

BUTTE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
ORAL HISTORY PROJECT
MEMOIR of COLIN CHRISTIE
INTERVIEWER: RAY F. CALKINS
October 18, 1979

Narrator: We moved to Butte from Kansas in 1891 and we stayed here from then until now, that is, it's been our residence. I grew up around Butte and partook in a lot of the things. There was one instance was the big explosion, which took place down in the wholesale district. A lumber company had a fire and it burned into a building or a spot where all this dynamite was stored and it blew up the whole doggoned thing. Killed all the fire horses, all the firemen except one. He happened to be sent up town on an errand and that's what saved him. They had a joint funeral after that and they had coffins of all sizes, full size and small size, big enough for a hand and so on, on a big flat-topped freight wagon that was built up with these coffins almost so it would hit the trolley wires. The electric wire of the street-car. They had it as a joint funeral there. I suppose they distributed these to different plots, though.

Int.: Where did you go to school?

Narr.: I went in Butte and also Chicago. I was three years in Chicago at school. That's just about -- no, I was traveling on the road out of New York for two years. Those are the only years that I was away from Butte. Three years that I was in Chicago at school and those two years I was traveling on the road.

We had two invasions. One was Coxey's Army and that was an army of unemployed. They came through, I think they marched from the coast clear to Washington to protest. They were out of jobs and couldn't get jobs and everything.

like that. They went through to Washington with just ordinary things happening. There was no violence or trouble going on with them. They paraded wherever they went in twos and they were led by a woman who was possibly Coxe's wife and she was beating a snare drum to march to. Then we had the I.W.W. boys. They came in and they took the town over. They intimidated the Sheriff and the Police Chief, all the cops and just took things over. They raised some trouble. One of the things they did was to blow up the Miners Union Hall, for one thing. There was something else they did. I'll think of that maybe later. There were three stores, Hennessy's and our store and John Wein on East Park who applied to the Government for Militia.. We were called upon by a couple of big bruisers, hobos, I.W.W.s, and they wanted us to rescind that order and we all refused. They threatened to blow us up. Well, there was a kind of a company spy along with these I.W.W.s. He came in and told us that they were going to blow us up that night. My dad and I rustled a bunch of guns that we had, stationed ourselves toward the back of the store and we were going to shoot. If they threw dynamite at us we were going to shoot as they went by. But in the meantime the Militia came down and established itself. As they came in from the trains from Helena the I.W.W. was going out in the opposite direction. So their bluff didn't amount to anything.

Int.: Where was your store?

Narr.: Well, it was originally in the old Owsley Block and then it was up at 32 North Main after that. It was 32 originally and then they changed the numbering to 20 instead of 32.

We were there from about 1908 until 1965. We ran the store there under the name of Leys Jeweler for all the time from that year when my uncle came down to Kansas to look me over. I was the first grandson on his side of the family. He was working in Iowa and came down to have a look at me. Then we moved to Butte and got established, let's see, my uncle came first to Butte and he had our shop in a log cabin that belonged to Johnny Curtis who was a real estate operator and he had two cabins up on the corner of Granite and Alaska, wasn't it? Yeah. And it was a hat shop on one side of the cabin we were in, that our store was in, run by an old-timer from Virginia City. The other cabin was, I think it was just vacant. We had a big fire in Butte up where the Hennessy Building is now. There was a big frame hotel named the Continental Hotel and it caught fire and burned down and looked like it was going to burn the whole business district. He took his store out of this little cabin and moved up to Walkerville and stayed there for over a month. Then came back again and set up for business in a half of a drug store next to another jeweler named Leyson. He didn't like it, having somebody next door to him, practically, in the drug store next to him and he made a bit of trouble about it. Wouldn't buy anything from anybody that sold to us on account of our having the store next to him. And another thing, too, that irritated him, he had the first electric sign, I think, that was in Butte and some friends of my uncle's climbed up to that and cut the O-N off one time. Made it

LEYS. That went on for quite awhile before it was noticed. (Laughs) And from then on he'd have nothing whatever to do with us or anybody else that dealt with us. But he got over that years later and came up - he had a store down in Salt Lake after he was in Butte and he came up to Butte to be an administrator of the Davis estate. Andy Davis, you know? The banker. He came into our store and established himself there and visited with all of his old customers that he could get to come in and made himself very agreeable.

