

Interview of Doc Jordan

By: Cliff Rickey

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Cliff: First thing I thought I'd ask you Doc, is to just give me a little background on yourself, where you were born, how old you are, your parents, where they were from.

Doc: I was seventh of nine kids born in Butte on March 24th 1935, and my mother came into Butte on the Northern Pacific Railroad on the 16th of December in 1906. That was her 6th birthday and I picture the difference between getting on a wagon train and traveling west and getting on a train and I figure the choo choo trains are what if it wasn't for them, I don't even know why the pioneers came out here. Anybody who load up everything they own and come out here had to have all the guts in the world. But I look back to the railroads and its steam engines and I can imagine what it was like when you went through a tunnel. How inconvenient it was the ride of those things. So, just the people who came up here on those trains, even though it was a hell of a lot better than the wagon trains, that must have been agony riding on that thing. I don't know about the food or what the service was, but it must have been a hell of a deal. Anyway, then my mother came here and she married my father in 1919, and they proceeded to have little ones and started in 1921 and the then last one was born in 1938. My old dad came from the island of Crete. And my mother's parents came from England. But he came over here and supposedly the name Jordan came from the Jordan River and the bullshit story was that this gentleman that I'm showing you here in this picture is a pirate who robbed the Turkish ships and then when they tried to catch him he would go like hell so they named him Jordan like after the Jordan River. I don't believe that bullshit, but the name that he came over here with was Guinness and that in Greek I guess says "Jordan". So that's what my father went by. Anyway, my mother had the nine kids and she gave them simple names; good old American names because my father came over here and got citizenship and she loved Greek history and she was always trying to be referring to Greek history and he would say, "I am an American citizen now". He couldn't speak really good English and he was embarrassed about how he couldn't speak it well. But he said, "I'm an American citizen now, we do it the way they do it in America". Well, I've got brothers Rod, Paul, Harry, Leo, Ed, Ida, Jewell, John, and how did I come up with the goddam name, I came up with? Later on it will come up in the story that my old man was in the pen and I must have been the first result, well my sister Ida, after he got out of the pen, I guess it was my sister Ida, because she was born in 1932 and I just assume that he was in jail right around '30-'31. He was in jail at McNeal Island for bootleggin'. He had it pretty good for bars around here that were called soft drink establishments during prohibition and he had much property around here, in fact, to this day we own a piece of property up behind the Columbia Gardens where he had a chicken ranch, which was really a still, and I'm breaking off on these stories and going off, so if I get off the point too far you gotta remind me where the hell I started. Alright, in about 1972 I was teaching a class at the Washington School and used to take the kids on field trips all the time and old Jeff Satterley who died a couple of months ago, he was the principal up there and I had a big milk truck and I would just load the kids in the truck and go. And he would say to me, "If you kill one, kill 'em all". And I'd have about 25 kids in my class up at the Washington School and they called it CPS class, that's Creative Problem

Solving, and it was a bullshit term that they came up with in education, and these kids were simply brats, they were kids that nobody at the Sherman or the Blaine or the McKinley or the Lincoln or any of the other schools wanted. They wanted them the hell out of their class because they were disruptions. And they were from 8 years old to 16 years old and they were just kids, not retarded, not Special Ed or anything like that, just kids who didn't give a shit and 99% of the problem was their drunken, doped parents. So they crowded the rich ones down at the Emerson, the medium ones up at the Monroe, and the poor ones up at the Washington and they come in their and you couldn't figure out a lesson plan because most of them couldn't read or write or anything like that so we would get in there and I figured I would do the best I could to let them life experiences. And the way it started out and I sure have gotten a long, long way from where I started here, but I used to take them on field trips and one of the field trips we went on, we were talking about bootleggers, and I told them about my old man being a bootlegger and they were very interested in that. So I loaded them into the milk truck and headed up to the Columbia Gardens and this was 1972 when the Gardens was still going and up past where the water tower was, right up the road, that's where he had his little chicken ranch. I didn't know exactly where it was, but we went to look for it. Well, we went up there and did some exploring and we found bottle caps and broken bottles and all kinds of stuff like that, and they were convinced that's where the property was, and so they dug everything up and I even was requested by a New York education magazine to write an article about this and they took pictures of us pulling that kind of bullshit and all we were really doing was getting out of going to school, see. Every day it got so I'd go down and find out what the lunch program was, because they were all on the free lunch program, and if it was something you could haul away, as soon as the lunch got there at 10:00, we'd load it into a box and head for...and a lot of times we'd go up to the Columbia gardens and have school in there. Anyway, I'll get back to my father. He had these stills and then naturally the time came when, and nobody could believe this either, and this is where it comes to the Butte history, where we had our boxing PAL gym, up in the second floor of the courthouse, behind the courthouse, you know, where the jail was, that they just rebuilt. There was a great big room up there and back in the early 50's or mid 50's Herbie Miller was the deputy and I boxed with him, and he got to be a tough boxer too. Anyway, he got an old boxing ring and set in up in the PAL gym and he and the deputies would train there and then he called me one day and he said lets see if we can get a boxing program started and my boys and the kids around here we would train out in the garage or where ever we tried to do anything, but we were never involved in anything big in the boxing. So we went up there and we were training in the PAL gym, and PAL stands for Police Athletic League, that's where they got the name for it. Anyway, I hauled some lockers from the old Hanson Packing there, some old metal lockers up there and we had a pretty good thing going on up there...But getting back to the bootlegging days story, this big room, from what I can understand, this big room that they have on the second floor up there was like a barrack, and apparently, I can picture beds up there all over the place and all the guys who were taken for bootlegging, that's where they would go. And somebody can deny that that isn't the way it went, but this is the way the story came to me, and I know my mother told me that my father would get 30 days or something, and this was federal law during prohibition, he would get 30 days or something like that and he had guys working for him and would pay them a dollar a day, which was good wages in those days to go up serve his time. And he wouldn't even go in there. But when he finally got caught and convicted, they sent him to McNeal Island

Cliff: Where is that at?

