CATHERINE HOY MEMOIR

BUTTE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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MEMOIR OF
~~INTERVIEW WITH~~ CATHERINE HOY

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NARRATOR: My mother and father were born in Ireland and emigrated to England when the famine was on and my mother came from the north of England and my father came from the south. He came to America in 1862 to Colorado and he worked in the mines in Colorado for many years and then he came to Butte. During this time my mother came over; they didn't even know each other at the time and she came right to Butte to live. She came from a large family. So during the time my father came up from Colorado and he met my mother and they married.

R.C. : What were their names?

Nar.: My father's name was Peter Ward and my mother's maiden name was Catherine Barry.

C.S. : How did they happen to meet in Butte?

Nar: Well, I just don't recall that. I imagine they just got together. My father was considerable older than my mother. And then she had six or seven brothers. So that was probably the way they got together. They lived here in Butte all of the rest of their lives. My father worked in the mines and at one time he was one of the miners that started the Badger Shaft. He and Mr. Renouard, at the time. So he worked around all the mines. He worked at the Anaconda and the Never Sweat and the Parrott and so on and so forth. You name it and he was there.

R.C.: Everything on the east side.

Nar.: Yeah. And we lived on Anaconda Road. I had three sisters and two brothers. We went to St. Mary's School. And at that time it was on Wyoming Street, you know St. Mary's Church. So we went there when we were little kids. We lived up there on Anaconda Road, so this is about Anaconda road if you want that.

R.C: Go ahead.

C.S: Maybe you could tell us what some of your fondest memories are of being a child. Things you did as a child.

Nar: Yes, We used to sleigh ride. It wasn't sleigh riding, it was tobogganing. And these toboggans were home-made. You know, two sleds and it ~~world~~ would hold sixteen kids on that toboggan. We would start and we would pull that toboggan all the way up Anaconda Road for about two miles and then we'd ride down which took us about five minutes, which took us about two or three hours to get up there. That was really something! And then we had ice skated and we, no we didn't have skates, we had ~~staves~~ staves? barrel ~~stave~~ staves? and we made skis out of them. We had a little hill and we slid down that hill with those skis. All the broken ankles and so forth. But we managed, we got by with it.

C.S.: Sounds like a lot of kids in the area.

Nar.: Yes they were. There were, I'd say, fifty to sixty kids, in that area. And they all went to St. Mary's School, at this time. We had to cross the railroad tracks from our house to St. Mary's School. And believe me, it was snow. They say ankle deep, it was knee deep getting back and forth to that school. But it was nice and we got along real well. Lots of fights and lots of quarrels. But they managed. There was one thing about kids on Anaconda Road, and the people in Dublin Gulch. They all stuck together. They fought and quarreled, you know, had their fights and their quarrels but they stuck together. If one was in trouble, you'd best know, everybody was on the helping side of it. But the miners, they were really something else. You know, as I said, there'd be from two to three thousand miners going up and down that road every day. And you got lost in the shuffle if you happened to be on the road at the changing of shifts.

C.S.: You mentioned the fights. What was it like to be a girl growing up among all the roughness?

Nar: Oh, it was great, (laughter). You know, my grandkids ask me, "Grandma, Who was the best fighter?" Of course, I had to tell them I was. Because I was. I was, really, I came out ahead all the time.

C.S: What would cause the fights, what would happen?

Nar: Well, kids in school, you know how they fight. Maybe one got a little better grade than the other one and he was a little smarter than the next one, well, then they went up to the alley and fought it out, to really see which one of them won. They were really some gang of kids. And, like I said, I don't know of anything nicer, a nicer way of life than we had up there.

C.S: It was O.K. for girls to fight then?

Nar: Oh yes. We loved it, (laughter). We were in the battling just as well as the boys. We had sides, you know, one side and the the other side. Well then, the fight would start with two and by the end of the fight there was about fifteen or twenty kids all mingled and mixing it up.

C.S: Boys or girls?

Nar: Yes, boys and girls all mixing it up and the same time. And then on Sundays we all went to Church, went to Mass. That was our big day. And we all dressed up in our best clothes, high shoes and our long white dresses. Curly hair and so forth. We always managed, that's one thing we did do, was to keep up our religion. Most of us graduated from St. Mary's School, went on to Central High School and graduated from there.

We had a nice childhood, in other words. We really did.

R.C.: Do you remember the priests and nuns there?

Nar.: Oh yes, We were taught by nuns. St. Mary's School was taught by nuns. We had one nun in particular. She came straight from Ireland. And you went up one flight of steps, you know, and at the top of this flight of stairs was St. Patrick standing with a stick or whatever he had, and he was standing up there, you know, so one day some of the kids, ~~mischevious~~ mischievous, decided they were going to change the image up there so they got up and one of them put a cigarette in his mouth. And believe me, we all stayed after school for about three weeks after that, to find out who done it. But other than that---and we got well educated. We were well educated with those nuns. They were strict. They were really ~~(~~cranky~~)~~ (laughter). And if you didn't do what was right you just got it, that was all.. They didn't monkey around with kids like the kids nowadays. They didn't fool around with the kids. They just banged their heads together and that was it. And the nuns took charge of it. The priests ran St. Mary's Church. At the time I think Father English, the first Father English, was our pastor, up to St. Mary's. Then the other, his nephew, came from Ireland and he came and he was in our parish.

R.C.: He's the one who became a ~~Monsiguor~~ Monsignor later.

Nar.: Yes, that's the Monsig~~u~~nor English.

C.S.: Did the kids ever gang up on the teachers, like they do sometimes today?

Nar.: No, they didn't. Because believe me, the nuns ruled the roost and that was it. And it was a darned good thing because I tell you, they wouldn't monkey with these kids today. They'd have their heads split.

R.C.: Were the boys and girls in seperate classes?

Nar.: No, they were all in one class. And there was from fifty to sixty kids in our class, You know, one teacher. We would start school at nine o'clock in the morning and go for lunch about twelve to one and then we went to school every day until four o' clock. And that school was so cold! Do you know where old St. Mary's School was?

R.C.: I think so.

