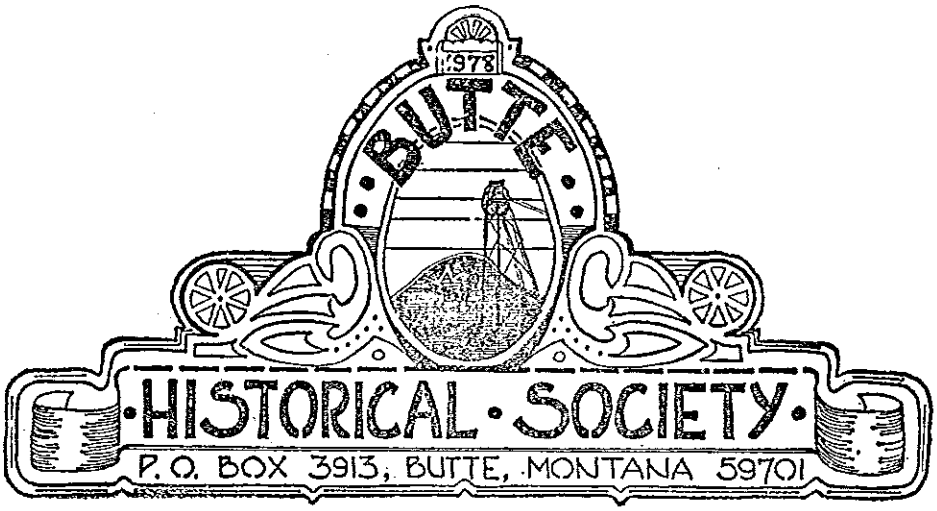

RELEASE FORM

I hereby give and grant to the Butte Historical Society as a donation for such scholarly and educational purposes as the Society shall determine, according to the regulations of the Society, all rights, including copyrights, to my tape-recorded memoirs, except for such restrictions specified below.

I also specifically grant Teresa Jordan, for valuable consideration, the right to use all or any part or paraphrase of any of my statements (with the exception of restrictions listed below) in connection with her proposed work of non-fiction provisionally titled Butte, America: Lessons From a Deindustrialized Town, as well as related articles. I understand that, unless restricted below, my name and photo may be used in the work and in related advertising and publicity.

Restrictions: one "mean boss" was mentioned; Denny Murphy prefers that boss's name not be used.

5/30/86
Date of Agreement

x Dennis J. Murphy
Narrator

1917 Farragut
Address

Butte, Mt. 5-9701
City, State, Zip

Teresa Jordan
Interviewer

Butte Historical Society
PO Box 3913
Butte, MT 59701

12 Apr 1988
Accession date

Mary Murphy
Archivist

NOTES ON USING MATERIALS FROM

"IS THERE LIFE AFTER COPPER?" ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

Because of limited funds available for this project, audited transcriptions of the tapes were not possible. However, there are detailed notes for most of the interviews. The user should be aware of a few limitations on the use of these notes. Unless otherwise specified, the notes were taken at the time of the interview and were not later audited against the tape. They can give you a good idea of what was covered in the interview. However, if you find something specific that interests you, you should verify it with the tape. Because the notes were taken quickly during the interview, they may include inaccuracies. If you use information for attribution, you must go back to the original tape.

There are rough transcriptions for many of the interviews. Again, because of time and funds available, these transcriptions were not later audited against the tape. They are more accurate than the notes, but again, if you use information for attribution, check it against the original tape.

A few interviews have restrictions against use of the tape. The notes for these have generally been read and corrected by the subject of the interview and are accurate. Check the releases for further information.

cards

Dennis (Dinny) Murphy, retired nipper with Anaconda Company, interviewed in his home by Teresa Jordan, May 30, 1986.

Notes taken at time of interview; not a transcript; not audited against notes.