I guess it was when the I.W.W. was fighting the Miners Union, someone in the Miners Union building before they blew it up took a shot out of there and killed a man across the street. A bystander or spectator, whatever you'd want to call him. Killed him there and my sister was standing right next to him when that happened. She just escaped by a few feet.

Where the Owsley Block was, a big building, there was two Owsleys, one was one that Bill Owsley put up and just put "Owsley" on the top of it and then one on the corner, that was burned down, was his real place of business. The Owsley Building. Before that was built Owsley had a big barn on that lot, it was offices and rooms upstairs. My uncle and Heinze roomed together up in that upper floor. It became the Medical Arts Building before it burned. It was taken over by some doctors or something. I don't know what they were.

Int.: Did you see Heinze around, yourself?

Narr.: Oh, yeah. I knew Heinze. He was stirring up trouble, you know, in the War of the Copper Kings and all that stuff, with his mines. He had a hatchet man named Trerise, a mining engineer and he'd go underground and they'd pick out a piece of ground that belonged to the A.C.M. Company and they'd mine that all out. They were just robbing each other right and left there. They had fights down there. Let's see, the Company man that had his crew was, what was his name? He was well known in Butte. Reno Sales. He was underground hatchet man for the Company and they used to have fights down underground in the mines. Heinze walled up a lot of the Company stuff with cement walls in there. He was just raising the devil all the time. (Laughs) I don't know how many fights they had down in the mines but they were always warring down there and they used pick handles for weapons. The Company had what they called "gunmen". I never heard of them using any guns but what they did use was what they called "paper ^{clubs} ~~clubs~~". They were made out of magazines rolled up and taped together. You could sock a guy a pretty hard blow on the head and it wouldn't do any more than knock him out. There was a place called "The Gut" up on Wyoming Street pretty near to Walkerville, I think. It was a narrow section cut off by the mine fences on one side and houses on the other. When they had a miners strike and the miners that wanted to work went up to the mines they had to go through this Gut. The striking miners kind of took after them but they made these paper clubs and whenever anyone

tried to stop a miner from going to work, why, they just lammed into him. The Company man that had that job, he had his crew. Don't think they ever used a gun at all. It was always those paper clubs. They whanged the nuts off of them. (Laughs) Those paper clubs were used later on by two factions of boys that were sent out here during the Depression, for some reason or other. They were sent out from New York and Brooklyn. The Brooklyn boys were toughs. The other boys were pretty nice. They used to have battles with those paper clubs. (Laughs)

Int.: Were those CC boys? Civilian Conservation Corps?

Narr.: Yes. That's what they were. The Brooklyn bunch were mean, tough, Wops, mostly. Sonon. The other boys were better class. Far better.

Int.: Did you ever get involved in politics around town?

Narr.: No, I never did.

Int.: Stayed out of it?

~~Narr.:~~ ^{MRS} Christie: We had dirty politics here, I tell you.

Narr.: Oh, yes. We had lots of politics. I never involved myself in that. I was on the wrong side. I was a Republican. Butte, of course, is purely Democrat. They ran things pretty much to suit themselves.

Int.: Do you remember when the Milwaukee Railroad came in?

Narr.: Yes. There was someone who was at the head of that bringing it in, he was one of biggest shots you ever could imagine. He was giving his views and he was telling what he was going to do and all this, that and the other thing. Very much

of a whopper. Sat in his office and put out all of his orders from there and he made quite a thing of himself. He was - I've forgotten his name.

I was thinking about Butte, how it was. It was boom or bust all the time. Mostly the boom was in the winter. The bust always came in the summer. The Company always closed down all the mines in the summer time. Any of the miners that wanted to get out-of-doors went out and worked on the ranches. On the hay ranches and cattle ranches and so on. So that wasn't a bad stunt. That boom and bust.