Nar.: Well, you know it was cold and if you'd sit over by the window and there was a big blizzard, well, the snow all came in the window. Cause it was poorly built. Just haphazard built.

C.S.: Wood fires to heat it?

Nar.: No, they had a boiler--- when it worked. At one time they used coal, they used all kinds of coal, and then the Anaconda Company got generous and they piped in steam from the Stewart Mine into St. Mary's School so that warmed it. But that didn't warm it any. You still sat with your overshoes and sweaters and coats on. During school hours.

C.S.: Did you have chores that you had to do, growing up.

Nar.: Oh yes, We all had. As I say I came from a family of six and each of us had our chores to do. My older sister had the two front rooms---we had six rooms. That consisted of a bedroom and a front room. My other sister had the kitchen, which was the hardest one of all and I had the dining area to do and in that dining room we had a great big long table. It was always set and on the table we ate our meals, you know we'd sit around that. And at one time we'd have from ten to twelve at that table. We always had a cousin or an uncle or an aunt or somebody living with us, you know. Just the old Irish tie. We always had someone living with us. That area, that was mine. I had to do that. And every Saturday, whether it needed it or not, we had to scrub the walls down. I don't know whether it needed it or not

but we had to do this. And we didn't slipshod it. We used soap and water. Naphtha ~~Napthn~~ soap and water. Walls and woodwork and that. And that table had to be ~~scruptiously~~ scrupulously clean or else you didn't get your supper. It was just too bad. And my mother was typical Irish. Did her own baking. Did her own cooking and so forth. I had an aged grandmother who lived with us. And she used to sit in a corner, the little corner was off by the big stove, you know. And she smoked a corncob pipe and sometimes she couldn't light that corncob pipe so us kids took it on us ourselves and we'd light the corncob pipe for her. That was typical old home and just one of those things that you'd just love to remember and cherish. The thought of it.

C.S.: Did you notice any difference in the things you had to do as a girl as compared to your brothers?

Nar.: No, it was just automatically. We were assigned the chores and that was it. You didn't hesitate about it. My mother and father ruled the roost. My mother did. And when she said it was to be done, it was to be done. The boys had to chop wood and the coal, you know, and how we'd get our coal sometimes, the coal cars would run back and forth on Anaconda Road. So one kid would get in the coal car and throw out all this coal. Then the rest of us would go along and pick it up and take it home. And the same with the mines. The mines would throw a lot of wood out, you know, that they'd bring up out of the mines. They'd give them ties and stuff like that. So that was the boys' chores, to bring the wood home and saw it on Saturdays, you know. In the summer time was when they did most of their chores.

C.S.: What do you remember doing as recreation in the family?

Nar.: We played baseball and at one time it was called "tippy". We had a big flat stick, you know, and I don't know what it is called now but we used to call it "tippy".

A flat stick, it was shaped like an oar. And we had fights. Girls on one side, boys on the other and we'd hit that stick back and forth. We had bases that we used to run back and forth like the baseball team. The girls could play ball as well as the boys. I don't think there was any difference in the girls and the boys of those days. But, I mean, partialities or anything like that. Because the boys knew their place and the girls knew theirs. And that was it. There was another family lived second next door to us, their name was Coughilan? They had I think, six to eight children, too, and we were equally divided so we didn't have to-- there were a lot of fights. I think that was our main pleasure. Fighting. We just loved that (laughter).

C.R.: Would your mother get together with the other women in the neighborhood?

Nar.: Oh yes.

C.S.: Would they have any teas or anything?

Nar.: No, they didn't have time for teas. They didn't have time. They would have ~~been senoring~~ sewing? Twice a year we had a dressmaker come in and do our sewing, you know. She'd sew for the Fall for us kids and sew for the Spring for the kids. Yeah, they got together over the fence, the back fence. They really did get together. All in all it was a very pleasant way to grow up. You know, there was no partiality, there was no showing off and all of this stuff. Oh, there was showing off, when you got a new outfit, did you ever show off. But there were times, there were a lot of heartaches, you know. Children got killed in the cars up on Anaconda Road, you know, fell between the cars and was killed. There was a lot of heartaches. But you hadn't seen anything until you went to an Irish wake up there.

C.S.: What was that like?

Nar.: Well, you know an Irish wake. Didn't you ever go to an Irish wake?

Well, you missed something. They kept the bodies at home, what I mean, they didn't take them to the undertakers like they do now. They prepared the bodies and fixed them at home. They had them in a big room and all the mourners came up and every body in the neighborhood cooked something, had a big, oh, ham, chicken, dessert, cake, so and then they'd have this wake and all the neighbors would come in and say how sorry they were and so on and so forth. Then at midnight, you know, they'd have this big feast, on there, with all the liquor they'd want. As I said, there was twenty, thirty saloons on that highway, so we weren't short by any means. But then they'd all feast and have a good old time up to the wake and enjoy it. And then the funerals were something else. Hacks, you know, Hack Jack, whatever do you call him?

R.C.: Fat Jack.

Nar.: Fat Jack. His hack and then there was the hearse and all that. They went to the cemetary and what was left after the wake they put it in boxes and so on, so forth, and after the funeral they, it was horses and buggies, you know, hacks, they'd all ride out to about the Nine Mile, not the Nine Mile. It wasn't that far out. Out to about the Five Mile. And then they'd have a picnic. Finish up all the goodies. And all the men - most of the men, were pretty good drinkers. Well, you weren't Irish unless you were a good drinker. They were good drinkers. They'd come home. Waited for the next funeral to take place.

R.C.: Was there any of the wailing by the old women as in the Old Country?

Nar.: Yes, if you let them but most of the time they didn't go for that stuff. Of course, the kids weren't allowed but lots of the times the kids got in on it. As I said, I can remember just one or two because we made it our business to attend it. But, no, there wasn't any of that wailing or stuff

like that. They'd take them to thee Church and have the funeral Mass and then it took two or three hours to get to the cemetary. You know, by horse, way down there on Montana Street. It was horse and buggies. Most of the people had hired buggies. In the winter time they used those cutters. But other than that, why that was the end of the funeral business. Up there.

C.S. : Were weddings as festive?

Nar.: Yes, they were nice, you know.