Dinny was born in Butte; his mother moved to San Francisco when he was 15; he lived there until 22; moved back to Butte. He had worked at the Clift Hotel in SF, first as a page, then as bell boy; was making about $20 a day, which was good. But he wanted to come back to Butte. He missed his friends here. In SF, it was tough to meet people his age. He came back, met his first wife in Butte. That was about 1939. His mother had left around 1936 (these dates don't gel) because of the hard times. She had worked in a laundry in Butte, and in boarding houses. S.F was better for her health, too. She was short, very heavy. There were bad times in Butte, but D says that people were more caring there. With Roosevelt being elected and the WPA, there were jobs. Butte was not as bad then as times are now with all the homeless.

D was small--weighed only 100 pounds. Each mine then hired individually, had rustling lines. He knew a woman whose brother was an assistant foreman at the St. Lawrence. She tried to discourage D, but she did speak to her brother. D got in line, got his first job as a motorman at the St. Lawrence. The rustling lines were long. He was lucky to get a job.

In the St. Lawrence, he ran a Manche motor--he is not sure how to spell that. It was a small motor, would pull ore from the mine to the station in 1 T cars, dump the ore in the pocket. The St. L was old; it was the next to the last mine to do away with horses; the drifts were small and couldn't use the bigger cars and motors of other mines. The Manche would pull six or seven cars. It was square looking, had a seat at the back and a control handle like on the old street cars. Could put it on the cage to take it to the surface; the bigger motors had to be dismantled to be taken to the surface. It was dangerous because it was so small; if the pins weren't in the seat, the seat could come back on you, break your pelvis.

Q: What was it like when you were green, a new man--was there a hazing involved?

Yes, they would tease you. Going down in the cage the first time, you would shake with fright. They'd tell you stories about big wrecks to scare you more. But they were very concerned with your safety once you were there. D was 5' 5", 100 pounds. As a motorman, he had to dump 1 T cars. He worked with a big husky guy who showed him how easy it was to dump the cars if you did it right. The station tenders hauled timber and tools down, hoisted rock up. If Denny was on the station and was behind, and tender would stop and help him dump rock so he wouldn't get too far behind. No one ridiculed him--hey, shorty--they just gave him a

hand. If he had to move heavy timber, they'd give him a hand. There was comaraderie underground. It made working good.

There is a different smell there. D can't describe it. It comes from the humidity, the copper water, the decaying timber. You could never understand how hot and humid it could get underground. It was nothing to take off your mine undershirt and wring it out; dump water out of your boots; take off your hard hat and water would pour from under it. Literally. In some places, men got cramps it was so hot and they'd get so dehydrated. They took salt pills, drank lots of water. The Belmont was a hot box. So was the Con below the 5000 foot level. The Emma and Travonia were cool. The Stewart had some hot boxes. The "Chinese Laundry" was the hottest. Water made places hot. Some water was, D guesses, well over 100 degrees.

In the Anselmo was the New York drift. It went for about a mile. It was so hot, miners could only swing a pick to dig a tie hitch maybe five or six times before they were weak; their partner would take over. As the motorman servicing miners, D would sit while they loaded, and just sitting, he would have to pour water out of his boots.

Q: How did the men get water?

There were water cars loaded with ice that came down the cages. Each man had a water bag and could fill it with ice. There were places with big boxes of ice cold water. Water cars were brought to different places in the mine where men were working; the big boxes were permanent fixtures.

Q: What about sanitary facilities?

There were toilet cars, two seaters with a lid that folded back. They could be put on the cage. They were returned to the surface and cleaned, sterilized, once a week. That's one thing--strikes weren't just for an increase in wages. They were for better conditions. The union had grievance men underground--you could complain if something was wrong, like you were working alone, there was no ice, the toilet car was dirty. Better conditions were all brought on by union negotiations. The hospitals all had a miners' ward, which was usually pretty full.

D worked for the WPA when he first came back. The first strike was going on then, when the miners reorganized the miners union. Before the union was reorganized, the idea was you work here the way it is, or else go on. Some guys sacrificed a lot of days work to get things they didn't have.

