

Maureen and Mike

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**Oral History Number: 027-001, 002**

**Interviewee: Clara Jones**

**Interviewer: Lenora Koelbel**

**Date of Interview: circa 1972**

**Project: Lenora Koelbel Missoula History Oral History Project**

Lenora Koelbel: We'll try this again.

You said that the pest house was later turned into a powder house. You don't know who owned it?

Clara Jones: No, I was just a kid. That wasn't yesterday. [laughs]

LK: Do you remember when it was used as a pest house? What years?

CJ: Well, it could have been when I was around 12 years old. I'll tell you why. We lived on the north side at that time. We had some friends of ours—the people that my folks met when they first came to Montana in '89—they lived right next door to these people. Well, in time, they put in a bid for to run the poor house.

LK: That was in '89?

CJ: No, no, no. Not then, but when I was 12 years. I was only two and a half when we came to Missoula. I was 12 years old, and my mother was going to take a trip to Butte. That was when the NP [Northern Pacific Railway] depot was where the freight depot is now. My brother and I walked up to the poor farm. That's what they called it. The poor farm, not the poor house.

LK: Now, the poor farm was up in the Rattlesnake, right?

CJ: Up the Rattlesnake about three miles. I walked that many...I worked there for a while.

LK: That's what Deane said.

CJ: I worked there when I was 17 and then when I was 19.

LK: Now in what year was this that you came to Missoula?

CJ: [18] 89.

LK: You were two years old?

CJ: Two and a half. It'll be...let's see, from '89 to '72 again. There would be nine...no, 11 years left in the old century, wouldn't there? Eleven and '72—83 years ago, see. It was in September.

I don't know what day or anything, because I was only two and a half. I have lived in Missoula now going on 83 years.

LK: That's tremendous. That's tremendous. You've got a wonderful memory too.

CJ: Because we came from St. Paul here. As I say, that pest house, it was just beyond that viaduct there where you get into East Missoula, and it was on the left—on the left of the road.

LK: As you were going out towards East Missoula and Bonner?

CJ: Yes. Now, to go to the poor farm you went to...I have to think a little bit. Picture it in my mind. That's up the Rattlesnake. But I just don't remember...Everything's changed around so much that you just don't get a good picture of it in your mind.

LK: Right, right. Now, this poor farm, do you know if it was here when you came in '89 when you were two years old?

CJ: I don't know that. These people, they were...their name was Maeks (?). Do you know Della Deschamps?

LK: I've heard the name, but I don't know—

CJ: Well, my mother took care of her mother when she was born. When another Dave Maeks (?), he died here, I think, two years ago.

Anyway, as I say, I worked up there when I was 17. He said, "Well, if you'll just come up, and I'll give you 15 dollars a month if you'll come up and work with Lou (?)." That was his daughter. He says, "I can't get a bit of work out of her." He says, "You wouldn't have much to do just take care of the boys' bedroom and do the family dishes. But the men take care of their dishes."

Then we had to set the men's table. They used to have 12 or 15 at the great big long table as long as this room. One funny thing—there was one fellow, he used to be an old tin horn gambler. Mrs. Maeks did the cooking. She would make hot cakes, and she'd stack up a pile of hot cakes about like that. Everybody, they'd want to pass them. Well, this old fellow, instead of asking somebody to pass him the hot cakes, he just stands up—and he had arms that long—and reached over and he'd grab a handful of them and put on his plate. We watched him one day. See, their table went this way, and the family table went this way. This girl and I were sitting at their table in the morning. Anyway, he took one of those hot cakes, and mornings were cold in the winter. They didn't have hot water upstairs where they slept and everything. So he came down and he reached over and gets all them hot cakes, and then he'd sit there and he'd wash his hands on the hot cakes. Then he'd throw it under the table. Then he'd take another one and wash them again.

LK: [unintelligible how?

CJ: In cold water. Why, he washed himself with the hot cakes. Then he threw them under the table. [laughs]

LK: Didn't they ever say anything to him about that? That's terrible. What a waste of food!

CJ: Oh heavens!

LK: I'll be darned! Was 15 dollars a month considered good wages in those days?

CJ: Oh heavens! We were all through with our supper work even by five o'clock, and then we used to come down the road a ways. They had a little gray pony. This girl and I, we'd get on this pony and ride down. I don't know...Do you live in Missoula long?

LK: Just five years.

CJ: Oh well, maybe you've heard of Pearl Kilburn (?) and Ralph Kilburn (?)

LK: No, I haven't.

CJ: Well, we used to go down there and play hide-and-go-seek and pump-pump-pullaway, and everything. Then we'd get back home and go to bed in the daylight. We'd get the cook to give us the key to the storeroom. We'd take a five-pound lard pail, go in there, and get five pounds of good big cluster raisins. We'd go to bed and eat the raisins and look at old *Delineators*. They were like the *Redbook* now—that was a kind of a book. We used to say, "Oh! Aren't we glad we didn't live then. Look at the dresses they had." Then we'd shoot the seeds out and into the stove pipe. We had more fun than at a little bit, but we had more fun than work.

LK: So 15 dollars was a good wage for you?

CJ: Oh, I just thought that was wonderful. I worked for some people when I was 15 years old for ten dollars a month. Chopped my own wood and dug my own potatoes and everything.

LK: That's tremendous, really tremendous.

Okay, in the pest house, would they just send people there when they got sick...How...I know some places were quarantined, and some people had to go there. Now, how would they determine whether you were going to be quarantined or whether you were going to go to the pest house?

CJ: I don't know anything about that. I do know that I knew a girl, Evelyn Hynbaugh (?) was her name or Hynbauch (?) or something like that. She had diphtheria. We wouldn't go on that side

of the street at all to go to school or to come home from school. Then they took the mattress and burned it up. Oh, it was frightening. On the other hand, when I was...I say I must have been five years old. We lived on North Second Street. What they call A Street is a continuation of Higgins Avenue. We lived in that first block. We always called it the tin roof house because that's the first house we lived in when we came to Missoula and these Maeks' lived right next to us. Anyway, my mother went over to a girl who lived in one of those great big red houses just east of that A Street, and this girl had diphtheria. Well, they couldn't get anybody to come in and take care of this girl or help them or anything. Well, my mother took me over there, and I didn't even get it.

LK: I'll be darned! Wow, your mother was brave to do that.

CJ: Well, she did.

This must be this running [refers to tape recorder]. I was listening, I thought water was running someplace.

LK: No, no, it's just the tape recorder.

CJ: I wonder...I'm going to look and see if I shut my iron [unintelligible]. I put that ironing board away 15 times a day and get it out and fill the iron 20 times a day. Oh!

LK: Well, you have to be real careful when you're sewing press, correctly.

Would doctors come and visit these places that had been quarantined, or would they go out to the pest house? Or was it pretty much left to the relatives?

CJ: Well, I just don't know anything about that—how they used to do.

