, but after six months she demanded that he move her back into her own house, complaining that "Bishop Drum Home is for old people." She was still sharp mentally till the end.

In my high school years I was deeply interested in Irish history. It delighted me to learn that we were descendants of an Irish king in the 3rd century A.D. This was King O'Hart, the son of one of Ireland's most famous heroes, King Conn of the Hundred Battles, who drifts though so many ancient Irish songs and poems. Remember that Ireland had numerous regional kings in this era, whose full-time employments was largely bashing in heads of other regional kings. After St. Patrick came to Ireland in 432 A.D., a dynasty called the High Kings of Ireland established themselves at Tara in County Meath with primacy over the other regional rulers. The High Kings of Ireland recognized the chieftains of the O'Harts, the O'Connellys, the O'Regans, and the O'Kellys as their trusted counselors.

An interesting book by John O'Hart, "Irish Pedigrees," Genealogical Publishing Co., Baltimore, 1916, points out that the original name was O'Hart and then later shortened to Hart or Harte. By 1916, he says, the Harts were found principally in Dublin, Antrim, and Cork. The Hartes preferred Sligo, Leitrim, and Roscommon. As this is written in 2001, Ian Harte is a star on the National Ireland Soccer Team.

[Insert Article]

Our branch of the Hart clan can only be traced back to 1835, when my grandfather, James Hart, was born some place in Ireland. We know nothing about him otherwise except that his parents did not waste a middle name on him.

My brother John, by this time a priest, thought that grandfather came from County Kavan and made a careful search for some record of him in the summer of 1966. John called on many

pastors, who checked their archives with no success. He also conducted careful interviews in the neighborhood pubs but he had to report utter failure in a delightful journal of his travels.

As of 1983 the Irish phone books listed 69 subscribers with the name of Hart. Far more families spelled their name Harte, 264, and only 4 still used the original O'Hart.

James Hart was 11 years old when the Potato Famine struck in 1846. He survived this catastrophe but political activity eventually forced him to leave. Participating in the Fenian Rising of 1867, grandfather was taken captive by the English and given the choice—leave the island in twenty-four hours or face a firing squad. Fortunately for his numerous descendants he elected to leave Ireland and migrate to Iowa.

Hart arrived in Des Moines in 1868 when the city was enjoying a post Civil War boom. A day's pay was $1.00. Cash outlays for food were confined to staples, such as sugar, salt, flour, pork, and beef. Cows were kept by most families in the town as well as chickens. Every town had a plot to raise potatoes and a garden "sass." Most men shot wild fowl and deer for the family table and caught fish in the two rivers flowing together at Des Moines.

Five years after Hart's arrival the Panic of 1873, struck on Wall street, in New York, gradually worked its destructive force westward to Iowa. The whole country suffered a depression not to be equaled until the 1930's. In addition, Iowa was laid waste by grasshoppers in 1873, and again in 1876. An in between these two disasters came the devastating floods of 1875, which swept rich topsoil down the Iowa waterways into the Mississippi.

My great-grandparents Francis Meehan (1820 – 1914) and Sophie McClone Meehan were born in Country Leitrim, Ireland. They arrived in Fort Des Moines (it did not become Des Moines until 1859) by covered wagon from St. Louis in 1849, which means they probably left Ireland because of the Potato Famine.

The Indians had left Fort Des Moines in 1845, just four years before the arrival of the Meehans. The Catholics of Des Moines had their first Mass in 1851, celebrated by a Father Harrenburg, located in Ottuma, but responsible for nine Iowa counties including Polk, of which Des Moines became the county seat. Father Harrenburg reported in 1854 there were only 5

Catholic families in Fort Des Moines, one of which was that of Francis Meehan. His daughter, Nellie, was born in 1853, one of the first white children when Fort Des Moines had only 3000 residents.

The original state capital was in Iowa City but in 1857 this was moved westward 120 miles to Des Moines. A new capital building had to be erected and this would cost over $3 million before its completion in 1882 – tremendous economic stimulant to the frontier town.

Francis Meehan worked on the new capital and he was proud of his contribution to the beautiful gold dome, which still lights up the Iowa prairie.

One story about Great Grandfather Meehan may be a myth but I like to tell it. While working on the Golden Dome an Indian climbed up on the scaffolding to steal some gold leaf. He attacked Meehan but the latter, being more accustomed to walking on the narrow surface, outmaneuvered his attacker and pushed him to a horrible death.

On June 3, 1879, James Hart married Nellie Meehan at St. Ambrose Church. The father of the bride, Francis Meehan, obviously saved a little money because he gave Nellie a vacant lot as a wedding present when she married James Hart, ("the north one-third of lot 9 in block 25 of the Original Town of Fort Des Moines"). It was an excellent business location—close to the Rock Island and Union Depots. In fact the tracks coming from Chicago to the Union Depot ran along the southern boundary of their lot.

Nellie liked to tell that when the Chicago Fire was raging in 1871 she and other youngsters watched it from the lawn of the capital in East Des Moines. Although Chicago was 350 miles away to the east, the reflection of its fire could be seen from this distance when the cloud formations were right.

I had difficulty as a child in pronouncing "Grandmother" and my best approximation was "Pom Pom"; the name stuck for the rest of her life.

5. Football Slave at Notre Dame (1932-1933)

"What is the matter freshman? Can't you take it?" Coach Hunk Anderson, September 1952.

In the spring of 1932 Earl Walsh, my high school football coach, talked Notre Dame into giving me an athletic scholarship. At the same time, Father Joe Shaw, a professor at Dowling, had been working on me to enter the seminary. He had even prevailed on Bishop Drum to send me to Rome to study. That was attractive but for the wrong reasons. Four or more years in Rome with all the travel opportunities was hard to resist. During the summer of 1932, I listened with great interest to the Democratic Presidential Convention and the nomination of Franklin D. Roosevelt. I would have preferred Al Smith, but I was still strong for F.D.R.

That summer of 1932 saw the Iowa-Des Moines National Bank move from the northeast corner southeast corner of Sixth and Walnut in the heart of Des Moines. Thanks to my father's position as Trust Officer of the bank, I got one of the highly prized moving jobs at 25 cents per hour.

The move took almost all summer. On the last weekend, the bank was to close in the old building at noon on Saturday and then open Monday morning in the new. Newspaper speculation was tense because the banks cash would have to be moved and the infamous John Dillinger, one of the most dangerous bank robbers in America's history, was at large in the Middle West.

Sharpshooters were stationed at various windows of the office buildings at the corner of Sixth and Walnut. Shortly before noon and armored truck moved into a loading position at the rear of the old building being vacated, presumable to take on the precious cargo.

About fifteen minutes before noon, Harry Wilson, a good friend of my father and the banks cashier, called me into his office and announced, "Jim, we have decided that you will take the money across. You will move it in a wheel barrow covered by an old piece of canvas. Nobody will ever know."

The strategy worked like a charm. I pushed ten loads of cash across the street, $600,000 in all on a busy, sunny Saturday afternoon back in the days when farmers filled the streets of all county seat towns for Saturday shopping. On my last trip across Walnut Street an old farmer

walked up and said, “What have you got their, sonny? The money?”

I said “Yes” and laughed, but I was far from amused. My biggest fear was that Dillinger, a consummate professional, might hold me up without firing a shot, but the amateur sharpshooters in the surrounding buildings would open fire, miss Dillinger but mow me down.

By the time I left Des Moines in September of 1932, a banking crisis had added to the already serious economic disaster. My father advised my to transfer the $300 savings I needed at Notre Dame in the form of a draft by his bank on Chase Bank of New York, the nation’s largest. But Notre Dame University and Capitol South Bend Banks would not cash this draft, they knew that Chase had not failed, but they did not know about the Iowa-Des Moines National, the small drawer bank. It took me three days before somebody finally cashed it. The whole nation was waiting for election day. I was only 18 and could not vote. But like most students, I was fascinated by the campaign. Roosevelt beat Hoover in November by a huge margin 22.8 million to 15.4 million (472 electoral votes to 59). But under the constitution at the time, he did not take office until March 4 1933 (today it is January 20).

At Notre Dame in the fall of 1932, I was academically a sophomore, having completed a year at Dowling Junior College. But in football I was only a freshman.

Registration at Notre Dame was a problem because I got in the line marked College of Liberal Arts. Upon reaching the end of the line, I was told they did not have me on their incoming list. One of the many Student Assistant Football Managers overheard my conversation and said, “You are a football player. They probably have you listed in Physical Education. That will complete all classes in the morning and leave plenty of time for football practice.”

I had a tough time convincing the bureaucrats that I wanted a real education and no part of Phys Ed. Later I heard a joke about this major at Notre Dame. It seems that the final exam consisted of passing two tests. First, the students had to take a shower and tell whether the water was hot or cold. The second test was to enter the shower and pick up a slippery bar of soap within five minutes.

Football at Notre Dame in 1932 was a superbly organized business. We practiced seven

months out of nine. Spring practice began on March 1 inside. When the weather got better we went outside until June 1. Outside every player had to play a full practice game once a week. We played both offense and defense in those days. Two games, each involving twenty two players were going on at all times six days a week. There were thus two practice inter squad games every afternoon, sheer drudgery with no outside games on Saturdays to break up the monotony as we did in the fall.

One day I finished my game as tackle and was heading for the gym. An assistant coach stopped me and said, "We are short of tackles today. You will have to play a second game."

In spring practice, freshmen were added to the varsity, about 350 in total. One night I was playing on the fifth team, my all-time high at Notre Dame. I made some stupid mistakes. I cannot now remember how bad it was. The next night I was playing on the eleventh team. Thus I was not surprised to get a notice that my football scholarship would not be renewed for a second year.

[Insert Photograph]

We had about 200 on the freshman squad and about the same number on the varsity. We had two sessions per day, one inside for an hour at noon, devoted to learning plays and actual practice outside from two to five-thirty p.m.

The varsity began drills about the middle of August, and the freshmen started on the seventh of September. In those days there was a traditional Freshman-Varsity Game in the Rockne Stadium on the Saturday before the first varsity game. Thus we freshmen, after two weeks of conditioning, were called upon to play the varsity after two months of practice.

You can imagine the nervousness of the freshman squad waiting to hear their starting lineup to meet the first-string varsity of Notre Dame. I was stunned to hear my name to start at left guard—facing Kurth, an All-American tackle on the varsity line and Greenie, one of Notre Dame's toughest and meanest linemen, at guard.

On the first play, the varsity had the ball, and my job was to somehow move Kurth out of the way and tackle the ball-carrier. I hit Kurth with everything I had, but he was like a huge rock

rolling toward me. On the second play his elbow came up and smashed my nose. It started to bleed. As I looked around I noticed that every freshman lineman now had a bloody nose. Within three minutes, Cronin, a huge backfield freshman, was lying flat on his back. Hunk Anderson, the head coach, walked by and said, "What is the matter freshman? Can't you take it?"

Our original freshman team was only allowed to play five minutes before replacement. That was the pattern throughout the entire game, but the results were horrendous. We lost 103-0.

Two months later, when we had lost our fear of the varsity, we played another fall game. We lost again, but only 20-7.

Hunk Anderson ran into me on the campus one day and much to my surprise knew my name. He asked me if Earl Walsh had lost in his effort to get the coaching job in Des Moines at Drake University because he was a Catholic. I answered truthfully that I did not think so, but he was unconvinced. He growled, "I think he did. Just wait 'till I get Drake on the field." Notre Dame played an outclassed Drake team in South Bend the next Saturday. Football courtesy at that time would have called for holding the victory over Drake to 45-0, but he let the Irish run up a 95-0 score.

Hunk Anderson had been line coach under the great Knute Rockne. He would get the linemen far away from Rockne and say, "Don't let the old man know about these dirty tactics I am going to show you."

Hunk had no business as head coach, and he was relieved after two sad years. He then became line coach for the Chicago Bears professionals and as such did a good job.

Another highlight of the 1932 varsity season was the last game against Southern California at Los Angeles. Three weeks before the contest a special freshman team was formed to run Southern Cow plays against the varsity. I carried the name of Smith, an All-American tackle on my jersey. Despite our special team efforts, the varsity lost to USC, as they did to a majority of their opponents in 1932.

During my year at Notre Dame, I started to read The New York Times, which was available at the University Library. Its strong pro-Jewish positions often irritate me, but it is still the best

newspaper in the English language.

I was sadly disappointed in the professors I had at Notre Dame. Only one, Turley, a Latins scholar, was really satisfactory. By comparison with my teachers at Dowling Junior College, the Notre Dame lineup was most uninspiring. And of course, they were well below the quality of teaching I enjoyed later at Fordham.

Notre Dame did a great job in drawing Catholic celebrities to its campus. Al Smith, John McCormick, Father Coughlin, the Irish poets William Yates and Gilbert K. Chesterton all came during my year. Chesterton was the only one I met in person. He was a commencement speaker on a very hot June Sunday and was being entertained by Father John Cavanaugh, then President of Notre Dame. Bob Proctor, a prominent Notre Dame alumnus, was an outstanding lawyer and powerful Democratic politician in Elkhart Indiana, about 20 miles east of South Bend. His son, Tom Proctor, was a close friend and invited me for many delightful weekends at his home. On commencement day Tom's father picked us up and took us across campus to the residence of the Notre Dame President, quite a thrill for two lowly sophomores. As we walked in to Father John Cavanaugh's living room, we were pleasantly surprised to meet the great literary giant, Chesterton. He and his host had already finished a few Scotch highballs and Chesterton stood up to greet us like we were equally distinguished. I then had a short literary discussion with him. He was very tall and bent over to me to whisper "Young man, could you please tell me where I can find the pee-place around here?"

Notre Dame was my only experience in a boarding situation, and it does make friendships easier to develop. Several continued after my one year at South Bend. I have already mentioned Tom Proctor, who later practiced law in New York. Another future lawyer was Ed Stephan, who was editor of the Scholastic, the Notre Dame newspaper, and later became an outstanding practitioner in Chicago. I was a reporter on the Scholastic and much later Ed and I were both trustees of the Arthur Schmidt Foundation in Chicago.

Another good friend at Notre Dame, who was later a colleague at Creighton University in Omaha, Father Tom Halley, S.J. who came from Scott's Bluff, Nebraska. I last saw Father

Halley in 1997 when I was in Omaha visiting at Creighton. I kept missing him on campus and with only a few minutes left I discovered him hearing confessions in St. John's church on the Creighton campus.

I have never done this before, but I went up to the confessional with long lines of penitents on both sides. I stuck my head inside the confessor's box just to say hello and shake Halley's hand but he insisted on evacuating and carrying on a conversation in front of the confessional in full sight of the waiting lines. I could feel the eyes of these people, but it did not seem to bother Father Halley. I finally had to wrestle him back into his box.

