

1/15/2021	I have received this journal from Ernest Bolduc on 1/10/2021. I had heard about it from Virgil who was in N.H. and Ernest let him read it. It is most likely Journal 5 as seen on page 38 which refers to the previous journal datewise as Journal 4. The book has two hard covers and is 8 1/2" by 12" and has 384 pages to fill in. A typical page can hold around 300 words handwritten and both sides of the page are written on so a typical journal, full, could hold around 10,000 words. Not every day has an entry like a diary. This journal or sometimes called a ledger is entered into when Hector Bolduc wants to document his detailed thoughts on various subjects. He has a specialized journals such as one on dreams. He will make entries in his diary to see journal xx on page xx for more information. He also kept journal entries for very secret commentary. I will highlight each date of this journal where there is an entry and sometimes actually show the comments that Hector makes on that day. This journal only goes up to page 123 and from there to page 384 is empty.
2/16/1960	Page 1 - Hector comments on attending the opera with a friend, having coffee duty, and the obsession of men with cigarettes.
2/17/1960	Page 5 - Hector visits the Zirpin family who has 3 children - the fun he has with the children. He discusses how he only drinks water. The Germans and how they celebrate New Years.
2/18/1960	Page 8 - Article on diamonds and how they compare to women. A diamond is so very like a woman, sought by man with lust and greed. So pure in body and wrapped in mysteries deep. So hard in structure and yet so delicate that thy gleam can melt the coldest heart. Like a woman wrapped in a veil of secrecy you lie, in rough, a dull unhoneed piece of stone, trodden underfoot by man and beast until the hand of man does take from you this film and leave you as a start to shine forever in thy glory. Like a prima donna who with a voice like silver bells, scattered to the winds, remains unnoticed and undiscovered in a darkened world, until a master, with patience and a love so deep and filled with passion, collects they scattered notes and molds them into one sweet lovely verse that lifts forever this gloomy shield and thus another light shines brightly on. For want of thee, men have searched from pole to pole; in regions desolate and uncharted, they have sought thee. They have spanned the world and died in parts unknown, victims of your luring powers. Like a maiden fair, you have been an inspiration to all men and placed above all earthly treasures. For only a diamond my add to the beauty of a woman and only a diamond may add to the glory of a throne and both are glorified by man. But, a woman must lose all beauty in death and surrender all loveliness to the dark tombs. While you remain immortal, to shine forever, through eons you will live. free from the chains and ties of mankind. Bound only by the laws and the beauty of nature. Signed Hector L. Bolduc
2/19/1960	Page 10 - "Lt. x pointed out that this problem of segregation is not found in the officer cycles. That they go out together, visit each others families...I am sure that this indicates that intelligence plays a big part in this problem. Hector relates on page 11 of an incident that he shall not forget right away. Having never actually found myself living in a community where segregation was thoroughly practiced, I was easily taken under. I had visited Ft. Smith on the previous week and located an excellent restaurant. I decided to invite a friend of mine out to dinner without a thought of the color difference. We went to the grill and you can't imagine my embarrassment when I walked in the door and a waitress rushed over and stopped us: "I am sorry she said, in that typical Southern drawl, be we don't serve Negroes here, you can come in though". Her sly little grin quickly vanished when I answered: " No thanks, if the food here isn't good enough for my friend, it certainly isn't good enough for me!". (the discussion of segregation goes on
2/19/1960	Cont'd - page 13 - Hector talks about all the characters that he met in the Army and how they differ. At the bottom of Page 16, Hector says "It would take a thousand books to print all the stories like the above one that are found here in the Army." (Hector spends a good deal of his time in the journal analyzing people. He does a good job of talking about their strengths and weaknesses.)
2/26/1960	Page 20 - Hector gets diamond replicas and shows them to many interested parties
2/27/1960	Page 21 - Dream
3/20/1960	Page 21 - quotes from Lt. xxx - "Bolduc, you can't spell for rotten beans" (Reading Hector's diaries and communications, I heartily agree).
3/20/1960	page 22 - commentary on tour to Heidelberg. There is a side note on page 24: "There is no greater sin than wasting time" This comment was a result of the bus always being late due to tardy travellers.