Int.: How about the buffalo. What do you know about those, when they were in here?

Narr.: Well, they were all gone.

Mrs. Christie: The roasting heaps might be of interest.

Narr.: Oh, yeah. That's right, too. The only buffalo that were in around Butte was a small herd that belonged to a rancher in the Eastern part of the State. ^{That's} ~~That's~~ the only buffalo I ever saw. Of course, there were still a lot of buffalo down in Kansas where I was born but I was too small to pay any attention to them. But, gosh, for years they were collecting buffalo bones out on the prairies and so on to grind up into a fertilizer. I remember that part.

Mrs. Christie: You might tell about the Indians in Butte or the roasting heaps.

Narr.: Well, they were mostly Crees. They lived around the City dump most of the time. (Laughs) They got a lot of their

food out of the garbage. They weren't very high class Indians that we had here.

Mrs. Christie: They used to come around to the houses and beg for bread.

Narrator: Yes. The squaws used to go around from door to door and beg for biscuits, they called it. They never called it bread, it was always biscuits that they called it. They would beg for a biscuit and point to it on the tables. They were usually going around early in the morning. I guess they got quite a little of their food that way.

They were still panning for gold in Missoula Gulch.

Int.: How far up the Gulch was that?

Narrator: Oh, clear up to Walkerville. From Walkerville down to Centennial Brewery. The old Centennial Brewery. I used to go and watch the old fellows panning it out. There was one fellow took out a nugget that was something over an ounce there. But he took that out of a pond that he had over on-near Excelsior Avenue. He had a pond there and he panned all around, the dirt all around that section and then he's run the rocker. You know those hand rockers that they had for seperating the gold and panning, and sluice boxes and so on. He had all that outfit. I remember that I was down there at that pond one time when he found this big nugget. Washed it out. Gee, he let out a howl that you could have heard him clear up town. (Laughs)

They had roasting heaps down around the smelters. Down in Meaderville and down at Clark's Reduction Works and so on, Boston and Montana smelters, things like that. They put out such a poisonous atmosphere that it killed everything. All the grass, every doggoned thing that grew around Butte. It was the most desert-

like place you could imagine. Couldn't even grow--

Mrs. Christie: It killed all the timber on Timber Butte.

Narrator: Oh, ^{Yes,} ~~yes~~. All the trees on Timber Butte. Gee, that used to be covered with beautiful trees but I never paid much attention to them because I was too small at the time they were flourishing. But, whopping big pine trees killed off and all the timber on East Ridge there, as far as that smoke reached.

Mrs. Christie: They used to have to put bells on the horses in the winter time on the streets, because the smoke was so thick. They used to put handkerchiefs over our mouths when we went to school because of the smoke.

Narrator: Oh, yeah! Sometimes the smoke was so thick in Butte that they had to put bells on the teams. You couldn't see across the street. Out on the Flat, there, there was something happened as a result of that smoke. It was just a regular desert, that whole Flat. Just a bare desert. There was great big dust storms that came up whenever there was a strong wind. Whopping big dust storms. I never saw any of the big timber on Timber Butte. That was gone before my time. Before I ever went up there but it killed all of the trees there. Then they used to run a flume down from the top of the ridge, East Ridge, and flumed down the dead timber that the smoke had killed up on the East Ridge.

Int.: How far did that flume go?

Narrator: It went clear from the top of the ridge. ^You happen to know where John Maxwell's cabin was?

Int.: I think I know about where it was.

Marrator: Well, from up by his place clear down to the Flat. They flumed the timber down to burn in these roasting heaps. The gulch just south of the Columbia Gardens gulch was called Potosi Gulch.

That was named by Chief Joseph. They used to come over there, they used to come over into this country and up over past the big rocks and down through all the territory down by Whitehall and Twin Bridges. A big territory there, good hunting and good fishing. They used to go up this gulch just south of the Columbia Gardens gulch. He named it Potosi. Used to come over every year and hunt. There was a springs down near Pony somewhere that they used to visit. A ^{hot} ~~get~~ spring. Called that ^{Potosi} ~~potese~~ Hot Spring. That old trail of his, where it went up, washed out in 1908. We had a terrific amount of water in Butte, rain, and it washed that whole thing out. Made on awfully ugly patch there. It lasted until new growth came in. There was another trail on the other side of the mountains up by the big rocks, you know.