Bob Dillon from Chicago was another friend dating back to the Notre Dame days. His family home was on Lake Michigan about 7900 South Shore Drive. One could walk out his back door onto the beautiful beach.

Bob and I were both reporters for the Notre Dame Scholastic and we had great plans for a joint future in journalism. William Allen white, editor of the Emporia, Kansas Gazette was the hero of all young journalists at that time. He only had a weekly newspaper but it was widely read and often quoted by the major big city newspapers.

Two years later at Fordham I decided to be an economist. It was 1935 and the Roosevelt New Deal was in full swing. But Dillon stayed with his goal of writing . He transferred to Loyola University of Chicago for his junior and senior year. After graduating with an English major in 1935, Bob started to write on a full-time basis, living at home and drawing living expenses from his folks. He did this for 3 years without results and finally went to work for U.S. Steel, where his father was an executive.

John Casey, 20 years my senior and a bachelor till the age of 50, was my mother's first cousin and a lawyer in Chicago. I did not meet John Casey until June of 1933, when I stopped off in Chicago to visit relatives of my mother. They were all most hospitable and John was particularly good to me. We were very close until his death at the ripe old age of 95.

Casey and Bob Dillon liked each other and we often went out of an evening during my first stay in Chicago, 1938-1940. On the night before Dillon's going to work for U.S. Steel, Casey and

I took him out to dinner to celebrate the end of his full-time literary career. He was feeling like an abject failure and dreading his entry into the cruel marts of trade. We tried to console him but Bob would not buy our efforts. He finally said, "But you guys have jobs, which you like." John answered, "Baloney! No man with intelligence and imagination really likes to work."

During that week in June of 1933, when I was the guest of my mother's Chicago relatives, John Casey took me to the Chicago World Fair. That was truly a great education for an Iowa lad starting to feel like an adult.

While visiting in Chicago I spent some time with Bill Bowe, the young soldier who came to our home in 1918. Bill and Gus (his older brother) were both prominent Chicago lawyers. They both had very luxurious, cooperative apartments at the corner of Lakeshore Drive and Oak Street on Chicago's lovely Gold Coast, about two miles north of the Loop. Their mother Ella Canavan Bowe, my grandfather Canavan's sister, also had a place in this complex. It was stinking hot and I had planned to cool off on the Oak Street Beach on Lake Michigan. I made the mistake of telling Aunt Ella, the only snobbish sister of John Canavan.

Regally, she informed me that, "We don't swim in Lake Michigan. You can swim tonight at the pool in Palos Park." Sure enough, we all drove through to their summer cottage in Palos Park, a western Chicago suburb. There we swam in hot soup with a mob of locals. What a let down!

Gus and Bill Bowe liked to tell stories about Grandfather Canavan, their Uncle John. He would accompany a railroad car full of his cattle to the Chicago Stockyards, sell them early in the morning, and be at the Bowe and Bowe Law Office in the Loop (127 North Dearborn) before his two nephews came to work. He was quite critical over their short working hours.

John Canavan, dressed in overalls in which he had slept overnight with his cattle, would invite the two lawyers for a drink in the fashionable bar in their office building. Once he ordered an Irish whiskey, the bartender, noting his clothing, " But Sir, that drink costs a whole dollar." Grandpa replied, "Good. That means there will be plenty of it left if I decide to drop by for another."

I have some idea of Canavan's appearance at that time. Some years later in 1938, my brother John made such a trip in a cattle car to Chicago from Omaha, where he was then a student at Creighton. He was sitting on the steps of my office building at Uptown De Paul when I arrived for my first class. My nasal and visual senses were both badly offended. I gave him my room key and told him to return after a shower and a change of clothes.

One course at Notre Dame "Bonhomie" described as human biology. The professor was describing the pains of childbirth. He said it was like "extruding a football."

Don Quinn of Lincoln, Nebraska, was another good friend. He nicknamed me "Butch" and it stuck as long as I stayed at Notre Dame. But fortunately it did not cling to me afterward. Mail at N.D. was distributed everyday at the entrance to the dormitory hall. For parcels the recipient got a slip which he could take to the campus post to claim his goods. The vast majority of such parcels were edible goodies prepared by doting mothers and shipped to a son at Notre Dame. The custom developed that when the recipient was not present at mail call a greedy fellow student would pose as the addressee, take the slip to get the goodies and then bring them to the true owner. Of course he was expected to reward the freight carrier with some of the cookies or other delicacies in the parcel.

One day Don Quinn got such a slip intended for me from my mother. He also brought two friends to share in the expected feast. I greeted all three of them warmly and suggested that Don open my package, which he did with great gusto. Imagine their consternation when the contents turned out to be old football shoes.

Football practice ended in late May of 1933. I then had time to play golf everyday. The University Golf Course was just across the street from Myers Hall, where I was housed. It was the only time in my life when my golf game was reasonably good. I played sporadically in later years. But could never justify the huge chunks of time required for golf. Handball, tennis, and swimming were less demanding in this regard.

John Donovan from New York, and I were very close. John's father passed away and he had to drop out of Notre Dame after two years. He got a job driving a bread truck in Queens (his

home was in Jamaica Estates) and entered Fordham Law School at night. The job was very strenuous, leaving him very little energy at the end of the day. John loved the theatre, which we often attended together, but almost invariably he fell asleep during the first act.

My only trip to the Bowery was made with John shortly after Repeal in New York in 1934, when bars still offered free lunches as an attraction for customers. John and I were standing at the bar when a poor fellow came up next to us. The bartender asked him what he wanted and he said, "Huh?" The bartender thundered, "We don't have any huh here. Now tell me what you want." Again the answer was, "Huh?"

With that the saloon keeper moved quickly from behind the bar and grabbed the unfortunate visitor, one hand on the spat of his pants and the other on the back of his neck. Never was the old heave ho technique more efficiently executed. As the two moved towards the wide swinging doors, they passed a huge table loaded with free ham and cheese sandwiches, and arm reached out and snatched a sandwich before the unwanted customer was tossed out onto the street.

I also got to know two cousins at Notre Dame. They were Varnum and John Parish, whose father, Varnum Senior, was my mother's first cousin. Their grandmother, Kate Canavan Parish, was the sister of my maternal grandfather, John Canavan. Aunt Kate and he farmer husband were still living close to John Canavan's home before he and Anne moved to Iowa about 1870.

The older Varnum Parish, a Notre Dame graduate, drove over to South Bend to bring me and his two sons home for the Thanksgiving weekend of 1932. Parish was a practicing lawyer in Kankakee, Illinois, about 100 miles south of Chicago. He had just been unexpectedly elected State's Attorney (the equivalent of county attorney) in a heavily Republican county, swept into office inexorably by the Roosevelt landslide of 1932. He still lived on a farm, a delightful home on a small island in the Kankakee River.

The public confidence in our banks grew worse. Many were forced to stop redemption of deposits. And by the time FDR became president on March 4, 1933, all the banks in the country were closed. The governors of New York and Illinois decreed that very day that all such institutions in their states suspend their operations. At the request of Roosevelt, Congress put all

banks under control of the secretary of the treasury. They were to be inspected and those adjudged sound allowed to reopen. Those deemed beyond rehabilitation were liquidated.

Pop's bank was one of the first to resume operations.

I addition, FDR pushed through Congress

1) banking and currency reforms (e.g. departure from Gold Standard),
2) federal credit to property owners and business firms in financial difficulties,
3) farm relief,
4) regulation and stimulation of business,
5) collective bargaining rights to labor unions,
6) unemployment insurance,
7) old age insurance,
8) make work programs,
9) the SEC agency to regulate the securities business

The economy began to turn around and unemployment fell from 24.9% in 1933 to 21.7% in 1934 and 20.1% in 1935.

Prohibition at a national level was repealed in 1933, while I was at Notre Dame, but the state of Indiana still had its own statute on the books. Repeal in Indiana, as in most states, was limited at first to beer. A South Bend hostelry, the Hotel Oliver, proudly announced the reopening of its bar effective May 15, 1933, at high noon. I was unable to make the noon ceremony but arrived about six p.m. Notre Dame students were having a great time but most of them had nothing but near beer for their celebration.

The Hotel Oliver could only buy a few cases of the real stuff. When they ran out they did not bother to tell the customers they were switching to near beer. But very few students new they had been victimized and many of them thought they were drunk.

But in Illinois, where beer came back on June 6, 1933, I was able to drink the real thing. I was visiting relatives in Chicago on my way home to Des Moines. On the big day I was staying with Maggie Canavan Casey, my 85 year old grand aunt, sister of my maternal grandfather, John

Canavan. Aunt Maggie had been widowed by a Chicago judge and had supported two children by selling pianos. She supplied both of us with plenty of my first legal beer.

Iowa had still not legalized beer by the time I reached home. The Iowa Senate was actually debating the bill that would lift the ban on beer and Pop took his wife and children to the Iowa Statehouse to watch the senator's adopt the historic legislation.

WCTU (Women Christian Temperance Union) firebrands were in the visitor's gallery trying in vain to stop the drive toward Repeal. They were shouting at one senator who was floor leader for that bill. He was good naturedly shouting back at them. While in the statehouse, Pop took us in to meet the new governor, Clyde Herring, who had been elected in the Roosevelt landslide of November, 1933, the first Democrat in the office since the Civil War. Clyde was a very successful automobile dealer when he was elected governor. He later served in the U.S. Senate.

When Iowa finally allowed the sale of beer it was real beer but limited to 3.2% alcoholic content. Hard liquor came back later in Iowa, but at first only in state liquor stores. Each customer was issued a small booklet in which all purchases had to be recorded. Still later, in 1963, liquor by the drink came back in bars throughout the state.

Life on Iowa farms, where a majority of the population still lived in 1933, was primitive. Most roads were unpaved. Indoor plumbing did not exist and even in the city only about 75% of the houses had been so modernized. Candles and kerosene lamps had not yielded completely to electricity. Down until 1920, our home in Des Moines still had gas lighting.

Most farm homes before the Roosevelt New Deal were still without electric power. The Rural Electric Administration (REA) was a stellar performer among the multiple agencies established to stimulate our depressed economy. It organized farm co-ops to bring power at subsidized rates to farm regions where privately owned electric utilities could not economically supply energy.

I remember listening in 1936 to radio coverage of the dedication of a new Rural Electrification Association in southwestern Iowa. The radio host was interviewing wives of farmers, who now had electricity in their home for the first time. The first lady said she was so

happy with her electric washing machine after years of back breaking hand work. A second wife was highly enthused over her electric refrigerator, which ended many worries over spoiled food. The third was thrilled about being able to see at night. "The first night I just sat in the living room and looked at Paw. It was the first time I had seen him after dark in 40 years."

6. Small Town Boy at Fordham (1934-1937)

"When you reach 80, you can sit down while lecturing" Dr. James J. Walsh (1936) (Author of "The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries")

Fordham has meant a great deal to me. I enjoyed two exciting undergraduate years there, culminating in a B.S. in Economics in 1936. The M.A. in the same field came in 1937 and a Ph.D. was awarded in 1940. I also started work on my law degree in 1941-1942., completing one full year in the day division.

On arrival in New York during February of 1934, I went to Brooklyn to live with Jose Ibanez, my high school buddy, who was then building a nondescript two room apartment in an old brownstone at 5 Hart Street. I tried to impress my family that the street had been named after me but nobody believed it, however, the rent was right - $5 per week, which Jose and I shared. We cooked most of our meals but at least every week we were invited to dinner with Jose's aunt, a lovely Puerto Rican mother of a large family.

This section of Brooklyn had become a Puerto Rican barrio. Jose was teaching me Spanish and we were both looking for work. Jobs were hard to find. I tool several unsatisfactory positions. One was collecting unpaid balances on subscriptions to St. Francis Magazine. The good Franciscan Fathers would sell this magazine from the pulpits of Catholic Churches in Brooklyn and elsewhere in New York. A year's subscription amounted to $1, but subscribers could start for as little as 25 cents down. My job was to collect the balance from people, mostly women, in their modest living quarters or sweatshop workplaces, who obviously needed these meager sums more than the Franciscans. Two weeks of this turned my stomach and I quit.

Finally, I got a real job as an office boy for Pictorial Review, a monthly women's

magazine published in 89th Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues in Manhattan. I landed it through one of the many dilapidated employment agencies along a then run-down Sixth Avenue, before it was converted into the elegant Avenue of Americas.

The agency sent four of us for interviews and I won because the other candidates were only high school graduates while I had two years of college behind me. My salary was $15 per week and my contract with the agency called for me to pay that amount $15 per week for three weeks. I held this job from April 1934 until June of 1935 and it was amazing how far $15 could take one in those days.

Rent took $2, subway fare was a nickel, so was a N.Y. Times. For 5 cents one could also buy a large beer with a free sandwich of two. Almost all bars in New York had free lunch for a while after Repeal but that lovely custom was to fade by 1935. Tuition at Fordham was about $100 per semester at that time. For 50 cents one could sit in the last row in most legitimate theatres. "Roberta" with the powerful song "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" was playing at the times, one of the most enjoyable stage shows of my life. The song is still a special thrill. I also went to the Metropolitan Opera once in a while, while Bruna Catagna, the Brazilian diva, was my favorite in "Aida."

Jose was still unemployed when he got word that his father was dying in Puerto Rice. He did not have enough to pay his passage by ship so he decided to stow away on the S.S. Borinquen, or its sister ship, one of which sailed every Thursday noon from a pier at the foot of Wall Street. We would board the ship about 10:00 am with other visitors saying goodbye to booked passengers. We selected a place for Jose to hide and I would walk off the ship. I would wait for the departure but just as the gangplanks went up, he would lose his nerve and come dashing onto the pier.

We repeated this for 3 weeks but it was always the same scenario. Jose had more guts that most of my friends but for some reason he could not stay hidden. Finally he got to know a Puerto Rican member of the crew, who promised to hide him for a day and then turn him over to the Captain. This procedure worked. When Jose went back

to San Juan I moved to the Bronx within a 10-minute walk to the lower Fordham campus. My landlady was an Irish immigrant tenant of a three story house. She sublet rooms to some 15 young men, mostly students at Fordham.

We are in the cheap restaurants and bars in the neighborhood. The best bargain was a small Chinese place on Fordham Road, where some 16 Chinese cooks and waiters lived on the second floor. Their piece de resistance was a steak supper for 25 cents with potatoes and a vegetable. Then there was a huge fish restaurant offering an edible fish dinner for 50 cents. Finally, there was an Italian place, quite simple but offering a plate of good spaghetti for 20 cents.