3/24/1960	page 25 - Hector documents his service entrance (which is also covered in his diary. He is going back to Feb 6, 1959 and documenting much detail - amazing.). There is one sentence that I would like to include of Hector's: "I realized right away after talking to some of the men that I am going to have to take a very positive attitude toward the Army even though it will be in direct defiance to my fellow GO's and contrary to the opinions of most - otherwise I will lose all respect for myself and those things which I have always placed so much importance."
3/29/1960	(more info on entry into the Army.) Most of the members are under 20 and here because of home problems or trouble with the police. (Hector is 23 years old). Hector is amazed that they are very opinionated without much substance to back up their opinions. "I remember one instance when we were discussing the percentage of men in the Army who had criminal records. I decided to test them and stated that 60% of all men in the Army had criminal records and I stated a number of other false facts relative to the subject. They never questioned my statistics but instead started to find excuses and reasons for it. They simply cannot think for themselves. (And he goes on describing his entry into the Army back in 1959)
4/17/1960	Page 30 - Discussion of good and bad officers
4/27/1960	page 32 - (What is a good man? Hector is arguing with a man named Tony). A man isn't just a member of the male sex that walks around with bulging muscles. That is just a distinction at birth. Baby's are born, men are made. A man is judged by his ability to adapt himself to the situation which surrounds him and the manner in which he confronts and solves these situations. His intelligence is not how much he gets on his CT test nor how much he got on his last report card. No his intelligence is how well he puts to use those things he has learned. Who would you respect more - a man with a dozen college degrees and and unlimited expanse of knowledge who wasted his life away or a simple humble man who used all his ability (although limited) to further himself and succeed in raising himself just a little bit in life.
7/24/1960	Well, it finally happened. For weeks now, the men of the Battery have been planning to take action to correct some of the injustices in the battery. For weeks, we collected information such as D-F's(Disposition forms) and statements and made them into a booklet. We drafted a letter putting forth our feelings and circulated it among the battery. It was signed by 83 of the men (75%) and we submitted it to the I.G. (Inspector General). ...If I do say so myself, it was a masterpiece. A great deal of work went into it. Every item on Page 5 was checked by myself against the Court Martial Manuals to be sure we were not endangering ourselves in any way. It was a major moral victory for myself. (Hector goes on to describe the process where he was interviewed for 2 hours as the spokesman for the battery and the outcome was good). (Further down) All references to this matter, including photographs, extra copies of the letters, DF's, etc. may be found in my file reference, envelope #66. It is presently being kept in safe keeping. (I think this has to do with a particular Sargeant that Hector feels is definitely sick). I documented this situation because it is a training field for some of Hector's later difficulties at the Washington seminary.
7/24/1960	page 36 - (Hector talks about talking with Wright Towery. He is honest but they disagree on many points. I found one quote interesting). I live on a farm and don't have the slightest intention of continuing in that direction except for helping my Hector.
7/24/1960	page 37 - The following are a few short excerpts from a conversation between Towery and myself(for future book reference)... (My comment - I found it interesting that Hector is looking at writing a book about something). (Regarding Hector's motivation to move up in the army) - Not this boy, I am not going to spend 3 years in the army as a PFC.
7/25/1960	page 38 - Been in the army exactly one year
7/26/1960	page 38 Refers to book 4 January 24, 1960.
7/26/1960	page 39 Army is like a chess game (Think this is in diary - see Dec 21, 1959
7/31/1960	page 40 - (new commander - the best)
7/29/1960	page 42 - (new leader discussion and good traits). I can't see how taking personal interest in a man is going to hurt an officer or why anyone should consider him inferior if he does.

8/31/1960	page 45 - I went bowling and scored 70 points. There was a terrible accident at Groff post this week. 16 men killed, 30 hurt. A shell from an x inch over shot the impact area and landed in tent city area. General Hill and myself went immediately to the scene of the accident and surveyed the damage - see article for the Laconia Evening Citizen.