LK: You said your mother was about the only one that would go and help these people out.

CJ: She went over there and took care of this girl, and as I say, she had diphtheria. I didn't get it, I don't know how come, but maybe I was too ornery. I know we used to do some ornery things. My mother, whether it was at that house or the house next, Mom took me over there one day, and they had a little girl. I guess there was another woman that had a little girl. So we crawled under the table, and I said, "My goodness, this tablecloth hasn't...my mom's tablecloth has fringe on it." We went, each one of us got a pair of scissors, and we made fringe on that tablecloth. The table was up against the wall, but the tablecloth was hanging down so we just politely made some fringe on the tablecloth.

LK: Did you get a spanking for that?

CJ: Well, I don't know. We lit some newspapers under the house too, but I did get a licking for that.

LK: [laughs] You sound like a little devil! Sound like you had a good time though.

CJ: Oh heavens. I can remember a lot of my personal life, but as far as the town is concerned...Women used to go downtown with Mother Hubbards, and their hair hanging down their back in braids.

LK: Now, what are Mother Hubbards?

CJ: Well, it's a dress with a yoke and then the lower part is gathered. Then it's cut out under the arms of the sleeves, and they call them Mother Hubbard. Just the yoke and then this is gathered.

LK: Oh, sounds kind of like a nightie-type of...They'd go down the streets like that?

CJ: Oh, they went downtown.

LK: With their hair in braids?

CJ: What?

LK: With their hair in braids?

CJ: Yes. They didn't have it hanging all over.

LK: As far as the funerals, where were the cemeteries around here?

CJ: The cemetery is just exactly where it was when I was seven years old.

LK: That was when it was established when you were seven?

CJ: No, I don't know. You say you've been here five years? Well, I think the freeway's been in practically that long. They used to be a big brown house as you go up, well, the street just west of the Missoula General Hospital now...Let me think. [pause] You turn off there and go to the cemetery. Well, this girl, there was an 18-year-old girl that was very, very sick, and they called it the quick consumption then instead of T.B. [tuberculosis; consumption], I guess. Anyway, she died on the night of my seventh birthday. Then there was a younger girl, just six months older than I was, and we went three times a week out to that cemetery. She was buried, you see. She died when I was seven, why, she was buried within a day or two.

LK: Would they take them to a funeral homes here in town just like they do now?

CJ: No, no. They were always laid out at home. They never went to the mortuaries. She was at home. I know her brother came in to look at her, and he just let out a yell out of him and ran. That's about what I'd do. I was scared to death of dead people.

LK: Oh, yes! How long would they keep them in the house like this when they were dead?

CJ: I guess until they had time to bury them, or there wouldn't be too many funerals in a day, I guess.

LK: Well, now were the funeral services then held at the churches?

CJ: What?

LK: Were the funeral services held at churches rather than a funeral home? The services, the actual services for the funeral? Or was it held at the home of the person that had died?

CJ: Well...[pause] I just don't know. But when that girl's mother died, the German minister—he lives, I think he lives here yet—Preacher Mirtz (?). I don't know whether he's still living or not, but I knew him and his wife both before they were married. Anyway, when that girl—in fact when both those girls and that brother—when their mother died, they lived on...Well, you know where the Interstate Lumber Company office is?

LK: Yes.

CJ: Well, there were some houses ran this way facing the east. They was two or three little square houses just alike, and she lived there. That minister wouldn't preach that woman's funeral service because she belonged to a lodge. See? Now, Adventists, they won't let you belong to a lodge. She belonged to this...well, they called it the Hermann Sisters then—the German lodge. He wouldn't preach her funeral service.

I know, I said to Mama, "Oh, I..."

She said, "Now, you're are going to look at Mrs. Hutter (?)."

I said, "Well, Mama I'm afraid to. I'm afraid of her."

She said, "Well now, Anna is your best friend, and you know it." She said, "She would feel terrible if you didn't even look at her mother when she died."

So I did look at her, but, oh boy, how I used to run. I was scared to death of dead people. I have walked blocks and blocks to keep from seeing the hearses that went by. They was some people that lived on South 10th Street. They lived right across the street from us and she died, and I

went clear down...that was on 10th, I went down to 7th to see a friend of mine so I wouldn't see the hearse because they buried her right from the house, see?

LK: So her funeral service was at her house?

CJ: What?

LK: Her funeral service was at her house rather than at a church.

CJ: Yes, and her husband worked at the mortuary. Anyway, I went clear down to that woman's house. The hearse and everything—the funeral—went right straight by in the road, and I couldn't help but see it. Mama used to get after me. She said, "The dead people aren't going to hurt you." She says, "It's the living ones."

LK: That's right. That's a very good philosophy.

Now, I understand that at those funerals that a lot of times they'd have a band playing.

CJ: What?

LK: A band like—

CJ: I know they used to have wakes.

LK: Oh, did they?

CJ: Oh, yes.

LK: Well, now, what were those like?

CJ: Well, that would be different people would come in and sit up with the corpse. Now, this is something funny. It would have been funny. I was dreaming, and I was sitting up with this man. He was in his casket. I was the only one there. Every time I was just sitting...now, like this was the casket, and I was sitting right beside of it. Every time I'd turn around, he was sitting up in the casket. I said, "Now, you lie down." I said, "You're dead." Then I got to looking around the room or something, and I looked and here he was going across the room. I said, "You get back and get in this casket." I said, "You're supposed to be dead." He sat up again. I said, "Believe me, I'll keep you there," and I climbed in the casket with him.

LK: Oh dear! You must have woke up in a cold sweat [unintelligible].

CJ: I don't know who he was. He was a big man. But I don't know who I was having reference to. But I said, "You get back in there, and if you don't stay there, I'll climb in with you and I'll see that you stay there."

LK: Oh dear me! You probably were never at a wake, were you, yourself?

CJ: Well, no, I don't think so. But I know different people that used to go. Maybe two or three would go and sit up with them.

LK: They'd all be friends or relatives?

CJ: Yes.

LK: Would they kind of mourn or cry during the time or just sit quietly?

CJ: Oh no, no. They'd sit there to be there.

LK: Was this a certain...say, like an Irishmen did this, or was it just any kind of race?

CJ: I guess the Irish were the leaders. I think maybe they're the ones that originated...I wouldn't know because I was too much of a kid then.

LK: Would they put candles around the casket or do anything special?

CJ: Now, Catholic people do. They have candles.

LK: Then you don't remember a band going out to the cemetery with the funeral procession?

CJ: Well, no. [pauses] Of course, all I know about a band or something, they'd play taps at the cemetery if it happens to be a serviceman. I just don't go to too many funerals; although, I went to seven in two weeks here not too long ago.

LK: That's kind of depressing.

Do you remember the Chinese funerals?

CJ: The what?

LK: The Chinese funerals?