Breakfast was eaten at a very ordinary counter restaurant just north of Fordham Road on Webster Avenue, which is the western boundary of the University Campus. A huge, tough cook named Toney worked behind the counter to prepare a variety of egg dishes. We developed the custom of ordering: "Two eggs. One must be good." Toney was a real friendly fellow except when one of his eggs would turn out to be inedible. Then he would get awfully mad at the customer ordering in this fashion. He firmly believed that this remark had spoiled the egg.

To obtain the BS degree in the quickest period of time I took courses in Fordham College in the Bronx as well as Fordham Business School in the Woolworth Building in lower Manhattan. The two sites were separated by an hour ride on the subway.

Actually I socialized mostly with lads in the Business School, Class of 1936. My closest friend was Gerry Meagher, whose kindly and lovable parents were almost foster father and mother to me.

Michael and Agnes Meagher were born and married in Ireland before migrating to New York about 1910. Mike had a high school education in the old country and Agnes had become a nurse. In New York Mike got a good Federal Civil Service job as custom inspector in the Port of New York. Two sons were born, Gerry in 1912 and Joe in 1914. Gerry worked and went to Fordham Business at night downtown and Joe was uptown in Fordham College , a day-hopper.

Father Joe Shaw, my friend and teacher at Dowling, had known the Meaghers in Ireland and kept in touch with them in America. When I left for Fordham in 1934, Shaw wrote to the

Meaghers and very shortly I was invited to their home in Elmhurst (Queens) for a weekend. I fell in love with the entire family, and after dinner on Saturday night I went to the movies with their two sons.

Father Shaw was a fervent leader in the Temperance Society. The Meaghers simply assumed that I must be a teetotaler. As we were driving home from the movie I detected a certain tension in Gerry and Joe (their mother had warned them not to take that nice Iowa boy into a bar on the way home). When I suggested we stop for a drink, Gerry and Joe were ecstatic. This was the start of two of the closest friendships in my life.

Joe graduated in 1935 and then started to work in the legal department of Seagram's. He then enrolled in Fordham Law School finishing in 1939. Gerry finished in Business in 1936 and then went on for an MBA at New York University.

Joe and Gerry were great companions over my years at Fordham 1934-1938 and again in 1940-42. We had agreed on a project to have a beer at every bar on Broadway from the Battery to Westchester County. We never achieved our objective, but we probably drank the equivalent in our total drinking sessions over the years.

Most of Fordham's 6,000 students in my day were day-hops. Some of us were lucky enough to live within walking distance, but the majority commuted over long distances from various parts of New York City, from Westchester, from Long Island and even Connecticut and New Jersey. Today, the situation is reversed and the great majority of students are boarders.

My classmates at Fordham were abysmally ignorant of America beyond their little turf of Metropolitan New York. They could tell from my accent that I was not a New Yorker, and they were curious enough to ask where I came from. When I told them I got a response like, "Oh? Iowa, Did you ever know my uncle who lives in Idaho?"

Fordham, founded in 1843, is the oldest Jesuit University in the northeast. Located in the Bronx on 70 acres of exquisite landscape, it seems refreshingly isolated from the teeming metropolis of New York. Its beauty is enhanced by the immediately adjacent two public parks, the famous Bronx Zoo and the New York Botanical Gardens.

A favorite story in my undergraduate days concerns the old lady who was examining a male kangaroo in the zoo. She squeezed his private parts and the animal took off, leaping fence after fence. A middle aged caretaker approached her and asked her what she had done to the kangaroo. When she explained it to him, he said, "Well, you better do the same thing to me because it is my job to catch that animal."

Fordham was probably the best Catholic University in America before World War II. After 1945 the neighborhood went into decline, and the University suffered. Students and faculty grew fearful and security became a serious problem.

In my time at Fordham every undergraduate had to take 32 semester hours in Philosophy (about _ of the total curriculum) and 8 semester hours of Theology (about 1/8). Thus I had more hours in Philosophy than I did in Economics, my major. The Fordham Jesuits put their best men in Philosophy. I thoroughly enjoyed these classes. Friday night was beer night for students, and our conversations often focused on these two subjects. Beer was 5 cents a glass (about 12 ounces). Individual bar bills never went over a buck.

Originally I had intended to major in English at Fordham, but Professor Morris Deshell of the Economics Department changed my mind. He was a brilliant lecturer who made the Roosevelt New Deal the most interesting topic I had ever heard. He convinced me that a good economist would be able to solve all the problems of the Great Depression. His class ran from 9 to 11 every Saturday, but he never finished on time. By 11:30 he had us spell-bound and eager for more. On the average he wound up about noon.

In 1935-36 I was a senior at Fordham and had a good job working in the office of the Dean of the Fordham Graduate School in the Woolworth Building. Father Larry Walsh, S.J., was Dean, one of the finest men I ever knew. He was a huge fellow, with enormous hands, a star pitcher in his day at Fordham. My part-time job in his office was financed by the National Youth Administration (MYA), one of the New Deal agencies. Father Walsh was also largely responsible for my first teaching job at Manhattan College in 1934-38.

John Propst was Registrar of the Graduate School, and I often worked for him. We became

good friends for many years. John came from Hudson NY, and had graduated from Fordham College. His wife, Mary, also became a close pal of Marie after she came to New York in 1950.

Father Robert J. Gannon, S.J., became President of Fordham in 1936 and held the job for 13 years until 1949. He was undoubtedly the most brilliant University President in my experience and also the most effective after-dinner speaker I ever heard. Some of his speeches were published in a small volume "After Black Coffee."

Gannon became President at Fordham just before the 1936 football season, when the Rose Hill Club reached its all-time peak. He wanted no part of big time football, but there was little he could do to stop the mania which had gripped Fordham and New York as a whole. His predecessor, Father Aloysius J. Hogan, S.J., was a football nut and had little patience with those faculty members who did not like the game (a very small minority).

Hogan was a huge, powerful man and looked like a football player. He also considered himself an expert on both football and baseball. Jimmy Crowley, the head football coach, diplomatically listened at length every Monday to Father Hogan's private lecture on how to play next Saturday's game—and they paid no attention to the advice. Gannon by comparison was a small man who feared the overemphasis of football, and quite rightly so.

During the thirties New York City was the place to go to see college football. Columbia, New York and Fordham all had major teams, which played to huge crowds at the Polo Grounds and Yankee Stadium—the home ball parks of the Giants and Yankees, the big league baseball teams. The top sports writers in New York, like Grantland Rice, Damon Runyon, Scotty Reston and others, wrote syndicated accounts carried in newspapers throughout the nation. Professional football was still in its infancy and drew little attention.

Fordham's prowess in football began in the twenties when "Iron Major" Cavanaugh was head coach. He had built up a fabulous team and Fordham alumni were expecting similar results from the new head coach in 1933, "Sleepy Jim" Crowley. They were not disappointed.

Crowley was superb recruiter. His first players in September of 1933, came from the coal mine towns of Pennsylvania and factory towns of New England. Only five, including Vince

Lombardi (from Brooklyn) were from New York City. Most of the these players had played a few extra years of football after high school by enrolling in prep schools. As a result these young men were stronger, bigger, and more experienced than the average college freshman.

Crowley, known as "Sleepy Jim", one of the famous Four Horsemen at Notre Dame in the 1920's, had picked Frank Leahy, "Judge" Carberry and Earl Walsh. All Notre Dame stars, as his assistants.

Earl Walsh, who had been the blocking back for Gip and my high school coach, lived with Carberry not far from me in the Fordham Road section. Crowley and Leahy were married and had separate apartments. I visited Earl often. He and the others were always very kind to me. Crowley had received the "Sleepy" nickname from Knute Rockne while at Notre Dame. His entire physical appearance was one of excessive relaxation with barely open eyes. A Rockne said of him, "He looks like a tester in an alarm clock factory." But Crowley was not only a superb runner at left half back on the football field, but the wittiest athlete in my experience. Once Rockne jumped on him for missing a blocking assignment by saying, "Is there anything dumber than a dumb Irishman?" Crowley muttered, "Yes, Coach, a smart Swede."

Jim Crowley, Harry Stuhldreher, Don Miller, and Elmer Layden made up that magnificent backfield at Notre Dame, which the outstanding sports reporter Grantland Rice had named the "Four Horsemen" in 1924. Between 1922 and 1924 they had started 22 games and lost only once.

Once Don Miller visited football practice at Fordham and Sleepy Jim introduced him as follows, "This is the famous Don Miller from Notre Dame who used to run blocking half for me. He is going to take some of you down to the end of the field and give you some hot tips. I want you to listen carefully and then forget all about them."

Earl Walsh, who had arranged my football scholarship at Notre Dame, urged me several times to try out for the Fordham squad. I finally did agree to practice one afternoon during Spring practice of 1934. Crowley was most impressive. He had the players seated in bleachers section at the edge of the practice field. Then he would stand in front and give us his spiel.

First he complained about his tough schedule, "It sounds like the "Litany of the Saints." From Pittsburgh deliver us. Saint Mary's, God help us. NYU have mercy on us." Then he told about what terrible football talent he had to work with, "There is a tackle on this squad who isn't too bright. One day in the huddle our quarterback called out, '25 to the right.' The tackle asked the guard next to him, 'What do I do on that?" The guard answered, 'That is an end run. Knock the opposing guard toward the center of the line'. The tackle said, 'Thanks, now will you be good enough to remind me of that when we get to the line of scrimmage.'" Then Crowley would explain his simple football strategy to the players who were actually quite intelligent.

Earl and the other Fordham coaches often complained to me when I visited his apartment that the Jesuits were too demanding as to academic qualifications in the players the coaches were trying to recruit. They longed for the more tolerant attitude which prevailed at Notre Dame.

I had classes with Vince Lombardi and other Fordham stars, whose names I cannot now remember. I do recall that I was struck at that time that they were more serious students than those I had associated with at Notre Dame.

Frank Leahy was the line coach at Fordham at this time. He later became head coach at Boston College and still later at Notre Dame. Earl Walsh was scouting and backfield coach. Knute Rockne had a great respect for Earl's scouting abilities. In high school games were always on Fridays. On Saturdays he was very often away from Des Moines to scout some future opponent of Notre Dame.

Leahy impressed me most of all the coaches I ever saw at close range. He was a superb technician but also a real gentleman. The Jesuits at Fordham hold him in particularly high esteem because of the way he watched over the players on trips away from home. They said that Frank watched the whole squad line like a hawk to see that they behaved themselves and observed curfew.

Leahy handled me on that one afternoon I practiced with the Rams. He had me scrimmage against Lombardi, who was not yet in 1934 the star performer he would later become in 1935 and 1936. Vince did seem particularly tough to me, when I compared him with the way Herb

Greeney and Kurth had roughed me up in 1932 in the starting minutes of that memorable Varsity-Freshman game at Notre Dame.

But I was convinced that Fordham was just as good as the Fighting Irish and that I had no chance of doing better than the fourth team. I would be nothing more than cannon fodder, which was not enough to justify the risks. Earl thought that he could get me a total scholarship, board, room, and tuition, but I told him not to try. He did admit that the Fordham team was turning out to be much better than he had expected when the accepted his job under Crowley.

By this time I had enough experience with the miserable New York job to know that I would eventually find a slot where I could work my way through Fordham with far less danger to my physical welfare.

Much has been written about Fordham's Seven Blocks of Granite, a name first given to the line of 1929-1930, before my time. However, I saw the second and third historic lines called by this title. The third and most famous version was that of 1936, composed of:

John Druze – right end

Al Barbartsky – right tackle

Nat Pierce – right end

Al Wojciechiwitz – center

Vince Lombardi – left guard

Ed Franco – left tackle

Leo Pacquin – left end

Crowley said that these seven made us the greatest team he had even seen, even superior to the Seven Mules of Notre Dame which had played in front of Crowley and the other members of the Four Horsemen. He also said, "I feel at home with this squad because they are big and I cannot pronounce their names." They were not as big as one might think. Lombardi was 183. Wojciechiwitz, the "great unpronounceable" was the largest, 200 pounds and six feet. So everyone called him "Wogy." I was 180 when I made my debut at Fordham and had no inferiority as to sixes.

Ed Franco was the only one of these Fordham luminaries which whom I had contact after graduation. In 1955, when I was Dean of the School of Business as Seton Hall, Franco had a sporting goods store in Jersey City. He called on me to help a friend with admission to Seton Hall's Medical School. My intervention turned the trick and a grateful Franco sent me a beautiful mantle clock, which adorned our living room in South Orange. But it never worked very long at t time. After spending large sums to have it fixed, I threw it into the garbage can. I never had the nerve to tell Franco.

Lombardi was considered as possibly the least talented athletically of all seven but he was to become the most famous after leaving Fordham. He coached as Fordham and West Point as an assistant before taking the head coaching position at Green Bay, where he became a national celebrity.

One of the few games I saw in these days of glory at Fordham was on Thanksgiving Day in 1935. New York University had played a rather easy schedule, was unbeaten and expecting an invitation to the Rose Bowl, if they got by Fordham. But it was not to be. Fordham exploded to a 21-0 victory.

Earl Walsh gave me a box ticket to the game and I had the added pleasure of sharing the box with Al Bisignano, my Dowling team mate, now one of the 10 top show-time wrestlers in the U.S. under the name of "Babe Carnera." Tickets for students were 50 cents (two hours work). Other fans sat in the bleachers for $1.10, paid $2.75 for reserved sears, and $3.30 for box seats.

My landlord near Fordham at this time was Leonard McCarthy. He wife was named Viola. I sublet a room with a common bathroom for $3 per week. There were two other tenants. Leonard had been a top rug and carpet salesman but that business had gone to hell in the Great Depression. Leonard, a nice guy, had turned to drink, which converted him into a monster. He would beat his wife and then threaten to cut his own throat, which his spouse took seriously. Once he knocked on the door of my room and invited me in to watch him cut his throat. I was sure he was bluffing and told him to go ahead and end his miserable life. This was too much for Leonard and he never invited me again to watch his suicide.

Once Viola got a call from the Webster Avenue police station on the edge of the Fordham campus saying that they were holding Leonard for drunkenness. She asked me to go get him. The policeman on duty was delighted to release him saying, “We are awfully glad to get rid of that ass-hole.”

One another occasion when Leonard, about 110 pounds soaking wet and in terrible condition, was beating Viola, she called to me for help. Leonard was furious and staggered toward me. I had no trouble putting him down but he got his hand inside my mouth and scratched the tissue. I was afraid my father, due to visit me the next day, would discover my injury but he was not even suspicious.