Doc: Over in Washington and he spent 11 months there, and really, he was an ambitious, hard working bastard and he always had something going, but, I think it kind of ruined his spirit, because when he came back from there he went to work in the mines and he hurt his back, you know, the biggest labor saving device know to mankind, a bad back? Can't help you load the piano, you know, my back, that bullshit. Well I don't know how bad his back was, but finally, just before my youngest brother was born in 1938; my old man was a gambler, and he gambled everything. I mean he took everything he had and he gambled away all the property he had, all around. My mother finally booted his ass out and he moved up town and we'd go see him. I was only a little guy, but my older sister and my younger sister and my older brother and I we'd go up and see him now and then and sleep overnight with him uptown and that was a big experience. Of course we didn't understand that they were separated and he'd bring me around when I was with him a lot of times... he'd bring me around to the bars and there was a lot of gambling going on there, and I don't know, I guess I was maybe 5 years old or something like that and we'd go down to the East Park Street area, I remember the Board of Trade, places like that, we'd go and it always amazed me that he would come up to a table of guys there and they would be playing cards and I could assume that somebody was happy because he would lay down his hand and the other players would throw their cards down and I thought that was pretty exciting, but they never spoke English, they always spoke some other damn language. So my sister and me would pretend like we were doing that and we would talk gibberish, you know like we were talking that language, too. Anyway, by brothers Rod, Harry, and Leo were in the Merchant Marines, they were in the service, and Paul was working in the mines, he was 19 years old. He had been working there since he was 17 because it was up to my brothers to support the family after my old man left and they just kind of took turns. And Paul went to work in the mines when he was 17 and he simply lied about his age and they never question him. But he got drafted later, and when they sent his work notice to the government, they had his exact age. They knew his age all the time. Anyway, he was supporting the family, and I remember that he was more like a father to me. Paul Jordan, he run Paul Jordan Jewelry in his later life. I remember he was kind of like a father and we lived up way on the west side on Big Butte. I've remodeled the house since. It's a big white house up by the big "M" there. My mother raised 9 kids in a 24' x 30' house up there and I remodeled the house after she died for my brother Ted Shine, who was the head of the Metallurgical Engineering Department with the School of Mines until he retired, I don't remember what year it was... 10-15 years ago. Anyway, I remodeled the house for him, now there's 4000 square feet of house up there and he has died. His wife lives upstairs and my sister lives downstairs. And everybody had asked him, why did you take all that trouble and spend all that money on remodeling that house and he said someday it might be another Jordan up here with 9 kids and they'll have room, like we didn't because I remember when it was cold we would sleep on the front room floor because we had a big heater in there, it would all be one great big bed, we have blankets all over the floor because it was too damn cold around the rest of the house to sleep. Now, where did we drift off from, my old man going to the...

Cliff: What was your Dad's name?

Doc: Stell Nicolas Jordan. That's another thing I've got to throw in here on you. (That's what I was going to ask you, what's your real name?) I don't know if I should divulge my real name, cuz I haven't gone by it since I was a little kid and we've really jumped off the subject now, but you can straighten this bullshit out later on. But I started to say a long time ago that my mother loved Greek history, and she wanted the Greek church...they didn't have chairs in there, only for pregnant women and crippled people you know, and I don't know, I never went into a Greek church, I don't remember going in there, but she always wanted to and told my father he had Greek friends around here an everything, but he would say I am American, I want to do things the American way. I think she wanted my older brothers to speak Greek and all that bullshit, but he didn't like that, and when she wanted him to use a Greek name, he wouldn't go for that. So I came along and they must have been in a fight or something because she stuck this goddamn Greek moniker on me that I was ashamed of from the day I was old enough to try to pronounce it which nobody could and that was one of the things that made me hate the damn name. I remember I went to the first grade, and we sure have gotten off the subject here, but I went to the first grade and Miss Deany was the teacher at McKinley School, and there were 36 kids in the room, and that was pretty common then, there just wasn't enough room to divide the classes up and so Miss Deany would write our name...print our name on the board and we were supposed to go up and print our name underneath it. And Joey Jordan was right next to me in the alphabet so he would be the one right next to me and he'd write Joe, Joe, Joe, and then the bell would ring and he could go out. Well, I wouldn't write my name. She had to go up there and I wouldn't answer to it or a damn thing. So I would stand there for the whole time and every so often Joe would write my name a couple of times to get me out of trouble. And I just didn't give a shit. I wouldn't write that name, I wouldn't recognize it. Because a few years earlier when I was big enough to look at funny books, I couldn't read, but I would look at these funny books and I would ask my brothers, I would say, who's this guy? And they would say, "that's the Green Lantern". He had a ring, you wouldn't remember him, but he had a ring and when he shone the ring on the bad guys he could melt them, so I'd get this ring, a cigar band or something and put it on my finger and I wouldn't answer to my name, I would only answer to "Green Lantern", "Captain Marvel", "Superman", and "Batman", and all those names and during the 1st World War I came up with the guy named "Doc Strange". And everybody said, well it's Doc Savage...it was goddamned Doc Strange and he had on blue knickers and boots and a red t-shirt and he had a helluva build on him and he couldn't fly or anything, but when he hit Hitler, the teeth and the blood would fly out of Hitler's mouth and you know I loved that, and I would say, who is this guy? And they said, well that's Doc Strange, and I said, well that's me. Well lucky for me, they kept the Doc and dropped the Strange or I'd be Strange Jordan right now. Anyway, so that's the name I went by and when I went to school, I tell the teachers that who I am and any kid who tried to say my other name, which nobody could pronounce, I'd beat them up. And I'm not even going to tell you some of the names the bigger kids that I couldn't beat up would call me because you would laugh too hard. And I always thought I was a tough bastard and I didn't realize that I had older brothers and nobody would mess with me if they knew they'd have to contend with my older brothers.

Cliff: My dad told me one time when I was about 12, that no matter how tough you are, there's always someone a little tougher. I took that to heart

Doc: If you want to talk about your Dad, I told you a good story about your Dad. Your Dad was just a regular looking guy and I remember the day probably in 1950 or 51. He was a young man, good looking guy with a mustache and I knew his brother Les Rickey, kind of a goofy bastard, played the banjo, and I think that's his son who died very recently, and anyway, Les was a pretty neat guy, but he was a goofy bastard, but this Oral, which would be your Dad was his brother and I hadn't seen him, but I couldn't believe that he was Les' brother and he come in the JM Bar the day that the JM Bar was going to have their picnic, and that was a big event of the year, going to the JM picnic because they had races and stuff and they would pay a dollar to win the race and they had everything else you wanted to have there and just a real old-fashioned picnic they had and that was the day that they were going to have the picnic, and of course the bar opened at the regular time in the morning and everything and we were going up there and helping John Metish and John Medvit who owned the bar and Medvit was the little guy who did most of the bar tending and stuff and Metish was just sort of a silent partner. I never saw him bartend, it was always the guy Johnny Medvit. Anyway, we were up there and we were loading shit in the backs of cars and trucks and stuff to bring up to Basin Creek for the party and there was hardly anybody in the bar and your dad came in and sat down at the bar and he ordered a drink. I paid very little attention, other than the fact that he was a good looking guy sitting at the bar and it was Les Rickey his brother who was the goofy bastard you know. We like him and everything and he was a good guy, but he was different. And two of the toughest bastards in Butte walked in the door, Lauren Suthers who played allstate guard for Butte High in his sophomore year and a kid named Bob Lem, who I don't know why he never got involved in athletics, he wasn't a big football player but he was a pretty rough character. And they come walking into the bar and they sat down and they ordered a drink and the only other guy in the bar was Oral Rickey. And they said, let's buy a drink for the queer. He had this little moustache. And I'm not going to tell you what they called the moustache because that wouldn't sound nice on a recording, but he said, no thanks, I don't want a beer. And they said, well we want you to have a beer, and we're offering to buy a beer. And he said no thanks. So they got up and walked over to him and said, if we say you're going to have a beer, you're going to have a beer. And I was only paying half attention, but the next time I looked, both of them were on the floor and he was sitting down drinking his beer again. And I thought, Holy Christ, who is this guy? I didn't even see what he did to knock them down but he must have thrown two right hands so fast, or two left or something that they both went down, and they did the stupidest thing that anybody can ever do after that happened. They got up and he had his back to them and they walked over to the door and on the way out they said, we're going to get Johnny Masonovich and see what you can do to him and Johnny Masonovich was a heavy weight boxer in Butte, he's still around. He's a hell of a good guy, too. And go talk to him and say Johnny, somebody beat us up, and he said, well that's tough. Well everybody said, boy you better get out of here cuz you're going to get killed if Masonovich comes up and he said, well I can't leave now, and he just shrugged his shoulders and that was the end of that story, but it gave me great respect for Oral Rickey. I never did talk to him later on. I simply know that he worked up in Walkerville. He run the garbage truck and he did various other things up there

Cliff: He was the marshall up there.