Mrs. Christie: That was the Nez Perce Trail, wasn't it?

Narrator: I think it was a continuation of it but they called it the Pine Burr Trail. It branched in from the north, too, somewhere there. Down near the bottom of that trail is a big boulder, bigger than this room, about ten feet high and in the side of that were old cuts, shaped a good deal like you'd put your foot into, you know, and made so you could climb to the top of that boulder. Nobody could ever explain what the idea was. I never could find out.

Int.: That was over on the Whitehall side?

Narrator: Yeah. That was down pretty close to Whitehall. I don't know whether it was a vantage spot for ambushing anybody who went by them on the trail or whether they used it for hunting. There was quite a deer trail along there. Pretty well established and even used in my time.

My home was there for 87 years, all told. I remember Heinze quite well. My uncle's roommate for sometime.

Int.: Heinze was a pretty stylish gentleman, wasn't he?

Narrator: Oh, yeah. Very much so. Sort of a dude. Gee, whiz. The ladies were all kind of crazy about F. Augustus Heinze. (Laughs) He was a good looking bird.

I thought I was one of the oldest residents of Butte. I was an old-timer but there was one woman was born there and lived there all her life and she was over 90 when I was 87. So she had the edge on me there. There were a lot of things happened, doggone it.

Int.: Did you see any of the strike in 1934?

Narrator: That was when they used the paper clubs. Or was it later than that? That they used them? I know if the miners wanted to go to work they went up through this gut and anyone interfered with them, any of the striking miners interfered with them, why, they clobbered them with those paper clubs. Kept them out of there.

Int.: Some of the strike damage was done in '46 but there was also some trouble in '34.

Narrator: '34. That was during the Depression, wasn't it?

Int.: Yes.

Narrator: I think of Franklin D. Roosevelt all during that time. He got himself elected President of the United States, what was it, three times or four? It was more than two. I remember one of his expressions was not to change horses in the middle of the stream. That was after he'd had two terms.

Int.: That was during the war, I think, or right before.

Narrator: I was registered for the draft twice. They decided not to take married men with families in this draft so I was exempted both times. I had a family. They were only paying the soldiers \$30 a month then (Laughs) and if they drafted a married man or a man with a family and left his family to live on \$30 a month they were going to starve to death. So they decided to exempt those that had families like that.

Int.: There were a lot of men went from Butte, though.

Narrator: Oh, yes. I should say so. An awful lot. I remember a lady up on Main Street when a bunch of ^{drafted} dorafted soldiers went by, gee whiz, it extended almost from Walkerville down to Park Street, walking two by two and she thought that

was tremendous and wondered how come we had so many going out of Butte. I told her that it was because most of the population of Butte at that time was young fellows. Or a big part of the population was young fellows. Gosh, they took them out day after day. Then we had blackouts during some of that time. You know, they'd cut off all of the street lights and everything like that. In Butte we never did. I remember a lady from somewhere back East says "How does it come that everywhere I've been and everywhere I go where they had the street lights and everything all turned off? I said, "Well, it doesn't matter whether they keep them on or not. Ours is all water power." Generated by water power. Dams and turbines.

They had a lynching here. An I.W.W. by the name of Little was at the head of them. Some group, we never did find out who it was, took Little and took him down to the Milwaukee trestle near the Centennial Brewery and strung him up there. Found him hanging there in the morning.

I can't recall somethings I know did happen around Butte. At different times.

Int.: You were a skier, weren't you?

Narrator: Yes, I used to- Oh, gee, I'd spend all the-----

Mrs. Christie: Colin and I used to go skiing up over the East Ridge behind the Gardens. We'd go out in a car to the Gardens and climb up over the Ridge and ski on the other side. People in Butte who didn't ski at that time were usually waiting down at the Owsley Block for the streetcar and people would go by and say "What are those things those people have got, those sticks they're carrying over their shoulder?" They didn't know anything about skiing here.