My father had brought my brothers, John and Joe, while he was attending some bankers meeting. They stayed with me while Pop had a hotel room near the meeting. He had never been up in the Bronx before, although he knew Manhattan quite well. He was surprised to see a sigh on Fordham Road for the Fordham Methodist Church and said, “I thought Fordham was a Catholic school.” I finally assured him that Fordham was a section of the Bronx, not the name of a Saint.

All four of us when to see the world heavyweight boxing championship fight out on Long Island between Primo Carnera, then champion, and Max Baer. I never saw such a stadium. We had seats so far from the ring that some spectators were using radios. Carnera was so slow that Slapsy Maxey could hit him at will. The entire audience could see Baer’s punches starting at the floor and would duck but Carnera just waited to absorb the punch. A unanimous decision gave the match to Baer, the new champion.

On the subway back to Pop’s hotel, we lost John, who had previously shown a disposition to wander off by himself. Pop and I had warned him about getting lost but he was a cocky kid who was not afraid of the huge metropolis. We went back to the hotel and waited for John, 17 years old at the time, a tough kid about 230 pounds of solid muscle. I was 20, taller but only 180 pounds, not longer able to handle him. John swaggered into the hotel like he had just walked around the block in Des Moines. We razzed him but he denied repeatedly that he had been lost.

Finally about an house later he said without thinking, “You know that taxi-cabs are expensive in this city.”

Leonard McCarty fell behind in his rent and was afraid he would evicted. It was the summer of 1934, and he had an escape strategy. His father in Philadelphia had a summer home on the beach at Wildwood, New Jersey, which Leonard’s family could occupy. He hired a truck and I helped him move. He picked Saturday when the courts were closed and everything went smoothly. I got a wonderful swim in the Atlantic before hitch-hiking back to the Bronx. We had left my bed, dresser, and desk in my room, when I lived for about three weeks, rent free, before looking for another room.

One of the my most enjoyable evenings during my student days at Fordham came during Christmas vacation of 1934. John Bynan, an old friend of my father, a convinced Democrat, and a leading insurance broker in Des Moines, and his wife were staying at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York as they did every Christmas. They invited me down for dinner and I found Mrs. Bynan sitting in the luxurious lobby. She said that John had gone to the barber shop and asked me to go there to find him. I knew John better than that and went directly to the Hotel Bar where he greeted me with great aplomb. During dinner John called “Oscar of the Waldorf” the famous chef, over to our table. Needless to say I was deeply impressed.

Later in May of 1935 Bynan did me another great favor. I was going home by way of Washington and wanted to hear the Supreme Court decisions expected on the last session of their term. At this time, before the present Supreme Court building, this distinguished body had only a small courtroom in the Capitol. John arranged a ticket for me in the first row, while important spectators, expecting historic decisions, were standing outside the courtroom.

Chief Justice Charles Evan Hughes, stole the show and several New Deal statutes were declared unconstitutional. The National Recovery Agency (NRA) a very crucial weapon of Roosevelt for fighting the Great Depression, was the most significant casualty of the day.

Pictorial Review published a women’s magazine, which specialized in sewing patterns, a very popular feature during the Great Depression. While I worked there, the magazine was

purchased by Hearst Publications on 59th Street but this made no difference. They were bastards to work for at all times, both before and after the acquisition by Hearst. They would lay workers off Friday evening with no severance pay. Everyone was kept in constant fear about losing his or her job.

My boss was a real bitch, "Miss Rudolf," a terror to some 30 workers under her. She reported directly to the president, a male monster every bit as mean as Miss Rudolf. One morning I was called in to his office and told, "Hart, our porters along with all building workers are on strike. So you will pick up the mail at the post office."

While walking earlier between the Times Square Station of the subway and the office I had seen the goon squads beating up workers who had refused to strike. I said to him, "Do you know what kind of violence is taking place out there in the streets?" His answer was, "You have nothing to worry about because you will be carrying the United States mail."

My reply was, "You and I both know that I will be carrying U.S. mail but those street toughs don't give a damn one way or the other." He made it clear that if I wanted to keep my lousy job, I should quit worrying about a cracked head. I had read enough Western novels to plan defensively. I got a piece of iron pipe which I had in my main sack. The 38th Street Post Office was on the same block and thus I did not have cross any streets. Also I should keep my back to the front walls of the office building on my way to and back from the Post Office.

I made that trip twice a day for three days with great trepidation but without incident. When the porters, all Irish born and good friends, returned to work they told me that they had watched me from across the street in a bar. They had told the goons to leave me alone but they had not bothered to tell me.

I did not go home during 1934, but in the summer of 1935, I was eligible for 2 weeks vacation with pay. I decided to look for summer work at Lake Okoboji and if I found work I would quit Pictorial Review. As luck would have it I found a job and had to write a letter to Miss Rudolf. My first thought was to write a scathing letter but I decided that was not smart. I would write a sweet letter, thanking Miss Rudolf and the president for all that they had done for

me and saying how much I was going to miss working for Pictorial Review. They would get the sarcasm which would irritate them even more than a blistering letter.

Or so I thought. Imagine my surprise when a latter comes from Miss Rudolf thanking me for my "lovely message," she had shown it to the president and they had decided to send me another 2 weeks pay, thirty whole dollars.

One summer night after work at Pictorial Review on 39th Street in Manhattan, I decided to walk home to 195th Street in the Bronx. It was most exhilarating, requiring 3 hours 50 minutes. I never did it again.

In the summer of 1936, I tried to work two jobs simultaneously at Lake Okoboji. From 7:00 pm to 1:00 am was ticket-taker and bouncer at the Casino Ball Room. After a few hours sleep I carried a milk route for Wallace Dairy behind the Inn. Wallace claimed his dairy was run on "a city basis" but his refrigeration was primitive and he had to face many complaints about spoiled milk. He would ask to see the damaged milk, smell it and then drink it with great gusto. It was amazing how many customers fell for his act. I never used this chicanery, much to his annoyance.

I finally had to quite not only because of lack of sleep but also because of a problem related to sleep. I drove a 1920 Chrysler truck to deliver milk to probably 100 cottages on Lake Okoboji. The truck's gear shift had reverse and a forward clutches completely opposite to other vehicles. As my loss of sleep accumulated with every passing day I found myself more and more pushing the forward clutch instead of the reverse and winding up in a ditch. It did not look like a healthy future.

By November of 1936, I was 22 and old enough to vote but I had to register at my polling place near Fordham. Without a high school diploma, one had to take a literacy test. The young bureaucrat with some scorn refused to recognize my B.S. from Fordham. He insisted that I take literacy test, which was designed to put almost everyone on the voting rolls. It told a story about Mary with 5 apples, who gave 3 to John. The questions were of this degree of difficulty:

1) How many apples did Mary have?

2) How many apples did Mary give to John?

After registering me the official laughed and said that he too had a Fordham B.S.

FDR wound up his 1936 campaign against Landon at a huge rally in Madison Square Garden. It was Saturday night before the Tuesday election and I was part of the excited crowd cheering for an inspired Roosevelt. Four days later the president was reelected 27 to 16 million popular votes (523 total electoral).

During his first term FDR could watch U.S. unemployment fall from 24.9% in 1933, to 14.7% in 1937. His economic prestige was never higher. But in 1938, joblessness jumped to 19% and people began to talk about "the Roosevelt Recession."

Dick Hill was Executive Secretary of the American Institute of Banking (AIB), a nation-wide organization from the middle and lower level officers of commercial banks with headquarters in New York. The American Bankers Association (ABA) embraced top level officers. Pop had been very active in the AIB and had been elected to its Executive Council in the 1920's. Hill, a great storyteller, was close friend of my father and had come to our home for dinner several times. He entertained us all in a memorable fashion.

Thus in my senior year at Fordham I was delighted to read that the AIB was offering non-interest loans to college students and that Dick Hill was the man to see. He was most helpful and I borrowed $600, which was all the debt I had by the time I got my B.S. from Fordham in 1936. I paid it off easily once I started teaching at Manhattan. When I hear about current graduates saddled with staggering debts, I realize how fortunate I was.

[Insert Photograph]

James J. McGinley, S.J., a young scholastic Jesuit, still unordained, was a fellow student at this time. We became close friends. One night we visited the Catholic Worker, that famous institution just starting at the time in lower Manhattan. Dorothy Day, social worker and scholar in matters pertaining to workers, had founded the Catholic Worker, which published an interesting newspaper and served as a boardinghouse for down out victims of the Great Depression.

In 1936-1937, I was awarded an assistantship in Economics in the Graduate School. In the capacity I was assigned to Professor Freidrich Baerwald, Ll.D., who had lost his job as Labor Judge in Berlin under Hitler. His grandfather had moved to Berlin from Frankfurt to found a Jewish Gymnasium (roughly the equivalent of our high school and junior college combined). There is a Baerwald Strasse in the southern part of Berlin to commemorate him. Despite being driven out of this native land, "Fritz," as all the students called him, as still a proud German, who loved to boast about Germany's military might.

I would take my portable typewriter to his apartment in Greenwich Village and he would dictate his lectures and articles to me as I banged them out on the machines. Needless to say I also cleaned up his English and made him look much better than he really was.

Another Economics professor at the time was Al Clayton, a British odd-ball who would come to class in a tuxedo or sweatclothes or overalls or whatever caught his fancy. Clayton would run out of money from time to time and would sell books given to him free by publishers. He would come into class and place two books on his door. Then came the sales pitch on the quality and pertinence of the volumes. He would let them of for $5 or sometimes less. There was always some graduate student who felt insecure enough to buy the books.

McGinley and I both received our M.A.s in economics on June 16, 1937, a gorgeous summer day at an outdoor ceremony on the quadrangle in front of Keating Hall, the showplace of the Bronx campus. Patrick Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York, presided at the ceremony. McGinley's father (a budget official for the City of New York) and his lovely mother were in attendance. Afterwards Jim's mother said to me, "Since you don't have a mother present, I am going to give you a nice motherly kiss."

Father Moorhouse Francis Xavier Miller, S.J., was Chairman of the Political Philosophy and Social Sciences in the Fordham Graduate School. He had convinced his colleagues that a graduate student working in Economics or Political Science or Sociology or Political Philosophy should take course in all other branches of his department. It was a stupid idea and as a result my Ph.D. in Economics was not as broad and intensive as it should have been. Miller himself was a

brilliant political philosopher and I enjoyed his courses.

He was also a football nut. He and Father Joe Cahill, Regent of Fordham Law School, attended together every home game until Cahill's heart gave out during the thirds quarter of a particularly exciting game. He was pronounced dead on arrival at the hospital. Father Miller complained to me on the following Monday that his buddy had not waited until the game was over before dying. "After all, I could not help Joe Cahill except to pray for him. But I was afraid people would be scandalized if I did not accompany his body to the hospital/ I would have preferred to stay and watch the fourth quarter."

Father Miller had been born to a rich Protestant family in Wyoming. When his father died his mother moved to Europe to educate Moorhouse and his siblings. She felt that Europe offered better educational opportunities than America. Miller was converted to Catholicism and took two new names, Francis and Xavier. He still had his mother's prejudice and hired many refugees from Hitler's Empire, often when they were not sufficiently trained in English. Of course these unfortunates were also willing to work for less money than American teachers.

James Walsh, M.D., now 80 and retired from the liquidated Fordham School of Medicine, was a guest lecturer in 1936. He spoke brilliantly in his famous book, "The 13th, The Greatest of Centuries." At the outset he states, "I am going to sit down to give this talk. You will too when you reach 80."

In the Summer of 1937 at Okoboji, I could have worked in a dance hall but this would stifle my courting the lovely Marie Kelleher. Accordingly, I got a job as a grocery clerk in Tom Olsen's Okoboji Store at $15 per week. With my month-old M.A. in Economics from Fordham, I felt decidedly over-qualified when I was given the daily starting task of sacking pecks of potatoes in the basement. But Tom was a nice boss and he gave me a raise to $18 per week without even asking.

Tom's store also had boats and motors to rent, bait to sell, and the Post Office for Okoboji, Iowa. One day the postal inspector visited the 15 by 15 foot corner of the store which performed the postal functions. Tom was irritated by the criticisms of the inspector and picked up two cigar

boxes with stamps, forms, and coins. He than roared, "Take your damned post office. I hereby resign as postmaster." The manner of the official changed quickly because he now had to persuade an angry Olson to keep the job.

One day I was looking out the big front window of the store, when I saw a car from New York City drive into a parking position, probably the only such car all summer. The driver was about 50 and a complete shock for Tom Olson. She kept asking for bargains, a brand new experience at the Okoboji store. I walked up to the boss and asked him to let me handle her.

Now there were no prices posted on the groceries. We clerks (about 5) had to memorize them. I told our New York customer that we were going to her about 10% reductions on everything she bought. She beamed and went on a shopping binge. I simply quoted her a price 10% over the actual figure and then gave her a much appreciated reduction of the same amount. Tome could not get over it.

[Insert Photograph]

While Moving back and forth between Des Moines and New York in my student days at Fordham, I always booked passages with Greyhound Bus. The trip took about 48 hours, during which one learned a great deal about his fellow passengers. The first bit of information was usually the reason for riding on the bus. There were some amusing explanations outside the rare traveler who admitted that he or she could not afford the train. There were always two or three sailors under transfer from one coast to the other. Invariably on the trip westward there was young lady on the way to make it big in Hollywood. In the other direction there was likely to be one interested in the New York stage.

Some passengers were able to relax just like they were at home. One old lady changed to her night gown during the dark in Ohio and was still sleeping soundly when our bus pulled into the terminal in broad daylight in Chicago. She insisted that the driver take her to the garage where she could dress in privacy and he did. The customer was always right in those days.

Marty Moynihan, one of my best friends to this day, was the first member of the Fordham class of 1936 to get married. He had a good job with New York Bell and had courted Mary

McCaffrey for several years. In October of 1937, they tied the knot and celebrated with a huge party in the Grand Concourse Hotel, then the finest in the Bronx.

I was invited to serve as best man and for the only time in my life wore full dress with tails and a top hat. Mary and Marty were both born of Irish immigrants. Her father, sergeant Jim McCaffrey, was a story book New York policeman, who had lost his wife and raised six lovely daughters. Mary, the oldest, had served as substitute mother. Over my years at Fordham I was often in their Bronx apartment, where Sgt. McCaffrey entertained me with his police stories. "You know, Jim, we don't follow all the rules up in Harlem. We have 20 unreported deaths every night."

At the wedding dinner for some 400 guests McCaffrey provided more than adequate alcoholic supplies. He own personal table in the corner, where I sat, had the choice booze. As the sergeant explained it to me he had been given such bottles over the years by merchants, whose petty legal violations had been ignored by McCaffrey.

