

The Greening of the Memory of John T. Boland, C.S.C.
1867 - 1924

Holy Cross History Conference

June 13-15, 1986

St. Edward's University
Austin, Texas

By Mary Blanche Boland

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Acknowledgements:

An adequate expression of thanks in a project such as the one just completed eludes me in any substantive manner. If Father James T. Connelly, C.S.C., Archivist of the Indiana Province of the Congregation of Holy Cross, had not only suggested but assumed that I would "do" something with the one hundred eighty-five letters that Uncle John had written to his superiors in South Bend I very likely would have been content with reading the letters and saying in various ways how interesting they are. No matter what the prevailing opinion is of the final outcome of my "doing something" with the letters, I have learned a great deal about Uncle John, about religious orders, about the Catholic Church in America, and about relationships, including my own family. So, thanks to you, Father Connelly and to all your staff who dug out the original batch of letters plus many others that I requested as I worked along.

I want also to thank Brother William Dunn, C.S.C., and the community of Holy Cross Brothers at St. Edward's University, Austin, Texas, for the hospitality they afforded me and the insights they gave me in November 1985.

I wish also to thank my loyal friend, Barbara Sonnenberg, who listened to my tentative beginnings and who offered encouragement every step of the way. I am grateful also to Susan Burns, who cheerfully and expertly typed the various drafts.

25 April 1986

The Greening of the Memory

Of John T. Boland, C.S.C., 1867-1924

If my father were living I could not write this paper. In a quiet, matter-of-fact tone Dad would say that you can't read Father Morrissey's mail. And that would be that.

As prologue I think it is advisable to point out the basic thrust of my design for this paper on John T. Boland, C.S.C. There is no way it could be anything other than personal and unstructured as compared to a formal outline fleshed out and written as if all my information and perspectives came from research in archives and libraries. Since every priest is a public figure, no matter what his temperament and particular task, his actions form a contribution to the work and public stance of the Roman Catholic Church in the time period in which he lived. How the nineteenth century in both Europe and America, but especially in America, interacted with the church, the hierarchy and the clergy, has very recently been treated superbly in Professor Dolan's new book, The American Catholic Experience. Both the overwhelming amount of historical facts and the finely honed insight into the interpretation and interplay of those facts with the church, the world, and all the people involved defies any competition or emulation. Foolhardy as I am, I might question this or that, but a repetition or recapitulation in this paper in any way would really be silly.

By the same token it would be foolish of me to attempt to keep to a strict chronological account of Uncle John's life as it intertwined in the unfolding of St. Edward's development. Brother William Dunn, C.S.C., has, both with wit and erudition, spun a marvelously interesting history of

St. Edward's, and I hope I am not foolish enough to try to add to that, or run alongside of it trying to flag everyone's attention. As my great friend, Nora Casey, is fond of saying "Life is a highly personal endeavor" so I hope to make my commentary on John T. Boland, C.S.C., personal and revealing of his humanity.

John T. Boland, C.S.C., was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on 13 June 1867, the oldest son (there were five Boland sons and no daughters) of James Joseph Boland and Catherine Frawley Boland. Both his parents came from Limerick, Ireland, but they came as single people, and were married at St. Xavier's Church, Cincinnati, in 1866. Catherine Frawley arrived in Cincinnati with her sister, Bridget, who did not marry, and who took over as homemaker at her sister's death when Uncle John was fourteen or fifteen. I shall refer to John T. Boland, C.S.C., henceforth as Uncle John, the only name I have ever used. The boys must have accepted Aunt Bridget very readily and completely because all remarks and references to Aunt Bridget by my father indicated love, respect, and affection. Since men many times are not inclined to keep details and dates as carefully and conscientiously as the women in the family, I do not know whether Aunt Bridget was living with the family or not at the time of Catherine Frawley Boland's death. There never seemed to be any hiatus in the care of the family as expressed to me by Dad. James Joseph Boland began work in America as a laborer for the Big 4 RR (Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and St. Louis RR), but either as a result of his education in Ireland, or as a "quickstudy" in the United States he was promoted to bookkeeping. At the time my father went to work for the Big 4 in 1886, his father was Chief Accountant in the large local freight office at 3rd and Smith in Cincinnati, a building incidentally still standing. 1884 was the year Uncle John left Cincinnati for Notre

Dame to begin studies for the priesthood. All the Boland boys, with the exception of the youngest who died at five or six years of age, attended St. Joseph College, the Cincinnati connection to the Congregation of Holy Cross. St. Joe existed from 1871 to 1920 on West Eighth St., less than a full block from the Cathedral. Uncle John celebrated his first Mass in Cincinnati's Cathedral in 1892. He was ordained 31 July 1892. Before we ordain him, however, I want to relate a story my Dad told me many times. It seems that after Uncle John had been at Notre Dame about a year Aunt Bridget and my father took the train to South Bend, via Chicago of course. Where they stayed in South Bend is lost in the mists of time, but on the first summer afternoon of their stay the two of them were waiting in a parlor for John to make his appearance after being summoned. Aunt Bridget was seated at a window looking down the path on which they expected John. Suddenly, Aunt Bridget said, "Jim, come here, quick. Is that John coming? If it is, I'm taking him home." John had on, my father always explained, an old black cassock that was turning green, a straw hat with the brim half off, and much brick dust covering him and the cassock. The novices were cleaning bricks of a burned building. Needless to say, Aunt Bridget did not take him home.

If ever there was any discussion, much or little, between Uncle John and his novice master (Father Daniel J. Spillard), over the matter of whether he really had a vocation, I don't think anyone ever heard of it. My father's complete acceptance and reverence for Uncle John's vocation permeated all his stories, conversations, and remarks about his brother. It went along, I think, with the reality of their faith which seemed to be as visible as a table or chair, and humble. As I read and re-read Uncle John's letters, I am struck by the uncomplicated and practical

acceptance of whatever needed to be done to accomplish his assigned duties. I have been coming back many times in my head to a story famous in our immediate family in this regard of doing one's duty. My mother did a lot of church work - altar linens, delicatessens (bake sales), bazaars, etc., etc. - and one night when I was about nine or ten, at a church supper my mother was preparing to wash dishes. Another woman on the committee said to my mother, "You like to wash dishes, Mrs. Boland." I remember my mother standing perfectly still and looking at the woman while saying, "Like to wash dishes? They're dirty." This was the spirit of that family.

The title of my paper "The Greening of the Memory of John T. Boland, C.S.C.," arose out of my musings over the decades at how green the grass on Notre Dame campus is each August, no matter the depth of the natural water table. Such "greening" takes lots of attention to watering, and the "greening" of Uncle John's memory takes the effort and hopefully the knack of drawing forth from his letters a rightful profile of him. I was eight years old when he died, and while I do have a few actual memories of him, I must rely on what my father told me and now what the letters tell me.