Doc: And he was the marshall and everything but I had to put in the story, and this would go good for history and economy and talk about inflation. I had a model A automobile that I bought for \$30.00 and it run fairly well, and I got it for \$30.00, which was a pretty reasonable price in that time, and I had my income tax return from working on the railroad in the summer, and that's where I got the \$30.00, big money, and bought this '29 model A Ford, and I had known the Model A Ford before because Clark Dorn's grandfather who worked at the Elm Olu mine, he was a watchman, he lived right there, and Clark got the car I used to ride back from school and football practice with Clark in the Model A. Well then they bought Clark a 39 Chevy and the Model A went, I don't know where, but a Mexican right on Mercury, right across from the whore houses, there was housing there. And this was sitting in a parking lot right across the street, and I would come up from school everyday and see the Model A sitting there and got that money in my pocket and I was nigger rich which you can't say now days but that's what I say and so I went and I asked who owned it and they pointed to this Orlando Ortez or some name and I went down and knocked on the door and his wife says he's in the bar on the corner, I don't remember what the name of it was, but anyway I went up there and he sold me the Model A for \$30.00 and he said if it doesn't run you can put diesel fuel in your radiator, you know, and it won't freeze, and people would do that, but then it's so heavy that it would clog the heating system or the cooling system and he had put that in there. He told me you can't run it because the radiator is all plugged up. Well, I got Jimmy Gilman, he and I were pretty good friends, and he had a 39 Ford, and he hooked onto that Model A and pulled it up to my mother's house and I took the radiator off and flushed it out and put it back on and it run like a million dollars. And I was going to Cleveland School which was out by the airport, it was an auto-mechanics school and in the morning from Butte High School you'd go out there for three hours in the morning, 10 credit class, and there was also a carpentry class in the afternoon and an auto-mechanics class, and in the morning there was an auto-mechanics class and electricians class for kids who wanted to learn to be an electrician. To me, it wasn't learning to fix cars, it was getting the hell out of school for three hours a day. So we would go out to Cleveland School. You had to get out there yourself. When I was training for boxing I used to run there everyday, I was a damn fool, and then. Anyway, I'd run from Big Butte. Anyway we'd run a pole and walk a pole...And a kid named John Kelly, I'd pick him up down the street and away we'd go. He was rich. His Dad owned a bar uptown, Clifford's Cigar Store, which was like the M&M, only bigger and better. Anyway, we're with the Model A now. Anyway, he pulled me up here, I took the radiator off, cleaned it, and then I decided I was going to overhaul that goddamned engine. So I took the pan off and I took the bearing caps off and everything like that and I filed them down according to the rules and put them back on and I don't know if you understand much about mechanics but there's a full pressure system that pumps the oil into the well they used to have a little dip on the bottom connecting rod and it would scoop the oil up there. I put the goddamn dip on backwards when I put it back together and I made it from the Cleveland to Carpino's on Harrison it started knocking and I was so goddamned mad I had to run it till it threw a rod. Well now, here's where Les Rickey comes back into the story. I put an ad in the paper and this is where the economy students will say, my goodness, I put an ad in the paper that said "wanted to buy". One line, one week, one dollar. That's what it cost to put an ad in the paper then. Wanted to buy, engine to fit Model A. And I get a call from Les Rickey. And he say I have an engine for your Model A. And I said how much do you want for it. And he says \$15.00. Well, that was a pretty

good piece of money there, but I had to have my car. So I said, well, okay. I have a friend who has a truck and maybe I can get him to come and get it. He says, ahhh, shit. I'll bring it down for you. This will tell you about Les Rickey. He brought it down and we put it in an hour, the car was running for \$15.00. Now that was the kind of a guy Les Rickey was. He was a pretty neat guy. And I didn't have anything to do with him after that either, but I sure had a lot of respect for him. Now, I don't know where the hell we broke off

Cliff: Well, I was thinking you might want to talk about your old boxing days and the boxing club because I don't think anybody knows a ton about that.

Doc: Well, I don't know if there's a bunch to say about boxing here

Cliff: Well you should remember...you can talk about whatever you want.

Doc: Well, I haven't got a lot of brains. I never did very well in school. I'm getting back to the first grade now and I'm going to say a poem and everyone is going to say why is he saying this bullshit for but here's something that I think back on in retrospect. I went to school with all these kids... a kid name Sammy Wuster in my class and a girl named Marilyn Leary and a girl named Madilyn Hanson and they were smart! They were the smartest. That Sammy Wuster was valedictorian of McKinley, Butte High, and the School of Mines when he graduated there. Anyway, getting back to the first grade where there were 36 kids in my class and I learned this very young. There was the smartest kids in the room and the dumbest kids in the room and in between there is the toughest kids, the weakest kids, the ugliest kids, the best looking kids, this is the pecking order. This is how the pecking order goes. You don't have to be smart and know about pecking order or anything. This just happens. Well, I knew I was one of the poorest kids in the room and I knew I was going to be one of the toughest kids in the room. I'm going to kick their ass if they call me by my real name or even try to because no teacher could even pronounce it. Anyway, we're in this room and this Miss Deany is a lovely little teacher there and there's the Sammy Wuster in the middle there and the Joe Jordan's and the Clark Dorn's and the John Kellys and then they go down to the Dick Ripples and the Doc Jordan's, you know and the dumb ones, Alberta Gabarino and the teacher thought we were so stupid we didn't know. She put the smart kids in the red's and the dumb ones in the blue's. And you'd go out in the playground and hear ehheh, eh you're a blue and that meant you were dumb, and we knew that. But she called us Red's and Blue's instead of smarts and dumbs. But we knew that. Kids are smart enough to figure that out. And the guys right in the middle they were the Joe Jordan's and the Clark Dorn's and the guys in the middle and anyway I remember towards the end of the year, Miss Deany said, we're going to have declamation. Do you remember what declamation was? When all the kids had to learn a poem. They don't do this anymore. Mr. Parrot over at the Whittier tried to get this going for years, but nobody would do it. Teachers didn't like it because it was just extra work, and those teachers are lazy bastards anyway, most of them. They couldn't get a job doing anything else so they became teachers. Some of them are good, but most of them are assholes. So she said we're going to have declamation. Are our first graders eager to learn declamation? What's declamation? Well that's when you say a poem. A poem? What the hell is that? Well she says, doesn't any body in here know a poem? And I raised my hand. She says, okay, what's