I also served as master of ceremonies where a professional orchestra played beautifully but dozens of the bridal guests considered themselves talented singer, musicians, and other types of entertainers. Vaudeville had died in the theatre but not at this wedding party. Marty told me to only present those would-be artists whom he approved. By the end of the evening the rejected talent, which increased more rapidly as the drinks flowed, had become a small army. The more aggressive rejectees did not accept my polite brush off but followed me around, saying, "Am I next?" This following became so great that I walked out before the party came to an end with the full approval of the bride and groom.

7. On Manhattan College Faculty

"Nobody can insult my friend Cardinal Hayes." (Unknown Bronx Bartender, June 1938)

On June 18, 1937, I received my M.A. in Economics at Fordham and then took a bus to

Chicago, where Pop was attending a bankers convention. My brother Larry, then 16 years old, was with him, and all three of us went to the Joe Louis—Jim Braddock heavyweight championship at Commiskey Park, home of the Chicago White Sox. The crowd was heavily black and Pop said, "If Joe Louis loses this fight by a decision, there will be a riot. I want the two of you to crawl under your seats and stay there until I give you the O.K."

This advice was unnecessary. Jim Braddock knocked Joe down in the first round, but that was all Braddock could do. By the ninth round Braddock was so tired out that I could have knocked him out. When Louis was declared the new World's Champion, the black audience went wild. What a happy crowd!

Years later in the sixties, I sat next to Jim Braddock on a flight from Chicago (where he had refereed a wrestling program) to Boston, his hometown. He turned out to be a delightful conversationalist, the brightest big-time boxer that I ever met.

I worked that summer at Lake Okoboji as a grocery clerk at the Okoboji Store, nestled in northwestern Iowa, just south of the boundary with Minnesota. A of August I did not have a firm job. Monsignor Boylan, President of Dowling, had promised me at least a part-time position in case nothing else showed up on the horizon.

Then in late August I received a letter from Father Larry Walsh, S.J., Dean of the Fordham Graduate School. It seemed that Manhattan College in the Bronx suddenly had a half-time vacancy for 1937-38 for a man in Economics to teach Principles and Public Finance. He told me to send a photo at once to the President of Manhattan, Brother Patrick.

I had no separate picture of myself, only two snapshots with my brothers John and Joe in bathing suits. In those days it would take a week for a new picture. So I sent the three bathing beauties with myself circled.

I got the job and 10 days later I walked into the office of Manhattan's President, Brother Patrick. He was obviously worried about my youth, a mere 22, and more significantly, about my lack of previous teaching experience.

Nevertheless, our conversation was civil and cautious until Brother said, "Did you know that

Bishop Austin Dowling, one of our most distinguished alumni, was sent out from Providence to Des Moines as the first Bishop of Des Moines and later became Archbishop of St. Paul?" I quickly responded, "My name is James Austin, after Austin Dowling, a close friend of my family."

Brother was obviously delighted. He put his arm around me and walked into his outer office. There on the wall were three huge portraits of Archbishop Dowling, Cardinal Hayes of New York and Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago. I was able to say truthfully, "Bishop Dowling came to our house just before going to St. Paul as Archbishop when I was five. He game my folks a copy of that picture, which still hangs on our living room wall at home." His doubts seemed to dissolve but as we shall see, they were fully justified.

The ironic aspect of this conversation is that for my entire life I did not like the name Austin, a little effeminate to my ears. I had been slightly irritated by the fact that Pop had not given me his full name of James Francis. And to make matters more irritating he gave Francis to my brother, John Francis Hart. I phoned my father and thanked him profoundly for his brilliant foresight.

I had been hired at Manhattan to handle a half-time (9 semester) schedule, two sections of Economic Principles and one in Public Finance. While I had never taught before, I had at least studied these areas. It was enough for an instructor just embarking on a college teaching career.

But the day before first classes I was called in and offered 4 courses: American Political Parties, American Constitutional History and two sections of American History. This lad would double my teaching schedule and also double my salary from $900 to $1,800 for the academic year. Brother Jerome, who was supposed to teach these subjects, had been hospitalized with sciatica.

Aside from American History, I had never even studied these subjects, but I was so anxious to earn $1,800 for 9 months that I accepted. It was a horrible nightmare. I had 5 different preparations and 21 hours per week in the classroom. If you asked me on Friday what I had said on Monday, I could not tell you.

My only easy class was one section of American History, which was limited to Manhattan football players. Once they knew I had played at Notre Dame, they treated my as a professional colleague. They did pull one trick on me that was clever. The class met in a biology classroom, which had skeletons in glass compartments built into the walls. When I took the podium and looked at the students, I noticed the first row was filled with well-dressed skeletons.

I laughed as hard as my students and then said "You can laugh all you want but those dummies will probably get more out of my lecture than you will." My gag got a good laugh and I never had any more trouble with this group.

My other classes kept up their irritating conduct. They were 90% New York Irish (the worst kind) and they knew I had never taught before. They also knew I had a B.S. and an M.A. from Fordham, a hated Bronx rival. I went through repeated hazings before I got the situation under control.

Dean James Fitzgerald, a layman, was Dean of the Business School and a big help to me. He was a nut on student cheating and had windows inserted in all classroom doors. Thus he could roam the hall during exams and crash through the door when he spotted a culprit. Fitz was also a nut on the security of examinations. Faculty members had to personally mimeograph their exams, then personally run off the copies on a perpetually messy mimeograph machine, then take the ink-covered master sheet home and destroy it.

Several times Dean Fitzgerald saw me in trouble with my classes, rushed through the door and read the riot act to my torturers.

Al Donovan, a graduate of Fordham Law School, was Registrar at Manhattan College. Al was also an amateur chef, who gave superb dinner parties. We became very good friends.

Another good friend was Don Carty, a robust Boston Irishman, who taught public speaking and drama. Don had a group of Texas high school speech teachers as friends who were studying for M.A.s in Speech at Columbia. The Texans held parties about every three weeks. The current Texas Superintendent of Schools was trying to eliminate the Texas accent and was offering bonuses to teachers of speech who lost this speech impediment. My Texas friends at Columbia

roomed with Yankees to help get rid of their native speech but every three weeks they got together for a party. Within five minutes they were all speaking Texan again. Within 10 minutes Don Carty and I were also talking this highly infectious dialect.

One night the Texans held their party at the famous Savoy Ball Room in Harlem. In those innocent days I could take a date to the Savoy by subway, dance all evening and go home by subway without fear of incident. But the night with the Texans was different. Unknown to me they had told the manager that we had a reservation under the name of "James Hart." The manager thought they had said "James Harris," who was a black high school teacher in Brooklyn and a Ph.D. candidate in Economics at Fordham and my friend.

Jim Harris and his party arrived about an hour later and were irritated to find the Texans had pulled a fast one. The Texans were incensed and the outlook was not good. Fortunately Jim Harris saw me and graciously withdrew his claim to our table.

Don Carty was a powerful man and was known as being strong enough to tear up a New York Telephone Book with his bare hands. His colleagues were often demanding that he prove this macho talent. He always refused but one day he decided to show off once and for all. Almost effortlessly, he tore up three phone books in a row. The applause was enormous but then he was obviously ashamed of himself. Quite sheepishly he removed the torn books from a waste basket, put them in his brief case and took them home.

The Manhattan lay faculty was predominantly unmarried, good fellows all and devoted to mass drinking on every payday at a friendly bar just off the campus. This place under New York low could serve until 4:00 AM. Then, if we were still thirsty we could go to the Bronx Market down near the Polo Grounds, where the alleged brother-in-law of Mayor LaGuardia had an all-night license.

On commencement Day in June, Cardinal Hayes of New York was our speaker and the faculty had repaired to our favorite bar. Some unfortunate would-be intellectual of Wasp—background had pushed up to the bar, lined with Manhattan faculty members. The dissenter was enjoying his vigorous argument with the festive Manhattan profs when he went one step too far.

He rashly questioned the intelligence of Cardinal Hayes, the school's most illustrious graduate.

Suddenly, an unknown bartender came out in front of the bar, grabbed this indiscrete fellow and tossed him out the front door. As he walked back to his duty station behind the bar, I heard him say, "Nobody can insult my friend, Cardinal Hayes."

By far my most colorful colleague at Manhattan was Pat Clinton, a mathematician. Pat was an orphan, whom the Christian Brothers had raised in their Brooklyn orphanage. He had some delightful parlor tricks demonstrating his mathematical genius. One involved giving you a long line of numbers, which you would write on a sheet of paper. Then he would recite the numbers backward. The secret was that his list of numbers was based on the numbered subway stations from Brooklyn to 242nd Street, the last stop in the Bronx at Manhattan College.

Pat truly loved to drink and to fight. He had been thrown out of so many bars in New York that there were very few places that would even let him come through the front door. In 1937-38, my year at Manhattan, Pat would start drinking Thursday night and go through Tuesday. Thus he was sober Wednesday and Thursday. By 1938-39 he was drunk every day of the week.

The good Christian Brothers liked Pat but they finally fired him for good in June of 1939. However, Pat was lucky, finding a contract with Roberts College in Istanbul, Turkey. He was to start on September 15, 1939. World War II broke out on September 2, on which date Pat's ship reached Lisbon, Portugal. Due to the war, Pat was stranded there. He could neither go forward to Istanbul or come back to New York, but Robert's College sent him his paycheck every month for the academic year. Finally, in June of 1940, Robert's closed for the duration of the War. I never saw Pat again and often wondered what happened to him.

One of my best friends at Manhattan was Joe Monaghan, Professor of Classics, who had studied to be a Jesuit for five years. Joe, a Canadian, was a great outdoor handball player, from whom I learned the game. We played even in snowstorms in Van Cortland Park near Manhattan. I would remain a handball addict (inside) until I reached 60 at De Paul in 1974.

Chet Malinowski, a Fordham Pharmacy senior, was my roommate on Fordham Road in 1937-38. We shared a chest of drawers, on the top of which Chet had spread out some 200

pharmaceuticals to help him memorize their names. I quickly learned not to complain about any bodily ailments. If I did, my roommate would quickly grab one of his specimens and insist that I take it.

Chet came from a Polish immigrant region in Massachusetts, where the principal crop was sugar cane. He was a great hustler, not only putting himself through Fordham but helping a continuous stream of relatives find jobs and settle in New York City. After graduation he became a top drug salesman for a major manufacturer.

One night a group of Manhattan faculty members were celebrating payday, which we did twice a month. At 1:00AM we paid our bar bill and went our separate directions. One of our gang (I cannot remember his name but he taught Political Science) did not show for class the next morning. He had emptied his pockets to pay his share and did not save a nickel for the subway. A six mile walk had exhausted him.

After earning the M.A. in Economics at Fordham in 1937, I considered going to Columbia for my Ph.D.. A visit to Columbia made me forget such a notion. They haughtily said they could not evaluate my Fordham M.A. until after I completed a semester of course work at Columbia. And then the maximum acceptable toward a Columbia Ph.D. would be 50%. Columbia also had a requirement that doctoral dissertations be printed, costing about $1,500. I figured it would take $3,000 more and two years longer to take the Ph.D. at Columbia. At this time I was making $1,800 for a full year on the Manhattan faculty.

I have never felt that I lost out on a job because I did not have the Columbia Ph.D. My friend, Jim McGinley, did take his doctorate at Columbia but the Jesuits paid all his expenses and it took him five years. Nothing described by him made me regret my decision.

Nick Westoff, a Viennese Nazi, taught debating at Manhattan. We played tennis frequently at Fordham's Tennis Club and I enjoyed arguing with him, particularly after Hitler marched into Austria in 1938. He constantly badgered me to serve as a debate judge and I finally gave in for a Manhattan—Holy Cross contest. It so happened that one of the Holy Cross debaters had once lived next door to me in Des Moines. We had a pleasant reunion. I knew Nick would be furious

but the Holy Cross debaters were much better and I voted for them. Nick reacted as expected. He seemed to feel that since I was a Manhattan faculty member my obligation was to vote for their team.

The Christian Brothers were pleasant colleagues but at that time they had a silly rule. Every Brother, regardless of his field, had to teach a section of Religion for his own spiritual welfare. Some of them hated this compulsion, which has since been eliminated.

8. Romance on the shores of Lake Okoboji (1936-39)

"I could eat ice cream every night in the week," Marie Kelleher Hart

Marie was born Margaret Marie Kelleher on June 29, 1916, in Fort Dodge, Iowa, but she preferred to be known as Marie Kelleher. She was the third child of Denis Martin Kelleher (1872-1964) and Mary Stella Donohoe (1887-1979). Mary lived to 91 and Denis to the ripe old age of 92. This was not one of my reasons for marrying their daughter. Marie graduated from Corpus Christie High School, her parish school, in 1933. Her first two years of education were spent at St. Clara's Academy conducted by the Sinsinawi Dominicans just across the Mississippi River from Dubuque in Wisconsin.

Marie had a sister, Elizabeth, two years older and three brothers. Edward was four years her senior while John was two years younger and Leo four.

Marie spent three years in Washington (1917-1920) where her attorney father served in a succession of high offices, attorney for the War Trade Board, Solicitor of Internal Revenue and Special Assistant to the Attorney General.

Marie studied at Rosary College (now Dominican University) 1933-1937 and graduated with a B.S. in Dietetics. She interned at Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago. Then she was a dietitian at Columbus Hospital in Chicago and Good Samaritan Hospital I Cincinnati before her marriage on December 27, 1939.

Our romance flourished on the enchanting shores of Lake Okoboji, which in 1922 was described by National Geographic as one of the three most beautiful "blue water lakes in the

world" along with Lake Geneva, Switzerland, and Lake Louise in Canada. Marie and I have been blessed with parents who fully appreciated the charms of Iowa's stellar lake and saw to it that their children spent many summers at this fabulous resort.

Okoboji lies just south of the Iowa-Minnesota line, about five miles long from north to south and three miles in maximum width. Unlike most lakes, Okoboji is extremely deep, some 150 feet at its maximum depth. As a result it does not turn into soup during the long hot days of August.

Most veterans of Okoboji will tell you that an outstanding, if not the top location is Dixon's Beach, about a mile long on the north shore of the lake. It enjoys a prevailing southern breeze, which sweeps across the largest and deepest segment of the lake. It also has a magnificent sandy beach.

Denis Kelleher, Marie's distinguished lawyer father and his partner, Richard Mitchell, in Fort Dodge, represented a client in a valuable will contest in 1925. The victory was short of cash, but he offered to pay his legal fee with a large rambling cottage on a spectacular bluff on Dixon Beach. During the summer of 1926, the partners shared the summer season in the cottage. By 1927, Kelleher had bought out the interest of Mitchell and thereafter his family had the entire summer to themselves. For obvious reasons the Kellehers called their summer home "Acorn Terrace."