C.S. : Not quite like the wakes, though.

Nar.: No. After weddings, they'd have, as I said, big banquets and stuff like that. Before I forget, my granddaughter, that's her picture there, they were married here in December and we had the reception at the Ramada and she had some guests come up from California and from I think it was Oregon. And he came over to me. He said, "I always heard of of Irish weddings but I never heard, never realized it like this. She had a typical Irish wedding. She had everything that went with it. It was just fabulous.

C.S.: What would make an Irish different than another weddings?

Nar.: Well, I just lived in the Irish community. I don't think there was any difference. I think they all had it. Well, the Finlanders and the Swedes down on, I think it was Broadway and Granite, they'd have the same. Everybody would have the same kind of weddings. But as I said, I understood it more because I was of the Irish type and that's the kind of wedding we would have. Other churches and other religions have the same kind of weddings. I remember going to a Jewish wedding. They were all on the West Side, the Jewish were all on the West Side. Nice big homes and all that. And I was, well, I was working on this wedding. I was employed at the time to go over there and help this wedding. And I can remember these little Teeny sandwiches. First time

I'd ever seen them. And I was horrified. I couldn't imagine anybody just having those little teeny sandwiches and cookies and stuff like that at a wedding. That wasn't how it should have been. And they served a certain wine. They didn't serve liquor. They served what they called punch. They served that.

R.C.: Did the Old Country people bring any of the old superstitious with them?

Nar.: Yes, As I said, this aged grandmother of mine, she would gather most of the kids from around the neighborhood, they'd come in and she'd tell them ghost stories. About the banshees and the Little People and all that, you know. And she'd sit there for hours and tell us all those stories and then the kids were too scared to go home so my mother and my oldest brother would have to take the kids home because she'd always tell them about how the banshees, you know, the little leprechuans and all that stuff. Well, the kids would have nightmares during the night. She would tell them all the stories. But a lot of her stuff was true, you know. I mean she lived in Ireland in those days when that kind of stuff was really true to them. At that time.

C.S.: What about folk ~~medecives~~ medecines? Did she bring and kind of folk ~~medecives~~ medecines?

Nar.: No, I don't think so. Just her corncob pipe (laughs).

And she wore a little shawl. I still have pictures of her someplace. If I ever get around to finding them.

C.S.: Was she a drinker too? Did women drink?

Nar.: Oh, yes. Not my grandmother, no. Not my mother and my father. But there was quite a few of them up there, old girls really liked their liquor. I'll tell you that much. They'd go in the back door of the saloon because they didn't want anyone to see them. So they'd go in the back door of the saloon. That's when beer was on tap, you know, and

you could get a big bucket of beer for a quarter. So the women would send the kids to the back door of the saloon and they'd rap on the back door. "Two bits worth of beer, please". So they'd give you a whole big bucket of beer you know. Kids would suck a bowl of beer suds going home. Yes, I had quite a childhood.

C.S.: What happened to the poor Irish during Prohibition?

Nar.: They made it. Our next door neighbor, their name was Gallagher, they had a still right next door to ours, you know. They made their own liquor. But the still blew up one night and ~~sent~~ went right clear through the ceiling. I told my grandson this the other day and he wouldn't believe it. It went right clear through the ceiling of the house. They called and it didn't do any other damage. The still just went up and that was it. Everybody made their own liquor. Moonshine, you know. That was the thing. It wasn't bathtub liquor, either, it was really liquor. They did it with corn and malt and hops and so on and so forth. It was nothing to see someone going up with a jug under his arm, going home. These boarding houses were where the people---the miners, you know, a lot of them didn't have homes so they'd board and ~~room~~ed in these boarding houses. And they would have these big tables full of food all of the time. Food that you never would believe, they'd have on these big tables. And those were the men, you know, single men, they had their bottles all the time. But that was one thing I think they restricted in the mines. They would never allow liquor going up and down in those mines. Well, they couldn't, you know.

Because it'd be too bad if they made a mistake or something. I don't know if you remember when the Granite Mountain disaster.

R.C.: I wasn't here.

Nar.: Well, that was ~~shere~~ where there were, I think, forty, fifty men were killed at once in the gas explosion. They used this road, ~~you know~~, to take those bodies back and forth. And that was a memory because, you know, you figure so many families, fathers or brothers or uncles or somebody. It pertained to somebody. ~~Somebody~~ Everybody in the vicinity suffered the loss of somebody like that.

C.S.: Would the families all get together and help that family?

Nar.: That's right. As I said, they were a very close community. They nevver wanted in that vicinity, they never wanted for anything. Because if they did there was somebody there right ready to help. Not like they are today, trying to get all they can out of everybody else, you know. Selfish and that. I don't think there was any selfish people in that town? I lived up there for about twenty-five years. Up on that road. Lots of fond memories, too. And the boys and girls, you know, the girls got kind of tired of the kids up there. They wanted something different so they'd go get another beau. From down south here, some place like that. Well, you weren't supposed to go with anybody else, but those boys took their life in their hands to take a girl from Anaconda Road out and bring her home. They'd gang up on them on the bottom of the road there. It was just too bad for them. After they got down there. Oh, we had picnics and sleigh rides and so on and so forth.

We had a hill in the back of our house called Hungry Hill. There was no snow set on it. No snow would ever get on it. And in the summer time the Indians would come and get up on top of that hill. And they would camp there. I don't know why but they would camp there maybe two or three weeks. Up on top of that hill. And they built their teepees, and that. So we got quite intrigued with those Indians, you know, and we would---well, I guess it was stealing. We'd take the potatoes out of my mother's -- and all of us kids up in that neighborhood, we'd take the potatoes from our mother's bin and take them up there and the Indians would roast them in this fire for us. We'd bring enough for the Indians too, see. So we got on their good side. So they would roast those potatoes. How they done it, they cut right up and it was a meal and delicious. But we would take the potatoes and give them half and then they'd cook these big potatoes in this fire for us, up there.

C.S.: Would you swap stories?

Nar.: Yes. Indian stories and so on and so forth.

C.S.: Would they keep traveling on then?