He was a product of his times, of course, and of his upbringing, but he put his own efforts at the service of his choices. My father always said his first job after ordination was Prefect of Discipline, or perhaps a better term was Hall Rector or Monitor. A story that came out of that period involves Uncle John going into the dormitory about time for the students to be in bed and doing a bed check. Not a single bed was occupied. Uncle John goes out and hitches up a buggy, and drives into South Bend. He covers up his Roman collar and goes into a saloon. At the bar he starts talking to the bartender as to what is going on in town that night. The

bartender says, "There is a big prize fight in town. I have some tickets for sale. Do you want to buy one?" Uncle John buys one and takes off for the place where the prize fight is being held. He gets to the door of the place, and just stands in the doorway to look around. After a little while he sees his students all clustered together, perched up in one corner. He continues to stand there in order that they can see him. In a little while they start to leave, and when they have all gone out another door he drives back to Notre Dame. When he gets back to the dorm they are all in bed. He makes bed check, and says nothing. His early experience as a dorm Rector must have influenced his attitudes regarding the personnel he assigned to dormitory duty at both St. Edward's, Austin, Texas, and Columbia University, Portland, Oregon. His letters point out many times his satisfaction with someone's work in a dormitory, and his dissatisfaction with, and eventual removal of someone from a dormitory because he just wasn't getting the job done. He wrote Father Morrissey as Provincial on quite a few occasions for a replacement.

Uncle John comes through to me as a person who looks at the job to be done, and not at the cost to himself nor at what will please him or fulfill him. His generation, which includes my parents of course, had "Talk's cheap" as their motto. If he had any doubts about his vocation, his place in the community, or his faith in the Roman Catholic Church they are not revealed through any of his letters nor any of the influences or reflections he passed on to his brother. Neither does his faith nor his priesthood come through as solid rock forever carved in one stance or opinion. In a letter of 12 April 1911 he writes the following to Father Morrissey from Texas:

"I suppose we will have retreat here as soon as the visitors leave. I suppose it will be necessary but I hate to pay a preacher \$50.00 for three days and then the weather is so hot that I believe it would be better if we had three days retreat by ourselves and have spiritual reading in place of sermons. What do you think about it?"¹

The follow-up of the above proposal is in a letter of 3 June 1911² in which Uncle John tells Father Morrissey that the retreat opens on 8 June 1911, and is to be preached by Father Corbett (one of their own). He goes on to say that the evening meditation will be from our regular meditation books and spiritual reading from Hedley. He seems to me to reflect fairly steadily the atmosphere and the spirit of the pioneers who made a combination of transferred European mores and a totally new configuration marked "made in America." He seems not to have spent much time or energy on regrets over failed projects of the past, or projects that had to be scaled down due to various limitations on personnel and material resources.

Along with everyone who has gone back to the nineteenth and very early twentieth century activities of the Congregation of Holy Cross, I regret that there are not letters from the time Father Zahm was Provincial. At age 32 (1899) when Uncle John was sent to Austin, Texas, to take over the responsibility of St. Edward's College he must have had a very limited range of experience in the art of pioneering. Cincinnati by the time Uncle John and his brothers came along had grown beyond the pioneer stage. Outbreaks of epidemics of various diseases still occurred, the horses drawing the streetcars up the seven hills still ran away or fell down on icy streets, the ice for the home was still delivered by wagons that went from place to place in the neighborhood, etc., but the city was practically teeming with well-established churches and parishes, schools, hospitals, orphanages, and the city government was well in place with politicians

serving more than one master. So, I say, it would be most illuminating to have his first letters from Texas in order to catch the flavor of his early responses to a small Texas town coping with limited rainfall and drought conditions during the growing season, with the competing groups of immigrant nationalities demanding their place in the Texas sun and with the absolute bedrock demands of fostering a school with a minimum amount of cash. After a lot of thought I think the pragmatic base line for Uncle John and his associates was how to keep the roof on and the doors open.

There is an exchange of letters between Uncle John and Father Morrissey over the allocation of a \$5,000 check that Father Morrissey sent from Notre Dame to pay off some outstanding loans at St. Edward's, Austin. On 18 July 1909 when Uncle John had been back at St. Ed's for just a few days beginning his second assignment as President, he tells Father Morrissey that among the bills and outstanding loans is a loan of \$700 from the sisters. On 27 August 1909 Father Morrissey writes Uncle John that the above mentioned \$5,000 should be used to pay off the outstanding notes, and, I quote, "It would be well to see to it that the Sisters are paid otherwise there will be trouble in certain quarters."³

My efforts to track down the exact implications and meaning of that statement have not been successful, but the incident has several intriguing aspects, which are not at all surprising.

To divert from a money discussion for a moment, I want to say that I think Uncle John and his confreres who earned their stripes as peripatetic administrators could stand under the umbrella of Professor Arthur Bestor of the University of Illinois history department who stated in his book published in the early 1950's that "The West was not settled by men and

women who had taken courses in "How to be a pioneer."⁴ The book, entitled Educational Wastelands, details the pitfalls of education aimed merely at "life adjustment" or vocational training. It is not my province at this moment to enter into the discussion over the curricula of the early days at Notre Dame or St. Edward's or Columbia University, or the intellectual qualities of Fr. Zahm vs. Fr. Morrissey. From what I can deduce from my reading, a considerable amount of the controversy centers around whether the Congregation of Holy Cross should have jettisoned its programs for the minims and secondary school level in favor of opting for the best in real university curricula. It appears that from the standpoint of the people who were the parents of the prospective students, they needed, certainly in the pioneer days of Texas and Oregon, a place where their children could learn the basic elements of intellectual attainments and at the same time be cared for physically, morally, socially, and spiritually. Any teacher who has spent much time on the front line knows it is back breaking work to teach a young person to read so that he is able to tear apart a worthwhile book, demand answers from what is written therein, and in the end be able to summarize what the author has really said. This is the foundation of the intellectual life, and it needs to be achieved at different stages to various degrees by the wide spectrum of students who come to school. The shunting aside of this task as not real education, nor important enough for a truly dedicated religious because the Catholic intellectual needs to be produced in America is begging the question, or so it seems to be. It comes to mind that the old dichotomy of which person on the faculty is better for the school: a) the teacher who spends much time on research and produces some books; or b) the teacher who adequately prepares for the classroom, and who reaches down to students in their bewilderment and

stubbornness, and manages to bring them out into the clearing where they can move forward on their own -- has an application in this discussion of the curricula of the early days of St. Ed's, Notre Dame, Columbia. It is not an either or proposition, and I don't think either Uncle John or Father Morrissey would have labeled it so. They, however, were confronted daily with the economics of the institution and the needs of the people whom they thought it was their mission to serve. It is usually easy to survey and evaluate a past situation with the insights of the present time, but Uncle John and all those working with him were responding to the spirit of the times they were living in, not the spirit of our times. They were certainly influenced by a limited number of options when it came to where the money was coming from (almost everybody, except a few "Robber Barons" was poor according to present day standards of living); a limited set of options of how they coped with health matters; a limited number of options of how they managed the mechanics of living (e.g., no automatic washing machine, no air conditioning in Texas, etc.) The other side of the coin of limited options was that one didn't worry about what didn't exist, and if one had been fortunate in one's formation, one put his hand to the plow, trusted in God and did what had to be done.