W. A. Clark was known to be more thoughtful toward the men who worked for him--gave bonuses, turkeys at Christmas.

"We never knew how good the Anaconda Company was until they left us."

Q: What about draining water underground, and ventilation?

If ventilation from the surface stopped, nobody could work underground. At the Con, there was a great big cooler which forced cool air down the mine. There were air door; ventilation men knew where to put air doors to force air one place or another. There were ditches so water would go to the pump station. It was at the 2800 foot level at that time, deeper later on. Water was pumped to the precipitation plant. That water was a deep green color. It was so strong, it would eat a shovel in two days if you left one in it. At Leach and Precip, rails, tin cans, etc put into water to precip copper out of it. There were "sweepers", men who swept copper out of the water. A magnet then picked up the copper, took it away. In the old days, men swept; later there was more sophisticated machinery. The old vats were shallower than the later ones. In Meaderville. Men with grey mustaches had green ones; their hair would turn green. The water would come out of the mines hot; the vapor turned hair green. They used big sweeping brooms, like big broad floor brooms. Later, the company put lime in the water to take the acid out of it before it was discharged into Silver Bow Creek; that was an EPA ruling. Precip was profitable; probably that was one of their best money makers.

Ventilation men were college men. D knew of engineering degrees in mining and petroleum, things like that, but there must also have been courses in ventilation.

There was city water run down the mines, pipes everywhere to run the drills. If you had ice, it was no problem to get water. The water cars came where there were no ice boxes built in.

Q: How much water would you drink at a time?

D says he gets thirsty now, it doesn't take much to fill him up. But underground, when you came out of a workplace, you would load up on water. It would take a lot. And you took salt pills. Some men coming off shift would have their fingers cramp from lack of salt when they went to tkae off their mine shirt.

D says that some days he would hate to go to work--if he was working in a hot, gassy place. The minute you start to muck ore into the car, the gas from the powder would be released. It would give him a headache that started at the base of his neck. He was a motorman in the New York drift for quite awhile. If he had a wreck, there was no air--he'd have to cut a small hole in the fan bag. The rails almost floated, there was so much water. If he had a wreck, he would have to wealk out, which was rough. And then no one would want to come help him in the NY Drift because it was so bad. But after shift, you would go have a couple beers at the Big Butte Tavern, and then go back the next day.

He wife didn't like the mines. D worked very little overtime, but one day, at the outbreak of the war, one night they wanted

everyone to work four hours overtime. He couldn't call home. There were security guards at the gate; when he came up, comeone hollered, "anyone see Murphy?" The timekeeper told him, your wife's been up here 100 times. It was snowing--his wife was waiting outside, wouldn't come in. They walked down Excelsior from the Anselmo, and she said, "I hate those things."

Life didn't mean a lot to the Company--not just here, in the mines, but to any big Company. Life was pretty cheap compared to the money they made. All the beds were full in the miners ward usually. Before men wore hard hats, you'd see them with these white cones on their heads--they'd get cut from a fall of rock, the dr. would shave around the cut, stitch them up, put this white foam on it that would harden, and they would go back to the the next day. Toward the end, it was much safer.

D lived in Corktown--mostly Irish Catholics. It was nothing to see a woman walk her man to the door, kiss him, say God bless you. Sme would flick holy water on them. And when they got home, the wife would give them a shot and a beer. Kids were good to their fathers. D's father died when D was a year old. He mined when he first came to Butte, at the Greyrock for a couple years. Then he joined the police force. Someone at the miners union found his rustling card, gave it to D. D's father came from County Cork; so did his mother. D's father was actually born in Leadville, CO, so he was a citizen. Then his father moved him back to Ireland, he grew up there.

Q: Did different mines tend to have particular ethnic groups working in them?