CJ: Well, yes. They was a couple of Chinamen died while I was working at the poor farm. I went upstairs. There was a little old Frenchman that used to...Some of the men weren't able to come downstairs to their breakfast. So I used to go to the dining room door that went into the hall

and up the stairs. I'd holler, "Trays," and this little old Frenchman used to come down. So one morning he was sick. So they said, "Clara, you better go up and take"—that was old Morris that used to wash his hands on the hot cakes—"you better go and take old Morris his breakfast up to him because he don't feel like coming down this morning." I didn't know...I don't think it was a Chinaman then, but I didn't know that there was a casket at the head of the stairs that you go up the stairs this way and then there was a railing along here. This casket was setting right along that railing. Lord, I dropped the tray and everything. Oh, I was scared to death. I ran downstairs.

But there was a Chinaman that died, and they put stuff on top of their graves and everything.

LK: Do you remember seeing a funeral procession of a Chinaman going through Missoula?

CJ: No, I don't remember that.

Another thing that was funny. This Mr. Maeks that ran it, he had this great big hall. Oh, it was as wide as this room is long. It reached the length of this house, I guess, until you get back to the dining room and kitchen. This old fellow, he came in. You had to get a permit from the county commissioners to enter the poor farm, if you were eligible, see, you had to get a permit.

LK: Now, how did one qualify for one of these permits?

CJ: Well, you'd be so poor that maybe you had pants on, maybe you didn't. [laughs] That's an example, I guess. Anyway, this fellow came in, and he rapped the door. Mr. Maeks says, "Well, Charlie"—that was that little Frenchman—"you bring me"—they had a great big closet that had underwear and everything in—he says, "You go back there and bring me a suit of underwear and some clean socks and clean shirt and a pair of pants." He said, "Then you go out in the wash house, and you put the boiler on." They didn't have hot water out there. They didn't have hot water in the house either. "You light the cook stove"—that was there—"and fill that boiler with water and get it hot." He said to this fellow, he said, "Now, when that water gets heated, you're going out and take a bath."

He said, "Now listen old fellow," he says, "I haven't had a bath in 42 years, and I'm not about to have one now."

He said, "Well, if you won't take a bath, you don't stay here." He says, "You have to take a bath before I can let you in here to stay." He said, "Either you take a bath or you go right back where you came from," and he went back. Went back to town. He wouldn't take a bath.

LK: He didn't...Oh my goodness! He must have been just filthy.

CJ: Well, I had a neighbor that she would sew his union suit up for the winter. He didn't change his underwear for the winter.

LK: Oh dear! How could she get near him?

CJ: Those are just some funny things that have happened to me.

LK: That last one's good. That last one's really good.

In Missoula there were a number of different races. Did they happen to live in basically the same area, or did they pretty much mix together? Like your Irish, did they pretty much stick together or, I know the Chinamen—

CJ: Well, when I was 12 years old, I know there was a couple of women that was Irish. There used to be Japs who worked on the section and Chinamen that worked on the section force. Then the Italians...These people where this daughter died, they have a daughter living here in Missoula now in the 400...no, 300 block on 3rd Street, I think it is. They used to neighbor back and forth with this German woman and her family, and she had...That Italian woman, she had two other daughters beside the one that lives down here on 4th Street. She used to work over here at the cleaners. I worked there at the time that she did. I can remember her folks tying her up in the highchair and making one of the other girls stay with her in the high chair while she went to this woman's funeral...or to this woman's daughter's funeral.

LK: I see. See how we're doing here. We've got a couple more minutes.

Let's see...What was the next thing I was going to ask you? Were the Chinese pretty much always buried out at Rattlesnake, or were they buried—

CJ: At the foot of Jumbo they was Chinamen buried.

LK: Do you know if they were ever buried at the regular cemetery?

CJ: What?

LK: Do you know if they were ever buried out here at the regular cemetery?

CJ: I don't know, but, now, that Chinaman that died out to the poor farm, I'm sure they buried him out there at the poor farm.

LK: There was a cemetery out there too, wasn't there? For paupers?

CJ: Yes. Well, there is a pauper's section out in our cemetery. That's the old part, and it's in this corner—the southeast corner.

LK: Do you remember when Jeannette Rankin was really popular in her heyday back in 1916 and '17?

CJ: Oh, yes, during World War One, she...well, she wouldn't vote for war. She was crying, and they asked her why it...She had just got word then that her sister's husband had died.

LK: In the war?

CJ: No, I don't know how he died, but she just got the word that morning.

LK: Now, this was in what year, 1917? Was it when she was in Congress?

CJ: Yes, yes. You know where the Rankin house is?

LK: Where it used to be? Wasn't it near Madison Street?

CJ: Madison and Broadway. We lived...Their house faced the west, and our house faced the east. We came down that little hill...That was on Madison Street, and we lived on Monroe, see, right off from Broadway. It was Cedar Street then. This Mrs. Harriet Sedman Rankin...Harriet Rankin Sedman, and that Mrs. Harriet Sedman...Now, they lived at that house, that brick house, and then the second house from Broadway...third house from Broadway. There's that little Broadway Grocery, then there's a little grey house—they've probably never painted it—then there was, and a Mrs. McGregor (?) and three sons lived there and one daughter.

[End of Tape 1, Side A]

[Tape 1, Side B]

CJ: My mother moved to Seattle in 1914 because my daughter was only six months old then. I was in the hospital myself and had a stroke, and that's the only thing that bothers me. I'll be talking about something, and it just gets away from me. Sometimes I can get it through, and sometimes I can't.

LK: Well, let's go back then to Jeannette Rankin. What did the people in Missoula feel about her? Did they pretty much support her and her endeavor, or did they kind of think she was really offbeat being a woman and doing this or what?

CJ: No, no. They have always admired her. But I was going to say...See, now it came back. Her father died of spotted fever. See? John Rankin. They owned the Rankin Hotel where the Florence Laundry is now.

LK: Right, right. So she was pretty much accepted. Did she do things though that were kind of, oh, looked upon as being pretty modern and different, like talking to certain people or something when she was campaigning? Did she do anything that—

CJ: Well, I don't know that. I never pay any attention to politics. Never did.

LK: Do you remember Paxson when he was living here?

CJ: Who?

LK: Edgar Paxson, the painter.

CJ: I know of him. There was Leila Paxson (?), that was his daughter, and then there was a Bob Paxson (?). He painted a lot of the pictures that are in the courthouse. Now, I don't know...I doubt that he painted any of those in the Catholic church or not.