9/14/1960	Page 46 - I tried my first game of golf, the day was lovely. I shall never forget my first game of golf and with good reason. Golf always seemed to me to be an easy sport and I never thought I'd ever try it least of all like it. It takes more skill than one would think. After my 18th swing, I finally go the ball a few feet away from the hole. I seemed to progress as I advanced but couldn't get any direction on the ball. Now one of the greens sets only a few feet from a road on the other side of which is the 7th Army Headquarters building. My poor judgement of distance proved fatal. I over shot the green, the ball bounced off the pavement and went crashing through one of the lower floor windows. The first thought that entered my mind was to drop everything and run but I knew the golf clubs were signed out to me and that I would eventually be found. I pushed my shoulders up a hitch and headed for the front door. Just as I reached it, a large pudgy faced Colonel came out twirling my golf ball between his index finger and thumb. I stopped, saluted him (with my golf club still in my hand) and before I could speak, he said "Is this your ball?". (The story goes on with the Colonel eventually giving Hector tips on how to play better golf)
9/18/1960	page 48 - Tour of Nuremburg. As we had not been to Church, we separated from the rest of the tour and started to look for a Catholic Church
9/19/1960	page 51 - (Unit testing - process very unfair)
9/19/1960	page 53 - (group discussion on religion) - The three of us engaged in very deep discussion on almost every subject, sex, religion, politics, and others. Mainly religion and politics. They being Protestant and I being Catholic, they both ganged up on me and tried in every way to break me. However, I have studied all religions very thorough and made fools of them....What seemed to impress them most is my wide knowledge of their own religion. It's interesting to note that most (radical) Protestants will always be prepared with a number of points about what is wrong with the Catholic church but they have very poor knowledge of their own religion.
10/30/1960	Page 53 - Today I had a game of ping pong and pool with 3 others. I must say that I never had so much fun as I had with the game with Smith. He had been drinking and I didn't hesitate in taking advantage of the situation. Smith is a fairly good pool player while I am very poor having only played a few games before. In order to beat him, I knew that I would certainly have to play contrary to the rules. As fast as Smith would make a ball, I would take it out and place it on the table. As a result, he sometimes sank the same ball three or four times. In the last game, he only had one ball left. I had all mine in and was trying for the 8 ball. Just as he sank his last ball, I placed the #2 ball on the outer edge of the table. He saw it, scratched his head shrugged his shoulders and played it. I scratched on my next shot and he won not knowing that he had made three times as many balls as I had.
1/14/1961	page 54 - court martial prosecutor discussion
1/17/1961	page 55 - (Discussion of friends and their strengths and weaknesses.) Three new characters who I have mentioned only lightly now and then but who have as late become very close to me. Perhaps in one case, at least, closer than anyone had ever been to me before. For several months, all three have dominated some part of my surroundings, some part of my every day activity, and have added a great deal directly and indirectly to the change which almost came over me but which I was able to recognize and overcome in time to keep myself from doing myself a great injustice. Mainly by nearly causing me to break the standards which I set when I first came into the army....
1/18/1961	Page 55 - First let's take Domenick Lazzaro Jr. Domenick is a grown up (boy) who seems to have had the fortune of discovering many avenues to new horizons but has not matured enough as yet to be able to use them to his best advantage. (This goes on for 2 full pages mostly complimentary). Then on page 59, Hector discusses Stanley Kinecky. (this goes on to page 65)

3/3/1960	<p>page 65(actualy entered date was 3/22/1961) - Some time ago, I discovered that Theresa Neumann, a woman here in Germany, who has the stigmata, was living in a small town of Konnersreuth about 100 miles north, not far from the Czech border. (Phil Rosado and Hector got a three day pass and travelled by train. After the train, they had to travel by walking the 6 km.) Finally after topping a small knoll, it suddenly appeared below us(Konnersreuth). (Hector spends the next 15 pages describing this trip. It was very eventful but did not include any visit with Theresa as she was recovering from an agony. It is a beautiful description of a 3 day trip in the rural countryside of Germany meeting many locals. Remember, there are no maps or GPS systems so there is much stopping and asking for directions.) (I have copied page 65-80 as it is a good sample of Hector's journal entries)</p>