If a person goes through the catalogs of the early years at St. Edward's there are many subjects for what was then a secondary school that would be too hard for today's secondary student. Languages, esp. the classics, are for all students not taking the commercial course. History, literature, philosophy were in the course of study along with higher mathematics, physics and natural sciences for the classical course as listed in each year's catalog.

I realize that all through this paper I can easily be accused of prejudice in favor of Uncle John. I freely admit that, and I claim no great objectivity, but I have carefully worked through the letters for the purpose of discovering the personality and character of Uncle John and for my own benefit and joy. After all these years it is an extraordinary boon to be able to find the person to whom my father was so devoted all his life, and whose death he never really got over. To continue with my train of thought on options and the nineteenth century I do not find stoicism and glum resignation to the religious life in Uncle John. He must have worked almost around the clock because of all the demands of his many roles. He seems to have enjoyed community life; several times at different holidays, for example, he simply tells Father Morrissey in January 1911 "I got back on Saturday 24 December and spent a very pleasant Christmas here."⁵

He writes Father Morrissey a number of times about visitors, especially C.S.C. members, whose visits he very much enjoyed. He seems to have tolerated with good spirits the frequent visits of Archbishop Christie of Portland whose evident volatile personality was under the not inconsiderable pressure of being almost bankrupt - not only the diocese but a couple of religious communities - not C.S.C. One time he writes Father Morrissey that it is a great relief that the Archbishop is presently out of town for two weeks!

The administrators, or presidents, of Holy Cross installations in the early days wore a variety of hats; i.e. President or chief administrator, religious superior of the local community, fund raiser and budget officer, building planner and maintenance superintendent. The securing of personnel, both religious and lay, was of almost daily concern both to Uncle John and Father Morrissey. There were a lot of needs and gaps that showed up

regularly. One example, for instance, is the case of Brother Henry. On 27 January 1912 Uncle John writes to Father Scheier the following letter from Texas:

"I am obliged to send Brother Henry back to Notre Dame this morning in order to avoid trouble and his probable arrest for striking a boy in the dormitory last night. The boys threw rocks and Brother Henry struck a boy named Coldwell whose father is senior partner with Sweeney of El Paso, who, as an old student, was the cause of Coldwell entering St. Ed's. Mr. Coldwell, I am sure, would take up the matter in the courts as his boy has insisted on that manner of punishing the Brother; so in order to avoid this trouble I am getting Brother Henry on the first train. The Brother knew that he would probably be called to Notre Dame, and I think did not care very much how things went."⁶

As prelude to that incident the Provincial Archives has two letters dated 2 January 1912 from Brother Henry.⁷ The first one is two pages in length, and is addressed to Father Morrissey. The second one is to Father Scheier, and is one page long. Both letters state in no uncertain way how unhappy Brother Henry is at St. Ed's. He says that he has been unhappy ever since his first day at St. Ed's. Brother Henry says, and I quote:

"I can not get any satisfaction from Father Boland and what am I to do.....If you can not do anything for me just let me know and I will return to the place where I first came from.....I love to work and do all I can but this continued worry and unhappiness must be stopped. If things cannot be changed before next summer I will refuse to make my vows. I must confess that when I was in the Novitiate I always felt some happiness. I loved my master or my superior [sic] and I do yet because their [sic] the rules were lived up to and when leaving the Novitiate I felt grate [sic] strength to carry out what God had wished me to do by Holy Obedience, but now I am like a broken down wore [?] horse. I have lost all courage. I make my religious exercises but most of them in private as my obedience will not permit me to make them with the rest of the community....."

On 23 March 1912 Uncle John writes in a letter to Father Morrissey the one sentence as follows:

"I was sorry that Brother Henry was obliged to leave but I could see no other way out of the affair."⁸

And we have to be satisfied with the untied strings of this sad human problem. There is no further mention of Brother Henry.

Brother Flavian is another mysterious personnel problem, if one uses the word "problem" with human beings. On 4 November 1910 Uncle John writes Father Morrissey the following two sentences in a two-page letter of many other items:

"Flavian would like to draw out his share and open a store somewhere. He has a good stock on hand now for a pawn shop."⁹

More than eight months later, 19 July 1911 to be exact, Uncle John writes to Father Morrissey the following letter:

"I am writing this on behalf of Brother Flavian. Your letter took all the starch out of him. The very thought of manual labor was too much for him and he is all but given up. He tells me he has enough money with the exception of \$12. to make the round trip to Chicago to see his relatives. He does not want to go to Notre Dame and will not if you grant him permission to make a hurried visit to his sister's only. For the sake of his peace of mind and of mine and I suppose yours also please grant him permission."¹⁰

That, too, is the conclusion to the dilemma of Brother Flavian for in all the extant letters of Uncle John there is no further mention of Brother Flavian.

Another understandable and human dilemma concerns Brother Joseph and the chickens. On 16 March 1915 Uncle John writes from Portland, Oregon, to Father Morrissey this letter:

"Brother Joseph has given up the care of the farm and is now working in the Main building sweeping, etc. The change came about in this way. He had three dogs which took a delight in chasing the chickens. In fact they killed a good number of them. Although I told Joseph to do away with two of the dogs he was determined to keep them. One morning the Mother gave Joseph a piece of her mind about his dogs and chickens, etc., and at noon Joseph gave up the farm as he said for "two years," because in two years the Farm would go to hell and then everybody, including the sisters, would be begging him to return. I am writing to you about this matter now for Joseph may ask you to give him a change."¹¹

On the subject of Brother Joseph, the dogs, the chickens, and the farm there is silence through 1915 and 1916. On 27 June 1917 Uncle John writes to Father Morrissey the following:

"Brother Joseph says you [Father Morrissey] promised him a change to Texas and that Brother Coleman would be sent here in his place. Brother Coleman would be of no service here."¹²

On 27 September 1917 Uncle John writes Father Morrissey:

"Brother Joseph has charge of the farm and is assisted by Brother Alpheus. Two hired men are acting as Janitors, one in Christie and the other in Main Building. I let Iver, the farm man, go about 10 September."¹³

So, in a little more than two years, Brother Joseph has returned to working on the farm, just as he had predicted. There is no further mention of the dogs.

Next episode is revealed in a letter of 13 April 1918 in which Uncle John writes as follows to Father Morrissey:

"No doubt you have received Bro. Joseph's letter ere this. I do not know what he may have written so I think best to give you the facts. Sister Martin left here on March 12 for Fargo, N.D., having requested a change of obedience as she was not happy in her work because of interference by Bro. Joseph. When Mother Theodore made this known to me, I told her I would ask for the immediate removal of Bro. Joseph. The Mother, however, requested me not to, but hoped that the Brother would be changed in the Summer. Sister Martin was not replaced, and her work fell on one of the kitchen sisters who undertook the care of the chickens and the work in the dairy in addition to her own work in the kitchen.