LK: According to what I've read, he didn't. It was another [unintelligible]

CJ: My daughter...Not my daughter, my sister went to the Catholic Sunday school one time with a girlfriend of hers. She came home. She said, "Oh, Mama," she says, "I'm going to go to that Sunday school all the time. They've got little Jesus's painted all around the room." She said, "Not only that..." My mother gave me dancing lessons for my 16th birthday. That was when the three-step was popular—one, two, three, dip, one, two, three, dip—and I would practice at home. Dr. Tremblay—Mary Tremblay (?)—was the dancing teacher. Anyway, I would practice, and Sis would...We always called her Sis. I never call her Lillian. I never have, unless it's a stranger or something, then I might call her Lillian just to let them know who I am talking about. Anyway, and she said, "When you go into the church," she says, "they dance the three-step

there too." You have to kneel down before the altar at the door there. She says, "They dance the three-step. I'm going to go to that Sunday school."

LK: They were real modern? Do you recall if there were any feuds between—

CJ: Any what?

LK: Feuds between like...fights between people, prominent people in Missoula? That they just didn't get along or cause any kind of a real havoc?

CJ: No, I don't remember. I thought at first you said Jews.

LK: Oh, no.

CJ: They used to be quite a few Jews.

LK: Really? Do you remember when the pool was put in on Bank Street? That old pool that there's just the walls left here. Do you remember about what year that was first put in?

CJ: Well, let me see. That was right across east of the Florence Hotel. [pauses] Let me see...My kids were... [pauses] Well, they dug themselves a pool down in the Rattlesnake Creek. The water was low in August, and they pulled all the rocks out and everything and that's where they learned to swim. Then they used to go down to the pool there. I know Deane jumped off of the springboard and sprained his back. Anyway... [pauses] Well, they all three of them went swimming down there. I never let Ethel go.

LK: I hear it was pretty dirty.

CJ: What?

LK: I hear it was pretty dirty.

CJ: Well, I don't know. That must have been about 1920 or '21 because we moved down in that house in 1920. It was my mother's home. She lived in California then. We moved down there in '20, and I lived there until '37. No, I lived there until '47. I take that back. I lived there 37 years.

LK: I see. So now the pool was in use in 1920 when you moved down there?

CJ: Yes.

LK: I see. You don't recall when they first built it, do you, by any chance?

CJ: No, well, it was pretty new at that time.

LK: So probably, let's say, in the late 18...or 19-teens. Like '17 or—

CJ: 1920. See, we moved down there on the 25th of March, between this boy's birthday on the 24th of March and mine on the 26th of March. We moved down there on the 25th. I remember that.

LK: Well, now I am going a little outside of town. Do you remember if DeSmet was just always a railroad siding—the little community of DeSmet—or was it ever anything more than just a railroad stop?

CJ: No, well, there's a school house just a little ways this way east.

LK: Was there any stores or anything out there?

CJ: Any what?

LK: Stores.

CJ: No. Not that I ever knew.

LK: Just a railroad stop and a school.

CJ: The section house. The man that was section foreman, his son used...He was an Italian, and his...I don't know whether his son is living or not, but his wife is because she took me to a funeral one time and I didn't even know who she was. Then she made herself known. It was her husband that brought me a bottle of wine on Christmas morning and gave to my husband for Christmas. His father had made it. The two of them...My husband used to be foreman in the bottling works at the brewery. He said his father wanted him to have that bottle of wine for Christmas. I never could remember his name, but after she introduced herself—and there were two other women—she said, "I saw you girls walking across the bridge, but I couldn't stop on the bridge and pick you up." We had gone to a funeral, but she said, "I'll give you a ride home." The one that lived on 5th, I didn't go to her funeral, she died. Then another one of them, she lives in the second block of 5th Street, and I live here. Then she told us her name. The only way that I could remember it was his name was Al Gasperino (?). I always try to connect things that I want to remember real bad—I'd gasp, gasp for breath. That way I have always remembered his name.

Then I used to know a woman that was bound and determined she was going to buy my mother's house while I was living in it. I said this house isn't for sale. I never could remember her name. The only way I could remember her name—her name was Lacado (?)—the only way I could remember it was to think of avocados.

LK: That's the way they say to do it, you know, that you're supposed to associate things with peoples' names because I'm very bad at names. [speaking at the same time]

CJ: [speaking at the same time] Well, that's what I had done quite a bit.

LK: Now, I've heard rumors too that the Chinese dug tunnels and stuff underneath their buildings on West Front Street? Do you know if they had tunnels or passageways or anything down there?

CJ: No. that used to be the red light district down there, and, lord, people, why, they would no more go down on that street than they'd fly.

LK: Yes, this is what I hear. That's what I hear.

They talk about these houses of ill-repute as being cribs. Do you know what they were like at all? I don't know what a crib was like. Was it a small house or a shack or—

CJ: No, I don't know. I have known two women that lived there...or that were down there. One of them, her husband was a taxi driver.

LK: What was her name, do you remember?

CJ: Louie, Louie... [pauses] I can't think of that. Then another one was...and a fellow married her the day after they closed up Front Street. He was a railroad man. Her name was...There's a woman that lives in town. She belongs to our lodge, and her name is Vera Reegan (?). Well, this woman's name was Reagan (?). Every once in a while they'd get them mixed up. But that woman joined the lodge too. I know one time I was chairman on the lunch committee for this one night at lodge. It was a cold blizzard day too. I went up town, and she was on the committee with me. I didn't want her to go uptown with me to buy the lunch. So I went to town, and I bought cream and I bought doughnuts. I thought, well, that's what we'll have for our lunch tonight. When I came home, my husband got after me. He says, "Oh, I see one of your Front Street friends come to see you today."

I said, "She is no friend of mine," because I had pointed her out to him.

LK: How come they let her in the lodge in the first place?

CJ: Well, there wasn't enough black balls against her. I never saw anything out of the way with the woman. Of course, it was all closed up, but then she did marry this fellow—Dan Reagan (?) was his name. She was taking care of a sister's little girl, and that's all I know about her.

LK: Well, I think I'm going to have to wait with some of those questions for some of the men that I interview. [laughs]

CJ: What?

LK: I'm going to have to ask some of the men that I interview about that Front Street.

There were several small theaters like the Gem Theatre was down there, wasn't it?

CJ: The what?

LK: The Gem Theatre.

CJ: Yes.

LK: Do you remember any other theaters?

CJ: The Tibiloy (?).

LK: Tibiloy.

CJ: Tibilloy.

LK: I see. How long did it take before people would start going down there?

CJ: What?

LK: How long did it take before people would start going down Front Street?

CJ: Oh, I don't know. [pauses] I just really don't know, but I know it was a long, long time before when I'd see decent people going down there. I don't know. There must have been some reason why people started because they put business houses down there and everything. I know one time they was a fellow worked up at the brewery where my husband did. They were standing on the corner by the Florence talking, and my husband saw a big fleshy woman come along. Anyway, she was big and fat and everything, and George was talking to this fellow. When the woman got up to where the men were standing, he says, "George, meet my wife, Mrs..." I don't know what her name was now. She was a big fat nigger wench.

My husband says, "I like to dropped over." He says, "I saw her coming, and it's a wonder I didn't make a remark."

He said, "Well, meet my wife, Mrs..." I use to know what the name was, but I don't anymore. It was something out of the past.