4/1/1961	<p>page 80 - Vilseck Germany (where he is now writing the following.) on Good Friday, 31, March 1961, I went to Konnersreuth, Germany to visit the famous Theresa Neumann. (Hector had arranged to use an Army truck and took 17 men with him including Domenick Lazzaro. They left at 0600 and arrived at 0755). There was already a large crowd when we arrived gathered about her home. I went to the little Gasthouse where we had stayed at when visiting the month before and looked up a man who is married to Theresa Neumann's neice. (He was at the Church). After the services, we returned to the little cottage directly across from the church and joined the long line of people who were waiting to see the "Miracle of Konnersreuth". Soon the entire square was filled with people. Many had umbrellas as it was raining quite hard but we had none so we just stood there getting soaked. I didn't mind at all as I had been looking forward to seeing her for so long. About 1/2 hour later, a small window on the 2nd floor opened and Hector Naber, the village priest who is 91 years old addressed the crowd and gave a brief summary of Theresa Neumann and informed us on how the viewing was to be conducted. Shortly afterwards, the door to the cottage opened and nuns were allowed to enter. A steady stream followed from the right of the door and up the narrow stair case. as we were going up the stair case, we met several ladies coming down who were crying.</p>
4/1/1961	<p>(cont'd) As I entered the room, the first thing I saw was Father Naber seated on a chair at some distance from the bed. In the far corner of the room, near a window, stood a large bed covered with white sheets and on it Theresa Neumann sat in a slight crouch. It was quite a sight to behold. She wore a white shawl over her head and it was singed with large spots of blood where the wounds from the thorns were bleeding. Blood was seeping through the white smock that she wore on her shoulders and arms. Her hands were outstretched and I could clearly see the holes in them. Large clots of blood formed around the wounds and blood dripped freely from them onto the white bed spread. Two large rivers of blood about 2 inches wide ran down from her eyes down to her chin and down the sides of her neck. Blood dripped from her chin to the bed. Her eyes appeared to be closed. Her lips were moving slightly and she seemed to be murmuring very low. Her face was twisted in agony and she seemed to be in great pain. We were there only a few minutes but in those short minutes, I have never been so close to God. I shall never forget that experience as long as I live. There is no question in my mind that her Stigmatism is genuine. I am sure that some day the name of Theresa Neumann will rank among the saints in the Holy Catholic church. (Her cause for canonization came about in 2005). We left Konnersreuth at 0955 for Vilseck.</p>
4/27/1961	<p>page 83 - Communist Russia discussion with another person</p>
5/30/1961	<p>page 85- (catching on his journal writing of incidents over the last few months concerning the orphanage. Hector has been very active with the orphanage and the orphans. This journalling goes to page 91 with a detailed description of work on the pool. the orphanage name is the Ilbenstadt Orphanage. Hector seems to be the foreman and driver for the project). The way the men have taken hold of the orphanage situation and their untiring efforts amaze me. Whenever there is need of work to be done, a dozen or more are always available. Financially or manually, they always come across above what is expected. (The Army is providing trucks and tools to redo and rebuild the swimming pool).</p>
5/31/1961	<p>page 91 - Sargeant Violette description</p>

7/7/1961	<p>page 93 - (Battalion moves out to Vilseck. Hector is going to go to Konnersreuth. They arrived on Sunday and went to church and then found out that visiting could not occur on Sunday so they had a meal at an Inn.). We enjoyed a delicious dinner at a small Inn(gasthouse) overlooking the square where is located the church and house of Theresa Neumann. While enjoying our meal, we noticed two gentlemen, one a priest who were also eating at the table next to ours. They spoke French and not having spoken French for quite sometime, I thought it would be nice to converse with them at the same time I might be able to find out something about Theresa Neumann , as I have made it a practice of speaking to everyone who might know something about her. Ironically enough, one of the gentlemen turned out to be a Monsieur Ennemond Boniface who is considered the greatest living authority on Theresa Neumann and has authored several books on her which are considered par excellent. We talked on adn on and I learned a great deal on Theresa Neumann.</p>
7/7/1961	<p>cont'd - page 95. Mr. Boniface volunteered to send a copy of his book (a French translation) to my mother. Before leaving, he took several photographs of us standing before the Church at Konnersreuth. Not being able to visit Theresa Neuman, I decided to show the town to Jimmy and Lorenzo. The famous church the Kopella which is located only a kilometer from the Czech border. We thought it best to leave the truck behind(Hq 19) and walk to the Church. We hiked through the back woods and fields. We finally reached the Church and all enjoyed the lovely church. It is richly decorated with gilt and gold. it has six lovely onion shaped towers. We walked back to Konnersreuth stopping on the way to eat wild berries and to put fresh flowers on an icon(religious picture) we found hanging on a tree by the road. We stopped at the gashouse prior to our departure for refreshments, beer and water and returned to Vilseck. Our meal consisted of fried potatos, schitzel(veal steak), salad, bread, butter, cheese and water, and coffee.</p>