Narrator: I'd rather ski than eat. When I could do it. We used to go up on Fleecer, two of us climbed that to the top of Fleecer ten times, together, the two of us together. We didn't do it all in one winter. I was up there more than that. I was up there every week for years, skiing up in that country.

Mrs. Christie: We used to ski with toe straps and I spent most of my time chasing the skis. They's get away from me.

Narrator: You used to go with me, once in a while.

Mrs. Christie: I used to take the kids, I used to get a ^{start} steal after lunch and take the kids up over the East Ridge and then Colin would come up after work. When we first took our oldest boy up Colin took him in a pack sack on his back, in the snow.

Narrator: Yeah. That's where we taught our kids to ski. On top of the Main Range. We had a ski club cabin up there.

Mrs. Christie: I used to start out right after lunch and it used to take me all afternoon to get the two little kids herded up the hill. Those were the days of real sport. We got up there one night and our oldest boy was just a little shaver. He was worried about all the snow on the trees. So he started, he felt we should shake all the snow off the trees. I told him that was the trees winter overcoat. "You'd better leave it to keep the trees warm." So he wanted to take all he'd shaken off and put it back again. It was getting darker by the minute.

Narrator: I've still got some of my skis left that I used to use.

Int.: Where did you learn to ski?

Narrator: Oh, gosh, I don't know. I just started skiing, that was all. I had good balance then, I had mighty good balance. I wasn't much good on a packed slope, you know, like out at the ski club where they had it all packed down and they did fancy stuff. But there were a number of things I could do in deep snow. I could do them better than most of those packed slope guys could do their stuff, even. Who was it, it used to be John Campbell and Lorrie Dawson, we used to go up to the Main Range and ski up in there? We had ten foot skis. And toe straps.

Int.: No harness of any kind?

Mrs. Christie: Just toe straps.

Narrator: John Campbell was good. He was with just toe straps but he tied his feet to the skis with straps so your heel didn't get off the ski. But I wore

down my ten foot skis to six and a half foot. Those are the ones I still have that I can still use. If I want to go out on the snow. I'd have to have two poles, though, to keep my balance, I'm afraid.

Int.: Did you ever go in for fishing?

Narrator: Quite a bit. I used to fish the Big Hole quite a lot. I don't think I ever fished much anywhere else but the Big Hole, come to think of it.

Int.: Good fishing in those days?

Mrs. Christie: We used to go up to Wise River and fish from there. Both the Wise River and the Big Hole.

Narrator: Yes, we used to get a lot of grayling out there at, what was it, Wisdom? Was your dad's cabin out there?

Mrs. Christie: No, it was Wise River.

Narrator: Yeah. We used to get a lot of grayling there. I caught 50 one night. Ruth's father was an awful ardent fisherman. He wasn't getting any. (Laughs) He couldn't understand it. He had to know what kind of hooks I was using. I was using a Grey Hackle and he put Grey Hackles on and the fish never touched it. He fished in the same hole I was fishing. That kind of irked him. (Laughs)

Int.: It'll happen that way sometimes. What was his name?

Narrator: Lindsey. He was a judge. He should have been the one who presided during the War of the Copper Kings, remember? He was the one who should have presided there but the Company couldn't buy him. But they could buy Clancy. So they substituted Clancy.

Mrs. Christie: My dad came to Butte--we are old timers here, too. He graduated from Minnesota Law School and was on his way, he had my mother, were on their way to Tacoma to locate but they never got there because on the train they met Marcus Daly and he persuaded my dad to stop off and be his legal secretary. My dad was Marcus Daly's legal secretary until I was born and then he decided he wasn't going to be a legal secretary all his life so he came to Butte and opened

his law offices here. And he was afterward one of the early time judges here. His offices were in the Silver Bow Block, too, by the way for years. He's been gone for a good many years.

Narrator: I wonder if Boo (McGilvra) did lose that tape I gave him. I think he turned it over to the State Historical Society. Boo's a great guy.