LK: Oh wow! Do you know what they did with the people who were insane here in Missoula? That were found insane? Do you know what they used to do with them?

CJ: Well, they used to have an insane asylum.

LK: You mean the one at Warm Springs, or here? Did they have one here?

CJ: No, they sent them over to Warm Springs.

LK: They did? As far back as you can remember?

CJ: Yes.

LK: I see, I see. What year, do you know, did the county farm—

CJ: What?

LK: What year did the county farm cease to exist?

CJ: Well, that... [pauses] Well, I just... [pauses] They had it up for sale because I know two women that worked up there. One of them lives in Missoula now, and the other one lives over in Seattle or Portland or someplace. But they had it advertised for sale. Now, whatever is in it now, I don't know. Many a good time we had up there anyhow.

LK: Yes, it sounds like it. Hoo-hoo, that man washing his hands with a pancakes! I think that beats all. Gee whiz!

Let's see, do you remember what year they had it up for sale? About '36, was it, or something like that?

CJ: No, no. [pauses] My husband died in '46, and it was after that, after that, because we had a lodge member in...in fact it was the county hospital then. I know a couple of us went up there. Well, her brother had passed away, and he used to live in Mama's house before I did. Then we went up to see her. I don't remember whether it was the day of the funeral or after the funeral.

LK: You don't, by any chance, remember when the pest house out in East Missoula became a storehouse for explosives, do you?

CJ: For what?

LK: For explosives. You don't remember about when—

CJ: No, but I know it did turn into the powder house as they called it. I don't remember—probably didn't pay any attention—as to whether they had iron bars on the window or not, but they probably did. You would imagine that anybody that would be out there, and they'd try to get out. That would be my idea of it.

LK: I thought that maybe they didn't put the iron bars on the windows because what it was, it wasn't bars, it was metal shutters, supposedly, that shut and were latched by leather from the outside. I thought that probably they did this when they put that explosive, put explosives in there rather than for the patients.

CJ: I don't know that. Of course, since my husband's gone, I don't get out in the car too often. I know that we did take milk from a man that lived, oh, in the second or third house. His name was Paul Smith (?). Used to take milk from him. Of course, that was when Bob was...He's always drank milk. He'd drink a gallon a day if you would give it to him.

LK: That's good. That's good for you. Do you remember where the Cedar Creek carnival—

CJ: The what?

LK: The Cedar Street carnival grounds were? About where were they located?

CJ: Well, they were right across from the post office, east...west of the post office, where the Peake's Drug Store (?) and Barthels (?)—in there. I'll never forget that. They had a merry-go-round there.

One afternoon I went over on the north side. My mother had gone to Butte because she belonged to two lodges. I had my brother—my youngest brother—and my sister, and I went over to see this friend of mine. I used to go and see her more often than I did my girlfriends. Then when we came back, why, we stopped and was watching the merry-go-round. My grandmother was a very strict person. I had fixed myself a hat, and I wore it over to this friend's. She bawled me out for wearing that hat. I knew what I wanted in a hat. I've always fixed my hats. It was kind of a broad brim, had a sash around it, and kind of down the back. Anyway, I happened to look up and here was my grandmother, and she grabbed those two youngsters away from me. Now, she said, "You get home as fast as you can get home. You've got no business here." Well, it had gotten dark while we were coming...it was the north side up against the hill on North 1st Street. No, not 1st...North 2nd...North...Yes, I guess it was North 1st. Or else...Doesn't matter anyway. Anyway, by the time we got down as far as where the merry-go-round was, why, it was dark. Boy, did she get after me.

LK: Do you remember when evangelists used to come to Missoula?

CJ: There was one by the name of Lory (?)...Louwry, Louwry (?).

LK: L-o-u-r-y?

CJ: No, L-o-w...or L-o-u-w-r-y. He got into some kind of trouble. I don't know whether he got some girl in trouble or what. I can't remember it anymore. I know I went once, and my husband went once.

LK: Do you remember about what year this was that he came?

CJ: Well, it was between 1910 and 1914. That's all I can remember about it because we moved out in Daly Addition when Deane was...He was born in 1910 and my daughter was born in 1914.

LK: Sometime between those?

CJ: Was in between that.

LK: I heard a story about an evangelist that came here, and he preached that the end of the world was coming.

CJ: There was one evangelist was here in a tent. I don't think that was him though.

LK: Do you remember anything about the man that preached that the end of the world was coming?

CJ: No.

LK: See, because what I had heard about him was that he had these people that were following him believing that the end was coming. He had them go up on Waterworks Hill dressed in white, and they were waiting for the end of the world to come. He said that they wouldn't need their earthly possessions, and they could give them to him and he would dispose of them and he went off with them.

CJ: Oh, for heaven's sakes! I had a friend—this woman I say I used to go to see quite often—when my folks...we lived on North 2nd Street. There was an engineer bought the house. He said, "Well"—my dad's name was Lloyd—he said, "If you will let us move our furniture into the front room, why, you can take time to find a house to live in then." Anyway, he moved in the front and pushed us out the back. My mother and my father and my sister and my older brother boarded and roomed at a house on Spruce Street in the 400 block. I was going to school at the North Side School at the time. I didn't want to quit school because that was in April, and in June was when school closes, so I was going to the Whittier School at the time.

Now, this has got away from me again...

LK: Yes, we were talking about the evangelist who came and led the people—

CJ: Oh, this woman that I used to go to see, she wouldn't turn the light on at night because, she said, "Well, anybody on the outside," she said, "could see in." She wouldn't turn the light on. She used to tell me that the world was coming to an end. There was an old woman that used to ride by bicycle around town—she was a midwife around town here—she used to ride a bicycle, and the men laughed because she didn't wear any socks, or stockings. They said the world was coming to an end. She had me scared to death.

LK: Yes, but you don't recall hearing anything—

CJ: That woman who rode the bicycle, her name was Henschcliff (?). She was a, I guess, Seventh Day Adventist. They're the ones that preach that, aren't they?

LK: I don't know.

CJ: I think so. I had a sister-in-law who was Seventh Day Advent too.

LK: Do you remember when they used to have the stampedes here in Missoula? For the Fourth of July, they would have the Fourth of July stampede. Do you remember how long they lasted? When they stopped having those stampedes?

CJ: Oh, I don't know, but they used to be way out west of town, near the stockyards. Then it seems to me that they used to have them over here... [pauses] Oh, I don't know where I am. Down this street then there was some vacant lots in there. I never paid any attention to them. I don't know whether it was a stampede or just a carnival that my husband took Deane and Madison to. Bob was too young, and Ethel was a baby then. He said, "Well, now, you have to take a nap." He told Deane he'd better take a nap because he brought him home, they had lunch and everything so he laid down to take a nap.