the poem. Now, here's the significance. My brother Paul, worked graveyard shift. He was like a father to me. Every day there was this station in Butte, the only station KGIR. And they would sign off at midnight and start at 6:00 in the morning. And the last thing they did at night at signoff, they said this chicken shit poem and then they would play the Star Spangled Banner. And the radio was always on up at my house, I don't know whether my mother turned it off, but she was always up when I went to bed and up when I got up in the morning, so I just thought that she never slept, cuz she would have the fire going. We had wood and coal. Anyway, the last thing they would do is say the poem and the Star Spangled Banner and then at 6:00 they would play the Star Spangled Banner and they would say good morning this is KXLF. Every night I would here this poem. We had this great big chair in the kitchen and I would sit on this chair. I could just sit on this chair now, but back then there was room for three of us it was such a big chair. And I would sit in this chair and listen to the radio and I would wait for my brother to get off work at midnight and he would come in and he would give me his lunch bucket and he would have a marshmallow left in it for me because I was the only one up and that was a big deal to me. Many times I would wake up back in bed and I couldn't figure out how the hell I got there but I would fall asleep in the chair. But the significance in this story is that Miss Deany said does anybody know a poem? And I said I know a poem, and she said what is the poem? So, here's what I said. And this is the poem that I used to hear on the radio every night. A thousand years from this tonight when Orion climbs the sky, the same cold snow will still a roof, the same mad stars run by. And who will know of China's wars or poison gas in Spain? The dead, they will be forgotten, lost whether they lose or gain. Of all the brilliant strategies of war lords now alive, perhaps the Chinese _____ vase made of porcelain will survive. Perhaps a song, perhaps a prayer fashioned of love and fear. But only beauty, only truth, can last a thousand years. And I smiled. And she said, that's not a very good poem for a first grader. Oh, I was so embarrassed. The kids laughed. I had to take some of them outside and kick their ass. I went home and I said to my mother, Mom do you know a poem. And she said Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear. Fuzzy Wuzzy had no hair. Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't fuzzy was he? So I went to school the next day and the teacher said, "That's a good poem". Now, if she was any kind of teacher, she would have said, "Holy Christ, how do you know that poem?" I didn't have any idea, but I still know it, because I don't forget anything. Anyway, she just let it go at that. That was that. If she had recognized the fact that, hey, this dumb little bastard does have something going for him, she could have taken it out, but, what did we fly off when we...I started talking about boxing. (In the old days, let's say when you got out of high school, or whatever, what did you do for a living? How did your career path go?) Well, I'm not going to start with the paper route and settin' pins and stealing milk bottles and selling them or anything like that. When I was in high school, I got a job on the railroad, the BAP Railroad and in order to get a job for the city or county, and this is history of Butte, city or county or the BAP railroad, you had to be know somebody, and that with equal opportunity and everything is kinda down, but still pretty prevalent in Butte. And, of course, I had no rich relatives, I had no big shots that I knew so I just had to go rustle the job and I remember when I was in high school, they started Victor Chemical, Stauffer Chemical, and I would go down there with a lunch bucket every morning at 7:00 in case they needed anybody. And they would just shake their head, "No". So I just said what the hell. I did the same thing with F & S a little later. I would go there and, of course because of good old unions, I couldn't get on. They had to hire off of the bench. And we're not going to get into unions, That would take a lot of

hours to go through. Anyway, I've belonged to nine unions in my life, you would have to have a lot more time than you've got for me to give you all that bullshit. Anyway, I worked on the railroad and I remember when kids, years ago what it used to be is, you could make \$600.00 and year and your parents taxes weren't affected. But if you made a dollar over it, then they couldn't claim you. Understand? Alright. So the kid would make just up to \$600 and then they would all quit and that would happen about the end of July, and they would make their \$600 from when school got out till then. It took that long to make it and then there would be some overtime. A little later on they raised it to a \$1000.00 they could make. But the first time I went to work in 1952 on the BAP, there were a few openings because a lot of the kids quit and what you would do to get a job, and this is of historical significance Rodney Shannon, just interred yesterday, his father John Shannon, who was a roadmaster on the BAP Railroad and what you did to get the job was you'd go through John, and John would say, "What's your name and if you had an Irish name he'd give you a note and you'd go to one of the bosses. Dave Robinson up on the hill, his brother, and Pat Shannon on South Montana Street section, Kibbie Beckman in Rocker, they were the section foremen and he would give you a slip of paper and you'd go there and they would sign it and you would go to work for them. Well, I didn't go to John Shannon's house or anything, I didn't know we were supposed to do that. But I would go up to the BAP people and ask them if there was any work, and there was a guy named Harvey Horton there whose brother Charlie was the, whatever the hell, the master of offices up there, anyway, Charlie, I went in to him and lo and behold, he says, your Doc Jordan, aren't you? You boxed didn't you? You're the lightweight champion aren't you and all that bullshit you know. And yeah, yeah. And he hired me. I went to work on the railroad and then I worked until school started. That's where I got the money to buy that Model A. I had some money from and income tax return. And then the next year, I wised up and found out that you went to see John Shannon to get a job, see? So I started in March, going up and knocking on the door. He lived at 114 Bell up on Butte Hill. And I would go up and I would sit on Main Street and wait until I saw his truck. He had a oh, I guess it was about a 49 Chevy ¾ ton blue pickup truck that he drove back and forth to Anaconda and around while he was checking, he was the road master, he was of all the sections, and I would wait till I saw that pull up and pull into the garage and I would run down there, I would knock on the door, and his wife, and I don't like to say things about Kevin Shannon's mother, she was a bitch. She would answer the door and she would say, "What do you want"? And I would say, I wonder if they're doing any hiring. And she would say NO and slam the door. He's not here. And I would know goddam well he was there. I just saw him walk in the house, see. So I would do that every night. And one night, she said to me, where the hell are you coming from, kid? And I said I live at 1406 West Copper Street out there by the School of Mines, and she said, you walk over here every day? John, give this kid a job. I'm not shittin' you, she was running the railroad, really. And he come out and he give me a job, and he gave me a job with his brother Pat, the finest goddamn boss that ever lived. He really was a nice man. He gave me the top A-1 job with John Shannon, so the 27th of May I went to work and Artie Carle was my partner. We both went to work on the 27th of May and report cards didn't come out until the 28th or 29th or something and I had my sister pick mine up and that way, we didn't know it at the time, but we had seniority on the other little jerks that came to work the following Monday. So we got our names ahead of them on the seniority list and that means if there is a job that comes along, you get choice; preference. Seniority, you know, we didn't know much about seniority, but