Last Wednesday Joseph threw some hard substance at a chicken and killed it, accidentally so at least he now claims. He took it into the kitchen and told the sisters he intended to kill all the chickens. I had to remove him from his work, at least for a time, or until he would realize in some way the barbarity of his behavior. I spent two days in town looking for a man to do the work but could find none although I offered \$4.50 per day. This [idiot - hard to decipher] of an Alpheus can do nothing. I had to get a student to milk the few cows --. If we don't get the planting done now the farm will be of no value to us next year and you know what that would mean.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON [in the same letter]

Joseph returned to the Farm today. I told him you had wired

me that you could not change him till July. I explained to the Mother that difficulty of getting another man now and she is satisfied to have matters remain as they are for the present."¹⁴

On 2 September 1918 the following sentence indicates that matters are not back to normal on the farm:

"I am afraid the Sisters will be obliged to give up the care of the chickens unless we can secure another Sister to help in the kitchen."¹⁵

This is the end of the trail in the letters for Brother Joseph, the dogs, and the chickens.

Several of Uncle John's letters from Texas in 1912 are very sad. In these letters he describes for Father Morrissey how serious the epidemic of spinal meningitis is, and how disruptive of the school. The first one is dated 7 February 1912, and states:

"I am writing now to let you know how the spinal meningitis almost broke up our school. Up to this writing forty-five boys have left us and we have fourteen boys in the infirmary with measles. As soon as one boy leaves the infirmary there is another waiting to take his place. I am afraid very few of these boys who went home during January intend to return. We had fine prospects but they are dashed to pieces. I never thought that people could get so excited over anything as the parents of these boys got excited over the spread of meningitis. The Public Schools in Austin closed and that started things going. Then Miss Phlume of St. Mary's Parish and a student of the University died of the sickness and shortly after another girl student died in four hours after contracting meningitis; the papers then came out, without any authorization, with the announcement that the University was going to close. Then the long distance began to get in its work and the telegrams began to arrive, and we were busy getting the boys packed up for a hurried exit. We have had a very cold winter; steam every day since 16 December; no let up; last Saturday night we had the worst "norther" of the year."¹⁶

He continues on 23 March 1912 in the following letter:

"We have had a long and severe winter here. Today for instance is very cold and steam is on all the whole day. We have had quite a scare of meningitis and lost a considerable number of boys. In addition we have had measles and chicken pox among the students ever since their return after Xmas. Nevertheless, we have a pretty good school, about 120 boys present."¹⁷

Months later, on 12 December 1912 to be exact, Uncle John writes that

"the spinal meningitis has appeared again in Austin and eight deaths are reported. The boys are going home early on that account, some twelve having already left. I hope the sickness will not spread as it would certainly hurt us after Christmas."¹⁸

Some observations and insights that still seem valid after much re-reading of the letters concern Uncle John's attitudes on community and the duties of a religious superior. Community is a concept that Uncle John seems to take for granted along with the necessity of everything and everybody contributing to that concept. It seems to an outsider that vitality in the community is the necessary ingredient to produce that atmosphere needed to allow the members to do their best work in schools, hospitals, or whatever.

Uncle John, as an occupant of the chair of a religious superior, projects these thoughts consistently in my reading of the letters. As he writes to Father Morrissey, Uncle John seems to do very little waffling on decisions, especially in regard to personnel. He also seems comfortable with the possibility that personnel requests (either to ship someone out, or to deny someone a permission for a vacation, or whatever) may be decided against him after Father Morrissey hears both sides of a situation. I don't know, of course, but I don't detect the syndrome of lost sleep over a decision that goes against him.

There comes through to me in Uncle John's letters the trait of accepting the superior's duties neither as a punishment nor as an opportunity to dominate. Self-pity seems absent in his explanations of handling personnel changes and problems; neither does there seem to be any gloating in the matter of telling somebody what he has to do. There is a strong possibility, whether consciously or unconsciously, the process

is regarded as endemic to the functioning of an institution.

When I was growing up, the family legend regarding Notre Dame football was that Uncle John thought it was a good idea for the team and for the student body, that they lose once in a while. There is no documentation, but I am beginning to suspect that that legend might have arisen in my mother's desire to downplay an over-emphasis on sports, which she saw in education as long ago as when I was growing up.

The following letters in chronological order come from St. Edward's, Austin, Texas, and all of them seem to give a picture of great interest in athletics on Uncle John's part.

On 28 November 1910 he writes:

"Our football team was a great success; no outsiders this year; all bona fide paying students. We won the Prep Championship of Texas. We got even with Peacock [Military Academy, San Antonio] for all time beating them on Thanksgiving by a score of 42 to 6. They were a sore bunch going home. We played the Griffith Training School team of Cisco who had won from all the teams in North Texas and won 5 to 0. We had to pay \$100.00 for expense for that game but they paid an additional \$150.00 to play us for they came 300 miles and more expecting to win State honors. Our boys are very happy over the results and are ready now to start basketball."¹⁹

On 28 January 1911 he writes:

"I have secured a fine coach for the baseball team; Mr. Dale Gear who is captain and manager of the Austin team which has been admitted to the League. Austin bought the franchise of Shreveport and the full team comes here. A new ball park is to be erected on this (South Austin) side of the bridge. This will help us a good deal as we will have a chance for games with the league outfit. Mr. Gear is a fine fellow and is willing to coach during February and March for \$100.00. I would like to beat Texas now."²⁰

On 16 November 1911 Uncle John writes to Father Morrissey the following:

"We have a good football team; we won from Peacock of San Antonio 62-0, from the Baptist College in San Marcos 10 to 0, and also won two other games."²¹

On 4 April 1913 he writes:

"Our baseball team played A & M at College Station last Saturday and shut them out 3 to 0. We play University on April 5."²²

On 4 May 1913 he writes with great glee to Father Morrissey:

"I mailed you today a copy of The Statesman showing how we won the greatest track meet ever held in Texas. We took the cup, a large silk banner for the Relay Mile and six gold medals and three silver ones. An immense crowd was present and you should have heard them rooting for St. Ed's. It was all St. Ed's. All the University students with Mr. Dish at their head gave our team a great reception."²³

On 6 October 1913 he tells Father Morrissey:

"Our football team is not very heavy, but Mr. Elliott is doing his best. He is a very good fellow, a big boy in fact. His only drawback is that he mixes too much with the boys. However, he is anxious to do right, and will improve in this respect."²⁴

On 4 December 1913 Uncle John is delighted to be able to write Father Morrissey in the following vein:

"The Notre Dame Football Team has come and gone. It was a very exciting game and during the first half very even 10-7. The feeling was very high about letting the Catholics beat Texas. It was all Catholics. As The Statesman put it "22 Catholics arrived in town yesterday." After the game was over the crowd filed out in absolute silence. You could hear a pin drop. Texas and a great many people in Austin were certain that Texas would win."²⁵

I think I can pinpoint the time to be the latter part of August 1923 when Mother, Dad, and I were visiting in South Bend. We were staying at the Oliver Hotel, and Uncle John was due to arrive to have dinner with us at the hotel. He didn't arrive, and he didn't arrive. Finally, he came in quite late, for the South Bend dinner hour, with this explanation. The Board of Trustees had been meeting to make a determination concerning an offer that Knute Rockne had received from another school. The lateness of the hour indicated how long the discussion had swayed back and forth, but they finally decided that they wouldn't raise Rockne's salary, nor offer any additional concessions; and if he wanted to leave, so be it. The Board of

Trustees in 1923 consisted of Alfred R. Erskine, President; James D. Callery, Treasurer; Clement C. Mitchell, Ass't Treasurer; Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, Chairman; Rev. James A. Burns, Chancellor, and Rev. John T. Boland, Secretary.²⁶

An interesting development is that from Portland, Oregon there is not one single mention of athletics, nor of an athletic team. We could do some involved speculation as to why this came about, but in the face of absolute silence on athletics in Portland, I leave it at that.