Guys from McQueen, Meaderville, South Butte tended to work on the East side of the hill. You would work at a mine close to where you lived. They worked at the Leonard, the Tramway, the Rarus, etc. They would tend to be Slavic, Italian, Austrian, Yugoslavian. Up north, a lot of Cousin Jacks. As people started to get cars, that broke down.

When times were good, you could get jobs easy. Old timers were pretty steady; their kids moved around in their work more.

There were so many ethnic terms--Bohunk, Harp, Cousin Jack. Some people didn't like that, but underground, people were loving. There was a Montenegro Yugoslavian D remembers. He would grab D by his cheeks, say, "good kid son of a bitch--too bad you Irish." He was Cerbian Orthodox. People would send you a piece of Povitiza in their lunch.

The Mexicans and Filipinos would work places no one else would take--like the Belmont where it was so hot. D remembers a Filipino who would put ice in his hard hat. There were newcomers during the war, men from North Dakota and South Dakota taken in. They were shown the ropes. The company broght in soldier miners from Pennsyslsvania. D wanted to join the Navy, but he had a hard time; they wanted him to stay here and mine. So he quit his

job. Then they had to classify him IA. The head of his union was on the draft board. Let him go. D would read about someone he knew being killed, thought, how can they give their lives and I stay here. He went in; his wife didn't want him to. And after all that, he ended up in a beautiful Caribbean base.

Q: What were some of the slang terms underground? What would yu call a good vein when you hit it?

D isn't sure, can't remember. You'd just say you hit a hell of a vein. In the N Y drift, they blasted one day, went in, found this huge hole. You could look up as far as your light would go, and they brought lights from surface--you couldn't see the top of it. It was one big cavity. An engineer had a theory that it was left over from the time Big Butte was a volcano.

Underground, you could see faults--might find a three foot layer of talc with rock above and rock below. Sometimes that would shift. Sometimes one level would cave down into another.

The area above you was the hangin wall, the floor was the footin. Miners could tell if something was going to go--they would hear a creak or a crack and they knew. They could pound hangin wall with a bar, tell if it was loose or solid. If the 'timber was talkin too much' they knew the ground was heavy. They would 'bar down'--get the loose rock off the hanging, and not just tap around. They would really look, pound, hit things. If something was loose, it would sound drummy. If it was solid, the bar would ring. 'Heavy ground' is unstable rock above.

At the Anselmo, D was bringing some timber in at the stopes with some others; they saw two men, known as the two Eds, running--they could see their lights. They were running out of a Cut and Kill--that's what they called Weed Stopes (named after Anaconda's Weed). Were really called Cut and Fill, but they called them Cut and Kill because they were so dangerous. The two men ran out of it, and the whole thing caved. You could feel the swoosh of air when it caved. Later types, using rock bolts, were safer (check with tape.)

Q: If someone did something other miners didn't like--like they were lazy, or unsafe--how would you go about changing their behavior?

If someone was unsafe, the others just wouldn't work with him. D remembers one man who, at the end of the shift, wouldn't shower. He would just change into his street clothes. The others threw his clothes out the window because they smelled bad.

Some miners specialized--like some did only cave blocking. Some were excellent. "900 contracts" were like a guaranteed wage, good pay, given to excellent miners doing more experimental things (check).

Most of the guys on the first aid teams were really good. D

remembers Walt Forsty (sp?), a pipe man. D was on a couple first aid teams with him. Walt was very cool. D sometimes got excited; once he tied an air hose into a splint. Many were really, really good at first aid.

Every mine had their top miners. You'd find the same guys topping the quija board day after day. You'd go downtown after measuring day, everyone would say, how'd you do? Topped the board. Or, I didn't even make days pay.

People thought miners were dumb, but D saw lots of 'old country men' who didn't read or speak good English, but they could figure faster than a graduate of the School of Mines how to figure their measure.

People thought that you took that job because you didn't have ambition or education. But D worked it because he liked it.