we knew we had preference on these guys and it was George Tierney, Artie Carl, and myself and the rest of the kids were little Central boys, lawyers friends or kids or something. Now Artie's uncle was a switchman, so he got on. Tierney's father was a chauffeur for Ray Hiller, a bigshot in the Anaconda Company, that's how he got on but the rest of these little kids, and I'm not saying anything disrespectful to Rodney, but they were Rodney's friends, we used to call them Rodney's little playmates, because they were little weenies that would come out and they wouldn't do a lick of work, you know, and ahhhh Christ, and Tierney and I could work the ass off of anyone of them, you know, and we did and this Pat Shannon guy, he recognized that and he treated me just like a little Catholic boy, he give me every good job there was. When I was bossin', you know I go and he'd say to me, "you know you're married now and you have kids, after I grew up, you know, because I went back to work later and that's still another different story that nobody gives a shit about, but when I went to work for him later, I would box and I would stay in shape, you know, train all the time and everything and I'd be doing shit that other guys wouldn't do and I'd exercise so I could get in shape because I wasn't much of a boxer, but I was always in shape. And that's how I won a lot of fights, by the third round, if you were standing up you had a pretty good chance. Anyway, this Pat, I would say there is a Golden Gloves tournament, I'd say I couldn't go because I have to go to work and he'd say go ahead and go, you might as well go and he'd pay me!!! He's turn it in like I was still on the job. I'd come back and get my check, \$101.00 every two weeks we were making, and I'd get my check the 5th and the 20th, that's when we got paid and he wouldn't have deducted and I had enough sense not to tell anybody...about the Golden Gloves and all those things ...Anyway, he was the finest goddamn manager that ever happened. Anyway, do you recall what I was saying that I did for a living? Anyway, I worked on the railroad, these two summers, '51 and '52. And then in '53, I turned 18 on the 18th of March, around the 24th of March, I turned 18, my wife's birthday was around the 18th of April. That has nothing to do with it, but I just said the wrong thing so I had to tell you why I said the 18th. Anyway, when I turned 18, I went up to the rustling card office. I went to the Cleveland School in the morning and when you got out of the Cleveland you go to eat lunch, it was first lunch period and instead of going to lunch I went up to the rustling card office and got my rustling card, and they were hiring at the Kelley. So at 4:00 that afternoon I went to work at the Kelley mines. So going to work in the mines in the night time, afternoon shift, and then going to school in the daytime. And then when summer came, and that was six days a week, and by now it's my turn to raise the family. All my brothers, it would go down the list and down the list. Well, it got down to me, I was pretty lucky because my sister was in the service and I had my brother John and my sister Jewel and she joined the Army too so I didn't have hardly anybody to pay for. But I was making \$83.00 a week, clear, clear, you bet it was. And I was giving my mother \$50.00 and that left 23 bucks!. Anyway, I worked there and we decided we were going to get married. We were both 18 years old and I worked in the mines for like 24 weeks or something like that and my wife's father, Mel Vivian was a gas man for the power company, he was one of the finest guys I ever did know. He was, talk about bad mother-in-laws, father-in-laws, as I had the best. They just treated me like I was their son. And I told him, this was the old days, and you used to ask the father if you could marry, you had to inform 'em, you couldn't just run off and live together and get married. I went to him and I told him that we were thinking about getting married and here we are two 18-year-old kids, you know and my wife she was a jock, she was a cheerleader, she was good looking stuff, you know. Nobody could figure out how an

asshole like me could get such a good looking girlfriend, you know, that bullshit you know, but she was mine, see, and we were going to get married. But he says, I'd like to see you get out of the mines. Well I was tapping chutes up at the Kelley and I was doing pretty good because, you know what ringer is? A ringer in the mine is when you get 6 days, you work 5 days and then the 6th day is time-and-a-half. So if you get the 6th day it was in a wringer. I got 24 ringers in a row. I never missed a shift. Stupid. I used to work a shift and a half on Saturdays, see. So, I was making the \$83.00 a week that I was taking home and I would give my mother the \$50.00 bucks and I had this other money so I was "nigger rich" again you see? And so I worked in the mines and he said I'd just as soon see you not work in the mines. Well, and then to tell you a big story about John Shannon now. In 1952, while I was working on the section and we were putting in the track behind the Anselmo mine, called the Lex tunnel and do you know where Lexington Avenue comes down? Well, they put a track up there and they were loading cars out of Washington mine in there and we were putting in that track and we had the section crew, put me back on the section crew from Rocker and Pat Shannon had his crew from West Butte. We were building it, and then we had a few guys from Dave Robertson, he was the foreman on the hill, from his crew and it was a pretty big crew that was working down there. And I said, Artie Carle, George Shutie, and I were the only little heathens. The rest were little Central boys, you know. And so, they would usually get all the good jobs and we got the chicken shit ones, but old Pat, he took pretty good care of us and this happened one day, a pretty funny thing that happened. John come up in his blue Chevy pickup, ¾ ton, during lunch. He come to see Pat, his brother Pat, and they would talk over what was going on. And we were sitting up by the fence at the Anselmo and all the little Central boys were sitting down on the grass, down by the engine room. And we divorced ourselves from them. And I stuck around pretty close to Artie and Tierney too, because they were two tough bastards so nobody would fool with me, because they would have to fool with them, see. But I thought I was pretty tough too, see. So we were sitting there and the whistle would blow. And the way it would go, it was about quarter to twelve. Pat Shannon would say, "Dinner!" I always couldn't figure out why he didn't say lunch, he would say, dinner, and so we'd go to lunch. And then at 12:30 the whistle would blow and we would screw around till about twenty to one, and then we'd go back to work. So we'd get nearly an hour for lunch, but it was only supposed to be a half hour. And even when John was there, we were sitting there, and when John was there, we were kind of attentive, because we would get up and look around to make sure nobody else was coming out because John Shannon was the boss of everybody, but Pat was the brother that was the boss of that crew, see. So were sitting there and the whistle blew and it was the whistle for lunch being over, you know the mines used to blow a whistle at 12:00 and 12:30... Anyway, the horn started honking. And we looked down, and it was the horn on John Shannon's truck, and it had a kind of a weak little horn, beep, beep beeeep. And it's beeping, you know and we were looking down there and the whistle blows and we all vegetate over and we're standing around the truck and John's was saying do any of you know how to make this thing stop!! And I said I know how, and I walked over and lifted up the hood, took out my knife and I cut the wire to make it stop. And he said, ahhh, that's good, that's good, what's your name. Ohhh, Jordan, Jordan. Okay, that's good. That he went and he honked the horn and nothing would happen. And he said, what's the matter with my horn? I said, I cut the wire. He said, well fix it. And they all went back to work. What it was, it was a simple thing, the horn button, there's a little flat piece of copper and the horn button, you push down and it touches the