Nar.: Well, I think they would. I think that's what it was, a traveling tribe. And I think they would just --- that was just the place they would camp for maybe a couple of weeks in the summer and then they'd move on to someplace else. I think they were going north.

C.S.: Do you remember having a lot of animals around?

Nar.: Well, not wild animals. Occasionally a bear would come down from the hills, something like that. Or a deer, But no other wild animals.

They knew their life was in their hands if they came down there. (laughs) But there had been bears. Occasionally a bear would come down from the hill. Other than that there was nothing exciting about it. It was just "a bear coming down the road". Then he was chased back up to the hills again. Or a deer, something like that. There were very few wild animals around. Buffalos once in a while. Seventy-eight years , you know, that's a long time. To remember all these things.

C.S.: Did you go to work then?

Nar.: Yes. As I said, I was a bucket girl, what they called a bucket girl. And these bucket girls, you know, if the miners were nice to you, you gave them an extra cupcake or an extra piece of cake or an extra piece of fruit or something. But if they weren't, you know, I mean smart-alecs or something like that, they just got their usual sandwich. And this was all made with homemade bread. And the slices were about a half an inch thick. And you slapped the meat in there and then you put another big slice on there, they really had to use their jaws to get around that (laughs). Some of those sandwiches! Yes, I went to work. I worked at--it was Symon's at the time. I was the cash girl there. Which paid fifty cents a day or three dollars a week, big money in those days. Such we thought it. We'd take that money home to my mother and she'd give us fifty cents to spend. You know, we could spend fifty cents. Yes, I worked.

C.S: What would you do with your fify cents?

Nar: Well, the shows were on Park Street then. There was about--- oh, the Ansonia or Crystal, a few of those. They were only a nickle to get into. So we'd go and look at the double features.

Double features---we'd stay there half the day (laughs). Get a sack of popcorn or some candy or something like that. That was the height of our amusement. Yes, the majority of them up there, they worked.

R.C.: Where did you work as a bucket girl?

Nar.: In McMananon's boarding house. ~~Up there~~. They'd feed from about two hundred men a day. See, they'd come in, the eight o'clock shift in the morning would be breakfast and then there'd be lunch shift and then there'd be the ones come off that shift at five o'clock and they would come and get their supper. Then they'd go ~~the~~ to their rooming house. Lot of them roomed. There was a lot of rooming houses, too. I think they only paid about three dollars a week or month or something. For a room. There was quite a few boarding and rooming houses there on Granite Street. The Big Ship, the Broadway, all those places. Dorothy Block.

R.C.: The Big Ship was the Florence, wasn't it?

Nar.: No, the Florence was another one. The Florence was on Broadway. The Big Ship was on Granite. And then the Fourth of July we really tore loose. We had the big parade, you know, and all those swells. That's when we got a new outfit. Fourth of July and Easter and Christmas. We always had new clothes. And my mother and grandmother and these other families, there was about, oh, five or six families and they all had between six and eight children, so we'd all cook up ~~there~~ these big meals, you know, boiled the hams and legs of mutton. I don't mean lamb, I mean old mutton. And then boiled the chickens, you know, baked the bread and all that affair.

Then put it in baskets and we'd go to the parade and then after the Fourth of July parade we'd all jump on these outdoor cars, and go to the Gardens. They'd be drilling out there, the men would drill, balloon ascensions and then there'd be boxing and wrestling matches and all that with the men, miners and stuff like that. This drilling contest was really something. Ever see one?

R.C: Only in the pictures.

Nar: They'd have a great big slab of granite and this driller, he hit with the hammer and the other one keeps turning that (the drill). He just keeps going like that (shows how) with his hands. You'd think the fellow with the hammer would miss once in a while but he doesn't. And then they'd change, you know, (drills) and when they'd change they'd never change their motion. That motion going all the time. Till they cracked through their granite. And we'd have races and all this sort of stuff out to the Gardens. That was a shame when they took that Gardens down because, well, it was memories, you know, and there was so much, even now the kids could go out there and participate in the amusements or something like that. But now there is nothing. Even my grandkids, they got a great kick and thrill out of-----? we'd go to the Gardens on Thursday, I'd take the whole kit and kaboodle, six of them, out to the Gardens on the bus. We'd go out there and have our lunch and they'd play in the playgrounds and merry-go-round and so forth. I still have nice memories of the Gardens.

C.S.: What was it like with courting? How did that happen? Were you chaperoned?

Nar.: As I said, this tobogganing, that really took up a lot of time (laughs). I think we were trusting, our mothers--our families trusted us. It was when the outsiders came in that they worried. You know what I mean by outsiders. Although I did marry a boy from South Main Street, you know.

C.S.: He was an outsider? (laughter)

Nar.: He was an outsider. He was a South Sider.

R.C.: He didn't come from St. Mary's Parish.

Nar.: (laughs). No, he didn't- He came from St. Joseph's. No, there wasn't anything like that out there and there was quite a few marriages went on up there in, you know, kids up there in the Gulch married. Lived up there, raised their children and grandchildren. There's still grandchildren that lived up there, of the people who lived up there.

C.S.: Would they marry young?

Nar.: Yes, well, if you didn't get married when you were nineteen you were sure an old maid. I'll tell you that (laughter). And there were very few pregnancies. You know what I mean. Out of wedlock. There was very few. They knew their bounds, they knew,---infact, they knew that the fathers and mothers would kill them (laughter). And still they weren't restricted. They were---we were allowed to mingle. We didn't think anything of going with the boys back and forth to school, They'd come to our house and stay there. And we had an old phonograph, you know, and we played that old phonograph, danced. We mingled. Well, there was no drinking or stuff among the younger generation in those days. So, they managed very well. There was very nice and very good people married, came out of Anaconda Road and Dublin Gulch.

Well, we lived a good life, you know, nice things happening.

C.S.: So, your husband worked in the mines, too?

Nar.: No, he worked for the express company here. The American Express Company. We were married young. We were nineteen. We've been married sixty years. No, I married, then I moved down on South Main. But then I only moved four times in my married life. And he worked for the Express Company and at times I worked too.

C.S.: Was he Irish?