One aspect which might be taken for granted, but which needs to be mentioned, according to my lights, is that the Congregation of Holy Cross was attempting mightily to answer all calls for help from bishops, laymen on the local fronts, Congregation members on the spot, to begin parishes, schools, hospitals. This desire to be of service, and to put the Congregation at the service of the Church, began, of course, with Father Moreau. We can't go into a discussion of prudence vs. missionary fervor, but certainly Father Moreau's troops were stretched very thin. I am compelled to add after reading the biography of Father Moreau that I can only conclude that he should have been canonized long ago. Juggling the results of the projects of Fathers Drouelle, Champeau, and Sorin, could only have been accomplished by a saint. His acquiescence and acceptance of the rejections, disappointments, usurpations could only have arisen out of sanctity. At least, so it seems to me.

After his early years in Texas Uncle John's health was evidently not genuinely robust. On 21 April 1907 he writes to Father Morrissey a formal letter of resignation as President of St. Edward's. I quote the letter in practically its entirety:

"Very Rev. & Dear Father:

I wish to tell you that it is impossible for me to remain here as President of St. Edward's College after the close of the present scholastic year. I have been under a great strain ever since the fire, but this year has been harder on me than ever, owing, I suppose, to the severe fall I received a year ago last February [horse frightened/buggy tipped over]. I feel that I am breaking down and need a change. I am not able any longer to assume the responsibilities of the Presidency of this College and I know that it is for the best interests of the College that I be changed. I therefore place my resignation in your hands and beg you to accept same.

This is not written on the spur of the moment, but only after long deliberation and much thought. There are no other reasons for my action than those I give you, namely that I am no longer able to cope with the duties and responsibilities of the office of the Presidency."²⁷

Father Morrissey transferred him to New Orleans and Holy Cross College.

Father Daniel J. Spillard is the superior at Holy Cross, New Orleans, and he writes on 8 October 1907 in reply to Father Morrissey's desire to transfer him from Holy Cross,

"Now as regards Fr. Boland I fear that he would not be able or willing to take the superiorship; at this writing he is at Austin, or will be there this evening. He is not at all well and was anxious to consult with the Dr. who "pulled him through" his great trouble at Austin. I thought best to let him go as we can supply his place as Fr. Hartmann is still with us. At his own request he has only three classes - reading, geography and grammar, besides catechism - in all not three hours. He is not a well man, but is very agreeable and seems contented."²⁸

I would like to add at this point that Father Spillard was the Master of Novices when Uncle John entered the Congregation in 1884, and must have known him fairly well before this particular encounter.

On 24 October 1907 Father Spillard writes Father Morrissey the following remarks:

"Father Boland returned from Texas and seemed fairly well for a few days, but he is far from well and is at present at the "Water-cure." We cannot count on him, [Underlining is Father Spillard's] consequently cannot spare Bro. Malachy who prefects (?) [question mark is Father Spillard's] and teaches three classes, besides keeping study hall two hours a day. Father Hartmann has Fr. Boland's classes."²⁹

On 15 November 1907 Father Spillard writes Father Morrissey the following remarks concerning Uncle John. I quote from his letter:

"Since his return from Austin, Fr. Boland has been at the "Water-Cure" and does not say Mass. You must decide what is best in his case."³⁰

A week later, on 22 November 1907, Father Spillard writes Father Morrissey the following:

"We are "deep in the soup." Fr. Boland unable to teach and Fr. Hartmann gone to "other fields." This entails too much work on the other members and we must have at least one strong man able and willing to teach five or six classes. Besides two or three of our classes should be divided in order to do justice to them..... Please come at once to our relief."³¹

There are no more letters from 1907, and the only one from 1908, written on 4 June from New Orleans in which Uncle John tells Father Morrissey that the doctor advises he seek relief in a cooler climate. The letter begins as follows:

"The severe headaches which I experienced last year, have returned and after a consultation with the doctor have been advised to seek a cool climate for a few months, at least. The Doctor says that these headaches are the result of the partial sunstroke I suffered at Waveland last Sept. I dislike very much to leave Holy Cross College now but I feel that by doing so I will be able to return at the opening of classes. If you have no objection and if Fr. O'Leary has none I would like to go to Watertown and remain at the College until time to return here. I have talked the matter over with Fr. Spillard, and it is with his approbation that I write you."³²

In the early part of 1909, 1 February to be exact, Uncle John writes from Watertown, Wisconsin, where evidently he is pastor of St. Bernard's Church. The letter only is concerned with finances, and makes no mention of his health. I quote the letter in its entirety:

"Enclosed please find statement and checks for \$150. I did not know that I was expected to send in a statement or I should have had it in long ago. This is not a paying establishment under the present way of doing business, and it is all I can do to pay the bills that come in monthly. The intentions are all for low masses and you seldom get more than \$5 for a funeral.

I shall be glad to meet you in Chicago anytime you wish."³³

Sincerely yours,

J.T.B. C.S.C.

In fact there is no further mention of his health in his letters from Austin, 1909-1914.

From Portland, OR, he writes on 16 March 1915:

"I have had an awful time with my teeth; it seems the water here affects them, at least that is what the Dentist said. I am sorry I did not know this sooner; I would have kept away from the water."³⁴

At the vantage point of looking back more than seventy years one feels compelled to remark, "Easier said than done." Whether bottled water would have been available would have been very likely an academic discussion because of economics.

On 16 June 1915 Uncle John writes Fr. Morrissey that on his way to South Bend "he will stop a few days at Hot Lake to get boiled out as I am full of rheumatism."³⁵ Hot Lake is in Eastern Oregon, about 60 miles from the Idaho border, and its present population is listed as sixty.

On 27 September 1917 he writes to Father Morrissey:

"I don't know what I am going to do about the pain in my right side. It is much worse lately, and I think it is affecting my whole system. Dr. O'Neill of Chicago tells me that I will get no relief without an operation.

I have not taken a drink in four months as I thought that might be a cause, but the pain continues just the same."