copper and that grounds the horn out see? Well, I tried to hook the horn back up and it started honking again, so I took the steering wheel cover off and bent this little piece of copper down, put it back in, and the horn worked. And I come back and he says, did you fix my truck? And I says yes. Well everything that would come up from then he would say "Jordan, Jordan!". And he got a new car, I guess a '52 Ranch Wagon, like a station wagon thing. And it was dark green, and he would come pulling up and. And the idea was when you saw these pulling up you knew who was coming, who the bosses were, so then you'd start working see, because you knew you were going to get your ass kicked if you didn't. Well this is what we'd look out for. Well he come pulling up in this green car and we would work, and one day he said, Jordan, take my car and wash it. And every time he had a good job to do he would call on me to do it. He treated me like a million dollars, that guy. Anyway, the welder, he wasn't really a welder, he was a burner, and he would cut rails when we needed them. So he was going to go on vacation and his name was Pete Peterson and I don't know if that was his real name, anyway I'll call him Pete. We called him Purple Pete because he had inhaled so many cigarettes and so much oxygen and acetylene that when he would bend over his face would turn purple. Anyway, Shannon, he was going on vacation and he needed somebody to be a burner, so he said George, first he was going to have George do it, but George was scared shitless watching the acetylene, well, I'd gone to the Cleveland School and I knew how to weld, you know and do stuff like that. So he says, you do it, you do it. So, okay I went over to do it and I was the burner for a whole week, man!! And I was the big man there! And we'll get quickly on with the story. I went on to work as a switchman later on and I would work up on the hill there and John Shannon knew I knew how to cut hair. And he got old and he retired, but he still lived there. And I would go up and give him a haircut. Even when I had kids, I had two little kids I'd bring up there and he'd give them a Hershey Bar and I'd give him a haircut and nobody'd call me a suckhole then because he wasn't the boss anymore. He was just a nice old man. And I would stop by the liquor store up in Walkerville and get him a bottle of Seagram's Seven and sneak it into his house and we'd hide it under the couch and his wife would kill us if she knew it and so I got to be pretty goddamn good friends with the guy who was the best guy in the world to know before. It was too late, but he was just one hell of a man. And when he died, his son Kevin asked me to be a pallbearer. Me, of all people to be a pallbearer for, John Shannon, that was the biggest thrill of my life. I went up there and here was all these old Catholic religious guys and me carrying John Shannon to bury him and that was the biggest thrill to me. Okay, what else. My brother, Ted, Shine when it was, when it was metallurgical school of mines, he graduated with a masters degree from there, and he boxed. Well he was 126 pounds, something like that when he boxed. He was the lifeguard first, up at the YMCA. But he was a tough bastard. He was a boxer and he was fast. So I guess I didn't care that much for boxing cuz it was a stupid sport anyway, you know. Get Two big kids and say, now get in the ring and beat that kid preferably around the head. When he falls down, the worst you can hurt him, you win. Well, it's stupid. Well alright, stupid, but, wait a minute, I can do it, that's pretty easy. So I went out and I started boxing, I boxed for the Elks first year and I got the lightweight title and all that bullshit and then Eli Thomas came along, Troy Evans and Jay Evans were two pretty neat guys who were coaches, boxing coaches up there and Troy was the dad and Jay was the kid and he was of course 10 or 15 years older than me, but he got into boxing when he was young and he come up to me and gave me pointers, but they gave it up for the Elks and Eli Thomas, you know from Thomas Dry Goods, we've got Thomas Dry Goods here,

but Eli Thomas was in San Jose California and he's got clothes named after him. And he was the first boxer in the hall of fame here, you know for boxing. He, the only fight he ever lost in Montana was to John Neatty, who was the only one who ever beat him here. And he went on to Gonzaga with a scholarship. He went through there and he was one hell of a tough bastard, this guy. Well he came back and he was going to coach the Elk's boxing team and he came in there and he did it the way a teacher would do it. He advertised and he got a bunch of kids, I remember Curly Harrington and a whole bunch of guys come down there who had never boxed before, and well, I had a little time in, you see, and he got up there and instead of saying, okay, there's the gloves and there's the bags gloves and there's the boxing gloves, try it out, he'd stand you up there and he'd lecture to you. And he would say, a jab is a sudden thrust of the arm, and all of this technical shit, and I'm saying, what is this guy talking about, man? Let's start sparring here and so he didn't care much for me so I didn't stay up there because he would kick my ass if he did. I just drifted away and there was a guy named Bill Barry, he had the Race Track boxing club and so I went to work for old Bill boxing for him, and he brought me all over the country boxing like Spokane and everywhere you know. And I boxed for Bill for a long time and then, I don't know if you want this for the history of Butte or not, but the City of Butte had a recreation department and Bill Barry was running...he had the Barry's carwash down here, well at that time he was running the gas station, he had a bunch of guys working for him on Park and Montana streets. And Wes Downey would come up and, I'm not saying anything disrespectful to Wes, but he pulled a chicken shit trick on Bill. He would come up and help, Rudy Fortune was the sheriff's deputy and he helped too, but at that time he worked for Bill at the gas station and Wes, I guess was an electrician on the hill. Anyway, Bob Sparks was the recreation director and he called Bill Barry and he says, we might want to start a Butte Boxing Club so he says come on up and we'll see what we can do. So Bill says to Wes, I can't get up there so you go to the meeting. So Wes went up and they said well we'll buy all the equipment, we'll give you a place to train...we were training in the Race Track Fire Hall and it was behind all the stuff, you know, and what we had, a couple of pair of gloves and no heavy bag, no nothing, we'd just go in there and beat the shit out of each other. And then they'd you give like \$25 bucks a week or something. And we'll pay for your trips, which Bill Barry paid for when we went, you know. So he started the Butte Boxing Club. What? Bullshit! So he had Curly Harrington and all these guys that were left over from the Elk's. They came to box for him and what we did first of all is have a fight card against the Butte club, the Race Track did, and then we'd beat the shit out of them, you know, because we were all experienced fighters, you know, and that didn't make Eli very happy, but, I didn't give a shit about him. Anyway then I boxed for years and then I got married and I got done boxing. And then, I hurt my back on the railroad. That wasn't the end of that bullshit either, but I broke my back up on the Anselmo, I fell down the chute there in 60 or 70 feet or something like that. Anyway, that ended my boxing career there. Then I come back and my kids were grown up and they wanted to box. And now we're getting back to Herbie Miller. I went up to Herbie, and said, yeah, let's have a boxing club up here. So we started the Silver Bow Boxing Club was what we called it. And even though we didn't call it the Butte Boxing Club, cuz we were going to put on a fight card, and they went around to the bars to get \$5.00 to buy trophies for the kids and I talked to Mario Maconi who was the mayor of Butte. So I went up to a city council meeting and I when it got out I was standing out in front and Mario come out and I said, Mario, you want to put in \$5.00 bucks to buy trophies for the tournament we're going to have and he