Mrs. Christie: Don't you know Boo?

Int.: I know him by sight is all.

Mrs. Christie: He's had a varied career. He's been a rancher on a ranch up in Northern Montana, he was with a circus and done all sorts of things.

Narrator: Boo did more things than I did, ever. He worked mines, ranches. He had some connection with one of the Indian tribes, some way. I think it was the Gros Ventres. Yeah, that was the one.

Mrs. Christie: He worked on that Circle K ranch up by Malta. He was foreman or something at one time up there, wasn't he? I think he did.

Narrator: Yes. Boo was all over.

Mrs. Christie: Charley Russell worked on it.

Narrator: He did more than I did. I worked on mines and I worked on ranches and I went on roundups. One of the roundups I went on was one of the Beaverhead ranches there that had a lot of cattle. We were out three days, never got back to headquarters for three days there, rounding up cattle in the timber.

Int.: What mines did you work in?

Narrator: Well, not Butte mines. We, my dad and an old jeweler from Anaconda had a copper mine down in the Beaverhead. That's where I worked in the mine. I did ~~everything~~ ^{everything} there, pumping, and I was chuck tender on a machine drill that we had in a gallery that we cut out that was, oh, just full of copper ore but it was carbonate copper ore and at that time they couldn't handle it. The carbonate. There's two kinds of copper ore, the sulfate and carbonate and one of them was too hard to smelt so that was always let alone. But there was big bunches of the

hard ore to smelt and that was just left there. I don't know who has the mines now. We got three patented claims and I guess just let them go for taxes. Maybe the Company grabbed them up. A Company man came in there one time. He was investigatíng copper properties and offered my dad \$100,000 for those patented claims. And my dad wouldn't take it. (Laughs) So, maybe the Company got them for nothing. Got them for taxes. Con Kelley was running the A.C.M. Company then.

So many things I can't recall. They were a bunch of mean devils, those I.W.W.'s. Raised the devil there. When those three stores, Hennessy and my store, John Wein petitioned for militia. They were sure going to blow the daylight out of us. Out of all three of us. Hennessy had guards behind every doggoned counter, I guess. I don't know what John Wein had for defense. Maybe he just thought he'd take a chance without doing anything. But we were waiting for them, my dad and I. We were going to stand in our front windows with the guns trained on the street and if they made a motion to throw a stick of dynamite at us, why, we were going to shoot, right then. So we didn't have any trouble that way. They didn't throw any dynamite at us. (Laughs)

The Original Mug Saloon, that was on East Park Street, just a little off Main Street, it was an old dump. And they sold mostly beer. The biggest mug in town for five cents. They sold it in, you know, those beer mugs with the big handles, heavy things? Well, those looked like they held a lot. (Laughs) They only held a small can plus a little extra. Not a full can of beer, a regular can of beer. One of those small sized ones. The Cousin Jacks and the Irish when they'd come off shift used to go in there and drink beer. I used to, just as soon as ^{school} school was over, I used to run down there. It was about the time the shift was over. Run down to the Original Mug Saloon and watch the proceedings. The Irishmen and the Cousin Jacks would go there for beer. The Irishmen were great big guys and the Cousin Jacks were rather short but they were muscular. They were pretty evenly matched, one for size and the other for muscles. Just about every fifteen or twenty minutes the whole gang would come boiling out of the Original Mug Saloon, out through the back doors and out onto the sidewalk and they'd fight across the sidewalk as far as the curb and

then they'd stop and they'd all go back in again and drink some more beer, (Laughs) I used to watch that day after day. It happened regularly. The Metals Bank, I guess, has their building now where that Original Mug Saloon was.

They had the Family Theater to start with. That was 10-20-30/ stuff. You know, melodramas of all kinds. We used to go as kids and sit in the front row for ten cents. Oh, boy, they'd put on some ^{whining dangers} ~~whining dangers~~! (Laughs) His first theater was what used to be a liquor depot, I think. Yeah, I think. It was a liquor depot to start with and he made a theater out of that. Then he had the Broadway Theater. That was the big one. We used to get all of the big shows out there at that time. They'd pass through and stopped off in Butte on their way to Spokane. Gee, we had a lot of the big names there.