Nar.: Yes, he was Irish. He had to be (laughs). That was one rule of my father's, he had to be Irish. Although my oldest sister married a, well, we say a "Cousin Jack." He was one of the best men that ever walked the face of the earth. He's still living, and he was really---that marriage was made in heaven. He was really one swell person. Do you know Alberta Paxson? School nurse?

R.C.: Not personally. I knew about her.

Nar.: That's her father I'm talking about.

C.S.: St. Patrick's Day? What sort of things happened on St. Patrick's Day?

Nar.: Oh, that was the day of all days. Well, as I said, we would all go to Church, to Mass. That was ritual. And a belief and it's still my belief. One of the grandchildren said to me one time, "Grandma, I don't think I'm going to mass anymore." I said, "You will as long as you go with me. That's one thing you're going to do is go to Mass." We would go to Mass and ~~se'd~~ we'd have these great big green bows in our hair, you know. We'd be all decked out in big shamrocks and so on. And we'd go to mass and then we'd all march. Oh, some times it was nice weather and sometimes you were knee-deep in slush and mud.

You had to wear overshoes but still you had the big green bow in your hair. And we'd march all around town. My father was a Hibernian (that's the head of the Irish) and he wore this big regalia, you know. And then we'd go back to the church, the basement of the Church and we'd have a bauquet, food, as I said, that you wouldn't believe. Everybody brought something, you know. Two or three hundred people. There was food until you couldn't---well, just food, food, food. And all the beer you wanted. Kegs of beer. It was kegs in those days, it wasn't bottles so much but it was kegs of beer. So they had kegs of beer and all that stuff. There were a lot of them rolled home but a lot of them made it all right.

C.S.: It was probably all Butte beer, wasn't it?

Nar.: Yes, The Butte Brewery down on Wyoming Street. Oh, yes, that was one of the main stays in Butte, the Butte Brewery.

R.C.: That's about where the Capri Motel is now.

Nar.: It was one of the largest breweries in the Northwest. I imagine they employed five or six hundred people at one time. And Hennessy's big department store was----they not only had merchandise, they had groceries and everything you could think of in ~~ther,~~ there, you know. My mother bought groceries once a month, and you'd think it was Hennessy's unloading their truck in front of our house. Barrels of flour and five pound crocks of butter and lard, stuff like that. Well, like I said, they bought once a month. It was all brought up and we had a storage room in the back of our house. Anything you'd want was back there. Hams and bacons, so on and so

forth. Not to be running to the store every second day for a can of corn or a can of peas or something like this. That annoys me, shopping like that. I shop once a month and with my daughter. We still do and she does too. She has five or six trucks of groceries at one time. Well, I'd say $150 worth of groceries. Of course, she's got four kids home, you know, she has to. You know her don't you? Claudia Clague?

R.C.: Oh, yeah.

C.S.: Oh, sure.

Nar.: She buys, I'd say $150 worth every month. And some in between that. Oh, lots between that. Those kids are really eaters (laughter).

C.S.: Did you grow some of your own food?

Nar.: No. We never had.

R.C.: No room up there.

Nar.: No, there was no room up there for anything like that. The houses were just set and that's it. If you did the kids would just steal it during the night so what was the use of trying to raise -- we never grew anything. As I said, Hennessy's -- there was cases of this and cases of fruit and cases of vegetables and everything you'd want. No, they didn't have time for that sort of stuff.

C.S.: That Overall Gang, was that up around Dublin Gulch?

Nar.: Yeah.

C.S.: What were they about?

Nar.: They were a rough-and-tumble bunch of kids, from age sixteen to about twenty, I imagine. But they, no more than all these other gangs of kids do now. ~~Mischevious.~~ Mischievous.

They'd steal tires, when the cars was running. Tires and hub caps, stuff like that. Or take a horse and buggy and put the horse in backwards, you know, (laughs). Or unharness the horse, undo all the harness and when the driver got in the horse walked off and the wagon stood there. They were no worse, they weren't as bad as some of the kid's gangs nowdays. I'll tell you that much.

R.C.: They got blamed for everything that went on.

Nar.: They got blamed for everything but they----but they stayed pretty much to their own community up on Anaconda Road, Dublin Gulch. I'm not saying they were angels because they weren't. They had two horns in their heads, I'll tell you that much.

C.S.: Were there different ethnic groups that would sometimes have fights or jostlings?

Nar.: Yes. Well, we didn't have gangs, if that's what you mean. No, there was no gangs. The Overall Gang, but they went outside of their limits. They'd go down in Finntown and all those places to fight. They didn't do it in their own community. Of course, we had the advantage. Anaconda Road was on a hill and Finntown was down below us ~~on~~ there on Granite, you know, and we could pelt rocks down there but they couldn't pelt the rocks up.

R.C.: There were no Orangemen in the Gulch, were there?

Nar.: No, they were mostly up in Walkerville. Walkerville was English, up through there. Dublin Gulch was mostly made up of Irishmen. There was some Austrians and Italians but they all stuck pretty much to their own ritual. They didn't

get out of line. They didn't dare/ (laughter).

C.S: Can you think of any events that happened in Butte that stand out in your mind?

Nar.: Yes, the blowing up of the Miners Union hall.

C.S.: What do you remember about that? What about that?

Nar.: Well, the Miners Union hall was on North Main Street, there. And I guess the Union wanted to divide or be divided or something like that and they were fighting and quarreling about that so the thirteenth of June was always Miners Union Day. So one group got mad and they got a lot of dynamite and they blew up the whole hall. They settled it easy. They blew the whole hall, right off Main Street there. They didn't monkey around any longer.

R.C.: You saw it, actually?

Nar.: Yes. We were quite a ways away from it, you know. They had an idea that was what was going to happen. It happened about seven or eight o'clock at night, you know. But they had a pretty good idea what was going to happen so our parents made us, you know, keep our distance away.

C.S.: Do you remember anything about Frank Little or the Wobblies?

Nar.: Yes, they were----of course we hadn't much association with those kind of people. They were out of our class. You know, I mean just like the Russians and that, we just didn't mingle and we didn't want anything to do with them and that was it. I can remember the hanging. I didn't see the hanging but I can remember the hanging of Little, when he was hung from the trestle down there on Centennial. Our parents were pretty good like that. They didn't allow us to participate in gruesome

things like that. They didn't want us to participate and that. They kept us pretty good (laughs).