"I consulted Dr. Shea of the city about my side. He has given me some kind of medicine to work on the uric acid and the blood. I have given up meat and of course we are bone dry so you see there is not much left. But I hope to make up for it some day."³⁶

On 26 November 1917 he writes to Father Morrissey; "I may go to Hot Lake for a week before Christmas as I think the baking out may help me."³⁷

However, on 23 January 1918 he writes again to say; "I did not go to Hot Lake during Christmas time but have been taking lots of medicine trying to relieve the pain in my side."³⁸ On 8 June 1918 he tells Father Morrissey he is going East over the Union Pacific and will stop at Hot Lake for the baths. On 2 September 1918 his letter has the following passage:

"The pain in my right side is becoming worse every day and it is only a matter of a short time before it will be necessary to operate. The doctor says the trouble is gall stones, and they will have to be removed. This is another reason why I would like to have Fr. Hagerty to help out."³⁹

On 14 November 1918 Uncle John writes Father Morrissey from Hot Lake Sanatorium, Hot Lake, OR, that he may stay for a week.⁴⁰ This was during the time of the terrible influenza epidemic and the Board of Health of Portland had closed all schools, theaters, etc. Actually, he stayed four days, returning on 18 November 1918 as the day students resumed their work on that day, so he writes on 1 December.⁴¹

The next mention of his health, and the last mention from Portland is dated 14 January 1919 where he writes to Father Morrissey and says: ... "Got back from St. Vincent (Hospital) last week ... This flu has left me with bronchitis, something like asthma."⁴²

From the Portland letter of 14 January 1919 until June 1924 there is no specific information about the status of Uncle John's health. Whether he ever had an operation for gall stones (I am presuming from what letters there are that he had gall bladder problems) I never have heard, either a long time ago before my parents died or now since I have been digging in the archives. In June 1924 Mother, Dad, and I arrived at the New York Central Station in South Bend to be greeted by a student with an open touring car. As soon as my father saw the student and the car he said "John is sick." The student had instructions to drive us directly to St. Joseph Hospital in South Bend. I do not remember being allowed to see Uncle John. We remained in South Bend for our intended stay, and then returned to Cairo, Illinois. Uncle John remained at St. Joseph's until the middle of July 1924, at which time he transferred from the hospital to the home of Dr. M. J. McGowan in Chicago. There is extant a letter

postmarked 17 July 1924, Chicago, Illinois, dictated by Uncle John but written by someone else, to my father. I quote the letter:

Thursday

"Dear Jim,

Dr. McGowan found that my fever was caused by the cough and something formed [my interpretation of the word; the handwriting is very difficult to determine] on the right lung. Yesterday I was given a wonderful examination by Dr. Gray, a lung spec [specialist?]. He found very little but enough to cause him to order me to bed and said for me to stay there until he would give me a release. I am very well taken care of at the home of Dr. McGowan. The fever's nothing; it comes and goes now of its own accord - no more medicine. My appetite is fine and in these few days I must have gained five pounds. The Western trip has been declared off.

This house is like heaven compared to that bleak hospital. Never again for me.

Mr. Clark came up with me but you know all about that as he talked with you over the phone.

Love to Blanche and Mary Blanche.

Don't worry on my account for now I am all right and will be OK in about two weeks."⁴³

Sincerely,

John

(Off to one side is one word: Write.)

The next letter is postmarked 25 August 1924, Chicago, Illinois, and has been dictated to Father Ed O'Connor.

The letter is as follows:

"Dear Jim,

I am leaving Monday night - 6:30 over Rock Island for Deming, New Mexico. Fr. O'C is coming with me. I do not expect the journey to bother me a bit as I am in pretty fair condition at present. This decision has been made rather suddenly but is the result of a visit from the Provincial a day ago.

I have secured a drawing room for the trip and am going to a wonderful sanatorium conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. One of our priests (Father McGarry) is there already so I will not be alone. I expect to be there Wednesday Eve. I will send you word after I arrive, and keep you informed of my progress - [a word I cannot interpret.]⁴⁴

With love to all, I am

Sincerely,

John T. Boland, C.S.C. & Ed O'C

In the same envelope that Dad had kept the 25 August 1924 letter from Uncle John is one which Father Ed O'Connor had written to Uncle John after he had returned to St. Paul. There is no date on the letter, and no envelope with a postmark. "Wednesday" is in upper right corner. The letter follows:

"My Dear John:

I was glad to see your handwriting again. I can assure you that your instructions will be carried out - as you request if anything should happen. I am surprised in a way for I feel sure you are going to get well. Yes, I guess the trip was a hardship to you although I thought you stood it very well to El Paso. I knew you were far from being at ease from El Paso to Deming. I am so sorry I insisted that you eat that evening. I did not know you were feeling as you were. The letter I had from Sister Francis said your temperature was some less and your pulse much better. I am hoping every day that that is the beginning of your recovery. If your fever reduces and you get back your appetite then there is nothing to your case. Time will not be long passing now until Xmas and then I will see you.

I have not written to Sr. Francis yet but will do so soon. The American Legion has its convention here now and they are a wild bunch. Police and prohibition officers are helpless. I am at work again and things are going along well. We have a pretty fair school [College of St. Thomas?] Seven minims from St. Edward's came. Caughtin got forty-one new students in Chi. John, loads of good wishes to you and praying for your recovery."⁴⁵

I am

Sincerely

E O'Connor

Uncle John arrived at Deming, New Mexico, in the evening of 27 August 1924, and on 28 August 1924 he dictated a letter to Father Ed O'Connor to be sent to my father. It is as follows:

"Dear Jim:

I arrived here last evening at six forty. The journey from Chicago to El Paso was agreeable but cannot say so much for the trip from El Paso to Deming. This is a wonderful place, The Sisters of Holy Cross having spent nearly half a million in erecting buildings they call units. The climate is wonderful, elevation 4370 feet. I have a large room with two immense windows through which this air continuously pour through. The Sisters are most kind and I feel quite at ease and I feel that this is absolutely the place for me. I hope you are all well and that I will hear from you soon.

With love,
John"⁴⁶

My father must have answered by either letter or telegram that he was coming to Deming. On 1 September 1924 Uncle John dictated a letter in which he tells his brother that the distance from New Orleans to Deming through a desert country is 60 hours, and that the Pullman fare alone is \$75, which he cannot afford to spend.⁴⁷ In both that letter of 1 September 1924, and a telegram of 2 September 1924 Uncle John forbids Dad to come to Deming.⁴⁸

Whether there was a letter or telegram in between 2 September 1924 and 19 September 1924 I will never know for certain, but I think there had to have been some communication between Dad and the Sisters of Holy Cross, for dated 19 September 1924 there is a telegram from Sister Mary Beniti O'Connor stating that "Father Boland's condition not changed."⁴⁹ Dad made preparations for going to Deming immediately. He must have contacted Mr. O. A. Clark, because I have a telegram from Mr. Clark to Dad, & Sr. Beniti, saying he will be leaving Chicago on Tuesday at six p.m. for Deming.⁵⁰ Mr. Clark was the owner of five cafeterias in South Bend, one in Gary, IN, and of the Kable's Campus Cafeteria which was the dining hall on Notre Dame campus before the days of the Dining Hall, built and managed by the University of Notre Dame. On 26 September 1924 Dad wires my mother the following telegram:

"John resting comfortable can only last few days Don't know yet if it will be Austin or Notre Dame If Austin will go there Make your arrangements in Hopes it will be Notre Dame. Hope you and Mary Blanche are well. Mr. Clark here Definite wire soon."⁵¹

On 27 September 1924 Father Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., Provincial wires Dad as follows: "Community rule requires burial in Texas."⁵²

To Father O'Donnell on 27 September 1924 Dad sends this telegram:

"If at all consistent please reconsider. Surely an exception can be made in Father Boland's case. Will pay all expenses and act as escort. This means so much to me. Please reconsider carefully you will never regret it."⁵³

In a telegram dated 28 September 1924, and marked 9:24 a.m. Dad sends Mother the following telegram:

"John very low Few days yet Father O'Donnell wires rules requires burial Austin Still trying to make it Notre Dame."⁵⁴

I have no telegram either from Dad telling Mother that Uncle John had died, nor one from Mother acknowledging the news. There is one; however, on 28 September 1924 from O. A. Clark who is in Ft. Worth, Texas, on business. Its text is as follows:

"My sympathy with you Best friend I ever had gone It breaks my heart Tell me when and where burial My prayers with you"⁵⁵

I can't pinpoint the time with the telegrams and letters I have, but the closest approximation I can arrive at is late afternoon, or possibly early evening of 28 September 1924 for the time of Uncle John's death.

On 29 September 1924, marked 9:19 a.m. Father O'Donnell sends the following telegram to Dad:

"You may bring body to Notre Dame All here send sympathy and assurance of prayers."⁵⁶

On 30 September 1924 my father sends an answer by wire thanking Father O'Donnell, and informing him he will arrive in South Bend on 2 October 1924 with Uncle John's body.⁵⁷

I have included this unfolding of Uncle John's summer of illness, departure for Deming, New Mexico, and his death in Deming in order to clarify that there never was a diagnosis of his illness; and if there was an autopsy, no findings were ever disclosed. I hasten to add that that is not a finger pointing exercise, but just a statement to conclude the telling of his health problems as a real mystery, beginning back seventeen years earlier in Austin. In the first part of this century medical science still had a limited range of testing for diagnosis, so that the patient might

never be treated for the real problem. It also was true that if the real problem was treated, the available medicine and treatment was not effective. Surgery for the removal of the gall bladder became Same Day Surgery this winter of 1986 for one Cincinnati hospital! My mother was always concerned that Uncle John didn't eat the right kind of food, and I think it disturbed her that a whole community of men, by and large, ate the same diet. If I had a bead on the date of the picture of Uncle John in the buggy, I might be able to judge when he gained so much weight. In the pictures of him as a student at St. Joe College in Cincinnati and as a seminarian he was very slender. I think it is safe to say that my father would not have survived all the serious illnesses he had to age 85, if my mother had not been particularly vigilant about my father's care and diet.

A final remark about the sequence of telegrams to Father O'Donnell concerning where Uncle John was to be buried. My father never discussed this with me, but I feel convinced that Dad felt so strongly because he was a cemetery visitor, and he knew he would never get to Austin to visit Uncle John's grave. We went to Notre Dame as often as it was possible, the last time in 1953, just four months before the lung cancer made him a bed patient.

Family circumstances occurring at the time of Uncle John's last illness point up his qualities of concern, love and warmth for his brother, acceptance of my mother, an ease in dealing with people outside the circle of the Holy Cross community, both men and women. I hope you will indulge me in my efforts to sketch in the family background which led up to the summer of 1924. My mother was the oldest of five children whose father died at age thirty-five when my mother was twelve. He had been opening the offices of the Adams Express Co. from St. Louis to Santa Fe, New

Mexico. My mother was the only one of the children born in Cincinnati. Upon the death of the father the family returned to Cincinnati and the economic sledding was very difficult. The father's death was attributed to tuberculosis, and eight years later my grandmother Barrett died, also of tuberculosis. My mother was left to care for herself and three younger children. The fifth child had died at a very early age. One brother and one sister died of tuberculosis in the next five years, leaving my mother and the youngest girl, Genevieve, who had been two years old when her father died.

Genevieve was placed in boarding school at Mt. St. Joseph, Ohio, and my mother was teaching school in the Cincinnati Public Schools. When Will Boland went off to Austin, Texas, to assist in the work on St. Edward's farm, Uncle Will and my father broke up the apartment where they had been living together, and Dad found a room in Mrs. Anderson's Boarding House. The house was well kept, the meals were excellent, and my mother was already living there. They began "to keep company," and when it began to be more than a friendship for an evening at the theater, my mother began to say that she wouldn't get married until Genevieve was out of school. So they waited. Genevieve finished school in the summer of 1913, and on 10 January 1914 Uncle John performed the ceremony at Holy Name Church, Cincinnati. On 4 December 1913 Uncle John writes as follows to Father Morrissey:

"My brother Jim is going to get married in St. Francis Xavier Church in Cincinnati on January 10, 1914 and has asked me to perform the ceremony. He is to marry a young lady by the name of Blanche Barrett, a member of the Jesuit parish. I should like to go as Jim has no relatives in Cincinnati, in fact no one except myself and Will."⁵⁸

The reason for the change in churches was that my mother had moved

from St. Xavier parish to Holy Name parish at the time that Genevieve left school at Mount St. Joseph. Needless to say, Father Morrissey granted him permission. One of Dad's favorite stories about Father Morrissey concerned the time he had met Uncle John in Chicago for a visit. A group of Holy Cross priests and Dad were standing in the lobby of the Sherman Hotel, waiting to go somewhere together. As they stood there, one of the priests asked Dad, "When are you going to get married?" Father Morrissey's quick retort was, "Tell him to mind his own business."

Then on 5 May 1914, just under four months after Mother and Dad's wedding, Uncle John writes as follows:

"Dear Jim:

I wrote a few lines to Genevieve some ten days ago and sent her some books, but have not heard from her. I fear she is too ill to write. Let me know how she is. I have been saying Mass for her recovery every day. Now write me immediately for I am anxious about her. Give my kind regards to Blanche."⁵⁹

On 28 May 1914, Uncle John writes his brother the following letter from St. Ed's:

"Dear Jim:

Genevieve is certainly a very sad case. I am truly sorry for Blanche and hope she has returned home by this time. If she is not yet home have her go immediately for she will surely be sick. Genevieve too will be much better at home. You may be sure I will visit you all this summer but just now I cannot tell you the exact time.

Today I meet an architect to go over plans to strengthen the floors of the main building. It will be a tough job and would not have been necessary if the first architect had provided for more steel girders. I am not sure how long the work will hold me here. I will let you know however after I have had a talk with the architect."⁶⁰

Genevieve, the youngest sister, had developed tuberculosis.

On 22 June 1914 Uncle John writes to his brother:

"Dear Jim:

I am still in Texas and cannot tell when I can leave. We are trying to brace up the floors of the main building which have sagged a little: the architect has kept us back on account of not submitting

his plans. He says he will have them this week.