said, I don't want to get my foot in the door of anything like that. I thought, well you son of a bitch. So we wouldn't have anything to do with Butte. We called ourselves Silver Bow Boxing Club, you see, and we took a team to down to Vegas and we had two championships and they said Butte, Butte, Butte. I said, bullshit Butte, Silver Bow! I didn't want to have anything to do with Butte. Anyway, one day we were, and I've already got you over time here, but one day, Carroll College used to have a helluva smoker over there. You remember that? Okay, this is history. They had a smoker that went on for 29 years, and they had it very well organized smoker and it was like a Eli Thomas thing, you know. Everybody had to this, and this, and this. In order to get into the smoker you had to train this many days and everything. So everybody was always talking about this money raiser and it was a thing that the junior class put on...they got the money, the profits from it. So a couple of kids from the School of Mines come up to me, and this was like 1969, everybody says it was '70, but I swear to God it was '69. They come up and they said we want to put on a smoker like they do over in Carroll, you know. I says, okay, send you guys up here and I'll let you train with us at the Silver Box Boxing Club. We had quite a few kids by then, you know, from all ages they'd come up. So they'd send a few guys up there and they were all 250 pounds, stuff like that, and it really tickled me because I'd put my 150 pounders against 250 pounders in the ring to spar and they'd kick the shit out of them, you know. And these big guys were football players, they just never had the experience. It was nothing to be ashamed of, because I'd get in with em and beat them up, while I was still coaching them, but they just didn't know how. So it really wasn't fair, but it was fun. You know to kick the shit out of somebody who weights 250 pounds, when you can hit them when you want and move away, anyway I was kind of a mean bastard. They come up and then they said, what do we do? How are we going to have the smoker? And I said, first of all you have to have a place. We've got the boxing ring that belongs to the civic center and if they'll let us use it we can set it up and they said okay. So we took the boxing ring and we set it up in the Civic Center, which it turns out later wasn't the Civic Center's at all, it was the American Legion's and they had professional fights here in '50's and they put the ring on the hill and they would use it was always the Civic Center's so I talked to the commissioners and they said, yeah, you can use it. So we hauled it up there and to get that up into the second floor where the old gym was right by Marcus Daily, that goddamned boxing ring was an Olympic-sized ring with great big channel iron, in order to get it in, we couldn't bring it up the steps, we had to hand it up, you know as you get up on the second floor, and of course those big boys they hauled it up there and set the damn ring up and they went out and they bought their own trophies, and I said you dumb bastards, you were supposed to go around to the bars and get money for that, that's good sponsorship, then you put on the program, you know, sponsored by the Drift Inn, whatever the hell was the name of the bar. Anyway the Met, they were always good for \$5 bucks for a trophy. And, anyway, they said well we made the programs, which they should have had somebody else sponsor, too, and all it was one piece of paper, and I thought or shit, we did that we brought the trophies and if we make \$250 then we're ahead. Anything we make will go to the M club. Okay, well we had the goddamned thing up there. What are we going to do for officials? Well I call up all the old boxers. Johnny Masonovich and Joe Antonetti which was the only guy that ever beat Eli Thomas, and Bill Barry and Wes Downey and all those guys that had to do with boxing. I called them up and they were judges and they were referees and they did that. And that happened for 29 years, they would do that. But, the first year we had that thing and goddamned thing it made \$900. Well the next

year, we were going to have it again and they said, sorry, we've got a flower show or something up there. Holy Christ, what are we going to do? Well we rented the Butte High School gym and they let us use it. We hauled the ring up and put it up and it was easier to get it in and out of, Butte High School. \$1400 they made. Oh, boy. The next year we had it up at the School of Mines and it was so goddamned full people were hanging from the rafters. I don't know how much they made. I never had anything to do with the money, didn't know what the deal was there, but we knew we had to do something different, so we started getting the civic center and it was \$600, something like that and for several years we had it at the Civic Center and the Stage Hands union would set up the ring. We couldn't do that, but the School of Mines could come down and we'd put the chairs up. I remember one time I set out 500 chairs. There was kids who said they could be there at 2:00 to help and they didn't show up until 5:00 and I was so goddamned mad I could eat nails. I had the chairs all set up, 500 chairs, that sucker, I said up yours. It was my responsibility, you know, to get that thing going. Anyway, along the way we would compete with Carroll, and we would go up there and we would fight with them and then Dillon started having one and that was the biggest joke in history. You'd go down there to the fight and they'd have a ring set up and it would be falling apart, they'd borrow our ring, bring it down there and I'd have to reset the damn thing up and one of the guys in the M Club down there was going around saying, hey guys, c'mon, do you want to referee? You want to judge? Jesus Christ you know, finally I started bringing guys from Butte down to judge because every fight would go to Dillon. I remember one particular fight, we were kicking the shit out of this kid and intermission came along and I went around and looked at the judge cards, they were still sitting there and for the next fight they had the kid from Dillon winning already on the card. Jesus Christ, in order to win you had to knock the guy out. And that' show they were down there all the time, right to the very end, and that's what ended up ending the smokers. They come to Butte and I'd tell the judges, NO HOMETOWN DECISIONS! A lot of these kids are from Butte and they're just kids. We don't want any chicken shit decisions. Don't give a fight to a School of Mines kids just because he's from Butte. Fair decisions and that's what they did. They were just good judges and they knew their shit. You know what I mean? So, we went down to Dillon, go screwed as usual, the kids from Dillon would come up and they would be drunker than \$90 dollars and so would the Tech kids and they would be sitting on the south section of the gym and they hollered and I'm not going to say the F word, I'll say screwed, and they said screw Tech, screw Tech; and the fellas on the other side from the School of Mines would be saying screw Dillon screw Dillon, and it was just drunken brawl all the time, and sometimes Dillon would win them all and sometimes we'd win them both and it didn't make any damned difference to me. It was just a money maker for them and they were making \$5000 bucks or more on the damned thing. They were making more on the concessions, than when I would put on a fight for the Silver Bow Boxing Club, we could make the whole thing, you know and it was really a big thing, and they were letting us use the gym up there, you know the new HPER, at first they wouldn't let us use it and then, finally they said okay, they have a big tarp you put down on the floor, a big green tarp, and they would let us use that, cuz the damned Civic Center got to be a \$1000 bucks instead of \$600 so they let us use that and we worked and the last fight card we had you remember a young fella name of LeProwse? Played football up there? Tough little son of a bitch. Anyway, a lot of the fights they had were grudge fights, see? And the place would be packed all the time because people love misery and they love to see especially big guys bleed and hurt, you