C.S.: It sounds like a really rich place.

Nar.: Yes, it was. It was a nice time to grow up and, as I said, my grandson wants me to write this book. That's why I'm going to make him the Heritage Book, because he seems more interested in that than the other kids do. He want's those memories, you know. And I read a letter one time that he sent to his other brother and he said "If you ever want to know anything about Butte, the real facts of Butte, Grandma will tell it to you." He would sit here by the hour and have me tell him stories about Butte and things that happened, you know. Anaconda Road and things that happened. He's really an intelligent boy and he likes that sort of stuff. We sent him one of those books and I think he was a little bit disappointed in it. He said it didn't really, didn't tell the true Butte. True people of Butte. It didn't tell it. It told about the mines, all those pictures and all that stuff of the mines but it didn't really tell the true facts of Butte, of someone that's lived, born and raised and lived here. No story of that in there. And there isn't any in the others. You know, my father was in the war of the Copper Kings.

R.C.: Was he?

Nar.: Yes, and he used to steal ore from ~~ore~~ one mine to the other and so on. I have a sack of stock certificates like that. No good but I'm keeping them for my grandchildren. I thought they'd like to have stuff like that, you know, for memories. But there isn't any real facts or real truth about it. Now

this other one that Neil Lynch wrote, that's all fiction. That's not true stories. That really isn't. Because I know, he got that from something else. He didn't get that right from it. True, he lived up in Corktown. He lived up through there. But he got that from somebody else, he didn't live that himself.

R.C.: Now, where is Corktown?

Nar.: That was up where old St. Mary's Church and old St. Mary's School is.

C.S.: What do you remember about, there must have been a rich group of people?

Nar.: There was.

C.S.: What kind of images and memories do you have of them?

Nar.: Nice ones. They lived on--well, there was Clarks and there was Hennessy's and there was Dalys. All those houses out on West Granite Street. They mingled just the same as everybody else. They showed no distinction. They had a little bit more than you did--they had the indoor toilets where we didn't, and all that sort of stuff. You know, I mean there was no distinction. They knew their place and we knew ours. That's all there was to it. So they lived their life--it was nothing to see their big cars drive up, you know. Their big limousines and stuff like that. I remember the first time they had an automobile go up and down Anaconda Road, you know, some people by the name of Pope owned it. It was an open car. And us kids when we would walk down I'd say two or three miles to get a ride. We would walk down the road, Anaconda Road for maybe two or three miles to ride up to his home which was on

the top of Anaconda Road and we would ride up there in order to get the ride. And then we'd have to walk home. But there was from eight to ten kids in this open car at one time getting this ride up and down Anaconda Road.

R.C.: Do you know what year that was?

Nar.: Yes, that was in about I'd say 1910. Between 1908 and 1910.

C.S.: Were the trolley cars around then?

R.C.: That was earlier.

Nar.: Yes. The street cars we used to call them. Yeah, they went back until 1905 or 1906. Of course, I don't remember just when. But I remember riding on the trolley cars.

C.S.: They semmed (seemed) like they were nice.

Nar.: Yeah, we'd ride to the Gardens, you know, on the trolley cars, those open cars. And there'd be a hundred kids on that. Hanging on. And we, like I said, we all had our groups of friends that we associated with.

C.S.: Were there women doctors at that time?

Nar.: Yes. Doctor, what was her name, she had offices--Doctor McGill. She had offices there in, well it's on West Quartz Street. Offices in there. She originally was interning at the Murray Hospital. Then she opened offices across the street from there. Yes, she was a very fine physician, a very fine doctor. I don't think she did any surgery or anything but she was a very fine doctor. That's the only one I can recall, a woman doctor.

C.S.: Did most women have their ~~women~~ babies at home? ~~(babies)~~

~~END OF TAPE SIDE 1~~

Nar.: Yeah, I had all the children at home. Yeah, they had all the children at home. They didn't believe in this going to the hospital.

C.S.: It's sure different now.

Nar.: Yes.

C.S.: I think some women would like to get back to doing it at home more.

Nar.: Yes. They had doctors and at that time I remember that the mothers would stay in bed, not like now, they'd stay in bed ten and twelve days, you know. Not now. I was astounded. I went up to the hospital to see my daughter when she had one of the children and I think she had the baby at six o'clock in the morning, this was at two o'clock in the afternoon and she was going down the hall to see the baby. I nearly dropped dead in the hall (laughs). Of course, like I say, there's progress and you have to go with it, like it or not. We never had a car or we never had a horse and buggy because we weren't that rich, I guess, although we had a pleasant life. We didn't want for anything. We had plenty of food and warm houses and good clothing and good schooling. Didn't want for anything. My father always worked at the mines. He didn't make big money but he made enough for us to get by and enough to live on. And we had a good living. My father was eighty-two when he died.

C.S.: Did he ever tell you any thing about "Mother Jones"? Did she ever come and visit the miners in Colorado?

Nar.: I don't remember that.

C.S.: I was just wondering.

Nar.: He knew "Shoelace Annie", "Nickel Annie" and a few of those. Shoelace Annie was really something. She'd cuss the heck out of you if you didn't either give her something or buy the shoelaces.

Whether you wanted them or not you got shoelaces. I worked in Truzzolino's for a good many years. The one who had the tamale factory on West Park Street. I worked for him for years too. In fact, I've worked all my life. Still at it--no, I,m not working now. No, I shouldn't say that. Lots of people say "Don't you miss work?" I said, "Not a darned bit." I just love retirement. I do what I ~~what~~ want. I go where I want. I go at the Senior Citizens and take long trips with them and go with them. Have one good time. So I don't miss it at all. Just so I have enough to live on. I don't want a lot of money. I don't want to accumulate a lot of money. I don't want anyone fighting about what I've got (laughs).

C.S.: Sure does seem like things have changed that way. People are much more interested in that.