Nobody could accuse Marie Kelleher and me of rushing into marriage. We had known each other for 13 years by the time we married in 1939. Nine of those years were non-romantic when she was just the little sister of my best friend, Edward Kelleher (1912-1990).

Ed, then 14, was standing outside the Kelleher home on Dixon Beach one summer morning in 1926 tossing a football by himself. My family was renting the Fitch Cottage, just two doors east of the Kellehers. I was 12 at the time and without saying a word walked up to Ed and he passed me the ball. This passing session lasted about a half hour, which was the start of a life-long friendship. We often visited at our respective homes in Fort Dodge and Des Moines. I became aware that Ed had two younger sisters, Elizabeth and Marie. He also had two younger

brothers, John and Leo, who became close pals with my little brothers. Both families spent about three months every summer at Okoboji and we had great times together.

In the fall of 1930 Ed was playing end for Corpus Christi High School of Fort Dodge and his team came down to play Dowling where I was playing tackle. Ed was tough but some 40 pounds lighter that I at 180. When Corpus Christi was on offense Ed's job was to take me out as a defensive tackle. I must admit that I took too much pleasure of bashing my friend, but he never complained. We won 24-0 but the friendship was not affected.

In the summer of 1936, Ed was a senior engineering student at Marquette and taking a summer school course in Milwaukee. I was working as a ticket-taker and bouncer at the Casino Ballroom at Okoboji during a summer vacation from Fordham University.

One evening I walked over to the Kelleher Cottage to see Ed, not knowing that he was in Milwaukee. Imagine my surprise to find a charming, beautiful Marie Kelleher, now 20 and a senior at Rosary College (today Dominican University) in Chicago. We started dating but there was a serious problem because I had to work every night at the Casino. Marie's brother John came to our rescue. He would take Marie to the Casino and I was able to dance with her about four times over the course of the evening. And I would take her home, which would always include the incredible hamburgers at Red's Place in Arnold's Par???, where almost everybody congregated after the dance. My fellow employees at the Casino and musicians in the band could not understand why Marie's escort was so dumb as to let me steal his girl night after night.

Marie scared me to death one night at the Casino. Frankie Frost, a fast-talking young-man about town from Fort Dodge was buying beer at the bar for Marie, her brother John and several other Fort Dodgers. From my work station I could see how many beers Frankie was buying for his guests. Marie was well over her normal limit, but was not showing any signs of intoxication. Finally one of the members of the band came out of the gate and said, "We are all laughing at the girl at the bar (quite close to the bandstand), who keeps pouring her beer into the potted palm plants around the bar."

When I speak of being a bouncer as well as ticket-taker, I should add that I very seldom had

to show my muscles. I was in good shape, but I used psychological measures on the big Iowa farmers who drank too much and got out of line. Usually I could get them to calm down by saying that I was working my way through college and if they made me look bad I would lose my job. And jobs were still hard to get in the summer of 1936, when the Roosevelt New Deal was only three years old and times were only slightly improved.

Most celebrating farmers bought this line and assured me that "I will not cause you to lose your job." When I met a pig, who would not calm down, I signaled the boys in the band and two or three pugilistic types quickly came to my assistance.

Marie visited at our home in Des Moines during Christmas vacation in 1937. One night we decided to become engaged and we were old-fashioned enough to ask for the approval of both sets of parents. My mother and father were pushovers. They had known Marie for years and were very fond of her. Pop even called his old river-rat canoe pal, Muck Lombard, a wholesome jeweler, to get a good buy on an engagement ring. Muck was most cooperative and the ring looked ravishing on Marie's hand. He also sold me a wedding ring two years later.

We planned to drive to Fort Dodge (ninety miles north of Des Moines) and seek the approval of Marie's parents. John Kelleher drove us over very slippery ice. We ran into real trouble in Webster City, about 20 miles east of Fort Dodge. Our car bounced like a billiard ball from one curb to the other.

By the time we reached her home, Marie was no longer wearing her engagement ring. After dinner, when I planned to pop the question, I was slightly frustrated by Denis stretching out on the living room sofa with a brief to read and Mary taking a book into the library. I did not want to give my speech twice. So I asked Mary to come into the living room. Her eyes indicated that she knew what was about to come, but she did move into the same room with Denis.

I came to the point quickly. I emphasized that I was now teaching and well equipped to support a wife. (Fortunately, neither asked my how much I had saved). Denis smiled and said, "When Mary and I married, it was agreed that she would decide questions of this kind." Mary did not keep me waiting very long, saying "Well, we practically raised you and cannot very well

object. If Marie can stand you so can I."

Denis began to laugh and said, "I will go further than that. I will say that I would like to have you as a son-in-law."

Through all of this Marie was desperately trying to eavesdrop from the top of the stairs. She now appeared wearing her engagement ring and all was well.

After her year's dietetic internship at Michael Reese Hospital, 1938, Marie was offered a six-week job at Columbus Hospital in Chicago to relieve a dietitian who had not been able to take a vacation in many years. Columbus was located in Lincoln Park, east of Uptown De Paul. Saint Francis Xavier Cabrini, the famous Italian nun, had founded Columbus and had died there not too many years before Marie was on the staff. Mother Cabrini had been naturalized and was thus the first U.S. citizen to have been sanctified by the Vatican.

All of the nuns at Columbus were Italian immigrants. One very young sister came to open the locked main door when I brought Marie home from a night on the town. She would open the door, grab Marie and pull her inside before I could kiss her good night. One night she did this so fast that I wound up kissing the nun. As far as I know, she did not leaver her order.

Then Marie was retained by Good Samaritan Hospital in Cincinnati to manage a coffee shop. I made several week-end trips by train to visit her, taking about eight hours on the Big Four. Once Marie had the use of a friend's car and we drove across the Ohio River into Kentucky, a very interesting excursion into the Old South, my first.

Later on my way to New York after visiting Marie, I rode the train across the Ohio River into Kentucky. For the first time I saw the conductor walk through the train and turn over block signs in each car to "White" or "Colored." It was a real shock.

In August of 1939, I stopped in Cincinnati to visit Marie on my way back from New York to Chicago. I had injured my leg on the Fordham tennis courts and the doctor had wrapped the injured limb with an elastic bandage about 25 feet long. Marie's mother was also visiting her at the time and I had an appointment to meet both of them in the lobby of the Hotel Sherry Neatherland. As I approached the two ladies in a crowded lobby, my bandage started to unravel.

Unknown to me it was dragging behind me like a bridal train but Marie did not have any better offers at the time. She and her mother did not panic.

Our wedding day followed in Fort Dodge, Iowa, on December 27, 1939, in Corpus Christi Church. Monsignor Davern the pastor was celebrant, John Hart, then a seminarian, was best man, and Elizabeth Kelleher Staff was matron of honor. Kay Gallagher , a Rosary pal of Marie played a lovely violin. John Staff movingly sang "Ave Maria" and "Panos Angelicos." After I said "I do" John Hart whispered "Sucker!" A delightful wedding breakfast was held at Wraywood, a restaurant just outside Fort Dodge. Then Denis Kelleher drove us eastward to Iowa Falls, where we caught the Rock Island "Rocker" to the Twin Cities.

At the rehearsal, John Hart, then a seminarian, could not resist getting into a wise cracking session with our celebrant, Monsignor Davern, who playfully quizzed him on theological matters. John gave him a series of wrong answers. Davern in mock desperation asked where John went to school. The replay was, "A Lutheran College in southern Iowa." John also panicked Davern by telling him an absolute falsehood that the Bishop of Des Moines would attend the wedding. The Monsignor offered to delegate but John assured him that Bergan just wanted to attend the ceremony. Father Joe Shaw, my close friend from Dowling did drive up but not the Bishop of Des Moines.

We spent our honeymoon in Minneapolis, probably America's least popular honeymoon site. I have still to meet any other couple with a similar experience. We had a great time until New Year's Eve, which fell on a Sunday. Minnesota had a law banning all alcoholic sales on Sunday and the state's attorney general announced that this draconian law would be strictly enforced, even on New Year's Eve.

This was too much for us and we took the train to Milwaukee (which lives under more civilized laws) on the morning of December 31st. That night we hosted our first party as a married couple in our hotel room. Marie's sister Elizabeth and husband John Staff, and Marie's brother Ed Kelleher all lived in Milwaukee. They came on very short notice to make the event a delightful memory.

Two days later we were back in Chicago.

9. MARY STELLA DONOHOE (1887-1979)

"If Marie can stand you, I can" December 20, 1937

Mary Stella Donohoe, Marie's mother, was born in 1887 in Havelock, Iowa, in Pocahontas County, in the northwestern part of the state. She was the oldest of four children of Edward Donohoe (1856-1908) and Catherine Elizabeth ("Libby") O'Brien (1857-1942). He was a cabinet maker and a successful Democratic politician, being postmaster twice during the two separate administrations of President Cleveland. He also published the Havelock Item, sold farm machinery and managed farms for absentee owners.

Edward Donohoe was born on a farm near Geneseo, Illinois. Edward's parents were Peter Donohoe (1827-1902) born in County Fermanagh, Ireland, and Margaret Hagerty (1828-1902), who came from County Donegal. They had come out from Ireland about 1850.

Libby Donohoe was Marie Hart's maternal grandmother, who lived with the Kelleher family in her later years. She was still the effective teacher with her grandchildren and is believed to be responsible for Marie's precise knowledge of English as well as her crossword puzzle skills. Edward and Libby had 4 children, the oldest being Marie's mother.

Edward died when Mary was only 15, and Gram Donohoe had to go back to teaching to support the family. At our wedding she asked me, "Is it all right for an old lady to kiss you?" I did not resist.

When Libby married Edward in 1866, The Sun, of Laurens (Iowa), reported on the wedding: "The Sun can say nothing that is not well of this worthy couple... The groom is one of Havelock's solid and substantial businessmen, who has a host of friends and is a man of sterling qualities and unimpeached integrity. The bride is well and favorably known in this part of the country as an excellent teacher in our public schools and a most estimable lady, worthy of any home."

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While living in Washington during World War I, Mary carefully researched her family tree to support her application for membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution. She discovered that one of her ancestors had been in America since 1650. Here is the abbreviated story over 9 generations:

FIRST GENERATION

William Tyrrell was Marie's great-great-great-great-great great-great-great grandfather. William is believed to have been born in Thorne, County Yorkshire, England. He is mentioned as being in Boston about 1650 according to a little booklet published in 1851, "Genealogy of the Tirrell Family" by Benjamin Tirrell (note name spelling). That was only 30 years after the arrival of the Pilgrims in 1620. William married Rebecca Simpkins in 1654 and they had 4 children, all recorded in the Boston birth registry:

Rebecca (December 12, 1655)
William (March 16, 1657)
Mary (April 6, 1661)
Gideon (June 16, 1664)

SECOND GENERATION

William Tyrell (1657-1727) was born in Boston and married Abigail Pratt. They lived in Weymouth, then a day's ride southeast and now a suburb of Boston. William and Abigail had six children, the second of whom was Samuel. The sixth child was named Thankful, presumably a daughter.

THIRD GENERATION

Samuel Tyrrell 1st (1686-?), born in Weymouth, married Mary Nash (1700-?) in 1717.

FOURTH GENERATION

Samuel Tyrrell 2nd (1718-?), born in Weymouth, married Sarah Gurnsey (1720-?) in 1739.

FIFTH GENERATION

Samuel Tyrrell 3rd (1748-1800), born in Weymouth, married Mary A. McInnes (1749-1836), born at sea outside of Boston at the end of a long voyage from Ireland. The McInnes family settled in Bedford, New Hampshire, and this was the site of the wedding, after which the young couple lived in Hancock, New Hampshire.

Sam Tyrrell served as a soldier in the Battle of Lexington (1775) in the American Revolution.

SIXTH GENERATION

Samuel Tyrrell 4th (1779-1849), born in Hancock, NH, married Anna Cram (1791-1876), whose family can be traced back to 12th century Germany. The name there was Von Cram, used only by barons, the lowest level of nobility under German law. Sam and Anna migrated westward and settled in Ward's Grove in northwestern Illinois.

SEVENTH GENERATION

Jane Tyrrell (1826-1874) married John O'Brien (1810-1875) and they made their home near White Oak Springs in southwestern Wisconsin.

EIGHTH GENERATION

Their daughter, Catherine Elizabeth "Libby" O'Brien (1857 1942) moved westward to Havelock, in Pocahontas County, Iowa, where she taught school. In 1866 Libby married Edward Donohoe (1856 - 1908). Their four children included Mary Donohoe.

----------INSERT TWO PHOTOS----------

------INSERT ARTICLE----------

NINTH GENERATION

Mary Donohoe married Denis Kelleher on April 17, 1912, in Sacred Heart Church in Pocahontas. They had five children:

Edward Denis (1912-1990)
Elizabeth Mary (Staff) (1914-1990)
Margaret Marie (Hart) (1916-)
John Donohoe (1918-l977)
Leo Charles (1920-)

Mary led a truly fascinating life, which was reported in a very fine article in the Fort Dodge Messenger of June 18, 1966. It is so good that it is reproduced in it’s entirety below.

Mary Kelleher died in January of 1979 at the age of 91 in the middle of one of the worst blizzards in history, stretching from Chicago to all of Iowa. Marie’s plane to Fort Dodge was

repeatedly canceled. She and the children in Chicago never made it to the funeral. Maureen then living in Nashville and I on business in New York reached Fort Dodge via St. Louis and Des Moines. We ran into each other unexpectedly at the St. Louis airport.

10. DENIS MARTIN KELLEHER (1872-1964)

" I would like to have you as a son in law." D. M. Kelleher, December 28, 1937

Marie's father, Denis Martin Kelleher, (1872-1964), was born on a farm, now part of Iowa City. He studied law at Iowa University and had practiced in Des Moines and Pomeroy before opening his office in Fort Dodge in 1902. Denis had been invited to join the famous Healy Brothers law firm, which became Healy Brothers & Kelleher. He rapidly became one of Iowa's greatest lawyers, who never seemed to forget any aspect of the law he ever read. I, as a practitioner, was deeply in his debt. In Omaha from 1947 to 1955, in New York from 1955 to 1958 and in Chicago from 1958 to 1964 (when Denis died). I often phoned for help. He was an incredible source of legal wisdom.

----------Insert Photo---------

Dennis Martin Kelleher

1872 - 1964

Fort Dodge was in the strongly Republican 27th Congressional District. But in 1912 it looked like it might vote Democratic because at the presidential level the Republicans were badly split. President Howard Taft, the Republican incumbent, was campaigning for reelection and former Republican President Teddy Roosevelt was running as a Bull Moose candidate. This was a close race and Denis thought the Congressional level split might enable him as the Democratic candidate to sneak into office. D.M. lost the congressional race but the victorious Democrats in Washington did not forget Him. He had the additional advantage of being former law partner of Democratic U.S. Senator William Kenyon of Iowa.