D worked as contract miner for awhile. In the intermediate drifts, drifts between two levels, the air was bad. You had to climb up or down to it; had to muck by hand. D worked an intermediate drift with McGarvey. You would have to roll their air bag up to blast. When you got back in, you'd roll the bag out, and wet down the area. One guy would drill the top holes while his partner started mucking. Before the blast, the other shift is supposed to put down a floor for the muck to land on. Sometimes you would find missed holes. D would 'collar' the bottom holes, hold the drill so it would go in steady-- and wait for it to blow. The gas gave him a terrific headache.

D never weighed 130 until he was 35 years old. He only made about $1 above days' pay. He asked to be changed back to motorman; he became a nipper.

The nipper brings tools down from the surface--axes, picks, hammers, etc; takes care of buzzies, drills. He makes sure miners have tools, water, air. He kept the good miners in good tools. To be a good nipper, they said, you had to be a good thief. You cached special stuff--new axes, hoses, etc. You would take machines to the good miners with the help of the motorman; others had to come get their own machines.

Q: What was the layout underground? How big, for instance was the station?

The station was about two stories high, and timbered real good. There was room to pile timber; bring out powder cars, toilet cars, etc. The nipper would have a tool shed, way inside close to the workings. You brought out all the old stuff, the broken hoses, old drill steel. You would tag them all, put them in a car, put it on the station. You would bring down new tools in tool crates. It was important to have the right tools to mine. The men who took good care of machinery, you took good care of them.

Q: What was the machinery?

A jackleg had a hydraulic leg; air and water went into it to drill holes. It could drill up or down, in the drift or the stope. Buzzies were to drill raises. You had a starter steel (short) then a first steel, 2nd, 3rd, etc. Hot shots had "long steel"--would drill forever. In the buzzies, P machines were smaller, lighter (newer); they weighed about 60 pounds. B machines were bigger, more cumbersome, older. They weighed 70 or 80 pounds.

There was so much expertise necessary. Some people said 'just a miner' but you have to know so much--what order to drill, how to drill to get the rock to break properly. D knows of two miners who drilled into missed holes. One lost his wrist; another went blind. He knows of a sampler whose face was peppered when a missed round went off; he had on safety glasses, which protected his eyes.

The tool shed might be 400 feet or so from the station. In the New York drift, from the shaft to the workings was over a mile. It was supposed to go from the Anselmo to the Con. They had a new cooler a half mile in. The New York drift was experimental; the mine foreman could get anything he wanted for it.

It was easy to lose directions underground. The Anselmo 3200 foot level might be 40 feet below the Stewarrd 3200 level. You could get lost. You usually knew your own level, but if you went from one place to another, it could be hard.

In the Neversweat, at one time they were putting in bulkheads, and putting in slime fill where the pit is now; they would hydraulic it down the mine, fill the workings. You could go from the Sweat to the Anaconda, but you had to be careful. Therre was no air in a lot of places. You took a candle. Men were lost to asphyxiation. Once at the Badger, a mine foreman, an assistant foreman, and the main ventilation man were asphyxsiated. One was found sitting with his chin resting on his hand.

D worked the Granite Mountain, owned by North Butte Mining Co, before he went into the Navy. It was opened up at the outbreak of the war. It had a modern engine room, all encased in glass.

Q: Were there superstitions in the mine?

If you forgot something, yu wouldn't go back to get it. Irish were more superstitious than others. If there was a place where a couple guys had been killed, a lot of men wouldn't go there. Superstitions at home, too. D's mother would have a fit if you put a pair of new shoes on the table. She would kill you if you did that.

D's father died of the flu. There is the grave of a man in the cemetary; the six men who were his pallbearers (one of which was D's father) all died within two weeks.

When D worked at the Kelley, he would go to a lot of places by himself--to hide tools, he went to places no one else would go to. The Kelly was cave block mined. If you walked across an old cave block, you could see up for miles. You could get superstitious; if there were 13 rungs on a ladder, that was unlucky.