Nar.: Well, the majority of them, the more they have the more they'd want, you know. As I said, I want just enough to get by on. My wants are few, so, I don't mind it. I love it. And I have my grandchildren which is really a pleasure. A lot of business, like these two coming in now. I'll have two more coming in a little while. Coming in from school. One comes from East Junior High and one goes to Butte High. She goes home. They've been a lot of pleasures to me.

C.S.: Were there associations, like when you were talking about the Hibernians? Was that an association for men or could women join that, too?

Nar.: No, just men. The Hibernians. It was just men's. But there was women's. Now there's the Daughter of Isabella.

But they were a Catholic order. I don't ~~really~~ recall just what the name of them were. But they were a Catholic order. The K.C.'s, a branch of the K.C.'s.

C.S: Would the men's order kind of help with the social, where they would help families?

Nar: Yes, As I say, you found very few Irish people wanting. Each one, like the Mormons, each one helped each other. Very few. Now, They're a little more selfish, they're a little more self-centered, a little more greedy. They want everything for themselves. They don't want---you don't find anybody helping each other any more.

R.C: You don't have the neighborhood associations that you had.

Nar: No.

R.C: Like the Gulch where everybody was pretty much the same sort of people.

Nar: And the same way of living because they had a certain income and they didn't go beyond it. They lived within their income. They didn't try to outdo the other one. If you did, you got into trouble.

C.S: How would you get into trouble?

Nar: Well, the kids wouldn't associate. If they thought you were a little richer than they were, they wouldn't associate with you. They'd think "What the heck, she's too rich for me".

C.S: Do you still know people who lived up there?

Nar: Oh, yes. Day before yesterday I had lunch out at the Plaza with one of the girls I went to school with all my life. Yes, I still keep up associations with them, mingle with them as much as I possibly can.

C.S: Is there still a little community up there?

Nar: No. There is nothing up there now. They took all the homes and all the places up there. It's just a road anymore. I don't know. I haven't been up there in so many years I wouldn't know.

R.C: The Kelley Mine took the ~~longest~~ largest part of it

Nar: Yeah. "Red Neck" Kelley and they had a big home where the mines were, that Kelley Shaft.

C.S: That reminds me when you said "Red Neck" Kelley. One of the things that I hear a lot about is the nicknames they had. Did people have a lot of nicknames up ~~through~~ there?

Nar: Yeah. That was "Red Neck" Kelley. His family, they lived up there and there was "Dublin John" and "Dago ~~Shea~~ Shea", I don't know where he got that name but that's what he was/ (laughs)

C.S: Did you have a nickname?

Nar: No. We didn't. I had my name shortened but I didn't have a nickname. Of course, I was the fatter at one time. They used to call me "Fatty" ~~at one time. They used to call me "Fatty"~~ at one time when I was a kid. But very few did without a black eye or something/ (laughter). But all in all it was a nice community. A nice place to live. Like I say, they say Butte this and Butte that but I've gone all around. I've been overseas and I've been in Mexico and Hawaii a couple of times and I've been to Canada and I still like to come home. Still like to come back home, to where I live.

C.S: What's one of the biggest little mischiefs you got into?

Nar: Well, you know, in order to get money for the Fourth of July (interruption) Well, around the Fourth of July we always had to have money, a little extra money for spending money, for the Gardens and stuff like that, so we would go up to the mines and steal their copper. And their iron, take the wheels off the little cars, little ore cars and sell them. We got about seventy-five cents for a wheel (laughter). And we'd get, oh, we'd steal their copper and their iron. Steal, we'd take it. Without permission. And we'd sell it. A junk man would come around about once a week and he'd buy it up. Sometimes we'd have about five or six dollars worth of copper or wheels or so forth. There was always mischief we could get into, don't worry about that. I mean mischief, good mischief, not like it is now. Destruction or destroying property or stuff like that. We didn't do things like that. We did a lot of petty stealing (laughs)

C.S: I've heard that there's many a home in Butte that has copper piping only about that long (indicating short pieces).

Nar: Yes (laughs). Probably so. Those homes were built like cracker boxes, you know, the winter times they were hard to heat. As I said, we used to steal coal. Get sacks of coal and put it on our sled and sleigh ride down the hill. With the sacks of coal on it. You had it, with those great big pot-bellied stoves, you know. Try to keep warm. To keep warm, ten below zero and every one of the kids, you know, would be just freezing to death and we'd all congregate around that great big stove, trying to keep warm. By the time you got the big boots on and the long underwear and a few more odds and ends to go to school, you really knew you were going.

You just had it on and you'd take it off--and put it on again to come home. As I said, it's still a nice place to live. But I can't give them much for that book, I'll tell you that. I only got rid of fourteen dollars.

C.S: It would be nice to have just a collection of stories.

Nar: Well, that's what I said. The majority of those books--- and like the Heritage Cook Book. Those recipes I never heard of. Believe me, we never cooked like that, you know. Making pasties and all that sort of stuff. My mother made pasties, she made twenty and thirty at a time, I wouldn't say thirty. She'd make from ten to twenty at a time. Same with home-made bread. She'd make from twelve to fourteen loaves of bread at a time.

C.S: Where would she cook them? Would your stove be big enough?

Nar: Well, on a Sunday we'd either have stewed chicken or roast, not lamb--mutton, big old half a mutton or a standing roast of beef or something like that. And this standing roast of beef would be about, oh I'd say, about six or eight inches tall, I mean a standing roast of beef, rib roast. And then there'd be browned potatoes and gravy and a vegetable. We didn't have much of this salad stuff. Lots of fruit, lots of cooked vegetables, fresh vegetables. Mother was great on ginger bread. English ginger bread, you know. She would make it in a pan, oh I'd say, about twelve inches and she'd make that and that'd be our dessert. Or we'd have rice pudding. If we had chicken we had chicken and dumplings. And it was cooked in one of those great big cast iron pots, you know. Set it right down in the stove. I still have one of those pots out in the garage. And every night there was, well, there was all of the meat you could think of and

as I said, we had this big table, you know, it was always set and there was always a dish of stewed fruit on there, prunes, apples, or apricots or some kind of, something set on the table all the time. And then there'd be two or three loaves of bread cut up in slices, butter, jelley. That was a meal. After you got up from that table, you knew you had a meal, ~~when you got up from the table then~~.