His first appointment by President t Wilson was as Counsel of the War Trade Board in 1917. In this capacity he helped write treaties with allied nations. The second position was more significant in his future legal career. Wilson in 1919 appointed Kelleher to the post of Solicitor of Internal Revenue. As such, he argued cases involving the Internal Revenue Service before the Supreme Court of the United States. He also wrote the rules for administering the income tax. Attached is the official oath of office and the letter of transmittal dated February 27, 1919.

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When the Republicans took over the White House on March 20, 1921, they thought so highly of Denis that he was named Special Assistant to the Attorney General for Tax Cases. He and Mary left Washington to return to Fort Dodge. He was now recognized nationally as an expert on the income tax (he turned down an offer to join a major New York law firm). As a Fort Dodge practitioner he was often retained all over the country by the US Government and by taxpayers in important cases.

Denis defended Ralph "Bottles" Capone, the brother of Al Capone. Later when Al was indicted in 1932 for income tax violations, he was retained for the defense.

Capone's regular Chicago lawyers, although politically well wired, could not find a law book on a clear day. Denis worked out a defense based on the statute of limitations but the Chicago colleagues said they had the Federal Judge in the case fixed and persuaded Capone to dismiss Kelleher after two weeks work. At least he was well paid; $500 per day was astronomic in the pit of the Great Depression. The judge in question was known as the most corrupt on the Federal bench but he was called by President Hoover, who put a stronger fix on him. Hoover warned him to put Al Capone in jail because The World's Fair was opening in Chicago and the President wanted Al off the streets.

The judge was more afraid of President Hoover than Al Capone. The mobster's lawyers did not plead the statute of limitations, relying on their presumably fixed judge. As everyone knows, Al Capone went to prison. Legal scholars agree that the statute of limitations would have worked to the extent that his sentence would have been less severe.

Denis practiced law with great distinction in Fort Dodge until six months before his death at the age of 92. The best description of his legal career appeared in the Fort Dodge Messenger on March 1, 1952, reproduced in its entirety below.

----------INSERT ARTICLE----------

The Kelleher family can be traced back to Ireland, where Patrick Kelleher (1780-1848), Marie's great-grandfather died in the potato famine. So did his wife Catherine "Cate" Callaghan (1785-1848). They farmed in Ballyclough in County Cork and raised eight children.

John Morris Kelleher (1815-?), Marie's grandfather, was the oldest child of Patrick and Cate. He was baptized by Father O'Callaghan on November 16, 1815. John's seven siblings were also baptized in Ballyclough.

John studied to be a Trappist Monk for several years but left the seminary when he fell in love with Elizabeth Ludgate (1835-1912), who lived 4 miles away in Glanton.

Elizabeth's father was David Ludgate, a horse breeder, who also perished in the Potato Famine. Her mother was a Berry but we don't know her first name. The Ludgates took a very hostile view toward Eliza marrying a Catholic (not a particularly uncommon attitude among Protestant families at the time). But Eliza had a brother, William, who had migrated to Boston and worked there as a hotel clerk. He helped the frustrated John and Eliza elope in 1855 and sail to "the next parish west" as the Irish liked to call Boston. They took John's twin sisters with them on the voyage; both girls joined the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur in Boston.

The couple was married by a Catholic priest after arrival in Boston and made their home on Rainsford Island in Boston harbor. Elizabeth finally became a Catholic eleven years after the marriage. John worked as a blacksmith, both as a civilian and as a soldier in the Civil War. Most of their ten children were born in Boston.

About 1870 John's brother Denis, already farming near Iowa City, Iowa, persuaded the family to migrate westward. John and Elizabeth settled on a nearby farm where Marie's father was born.

----------INSERT ARTICLES----------

2. High School Years (1927-1931)

"Your mind deserves something better than pulp Western novels."
Father Bob Walsh, 1928.

My high school years, 1927-1931, were a very pleasant part of my educational career. They gave me a superb secondary education and a confidence in myself.

Des Moines Catholic Academy (DMCA), a boys high school, was founded in 1918 by Bishop Austin Dowling. He had become the first bishop of Des Moines Diocese when it was established by Rome in 1912. Iowa as a whole was originally the Diocese of Dubuque (now an Archdiocese). Then an east-west line through the center of the state created a Diocese of Davenport out of southern Iowa, leaving the northern half under Dubuque. Finally, a north-south boundary through central Iowa brought a Diocese of Des Moines in southwest Iowa and a Diocese of Sioux City in the northwest.

DMCA changed its name to Dowling High in 1935 to honor its founder. Fortunately for me and my six brothers the school was located on an eight-acre campus just five blocks west of our home.

At its start in 1918 Dowling had ninety students and it remained males-only until 1972 when it was merged with St. Joseph Academy, a splendid girls high school dating back to 1887.

Dowling in my time had about 200 students. By 1997 it boasted 1,155, and was the largest private high school in Iowa. The first graduating class in 1919 had fifteen students and my class of 1931 was only thirty-one. In 2000-2001 Dowling won the Iowa state championship both in football and baseball.

When I was a student Dowling had the good fortune to have Monsignor John J. Boylan as president. He knew how to get superb performances out of both faculty and students. Born in Providence, Boylan came to Des Moines with Bishop Austin Dowling of the same city.

John Boylan had studied in Rome and eventually was made Bishop of Rockford, Illinois. I knew him very well because he was a frequent guest in our home and was a drinking buddy of my father. As a teacher he was one of the best. I took French from him in high school and he hired me to correct his exams.

Dowling High was also fortunate to have about ten young priests, who responded well to Boylan's leadership. Although most of them came from the Des Moines Diocese, we had Father Joe Shaw from Ireland, Father Lester Lyons from Chicago and Father Bob Walsh from Philadelphia, all excellent. Among Iowa-born stars were Father Leo Ford, Father Peter Beeson, Father Tony Aldera, Father Tom McCann and Father Fitzpatrick. We also had an excellent lay scientist, Mr. Westermeier. Coach Earl Walsh not only coached football, basketball and baseball, but also was a fine teacher of political science and economics.

I had four years of Latin and two years of Greek, which I really enjoyed. Remember, Dowling was a diocesan Catholic high school and the religious faculty members were constantly looking for vocations. They almost caught me, but I escaped the net. Latin was required for the first two years, much to the irritation of the majority of the students. Many of them wrote in their

textbooks "Latin is a dead language, as dead as it can be. It killed a million Romans and now it is killing me."

Later, when I was a student at Fordham University in New York, some of my classmates had gone to Fordham Prep, Francis Xavier, and Regis, New York's top Jesuit high schools. I discovered that my four years at Dowling compared favorably with these excellent schools. Of course, the public high schools of Des Moines were not up to our level.

I was very active on the Acquin, our school newspaper. During my senior year I served as editor, a most rewarding experience.

In athletics I made the football, basketball, boxing and tennis teams, but could not make it in baseball. Football was my strongest sport and I made the All-State Catholic Team at tackle in my senior year. Public high schools in Des Moines would not play our Catholic school in my time. Thus we had to play public and Catholic schools all over Iowa in order to arrange a full schedule.

In my senior year I was elected president of the class. Also I was valedictorian at our graduation. The Knights of Columbus in 1929 offered a year's tuition for the best essay on "Religious Toleration in the Thirteen American Colonies." My paper won the scholarship.



In football, I tried out in my sophomore year, but did not make the first team. I made the trip to Fort Dodge to play Sacred Heart, which beat us. Several of my relatives watched the game and Mom and Pop drove up for the event. Unfortunately, Earl Walsh, our coach, could not afford to use me in a close game. I took a razzing from my mother's brothers.

Junior year was better, but in pre-season I was still a second-string tackle until Al Bisignano, a very effective first-stringer, dropped out of school to help support his family. Al later became a heavyweight professional boxer, taking the name Babe Carnera, after the native Italian Primo Carnera, a lumbering giant who for a short time was heavyweight champion of the world. Babe was only a second-rate boxer but he switched to wrestling and had enough dramatic talent to become one of the top ten actors of the nation in this form of entertainment. He opened a very popular restaurant downtown, named "Babe's." He also gave generously to Dowling and other Catholic causes.

In my junior year, 1929, we won most of our games, including an exciting game at Eldora State Training School for Boys, the Iowa reform school. The poor kids were marched onto the field in prison formation. They had no bleachers, but were seated on the ground near the sideline. When our backfield man ran outside into their space, they pounced on him and started to beat him. The rest of us quickly added a new play, "rescuing the endangered backfielder."

In my senior year Eldora came to play us in Des Moines and one of our former teammates, jailed for repeated night robberies of the Dowling Book Store, was their second team quarterback. He was ashamed to make the trip, but not ashamed to give all our plays to his

current teammates. We quickly discovered this and started calling them from a huddle. We came out on top. The legend was that Eldora was not as good in their road games because they were afraid their fast backs would escape and thus did not take them on such trips.

We won over half our games in both 1929 and 1930, but we lost our last game of the 1930 season on a bitter cold Thanksgiving Day in ten inches of snow against Loras, a Catholic school in Dubuque, Iowa. That was by far the most miserable game of my career.

Notre Dame was playing Army at Soldier Field in Chicago two days later. Earl Walsh had offered to buy tickets for us if we wanted to go. Jim McCarthy, an end, and Bob Daley, center, my closest friends on the team, and I made the trip and saw Notre Dame win in the last minutes in a continuously hard rain. Most of the spectators had left by that time, but not the three excited lads from Des Moines.

Two high school football games stand out in my memory. One was at home against Altoona High, when I received my only scar. An Altoona backfield man put his cleat through my face just below my lower lip. I found out seventy years later that this lad later had become a very efficient sheriff.

The second game was away from home against a hot Jefferson High team. Jim McCarthy, Bob Daley, and I all played badly and we lost 18-0. Earl Walsh, our couch, suspected erroneously that we were drunk and had our car searched. Nothing was found but he was mad at us for a week. We did not blame him.

Basketball was less glorious. In my junior year we lost every game but one to Corpus Christi in Fort Dodge. Coach Walsh came into our locker room afterward with a big smile and said, "Well, we cannot lose them all."

My main reason for going out for basketball was romantic. We had played a Catholic high school in Cedar Rapids in football and I met a young lady after the game. This led to correspondence and when I saw that our basketball team was scheduled to play in Cedar Rapids (100 miles east of Des Moines and the third largest city in Iowa with a population of 100,000), I went out for that sport.

At the outset I was third-string, but accidents, sickness and expulsions from Dowling promoted me to starting guard by early January. Jim McCarthy was the other guard and Bob Daley was center. All three of us were big but not very good. Coach Walsh favored football players when possible to develop their muscles in the off-season. We were quite "physical" as sportscasters today like to say. We were also very slow but we had two small fast forwards, who were real basketball players, "Toto" Renda and Ray Burke.

The rules in those days, such as a center jump after each basket, kept scores low. We lost to our Cedar Rapids opponent 12-7.

In my senior year the team was the same and we were good enough to be Catholic Champions for the Des Moines Diocese. We were practicing to go to the Iowa Catholic Tournament in Dubuque, where we would play against the champs from the other three dioceses of our state, Dubuque, Davenport and Sioux City. But at the last minute St. Francis of Council Bluff (whom we had beaten) sneaked to Dubuque and claimed to represent the Des Moines Diocese. Earl Walsh was too much of a gentleman to contest this robbery.

Boxing was not my strong point, but I made the heavy weight position on the Dowling team in 1931, the only year we had a team in my time. Our one match was against St. Mary's at Emmetsburg, Iowa. We had beaten them in football in 1930 on their field, but with their officials we had to make three touchdowns to get one accepted. Two would be called back because we were offside.



We had also beaten them in Des Moines in 1929 at our homecoming. For the first time we played in the Drake University Stadium, really big time. The St. Mary's line executed a surprise play on their first possession of the ball. All seven of them stood up and slugged the startled Dowling linemen on the jaw. We spent the rest of the game getting even with them.

Accordingly, we knew what to expect from their boxing judges. Unless a Dowling boxer knocked out his opponent, the St. Mary's man won on points. By the time I climbed into the ring for the final bout our opponents had already won 10-4. But the announcer said that the judges were reversing three St. Mary's decisions to make it all even, tied up 7 to 7. "So the match will be decided by this last heavyweight fight between Jack Jackson of St. Mary's and Jim Hart of Dowling." They were confident that Jackson (who had fought several professional fights and was 19 to my 16) would clobber me.

Jackson did not disappoint the home crowd. He hit me with everything except the ring posts for three rounds. He did not knock me down but I took the only beating in my boxing career. I was so groggy that Pop had to lead me from the ring to the shower where he let me soak for thirty minutes. Very gradually I snapped out of it. Mom also watched this slaughter.

While Earl Walsh supervised our boxing team in 1931, he had the help of Tony Cordaro, a colorful sports writer for the Des Moines Register, who was our trainer. Tony, a 220-pound, rotund, Dowling fan, took us to a professional boxing gymnasium downtown where some good boxers coached us and sparred with us. He was tough as nails and made the trip to Emmetsburg with our boxing team. Tony got into an argument with two local judges over their unjustified decisions. He took them outside and gave them a good beating but his two victories were not counted as part of the match.

Another unofficial fight won by our side at Emmetsburg was that of Mike Sherman, a powerful railroad man and father of "Rip" Sherman II, who beat his St. Mary's opponent by a knock-out. Mike was seen badly bashing two Emmetsburg fans. "Rip" was the nickname given the first of five Sherman boys at Dowling because he ripped his pants on the first day of school. He and his younger brothers were all called "Rip."

In 1932 while a student in Dowling Junior College I entered the Iowa Golden Gloves Tournament. The first round started at noon and my fight, the last, began at 1:00 a.m. Mom and Pop sat up to the bitter end. I lost on points (with no damage) to the Knoxville, Iowa, policeman who eventually won in the heavyweight division.

When I fought in the Iowa Golden Gloves in 1932, Tony Cordaro was my trainer. He got a little thirsty waiting for my fight. Several times he woke me from a sound sleep to tell me to relax.

Anthony "Toto" Renda, later County Attorney of Polk County, was captain and star halfback in 1930 at Dowling. He also starred in basketball that year. Joseph "Jojo" Renda, his brother and a guard on the same football team, was killed in World War II in army action in Italy. Their immigrant parents were most hospitable to teammates of their sons. An Italian dinner with homemade "Dago Red" was quite a thrill for lads coming from Irish families.