Among the bosses, you had real favorites. One of D's favorites was Tommy Johns. He had a nice way about him. During the strike, he stayed behind the fence. He could see the strikers taking his boat out of his house. (In the 40's, or the early 50's, in a very vicious strike, D thinks people were brought from outside; in other strikes, strikers would throw paint or serenade someone, but in the bad strike, pianos were thrown out of windows, terrible damage.) After the strike, Tommy went to the Victory Club; someone said, 'you scab', he kept on drinking. No one punched him out. Tommy faced everyone; he did what he thought was right. He would say, "I got the two best motormen"--one of which was D. D tells a couple stories about Tommy, and Tommy's support of D and his partner. When Tommy was made assistant foreman of the Neversweat, he asked D to go with him. Sometimes Tommy would say to D, I got a piece of cake for you; or Marg wants you to come down to dinner. It would embarass D, he would say, do you have to do that in front of the guys. But he knew that wheever Tommy Johns was, he'd give D a job.

One man was a boss; he was very foulmouthed, nasty. D had problems with him. He was a shift boss. Tommy stood up for D against him.

There was an old Swede, a neat guy. He only wanted to work three or four days a week. He built tool sheds, was a carpenter. The mean boss said, you miss one more day, you are done. D told Tommy about it; Tommy told the mean boss, as long as I'm here, Bert's going to be here.

Didje Blast Johnson was a boss at the Con. He was hard to work for. When you came off shift, he always said, didje blast? And if you didn't, he'd send you back.

A shift boss was killed at the St. Lawrence. He was carrying powder in his bibs. Some said that was the only way they could get rid of him.

When D retired and got his record, he had worked for more bosses than half the people on the hill. He was fired two times. The first, he was told he was 'too small.' It broke his heart. He was working in a really tough spot, where there should have been two people. The man who fired him was known as Bob the Pimp. The second time was at the Leonard. His partner was Gyp the Blood, Gyp Harrington, a radical. They didn't have a wrench and were waiting for one. The Boss came and caught them sitting down; fired them. They contested it, and thought they won the grievance. D didn't know they were 'fired' until he saw his

record. Gyp would turn over in his grave to know that the boss had pulled that one off.

D drank a lot. Once he had his job held for him for 3 weeks while he was on a bender.

Q: How did men make the change from being labor to being a boss?

Some got vicious. Each mine had a foreman; each one ran his mine, hired and fired who he wanted; he took bosses with him if he left; he'd make assistant foremen.

In movies, you always see people handling powder very carefully, holding it out in front of them, walking carefully. In reality, people put it in a gunny sack, threw it over one sholder, had primers on the other. Some men would really pound the dynamite into the holes.

Q: what did it look like underground?

At the Leonard, there were places where crystals would show when you blasted. There were places where the copper water dripped; it formed crystal iicycles--amber green, emerald, deep red. At the St. Lawrence, some fires were let burn until they went off on their own; some burned for years. Where there had been a knot in a piece of wood, it would fill with pure copper that had melted into it through the years. There was so much history in that mine; it was not just a hole in a ground.

Q: Did you work collar to collar? How long would it take you to get to the workings?

The whistle blew at 8. Then they loaded the cage. The Kelly took 50 or 60 men at a time; at the others, the cages had four stages with 6 on each stage. You might be on the surface for half an hour before you got down; by the time you were in your working place, it might be around 9:00.

Contractors could make good money. At one time, days pay was $11/day, but a contractor could make $25 or 30.

The boarding houses were something else. There were so many single men. Some had 'hot beds', beds shared by two people. One would sleep while the other worked, one in, one out. There was so much teasing at the boarding houses. Romance between the miners and the young women who worked there.