C.S: Did you have your big meal oh, say five or six?

Nar: Yes. We always had a big breakfast, a big pot of mush. That was the breakfast in the morning. Oh, and eggs and whatever, ~~you know~~. And pans of homemade biscuits. And I mean homemade biscuits. They were made from scratch. There wasn't no Bisquick. And then us kids would come home from school and we'd just have a bunch and then our big meal was supper. We called it supper. And it was between five and six O'clock every night and we all sat at the table. You didn't do any monkey-businessing around. You all sat at the table and you ate your meal and you picked up the dishes and there was no dishwashers. You'd heat the water on the stove, ~~you know~~, in, we always had a kettle, a boiler, and we always had to wash the dishes and dry them by hand.

C.S: Did your father play around with the children much?

Nar: He was the master but he did. He participated in games, like I said. Well, this soccer they've got here, we used to play that alot because he came from England. And they played lots of soccer. They played that, ~~soccer, alot~~. We had a big field down below our house that the families would participate in it. Go down there for a place for soccer. It isn't like now, that the dad goes bowling and the mother's got something else and this and that and the kids--

they knew where the kids were at. They knew, and when it'd start getting dark your mother would call out, "Katie, Annie," and so forth. You came and you didn't do any hesitating about it. You came and that was it.

C.S: She was the one who disciplined you.

Nar: Yes. You washed up and you went to bed and got up the next morning. Of course, there was a lot of fights going on in the house in the mornings. See who got there first. Other than that we managed.

C.S: So your father didn't do the disciplining as much as your mom?

Nar: Well, when he said something you knew it. He didn't fool around. He very seldom--mother did most of the disciplining or chastising as we'd call it. But when he said something you knew it. You didn't monkey around about it. This was it.

C.S: What would people think were Irish traits?

Nar: Well, I gave you a pretty good idea what they were like. they're good fighters, good ~~mountainers~~ maintainers, good family people.

C.S: Were they hot-tempered?

Nar: Very much. Don't get me started on that, yes, very much. Well, they'd have to be to live the kind of life they lived. You know, they got along well with other nationalities. Of course, sometimes the "Cousin Jacks" didn't fit in their program. But they got along. You said about our meals, when my mother would make pasties. She didn't make these little teeny old ones, like this, you know, these were great big man-sized pasties. And it took all day. And she didn't use hamburger and stuff like that. She used steaks, and they were diced, cut up and diced, and the potatoes were cut up and diced. The onions were cut up and diced.

It took about all day to have a pasty dinner. And we had it about every two weeks, I guess. And there was stew, and corned beef and cabbage and ham and cabbage, vegetables, meat pies, that was a favorite, we had a great big pot, you know. We'd all sit around that table and had our place and that was where we stayed. Day in and day out that was your place and you didn't go any place else. You just sat in that particular place.

R.C: Did you ever have a telephone on the Road?

Nar: Yes, in later years we did. We were the first family ever to have electric lights. We had a big Christmas tree, it stood about six feet, you know. So we dragged that Christmas tree into the house and we put the electric lights on it. ~~And I mean electric lights on it~~. And I mean electric lights. Not these little teeny bulbs, you know, real big bulbs. We had to sit there, one of us had to sit there at all times to watch those bulbs, ~~you know~~ So they didn't get too hot. We had all white ones first. Then we finally, I don't know where, we finally got the red ones but we finally got some red ones. We would haul that Christmas tree for miles to put up into the house. Of course, it was a big house, you know. Great big six room house. Each room was a house in itself. And the houses were all built the same way up there. ~~All the houses were, up there.~~

C.S: Were they built by the Company?

Nar: No, they were built by individuals. They weren't insulated or anything like that. They were just slapped together, you know. In the winter time the water pipes were froze continuously.

You were either down there under the sink with a candle thawing out the water pipe or putting hot rags around it to thaw it out. And there was no hot water, just cold water. The hot water was heated, as I said, for the kids on Saturday night. The one that got in the bathtub first was the lucky one (laughter). We had to heat the water. We always had a big boiler on back of the stove, it kept the water hot.

C.S: The water came into your house though?

Nar: Yeah, we had cold water but there was no hot water. No furnaces, just these big stoves. Then you knew what winter was. It was really cold. But still, I don't think we noticed it as much as we do nowadays. Well, If you write a book I just hope you put what people really and truly lived. Not what I said or you said, or he said, what you lived yourself, what you knew, plain facts. What you know is true facts, not what somebody else said. I wouldn't buy those books. I really wouldn't. Because I don't think they're authentic and I think they're just a waste of people's time. I do.

C.S: What I like about the Memory Book are the pictures.

Nar: Yes. But still it doesn't show churches, it doesn't show schools. It doesn't show the old Central High School and That was a relic. Believe me, that was something. There on the corner of Quartz and Montana. It hasn't been there in years and years.

R.C: It's tore down. A greystone building. It was abandoned and fell into ruin and then they tore it down.

Nar: And then they built the new Central High School. On Park Street, You know.

Claudia went to the old Central High School. (interruption) I'm writing down the things before I write them in the book. They'd have a great big wedding at the church, a beautiful wedding at the church. And then they'd hire, like, a hall or a big home if you had a big house up there and the kids would shivaree. You know what a shivaree is? They'd have cans and all kinds of rocks or stuff in the cans and they'd shake the rocks until they'd throw out money.

R.C: After dark.

Nar: Yeah. And then sometimes the people that was mean would heat the money. You know, nickels and dimes on a shovel. And then the kids (laughs) and dropping it, you know.

R.C: That comes from an Old Country custom where they, I think they served them a treat, you know, something to drink and something to eat.

C.S: Was it the kids that would go around and shake the cans?

Nar: Yes, until the bride and groom came out and give them some money, you know. And they never went on honeymoons. They went to a home, their home. And being mischevous the people would go around all night long shaking those cans.

R.C: You couldn't ignore it, it made too much noise.

Nar: Well, imagine a bunch of rocks in a couple of cans. And forty or fifty people doing it (laughter).

C.S: Did you do it?

Nar: I was in one one I can remember, in our neighborhood.

END OF INTERVIEW