My leisure reading habits at the start at Dowling were rather primitive. One day as I was trying to hide a western novel, which I was reading during study hour, Father Walsh was proctoring us and discovered my activity. He said quite moderately, "You can make better use of your brain than that. Come up to my room about 7:30 tonight and I will give you a list of decent books.

True to his word, Father had a long list of classics, leading off with Sir Walter Scott's Ivanhoe. To my surprise I thoroughly enjoyed it as well as most of the others recommended. Only one of some fifty titles bored me, Vanity Fair by Thackeray. I simply could not tolerate this much praised novel even though I tried several times in later years to finish it.

Father Walsh proved a superb tutor as I was to discover when we met every week, usually on Friday evenings. Our conversations were mostly devoted to the books he had suggested but we also delved into Latin (which he taught), history, religion, sports and politics.

State law had required drivers to be fifteen but no license was needed. About this time Iowa issued its first driver licenses. As one of the original applicants, I clipped a simple form from the Des Moines Register and filled in my name, address, and date of birth. I also enclosed the requisite fee of twenty-five cents. No examination of any kind was needed and driver schools did not exist. I had actually been taught by my mother (who wanted somebody to help with errands) and I had driven without a license for two years.

During my junior year, Fathers Shaw and Walsh took me by train to Iowa City to watch Red Grange lead Illinois in a victory over Iowa. Grange, an all-American halfback with his famous number seventy-seven, was the top football player in the country.

Pop was assigned by the bank to collect a defaulted loan made to Tommy Ryan, a former middleweight boxing champion, but a financial failure as boxing promoter in Des Moines. Pop went for years to the bi-weekly fights to hire the boxers, pay them when they fought well enough, and see that every spectator bought a ticket, everybody but his eldest son. I got to see some excellent fighters including the great retired Jack Dempsey who appeared in exhibition against a string of six very mediocre heavyweights.

One of my friends at Lake Okoboji was Junior Armstrong, son of the most prominent banker in Fort Dodge, and also a pal of Ed Kelleher. Junior was bored with an old style slow bathtub type of motor launch, but his father would not buy him a modern boat. He decided to sink his antiquated craft but he failed repeatedly.

One afternoon Junior was giving Ed and me rides on separate surfboards behind his launch in the middle of Lake Okoboji. Junior was also throwing a lifesaver back and forth to his two passengers when he fell overboard. He was a good swimmer but the boat was now unoccupied and turning in circles. Finally, I tried to pull myself to the stern of the launch. At the last minute my board plunged under the water and I lost my balance and fell into the lake. This left Ed still riding behind the circling driverless boat. Junior and I were both laughing in the middle of Okoboji. Fortunately, another launch spotted us and picked us out of the water. Then it

pulled alongside the deserted craft, we jumped in and terminated the surfing of a somewhat fatigued Ed Kelleher.

About this time, a friend of Pop gave him an old launch in storage at Arp Brothers Boat Yard. It was still not as antiquated as that of Junior Armstrong. We had great times with what Pop renamed the "Saint Anne." One evening Pop and Mom were with us when the "Miss Thriller" (a reconstructed submarine chaser from World War I and now a sensationally fast passenger boat) had a collision with another slower speed boat. It sank quickly with thirty-five ill-fated souls in the deepest part of Okoboji. I volunteered the next day to drag for bodies and it was gruesome work.

For two years Pop paid heavily for the unending expenses of the "St. Anne." Finally, he decided he had enough and disposed of the boat.

Pop's sharp-shooting ability saved me from further pecking on my head by a crazy bird in our back yard. One summer morning about 4:00 a.m., I was walking out to pick up my newspapers when this bird dived from a high tree, stuck its bill in my skull and then flew away. When this was repeated on the next morning I reported the incident to my father. On the third day I walked out under armed guard. Pop killed the unruly bird a few feet into his long dive in my direction. On August 21, 2001, the New York Times carried a story and picture about common terns near Montauk Point on Long Island which dive bomb against the heads of researchers and watchers. One photo showed the hats developed to discourage such attacks.

Undoubtedly, my friend Jimmy Murphy exercised the worst influence on me in those early years, but luckily the family only lived in our neighborhood for a few years. His real mother and stepfather neglected him. One cold winter he was wearing only a light sweater when Pop took him downtown and bought him a sheepskin coat. Jimmy was a great street fighter and highly imaginative as to rowdy conduct. There was a religiously-sponsored home for orphans in our neighborhood where the kids had built an elaborate play grocery store. One day Murphy suggested that we tear it down and it was great fun. A few hours later we walked into my back yard, where my father was working. He asked us if we tore the play grocery apart, which we admitted. Pop told us to restore it to its original condition.

It was really hard work, taking about two hours. Then Murphy said, "Let's tear it down again." I told him that his father probably would do nothing but mine was a very different man.

Later in his first year at Dowling, Jimmy was in Father Shaw's study period. Suddenly he threw an open ink bottle on Shaw's desk. That was enough to get Murphy expelled.

Several years later Father Shaw ran into Murphy on a downtown street. He asked if Shaw had a car. When informed in the negative, he said he would bring his former teacher a car on his next trip to Des Moines. Murphy was in the business of running stolen autos from Chicago to Des Moines. He told Shaw that the gift car would have its serial numbers filed down but that was not a cause for worry.

One afternoon after classes Bob Drewer and I were having a delightful eraser fight in our deserted classroom. Suddenly our president, Monsignor Boylan, stuck his head in the door and his stern message was, "These classrooms are not a place for recreation at any time." We were both severely shaken.

Following graduation in 1931, I spend one year at Des Moines Catholic Junior College (closed in the late thirties). It was a remarkably good institution. Monsignor Boylan was a powerhouse in ethics and psychology. Father Lyons was great in English literature and debating. The other professors were all quite satisfactory.

Our student body was small, about sixty in both years of junior college. Jose Ibanez and I coached the Midgets (high school freshmen football) under the supervision of Earl Walsh, truly a great experience. My brothers John and Joe played on the team. They were excellent ball players and there were many others equally talented. We played a regular season and won eight out of ten games.

Frank Flynn was a close friend during this year, a status in which he would continue for half a century until his death. Jose Ibanez was another great pal who lasted about as long as Frank. They were both gifted young men who distinguished themselves in their business careers. Frank got a law degree at night school in Des Moines and eventually became Chairman of the National Homes Corporation in Lafayette, Indiana. Jose earned a business degree at George Washington and became New York Manager of Garcia Commercial, a large Puerto Rican firm.

My first involvement in presidential politics was the Harding-Cox race of 1920. My parents were both strong Democrats as were almost all Irish Catholics in those days. By 1924, at the age of ten, I was more interested in the Coolidge-Davis campaign. In both of these elections, the Democrats, Cox and Davis, lost badly, but I suffered very little emotional damage as a result.

But the 1928 contest was a different matter because Al Smith, an Irish Catholic, was the Democrat nominee. By this time I was carrying newspapers for the Des Moines Register. About twenty carriers picked up their papers at the same station made out of a Quonset hut. Most of these carriers came from poor families, who had no business voting Republican, but all twenty were violently vocal for Hoover. Most of them admitted that they opposed Smith not only because he was a Democrat but also because he was Catholic and a wet. Des Moines was only 10% Catholic at that time and perhaps 25% wet. As the sole Smith supporter at this branch I had some wild arguments but they never led to fights.

My father even rode the Al Smith Special Train to Omaha (120 miles to the west) to hear the great orator. He never came to Iowa because his backers knew he didn't have a chance to carry the state. Due to its religious overtones, the Smith defeat in 1928 left some long-lasting scars.

While in Dowling I opened a pop stand one summer on a vacant lot bordering the well-traveled Sixth Avenue. The lot in question was just west of our home on Oakland Avenue. The stand handled about ten brands of soda pop, such as Coca Cola, Orange Crush, Green River and Raspberry, along with fresh lemonade courtesy of my mother. All drinks were five cents each.

According to my accounting I made a profit on this enterprise. Of course I did not cost in Mom's lemonade or her time and gasoline for frequent trips to Des Moines Coca Cola Bottling, which sold me my pop supplies. The men at Coca Cola were great fellows, always treating me like an important customer. By contrast the clowns at the Des Moines Register always handled me and other paper boys like the material left behind by the horses still used on our city streets.

The Great Depression of 1929 hit Americans with unprecedented destructive power. In 1933 some 24.9% of all workers were unemployed. President Hoover reacted as all chief executives of the United States (both Republican and Democrat) had responded previously in our history. They did not believe in the federal government intervening to change the natural course of our economy. If left alone, it was argued, we would eventually see a recovery.

President Hoover said: "We have passed through no less than fifteen major depressions in the last century. We have come out of each into a period of prosperity greater than ever before. We shall do so this time."

Fortunately, our family was not impacted by the Great Depression because Pop never missed a day on the job. But many friends experienced long periods of unemployment. Once I

accompanied Pop on a drive to visit a farmer unable to pay his loan at the bank. He told me to keep the motor running and be ready to drive away the moment he was in the car. Within a few minutes he walked briskly to the car and I took off as the farmer yelled, "The Indians drove me out of Oklahoma and now you damned bankers are driving me out of Iowa."

The "greedy bankers of Wall Street" in New York were often denounced by politicians in these years. Iowa speakers carried a similar attack on "the banks of Walnut Street in Des Moines." The Iowa National (Pop's bank) and the Des Moines National were across from each other on Walnut Street until they merged to form the Iowa-Des Moines National in 1931.

After FDR took over the White House in 1933, the Iowa Democrats began to sponsor "$25 a plate" fund-raising dinners. Some of the more ambitious officers of the Iowa-Des Moines National Bank, now posing as Democrats, wanted the bank to buy tickets for them. The President turned them down saying "Hart was the only openly declared Democrat before Roosevelt. He alone will go to these dinners."

During the Fourth of July weekend of 1930 a store on Main Street in Spencer, Iowa (population 10,000), about twenty miles south of Lake Okoboji, broke into flames when the sun ignited fireworks on display in a show window. Some twenty buildings burned to the ground and the word went out in a depression-plagued nation that there would be work in Spencer. Hundreds of unemployed men built camps on the outskirts of the city, hoping to get work as common laborers at twenty-five cents per hour.

A Spencer druggist friend of my father arranged a job for me, mostly as a ditch digger. As we worked, job seekers lined the sidewalks, waiting for one of us to be fired.

John Ryan, then a backfield man for Loras College, was a companion for the five Kelleher children at Lake Okoboji. He asked Pop to get him a job in Spencer. He and I worked as a team of ditch diggers but John was not in shape for this work. We would shovel together until our hole was deep enough that he could periodically lie down without being noticed by the foreman. I worked continuously and was able to alert him when the foreman approached our hole.

No memoir would be complete without reference to my recollections of the charming young ladies in my life. My interest in girls developed in my sophomore year of high school when I was all of fourteen years of age. There was an attractive young lady from Boone, Iowa, whom I met at Lake Okoboji. Her first name was Jean, but her family name now escapes me. We carried on a correspondence for a few months. Then there was Lucille Funkey of Cedar Rapids, whom I met after a football game in that city during my junior year. She inspired me to make the Dowling basketball team so that I could see her again when we played her high school.

Then in my senior year I dated Geraldine Corcoran, who had just graduated from St. Joseph's Academy in 1930. Her mother and mine had been classmates at Mercy Nursing School. I also was briefly attracted to a lovely Miss Flynn, a cousin of my two classmates, Frank and Ted Flynn. She lived in Perry, Iowa, twenty miles from Des Moines.

My next serious interest was Kathryn Garret of Omaha, whom I met at Okoboji in the summer of 1931. She had a sister Beth Marie, whom Frank Flynn liked very much. Frank and I made several trips in his car to Omaha to visit the Garret girls during our year together at Dowling Junior College. Kathryn later married Otto Skinner, son of the founder of Skinner Macaroni in Omaha. They both gave heavily to Creighton University. Otto was a strong spokesman for the right-to-work law in Nebraska, which put the two of us into hostile camps in the 1950s political war in Omaha.

At Notre Dame I dated Betty Proctor a few times. She was the sister of Tom Proctor, a close classmate and friend over many years. Betty lived at the family home in Elkhart, about fifteen miles east of Notre Dame. Tom invited me frequently to his home for weekends.

Another sister of a Notre Dame pal was John Donavan's sister, Florence, who lived at home in Jamaica, a nice area of New York City. I remember taking Flo to a Fordham football game and also a New Year's Eve party.

One more serious friendship should be mentioned. She was Madeline Weldon, who lived in New Rochelle, a nice suburb, only twenty minutes by train north of Fordham Road. Madeline, a graduate of New Rochelle College, enrolled for the Hilaire Belloc Lecture Series at Fordham. I was taking tickets for this series and Belloc was about ten minutes into his topic on this snowy January day. Suddenly Madeline came running down the marble floor in Keating Hall and slipped on the wet surface about ten feet away from the door. I had the pleasure of helping her to her feet. What an introduction!

Madeline was a tremendous tennis player, having once won the Westchester County clay court singles. I only played her once, at the Fordham Tennis Club. She beat me in the first set, decisively. But she tired in the second set, giving me a somewhat cheap win.

CHICAGO TITLE LAND TRUST COMPANY CUSTOMER NUMBER: 5288110

EXTENSION TO TRUST AGREEMENT

WHEREAS, the Chicago Title Land Trust Company, as Trustee under the terms of a certain agreement dated 08/10/1977 and known as Trust Number 52881 is presently holding the legal and equitable title to certain real estate;

AND WHEREAS the undersigned party(ies) hold(s) the beneficial interest in the proceeds and avails of such property in accordance with the terms and provisions of said agreement;

AND WHEREAS said Trust, in accordance with the provisions thereof, terminates twenty years from the date of said agreement or, should said trust have been previously extended, twenty years from the date from which it was last extended;

AND WHEREAS, it is the desire of the parties hereto to extend the terms of the trust for an additional twenty years.

NOW THEREFORE for and in consideration of the sum of One Dollar and other good and valuable consideration, receipt and sufficiency of which is hereby acknowledged, the parties do hereby agree that the trust shall continue under the same terms and conditions for an additional twenty years, except however, that the compensation of the Trustee for annual holding fees and document execution shall be its current schedule of charges for such services.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF the party(ies) has (have) set their hand(s) and seal and the Trustee has caused these presents to be executed by its Assistant Vice-President.

Catherine V. Bowe	2422 Colony Ct. Northbrook	
Signature	Address, City	
CATHERINE V BOWE, AS TRUSTEE	IL 60062	(847) 564-2444
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ACKNOWLEDGED BY TRUSTEE THIS _____ DAY OF _____, _____

CHICAGO TITLE LAND TRUST COMPANY

By: _____

Assistant Vice-President