7/11/1961	<p>Page 96 - We arrived back at Konnersreuth early in the morning. At 1300, we were asked into her home.(Jimmie McFadden, Tom Soden, and Peter Marcuika). I spoke for sometime with her sister and then we finally were motioned into her room. She was standing and met us at the door as we entered. She greeted us and I answered in German. She remarked that she recalled the American soldiers who had placed the cross on the church. I asked to exam her hands and she held them out to me. The holes were covered with thick scabs that seemed pink underneath and were to an extent, transparent, for as I passed my hand under the wound, I could see the change in the light.</p>
7/11/1961	<p>Page 97 - Her hands seemed cold and hard as rocks. I felt the scabs and they were secure and there is no question that they were real as when I moved one, the skin around her hand moved also. I mentioned that my mother would be very happy that I had visited her and upon hearing of my mother, she reached on a small table and opened a fat black wallet or pouch made of leather. From this, she selected a lovely photograph card printed in English of the Sacred Heart adn gave it to me for my mother. On the back, she had written a few words and signed her name. The words she wrote were: "United in Holy Prayer, Theresa Neumann." I know my mother will treasure it always. Lt. Jennings, my battery commander had asked me to ask her to remember him in her prayers and I told her that we all would like her to remember us in her prayers. She replied that all would be remembered in her prayers to God. I had three rosary beads with me and I placed them in her hands. She held them for a moment, said a prayer and returned them to me. I then thanked her, shook her hands and left. I cant begin to explain the strange feeling I had upon entering her room. Before going to her home, I had stopped at the Church and prayed that God would give me the strength to face such a holy person. I had a thousand questions to ask her upon entering. I completely forgot everything. Tom, McFadden, and Pete stood by and never spoke a word except for Aug Wiedersain upon leaving. Miss Neumann and I spoke in German. Her face was as white as snow. I shall never forget this experience. Perhaps, I shall never be so close to anyone so holy all my life.</p>
7/24/1961	<p>page 98 - (hector is now writing all the following from Fort Ord California on 9/12/1961 - he has all night guard duty and wants to document some happenings) (Hector is involved in testifying at Pfc Early's court martial. As soon as that is done, he is packing to go to America. A telling comment from Hector) "Everyone is so happy to leave except me of course." (Hector loves his family and N.H. but he also loves the comraderie and all the history that is in Europe)</p>
7/25/1961	<p>page 104 - shipping out</p>

7/27/1961	page 107 (the ship leaves England and arrives in NY harbor on 8/2/1961. During the trip, Hector throws two bottles with notes in them.)
8/3/1961	Page 112. Phil Rosado's appt - then to Mrs. Borellis house (son John friend of Hectors).
8/4/1961	page 114- (travels with above friends to NY city = first for Hector which is amazing. Planning trip to California with the Soden's. Hector thoroughly enjoys the subway - the sites and the people.
8/7/1961	page 120 - travels to Hartford Conn. to sister Theresa's house.
8/8/1961	<p>Page 121 - (it is now 12/30/1961 and Hector is still reminiscing on his coming home. Theresa insists on talking Hector home which involves a 5 hour car ride).We made very good time arriving in Laconia at 1400. I was still determined to surprise my family so Theresa dropped me off a the foot of the hill between Morins and our home and I walked the rest of the way wearing Roberta's straw hat as a disguise. As I entered the yard, I noticed a green car, a new Ford, parked to the left and noticed someone in it on the front seat working under the dash. It turned out to be my brother Ernest. He was very surprised and immediately led me to the house to meet my mother. He cautioned me not to surprise her too much. He entered ahead of me and called her saying that someone wanted her at the door. She cried a little when she saw me. I guess I did too. It had been a long time. Several others quickly gathered and Theresa and the children entered. Everyone was surprised in seeing them as they had just left the day before. Toward evening, I had answered no less than 10,000 questions and seen the majority of the family. I opened a few boxes and went to bed quite late. all were interested in what was in the many boxes that I had sent home. Mom had changed noticeably. She looked older and her hair was quite qhite. Somehow, she seemed more beautiful than ever. Pop was ill with a very bad cold and had just recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia. He seemed to have put on some weight. Robert had grown a great deal as had Helen. Hellen was very pretty. Ernest looked older and fatter. The rest seemed quite the same.</p>