D retired in '79. He had changed over to the pit 10 or 12 years before that. When he first started working in the Pit, it took two weeks before he decided to stay. He had been at the Kelly and they said they were closing out the 600 level, asked him to transfer. He tried it, then went up to the card office to change back to underground. They said, you're crazy to want to go back, there won't be so much mining underground anymore. So he tried the pit some more, got used to it. There were nice guys at the

pit; he enjoyed the younger men. But their work was so different. Down in the mine at lunch, there was a lot of tomfoolery, playing. You'd nail someone's lunch bucket to a post; tie their boots together, build a fire under them. At the pit, there was the lunch room, and it was different. Underground, you would pick a spot that was well timbered with good ventilation. The motormen would eat at the motorshed. You had a piece of laggin you would sit on to eat; then you'd sleep for half an hour. A raise miner would eat at the foot of his raise, or by the toolshed where it was cool. Sometimes people told you their troubles. In the pit, there was a willingness to help each other--D did the same thing in the pit he had as a nipper underground, supply tools, etc. He was a parts runner; changed from the Miners Union to the Machinists Union.

Q: Some complained about the tighter jurisdictional lines in the pit. Was this a problem as far as you could see?

Only a boilermaker could cut a bolt, or an electrician fix a wire. In the mines, you did more variety. It was funny, the unions made all these rules, but the men would break them--they'd work alone or whatever--to make more mnoey.

Management gouged too. They tired to cut corners, they didn't check what their assistant foremen did. The waste was terrible. Jacklegs buried would not be dug out; unused timbers were left rather than moved. At one point, they poured miles of concrete for slusher lanes, but they were too close to the pit, and never used. Nippers hid tools and forgot where they were. Once, when D moved from one mine to another, he was called back, asked to find tools he had hidden.

There was a lot of theft. D would bring down a box of copper nails; they would all disappear. Junkmen would buy copper wire or nails, etc. D wanted to take only a sack of nails down--he knew how many were needed at any one time--but the foreman said, 'you let me do it my way.'

There were so many nicknames--Dinner Bucket Pimp; Peaches. D was called Spud, Harp, Murph, Shortie. His mother used to be called Spud--it came from being Irish (potatoes).

Most shafts were sunk by Finlanders. D's partner Spud Murphy (another Spud Murphy) startled him one time by talking in Finnish. His mother was Finnish, his father was Irish.

D never thought he would live to see the day that one wheel would not be turning. He thought he would never retire; he could get a watchman's job when he got old. They the Co pulled out, they left new pumping station at the Kelly--it was worth millons. Too bad they didn't put hi tech to use in the mine. D thinks Washington will open, but it won't be wages like before.

Three past supervisors have been hired, but as days' pay, about $10/hr. A lot of people who apply haven't worked before.

Anaconda had a labor monopoly in Butte; they wouldn't let loose of it. They wouldn't let other industry come in.

Dinny worked when he wanted to work until he married his second wife and had kids. He drank a lot, missed a lot of shifts. The Finns drank a lot, too, but they would work drunk, would never miss a shift. The Irish fell off when they were drinking. In Finntown, the bars were lined up one after another. After you got off work, you could get a shot and a beer for a dime; you might have 50c, and then the bar would kick back, buy you a drink, often. You could get pretty lit on 50 c. In the boarding houses, on pay day, you took your life in your hands.

Before they instituted 2 o'clock closing, the bars were open 24 hours a day. When closing passed, there was a run on locks; many bars didn't have locks for their doors.

When Dinny retired, he had only 24 years, because he had quit so many times.

At one time, there were 1200 men working just at the Kelly Mine; the dry didn't have enough baskets for everyone's clothes; you had to hang your clothes on a nail. The (Leonard? check tape) had 5000. You'd go home smashed after work, eat, got out and get smashed again. (get from tape.)

But the oldtimers paved the way. His wife would kiss him goodbye. If he came home smashed and his daughter was upset, his wife would say "The poor critter, he's tired, he had a few." Dinny's uncle and aunt were like this. His uncle was a very loving guy--stern, tough, but very loving. One of his sons mines; another is a pit boss in Las Vegas. D's uncle always said he'd rather have his kids anywhere but in the mines. His wife was wonderful. She'd put something special in his bucket, have one of the kids take it up to him.