As soon as I get to Chicago I will call you up on the phone and let you know my plans. Got your wire about Genevieve. Tell Blanche not to be discouraged and not to worry. Genevieve will get better. I have no doubt about it. You need not answer this letter as I hope to leave by Saturday or Sunday next. With love to all,"⁶¹

Yours,

John

In 1915 there are no letters extant from Uncle John to Mother and Dad, but on 17 August 1916 Uncle John writes to Genevieve from Portland, Oregon the following letter:

"Dear Genevieve:

I am enclosing the prescription. Dr. O'Neill [the doctor in Chicago] is notoriously negligent in answering letters. I have seen huge piles of them on his desk - all awaiting an answer.

[There is a long paragraph instructing Genevieve what to do about a 10 gallon keg of wine he is sending from Portland.]

I am glad the medicine has helped you. After the hot weather passes try and be out in the air as much as possible. I hope you and Blanche and the baby will get some relief at Boiling Springs, MO. I have been reading every day about the terrible heat in Illinois, and here we are wearing overcoats and wishing for a little sun."⁶²

Sincerely,

Father John

Genevieve lived for two more years; she died in August 1918, age 28. It was a most difficult period for my mother, and my mother's closest friends were united in their praise of my father's concern and generosity toward Genevieve. The climate in Cairo, and the total absence of any control of mosquitoes in Cairo and surrounding territory provided a very fertile environment for malaria. About this time 1918-1919 my father began to have very serious attacks of malaria, keeping him in bed for some weeks. When he was on the train those four days and three nights, traveling from Cairo, Illinois, to Deming, New Mexico, he met an Army doctor who told him the amount of the dosage of quinine they used for soldiers affected with malaria. After Dad returned to Cairo following Uncle John's funeral at

Notre Dame, Dad tried what the Army doctor had prescribed. Ten grams of quinine every day for ten weeks almost killed him, but it did drive the malaria underground and allowed him to work. The final piece of the family scenario that had a bearing on the mood and spirit of my father in the summer of 1924, was my illness as a child. In the fall of 1921, at age 5, I had pneumonia for the fifth time. The doctor told my father that I could not have any more pneumonia; that he had to see to it that I did not contract pneumonia. Needless to say that sent both my parents into a great anxiety. My mother's traumatic experience with tuberculosis in her own family made her extra cautious, and doubly protective. The solution to the pneumonia dilemma was to pack everybody up, and head for St. Petersburg. Within forty-eight hours we were on the Illinois Central, traveling to Florida. This we did for two winters, and it seemed to take care of the situation for I was able to start school at St. Patrick's School, Cairo, Illinois, run by the Sisters of the Holy Cross, in September 1923. The family visited Notre Dame in the summer of 1923, and all seemed to be going well.

I have scrutinized again the pictures of all the family, including Uncle John, that were taken at Notre Dame and Chicago in 1923, and I must say everyone looks healthy. Uncle John must weigh a great deal, but seemingly he was feeling satisfactory and working steadily. There is one letter, dated 21 August 1923, written to my mother, which is as follows:

"Dear Blanche:

Got to St. Paul yesterday and am planted out in the bush about twenty miles from St. Paul in a large cottage. Father O'Connor and Father McDonald, Dr. and Mrs. McGowan and myself are enjoying the country air. It is very restful. We have a Victrola and many fine records. I won't get back to Notre Dame until September 3. Am glad to know that Mary Blanche likes the book. Her letter was fine.

It is quite cool here today as it rained all of the night. I wish I could send some of these cool breezes down to you in Cairo.

That house you wrote about would be a bargain if you intend to remain in Cairo. I hope and pray Jim gets a better place as he certainly deserves a promotion."63

With love to all,

Sincerely,

Father John

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FOOTNOTES

1. IPA: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 12 April 1911
2. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 3 June 1911
3. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 27 August 1909
4. Bestor: Book, p. 64
5. IPA: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 14 January 1911
6. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 27 January 1912
7. Ibid: Letter from Brother Henry to Scheier 2 January 1912
Letter from Brother Henry to Morrissey 2 January 1912
8. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 23 March 1912
9. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 4 November 1910
10. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 19 July 1911
11. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 16 March 1915
12. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 27 June 1917
13. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 27 September 1917

FOOTNOTES

14. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 13 April 1918
15. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 2 September 1918
16. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 7 February 1912
17. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 23 March 1912
18. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 12 December 1912
19. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 28 November 1910
20. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 28 January 1911
21. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 16 November 1911
22. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 4 April 1913
23. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 4 May 1913
24. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 6 October 1913
25. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 4 December 1913
26. 1923 DOME, the annual of the University of Notre Dame, p. 23
27. IPA: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 21 April 1907
28. Ibid: Letter from Spillard to Morrissey 8 October 1907
29. Ibid: Letter from Spillard to Morrissey 24 October 1907
30. Ibid: Letter from Spillard to Morrissey 15 November 1907
31. Ibid: Letter from Spillard to Morrissey 22 November 1907
32. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 4 June 1908
33. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 1 February 1909
34. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 16 March 1915
35. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 16 June 1915
36. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 27 September 1917
37. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 26 November 1917
38. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 23 January 1918
39. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 2 September 1918

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40. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 14 November 1918
41. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 18 November 1918
42. Ibid: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 14 January 1919
43. MBB: Letter from J. T. Boland to James G. Boland 17 July 1924
44. Ibid: Letter from J. T. Boland to J. G. Boland 25 August 1924
45. Ibid: Letter from Rev. Ed O'Connor to J. T. Boland undated
46. Ibid: Letter from J. T. Boland to J. G. Boland 28 August 1924
47. Ibid: Letter from J. T. Boland to J. G. Boland 1 September 1924
48. Ibid: Telegram from J. T. Boland to J. G. Boland 2 September 1924
49. Ibid: Telegram from Sister Mary Beniti O'Connor to J. G. Boland
19 September 1924
50. Ibid: Telegram from O. A. Clark to J. G. Boland 22 September 1924
51. Ibid: Telegram from J. G. Boland to Blanche Barrett Boland 26 September 1924
52. Ibid: Telegram from Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell to J. G. Boland
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53. Ibid: Telegram from J. G. Boland to Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell
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54. Ibid: Telegram from J. G. Boland to B. B. Boland 28 September 1924 (9:24 a.m.)
55. Ibid: Telegram from O. A. Clark to J. G. Boland 28 September 1924
56. Ibid: Telegram from Rev. C. L. O'Donnell to J. G. Boland 29 September 1924
57. Ibid: Telegram from J. G. Boland to Rev. C. L. O'Donnell 30 September 1924
58. IPA: Letter from Boland to Morrissey 4 December 1913
59. MBB: Letter from J. T. Boland to J. G. Boland 5 May 1914
60. Ibid: Letter from J. T. Boland to J. G. Boland 28 May 1914
61. Ibid: Letter from J. T. Boland to J. G. Boland 22 June 1914
62. Ibid: Letter from J. T. Boland to Genevieve Barrett 17 August 1916
63. Ibid: Letter from J. T. Boland to B. B. Boland 21 August 1923