now, and so they go up to them, and they were nothing but street fights really, cuz those kids wouldn't train worth a shit. You'd get them up there and it wasn't boxing at all, it was just something to make money for them and I remember my grandson was in there and I made him train. And my boy Rick, got him in there to show him how to throw a right-hook and his fight lasted about 12 seconds. He said, go out and throw a left and a hook. And he did and...down went the kid and that was that. Well that was the semi finals and everybody knew him, Doc Jordan was his name, he got the same name as me, that goddamned kid of mine named him after me! And he never uses the name either, he was Doc Vivian, and the Vivian kid came along and he was my son. But anyway, they wanted him to fight the main event because they knew that he could win, they knew he could kick the shit out of any of them, he was about 230 pounds you know he was a big boy, and I said no, everybody wants to see Leprowse, because Leprowse had it in for this kid from Dillon. Leprowse wasn't big. I don't know what he weighed, maybe 190, and he was short, and he didn't train worth a shit, either, just enough so that he could keep his hands up and throw a left hand, that was the best you could teach them and Leprowse was fighting this kid from Dillon because he said this kid was talking trash about Butte and he didn't know the kid other than from the football field. Well the kid was twice as big as him. And they get in the goddamned ring and that big and little, it that doesn't make any difference in boxing, what shape you're in, how fast you can move. Anyway, he was out there and he didn't know anything, but he moved up and back and he goes out and that kid hit him and boom, down he goes, and that's the end of the main event for Christ sake, and he got up and came back and sit down and I looked in his eyes and he wasn't there. And I was trying to talk to him and I remember, this is what I did, I talked to him and I said, you've had enough, haven't you? No, no, no, no, Doc, I'm okay, I'm okay. Well, I opened his trunks and poured ice water on his dick. He opened his eyes and he looked at me and I don't know whether or not it had anything to do with anything or not but I pulled that on a couple of guys when they were out of it, and that brings them back to life so he got up and he went out and he did pretty fair in the second round and in the third round he kicked the shit out of that other guy, he just, well the other guy was just out of gas was the trouble, and he was tough, this guy. Well they gave the fight to the School of Mines boy and Holy Christ, Dillon went crazy, you're cheating son of a bitches and so, the riots started. Do you remember the riots? It was the 29th smoker and if we would have had one more one year the Ring Magazine would have put our names in it could have been the most college smokers in a row. We caught up with Helena, which I forgot to tell that we stopped having to go over there, but I will in a minute. Anyway, the kids started fighting and the chairs started flying and I was standing up in the ring and I said, that's the end of Tech's smokers. Well, the cops they had hired, well the cops just backed up. My kid Rick is the one that stopped it. He climbed down and got in there and he started getting some of them guys and kicking their ass, he's a tough bastard, Rick is, and everybody calmed down. So guys were bleeding, and guys were...they threw chairs and a chair goes flying through the air and hits a guy in the nose and blood all over and so they filed out and that was the last Tech smoker, but here's the a funny thing that happened, a little kid named Anderson who was from Butte, I don't know what ever happened to his parents, his grandpa and grandma raised him and he went to Whittier and Butte High with my grand daughter and I didn't know the kid, I just knew he was a good looking kid and he was a pretty nice kid and he seemed like he was pretty eager, well he was going to Dillon and he for some reason ended up as their boxing coach. And one of LeCouer's brothers or cousins or nephews or something like that who is just as crooked

as Bob LeCouer he was involved there, too. And anyway, what happened there was these School of Mines boys...this is something that happened, too. We used to have all kinds of guys wanting to be in the Tech smoker and then it got so that nobody would be in it and they had to go out and have it so they made it an initiation into the M Club. And if you wanted to be in the M Club you had to fight in the smoker, cuz they had to do it, see. Well, the guys who had already fought, they'd be the janitors and stuff like that, you know, and keeping track of everything. And, geez, there was some pretty big boys, you know Matt Vincent? They had two riots up there, Matt Vincent started one of them. He writes for the paper, the Rat Chat. Nobody knows this, it's on tape now you see, this was two years before the real riot that ended the smokers, but all these kids from the School of Mines, free beer up at the goddamned Vu Villa after 2:00 pm if you buy a ticket for the smoker. Well, Jesus, these guys would be drunker than \$90 dollars and wandering around in there, doing what they want to. My boy, Rick, was refereeing this fight, because he had quite a few fights and he knew what he was doing, and school of mines boys and Dillon boys were fighting and the kid from the School of Mines tripped and fell and the kid from Dillon came up and him while he was on the ground. So Rick grabbed the kid and he threw him over in the corner and he helped the kid up, and Matt Vincent jumped up on the corner of the ring and he pumps the kid that was in the ring! Well, gee, Dillon's whole crew come down. That was it, you know. And this is something about Bob Green, everybody knows Bob Green. And he wasn't up there very long, I used to wonder if when Green came along I would yell at those kids when I was training them and they would look at me like what do you mean yelling at me I'm 250 pounds and your 140. Well, after Green got up there I realized he yells at them too and they're just used to getting yelled at. Anyway, I was standing up in the ring again and I'm looking out and I'm seeing this big fight going on and all of a sudden I heard "This is an athletic event! We don't act like this!" blah, blah, it was Green. Grabbed ahold of the microphone, and just like that the riot stopped. All the kids got up and sat down and that was the end of the riot, but the riot that ended it, this Anderson kid, his boy lost a fight and people from Dillon were frantic and what happened was there was two school of mines boys teasing him, hey pussy, hey pussy, we're beating you and when he lost the match he was so goddamned mad and one of these guys was coming up and teasing him, he weighed about the same as me 150-155 pounds and one of these big 200 pounders came up and punched him, so that was the start of the riot. Holy Christ, and that was the end of Tech smokers. I'll quickly throw this in there because I promised and then I'll let you go. The Helena deal, we had a kid named Scottie O'Leary over there and he fought for 4 years when he was going up to Tech and that was when they really cared, they trained, and there was a whole bunch of football coaches up there and of course they're the boss and I had to when they'd throw me a fix, they let me train whoever they let me train and I'd have the kids whenever they let me have them because of spring football and all that bullshit. Anyway, Ron Kenison, who I think if you're a religious guy you're supposed to say God rest his soul, because he just died, anyway, Kenison, was a goddamned...Green was good to me, he let me do anything I wanted, but Kenison would get right in there and help me. He'd come out and he'd take movies of these guys when they were training and then he'd let me show them the movies and so I could say what they were doing wrong. He was just really a good guy and involved with it. Anyway, this O'Leary, who's boss over at United Building Center now, and I don't know if he took what do you call it that people take to get big and strong. Steroids? He used to be a heavy-weight, bigger than he is now, because when I saw him after he went back to Helena where he came from and

then he came back to Butte and he was working for UBC and I said what the hell, does he have cancer or something? Because he was just a regular-sized guy then. You know, maybe 170 lbs. or something. He must have been taking steroids because he was a mass of muscle and he was a tough son of a bitch. And he fought for 4 years and they even had him fighting in the amateurs. Billy Ignatoits and Ronnie, you know they had the amateurs. Anyway, Scottie and all these guys we would take them to Dillon and we'd take them up to Helena. So Scottie went up to Helena and he was trying to help Carroll after he graduated from the School of Mines. He was trying to help those boxers, well there was a kid there whose father was a doctor or lawyer and the kid wasn't worth a shit and his dad wanted him to fight in the smoker. So he goes to get in the smoker and Scottie said we tried to discourage him because he was no good so we put him in one of the first fights with somebody that wasn't very good and the kid got knocked out and his dad sued. You son-of-bitch, that was dirty, you let my boy get knocked out. So, that was the end of smokers up at Carroll. No more. I don't know if they every settled it or what happened. But for 29 years they did that up at the School of Mines and I'd say, do they ever sue anybody for a \$1000 anymore? Uh uh. It's always millions now. Right? Well, who they gonna blame when somebody gets hurt in a goddamned smoker up there? Are they gonna blame me? Sure, I'm the coach. Are they going to blame the M Club? Are they gonna get a million dollars from me? Who was sanctioning this thing and letting it happen in their building? That State of Montana, see. Now I'm not up on laws or nothing, but you can sue the State of Montana under certain circumstances. And if your kid gets hit and killed or something like that, there goes a million dollar lawsuit and I could never figure out why are they letting us do this? And I didn't enjoy my 29 years up there. It was misery. Every night I had to drive up to that son of a bitch, and train those kids, beg em to train. And I'd get home at 6 or 7 at night and I never heard a word of thank you or anything like that from em. Oh, once in awhile they'd give me a plaque that says "you're a good coach", but we took a lot of bullshit and a lot of nothing and I was overjoyed when it ended. And, that was the history of my boxing.