There were lots of widows in Butte; some very young. Dinny would like to compare fataities of the early days with those of later days.

Dinny never had a lost time injury. He smashed his fingers once and had to have stitches, but they hid him out.

Once a hoist cage crashed at the Belmont. The two men were found at the bottom with their arms around each other.

People talk about the stress and strain now, but there was much of it then. You saw broken homes then, but that was from drink, not from chasing around. Women had to do so much--take care of the kids, the cooking, the baking, the worry--men just had to work, and that's it.

Dinny thinks it is decent that the headframes are still up here, that the Company hasn't taken them down.

Q: How do you think Butte is doing now?

Fair. But the new fast food places kill the local spots. Arctic Circle is hurting. John's Pork Chop is doing OK. Those places pay good wages, they can't compete with the fast food. Those kids work half time, so there are no benefits.

The new mental hospital will give jobs for nurses. But Dinny would like to see something come in that had some meaning, like opening the pit. He hates to see kids have to leave home, but they always have had to.

Dinny remembers when he was in St. Mary's school. He had Sr. Laurentia. She caught him daydreaming, looking out the window at the mine. Saw him years later; he said he was now in the mine yard looking up at St. Marys. She said, everyone has to do something. (get from tape.)

Dinny has such fondness for so many of the men. Gabe and Keeser were brothers. One was as big around as a refrigerator. The manway landings were narrow, he would have to take his mine lamp off to get through, and it would take him quite a while. He was a loving man, would bring you a piece of povititza in him bucket.

Dago John took home sheets of metal from the mine, sided his house with it to protect himself from the bomb. He took a can of beer wrapped in paper everyday. He invented things.

Dinny was small, but always said, if you can pack it, I can drag it.

When his mother moved to California, she was very heavy, had no teeth. She worked in a dental lab. A man there asked her why she didn't wear her teeth; she said because she didn't have any. He made her some. She had two homes; Dinny's sisters are in Oakland and San Francisco; she lived with both of them.

The Irish always had great big cemetary plots in Butte. Now no one is going to be buried there.

The boarding houses were worlds of their own. Dinny's mother in law met her husband in a boarding house.

At one time, West Virginians and Alabamans were brought in. Kerby Crowley was a mine foreman who recruited miners to come to Butte. But Butte people want people to stay the same. They resented the soldier miners, the West Virginians, the blacks.

Clinton Glenn was a black swamper. He was happy go lucky. He swamped the Butte Water Company, some bars. He tended bar at the Silver City, a Black club. He was married two or three times, never to a black woman. One wife ran away with a trumpet player that played the Silver City. Clinton worked for Pork Chop John. He got sick and went to the hospital; Dinny was the only white man who came to see him. Dinny would visit at his house. Many

of the porters from the railroad stayed with Clinton. Clinton didn't want Dinny's wife to visit with him anymore because he worried about some of the porters.

Hy Brown was a great athlete, he worked at the Anselmo. He was not treated with open arms. He was an umpire for little league games; people would call him nigger or black bastard if he made a call.

Yet Butte, with all its faults, is a pretty good place. The rest of the state looks down on us. The ore dumps are ugly. In Dinny's house in Cork Town, built right at the bottom of the ore dumps. The rain would bring grey mud into the yard.

The St. Lawrence had old horse barns. The mines treated horses ten times better than people. Horses could retire. Norwegians and Swedes were rope men. A man named Killoy moved a whole gallus frame without taking it apart.

The last horse came up from the mines when Dinny was in high school. The Company put them out to pasture near Gregson Hot Springs. Someone said to Dinny, they only had to work five or six years; I been there 30. Some of the skinners would give plugs of peerless tobacco to their horses.