Mrs. Christie: There was the old Grand Theater where the Leggat Hotel is now, where they had ^{Pantages} ~~Pantages~~ or Orpheum or something. Then there was a theater where the bus depot is now. What did they call ^{that} ~~the~~, the Princess? It was also a vaudeville.

Narrator: We had all the big names passing through and stopping off.

Mrs. Christie: We had Maude Adams and all the big actors and actresses of those days. Butte was a big theater town.

Int.: Did you see Maude Adams yourself?

Mrs. Christie: I saw Maude Adams in "Chanticleer". That was in later days.

Narrator: What other theaters did we have then?

Mrs. Christie: Well, there was the Princess and the Grand in the early days and then there were all the movie theaters. There were all sorts of movie theaters when the movies came in. That was before the talking and color pictures. Just the old early day black-and-white pictures.

Narrator: The Maguire Opera House, that was where we got the big shows, mostly, before they built the Broadway.

Mrs. Christie: There was a show where the Wilson Motor Company was, too. What did they call that? That's where we saw Harry Lauder.

Int.: In person?

Mrs. Christie: Yes. Julian Elting.

Narrator: We had a pretty big Chinese population too. They had a, I don't know ^{if} ~~if~~ I told you before or not, they had a joss house on Colorado Street. At the head of Colorado, Big Dog Joss House. Great big idol in it. They used to burn punks all over the place. (Laughs)

Mrs. Christie: We had a Chinese doctor, Doctor Huie Pok, here for years, too. A Chinese herb doctor.

Narrator: Huie Pok, sure. He had a little shop there and had all sorts of curios and things. He called himself a doctor because he treated corns on your feet. "Corns Curiert", he had a sign up there. "Corns curiert." He was a Baptist. Used to go up to church every Sunday, to the Baptist Church. He was a little short guy and he had a cane that was almost as tall as he was. He'd go up the street, you know, with his arm way up like that. (Laughs) With his cane. Used to be funny to watch him.

I used to go to the Grand Opera House and get a two-bit seat up in the gallery. We used to be up there, two of us, and we'd chew tobacco. (Laughs) But we didn't spit any of it on the audience below. (Laughs) What was it we had, what they called the California, wasn't it, Ruthie?

Mrs. Christie: That was on the corner of Broadway-----

Narrator: That was up on Broadway.

Mrs. Christie: Broadway and Main, just off of Broadway and Main.

Narrator: It was an old brewery then and they transferred it into a concert hall.

They had a very fine ladies.orchestra. Oh, it was a dandy. Every night that they'd play, why, that place was filled ^{chuck} church full. The miners that came in, you know. They'd buy, oh, a mug of beer or if they wanted German beer they bought a seidel. You know, one of those with a top on it. They'd sit there the whole doggoned evening.

A lot of the big name actors and actresses performed in this Maguire Opera House.

Mrs. Christie: In the early days of this Broadway Theater big name actors and actresses were here.

Narrator: Let's see---the Princess Theater was 10-20-30/ stuff mostly. Miss Lulu Sutton starred.

Int.: Dick Sutton's daughter.

Narrator: There was Shoestring Annie, Nickel Annie and Apple Annie.

Shoestring Annie was a big tough sort of a woman. She was always stirring up some trouble. They had the cops around (laughs) when she was performing. When she got too doggoned loud they'd arrest her, take her up to jail until she cooled off. I used to be looking out our back window in our store which faced the jail doorway ^{where} ~~where~~ they had the patrol wagon and jail entrance and (laughs) it seems like Shoestring Annie was brought up for some reason or other pretty near every doggoned day. You could always tell when she was coming by the noise.

Mrs. Christie: You could hear her yelling for blocks.

Narrator: Nickel Annie used to go over mostly on Sundays by the church, St. Patrick's Church, when they were having mass, anyway, early Mass, and they, one of them would bum nickles and the other sell apples.