When he got up, he said, "Oh my leg hurts. My leg hurts. I can't hardly walk." Of course, George would never take them any place unless they had a haircut and new shoes and everything. Boy, oh boy, they had to be right on top. So I went to put on his shoes on him—I had got him some new shoes the day before—and I went to put his shoes on him, and one had a heel and one of them had just a spring heel. You see, that made a difference, but I didn't know it.

LK: Did you by any chance name...Are we still going?

[Break in audio]

LK: —I don't know. I don't think so. I mean, as far as I know, this is just going to be used by me in the publication that I was going to be doing.

Did you name him after Dean Stone by any chance?

CJ: What?

LK: Did you name your son Deane after Dean Stone?

CJ: No, he's named after my father, Deane Stern Jones (?). When this boy, Madison, when he was named, why, I called him Calvert Stern Jones (?). Calvert was a brother-in-law of my—one of George's sisters' husband. Then, oh, I didn't like that, and George says, "Why don't we name him after his grandfathers?"

I said, well, I always said that if I had a boy that I would name him Loui Deane. He said, "I've been around Swedes so long, I don't like that name Louis."

I said, "Well, my dad spelled his different." It was just L-o-u-i—Loui Deane. That's D-e-a-n-e. So we named him...or his father's name was Madison—John Madison. I said, "I don't want no John."

So he said, "Well, we'll name him Madison."

Then I said, "If you are going to name him after your father's middle name, I am going to name him Deane, after my father's middle name." Madison Deane.

So when Deane was born, why Mamma brought him into me. My children were all born at home. I was never in the hospital with them. She says, "What are you going to name this young fellow?"

I said, "This boy's name is going to be Deane."

She said, "Well, what are you going to do?" Name—

[End of Tape 1, Side B]

[Tape 2, Side A]

LK: Really?

CJ: Yes.

LK: Oh, well, it's a handy, handy gadget. My husband teaches over at the high school, and he won it when they went over to Spokane for that...I don't know if you've ever seen it, High School Bowl on television on Q6? Well, it's a thing where they ask them a bunch of questions. There's two teams and they ask each team, or they ask—

CJ: College Bowl?

LK: Yes. Yes, it's just like College Bowl.

CJ: I used to love to watch that.

LK: Did you?

CJ: Yes.

LK: Yes, well, I could never answer the questions on College Bowl. I've got a little bit more of a fighting chance with this High School Bowl. It's a little bit better, easier for me.

The weddings that they had in Missoula, were they pretty much like they are now, where people marry—

CJ: The what?

LK: Weddings. Were people married at the church, and—

CJ: Well, I know one couple that was married in the church. [laughs] This girl that was six months older than I was, and I, were supposed to be the flower girls. This was a German fellow, and he sent to Germany to get his wife-to-be. So we were going to be flower girls. It was a Catholic wedding and we had flowers in a basket, and we went in the church and we threw the flowers right smack in front of the door, instead of down the aisle the way we should. Well anyway, that wedding lasted three days.

LK: Three days!

CJ: Three days. They danced and they ate, and they danced and they ate and I got drunk.

LK: Oh, really?

CJ: My first, last, and only drink. [laughs]

LK How old were you?

CJ: Eight.

LK: [laughs] That's beautiful!

CJ: Well, I'll tell you how it happened. They danced for three days, and first they had drinks—they were German. They'd empty a bottle of wine, they'd empty bottle of whiskey, or they'd empty a bottle of something else. You know, men, when they empty a bottle, well, there's probably that much left in the bottle. Well, this girl and I and another girl whose family...they were used to liquor, this girl. Her father was a drunkard in the first place. Another one—I think he ran a saloon—and her name was Clara. They were used to...They could drink if they wanted to or leave it alone if they wanted to. One was six months older and I was, and the other six months younger. So we went in the house, and we got a glass So, we emptied all the bottles into the glass, and we must have had—

LK: Into one glass?

CJ: What?

LK: Into one glass? I mean you had all different kinds of liquor just in one glass?

CJ: Yes. Well, there was three of us, and we each had a glass. So each of us took a bottle, and we'd pour what there was in the bottom of it and take another one and another one. Oh, we about that much in a glass. And we drank it. So I went in the house, and this mother to this one girl—where they ate and drank and everything—she had a big bench behind a range. I climbed up on the bench and went to sleep, and I rolled off.

LK: Oh dear!

CJ: My mother come along and picked me up and carried me up to bed. I said, "Well, call me when supper's ready," and she never did. But that darn stuff just went to my head.

LK: Yes, it usually does.

CJ: So, that was my first, last, and only.

LK: Oh, that is really cute. [laughs] Did they have shivarees after these weddings?

CJ: What?

LK: Did they have shivarees after these weddings?

CJ: No, they had one before mine.

LK: Oh, did they?

CJ: My sister went out and gathered up a bunch of kids, tin cans—five-gallon oil cans and everything—and she says, “Well, I’ll never forget when you got married.” She says, “Mama set me in the chair, and she says, ‘Not one word out of you.’” I was married at home. There was a big chair that was my grandfather’s, but that isn’t it. That was this Mrs. Ketcham (?) that passed away, and she was Deane’s wife’s aunt. When they were cleaning up her room at the Florence, why, they called up and wanted to know if I wanted Mrs. Ketcham’s big chair that she sat in all the time. In about ten minutes, here it was.

Anyway, that chair, my grandfather’s, was over in the corner. But anyway, for this shivaree, why, she just got that bunch of kids out of the way in a hurry, and she put her to bed. She says, “I can remember when you got married, all right.” She said, “Mama wouldn’t let me even look at you, or talk to anybody. She sat me in that chair, she said, ‘Now, not one word out of you,’” because she was unpredictable. She’d do most anything. She thought she’d warn her ahead of time.

LK: Well, now what time did they have a shivaree for you?

CJ: What?

LK: What time did they have the shivaree for you? Was it at night?

CJ: Oh, well, I was married at eight o’clock.

LK: At night?

CJ: Yes. But my husband thought...He wouldn’t let me tell anybody in Missoula that I was going to get married, because he was afraid...We were working at the Hamilton Hotel, and he was afraid that the bunch up there would get up a shivaree if they knew that he was going to get married, see. I didn’t tell anybody in Missoula, only my mother and the girl that stood up with me when I was married. But anyway, he came down to Missoula from Hamilton on Sunday, and we were married on Wednesday. He had room at the Missoula Hotel. Well, that’s where we stayed for two days. It was right during track meet time, and the kids was in the hotel. Oh, my golly, he was scared to death. He thought sure it was a shivaree.

LK: Yes, I’ll be darned. Most of the shivarees, though, did take place after the ceremony, didn’t they?

CJ: Yes, oh yes. But then, my sister, she just thought she'd get a bunch of kids and have a good time at my expense.

LK: Boy, just a [unintelligible] of beating pans and that kind of stuff.

CJ: What?

LK: A shivaree was just a matter of beating pans and calling out and stuff like that. Last maybe about a half an hour or something?