Mrs. Christie: There was Crying George.

Narrator: Oh, yes. ^{We} ~~Wh~~ had Crying George. He was kind of an alcoholic. He used to come around and cry about how hungry he was, bum a dollar or two. Just as soon as he'd get it he'd head for the nearest saloon. (laughs) And spend it all for booze.

Mrs. Christie: What was this kid's name that took out the trays, that rode on the bike and balanced the trays on his head?

Int.: That was Lemons.

Mrs. Christie: ^{Yeah} ~~Heah~~, Lemons. He was quite a character here, too, in the early days.

Narrator: Was that his name, Lemons?

Int.: It was his nick-name, I think,

Mrs. Christie: He used to ride and balance this tray on his head. People would send out for meals to restaurants and he would deliver them, you see,

Narrator: He never touched his hands. He could balance that thing just like nothing. Never touched his hands to the tray. Let's see, who else did we have--

Mrs. Christie: Who was the one who said "The whole world stinks"?

Narrator: Oh, that was Callahan the Bum. He used to go into a saloon up on North Montana Street called the Bucket of Blood and he'd get so doggoned stewed that they didn't want him in there and they used to put him out in the gutter. One day he was out there, passed out. While he was passed out some boys came along with Limburger cheese and they smeared his mustache with it. (Laughs) Just smeared him good. Finally he came to and was looking around, sniffing and looking around, sort of disgusted-like and "What's the matter, Callahan?" He said, "The whole world stinks." (Laughs) Let's see, there was Mickey the Greek. He wasn't such a character. He was a hard working boy down at the livery stable but he fancied himself as a kind of performer. Right next to the livery stable was a theater, a little variety theater, and they used to put on a lot of this stuff. He didn't have a sword or a lance but he had a manure broom. He used to stick the manure broom over his shoulder and go through all sorts of stuff. He liked to kind of take off those actors that were there pretty near every day.

They were very mild little gals but they were down near St. Patricks Church, for their business there, catching those going to church for Mass and things like that. (Nickel Annie and Apple Annie)

We had somebody else. Oh, we had Fat Jack. I told you about the time that he forgot his pants? They wondered why he didn't get down and escort them to the door.

Mrs. Christie: It was my mother.

Int.: Did you ever see much of W.A. Clark?

Narrator: Not too much. I used to see him once in a while, I didn't see him very much, He went back to New York to live. Built a great big hideous building and he was kind of the joke of the town on account of that building, In New York, there.

W.A. Clark and Marcus Daly, they were the live ones there.

I told you about the War of the Copper Kings, didn't I?

Mrs. Christie: That was Heinze and the Company. That was over the apex. That was what that war was over. Because they figured that the ^{vein} ~~view~~, you see, the start of the ^{vein} ~~view~~ was called the apex. And sometimes that ^{vein} ~~view~~ went through the other fellow's property. That sort of thing.

Int.: I was talking to Johnson over at Trevillion-Johnson and he told me that he learned most of what he knows about gems from you. He said you were quite a gemologist.

Narrator: Yes, I took a course in gemology. Los Angeles. Had a course there that they gave. Cost me \$500. I took all the course and I became a Certified Gemologist. I bought a Bausch and Lomb microscope, not a single-eyed one, a binocular microscope. I still have it, by gosh. Before I got through with it. I could have sold it for a thousand. Gee, it was a dandy. That was to be my hobby, you know, gems and so on. Then I got so I couldn't see (Laughs) My vision, I didn't lose it all but I seemed to lose about half of it. I couldn't use the microscope or a jeweler's loupe or anything else to look at my stones. I've got four or five boxes of them. Different kinds. I used to get a hold of everything I could and identify it, classify it and so on.

Let's see, I'm 91 now, my home's been in Butte since I was three years old,

That'd make it 89, no, 88.

Mrs. Christie: I thought you were born in '88.

Int.: No, he's been in Butte 88 years.

Narrator: I didn't say 98, did I?

Int.: No,

Narrator: I'd think not. I hope not. (Laughter) There's some lady there that was born in Butte. She's over 90.