CJ: Yes.

LK: I see. Okay. Do you remember the different kind of parades they had in Missoula?

CJ: Oh heavens, yes. Circus parades, and...well, mostly circus parades. But now, they have a parade every time anybody turns around. When one high school comes to Missoula for football game, why, they have a parade.

LK: Well, that's because they have so many high schools—with three high schools, and each one with their homecoming. Do you remember an Easter parade? Did they Easter parades where—

CJ: No, I don't. I don't remember a parade on Easter.

LK: Well, could it have been a tradition that the people, after they got out of their church on Easter, just kind of rode up and down Higgins in their buggies and stuff for a while, maybe?

CJ: Well, maybe, but when I was little, I wasn't allowed out on the street by myself.

LK: Well, I was thinking that this would be older people. Like married couples that might have gone up and down the street a couple of times after church on Easter. It's kind of informal parade.

CJ: I just don't remember seeing Easter parades.

LK: These women from the Front Street, did you see them very often during the day?

CJ: Well, I used to pass this one on the street all the time—Cormier (?).

LK: Cormier?

CJ: Louie Cormier (?). From her waist down, her hips were just as neat and nice as they could be, but up there, oh my gosh, she was like a Jersey cow. Other girls and I, we used remark all

the time where she came from. Now, you see, that just came in. But I couldn't remember what it was a while ago to save my neck. I met her daughter one time. Somebody introduced me to her in the MM [Missoula Mercantile?]. I don't know what her name was or anything, and I wouldn't know her again if I saw her. But the party that...and I don't even know who that was that introduced her to me, told me afterward that it was that Mrs. Cormier's daughter. But I can remember seeing her wheeling that baby on the street. She had a son and a daughter.

LK: The people probably pretty much avoided them, didn't they?

CJ: What?

LK: People pretty much avoided them, didn't they?

CJ: Well, I suppose.

LK: After they closed that down, did most of the people leave out of that section? Or did they stay?

CJ: Well, they must have, because I guess they started putting in business houses and everything. The Press Club was down there. That's where the reception was when my oldest...not my oldest, but my oldest...Deane's oldest daughter. That's where the reception was when she was married. One of the TV...well, I guess it used to be down there, but that's in later years.

LK: Yes, yes. It wouldn't matter that much. Did they are always celebrate Columbus Day here, for quite a while?

CJ: Well, the banks closed, and the courthouse closes.

LK: Do you remember if the schools, what the schools did?

CJ: No, I don't think that...There may have been a time when they did, but I don't think they do anymore.

LK: No, I know they don't anymore, no. But I know they did in 1892, because that was the 400-year-old birthday, or celebration, of when Columbus came. I haven't been able to find out if they...how much they carry that celebration over into the following years in the schools and stuff. Do you remember, ever, a Columbus Day parade in Missoula?

CJ: No. [pauses] No, I don't remember. [pauses] We generally used to...We used to have a program at school, sometimes on Columbus Day and then on Washington's birthday. I know we had our hair all powdered up one year.

LK: Oh, to look like Washington?

CJ: Yes. Like Martha Washington.

LK: Yes, yes. What would the kids do for recreation in the summers?

CJ: Oh, they go swimming. There's a McCormick Park, down, you can see it from the bridge.

LK: Yes, yes. What did they do, though, before the McCormick Park pool was in...for, I mean, like when Deane was a boy and even before, what would the kids do for amusements, then?

CJ: Well, they swam in the in the creek—in their swimming pool that they made—because they dug out all the rocks and everything, and it was real deep.

LK: What would they do, then, in the winter, for amusements?

CJ: Oh, Madison and Ethel and Bob used to go skating. They had their sleds. There used to be a hill, right back of the Rankin house. It went up to the to the south, and they'd slide down that hill, and—

LK: What would the people...the older people of Missoula do for amusement? There was bowling back in those days, wasn't there?

CJ: Oh, yes.

LK: And the theater, would that—

CJ: And dances.

LK: Dances?

CJ: They used to have dances right across from the Missoula Hotel.

LK: Where that parking lot is now?

CJ: I think that's where the Deschamps Implement Company used to be, and they called it the Elite Hall (?). I used to go to the dances all the time. Mom and I'd go, and sometimes, if I had a boyfriend, why, he'd take me or he'd take Mom and I. But I haven't been to but one dance in 65 years.

LK: Oh, heavens. So you didn't get a chance to use your three-step recently?

CJ: [laughs] Not lately. Oh, but I used to love to dance, but the waltz is my favorite.

LK: Oh, yes, yes. You can do a lot with a waltz.

Can you think of anything else that they would have done for the adults for amusement?

CJ: Well, they go to shows.

LK: Yes, was the theater pretty big here in Missoula?

CJ: What?

LK: Was the theater going to the...like the Harnoi and those places a pretty big deal?

CJ: Well...[pauses] Oh, let me see. I'm trying to think of this show that was there. Oh, what was that? Something about a millionaire. I can't remember. I know my mother and her husband went to that—my stepdad—and she was going to stay all night with me because Deane was just a baby then. No, it was Madison. I had to stay all alone, and I was scared to death because that's the night that my husband had to go to Hamilton because his father was...They had sent a telegram said that his father was worse and come if you can. So I sent the messenger boy down to the brewery and told him, I said, "I can't leave." I said, "Let him know," I didn't have a phone. I said, "Would you please take that telegram down to him at the brewery." So, Madison was just two weeks old, see, and so...Anyway, Mommy went to this show that night, and she thought it would be earlier and she never came at all. Oh, I was scared, because I knew that my father-in-law was really dying. But he didn't die until Sunday morning, and he was buried on Monday morning. No, he was buried on Sunday morning because they had the funeral at the house. I didn't go, because I couldn't, but my husband went.

LK: Well, can you think of anything else that you think would be good to put in a book of Missoula? Incidences or happenings? Something that happened that was funny or humorous?

CJ: Well, we had had some hangings in Missoula.

LK: Do you remember the one—

CJ: Seems to me one of them was Shay (?). Or else it was Mrs. Shay that he murdered. Now, I don't know which.

LK: Was there a lot of shooting and stuff that went on at the Front Street, that Front Street where all the gambling and the bawdy houses were and stuff like that? A lot of shootouts over cards or anything like that?

CJ: Was there what?

LK: A lot of shootouts because of cards? Arguments with guns because of cards or gambling or something?

CJ: Oh, I don't know. Because I know my husband never went any place like that. He used to go to a cigar store, and some of the fellows that worked down there where he did. They'd play cards until about ten o'clock, and then he'd come home. He'd say, "Well, if you want to go to a show, why, you go to a show and then you just stop and I'll walk home with you then."

LK: You'd stop at the cigar store?

CJ: Yes.

LK: What did they sell there besides cigars? Or would they just sell cigars?

CJ: Well, they had a punchboard and they had candy, and it was a cigar store—Donovan and Hickey's (?). Now, what is...let me think what's...oh, Wisefield's (?) Jewelry Store was in there then. But, oh, this town, it's been changed so many ways.

LK: Oh, I know it, I know it. Do you ever recall that Front Street...maybe you don't recall this because it was such a bad street, but that it dipped down rather than going level? Excuse me.

CJ: Well, I never went there, so I don't know.

LK: Yes, yes, yes. Well, in a picture I've seen it. It looks like there's...I've heard this from other people too, that it looked like it went along level, past about the [unintelligible], and then it started making a dip down.

CJ: Well, when you get to the end of that block, on that side of the street—on the south side of the street—why, you can go downhill. That's the way my daughter-in-law, Bob's wife, she goes to her aunt's on Lavasser (?). Well, you come up and you come under the bridge, and then you can go further and then you come up that hill. Then she can come around the drugstore. Missoula Drug, and come right onto the bridge.

LK: Yes, yes, but this was right on Front Street. It wasn't on Lavasser on Bank Street (?). It was right on Front Street where it dipped down right on Front. The actual Front Street went down. This I just saw in a picture. This is why I was wondering.

CJ: Well, I don't know about that. You mean down east way or west way?

LK: West.

CJ: West. Well, I never went down that way when it was there, I guess, so.

LK: Yes, yes. Well, like I said, these are going to be questions I guess I'm just going to have to wait and ask some of the men that I talk to, because—

CJ: [laughs] They'll be ashamed to own up to it.

LK: Yes, well, Grant Higgins was very good at owning up to the fact that he had been—

CJ: Who?

LK: Grant Higgins. That, as a boy, he used to do errands sometimes, for some of those “naughty ladies.”

CJ: Those Higginses. Old “Cap” Higgins, he's instrumental in founding Missoula. Then there was one they call “Bull” Higgins. Can't think of what his name was. Well, the time came when he'd stop men on the street and ask them for a dollar.

LK: Oh, really?

CJ: Yes.

LK: Oh, my word, because—

CJ: I can't think of what his first name was.

LK: It wasn't Frank, was it?

CJ: And there was a—

LK: There was Frank, Gerald, Morris...Can't remembering any...Ronald.

CJ: Yes, there was a Ronald. Now, name some of the streets.

LK: Over there, yes.

CJ: They were named, and there was Hilda.

LK: Yes.

CJ: Was the girl.

LK: Yes. Arthur.

CJ: Arthur. There's two Arthurs.

LK: Oh. What was wrong with these Higgins children? What'd they do? Just squander their father's fortune? Because he really had gotten so he was a fairly well-to-do man.

CJ: Well, I don't know, I didn't know any of them. Now, let me think where this would be. I'd have to go downtown, I think, to locate it. There was, what they call...it was just a...There was hitching posts for fellows that come in from mountain country, and they'd tie their horses there. That was the old Higgins house, and I can't remember what street it was on.

LK: It should be about Main and—

CJ: About where the Thornton Hospital (?) was. Or the Community. Right down in there. Or maybe it's a...It may be a block west of there.

LK: Well, according to Grant, his grandmother's house is where the telephone company is now—on Main and, I think it's Pattee.

CJ: Well, then maybe that's where it was. That's Main, Pattee, and Broadway.

LK: Yes, yes, in that whole block.

CJ: As I say, I'd have to go downtown and kind of get the picture in my mind.

LK: Your bearings, yes.

CJ: I never knew Mrs. Higgins. I never saw her. I never saw Mrs. Rankin. I never saw Mrs. T.L. Greenough. I did see Mrs. Rankin one time, out in front of the Rankin house. She had on her white apron, and she was watering the [unintelligible]. That's the only time I ever saw her, and we lived there for years and so did they. But I—

LK: But now, why was this, because did she stay inside a lot?

CJ: Well, I guess so. Now, my daughter used to chum with one of the daughter's daughter. I can't even think of her name anymore. But Ethel would know. But I went in their kitchen one time, our, the water down at our...I had the house rented, and they left the bathroom window open and the tank—the hot water tank—froze. The, what do you call it, the water pipes in the stove—the water front, they call it—froze up and burst, and it all went all over the kitchen floor and all over the bathroom floor and everything. So I went up to the Rankins' to call up...I don't know whether I called the Montana Power Company, or what I called. But oh, that kitchen was one holy mess.

LK: I'll bet, I'll bet. Now, when did you get phone service?

CJ: What?

LK: When did you get phone service at your place? Did a lot of people get phone service right away when it came in to being? Telephone?

CJ: No, I—

LK: Did you get telephone...Did you get a telephone as soon as telephones came to Missoula?

CJ: Oh, well, there used to be two kinds, and we never had a phone until 19...let me think, Bob was born in 1912, Deane was born in 1910, and I moved out in Daly Addition then. We had the Bell Telephone. You know, like they have now. Then the other was...the Bell and the...Well, what was the other phone they called it? There's two different kinds, and I know that that's the first telephone I had, was in 1910, because we moved out on 10th Street. My husband bought the house on 10th Street, and I know I went and called up this friend of mine that I used to go to visit all the time, and she says, "Well, where are you telephoning from?"

I said, "Oh, heavens," I said, "I'm way out in the sticks." I said, "But there happens to be a telephone here."

George says, "Well, we'll leave the telephone in, because if one of the children would get sick, why, then we could get a doctor right away." Then when we moved to 10th Street, or to 5th Street, "Oh," he says, "We'll leave the phone in." No, it was 10th Street. He said, "We leave the phone in." Then we had it transferred to 5th Street when we moved down there. But we had a phone then. In fact, I've had one ever since.

LK: Do you remember when they first flew airplanes into Missoula? The first—

CJ: Oh, yes. Walter Beck.

LK: Right, right. Do you remember that?

CJ: Yes. Oh, and people would run out to see it, you know.

LK: Yes. Do you remember where he had is...where he kept his airplane? It was on the south side someplace.

CJ: No, I don't know. But he was up east of Missoula someplace. I don't know whether it was in east Missoula, or just east of Missoula on Main. Somewheres along Jumbo or someplace.

LK: Was that where the first runway was then?

CJ: Oh, no. I don't know where the runway was.

LK: Yes. I just know it was south of town, and then they had Hale Field.

CJ: Oh, yes.

LK: But there was supposed to be another runway someplace before Hale Field. And I'm supposed to call Bob Johnson, and find out what he says.

CJ: You see, Dick Johnson died, didn't he?

LK: I don't know. I don't know. But—

CJ: I didn't know any of them, but [pauses]...I know people used to run get near that plane when Walter Beck used to—

LK: Well, can you think of anything else that you think might—

CJ: Well, I don't know.

LK: You've been a big help though.

CJ: Well, I don't know.

LK: Oh yes, because of one thing, that pest house, because this is nothing that you can read about in the paper.

[End of Interview]